

Reclaimed By My Alpha Novel

Chapter 1

He Knows the Door to My Soul and Who Forgot to Novel 1 Summary Natalia discovers she is two months pregnant with Andrei's child, a revelation that overwhelms her with a mix of joy, fear, and fragile hope. Despite the clinical and impersonal nature of the confirmation, the news ignites a deep emotional shift within her. Their marriage, a five-year contract born out of necessity rather than love, was always marked by distance and Andrei's lingering grief over Lilith, his late mate.

Natalia had spent four years trying to be the perfect Luna, hoping to earn his love, but with only thirty days left on their contract, she had resigned herself to rejection. The pregnancy, however, introduces a new possibility. As werewolves highly value offspring as symbols of legacy and power, Natalia dares to hope that this child might change Andrei's stance, perhaps extending their bond beyond the cold terms of their agreement. She prepares to share the news with him, envisioning a special evening that could mark a fresh start for them both.

Her anticipation grows as she returns to the packhouse, carrying gifts and a hopeful heart. Upon arriving home, Natalia senses something amiss. The house is unusually quiet, and she notices two pairs of shoes by the door-one Andrei's, the other unfamiliar and feminine. Entering a bedroom that is unlocked, she finds Andrei holding a woman tenderly, a scene that shocks her deeply. The woman is Lilith, the mate everyone believed dead, whose presence in the house and in Andrei's arms shatters Natalia's fragile hope and reveals a startling truth: Lilith is alive.

Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below NATALIA Positive. Estimated gestation: eight weeks.

I stared down at the small slip of paper the nurse had just handed me. A few sparse lines filled with numbers, hormone readings, and bolded words that I found myself reading repeatedly, as if by sheer will they might transform into something else entirely. "Congratulations, Luna. You're two months pregnant." Suddenly, the room seemed to blur around me.

The sharp scent of antiseptic hung heavily in the air, and the clinic's pristine white walls felt overwhelmingly bright, sterile to the point of coldness. I blinked rapidly, convinced I must have misheard those words. "Pregnant?" I murmured, my voice barely audible, rough and fragile like it had been scraped across gravel. My hand instinctively moved to rest on my abdomen. There was no visible change-no bulge, no fluttering movement-but inside, I felt something shift so deeply it took the air from my lungs. Pregnant. Carrying Andrei's child.

And yet, only thirty days remained before our marriage contract would expire. My mind spun wildly, emotions crashing over me in a turbulent flood-joy, fear, and a fragile, trembling hope. For so long, I had clung to the dream of a future with him. Not the one inked in cold contract terms, but one we could choose together. Something real. And now, perhaps... Maybe this would change everything. The nurse smiled warmly, pressing a printout into my hands. "Two months along. Healthy vitals. Congratulations again." There was no ultrasound image, no flicker of a heartbeat on a screen.

Just sterile data. Clinical. Impersonal. Yet utterly undeniable. Still, my hands shook as I gripped the paper, as if the fragile sheet might crumble beneath the weight of its meaning. Within me, a new life had already begun. A fresh thread woven into the tapestry of fate-one I never imagined I would get to create. My child. Our child. I pressed the paper close to my heart and closed my

eyes, willing my breath to slow, to steady. Our marriage had never been about love. It was a transaction, a strategic alliance forged by a man who had lost everything-and a girl who had nothing left to lose.

When Andrei found me, I was barely surviving. A broken pack overrun by rogues had left me orphaned, invisible, insignificant. I hadn't expected anything beyond another harsh winter. But then he rode in with his warriors, cold and fierce like a storm. Fate struck in that moment. One glance-and I knew. My wolf knew. We were mates. Yet fate, I soon learned, was not always merciful. Even as his eyes met mine with recognition, there was a distance there. A barrier, as if a door had been bolted shut from the inside, and he had no intention of opening it again. Andrei had offered marriage-not love.

A five-year contract laid out like a business agreement. We would wed. I would serve as Luna. After five years, we would reject each other unless he chose otherwise. I had no say in the matter. At first, I believed the contract was because I was an orphan-Alphas are always cautious. But it didn't take long to realize the truth. The real reason... was Lilith. Her name haunted our home like a ghost, lingering in the walls and shadows. Her portraits still hung in the hallways. Her books remained untouched in the study.

Her perfume clung to the bedroom drawers, as if she might return at any moment to reclaim her place beside him. Andrei had loved her deeply. Everyone knew it. At her funeral, he vowed never to mark another. That his heart was buried with her. I suppose I had foolishly hoped that being his mate meant something stronger. Something unbreakable. Because I believed-no, I desperately hoped-that time might soften his grief. That if I poured enough of myself into this

bond, showed him unwavering loyalty and grace-if I became the perfect Luna-he might one day look at me the way he once looked at her.

For four long years, I had tried to be the Luna his pack needed-the partner he never asked for but clearly required. I ran ceremonies, managed the infirmary, resolved disputes, protected the young, stood by him at every council meeting. I never once demanded more. But inside, I craved everything. The bond. The mark. His love. And with each passing year, that hope began to flicker, dimming slowly. Now, with only thirty days left, I had steeled myself for the inevitable end.

I had even started packing a few small things away, imagining what life might become after rejection-cast out from the pack I had come to call home, from the people I had grown to love, from him. But now... A child. Andrei's child. Werewolves revered their offspring. Children were proof of legacy, power, and purpose. A bond made flesh. Surely he could not ignore that. Perhaps this was fate's way of rewriting our story. Maybe he would offer an extension-ten years, twenty. Maybe enough time to build something real. Something lasting.

I left the clinic in a daze, my boots crunching softly against the gravel path. The market was still bustling, so I stopped briefly, my heart fluttering with nervous excitement. I picked out fresh herbs, crisp vegetables, and the cut of meat he favored most. A bottle of red wine-non-alcoholic, naturally. I wanted tonight to be special. I would tell him at dinner. Light candles. Set the table near the fireplace. Share the news, and perhaps-just perhaps-he would smile in the way I had always dreamed. Maybe tonight would mark the beginning of something new.

An anniversary we chose, not one fate imposed. The packhouse buzzed softly as I entered. A few wolves paused to greet me, noticing the spring in my step. "What's the occasion, Luna?" one

teased with a knowing wink. I smiled, clutching the bag closer to my chest. "You'll find out soon enough." Andrei had to be the first to know. I called him twice on the way, but both times the phone rang unanswered. I forced myself not to let it dampen my spirits. He was likely in a meeting or patrolling the southern border. These were perilous times. He would be home soon.

But when I reached the Alpha house, something in the air felt... off. Too still. Too quiet. I stepped inside. The maids startled at the sight of me-one quickly dropped her gaze, another hurried down the hallway. My brow furrowed in confusion. I glanced toward the corridor and then- I froze. At the door. Two pairs of shoes sat neatly by the entrance. One was Andrei's. The other... Smaller. Feminine. New. Not mine. My heart skipped a beat. Logic tried to reason- perhaps a healer, a visitor, the wife of an envoy. But deep inside, my wolf bristled with unease.

I moved cautiously, grocery bag still in hand, fingers tightening around the handles as I approached the bedroom door. I reached out. It wasn't locked. The door opened with unsettling ease. And inside- Andrei sat on the edge of the bed, arms wrapped tenderly around a woman, murmuring softly into her hair. She clung to him, tears quietly falling, curling into his embrace as though she belonged there. He turned at the sound of the door opening. The expression on his face- Not fear. Not guilt. Just surprise. And perhaps... discomfort. As if he'd been caught in something intimate yet unavoidable.

He gently pulled away from her. She wiped her eyes delicately, her fingers trembling. And I saw her. Her face was instantly familiar. For one thing, she looked strikingly like me. Everyone in the pack had remarked on our resemblance at one time or another. So of course, I had memorized her face without meaning to. Her smile haunted every photograph still hanging in the halls. Her perfume lingered, untouched, on his nightstand. Her name was etched into every corner of this

house-though most dared not speak it aloud. Lilith. The dead were supposed to remain buried. But here she was. Alive.

And in his arms. Conclusion The revelation of Lilith's presence shattered the fragile hope Natalia had nurtured for so long. Despite the promise of new life growing within her, the past loomed large and unyielding, casting a shadow over the possibility of a future with Andrei. Her heart, once filled with tentative joy and dreams of a bond forged through love and family, now grappled with the cold reality of betrayal and the haunting reminder that some doors, once closed, might never open again. Yet, beneath the turmoil, Natalia's spirit remained unbroken.