

## Chapter 83

"You're leaving now? I thought you were going to change your mind." He says, pausing what he was doing to look at her. Erin nods.

"That's true but it's better I do it faster than expected. At least, this way, I can sort this out and focus on something else. The pack is getting fuller and the pups need to be taught but they're not old enough for schools too. Amelia and I thought it would be right to get the necessary equipment we need. Don't you think?" She asks. Of course, he agrees with her. The pack is much fuller than it was before and now. At least they can work it all out.

"Fine. Amelia is going with you, right?" He asks and she nods.

"Let me know how it goes." He says. Erin nods again, taking some steps towards him, and kissed him on the cheeks.

She walks out of the office, stopping right in front of Amelia who was standing outside the door. "He agreed?" She asks. Erin rolls her eyes.

"Of course, he did. Let's go now." She replied, grabbing the other's hand and drags her along.

"I have everything we need to get written down," Amelia says, smiling as she shows Erin her bag.

"You still have your mind on outside the pack? We could get it within the pack, you know," Amelia says but Erin shakes her head, refusing. Yesterday she had done a general look out on what they sell within the pack but she wasn't satisfied. Amelia had told her of a market where she could get all that she needs, which is why, today, she is leaving the pack for some hours to get everything that she needs.

“Did you at least tell Derrick?” Amelia asked. Erin looks at her and scoffed. “Like I would. Have you seem how paranoid he gets when we move a centimeter away from him? I didn’t but it won’t take that long. We only need two hours and we will be done.” She replied. She’s already thought this out. She wouldn’t stress Derrick for no just reason.

Amelia halts in her steps, eyes wide and lips parted open slightly. “You didn’t tell him we are going out of the pack?” She blurts out, eyes on Erin like she did something crazy.

Erin sighs “I don’t want to trouble him for something significant. He has a lot of other things on his hands. Why would I purposely make things harder for him? Huh?” She asks.

“This is not about making things harder for him. After the terrifying months, we all had, you owe it to him to let him know where you’ll be going at all times. I’m just telling you, Erin.” She insists. Erin swallows, feeling like the shittiest person to crawl on the earth. Perhaps she had overlooked it. She’s only trying to keep him from worrying but still. Amelia is right. Derick would worry even more if he finds out she was not in the pack and she lied.

“Okay, stay here for a second and I’ll let him know.” She replied before rushing of to his stud.

Amelia stood there, arms wrapped around her body while he waited for Erin.

“Amelia.” The man’s voice had her straightening her body going rigid. She could perceive his scent. It burned her throat. She could hear his footsteps even with how silent he tried to be. She flinched the moment he raised his hand to touch her shoulder.

“What do you think you’re doing, Maxwell?”

She snaps, looking at him with firm eyes. He doesn’t deter though. He merely smirks, his hand caught in mid-air.

“Why? Are you scared?” He asks, his eyebrow quirked up as though daring her. “More like I don’t want our despicable hand touching e. What do you want?” She grits out.

“You’re my niece I should be able to...”

“You should be able to do nothing! Count your days, Maxwell. I will make sure to reveal what happened that day to the entire pack. Watch very closely how your downfall will begin.”

Maxwell smirks, opening his mouth to speak but he doesn’t get to. Erin walks back into the living room, eyes flickering from Amelia to Maxwell, not oblivious to the tense atmosphere.

“I’m back.” She says, trying to break into their midst. Amelia finally looks away from Maxwell to Erin, a smile crawling up her face.

“You’re done? Let’s go then.” She replied. Erin nods, glancing at Maxwell who had his arms wrapped around his chest. “Be safe, see you later.” He says and walks out of there, leaving the both of them alone. Amelia scoffed, his face flashing in her mind.

“Is everything okay?” Erin asked. Amelia nods, smiling. “What did he say?”

“I have to go with three guards but he’s okay with it as long as I communicate with him through the two hours.” She says and the claps, “There, we settled it.”

Amelia nods, bending to pick up the bag she had placed on the table earlier. The both of them walk out of the pack house. “You know if I didn’t know better, I would’ve said you and Uncle Maxwell were having and argument.” She says, glancing at Amelia. She’s not stupid, she knows something is up with Amelia and the man but what it is, she doesn’t know Amelia chuckled “Right. I could imagine.” Erin looks at her for a second a sighs loudly.

“You know, now that I think about it. I remember seeing him in Derrick’s office but forgot to tell him.” She says wistfully, thinking back to what she had seen that day.

Amelia halts in her steps, eyes widening “You saw him? What do you mean?” She asks, looking at Erin keenly.

Erin shrugs. “You know, just...” she trails off, thinking back to how jumpy the man had been that day.

“Never mind, let’s go. We don’t have much time.” She replied, holding Amelia by the arm as they both walk towards the already waiting car oblivious to the eyes watching them.

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Melissa stood by the window, eyes on the files where hundreds of wolves were training. If one were to see them training this hard they would think they were preparing for war but the thing is, when is Dimitri never preparing for war?

She perceived the scent before hearing the footsteps walking in her direction. She stood rigid, waiting to hear his voice. The man walks closer to her, his ashy scent filling her tongue. She hates it.

“I have news.” The man voices out. Melissa turns to look at him, eyebrows quirked up.

“News?” She asks and the man nods.

“A little birdie told me the object of your obsession was seen out of the safety of their pack.” This earns Melissa’s attention. She snaps her head at the man, eyes wide.

“What?”

Dimitri turns to look at her. “You have the opportunity to take your revenge. She’s out of the pack. You’ve waited for this for two months. You finally have the dance to do this.” He tells her.

Melissa swallows harshly, hands tightening into a fist, the eels of her nails digging harshly into her palms as Erin’s face flashed in her head. The same face she’s had to dream and see every single day.

“She’s outside the pack finally.” She grits out. For two months they’ve held her down there. For two months but now. She’ll finally do away with her.

“Take this,” Dimitri says, holding her hand out, giving her a knife.

“Take your revenge with this. Stab her in the heart.” He says, eyes twinkling with wickedness, the corner of her lips quirking into a smirk.

“You have the chance to do what you’ve been yearning for. Take this opportunity and do it.” Melissa looks at the pocket knife in her hands and back at Dimitri.

“Where exactly is she?” She asks, Erin’s face once again flashing in her mind. This time, Erin will not escape her hands.