

Chapter 8 Ivy Saved My Life

Ethan's POV:

"Ivy is the one who destroyed our marriage."

Lianne's voice rang through the spacious office, tight with barely contained emotion.

I kept my eyes on her. Her eyes glistened, heavy with tears she refused to let fall.

Her slender body trembled, not with fear, but with anger. The calm, composed expression I was used to had shattered, replaced by something raw and aching. And somehow, it made her even more striking.

My chest tightened.

Pain hit suddenly, sharp and deep, spreading from my heart through my entire body.

Through the mate bond, I felt everything she was feeling. Every ounce of hurt. Every bit of anger. It pressed down on me until I could barely breathe.

"You bastard! Look at what you've done!" Arthur, my wolf, snarled in my mind. "She's our mate! If it weren't for her, you'd still be stuck in a wheelchair!"

His words slammed into me, and for a second, my thoughts scattered. Memories came rushing in.

Three years ago, I couldn't even stand. I was paralyzed from the waist down, bitter, unpredictable, snapping at anyone who got too close.

But Lianne never left. No matter how badly I treated her, she stayed. She endured every outburst, spent hours massaging my lifeless legs until her hands ached, and handled the pack matters late into the night.

Now, as I looked at her, something in me softened.

"I'm sorry," I said, my voice rough. "I shouldn't have said that."

It was the first time in three years I'd ever apologized to her.

Lianne went still.

She looked at me, clearly caught off guard. Her eyes searched mine, but there was no relief in them. No softness. Just a tired kind of understanding like she'd already seen through every excuse I hadn't even spoken yet.

She didn't respond. Didn't accept it. Didn't reject it. She simply turned and walked away, her heels echoing against the marble floor.

I stood there, watching her leave.

And only then did I realize I hadn't paid attention to her in a long time.

She'd lost weight. Her tailored suit hung off her frame, as if it no longer quite fit her.

Just then, a soft, overly sweet voice slipped into my mind.

"Ethan, I'm really sorry. I didn't mean for the photos to get out. Did this cause you trouble?"

It was Ivy. She was reaching out through the mind link.

I closed my eyes, forcing down the guilt rising in my chest. "Don't worry about it," I replied. "I'll take care of everything."

As soon as I cut the connection, I walked over to the floor-to-ceiling window and looked out at the city lights below.

I kept repeating it to myself, like it would make everything clear again.

Five years ago, Ivy saved my life. A pack of rogue wolves had nearly killed me. If she hadn't stepped in, I wouldn't have made it.

She was my savior. My first love. The woman I promised to protect for the rest of my life.

I loved Ivy. Only Ivy.

I wasn't going to leave her alone.

And Lianne... What we had was never love. It was a deal.

Now that Ivy was back, it was time to end this.

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Lianne's POV:

I walked away from Voss Group without looking back.

In the past, I loved working with Ethan side by side. Now, just being inside the same building felt suffocating.

I drifted through the streets, numb like I didn't belong anywhere.

My phone kept buzzing in my bag. I pulled it out and answered without checking. It was the Voss estate.

"Lianne, come with Ethan for dinner tonight," his grandmother, Rola Voss, said warmly. "I asked the chef to make all your favorite dishes. It's been too long since you two visited."

Ethan's grandparents must have seen the news.

Ethan's public closeness with Ivy wasn't just gossip. It was a slap to the pack's dignity.

I had just ended the call when another notification popped up. A message from Ethan.

"Where are you?"

A few minutes later, his black Rolls-Royce pulled up beside me.

I got into the passenger seat. The car was filled with the familiar scent of his cologne, strong and unmistakable. But beneath it, there was something else, faint but impossible to ignore: Ivy's perfume.

I turned slightly toward the window, putting as much distance between us as I could.

"I got the Rejection you signed" Ethan said, his gaze fixed straight ahead. "I'll tell my grandparents tonight. We're ending the mate bond."

My chest tightened painfully. I gripped the seatbelt, my nails pressing into the leather.

After a long pause, I gave a small, stiff nod.

He couldn't wait to make things official with Ivy, even if it meant reopening old wounds in front of the people who cared about him the most.

What choice did I have?

The Voss estate stood in the hills just outside the city, quiet and imposing.

Rola was already at the door, waiting. She hurried over and took my hands, her eyes warm with genuine affection. But as I glanced around the courtyard, one person was missing.

"Where's Harold?" I asked softly.

Rola's smile flickered for a brief moment before she steadied it. "His blood pressure went up again. He's resting. You know how weak his heart's gotten. He can't handle any stress these days."

My stomach sank.

Harold Voss had once been the most feared Alpha in the pack. Now, illness had worn him down to a shadow of the werewolf he used to be.

They had always treated me like their own granddaughter. All I wanted was for them to live the rest of their lives in peace.

In the kitchen, Rola dismissed the staff, then grabbed my hand. "Lianne, I saw the headlines this morning. Don't worry. I won't let Ethan get away with this. The Luna of the Thorn Pack has always been you, and it will stay that way."

My eyes stung. I lowered my head quickly so she wouldn't see.

She had no idea her grandson had already signed the Rejection to end

our bond.

Dinner was unbearable.

Harold insisted on coming out of the bedroom despite his condition. His face was pale, but his eyes were still as sharp as ever.

He looked straight at Ethan. "Ivy's back?"

Ethan set his fork down, calm and composed. "Yes. She's the company's new endorser."

"Stay away from her," Harold's voice was low, but it carried undeniable authority. He set his utensils down with a sharp clatter. "Any project involving her goes through Lianne. You don't get involved. Ethan, don't forget who your mate is. And don't forget who stood by you when you had nothing."

Ethan didn't argue, but his expression hardened. His jaw tightened, the muscle ticking.

I forced a smile and tried to smooth things over. "Please don't get worked up. Ethan's just thinking about the company. Here, have some soup. Rola spent hours making it just for you."

The tension at the table eased, if only a little.

After dinner, I stayed with Harold while we watched his favorite hockey match.

"Lianne, come to the finals with me next month. Front row seats," he said, giving my hand a gentle squeeze.

I looked at his weathered face, and something inside me broke all over again. Still, I smiled. "I'd love to."

The drive back was quiet.

Night had settled in. Trees blurred past the windows as the car wound down the mountain road. I kept my eyes on the darkness outside and said, "Your grandparents won't agree to us breaking apart. What are you going to do?"

Ethan let out a slow breath. "My grandfather can't take the shock right

now. We'll end the bond secretary for now. Keep it between us. When he gets better, we'll tell them."

He didn't hesitate. Not even for a second.

Even with his grandfather in that condition, he was still choosing Ivy.

"Okay," I said quietly, staring at my hands. My throat tightened. "When?"

