

# 30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 61

Chapter 61: The Confrontation of Two Alphas

(God's POV)

Olivia was startled by Theodore's sudden appearance and watched helplessly as he struck Killian.

The sound of flesh hitting flesh echoed through the laboratory. Killian staggered back, blood trickling from the corner of

his mouth.

But ignoring the pain, he immediately threw a fist back at Theodore's face. His military training kicked in as his knuckles connected with Theodore's jaw.

Killian, trained in military combat techniques, faced off against Theodore, a martial arts expert. Both were skilled fighters, and neither was willing to back down.

They grappled fiercely, overturning equipment and sending papers flying. Theodore's Alpha strength clashed against

Killian's precise technique.

The researchers and pack enforcers rushed to pull them apart, finally stopping the chaos. Multiple hands grabbed at the

two Alphas, forcing them to separate.

"Professor Vance, are you alright?" Olivia asked, noticing the blood on the corner of Killian's mouth and quickly offering

him a tissue.

Just as Killian reached for it, Theodore snatched it away. "My love, I'm bleeding too," he said, grabbing her hand and

pulling her, along with the tissue, into his embrace.

"You deserved it!" Olivia struggled but couldn't break free from her mate's strong arms. "Who told you to hit someone without reason! Apologize to Professor Vance right now."

Seeing Olivia's distress made him relent. Unwilling to see Olivia upset, Theodore gave in.

"Fine, I'll apologize." He turned to Killian, his voice dripping with false sincerity. "I'm sorry, Professor Vance. I

misunderstood that you had improper intentions towards my mate."

His gaze was sharp and piercing, promising future retribution. The researchers began to whisper among themselves, sensing the underlying tension.

Hearing this, Killian's jaw tightened. "Alpha Redgrave, you shouldn't think of me that way, nor should you distrust your mate," he replied calmly.

"Our friendly interaction is only about the development of scientific research." His ice-blue eyes remained steady despite the accusation.

Olivia's face flushed with anger and embarrassment. Her mate's own depravity made him see filth everywhere.

"I'm sorry, Professor Vance. My mate must have misunderstood. I'll be leaving for today."

As Olivia was about to leave, Theodore stepped closer to Killian. His voice dropped to a low, cold threat only the two of

them could hear.

"You've known my mate for a while. I will find out why you're pretending to be a stranger to get close to her."

"But no matter how you try to win her over, she won't give you a second glance."

Killian's voice equally low, "You should be glad that when I met her, you were already in her heart."

+ Points 3

\*However, latecomers often surpass the old. The day she is no longer your mate..."

Enraged, Theodore instantly grabbed Killian by the collar. "You dare!"

Olivia rushed forward to pry them apart again.

"Let go. Theodore, you're going too far," she said, her voice laced with frustration. "If you mess around again, I'll ignore

you.”

With that, she turned and walked away, her heels clicking sharply against the floor.

Theodore shoved Killian and ordered his pack enforcer, “See how much compensation Professor Vance wants and pay him,” before chasing after Olivia. He pulled her into his arms to coax and placate her.

Through the glass window, Killian watched them, his heart feeling as if it were being hammered. Theodore’s arms wrapped possessively around Olivia’s waist.

A pack enforcer placed a stack of cash and a business card on the table. “Professor Vance, if this isn’t enough, you can contact me.”

Gina Frost, one of the researchers, bristled at the dismissive gesture. “Having money is no big deal, our Professor Vance’s assets are not inferior...”

Killian stopped her with a raised hand. As he watched Theodore and Olivia leave together, an arm around each other, he

sank into his chair.

“Professor, I’ll take you to the pack infirmary for a check-up,” a researcher offered. “You and Cipher are innocent. Alpha Redgrave is just making baseless accusations and bullying people. It’s too much.”

“No need, you all get back to work,” Killian said, not wanting them to discuss Olivia any further. His voice carried quiet

authority despite his injury.

He turned to his assistant. “Gina, Theodore finding out I know Olivia is likely because of my high-profile return. Lock down all my past information immediately.”

He couldn’t risk exposing her. Her identity as ‘Cipher,’ a legendary former operative, was a dangerous secret that could

destroy everything.

Gina quickly found a single photo of them together from six years ago on the secure servers. “It was a mission,” Killian

explained softly, his hand touching the image of a distraught Olivia on the screen.

“She saved me, but couldn’t save my assistant. She was devastated.” It was the first time she had faced such

powerlessness in the field.

“Destroy the photo. I don’t want her to see it or remember these things.” His voice was heavy with old pain.

Gina complied, her fingers hovering over the delete key. “Professor, Olivia will surely feel your kindness.”

Killian gave a bitter smile. “She... is quite heartless. She has no eyes for me.”

Meanwhile, In Theodore’s car, he looked seriously at Olivia, “My love, did you quit your job to go to the institute?” he asked.

Olivia paused, choosing her words carefully. “Gina’s programming skills are incredible, a true genius. I want to learn from

her.”

Relieved, Theodore pulled her into a possessive hug. “I’ll hire Gina to teach you at our manor. You don’t need to leave the pack territory.”

“I’m thinking of your health, my love. A miscarriage is very hard on the body; you need to rest as if you’re recovering from a

difficult birth.”

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Hearing this, Olivia’s gaze turned cold. He knew the damage it would cause, yet he had mercilessly ordered the healer to take her pup. He had no heart at all.

“Let’s talk about it when you’ve managed to hire her,” she replied dismissively.

(Olivia’s POV)

Theodore insisted on taking me to the infirmary for an examination. As we left the infirmary, a frantic voice called out.

“Theodore! Please wait.”

Elder Thorne, Caleb’s mother, rushed over, out of breath. Her usually composed demeanor was completely shattered.

“My mate was so angry he ended up in the infirmary, and now he wants to disown Caleb! Please, help me talk some sense

into him.”

She recounted the disaster with trembling hands. Caleb’s affair and his public declaration to mate with Clara had humiliated Evelyn, tanked their pack’s reputation, and given her mate a heart attack.

“Your devotion to Olivia, our Caleb didn’t learn a single bit of it, only the worst Alpha habits! He’s a disgrace!” she cried, making Theodore’s expression darken dangerously.

Realizing her blunder, she turned to me with wide, panicked eyes. “Olivia, I forgot she’s your half-sister. I was just so angry.”

“A half-sister who seduces a mated wolf, has a pup out of wedlock to force a mating... I don’t want to acknowledge her either,” I said calmly, my eyes fixed on Theodore.

“But as it happens, Theodore, out of loyalty to Caleb, paid to raise her and even registered the pup under his own name...”

Elder Thorne clearly understood my hint. Her face went white, then red with fury as she glared at Theodore.

Then suddenly she pushed open the door to Caleb’s medical room. She snatched a silver-tipped whip from her partner’s hand and lashed it viciously at Caleb.

“Tell me! Is this pup yours! Is that she-wolf your woman! If you don’t tell the truth today, I’ll whip you with this silver whip first, then sever ties with you!”

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 62**

Chapter 62: Livvy, You Are Mine

(Olivia’s POV)

“Stop hitting me, Mom, I’ll talk,” Caleb cried out in pain from the silver-tipped whipping. His back was already covered in angry red welts.

“This pup is actually for me to raise on behalf of...” Before he could finish, Theodore’s deep voice cut him off like a blade.

“Caleb, who are you saying you’re raising the pup for?” His tone was dangerously low.

Seeing Theodore and me walk in, Caleb was terrified and stammered, “I—I didn’t say on behalf of anyone. I meant I was securing an heir for our Thorne family.”

“Evelyn refused to accept my mating proposal, and my parents were pressuring me, so I had Clara give me a pup.” He desperately pleaded with his parents, his voice breaking.

“It was for the family’s sake, I swear!”

But Elder Thorne saw through the charade instantly. Her son was clearly taking the fall for Theodore.

Disgusted, she threw down the silver whip with a clatter. “Fool!”

The Elder of the Thorne family, furious but needing to save face, could only mutter to his guests. “We’re making fools of

ourselves.”

Then he turned to Elder Thorne, saying he would give a generous wedding gift. I offered a generous dowry of fifty million

dollars and was willing to cooperate with the Thorne pack on a territory opening project.

This puzzled Theodore. He couldn’t understand why I, who should despise Clara, would be so magnanimous.

He looked at me questioningly, his amber eyes searching my face for answers.

However, Elder Thorne was unmoved. “No,” she firmly refused.

“Years ago Ophelia was expelled from our pack for destroying someone else’s mate bond. Now we will not allow Clara to

re-enter the Thorne pack with her mother.”

“Our Thorne pack may not be as wealthy as the Crimson Pack, but we don’t stoop to accepting charity.”

I played the part of a gentle and benevolent Luna, taking the older she-wolf’s hand. “Elder Thorne, we don’t mean to force a marking,” I said softly.

“But they are fated mates and have a pup. We just want to see them happy.”

My words, however, did not fool Elder. She saw the pain behind my performance.

“Child,” she said pointedly, “when you love someone too much, your reason is blinded by the mate bond, you...”

The comment struck a raw nerve. My eyes instantly reddened with unshed tears.

At Theodore's signal, Caleb knelt and begged his mother for her blessing. His knees hit the cold infirmary floor with a dull

thud.

With his son still willing to be the scapegoat, the Elder of the Thorne family sighed in defeat. "Fine, let's decide it this way,"

he conceded.

He asked Theodore to help boost the Thorne family's pack standing in return.

Elder Thorne added a stern condition. "I'll say this now. If she mates into our Thorne family, she becomes one of us."

"How I discipline someone of such poor character will be my business."

I readily agreed, my voice steady despite the turmoil in my chest.

As we were leaving, Caleb, his back covered in raw welts from the silver whip, thanked us. He invited us to the upcoming

mating ceremony.

Seeing his injuries, I felt a pang of regret. In my quest for revenge, I had implicated the innocent Thorne family and tarnished their reputation.

I felt I might have gone too far. But Theodore protectively wrapped his arm around me and led me away before I could voice my doubts.

The next day, Gina Frost, Killian's assistant, arrived at the manor. She was a sharp-eyed woman with an efficient demeanor.

"The professor told me to infiltrate the enemy's ranks," she explained with a smile.

I took her to the study. Gina is a very skilled computer expert.

During a break, a video call came through on a secure channel Gina had set up. She assured me it was a private line to Killian.

She discreetly left the room, closing the door behind her.

I answered, but instead of my former colleague, I was greeted by the bright face of his daughter, Elara. "Pretty Auntie, Ellie misses you so much!" she chirped.

Her innocent voice was like a balm to my weary heart.

“Pretty Auntie, let me show you my dad’s room!” Elara exclaimed, grabbing the camera.

She led me on a virtual tour down a hallway and pushed open the master bedroom door. I gasped.

The walls were covered with portraits of me from various stages of my life. Even a painting of me in formal Luna attire hung prominently.

The paper on some was worn and curled. Evidence they had been painted years ago.

I was stunned.

“Auntie, look, Dad really loves you,” Elara whispered, picking up the Luna portrait. “This is Dad’s favorite. He even hugs it to sleep.”

Just then, Killian’s clear voice came from the doorway. “Ellie, aren’t you chatting with Auntie Olivia? Are you done?”

Unaware the camera was still on, Killian walked further into the room. “Dad, Dad, do you love Auntie?” she asked with innocent determination.

Killian, flustered, blushed and stammered. “Little pup, what do you know about love?”

The camera shook as Elara pressed it against her father’s chest. I could hear a heart pounding furiously through the speaker.

Elara persisted until Killian finally whispered. “Dad... loves your pretty auntie. But, this is a secret. You can’t tell anyone.”

Elara’s eyes widened in panic. “Ah! But Pretty Auntie already knows!” she shouted.

She shoved the camera towards her father’s face. “Dad, Pretty Auntie heard and saw everything! What do we do? The

secret is out!”

Killian’s handsome face burned bright red as he froze. He stared into the lens, utterly exposed.

My own heart hammered against my ribs. My hand trembled as I frantically clicked to end the call, my mind reeling.

As I looked towards the door, my blood ran cold. Theodore stood there, his dark eyes blazing with a cold, terrifying fury I

had never seen before.

He had heard everything.

He strode towards me, his movements sharp and menacing like a predatory Alpha. He yanked me into his arms, holding me so tightly I could barely breathe.

As if I would vanish if he let go.

He tilted my pale face up to his. His hot breath engulfed me as his trembling lips crashed down on mine.

“Livvy,” he growled, his voice thick with possessive rage, “you are mine.”

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 63**

Chapter 63: He Must Have Hurt Her

(Olivia's POV)

I turned my head sharply, and Theodore's kiss landed on my neck instead. The familiar scent that once intoxicated me now felt nauseating.

I struggled violently against his touch, my hands pushing against his chest. But my resistance only enraged the wolf in

him.

Theodore forcefully lifted my skirt, his hand sliding underneath as his kisses moved from my collarbone to my chest. The heat of his mouth burned against my skin.

Realizing his intent, my struggles intensified. “Theo, let go of me!” I whispered, my voice breaking with desperation.

At the sound of my cry, he looked up. His eyes were bloodshot, his expression savage like a wild beast.

But the sight of a tear rolling down my cheek instantly softened him. He tenderly wiped it away with his thumb.

“My Love, it's not your fault,” his voice filled with twisted pity. “He shouldn't have seduced you. My Love, you love me. You would never look at anyone else, right?”

I heard every word clearly. The hypocrisy was staggering.

He felt the sting of betrayal simply because another man admired me. Yet he had carried on an affair with Clara for years without a thought for my own pain.

With a surge of strength, I pushed him away and fled the study. I locked myself in the master bedroom's bathroom, my

hands shaking as I turned the bolt.

I stood under the shower, frantically scrubbing my skin. I tried to erase the feeling of his touch, but that sensation was

branded into my bones like a venomous snake bite.

The hot water cascaded over me as I scrubbed until my skin turned red. But nothing could wash away the disgust.

My frantic cleansing was interrupted by Helen's voice from outside the door. "Luna, the gown and the stylists have arrived.

Alpha Theodore requests that you get ready for the Thorne family's engagement ceremony."

A moment later, she added, "I heard that the new prominent figure in Stonehaven City, Professor Vance, and his daughter

will also be attending."

Hearing Killian's name, I hurled a bottle of shower gel at the frosted glass door. It slammed with a loud thud but left the

door unshaken.

A perfect metaphor for Theodore's unbreakable control over my life. A profound sense of powerlessness washed over

1. me.

Half an hour later, I sat passively before the vanity as stylists worked on me. My face was a mask of numb resignation.

Dressed in a strapless gown adorned with sapphire crystals and wearing the Ocean Star necklace, I looked exquisitely beautiful. The reflection in the mirror showed a perfect Luna, but inside I felt hollow.

Leo rushed into my arms, exclaiming, "Mom, you're so pretty!" But my expression remained distant as I looked past him to Theodore, who stood at the door.

He approached, his eyes full of possessive affection. He fastened a Cartier diamond bracelet onto my wrist.

“My Love, you will stun everyone tonight,” he murmured. The bracelet was engraved with the initials ‘T’ and ‘O’.

It felt less like a gift and more like a shackle. I snatched my hand away and walked out without a word.

(God’s POV)

Left alone with his son, Theodore’s demeanor shifted. His gentle facade cracked, revealing something cruel underneath.

“Your mom doesn’t hug you anymore, does she?” he said to Leo, his voice deceptively soft. “She’s angry you caused her to

lose the baby.”

Leo’s small face crumpled. Tears began to well in his innocent eyes.

Theodore knelt before him, his hands gripping the boy’s shoulders. “Leo, you’ll see a pup named Elara at the party. Your mom likes her a lot lately. You can ask her how she wins your mommy’s affection.”

The words struck Leo like a physical blow. His childish sadness curdled into jealousy and anger.

In the car, Leo’s attempts to gain his mother’s affection were met with cold indifference. Olivia stared out the window, lost

in her own thoughts.

The boy’s resentment grew with each ignored gesture. His small hands clenched into fists.

Upon arriving at the hotel, the banquet hall buzzed with energy. Crystal chandeliers cast warm light over the elegantly dressed guests.

Guests flocked to Theodore, showering him with compliments. “Alpha Theodore, you’re such a perfect, loving mate,” they gushed.

Olivia was forced to stand beside him with their fingers intertwined. She felt nothing but hollow emptiness as she listened

to the praise that once made her heart flutter.

She was merely watching a play. The smiles, the compliments, the admiration – all of it felt fake.

The room's attention soon shifted as the host took the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the engagement ceremony of Caleb Thorne and Clara Thorne."

The main topic of gossip was the scandal. Whispers filled the air about the prestigious Thorne family allowing a mating with a disgraced she-wolf.

"Can you believe they're accepting her?" someone murmured. "After what her mother did?"

Seizing the opportunity, Olivia excused herself. "I need to use the washroom," she whispered to Theodore.

But instead of the washroom, she went to a quiet lounge. She needed space to breathe.

(Olivia's POV)

I had just sat down when Killian walked in. The air grew thick with awkwardness as I recalled his heartfelt confession from the video call.

"Gina told me what happened yesterday," he began, his voice laced with concern. He stood near the door, not daring to

approach.

"Cipher, did he... did he hurt you?" His ice-blue eyes searched my face for answers.

Embarrassed that my pathetic state had been witnessed, I avoided his gaze. "No, he would never hurt me. Don't worry."

"We shouldn't contact each other for a while." I feared what a jealous Theodore might do.

But Killian saw the deep red hickies on my neck. His expression darkened with worry and anger.

"He bullied you, didn't he?" His gaze was sharp and worried. He closed the distance between us, his hand gripping my wrist.

"Cipher, I can help you get away from him right now. You don't have to wait for the King!"

The mention of Matthew startled me. I quickly pulled Killian into a small, cluttered pantry.

“Hush, the walls have ears,” I whispered urgently. The cramped space forced us close, creating an awkward intimacy.

“Theodore controls almost all land, sea, and air transportation,” I whispered. “The only way I can leave is when Matthew visits, and no one will check Alpha King’s plane.”

As I spoke, Killian gently brushed my hair aside. His fingertips traced the marks on my skin.

“You said he didn’t hurt you? Then what’s this?” The rough texture of his fingers sent a shiver down my spine.

I pushed him away just as the doorknob began to turn. My heart stopped.

A voice came from outside: “Who’s in there?”

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 64**

Chapter 64: Both Fall into the Water

(Olivia’s POV)

The door was blocked by a wooden cabinet, leaving only a slight c\*\*\*k. Clara peered inside, saw it was pitch black, and closed the door.

Once the door was shut, the tension broke. Both Killian and I realized the awkwardness of our position.

To stay hidden, my back was pressed firmly against Killian’s chest. Through the thin fabric, I could feel the powerful rise and fall of his chest and the frantic pounding of his heart.

I recalled the portrait of me hanging in his bedroom. How he clutched our wedding photo while sleeping. The memory made me feel extremely awkward.

I only had friendship for Killian. But lately we always found ourselves in such embarrassing situations.

His muscular arms were braced against the wall on either side of me. I was trapped between his body and the cold storage shelves.

The space was so cramped that every breath I took filled my lungs with his scent. "Let's wait a bit longer before going out," Killian whispered. His magnetic voice and warm breath brushed against my ear, making my heart skip a beat.

I could only respond softly with a "Mm."

My hands pressed flat against the wooden shelves, trying to create distance. But there was nowhere to go.

Suddenly, Clara's tearful voice pierced the silence from outside the pantry. "Alpha Theodore, I love you, please don't let me be mated to Caleb."

My body went rigid. Theodore was out there too.

Killian's chest pressed closer against my back as he tensed. His hands moved to my shoulders, steadying me.

I strained to hear Theodore's response, but there was only silence. Clara's cries grew more desperate.

"The old lady of the Thorne family... she said I have to follow the Thorne family's rules, to bear pups for Caleb. She's going

to force me!"

The rage inside me began to simmer. My hands clenched into fists, nails digging into my palms.

My whole body started trembling with fury. How dare she play the victim now?

Sensing my anger, Killian leaned in closer. His lips almost touched my ear as he whispered.

"Her mating to the Thorne family is a done deal. The Thornes have announced it to the whole city; they won't let her back

out."

His words brought a small measure of calm to me. "Livy, her retribution will come eventually."

I forced myself to breathe slowly. In and out. In and out.

Then, Theodore's voice, cold and detached, cut through the air. "Caleb won't touch you."

Clara pressed on, she revealed that the Thorne matriarch knew of their affair. She would accept Rosalie as long as Clara fulfilled her duties as a true Thorne daughter-in-law.

“Please, Alpha, have pity on me.” Clara’s tone carried seduction now.

1/3

## Chapter 64: Both Fall into the Water

I heard movement outside. Footsteps. The rustle of fabric.

A muffled grunt from Theodore followed, then a loud slap that made me flinch.

Clara’s crying erupted immediately after. Loud, dramatic sobs that echoed in the lounge.

Pouits

Theodore’s voice was harsh now. “This arranged marriage concerns the honor of both the Redgrave and Thorne families. There is no room for negotiation.”

His words were clipped, businesslike. “Focus your thoughts where they belong and stop trying to seduce me.”

But I knew Theodore. I could hear the slight breathlessness in his voice. Clara’s tactics were working.

Clara then changed her approach completely. Her voice turned pitiful, broken.

“Alpha Theodore, Rosie is your daughter. How can you bear to let her call another man ‘father’?”

She promised to behave and never provoke me again. She offered to disappear from Stonehaven City with their daughter.

“I’ll be good, I swear. I won’t cause any more trouble for Luna Olivia.”

Theodore’s voice softened slightly. Just a fraction, but I caught it. “As long as you’re obedient and don’t anger Livy.” This conditional affection was another blow to me. Even now, he was protecting her. Making deals with his mistress. Clara’s voice then turned soft and seductive again. Like honey dripping from her lips.

“I know I was wrong, I won’t dare provoke my Luna again. Alpha Theodore, the old lady of the Thorne family is going to force me and Caleb to complete our mating bond tonight. What should I do?”

The sound of an intense kiss followed. Wet, passionate, desperate.

I dug my nails into Killian's thigh, my body trembling with rage and heartbreak.

"Livy, you're hurting me," he murmured softly.

I instantly let go, my hand flying to cover my mouth. I wanted to apologize but couldn't speak.

I listened to the sounds of their intimacy, trying to stifle my own sobs. Each kiss, each moan was like a knife twisting in my chest.

Clara made her request in a coquettish voice. "Tonight, take Caleb's place, will you?"

Her voice was breathy now, full of desire. She spoke of her childhood dream of mating for love. A dream she had given up for him.

"I've loved you since I was sixteen. I gave up everything for you."

"You just had a miscarriage, and now you're in heat. Aren't you afraid?" Theodore asked, his voice thick with desire.

I could hear the want in his tone. "I am afraid," Clara said softly. "So Alpha, please be gentle with me."

Theodore grunted with satisfaction. The sound made bile rise in my throat.

Clara's voice turned sultry. "Alpha, you're already hard, let me make you feel good."

The sounds of a zipper being pulled echoed in the lounge. Then wet, sucking sounds that made my vision blur with tears.

I couldn't bear it anymore. Not another second of this torture.

I suddenly grabbed the door handle, wanting to burst out. To confront them. To kill him.

But Killian moved faster, pulling me back against him. His arms wrapped around me from behind, holding me still.

He forced me to turn and face him in the cramped space. "Livy, there are only ten days left, and you'll be completely free of

him."

His ice-blue eyes were intense, desperate. "It's not worth hurting yourself over him."

He gently wiped away my tears with his thumbs. His fingers slid along my jawline as he tried to pull me into his arms. But I raised my hand to stop his approach.

The sounds outside continued. Theodore's heavy breathing. Clara's soft moans of pleasure.

My legs felt weak. I was going to collapse from the pain.

Just then, a loud crash came from outside the lounge. "Help! Someone fell into the fountain!"

Theodore's voice cut through the chaos. "Leo! Where's Leo?"

I heard his footsteps running. Clara calling after him.

I forgot everything and violently pulled open the pantry door, rushing out. My heart was pounding with terror.

Killian followed closely behind, even overtaking me in the rush. His longer legs carried him faster.

I met Clara's eyes as I burst from the pantry. Her lips were swollen, her dress disheveled. But I couldn't spare a thought for

that now.

The scene outside was pure chaos. Theodore held the unconscious Leo in his arms, water dripping from both of them.

My son's face was pale, his lips blue.

Killian's deputy, Cain, held the soaking wet and crying Elara. The little girl was shivering violently.

I rushed to my son's side, seeing him lying motionless in Theodore's arms. His limbs were limp, lifeless.

"Leo! Leo, wake up!" I cried, my hands reaching for him.

"Quick, take him to the Pack infirmary!" I cried, tears streaming down my cheeks.

As the pack warriors scrambled to make arrangements, pushing through the crowd of onlookers, a voice rang out from

the gathered guests.

“It was that pup who pushed Young Master Redgrave down!”

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 65**

Chapter 65: Olivia Knows Their Secret

(Olivia’s POV)

Theodore stared intently at Killian, his eyes blazing with fury. “Seize them!”

His pack warriors immediately moved to surround Killian and Elara. The little girl’s face went white with terror as the massive wolves closed in around her and her father.

“Auntie, I really didn’t do it,” Elara cried, her voice breaking with desperation. “It was Leo who pushed me into the pool, and he lost his balance and fell in too.”

Killian stood firm despite being outnumbered, his protective instincts flaring as he shielded his daughter. Though his royal bloodline had declined, he was still a formidable Alpha, and his stance radiated quiet authority.

“My daughter doesn’t lie,” he said coldly, meeting Theodore’s glare without flinching.

My heart was torn between protecting this innocent child and caring for my unconscious son. But Leo’s safety had to come first.

“Don’t harm them,” I ordered the warriors sharply. “We’ll sort this out later.”

Theodore was already moving toward the pack infirmary, carrying Leo in his arms. “We need to get him medical attention

now.”

Just as we reached the entrance, Leo’s eyes fluttered open. His small voice was weak and frightened.

“Mom, I’m so scared,” he whimpered.

Relief flooded through me like a tidal wave. I pulled him into my arms, holding him tight against my chest.

“You’re safe now, my little wolf,” I whispered, tears streaming down my face.

But Elara’s clear voice cut through my relief. “Luna, you can check the surveillance.”

Leo immediately began to whine, his voice taking on that familiar manipulative tone I'd heard too many times before.

"Mom, don't you believe me? I didn't do it, there's no need to watch the surveillance." He clutched at my dress with wet fingers. "My head hurts so much."

The desperation in his voice made me pause. I'd seen this behavior before – the lies, the manipulation, the crocodile tears.

My resolve hardened like steel. "Manager, bring up the surveillance footage from the pool area. Now."

"Mom, please," Leo begged, but I ignored his protests.

The large screen flickered to life, displaying the truth for all to see. The video was crystal clear, showing Leo and Elara by the decorative pond.

I watched in horror as my son grabbed Elara's arm roughly, shouting something at her. Then he shoved her hard toward

the water.

Elara stumbled backward, her arms windmilling as she tried to keep her balance. Leo lunged forward to push her again, but his momentum carried him over the edge.

Both children hit the water with loud splashes.

But the most damning part came next. Theodore's warriors rushed to the pool, diving in to rescue Leo. They performed

CPR on him immediately, wrapping him in warm towels.

Meanwhile, Elara was still flailing in the water, her small arms barely keeping her afloat. The warriors completely ignored her desperate struggles.

My heart seized with horror at their cold indifference. This innocent child could have drowned while they focused only on

Leo.

Only when a lone figure – Cain Nightwood – leaped into the water did Elara get pulled to safety.

The truth was undeniable. My son had lied to me again, and an innocent child had nearly died because of it.

Overwhelming disappointment crashed over me like a wave. I pushed Leo away from me, unable to bear his touch.

The guilty warriors immediately parted to make way for me, their heads hanging in shame.

I walked straight to where Elara stood shivering in her father's arms. Crouching before her, I was consumed by guilt that felt like acid in my throat.

"Ellie, Auntie is so sorry," I said, my voice breaking with emotion. "I failed to teach Leo properly, and it caused you to suffer."

I pulled the trembling pup into a tight, apologetic embrace. Her small body was still cold from the water, and she clung to me like I was her lifeline.

But Leo remained completely unrepentant. He stormed over and shoved Elara away from me with both hands.

"You're a rogue pup with no mom, what right do you have to hug my mother!" he screamed, his face twisted with jealousy and rage.

At those cruel words, Elara burst into heartbroken tears. The sound cut through me like a blade.

My fury erupted like a volcano. "Leo Redgrave, you not only hurt Elara, but you also lied and are now mocking her. You're hopeless! Apologize to Elara now!"

Leo shrieked back at me, his voice shrill with defiance. "I did nothing wrong! You're my mom, not hers, why are you scolding me for her?"

I'd reached my absolute limit. "If you don't apologize to Elara today, you are no longer my son."

The words hung in the air like a death sentence. Leo's face crumpled, but instead of apologizing, he ran straight to Clara Thorne's side.

"You don't want me, so I don't want you either! I want Aunt Clara to be my mom."

Clara immediately wrapped her arms around him, shooting me a triumphant look over his head.

Rosalie, clearly egged on by the drama, stuck her tongue out at me. "Bad she-wolf! Bad she-wolf!"

The insult was cut short by the sharp c\*\*\*k of a slap. Theodore had struck his own secret daughter across the face.

“You ill-mannered thing, who allowed you to curse at an elder?” he snarled, fiercely protective of my honor despite everything.

Rosalie’s cheek turned bright red as she started wailing. Clara protectively grabbed her daughter and shoved Leo away roughly.

“Aunt Clara, you don’t want me either?” Leo cried out in shock, his world crumbling around him. “You said you’d be my

mother!”

This public outburst ignited a flurry of whispers among the guests. I could hear them noting Rosalie’s striking

resemblance to Theodore.

Across the room, Evangeline Thorne smashed her wine glass against the floor. The elderly matriarch’s eyes were fixed on Clara with murderous rage.

Theodore realized the disaster unfolding around us. He dragged Leo over and forced him to his knees.

“Apologize to Miss Elara. Now.”

Leo complied reluctantly, his voice barely audible. “Sorry.”

But then he looked up at Elara defiantly. “But my mom is my mom, she’ll never be your mom!”

I felt utterly suffocated by the chaos surrounding me. Leo was clinging to my leg while Theodore’s arm wrapped possessively around my waist.

I pushed them both away with all my strength. “You stay here for the betrothal ceremony,” I said coldly to Theodore. “And you deal with the warriors who stood by and did nothing.”

Then I took Elara’s small hand in mine. She reached for her father’s hand with her other one.

The three of us walked away together, leaving the wreckage behind.

(Theodore’s POV)

The sight of them walking away as a family unit stabbed at Theodore’s heart like a silver blade. Olivia looked more natural with Killian and his daughter than she ever had with him and Leo.

After they disappeared from view, Clara sidled up to him. Her voice was a venomous whisper in his ear.

“Brother-in-law, I saw my sister and Professor Vance coming out of the pantry in the lounge earlier. It’s such a small, cluttered space... they must have been pressed up against each other.”

Theodore’s mind raced as the implications hit him. He remembered Olivia arriving with her makeup already ruined by

tears, before she had even seen Leo’s accident.

The horrifying possibility dawned on him like a nightmare coming true. If she had been in that pantry, she had seen and heard everything he and Clara had said and done.

Every intimate word, every touch, every promise he’d made to his mistress.

A flash of panic crossed his mind, and he roared at the hotel manager. “Bring me the surveillance footage!”

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 66**

Chapter 66: Theodore Heard That She Was Leaving

Manager Corbin immediately pulled up the surveillance footage from the lounge entrance. The screen flickered to life, showing Theodore storming out in a rage.

Then Clara emerged from the room, adjusting her disheveled appearance. But between Theodore’s exit and Clara’s emergence, absolutely no one else left the room.

“This is impossible!” Clara stared at the monitor in disbelief. “I swear I saw them leave the pantry and rush out of the lounge before me.”

She grabbed Theodore’s sleeve desperately. “Brother-in-law, you have to believe me, I really-”

Her familiar address immediately drew disapproving glances from the nearby guests. The whispers started again, noting how inappropriately she addressed the Alpha.

Suddenly, a pack servant from the Thorne family gripped Clara’s arm firmly. “The Matriarch requests the young Luna to touch up her appearance. The betrothal ceremony is about to begin.”

Clara tried to protest, but she was dragged away before she could finish her sentence. Theodore watched her go with growing suspicion.

He turned back to Manager Corbin. "Send this video back to the pack headquarters. Have the tech department check if there's anything wrong with it."

Manager Corbin nodded immediately. "Of course, Alpha."

Just then, Evangeline Thorne approached Theodore. The elderly matriarch's expression was stern and unforgiving.

"Theodore," she said coldly, "from now on, I hope you will not interfere in the affairs of Caleb and Clara."

Her tone was final and brooking no argument. "This farce should end here."

Theodore, knowing he was in the wrong, gave a slight nod of assent. The old woman's authority was not something he could challenge publicly.

In the backstage lounge, Clara was forced to her knees by the pack servants. The cold marble floor bit into her skin through her dress.

Evangeline Thorne pressed the silver head of her cane onto the back of Clara's hand. She slowly applied pressure, watching Clara's face contort with pain.

"You cheap b\*\*\*h," she hissed. "Did you think I wouldn't know what you've done?"

The silver burned against Clara's skin. "You piece of trash, how dare you be picky? Mating into our family is a blessing you couldn't earn in several lifetimes, yet you still dare to make eyes at Theodore!"

The old woman's voice was ice-cold. "If I find out you've done this again, I will beat you again."

She pressed down hard, and Clara let out a sharp cry of pain. The silver left an angry red mark on her pale skin.

Rosalie, standing nearby, rushed to the old woman's feet. "Grandma, please don't hit Mommy! Hit me instead!"

The childish plea seemed to soften the matriarch's grim expression. A flicker of appreciation appeared in her withered

eyes.

“A loyal pup, I see,” she remarked. “Get up. I won’t hit you. A pup shouldn’t pay for an adult’s mistakes.”

A servant helped Rosalie to her feet. The matriarch fixed her gaze on the little she-wolf.

“From now on, as long as you behave, you will always be the young lady of the Thorne family. But if you are disobedient, I will cast you out immediately.”

Rosalie flinched in fear. She remembered her mother’s instruction that she had to stay in the Thorne family and accept Caleb as her father.

She nodded obediently, her small hands trembling.

Satisfied, Evangeline Thorne gestured for the servants to pull Clara to her feet. Clara dared not show any resentment, but her heart churned with boundless hatred.

“Now, change your clothes and clean yourself up before you come out,” the old woman commanded. She left with her entourage, her cane tapping against the floor.

Once they were gone, Clara opened the door to the pantry. She searched frantically, looking for any evidence of Olivia’s presence.

But she found nothing out of the ordinary. The small space looked exactly as it had before.

Rosalie, trying to help, peered around the cramped area. “Mommy, this is so pretty!” she exclaimed suddenly.

She picked up something shiny from a corner. It was a silver bracelet with an intricate design.

The intertwined, diamond-studded ‘O’ and ‘T’ stung Clara’s eyes. But a triumphant smile spread across her face.

Here was the proof she needed. Now, she would see how Olivia could possibly explain this away.

After the betrothal ceremony concluded, Theodore dismissed the pack warriors who had been present at the hotel. He rushed immediately to the Crimson Infirmary.

Meanwhile, in the back of Killian’s vehicle, Olivia closed a laptop. She handed it back to Cain Nightwood with a satisfied expression.

The moment Olivia discovered that Clara already knew they were in the storage room, she had sprung into action. Just as they left the hotel, she had seamlessly edited the surveillance footage of the lounge entrance.

She used the advanced techniques that Gina had taught her during their time together in Europe.

Cain looked at her with admiration in his eyes. “Luna Olivia, you’re amazing. Can I become your student?”

Olivia chuckled softly. “Take on students? I’m still a student myself.”

Killian, who had been deep in thought, finally spoke up. “Olivia, Gina says you’re very talented and that you might surpass her soon.”

Noticing Killian’s heavy mood, possibly due to Elara falling into the water, Olivia nodded in agreement. “Alright, I’ll keep trying. Once I learn it, I’ll teach Cain.”

Leo crossed his arms and snorted. “You’re all so strange. My mom is just a pretty she-wolf who doesn’t know anything.” His voice was dismissive and cruel. “Everyone says she’s just a pretty decoration. When she goes to parties, she just sits there quietly. Even I can do that!”

Elara immediately defended her. “Auntie is amazing!” she declared fiercely.

“Beautiful Auntie, Elara wants to be your student too.”

Leo retorted sharply. “Absolutely not! She’s my mom, she can’t be your teacher. Besides, she doesn’t know anything and

can’t be a teacher.”

+8 Point

The two wolf pups began to argue. Their voices grew louder and more heated.

The argument gradually escalated into a playful fight. They rolled around in the backseat, throwing small punches at each

other.

Caught in the middle, Olivia took a few stray punches. She finally understood the helplessness and frustration of dealing with several wolf pups at once.

The three adults looked at each other and couldn’t help but burst into laughter. The tension in the vehicle finally broke.

In the Crimson Infirmary emergency room, both Leo and Elara underwent full check-ups. The healers wanted to ensure there were no lingering effects from their fall into the water.

While Cain watched over them, Olivia and Killian went to the atrium. The space was quiet and private, perfect for a serious conversation.

“Killian, I’m so sorry about what happened to Elara,” she began. “Please, for my sake, can you forgive Leo just this once?”

Killian shook his head gently. “Leo is only five. With patience, he can be taught. I’m not blaming him.”

Olivia looked at him, confused by his troubled expression. “Then why are you so troubled?”

Killian sighed heavily. “Elara is a pitiful pup. Both her parents are dead.”

His voice was filled with pain. “I thought that by treating her as my own daughter, giving her everything I could, I could make up for the parental love she lost. I never imagined she was still so sad inside.”

Olivia’s eyes widened in shock. “Elara isn’t your biological pup?”

She remembered him saying the pup’s mother was a war correspondent who had sacrificed her life. But what about her father?

In that instant, a cascade of disconnected facts clicked into place in her mind. She suddenly realized that Killian’s affection for her might actually be real.

Killian met her stunned gaze, then quickly looked away. “It’s nothing. He was someone you don’t know.”

But the flicker of recognition in his eyes before he spoke told Olivia otherwise. He had changed his words precisely because he knew she did know the person.

The man was likely someone from the Shadow Syndicate, someone whose story was shrouded in secrets.

A wave of empathy washed over her. “Killian,” she said softly, “I can adopt Elara. I can be her adoptive mother.”

Theodore arrived at the infirmary just in time to see Olivia and Killian sitting on a bench in the atrium. They were talking and laughing together like old friends.

Then he heard her offer to become Elara's mother. The image of them as a family— Killian the father, Olivia the mother— ignited a searing fire in his heart.

"But," he heard her add with a touch of helplessness, "I have to leave in a few days. I won't be able to stay with Elara for long."

Her voice was gentle but firm. "It's better not to give her hope only to have it taken away. She would probably be even

more heartbroken."

Theodore's brow furrowed deeply. What was their relationship? Why did she call him by his first name so familiarly? And where was she going in a few days?

He strode towards them, his steps swift and determined. His hand reached into his coat pocket.

Reaching them, he pulled out a faded, yellowed photograph and held it out. "My love," he said, his voice dripping with insinuation, "look what I found. An old photo of you and Professor Vance, with a few lines written on the back."

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 67**

Chapter 67: Find a Second Clara for Theodore

(Olivia's POV)

When Theodore suddenly appeared, I wasn't sure if he had overheard my conversation with Killian. A trace of panic flickered in my heart. But a photo? I'd never taken a photo with Killian.

I glanced at him, noticing his slight frown, his sharp gaze fixed on the picture in Theodore's hand. Seeing his unusual reaction, I started to wonder if the photo was real.

Reaching out to take it, my eyes widened in astonishment. Whether as a Shadow Syndicate operative or an intelligence analyst, my life would be forfeit if my true face were exposed.

That's why after Matthew Kane recruited me, I had hidden all traces of myself, spending all my time at the base unless on a mission. This photo was from when I was twenty, taken when I appeared in person to rescue Killian.

I remembered it was the only time in my two years of service that I had revealed myself during an operation. My trembling hand flipped the photo over.

On the back, written in German, was: "Feb. '19, Schwerin, Professor and the mysterious girl." The person who took this recognized Killian.

"My love, when did you go to Germany's most mysterious city, Schwerin? Weren't you studying abroad in France?" Theodore's voice was as gentle as ever, but his eyes seemed to see through everything.

"You and Professor Vance know each other?"

The photo brought back a traumatic memory: The explosion that occurred during my second mission to rescue Killian. My plan was to use the missile attack against him to fake his death, but when I arrived I discovered my intelligence was

wrong.

There were two people to rescue, Killian's assistant was also imprisoned, not just him alone. But it was too late to change the missile signal, I could only save Killian and watch helplessly as the other person was consumed by the explosion.

As a tear escaped my eye, Killian quickly interjected. "I used to teach at the college Olivia attended. At that time, a major

earthquake occurred in Schwerin, and the students all went to participate in the rescue."

"This photo was taken by someone right after she pulled me out of the rubble." He was passing the explosion off as an

earthquake.

Theodore looked at me, waiting for confirmation. "Yes," I whispered, my face turning cold as I fixed my gaze on my mate.

"Are you investigating me?"

"My love, how could I possibly investigate you?" Theodore's voice was smooth as silk. "I plan to cooperate with the Aegis Institute, and the PR department happened to find this photo while preparing materials on Professor Vance for promotional purposes."

He then turned to Killian, extending a formal offer to collaborate on a new innovative herbal medicine project. I saw Killian's jaw tighten.

He had to know this was no coincidence; Theodore must have had this photo for a while, using it now as a test, a clear sign he suspected my true identity. Still, seeing the project's potential societal benefit, Killian agreed.

I watched as the two Alphas shook hands. It was more than a handshake; it was a silent battle of wills.

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Their grips tightened, veins bulging on the backs of their hands as a palpable tension filled the air between them. I

couldn't stand it a moment longer.

Stepping forward, I broke their stare-down by taking Theodore's arm. A look of victory flashed across Theodore's face as he immediately intertwined his fingers with mine.

"We'll be in touch, Professor," he said to Killian, his tone oozing smug satisfaction.

(Killian's POV)

After Theodore's family left, Elara watched them go with a sad expression. "He's not nice to the beautiful auntie at all,"

Elara said, referring to Leo.

"He still won't let her be my mom. That's so mean." The young pup then declared, "I will be better, so the beautiful auntie

will choose me instead of Leo."

I smiled, touched by my daughter's words but knowing the harsh reality that Olivia would always love her biological son.

Just then, my assistant Cain Nightwood arrived with news.

"Professor, Crestwood University has invited you to speak at their anniversary celebration tomorrow," he said. "Olivia is

also on the guest list."

My spirits immediately lifted as I happily went home with my daughter to pick out a handsome suit for the event.

(Olivia's POV)

Later that night, I fell asleep in the car, exhausted. Theodore drove to the Redgrave Ancestral Hall to drop off Leo.

After Eleonora coaxed the reluctant pup inside, I awoke and, feeling too tired to go home, decided to stay the night. As I

walked through the moon gate toward the living room, I heard Eleonora's stern voice.

"How could you let Clara mate with Caleb and have Rosalie call him father?" Eleonora raged. "You are too indulgent of

Olivia!"

When Theodore tried to leave, refusing to hear any criticism of his mate, Eleonora stopped him, throwing a stack of

photos on the coffee table. "Since Clara is mated, you two should break it off. Pick another one from these she-wolves."

I froze in the shadows, listening in horror. "Mom, isn't having Rosalie enough?" Theodore asked coldly.

"Rosalie is a Thorne family pup now!" Eleonora shot back. "If something happens to Leo, who will inherit the massive Crimson Pack? One heir is not enough!"

"These she-wolves' appearances and mannerisms are even more like Olivia's than Clara's." When Theodore still refused,

Eleonora's voice rose in disbelief.

"Could it be that you've developed feelings for Clara? Did you sleep with her so much that you fell for her?"

Theodore's silence was his answer. Eleonora broke down, beating his chest hysterically.

"You're just like that bastard! I raised you for nothing!" she sobbed, ordering him to get out.

Theodore calmly helped his emotional mother to her seat, said he'd leave Leo in her care, and turned to leave. When he walked out of the living room, he saw me standing quietly outside the door, and his shock instantly turned to fear.

He rushed toward me, "Darling, let me explain."

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 68**

## Chapter 68: Matthew, I Need You

(Olivia's POV)

I stumbled backward, staring into Theodore's panicked eyes—an expression I had never seen before. My sanity was crumbling under the weight of exhaustion.

My night vision was poor, and his figure blurred in the darkness. His sharp, chiseled features gradually softened, as if he had transformed into the young, vibrant Alpha he had been ten years ago.

It was as though I was seeing the Theodore of our youth—not the man who had gone to such lengths to deceive me, but the pure-hearted boy he had once been. Those memories, overflowing with happiness, felt like a distant dream.

I forced myself to stand straight and looked at Theodore. "I, Olivia Blackwood, reject you, Theodore Redgrave, as my

partner and Alpha."

As I saw the panic in Theodore's eyes, I felt the silent bond between them begin to crack amid the roaring chaos. The pain

was overwhelming, and my consciousness began to fade as I fell backward.

My last impression was of Eleonora holding me, screaming in horror, "Olivia!"

Before I lost consciousness, I had a brief, grateful thought: This time, I hadn't shed a single tear for them. They no longer

deserved my sorrow.

When I woke up, I found myself once again unable to feel the presence of the mate bond. My body felt like it was shaking,

and I could hear Theodore's roar, though the words were unclear, something about a healer.

I awoke in a panic, my hand instinctively flying to my abdomen. If a healer came, they would discover I was still pregnant,

and Theodore would take the pup away.

When my eyes focused, I found myself in our room at the Redgrave Ancestral Hall. I heard voices outside the door.

\*Alpha Theodore, Luna has just had a miscarriage. She needs to rest well and should not be agitated.”

It was the voice of Dr. Aris Lowell. A wave of relief washed over me as I sank back into the bed, a cold sweat chilling me to

the bone.

The door opened, and Theodore walked in, sat by the bed, and took my hand. As if nothing had happened, he said to me,

“Darling, it’s not what you think.”

I stared blankly at the ceiling, heartbroken yet numb. Suddenly, Theodore collapsed onto me, burying his face in my chest.

A cold tear dropped onto my skin, and he choked out, “Livvy, please say something.”

What did he want me to say? That I had wronged him? Or that I should scream and rage at his betrayal?

After a long, suffocating silence, he finally let go of me. “Livvy, Aris said you need rest. Stay here for a few days, don’t go back to the apartment.”

With that, he took my phone, cutting off my connection to the outside world. I closed my eyes, and finally a tear slid down.

Things had come to this. He was imprisoning me. But I would no longer deceive myself.

After a day spent in a daze, I awoke to the deep darkness of night. I showered, dressed in black loungewear, and went downstairs.

The Pack Omega who saw me averted her gaze, as if my composure was unnatural. I sat at the dining table and tried to

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Chapter 68 Matthew. I Need You

Plants

speak, “I want...” but my throat was so raw and painful that no words came out.

Eleonora appeared, her face devoid of any guilt. She checked my forehead.

“A slight fever. You probably caught a cold last night,” she said, before ordering moonlight herb broth for me.

I simply stared at Eleonora, my unwavering gaze making her uncomfortable until she finally looked away, instructing the Pack Omega to take good care of me and the Pack Enforcers to watch every corner of the house.

As I slowly ate my broth, my eyes scanned the room, cataloging every single surveillance camera. As a Pack Omega helped me back upstairs, I deftly slipped the Omega’s phone from her pocket.

“Is Leo back?” I asked, my voice a hoarse whisper.

“The young pup is in his piano lesson. Should I call him over?” the Omega replied.

“No, I’m afraid he’ll disturb my rest. Just stand guard at my door,” I instructed.

The Omega obediently closed the door and stood watch outside.

The moment the door clicked shut, I acted. The phone was on the emergency dial screen.

I recalled what Gina had taught me – knowledge I had specifically learned for my escape. I entered a complex string of

numbers on the phone, and it immediately unlocked.

Then I accessed the background programs, entered a line of code, hijacked the manor’s WiFi network, and set the

surveillance camera footage to loop. In the monitoring room, the guards would only see a half-second flicker, which they

would dismiss as their eyes playing tricks.

I then pulled bedsheets from the closet, tied them into a rope, and secured it to the window. Under the cover of the

moonless night, I climbed down and ran, putting the Redgrave Ancestral Hall far behind me.

I sprinted until I reached the Wilds’ Edge, my lungs burning. Finally collapsing, I dialed the number I knew by heart.

“Matthew, I need you to send someone to pick me up immediately.”

What I hadn't expected was that my pursuers would arrive much faster than I had imagined. I crouched in the darkness,

hearing the voices of men in the distance, the barking of tracking hounds, and the beams of flashlights sweeping through the thick fog.

Over a dozen light beams were converging in my direction. The guards were closing in.

I turned in terror and rushed deeper into the edge of the wilderness.

(God's POV)

At that very moment, at Crestwood University, Killian Vance stood on a stage, not with the Olivia he was waiting for, but with Theodore Redgrave.

After their speeches as honorary alumni, the host kept them on stage, sensing the tension. "Two men at the pinnacle of their fields, truly a match of rivals," the host mused, alluding to the recent rumors that Killian was the man in the alleged

affair with Luna Olivia.

A rival in love—it was the kind of secret drama that would set Stonehaven City ablaze.

Suddenly, a phone rang. Both Theodore and Killian answered their calls almost simultaneously.

Their expressions instantly turned grim. They exchanged a sharp, dark glance before bolting from the stage.

The host gasped as cameras scrambled to follow the two men, who sped away from the campus in two different cars, racing into the night.

+8 Points >

The car screeched to a halt, and Theodore jumped out, roaring, "Where is my Luna?"

Pack Enforcer Kade rushed forward, holding out a single slipper. "Alpha, we found the Luna's shoe, and a trail of bloody pawprints."

He pointed. "In that direction!"

Blood? Theodore snatched the blood-stained heel, his heart clenching violently as he looked where the enforcer was pointing.

It was a cliff overlooking the northern ravines.

“Contact the helicopter search and rescue team immediately!” Theodore’s furious howl seemed to tear the sky apart. “Go find her! If you can’t, you’ll all answer to me with your lives!”

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 69**

Chapter 69: Bounty of Twenty Million to Find Luna

(God’s POV)

The pack’s warriors swarmed toward Olivia’s position from all directions. Her bare feet stumbled over sharp rocks as she fled deeper into the wilderness.

Before she could escape far, the roar of a helicopter filled the sky. A blinding searchlight suddenly pinned her to the ground like a trapped animal.

“Found Luna!” a warrior shouted excitedly into his radio.

Just then, a figure descended from the helicopter on a rope. A strong arm wrapped around her waist and lifted her toward the sky.

A scream of terror stuck in her throat. Fear and the sensation of her throat being scraped by a blade had stolen her voice completely.

The helicopter slowly flew toward Theodore. Olivia looked down at him as he lunged forward, trying to catch her.

But she felt a wave of pure terror. To her, he was like a demon emerging from the darkness.

She struggled with all her might, silently screaming “No!” inside her body. Her hands clawed at the arm holding her, desperate to break free.

Just as Theodore’s hand was about to touch her, she curled up with all her strength. She refused to be pulled by him, refused to return to that prison.

At that moment, the helicopter suddenly shot upward. The powerful downdraft forced everyone below to stagger backward.

“Livvy—Theodore’s anguished roar echoed through the night.

“Luna—” the warriors called out desperately.

Hearing the shouts from below, Olivia turned around in shock. She met Killian's calm and concerned gaze instead of a stranger's face.

With tears and a smile, she felt as if she had survived a disaster. Professor?

"Hold on tight," Killian whispered. His black eyes gleamed as he gripped her waist firmly and brought her into the helicopter.

Thank you for coming to save me, Professor. Olivia shed hot tears in his embrace, finally safe.

The dramatic scene of the helicopter flying away was captured by a live news broadcast. The host's voice trembled with professional urgency and genuine excitement.

"Breaking news! Alpha Theodore Redgrave's Luna, Olivia Blackwood, has been abducted by criminals in a helicopter!"

Suddenly, a hand snatched the microphone from her grasp. Theodore stared at the shrinking helicopter and the inseparable figures within it.

His eyes burned with murderous rage as he addressed the city-wide audience. "Whoever finds my mate will be rewarded with twenty million!"

He tossed the microphone back to the stunned host. Then he turned to his pack enforcers, his voice sharp and

commanding.

"Where are the search helicopters? Give them the coordinates and tell them to pursue immediately!"

"Contact the airport! Initiate aviation control! Do not allow a single plane to leave Stonehaven City's airspace!"

"Lock down the sea routes, the highways, the high-speed rail! Search the entire city for my Luna!"

A warrior hesitated nervously. "Alpha, paralyzing the city's traffic will affect many people. This might alarm other packs..." Theodore's cold gaze made the man lower his head in submission. "You're right, but if they don't comply, let them come challenge me."

He took out his phone to make a series of calls to the alphas of related packs. His voice carried absolute authority as he demanded their cooperation.

Soon, eighty percent of the wolf packs in Stonehaven City were drawn by the massive bounty. They began actively searching for Olivia throughout the territory.

The news of her “k\*\*\*\*\*g” instantly became trending headlines. The entire city fell into a frenzied manhunt for the missing Luna.

(Olivia’s POV)

The helicopter disappeared into the deep mountains, landing near a secret bunker. The structure was a relic from a past catastrophe, once a secret base for the Shadow Syndicate.

Now it served as a tourist attraction, but with Stonehaven City under complete lockdown, it was the perfect deserted hiding place.

Inside the bunker, Gina Frost reported grimly to Killian. “He’s not only locked down land, sea, and air, but he’s also offered a twenty million reward.”

“Almost everyone in Stonehaven City is looking for Cipher,” she continued with obvious concern.

Cain Nightwood added angrily, “I don’t believe he can blot out the sky with one hand! This is madness!”

Killian remained perfectly calm despite the chaos. “Theodore’s pack controls all transportation in Stonehaven City.

Currently, no pack in the Northern Territory dares to easily challenge his authority.”

“Even if things explode, the worst case scenario would be compensating for losses. His wealth is sufficient to resolve this easily.”

“Contact Matthew, explain the situation, and await his instructions,” Killian ordered with quiet authority.

“Yes, Professor!” Gina and Cain replied in unison before leaving the cabin.

Killian found Olivia sitting silently in a corner, her face pale with shock. She stared blankly at the concrete walls, still processing her narrow escape.

He handed her a bottle of water, but she could only stare at it without moving. Her hands trembled slightly from exhaustion and fever.

Then he noticed the cuts on the soles of her feet, dark with dried blood. “Your feet are scraped. I’ll disinfect and bandage them for you.”

He said this gently, lifting her legs onto his lap before she could protest.

No, don't! Olivia tried to pull her feet back, but Killian held her ankle firmly.

He was not only a scientist but also held an emergency medical license. He worked quickly, cleaning her feet with

practiced efficiency.

When he dabbed disinfectant on the wounds, Olivia pressed his hand desperately. She shook her head, trying to convey that she could do it herself.

The sting of the disinfectant made her gasp sharply. Her face went even paler from the pain.

Seeing her weakened state, Killian's voice softened considerably. "Is it too painful? I'll be gentler."

No, I can do it myself! She pushed at his hand, but he held her ankle tighter.

His tone became stern but caring. "Olivia, be good. These are cuts from sharp stones, it's not a small matter. Just bear with it."

Seeing her continued discomfort, he leaned down. He gently blew on the wounds to ease her pain with his warm breath.

The sensation on the sole of her foot sent an unexpected shiver through her. She covered her face in embarrassment, overwhelmed by the intimate gesture.

Why was he so dense about boundaries? Finally, her feet were properly bandaged and released from his grip.

As she sighed in relief, she opened her eyes. She found Killian's handsome face mere inches from hers, studying her with intense concern.

His hot breath washed over her face, and she held her breath instinctively.

"Olivia, what's wrong with your eyes?" he asked softly, noticing something different about her gaze.

She shook her head frantically, trying to back away from his proximity. But she was sitting on a backless stool with nowhere to go.

She tilted too far backward and began to fall. Instinctively, she grabbed his collar to save herself from hitting the ground.

The sudden pull sent Killian tumbling forward with her. He immediately reacted, twisting his body to absorb most of the impact.

She landed safely in his arms, cushioned by his sacrifice. The collision left her dizzy and disoriented from the sudden

movement.

He whispered tenderly against her ear, "Olivia, I love you. I can give you everything he can give you, and everything he cannot."

"Love me, will you? Loving me won't cause you pain, Olivia."

## **30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 70**

Chapter 70: She Exchanged Death for Life

(Olivia's POV)

I pushed against Killian's chest with trembling hands. He immediately released his grip, panic flashing across his ice-blue

eyes.

"I'm sorry, I was too hasty. Did I hurt you?" He anxiously examined my face, searching for any sign of pain.

I sighed helplessly, meeting his concerned gaze. The words came out hoarse and strained.

"Professor, I hope we can be good partners, but I don't have feelings for you."

His face fell slightly, but he nodded with understanding. "I know. I just... I couldn't help myself."

Before either of us could say more, the door burst open with a violent crash.

Gina Frost rushed in frantically, followed closely by Cain Nightwood. Both looked like they'd run through hell to get here.

"Professor, Theodore has brought people to the Aegis Institute," Gina reported, her voice laced with barely contained

anger.

Cain stepped forward, his jaw clenched tight. “He wants you to hand over Cipher, or else... or else he’ll burn everything in the institute to the ground!”

“He said he’s not afraid of anything! Whether the professor’s research is classified or not, he said if they’ve got the guts,

they should come settle the score with him!”

My face turned pale as ice. The blood drained from my cheeks completely.

I couldn’t let them get involved because of me. I had to go back.

Sensing my intention immediately, Killian grabbed my hand. His grip was firm but gentle.

“What did Matthew say?” he asked, looking directly at Gina.

Gina straightened, conveying the message with military precision. “The Alpha King wants to speak with Cipher.”

I answered Matthew’s call with shaking fingers. The phone felt heavy in my hand.

“Livvy, sorry, Theodore’s reaction speed exceeded my expectations.” Matthew’s gentle voice sounded somewhat muffled

over the connection.

“It’s okay, I acted impulsively this time.” I understood the situation completely now.

Given the current circumstances, even if Matthew came, it would be difficult for him to take me away directly. Theodore had too much power here.

“I’ll go back. You’ll come pick me up at the agreed time, right?”

“Of course, I’ve already made the arrangements.” Matthew’s voice carried absolute certainty.

After hanging up, the room fell into heavy silence. We all understood the reality.

I would leave, but not this time. I couldn’t put him in a difficult position.

I gently held Killian’s hand, feeling the warmth of his skin. “I have to go back.”

“Livvy?” Killian’s grip tightened desperately. “He’ll hurt you.”

+ Points?

I just shook my head, trying to appear stronger than I felt. “He won’t hurt me. Listen to my arrangement.”

(God’s POV)

Half an hour later, a van sped onto the Crestwood University campus. The tires screeched against the asphalt as it came to an abrupt stop.

The entrance to the Aegis Institute was swarmed by a sea of reporters and media personalities. They buzzed with speculation like angry wasps.

When Killian emerged from the vehicle, Theodore’s pack sentinels instantly cleared a path for him. Their movements were swift and coordinated.

His calm, composed gaze met Theodore’s dark, furious eyes across the crowd. The tension between them was electric.

Inside the institute, Theodore’s men began a thorough inspection of Killian’s van. They searched every corner with military precision.

Theodore’s voice cut through the air, cold and sharp as a blade. “Where is my mate?”

Filled with sudden, intense envy for the man who could so openly claim Olivia, Killian replied coolly. “You should not be asking me where your mate is.”

Theodore lunged forward without warning, throwing a vicious punch at Killian’s face. But Killian easily dodged it with fluid

grace.

The two Alphas grappled with each other in the crowded space. Killian effortlessly evaded Theodore’s attacks, making Theodore even more furious.

“Alpha Theodore,” he taunted with cold eyes, “your mate doesn’t look kidn\*pped—more like she fled from your abuse.”

The surrounding members burst into whispers. They remembered the footage clearly.

“The video did look like she was pushing his hand away,” someone murmured.

“She seemed terrified of him,” another voice added.

At that moment, Theodore’s tracker provided the final piece of evidence. “Alpha, the driving records of this car were deliberately erased just two minutes ago.”

Convinced beyond doubt, Theodore roared with primal rage. “Tear down the institute!”

Suddenly, every screen in the area went black. The darkness was complete and ominous.

A dark silhouette appeared on all the displays simultaneously. A robotic voice declared with mechanical precision.

“Hello everyone, I am responsible for Luna Olivia’s disappearance. She has gone where she belongs.”

The image then shifted to show a helicopter in flight. It was heading straight toward a mountain peak.

The aircraft crashed into the rocky cliff, exploding in a massive fireball. The wreckage plummeted into the abyss below like a falling star.

“No-” Theodore’s eyes were shot with blood–red veins. His face became a mask of pure agony.

He screamed her name and raced from the institute. His legs carried him faster than they ever had before.

At the crash site, a desolate cliff overlooked a deep forest. The drop was terrifying to behold.

A geologist frantically warned about the dangers. “You will die down there, Alpha! The drop is over a thousand meters,

and there are toxic fumes below!”

But Theodore was already putting on protective gear. His movements were methodical despite his desperation.

+ Points

“Alive, I want to see her; dead, I want to see her corpse. Nothing can separate us.”

(Olivia’s POV)

I stood not far away, hidden among the trees. I witnessed his resolute choice to die together with “me.”

My heart was filled with terrible conflict. The emotions tore at me from every direction.

If Theodore fell to his death, I could leave him immediately. I wouldn’t have to endure a few more days of this torture.

But I had never thought of leaving him through this method. Death was too final, too cruel.

If Theodore died, what would happen to the pack? The question haunted me instantly.

I couldn't bear to watch innocent members lose their current prosperous life because of me. Just to exchange for my

rebirth seemed selfish.

When my mother and I entered this pack years ago, everyone had shown us kindness. The memories flooded back with

painful clarity.

I remembered the vow I made when I became Luna. "To strive for the pack's prosperity is her duty."

When I saw Theodore sliding down the rope, plunging into the abyss, something broke inside me. I still rushed toward

him from the dense forest.

My voice tore from my throat in desperation. "Theodore, don't!"