

Chapter 94

Derrick stood in front of the staircase leading to the dungeon where Maxwell was currently being held captive. He sighs, swallowing the lump in his throat. He had questions and need answers for them.

Derrick walks down the stairs, ignoring the greetings of the prison guards, ignoring the cries and yells for help from the other prisoners he had there. He walks straight to the lone cell he had provided for Maxwell.

The man sat in the inner most part of the cell, which wasn't a lot by the way. Maxwell was crouched in the darkest corner of the cell. He lifts his head and locks eyes with Derrick. His eyes are red and swollen like he had been crying, only that he had no tear tracks on his cheeks, his eyes no longer held the faux fear and desperation but rather filled with heavy resentment and hatred. This is how he truly feels.

Maxwell slowly stands p, his movements cautious as if he's assessing Derrick. "What do you want to talk about nephew? My impending punishment?" His voice is gruff and blunt.

Derrick's jaw tightens, his hands folded into a tight fist but he maintains his composure. "Yes, your punishment is inevitable, but there's something else I need to know. Why did you do it? Why did you betray your own brother, my father and threaten Amelia?"

Maxwell's face contours with a mix of anger and hatred, one Derrick has never seen before. "You think you have it all figured out, don't you? If you're so damn smart then why don't you do us a favor and figure this out just like you did the rest." He hissed out angrily.

Derrick swallows harshly, his wolf threatening to let loose and draw out the pathetic life out of Maxwell's body.

“Maxwell,” Derrick says through gritted teeth, trying to maintain his composure despite Maxwell’s provocation, “I want to hear if from you. Tell me your side of the story. Why did you turn against your own family? Why did you threaten Amelia? Why did you kill my father?”

Maxwell’s bitter laugh echoes in the cold, damp cell. “You really don’t get it, do you Derrick? I did what I had to do to protect this pack, to make it stronger. Your father, my brother was too weak to lead. He would have led us to ruin. I did what I had to do to ensure our survival.”

Derrick eyes narrow, he could no longer contain his anger, he raised his hands through his hair, a wet damp laugh was forced out of his mouth. “Weak? Threaten? Ruin?” He echoed, images of his father running through his mind over and over again.

“You killed him.”

Maxwell’s expression hardens not even a flicker of regret in his eyes. He stands straight and proud then nods calmly. “I killed him I dug the knife into his chest and watched as blood gushed out, I watched life slowly slip out of him. I watched as he took his last breath with your name on his lips as he took his last breath.” A sick smile spreading across his face, his eyes held a fast way look like he is reliving the moment again.

Derrick staggers back, he squeezes his eyes shut, his mouth running dry from Maxwell’s confession.

Maxwell brings to laugh, it’s cold, odd and insane. The man stops laughing abruptly and tilts his head, his eyes on Derrick as he smiles. “Have you figured it all out yet or should I give you an even bigger surprise?” He asks excitedly.

“I didn’t just kill my brother but I also killed his mate.”

Derrick's eyes widen at what the man just said, "His mate is my..."

"Your mother. I should've been the alpha of the dark moon pack! Father should have put me there but instead he chose your father. What good was he anyways? He was weak and deplorable and maybe he would've been helped if he had a mate who was as strong as I am but no! The combination of two weak people would produce idiocy. I've been destined to be the alpha of this pack right from birth and I eventually did away with them. It was successful too but who would've known those damned elders would have a child like you crowned alpha. Didn't they all see me? I was perfect for it" e stops, now gauging Derrick's reaction.

"Then there was Amelia." Maxwell's face contorts in rage. "Amelia, that little brat, she's always been a nuisance. Derrick, Amelia saw what happened back then and accused me. What could I do, really? Have her spill the beans? No@ I did what I thought was the best. Threatened her and it worked." He stops altogether and begins to laugh like he just told a hilarious joke.

Derrick swallows harshly again, his voice drops to a dangerous low. "You will pay for what you've done, Maxwell. Your actions have consequence, and you won't escape them."

Maxwell's defiant gaze doesn't waver. I'm ready for whatever punishment you have in store. But remember, Derrick, I did it for the pack."

Derrick walked into the room where he sees Erin writing. She looks back at him, a smile curling up her lips as soon as she laid her eyes on him. She shuts the book and stands up, walking towards him.

"Hey, where have you been? She asked, holding his hand into hers.

Derrick gives her a small smile. "Talking to Maxwell," he replied casually. Erin is quick to let go of his hand in shock, her lips parted slightly.

“Derrick...” she draws out. He heaves deeply.

“It’s good, what have you been doing? I haven’t seen you in a while.” He asks, ignoring the obvious question she had to ask.

Erin sighs, looking away for a brief second. “Preparing. We have everything in order now. I’ve asked every woman and young lady in the pack into the pack house for safety and have gathered some means to help.” She tells him. He quirks his eyebrows up in confusion.

“To help?” He asks and she nods, a smile creeping up her lips.

“Yes. No one knows our pack better than us living in it and if we are going to be attacked in our own home then we might as well teach them a valuable lesson.” She says. Derrick sighs, understanding her thought process.

“Maxwell has probably given him a clear map of the pack and ways to get in without stress.” He replied but she shrugs.

“Hear me out, will you?” She walks towards the table and picked the book she had been writing on before he walked in. She passes it to him, allowing him to read the content, a satisfied look clouding her features on seeing the smile creeping up his face.

“You came up with this?” He asks and she nods.

“I know it’s nothing compared to what we are going to face but this will give us a strong head start. Oil had always been a key element. Oil and water don’t work well when mixed together but they do separately.”

Derrick smiled, dropping the book on the bed, he holds Erin’s hand, pulling her closer to him and hugs her like life depended on it, inhaling her scent and marking it in his head forever.

“This will all be over before we know it.” He mutters as she wraps her arms around his body too.

Except it won't.