

# Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress novel

Chapter 11 : Glacier Blue Bentley Encounter Chapter 11 : Glacier Blue Bentley Encounter ( Olivia's POV ) The glacier blue Bentley Continental GT gleamed in the morning sunlight , its unique color catching my eye immediately . I had never seen such a stunning shade on a vehicle before - it reminded me of ice crystals reflecting winter light , elegant and breathtaking . Henry Morris stood beside it , his posture perfect as always .

Connor's beta assistant was the epitome of professionalism , dressed in an impeccable tailored suit that spoke of his position within the Rivers pack . " It's beautiful , " I whispered , unable to hide my genuine reaction . Henry's usually stoic expression softened slightly . " Mr. Rivers selected this specific color himself . He was quite particular about it . " I approached the vehicle slowly , almost afraid to touch something so pristine .

The craftsmanship was exquisite , from the sleek lines to the handcrafted details that made Bentley one of the most prestigious automotive brands in the world . Henry extended his hand , offering me the key with a slight bow . " Miss Winters , this is a gift from Mr. Rivers . " As I accepted the key , a subtle ripple passed through my heart . The cool metal against my palm felt significant somehow , weighted with meaning beyond its function . Connor Rivers ' generosity was undeniable .

Such a car cost well over \$ 400,000 , yet in our social circle , gifting a luxury vehicle to a fiancée was commonplace . Still , after years of living modestly and cutting myself off from my wealthy Winters family roots , the scale of this gesture felt surreal . My phone rang , and Connor's name flashed on the screen . I answered immediately . " Do you like the car ? " His tone was casual , as if discussing a simple lunch rather than an extravagant gift . " I really like it .

Thank you , Con , " I answered gently , running my fingers along the smooth door handle . His voice softened into a mellow caress . " I remembered you like blue . " < Chapter 11 Glacier Blue Bent This surprised me . I couldn't recall ever explicitly telling him about my color preference . 425 Puntos Connor chuckled , the sound warm through the phone . " When I tutored you that notebooks and pens were light blue . " year , all your The detail stirred something deep within me .

Indeed , I had always loved blue , and this particular shade on the Bentley had stunned me at first sight . It was exactly the color I would have chosen myself . " The moment I saw this car , I thought you'd like it , " Connor continued warmly . " It's compact , perfect for you . " " I'll try driving it later , " I replied softly , touched by his thoughtfulness . After hanging up , I sat in the driver's seat , my hands resting on the steering wheel .

The interior smelled of premium leather and new car , but it was the emotions swirling inside me that overwhelmed my senses . I had a license and plenty of driving experience from these past three years , but I had always driven Ethan's cars - more like a chauffeur than a girlfriend . When Ethan went out drinking , I was summoned to pick him up , regardless of the hour or my own schedule .

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I'd heard he once gifted his ex - girlfriend Cassandra a BMW worth over \$ 80,000 right after their breakup . Yet , knowing my work as a lawyer demanded mobility , he never once considered buying me a car . It was never about the vehicle itself , but about the stark contrast in how he treated me versus how Connor did . To Ethan Grey , my existence never truly warranted such care or respect . This comparison cut painfully deep , exposing just how shabby Ethan's so - called affection really was .

A surprised shriek suddenly snapped me from my reverie . " Wow ! This car is so beautiful ! I've always wanted to buy it , but I couldn't bear to spend the money . " It was Cassandra's voice , high - pitched with excitement . Looking out , I saw her and Ethan walking toward the driveway . Cassandra's gaze was glued to the Bentley , openly coveting it .

Despite being childhood friends with Ethan and their families once being close , her own family's fortunes had sharply declined in recent years . Her father's business was failing , and now their only hope was her marrying into the Grey family . Faced with her dream car , Cassandra greedily caressed the hood , marveling at every inch of < Chapter 11 : Glacier Blue Bent ... the gleaming exterior .

+25 Puntos > " Ethan , take a photo of me , " she demanded , fixing her hair against the car's reflective window . The Bentley's glass was one - way ; inside , I observed the scene as if watching from behind a screen . Cassandra posed dramatically , using the car as her personal backdrop without any awareness that I was sitting inside . At the height of her self - admiration , I decided to make my presence known . I lowered the window smoothly , our eyes meeting suddenly .

With a sweet smile , I greeted her . " Hello . " Cassandra froze in shock , her mouth falling open . " Olivia Winters ? Why is it you ? ! " Her expression shifted rapidly from surprise to confusion to anger . She clearly couldn't comprehend how I could be sitting in the driver's seat of such a luxury vehicle . Just then , Ethan approached , frowning deeply . Without a hint of inquiry about the situation , he immediately assumed the worst . " Why did you rent a Bentley ?

" His expression was full of disdain , as if my worth only extended to borrowed luxury . Cassandra , quickly regaining her composure , sneered . " Miss Winters , renting a car just to pose ? A Bentley rental isn't cheap - it must cost you a month's income for a single photo , right ? " Ethan's brow furrowed further , his contempt unfiltered . " Olivia ,

since when have you become so vain ? Renting a flashy car for pictures ? Are you crazy ?

" Cassandra added mockingly , " Yes , Miss Winters , everyone knows your income . Even if you post those photos , people will only say you're pretending . Why bother ? " Their immediate assumption that I couldn't possibly own such a car spoke volumes about how they viewed me . After three years together , Ethan still saw me as someone beneath him , someone who would need to rent luxury items to appear worthy . " You seem very familiar with renting luxury cars , " I responded calmly .

" Is it because you've rented them before ? " The smile on Cassandra's face faltered , her lie exposed . Indeed , she had rented a Lamborghini before - worth over \$ 100,000 - to show off in her social circle when her father refused to buy her one . But now , she clung to her pride . " I don't need to rent . When I was abroad , I drove a Lamborghini 3/4 < Chapter 11 : Glacier Blue Bent worth much more than this . " +25 Puntos > I quirked a brow , seeing through her facade . " Oh ?

How come I haven't seen you driving it ? " Cassandra lied effortlessly , her eyes never wavering . " I got tired of it . Those flashy cars aren't really for women . I recently switched to a Panamera . Maybe I'll let you take photos with it someday , free of charge . " Her tone dripped with scorn . Yet I knew that Panamera was a second - hand purchase to keep up appearances , given her family's financial ruin .

The information had come through Connor's network - he had mentioned it casually during one of our conversations , not to gossip but to warn me about her potential desperation . Feigning innocence , I teased , " Oh - is that so ? You wanted some photos earlier , right ? I can lend you this Bentley for a shot . " Cassandra's face darkened immediately . " No need . " Her pride wouldn't allow her to accept anything from me , especially now that she realized the car might actually belong to me .

On the sidelines , Ethan's voice pierced coldly once again . " Olivia , why didn't I realize before how vain you really are ? "

Chapter 12 : Territorial Claims - 1 Chapter 12 : Territorial Claims ( Olivia's POV ) " Yes , " I replied calmly to Ethan's accusation of vanity , " because you don't really know me . " The truth of my words hung in the air between us . After three years together , Ethan Grey still had no idea who I truly was . The realization should have hurt , but instead , it felt liberating . I turned to Cassandra with a mischievous glint in my eye . " Miss Evans , really don't want a photo ?

If not , I'm driving away . " Cassandra's face turned an interesting shade of green with frustration . I could practically see the internal battle raging inside her . The glacier blue Bentley Continental GT was exactly the kind of luxury she desperately wanted to flaunt on social media , but her pride wouldn't allow her to ask me for anything . " I don't care , " she forced herself to say stiffly , her voice tight with barely contained envy . " Okay then , bye - bye !

" I waved cheekily , enjoying this rare moment of having the upper hand . I stepped on the accelerator , and the powerful engine responded immediately . The blue Bentley shot forward smoothly , leaving them behind in a cloud of dust . Through my rearview mirror , I caught a glimpse of their stunned expressions growing smaller as the distance between us increased .

The satisfaction I felt was petty , perhaps , but after enduring weeks of their deliberate humiliation , this small victory tasted incredibly sweet . As I drove away, I could still see them in my rearview mirror . Cassandra's jealousy was palpable even from a distance as she turned to Ethan . " Ethan , why would you be interested in such a vain woman ? " her voice carried faintly on the wind . Ethan rubbed his brow , a hint of annoyance surfacing on his handsome face .

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" She wasn't always like this . I don't know what's gotten into her lately , forcing me to marry her and even renting a car , " His words stung despite my best efforts to remain indifferent . Forcing him to marry me ? Is that what he truly believed ? The memory of his own proposal three years ago flashed through my mind - how eagerly he had pursued me after Cassandra left for her studies abroad .

1.3 < Chapter 12 Territorial Claims ... Cassandra feigned sympathy , crossing her arms over her chest . " She probably feels threatened since I'm close to you . Renting the car must be her way to fit into our circle . " +25 Puntos She clicked her tongue , adding with false pity , " But a rented car is still just rented . In the end , she can only take a few photos before returning it . How pathetic . " Ethan's voice carried his clear distaste . " Enough , I'm embarrassed for her .

" He turned and left Cassandra outside the Moonlight Manor , as if distancing himself from the entire farce . Their assumptions about me renting the car rather than owning it spoke volumes about how little they thought of me . I drove the Bentley around Harbor City for a while , letting the smooth handling and powerful engine calm my nerves . The luxury of the vehicle was undeniable - the buttery soft leather seats , the responsive steering , the quiet purr of the engine .

Connor had chosen well . After clearing my mind with the drive , I parked the Bentley discreetly in a paid lot outside the Moonlight Manor . I deliberately avoided the garage - we weren't at the point of tearing off all pretense yet . Not long ago , I had considered confessing my true identity and background to Ethan . Now , I no longer saw the need . Let him believe what he wanted about me . In just over a week , I would be gone from his life completely .

That night , I brought home takeout from a specialty restaurant and sat down at the dining table as if nothing was amiss . I opened the boxes filled with spicy venison and herb - crusted rabbit , the rich aroma instantly filling the room . The scent of seasoned

crawfish and chili - rubbed wild boar wafted through the air , making my mouth water in anticipation . I noticed Ethan's gaze drawn helplessly to my meal , his mouth watering against his will as the spicy scent awakened his appetite .

Compared to his bland vegetarian plates - Cassandra's preferred diet - my food looked infinitely more tempting . I suppressed a smile , remembering how much Ethan had always loved spicy food . Memories flashed of past dates when I would peel crawfish for him with my slender fingers , feeding him bite after bite . He would close his eyes in pleasure , savoring the spicy , succulent meat . Now , I dexterously peeled the crawfish for myself , enjoying each morsel without offering him any .

I could feel his eyes on me , watching my every move with an intensity that spoke of more than just hunger for food . 2/3 < Chapter 12 : Territorial Claims ... +25 Puntos 2  
When I caught him staring , I swallowed and asked bluntly , " What is it ? Why are you looking at me ? " Embarrassed at being caught , Ethan coughed and pretended indifference . " Can you not eat such pungent things ? "

Chapter 12 : Territorial Claims - 2 Before I could answer , Cassandra , sitting nearby , interjected sharply , " Ugh , the poorer someone is , the more they like heavy , spicy flavors . Miss Winters , that smell is awful . Maybe take it outside ? " The irony wasn't lost on me - Ethan was just craving these very dishes moments ago , yet Cassandra now used them as a class insult . I wondered if he would defend me or his own preferences .

He did neither , sitting in uncomfortable silence as Cassandra continued her tirade against my " low - class " food choices . I licked my lips provocatively and deliberately stirred the pot . " Miss Evans , it seems you don't really know Ethan . Why don't you ask him if he likes spicy food ? " Cassandra looked stunned and turned to Ethan , clearly expecting him to side with her refined palate . His brow twitched , unwilling to expose himself , and he simply picked up some plain vegetables .

" Forget her , let's just eat , " he muttered , avoiding both our gazes . Ignoring their awkwardness , I happily finished my entire spicy feast , humming with satisfaction at each delicious bite . The tension at the table was palpable , but for once , I wasn't the one feeling uncomfortable . After dinner , Cassandra strutted around the living room like she already owned the place . She began nitpicking everything I had once lovingly arranged .

" Ethan , these curtains are ugly , " she declared , running her fingers along the fabric I had carefully selected to complement the room's color scheme . She moved to the antique vase I had found at a local market . " That vase clashes horribly with the decor . " Her gaze then fell on the fresh flowers I had arranged that morning . She wrinkled her nose and complained , " And those flowers - I'm allergic to pollen , can you toss them out ? "

" Ethan , seeking to appease her , said perfunctorily , " Change whatever you don't like .  
" His gaze flickered to me , almost as if testing my reaction . " Since you're allergic ,  
throw them away . " I sat quietly , keeping my expression neutral as I watched their little  
performance . This wasn't 1/3 < Chapter 12. Territorial Claims ... +25 Puntos truly my  
home anymore , so what did it matter if she wanted to redecorate ?

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In a week's time , I would be gone , and she could paint the walls neon pink for all I  
cared . Cassandra mistook my silence for defeat and smirked triumphantly , feeling she  
had won this silent battle . Her eyes gleamed with satisfaction as she continued pointing  
out everything she wanted to change . Ethan called out to Martha , instructing her coldly  
 , " Get rid of these flowers . " Martha hesitated , her loyalty to me evident in her  
reluctance .

She whispered , " But sir, Miss Winters bought those . " His face darkened at her  
defiance . " So what ? Do you forget who pays your salary ? " The threat was clear -  
Martha's position depended on her obedience to him , not her affection for me . I felt a  
pang of sympathy for the housekeeper caught in our power struggle . " It's fine , Martha  
 , " I interjected softly . " Just throw them out .

" The loyal housekeeper reluctantly obeyed , though I could see her cursing inwardly at  
the " crazy master and crazy lady . " I knew she particularly resented the gloomy days of  
bland vegetarian meals since Cassandra's arrival . Cassandra , emboldened by her  
victory with the flowers , clung coquettishly to Ethan's arm . " Ethan , tomorrow come  
shopping for curtains with me . " Ethan glanced instinctively at me , perhaps expecting  
jealousy or protest .

Instead , he found me utterly calm , devoid of any visible reaction . My indifference  
seemed to irritate him more than any angry outburst would have . Wasn't I too obedient  
 , too silent ? Wasn't a hint of jealousy normal ? The very qualities he once appreciated  
in me - my patience , my understanding - now seemed to frustrate him . Cassandra  
shook his arm impatiently when he didn't immediately respond . " Ethan , did you hear  
me ?

" He pulled back his gaze from me , suppressing whatever emotions were brewing  
beneath his surface . " Mm , " he answered with a low , muffled sound of agreement .  
The next day , while I was out running errands , Cassandra went on her shopping spree  
 . When I returned to Moonlight Manor , the place was in chaos . Workers moved  
throughout the house , removing curtains , replacing decorative items , and rearranging  
furniture .

Cassandra had ostentatiously purchased a mountain of home decor , commanding the  
staff to replace everything I had once carefully selected . 213 < Chapter 12 Territorial  
Claims +25 Puntos > My curtains , chosen for their subtle pattern that caught the



morning light just so , were being tossed unceremoniously into large trash bags . The artwork I had selected to complement the manor's architecture was being replaced with gaudy , oversized pieces that overwhelmed the space .

Everything that had once made this place feel like home to me was being ruthlessly discarded . When our eyes met across the chaotic living room , Cassandra's gaze was smug and victorious . I simply swept my eyes over the busy workers and the piles of new furnishings before turning silently toward the stairs . Let her have her petty victory . Let her mark her territory like an animal claiming a new den . In my room , I methodically began packing what I planned to take with me to Riverdale .

I sorted through my belongings , deciding what to discard and what to keep , leaving out only the necessities for my remaining days here . I had hoped for a peaceful coexistence in these final days at Moonlight Manor , but Cassandra clearly intended to force me out by any means necessary . Comentarios

### Chapter 13 : Shattered Memories - 1 Chapter 13 : Shattered Memories ( Olivia's POV )

The warm water cascaded over my skin as I soaked in the bathtub , trying to wash away the stress of the upcoming territory dispute hearing . Tomorrow would be a crucial day - the formal proceedings that would determine the boundaries between the Grey and Rivers packs . I closed my eyes , letting the lavender - scented bubbles soothe my frayed nerves .

The past few days had been a constant battle with Cassandra's territorial marking of Moonlight Manor . Every corner now bore her touch , erasing my presence bit by bit . A sharp crash from my bedroom jolted me from my thoughts . My heart raced as I quickly rinsed the soap from my skin . Something was wrong . Very wrong . I hastily threw on my cotton pajamas , not bothering to dry myself properly . Water dripped from my honey - brown hair as I rushed out of the bathroom .

What greeted me stopped my heart cold . Scattered across my hardwood floor were fragments of light blue ceramic . Not just any ceramic - my cherished wolf figurine . The one I had crafted with my mother on my twelfth birthday . The figurine that had our names - Olivia Winters and Sarah Winters - engraved on its base . The last gift from my mother before she died . Blood rushed to my head , fury blazing through my veins like wildfire .

My vision blurred with rage as I stared at the shattered remains of my most precious possession . " Who was it ! " I roared , my voice unrecognizable even to myself . I stormed out of my room , determined to find the culprit who had dared to destroy the only physical connection I had left to my mother . banged violently on Ethan's bedroom door across the hall , my fist pounding against the wood with enough force to hurt my knuckles . " Ethan ! Cassandra ! Which one of you entered my room ?

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" I demanded , my voice echoing through the corridor . The door swung open to reveal Ethan's irritated face . His blue eyes narrowed as he took in my 1/3 < Chapter 13 Shattered Memor ..... disheveled appearance . +25 Puntos > " What are you yelling about in the middle of the night ? Can't you let people sleep ? " he snapped impatiently . My chest heaved with anger as I glared fiercely at him . My voice trembled with barely contained fury . " Ethan , did you just go into my room ?

" He frowned , his expression cold and dismissive . " Who would go into your room ? Stop making a fuss . I've been here reviewing contracts the whole time . " Without wasting another word , I turned sharply on my heel . If not Ethan , then there was only one other suspect . I strode purposefully toward the corridor's end where Cassandra's guest room was located . I could hear Ethan's footsteps behind me , following with obvious concern that things would escalate .

I kicked forcefully at Cassandra's door , not caring about propriety or manners anymore . " Cassandra ! Open up ! " I shouted , my voice raw with emotion . I sensed Ethan hesitating behind me . This wasn't the gentle , easily bullied Olivia he knew . The woman who always backed down , who always accommodated others at her own expense . That Olivia was gone . Cassandra finally opened the door slowly , her eyes filled with annoyance . " Olivia , are you insane ?

" Without hesitation , I grabbed her wrist and dragged her roughly toward my bedroom . She struggled desperately , stumbling along as I pulled her with strength I didn't know I possessed . " Let go of me ! Olivia , let go ! " she cried , her voice rising in panic . I ignored her protests , yanking her inside my room before flinging her away from me . Cassandra staggered backward , banging her knee painfully against a cabinet . " Are you crazy ? " she shrieked , rubbing her injured knee .

I stood over her , my voice dropping to an ice - cold menace that made her shrink back . " Did you smash my ceramic wolf figurine ? Why were you in my room ? " Cassandra's eyes flickered evasively , guilt written all over her face . " I ... I didn't ! I was in my < Chapter 13 Shattered Memor room the whole time , don't accuse me ! " +25 Puntos > I fixed my sharp gaze on her , watching her squirm under my scrutiny . " Really ?

Because when I came out of the bathroom , I just happened to glimpse a beige skirt at the door . " At that , Cassandra blurted out , " You're lying ! When I went over , I was wearing a gray skirt - this beige dress I just changed ... " Her voice trailed off as she realized her mistake . Her eyes widened in panic as she understood she'd been tricked into admitting her presence in my room . My tone turned frosty as I cut her off . " So , this beige dress is what you just put on , isn't it ?

What exactly were you doing in my room ? " Under my terrifying glare , Cassandra shuddered involuntarily . " I ... I was just wandering around ... " " Why would you



wander into my room for no reason ? " I pressed relentlessly . Cassandra gulped , unable to answer . Her guilty expression told me everything I needed to know .  
Comentarios Ver anuncios ( 0/20 ) > Votar 246 233

Chapter 13 : Shattered Memories - 2 ( Ethan's POV ) I couldn't stand by and watch this interrogation any longer . Stepping forward , I positioned myself protectively in front of Cassandra , shielding her from Olivia's wrath . " Enough ! " I barked , shocked by Olivia's transformation . Where was the gentle woman I'd known for three years ? This fury - filled stranger was unrecognizable . " Stop making trouble over a broken ceramic trinket .

Buy another one if it matters so much , why bully Cassandra ? " ( Olivia's POV ) A loud slap rang out through the room . My palm stung from the impact as it connected with Ethan's face . The sound echoed in the sudden silence that followed . Both he and Cassandra stared at me , stunned by this unprecedented defiance . Ethan's hand slowly rose to touch his reddening cheek , disbelief written across his features . " Get lost ! " I screamed hoarsely , my voice breaking with emotion .

" Who are you to forgive on my behalf ? " ( Cassandra's POV ) I couldn't believe what I'd just witnessed . How dare this nobody slap Ethan ? My Ethan ! Rage boiled inside me as I pushed him aside , lunging at Olivia with my hands outstretched like claws . " How dare you hit him ! " I shrieked . But before I could reach her , a second slap landed squarely on my cheek . The force of it snapped my head to the side , leaving a vivid red mark that burned like fire .

Humiliated and enraged , I raised my hand to retaliate . But Olivia was faster . She seized my wrist in a grip so tight it hurt , then flung me aside like I weighed nothing . I crashed to the ground , my palm landing directly on the razor - sharp ceramic shards scattered across the floor . Pain shot through my hand as the fragments sliced into my skin . Blood immediately welled up , dripping from my palm onto the hardwood floor .  
1/4 < Chapter 13 : Shattered Memor " Ahhh - my hand ! My hand !

" I screamed , clutching my bleeding palm to my chest . ( Ethan's POV ) I rushed to Cassandra's side , panic gripping my heart at the sight of her blood . +25 Puntos > " Wanwan , are you alright ? " The pet name I used only in our most intimate moments escaped without thought . I gently took her injured hand , examining the cuts . Relief washed over me when I saw they weren't deep enough to cause permanent damage . Still , the sight of her blood made my protective instincts flare .

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( Olivia's POV ) I looked down at the bleeding Cassandra , feeling no sympathy whatsoever . My gaze was icy and merciless as I watched her performance . " Serves

you right . If you hadn't smashed it , you wouldn't be hurt . " ( Ethan's POV ) I couldn't believe Olivia's cruelty . This wasn't the woman I thought I knew . Glaring at her furiously , I demanded , " Olivia , you've gone too far ! Apologize to Wanwan ! " But her eyes remained frozen with cold contempt .

" She should apologize to me for breaking my mother's keepsake . " Cassandra sobbed miserably in my arms , her tears soaking into my shirt . " It hurts , Zechuan , it really hurts ... " she whimpered , using my Chinese name that only she was allowed to use . Her vulnerability awakened every protective instinct I possessed . " Hold on , I'm taking you to the doctor . " I lifted her into my arms , cradling her against my chest . Her blood stained my shirt , but I didn't care .

All that mattered was getting her the medical attention she needed . As I passed Olivia , I threw her a venomous glare . " Get out of my sight . I never want to see you again ! " ( Olivia's POV ) " Fine . " My voice was emotionless and resolute . ( Ethan's POV ) I paused briefly , shocked by her uncharacteristic indifference . The Olivia I knew would have Chapter 13 Shattered Memor ..... apologized immediately , would have been devastated by my anger .

+25 Puntos > But Cassandra's bleeding hand left me no time to ponder this transformation . I glared at Olivia one last time and stormed downstairs carrying Cassandra , leaving silence in our wake . ( Olivia's POV ) Once alone , I slowly knelt beside the scattered ceramic remnants . My trembling fingers reached out to touch the jagged shards , tears dripping silently onto the cold fragments .

" Mom , I'm sorry ... I failed to protect the gift you left me ... I'm so sorry , Mom ... " My voice broke into choking sobs as I grieved over the irretrievable loss . Memories of my mother flooded my mind , washing over me in waves of bittersweet pain . Back when I was twelve , my mother fell severely ill . The gentle , graceful woman with her ever - present soft smile was reduced to a frail figure , pale and wasted away by disease .

Sarah Winters , once the vibrant Luna of the Winters pack , now confined to a hospital bed , her strength diminishing day by day from the rare wolfsbane poisoning that even her enhanced healing abilities couldn't overcome . Young Olivia , just entering middle school , would rush daily not home , but straight to the medical facility after classes . I would sit by her bedside , sharing stories from school , singing the new songs my teachers taught . " Mama Wolf , when will you get better ?

" my bright young eyes shimmered with barely hidden sorrow , using the nickname I'd given her when I was little . Sarah gently stroked my honey - brown hair , lips lifting into a tender smile despite her pallor . " The doctor says I'll be leaving the medical facility soon , " she whispered . " Really ? " My eyes gleamed with hope , childish innocence preventing me from seeing the truth .

" Mhm , " her voice soft but resolute , " In a few days , I'll leave the medical facility and celebrate your birthday with you . " " Yay ! " My face lit up , believing every word . I

thought my mother would soon recover completely . Only later did I learn that " leaving " didn't mean recovery . It meant the doctors were powerless ; my mother was brought home simply to spend her final days alongside family , to fulfill those last precious wishes .

The ceramic wolf figurine we crafted together on that final birthday was the last gift my mother had given me - and now Cassandra had destroyed it out of spite . 3/4

Chapter 14 : The Mother's Legacy - 1 Chapter 14 : The Mother's Legacy ( Olivia's POV )  
The snow had just stopped falling over Riverdale . The sky cleared to a brilliant blue , making the snow - laden trees sparkle like they were covered in diamonds . I remember that day so vividly . I was only twelve , sitting in the backseat of my father's car as we drove to pick up my mother from the hospital . The doctors had finally released her to come home .

My father , Richard Winters , gripped the steering wheel tightly . His knuckles were white with tension . The silence between my parents was heavy , almost suffocating , but I didn't notice it then . I was too busy fogging up the window with my breath , using my finger to draw pictures on the glass . " Look , Mama ! " I chirped happily , pointing to my creation . " It's us ! " I had drawn our family of three - stick figures holding hands under a smiling sun . My heart was overflowing with joy .

Mama was finally coming home . My mother turned in her seat to look at my childish artwork . Something flickered across her face - a shadow of pain that I was too young to recognize . Her beautiful amber eyes , so like my own , quickly reddened with unshed tears . She quietly wiped them away before I could notice , forcing a gentle smile to her pale lips . " Your birthday is coming soon , Livvy , " she said softly . " What present would you like ?

" I continued drawing on the foggy window , adding a house with smoke curling from the chimney . " Mama , I want a wolf figurine , " I replied without looking up . " A wolf figurine ? " My mother sounded puzzled . " Do you mean a carving? " I shook my head eagerly , finally turning to face her . " No , it's a ceramic wolf ! I want a light blue ceramic wolf . " My eyes sparkled with excitement as I explained , " Becky said there's a new DIY workshop on Moon Street .

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We can buy an unpainted ceramic wolf and color it ourselves ! " " Last week , Becky and Jason went and painted two really cute figurines , " I added , bouncing 774 <  
Chapter 14 The Mother's Leg slightly in my seat . \$ 25 Puntos > My mother's smile grew gentler , more genuine . " Alright , whatever my Livvy wants , Mama will do with you . " On my twelfth birthday , heavy snow blanketed Riverdale again .

My mother and I walked hand in hand into the DIY workshop , our footprints marking a trail behind us in the fresh snow . We had pre - ordered a plain ceramic wolf figurine . The owner handed it over immediately , and my mother and I sat at a small table by the window , carefully selecting colors and brushes . Together , we painted the figurine light blue - my favorite color . My mother's hands were thin and trembling slightly , but her brushstrokes were still precise and elegant .

It was our first ever joint creation . When we finished , I held up the figurine to the light , turning it this way and that to admire our work . " It's beautiful , Mama ! Even prettier than I imagined ! " My mother smiled , her amber eyes soft with love . " It is beautiful , just like you . " Afterward , we stopped at a nearby bakery and bought a small chocolate cake with strawberries - my favorite .

My mother carried the cake in one hand and held my tiny palm in the other as we trudged through the swirling snow toward the parking lot where my father waited . Suddenly , she stopped walking . I looked up at her , confused . She turned to gaze at me with such deep tenderness that even my young heart recognized something important was happening . Her breath formed small clouds in the cold air as she whispered , " Livvy , Mama loves you . Loves you very , very much .

" Her soft voice scattered quickly in the cold wind . My nose was red from the cold , and I sniffled slightly . I was used to my mother saying such things , so I cheerfully replied , " Mama , Livvy loves you too ! " I didn't understand why her eyes filled with tears . I didn't know that she was saying goodbye . My mother's nose tingled with emotion , and she turned away quickly so I wouldn't see her cry .

She tugged gently on my hand , and we continued walking through the crowd , crossing the bustling pedestrian street to reach the open - air parking lot . My father was waiting outside his car , smoking a cigarette - something he rarely did . His face . wore an expression I'd never seen before : sorrow and loneliness etched into every line . When 2/3 < Chapter 14 : The Mother's Leg +25 Puntos > he noticed us approaching , he quickly masked his grief and put on his usual stern expression .

I wondered if I'd imagined that moment of vulnerability . He stubbed out his cigarette and said hoarsely , " You're back . " " Yes , " my mother answered quietly . That night , my father personally cooked dinner - another rarity . Our small family gathered happily around the table . I wore a paper birthday crown that my mother had made , made a wish , and blew out the twelve candles on my cake .

Chapter 14 : The Mother's Legacy - 2 For a moment , everything felt perfect . Then disaster struck during dessert . Just as my mother lifted a forkful of cake to her mouth , she began coughing violently . Suddenly , blood gushed uncontrollably from her lips , spattering across the white tablecloth . I froze in horror , the piece of cake I'd been

holding slipping from my fingers onto my new shoes . My mind went completely blank with shock . Why ? Mama was supposed to be better .

The doctors said she could go home . Why was she vomiting blood ? In panic , my father scooped up his wife , his voice choked with tears . " Sarah , don't scare me . I'll take you to the hospital right now . " Martha , our housekeeper , frantically called for an ambulance while I stood like a statue , numb and terrified . I couldn't move , couldn't think , couldn't breathe . The paramedics arrived within minutes , lifting my mother onto a stretcher .

Before they carried her away , her tearful gaze fixed on me . Her lips moved soundlessly , but I could read the words : " I'm sorry . " Something broke inside me then . I burst into tears and chased after the ambulance as it sped away , stumbling through the blizzard , crying , " Mama , Mama , don't leave ... " I ran until the white ambulance vanished from sight , then collapsed helplessly in the snow . My lungs burned from the cold air , and my tears froze on my cheeks .

That night , Sarah Winters passed away . My father spent the night by his wife's side , shattered by grief - a scene I never witnessed . Unable to catch the ambulance , I had been found by Martha , burning with fever and delirious , calling out for my mother in my sleep , crying through the night . When I awoke the next day , Martha sat beside my bed , her eyes red and swollen . She told me my mother was gone forever . I refused to believe it .

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I refused to go to the hospital to see her body , terrified of seeing my warm , loving mother cold and still . I desperately convinced myself Mama had only gone on a long trip . In my heart , that warm , smiling woman with the gentle amber eyes lived on eternally . < Chapter 14 The Mother's Leg +25 Puntos > The days after her death blurred together .

I clung to the ceramic wolf figurine we had painted together , refusing food or water , crying silently as I drifted between sleep and wakefulness . My father seemed to age ten years overnight . His hair turned completely white , and his gaze lost all light . Eventually , he was diagnosed with depression . For a long time , I believed my father would never remarry - he had loved my mother so deeply . But two years later , he brought Sarah's once - best - friend home as his new wife .

That betrayal shattered me completely . I threw a ferribe tantrum , screaming that he had forgotten my mother , that he had betrayed her memory . I moved into the school dormitory that same day , refusing to come home or speak to either of them during holidays . In university , just as our relationship was slowly mending , my father arranged my engagement to Connor Rivers , pushing our bond to a breaking point .

Unlike his past indulgence , this time he was unyielding , even freezing my accounts to force my return . In my eyes , the arranged engagement was merely the last straw . What truly drove me away was his remarriage . To me , he had betrayed my mother , and perhaps wanted to drive me out of the house altogether , treating me as a burden to be passed to another man .

So , in anger and despair , I left Riverdale , determined to make my own way in Harbor City , clutching that ceramic wolf figurine - the last relic of my mother's love and warmth . For three years , I never let it leave my side . Now , that precious figurine lay shattered on my bedroom floor , my heart breaking with it . After crying myself empty , I forced myself to act . Maybe a master craftsman could fix it .

With trembling hands , I gathered the fragments , carefully arranging them on a clean cloth . I snapped a photo , posted it on my social media , and wrote : " Looking for a top restoration artist . " With my wide network back in Riverdale - relatives of great influence , wealthy friends - I knew someone might help . I had connections I'd never used during my time with Ethan , preferring to make my own way . Mere minutes later , my phone rang . It was Connor Rivers .

I assumed he was offering a recommendation and quickly answered . " Connor ? Do you know someone who can fix ceramics ? " But his voice was tight with concern : " Livvy , are you hurt ? " I was momentarily stunned , then realized the shards in the photo were stained with blood- 2/3 < Chapter 14. The Mother's Leg . Cassandra's blood that I hadn't wiped away . " No , it's not my blood , " I replied softly . +25 Puntos > Connor pressed again , his voice growing anxious , " What happened ?

How did the ceramic wolf Sarah gave you break ? " I fell silent , not knowing where to begin . I was also surprised he had instantly recognized the figurine from just a photo of broken pieces . Had I told him about it before ? I couldn't remember . After a pause , Connor's tone turned resolute and brooked no refusal : " I'm heading to the airport now . Wait for me . I'm coming to Harbor City to see you . " Comentaríos Ver anuncios ( 0/20 ) > Votar 246 373