

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 111

Chapter 61: Drunken **Confessions**—1

Chapter 61: Drunken Confessions

(Connor's POV)

The rich aroma of aged whiskey mingled with expensive cigar smoke as I settled into my chair at Quinn's estate. The familiar weight of playing cards in my hands felt almost foreign after weeks of barely leaving Olivia's side.

"Gentlemen, shall we begin?" Gabriel Andrews asked, his voice carrying its usual measured calm.

Quinn shuffled the deck with practiced flair, his movements unnecessarily showy. "I still can't believe you actually showed up tonight, Rivers."

I merely raised an eyebrow in response. Since Olivia had started working at Moonlaw Legal Services and moved into her apartment across from Riverdale University, I'd made it a point to see her almost daily. After the silver dagger wound I'd taken protecting her during our engagement ceremony, I'd become even more reluctant to let her out of my sight.

Tonight was different. She had a work dinner with her colleagues, and I'd finally accepted Quinn's persistent invitation.

"Deal the cards," I said simply, taking a sip of my whiskey.

Quinn's lips curled into that familiar mischievous grin that always preceded trouble.

“Wow, the moon must be rising from the west. Why isn’t our Alpha Rivers picking up his little Liv tonight?”

He dealt the cards with dramatic flair, his smirk growing wider. “Got abandoned?

Since when is a work dinner more important than you?”

His tone was deliberately provocative, though careful not to cross the line that would truly anger me. Still, I felt my patience wearing thin.

“Abandoned?” I fixed him with a cold stare, my ice-blue eyes narrowing slightly. “She might be out now, but won’t she still come back home to me afterward?”

I allowed myself a small, cutting smile. “What about you, Quinn? Picking up your

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girlfriend later?” this chapter is updated by

The barb hit its mark. Everyone knew Quinn was perpetually single despite his constant flirtations. His face flushed red, teeth gritting visibly.

“Andrews, look at him!” Quinn tried to drag Gabriel into the fray. “Is this how an Alpha treats his friends? You’re single too, don’t you feel insulted?”

Gabriel cleared his throat calmly, arranging his cards. “Sorry, I’m actually seeing someone now.”

Quinn’s jaw dropped comically, momentarily forgetting my earlier jab. “What? Since

when? Who is it? Parker family? Thompson clan?"

He rattled off two of Riverdale's most influential families, naturally assuming Gabriel's girlfriend must be from our elite circle.

Gabriel exhaled a plume of cigar smoke, his expression neutral. "Just an ordinary girl from a small town."

Quinn blinked rapidly, disbelief written across his face. "An ordinary girl? You sure your family would approve?"

Gabriel shrugged indifferently, studying his cards. "I'm just enjoying her company, not getting married. Doesn't matter what they think."

Quinn snickered, shaking his head as he discarded two cards. "Aren't you afraid she'll try to cling on when you want to break it off?"

Gabriel laughed carelessly, revealing a coldness beneath his composed exterior that I hadn't noticed before. "Give her a couple of luxury items, some cash. If I want her gone, she won't even get to see me again."

"True," Quinn mused, shuffling the remaining deck with practiced ease. "For people in our circle, if you don't want someone to come close, they simply can't."

I glanced at Gabriel, noting the casual cruelty in his words. "Just don't get too deep yourself and regret it later."

My voice carried a weight of experience that silenced them both momentarily. I knew better than most the value of a true mate- something I'd nearly lost through my own foolishness with Olivia.

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+6 Points

Quinn's eyes brightened with his insatiable appetite for gossip. "So, what does she look like? Bring her to the next gathering for us to see."

Gabriel's expression darkened slightly. "No need. We're not from the same world."

Quinn shrugged, accepting the boundary. "Fair enough."

We continued playing in relative silence. I found myself checking my phone repeatedly, waiting for a message from Olivia. She'd promised to text when her dinner ended.

Instead, my screen lit up with a message from Miles Bennett: "Heard you've got problems... with your performance?"

I felt my face instantly harden, lips stiffening as I read the cryptic text. What the hell was this about?

Quinn, with his uncanny ability to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, glanced at my screen and burst into raucous laughter. "Hahahaha! No way! You can't rise to the occasion? Hahahaha!"

My icy glare silenced him mid-laugh, his expression shifting from amusement to caution in an instant. "What the hell is going on?" he asked, suddenly serious.

I stood abruptly, my chair scraping against the hardwood floor. "I'm leaving."

Quinn's mischievous grin returned as he nudged Gabriel with a look that clearly said, Follow him, let's watch the drama unfold.

Twenty minutes later, we pushed through the crowded entrance of Moonlight Club.

The bass-heavy music pounded through the air as we made our way inside.

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I instantly caught the sound of wildly off-key singing coming from the small stage at the far end of the room. The voice was familiar, despite the slurred words and

jumbled lyrics.

Quinn entered behind me, immediately covering his ears with an exaggerated grimace. “Good grief, who’s murdering a song like this?”

I said nothing, my lips tightening as we moved closer through the crowd.

There on stage stood Olivia, her honey-brown hair slightly mussed, amber eyes bright

with intoxication. She swayed unsteadily, clutching the microphone with both hands as she belted out what might have been a popular song, though it was hard to tell

through her enthusiastic but chaotic rendition.

elbowed me with a grin. “Go get your girlfriend down. This is pure noise

Most people get paid to sing, but she should be paying people to listen

Killing us all with those high notes!”

“She can sing however she likes,” I replied evenly, my eyes never leaving her.

Quinn’s jaw dropped. “Wow. You’re just going to spoil her to the moon, huh.”

He shook his head in disbelief and took a seat at the bar. Gabriel followed suit,

ordering drinks with a subtle nod to the bartender.

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I sat beside them, my gaze fixed on Olivia. Despite myself, I felt my lips curling into a soft, possessive smile as I watched her. She was utterly drunk, that much was obvious, but her charm radiated through the room nonetheless.

The pink flush on her cheeks enhanced her natural beauty, and her slightly disheveled appearance only made her more alluring. Her singing might have been a mess, but in my eyes, she was the most captivating sight in the world.

I waited patiently until she finished her song, the final note trailing off into giggles as the audience offered polite, if somewhat relieved, applause.

Only then did I approach the stage, my tall frame commanding attention from everyone in the room. I reached out, my large hand encircling her slender wrist in a

gesture both possessive and protective.

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The gentle touch startled her. She turned toward me, her amber eyes misty and unfocused.

For a moment, she simply stared at me, as if trying to place my face in her alcohol-clouded mind. Then her expression brightened with recognition.

+8 Points >

With a giggle, her eyes sparkling with drunken adoration, she blurted out, “Wow, you’re really handsome! I did some quick fortune-telling, and guess what? You’re my destined mate!”

The word “mate” hit me like a thunderbolt. My heart seized violently, blood rushing chaotically through my veins. I stood frozen, utterly unprepared for the surge of joy her simple, drunken words brought me.

Olivia tilted her flushed face up at me, smiling so sweetly that her dimples deepened.

She looked like a mischievous kitten as she leaned forward suddenly, nestling her head against my chest.

She nuzzled gently against me, her voice soft and almost purring. “Mmm, even your scent is exactly like my mate’s.”

She inhaled deeply, seemingly intoxicated by the cedar cologne I always wore. “It smells so good, my mate...”



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Chapter 62: Moonlit Confessions—2

What happened next caught me entirely off guard.

She suddenly leaned up in my arms, her movement surprisingly quick for someone so intoxicated. Before I could react, her soft lips pressed against my cheek in a warm, lingering kiss.

Not stopping there, she moved to my chin, leaving another kiss that branded my skin like fire. I could feel the distinct mark of her lip color remaining on my skin, a visible

claim that sent my wolf into a frenzy of possessive pleasure.

gesture was both innocent and deeply intimate. Something primal roared to life

side me, demanding that I claim her fully in return.

With considerable effort, I tamped down that urge, instead gathering her closer in my arms. I strode purposefully toward the exit, my pace perhaps a bit too quick to be casual.

Behind us, Quinn and Andrews let out appreciative whistles and teasing calls that I pointedly ignored. My focus was entirely on the woman in my arms, on getting her safely away from prying eyes and back to the privacy of her home.

Inside my Cullinan SUV, I carefully settled Olivia into the passenger seat, securing her seatbelt despite her playful attempts to reach for me instead.

The spacious interior quickly filled with her sweet scent, now mixed with the heady aroma of wine. It was an intoxicating combination that tested my control with every breath.

As I started the engine and pulled away from the club, Olivia continued her uninhibited affection. Her fingers traced lazy patterns on my arm as I drove, sending shivers of awareness through my body.

“Con... Alpha Connor...” she murmured, her voice soft and yearning. “Why don’t you ever kiss me properly? Don’t you want to?”

My grip on the steering wheel tightened until my knuckles turned white. Of course! wanted to. I’d wanted to since the moment I’d first seen her all those years ago.

“Liv, you’re drunk,” I managed to say, my voice rougher than I intended. “We’ll talk

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about this when you’re sober.”

She made a small sound of disappointment. “Always so proper, my Alpha. So controlled.”

Her hand moved to my thigh, innocent yet devastating in its effect on me. “What would happen if you lost control, just once?”

I took a deep breath, focusing intently on the road ahead as we made our way to Riverdale Terrace. Every soft word and touch from her tested the limits of my legendary self-control.

"Please, Liv," I said quietly. "Rest now. We're almost home."

48 Points

To my relief, she settled back in her seat, though her amber eyes remained fixed on my profile. "You're so beautiful," she whispered, her voice filled with wonder. "Did you know that? The most beautiful wolf I've ever seen."

Something in my chest constricted at her words. Even drunk, there was a sincerity in her voice that couldn't be faked.

By the time we reached her apartment building, Olivia had finally succumbed to sleep. Her breathing had deepened, her head tilted slightly toward me, lips parted in peaceful slumber.

I parked and sat for a moment, just watching her. The moonlight filtering through the windows cast a silver glow on her features, highlighting the delicate curve of her cheek, the sweep of her lashes against her skin.

With infinite gentleness, I lifted her from the passenger seat and carried her inside, using the key she'd given me weeks earlier. The trust implied in that simple act of giving me access to her private space had meant more to me than she could possibly know.

Her apartment was quiet and dark as I moved through it with practiced ease, making my way to her bedroom. I carefully placed her on the bed, reluctant to let her go even as I knew I must.

For a long moment, I simply stood there, my ice-blue eyes softening as I gazed down at her peaceful face. She looked so vulnerable in sleep, so precious. My wolf howled within me, demanding that I stay, that I protect her through the night and every night

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thereafter.

+8 Points

My hand hovered over her honey–brown hair, wanting nothing more than to touch her, to stay by her side until morning. But I knew that when she woke, she would likely be mortified by her behavior tonight.

I respected her too much to take advantage of her vulnerability, even if it meant denying myself the comfort of her presence. With great reluctance, I withdrew my hand and turned away, leaving her to sleep in peace.

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(Connor's POV)

I watched Olivia sleep, her face peaceful in the soft glow of the bedside lamp. She looked so vulnerable, so different from the fiercely independent woman I knew her *to*

1. be. My wolf stirred protectively within me, satisfied to have her safe under my watch.

Just as I was about to leave her bedroom, she stirred, her honey–brown hair splaying across the pillow. Her slender fingers suddenly reached out, catching my shirt sleeve with surprising strength.

“Don’t go,” she murmured, her voice thick with sleep and lingering intoxication. “Tell me a... Grey...”

I froze, ice flooding my veins. Had she just called out for Grey? Ethan Grey?

My jaw clenched involuntarily, jealousy flaring hot and sharp through my chest. After everything that man had put her through, after the way he'd treated her as a replacement for his first love, she was still calling his name in her sleep?

"Liv," I said, my voice coming out rougher than intended. "What did you say?"

She tugged at my sleeve again, her amber eyes fluttering open briefly before closing again. "Story," she mumbled more clearly. "Tell me a story... like when we were little..."

Relief washed through me like a physical force. Not "Grey" but a request for a story—a bedtime ritual from our childhood. I felt a smile tugging at my lips, amusement replacing the sharp sting of jealousy.

"You want a bedtime story?" I asked softly, brushing a strand of hair from her flushed cheek.

She nodded sleepily, her grip on my sleeve not loosening. "Like before..."

My heart swelled with tenderness. Even drunk, she remembered our shared past—how I'd read to her when we were young, during her visits to Riverdale.

I carefully lifted her into my arms, cradling her against my chest. Her honey-brown hair cascaded over my arm as I carried her toward the bathroom. She needed to

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clean up before properly going to bed.

"Con?" she murmured against my neck, her breath warm against my skin.

+8 Points >

"I'm here," I assured her, my voice low and soothing. "Let's get you cleaned up first, then I'll tell you a story."

She nodded drowsily, her head nestling trustingly against my shoulder. The simple gesture of faith touched something deep within me, awakening every protective instinct I possessed.

The bathroom light seemed harsh after the dimness of the bedroom. I set Olivia

down carefully on the closed toilet lid, keeping one hand on her shoulder to steady her as I turned on the shower.

“Can you manage?” I asked, testing the water temperature with my free hand.

She blinked up at me, her amber eyes unfocused. “Don’t think so,” she admitted with a small, embarrassed laugh.

I swallowed hard, my wolf stirring restlessly within me. This wasn’t how I’d imagined essing her for the first time, but her wellbeing came first. Always.

nfinitesimal gentleness, I helped her out of her clothes, my touch clinical and ectful despite my wolf’s possessive growls. I averted my eyes as much as possible, preserving her dignity even in her vulnerable state.

The shower was quick and efficient. I kept her steady with one arm while washing her hair with my free hand, the familiar scent of her honey–almond shampoo filling the steamy bathroom.

“You’re good at this,” she murmured as I wrapped her in a fluffy towel afterward.

“I’ve had practice,” I replied softly, thinking of the times I’d cared for pack members after injuries or during illness.

After drying her off, I helped her into clean pajamas I found in her dresser–soft cotton things with little moons printed on them. They looked adorably innocent on her, a stark contrast to the sophisticated lawyer she presented to the world.

Once she was settled back in bed, I pulled the covers up to her chin. “Now, about that story,” I said, reaching for my phone.

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Her amber eyes brightened despite her drowsiness. “Really?”

+8 Points >

I nodded, scrolling through my phone until I found a collection of short stories I'd downloaded months ago. I'd never admitted it to anyone, but I'd gotten them thinking of her, remembering how she'd loved being read to as a child.

"Once upon a time," I began, my deep voice filling the quiet room, "there was a white wolf who lived at the edge of a great forest..."

I read until her breathing evened out, her features relaxing into peaceful slumber. Even then, I continued for a while longer, savoring this rare moment of unguarded intimacy between us.

When I was certain she was deeply asleep, I carefully set my phone aside. I couldn't leave her alone, not when she was this vulnerable. But I also wouldn't take advantage of the situation by sleeping beside her without her explicit consent.

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