

Chapter 1: The Night That Changed Everything

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(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 ngers 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 nd Theodore's side cold and empty. His scent lingered on the silk sheets, but he was nowhere to be found.

I searched his study rst. Empty.

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

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

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 ercely 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 lled 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 dicult 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, ngers barely steady enough to start recording. I captured everything—their move from the windowsill to the sofa, then nally 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 nally 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 ngers 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 nally 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 nally, 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 ooded 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 nally felt steady. I circled a date thirty days from now in red ink, the color bold and deant against the pristine white paper.

Thirty days until freedom.

The countdown began now.