

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 131

Chapter 131: Had a Pup with Another Alpha

(Olivia's POV)

"It's none of your business," I stated flatly.

Theodore couldn't accept the reality before him. His face contorted with disbelief and rage.

"You found another Alpha and bore his pup right after you severed our mate bond?" His voice cracked with anguish.

We had been mated for a whole decade. How could she have another Alpha's pup so quickly?

He believed I loved him. He believed I would never betray our bond.

I looked into Theodore's eyes. The thought of Aurora's resemblance to him made my heart race.

But Aurora was Aurora, and Theodore was Theodore.

"You can have an illegitimate daughter with Clara during our mating," I retorted. "So why can't I fall in love and bear a pup with another Alpha after severing our bond?"

Each word was a sharp blade cutting into Theodore's heart. I endured the discomfort of his touch as I spoke.

"My love, let me explain," Theodore pleaded.

"Explain?" I sneered coldly. "Explain how you feigned devotion and conspired with everyone to deceive me?"

My voice grew sharper with each accusation.

"How you shamelessly devoured what my mother left for me? How you ruthlessly killed my pup?"

I stared at him with pure hatred.

"Go on, Theodore, explain it to me."

He couldn't explain. He had done every single one of those things.

He pulled me into his embrace. He whispered sweet nothings as he used to when I was angry.

"My love, I would never harm you. Everything I did was for you."

His voice was desperate, pleading.

"Please believe me, won't you? No Alpha will ever be better to you than I am."

In response, I bit down hard on his shoulder.

The tighter he held me, the deeper I bit. As we struggled in a silent battle, I dug the nails of my other hand deep into my

own palm.

When Theodore felt a thick, warm liquid, he grabbed my hand. It was covered in blood.

The sight of my self-inflicted wound sent him into a panic. The blood was so hot it felt like it was scorching his heart.

"My love!" he cried, letting me go. "If you're angry, hit me, howl at me, but don't hurt yourself."

He was terrified.

"I don't want to see you," I said, collapsing onto the infirmary bed.

My bandaged hand stained the white sheets red.

1/4

(Theodore's POV)

Her hair was a mess. Her face was pale.

Her eyes, filled with nothing but despair and disgust, stared at me lifelessly.

"My love, I'll leave right now."

I couldn't bear to leave her, but I had to.

Stepping out of the room, I immediately took a tablet showing the surveillance feed from inside. I watched as Olivia lay on the bed, breathing shallowly, devoid of any vitality.

Healer Elias approached me.

“Alpha Theodore, your former mate’s post–traumatic stress disorder has relapsed. The trigger this time was you.”

The healer’s words shattered my last sliver of hope.

I couldn’t see her. I couldn’t risk triggering her again, or she might do something I would regret for the rest of my life.

Yet, the thought of watching her with another Alpha was unbearable.

As I paced anxiously, Captain Ryker reported, “Alpha, the helicopter is ready. We can take Luna away anytime.”

He paused, his expression grim.

“But the Alpha King’s men have arrived. A major conflict is likely, but the pack is willing to fight for you and Luna.”

Healer Elias interjected, “Luna’s condition is highly unstable. If she loses control mid–journey... the situation will be very dangerous.”

His voice grew more serious.

“I also discovered something else. She had heart surgery right after giving birth.”

My blood ran cold.

“While the surgery was successful, her heart can no longer withstand any significant stress. Another pregnancy would be

fatal.”

The words hit me like a physical blow.

“A donor heart must be on standby at all times.”

Just then, my dark eyes narrowed as I saw Matthew approaching from the end of the corridor.

Captain Ryker noticed something was wrong. “Alpha, those aren’t enforcers, they’re from the Royal Guard.”

The guards cleared a path as Beta Tristan pointed at me.

“That’s him. He illegally abducted our King’s mate.”

The Royal Guards immediately moved in.

“You are under arrest for suspicion of illegal a*****n and confinement.”

Captain Ryker tried to explain, but the guards were firm.

Matthew’s elite warriors pushed past the Crimson Pack warriors. They opened the infirmary room door.

Inside, Olivia flinched in terror as the door opened. But upon seeing Matthew’s calm face, her frantic heart instantly

settled.

The next moment, she was in his arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

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+15 Points)

From the doorway, I watched the scene unfold. I saw her nestle into Matthew’s embrace, crying out all her grievances.

Just as she used to do with me when she was frightened. Seeking me out like a lifeline.

An excruciating pain seized my heart. It felt as if I was dying.

I had personally destroyed the Olivia who loved me.

(Olivia’s POV)

The door closed. After a while, I calmed down.

I tried to pull the blanket over my bleeding hand. But Matthew gently took it, his expression hardening at the sight of the

fresh wounds.

He slowly unwrapped the old bandage and put on a new one.

“What happened?” he asked.

I explained that Theodore had taken me and forced me to undergo a physical examination. I insisted it was his selfish

possessiveness, not concern.

Matthew's hand paused on my back as he comforted me.

He could smell Theodore's cedarwood scent on me. A sign that he had held me.

"What else did he do to you?" he asked.

I shook my head, pleading, "Let's not talk about him, okay?"

Matthew's hand stilled. How could he not care?

I was the she-wolf he planned to spend his life with. Yet in my eyes, he was merely a considerate ally.

"The test results? Are they with the healer outside?" he asked.

"I think so," I replied, adding, "Matthew, Healer Elias and his mate helped me. They are good wolves."

"Hmm," Matthew said with a hint of indifference. "In your eyes, who isn't a good wolf?"

I looked up, sensing he was upset. But his expression was as placid as ever.

"I want to go back," I said, starting to get out of bed.

"Have Matilda come in and help the Queen bathe and change," Matthew suddenly instructed.

"Be careful with the wound on your hand."

I realized my disheveled state was unsuitable for meeting his mother. I agreed.

While I was in the bathroom, Matthew sat on the sofa. He told Beta Tristan, "Bring me the reports."

He quietly reviewed each document. Fertility: 0. Heart function at its limit. Relapse of stress-induced post-traumatic

disorder.

As the sun began to set, I emerged in a fresh dress. My slender legs were in long socks and soft leather shoes that cushioned my injured feet.

I smiled faintly. "Thank you, Matilda."

Matilda looked towards Matthew. "Luna, it was all prepared by the Alpha King."

I turned to him and saw his grave expression. His brow was slightly furrowed.

I knew he was looking at my medical reports. I leaned over curiously.

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Chapter 132: What did I do to you?

(Matthew's POV)

I expressionlessly closed the last medical report. "It's nothing."

The documents contained information that would only cause Olivia more pain. Her fertility was gone. Her heart was failing. The stress disorder had returned.

"Beta Tristan, destroy these," I instructed.

But Olivia sensed something was wrong. Her hand pressed down on the documents before Tristan could take them.

Instead of answering her unspoken question, I took her hand. Beta Tristan understood my signal and produced a ring

box.

Inside was a beautiful diamond ring, its facets catching the infirmary's harsh light. I slipped it onto Olivia's ring finger.

"Don't I already have a moonstone ring?" she asked, puzzled.

"Some people are blind, or need to be more obvious," I replied with a cold laugh.

The ring was a statement. A warning to Theodore and anyone else who might think they had a claim on her.

I handed the files to Beta Tristan and opened the door for Olivia. She walked out, amused by my gesture.

The moment she stepped into the corridor, I swept her into my arms.

“Matthew, my foot is fine, I can walk,” she protested, startled.

I simply looked at her. The unspoken question hung between us – He can hold you, but I can’t?

“Mother is downstairs,” I said instead.

Beta Tristan smoothly explained, “Luna has had a big scare, so of course the Alpha King must do more. You are mates, a

mate must be considerate of his Luna.”

Olivia accepted the logic and relaxed into my embrace. She buried her face in my chest, seeking the security that had been

absent since her ordeal with Theodore.

(Olivia’s POV)

The elevator doors opened to reveal Victoria Kane and Seraphina Kane waiting in the lobby.

Victoria’s concern for me was veiled by a cool demeanor. My complicated past had created distance between us, despite Matthew’s efforts to bridge it.

“How are you feeling?” Victoria asked formally.

“Much better, thank you,” I replied gently, despite her coldness.

Victoria’s expression hardened when she mentioned Theodore. “That Alpha dared to abduct you. I should involve my

mate in this matter.”

Matthew calmly interjected, “Let the pack council handle it, lest people say our Kane family throws its weight around.”

As we walked through the hospital lobby, we drew stares and whispers from the affluent crowd. They recognized Victoria and correctly identified her companions as the subjects of recent gossip.

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“How did a divorced Luna manage to enter the prestigious Kane bloodline?” someone murmured.

“The Alpha King must be desperate for an heir,” another whispered.

Suddenly, Isadora Redgrave approached with her daughter, Iris. The little pup’s eyes lit up when she saw me.

“Aunt Olivia! You’re my aunt!” she exclaimed, running toward us.

“Aunt Olivia, I miss you so much, Leo misses you, and Uncle misses you so, so much.”

The innocent words made everyone tense. Isadora quickly stepped in, her voice trembling.

“Liv, my brother wronged you, and you can do whatever you want to him. But Leo was just a pup.”

+15 Points)

She pleaded desperately, “He was instigated by adults... can you forgive Leo? He was sent to Lyra’s Hope Sanctuary by my brother to fend for himself. These past three years have been very hard for him.”

The words “orphan sanctuary” struck me like a physical blow. My son, living among abandoned pups.

Iris grabbed my hand, crying, “Aunt Olivia, Brother Leo is so pitiful. Can you come with us to see him? He’s in this very

hospital.”

Beta Tristan intervened before I could respond. “It’s inappropriate for Luna to interact with a suspect’s family while the

case is ongoing.”

I gently withdrew my hand from Iris’s grasp and patted the pup’s head. “Maybe later.”

Those three words cost me the last of the energy I had once devoted to Leo.

Matthew carried me away without a backward glance, leaving a sobbing Iris behind.

I heard her asking Isadora, “Mom, why doesn’t Aunt Olivia want Brother Leo anymore? Why doesn’t she want Uncle?”

Isadora could only sigh. She knew the pain of betrayal herself but found solace in a daughter who would never hurt her,

unlike Leo.

In the car, I stared blankly at the pouring rain. Matthew quietly told his Beta, "Go and investigate Leo's experiences over

the past three years."

I looked at him, surprised, and started to refuse. But he simply changed the subject.

"Alpha Asher White is waiting for you at the Kane Estate."

Back at the Kane Estate, Alpha Asher White and I exchanged intelligence about pack movements and territorial disputes.

Before leaving, Alpha White teased Matthew about Cynthia Mooncrest. "That she-wolf has waited twenty years for you. She even saved your life."

He warned with a grin, "Don't interfere if she comes pleading."

After Alpha White left, Matthew tried to explain. "She was my betrothed back then. It was my duty to treat her well."

"Just like you treat me, right?" I replied, completely misunderstanding.

In my mind, his recent kindness was simply a product of his strong sense of responsibility toward our nominal mating.

"The Alpha King is a good wolf," I concluded earnestly.

Beta Tristan, clearing files nearby, couldn't help but chuckle. Matthew's cold glare sent him scurrying away.

The room fell silent.

"What did I do to you?" Matthew asked quietly.

2/3

*15 Points

Chapter 12 am iue to your

I considered his question seriously. “You’ve saved me many times, trusted and favored me in the alliance, and... you. carried me just now because you were afraid I was tired.”

I nodded decisively. “I’ll work hard to repay you and help you strengthen the kingdom soon.”

He walked to my desk where I was reviewing documents.

“I don’t treat her like that,” he said.

I looked up, puzzled. “Like what?”

“Only you,” he said.

“Like what?” I asked again, still not understanding.

In response, his hands slipped under my arms, lifting me from the chair as if I weighed nothing.

“King!” I gasped in shock.

He carried me from the office desk to the large bed, sat down, and touched my face gently.

“You’re not allowed to call me that way again.”

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Chapter 133: Theodore Protected Her

(Matthew’s POV)

I carried Olivia to the bed, letting her rest her head on my arm. “Close your eyes,” I murmured softly.

I sat by the bedside, leaning down slightly. “Briar is listening outside,” I said with a hint of playful annoyance in my tone. “How long are you going to call me King?”

The warmth of my breath brushed against her face. She blushed, flustered, and her voice came out soft. “Matthew... have they left?”

I pulled the covers over her, my large hand patting her back gently through the thin quilt. “No, now sleep.”

She hadn't slept well the previous night. The ordeal had exhausted her completely. The dark circles under her eyes revealed her fatigue.

Olivia tried to fight the drowsiness, lulled by the steady rhythm of my pats, she quickly drifted off to sleep.

I watched her peaceful face for a long moment. Gently, I brushed the stray hairs from her face. Then I carefully moved her further into the bed and tucked her in properly.

When I stepped out of the room, Seraphina was waiting. Briar was nowhere in sight. It had all been a ruse to get Olivia to sleep.

"Brother, Liv..." Seraphina started.

"She's asleep," I cut her off, leading her to the living room.

Seraphina had witnessed Theodore carrying a blood-soaked Olivia out of The Alchemist's Brew. Terror filled her eyes. "Is she alright?"

I ignored the question. Instead, I asked sternly, "Are you still seeing him?"

Seraphina looked down, avoiding my gaze. "I want to apologize to Liv. Since she's asleep, I'll come back tomorrow."

I sighed deeply. "Seraphina, he's using you to get close to Olivia. Why must it be him?"

She looked up defiantly. "And you, brother? Why must you mate with Liv?"

Her voice grew stronger. "My feelings for Alpha Theodore are the same as yours for her. You won't mate with anyone but her, and I won't mate with anyone but him."

Seeing her determination, I relented. "You're grown up. I'll respect your decisions about love."

My voice hardened. "But if he hurts Olivia again, I won't tolerate him."

Seraphina quickly promised it wouldn't happen again. She assured me that Theodore had his final talk with Olivia. She would take good care of her during the Luna ceremony dress fitting the next day.

I spent the night working through documents while Olivia slept peacefully until morning.

When she awoke, she found a curtain had been installed. It separated the bed from a small office area where I was speaking in low tones with Beta Tristan.

Outside, she could hear the clamor of people. They had come to the Kane Estate to curry favor.

After freshening up, she emerged to find me waiting. I informed her that Alpha Asher White had a lead and needed to see

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her.

Chapter 133 Theodore Pible

+15 Points

I naturally reached out to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear. "In the afternoon, Seraphina and Mother will take you to try on Luna ceremony gowns," I said. "I'll join you after I'm done with my work."

I saw Briar standing by the door. Olivia understood I was putting on a show and didn't pull away.

She bit back the word "King" and simply nodded in agreement.

(Olivia's POV)

At my meeting with Alpha Asher White, I learned important news. Silvanus JR had confessed and was willing to become a witness against Caelan Mooncrest.

In exchange, he wanted a possible suspended sentence. The investigation also revealed that two rogues had likely conspired to steal money from Silvanus' frozen bank accounts.

For the sake of the larger goal, I agreed to the terms.

Later that afternoon, Seraphina picked me up. She insisted on taking me to The Sovereign's Table for a meal as a "sincere

apology."

I was wary because I knew Theodore had been released on bail. Reluctantly, I agreed.

The moment we sat down, Theodore walked in.

Fear and anger surged through me. I instinctively recoiled from his presence.

Theodore stopped at the doorway. His voice filled with remorse. "Livvy, I realize I've done so many things wrong. I've hurt

you. I will never do anything to make you sad again."

"Don't come any closer!" I cried, trembling.

I grabbed a teacup from the table and hurled it at him. It struck him squarely on his bandaged head. The white gauze

instantly turned red again.

Seraphina gasped and rushed over with napkins. "Liv, Alpha Theodore really knows he was wrong! Please forgive him, ask my brother to drop the case!"

Her voice became desperate. "With my brother's power, he won't stand a chance! He'll leave the European Territory and

never come back. Liv, I'm begging you!"

Hearing this, my panic subsided slightly. "That's between you and your brother," I said coldly. "I can't influence him."

I grabbed my purse and headed for another exit.

At that moment, a restaurant waiter rushed out from the adjacent room. He was carrying a pot of steaming moonlight tea.

He slipped suddenly. The scalding tea splashed towards my face.

I tried to dodge forward, but it was too late to avoid it completely. I raised my handbag to block the burning liquid.

The next instant, a dark shadow enveloped me. I looked up in shock to find myself pressed against Theodore's chest.

The entire pot of boiling tea spilled on his back. To my astonishment, there was silver in the tea that burned Theodore's

skin.

His body shuddered from the pain, but his arms remained steady around me. The acrid smell of burning flesh filled the air.

"Theodore!" Seraphina screamed.

He didn't let go of me until he was certain I was safe. Only then did he stagger backward, his face pale with agony.

C Chapter 133 Theodore Protected Her

The silver had left angry red welts across his back. His shirt was soaked with tea and blood.

"Why?" I whispered, staring at him in disbelief.

+15 Points

He met my eyes, his own filled with pain that went beyond the physical burns. "Because I failed to protect you before." The waiter stood frozen, the empty pot still in his hands. Other diners had gathered, murmuring in shock.

Seraphina was frantically calling for medical help. But Theodore's gaze never left my face.

"I won't ask for your forgiveness," he said quietly. "But I won't let anyone hurt you again."

I stood there, my heart pounding. The man who had caused me so much pain had just taken silver burns to shield me

from harm.

The contradiction left me speechless.

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Chapter 134: Awkward Confrontation

(God's POV)

The emergency room erupted into chaos as medical staff rushed toward Theodore. His back was a mess of angry red welts where the silver-laced tea had burned through his shirt.

"Get him on the table!" the head healer barked, gesturing frantically.

Seraphina hovered nearby, her face pale with worry. "Is he going to be okay?"

The healer examined Theodore's wounds with practiced efficiency. "The burns are severe. We'll need moonlight herb sedatives to remove the clothing stuck to the wound."

"No!" Olivia's voice cut through the room like a blade.

Everyone turned to stare at her. She stood frozen, her hand still clutched in Theodore's grip.

"He's allergic to moonlight herbs," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "He'll go into shock."

Theodore's eyes suddenly erupted with a glimmer that might be hope, making Seraphina feel uneasy. Olivia's intimate understanding of Theodore made her heart tighten, as she did not want him to harbor expectations towards her again.

"I can take it," Theodore gritted out, his jaw clenched against the pain. "I don't need sedatives."

His grip on Olivia's hand tightened. When she tried to pull away, the movement jostled his burnt back, making him gasp.

"Stop moving," the healer snapped, clearly annoyed by their drama. "If you won't take sedatives, then hold still."

The healer began the gruesome procedure without any pain relief. As he peeled away the fabric stuck to Theodore's skin, Theodore's eyes never left Olivia's face.

"For my love, this pain is nothing," he whispered through gritted teeth. "You're feeling sad for me, aren't you?"

Olivia's palms were slick with sweat. She was forced to watch as the healer tore away pieces of burnt cloth, each

movement drawing fresh blood.

Theodore's breathing grew ragged, but his gaze remained fixed on her. "You still care about me."

"I don't," Olivia said, but her voice shook.

The healer continued his work, muttering under his breath about dramatic Alphas. Blood seeped from the wounds as he

cleaned away the debris.

Theodore squeezed her hand tighter with each wave of pain. “You remembered about the moonlight herbs. You still know

me.”

Olivia wanted to deny it, but the words wouldn’t come. She had spoken without thinking, her body reacting to protect him before her mind could catch up.

After what felt like hours, the healer finally finished bandaging Theodore’s back. “He needs to stay overnight for

observation.”

They moved Theodore to a private ward, his hand still locked around Olivia’s. She struggled to break free as they transferred him to the bed.

“Let go of me,” she demanded.

“Never again,” Theodore murmured, his voice weak but determined.

As Olivia pulled harder, she lost her balance and stumbled forward onto the bed. Theodore immediately wrapped his good arm around her, pulling her against his chest.

“What are you doing?”

The sharp voice cut through the air like ice. At the door stood Matthew Kane, his mother Victoria Kane, and Cynthia

Mooncrest.

Olivia scrambled out of Theodore’s embrace, her face burning with embarrassment. Her mind reeled as she tried to

process how this must look.

Cynthia stepped forward, her phone already in her hand. “On such an important day for a Luna gown fitting, Lady Victoria waited for you at the tailor for two hours.”

Her voice dripped with false concern. “And yet you’re here, dallying with your ex–mate.”

She brandished her phone, displaying a sensational headline: “Kane Family’s Future Luna Two–Timing!”

An article accompanied by a photo, capturing the exact moment when Theodore was holding and protecting Olivia at the

restaurant.

Victoria's face was dark with fury. She had reluctantly accepted Olivia's complicated past, but this felt like a slap in the

face.

"I trusted you," Victoria said, her voice cold as winter. "I defended you to the council. Is this how you treat my trust?"

(Olivia's POV)

"I'm sorry, Lady Victoria," I said, my voice desperate. "This isn't what it looks like."

But Victoria was beyond listening. Her eyes blazed with disappointment and rage.

"Matthew, your marking ceremony with Miss Blackwood is canceled!" she declared. "It's better to sever ties now than

watch my son get hurt later."

The room fell silent. Everyone's eyes turned to Matthew. His face was unreadable, but I could see the tension in his

shoulders.

"What are your thoughts?" he asked me, his voice eerily calm.

I felt anger surge through me like fire. Matthew knew everything. He had helped me escape Crimson Pack Territory. He

had seen what Theodore did to me.

How could he possibly believe this tabloid nonsense? How could he stand there so calmly while his mother humiliated

me?

Seeing Victoria's adamant disapproval, I felt my resolve crumble. What was the point of fighting for someone who didn't

trust me?

"I agree," I said, my voice cold as ice.

Matthew let out a bitter laugh. The sound cut through me like a knife.

“How easily you cast me aside,” he said quietly.

His words stung, but I was too hurt to care. If he wanted to believe the worst of me, then let him.

(God’s POV)

Victoria immediately began making plans. “Cynthia, we’ll need to adjust the ceremony arrangements. You’ll make a much

more suitable Luna.”

Cynthia’s eyes lit up with triumph. “Of course, Lady Victoria. I’m honored.”

Theodore grabbed Olivia’s hand again, his voice a whisper. “My Love, you deserve better than this.”

The possessive endearment sent rage coursing through Olivia. Her body trembled as she fought the urge to shift.

In a flash, Matthew seized Theodore’s wrist. His grip was iron–strong, unforgiving.

“Alpha Redgrave, let go of my mate.”

Theodore sneered despite the pain. “You’re canceling the marking ceremony. She’s not your mate.”

With a sickening c***k, Matthew broke Theodore’s wrist.

Everyone stared in shock. Matthew had never been violent in public. His reputation was built on control, diplomacy, strategic thinking.

Theodore’s hand hung at an unnatural angle, but he still managed to taunt. “Kane, don’t be delusional. My Love doesn’t

want you!”

Olivia’s gaze lingered on Theodore’s dangling hand. Seeing this, Matthew felt his heart being torn apart.

She was looking at Theodore with concern, even after everything. Even after Matthew had just defended her honor.

Just then, footsteps echoed in the hallway. Caelan Mooncrest entered, his expression grave and purposeful.

“There’s something you all need to know,” he announced.

He looked directly at Matthew. “Cynthia once lost a pup for you. A secret she kept to protect your reputation.”

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Chapter 135: Olivia’s Secret Revealed

(God’s POV)

Victoria gasped, the sound sharp in the tense silence. Matthew’s face drained of all color, becoming a stark white mask of

dread.

Caelan produced a tablet, his movements deliberate as he played a video. The screen flickered to life, showing a disoriented Matthew and a distraught Cynthia stumbling into a bedroom. Muffled, pained cries echoed from the small speakers, a ghostly record of a past sin.

“This was ten years ago,” Caelan’s voice cut through the room, cold and precise. “After your engagement party.”

He then slid a medical report onto the table. “Ectopic pregnancy surgery,” he announced, “Because of what happened that night, my sister is now infertile for life.”

Victoria’s gaze flickered between her ashen-faced son and the quietly weeping Cynthia. A wave of abject horror washed over her as the full weight of the debt the Kane family owed crashed down upon them.

Olivia stared at the damning evidence, her mind a dizzying replay of Matthew’s past denials. He had sworn to her there was nothing between him and Cynthia. He had looked her right in the eye and lied.

First Theodore with his five-year affair. Now Matthew with this hidden, devastating past. A second, deeper betrayal lanced through her heart, more painful than the first. How could the Alpha King be so cold, so heartless? How could he lie with

such practiced ease?

A fierce resolve settled over her. She would not be made a fool of again.

Yanking her hand from Matthew's stunned grasp, she declared with chilling finality, "I won't be marked by you!"

She whirled around, desperate to escape the suffocating nightmare the room had become. But her escape was cut short.

"My Love, don't go!" Theodore cried, his good hand shooting out to seize one of hers.

At the exact same moment, Matthew's fingers clamped around her other wrist, his grip like iron.

She stood frozen between them, a trophy of their sins, trapped by their competing claims on her soul.

Theodore tried to hold on to Olivia's sympathy, his voice weak and pleading. "My Love, my wrist is broken, can you call a

healer for me?"

Olivia flinched and pulled her hand away from his touch. His broken wrist slammed against the headboard, making him

gasp in pain as he looked at her with pitiful eyes.

Victoria immediately summoned a healer, scrambling to clean up the mess Matthew had created. She was terrified that if Theodore were to challenge Matthew to an Alpha duel, the damage to his reputation would be immense, even if the challenge didn't succeed.

Matthew held Olivia's hand even tighter, his voice low and urgent. "I didn't lie to you."

He knew exactly what she was thinking. The doubt in her eyes cut through him like silver.

Before Olivia could react, Caelan began to cause a scene. "Lady Victoria, I respect you and Alpha Kane. But now, with the evidence right in front of us, Matthew continues to ignore Cynthia. This is a great insult to our Mooncrest pack!"

He threatened, his voice rising with indignation. "While our pack may not match the Kane family's power, we won't be treated so disgracefully!"

1/4

Chapter 135 Olivia's Secret Revealed

+15 Points

He grabbed Cynthia's hand, declaring he would seek justice. His intention to publicize the matter was crystal clear.

Victoria quickly stepped forward to stop them. "Please, let's resolve this privately. There's no need to involve the entire territory."

She turned to Matthew, her voice sharp with frustration. "Miss Blackwood has clearly rejected you and chosen Alpha Redgrave. Stop pestering her."

Matthew frowned, his jaw clenched. "Olivia didn't say that."

Olivia, wanting the chaos to end, remained silent. Her silence felt like a weight pressing down on everyone in the room.

Theodore saw her silence as a victory, his heart blooming with joy. He reached for her hand again, though she deftly

avoided him.

"Let go of me," Olivia said to Matthew, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Son, let her go!" Victoria urged desperately. "Can't you see? She's nervously accompanying Alpha Redgrave to the infirmary for a minor injury. She doesn't have you in her heart!"

The confrontation was cruelly interrupted by Cynthia, who directed her attack at Olivia. "Miss Blackwood, are you really

going to two-time and ruin Matthew's future?"

Her voice trembled with manufactured emotion. "You're a mother too. I heard you also lost a pup. Can't you show me even a little bit of sympathy?"

The words struck Olivia like a physical blow. Her heart clenched with the memory of her lost Rose and the pup she nearly

lost, Aurora.

Theodore saw the pain flash across her face. At that moment, two pairs of cold eyes – his and Matthew's – fixed on

Cynthia with murderous intent.

Olivia pulled Matthew's hand off her own. "I can't insist anymore," she said, her smile bitter and defeated.

Just as Theodore smugly prepared to order everyone out, Matthew calmly said, "Come in."

Two figures walked in: the waiter from earlier and Cassian – a notorious playboy known throughout the territory.

The waiter pointed directly at Cynthia, his voice shaking. "It was her who told me to add silver to the hot moonlight tea

and splash it on Miss Blackwood's face."

Cassian confessed immediately, his usual arrogance replaced by fear. "Alpha King, it was Miss Mooncrest who paid me to

spread rumors on the forum."

Cynthia froze, her face turning pale as winter snow. Victoria stared in disbelief, horrified that the she-wolf she had pitied for years was so manipulative.

Seraphina, who had just returned from speaking with the healers, erupted in fury. "Sister Cynthia, how could you be so vicious! Alpha Theodore's back is ruined. If that had hit Olivia's face, she would have been scarred!"

Hearing this, Theodore's gaze turned murderous. The thought of his delicate Luna enduring such pain filled him with a rage so intense he wanted to destroy the entire Mooncrest pack.

He glared at Matthew, blaming the "Alpha King" for being unable to control a single she-wolf. He began to cough violently from the sheer force of his anger.

Seeing Olivia's shaken expression, Matthew took her hand again. This time, she didn't pull away.

"Mother," he asked calmly, his voice cutting through the tension. "Do you still want me to mark Cynthia?"

Caelan quickly stepped in to shield his sister. "This wasn't Cynthia's doing! It was my idea!"

2/4

Chapter 135, Olivia's Secret Revealed

+15 Points)

Cynthia's quiet denial was barely audible, but her brother pressed on. "But Cynthia did suffer an ectopic pregnancy for Matthew, lost their pup, and became infertile."

Trapped by the political implications, Victoria reluctantly conceded. "Matthew, one thing at a time. You still have to mark

Cynthia."

Ignoring his mother completely, Matthew leaned close to Olivia. His warm breath was a secret against her ear.

"You're not going to help me? Never mind helping me as your mate. Won't you help your King? Are you going to watch me

be framed?"

Her eyes widened in shock. He was the Alpha King. He was her superior in the Shadow Syndicate.

"Go on, help me," he urged, his tone almost pitiful. "Don't let me be framed, Olivia."

Understanding dawned on her face. This was a command from her King, not a plea from a rejected mate.

As Beta Tristan brought her a laptop, she stepped out of the room. Theodore, seizing the moment, ordered Captain Ryker

to block the door, trapping the Mooncrest siblings inside.

"You instigated an assault and spread rumors," he said coldly, his Alpha authority filling the room. "This debt needs to be

settled."

A short while later, Beta Tristan returned with Olivia. He played a new surveillance video on the laptop screen.

The footage showed Cynthia helping a disoriented Matthew into a bedroom. Less than two minutes later, Matthew

stumbled out alone, clearly still drugged.

Then, another man entered the room where Cynthia remained. The video ended, but the implication was crystal clear.

As Caelan sputtered that the video was fake, Cynthia broke down. Her tears were a silent admission of guilt, her

shoulders shaking with the weight of her exposed lies.

Just as they tried to flee, pack enforcers intercepted them in the hallway. They were led away under guard, their schemes finally unraveled.

The truth was out: Matthew was innocent, and the scandal was a malicious fabrication.

Theodore immediately tried to drive a wedge between the couple. “Olivia, Matthew doesn’t trust you, and neither does the

Kane family. He’s not worthy of you.”

Victoria, however, rushed to Olivia’s side, apologizing profusely. “I’m so sorry for doubting you. I promise it will never

happen again.”

Ashamed of her own lapse in judgment, Olivia softly accepted the apology. She had forgotten how capable she was, how easily she could uncover the truth when she put her mind to it.

Relieved, Victoria exclaimed with genuine joy. “Thank goodness it was all a misunderstanding! Otherwise, if he marked Cynthia, our Kane bloodline would have no heirs!”

She started to lead Olivia and Seraphina from the room, leaving Theodore to his recovery. But he had one last card to play.

His eyes met Matthew’s, and with suppressed fury, he delivered his final blow. “Matthew Kane, Olivia can’t have any more

pups. You can’t mark her.”

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 136

Chapter 136: Olivia is Missing

(God’s POV)

Theodore's words were spoken so softly that only the nearby Matthew Kane could hear. He didn't want to embarrass Olivia, so naturally, he wouldn't let more people know this secret.

Even Olivia herself shouldn't know.

Matthew's expression was indifferent, his tone unreadable. "It seems Alpha Redgrave hasn't had enough of the holding

cells."

As their gazes clashed, Theodore realized something. His dark eyes turned chillingly cold.

"You knew all along?"

Victoria Kane's voice cut in. "Matthew, don't disturb Alpha Redgrave's rest."

She feared the two Alphas would clash again. Olivia also looked over.

Theodore's newly reattached hand clenched into a fist. His eyes filled with rage as he glared at Matthew.

But when his gaze met hers, his entire expression shifted to one of sorrowful affection. She averted her eyes, watching as

Matthew walked towards her.

As they left, Theodore seethed, grinding his teeth. He would not allow them to complete their mating bond!

No one could hurt his Olivia. Their marking ceremony was in five days, and he was certain he could find a way to stop it.

After leaving the hospital room, Matthew instructed Beta Tristan. "Destroy all the medical examination reports left at the

infirmary."

Beta Tristan nodded and went to carry out the order.

In the back of the car, Matthew asked, "Going to try on the ceremonial gowns?"

Seeing Victoria's high spirits, Olivia didn't object. Sensing her low mood, Matthew gently took her hand.

She pulled it from his grasp and turned her face to the window.

“Are you angry?” Matthew’s voice was soft. “Upset that I didn’t let the person who framed you come forward to clarify

things sooner?”

Olivia remained silent, still looking away. She was upset with him.

“Doing so was to push the Mooncrest siblings into a corner, to let my mother see their true colors,” he explained. “You’ve been wronged, Olivia.”

Matthew’s large, warm hand gently rested on her slender one. “How could I not believe you?”

This time, Olivia didn’t pull away. Matthew took her hand firmly, turning her to face him.

“It is you who doesn’t trust me.”

Feeling a pang of guilt, Olivia lowered her head. She trusted her Alpha King implicitly, even with her life.

She didn’t know what had come over her this time. Doubting him based on Cynthia’s words and Caelan’s edited video without even asking.

1/3

Chapter 136 Olivia is Missing

She felt a bit chagrined.

“It won’t happen again, my King,” she promised.

A warm touch landed on her chin as her face was gently lifted. She met Matthew’s earnest gaze.

“What did you call me?” he asked, a hint of displeasure in his tone.

“Matthew,” she replied.

+15 Points

They were so close their breaths mingled. His faint, masculine scent enveloped her as an ambiguous warmth filled the air.

(Olivia’s POV)

Suddenly, the car door was pulled open. “Brother, we’re here!”

Seraphina’s voice broke the spell. I immediately pushed Matthew’s hand away, my warm face turning aside.

Seeing my shy reaction, a smile spread across Matthew’s lips.

“Oops! My bad!” Seraphina covered her eyes, peeking through her fingers.

We walked in hand in hand into the boutique dress store. There were many dresses here, making me feel dazzled.

“Do you have any good suggestions?” I asked Victoria, who had selected a traditional Luna ceremonial gown.

When I came out after changing, I saw Matthew’s eyes light up. “Looks great,” Victoria nodded with satisfaction.

However, the wedding dress was another matter. I tried on dress after dress, my expression growing increasingly stiff.

Matthew, who had been looking at documents, slightly curled his fingers. “Wedding dress... actually isn’t necessary.”

Victoria agreed readily. “I think so too. The traditional ceremony robe looks more solemn. Olivia, what do you think?”

I sighed softly. “The ancestral ceremonial attire is very nice.”

I had never imagined mating again or putting on a ceremonial dress. Now, I was in a difficult position and could only go through with the process.

But I didn’t want it to be too extravagant or troublesome. I felt no anticipation for the ceremony.

Victoria then brought up the topic of our new home. She presented brochures for luxurious estates, high-rise apartments, and manor houses, all starting at over a hundred million.

I was stunned. “That’s not necessary.”

Matthew interjected, “It is.” He draped his arm over the back of my chair, leaning in and flipping through the brochures.

“Where would you like to live?”

The feeling of him so close made me straighten my back. I whispered, "Your estate is fine if you just renovate it a bit."

But Seraphina enthusiastically chimed in, analyzing the pros and cons of each option. Feeling cornered, I pointed at the cheapest option.

"The high-rise is fine."

Seraphina immediately recommended, "Sister-in-law, Silverwood Heights is the best high-rise in the territory."

The matter was settled. Victoria then offered a mating gift of 8.88 million, placing a black card in my hand.

The reality of a true mating ceremony, so different from just signing papers, finally sank in. I glanced at Matthew, whose waiting gaze seemed unusually gentle.

As if he were truly looking at his mate.

2

Chapter 150 Vilvia is Missing

"The gowns are chosen, let's go see the new home," Victoria decided, giving me no chance to refuse.

Matthew couldn't join us due to Alpha duties, so the three she-wolves went to Silverwood Heights. Guided by an agent, we compared a few units.

I followed behind.

As we were walking from one building to another, my elbow was suddenly seized. I was forcefully dragged into an

elevator.

My eyes met a pair of cold, sinister ones.

(God's POV)

Halfway down the path, holding her mother's arm, Seraphina suddenly froze. "I remember now, this complex is a property under Alpha Theodore's name."

Victoria was stunned and turned back to look. Her face paled in terror.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 137

Chapter 137: Olivia Was Caught By Caelan

(Olivia's POV)

The elevator doors slid shut behind me with a soft ding. My heart hammered against my ribs as I stared into a pair of cold, calculating eyes.

“Caelan Mooncrest!” I gasped, my voice echoing in the confined space. “Weren’t you supposed to be in detention? How did you get released so quickly!”

His lips curved into a cruel smile. The wolf poison spray he’d used was already taking effect, making my limbs feel heavy and sluggish.

The elevator lurched to a stop. Before I could react, his iron grip closed around my wrist.

“Let me go!” I shouted, struggling against his hold.

Pain shot through my injured hand as his fingers dug into the silver burn. The white bandage darkened with fresh blood, and I couldn’t suppress a sharp intake of breath.

He dragged me from the elevator with brutal efficiency. My feet stumbled over the polished floor as I fought against his grip.

“Help! Someone help me!” My voice cracked with desperation.

Caelan yanked me into an apartment and shoved me onto the leather sofa. I tried to shift, to call upon my wolf’s strength, but the poison had done its work.

Nothing happened. My wolf remained silent, trapped.

His cold body pressed down on me before I could scramble away. “Ah—have you gone crazy! Let me go!”

I drove my knee upward, aiming for his groin. My fingers clawed toward his eyes with desperate fury.

Caught off guard, Caelan jerked backward to avoid my knee strike. My foot connected with his side, sending him stumbling.

I rolled off the sofa and grabbed the nearest weapon—a heavy table lamp. My dress collar hung torn, exposing pale skin. My hair fell in disheveled waves around my shoulders.

Caelan touched his chin, coming away with blood. His sneer was venomous.

“Not bad, wild enough, exciting enough.” His voice dripped with malice. “Much more interesting than those high–society whores.”

My grip tightened on the lamp. “Stay back!”

“No wonder Theodore went crazy looking for you everywhere.” He circled me like a predator. “Even making Matthew give up a political marriage to mark you.”

His eyes raked over my torn dress with disgusting hunger. “Looking at how scared you are now, I can’t help but want to f**k you.”

He lunged forward with inhuman speed. “Let me taste you!”

I swung the lamp with all my strength. It connected with his skull in a shower of sparks and shattered glass.

Blood streamed down his face, making his gaze look demonic in the dim light. He grabbed my shoulders and slammed

me against the glass balcony door.

The impact knocked the breath from my lungs. His hands tore at my dress, ripping the fabric further.

“Help—I screamed at the top of my lungs.

“Go on, scream!” He snarled, his face inches from mine. “I bought the entire building! It’s useless even if you scream your

throat out!”

His head dipped toward my chest. Revulsion and terror warred in my mind as his breath hit my skin.

I bit down on his ear with savage desperation. My teeth found flesh and bone.

“Ah!” He jerked back, striking me across the face.

The blow sent me crashing to the floor. Stars exploded behind my eyelids as pain radiated through my skull.

He touched his bleeding ear, his hand coming away crimson. “You b***h!”

I scrambled toward the door on hands and knees. My fingers found the handle and twisted frantically.

Nothing. It was locked from the outside.

As his footsteps drew near, fear surged through her, and he called out from outside. “You stinking b***h, I’m going to f**k you to death!”

He limped toward me, blood still streaming from his wounded ear. I fled into the nearest bedroom and slammed the door

behind me.

My shaking hands turned the lock just as his fists began pounding against the wood. The door shuddered with each impact.

My eyes swept the room desperately. A laptop sat open on the desk.

I lunged for it, my fingers flying over the keyboard. The video call connected almost instantly.

“Professor! Come save me!” Killian’s familiar face filled the screen.

“Olivia, where are you?” His voice was sharp with concern.

“I’m at-”

The door exploded inward in a shower of splinters. Caelan ripped the network cable from the wall, cutting the connection.

I backed toward the terrace, my heart pounding. Behind me lay a drop of dozens of meters to the concrete below.

“Why are you doing this to me?” I demanded, trying to keep my voice steady.

“If it weren’t for you, Cynthia would be Matthew’s Luna.” His voice was ice-cold as he advanced.

He grabbed my arm and threw me onto the bed. I rolled away, putting the mattress between us.

I knew Gina and Cain would eventually find me. I just had to buy time.

“Whether I exist or not, Matthew would never mark Cynthia Mooncrest!” I spat.

Seeing I had nowhere to run, Caelan slowed his approach. His confidence was sickening. “Without you, Matthew would never have broken off the engagement with Cynthia back then!”

His words made no sense, but I didn’t have time to puzzle them out. He lunged across the bed.

I grabbed the discarded network cable and wrapped it around his neck. For a moment, surprise flickered in his eyes.

Then his expression shifted to twisted amusement. “How wild! So this is the way you like it!”

He broke free with astonishing strength, the cable snapping like thread. But something had changed.

I could feel my claws extending. The wolf poison was wearing off.

I lunged at him with renewed fury, claws aimed at his throat. He caught my wrist, his grip like a vise.

“Much better,” he purred, his free hand sliding under my torn dress.

A furious roar echoed from the doorway. “Get away!”

(God’s POV)

A black shadow flashed past, kicking Caelan against the wall with bone-crushing force. It was Theodore.

His eyes took in Olivia’s disheveled state, her torn dress, her terrified expression. Rage transformed his features into something inhuman.

He rained punch after punch on Caelan’s face and body. Blood splattered the walls with each impact.

A small figure darted into the room and latched onto Caelan’s leg. It was Leo.

“Bad guy! Who let you bully my mom!” the pup screamed, his small fists pummeling Caelan’s thigh.

Father and son worked in brutal harmony, beating Caelan until he was barely conscious. His face was a mask of blood

and swelling.

Captain Ryker rushed in, having subdued Caelan's men in the hallway. "Alpha, Young Master, stop! Think of the

consequences!"

He grabbed Theodore's arm as another punch was about to land. "The Luna is what's important!"

The two finally stopped their assault. Caelan slumped against the wall, barely breathing.

Olivia stood frozen, her mind blank with shock and trauma. When her eyes met Theodore's, she saw them overflowing

with love and desperate concern.

He shrugged off his suit jacket and wrapped it around her trembling shoulders. His arms encircled her, his body shaking with rage and fear.

"I'm sorry, Livy," he whispered, his voice choked with emotion. "I'm sorry I was late."

The terror finally caught up to her. Tears welled in her eyes as the full horror of what had almost happened crashed over

her.

But as she registered his embrace, she pushed him away with all her remaining strength. "Don't touch me!"

He refused to let go, his voice soft and pleading. "I'll take you to a healer. After that, I won't touch you, okay?"

Heavy footsteps approached from the hallway. Matthew appeared in the doorway, his dark eyes taking in the scene with deadly calm.

He strode forward and forcefully pried Theodore's arms away from Olivia. With a sharp shove, he sent Theodore stumbling backward.

Matthew pulled Olivia into his own protective embrace, his body forming a shield between her and the others.

His voice cut through the room like a blade. "Grab him!"

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 138

Chapter 138: In 5 days, mom will be back with us

(God's POV)

Leo lunged forward, his small fists pounding against Matthew Kane's chest. "Bad guy, why did you grab my dad!"

Matthew ignored the pup completely, his dark eyes focused only on the scene before him. His pack enforcers moved swiftly, restraining Theodore's arms behind his back.

Theodore offered no resistance. His gaze remained fixed on Olivia, searching her face desperately. He needed to see if she had the heart to let Matthew wrong him.

Matthew's hands moved to Olivia's shoulders, swiftly removing Theodore's suit jacket. The fabric fell away, revealing the shocking sight beneath.

Bruises darkened her pale skin like storm clouds. Her dress hung in tatters, torn fabric exposing the violence Caelan had

inflicted.

Matthew's jaw clenched as he pulled her into his protective embrace. His body formed a shield between her and the

others.

Victoria Kane stepped forward quickly, offering her own silk coat. "Here, dear."

Matthew wrapped the coat around Olivia's trembling form. His voice was barely a whisper against her ear. "It's okay now."

Olivia's head rested against his chest. Tears welled in her eyes as the terror finally caught up to her.

"It wasn't him," she choked out, her voice breaking. "It was Caelan Mooncrest."

Matthew's gaze snapped to the floor where Caelan lay barely conscious. Blood pooled beneath his battered face.

"King, he's still breathing," a pack enforcer reported, nudging Caelan's motionless form with his boot.

"Call the authorities!" Matthew commanded, his voice cutting through the room like ice.

"Let my dad go!" Leo continued his assault on Matthew, his small fists striking uselessly against the Alpha King's legs.

Matthew gestured to his enforcers with a slight nod. They released Theodore immediately and gently pulled Leo away

from Matthew.

The boy rushed to his father's side, his eyes widening in alarm. "Dad, your back is bleeding so much!"

Theodore's white shirt was soaked crimson. In his rage, he had torn open the wound from his previous fight with

Matthew.

"It's alright, Leo, Theodore said softly, his eyes never leaving Olivia's face. She had cleared his name to Matthew. Perhaps she didn't hate him completely.

"Mom, Dad is bleeding a lot," Leo called out, following his father's desperate gaze toward Olivia.

But Olivia remained buried in Matthew's arms as he lifted her effortlessly. Her face was hidden against his chest.

Seraphina Kane stepped forward, her hand reaching toward Theodore's injured shoulder. "Alpha Theodore, I'm sorry, my cousin misunderstood you."

Theodore brushed her hand away without looking. He took several unsteady steps, watching anxiously as Matthew

carried Olivia toward the elevator.

1/4

15 Points 3

"Go check on Olivia," he said urgently to Seraphina. "How is she?"

Seeing him disregard his own grievous injury for Olivia's sake, Seraphina's heart ached. A complex mix of sorrow and jealousy twisted in her chest, but she nodded.

She followed Matthew and Olivia into the elevator, leaving Theodore behind.

Left alone with the unconscious Caelan and the approaching authorities, Leo hugged his father tightly. Theodore held his son close, both finding solace in each other's presence.

"Dad, when will Mom talk to us again?" Leo asked, his voice small and uncertain.

Theodore's arms tightened around his pup. His voice carried unwavering conviction despite his pain.

"In 5 days," he promised firmly. "Mom will be back with us."

(Matthew's POV)

The car sped through the night toward the Royal Infirmary. Matthew held Olivia carefully in his arms, feeling every tremor that ran through her body.

For the first time in years, helplessness washed over him. Cold fury burned in his dark eyes as he processed what had nearly happened.

He turned to Beta Tristan in the front seat. "Freeze the Mooncrest assets."

Tristan immediately pulled out his phone, fingers flying over the screen. That very night, the Mooncrest Pack would face joint investigation by multiple supernatural authorities.

"Olivia, where does it hurt?" Matthew gently brushed her disheveled hair from her face.

At his touch, she flinched involuntarily. The small movement sent pain shooting through his chest.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered, his voice softer than silk. "He can never hurt you again."

Olivia curled deeper into his embrace, silent for long minutes. The city lights blurred past the windows as they raced toward safety.

Matthew rushed her into the emergency room minutes later. A team of over a dozen pack healers had already assembled, ready to examine her from head to toe.

Matthew stayed by her side throughout the examination, holding her hand. His expression grew colder with each mark they discovered on her body.

After the supernatural authorities finished taking their statements, the lead officer turned to Matthew. "Alpha King, we will file a case against Caelan Mooncrest."

The officer then addressed Olivia directly. "Caelan Mooncrest intends to sue Theodore Redgrave. We need your statement."

Olivia's grip tightened on Matthew's hand. Her voice was barely audible.

"Luna, why did Theodore Redgrave assault Caelan Mooncrest?" the officer pressed.

Her gaze dimmed as she spoke flatly. “He saw Caelan Mooncrest trying to r**e me and attacked him to save me.”

The officer nodded, making notes. “Given that you are no longer partners, it is difficult to defend Theodore Redgrave’s assault on the grounds of partner protection.”

He continued with clinical detachment. “Caelan Mooncrest is severely injured and is currently in the intensive care unit. We have decided to prosecute Theodore Redgrave.”

2/4

<Chapter 138 In 5 days, mom will be back with us

Olivia’s face went pale. Her lips parted but no words came.

(Olivia’s POV)

Just as the authorities left, familiar voices echoed in the hallway. Killian Vance appeared with Elara close behind.

“Aunt Olivia!” Elara cried, rushing into my arms without hesitation.

Her small body pressed against mine, warm and comforting. “Aunt Olivia, are you okay?”

+15 Pomts >

Seeing the young pup brought the first genuine warmth I’d felt since the attack. I didn’t want to worry everyone with my pain.

“You’re a little late,” I forced a small joke. “Alpha Kane already saved me.”

Elara turned to Matthew politely. “Thank you for saving Aunt Olivia, Alpha Kane.”

Matthew’s expression remained unreadable, his dark eyes giving nothing away.

Killian stepped forward, concern etched across his sharp features. “I got your emergency call through the network and immediately had Gina and Cain track the IP.”

He ran a hand through his silver–streaked hair. “But I was still a step too late. I’m glad you’re okay.”

His explanation seemed to deepen the frost in the air. Matthew’s gaze remained cold and distant, studying Killian with calculating intensity.

As we prepared to leave, Victoria Kane addressed Killian directly. Her voice carried the authority of a queen.

“Matthew and Olivia’s marking ceremony is in 5 days. Professor Vance, if you and Elara have time, you must come.”

The announcement hit like a thunderbolt. Both Killian and Elara stared in stunned silence.

Victoria gently guided me toward the exit. “We’ll be heading home now. We’ll have the invitation sent to your residence.”

I waved goodbye to a crestfallen Elara, forcing another smile. The moment we were out of sight, the smile dissolved from my lips completely.

I leaned against the side of the car, having changed into a comfortable silk blouse and pants. The soft fabric felt like a blessing against my bruised skin.

Suddenly, cool arms encircled me from behind. Matthew didn’t just hug me – he lifted me onto his lap, holding me securely against his chest.

While his embrace had been a comfort earlier, it now felt intensely intimate. Heat radiated from his body, surrounding me completely.

I placed my hands on his chest, trying to create some distance. “I’m fine now.”

I attempted to slide down from his lap. “You don’t have to trouble yourself.”

He didn’t loosen his grip. His face hovered above mine, dark eyes searching my expression with burning intensity. Sensing his own turbulent emotions, he deliberately softened his voice. “Your matters to me will never be a trouble.” My gaze flickered at his words. Something stirred in my chest, a warmth I wasn’t ready to acknowledge.

Sensing my emotional shift, Matthew gently took my hands from his chest. His fingers intertwined with mine, patient and coaxing.

“Just lean on me and rest for a while,” he murmured.

At that moment, my phone rang. The screen displayed Killian’s name in bright letters.

My finger moved instinctively to answer, but Matthew’s cool hand covered mine. He stopped the motion with gentle but firm pressure.

His voice remained low and controlled. “Don’t answer, and don’t trouble him again.”

His dark eyes held mine captive. “Olivia, you are my mate.”

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Chapter 139: I Want You to Ruin Their Wedding

(Olivia's POV)

She knew, of course, that she was his mate. I completely missed the subtext in Matthew's words, simply thinking, "He probably has something important to discuss with me."

Matthew released me, his heart feeling as if it were being filled with cold, leaking water, an unsettling sensation.

My phone rang, and I answered immediately. Elara's sweet voice came through the speaker.

"Aunt Olivia, will Aurora be coming back for the marking ceremony?" Elara asked with such caring warmth. "I miss her so much."

I glanced at Matthew, but he had turned his gaze out the window, looking completely unapproachable. The tension in his shoulders was unmistakable.

"She's not coming," I said softly, trying to keep the disappointment from my voice.

Elara's voice brightened with excitement. "Aunt Olivia, can I be a flower girl at your ceremony? I would love to throw petals for you!"

My heart warmed at her enthusiasm. "I'll ask Matthew for you, sweetheart."

The phone was then passed to Killian, whose familiar voice filled my ear. "Olivia, could you accompany Elara to the Sunstone Fairgrounds tomorrow? She's been asking about it for days."

"Of course," I readily agreed, always happy to spend time with the little girl.

As I spoke, I felt the atmosphere in the embrace around me grow heavy and cold. Matthew's entire body had gone rigid against mine.

After ending the call, I gently approached the topic. "Matthew, Elara asked if she could be a flower girl for our ceremony."

Instead of answering directly, he countered with unexpected intensity. "Let's bring Aurora to the marking ceremony, shall we? I miss her."

My breath caught. “Matthew, I don’t think that’s wise. What if Theodore sees her? And how would we explain her existence to your parents?”

Sensing my turmoil, Matthew cupped my face in his hands. His gaze was deep and unwavering, burning with conviction.

“Aurora is my daughter, their granddaughter,” he stated with profound seriousness. Each word carried the weight of

absolute truth.

“She is my daughter. I have her guardianship, custody, and pack rights.”

Tears sprang to my eyes at the fierce protection in his voice. No one had ever claimed my children with such unwavering certainty.

He pulled me into a full, heartfelt embrace – a first for us. His arms encircled me completely, creating a sanctuary of warmth and safety.

“Olivia, let’s bring Aurora over and register her on my pack records,” he whispered against my hair.

“I want both Aurora and Elara to be our flower children. No more uncertainties, no more questions about her place in our family.”

1/3

+16 Points

Overwhelmed by his commitment and the profound sense of family he was offering, I hugged him tightly. My face pressed against his chest as tears of relief and gratitude flowed freely.

For the first time in so long, I felt like I truly belonged somewhere.

As he held me, Matthew’s voice grew gentler but carried a note of concern. “Why did you call Killian first when you were in danger?”

Still nestled in his arms, I explained logically. “It’s impossible to get through to your phone. It would block any unknown number, especially a network call, flagging it as spam.”

My rational explanation seemed to soothe the unease that had been troubling him. His shoulders relaxed slightly.

“Set my number up properly,” he said, his tone softening. “Call me next time.”

“Okay,” I replied simply, meaning it completely.

Upon our arrival at the Kane Citadel, we were immediately confronted by a sight that made my blood run cold.

(Cynthia’s POV)

I threw myself at Matthew’s feet the moment he stepped out of the car. Desperation clawed at my throat as words tumbled out.

“Matthew, please! I’m begging you to spare my brother, Caelan, and the Mooncrest Pack!”

My voice cracked with desperation. “Our families have been friends for generations! Surely that means something!”

Matthew completely ignored me, his attention solely focused on Olivia. He guided her gently toward the manor entrance, arranging for calming moonlight tea to be prepared.

The tenderness he showed her was like a dagger to my heart. Every gentle touch, every protective gesture – it should have

been mine.

Desperate beyond reason, I dropped to my knees before Olivia. My forehead struck the marble floor again and again as I kowtowed repeatedly.

“Please, Luna, I’m begging you!” Blood began to trickle down my face, but I didn’t care. “Show mercy!”

Olivia recoiled in shock, stepping behind Matthew for protection. But he remained unmoved, his expression carved from

ice.

“Your brother must pay for his mistakes,” Matthew stated with cold finality.

My heart shattered completely at his rejection. Through my tears, I asked the question that had haunted me for years.

“Did you ever have any feelings for me? Any at all?”

His gaze met mine, and what I saw there destroyed my last hope. “Before you hurt Olivia, I always left you some leeway.”

His voice was like winter itself. “But you hurt her. Now there is nothing.”

With a subtle gesture, he summoned Beta Tristan and pack enforcers. They moved toward me with professional efficiency.

“Remove her from the premises,” Matthew commanded without sparing me another glance.

I walked out of Kane Manor in a daze, my world crumbling around me. Caelan’s butler waited by a black sedan, his face grim.

“Miss, your brother is waiting,” he said quietly.

The ride to the medical facility passed in a blur. I was quickly escorted to Caelan’s hospital room, expecting to find my

2/3

brother alone.

Instead, I discovered a man who terrified me to my very core – Declan Shaw – sitting casually on the sofa. His presence filled the room with menace.

Caelan’s voice was sharp with anger when he saw me. “You fool! Begging Matthew like some common omega! You’ve humiliated our entire family!”

His eyes blazed with fury. “Fortunately, Alpha Shaw here has arranged a way to clear me and our pack of all charges.”

My blood turned to ice as understanding dawned. Nothing came free, especially not from someone like Declan Shaw.

“Of course, this is a transaction,” Caelan continued coldly. “And you know exactly how you should properly thank him.”

The meaning was crystal clear. I was the price of his freedom, a bargaining chip to be traded away.

My hope of ever becoming Matthew’s partner had been completely shattered. And now my own brother saw me as nothing more than a chess piece.

Caelan’s voice turned businesslike. “As long as I am released, you can have your mating ceremony with Alpha Shaw

immediately.”

He gestured toward Declan with casual indifference. “He can take you back today.”

The car ride with Declan was a nightmare I couldn't wake from. His hands roamed my body impatiently, unbuttoning my

blouse and pulling at my clothes.

I endured his assault, my heart burning with rage from Matthew's rejection and my brother's ultimate betrayal. The taste

of vengeance filled my mouth like poison.

Looking at the man beside me, my heart filled with a venomous desire for revenge. If I couldn't have happiness, then

neither could she.

"I want you to ruin their marking ceremony," I gritted out through clenched teeth. "The Alpha I can't have – she won't have

him either."

Declan's smile was predatory as he handed me a thick file. His hands continued their assault, tearing away my remaining

dignity.

He lifted me onto him, thrusting upward with brutal impatience. The scent of nicotine and cruelty clung to his skin.

Even as he violated me, I forced myself to focus on the report in my trembling hands. My eyes widened with disbelief as I

read.

"She not only has a son, but also a daughter," I whispered in shock. "And because of a broken mate bond, she suffers from a severe illness and cannot bear any more pups."

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 140

Chapter 140: Olivia's Illness

(Cynthia's POV)

Seeing me distracted and constantly looking at the report, Declan impatiently slapped me across the face. The sting burned through my cheek.

“Focus. You’re your brother’s payment to me now. Only if you satisfy me will your brother be released.”

He bit down on my shoulder punitively, his teeth leaving marks on my skin. Then he roughly threw me onto the seat.

“Ass up.”

He s*****d me hard, the sound echoing in the confined space. I humiliatingly arched my body towards him, tears streaming down my face.

A furious fire ignited in my heart. Why should Olivia get to have a marking ceremony with Matthew, while I had to endure

Declan’s violation?

I was consumed by hatred. Their marking ceremony was less than five days away!

I vowed to personally push Olivia into hell on their marking day.

(God’s POV)

Meanwhile, Caelan was released on bail from the ICU, only to be immediately re–arrested based on Silvanus JR’s testimony. He found himself handcuffed to his hospital bed.

Once Alpha Asher White’s men left, Matthew entered the room. His presence filled the space with a chilling Alpha

dominance.

Though furious, Caelan was too afraid to challenge him directly. Instead, he tried to taunt him.

“Declan Shaw... he’s one of your mentor’s prized proteges. Sooner or later, he’ll take your position.”

Matthew, hiding in the shadows of the sofa, remained silent. His aura was so intimidating that Caelan felt a deep–seated

fear.

“How did you know I broke off the engagement with Cynthia because of Olivia back then?” Matthew’s quiet question cut through the tension.

Caelan sneered, revealing that he had investigated Matthew years ago after the broken engagement. He had discovered

his contact with Olivia.

He threatened, "Coveting a mated she-wolf for thirteen years, and now you have her. You're the true instigator of their mate bond severing!"

"If Theodore finds out, the consequences will be unimaginable!"

Matthew calmly confirmed his suspicions. "You guessed right."

He rose and walked towards the terrified Caelan. "I did indeed break off the engagement with the Mooncrest family for

Olivia's sake."

He leaned down, his voice a low, menacing whisper. "Now, guess again... what is the consequence for you, having

touched her?"

Shortly after, Caelan was rushed back to the intensive care unit. Outside the hospital, Beta Tristan asked, "How should we

handle Declan Shaw?"

Matthew's reply was cold and decisive. "Doesn't he want my position? Give it to him."

(Olivia's POV)

At the Kane Estate that night, Seraphina Kane approached me, full of apologies.

"Liv, I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. If I hadn't suggested going to the Gilded Thorn Atelier, you wouldn't have run into

Caelan."

I gently reassured her, "It has nothing to do with you, Seraphina."

But Seraphina's apology quickly turned into a desperate plea. "Liv, can you please help Theodore?"

She begged, explaining that Theodore was being detained without bail due to pressure from the Mooncrest family. His severe silver burn wounds from their fight were at risk of a fatal infection.

“I can’t help him,” I replied, my voice firm.

Seraphina grew frantic. “You can! You have no idea how important you are to my brother! One word from you is all it would

take!”

She reminded me of our ten-year history, of how Theodore had saved me multiple times. And of our son, Leo.

“Leo has already lost you as a mother. Can you really bear for him to lose his father too?”

In her desperation, she pulled out Theodore’s mating ring, now strung on a necklace. Its moonstone glinted with faint

traces of blood.

“Look, this is your mating ring. He doesn’t even want it anymore,” she cried, her voice breaking.

“Liv, I’ve never liked someone so much before. Please, help me, won’t you?”

The sight of the ring sent a tremor through me, but I clamped down on my emotions. My voice was ice.

“He’s not a man who is easily defeated. If he really goes to prison, Leo still has his grandmother.”

Stunned by what she perceived as heartlessness, Seraphina lashed out.

“You’re so cruel! You don’t deserve his love! And you don’t deserve my brother’s love either! You’re just a selfish woman!”

She screamed, “You’ll abandon my brother, just like you abandoned Theodore!”

Just then, Matthew returned, his voice sharp as he cut through his sister’s tirade. “Do not be disrespectful to my mate.”

Ignoring Seraphina’s protests, he went straight to my side. His voice was low and comforting.

“You can do whatever you want to do, and no one can force you to do what you don’t want to.”

His unwavering support was a shield around me.

A sobbing Seraphina ran from the room and into the arms of her mother, Lady Isolde Kane. She had heard the entire exchange.

While Lady Isolde supported my decision to sever ties with my past, she couldn't bear to see her daughter so

heartbroken.

She relented, promising to ask her mate to make a call to get Theodore released. But with a strict condition: Seraphina was never to mention Theodore to me again.

Seraphina tearfully agreed.

(God's POV)

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Soon after, Theodore walked out of the detention center. His eyes searched for Olivia but found only a waiting Seraphina.

"Did Olivia send you?" he asked immediately.

When Seraphina admitted that Olivia had refused to help and that her father had arranged the release, Theodore's gratitude was nonexistent.

His concern was singular. "How is Olivia's condition?"

Seraphina replied bitterly that Olivia was perfectly fine, being doted on by Matthew.

Theodore's dark eyes narrowed. He was not concerned about her physical condition, but rather the psychological issues resulting from her near s****I assault by Caelan.

"Did she not undergo a psychological assessment when discharged? Did she not consult a therapist?"

"Liv said she's fine," Seraphina noticed Theodore's cold aura and muttered.

"She said she was fine, and Matthew just indulged her?" Theodore grabbed Seraphina's hand.

In a flash, she was shoved into the passenger seat. Theodore gripped the steering wheel, floored the accelerator, and the car sped away, leaving a cloud of dust.

At the same time, he took out his phone and called Healer Elias. "Go to the Kane Estate immediately!"

