

30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 11

(Olivia's POV)

The remaining pieces slipped from my numb fingers.

Clara had a daughter.

“When I was packing Clara’s belongings,” Rhonda explained softly, “I found a photo album filled with a little girl’s growth pictures. She has short hair and bears a striking resemblance to Leo at first glance.”

My heart hammered against my ribs. “Can you bring me that album?”

“What are you looking for?” Theodore’s voice cut through the silence from the doorway.

Under the warm yellow light, his silk home clothes softened his normally stern features. I noticed he’d discarded the suit he’d worn to The Onyx Lounge – probably reeking of Clara’s scent.

“It’s nothing,” I replied coldly, moving toward the door.

“Is it this photo album?” Theodore produced a leather-bound photo album from behind his back. “This is about a child recommended for adoption by Matron Willow from Lyra’s Hope Sanctuary.”

He flipped through pages showing the same little girl from infancy to present day. “These photos sent a few days ago. Notice how much she resembles Leo?”

My breath caught as I studied the images. The resemblance was undeniable.

“Leo mentioned making a friend at The Sunstone Fairgrounds,” Theodore continued. “This very child. The sanctuary pups visited there the same day.”

I took the album with trembling hands, my heart softening despite everything. Clara’s slender figure showed no signs of having given birth, and female wolves could never bear separation from their own pups. I was being overly suspicious.

The sanctuary had been my mother Lyra’s property before her death, now managed by The Lyra Blackwood Memorial Trust. Matron Willow wouldn’t deceive me, especially since Theodore didn’t know about this connection

Willow suggested we adopt her. Haven't you always wanted to adopt a girl?" Theodore's arms encircled my shoulders gently "We should adopt this child to grow up with Leo. They're already friends, and she looks so much like our son. It's like fate"

Knowing I'd be gone in twenty-nine days, I frowned. "I no longer plan to adopt a child."

Theodore's eyes widened with concern. He cupped my face in his warm hands. "What's wrong? Why did you change your mind about wanting a daughter?"

Under his scrutinizing gaze, I realized how well he knew me after ten years together my habits, preferences,

To avoid arousing suspicion before Matthew's people arrived, I needed to be convincingly.

Too difficult to manage (said, lowering my head sadly" fear I couldn't care for another child properly."

Thinking of Leo hiding that family photo, my voice broke slightly.

Theodore's eyes dimmed with what looked like genuine regret. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I shouldn't have agreed to let my mother bring Clara into our home. I shouldn't have left you to bear the responsibility of raising Leo alone."

His thumb traced my cheekbone tenderly. "Such things won't happen again. Let's at least meet the child first.

If we don't connect with her, we can make other arrangements."

I hummed agreement while touching the little girl's photo, my heart aching for reasons I couldn't name.

Theodore pulled me against his chest, stroking my long hair with reverent fingers. "And stop secretly seeing doctors and taking moonlight herbs. Please."

The words hit like a physical blow. My nose stung and tears burst forth uncontrollably.

For five years, I'd sought medical help trying to conceive a daughter while he was unfaithful for those same five years. The cruel irony was suffocating.

I would never forgive him. Never.

Theodore noticed my trembling shoulders and whispered comfort about finding our perfect daughter and how happy our family of four would be.

If only he knew there would be no "our family" in thirty days.

Later that night, Theodore brought my evening primrose tea as usual. While he was distracted adjusting the curtains, I spilled the drugged liquid onto the carpet beside the bed and quickly feigned sleep.

He slipped into bed carefully, gathering me against his warm body. His hands found my perpetually cold feet – a consequence of my wolf’s slumber – and warmed them between his thighs with practiced tenderness.

His gentleness toward me remained unchanged, yet he still betrayed me nightly. Tears slid down my closed eyelids as I fought to keep my breathing even.

After what felt like hours, I heard rustling movements and the soft click of the door closing. I struggled to sit up, touching the warm spot where he’d lain.

Despite telling myself nothing mattered anymore, my feet carried me toward the underground garage.

The sight that greeted me stole what remained of my breath.

Among the neatly parked luxury cars, in my Porsche Panamera, Theodore sat with his back to me. Clara straddled him lewdly, their sounds of i*****e echoing through the concrete space.

Clara’s eyes met mine over Theodore’s shoulder. She smiled triumphantly while grinding against him, her arms wrapped around his neck.

I know you didn’t want to seem heartless,” she whispered loud enough for me to hear, “so you didn’t stop Olivia from bullying me today, I don’t blame you.”

I watched her writhe wantonly on top of him. Theodore’s response was crude and brutal – slapping her face and grabbing her throat.

“You desperate we he growled. “Conung here injured just to get **** like the b***h you are.

His wild, animalistic demeanor was nothing like the gentle man who warmed my feet minutes ago. I didn’t know which face was truly his.

I turned and walked away on numb legs.

(Clara’s POV)

Theodore suddenly tensed beneath me, roughly pushing me away. He spun around wildly, searching the empty garage.

“What’s wrong?” I panted, trying to pull him back to me.

“Nothing.” he muttered, but his eyes remained suspicious. “Just thought I heard something.”

I wrapped my arms around his neck again, deliberately pressing my breasts against his chest. “Didn’t you give her the tea? She must be sleeping soundly now.” I whispered in his ear, unaware that she had just watched our live broadcast.

But Theodore’s grip on my throat tightened dangerously.

“If you dare come here looking for me again,” his voice was ice-cold against my ear, “and Livvy finds out, I’ll strip you naked and throw you into the wilderness graveyard to feed the wolves.”

I pretended to tremble in fear, clinging tightly to him. I didn’t believe it at all—he was just putting on an act. Five years of passion couldn’t be erased by one night’s theatrics.

(Olivia’s POV)

I don’t remember returning to my room. I sat on the bed all night while Theodore never came back.

When we met at breakfast, he was impeccably dressed, claiming he’d had an emergency international conference and slept in the study to avoid disturbing me.

I didn’t respond. Instead, I marked a heavy X on yesterday’s calendar date and circled my departure day.

Twenty-nine days remaining.

“Prepare for a complete renovation, I announced to the assembled servants. “Smash everything in the manor. Everything. Especially that Porsche Panamera in the underground garage.”

The staff exchanged surprised glances but nodded without question

“Everything disgusts me,” I continued flatly. “I can’t stay another second in-”

“Are you crazy?” A scream cut me off.

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“I won’t let you do this!” My son screamed as he rushed down the stairs, launching himself in front of me like a cannonball.

I watched my son with an expressionless face as he planted himself between me and the assembled servants, his amber eyes blazing with indignation.

“You can’t destroy our home!” His voice rose to a near-shriek. “Dad designed everything himself! My toys, my training grounds, the swimming pool-” His voice broke completely.

“And the swing Clara made for me in the garden!”

Clara. Always Clara.

My own son was more concerned about preserving his father’s mistress’s handiwork than respecting his mother’s wishes.

For the first time in his five years of life, I looked at Leo without a trace of warmth.

Without love. Without the maternal softness that had always melted my heart when he smiled.

He must have seen it in my eyes because he stumbled backward, suddenly small and uncertain. “Mom?” His voice was barely a whisper.

“Livy, what’s this about?” Theodore appeared like magic, his voice gentle but commanding as he placed protective hands on Leo’s shoulders.

“Surely you don’t mean to demolish our family home?”

I wanted to laugh at the irony. Our family home

—the same home where he’d been f***g his mistress in my car just hours ago.

“It’s for Leo’s birthday celebration,” Theodore continued smoothly, shooting me a meaningful look. “We’re going to have a new family member soon, so we need to redesign the layout. Isn’t that right, darling?”

The lie rolled off his tongue so easily. Six years of marriage, and I was still discovering new depths to his deception.

“Hmm.” The sound escaped me like air from a punctured balloon.

Leo’s face immediately brightened, the fear vanishing as if it had never existed. He threw himself at me, wrapping his small arms around my waist.

“Mom, I misunderstood you! You really do love me the most!”

My hands moved automatically to embrace him, muscle memory overriding the hollowness in my chest. But just as my arms were about to close around his small frame,

he broke away, skipping to the other side of the dining hall to stuff his mouth with pancakes.

My arms hung suspended in empty air, frozen mid-embrace like a statue of maternal love that no one wanted.

Theodore knelt before me, his warm hands capturing my cold ones. “Why do you really want to destroy the car, Livvy?”

The Porsche. Where I’d watched him take Clara like an animal in heat. Where his hands had gripped her throat while she moaned his name.

“I don’t like it anymore,” I said flatly. “I don’t want it.”

“Even if you don’t like your belongings,”

Theodore’s voice was carefully controlled, “they shouldn’t be touched by others.”

His words hit me like a slap in the face. He knew. He always knew what kind of person I was, that I would never allow anyone to touch what was mine, yet he still betrayed me.

“Where will we live?” Leo piped up through a mouthful of food.

“We’re moving back to the Redgrave Ancestral Hall,” Theodore announced. “To keep Grandma Eleonora company.”

My escape plan crumbled. I’d intended to move to an apartment near the pack tower, somewhere I could slip away easily when Matthew’s people arrived. But I couldn’t protest without arousing suspicion-the old Olivia had always loved staying with Eleonora.

“Yes!” Leo cheered, syrup dripping down his chin. “Grandma gives me candy and tells me stories about the old pack hunts!”

Theodore stepped into the garden to make a phone call, his hand absently touching the swing Clara had made. The sight of him caressing something she’d built made bile rise in my throat.

I stood abruptly. “I’m leaving for work.”

My untouched breakfast sat abandoned on the table. Even the sight of food made me nauseous.

Alistair followed me to the car with a single suitcase-all that remained of my possessions after I’d removed everything that reminded me of Theodore and Leo. Six years of marriage, reduced to one small bag.

How pathetic. I'd spent so long accommodating them, placing myself last in every decision, that I'd disappeared entirely.

At the Redgrave Pack Tower, I handed my resignation letter to Gideon, the head of finance. His expression was very tense

"Luna, have we done something wrong? If there's been an error in the accounts—"

"This is my personal decision," I cut him off.

"Nothing to do with your work."

The truth was, I never belonged here. While everyone thought I was studying abroad in Europe, I was actually training with Matthew Kane's organization.

To become Theodore's mate, I left the organization and swore never to use the tracking and combat skills they taught me. This led them to believe I was just another pretty Luna, useless for anything but decoration.

That's why they threw me into a place like the finance department.

Soon, they'd learn how wrong they were.

"Livy!" Evelyn burst through my office door, tears streaming down her face. This was only the second time I'd seen her cry—the first had been at my mating ceremony, when she wept with joy.

"That bastard Caleb!" she sobbed, throwing herself into the chair across from my desk.

"He's been having an affair with that little b***h Clara! I want to break off our engagement!"

My heart clenched. Caleb had helped cover up Theodore's affair, but seeing my best friend's pain made my own betrayal burn fresh and raw.

"Evie..." I reached across the desk to take her hands.

"He thinks I'm stupid!" Her voice cracked. "He thinks I don't know about his secret meetings, his late nights, the way he smells like jasmine when he comes home!"

Jasmine. Clara's scent.

"Evie, no, Caleb didn't betray you."

“Livvy, stop trying to cover for him. I know everything. News of what happened yesterday is all over the place.” Evelyn’s sobs were laced with anger. “I’m going to break off our engagement.”

Evelyn really liked Caleb. Even though they weren’t fated mates, she was determined to marry him.

I can’t ruin my friend’s relationship because of US.

“Evie,” I said quietly, “Clara isn’t Caleb’s mistress.”

She looked up, confused. “What do you mean?”

I took a shaky breath, feeling the words tear my throat raw. “She’s Theodore’s. Theodore betrayed me.”

The office door slammed open.

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Theodore stood in the doorway, his face white with shock and fury. My grip on Evelyn’s hands tightened unconsciously as panic shot through me. Had he heard our conversation?

Then I remembered—my office had the same soundproofing materials as the Alpha’s office. Theodore had personally designed it that way. He couldn’t have heard anything from outside the door.

Relief flooded through me, followed immediately by dread as Evelyn suddenly stood up.

“Theodore!” Evelyn’s voice was sharp with accusation. “What exactly is your relationship with that b***h

Clara?”

My face went white. I couldn’t let him know I already knew about the affair—not yet.

“What do you mean?” Theodore’s amber eyes flicked between us, confusion replacing the initial shock.

I jumped in quickly. “Evie is talking about the scandal between Caleb and Clara.” The lie tasted bitter on my tongue. “As Clara’s Alpha, how do you plan to discipline her for corrupting your pack member?”

Evelyn looked at me with bewilderment. I caught her eye and winked, hoping she’d understand my nervousness, that I needed Theodore not to know I’d discovered his betrayal.

Understanding dawned in her eyes. She played along, turning back to Theodore with manufactured fury. That slut seduced my fiancé! What are you going to do about it?”

Theodore’s expression softened with what looked like genuine relief. He crossed the room in two strides and pulled me into his arms, his familiar scent wrapping around me like a suffocating blanket.

“My love,” he whispered against my ear, his breath warm on my skin. I’ll always side with you. We can punish Galab or Clara however you want.”

His arms tightened around me, coaxing and pleading. “Please don’t be angry. You know I can’t bear it when you’re upset

The tenderness in his voice broke something inside me. Memories flooded back—meeting him as children, our first dance, our mating ceremony. He’d pulled me out of the wreckage of my broken family, held me through the agony of losing my mother

How could the same man who’d sworn to grow old with me betray our mate bond so completely?

Even with my wolf in deep slumber, I couldn’t suppress the surging sorrow threatening to tear my heart apart. My hand pressed against my chest, trying to contain the pain.

*Theodore must completely sever Clara’s pack bond,” I said, my voice ice-cold and rising to almost a shout. “Make her leave the pack and never see her again. Forget her”

My bloodshot eyes stared directly into his. “Can you do that, Theo?”

Theodore seemed confused by my intense reaction, but Evelyn jumped in before he could respond.

Yes! Drive that bitch’out of Stonehaven City! she demanded. “If you don’t comply, Ill beat her every time I Sen Clara!

“Of course,” Theodore said solemnly, his hands cupping my face. “Caleb won’t maintain any relationship with Clara. She’ll leave Stonehaven City.”

He leaned down to whisper in my ear. “As long as my little wolf is happy, I’ll do anything.”

“I know,” I replied flatly. “You always keep your promises to me.”

At least this meant I could spend my remaining weeks in peace, without being disgusted by Clara’s presence.

“Let’s have lunch, Theodore suggested, his arm still around my waist. “Since Evelyn’s here, I’ll call Caleb to join us.”

The high-end Western restaurant’s private room felt suffocating. I watched Caleb grovel for Evelyn’s forgiveness while Theodore played the supportive friend, helping him craft the perfect apology.

Their performance made my stomach turn.

“Excuse me,” I stood abruptly. “I need the restroom.”

Evelyn followed immediately.

In the marble-appointed restroom, she turned to me with urgent eyes. “Livvy, is Theodore really involved with that b***h? Did he really betray you?”

I gripped the edge of the sink, staring at my reflection.

Evelyn continued, “Maybe it’s a misunderstanding-”

“I saw it with own eyes. The words broke from me like a dam bursting, and suddenly I was sobbing.

Evelyn hurriedly wiped away my tears, her own eyes growing moist. “Why won’t you let me confront him? He’s an Alpha, how can he treat his destined mate like this! You’re his Luna, you’ve sacrificed so much for him.”

“Thank you for standing by me. It’s not time yet.” I whispered as she brushed the hair from my face.

“What’s your plan?” she asked softly. “I can help you, whatever you need.”

Despite knowing Theodore longer, Evelyn had always been closer to me. But I couldn’t put her in danger.

“I’m going to sever our mate bond and leave for somewhere he can never find me.”

“Where?”

“You’ll know in time. But please, keep this secret. I’ll contact you after I leave.”

Her eyes filled with worry, but she nodded.

When we left the restaurant, a gleaming red Ferrari suit parked at the curb. Theodore emerged from the driver's seat, dangling the keys with a hopeful smile

“Do you like it?” he asked.

Pack members gathered around us, their voices full of admiration.

Alpha Theodore is so devoted!”

Luna Olivia must be asked by the Moon Goddess to have such an amazing mate!

In the past, such comments would have filled me with joy. I would have thrown myself into his arms, glowing with happiness

Now, I coldly took the keys without even saying thank you and walked past him.

The pack members noticed my coldness, whispering among themselves.

“Maybe Alpha Theodore did something wrong?”

“Impossible! He's completely loyal. Remember when he used himself as a hostage to save Luna from those rogue wolves?”

I just wanted to escape. As I reached for the car door handle, Theodore suddenly appeared behind grabbing my hand and pressing a passionate kiss to my forehead.

The familiar gesture that had once made me melt now felt like a violation.

I shoved him away with all my strength and slapped him across the face, the sound echoing through the night air.

“Don't touch me!” I shouted.

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(Olivia's POV)

Theodore covered his reddening cheek, staring at me with those amber eyes full of hurt confusion.

“Darling, what’s wrong?” His voice was soft, wounded. “We always say goodbye with a kiss.”

The gathered pack members watched in stunned silence. I could feel their shocked stares boring into me as I frantically wiped the spot on my forehead where his lips had touched, using a tissue.

“I’m sorry!” I hurriedly covered my forehead, “I suddenly have a headache and can’t control myself.”

This wasn’t entirely a lie. Ever since my wolf fell into slumber, I often experienced intermittent severe headaches. Theodore’s expression shifted to worry and concern.

“Are you okay on your own? Would you like to rest in my office for a while?”

“It’s fine, you know, it’s better now.” I refused in a flustered manner.

“Drive carefully,” he said softly, bending closer. “Let me know when you arrive safely. He glanced at his watch. “I still have some work to finish, but after that, we’ll pick up Leo together and head back to the ancestral hall.

Mother is so happy we’re moving back—she had Martha prepare all your favorite dishes.”

I noticed Caleb in my peripheral vision, standing by the roadside like a patient sentinel.

“Okay.” I managed, my voice barely audible.

I climbed into the Ferrari with shaking hands, my whole body trembling as I started the engine. Through the rearview mirror, I watched Theodore walk toward a nearby SUV where Caleb joined him.

Why would they need to travel together after dinner?

Instead of driving home, I found myself following the SUV at a distance, my hands gripping the steering wheel so tightly my knuckles went white. The traffic flowed toward Crimson Pack Territory, toward our old house.

My heart hammered against my ribs as we approached The Northwood Manor. I’m completely disappointed with this pack.

Clara stood at the entrance, her face bright with anticipation. The moment Theodore stepped out of the SUV she threw herself into his arms with enthusiastic joy, like a lover welcoming her mate home.

But it wasn’t Clara who made my blood freeze.

It was the woman standing behind her, smiling as she watched the reunion.

Evelyn, My best friend. The woman who'd wiped my tears just hours ago. The woman who'd called Clara a b**th and sworn to beat her every time she saw her.

They entered the manor together Theodore, Clara, Caleb, and Evelyn—laughing and chatting like old friends.

I sat in the Ferrari, staring through the windshield in complete shock. My mind couldn't process what I was seeing. Images flashed through my consciousness: Evelyn defending me, Evelyn's tears over Caleb's supposed betrayal, Evelyn promising to keep my secrets.

Why would my best friend be here, calmly socializing with the woman who'd destroyed my family?

My eyes stung, though I had no tears left to cry. The betrayal cut deeper than any blade—deeper even than Theodore's affair. Evelyn was supposed to be my anchor, my safe harbor in this storm.

I stumbled out of the car, my entire body stiff with shock. My legs gave out, and I crashed onto the asphalt, scraping my knees and palms raw. The physical pain barely registered through the emotional agony.

Crawling to my feet, I approached the manor on unsteady legs. Through the large window, I could see them all gathered in the living room. Their voices reached my ears clearly.

“Honey, explain what's been going on with Olivia these past two days,” Caleb said. “Theodore is worried sick.”

Evelyn's laugh was sharp, bitter. “Why does Theodore need to care about Olivia's feelings when he's been secretly with Clara for five years?”

My world tilted. She knew. She'd known all along.

“Olivia is Theodore's legitimate Luna, Caleb explained patiently. “If she ignores him in public, people will think he's bullying her. They'll call him a heartless Alpha. This scandal could affect the Crimson Pack's image and Theodore's reputation. With our current prestige, it's only a matter of time before Theodore becomes Alpha King of the Northern Territory.”

The words hit me like silver bullets. I wasn't a Luna. I wasn't even a wife. I was a political asset—a pretty ornament to polish Theodore's Image while he indulged his true desires in the shadows.

The revelation that Theo had deceived me was painful, but Evelyn's betrayal pierced my heart like silver needles dipped in poison. A violent spasm seized my stomach, doubling me over as agony radiated through my core.

We were supposed to be best friends, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, witnessing the most sacred moments of our lives.

I'd trusted her with my deepest fears, my most vulnerable truths. How long had she been laughing at my naivety?

The severe pain in my lower abdomen intensified until I couldn't hear their voices anymore—only the roaring of blood in my ears. Cold sweat erupted across my forehead as my consciousness began to drift.

My body shook uncontrollably, but I couldn't collapse here. Not where they might find the broken and helpless.

I forced myself upright and stumbled back to the car on legs that felt like water.

Just after Olivia's swaying figure disappeared into the darkness, Clara's sharp gaze followed her retreating form, then revealed a satisfied smile.

She skillfully drew the kitchen curtains, walked lightly into the living room, carrying tea and exquisite pastries arranged on bone china:

Watching the conversation between Evelyn and Caleb made Olivia's face turn pale, and she was filled with face- she couldn't keep her Alpha mate, and she couldn't the thrill of revenge. So what if she had a beautiful fa keep her friends either.

After Clara set down the pastries, she said she needed to go upstairs to change clothes for the evening's activities, while Caleb continued his discourse on Alpha privilege.

"Every powerful alpha has several she wolves by his side," he said. "Theodore only has Clara, which is already quite restrained. Even if Olivia eventually discovers the truth, what can she do? She's just an orphan, she won't be able to do anything—"

"Olivia cannot know" Theodore's stern voice cut through Caleb's words like a blade.

But Olivia had known all along. Even while he was still feeling smug about himself, she had already begun.

She could hardly believe that just one Clara could break the bond between Theodore and Olivia, planning her escape. Evelyn couldn't help but want to laugh.

Finally, Olivia had tasted the bitter pain of having her beloved taken away. Thinking of Olivia's heartbroken expression just now, a dark smile of satisfaction crossed Evelyn's lips.

"So, what's been going on with Livvy lately?" Theodore looked at Evelyn.

"Just some discomfort from the aftereffects of losing her wolf, don't worry." Evelyn said with a smile.

She had no intention of revealing Olivia's plan to Theodore. His love for Olivia was bordering on obsession- only when she completely disappeared could he return to his former self. Only then would Evelyn have a chance to reclaim what she had long desired.

With everything said, Caleb and Evelyn prepared to leave. As Evelyn reached out to close the door, she saw Clara coming down the stairs wearing only a sheer black nightgown, her full breasts and hips on clear display.

Dirty b***h, seducing men with her n***** like a p*****. Evelyn cursed inwardly. Once Olivia is gone, I'll deal with you properly.

Across the street from the courtyard, Olivia sat motionless in the driver's seat of the Ferrari. Her face was as pale as fresh snow, witnessing the second-floor curtains suddenly open, Theodore's arms wrapping around Clara's waist, pulling her tightly toward himself, thrusting against her.

She tried to start the car, her hands shaking violently as she fumbled with the ignition. But then something went terribly wrong.

Bright red blood began flowing from beneath her body, soaking through her dress in an ever-widening stain. Her eyes rolled back as the double assault of physical and emotional trauma overwhelmed her battered system.

The Ferrari lurched forward suddenly, her consciousness escaping with it, but fortunately not at high speed. The car crashed into the manor's decorative fence with a jarring screech of metal, the front bumper crumpling and sparks flying.

The crowd instantly gathered, their voices filled with panic and confusion. Theodore, immersed in his s**** encounter, suddenly looked up and turned pale the moment he saw that distinctive red sports car roughly pushed Clara aside, straightened his clothes, and ran out.

My little wolf! My love!

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(Olivia's POV)

White. Everything was white.

The sterile walls of The Crimson Infirmary came into focus as consciousness slowly returned to me. My head throbbed, and my body felt like it had been trampled by an entire pack

*Olivia! Thank the Moon Goddess you're awake!"

Dr. Aris Lowell's familiar voice cut through the fog in my mind. She was sitting beside my bed, her usually composed face bright with excitement. Her hands trembled slightly as she reached for mine.

"Congratulations," she said, her voice thick with emotion. "You're pregnant! Finally, all your suffering has paid off."

The words hit me like lightning. My hand instinctively moved to my abdomen, fingers splaying protectively over the flat surface. Tears of pure joy streamed down my face before I could stop them.

Pregnant. After five years of trying, of hoping, of enduring Theodore's increasingly distant behavior. The dream I'd carried for so long had finally come true.

"Are you certain?" I whispered, my voice barely audible.

Absolutely certain. The blood tests confirm it." Dr. Aris squeezed hand gently. "You're about six weeks .

Six weeks. I closed my eyes, calculating. This child had been conceived during one of our rare intimate moments, back when I still believed Theodore loved me. Back when I thought Clara was just a caregiver.

"Should I call Theodore with the good news?" Dr. Aris asked, already reaching for her phone. "He'll be so along.

"No." I shouted.

Dr. Aris froze, her hand hovering over the phone. "What?"

I looked her seriously in the eyes, "He can never know about this child."

"Olivia, what are you saying?"

I met her shocked gaze with steady determination. "This is my child, not his. He gave up that right."

The timing felt like a gift from the Moon Goddess herself, A reason to finally escape. A future that belonged to me alone.

Dr. Arle stared at me in disbelief. "Not tell him? Olivia, this is the puppy he has longed for for a long time!" My face turned pale as looked through her with hollow eyes. My lips trembled as the words poured out.

This is my child, not his. He gave up that right. Whether you believe it or not, he betrayed me.”

The image of Theodore rushing to Clara immediately after our separation flashed through my mind. How he’d broken his promise to send her away from Stonehaven City. How he’d chosen her over me, again and again. Dr. Aris’s expression shifted from confusion to understanding. “I believe you must have discovered something, but Theodore is an Alpha. How could you possibly hide giving birth to a pup from him?”

When I noticed Dr. Aris’s hesitation, I could see the fear in her eyes. She was worried about Theodore’s anger, about what he might do if he discovered her role in keeping this secret.

“Please,” I pleaded, grasping her hand tightly. “Just help me keep this secret. I’ll leave Stonehaven. I’ll go where he can never find us,”

Dr. Aris had protected me many times over the years. She’d been the one to comfort me through countless failed attempts at conception. She’d seen my tears, my desperation, my slow descent into despair.

Finally, she nodded. “I will help you,” she promised. “But you must listen. Your body is weak after years of trying, and the faint was due to a threatened miscarriage. You are in no condition to travel.”

My heart clenched with fear. “What does that mean?”

“We need at least a month to strengthen your body and stabilize the pregnancy. Any stress or physical exertion could cause you to lose the baby.”

One month. That’s good. It will also take a month for Matthew to come and pick me up.

“I agree to the timeline,” I said, my hand resting protectively over my stomach. This child would not be born into a broken family where the father was unfaithful and the mother lived in tears,

Memories of my own childhood flooded back. My mother, Lyra, crying herself to sleep while my father chose his mistress over his family. The pain, the confusion, the feeling of never being enough.

I would break that cycle. My child would know love, security, and truth.

Dr. Aris watched my face carefully, then hesitantly spoke again. “There’s something else you need to know.

Theodore might have another pup.”

My temples were throbbing. “Another pup?”

Before Dr. Aris could elaborate, heavy footsteps echoed in the hallway. The door was thrown open, and Theodore burst in right after.

My little wolf!!

I was so scared.

He pushed Dr. Aris aside without ceremony and pulled me into his arms. “My When I saw the blood in your car, I thought-

I avoided his gaze, but I couldn’t avoid the scent that clung to him. The scent of jasmine—Clara’s fragrance.

Then I saw them. Fresh bite marks on his neck, barely concealed by his collar. Clear evidence of his recent encounter with Clara.

The sight of those marks filled me with fury. I forcefully pushed him away, my voice rising to a shout. “My affairs have nothing to do with you. Leave!”

Despite my resistance, Theodore held me tighter. “I’m sorry I was late. I’m so sorry, darling. I should have been there.

Clara’s scent is getting stronger and stronger, and I feel like throwing up. No amount of apologies can make up for the harm he has caused. It’s no longer possible.

Dr. Aris, Theodore said, turning to her without releasing me. “What’s wrong with my Luna? Why did she collapse?”

Dr. Aris’s face went pale. She glanced at me nervously before lying smoothly. “Emotional stress caused early menstruation and excessive blood loss. She needs rest”

(Theodore’s POV)

An hour ago

I had rushed out of The Northwood Manor, my heart pounding with panic. I yanked open the Ferrari’s door and found bloodstains on the driver’s seat, but Olivia was nowhere to be seen.

Terror gripped my chest like a vise. “Go find her!” I commanded my pack enforcers. “Search every inch of the territory!”

The enforcers immediately mobilized, spreading out across Crimson Pack Territory like a hunting party.

An anxious hour passed, and they finally found Olivia. She had been taken to the infirmary.

And now I sit here, growing more and more suspicious of Dr. Aris

Five years. Under her care, Olivia's health had never improved; she remained weak. Perhaps it was time for a change.

"Dr. Aris," I said, my voice carrying the weight of authority. I've been thinking. Perhaps we need a second opinion. A renowned general practitioner might be more suitable."

Her face went white. "Alpha, I assure you—"

"We're planning to adopt from Lyra's Hope Sanctuary anyway," I continued. "Olivia no longer needs a gynecologist."

I stood, preparing to call for another healer. "I want her examined by someone else. Immediately."

"No!" Olivia interrupted me. I refuse any examination. And I want you to leave. Now."

The pack enforcers froze, caught between conflicting orders from their Alpha and their Luna.

I studied Olivia's face, seeing something I'd never seen before. Defiance. Cold, unwavering defiance.

"Very well," I said finally. "I'll wait outside. But I'm not leaving."

I carried her back to bed despite her struggles, then systematically removed everyone from the room,

Including Dr. Aris. I confiscated her phone and moved my office equipment to the doorway.

Then I walked out of the hospital room. "Go find out who brought her here." When I rushed in just now, I saw a man's jacket draped over the sofa in the room.

An hour later, I got my answer, A man in his thirties with a pup had called for an ambulance at one in the afternoon. At that time, I was on top of Clara.

Could it be that Olivia had discovered something?

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(Olivia's POV)

Twenty eight days left.

I lay on the hospital bed, planning how to escape from here with my unborn pup.

Just then, the door creaked open, and Theodore came in again. I didn't want to face him, so I quickly shut my eyes, forced my breathing to remain steady, and pretended to be asleep. The mattress dipped as he sat down beside me.

His large hand enveloped my cold fingers, and I could feel his burning gaze fixed on my face. The intensity of his stare made my skin prickle, but I remained motionless.

“Livvy, What are you going to Northwood Manor for?” he whispered, his voice thick with emotion.

I didn't answer, and it seemed he didn't expect me to.

His tone was still doting, but it made my blood run cold. “You can never leave me. I will protect you and never let you be harmed again.”

His other hand moved to caress my head and cheek with that familiar tenderness I once craved. The gentle touch that used to bring me comfort now felt like torture.

Tears slid down my face despite my efforts to remain still, I couldn't stop them from betraying my consciousness.

Memories flooded back of how Theodore used to care for me during my menstrual pain. After Leo's birth, the cramping had worsened significantly.

He would personally supervise my moonlight herb medication, his hands gentle as he massaged my aching stomach. He'd hold me close until I fell asleep, whispering soothing words against my hair.

Now his affection felt like poison coursing through my veins. Every tender gesture caused unbearable pain throughout my body.

The weight of his betrayal pressed down on my chest like a crushing stone. I don't understand how he could sleep with Clara so casually when he loves me so deeply.

Eventually, exhaustion overtook my racing thoughts and I drifted into restless sleep. When consciousness returned, I found myself in the back seat of Theodore's SUV.

We were parked near The Crimson Pup Creche, Confusion clouded my mind as I tried to piece together how I'd gotten here.

I fumbled for my phone and dialed Dr. Aris's number. The call went straight to voicemail. I tried again with the same result.

What had happened at the infirmary? Why wouldn't she answer?

At 4:30 PM, dismissal time approached and I felt dizzy as I stepped out of the car. The fresh air helped clear my head slightly, so I decided to take a short walk.

Familiar voices drifted from nearby, and my heart clenched as I recognized Leo's small voice.

"Dad, why does Aunt Clara have to leave? Leo's words carried the confusion of a child who didn't understand adult complications.

I moved closer, hiding behind the bushes to observe the scene unfolding before me.

"Aunt Clara went abroad, and I won't see her anymore," Leo continued, his voice breaking with unshed tears.

Theodore stood coldly to one side, his face an emotionless mask. Clara knelt before Leo, her movements graceful and practiced as she wiped his tears with tissues.

"I promise I'll call you from abroad, little one," Clara said softly, her voice dripping with false sweetness.

Leo's face brightened with sudden hope. "Can I go abroad with you? For early study abroad?"

The suggestion hit me like a physical blow. This woman had manipulated my son so completely that he would choose her over his own parents

Clara's back was turned to Theodore, and I caught a glimpse of her triumphant smile.

"You can't leave your parents for my sake," Clara said with practiced concern. "Especially your mother. She would be very sad."

Leo's expression turned grim. "Mother must have forced you to leave," he said, his voice rising with anger.

"She's a bad woman. She's so hateful!"

The words pierced my heart like silver daggers. My own son, calling me hateful for trying to protect our family.

I clutched my chest, feeling like my heart might stop beating entirely. But I refused to run away this time.

I would endure this pain completely. I needed to see the full extent of what Clara had done to my child.

Suddenly, a sharp c***k echoed through the air. Theodore's hand had struck Leo across the face with brutal force.

It was the first time I'd ever seen him hit our son.

My heart leaped to my throat. A mother's instinct still made her heart ache uncontrollably when she saw Leo's red and swollen cheek.

Clara let out an exaggerated cry and caught Leo just as he was about to fall.

"How dare you speak about your mother that way?" Theodore's voice carried the oppressive weight of an Alpha's power, "Your mother's poor health is because she gave birth to you and raised you."

Leo cried in Clara's arms while she made soothing sounds, "I wish Mother would just disappear," Leo sobbed against Clara's shoulder. "Then you could become my mother instead. Rosie is so lucky to have such a gentle mother."

The child's words shattered what remained of my heart. Clara had poisoned him so thoroughly against me.

Theodore snatched him from Clara's arms. "I'll say it again. If you speak about your mother like that one more time, I won't hesitate to lock you in the pack's confinement cell."

Clara grabbed Leo from Theodore's grasp. "Don't do that. Don't scare him"

After Clara whispered something in his ear, Leo looked up at Theodore with red-rimmed eyes. "I'm sorry, Dad. I know I was wrong."

"You need to apologize to your sick mother, Theodore commanded. "And behave properly from now on."

Theodore then turned his cold gaze to Clara. "Go directly to the airport. Don't return without my permission."

I watched as the three of them walked away together, their silhouettes forming a twisted family portrait.

"Rosie!" Leo called out affectionately as they moved toward a waiting car

The unusual intimacy in his voice when speaking about this supposed stranger struck me as deeply wrong

My phone buzzed with an incoming call. Dr. Aris's name flashed on the screen

“Olivia!” she said breathlessly when I answered. “I’m so sorry I missed your calls. I was in emergency surgery.”

“I’d like to know about that pup of Theodore’s you mentioned.” I asked, my voice barely steady

“There’s a rumor circulating among the staff,” she said hesitantly. “About a young she-wolf who gave birth five years ago. The birth certificate lists Theodore Redgrave as the father.”

My hands began shaking uncontrollably. “What’s the child’s name?”

“Something with ‘R’” Dr. Aris said, then I heard her shouting to colleagues in the background. “Darling, were you joking when you said Theodore had another pup?”

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(Olivia’s POV)

“Of course I’m not joking, I handled the procedures myself. Her name is Rosalie Thorne,” Another doctor’s voice came through the phone, followed by a warning. “But please don’t spread this news around.”

The phone slipped from my trembling hands and clattered to the ground. Theodore had another pup Clara.

My world shattered completely.

Rosalie. The name echoed in my mind like a death knell. Theodore had given his secret daughter the exact name we had chosen for our lost child.

Memories flooded back like a torrent, each one more painful than the last.

During our early mating, under Eleonora’s expectations, I began preparing for pregnancy. But Theodore had been reluctant.

“Isn’t it good to have just the two of us?” he had asked, his hands gentle on my shoulders.

“Mating isn’t about having pups,” he had insisted when I pressed him about starting a family.

When I asked him about the purpose of our mate bond, he had looked at me with seemingly deep affection. To never be separated from you, to make you belong only to me.”

Memories of Leo's birth came flooding back. My wolf, Zoe's, psychic abilities went haywire during the delivery. The voices of everyone in the hospital flooded my mind, causing Zoe to fall into a deep slumber.

The pain of losing my wolf, coupled with three full days and nights of labor pains, led to a difficult birth. Theodore knelt outside the delivery room all night.

After giving birth, having lost my wolf, I also lost my self-healing abilities. I was sent to the intensive care unit due to complications. Not only did Theodore refuse to hold our newborn son, he wouldn't even look at him.

He had even sworn that "if Olivia has an accident because of him, let him get out of the Redgrave family."

Despite Eleonora's pressure for more pups and my own desire for a daughter, Theodore adamantly refused to let me get pregnant again. "Your health is poor, no one is worth you consuming yourself," he had claimed.

But I had persisted, and Theodore eventually found the best pack healer to ensure my safety. A year later, I did become pregnant again .

I remembered the tender moment when I nestled in his arms as he touched my belly. He had sternly warned our unborn pup. If you're mischievous like your brother and bother your mother, I'll discipline you when you're born.

Those moments had felt like pure happiness, everything I had ever wished for.

The memory of naming our unborn pup cut deepest of all. When I had asked him to choose a name, he had immediately suggested "Olivia Rose"

I had laughed, saying "I'm Olivia, and she's also Olivia-how can mother and daughter have the same name?"

He had gazed at me tenderly, his fingers tracing my features before kissing my lips. "I hope this pup is as clever and sharp as my Olivia, so let's call her Rosalie."

We had kissed passionately, lost in what I believed was genuine love and tenderness.

The cruel irony struck me with full force. While similar things and identical names could be coincidences, having the exact same father and pup information was impossible to explain away.

Theodore had another pup – the very name he had chosen for our lost daughter now belonged to his secret pup with Clara.

The realization hit me like a physical blow. My vision blurred as basketball courts, bushes, and approaching figures spun around me.

I collapsed

(Killian's POV)

My arms shot out, catching Olivia just as her legs gave way. I held her tight, her scent of rain and sorrow filling my senses as I stared down at her pale, tear-streaked face.

A breath ghosted past her lips, a broken murmur that pierced the silence. "My daughter." Then, she was gone, a dead weight in my arms.

The second time. The second time I'd found her this broken. My jaw clenched. What in the hell had Theodore done to her?

"Daddy?" a small voice whispered beside me. Elara, my own little pup, stared up with wide, worried eyes. "It's the pretty lady. Why is she so sad? Can we take her home?"

Every instinct screamed at me to do just that, to carry her away from all this. But I can't. I have another mission to carry out, and we are strangers now. Establishing contact would be dangerous, not just for me, but for her as well.

"We'll take her to the pack enforcers, sweetie," I said, my voice low and grim. They can help her." I then knelt to look my daughter in the eye, my tone turning deadly serious. "Listen to me, Elara. You never saw us here. You never speak of this to anyone, not even to her. Understand? This is for everyone's safety."

(Olivia's POV)

When I regained consciousness at the pack enforcement station, my rescuer had already left, with no time to express gratitude, I urgently approached Pack Enforcer Kade.

"I need help booking a flight ticket, but I don't have my ID with me. Could you please issue me a temporary identification document?" I requested.

Kade nodded, processing my request efficiently. Before leaving, I bought three bottles of perfume at a shop, hoping to slightly alter my scent trail and buy some time.

At The Redgrave Airstrip, just before boarding, I sent my final messages. First, I forwarded Theodore the salacious photos and other content Clara had sent me.

Then came my own three messages, brutally direct: "I already know about your five-year affair with Clara and your secret daughter. I will never forgive you, Theodore. I give up custody of Leo, I want nothing of yours, and I want to sever our mate bond!"

With the messages sent, I threw my phone into a trash can, boarded the plane, and didn't look back.

As the plane lifted off and soared through the clouds, I watched the rainbow bloom across the sky. I laughed through my tears, realizing that ten years ago I had come to Stonehaven City with my mother.

I never imagined I would leave under such circumstances.

My mate, pup, former Luna, and best friend had all betrayed me, leaving me completely alone. But as the plane climbed higher, I whispered my final goodbyes.

“Goodbye, Theodore. Goodbye, Leo. I’m free!”

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(Olivia’s POV)

The plane soared through the clouds, and for the first time in years, I felt truly free. I hadn’t felt this at ease since leaving the organization.

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through my abdomen, a reminder of the little one inside me.

I pressed my hand against my stomach, trying to ease the pain. Even though this little pup was conceived in betrayal and lies, I still love her.

Another pair of hands, carrying a familiar warmth, suddenly covered the ones on my stomach.

“No,” I whispered, my voice barely audible above the airplane’s hum.

As I turned slowly, Theodore sat beside me, his intense brown eyes fixed on my face with an expression of desperate relief.

How had he found me? How was he always able to track me down no matter where I fled?

Theodore pulled me into his arms, burying his face in the curve of my neck. His familiar scent enveloped me, once comforting but now suffocating.

“My love, I finally found you,” he whispered against my skin, his voice breaking.

Cold tears dripped from his eyes onto my cheek. I had never seen Theodore cry.

I stared at him in shock this was only the second time

The first had been at our mating ceremony six years ago, when he had whispered his vows with tears streaming down his face.

Isadora had once mentioned that he cried when I was in the delivery room with Leo, though I hadn't believed it then. She said he had knelt outside for hours, weeping like a broken plate.

Despite his apparent love and fear of losing me, I forced myself to remember the truth. He had betrayed both me and our deceased pup by giving our chosen name to another woman's child.

"Let me go, Theodore," I said quietly, trying to pull away from his embrace.

His arms only tightened around me. "Never again. I won't let you disappear from my sight"

Theodore spoke quietly to the flight attendant, and I felt the plane begin to turn. We were heading back to Stonehaven City.

Within an hour, we had landed: Theodore guided me to the back seat of his Rolls-Royce, his hand never leaving my waist.

The familiar leather interior felt like a prison Theodore settled beside me, his eyes searching my face with desperate intensity.

"Why did you suddenly leave?" he asked gently, as if speaking to a frightened animal. I know everything about your escape. Olivia heart sank Of course he knew intercepted by.

"You fainted at the Crimson Pup Creche," he continued, his voice carefully controlled. "A man with a child helped you to the pack enforcement station. You bought a plane ticket and threw your phone into the nearby lake."

His knowledge of every detail made me feel trapped. There was no escape from his surveillance network.

"I can solve any problem," Theodore said softly, reaching for my hand. "I can wait until you're ready to talk to me."

His thumb traced circles on my palm, a gesture that once brought comfort but now felt manipulative.

"But I need to know who that man was," Theodore's voice hardened slightly. "I suspect he might be behind your strange behavior and sudden departure."

I remained silent, staring out the window at the passing scenery. The familiar streets of Stonehaven City felt like chains pulling me back into captivity.

Suddenly, I remembered the three text messages I had sent him from the airplane using the flight attendant's phone. My heart began to race,

Theodore's phone rang, the sound cutting through the tense silence. He reached for it, and I watched in horror as he began to check his messages.

Panic seized me. If he read those messages now, he would know I had discovered everything about Clara and Rosalie. He would know about my plans to leave permanently.

I still had 28 days until Matthew could help me escape for good. I couldn't let Theodore discover my plans now.

Without thinking, I lunged forward and snatched his phone from his hands.

"Olivia, what are you-

I rolled down the window and hurled his phone out into the turbulent waters below the cross-sea bridge. The device disappeared into the churning waves with a small splash.

Theodore stared at me in shock, then at the empty space where his phone had been.

"Why did you do that?" he asked quietly, his voice dangerously calm.

I pressed myself against the car door, as far from him as possible. "I don't want to talk to you right now."

His jaw clenched, but he didn't press further. The rest of the drive passed in tense silence.

When we arrived at the Redgrave Estate, I noticed an unusual gathering at the entrance. Family members, servants, and relatives had assembled, their faces filled with concern and curiosity.

A pack enforcer approached Theodore with a file folder in his hands.

Alpha, we found the man who rescued Luna Olivia, the enforcer reported formally.

My blood ran cold. I remembered hearing someone call me 'junior sister during my collapse—likely someone from the Shadow Syndicate.

If Theodore discovered my connection to Matthew's organization, everything would be ruined.

"Don't pursue this matter," I said quickly, stepping between Theodore and the enforcer. "People who do good deeds without leaving their names don't want to be disturbed."

Theodore looked at me with surprise, then nodded slowly. "If that's what you want, Olivia."

But his next words sent chills down my spine. “While we might not repay the favor, we should still be grateful. The pack enforcer has already reviewed surveillance footage with results,”

The enforcer opened the file folder, revealing surveillance screenshots. My eyes widened as I recognized the familiar figures in the images.

It wasn't just any member of the Shadow Syndicate who had helped me. It's Clara, she's holding Leo and seems to be crying.

Rage exploded through me like wildfire. All the pain, betrayal, and humiliation of the past days crystallized into pure fury.

My hand moved before my mind could stop it. The sharp c***k of my palm against Theodore's cheek echoed across the estate entrance.

Everyone froze. Family members, servants, and relatives stared in shock at the red handprint blooming across Theodore's face.

For six years, I have never once acted disrespectfully towards him in public. I have always played the part of the perfect, submissive Luna.

But today, after everything that has happened, I can't take it anymore.

Eleonora immediately stepped forward and took the folder from my trembling hands. Her face darkened as she reviewed the s surveillance images.

Without warning, she slapped Theodore across his other cheek, the sound even sharper than mine had been.

“Why has Clara appeared at the Crimson Pup Creche?”

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(Olivia's POV)

Eleonora's eyes blazed with fury as she stepped closer to Theodore. “Why has Clara appeared at The Crimson Pup Creche despite being cast out from the pack?”

Her voice cut through the stunned silence like a blade. “You better have a good explanation for this, Theodore”

“Not only will Olivia be angry, but I, Isadora, Alaric, and Iris will never forgive you if you’ve done something unforgivable.”

Seeing her act so righteously, if I hadn’t known that she and Clara were as close as mother and daughter in private. I would have been moved to tears on the spot.

Isadora snatched the folder from the pack enforcer’s hands. Her face went pale as she flipped through the surveillance images.

“Brother,” she whispered, her voice trembling. “Tell me you haven’t truly done something to betray your mate.”

She threw the folder to the ground in disbelief. The photos scattered across the estate’s stone entrance.

Theodore’s arm was wrapped tightly around me. I struggled to break free, but the more I struggled, the tighter he held on.

I already know who saved me. The one who called me “Junior Sister” at the creche, who altered the surveillance footage—only he has that kind of ability – Killan.

Seeing my collapse, he would have immediately checked the surveillance footage. He discovered the truth and remotely replaced the images that the pack enforcers found.

Theodore’s dark eyes were unfathomable. No one could tell what he was thinking behind that impenetrable.

A small voice broke through the tension. “What’s happening?”

Leo climbed out of the back seat, rubbing his sleepy eyes. He had been napping during our drive back.

He saw the scattered photos on the ground and immediately bent down to collect them. “Grandma, why are you throwing away my photos with Aunt Clara?”

His small hands gathered the printed images carefully. “Aunt Clara is going abroad. These are our last photos together”—

Tears began streaming down his face. “I’ll never see her again.”

Leo clutched the stack of photos against his chest, crying silently.

Eleonora’s expression shifted as she realized the situation, She quickly pulled Leo aside, her voice gentle but probing.

“Leo, sweetheart, why was your father also present in these photos?”

Having wiped his nose with the back of his hand, Aunt Clara and I arranged for her to pick me up after creche activities.”

“We were going to play together before I went home,” he continued innocently. “But Dad came and drove Aunt Clara away.”

Everyone around us breathed a collective sigh of relief. The tension in the air began to dissipate.

Eleonora smiled warmly. “It was all a misunderstanding then.”

But Iris, Isadora’s young daughter, stepped forward with curious eyes. She pointed at one of the photos in Leo’s hands.

“Uncle Theodore,” she said in her clear child’s voice. “In this picture, your hand and the woman’s hand are both holding Leo’s hands.”

Her innocent observation caused a wave of embarrassment among the gathered crowd. “It looks like how Mommy and Daddy hold my hands when we’re together as a family.”

Alaric quickly intervened, his voice smooth and dismissive. “Leo probably fell down, and both adults helped him up.”

He examined the photos more closely. “The surveillance footage seems unusually clear though, as if it had been enhanced.”

Tears had dried on my face as I looked at Theodore. His ink–black eyes grew even deeper and more unreadable.

I knew he would soon have his pack enforcers verify the surveillance photos. But I was confident they would find no trace of manipulation.

Eleonora clapped her hands together decisively. “The misunderstanding is resolved. Everyone must be hungry.”

“Let’s go to dinner,” she announced with forced cheerfulness.

Leo took Fris’s hand, carelessly handing the photos he had treasured moments before to a nearby pack servant.

“Iris, I discovered something really fun today,” he said excitedly, his earlier tears forgotten.

I watched their innocent, joyful figures walking ahead of us. The memory of Theodore striking Leo flashed through my mind.

My heart filled with indescribable emotions. My five–year–old pup wasn’t truly corrupted.

He had been influenced by Clara's manipulation. With Clara gone, I believed Leo would learn to distinguish right from wrong as he grew up.

At dinner, Eleonore watched as Theodore carried me into the grand dining hall. He gently tended to my injured hand with cold water.

She handed Theodore a small tube of ointment. "Apply this to Olivia's hand"

Eleonora chuckled softly. "It brings good fortune to the pack when the Luna disciplines her Alpha"

"Clara is to blame for all this trouble," she continued firmly. "She will not be allowed back into the pack"

Theodore carefully spread the ointment across my palm. His touch was gentle.

Eleonora settled into her chair at the head of the table. "The family should spend more time together."

Her eyes focused on me with meaningful intensity. "Olivia, you should consider having another pup"

"Lyra's death anniversary is approaching," she continued, "Her spirit will soon bless you with a daughter." I stared at Eleonora with a cold, sharp gaze. Her expression became slightly unnatural under my scrutiny. But she pressed on relentlessly. "Your mother would want you to have more children. She would want the Redgrave line to continue."

I sneered. How dare she? After indulging Theodore's mistress, she still had the audacity to think she could manipulate me using my deceased mother.

I pushed away her hand with sudden force. My voice rang out clear and final across the dining hall.

"I will never have children with Theodore again,"

Eleonora and Isadora stared at me in shock. The entire room fell silent.

Eleonora maintained her composure, though her smile was strained. "Olivia, dear, having only Leo would be lonely for him."

"The pack's future would be too much burden for one heir," she argued gently.

I calmly met her gaze, "Are you certain that Theodore only has Leo as his child?"

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(Olivia's POV)

Eleonora's brows drew together at my question. For a moment, her composure slipped.

"What do you mean by that? Of course Leo is your only child." she said, but I heard the tremor in her voice.

Her hands tightened around her wine glass. The crystal stem looked fragile under her grip.

I wanted to expose her right here and now. The words burned in my throat.

But Theodore's voice cut through my thoughts. "Mother, Olivia and I are planning to adopt a child."

He reached for my hand across the table. His touch was warm, but I felt nothing.

"Our family will soon have more than just Leo," he announced. His smile was strained.

Eleonora leaned forward, her expression shifting.

"What's the adopted child's name?" she asked. "When can I meet them?"

Theodore's answer came quickly. "We've only received photo albums from Lyra's Hope Sanctuary so far."

"We haven't formally met the child yet," he continued.

"Don't ever say anything about Livvy having another pup again." Theodore looked at his mother seriously.

I understand."

I found myself unable to focus on their conversation. My attention drifted across the table to Isadora.

Something was wrong with her tonight.

Isadora was typically the most lively person at any gathering, dominating conversations with stories and laughter.

But tonight she sat in silence. Her eyes seemed distant and hollow. Seemingly lost in thought.

What struck me was her eating. Just last week in our pack group chat, she had mentioned wanting to lose weight for summer.

She had said she would focus on light eating and avoiding rich foods.

Yet here she was, eating without pause. She focused only on the two richest dishes in front of her—the braised venison and cream-laden soup.

Her fork moved from plate to mouth. She barely seemed to taste what she was consuming.

I wanted to show concern for her I had watched Isadora grow up from a rebellious teenager into a strong Luna.

But after Evelyn's betrayal, I couldn't afford another misplaced trust. Not when my world was already crumbling.

I pushed back from the table, needed to check on Leo's hand, shot out to stop me, but I was already standing. "To find him myself."

The entertainment room buzzed with electronic sounds. I found Leo and Iris absorbed in their video game.

"Leo, don't stay up too late," I called.

He barely glanced up from the screen. Just five more minutes, Mom."

I was about to respond when a voice drifted from the nearby tea room. The door was slightly ajar, and I recognized Alaric.

"If it weren't for wanting my brother-in-law's investment, I wouldn't accompany her back to her family home."

My blood ran cold. He was talking to someone on the phone, his tone low and intimate.

"Even if we sleep in the same bed, I won't touch her, Alaric continued.

"She lies in bed like a dead fish, completely unable to arouse my desire."

There was a pause, then his voice shifted. "I only have you in my heart, baby."

My first instinct was to burst into the tea room and expose him. But something held me back.

Isadora deserved to hear this from me first. She needed to know what kind of monster she had mated with.

I turned toward the study where I had seen Isadora heading earlier. I walked quickly.

But as I approached the study door, I heard crying from within. The door was slightly open.

Isadora sat in a chair, tears streaming down her face while Eleonora loomed over her.

“I want to sever the mate bond with Alaric,” Isadora sobbed. “I can’t take his betrayal anymore.”

My heart clenched. She already knew.

“Absolutely not,” Eleonora said.

“As the eldest daughter of the Redgrave family, you cannot afford to lose control of your mating,” Eleonora stated. It would be laughable to outsiders.”

Isadora looked up. “But he’s cheating on me, Mother, How can I pretend everything is fine

“You are the Luna of the Drake pack,” Eleonora continued. “Your focus should be on controlling power, status, and wealth,”

Those things will pave the way for your children’s future,” she added.

Isadora’s voice broke. “What about my happiness? What about my dignity?”

Eleonora waved a hand. “Alaric’s betrayal is a common mistake all Alphas make.”

“As long as he respects you publicly and gives you dignity, other matters shouldn’t be overanalyzed.”

I pressed closer to the door, unable to pull myself away.

Isadora’s next words made my stomach turn: “His mistress is pregnant, Mother. She’s already appearing publicly as the future Line Drake.”

Eleonora’s response came without hesitation. Since you only have a daughter, you should raise the mistress’s pup as your own if it’s Daughter.

“Having the mistress around will actually prevent other she-wolves from pursuing Alaric,” she added.

Isadora’s voice rose. “Are power and status more important than my daughter’s happiness?”

The sound of a slap echoed through the room. Eleonora had struck her own daughter.

“All powerful Alphas’ Lunas go through this, it’s perfectly normal, Eleonora said. “Did you think you special?”

She laughed scornfully, bringing up my mother, “Look at your brother’s beloved Livvy’s mother, Lila Blackwood, how foolish to sever her mate bond so easily.”

My hands clenched into fists.

“And what was the result? Livvy’s father quickly recovered from the trauma of a broken mate bond, mated with that mistress, and is still living happily with her now. And Lyra? She bore the infamous reputation of a jealous Luna and died within a few years.”

Eleonora’s voice was mocking. “Do you want to be equally stupid and follow the same path?”

In her eyes, my mother’s actions had never earned her respect. My mother had always considered her a good friend, yet in her heart, she had always looked down on my mother. My mother’s strength and courage were, in her eyes, nothing but foolishness.

I could not tolerate anyone slandering or looking down on my mother.

I shoved the study door open. Both women turned toward me.

I helped the trembling Isadora to her feet. My gaze met Eleonora’s

“Isa, don’t be afraid,” I said. I support your decision to sever the mate bond with Alaric.”