

Chapter 6: The Final Blow

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(Olivia's POV)

"Leo!" Eleonora's voice cracked like a whip. "How dare you call that woman 'Mommy!'"

My son inched but didn't back down. His small chin jutted out deantly.

"Your mother is Olivia," Eleonora continued, her tone stern but loving. "She sacriced her health and her own wolf to bring you into this world. She's been suffering the consequences ever since, and you will show her respect."

Leo's face twisted with anger. "Nobody forced her to have me!"

The words hit me like a physical blow. My own child—my precious boy—speaking to me like I was a burden.

"Ever since I was born, all anyone talks about is how much Mom struggled," Leo shouted. "She's always telling me what I can't do, what I shouldn't touch, what I'm not allowed to have!"

"Whenever I voiced a different opinion, my father, grandmother, and aunt would tell me how dicult it was for my mother to give birth to me, and that I wasn't allowed to go against her wishes!"

Tears streamed down his face, but they weren't tears of remorse. They were tears of frustration and rage.

"Clara lets me do whatever I want. She plays with me and reads to me and doesn't yell at me all the time. What's so wrong with liking her better?"

Every word stabbed my heart like a dagger. It turned out that my attempts to control him, which I thought were for his own good, meant nothing to him.

"Leo, maybe I was a bit too strict with you before, that was my fault as your mom. Would you be willing to give me another chance?" I tried to make one last attempt in a calm voice.

"Stop pretending," he shouted, "you just want all of us to revolve around you! You don't think you've done anything wrong! You just can't stand it when people don't like you."

"But Dad likes Clara more too, doesn't he?"

"Leo!" Theodore's voice boomed as he roughly grabbed our son's shoulder. "That's enough!"

But the damage was done. The truth had spilled from innocent lips.

I looked at Theodore, and for the rst time, I saw real fear in his eyes. Not fear of losing me—fear of being exposed.

Clara knelt on the oor, clinging to Eleonora's leg like a desperate child. "Please, Elder Eleonora, I'm begging you! Don't re me! I'll do anything—work in the kitchens, clean the oors, anything!"

Eleonora knocked Clara's hands away with disgust. "My decision is nal. You're red."

Her voice was ice-cold, "You must stay away from Leo, you must leave the pack, and you must go tonight."

Clara's face crumpled, but I caught the ash of calculation in her eyes. She wasn't done yet.

Leo dropped to his knees in front of me with a thud, his small hands clutching my skirt tightly. "Mom, please! I know I was wrong, okay? I'll apologize, all right? You have to help Clara! Tell Grandma she can stay!"

I looked down at my son—this pup I'd nearly died bringing into the world—and felt something cold settle in my chest.

I'm tired. I don't want to go along with everything he wants anymore.

"No, Leo. I won't."

His face went white with shock. Then he turned and ran upstairs, his sobs echoing through the house.

Clara slowly rose to her feet, brushing dirt from her knees. When she looked at me, her mask had completely slipped.

"Even if I leave," she said with a twisted smile, "you'll never win his heart."

She cast a provocative glance at Theodore, her meaning crystal clear.

Something snapped inside me. My hand moved before I could think, connecting with her cheek in a sharp c***k that echoed through the room.

"Stop looking at me like that," I snarled.

Clara's head snapped to the side, a red handprint blooming on her pale skin. But instead of anger, she looked triumphant.

I want to slap again.

A scream came from upstairs.

"Leo's hurting himself!" An Omega maid came rushing down the stairs, her face white with panic.

"He's got a silver knife!"

My blood turned to ice. Theodore and I bolted for the stairs, Eleonora close behind.

We burst into Leo's room to nd him standing by his desk, a silver letter opener clutched in his small st. Blood dripped from a gash on his forearm, staining his white shirt crimson.

"Leo!" I lunged forward, but he held the blade higher.

"Stay back!" he screamed. "I know you love me more than anything, Mom. So now that I'm hurt, all I want is for Clara to stay and take care of me. Can't you do that for me?"

My heart turned to stone. My own son—my precious boy—was willing to hurt himself just to break my heart and keep his father's mistress.

"I can nd another nanny to stay with you," I said, my voice deadly calm. "It doesn't have to be Clara."

"I only want Clara!" Leo's voice cracked with desperation. "Don't you love me most of all, Mom? Why can't you let Clara stay? You're just jealous because she's young and beautiful!"

The accusation hit me like a slap. My ve-year-old son thought I was jealous of my husband's mistress.

"I will never agree," I said quietly. "No matter what."

Leo's face contorted with rage. He raised the silver blade and slashed his arm again, deeper this time. Blood splattered on the oor.

"Leo, is this how you threaten your mother?" I was very disappointed.

"I'm not threatening you, I just want you to agree! Do you agree?" he roared hysterically.

"Go on then," I said, my voice empty of all emotion.

"Enough!" Theodore suddenly grabbed my arm violently and shoved me aside. "Why can't you let Clara stay for Leo's sake? He likes her! Why would you let our son get hurt over some omega?"

"Olivia, when did you become so cold-hearted?"

They were the ones who betrayed me, yet now they're saying it's my fault.

Leo dropped to his knees again, blood still owing from his wounds. "Mom, please. My birthday is in thirty days. The only present I want—the only thing I want—is for Clara to stay by my side forever."

I looked down at this child who shared my blood, my DNA, my very essence. This boy I'd sacriced everything for.

"Leo," I said, "I consider you a big boy now. So I'm going to ask you one nal, serious time."

I knelt down to meet his eyes, my voice steady as granite.

"I will give you three chances to reconsider."