

30 Days to Freedom: Abandoned Luna is Secret Shadow King... – Chapter 31

An Unexpected Encounter

I heard scrambling and cursing from above. Panic flooded through me as I rushed toward the exit.

Thanks to Matthew's training, even without the wolf, my movements remained swift and light.

I stood at the manor's entrance, gripping the door frame as I vomited. My stomach, which had barely any food to begin with, expelled everything along with bile, burning my throat.

I felt a piercing gaze fixed on me, so I looked up to search for it.

In the middle of the road, a figure caught my eye, and I froze. My heart stopped beating for a moment.

After six years apart, I had never imagined I would encounter him under such circumstances.

The man stood straight and tall like a sturdy pine tree. His face was carved with knife-like determination.

His sharp eyes seemed to see through everything, piercing my very soul. His healthy wheat-colored skin was particularly striking under the streetlights.

I silently called out in my heart: "Killian."

He was Matthew's most prized lieutenant, a god-like existence in our organization. My former partner—Killian Vance.

The two of us locked eyes across the distance. Each had thousands of words to say but kept everything unspoken.

Those of us who have been trained all understand that when meeting in unfamiliar places, do not engage in conversation.

(God's POV)

Olivia understood that Killian must have been assigned other tasks by Matthew. She said nothing and turned to leave.

Her shoulders were rigid with pain and humiliation. Every step looked like it cost her tremendous effort.

The two walked into the nearby café one after the other. They sat at tables several seats apart, gazing at each other from a distance.

There was a rotating dartboard in the café. Olivia got up and played darts for a while, her movements precise despite her emotional state.

Then she ordered a cup of coffee and brushed lightly past the man from behind as she left. Her fingers grazed his shoulder for just a moment.

After Olivia left, Killian also stood up to play darts. His movements were careful and deliberate.

He saw that Olivia had used the darts to mark points on the dartboard. Each point represented a coordinate in their old code system.

He used his phone to input these coordinates, his fingers flying over the screen. The message decoded: "Fine, don't worry about me."

Killian gripped his phone tightly, his knuckles white. His eyes were deep and dark, watching Olivia walk toward the door.

But she didn't look fine at all. She looked broken.

Theodore came downstairs fully dressed, his hair disheveled and his shirt hastily buttoned. He found the front door wide open.

There was a pool of vomit at the entrance, but no one in sight. The smell made him wrinkle his nose in disgust.

He frowned deeply. This was a top-tier estate where only high-ranking pack members lived.

The security was strict and wouldn't allow outsiders to come and go freely. Who could have been here?

Clara came downstairs dressed, her makeup smudged and her dress wrinkled. She handed him the silver-headed cane.

"The cane was dropped on the stairs," she said nervously. "Did any ruffians appear?"

Just as Theodore was saying he would have security check the surveillance footage, a tabby cat emerged from the bushes.

It meowed pitifully as it jumped into Clara's arms. She was startled, then laughed with relief.

"So it was this little troublemaker," she complained affectionately, stroking the cat's fur.

Clara took Theodore's hand and placed it on her full breasts. They were still warm and flushed from their earlier activities.

She rubbed against him like a cat in heat. Her eyes were heavy-lidded with renewed desire.

"I want to go back to the room with you," she purred seductively.

The drug's effects, not yet completely dissipated, surged through Theodore's heart again. His eyes became dark with lust.

He grabbed Clara's hair and yanked her back roughly. She gasped and arched against him.

With one hand gripping Clara's neck, he pressed her down on the sofa. He tore open her dress with his free hand.

"You w***e," he growled. "I just pulled out and you're already in heat wanting me to f**k you?"

But just as Theodore was about to enter her again, the wolf in his mind stirred restlessly. Logan paced anxiously, whimpering.

This was a feeling he had never experienced before. Something was wrong, terribly wrong.

Theodore felt a wave of unease wash over him. He pushed Clara away abruptly, leaving her sprawled on the sofa.

"That business with the urn," he said coldly, his voice cutting through the air. "I'll settle accounts with you sooner or later!"

Clara's face went pale. She was puzzled and didn't understand why he suddenly brought up what happened before again.

She opened her mouth to protest, but Theodore was already walking away.

Theodore walked out of the villa and along the road, his steps quick and agitated.

Suddenly he saw a familiar figure walking away with a man. The woman's posture was unmistakable – it was Olivia.

He followed their figures into a coffee shop, his heart pounding with sudden jealousy and suspicion.

His Alpha instincts made him alert. That man's gaze hadn't left Olivia since entering the coffee shop.

The stranger looked at her with an intensity that made Theodore's blood boil. There was something possessive in those eyes.

Jealousy made Theodore lose his rationality completely. He didn't even have time to think about why Olivia was there.

Or whether she had been at the manor gate before. All he could see was another man looking at his mate.

He pushed open the coffee shop door with such force it slammed against the wall. The other patrons looked up in alarm.

Theodore pulled Olivia behind him roughly and threw a punch at Killian. "Bastard, what are you staring at my mate for?"

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(Olivia's POV)

Theodore suddenly rushed into the café, pulling me behind him. Before I could react, I saw Theodore throw a punch at Killian, who stepped back to dodge.

The power of the two Alphas clashed in the air, filled with dangerous tension. The coffee cups on nearby tables rattled from the force of their auras.

The pack members in the café all recognized the three of us. I heard them whispering beside me about the recent troubles of the Crimson Pack.

"Isn't that Luna Olivia? She looks so pale."

"I heard about the incident at her mother's memorial grove. How terrible."

"Who's that man? He looks familiar."

Clearly, we had become a hot topic in the supernatural community. Someone nearby also recognized Killian as the person who had called the pack's medical personnel when I collapsed here that day.

"Oh, that's the professor who saved Luna Olivia when she fainted in her car!"

I broke free from Theodore's increasingly tight grip and looked at him with surprise. My gaze moved from his gloomy handsome face to his impeccable suit.

I couldn't help but think how no one would imagine that this well-dressed, dignified Alpha Theodore had been in such a debauched state just minutes ago. The image of him thrusting into Clara while she was bound with his belt flashed through my mind.

When Theodore saw me rubbing my wrist, he realized he had hurt me.

Hearing the residents' words, his expression turned cold again as he asked, "My love, did you come here to see this man?"

I looked at Killian with the distant gaze of meeting a stranger for the first time. "Were you the one who saved me that day?"

Killian met my distant gaze, waves stirring in his eyes as he lowered his voice to confirm. "Yes, that was me."

I thanked him politely. "How should I address you?"

A territory resident interjected, introducing Killian enthusiastically. "This is Professor Killian Vance from Crestwood University. He's a remarkable figure who recently moved to our community."

The resident explained further, "Without Professor Vance's attentiveness, we wouldn't have discovered Luna Olivia had fainted in her car."

My gaze fell on Killian's face again, naturally showing gratitude.

Realizing we didn't know each other, Theodore concluded he had misunderstood. He stepped forward, extending his hand and interrupting our eye contact.

"Sorry, I saw you staring at my mate and thought you had ulterior motives. Please forgive me."

Theodore's voice was polite but cold. "I'm her mate, Theodore Redgrave. Since you saved my mate, I must reward you handsomely!"

His cold aura was full of Alpha aggression. Though he spoke politely, his gaze grew increasingly sharp.

(Killian's POV)

I glanced at Theodore's extended hand with indifference and some disdain. "No need to be polite. I would have called the pack medics for anyone else too."

I walked straight past the couple and left the café. After walking far away, I couldn't suppress my emotions and looked back through the glass window to see their figures overlapping.

My deep gaze became even sharper. Since Olivia had fainted from excessive blood loss near that manor, I had investigated the manor's situation.

I discovered that while Theodore was the owner, a young beautiful she-wolf lived there permanently. That bastard wasn't satisfied with having Livvy; he secretly kept a mistress on the side.

Afternoon, I had seen the news about the outrageous incident at Olivia's mother's memorial grove. Someone had deliberately knocked over her mother's urn.

She must be very sad. But I didn't expect to see Theodore's car parked outside that estate when I went out for a walk.

Thinking about how Olivia must be heartbroken, while Theodore, as her partner, wasn't by her side comforting her but instead came here to have an affair with his mistress, I felt very upset. That bastard doesn't deserve to be Olivia's partner at all.

It was just then that I happened to see the heartbroken Olivia running out.

Even knowing that Olivia would soon leave Theodore, I still couldn't suppress my concern. She was such an excellent she-wolf and shouldn't be let down like this.

I wouldn't let Theodore off the hook.

(Olivia's POV)

Back at the café, other residents tried to ease the atmosphere. "Don't mind it, Alpha Theodore. Great figures all have their quirks."

When Theodore questioned the term "great figure," the resident explained that Killian was said to have an extraordinary identity and powerful abilities. Theodore irritably waved his hand and didn't continue the conversation.

Theodore put his arm around my shoulder and asked, "My love, weren't you keeping vigil at mother's mourning hall? How did you come here?"

I slapped his hand away, thinking about how he had just been touching Clara's private parts, and I felt disgusted.

"I originally wanted to ask if you'd found the criminal who broke my mother's urn, but I discovered you came here instead."

I continued with a frown, “I followed your car’s GPS location. Weren’t you supposed to be at the pack headquarters handling a sudden territorial incident? Why are you here?”

Theodore believed my words completely. Seeing me frowning angrily and acting unwilling to deal with him, which clearly showed I was concerned about him, he said, “My love, mother didn’t take good care of you.”

He gestured toward the manor, “I thought the manor in the northern suburbs was empty, so I came to arrange it, planning to bring you and Leo to live here.”

I replied firmly, “I don’t want to live here. The atmosphere here is bad.”

I began weaving my lie seamlessly, “That day when the four of us had dinner together, didn’t Evie leave early because she had something to do? I was worried about her, so I followed her here.”

“Do you know what I saw? Clara lives in the penthouse manor of this community.”

My voice grew sharper, “Clara is just a recent college graduate – how could she afford to live in a manor here, especially the penthouse? It must be Caleb who bought it for her.”

I shook my head in disgust, “Evie probably got wind of it that day and came specifically to catch the mistress. But strangely, Evie got along harmoniously with Clara.”

I walked toward the manor with long strides. “With so many recent events, I haven’t had time to share this discovery with her. Now that both you and I are here, it’s the perfect opportunity.”

I took out my phone and sent the location to Evelyn, along with a voice message: “Caleb didn’t send away Clara, that mistress. She’s right here. Theo and I are keeping watch. Settle your scores and grievances – I won’t let my sister be bullied by anyone.”

I sent it and quickly received an “OK” in reply. Meeting Clara’s provocative gaze from behind the second-floor glass window of the manor, my eyes turned cold.

“I already gave her one chance, but she refused to leave Caleb. When dealing with mistresses, you have to be ruthless for them to know fear.”

Theodore naturally moved closer to me, intimately brushing away the hair from my forehead. His eyes were gentle as water.

“My love, I support whatever you do.”

I let out a disdainful laugh. A few minutes later, Evelyn quickly arrived with several she-wolves and rushed to the second floor.

Soon, the intermittent sounds of curses and screams came from upstairs. I slowly went upstairs, and there happened to be a belt lying on the stairs.

A socialite exclaimed, “Isn’t that the belt Alpha Theodore wore today at the memorial service for Luna Olivia’s mother!”

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(Olivia’s POV)

This belt was the very one he had used to bind Clara’s wrists just minutes ago. I threw the belt in front of Theodore and watched his face suddenly turn pale.

“Explain this,” I said.

For the first time in our ten years together, I saw panic flash across Theodore’s eyes. His mouth opened, but no words came out.

I turned and ran toward the exit. The property manager stood in the doorway, his face flushed with nervousness from all the commotion upstairs.

“Which manor does the Redgrave family own here?” I asked him directly.

The property manager’s eyes darted between Theodore and me. Sweat beaded on his forehead.

“Luna Olivia,” he stammered. “This... this is it.”

Theodore caught up to me at that moment, his breathing heavy.

I turned to face him. His handsome face looked exactly the same as always – perfectly composed, devastatingly attractive. But now I could see through the mask.

My limbs felt like they were about to fall apart. Tears blurred my vision as I pulled the mate ring from my finger.

“Alpha Theodore,” I said, my voice cold and resolute. “I want to sever our mate bond and reject you as my partner.”

I threw the ring at him. It bounced off his chest and clattered to the ground.

I rushed into the street, but Theodore's long strides caught up to me. His arms wrapped around me tightly.

"My love, let me explain!" he pleaded.

I struggled violently against his grip. "Let me go, Theodore! I'll fulfill your wish! I don't want to see you again, let me go!"

My screams were hysterical. I thrashed in his arms like a caged animal.

Painful memories flooded my mind. My mother's betrayal. The years of loneliness. Clara's smug face. Theodore's hands on her body.

I clutched my chest in agony. The mate bond strained under my emotional turmoil, sending waves of suffocating pain through my chest cavity.

I could barely breathe. Theodore's image became increasingly blurred as darkness crept in at the edges of my vision.

Before losing consciousness, I heard his voice, desperate and broken: "My love, I would rather die than lose you."

The last thing I felt was his arms tightening around me. "No matter what happens, I will never let you go."

Then everything went black.

When I woke up, I was back inside the manor.

Two identical leather belts lay on the coffee table in front of me.

Caleb and Clara knelt on the floor before the sofa where I sat.

Caleb slapped himself hard across the face. "Luna, I deserve to die. I shouldn't have used the same belt as Alpha Theodore, causing you to misunderstand and nearly triggering your collapse."

I watched this performance with cold detachment. Evelyn stood nearby, her foot connecting with Clara's ribs. Clara gasped but didn't dare cry out.

"I was wrong, Clara said through gritted teeth, her eyes full of unwillingness. "I shouldn't have bothered Caleb."

Theodore took my hand gently and slipped the mating ring back onto my finger. His touch was warm, familiar, but it made my skin crawl.

“My love,” he said softly. “I only discovered tonight that Clara was living in the manor. I’ve already ordered her to move out. This guy Caleb actually kept someone under my nose – I’ll teach him a lesson.”

Clara’s head snapped up at Theodore’s words. Her eyes met his for just a moment before she caught herself.

I smiled coldly. “Why are you looking at Theodore, Clara?”

Clara’s face went white. She knew she couldn’t expose their affair in front of everyone. Not when Theodore was playing innocent.

“No, I wasn’t looking at anything, Luna,” she whispered, lowering her head again.

I turned to Evelyn. “What about you, Ivy? You are the victim, after all.”

Evelyn was the only one present who clearly knew that I already knew the truth. I had always treated her like chosen family, been nothing but good to her. Yet she had still betrayed me.

“If you forgive her, I can help make your wish come true,” I continued, watching Evelyn’s hesitation. “After all, when I arrived at the manor that day, I saw you two getting along so harmoniously. The tea Clara brewed must have been delicious.”

(Evelyn’s POV)

All four of us changed our expressions at Olivia’s words. Terror shot through me like ice water in my veins.

Olivia must have been outside the manor that day and heard everything. I frantically searched through my memories of what I had said. Apart from mentioning that Clara and Theodore had been together for five years, there were no other major revelations.

I felt slightly relieved but still terrified. I raised my hand and whipped Clara’s back with all my strength.

“Livy,” I said, trying to sound convincing. “I won’t forgive her! I’m going to throw her into the river to feed the fish!” This is the perfect opportunity to get rid of this wretched woman, and I should thank that fool Olivia for it.

Clara screamed hysterically, turning to Theodore with desperate eyes. “No! Don’t treat me like this! I can’t swim! I’ll die!”

Even now, even facing death, she still didn’t reveal their affair in front of Theodore.

(Olivia’s POV)

I looked at Theodore carefully. His expression was emotionless, almost identical to when the pack socialites had beaten Clara earlier. But his eyes had changed.

The way he looked at Clara was with pity. He pitied her.

The expression was fleeting, gone in an instant. But I had seen it.

“Throw her into the river to feed the fish,” Theodore said, each word deliberate and cold. His tone was ruthless, calculating.

He looked at me, and his gaze became gentle as water. “No one can make my Luna sad.”

I was stunned for a moment. Then I withdrew my hand from his.

If I didn’t know the truth, I might still be deceived by his performance.

The pack warriors quickly bound Clara’s hands and feet. They lifted her struggling form and carried her toward the door. I watched the process silently. I didn’t believe that Theodore would really throw Clara into the river for my sake. Clara had borne Theodore a daughter. She had been with him for five years. Did he really have no feelings for her at all? Clara’s mouth was gagged with cloth strips. She couldn’t say a word, could only make muffled sounds of terror. Theodore showed no reaction. He even took off his suit jacket and draped it over my shoulders with his usual gentle tone.

“My love, it’s windy. Let’s go back to the car and wait.”

My gaze dimmed slightly. I followed Theodore’s suggestion and walked back toward the car, waiting for him to stop all this.

But he never spoke up.

Tears poured from Clara’s eyes as the warriors carried her away. Her face showed nothing but despair.

The pack warriors lifted Clara higher and walked toward the riverside. They raised her up over their heads.

At that moment, many scenes flashed through my mind. My mother’s death years ago wasn’t just because of Silvanus Winter’s affair.

Silvanus and Ophelia had more than just Clara as their daughter. They also had a son older than me. My mother’s mating to Silvanus had been their scheme from beginning to end.

My mother had been killed by their machinations.

It would be reasonable for Clara to pay with her life. Countless thoughts urged me to watch Clara die.

But the ones who deserved to die were never her. It was Silvanus and Ophelia.

While Clara was wrong to be a mistress and seduce my mate, affairs take two to tango. She wasn't the only one at fault, and she shouldn't atone with her death.

In comparison, Theodore was more detestable.

I pushed Theodore away and ran back toward the river. "Let her go!"

The pack warriors stopped for a moment, looking between Theodore and me uncertainly.

But the next second, they still threw Clara into the river.

With a splash, waves rolled as Clara sank to the bottom of the dark water.

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(Olivia's POV)

The splash echoed across the water as Caleb dove in without hesitation. His powerful strokes cut through the current as he reached Clara's struggling form.

Within minutes, he hauled her limp body to the muddy shore. Water streamed from her hair as Caleb pressed his hands against her chest, pumping rhythmically.

Clara's body convulsed violently. She coughed up river water, gasping for air between retches.

"Alpha Theodore, Luna Olivia," Caleb's voice cracked with desperation. "Please spare her life. I want to break my engagement with Evelyn and be with her."

The words hit me like a physical blow. Of all people, Caleb would be the one to save Clara in the end.

I stared at Theodore's expensive suit jacket in my hands. Without a word, I hurled it into the rolling river water.

The current seized the fabric, dragging it downstream until it disappeared.

I turned and strode away.

“Olivia, wait!” Evelyn’s voice called behind me.

She caught up as I reached my Ferrari, sliding into the passenger seat. Her hands trembled as she fastened her seatbelt.

“I swear I didn’t intentionally help Theodore hide the truth,” she said, words tumbling out frantically. “I wanted to tell you so many times, but I was afraid it would hurt you too much.”

I started the engine, focusing on the road ahead.

“Theodore and Clara are just casual affairs,” Evelyn continued. “He truly loves you. Did you see how he threw Clara into the river to appease your anger? That proves you’re the most important person to him.”

Her voice broke. “Please forgive me. I care about both of you. I couldn’t bear to lose either friend.”

I glanced at Evelyn’s tear-streaked face. “Hmm.”

She was in a difficult position. At least she hadn’t told Theodore about my plan to leave.

“Evie, don’t lie to me again,” I said quietly. “If there’s a next time, I will never forgive you.”

Tears welled up in her eyes. She nodded vigorously.

“Have you softened your heart?” she asked hopefully. “Someone like Clara deserved to die. She’ll probably continue to pester Theodore.”

I shook my head. “I never wanted anyone to die. Wrongdoing should be judged by pack law, not through vigilante justice.” But Theodore’s cold indifference toward Clara’s near-drowning surprised me. He had watched everything happen without showing any mercy.

“When I mentioned severing our mate bond, Theodore held me fearfully,” I told Evelyn. “He truly loves me. Even if Clara continues to pester him, he won’t betray me again.”

Evelyn leaned forward eagerly. “So you won’t reject the mate bond or leave him anymore?”

I nodded. “That’s right.”

“Good, Evelyn said, but her expression didn’t match her words. Her face fell, becoming dejected.

A memory surfaced. In the office, when I told Evelyn the truth, she hadn't persuaded me to forgive Theodore. Instead, she'd used the phrase "cheating is either zero times or countless times" to provoke me.

Evelyn actually wanted me to leave. But why?

After dropping Evelyn at her home, I returned to the Redgrave Ancestral Hall. Before entering, I heard Isadora's stammering voice.

"Doesn't sister-in-law know about brother's affair with Clara?"

(Isadora's POV)

My mother's voice thundered with rage. "Olivia has the same temperament as Aunt Lyra. If she knew, she would have already demanded to sever the mate bond and left the Redgrave pack."

My blood turned to ice.

"I will disown you as a daughter if you dare tell Olivia about this," Eleonora warned.

The realization hit me like a physical blow. Evelyn had deceived me. Two hours ago, I had personally told Olivia that Theodore was having an affair with Clara.

Now Olivia was nowhere to be found. She was probably seeking revenge on Clara.

Footsteps echoed in the hallway. Olivia appeared in the doorway, her face eerily calm.

Terror seized me. I crawled backward several steps before steadying myself.

"Sister, oh no, Luna Olivia, I'm sorry!" I scrambled to her feet, hugging her legs desperately. "What I said earlier was all nonsense. Will you forgive me? My brother never wronged you. I made it all up."

(Olivia's POV)

If Isadora had sincerely apologized, I might have been able to accept it. I had watched her grow up. Before this, she had never harmed me and treated me like a real sister, even better than she treated Evelyn.

But knowing how painful it was to be deceived by someone you deeply loved, Isadora still chose to help Theodore lie to me. Even worse, she had wanted to harm Leo, knowing how painful it would be for a pup to witness their father's infidelity.

I couldn't let Isadora reveal anything to Theodore. I pulled her up gently.

"Hmm, I just went to confirm with Clara," I said. "She's not your brother's mistress."

Relief flooded Isadora's face. Like in childhood when seeking forgiveness after doing something wrong, she pressed her face against my shoulder coquettishly.

But I no longer had the tenderness and tolerance I once had for her. My years of devotion were so unworthy. No one in the Redgrave pack deserved my loyalty.

I pushed Isadora away and headed upstairs.

"Does your previous promise to transfer the territorial rights under your name still count?" she called out.

I didn't turn back or stop. I left the living room in silence.

After washing up, Theodore had already returned. He handed me a property sale contract.

"I disposed of the Northwood Manor at a low price," he said. "This is my way of making amends to you."

I took it and set it aside.

Chapter of he has been wagging you

"I'll wash up first and then come to accompany you," Theodore said.

As he passed by, the smell of antiseptic lingered at my nose. He had been to the pack infirmary. Obviously, he went to see Clara.

My phone rang. Clara's name flashed on the screen.

I answered. Clara's smug voice came through. "Sister, your heart is so cruel, kicking me out of the manor."

The word "sister" made my anger flare. "You don't deserve to call me sister."

"You still don't know who I am, do you?" Clara taunted.

"Of course I know, you're one of the two bastards born by that disgusting man."

Clara seemed surprised but continued to provoke. "You wanted to see me homeless, but you'll probably be disappointed. My brother-in-law bought me a villa and plans to invest fifty million dollars in our father's company."

"Taking a beating and jumping into the river was worth it for assets worth over 100 million," Clara boasted. "I have good news to share that I'm sure you'll be happy about. I'm pregnant."

My grip tightened on the phone.

“Since you can’t get pregnant anyway, I’ll bear his pups,” Clara continued. “After birth, the pup can call you ‘mom’ since we’re family.”

“How do you know I can’t get pregnant?” I asked.

Clara’s triumphant laughter filled the phone. “Haven’t you realized yet that your mate has been drugging you all along? It’s in the moonlight herb supplements you take regularly. He doesn’t love you anymore, so how could he allow you to bear his pups?”

“Once I give birth to a son, you’ll definitely be cast out.”

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(Olivia’s POV)

Clara’s words struck me like a bolt of lightning. I quickly hung up the phone, my hands trembling.

Theodore emerged from the bathroom, water droplets still clinging to his dark hair.

I remembered that day when Dr. Aris diagnosed me as pregnant. Theodore had adamantly denied it, his face twisted with something I couldn’t identify then.

Later, he had actually demanded that the doctor terminate my pregnancy. The memory hit me like a physical blow.

I had forgotten about it due to the subsequent chaos. But now I realized Theodore had never truly cared about my health.

With modern medicine being so advanced, even if my physical condition wasn’t perfect, I could still give birth safely. He simply didn’t want the child in my womb to exist at all.

I recalled how Theodore had hit Leo that day. His consistently harsh treatment of our son.

I remembered the fatherly tenderness he showed when looking at that girl’s photo album. In the early days when we first started mating, he never intended for me to get pregnant.

After Leo was born, he was extremely harsh with the child. When our “Rosie” left, he never showed any sadness.

He simply didn't want my pups.

A dull pain spread through my heart, numbing my entire being. I suddenly understood my mother's feelings – what it meant to die of heartbreak.

Theodore handed me the moonlight herb supplement bottle he had been giving me for years. His handsome face showed no trace of deception.

“Darling, it's time to take your supplement,” he said softly.

I couldn't understand how he could make me feel love while hurting me at the same time. With trembling hands, I took the supplement bottle.

I pulled out a small white pill and held it to Theodore's lips.

“Okay, you take one too,” I said.

Theodore not only maintained his composure but also smiled happily because I was feeding him. He opened his mouth and swallowed the white pill without hesitation.

I remembered that I had bought moonlight herb supplements before I even met Theodore. I had been taking them for years.

I didn't want to believe he would harm me. But when Theodore took out another pill and handed it to me, I stared at his knuckled hand.

Suddenly, I lost all desire to take the medication.

I knocked the supplement bottle from his hand. White pills scattered across the marble floor like fallen snow.

Theodore calmly picked up the bottle, showing no sign of displeasure.

“I'll have the servants clean this up,” he said gently.

I reflected on our relationship, my emotions becoming a tangled mess. On the day we became partners, he registered my name on all his assets.

When I gave birth to Leo, he transferred all his private property to me. My heart was filled with contradictions.

Although he had given me the most important shares, he had still betrayed me in the cruelest way possible.

I bent down and picked up one white pill. I slipped it into the drawer of the nightstand.

Tomorrow, I would have Dr. Aris examine it.

A pack omega servant came to clean up the mess. She informed me that the young Alpha and his sister were fighting in the back garden.

Previously, I would have played peacemaker during their sibling disputes. But now I didn't want to interfere.

Still, something compelled me to go downstairs. I heard Theodore's cold voice cutting through the night air.

"On the day of the memorial service, I only drank one thing – the water you handed me. Why did you put drugs in the water?"

Isadora knelt at his feet, hands clasped in front of her. She was too guilty to look at him.

Theodore's voice was ice-cold. "The memorial hall has surveillance cameras. I know everything you did, including arranging for Clara to appear at the mourning hall."

Isadora's voice cracked as she confessed. "I thought Olivia knew about the affair but chose to forgive it. Meanwhile, everyone advised me to sever my mate bond with Alaric for his infidelity."

Her words tumbled out frantically. "I felt like Olivia was mocking me. So I decided to expose your relationship with Clara in public. I wanted to force her into a corner and make her reject the mate bond."

She looked up at Theodore with desperate eyes. "Alaric told me about this on the day Olivia was kidnapped. I had the photos authenticated – they were real."

"I suspected Olivia knew about the affair because she showed no reaction when she saw the photos," Isadora continued.

She quickly added, "But I already apologized to Olivia tonight. She forgave me. She said she investigated and found no relationship between you and Clara."

(Theodore's POV)

I instructed Isadora firmly. "You will accompany Olivia to work at the pack office starting tomorrow. Pay attention to her emotions after the k*****g trauma."

"Report anything you see or hear to me," I added.

I reflected on Olivia's strange behavior. She had thrown off her mating ring and asked to sever our bond. Then she left without looking back.

My heart tightened with unease. Did she know about my affair with Clara?

But I reassured myself that she had personally told Isadora it was all a misunderstanding.

I returned to the master bedroom where Olivia was sleeping. I placed my hand gently on her abdomen, thinking about our unborn pup.

I had experienced Olivia nearly dying twice during pregnancies. I couldn't allow her life to be endangered again.

I decided to have the pup terminated soon. Then I would bring Rosalie home.

With Rosalie's companionship, even if Olivia discovered the truth someday, she wouldn't be too angry.

I called Matron Willow to arrange a visit the next day. "Please arrange things properly. My Luna likes kind pups."

(Olivia's POV)

After Theodore left, I opened my eyes and watched his retreating figure. I knew I had already begun to arouse his suspicion.

I would need to be even more careful going forward. I couldn't afford any more unusual behavior before leaving. The next day, I accompanied Theodore to Lyra's Hope Sanctuary as requested. Matron Willow warmly received us with her usual gentle smile.

As we entered The Pups' Yard, we witnessed what seemed like a staged scene. A little girl was pushed off a swing by a bigger boy.

Another girl full of righteousness helped the fallen pup up and scolded the boy's behavior. The boy ran away crying. The helpful girl received praise and thanks from the surrounding pups. Matron Willow introduced her with pride.

"This is Rosalie," she said warmly.

The girl turned around politely, greeting us with perfect manners. "Alpha and Luna."

I was shocked to see the girl's appearance. Her features were almost identical to Theodore's.

Her facial contours and expression were extremely similar to Clara's. Most terrifyingly, she looked exactly like the only ultrasound photo of the daughter I had lost.

As Theodore lifted the girl up, I stared at their identical faces. My heart filled with sharp pain, my body trembling uncontrollably.

I finally confronted him, my voice breaking.

“Theodore, do you take me for a fool?”

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(Olivia’s POV)

At Lyra’s Hope Sanctuary, I pointed directly at the little pup sitting on the swing.

“I clearly saw this pup snatch the swing from a bigger boy, causing him to angrily push her down. Yet Rosalie helped the fallen pup scold the boy without understanding the truth.”

Everyone present changed their expressions. Theodore immediately released Rosalie and embraced me, his face full of nervous concern.

I looked down at the little girl who bore such a striking resemblance to Theodore. Her eyes held a malicious glint that didn’t belong on a child’s face.

“Should we foster such a child who can’t distinguish right from wrong?” I questioned.

Theodore looked visibly relieved at my accusation. He turned to Matron Willow with a frown.

“How are the pups educated here?”

Matron Willow began sweating nervously, her troubled expression focused on Theodore. She stammered, clearly uncomfortable.

“Rosalie might have been mistaken. Children sometimes don’t see the full picture.”

Rosalie immediately stepped forward, her small hands clasped together. Her voice was sweet and apologetic.

“Luna, I was wrong. I promise to apologize to my brother.”

She clung to me like a ghost, her small fingers gripping my dress. Her eyes were wide and pleading.

“Please, Luna and Alpha, adopt me. I’ll be good, I promise.”

The painful memory of losing my daughter four years ago struck my heart like a blade. I pushed Rosalie away, unable to bear her touch.

Rosalie fell to the ground and began crying loudly. Her wails echoed across the yard, drawing attention from every direction.

Today is the sanctuary's open day, many kind-hearted pack members were visiting. They saw me push down a child and began pointing and whispering.

"Isn't that the Luna of the Crimson Pack?"

"How could someone supposedly so charitable push down such a small pup?"

"She's probably doing charity work just for image, not genuine kindness."

I don't care about their accusations, but this sanctuary was property left by my mother Lyra through The Lyra Blackwood Memorial Trust.

If the sanctuary's reputation was tarnished because of me, my mother's spirit couldn't rest in peace.

Matron Willow quickly helped Rosalie up from the ground. Theodore pulled candy from his pocket, offering it to the crying child.

"Here, little one. Don't cry."

Rosalie's tears stopped immediately. She took the candy and walked over to me, her expression innocent and understanding.

"Luna, you eat candy." She held it out with a sweet smile.

Facing the crowd's cameras and judgmental stares, I forced myself to endure. I accepted the candy, gripping it tightly in my palm until it began to melt.

Staff members quickly dispersed the onlookers, their voices carrying across the yard.

"Luna Olivia is the sanctuary's biggest sponsor. She couldn't possibly not love children."

"This must be a misunderstanding."

Theodore placed his hand on my shoulder, his voice gentle but firm.

"Rosalie is only four years old. She doesn't understand complex situations yet."

He guided Rosalie's small hand into my palm. Her skin was warm and soft, so much like my lost daughter's.

“The fault lies with poor adult supervision, not the child. Once we foster her and properly discipline her, she won’t be confused about right and wrong again.”

Matron Willow nodded eagerly, supporting Theodore’s words.

“Alpha Theodore has always asked me to find pups similar to Leo. This child resembles Leo not only in appearance but also in temperament.”

I looked down at Rosalie, studying her features carefully. A thought formed in my mind, cold and calculating.

“I want to see her documents. If there are no problems, we’ll formally foster her.”

Theodore’s eyes lit up with hope. “Of course, my love.”

“We’ll schedule the fostering procedures for Leo’s birthday,” I continued. “Pack leaders and members will be present to introduce the Redgrave family’s little miss.”

Anyway, I’ll just disappear from the face of the earth that day. I hope Theodore likes the gift I’m giving him.

When Matron Willow brought the documents, I examined them carefully. My frown deepened as I flipped through the pages.

“There’s no birth certificate.”

Matron Willow wrung her hands nervously. “Most pups in the sanctuary were unwanted. They naturally have no birth certificates.”

She pointed to another document. “But they have registered pack certificates that can be used for fostering.”

I turned to the last page, my heart beginning to race. The pack certificate showed only “Rosalie,” not “Rosalie Thorne.” Then my heart contracted violently. The birth date was April 20, 2021.

The day I lost my daughter. The same day Theodore and Clara’s daughter was born.

My mind raced back to that terrible day. I had fainted at home and been rushed to The Crimson Infirmary with massive internal bleeding.

I needed emergency surgery. When they required Theodore to sign the consent form, no one could find him.

Now I suspected Theodore had been with Clara during her labor. Perhaps in the maternity ward on the same floor of the infirmary.

After my surgery, Theodore had rushed in wearing medical scrubs. At the time, grief-stricken and weak, I hadn't questioned it.

I had assumed the infirmary required sterile clothing for the environment. But why would they require a visiting partner to wear medical scrubs when I wasn't in a delivery room or ICU?

The realization hit me like a physical blow. Theodore had been delivering his daughter with Clara while I was losing mine.

Unable to believe my suspicions but knowing I needed proof, I threw the documents on the table.

"I won't foster this pup."

I left Lyra's Hope Sanctuary without waiting for Theodore to catch up.

I hailed a taxi and directed the driver to The Crimson Infirmary. My hands shook as I gripped the door handle.

In the infirmary's monitoring room, I approached the security guard. My voice was surprisingly steady.

"I need to see surveillance footage from outside the birthing wing on April 20, 2021."

The guard looked confused but complied with the Luna's request. The footage loaded on the screen, and my world shattered.

There was Theodore at 3 AM on April 20, appearing at the birthing suite door. He changed into medical scrubs and accompanied Clara into the delivery room.

While I was bleeding out and losing our daughter, he was welcoming his child with his mistress.

My trembling body collapsed into the chair. The betrayal was complete and devastating.

Suddenly, the monitoring room door was pushed open. Theodore walked in, his face filled with concern.

"My love, what are you doing here?"

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(Olivia's POV)

I had already restored the surveillance footage to its original state and turned to look at Theodore.

He stood in the doorway, his face filled with concern. But something cold settled in my chest.

I hadn't driven here. My phone was turned off. Yet Theodore had found me so quickly.

Even if the infirmary security had notified him, he couldn't have arrived this fast. The sanctuary was at least twenty minutes away.

A chilling thought crossed my mind. Could there be some kind of tracking device implanted in my body?

I remembered discussing with Matthew how advanced technology had made chips so small they could be implanted under the skin. They worked like pacemakers without affecting normal life while remaining undetectable to the person.

Matthew had mentioned that some places were already conducting such inhumane experiments. The thought made my blood run cold.

When Theodore approached to help me, claiming he would accompany me, his phone rang.

After glancing at it, he told me, "Livvy, the pack needs me."

His expression was calm as water. I simply hummed in acknowledgment and left.

I quickly stood up and watched his figure through the c***k in the door.

However, instead of taking the call, Theodore hung up. He made his way around the corridor to the obstetrics and gynecology healer's office.

Upon seeing him, the healer tactfully left the room.

(Clara's POV)

I immediately began crying and grabbed Theodore's hand.

"Theodore, I'm sorry for disturbing you," I sobbed. "Hearing Olivia's refusal to foster Rosalie made me emotionally unstable. My stomach hurts so much."

I apologized through my tears. "I have no relatives here. I had no choice but to call you."

I was most skilled at retreating to advance. Theodore was most susceptible to my understanding and obedient act.

His warm hand fell on my small belly, gently rubbing it. "Do you feel better now?"

I blushed with joy, shyly saying, “Much better.”

After a moment of sweetness, my expression turned sorrowful again.

“If Rosalie can’t become a legitimate daughter of the Redgrave family, then the pup in my belly has even less hope,” I lamented.

I placed my hand over my heart dramatically. “I don’t want the pup to bear the stigma of being illegitimate.”

“I won’t have this pup,” I declared. “I won’t let Rosalie suffer in the sanctuary either.”

I looked up at him with tear-filled eyes. “I’ll take Rosalie away from Stonehaven City to some remote territory where no one knows us. I’ll be content as long as you can visit us occasionally.”

Theodore cupped my delicate face, gently wiping away my tears with his thumb.

“Little fool,” he said softly. “Rosalie is my most precious pup. I would never let her wander outside facing criticism.”

His voice was firm. “And I forbid you from aborting the pup. It would damage your body.”

He stroked my cheek tenderly. “I’ve already arranged for internationally renowned healers to ensure your safe delivery.”

I buried my face in Theodore’s embrace, feeling his tenderness. “You’re so good to me and the pups.”

Theodore, usually cold as ice, became particularly gentle during my pregnancy. As the Alpha of the Crimson Pack, seeing other powerful packs with abundant heirs, he must be worried.

My ability to bear pups could solve his urgent problem. Naturally, this earned his favor.

During this period, no matter how willful I became, he would unconditionally compromise.

“How can I make Olivia agree to foster Rosalie?” I asked sweetly.

Theodore’s eyes gleamed. “Rosalie’s birth date is the death anniversary of my and Olivia’s daughter.”

He continued, “Olivia has always wanted another pup. She believes their departed daughter would return to find her mother.”

His smile was calculating. “I even created a plum blossom birthmark on Rosalie’s neck, identical to the one their lost daughter had.”

Overcome with gratitude, I stood on my tiptoes. I wrapped my arms around Theodore's neck and kissed the corner of his mouth.

My eyes held pure shyness and adoration, and I knew he loved that look. I pulled open my clothes to reveal the camisole underneath. Pregnancy had made my body soft, and I pressed close against Theodore's firm chest, perfectly arousing his desire.

"Darling, I wonder if this pregnancy will make my breasts go up another cup size?" I whispered in his ear.

(Olivia's POV)

I had been standing outside for a long time. Long enough for my feet to take root in the ground.

I watched as Theodore lifted Clara into his arms and carried her into the examination room behind a blue curtain.

He placed Clara on the gynecological examination chair. Her legs were positioned on the stirrups.

She shyly whispered, "The door isn't closed."

"Why didn't you think about the door being unlocked when you were seducing me just now?"

"It's more exciting that way."

The ambiguous atmosphere, soft whispers, and the creaking sounds of the examination chair crashed over my heart like waves.

Dr. Aris Lowell approached, frowning at the sounds from the examination room. She handed me a report with disgust. "This is the analysis of the white pill you gave me earlier, along with blood test results."

My heart seized with sudden pain as I read. "He switched my moonlight herbs!"

I clutched my aching heart. Since giving birth to Leo, he had been feeding me contraceptive herbs disguised as healing supplements.

No wonder when I became pregnant with my daughter, he had found an excuse to stop the herbs. Then he convinced me to resume them after losing the pup.

Aris supported me, explaining, "While contraceptive herbs aren't toxic, long-term use can affect the body."

Her voice was gentle but firm. “Your miscarriage was indeed caused by falling down the stairs. But the pup’s poor nutrition and the uterine environment prone to miscarriage from long-term herb use were contributing factors.”

“Though not a direct cause, it was an indirect factor.”

Remembering my pup slowly losing warmth in my arms, not even making it to the healing chambers, my heart ached terribly. Tears streamed down my face.

The two people lost in desire hadn’t noticed our quiet conversation. Clara’s moans grew louder.

I pushed Aris away and walked into the office. I was so heartbroken and weak I seemed ready to collapse at any moment.

But I wouldn’t fall. I had to fight for my absent daughter’s sake.

Taking out my phone, I prepared to record evidence of his infidelity to end things with him completely.

I lifted the blue curtain.

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(Olivia’s POV)

Just then I heard Clara’s coquettish voice saying “Alpha Theodore, my parents are taking a flight tonight. Can you come out and have dinner with us? Even if it’s just for a little while.”

“Alright, I’ll come out and have dinner with you all.”

My heart stirred, and I stopped what I was doing. I was curious to see what my disgusting biological father was up to.

I quietly slipped out of the infirmary before he came out. The smell of disinfectant in the hallway couldn’t mask the stench of his deception at all.

I had barely settled back into my office when Theodore walked in, his face a perfect mask of concern. He asked about my health before pulling out a photo.

In the photo was still that little girl, Rosalie, with a familiar plum blossom petal birthmark on her neck. His voice was thick with manufactured emotion as he pointed out that she was born on the exact day our daughter had died.

“My love, what if our daughter really came back to find us?” he pleaded, gripping my hand with a desperate hope that felt utterly false.

He proposed we foster Rosalie, announcing it at Leo’s birthday party in front of all the Northern Alphas. To maintain my cover, I agreed quietly.

The moment he left for his “international pack summit”—a convenient excuse to dine with his mistress’s family—I tore the photo into pieces and let them fall into the trash.

I needed eyes and ears on him. I pulled over and called the one person I could trust.

“Matthew, I need a favor,” I said, my voice low. “Theodore is with Clara’s parents at the Moonstone Summit Hotel. I need access to their surveillance system. VIP dining room.”

“Livvy, I really can’t do anything with you.” He smiled indulgently, “Wait a moment, the image will be transmitted to your car’s display screen in two minutes.”

As promised, the console in my sports car lit up with a crystal-clear view of the private room. My breath caught in my throat.

That b***h Ophelia Thorne, who destroyed my mother’s mate bond, has the audacity to wear my mother Lyra’s emerald necklace. Even the gown she’s wearing is the precious silk dress my mother left behind when she departed.

Through the audio feed Matthew patched through, I heard the hotel manager greet Theodore and Clara as “Alpha and his Luna.” Theodore didn’t correct him.

Clara, puffed up with arrogance, ordered the manager to serve their finest venison and moonlight wine to her parents. A bitter realization washed over me.

In five years, Theodore had allowed this charade to continue for so long that his business associates, his pack’s executives, everyone, had accepted Clara as his mate.

“Dad, Mom, this is Alpha Theodore.” Clara introduced.

Theodore nodded, then sat down directly with a calm expression.

Clara immediately continued, “Mom and Dad, your company was able to move here thanks to Theodore, and even your residence was arranged by.

“Thank you, Alpha.” Silvanus and Ophelia exchanged glances, extremely excited.

“After all these years, thank you for taking care of Clara.” Silvanus smiled, “You’ve arranged everything so thoughtfully for us, you must consider us family too.”

“I heard Clara is pregnant again. When are you planning to get married?” Ophelia emphasized the word ‘again.’

However, Theodore’s response was chillingly calm.

“I have no intention of formally acknowledging Clara as my partner.”

Of course I understand, this isn’t for me, it’s just because he wants to have both of us at the same time.

I saw the disappointment on her parents’ faces, and Clara desperately trying to smooth things over.

When Theodore stepped out to take a call, Clara’s parents pounced. They demanded to know why the Alpha of the most powerful pack wouldn’t sever his bond with me.

I listened as Clara wove a web of lies about pack stability and alliances, smugly reassuring them that she had everything a Luna could want—even the title. But Silvanus wasn’t convinced.

“Don’t disgrace our family name by being nothing more than a mistress,” he warned. The irony was suffocating.

“I don’t know why, but the name Theodore sounds very familiar to me.” Silvanus muttered, and Ophelia whispered something in his ear.

He suddenly raised his head in anger, with what seemed like righteous indignation, he lunged across the table and slapped Clara hard across the face. “You stole Olivia’s mate! You’re a mistress!” he roared.

In that instant, my cold resolve wavered. A memory surfaced—this man protecting me as a child, paternal love.

My heart ached with a mixture of pain and rekindled emotions.

But Clara’s venomous reply shattered the illusion. “Why should she have it all?” she shrieked, her face contorted with hate.

“Lyra Blackwood threw us out! We lived like rogues! Why does Olivia get Theodore’s devotion, the Luna title, luxury cars, elite schools for her pup, millions in her accounts, and the grand manor?”

Her voice rose to a fever pitch. “Why does she get all that while I survive in the shadows?”

“I will take everything from her! Her mate, her position, everything!”

The final, soul-crushing blow came not from Clara, but from my father. The man whose flicker of morality had just deceived my heart now looked at his wicked daughter with pride.

“Daughter, father is proud of you,” Silvanus said, his voice dripping with sinister approval. “I thought you were being cowardly, but I support you. Take everything from that b***h Olivia.”

I felt the blood drain from my face as he leaned in, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper that the audio feed caught perfectly.

“Let her taste what it’s like to live as a rogue.”

“Tomorrow, I will find her and make her give up the Luna position. If she refuses... I’ll use the same old trick.”

My hands gripped the steering wheel until my knuckles turned white.

“I’ll find someone to kidnap her. Only this time, I won’t just ask for eight million.”

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(Olivia’s POV)

The words that followed made my blood freeze in my veins.

“That warehouse fire should have killed her,” Silvanus’s voice dripped with venom through the audio feed. “Instead, she crawled out and became the Luna of the most powerful pack in the Northern Territory.”

My hands trembled on the steering wheel as his cruel words continued to flow. “It’s all her fault. She exposed my affair with Ophelia to her mother.”

His voice grew more bitter with each word. “That b***h Lyra threw us out of the Crimson Pack because of her precious daughter’s tattling.”

The hatred in his voice was palpable as he spoke about years of living as rogues. “We suffered in the wilderness while she lived in luxury.”

“She only had eyes for her mother. Never once acknowledged me as her father.”

His voice turned cold and calculating. “Well, now she’ll pay for everything she’s done to us.”

The laughter that followed chilled me to the bone. “Eight million wasn’t enough last time. This time, I’ll make sure she loses everything.”

“Her mate, her position, her precious pup. Everything will be Clara’s.”

I couldn’t listen anymore. The bone-chilling coldness that filled my heart was unbearable.

The betrayal cut deeper than any physical wound. This man had orchestrated my k*****g as a child.

Without hesitation, I burst through the private dining room door. The heavy wood slammed against the wall with a thunderous crash.

The three conspirators looked up in shock as I stormed toward them. Glass clattered to the floor as they jumped in their seats.

“What the hell-” Silvanus started to say.

My hand connected with his face in a resounding slap. The sound echoed through the room like a gunshot.

The impact sent him reeling backward. His chair scraped against the marble floor as he struggled to maintain balance. Before he could recover, I slapped him again. This time harder, with all the rage of years of betrayal behind it.

Stars danced in his eyes as he stumbled. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

“Help! Someone’s attacking me!” Silvanus shouted desperately, his voice cracking with panic.

“Security! Call security!” he continued to scream, pressing his hand to his bleeding lip.

Ophelia rushed to his side, her expensive silk dress rustling as she moved. “Silvanus! Are you hurt badly?”

Her hands fluttered over him frantically. “Who is this crazy woman?”

Clara’s mouth fell open, her wine glass slipped from her fingers and shattered on the floor.

“Call pack security!” Clara screamed, finding her voice. “Teach this crazy woman a lesson!”

Her face was flushed with indignation. “How dare you attack my parents!”

But as her eyes focused on my face, her expression changed drastically. The color drained from her cheeks. “No... it can’t be...”

I stepped forward and delivered a sharp slap across Clara's cheek. The c***k of palm against skin filled the room.

She stumbled backward, holding her reddening face. "You... you're..."

"Who gave you permission to dine here?" I demanded.

"Who gave you the right to impersonate me?"

Clara's hand trembled against her cheek. Tears of pain and shock filled her eyes.

Silvanus straightened up, his voice threatening despite his bleeding lip. "Do you know who my daughter is?"

His chest puffed out with false bravado. "You dare attack the future Luna of the Crimson Pack?"

I looked at him with cold disdain. "Your daughter? You mean that mistress who can't show her face in public?"

"She's nothing more than a kept woman hiding in the shadows."

"A w***e who spreads her legs for a mated Alpha."

Silvanus's face contorted with rage. His hands clenched into fists at his sides.

But he still didn't recognize me. His eyes were clouded with fury and confusion.

"How dare you speak about Clara that way!" he snarled. "She's going to be the most powerful Luna in the territory!"

Ophelia leaned close to his ear and whispered urgently, "Silvanus, look at her carefully."

Her voice was barely audible. "It's Olivia."

His gaze snapped to my arm, where a faint scar from a childhood burn was visible. The realization hit him like a thunderbolt.

His entire body went rigid. The blood drained from his face as recognition dawned.

Suddenly, his entire demeanor changed. Tears welled up in his eyes as he put on an act of fatherly affection.

"Olivia! My precious daughter!" he cried dramatically, reaching toward me with trembling hands.

"I've missed you so terribly all these years!" His voice cracked with manufactured emotion.

“Father has thought about you every single day! Every single night!”

He pressed his hand to his heart theatrically. “The pain of separation has been unbearable!”

I stared at him with icy contempt. The false tears on his cheeks disgusted me.

“Earlier, you claimed your daughter was the Luna of the Crimson Pack.”

My voice cut through his performance like a blade. “Which daughter were you referring to?”

The three conspirators fell silent.

Clara’s face went white as she stammered, “I... I never said I was... Sister.”

“Don’t lie to me,” I cut her off sharply. “I am not your sister, Clara. My mother only had one daughter.”

“And that daughter is standing right here.”

The dining room door opened as Manager Corbin arrived with hotel security.

Two large guards flanked him, their hands resting on their weapons. Their eyes swept the room, taking in the broken glass and the tension.

I turned to him with authority. “Manager Corbin, how did you allow someone impersonating my identity into your establishment?”

His eyes widened. “Luna Blackwood, I sincerely apologize for this serious oversight.”

“This is a grave security breach that should never have occurred.”

“The real Luna of the Crimson Pack is standing right here,” I declared firmly. “And I demand an explanation for this insult.”

Clara’s face crumpled as she tried to protest.

“Silence,” I commanded. I looked directly at Manager Corbin. “Throw all three of them out immediately.”

“Blacklist them from all Crimson Pack properties forever. Every hotel, every restaurant, every business.”

The manager nodded respectfully. “Of course, Luna. It will be done within the hour.”

“I’ll personally ensure the blacklist is distributed to all our affiliates.”

Clara's eyes filled with panic. She fell to her knees on the marble floor.

"No, please! This is all a misunderstanding!" she begged, clutching at the hem of my dress.

"The Crimson Pack controls fifty percent of the Northern Territory's businesses," I continued coldly, ignoring her pleas.

"We have close ties with thirty percent of the remaining enterprises."

The full implication of my words sank in. They would be completely banished from the territory's commercial scene.

Ophelia's defiance flared up despite the hopeless situation. "This is ridiculous! Clara is the real Luna!"

"She's carrying Theodore's pup! She has more right to the title than you do!"

Her voice grew shrill with desperation. "You're just a barren woman clinging to a loveless marriage!"

But Silvanus stepped forward boldly, his arrogance returning despite his bleeding face.

"We are Alpha Theodore's invited guests!" he declared loudly.

His voice grew louder and more challenging. "Clara will soon replace you as the new Luna of the Crimson Pack!"

He spread his arms wide, his expression mocking. "Theodore himself arranged this dinner!"

"Let me see who dares to throw us out!"

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(Olivia's POV)

I reached into my bag and pulled out my phone. My fingers moved deliberately as I dialed a familiar number.

"Since Theodore invited you here, I'll call him now to tell me who exactly is the Luna of the Crimson Pack," I declared coldly.

Clara's face went white as she watched me dial. Her hands trembled visibly against her sides.

She remembered how she always suffered losses in previous conflicts with me. The fear was written all over her face.

"No, no need, we'll leave," she said quickly, her voice cracking with panic.

But it was too late. The phone was already connecting.

Theodore's tired and lazy voice came through the speaker: "My love?"

"Come to the VIP private room at the Moonstone Summit Hotel restaurant immediately," I said.

"There are people here claiming to be your father-in-law, mother-in-law, and your Luna, saying you invited them for dinner today."

Everyone in the room held their breath. Clara's eyes were filled with hope.

However, Theodore's affectionate and gentle voice came through the phone: "My love, who's talking nonsense and making you unhappy?"

His tone was warm and protective, completely dismissing their claims. "I'm in an international pack conference and can't get away. Please handle it yourself, my love."

He added without hesitation, "Hanging up now, my love. I love you."

The call ended amid everyone's shock. The beeping tone filled the deadly silent room.

Silvanus Winter and Ophelia Thorne exchanged incredulous looks. Their mouths hung open like fish gasping for air.

Clara collapsed against them, looking utterly defeated. All the color had drained from her face.

Her carefully constructed fantasy crumbled in an instant. The man she thought would protect her had just publicly dismissed her existence.

Manager Corbin observed my expression carefully. His years of experience told him exactly what needed to happen next.

"Why aren't you throwing them out yet?" he shouted at his security team. "Don't dirty the Luna's eyes!"

With his command, security guards swarmed forward. Their heavy boots echoed against the marble floor.

They grabbed the three conspirators without ceremony. Professional efficiency replaced any pretense of politeness. Silvanus and Ophelia wailed as they were dragged away. Their expensive clothes wrinkled under the guards' firm grips. "This is a mistake!" Silvanus screamed. "Theodore will hear about this!"

But his protests fell on deaf ears. The guards continued their work with mechanical precision.

Clara glared with resentment, tears streaming down her face. Her mascara ran in black streaks down her cheeks.

"This isn't over!" she spat at me as they dragged her past. "You'll regret this!"

I watched them go without a flicker of emotion. Their threats meant nothing to me now.

After the commotion ended and the onlookers dispersed, I suddenly noticed a tall figure in the crowd.

My lips moved, almost calling out his name. But I caught myself just in time.

This was a public place where I shouldn't acknowledge him. Too many eyes were watching.

However, he walked straight toward me. His dark eyes flowed with starlight that touched my heart.

Each step was measured and confident. The crowd seemed to part naturally before him.

He approached and took out a tissue from inside his suit jacket. His movements were gentle and careful.

"Luna Olivia, are you alright?" he asked, handing me the tissue.

I was stunned for a moment. The simple gesture of kindness after such ugliness nearly broke my composure.

I accepted his tissue, and my swollen, aching eyes instantly reddened from his caring gesture.

We entered another VIP private room one after another. The space was filled with academic luminaries from The Aegis Institute.

Seeing Killian Vance bring in a young woman, they all showed incredulous expressions. Whispers started immediately among the group.

Soon, someone recognized me and asked curiously, "Professor Vance, how do you know Luna Olivia?"

I looked at Killian, recalling our shared past. After being recruited by Matthew, my first mission was to serve as backup to help Killian escape from a dangerous place.

The memory felt like a lifetime ago. So much had changed since then.

Killian calmly replied, “Coincidentally, I’ve saved Luna Olivia twice.”

His voice was steady and matter-of-fact. No one would suspect the deeper connection between us.

Another man said, “What a coincidence! Our research institute is currently negotiating a further cooperation project with the Crimson Pack.”

“I’ll handle the negotiations,” Killian said straightforwardly.

His declaration surprised everyone present. Murmurs of confusion rippled through the group.

An old man said, “Professor Vance, such a small matter doesn’t require your personal attention.”

But a young man beside him nudged his arm and smiled. “Having Professor Vance step forward is exactly what we hoped for.”

“Since Professor Vance and Luna Olivia have this connection, the cooperation negotiations should go more smoothly.” We were seated across from each other at a tea table in the inner room. The space felt intimate after the chaos outside. “Livvy, take the pup and sever the mate bond with him,” Killian said.

I felt embarrassed hearing this. Killian had witnessed everything earlier, and being perceptive, he had likely seen through it all.

“Killian, tell me about yourself,” I said, not wanting to drag him into my troubles.

“I don’t want to burden you with my problems.”

He looked at me with deeper eyes and said, “Tomorrow, Crestwood University will hold a press conference to officially announce my identity.”

“Can you attend? I hope you can join my research team.”

I hadn’t expected to receive Killian’s invitation. But I would be leaving Stonehaven City soon.

The timing couldn’t be more complicated. Everything in my life was in upheaval.

Understanding my concerns, Killian added, “I believe with your abilities, it won’t take long time.”

“I really need you, Livvy.”

Suddenly, there was a loud “bang” from outside. The door exploded inward with tremendous force.

I was immediately pulled up and fell into the newcomer’s embrace. Theodore’s familiar scent surrounded me, but it brought no comfort.

Theodore’s dark eyes blazed with murderous intent. His voice carried attacking force: “Professor Vance, what exactly do you need my Luna to do?”

The two men locked eyes. The atmosphere in the private room dropped to freezing point.

“Let her go,” Killian commanded directly. “You’re hurting her!”

Dense pain shot through the wrist Theodore gripped. I struggled against his iron hold.

Unlike usual when Theodore would immediately feel sorry and let go, this time he not only didn’t release me but gripped even tighter.

“My Luna’s affairs don’t need your concern!” Theodore snarled. “If I catch you approaching my Luna with ulterior motives again, I won’t let you off!”

Theodore ignored Killian and pulled me toward the exit. His grip was bruising my wrist.

But Killian stepped forward to block our path. His stance was calm but unmovably determined.

“I told you to let her go,” he repeated.

The atmosphere became tense as professors and scholars came forward to mediate. Their academic minds struggled to process the raw aggression.

The young man explained nervously, “It’s a misunderstanding, Alpha Theodore.”

“You forgot that our institute is discussing a project with the Crimson Pack for deep cooperation. Professor Vance was just discussing the cooperation details with Luna Olivia.”

Theodore released my hand but wrapped his arm around my waist. His hold was possessive and unyielding.

“No need,” he said coldly. “The Crimson Pack has no interest in this project.”

Theodore’s gaze never left Killian’s face. He stepped closer, invading the other man’s personal space.

“Any project with Professor Vance will never interest the Crimson Pack,” he said in a threatening low voice.

This statement was equivalent to blacklisting Killian. Everyone in the room began to panic.

As Theodore escorted me out, I was forced to comply due to his forceful grip. But I wouldn’t go quietly.

Before leaving the private room, I turned back and said, “Thank you for Professor Vance’s invitation. I will attend tomorrow’s press conference.”

After saying this, Theodore lifted me over his shoulder like a sack of grain. The humiliation burned through me. He carried me out of the hotel while I struggled uselessly against his hold.

I was stuffed into the back seat of the Rolls–Royce. The leather was cold against my skin.

Before I could settle properly, Theodore’s body, burning with anger, pressed down on me.