

# 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 1

(Olivia's POV)

I watched the s\*x tape of my mate, Alpha Theodore, and our son's nanny, Clara, all night.

The phone screen glowed in the darkness of my bedroom, casting harsh shadows across my face. My fingers trembled as I replayed the video for the hundredth time. Each moan, each thrust, each whispered word carved deeper into my soul like silver claws.

Last night, thunder had jolted me awake. The storm outside matched the chaos brewing in my chest as I reached across the bed, only to find Theodore's side cold and empty. His scent lingered on the silk sheets, but he was nowhere to be found.

I searched his study first. Empty.

Then I heard it—soft sounds drifting from the first floor. My bare feet padded silently down the marble staircase, following the noise like a moth drawn to flame.

Clara's door stood slightly ajar. Golden light spilled through the c\*\*\*k, and with it came the unmistakable sounds of flesh against flesh.

My heart stopped.

Through the gap, I saw him. My partner of ten years. The one destined for me, who has loved me deeply since our teenage years, the father of my pup Leo—Theodore—was pressing Clara against the windowsill, roughly entering her from behind. Rain was beating fiercely against the glass, her nurse uniform bunched up around her waist. Is this some kind of unusual kink?

“Oh, Alpha,” Clara gasped, her voice dripping with satisfaction as Theodore pinned her against the windowsill. “You're so much bigger than—”

“Shut up,” Theodore growled, gripping her hips tightly as he f\*\*\*\*d her roughly and violently. “You little slut, dressing like this—you just want me to f\*\*k you senseless, don't you?”

The lewd sounds of their coupling filled the air, each wet slap a dagger to my heart.

“Tell me,” Clara purred, arching her back against him, “does it feel better with me or with your precious Luna?”

My breath caught in my throat. How dare she—

Theodore's hand moved to cup her breast, squeezing roughly. "You're nothing but a toy, Clara. A sexy little doll for me to use when I need release. Don't ever compare yourself to Olivia."

"Then why do you drug her every night?" she taunted, grinding back against him. "Why put sleeping pills in her precious tea if you don't prefer me in your bed?"

My blood turned to ice.

"Because she's too weak to satisfy me," Theodore growled, his thrusts becoming more violent. "Ever since she gave birth to Leo, she's been fragile. Pathetic. I need you, you slut, to let me f\*\*k you."

No. No, no, no.

The tuberose tea. The one that helped me sleep so peacefully every night. The one Theodore personally brewed for me with such tender care, telling me it would help my health recover from Leo's difficult birth.

It was all a lie.

He'd been drugging me. For how long? Years? All so he could sneak down here and rut with our son's caregiver like an animal in heat.

My hands shook as I pulled out my phone, fingers barely steady enough to start recording. I captured everything—their move from the windowsill to the sofa, then finally to Clara's bed. Every thrust, every moan, every whispered endearment that should have been mine.

"That's it," Theodore groaned, his face contorting with pleasure as Clara wrapped her legs around his waist. "Take it all, you little whore."

"Yes, Alpha," she cried out, her nails raking down his back. "Breed me like you bred your Luna."

The words hit me like physical blows. I stumbled backward, nearly dropping my phone as bile rose in my throat. When I finally made it back to our bedroom—my bedroom—I collapsed onto the bed and watched the video again.

And again.

And again.

Theodore never came back that night.

As dawn broke through the windows, painting everything in shades of gold and pink that once would have seemed beautiful, I made my decision. The Olivia who had endured in silence, who

had made excuses for her mate's distance, who had blamed herself for not being enough—that Olivia died with the sunrise.

I was done.

Theodore might be on the verge of becoming the Alpha King of the Northern Territory. He might believe I was trapped, weakened by the loss of my wolf during Leo's birth, dependent on his protection and provision.

But Theodore didn't know who I really was.

Those years he thought I'd spent studying abroad in Europe? I'd been training with Matthew Kane's rogue organization, becoming his most trusted second-in-command. The legendary "Cipher" wasn't just a ghost story whispered among pack wolves.

She was me.

And now, six years later, Matthew Kane ruled as the Alpha King of the European Territory.

My fingers trembled as I scrolled through my contacts to a number I'd memorized but never dared call. The phone rang once. Twice.

"Livvy? Is that you? You finally called me." Matthew's voice was exactly as I remembered—warm, strong, safe.

"It's me," I whispered, my voice cracking despite my efforts to stay strong. "Matthew, I... I need help. Can you get me out of here?"

Silence spread between us. I was uneasy. Six years had passed; did he still need me? Without the wolf, it seemed I was no longer of any use to him.

"Of course," he said finally, and I could hear the smile in his voice even as concern colored his tone. "I've been waiting six years for this call, Livvy. Give me one month to prepare. You know the kind of control Theodore has over the Northern Territory now—we need to be careful."

Relief flooded through me so powerfully I nearly sobbed. "I want to bring my son, Leo, with me. Is that possible?"

"Two plane tickets," Matthew replied without hesitation. "Livvy, in one month, I'll come personally to bring you home."

Home. The word felt foreign and wonderful on my tongue.

I ended the call and walked to my desk, pulling out a calendar with hands that finally felt steady. I circled a date thirty days from now in red ink, the color bold and defiant against the pristine white paper.

Thirty days until freedom.

The countdown began now.

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 2

(Olivia's POV)

I walked towards the closet, ready to change out of my pajamas. The morning light filtered through the curtains, casting everything in a deceptively peaceful glow.

But as I reached for a fresh dress, something caught my eye on the closet floor. A pair of torn, red lace panties lay crumpled in the corner, reeking of jasmine—Clara's signature scent—and stained with semen that unmistakably smelled of Theodore.

My stomach churned. How long had this stuff been here? How many times had he brought her into our bedroom, into our sacred space? Or had Clara thrown it in here to provoke me?

Since I had already decided to abandon this disgusting man, things like this will no longer stir my heart. I put on a pair of gloves with a cold sneer, ready to throw these disgusting things back in that b\*\*\*h's face.

I picked up the soiled underwear and headed downstairs, my steps so light that even the Omega servants didn't notice my approach. They were gathered in the kitchen, chatting idly as they prepared breakfast.

"That slut was at it again last night," one of them whispered, scrubbing dishes with unnecessary force. "Whenever the Alpha's home, her moans echo through the entire villa."

The cook nodded knowingly. "I found her bodily fluids on the kitchen counter this morning. Had to scrub it clean before anyone else saw."

"She's a natural-born w\*\*\*e," another servant added with disgust. "Capable of luring the Alpha to her room every single night. Poor Luna has no idea what's happening under her own roof."

My blood ran cold. They all knew. Every single person in this house knew about Theodore's affair except me.

When they spotted me standing in the living room, holding the underwear, they froze like deer caught in headlights. The kitchen fell silent except for the sound of running water.

An Omega servant finally plucked up the courage to speak, her voice trembling. “Luna Olivia, isn’t today Parent-Child Day at the creche? We were wondering why you hadn’t left yet.”

Parent-Child Day. I had completely forgotten in my haze of betrayal and rage.

“I’m leaving now,” I said quietly, dropping the panties on the counter. “Make sure these find their way back to their owner.”

I rushed upstairs, threw on the first dress I could find, and hastily drove to the Crimson Pup Creche. My hands shook on the steering wheel as I replayed the servants’ words. How long had I been the laughingstock of my own pack house?

My hands gripped the steering wheel so tightly my knuckles were white, but I forced myself to focus. Leo needed me there. Whatever was happening between Theodore and me, my son came first.

At the creche entrance, a young teacher I didn’t recognize stopped me with a bright smile.

“Excuse me, are you here for Parent-Child Day?” she asked cheerfully.

“Yes, I’m here for Leo Redgrave. I’m his mother.”

The teacher’s smile faltered, confusion clouding her features. “But hasn’t the Luna already arrived?”

My blood turned to ice. “I am Luna Olivia. Leo’s mother.”

The teacher pointed toward the playground, her voice uncertain. “Then who is that?”

I followed her gaze and felt my world tilt on its axis.

Clara. Clara was there, playing with my son, laughing as he chased her around the playground equipment. She was wearing one of her flowing sundresses, the kind that made her look innocent and motherly.

“Luna Olivia!” Linda, Leo’s regular teacher, came rushing over with panic in her eyes. She shot the new teacher a warning look and quickly ushered her away. “I’m so glad you could make it. Please, come inside.”

But I was already moving toward the playground, toward my son who was giggling in the arms of his father’s mistress.

“Leo!” I called out, my voice carrying across the yard.

My little boy turned, his dark hair catching the sunlight. But when he saw I was empty-handed, his face immediately scrunched into a scowl.

“Where’s the venison pie?” he demanded, his small hands planted on his hips in a gesture that reminded me painfully of Theodore. “You promised yesterday you’d bring it today!”

My mind went blank. In all the chaos of discovering Theodore’s affair, I had completely forgotten. “I’m sorry, honey. I forgot, but I can—”

“Go buy it now!” Leo shouted, his small face red with rage. “Clara’s been talking about it for days! She really wants to try it!”

Clara stepped forward with a perfectly practiced look of understanding. “Oh, Leo, it’s okay. I can go buy it myself later.”

“No!” Leo cut her off imperiously. “Mom has time. The famous bakery in the neutral zone has a three-hour wait, but Mom doesn’t have anything important to do.” He looked at me with the kind of casual cruelty that only children could manage. “She loves doing things for me anyway. She’d be sad if she couldn’t serve me—that’s what she was born for.”

The words hit me like a physical slap. My own son, my precious boy that I’d nearly died bringing into this world, was speaking to me like I was a servant. Like I existed solely for his convenience.

I swallowed my anger and forced a smile. “You’re right, sweetheart. I’m sorry I forgot. I won’t forget tomorrow.”

Leo replied impatiently, not even looking at me. “You’d better not forget.”

Each word felt like a silver knife sliding between my ribs. This was my child, the puppy I’d carried for nine months, the premature pup I’d nursed back to health with sleepless nights and endless worry.

When he’d been born too early and too small, I’d barely left his side. I’d regulated every aspect of his life to ensure he grew strong and healthy, sacrificing my own needs for his.

To ensure he grew up healthy, I was extremely meticulous about his life. I didn’t allow him to touch junk food and enforced a strict schedule for meals, sleep, and play. Every decision I made was for his wellbeing.

Six months ago, I had fallen gravely ill with a mysterious condition that left me bedridden for weeks. That’s when Theodore hired Clara to come to the pack house as Leo’s nanny. I never imagined that after only six months with her, my son would favor her so completely over his own mother.

The coach’s whistle blew across the playground. “Attention, parents and pups! It’s time for our three-legged race. Each team needs one parent and one child.”

My heart leaped with hope. This was my chance to reconnect with Leo, to show him that I could be fun and playful too.

“Leo!” I said excitedly, moving toward him. “Let’s be partners! This will be fun—”

But without even looking up from where he sat on the grass, Leo tied his own leg to Clara’s with the provided rope. “Clara is better suited for this game.”

I dropped to my knees beside him and grabbed his small hand. “Leo, I am your mother! I want to play with you!”

He violently shook me off, his face contorting with annoyance. “Mom, you’re so annoying! I don’t actually need you to be my mom!”

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 3

(Olivia’s POV)

I knelt there on the grass, staring at Leo as he sat beside Clara, their legs already tied together for the race. My heart was breaking into a thousand pieces, but I had to know the truth.

“Leo,” I said, my voice barely above a whisper. “If you had to choose... who would you rather have as your mother?”

Leo didn’t even hesitate. He looked up at Clara with adoring eyes and smiled brightly.

“Mommy Clara, of course!”

The word ‘Mommy’ hit me like a silver bullet to the chest. He called her Mommy. My son called his father’s mistress Mommy.

“Mommy Clara’s so much more fun than you,” Leo continued with the casual cruelty that only children could deliver. “Mommy Clara plays football with me and takes me for burgers and lets me stay up late. You’re always so strict and boring. You never want to play—you just make rules and tell me to eat vegetables.”

Each word was a dagger to my heart, but I forced myself to speak past the pain.

“Leo, I used to be fun too. I had the swiftest wolf in the entire pack—none of the male wolves could outrun me. I was amazing at football and baseball, better than most of the warriors.”

My voice cracked as the memories flooded back. “I could have played with you every day, taught you every sport, run through the forests with you on my back. But when you were born...” I swallowed hard, trying to make a five-year-old understand a sacrifice he’d never asked for. “Something went wrong. I lost my wolf to save your life. My body became weak so you could be strong.”

For a moment, Leo fell silent, something flickering in his dark eyes that might have been uncertainty.

That’s when Clara struck.

“Oh, Luna Olivia,” she said with false sympathy, her tone dripping with mock concern. “I know you would do anything for Leo, truly I do. But you can’t always use guilt to manipulate a pup into choosing things or people he doesn’t actually want.”

My hands clenched into fists at my sides. The audacity of this woman, lecturing me about my own child while stealing my family.

“Even though I’m an Omega,” Clara continued, her eyes meeting mine with a challenge, “I’m younger, more energetic, more beautiful, and submissive enough to let Alphas indulge their true selves.”

Her words seemed innocent enough to any observer, but I heard the real message underneath. She was talking about Theodore. About how she was younger, more energetic, more beautiful.

The implication was crystal clear. She was everything I wasn’t. Everything Theodore apparently wanted.

Leo’s courage returned with Clara’s support. He roughly pushed my hands away from him.

“Mom, you need to understand my desire to win!” he said firmly. “Clara and I are going to win this race!”

He high-fived Clara enthusiastically, and she beamed at him like he was the most precious thing in the world.

That’s when Theodore came rushing over, his face dark with rage.

“Clara!” he barked, his Alpha voice cutting through the playground noise. “How dare you speak to my Luna with such disrespect! Apologize to her immediately, or I’ll have you banished from this pack!”

Clara immediately cowered, her eyes wide with fear. “I’m so sorry, Luna Olivia! I didn’t mean any disrespect! Please forgive me!”



The performance was flawless. To anyone watching, Theodore looked like the perfect, protective mate defending his Luna's honor. Clara looked like a contrite servant who had overstepped her bounds.

But I saw right through their charade. The coldness in my heart spread like ice through my veins.

All I wanted now was to take my son away from these two toxic people. I believed that once I got Leo away from their influence, he would be okay again. He had to be.

But then Leo exploded.

"Stop yelling at Mommy Clara!" my son screamed, launching himself between his father and his mistress like a tiny warrior. "She's not bad! She's the best! It's my stupid, ugly mother who's the problem!"

The playground fell silent. Every parent, every child, every teacher stopped what they were doing to stare at the Alpha's pup defending his nanny against his own mother.

He turned to me with eyes full of contempt that no child should possess.

"You're extremely stupid and old, Mom! You don't even have a wolf anymore! You're not even an Omega – you're worse than an Omega!"

The words hit me like physical blows. My own son, my precious boy, was looking at me like I was nothing. Like I was less than nothing.

My hands began to tremble. I could barely form the words.

"Leo... do you really prefer Clara as your mother?"

He looked at me with those cold, dark eyes – Theodore's eyes – and said the word that shattered what was left of my heart.

"Yes!"

That single word destroyed me completely. I watched as Leo turned back to Clara, laughing and chatting with her like I didn't exist. Like I had never existed.

My spirit broke. Five years of sacrifice, of putting his needs before my own, of nearly dying to bring him into this world – and this was what I got in return.

Theodore moved toward me, his face suddenly full of concern. "Olivia, don't listen to him. He's just a child. He doesn't understand what he's saying."

His voice was gentle now, soothing. The same voice that used to comfort me after nightmares.

“I’ll have my mother fire Clara immediately,” he promised, reaching for my hand. “We’ll find a new nanny. Someone better. Someone who knows her place.”

But his gentle words sounded like poison now. Everything he said was a lie. Everything had always been a lie.

Since both my mate and my son had chosen Clara over me, I was done with them. I didn’t want either of them anymore.

I pushed Theodore away with more force than I’d used in years.

“Don’t touch me,” I said quietly, stepping back from his reaching hands.

“Livvy, please—”

“I said don’t touch me.”

Then I turned and walked away from the playground, away from my son’s laughter, away from the life I’d thought was mine.

Theodore tried to chase after me, but I heard Clara’s voice stop him.

“Alpha, maybe you should let the Luna cool down on her own. She seems very upset, and sometimes space is what people need when they’re emotional.”

How thoughtful of her. How caring.

I reached my Porsche and slid into the driver’s seat, my hands steady for the first time all day.

Theodore appeared at my window, banging on the glass.

“Olivia! Open the door! We need to talk about this!”

I looked at him through the glass – this man who had been drugging me, cheating on me, lying to me for years. This man who had let our son turn into a spoiled, cruel child under his mistress’s influence.

I ignored his attempts to make me stay. I slammed my foot on the accelerator and sped away.

## **30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 4**

(Theodore's POV)

The moment I pushed Clara onto the leather sofa in the creche's private lounge, Logan—my wolf—finally stopped his incessant pacing.

Only violent, raw s\*x could quiet the beast inside me when he got like this, restless and hungry for something Olivia could no longer give.

I drove into Clara with punishing force, my hands gripping her hips hard enough to bruise. She moaned beneath me, her back arching as I took what I needed from her willing body.

This is what I need, I told myself as I watched her breasts bounce with each thrust. This is what keeps me sane.

But even as I lost myself in Clara's heat, my mind drifted back to how this all started.

Six years ago, everything had been perfect. Olivia and I had been electric together—her graceful figure moving beneath me, those long, sexy legs wrapped around my waist as I made love to her with a passion that left us both breathless.

Then Leo's birth changed everything.

The difficult labor that nearly killed her also stole her wolf, leaving my beautiful, powerful mate weak and fragile. The vigorous s\*x that had once been our escape became impossible—she simply couldn't handle my strength anymore.

Worse, without her wolf to balance mine, Logan became increasingly unstable. My heat cycles grew more violent, more demanding.

I needed an outlet, or I would have destroyed her completely.

The first time I saw Clara was at Marcus Reid's pool party, exactly five years ago. She'd been floating in the water, her body fuller and more voluptuous than Olivia's refined elegance. The black bikini barely contained her generous curves, her breasts floating on the surface like an invitation I couldn't ignore.

She looked enough like Olivia to satisfy my wolf, but different enough to justify what I was about to do.

I'd dragged her from that pool and taken her upstairs to one of the guest rooms. The moment we were alone, she'd dropped to her knees without being asked, taking me into her mouth with an enthusiasm that Olivia—proper, dignified Olivia—would never show.

From that night forward, Clara became my release valve. Every position too rough for my weakened mate, every primal urge that would have hurt Olivia—I channeled it all into Clara's

willing body. She was the perfect vessel for my violence, absorbing all of Logan's fury so I could return home gentle and loving to my true mate.

Clara was nothing more than a s\*x toy. A means to an end.

Olivia was my heart, my soul, my everything. This arrangement protected her from the monster I became when Logan took control.

"Alpha," Clara's breathy moan pulled me back to the present. She wrapped her arms around my neck, her nails digging into my shoulders. "I'm so sorry about earlier. I'll never dare go near the Luna again. Please don't be angry with me."

I grabbed her throat, squeezing just hard enough to make her gasp, and drove deeper into her. "You disrespected my mate," I growled against her ear. "I should throw you out of this pack for that alone."

"Please," she whimpered, though her body was responding to my roughness with obvious pleasure. "Let me make it up to you. I'll do anything—"

Suddenly, I froze. Something was wrong.

Olivia was moving away from me. Even though her wolf had gone dormant and our mate bond was weakened, my Alpha senses could still track her location.

I pulled out of Clara abruptly and grabbed my phone, opening the tracking app. The red dot that represented my mate was moving farther and farther from the center.

Clara hugged me from behind, her voice sickeningly sweet. "Dear Theo, isn't Leo's training session ending soon? Let's go pick him up."

The nickname hit me like a physical blow. Something precious was slipping away, and hearing those words from her lips felt like sacrilege.

I spun around and slapped her hard across the face. "Don't call me that."

Her cheek reddened instantly, but I felt no remorse. "Only my Livvy has the right to call me by that name."

I rushed out of the office, leaving her there holding her face.

(Olivia's POV)

The spring rain fell in steady sheets over the memorial grove, turning the earth around my mother's headstone into dark, rich soil.

I'd been standing here for over an hour, letting the cold water soak through my clothes as I stared at Lyra's photograph embedded in the white marble.

My phone buzzed with a new message. The sender was Clara.

It was a photo of her and Theodore having s\*x, his face contorted in ecstasy as he pressed against her naked body. He was on top of her, his face twisted in bliss as he entered her. Her legs were wrapped around his waist—just like I used to do.

The timestamp showed it was taken less than an hour ago.

Judging by the background, it was an Alpha's private lounge in the daycare center. My son was still on the playground below, yet they couldn't restrain their lustful desires.

"Mom, I'm sorry," I whispered to the headstone. "I've decided to sever the mate bond with Theo and give him custody of Leo. I want to take you away from here."

My voice cracked on the last words. I couldn't stay in this place anymore, couldn't let her memory be tainted by the poison of my failed marriage.

Suddenly, an umbrella appeared above me, shielding me from the wind and rain.

"Where do you want to take Mom?"

I looked up in surprise to see Theodore's clear amber eyes staring down at me with concern.

"How did you know I was here?" I asked, stepping back instinctively.

"Our mate bond," he said softly. "Even weakened, I can still sense when you're in distress."

He pulled me into his arms, his embrace tight and desperate. "

He was obviously lying; the mate bond had gone completely silent along with my wolf. Otherwise, how could I not have sensed he was cheating?

His body was burning hot against my ice-cold heart, but the warmth couldn't reach me anymore. I could smell jasmine on his clothes – Clara's scent, still clinging to him.

"Were you worried you'd done something wrong?" I asked carefully, testing him.

Theodore's expression grew serious. He raised three fingers before my mother's grave, his voice solemn and clear.

"My love, I swear before your mother that I have never done, am not doing, and will never do anything to betray our bond as mates. If I were to betray you, may the Moon Goddess strike me down."

Thunder rumbled immediately overhead, so loud and sudden that Theodore jumped. Even the sky seemed to be exposing his lie.

“I believe you,” I said quietly, though we both knew I didn’t.

Leaving Theodore wasn’t going to be as simple as I’d imagined. He was still the Alpha of the Crimson Pack, still Leo’s father, still bound to me by laws both supernatural and legal.

We walked down the mountain path together under our umbrellas, the silence heavy between us.

I remembered how he’d helped my mother and me ten years ago, ensuring her final days were comfortable and worry-free. He’d been so kind then, so genuine in his care for both of us.

I couldn’t understand how that man had become this one. How someone who’d shown such compassion could betray me so completely.

I was about to ask him directly when Theodore opened the passenger door of his car.

Clara was sitting inside.

She wore a white slip dress with a small shawl draped over her shoulders. Her bare neck was covered in fresh purple hickeys.

He actually dared to bring his mistress to my mother’s grave.

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 5

(Olivia’s POV)

“GET OUT!” Theodore’s furious roar exploded behind me like thunder. “Who the hell gave you permission to sit in my Luna’s seat?”

I spun around to see him roughly dragging Clara from the passenger seat, his face twisted with what looked like genuine rage. She stumbled and fell into the muddy gravel, her white dress immediately staining brown.

“Theodore, I was just—” she began, but he cut her off with a snarl.

“That seat belongs to Olivia! Only Olivia!”

For a split second, something warm flickered in my chest. Maybe—

Then Clara dropped to her knees in the mud before me, her hands clasped in perfect supplication, crocodile tears streaming down her cheeks.

“Luna Olivia,” she sobbed, “I beg you, please don’t let Elder Eleonora send me away! I’ll do anything—I’ll leave the pack house, I’ll work in the kitchens, anything! Just please don’t banish me!”

My blood ran cold. Eleonora—Theodore’s mother—wanted Clara gone? When had that happened? How did Clara even know?

“Mom!” Leo’s voice piped up from inside the car, his small face appearing at the window with an accusatory scowl. “Why did you say bad things about Clara to Grandma? That’s mean!”

Understanding hit me like a slap. Clara had orchestrated this entire scene. She’d brought Leo here specifically to create discord between us, to make me look like the villain who’d complained about her to Eleonora.

The woman was a master manipulator.

“Olivia would never speak ill of anyone,” Theodore said firmly, stepping forward to place a protective hand on my shoulder. “My mate has too much integrity for petty gossip.”

Once, those words would have warmed me. Now they sounded like mockery coming from the mouth of a man who’d been buried inside his mistress less than two hours ago.

“But Clara got fired!” Leo insisted, climbing out of the car and rushing to Clara’s side. “Someone had to tell Grandma something bad, and you’re the only one who doesn’t like her!”

“Leo,” I said quietly, my voice steady despite the chaos in my heart, “you shouldn’t make accusations without knowing the facts.”

My five-year-old son looked at me with Theodore’s stubborn chin raised defiantly. “Then prove you didn’t! Go tell Grandma not to fire Clara right now, or I won’t believe you!”

I watched in horrified fascination as Leo helped Clara to her feet, fussing over her muddy dress while completely ignoring the fact that I was drenched and shivering in the cold rain. His small hands smoothed her wet hair back from her face with tender care—care he’d never shown me.

“Oh, Leo,” Clara said with perfect, practiced sweetness, “you shouldn’t speak to the Luna that way. She’s your mother.”

But when Theodore and Leo weren’t looking, she caught my eye and gave me a small, triumphant smile that made my blood boil.

“I’ll kneel here for as long as Luna Olivia wants,” Clara announced loudly, making sure Leo could hear every word. “I don’t care if I catch pneumonia, as long as she doesn’t have me banished from the pack.”

“See?” Leo turned to me with tears in his eyes. “Clara’s willing to die for us! You have to help her, Mom. You have to convince Grandma!”

“Everything will be fine once Clara is properly dismissed,” Theodore said, though his words carried a strange undertone I couldn’t quite place. “You could even go speak to my mother directly, Leo. I’m sure she’d listen to you.”

I stared at him in shock. Was he actually giving our son the idea to plead Clara’s case to Eleonora?

“That’s it!” Leo’s face lit up like Christmas morning. “I’ll go beg Grandma myself! Clara, you have to come with me—she needs to see how good you are!”

Before I could protest, Leo was pulling Clara toward the car, both of them climbing into the back seat together. I watched my precious boy—my only child—treat this woman like she was his real mother, arranging her wet shawl around her shoulders and promising her everything would be okay.

“Once Clara is out of our lives, everything will return to normal,” Theodore said softly, moving to stand beside me. “I promise you, Livvy. Our family will heal.”

I looked at him—really looked at him—this man I’d loved for ten years. Did he truly believe what he was saying? Did he really think we could just erase Clara and pretend none of this had happened?

“There’s no going back, Theodore,” I said quietly. “Some things can’t be undone.”

“I’ll drive myself,” I said when Theodore gestured toward his car.

“Livvy, there’s no need—”

“I said I’ll drive myself.”

I was afraid if I shared a car with them, I might lose control and kill them all.

We drove to the Redgrave Estate in separate vehicles, the rain continuing to pound against my windshield. Each drop felt like a tear I could no longer shed.

The moment I parked, Eleonora rushed out with pack servants holding umbrellas. She wrapped her arms around my soaked form without hesitation.



“My dear child, you’re freezing,” she said, her voice filled with genuine concern. “Come inside immediately.”

She guided me into the warm sitting room, ordering servants to bring hot moonlight herb tea and thick blankets. Her care felt like a mother’s love—something I’d been starving for.

Eleonora had been my mother Lyra’s best friend. After Lyra’s death, she’d cared for me like her own daughter.

In the warmth of the room, she took my cold hands in hers.

“I know everything, Olivia,” she said softly. “Whatever decision you make, I will always support you. I stand firmly on your side.”

Her words broke something loose in my chest. Finally, someone who truly cared about me.

I opened my mouth to tell her about my decision to sever the mate bond, to explain everything I’d discovered.

That’s when Leo burst through the door.

He threw himself at Eleonora’s legs and began to cry, his small body shaking with sobs.

“Grandma, please don’t send Clara away!” he begged. “I promise I’ll never call her ‘mommy’ again! Please, please don’t make her leave!”

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 6

(Olivia’s POV)

“Leo!” Eleonora’s voice cracked like a whip. “How dare you call that woman ‘Mommy’!”

My son flinched but didn’t back down. His small chin jutted out defiantly.

“Your mother is Olivia,” Eleonora continued, her tone stern but loving. “She sacrificed her health and her own wolf to bring you into this world. She’s been suffering the consequences ever since, and you will show her respect.”

Leo’s face twisted with anger. “Nobody forced her to have me!”

The words hit me like a physical blow. My own child—my precious boy—speaking to me like I was a burden.

“Ever since I was born, all anyone talks about is how much Mom struggled,” Leo shouted. “She’s always telling me what I can’t do, what I shouldn’t touch, what I’m not allowed to have!”

“Whenever I voiced a different opinion, my father, grandmother, and aunt would tell me how difficult it was for my mother to give birth to me, and that I wasn’t allowed to go against her wishes!”

Tears streamed down his face, but they weren’t tears of remorse. They were tears of frustration and rage.

“Clara lets me do whatever I want. She plays with me and reads to me and doesn’t yell at me all the time. What’s so wrong with liking her better?”

Every word stabbed my heart like a dagger. It turned out that my attempts to control him, which I thought were for his own good, meant nothing to him.

“Leo, maybe I was a bit too strict with you before, that was my fault as your mom. Would you be willing to give me another chance?” I tried to make one last attempt in a calm voice.

“Stop pretending,” he shouted, “you just want all of us to revolve around you! You don’t think you’ve done anything wrong! You just can’t stand it when people don’t like you.”

“But Dad likes Clara more too, doesn’t he?”

“Leo!” Theodore’s voice boomed as he roughly grabbed our son’s shoulder. “That’s enough!”

But the damage was done. The truth had spilled from innocent lips.

I looked at Theodore, and for the first time, I saw real fear in his eyes. Not fear of losing me—fear of being exposed.

Clara knelt on the floor, clinging to Eleonora’s leg like a desperate child. “Please, Elder Eleonora, I’m begging you! Don’t fire me! I’ll do anything—work in the kitchens, clean the floors, anything!”

Eleonora knocked Clara’s hands away with disgust. “My decision is final. You’re fired.”

Her voice was ice-cold, “You must stay away from Leo, you must leave the pack, and you must go tonight.”

Clara’s face crumpled, but I caught the flash of calculation in her eyes. She wasn’t done yet.

Leo dropped to his knees in front of me with a thud, his small hands clutching my skirt tightly. “Mom, please! I know I was wrong, okay? I’ll apologize, all right? You have to help Clara! Tell Grandma she can stay!”

I looked down at my son—this pup I’d nearly died bringing into the world—and felt something cold settle in my chest.

I’m tired. I don’t want to go along with everything he wants anymore.

“No, Leo. I won’t.”

His face went white with shock. Then he turned and ran upstairs, his sobs echoing through the house.

Clara slowly rose to her feet, brushing dirt from her knees. When she looked at me, her mask had completely slipped.

“Even if I leave,” she said with a twisted smile, “you’ll never win his heart.”

She cast a provocative glance at Theodore, her meaning crystal clear.

Something snapped inside me. My hand moved before I could think, connecting with her cheek in a sharp c\*\*\*k that echoed through the room.

“Stop looking at me like that,” I snarled.

Clara’s head snapped to the side, a red handprint blooming on her pale skin. But instead of anger, she looked triumphant.

I want to slap again.

A scream came from upstairs.

“Leo’s hurting himself!” An Omega maid came rushing down the stairs, her face white with panic.

“He’s got a silver knife!”

My blood turned to ice. Theodore and I bolted for the stairs, Eleonora close behind.

We burst into Leo’s room to find him standing by his desk, a silver letter opener clutched in his small fist. Blood dripped from a gash on his forearm, staining his white shirt crimson.

“Leo!” I lunged forward, but he held the blade higher.

“Stay back!” he screamed. “I know you love me more than anything, Mom. So now that I’m hurt, all I want is for Clara to stay and take care of me. Can’t you do that for me?”

My heart turned to stone. My own son—my precious boy—was willing to hurt himself just to break my heart and keep his father’s mistress.

“I can find another nanny to stay with you,” I said, my voice deadly calm. “It doesn’t have to be Clara.”

“I only want Clara!” Leo’s voice cracked with desperation. “Don’t you love me most of all, Mom? Why can’t you let Clara stay? You’re just jealous because she’s young and beautiful!”

The accusation hit me like a slap. My five-year-old son thought I was jealous of my husband’s mistress.

“I will never agree,” I said quietly. “No matter what.”

Leo’s face contorted with rage. He raised the silver blade and slashed his arm again, deeper this time. Blood splattered on the floor.

“Leo, is this how you threaten your mother?” I was very disappointed.

“I’m not threatening you, I just want you to agree! Do you agree?” he roared hysterically.

“Go on then,” I said, my voice empty of all emotion.

“Enough!” Theodore suddenly grabbed my arm violently and shoved me aside. “Why can’t you let Clara stay for Leo’s sake? He likes her! Why would you let our son get hurt over some omega?”

“Olivia, when did you become so cold-hearted?”

They were the ones who betrayed me, yet now they’re saying it’s my fault.

Leo dropped to his knees again, blood still flowing from his wounds. “Mom, please. My birthday is in thirty days. The only present I want—the only thing I want—is for Clara to stay by my side forever.”

I looked down at this child who shared my blood, my DNA, my very essence. This boy I’d sacrificed everything for.

“Leo,” I said, “I consider you a big boy now. So I’m going to ask you one final, serious time.”

I knelt down to meet his eyes, my voice steady as granite.

“I will give you three chances to reconsider.”

# 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 7

(Olivia's POV)

"Leo Redgrave," I said, using his full name with deliberate formality. "I'm going to give you three chances to reconsider your decision."

His small face was streaked with tears and blood, but his jaw remained set with stubborn determination.

"First chance," I continued, "do you really want Clara Thorne to stay in this pack?"

"Yes!" Leo shouted without hesitation. "I want

Clara to stay forever!"

Theodore shifted uncomfortably behind me, but I didn't look at him. My focus remained entirely on my son.

"Second chance, Leo Redgrave. Are you sure this is what you want? Are you willing to hurt your own mother just to make Clara stay?"

"I'm not trying to hurt you!" Leo shouted, his voice filled with anger. "If you cared about me, you would agree! She's the only one who truly cares about me! Yes, I want her to stay!"

My heart felt like it was being carved out with a silver blade. But I had to give him the final opportunity.

"Third and final chance, Leo Redgrave. Look at me-really look at me-and tell me you choose Clara Thorne over your own mother."

For a moment, something flickered in his young eyes. Uncertainty, maybe even regret.

Then Clara's voice drifted up from downstairs, sweet and melodic. "Leo, sweetheart, are you okay up there?"

The uncertainty vanished. Leo's face hardened with resolve.

"I choose Clara," he said clearly. "I want her to stay forever."

The words hit me like a physical blow. My own son-my precious boy-had chosen his father's mistress over me.

“Very well,” I said, my voice hollow. “I will grant your wish, Leo. Within thirty days, Clara will have everything she wants.”

Thirty days. The exact day I planned to leave this pack forever.

“Really?” Leo’s face lit up with joy. “You mean it?”

Clara can stay?”

“Yes,” I whispered. “You’ll have exactly what you asked for.”

The room began to spin. The betrayal, the pain, the sheer exhaustion of it all crashed over me like a tidal wave.

My legs gave out beneath me.

The last thing I heard was Theodore shouting my name as darkness claimed me.

In my dream, I stood in a vast, empty field under a blood-red moon. A small black wolf emerged from the shadows, its amber eyes glowing with familiar fury.

It was Leo-my son-in his future wolf form.

The black wolf snarled and lunged at me, teeth bared and claws extended. I didn’t run. I couldn’t move.

As his jaws closed around my throat, I felt nothing but profound sadness.

I woke with a gasp, my hand flying to my neck.

Sunlight streamed through unfamiliar curtains.

The guest room. I was in Eleonora’s guest room.

My phone lay on the nightstand beside me.

Without hesitation, I picked it up and dialed Matthew’s number.

“Matthew,” I said when he answered, my voice surprisingly steady. “There’s been a change of plans. I only need one plane ticket now.”

A pause. Then his warm, familiar voice.

“Whatever you decide, I’ll agree to it.”

The line went dead. No questions, no demands for explanations. Just complete trust.

That's when Eleonora knocked and entered, her face creased with worry.

"How are you feeling, dear?" she asked, settling into the chair beside my bed.

"I've been better," I admitted.

Eleonora sighed heavily. "About Clara... I suppose I can delay her dismissal for now. But I'm sending someone else to care for Leo immediately."

"Thank you," I said quietly.

"That woman has poisoned my grandson against his own mother," Eleonora continued, her voice tight with anger. "But I won't let her destroy what's left of this family."

If only she knew the truth about what was really destroying this family.

An hour later, Theodore drove Leo and me away from the Redgrave Manor. Leo sat in the backseat, his arm properly bandaged, looking pleased with himself.

My phone buzzed with a message. The sender made my blood run cold: Clara.

I opened it to find a photo that made my hands shake with rage.

Clara stood in Redgrave Manor's back garden, her foot deliberately crushing the delicate moonlight flowers that grew there. The same flowers my mother Lyra had loved most in the world.

The message that followed was pure venom:

"Poor Luna Olivia, betrayed by the person you trusted most. Did you know that since you're infertile, some pack elders are already finding beautiful omegas for their sons to bear more pups? Don't worry-I'll take good care of YOUR family."

White-hot fury exploded through my veins. How dare she desecrate my mother's memory? How dare she mock my inability to have more children?

"Theodore," I said, my voice deadly calm. "I forgot my hairpin at the manor. Take me back immediately."

"You don't really need that hair clip, just take it next time-"

"Now," I snapped.

Theodore glanced at me in the rearview mirror, startled by my tone. "Of course, my love.

Whatever you need."

When we pulled into the garage, Theodore immediately volunteered. “I’ll help you find it.

Where did you leave it?”

“In the guest room where I was just resting. It’s gray.”

“Okay, I’ll be right back.”

I watched him disappear into the house, then glanced back at Leo, who had fallen asleep in his car seat.

Quietly, I slipped out of the car and made my way to the back garden entrance hall. Heavy curtains concealed the windows, providing perfect cover.

Through the glass, I could see into our living room. What I witnessed there stopped my heart cold.

Eleonora sat in her favorite armchair while Clara knelt behind her, gently massaging her shoulders. They looked like mother and daughter-intimate, comfortable, familiar.

The sight triggered a flood of painful memories. I remembered Eleonora caring for my dying mother in this very room, promising to protect me from life’s storms.

“I’ll always be here for you, Olivia,” she’d whispered as Lyra drew her final breaths. “You’ll never face the world alone.”

Yet here she was, sharing the same tender moments with the woman who was destroying my life.

Clara’s voice drifted through the window, “Elder Eleonora, I will definitely listen to you and bear more pups for Theodore. Look at poor Sister Olivia-wanting to have another pup, she ate moonlight grass and endured countless treatments with golden needles, but her body has become even weaker. You should advise her.”

My blood turned to ice. Clara knew about my desperate attempts to conceive again. She knew about the painful treatments, the herbs that made me violently ill, the golden needle therapy that left me bedridden for days.

Eleonora’s response shattered what remained of my heart.

“As Luna of Crimson, bearing pups is Olivia’s responsibility,” she said coldly. “If it weren’t for her inability to have more, I wouldn’t have made other plans. Don’t worry about Olivia.”

She patted Clara’s hand reassuringly. “Don’t worry, as long as you bear more pups for Theodore, the pack won’t treat you unfairly.”



# 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 8

(Olivia's POV)

My legs felt like lead as I stumbled away from that window. Eleonora's words echoed in my mind like poison: "Just give Theo a few more pups, and the pack won't let you down..."

I pressed my back against the cold stone wall, fighting the urge to vomit. How long had they been planning this? Eleonora must have endured great hardship, having to force a smile for me, a Luna who can no longer bear children.

My hands shook as I forced myself to move. I couldn't let them discover I'd been listening.

Not yet. In twenty-nine days, I would disappear from their lives forever, and they could have their perfect little arrangement.

The underground parking garage felt like a tomb as I descended the stairs. Theodore stood beside his car, my dark gray hair clip gleaming in his palm.

"Livvy, where did you go?" His amber eyes searched my face with practiced concern. "I looked everywhere for you."

"I wasn't feeling well." The lie slipped out easily.

"I went to the restroom."

His expression immediately shifted to worry.

"What's wrong? You look pale."

Before I could protest, his strong arms swept me up in a princess carry. The familiar scent of sandalwood that had once comforted me now made my stomach turn.

"I'm fine," I said in a low voice, but he had already settled me down next to Leo.

"You're burning up," he murmured, pressing the back of his hand to my forehead. "We should go home."

As he started the engine, I reached for tissues from the front seat pocket. My fingers brushed against several items that scattered to the floor. Leo stirred in his car seat. Then I saw it.

Red lace. Delicate. Intimate.

A woman's thong.

My blood turned to ice.

"Mommy, what's this?" Leo's innocent voice cut through the silence as his small fingers picked up the underwear.

I watched in horror as recognition dawned on his face.

"Oh! This belongs to Aunt Clara!" He held it up proudly. "I saw her hanging these in the laundry room!"

The world tilted. I snatched the offensive garment from my son's hands and hurled it at Theodore's face.

"What is this?" My voice was deadly calm. "Why is a woman's underwear in your car? What have you two been doing behind my back?"

Theodore's hands tightened on the steering wheel. Instead of answering, he slammed his foot on the accelerator. The car lurched forward with violent speed.

"Theodore, answer me!"

But he only drove faster, his jaw set with grim determination.

Twenty minutes later, we screeched to a halt outside The Onyx Lounge. Theodore was out of the car before the engine died, storming toward the entrance like a man possessed.

I followed, Leo's hand clutched in mine, my heart hammering against my ribs.

The private room door exploded inward as Theodore burst through it. His fist connected with Caleb Thorne's jaw with a c\*\*\*k.

"What the hell did you do in my car?" Theodore roared. "Why is there women's underwear in there?"

Caleb stumbled backward, blood trickling from his split lip. But instead of confusion, I saw understanding flash in his eyes. Too quickly.

Too clearly.

"Oh God, Theo, I'm sorry!" Caleb clutched his face dramatically. "I got drunk last night and... I borrowed your car to... you know..."

The other men in the room nodded along with practiced sympathy. Every single one of them looking at me with knowing expressions that made my skin crawl.

“I was with this girl, and things got heated...” Caleb fumbled for his phone. “Look, I even have proof!”

He pushed the device toward me, and on the screen were two bodies intertwined together.

“Please forgive me, Luna! I’ll pay for cleaning, I’ll  
\_”

Stop. I pushed the phone away in disgust. I’m not watching that filth.”

But their relief was palpable. They thought I’d bought their pathetic performance.

“I’m taking Leo home,” I announced, unable to stomach another second of their lies.

When we reached the parking garage, a different Mercedes MPV waited for us.

“Where’s the other car?” I asked the driver.

“Alpha Theodore declared it contaminated,” the man replied without meeting my eyes. “He ordered it scrapped immediately.”

Leo burst into tears. “My robot toy! It was in the other car!”

The driver looked at me awkwardly, “Luna, the car has already been towed away.”

“I’ll go tell your father and have him ask the workers to get your toys out,” I said to Leo.

“Wait here.”

As I approached the private room, voices drifted through the slightly open door.

“That video was just random human p\*n,” Caleb was laughing. “She’s such an i\*\*t, she actually believed it.”

“Olivia’s always been gullible,” another voice chimed in. “So boring and ordinary. I don’t know what Theo sees in her.”

“Our little Luna is so much more exciting,” someone else added with a crude laugh. “Clara knows how to keep a man interested.”

Little Luna. They called Clara their little Luna while I was just... what? The fool wife who couldn’t see what was right in front of her face?

My hands clenched into fists. These men had been watching my humiliation for years, laughing at me behind my back while playing supportive friends to my face.

Then I heard it. Clara's distinctive giggle, breathy and coquettish.

Through the c\*\*\*k of the door, I saw her. She had changed into a tight pink dress that unreservedly displayed her sexy, voluptuous figure.

She was lying on top of Theodore, pressed tightly against him like a second skin. Her hand had slipped inside his pants, caressing his p\*\*\*s, while Theodore's hands roamed over her buttocks.

"Do I feel better than Olivia?" Clara's voice was sultry, seductive. "Tell me, Theo. Who makes you feel more alive?"

Theodore didn't answer with words. But his groan of pleasure said everything.

Clara's triumphant laughter filled the room.

Something inside me snapped.

I kicked the door open so hard it slammed against the wall. Every head in the room whipped toward me.

"What the hell are you doing?"

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 9

(Olivia's POV)

Everyone in the private room turned pale, except for Theodore.

Theodore truly lived up to his reputation as the strongest Alpha in the Northern Territory – his reaction was lightning-fast.

He swiftly grabbed Clara's wrist, violently tore her away from himself, and threw her hard onto the ground. She crashed heavily against the marble floor with a sickening thud.

"My mother's decision is final, his voice was ice-cold, showing no trace of the passion I'd just witnessed. "You corrupted my son and hurt my Luna's feelings. I absolutely cannot keep you."

Clara seemed to have no reaction at all. She sprawled on the floor, her pink dress bunched around her thighs, glaring at me with pure hatred. The situation was so ridiculous I almost laughed. One moment she was his lover, the next she was trash to be discarded.

Suddenly, as if a switch had been flipped, every man in the room began protecting me.

“Clara corrupted our little Alpha heir!” Caleb shouted, wiping blood from his split lip.

“She manipulated Leo against his own mother!” another friend chimed in.

“Alpha Theodore loves Luna Olivia so much, he would never let anyone harm her!”

They surrounded me with false concern, these same men who’d been calling me boring and gullible just moments ago. Caleb even grabbed Clara by the arm, promising to “make her leave immediately.”

The stark contrast was nauseating. In an instant, Clara had fallen from mistress to pariah, with everyone piling on. She was dragged in front of me like a criminal awaiting judgment.

I squatted down and lifted her chin with one finger, forcing her to meet my eyes.

(Clara’s POV)

My clothes were disheveled, my dignity shattered. I stared up at Olivia’s perfect face, my heart burning with rage and jealousy.

Why could she stand in the spotlight while I lived in shadows?

How dare she still look down on me like she’s so high and mighty? She knows full well her mate is sweating in my bed every night.

This cowardly, disgusting woman knew about our affair and still pretended to be oblivious. I wanted to spit in her face.

“When you were pressed against Theos chest just now,” Olivia’s voice was dangerously quiet,

“were you really just begging for mercy?”

All eyes turned to me, with warning glares that seemed to threaten me, forbidding me from provoking their beloved Luna. Especially Theodore, whose gaze held murderous intent.

Of course it wasn’t begging for mercy, you i\*\*\*t!

I wanted to scream. I'm having an affair with your mate! Didn't you see where my hands were? Are you blind?

But I didn't dare reveal our relationship. Not with Theo's warning gaze boring into me.

(Olivia's POV)

Under the pressure of hostile stares, Clara was forced to kneel before me. Through grittedChapter 9: Theodore Beat Clara

teeth, she choked out: "I'm sorry."

I could see the fury radiating from her, the confusion at how quickly her allies had abandoned her. These men who'd secretly despised my "arrogant behavior" were now trembling before me like mice before a cat.

As Caleb tried to drag Clara away, something caught my eye. The red thong from just now was wrapped around her wrist like a bracelet.

"Wait. Clara, is that yours?"

She looked down at the thong around her wrist, and suddenly her expression transformed. A triumphant, provocative smile curved her lips as she met my gaze.

"It's a gift from the man I love," she said with deliberate emphasis. "He said it suited my figure perfectly. He praised how sexy looked in it." Her eyes flicked meaningfully to Theodore.

"Unlike some people..."

My stomach churned violently. Theodore's arms suddenly wrapped around me, his hands burning hot against my waist. But Clara's scent still clung to him, making me want to vomit.

The sight of that red thong and the seductive look she gave Theodore was the final straw. I lashed out with my foot, sending her sprawling again.

"Whoa, Luna!" Caleb quickly intercepted, afraid I might attack Clara again. "Clara's my... my lover."

I gave her that gift."

The room erupted in relieved murmurs as people began discussing this supposed relationship. Theodore's voice was smooth as silk as he explained, "I only allowed Clara close to our family because of Caleb's feelings for her."

But I noticed the remnants of vivid lipstick on Theodore's lips, glimmering like silver needles under the light. I closed my eyes, holding back tears.

"Caleb," I said quietly, "aren't you engaged to my friend Evelyn? Are you telling me Clara is your mistress?"

Panic flashed across Caleb's face. "Please don't tell Evelyn! Clara seduced me, I swear! I was drunk and-"

"Get her out of here," Theodore commanded.

Two security guards materialized and grabbed

Clara's arms.

As they dragged her toward the door, Clara

began screaming and struggling. "Theodore!

Save me! I'm your person! You can't let them-"

Her desperate thrashing caused something to slip from her neckline. A gold chain hit the floor with a delicate chime.

I dove for it before anyone else could react. My fingers closed around the familiar weight, and my world tilted on its axis.

My mating ring. The one Theodore had personally engraved with "T&O" inside. The one that had been "lost" months ago.

It hung from Clara's necklace like a trophy.

"Why," I looked at Theodore, "can you tell me why my missing wedding ring is hanging around her neck?"

Theodore's face went white. "Livvy, I can explain-"

"What does she mean to you?" The question came out stronger now, demanding an answer.

"She means nothing to me, I don't even know-" Theodore began to explain incoherently.

"Hurry up and drag this b\*\*\*h away." The men nearby urged Caleb.

"Or can you tell me?" I looked down at Clara being dragged like a dog.

She struggled to break free from Caleb's grasp.

"Of course because I am Theodore's beloved-"

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 10

(Olivia's POV)

"ENOUGH!" Theodore's Alpha command crashed down like thunder, cutting off Clara's words mid-sentence. The raw power of it forced her to the ground, her body convulsing as she fought against the supernatural compulsion.

"She stole our marital token," Theodore declared with cold authority. "Hand her over to the pack's enforcers immediately."

Clara writhed on the marble floor, gasping for breath as Theodore's Alpha power pressed down on her like a physical weight. Her designer dress was now torn and dirty, her perfect facade completely shattered.

Theodore took the ring from my trembling fingers and slipped it back onto my hand with gentle reverence. "No one can take what belongs to you, my love," he said solemnly, his amber eyes locked on mine.

He reached up to wipe away tears I didn't realize had fallen. "Your crying is more painful to me than being killed."

For a moment, I was confused. This tender gesture, this protective declaration – it was the man I'd once loved completely. The man who'd made me believe in forever.

But then the cruel irony hit me like a physical blow. While no one could steal my possessions, someone had already stolen his heart that once belonged entirely to me.

I couldn't breathe. The weight of betrayal crushed down on my chest.

I pushed his hand away and fled to the restroom, splashing cold water on my burning face. In the mirror, a stranger stared back – hollow-eyed and broken.

"Mom?"

I spun around to find Leo standing in the doorway. My little boy dropped to his knees on the cold tile floor.



“I gave the ring to Aunt Clara,” he confessed, his young voice steady and unashamed. “Please don’t let the pack enforcers arrest her. Arrest me instead.”

His words pierced my heart like an invisible silver blade. My breath came in short, rapid gasps as I stared down at my son defending the she-wolf who’d destroyed our family.

“What did you say?” I whispered.

Leo pouted, completely oblivious to his wrongdoing. “You have so much jewelry, Mom. You can’t wear it all anyway. Giving Clara a ring is no big deal.”

He looked up at me with Theodore’s stubborn amber eyes. “You always said Clara took good care of me and deserved a reward. I was just rewarding her for you.”

I gripped the sink to steady myself. “Did you get permission before taking my things?”

“Taking things without permission is theft, Leo.”

His expression turned cold – so cold it chilled me to the bone. “Mom, after you die, everything will be mine anyway. Your things are my things.

How can that be stealing?”

Sometimes a child’s innocence is the cruelest blade.

“Leo, people must work for what they have-”

“Grandma told me that I’m the Alpha heir, and I’ll inherit the Crimson Pack and everything you all have,” he interrupted me. “Since all of this will be mine when I grow up, what’s the big deal about giving Clara a ring now? I’ll buy Clara lots more jewelry in the future. If you forgive Clara today, I’ll buy some for you too later.”

“You’ve disappointed me so much, Leo.” I said quietly.

But Leo wasn’t listening. He just kept pleading.

“Please forgive Clara! The ring is back now.

Can’t we pretend nothing happened?”

My heart shattered completely. My own pup couldn’t understand my pain.

“It was your father who called the pack enforcers,

” I said hollowly. “You should be

begging him, not me.”

I left the restroom without looking at him again.

During the drive home, I learned that Clara hadn’t been arrested after all. Through Leo’s testimony, the enforcers determined the ring had been given freely and dropped the matter.

Of course they did.

Back at the pack house, I gathered the Omega maids in the main hall.

“I’m giving everyone a raise,” I announced to their surprised faces. “Tomorrow, I want a thorough cleaning of the entire villa. Every room, every surface.”

They nodded eagerly, gratitude shining in their eyes.

Just thinking about how the sofa I’ve sat on, the recliner I’ve lain on, and even the dining table might have been touched by Clara’s butt makes me feel sick. A thorough cleaning is absolutely necessary.

I retreated to the master bedroom – the only space Theodore and Clara hadn’t defiled. Here, finally, I found a moment of peace.

The door burst open. Leo charged in clutching his teddy bear, followed by a flustered-looking woman.

“Mom!” Leo wailed. “This new caregiver is terrible! She can’t squeeze toothpaste right, doesn’t know which pajamas I like, and she’s as stupid as a pig!”

The woman – Rhonda, according to Eleonora – stood quietly behind him. Her appearance was a stark contrast to Clara’s provocative style.

Neat shirt, conservative pants, buttons fastened to the collar, hands clasped respectfully.

I remember Clara once refused to wear formal uniforms, preferring V-neck tops and ultra-short denim skirts that would ride up when she bent over, exposing half her chest. The servants suggested she dress more appropriately, but I supported her right to choose her own clothing.

How naive I’d been.

“Thank you, Rhonda,” I said gently. “I’ll handle Leo from here.”

After she left, Leo continued his tantrum. “Clara knew everything I liked without asking! She’s so much better than this stupid woman!”

A flash of suspicion struck me. How had Clara known so much about my pup's preferences so quickly? Had Theodore been feeding her information from the beginning?

"Leo, it's wrong to speak ill of others behind their backs," I scolded.

"I want Clara back! I want you to tell me a story like she does!"

"No. You need to learn to sleep on your own."

He threw himself on the floor dramatically, crying and clinging to my arm. His teddy bear tumbled away, and something fluttered out of its transparent belly pocket.

A photograph.

I picked it up and my world tilted. Theodore, Clara, and Leo stood together at an amusement park, smiling like a perfect family. But what made my blood freeze was the little girl holding Leo's other hand – a child who looked remarkably like Leo.

"Olivia, let me explain!" Theodore burst through the door, panic in his voice. "Leo insisted on going. You were feeling sick that day, so I didn't want to burden you-"

I had no interest in his excuses. Before I could speak, Theodore snatched the photo from my hands, tore it to pieces, and threw the fragments in the trash.

"Clara not only corrupted you but stole your mother's ring," he told Leo sternly. "Her photo is forbidden in this house!"

Leo ran out crying. Theodore followed, promising to "properly discipline our pup."

When they were gone, I quietly retrieved the torn pieces from the trash bin. My hands shook as I tried to fit them together.

Twenty-nine days. Twenty-nine days until I could escape this nightmare.

Rhonda knocked softly and entered. "Luna, I apologize for not managing Leo properly-" She stopped mid-sentence, staring at the photo fragments in my hands.

She picked up a torn corner showing the little girl's face.

"Isn't this Clara's daughter?" she asked in surprise.