

Chapter 4: The Final Blow

Chapter 4: The Final Blow

(Theodore's POV)

The moment I pushed Clara onto the leather sofa in the creche's private lounge, Logan—my wolf—nally stopped his incessant pacing.

Only violent, raw s*x could quiet the beast inside me when he got like this, restless and hungry for something Olivia could no longer give.

I drove into Clara with punishing force, my hands gripping her hips hard enough to bruise. She moaned beneath me, her back arching as I took what I needed from her willing body.

This is what I need, I told myself as I watched her breasts bounce with each thrust. This is what keeps me sane.

But even as I lost myself in Clara's heat, my mind drifted back to how this all started.

Six years ago, everything had been perfect. Olivia and I had been electric together—her graceful gure moving beneath me, those long, sexy legs wrapped around my waist as I made love to her with a passion that left us both breathless.

Then Leo's birth changed everything.

The dicult labor that nearly killed her also stole her wolf, leaving my beautiful, powerful mate weak and fragile. The vigorous s*x that had once been our escape became impossible—she simply couldn't handle my strength anymore.

Worse, without her wolf to balance mine, Logan became increasingly unstable. My heat cycles grew more violent, more demanding.

I needed an outlet, or I would have destroyed her completely.

The rst time I saw Clara was at Marcus Reid's pool party, exactly ve years ago. She'd been oating in the water, her body fuller and more voluptuous than Olivia's rened elegance. The black bikini barely contained her generous curves, her breasts oating on the surface like an invitation I couldn't ignore.

She looked enough like Olivia to satisfy my wolf, but different enough to justify what I was about to do.

I'd dragged her from that pool and taken her upstairs to one of the guest rooms. The moment we were alone, she'd dropped to her knees without being asked, taking me into her mouth with an enthusiasm that Olivia—proper, dignied Olivia—would never show.

From that night forward, Clara became my release valve. Every position too rough for my weakened mate, every primal urge that would have hurt Olivia—I channeled it all into Clara's willing body. She was the perfect vessel for my violence, absorbing all of Logan's fury so I could return home gentle and loving to my true mate.

Clara was nothing more than a s*x toy. A means to an end.

Olivia was my heart, my soul, my everything. This arrangement protected her from the monster I became when Logan took control.

"Alpha," Clara's breathy moan pulled me back to the present. She wrapped her arms around my neck, her nails digging into my shoulders. "I'm so sorry about earlier. I'll never dare go near the Luna again. Please don't be angry with me."

I grabbed her throat, squeezing just hard enough to make her gasp, and drove deeper into her. "You disrespected my mate," I growled against her ear. "I should throw you out of this pack for that alone."

"Please," she whimpered, though her body was responding to my roughness with obvious pleasure. "Let me make it up to you. I'll do anything—"

Suddenly, I froze. Something was wrong.

Olivia was moving away from me. Even though her wolf had gone dormant and our mate bond was weakened, my Alpha senses could still track her location.

I pulled out of Clara abruptly and grabbed my phone, opening the tracking app. The red dot that represented my mate was moving farther and farther from the center.

Clara hugged me from behind, her voice sickeningly sweet. "Dear Theo, isn't Leo's training session ending soon? Let's go pick him up."

The nickname hit me like a physical blow. Something precious was slipping away, and hearing those words from her lips felt like sacrilege.

I spun around and slapped her hard across the face. "Don't call me that."

Her cheek reddened instantly, but I felt no remorse. "Only my Livvy has the right to call me by that name."

I rushed out of the oce, leaving her there holding her face.

(Olivia's POV)

The spring rain fell in steady sheets over the memorial grove, turning the earth around my mother's headstone into dark, rich soil.

I'd been standing here for over an hour, letting the cold water soak through my clothes as I stared at Lyra's photograph embedded in the white marble.

My phone buzzed with a new message. The sender was Clara.

It was a photo of her and Theodore having s*x, his face contorted in ecstasy as he pressed against her naked body. He was on top of her, his face twisted in bliss as he entered her. Her legs were wrapped around his waist—just like I used to do.

The timestamp showed it was taken less than an hour ago.

Judging by the background, it was an Alpha's private lounge in the daycare center. My son was still on the playground below, yet they couldn't restrain their lustful desires.

"Mom, I'm sorry," I whispered to the headstone. "I've decided to sever the mate bond with Theo and give him custody of Leo. I want to take you away from here."

My voice cracked on the last words. I couldn't stay in this place anymore, couldn't let her memory be tainted by the poison of my failed marriage.

Suddenly, an umbrella appeared above me, shielding me from the wind and rain.

"Where do you want to take Mom?"

I looked up in surprise to see Theodore's clear amber eyes staring down at me with concern.

"How did you know I was here?" I asked, stepping back instinctively.

"Our mate bond," he said softly. "Even weakened, I can still sense when you're in distress."

He pulled me into his arms, his embrace tight and desperate. "

He was obviously lying; the mate bond had gone completely silent along with my wolf. Otherwise, how could I not have sensed he was cheating?

His body was burning hot against my ice-cold heart, but the warmth couldn't reach me anymore. I could smell jasmine on his clothes - Clara's scent, still clinging to him.

"Were you worried you'd done something wrong?" I asked carefully, testing him.

Theodore's expression grew serious. He raised three ngers before my mother's grave, his voice solemn and clear.

"My love, I swear before your mother that I have never done, am not doing, and will never do anything to betray our bond as mates. If I were to betray you, may the Moon Goddess strike me down."

Thunder rumbled immediately overhead, so loud and sudden that Theodore jumped. Even the sky seemed to be exposing his lie.

"I believe you," I said quietly, though we both knew I didn't.

Leaving Theodore wasn't going to be as simple as I'd imagined. He was still the Alpha of the Crimson Pack, still Leo's father, still bound to me by laws both supernatural and legal.

We walked down the mountain path together under our umbrellas, the silence heavy between us.

I remembered how he'd helped my mother and me ten years ago, ensuring her nal days were comfortable and worry-free. He'd been so kind then, so genuine in his care for both of us.

I couldn't understand how that man had become this one. How someone who'd shown such compassion could betray me so completely.

I was about to ask him directly when Theodore opened the passenger door of his car.

Clara was sitting inside.

She wore a white slip dress with a small shawl draped over her shoulders. Her bare neck was covered in fresh purple hickeys.

He actually dared to bring his mistress to my mother's grave.