

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 131

Chapter 72: Unraveling Truths and Dangers—1

Chapter 72: Unraveling Truths and Dangers

(Olivia's POV)

"Jessica Sullivan?" I asked, my amber eyes widening with concern. "Isn't she locked up in the detention

facility?"

Connor changed into the slippers I kept for him, his ice-blue eyes darkening as he moved closer.

"I'm sorry, Livvy. I didn't tell you before because I was afraid you'd worry," he said, his voice low and serious. "A month ago, Jessica Sullivan lied about being pregnant with an Alpha's child and was kidnapped on the way

to Harbor City Memorial Hospital for a checkup."

My breath caught in my throat. "Kidnapped? But I thought she was in your custody after she attacked me."

Connor nodded, his expression grim. "She was. We had her under surveillance at a secure medical facility. She claimed to be pregnant and requested medical attention."

I sank onto my couch, trying to process this information. "And someone took her during the transfer?"

"Yes," Connor confirmed, sitting beside me. His large frame made the couch seem smaller, his natural warmth radiating against my side. "My security team tracked her to a criminal compound in another territory."

"Did she really think claiming pregnancy would help her situation?" I asked, bewildered by Jessica's desperate

tactics.

Connor's jaw tightened. "She confessed it was a lie once we found her. She was trying to manipulate the situation, possibly to escape."

I wrapped my arms around myself, suddenly feeling cold despite the apartment's comfortable temperature. "What about the kidnappers? Who were they?"

Connor's expression turned even more serious, his wolf stirring protectively beneath his skin. I could sense it -the subtle shift in his scent, the slight tensing of his muscles.

"That's what concerns me most," he admitted. "They weren't random criminals. They were organized, well-funded, and specifically targeted her."

"You think they were after you?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

Connor nodded slowly. "I believe so. Jessica was just a pawn in their game."

"And now she's dead," I said, the reality of the situation hitting me fully. "She was murdered before you could learn who was behind it all."

I gasped as the implications sank in, my face paling with shock and horror. Connor moved closer, his arm wrapping around my shoulders. His natural Alpha scent released calming pheromones, enveloping me in a protective cocoon.

"I'm sorry to burden you with this," he murmured, his lips brushing against my temple. "But you deserve to know the truth. Especially with Ethan trying to manipulate you."

I leaned into his embrace, drawing strength from his solid presence. "Thank you for telling me. For trusting

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me with this."

Connor's fingers traced gentle patterns on my arm. "You're the only peace I have in all this chaos, Liv The only person I can truly be myself with."

His admission warmed something deep inside me. My wolf responded to his, a gentle acknowledgment of the bond growing between us.

"I'm worried about your safety," he continued, his voice taking on an edge of steel. "I've increased security around you. Marcus Shaw and Frank Langley will be nearby at all times."

I pulled back slightly to look into his eyes. "You think I might be in danger too?"

“I won’t take any chances,” he said firmly. “Not with you.”

My wolf instincts sensed the gravity of the situation, the underlying current of danger that Connor was trying

to shield me from.

“Do you know who’s behind all this?” I asked, worry coloring my voice.

Connor’s ice-blue eyes met mine steadily. “We’re investigating several possibilities. The truth will surface eventually. It always does.”

I took a deep breath, gathering my courage. There was something else I needed to tell him.

“Connor, there’s more,” I said, my fingers fidgeting with the hem of my blouse. “About Ethan’s visit last night.” Connor’s attention sharpened, his body tensing slightly beside me. “What did he say to you?”

I swallowed hard, hating to even repeat the accusations. “He claimed you were with Jessica Sullivan last night. That you orchestrated the k*****g yourself.”

Connor’s expression darkened, a flash of anger crossing his features before he controlled it.

“He tried to make me believe Jessica might be carrying your pup,” I continued, my voice trembling slightly. “For a moment, I was scared. But I know you, Connor. I trust you.”

His hand found mine, our fingers intertwining naturally. The simple contact grounded me, reassuring in its

warmth.

“Thank you for your trust,” he said softly. “It means more than you know.”

I squeezed his hand, my amber eyes meeting his. “I feel terrible about Jessica’s death,” I admitted. “Despite everything, she didn’t deserve that.”

My voice softened with genuine compassion. “I wonder if she was coerced into attacking me. She looked so terrified that night on the rooftop when Grace was kidnapped.”

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Connor nodded solemnly. “She was. We confirmed that during her initial questioning. She was forced to participate against her will.”

The knowledge sent a chill down my spine. Someone was manipulating people, using their weaknesses against them, all to get at Connor—and possibly me.

“Be careful, Con,” I urged, my fingers tightening around his. “Whoever is doing this is ruthless.”

My wolf recognized the danger, bristling at the thought of threats against my future mate. The protective instinct surprised me with its intensity.

“I always am,” he assured me, bringing our joined hands to his lips. “And now I have even more reason to be.”

(Connor’s POV)

After leaving Olivia’s apartment in Moonlight Gardens, I stood in the hallway for a *moment*, gathering **my** thoughts. Her trust in me, despite Ethan’s attempts to poison her mind, strengthened my resolve.

“Marcus,” I called to my security chief waiting by the elevator. “I want a full investigation into Ethan Grey. Start with how he obtained Olivia’s address.”

Marcus nodded, his expression serious. “Right away, Alpha.”

I stepped into the elevator, my ice-blue eyes cold with Alpha authority. “And double the security detail on Ms. Winters. No one approaches her without clearance.”

Within hours, my team had uncovered the truth. Ethan Grey had purchased Olivia’s address directly from the property management company. The discovery sent a surge of rage through me, my wolf snarling beneath *my* skin.

"Initiate legal action against the company immediately," I ordered Frank Langley, my voice deadly calm. "And bring me Howard Blackwell."

Frank's expression remained impassive as he nodded. "The property manager? Consider it done, Alpha." By afternoon, Frank had arranged a meeting with Blackwell at our downtown office. I watched through the one-way glass as the property manager entered, his expression smug and confident.

"Mr. Blackwell," Frank greeted him coolly. "Thank you for coming on such short notice."

Blackwell preened, adjusting his expensive tie. "Of course, of course. Always happy to discuss business opportunities with the Rivers Pack."

My lips curled back in a silent snarl. The man thought he was here for a collaboration, not to answer for his

crimes.

"Business opportunities," Frank repeated, his tone flat. "Is that what you call selling residents' private information to the highest bidder?"

Blackwell's smile faltered slightly. "I'm not sure what you mean."

Frank slid a folder across the table. "We have evidence that your company has been selling confidential resident information to multiple parties. And you, Mr. Blackwell, were the primary beneficiary of the

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transaction with Ethan Grey."

The color drained from Blackwell's face as panic set in. His beta wolf instincts recognized the danger of an Alpha's displeasure.

"There must be some misunderstanding," he stammered, sweat beading on his forehead. "I would never-

"Save it," Frank cut him off coldly. "We have the bank transfers, the communication records, everything" Blackwell's hands trembled as he opened the folder, his eyes widening at the evidence presented. His confident demeanor crumbled completely.

“I can make this right,” he said desperately. “Half my assets—I’ll sign them over today as compensation.” Frank scoffed, leaning forward slightly. “You don’t understand the severity of your situation, Mr. Blackwell. The information you sold belonged to Olivia Winters.”

Blackwell’s face went from pale to ashen. “Olivia Winters? The lawyer?”

“Connor Rivers’ intended mate,” Frank clarified, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper.

Absolute terror washed over Blackwell’s features as he realized what he had done. He had not only broken the law but had endangered the future Luna of one of the territory’s most powerful Alphas.

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Chapter 73: Desperate Measures—1

Chapter 73: Desperate Measures

(Olivia’s POV)

The past week had been a whirlwind of activity. Between court hearings for Noah’s case and coordinating his occupational injury assessments, I barely had time to breathe. My amber eyes burned from lack of sleep as I reviewed the latest medical reports.

The weather forecast on my phone showed a severe cold snap approaching—temperatures would plummet to -4°C by tomorrow night. My wolf instincts immediately turned protective, concerned for Noah and Leah Pierce in their hospital rooms.

I called Emma Thompson, my assistant, asking her to purchase warm clothes, thick blankets, and heating

pads for the siblings.

“Make sure they’re quality items,” I instructed. “And get extra blankets for Leah—her condition makes her especially vulnerable to cold.”

“Of course,” Emma replied. “I’ll take care of it right away.”

Three hours later, Emma returned to my office. One look at her face told me something was wrong. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and she seemed on the verge of tears.

“Emma? What happened?” I asked, rising from my desk.

She placed the shopping receipts on my desk with trembling hands. “I delivered everything to the hospital as you asked.”

“And?” I prompted gently.

“I spoke with Leah’s doctor.” Emma’s voice cracked. “He says without a bone marrow match for her rare wolfsbane poisoning, she has maybe two months left.”

The news hit me like a physical blow. My amber eyes widened with shock, and for a moment, I couldn’t speak. “That can’t be right,” I finally managed. “The registry is still searching. They’ll find a match.”

Emma wiped at her eyes. “The doctor said her type is extremely rare. They’ve already searched the entire Northern Territory database with no matches.”

“Then we’ll expand the search,” I said firmly, my wolf rising protectively. “We’ll find someone.”

“What if we don’t?” Emma whispered, tears spilling down her cheeks. “She’s just a child, Olivia. She doesn’t deserve this.”

I moved around my desk and took Emma’s hands in mine. “Listen to me. Leah Pierce is not going to die. I

won’t allow it.”

My voice carried an unusual intensity that surprised even me. My wolf was fully alert now, bristling at **the** threat to someone I’d come to care about.

“We will find a match,” I insisted. “I promise you that.”

Emma nodded, drawing strength from my certainty. But as she left my office, the weight of that promise

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settled heavily on my shoulders.

I immediately called the werewolf bone marrow registry, my fingers drumming anxiously on my desk as I

waited for someone to answer.

“Northern Territory Registry, how may I help you?” a pleasant female voice answered.

“This is Olivia Winters,” I said. “I’m calling about Leah Pierce’s case”

There was a brief pause. “Yes, Ms. Winters. We have your contact information as her advocate.”

“Has there been any progress finding a match?” I asked, trying to keep the desperation from *my* voice.

“I’m afraid not,” she replied sympathetically. “We’ve expanded the search to neighboring territories, but her particular condition requires a very specific match.”

I closed my eyes, fighting back frustration. “Please keep searching. Money is no object.”

“Of course, Ms. Winters. We’ll notify you immediately if we find a potential donor.”

After hanging up, I stared out my office window at the darkening sky. The first snowflakes had begun to fall, a harbinger of the cold snap to come.

That evening, Connor picked me up for dinner at Moonlight Bistro, an upscale restaurant in Harbor City. Despite the romantic setting—soft lighting, elegant table settings, and the gentle notes of a piano in the background—I couldn’t focus on the meal before me.

“You’ve barely touched your venison,” Connor observed, his ice-blue eyes studying me with concern. “What’s troubling you, Livvy?”

I set down my fork with a sigh. “I’m sorry. I’m not very good company tonight.”

“Tell me what’s wrong,” he said, reaching across the table to take my hand.

The warmth of his touch was comforting, and I found myself telling him everything about the Pierce siblings -their tragic circumstances, Noah's workplace injury, and now Leah's dire prognosis.

"The doctor gave her two months without a bone marrow match," I concluded, my voice tight with emotion. "She's just seventeen, Connor. She's never even had a chance to live."

Connor listened intently, his expression growing more serious with each detail.

"I'm worried about offering a reward," I admitted. "If word gets out that I'm willing to pay for a donor, it might attract unscrupulous wolves looking to exploit the situation."

Connor's fingers tightened around mine, his ice-blue eyes warming with affection. "Let me handle this, Liv."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I have connections throughout multiple territories," he explained, his voice carrying the quiet confidence of an Alpha. "I can arrange for discreet testing of potential donors without raising suspicions or inviting exploitation."

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Chapter 73: Desperate Measures—2

"You would do that?" I whispered, hope flickering to life inside me.

"Of course," he said simply. "The Pierce siblings are important to you, which makes them important to me?"

His words wrapped around me like a protective embrace, soothing both me and my wolf. The genuine care in his expression made my heart swell with gratitude.

"We'll find a match for Leah," Connor promised, his tone leaving no room for doubt. "And I'll ensure Noah

receives the best care and rehabilitation available."

Relief washed over me, easing the tension that had been building all day. "Thank you, Con."

He smiled, lifting my hand to his lips for a gentle kiss. "Now, will you try to enjoy your dinner? The chef will be offended if you don't at least taste the venison. It's his specialty."

For the first time that day, I felt the weight lift slightly from my shoulders. With Connor's support, I could face

whatever challenges lay ahead.

"I think I can manage that," I replied, returning his smile.

(Connor's POV)

After spending the evening at Olivia's apartment in Moonlight Gardens, I reluctantly took my leave. Her scent clung to my clothes—a comforting mixture of honey and wildflowers that kept my wolf calm despite the

storm brewing within me.

"I'll call you tomorrow," I promised, brushing my lips against her forehead.

Her amber eyes, warm with affection, met mine. "Be careful, Con."

The drive to my private estate was silent, my thoughts consumed by the information waiting for me at the Shadow Den. Raymond Brooks, my driver, knew better than to interrupt when I was in this mood.

As soon as I arrived, I headed straight for my secure office. Dominic Reeves was already waiting, his

expression grim.

"Alpha Rivers," he greeted me with a respectful nod.

"What have you found?" I asked without preamble, shrugging off my coat.

"I think it's better if we discuss this at the Shadow Den," Dominic replied quietly. "The information is..."

sensitive.”

Twenty minutes later, we entered the underground facility where my pack handled its most delicate operations. The Shadow Den was known to only a handful of my most trusted wolves—a necessary precaution in these dangerous times.

“Tell me everything,” I commanded once we were sealed in the secure conference room.

Dominic placed a thick file on the table between us. “We’ve confirmed the connection between Jessica Sullivan’s a*****n and Frederick Warner.”

My jaw tightened at the name. Frederick Warner—William Rivers’ illegitimate son, born to his mistress Victoria Price over twenty years ago. The child my grandfather Gerald Rivers had insisted be sent away, along

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with his mother.

“How certain are you?” I asked, my voice dangerously calm.

“One hundred percent,” Dominic replied. “We intercepted communications between his American operation. and local contacts. He orchestrated the entire thing from abroad.”

My ice-blue eyes flashed with Alpha rage, my wolf snarling beneath the surface. “He’s getting bolder.”

“There’s more,” Dominic continued. “We believe he had inside help. Someone with intimate knowledge of our security protocols and your personal schedule.”

A cold suspicion formed in my mind. “Who?”

Dominic hesitated, which was unusual for my normally direct security chief. “We have reason to believe it was Vanessa Reed.”

The name hit me like a physical blow. Vanessa—my foster sister, raised alongside me in the Rivers pack after her parents died. The girl who had always looked at me with adoring eyes, who I’d protected from bullies

when we were pups.

“Explain,” I demanded, my voice dropping to a dangerous growl.

“Phone records show regular communication between Vanessa and an American number we’ve traced to Frederick’s estate,” Dominic said. “And she was conveniently absent during each security breach.”

The betrayal cut deep, but I forced my emotions aside. This was no time for sentiment.

“Find her,” I ordered. “Bring her in for questioning immediately.”

“We’re already on it,” Dominic assured me. “But there’s something else you should know. Frederick has recently acquired a significant stake in Coastal Developments—the company building that resort in California.”

My lips curled in a cold smile. “His pet project.”

“Yes, Alpha. He’s invested heavily in it.”

“Then that’s where we hit him,” I decided. “Contact our American associates. I want that project shut down- permits revoked, investors scared off, contractors backing out. Make it hurt.”

Dominic nodded, his wolf instinctively lowering its head in submission to my Alpha command. “Consider it

done.”

“And Vanessa?” he asked carefully.

“When you find her, bring her directly to me,” I said, my voice like ice. “No one else is to question her.”

As Dominic left to carry *out* my orders, I stared at the file before me. Frederick Warner had made a grave mistake in targeting what was mine. He would soon learn the consequences of awakening a true Alpha’s

rage.

(Frederick’s POV)

The phone rang incessantly in Frederick Warner’s American estate, the shrill tone echoing through the luxurious bedroom. On the king-sized bed, tangled in silk sheets, Frederick ignored the device as he lost himself in passion with his latest conquest—a beautiful beta wolf with porcelain skin and hungry eyes.

Chapter 73: Desperate **Me**. Get full chapters from

“**Shouldn’t you answer** that?” she murmured **against** his neck, her fingers **tracing** patterns on his chest.

“Later,” he growled, pulling her closer.

The phone continued its urgent summons, eventually falling silent only to start again moments later

Thousands of miles away at Harbor City Regional Airport, Vanessa Reed paced nervously **hear the** international departures gate. Her violet eyes darted frantically around the terminal as she tried Fredericks number for the tenth time.

“He’s not answering,” she whispered to Vincent Black, her enforcer who stood stoically beside her. “**Why** isn’t **he** answering?”

Vincent’s expression remained impassive. “Perhaps he’s occupied with business matters.”

Vanessa’s delicate fingers trembled as she ended the call. Her wolf whined anxiously beneath her skin, sensing the danger closing in around them.

“Business matters,” she repeated bitterly. “Or perhaps he’s already moved on **to** the next pawn in his game. The realization had been dawning on her slowly over the past week—Frederick Warner **had** used her, manipulated her obsession with Connor Rivers to further his vendetta against the Rivers pack. And now **that** her usefulness was ending, he was discarding her.

“The boarding time is approaching,” Vincent reminded her, his voice devoid of emotion. “We should proceed **to** the gate.”

Vanessa glanced nervously around the terminal, her heightened senses picking up subtle movements that might indicate Connor’s enforcers. Were they already here, watching, waiting to strike?

“He might have abandoned me,” she whispered, her face pale with fear. “I’m a discarded piece now...”

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Chapter 74 Power Chill 1

Chapter **74: Power Shift**—1

Chapter **74: Power Shift**

(Third person's POV)

The tension at Harbor City Regional Airport was palpable as Dominic Reeves stormed through **the** terminal, his face contorted with rage. His team of enforcers trailed behind him, heads bowed in **submission** as **they** absorbed the full brunt of their leader's fury.

"She's gone?" Dominic snarled, his voice dropping to a dangerous growl. "How is that possible?"

One of the beta enforcers, a muscular man with a fresh scar across his cheek, stepped forward hesitantly

"Sir, her flight was pre-approved. By the time we received the alert, she had already boarded."

Dominic's control snapped. His foot connected with the beta's shin, sending the man stumbling backward.

The other enforcers flinched collectively, their wolves instinctively cowering beneath their skin.

"Useless! A bunch of useless **things**!" Dominic roared, his wolf snarling beneath the surface. "What are you **all** doing? You can't even handle one female wolf!"

The airport security cameras captured his rage in silent witness as he paced back and forth, running his hands through his hair in frustration.

"How am I supposed to explain this to the Alpha?" he demanded, his eyes flashing with barely contained **fury**.

The beta enforcers lowered their heads submissively, their wolves whining in response **to** his dominant rage. None dared to speak, knowing any excuse would only fuel Dominic's anger further.

“Find out where that plane is headed,” Dominic ordered, his voice dropping to a deadly whisper. “And get me everything on Vanessa Reed’s movements over the past month. Everything.”

The team scattered immediately, grateful for the opportunity to escape their leader’s wrath. Dominic remained alone, staring out the large windows at the runway where Vanessa’s plane had departed just

minutes earlier.

His phone vibrated in his pocket. The caller ID displayed “Alpha Rivers.” Dominic closed his eyes briefly, steeling himself for the conversation ahead.

(Third person’s POV) For original chapters go to find·novel·net

Thousands of miles away, Frederick Warner reclined against plush pillows, his naked body still glistening with sweat from recent exertion. Smoke curled lazily from the expensive Cuban cigar between his fingers, filling the bedroom with its rich aroma.

Beside him, Sophia Chen stretched like a contented cat, her porcelain skin contrasting beautifully with the dark silk sheets. Her slender fingers traced idle patterns across his chest as she nestled against him.

“Another call?” she murmured, her voice playful as she nodded toward the now–silent phone on the nightstand. “Is it another woman I should be jealous of?”

Frederick chuckled, the sound devoid of genuine warmth. He took a long drag from his cigar before

answering.

“Nothing for you to worry about,” he replied, stroking her chin with casual possessiveness. “Just business.”

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Chapter 74 Power Shift–1

Sophia pouted prettily, her practiced expression designed to entice rather than annoy. “Business that calls so urgently in the middle of the night? It must be important.”

Frederick's eyes hardened slightly as he gazed down at her. "It's Vanessa Reed. A useful pawn in my game against the Rivers pack, nothing more."

"The foster daughter you mentioned?" Sophia asked, her curiosity piqued. "The one obsessed with Connor

Rivers?"

Frederick nodded, flicking ash into a crystal tray beside the bed. "Her usefulness is coming to an end. Soon she'll be as disposable as the others."

Sophia's eyes widened slightly. "You don't care about her at all?"

"Care?" Frederick laughed, the sound cold and hollow. "She's a tool, nothing more. Your dog Snowball holds more value to me than Vanessa Reed."

Reassured and flattered by his dismissal of potential competition, Sophia smiled seductively. Her hand slid lower beneath the sheets, eliciting an immediate response from Frederick.

"Then perhaps we should ignore the phone entirely," she suggested, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. Frederick crushed out his cigar and rolled toward her, his wolf stirring with renewed hunger. "Perhaps we

should."

Their bodies entwined once more, Frederick's wolf possessively marking Sophia with his scent as the phone on the nightstand began to ring again, its urgent summons falling on deliberately deaf ears.

(Third person's POV)

In the secure conference room of the Shadow Den, Connor Rivers stood with perfect stillness as he faced the large screen displaying the stern faces of Gerald and William Rivers. Dominic Reeves had just delivered his report on Vanessa's escape, each word driving the tension in the room to new heights.

"She boarded a private flight to California," Connor stated, his voice controlled despite the rage simmering beneath the surface. "We're tracking the plane now."

Gerald Rivers, his face appearing even more severe through the digital connection, leaned forward. The eldest Alpha of the Rivers bloodline might be advanced in years, but his presence remained formidable, his wolf's dominance palpable even through the screen.

“This goes beyond simple betrayal,” Connor continued, his ice-blue eyes hard as steel. “Frederick Warner has orchestrated multiple crimes against our pack, including the murders of three wolves under our protection.”

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Chapter 74: Power Shift-2

William Rivers' face darkened with shame and anger. “My son,” he muttered, the words bitter on his tongue. “My mistake.”

Gerald's face turned a dangerous bluish tinge, his aging features contorting with fury. “A mistake you made over twenty years ago that continues to haunt this pack! I told you to handle the situation properly when that woman came to you with her pregnancy.”

William flinched visibly under his father's verbal assault. “I sent them away as you instructed.”

“Away, not dealt with!” Gerald snarled, his wolf's rage evident in his flashing eyes. “And now look at the consequences of your weakness. Not only has your illegitimate son become our enemy, but the girl you and Katherine raised as your own has betrayed us all!”

Connor remained silent, observing the exchange with calculating eyes. His wolf paced restlessly within, eager for action rather than recrimination.

“You and Katherine failed spectacularly in raising that girl,” Gerald continued, his voice dropping to a dangerous growl. “What kind of parents create such a monster?”

William's shoulders slumped under the weight of his father's condemnation. "We gave her everything." "Except boundaries, apparently," Gerald snapped. "Now she's allied herself with Frederick against her own pack. Against her own brother!"

Connor's jaw tightened at the reference to his foster sister. The betrayal cut deep, but he pushed the personal pain aside, focusing instead on the strategic implications.

(Gerald's POV)

I turned my attention to Connor, studying my grandson's composed expression. Despite the chaos erupting around him, he maintained the steady control befitting an Alpha. My wolf approved, recognizing the strength of our bloodline continuing through him.

"What are your plans for dealing with Frederick?" I asked, my voice gruff with age but no less commanding. Connor met my gaze directly, a sign of respect rather than challenge. "We've already begun dismantling his latest project in California. It represents a significant investment of both time and resources."

"The coastal resort development," I nodded, recalling the intelligence reports. "A good target. It will cripple his operations in America."

"We've arranged for permits to be revoked, investors to withdraw, and contractors to abandon the project," Connor explained. "By the end of the week, he'll have lost millions."

I grunted in approval, but my wolf's wisdom urged caution. "Frederick is unpredictable and ruthless. Don't underestimate what he might do when cornered."

"I won't," Connor assured me, his ice-blue eyes hardening with determination.

"You're usually competent," I acknowledged grudgingly. "But that impulsive act of shielding Olivia Winters from Vanessa's attack nearly cost you your life. Silver wounds are no trivial matter."

Connor's expression remained impassive, but I could sense his wolf bristling beneath the surface. "I would

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Chapter 74 Power Shift-2

make the same choice again.

"**Your** mate is important, but **you** risked the entire pack's future with that **move**, I **growled** my authony, undiminished **by age**. "An Alpha must think beyond personal attachments."

William shifted uncomfortably on screen, but wisely remained silent. This was between **me and** my grandson

now.

"I understand," Connor replied, his tone respectful despite the steel beneath his words. "**But** protecting **her** was necessary for the pack's future as well as my own."

I studied him for a long moment, weighing his words against his actions. My wolf recognized **the truth in** what he said—the mating bond between Alphas was not merely personal but essential to pack **strength and** continuity.

"You need full authority to handle this situation," I decided, my voice taking on the formal cadence of **pack** ceremony. "The limitations of your current position restrict your ability to respond appropriately to threats of this magnitude."

Connor's eyes widened slightly, recognizing the significance *of* my words. William stiffened, his wolf instinctively resisting what was coming.

"I, Gerald Rivers, Elder Alpha *of* the Rivers bloodline, hereby transfer leadership of the Rivers pack **to** Connor Rivers, my grandson and heir," I intoned, the ancient words carrying weight beyond mere formality. "From **this** moment forward, he shall be recognized as the true Alpha of our line, with all rights and responsibilities

therein."

The ceremonial words hung in the air, officially acknowledging Connor as the pack's leader. William's **face** tightened with resentment, but he remained silent, his wolf reluctantly submitting **to the** inevitable. "William," I addressed my son directly, "you will not interfere with Connor's actions as long as they adhere **to** pack principles and legal boundaries. Is that understood?"

William nodded stiffly. "Yes, Father."

I could see him consoling himself with the knowledge that at least the power remained within our bloodline. His pride was wounded, but he would adapt—he had no choice.

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Chapter 75: The Little Moon's Hope—1

Chapter 75: The Little Moon's Hope

(Olivia's POV)

The snow fell in gentle flurries as I stepped out of the Moonlaw Legal Services building. The winter **air bit** at my exposed skin, and I pulled my coat tighter around me. My breath formed small clouds **in the frigid evening**

air.

Connor's luxury Cullinan SUV was already waiting at the curb, its sleek black exterior dusted with fresh

snowflakes. The driver's door opened, and Connor emerged, tall and commanding in his dark overcoat.

"You're early," I said, smiling despite my exhaustion from the long day.

"I didn't want you waiting in this weather." His ice-blue eyes swept over me with concern as he guided me toward the passenger door.

Once inside the warm interior, Connor took my cold hands between his. His touch was like fire against **my** chilled skin, his wolf's higher body temperature immediately providing comfort.

"Your hands are freezing," he murmured, rubbing them gently. "You should have called me to pick **you** up

earlier."

"I had to finish reviewing Noah's case files," I explained. "The hearing is next week."

Connor's thumbs traced circles on my palms, sending pleasant tingles up my arms. "How is he doing?" Check latest chapters at

“Better. The occupational therapist says he’s making good progress with the prosthetic hand.”

Connor nodded, his expression softening. “And Leah? Any news before we see her?”

I shook my head, feeling the familiar weight of worry settle in my chest. “Nothing yet. The registry is still searching for a match.”

The drive to Harbor City Memorial Hospital was quiet, both of us lost in our thoughts. Connor’s hand rested on mine, a silent reminder of his support that meant more than words could express.

When we arrived at the hospital, the antiseptic smell hit me as soon as we entered. The fluorescent lights cast a harsh glow over the sterile corridors as we made our way to Leah’s room.

We found her sitting by the window, her thin frame wrapped in a hospital gown. The pink woolen hat that Noah had bought her covered her chemotherapy–induced hair loss. She was staring out at the falling snow, lost in thought.

“Leah?” I called softly.

She turned, her pale face lighting up when she saw me. “Olivia! I wasn’t expecting you today.”

“I wanted to introduce you to someone special,” I said, gesturing to Connor. “This is Connor Rivers, my

mate–to–be.”

Leah’s eyes widened as she took in Connor’s imposing presence. Her wolf instinctively lowered itself in deference to his Alpha status.

“It’s an honor **to** meet you, Alpha Rivers,” she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

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Chapter 75 The Little Mo

is

Connor’s expression softened as he **approached her bedside. The honor** la mine, Lean. Olivia het Tol **lot about** you.”

“All **good things**, I hope,” she replied with a shy smile.

“The **best**,” Connor assured her, his usual intimidating aura tempered by genuine warmth

I reached into my bag and pulled out a small package wrapped in tissue paper. “I brought you **something**

Leah’s amber eyes lit up with curiosity as she accepted the gift. Her thin fingers carefully **unwrapped the** package to reveal a cream-colored woolen hat.

“It’s beautiful,” she breathed, running her fingers over the soft material.

“I noticed your pink one was getting a bit worn,” I explained. “I thought you might like a new one.”

Without hesitation, Leah removed her old pink hat and replaced it with the cream one. The color complemented her pale skin, bringing a touch of warmth to her **face**.

“How do I look?” she asked, adjusting it slightly.

“Perfect,” I assured her, my heart warming at the genuine joy in her expression.

Connor’s phone buzzed in his pocket. He glanced at the screen, his expression shifting subtly. “Excuse me, I need to take this.”

As he stepped out into the hallway, I took a seat beside Leah’s bed. “How are you feeling today?”

“Better than yesterday,” she said, her fingers still touching the soft hat. “The doctors say my latest blood work shows some improvement.”

“That’s wonderful news,” I said, squeezing her hand gently.

Leah’s smile faltered slightly. “But they still say I need the bone marrow transplant. Without it...”

She didn’t need to finish the sentence. We both knew what was at stake.

(Connor’s POV)

I stepped into the hallway, closing the door behind me before answering the call. “Dominic. What’s the situation?”

“We’ve hit a snag with Frederick’s project in America,” Dominic Reeves reported. “He’s managed to secure emergency funding through a shell company.”

My wolf stirred restlessly beneath my skin. “Find the source and shut it down.”

“Already working on **it**, Alpha. There’s more—we’ve confirmed Vanessa’s involvement and location. She’s staying at a private villa on the outskirts of San Francisco.”

My jaw tightened at the mention of my foster sister. The betrayal still cut deep, despite everything I now knew about her obsession and instability.

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Chapter 16 The Little Mo

Chapter 75: The Little Moon’s Hope—2

“I want her **brought** in,” I said, my voice dropping to a dangerous Alpha timbre. “Send **our American** contacts

No mistakes this **time**.”

“Understood, Alpha. We’ll have her within 48 hours.”

“Keep me updated,” I ordered before ending the call.

I took a moment to compose myself, pushing my wolf back from the surface. Olivia didn’t need **to be** burdened with these concerns tonight. Not when she was already carrying so much worry for the Pierce

siblings.

When I reentered the room, I found Olivia and Leah chatting animatedly. Leah was showing Olivia **a** small sketch she’d drawn a simple landscape with trees and mountains. My wolf calmed **at** the sight of Olivia’s gentle smile.

“This is beautiful, Leah,” Olivia was saying. “You have real talent.”

“Noah bought me the sketchbook,” Leah explained. “He says **it** gives me something to focus on besides **the**

treatments.”

I moved to stand beside Olivia, placing a hand on her shoulder. She leaned into my touch instinctively, a gesture that pleased my wolf immensely.

My phone rang again. I checked the caller ID—it was from the werewolf bone marrow registry. My heart **rate** quickened as I answered.

“Alpha Rivers speaking.”

The voice on the other end delivered news that made my wolf leap with joy. I listened intently, asking a few clarifying questions before ending the call.

Olivia was watching me, her amber eyes questioning. “Connor? What is it?”

I couldn’t contain my smile. “That was the registry. They’ve found a match for Leah.”

Olivia’s face transformed with joy, her amber eyes widening in disbelief. “Are you serious? They found a

match?”

“A perfect match,” I confirmed. “A beta werewolf from the Western Territory. He’s already agreed to donate.” Olivia turned to Leah, grasping her hands. “Did you hear that? They found a match!”

Leah’s thin face went blank with shock before tears welled in her eyes. “Really? Someone matched me?” “Yes,” Olivia said, her own eyes filling with tears. “The transplant can happen as soon as the donor arrives.” Leah’s hands trembled in Olivia’s grasp. “I can’t believe it,” she whispered. “I thought... I was preparing myself for the worst.”

“Not anymore,” Olivia assured her, pulling the young omega into a gentle embrace. “Now you can prepare **for** getting better.”

I watched as they clung to each other, both shedding tears of relief and happiness. My wolf swelled with pride at being able to deliver this news. The registry had been searching for weeks, but my **con..** tions and

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< Chapter **16** The Little **Mõ**.

resources **had expedited** the **process**, **expanding** the search **to** territories **that** might otherwise have **months to include**,

“This means Noah won’t have to work those dangerous jobs anymore, Leah said, **wiping her** tears. He **wort have to** worry about paying for my treatments.”

Her wolf, weakened by illness, still managed a happy whine that was audible to our enhanced hearing. **The**

sound touched something deep in Olivia's heart—I could see it in the way her expression softened even further.

"No, he won't," Olivia agreed. "He can focus on his own recovery now."

We stayed with Leah for another hour, discussing the transplant procedure and what she could expect **in the** coming weeks. By the time we left, the young omega was exhausted but happier than I'd ever seen her.

In the elevator down to the parking garage, Olivia leaned against me, her body relaxing for what seemed like the first time in weeks.

"Thank you," she whispered. "I know you had something to do with finding that match so quickly."

I pressed a kiss to her temple. "I simply expanded the search. The registry **did** the rest."

She looked up at me, her amber eyes shining with gratitude. Still, thank you. This means everything to them... and to me."

On the drive back to Olivia's apartment in Riverdale Terrace, she talked non-stop, her earlier worries replaced with excitement and relief. She discussed plans for helping Noah with his rehabilitation, ideas for Leah's recovery, and how they might eventually transition to more stable living arrangements.

My wolf preened with satisfaction, pleased to see my mate-to-be so happy after weeks of stress. Her scent had changed subtly—the undertone of worry replaced by joy and something else... something that made my wolf stir with interest.

As we pulled into the parking area of her apartment building, I caught her watching me, her amber eyes reflecting the streetlights. There was a shift in her scent that signaled her growing attraction, making my ice-blue eyes darken with desire.

"Would you like to come up?" she asked, her voice softer than usual.

"I'd like that," I replied, trying to keep my wolf's eagerness in check.

Inside her apartment, the atmosphere between us changed. The emotional high of the good news had Olivia's wolf pushing closer to the surface, seeking connection with her Alpha. I could sense it in the way she moved, in the subtle changes to her scent.

She turned to face me after hanging up our coats, her amber eyes meeting mine with newfound confidence. "I can't thank you enough for what you did for Leah." Latest content published on

"You don't need to thank me," I said, stepping closer to her. "Seeing you happy is enough."

My arms encircled her waist, drawing her against me. She came willingly, tilting her head back to look up at me. The gesture exposed the delicate line of her neck—a sign of trust that made my eyes flash with primal

hunger.

"Connor," she whispered, *her* pulse visibly quickening beneath her skin.

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Chapter 76: Passionate Night—1

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Whisper 139

Chapter 76: Passionate Night—1

Chapter 76: Passionate Night

(Olivia's POV)

The door to my apartment closed behind us with a soft click. The heating system hummed quietly, creating a cocoon of warmth that contrasted with the snowy night outside. I was still riding the emotional high from the

news about Leah's bone marrow match.

Connor's presence filled my small living space, his tall frame and broad shoulders making everything else seem diminutive by comparison. The air between us crackled with unspoken tension as he moved closer.

"Olivia," he murmured, his ice-blue eyes darkening as they locked with mine.

My heart hammered against my ribs as he closed the distance between us. His warm hands cupped my face with surprising gentleness for someone so powerful. When his lips finally met mine, the kiss was tender at

first, almost questioning.

That gentleness didn't last long.

Connor pressed me backward until my legs hit the sofa. We tumbled onto it together, his solid weight pinning me deliciously against the cushions. His lips traveled from my mouth to my jaw, then down the sensitive

column of my neck.

"Livvy," he whispered against my skin, using the intimate nickname that sent shivers down my spine. "I want to stay with you tonight, is that okay?"

I looked up into his eyes, now darkened to midnight blue as his wolf prowled close to the surface. The scent of his desire wrapped around me, making my own wolf stir restlessly beneath my skin.

"Yes," I managed to whisper, my voice barely audible even to my own ears.

Connor's answering smile was predatory, sending a delicious thrill through my body. His lips returned to mine with renewed hunger, his hands exploring with possessive intent.

My fingers fumbled with the buttons of his shirt, suddenly clumsy with anticipation. Connor chuckled against my lips, his hands covering mine to help. In moments, his shirt was discarded, revealing the sculpted planes of his chest and abdomen.

"You're beautiful," I breathed, tracing the defined muscles with trembling fingers.

"And you're wearing too many clothes," he replied, his voice carrying the deep timbre of his wolf.

My blouse and skirt soon joined his shirt on the floor. Connor's eyes darkened further as they roamed over my lace-covered body. The hunger in his gaze made me feel powerful and desired in a way I'd never experienced before.

"Connor," I whispered, reaching for him.

He came willingly, covering my body with his. Our kisses grew more desperate, more demanding as our wolves recognized each other as mates. We hadn't been intimate for a while, and our pent-up desire ignited like wildfire.

Outside, snow fell silently across Riverdale. Inside, our passion filled the room with heat and need.

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Connor's hands and lips seemed to be everywhere at once, drawing sounds from me I didn't know I could

make. When he finally claimed me fully, the connection was so intense that tears sprang to my eyes. Our wolves howled in unison, reveling in the primal connection between us.

We made love twice on the sofa, each time more intense than the last. Just when I thought we were finished, Connor lifted me into his arms with effortless strength.

"We're not done yet," he growled, carrying me toward the floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the snowy Read full story at

cityscape.

The glass fogged with our combined heat as he pressed me against it, our bodies joining once more in perfect harmony. The contrast of the cold window against my back and Connor's burning heat against my front created sensations that had me crying out his name.

Our wolves danced together beneath our skin, strengthening the bond between us with each passionate moment. In Connor's arms, I felt complete in a way I never had before.

Afterward, I collapsed against him, my legs too weak to support me. My honey-brown hair clung damply to my neck and shoulders, and my body glistened with the evidence of our passion.

"Thank you," I whispered against his chest, listening to his thundering heartbeat.

Connor's fingers traced lazy patterns on my bare back. "For what?"

"For everything. For helping Leah find a match. For supporting me through all of this. For..." I gestured vaguely at our naked bodies, "...this."

He chuckled, the sound rumbling through his chest. "Believe me, that last part was entirely my pleasure."

I looked up at him, suddenly serious. "I've never felt this way before, Connor. Not with anyone." His ice-blue eyes softened as they met mine. "Tell me."

"With Ethan, I always felt like I was competing with a ghost. With you..." I paused, searching for the right words. "With you, I feel like I'm the only woman in the world. My wolf recognizes yours in a way she never did with him."

Connor's arms tightened around me possessively. "Because we're meant to be mates, Livvy. We always have been."

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Whisper 140

< Chapter 76 Passionate Ni..

Chapter 76: Passionate Night-2

My wolf practically purred with contentment at his words. "I love you, Connor. Only you."

His expression transformed, a mixture of joy and fierce possession crossing his features. Without warning,

he scooped me into his arms and carried me toward the bathroom.

"What are you doing?" I laughed, clinging to his neck.

"Taking care of my mate," he replied simply.

He set me gently in the bathtub and turned on the faucet, adjusting the temperature until it was perfect. As

warm water filled the tub, he knelt beside it, watching me with tender eyes.

"I never thought I could be this happy," I confessed as he began to wash my body with gentle hands. "After everything with Ethan, I was afraid to trust anyone again."

Connor's hands paused on my shoulders. "He never deserved you, Livvy. He never saw your true worth."

"But you do?" I asked, vulnerability creeping into my voice.

"I always have." His hands resumed their gentle ministrations. "From the moment we met as children, my wolf recognized something special in you."

The sincerity in his voice made my heart swell. "I love you, Connor. Completely and exclusively." This chapter is updated by

His eyes darkened again at my words. Without hesitation, he climbed into the tub with me, water sloshing over the sides as he pulled me into his lap.

"Show me," he growled, his lips claiming mine once more.

Our passion reignited in the water, our wolves calling to each other as we connected on the deepest level possible. By the time we finally emerged from the bathroom, we were both wrinkled from the water and exhausted in the most satisfying way.

I wrapped myself in a towel while Connor slung another towel on his hips, the fabric doing little to hide his impressive physique. Hand in hand, we walked toward the bedroom, ready to continue our night together. The insistent ringing of the doorbell cut through our intimate bubble like a knife.

My wolf instantly went on alert, hackles rising at the unexpected intrusion. "Who could that be at this hour?" Connor's expression hardened, his protective instincts engaging immediately. "Stay here. I'll check."

I grabbed his arm, suddenly anxious. "Be careful. Use the peephole."

He touched my cheek reassuringly before moving toward the door. Through the peephole, his body suddenly tensed, his shoulders squaring with aggression.

"Who is it?" I whispered, clutching my towel tighter.

"Ethan Grey," Connor replied, his voice dropping to a dangerous growl.

My stomach dropped. Of all the times for Ethan to appear, this had to be the worst possible moment. Connor opened the door, standing confidently in nothing but a towel. His powerful Alpha physique was on full display, including several Jove bites on his neck and chest—marks that would have healed almost instantly if

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not for the deep passion that created them.

(Ethan's POV)

I stood in the hallway of Olivia's apartment building, my fist raised to pound on her door again. The scent hit me before the door even opened—Connor Rivers' dominant Alpha scent mixed with Olivia's sweet fragrance and the unmistakable aroma of s*x.

My wolf snarled beneath my skin, clawing to get out and challenge the rival Alpha. When the door swung open to reveal Rivers standing there in nothing but a towel, my vision briefly tinged red with rage.

His muscled torso was marked with fresh love bites—Olivia's love bites. The sight of them made my blood boil. These weren't ordinary marks; they were deep enough to remain visible even on an Alpha werewolf, whose healing abilities should have erased them within minutes.

"What the hell are you doing here, Grey?" Rivers asked, his ice-blue eyes gleaming with smug satisfaction. I ignored his question, my gaze fixed on the evidence of their intimacy. "What the hell have you done to her?" Rivers leaned against the doorframe, completely at ease despite being nearly naked. "I think that's between me and my mate-to-be, don't you?"

"She's not your mate," I growled, my fists clenching at my sides. "She was mine first,"

"Was being the operative word," Rivers replied coolly. "You threw her away, remember? For your precious Cassandra."

The mention of Cassandra's name only fueled my anger. "You don't know anything about my relationship with

Olivia."

"I know enough," Rivers said, his voice hardening. "I know you treated her like a replacement. I know you hurt her repeatedly. And I know she's chosen me now."

The smug certainty in his voice pushed me over the edge. With a snarl, I threw a punch aimed at his jaw. Rivers dodged with supernatural speed, his own wolf rising to meet my challenge.

“You really want to do this here?” he asked, his voice dropping to a dangerous Alpha timbre.

I answered with another swing, which he blocked effortlessly. My wolf was howling for blood, demanding I reclaim what I considered mine. Rivers moved with the fluid grace of a born predator, his own wolf clearly eager for the fight.

“What did you do to her?” I demanded again, circling him in the narrow hallway. “Did you force her? Manipulate her?”

Rivers’ laugh was cold and mocking. “Is that what you think? That the only way she’d choose me over you is through force?”

“Answer me!” I lunged forward, managing to land a glancing blow to his shoulder.

Rivers retaliated with a swift jab to my ribs that knocked the wind from my lungs. “I didn’t have to do

anything, Grey. *She* came to me willingly. Eagerly, even.”

The implication *in* his words sent another wave of jealous rage through me. “You’re lying.”

“Am I?” Rivers smirked, his ice-blue eyes gleaming with Alpha satisfaction. “Why don’t you ask her yourself?”

Oh wait, you can’t—because she’s in my bed now, not yours.”

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With a roar of fury, I charged at him again. “What have you done to her?”

Rivers sidestepped my attack, his movements fluid and controlled despite wearing only a towel. His confidence was infuriating—the confidence of an Alpha who knew he’d won.

“We’re engaged to be mated, what else could we be doing?” he replied, his smirk widening as he watched my reaction to his words.

My wolf howled in anguish and rage, pushing me to attack once more. The thought of Olivia—my Olivia—in Rivers' arms was more than I could bear.

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Whisper 14`1

© Chapter 77. A Cold Night

Chapter 77: A Cold Night—1

Chapter 77: A Cold Night

(Ethan's POV)

The sight of Connor Rivers standing in Olivia's doorway wearing nothing but a towel sent waves of rage through my entire body. My wolf clawed beneath my skin, desperate to break free and tear into the rival Alpha. The love bites marking his muscled torso were like daggers to my heart—visible proof that Olivia had been intimate with him.

These weren't ordinary marks. They were deep enough to remain visible even on an Alpha werewolf, whose healing abilities should have erased them within minutes. The only explanation was that they had been made with intense passion—the kind that comes from true mates.

My stomach twisted painfully at the thought. The scent of their lovemaking hung heavy in the air, an unmistakable mixture of Connor's dominant Alpha musk and Olivia's sweet fragrance.

"She's mine," I growled, my voice barely recognizable as my wolf pushed forward.

Connor's smirk only fueled my rage. "Not anymore."

The casual confidence in his voice, the way he leaned against the doorframe as if he belonged there—it was more than I could bear. With a snarl that ripped from deep in my

chest, I lunged toward him, my fists clenched and my blue eyes flashing with the dangerous light of a challenged Alpha heir.

My wolf howled with jealous rage inside me, demanding blood, demanding retribution. How dare he touch what was mine? How dare he mark her and be marked by her?

Connor moved with supernatural speed, dodging my attack as if I were moving in slow motion. His fist connected with my jaw before I could react, the impact sending shockwaves of pain through my skull. Before I could recover, his foot slammed into my chest, sending me staggering backward into the hallway wall. The plaster cracked behind me from the force of the impact.

“What right do you have to challenge me?” Connor asked, his ice-blue eyes cold with disdain. “What right do you have to come here and disrupt Olivia’s life again?”

I pushed myself away from the wall, my wolf refusing to submit despite the pain. “I have every right. She was

mine first.”

Connor’s laugh was devoid of humor. “I gave you a chance,” he said, his voice carrying the unmistakable authority of a true Alpha. “Three years ago, when Livvy went with **you**, I convinced myself that as long as she was happy, I would let you be together.”

His words hit me like physical blows, momentarily stunning me more effectively than his fist had.

“But what about you? How did you treat her?” Connor continued, advancing toward me with predatory grace. “You treated her like a replacement for Cassandra. You made her feel second-best every single day.” My wolf retreated slightly as the truth of his words penetrated my anger. Had I really done that to Olivia?

“I love her,” I insisted, though my voice lacked its earlier conviction.

“Love her?” Connor’s eyes were filled with disdain and mockery, as if he were looking at a stray omega. “Eve..

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Chapter 77 A Cold Night–1

your wolf would howl with shame at your version of “love”

The accusation stung because part of me recognized its truth. My wolf whimpered in confusion, caught between defending its pride and acknowledging its failures.

“You don’t know anything about my feelings for her,” I said, desperately trying to regain my footing in this

confrontation.

“I know you kept a photo of Cassandra in your wallet, Connor replied, his voice cutting. “I know you called Olivia by Cassandra’s name more than once. I know you compared them constantly.”

Each accusation landed like a physical blow. How did he know these things? Had Olivia told him everything?

“That’s not “I began, but Connor cut me off.

“Not what? Not true?” His lip curled in disgust. “Don’t insult her by lying now”

My wolf pushed forward again with renewed determination, refusing to be dismissed so easily. “I made mistakes,” I admitted, my voice rough with emotion. “But I love her. I’ve always loved her.”

Connor scoffed, the sound dripping with derision. “You loved the idea of her. You loved having someone who adored you unconditionally while you pined for someone else,”

Before I could respond, a new scent reached me—fresher, closer. Olivia’s scent, tinged with anger and something else... contentment?

She emerged from the bedroom wrapped in a silk robe, her honey—brown hair still damp from the shower. The sight of her stole my breath away, just as it always had. But the marks on her neck and the flush in her cheeks confirmed everything Connor had said about their intimacy

“What

are

you doing here, Ethan?” she demanded, her amber eyes widening before narrowing with fury. The coldness in her voice was like a physical blow. My wolf whimpered in pain, finally understanding what true heartbreak felt like. For three years, I had taken her love for granted, assuming she would always be there waiting for me.

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Chapter 77: A Cold Night–2

Now, seeing her stand protectively beside Connor, her wolf clearly aligned with his, I realized what I had lost. A single tear slipped from my eye as I nearly broke down, the pain of losing my true mate overwhelming me

“Livvy,” I whispered, my voice cracking with emotion.

“Don’t call me that,” she snapped, her amber eyes flashing. “You lost that right when you chose Cassandra

over me.”

Her words cut deeper than any **physical** wound. My wolf howled in anguish, recognizing too late what it had

thrown away.

“I made a mistake,” I **said**, taking a step toward her. “I see that now. Please, Livvy, give me another chance.”

Olivia’s expression hardened, her wolf rising protectively as she moved closer to Connor. “Stop harassing me, Ethan. It’s over between us. It has been for months.”

“No,” I protested, my voice hoarse with emotion. “It can’t be over. We belong together.”

“We never belonged together,” Olivia replied, her voice steady despite the anger flashing in her eyes. “You made that clear every time you looked at Cassandra, every time you compared me to her, every time you made me feel like I wasn’t enough.”

Each accusation was like a knife to my heart because I knew they were true. My wolf cowered beneath my skin, ashamed of how we had treated her

“Leave me alone, Ethan,” she growled, her amber eyes flashing with the intensity of her emotions.

I was heartbroken and desperate, my normally proud demeanor completely shattered. “No,” my barely audible. “Livvy, I was really wrong. Please, please come back... Please, Livvy...”

voice was

The Alpha heir in me was humbled to dust, my wolf submissively lowering its head in a desperate attempt to appease her. I had never begged anyone for anything in my life, but I was begging now.

Olivia sighed deeply, her expression softening slightly, but not with forgiveness—with pity. Her wolf, once so attuned to mine, now turned away completely, seeking the comforting presence of Connor instead. Just leave me alone” she said quietly, stepping back and attempting to close the door.

Panic surged through me at the finality of that closing door. Without thinking, I reached out to stop it, my hand getting caught painfully between the door and the frame as I refused to let this final connection between us be severed.

“Livvy, please,” I begged, ignoring the **pain** shooting through my trapped hand. “I’ll do anything. I’ll be better. I’ll be what you need.”

Connor’s growl was low and dangerous as he stepped forward, his wolf surging protectively. With Alpha strength, he pushed me backward, freeing my hand but sending me stumbling into the hallway.

“She said leave,” Connor stated, his voice carrying the unmistakable command of an Alpha.

Before I could respond, Olivia closed the door firmly, the sound of the lock clicking into place like a final period on our relationship.

1/2

Chapter 77 A Cold Night

I stood outside in the hallway, tears streaming down my face, the night becoming a cruel nightmare for the **once**—proud Grey heir. My heart felt like it had a gaping hole torn through it, the emotional wound far more painful than any physical injury my wolf could heal.

For several minutes, I couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think beyond the crushing pain in my chest. The muffled sounds of Olivia and Connor’s voices from behind the door were like salt in my wounds.

Eventually, I forced myself to walk away, each step more difficult than the last. Outside, the snow was falling heavily, coating Harbor City in a blanket of white. I didn’t bother getting into my car. Instead, I wandered aimlessly through the snowy streets, my wolf howling silently in grief.

The physical cold was nothing compared to the emptiness inside me. For the first time, I truly understood what I had done to Olivia—the **pain** I had caused her by making her feel second-best, by comparing her to Cassandra, by taking her love for granted.

Now it was too late. She had found someone who appreciated her, who put her first, who made her feel valued. And I was left alone with my regrets.

I walked for hours, oblivious to the snow soaking through my clothes, to the bitter wind cutting through my jacket. My wolf, once so proud and dominant, now whimpered like a wounded pup, finally understanding the true cost of my arrogance.

The streets of Harbor City blurred around me as I walked without direction or purpose. Occasionally, I would catch a glimpse of my reflection in a storefront window—a broken man with red-rimmed eyes and snow-dusted hair, barely recognizable as the confident Alpha heir I had once been.

I felt that on this night, all the snow in the world had fallen on my heart, freezing the last remnants of hope I had clung to. My wolf, once so proud and dominant, now whimpered like a wounded pup, finally understanding the true cost of his arrogance and the precious mate he had lost through his own actions. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

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Chapter 78: **Cold** Hearts and Snow **Wounds**—1

Chapter 78: Cold Hearts and Snow Wounds.

(Third person's POV)

The insistent ringing of a phone cut through the peaceful darkness of Olivia's bedroom. She groaned, reluctantly opening her amber eyes to glance at the clock—3:17 AM.

Connor's arm tightened around her waist as she reached for her phone. His warm body pressed against her back, a comforting presence in the pre-dawn darkness.

"Who is it?" he mumbled, his voice rough with sleep.

Olivia squinted at the screen. "Jason Mitchell."

Connor growled softly, his wolf displeased at the interruption. "Ethan's friend? At this hour?"

With a sigh, Olivia answered the call, putting it on speaker. "Jason, do you have any idea what time it is?" "Olivia, thank goodness you answered." Jason's voice was tense, urgent. "It's Ethan. He's in the hospital."

Olivia sat up, her brow furrowing. "What happened?"

"He was found collapsed in the snow not far from your apartment building. Severe hypothermia. The doctors say he could have died if he hadn't been found when he was."

Connor sat up beside her, his ice-blue eyes now fully alert. His expression darkened as he listened to Jason's

words.

"He's asking for you, Olivia," Jason continued. "He's in bad shape. Could you come to Harbor City Memorial?" Olivia's wolf, so content moments ago in Connor's presence, now bristled with irritation. She'd made her choice clear to Ethan just hours ago

"If he's dead, just take care of the body," she retorted, her amber eyes flashing. "Let me know when the funeral is. For old times' sake, I'll send his mother a nice moonlight herb arrangement."

Without waiting for Jason's response, she hung up and immediately turned off her phone. The bedroom fell back into darkness, silent except for their breathing.

"Livvy," Connor murmured, pulling her back down beside him. "Come back to bed."

His ice-blue eyes were heavy with sleep as he wrapped his arms around her possessively. His wolf rumbled contentedly as she settled against him.

"I'm not going anywhere," she whispered, nestling into his embrace.

Their wolves, perfectly aligned and content in each other's presence, drifted back to sleep, oblivious to the drama unfolding across the city.

In a sterile room at Harbor City Memorial Hospital, Ethan Grey lay propped against white **pillows**, his normally vibrant appearance dulled by exhaustion and illness. An IV dripped steadily into his arm, warming his blood that had nearly frozen in the bitter cold.

Jason Mitchell stood awkwardly by the bed, his phone on speaker between them. The hope that had briefly flickered in Ethan's blue eyes died as Olivia's cold words filled the room.

17/2

Ofapte 78 Cold Heans ar

If **he's** dead, **just** take care **of** the **body**. Let **me** know when the funeral la For **old** man laske, ri, Len mother a nice **moonlight** herb arrangement:

The call disconnected abruptly, leaving a heavy silence in the hospital room.

Ethan's wolf, which had perked up at the sound of Olivia's voice, now whimpered and retreated **deep** within him. His fists clenched in the thin hospital blanket, knuckles turning white with strain.

"Ethan, I'm sorry," Jason said quietly, pocketing his phone. "I shouldn't have called her.*

Ethan's face was pale, almost as white as the sheets around him. The machines monitoring his vital signs beeped steadily, the only **sound** in the oppressive silence.

"Leave me alone," he whispered, his voice barely audible. His blue eyes, usually so confident and commanding, now reflected nothing but despair.

Jason hesitated, concern evident on his face. "Are you sure? I don't think you should be alone right now

"Just go," Ethan insisted, turning his face away.

With reluctance, Jason nodded and moved toward the door. "I'll be back in the morning to check on you." Ethan didn't respond, his gaze fixed on the window where snow continued to fall silently over Harbor City. His wolf, once proud and dominant, now lay broken within him, mourning the loss of a mate it had never truly

claimed.

Jason Mitchell stepped into the hospital corridor, running a hand through his disheveled hair. The fluorescent lights cast harsh shadows across his tired face.

“How is he?”

The feminine voice startled him. Cassandra Evans stood a few feet away, her green—gold eyes filled with what appeared to be genuine concern. Her blonde hair was hastily pulled back, and she wore a designer coat over what looked like pajamas.

“Cassandra,” **Jason** acknowledged, his tone neutral. “What are you doing here?”

“I heard about Ethan,” she said, stepping closer. “Is he going to be alright?”

Jason studied her for a moment, weighing his words carefully. “Physically, yes. The doctors say he’ll recover **from** the hypothermia.”

“What happened?” Cassandra pressed, her wolf’s curiosity evident in her intense gaze. UPDATE FROM

“He collapsed in the snow near Olivia’s apartment building. Jason explained reluctantly. “After wandering around in freezing temperatures for hours.”

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- Whisper 144

Whisper 144

Chapter 78 Cold Hearts 1.

Chapter 78: Cold Hearts and Snow Wounds—2

Cassandra's perfectly shaped eyebrows rose in surprise. "Olivia's apartment? Why would he be there?"

Jason leaned against the wall, suddenly feeling the late hour in his bones. "His wolf was driving him to be near her, I think. Even after she rejected him."

"Rejected him?" Cassandra repeated, her voice sharpening. "What do you mean?"

"You don't know?" Jason asked, surprised. "Ethan went to Olivia's apartment tonight. He found her with

Connor Rivers."

Cassandra's wolf bristled visibly, her posture stiffening. "Connor Rivers? The Alpha from Riverdale?"

Jason nodded, a hint of satisfaction in his eyes at her discomfort. "They're engaged to be mated. The ceremony is happening soon."

"That's impossible," **Cassandra** insisted, her green-gold eyes flashing. "Ethan wouldn't care about that. He and

"He and you what?" Jason interrupted, his patience wearing thin. "Have been playing games with each other for years? While he kept Olivia as a backup?"

Cassandra's wolf growled softly, not appreciating the challenge. "You don't understand our relationship."

"I understand enough, Jason replied. "I understand that Ethan just bought an apartment in Moonlight Gardens, right near where Olivia lives."

This information clearly shocked Cassandra, her carefully composed expression faltering. “He did what?”

“You heard me, Jason said, pushing away from the wall. “He’s obsessed with her. Has been for months, ever

since she left him.”

Cassandra’s wolf was fully alert now, territorial instincts flaring. Without another word to **Jason**, she turned and strode toward Ethan’s room, her designer boots clicking sharply against the hospital floor.

Jason watched her **go**, shaking his head slightly. He didn’t approve of Ethan’s obsessive behavior, nor of Cassandra’s role in the complicated mate triangle. But perhaps it was time for some truth to come to light. Cassandra burst into Ethan’s hospital room without knocking, her wolf’s jealousy propelling her forward. The door slammed against the wall, causing Ethan to flinch in his bed.

“Is it true?” she demanded, green–gold eyes blazing. “Are you obsessed with Olivia Winters?”

Ethan’s expression hardened, his wolf rising defensively despite his weakened state. “What are you doing here, Cassandra?”

“Answer me!” she insisted, stalking closer to his bed. “Did you buy an apartment near hers? Were you outside her building tonight?”

“That’s none of your business,” Ethan replied coldly.

Cassandra laughed, the sound brittle and harsh in the sterile room. “None of my business? After everything

we've been to each other?"

"We've been nothing to each other," Ethan said, his blue eyes flashing. "Just convenient distractions."

1/2

Chapter 70 Cold Hearts o

The words struck Cassandra like physical blows. Her wolf recoiled, hurt and confused **by** the rejection.

"You **don't** mean that," she whispered, her confident facade cracking slightly.

Ethan looked away, his jaw tight. "I made a mistake with Olivia. I see that now. I want to make things right.

"Make things right?" Cassandra repeated incredulously. "She's engaged to Connor Rivers! She's moved on!

"I don't believe **that**," Ethan insisted, his wolf pushing forward stubbornly. "Our connection was real. She just

needs to remember it."

Cassandra's expression shifted from hurt to mockery. "She doesn't care about you anymore, Ethan. Jason just called her, and do you know what she said?"

Ethan's face paled further, but he remained silent.

“She said if you’re dead, they should just take care of the body,” Cassandra continued, her words deliberately cruel. “**She** doesn’t care if you live or die, Ethan. She’s moved on with her true mate.”

“Get out,” Ethan growled, his wolf rising fully now. The monitors beside his bed began beeping more rapidly as his heart rate increased.

“You’re pathetic,” Cassandra spat, tears gathering in her green–gold eyes. “Pining after a woman who doesn’t want you, when I’ve been right here all along.”

“GET OUT!” Ethan roared, his control slipping entirely.

With a sudden burst of strength that belied his medical condition, he swept his arm across the bedside table, sending water, medications, and equipment crashing to the floor. The IV stand toppled, pulling the needle from his arm with a sharp sting that he barely noticed.

Cassandra stepped back, momentarily startled by the violence of his reaction. Tears now streamed freely down her face, her wolf retreating in confusion and hurt.

“You’re pathetic,” she repeated, her voice breaking. “And you’re going to end up alone.”

She turned and fled the room, nearly colliding with Jason Mitchell in the doorway. He had returned to retrieve his forgotten car keys, only to witness the explosive confrontation

Jason stood frozen, taking in the scene before him—medical equipment scattered across the floor, an alarm blaring from the disconnected monitors, and Ethan sitting upright in bed, chest heaving with rage and grief. The dangerous instability of a wolf who had lost his mate to another was written clearly in Ethan’s wild eyes and trembling hands. His wolf, once so controlled and dominant, now thrashed beneath his skin, driven by desperation and rejection.

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Whisper 145

Chapter 79: Family Secrets

(Olivia's POV)

After muting my phone, I finally had a good night's sleep. When I woke again, It was already one o'clock in the afternoon. The other side of the bed was empty; Connor had already gotten up.

I rubbed my eyes and lifted the quilt, preparing to get out of bed to wash up. As soon as my feet touched the ground, my legs went weak, and I almost fell,

Connor had been a bit rough last night. After Ethan left, he returned to the bedroom to sleep. He had said he would just hold me and not do anything, but as he held me, his wolf had become restless again.

I winced slightly as I stood, feeling the pleasant soreness that reminded me of our passionate night together. My wolf purred contentedly within me, completely satisfied with our mate's claim.

Taking a moment to steady myself, I grabbed my robe from the chair beside the bed and slipped it on. The soft silk felt cool against my skin, still warm from sleep.

I took a while to adjust, stretching my limbs carefully before walking out of the bedroom. In the living room, I saw Connor sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed, a laptop on his knees.

When he was working seriously, he exuded a powerful Alpha aura. The snow had stopped. The soft, warm winter sunlight shone through the glass window, casting a faint warm glow on him, even softening his deep, cold features.

The heating was on in the room, and Connor was only wearing a black shirt, the buttons at the collar fastened tightly. He stared intently at the computer screen, his face expressionless, his slender, beautiful fingers typing rapidly on the keyboard.

At this moment, he looked abstinent. Only I knew that it was those bony fingers that had unbuttoned **my** clothes bit by bit last night, clinging to me and claiming me again and again.

Only I knew how wild Connor was beneath his gentle and forbidden appearance. It was the first time I had seen him so focused **on** his work, and the contrast with last night was too great.

I was momentarily mesmerized. Connor noticed my gaze, looked up, and his ice-blue eyes instantly softened. A gentle smile appeared on his expressionless face.

"Livvy, you're awake?" His voice was warm, a stark contrast to the cold authority he projected when working.

I hummed in response, walked over, and sat down next to him, crossing my legs on the sofa and tilting my head to look at his computer screen.

Connor said softly, "Grandfather Gerald asked me to officially take over the pack leadership, so I've been quite busy recently."

I was a little surprised. Logically speaking, wasn't the Alpha of the Rivers pack William Rivers? However, this matter involved the Rivers pack's internal affairs, so it wasn't appropriate for me to ask.

I didn't expect Connor to take the initiative to tell me.

"The Jessica Sullivan incident before was related to my father's illegitimate son."
Connor didn't look away, his

1/2

Chapter 79 Family Seret

eyes still fixed on the computer screen.

When he spoke about this matter, his face was calm, as if he was talking about something ordinary. My amber eyes widened in surprise.

"What illegitimate son?" I couldn't hide the shock in my voice.

Connor's tone changed slightly, his typing hands paused, and there seemed to be a hint of intolerance and sadness in his eyes. It was the first time I had seen such emotions in his eyes.

Connor's voice was soft. "More than twenty years ago, while my mother Katherine was pregnant, my father had an affair."

My heart sank at his words. I hadn't expected **such** a revelation.

"When my mother gave birth to me and was recovering from the birth, the other woman, Victoria Price, came to my father with an ultrasound report from the hospital, wanting to use the child to force her way into the pack."

I felt a chill run down my spine at the calculated cruelty of this woman's timing.

"When my mother found out about this, she had a mental breakdown, suffered from postpartum depression, and almost jumped off a building to commit suicide."

(Connor's POV)

"At that time, my grandparents put pressure on my father to terminate the pregnancy, but my father was serious about that woman at the time, so he couldn't bear to do it." I kept my voice steady, though the old pain still lingered.

"He superficially agreed to terminate the pregnancy but actually hid it from my grandparents and secretly sent the woman abroad."

Olivia was so shocked that she couldn't speak. I knew she hadn't heard anything about such a scandal in the Rivers pack. We had kept it very well hidden.

I continued, "To be honest, the person my father truly loved in his heart should be Victoria, but unfortunately, they could never be together."

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Chapter **79** Fattily Deont

Seeing my silence, Connor looked away from the computer screen and turned to me, a subtle ples in his deep, Ice-blue eyes.

“Liwy, do you think my pack is very messy?” His voice held a vulnerability I’d rarely heard before.

“Don’t worry, I’m not like my father. When I was very young, I swore to myself that I would only love one mete in my life, be absolutely loyal, and absolutely devoted.”

He looked a little humble at this moment. It was as if he was afraid that I would misunderstand him as being the same kind of Alpha as his father because of the measy things in his pack and thus distance myself from

him

I had mixed feelings, both sour and sweet, and my eyes couldn’t help but well up. I felt sour because I felt sorry for what he had gone through as a pup and for him being so humble in front of me, actually afraid that I wouldn’t want him.

The sweetness came from him caring so much about me. To think that this powerful Alpha, who commanded respect wherever he went, could be so vulnerable with me touched something deep in my heart.

I sniffed, opened my arms, wrapped them around Connor, and gave him a big **hug**. My amber eyes were filled with tears, and my voice was slightly choked.

“Con, I know, I know everything.” I whispered against his chest.

I knew he wasn’t that kind of Alpha. Since being with him, I had never doubted his sincerity. His actions had always spoken louder than any words could.

Connor hugged me back, closed his eyes, and greedily inhaled my scent, seeming to find peace in our embrace. I could feel his wolf settling beneath his skin, calming at my touch.

My voice was soft and gentle, soothing the restlessness in Connor's heart. "Con, as long as you don't leave first, I will never not want you."

Hearing these words, something in Connor's heart seemed to be gently plucked, and I could feel him tremble slightly in my arms, as if he was about to cry.

His arms tightened around me, pulling me closer **as** if he couldn't bear to let go. I felt his lips press against my hair, a gentle kiss that spoke volumes.

"My Livvy is so good," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion. "How could I bear to leave first?"

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Chapter RD Suicides!

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Whisper 146

Chapter **80: Sulolde—1**

Chapter 80: Suicide

(Olivia's POV)

Connor's fingers tapped rhythmically against his laptop as he continued his revelation, "Frederick Warner was raised by a powerful Alpha in America. He now commands his own pack and even possesses a private security force."

My amber eyes widened with concern. The Implications of what Connor was telling me sent a chill down my

spine.

"Con, you need to be careful," I urged, reaching for his hand. "If he's as dangerous as you say..."

Connor's ice-blue eyes softened **as** he looked at me. His fingers intertwined with mine, squeezing gently. "My concern isn't for myself, Livvy," he admitted, his voice low. "I'm worried he might target you as a means of attacking me."

My wolf bristled at the thought, protective instincts flaring. "Me? But why would he-"

"Because you're what matters most to me," Connor interrupted, his gaze intense. "And Frederick knows that."

I felt my heart skip a beat at his words, even as dread pooled in my stomach.

"There's more," Connor continued, his expression darkening. "Vanessa Reed has been working as Frederick's accomplice in our territory."

The revelation hit me like a physical blow. "Vanessa? But she's your foster sister!"

Connor's jaw tightened. "Yes. Her betrayal runs deep. My enforcers are retrieving her from America as we speak"

I struggled to process this information. The Vanessa I knew had always seemed devoted to Connor, almost obsessively so.

"No matter what," Connor emphasized, his tone leaving no room for argument, "you must remember to take your bodyguards with **you** wherever you go in the future."

Before I could respond, the doorbell rang, cutting through the tension in the room.

Connor closed his laptop and stood. That would be our lunch."

I followed him to the door, momentarily confused. "You ordered **food?** From where?"

"The Silver Moon," he replied casually, referring to a five-star restaurant known throughout Harbor City. "But they don't deliver," I pointed out, frowning slightly.

Connor simply smiled, his ice-blue eyes gleaming with subtle power. They will deliver if you want to eat." The implication was clear- his influence as Alpha could overcome such trivial restrictions. I couldn't help but smile at his confidence.

The delivery person handed over several containers of exquisitely prepared food, bowing respectfully to Connor before departing.

1/2

Chapter 79 Family Secret.

Chapter 79: Family Secrets–2

The words tasted bitter in my mouth, acknowledging that my father had never truly loved my mother..

“**My** grandmother Eleanor hated this kind of woman who had no moral bottom line and destroyed other people’s families, and my grandfather Gerald, who had been upright all his life, also firmly refused to let this kind of woman into the pack, letting her ruin our pack’s reputation.”

I paused, gathering my thoughts before continuing with the painful family history.

“At first, everyone in the pack was deceived by my father, thinking that he had really terminated the pregnancy and broken off his relationship with the woman outside.”

The betrayal still stung, even after all these years.

“Probably when I was five or six years old, my mother discovered the truth and had a big fight with him. At

that time, they were making **a big** fuss about severing their mate bond, and it even alarmed the elders of both the Rivers and Lin packs.”

I remembered hiding in my room, covering my ears as their shouting echoed through our home.

“Because theirs was an arranged mating. it was not only a matter between the two of them but also a major

event related to the interests of both packs.”

I sighed, remembering the tension that had filled our home for months afterward.

“Naturally, the mate bond remained intact. Due to pressure from both packs, my father broke off contact with Victoria, but my mother also had a knot in her heart because of this matter.”

The memory of my mother’s tear–stained face flashed before my eyes.

“When I was young, they often quarreled because of that woman outside and her son.”

I had grown up with the constant tension between my parents, learning early that mate bonds could be sources of pain as well as strength.

‘Later, I heard that Victoria passed away, and my father wanted to bring the illegitimate son, Frederick Warner, back to acknowledge him as part of the pack, but he couldn’t get past my grandparents.”

I remembered the fierce arguments that had erupted when my father had suggested bringing Frederick into

our home.

“In the end, it came to nothing. After a period of depression, he gradually returned to the pack.”

fer that.

But the damage had been done. Our family was never the same after

(Olivia’s POV)

After hearing this, I was speechless with shock. I didn’t expect that William Rivers, who appeared elegant, easygoing, and courteous on the surface, would be such an irresponsible Alpha who betrayed his mate.

I thought of the gentle Katherine Rivers almost jumping off a building and couldn’t help but feel sympathy and fear. If she had really committed suicide, Connor would have become a pup without a mother The rightful source is

If Victoria had entered the pack with her illegitimate son, Connor’s life would definitely not have been easy. Fortunately, such a tragedy did not happen.

Chapter 80: Suicide 1.

We settled at the dining table, the delicious aromas momentarily distracting **us** from the conversation we’d been having.

This smells amazing,” I admitted, opening one of the containers to reveal perfectly seared venison **with** roasted vegetables.

Connor watched me with a soft expression as I took my first bite. For a moment, we **could** pretend we were just a normal couple enjoying a meal **together**, not discussing rogue packs and potential threats.

Just as we were finishing our meal, Connor’s phone rang. His expression shifted as he answered, immediately alert and focused.

“Yes? When?” he asked, his eyes flicking to me. That’s excellent news. We’ll be there shortly.”

He hung up and turned to me, a genuine smile breaking across his face. “They’ve found a bone marrow donor match for Leah Pierce. The donor is at Harbor City Memorial Hospital now, undergoing final compatibility

tests.”

I jumped to my feet, my heart racing with hope. “We need to go there right now!”

Connor nodded, already reaching for his coat. “I’ve already told Raymond to bring the car around.”

The drive to the hospital seemed to take forever, though Connor’s driver navigated the city streets with impressive efficiency.

When we arrived, we were directed to Leah’s floor, where Noah was pacing anxiously outside his sister’s

room.

—

His face lit **up** when he saw us approaching. “Healer Winters! Alpha Rivers! The doctors just confirmed the donor is a perfect match!”

Relief washed over me like a wave. “That’s wonderful news, Noah. When will they do the transplant?” “Two days from now,” he replied, his eyes shining with unshed tears. “They’re prepping the donor and getting Leah ready.”

Noah suddenly dropped to one knee before us, his head bowed in a gesture of complete submission. This is really great. Thank you so much, Healer Winters. You saved my sister’s life. I can’t repay your life-saving grace. As long as you don’t dislike it, Little Moon and I will listen to you in everything in the future!”

I was momentarily stunned by the formal pledge. These were packless wolves offering their loyalty something incredibly rare and meaningful in our world.

“Please, stand up,” I said gently, touching his shoulder. “I’m very happy to be able to help Little Moon.”

I reached for Connor’s arm, drawing strength from his solid presence beside me. This time, thanks to my mate, he helped find the matching bone marrow.”

Connor nodded acknowledgment, his expression serious but kind. “The Rivers pack protects its own, Noah. You and Leah are under our protection now.”

H

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Chanter Roureide 2

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Whisper 147

Chanter Roureide 2

Chapter 80: Suicide—2

Noah's eyes widened at the implication – Connor was essentially offering them pack status, something they'd lived without for years.

Connor's phone buzzed again. After checking the message, he turned to me apologetically. "I need to handle some pack business, Will you be alright here for a while?"

I nodded, squeezing his hand. "Of course, I promised Leah I'd help with her makeup today anyway

After Connor left, I texted Jade Mitchell, who arrived twenty minutes later carrying a small cosmetics bag.

"I brought everything you asked for," she said, slightly breathless from rushing. "How's Leah doing today?"

"Better than ever," I replied, leading her to Leah's **room**. "They found a donor match."

"Amazing news!"

Jade's face lit up with genuine happiness. "That's amazing

When we entered Leah's room, the young girl was sitting up in bed, her cream woolen hat—my gift to her—pulled snugly over her head. Her eyes brightened when she saw us.

"Sister Olivia! Sister Jade!" she exclaimed, her voice stronger than I'd heard it before. "You came!"

“Of course we did,” I replied, sitting on the edge of her bed. “I promised to show you how to do makeup,

remember?”

For the next hour, Jade and I carefully applied light makeup to Leah’s pale face – a touch of blush to bring color to her cheeks, subtle eyeshadow to brighten her eyes, and a tinted lip balm to add a healthy glow to her

lips.

When we finished, I handed her a small mirror. Leah gasped as she saw her reflection, tears welling in her

eyes.

“Sister Olivia, Sister Jade, this is the first time I’ve seen myself look so beautiful,” she whispered, touching her

face gently.

The cream woolen hat I’d given her complemented her made-up face perfectly, giving the sickly girl a moment of normalcy and joy that made my heart swell with emotion.

(Ethan’s POV)

The hospital room was quiet except for the steady beeping of monitors and the occasional footsteps passing in the hallway outside.

I stared at the ceiling, counting the tiles for what must have been the hundredth time today. Twenty-four across, sixteen down. Three hundred and eighty-four tiles total.

The door opened, and my heart leapt with hope before immediately crashing back down when I saw it was just another pack member coming to check on me.

“Alpha Heir Grey,” the beta said respectfully, placing a fruit basket on the side table. “The pack sends their wishes for your swift recovery.”

I nodded mechanically, not bothering to respond verbally. What was the **point**? The only voice I wanted to hear wouldn’t be coming through that door.

□

Throughout the **day**, the pattern repeated.

The **door would open, my hope would** fade, and then there **someone** other than Olivia entered.

Jason Mitchell came by around noon, looking uncomfortable as he stood at the foot of **my bed**.

“The doctors say you can be discharged tomorrow,” he said, trying to sound upbeat. “That’s **good news** Hight?”

I turned my face toward the window, watching snowflakes drift past the glass. “Has she called?” I asked, my voice rough from disuse.

Jason’s silence was answer enough.

As afternoon faded into evening and the hospital lights dimmed for the night, despair settled over me like a physical weight. The darkness outside my window matched the emptiness growing inside me.

My wolf, once proud and dominant, now whimpered pathetically, convinced that Olivia would never return to us. The pain was unbearable – not the physical discomfort of recovering from hypothermia, but the soul-crushing agony of knowing she was with another.

I reached under my pillow, fingers closing around the cold metal I’d managed to hide there earlier when a distracted nurse had left a surgical tray unattended.

The silver scalpel gleamed dully in the dim **light**. My wolf recoiled at the sight of it, instinctively recognizing

the danger.

But what was the point of continuing without her? What was the point of anything?

Liv, what’s the point of living without you? IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

The thought echoed in my mind as I pressed the silver blade against my wrist, feeling its burn even before breaking skin.

(Margaret’s POV)

I hurried down the hospital corridor, thermal container in hand. The nurses had told me Ethan hadn’t eaten all day, refusing the hospital food they’d brought him.

“Such a stubborn boy,” I muttered to myself, though worry gnawed at my insides. The nurses’ concerned expressions had only heightened my anxiety,

I’d prepared his favorite dishes myself – something I hadn’t done in years. Perhaps the comfort of home-cooked food would help lift his spirits,

When I reached his room, I knocked lightly before pushing the door open. “Ethan, dear, I’ve brought you some

dinner-”

The words died in my throat as I took in the scene before me. Ethan sat upright in bed, a silver blade pressed against his wrist. Blood – darkened with the poisonous metal – already trickled down his arm.

A scream tore from my throat, primal and terrified. “ETHAN!”

I dropped the container, lunging forward to knock the blade from his hand. It clattered to the **floor as** I grabbed his bleeding wrist, my wolf instincts flaring in panic.

“Ethan! Ethan, don’t do anything stupid! Don’t scare your mother, don’t be like this!” I pleaded, pressing a towel against the wound.

2/3

His eyes were vacant, unfocused, as if he couldn’t even hear me. **Blood** continued to seep through the towel, the silver already working its poison into his system.

“Help!” I screamed toward the door. “Somebody help us!”

A nurse appeared in the doorway, her eyes widening in horror at the scene. She immediately pressed an emergency button, calling for assistance.

“It hurts so much, Liv,” Ethan whispered, his voice barely audible. “My heart really hurts.”

Doctors and nurses rushed into the room, pushing me aside **as** they worked to stabilize him. I watched, helpless, as they lifted him onto a gurney and rushed him toward the operating room to treat the silver poisoning now coursing through his bloodstream.

I collapsed against the wall in the corridor, my legs no longer able to support me. Tears streamed down my face as I buried my head in my hands.

“Ethan, why are you so foolish!” I sobbed, my body shaking uncontrollably.

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Whisper 148

Chapter 81: Silver Scars and Shattered Willa–1

Chapter 81: Silver Scars and Shattered Wills

(Olivia's POV)

The afternoon sun cast long shadows as I walked through the hospital parking lot. My visit with Leah **had** lifted my spirits, seeing her excitement over something as simple as makeup had reminded me why I became a healer in the first place.

My phone buzzed in my pocket. Unknown number. I almost declined it, but something made me answer.

"Hello?"

"Olivia Winters?" A woman's voice, thick with tears, came through the speaker.

"Yes, who is this?"

"It's Margaret Grey. Ethan's mother. Her voice cracked on her son's name.

My steps faltered. Margaret Grey had never called me directly before. Something was wrong.

"What do you want?" I asked, my tone cooling instantly.

"Liv, I beg you to come to the hospital and see Ethan. Ethan, he attempted suicide for you, and he was barely saved. The pack healers said that his wolf has no will to live now..." Her voice dissolved into sobs. "Woo woo woo... What happened before was my fault, I apologize to you. Can you save Ethan? He's my only son!" The words hit me like a physical blow. Ethan had tried to kill himself? My wolf stirred uneasily within me, confused by the conflicting emotions.

"Mrs. Grey," I said firmly, "I'm sorry about Ethan, but his actions are not my responsibility."

"Please," she begged. "Just come see him. One visit. That's all I ask."

My amber eyes hardened. "No. Ethan made his choices. So did I. I've moved on."

"You heartless-

I hung up before she could finish, my hand trembling slightly. Leaning against a nearby car, I took several deep breaths to steady myself.

Ethan had attempted suicide. The thought kept repeating in my mind, unwanted and intrusive.

I dialed Connor's number, needing to hear his voice.

"Livvy?" he answered immediately. "Is everything alright?"

"I just got a call from Margaret Grey! I said, my voice steadier *than* I felt

"She said Ethan tried to kill himself."

There was a moment of silence before Connor replied, his voice carefully controlled. "I heard. Silver scalpel to the wrist. He lost a lot of blood."

"You knew?" I couldn't keep the accusation from my voice.

"I was going to tell you when I got back, Connor said softly. "I didn't want to upset you while you were with Leah."

1/3

I closed my eyes, feeling suddenly exhausted Margaret wants **me** to visit him. She thinks ter

save him.

"And what do you want to do?" Connor asked, no judgment in his tone.

"I want to go home," I whispered. "With you."

Then that's what we'll do," he said simply. I'll be there in ten minutes."

As I waited for Connor, I couldn't help but think about Ethan. Despite everything. I didn't want him dead. But couldn't be responsible for his life choices either.

My wolf whined softly within me, sensing my distress. I soothed her with gentle thoughts, reminding us both

that we had found our true mate in Connor.

Whatever happened to Ethan now was beyond my control.

(Ethan's POV)

Pain. That was the first sensation that greeted me as consciousness returned. A burning, throbbing pain in my left wrist that pulsed in time with my heartbeat. The most update novels are published on find~novel~net

I forced my heavy eyelids open, my vision blurry at first. The harsh hospital lights made me wince.

"Liv?" The name escaped my lips before I could stop it, a desperate, hopeful whisper.

"Ethan! You're awake!" My mother's voice, not Olivia's.

As my vision cleared, I saw the room was full of people. My parents stood closest to the bed, my mother's eyes red and swollen from crying. Lucas Bennett and Jason Mitchell hovered near the door, their expressions And in the corner, partially turned away, stood Cassandra, her shoulders stiff. a mixture of relief and concern

But no Olivia.

"Where is she?" I asked, my voice rough from disuse.

My father's face darkened with fury. "Is that all you can think about? That she wolf who's driven you to this?" He gestured **angrily** at my bandaged wrist. "Look at yourself! The heir to the Grey pack, trying to end his life over a female who's already chosen another mate!"

"Richard, please," my mother pleaded, placing a restraining hand on his arm.

"No, Margaret! He needs to hear this!" My father's Alpha voice boomed through the room, making everyone flinch. "No son of mine should be this weak! Wolves die in battle, protecting their pack, not by their own hand because of a broken heart!"

I turned my face away, unable to bear the disappointment in his eyes. My wolf, already weak and wounded, retreated further within me.

"Ethan, you finally woke up! You pup, why are you doing this to yourself? Woo woo woo..." My mother's **voice** broke as fresh tears spilled down her cheeks. She stroked my hair her touch gentle. "This wouldn't have happened if that Winters girl hadn't rejected you so cruelly."

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Whisper 149

Chapter 81: Silver Scars and Shattered Wills—2

“Mother, don’t,” I whispered. “It’s not her fault.”

But my mother wasn’t listening. “After everything **you** did for her, after all the love you showed her, she abandoned you for Connor Rivers. What kind of she–wolf does that?”

Cessandra made a small, pained sound from her corner, drawing my attention. Our eyes met briefly before she looked away, tears glistening in her green–gold eyes.

The sight of her tears confused me. Wasn’t this what she wanted? For Olivia to be out of the picture? “Hey,” Jason said, stepping forward with forced cheerfulness. “I have something that might cheer you up.” He pulled out his phone and tapped the screen a few times before holding it where I could see. “Remember this? From Olivia’s birthday three years ago?”

The video started playing, and my heart clenched painfully in my chest. There she was – Olivia, her amber eyes bright with happiness, her smile radiant as she looked directly at the camera. At me.

“Noah, thank you for celebrating my birthday with me. My wolf and I are really happy today,” her voice, so full of love and joy, came through the speaker.

My past self replied, “Cora, this is the first time I’ve celebrated my birthday with my true mate. It’s very

memorable.”

The camera panned to show us together, our wolves so perfectly in sync, our happiness so complete. I had my arm around her waist, and she was leaning into me, trusting and content.

Tears filled my eyes, blurring the image. “Play it again,” I whispered.

Jason obliged, and I watched it three more times, drinking in the sight of Olivia's smile, the sound of **her** voice, the memory of our happiness.

How had we gone from that perfect moment to this? Me in a hospital bed with silver poisoning in my veins, and Olivia in another wolf's arms?

My father made a disgusted sound. "I can't watch this pathetic display anymore." He strode toward the door, his Alpha presence filling the room with his disapproval. "When you decide to be worthy of the Grey pack again, let me know."

He left without looking back, the door closing firmly behind him.

Cassandra hesitated for a moment, then followed him out, her shoulders shaking with what I assumed were suppressed sobs.

My mother watched them go, her expression hardening. "Forget about that she-wolf, son. Your mother will find you a better mate, an Alpha female worthy of the Grey pack."

"That's right," Lucas chimed in, trying to sound optimistic. "Ethan, as the saying goes, there are plenty of wolves in the forest. Why howl for one lost mate? I can find any kind of she-wolf you like."

I closed my eyes, too exhausted to argue. They didn't understand. Couldn't understand. Olivia wasn't just any she wolf. She was mine. Or at least, she had been.

C

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Chapter 81: Silver Sears a

I think he needs rest, Jason said quietly. "We should go."

Lucas nodded, patting **my** shoulder awkwardly. "Get better soon, man. The pack **needs you**

They filed out one by one, leaving only my mother behind. She settled into the chair beside my **bed**, **her** expression making it clear she had no intention of leaving.

"I'm staying right here," she said firmly, taking my uninjured hand in hers. "I'm not leaving you alone again."

The unspoken fear hung between us – that if left alone, I might try again to end my life.

I turned my face toward the window, watching as the afternoon sun began its descent toward the horizon. Somewhere out there, Olivia was living her life, perhaps with Connor Rivers at her side.

And here I remained, with nothing but silver scars and a shattered will.

H

690

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Whisper 150

Chapter 82: Trapped by Silver Chains—1

Chapter 82: Trapped by Silver Chains

(Vanessa's POV)

The forest air felt heavy against my skin as I walked briskly alongside Trevor, my wolf's instincts screaming. danger with each step. Something wasn't right. I could feel eyes on us, predatory and calculating, hidden among the trees and buildings of this unfamiliar town.

"Trevor, I think someone is following us," I whispered, unable to keep the fear from my voice as my violet eyes darted nervously around the street.

The unfamiliar alpha and beta faces we passed only intensified my anxiety. Since fleeing the Northern Territory and severing ties with the Rivers pack, I'd been painfully aware of my vulnerability. My only protection now was Trevor Blake, a former Rivers pack enforcer whose loyalty stemmed from his desperate, unrequited obsession with me.

Trevor's massive frame tensed beside me, his senses clearly on high alert as well. At six-foot-four of pure beta werewolf muscle, he cut an intimidating figure that had deterred many threats in the past.

"Nessa, don't be afraid," he growled softly, his voice low and reassuring as his hand moved instinctively toward the weapon concealed beneath his jacket. "No matter what happens, I will protect you with my life." Despite his words, the knot of fear in my

stomach only tightened. Trevor's loyalty, however fierce, might not be enough against what I truly feared – Connor's retribution. Google search

"Trevor, if it's Connor's enforcers, you may not be able to protect me," I said, my voice trembling slightly as I urged him toward our car. "Let's drive faster back to the villa. We shouldn't go out for a while; maybe the Rivers pack has already found my tracks."

The white sedan felt like our only sanctuary, though a flimsy one at best. As Trevor started the engine, I couldn't shake the feeling that we were already too late.

Our escape was brutally short-lived. We had barely made it two miles when a black, reinforced pickup truck slammed into our side with devastating force, sending our sedan spinning across the road.

The air filled with the unmistakable roar of enraged wolf challenges, followed immediately by the deafening c***k of gunfire. Glass shattered around us as bullets tore through the windows.

"Nessa, get down!" Trevor yelled, already drawing his silver-loaded weapon, his beta wolf instincts flaring as he positioned himself between me and the attackers.

I huddled down in the passenger seat, paralyzed by primal fear as more bullets, some likely silver-tipped judging by their distinctive whistle, continued to pierce our vehicle. The acrid stench of gunpowder mixed with the metallic tang of werewolf blood – Trevor's blood – filled the confined space.

"Trevor, are you hurt?" I cried out, my voice barely audible over the chaos.

Trevor's face was a mask of grim determination despite the blood seeping through his shirt. "Nessa, there are too many of them, alphas and strong betas. We may not be able to escape today," he responded, his voice strained as he fired back through the shattered window.

My face paled as terror gripped me. "Is it Connor's enforcers? Are they going to kill me?"

* Chapter 82 Trapped by Sit

embrace. "I didn't know how to tell you i couldn't go back there."

"You never have to explain **such** things to me, Livvy," he'd responded, pressing a gentle kiss to my forehead. "Your comfort and safety are my priority."

We arranged the details, and I felt another weight lift from my shoulders. By Saturday, I had hired a discreet moving company affiliated with the Rivers pack and enlisted Emma's help to pack my belongings.

H

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Chapter 82 Trapped by Sif

before the door slammed shut once more.

I fumbled for the object in the dim moonlight filtering through the small, grimy porthole, recognizing it as a thick wool blanket. My momentary relief quickly turned to disgust as I felt the grime covering it and caught

—

its scent stale werewolf odor mixed with a sickeningly sweet, chemical smell that I recognized as

wolfsbane residue.

I gagged, my stomach churning with the remnants of seasickness and the offensive smells. With as much strength as I could muster, I kicked the filthy blanket away, watching it slide across the metal floor.

Overcome by cold and misery, I wept, my soft cries swallowed by the vastness of the sea. Eventually, as the temperature continued to drop and my shivering become uncontrollable, I reluctantly reached for the foul-smelling blanket.

With trembling hands, I pulled it around my shoulders.

(Olivia's POV)

The hospital corridor felt brighter today as I made my way to Leah's room, my steps light with anticipation. Dr. Foster had just confirmed what we'd all been hoping for the bone marrow transplant was a success. "Leah!" I called as I entered her room, unable to contain my smile. "I just spoke with Dr. Foster. The transplant took perfectly!"

Leah's pale face lit up with a joy I hadn't seen before, making her look more like the seventeen-year-old girl she was rather than the illness-aged young woman I'd first met.

"Sister Olivia!" she exclaimed, her voice stronger than it had been in weeks. "Noah told me this morning, but I wanted to hear it from you too."

I sat on the edge of her bed, taking her thin hand in mine. The cream woolen hat I'd given her was pulled snugly over her head, but beneath it, I knew her body was already beginning to heal.

"The pack healers will continue monitoring you, but Dr. Foster is very optimistic," I explained, squeezing her hand gently. "Your body is responding beautifully to the treatment."

With Leah's recovery assured, I could finally turn my attention to other pressing matters. The past week had been a whirlwind of court appearances and case preparation for Moonlaw Legal Services, leaving little time **for** personal concerns.

But one issue couldn't be ignored any longer I no longer felt safe in my apartment at Riverdale Terrace. Not after what had happened with Ethan.

The memory of his suicide attempt still haunted me, though I'd firmly rejected Margaret Grey's manipulative pleas to visit him. The thought of returning to an apartment so close to where Ethan had nearly frozen to death, where his scent might still linger in the hallways, made my wolf bristle with unease.

Connor, ever attentive to my needs even before I voiced them, had already found a solution.

"I've arranged a new place for you," he'd told me the previous evening, his ice-blue eyes warm with concern. "A villa in the quieter part of Riverdale, close enough to your work but with better security. Rivers pack guards will patrol the area regularly."

The relief I'd felt was immediate and overwhelming. "Thank you," I'd whispered, leaning into his strong

Chapter 82 Traved to 5d.

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