

The Alpha's Discarded Luna

novel by Velvet Piston

Lianne Riley and Alpha Ethan Voss – c 1

Lianne's POV:

Three months into my pregnancy, I, Lianne Riley, was caught in a car accident.

Half-conscious and shaking, I kept calling my husband, Alpha Ethan Voss, but he never answered.

When the pain finally eased enough for me to stay awake, I opened my phone and saw a post from his first love, Ivy Brooks.

"I have to thank Ethan for staying with me all night because he knows I'm afraid of the dark. He even canceled all his meetings today to take me to an auction and bought me the most beautiful gift in the world. I'm so happy!"

That was the moment I understood everything. When I was seriously injured while protecting my child, he chose to stay beside another she-wolf.

Without a word, I liked the post and closed the app.

If he wanted his first love back, then he could have her.

Seven days from now, I would disappear from his life forever-with our child.

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Clutching the freshly printed Rejection, I dragged my injured body back home.

I shoved open the heavy oak door. The living room sat in darkness, with only the faint glow from the wall lamps cutting through the shadows.

In the faint light, a tall figure sat on the couch, his presence heavy and suffocating. The pressure rolling off him belonged only to a top-tier Alpha.

He was none other than my mate, Ethan.

"So you still remember this is your home?" His voice cut through the silence like frost.

Before I could answer, he rose from the couch and crossed the room in a few long strides.

His hand clamped around my wrist with brutal force, pain shooting through my arm as though he meant to snap the bones.

"Lianne, what was the point of that like on Ivy's post?" he snapped, glaring down at me with open contempt. "She only just came back, and her condition isn't stable yet. She can't deal with stress right now. Were you trying to remind her that you're my Luna?"

I lifted my eyes to him, my blurred vision making his face hard to see clearly.

Three years ago, Ethan had been poisoned with silver. The toxin ruined his legs.

After Ivy dumped him and ran overseas, he spiraled completely, numbing himself with alcohol day after day.

The Elders of the Thorn Pack arranged our bond.

For the last three years, I'd stayed by his side as his mate, calming the rage and pain eating away at him. At the same time, I'd given him my blood again and again, using my healing ability to help repair his body until he could finally stand on his own once more.

But now, there wasn't even a trace of warmth left in him. His breath brushed lightly against my neck while his voice stayed cold. "I already told you before-stop letting your jealousy control you. Can't you act reasonable for once?"

Reasonable.

The word hit harder than a slap against my already numb heart.

He didn't know that not long ago, I'd been trapped in a wrecked car after the crash.

Pinned inside the overturned vehicle with blood running down my face, I'd called him again and again, hoping he would come to save me and our unborn baby.

But before I could explain anything, all he said was, "Ivy's not feeling well right now. I can't leave her side. Whatever it is, deal with it yourself."

Then he ended the call.

I forced myself out of the crushed driver's seat with the last bit of strength I had left. After that, I walked three miles through heavy rain before a passing car finally stopped for me.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, lowering my gaze so he wouldn't see the sadness in my eyes. "It won't happen again."

Ethan looked caught off guard by how quickly I apologized. He fell silent for a moment, the anger in his eyes easing slightly, though suspicion soon took its place.

Letting go of my wrist, he looked me over slowly, from my tangled hair to my pale face.

"The staff said you were out all day, and you weren't answering your phone." He frowned. "And those calls you kept making... were you throwing a fit because of Ivy?"

"No." I took a slow breath, forcing down the turmoil churning inside me. "There was an issue with the pack's supply deliveries, so I went to deal with it. I must've lost my phone during the mess."

I pulled out a stack of documents and handed them to him. "These are the financial reports for this quarter, along with a few documents that need your signature. The admin office needs them by tomorrow morning."

Ethan took the papers from me and casually tossed them onto the coffee table without even checking them.

He trusted me completely. For the past three years, I'd been the perfect Luna in his eyes, handling every responsibility without fault.

I took care of the endless pack matters for him. Whenever the silver poison pushed him into violent, uncontrollable episodes, I stayed beside him and used our mate bond to calm the beast inside him.

Ethan sat back down, picked up a pen, and signed the documents one after another with quick, practiced strokes.

He didn't realize the Rejection was hidden beneath the stack of documents.

Once he signed it, the Rejection would take effect in seven days.

After that, the bond forcing us together would break completely. He would finally be free. And I would disappear from his life forever.

"It's done." He slid the papers back toward me, his fingers brushing lightly against the back of my hand by accident.

I pulled my hand away instantly, as though his touch had scorched me.

A shadow passed through Ethan's eyes. He stared at me for a long moment before asking, "Lianne, are you avoiding me?"

He rose to his feet, his tall frame closing in until his shadow swallowed me completely.

Then he reached for me. His fingers caught my chin and lifted it, forcing me to look straight at him.

There was something fierce burning in his eyes. Possessiveness. The instinctive dominance an Alpha held toward his mate.

"Today's our wedding anniversary," he said quietly. His hand slid from my chin to my throat, his rough thumb brushing slowly over the sensitive skin there. "By pack tradition, I should stay with you tonight."

His touch felt burning hot against my skin, yet my heart remained cold and unmoving.

At that moment, his phone suddenly rang.

The glowing screen showed a name I knew too well. Ivy.

Ethan's body stiffened.

He answered immediately, and Ivy's trembling voice drifted through the call, "Ethan, I'm scared. The thunder's really loud tonight. Can you come stay with me?"

Ethan glanced at me, hesitation flickering briefly across his face.

I pressed a faint smile onto my lips and urged, "You should go. Ivy only just came back, and she's still not fully recovered. As the pack's Alpha, you should look after your pack members. I'll be fine here alone."

Ethan kept staring at me, as if trying to find some trace of resentment hidden beneath my words. But there was nothing for him to find. I looked empty enough to fool even him, like a doll with nothing left inside.

"You're finally beginning to understand what it means to be a Luna," he said after a moment, satisfaction creeping into his tone as he put his phone away. "I know this hasn't been easy for you. Once Ivy's settled in, I'll make it up to you."

Make it up to me?

What I wanted was never compensation. I only wanted the one thing he had never truly given me-his whole heart.

"Okay," I answered with a nod.

Ethan turned and headed for the door, his hurried steps making it seem as though he couldn't leave fast enough.

He never looked back, so he never saw my legs buckle the moment the door shut behind him. I slid slowly down the wall, too weak to keep standing.

Lowering my eyes, I looked at the Rejection while my trembling fingers brushed across his signature.

This would be the last thing I ever did for Ethan.

In seven days, I would no longer be his Luna.

I would take our unborn child and disappear from his life forever.