

The Alpha's Discarded Luna

## Chapter 4 You've Disgusted Me

Lianne's POV:

The second Ethan heard Ivy scream for him, he rushed out of the room without the slightest hesitation. He never looked back at me.

I remained sitting on the edge of the cold bed, my bare shoulders exposed while my silk dress hung loosely around me. The marks his fingers had left on my skin still burned faintly across my chest, like a humiliating reminder of everything that had just happened.

From the room next door came Ethan's anxious voice, followed by Ivy's sobbing.

I let out a faint, bitter laugh at myself and pulled the blanket tightly around my body.

That interruption had shattered the last fragile hope I still carried inside me.

Ethan didn't return for the rest of the night.

I lay alone in the king-sized bed, staring blankly toward the window as the moonlight slowly faded from silver to a dull gray before dawn.

Deep inside me, the mate bond pulsed with a dull ache, the instinctive pain every she-wolf felt when betrayed by her mate.

But I only rested my hand gently over my stomach and counted silently in my head. Five days left.

The next morning, I forced my exhausted body out of bed and made my way to St. Mary's Hospital, the private medical center owned by the pack.

I wasn't there because of the injuries from the car accident. There was something else I needed to confirm.

"Ma'am, your baby is doing very well," the doctor said after reviewing the examination results. Then his expression turned serious. "But your physical condition is concerning. Since you don't have a wolf, your body can't recover the way other she-wolves can. Right now, you need your mate close to you. A she-wolf heals fastest when she's with her mate."

I lowered my eyes and accepted the report, bitterness spreading quietly through my chest.

My mate? He had spent the entire night comforting another she-wolf.

Once I confirmed that my baby was safe, I quietly left the examination room.

I was on my way toward the hospital's back exit when I rounded a corner and froze at the sight in front of me.

Ethan stood outside a therapy room in a perfectly tailored suit, carefully guiding Ivy forward.

Her cheeks were rosy and full of life now. There was no sign of the frightened, fragile woman who had screamed for him so desperately the night before.

She leaned against him intimately, as though she belonged at his side. And Ethan, the Alpha feared throughout the entire Thorn Pack, lowered his head to gently brush a loose strand of hair away from her face.

"Look at that," a nurse whispered nearby, her voice carrying clearly through the hallway. "Alpha treats Miss Brooks like she's made of glass. He came with her for a routine appointment. He won't let her suffer even the slightest discomfort."

"I know. The two of them really look perfect together."

I lowered my head silently. The ultrasound report crumpled in my hand as my fingers tightened around it.

"Lianne? What are you doing here?"

Just as I turned to leave, Ivy's voice suddenly called out behind me.

Ethan's hand paused against Ivy's arm. Then he looked up at me. The warmth in his eyes disappeared instantly, replaced by cold disgust.

"Were you following us?" Ethan asked sharply, impatience already creeping into his voice.

Before I could answer, Ivy stepped in with a gentle smile, pretending to smooth things over. "Ethan, don't get upset. Maybe Lianne just wasn't feeling well and came here for an examination. I'll go talk to her."

She slipped her arm away from his and walked toward me slowly, her movements graceful and deliberate.

But the moment she stopped in front of me, the sweetness vanished from her face completely.

"Still refusing to accept reality?" she whispered, her voice dripping with malice. "Ethan never loved you. For the past three years, you've only been convenient to him. Someone to warm his bed. Someone to bleed for him. Now that I'm back, what makes you think you—who doesn't even have a wolf—deserve to stay in the Luna's position? If you have any pride left, leave the Thorn Pack on your own before Ethan throws you out publicly. At least then you might keep a little dignity."

I looked at the greed and hatred in her eyes, yet strangely, I felt no anger. Only exhaustion.

"As long as I don't sign the Rejection, I am still the Luna of the Thorn Pack," I replied calmly, lifting my chin to meet her stare. "And you? No matter how many gifts Ethan gives you or how much he spoils you, until you have a rightful place beside him, you'll always be the other woman."

The expression on Ivy's face twisted instantly with fury. But then, something flashed across her eyes. A cruel smile slowly curved her lips.

"Really? Then let's see who he chooses in the end."

Before I could even react, Ivy suddenly shoved me hard against my injured ribs.

"Ah!"

Pain exploded through my body instantly. Already weakened from the crash, I couldn't keep my balance and stumbled backward.

But Ivy moved even faster than I did. She collapsed dramatically onto the floor and let out a piercing scream while clutching her ankle.

"Ethan! My ankle hurts..."

"Lianne! What have you done?" Ethan's furious roar echoed through the hallway like thunder.

In the blink of an eye, he was beside Ivy, pulling her protectively into his arms.

Then he turned toward me. His eyes had turned a frightening shade of crimson, rage burning openly inside them.

"So this is what your so-called maturity was? An act?" His voice grew colder with every word. "You actually laid hands on Ivy because you're jealous? Lianne, this behavior is disgusting."

I sat frozen on the cold hospital floor. At the same time, a sharp pain suddenly ripped through my lower abdomen, violent enough to make my vision blur, as though something inside me was being torn apart piece by piece. Cold sweat soaked through my back instantly.

"I didn't..." My voice came out weak and trembling. "She pushed me..."

Ethan didn't believe me at all. "I saw her fall myself. If you didn't do anything, why would she end up on the floor?"

I couldn't even defend myself anymore. The pain tearing through my body was unbearable. "Ethan, my stomach hurts... Please... get a doctor..."

I reached toward him with trembling fingers, trying desperately to grab hold of his pant leg.

It was instinct more than anything else. The last desperate plea of someone who had no one left to rely on.

For the briefest moment, Ethan hesitated. As he looked at my pale face, uncertainty flickered faintly in his eyes.

"Ethan, I'm so dizzy. What if I can't walk anymore?" Ivy whimpered weakly from his arms at that exact moment. Her body sagged against him, her face turning deathly pale at just the right time.

The hesitation in Ethan's eyes disappeared immediately.

"Enough, Lianne." His voice turned completely cold as he stepped away from my outstretched hand. "Do you really need this much attention? Ivy's the one who got hurt, yet now you're pretending to collapse too? This act is pathetic."

"No, it's not like that..."

Something warm slowly trickled down my thigh.

My heart stopped.

The baby was slipping away.

"Ethan..." Tears blurred my vision completely as I begged him one last time. "Please... save me..."

"Stop pretending." His face darkened with impatience as he lifted Ivy into his arms. "You only fell down. Do you seriously think anyone would believe this ridiculous performance? I never realized you were this manipulative, Lianne. You've disgusted me."

Then he turned around and walked away carrying Ivy, never once looking back.

My hand fell weakly onto the freezing floor.

The bright lights in the hallway blurred above me while the voices around me slowly faded into meaningless noise.

Lowering my gaze with difficulty, I saw blood spreading across the white hospital tiles beneath me. The vivid red color was almost blinding.

Then darkness closed over me completely, swallowing the last trace of my consciousness.

Contents