

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 101

Chapter **56**: The Unraveling Past and a Slap of Finality—1 For original chapters go to

Chapter 56: The Unraveling Past and a Slap of Finality

(Third person's POV)

Katherine Rivers walked at the front of the small group entering the hospital room, carrying a thermal container. Her face showed the strain of recent days, but her eyes brightened at the sight of her son awake and alert.

“Son, I brought you some food,” she announced, her maternal instincts heightened after nearly losing her son to silver poisoning.

Behind her trailed Gabriel Andrews, Lily, and Evelyn Patterson, a beta hospital caretaker who quietly took her position near the door.

The scene that greeted them was one of quiet intimacy. Connor was sitting up in bed, looking far better than he had the previous day. Beside him, Olivia held her own thermal lunchbox in her hands, clearly having just finished serving him a meal.

Katherine's steps faltered slightly, but her smile remained warm. “Olivia, would you like to join me for lunch?”

Olivia politely shook her head, her amber eyes gentle. “No, Luna Katherine, I just ate.”

Connor immediately followed, his ice-blue eyes never leaving Olivia's face. “I've also just finished eating.”

Katherine's gaze fell on the thermal container in Olivia's hands. Understanding dawned on her face. “Olivia, did you bring food for Connor?”

Olivia nodded softly, a faint blush coloring her cheeks. The simple gesture spoke volumes about her feelings for Connor.

Connor's tone was unmistakably proud as he addressed his mother. "No need, Mother. Liv's cooking suits my taste perfectly. I finished every bite."

Katherine's face blossomed into a gratified, doting smile, the kind of smile only a mother relieved to see her son well cared for could give. The tension in her shoulders visibly eased.

"I'm glad to hear that," she said, placing her own thermal container on the side table.

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The mood in the room lightened up even more when Gabriel Andrews stepped forward, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Oh? Homemade by Liv herself?"

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He placed down the fruit basket and healing tonics he'd brought, raising his brows teasingly at Connor. "You lucky man."

Connor smirked with playful arrogance, his pallor already improving from earlier. "That's right, a single guy like you wouldn't understand this kind of happiness."

Gabriel pretended outrage, clutching his chest dramatically. "Fine, I'll find myself a girlfriend and make sure to rub it in your face."

The easy banter filled the sterile hospital room with warmth, transforming it from a place of recovery to one of friendship and connection.

Lily circled around Olivia like a curious friend, her eyes wide with genuine surprise. "Liv, you know how to cook now?"

She shook her head in disbelief, a teasing smile playing on her lips. “I still remember that time back in college when I visited your apartment, and you fried venison for me. When I bit into it, I nearly broke my teeth because it was so tough.”

Lily’s eyes danced with amusement. “You said tough meat builds strong jaws, but now you’re making actual healing meals for your fiancé!”

Embarrassed but unable to resist joking, Olivia’s amber eyes twinkled. “Well, tough meat does build strong jaws.”

Lily laughed out loud, the sound bright and cheerful. “Sure, sure. So for me you serve leather–tough venison, but for your fiancé, it’s gourmet cuisine?”

Olivia’s eyes curved sweetly, her voice warm with affection. “Next time I’ll cook a feast for you, too.”

The friends bantered heartily, their connection mending some of the wounds from recent chaos. Katherine watched from the side, her expression softening as she observed her son and his future daughter–in–law’s easy rapport.

Her phone buzzed in her pocket. Glancing at the screen, she saw William’s name flashing. “I need to take this,” she said, moving toward the door.

Before leaving, she gently instructed Evelyn Patterson, “Please take Olivia’s thermal

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container for cleaning when she’s ready.”

+8 Points >

Olivia handed the container over politely to the quiet beta caretaker. After lingering a moment longer with Connor, she excused herself quietly.

“I should get back to my legal work,” she said, her voice tinged with reluctance. “I’ll come back later.”

Connor nodded, his ice-blue eyes following her to the door. “I’ll be waiting.”

Stepping out of the hospital into the parking lot, Olivia’s momentary peace shattered upon seeing Ethan Grey blocking her path. His face was eager, almost desperate, his blue eyes hungry as they took in her appearance.

“Liv, finally, I’ve been waiting to see you,” he said, stepping closer. “Why haven’t you come home these days?”

By “home,” he clearly meant Moonlight Manor, the only address he still knew. Olivia’s expression instantly cooled, her earlier warmth vanishing like morning mist.

“Why are you here?” Her voice was flat, devoid of any welcome.

Ethan’s lips curled into a false, hopeful smile as he pulled out a glittering diamond ring from his pocket. He displayed it like some grand offering, his eyes expectant.



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Whisper 102

Chapter 56: **The Unraveling** Past **and** a Slap of Finality–2

“Didn’t you say you loved this ring before? I bought it for you.”

The ring was instantly recognizable—it was the unique design Olivia once admired in a magazine and casually shared with him. Back then, Ethan had darkened, dismissively saying, “Anything but a ring. I have no plans to get married anytime soon,” as if she was some desperate woman pushing him towards marriage.

That memory made her feel insulted all over again. The audacity of him now offering what he once so coldly denied her burned like acid in her stomach.

Suppressing her disgust, she sneered coldly, “Sorry, I don’t like it anymore.”

She lifted her slender hand, revealing the dazzling moonstone engagement ring Connor had given her. The stone caught the sunlight, sending prisms of color dancing across her skin.

“I only like what my fiancé gifts me now.”

The sight of that ring—their ring—made Ethan’s eyes flash with pain and jealousy, but he forced a smirk. He knew now that the man beside her was Connor Rivers, the powerful heir of the Rivers family, and compared to them, the Grey family was still rebuilding its influence.

Still, he refused to back down, his desperation making him reckless.

“Liv, I heard your engagement ceremony was called off. So technically, you and he aren’t officially engaged yet, are you?”

When she looked at him as if he were deranged, he leaned closer, voice lowering to a poisonous murmur. “So what even if you get engaged? People break engagements all the time. Even if you marry him, I won’t let go.”

His eyes gleamed with a disturbing intensity. “A secret affair... that’s the most thrilling kind of love, isn’t it?”

Olivia’s patience snapped like a brittle twig. Without hesitation, she raised her hand and slapped him hard across the face, the sound echoing in the quiet parking lot.

“Get lost!” she hissed, her amber eyes blazing with fury.

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+8 Points >

The force of the slap left a red, swelling mark on his cheek, but Ethan just tilted his head and grinned wickedly. “That was hard. Did your hand hurt?”

“Lunatic!” she spat, stepping away, but he doggedly blocked her path.

“Where are you going? I’ll give you a ride.” His demeanor was becoming increasingly

desperate, his eyes wild with a possessive gleam.

“Go away!” she barked, kicking at him when he tried to get too close. NEW NOVEL
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Dodging swiftly, he taunted, “What happened to the gentle, obedient little woman I used to know?”

Ignoring him, she stalked towards the open-air parking lot, only for Ethan to stick to her like a determined stalker, babbling on. “I told my mother you’re the Winters family heiress. She was so happy.”

His voice took on a pleading tone. “She even told me to apologize to you. She admitted she was wrong before.”

He tried to sound sincere, but she kept silent, her disgust mounting with every word.

“She agreed to our marriage now. I’m going to court you all over again, Liv.”

His desperation was palpable, almost pathetic. “Just give me a chance. I’m not asking you to say yes now, but at least give me a shot, okay?”

She finally reached the parking lot and stopped in front of the glacier-blue Bentley Continental GT that Connor had gifted her. Ethan froze.

That was the car he’d seen her driving back in Harbor City—the one he and Cassandra had mocked her for, assuming she had rented it for show.

Seeing it again, realization and regret dawned on him, only to be replaced by a twisted suspicion. His face paled dramatically.

“That ring on your finger... that’s the one you tried on at Lunar Jewelers that day, isn’t it?” His voice trembled with accusation. “We were still together then. You couldn’t wait to try on another man’s ring while still my girlfriend?”

His voice cracked with accusation, eyes turning red with rage. “You betrayed our relationship!”

Olivia felt sickened at his shamelessness. Her lips curved into a cold smile that never

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reached her eyes. "Relationship? Ha."

+8 Points

Her voice dripped with contempt. "Weren't you the one who said you were only ever searching for Cassandra's shadow in me?"

Her amber eyes glowed with righteous anger, pinning him in place like a butterfly to a board.

Ethan stiffened, blood draining from his face. "You... you knew all along?"

His expression turned to shock and shame, the realization that she had known about his betrayal all this time hitting him like a physical blow.

She continued icily, "Not just that. I knew that night you lied about a business emergency—you went to pick up Cassandra from the Harbor City Regional Airport."

Each word was a dagger, precisely aimed. "I knew that on Sophie's birthday, you took her to a hotel after leaving with her. While still with me, you were already seeing another woman."

Her eyes narrowed dangerously. "So tell me, Ethan Grey, what right do you have to talk about betrayal?"

His face twisted in pain and shame, the truth of his actions laid bare. "No, Liv, listen, it's not what you think, let me explain—"

But Olivia no longer had interest in his excuses. She got into her car, slammed the

door, and started the engine. The powerful purr of the Bentley matched her determination to leave this man in her past.

Ethan ran in front of the Bentley, pounding on the hood, his lips moving desperately, still pleading, still refusing to let go. His eyes were wild, his composure completely shattered.

Olivia's patience finally reached its end. Annoyed beyond endurance, she stomped on the accelerator and drove straight toward him.

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Whisper 103

Chapter **57**: Cooperation in the Shadows—1

Chapter 57: Cooperation in the Shadows

(Olivia's POV)

Ethan Grey's words echoed in my mind like a persistent nightmare.

+8 Points

"Even if you marry him, I won't let go... A secret affair... that's the most thrilling kind of love, isn't it?"

I shuddered, trying to push away the memory of his desperate face in the hospital parking lot. The possessiveness in his eyes had been disturbing, almost unhinged.

No matter how I tried to focus on other things, his declaration kept resurfacing,

making me restless and uneasy.

The slap I'd delivered to his face had been satisfying in the moment, but now I wondered if it had only inflamed his obsession further:

I stared out the window of my apartment, watching raindrops trace patterns down the glass. How had things become so complicated? Just when Connor and I were finding our footing, Ethan had to resurface with his twisted declarations of love.

The next morning, I arrived at the hospital with a thermal container of fresh healing broth. Despite my efforts to appear normal, my mind was elsewhere as I entered Connor's room.

“Good morning,” I said, setting down the container and arranging the small table over his lap.

Connor's ice-blue eyes studied me carefully. I could feel his gaze following my movements, assessing my mood with that perceptive way of his.

“Livvy, what are you thinking about?” he asked gently, reaching for my hand.

I fluttered my lashes and deliberately looked away, trying to sound casual. “Um... that... about Jessica Sullivan. What is going on with her?”

It wasn't entirely a lie. The woman who had kidnapped Grace and nearly stabbed me was certainly on my mind, though not as prominently as Ethan's disturbing behavior.

Connor's lips curled into a faint, meaningful smile. “Are you jealous?” he teased softly.

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+8 Punts >

I puffed my cheeks, feigning indifference. “No way. I just never heard you mention her before, so I’m asking.”

But as I recalled how that woman had kidnapped Grace and nearly stabbed me with a silver dagger, my jealousy quickly transformed into righteous fury. My amber eyes flashed with anger.

“Where did you pick up such a deranged admirer? How can she be so crazy?”

Connor beckoned me closer with a gentle gesture. Obediently, I moved to sit next to his hospital bed, still pouting slightly.

He took my delicate hand in his, his tone becoming serious. “She was my high school classmate. Back then, she was fervently pursuing me. I rejected her clearly. Then, in college, she kept chasing after me, but I never gave her any hope.”

I lowered my gaze, lips pressed together. “That’s it?” I questioned, unconvinced.

Connor gently pinched my cheek, his smile softening. “That’s all. We barely talked.

Didn’t even exchange contact info.”

Still skeptical, I pressed on, “Then how could she persist for ten years? That’s not ten days or ten months.”

Connor sighed helplessly. “How would I know? Everyone around me knew how cold I was to her. In ten years, I barely said a few words.”

I leaned in with feigned accusation, my voice playful but sharp, “Barely? How many, exactly?”

He couldn’t help but laugh. “Five... six... seven... eight sentences, maybe.”

put on a deliberately unreasonable face. “Why say so much to her, huh?”

Amusement and indulgence filled Connor’s ice-blue eyes at my cute jealousy. His

voice was filled with pampering warmth.

“Nothing important. Just back in high school, when she confessed a few times, I turned her down politely. After that, we barely spoke.”

My tone softened but my suspicion remained. “So you truly had no feelings for her? She’s quite pretty, after all.”

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+8 Points

Connor’s gaze was deep and unwavering. “None whatsoever. Because my heart had already been occupied by someone else long ago.”

I pressed coyly, “Someone else? Who might that be?”

He chuckled, “Who do you think?”

I mumbled, “If you don’t tell me, how would I know?” My amber eyes were bright with barely concealed interest.

In Connor’s eyes, my sulky and coquettish demeanor seemed to melt his heart completely. He softly admitted, “Besides you, there has never been anyone else.”

I looked away with a blush. Still, I couldn’t help but think aloud, “When she confessed to you, you were in high school. I was just a little girl then.”

The implication hung heavy between us – surely he didn’t harbor feelings for me so early?

Connor admitted, “I had no intention of dating anyone during high school.”

This sparked my curiosity even further. With my amber eyes blinking, I asked directly,

“Then, when did you start liking me?”

Connor searched his memories. “At first, I truly just saw you as a little sister from a neighboring pack. But when you were in high school, and that bully Liam Davidson harassed you... after I beat him up, I realized my feelings had changed.”

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Chapter **57: Cooperation** in the Shadows—2

I pursed my lips, half reproachful, half shy. “You hid it well.”

+ Points>

He reached out to ruffle my soft honey–brown hair, eyes full of tenderness. “I had to wait for you to grow up.”

A trace of sadness flashed in his gaze. “Once you graduated college, I immediately asked your father for your hand in marriage. But you refused and even ran away from

your pack.”

My cheeks flushed with guilt. I looked away, muttering, “I... I thought my dad was sacrificing me for the pack alliance. How was I supposed to know you’d been

planning this all along? You didn’t tell me anything. So unfair...”

Suddenly, Connor made a pained face and hissed, “Ow, my wound really hurts.”

I panicked instantly, eyes darting to his injury. “Did you move and tear it? I’ll call the doctor!”

Instead, he pulled me gently into his arms, chin resting on my head. His low voice was soft and coaxing.

“Just hold me a bit and it won’t hurt anymore.”

I laughed, realizing his little trick. “You’re teasing me.” The latest_episodes are on_the_find-novel-net

“I’m not,” he murmured, stroking my hair gently. “It really hurts. Be good, let me hold you, then it won’t hurt.”

I nestled quietly into his embrace, feeling his heartbeat and scent envelop me. In his arms, I momentarily forgot all my troubles, including Ethan’s disturbing words. Connor’s warmth was like a shield, protecting me from the chaos that seemed

determined to follow us.

(Ethan’s POV)

I stumbled through the hotel lobby, my head pounding from a night of heavy drinking. The memory of Olivia’s car lurching toward me, the cold determination in her amber eyes as she rejected me completely—it was all too much.

“Mr. Grey.”

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+ Points >

A crisp female voice cut through my alcohol-induced haze. I turned, surprised to see a young woman draped head-to-toe in luxury brands. Her face was unfamiliar, though something about her appearance suggested connections to the Rivers family.

“Do we know each other?” I asked, approaching warily.

The woman leaned back lazily on the sofa, raising her chin slightly. “We’re about to.”

Her confidence was irritating, but I was intrigued enough to sit across from her. My tone remained guarded.

“Who are you?”

She smiled faintly. “Natalie Hughes, the adopted daughter of the Grey pack.”

I frowned, instantly alert. “Grey pack? You mean Connor Rivers’ pack?”

“That’s right,” Natalie confirmed lightly, then dropped her proposition. “Care to orking with me?”

sed, I asked bluntly, “What kind of cooperation?”

Her lips curled with a cold sneer. “To break apart Connor Rivers and Olivia Winters.”

I scrutinized her suspiciously. This could easily be a trap, some kind of test from the Rivers family.

“And why should I believe you?”

Natalie let out a short laugh. “Because the one I love is Connor Rivers. No one wants them torn apart more than I do.”

She extended a business card toward me. “I know you’ve been desperately seeking investment lately for your business ventures. Contact this person – he’ll invest in your company.”

Her eyes narrowed with calculation. “But... the condition for that investment is simple: work with me to destroy their relationship.”

I glanced at the card, feeling dark emotions stirring within me. The offer was tempting—not just the investment, but the alliance with someone who shared my goal.

“Even without your investment, I’ll do everything to break them apart. Olivia can only

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belong to me.”

Natalie’s smile deepened, her lips curling with triumph. “Then, Mr. Grey, happy cooperation?”

I hesitated, still wary. Something about this seemed too convenient, too perfect.

“I’ll verify your identity before I respond.”

“Sure.” Natalie calmly replied.

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Whisper 105

Chapter 58: Unexpected **Encounter**—1

Chapter 58: Unexpected Encounter

(Ethan's POV)

The drone of yet another airplane engine still echoed in my ears as I stared out the car window. These past weeks had been nothing but a blur of hotel rooms, conference tables, and rejection after rejection.

"No investment opportunities in Harbor City at all?" Jason asked, breaking the silence as he navigated through evening traffic.

I rubbed my temples, exhaustion seeping into my bones. "Not a single one. The Grey name might as well be poison right now."

The scandals had hit us hard. My mother's schemes, Cassandra's manipulations, and my own mistakes had tarnished our reputation beyond immediate repair. Now I was forced to travel to neighboring cities, practically begging for investment.

"The meeting tonight looks promising though," Jason offered, ever the optimist.

I nodded absently, my mind elsewhere. My fingers moved automatically to my phone, opening the photo gallery I'd been obsessing over for weeks. There she was—Olivia, her amber eyes bright with happiness, her honey-brown hair catching the sunlight as she smiled up at me.

The photos were from happier times, before I'd ruined everything with my blindness and stupidity. Before I'd lost her to Connor Rivers.

(Jason's POV)

I glanced over at Ethan as we waited at a traffic light. He was scrolling through

photos again—always the same ones of him and Olivia. The sight made something twist uncomfortably in my chest.

This wasn't the confident, sometimes arrogant Ethan Grey I'd known for years. This man was hollow-eyed and desperate, clinging to memories like a drowning man to driftwood.

Suddenly, he leaned toward me with a wistful smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

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Chapter 58 Unexpected E

“Look how happy we were back then.”

+8 Points >

He held up his phone, showing a picture of them at some garden party. Olivia's smile was radiant, while Ethan looked distracted, his gaze not quite meeting the camera.

I said nothing, remembering the platinum promise ring he'd asked me to source from France. “For when I win her back,” he'd said with such conviction. Yet he'd also once declared that pursuing another man's fiancée was dishonorable.

The contradiction was just one more sign of how far he'd fallen. At social gatherings, he now drank alone in corners, sometimes calling Olivia's name in his drunken haze. It was painful to witness.

I wanted to ask about the ring—whether he'd given it to her during their confrontation at the hospital—but something in his fragile smile stopped me. Instead, I just sighed heavily, watching my friend deceive himself with memories of happiness that, looking at the photos more carefully, might never have been as perfect as he remembered.

(Ethan's POV)

The light changed, and Jason eased the car forward into the congested city center. Rush hour traffic crawled along, giving me too much time with my thoughts.

I leaned back, staring blankly out the window at the passing storefronts and pedestrians. My mind drifted to the investment meeting ahead, wondering if this would be another dead end or if-

My heart stopped.

"Stop the car!" I blurted out, sitting bolt upright.

Jason hit the brakes, startled. "What? What is it?"

I didn't answer, my eyes locked on the sidewalk where two figures walked side by side. One was unmistakable—Olivia, her honey-brown hair catching the streetlights, her delicate profile turned up toward her companion.

And beside her walked a tall man with an imposing presence, impeccably dressed in what was clearly a custom suit. Even from this distance, his aristocratic features and commanding aura were unmistakable.

"She recovered pretty quickly. Tough luck, that one," I muttered bitterly, unable to tear

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Chapter 58 Unexpected E

my eyes away from the sight of them laughing together.

Without thinking, I flung open the car door and stepped out into the evening air.

"Ethan, wait-" Jason called after me, but I was already striding toward the pair, drawn by some magnetic pull I couldn't resist.

(Olivia's POV)

"I can't believe you convinced me to let you out of the house," I said, shaking my head as Connor and I walked toward the restaurant.

His recovery had been slower than either of us wanted, the silver poisoning lingering in his system despite my careful nursing. For a week, I'd kept him *on* a strict diet of healing broths with special herbs, watching his every move *to* ensure he didn't reopen his wound.

“If I had to eat one more bowl of that bland broth, I might have howled in protest,” Connor teased, his ice-blue eyes twinkling with mischief.

I couldn’t help but smile. “It was for your own good.”

“I know,” he said, his *voice* softening as he placed his hand gently at the small of my back. “And I appreciate *your* care more than you know.”

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Whisper 106

Chapter 58: Unexpected Encounter–2

The warmth of his touch sent pleasant shivers up my spine. After everything we’d been through—the failed engagement ceremony, Grace’s k*****g, Connor’s injury—these small moments of normalcy felt precious.

My stomach growled audibly, and Connor laughed. “Someone’s hungry.”

I blushed. “I barely had time for breakfast this morning before rushing to Moonlaw. The case files are piling up.”

We reached the entrance of the restaurant, an old establishment both of us had frequented since childhood. Despite its unassuming exterior, it was one of Riverdale’s finest dining spots, and the line of waiting patrons stretched down the block.

Thankfully, I’d had the foresight to reserve a private room. I pulled out my phone to scan the QR code at the entrance, eager to follow the host inside and finally satisfy my hunger.

“Liv!”

The desperate, longing voice cut through the evening chatter like a knife. My body tensed instantly, recognizing it before I even turned around.

I looked back to see Jason Mitchell standing awkwardly beside Ethan Grey, whose blue eyes were fixed on me with an intensity that made my skin crawl.

Instinctively, I moved closer to Connor, whose body had gone rigid beside me, a protective tension radiating from him.

(Olivia's POV)

Jason approached first, his smile friendly but uncertain. "Long time no see, Liv. So, you're from Riverdale? You never mentioned that before."

I nodded politely. Unlike many in Ethan's circle, Jason had always treated me with respect, never looking down on me for my perceived lower status.

"Long time no see," I replied, deliberately ignoring Ethan's burning gaze.

(Jason's POV)

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Chapter 58 Unexpected E

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I glanced at the imposing man standing protectively beside Olivia. His presence was overwhelming—not just physically tall and powerfully built, but radiating an authority that seemed to compress the air around him.

"And this is...?" I asked, though I had a sinking feeling I already knew.

Olivia's face softened as she looked up at her companion, her voice carrying unmistakable pride and affection. "This is my fiancé, Connor Rivers."

The name hit me like a physical blow. "You're... you're Connor Rivers?"

Though I'd never met him in person, his reputation preceded him everywhere in our circles. The Rivers family heir, the powerful president of Rivers Group—a man whose influence and wealth dwarfed even the Grey family's at their peak.

Suddenly, Ethan's obsession seemed not just unhealthy but dangerous. This wasn't some random man he could intimidate or outmaneuver. This was Connor Rivers, and the cold fury in his ice-blue eyes made it clear he knew exactly who Ethan was.

(Connor's POV)

recognized Ethan Grey instantly. The man who had hurt Olivia, who had treated her as a replacement, who had the audacity to confront her at the hospital while I was recovering from a wound that nearly killed me.

My jaw tightened, ice-blue eyes locking onto him with murderous intent. The air around us chilled as I let my dominance flow freely, a silent warning that this man was treading on dangerous ground.

"Do you have any business here?" I spat out, fighting the urge to physically place myself between him and Olivia.

The shorter man—Jason, apparently—visibly shivered under the weight of my presence. He scratched his head awkwardly, clearly trying to defuse the tension.

"I was wondering if we might have the honor of dining together?" he suggested with a nervous smile.

(Olivia's POV)

My patience was wearing thin. After a long day at work with barely any food, the last thing I wanted was to deal with Ethan Grey's desperate attempts to insert himself

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<Chapter 58 Unexpected E

back into my life.

+8 Paints

Connor was still recovering, and I needed to get him seated and fed, not standing on the sidewalk confronting my ex.

"You may join, Jason," I said bluntly, then pointed directly at Ethan. "But he definitely cannot." Find the newest release on

(Ethan's POV)

Her rejection cut through me like a silver blade. After weeks of trying *to* reach her, of planning what I would say when we finally met again, to be dismissed so coldly in front of Connor Rivers was unbearable.

My expression darkened as I stared at her, drinking in the sight of her face even as she looked at me with such indifference. How could she have moved on so completely when I was still drowning in regret?

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< Chapter 59 Cooperation i

+8 Points >

Chapter **59: Cooperation** in Ashes—1

Chapter 59: Cooperation in Ashes

(Olivia's POV)

I had just settled into my seat at the restaurant when movement caught my eye. Ethan Grey was approaching a nearby table where a young couple had just been seated. My stomach tightened with irritation. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

"Can you give me your spot? I'll pay," Ethan said to the man, his voice carrying clearly to our table.

The girl's eyes lit up with interest. "How much are you willing to pay?"

"Five thousand dollars, is that enough?" Ethan replied without hesitation.

The girl's eyes widened slightly. "Are you serious?"

Ethan nodded. "Of course. Just open your payment app; I'll transfer it now."

Delighted, the girl quickly showed her code. When the money arrived, she happily dragged her boyfriend away. With a faint smile, Ethan pulled out the chair and sat down at the now-vacant table right next to ours, leisurely pouring himself a cup of

tea.

I refused to acknowledge his presence, focusing instead on the menu in front of me. Connor's hand found mine under the table, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

(Jason's POV)

I stared at Ethan, completely dumbfounded. Had he really just spent five thousand dollars just to sit beside Olivia? This was a new level of desperation, even for him.

I glanced at Olivia, who was calmly ordering several signature dishes, plus an iced drink. Her complete indifference to Ethan's presence was striking. She didn't even spare him a glance.

Helplessly, I moved to sit opposite Ethan at our newly purchased table. The tension in the air was thick enough to cut with a knife.

Ethan's eyes never left Olivia. It was painful to watch him stare so hungrily at

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someone who was treating him as if he were invisible.

(Olivia's POV)

+8 Points >

When my iced drink arrived, Ethan couldn't seem to help himself from meddling in my business.

"Your period is coming soon, don't drink cold stuff," he said, his voice carrying that familiar condescending tone.

I inwardly rolled my eyes. Deliberately, I took two big sips of the icy drink, letting my face bloom into a sweet, satisfied smile. Then I turned to Connor beside me.

"I haven't had this in so long; it tastes just like before," I said softly. "Con, want to try?"

I knew my eyes were sparkling as I offered the drink to Connor. He naturally took my cup, drinking from the same straw I had just used. The intimacy of the gesture wasn't lost on anyone at the table.

Connor's ice-blue eyes met mine with warmth as he handed the cup back. "It's good.

Sweet, just like you."

—

I felt my cheeks flush with pleasure at his words. This wasn't for show – this was us, natural and comfortable with each other.

(Jason's POV)

Watching Olivia and Connor, I instantly understood what I was seeing. This was no arranged engagement of convenience. Their closeness was real and effortless.

I couldn't help but peek at Ethan, who sat rigid beside me. His jaw was clenched tight, his gaze glued painfully to Olivia with a mix of anger and wounded pride. His fingers had whitened around the teacup, gripping it so hard I thought it might shatter.

"Have you ordered?" I asked, trying to distract him.

Ethan ignored me completely, still fixated on Olivia, lost in his own turbulent emotions. I could only sigh inwardly at my friend's futile stubbornness and start

scanning the menu myself.

The waiter approached, and I ordered a few dishes, knowing Ethan wouldn't bother.

(Olivia's POV)

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Chapter 59 Cooperation i

+8 Powds >

Soon, the dishes I'd ordered were served. The aroma of perfectly seasoned venison filled the air as the waiter placed it in the center of our table.

From the corner of my eye, I noticed Ethan's gaze darkening further. He frowned, blurting out, "Aren't you allergic to venison? Why did you order it?"

I paid him no heed, happily enjoying the meat that Connor had so considerately cut into bite-sized pieces for me. The rich flavor burst on my tongue, reminding me of childhood dinners in Riverdale.

Jason awkwardly coughed from the next table. "Ethan, maybe... Olivia was never allergic. She just didn't eat venison with you because you're allergic to the herb seasoning they use."

This revelation seemed to stun Ethan. "What did you say?"

"She's not allergic," Jason continued softly. "I once saw her with her colleagues eating a whole table of herb-seasoned venison."

The shock on Ethan's face was mixed with disbelief and sour regret. "Really?"

"Why would I lie?" replied Jason.

(Ethan's POV)

An acid pang shot through my chest at Jason's words. For three years, Olivia had never ordered venison when we dined together. I'd always assumed she shared my

allergy to the herb seasoning.

But she hadn't been allergic at all. She'd simply been accommodating me, making a silent concession I'd never even noticed or appreciated.

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Whisper 108

Chapter 59: Cooperation in Ashes—2

My gaze drifted back to her. She was smiling radiantly while savoring a perfectly cooked piece of venison, animatedly sharing something with Connor.

“Yesterday, I won a really tough case,” she was saying, her amber eyes bright with pride. “The evidence alone was over five hundred pages.”

Connor listened patiently, cutting more meat for her, his ice-blue eyes gentle with interest. “What kind of case?”

“Defamation. I spent over a month gathering all the evidence with the client. It was exhausting, but worth it to win.”

Her face glowed with excitement as she showed him a photo on her phone. “Look, the client even gave me a banner to thank me!”

She looked like a child flaunting a gold star—pure, proud, eager for praise. I’d never seen this side of her during our relationship. Or perhaps I had, but never bothered to notice.

(Olivia’s POV)

“Our big lawyer Liv is incredible,” Connor said, his deep voice filled with indulgent affection.

I blinked playfully at him. “Just average, really.”

But his praise warmed me through. Connor had always supported my career, never once suggesting I should quit or that my work was less important than his.

I caught a glimpse of Ethan’s face from the corner of my eye. He looked stricken, almost ill. I remembered how he’d once laughed when I told him about winning a case, saying, “All that work for what I spend on a single dinner? Hardly seems worth it.”

At the time, I’d swallowed my hurt, telling myself he just didn’t understand. Now I realized he’d never tried to understand.

Connor’s hand found mine under the table again, his thumb tracing gentle circles on my palm. The simple gesture conveyed more support than Ethan had shown in our

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< Chapter 59 Cooperation i

entire relationship.

(Jason's POV)

+8 Points >

As more dishes arrived at our table, I quietly began to eat. The food was excellent, but the atmosphere was suffocating.

Suddenly, Ethan's chair scraped harshly against the floor. Without saying a word or looking back, he stormed out of the restaurant, his rigid back radiating fury and humiliation.

Heads turned to follow his dramatic exit. Ethan had lost this silent battle and fled in defeat.

I sighed deeply, picking up my chopsticks again. "Well, if he won't eat, I will. Starving here..." I muttered to myself.

Across from me, Olivia and Connor continued their meal as if nothing had happened.

Their bubble of happiness remained intact, completely undisturbed by Ethan's departure.

I couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy. Not for Olivia specifically, but for what they had together – that easy, natural connection that seemed to exclude the rest of the world.

(Ethan's POV)

I returned to my car, hands shaking as I lit a cigarette. The smoke curled around me
Original content can be found at

as city lights flickered outside the windshield, but I barely noticed.

My mind was trapped in a cruel loop, replaying images from moments before. Olivia

and Connor sitting close on the same side of the table, their bodies slightly crowded yet she willingly leaned into him.

Worse, I had noticed her slender leg resting intimately on Connor's thigh beneath the table a gesture of trust and ease she had never shown me, not once in our three

—

years together.

The cigarette burned down, scorching my fingers. The sudden pain snapped me back to reality, and I cursed, flicking the butt out the window.

For three years, I'd had her. And I'd never truly seen her.

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< Chapter 59 Cooperation i.

+8 Points >

Now, watching her with Connor Rivers, I finally understood what I'd lost. She glowed in his presence, comfortable and confident in a way she'd never been with me.

I tormented myself by reliving these scenes over and over. The way she smiled at him. The way she leaned into his touch. The easy intimacy they shared that made my three years with her seem hollow and false.

Taking out my phone, my face twisted with bitterness and surrender, I finally typed out a message to Natalie Hughes: "I agree to cooperate with you."

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Whisper 109

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< Chapter 60. Temptations,

Chapter 60: Temptations, **Investigations**, and Revelations—1

Chapter 60: Temptations, Investigations, and Revelations

(Ethan's POV)

I finished my third cigarette, yet the agitation in my chest refused to subside. The image of Olivia leaning into Connor, her leg casually resting against his thigh, was

burned into my mind like a brand.

+ Pointa

With a frustrated growl, I started the car and headed back to my hotel. The city lights blurred past as I drove too fast, my knuckles white on the steering wheel.

When I finally reached my room, I roughly tugged off my tie and hung up my jacket. The silence of the empty suite pressed in on me, until suddenly—it wasn't empty at

all.

I froze in shock. There, in the center of my king-sized bed, lay Cassandra Evans. She was draped in a seductive black lace slip dress, her body curvaceous and alluring in

the dim light.

"Ethan, you're back," she whispered, her gaze misty and sultry.

The sight ignited something primal in me. My blood surged uncontrollably, my mind exploding into chaos. Though desire was already rising within me, I forced myself to

scowl.

"What are you doing here?"

Cassandra's eyes shimmered provocatively as she shifted on the bed. "Waiting for

you.”

“Get out!” My brows knit tightly, voice laced with cold impatience.

“No.” Her voice deepened with temptation as she stepped off the bed, her every movement calculated to seduce.

She grabbed hold of my tie, smiling with intoxicating charm, and leaned in close. Her breath was warm against my ear. “Tonight, let me stay with you.”

I pushed her away, but it was half-hearted at best. Cassandra seized the moment, tiptoed up and pressed her lips against mine in a passionate kiss.

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Chapter 60 Temptations...

40 Points >

A muffled groan escaped my throat as my resistance collapsed. Instead of pushing her away again, I gave in completely.

The air heated rapidly around us. With sudden hunger, I scooped her up roughly and threw her onto the bed, taking over with feral urgency.

We tumbled into a reckless night of indulgence, lost in lust and tangled sheets. In the darkness behind my closed eyes, I saw amber eyes instead of green, honey-brown hair instead of Cassandra’s darker locks.

Morning light filtered through the curtains as I woke naturally. My head throbbed slightly from last night’s excesses, and as I turned, I found Cassandra’s face inches from mine.

Shock instantly sobered me. I bolted upright, voice sharp and angry. “What are you doing here?”

Cassandra’s cheeks flushed with shyness, yet her tone was coy and victorious.

“Ethan, we were wild all night. You wanted me again and again—don’t you The source of this content is

remember?”

I was stunned into momentary silence. My gaze dropped to the scattered remnants of our night–torn black stockings, a messy pile of clothes on the floor–and fragments of last night’s feverish scenes slammed into my mind.

Disgust and remorse twisted inside me. I cursed under my breath, yanked clean clothes from the closet, and started dressing.

“Where are you going?” Cassandra hurriedly tried to hold onto my arm.

“Let go of me!” I violently flung her hand away. My tone was harsh, laced with self–loathing. “Warning you: Don’t seduce me again. Now my heart belongs only to Olivia!”

Cassandra sneered, her pride wounded but her sarcasm sharp. “Only Olivia? But last night, you obviously enjoyed me so much. Why deny your feelings? You still like me, don’t you?”

My lips curled with bitter contempt. “Don’t you know? Men can separate s*x and love. Besides, when I was with you, the only person I pictured was Olivia. Otherwise, why do you think I took you so many times?”

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2/3

< Chapter 60 Temptations,...

Cassandra’s face drained of color, her voice trembling with rage. “Ethan Grey, you bastard!”

+8 Points >

I buttoned my shirt with a cold, mocking smile tinged with helpless sorrow. “Didn’t you always know I was a bastard? If I wasn’t, would I have cheated on Olivia before

we even broke up? Would I have lost her in the first place?”

Hearing this self–recrimination, Cassandra actually laughed, her eyes flashing a taunting light. “So, you’re perfectly aware of what a scumbag you are. Truly, your shamelessness knows no bounds.”

(Connor's POV)

I sat behind my desk at Rivers Pack Headquarters, eyes narrowed as I studied the reports before me. The silver wound in my side had finally healed enough that I could return to work, though Olivia still fussed over me constantly.

"Well? Have you found out who took Jessica Sullivan that day?" I asked, looking up at Frank Langley.

My senior beta stood at attention, his posture perfect as always. "According to surveillance, the people who kidnapped Grace Winters during the engagement ceremony and those who took Jessica Sullivan away appear to be the same group."

This confirmed my suspicions. The attacks weren't random—they were coordinated.

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Whisper 110

Chapter 60: Temptations, Investigations, and Revelations—2

"We traced her whereabouts," Frank continued. "She's already been smuggled out of the country. However, the identities of those who escorted her remain unknown. Both our private detectives and the police hit dead ends quickly; the clues keep breaking off, as if someone powerful is deliberately covering up." The source of this content is

My fingers tapped rhythmically along the desk, brows drawn tight in contemplation. "Seems the force behind them is formidable."

After a pause, I asked, “Did you check with the Grey family?”

Frank nodded. “Yes, Alpha. Their response remains unchanged—they claim Ethan Grey was unaware that Jessica Sullivan was your former admirer, and they insist it was merely a casual interaction between a man and a woman.”

I kept my expression inscrutable, though internally my suspicions deepened. A larger, more sinister conspiracy seemed to be lurking beneath these recent events.

First Grace’s kidnapping, then the attack on Olivia, and now Jessica Sullivan’s mysterious disappearance—all connected, all pointing to an enemy with resources and patience.

“Keep digging,” I ordered. “And double the security around Olivia. I want her protected at all times.”

(Olivia’s POV)

Friday morning at Moonlaw Legal Services started like any other day. I was reviewing case files when a notification popped up on my phone.

The new litigation department head Caroline Lewis had posted in the group chat: [Tonight, our department dinner party. Voluntary attendance. Time and place to be announced later.]

I smiled to myself. Since Caroline had taken over, the office atmosphere had improved dramatically. Kenneth Westfield had been arrested for statutory rape, and Valerie Pierce had resigned after I successfully sued her for slander.

For the first time since joining Moonlaw, I actually enjoyed coming to work.

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Chapter 60: Temptations.

+8 Points >

My phone buzzed again with a private message from Jade Mitchell: [Lawyer Winters, will you go tonight?]

Since I’d rescued Jade from an assailant a few weeks ago, she’d become something of a loyal admirer. Caroline had even arranged for her to serve as my assistant, and we’d bonded into genuine friends.

I quickly replied, [Sure, since I'm free after work anyway.]

Jade responded cheerfully, [Yay! If you're going, then I'll definitely go!]

The dinner was set in a decent western restaurant. The food was excellent, and the conversation flowed easily among colleagues who, for once, weren't trying to undermine each other.

After eating, someone suggested moving to a bar for drinks. Normally, I would have declined, but after everything I'd been through recently—Grace's k*****g, Connor's injury, the failed engagement ceremony—I was exhausted and tightly wound.

Maybe it was time to let myself relax a little.

"Sure, why not?" I agreed, surprising even myself.

We headed to a quiet lounge—style bar, where laughter and conversation swirled around us. Though my alcohol tolerance was poor, I accepted a cocktail, then another.

Soon my cheeks were flushing bright pink, and my mind growing pleasantly hazy. The tension I'd been carrying for weeks began to melt away.

By my third drink, I was giggling uncontrollably, teetering unsteadily on my barstool. "Let me tell you, I... I'm the Monkey King of Flower—Fruit Mountain, the Great Sage Equal to Heaven! You all... you all better bow down before me!"

Some of my colleagues, tipsy themselves, collapsed over the table snoring. Others who remained sober—including Jade, who didn't drink at all—watched with amusement, recording my antics on their phones.

Jade laughed along, calling out, "Pay respects to the Monkey King!"

I burst into more giggles. "And my fiancé, he's... he's the best fiancé in the world, you know? He's liked me for a long, long time... hee hee hee..."

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< Chapter 60 Temptations...

Jade teased, "Oh? So much sweetness!"

+8 Points

"I'll tell you a secret, but don't laugh," I continued, eyes glassy with drunken mirth. "My fiancé, even though he looks so amazing, actually... he kinda has a problem in the bed

n

Someone else nearby, still sober, prodded curiously, "What problem?"

I just giggled foolishly again, swaying slightly on my seat. "Well, I'm not afraid of you laughing at me, my fiancé... he seems to have a bit of an issue with... you know... that..."

(Adrian's POV)

I was nursing my moonlight wine at the bar counter when I overheard the drunken

woman's words. Her honey-brown hair was slightly disheveled, her amber eyes unfocused as she giggled about her fiancé's apparent bedroom problems.

"Pfft-"I nearly choked from amusement at the revelation that "your fiancé has a problem in that department."

After I finished laughing, I quickly whipped out my phone. I recognized the woman from Harbor City's social events—Olivia Winters, now engaged to Connor Rivers but formerly Ethan Grey's girlfriend.

This was too good not to share. I tapped out a message to Ethan, whom I knew through Harbor City's elite social circles: [Heard that you have some, uh, 'bed performance issues'?]

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