

The Alpha's Discarded Luna

Chapter 3 Ethan, Help Me

Lianne's POV:

I hadn't expected Ethan to come back so early.

Before I could say anything, he crossed the room in a few quick strides and grabbed the wrist I was using to close the suitcase. His grip tightened hard enough to hurt.

Then he seemed to have realized something. Dark anger stirred in his eyes as he stared at me. "Didn't I already explain the necklace was only a gift to celebrate Ivy's return? And now you're packing your things to threaten me? Lianne, you're not a child anymore. You're the Luna of this pack. Start acting like one."

I looked at his familiar face, handsome as ever yet completely devoid of warmth, and a deep sense of bitterness rose quietly inside me.

No matter what happened, he always treated my pain like some immature attempt to gain attention.

But I didn't want to argue with him. Most of all, I couldn't let him discover the Rejection.

"I'm not threatening you," I said, lowering my eyes. "The closet's just too crowded, so I thought I'd clear some of the clothes out. Sometimes, old things should make room for new ones."

Ethan stared at me for a long moment, as though trying to determine whether I was lying to him.

But my face remained calm, without the hurt and resentment he usually expected to see. Gradually, the tension in his expression eased. "Good. I'm glad you understand."

"Ethan?" A soft voice drifted in from the doorway.

I looked up sharply. Ivy stood in the doorway wearing a thin silk nightdress, a man's jacket draped loosely over her shoulders. It carried Ethan's scent.

She leaned weakly against the doorframe, her pale face making her look like a fragile white flower ready to collapse at any moment.

"What is she doing here?" The words escaped before I could stop them, and a sharp ache pierced my chest.

"Ivy's going to stay here for a while." Ethan walked over to her and wrapped an arm around her shoulders with natural familiarity, as though he'd done it countless times before. "Some of her fans have been crossing the line lately. They even found the place she's staying at now. It isn't safe for her anymore. Until she finds somewhere suitable, staying here is the best option."

Then he looked at me, warning clear in his eyes. "Treat her properly. I don't want people spreading rumors that the Luna of the Thorn Pack is bullying another pack member. Do you understand?"

I stared at the two of them standing together, and the whole thing felt strangely unreal.

My mate had brought the woman he loved into our home. And now he expected me to welcome her with a smile.

"Alright," I replied with a bitter smile. "I'll make sure she's well taken care of."

The staff moved quickly after that. They cleaned out the room beside mine, the nursery Ethan and I had once planned to use for our future child, and turned it into Ivy's bedroom.

Ethan personally stayed with her while the servants arranged everything. He even instructed them to replace the scent diffuser oils with lavender because it was Ivy's favorite fragrance.

The laughter drifting from the room next door grated against my nerves like a blade scraping over raw skin, tearing deeper into a heart that was already falling apart.

Late that night, I forced my exhausted body into the bathroom.

Warm water poured over me, but no amount of heat could drive away the cold buried deep inside my chest.

I lifted my eyes to the mirror. My face looked pale and drained, and dark bruises spread across my chest from the crash. At that moment, the tears I had been holding back finally fell.

Just six more days.

If I could endure six more days, everything would be over.

After changing into a simple silk slip dress, I stepped out of the bathroom through the lingering steam. My vision was still hazy, so I didn't notice someone standing inside the room.

Suddenly, my foot slipped against the floor, and my body pitched backward.

But instead of crashing down, I fell into a firm, burning embrace.

One of Ethan's arms locked tightly around my waist while his other hand pressed protectively against the back of my head, pulling me hard against his chest.

The sharp cedarwood scent that always clung to him surrounded me instantly.

"Can't even stand properly anymore?" His voice came out low and rough beside my ear.

"Let me go," I insisted, struggling to steady myself. "Shouldn't you be with Ivy right now?"

His eyes darkened instantly. Instead of letting me go, Ethan pulled me tighter against him. His fingers slid slowly through my damp hair before settling at the back of my neck, right over the sensitive gland every werewolf guarded instinctively.

"Lianne, I'm your mate," he murmured against my skin. His warm breath brushed across my collarbone, sending a shiver through me. "Yesterday was our anniversary. I told you I'd make it up to you."

His hand moved slowly along my skin, rough fingertips brushing lightly against me and leaving heat in their wake.

Three years of marriage had taught him every weakness I had. He knew exactly how to break down my defenses.

"No..."

My protest was swallowed by his possessive, punishing kiss.

There was no gentleness in the kiss. It was fierce and possessive, filled with a hunger that felt more like claiming than affection.

He kissed me hard enough to steal the air from my lungs, as though he wanted to erase every thought in my mind except him.

The next moment, he pushed me down onto the bed, his body pressing heavily against mine.

During the struggle, the straps of my silk dress slipped from my shoulders, exposing bare skin beneath the dim light.

Desire burned openly in Ethan's eyes. His lips moved slowly down my neck, leaving heated marks along my collarbone.

"Ethan..." A shaky sound escaped my throat as my fingers gripped his shoulders tightly, my nails pressing into the hard muscles beneath his shirt.

For that brief moment, I let myself sink into the illusion he created. Even knowing it wasn't real, I still reached desperately for the warmth he gave me so rarely.

His hand slid beneath the hem of my dress, his touch burning against my skin.

Just as he was about to go further, a terrified scream suddenly rang out from Ivy's room next door.

"Ethan, help me!"

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