

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 151

Chapter 82 Traved to 5d.

Chapter 82: Trapped by Silver Chains–2

The journey was long and agonizing. Every bump in the road sent fresh waves of pain through my silver–burned wrists. The scent of my own fear and the lingering smell of werewolf blood – Trevor’s blood- filled the confined space beneath the canvas bag, making it difficult to breathe.

Hours passed, or perhaps days I lost all sense of time in my dark, painful prison. Finally, the vehicle stopped, and rough hands hauled me out, dumping me unceremoniously onto a cold, metal floor. The impact sent jolts of pain through my already battered body.

Heavy footsteps approached, followed by the sound of a **zipper**. The bag was yanked from my head, the sudden light blinding me momentarily, I blinked rapidly, my disheveled light brown hair falling across my face as I tried to orient myself.

“Alpha Connor told me to let you breathe,” the blond–haired beta said with a sneer, crouching down to my level. “He’s afraid you’ll suffocate, and he’ll **have** to explain things to the Pack Council”

His eyes raked over me with undisguised interest, a predatory gleam that made my skin crawl despite the gag preventing me from speaking.

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“You’re quite pretty, for a treacherous she–wolf,” he continued, reaching out to brush a strand of hair from my face. I flinched away, earning a dark chuckle. “It’s a shame I can’t touch you yet. Otherwise, I’d really...”

He left the sentence unfinished, but his implication was crystal clear, I trembled, consumed by a primal fear that resonated deep within my wolf. The source of this content is

After he left, locking the heavy metal door behind him, I finally had a chance to assess my surroundings. The confined space was bare except for a small, grimy porthole that revealed nothing but darkness and the occasional splash of water.

With growing horror, I realized from the rocking motion and the sound of waves against a hull that I was on a ship. Seasickness, amplified by my heightened werewolf senses, hit me almost immediately.

I barely managed to turn my head before vomiting, the gag making the experience even more horrific as I choked and gasped. Again and again, my stomach heaved until there was nothing left but bile, the stench of my own sickness filling the small, dark space.

There was no escape from the misery, the filth, and the gnawing fear of what awaited me at our destination. Tears streamed down my face, mixing with the sweat and grime.

“Con,” I sobbed, my cries muffled by the gag and lost in the roar of the ocean and the creaking of the ship. “Do you really hate me this much? You caught me and threw me on a ship like this, surrounded by hostile wolves. Don’t you have any old feelings for me at all, **your** foster sister?”

I huddled in a corner, as far from my own sickness as possible, overwhelmed by despair and the chilling realization of just how complete Connor’s rejection had become.

As night fell, bringing with it a bone-deep chill that penetrated even my werewolf resilience, the door to my makeshift cell opened briefly. Something soft but heavy was tossed inside, landing with a muffled thud on the metal floor.

‘Cover yourself. Don’t freeze to death and deprive Alpha Connor of his justice!’ a gruff beta voice barked

Chapter 82 Trapped by Sil

Before Trevor could answer, the front windshield exploded inward in a shower of glass. Rival werewolves, their eyes glowing with predatory intent, swarmed our car from all sides

“Nesso, I’ll hold them off Run! Trevor shouted, throwing himself into the fray with a ferocious roar, his beta wolf form partially shifting as he engaged the attackers.

More gunshots rang out, accompanied by the sickening thud of claws meeting flesh. Taking advantage of the momentary distraction, I kicked off my designer high heels and bolted from the car, my heart pounding in my

chest.

My wolf, normally so eager to emerge in moments of danger, remained cowering within me, too terrified to manifest. I ran blindly, my bare feet bleeding on the rough asphalt, driven purely by survival instinct.

It wasn't enough. Connor's mercenaries – seasoned and ruthless beta and omega enforcers – quickly overpowered Trevor, leaving him bleeding and unconscious on the ground, silver wounds already festering across his massive frame.

A blond-haired beta with eyes like ice caught me before I'd made it twenty yards, dragging me back toward their leader, a grim-faced alpha whose very presence made my wolf whimper in submission.

"Let me go!" I screamed, clawing and kicking with desperate fury. "You can't do this to me! Do you know who I

am?"

My defiance earned me a brutal slap across the face that sent me sprawling to the ground, the taste of blood filling my mouth.

"Shut up, she-wolf! If you make any more noise, I'll rip out your tongue!" the alpha leader threatened, his voice cold and menacing as he loomed over me, his wolf radiating pure dominance.

The fight drained from me instantly, primal fear replacing my rage. They bound my wrists with silver-laced cuffs that burned against my skin, gagged me with a thick leather strap that dug painfully into the corners of my y mouth, and covered my head with a rough black canvas bag before throwing me into the back of their pickup truck.

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Whisper 152

Chapter 83: Severed **Ties** and Calculated Cruelty–1

Chapter 83: Severed Ties and Calculated Cruelty

(Olivia's POV)

The movers carried the last of my suitcases toward the door, their efficient movements a stark contrast to the heaviness in my heart. Though I was eager to leave this place and its painful memories behind, something about closing this chapter of my life felt bittersweet.

"Is that everything, Ms. Winters?" the beta mover asked, his voice respectful.

I nodded, taking one final glance around the apartment that had been my home. "Yes, that's all."

The elevator doors opened with a soft chime, and my heart stopped. Ethan Grey stood there, looking like ghost of his former self. His face was pale, eyes sunken with dark circles beneath them, making him look haggard and thin. The vitality that once radiated from his wolf form seemed diminished, almost extinguished.

His melancholy blue eyes widened as he took in the scene the movers carrying my luggage, the nearly empty apartment behind me.

"Liv, are you moving?" His voice was raspy, barely recognizable.

I only nodded, remaining silent. There was nothing left to say between us.

Gathering my courage, I walked toward the elevator, intending to brush **past** him without further interaction.

But as I mov

past, Ethan's hand shot out, seizing my wrist in a desperate grip.

"Please don't go," he begged, his eyes filled with fragmented emotions. His wolf was practically whimpering through his gaze. "I promise I won't harass you again. I just... I just want to be near you. To quietly stay by your side."

Gone was the arrogant Alpha heir I'd known. In his place stood a broken man, clinging to the last threads of what we once had.

My gaze fell to where his fingers encircled my wrist. "Let go of me, Ethan," I said, my voice icy.

Instead of releasing me, his grip tightened, desperation making him forget his strength. Pain shot through

my arm. The source of this content is find~novel~net

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“You’re hurting me,” I cried out, wincing. “Your werewolf strength you’re hurting me!”

As if electrocuted by silver, Ethan immediately released my wrist, horror flashing across his face.

“I didn’t mean to hurt you,” he stammered, his eyes wide with guilt. “I just don’t want you to leave.”

I rubbed my reddened wrist, anger and pity warring within me. “I’ve made myself clear, Ethan. We can never return to the past, nor can we start anew.”

The movers shifted uncomfortably behind me, pretending not to listen.

“There’s no need for you to engage in these self–gratifying acts,” I continued flatly. “You tried to sever your life force. If you’re such an extreme person, I’m only thankful that I left you, rather than feeling that you loved me so much you couldn’t live without me.”

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Chapter 83: Severed Ties

His face crumpled at **my** words, but I forced myself to continue. This needed to be said

“I don’t want to carry a life on my back after a relationship, I finished, stepping into the elevator **with** the best movers. “Especially one that was so damaging to my own wolf.”

The doors closed on Ethan’s devastated expression, and I exhaled slowly, feeling as though I’d finally cut the last thread binding us together.

(Ethan’s POV)

“I don’t want to carry a life on my back after a relationship.”

Olivia’s

final words echoed in my mind as I stood frozen in the hallway, staring at the closed elevator doors.

She was gone. Really gone.

But wait – she had told me not to attempt to sever my life force again. Did that mean she still cared about me? Did she care whether I lived or died, and didn’t want me to treat my life so lightly?

Hope flickered in my chest, a dangerous, desperate hope. My blue eyes turned red with emotion as my wolf

stirred within me.

I knew it: Liv wouldn't be so heartless. There **was** still hope for me, for my wolf to feel whole again.

(Olivia's POV)

River View Villa took my breath away. Connor had outdone himself with this thoughtful gift – a beautiful home covering more than 600 square meters, complete with a large swimming pool and a backyard that overlooked the vast blue sea.

I sat on the garden swing, taking in the peaceful view. The villa was fully furnished with furniture and appliances, all in my favorite style. Every detail showed Connor's care and understanding of my tastes.

"Where would you like these, Ms. Winters?" one of the beta movers asked, carrying in another box of my personal belongings.

"The master bedroom, please," I directed, watching as they carefully transported my things.

my personal belongings. My I'd left most of the furniture and appliances in my old apartment, bringing only mother's silver pendant hung safely around my neck, and I'd carefully packed the shattered pieces of the Light Blue Ceramic Wolf Figurine, hoping Eliza Montgomery could restore it.

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Whisper 153

Chapter BS Secer el ties

Chapter 83: Severed Ties and Calculated Cruelty–2

After the movers left, I wandered through my new home, still amazed by Connor's generosity. The kitchen stocked with my favorite foods, the bookshelves filled with titles I loved, and even the bathroom contained my preferred brands of toiletries.

I drew myself a hot bath, sinking into the luxurious tub with a sigh of contentment. The stress of the day seeing Ethan – slowly melted away as the warm water enveloped me

Later, wrapped in a soft robe, I climbed into the enormous bed. The sheets were silky against my skin, the mattress perfectly firm yet yielding

For the first time in weeks, my wolf Cora felt a measure of peace as I drifted off to sleep, safe in our new

sanctuary.

(Vanessa's POV)

The rocking of the cargo ship had become a torturous rhythm, marking days of misery in the cramped, filthy hold. I had lost track of time – had it been a week? Two? My once–beautiful light brown hair hung in greasy strands around my face, and my clothes were stiff with grime.

My wolf, Zoe, had grown weaker with each passing day, subdued by hunger, thirst, and the constant presence of silver burning against my wrists. I had lost so much weight that my designer clothes hung from my frame like rags on a scarecrow.

The heavy metal door creaked open, flooding the dark space with harsh light. Two figures- a burly omega and a taller beta- stood silhouetted in the doorway.

“Damn! It really stinks!” the omega growled, his face contorting with disgust as he approached me.

I tried to speak, to beg for water or food, but my throat was too dry, my lips cracked and bleeding from dehydration.

“Ugh-“The omega picked me up roughly, his strong hands digging painfully into my arms. With a swift motion, he tore off the thick leather strap gag from my mouth.

Before I could process what was happening, he had dragged me up to the deck and thrown me over the side of the ship. The shock of hitting the icy seawater knocked what little breath I had from my lungs.

“Wash yourself clean, you stink like a rotting carcass,” he called down, laughing.

Panic seized me as I floundered in the freezing water, I couldn't swim – had never learned how. My wolf was too weak to help me stay afloat, and the silver cuffs still binding my wrists made it impossible to coordinate my movements.

“Help!” I screamed, my voice hoarse and barely audible. “I can't swim! Please!”

The omega leaned against the railing, watching with amusement. "Yes, that's right, flounder a few more times, wash yourself clean, don't stink up our boss."

The "boss" he mentioned was Dominic Reeves, Connor's security chief. I recognized the name through my terror, realizing I was being delivered directly to Connor's most ruthless enforcer.

The seawater was bone-chilling, the winter temperature near freezing. My lips turned blue, my limbs grow

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<Chapter 83 Severed Ties

numb and unresponsive as I struggled to keep my head above water..

Seawater filled my **lungs** with each desperate gasp, making it increasingly difficult to breathe. After struggling for what felt like an eternity, my strength began to fade.

As I started to sink beneath the surface, I heard cursing from above. Through blurry vision, I saw the omega throw an orange swimming ring toward me.

"You stinky she-wolf, grab the swimming ring and get up by yourself," he shouted. "I'm not going to get you in

this cold weather!"

I stretched out my hand toward the bright orange lifeline, but my numb fingers couldn't reach it. The distance might as well have been miles.

More cursing followed as I slipped further beneath the waves. The last thing I saw was the omega jumping into the sea, his own wolf form shivering as he swam toward me.

Then darkness claimed me.

"Damn, she's not dead, is she?" A voice penetrated the void, pulling me back toward consciousness.

"No way, bro, we asked you to take her to clean up, is this how you cleaned her up?" Another voice, annoyed

and concerned.

"You don't know how stinky she is," the first voice defended, teeth chattering. "I couldn't help it, so I could only throw her into the sea. Who knew this she wolf couldn't swim?"

What a jinx. I had to go down and get her myself. I'm freezing. You take her away, find a pack healer to take a look at her, don't let her die. I'm going to change my clothes."

"Okay, hurry up, be careful the Alpha will be angry if you're not here later."

"I know, I know."

Darkness claimed me once more.

I opened my eyes again three **hours** later. As my consciousness gradually returned, my wolf senses still dulled by the ordeal, I began to examine my surroundings. I was in a cold, damp, and dimly lit basement, the air thick with the scent of **old** blood and fear the unmistakable **signs** of Connor's Shadow Den.

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< Chapter 64: Delusions and

Chapter 84: Delusions and Despair—1

Chapter 84: Delusions and Despair

(Jason's POV)

I watched Ethan from across his living room, concern gnawing at my gut. My friend was losing his mind before my eyes.

"Ethan, who were you talking to Just now?" I asked carefully.

He looked up, blue eyes bright with an unnatural happiness that sent chills down my spine. "Liv just went to the kitchen to make some tea. She'll be right **back**."

My heart sank: This was the third time this week I'd caught him having full conversations with an Olivia who wasn't there. His wolf Noah seemed to be encouraging these delusions, creating phantom scents and sounds

that only Ethan could detect.

"There's no one in the kitchen, Ethan," I said gently. "Olivia moved out weeks ago. Remember?"

His expression darkened momentarily before that eerie smile returned. "Don't be ridiculous. She's right there." He pointed to empty space beside him. "Can't you smell her scent? Cora is right here too, playing with Noah."

I exchanged worried glances with Lucas, who had accompanied me on this visit. We'd both noticed Ethan's deteriorating mental state, but this was worse than we'd feared.

"Ethan, we need to talk about getting you some help," Lucas ventured cautiously.

Ethan ignored him completely, turning to the empty space beside him. "Liv, would you like some more tea? You barely touched your cup.

I moved closer, noticing for the first time that Ethan had set the table for two. A steaming bowl of what I recognized as Olivia's Healing Broth sat untouched across from him.

"She loves this broth," Ethan explained, catching my gaze. "I make it exactly how she taught me. The lily root needs to simmer for exactly forty-three minutes."

My wolf stirred uneasily within me. This wasn't just grief or heartbreak – Ethan's mind had fractured. He'd created an elaborate fantasy where Olivia still loved him, where their wolves still yearned for each other.

"Ethan," I said firmly, "Olivia isn't here. She's with Connor Rivers now. You need to accept that."

eyes flashed red momentarily, his wolf surging forward in anger. "Don't say his name in my house! You'll

upset Liv!"

His

Lucas stepped forward, his own wolf bristling at the challenge in Ethan's voice. "This has gone far enough. You need professional help."

Ethan stood abruptly, knocking over his chair. "Get out! Both of you! You're upsetting her!"

I watched as he turned to comfort the invisible Olivia, murmuring soothing words to empty air. His wolf seemed to be nuzzling something only he could see.

"We can't leave him like this, Lucas whispered to me. "He's completely delusional."

I nodded grimly. "We need to get him to Dr. Carter at Harbor City Memorial. She specializes in werewolf

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Chapter 84 Delusions and

mental health."

Ethan was still talking animatedly to the empty **space**, his wolf basking in the imagined **presence** of his lost mate. The sight broke my heart.

"Ethan," I called, interrupting his one-sided conversation. "We're taking you to see someone who can **help**."

His head snapped toward me, eyes narrowing. "I don't need help. I'm perfectly fine."

"You're talking to someone who isn't there," Lucas pointed out bluntly. "That's not fine."

Ethan's face contorted with rage. "Get out! NOW!"

Instead of retreating, Lucas and I exchanged a determined look. We'd come prepared for this. In a swift, coordinated movement, we grabbed Ethan's arms, restraining him as he howled in fury.

"Let me go! Liv, help me!" he shouted, struggling against our grip.

His wolf surged forward, eyes blazing red, but even in his delusional state, Ethan wasn't at full strength. Weeks of poor eating and sleeping had weakened him considerably.

"I'm sorry, Ethan," I said as we dragged him toward the door. This is for your own good."

(Ethan's POV)

The sterile smell of Harbor City Memorial Hospital assaulted my senses as Jason and Lucas forcibly escorted me through the psychiatric wing. My wolf Noah paced restlessly within me, agitated by the clinical environment and the separation from Liv.

"I don't need to be here," I growled, trying once more to break free from their grip. "Liv is waiting for me at home."

Jason's expression was pained. "Ethan, please. Just talk to Dr. Carter."

A woman in her thirties approached us, her neat short hair framing an intellectual face. Her beta wolf projected calm authority, immediately soothing some of my agitation.

"Mr. Grey, I'm Dr. Helen Carter," she said, her voice measured and professional. "Would you like to come to my

talk?" office so we can

I wanted to refuse, to demand they take me back to Liv, but something in Dr. Carter's steady gaze made *my* wolf pause. Noah sensed no threat from her, only a genuine desire to help.

"Fine," I muttered. "But make it quick. Liv will worry if I'm gone too long."

Dr. Carter's office was surprisingly comfortable, with soft lighting and no trace of the harsh hospital smell. She gestured for me to sit in a plush armchair while Jason and Lucas waited outside.

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Chapter 84 Dehitions and.

Chapter 84: Delusions and Despair-2

“Mr. Grey, your friends are concerned about you,” she began, sitting across from me. “They tell me you’ve been. having conversations with Olivia Winters, despite her not being physically present.”

I bristled immediately. “They don’t understand. Liv is with me. Her wolf Cora still responds to Noah.”

Dr. Carter nodded, not challenging me directly. “Can you tell me when you last saw Olivia in person? Not the Olivia you speak to at home, but the physical woman herself?”

The question made me uncomfortable. “A few days ago. When she was moving out of her apartment.”

“And what happened during that encounter?”

My chest tightened at the memory. “She told me not to attempt to sever my life force again.”

Dr. Carter’s expression remained neutral, but I sensed her increased attention. “Have you tried to harm yourself, Mr. Grey?”

I rolled up my sleeve, revealing the faint, healing scar on my left wrist. This scar is proof of my love for her,

for Cora.”

Dr. Carter leaned forward slightly. “Can you tell me about that incident?”

“I **exposed** myself to a lethal dose of silver,” I admitted. “But I failed. The pack healers found me in time.”

“And why did **you** do that?”

“Because without Liv, without Cora, there’s no point to any of it,” I said, my voice breaking. “My wolf howls for

her every night.”

Dr. Carter sighed softly. “She will only hate you more if you do this. No werewolf likes an extreme, unstable

mate.”

Her words struck a nerve. “But she told me not to do it again. Doesn’t that mean she cares? Doesn’t that mean Cora still yearns for Noah?”

“Mr. Grey,” Dr. Carter said gently, “when someone tells you not to harm yourself, it doesn’t necessarily mean they want to be with you. It means they’re a decent person who doesn’t want anyone to die.”

My wolf whined in protest. “You’re wrong. Liv still loves me. She’s just confused right now.”

Dr. Carter changed tactics. “Let’s talk about your daily routine. How have you been sleeping?”

The therapy session stretched on for hours. Dr. Carter’s questions were probing but never accusatory. She guided me through breathing exercises when my wolf became too agitated, helping me regain control.

By the end, I felt drained but somehow lighter, as if some of the chaos in my mind had been temporarily

ordered.

“Mr. Grey,” Dr. Carter said as our session concluded, “I strongly advise you to slowly distance yourself from the relationship and the memory of Olivia in your heart. Shift your focus away from her. This fixation is harmful to both your human mind and your wolf.”

I nodded politely, but inside, my wolf howled in defiance. “Let him stay away from Livvy, from Cora, F

it!” Noah protested silently.

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<Chapter 84: Delusions and

“I’ll consider it,” I lied, already planning my return to the apartment where Liv’s phantom waited for me.

That night, back in my secondary apartment in Moonlight Gardens, sleep eluded me. I tossed and turned in the darkness, haunted by visions of Olivia. In my mind’s eye, I could see her wolf Cora running **joyfully** beside Noah, their fur brushing as they raced through moonlit forests.

Then the vision shifted, darkened. Connor Rivers appeared, his powerful silver–white wolf Adam standing proudly beside Olivia. I watched in horror as Adam marked her, claiming what should have been mine.

“NO!” I shouted into the darkness, my wolf Noah snarling in rage. “Stay away from her! She’s mine!”

The images wouldn’t stop. Connor’s hands on Olivia’s skin. Their wolves intertwined in intimate communion. The sounds of their pleasure echoing in my mind.

I curled into a tight ball on the bed, tears streaming down my face as sobs wracked my body. “No... Livvy...

Cora...no...

(Vanessa’s POV)

The truck finally stopped after what felt like an eternity of darkness and pain. Rough hands grabbed **me**, dragging me violently from the vehicle. My wolf Zoe, weak and trembling within me, could barely muster the strength to growl.

The familiar scent of the place hit me immediately – Connor’s Shadow Den. I’d never been inside this secretive facility before, but every Rivers pack member knew of its existence. This was where Connor dealt with enemies of the pack, where interrogations happened away from prying eyes.

I was thrown unceremoniously onto the cold concrete floor of the basement. My silver–burned wrists screamed in pain as I tried to break my fall.

“Welcome to your new home, traitor,” one of the betas sneered before slamming the heavy door shut.

I lay there in the semi–darkness, trying to gather my strength. The basement was cold and damp, the walls lined with what looked disturbingly like dried bloodstains. The air carried the scent of fear and pain – the lingering evidence of previous occupants.

Hours passed before the door opened again. Dominic Reeves entered, his beta wolf projecting cold authority. I recognized him immediately as Connor’s security chief, a man known for his ruthless efficiency.

“Well, well,” he said, circling me like a predator. “The prodigal daughter returns. Though not exactly by choice,

see.”

I struggled to sit up, my dignity the only thing I had left. “Is Alpha Connor here?”

Dominic laughed, the sound echoing off the concrete walls. “Eager to see him, are you? Is it love that drove you to such extremes, Vanessa? Or just pathetic obsession?”

“Connor wouldn’t be so cruel to me, I insisted, my voice hoarse from thirst.

“He **cared** for me once. I’m his

foster sister.”

“Foster sister,” Dominic repeated mockingly. “Is that what you tell yourself? Connor only ever saw you as William and Katherine’s charity case. A nominal sister at best.”

“d me.”

His words cut deeper than any physical wound. “That’s not true. We grew up together. He prot Dominic crouched down, his face inches from mine. “And how did you repay that protection? By collaborating

Chapter 84 Delusions are

with Frederick Warner? By k*****g an innocent pup?”

My heart raced at the mention of Frederick’s name. How much did they know? This chapter is updated by

“Connor hasn’t even begun to take his revenge for what you did to Grace Winters, Dominic continued, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper, “Olivia’s **half**–sister. A child. You held a silver dagger to a pup’s throat.”

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Whisper 156

Chapter 15 Pad

Chapter 85: Pack Comforts and Looming Threats

Chapter 85: Pack Comforts and Looming Threats

(Olivia's POV)

I woke from my nap feeling refreshed but hungry. The late afternoon sun filtered through the curtains of my new Riverdale apartment, casting a warm glow across the hardwood floors. My wolf Cora stretched lazily within me, content in our new territory.

As I padded toward the kitchen, the doorbell rang. I paused, running my fingers through my honey brown hair to tidy it before slipping into my cream-colored fur-lined coat. My fluffy slippers made soft shuffling sounds against the floor as I approached the door.

When I o

opened it, I found a kindly-faced woman standing there. She appeared to be in her late forties, dressed in a practical black padded jacket that couldn't quite hide her beta wolf nature.

"Miss Winters, hello," she greeted with a warm smile. "I'm the housekeeper Alpha Connor hired to cook for

you

I blinked in surprise, my wolf instantly alert. Connor hadn't mentioned hiring anyone.

"I'm sorry, but Alpha Connor didn't tell me he was sending someone," I said politely, my instincts urging caution. "Would **you** mind waiting here for a moment while I verify this with him?"

The woman nodded agreeably. "Of course, Miss Winters. I completely understand. Alpha Connor mentioned you might be surprised."

Her patient demeanor and lack of offense at my caution reassured me slightly. Still, I wasn't taking any chances after everything that had happened with Vanessa.

I stepped back inside, keeping the door partially open as I pulled out my phone and dialed Connor's number. He answered on the second ring.

"Livvy," his deep voice rumbled through the phone, instantly soothing my wolf. "Is everything alright?" "There's a woman at my door saying you hired her to cook for me, I explained. "Did you?"

"Yes," Connor confirmed. "I should have mentioned it earlier. She's Dorothy Jenkins's daughter-in-law. Do you remember Grandma Dorothy? She was your pack's cook when you were a pup."

My heart warmed at the memory, Grandma Dorothy had been a fixture in my childhood, her kitchen always smelling of delicious stews and freshly baked bread. My mother, Sarah, had learned many traditional werewolf recipes from her.

"I remember," I said softly. "She taught my mother how to make moonlight herb soup."

"Exactly," Connor replied, his voice gentle. "I thought you might appreciate having someone familiar with your childhood tastes. Her cooking should remind you of home."

The thoughtfulness of his gesture touched me deeply. Cora purred with appreciation inside me.

"Okay, I understand," I said, my voice softening. "Thank you, Con."

After ending the call, I returned to the door with a genuine smile. "Please come in. I'm sorry for the caution."

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Chapter 85 Pack Comfort

"No need to apologize, Miss Winters," she said, stepping inside. "In these times, one can't be too careful."

As she removed her coat, I noticed she carried several shopping bags filled with fresh ingredients.

"I'm Dorothy Jenkins's daughter-in-law she introduced herself properly. "But please, call me Dorothy. It's

easier that way

"It's nice to meet you, Dorothy," I replied. "Connor mentioned you're related to Grandma Dorothy?"

She nodded, her eyes crinkling with warmth. "Yes, I married her son. She taught me everything I know about cooking."

As we moved to the kitchen, Dorothy chatted comfortably. I'm 47 this year. My daughter works as an elementary school teacher in the neighboring pack territory. She loves children."

She began unpacking her shopping **bags**, revealing fresh venison, herbs, and various vegetables.

“Miss Winters, I heard from Alpha Connor that you love these dishes, so I bought them all, Dorothy said, gesturing to the ingredients. “What would you like to eat tonight?”

I smiled, my amber eyes warming at Connor’s attention to detail. “Since it’s what Con said, I should like them all. I’m fine with anything: you decide.”

Dorothy beamed, clearly pleased with my response. She began washing vegetables with practiced efficiency. “Alright! Alpha Connor specially instructed me to buy groceries from that big market in the west of the city. the one near the Silver Moon River,” she explained enthusiastically. “It’s my first time going to such a market. You even have to show your pack mark to enter.”

She shook her head in amazement. “Oh my, things are so expensive in there! But looking at the labels, they’re all from prime hunting grounds, and the vegetables are all grown with moonlight–infused water. They should be top–notch, safe for an Alpha’s mate to eat.”

As she continued preparing the ingredients, Dorothy’s expression softened with nostalgia. “You know, I used to hold you when you were just a little pup. Your mother would bring you to the kitchen while she learned recipes from my mother–in–law.” NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

The mention of my mother sent a pang through my heart, but it was a sweet memory. “I remember those days,” I said softly. “Please, call me Livvy.”

Dorothy smiled warmly. “Livvy it is, then. Now, where do you keep your pots and **pans?**”

I showed her around the kitchen, watching as she quickly made herself at home. There was something deeply comforting about having someone prepare a home–cooked meal, especially someone connected to my childhood.

The doorbell rang again just as delicious aromas began filling the apartment. My wolf perked up immediately, recognizing the scent before I even reached the door.

Connor stood there, surrounded by several large suitcases and bags. His ice–blue eyes lit up when they met mine, his wolf Adam clearly pleased to see me.

“Why did you bring so much stuff?” I asked, eyeing the fuggage with surprise.

Connor’s lips curved into an amused smile, his eyes twinkling. “In case my mate stays over again and doesn’t have clothes to wear.

Chapter 85 Park Comfort

I stepped aside to let him in, noticing how he paused at the threshold until I explicitly invited him with a gesture. It struck me as odd.

"Why did you ring the doorbell?" I asked, curious. "**Don't** you have a key?"

Connor set down the bags in the entryway, his powerful frame making the space seem smaller. "This is the den I prepared for you, Livvy. **You** are the sole mistress here, so I need your permission to get a key."

My wolf preened at his respect for my territory, even though he had purchased it.

"I'll give you a spare key later, I promised, touched by his consideration.

"I'd prefer to get one today," he replied, a hint of Alpha possessiveness in his tone. "In case you forget."

I nodded, understanding the subtle wolf dynamics at play. He wanted his scent permanently associated with my den, a clear marker of our developing bond.

Dorothy called us to dinner shortly after, having prepared a feast of traditional werewolf dishes. The venison was perfectly cooked, tender and flavorful, accompanied by roasted root vegetables and fresh bread.

As we ate, Connor's phone **rang**. His expression shifted instantly when he checked the caller ID, his features hardening into the Alpha mask I was becoming familiar with.

"Reeves," he answered, his voice cold and authoritative.

I watched as Connor listened intently, his ice-blue eyes narrowing. "I'll be there later," he said finally, ending

the call.

"Pack business?" I asked, noticing the tension in his shoulders.

Instead of answering directly, Connor's gaze softened **as** it met mine. "Do you want me to stay, Livvy?" he asked, his eyes searching mine.

The question surprised me. "I was just asking," I replied honestly.

Connor's expression warmed. "It's a good thing for a mate to be clingy; I like it very much," he said tenderly, his wolf clearly pleased by the idea that I might want him to stay.

After dinner, we settled on the couch to watch a crime drama Connor had recommended. The suspenseful plot kept me engaged, but I was more aware of Connor's presence beside me, our wolves finding comfort in each other's proximity

When the episode ended, Connor turned to me, his expression serious. "Vanessa Reed has been captured." I felt my body tense, my wolf stirring with a complex mix of emotions – relief that she could no longer threaten us, but apprehension about what would happen next.

"When did this happen?" I asked, my voice steadier than I expected.

"Today," Connor replied, his eyes never leaving mine. "She's being held at the Shadow Den."

I took a deep breath, making a decision that surprised even me. "Can I go with you?"

g toward the Connor's eyes widened slightly, but he immediately nodded. "Of course, Livvy." Twenty minutes later, we were seated in the back of Connor's luxury Cullinan SUV, he Shadow Den. The vehicle's interior was dimly lit and comfortable, the privacy partition raised to give us space

to talk.

Chapter 85 Pack Comfort

A comfortable silence settled between us as the city lights flashed by outside the tinted windows. Connor's arm slipped around my shoulders, pulling me closer to his side.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked, his protective Alpha scent enveloping

nveloping me like a s

a shield.

I leaned into his warmth, finding my voice. "What are you planning to do with Nessa?" I asked, using

Vanessa's familiar alias without thinking.

The question had been weighing on me since he'd told me of her capture. "Will you hand her over to the Human judicial authorities?"

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

Whisper 157

Chapter 86: Confrontation In the Shadow Dent

Chapter 86: Confrontation in the Shadow Den

(Olivia's POV)

"It definitely will, Connor's ice-blue eyes were covered with a layer of haze. "But before that, I will make her

responsible for what she has done."

His statement was vague, not specifying exactly how he would deal with Vanessa. I studied his face, trying to read his intentions, but his Alpha mask was firmly in place.

Half an hour later, the Cullinan SUV drove into an unfamiliar place and stopped slowly. I turned my head in confusion, looking out at the sprawling compound surrounded by high walls.

"Where are we?" I asked, peering through the tinted windows.

"My base," Connor replied, his voice steady. "The Shadow Den. This is where Vanessa is being held." After getting out of the car, Connor took my hand. "Follow me inside and don't get lost. This place is very

large."

I let him lead me, my wolf Cora instinctively trusting his Alpha presence as I hurried to keep up. wind was bitterly cold, cutting through my coat.

The winter

Connor noticed my discomfort and gently placed my hand into his coat pocket. Warmth spread from his palm, and I felt less cold, Cora appreciating the shared heat.

Having only caught a glimpse from the car, I was stunned when I saw the place clearly. Though it was already past 10 PM, werewolves were still training everywhere..

They were organized in groups, each led by a beta, training in a disciplined manner. Despite the freezing winter night, the werewolves were dressed very thinly, some even shirtless, their powerful wolf forms radiating heat.

I had to admit, they were in great shape, all over six feet tall, and the shirtless men were all muscular. As for their looks, they varied. I quickly scanned around, seeing a few who looked decent, like two men I would later learn were Jackson Harris and Tyler Wilson from Connor's training team, but most were very average.

"What are you looking at?" Connor asked, his Alpha possessiveness subtly flaring.

I guiltily looked away, feeling like a child caught with her hand in the cookie jar. "I'm just curious about seeing werewolves in vests in the winter."

Connor's lips quirked slightly. "They're training hard. Their werewolf metabolism keeps them warm. They don't feel cold."

I hummed in response, still distracted by the impressive display of pack strength around us.

Suddenly, a loud and unified voice, a chorus of respectful wolfish growls and words, shattered the night sky: "Greetings, Alpha! Greetings, Luna Apparent!"

I was startled and instinctively shivered, Cora reacting to the sudden display of pack hierarchy. Joking up, I saw a large group of werewolves standing neatly in front of us,

Chapter 86: Confrontation.

Their formation was orderly, and they stood up straight, their postures exuding deference to their Alpha. Connor nodded indifferently, not saying a **word**, his Alpha presence commanding silence.

"Do they all know me?" I asked, puzzled.

Connor confirmed, his ice-blue eyes glinting with pride. "Yes, they do." He then addressed the group. "Continue your training."

The resounding "Yes, Alpha!" echoed again, and the group dispersed in an orderly fashion to resume their

training.

"Let's go, Livvy," Connor said, continuing to lead me inside.

The main building of the Shadow Den was luxuriously and brightly decorated, resembling a high end **lodge**. Crystal chandeliers shone brilliantly, murals depicting legendary wolf hunts hung on the walls, and the polished stone floor was so clean it reflected our images.

Connor led me into a private observation room. “Wait for me here,” he said. “The basement is dark, damp, cold, and dirty, not a place for a future Luna. There are monitors in this room that can see the screens where the basement situation can be monitored.”

The room was spacious, with the heating on, furnished with antique–style mahogany furniture and plush leather sofas. There were even desserts, fresh fruit, and hot herbal tea prepared on the mahogany round

table.

Connor took my hands out of his coat pocket and rubbed them in his own, his Alpha warmth seeping into me. I’ve ordered my betas to prepare these refreshments. If you need anything else, they’ll bring it.”

I shook my head. “This is more than enough.”

Connor led me to the sofa, picked up the remote control, and turned on the large screen display in front of **us**. After pressing a few buttons, the monitor showed the surveillance footage from the Shadow Den Basement, “That’s the basement,” Connor said, his voice neutral.

The screen was divided into four smaller screens, showing different angles of the werewolf detention cells. On one of the screens, Vanessa’s face appeared.

My hand tightened, Cora bristling within me. I stared at the screen, slewing my breathing unconsciously. From another angle, Vanessa’s entire body could be seen. She was huddled in a corner, her hands and feet bound with silver–laced ropes, which would weaken her wolf. Her face was bruised, and her violet eyes were filled with terror and despair.

I pursed my lips, my jaw tense. I remembered how pure and innocent Vanessa had seemed when we first met, a skilled manipulator.

And at the Crescent Moon Stables, Vanessa had called me “Sister Winters” so sweetly, asking me to teach her how to ride, only to falsely accuse me of deliberately trying to harm her by using her concealed steel brooch to spook Moonbeam the white mare.

Fortunately, Connor had not been fooled by Vanessa’s scheme.

My brow furrowed, amber eyes filled with confusion. "Why would she do those things? It seer if it was just because she disliked me."

necessary

Chapter 86 Confrontation

"I don't understand either," Connor replied, his expression hardening. "I'll ask her myself later."

I lowered my eyes and hummed softly. Sitting on the sofa, my emotions unclear, I looked troubled.

Connor squatted down in front of me, taking my hands in his, meeting my eyes. "Can you wait for me here obediently, Livvy? If you need anything, use the intercom to call my betas. I'm going to check the basement."

"Okay," I replied, nodding slightly.

"Good girl," Connor said, ruffling my hair before standing up and walking out..

Soon after, Connor's figure appeared on the surveillance screen. He was standing three or four meters away from Vanessa, his Alpha presence radiating cold authority.

"Con! Con, you finally came to see me!" As soon as Vanessa saw Connor, she seemed to go crazy, crying loudly and trying to run towards him, her wolf whimpering pathetically.

Her voice was terribly hoarse, making her cries somewhat frightening. However, her hands and feet were tied with the silver-laced ropes, and the ropes were fixed to the iron gate next to her. Vanessa was tied up like a disobedient omega, with no dignity whatsoever.

Connor's brow furrowed, his aura very cold.

Watching the screen, I heard the painful and longing "Con," and understood everything in an instant. Vanessa liked Connor, perhaps even loved him with a twisted, obsessive passion. Original content can be found at

I vaguely felt that Vanessa had done those things perhaps because of Connor. I held my breath, staring intently at the screen.

"Address me as Alpha Connor, Connor demanded coldly.

auden...

When Vanessa heard this, she was stunned for a moment, then coldly. “Why can’t I call you that? Do you want me to call you brother?”

Vanessa’s expression was strangely distorted, and she laughed, her wolfish features contorting. “Calling you brother is fine too. I like brothers the most.”

Connor’s brow furrowed. “Do you know what you’re saying?”

“Of course, I know!” Vanessa shouted in a hoarse voice, her wolf’s desperation raw. “I like you! I love you! Con, haven’t you realized my feelings after all these years, how my wolf aches for you?”

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Whisper 158

Chapter 87: Shadow Den’s Justice

Chapter 87: Shadow Den’s Justice

(Olivia’s POV)

The confined space of the basement amplified the intensity of Vanessa’s crazed confession. Her voice echoed off the cold stone walls, each word dripping with desperate longing

“I like you! I love you, Alpha Connor! Can’t you feel my burning love for you, the call of my wolf to yours?” Her violet eyes were wild, her wolf’s desperate howls for a mate she could never have laid bare for all to see “Do you want to ask me why I did those things? Hahahaha, of course, it’s for you! Con, haven’t you realized my feelings after all these years, how my wolf aches for you?”

After she said this, the basement fell silent. The only sounds were Vanessa’s ragged breathing and the faint drip of water from somewhere in the darkness.

Connor stood tall and imposing, his Alpha presence radiating an almost physical coldness. He towered over Vanessa, his ice-blue eyes chilling as a winter storm as he assessed her.

A palpable coldness emanated from him, mingling with the faint, metallic scent of spilled blood and fear that permeated the air. I felt a suffocating grip on my heart as I watched the scene unfold on the monitor in the observation room.

My wolf Cora recoiled from the raw, dangerous energy radiating from Connor. I desperately wanted to know his response, yet feared it simultaneously.

What if Con softened towards Nessa after her confession? What if his wolf acknowledged even a sliver of her desperate plea? They had grown up together, shared years of pack life. Could those bonds sway him?

A moment stretched into an eternity before Connor finally broke the silence with a sardonic chuckle, a harsh sound that echoed off the stone walls.

“Love me?” he questioned, his ice-blue eyes dark and unfathomable, his wolf’s contempt a palpable force. He looked at Vanessa, his expression one of utter disdain. “Are you worthy?” This chapter is updated by find~novel~net

Each word was delivered with deliberate precision, dripping with scorn, a verbal lash that cut deeper than any physical blow. Vanessa’s face paled, all color draining away as tears streamed down her face, her wolf whimpering in despair.

I was taken aback by the harshness of Connor’s response. I had anticipated a more fraternal approach, perhaps a stern lecture, but not this brutal dismissal.

“Alpha Connor... Con... how can you be so cruel... Vanessa sobbed, her voice filled with accusation, her wolf’s pain echoing in her tone.

Connor remained unmoved, his ice-blue gaze fixed on Vanessa. “Vanessa Reed, from this moment onward, you are no longer a part of the Rivers Pack.”

His words were a formal decree, severing her ties to the pack that had raised her. Van her voice barely a **whisper** as she retorted.

‘s eyes glazed over

Chapter 82 Shades i

“I never wanted to be your sister anyway”

Her wolf, though broken, still showed a spark of defiance: Connor gave a slight nod, his expression

unyielding

“Then now, it’s time for you to atone for what you’ve done.”

He called for Dominic Reeves, his security chief, instructing him with a curt nod. “Take her outside” Vanessa’s eyes widened with fear. “Where are you taking me?” she demanded, her voice laced with panic

Connor offered no explanation. He simply turned and strided towards the exit, leaving Vanessa in the hands of Dominic and his enforcers.

I waited anxiously on the plush leather sofa in the observation room, uncertain of Connor’s intentions. Soon, he returned, his face unreadable

“Livvy, let’s go out,” he said, his voice leaving no room for argument

I nodded, guessing that he intended to punish Vanessa further. My wolf sensed the shift in the Alpha’s demeanor, a primal dominance that both frightened and fascinated me.

As we prepared to leave, Connor retrieved a heavy, charcoal gray longcoat. “It’s cold outside, put this on.” The coat was oversized on me, nearly dragging on the ground, but it carried his familiar, comforting Alpha scent. A subtle reassurance that despite the coldness I’d witnessed, he still cared for my comfort. Connor took my hand and led me outside, where a thick blanket of snow was falling, muffling all sound except the crunch of our boots. A helicopter sat on the Shadow Den’s grounds, its rotors still.

I turned to Connor in confusion, my wolf uneasy. “What’s with the helicopter?”

“You’ll see,” he replied cryptically, his ice-blue eyes unreadable.

Dominic and his men, including Marcus Shaw, dragged Vanessa out, her wolf struggling feebly, and dropped her unceremoniously onto the snow-covered ground.

With a growing sense of dread, I watched as one of the enforcers bound Vanessa’s hands with a thick, silver-laced rope, the other end of which was attached to the helicopter’s landing gear. The silver would sap her strength and prevent any attempt to shift.

The helicopter roared to life, its rotors whipping snow into a frenzy, and lifted off. I realized Connor’s plan – a brutal, primal form of justice. The helicopter would drag Vanessa through the freezing air, a punishment that could kill her if prolonged.

I had never seen this cruel, Alpha-dominant side of Connor before. It was as if a mask had been removed, revealing the predator beneath the polished exterior.

Connor's touch, his hand gently on my arm, pulled me back to the present. I looked up at him, questioning in my amber eyes, my wolf trembling slightly.

"Is she... is she going to die?"

Connor reassured me, his voice low and steady. "Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

I hesitated, unsure how to process this revelation of his character, the side of him that was capable of such **cold** retribution,

the Alpha,

Chapter 87 Shadow Den's

Connor cupped my face in his hands, turning me to face him, his ice-blue eyes searching mine. "Livy, this is another side of me, cold and ruthless. Don't be afraid of me."

My amber eyes reflected a storm of emotions. "I... I've never seen you like this before..."

like this to you,

Connor's voice was soft and deep, his wolf reaching out to soothe mine. "Livy, I will never **be** don't be afraid of me."

I averted my gaze, my wolf still unsettled. "... I'm just a little uncomfortable, I'm not... not afraid of you."

"I see."

Connor drew me close, enveloping me in a comforting embrace, his Alpha scent a shield against the harshness of the scene. "Don't be afraid of me, I will never do anything to hurt you."

I closed my eyes, inhaling the familiar scent of Connor, finding solace in his presence, my wolf gradually calming under his.

(Third person's POV)

Seeing them embrace, Dominic nearly interrupted to tell Alpha Connor that Vanessa's time was almost up, knowing the limits of werewolf endurance in such conditions. However, he resisted doing so, respecting the Alpha's moment with his Luna Apparent

The next moment, Connor gestured with a subtle flick of his wrist. Dominic understood instantly and immediately spoke into his handheld walkie-talkie.

“Okay, stop. Bring her down.”

The helicopter landed slowly, its rotors decelerating. Connor took Olivia’s hand and walked towards where the helicopter was parked.

Olivia’s heart was beating fast, nervous and scared, her wolf anticipating the aftermath. As they approached, Olivia saw that Vanessa’s face was frozen purple, her lips were black, and her eyelashes and hair were covered with a layer of ice and snow.

Vanessa was lying motionless on the ground, looking lifeless, her wolf utterly defeated.

“Is she...dead?” Olivia was a little scared and took two steps back subconsciously, her wolf reacting to the near-death state of another.

“Don’t be afraid, Livvy, she should be frozen, her wolf in deep hibernation to survive.” Connor stabilized Olivia’s figure, his voice calm. “The Shadow Den has proal medical staff, beta healers skilled in reviving those exposed to extreme cold. I won’t let her die so easily.”

His justice was harsh, but not necessarily a death sentence.

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

Whisper 159

Chapter 88: Whispers In the Shadow Den

Chapter 88: Whispers in the Shadow Den

(Olivin’s POV)

The Shadow Den was eerily quiet as I stepped out of the steaming bathroom, wrapped in the luxurious midnight silk nightgown Connor had provided. The fabric whispered against my skin, cool and soothing after the hot shower. My honey-**brown** hair hung damp around my shoulders, and my wolf Cora was content, if

tired from the day's events.

I couldn't stop thinking about Vanessa, lying in the base's Infirmary, clinging to life after Connor's harsh punishment. Though I held no love for her after her attempts to harm me, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of sympathy for any creature brought so **low**.

My bare feet padded silently across the plush carpet as I headed for the door. I wanted to ask Connor for some warm milk, a bedtime habit I'd maintained since childhood. Something comforting and familiar in this strange, imposing place.

As I pulled open the bedroom door, I came face to face with Dominic Reeves, Connor's security chief. Our eyes locked for a brief, startled moment.

Dominic immediately averted his gaze, his posture stiffening. "H apologize for the intrusion, Miss Winters," he stammered, his voice tight with sudden anxiety. "I was just reporting to Alpha Connor about Vanessa Reed's condition and seeking further instructions."

I noticed a bead of sweat forming on his brow despite the cool air of the corridor. His discomfort was palpable, his wolf clearly agitated.

"Alpha, the medical team reports *that*

Vanessa's condition has stabilized, but she remains unconscious. Her wolf is in deep hibernation to preserve her strength. They're monitoring her closely and-"

Connor's demeanor shifted instantly. The temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees as his. ice-blue eyes hardened, his wolf sensing another male's gaze upon me

"Reeves," Connor interrupted, his voice dangerously soft. "Where exactly are your eyes focused right now?" Dominic's face paled. "Alpha, 1-I was just delivering my report as requested. I didn't mean to-

"You didn't answer my question, Connor growled, the sound rumbling from deep in his chest, his Alpha dominance filling the space between them,

"I apologize, Alpha. I was startled by Miss Winters' appearance and immediately looked away. I meant no disrespect to your Luna Apparent," Dominic explained hastily, his words tumbling over each other.

Connor's eyes narrowed further. "Sa'you admit you were looking at her?"

Dominic was now drenched in cold sweat. "No! I mean-yes, but not intentionally-I would never-

“Get out,” Connor ordered, his voice barely above a whisper but carrying the full weight of an Alpha command. Dominic bowed deeply and backed away, nearly tripping over his own feet in his haste to escape. “Yes, Alpha. My deepest apologies, Alpha. Miss Winters.”

I watched him flee, confusion written across my face. “What was that about? He seemed terrified.”

Chapter 8 Whispers in th

Connor’s expression softened as he turned to me, the coldness melting away like snow in spring sunshine. “Come here, Livvy,” he said, patting the space beside him on the sofa.

I obeyed, settling next to him. His arm immediately wrapped around me, pulling me close. His familiar Alpha scent enveloped me, comforting and protective.

“Are **you**

gone.

feeling better after your shower?” he asked, his voice gentle now, all traces of the dangerous Alpha

“Yes, but I’m not sleepy yet, I admitted, leaning into his warmth. “I was hoping for some warm milk before

bed.”

Connor’s ice-blue eyes filled with tenderness. “Of course. I’ll prepare it for you.”

I hesitated, then asked the question that had been nagging at me. “How is Vanessa doing? I’m not asking because I care about her,” I clarified quickly. “I just don’t want you to stain your hands with murder. It would tarnish your Alpha soul.”

Connor’s expression hardened slightly. “She’ll live. That’s all you need to know.”

I nodded, unsure what else to say. His indifference toward Vanessa was absolute, his wolf showing no concern for her fate beyond ensuring she survived to face justice.

Connor gently pinched my cheek, his expression softening again. “Don’t worry about such things. I’ll get your

milk.”

The Shadow Den was vast, almost like an industrial park. Connor's private residence was by far the most luxurious building, a stark contrast to the utilitarian training facilities I'd glimpsed earlier.

While Connor was preparing my milk, I explored the bedroom more thoroughly. The women's clothing in the closet were all exactly my size. The skincare products and cosmetics on the vanity were all brands I regularly

used.

"These were added temporarily before you arrived, Connor explained when he returned, carrying a steaming mug, "I hope you can make do with them for now."

'T

Despite his casual "make do" comment, I could tell these weren't hastily gathered items. The clothes were all the latest models from various luxury brands, each worth six or seven figures. The silk nightgown I wore alone cost more than \$50,000.

I accepted the warm milk gratefully, taking a small sip. The rich, creamy liquid was perfectly heated, just the way I liked it.

A thought suddenly occurred to me. "I've never been here before. Why do all your subordinates recognize me?"

I was thinking of our arrival, when the training betas like Jackson Harris and Tyler Wilson had immediately shouted, "Hello, Madam Luna Apparent."

Connor's lips curled into a pleased smile. "Guess."

"Still being mysterious?" I took another sip of milk, "I won't guess."

unaware that it had left a white mustache on my upper lip.

Suddenly, Connor leaned down and kissed me, his tongue gently licking away the milk from my lips. The kiss was fleeting but left me breathless.

© Chapter 58 Whispers in

"So sweet," he murmured, satisfaction evident in his eyes.

A blush crept up my cheeks, "Whole milk isn't sweet."

The Alpha's laugh was pleasant, almost intoxicating. "You know I'm not talking about the milk."

The atmosphere in the room shifted, becoming charged with something warm and electric. My body felt hot, my wolf responding to his proximity, his scent, his obvious desire.

After I finished the milk, Connor suddenly scooped me up into his arms. Caught off guard, I let out a small

squeal.

“Ah—what are you doing?” My voice rose at the end, sounding embarrassingly coquettish even to my own

ears.

Connor smiled, a predatory gleam in his ice—blue eyes. “Accompanying me to take a bath.”

“I already took a bath just now,” I protested weakly. “Go yourself.”

The Alpha walked toward the bathroom without hesitation. “It’s dark. I’m afraid to take a bath alone.” “You...” I laughed in exasperation. “You’re still afraid? You’re lying.”

By then, we had already reached the bathroom. The lamb had entered the wolf’s den willingly. Sometimes I was truly confused by Connor. He was usually so busy with pack business, yet he always seemed to have endless energy at night. We made love twice in the bathroom, leaving me exhausted and sore all over. I thought that would be the end of it, but after taking a bath and returning to the bedroom, the Alpha started again.

Having had s**** experience before, it didn’t hurt like the first time. I had to admit that Connor “served” his mate—to—be very well. We were immersed in lust, our wolves twining together in perfect harmony, the suppressed and restrained sounds in the room gradually stopping only in the second half of the night.

(Cassandra’s POV)

The bar in Harbor City was noisy and chaotic. Lights flashed in seizure—inducing patterns while people danced wildly on the crowded floor. I sat in a booth with my best friend, Sophie Parker, nursing a glass of moonlight wine and a broken heart.

Ethan had attempted suicide for Olivia Winters. His first words upon waking were to ask for her whereabouts. The memory still cut like a silver blade.

“I didn’t expect Olivia Winters to be the daughter of the Winters Pack in Riverdale,” Sophie said, swirling her wine glass thoughtfully. “I really didn’t see that before.”

“Hehe.” I laughed mockingly at myself, the sound bitter even to my own ears. “Soph, do you think I’m a joke?” Sophie’s mouth twitched awkwardly I could read the truth in her eyes, though she tried to hide it. Ever since Olivia’s true identity as an Alpha’s daughter had been revealed, I’d become the subject of whispered conversations and pitying glances.

“Cassandra, don’t say that about yourself,” Sophie patted my shoulder in a show of comfort. “If you ask me, Olivia is the joke. When you first returned to the territory, we all saw how much Ethan treated you. Olivia has been cuckolded so many times, she is the **joke**!”

I smiled, feeling my mood improve slightly. Sophie always knew what to say to make me feel better, even if it

Chapter 88 Whispers in th This content belongs to

was just feeding my spite.

“You’re right,” I agreed, taking another sip of my wine. “Olivia is the joke.”

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Whisper 160

Chapter 89: Pack Justice and Shattered Bonda

Chapter 89: Pack Justice and Shattered Bonds

(Cassandra’s POV)

Sophie Parker swirled her Moonlight Wine in her glass, the liquid catching the flickering lights as she fixed

me with a smirk.

“Cassandra,” she drawled, leaning forward conspiratorially. “I heard Olivia Winters has a new Alpha now. So, aren’t you and Alpha Ethan getting closer?”

I sat motionless, my **face** partially hidden in the shadows. The corner of my mouth twitched involuntarily as i felt a cold sensation spread through my chest. My green—gold eyes flashed with something dangerous in the

darkness.

Sophie was deliberately provoking me, and we both knew it. Ever since Ethan's suicide attempt for Olivia Winters, I'd become the subject of whispered conversations throughout the Grey pack territory.

I forced a smile, gripping my wine glass tighter. "Ethan has been too busy with Grey pack affairs lately. He hasn't had time to consider mating."

"Oh?" Sophie's eyebrows shot up in feigned surprise. "But I heard he's been **in** Harbor **City** Memorial Hospital. They say he's so weak he can barely stand without assistance."

Her words were deliberately exaggerated, each one designed to twist the knife deeper. My expression darkened as I fought to maintain my composure.

"It's **just** a cold from overwork," I dismissed with a wave of my hand. "His wolf is a bit weakened after the.... incident. Nothing serious."

"Of course, of course," Sophie nodded with exaggerated concern. "But you know how these things can be. A compromised immunity in werewolves can lead to all sorts of complications."

Each word was like a silver barb, designed to penetrate and poison. I knew what she was doing – everyone in our social circle did. Sophie Parker had never truly been my friend.

"Speaking of relationships," I said, desperate to shift the focus, "how are things with you? Still with that omega boyfriend of yours?"

Sophie's smile faltered slightly. "Brandon and I broke up."

I seized the opportunity, my lips curling into a vindictive smile. "Brandon Hayes? That parasitic omega? I heard he was cheating on you with at least three other she-wolves from his social media."

I raised my glass to her, a cold glint in my eyes. "Good riddance to bad rubbish, I say,"

Sophie's face tightened, but she clinked her glass **against** mine nonetheless. As I sipped my wine, I made a silent vow to myself. I would win Ethan back. I would make those who doubted me pay. And I would solidify my position as Luna of the Grey pack, no matter what it took.

(Connor's POV)

The next day. I drove Olivia back to the Rivers Pack Mansion. The familiar scent of home greeted us as we stepped through the grand entrance, my **wolf** immediately settling into the comfort of our territory.

Chapter 89 Pack Justice

My mother, Katherine Rivers, was waiting for us in the main hall. Her face lit up when she saw Olivia, and she immediately came forward to greet her.

"Livvy, you're here!" Mother exclaimed, taking Olivia's hands in hers. "Come, sit down. Luna Katherine hasn't seen you for many days. How have you been lately?"

Olivia followed my mother to the plush sofa in the grand hall. I watched as she settled in, noting how her posture relaxed slightly. Her wolf seemed to sense the welcoming energy of the Rivers pack.

"I've been doing well recently, Luna Katherine," Olivia replied with a gentle smile.

Mother took Olivia's hand in a gesture of genuine affection. "I'm glad to hear that. And please, just call me Katherine when we're alone."

I sat down next to Olivia, casually crossing my long legs. I rested my hand on the back of the sofa behind her, my ice-blue eyes scanning the room as I asked, "Has Father returned yet?"

Mother looked up at me. "Do you need William for something important, Con?"

"Yes," I confirmed with a nod. "He should be arriving soon."

"What's the matter? Mother asked, her curiosity evident.

"It concerns expelling Vanessa Reed from the Rivers Pack," I stated flatly.

Mother's **eyes** widened in surprise. "Vanessa has been captured? When?"

"She was apprehended in Blackmoor Territory yesterday," I replied, my voice betraying no emotion despite the satisfaction I felt.

Mother's brow furrowed slightly. "Have you informed your grandparents, Elder Rivers and Eleanor, about this development?"

I nodded. "Grandfather is unable to return from the capital but has entrusted me with handling the matter. I've informed Grandmother Eleanor as well."

Mother sighed, her expression troubled. "Eleanor has always doted on Vanessa. her expulsion this time."

e will not easily agree to

I felt my jaw tighten. “Regardless of how much Grandmother favors Vanessa, she will not be able to influence my decision as the acting Alpha.”

The grand hall of the Rivers Pack Mansion fell silent after my declaration. The tension in the air was palpable as we waited. The source of this content is

Soon, the sound of hurried footsteps echoed through the corridor. Grandmother Eleanor had heard that I had an important pack matter to announce and had hurried back from a gathering at a neighboring elder’s

estate.

Father also arrived, having dropped his pack business to rush back. The entire family now sat on the sofas in the hall, the atmosphere heavy with anticipation.

“Con, what’s the matter?” Grandmother Eleanor asked, her voice tinged with worry.

All eyes fixed on me as I took out my phone and made a call to Dominic Reeves. “Bring her over,” I instructed before hanging up

I looked at my grandmother, my expression cold. ‘Grandmother will know in a moment’

– Chapter 89 Pack Justice

Five minutes later, Dominic led Vanessa into the hall. Grandmother Eleanor was stunned at the sight of her. She trembled as she walked over to Vanessa.

“Nessa, you... you **are** confused!” Grandmother’s expression was one of profound disappointment, tears flashing in her eyes. “Your grandfather said that on the day of the engagement ceremony, you instructed Jessica Sullivan to kidnap Grace Winters?”

Vanessa’s face was pale, her lips dry and peeling. Her violet eyes were sunken with dark circles underneath, making her look haggard and withered. Her wolf spirit was clearly broken.

I could see the pity in Grandmother’s eyes as she asked, “What have you experienced these days? How did you let yourself become like this?”

“Grandmother...” Vanessa cried out pitifully.

I saw Grandmother’s heart tremble at the sound. After all, Nessa was a pup who had grown up by her side. Although she had made a grave mistake, Grandmother still couldn’t bear to see her in such a state.

Grandmother only knew that Vanessa had instructed Jessica to kidnap Grace. In her opinion, this kind of mistake, while serious, could still be atoned for within the pack.

What she didn't know was that Jessica was already dead. Jessica's father, Walter Jenkins, the security officer Gregory Steele, and Gregory's mother, Martha Steele, had all been silenced by Vanessa's machinations or those of her allies. Nothing could make up for such bloodshed.

"Vanessa Reed," I **said** coldly, "today I will formally announce in front of the entire pack leadership that you will be expelled from the Rivers Pack, and from now on you will have nothing to do with the Rivers family or its lineage."

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Chapter 90 Pack Judgme

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Whisper 161

Chapter 90: Pack Judgment and Broken Bonds

Chapter 90: Pack Judgment and Broken Bonds

(Vanessa's POV)

My violet eyes widened in shock, lips trembling uncontrollably as Connor's cold pronouncement echoed through the great hall of the Rivers Pack Mansion. The silence that followed was deafening, every werewolf present stunned by the Alpha's declaration.

"Expelled?" I whispered, my voice breaking. "You can't do this to me!"

My wolf whimpered inside me, desperate and afraid. This couldn't be happening. Not to me. Not after everything I'd done to secure my place in this pack.

Elder Rivers, Connor's grandfather, frowned deeply from his position at the head of the family gathering. His ancient wolf's authority radiated displeasure at Connor's harsh words. I turned my tear-filled eyes toward him, sensing a potential ally.

But it was Eleanor, Connor's grandmother, whose **gaze** I sought most desperately. I projected an image of a wounded pup seeking solace, my wolf instinctively appealing to her maternal instincts.

e eyes fix

Connor remained unmoved, his ice-blue eyes fixed on me with the chilling resolve of an Alpha passing

judgment.

"Before you leave this pack forever," he said, his voice cutting through the tension, "you will apologize to Olivia Winters for all the harm you've caused her." Content originally comes from

I felt the air crackle with werewolf tension. My desperate emotional display failed to penetrate Connor's iron

will.

"Connor!" Eleanor's voice rang out, her own wolf rising to challenge his. "How can you be so cruel? Vanessa is your sister!"

"Grandmother, Connor replied evenly, "she is no longer my sister, nor is she a member of the Rivers Pack."

William Rivers, Connor's father and current Alpha, placed a restraining hand on Eleanor's arm. "Mother, please remain silent," he growled softly. "This is for your own good. Your heart cannot take such excitement." Eleanor shook off his hand, her eyes flashing. "I will not be silent while you cast out a child I raised!" Connor's patience was visibly wearing thin. "I demand an apology," he repeated, his voice carrying the unshakeable authority of the future Alpha. "Vanessa Reed is no longer considered part of the Rivers Pack." "Why are you doing this?" Eleanor questioned, her voice trembling. "You used to be so fond of Nessa **when** you were pups. Why are you now so determined to banish her, severing all pack ties?"

Connor's jaw tightened, and when he spoke, his voice resonated with the power of his wolf. "Nessa, you coveted your own foster brother—an unforgivable transgression against pack law. You committed heinous crimes, showing a blatant disregard for werewolf life. Why are you still feigning innocence and expect leniency from this pack?"

The revelation stunned Eleanor into horrified silence, her wolf recoiling as if struck. William tried to stop Connor from revealing more, his own wolf uneasy with the public airing of such dark pack secrets.

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<Chapter 90: Pack Judgme

“Connor, that’s enough,” William warned, but it was too late.

Katherine Rivers, Connor’s mother, gasped in shock. She had known I’d done bad things and **was** involved with the exiled wolf Frederick Warner, but this was clearly news to her.

“Coveting her brother? Disregarding werewolf life?” Katherine’s voice was barely audible. “What does **this**

mean?”

Eleanor’s face had gone deathly pale. “Connor, explain yourself,” she demanded, her voice barely a whisper.

Katherine turned to me, her amber eyes wide with disbelief and dawning horror. “Vanessa, is this true?

I couldn’t deny it. My wolf cowered under the weight of the Alphas’ scrutiny.

“I meant exactly what I said,” Connor stated coldly, his words leaving no room for doubt.

I saw Olivia’s face change as she realized with a sickening lurch that Connor was telling the unvarnished,

brutal truth.

Eleanor clutched her chest, her breath catching. “Nessa,” she whispered, “is it true? Do you harbor inappropriate feelings for Connor? Are you responsible for taking werewolf lives?”

I couldn’t speak. My wolf spirit was shattering under the weight of these accusations—accusations I couldn’t

deny.

Katherine’s maternal instincts warred with revulsion as she glared at me, her own wolf radiating fury. “Answer your grandmother!”

William tried to calm the situation, his primary concern his mother's fragile health amidst the emotional storm. "Mother, please sit down. Your heart-

n answer! Eleanor insisted.

"I want an

Connor remained firm, his Alpha presence demanding an apology, but I couldn't give it. My desperation twisted into defiance,

"Yes!" I finally cried out, my voice rising hysterically. "Yes, I love him! I've always loved him!"

The room fell silent, shocked by my admission.

"Why? Why can't I love you? I grew up with you, and we share no blood! Why can't you just look back at me? Is it wrong for me to love you? Is it wrong for me to want to be your mate forever?"

Katherine, unable to contain her fury any longer, stepped forward and slapped me hard across the face. The sound echoed in the tense hall.

"Shut up!" Luna Katherine glared at me with a livid face, her wolf radiating pure outrage. "Con is your brother! He can only be your brother. Even if you were once the Rivers' nominal daughter, even if you leave the Rivers pack, there is absolutely no possibility for you and Con to be mates!"

I scoffed, years of resentment bubbling to the surface. "Hehe, do you think I care that you adopted me?"

I raised my head and stared at Luna Katherine, my violet eyes blazing with hatred.

"If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have become his sister. Did you ask for my opinion when you never wanted to be his sister!"

ad me? I

Eleanor, overwhelmed by the chaotic and emotionally charged scene, her ancient wolf struggling to

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Chapter 90 Pack Judgment

comprehend the depth of the betrayal, swayed on her feet

“Mother!” William called out in alarm, rushing to support her.

“Someone quickly bring the Elder Rivers’ Emergency Wolfshane Antidote!” William shouted, his voice sharp with concern for the pack matriarch.

Connor signaled to Dominic Reeves, his security chief. The beta wolf responded instantly, grabbing me by the shoulders and forcing me to my knees.

Dominic then stepped on my back, his weight and wolf’s pressure forcing my face to the ground in a display of utter humiliation before the Alphas

“Since you refuse to apologize verbally,” Connor said, his expression unmoved and his ice-blue eyes glinting with cold fury, “you will kowtow to Olivia as an alternative.”

Dominic complied without hesitation, violently pulling my head up and slamming it back down to the marble

floor.

Thud, thud, thud-

I was forced to kowtow repeatedly, the impacts resonating through the silent hall. The pain was excruciating. but worse was the humiliation burning through me.

Eleanor, witnessing this brutal display of pack justice, nearly choked, her breath catching in her throat. Fortunately, Martha Wilson, her loyal servant, quickly brought the Emergency Wolfsbane Antidote

The old Luna took the antidote, and her breathing eased, “It’s alright, I, an old she wolf, still want to live a few more years. You Alphas handle these pack messes yourselves.”

Eleanor patted her chest and, leaning on Martha, left the hall, her wolf retreating from the **fray**.

(Connor’s POV)

I watched my grandmother leave, feeling a momentary pang of regret for causing her distress. But pack law was absolute, and Vanessa’s crimes could not go unpunished.

Olivia frowned beside me, her amber eyes troubled as she glanced at the humiliated Vanessa, then turned to

1. me.

“What did you mean by ‘disregarding werewolf life“?” she asked, her voice low and steady.

I hesitated, not wanting to burden Livvy with the gruesome details. She had already been through enough because of Vanessa's machinations.

"That's about Jessica Sullivan and those connected to her death," I replied simply, hoping she wouldn't press for more information.

"Oh," Olivia responded, but I could tell from her expression that she suspected there was more to the story, her own wolf sensing the dark undercurrents of the situation.

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Whisper 162

Chapter 91 Shadows and

Chapter 91: Shadows and Assaults

Chapter 91: Shadows and Assaults

(Third person's POV)

The grand hall of the Rivers Pack Mansion fell silent after Connor's brutal display of pack justice. Vanessa Reed lay crumpled on the marble floor, her violet eyes swollen from tears and the forced kowtowing.

Alpha William Rivers stepped forward, his commanding presence filling the space. His ice-blue eyes, so similar to his son's, held no warmth as he gazed down at the broken she-wolf.

"Vanessa Reed," William's voice resonated with absolute authority. "By the power vested in me as Alpha of the Rivers Pack, I hereby formally expel you from our bloodline and territory."

Vanessa's head snapped up, desperation clawing at her features. "Alpha Williamn, please-"

“The decision is final,” William cut her off coldly. “You are no longer under our protection or bound by our

laws.”

Connor signaled to Dominic Reeves, who immediately stepped forward to escort Vanessa away. As the security chief hauled her to her feet, William’s expression grew thoughtful.

“The territory council will handle her formal judgment,” William mused, his voice carrying the weight of political calculation. “Though I suspect the human authorities have already closed the cases involving Martha Steele and Walter Jenkins as non–criminal matters.”

Connor’s jaw tightened. “The investigations suggested she hired rogues to eliminate them both.”

William nodded grimly. “Indeed. But intervening further in human affairs might attract unwanted attention. The pack cannot afford such scrutiny.”

The implications hung heavy in the air. While Vanessa’s instigation of Jessica Sullivan to kidnap Grace Winters would result in confinement, the potential for three werewolf deaths would create a scandal that could destroy everything the Rivers Pack had built.

“Grandfather holds a significant position within the werewolf council,” Connor said quietly. “Political rivals would seize upon any stain on our reputation.”

William’s expression darkened. “Precisely why this matter must be handled with absolute discretion. Our influence and territory cannot be jeopardized by one rogue she–wolf’s obsession.”

(Olivia’s POV)

Monday morning arrived with crisp autumn air and the promise of justice. I returned to Moonlaw Legal Services, my briefcase containing the carefully prepared arbitration application for Noah Pierce’s case against Northern Industrial Factory.

The evidence was damning–workplace safety violations, withheld compensation, and deliberate exploitation of omega werewolves. Today, I would submit these materials to the Northern Territory Werewolf Registry

Office.

Connor’s Glacier Blue Bentley Continental GT **sat** gleaming in my driveway, but I chose my more understated BMW sedan instead. The Bentley was too ostentatious for daily work, drawing unwanted attention in the

Chapter 91 Shadows and

human world.

The Registry Office had **no parking** at its entrance, forcing **me to** use an **open**—air lot several blocks away **From** there, I needed **to** cross a busy main road.

I stood at the crosswalk, waiting for the traffic light to change. The morning rush hour filled the street with human—driven vehicles, their engines creating a steady hum of urban noise.

Suddenly, a powerful force slammed into my back,

Unprepared, I lunged forward uncontrollably toward the busy street. The pedestrian signal blazed red, **and** oncoming cars couldn't brake in time. Drivers stared wide-eyed in shock as I hurtled toward certain death.

In that terrifying instant, I felt as if my spirit wolf was being ripped from my very soul. At the critical moment, strong hands yanked me backward.

It all happened in less than a second.

Still in shock, I gasped for breath, my heart pounding violently against my ribs. I had almost lost my **life—my** wolf almost torn apart by a mundane human vehicle.

"Luna, are you alright?" Marcus Shaw, one of Connor's enforcers assigned to my protection, was pale with fright. "We nearly failed our Alpha."

"Luna, it was this omega who pushed you!" Jackson Harris, another enforcer, restrained a gaunt, desperate—looking werewolf with his hands bound behind his back.

My heart still throbbed, my body trembling with residual terror. I was completely stunned by the brazen attempt on my life.

"Who are you?" My voice trembled uncontrollably, my wolf bristling beneath my skin. "Why did you push me?" The omega's eyes darted around nervously. "I... I accidentally bumped into you. I really didn't mean **it**..."

"You're lying," Jackson said coldly, his beta wolf radiating menace.

The omega hurriedly defended himself. "No, no, I really didn't mean it..."

"c*k!"** Jackson exerted force on the omega's arm, dislocating it with surgical precision.

“Ah!!!” Rodney Tanner screamed in agony, his face contorting with pain.

The streetlights flickered on as evening approached. Onlookers, sensing the dangerous werewolf energy, quickly dispersed, leaving only my protectors and the omega.

Marcus stated firmly, “Luna, I saw him reach out and push you with my own eyes. He did it deliberately.” Anger rose in my amber eyes, my Alpha bloodline asserting itself. “Why did you push me?”

Rodney was in too much pain to speak, his face twisted with agony.

“Since you don’t want to talk,” I said coldly, “I’ll have my Alpha’s enforcers deal with you.”

(Frederick Warner’s POV)

Not far from the road, inside a sleek black Aston Martin, I sat with the window half-lowered. My **storm-gray** eyes gleamed with predatory satisfaction as I watched the scene unfold.

“She is Connor Rivers’ mate-to-be?” I asked, hooking my lips into a chilling smile.

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Clayton Thornton, my beta lieutenant, replied respectfully, Yes, Alpha Frederick.”

I tugged at the corners of my mouth, amusement dancing in my eyes. “She’s got a strong **life** force, that **one**.

Her wolf is resilient.”

“Marcus Shaw and Jackson Harris beside her are undoubtedly enforcers Connor Rivers assigned to her,” I observed meaningfully.

My voice dropped to a low growl. “She is indeed beautiful, her wolf carrying the scent of **the** old Winters bloodline. No wonder Connor Rivers treasures her so much.”

Clayton laughed harshly. “This she-wolf is Connor Rivers’ only weakness, his Achilles heel.”

“Hehe.” I retracted my gaze, dark amusement stirring my powerful wolf. “Connor Rivers ruined my operations in Blackmoor Territory, costing me a fortune in moonstones and influence.”

The Blackmoor project had consumed enormous energy and untraceable currency, only to be destroyed by Connor at the critical juncture. The losses made my wolf howl for vengeance.

"I should give him a gift in return, I continued, my voice dripping with malice. "A taste of true loss."

My eyes fixed on Olivia's retreating figure. "Olivia Winters, let's see if your wolf always has such good luck."

(Olivia's POV)

At Ravenwood Police Station, I made a call to Connor. Within five minutes, the human police officer in charge received a call from his superior, clearly contacted by Connor or his representatives.

After hanging up, the officer's demeanor toward me changed completely, his tone becoming polite and respectful.

"Miss Winters, we have formally opened a case for investigation on suspicion of attempted murder," he said carefully. "You can go back now. We'll notify you through your Alpha's liaison as soon as there's progress."

I nodded slightly. "Thank you for your trouble."

After exiting the police station, my phone rang with an unfamiliar number. The caller's tone was rough, laced with a beta's challenge

"I heard you took Noah Pierce's case and want to bring arbitration against our factory?"

I frowned, my wolf sensing hostility. "Yes"

Lawyer Winters, do you have time to come to our territory? We can have a good chat."

The man's tone revealed disdain and arrogance, clearly underestimating me. This content belongs to

"Who are you?" I asked.

The man chuckled humorlessly. "Oh, I am Noah Pierce's former Alpha, Raymond Lewis."

I remembered the name—the Alpha of the rogue pack controlling Northern Industrial Factory

What do you want to talk about? I asked unhurriedly

“Talk about a private settlement, a blood price, if it can be resolved between our wolves, don’t go to the Territory Arbitration, it will waste everyone’s time.”

“Okay, give me an address

< Chapter 91: Shadows and

Raymond Lewis provided the location Moonlight Business Club, more than ten kilometers away.

After hanging up, my slender fingers topped the steering wheel absently. The visitor was unkind, **his** wolf radiating aggression. I couldn’t take this lightly.

The other party invited me to his chosen den, claiming he wanted reconciliation. Who knew what poisons he was brewing, perhaps involving wolfsbane or silver,

I called my two enforcers, Marcus Shaw and Jackson Harris.

The two betas responded in unison, their voices respectful. “Luna, what are your orders?”

“Go with me to the Moonlight Business Club later. I’m afraid the wolves inside will try something.”

“Yes, Luna.”

Inside a private suite at the Moonlight Business Club, Raymond Lewis sat leisurely sipping Moonlight Wine. The lean beta werewolf with his distinctive bullet-shaped head wore a black leather jacket, his cold eyes

calculating.

Four beta enforcers—Travis Walker, Derek Miller, Liam Jenkins, and Garrett Mitchell—stood on both sides, their wolves projecting crude menace.

“When that Winters b***h comes in later, you rough her up, break a few bones,” Raymond’s voice was ice-cold. “If you accidentally kill her wolf, someone higher up will cover for you.”

The enforcers replied with eager growls, “Okay, Alpha Ray!”

I approached the private suite wearing a neat light gray suit and black high heels that clicked purposefully on the polished floor. Marcus Shaw opened the door for me.

Before I could step inside, the beta wolves rushed forward—four of them wielding makeshift weapons. Sharpened pipes and heavy chains glinted dully in the low light.

I reacted instantly, my wolf's agility allowing me to step back. My enforcers, Marcus and Jackson, were quick-witted with excellent combat skills, their moves ruthless and efficient.

Screams and the sickening thud of *bodies* hitting the floor rose and fell. The enforcers I brought, loyal betas of the Rivers Pack, quickly knocked down Raymond Lewis's four lackeys.

I raised my eyes to look inside the suite, meeting Raymond Lewis's terrified gaze.

I tugged at my lips and said with a cold smile, my voice laced with the quiet authority of my Alpha bloodline, "Is this your way of talking about reconciliation, Alpha Lewis?"

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Whisper 163

Chapter 92: Accusations and Alliances

Chapter 92: Accusations and Alliances

(Olivia's POV)

Raymond Lewis was pummeled mercilessly by Connor's enforcers, Marcus Shaw and Jackson Harris. His face was swollen like a pig's head, blood trickling from his split lip.

I stood before him, arms crossed, my amber eyes radiating a dangerous light. My wolf's presence **added to** the intimidation, making the air thick with tension.

"Was it you who hired the omega, Rodney Tanner, who pushed me by the roadside just now?" I demanded. Being a lawyer in the werewolf world was a high-risk profession. It wasn't uncommon for clients or their Alphas to resent and deliberately retaliate against lawyers who bested them in territorial or pack disputes. The recent case of Gregory Thompson, my beta colleague at Moonlaw Legal Services, being stabbed with a silver dagger by a disgruntled client's rogue wolf and almost dying, was a fresh, chilling example. Raymond Lewis, kneeling on the ground, his wolf cowering, begged for mercy. "Spare me, Luna Winters, I was truly wrong, I will never dare again."

I frowned, my voice sharp. "I'm asking you, was it you who hired the omega, Rodney Tanner, who pushed me by the roadside?"

Raymond Lewis looked confused, his eyes darting nervously. "What roadside? What omega pushed **you?! didn't** hire anyone, I'm only meeting you for the first time now, Luna."

Not him? My mind raced, trying to piece together the puzzle.

Who could it be? My wolf bristled with unease.

Could it be Cassandra Evans who hired them? I quickly dismissed the idea. Although Cassandra was a scheming she-wolf and disliked me, she didn't seem vicious enough to want me dead, not to the point of orchestrating a public assassination.

Then who? I pondered deeply.

Suddenly, a name surfaced in my mind: Frederick Warner, the exiled illegitimate son of William Rivers. **Connor** had told me about Frederick's connection with the Rivers Pack and had specifically warned me that Frederick might cause trouble for me to retaliate against Connor.

(Third person's POV)

Thinking of this, Olivia raised her eyes and looked at Raymond Lewis, his face bruised and swollen. "Are you Frederick Warner's man?" she asked coldly.

Raymond Lewis shook his head vehemently. "I don't know him, Luna Winters, please spare me, I will never dare again, I will immediately compensate Noah Pierce when I get back to my territory today, please let me go!"

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Olivia asked coldly, "Not Frederick Warner's man, then why did you ask me to come here and **bring s** thugs? How dare a minor rogue Alpha like you be so arrogant, controlling a mere human **factory? There must**

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<Chapter 92 Accusations a

be someone more powerful behind **you**. Tell me the name of **the Alpha** pulling your strings, and I can

1. **go**.

Raymond Lewis couldn't help **but** shudder. The Alpha behind him, Malcolm Wilson, had connections in both. legitimate pack businesses and the rogue underworld.

Even other Alphas on the street had to call him 'The Director'. The Northern Industrial Factory was **actually** Malcolm Wilson's, and Raymond was just a figurehead, a beta acting as the legal representative with no **real**

power.

He didn't dare expose The Director. Thinking of Malcolm Wilson's ruthless methods, Raymond Lewis broke out in a cold sweat, his wolf whimpering.

Raymond Lewis swallowed and replied, "I... I don't have anyone behind me, I just thought you were a lone she-wolf, new to Riverdale, and wanted to scare you."

Olivia narrowed her amber eyes, sizing up Raymond Lewis. Her keen lawyer's mind and wolf's intuition pondered how much of his words were true."

Raymond Lewis felt a chill in his heart, afraid that Olivia would call Connor's enforcers to beat him again. "Luna Winters, I'm kowtowing to you, please let me go!"

Olivia smiled insincerely, a chilling glint in her eyes. "I don't believe that a minor rogue Alpha like you has **the** guts to hire thugs to beat the opposing pack's lawyer in broad daylight. Since you're not willing to say, then I'll have to call the human police and the territory enforcers."

Raymond Lewis breathed a sigh of relief. He wasn't afraid of the human police; The Director had connections within the human law enforcement agencies.

At Rivers Pack Headquarters, Connor Rivers received a call from Marcus Shaw, his beta enforcer. His face turned gloomy as he listened.

In a short day, his Livvy had encountered two dangers and almost had a serious accident. Connor felt a burst of primal fear, his Alpha wolf snarling within him:

After hanging up the phone, he grabbed his coat and strode out.

Frank Langley, his senior beta assistant, hurriedly chased after him. "Alpha Connor, where are **you** going? There's a pack council meeting in ten minutes! Hey, Alpha?"

Olivia Winters returned to Moonlight Manor, Ethan Grey's guesthouse in Harbor City, as she still maintained a temporary residence there while her own apartment in Riverdale Terrace Apartments was being prepared. The most update novels are published on

The pack housekeeper, Martha Jenkins, a beta wolf, had prepared a table full of dishes that Olivia loved. Many of them were traditional werewolf comfort foods.

Martha Jenkins said with a warm smile, "Liv, you worked hard today, your wolf must be tired. Come and eat." Olivia picked up her chopsticks but didn't have much appetite. She was still thinking about the terrifying moment on the road today.

It was the first time she had been so close to death. A little bit more, and her wolf wouldn't have seen **the sun**

tomorrow.

Lost in thought, Connor Rivers arrived, his powerful Alpha presence filling the room.

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< Chapter 92: Accusations a

"Livvy, how are you?" Connor looked nervous and afraid, his wolf radiating protectiveness,

He quickly walked over, bent down, and placed his hands on Olivia's shoulders. He carefully looked her over with his intense ice-blue eyes.

Olivia came back to her senses. "Con, you know about it."

Connor hummed, his scent strong and reassuring, and pulled Olivia into his arms, holding her tightly. Just a little bit more, and he would have lost his mate-to-be.

"Con, I guess that the omega who pushed me on the road today was Frederick Warner's man. Besides Frederick, I can't think of anyone else who would do this."

The rogue wolf who hated her the most was, of course, Vanessa Reed. But Vanessa had already been arrested by the pack enforcers and was awaiting judgment.

The most suspicious person was Frederick Warner.

Connor's arms around Olivia tightened, his **dark** and deep ice-blue eyes revealing a sharp, cold light. His Alpha wolf was on high alert.

"I checked, Frederick Warner has indeed returned to the Northern Territory."

Olivia's body stiffened.

"Livvy, try to go out less in the future, work from home if possible."

"Is he... is Frederick Warner really that terrifying?"

Connor let go of Olivia, placed his hands on her shoulders, and gazed into her amber eyes. His expression was serious, his Alpha's protective instincts flaring.

"I don't dare to gamble, Livvy. Just thinking about how you almost had an accident today makes my heart stop with fear, my wolf howls at the thought, do you know? I value you more than my own life."

Connor's eyes were red at the corners.

"To deal with Frederick Warner, I have a one hundred percent certainty of winning. If his wolf is ruthless, mine can be even more ruthless. But he has no emotions, no weaknesses, you could even say that his wolf has *no* humanity. But I'm different, I have you."

"Livvy, I can't take you on an adventure."

The lights in the dining room were as bright as day, and the food on the table emitted an enticing aroma of roasted venison and herbs. The television in the living room was playing the evening news, the human anchor's voice faintly audible.

Olivia lowered her eyelashes, her eyes stinging, and she whispered, "Con, am I a burden to you, a weakness for your wolf?"

Connor's eyes turned red, and guilt welled up in his eyes, his Alpha wolf whining softly. "What are you saying, Livvy? It's my fault that you're being targeted by Vanessa Reed, that you're being watched by Frederick

Warner."

Olivia slowly shook her head. "You're not a burden to me, I've never thought that way."

"But I think that way, it's a fact." Connor sighed, his wolf calming slightly. "Can you please not go out for the next few days? I'll come and keep you company every day, my wolf will protect you."

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Chapter 92: Accusations a

Olivia nodded obediently. "Okay."

"By the way, Gon, can you help me investigate someone?"

"Who?"

"Raymond Lewis."

Connor's eyes flashed with a sharp, cold light, his Alpha wolf bristling. **"Is** that the rogue Alpha who hired thugs to teach you a lesson today?"

"Yes." Olivia nodded. "I have a feeling that he definitely has someone backing him, a more powerful Alpha. How could a minor rogue Alpha like him be so bold as to hire thugs to teach me a lesson, like a common rogue wolf?"

Connor said, "I've already sent my enforcers to investigate."

"Okay."

"Livvy, let's eat first, the food will get cold." Connor pulled out a chair and sat down next to Olivia.

"Okay, you eat with me."

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Whisper 164

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Chapter 93: The Alpha's Desires

Chapter 93: The Alpha's Desires

(Third person's POV)

Frederick Warner sat in the back seat of the sleek black sedan, his storm-gray eyes reflecting the passing streetlights of Harbor City. The leather interior carried the scent of expensive cologne and predatory

satisfaction.

Maxwell Cooper, his driver and beta werewolf bodyguard, glanced at the rearview mirror. His weathered hands gripped the steering wheel as he spoke carefully.

"Alpha Warner, are we still going back to Miss Sophia's villa tonight?"

Frederick's lips curved into a cold smile. Sophia, a beta werewolf originally from the Northern Territory, came from a well-off pack before becoming an international customized tour guide for wealthy werewolves and humans. She hadn't returned to the Northern Territory for two years after following Frederick to Blackmoor

Territory.

She was his most beloved mistress in Blackmoor Territory. This time she had also come to the Northern Territory with him, expecting his attention and affection.

Frederick leaned back against the plush seat, his wolf stirring with different desires. "No, Maxwell. I have other plans tonight."

His voice carried the dangerous edge of an Alpha accustomed to taking whatever he wanted. "Tell me about that pure young omega werewolf Samuel Blackwood presented to me upon our arrival in Riverdale."

Maxwell's jaw tightened slightly. He knew his Alpha's predatory nature all too well.

"The university student, Alpha? I believe her name was Lily or something similar."

Frederick's eyes gleamed with dark interest. "Yes, that one. Fresh, untouched, innocent. Much more appealing than familiar territory."

Maxwell hesitated, his beta instincts warning him to tread carefully. "Alpha Warner, you promised Miss Sophia dinner tonight. She's been preparing all afternoon."

Frederick waved his hand dismissively, his wolf clearly uninterested in old conquests. "Sophia can wait. Or better yet, she can learn that promises mean nothing when better opportunities arise."

His tone carried the casual cruelty of someone who viewed others as disposable entertainment. “The young omega, however, represents fresh possibilities.”

Maxwell, familiar with Frederick’s predatory nature and the futility of arguing, remained silent. He started the car, the engine purring to life as they drove away from Sophia’s villa.

The beta driver’s wolf whimpered quietly at the callousness, but survival meant obedience to his Alpha’s

desires.

At **the** villa, Sophia had prepared **a** romantic dinner with perfectly cooked venison steak, fresh roses arranged

in **crystal** vases, and bottles of expensive moonlight **wine** chilling in silver **buckets**.

The dining room glowed with candlelight, **creating** an intimate atmosphere she hoped **would rekindle**

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Chapter 93. The Alpha’s D.

Frederick’s interest. Her **wolf paced** anxiously as minutes turned **to hours**.

She checked her phone repeatedly, her heart sinking with each passing moment. **The** venison grew **cold, the wine lost** its chill, and the roses began **to wilt**.

Tears gathered in her eyes as disappointment replaced expectation. Her wolf whimpered in distress, sensing the rejection before her human mind fully accepted it.

Finally, she couldn’t bear the waiting any longer. With trembling fingers, she dialed Frederick’s number.

The phone connected after several rings. Instead of Frederick’s voice, she heard explicit sounds that **made**

her blood run cold.

Heavy breathing, feminine moans, and the unmistakable sounds of Frederick engaging in intimacy **with** another she–wolf filled her ears. Her heart shattered as she recognized his low growls of satisfaction:

“Frederick?” she whispered, her voice breaking.

“Ah, Sophia,” Frederick’s voice came through the phone, breathless but utterly callous. “I won’t be joining you for dinner tonight. I’ve found more... stimulating company.”

The sounds continued in the background, each moan from the other she-wolf like a dagger to Sophia’s heart. Her wolf howled silently in anguish.

“But you promised-” she began.

“Promises change,” Frederick interrupted coldly. “Surely you understand that by now.”

Sophia could no longer listen. Her hands shaking with heartbreak and rage, she slammed the phone down.

Tears streamed down her face as she stared at the romantic dinner she’d prepared with such hope. Her wolf curled up in devastation, feeling utterly abandoned and worthless.

Meanwhile, at Moonlight Manor, Olivia Winters sat at her laptop, working remotely on her legal cases. She had obediently followed Connor’s instructions to stay home, her amber eyes focused on the screen as she reviewed Noah Pierce’s arbitration documents.

The manor felt secure with Connor’s beta enforcers stationed around the property. Their presence provided comfort, though her wolf remained alert to potential dangers.

Connor arrived as evening fell, his powerful Alpha presence immediately filling the room. His ice-blue eyes scanned her face, checking for any signs of distress.

“Livvy, I have updates about Raymond Lewis,” he said, settling beside her on the couch.

Olivia looked up from her laptop, her attention fully focused on him. “What did you discover?” “Raymond Lewis’s backer is Samuel Blackwood,” Connor revealed, his voice grim. “He’s a local influential rogue Alpha with connections in both legitimate pack businesses and the rogue underworld.”

Olivia’s wolf bristled at the name. “Samuel Blackwood? I’ve heard whispers about him in legal circles.” Connor nodded, his expression darkening. “More concerning is that Samuel Blackwood met with Frederick Warner upon his return to the Northern Territory. They’re forming a dangerous alliance to counter me **and the Rivers Pack.**”

The implications sent a chill through Olivia’s wolf. Two powerful, ruthless Alphas working **together posed a** significant threat.

Chapter 93 The Alpha's D

"This suggests Frederick Warner is building a network of local criminals and rogues," Connor continued. "He's not just seeking personal revenge—he's planning something larger."

Olivia set aside her laptop, her amber eyes reflecting worry. "How dangerous is this alliance?"

Connor reached for her hand, his touch reassuring. "Frederick Warner poses no significant threat within the Northern Territory, Livvy. I have the Alpha power and pack resources to handle this situation."

His confidence was genuine, backed by years of leadership and strategic thinking. "The Rivers Pack has deep roots here, loyal allies, and legitimate authority. Frederick is an outsider with criminal connections—that makes him vulnerable."

Olivia nodded, though her wolf remained uneasy. "What should I do?"

Connor's protective instincts flared as he squeezed her hand. "Continue staying home, working remotely when possible. Trust no one you don't know personally."

His ice-blue eyes grew serious, his Alpha authority evident. "Livvy, recently, have there been any strange wolves or humans coming to the door?"

He had dispatched several of his most trusted beta enforcers to guard Moonlight Manor day and night to protect Olivia. If there were any suspicious individuals, his subordinates would report to him immediately, but he still wasn't at ease and wanted to ask personally.

Olivia shook her head. "No."

"Good. Don't trust any strangers, not even those claiming to be from my pack unless I verify them personally."

"I know, Con."

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Chapter 94. Escalating Th

Chapter 94: Escalating Threats

Chapter 94: Escalating Threats

(Cassandra's POV)

Inside the dimly lit and opulent Moonlit Lovers Suite at the Crescent Moon Hotel, the air was thick with **the** primal scent of wolf and desire. The sounds of panting and the scrape of skin against silk sheets intertwined

as Ethan Grey and I indulged in a desperate passion.

Ethan, drenched in sweat, his wolf Noah clawing at the edges of his control, closed his eyes and ecstatically

called out, "Livvy... Livvy..."

He was with me, but his mind, his very being, was consumed by Olivia Winters. He seemed to be using me **as** a surrogate, my body a vessel to channel his longing for Olivia, only tolerating my presence when I remained silent, allowing him to superimpose Olivia's image, her scent, her essence onto me.

His wolf, Noah, thrashed within, recognizing the wrongness of the act, the betrayal, yet Ethan's human despair overpowered its protests.

Though my wolf Zoe recoiled at being called another she-wolf's name during such an intimate act, I didn't care as long as I could be by Ethan Grey's side. I had been painstakingly trying to imitate Olivia Winters in every conceivable way, from my hairstyle and choice of clothing to even attempting to mimic the subtle floral scent Olivia favored.

All in a desperate bid to win back Ethan's affection, to reignite the mate bond he had once shared with me. Even though Ethan constantly lamented that he couldn't live without Olivia, he still succumbed to my advances, a bitter confirmation that Alphas, like human men, could separate physical desire from the deeper connection of a true mate bond.

"Ethan... Ethan... ah..." I breathed beneath him, my voice a feigned imitation of passion.

Just as Ethan was lost in the haze of desire, his wolf Noah clawing for release, he raised his hand and slapped me sharply across the face.

He couldn't bear my speaking; my voice, so unlike Olivia's melodic tones, shattered the fragile illusion he was desperately trying to maintain.

I suppressed a whimper, tears welling in my green–gold eyes, feeling the sting of humiliation but willing to endure anything as long as I could remain tethered to Ethan, hoping to rekindle the embers of our past.

(Olivia's POV)

Meanwhile, at Whisperbrook Gardens, I received a call from Jade Mitchell. Jade's voice was bright with excitement as she told me that Leah Pierce was scheduled to be discharged from Harbor City Memorial Hospital the next day.

She asked if I wanted to join her in picking Leah up.

However, I declined, explaining that I couldn't leave my residence due to some pressing pack matters, **not** wanting to reveal the full extent of the danger Frederick Warner posed.

"I understand, Olivia," Jade said respectfully. "Should I convey your well wishes to Leah? Do you bring a gift from you?"

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Chapter 94 Escalating Th

I approved, promising to transfer the money for a suitable present later, my wolf Cora purring with affection

for the young omega..

Later that evening, while reviewing case files, I received a call from my father, Richard **Winters, Alpha of the Winters Pack**. He invited me to Grace Winters' eighth birthday party at the Winters Family Estate **that weekend**, his voice softer than usual, hoping I could make time to attend.

Richard explained that Grace's mental state had been fragile since her kidnapping by Vanessa **Reed, and her** pack therapist advised that she needed the love and attention of her family, especially her older sister, **to aid**

her recovery.

However, I hesitated. Although my wolf Cora yearned to celebrate my little sister's birthday **and** offer comfort, I couldn't risk going out, fearing what Frederick Warner, the exiled and vengeful Alpha, might do if I **left** the protection of Connor Rivers' territory.

Richard pleaded with me, his voice strained, mentioning Grace's desperate need for her sister's presence **to** help her heal from the trauma.

"I....." I hesitated.

Grace's psychological wounds from the k*****g by Vanessa Reed hadn't fully healed; I knew my presence would significantly help my little sister's recovery. My wolf Cora whined in distress **at** the thought of my packling suffering.

But thinking of that dangerously unstable Alpha, Frederick Warner, and his relentless pursuit, I steeled myself and cruelly refused.

"I'm sorry, Dad, I really can't get away on Saturday."

A sigh, heavy with disappointment, came from the other end. "Hey, okay."

Richard hung up the phone. I stood before the floor-to-ceiling windows of my apartment in Whisperbrook Gardens, my reflection showing a solitary, melancholic figure, **the** city lights blurring through unshed tears. On Saturday morning, the insistent ringing of the telephone shattered my restless sleep. It was Agnes Turner, the Winters Pack's long-serving beta housekeeper, her voice frantic with alarming news.

"It's not good, Liv, something terrible has happened to your father, Alpha Richard!"

My heart leaped into my throat, my wolf Cora instantly alert with dread.

"Aggie, what happened?"

"Alpha Richard... at little Gracie's birthday party... he suddenly lost his footing and fell down the stairs. He's

the healers are with him!"

being treated at Moonlight Memorial Hospital *no*

I scrambled out of bed, my mind a vortex of turmoil, my wolf urging me to rush to my Alpha's side.

At Moonlight Memorial Hospital, in the corridor outside the emergency treatment rooms, I found Natalie Winters, my stepmother, in tears. Natalie related how Richard Winters had stepped into the stairwell, likely to shift and relieve some stress or take a private call, and was later found unconscious and bleeding at **the** foot of the stairs, his wolf form battered.

I, filled with a cold, consuming anxiety, questioned the circumstances, my lawyer's mind and my wolf's instincts screaming that something was profoundly amiss.

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Natalie's tearful words confirmed my darkest suspicion. It was Frederick Warner. It had to be Frederick

Warner!

That maniacal Alpha, unable to directly strike at the Rivers Pack and unable to lure me out, was now targeting those closest to me, his purpose to forcibly draw me into the open.

I was so consumed by rage that my lips trembled uncontrollably, the fury in my heart blazing to its peak. Why, why did Frederick Warner relentlessly hurt my family, my pack?

First Grace, now my father, my Alpha. I clenched my fists so tightly that my nails, which could extend into claws, sank deeply into my flesh, drawing blood.

At this moment, my rationality, the calm demeanor of a lawyer who studied and upheld pack law, was incinerated by pure, unadulterated rage. As a werewolf, as a daughter, as a future Luna, I now wanted only one thing: to hunt down and kill Frederick Warner.

Frederick Warner. I have marked your scent, my wolf Cora snarled silently within me.

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Whisper 166

Chapter 95 Fractured Alli..

Chapter 95: Fractured Alliances and Desperate Measures

Chapter 95: Fractured Alliances and Desperate Measures

(Richard Winters' POV)

The sterile scent of wolfsbane-free disinfectant filled my nostrils as I lay in the hospital bed, my body aching from the “fall” down the stairs. The pain was manageable, but the humiliation burned deeper than any physical wound.

Two imposing Rivers pack enforcers stood guard outside my private room like silent sentinels. Their presence was both reassuring and insulting—I needed protection in my own territory.

The door opened, and Natalie entered carrying a thermal container. Her amber eyes widened when she saw the guards.

“Who are you?” she questioned, her Luna instincts immediately alert.

Olivia appeared in the doorway behind her. “Luna Natalie, my father’s fall... I don’t think it was an accident. These two enforcers were sent by Alpha Connor to protect him.”

Natalie’s brow furrowed, her wolf sensing the gravity of the situation. “Liv, what do you mean?”

Olivia led her inside, closing the door behind them. For the next ten minutes, my daughter explained the escalating threat from Frederick Warner, William Rivers’ illegitimate son who had returned seeking

vengeance.

Natalie’s face grew pale as the implications sank in. “So now it’s William’s illegitimate son, Frederick, who harmed your father to force you to appear?”

Olivia nodded solemnly. “He’s targeting my family to draw me out.”

Natalie’s maternal instincts flared as she looked between us. “Liv, this is incredibly dangerous for you.”

“You need to be cautious too,” Olivia urged. “Always have pack guards when going out. And Grace should stay home from school for now. The rogues who kidnapped her before were Frederick’s operatives.”

The mention of my youngest daughter made my wolf snarl with protective rage. That innocent pup had already suffered enough trauma.

Natalie decided immediately. "I'll hire a private tutor for Grace."

"Thoroughly vet their background," Olivia warned. "Frederick might send an imposter to infiltrate our home and take you and Grace hostage."

"I'll rehire the tutor we used before," Natalie agreed. "Someone we trust completely."

Olivia's expression softened slightly. "Thank you. How is Grace handling everything?"

"I haven't told her about your father's accident," Natalie explained. "Only that he had to leave on urgent pack

business."

"I'll ask Connor to select highly skilled Rivers pack enforcers to protect you and Grace," Olivia promised. Natalie accepted gratefully, though I could see the strain in her eyes.

(Olivia Winters' POV)

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Chapter 95 Fractured Alli

In the afternoon, Connor finally arrived after concluding his pressing pack duties, Natalie sat by Dad's bedside, gently helping him sip healing broth.

I had my laptop and case files spread on the small round table, working on pack legal matters while **keeping**

my father company.

Connor pushed the door open, and Frank Langley placed several large bags of expensive healing herbs, nutrient-rich foods, and fruit baskets on the floor.

"I apologize for not coming immediately after the incident," Connor said. "I was investigating the **assailant**. Newest update provided by

I looked up from my computer, my amber eyes sharp. "Have you found the one responsible?"

"The attacker has been identified and turned over to the territory enforcers," Connor confirmed. "But Frederick Warner managed to distance himself from the direct act. Only the hired rogue will face pack justice for now."

My expression darkened. Frederick was too cunning to be caught so easily.

Connor turned to Dad on the hospital bed, his tone apologetic. "Alpha Richard, I am deeply sorry you *were* caught in this. The fault lies with my pack's history with Frederick."

Dad's voice was raspy but firm. "With the Rivers Pack's power and influence, can you truly **do** nothing about Frederick? Must we let him continue to endanger our packs?"

"I apologize again," Connor said. "While my wolf's instincts scream Frederick's guilt, there's no concrete evidence linking him to this specific assault. Without it, the territory enforcers can't formally act against an Alpha of another territory."

Dad retorted sharply. "Sometimes pack justice requires methods beyond formal laws. To subdue a venomous wolf, one must be more cunning. Why do you need evidence if you're not an enforcer?"

Connor lowered his eyes, acknowledging the truth. "Frederick has only recently returned to our territories. His movements are clandestine, and several attempts to track him down have failed."

Dad seemed deeply dissatisfied and silently continued sipping his broth.

After Connor briefed us on the captured rogue, he left behind a bank card containing a significant sum. "This is a small token of my concern, please accept it."

Dad was visibly displeased. "Don't waste time on these meaningless gestures. Capturing Frederick Warner swiftly is more important than anything."

Connor showed deference for my sake, his demeanor impeccable. "That is, of course, my priority."

Before Connor left, I put away my laptop and said in a low voice, "Con, I'll go with you."

Dad's gaze swept over me coldly, his face darkening.

I sighed. "Dad, their purpose in harming you is to force me to appear. Only if I show myself will you, Luna Natalie, and Grace be safe."

Natalie was stunned. "Liv, we have enforcers protecting us now. But you must be incredibly careful!" Dad snorted coldly, his Alpha dominance flaring. "**If** our family is targeted for death because of an alliance with *your* Rivers Pack, then this mating bond doesn't need to be finalized."

My heart sank heavily, a chill spreading through me as if plunged into an ice cave. I knew Dad was serious.

Chapter 95. Fractured Alli

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What made me most powerless was my lack of standing to object. It was my sister **and father who were** harmed, not me. I couldn't selfishly let my family be repeatedly endangered for my own happiness.

"Dad." My voice was hoarse. "I'll talk to Alpha Connor properly."

"You should have a thorough discussion," Dad said in a deep voice.

In the Moonlight Memorial Hospital parking lot, the interior of Connor's luxury Cullinan SUV was warm. Connor took off his coat, revealing a black shirt and tie beneath—the attire of a powerful Alpha who had rushed over from Rivers Pack headquarters.

"Con." I called out. "Let's talk."

Connor lowered his eyes, concealing the emotions swirling within his ice-blue depths. "What do you want to

talk about?"

I felt a pang in my heart. I couldn't bring myself to say the words, but my family had been hurt repeatedly. I couldn't selfishly prioritize my love and happiness.

Grace was kidnapped, my father attacked and injured today. What about tomorrow? Would it be Natalie, or myself?

A long silence filled the car, the air growing stuffy from the heating. Connor tugged at his tie and lowered the car window halfway.

The cold wind poured in, instantly refreshing.

I cautiously began, "What my dad meant, you just..."

Before I could finish my sentence, Connor slammed his foot on the accelerator. I lurched forward, swallowing the rest of my words.

I pursed my lips and silently fastened my seatbelt. Connor's wolf was clearly agitated; he drove with aggressive speed.

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Chapter 96. Night Pursuit

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Whisper 167

Chapter 96: Night Pursuit and Deadly Hunt

Chapter 96: Night Pursuit and Deadly Hunt

(Olivia's POV)

The black Bugatti sped along the Northern Territory rural highway, the scenery outside the window receding rapidly. My heart was tightly drawn, my face pale as I gripped the seat belt, my amber eyes wide with **fear**.

“Con, Alpha Connor, slow down.”

The speedometer needle quivered at dangerous speeds. My wolf Cora whimpered inside me, sensing **the** reckless pace.

Connor Rivers sat rigid behind the wheel, his jaw tense and the lines of his profile hard. He showed obvious signs of being in a bad mood as he stared ahead, his wolf's instincts on high alert.

His knuckles were white against the steering wheel. The muscles in his forearms strained beneath his rolled-up sleeves.

Despite not responding directly, Connor gradually decreased his speed, easing my anxiety. The car's engine

settled into a steadier rumble.

Gazing out the window, I noticed the unfamiliar surroundings. We weren't heading towards Whisperbrook

Gardens or the Rivers Pack Mansion.

My wolf grew uneasy, sensing something amiss. The landscape looked wrong, too rural, too isolated.

“Con, where are we going?” I asked, my voice tight with concern.

Connor’s ice-blue eyes remained fixed on the road ahead. His jaw worked silently for a moment before he

answered.

“Whisperbrook Gardens has been compromised. It’s no longer safe for you,” he replied with a cold voice that made my heart sink.

The words hit me like a physical blow. My safe haven, my sanctuary, was no longer mine.

“I’m taking you to a manor outside the city to lie low for a few days,” Connor continued, his tone clipped and professional. “I’ll come pick you up later, after I’ve dealt with things.”

pressed him about the distance, worry creeping into my voice. “How far is it?”

“It’s not far,” he assured me curtly. His response felt rehearsed, automatic.

“Someone will be waiting ahead to escort you. The car will be filled with professional Rivers pack enforcers for your protection.”

Concerned, I immediately questioned his plans. The separation felt wrong, dangerous.

“What about you? What are you going to do?”

Connor dismissed my worries with a wave of his hand. “Don’t worry about me, Livvy.”

But I could see the tension in his shoulders. His wolf was as agitated as mine.

The car continued its journey through increasingly desolate terrain. Gradually, the city’s towering buildings

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Chapter 96 **Night Pursuit**

gave way to smaller houses and empty landscapes.

The road was flanked by lush greenery, **offering** a refreshing view. But my wolf **remained** on **edge**, **hackles raised** in warning.

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Something felt wrong. The speed, the tension radiating from Connor—**it all made my instincts** scream danger.

Trees blurred past the windows in dark streaks. The road stretched endlessly ahead, swallowed **by** shadows. Connor informed me that we would soon be stopping. “A little further ahead, you’ll get out of the **car with** them, Livvy.”

His voice carried finality that made my stomach clench. This felt like goodbye.

I glanced back through the rear window, puzzled by the absence of our usual security detail. The **road** behind us was empty, no protective convoy in sight.

“Aren’t we supposed to have bodyguards with us? I thought we always did.”

Connor’s expression darkened further. His grip on the steering wheel tightened until his knuckles cracked.

“I noticed someone tailing us after leaving the hospital,” he explained in a deep voice that made my stomach clench. “I sped up to lose them.”

The revelation sent ice through my veins. We were being hunted.

“The bodyguards were likely left behind during the pursuit.”

I felt a knot tighten in my stomach, my wolf sensing imminent danger. The isolation suddenly felt like a trap.

“Will you be in danger when you go back then?”

Connor’s jaw worked silently. His wolf was fighting for control beneath the surface.

Just then, Connor’s cell phone vibrated against the dashboard. The sound cut through the tension like a

knife.

With the car slowing, he answered the call with one hand. His voice was strained when he spoke. Official source is

On the other end, a Rivers pack enforcer spoke urgently. “Alpha Connor, where are you and Luna—to-be Olivia? We lost you.”

The panic in the enforcer's voice made my blood run cold. Even his own pack couldn't find us.

Connor began *to* respond, his voice tight. "I'm at-"

Before he could finish, a loud "Bang!" echoed through the night air. The sound of metal striking metal rang out as a bullet struck the car.

My heart stopped. The world seemed to slow as terror flooded through me.

Simultaneously, a black Aston Martin appeared in the rearview mirror like a predator emerging from the shadows. Its headlights cut through the darkness behind us.

Connor swerved sharply, his Alpha reflexes kicking in. The car lurched violently to the left.

He narrowly avoided a shot aimed at the tires. The bullet hit the car body instead, **the** impact reverberating through the frame.

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20 Night Pursuit

I instinctively cried out, my voice high with fear. "Connor!"

Connor pushed me down with one powerful arm, his body shielding mine. "Livvy, watch out!"

As **Connor** pushed me down, a bullet grazed above my head. The air displacement from the projectile ruffled my hair.

I would have died if not for his quick action. The bullet plerced the passenger seat and struck the windshield, creating a spider web of cracks.

The sound of shattering glass filled the car. Cold wind rushed through the hole, carrying the scent of gunpowder and danger.

Despite Connor's car being equipped with bulletproof glass, the attacker was using an M82A1 Heavy Sniper Rifle. The military-grade weapon rendered our protection useless.

I huddled in the footwell, trembling with fear. My wolf whimpered inside me, recognizing the scent of death.

I'd narrowly escaped death yet again. The reality of it crashed over me like a wave.

At that moment, I fully grasped Frederick Warner's murderous intent. He was a complete madman to use heavy weaponry so openly in Northern Territory.

"He's trying to kill us," I whispered, my voice barely audible over the wind.

(Connor's POV)

Faced with the sudden emergency, I remained calm, my Alpha presence filling the car. Every instinct screamed at me to protect my mate.

"They came prepared," I said, my voice low and urgent. The weight of the situation settled on my shoulders

like lead.

"Livvy, stay down."

Regret flooded through me like poison. My carelessness had put Olivia in danger again.

My brow furrowed, my ice-blue eyes filled with fury. The rage built inside me, my wolf howling for blood.

I should have anticipated this. I should have brought more protection.

I accelerated, the engine roaring as I pushed it to its limits. The car surged forward with desperate speed.

I expertly maneuvered the car to avoid another shot aimed at the driver's seat. The bullet whistled past my window, missing by inches.

A third shot struck the rearview mirror, shattering it into a thousand pieces. Glass rained down on the

dashboard.

Olivia was thrown about by my evasive maneuvers, hitting her head against the door. I heard her sharp intake

of breath.

"I'm sorry, Livvy. Hold on tight."

Behind us, two cars were in pursuit like wolves hunting prey. The black Aston Martin and a black Porsche 918 followed relentlessly.

The passenger in the Porsche 918 was wielding the M82A1 Heavy Sniper Rifle. I could see the barrel protruding from the window.

unapter 96: Night Pursuit.

I slowed slightly, calculating my next move. The Aston Martin pulled alongside us, its driver's **face masked in** shadow.

I suddenly raised my Shadowfang pistol with my right hand while steering with my left. My aim was **steady** despite the speed.

I fired three rapid shots, striking the driver of the Aston Martin. The bullets found their mark through the side window.

The car veered wildly, its driver slumping over the wheel. It crashed into the guardrail with a thunderous impact, metal screaming against metal.

Sparks flew as the vehicle ground along the barrier before finally coming to rest. Steam rose from the crumpled hood.

The Porsche 918 driver slowed down, startled by his partner's fate. I seized the opportunity like a predator striking.

I fired several shots from my Shadowfang at the pursuing vehicle. The bullets shattered the windshield in a cascade of glass.

The shots found their mark. The Porsche lost control, swerving wildly across the road.

It plunged off the cliff, disappearing into the darkness below. The sound of impact echoed from the ravine.

Olivia remained huddled in the footwell, unaware of the c*****e outside. She only heard the sounds of

crashes and breaking glass.

Her wolf sensed the shift in the fight. The immediate danger had passed.

Finally free from pursuit, I accelerated again. My heart pounded as adrenaline coursed through my veins.

After confirming we were safe, I allowed myself to relax slightly. "Okay, Livvy, you can get up now."

Olivia slowly sat up, her face white with lingering fear. Her amber eyes were wide with shock.

I slowed the car to a reasonable speed, glanced at her, and she seemed terrified. Guilt crashed over me like a

wave.

“Was that Frederick Warner himself?” Olivia asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

I shook my head, my jaw still clenched with rage. “He probably wouldn’t get his hands dirty just yet.”

The coward preferred to send others to do his killing. It was the way of exiled wolves.

“The one with the gun was likely Victor Frost, a mercenary sniper he brought from Blackmoor Territory,” I explained, my voice hard with anger.

“Someone who can handle that kind of weapon.”

Olivia remained shaken, her body covered in cold sweat. Her wolf was still trembling inside her.

“He really is a madman,” she whispered, her voice hollow with realization.

I felt guilt crushing down on me, heavier than any physical weight. “I’m sorry, Livvy. Because of me, you’ve been put in danger again.”

The words tasted bitter in my mouth. Every time I tried to protect her, she ended up in more danger.

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Perhaps, I should seriously consider what Richard Winters had said...

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Whisper 168

Chapter 97 Severing Ties

Chapter 97: Severing Ties for Protection

Chapter 97: Severing Ties for Protection

The television in the living room of the Rivers Pack Mansion broadcasted breaking news with urgent tones. “This afternoon, a serious vehicle collision occurred in the Moonwood County area, within our territory. We **are** now connecting live with our reporter on the scene for the latest updates.”

The footage showed a mangled black Porsche 918 twisted beyond recognition. A rescue team worked **frantically** to recover a vehicle that had plummeted off the cliff into the ravine below.

Inside the Rivers Pack Mansion, Elder Rivers sat in his high-backed leather chair, his ancient wölf eyes fixed on the news report. Gerald Rivers was Connor’s grandfather and the most senior and respected elder **of the** Rivers pack.

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His weathered face remained impassive as he watched the wreckage of the Porsche displayed on screen. The ongoing efforts to retrieve the Aston Martin from the ravine played out in real time.

The Silver Patriarch’s jaw tightened as he processed the implications of what he was seeing.

(Connor’s POV)

I arrived home, my wolf form still subtly present in my heightened senses. The faint scent of pine and ozone clung to my clothes from the earlier confrontation.

I casually tossed my car keys onto the polished mahogany table. The metallic clink echoed in the silent

room.

Elder Rivers immediately turned his piercing, wolf-like gaze upon me. His voice was a low growl as he questioned me about the car accident.

“Was this Frederick Warner’s doing?” he asked, his tone sharp with suspicion.

I confirmed his suspicion with a grim nod. “Yes, Grandfather. The attack was indeed Frederick’s orchestration.”

The memory of Olivia’s terrified face flashed through my mind. My jaw tightened involuntarily.

“And Richard Winters’ fall?” Elder Rivers inquired, his voice carrying the weight **of** pack authority.

“That was Frederick as well,” I confirmed. The admission tasted bitter on my tongue. The source of this content is

A pack servant, a young beta with respectful, downcast eyes, brought in a tray. The decanter held rich, dark red wine that caught the lamplight.

I took a slow, deliberate sip, the liquid doing nothing to ease the tension in my chest. My wolf paced restlessly within me.

Elder Rivers stated firmly, his voice carrying the weight of an Alpha’s command. “You must sever your mating arrangement with Olivia Winters.

The words hit me like a physical blow. My hand tightened around the wine glass.

“Frederick cannot directly harm you without risking open war,” he continued with cold certainty. “**So he targets** Olivia instead.”

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Chapter 97 Severing Ties

The Silver Patriarch’s ancient eyes held **no** warmth as he **spoke**. **Since you** and **Olivia only** have a verbal pack alliance agreement, severing ties would be simpler.”

The Winters Pack could be compensated with territory or resources,” he added **pragmatically**.

A visceral pain, sharp as a silver blade, lanced through me at his words. My wolf howled in **protest** within my chest.

“How can I possibly sever my bond with Olivia?” I questioned, my voice rough with emotion.

Elder Rivers observed me, his ancient wolf eyes recognizing something he hadn’t fully anticipated. The depth of my feelings was written across my face.

“I acknowledge your emotional turmoil,” he said, his tone slightly softer. “But the separation is necessary **to** protect Olivia from Frederick Warner’s known ruthlessness.”

He leaned forward, his voice gaining intensity. “Remember Richard Winters’ recent ‘accident’ and the potential danger to the entire Winters Pack.”

“Olivia’s life could be forfeit if she remains tied to you,” he stated bluntly. “And by extension, tied to the Rivers

Pack.”

The Silver Patriarch’s next words cut deep. “Richard Winters was fortunate this time, he was rescued. But **if** his wolf hadn’t pulled through, do you think Olivia Winters would ever forgive you or the Rivers Pack?”

My chest constricted at the thought. The image of Olivia’s amber eyes filled with hatred made my wolf

whimper.

“Today’s car ambush was Frederick Warner’s challenge to you, Con,” he continued relentlessly. “If you truly care for her, you must protect her.”

“You cannot let her be killed because of your bond,” he finished with finality.

Elder Rivers argued that Frederick Warner would believe the severing because of my status. “As a powerful Alpha heir, you wouldn’t be perceived as overly sentimental or devoted.”

I asked for time to consider, the weight of the decision pressing down on me. My own wolf howled in protest

within my chest.

“The Winters Pack cannot afford to wait,” Elder Rivers stressed urgently. His voice carried the low growl of

authority.

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The Silver Patriarch leaned back in his chair. “Once Frederick is dealt with neutralized or eliminated – you could attempt to rekindle the alliance with Olivia.”

My heart clenched at his words. The uncertainty was almost unbearable.

“What if Cora no longer wants Adam by then?” I voiced, my own wolf’s name escaping in my distress.

Elder Rivers advised me to be decisive and make the severing convincing. “Frederick Warner must be thoroughly deceived by your performance.”

He offered an alternative that made my pulse quicken. “You could explain the dire situation to Olivia Winters and ask her **to** pretend to sever ties.”

“Provided her wolf, Cora, could maintain the **act** convincingly,” he added with skepticism.

But I knew Olivia’s inherent honesty too well. The transparency of her amber eyes would betray **any**

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< Chapter 97. Severing Ties...

deception.

Her wolf **Cora** would not be able to successfully perform such an elaborate charade. The thought **of** asking her to lie went against everything I knew about her character.

Elder Rivers concluded by stating his plan with cold efficiency. “I will return to Riverdale to formally break off the engagement with the Winters Pack.”

His ancient eyes fixed on mine with unwavering intensity. “I demand an answer from *you* by tomorrow.”

“We will both visit Richard Winters in Harbor City Memorial Hospital,” he continued. “To apologize for the danger the Rivers Pack has brought upon them.”

The finality in his voice left no room for argument. My wolf thrashed against the constraints of my human

form.

I closed my eyes, my chest heaving with the effort to contain my emotions. My wolf paced restlessly within, as if desperately enduring an unbearable pressure.

The weight of choosing between Olivia’s safety and our bond threatened to crush me entirely.

Knowing I needed time alone to wrestle with my wolf and my heart, Elder Rivers left me. His footsteps echoed down the hallway until silence consumed the room.

The grand hall of the Rivers Pack Mansion was deserted and eerily quiet. The heavy oak doors and arched windows were tightly closed, sealing out even a whisper of the night breeze.

The air within grew stuffy, thick with unspoken grief and the scent of old power, making it difficult to breathe.

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Whisper 169

Chapter 98: Severing Bonds

Chapter 98: Severing Bonds

(Connor Rivers' POV)

The Moonlight Haven was silent, the stillness broken only by the sharp, distinct vibration of a phone. I **picked** up my phone, my ice-blue eyes darkening as I saw Olivia's name on the caller ID.

I answered, my voice hoarse. "Livvy."

On the other end, Olivia heard my raw voice and asked with concern if I had encountered any danger on my journey back to Riverdale. Her amber eyes would be filled with worry, I knew.

I denied it, my voice flat. "No danger."

The lie tasted bitter on my tongue. My wolf Adam paced restlessly within me, protesting the deception. Olivia then reported her safe arrival at Moonlight Haven, assuring me she faced no danger. She mentioned that Evelyn Foster, the beta werewolf caretaker assigned to her, was kind and considerate.

She emphasized that everything was fine, stopping short of expressing how much she missed me. I could hear the restraint in her voice, the careful control.

She knew this wasn't the time for sentimental declarations. I had critical alpha duties to attend **to, and** her

role was to trust me and remain secure.

responded with a noncommittal "Mm." The single syllable felt like swallowing glass.

Olivia sensed my unusual coldness. She assumed I was still processing the violent attack on the rural

highway.

Hesitantly, she said she would hang up to let me focus on my pack business. Her voice carried that gentle understanding that made my chest ache.

I looked up at the bright sunlight, my eyes feeling hollow and empty. As if summoning all my strength, my eyes bloodshot, I said, word by painstaking word: "Livvy, let's sever our pre-mating bond."

I had made my decision. Elder Rivers was right; the Winters Pack were primarily involved in legitimate human businesses and couldn't withstand Frederick Warner's ruthless, violent methods.

The longer I delayed, the more danger the Winters Pack would face. My wolf howled in agony within me. Olivia was stunned, clutching her phone. Words failed her as tears began to fall uncontrollably. After a long, agonizing silence, Olivia asked, her lip trembling, her voice choked with sobs, if this was because I feared implicating her in the conflict with Frederick Warner.

I denied it, forcing steel into my voice. "No."

I stated that I suddenly found our arrangement meaningless. The words felt like poison on my tongue.

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I claimed I had initially pursued the bond with her because I thought Cora would be a suitable Luna for **Adam**. Only a she-wolf with Rivers Pack.

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But now, I said, I had realized my true desires. Each word was a dagger to my own heart.

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Chapter 98 Severing Bonds

I closed my eyes, suppressing the crushing ache **in my heart, and forced out the words with** difficulty **loans hadn't had enough freedom yet** and didn't want **to be bound to only one mate for** the rest of my life

Therefore, we should sever our bond, and she should forget me. I finished by **saying** I was **sorry, that** I had let

her down.

The silence that followed was deafening. Then I heard the soft click of the call ending.

(Olivia Winters' POV)

The Moonlight Haven was a two-story manor with a small, well-tended garden. From my bedroom window, I could see the garden below.

In the depths of winter, it was a scene of stark decline, as desolate as my own heart. I curled up on the bed, hugging the quilt and crying silently.

More than an hour had passed since I ended the call with Connor, and my tears hadn't stopped. I wondered how one person could produce so many tears, as if they were an endless, sorrowful river.

I didn't believe Connor's reason for severing the bond was that he hadn't "had enough fun." Adam wasn't **that**

kind of wolf.

It had to be because of Frederick Warner. He didn't want Frederick to hurt me or my pack, so he was desperately trying to push me away.

But his words had been incredibly hurtful, and Cora couldn't remain indifferent. She didn't want to cry, but she couldn't control the tears.

Winter days grew dark early, and by a little after six in the afternoon, dusk had already settled. A knock sounded on the door.

Evelyn Foster, the beta caretaker, stood outside and called softly: "Miss Winters, dinner is ready."

I sniffled, my voice slightly hoarse. "Aunt Foster, I'm not eating."

Perhaps Evelyn didn't hear me and knocked on the door twice more. "Miss Winters, are you asleep?"

I wiped away my tears, got out of bed, tidied my honey-brown hair and clothes, and went to open the door. "Aunt Foster, I don't have an appetite tonight, you eat."

Evelyn saw my red and swollen amber eyes, her expression changing with **concern**. "Miss Winters, what's wrong?"

I gently shook my head, my voice heavy with a nasal tone. "I'm fine."

Evelyn was worried and asked if she needed to contact Alpha Connor. The mention of his name made my chest tighten painfully.

Evelyn Foster was also unintentionally insensitive. I tugged at my lips, squeezed out a smile that was worse than crying, and pretended to be strong.

"I'm really fine, maybe it's just that I'm not used to being here yet, and I couldn't help but cry because I was worried about my father's injury, don't worry about me."

Evelyn didn't know about Richard Winters' injury and hospitalization. Hearing me say this, she didn't ask **any** more questions.

She only said: "It's good that you're okay, you scared me, I thought something had happened to you. Alpha

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Chapter 98: Severing Roads

Connor specifically told me that you can always contact him if anything happens, even things like not liking **the** food or not sleeping well."

I was slightly dazed. "He really said that?"

Evelyn had a motherly smile on her face. "Yes, Miss Winters, it's obvious that Alpha Connor cares about you

very much."

I was silent. The irony of her words cut deep.

Evelyn continued: "Then you rest first, if you're hungry later, just call me anytime, and I'll make you something

to eat."

"No need to trouble yourself, I won't eat anything tonight, go and rest when you're done," I replied.

Evelyn looked a little embarrassed. "Alpha Connor instructed me to take good care of you, I live in the room diagonally opposite yours, just knock on the door if you need anything."

"Okay."

(Frederick Warner's POV)

Inside Crimson Manor, one of my villas in the Harbor City outskirts, I sat on the sofa, my hands resting on the back, long legs crossed, appearing leisurely.

Hooked relaxed and casual, but my eyes flashed with a dangerous light. I gritted my teeth and said: "Are you saying that the three of you couldn't beat Connor Rivers who was with a she-wolf?"

The beta werewolf kneeling on the ground, Ethan Parker, still had gauze wrapped around his head and arms. This was the assassin who drove the Mercenary's Black Aston Martin to chase Connor on the rural highway

that afternoon.

He was shot in the right arm by Connor's Shadowfang, and he also suffered a serious head injury after the car hit the guardrail, causing him to fall into a coma.

After being rescued by an ambulance and waking up, he didn't care about his injuries, pulled out the IV tube, and rushed to my villa to report.

Ethan Parker's face was pale, whether from his injuries or from fear. He trembled slightly and replied: "Yes..."

yes..."

"Have those two wastes, Jared Hunter and Aaron, been found yet?" I narrowed my eyes, a murderous glint flashing within.

At this time, Maxwell Cooper, my personal assistant, leaned over and whispered in my ear: "Brother Frederick, I just received a call. The human police have found the bodies of Jared Hunter and Aaron."

Jared Hunter was the mercenary sniper who fired the M82A1 Heavy Sniper Rifle that afternoon, a national of "Nation A." Aaron was a beta, one of Maxwell's subordinates.

They were both in the Mercenary's Black Porsche 918. After the Porsche crashed through the guardrail and fell off the cliff, they had almost no chance of survival.

However, Jared Hunter was still holding the M82A1 Heavy Sniper Rifle when he fell. In other words, the weapon was now in police hands.

This was troublesome. My eyes were sharp, as cold as a silver blade.

Chapter 98: Severing Bonds

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I raised my foot and kicked Ethan Parker in front of me, not caring how badly he was injured. “That’s none of your business, get out!”

(Olivia Winters’ POV)

That night, I received a call from my best friend, Lily. “Liv, New Year’s Eve is coming up in a few days, do you

have any plans?”

Hearing this, I subconsciously looked at the calendar on my phone; it was December 28th already. “No.”

Because I had been crying for a long time in the afternoon, my voice was a little hoarse.

Lily was shocked. “Liv, what’s wrong with you? Why is your voice so hoarse?”

“I’m fine, just a little cold.”

“Oh, oh.” Lily didn’t doubt it. “So what are your plans for New Year’s Eve? Are you going to spend it with your Alpha Connor or with me and Rebecca?”

Mentioning Connor Rivers, I couldn’t help but want to cry again. “He and I...”

“Huh? What’s wrong with you and him?”

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Whisper 170

Chapter 99 The Unravelin...

Chapter 99: The Unraveling Bond

Chapter 99: The Unraveling Bond

(Olivia's POV)

The lights in the Moonlight Haven guest suite were as bright as day, and snowflakes were falling **outside the** window, fluttering silently. I sat on the bed, phone pressed to my ear, my amber eyes downcast, staring **at my** toes.

"I... I'm having a fight with him..." I admitted, my voice barely a whisper.

I was reluctant to say the words 'severed bond'. In my heart, Connor and I were merely having a fight.

Lily's voice brightened on the other end. "Hey, I thought something serious happened. So, it's just a fight. It's normal for mates to argue."

She paused, and I could practically hear her scheming. "I'll ask my brother to get Alpha Connor out for New Year's Eve. We can all hang out together and create an opportunity for you two to be alone."

Her tone turned playful. "There's no conflict that a hug and a kiss can't solve."

Lily paused, then giggled suggestively. "If there is, then mark each other, mark each other deeply! All the conflicts will be resolved, hee hee hee."

Though I was aware of Lily's unrestrained personality, I couldn't help but blush at her shameless words. My wolf Cora stirred restlessly, feeling a strange mix of embarrassment and longing at her unbridled words.

I was speechless. Lily, as always, was so uninhibited, speaking without any measure.

"Don't be embarrassed, Liv. Alphas like that. You can't reason with them. They prefer simple and crude methods."

I listened to Lily's relationship advice for over ten minutes, my mind filled with R-rated scenes. I really

shouldn't have told Lily about Connor and me.

That night, I suffered from insomnia. I tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep.

I decided to carefully review everything that had happened recently in my mind. I came to the conclusion that

Connor must have been afraid that Frederick Warner would harm the Winters Pack again, which was why he brought up severing our pre-mating bond.

I thought that once Connor dealt with Frederick's matter, we would reconcile. I could pretend not to know

anything and act like Connor and I were not familiar in public, but we could still contact each other privately

I considered calling Connor to talk. I really missed him and wanted to hear his voice.

However, I glanced at the time and saw that it was already 2:30 AM. I decided against **it**, thinking that **Connor**

had been busy and tired recently, and that I shouldn't disturb his rest.

I would call him tomorrow. With that thought, I sent **a** text message to Lily.

[Lil, don't ask Connor out for New Year's Eve. Things are a bit complicated between us. I'll tell **you about it in**

detail next time we meet. It's not convenient **for us to** meet right now.)

(Third person's POV)

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Chapter 99. The Unravelin...

Early the next morning, Connor Rivers told Elder Rivers **that** he had severed his pre-mating bond with **Olivia Winters**. **The** Elder Rivers **sent** pack members **to** prepare generous gifts, calling on William **Rivers and his mate** Katherine Rivers, and Connor Rivers to go to the Harbor City Memorial Hospital to **apologize to Richard** Winters.

In Richard Winters' hospital ward at Harbor City Memorial Hospital, the Rivers Pack's **servants neatly** arranged the expensive gifts, nutritional supplements, and fruit baskets they had brought, **then quietly** withdrew from the room.

Richard's bedside was crowded with people. Except for Eleanor Rivers, who was unable to go **out due to a** cold, the entire Rivers family was present.

Elder Rivers spoke first. "Alpha Richard, I heard that you were injured, so I specially applied to **the Capital Wolf** Council to return to Riverdale. I just wanted to visit you and wish you a speedy recovery."

Elder Rivers, being of high rank and influence, was being so humble and polite to Richard, who was overwhelmed. He supported himself to sit up against the headboard, his expression somewhat apprehensive.

"Elder Rivers, you're too kind. I'm fine. I'm sorry to trouble you to make this trip."

William Rivers spoke. "Alpha Winters, this is a small token of our pack's appreciation. We hope you'll accept it."

As he spoke, William handed over a platinum bank card. With Elder Rivers taking the lead, Richard, no matter

how much he resented the Rivers Pack, couldn't express it at this moment.

He smiled and accepted the card. "Then I'll accept it. Thank you."

William said, "You're welcome."

"Alpha Richard," Elder Rivers said. "Actually, there's another matter I came to Riverdale for this time."

Richard probably guessed what Elder Rivers wanted to say, so he composed himself and listened quietly.

"This time, your injury wasn't an accident. I believe you already know that Alpha Connor told you about William's..." Elder Rivers paused, intending to say "rogue son," but stopped himself.

"Rogue son" was too harsh. After a slight pause, the Elder Rivers continued.

"About William's other son, Frederick Warner, right?" Find the newest release on

Richard's expression darkened slightly, and he nodded.

"Frederick Warner wants to deal with our Rivers Pack. You were implicated because Livvy had a pre-mating bond with our Alpha Connor. Therefore, after much consideration, our pack has decided to call off the engagement and sever the bond."

Natalie Winters, standing to the side, glanced over in slight surprise. Richard had mentioned wanting to break off the engagement with the Rivers Pack last night, but he was afraid to bring it up due to Elder Rivers' power and influence.

She didn't expect Elder Rivers to come to their door to call off the engagement today. It was good **that the** Rivers Pack brought it up first, as it was not easy for their pack to do so.

Richard had prepared himself the moment Elder Rivers and the others entered, **so he wasn't too surprised to** hear Elder Rivers say this. He nodded slightly.

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< Chapter 99. The Unravelin

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"Alright, since Elder Rivers has spoken, I'll be frank as well. Actually, I was thinking about this matter too. Please don't blame me, but so far, our Winters Pack has paid too high a price for this pre-mating bond."

The Elder Rivers looked apologetic. "I understand."

William Rivers echoed, "Alpha Winters, our Rivers Pack is the one who let you down. This time, the Winters Pack will be the one to announce the cancellation of the engagement. *Our* side will issue the public relations statement, and our Rivers Pack will take all the responsibility."

Katherine Rivers, William's mate, took out a document and handed it to Richard. "Alpha Richard, this is the statement of cancellation of engagement and severing of the pre-mating bond that we prepared. Take a look and see if there's anything you need to add."

"Okay." Richard took the document and started reading.

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After a moment, he closed the document. "There's nothing to add. Let's leave it as it is."

Katherine said, "Alright, try to send it out as soon as possible. Every day you delay, the Winters Pack is in danger."

Richard nodded and turned to look at Connor Rivers meaningfully. "Alpha Connor, did you mention this to Livvy?"

"I did." Connor's Adam's apple bobbed. "Uncle Richard, in order to make Livvy give up, I told her that my heart had changed. Please cooperate with me and don't tell her the truth."

Richard replied in a deep voice. "Alright."

“Then, Alpha Richard, *you* get some rest. We won’t disturb you any longer,” Elder Rivers said.

“Alright, take care.” Richard looked at Natalie Winters. “Nat, go see them off.”

“Okay.”

(Olivia’s POV)

I didn’t sleep well last night and took a nap in the afternoon at Moonlight Haven. I *hadn’t* slept for long when my phone started ringing non–stop.

Wearily, I opened my eyes, picked up my phone, and answered. “Hello?”

Lily said with a start, “Oh my wolf! Liv, have you seen the PackNet? Alpha *Connor* is having a scandal with a celebrity luna! It’s trending!”

My heart sank.

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