

Reclaimed By My Alpha Novel

He Knows the Door to My Soul and Who Forgot to Novel 3 Summary Natalia sits anxiously in a clinic exam room, feeling the first signs of her pregnancy. The young doctor delivers mixed news: while the baby is strong and thriving, Natalia's body is struggling to keep up, especially due to an unstable mate bond with Andrei. This partial bond leaves her vulnerable, and if it weakens or breaks, her health could deteriorate, putting both her and the baby at risk. Natalia is left worried but determined, knowing that the bond's instability stems from Andrei's past with Lilith, his first love.

Later, Natalia unexpectedly overhears a tense conversation between Andrei and Lilith. Lilith demands that Andrei honor their past promises, while Andrei downplays the situation, treating his marriage to Natalia as a mere contract and dismissing any deeper connection. Lilith suggests that Natalia could be paid off and let go, implying that Andrei might still have feelings for her. The coldness in Andrei's words shatters Natalia's hope, and she resolves that her child will not be a pawn in their fractured relationship.

That evening, Andrei returns home and confronts Natalia about an altercation with Lilith. He accuses Natalia of attacking Lilith, who he says was grieving, but Natalia insists she was defending herself from Lilith's aggression. The conversation quickly turns to their failing relationship, with Natalia expressing her pain over being treated as a placeholder rather than a true partner. She reveals that she now wants a divorce and will step down as Luna immediately, asserting her refusal to endure further humiliation from someone who never truly wanted her.

Andrei is stunned into silence by Natalia's declaration, and she leaves without looking back. The chapter ends with a powerful moment of finality as Natalia walks away from the man she once trusted, determined to protect herself and her unborn child from the emotional turmoil surrounding them. Continue Regular Chapter Reading Below

NATALIA The clinic smelled like lemon-scented bleach and something sharper-sterile and clean, but not comforting.

I sat in the exam room, cold paper crinkling beneath me, one hand resting over the small swell that wasn't visible yet, but that I could feel in every breath. The doctor entered quietly, glancing down at the chart in her hands. She looked young-maybe too young to be the bearer of life-altering news-but her expression was serious. "Luna Natalia," she began gently, "I've reviewed your hormone panels and did a full internal scan. Your pregnancy is progressing well, and the fetus is strong. In fact..." She looked up.

"The baby's readings are more robust than usual-even stronger than the average Alpha heir." A rush of warmth flooded my chest. My baby. Strong. Thriving. I clung to the word like a lifeline. "But," she added, her tone softening, "your body... is not keeping pace." I stiffened. "What does that mean?" "There's strain," she said. "Your hormone levels indicate instability, particularly around the markers tied to the mate bond. You're already experiencing mild depletion. It's not dangerous yet, but if it continues..." She hesitated.

"A stable bond would help.

Reinforce you." "But we're not marked," I said. "No," she confirmed. "You and Alpha Andrei share a bond, but it's... partial. Unstable." Of course, I thought. Lilith was his first

love. Of course our bond wouldn't be as strong. The doctor kept talking, unaware of the emotions fluctuating wildly through me. "In cases where the mother is unmarked, the bond doesn't provide the same kind of physiological protection. Your condition is manageable-for now. But fluctuations could be risky." I looked up at her. Worried.

"If the bond weakens," she went on, "the baby will draw more from you, and your body may not hold up under the strain." I nodded slowly, absorbing her words like cold water soaking into dry earth. "What about... rejection?" I asked carefully. "Would it make things worse?" The doctor blinked. "Rejection?" She looked at me more closely now. "In that case, the bond would break entirely. You would lose any residual connection. The fetus wouldn't be affected by the mate bond after that...

but your recovery could be more complicated, especially given your current levels." I thanked her and left before she could press further. I could see the concern behind her eyes, and I knew what she wanted to ask. Why would a Luna even consider rejection while pregnant? Because she didn't know what I knew. Because this house-the man I lived beside-was no longer the anchor I thought he'd become. Because Lilith was back. And with her, came the unraveling of everything I'd quietly hoped for. I walked the long corridor back to the main wing of the hospital, heels echoing faintly off the tile.

Andrei hadn't come home the night before. I didn't ask the staff where he was. I didn't need to. As I rounded the corner near the south wing, I caught a glimpse of him. Tall. Broad-shouldered. Familiar in a way that still made my chest ache. He was standing outside one of the private rooms. Lilith's. I paused before he noticed me, retreating to the shadow of an alcove just beyond view. The door was cracked. "...we promised each

other," Lilith was saying, her voice watery with well-practiced grief. "That I would be your Luna. That I would give you an heir.

And now..." Andrei's voice followed, low and careful. "You're here now. Safe. That's all that matters." Lilith sniffled. "But you're married." "It's a contract," he said. A silence. Then: "We can fix this," she whispered. "Give her some money. A house, if you feel guilty. Let her go. She'll understand." My heart thudded violently in my chest. I couldn't breathe. Couldn't move. "Unless... you don't want to reject her," Lilith added, her voice turning coy. "Unless you've grown attached." Andrei gave a soft exhale. "You're overthinking it," he said. "Natalia and you...

you're not the same." He didn't say I mattered. He didn't say he loved me. He didn't even defend the marriage. Just a simple distinction. Two different women. No comparison. No weight. That was all I needed to hear. The mate bond inside me wavered. Not broken, but shaking. Like something delicate caught in a storm. I pressed a hand to my abdomen. No. He wouldn't get this child. I wouldn't let him pretend to care only when it suited him. This baby was mine. Not a pawn. Not a consolation prize. Mine. He wasn't getting it. He wouldn't even know about it. I turned and walked away.

*** That evening, the front door creaked open just as the sun dipped below the treetops. Andrei stepped into the house like he belonged there, like the air hadn't changed between us. I was in the parlor, going over patrol rosters. I didn't look up. He didn't wait for a greeting. "We need to talk," he said. "Do we?" He scowled. "You attacked Lilith." I stopped cold. The word attacked echoed in my head like a slap. I turned to face him, slowly, deliberately. "She grabbed me by the throat." His scowl deepened.

"She said you threatened her." "She came into my room," I said, voice level, "told me to step aside, and said I was never meant to be here." "She's grieving," he said, like that was a good enough reason. He sighed, folding his arms across his chest. "Even if that were true, you didn't have to draw blood." A bitter laugh escaped me before I could stop it. "You're right. I should've let her crush my windpipe instead." "Don't be dramatic, Natalia. You're a Luna. You have responsibilities." The title used to mean something. Now it just felt like another leash. I looked away, swallowing hard.

"No," I said softly. "I had responsibilities. But you made it clear this morning that I was just a placeholder." His arms dropped to his sides, a flicker of confusion-or guilt-crossing his expression. "What are you talking about?" I met his eyes, refusing to flinch. "I see now," I said, my voice quieter than before, but sharper. "You never intended to renew our contract. Not even after all these years." "Natalia-" He took a step toward me but I wouldn't let him touch me. Couldn't. "I would've stayed." The words came fast now, rising like a tide I couldn't hold back.

"I would've given you everything. I did give you everything. But you never saw me, did you? Not really. I was convenient. Dutiful. Temporary." He didn't deny it. That silence was louder than any answer. "I want a divorce," I said. Andrei blinked. Once. Twice. Then he went very still. "I'll step down as Luna," I added, each word carved out of me like stone. "Effective immediately." "Natalia..." "I'm done." I shook my head, feeling something inside me snap into place-final, firm.

"I won't stand here and be accused, scolded, or humiliated by someone who never wanted me." A beat of silence stretched between us, taut and full of things unsaid. Then

I turned and walked away. And he didn't follow. Conclusion The chapter closes on a poignant note, capturing Natalia's quiet yet resolute awakening to the painful reality of her fractured bond with Andrei. Her vulnerability, underscored by the doctor's warnings and the glimpse into Andrei's lingering connection to Lilith, reveals the emotional and physical toll exacted by a love that is partial and unstable.

Natalia's struggle is not just against external forces but against the fading hope that once anchored her—a hope now replaced by a fierce determination to protect herself and her unborn child. In choosing to step away from the marriage and the title of Luna, Natalia embraces her own strength and agency, refusing to be diminished or defined by a bond that no longer serves her. The chapter's emotional arc, marked by betrayal, grief, and ultimately empowerment, resonates deeply as Natalia claims her future on her own terms.

The tension simmering beneath their interactions hints at unresolved feelings and the potential for difficult confrontations ahead. At the same time, Lilith's presence looms larger, complicating matters and stirring old wounds. Natalia's internal struggle—between protecting her unborn child and confronting the reality of her fractured bond with Andrei—will likely intensify, bringing both vulnerability and strength to the forefront.