

Chapter 2: The Truth Everyone Knew

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(Olivia's POV)

I walked towards the closet, ready to change out of my pajamas. The morning light ltered 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 oor. 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 uids 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 nally 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 nd their way back to their owner."

I rushed upstairs, threw on the rst dress I could nd, 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 rst.

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 owing 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!"