

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

- Whisper 112

Whisper 112

<Chapter 61 Drunken Conf.

+8 Points

Chapter 61: Drunken Confessions–2

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. Follow current novels on

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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Whisper 113

< Chapter 62 Moonlit Confe

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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Chapter 62 Moonlit Confe

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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< Chapter 62 Moonlit Confe.....

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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Whisper 114

Chapter 63: Drunken Confessions—1

Chapter 63: Drunken Confessions

(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

< Chapter 63 Drunken Conf.

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 respectful 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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< Chapter 63: Drunken Conf

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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48 Points

Chapter 63: Drunken Confessions—2

I called Frank Langley, keeping my voice low to avoid disturbing Olivia.

“I need you to bring my toiletries and a change of clothes to Ms. Winters’ apartment,” I instructed. “Leave them outside the door. No need to knock.”

“Right away, Alpha,” Frank replied efficiently.

While waiting, I checked that Olivia was comfortable, adjusting her blankets and making sure a glass of water and pain relievers were on her nightstand for the morning. She would need them, judging by how much she’d had to drink.

After Frank delivered my things, I took a quick shower and changed into comfortable clothes. Then, with one last look at Olivia’s peaceful form, I settled myself on the living room sofa.

It wasn’t ideal—my tall frame barely fit—but it was the honorable choice. My wolf disagreed, wanting to be closer to her, but I silenced its protests. Olivia deserved better than to wake up confused and potentially feeling taken advantage of.

As I drifted toward sleep, her drunken words echoed in my mind: “My mate.” The simple phrase filled me with a possessive satisfaction I couldn’t deny, even as I reminded myself she hadn’t been in control of her words.

Still, a man could hope.

(Olivia’s POV)

Pain. That was my first conscious thought as awareness slowly returned. My head throbbed mercilessly, each pulse sending sharp daggers behind my eyes.

I groaned softly, reluctant to open my eyes to what would surely be blinding morning light. What had happened last night? Fragments of memories swirled hazily through my mind.

The Moonlight Club. Singing—oh god, had I really been singing? Wine, so much wine.

And then...

Connor.

My eyes flew open despite the pain, panic surging through me. I remembered

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Chapter 63 Drunken Conf

clinging to him, saying things—embarrassing things about relationships and commitment. Had I really called him my mate? In public?

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Horror washed over me in waves as more memories surfaced. I'd kissed his cheek, his chin. I'd been all over him like some lovesick teenager, completely uninhibited by the wine coursing through my system.

What must he think of me now?

I forced myself to take a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart. First things first
-where was I?

Relief flooded through me as I recognized my own bedroom. I was wearing my favorite pajamas, the soft cotton ones with little moons that I saved for comfort days. My hair smelled of my usual shampoo, and I felt clean despite the hangover pounding behind my eyes.

Someone had taken care of me. Connor had taken care of me.

The realization brought both comfort and mortification. He'd seen me at my absolute

worst, completely out of control. Yet he'd brought me home safely, made sure I was clean and comfortable.

Gathering my courage, I slipped out of bed, wincing as the movement intensified my headache. I noticed the glass of water and pain relievers on my nightstand—another thoughtful gesture that made my heart squeeze painfully in my chest.

After swallowing the pills, I padded quietly to my bedroom door, opening it with trepidation. What would I find? Had Connor left after putting me to bed, or...?

My question was answered immediately. There on my sofa lay Connor Rivers, his powerful frame barely contained by the furniture that suddenly seemed much too small for him. One arm was thrown above his head, the other resting across his chest. His handsome face was softened in sleep, his usual intensity temporarily at bay.

He'd stayed. All night, he'd stayed to make sure I was alright.

Mortification washed over me anew as I approached him quietly. He must have witnessed all my drunken behavior, my complete lack of inhibition. What had I said to him? What had I done?

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<Chapter 63. Drunken Conf

+8 Points >

The memory of calling him my mate in the crowded club made me cringe inwardly, my cheeks flushing crimson. I'd been so forward, so unlike my usual reserved self.

I reached out hesitantly, gently touching his shoulder. "Con, you should move to the bedroom," I suggested softly, my voice slightly rough from the previous night's singing.

He stirred, his eyelids fluttering but not opening. "What time is it?" he asked, his voice deep and husky with sleep.

“7:30 am,” I replied, my voice barely above a whisper.

What happened next caught me completely off guard. With surprising speed for someone just waking, Connor reached out and pulled me into a warm embrace. His strong arms encircled me completely as he inhaled deeply, his nose brushing against my hair.

“Sleep well, little wolf?” he asked, his voice playfully teasing.

I could hear the smile in his voice, could practically feel his amusement at my predicament. He was enjoying this—enjoying my embarrassment over my drunken antics.

Utterly mortified, I buried my face against his chest, seeking comfort even as embarrassment flooded through me. His familiar cedar scent enveloped me, somehow easing my headache slightly.

“I’m so sorry,” I murmured against the soft fabric of his t-shirt. “I don’t usually drink that much. I don’t know what came over me.”

His chest rumbled with quiet laughter. “Don’t apologize. It was... enlightening.”

I groaned, pressing my face harder against him. “What did I say? How bad was it?”

“Well,” he drawled, his ice-blue eyes dancing with mischief when I finally dared to look up at him, “you did question my capabilities as a partner. Something about performance issues?”

My eyes widened in horror. “I did not!”

“You did,” he confirmed, his lips twitching with suppressed laughter. “Perhaps we should test that theory? I’d be happy to prove my... capabilities.”

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Chapter 63 Drunken Conf.

Points

His fingers traced gentle patterns along my spine, sending shivers of awareness through me despite my hangover. The teasing suggestion in his voice made my heart race, my body responding to him even as my mind scrambled to process his words. Check latest chapters at

“Connor!” I protested weakly, my cheeks burning hotter than ever.

His ice-blue eyes darkened slightly as he gazed down at me, his expression shifting from teasing to something more intense. His fingers continued their maddening path along my spine, each touch sending sparks of electricity through my sensitized skin.

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Whisper 116

Chapter 64: **Morning** After

Chapter 64: Morning After

(Olivia's POV)

+8 Points >

My face burned with embarrassment as Connor's ice-blue eyes twinkled with amusement. The memory of my drunken behavior at the Moonlight Club last night made me want to crawl under a rock and never emerge.

“I did not say those things in front of everyone,” I protested weakly, trying to maintain some dignity. “There's no way I would...”

My voice trailed off as fragments of memories flashed through my mind. Me, on stage with a microphone. Calling Connor handsome. Declaring him my mate. The mortification was overwhelming.

“I was just talking nonsense!” I insisted, pulling away from his embrace. “People say all kinds of ridiculous things when they’re drunk.”

Connor’s smile widened, clearly enjoying my discomfort. “Is that so?”

“Absolutely,” I nodded vigorously, wincing as the movement aggravated my hangover. “In fact, legally speaking, I was a person with limited capacity for conduct. My actions shouldn’t be held against me.”

A deep chuckle rumbled through Connor’s chest. “Are you really trying to use legal jargon to escape your embarrassment, counselor?”

“It’s a valid argument,” I mumbled, avoiding his gaze.

(Connor’s POV)

I couldn’t help but tease her more. The sight of Olivia Winters, always so composed and dignified, blushing and flustered was too delightful to resist.

“So you flirt with me, call me your mate in front of half of Harbor City, and now you’re trying to run away?” I asked, my voice dropping lower.

The familiar scent of her honey–almond body wash clung to my skin from carrying her last night. It created an intimate bubble around us, heightening the tension between our bodies.

< Chapter 64: Morning After

Something shifted in the air between us. The playful teasing transformed into something more charged, more dangerous.

Without overthinking it, I leaned forward and captured her lips with mine. Her surprised gasp melted into a soft moan as my fingers threaded through her honey–brown hair.

I pressed her gently back onto the sofa, our kiss deepening with each passing second. What had started as a spontaneous gesture quickly escalated into something neither of us could control.

48 Points 2

The passion between us felt overwhelming, unavoidable—like a storm that had been brewing for years.

“Liv,” I whispered against her skin as I nibbled on her earlobe. “Tell me to stop if you don’t want this.”

Her amber eyes were dark with desire, her breathing uneven. Instead of answering with words, she tilted her head and licked a hot stripe up my throat.

The wolf inside me growled with approval.

(Olivia’s POV)

We were clumsy at first, navigating each other’s bodies with eager hands and breathless laughter. Connor was patient, mindful of my inexperience, taking his time to ensure my comfort.

Morning light streamed through the windows, casting a golden glow over us as we moved together. The air grew thick with heat and desire.

I was nervous but excited, surrendering to the moment with the man I loved. Birds sang outside my window, making the scene feel almost idyllic in its perfection.

Lost in the rising tide of sensation, I followed Connor’s lead, trusting him completely. His hands were gentle yet confident, guiding me through waves of pleasure I’d never experienced before.

We moved from the sofa to the bedroom, making love twice more before ending up in the bath. The warm water soothed my muscles as Connor held me against his chest.

“Still questioning my capabilities?” he murmured playfully against my ear.

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<Chapter 64 Morning After

+8 Points >

Exhausted but happier than I could remember being in years, I laughed softly. “I stand corrected, Alpha Rivers.”

His answering chuckle vibrated against my back. “I’m glad to hear it, little wolf.”

(Henry’s POV)

Something was definitely wrong with Alpha Connor Rivers.

I stood in his office at Rivers Pack Headquarters, delivering my usual morning report on pack business. Normally, the Alpha listened with intense focus, interrupting frequently with critical questions or demands for clarification.

Today, however, he sat behind his desk with a soft smile playing on his lips. His ice-blue eyes, typically sharp and assessing, held an unusual tenderness that I’d never witnessed before.

Had someone possessed my boss?

“The negotiations for the alliance with the Northern packs are proceeding as planned,” I continued, watching him carefully. “Their representatives have requested a preliminary meeting next week to discuss terms.”

Connor nodded absently, clearly not registering my words. His fingers tapped a light rhythm on his desk—another uncharacteristic behavior.

“And then the moon turned purple and all the wolves started dancing the tango,” I added, testing his attention.

“That sounds good,” he replied, still smiling.

I blinked in shock. Something was definitely wrong.

Connor suddenly seemed to realize I was still standing there. He straightened in his chair, clearing his throat. “Excellent work as always, Henry. Is there anything else?”

“No, Alpha,” I replied, still bewildered by his behavior.

“Then you’re dismissed. Thank you.”

I nodded and turned to leave, my mind racing with theories about what could have caused this dramatic change in my typically stern boss.

As I closed the door, behind me, I caught a glimpse of Connor leaning back in his

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< Chapter 64. Morning After

chair, that same soft smile returning to his face. Whatever had happened, it had transformed the Alpha I knew into someone almost unrecognizable.

(Connor’s POV)

+8 Points >

I couldn’t stop replaying the morning’s events in my mind. The feel of Olivia’s skin against mine, her soft sighs, the way she’d whispered my name—it was intoxicating.

For years, I’d imagined what it would be like to hold her, to claim her as mine. The reality had exceeded every fantasy.

The sharp ring of my phone interrupted my pleasant thoughts. Frank Langley’s name flashed on the screen.

“Alpha,” Frank’s voice was tense. “We found her.”

My romantic haze evaporated instantly. “Jessica Sullivan?”

“Yes, sir. Just as you suspected. After she faked the pregnancy to get out of jail,

Vanessa Reed’s men abducted her and smuggled her to France.”

I sat up straighter, my focus sharpening. “And?”

“The promised new life never materialized. She was sold to a criminal organization and...” Frank hesitated. “She was treated brutally, sir.”

Cold anger settled in my chest. “Where is she now?”

"Our team retrieved her. She's in the basement facility, as you instructed." The most update novels are published on find-novel-net

"I'll be right there."

The basement of Rivers Pack Headquarters was dimly lit, the air cool and damp.

Jessica Sullivan sat tied to a chair in the center of the room, her head hanging low.

She was barely recognizable from the confident woman who had once stalked Ethan Grey. Her body was covered in wounds inflicted by her captors, her once-perfect hair matted and dirty.

I entered silently, my footsteps echoing on the concrete floor. Jessica's head snapped up at the sound, her eyes widening with recognition and fear.

"Who put *you* up to the k*****g attempt against Olivia Winters?" I asked without preamble, my voice cold.

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< Chapter 64 Morning After

+8 Points >

Jessica's face crumpled at the sight of me. "Please," she whimpered, trying to turn away. "Don't look at me like this."

I remained unmoved by her pleas. "Answer the question."

"I can't," she sobbed, her body trembling. "They still have my father. They'll kill him if I talk."

"Vanessa Reed, you mean?"

Jessica flinched at the name. "Please, just let me go. I've suffered enough."

I stepped closer, my ice-blue eyes flashing with dangerous intent. "Are you sure?"

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Whisper 117

Chapter 65: **Cruel** Alpha, Tender Mate—1

Chapter 65: Cruel Alpha, Tender Mate

(Connor's POV)

+3 Points

"What would I kill you for?" I asked coldly, my ice-blue eyes piercing through Jessica

Sullivan's terrified form.

She cowered in the metal chair, her once-beautiful features now marred by bruises and cuts. The basement of Shadow Den was dimly lit, casting harsh shadows across

her face.

"Please," she whimpered, tears streaming down her dirty cheeks. "I know you hate me

for what I did to Olivia, but—"

"Miss Sullivan," I cut her off, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. "Since you're not willing to say anything useful, don't blame me for being impolite."

I stood up with a cold expression, my commanding presence filling the dimly lit basement. The concrete walls seemed to close in around us as I turned to leave.

"No!" Jessica cried out, her voice breaking with desperation. "Please don't go! Don't

leave me alone again!”

Her chains rattled as she strained against her restraints, panic evident in her wild eyes.

“I’ll tell you everything! Just please... don’t leave me here.”

I paused but didn’t turn around. My wolf growled within me, remembering how this woman had tried to harm Olivia.

“They kept me in a cage,” Jessica sobbed, words tumbling out in a desperate rush.

“For months. Like an animal.”

I slowly turned to face her, my expression remaining impassive despite the horror of her words.

“The men would come at night,” she continued, her body trembling violently. “They’d... they’d take turns. Said it was my punishment for failing their boss.”

< Chapter 65. Cruel Alpha, T.

Her eyes were haunted, seeing horrors I couldn’t imagine.

+8 Points >

“They barely fed me. Just enough to keep me alive. Said damaged goods were still useful for... for entertainment.”

I remained silent, watching her break down completely.

“You’re my only hope,” she whispered, her voice barely audible. “When they hurt me, I thought of you. Not because I believed you’d save me, but because I knew you’d kill them if you found out. That thought kept me alive.”

Her confession hung in the air between us, raw and painful.

“Who ordered the hit on Olivia Winters?” I asked, my voice devoid of emotion.

Jessica’s shoulders slumped in defeat. “Vanessa Reed. She orchestrated everything.”

Despite already suspecting this, hearing the confirmation made my blood boil. My foster sister had tried to kill my mate.

“And Frederick Warner is backing her,” Jessica added, her voice hollow. “He’s the one who arranged my... punishment.”

I nodded once, absorbing this information without revealing my thoughts.

“Thank you for your cooperation, Miss Sullivan.”

Without another word, I turned and walked toward the exit, my footsteps echoing on the concrete floor.

“Wait!” she called out desperately. “What’s going to happen to me now?”

I paused at the door, not bothering to look back. “That depends on how useful the rest of your information proves to be.”

I left the Shadow Den basement without another word, closing the heavy metal door behind me. Marcus Shaw stood waiting in the hallway, his expression as impassive as ever.

“Extract everything she knows,” I ordered, my voice cold. “Names, locations, plans. Everything.”

“Yes, Alpha,” Marcus nodded, his eyes revealing nothing of his thoughts.

I felt no sympathy for Jessica Sullivan. The silver dagger she had intended for Olivia

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< Chapter 65 Cruel Alpha, T...

+8 Points >

could have been fatal. My wolf snarled at the memory, protective instincts flaring.

No one who threatened my mate deserved mercy.

I checked my Timber Wolf Chronograph watch—the one Olivia had given me. It was nearly noon. She would be hungry when she woke up.

“I’ll be back later,” I told Marcus. “Call me if she reveals anything significant.”

Without waiting for his response, I headed for the exit. My thoughts were already shifting to Olivia, my mood lightening at the prospect of seeing her again.

(Olivia’s POV)

I woke to the most delicious aroma permeating my apartment. For a moment, I lay still, confused by the sounds of movement coming from my kitchen.

Then memories of the previous night and morning flooded back, bringing a rush of heat to my cheeks. Connor and I had...

I buried my face in my pillow, equal parts embarrassed and elated. I’d never been so uninhibited, so completely myself with anyone before.

The scent of cooking food eventually lured me out of bed. I pulled on a robe and padded barefoot toward the kitchen, following the mouthwatering smell.

The sight that greeted me made me stop in my tracks.

Connor Rivers—powerful Alpha werewolf, feared businessman, and my childhood friend—stood at my stove wearing an apron. His broad shoulders moved with practiced ease as he stirred something in a pan.

“Are you just going to stand there watching me, or are you going to say good morning?” he asked without turning around, his enhanced senses having detected

my presence.

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Whisper 118

43 Points >

Chapter 65: Cruel Alpha, Tender Mate—2

I leaned against the doorframe, unable to suppress my smile. “I’m enjoying the view.”

He turned then, his ice-blue eyes warming as they took in my disheveled appearance. His gaze lingered on my bare legs before returning to my face.

“Hungry?” he asked, his voice deeper than usual.

“Starving,” I admitted, moving closer to inspect what he was cooking.

My eyes widened as I realized he had prepared all my favorite dishes: blanched vegetables with herb seasoning, pepper-crusted ribs, spicy garlic shrimp, and winter melon bone broth soup.

“How did you know these are my favorites?” I asked, genuinely surprised.

Connor’s lips curved into a small smile. “I pay attention, Liv.”

Something about the simple statement made my heart flutter. How many people in my life had truly paid attention to what I liked and disliked?

“I didn’t know the big bad Alpha could cook,” I teased, my amber eyes sparkling with affection.

Connor flipped the shrimp with expert precision. “There are many things you don’t know about me yet. I only show this side to you.”

The implication behind his words—that I was special, that what we shared was unique—made me blush again.

“Well, I’m impressed,” I said, reaching for a piece of pepper-crusted rib. “These look amazing.”

Connor gently swatted my hand away. “Patience, little wolf. Everything will be ready in five minutes.”

I pouted playfully but obeyed, setting the table instead. The domesticity of the moment wasn't lost on me—how natural it felt to move around each other in the small kitchen, preparing to share a meal.

When we finally sat down to eat, I couldn't help but moan at the first bite. "This is

< Chapter 65 Cruel Alpha, T

incredible. Where did you learn to cook like this?"

+8 Points >

"Dorothy Jenkins," Connor replied, his eyes watching my reaction carefully. "I used to visit her after she moved back to her hometown. She taught me your mother's favorite recipes."

The mention of Dorothy—my mother's former cook—and the connection to my mother made my throat tighten with emotion.

"You visited Grandma Dorothy?" I asked softly, remembering the kind woman who had been like a grandmother to me.

Connor nodded, his expression gentle. "She missed you. Said you stopped visiting after..."

"After my mother died," I finished quietly.

We ate in comfortable silence for a few moments, the food bringing back bittersweet memories of my childhood.

"These taste exactly like hers," I finally said, my voice thick with emotion. "Thank you, Connor. This means more than you know."

His hand reached across the table to cover mine. "I know how much you miss her, Liv. I thought this might bring back some good memories."

The thoughtfulness of his gesture touched me deeply. This wasn't just a meal—it was

a connection to my past, to the happy times before grief had changed everything.

“So,” I said, deliberately lightening the mood, “does this mean I get breakfast in bed every morning now?”

Connor’s eyes darkened with heat. “That depends on how exhausted I leave you the night before.”

I choked on my soup, coughing as my face flamed red.

(Vanessa’s POV)

“What do you mean they took her alive?” I hissed, my violet eyes flashing with fury.

Trevor Blake stood impassively before me, his muscular frame blocking the sunlight streaming through the villa windows.

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< Chapter 65 Cruel Alpha, T...

“Connor Rivers’ men intercepted our transport team in France,” he reported mechanically. “They retrieved Jessica Sullivan and eliminated our operatives.”

+8 Points **7**

Rage boiled through me. Jessica Sullivan knew too much—about my connection to Frederick Warner, about our plans for Olivia Winters, about everything.

“You incompetent fools!” I screamed, grabbing the nearest object—a delicate porcelain teacup—and hurling it at Trevor’s head.

It struck his forehead with surprising force, shattering on impact. Blood immediately began trickling down his expressionless face.

Trevor didn’t flinch or move to wipe away the blood. His cold eyes remained fixed on me, waiting for orders.

“Find an opportunity to silence that b***h permanently,” I ordered, my voice cold with rage. “She cannot be allowed to talk.”

“Yes, Miss Reed,” Trevor replied tonelessly, blood continuing to drip down his face.

“Get out,” I snapped, turning away from him in disgust.

The door closed quietly behind him as he left. I paced the luxurious living room of my private villa, my mind racing with contingency plans.

If Jessica talked—when Jessica talked—Connor would know everything. He would know I had orchestrated the k*****g attempt on Olivia. He would know about my

connection to Frederick Warner.

He would never forgive me.

The thought sent a fresh wave of hatred toward Olivia Winters. That b***h had stolen everything from me—Connor’s affection, my place in the Rivers family, my future.

I stopped before a large mirror, studying my reflection. My light brown hair fell in perfect waves around my delicate face. My violet eyes, unusual even among werewolves, glittered with malice.

I was beautiful. I was a Rivers in all but blood. I deserved Connor, not that pathetic .net Olivia.

Jessica Sullivan would have to die. Her father too. Anyone who threatened my plans had to be eliminated.

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Whisper 119

Chapter 68: An Awkward Revelation t

Chapter na An Awkward Revelation

you

Rebecca’s private estate on the outskirts of verdale was everything yet expect from a wealthy werewo home—gudeus elegant and secluded enough that the one would hear my mortified

exactly what I needed right now

ans. Which was

Oh my god play it again! Lily headed dutching her stomach as tears of laughter streamed

Rebecca ever eager to comply tapped her phone screen with a wicked grin. "Your wish is my command"

The video began playing for what felt like the hundredth time. There was swaying slightly on my feet at the Moonlight Club, my amber eyes unfocused and glassy from too much wine. My usually tight thong was tugged as I clung to Connor's chest like a lifeline.

Connor, my drunk self whined on screen, nuzzling against his firm chest. "Kiss me! Everyone should see

how much my fiancé loves me!

I lunged across the plush sofa, making a desperate grab for Rebecca's phone. "Delete it right now!" I demanded my face burning with embarrassment.

Rebecca, with the quick reflexes of a fast werewolf, held the phone high above her head well out of my

reach. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she continued to torment me.

Not a chance, Liv! This is pure gold—who knew our dignified lawyer had such a passionate side hiding

underneath?"

I groaned and buried my face in a decorative pillow. "I hate both of you. So much"

Lily's giggles intensified as she playfully nudged my shoulder. And did you see how Connor responded? He

couldn't take his eyes off you for a second."

I peeked out from behind my pillow shield, remembering Connor's intense gaze. The memory sent a different kind of heat coursing through me

"The way he was looking at you, Rebecca continued, fanning herself dramatically. Ugh he wanted to devour

you right there in the club."

“Stop it,” I mumbled, but there was less conviction in my protest now.

Lily leaned forward, her expression turning conspiratorial. “So... how is he? You know in bed?”

I choked on air “Lily?”

“What?” she asked innocently. “We’re all adults here. And Connor Rivers has a reputation for excellence in

everything he does. I’m just wondering if that extends to... other areas.”

Rebecca’s eyes widened with delight at my obvious discomfort. Oh my god, you’ve slept with him, haven’t you? Your face is giving everything away!

I wanted the floor to open up and swallow me whole. These two were worse than a pack of teenage wolves

with their first crush.

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That he’s amazing: Rebecca continued, completely ignoring my distress. “All that Alpha confidence must translate to the bedroom is he gentle? Or more... commanding?” Chapters first released on

My cheeks burned hotter than ever as unbidden memories of Connor’s hands on my body flashed through my mind. The way he’d taken control, yet always made sure I was comfortable...

“Can we please talk about something else?” I pleaded, pulling a cushion over my face.

Hot until you give us details, Lily insisted, poking my side playfully. “We’ve been waiting years for you two to get together. The least you can do is share a little of the juicy stuff.

“I’m not discussing my s*x life with you two vultures,” I declared firmly, though my crimson cheeks probably undermined my attempt at dignity.

Rebecca opened her mouth, no doubt to continue her merciless teasing, when my phone rang. I practically lunged for it, checking the caller ID with desperate hope,

Jade Mitchell. My savior

"I need to take this work emergency, I explained hastily, already backing toward the terrace doors. "Very important. Carit wait"

I escaped outside before either of them could protest, answering the call with more enthusiasm than any

work call deserved.

"Jade! Hit What's up?" I asked breathlessly

"Ms. Winters?" Jade's voice sounded uncertain. "Are you okay? You sound... strange."

I took a deep breath, trying to compose myself, "I'm fine. Just... escaping from some friends. What can I help

you with?"

As Jade explained the situation at the office—a young woman had come in seeking legal help for a domestic violence case—I felt my professional demeanor sliding back into place. This was something I could handle. Something that mattered more than my embarrassment.

"I'll be there in twenty minutes, I promised, already heading back inside to gather my things.

Inside, Lily and Rebecca had moved on to other gossip, their heads close together as they whispered and

giggled.

"I have to go, I announced, grabbing my purse. "Client emergency at Moonlaw"

Lily pouted dramatically "Just when things were getting interesting"

"Saved by the bell, Rebecca smirked, knowing exactly what I was doing. "But don't think this conversation is

over, Liv. Vie vant details next time?

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Watch Ads (0/20)

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Whisper 120

Chapter 66: An Awkward Revelation—2

I rolled my eyes but couldn't help smiling at my friends. As embarrassing as their teasing was, it came from a place of love.

"You two are impossible," I said, heading for the door.

"That's why you love us!" Lily called after me.

Left alone in Rebecca's luxurious living room, my friends continued their gossipy speculation without me. Through the partially open door, I could hear Lily's voice turn more serious.

"Speaking of relationship disasters," she was saying, "did I ever tell you about that guy I dated in college? The one who turned out to be engaged?"

I paused, my hand on the doorknob. I'd never heard this story before.

"No way," Rebecca gasped. "What happened?"

"Classic story," Lily sighed. "Met him in a class, he pursued me relentlessly. Claimed he was single, of course. We dated for three months before his fiancée showed up at my apartment."

"Oh god, Rebecca murmured sympathetically.

"Yeah, it was awful. She had no idea about me either. We were both victims." Lily's voice grew quieter. "The

worst part was everyone on campus knew before I did. The humiliation was... intense."

I felt a pang of sympathy for my friend. I'd known Lily since we were pups, but she'd never shared this

particular heartbreak with me.

"What did you do?" Rebecca asked.

“Well, after I finished crying for about a week, my half–brother Ethan Quinn got involved. You know how

protective he is, despite being such a gossip himself.”

I smiled slightly, remembering Ethan Quinn’s reputation for being both the biggest source of pack gossip and fiercely protective of those he cared about.

“He confronted the guy in the middle of the campus cafeteria,” Lily continued, a hint of pride in her voice.

“Told him if he ever came near me again, he’d regret it. I’ve never seen Ethan so angry.”

Not wanting to eavesdrop any longer, I quietly slipped out the front door. As I drove toward Moonlaw Legal

Services, I couldn’t help but reflect on how lucky I was to have friends who cared so deeply, even if they

showed it through relentless teasing.

Twenty minutes later, I pulled into the parking lot of Moonlaw Legal Services. The modern glass building

gleamed in the afternoon sunlight, a stark contrast to the emotional turmoil I was about to walk into.

Inside, I found Jade Mitchell in the reception area, her arm around a young woman who couldn’t have been

more than twenty. The girl’s shoulders were hunched protectively, her body language screaming vulnerability

and fear.

Jade looked up with relief when she saw me. “Ms. Winters, thank you for coming so quickly.”

I approached them slowly, my amber eyes filled with concern. All thoughts of my earlier embarrassment

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O For more chapters visit

* Chapter 56 An Awkward

vanished as my professional instincts took over.

“Hello, I said gently to the young woman. “I’m Olivia Winters. Would you like to talk somewhere more private?”

The girl looked up, her tear–stained face revealing a fresh bruise blooming across her cheekbone. My wolf

bristled protectively at the sight, though I kept my expression calm and compassionate.

“Yes, please,” she whispered, her voice barely audible.

Jade gave her shoulder a reassuring squeeze. “I’ll bring you both some tea, okay?”

I nodded gratefully to Jade, then guided the young woman toward my office. As we walked, I noticed how she flinched at sudden movements and kept her gaze downcast—classic signs of ongoing abuse.

My heart ached for her, but I also felt a surge of determination. This was why I became a lawyer—to help

those who couldn’t help themselves. To be a voice for the voiceless.

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Whisper 121

Chapter 67: A Tangled Web of Compassion and Betrayal–1

Chapter 67: A Tangled Web of Compassion and Betrayal

(Olivia’s POV)

“So what exactly is the situation with these siblings?” I asked Emma as we sat in my office at Moonlaw Legal

Services.

Emma's usually cheerful face was drawn with concern. She twisted her hands nervously in her lap

"Leah and Noah Pierce are orphaned siblings with absolutely no family support," she explained. They live in that rundown apartment complex near the industrial district."

I nodded, already feeling a tug of sympathy. Being without pack protection in our world was incredibly difficult.

"Noah's been working himself to death to support them both, Emma continued. "He put Leah through school, made sure she had everything she needed. He's been her only family since their parents died."

"How old are they?" I asked, making notes on my legal pad.

"Noah's twenty-four, Leah's seventeen. But..." Emma's voice caught. "Leah was diagnosed with a rare form of leukemia last year."

My pen stilled. "That's expensive to treat."

Emma nodded miserably. "The treatments cost a fortune. Noah took dangerous overtime shifts at Northern Industrial Factory to cover the medical bills. He was working eighteen-hour days sometimes.

I winced, imagining the exhaustion. "And that's when the accident happened?"

"Yes. He was operating machinery during an overnight shift. The safety guards were missing—completely illegal, by the way—and..." Emma swallowed hard. "He lost his right hand when the machine malfunctioned

My wolf bristled with anger. "And let me guess, the factory isn't taking responsibility?"

"They paid him two months' salary and terminated him, Emma confirmed, her eyes flashing with rare anger "No disability benefits, no compensation for the injury, nothing for ongoing medical care."

I set my pen down with more force than necessary. "That's not just unethical, it's illegal."

"They're exploiting the fact that he's an omega without pack protection, Emma said quietly. "No one to stand up for him, no resources to fight back."

"Until now," I said firmly. "Why did they come to me specifically?"

Emma's expression softened slightly. "Leah heard about you—your reputation as both a lawyer and someone with medical knowledge. She's desperate, Olivia. Noah's their only income, and with his injury..."

I didn't need her to finish the sentence. Without Noah's ability to work, they would lose everything—their home, Leah's treatments, everything.

"I'll help them," I said decisively, already mentally cataloging the legal precedents we could use. "When can I

meet them?"

Emma's relief was palpable. "Leah's at the hospital now for her treatment. Noah's there too, still recovering

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<Chapter 67: A Tangled We

from surgery. We could go right away if you're free?"

I checked my watch. I had a meeting with Connor later, but this couldn't wait.

"Let's go," I said, grabbing my purse and car keys. "I'll drive."

(Ethan's POV)

The real estate agent's smile widened as I signed the final page of the contract for the second-hand apartment in Moonlight Gardens.

+ Plums >

"Congratulations, Mr. Grey," she gushed, clearly thrilled to have closed such a quick sale. "The apartment is Chapters first released on

now officially yours."

I couldn't suppress my satisfied smile as I handed her back the pen. After weeks of searching, I'd finally found

the perfect place—in the same building where Olivia lived.

"Thank you for expediting the process," I said smoothly, sliding the cashier's check across the table. "I

appreciate your discretion as well.”

The agent nodded eagerly. “Of course, Mr. Grey. We pride ourselves on confidentiality.”

I’d paid a premium to keep this purchase quiet. The last thing I needed was for Olivia to hear about it before I was ready to tell her myself.

As the agent gathered the paperwork, my mind drifted to Olivia. Our relationship had been complicated lately, to say the least. After years together, I’d made the mistake of letting her go when Cassandra returned.

It was a decision I regretted more with each passing day.

“Will you be moving in immediately?” the agent asked, interrupting my thoughts.

“Within *the* week,” I confirmed. “I have some renovations planned first.”

Nothing major—just enough to make **the** space mine while ensuring it would appeal to Olivia’s tastes when she eventually visited. I’d chosen the apartment specifically for its proximity to hers, just two floors below.

The agent handed me the keys with another bright smile. “The building has excellent security, as I’m sure you know. Your privacy will be well-protected.”

I nodded, pocketing the keys. The security was another selling point—I wanted Olivia to feel safe when she

visited.

As I left the real estate office, my phone buzzed with a message from Natalie Hughes. She’d been instrumental in securing the investment that had stabilized my company’s finances, though she remained

unaware of my true intentions regarding Olivia.

“Dinner tonight to celebrate the successful investment?” her message read.

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Whisper 122

Chapter 67: A Tangled Web of Compassion and Betrayal 2

I typed a quick response, making an excuse about work. Natalie was useful, but my focus needed to be on

Olivia now.

Walking to my car, I allowed myself to imagine the future—Olivia and I as neighbors, running into each other in the elevator, sharing coffee in the morning. Small moments that would give me the opportunity to rebuild

what we once had,

What I'd foolishly thrown away.

The apartment was a strategic move, but it was more than that. It was a statement of intent. I wasn't giving up on us, no matter how complicated things had become.

(Olivia's POV)

"Are you sure this is okay?" Leah Pierce asked nervously from the backseat of my Bentley, her thin fingers fidgeting with the hem of her worn sweater.

I glanced at her in the rearview mirror. She couldn't have weighed more than ninety pounds, her frame diminished by illness. The pink woolen beanie pulled low over her head couldn't completely hide the effects of chemotherapy.

"What do you mean?" I asked gently.

"This car..." she gestured around at the luxury interior. "I don't want to get it dirty"

I noticed her trying to clean her mud-stained canvas shoes against the back of her legs, clearly worried about the pristine leather seats.

"Don't worry about that," I assured her. "It's just a car"

Emma, sitting beside Leah, gave the girl's hand a reassuring squeeze. "I told you Olivia's not like that. She

doesn't care about stuff like that."

Leah didn't look convinced, but she stopped trying to clean her shoes,

“How are you feeling today?” I asked, changing the subject as we drove toward Harbor City Memorial

Hospital.

“Better than yesterday,” Leah answered quietly. “The new medication helps with the nausea,”

I nodded, remembering my mother’s battle with illness. The good days, the bad days, the days that blurred together in a haze of pain and medication.

“And your brother?” I asked. “How’s he handling everything?”

Leah’s face crumpled slightly. “He blames himself. For getting hurt, for not being able to work. He doesn’t understand that none of this is his fault.”

My heart ached for them both. Two young people carrying burdens no one their age should have to bear.

“Well, that’s why we’re going to help him,” I said firmly. “What happened to him wasn’t just unfortunate—it was illegal. And we’re going to make sure the factory takes responsibility.”

Leah’s eyes, too old for her young face, met mine in the mirror. “Why would you help us? You don’t even know

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Chapter 67 A Tangled We

US,”

The question **was** asked without self–pity, just genuine curiosity.

“Because it’s the right thing to do,” I answered simply. “And because I can.”

Emma smiled approvingly from the backseat. “See? I told you she was one of the good ones.”

*PORTS)

As we pulled into the hospital parking lot, I felt my resolve strengthen. These siblings needed an advocate,

and I was in a position to be that for them.

It was a privilege I didn't take lightly.

The antiseptic smell hit me as soon as we entered the hospital, bringing back unwelcome memories of my mother's final days. I pushed them aside, focusing instead on following Emma and Leah through the crowded

corridors.

Noah Pierce was in a general ward, sharing space with five other patients. The air was thick with the smells of unwashed bodies, medication, and despair.

"Noah," Leah called softly as we approached his bed. "I brought someone who can help us."

The young man lying on the narrow hospital bed looked up, his eyes immediately wary. Despite his obvious weakness, I could see the protective instinct flare as he assessed me—a stranger near his vulnerable sister.

"This is Olivia Winters," Emma explained quickly. "She's a lawyer, Noah. She wants to help with your case against the factory."

Noah's expression didn't change. "We can't afford a lawyer," he said flatly.

I stepped forward, keeping my voice low and professional. "I'd like to represent you on a contingency basis, Mr. Pierce. That means you don't pay unless we win."

His eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Why would you do **that**? What's in it for you?"

"Thirty percent of any settlement if we win," I answered honestly. "Nothing if we lose. But based on what

Emma's told me, I don't think we'll lose."

Noah glanced at his sister, then back to me. The distrust in his eyes was painful to see—clearly life had taught him to be suspicious of unexpected kindness.

"I don't want charity," he said stiffly.

"It's not charity," I countered. "It's justice. What happened to you was wrong, and the factory should be held

accountable.”

He seemed to consider this, his gaze drifting to his heavily bandaged right arm. The absence of his hand was stark even beneath the wrappings.

“Leah,” Emma said gently, “why don’t we go back to your ward while they talk? It’s almost time for your medication.”

Leah hesitated, clearly reluctant to leave her brother.

“Go,” Noah encouraged her with a forced smile. “I’ll be fine.”

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Chapter 5 The tender’s

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Whisper 123

Chapter 68: The Healer’s Compassion—1

Chapter 68: The Healer’s Compassion

(Olivia’s POV)

After asking about the situation, Hosh sat up in bed, his bandaged right arm propped awkwardly on a pillow. The absence of his hand was jarring, even beneath the wrappings.

He was hunched over his phone, struggling to navigate the screen with his left hand.

Need some help with that?" I asked gently.

Noah's head snapped up.

I moved closer, noticing the frustration in his eyes. "What are you trying to do?"

He hesitated before answering. "Just ordering some food. Hospital meals aren't exactly appetizing."

"May 17" I gestured to his phone,

After a moment's hesitation, he handed it over. The screen showed a food delivery app with a distinctive yellow icon. As I scrolled through his order history, my heart sank.

Every single order was under \$10, Instant noodles. The cheapest burger combo. A small side of fries split

between two people.

Is this what you and Leah usually eat?" I asked, trying to keep my voice neutral.

Noah's jaw tightened defensively, "It's what we can afford."

I continued scrolling, noting the poor nutritional quality of everything listed. My wolf bristled protectively-

this wasn't just about money. This was about health and healing.

"Noah," I said carefully, "your body needs proper nutrition to heal, especially after such a serious injury. And Leah needs quality food to help her through her treatments,"

His eyes flashed with a mixture of pride and shame. "We manage."

I handed the phone back, making a quick decision. "I'm going to grab something from the restaurant downstairs. Would you mind if I brought back enough for you and Leah?"

"We don't need-" he began.

"Please, I interrupted gently, "Consider it a working lunch. We have a lot to discuss about your case."

Before he could protest further, I slipped out of the room. In the hallway, I leaned against the wall for a moment, composing myself. The Budget Delivery App Order

History had affected me more than I'd expected. It was such a small thing, yet it spoke volumes about their struggle.

* made my way to the hospital's restaurant, ordering three portions of a nutritious meal—grilled chicken with steamed vegetables and brown rice, Simple but nourishing food that would actually help their bodies heal.

While waiting for the order, I made a few calls. By the time I returned to Noah's room with the food, I had arranged for two professional caregivers to assist the siblings. Read full story at

Leah had joined her brother, sitting in a chair beside his bed. Her thin frame seemed to disappear in the

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oversized hospital gown, and the pink woolen beanie on her head couldn't hide how pale and drawn her face

WAS.

"Thope you're hungry." I said, setting down the food containers.

Leah's eyes widened at the sight. "That smells amazing."

I distributed the meals, noticing how both siblings hesitated before taking their first bites. Once they started eating, though, it was clear they were starving for proper food.

I've made some arrangements I'd like to discuss with you," I said as they ate. "I've hired two caregivers to help you both during your recovery."

Noah's fork paused halfway to his mouth. "We can't afford—"

"It's covered," I said firmly. "Daniel Foster will be assisting you, Noah. He's trained specifically in helping patients adapt to hand injuries. And Rachel Winters—no relation to me—will be helping Leah through her treatments."

Leah looked up, her eyes filling with tears. “Why would you do this for us?”

The vulnerability in her voice nearly broke my heart. “Because you deserve proper care. Both of you.”

Noah set down his fork, his expression troubled. “The hospital bills are already more than we can handle. We can’t accept more charity.”

“It’s not charity,” I insisted. “It’s an advance on the settlement we’re going to win from Northern Industrial Factory”

I didn’t mention that I’d already paid their hospital deposit and treatment fees. That conversation could wait.

“Speaking of which,” I continued, pulling out my tablet, “I’ve been reviewing similar cases. We have strong precedent on our side.”

As we discussed the legal strategy, I noticed Noah gradually relaxing. Talking about the case gave him something to focus on besides his injury and their financial situation.

After we finished eating, my phone pinged with a notification. Noah had sent me a digital money transfer—a small amount, but clearly all he could spare.

“What’s this?” I asked, though I knew exactly what it was.

“For the food and your time,” he said stiffly. “I’ll pay you back for everything else when we win the case.”

I immediately declined the transfer, my amber eyes meeting his. “That’s not necessary, Noah.”

“I don’t want to be in debt,” he insisted.

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Whisper 124

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Chapter 68. The Healer's Compassion 2

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After promising to run the next day at the same time hallway

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I was so absorbed in my work that I completely forgot about my dinner plans with Commer until my phone

“Hello!! sanowrar, orderby and gra

Bistro for half an hour

I closed my eyes, quilt washing over me ‘Connor, I’m so sorry I completely lost track of time

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<Chapter 68 The Healer’s.

“Are you alright?” The concern in his voice was immediate.

“I’m fine,” I assured him. “I’m at the office working on a case. These siblings I told you about the factory

worker who lost his hand and his sister with leukemia—their situation is worse than I thought.”

There was a pause before Connor spoke again. “Have you eaten?”

The question caught me off guard. “What?”

“Dinner,” he clarified. “Have you had anything since lunch?”

I glanced at the clock—9:30 PM. I hadn’t eaten since the hospital lunch hours ago.

“No,” I admitted. “I’ve been too focused on this case.”

“I’m picking you up,” he said, his tone leaving no room for argument. “Text me the address.”

“Connor, you don’t have to—” Follow current novels on

“Olivia.” His voice softened. “Let me take care of you while you’re taking care of everyone else.”

A small smile formed on my lips at his concern. “Okay. I’m at Moonlaw Legal Services on Fifth Street.”

“I’ll be there in twenty minutes.”

After hanging up, I turned back to my notes, considering the challenges ahead. Even if we won the case—

which I was confident we would—collecting the compensation would be another battle entirely.

Companies like Northern Industrial Factory often dragged out the payment process, knowing that vulnerable

clients couldn’t afford to wait. Meanwhile, Noah needed specialized treatment for his injury, and Leah’s

condition was deteriorating rapidly.

I made a decision then, reaching for my phone again. The Moonlight Charitable Foundation answered on the

third ring.

“This is Olivia Winters,” I said. “I’d like to make a donation.”

By the time I finished the call, I had transferred ten million dollars to the foundation, with specific provisions for the Pierce siblings’ care. I structured it carefully to preserve their dignity—the foundation would cover their medical expenses as part of a broader program for injured workers, not as direct charity.

I also sent Emma a separate transfer of \$200,000 for daily expenses and to hire household help while she

focused on supporting the siblings.

Her response came almost immediately—a voice message filled with tears and gratitude.

“Olivia,” Emma’s voice cracked with emotion. “I don’t know what to say. You’ve shown more compassion to

these kids than anyone ever has. Thank you doesn’t seem enough, but... thank you.”

I was still smiling at her message when my phone rang again. This time it was Jason Mitchell from the legal

team I’d assembled for Noah’s case.

“We’ve got the preliminary injunction,” he reported. “The factory can’t destroy any evidence related to the

accident.”

“That’s excellent news,” I said, feeling a small victory. “What about the safety inspection records?”

“Still working on getting those subpoenaed. Their lawyers are fighting us every step of the way.”

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Chapter 68 The Healer’s

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“Keep pushing.” I urged. “Those records will prove they knew about the safety issues long before Noah’s

accident.”

After hanging up, I gathered my things, preparing to meet Connor. Despite the challenges ahead, I felt more purposeful than I had in months. This case mattered—these siblings mattered—and I was determined to help

them.

(Connor’s POV)

The evening traffic parted before my Cullinan SUV as I made my way toward Moonlaw Legal Services. Olivia’s

voice had sounded tired on the phone, and I found myself pressing the accelerator a little harder, eager to see

her.

My wolf was restless, concerned about our mate working too hard and not taking care of herself. The

protective instinct had only grown stronger since our engagement became official.

I was just turning onto Fifth Street when my phone rang through the car's speaker system. Frank Langley's

name appeared on the dashboard display.

"Rivers," I answered, keeping my eyes on the road.

"Sir," Frank's voice was tense, lacking its usual calm efficiency. "Something bad has happened to Vanessa

Reed!"

My hand tightened on the steering wheel, instantly alert. "Explain."

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Whisper 125

Chapter 69: Poisonous Wh

Chapter 69: Poisonous Whispers–1

Chapter 69: Poisonous Whispers

(Olivia's POV)

I gathered **the** last of my **files** on Noah's case, tucking them neatly into my leather portfolio. **The office had** emptied hours ago, leaving me alone with the soft hum of the air conditioning and the occasional **ping of** late-night emails.

My stomach growled, reminding me I'd been waiting for Connor. I checked my phone again, **though I knew he** wouldn't arrive. His call about Vanessa's poisoning had changed our plans entirely.

"Silver poisoning," I murmured to myself, zipping my portfolio closed.

The implications were troubling. Silver poisoning was rarely accidental—someone had deliberately targeted Connor's foster sister. Despite our complicated history, I wouldn't wish that on anyone.

My phone buzzed with a text from Connor: "I'm sorry about tonight. I'll make it up to you. Stay safe."

I smiled despite my disappointment, typing back: "Don't worry. Take care of Vanessa. Call me when **you** can."

Gathering my things, I headed out of the building. The night air was cool against my skin as I locked the

office door behind me.

"Dinner for one it is," I sighed, walking toward a small diner across the street.

The place was nearly empty, just a couple of truckers nursing coffee at the counter. I slid into a booth by the window, ordered a sandwich, and tried not to think about how I'd rather be having dinner with Connor.

After eating quickly, I drove back to my apartment at Riverdale Terrace. The parking lot was poorly lit, shadows stretching between the few working lamps.

I parked as close to the entrance as possible, scanning the darkness before getting out. Connor's warnings about staying vigilant had taken root in my mind.

The elevator ride to my floor was uneventful, but as I approached my apartment door, a familiar scent made my steps falter.

Ethan.

tensed, my keys clutched tightly in my hand. His distinctive cologne—expensive and subtle—reached me before I saw him emerge from the shadows near my door.

"Working late again, Olivia?" His voice was smooth as he stepped into the dim hallway light.

I kept my expression neutral, though my wolf bristled defensively. "What are you doing here, Ethan?"

His blue eyes gleamed as he looked me over, concern painted across his features so perfectly it might have fooled someone who didn't know him as well as I did.

"I was worried about you," he said, moving closer. "It's not safe for you to be out alone so late." I inserted my key into the lock, determined to end this conversation quickly. "I'm perfectly capable **of** taking

care of myself."

"Are you?" He raised an eyebrow. "There have been reports of omega attacks in this area. **I thought I should**

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Chapter **69**. Poisonous Wh.

check on you."

"**How** thoughtful," I **replied coldly**, turning the key.

"But **unnecessary**. **Goodnight, Ethan**."

I pushed the door open, **ready** to step **inside and** shut him **out, but** Ethan moved with **surprising speed**. **His larger** frame blocked the doorway, preventing me from closing it.

"Don't you want to know where your precious Alpha is right now?" he asked, his tone **dripping with** false

Innocence.

I **froze**, my hand still on the doorknob. “**Connor** is dealing with a family emergency. Not **that** it’s **any of your**

business.”

Ethan’s lips curved into a smile that didn’t reach his eyes. “Is that what he told you? While you’re **here alone**, Connor Rivers is with Jessica Sullivan.”

My heart skipped a beat, but I kept my expression carefully blank. “I don’t know who that is, **and I don’t care** for your games.”

“No games,” Ethan said, pulling out his phone. “Just truth you deserve to hear.”

Before I could protest, he pressed play on an audio recording. A woman’s voice, broken with sobs, filled **the**

hallway.

“I can’t take it anymore,” she cried. “After what they did to me... the kidnapping... I just need you, Connor. You’re the only one who understands.”

My blood ran cold as the recording continued, the woman’s desperate pleas punctuated by what sounded like Connor’s deep, soothing responses in the background.

“Who is she?” I asked, hating how my voice wavered slightly.

Ethan’s eyes gleamed with triumph at my reaction. “Jessica Sullivan. She was arrested for stalking me a few months ago, but then she disappeared. Turns out she was kidnapped.”

I shook my head, confusion and disbelief warring within me. “What does this have to do with Connor?”

“He’s been helping her recover,” Ethan said, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “Quite intimately, from what I hear. Did he tell you about her? About how he visits her almost daily?”

My mind raced, trying to make sense of this information. Connor had been busy lately, often canceling *our* plans with vague explanations about pack business.

“You’re lying,” I said, but uncertainty had crept into my voice.

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Whisper 126

Chapter 69: Poisonous Whispers—2

Ethan stepped closer, his expression a perfect mask of sympathy. “I wish I were. But there’s more, **Olivia**. Something he definitely hasn’t told you.”

I shouldn’t have asked. I should have shut the door in his face. But the words escaped before I could **stop**

them: “What?”

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“She’s pregnant,” Ethan said softly, watching my face carefully. “And the timing... well, it makes one wonder,

doesn’t it?”

The implication hit me like a physical blow. I felt the color drain from my face, my grip tightening on **the** doorknob for support.

“That’s not possible,” I whispered.

“Isn’t it?” Ethan pressed. “How well do you really know him, Olivia? He’s an Alpha wolf with needs. And you’ve been so busy with your cases lately...”

For a moment, doubt clouded my mind. Connor had been distant recently, canceling plans, being vague

about his whereabouts. Could there be truth to Ethan’s claims?

Then clarity washed over me like a cold shower. This was Ethan—master manipulator, expert at twisting truths and planting seeds of doubt.

Fury replaced shock as I straightened my spine and met his gaze directly. “You’re lying,” I said firmly, my voice dropping to a dangerous tone.

“Olivia-” he began, but I cut him off.

“Connor would never betray me like that. He’s not like you, Ethan.” The words came out sharp and clear. “He doesn’t play games or manipulate people for his own amusement.”

Ethan’s expression hardened slightly. “You think I’m making this up? Call him. Ask him where he is right now.”

“I know exactly where he is,” I countered. “He’s at Shadow Den because Vanessa was poisoned. He called to cancel our dinner plans himself.”

A flicker of surprise crossed Ethan’s face before he recovered. “Vanessa? How convenient. Another woman requiring his immediate attention.”

“His foster sister,” I corrected coldly. “And unlike you, Connor doesn’t lie to me. He respects me enough to tell me the truth, even when it’s inconvenient.”

Ethan’s blue eyes glittered with malice thinly veiled as concern. “I’m just trying to protect you, Olivia. You deserve to know what kind of man you’re engaged to.”

“I know exactly what kind of man Connor is,” I said, my confidence growing with each word. “And I know exactly what kind of man you are too, Ethan. The kind who would come to my door with fabricated evidence and twisted truths to **try** to destroy my relationship.”

I moved to close the door, but Ethan’s patience finally snapped. He moved with werewolf speed, grabbed wrist and pulling me toward him.

The sudden movement caught me off guard. Before I could react, his arms were around me, **holding** me

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Chapter 69 Poisonous Wh

tightly against his chest.

“Ethan, let **go** of me,” I demanded, pushing against him.

He ignored my protest, burying his face in my hair and inhaling deeply. “You still smell the **same**,” **he** murmured, his voice dropping to a husky whisper against my

I struggled against his grip, but he held firm, his lips brushing my ear as he spoke. “Olivia, leave him, **Come**

back to me.”

The desperation in his voice was real, but it only strengthened my resolve to break free. His embrace felt wrong—possessive rather than protective, demanding rather than giving.

“Let. Me. Go.” Each word was a command as I pushed against his chest with all my strength.

His arms tightened momentarily before he finally released me, stepping back with reluctance written across

his features.

“You’re making a mistake,” he said, his eyes intense. “Connor Rivers isn’t who you think he is.”

I straightened my blouse, my amber eyes flashing with anger. “Neither are you, Ethan. I used **to** think you were someone who cared about me, who respected me. Now I see you’re just someone who wants to possess me.” His expression darkened. “I love you, Olivia. I always have.”

“No,” I shook my head firmly. “You love the idea of me—someone you can control, someone who will always put you first no matter how you treat them. That’s not love, Ethan. That’s obsession.”

I stepped back into my apartment, my hand on the door. “Don’t come here again. *And* don’t **try** to contact me.” As I moved to close the door, Ethan’s patience snapped. He moved quickly, grabbing my wrist and pulling me toward him. He embraced me tightly, inhaling my scent with desperate hunger, his voice dropping to a husky whisper against my ear.

“Olivia, leave him. Come back to me.”

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Whisper 127

Chapter 70: Hidden Truths and Emerging Dangers—1

Chapter 70: Hidden Truths and Emerging Dangers The source of this content is find~novel~net

(Olivia's POV)

I reacted on pure instinct. My knee shot up, connecting solidly with Ethan's stomach. As he **doubled over**,

gasping, I slapped him hard across the face, the sound echoing in the empty hallway.

"Stay away from me!" I snarled, backing away from him.

Ethan straightened slowly, his hand touching his reddening cheek. The shock in his blue eyes quickly morphed into hurt.

"Olivia-" he started, reaching for me.

"Don't!" I held up my hand, my entire body trembling with rage. "You're tainted! Corrupted!"

My voice broke on the last word, emotion threatening to overwhelm me. Inside, my wolf howled **in** agreement, rejecting his scent completely.

"We can never go back to what we were," I said, my voice dropping to a whisper. "Never."

Ethan staggered back as if I'd struck him again. The physical blow had hurt him, but my words had wounded him far deeper.

"You don't mean that," he said, his voice hoarse.

"I do." I stepped back into my apartment. "Don't come here again."

I slammed the door shut, locking it immediately. Through the wood, I heard Ethan's ragged breathing, then his slow, defeated footsteps retreating down the hallway.

Only when I was sure he was gone did I allow myself to slide down against the door, my legs suddenly too weak to support me.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. For a wild moment, I thought it might be Ethan, but the screen showed a message from Emma: “Noah’s asking for you, Says he has questions about the case. Can you visit tomorrow?”

I texted back a quick confirmation, grateful for the distraction. Work was something I could focus on, something that made sense when everything else seemed to be falling apart.

Rising to my feet, I moved through my apartment, checking that all the windows were locked. Ethan’s visit had left me feeling violated, unsafe in my own home.

Sleep was impossible. I paced restlessly across my living room, my mind racing with questions. That recording of Jessica Sullivan and Connor—what was I supposed to make **of it**?

I remembered Jessica’s attack on me months ago, how Connor had protected me without hesitation. The

woman had been obsessed with Ethan, not Connor. It made no sense.

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“Ethan is manipulating the situation, I muttered to myself. “He’s twisting things, like **he alway**

Still, doubt nagged at me. Connor had been canceling plans more frequently lately, **offering vague**

explanations about pack business.

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Chapter **70**: Hidden Truths.

I reached for my phone and called Connor’s **number**. **It rang** several times before going to voicemail

“**Hey, it’s** me,” I started, then stopped, unsure what **to say**. **I hung up without leaving a** message.

After a moment's hesitation, I typed out a text instead: "Everything's fine. Take your time with **your pack**

business. I trust you."

I hit send, feeling slightly better for having expressed my confidence in him, despite the seeds of **doubt Ethan had** tried to plant.

Setting my phone aside, I moved to the window, gazing out at the lights of Riverdale. Somewhere **out there**, Connor was dealing with Vanessa's poisoning—or at least, that's what he'd told me.

"I trust him," I whispered to myself, trying to silence the doubts whispering in the back of my **mind**.

(Ethan's POV)

I barely made it back to my secondary apartment in Moonlight Gardens before my legs gave out. Collapsing onto the cold tile of the entryway, I pressed my palm against my cheek where Olivia had slapped me.

The physical pain was nothing compared to the agony of her words.

"You're tainted! Corrupted!"

Her voice echoed in my mind, each repetition like a knife twisting in my chest. My wolf whined pitifully, sensing my distress.

I dragged myself to the bathroom, turning the shower on full blast. Stripping off my clothes, I stepped under the scalding water, as if it could somehow wash away her accusation.

"I'm not tainted," I whispered, grabbing the soap and scrubbing my skin. "I'm not."

The words became a desperate mantra as I scrubbed harder, my skin turning red and sensitive. Tears streamed down my face, mixing with the shower water.

"I'm not tainted," I repeated, my voice breaking. "I'm not."

The water ran cold, but I continued to stand there, scrubbing at my skin long after it had turned raw. My wolf's distress mirrored my own, a continuous whine that seemed to come from the depths of my soul.

Finally, I shut off the water and stepped out, wrapping a towel around my waist. My reflection in the mirror showed a broken man—eyes red-rimmed, skin blotchy, expression haunted.

I had lost her. Truly lost her this time.

The realization hit me with crushing force. I stumbled to my bedroom, collapsing onto the bed without bothering to dry off or dress.

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Whisper 128

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Chapter 70 Hidden Truths.

Chapter 70: Hidden Truths and Emerging Dangers—2

“Olivia,” I whispered into the darkness, her name a prayer on my lips.

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But there would be no answer. She had made her choice, and it wasn’t me. It would never be me again.

The pain of that knowledge was unbearable. I curled into myself, my body shaking with silent sobs as the night stretched endlessly before me.

(Connor’s POV)

The metallic scent of blood filled the secure room at Shadow Den. I stood rigid, staring at Jessica Sullivan’s lifeless body sprawled across the floor. Her throat had been cut with surgical precision, her eyes still open in

frozen terror.

Beside her lay Gregory Steele, one of our security guards. The silver dagger he'd used on Jessica was now embedded in his own chest, his final act of self-destruction after completing his deadly task.

"Alpha," Dominic Reeves, my security chief, spoke quietly beside me. "I take full responsibility for this breach." I didn't respond immediately, my ice-blue eyes narrowing as I surveyed the scene. Jessica had been our key witness—the only person who could testify about Ethan Grey's involvement in her kidnapping and subsequent manipulation.

"Someone ordered this murder to silence her," I said finally, my voice controlled despite the rage building inside me. "And we have a traitor in our midst."

Dominic's face paled slightly. "Gregory Steele had been with us for three years. Impeccable record, no signs of disloyalty."

"Until today," I said coldly. "I want everything about him investigated—his background, his finances, his family, his contacts. Everything."

"Yes, Alpha," Dominic nodded sharply. "I've already started gathering information. He has an elderly mother in poor health living on the outskirts of Riverdale."

Understanding dawned immediately. "He was coerced," I concluded, my voice hardening. "Someone found his weakness and exploited it."

My wolf snarled with fury at the thought. This wasn't just a security breach—it was a calculated attack. against my pack, against my investigation into Ethan Grey's activities.

Brian Mitchell, the second guard who had witnessed the attack but failed to prevent it, stood trembling in the corner. His hulking frame seemed diminished by his obvious distress.

"Mitchell," I addressed him directly. "Tell me exactly what happened."

Brian swallowed hard before speaking. "We were doing the regular check, Alpha. Everything was normal. Jessica was sitting on her bed, reading. Then Greg just... changed. He pulled out the dagger and moved so fast. I tried to stop him, but..."

His voice trailed off, his eyes fixed on his fallen colleague.

"Did Gregory say anything?" I pressed. "Anything at all before or during the attack?"

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<Chapter 70 Hidden Truths

Brian's brow furrowed in concentration. "He whispered something to Jessica right before he... before he cut her throat. I couldn't hear what it was, but she looked terrified,"

I turned to Dominic. "I want the security footage analyzed immediately. Every angle, every second. And I want Gregory's mother brought in for protection—if she's still alive"

"You think they might target her too?" Dominic asked.

"I think whoever orchestrated this will eliminate all loose ends," I replied grimly. "And that includes anyone who might reveal why Gregory betrayed us."

As my security team moved to carry out my orders, I knelt beside Jessica's body. Despite her past actions, she hadn't deserved this fate. She had been manipulated by Ethan Grey, used as a pawn in his games, and now silenced permanently.

"We'll find who did this," I promised quietly. "And they will pay."

Rising to my feet, I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket. Olivia's name flashed on the screen—a text message

rather than a missed call.

"Everything's fine. Take your time with your pack business. I trust you."

The simple message sent a wave of warmth through me, momentarily cutting through the cold rage. In the midst of this chaos and betrayal, Olivia's trust was a beacon of light.

I would need to tell her about this development soon. Jessica's murder changed everything about our investigation into Ethan Grey. But for now, I needed to focus on finding the traitor who had infiltrated my

security team. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

"Dominic," I called, my decision made. "Double the security on Olivia immediately. If they're targeting our witnesses, she could be next."

(Vanessa's POV)

The crystal glass made a delicate sound as I set it down on the marble countertop of my private villa. The venison I'd been enjoying suddenly tasted like ash in my mouth, but it wasn't from the food—it was from

anticipation.

Trevor Blake stood before me, his imposing frame clothed entirely in black, his expression as emotionless as

ever.

“It’s done,” he reported, his voice flat. “Jessica Sullivan has been eliminated as ordered.”

A smile curved my lips as satisfaction bloomed in my chest. “And the guard?”

“Took his own life after completing the task, as instructed.”

“Perfect.” I rose from my seat, moving to the window that overlooked Harbor City in the distance. “What about

the evidence?”

“No connection to you,” Trevor assured me. “The silver dagger was untraceable, and Gregory Steele’s motivation will appear to be protecting his mother.”

I nodded, pleased with his thoroughness. “Speaking of which, we need to eliminate any of Jessica’s father and Gregory Steele’s mother immediately.”

Trevor didn’t even blink at the order to murder two innocent people. “Consider it done.”

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ends. Take care

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< Chapter 70 Hidden Truths.

After he departed, I moved to my secure phone, dialing a number I knew by heart. It rang three times before being answered.

“Yes?” The male voice on the other end was curt, impatient.

“The task is complete. The witness has been silenced permanently.” I said, my tone shifting to one of respect.

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Whisper 129

Chapter 71: A Tangled Web—1

Chapter 71: A Tangled Web

(Connor's POV)

The night had stretched long, filled with reports and security briefings that demanded my full attention. As I finally left Rivers Pack Headquarters, the weight of responsibility pressed heavily on my shoulders. The first

thing I wanted was to hear Olivia's voice.

I pulled out my phone and dialed her number, leaning against my car as I waited for her to answer. Check latest chapters at [Find_Novel\(.\)net](http://Find_Novel(.)net)

"Hello?" Her voice was soft, heavy with sleep.

"Did I wake you?" I asked, unable to keep the smile from my voice despite the exhaustion pulling at me.

"Mmm, I was waiting for your call," she murmured, her words slightly slurred. "Just dozed off."

I slid into the driver's seat, starting the engine. "I'm sorry it's so late. The situation with Jessica was...

complicated."

"Is everything okay?" Concern sharpened her tone slightly.

"Nothing for you to worry about tonight," I assured her, pulling onto the empty street. "I could come over if you want company."

Her soft laugh warmed me from the inside. "You sound as tired as I feel. Get some rest, Con. I'll see you

tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," I agreed, reluctant to end the call. "Sleep well, Liv."

She hummed in response, her breathing already evening out. I kept the line open as I drove toward my private estate, finding comfort in the gentle rhythm of her breaths. My wolf, restless and agitated from the day's events, gradually calmed at the sound.

Even from a distance, her presence soothed something primal within me. The knowledge that she was safe, warm in her bed, eased the tension that had built throughout the day.

I pulled into my driveway, still listening to her soft breathing through the phone. Only when I parked did I finally end the call, whispering a quiet goodnight she wouldn't hear.

Raymond Brooks, my driver, was waiting as I approached the entrance. His usually stoic expression was

troubled.

"Alpha Rivers," he greeted me with a slight bow. "Mr. Reeves has been calling repeatedly. He says it's urgent." My momentary peace evaporated instantly. "Put him through to my office line."

I strode through the mansion, shrugging off my coat as I went. By the time I reached my office, the phone was already ringing.

"Dominic," I answered, dropping into my chair. "What's happened?"

"Two incidents, Alpha," Dominic's voice was tense. "Walter Jenkins committed suicide **an** hour ago by jumping from the roof of Harbor City Memorial Hospital."

I frowned, the name immediately registering. "Jessica Sullivan's father?"

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< Chapter 71. A Tangled We

"Yes, sir. And there's more. Martha Steele was found dead in her home from apparent wolfsbane poisoning

My grip tightened on the phone. "Gregory Steele's mother."

"Exactly. Both deaths occurred within hours of each other, both connected to our witnesses."

My wolf surged forward, a growl rumbling in my chest. This wasn't coincidence—this was cleanup. Someone was systematically eliminating everyone connected to Jessica Sullivan and Gregory Steele.

"I want full investigations on both deaths," I ordered. "Security footage, toxicology reports, everything. And I want to know who visited them in the 48 hours before their deaths."

"Already underway, Alpha."

I pinched the bridge of my nose, my mind racing. "This has Frederick Warner's fingerprints all over it. He's tying up loose ends."

"That's my assessment as well," Dominic agreed. "Should we increase security on other potential targets?" "Yes. Double the detail on Olivia immediately," I said, my wolf bristling at the thought of her in danger. "And I want a full report on your findings within five days."

"Understood, Alpha."

After ending the call, I sat in silence, staring at the wall. Frederick Warner was moving his pieces across the board with deadly precision. The question was: what was his ultimate goal?

Whatever it was, I would be ready.

(Olivia's POV)

The persistent knocking dragged me from a deep sleep. I groaned, burying my face deeper into my pillow as I tried to ignore it. But the knocking continued, growing more insistent with each passing second.

"Go away," I mumbled into my pillow, pulling the covers over my head.

The knocking paused briefly, then resumed with renewed vigor. With a frustrated growl, I threw back the covers and stomped to the door, not bothering to check my appearance.

I yanked the door open, ready to unleash my irritation on whoever had disturbed my sleep.

Ethan Grey stood in the hallway, immaculately dressed in a tailored suit, holding a paper bag that smelled of fresh pastries and coffee.

"Good morning, sunshine," he said with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "I brought breakfast."

My inner wolf bristled with annoyance. After last night's confrontation, he had the audacity to show up at my door as if nothing had happened?

“Are you serious right now?” I snapped, my amber eyes flashing with anger.

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Whisper 130

Chapter 71: A Tangled Web–2

His smile faltered slightly. “Olivia, I just wanted to apologize for-”

I didn’t let him finish. With a swift movement, I slammed the door in his face, the **satisfying thud echoing** through my apartment.

Through the door, I heard him sigh. “I’ll leave this here for you,” he called, his voice muffled. “We **need to** talk eventually, Olivia.”

I leaned against the door, listening to his retreating footsteps. Only when I was sure he was **gone did** I allow myself to relax.

Sleep was impossible now. I glanced at the clock–6:30 AM. With a resigned sigh, I **headed to** the bathroom to prepare for the day ahead.

As I showered, my thoughts drifted to Connor. His late–night call had been brief but reassuring. Unlike **Ethan**, Connor respected my boundaries, never pushing or manipulating.

The contrast between the two men couldn’t be more stark.

I dressed quickly in a professional navy suit, gathering my files for the day’s work at Moonlaw Legal Services. Noah’s case was progressing well, but there were still details to finalize before the hearing.

Just as I finished applying a light coat of lip gloss, another knock sounded at my door.

“For heaven’s sake,” I muttered, marching toward the door. If Ethan had returned, I wouldn’t be nearly **as** restrained this time.

(Connor’s POV)

I arrived at Moonlight Gardens early, instructing Marcus Shaw and the **security** detail to remain downstairs. After the night's disturbing news, I needed to see Olivia, to confirm with my own eyes that she was safe.

I knocked on her door, waiting patiently. When there was no immediate response, I knocked again, more firmly this time.

Still nothing.

Concern began to gnaw at me. I pulled out my phone, about to call her when I heard movement inside the apartment.

The door suddenly flew open with such force that it banged against the wall.

(Olivia's POV)

"I told you to-" The angry words died on my lips as I registered who stood before me.

Connor Rivers, tall and imposing in a perfectly tailored charcoal suit, his ice-blue eyes widening slightly at my vehement greeting.

"*Oh!*" I gasped, heat rushing to my cheeks. "Connor! I thought you were-"

"Someone else?" he finished, his expression shifting from surprise to something harder. "**Ethar** perhaps?"

My wolf, which had been bristling with irritation, immediately calmed at Connor's familiar scent. **The tension**

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Chapter 71. A Tangled We

In my shoulders eased as I stepped back to let him in.

"**I'm sorry for** the welcome," I said, embarrassed by my **outburst**. "**Ethan** showed up earlier with breakfast and I thought he'd come back."

Connor's gaze shifted to the paper bag still sitting in the hallway outside my door. His jaw tightened almost imperceptibly.

"He's been here already this morning?" he asked, his voice deceptively calm.

I nodded, closing the door behind him. "He woke me up knocking. I slammed the door in his **face**."

Connor's lips twitched with the ghost of a smile. "Good."

He picked up the bag, examining it briefly before setting it on my kitchen counter. "How did he know where you live, Olivia?"

The question caught me off guard. "I... I don't know. I never told him my address."

Connor's eyes narrowed. "That's concerning. Someone gave him that information, which means there's a security breach somewhere."

He shrugged off his coat, hanging it carefully on the rack by the door. With practiced ease, he removed **his** shoes and slipped into the guest slippers I kept by the entrance.

The casual familiarity of his actions struck me—how naturally he claimed space in my apartment, how his scent mingled with mine in a way that felt right.

"I'll look into it," he promised, moving into my kitchen as if he belonged there. "No one should have access to your personal information without your consent."

I watched as he opened my refrigerator, examining its contents with a critical eye. "You need groceries," he observed, closing the door. "We'll go shopping later."

The simple domesticity of the moment warmed something deep inside me. This wasn't the controlling behavior I'd experienced with Ethan—this was partnership, care without suffocation.

"Connor," I said, leaning against the counter. "About last night... you mentioned something urgent had come

up."

He turned to face me, his expression serious but open. "Yes. It was about Jessica Sullivan."

The blunt honesty of his response surprised me.

I was grateful for his transparency. Ethan would have deflected, changed the subject, or fed me a carefully crafted lie. But Connor trusted me with the truth, even when it involved sensitive pack business,

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Chapter 72 Unraveling T

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