

Chapter 3: The Final Blow

Chapter 3: The Final Blow

(Olivia's POV)

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

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

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

"Mommy Clara, of course!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

That's when Clara struck.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But then Leo exploded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes!"

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

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

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

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

"I'll have my mother re Clara immediately," he promised, reaching for my hand. "We'll nd a new nanny. Someone better. Someone who knows her place."

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

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

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

"Don't touch me," I said quietly, stepping back from his reaching hands.

"Livvy, please—"

"I said don't touch me."

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

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

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

How thoughtful of her. How caring.

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

Theodore appeared at my window, banging on the glass.

"Olivia! Open the door! We need to talk about this!"

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

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