

## Chapter 7

Tabitha's POV

Watching Derek ham it up, trying to stick it up for me with all his bullshit, I felt ridiculous.

Just when I thought my day couldn't be any worse, I heard a baby's cry.

The kiddo was literally a mini version of Derek, with big eyes, a prominent nose, and all the stuff.

I felt like my heart broke into pieces. And my last bit of hope was shattered.

I used to believe that Derek loved me, especially when we first tied the knot.

I remembered once he gently caressed my cheek and told me that he would take me as his destined mate even if I wasn't.

He promised we'd have a baby of our own, and he would go the extra mile to make it happen.

Then when I really got pregnant, he killed our baby with his indifference.

I used to be puzzled, wondering why he became a totally different person all of a sudden.

Now seeing the baby boy before me, I finally realized that all the good old days I had spent with Derek were nothing but an illusion.

No wonder he was so eager to reject me. Turned out he had an heir to the pack already.

I gave him one last glance and left Holly's place.

Walking down the street alone, I could feel both my belly and my heart aching like hell. I had gone through too much, more than I could bear.

I called out for Crystal but got no response.

'Is my wolf bailing on me too?' I wondered, giving a bitter smile.

A strong sense of despair filled me, and I plopped down on the curb, my power drained.

I covered my face, tears streaming through my fingers.

"Tabitha, you alright?"

I looked up and saw Orson standing under the bright streetlight, his deep eyes fixed on me with concern.

"I'm fine. I'm just worn out," I whispered.

I lowered my head and quickly wiped the tears. I didn't want anyone to see the vulnerable side of me.

Orson didn't prod about my mess. Instead, he gently helped me up from the ground.

But just after taking a few steps, I passed out. My weak body couldn't keep me conscious any longer.

Waking up again, I found myself in an unfamiliar room. The warm yellow light dispelled the darkness, and the heating in the room warmed me up.

"Feeling any better?"

As I looked up, I caught Orson gazing at me with gentle eyes.

"Yeah. Where am I?"

"My place. The wound in your belly bled again. And your clothes got stained. So I had another she-wolf change them."

Orson's eyes showed sincerity, with no trace of desire.

"Thanks."

"Want some water?"

I lifted the blanket and got out of bed. "It's fine. I should go now. It's late."

As soon as my feet touched the ground, however, a strong dizziness overwhelmed me, and my legs buckled. Luckily, Orson caught me just in time. So I landed softly on the bed instead of falling face down.

"You are way too weak. Have some rest, okay?" he advised gently. "For John's sake."

He was right. I gotta pull myself together. Dad was still out cold.

With that, I felt a glimmer of hope in my heart. "Sorry for the trouble. I'll stay here," I replied with gratitude.

Orson nodded and headed to the kitchen.

I watched as he took out milk and eggs. Seeing him cooking in a spin, I felt touched.

I almost couldn't remember the last time someone showed such care for me.

When we were in the werewolf academy, Orson was one of those heart-throbs, with good grades and rizz. And I was just the opposite. I never expected him to show me such kindness.

After watching me finish the food, he treated my wound.

Stomach full, I felt that I had recovered a bit.

Orson looked at me and said, "When I ran into you on the street earlier, I saw Alpha Derek of the Black Thorn Pack. He seemed all keyed up about you."

"He's my mate," I told him bitterly. "But not for long."

"No wonder your wolf seems weak, and your wound ain't healing," Orson sighed. "He should've stayed by your side. It's his duty as your mate."

"Well, he won't be in no time. We'll go through the rejection ceremony real quick."

"That could knock you out even more for quite some time. I'm worried your injury will get worse."

Orson refilled my glass with water and went on, "It's best if Alpha Derek marks you again."

"Not gonna happen. We're done." I felt exhausted.

Orson gazed at me, a sympathetic look in his eyes. Perhaps he was trying to think of a way of comforting me that wouldn't hurt my feelings, I guessed.

A few seconds later, he finally piped up, "Think about who and what matters most to you."

Right after I heard what he said, I thought of my dad.

So I looked up and smiled at him. "For my dad's sake, I'll stay tough. I gotta look out for the Silver Moon Pack for him. Thanks for everything, Orson. I gotta go."

"Where to? Want a ride?"

"Thanks, but no. I hailed a cab already. It'll be here in a sec," I refused his kind offer decisively, so he had no choice but to let me go.

While I was waiting for the cab outside Orson's place, something occurred to me.

Earlier today, Derek snapped when talking about Dad.

It seemed he hated Dad's guts.

But why? What on earth happened between them?

Feeling puzzled, I decided to find out why he loathed me and Dad.

Even though there was a fat chance that Derek and I could patch things up, I wanted to find out the truth.

Pondering for a bit, I thought of someone that could be of help.

So I made a call right away.