

Chapter 5 Goodbye, Ethan

Lianne's POV:

When I finally regained consciousness, all I could see was a blur of harsh white light.

"My baby..." Panic surged through me as I struggled upright despite the violent pain twisting through my abdomen. I grabbed the doctor's coat desperately, my fingers trembling so hard my knuckles turned white. "Is my baby okay?"

"Lie back down immediately!" The doctor-an older woman-forced me back onto the bed. "Are you trying to kill yourself? Do you even understand how critical your condition was when they brought you in? Your injuries from the car accident were already severe, and then you suffered heavy bleeding. If you had arrived five minutes later, we wouldn't have been able to save either you or the child."

I froze completely. Tears slipped silently down my face and landed on the back of my hand. "Is my baby still alive?"

"You're lucky-it is alive," the doctor said with a weary sigh, sympathy written all over her face. "But your body's in terrible shape. Where's your mate? If he'd stayed with you and soothed you through the mate bond, you wouldn't be suffering this badly."

I let out a quiet, hollow laugh. Releasing her coat, I slowly leaned back against the pillow. "He's busy."

Busy taking care of the woman he loved. Busy comforting Ivy because of a slightly swollen ankle. Busy showing the entire pack the depth of his devotion to her.

The next two days passed in unsettling silence.

Ethan never came to the hospital. Not once. He didn't even make a phone call.

In his mind, I was probably still somewhere sulking and creating problems out of jealousy.

But Ivy didn't leave me alone for a second. She kept sending photos to my phone.

One picture showed Ethan standing in the kitchen wearing casual clothes while cooking for her, a side of him I had never once seen during our entire marriage.

Another photo captured him sitting beside her bed, patiently drying her long hair with a hairdryer.

"See this? The second I felt upset, Ethan rushed over to take care of me. He treats me like I'm the most precious person in the world."

"I heard you're hospitalized too. What a shame. Ethan told me he couldn't even stand looking at you anymore. He said you disgusted him."

"Oh, and one more thing, Lianne. Ethan said I'm the only person worthy of becoming the Luna of the Thorn Pack. You're nothing but someone occupying a place that was never yours to begin with. If you know what's best for you, disappear already."

I stared at the message for a long time. Every word felt like a blade cutting slowly into my chest.

My fingers trembled as I typed out a reply. "Alright. You can have him."

The seventh day arrived on the same morning I was discharged from the hospital.

It was also the exact day the Rejection officially took effect.

By the time I returned home, the setting sun had dyed the entire building a deep, blood-red color.

The house was silent. Neither Ethan nor Ivy was home. They were probably somewhere together, completely absorbed in their perfect little world.

I walked slowly into the bedroom. The faint scent lingering in the room still reminded me of that unfinished night.

A dry laugh escaped my throat. Then I pulled the suitcase I had packed from the back of the closet.

It was time to get rid of everything.

The only photograph Ethan and I had ever taken together was ripped apart piece by piece before I threw it into the trash.

The cheap dried flowers he'd once brought home, flowers I had treasured like something priceless, were burned until nothing remained but ash.

And the plain, lifeless clothes I'd bought over the years just because he preferred them? I threw every single one away without hesitation.

At last, I opened the drawer and took out the Rejection.

My fingers trembled slightly as I picked up the pen. Then, slowly and carefully, I signed my name at the bottom of the page.

The moment the final stroke was complete, a strange sense of relief swept through me.

For the first time in three years, I finally felt free.

I rose to my feet and looked around the villa one last time. This beautiful home had once felt like a dream to me. Now it only felt like a cage I'd trapped myself inside for far too long.

I carried the signed Rejection into the living room and placed it in the center of the coffee table.

Beside it, I quietly set down the ring that represented my status as Luna.

After that, I picked up my suitcase and walked toward the front door. I never looked back.

Goodbye, Ethan. From this moment on, our lives would never cross again.