

Unbonding the Ruthless Alpha – Mindlinks 1

Chapter 1

640 Words

Aria's POV I sent ten mindlinks to my mate. He ignored every single one. Our pup was gone. I never even got the chance to tell my Alpha mate, Damon, that he had existed. Suddenly, a familiar scent drifted past—pine and leather. I lifted my eyes in shock. "Da—" The word died in my throat. The door to the VIP ward stood slightly ajar. My gaze fell to the narrow gap. My Alpha husband, my mate, sat on the edge of the hospital bed, another woman gathered in his arms. His hand covered hers, his thumb stroking gently over her knuckles, soothing her as though she were something fragile and precious. Two years. We'd been married that long, and I had never known he could be this tender. The woman on the bed shifted, turning her head toward the door. I saw her face, and my heart withered. Claudia. Damon's first love. The afternoon light poured through the window, falling across her abdomen. There was a curve there—faint, but unmistakable. No... it couldn't be. My breath hitched. I gripped the armrests of the wheelchair until my knuckles went white. "Get every specialist here. Now." Damon's voice carried through the c***k in the door—deep and controlled, yet threaded with a frantic edge I had never once heard him use with me. "A full examination. I want her and the baby completely safe." The baby. The words landed like a death sentence. Only hours ago, in this same hospital, I had been the one on that cold table. "Luna, I'm so sorry. The pup's heartbeat is gone." In that moment, my soul died alongside it. For the three hours that followed, I lay on that operating table like a broken thing being taken apart. I could feel the gauze being packed inside me—warm at first, then soaked through within moments. I stared at the ceiling. Only one question circled in my mind: what was Damon doing right now? Why are ignoring my MindLink? And now I had my answer. He hadn't missed my mindlinks. He had simply been too busy comforting another pregnant woman. "Move along." A guard posted at the VIP door stepped in front of me without warning. He looked down, his gaze sweeping over my pale, tear-streaked face as if I were a complete stranger. "This is the Alpha's private ward, reserved for his mate." His voice was flat, without a trace of feeling. "Please leave." Reserved for his mate. I turned the words over in my head, the irony bitter as bile on my tongue. As the Luna of the Silvermoon Pack, as Damon Hawthorne's wife of two years, I was the one left standing outside that door. I opened my mouth to speak, but my throat was bone dry. "Luna..." The nurse steadied my wheelchair, her voice barely a whisper, heavy with apology. "The Alpha gave the order... this suite has to be cleared for Miss Stone now. The regular rooms are all full today, so... let me take you to sort out your discharge paperwork." Discharge. I had an accident. I had spent six hours on an operating table. My child was dead. My body was still bleeding. I hadn't so much as had a sip of water. And fresh out of surgery, I was being turned out of the hospital—because she needed my room. The wheelchair turned slowly. I didn't resist. But as I was wheeled away, I stole one last look through the c***k in the door. A warm amber light glowed inside. Damon's silhouette stayed perfectly still, his head bowed, his attention fixed entirely on the woman in the bed. That light spilled through the gap and across the cold corridor floor—but it never

reached me. It never had.