

# Alpha's Wife Hunt

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## Chapter 1

Tabitha's POV

The very day I found out that my life was about to end, Alpha Derek Greenwood, my husband, was staying with another she-wolf.

"I have some bad news, Tabitha..."

I was lying in the hospital bed when Orson Romero came in with my medical report.

I was just about to ask Orson what happened when a sharp pain shot through my abdomen.

My father's pack was attacked by rogue wolves. All I remember before blacking out was a massive rogue wolf lunging at me, its claws swinging, and then its sharp talons tearing into my abdomen.

Dad's business was slow, so I came home for a visit. That was when the rogues raided the Silver Moon Pack all of a sudden.

They were extremely cruel and savage.

Fortunately, the other pack members escaped serious harm. Only Dad's head and my abdomen were wounded.

I had expected a swift recovery, but to my surprise, I found myself getting weaker.

Snapping back to reality, I looked up at Orson and asked, "Is there something wrong with me?"

Orson was the doctor for the Red Moon Pack and my classmate from werewolf school.

"I'm sorry, the baby... didn't make it," he said hesitantly.

His words took my breath away. I hadn't even realized there was a tiny life growing inside me, let alone expected it to leave me so soon.

"W...What?"

My mate, Alpha Derek, had always wanted an heir. I never thought we already had one.

"NO... He didn't even get to see the world..."

Orson stayed silent in the face of my sorrow and pain, clearly unsure how to comfort me.

He opened his mouth wordlessly, as if debating whether to say what was on his mind next.

After a moment, once I had calmed down a little, he finally spoke.

"Your abdominal wound isn't healing as it should. For a werewolf, even serious injuries start patching up in about three days," Orson told me, his expression grave.

"Well, can't give you a concrete answer on that one. You gotta have a thorough check-up once you're admitted. And I need a snag a sample from that wound for testing. Your wolf's hanging on by a thread, might be the wolfsbane doing a number on it. If things go on like this, you could be in real danger," Orson explained. "I'll get you admitted pronto.

"No. Dad's out cold, and I can't just up and vanish." I turned him down.

Orson tried to say more, but I cut in, "Keep this under wraps, okay? I don't want my family freaking out."

"Alright. I'll zip it. Hey, you're the pack's Luna, right? Stick close to your mate, that'll help," he reassured me.

I gave a bitter smile upon hearing what he said. Having no intention of continuing this topic, I strode out of the hospital.

Since the Silver Moon Pack was attacked, I had been busy. It had been a month since I last saw Derek.

Looking back, things were peachy when I first became Derek's Luna.

However, after that rogue, Daphne Sutton, showed up, he had been so cold to me.

Walking out of the hospital, I got a dull ache in my abdomen.

Just when I was about to call Derek, my chest was seized with pain as if something was gnawing at me from within.

I collapsed, clutching my chest, unable to withstand the agony.

A nurse dashed out of the hospital and helped me settle by the flower bed.

"Ma'am, are you alright?" she asked with concern.

"I'll manage. Just a bit of chest pain," I whispered, barely catching my breath.

"What kind of pain is it?" the nurse asked cautiously. "Like something's gnawing at you?"

"How do you know?" I looked up at her in astonishment, forgetting about the pain.

The nurse's eyes showed pity.

She told me in a low voice, "Werewolves don't suffer from heart diseases. That's for humans. If your heart aches, it means your mate's breaking your mate bond."

She didn't explain what kind of behavior could break the mate bond.

Yet I already knew what she meant. Derek was with another woman.

He had always been by Daphne's side after she showed up, yet this was the first time I felt a heartache.

What were they doing now?

The thought tormented me.

Ignoring the nurse's advice, I stood up and stumbled away.

Through the mate connection between our wolves, I sensed Derek's location.

Enduring the pain, I reached the Black Thorn Pack's border.

As I supported myself with a tree, I saw that Derek and Daphne were sitting side by side on the grass, her head resting on his shoulder.

Not far away, a boy was frolicking with joy.

The scene stung me, my numb heart aching again.

My mate, Alpha Derek, was cheating with a rogue after I lost our baby and got seriously hurt.

All those happy times we had after we became mates now felt like a cruel joke.

I steadied my breath, stepping forward.

"Alpha Derek, let's divorce." My icy voice shattered the serene, wonderful scene.

Daphne turned around hesitantly and let out a soft scream, covering her mouth.

Then she looked at Derek nervously.

Derek slowly rose to his feet, fixing his cold gaze at me. "Not until I reject you first. Since when do you call the shots?"

"Fine. I'll agree as long as the settlement satisfies me," I replied, pretending that I didn't give a damn.

"Now I see why you wanna divorce me. So it's all about money, huh?" Derek sneered.

Dad's pack was on thin ice due to his failing business. And he was in a coma now.

I desperately needed funds to help the Silver Moon Pack out.

However, I didn't feel like explaining to Derek. I was just exhausted today.

So, I just stood in situ and answered softly, "Don't worry. I'm not asking for much. For an Alpha who betrayed his mate, it's too light a punishment."

Derek stepped closer, looming over me.

He said icily, "Betrayed? Tabitha, you don't deserve to be my Luna at all."