Chapter 54

"Leave me alone," he growls out loud. Her hands fall from his shoulders, which were supporting him. She stares at him, anger in her eyes. "Excuse me." She turns, not wasting any time before walking out of his study. Melissa slams the door closed loudly, swallowing harshly, her eyes stinging. She'd rather eat bricks than cry. Her bottom lip caught between her teeth, she lets out a deep breath, turning to look back at the door again, and then walks away.

They left the Dark Moon Pack immediately after the fight between Derrick and Liam. She couldn't afford to stay there, especially after what happened. Liam still wants Erin as his mate. He wants her back and wouldn't care to cast her away. Her hands turn into tight fists, the edges of her nails digging deep and harsh into her palms.

Liam holds his head in his hands, memories of what had happened rushing back to him like they have been doing for a while. His entire being is consumed with anger, anger at Derrick. He growls, pushing the stacks of books on the table, causing them to fall. His eyes shift from brown to red. Erin is alive, and not only is she alive, but she's also staying with Derrick. She's with Derrick in his pack. He grabs a vase filled with flowers and throws it to the floor, the glass shattering. Everything has gone wrong. How did Erin survive the fire that razed the pack back then? How did she end up with Derrick? And, more importantly, how is she now his mate?

It had to be a lie, only a lie. Erin can't possibly be mated to Derrick of all people. The Moon Goddess won't do this to him.

She won't make him suffer such a fate.

He runs his hands through his hair, the veins pulsing on his temples, throbbing with the intensity of his anger.

The humiliation he had faced, the way Derrick had pounced on him. His

alpha was enraged again, the memory coming back to him. For three years, he was taken for a fool, but not anymore. Not again. Derrick will suffer for the humiliation he put him through in his pack. He will suffer for stealing his mate. He will suffer for hitting him too. Liam's chest heaves heavily.

Liam's anger burns within him like a raging inferno, consuming his thoughts and his entire being. His breath heaves with each labored breath as the rage consumes him. The image of Derrick and Erin together haunts him. He's unable to forget the mating bite on her neck, nor can he forget the way their hands had intertwined. Erin, who wouldn't dare to talk back to him, has now changed. Three years apart have turned her into what Derrick wants. The thought of them together drives his alpha insane. His wounded alpha pride fuels the anger inside him. He will never forget the humiliation and defeat.

He walks to the alcohol counter and grabs a bottle and a glass cup, pouring its contents into the cup. He lifts it to his mouth, gulping it down in one go. He slams the cup back on the table.

His hands tremble with the sheer force of his emotions as he clenches his fists, his knuckles turning white. The room feels suffocating, the weight of his anger pressing him down like a heavy burden. Derrick's voice echoes in his head, the sound of his condescending and mocking laughter, the pity and irritation in his eyes haunting Liam. It replays in his mind like never-ending torment. He clenches and unclenches his fists. His vision blurs as he relives the mocking laughter, the belittling remarks.

He wants nothing more but to crush Derrick.

"Noah!" he yells, his voice racking through the pack house heavily. The beta comes running, having been close by. He has seen how they came in and knew they would call on him soon. Either of them would but Liam did first.

He walks in, his eyes widening slightly on seeing the state of the study. The shattered glass, the scattered books on the floor.

"What the hell happened over there?"

Liam looks at him, panting hard like a crazed animal. "Get me, my uncle," he says, his voice low.

He nods, not wanting to waste any of his time. Noah bolts out of there, rushing towards Peter's room. He hasn't seen the elder since the morning and had no idea if he was back in his room, but he hoped so. Liam didn't look like he would take anything other than what he asked for.

He thinks back to when he had seen the two arrive in the pack. They were different, and it wasn't a good difference. He knew right then and there that something had gone wrong, but what could've possibly gone wrong?

He stops in front of the older man's door and knocks, waiting for a reply while sending a message to the gamma, asking him to search for Liam's uncle if he wasn't around. Thankfully, the man opens the door, looking like he was reading, judging by the glasses sitting on the bridge of his nose. The man quirks an eyebrow up.

"Beta Noah?"

"Alpha Liam has called for you," Noah tells the man. Peter nods but pauses, eyeing Noah carefully.

"Did something happen? How does he look?" he asks carefully, waiting for Noah's response. Noah thinks back to how Liam had been. He looked borderline insane.

"He's not in a good mood," he replies. That's the most he can say right now.

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Peter and Noah both walk into the study but halt in their steps on seeing Liam pacing around the study. The room was filled with his bitter scent. He looks up at them, nodding at Noah.

"Excuse us," he says. The beta doesn't stay around for a second, he steps out of there immediately.

"What hap-"

"I want to destroy Derrick," Liam stated, his voice filled with venom. "I want to tear down his pack, his power, everything he holds dear to him. I won't let him mock me or belittle me. I will not allow him to take what's rightfully mine. I'd rather be blind than see him take what's mine."

His uncle's eyes widen at the intensity of his words. He knows just how deep Liam's anger can be, he knows the burning anger that threatens to consume him. Peter nods solemnly.

"And what's yours that Derrick is trying to take?" he asks, trying to get a proper look at what might have triggered this reaction from Liam. That question only seemed to fuel his anger even more.

"Erin. Erin is alive and she stays in his pack." Peter's jaw drops open at the revelation. Yes, he wasn't around during the fire that had supposedly taken her life, but now...

Liam scoffs on seeing Peter's reaction.

"That's not the worst thing."

Peter looks at him, eyebrows raised up. "She's mated to Derrick," Liam states, and this has Peter shocked.

How is that possible? A wolf cannot have two mates, no matter what. It doesn't make sense. Whatever is going on is enough to have his

nephew going crazy and out of his mind. He nods, understanding the gravity of the situation.

"What do you want me to do?"

Liam's jaw hardens as he grits his teeth. "Find Dimitri," he commands, his voice seething with determination.

Peter's eyes widen. "Dimitri? You know that's nearly impossible."

"It's not going to be impossible when he finds out what I have to offer him. You know where Dimitri is, and I want to see him," he shot back. Now is when he needs the other. They need to join forces. He has to get back at Derrick for what happened.

~

Melissa paced her room mercilessly, anger emitting from her scent. She's unable to forget the defeat of Liam, how he was humiliated, nor is she able to forget the humiliation he had put her through.

Naming Erin as his mate in front of everyone while she was there. Melissa has never felt more inadequate and useless than she did at that moment. Liam had looked at her yet called Erin his mate. He was going to take her back to their pack if not for Derrick's interference. She was consumed by bitter rage, the taste of it lingering on her tongue. She paced back and forth, unable to contain her anger.

Her hands trembled as she remembered the look in Erin's eyes. The mocking and condescending tone of voice. The same woman Melissa had once crushed in the palm of her hand now had the upper hand. Erin.

She grabs a vase of flowers and smashes it on the floor in a fit of rage, grabbing a second one and smashing it too. Still not able to contain her anger. Liam will do anything to get Erin back even though she's a fucking barren woman. He wants her, and Melissa would be damned to

allow it to happen.

She grabs a third vase and smashes it too, feeling nothing but anger towards the woman causing her this imminent pain. She bends down, picking up one of the broken pieces of glass, sliding it between her palms, and squeezes as hard as she can. She wants nothing more than to see Erin begging for her life after what's happened.

A knock at the door had her dropping the glass, ignoring the blood on her palms. She storms towards the door, throwing it open. The man steps in, his eyes wide on seeing the state of her room.

The beta's face was etched with concern. "What's going on?" he rushes out.

Melissa turns to look at him, her eyes hardening as she remembers exactly what was wrong. Not like she ever forgot it. The man's eyes drop to her bloody palm, a gasp escaping his lips.

"What? How did you injure yourself? I'll help clean it up, just come." He grabs her hand, but she yanks her hand out of his grip. Her eyes burning bright red, her scent has turned bitter and rotten.

"Find out if that whore girl is pregnant," she commands, her voice laced with venom. The beta's eyes widen, but he nods.

Melissa scowls at the stinging from her cut palm. This is just the beginning. She would rather die than see Liam go back to Erin, and if it takes a child to seal him back to her, she would do so in an instant.

Beta Noah looks at her, he thinks back to Liam who was sporting the same anger in his eyes and wonders, just what the hell happened?

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