

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 141

Chapter 141: What Truth

(God's POV)

The Rolls–Royce sped through the night, its headlights cutting through the darkness. As they passed a black sedan heading in the opposite direction, Beta Tristan's voice crackled through the pack's encrypted communication system from

the back seat of the other vehicle.

"It was a sudden development," he explained to Olivia, his tone carefully controlled. "We're on Level 2 alert."

Hearing this, Olivia felt her stomach tighten. Level 2 alert meant serious trouble. She couldn't help but worry about their territory, about the safety of everyone under Matthew's protection.

Tristan's voice came through the link again, reassuring but strained. "It's not the Pacific territories, it's another direction.

Luna, you don't have to worry."

Despite his words, Olivia noticed the rare weariness in Matthew's eyes. The burden of leading the Shadow Syndicate and

establishing his kingdom had carved deep lines around his features. Years of constant vigilance and responsibility weighed heavily on his shoulders.

Wanting to comfort him, she reached out and took his hand. His fingers were cold, tense with the stress of whatever

crisis awaited them.

Instead of accepting her comfort, Matthew turned to reassure her. "I'll be back in a few hours, don't worry."

His gaze was deep and unreadable as he held her hand in his. The warmth of his touch contrasted sharply with the ice in

his voice when he spoke of business.

Meanwhile, Theodore and Seraphina Kane arrived at the Kane family residence. Healer Elias was already waiting by the

entrance, his medical bag clutched tightly in his hands.

A pack omega servant approached them nervously. “The Alpha King and Luna have gone out for the evening.”

“Where could they go so late at night?” Seraphina muttered, trying to console Theodore’s increasingly grim expression.

A memory flashed in Theodore’s mind. The distinctive, all-black, armored vehicle that had just passed them on the road. He recognized the reinforced plating, the tinted windows, the subtle pack markings.

It was Matthew’s car.

Without a word, he pulled Healer Elias into his Rolls–Royce. Seraphina scrambled into the back seat, stunned by his sudden urgency.

Theodore floored the accelerator, chasing the memory to a heavily guarded establishment. The Sovereign’s Club loomed before them, its imposing facade lit by elegant lanterns.

Seraphina recognized her brother’s vehicle parked inside the compound. But the stern Sentinel Guards at the gate stepped forward, blocking their path.

“This isn’t a place just anyone can enter,” one warned, his hand resting on his weapon. “Leave now, or we’ll have the pack enforcers escort you away.”

Seraphina’s face fell. She was about to suggest they give up when another car pulled up behind them.

Cynthia and Declan Shaw emerged from the vehicle. Seraphina recognized Declan immediately and called out to him.

“Alpha Shaw!” Her voice was desperate. “Could you help us get inside?”

123

Chapter

Cynthia approached Theodore, her movements calculated. She whispered something in his ear, her lips barely moving.

Declan smiled, a cold expression that didn't reach his eyes. "Let them in," he instructed the hesitant guard.

The guard looked uncertain. "Sir, the protocols—"

"If there's a problem, I'll take responsibility," Declan cut him off.

The interior of the Sovereign's Club was a world away from the tense security outside. Elegant chatter filled the air as European pack nobility mingled in their finest attire.

Crystal chandeliers cast warm light over the gathering. The scent of expensive wine and rich food permeated the space.

Upon entering, Theodore's eyes immediately found Olivia. She stood amidst a group of gossiping she-wolves from various allied packs, her discomfort visible in every line of her body.

Her shoulders were tense, her smile forced. She nodded politely at whatever the other women were saying, but her eyes.

held a trapped look.

Theodore wanted to go to her immediately. But Declan's firm hand on his shoulder guided him toward the Alphas' circle.

"Come, there are important people you should meet," Declan said smoothly.

Seraphina, meanwhile, made her way to the she-wolves' side. She approached Olivia with careful steps.

"Alpha Theodore is here too, Liv," she whispered urgently. "He's very worried about you and hopes you'll let Healer Elias check on you."

(Olivia's POV)

I looked across the room, my gaze meeting Theodore's intense stare. He was being introduced to an elderly Alpha I'd only

seen in pack political broadcasts.

The man had silver hair and calculating eyes. Matthew had referred to him simply as "mentor" in previous conversations,

his voice always carrying a note of caution.

Theodore's eyes never left me, even as he shook hands with the powerful Alpha. The weight of his stare made me feel suffocated, trapped.

I turned back to Seraphina, my voice flat and final. "I don't need it."

"But Liv—"

"Can he possibly know my body better than I do?" I cut her off. "If I'm not feeling well, I will certainly see a healer, right?"

The conversation around us continued, but I felt overwhelmed by the noise, the scrutiny, Theodore's presence. Everything

felt too much, too close.

"I need some air," I excused myself, pushing through the crowd toward the powder room.

Inside the spacious powder room, I finally found a moment of peace. I sat on the velvet sofa, staring blankly out the window at the city lights below.

The silence was a relief after the constant chatter outside. I closed my eyes, trying to center myself.

"I really don't know how you can be so thick-skinned."

The scornful voice shattered my moment of calm. I opened my eyes to see Cynthia Mooncrest standing in the doorway, her demeanor aggressive.

She stepped into the room, effectively cornering me. "You followed him to a place like this before you're even properly mated?"

I remained composed, though my last shred of pity for Cynthia had vanished completely. Learning she was behind the online slander and attempted assault had killed any sympathy I might have felt.

I stood to leave, but Cynthia grabbed my wrist. Her grip was surprisingly strong, her nails digging into my skin.

"My words aren't finished, where do you think you're going!" Her voice rose dangerously. "I'm warning you, before I tell auntie Victoria the truth, get out of the Kane family and leave Matthew."

Just then, Seraphina pushed through, her eyes wide with surprise.

"What truth?" she asked, looking between Cynthia and me with confusion.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 142

Chapter 142: You really have an illegitimate daughter?

(Olivia's POV)

The commotion inside attracted the curiosity of the noble she-wolves. Their whispers grew louder as they gathered

around us.

"What's wrong with the Mooncrest daughter?" Lady Rowena Hawthorn asked, her voice carrying genuine concern. She was the same warm-hearted she-wolf who had spoken to me earlier.

"Didn't she come with Alpha Shaw?" another she-wolf chimed in, her tone dripping with gossip.

"I hear you're getting mated. Is she still hung up on Matthew and came here specifically to corner Miss Blackwood?"

Cynthia Mooncrest pursed her lips, her tone sharp with indignation. "I'm not that narrow-minded. It's you ladies who are thinking too little of people."

Even if the Mooncrest pack was in decline, they weren't someone just anyone could step on. Her pride was wounded but

not broken.

"Oh, what a tone," the other she-wolf retorted, completely undeterred by Cynthia's status. "If you have this much energy,

you might as well go to the infirmary and watch over your brother."

"I heard he just got transferred to a regular ward, but then he accidentally hit his head and is back in intensive care."

The cruel words hit their mark. "I wonder if it's because he's done too many wicked things and the Moon Goddess can't

stand it anymore."

"You!" Cynthia was so angry she gritted her teeth, her face flushing with rage.

But she didn't want to waste her breath on the venomous she-wolf and turned to leave. Seraphina Kane, however, grabbed

Cynthia's hand with desperate urgency.

"What truth were you talking about just now?" Seraphina's eyes were wide with curiosity and concern.

"Seraphina, don't be fooled by her," Lady Rowena advised, entering the powder room fully. She took my hand gently, trying

to de-escalate the situation.

"Your name is Olivia, right? Such a beautiful name."

Her kindness felt genuine, though I remained wary. "The dress I saw you wearing at the Kane Estate the other day was

gorgeous. Where did you buy it?"

Though uncomfortable with the sudden intimacy, I understood the she-wolf was kindly trying to help me. "It's from The Gilded Thorn Atelier in the mall near Crestwood University," I replied softly.

As Seraphina also followed us out, Cynthia watched us walk hand-in-hand. I could see the anger building in her eyes as she realized I was becoming the center of attention.

A wave of fury washed over her face. She stepped out of the powder room and declared sharply, her voice cutting through the elegant atmosphere like a blade.

"How dare you mate with Matthew when you have a secret illegitimate pup you can't show anyone?"

The casual chatter stopped instantly. The powder room fell into stunned silence.

"What illegitimate pup?" everyone gasped, their voices overlapping in shock.

1/4

"How did you know?" I asked, my question an unintentional confession of Aurora's existence.

(God's POV)

In that instant, Olivia's image plummeted among the noble she-wolves. Lady Rowena's hand slipped from her arm as if

burned.

Whispers erupted like wildfire. “A divorced Luna...” one murmured in disgust.

“And an illegitimate pup...” another added, her voice filled with scandal.

Seeing Olivia hadn’t denied it, Cynthia felt the anger in her chest dissipate into cold satisfaction. “You don’t need to know how I found out,” she said coldly, her voice dripping with triumph.

“I’m telling you, you are not worthy of Matthew.”

Seraphina was aghast, her face pale with shock. “Liv, what is going on? Do you really have an illegitimate pup?”

Her gaze darted towards the Alphas across the room. Both Matthew and Theodore had noticed the commotion and

started walking towards them simultaneously.

But just then, a powerful figure called out from behind. “Matthew, we got a call. Come with me to the meeting.”

Matthew had to stop and turn back, his jaw tight with frustration. He left his Beta Tristan behind as the Alphas headed to

the fifth floor for urgent business.

“Whether I’m worthy of him or not is none of your business,” Olivia said, her voice steady despite the chaos around her.

Her main concern was more pressing.

“How on earth did you find out about this?”

She knew Theodore was aware because of her medical check-up, but such a document should have been impossible to

leak. The security around pack medical records was absolute.

Cynthia sneered, her victory complete. “If you want no one to know, you shouldn’t have done it in the first place!”

*Instead of worrying about this, you should be thinking about how to explain it to auntie Victoria and uncle Barrett.”

Before Olivia could respond, Theodore's voice cut through the tension from behind like a sword. "She doesn't need to

explain to anyone. That is my pup."

The she-wolves turned to look at the legendary former mate. He was handsome and imposing, and even though he looked pale and weak from his injuries, his powerful Alpha aura was undeniable.

Hearing his protective words, the rumors of his deep love for Olivia seemed to be true. The she-wolves were torn between

scorning Olivia for being entangled with her former mate while about to be mated to Matthew, and envying her for being pursued by such a high-quality Alpha even after having two pups.

His words were like a harsh winter wind, slicing into Olivia's fractured heart. Her face went pale, and her anger warred with

her unease.

"She is not your pup!" she snapped, her voice fierce with denial.

Theodore stepped closer, his tone certain and possessive. "If not mine, whose could she be?"

Seraphina was too shocked to speak, a dull ache spreading in her chest. The revelation was reshaping everything she thought she knew.

But Cynthia quickly understood the dynamic playing out before them. "Alpha Theodore, you're willing to accept another

214

Alpha's pup just to protect her reputation," she mocked.

"How truly devoted!"

Theodore frowned but didn't deny it. His silence spoke volumes about his desperation to claim Olivia back.

Cynthia's voice grew sharper, turning on Olivia with renewed venom. "With such a devoted former mate chasing after you, why are you still clinging to Matthew?"

Just then, Beta Tristan approached and handed Olivia his phone. His expression was serious but reassuring.

Olivia knew it was Matthew and took the phone immediately. His calm voice, like moonlight on water, flowed through the receiver, instantly soothing her through their mate bond.

“Olivia, tell them I am Aurora’s father,” he said gently, his voice steady and sure. “Don’t feel burdened. You’re not lying. Just repeat after me.”

Following his lead, Olivia faced the crowd with newfound strength. She announced clearly, her voice carrying across the powder room.

“Because Matthew is my pup’s father. He is my mate. We are already bonded.”

The crowd was stunned by this new bombshell. The revelation hit them like lightning.

Cynthia’s voice trembled, her eyes filled with disbelief and devastating pain. “He would never do such a thing. When we were engaged, he never even...”

She couldn’t continue, remembering how he had always refrained from any intimate contact. He had insisted on waiting until the official mating ceremony, treating her with distant respect.

Yet now, he had a pup with Olivia before even holding a proper mating ritual. The realization that he never loved her, but loved Olivia, struck her like a physical blow.

She clutched her old wound, the pain more intense than when she was first injured. Her heart was breaking all over again.

Theodore’s dark eyes blazed with fury, his Alpha rage barely contained. “He took you from my side, and you and he...”

He was now convinced that the hypocrite Matthew had deceived Olivia. His jealousy consumed him like fire.

Beta Tristan interrupted him sternly, his voice carrying the authority of the Alpha King. “Alpha Theodore, be mindful of your words. Our Alpha King would not do anything against pack law.”

Olivia turned away, ignoring Theodore’s roaring anger. She walked to the window and whispered into the phone to Matthew, her voice soft and intimate like a mate’s murmur.

“Don’t worry about me.”

Watching this intimate exchange, Theodore felt his heart drip with blood. Rage consumed him completely, burning away all rational thought.

He strode forward and grabbed Olivia's shoulders roughly. "You love me! How could you leave me and be with him? Olivia, are you really doing this willingly?"

Suddenly, disorderly footsteps echoed from the stairwell. A dark shadow almost immediately blocked their way, and a fist with pale knuckles swung before her eyes.

Theodore fell heavily to the ground, blood immediately spurting from the corner of his mouth. Matthew stood beside him, his alpha's aura filling the entire room, radiating a dangerous power.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 143

Chapter 143: He Tenderly Kissed Her Cheek

(Theodore's POV)

"Did she allow you to touch her?"

I struggled to get up, my strength failing me as I stared up at Matthew. This so-called "Alpha King" had stolen everything

from me.

I was convinced Olivia had been bewitched to leave me. If not for Matthew, Olivia would never have escaped my grasp

back then.

"Alpha Theodore!" Seraphina Kane cried, rushing to help me up. Her eyes glared at her brother with accusation.

"Brother, you were too harsh. Brother Theodore just wanted to talk to Luna."

As Seraphina helped me, I coughed up more blood. The metallic taste filled my mouth, but my gaze remained fixed on

Olivia.

She wasn't looking at me. Her hands were clasped over her abdomen, her body trembling uncontrollably.

I knew that reaction all too well. She was having another episode.

Matthew's gaze shifted to the guards with deadly precision. "Why were irrelevant people let in? See them out."

His Beta Tristan immediately berated the guards.

"Olivia, let Healer Corvus examine you," I pleaded, still worried about her despite everything. "After the examination, I'll

leave."

"No need to trouble Alpha Theodore," Matthew retorted coldly. He wrapped an arm around Olivia. "I will take care of my

own mate."

Olivia finally spoke to me. Her voice was steady but distant.

"As long as you're not here, I won't have any problems. The court's restraining order is very clear."

"You cannot approach me. When you do, I have the right to defend myself, and so does my mate."

Her words defending Matthew felt like the final straw being snatched from my grasp. My eyes turned a painful, bloodshot

red.

My Olivia had only ever defended me before. Now she stood behind another Alpha like a shield.

I lunged forward, wanting to hold her and explain everything. But my body, already at its limit, gave out completely.

I collapsed to the floor. Even as consciousness slipped away, my eyes were locked on Olivia, searching desperately for a

flicker of concern.

I saw nothing but her resolute back as Matthew led her away. My eyes closed, my heart aching more than my failing

organs.

The last sound I heard was Seraphina's frantic cry. "Quick, call the pack medics!"

(Matthew's POV)

I led Olivia to a private reception room upstairs. The space was quiet and secure, away from prying eyes.

"I shouldn't have left you there," I said, noticing her trembling hadn't stopped. "Did I frighten you?"

1/3

Chapter 143 He Tenderly Kissed Her Cheek

Olivia sat heavily on the sofa. Her face was pale, but she forced composure.

"No, I'm just a little tired. I'll be fine after a rest."

She looked up at me with those grey eyes I loved so much. "You should get back to your work."

She clenched her hands until they were red, forcing a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Okay, I'll be waiting for you."

Just then, Beta Tristan called from the door. "Alpha Kane, the Council asks for you."

I couldn't delay any longer. The political situation was too delicate.

"I'll go then. I'll take you home later."

As I left, I quietly instructed Beta Tristan. "Have the experts at the Infirmary ready."

In the Council Chamber, I faced my mentor. He sat with a stern expression next to Declan Shaw.

The other council members eyed me with open hostility. Their disapproval was palpable.

"Matthew, I've adopted Declan's proposal," Mentor said. His disappointment was clear in every word.

"You never leave a task half-done. To leave at such a critical moment for a she-wolf... you've disappointed me."

I calmly took my seat. My voice remained level despite the accusation.

"Regardless, you would have adopted Declan's proposal. My leaving for a few minutes is irrelevant."

I would not allow anyone to slander Olivia. Not even my mentor.

“Unfortunately, Declan’s proposal will not be accepted by the other territories.”

+15 Points?

Beta Tristan presented a file with perfect timing. “The situation was stabilized before I arrived. No proposal would have

been of any use.”

The room erupted in murmurs of disbelief. Several council members shifted uncomfortably in their seats.

Mentor’s face flushed with fury. “You’re being disrespectful!”

My voice cut through the room like ice. “Disrespectful? Is using my private life to blackmail me for control of the Europe

territories respectful?”

Mentor stammered, caught off guard. “It was just a moment of anger. But that she—wolf... she’s not very presentable.”

“My mating, my mate, do not require anyone’s approval,” I said coldly. “As for the Europe territories you desire, feel free to

come and take them.”

I left the room, ignoring my mentor’s enraged shouts behind me.

When I re—entered the reception room, my heart nearly stopped. Olivia was curled into a ball on the sofa, trembling violently.

Her face was flushed and beaded with sweat as she gasped for air. The sight of her in such distress tore at me.

I knelt before her immediately. “Olivia, where does it hurt?”

She tried to deny it, shaking her head weakly. “I’m fine. Just tired.”

“I am your mate, Olivia,” I said patiently, trying to guide her through the panic. “When you’re sick, you should tell me.”

I tried another angle, one I knew would reach her. “If I were sick, wouldn’t you take care of me?”

Her eyes fluttered open, filled with confusion and pain. “You don’t need it. You are the Alpha King, you have plenty of people to take care of you.”

2/3

< Chapter 143 Me Tenderly Kissed Her Cheek

+18 Points 3

Her words were an admission of how unwell she truly was. She stumbled to her feet, trying to leave despite her condition.

“I need you,” I said gently, taking her wrist. “I need you to take care of me. No one can bear illness and pain alone.”

My words softened her resistance. She stopped trying to pull away.

I pulled her into my arms, whispering against her hair. “Let me take you to a healer?”

In my embrace, she finally gave a choked nod. I immediately lifted her into my arms, striding toward the waiting car.

In the car, my heart was in turmoil, but I hid it from her. She needed my strength, not my worry.

“It’s just post-traumatic stress disorder, isn’t it?” Olivia whispered, crying into my chest.

“It’s not a very serious problem,” I soothed her, stroking her hair. “There are very good healers in our territory. Don’t worry.”

I had known about her nightmares. The way she dug her nails into her palms to stop from shaking. The trauma from her past betrayals.

But her avoidance had built a wall between us. Now that she was finally letting me in, I was overwhelmed with relief.

I tenderly kissed her cheek, naturally, without any lust. I kissed away her tears, and the kiss unknowingly landed on the

corner of her lips.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 144

Chapter 144: Is the Daughter Theodore’s?

(Matthew's POV)

Olivia flinched in my arms. Only then did I realize what I had done.

My face moved away from her cheek. The kiss had been instinctive, natural. But I could see the shock in her eyes.

In less than half an hour, we arrived at the Infirmary. A team of more than a dozen psychological experts had already

assembled for consultation.

The most senior healer spoke privately with me afterward. His expression was grave but hopeful.

"Simply avoiding triggers is a temporary solution for your mate's condition," he explained. "The best approach is to gradually face the traumatic memory, reduce avoidance behavior, and alleviate hypervigilance."

He paused, studying his notes. "In our conversation, your mate deliberately avoided mentioning her father and ex-mate.

These two are very likely the triggers."

My jaw tightened. I had suspected as much.

"If her ex-mate Theodore cannot be completely removed from her life, it's best to help her confront the trauma through

appropriate communication," he continued. "This allows her to transition from seeing herself as a victim to finally letting

go of that identity."

He handed me a prescription for moonlight herb anxiety medication. "Regular therapy sessions are crucial. Her case will

remain confidential."

When I entered the infirmary room, I found Olivia sitting by the window. She gazed into the boundless night, her pale face

resembling a small white flower blooming on a cliff's edge—stubborn yet fragile.

She turned at the sound of my approach. "It's nothing serious," I said softly, taking her delicate hand. "You'll get better

with the moonlight herb treatment.”

(Olivia’s POV)

The experts he had summoned were all leading authorities in supernatural psychological healing. I had planned to see a

healer in a few days and had researched some of them myself.

But the rapid succession of events had caused my condition to worsen suddenly. I was touched by how prepared he was,

how deeply he cared for me.

I gently squeezed his hand, feeling its dry warmth as he led me out of the infirmary.

In the main lobby, Seraphina intercepted us. Her face was streaked with tears, desperation clear in her voice.

“Brother, Theodore’s condition is critical! Help me get two expert healers for him,” she pleaded.

Matthew’s response was ice-cold. “Theodore has the resources to find his own help.”

Just then, Captain Ryker brought a crying Leo over. The boy broke free and ran to me, hugging me tightly.

“Mom, the healer said Dad might not wake up. Will you come see him with me?” he sobbed.

Being held by my son felt like being shackled. A suffocating, drowning sensation overwhelmed me.

But I knew, with stark clarity, that my emotional turmoil stemmed from this father and son. I decided I would no longer

run.

13

Looking down at Leo, I said with chilling finality, “I will not go see him. You and he are not to look for me again.”

Beta Tristan gently pulled the weeping boy away. I turned to Seraphina, my voice steady and cold.

“When he was injured by wolfsbane, your family arranged the best care for him. If he had followed the healer’s orders instead of discharging himself, his wound would have healed by now.”

I paused, letting my words sink in. “His current state is his own doing. He left the infirmary for me, was taken to the holding cells because of me, and went to the Sovereign’s Club tonight because of me. That was all his one-sided wishful thinking.”

My gaze remained unwavering. “Tell him, no matter what he does for me, I will never forgive him. Tell him not to appear before me again.”

I turned to Matthew, my coldness melting into tenderness. “Let’s go home.”

We walked away, leaving Leo’s desperate cries of “Mom…” echoing behind us.

(God’s POV)

Beta Tristan stopped Seraphina. “Miss Kane, tell me which expert healers you need, and I will arrange it. But the condition is that you never mention Alpha Theodore in front of the Queen again.”

Though her heart sank, Seraphina quickly agreed and gave him the names.

Unseen by them, a figure in a wheelchair watched from the shadows of the long corridor. It was Theodore.

Healer Elias approached him and handed him a file. “Alpha Theodore, they’ve also diagnosed your mate with

post-traumatic stress disorder. The healers Matthew summoned are top in their field and have already laid out a treatment plan.”

Theodore flipped to the last page, his eyes fixed on the recommendation: Contact with the trigger source, confront the traumatic memory, correct the traumatic memory.

The trigger was explicitly identified: Ex-mate.

He knew Matthew would prevent that. “When is the next therapy session?” he asked.

“Tomorrow,” the healer replied, “but it’s unlikely you’ll see her. The Alpha King will be with her.”

Theodore didn’t respond, his fingers tracing the words on the file. He murmured with dark, obsessive longing, “Only I can

heal her.”

His thoughts then turned sharp. “How did Cynthia Mooncrest know my mate has a daughter?”

Healer Elias insisted there was no leak, as Matthew had already destroyed the infirmary’s records.

“Then the information must have come from somewhere else,” Theodore concluded. A cunning face flashed in his mind.

“It was that Declan Shaw...”

It was three in the morning when Matthew arrived back at the Kane Estate. Matthew’s parents, Simon Kane and Victoria Kane, were waiting for us in the courtyard.

The Kane family was notoriously strict, and news from the gathering had clearly reached them.

“Matthew,” Victoria began, her voice fraught with concern, “do you and Olivia really have a daughter?”

Matthew’s reply was direct. “Yes. She’s two.”

His parents exchanged a heavy glance. The timeline was suspicious.

Olivia had been away for three years, yet had a two-year-old pup.

Victoria launched into a speech. “It’s fine even if she is Theodore’s. Our Kane family can afford to raise any number of pups. You two can have your own after you’re mated. After a werewolf breaks the bond with their mate, finding a second chance mate is normal. We are not a close-minded family.”

After a barrage of reassurances, she finally got to the heart of her anxiety. Her voice dropped as she asked the one

question that mattered: “Is pup Theodore’s?”

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 145

Chapter 145: Fell Asleep In His Arms

(Olivia’s POV)

My palm was sweating. Matthew noticed, as he was still holding my hand.

“She is my pup,” Matthew said, his face unchanging.

I held my breath, watching his parents’ faces.

He knew his parents trusted him implicitly. At his words, Barrett and Victoria visibly relaxed, their faces breaking into smiles.

“Why didn’t you bring her back?” Barrett’s voice boomed with excitement. “Why didn’t you tell us sooner? We haven’t prepared anything as grandparents!”

His eyes lit up like a child on Christmas morning.

Victoria stepped closer, “Why didn’t you say so from the beginning?” Her tone carried suspicion. My heart hammered against my ribs. I felt my legs go weak. The taste of lying was bitter on my tongue.

Matthew immediately wrapped an arm around my waist and pulled me into his embrace without hesitation.

“I originally planned to tell you about our daughter after the mating ceremony,” he explained calmly. “I made her a mother before making her my mate.”

“Olivia knows our family is strict. She was afraid you would blame me.”

Barrett and Victoria exchanged a meaningful look. All other concerns melted away instantly. They saw it as me protecting their son. They thought I was safeguarding the Kane family’s reputation.

“Reputation is nothing compared to my granddaughter!” Barrett’s voice cracked with joy.

He grabbed Victoria’s hand. “Bring her back for the mating ceremony! Both Olivia and our granddaughter can be added to the pack registry together.”

Victoria’s eyes sparkled with tears of happiness. “Finally, a grandpup to dote on!”

She clasped her hands together. “I can’t wait to spoil her rotten.”

Matthew looked down at me, his eyes soft and questioning. “Is that okay?”

His protective words made heat rise to my cheeks. I could barely speak.

“Mmm,” I managed to whisper.

Barrett’s excitement bubbled over. “What’s the pup’s name? Tell us everything!”

“Aurora, Aurora Blackwood,” Matthew replied smoothly. “She took her maternal surname.”

He squeezed my waist gently. “In memory of Olivia’s mother, Lyra.”

His parents’ faces softened with understanding. They immediately accepted the decision without question.

“Of course,” Victoria said warmly. “Honoring Lyra’s memory is beautiful.”

Barrett nodded vigorously. “The Blackwood name carries strength and honor.”

Overjoyed, they began talking over each other. Their conversation filled with happy chatter about their new

+15 Points Y

granddaughter.

“We need to prepare a nursery,” Victoria said rapidly. “And toys, clothes, everything!”

“The finest tutors,” Barrett added. “She’ll have the best education.”

They left to discuss preparations immediately. Their voices echoed down the hallway with excitement.

Once they were gone, Beta Tristan dismissed the Alpha’s Sentinels. The guards filed out silently.

Alone at last, I voiced my deepest concern. “How did Cynthia Mooncrest find out about Aurora?”

My voice trembled slightly. The thought terrified me.

Matthew’s jaw tightened. “I suspect Declan Shaw was behind it.”

His eyes darkened with anger. “That scheming bastard has been stirring up trouble.”

“Don’t worry,” he reassured me firmly. “He can’t cause much trouble. I’ll handle him.” His confidence steadied my nerves. I trusted him completely.

After I took my moonlight herb medicine, the bitter taste lingered. The medication would help with my anxiety.

I changed into a loose, white silk nightgown. The soft fabric felt cool against my skin.

I climbed onto the bed and opened my laptop. Within minutes, I became completely absorbed. I transformed into the formidable strategist known as “Cipher.”

My fingers flew across the keyboard. I effortlessly breached the firewalls of the Mooncrest Pack’s systems.

Their defenses were pathetically weak. A child could have hacked through them.

I shook my head in disgust. “Amateur hour.”

The bathroom door opened suddenly. A wave of moist air filled the room.

The main lights switched off, leaving only the silver glow of my laptop screen. The atmosphere became intimate.

As Matthew approached, his presence filled the space. His scent enveloped me completely.

Zoe screamed internally while I felt my composure cracking. My wolf was going wild.

He moved behind me. His warmth radiated against my back. He gently closed the notebook with one hand. “It’s four in the

morning.”

His whisper sent shivers down my spine. “My Luna, how are you busier than the Alpha King?” Those words, especially “my Luna,” made my cheeks burn. My heart skipped several beats.

“Are you joking, Your Majesty?” I asked nervously. My voice came out breathless. He lightly tapped my forehead with his finger. The gentle touch made me melt.

He had already withdrawn the notebook from my lap. His arms wrapped around my waist possessively.

He pulled me into his embrace. I fell back against his chest softly.

He tucked me into bed with careful movements. He wrapped me tightly in the blanket like a precious gift.

“I still have unfinished work on the computer...” I protested weakly. My argument held no conviction. He cupped my face with both hands. He drew close until our breaths mingled.

"It's four in the morning," he said firmly. "The most important thing now is for you to rest." His breath brushed against my hair. His lips grazed the spot on my forehead he had just tapped.

"Does it still hurt?" he asked. His voice was hoarse with fatigue and something deeper.

上

"N-no, not anymore," I stuttered. My skin tingled where he had touched.

"Sleep," he commanded softly. His voice held absolute authority and tenderness.

He held me even tighter against him. He began gently patting my back in a soothing rhythm. The motion was exactly like

how I lulled Aurora to sleep.

My heart raced wildly at first. But his rhythmic, hypnotic pats gradually calmed my racing pulse.

His steady breathing created a cocoon of safety. His strong arms promised protection from all nightmares.

Soon, his gentle ministrations carried me into a deep, peaceful slumber. I felt truly safe.

(Victoria's POV)

Back in our own residence, I was practically vibrating with excitement. My hands shook as I reached for the phone.

"I'm going to call my mother right now!" I declared. "She needs to know she has a great-granddaughter!"

Barrett grabbed my wrist gently but firmly. His expression was troubled.

"Your mother has never been satisfied with our future daughter-in-law," he warned. "You know how she is."

"If she finds out about the pup, she might think Olivia used the baby to trap our son." I paused, my excitement dimming

slightly. He was right about my mother's suspicious nature.

"She might say some nasty things," Barrett continued carefully. "Things that would upset you deeply."

His concern was genuine. "Let her see them together first. Let her witness their bond."

I considered his words seriously. My mother would be more accepting if she saw the family unit.

"You're right," I agreed reluctantly. "Seeing them at the ceremony is the same thing."

I set the phone down with a sigh. Patience had never been my strong suit.

But just then, the phone rang shrilly. The sound cut through our quiet conversation.

I answered without checking the caller ID. "Kane residence."

The imperious voice of my mother, Elder Fenris filled the line.

"A paternity test must be done immediately," she commanded coldly. "Before the results are out, the mating ceremony

must be postponed indefinitely!"

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 146

Chapter 146: Muddle-headed

(Victoria's POV)

"Mother, Matthew wouldn't hide things from us," I said into the phone, trying to keep my voice steady.

But my mother was unconvinced. Her sharp voice cut through the line like a blade.

"Matthew wouldn't lie, but can you guarantee Olivia Blackwood won't? Men, once they've been with a she-wolf, their minds get muddled. Don't underestimate a she-wolf whose ex-mate would chase after her so desperately."

My heart sank. The old lady already knew about Olivia's past with Theodore Redgrave.

"I have a plan," Elder Fenris continued, her tone brooking no argument. "Simon will deliver the gift tomorrow and handle it without anyone knowing. Once the results are out, if it's Matthew's pup, the mating ceremony can proceed as planned. But if it's not, then this bond doesn't need to happen."

Barrett, who had been listening from across the room, shook his head vigorously. He mouthed the words "invitations

sent” to me.

But I had always been respectful to my mother. The weight of her expectations pressed down on me.

“Alright, Mother,” I agreed quietly. “But please, don’t let Matthew find out.”

After I hung up, Barrett immediately came to comfort me. His strong arms wrapped around my trembling shoulders.

“Victoria, you know our son. You know his character,” he said gently. “Your mother is just being over-cautious. Once the

results come back, this will all be settled.”

I nodded, but the doubt had already taken root in my heart.

(Olivia’s POV)

Four days until the mating ceremony. I woke to find Matthew’s side of the bed empty.

Relief washed over me. After last night’s intimacy, facing him this morning would have been unbearably awkward.

I had a busy day ahead. A promised trip to the fairgrounds with Elara, and a healing session appointment in the afternoon.

As I went to change, I caught sight of myself in the mirror. The white silk nightgown clung to my curves in ways that

made my cheeks burn.

Heat washed over me as I wondered what Matthew might have seen in the darkness. Had he noticed how the fabric outlined my figure?

I quickly suppressed the thought and pulled on a simple white shirt and jeans.

When I emerged from the bedroom, the small living room was bustling with people. Beta Tristan approached me immediately.

“Luna, the Alpha King is busy today,” he explained professionally. “He will try his best to join you for your healing follow-up. Elara and Beta Frost are waiting for you in the gathering hall, but the Alpha King hopes you’ll take your moonlight herb

before you go.”

I nodded, agreeing to his request. My gaze drifted past the crowd to find Matthew engrossed in conversation with a

guest.

As if sensing my stare, he looked up. Our eyes met for a fleeting moment.

Chapter

Idle-headed

+15 Points

A wave of shyness crashed over me, and I quickly looked away.

At breakfast, the mood was light as I chatted happily with Gina Frost and a cheerful Elara. The little girl's laughter filled the

air like music.

"Olivia, can we ride the Ferris wheel today?" Elara asked, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Of course, sweetheart," I replied, reaching over to smooth her hair.

The peace was shattered by the arrival of Seraphina Kane. She looked exhausted, dark circles under her eyes, and was clearly in a foul mood.

Seeing my affectionate rapport with Elara, she lashed out with venom in her voice.

"You don't care for your own pup, but you treat someone else's like your own. Do you even deserve to be a mother?"

The words hit me like a physical blow. My chest tightened with pain.

Gina immediately leaped to my defense, her voice sharp as steel. "Is a pup good just because he came from your own womb? He knew his mother was pregnant, yet he listened to the mistress and her mother's instigation to push his own mother, trying to make her miscarry. A pup who does that, it's a wonder his mother didn't beat him to death."

Seraphina's eyes widened in shock at this revelation. Her gaze snapped to me, and I felt the blood drain from my face.

The memory of Leo being instigated by Ophelia to want to push me down from behind flashed through my mind.

“Gina, please stop,” I said quietly, not wanting to create more of a scene.

As we prepared to leave, Elara innocently remarked, “Daddy says mommy looks better when she’s a little chubbier.”

I saw Seraphina’s face twist with renewed anger at the child’s innocent words.

(God’s POV)

At the Sunstone Fairgrounds, Olivia and Elara were having a wonderful time. The little girl’s delighted squeals echoed across the grounds as they moved from ride to ride.

While they were ascending on the Ferris wheel, Gina discovered numerous missed calls from Killian Vance on her phone. She frowned and headed toward the entrance.

She found him being blocked by security guards. A staff member was speaking to him politely but firmly.

“I’m sorry, the fairgrounds have been exclusively booked today to host Miss Blackwood and the pup.”

The realization dawned on Gina immediately. Killian’s expression darkened as understanding hit him.

It was Matthew’s doing. A clear strategy to prevent him from meeting with Olivia.

A heavy pressure settled on Killian’s chest as he watched the Ferris wheel ascend into the sky. A shadow of doubt clouded his eyes.

How could he compete against the Alpha King for Olivia’s heart?

(Olivia’s POV)

After a fun-filled day, I announced reluctantly, “I have to leave for my healing appointment.”

Elara’s face fell with disappointment, but she nodded.

Killian seized the opportunity immediately. “Actually, Elara needs a healing treatment for a small scrape she got yesterday.

We should come with you.”

I looked at the tiny scratch on Elara’s knee and smiled. “Of course, let’s go together.”

At the Infirmary, however, we were separated. Beta Tristan's personnel led me away to a private healing room.

"It's just a routine check-up," I told Killian and the others, not wanting them to worry.

Inside the quiet room, I settled into a comfortable chair. The healer's gentle voice began guiding me into a state of deep

relaxation.

"Close your eyes, Miss Blackwood. Let your mind drift..."

I felt myself floating on the edge of a dream. The tension in my muscles began to melt away.

Suddenly, I felt a familiar presence near my ear. A low whisper broke the healing silence.

"My love..."

My eyes snapped open with a start. I found myself staring directly into Theodore's amber-colored eyes, filled with deep, desperate emotion.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 147

Chapter 147: Psychotherapy

(Olivia's POV)

"Miss Blackwood, relax." The female healer's voice echoed softly in my ears.

I gripped the armrests of the healing chair tightly, my knuckles white. Cold sweat beaded on my forehead as my eyes remained closed, lost in the depths of my mind.

The Trauma Recovery Room felt distant, like I was floating somewhere between consciousness and dreams.

In my mind, I saw myself as a young girl, standing in front of the Crimson pack house. Theodore was there too, young and

handsome.

"You're safe now," his younger self had whispered, and I had believed him completely.

The scene shifted. I watched our whirlwind romance unfold like pages in a book. Our mating ceremony, the joy in his eyes when I told him I was pregnant with Leo, the overwhelming happiness when our son was born.

Then the dream took a darker turn.

I was pregnant again, my belly round with Rose. The manor stairs stretched before me, wooden and polished.

A piercing scream rang out – my own voice.

“Follow the sound,” the healer’s voice guided me gently. “What do you see?”

I watched in horror as my pregnant self tumbled down the stairs. Blood spread beneath me like spilled wine on marble.

At the top of the stairs stood Leo, barely a toddler, his small hands still reaching toward where his toy car had been.

The red toy car rolled to my feet, now stained with my blood.

My last conscious thought in the dream was for my son. Not blame, just love and fear for what he might think he had

done.

Then darkness claimed me.

I awoke with a violent start, curling into a ball on the healing chair. My body trembled as deep, aching pain consumed my

heart.

“Tell me what you saw,” the healer’s soothing voice prompted.

“I stepped on my son’s toy car,” I stammered through tears that wouldn’t stop falling. “I fell down the stairs. I lost my daughter.”

The guilt crashed over me in waves. “It wasn’t Leo’s fault. He was just a baby. He didn’t know.”

“Miss Blackwood,” the healer said gently, “your daughter’s heartbeat was already very weak in the womb. The fall didn’t

cause her death. It was an accident.”

Her words hit me like lightning, illuminating a truth I had never considered.

The tangled threads of blame in my mind suddenly found a new anchor. My grief morphed into something cold and sharp

– rage.

“If he had told me earlier that my physical condition didn’t allow for childbirth, I wouldn’t have conceived Rose,” I said, my voice shaking with fury.

“He made me lose my daughter. He almost made my son the accomplice to my daughter’s death. It’s his fault!”

“You are the victim here,” the healer affirmed. “You have a clear conscience.”

She administered some calming moonlight herb aromatherapy, the familiar scent filling my nostrils.

“Rest now,” she whispered. “The Alpha King will be here to pick you up later.”

Sleep pulled me under like a gentle tide.

(Theodore’s POV)

The healer stepped out of the room and approached the Alpha King’s guards waiting in the corridor.

“The session is complete,” she informed them professionally.

Then she moved to a side door leading to the healing garden. I waited there in the shadows, my heart pounding.

“You only have ten minutes,” she whispered, opening the door for me.

I had arranged this through Declan Shaw, calling in every favor I had. Just ten minutes to see her, to try to make things

right.

I walked into the healing room on silent feet. Olivia lay sleeping peacefully in the chair, but tear tracks still glistened on her

pale cheeks.

My heart shattered at the sight.

I sat beside her carefully, afraid to wake her too soon. Gently, I took her hand in mine.

“My love,” I murmured, the words escaping before I could stop them.

(Olivia’s POV)

The familiar scent of cedarwood filled my senses. That voice, so achingly familiar, stirred me from my medicated slumber.

My mind, still hazy from the moonlight herb, believed I was dreaming.

Acting on pure instinct, I raised my hand and slapped him across the face.

The sharp c***k jolted me to full awareness. I snatched my hand back, staring at Theodore’s shocked expression.

My eyes turned cold as winter. “It’s your fault.”

“You hid my physical condition from me and made me lose my daughter.”

Theodore’s face crumpled with regret. “It’s my fault,” he said, his voice thick with self-loathing. “My decision hurt you. Let

me compensate you, okay?”

I laughed, but the sound held no humor. “My daughter’s life – what can you use to compensate me?”

“My life,” he begged desperately. “Let me use my life to atone for my sins.”

“In your dreams,” I scoffed.

(Theodore’s POV)

Panic drove me to pull out a stack of documents I had brought. My hands shook as I showed her the deeds to her mother’s companies and properties.

“Mother’s inheritance,” I explained frantically. “I never touched it.”

I produced a black card containing the massive payout from Lyra’s life insurance.

“She made me the beneficiary because she was afraid you couldn’t handle the truth of her passing. I was just keeping it

Then I presented her with Lyra’s last will, the paper yellowed with age.

Olivia's eyes fell upon her mother's familiar handwriting. I watched her read each word carefully.

The last line seemed to strike her to the core: Theodore, if one day Olivia wants to leave you. Please, as an older brother, take good care of her for Auntie, and please respect her, don't force her.

A single tear fell from her eye onto the fragile paper.

She panicked, trying to wipe it away before it could damage this last piece of her mother.

Seeing her vulnerability, I was overcome by a tidal wave of longing. I pulled her into a fierce embrace.

"My love, I miss you so much," I whispered, my voice thick with emotion.

I don't want to comply with the will's request for me to become a brother. All I could think about was having her back.

"Come with me, okay? I'll cure you." I held her as if I'd never let go.

At that moment, I heard sounds outside. Footsteps. A familiar voice.

"Where is my mate?" Matthew's voice carried through the door.

The therapist answered in a panic: "Alpha King, your partner is resting inside."

Suddenly, Olivia let out a heart-wrenching scream.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 148

Chapter 148: She Didn't Understand Him At All

(Matthew's POV)

The healer was instantly pulled away by my guards. The door burst open with a sharp c***k.

Inside, Olivia sat on the healing chair, her body trembling. The side door hung open, revealing trampled moonlight herbs scattered across the floor like fallen snow. Documents lay strewn everywhere, some torn and crumpled.

I walked toward her, my eyes scanning every detail. The lingering scent of cedarwood mixed with the medicinal herbs told me everything I needed to know.

“Olivia, it’s me,” I said, placing my hands gently on her shoulders to ground her.

She didn’t resist as I pulled her face into my chest. I stroked her messy hair while glancing at my guards, who immediately began investigating the scene.

The female healer had collapsed on the floor, her face pale with terror. She tried to defend herself desperately.

“Alpha King, let me explain! I was doing it for the Luna’s good,” she pleaded, her voice shaking. “Confronting the source of

her stimulation and correcting the traumatic memory could lead to a full recovery.”

The faint scent of moonlight herb incense couldn’t mask Theodore’s lingering presence. I knew this healer understood

who held more weight between me and a mere Alpha. Someone else had to be behind this.

“Who told you to do this?” I asked, my brow furrowed in displeasure.

The healer stammered, “It was Theodore... he gave me a sum of money...”

Impatient, I gave a silent order. My guards dragged the screaming healer away immediately.

“Alpha King, I was just trying to help her!” she cried as they hauled her out.

I lifted Olivia’s face, noting her tear–stained cheeks and pale, trembling hands. “What happened? Was Theodore here?”

I was frustrated that she hadn’t called for help, that she would allow herself to be alone with him.

The idea of “revisiting trauma” was nonsense to me. She didn’t need to relive her pain. She just needed to stay away from

him.

Without a word, Olivia wrapped her arms around my waist, hugging me tightly. Her silent plea softened me instantly.

I lifted her into my arms, noting how light she felt. I had been too lenient, letting her go out with Killian and Elara.

As I carried her out, we were met by Killian, Gina, and Elara. They had been drawn by the commotion.

“What’s wrong?” Killian asked, his face etched with concern.

Elara reached for Olivia’s hand. “Aunt Olivia, are you okay?”

But a guarduna intercepted the pup’s hand and blocked their path. Olivia pressed against my chest.

“Don’t scare Elara,” she pleaded softly. “Nothing happened, really. Let me down, I’ll just say hello and then we’ll go.”

I ignored her, walking past them without a second glance. “Let’s go home first.”

The infirmary director and senior healers rushed to the car, apologizing profusely. They promised to banish the healer and arrange for their best trauma specialist to make home visits.

my skin.

Tell the sharp sting but simply covered her hand with mine. “Wait for my notice,” I told the director, understanding her need for privacy.

In the car, she relaxed and moved to sit on the other side. Tristan handed her a file. “These are the companies, properties, and a bank card under Lady Lyra’s name.”

Olivia clutched the documents like they were a lifeline. A tangible piece of her mother.

I sensed her confusion at my unusually harsh mood, though she couldn’t pinpoint the reason.

Back at the Kane Estate, Killian and Elara arrived shortly after. They couldn’t shake their concern.

I settled in a small adjoining parlor, separated by a screen. I pretended to read pack reports while listening to their conversation.

“Olivia, what happened? Were those documents from Theodore?” Killian asked, his voice filled with worry.

Olivia shook her head, her expression souring at the mention of Theodore’s name.

Killian sighed in relief but then noted, "It's just your former mate bringing over some things. Why is the King so angry?"

He looked at her seriously. "In my memory, Matthew rarely gets angry. But whenever he gets angry, someone has to pay the price. He didn't make things difficult for you, did he?"

His words struck Olivia. She hadn't realized I was angry. She just thought I was being difficult and cold, unlike my usual reserved but protective self.

Behind the screen, Tristan reported to me. "Alpha King, there was no surveillance in the therapy room. The external cameras caught Theodore inside for ten minutes."

He continued, "He was taken away by Seraphina and his guards, and he didn't look well. The healer confessed. It was Declan Shaw who instructed her to do it."

I slammed a file onto the table with a sharp c***k. "Reject all the proposals in this file."

The file contained Declan's plans for the Shaw Reclamation Charter. Tristan grew anxious.

"Alpha King, you promised not to interfere in the Citadel's affairs. It could be misunderstood by your council and risk your position. It's the foundation you've built for ten years!"

He wanted to say it wasn't worth it for Olivia, but he didn't dare.

"Do it," I ordered coldly.

Tristan walked out, his frustration evident. In a moment of inspiration, he approached Olivia with the file. "I have something urgent to attend to. Could you help me return this to the King and tell him I can't handle it?"

He hoped to push us together. Olivia readily agreed.

Just then, Gina and Elara enthusiastically invited her to their quarters for dinner. They wanted her to taste the moonberry tart Elara had helped make.

Delighted by the thought of spending time with Elara, she accepted. "Wait for me, I'll just let the King know." She walked back into the small parlor. "Matthew, Tristan asked me to return this. He said he can't handle it."

She placed the file on the table. "I'm going to Elara's quarters for dinner. I'll be back later."

As she turned to leave, my control snapped. I grabbed her wrist, pulling her back and onto my lap.

The scent of Theodore still clung to her. She was about to leave with Killian. I noticed she wasn't wearing the diamond ring I had given her.

Her ring finger only had a simple moonstone band. The anger that had been simmering within me now boiled over.

My arm slid around her, my hand gripping her ribs as I lifted her effortlessly, like a pup. I strode out of the parlor, past the stunned guests and servants, and headed for the inner courtyard.

Upon entering the courtyard's master chamber, I pinned Olivia down on the sofa.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 149

Chapter 149: Killian's Confession Plan Was Ruined

(God's POV)

Olivia was stunned! "Matthew?"

The file in her hand slipped from the sofa. Matthew noticed the document on top, titled 'Will, and the frustration that had been stuck in his throat suddenly eased. He understood that it was her mother's will that had prevented her from throwing Theodore out earlier.

"You haven't taken your moonlight herbs yet," Matthew said calmly.

He settled Olivia down and went to pour her some warm water. As he turned away, Olivia's face grew warm. The spot on her ribs where he had held her still tingled with his warmth and the memory of his firm grip.

She quickly composed herself, picked up the file, and took the herbs from his large, dry palm. After putting the empty glass down, she placed the documents in her suitcase.

In the bathroom, she washed the tear stains from her face, changed into a comfortable dress, and tied up her messy hair. Seeing her pale reflection, she applied some lipstick.

When she emerged, she looked like a fresh-faced university student. "They must be getting impatient," she said, ready to leave.

As Olivia prepared to leave, Matthew rose to his feet. “Did Killian invite you, or did he invite us as a mated pair?”

The Alpha King wanted to tag along for a free meal? Olivia was shocked; countless people were desperate for an invitation from him. She remembered that several of Killian’s research projects with the Shadow Syndicate had been rejected. This was the perfect opportunity.

“He invited you too!” she said, lightly taking Matthew’s arm, afraid he would change his mind.

Matthew glanced at her small hand on his arm and simply replied, “Mm.”

They walked out arm-in-arm, looking very much like a mated pair. The sight sparked the imagination, especially since Olivia had changed her clothes, Matthew’s shirt collar was noticeably wrinkled, and a faint scratch was visible on his neck, as if from a passionate struggle.

Seeing this, Killian’s face turned as black as the bottom of a pot.

On the way to Killian’s villa, Elara happily confirmed that he had invited both her “Aunt Olivia” and “Uncle Matthew” for lobster. The pup was clever; she knew her surrogate mother was going to be mated to Matthew and that she needed his uncle’s permission to visit the Umbral Vault.

Killian’s expression soured even more. Elara insisted on sitting in Matthew’s bulletproof car, actually squeezing Olivia and Matthew together.

Elara was curious about the car and directly grabbed Matthew’s gun. Olivia gasped, but Matthew calmly stopped her.

“Let her play,” he said softly, “It’s not loaded, and there are no silver bullets.”

He handed the weapon to the stunned Elara. Seeing Olivia’s sincere and happy smile as Elara played, Matthew’s anger- because she cried during treatment, because of Theodore’s scent, because of everything she had hidden from him—all disappeared.

He pulled a ring box from his pocket and placed a well-fitting diamond moonstone ring on her finger.

Chapter

“Matthew?” she asked in surprise.

“You prefer moonstone rings, right?” he asked.

She explained that she liked the diamond ring he had previously given her but was just afraid of losing it. Realizing that if she refused, he would buy her another one, Olivia reluctantly accepted this stunning five-carat heart-shaped diamond

moonstone ring.

When they arrived at the Vance Athenaeum, Olivia was amazed to find Killian's villa beautifully decorated with colorful lights and pink balloons, a jazz melody floating through the air. It was clearly not a casual invitation.

"Professor prepared this especially for you, Cipher," Cain said, his joyful expression collapsing the moment he saw

Matthew.

"Alpha King... you came too," he stammered, exchanging a panicked look with Gina.

Inside, the two assistants whispered frantically, "Why is the King here?" "We're doomed, that 'I LOVE YOU' sign is still up, take it down!" "What if he finds out we're helping the professor pry his corner..."

The whispers faded as Olivia and Matthew entered. On the table, Killian served a salt-baked lobster.

"I made this myself," he said, just as she was about to reach for it, Matthew placed a bowl of black fish soup in front of

her.

"She is taking medication," he calmly said to Killian, then turned to Olivia. "You need to watch your diet."

Despite her mouth watering, Olivia obediently nodded in agreement.

The atmosphere grew even more tense when Gina brought out the cake. It was a pink, heart-shaped cake with a message written in icing: "I love you, Livy." The signature below read: Killian!

The room fell silent. Gina dropped the cake cover, and Elara's toy fell with a clatter.

All eyes darted to Matthew, whose gaze had turned to ice as he stared down Killian. Mortified, Olivia tried to salvage the

situation.

“The cake shop must have made a mistake! Professor would never have ideas about a mated woman...” She laughed

awkwardly.

Matthew’s voice was laced with frost. “Oh? It seems he loves to snatch mated women.”

Olivia froze, remembering Killian’s past advances. She grabbed the plastic knife and smeared the incriminating words off

the cake.

“He really didn’t mean it,” she insisted, giving Killian a sharp glare.

Matthew watched their silent exchange, his eyes narrowing as he saw Olivia’s hand resting on Killian’s arm to hold him back. He stood up, his tall frame casting an intimidating shadow over the table.

“That’s enough for today,” he said, his arm wrapping around Olivia’s waist. “Let’s go back.”

His glance was a clear warning that his patience had run out. Olivia, now quiet as a mouse, began to follow him out.

But her wrist was suddenly grabbed, and she was pulled back by a firm force. Killian’s voice was defiant as he faced the Alpha King.

“Matthew, you used your status to seduce Livvy and registered a mate relationship with her. But Livie doesn’t love you at all. You cannot force her to hold a formal mating ceremony and become your mate.”

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 150

Chapter 150: I Won’t Be Manipulated By You Anymore

(Olivia’s POV)

My slender waist was scooped up by a long arm, and I fell into Matthew Kane’s embrace. The warmth of his body pressed against mine, solid and reassuring.

“Let go,” Matthew’s gaze towards Killian was boundlessly indifferent, inspiring awe and fear. His voice carried the absolute authority of an Alpha King.

While Killian had once deeply respected Matthew, he now refused to yield a single step. "You let go first."

I gently tried to pull my hand away, hoping Killian would back down. "Professor, it's too late, I'll be leaving with Matthew."

But Killian's grip on my wrist tightened, his knuckles white with tension.

"Olivia, the Kane family's mating ceremony has invited every prominent figure in the European Territory. This is a ceremony under the gaze of the masses." His voice cracked with emotion. "He truly intends to mark you as his mate."

"Professor, it's just a ceremony," I said, growing anxious for him. The tension in the room was suffocating.

Killian's voice filled with urgency. "You don't understand, an Alpha's intuition is never wrong. If you two really go through with the marking ceremony, everything will be irreversible."

His words tumbled out in a rush. "Even if you fall in love with someone else later, he won't let you go. Choose me, I won't trap you. I can take good care of Aurora."

Matthew cut him off, "Enough. Aurora is my daughter."

The finality in his tone made the air itself seem to freeze. I could feel the dangerous energy radiating from him.

Fearing he'd hurt Killian, I loosened my grip on the professor's hand. "Professor, I'll come see you and Elara in a couple of days. You must have had too much to drink tonight."

I took Matthew's arm to leave, feeling the coiled tension in his muscles. As we walked toward the door, Elara emerged from the villa, tears streaming down her small face.

"Mom, help me fix it." She held up a broken toy wolf figurine, her voice breaking with sobs.

I paused, taking the toy from her trembling hands. The little wolf's head had separated from its body.

"The eye fell off," Elara sniffled, pointing to a small black piece on the ground.

I picked up the small black piece, examining it closely. My blood ran cold. "This isn't an eye."

It was a surveillance device. A terrible realization dawned on me like ice water flooding my veins.

Just then, the villa gates were pushed open with a violent crash. Theodore stood there, his eyes blazing with fury as he stared at us.

His chest heaved with ragged breaths. His usually perfect appearance was disheveled, his shirt wrinkled and his hair wild. He lunged forward, grabbing my shoulders with bruising force. "You're fake mated! You don't have him in your heart!" His fingers dug into my skin. "How could your pup be his? That pup is mine, right? Olivia, I regret it, I won't be your brother, you must come back to me!"

The next moment, pack enforcers pulled Theodore away. Their hands locked around his arms, dragging him back.

I trembled, painful memories flooding my mind, all filled with Theodore's voice ordering me to "get rid of this pup." The phantom pain of that night shot through my abdomen.

Matthew's arm wrapped around my shoulders, his voice a low, soothing murmur in my ear. "It's alright, I'll handle it."

But I remembered my healer's advice to "face the traumatic memory, correct the traumatic memory." I refused to hide any

longer.

I looked up at Matthew, feeling the brilliant, confident light from thirteen years ago shining in my eyes. "I can do it myself."

I walked to Theodore, my former mate who had become a demon trapping me. Each step felt like breaking free from

invisible chains.

"If my mother knew what you've done to me, she would never forgive you." My voice was steady, clear as crystal. "She'd regret writing a will that prevents me from ever escaping you."

Theodore's face crumpled. "Olivia, please-"

"Theodore, you're not worthy of being my pup's father, and you're certainly not worthy of being my mate."

I hurled the toy wolf at his feet. "You actually dream of monitoring my every move like before, of keeping me caged and

manipulated like your canary!”

“Liar,” I said with cold clarity. “You lied about my sincere feelings for ten years, and you still want to keep lying? I won’t fall for it again, Theodore.”

I dug into my own heart to stab his. “My daughter is not your pup. Our pup was killed by you that night. She never should have suffered like that. It was all your fault.”

“Olivia, don’t say it,” Theodore pleaded, his voice breaking into a whisper.

Just then, Leo’s voice cried out, “Mom!” The small boy wrapped his arms around my legs, his face streaked with tears.

“You and that Alpha are fake mated, just to trick Dad and me, right? Mom, Dad and I know we were wrong.” His small

hands clutched at my dress. “Come home with us, okay? We are a family.”

The memory of my nightmare–induced vision flashed through my mind. Leo harming Aurora. The image made my

stomach lurch.

I couldn’t tolerate it. I pushed Leo into Theodore’s arms, my movements sharp and decisive.

“I am not a family with you.” The words came out harder than I intended.

I turned, placing my hands on Matthew’s chest, feeling his steady heartbeat beneath my palms. My voice rang out firm and decisive for all to hear.

“Matthew Kane is my daughter’s father. We are a family.” I looked directly into his golden eyes. “We’ve already registered our mate bond, and the marking ceremony will proceed as planned.”

Theodore watched us, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth. His face had gone ashen white.

“We’re leaving,” I said softly to Matthew, who guided me toward the black car as the pack enforcers restrained Theodore.

The car’s engine started, its headlights cutting through the night like twin beams of hope. The purr of the motor filled the

silence.

Suddenly, a small figure rushed in front of the car, screaming his heart out. “Mom, don’t leave Leo...”

The screech of brakes and the sound of an impact instantly assaulted my eardrums. I opened my eyes wide in terror.