

Chapter 18

Tabitha's POV

Stunned, I asked, "What are you talking about?"

Derek's face twisted with madness. "I used to think divorce would be the best punishment for you, but I've changed my mind," he hissed, his voice icy and piercing.

Had it been half a month back, I'd have been over the moon if Derek refused to divorce me. Yet now, I had already learned the truth, so it only disgusted me even more.

"Let go! Derek, I want a divorce. Now!" I yelled.

He lifted me up easily, ignoring my request.

"Let me down, Derek. Have you lost your damn mind?!" I roared at him, hoping to bring him to his senses. But he remained unmoved.

Being weak, I couldn't resist him at all. A deep sense of despair overwhelmed me.

He put me in the back seat of his car, and I asked with difficulty, "Derek, what the heck do you want?"

"I want you to pay for what John did! So no way am I letting you date another guy at will," Derek hissed with an evil grin.

His cruel words shattered my heart into a million pieces. And my headache was killing me. "You've been screwing around a long time ago. Even if I'm gonna date someone else, you're in no place to judge!"

He clutched my chin, snarling, "Anyone in the world can be happy except you. Get it? You should rot in hell!"

I was forced to look up, meeting his icy gaze.

Like that was not enough, he even released the Alpha aura.

His demeanor was so high and mighty as if I was some bug under his boot.

"Now, let's go back to the pack," he announced.

Then he turned to Alvin, ordering, "Go to the Red Moon Pack and tell the Alpha that if he can't keep his wolves in check, I'm gonna do it for him."

"What are you gonna do? Are you nuts?" I struggled fiercely and shouted at the top of my lungs.

Orson wasn't our pack doctor to begin with, so he was already doing me a favor by treating me. Not to mention that he even dipped into confidential pack archives for me. So the last thing I wanted was he getting punished by his Alpha because of my mess.

I tried to open the car door, but Derek yanked me back so hard that I tumbled into his arms.

"What? You upset? Well, that's exactly what I want. The more upset you are, the happier I'll be," he told me, all nonchalant.

I weakly tugged at his shirt and said, rallying my last bits of spirit, "Derek, my dad did know Elena. She was one of the kids he saved from the hands of rogues. I think he would never hurt her."

The name alone set Derek off, his sneer instantly replaced by a scowl.

"You have no right to mention her name." He pushed me aside violently.

My back smacked against the hard car door, and I felt like my weak body was about to fall apart, but I endured the pain.

My eyes shut tight, I tried to calm down and get rid of the discomfort.

I was too exhausted to argue with him. So I just curled up with my back against the seat.

Derek figured I was being sulky, so he didn't press any further.

The car rolled up to the Black Thorn Pack, and he got out of the car immediately. I, on the other hand, was so weak that I didn't feel like moving a finger.

Rolf opened the car door and asked softly, "Luna, are you feeling unwell?"

Before I could say no, Derek sneered condescendingly outside the car, "Always the same trick. You think I'm gonna soften up just 'cause you're sick?"

I guessed it was kinda my fault. I did feign illness to get him back this year.

Now, I was genuinely ill, but he wouldn't believe me anymore.

I had no choice but to grit my teeth and get out of the car.

Probably displeased with my speed, he grabbed my arm, dragging me inside the house into his private study.

I twisted my arm free from his hand, and his eyes flashed gold. It was a warning.

"Well?" he growled.

"Don't touch me."

He stalked toward me, and I instinctively stepped backward.

"Just how far did you guys go? Did he kiss you?" he asked, looking intimidating.

A month ago, I would've cowered. But now...

"None of your business," I coldly replied.

Derek stiffened. He had seen all sides of me—stubborn, argumentative, quiet... When I was young, it used to amuse him.

But he'd never seen me so blue. So utterly defeated.

"Answer me, Tabitha. Now."

I tried my best to prevent my tears from falling.

He snarled, "I said answer me!"

He slammed his hands against the wall on both sides of my head, and I was like a prey, cornered and trapped underneath the predator.

I craned my head to look up at him, and his scent wrapped around me—rich, warm, deep, and irresistible.

He growled and lowered his head to mine, his breath hot against my face, his chest against mine, and his hardness against my belly.

The gold returned to his eyes, and his body heated up with desire.

I sucked in a breath. He might hate me, but he couldn't deny the fact that...

He wanted me.