

# 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 21

(Olivia's POV)

Eleonora's face darkened the moment I spoke.

Her eyes narrowed, her gaze a mixture of anger and suspicion?

I glared at her without hesitation, and she realized that I had heard her comment about my mother. But instead of feeling sorry, her face was filled with an expression of displeasure.

As the former Luna, she would never allow anyone to interfere with her decisions. Nor would she tolerate anyone defying her.

"Olivia, this has nothing to do with you. You're not feeling well, go back to your room and rest."

I ignored her completely. My gaze remained fixed on Isadora, waiting for her decision.

Seeing my cold attitude toward her, Eleonora had no choice but to compromise under Isadora's stubborn gaze. But her tone was impatient.

"I'll help you take care of this, okay? Don't make Oli worry about you, and don't tell your brother."

Eleonora's voice took on that dismissive, patronizing tone I'd grown to hate. "I'll make Alaric break up with that woman. If you don't want to see that pup, I will also have him take responsibility for putting the pup in foster care."

She waved her hand as if swatting away a fly.

"Stop talking about severing the mate bond."

Her attitude made Isadora even more upset, and her tears began to fall.

"Mom, I'm your biological daughter, not a decoration you've placed in the Drake pack to occupy territory." Her voice shook with emotion. "I have the right to choose my own life. I want to sever my mate bond!"

With a sharp c\*\*\*k, Eleonora moved in front of her and slapped her across the face. Her face contorted with rage.

“If you dare sever the bond with Alaric, I won’t acknowledge you as my daughter.” Her words cut like silver daggers. “Don’t expect to return to the Crimson Pack as a young lady. The Redgrave family will never produce rejected Lunas.”

Isadora covered her face, and I could see the dawning realization on it: when it came to the pack’s interests, she was not her mother’s first choice.

She remained defiant. “Fine! From now on, I’m not your daughter, and Iris isn’t your granddaughter.”

Her voice grew stronger with each word. “We don’t need you to manage our affairs. I’ll take Iris and leave now, but I will definitely sever the mate bond with Alaric, no matter the cost.”

I empathized with Isadora’s pain. I knew exactly what it felt like to be betrayed by your mate.

I took Isadora’s hand and looked at Eleonora with cold eyes. “Isa, come with me. I won’t stay in this house either.”

“Leave? I’d like to see just how far you can get,”

Elenora sneered.

At that moment, a scream came from outside, followed by Iris’s cries.

Iris threw herself into Isadora’s arms, sobbing.

“Mama, hurry and make uncle stop hitting Papa. Papa’s bleeding so much.”

Inside the teahouse, Alaric was being held down by two gang enforcers and whipped with a silver lash.

His face was swollen beyond recognition, covered in welts and blood.

Theodore sat across from Alaric with cold, emotionless amber eyes. His Alpha aura was so powerful and intimidating that even I felt its weight.

When Alaric weakly called out “Theo... Isadora, save me,” Theodore’s voice was ice. “What right do you have to call my sister’s name?”

The pack enforcers hit him harder. Alaric’s pained groans filled the room.

Eleonora tried to intervene. “Theodore, the Drake pack may be in decline, but you can’t treat an Alpha this way.”

Despite being hit, Alaric's eyes remained arrogant.

"What's wrong with having a mistress? It's normal for an Alpha to attract a few she-wolves." He spat a mouthful of bloody foam at Theodore and gave a cold smirk.

"Honorable Alpha Theodore, don't you have one too? Why are you pretending to be so righteous now?"

Hearing this, I released Isadora's hand.

Since Alaric already knows about Theodore, what about Isadora? Is she helping them deceive me too?

Isadora slapped Alaric hard across his already battered face. "You've done despicable things, but you dare slander my brother. My brother would never do anything to betray my sister-in-law."

She turned to Theodore, her eyes full of hatred for her mate. Her voice shook as she detailed Alaric's crimes.

"Brother, he's been unfaithful to me. He has more than one mistress. He openly brought one of them into the pack, allowing her to call herself the 'future Luna Drake.'" Her voice broke. "And he even got her pregnant."

Tears streamed down her face. "Brother, I never want to see him again. I will never forgive him!"

Listening to Isadora's tearful accusations, I felt the same pain. I recognized my own situation in her words, heard my own inner voice.

I can't take it anymore. I'm afraid of what Alaric might say next.

I'm not Isadora, I don't have a brother like Theodore, and I'm not ready yet. I can't reveal everything I know, I don't have the strength to fight back.

In the cage he had woven for me, I was completely alone and helpless.

"I'll go check on the pups," I said, then turned and left.

As I went upstairs, I heard Theodore's casual voice behind me. "Tie him up and send him to the Drake family. Tell Elder Corbin he has three days to dissolve the mate bond, sign an agreement relinquishing custody of Iris, and cede all rights to the pack's territory and assets to Iris, or I will bankrupt the Derek pack."

I saw Alaric being gagged and dragged out by pack enforcers. No matter how he struggled, Isadora never looked at him again.

After the car left, Isadora buried herself in Theodore's arms and cried bitterly.

In the bedroom, Iris had cried herself to sleep.

Leo stayed by her side, gently wiping tears from her eyes.

I watched this scene, lost in thought. My son's kindness touched something deep in my chest.

Leo looked up at me with confused eyes.

"Mom, why would uncle be with another woman and hurt aunt so much?"

His young voice was filled with genuine bewilderment. "I'll never call him uncle again."

He naturally embraced my neck, seeking comfort as he used to after nightmares. His empathy for Iris made my heart tremble.

I naturally hugged him back, feeling his small body against mine.

I decided to test him. "Leo, what would you do if your father became like your uncle? Being with another woman and making me sad like your aunt?"

Leo's innocent eyes widened. "Would that make you as sad as Aunt Isa?"

Remembering how harmoniously Leo got along with Clara, I released him. My heart felt like it was being carved by a razor.

"Maybe I would be even sadder."

Sensing my low mood, Leo said softly, "Then won't call him daddy anymore."

This made my tears fall again, perhaps my son could still be saved.

Finally, I asked him the question that had been burning in my mind. "Leo, about the little girl with short hair in the photo – what's her name?"

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 22

(Leo's POV)

When Mom asked for the little girl's name, my heart started beating really fast. Dad and Aunt Clara had told me so many times never to tell Mom about Rosie.

They said it would make Mom very sad. They said I had to protect Mom from being hurt

But now Mom was looking at me with those eyes, looking at her expectant eyes, I opened my mouth but couldn't speak don't know her name," I mumbled, looking down at my feet.

Mom's face changed. She looked so hurt, like when I accidentally broke her favorite vase.

"Leo, I always thought you were an honest child." Her voice was so quiet and sad. "But your evasiveness now deeply disappoints me"

She turned to leave. My chest felt tight, like I couldn't breathe

I remembered what happened last time when Dad found out I almost told Mom about Rosie. He had grabbed my shoulders so hard it left bruises.

His eyes had been so scary when he said, "if you ever tell your mother about that child, you'll be in serious trouble."

But seeing Mom walk away hurt even more than remembering Dad's anger.

I ran after her, my little legs moving as fast as they could.

"Mom, wait!" I shouted. By then we had reached the top of the stairs, and I saw Dad and Aunt Isa talking.

"Mom, her name is Rosie. The words burst out of me before I could stop them

(Olivia's POV)

The moment Leo spoke that name, my world shattered into a million pieces.

Rosie. Our lost pup's name. The daughter I had carried for seven months before losing her in that terrible accident.

"Can you tell me why it's such a coincidence that her name is Rosie?" I grabbed Theodore's collar with both hands, my fingers digging into the fabric.

Not only had he cheated on me, but he had the audacity to name his bastard child after our lost daughter. And worse he wanted me to raise this child as a replacement. As if our Rosin could be so easily substituted.

—

Theodore looked at me calmly. “It really is a coincidence, I thought you would like it... If you don’t like it we

Isadora looked at us in confusion, “Oll, what’s wrong with you? Why are you so excited? Who is Rosie?” “She’s the girl we want to adopt. Livy doesn’t like her name Theodore explained. His composure calmed me down.

I pushed Theodore away forcefully, turned around, wiped away my tears, and walked downstairs .

My chest felt tight. The room started spinning around me.

The last thing I remembered was the cold marble floor rushing up to meet me.

When I woke up, I was in our third-floor bedroom. The familiar ceiling came into focus slowly.

I could hear Dr. Aris Lowell’s voice outside the door, speaking to someone in hushed tones.

“She collapsed due to emotional distress and blood deficiency.” Aris was saying. “Her body can’t handle me more stress.”

The door opened, and Theodore entered. His face looked haggard, like he hadn’t slept in days.

He sat beside the bed and took my hand in his. His touch felt cold.

“Darling, I’m sorry, I didn’t expect it would cause such a strong reaction from you,” he said, his voice gentle and seemingly sincere.

“Don’t think about those things from the past anymore. Just think of this child as our lost Rosie, okay?”

I stared at him in disbelief. Even now, he was still trying to manipulate me.

“Don’t think about getting pregnant again,” he continued. “Don’t think about Rosie coming back. I’ve already lost Rosie, I can’t bear to lose you too.”

His words made my stomach turn. I don’t want to talk to him, and silence spreads through the room.

After Theodore left to handle some business that Alistair had reported, I dragged myself to the desk.

My hands shook as I pulled out a piece of paper and began writing.

“Mate Bond Severance Agreement,” I wrote at the top.

In the reason for severance section, I wrote carefully: “Mate bond breakdown due to mate’s infidelity and betrayal.”

I set up an automatic email to send the severance papers to Theodore on the day I planned to leave.

For the next two days, Theodore didn’t return home. He only sent a new phone through his pack enforcer.

I tested the device carefully, looking for tracking devices, but found none. It puzzled me how he always managed to find my location.

During those two days, I remained in my room while Eleonora and Isadora continued their heated arguments downstairs.

Their voices carried up through the floors, filled with anger and accusations.

On the third day, devastating news arrived.

Alistair knocked on my door, his face grave. “Luna, I have news about the Drake Pack.”

Alpha Theodore has suspended all cooperation, and other wolf packs no longer dare to work with them. They are already bankrupt. he said quietly.

“Elder Corbin Drake suffered a stroke from the shock. He died in the pack infirmary this morning.”

I heard Eleonora’s furious voice from downstairs, confronting Isadora.

Just because of an insignificant mistress, you’ve ignited a blood feud between two packs!” Eleonora roared.

We don’t have nearly enough strength to accommodate the members of Drake’s pack now. Do you know how much chaos this has caused in the Northern Territory??

You forced your brother to use his power to destroy the Drake Clan. You’ve damaged the Redgrave family’s reputation among all our allies.”

When Isadora came to my room seeking help as she had in the past, I simply removed her hand from my arm. walked away without saying a word. I didn’t want to be a mediator in their mother–daughter relationship anymore.

I needed to get out of this house. The walls felt like they were closing in on me.

The villa area on the hillside was sparsely populated. The cool breeze seemed to clear some of the gloom from my heart.

Suddenly, a dark shadow flashed across the road.

I spun the steering wheel and slammed the brakes, but the car veered off the road.

The last thing I saw was a large tree rushing toward me.

The airbag deployed with a loud bang. Then everything went black.

When I awoke, my head was throbbing with pain. My limbs felt numb and heavy.

I tried to move but couldn't. I was bound to a wooden chair with thick rope.

The room around me was dark, and I drove away from the manor, seeking solace in the quiet suburban roads. like an abandoned warehouse.

Alaric emerged from behind a rusty iron gate, his face cold and calculating.

"Call Theodore," he commanded, holding up my phone. "Tell him to bring Isadora to meet me."

"Why did you kidnap me?" I asked weakly, my voice barely above a whisper.

Alaric sneered. "Everyone knows you're the person closest to Theodore's heart. You're the perfect hostage to force his surrender.

I whispered back, "You're wrong. I'm not that important to Theodore."

But Alaric dismissed my words with a wave of his hand.

Soon, I heard the sound of multiple vehicles approaching. Theodore's voice cut through the air like a blade.

Alaric, release her now. His voice could barely conceal his panic.

Alaric pressed a silver dagger to my throat. The metal burned against my skin.

"My pack is finished anyway. I just want to die now, Theodore. I think it would be even better if I died together with your most beloved mate.

Theodore stepped forward without hesitation, "Take me instead. Let her go."

Alaric laughed bitterly. You think I'm stupid? Isadore told me about that hostage exchange years ago. How you turned the tables and killed your captors.

He dragged the silver blade across my cheek. I felt the sharp sting as it drew a thin line of blood.



Theodore immediately raised his hands in surrender. “Stop! I’ll agree to any demands. Just don’t harm her.”

When Isadora arrived as demanded. Alaric erupted in fury.

“Isa, your brother is a hypocrite!” he shouted at her. “Your brother has committed for more shameful acts.

His voice grew louder with each word. “Theodore also had a mistress, yet he didn’t allow me to have one, and he made my pack go bankrupt.”

Isadora tried to step closer. “Alaric, please stop making mistakes-”

“Don’t you know that I’ve always loved you!” Alaric roared, his voice breaking with emotion.

He threw open his coat, and photographs scattered through the air like snowflakes.

Look at how dissolute your brother really is.”

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 23

(Olivia’s POV)

The air filled with the scent of rust and Alaric’s crazed laughter as dozens of photographs fluttered to the ground like dirty snow. Through the storm of scattered images, my gaze remained fixed on Theodore.

There was no panic on his face. No remorse at his infidelity being exposed.

His dark eyes were cold, a ruthless glint flashing in their depths as he looked at Alaric, at the silver dagger pressed against my throat.

The blade burned against my skin. Each breath felt like fire in my lungs.

I didn’t even see him move.

He teleported in front of me and, in one fluid motion, grabbed the silver blade with his bare hand. The metal sizzled against his palm.

Before I could even feel the pain, he kicked Alaric ,at the silver dagger pressed against my throat.

The blade burned against my skin. Each breath felt like fire in my lungs.

I didn't even see him move.

He teleported in front of me and, in one fluid motion, grabbed the silver blade with his bare hand. The metal sizzled against his palm.

Before I could even feel the pain, he kicked Alaric away.

His Alpha strength sent Alaric flying several meters, crashing into a pile of scrap metal with a thunderous clang. The sound echoed through the warehouse like a death knell.

Theodore caught me securely as I fell from the chair. I sagged against him, my head spinning and my body weak from the silver's proximity.

"Don't touch me," I whispered, but my voice came out broken and small.

The silver dagger, slick with his blood, clattered to the concrete floor. He'd bloomed across his palm, instantly staining his hand.

A memory flickered Theodore, risking his life to save me once before, the very act that had made me fall for him But seeing his blood now, his heroism, stirred nothing in me.

Twenty four days. Just twenty four days until I could finally leave him.

My love, you scared me to death he murmured, his voice tight with relief as he kissed my forehead.

I turned my face away from his lips. "Don't call me that."

He ignored his blending hand, lifting me into his arms Tim taking you to the pack Infirmary"

We need to get you medical attention

"How long have you he sleeping with her?

Theodore's jaw clenched. That's PS, just to drive a wedge between us."

As he carried me out, turning his back on the chaos, I let my eyes drift shut. The sound of pack enforcers swarming the warehouse faded behind us.

(Isadora's POV)

I watched in shock as the pack enforcers swarmed Alaric, pinning him to the ground as my brother carried a limp Olivia away. Alaric, his face a mask of crazed fury, struggled against his restraints and screamed at me.

“Isadora, look! This is your beloved good brother!” His voice cracked with bitter laughter.

Blood streamed from his nose where Theodore had kicked him. His left arm hung at an odd angle.

“He’s been keeping her longer, doing even more disgusting things. The entire pack knows his disgraceful deeds!”

My eyes fell to the lewd photographs scattered across the filthy floor. The man in them was undeniably Theodore.

I bent down and picked up one of the photos with shaking hands. Theodore’s face was clearly visible.

Clara was beneath him, her back arched, her mouth open in ecstasy.

How could the brother who would give his life for his Luna betray her?

“No.” I whispered, “This can’t be real.”

Alaric laughed bitterly from the ground. “Count them, Isa. There are dozens more.”

I looked around at the scattered photographs. Each one showed my brother with Clara in different positions, different locations.

Her words echoed in my mind—Eleonora’s advice about women needing to control family power, status, and wealth. Had she taught Olivia the same?

Was that why Olivia seemed so indifferent, turning a blind eye to my brother’s affair while meddling in my mating?

I felt like a fool. I had thought Olivia was the only one who truly cared for me.

The one who supported me severing my bond with Alaric, I refused to believe she would lead me to ruin.

Iran after Alaric as the enforcers dragged him toward a car. Tearing the gag from his mouth, I demanded,

These are fake, aren’t they? My brother would never do this!”

Alaric spat blood on the ground. “Look at the timestamps, you naive little girl.”

“He enjoys the blessing of multiple she-wolves while Olivia lives in luxury. You’re the one who destroyed everything over a single she-wolf!”

His words hit me like physical blows. You’re lying!

“Am I? Ask your precious Theodore about the Northwood Manor. Ask him about their weekly meetings.”

The enforcers shoved him into the car. But his laughter continued to ring in my ears.

At the Crimson Infirmary, I found Theodore at Olivia’s bedside, his gaze filled with a tenderness I couldn’t comprehend.

Why was he so devoted to Olivia when he was having an affair?

Olivia lay unconscious on the white sheets. Her face was pale as moonlight.

My brother coldly ignored me, his eyes never leaving Olivia’s pale face. His injured hand was bandaged, but blood still seeped through.

“Theo,” I whispered. “We need to talk.”

He didn’t even look at me. “Not now.”

“Those photo-

“Get out.” His voice was deadly quiet,

I understood then that he blamed me for what happened to her. If I hadn’t pushed Alaric to this point, Olivia would never have been hurt.

I left the room in silence.

I went to the hospital’s atrium—wept among the moonflower bushes planted there. They were the only flowers grown in the hospital, because Olivia had once said she liked them.

Ever since, they were the only kind planted in all the pack’s public facilities.

The disparity was suffocating. Everything in our territory revolved around Olivia’s preferences.

Even the hospital menu had been changed to include her favorite foods. The paint colors matched what she found soothing.

Olivia’s best friend, Evelyn, silently put her arm around me. “What are you doing here?” she asked, looking at me gently.

Her presence was like a lifeline. Finally, someone who might give me answers.

“Did you know? Does Olivia know? About my brother, I asked, my voice trembling.

Evelyn looked around to make sure we were alone.

“Isa, some things are better left unspoken.”

“Please, I begged. “I need to know the truth.”

Evelyn’s confirmation was like a blade to the heart. “Olivia has known for a long time,” she said softly.

The words hit me like a physical blow. I doubled over, gasping

She chose to endure it all to protect her position as Luna.”

The world tilted. I wasn’t just a fool, I was a pawn in a game I never even knew I was playing.

How long has she known?”

“Years Evelyn whispered “She’s been pretending everything is fine to keep the pack stable.” My phone buzzed against my leg. The caller ID showed Silas, the Investigator I had hired.

I answered with trembling hands, bracing myself for the truth about the woman in the photograph,

“Miss Redgrave, Silas’s voice was professional but tinged with excitement. “I have the information you requested about the woman with your target.”

## **30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 24**

(Isadora’s POV)

I pressed the phone closer to my ear. My heart hammered against my ribs.

“Tell me

“Clara Thorne, the campus beauty of Crestwood University and a gymnastics scholarship student, was actually admitted to the university as a result of Alpha Theodore’s manipulation.”

A pause. Static filled the silence.

“But here’s the interesting part. Her father’s name in the family column is Silvanus Winter.”

The blood drained from my face. The hospital corridor spun around me.

Silvanus Winter. That was Olivia’s biological father. The one she’d severed all ties with years ago.

“Are you certain?” My voice came out as a whisper.

“Absolutely. I double-checked the records. Clara Thorne is Olivia Blackwood’s Sister.”

The phone slipped from my numb fingers. It clattered against the marble floor.

Clara wasn’t just my brother’s mistress. She was Olivia’s half-sister.

The revelation crushed what was left of my heart. Every breath felt like glass in my lungs.

Theodore. My perfect brother. The Alpha I’d looked up to my choose my own mate.

He was a cheater.

I had just fought through hell to sever my bond with Alaric. Believing I was finally free from the pain of infidelity.

But it was all a lie. My own brother had betrayed his mate.

And Olivia had stood by silently. Encouraging me to reject my bond while she endured her own humiliation,

Was she helping me find freedom? Or was she just a hypocrite, mocking my strength?

“Isa, what’s wrong?” Evelyn’s concerned voice cut through my spiraling thoughts.

Her hand touched my shoulder. Warm and steady.

I showed her the phone screen with Clara’s profile. Her eyes widened in shock

Oh goddess, she breathed.

How could he do this?” I whispered, “How could Theodore betray her like this?”

“But he’s been lying to everyone!” I snapped.

“Keep your voice down,” Evelyn hissed, glancing around the empty corridor.

“The pack has grown over the decade to become the largest in the Northern Territory. Theodore already sent that she-wolf abroad. It’s over.”

I stared at her in disbelief. “You want me to pretend nothing happened?”

“A decade of friendship is strong enough to withstand this test.” Her voice was gentle but insistent. “Olivia’s silence is practical. She’s protecting what matters.”

“What matters? Her dignity? Her heart?”

Evelyn shook her head. “The pack. The stability. The future.”

\*Focus on getting along with Olivia,” she continued. “This changes nothing between you two.”

“How can I face her knowing what I know?” My voice cracked.

Evelyn’s eyes lit up suddenly. Like she’d found the perfect solution.

\*Olivia’s mother’s grave needs to be relocated. You could organize a memorial for Olivia’s mother’s death anniversary. It would be a way to win back her favor and solidify your position.”

The suggestion made my stomach churn. Bile rose in my throat.

I, a Redgrave daughter, now had to suck up to an outsider. To live comfortably in my own home.

I remembered the pain on Olivia’s face when she first arrived in Stonehaven City. Lost and grieving.

Any sympathy I once felt had curdled into stone.

“Fine,” I said coldly. “Til organize the memorial.

“Make it perfect,” Evelyn encouraged. “So touching that Olivia will cry with gratitude.”

My happy life has been destroyed, so others shouldn’t have one either.

I pushed open the infirmary door. The hinges creaked softly.

I saw them. Theodore holding Olivia. Their faces close in what looked like an intimate moment.

Where I once would have felt joy for them, now I only felt profound, burning disgust.

My brother was a liar. And Olivia was either a fool or a master manipulator.

(Olivia’s POV)

Consciousness was a hazy, drifting fog. Reality blended with memory in a nauseating swirl.

I was back in the sloky warehouse, The air thick with the smell of gasoline and fear.

The Kidnappers snarling faces flashed before me. Their demand for eight million. All the cash my mother had brought from our old pack.

Then Theodore appeared. Impossibly brave, Exchanging himself for me.

He fought like a cornered wolf: Chouting for me to escape as flames licked up the walls.

A massive burning beam began to fall. Directly towards him.

My scream ripped from my throat. Pulling me from the depths of memory.

“No, don’t... Theo!”

I woke with tears streaming down my face. Looking up into Theodore’s pale, worried eyes.

He was holding my hand. His grip tight and desperate.

“I won’t let anyone hurt you again,” he promised.

The words once were the bedrock of my world. Now they were just a painful reminder of the boy he used to be.

The Alpha who once seemed to love me more than life itself had vanished.

He pulled me into an embrace. Whispering that he would always be by my side.

But his arms felt like a constraining net. Suffocating me.

I pushed against his chest. Desperate for air.

The more I struggled, the tighter the web became. Choking me,

“Olivia, you’re safe now,” he murmured against my hair.

“Let me go,” I whispered painfully.

Through the doorway, “I said let me go,

I saw Isadora’s familiar silhouette. She stood frozen in the entrance.

Theodore.”



His arms loosened reluctantly. I could breathe again.

After Theodore released me, Isadora approached. Her face was a mask of gentle concern.

But something in her eyes had changed. A coldness I'd never seen before.

I took her hand warmly. A wave of protectiveness washed over me..

I knew how difficult her life in the Redgrave family would be. After severing her mate bond with Alaric.

"Isa, are you alright?" I asked softly.

She squeezed my hand. But her smile didn't reach her eyes.

"I should be asking you that question."

I made a silent decision. Before I left this pack, I would transfer my thirty percent stake to her.

It would be enough to secure her future. And that of her pup, Iris.

The door opened again. Healer Elias entered the room.

His face was bearing He held up a test result like a trophy.

Alpha, your Luna is pregnant.

His words made my heart stop, and the truth I wanted to hide was exposed just like that. But Theodore's reaction was very calm. He snatched the report from the healer's hand.

His voice was devoid of all emotion. "Run the test again. There must be some mistake."

## **30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 25**

(God's POV)

"What did you say?" Olivia's voice was so faint it was barely audible.

The test report trembled in Healer Elias's hands. His beaming smile faltered at Theodore's cold reaction.

Isadora stepped forward and took the report with surprise. Her eyes scanned the elevated hormone levels that clearly indicated pregnancy.

"The numbers don't lie," she said slowly. "These hormone levels are definitely consistent with early pregnancy."

Olivia's heart pounded violently in her chest, never expecting that what she had desperately tried to conceal would be exposed like this.

But Theodore's face remained stone cold. No joy. No excitement. Just that terrible, empty stare.

Isadora's chest tightened with bitter pain. They had both been betrayed by their partners. But Olivia seemed to be living better because she could tolerate the betrayal.

While she herself had lost everything.

Reputation, status, partner – all gone.

And now Olivia was pregnant. Another blessing that Isadora would never have.

The jealousy burned like acid in her throat.

Olivia looked at Theodore with confusion. "Why are you saying I'm not pregnant when the test clearly shows otherwise?"

Theodore's expression softened instantly. He reached for her hand with that gentle smile she once loved.

"My love, the healer made a mistake. You're not pregnant."

Isadora's eyes widened. "But the data is accurate. These numbers clearly indicate-"

She caught a glimpse of darkness in her brother's eyes. A warning that made her blood freeze.

She immediately fell silent.

Olivia saw the exchange of glances between the siblings. Theodore was hiding something from her. But what? And why?

"Isa, you're not a healer," Theodore said gently, but his tone carried a subtle scolding. "You shouldn't talk nonsense about medical matters."

Then he looked at Olivia with tender eyes.

Olivia understood completely. The test results were correct, and Dr. Aris wouldn't have lied to her about something so important.

The test results were real, it was Theodore who was lying.

But why wouldn't he admit to her pregnancy?

Was it because he didn't look forward to having more pups with her at all?

Just when she thought she had reached the bottom of her disappointment in him, he always managed to break through her limits once again.

Theodore kissed her forehead softly. "Rest now, my love. I need to speak with Healer Elias about your treatment."

His expression turned cold the moment he stepped away from her bedside.

Olivia watched him leave with Healer Elias. The door closed behind them with a soft click.

"Don't worry," Isadora said, moving closer to comfort her. "You're both still young. There will be more chances."

Olivia shook her head and smiled sadly. The expression was so heartbreaking that even Isadora felt a pang of guilt.

"I will never have pups again, Isa."

Isadora frowned. "What do you mean? You're healthy. There's no reason-

"I need to use the restroom," Olivia interrupted, pushing herself up from the bed.

But instead of going to the restroom, she walked quietly toward Healer Elias's office. Her bare feet made no sound on the cold marble floor.

The door was slightly ajar. Theodore's ice-cold voice drifted through the gap.

"Remove this pup."

Olivia's hand flew to her mouth to muffle her gasp.

"Alpha, I must question this decision," Healer

Elias said carefully. "Your Luna has been trying to conceive for years. This pregnancy is a blessing."

Theodore's laugh was harsh and bitter. "There are plenty of pups in this world. Any she-wolf can give birth."

His next words drove through Olivia's chest like a silver dagger.

"I don't need her to have pups."

The world tilted around her. Olivia gripped the doorframe to keep from falling.

She understood now. He didn't want her to bear his pups because he had another woman he preferred.

Clara. Who had already given him what he truly wanted.

Olivia bit back her tears and returned to the ward on unsteady legs. She told herself he wasn't worth her grief.

But the pain was overwhelming anyway.

She didn't hear Theodore's words that followed, nor his heavy sigh as he explained to the therapist.

"Livvy's health is fragile. Pregnancy would be too dangerous for her. I'm afraid it will be the same as last time, and this time I might not be so lucky."

"I won't let my beloved Luna risk even the slightest danger. Not even for a pup."

Healer Elias was moved by what he perceived as Theodore's deep love and consideration.

"Such devotion is rare among stronger Alphas, Alpha Theodore. Your Luna is truly blessed."

Olivia had just returned to her hospital room and lay down when the door burst open.

Eleonora strode in with several pack omega servants trailing behind her. Her face was thunderous with rage.

Seeing Isadora still there, she moved forward like a striking snake.

The slap echoed through the room like a gunshot. Isadora flew backward onto the sofa, her cheek already swelling.

Eleonora raised her hand to strike again.

"Stop, Elder Eleonora!" Olivia shouted.

The formal address made Eleonora freeze mid-strike. This was the second time in days that Olivia had called her “Elder Eleonora” instead of “Mom.”

The change was not lost on the former Luna.

“This little b\*\*h is the cause of your k\*\*\*\*\*g and hospitalization,” Eleonora snarled, pointing at Isadora. “Her stupidity nearly got you killed.”

“It wasn’t Isadora’s fault,” Olivia said firmly, struggling to sit up. “Please don’t blame her.”

Eleonora’s expression softened instantly when she looked at Olivia. She rushed to her bedside with maternal concern.

“My dear child, you look so pale. I brought you nutritious venison soup and moon grass supplements.”

She fussed over Olivia like a mother hen.

Adjusting her pillows, checking her temperature, making sure she was comfortable.

Isadora watched this tender care with bitter jealousy burning in her chest.

Even after everything, Olivia still received love and attention. While she sat alone with her swollen cheek and broken dreams.

“Isadora, get out!” Eleonora’s voice turned sharp again. “Leave through the back door to avoid the reporters. And you will remain confined to the manor. No going out casually.”

It was a command.

Isadora nodded silently and left without another word.

Once she was alone in the corridor, she pulled out her phone with shaking hands.

“Miss Thorne,” she said when the call connected. Her voice was cold and calculating now.

“I’ve decided to help you seize the Luna position.”

There was excited breathing on the other end of the line.

Isadora’s lips curved into a cruel smile. “I have a plan. The timing will be particularly perfect. But you have to listen to me.”

She paused for dramatic effect.

“Right on the anniversary of Olivia’s mother Lyra

Blackwood’s death.”

“And then?” The silence on the other end was expectant. Hungry.

“Olivia’s pride will force her to sever the mate bond once the a\*\*y is exposed by the media,” Isadora continued with malicious satisfaction.

“Don’t you think the plot of her witnessing her

Alpha mate wildly making love with another woman on her mother’s death anniversary is exciting enough?”

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 26

(God’s POV)

After Isadora left, Olivia pushed herself up from the hospital bed with determination.

I want to be discharged,” she announced to Eleonora and Theodore.

Theodore frowned immediately. “Livvy, you need more rest. The healers said-”

“Tomorrow is the anniversary of my mother’s death,” Olivia interrupted, “Her ashes need to be moved to the new memorial grove. I have to be there.”

Eleonora nodded approvingly. “Of course, dear. Lyra deserves proper respect from her daughter.”

Theodore’s jaw tightened. “The ceremony can proceed without you. Your health is more important.”

“No! My mother was buried hastily before the grove was completed. Now that everything is ready, I will not miss this.”

Eleonora placed a protective hand on Olivia’s shoulder. “Theodore, some things are more important than medical caution. Olivia needs to honor her mother.”

Faced with both women’s determination, Theodore finally relented with visible reluctance.

An hour later, Olivia was bundled in a thick coat with a hood pulled low over her face. Pack enforcers surrounded her as they exited the infirmary.

The sight that greeted them was overwhelming.

Dozens of reporters and camera crews had gathered outside the facility. Flashes exploded like lightning as they pushed forward against the barrier of pack guards.

“Luna Olivia! How are you feeling?”

“Alpha Theodore, is it true you personally rescued your mate?”

“What can you tell us about the Drake pack incident?”

Theodore’s arm wrapped protectively around Olivia as they moved toward the waiting car. Eleonora flanked her other side, her expression regal and fierce.

“Look how much Alpha Theodore loves his Luna,” one reporter commented to his cameraman. “He hasn’t left her side since the rescue.”

“And Elder Eleonora treats her like her own daughter,” another added. “Such a devoted family.”

But then a voice cut through the admiring chatter with sharp accusation.

“What about the rumors of Alpha Theodore’s affair?” The reporter’s voice carried clearly over the crowd.

“Sources say he has an illegitimate pup with his mistress.”

The crowd erupted in heated debate. Some reporters shouted denials while others pressed for more information.

“My source is extremely reliable,” the original reporter insisted. “There will be a major revelation at tomorrow’s memorial ceremony for the Luna’s mother.”

In the crowd, a small hand tugged insistently at a man’s sleeve.

“Daddy, is the pretty auntie okay?” Elara’s worried voice was barely audible above the commotion.

Killian held his daughter closer, his ice-blue eyes fixed on Olivia’s retreating figure. His heart clenched seeing her weakened state.

He had learned from Matthew Kane about Olivia’s plan to abandon her current life and return to the organization. Years ago, she had left the Shadow Syndicate to mate with Theodore. Now she was going back.

It wasn't hard to imagine what she had endured.

Seeing her like this tore at his heart, but his new mission required him to maintain his cover. His identity was about to debut in the Northern Territory. He couldn't contact her yet.

"She'll be fine, little star," he whispered to Elara, though his own voice was tight with concern.

(Olivia's POV)

The Redgrave Manor came into view as our car pulled through the gates. My chest tightened when I saw two familiar figures waiting at the entrance.

Leo stood beside Alistair, his small frame rigid with what looked like forced patience. The sight of my little boy safe and unharmed was the only thing that mattered right now.

I hurried from the car the moment it stopped, ignoring Theodore's protests about taking it slow.

"Leo!" I called out, rushing toward him with open arms.

But when I tried to embrace him, he pulled back sharply. His small hands pushed against my chest.

"Ow! You're hurting me," he complained, his voice cold and distant.

My arms fell to my sides as confusion and pain washed over me. "I'm sorry, sweetheart. I just missed you so much."

Leo barely looked at me as he turned to Theodore. "Dad, can I go watch cartoons now? I already said hi to Mom."

The casual dismissal hit me like a physical blow. I remembered how this same little boy used to shower me with kisses when I had even the smallest scrape. Now he couldn't be bothered to look at me properly.

"Leo, why don't you care about Mommy anymore?" The words escaped before I could stop them.

His response was like ice water in my veins.

"Are you having your old problems again? Just a minor illness, and you need everyone to revolve around you?"

Then he turned and ran back into the house without another word.



I stared after him, my heart breaking into smaller pieces. When Hooked at Theodore for explanation, “I didn’t tell him about the k\*\*\*\*\*g,” he said quietly. “I thought it would frighten him unnecessarily.”

But that didn’t explain the coldness. The complete lack of concern for my wellbeing. This wasn’t just about not knowing what happened.

This was about not caring.

Eleonora approached with a tablet in her hands, her expression brightening with satisfaction.

“Wonderful news, dear,” she announced. “The media coverage of the Drake pack annexation has been completely suppressed. Instead, all the headlines are about Theodore rescuing you from the infirmary.”

She showed me the screen filled with photos of our exit. “I think we should arrange for reporters to attend tomorrow’s memorial service. Create some positive publicity to help people forget about the Drake incident entirely.”

My stomach churned at the thought of turning my mother’s memorial into a media spectacle. But I thought of Isadora’s current situation. The pack members were calling her the ultimate spy, sent to destroy the Drake pack from within. They painted the Redgrave family as bullies and manipulators.

“If it helps Isadora,” I said quietly, “then we’ll do it.”

Eleonora beamed with approval. “Such wisdom, my dear. Your mother would be proud.”

Footsteps on the stairs drew my attention. Isadora descended slowly, “Olivia,” she said softly, “could I speak with you? It’s about Iris.”

I nodded and followed her upstairs.

“She’s been crying since the servants told her about her father’s arrest,” Isadora explained as we walked. “She doesn’t understand what’s happening.”

We found Iris curled up in a window seat, her small face streaked with tears. When she saw me, her eyes widened with innocent concern.

“Aunt Olivia, did Daddy really hurt you?” she asked in a tiny voice.

My hand instinctively went to the fading bruises on my face. “No, sweetheart. I scratched myself by accident.”

“What happened to your face? It looks scary.”

“Just a silly accident,” I assured her, sitting beside her on the cushioned seat. “Nothing to worry about.”

But her next question nearly broke my composure entirely.

“Are Mommy and I going to be kicked out? The servants said we might have to leave.”

I pulled her into my arms, feeling the familiar ache for my own lost daughter. “This is your home too, Iris. You and your mommy will always have a place here.”

The child’s innocence reminded me how much children suffer when adult relationships fall apart. They become casualties in wars they never chose to fight.

After comforting Iris until she fell asleep, I pulled Isadora aside.

“I need you to come with me to the Northern Territory Joint Council the day after tomorrow,” I said quietly.

Isadora looked confused. “Why? What’s happening there?”

“I’m transferring all the territorial rights Theodore gave me during our mating to you.”

Her eyes widened in shock. “Olivia, I can’t accept that. Those rights are worth-”

“I understand your position in the pack is difficult right now,” I interrupted. “These rights will give you security.

You won’t have to feel like you’re dependent on charity anymore.”

Tears began falling down Isadora’s cheeks as she took my hand. “Why would you do this for me?”

“Because I’m sorry for what Iris is going through. Her childhood shouldn’t be affected by adult mistakes any more than it already has been.”

The truth was deeper than that, though I couldn’t tell her. I only had twenty-five days left to spend with Leo.

If he cannot come with me, then by granting Isadora these territorial rights, I hope she can take care of him after I leave.

He would need someone to rely on in the pack after I left.

“I’m going to spend some time with Leo in the recreation room now,” I said, forcing a smile. “There are things I need to make up for.”

Isadora squeezed my hand tightly. “Thank you, Olivia. For everything.”

As I walked toward the recreation room, my heart was heavy with the knowledge that every moment with my little boy was precious now.

I only had twenty-five days left to try to win back his love.

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 27

(Isadora’s POV)

After Olivia left, I stood alone in the hallway, my emotions churning like a storm. I hated her. I hated her hypocrisy, her perfect facade that everyone adored.

But her expression just now had been so sincere. So genuine.

We had once been very good friends. When Olivia became my sister-in-law, I wasn’t even eighteen yet. She had always doted on me greatly.

The jewelry I liked, the expensive clothes I coveted – Olivia would buy them for me without hesitation. She was always generous, always kind.

Those memories made my hatred feel heavier, more complicated.

“Isadora.” Eleonora’s voice cut through my thoughts like a blade.

I turned to see my mother approaching, her expression cold and calculating. She had clearly overheard my conversation with Olivia.

“You are not allowed to accept those territorial rights,” she said firmly. “Even if you do accept them, I will absolutely not let Olivia transfer them out.”

My jaw dropped. “Why can’t I have them? I’m your child too.”

My mother glanced at me with a look of disgust and disdain, “Because you’re a fool who lacks the ability to handle these territorial rights.”

The words hit me like physical blows. “Mother, I-”

“You don’t have one–tenth of Olivia’s intelligence,” she continued mercilessly. “You’re as stupid as Olivia’s mother Lyra. Sometimes I truly doubt whether you’re really my own biological child.”

She’s always like this – in her eyes, I’ve always been nothing but a useless daughter who only causes trouble.

Fury exploded in my chest. “The territory belongs to my brother! If Olivia wants to transfer it to me, you have no right to interfere!”

Eleonora’s hand moved faster than lightning. The slap across my face sent stars dancing across my vision.

“Try it,” she sneered. “Theodore would not defy my wishes. I will absolutely not allow the territorial rights to fall into your hands, letting you threaten Theodore’s rule.”

She turned and walked away, leaving me standing there with my cheek burning.

In my mother’s eyes, the most important things were always my brother and her own status. Never me. Never her daughter.

At that moment, I made up my mind. My earlier weakness was truly laughable—if that’s how it is, then I will destroy my brother’s reputation and show my mother my true capabilities.

The next morning arrived with gray skies and heavy clouds. The memorial ceremony for Lyra would be grand this year we were finally moving her ashes to the new cemetery.

I waited until no one was around before slipping into the preparation room. My hands shook as I pulled out the small vial I had hidden in my dress.

Wolfsbane mixed with sildenafil and aconite extract. A combination that would drive any wolf into uncontrollable heat while clouding their judgment.

I poured the mixture into the water pitcher, watching the clear liquid swirl and settle. My heart pounded against my ribs.

Theodore appeared in the doorway, looking distracted and worried. “Where is Olivia?”

“She’s been in the inner chamber all morning,” I said, forcing my voice to remain steady. “Preparing for the ceremony.”

I picked up the water pitcher with trembling hands and approached him. “You look tired, brother. You should drink something.”

Theodore barely glanced at me as he took the glass. His attention was entirely focused on his concerns about Olivia.

He drank it down in one gulp.

I left the room with satisfaction burning in my chest.

(Theodore's POV)

I hadn't seen Olivia all morning, and worry gnawed at my insides. Today was her mother's memorial service – I knew how emotionally fragile she would be.

This year's ceremony was particularly grand. We were finally moving Lyra's ashes to the new cemetery, the one Olivia had designed herself.

The urn was placed in the inner chamber, waiting for Olivia to escort it to the cemetery after the ceremony ended.

As I walked toward the inner chamber, a strange heat began building in my body. My skin felt like it was on fire, my blood rushing through my veins like molten metal.

Logan howled in my mind, a sound of pure, desperate need.

I feel like I'm in heat, and more intensely than ever before.

I pushed open the door to the inner chamber and froze.

Clara stood there waiting for me, dressed in ceremonial robes. The moment she saw me, she pounced forward like a predator.

"Theodore, I miss you so much," she breathed, pressing herself against me.

Her ceremonial robes spread out with her movements, I realized with horror that she was completely naked underneath the ceremonial robe.

As Clara's hands roamed over my body, a paralyzing wave of heat swept through me. My vision blurred, everything tinted with an angry red mist.

I had been poisoned with wolfsbane. The potent, fast-acting kind.

My blood vessels bulged beneath my skin. My body felt like it was burning from the inside out.

I pushed Clara away with all my strength. "Get away from me!"

But she pressed close again, her tongue licking my Adam's apple. "Theodore, I know you're struggling to hold it in, let me help you," she whispered.

When she leaned close again, I caught the scent of ylang-ylang in her hair. This flower could make wolf's bane more potent—she had poisoned me, it was all premeditated..

With a furious roar, I shoved her away from me.

I can't lose my composure here. Someone could walk in at any moment, especially Livvy.

I couldn't imagine how heartbroken Livvy would be if she found out about this. Whether she would ever forgive me.

In my rage, I seized Clara by the throat and slammed her against the wall. "How dare you?"

My control was slipping. The wolfsbane made everything feel distant and hazy.

Clara struggled in my grip, her legs flailing wildly. Her feet knocked against the table behind her.

Just then, I heard voices from outside. Olivia and Isadora, their footsteps approaching.

In the moment I was distracted, Clara suddenly struggled violently. Her legs kicked out desperately.

Her foot connected with the urn.

Time slowed as I watched my mother-in-law's ashes begin to fall. I lunged forward, trying to catch it, but the wolfsbane made my movements sluggish and clumsy.

The urn crashed to the ground, shattering into a thousand pieces.

Lyra's ashes scattered across the floor like gray snow.

"What's that sound? Who's in there?" Isadora's voice shouted from outside.

Panic shot through me. I grabbed Clara and lifted the heavy curtain on the wall...

## **30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 28**

(Olivia's POV)

I had been busy with preparations for the ritual since morning. The ceremonial arrangements, the flowers, the seating for the pack elders – every detail had to be perfect for my mother's memorial.

After finally completing the last task – arranging Leo’s ceremonial attire – I returned to the ritual site. The ceremony was entering its final stage, and the gathered pack members waited in respectful silence.

The host’s voice rang out across the assembled crowd. “Luna Olivia, please retrieve the sacred urn from the inner chamber so we may proceed with the final blessing.”

I nodded and began walking toward the inner chamber. Suddenly, the reporters who were supposed to be on the periphery swarmed in like vultures. Their camera flashes illuminated the entire ceremony in harsh, blinding light.

“Luna! Luna! Can you comment on the rumors about your marriage?”

“Is it true that Alpha Theodore has taken a mistress?”

The questions hit me like physical blows. I pushed through the crowd, my heart pounding as I approached the door to the inner chamber.

Just as I was about to push open the door, I heard it. A woman’s soft moaning. A man’s muffled panting.

My hands began to tremble.

I froze outside the inner room, listening to the sounds coming from inside. My whole body shook with a mixture of rage and disbelief.

This man was actually having relations with his mistress right next to my mother’s urn? Couldn’t he control himself even during a sacred ceremony?

Hatred filled my heart like poison. The sounds continued – intimate, shameless, desecrating everything my mother represented.

Just as I was considering pushing the door open, Leo’s innocent voice rang out behind me. “Mommy, can I take Grandma’s ashes?”

His voice brought me back to reality like a slap. I turned to see my son’s bright, trusting eyes looking up at me.

I had witnessed my father’s betrayal with my own eyes years ago. His naked entanglement with his mistress in bed had been a lingering nightmare that haunted my childhood.

I couldn’t let my son suffer the same fate. I couldn’t let him see what I had seen.

Instead of pushing the door open, I met his innocent gaze and forced a smile. “Leo, you’re still too young to carry such a heavy urn. This is Mommy’s mommy, so Mommy should be the one to take it.”

At that moment, Isadora walked over. Her eyes held a strange gleam as she reached for the door handle.

“I’ll help you get it,” she said, her voice oddly eager.

I tried to stop her, grabbing her wrist. “Isadora, wait-”

But she stubbornly insisted on pushing the door open. “Don’t be silly, Olivia. We’re family.”

I saw the look in her eyes – obsessive and filled with hatred. Something was wrong with Isadora. Very wrong.

Just then, a loud crash came from inside the house. The sound of something precious shattering.

Isadora screamed, “Who’s in there?” and pushed me aside roughly. She pulled Leo into the room as reporters swarmed past the enforcers like a flood.

When I walked in, I didn’t see the scandal I had expected. But this was even harder for me to accept.

I couldn’t breathe anymore.

My mother’s ashes were scattered all over the floor. The sacred urn lay in pieces, its contents spread across the stone like gray snow.

A heart-wrenching scream erupted from the depths of my throat. The sound of pure agony tore from my lungs.

Grief and rage exploded like a cataclysm inside me. The pain was so intense it felt like my soul was being ripped apart.

And then something awakened. A power that had been dormant for years stirred to life.

My wolf, Zoe, was awake.

A flood of sensations rushed into my mind. I felt my abilities return – the power to sense the thoughts and emotions of the werewolves around me. A dizzying telepathic connection opened like floodgates.

“Liv, it’s been a long time,” Zoe’s familiar voice sounded in my mind, warm and comforting despite the chaos. “Even though we couldn’t communicate, I knew everything about you.”

My eyes stung with tears. “Zoe... you’re back.”

“I never left. I was only sleeping, waiting for the day my strength would return.”



The reporters' cameras flashed frantically around us. Leo stood frozen, staring at the scattered ashes with wide, confused eyes.

"Grandma?" he whispered.

"Shut up!" Eleonora strode over, her power flooding the entire space.

"Everyone out! Now!" she barked at the reporters. "Guards, escort these vultures from the premises immediately."

She arranged for a new urn while ushering everyone out of the room. Her efficiency was remarkable even in crisis.

Isadora approached me with a sympathetic expression on her face, but it felt fake to me.

"Olivia, I'm so sorry. Whoever did this, my brother will never let them get away with it."

Her words felt hollow, rehearsed. When she asked where Theodore was, I pushed her away roughly.

I remembered the back door hidden behind the curtain—of the inner chamber. The secret exit that only family members knew about.

Although my mother's ashes were being placed in the new urn, I would never forgive them. I only wanted to make them pay.

I quickly found and pulled open the back door. The hidden passage led to the rear courtyard where vehicles were parked.

Following the path, I located Theodore's distinctive Rolls-Royce. The black car sat in the shadows, engine still running.

Closing my eyes, I pushed my consciousness forward. With Zoe's power flowing through me, I used my psychic abilities to infiltrate the car.

Through Clara's eyes, I saw the truth. His belt was undone. Clara's hand gripped his lower body, her fingers working with practiced familiarity.

Zoe witnessed this scene and let out a wail in my mind. The mate bond trembled like a violin string about to snap.

Just then, I saw Theodore suddenly push Clara away violently. He seemed to have felt the mate bond's distress too.

He grabbed Clara's throat, his face twisted with rage. "You poisoned me," he snarled, preventing her from moving.

“Olivia!” Isadora’s voice called out behind me.

I opened my eyes and turned to see her approaching with pack members and reporters in tow. Her expression was triumphant, predatory.

“Did you find the culprit who broke the urn?” she asked loudly, making sure the reporters could hear every word.

She pointed at the Rolls–Royce. “That car belongs to my brother. I wonder if the perpetrator is hiding inside?”

The surrounding crowd murmured with excitement. The reporters pushed forward, cameras ready.

“Open the door!” someone shouted. “Reveal the person who committed such a vile act against the deceased!”

Leo tugged at my dress, his eyes bright with curiosity. “Mommy, please open the door! I want to see who hurt Grandma!”

The crowd pressed closer, their demands growing louder. All eyes were on me, waiting for my decision.

## 30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 29

(Olivia’s POV)

Isadora pushed through the crowd, her eyes gleaming with malicious triumph.

She quickly stepped forward, wanting to reach out and pull the car door handle.

I stepped forward and blocked her path. “Isa, stop.”

She leaned close to me, her voice dropping to a whisper only I could hear. “I know my brother and Clara are fooling around in the car right now.”

My blood turned to ice in my veins.

“With so many people watching, you can’t hide it,” she continued, her smile growing wider. “You tolerate my brother’s infidelity, yet you forced me to break off my mate bond with Alaric, causing Alaric’s pack to go bankrupt.”

Her words hit me like physical blows. “Not only did Iris lose her father, but she also lost her future.”

“Moon Goddess bless, now your retribution has come.” Her voice dripped with venom. “The whole world will know, let’s see how you can continue to endure this!”

The reporters pressed closer, their cameras flashing like lightning. Leo tugged at my dress, his innocent eyes bright with curiosity.

“Your son will have to watch his father cheat with other women, just like what happened to you back then,” Isadora whispered.

I looked at her triumphant smile, pieces falling into place. “So it really was you.”

“It’s too late for you to understand now,” she replied smugly.

Just as Isadora reached for the door handle again, it suddenly swung open from inside.

All eyes turned to the Rolls–Royce as Theodore stepped out. His suit was impeccable, his face dark with anger at the absurd siege surrounding his vehicle.

“What are you doing?” he demanded, immediately pulling me into his protective embrace.

The car door closed swiftly behind him, concealing whatever scene had transpired within.

Leo stepped forward eagerly. “Daddy! We’re catching the villain who destroyed Grandma’s ashes!”

Theodore’s expression softened as he looked at our son. “Is that so, little wolf?”

“Yes! Aunt Isa said the bad guy might be hiding in your car!” Leo’s excitement was infectious, drawing murmurs from the crowd.

Theodore’s jaw tightened. He pulled me closer against his chest, his scent wrapping around me like a shield.

“I promise you,” he said, his voice carrying to the reporters, “I will give you an explanation. I will never forgive whoever destroyed my Luna mother’s ashes.”

His words sounded sincere, but I felt the tension in his body.

Isadora seized the opportunity, stepping forward with theatrical concern. “Brother, we should check the memorial grove’s surveillance footage to identify the culprit.”

The reporters rallied behind this idea immediately. “Yes! Justice for the Luna!” one shouted.

“Find the perpetrator!” another called out.

Leo bounced on his toes with excitement. “Can we watch the videos, Daddy? I want to catch the bad guy!”

Despite my desire to leave this painful scene, Theodore’s grip on me tightened. When the crowd began moving toward the security post, he firmly refused.

“We’re not going anywhere,” he said coldly..

Isadora’s eyes narrowed. “Why won’t you let us find the culprit, brother? Don’t you want justice for Olivia’s mother?”.

Theodore shot her a sharp glance, “I’ll have Captain Borin bring the surveillance recordings to us instead. The burial time is approaching.”

The crowd murmured with disappointment, but Theodore’s authority was absolute. No one dared challenge him directly.

I had no choice but to follow Theodore back to the ceremony site. When he tried to take my hand, I deliberately shook him off and walked alongside Leo instead.

Theodore followed closely behind, his presence looming over us like a shadow.

“Olivia,” he said quietly, “I was framed. I was only venting to myself in the car, doing nothing else.”

“That shameless bastard! That b\*\*\*h was there too!” Zoe roared.

I knew I couldn’t escape his control on my own right now. “I believe you,” I lied.

When Theodore probed further, his voice dropped to a whisper. “Has your wolf recovered? I felt something through the mate bond.”

I blocked the connection between us, severing the emotional link. “It hasn’t recovered. Only brief tremors from the shock.”

After the funeral ceremony ended, moonlight flowers were offered in traditional tribute. I knelt before the tombstone with tears streaming down my cheeks.

“I’m sorry, Mother,” I whispered. “I couldn’t let you rest in peace even after death.”

I swore never to forgive whoever had damaged the urn. My gaze filled with hatred as I stared directly at Theodore, who unnaturally averted his eyes.

Captain Borin arrived with surveillance footage, accompanied by a disheveled Isadora. The red claw marks on her cheek that hadn't completely faded showed she had been slapped. Was it Eleonora?

The video played on a portable screen. A person in a black shirt and hood escaped down a narrow path, their identity completely obscured.

"We're hunting for the perpetrator," Theodore announced to the crowd. "We will publicize the results."

The pack members and reporters gradually dispersed.

I knelt alone in the sacrificial hall, burning sacred herbs for my mother. The smoke rose in spirals, carrying my prayers to the Moon Goddess.

My phone rang, shattering the peaceful moment.

Clara's name appeared on the screen,

"Hello, Luna," her voice was sickeningly sweet. "It's a shame your late mother couldn't watch our performance today."

My grip tightened on the phone.

"Especially since Theodore was already hard with his pants off," she continued with obvious pleasure. "Lyra's ashes looked beautiful scattered on the floor."

Rage exploded in my chest like wildfire.

"It was a pity Theodore dragged me away, or I would have stomped on them a couple of times," Clara laughed. "I enthusiastically invite you to the villa later to watch Theodore's and my intense s\*\*\*\*l performance."

"Theodore has been holding back for so long, he'll surely f\*\*k me to death tonight," she purred.

I found my voice, "You're nothing but a p\*\*\*\*\*e and a tool for venting. What else do you have to show off besides sticking your ass up like a b\*\*\*h in heat?"

"It's just a piece of trash. Since you like it so much, take it."

Clara's screams erupted through the phone as I hung up.

Footsteps echoed in the hall. Isadora stormed in, her face twisted with fury.

She kicked over the herb basin, scattering the sacred ashes across the floor.

“Olivia, I never thought you could be so shameless!” she screamed. “You tolerate your mate’s affair even when it occurs at your mother’s memorial, all for the pack’s wealth!”

I stood slowly, my body trembling with controlled rage.

I didn’t want to say another word to her and just wanted to leave, but she gripped my wrist tightly.

“Do you know who Clara Thorne’s father is?” Isadora’s voice rose to a shriek. “Your mate’s mistress is your half-sister! Clara Thorne’s father is your father, Silvanus Winter!”

The words hit me like a physical blow.

“You’ll continue to endure even this betrayal out of greed,” Isadora spat. “It disgusts me that Lyra raised such a materialistic daughter.”

My shock transformed into pure, molten rage. I struck Isabella with all my strength, delivering a slap that sent her crashing to the ground.

“All these years, I’ve wasted my emotions on you ungrateful wolves,” I said coldly, “I will never do that again.”

I drove to The Northwood Manor in a haze of fury. My hands shook as I called Matthew.

“Did you investigate Clara?” I asked without preamble.

“Yes,” Matthew’s voice was careful. “Olivia, I-”

“Tell me the truth.”

A long pause. “Clara’s father is indeed Silvanus Winter. Her mother is Ophelia Thorne.”

That woman destroyed my mother’s mate bond, and now her daughter has come to destroy mine.

I arrived at the manor, and through the second-floor window, I saw Clara naked against the glass. This disgusting couple still maintained their exhibitionist habits.

I grabbed a silver-headed walking stick by the door and went straight upstairs.

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

(Olivia's POV)

I followed the sounds to the second floor. The moans and gasps grew louder as I approached.

Standing in the stairwell, I extended my mental power into the room. What I saw made my blood turn to ice.

Theodore and Clara were immersed in passionate lovemaking, completely unaware of another person's presence. Theodore sat naked on the sofa, his muscular body glistening with sweat.

The equally naked Clara straddled him, her hands bound behind her back with his belt. She writhed wildly, her head thrown back as she moaned obscenely.

"Is this how you wanted me to f\*\*k you? You slut." Theodore said, choking her as he thrust violently upwards into her.

"Yes, Alpha," she moaned. "Does this feel good?"

The heartbreaking scene pierced through my heart like a silver blade. My hand gripping the silver-headed cane began to tremble violently.

Zoe roared in my mind, her fury matching my own. Kill them both! she snarled.

I used my mental abilities to seal the mate bond, preventing Theodore from sensing my feelings.

At that moment, Caleb's voice came through Theodore's phone that was set aside. I realized they were on a video call.

Loud music and women's moaning sounds came from Caleb's side. Two beautiful she-wolves appeared on the screen – one cuddling close beside him licking his chest, and another bouncing on top of him.

"I heard Clara came back," Caleb said mockingly between groans. "I'm telling you, Theo, you shouldn't have driven her away."

His crude words made my stomach turn.

"Now that she's gone, it's your own lower body that suffers. Look how good Clara is unpretentious and uninhibited."

Clara preened at the compliment, grinding harder against Theodore.

“Look at how she moves that waist and hips, unlike that saint–playing Olivia,” Caleb continued with a laugh. “How many years have you been celibate for her?”

Each word was like poison in my ears. I gripped the cane so hard my knuckles turned white.

“I can send over some more interesting props to make your fun more exciting.” Caleb offered with a lewd grin.

Theodore thrust upward into Clara, making her cry out. “Next time you’re not allowed to talk about Olivia like that,” he panted. “She’s different from these bitches, Clara is just my exclusive little toy.”

His explanation made me burst out laughing – he was actually defending himself to me while thrusting inside another woman’s body.

This scene brought back memories of when I first started dating Theodore. That was when my mother and I had just settled in Stonehaven City.

Theodore took me to an Alpha gathering once, and unexpectedly, the drinking went on until midnight and turned into a s\*x party.

When Theodore went to the bathroom, a drunk Alpha nearby suddenly pounced on me, pinning me to the couch, groping my butt and trying to kiss me. When Theodore returned, he grabbed the man and beat him severely. Theodore’s Alpha power erupted, and the man’s healing speed couldn’t keep up with Theodore’s punching speed.

“Don’t you ever touch my mate again,” Theodore had snarled.

Then he took me away from that place. At that time, Theodore comforted me, stroking my hair gently.

“I promise never to attend such parties again,” he had whispered. “I’ll forbid my friends from attending them too.”

He kept his promise. Later when a scandal involving werewolf immunity diseases broke out at similar gatherings, those friends he had forbidden to attend sent me messages.

“Thank you for saving us from disgrace and punishment,” they wrote.

Theodore praised me then, his eyes shining with pride. “I’m so lucky to have you as my mate.”

Looking back now, it all seemed ironically ridiculous. What a fool I had been to believe him.

I realized that Theodore was no longer the wolf I knew. Perhaps he had simply hidden his true nature when he met me.



Now he was reverting to his original self—a rutting beast who cared only for his own pleasure.

Fury ignited in my heart like wildfire. I raised the silver-tipped walking stick, wanting to destroy everything unseemly before my eyes.

One strike would end this nightmare forever.

I could no longer tolerate his false affection, even though only twenty-four days remained before I could leave him forever.

Clara suddenly turned in Theodore's arms, her breasts bouncing. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pleaded breathlessly.

"Alpha Theodore, my father wants to move the company to Stonehaven City for development. Can you help promote him?"

Theodore's hands squeezed her ass roughly. "What's in it for me?"

"I will work even harder to serve you, and I have new little tricks too." Clara gasped as he thrust deeper.

"My parents really want to meet you." She licked the mating mark on his neck that we had left, her breasts rubbing against him, "Please, Alpha"

She seems to have changed, she's not quite the same as before. Before she was sent away, she was more dedicated to provoking me and stealing Theodore and Leo's attention. She wanted to replace me.

But now she's starting to support her parents. Does she want to get more help? Did She attempt to send her away and cut off her credit card make her realize that Theodore couldn't be relied upon?

Everything she possessed was given by Theodore and could be taken away at any time. In the end, she would have nothing.

Hearing this news, my silver-tipped walking stick stopped mid-air. Silvanus Winter and Ophelia Thorne were coming!

I remembered Eleonora's words to Isadora that day. Silvanus had been divorced by my mother with nothing.

But after just a few years of downfall, he had risen again. He was living well with Ophelia.

Why should those who betrayed their mates and destroyed families live good lives while my mother died early from heartbreak?

I remembered my mother's deathbed wish. "Forget the past and look forward to the future with Theodore," she had whispered.

My heart ached numbly at the memory. She was completely wrong in her judgment of him.

Theodore's seductive, low voice reached my ears. "Serve me well, and you can have whatever you want."

He picked up the red wine nearby and poured it over Clara's breast. The liquid ran down her skin in crimson streams.

Then he began to suck, his tongue lapping at the wine and her flesh. Clara moaned and arched her back.

This lewd scene and his words made me feel deeply disappointed. He actually wanted to help Clara's family.

The people I hated most, the ones who prevented my mother from resting in peace. How could he betray me so completely?

Facing Theodore like this, I felt regret spreading throughout my entire body. The heartache was so intense I could barely breathe. To think I had given up so much for a man like this.

My wolf is howling in agony. My mate's betrayal has dealt a heavy blow to my newly awakened wolf. After the roar, Zoe quickly became weak.

You can't break down here, she told me weakly. Leave with mother's ashes. Make those who hurt her pay the price.

"But now is not the time to reveal everything. I forced myself to wake up this time, and I haven't fully recovered yet. What you need to do now is wait for me to wake up again. Oli, don't be impulsive." After Zoe finished speaking, she fell silent once more.

I clutched my aching head, my stomach churning violently. I stumbled down the stairs, bile rising in my throat.

My hands were trembling, and I could no longer hold the silver-headed cane. It slipped from my grasp and struck the stairs heavily, producing a loud crash.

"Who's downstairs?" Theodore's angry voice rang out.