

Chapter 6 Come Home With Me

Lianne's POV:

Three days passed.

Most of my injuries had finally healed.

After leaving Ethan, I rented a small, shabby apartment and prepared to begin a new life alone with my child.

But maybe my body still hadn't fully recovered. Or maybe it was the emptiness left behind after losing the comfort of a mate. Whatever the reason, I couldn't sleep peacefully anymore. Every night, nightmares dragged me awake over and over again until I felt more exhausted than before I slept.

So tonight, I came to Moon Bar, the most popular bar in the city.

People said their signature cocktail, Moonlight, could soothe a restless werewolf's emotions.

It sounded perfect for someone like me.

The moment I stepped inside, deafening rock music crashed against my ears. The air was thick with alcohol, cigarette smoke, cheap perfume, and the aggressive pheromones of werewolves searching for company.

I found an empty stool at the bar and sat down quietly.

"Hey there, first time here? Want to try our signature cocktail-Moonlight?" The bartender looked me over with practiced ease while mixing drinks behind the counter. His gaze lingered briefly on my bare collarbone.

"Just bring me the bottle," I replied hoarsely with a faint smile. 

For the past three years, I hadn't touched alcohol once. No drinking. No nightlife. No freedom. Every day of my life had revolved around being the perfect Luna. I followed strict routines, managed the endless



responsibilities of the Thorn Pack, and tried desperately to become the kind of woman Ethan wanted beside him. I spent years exhausting myself just to earn his approval.

And in the end, what did I receive? Nothing at all.

Now that I was finally free of him, maybe it was time to stop caring so much.

The bartender lifted an eyebrow at my order but said nothing. He lined up several shot glasses in front of me and poured the glowing blue cocktail into each one.

I grabbed the first glass and swallowed it in one shot.

The alcohol scorched my throat and chest so violently that I immediately doubled over coughing.

But after a few moments, warmth slowly spread through my cold body.

I picked up the second shot. Then the third.

Before long, I was drinking faster and faster.

Maybe the alcohol was finally taking effect. The lights around me blurred, and the pounding music faded into distant noise.

With shaky fingers, I reached into my purse and pulled out a wrinkled sheet of paper—my prenatal ultrasound report.

I stared quietly at the tiny shape captured in the image, the fragile little life growing inside me.

Once upon a time, I'd dreamed of handing this to Ethan on our anniversary and telling him he was going to become a father.

But that dream was long gone now.

My chest tightened painfully at the thought of him. I crushed the report tightly in my hand, shoved it back into my purse, and threw back another shot without hesitation.

"Well, aren't you a lonely little she-wolf? Drinking here all by yourself... that's kind of sad," a smooth voice murmured beside my ear.

I turned unsteadily toward the speaker. The guy looked young probably not even twenty yet. His blond hair was styled too carefully, and his eyes carried the same hungry look I'd seen in too many werewolves before.

He leaned closer, inhaling deeply as though catching my scent. "You smell amazing..."

"Get away from me." I grabbed my purse and swung it straight at his face.

But he caught it easily with one hand before tossing it carelessly onto the counter.

In the next second, he shoved me against the bar. One heavy arm trapped me in place while his other hand slid roughly along my waist.

"Don't be like that," he whispered near my ear, his breath hot and disgusting against my skin. "Come spend some time with me. I promise I'll treat you better than whoever hurt you."

I struggled hard against him and instinctively called out to my wolf in my head.

"Anna... help me..."

But there was nothing. No response. Only silence.

Five years ago, during the rogue wolves' attack, I'd given up everything to save Ethan. That was the day my wolf disappeared forever.

Back then, I had been the most talented student in the entire Pack Academy. Every instructor believed I would someday become the strongest Gamma warrior the Thorn Pack had ever produced.

But now, I was nothing more than a hollow shell. No wolf. No strength. So weak that I couldn't even fight off a low-ranking werewolf.

The grief nearly crushed me.

I struggled helplessly as the blond man forced me against the bar, his revolting breath brushing against my neck.

Then suddenly, the atmosphere inside the bar changed. The temperature seemed to drop in an instant.

A terrifying wave of Alpha pressure swept through the room so violently that every conversation stopped at once.

"Take your hands off her."

The voice was low and dangerous, cutting through the deafening music like a clap of thunder.

The blond werewolf froze instantly.

Before he even had time to react, a large hand clamped around his wrist. The sound of bone snapping rang sharply through the sudden silence, followed by his scream. Then his body flew across the room and crashed violently into a booth several feet away.

My legs lost all strength. I stumbled straight into a broad, freezing embrace.

The familiar scent of cedarwood and cold winter air surrounded me at once.

Ethan?

Shouldn't he be with Ivy right now?

His arm wrapped tightly around my waist, holding me so firmly it almost hurt, as though he was afraid I would disappear if he loosened his grip.

Something dark churned in his eyes, emotions tangled together so deeply that I couldn't understand any of them.

"Come home with me," he said in a rough voice, his jaw clenched tight.

I was far too drunk to resist. Instead, I leaned weakly against his chest and breathed in his scent desperately, like someone starving for warmth.

"Sir..." The bartender pointed nervously toward the floor. "Her purse..."

Without changing expression, Ethan bent down and picked up my purse.

But as he lifted it, a crumpled ball of white paper slipped through the half-open zipper and rolled across the floor until it stopped beside his polished leather shoe.

The moment I saw it, my entire body turned cold. Half my drunken haze disappeared instantly.

It was my ultrasound report.

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