

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 91

Chapter 91: She is Not Luna Redgrave, but the Shadow King

(God's POV)

The plane's engines wound down to a halt as the convoy blocked its path. The cabin door opened with a mechanical hiss.

Killian Vance rushed up the stairs, his face etched with desperation. Behind him, little Elara stumbled on her short legs, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Olivia!" Killian called out, his voice breaking.

Elara threw herself into Olivia's arms before anyone could react. Her small hands clutched at Olivia's coat with desperate

strength.

"Pretty aunt, please don't leave!" the pup sobbed. "Don't go away like Mommy did!"

Olivia's heart clenched as she held the trembling child. Something about Elara's features nagged at her consciousness- the shape of her eyes, the curve of her nose.

She looked up at Killian, then back down at Elara. A terrible suspicion began to form in her mind.

"Killian," she said quietly, her voice barely above a whisper. "Is Elara your pup?"

Killian's colleagues had advised him to use this moment, to let Elara forge a new bond with Olivia. He gave a silent nod,

unable to speak.

The confirmation hit Olivia like a physical blow. Her breath caught in her throat as the devastating truth crashed over her.

This innocent pup was the daughter of the operative who had died in the European incident. The operative whose death

was caused by her own misjudgment during her time as "Cipher."

Tears welled in her eyes as the weight of her past mistake settled upon her shoulders. The guilt she had carried for years

suddenly had a face—this beautiful, innocent child.

Elara looked up at her with wide, hopeful eyes. “Pretty aunt, can you be my mommy?”

The simple, heartfelt question hung in the air like a prayer. Both Killian and Matthew Kane held their breath, waiting.

Olivia wiped her tears with the back of her hand. She looked down at the pup and smiled through her pain.

“Of course, I can,” she replied, her voice thick with emotion. “From now on, I am Elara’s mother.”

It was a promise to herself as much as to the pup—a way to atone, to give this child all the love she had been denied.

Elara’s face lit up with pure joy. She threw her arms around Olivia’s neck, pressing her small face against her shoulder.

“Mommy!” she whispered, the word filled with wonder and happiness.

Olivia reached into her coat and pulled out the Ocean Star necklace. The stone caught the cabin lights, glowing with an ethereal beauty.

She placed it carefully around Elara’s neck, her fingers gentle as she fastened the clasp.

“This was designed by my mother, Lyra,” Olivia explained softly. “It symbolizes unwavering love. Now it’s yours.”

Elara touched the pendant with reverent fingers, her eyes shining with tears of happiness.

Killian watched the exchange, his heart soaring with renewed hope. This was his chance—his opportunity to build something real with Olivia.

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Before he could speak, one of Matthew’s staff members appeared at the cabin door.

“Sir, we need to depart immediately,” the man announced urgently. “Air traffic control is demanding clearance.”

Killian understood. The moment was ending, but he had gained something precious—hope.

He knelt down beside Elara, his voice gentle but firm. "We have to go now, little star. But Mommy will see you again soon."

Elara nodded bravely, though tears still clung to her lashes. She gave Olivia one last fierce hug.

"I love you, Mommy," she whispered.

"I love you too, my darling," Olivia replied, her voice breaking.

After they left, Olivia watched through the window as Killian led Elara away. Her feelings for him were complex and unresolved, tangled with guilt and newfound purpose.

She turned back to her seat and shut down her laptop with decisive clicks.

"Sir, the signal disappeared!" a Sentinel exclaimed as Theodore's convoy screeched to a halt at the airstrip entrance.

The tracking device in his hand showed nothing but empty space where the red dot had been moments before.

"It vanished right at this airport!" the Sentinel continued, his voice tight with frustration.

Theodore's eyes burned with cold fury. His jaw clenched as he stared at the blank screen.

"Find her," he commanded, his voice like ice cutting through steel.

His Sentinels swarmed toward the airstrip but were immediately blocked by a wall of security guards.

"This is neutral territory," the head guard warned, his hand resting on his weapon. "No entry without proper authorization!"

In the distance, planes began their takeoff sequences, engines roaring to life.

Theodore's desperation boiled over like molten metal. His control snapped completely.

"Break through!" he roared, his Alpha command echoing across the tarmac.

He would not lose her. Not now. Not ever.

As his men engaged the guards in fierce combat, Theodore stormed toward the control tower. His only thought was finding her on the surveillance footage.

Killian led Elara away from the airstrip, his hand protective on her small shoulder. The moonstone pendant caught the light as she walked.

Suddenly, their path was blocked by a towering figure. Theodore stood before them, his eyes wild with rage and desperation.

“Are you insane?” Killian demanded, instinctively pulling Elara behind him.

Theodore’s gaze fixed on the pendant around Elara’s neck. Recognition flashed in his dark eyes like lightning.

“That’s my mate’s favorite pendant,” he snarled, his voice dangerous and low. “She must be here. Hand her over.”

Killian stood firm, his body a shield between Theodore and the frightened pup.

“Even if I knew, I wouldn’t tell you,” he retorted coldly. “She will never go back to you. Not after what you’ve done to her.”

Theodore’s face contorted with rage. His fist connected with Killian’s jaw in a devastating blow that sent him crashing to the ground.

“My mate will listen to my explanation,” Theodore declared, his voice a chilling mix of obsession and delusion. “She will

2/3

forgive me, and she will come back to me.”

Inside the control tower, Theodore and his men frantically reviewed the surveillance recordings. Screen after screen showed dignitaries and officials boarding various aircraft.

They saw Matthew Kane clearly, but the person beside him was nothing but distorted pixels and magical interference.

“Luna is not here!” a Sentinel reported, his voice filled with defeat.

Theodore ignored Killian’s shouted warnings about consequences and bolted from the tower. His feet pounded against the concrete as he sprinted onto the active runway.

He had to see for himself. He had to know.

A plane accelerated down the runway, its engines screaming with power. Theodore ran alongside it, his heart hammering against his ribs.

A crushing sense of loss washed over him—a certainty that she was on board, leaving him forever.

His eyes scanned the small windows desperately. For a fleeting moment, he thought he saw her silhouette, a face turning

to look back.

“My love, don’t leave me!” he screamed into the roar of the engines.

His voice was swallowed by the wind and the mechanical thunder. The plane lifted into the night sky, becoming a distant

speck of light.

Then it was gone.

Olivia stared out the aircraft window as the lights of the airstrip fell away below. She was finally free.

She was no longer Luna Redgrave, but herself—the Shadow King, “Cipher.” Theodore was just a mountain she had passed,

not worth lingering on.

Theodore exhausted his last bit of energy and collapsed on the runway. His chest heaved as he gasped violently, his face

a mask of unbearable pain.

That figure in the window had vanished in the blink of an eye, as if it had never existed. He was on the verge of complete

collapse.

The Sentinel Captain approached cautiously, worry etched on his weathered face.

“Alpha, we found Luna’s phone,” he reported. “The data is being recovered, and we’ve found several mysterious calls.”

Theodore suddenly stood up, his dark eyes deep and cold. His mate wouldn’t leave him—she was just angry and didn’t

want to see him.

It would be fine once he found her. His eyes held a resolute determination to achieve his goal at any cost.

“Bring me my mate’s phone!”

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 92

Chapter 92: Repentance Live Stream

(Theodore’s POV)

I took the phone from the Pack Enforcer Captain’s hands. The device had been run over by a car and was shattered to pieces. My gaze fell upon the cracked screen where the words ‘My Love’ were still barely visible.

My heart fractured with searing pain.

“Alpha, the memory card and SIM card have been sent to the tech specialists for data recovery and cracking,” the Pack Enforcer Captain reported.

I nodded absently, carrying a weary and sleeping Leo in my arms. We returned to the manor in silence. The house felt

hollow without her presence.

On the coffee table, I noticed the calendar. Dates were crossed out up to today in her neat handwriting. I recalled Olivia’s expression on the first day she had crossed it out.

Had she known about my affair even then?

The thought that Olivia had been in pain for a whole month made my heart clench violently. I caressed Leo’s face, which

bore such a striking resemblance to his mother’s delicate features.

After handing Leo over to the Pack Omega, I walked through the house. From the first floor to the third, I searched for any

sign that she might return.

Nothing seemed out of place. Our mating ceremony photos and family portraits were all still there, mocking me with their false happiness.

However, inside the wardrobe's safe, her ID, passport, and the precious moonstone necklace she cherished were all gone.

She hadn't taken a single thing related to us. Not even a photo.

She wanted nothing of ours.

This realization plunged my heart into a deep abyss. I clutched the strapless gown and bracelet she had left on the bed.

I held the dress to my chest and inhaled her lingering scent as if I were holding her. But the emptiness in my arms only

amplified the panic in my heart.

My love, are you truly angry? Have you really left me, never to return? You don't want me, and you don't want Leo either?

"Alpha, the specialists have cracked the phone card," the Pack Enforcer Captain announced, knocking on the master bedroom door. "And the mysterious number."

I swiftly descended the stairs and took the new phone. As I dialed the number, the technicians immediately began tracking the signal.

The call connected, but no matter how many times I dialed, no one answered. I hung up and opened the messaging app.

Five large words slammed into my vision: HUGE INSURANCE POLICY!

My dark eyes instantly frosted over. How dare Evelyn deceive my mate!

I concluded that my mate must have been tricked by her, leading her to misunderstand me and leave.

"Notify the investment department," I commanded a pack enforcer coldly. "Short the Croft family's stock. Bankrupt them!"

The Pack Enforcer Captain hesitantly reminded me, "Alpha, the board dismissed you today."

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+15 Ports

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I waved it off. "A mere charity foundation doesn't have that much power. Go."

Convinced, the enforcer left. My finger then swiped to another chat.

The moment I opened it, Clara burst into the manor with Rosalie. They had been kicked out of the Thorne estate and had nowhere else to go.

Rosalie ran to me, hugging my leg and chirping, "Daddy, the bad auntie is gone. Now me, Mommy, Daddy, and brother Leo can be together forever."

My eyes were fixed on my phone screen. A video message, a voice call, and a series of glaring texts from a month ago.

stared back at me.

[Luna, have you ever heard of a wealthy pack's Alpha secretly arranging a mistress when the Luna can't bear more pups?

[Luna, I truly pity you, being deceived by the people you trust most.]

It was Clara, provoking my mate. She was the one who made my mate run away!

I pushed Rosalie away and strode towards Clara. My hand instantly clamped around her neck.

"It was you," I seethed, my voice dangerously low. "How dare you think you could replace my mate? How dare you provoke her again and again?"

I remembered everything now. The voice call was from the day of my mother-in-law's memorial, when I was drugged and with Clara. The very moment my mate had stormed the manor with a golf club.

The video call was when I had rewarded Clara for exposing Evelyn, putting the Ocean Star necklace on her. A live broadcast of their intimacy that my mate must have seen.

The memory of Olivia's heartbroken and desperate face sent a jolt of agony through me. I flung Clara to the floor.

"Throw her in the river to feed the fish!" I roared.

Panicked, Clara crawled to my feet, sobbing. "Alpha, I know I was wrong! Please, for the sake of Rosalie, forgive me!"

(God's POV)

“Shut up. From today on, you are not to call me ‘Daddy’,” Theodore’s voice was devoid of warmth. “Throw this pup into an

orphanage. I don’t want to see her again.”

Clara’s face went white with shock. “But Alpha, Rosalie is your biological daughter!”

Theodore’s laugh was chilling and cruel. “So what? If it wasn’t because my mate’s health is poor and she wanted a daughter, do you think this pup would have been born?”

His words cut through Clara like silver blades. “Now that my mate is gone, what do I need a daughter for?”

Clara stared in disbelief, finally understanding that his entire five-year affair and their pup were all just plays for his mate. “You must have some feelings for me! Five years, Theodore!”

Her pleas only fueled his rage. They were a distraction, a mistake that cost him his mate. They were unforgivable.

Just as the pack enforcers dragged the screaming mother and daughter away, Theodore called out, “Wait.”

A flicker of hope ignited in their eyes.

Thirty minutes later, a live stream shot to the top of the charts, drawing in hundreds of millions of viewers. In the video, a haggard Theodore sat on the sofa.

At his feet knelt Clara, holding Rosalie, and Evelyn, holding the insurance policy.

2/3

TWEETE

“My love, I’m sorry,” he began, his voice thick with emotion. “I didn’t know she provoked you, or that she deceived you. If I had known, I would never have let them hurt you.”

He confessed his unforgivable mistakes and begged her to call. “Leo misses you. He’s cried all day until his voice is

hoarse.”

Theodore’s eyes were red with unshed tears. “I’m begging you, just call us. Let us know you’re safe.”

His public repentance confirmed the cheating rumors, sending shockwaves across the internet. Comments flooded in by

the thousands.

Meanwhile, far away in a secure base, Olivia was undergoing a medical examination by a top general practitioner.

“For the genetic test, we need a blood sample from the pup’s father,” the doctor said.

Olivia’s expression was placid. “There’s no need for the father’s blood sample. I have a hereditary heart condition. Just run

the tests on me.”

After the doctor formulated a detailed treatment plan, she returned to her office. Annoyed that the program to erase her

identity as ‘Olivia Blackwood’ was not yet complete, she placed her hands on the keyboard.

At that exact moment, back in the live stream in Stonehaven City, the phone with her SIM card suddenly rang.

Theodore answered, his voice filled with desperate hope. “My love, I knew you couldn’t bear to leave me.”

The next second, dense smoke instantly engulfed the entire live broadcast room.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 93

Chapter 93: Regret

(Theodore’s POV)

I stared at the live stream comments flooding the screen. Each word felt like a silver blade piercing my heart.

“Alpha Theodore is a disgrace to the moon goddess!”

“How could he cheat on Luna Olivia with her own half–sister?”

“And with her best friend too? Unforgivable!”

“The Luna deserves so much better than this monster!”

My hands trembled as I read comment after comment condemning me. The pack members I had led for years now saw me as nothing but a betrayer.

Sitting on the sofa, I felt my body freeze completely. My heartbeat thundered in my ears, drowning out everything else.

An unprecedented fear consumed me. What if I couldn’t persuade my mate? What if the signal tracking failed to find her?

“My love...” I whispered into the phone, my voice breaking.

The moment those words left my lips, the phone in my hand exploded with a deafening bang. The blast scorched my palm, and the device tumbled to the floor in smoking pieces.

Pain shot through my hand, but it was nothing compared to the agony in my chest.

The laptop tracking the signal immediately began smoking and caught fire. Sparks flew across the room as the screen

went black.

“Alpha, we’ve been counter-traced!” the technician exclaimed in shock. “They also used a magnetic pulse to destroy the

phone and computer!”

His voice was filled with disbelief. “This is something only a top-tier hacker could do!”

The live stream erupted at the sound of the explosion. Viewers were typing frantically, asking what had happened.

But I barely noticed. Seeing the exploded phone and feeling the searing pain in my hand, a soul-crushing realization hit

1. me.

Olivia didn’t care about me at all. Not anymore.

My mind drifted to better times. When I used to sneeze, she would feel it through our mate bond immediately. She would

rush to bring me moonlight tea, her gentle hands checking my forehead for fever.

“Theodore, you need to eat something,” she would coo softly. “Your body needs strength to heal.”

Those memories felt like they belonged to someone else’s life now.

My heart felt as if it had exploded along with the phone. The pain was unbearable.

I grabbed the live camera with my uninjured hand. My face filled the screen, and I could see my own reflection in the lens.

I looked like a broken man. Desperate. Pathetic.

“My love, give me one more chance,” I whispered, my voice utterly humbled. “Don’t leave me.”

The words came out as barely a breath. My vision started to blur.

1/4

A buzzing sound filled my head, growing louder and louder until it drowned out everything else.

Then my world went dark, and I collapsed.

(God’s POV)

Meanwhile, Olivia had already begun her new life at the Shadow Syndicate’s base.

Matthew stood before her in his private office, his commanding presence filling the room. But when he looked at her, his expression softened with complete trust.

“From now on, your decisions do not require my approval,” he said firmly.

Olivia felt a surge of purpose she hadn’t experienced in years. This was who she truly was not Theodore’s broken mate, but the legendary operative “Cipher.”

“I understand,” she replied, her voice steady and confident.

Matthew’s complete faith in her abilities filled her with renewed strength. She was reclaiming her identity, piece by piece.

(God’s POV)

The media swarmed outside the Crimson Infirmary as Theodore was rushed inside on a stretcher.

A news anchor stood before the cameras, her expression grave. "Breaking news from Stonehaven City. Alpha Theodore

Redgrave has been hospitalized following his dramatic live stream confession."

She continued reading from her notes. "Medical sources report he is suffering from severe tinnitus, deafness, and a concussion from the mysterious phone explosion."

The camera panned to show the chaos outside the infirmary. "In related news, Crimson Pack's stock has plummeted

following the Alpha's public admission of infidelity."

"The board of directors, now led by the newly established Lyra Blackwood Memorial Trust, has officially dismissed

Theodore Redgrave as CEO."

Inside the infirmary room, Theodore sat perfectly fine on his bed. The "medical emergency" had been completely

fabricated.

Leo sat beside him, his young face streaked with tears. "Daddy, when is Mommy coming home?"

Theodore gently stroked his son's hair. "She'll come back, Leo. Mommy loves us too much to stay away forever."

But even as he spoke the words, doubt gnawed at his heart.

He turned to the Alpha's Sentinels standing guard. "I want you to tail Killian Vance. He's the key to finding Olivia."

The sentinels nodded and left immediately.

"Also, release a notice," Theodore commanded, his eyes glinting with calculated desperation. "Say I'm on my deathbed and begging my mate to see me one last time."

When Eleonora Redgrave burst into the room, her face was filled with concern and anger.

"Theodore, what are you doing? This deception will only make things worse!"

He looked at his mother with cold, distant eyes. "My mate is Olivia Blackwood, and there will be no one else."

Eleonora stepped back, shocked by his tone.

“You are my mother, so I can’t blame you for having Clara drug me,” he continued icily. “But from now on, don’t appear before my son and me.”

2/4

Days passed, and the news of Theodore’s “impending death” spread throughout the pack territories.

But Olivia was nowhere to be found.

Theodore escalated his plan, moving to an actual intensive care unit bed. Cameras rolled as he lay there, looking frail with an oxygen mask covering his face.

“I, Theodore Redgrave, Alpha of the Crimson Pack, hereby agree to sever the mate bond with Olivia Blackwood,” he said weakly into the camera.

Tears streamed down his face as he signed the rejection papers with a shaking hand.

“I also relinquish all custody rights to our son, Leo Redgrave.”

He looked directly into the camera lens. “Olivia, my love, I will always belong to you, even if you no longer want me.”

Still, Olivia did not appear.

In desperation, Theodore arranged for Leo to be sent to Lyra’s Hope Sanctuary. Then he vanished completely.

Wild rumors spread among the pack territories about his fate. Some said he had died of heartbreak. Others claimed he

had gone rogue.

(Theodore’s POV)

Three months later, I sat by a small grave on a private island I had purchased.

The headstone read: “Rosalie Thorne – Beloved Daughter.”

My beard had grown long and unkempt. My clothes were dirty and torn. I looked like a wild man.

But I didn’t care about any of that. I was waiting.

Olivia would come back for Rosalie. She had to. She loved that little girl so much.

I had placed her mating ring on top of the tombstone. The moonstone caught the sunlight, sparkling like tears.

“She’ll come back,” I muttered to myself. “She has to come back.”

Footsteps approached behind me. I turned to see my mother walking across the sand.

“Theodore,” Eleonora said softly. “You need to come home. Leo needs you.”

I laughed bitterly. “Leo? He’s the reason this all started!”

My mother’s face paled with shock.

“He shouldn’t have been born!” I raved, clutching an old photo of Olivia to my chest. “It should have been Rosalie! Olivia

loved her so much.”

The photo was creased and worn from my constant handling. Olivia’s smile looked back at me, mocking my current state.

“She would never have left me if Rosalie were here,” I continued, my voice breaking.

I should have switched the pups at birth. I should have stayed by Olivia’s side instead of being with Clara during her delivery.

If only I had made different choices. If only I had been a better mate.

As grief overwhelmed me, I collapsed to my knees beside the grave.

Just then, a sentinel’s phone vibrated with an incoming call.

3/4

“Alpha, the sentinel said urgently. “It’s the kidnappers.”

I shot up from the ground and snatched the phone from his hands.

“^a lana ae you don’t hurt her, I’ll give you any amount of money!” I screamed into the device with the last of my sanity.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 94

Chapter 94: Theodore is injured

(Eleonora's POV)

A mechanical voice crackled through the phone: "Tomorrow at noon, Drake's Hollow, five million in cash."

Theodore's voice was raw with emotion. "Let me see her. I need to confirm she's still alive."

But the line went dead.

I watched my son clutch the phone with trembling hands. His eyes held a desperate gleam that terrified me more than any enemy we'd ever faced.

"Theodore, don't go yourself," I pleaded, stepping closer. "If it were a real kidnapping, they would have demanded a ransom long ago. This call is highly suspicious."

He wasn't listening. His gaze was fixed on some distant point, lost in his obsession.

"Call the pack enforcers," I continued urgently. "Let them handle this. You're walking into a trap."

Theodore finally looked at me, but his eyes were hollow. "I don't care if it's a trap. If there's even the smallest chance she's

there..."

"Theodore, please-"

"Prepare a helicopter," he barked at The Alpha's Sentinels. "And get the money. Five million in cash."

The sentinels exchanged worried glances but obeyed immediately.

I grabbed his arm. "This isn't the calculating Alpha who handled Alaric's kidnapping attempt. You're not thinking clearly."

He shook me off with surprising gentleness. "Mother, I have to try. I can't live without her."

The helicopter's rotors began spinning outside. Theodore walked toward the door without looking back.

This wasn't my son anymore. This was a man on the verge of complete collapse, driven by desperate love and crushing

guilt.

As the helicopter lifted off, I made a difficult decision. I pulled out my phone with shaking fingers.

“The people you found for me last time,” I said, my voice firm despite my fear. “Arrange for all of them to come. I need to pick the one who looks the most like her.”

(Theodore’s POV)

The designated location was an abandoned warehouse by a river in Drake’s Hollow. The desolate spot offered no cover,

leaving me dangerously exposed.

My sentinel captain stepped forward. “Alpha, let me go in your place. This feels wrong.”

I clutched the case of money tighter. “No. If she’s in there, she needs to see me.”

The warehouse loomed before us, its broken windows like dead eyes. I walked inside alone, my footsteps echoing in the

empty space.

Two masked rogues emerged from the shadows. Their scents were unfamiliar, but their postures screamed danger.

“Where is my mate?” I demanded.

1/3

Chapter 94: Theodore is injured

They pointed to a small room at the back of the warehouse. Through its grimy window, I could see the river flowing below.

I walked to the window and held the case out over the water. “I want to see her safe and sound, or you won’t get a single

cent.”

The rogues tensed, but before they could respond, a voice called out from the room.

“Theodore, I’m here.”

My heart stopped. That voice—it was unmistakably Olivia’s.

Without thinking, I dropped the case into the river. "Go fetch it yourselves."

The rogues scrambled out the window and into the water below. I rushed toward the room, my pulse thundering in my

ears.

Hope bloomed in my chest for the first time in months. She was here. She was alive.

But the room was empty of Olivia.

Instead, a frail old she-wolf was tied to a chair. On another chair sat a single white lily—Olivia's favorite flower.

"Help me..." the old woman cried, her voice weak and trembling. "The young she-wolf just escaped. I can lead you to her."

My hands moved to untie her bonds without hesitation. Any lead to Olivia was worth pursuing.

In that instant, the old woman's supposedly bound hand flashed free. A silver dagger plunged deep into my stomach.

Pain exploded through my body as blood sprayed across the room. She pulled the blade out and lunged again.

"Old wolf, I've avenged you!" she screamed.

I caught her wrist, the brutal truth crashing down on me. This was a trap. There was no Olivia.

"Where is my mate?" I choked out, blood filling my mouth.

The old woman cackled with pure hatred. "I don't know where she is, but I know where you're going! The moon goddess's

judgment!"

Her face twisted with rage. "You sent my grandson to the Warden's Post and caused my old mate to die of a broken heart,

so you can join him!"

Elder Corbin Drake's mate. The pieces fell into place as she lunged again.

I crushed her hand with immense Alpha strength. The silver dagger clattered to the floor, and she collapsed unconscious.

Staggering out of the room, I clutched my bleeding abdomen. The silver burned through my flesh like liquid fire.

My sentinels had subdued the two rogues. Hope had curdled into pure, unadulterated rage.

I dragged one of the rogues up and unleashed all my pent-up agony. My fists became a bloody blur as I roared, "You lied

to me!"

I knew the voice was a recording—I'd recognized background noise from Isadora's mating ceremony. But I had desperately wanted to believe it.

The rogue, terrified, screamed the motive. "The Drake family of Drake's Hollow! You ruined us because of Alaric's affair! He just made a small mistake that all Alphas in the world make!"

The words struck me like a physical blow.

"You cheated yourself," the rogue continued hysterically. "What right do you have to do this to us!"

My foot came down, breaking his hand. The rogue shrieked in pain.

"You lunatic! No wonder your mate left you! You deserve it!"

The final words shattered me. All strength drained from my body.

I collapsed into a pool of my own blood, my vacant eyes seeing only Olivia's pure, beautiful face before everything faded.

The harsh lights of the pack infirmary swam above me. I was shivering, an intense cold seeping into my bones.

The silver poisoning from the dagger made my healing slower than usual. Every breath was agony.

As the moonlight herb-based anesthesia began to pull me under, my blurry vision focused on a face that was almost, but

not quite, real.

A she-wolf with Olivia's voice and gentle features leaned close. "Theodore, let me take care of you from now on."

In my delirium, my hand shot out, grabbing her wrist and pulling her into a desperate embrace.

(Eleonora's POV)

Outside the window, I sighed in relief, turning to Caleb. "Thanks to you; for finding a she-wolf who looks so much like

Olivia."

My words had barely settled in the air when a piercing scream erupted from within the infirmary room.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 95

Chapter 95: Theodore Gone Mad

(Eleonora's POV)

Caleb and I peered through the transparent glass window of the infirmary room. My heart nearly stopped.

Theodore was sitting up in bed, his eyes wild and unfocused. All the monitoring equipment had been torn from his body, wires dangling uselessly. The white bandages around his abdomen were already soaked crimson with fresh blood.

"Theodore, don't!" I cried out as we rushed into the ward.

He threw off the covers with violent determination, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. The she-wolf who looked like Olivia had been knocked to the floor during his struggle. She scrambled up and approached him cautiously.

"You are not my mate!" Theodore roared, his voice filled with absolute conviction. "Don't even think about replacing her!

Get out!"

The she-wolf flinched back, tears streaming down her face.

Theodore's breathing was ragged as he continued. "My mate knows my abdomen is injured. Even if I pulled her, she

wouldn't fall on me. She would be afraid of hurting me..."

The thought of his real mate fueled his desperate struggle against our restraining hands. "I need to find Livvy!"

His surgical wound burst open completely, spilling more blood across the white sheets. But he seemed oblivious to the

pain, driven by something beyond physical sensation.

"Get the healers!" Caleb shouted.

Medic Anya and two nurses rushed in with another dose of moonlight herb anesthetic. It took all of us to hold Theodore

down as they administered the injection.

His struggles gradually weakened until he finally collapsed back onto the blood-soaked mattress.

When Theodore woke again hours later, his eyes were completely empty. The fire that had burned so desperately before

was gone, replaced by a hollow void that terrified me more than his rage.

Caleb leaned forward, trying to reach him. "Theodore, you need to face reality. Olivia abandoned you. She handed the

Crimson Pack over to your father, your hated rival Kaelen."

Theodore's gaze remained fixed on the ceiling, but I saw something flicker in his expression.

"She doesn't care about you anymore," Caleb pressed. "She's probably laughing at your pathetic state right now."

"Livvy deserves all the best," Theodore choked out, his voice thick with emotion. "And you... you're not even worthy of

mentioning her name."

Caleb fell silent, stunned by the quiet conviction in Theodore's words.

I knew that only thoughts of Olivia could move him now. I played my final card, the one piece of information that might break through his despair.

“Kaelen is going to tear down the Redgrave Ancestral Hall,” I said, my voice trembling with calculated urgency.

Theodore’s empty eyes didn’t change.

“He’s going to destroy the blooming moonflowers in the backyard,” I continued. “You know those were Lyra’s favorite flowers, the ones Livvy personally cultivated with her own heart and soul.”

13

The words struck like lightning. A fire ignited in Theodore’s vacant eyes, burning away the emptiness.

He had no strength to move, but he finally spoke with purpose. “I’m hungry.”

Half a month later, Theodore stood outside the Redgrave Estate, his gaze drawn to the cliff where Olivia had last stood. The memory of her fainting in the hall after overhearing my conversation tortured him daily.

Inside the estate grounds, his worst fears were being realized. A yellow bulldozer was tearing into the moonflower garden, its metal teeth ripping through the delicate blooms that Olivia had tended with such care.

In a flash of fury, Theodore ripped the driver from the vehicle’s seat. The man tumbled to the ground with a startled cry.

Theodore took the controls himself, but instead of continuing the destruction, he gently used the machine to replace the uprooted earth. Then he abandoned the bulldozer and knelt among the damaged flowers.

His hands moved with infinite tenderness as he tried to save each bloom. His mind flooded with images of Olivia’s happy face as she had worked in this very garden, her laughter echoing in the morning sunlight.

“You pathetic fool.”

Theodore looked up to see his father, Kaelen, approaching with cold disgust written across his features.

“You good—for-nothing!” Kaelen spat, his voice dripping with contempt.

He kicked a moonflower from Theodore’s hand, the delicate petals scattering in the wind.

Something inside Theodore snapped completely.

He launched himself at his father with inhuman speed, slamming Kaelen's face into the mud with brutal force. His hands wrapped around his father's throat as he pressed down with cold, methodical pressure.

"Theodore, stop!" Anya screamed in terror, rushing toward them.

But Theodore's eyes were like black holes, containing nothing but the image of the destroyed flowers. He pressed harder, watching his father's face turn purple.

Kaelen clawed desperately at Theodore's hands, his legs kicking uselessly in the dirt.

"I'll fix it!" Anya pleaded frantically. "I'll fix the garden for you, just let him go!"

In her haste to reach for a damaged moonflower, she accidentally crushed a petal between her fingers.

The small act of carelessness sent a fresh wave of rage through Theodore. He tossed Kaelen aside like a broken doll and returned to the flower, cradling it with shaking hands.

Kaelen climbed to his feet, seething with humiliation and rage. His face was covered in mud, his expensive suit ruined.

Without warning, he climbed into the bulldozer and started the engine. The massive machine roared to life as he drove it straight at his son's head.

At that same moment, miles away in the European Territory, a five-months-pregnant Olivia stood in a garden filled with lush, blooming moonflowers. Her face was serene as she gently caressed her rounded stomach.

A pack member watered the flowers nearby, chatting idly. "Cipher, I heard a story from a colleague who just came back from Stonehaven City. Some Alpha got his head bashed in trying to protect a few moonflowers."

Olivia smiled softly, completely unaware of the tragedy unfolding in her former home.

"Let's go buy some pup clothes later," she said peacefully.

"Pink or blue?" the pack member asked.

"Pink," Olivia replied with quiet joy.

Back at the Redgrave Estate, Theodore sat among the moonflowers with his head wrapped in fresh bandages. The bulldozer had struck him, but somehow he had survived.

He obsessively replanted each flower, as if restoring the garden could bring his mate back to him. His movements were mechanical, repetitive, driven by desperate hope.

Eleonora and The Alpha's Sentinels watched from a distance, but he ignored them completely.

A new piece of information finally broke through his haze. Theodore abruptly left the garden and climbed into his black

Rolls–Royce.

The Sentinel Captain handed him a thick file. "In the last few months, Professor Vance has taken his pup on three trips. Each time, the plane disappeared over the Pacific, only to reappear two hours later in a nearby coastal city."

Theodore's hands tightened on the papers.

"The pattern is suspicious," the captain continued. "Today is the fourth time. Same plane, same route. This time, Professor Vance brought a lot of pup supplies."

Everything clicked into place with crystal clarity. The signal vanishing at the airfield. Elara suddenly wearing the Ocean Star necklace. Killian blocking him from seeing the surveillance footage.

It must be Killian who hid his mate.

Theodore's deep, dark eyes surged with a dangerous aura. The words that came out were as cold as frost.

"Arrest him!"

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 96

Chapter 96: A heart–wrenching scream came from the delivery room

(Killian's POV)

My heart pounded with excitement as I drove toward the airstrip with Elara. The familiar route felt different today, charged with anticipation.

In my mind, I could see Olivia waiting for us at the Shadow Syndicate's base. Her belly round with pregnancy, her face glowing with that maternal radiance I'd dreamed about countless times.

"Do you want a little sister or a little brother, Ellie?" I asked gently, glancing at my daughter in the rearview mirror.

"A sister," Elara replied obediently, clutching her favorite doll against her chest.

"Yes, a sister is good," I mused, my voice soft with longing. "As beautiful and gentle as your mother."

Every time I said 'your mother' to Elara when referring to Olivia, my heart fluttered. As if she was already my mate, as if we were already a family.

The fantasy felt so real I could almost taste it.

"Daddy-" Elara's sudden, terrified scream shattered my daydream.

A massive truck was bearing down on us, its horn blaring like a death knell. My blood turned to ice.

I frantically spun the steering wheel and slammed on the brakes. The tires screamed against asphalt, but it was too late.

The car crashed into the guardrail with a sickening crunch of metal. The airbag deployed with violent force, slamming into my chest.

Pain exploded through my skull as everything went black.

When consciousness returned, I found myself lying in an unfamiliar room. My head throbbed with each heartbeat, and the world seemed to tilt at odd angles.

Through the haze, I could hear Elara's innocent voice speaking to someone.

"Where is your mommy?" a man's voice asked.

"My mommy is in a very beautiful big house," Elara answered sweetly.

My blood ran cold. No, Elara, don't say anything.

"Who else is there?" the voice pressed.

"There are many uncles and aunties," she chirped happily.

"Who are these toys and clothes for?"

“For mommy...”

Panic shot through me like lightning. I forced myself out of bed despite the concussion making my vision swim.

“Elara!” I called out, my voice hoarse with urgency.

My daughter looked up at me with wide, startled eyes. In her small hands was a colorful lollipop.

I snatched it away and threw it across the room. “I told you not to take things from strangers! And not to talk to them!”

“Daddy!” Elara’s face crumpled, tears threatening to spill. “The uncle is Leo’s dad, and he saved you when we passed by.”

My gaze shifted, and my blood turned to ice water.

Theodore stood in the corner, his dark eyes fixed on me with predatory intensity.

This wasn’t a hospital. The realization hit me like a physical blow.

I knew Theodore had been unhinged since Olivia left. The man had even had his own father arrested over some moonflowers she had planted. He’d thrown his own pups into a sanctuary without a second thought.

What would he do to Elara?

“I have things to do,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady. “I’ll be taking Elara and leaving.”

“No rush,” Theodore replied, his tone deceptively calm.

He gave a subtle look to The Alpha’s Sentinels stationed around the room. One of them immediately approached Elara

with drones and robot toys.

“Elara, let’s go play and not disturb your dad and Uncle Theodore,” the sentinel said with false cheerfulness.

Through the doorway, I could see at least a dozen more sentinels in the hallway. We were trapped.

I reluctantly allowed Elara to be led away, but caught her arm gently. “Don’t talk to anyone, and don’t eat anything they give you, okay?”

She nodded solemnly before disappearing with her escort.

Once the door closed, the room fell into suffocating silence.

“Hand over my mate!” Theodore’s voice was a low growl, his dark eyes swirling with a dangerous storm.

He was convinced I had hidden Olivia and gotten her pregnant. The delusion burned in his gaze like wildfire.

With violent force, he swept a pile of pup supplies off a nearby table. Tiny clothes and toys scattered at my feet like

accusations.

The rage caused him to cough up a mouthful of blood, which he wiped away with chilling indifference.

“Olivia and I are innocent,” I retorted, my own anger rising. “We’re not like you, a morally corrupt degenerate!”

My voice cracked with fury. “You had a mate as wonderful as Olivia and you betrayed her! Had an illegitimate pup, and even wanted Olivia to raise her? Are you even human?”

The verbal assault escalated into violence. Theodore lunged at me with inhuman speed.

We traded blows in a raw, graceless brawl. No technique, no strategy—just pure hatred and obsession driving our fists.

Theodore fought like a madman despite his injuries. His only thought seemed to roar through the air: “Where did you hide my mate?”

During the chaos, I managed to land a punch on his injured abdomen. He roared like a cornered beast, doubling over in

agony.

“Do you know how much pain and despair Olivia was in before she left?” I yelled, my voice cracking with emotion. “That night at the Northwood Manor... Olivia had just had a severe mate bond strain! You made her stand outside Clara’s villa, watching you two, listening to your disgusting sounds!”

Theodore froze as if struck by lightning.

“She almost had a heart attack from the bond breaking!” I continued, seeing his horror.

So, my mate was outside the door that night! The realization seemed to shatter something inside him.

2/3

© Chapter 96. A heart-wrenching stream came from the delivery room

+15 Points)

“I regret it so much,” I pressed on, my voice full of anguish. “I should have confessed to Olivia back then and kept her. Then she wouldn’t have been hurt by you like this!”

“You don’t deserve her love! You don’t deserve to see her again!” I taunted, seeing his pain and feeling grim satisfaction.

“Olivia has accepted Elara as her pup. She is Elara’s mother, and I am Elara’s father. We will be together soon!”

Just as I finished my furious declaration, the door burst open.

Pack enforcers rushed in, alerted by Gina Frost and Cain Nightwood. Seeing the two of us bloodied and injured, they moved to restrain us both.

As hands grabbed my arms, Theodore’s composure finally shattered completely.

He looked at me with naked panic and weakness. “She’s pregnant, isn’t she? How many months?”

His voice broke. “Her heart is not good, childbirth will kill her! Tell me, where is she?”

I just sneered in response.

Blood trickled from Theodore’s abdomen, from the bandage on his head, and from his mouth. The terror of losing her—the same fear that had gripped him when she gave birth to Leo—completely overwhelmed him.

With a final, desperate roar, he lunged for me one last time.

(Matthew’s POV)

At the base, I had just arrived from my duties when I found myself outside a delivery room.

The sterile white walls seemed to close in around me as I approached the medical team.

“Are the preparations for the heart surgery ready?” I asked in my usual calm tone.

“Rest assured, Alpha King,” a healer replied with professional confidence.

I nodded and settled into a chair in the waiting area. One of my subordinates paced nervously nearby, his anxiety palpable.

The clock on the wall ticked by with agonizing slowness. Each second stretched into an eternity.

Suddenly, a heart-wrenching scream came from the delivery room.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 97

Chapter 97: Livvy, I’ve finally found you

(God’s POV)

Suddenly, a puppy’s cry pierced the air. Matthew Kane looked toward the delivery room, his golden eyes sharp with

concern.

A nurse walked out carrying a soft newborn female pup. The tiny creature’s wails echoed through the sterile corridor.

A nurse named Adeline hurriedly arrived with puppy supplies, her hands trembling as she anxiously took the pup. Her face was pale with panic as she struggled to hold the crying infant.

“How is Olivia’s condition?” Matthew asked, his voice calm despite the tension radiating from his powerful frame.

“The pack’s heart therapist and wizard are already caring for her,” the nurse assured him. “She’s safe from both curse and

illness, Alpha King.”

Matthew nodded, but his attention was drawn to Adeline’s distress. The young nurse’s hands shook violently as the pup’s

cries grew more desperate.

Without hesitation, Matthew extended his long, powerful hands. "Let me."

The moment he took the puppy, a miracle occurred. The tiny creature immediately calmed down, her cries fading to soft

whimpers before she fell into peaceful sleep.

Nurse Adeline stared in surprise, her heart racing. She watched the fearsome Alpha King cradle the newborn with unexpected gentleness.

Who would be so fortunate as to become the mate of this alpha king? she wondered, mesmerized by the tender scene.

Ten hours later, Olivia was wheeled out of the healing chamber. Her face was pale but peaceful, breathing steady and

strong.

Healer Corvus approached Matthew with professional confidence. "The surgery was a complete success, Alpha King.

Both mother and pup are stable."

"Excellent work," Matthew replied with a brief, formal nod to the medical team.

After ensuring everything was in order, Matthew retreated to his study. The weight of his duties as Alpha King called him

back to the endless stream of territorial reports and strategic planning.

Meanwhile, in the quiet recovery room, Olivia rested. Her newborn daughter slept peacefully in a bassinet beside her bed, tiny fingers curled into perfect fists.

The soft beeping of medical monitors provided a gentle rhythm in the otherwise silent space.

Sometime later, Olivia's phone buzzed. Killian Vance's name appeared on the screen.

"Olivia," his voice was warm with excitement when she answered. "How are you feeling?"

"Tired, but well," she replied softly, not wanting to wake her daughter.

"Elara!" Killian called to his daughter in the background. "You have a sister now!"

Elara's delighted squeal could be heard through the phone, making Olivia smile despite her exhaustion.

"I'm so concerned about your health," Killian continued, his tone growing serious. "I wish I could visit, but Theodore is tracking my every move now."

13

+15 Points >

Olivia's grip tightened on the phone. "Are you safe?"

"Yes, I reached a settlement and was released from the Warden's Post. But he's watching everything I do."

Killian paused, then added with genuine admiration, "Matthew is remarkable, Olivia. Outwardly cold but inwardly protective. He used every resource of the Shadow Syndicate to ensure your safety."

Olivia's heart filled with immense gratitude. Both Killian and Matthew had risked everything for her and her daughter.

"Thank you," she whispered. "For everything."

As Olivia's daughter grew day by day in the safety of the Shadow Syndicate's base, her son Leo Redgrave faced a very different reality far away at Lyra's Hope Sanctuary.

Now six years old, Leo was pushed to the ground by a group of older pups. Dirt stained his clothes as he struggled to

stand.

"Get away, you unwanted rogue pup!" one of them taunted, circling him like predators.

Rosalie Thorne rushed to his defense, her small fists clenched. "My brother is not a rogue! You are!"

The older pups sneered back with cruel laughter. "Brother? You don't even have the same mother."

"Don't you know your mom is the shameless homewrecker who stole his mom's mate?" another added viciously.

Rosalie's face flushed red with fury. "That's not true! That's not true!"

"Then why hasn't your own father come for you?" they pressed mercilessly.

The pups began throwing stones. Small rocks pelted both children as Rosalie fought back with desperate determination.

Leo watched with cold indifference, his young face already hardened by pain. Even when Rosalie cried out for his help, he refused to move.

Suddenly, a small stone struck his forehead. Blood trickled down his face in a thin red line.

The other pups, frightened by the sight of blood, scattered and fled like startled birds.

Leo touched the wound, but the pain he felt was not in his head. It was in his heart, a deep ache that reminded him of something precious he had lost.

He remembered how his mother would have been there to protect him. How she would have held him close and made

everything better.

“Why didn’t you help me?” Rosalie asked, tears streaming down her dirt-stained cheeks.

Leo coldly pushed her away, his amber eyes like ice. “You are not my mother’s pup.”

As he walked toward the sanctuary’s infirmary, Rosalie followed desperately. “You used to like me the most! You even called my mommy ‘Mommy’ just like I do!”

At those words, Leo froze. Tears streamed down his face as understanding crashed over him like a wave.

He finally understood the acidic pain of sadness. Is this how my mother felt?

“My mother is Olivia Blackwood, no one else,” he sobbed, his small body shaking.

From the adults’ whispered conversations, he finally comprehended the truth. He and his father had driven her away.

That night, the bullies faced no punishment for their cruelty. In revenge, they placed a venomous spider in Leo’s bed, their malice knowing no bounds.

News eventually spread through the supernatural community like wildfire. Theodore was in the Crimson Infirmary, gravely injured from his confrontation with Matthew Kane.

Killian recalled the Alpha’s desperate, blood-soaked state with a sense of relief and finality. The man who had tormented

Olivia was finally facing consequences.

“Come on, Ellie,” he said happily to his daughter. “Let’s go visit Olivia and meet her daughter.”

They boarded a flight to the Shadow Syndicate’s island base, Elara bouncing with excitement in her seat.

As their plane descended toward the hidden island, the radar of another private aircraft locked onto them. The pilot’s instruments beeped with tracking signals.

The man sitting in the cabin had a thin face, more gaunt than his previously powerful Alpha features. Weeks of obsession and injury had carved hollow shadows under his amber eyes.

His fingers caressed Olivia’s Luna pendant hanging around his neck, the metal warm from his constant touch.

Looking down at the gradually clearing island base below, he murmured with desperate longing, “Livvy, I’ve finally found you.”

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 98

Chapter 98: My Mate

(God’s POV)

A private plane appeared over the open sea. The base’s defensive radar had already locked onto it.

With just one command from Alpha King Matthew, the plane and everyone on board could turn to ashes.

“Alpha King, should we order it to be driven away?” a staff member inquired nervously.

Matthew watched the red dot gradually approaching on the radar with cold indifference. “Have Professor Vance’s plane

divert it.”

Following the order, Killian’s plane flew over the base, issuing a warning through the communication system.

On Theodore's plane, a bodyguard reported urgently. "Alpha, Killian's plane has left the area. What are your new

instructions?"

"Continue heading towards the island!" Theodore ordered coldly.

He was certain that Killian, traveling with Elara wearing the Ocean Star necklace, could only be heading to a nearby island

to meet Olivia.

As the enforcer directed the plane to approach the island, the base's defense network suddenly blared an alarm.

"Alpha King, that plane has broken through!" a staff member reported nervously.

Another urged desperately, "Shoot it down, King!"

Understanding the absolute priority of the base's security, Matthew gave a subtle nod.

The staff member pressed the switch for the fire control radar. A missile instantly shot out, locking onto Theodore's

plane.

In that same moment, a powerful magnetic field from the base's protective shield vibrated. The plane lost control and plummeted in a free fall.

The missile narrowly grazed the aircraft, but its lock was inescapable. It carved a perfect arc in the sky and hurtled back

towards the falling plane.

The jet crashed into the ocean. The missile followed, triggering a massive explosion that sent powerful waves across the

Pacific.

A submarine crew sent to salvage the wreckage returned with a grim report. "No remains were found, even the plane was

blown to smithereens."

Noticing Olivia's pale complexion, Matthew asked the staff to leave.

“Before the explosion, I sensed with my mental power that it wasn’t an enemy,” she reported quietly. “But trouble I brought

– Theodore.”

Matthew’s gaze lingered on her stern expression for a few seconds. “Was the base damaged?”

“The protective shield was impacted and is being repaired,” she answered professionally.

“Activate the tracking program,” he commanded, his tone precise.

After she nodded, his tone turned to one of superior concern. “Have you named the puppy?”

1/3

Chapter 98 My Mate

An image of Rosalie flashed through Olivia’s mind. “Aurora,” she whispered. “Aurora Blackwood. She will inherit my

mother’s surname.”

Matthew simply hummed in response.

Meanwhile, an ambulance rushed into a hospital in a French coastal city.

“Hurry! Save our Alpha!” a pack enforcer shouted in broken French.

Theodore, covered in blood, was urgently taken into the emergency room.

Someone called Eleonora immediately. An hour later, top medical experts from around the world arrived.

They performed a grueling ten-hour surgery. After the efforts of over a hundred doctors, Theodore’s life was saved.

But he fell into a deep coma.

Back at the base, Olivia’s investigation concluded that the plane carrying two dead and two injured was an “accidental

invasion.”

She felt that her bond with Theodore had completely turned to dust.

One day a year later, Olivia walked along a wide seaside path. She held the hand of a toddling Aurora.

Killian and Elara were with them, creating a picture of a happy family.

Elara playfully lifted Aurora, spinning her around. "Aunt Olivia! Aurora is so cute!"

As they walked along the golden sand, Killian suddenly knelt on one knee. He held out a brilliant diamond ring.

"Olivia, let me mark you as my mate," he said earnestly. "Let me be little Aurora's father too. Let's be a family of four and

never be apart."

"I'm sorry, Professor, I can't agree to you," Olivia replied firmly. "I have no feelings for you. I can be Elara's godmother, but I

cannot be your partner."

Olivia turned to leave.

"I won't give up," Killian shouted after her.

Back in her office, Olivia stared blankly at the computer in front of her.

At this moment, Matthew walked in. He looked at Olivia calmly.

"Let me mark you as my partner, Livvy."

Theodore awoke with a start from a nightmare. In it, he saw Olivia in a white dress, being marked by another Alpha.

He had been in a coma for twelve months. His son, Leo, was older, and his mother, Eleonora, had aged.

"Tell me, have you found my mate?" he rasped, grabbing his pack enforcer's collar.

The enforcer stammered nervously, "Alpha! News came from Schwerin! Someone looking like the Luna appeared at a chapel..."

"A chapel?" Theodore's heart felt like it was being pierced by a thousand needles. "A mating ceremony?"

“Her name appeared on the list for an upcoming mating ceremony at a chapel!” the enforcer confirmed.

Despite his body being incredibly weak, Theodore struggled out of bed. He collapsed back immediately.

“Theodore! You just woke up! You can’t go!” Eleonora cried, trying to hold him down.

Leo sobbed desperately, “Dad, I’ve already lost my mom, I can’t lose you too.”

2/3

Theodore pushed his son away without a glance. He pleaded with his mother, “Mom, Olivia can’t mate with anyone. She is

my mate. I won’t allow anyone to mark her.”

Relenting, Eleonora agreed on one condition. “You take the medical team with you.”

As he stumbled out, Theodore grabbed the necklace from his bedside table. The one holding their two mating rings.

His eyes burned with a possessive fire.

Theodore’s private jet tore through the sky. Theodore appeared at the chapel door.

Theodore burst into the chapel and grabbed the bride’s hand. He pulled her into his arms.

The feeling of having lost and found filled his heart. He felt as if he had the whole world.

Whispering in the bride’s ear, “Livvy, I missed you so much.”

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 99

Chapter 99: “Beep-” The Heart Stops

(Theodore’s POV)

My sudden intrusion into the sacred grove caused chaos. Guests screamed and scattered as my pack enforcers

surrounded the altar.

“What are you doing?” The groom threw a punch toward my face.

My enforcer captain caught his fist mid-swing. The bride struggled violently in my arms, her hand connecting with my cheek in a sharp slap.

“What kind of bastard are you, daring to cause trouble at my mating ceremony!” she cursed.

The unfamiliar female voice made my heart contract sharply. I turned to look at the bride properly for the first time.

This wasn't Olivia. The realization hit me like a physical blow.

The stranger's face was nothing like my mate's. Her eyes were brown, not the deep grey I knew so well. Her hair was

blonde, not the raven black that haunted my dreams.

I looked like a vampire in that moment. The bride shrank back into the groom's arms, terror written across her features.

“Who are you?” they stammered together. “I don't know you at all. Why are you ruining our mating ceremony?”

My grip loosened, and she stumbled away from me. The reality crashed down like a avalanche.

“Where is my mate?” I demanded, my voice cold as winter ice.

I grabbed the groom by the neck, lifting him slightly off the ground. “Her name is on the list for this mating ceremony.

Where is she?”

My menacing grip and the pack enforcers surrounding us terrified the guests. Several people backed toward the exits.

The enforcer captain quickly displayed Olivia's photo on a tablet. “Anyone who provides information about this woman

will receive a substantial reward.”

A guest suddenly cried out in recognition. “I know her! That woman was here today.”

My head snapped toward the voice. An elderly man stepped forward nervously.

“She had two pups with her, and a man,” he continued. “I heard the pups call them ‘Dad’ and ‘Mom’. They must be a family

of four!”

A family of four. The words struck me like a physical blow.

My already weak body staggered back into my pack enforcers’ arms. Blood trickled from the corner of my mouth.

“Where did they go?” I asked, my lips trembling uncontrollably.

The guest replied quickly, “The Memorial Cemetery. It was built to commemorate the victims of the earthquake.”

He added that the sacred grove itself had been built on the former epicenter. The name Killian Vance flashed through my mind along with a faded old photograph.

As I rushed toward the exit, I heard the bride and groom exchanging their vows. “I accept this bond,” they said in unison.

The sound painfully reminded me of my own mating ceremony to Olivia. The happiness I had since destroyed with my

own hands.

(Olivia’s POV)

At the memorial cemetery, I knelt before two connected tombstones. The moonflowers in my hands were fresh and white.

Killian stood behind me, holding our baby daughter Aurora. Elara leaned against my side, her small face sad.

“Don’t worry,” I whispered to the gravestones. “I will love Elara as if she were my own pup.”

The tombstones belonged to Killian’s parents. They had died in the earthquake that destroyed this region years ago.

Suddenly, we heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Familiar voices carried on the wind.

Not wanting any trouble, I took Aurora from Killian’s arms. With a shared glance, we moved quickly toward a nearby

thicket of bushes.

The dense foliage provided perfect cover. Aurora remained silent in my arms, as if sensing the need for quiet.

From our hiding spot, I watched Theodore arrive with his pack enforcers. He looked terrible – pale and weak, barely able to

stand.

“Search everywhere!” he ordered frantically. “Check all the surveillance cameras!”

I remained calm, knowing my presence would never be captured on any camera. My old training had taught me how to

avoid detection.

Theodore’s eyes suddenly fixated on something in the distance. The splash of white moonflowers I had just placed caught his attention.

He stumbled toward the tombstones, touching the still–moist petals with shaking fingers. His face contorted with

desperate hope.

“My mate was just here!” he roared, grabbing his pack enforcer captain’s collar. “Find her now!”

(Theodore’s POV)

Suddenly, a pup’s cry pierced the air. My head snapped up, searching desperately for the source.

I didn’t see Olivia. Instead, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a white figure getting into a black car at the back gate.

My legs gave out as I stumbled toward the gate. The car disappeared at a crossroads before I could reach it.

The pain of being so close yet losing her tore through my chest. I fell to one knee, my voice breaking.

“My mate, don’t go...” I whispered. “Give me one more chance...”

Half an hour later, my pack enforcers returned empty–handed. They had lost the car in the city traffic.

The final thread of hope snapped inside me. My legs buckled completely, and I collapsed onto the cemetery ground.

As my enforcers carried me toward the medical vehicle, I overheard their hushed discussion. Their words cut deeper than

any blade.

“Did you see the surveillance footage from the chapel?” one whispered.

“There was a ring on Luna Olivia’s finger,” another replied. “And that man with her...”

“The baby looked about a year old. She’s already been marked by another Alpha.”

“She’s started a new family. She has no intention of ever returning.”

Hearing their words, my hand slid from my chest. A single tear traced a path down my face.

I was finally tasting the same bitter fruit of despair I had forced upon her. The irony wasn’t lost on me.

The heart monitor attached to my chest let out a long, piercing “Beep-” The sound of a heart stopping.

733 days later.

(Leo’s POV)

Grandma Eleonora found me in the yard at Lyra’s Hope Sanctuary. Her face looked older and sadder than before.

“Your father is in the ICU now,” she told me gently. “He can’t look after you anymore.”

My small face crumpled. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I violently pushed Rosalie to the ground.

“Don’t call me brother!” I screamed at her. “You made my mommy leave me, my daddy leave me, and now my daddy is

dying!”

I turned my tear-streaked face to Grandma, my voice choked with accusation.

“Grandma, Rosalie said it’s all your fault!”

“You disliked Mommy because her health was bad and she couldn’t give me a sister,” I continued. “So you let Rosalie’s

mommy have a baby!”

I grabbed her sleeve, my small body shaking with sobs. “Grandma, I don’t want a sister anymore! Give me my mommy

back!”

“I don’t want to be a boy without a mom. Everyone bullies me and laughs at me…” My voice broke completely.

“I miss Mommy so much, it hurts right here.” I clutched my chest where the pain lived.

Grandma’s face turned pale. She tried to pull me into her embrace, but I pulled away.

“No,” I said, my voice small but firm. “Dad said if I stay here, Mommy will come back one day.”

“It’s been 733 days…” I counted carefully. “She’ll come for me soon, right, Grandma? When it’s my birthday, Mommy will definitely come back.”

I told her how I had tried to be good. How I didn’t fight back when other pups hit me anymore.

“I’m not a troublesome pup anymore,” I whispered. “Mommy, please come back soon.”

My strength gave out, and I collapsed weakly into Grandma’s arms. Just then, I heard a familiar call.

30 Days To Freedom: Abandoned Luna Is Secret Shadow King Chapter 100

Chapter 100: Traces of the Luna Found at the Airport

(Evelyn’s POV)

Leo tried to open his eyes, but saw my face instead of his mother’s. The disappointment in his small features was

heartbreaking.

“Not mom!” he whispered weakly.

“Auntie, let me hold Leo,” I offered gently, stepping closer. “I think he really needs to see a healer.”

Eleonora nodded, her face etched with worry. But before I could touch Leo, the boy slapped my hand away with surprising

force.

“You’re a bad auntie too! Don’t touch me!” Leo cried out, his chest heaving as he clutched his grandmother’s clothes. “I

want my mommy!”

At seven years old, his sense of right and wrong was crystal clear. My hand froze in mid-air, anger flaring inside me.

Even after leaving, Olivia still managed to compete with me for the affection of both father and son. I couldn’t understand

what was so special about her.

Despite my own pack, the Croft Family, being driven to bankruptcy by Theodore, I didn’t hate them. Instead, I came to

show concern.

Eleonora was clearly cautious toward me. It was understandable with her son lying half-dead in the ICU, she couldn’t risk

anything happening to her grandson.

She politely refused my help and arranged for pack enforcers to escort them to the medical room.

I watched them leave, my jaw clenched tight. Then I made my way to find Rosalie.

The little girl was sitting alone in the sanctuary’s common room, her dark eyes distant. As usual, I began to subtly influence the pup.

“You are your father’s pup,” I whispered, kneeling beside her. “He could never abandon you. When he wakes up and

misses you, he will take you back to the pack house.”

Rosalie, adept at reading people despite her young age, looked up at me with calculating eyes. “When that time comes, I’ll

tell Daddy I want Auntie Evie to be my new mommy.”

Now, only I was kind to her. Two years after her father had separated her from her mother, she had never seen Clara again.

“Auntie Evie, do you know where my mommy is?” Rosalie asked hopefully, her small voice breaking slightly.

I also wanted to know where Theodore had locked Clara away. I had been searching for months without success.

“Your mommy will come to see you soon,” I reassured the girl, though I had no idea if it was true.

(God’s POV)

At the Crimson Infirmary, when the test results came back, Eleonora stared at the papers in horror. Her worst fear had

come true.

Leo had inherited Olivia’s weakened heart condition from the strain of the broken mate bond. The genetic markers were unmistakable.

She looked through the glass at Theodore’s pale, deeply comatose face in the ICU. An immense sense of panic and

10

Suddenly, the heart monitor began to shriek. Medical staff rushed into the room, and a flurry of emergency equipment surrounded Theodore’s bed.

Eleonora was consumed by regret. For demanding an heir. For using wolfsbane to drug her son. For everything that had led to this moment.

All she wanted now was for her family to be whole again. For her son to be alive. For her dear Olivia to be back. For her grandson to be safe.

Through a blur of tears, Eleonora watched as a healer’s cold scalpel cut into her son’s throat. She saw the blood well up around the emergency breathing tube.

Then she heard the monitor let out a long, final beep as the line went flat. She collapsed in despair, her knees hitting the cold hospital floor.

One year later, at Stonehaven City’s airport, a different scene was unfolding.

“My Queen, it’s for you. How did the call get through to my phone?” Gina, the assistant, handed the vibrating phone to the elegant woman in front of her.

“They haven’t seen you for just a few hours, they’re so eager,” Gina teased.

The woman, Olivia, took the phone calmly. Her appearance had changed – she looked more confident, more regal than before.

“I’ve arrived,” she said into the phone.

A man’s gentle, calm voice replied, “Mm.” He continued with formal instructions, “Alpha White has sent someone to pick you up. The contact information is with Gina. Call them if you can’t find them.”

He then added in his clear, serene voice, “Don’t worry about Aurora.”

Olivia replied softly through their bond, “With you here, of course, I’m not worried.”

The man’s voice was faint, “Remember to keep your phone on.”

“Mm.” Olivia returned the phone to Gina.

The assistant teased her, “Is he being a block of wood and making you angry again? I can’t believe you agreed to accept his mate mark!”

“Nosy,” Olivia replied, her fingers gently stroking a simple silver ring on her ring finger. She followed the staff to a waiting

car.

They were heading to The Moonstone Summit Hotel to meet with Alpha White.

At that moment, a group of men in suits emerged from the arrivals gate. The leader, nearly 190cm tall, was Theodore.

His handsome face was cold, and his presence was overwhelmingly oppressive. Dark circles under his eyes spoke of sleepless nights and endless searching.

“Alpha Theodore,” a sweet voice called out.

A gorgeously dressed, seductive she-wolf, Seraphina, approached him with practiced grace. “I’ve been waiting for you forever. Let’s go eat.”

She reached for his arm, but he shot her a cold glare. Her hand stopped mid-air.

She had forgotten his aversion to being touched. The pack enforcer captain stepped in quickly.

“Miss Vance, our Alpha is in a hurry to see Alpha White,” he said diplomatically.

Boasting about her uncle’s connections, Seraphina happily made a call. She arranged to meet in private dining room 808 at The Moonstone Summit Hotel.

In private dining room 808, Alpha White was enthusiastically greeting his guest.

“Queen Olivia, I’m so glad you’re finally here! These lawless rogue hackers have caused us so much trouble. You must help us.”

Olivia replied seriously, “Alpha White, rest assured, we will do everything in our power to catch the suspects. I plan to create a trapping system...”

Just then, the door was pushed open with unnecessary force.

“What important guest is making Uncle Alistair neglect me and making me wait? I refuse to wait!” Seraphina’s arrogant voice announced her arrival.

The tall figure of Theodore followed behind her, his dark eyes immediately scanning the room.

Seeing that Alpha White had other guests, Olivia rose gracefully with Gina. “We’ll wait for you next door.”

As Theodore entered, his peripheral vision caught the side profile of a woman in a white shirt and jeans. She was disappearing through another door.

As Seraphina began her introductions, Theodore’s pupils suddenly constricted. His eyes turned a blood-red as his wolf Logan stirred violently within him.

He strode swiftly toward the other door and rushed out, but the corridor was empty. Only the faint scent of moonflowers

lingered in the air.

The pack enforcer captain’s voice came from behind him, urgent and breathless.

“Alpha, we’ve found traces of Luna at the airport!”

