

Chapter 18 Are You Sad For Mommy

Lianne's POV:

I wasn't sure how much time had passed when I finally managed to pry my eyes open.

"You're awake?" A deep voice came from beside the bed.

I turned my head, and there he was, Ethan. His sharp features were the first thing my gaze landed on.

He must've been keeping watch over me this whole time—his tie was crooked, and there was a faint weariness in his eyes, barely noticeable, but it was there, a silent sign of his fatigue.

"How do you feel?" he asked gently, his hand instinctively reaching out to touch my forehead.

I flinched, pulling back instinctively, dodging his touch. My hand slid beneath the covers to rest softly on my flat belly.

"I'm fine," I rasped, my voice weak as I turned my eyes toward the window.

The silence of the hospital room was interrupted by the sound of my stomach growling, loud and untimely.

I glanced back at Ethan, my eyes meeting his, and asked quietly, "I'm hungry. Could you go get me something to eat?"

He froze for a moment, clearly surprised by my request. After a brief pause, he nodded. "Alright. Stay put. I'll be right back."

As soon as the sound of his footsteps faded away, I quickly pressed the call button beside my bed.

Within moments, a young nurse appeared, pushing the door open.

"My baby..." I grabbed her sleeve. "Is the baby okay?"

The nurse smiled reassuringly, patting my hand. "Don't worry. The baby is strong and stable right now. Your ankle sprain is quite severe. Since you

lack a wolf, your healing will take much longer than it would for a normal she-wolf. We'll keep an eye on you for another day, and if everything goes well, you should be able to leave tomorrow."

With the weight of my child's safety lifted from my shoulders, I slumped back into the pillows, utterly exhausted.

Without a wolf, in a world that worshipped strength, even protecting my own child felt like an insurmountable challenge.

Ethan returned soon after.

He was carrying a tray from the hospital cafeteria—meat, vegetables, and a steaming bowl of soup.

He set the tray table over me and even seemed ready to feed me by hand.

"I can do it myself," I murmured, taking the spoon from him and dipping it into the soup.

The warm liquid slid down my throat, soothing me in a way I hadn't realized I needed.

As I watched him sit quietly at my bedside, something unexpected stirred in my chest—a flicker of warmth.

Maybe, just maybe, there was a tiny place in his heart for me.

"It's late," I said softly, trying to hide the tightness in my chest. "You should go home and rest."

"No need. I'll stay here with you." His tone was firm. "With your injury moving around will be hard. You shouldn't be alone tonight."

His insistence nearly drowned me in the false tenderness he offered.

But reality always seemed to strike hardest in those moments when I craved warmth.

Suddenly, Ethan went still. He was communicating with someone through mind link. 

Moments later, his calm expression shattered. It was as if a switch had flipped, and the once controlled, composed man now looked agitated, his restlessness undeniable.

"What's going on?" I asked, my hand tightening around the spoon.

He met my gaze, his eyes filled with a swirl of conflict and urgency. "Something's going on with Ivy. She's in a really bad place right now." ①

My heart dropped, a heavy weight settling deep in my chest.

"So?" I forced a bitter smile, struggling to keep my voice steady. "You're leaving?"

"I'm sorry, Lianne," he muttered, already pushing himself to his feet. "I need to go. I'll send someone to stay with you tonight. Call me if you need anything."

In a flash, he was gone, not once glancing back.

I was left alone, the night stretching on endlessly. ②

I lay still on the cold hospital bed, staring blankly at the ceiling.

I was still waiting, hoping that after dealing with Ivy's situation, he would remember his injured wife here and return to stay with me through the long, cold night.

One hour... two... ③

The sky outside began to gray as the first light of dawn crept in, but Ethan never came back.

A dull ache suddenly bloomed from my lower abdomen.

I curled up, instinctively cradling my stomach.

"Baby, did you feel that? Are you sad for me? Tonight should have been for us, our family of three. But instead, your father is at another woman's side, giving her all the tenderness and care that should be ours. And here we are, just the two of us, alone in this cold, sterile room." ④

