

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 171

Chapter 100 Scandal and..

Chapter 100: Scandal and Severed Hope

Chapter 100: Scandal and Severed Hope

(Olivia Winters' POV)

Lily's words hit me like a silver blade to the chest. I bolted upright in bed, my heart hammering against my

ribs.

"What scandal?" I whispered, my voice barely audible.

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The phone felt heavy in my trembling hands. My wolf Cora stirred restlessly, sensing the approaching storm.

I immediately opened Howlr on my phone. The top trending topic blazed across my screen: "Rivers Pack Alpha Connor Rivers and Layla Lawrence."

My breath caught in my throat. I hesitated, Cora recoiling from what we might find.

But I had to know. I clicked on the topic with shaking fingers.

The headlines exploded before my eyes. Scandalous news about Connor Rivers and Layla Lawrence filled the screen. She was a popular actress with ties to the Lawrence Pack.

I reeled from the shock, my vision blurring. "Why would Alpha Connor have a scandal with her?" I wondered, my mind racing frantically.

I had never heard Connor mention knowing Layla Lawrence. Not once in all our conversations.

Lily's angry voice came through the phone, amplified by pack-line urgency. "I really didn't expect Alpha Connor

to be this kind of Alpha!”

Her words cut deep. “You said yesterday that you were just having a conflict, and today he’s photographed with a celebrity luna. It’s infuriating! What a scumbag wolf!”

The phrase “same Moonlight Lodge” struck me like a physical blow. I froze to the core, my wolf whimpering in

distress.

My hands shook as I clicked deeper into the trending topic. The screen filled with scandalous headlines and

photos. This update is available on

There they were – Layla Lawrence and Connor Rivers entering the Moonlight Lodge together. The accompanying text suggested a close relationship and potential marking into a powerful pack.

The photo showed Layla Lawrence looking back at the camera, revealing her beautiful face. The Alpha beside her was unmistakably Connor Rivers, only showing a side profile.

Those ice–blue eyes were unreadable, but I knew them better than my own reflection. The comments praised their compatibility as a power couple.

I felt my body tremble violently. Cora mirrored my distress, howling silently within me.

I hung up on Lily abruptly and called Connor Rivers. The phone rang endlessly, each tone deepening my despair.

After multiple attempts, he finally answered. With a trembling voice, I asked, “The trending topics on Howlr are fake, right? The Alpha in the photo isn’t you, right?”

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Chapter 100. Scandal and

My voice cracked. “**Con**, as long as you **say it**, I’ll believe **you**,”

A brief silence followed. Then a woman’s voice came through, smooth and melodic like a siren’s **call**.

“Who **is this?** I’m Layla Lawrence. Alpha Rivers is in the shower and **can’t** answer the **phone**. Can I take a

message?”

My heart constricted. My breath caught in my throat. The words were a silver dagger to my already wounded

spirit.

(Connor Rivers’ POV)

Layla Lawrence received no response from the caller. She shrugged elegantly and said to me, “Your mate-to-be, Livvy, hung up.”

She shook her head disapprovingly. “Seriously, you’re being too hurtful. If I were her, I’d hate you forever.”

Layla Lawrence was indeed a famous actress. But she was also the second young lady of the Lawrence **Pack** from Silvercrest Territory, a true werewolf socialite.

My maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Lawrence, was born into the Lawrence Pack. Layla’s grandfather and **my** grandmother Elizabeth were siblings.

This made Layla and me distant relatives, our bloodlines intertwined through generations of pack alliances. I had sought out this distant cousin and asked her to play a role. To make Olivia give up completely, **to** protect her from Frederick Warner’s relentless pursuit.

Layla had laughed when I first approached her. Her melodious voice echoed in my private study.

“Cousin Con, whatever you invest in must be a blockbuster. Don’t worry, I’m an actress, you’ve come to the right person!”

She grinned widely. “I’ll definitely make your ‘severed bond’ drama a hit!”

I said calmly, my ice-blue eyes holding deep pain. “Not acting in a movie, just acting with me.”

Layla was shocked. “What?”

“You’ll play my rumored new mate.”

I explained my desperate plan to Layla in detail. After listening, she sighed heavily.

“Your Livvy is so pitiful, can I refuse? I haven’t even met my future cousin-in-law, and I’m going to play the third wolf in her love story.”

I handed over a platinum credit chip, loaded with a substantial sum. Layla snorted, turning her head away.

Her wolf was offended. “Don’t try to buy me with pack funds, I don’t do things that hurt other Lunas!” “Fifty million,” I stated flatly.

chip. Her eyes gleamed with amusement.

“But then again...” Layla chuckled, snatching the

“We’re doing this to protect Livvy, and we can clear up the misunderstanding later. I’m sure she’ll **understand** our noble intentions, right, Cousin Con?”

I said lightly, my voice devoid of its usual warmth when speaking of Olivia. “Act a little more convincingly, don’t let her see through it

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Chapter 100. Scandal and

Layla thumped her chest, guaranteeing confidently. “Don’t worry, I’m an A-list actress, Alpha! This will be my most convincing role yet!”

(Olivia Winters’ POV)

After I hung up, I sat by the window of Moonlight Haven. Tears streamed down my face endlessly.

Cora howled silently in grief, her pain echoing through my very soul.

A few minutes later, Connor called back. Thinking he would explain, I eagerly answered.

Connor feigned calmness, his voice carefully neutral. “Miss Lawrence said you called and needed me.” The name “Layla Lawrence” was like a fresh silver wound to my heart. I asked in a choked voice, Cora whimpering within me.

“You and her...” I could not bring herself to ask. Tears welled up, blurring my vision completely.

“Yes.” Connor’s voice was cold, distant. A stark contrast to the warmth he usually reserved for me. “Olivia Winters, we severed our pre-mating bond. Who I’m with now is none of your concern.”

I gasped for air. The world tilted around me, spinning out of control.

I asked, my voice trembling like autumn leaves. "You're lying to me, right? Con, I don't believe you'd be with someone else right after severing our bond."

My words tumbled out desperately. "Tell me the truth, is it because of Frederick Warner? Your heart hasn't changed, right? You're doing this just to protect me..."

Connor closed his eyes, taking a deep, steadying breath. His wolf Adam fought against the deception. His tone remained indifferent, sharp as ice. "Don't flatter yourself, Olivia Winters."

With that, he hung up the phone.

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Chapter 101 Shattered Bo.

Chapter 101: Shattered **Bonds** and Broken Hearts

Chapter 101: Shattered Bonds and Broken Hearts

(Olivia's POV)

The phone call came to an abrupt end. Don't flatter yourself. This sentence, like a curse, echoed repeatedly in my mind. I felt utterly desolate, the tenderness and sweetness that Connor Rivers had once cultivated **were** now fading away bit by bit.

I stood blankly at the window of Moonlight Haven, watching the heavy snow fall. The fierce north wind

howled and shook the branches of the trees.

My wolf Cora whimpered softly within me, her pain mirroring my own. The world outside seemed as cold and barren as my heart.

My phone began to ring incessantly, jolting me from my numb state. I glanced **at** the screen and saw Richard Winters' name flashing.

With trembling fingers, I answered. "Father?"

"Livvy," Richard's voice was gentle but strained. "I need to tell you something important."

I pressed the phone closer to my ear, my amber eyes still fixed on the falling snow outside.

"The Rivers family came to the hospital today," he continued. "Elder Rivers, William, Katherine, and Connor. They formally called off the arranged mating alliance."

The words hit me like another blow, even though I had expected them. My heart felt numb with pain.

"I see," I whispered, my voice barely audible.

Richard hesitated on the other end. "Livvy, have you seen the news about Connor's scandal with that female celebrity? Layla Lawrence?"

I remained silent, unable to form words. Cora whimpered softly in my mind, her distress echoing through my

very soul.

"Livvy? Are you there?"

"Yes," I managed to say, my voice hollow.

Richard's tone grew firmer, more protective. "I'm holding a press conference tomorrow. I'll publicly declare the end of the mating arrangement and place the blame squarely on the Rivers pack."

He paused, his voice softening with paternal concern. "You bear no fault in this, my daughter. I'll find you a better Alpha match from another prestigious pack."

I continued to respond vaguely, my mind preoccupied with Connor's abrupt decision. Had his eagerness to break things off been driven by a desire to legitimize his relationship with Layla Lawrence?

The thought sent fresh waves of pain through my chest. Cora curled up within me, seeking comfort **that**

didn't exist.

"After the press conference, I'll **send** a car to bring you home," Richard said, his voice filled with hope. "With the formal severing of ties, Frederick Warner should no longer target our pack."

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Chapter 101: Shattered Bo

"Alright, Father," I **replied** mechanically.

"Get some rest, Livvy. Everything will be better soon."

The call ended, leaving me alone with my shattered thoughts. I sank onto **the** bed, pulling **my** knees **to my**

chest.

The snow continued to fall outside, each flake like another piece of my broken heart drifting **away**.

(Ethan's POV)

In a dimly lit private room at the Moonlight Club, I sat alone on a sofa, shrouded in shadow. The revelry around me felt distant and meaningless.

Since Olivia disappeared from my life, I had sunk into a state of disrepair. Alcohol had become my constant companion, numbing the ache that gnawed at my chest.

My Grey pack responsibilities lay abandoned. My wolf Noah paced restlessly within me, as lost as I was. One night, in a drunken stupor, I thought I saw her. Olivia returned to me, smiling softly and comforting me with her gentle voice.

"Ethan," she whispered, her amber eyes filled with warmth. "I'm here."

I reached for her desperately. "Livvy, please come back to me. I can't do this without you."

The next morning, harsh sunlight pierced through the curtains. I woke up to find Cassandra Evans beside me, her green–gold eyes watching me with a mixture of hope and desperation.

Rage exploded through me. “What are you doing here?”

Cassandra flinched but didn’t move away. Tears began streaming down her face.

“Ethan, I can be her,” she said, her voice breaking. “I can become a substitute for Olivia. I’ll imitate her style, her mannerisms, anything you want.”

Her words were pathetic, desperate. “If it means staying by your side, I’ll do anything.”

I stared at her, my wolf Noah stirring restlessly. The pain in my chest was unbearable, and Cassandra’s offer seemed like the only way to fill the void.

After a long moment, I nodded slowly. “Fine.”

Cassandra’s face lit up with relief and gratitude. But even as I accepted her presence, I knew the truth.

A substitute could never truly replace Olivia. My thoughts constantly drifted back to her honey–brown hair, her luminous amber eyes, her gentle smile

Noah rejected Cassandra’s presence despite my human mind’s attempts to accept her. Every touch, every

word felt wrong.

I was drowning in my own misery when someone at the club mentioned a trending topic on Howlr. **The** conversation buzzed around me, but I paid little attention.

“Did you see the news about Connor Rivers and Layla Lawrence?” someone said.

Initially, I ignored the chatter. But then Connor’s name registered in my alcohol–fogged mind.

I straightened up, my ice–blue eyes sharpening. “What about Connor Rivers?”

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< Chapter 101 Shattered Ba

Sophie Parker, who had been gossiping with her friends, turned to me with excitement. “Oh, Ethan! Connor Rivers is rumored to be dating Layla Lawrence. She’s that top–tier celebrity from the Lawrence pack.”

My wolf Noah perked up, sensing something important. “What exactly is happening?”

“They were photographed together at the Moonlight Lodge,” Sophie continued, her eyes gleaming with gossip. “The photos are all over Howlr. They look very intimate.”

Sophie suddenly turned to me with a sly smile. “Since you’re close to Olivia, do you know if she and Connor have broken up?”

Before I could respond, Cassandra quickly interjected. “That’s impossible! Their mating bond is strong. They’re about to have their official ceremony.”

Sophie pulled out her phone, scrolling through the trending topics. “Look at this and tell me they’re still together.”

She handed the phone toward Cassandra. “See for yourself.”

Before Cassandra could take the device, I snatched it from Sophie’s hand. My heart pounded as I realized what this could mean.

“Cassandra, don’t look at it!”

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Whisper 173

< Chapter 102: Dawn’s Crue.

Chapter 102: Dawn’s Cruel Light

Chapter 102: Dawn’s Cruel Light

(Olivia's POV)

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The faint light of dawn crept through the window of Moonlight Haven, illuminating my pale face. I **had been sitting** by this window all night, unable to find peace in sleep.

My wolf Cora whimpered softly in my mind, her distress echoing through our bond. The severed pre-mating

connection with Connor left us both restless and aching.

I managed only brief moments of dozing as morning arrived. Each time I closed my amber eyes, haunting

dreams pulled me back into consciousness.

The dreams were cruel. In the last one, Connor stood before me, his ice-blue eyes cold and distant.

He held Layla Lawrence's hand, their fingers intertwined. His voice was calm as he spoke the words that

shattered my heart.

"Olivia, I'm taking Layla as my chosen mate. You're invited to our mating ceremony."

In the dream, I cried. The tears felt real, burning my cheeks as they fell.

I woke with actual tears on my face. Cora's anguish bled through our bond, making my chest tight with pain.

The morning light felt harsh against my skin. I wiped away the tears with trembling fingers.

A gentle knock on the door interrupted my misery. "Miss Olivia? Are you awake? It's time for lunch."

Evelyn Foster's kind voice carried through the wood. I quickly dried my face and opened the door.

Evelyn's concerned eyes took in my appearance. Her maternal beta instincts immediately noticed my pale complexion and the dark circles under my amber eyes.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked hesitantly, unaware of the scandal on Howlr or the broken engagement.

“I’m fine,” I lied, my voice hoarse. “I’ll come down after a shower.”

Evelyn’s brow furrowed with worry. “I’ll keep the food warm for you. You need to eat something.”

“Thank you,” I whispered, grateful for her kindness. “You’re very thoughtful.”

After Evelyn left, I closed the door and slid down to the floor. The weight of my broken pre-mating bond pressed down on me like a physical force.

My phone buzzed with missed calls and messages. I scrolled through them desperately, searching for

Connor’s name.

Nothing. Not a single message from him.

Exhaustion from the sleepless night and lack of food made me feel weak. Cora’s distress was making me physically ill.

My phone rang, and Richard Winters name appeared on the screen. Through our pack bond as father and daughter, he could sense my condition.

“Livvy, are you okay? Are you eating and sleeping well?” His voice carried genuine concern.

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< Chapter 102: Dawn’s Crue

My voice broke as **I** tried to **sound** normal. “I’m fine, Father.” This update is available on

But Richard knew **I was** lying through our familial **connection**. The pack bond between us revealed **my true**

state.

“Livvy, the press conference **this** morning is over. We formally announced the termination of the **mating**

arrangement.”

He paused, his voice gentle. "Dad has sent a car to pick you up. Come home after lunch."

I agreed weakly, too drained to argue. Richard sensed my need for space through our bond and ended the

call.

I slowly got up and entered the bathroom. The hot water felt good against my skin, but **it** couldn't wash away the pain.

Downstairs, Evelyn pulled out her phone. She dialed the private number Connor had given her for updates **on.**

my wellbeing.

"Alpha Rivers? It's Evelyn Foster. I'm concerned about Miss Olivia's condition."

Connor's voice was tense on the other end. "What's wrong?"

"She hasn't slept or eaten properly. Her wolf seems very distressed. She looks terrible."

There was silence before Connor spoke again. "Make sure she eats something. Is she... can I visit her?"

His voice was tired, heavy with his own wolf's pain. "Actually, someone will take her home today."

I came downstairs after my shower, my damp hair falling around my shoulders. Evelyn had prepared a warm

meal, the aroma filling the kitchen.

"Please eat something," she urged, her maternal instincts in overdrive. "You need your strength."

I thanked her but had no appetite. My wolf was too distraught to focus on food.

I managed a few sips of soup, the warm liquid soothing my throat. My phone lay beside my plate, silent and

mocking.

I checked it again, hoping for a message from Connor. Still nothing.

Did he know my condition through our severed bond? Did he truly not care anymore?

Had his wolf Adam already moved on to Layla Lawrence?

The car arrived after lunch. I gathered my few belongings, my movements slow and mechanical.

Evelyn hugged me goodbye, her eyes filled with worry. "Take care of yourself, Miss Olivia."

The drive to the Winters Family Estate passed in a blur. I stared out the window, watching the familiar landscape of Riverdale.

At the estate, Grace Winters rushed to greet me. Her young wolf's joy was evident in her bright eyes.

"Sister! I missed you **so** much!" She threw her arms around me.

I managed a smile for my half-sister; her innocent affection warming my cold **heart** slightly.

Natalie Winters approached, her expression concerned. "Olivia, how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine," I repeated the lie I'd been telling everyone.

III

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Chapter 102 Dawn's Crue

Natalie studied my face carefully. "Would you like to see your room? Agatha has kept it clean for you?"

Grace bounced excitedly. "Can I come too? I want to show sister my new drawings!*

Natalie placed a gentle hand on Grace's shoulder. "Your sister needs rest right now. You can visit her later"

Grace's sharp eyes noticed the dark circles under my amber eyes. "Sister, why do you have dark circles?"

"I didn't sleep well," I admitted, too tired to lie to the innocent child.

Grace's face scrunched with concern. "Then you should go to sleep right away!"

I nodded, exhausted. My wolf was depleted from the broken pre-mating bond,
I headed upstairs to my childhood sanctuary, each step feeling heavier than the last.

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Chapter 103: Shadows and Revelations

Chapter 103: Shadows and Revelations

(Frederick's POV)

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In a room on the second floor of Moonlight Manor, scattered clothes of a man and woman were all over the floor. Torn black silk stockings half-hung on the sofa, creating an indescribably lewd scene.

After a passionate encounter, I leaned against the headboard, smoking a Cuban cigar. A satisfied look filled

my ice-blue eyes as I surveyed the aftermath of our coupling.

Beside me, Sophia Chen's face was flushed with a seductive look. Her beta wolf purred contentedly from our

encounter, her porcelain skin glistening with perspiration.

"Frederick," she whispered, her voice still breathless. "That was incredible."

I took another drag of my cigar, the smoke curling around us. The taste of victory was sweet on my tongue,

though not as sweet as the revenge I was orchestrating.

Suddenly, my phone vibrated on the nightstand. I reached for **it**, noting Maxwell Cooper's name on the screen.

"What is it?" I answered curtly.

Maxwell's respectful voice came through the speaker. "Sir, the Winters family just held a press conference. They've announced the termination of the mating arrangement with the Rivers family."

I raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Go on."

"There are also rumors on Howlr that Connor Rivers and popular actress Layla Lawrence entered Moonlight Lodge together. They're suspected of cheating."

I laughed dismissively, the sound echoing through the room. Connor was just like his father William – a philanderer who couldn't stay loyal to one she-wolf.

"Typical Rivers behavior," I muttered. "What about the Winters family's situation?"

Maxwell hesitated. "Should we continue monitoring them, sir?"

"Absolutely," I instructed firmly. "They might be feigning the disengagement to deceive me. I don't trust their sudden change of heart."

I emphasized my next words carefully. "Pay special attention to Olivia Winters' whereabouts. Report any movements immediately through our secure channels."

"Understood, sir."

I ended the call and set the phone aside. Sophia traced patterns on my chest with her finger, her touch light

and teasing.

"Business troubles?" she asked innocently.

"Nothing I can't handle," I replied, my mind already calculating the next moves in my elaborate game o.

revenge.

(Olivia's POV)

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Chapter 103: Shadows an

I rested at the Winters Family Estate for two days, trying to adjust my emotional state. Despite my **efforts**, **my** wolf Cora continued whimpering from our severed pre-mating bond.

The pain was constant, a dull ache that never quite disappeared. But I forced myself to function, to appear normal despite the turmoil inside.

This morning, I returned to Moonlaw Legal Services to work as usual. In the past two days, everything had

been calm with no accidents.

I thought with a bitter smile that breaking off the mating arrangement might have some benefits. At least Frederick Warner wouldn't target me and my family through *Connor* anymore. UPDATE FROM

As I entered the law firm, colleagues greeted me with respectful nods. They recognized me as one of their most competent lawyers despite the recent scandal.

I responded with a polite smile, my black leather court heels clicking against the marble floor. Dressed in my professional black power suit with my honey-brown hair pinned up, I had concealed the dark circles under my

amber eyes with makeup.

My vintage crimson lipstick completed the look. No one could tell I had just gone through a broken mating

arrangement.

The new litigation head, Caroline Lewis, assigned me three new cases involving dissolution of mating bond petitions. I quickly immersed myself in work, analyzing the details of each supernatural law case.

The familiar routine of legal work provided some solace for my anguished wolf. At least here, I could focus on something other than my broken heart.

After work, I stayed late to finish my tasks. The office grew quiet as other lawyers departed for the evening. As I turned off the lights and prepared to leave, I heard faint crying from the Moonlaw Legal Services Assistant Wing. I frowned slightly and went to investigate, my enhanced werewolf hearing picking up the

distressed sounds.

I approached cautiously and found that the person crying was Emma Thompson. Her young shoulders shook with suppressed sobs.

“Emma?” I asked with concern. “What happened?”

She looked up, quickly wiping her tears away. “I’m fine, Miss Winters. Just tired.”

I pulled a chair and sat down beside her. “Please, tell me what’s wrong.”

Emma hesitated, glancing around nervously. Just as she was about to speak, two colleagues passed by in

the hallway.

Fearing to be overheard, she stopped talking. Her eyes darted toward the passing figures before returning to

1. me.

I understood her reluctance. “Do you have plans for the evening? We could have dinner together if v’re free.”

Emma’s face brightened slightly, “I’m free, but...”

“No buts,” I said firmly. “Let’s go.”

I chose Howling Moon Steakhouse, a popular restaurant among Harbor City’s werewolf community. The warm lighting and comfortable atmosphere made it perfect for private conversations.

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<Chapter 103 Shadows an

Emma looked a little embarrassed as we approached the entrance. “This restaurant is too expensive for a

junior assistant.”

I smiled and said I was treating her. I remembered how Connor had always been generous with meals, and I wanted to pay that kindness forward.

After experiencing the events with the Pierce siblings, Emma and I had become closer. We were more than just ordinary colleagues our shared concern for vulnerable pack members had bonded us.

Emma reluctantly agreed, and I found the Moonlit Window Booth with a good view of the night scene over Harbor City's werewolf district.

After we sat down, I handed the menu to Emma. She shook her head politely.

"You can order, Miss Winters. I'm not picky."

Knowing the young beta's restraint about expensive food, I ordered some classic barbecue dishes. Venison steaks and roasted vegetables would be perfect for our conversation.

After the waiter left, I leaned forward. "Now, tell me what happened."

Emma opened up, her voice trembling slightly. "I was scolded by Harrison Clarke today. He's the lawyer guiding me."

I nodded knowingly. I had heard that Harrison's personality was unpredictable, being either very gentle or very harsh. He often took his anger out on his assistants when his wolf was agitated.

"What did he say?" I asked gently.

Emma explained that she was having trouble with a difficult divorce case client. "Patricia Hendricks is an omega werewolf seeking to sever her mate bond. She's uncooperative and demanding impossible legal

outcomes."

I listened patiently as Emma continued. Harrison had blamed her for not communicating well with the stubborn client, even though she had explained pack law regarding mate bond dissolution multiple times. "Harrison tried to communicate with Patricia too," Emma said, her voice breaking. "But he was equally unsuccessful. She refuses to accept that her demands for emotional damages have no basis in werewolf

law."

Then Harrison had taken his frustration out on Emma. His wolf's irritation had bled through in his harsh words, making the young beta feel incompetent and worthless.

"He scolded me for being incompetent," Emma continued, tears forming in her eyes again. "I tried to explain my situation, but he wouldn't listen."

As she spoke, Emma began to cry again. Her young wolf's distress was evident in every sob.

I offered her some tissues, my maternal instincts responding to the younger werewolf's pain. "Emma, would you like to become my assistant?"

She looked up in surprise, her eyes brightening with hope.

"I'll talk to Caroline Lewis about the transfer," I continued. "Despite being relatively new to the firm, I have enough standing to request an assistant."

Emma smiled sincerely through her tears. "Thank you, Miss Winters. Your kindness means everything to me."

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< Chapter 103 Shadows an

After we finished eating, I got up to pay the bill at the front counter. The warm meal had helped both **of** us

feel better.

Just as I took two steps, a pair of werewolves approached our table. A man and woman, both well-dressed

and confident.

Marcus Reed, a charming beta werewolf with distinctive amber eyes and an easy smile, greeted me warmly. "Olivia Winters! What a pleasant surprise."

Mooked puzzled, my wolf not recognizing his scent. His familiarity with me was unsettling.

"Are you?" I asked politely, wondering how this stranger knew my name when I was certain we had never met

before.

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Whisper 175

Chapter 104: The Exile's Return

Chapter 104: The Exile's Return

(Third person's POV)

Frederick Warner was tall and slender, with broad shoulders, a narrow waist, and long legs. He was impeccably dressed in designer clothing and possessed a devastatingly handsome face, his smile making him appear harmless.

As long as he chose to pretend, no one could associate him with the dangerous rogue Alpha who had extensive criminal connections. Having never met Frederick Warner before, Olivia heard the man call her

name.

Seeing that he was well-dressed and wearing expensive brands, she initially thought he might be a friend of one of her acquaintances. Her wolf Cora stirred uneasily at his scent, sensing something predatory beneath his polished exterior.

Sophia Chen stood beside Frederick Warner, slightly frowning as a hint of jealousy flashed in her violet eyes. The emotion quickly disappeared as she maintained her composure.

She remained unaware of the blood feud between Frederick and the Rivers and Winters packs, never asking about Frederick's other female companions. She understood her role as a qualified lover who should be obedient and sensible.

Sophia knew better than to court death by questioning him about such matters. She quietly stood by Frederick's side, silently sizing up Olivia Winters.

She admitted Olivia's natural beauty—fair skin, delicate features, and a figure that was perfectly proportioned. Her beta wolf instinctively recognized the alpha bloodline radiating from Olivia despite her

human appearance.

Olivia didn't notice Sophia's jealous gaze, but frowned at the man's frivolous words. Her amber eyes flashed with irritation as she felt deeply uncomfortable around this stranger.

It was as if he were looking at her like prey, with a sense of predatory aggression and dark amusement that made her wolf bristle defensively. Her enhanced senses picked **up** something dangerous about his **scent**.

Something that reminded her of Connor's warnings about threats from America. Olivia asked again, this time with a hint of anger at being so boldly assessed.

"Who are you?"

"Me?" Frederick smiled with calculated charm, but didn't answer directly.

His ice-blue eyes—so similar to Connor's yet cold where Connor's held warmth—studied her **with predatory interest**. "You'll know soon enough, Miss **Winters**. We'll meet **again**."

His voice carried the subtle authority of an Alpha, though one corrupted by **years of exile and criminal** enterprise. Olivia **felt** deeply unsettled by his ominous words **and the threatening undertone**.

She ignored him and went **to the** front counter **to pay** the bill. Her wolf **urged her to flee from this dangerous presence**.

< Chapter 104: The Exile's R...

Emma Thompson followed, glancing back nervously until they were almost out the door. "Sister Olivia, is **that**

man a friend of yours?"

"He's incredibly handsome! It's rare to see such a striking Alpha in person, though something about **him felt**

wrong."

Olivia felt a chill of unease for reasons she couldn't fully explain. Her wolf's instincts screamed warnings about the dangerous stranger, though she couldn't identify the specific threat he posed.

His scent had been wrong somehow—like Connor's bloodline but tainted with violence and corruption. "Don't know him. That person seems unstable. Let's just ignore him."

Her enhanced hearing caught the man's quiet laughter behind them. The sound sent shivers down her spine. "Oh, okay. I thought you might be acquaintances from the werewolf community, Emma said, still glancing

back nervously.

(Lily's POV)

"December 31st, New Year's Eve." I had organized a New Year's Eve party in Harbor City's werewolf district. The Yuntian Riverside Building, eighty-eight stories high, was a landmark in the supernatural community. The sixty-ninth floor offered the best view, overlooking the entire Harbor City night scene where both human and werewolf territories glittered below.

Inside the presidential suite, there were flowers, balloons, streamers, and a strong festive atmosphere that helped mask the various werewolf scents mingling in the space. I casually tossed my mink coat on the sofa, wearing only a champagne-colored slim-fitting long dress.

I was wearing full makeup, and my beauty was flamboyant and dazzling. My beta wolf's confidence **radiated** through my human form.

"I have to say, it was a wise decision for Ethan Quinn to take over this place and turn **it** into a luxury hotel for the supernatural community."

Ethan snorted, his own beta wolf bristling at the casual praise. "Did I need you **to** tell me **that?**"

I smiled and playfully glared at him. "I can't tell—your thick skull actually contains some **busi sense**." The floors from the fiftieth to the sixty-ninth of the building were hotels under Ethan's **company, catering to** wealthy werewolves who needed discretion. The sixty-ninth floor where we gathered was **the presidential** suite, with rates exceeding \$10,000 per night.

Ethan sneered, his beta wolf's pride stung by my teasing. "Who exactly **are** you calling thick-skulled?"

I made a playful face **at** him, my wolf's playful energy infectious. "Figure it out yourself!"

With ample heating in the room, Rebecca Frost also removed her coat. She walked **to the sofa, picked up my** coat, and holding her own coat in one hand and mine in the other, hung up both garments **with practiced** efficiency.

She smiled warmly, her wolf content in the comfortable **pack-like atmosphere**. "**This place is really perfect for** a New Year's **party—**watching fireworks **over** both human and werewolf **territories, and enjoying the night** view."

“Exactly! Wasn’t I brilliant **to choose spending New Year’s Eve here?**” I beamed with satisfaction.

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Rebecca nodded enthusiastically. “Absolutely perfect!”

“Wait, why hasn’t Olivia arrived yet?” I looked toward the door and pulled out my phone.

My wolf’s protective instincts stirred with concern for my friend. “I should call and check on her.”

Just as I spoke, the door opened. I looked up with a bright smile..

“I was just about to call you and you-”

“What the hell?” It wasn’t Olivia who entered, but Connor Rivers, accompanied by the famous actress Layla

Lawrence.

My smile instantly froze, then transformed into sharp anger as my wolf bristled with territorial aggression.

“Who invited them here?”

Frints

Rebecca shook her head, indicating she had no involvement in this unexpected arrival. Gabriel Andrews also gestured that he knew nothing about it.

Ethan Quinn awkwardly cleared his throat. “Didn’t you say you wanted to celebrate the New Year? How could I not invite my good friend to celebrate with us?”

His beta wolf cowered slightly under the combined hostile stares of the two female wolves.

“Are you completely brain–dead?” I exploded, my wolf’s protective fury fully unleashed.

“Don’t you know he cheated on Olivia? He’s been seen entering hotels with this actress–don’t you realize I organized this party specifically to comfort Olivia?”

“To give her emotional support after their broken engagement? What’s the point of bringing Connor here?” “Ah?” Ethan looked genuinely confused, his wolf whimpering at the pack tension.

"You didn't tell me beforehand not to invite Connor? He's been my close friend for over ten years..."

Ethan touched his nose and sighed. "Don't be so angry. Break-ups happen, but we're all part of the same werewolf social circle."

"We'll encounter each other frequently. It's impossible to completely cut ties with someone just because of a broken engagement, right?"

"Ha!" I gave a mocking laugh, my wolf's loyalty to Olivia overriding pack diplomacy.

"Why can't we? I can't afford to associate with the Rivers pack's heir. Cut off means cut off!"

Seeing that I was completely serious, Ethan panicked. His beta instincts recognized the threat to pack

harmony.

"Hey, don't be like this. It's not that serious. Why are you talking about cutting ties? Listen to me..." "Shut up!" Before Ethan could finish speaking, I interrupted sharply.

My alpha-like authority surprised everyone present. "Make them leave—either they go or I go!" Rebecca wanted to calm me down, but when her gaze shifted to Connor and Layla standing together, she felt equally uncomfortable. Olivia was her dear friend, and naturally she supported her completely.

Although Connor was also **part** of their social circle, and even her brother's childhood friend, cheating Alphas couldn't be forgiven! Rebecca and I united in our protest against Connor and Layla's presence, our wolves

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forming a protective alliance.

"Please don't argue—Connor and I only began our relationship after his engagement with Miss Winters ended. There was no infidelity involved," Layla said with practiced charm.

Her actress training helped her maintain composure despite the hostile werewolf energy directed at her. "You shut up too!" I didn't give her any consideration, my wolf seeing through the deception.

Ethan sighed and pulled me aside. "Please, don't get involved in this. It's all a misunderstanding."

+ Points

I didn't understand the true relationship between Layla and *Connor*, but Ethan knew the full truth. When the scandal first broke, Connor had confessed everything to Ethan and Gabriel.

After all, if the Rivers pack heir hadn't permitted it, how would the media dare publish such stories? Gabriel had warned Connor at the time to be careful that Olivia might not want to reconcile after being so deeply

hurt.

Seeing my current fury, Ethan almost revealed the truth, but Connor stopped him with a meaningful look. I was straightforward and couldn't keep secrets—if I knew, Olivia would learn everything soon, and all their protective efforts would be wasted.

(Olivia's POV)

Just as the argument reached its peak, the door opened again. "Sorry, something came up and I'm late," I said as I entered.

The moment my amber eyes met Connor's ice-blue gaze, my heart suddenly stopped. My wolf Cora whimpered in anguish at seeing our former intended mate with another female.

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Whisper 176

Chapter 105: Goodbye, Con

Chapter 105: Goodbye, Con

(Connor's POV)

Layla Lawrence gracefully tossed her hair and took Olivia's arm in a territorial gesture. Her wolf's confidence

radiated as she declared her dominance.

"Are you Miss Winters? Hello, I'm Layla Lawrence, and I'm Connor's girlfriend." NEW
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The words were like silver daggers, piercing Olivia's heart. Her amber eyes focused on the spot where Layla's

manicured hand rested possessively on her arm.

Her wolf Cora whimpered at the sight of another female claiming their former intended mate. The sound echoed through our severed bond, making my own wolf Adam howl in anguish.

I stood rigid, my ice-blue gaze falling upon Layla's hand on Olivia's arm. My Adam's apple bobbed as I tried to explain but found myself unable to break our carefully constructed facade.

The words died in my throat. Every instinct screamed at me to push Layla away and comfort Olivia.

Lily, unable to bear witnessing Olivia's pain any longer, charged forward with her beta wolf's protective fury. She yanked Layla's hand away with surprising strength.

“Take your lovey–dovey act elsewhere! This isn’t the place for it!”

Her voice cracked with emotion. “What? Is the great Rivers pack heir too poor to rent a room?”

Ethan Quinn, alarmed by the rising tension and aggressive werewolf energy in the room, stepped in to mediate. He pulled Lily back with his own beta strength.

“Lily, calm down. Let’s not escalate this further.”

His wolf whimpered at the pack discord filling the air. The presidential suite felt suffocation with conflicting

emotions.

Layla, unfazed by the hostility and drawing upon her actress training, smiled sweetly. She addressed me with practiced affection that felt like poison on my skin.

“Con, it seems your friends don’t welcome us. Shall we find a room for some alone time?”

Her voice carried the perfect tone of a devoted girlfriend. Every word was calculated to wound Olivia deeper. Olivia’s amber eyes brimmed with tears as her wolf’s anguish threatened to overwhelm her human composure. She struggled to maintain her dignity as she looked desperately at me.

“Connor, you have a reason, right? Tell me, I’ll understand.”

Her voice trembled with the pain of a wolf whose mate bond had been severed. “Don’t do this; it’s hurting me so much... Can’t we talk this through?”

The desperation in her voice nearly broke my resolve. My wolf clawed at my chest, demanding I comfort **our**

true mate.

“Didn’t you say that as long as I didn’t ask to break our engagement, you would never leave me?”

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< Chapter 105: Goodbye, Con

8 Points 2

Her words hit me like physical blows. I remembered that promise, made in a moment of tenderness **that now** felt like a lifetime ago.

My ice–blue eyes were like an unfathomable sea, my wolf howling in anguish at having to hurt his true **mate. I**

gave a mocking smile that didn’t reach my eyes.

“Miss Winters, we are all adults. Do you believe in such childish promises?”

My Alpha authority made my voice carry despite the pain it caused me. Each word felt like swallowing broken

glass.

Olivia's face drained of color, her wolf retreating deep within as if wounded. The light in her amber eyes

dimmed to almost nothing.

I looked away, unable to bear her expression. "Miss Winters, I have made myself clear. Don't make

meaningless entanglements, let's part with dignity."

The formal address felt wrong on my tongue. She had been 'Livvy' to me for so long.

Olivia's shoulders slumped in defeat. She moved aside, making way for us with the grace of her alpha

bloodline even in heartbreak.

Her dignity in this moment made my chest tighten with self-loathing. She deserved so much better than this

cruel charade.

Rebecca, worried for her friend, embraced Olivia protectively. Her own wolf offered comfort as she whispered

that she still had them.

"We're here for you, Olivia. Always."

Lily was furious, her beta wolf snarling with rage. She wanted to physically attack someone, but Ethan Quinn held her back with surprising strength.

“Let me go! They can’t treat her like this!”

Her protective instincts were in overdrive. The air crackled with her barely contained fury.

Rebecca comforted Olivia while signaling to her brother Gabriel Andrews. He reluctantly whispered something to me about pack politics and maintaining appearances.

“Connor, we should go. This isn’t helping anyone.”

His words were barely audible, meant only for my enhanced hearing. Even Gabriel looked uncomfortable with the situation.

I left with Layla, my wolf fighting me every step of the way. Each step toward the door felt like walking through quicksand.

“I’m so angry. They went too far!” Lily fumed, her protective instincts in overdrive.

Ethan tried to calm her down, but Lily turned on him with her wolf’s fury. “You get out too!”

Her voice echoed through the suite. “This is all your fault for inviting them in the first place!”

She blamed him for causing Olivia to be hurt even more deeply. The **accusation** hung heavy in **the air**.

Rebecca asked her brother to leave with Ethan. “Please, just go. We need to be alone with Olivia **right now**.” Her voice was firm but not unkind. “We’ll stay with her through this painful night.”

<Chapter 105 Goodbye, Con

Outside the room, I pushed Layla's hand away as soon as the door closed. My wolf recoiled from her touch now that we were away from Olivia's sight.

The contact felt wrong, like betraying everything sacred about mate bonds. My skin crawled where she had

touched me.

Layla shrugged, unconcerned by my rejection as she understood her role in our arrangement. "You're quite the actor, Connor. Very convincing performance."

Her professional detachment was both helpful and disturbing. She treated this like just another *role*.

At the elevator, she asked what I planned to do next. "Your former fiancée looked deeply hurt by our performance."

There was no malice in her observation, just clinical assessment. "Are you satisfied with the results?"

I did not reply, my jaw tight and my fists clenched as my wolf raged against what we had just done. Olivia's wounded expression haunted me.

The elevator doors opened with a soft chime. The sound felt unnaturally loud in the tense silence.

(Olivia's POV)

Inside the suite, after the men left, the room fell silent except for the distant sounds of New Year's celebrations. Both human and werewolf territories sparkled below us through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

The festive atmosphere outside felt like a mockery of my broken heart. My wolf Cora remained withdrawn, hiding deep within our shared consciousness.

Lily took out two bottles of moonberry wine from the suite's premium collection. Her beta wolf still bristled with protective anger.

"Olivia, don't be sad *for* that scumbag Alpha; he's not worth it."

She opened the first bottle with more force than necessary. "We'll have a drink tonight, and you're so beautiful and from such a prestigious bloodline, you'll find another mate!"

Her words were meant to comfort, but they felt hollow. How could I explain that Conr

to me?

wasn't just any Alpha

Lily declared that there was no shortage of worthy Alphas in our territory. "The Rivers pack heir thinks he's so special, but there are plenty of better options!"

I sat on the sofa, my amber eyes filled with pain as my wolf remained withdrawn. I couldn't find any comfort in my friends' words.

The wine glasses clinked as Lily poured generous amounts. The deep red liquid looked like liquid garnets in the crystal.

After a few glasses of the potent moonberry wine, I felt dizzy. My werewolf metabolism struggled with the alcohol since it was my first time drinking anything stronger than ceremonial pack wine.

The room seemed *to* sway gently around me. Colors appeared more vivid, but my emotional pain remained sharp.

Lily showed me photos of handsome Alphas from our social circle on her phone. She suggested with forced cheer that she could introduce me to any of them.

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"Look at this one – Alexander from the Northern Pack. He's been asking about you for months!"

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Her enthusiasm felt desperate, like she was trying to convince herself as much as me. Each photo blurred together in my wine-hazed vision.

I managed only a faint smile, my heart too broken to consider anyone else. The thought of another Alpha's touch made my wolf recoil further.

The three friends drank and chatted as the night wore on. The alcohol helped *to* numb some of the pain, creating a buffer between my consciousness and the raw *agony*.

Rebecca shared stories from our childhood, trying to distract me *from* the evening's trauma. *Her* voice was gentle and soothing.

As midnight approached, the New Year's countdown began echoing from the celebrations below. Voices from both territories joined in the traditional ritual.

"Nine, eight, seven..."

The three of us counted down together, our voices mixing with the distant sounds. The numbers felt significant, like marking the end of one life and the beginning of another.

“Three, two, one, Happy New Year!”

Fireworks bloomed in the night sky over Harbor City, reflecting off the windows of our high-rise suite. The *explosions* of color painted the darkness in brilliant hues.

The beauty was breathtaking, even through my pain. For a moment, wonder pierced through my heartbreak. I sat barefoot on the carpet, my honey-brown hair falling around my shoulders as I gazed at the fireworks with blurred amber eyes. My *wolf* finally stirred slightly at the beauty of the display.

The soft carpet felt grounding beneath me. The wine had loosened my carefully maintained composure. “A new year has begun. Connor, I should say goodbye to you too.”

My voice was barely a whisper, but my friends heard every word. The admission felt like releasing a breath I’d been holding.

“New Year, I hope you find happiness with your chosen mate. Goodbye, Connor...”

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Whisper 177

Chapter 106: New Year's

Chapter 106: New Year's Gifts and Hidden Arrangements

Chapter 106: New Year's Gifts and Hidden Arrangements

(Olivia's POV)

The next day was New Year's Day. I returned to the Winters Family Estate, still nursing a mild hangover **from** the moonberry wine. My head throbbed with each step, and my wolf Cora remained withdrawn deep within our shared consciousness.

Natalie Winters and Richard Winters were both home when I arrived. As soon as I entered through the **front** door, Natalie greeted me with a warm smile, her amber eyes genuinely welcoming.

"Livvy is back. Dinner will be served soon. Go wash your hands first."

Her voice carried maternal warmth that I hadn't expected. Despite our complicated relationship, she seemed genuinely pleased to see me.

Having woken up late from my hangover, Thad quickly showered at my apartment before returning **to the** Winters residence just in time for the New Year's lunch. The hot water had helped clear some of the fog from my mind, but my heart still felt heavy.

Grace Winters excitedly ran over, embracing my legs and calling out "Sister!" with pure joy. Her innocent enthusiasm was like a ray of sunshine piercing through my emotional darkness.

I managed a genuine smile despite my emotional exhaustion. I handed Grace a thick red envelope from my bag, wishing her a happy New Year.

The little girl sweetly smiled, took the envelope, and kissed me on the cheek with innocent affection. Her simple gesture of love made my chest tighten with unexpected emotion.

Richard then handed me an elegant gift bag, his weathered face showing paternal care. "This is a New Year's gift for you."

Inside, I found a set of keys and a property ownership certificate. My amber eyes widened in surprise as I examined the documents.

Richard explained that it was a luxury apartment close to Moonlaw Legal Services for my convenience. “Natalie personally selected a car for you, which is waiting in the garage.”

My heart warmed despite my recent heartbreak. I sincerely thanked both Richard and Natalie, accepting their thoughtful gifts with genuine gratitude,

“Thank you both. This means more than you know.”

After the family meal, I idly scrolled through my phone while sitting in the living room. The familiar routine felt comforting after the chaos of recent events.

I noticed a new contact request notification. My heart tightened involuntarily, a foolish hope rising that **it** might be Connor Rivers reaching out.

Bitter disappointment washed over me when I realized it was from Ethan Grey. My wolf recoiled **at seeing his** name, memories of his betrayal flooding back.

Ethan, having been blocked and deleted from my contacts, had created a new account **to contact** me. His

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Chapter 106 New Year's.

desperate messages asked if **Connor and I** had truly broken our engagement, **urgently** pleading for me to **return to him**.

Disgusted by his persistence **and** unwillingness **to accept my** decision, I immediately rejected **the** friend **request and blocked** the new account without hesitation. Some **bridges** were meant **to stay burned**

Richard's generous **gift** was a pristine white Rolls–Royce Phantom, a vehicle befitting **my** status as a **Winters pack daughter**. The elegant car gleamed in the afternoon sunlight, its **luxury** unmistakable.

I made the decision to leave Connor's glacier blue Bentley Continental GT to gather dust **in the** Winters **family** garage. I couldn't bear the painful memories it carried of our time together.

I took possession of the new car, appreciating my father's thoughtfulness. The leather interior **smelled of** new beginnings rather than broken promises.

The apartment was located in an upscale neighborhood mere minutes from Moonlaw Legal **Services**. **The** spacious, fully furnished residence was decorated in cream-colored tones that perfectly **matched my** refined

tastes.

Settling into my new space, I called Dorothy Jenkins, the housekeeper who had been caring for my

belongings at Whisperbrook Gardens. "Dorothy, I need you to dispose of all my personal items **that** remain

there."

My voice was steady, but the words felt like closing a chapter of my life forever.

(Dorothy's POV)

I hesitated after receiving Olivia's call, my eyes nervously glancing at Connor Rivers who was sitting

motionless on the sofa in the main living area. His ice-blue eyes stared blankly ahead, lost in thoughts I

couldn't fathom.

After hanging up the phone, I cautiously approached Connor. The Alpha looked like **a** statue, frozen in his

grief.

"Mr. Rivers, Miss Winters has requested all her belongings be thrown away."

Connor's voice was hollow and tired when he responded. "Don't discard anything. Keep Olivia's room spotlessly clean because she will return someday."

His tone carried a desperate hope that even he didn't quite believe. The pain in his voice made my heart ache

for both of them.

He then asked with forced casualness, "Is Olivia adjusting well to the cooking from her new living

arrangements?”

Fifteen minutes later, I called Olivia back with Connor’s unspoken plan. “Miss Winters, Mr. Rivers has dismissed me from service. Do you need a personal cook?”

I could hear the hesitation in her voice through the phone. She was probably remembering Connor’s previous efforts to find a cook whose food/would suit her refined palate.

Though she initially hesitated, knowing this was likely another of Connor’s indirect ways of **caring** fr Olivia couldn’t bring herself to refuse me. “I suppose I could use the help, Dorothy.”

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She gave me her new apartment address, her voice softening with genuine concern for my employment

situation.

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<Chapter 106 New Year’s

After ending the **call**, I returned to Connor and informed him that Olivia had accepted my services. Hist ice—blue eyes flickered with the first sign of life I’d seen all day.

Connor then quietly instructed me with careful precision. “Prepare and deliver meals to Olivia during weekday lunches. Don’t reveal that these arrangements come from me.”

His voice carried the weight of a man trying to care for someone he could no longer openly protect.

(Connor’s POV)

After New Year’s Day, I threw myself into work at Rivers Pack Headquarters with obsessive intensity. I refused to allow myself any moments of rest, because whenever I stopped working, Olivia’s wounded amber eyes from that night would flood my mind.

The guilt was overwhelming. The memory of her pain haunted every quiet moment.

In the Alpha’s office, I sat rigidly at my computer, forcing myself to focus on pack business and corporate affairs. Numbers and contracts became my refuge from emotional torment.

Ethan Quinn lounged on the leather sofa, observing me with a complex expression. "Con, there's something I don't know if I should mention."

I didn't even lift my ice-blue eyes from the screen, responding with cold indifference, "Then don't mention it."

Ethan opened and closed his mouth uncertainly. "It's related to Olivia... are you sure you don't want to hear

this?"

My typing immediately ceased. I looked up sharply from the computer screen, my Alpha instincts alert.

"What is it?"

Ethan thought to himself with knowing satisfaction. As long as it concerned Olivia, I couldn't pretend not to

care.

Ethan coughed strategically. "Lily keeps saying she wants to introduce eligible bachelor wolves to Olivia..."

As he spoke these words, he glanced up to observe my reaction. My expression immediately darkened with

possessive fury.

My jaw clenched, my voice dangerously low. "Bachelor wolves?"

"Yeah," Ethan swallowed nervously, considering how to phrase this more tactfully.

My thin lips pressed into a hard line, my ice-blue eyes showing a cold, predatory glint. "What bachelor

wolves?"

"There are several candidates—something about six-pack abs, a 6'3" athletic beta wolf, and various descriptions like 'pure young wolves,/wild dominant types,' a whole collection of ridiculous options..." My expression grew increasingly thunderous. Ethan didn't dare continue his report.

The office fell into heavy silence. Ethan grew so nervous he didn't know what to do with his hands, taking a sip of water to calm himself.

“You know Lily—she’s always dramatic like this, loves these flashy schemes. I already scolded h

behalf.”

“What did she say?” I asked with deadly calm.

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Chapter 106 New Year’s

“Ah? What do you mean?” Ethan looked confused.

“Your sister wants to introduce other males to Olivia—what was Olivia’s response?”

Ethan’s expression turned distinctly uncomfortable. He hesitated before speaking.

“You... do you really want to know the answer?”

“Yes.”

“Then promise you won’t lose control when I tell you.” Ethan said nervously.

“According to Lily, that night after your... performance... Olivia agreed to the introductions.”

“Agreed to what exactly?” My voice was dangerously quiet.

Ethan’s mouth moved faster than his brain. “Agreed to let Lily introduce her to other potential mates.”

As soon as the words left his mouth, my ceramic coffee mug crashed to the floor, shattering *into* pieces that reflected my own breaking composure.

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Whisper 178

Chapter 107 The Alpha's

Chapter 107: The Alpha's Desperate Gambit

Chapter 107: The Alpha's Desperate Gambit

(Connor's POV)

Tea spilled from my shattered cup, soaking into the wolfsbane–stained Persian rug and leaving **another water** mark. The ceramic fragments scattered across the floor like my broken composure.

Ethan Quinn stared at the broken pieces, clicking his tongue in disapproval. “Alpha Connor, don’t worry **too** much. Livvy isn’t that casual about potential mates.”

His words offered little comfort. My wolf Adam clawed at my chest, desperate **to** claim what was ours.

I sat dazed in my office chair, my ice–blue eyes unfocused as the weight of his revelation crushed **down on** me. “She really agreed to the introductions?”

My voice came out hoarse, barely recognizable even to myself. The thought of other males pursuing **Olivia** made my Alpha instincts rage.

Ethan paused, choosing his words carefully. “You know what happened on New Year’s Eve—she saw **you with** that little cousin of yours, and Layla even mentioned getting separate rooms.”

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “**If I** were her, I wouldn’t be able to handle it either.”

“I think Livvy agreed on purpose to provoke you, or she was just talking nonsense when she was drunk **with** moonberry wine, so it doesn’t count.”

My voice tightened with desperate hope. “I didn’t... I didn’t say anything about separate rooms.”

The memory of that night burned in my mind. Every cruel word I’d spoken to protect her felt like poison in **my** mouth.

Ethan sighed heavily. “Your fake girlfriend Layla Lawrence said **it**, which pretty much meant the same thing to

Olivia.”

His observation hit like a physical blow. Of course Olivia would interpret Layla's words as my intentions.

After a moment of tense silence, I composed myself and turned to Ethan with renewed determination. My

Alpha authority bled through my desperation.

"Help me with something."

Ethan straightened, recognizing the command in my tone. "What do you need?"

"I need you to approach Olivia. Find out about these potential suitors Lily mentioned."

My jaw clenched as I forced out the words. "And give her something from me, but don't reveal it's from me."

Ethan's eyebrows shot up. "Connor, are you sure that's wise? She's trying to move on."

"I don't care." My voice turned cold and possessive. "I need to know who these males are."

(Olivia's POV)

As I exited Moonlaw Legal Services after work, I spotted a glacier white McLaren P1 hypercar parked **not far** away. The expensive vehicle gleamed under the afternoon sun, drawing curious stares **from** passersby.

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Ethan Quinn leaned against the hypercar, scrolling through his phone and seemingly waiting for som

His casual posture contrasted sharply with the luxury surrounding him.

When he recognized me, he approached with a warm greeting. "Olivia! Perfect timing."

His smile seemed genuine, but something in his eyes made me cautious. "What are **you doing** here, Ethant

"I wanted to apologize profusely for what happened on New Year's Eve." His voice carried sincere regret. **The** whole situation with Connor and Layla was incredibly awkward."

I tensed at the mention of Connor's name. "It's fine. These things happen."

“**No**, it’s not fine.” Ethan shook his head emphatically. “I should have warned you they were coming. Let me take you to dinner as an apology.”

I politely refused, my amber eyes guarded. “Thank you, but I already have evening plans.”

Ethan’s curiosity sparked immediately. “Oh? What kind of plans?”

His sudden interest made me uncomfortable. “Just meeting some friends.”

“Male and female friends?” he pressed, his tone becoming more intense.

I hesitated, then fabricated an excuse. “Yes, both. We’re having dinner together.”

Ethan’s mind seemed to race. “These male friends—what are their names? What do they do for work?”

His questions grew increasingly invasive. “How old are they? What do they look like? Do you have photos?”

Growing annoyed by his excessive questioning, I confronted him with sharp suspicion. “Did Connor send **you** to spy on me?”

My lawyer instincts told me he was hiding something. His body language screamed deception.

Ethan quickly denied any connection. “No! Connor has nothing to do with this. I’m here on my **own**.”

“I don’t believe you.” My voice turned cold. “This interrogation feels very deliberate.”

Ethan then produced a McLaren P1 key, holding it out like a peace offering. “Look, I brought you something to make up for New Year’s Eve.”

I stared at the key in disbelief. “A hypercar? For a minor social incident?”

The glacier white McLaren P1 was worth over \$1.2 million. Such extravagance seemed completely

unnecessary.

“It’s just a small token of apology,” Ethan insisted. “Lily’s been nagging me constantly about making amends.”

He gestured toward the passenger seat. “There are also several limited edition Hermès Luna Collection handbags waiting inside.”

My amber eyes narrowed with suspicion. "This is excessive, even for you."

"Please, just accept it as a personal favor to me." His tone became increasingly desperate. "I feel **terrible** about what happened."

I could see through his elaborate charade. "Was this car actually purchased by Connor Rivers?"

My voice carried a note of finality. "I don't want anything from him. I want a clean break **from the Rivers pack**." Ethan's face flushed with guilt, confirming my suspicions. "I... **no**, it's really from me."

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< Chapter 107: The Alpha's.

"Call Lily," I demanded. "Put her on speaker. Let her confirm this story.

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Ethan reluctantly dialed his sister's number. The phone rang twice before Lily's cheerful voice filled **the air**. "Ethan! Did you find Olivia yet?"

"I'm here with her now," Ethan replied carefully. "Can you tell her about the gift?"

"Oh yes!" Lily's enthusiasm bubbled through the speaker. "The hypercar is definitely from Ethan to apologize for New Year's Eve."

Her voice carried apparent sincerity. "Olivia, you should absolutely accept it without guilt. He feels terrible about the whole mess."

Despite Lily's confirmation, doubt still lingered in my mind. The gift seemed too elaborate for the situation.

Reluctantly, I accepted the McLaren P1 key and thanked Ethan with reserved politeness. "Thank you. This is

very generous."

My amber eyes still held traces of suspicion, but I couldn't prove my theory about Connor's involvement. Fresh chapters posted on

Ethan secretly felt guilty for deceiving me, but he hoped I'd eventually understand his motivations. More importantly, he hoped I'd understand Connor's desperate attempt to maintain some connection.

Before departing, I opened the hypercar's passenger door and discovered several Hermès Luna Collection handbags artfully arranged on the seat. The luxury items were worth tens of thousands of dollars.

I took a photo and immediately sent it to Lily and Rebecca Frost. Their responses came quickly, confirming they'd purchased the handbags specifically to cheer me up.

My expression softened with genuine gratitude. "Thank you both. This means so much during this difficult

time."

Their thoughtful gesture touched my heart more than any expensive car could.

Seeing his mission accomplished, Ethan made a strategic excuse to leave. "I need to buy moonlight tea for Lily. My driver will arrive shortly to pick me up."

When I offered him a ride in the new hypercar, he politely declined. "Thanks, but I'll wait for my driver."

With no lingering suspicions, I waved goodbye to Ethan. "I'll be going now, bye-bye."

I settled into the driver's seat of the glacier white McLaren P1, adjusting the mirrors and familiarizing myself with the controls.

Ethan wished me farewell, watching as I drove away in the hypercar. The powerful engine purred beneath me as I navigated through Harbor City's evening traffic.

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Whisper 179

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Chapter 108: **The** Desperate Gambit

Chapter 108: **The** Desperate Gambit

(**Connor's** POV)

In the underground parking garage, Ethan Quinn opened the passenger door of my Cullinan SUV **and slid** in bringing the winter chill with him. The cold air made me shiver slightly.

“Alpha **Connor**, everything you asked me to do is complete. Olivia has accepted the handbags and **the** hypercar.”

My fingers gripped the steering wheel tighter, my ice-blue eyes distant as my Adam's apple bobbed with tension. The leather felt cold beneath my palms.

“Did she suspect anything?”

Ethan answered honestly, his voice carrying a note of concern. “She did indeed suspect something—she directly asked if you had purchased the McLaren P1.”

He shifted in his seat, explaining how he collaborated with Lily to deceive Olivia. “Since Olivia trusts Lily completely, she shouldn't think too deeply about it.”

I responded with a heavy “Mm.” The sound came out rougher than intended.

For a moment, Ethan didn't know what to say. I stared blankly into the void, the SUV so quiet we could **hear**

the heater's gentle whirring.

My wolf whined softly within me, missing his intended mate. The ache in my chest felt like a physical wound

that wouldn't heal.

Recognizing that I was lost in thoughts of Olivia again, Ethan wisely remained silent. He didn't want to disturb my brooding.

After a long while, I finally spoke, my voice rough with longing. “I really want to see her.”

The admission felt like tearing open my chest. Every fiber of my being screamed to go to her.

Ethan felt speechless at my obvious pain, then pulled out his phone with renewed determination. “Alpha Connor, let me help you find a way.”

He immediately called Lily. The phone rang twice before she picked up.

(Ethan Quinn's POV)

"Lily, it's me," I said into the phone, trying to sound casual. "When I delivered the hypercar to Olivia, her mood

seemed terrible."

I glanced at Connor, whose jaw was clenched tight. "She looked like a frost-beaten flower, and I'm worried she might make herself sick keeping everything bottled up inside."

"Could you bring Olivia out to cheer her up?"

Lily's voice came through the speaker, filled with indignation. "'Olivia loved Connor so much, **how could she** get over their separation so quickly?"

She ranted about how heartless it was. "While Olivia suffers, Connor appears to be casually involved with

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celebrity Layla Lawrence as if **nothing happened!!**

Alphas are cold, heartless creatures," she declared with **venom**.

I glanced subconsciously at Connor, who had visibly lost weight. Faint **dark** circles shadowed **his** ice blue **eyes**, clearly having slept **poorly** for several nights.

I knew Connor's true feelings for Olivia all too well. In all our years of friendship, I'd never seen **the Alpha** care so **deeply** about anyone.

This normally composed, self-possessed leader was on the verge of depression after **their** separation.

I continued persuading Lily, who finally agreed to take Olivia out for drinks. "Which bar will you visit?" I asked casually.

"I'm offering to pick Olivia up later for safety."

Lily didn't think much of it and easily revealed their destination. "We're going to Nightshade Bar."

I agreed and told her to take good care of Olivia tonight. “Don’t let her drink too much or she’ll suffer from headaches and stomach pain again.”

After hanging up, I shrugged at Connor. “It’s done. We leave for Nightshade Bar in twenty minutes.”

(Olivia’s POV)

Originally, I had no evening plans. I intended to stay home, watch some legal dramas after dinner, then sleep. Just after finishing my meal, I received a call from Lily asking me to go out for drinks.

During the day, I worked hard, trying to keep myself busy. I wouldn’t have time to think about Connor Rivers. But once night fell, the longing grew wild. My heart felt so uncomfortable and suppressed I could barely

breathe.

A severed mate bond felt like a serious illness—incurable. I could only use alcohol to numb myself.

I needed to vent my emotions. My wolf was restless and aching within me.

The glacier white McLaren P1 traveled through the winter night mist like a ghost. The open-air parking lot outside Nightshade Bar was filled with luxury vehicles.

I tossed the hypercar keys to the valet, stepped carefully in my leather heels. The cold air bit at my exposed skin as I walked up the steps toward the bar.

It was eleven o’clock at night, and the nightlife had just begun. The bar was crowded, lights flashing, music pounding.

Humans and werewolves danced wildly on the central dance floor, reveling in pleasure. This was a breeding ground for ambiguity and debauchery.

As I entered the bar, the noisy voices and music made me frown. I didn’t really like this kind of place, my wolf instincts preferring quieter environments.

“Olivia, over here!” Lily waved to me, with Rebecca Frost standing nearby.

I walked over, and Lily led me to the bar with practiced ease. She settled onto a high stool beside me. “Leo, three Moonberry Mojitos.” The bartender responded with a charming smile, skillfully beginning to mix

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the werewolf-friendly cocktails.

Lily leaned over and whispered in my ear. “This bartender Leo Matthews is twenty-six years old **and the** ‘signature’ attraction of this bar.”

“What do you think? He’s very handsome, right?”

I raised my amber eyes to study the man before me. He wasn’t particularly tall, about 5’7“, with delicate

features.

His handsome face and slightly tousled hair gave him an almost ethereal appeal.

I calmly withdrew my gaze and replied, “He’s alright.”

Lily grinned mischievously. “Do you like this type? This is the charming beta I told you about—lots of female werewolves come to this bar specifically for him.”

As we were talking, a female werewolf approached to flirt with Leo Matthews. She pulled out a thick stack of bills, waving them seductively.

I shook my head. “Too many admirers around him, not suitable.”

“What are you afraid of? It’s just for fun, not marking,” Lily raised her eyebrows. “Why should only Alphas get to play around?”

“Can’t she—wolves have fun too? Connor Rivers is seen publicly with that celebrity—are you really going to remain celibate for him?”

“Play! Let loose and have some fun!”

I frowned. “I... I’m not interested...”

“That’s because you haven’t experienced the thrill of playing the field.”

The bartender placed three Moonberry Mojitos before us. The drinks sparkled with an otherworldly shimmer. Lily said with a smile, “Thanks, handsome.”

Leo met Lily’s gaze, smiling seductively. “No need to thank me, beautiful.”

Their eyes met, and attraction sparked silently. I could practically feel the chemistry crackling between them.

Rebecca and I exchanged glances, both wearing dazed expressions. Our eyes were wide with shock.

Did they just connect that easily? Check latest chapters at [Find_Novel\(.\)net](http://Find_Novel(.)net)

After drinking one cocktail, my depression didn't decrease but intensified. As the saying goes, drowning sorrows with alcohol only makes the sorrow greater.

Under alcohol's influence, I seemed to miss Connor even more. My wolf howled mournfully within me. Lily tried to cheer me up. "It's okay, sister. If you don't like this one, I'll introduce you to others."

"Didn't you mention wanting to see some male entertainers last time? This bar has plenty of good-looking ones."

"Wait here, I'll call their manager over. Whatever catches your eye, tell your sister, and I'll arrange it for you."

I had already consumed three cocktails and felt dizzy. I mumbled in a slurred voice, "Don't..."

Lily was also drunk, and with the bar's noise, she didn't hear clearly. "What? You want to?"

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< Chapter 108: The Desperate

I shook my head. "I don't like messy situations..."

Lily misunderstood. "What? You just want to look at those eight-pack abs?"

My amber eyes blurred. What on earth was she talking about? My cheeks flushed with intoxication, my

Ten minutes later, five male entertainers—all over six feet tall with impressive eight-pack abs—stood in a row

before me.

They said in unison, "Hello~~~"

I hiccupped and laughed foolishly. "Hello everyone."

These were Blake Sterling and other beta werewolves who worked as entertainers at Nightshade Bar. They used their physical attributes to attract wealthy female patrons.

(Connor's POV).

"I have to admit, they're really good-looking."

Meanwhile, in a dimly lit booth across the bar, I stared at the payment notification on my phone. My face darkened with displeasure.

"What's wrong with Lily? She used my emergency card to hire male entertainers for Olivia?"

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Chapter 109: Jealousy and Heartbreak at Nightshade Bar

Chapter 109: Jealousy and Heartbreak at Nightshade Bar

(Connor's POV)

Ethan Quinn's face darkened with anger as he watched the scene unfold before us. His **teeth ground audibly**

In the dim booth where **we** sat hidden.

"I'm **so** pissed off! Lily actually dared to hire male entertainers for Olivia!"

My ice-blue eyes remained fixed on the bar area. Olivia held a glass of Moonfire Tequila with Silver Lime **in**

one hand while her other hand explored Blake Sterling's sculpted chest muscles.

The burning sensation from my own tequila seemed **to** spread through the air around us. Everything tasted bitter and sour.

My Alpha instincts roared at the sight of other males entertaining my intended mate. My wolf Adam clawed at my chest, demanding I claim what was ours.

Olivia's amber eyes were glazed with alcohol. Her honey-brown hair fell in disheveled waves around her

shoulders.

She giggled as Blake flexed his muscles for her entertainment. The sound cut through me like silver.

"Look at those abs," she slurred, tracing patterns on his chest. "So different from..."

She didn't finish the sentence. But I knew she was thinking of me.

My hands clenched into fists on the table. The leather booth creaked under my tension.

Ethan noticed my rigid posture. "Connor, don't do anything stupid."

But watching other males touch what belonged to me was torture. Every fiber of my being screamed to

intervene.

Blake Sterling leaned closer to Olivia. His predatory smile made my vision flash red.

"You're so beautiful," he murmured in her ear. "Much too good for whoever broke your heart."

Olivia's face crumpled slightly. Fresh tears gathered in her amber eyes.

"He doesn't want me anymore," she whispered. "He chose someone else." The pain in her voice nearly broke my resolve. I started to rise from the booth.

Ethan's hand shot out to restrain me. "Connor, think about what you're doing."

I abruptly stood up from our booth anyway. My powerful frame radiated tension and barely contained fury. Ethan startled at the sudden movement. "What are you doing?"

"I'm taking Olivia home immediately." My voice came out as a growl. "This ends now."

My wolf snarled beneath the surface at the perceived threat to our mate bond. Every instinct demanded I eliminate the competition.

Ethan quickly gripped my **arm**. "Your presence would expose our carefully constructed ruse to Frederick

Chapter 109 Jealousy and

Wamers spies.

His **words** hit like cold water. **“They might be watching.**
This **would render** all **your** sacrifice pointless

acknowledged the **risk with** a tense **nod**. **But my** eyes **remained fixed on Olivia**,
surrounded by **the** male entertainers **vying** for her attention.

Lily continued encouraging her reckless **behavior**. **“Come on, Liv! Live a little!”**

My jaw clenched **so hard** I thought my teeth might c***k. The **sight of** other males
near **my mate** was

unbearable.

“I can’t watch this,” I muttered through gritted teeth.

Ethan’s grip tightened on my arm. “You have to. For her safety.”

Just as I was preparing to do something rash that would blow our cover, Ethan
suddenly dashed forward. He created a gust of wind as he moved with supernatural
speed toward the bar area.

Lily was thoroughly intoxicated, her inhibitions completely gone. She leaned against
Blake Sterling’s muscular chest, her face flushed with alcohol and infatuation.

Before Lily could realize what was happening, Ethan punched Blake squarely in the jaw.
His protective instincts for his stepsister overrode his usual caution.

The sound of impact echoed through the bar. Blake stumbled backward from the
unexpected blow.

His colleagues from the entertainment staff held him back as he tried to retaliate. “What
the **hell**, man?” Blake’s lip was split and bleeding. His perfect features were marred by
the violence.

Lily was half-sobered by the sudden violence. Her amber eyes widened in shock as she
exclaimed, “Ethan! What are you doing?”

She rushed to check if Blake was injured. “Oh my god, are you okay?”

Lily immediately began apologizing profusely to the entertainer. She pulled out a thick
stack of Crimson Pack Currency Bills from her purse.

“Here, take this for medical expenses,” she said frantically. “I’m so sorry about my stepbrother.”

However, Ethan roughly grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the group of entertainers. His face was dark with fury.

“Have you lost all sense of shame?” he scolded harshly. “What would our parents think if they saw you behaving like this?”

Meanwhile, Olivia was somewhat sobered by the sudden commotion. She stared at Ethan with confused

recognition.

Her honey–brown hair was disheveled and her amber eyes struggled to focus. “Ethan? What are you doing

here?”

My heart lurched as I watched from the shadows. This was too close for comfort.

Olivia’s heart lurched as she recognized Ethan Quinn. She immediately asked with desperate hope, “Is he here too?”

She was referring to me. The longing in her voice was unmistakable.

Chapter 109 Jealousy an

Ethan shook his head firmly, lying to protect our cover. “No, I came alone to get Lily!

Disappointment crashed over Olivia like a cold wave. Her wolf whimpered with renewed pain.

She had foolishly hoped that I might be there. But instead I was probably with that celebrity Layla Lawrence

The crushing reality of our separation hit her again. She reached for the wine bottle with shaking hands.

She took another long drink directly from it to numb the ache in her chest. The alcohol burned down her

throat.

“Of course he’s not here,” she muttered bitterly. “Why would he be?”

Her amber eyes filled with fresh tears. The sight made my chest constrict painfully.

Ethan and Lily began quarreling loudly over the Incident. Their voices carried across the crowded bar.

“You had no right to hit him!” Lily shouted angrily. “Blake didn’t do anything wrong!”

Ethan was furious that Lily had been leaning against other men so intimately. “You were practically throwing yourself at him!”

“So what if I was?” Lily defended her actions. “I’m a grown woman!”

She berated him for hitting Blake without provocation. “You can’t just punch people because you don’t like what I’m doing!”

Their heated argument was interrupted by Vincent Crawford’s arrival. The bar manager approached with nervous diplomacy.

Vincent was clearly worried about potential trouble with the influential Quinn family. “Is everything alright

here?”

Lily helped defuse the situation quickly. “It’s just a misunderstanding, Vincent. My stepbrother overreacted.” She explained that Ethan had protective instincts that sometimes got the better of him. “He didn’t mean any real harm.”

Lily then handed over additional Crimson Pack Currency Bills to Vincent. “This should cover Blake’s medical expenses and compensate for the disruption.”

Vincent accepted the money gratefully. “Thank you, Miss Quinn. We appreciate your understanding.” The tension in the air began to dissipate as the situation was resolved. But the damage was already done. Ethan Quinn stormed off in frustration. His protective anger still simmered beneath the surface. He pushed through the crowd toward the exit without looking back. His jaw was set in a hard line. Lily apologized once more to Vincent Crawford and the entertainment staff. “Again, I’m really sorry about all

this.”

She ensured there would be no lasting problems from the incident. “Blake, are you sure you’re okay?”

As she turned around, she noticed Olivia sitting alone with a flushed face. Tearful amber eyes stared into the distance.

Olivia was drinking directly from the wine bottle with desperate abandon. Her movements were u reckless.

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<Chapter 109. Jealousy an

Lily immediately grabbed the bottle away from her friend. "You're completely drunk, Liv. We need to **get** you

home right now."

Through her tears, Olivia cried out, "Connor Rivers is such a bastard..."

Her broken voice carried across the bar. My heart clenched painfully as I heard her anguished words.

I clenched my fists to restrain myself from rushing to her side. I couldn't be impulsive and blow our cover.

But hearing her pain was torture. Every instinct screamed *to* comfort her.

"He doesn't love me," Olivia sobbed. "He never loved me."

The words cut through me like silver blades. If only she knew the truth.

Rebecca Frost approached the pair with concern. "Lily, maybe I should take care of Olivia."

She suggested that Lily should go home since she was also quite intoxicated. "You've caused enough trouble for one evening."

Lily agreed reluctantly. She was still shaken by Ethan's violent outburst.

"Take good care of her, Becca," Lily said, entrusting Olivia to Rebecca's care. "She's really hurting." Lily made her way toward the exit, her steps unsteady. The night had not gone as planned. However, Olivia began babbling incoherently. "I saw him. I know I saw Connor somewhere in this bar." Rebecca tried to convince her that she was simply too drunk. "You're imagining things, Liv."

She gently pulled Olivia back toward their table. "Come on, let's sit down."

"Becca, I saw him, I saw Connor," Olivia insisted, stumbling forward. Her wolf instincts tried to locate my scent through the crowd.

The alcohol hadn't completely dulled her supernatural senses. She knew I was near. Rebecca continued to pull Olivia back. "You're drunk and seeing things that aren't there."

She repeated the words like a mantra. "Connor isn't here. You're just missing him."

But Olivia's wolf was certain of what she had sensed. Even through the alcohol haze, the mate bond called to

her.

"I really saw him, he's right here in this bar," she insisted desperately.

Olivia's amber eyes welled up with tears as overwhelming emotion crashed over her. The pain was too much to bear.

She suddenly cried out loudly enough for the entire bar to hear, "Connor Rivers, you're here, aren't you? Please come out!"

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Chapter 110 The Broken.

Chapter 110: The Broken Wolf's Lament

Chapter 110: The Broken Wolf's Lament

(Third person's POV)

Sitting in the corner booth, Connor pressed his lips tightly together. His ice-blue eyes darkened like an endless abyss as he watched his mate call out for him with heartbreaking desperation.

In a shadowy corner that no one paid attention to, someone raised their phone and secretly recorded this scene. The flash was barely visible in the dim lighting.

Olivia's voice trembled with soul-crushing

you're here, why don't you dare to see me?"

ness as she cried out, "Connor Rivers, you coward! Now **that**

Her words cut through Connor like silver blades. Every fiber of Connor being screamed to go to her, but he remained frozen in place.

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His wolf Adam clawed at his chest, demanding he claim what was theirs..

But he couldn't move. Not without exposing everything they'd worked to protect.

Seeing Olivia in such a broken state, Rebecca Frost felt her heart ache for her friend. She helped Olivia navigate through the crowd toward the exit.

"Come on, Liv," Rebecca said gently. "You're drunk and need to go home to rest."

Two of the Frost family's beta werewolf bodyguards followed closely behind. Their protective instincts were alert as they escorted the distressed she-wolf through the packed nightclub.

Olivia stumbled against Rebecca, her amber eyes glazed with tears and alcohol. "He's here, Becca. I know

he's here."

"You're imagining things," Rebecca soothed. "Let's get you home."

When Maxwell Cooper received the video footage, Frederick Warner was in his American estate's private suite. He was seducing a newly acquired human lover and sharing wine with her.

The atmosphere in the room was thick with lust and indulgence. The air was heavy with alcohol, smoke, and the musky scent of desire.

On the leather sofa, a woman's torn black stockings and black lace lingerie lay scattered in disarray. Evidence of their passionate encounter littered the expensive furniture.

After Frederick finished the shared wine, he wrapped one arm around the woman's waist. His other hand explored beneath her skirt, causing her breathing to become more rapid and desperate.

Maxwell quietly stood in the corner/suppressing his presence. He played the role of an invisible, silent

observer.

Frederick demanded complete privacy when he indulged in his pleasures. Maxwell had learned to become effectively nonexistent during these moments.

The woman moaned softly as Frederick's hands roamed her body. Her back arched against **the** leather cushions.

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Chapter 110 The Broken

Frederick's control remained absolute even in **passion**. His movements were calculated and deliberate.

Two hours later, the woman lay naked and panting on the sofa. Her body glistened with sweat **from their**

intense activities.

Frederick, however, remained fully clothed. His control was absolute even in passion.

The man leaned lazily against the sofa, extracting a cigarette from an ornate case. He lit it with practiced

ease.

White smoke curled upward, obscuring his sharp, aristocratic features. It lent him an air of **dangerous** sophistication.

Maxwell waited until Frederick was clearly finished before approaching. He needed to deliver his operational

report.

The woman, understanding her dismissal, gathered her scattered clothes. She left the private **suite** without a

word.

Maxwell informed Frederick that their shipment operations in California had been successfully completed. Frederick hummed casually in acknowledgment.

“What about our activities in Nation C?” Frederick inquired, taking a long drag from his cigarette.

Maxwell’s throat worked nervously. “Complications arose with our contact Pa Shan. During a meeting with Jin Min, they encountered law enforcement interference.”

“They were forced to abort the transaction,” Maxwell continued fearfully. “While our operatives escaped capture, the valuable cargo was confiscated.”

Frederick’s eyes flashed with predatory violence. He snarled, “A group of incompetent fools lost the merchandise and still have the audacity to return.”

Maxwell remained silent, recognizing the dangerous shift in his employer’s mood. The temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees.

Frederick then demanded an update on their business project with Mesa Corporation in Nation A. Maxwell’s throat worked nervously as he prepared to deliver more bad news.

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“After our project termination, both parties suffered massive financial losses,” Maxwell reported fearfully. “Connor Rivers seized the opportunity to acquire Mesa Corporation.”

“The legal paperwork is currently being processed,” he added quietly.

With a thunderous crash, Frederick kicked over the mahogany table in front of him. Crystal glasses and documents went flying across the expensive carpet.

“Connor Rivers, one day I will make you pay double for everything!” he roared. His wolf’s rage was barely contained beneath his human facade.

Maxwell stood silently nearby, watching his expression carefully. He knew better than to speak when Frederick was in this state.

Only when Frederick had vented most of his fury did Maxwell dare to speak again. “Alpha, there’s **the latest** intelligence about Olivia Winters.”

Frederick composed himself, his voice **returning to its** usual controlled tone. The transformation was

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Chapter 110 The Broken

unsettling in its swiftness.

“What **is it?**” he asked, straightening his expensive suit jacket.

Maxwell opened the video file and handed over his phone. “Our surveillance team followed **Olivia Winters to** the bar and captured this scene.”

“She and Connor Rivers appear to be genuinely separated,” Maxwell explained.

Frederick took the phone and examined the footage. His eyes flashed with contempt and disdain **as he** watched Olivia’s breakdown.

The man chuckled sarcastically. “Hah, foolish she—wolf who believes in true mate bonds.”

“Then should we...” Maxwell began hesitantly.

“No need to continue monitoring her,” Frederick interrupted with a dismissive wave. “She’s **just** a discarded piece of clothing that Connor Rivers has thrown away.

“A worn—out toy he’s tired of playing with,” he added cruelly. “Right now I need all available manpower **and** don’t have time to waste on her.”

“Understood, Alpha,” Maxwell replied with relief.

“By the way, Alpha, Ethan Grey called requesting a meeting with you,” Maxwell added.

Frederick’s brow furrowed in confusion. “Who?”

Maxwell clarified, “Olivia Winters’ former boyfriend.”

Frederick’s lips curled with disdain as he spat out three words. “Never heard of him.”

Maxwell explained carefully, “He offered Connor Rivers’ whereabouts and internal intelligence about the Rivers pack in exchange for our investment funding.”

“That investment was later channeled to the Grey pack,” Maxwell continued. “The Grey pack is now developing very successfully and is considered a prominent enterprise in the Northern Territory.”

“The Grey family still holds value for our operations,” he concluded.

Frederick’s eyes flashed with contempt. “What use could some pathetic wolf that Vanessa Reed dug up possibly be? He’s nothing but a desperate lapdog.”

“Then Alpha, do you want to meet with him?” Maxwell asked cautiously.

Frederick considered for a moment, then smirked coldly. “A dog that’s eager **to curry** favor with me can be taken out for a walk when I’m in a good mood.”

(Connor’s POV)

Rebecca safely escorted Olivia home to her luxury apartment. She didn’t realize that I was following **them at** a careful distance.

My Cullinan moved silently through the night streets. I kept far enough back to avoid detection.

After Rebecca **left**, I went to Olivia’s home. My heart pounded as I approached her door.

Dorothy opened the door, slightly startled. “Alpha Connor, why are you here?”

“How is she?” I asked urgently, my voice rough with concern.

< Chapter 110 The Broken

“Miss Winters is severely intoxicated,” Dorothy replied with worry. “I was just preparing to brew her a **sobering**

remedy.”

I opened my wallet and extracted several bills. “Tonight, stay elsewhere. I’ll take care of her here.”

Dorothy took the money without question. “Of course, Alpha Connor, please wait a moment while I quickly pack some clothes.”

The housekeeper stepped aside to allow me entry into the apartment. I entered, bringing with me the scent of alcohol and the crisp night air.

My ice-blue eyes surveyed the space with a carefully controlled expression, Richard Winters had provided well for Olivia, and this residence was quite respectable.

Dorothy brought a cup of hot healing tea and placed it on the coffee table. “Alpha Connor, please sit and rest for a moment. I’ll be right back.”

I couldn’t focus on resting. My wolf was too agitated, too desperate to see our mate.

“Where is her bedroom?” I asked urgently.

Dorothy pointed toward the corridor. “Miss Winters’ room is the first door on the left.”

I couldn't wait any longer and strode toward Olivia's bedroom. My heart hammered against my ribs with each

step.

The door was unlocked, and I pushed it open carefully. Just in time to hear the she-wolf talking in her sleep. "Connor, Connor Rivers..." her voice was barely a whisper.

"Why don't you want me... sob sob sob..." The faint crying that followed made my heart clench violently with

pain.

I approached the bed in quick strides. Olivia continued murmuring intermittently in her sleep.

Her wolf's distress was bleeding through into her human form. The sight broke something inside me. "Connor Rivers is a bad Alpha... I don't want you... Go away..." she mumbled, her face scrunched with pain.

I lowered my gaze, my eyelashes trembling as I reached out. I gently stroked Olivia's face, wiping away the she-wolf's tears.

My tone was as gentle as spring water that couldn't be melted. "Yes, I'm a terrible Alpha."

The she-wolf in her sleep seemed to sense my presence. She moved closer to me instinctively, seeking

comfort.

"Alpha Connor..." she breathed, her voice filled with longing.

Her emotions fluctuated wildly in the dream state. One moment she was like a wolf with bristled fur, angrily telling me to leave.

The next moment she was like a clingy pup, gently nuzzling her face against my hand. "Con, don't go, d leave me, Livvy is very good..."

My heart was about to melt. "I'm here, I won't leave."

My expression softened, and the love in my ice-blue eyes was about to overflow. The warmth and softness came from my palm as the she-wolf's face nuzzled against my hand again and again.

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A long-lost sense of happiness welled up in my heart. Like stolen moments, my chest filled with both sweetness and bitter pain.

I sat by the bedside, greedily gazing at Olivia for a long time. I couldn't get enough of looking at her.

Dorothy finished packing her belongings and was about to bid farewell to me before leaving. When she reached the bedroom door and glimpsed this tender scene through the c***k, she didn't make a sound to

disturb us. Fresh chapters posted on

She quietly departed, understanding the sacred nature of what she witnessed:

I couldn't resist leaning down to press a reverent kiss to Olivia's flushed cheek. Pious and pure, without any lustful intent.

The she-wolf seemed to sense something, groaning softly. Suddenly she reached out to wrap her arms around my neck, murmuring, "Con..."

The ending sound was drawn out with spoiled sweetness. My back stiffened suddenly, and a tingling sensation instantly spread throughout my entire body as my wolf responded to his mate's unconscious call.

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Chapter 111: Irresistible

Chapter 111: Irresistible

(Connor's POV)

The next moment, Olivia's chin was gently lifted by my palm. A tender, affectionate kiss fell upon her lips.

Her soft mouth tasted of moonberry wine and something uniquely her. My wolf Adam stirred with **barely** contained desire for his mate.

The cold winter air outside contrasted sharply with the heated emotions within the room. As my kiss deepened, every nerve in my body came alive.

Olivia responded instinctively, even in her intoxicated state. Her arms tightened around my neck, pulling me

closer.

"Connor," she whispered against my lips. Her voice was thick with wine and longing.

My ice-blue eyes darkened with emotion as I gazed down at her flushed face. The love I **felt** threatened **to** overwhelm me completely.

"I'm here, Livvy," I murmured, pressing gentle kisses along her jawline. "I'm right here."

Lost in the moment, Olivia questioned my earlier coldness through the haze of alcohol. "Why were **you** so distant? Why did you push me away?"

Her amber eyes were glassy but filled with hurt. The pain in her voice made my chest constrict.

"I never wanted to push you away," I responded with tender words. "Every moment apart from you has been

torture."

I showered her with gentle kisses, expressing my love and longing. My hands trembled as they cupped her

face.

"You're everything to me, Olivia. My wolf, my heart, my soul – they all belong to you."

She melted against me, her body responding to my touch. The mate bond hummed between us, electric and undeniable.

I was careful not to leave any claiming marks on her neck. My Alpha instincts reminded me to protect her even in passion.

Her consent needed to be clear despite the wine's influence. I wouldn't take advantage of her vulnerable

state.

"Connor, please," she whispered, her hands fisting in my shirt. "Don't leave me again."

"Never," I promised, my voice rough with emotion. "I'll never leave you willingly."

I stopped before crossing the final line. My wolf howled in protest, but I held firm.

She deserved better than a drunken encounter she might regret. When we came together again, **it** would be with full awareness and choice.

choice

After Olivia fell into peaceful sleep, I ensured her comfort by adjusting the blankets. I checked the room temperature, making sure she wouldn't be cold.

1:3

Chapter 111. Irresistible

I **settled in the** chair **beside** her **bed**, still **holding onto** her delicate **hand**. **My** gaze filled **with** overwhelming

love and protective tenderness.

My wolf was content to simply guard his sleeping mate. This was enough for now.

The hours passed slowly as I watched her sleep. Every breath she took was precious **to** me.

(Ethan Quinn's POV)

Meanwhile, at my private villa, I dragged a protesting Lily inside. She complained about the **late** hour **and my** aggressive behavior.

"Ethan, what's gotten into you?" she demanded, stumbling slightly. "It's past midnight!"

I ignored her protests, pushing her against the ornate door. My beta wolf finally claimed what **I had** desired

for weeks.

her a sedlo my

I kissed her fiercely, months of suppressed longing exploding into action. Lily was shocked and struggled to

push me away.

“Stop it!” she gasped against my mouth. “You’re my stepbrother!”

But my strength as a werewolf overwhelmed her smaller frame. I was consumed by long-suppressed desire and jealousy.

“You were deliberately tempting me,” I accused, my voice rough. “Flirting with those entertainers, letting them

touch you.”

“I wasn’t-” she began, but I silenced her with another kiss.

Her protests grew weaker as her own wolf responded to my dominant presence. The chemistry between **us** was undeniable.

As we moved to the leather sofa, Lily eventually stopped resisting. Her body betrayed her protests, melting against mine.

“This is wrong,” she whispered, but her hands clutched at my shoulders.

“Nothing about this feels wrong,” I growled against her neck. “This feels inevitable.”

My voice was husky with desire as I made my demand. “Call me brother when I kiss you.”

She hesitated, her amber eyes wide with confusion and arousal. “Ethan, I can’t-” “Say it,” I commanded, my beta dominance asserting itself.

“Brother,” she whispered finally, her submission stirring my possessive instincts further.

The word sent fire through my veins. I had waited so long to hear it in this context.

(Olivia’s POV)

Waking up with a terrible headache, I groaned and pressed my palms against my temples. **The** morning light felt like daggers in my skull.

I remembered little of the night before. Only fragments of seeing Connor Rivers and Lily Chen **being** taken away by Ethan Quinn from Nightshade Bar.

Everything else was a blur of alcohol and heartbreak. My wolf felt strangely content **despite** my physical.

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< Chapter **111**. Irresistible

discomfort.

Dorothy Jenkins appeared in the doorway with a concerned expression. “Miss Winters, how are you feeling?”

“Like I was trampled by a pack of rogues,” I muttered. “How did I get back to Moonlight Haven?”

Dorothy smiled gently. “It was Rebecca Frost who brought you home safely. She was very worried about you.”

I noticed I was wearing my silk pajamas instead of the dress from last night. “Did Rebecca help change my

clothes too?”

“Yes, she made sure you were comfortable before she left,” Dorothy confirmed.

I remained unaware that Connor had actually taken care of me throughout the entire night. That he had stayed by my bedside like a devoted mate.

I felt sore and exhausted, similar to how I felt after intimate moments with Connor. My body was responding to phantom sensations.

“I was having that kind of dream,” I realized with embarrassment. My wolf had responded to something even

in sleep.

Heat flooded my cheeks as fragmented memories surfaced. Gentle touches, whispered words, the scent of pine and winter air.

But it had to be a dream. Connor was with that celebrity now, not caring for his discarded mate.

“I need to rest before eating,” I told Dorothy, dismissing the intense emotions. “Too much moonberry wine last This text is hosted at

night.”

Dorothy nodded understandingly. “I’ll prepare some healing broth for when you’re ready.”

As she left, I buried my face in my pillow. The lingering scent of Connor’s cologne made my heart ache with fresh longing.

5

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

Whisper 183

Chapter 112: Hidden Desires and Unexpected Encounters

Chapter 112: Hidden **Desires** and Unexpected Encounters

(Ethan Quinn’s POV)

The shrill ringing of my phone pierced through the peaceful morning silence. I groaned, **my voice rough with** sleep as I fumbled for the device.

“Hello,” I mumbled, barely conscious.

“Quinn? Why are you answering the phone? Where’s Lily?”

Olivia’s surprised voice jolted me awake like ice water. My ice-blue eyes snapped open as panic shot **through** my system.

I sat up in bed with a jolt, clearing my throat. “Lily is still sleeping in the upstairs bedroom. Her phone was **left** on the living room sofa. I saw your call and answered it.”

My hand shot out to cover Lily’s mouth before she could make any sound. This relationship wasn’t **ready to**

be made public within our werewolf social circles.

I didn't need to worry about gossip affecting my reputation as a beta wolf. People would only say I was a

playboy.

But it was different for a female werewolf. Pack members would gossip behind her back, calling her

shameless for having an affair with her stepbrother.

They would label her immoral. The rumors would drown her.

Lily stirred beneath the silk sheets, her naked form shifting against me. "Mm... who is it..." she mumbled

sleepily.

Her wolf was still drowsy from our passionate night together. She was completely unaware of the phone conversation happening above her.

"Oh, okay then. Have her call me back when she wakes up," Olivia said, relief evident in her voice.

She seemed satisfied that Lily was safe and unharmed after the previous night's events at the bar.

"Alright," I breathed a sigh of relief as I responded.

After hanging up, I looked down at Lily beside me. My gaze darkened with renewed desire.

"Awake?" I asked softly.

Lily gave a half-hearted "hmm.". Because she had just woken up, her voice was soft and delicate. The sound instantly ignited my wolf's desire. I leaned down and kissed her lips, my voice husky.

"Baby, one more time?"

Lily instantly woke up upon hearing this. Her wolf suddenly became alert.

She grabbed the quilt and covered herself, looking wary. "You, get away!" she stammered.

My eyes were gentle, and a doting smile appeared on my lips. My wolf purred with satisfaction.

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•Chapter 112 Hidden Desir.

Baby, do you know how alluring you look?"

Lily clutched

the quilt tightly, her voice nervous. "Quirin, Quinn... don't mess around. We were both drunk (234 night... we're adults, I can pretend it didn't happen."

She took a shaky breath. "In the future... we'll still be step-siblings."

I laughed in amusement, raising an eyebrow. "I wasn't drunk last night. I was completely **sober.**"

Lily's amber eyes widened in shock.

I slowly continued, "Baby, I was very clear-headed. I knew exactly what I was doing. Actually, **I had already** noticed my feelings for you, but I was restraining myself."

My voice grew rougher with emotion. "Last night, when you ordered that male entertainer and **leaned into his** arms, I couldn't take it anymore."

Lily was incredulous. "You, you... you liked me all along?"

I gave a confirming "hmm."

"Since when?" she whispered.

"I don't know exactly when, maybe it was inevitable."

Lily bit her lip. "But I... I'm not ready yet."

I gently stroked her face, my wolf's protective instincts surfacing. "Baby, do you have feelings for me?"

"No!" she protested quickly.

I chuckled softly, leaning down to kiss her again. This time, Lily did not push me away.

Passion ignited once more between us. At the height of our intimate connection, Lily no longer suppressed

herself.

She called out without restraint as our wolves responded to each other. I panted in her ear, **my** voice hoarse

with satisfaction.

“You’re lying,” I whispered with a satisfied smile.

(Olivia’s POV)

Days passed in Riverdale’s winter snow. It was mid-January in a blink of an eye.

On this day, I received a call from Thomas Wilson, the law firm director.

“Olivia, I heard you play golf?” he asked cheerfully.

I was still wondering who had told him when I remembered filling out an application form. I had listed golf among my interests and hobbies when I first joined the firm.

“Yes, Director Wilson, what’s the matter?”

The director chuckled. “I have a big client here, Harrison of Apex Industries. He’s passionate about golf. **I’ve** made an appointment with him to play at Southmere Royal Golf Course on the eighteenth.”

He paused. “I’d like you to come with me.”

I thought that accompanying the law firm director wouldn’t cause **any** trouble.

“Okay, **Director.**”

⌂

< Chapter 112 Hidden Desir.

“**This** Harrison has several cases he could sign with us. If it works out, you’ll get twenty percent of **the**

commission.”

His tone became more serious. “Olivia, I know your family is well-established and you don’t need the money, but we lawyers need experience and must train our negotiating skills.”

The fact that I was from the prestigious Winters pack had spread throughout the law firm. The director had certainly heard about it.

“I understand, Director.”

“Alright, prepare well. I’ll have my assistant Marcus Thompson book the flights.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up, I looked at the calendar on my desk. It was January thirteenth.

Year’s Eve. I hadn’t seen Connor Rivers for half a month. It had been thirteen days since New

During this time, I had been working hard, trying not to let myself be idle. Once I was idle, I couldn’t help but think of Connor.

And my heart would ache terribly.

Entertainment news about Connor and actress Layla Lawrence’s supposed relationship was everywhere. I didn’t deliberately pay attention, but I would always hear my colleagues gossiping about them.

“Have you seen the trending news? Layla Lawrence and the Rivers pack heir went on vacation to a tropical

island.”

“They look so good together – such a handsome Alpha and beautiful actress are really pleasing to the eye! So

cute!”

“My goddess’s looks are beyond words. She’s the undisputed top celebrity in the entertainment industry! No one else is worthy of the Rivers heir except her.”

“Hey, I heard that Olivia from our law firm is from the Winters pack? Did you know she almost got engaged to that Rivers family member before?”

“Yes, yes, I know about this. It’s true. The Rivers heir used to be Olivia’s boyfriend. I’ve even seen him at the law firm entrance. He’s really incredibly handsome!” Original content can be found at

“Ah? Really? Olivia and the Rivers heir–used to have a thing?”

“Shhh... keep it down, don’t let Olivia hear you...”

I stood at the break room door, holding a water cup. I heard the conversation inside, paused, and sighed helplessly.

I said nothing and turned away.

Sometimes, when I saw Layla's huge poster on the LED screen in the mall, I would stop involuntarily. My heart filled with mixed emotions.

So that's the type of woman he likes. Bea alluring.

Added **to the library**

iling with charm, enchanting and

Soon it was time for the business trip. I followed Director Wilson onto the flight to Southmere Territory.

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<Chapter 112. Hidden Desi

Passing through first class, I inadvertently caught sight of that face I longed for day and **night**. I suddenly stopped. A c***k appeared on my carefully composed expression. Connor Rivers, dressed in a black

his laptop.

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coat, looked aloof and noble. He sat in his seat reviewing documents on

Beside him, Layla Lawrence smiled brightly. Her star presence was unmistakable even in the confined **space**.

Sensing a burning gaze, Connor looked up from his computer screen. He met my amber eyes, his ice-blue gaze showing slight surprise.

The atmosphere became subtly charged. The air filled with unspoken emotions and the faint scent of longing tinged with bitterness.

Layla smiled openly and greeted me with practiced grace. "Miss Winters, we meet again."

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

Whisper 184

Chapter 113: Crossing Paths

Chapter 113: Crossing Paths

(Olivia's POV)

I **didn't** think I was generous enough to greet my ex-boyfriend's current girlfriend enthusiastically. The **sight** of them together on the plane felt like silver claws raking across my heart.

I pretended not to hear Layla Lawrence's greeting and walked towards the back of the cabin. My **amber** eyes carefully avoided their gaze as I forced myself to remain calm.

Every step away from them felt like walking through quicksand. My wolf whimpered softly, recognizing Connor's familiar pine and winter air scent even from this distance.

I kept my expression neutral despite the turmoil raging inside me. Professional composure was **all I had left**

to protect myself with.

The flight attendant smiled as I passed, completely unaware of the emotional storm brewing beneath **my**

controlled exterior.

In economy class, I finally reached my seat beside Thomas Wilson. He looked up from his tablet with excitement dancing in his eyes.

"Olivia, wasn't that the celebrity Layla Lawrence in first class?" he asked eagerly. "Do you know her? My daughter is such a huge fan!"

www

My wolf bristled at the mention of the actress. I forced my voice to remain steady and cold.

“No, I don’t know her,” I replied **curtly**.

Thomas Wilson’s face fell slightly, embarrassment coloring his features. “Oh, I see. My daughter would have been thrilled if I could get an autograph.”

The memory of my colleagues’ hurtful comment echoed in my mind. No one else is worthy of the Rivers heir except her.

I offered a stiff apology, my professional training overriding my personal pain. “I’m sorry I can’t help with that.” Thomas Wilson quickly sensed the tension and changed the subject. “Well, let’s focus on our upcoming work in Southmere Territory instead.”

“Yes, of course,” I agreed with practiced composure.

The rest of the flight passed in uncomfortable silence. I stared out the small window, watching clouds drift by like my shattered dreams.

As the plane landed in Southmere Territory, I passed by first class again during disembarkation. My eyes quickly glanced at Connor’s seat, finding it empty.

The lingering traces of his familiar scent still hung in the air. My wolf sensed it immediately, causing my chest to tighten with longing.

I couldn’t describe the complex feelings washing over me. Relief **that** I wouldn’t have **to** see **him** again, mixed with inexplicable disappointment.

Chapter 113. Crossing Pat

Arriving at the hotel at 10 PM, I went through the motions of **checking in**. The **lobby** was elegant but fun **and unwelcoming**.

After showering, I scrolled through Howlr on my phone. The trending topics made **my heart sink** further into. **despair**.

Layla Lawrence was in Southmere Territory for an entertainment gala. Which meant Connor **was** likely here **to** accompany her to the eve

The thought made my chest tighten with a familiar ache. My wolf paced restlessly within me, **unable to**

settle.

I tossed and turned in the hotel bed, unable to find peace. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw Connor’s ice-blue gaze meeting mine on the plane.

The digital clock glowed mockingly in the

darkness. 11 PM became midnight, then 1 AM.

Unable to sleep, I grabbed my phone and ordered melatonin online for emergency delivery. The hotel concierge service was surprisingly efficient.

At 2 AM, I finally took one of the sleep aids. I set my alarm for 8 AM, knowing I had important work the next day. The rightful source is

day.

My wolf finally settled into an uneasy rest as the medication took effect.

Waking up with dark circles under my amber eyes, I stared at my reflection in the bathroom mirror. The

exhaustion was written clearly across my face.

I

I carefully applied concealer and foundation, hiding the evidence of my sleepless night. Professional appearances mattered, especially when meeting new clients.

At Southmere Royal Golf Course, the morning air was crisp and clean. Thomas Wilson seemed energized by the business opportunity ahead.

"Mr. Harrison, this is our law firm's lawyer, Olivia Winters," Thomas Wilson said with enthusiasm. "Miss Winters, this is the president of Apex Industries/

Harrison was a portly, forty-something Alpha with an immediately unsettling presence. His eyes lingered on me longer than appropriate.

"Miss Winters, you're even more beautiful than Director Wilson described," Harrison said with a leering smile. My wolf instinctively bristled at his forward behavior. I maintained my professional demeanor despite my discomfort.

Harrison reached into his golf bag and pulled out an ornate book. "I've brought copies of my poetry collection for you both."

I took the collection reluctantly, noting its expensive appearance. The cover was gold-plated with elaborate decorations.

A coppery smell hit my enhanced werewolf senses from the metallic binding. The scent was overwhelming and artificial.

I flipped through the pages, reading snippets of the *prose* inside. The writing was pretentious and self-aggrandizing, making me cringe internally.

< Chapter 113: Crossing Pat

“What do you think of my literary work?” Harrison asked expectantly.

I forced a polite smile, my professional training overriding my wolf’s desire to flee. “It’s very... impressive, **Mr.** Harrison.”

Harrison laughed loudly at my forced praise, clearly pleased with himself. His ego seemed to inflate with each compliment.

Just as he was basking in the attention, his expression suddenly changed. He spotted a group approaching across the golf course.

His entire demeanor shifted from arrogant Alpha to servile submission. The transformation was startling to

witness.

“Alpha Connor, you’re here to play golf too?” Harrison asked with obvious nervousness.

Connor Rivers’ familiar voice came from behind me, sending shivers down my spine.

“President Harrison,

good mood, what’s so happy?”

My back stiffened as my wolf recognized her ex-mate-to-be’s scent. The pine and winter air fragrance was unmistakable and intoxicating.

My carefully maintained composure threatened to c***k completely. Every instinct screamed at me to turn around and face him.

But I remained frozen in place, unable to move or speak. The weight of his presence pressed down on me like a physical force.

2

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

Whisper 185

Chapter 114: Unexpected Encounters

Chapter 114: Unexpected Encounters

(Third person's POV)

Harrison was respectful, and his tone was completely devoid of the arrogance he **had** just **displayed toward** Olivia. "I was **just** chatting with this lawyer about our hobbies, and I got a little excited."

Olivia Winters tightened her hands at her sides, her wolf instinctively recognizing the shift **in** power dynamics. She looked up, met Connor Rivers' ice-blue gaze, and called out politely and distantly, "Alpha

Connor,"

Thomas Wilson was not often at the law firm, nor did he follow entertainment news or werewolf **pack** politics closely. Although he recognized Layla Lawrence's face from recent scandals, he didn't **know that the actress** was recently making headlines with Connor Rivers.

He didn't even know that the Alpha standing before him was Olivia's former fiancé. Thomas usually **didn't** have access to people of Connor's status, but he was very observant.

Seeing that the president of Apex Industries was respectful to this young man, his human instincts immediately understood that the werewolf with the noble bearing must have extraordinary status within **the** supernatural community. He also greeted him respectfully: "Hello, Alpha Connor."

Connor's gaze landed on Olivia Winters, his wolf stirring restlessly at her proximity. She was wearing makeup today, and her high ponytail and sportswear made her look like a college student, beautiful and energetic, **so** captivating that his chest tightened.

No wonder the lecherous Alpha had been staring at her with such obvious interest. Connor's eyes narrowed slightly as he looked down and saw Olivia's slender, fair legs under her short skirt:

Seeing her dressed so beautifully and staying with two older men, Connor suddenly felt a burst of possessive irritability in his heart, his wolf pushing forward protectively. He almost couldn't help but take off his coat and tie it around Olivia's waist, then drive away the two men beside her with a show of Alpha dominance. Connor suppressed the

territorial anger and displeasure in his heart, his eyes remaining cool, and he gave a noncommittal “hmm” without expression, which was considered a response. “You talk,” Connor said curtly and walked away, his wolf pacing restlessly as he forced himself to maintain distance.

He had come to the golf course today to accompany a friend who had just returned from Blackmoor Territory. His friend’s name was Derek, and he had been instrumental in helping him secure the Frederick Warner situation in the Western Territory so quickly.

After walking away, Derek, who had been following Connor and hadn’t said a word, immediately changed into an expression of discovering a new world and said, “Connor, if I’m not mistaken, wasn’t that your fiancée **just** now? Why did your reactions look like you weren’t familiar with each **other?**”

Derek had immigrated to Blackmoor Territory more than ten years ago. He didn’t know Olivia **personally, but a** few years ago, he had seen a photo of Olivia in Connor’s overseas business office.

At that time, Connor had mentioned that the person in the photo was the woman **he** intended **to** mate **with**. Later, Derek had made a special trip back to attend Connor and Olivia’s engagement ceremony.

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Chapter 114. **Unexpected..**

Seeing that Connor’s Intended mate was the woman he had been devoted to for years, he had congratulate. **him on finally achieving his** goal. “We broke up,” **Connor said flatly.**

“What?” Derek was shocked, “Why did you suddenly break up when everything seemed **perfect?** Didn’t **you wait years to finally** have her agree **to** the arrangement?”

A caddie handed Connor his custom golf club set. Connor took **it**, swung the club with **practiced Alpha precision** and hit a ball cleanly, “I didn’t want her to be implicated. She almost lost **her life because of the threats** against me.”

Derek understood immediately. During the engagement ceremony, Olivia’s young cousin **had** been **kidnapped, and** Connor was seriously injured by silver weapons.

The engagement ceremony had to be canceled. Later, he also learned that **it** was all planned **by the** Rivers family’s former foster daughter Vanessa, and Frederick Warner was the one who helped her behind **the**

scenes.

From then on, Frederick had begun his campaign of revenge against the Rivers pack. Derek **asked**, “**Did** Frederick attack her again later?”

Connor’s eyes turned cold, his wolf growling internally, and he told Derek about Frederick sending mercenaries to hunt him and Olivia, as well as Richard Winters being pushed down the stairs by hired **thugs**. Derek’s expression darkened, “He actually used military–grade weapons against pack members? This is Northern Territory–how dare that rogue Frederick operate so boldly here!”

“He covered his tracks well. The authorities can’t trace it back to him.”

“Then you have to be careful. That rogue Frederick will do anything when he’s cornered, especially since he has no pack bonds to restrain him.”

Derek sighed, reached out and patted Connor’s shoulder, “It was right to break the engagement for her safety, but it’s hard on both of you–loving each other but not being able to be together.” Connor lowered his eyes, his heart stirring with complex emotions.

Loving each other but not being able to be together? No, his wolf insisted fiercely. This is only temporary. Once Frederick’s threat is eliminated, he will definitely pursue Olivia again and complete their mating bond. Meanwhile, Harrison edged closer to Olivia, his Alpha posture becoming more predatory, “Does Lawyer Winters usually like to play golf?” Olivia moved to the side, putting some distance between herself and Harrison while her wolf bristled with discomfort, and replied politely, “I know a little, but I don’t play often.” Harrison didn’t know about Olivia’s prominent family background within werewolf society, and assumed she was just an ordinary lawyer from a smaller pack, relying on her modest monthly income. Such an amount was nothing in *his* eyes–barely enough for one of his business dinners.

Harrison smiled, his expression quite condescending, “That’s understandable. Buying a set *of* quality equipment would cost a month’s salary for someone in your position, not to mention **the** course fees **and** coaching expenses.”

“The annual membership fee for a course like this costs more than three million yuan. **There’s really no point** in spending everything you earn working so hard on such luxuries.”

Olivia pretended not to hear the contempt in Harrison’s words, her **wolf** maintaining **careful control**, **and** smiled brightly, “You’re absolutely right.”

Chapter 114: Unexpected.

This smile made Harrison’s pulse quicken, and he could hardly control his predatory instincts. He had **always** been accustomed to using his wealth and Alpha status to his advantage, and he had never lacked female

companionship.

His mated bond at home was purely political, while he maintained numerous affairs outside. Over the years, he had financially supported quite a few young women from lesser packs.

Harrison was immediately filled with confidence, “Lawyer Winters, why don’t I get you a membership here? How about you keep me company when you’re free?”

Olivia sneered internally, her wolf recognizing the threat immediately. She could see through Harrison’s disgusting intentions at a glance.

He claimed to be offering golf companionship, but if she really agreed, it wouldn’t be as simple as just playing golf. Three million yuan for a membership and he thinks he can claim a female werewolf—judging by his age and scent, he was definitely mated at home.

How shameless. Olivia didn’t show the contempt and revulsion in her heart, she just curved her lips in a slight smile, “I’m sorry, Alpha Harrison, I can enjoy playing with you today, but I really don’t have much free time usually.”

Thomas Wilson frantically tried to catch Olivia’s attention with meaningful looks, clearly wondering why she was rejecting such a lucrative opportunity, but Olivia pretended not to notice.

Harrison wasn’t annoyed by the rejection, his wolf interpreting it as typical female coyness. He had encountered all kinds of situations in his predatory pursuits, and he assumed that Olivia was just a woman being appropriately reserved and playing hard to get.

He thought he had seen many females like this before—they all pretended to be aloof at first, acting uninterested in his wealth and status, taking it step by step and making him work for it. What werewolves commonly called “gold-diggers seeking powerful mates.”

But in his eyes, what these ambitious females were seeking was nothing significant to an Alpha of his standing. The woman before him was a rare beauty, more stunning than those female influencers and minor celebrities he had bedded before.

If he could claim her, he would be willing to spend considerably more. Harrison was determined to succeed, maintaining a gentle smile, “That’s perfectly fine. I understand lawyers are very busy with their caseloads.”

“We’ll arrange something when *your* schedule permits. Let’s just enjoy today’s game.”

Olivia smiled and replied, “Of course, Alpha Harrison.” Harrison was so captivated by Olivia’s smile that he couldn’t help but become reckless and said, “How about this—I’ll make a wager with you, Lawyer Winters.”

“If you can hit a ball onto the green within *ten* strokes, I’ll transfer 100,000 yuan to your account. Every stroke under that, I’ll add another 100,000 yuan.”

Olivia asked with a sweet smile that *didn’t* reach her amber eyes, “What if I lose? What if I can’t **reach** the green within ten strokes?”

Harrison’s face flushed with anticipation, his wolf practically salivating, “Then Lawyer Winters, how about you do me the honor of having dinner with me tonight? Just the two of us, somewhere... private.”

K Chapter 115 The Alpha’s

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

Whisper 186

K Chapter 115 The Alpha’s

Chapter 115: The Alpha’s Gambit

Chapter 115: The Alpha’s Gambit

(Harrison’s POV)

I chuckled to myself, watching this beautiful she–wolf with growing amusement. Although she **could clearly** play golf, females usually weren’t very strong in their human forms. It wasn’t certain whether she **could hit** the green at all.

Even if she managed it, it would probably take eight or nine strokes. It was worth losing a little money for a smile from such a stunning creature.

Olivia Winters smiled, her amber eyes glinting with hidden cunning. “It’s boring to gamble for money. Let’s gamble for something else.”

My predatory interest was immediately piqued. “What does Lawyer Winters want to bet on?”

Her wolf seemed to stir with confidence as she proposed her counter-offer. "If I can get the ball on the green NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

within ten strokes, Alpha Harrison will sign a one-year legal advisory contract and case agency contract **with**

our law firm."

She paused, letting the weight of her words sink in. "If it's one stroke less, we'll sign for one more year. If I can get the ball on the green in one stroke, we'll sign a ten-year contract all at once."

Her smile turned predatory. "All the cases of Apex Industries must be entrusted to our firm for agency within ten years. How about it?"

I found myself genuinely impressed by her audacity. This little she-wolf was quite intelligent—not greedy for the small money of one or two hundred thousand, but planning a big deal in her heart.

Her wolf was clearly more ambitious than I'd initially assumed. Apex Industries was such a massive corporation, and the volume of cases in a year was enough to support their entire law firm for a whole year.

I had definitely underestimated her pack instincts for business.

I turned my head and joked to Thomas Wilson with a knowing smile. "Director Wilson, where did you recruit Lawyer Winters from? She's so dedicated and responsible, always thinking about the interests of your firm." My wolf was enjoying this unexpected challenge. "I'm almost tempted to poach her to my company as in-house legal counsel."

Thomas replied with a diplomatic smile. "Haha, Alpha Harrison, you're too kind."

I found the challenge intriguing and agreed with an indulgent grin. "Since Lawyer Winters proposed using contract signing as stakes, then let's do it this way. As long as Lawyer Winters is satisfied with the arrangement."

Olivia smiled sweetly. "Excellent."

The caddie handed over a custom golf club, and Olivia took it. She tested its weight and balance with practiced movements that belied her earlier modest claims.

I watched appreciatively, my Alpha ego still convinced of my advantage. "Not bad, not bad! Lawyer **Winters** looks very talented indeed."

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Chapter 115 The Alpha's

Olivia smiled mysteriously. “**Alpha** Harrison, you’re too generous with **your** praise.

Before I could fully process the predatory grace in her posture—so reminiscent of a wolf preparing to strike **Olivia** had already executed a perfect swing.

The fluid expertise of years of training was unmistakable. The small white ball traced a flawless arc **through** the air and landed with precision directly on the green.

My confident expression froze in complete shock.

Thomas Wilson watched in amazement as Olivia achieved what seemed impossible—a hole-in-one on her first attempt. The director of Moonlaw Legal Services couldn’t help but clap enthusiastically.

“Magnificent shot!”

Olivia walked to the green with the confident stride of a victorious wolf. She putted the ball *into* the hole with elegant precision, then turned back with a radiant smile that made her amber eyes sparkle like captured sunlight.

“Alpha Harrison, one stroke on the green. According to our agreement, Apex Industries will sign a ten-year agency contract and legal advisory contract with Moonlaw Legal Services.”

I finally recovered from my stunned silence and couldn’t help but applaud. My expression mixed admiration with the realization I’d been thoroughly outplayed.

“Incredible! I had no idea Lawyer Winters possessed such exceptional golfing skills. That technique rivals professional players.”

I shook my head in amazement. “When you said you ‘knew a little,’ you were being far too modest.”

Olivia’s lips curved in a satisfied smile, her wolf clearly pleased with the successful hunt. “Alpha Harrison is

too kind.”

Thomas stood nearby, practically glowing with triumph. A ten-year legal advisory and agency contract represented the largest deal in his firm's history, secured in a single brilliant stroke.

(Connor's POV)

From across the course, Derek nudged me with his elbow and gestured toward Olivia's group. "Your former fiancée is quite remarkable. One stroke on the green—that form and precision could rival professional tournament players."

I turned to observe, and Derek caught a fleeting expression cross my features before my mask of indifference

returned.

"Livvy won the national youth championship during her high school years," I said, unable to keep the subtle note of warmth from my voice.

Derek's eyebrows rose with interest. "Ah, there's that look again—like a proud Alpha whose mate just claimed

victory."

My expression softened involuntarily, my wolf stirring with protective pride. "She's always been **exceptional**." Derek followed my intense gaze toward the celebrating group. "I wonder what those two **businessn**. discussing with her—they look quite pleased with themselves."

are

As soon as Derek spoke, the tenderness and pride on my face vanished. It was replaced by the cold mask **of**

2/4

Chapter 115 The Alpha's

an Alpha whose territory was being encroached upon.

I handed my golf club to the waiting caddie with controlled precision. Then I began walking toward Olivia's group with predatory purpose.

Derek called after me with growing amusement. "Connor? Where are you going?"

My response was clipped and devoid of warmth, my Alpha instincts clearly triggered. To discuss business

matters.”

Derek’s confusion was evident. “Business? With whom?”

He followed my line of sight to the three figures engaged in animated conversation near the green.

Understanding dawned immediately.

Derek smiled to himself with knowing satisfaction. My legendary patience had finally reached its limit after watching two older Alphas circle around my intended mate like predators stalking prey.

The territorial jealousy was practically radiating from me in waves that even Derek’s wolf could sense.

I positioned myself directly in front of Olivia. My imposing Alpha presence cast a shadow over her smaller form in a deliberate display of protection and possession.

Olivia stood within my shadow and looked up at me with those luminous amber eyes that still made my

chest tighten with longing.

Today I wore dark gray athletic attire that emphasized my powerful build. I maintained my characteristic air of aloof control despite the territorial fury burning beneath the surface.

Olivia’s expression showed puzzlement at my sudden appearance. Why was I approaching their group again? Harrison was equally bewildered by this unprecedented attention from me. He rarely encountered me in business circles, and when he did, I typically ignored such approaches entirely.

What could possibly motivate me to initiate contact twice in one day?

I maintained my relaxed posture with hands casually in my pockets. My wolf prowled restlessly beneath the surface, but my tone remained deceptively casual.

“Alpha Harrison, I recall you mentioning interest in a partnership with our Starfall Hotels division.” Starfall was one of the premier hospitality brands under Rivers Group’s extensive business empire. Hearing that I had personally initiated discussion about the coveted partnership, Harrison immediately straightened with eager deference. His previous confidence around Olivia was forgotten in the face of this business opportunity.

“Yes, absolutely, Alpha Connor! Apex Industries has been hoping to establish a partnership with Starfall for

years.”

His excitement was barely contained. “I brought up the possibility at the last industry reception, but you were occupied with other matters and suggested we discuss it another time.”

we’re **both**

Harrison raised his wrist to check his expensive timepiece. “Today presents a perfect opportunit free from other obligations. It’s nearly lunch time. Allow me to book us a private dining room where we can discuss terms properly over a meal?”

My gaze swept seemingly casually over Olivia before quickly withdrawing. My wolf was satisfied with this

< Chapter 115: The Alpha’s..

territorial maneuver.

“Acceptable,” I responded with characteristic cool authority.

Harrison was practically vibrating with joy at securing this meeting.

Thomas Wilson, recognizing the shift in dynamics, diplomatically interjected. “Then Alpha Connor, Alpha Harrison, please proceed with your business discussion. Olivia and I should take our leave.”

He turned to Harrison. “Alpha Harrison, we’ll finalize the contract details tomorrow afternoon.”

Olivia had been silently observing my shadow on the manicured grass. She seemed lost in contemplation about my unexpected intervention.

Hearing they were departing, she refocused and prepared to leave with Thomas,

Harrison, eager to maintain his newfound business connection and demonstrate his reliability to me, replied enthusiastically. “Certainly, Director Wilson. I’ll discuss the contract with you tomorrow afternoon as planned.”

He deliberately emphasized his next words for my benefit. “Since I lost our wager to Lawyer Winters, I fully intend to honor my commitment—I’m a wolf of my word.”

Harrison knew that any potential hotel partnership would require demonstrating integrity and trustworthiness to the notoriously selective Rivers Group.

However, I appeared completely uninterested in Harrison's character references. My attention was focused entirely on the fact that Olivia was preparing to leave my presence.

My voice remained soft and carefully neutral, betraying none of the possessive urgency my wolf was experiencing. "Since you're all here together, perhaps you'd consider staying for a simple lunch? **It** seems wasteful to break up the group when we could all benefit from continued discussion."

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Whisper 187

Chapter 116. Business Me.

Chapter 116: Business Meals and Territorial Tensions

Chapter 116: Business Meals and Territorial Tensions

(Olivia's POV)

Harrison booked a luxury private dining room at Moonlight Bistro. Though their party consisted of only five people, the table was large enough to seat ten.

Harrison politely pulled out a chair, bowing and gesturing for Connor Rivers to sit.
"Alpha Connor, please sit

Having grown accustomed to the respect he received from other pack members, Connor naturally took his seat. However, it was the first time that I had seen an outsider treat the Alpha heir of Rivers pack in such a

manner.

The man before me remained indifferent to the fawning and flattery. His brow exuded coldness and a distant

aura that kept people at bay.

This made me feel estranged. I found it hard to reconcile the aloof Alpha before me with the one who would

put on an apron and cook for me.

Connor took his seat, with Derek sitting to his right. Harrison then chose a seat to Connor's left, leaving a

space between them.

He knew it was not appropriate to sit too close to such a dominant Alpha. But sitting too far would make

business discussion difficult.

I deliberately chose the seat farthest from Connor, sitting directly opposite him. Connor leaned back in his

chair, his ice-blue gaze sweeping over me coolly.

The disappointment in his eyes was fleeting. Derek witnessed this scene, sighing silently in his heart.

After everyone was seated, Harrison pushed the menu towards Connor. "Alpha Connor."

Connor casually flipped through it, naming a few dishes. Then he pushed the menu back to Harrison.

Harrison added a few more substantial dishes to demonstrate his hospitality.

I kept my gaze lowered, not daring to look at the Alpha across from me. I stared blankly at the glass turntable

on the table.

The dishes that Connor had just ordered were all my favorites. A few strands of resentment welled up in my

heart.

They had already broken their arrangement, yet he continued to do these meaningless things. First, he

insisted on me staying for the meal, and then he ordered my favorite dishes in front of me.

What did he mean by this? Was he playing the part of a regretful former fiancé?

Not wanting to cause a scene with Thomas Wilson and Harrison present, I stifled the urge to get **up and**

leave. However, being in the same private room with Connor made me feel suffocated and breathless.

I couldn't understand the Alpha's intentions.

(Third person's POV)

Connor chatted idly with the other Alphas beside him. But he couldn't help but look at the she-wolf **across**

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Chanter 116 Business Me

from him.

She sat there with her head lowered, not speaking of playing on her phone. Like a quail with its head

drooping.

It made Connor want to reach out and stroke her honey-brown hair. He wanted to hold her tightly in his **arms** After the waiter finished serving the dishes, Olivia buried her head and ate in silence. She was truly hungry. She had been in low spirits since she unexpectedly encountered Connor and Layla Lawrence on the plane last night. She had lost her appetite.

She had also suffered from insomnia. She didn't have time to eat breakfast this morning before rushing to Southmere Royal Golf Course.

Her stomach was now empty. She couldn't get a word in edgewise in the Alphas' conversation, nor did she

want to.

So she just ate her own food. Connor agreed to cooperate with Thornwick Enterprises, saying that his assistant would sign the contract with Harrison another day.

Harrison was overjoyed and drank a few glasses of moonberry wine.

With the alcohol taking effect, Harrison gradually let loose. He went from being reserved and fawning to becoming increasingly uninhibited.

With a flushed face, he talked about his success story. He rambled on and on about his pack's business

achievements.

Connor turned a deaf ear to Harrison's boasting. His mind was still preoccupied with the she-wolf across

from him.

He couldn't help but glance in her direction. He turned the glass turntable to stop her favorite dishes in **front**

of her.

Harrison and Thomas Wilson were too busy drinking and chatting to notice Connor's subtle movements. But Derek saw everything clearly.

Derek shook his head helplessly. He could tell that his Alpha friend was a hopeless romantic.

The always calm and composed Connor had countless potential mates from childhood. This included those like Jessica Sullivan who were persistent and clingy.

But the aloof Alpha had never been moved by any of them. Derek used to think that Connor was indifferent to romantic bonds and not interested in claiming a mate.

It wasn't until he witnessed Connor's behavior around Olivia that he knew it wasn't that he wasn't interested in mating. He had someone specific in his heart.

For her, he had rejected everyone. After dinner, Harrison was drunk.

The restaurant manager called a driver in advance. Harrison left first.

At the entrance of the restaurant, Thomas bid farewell to Connor and Derek. "Alpha **Connor**, Mr. **Chen**, **we'll be** leaving first then."

Connor remained silent, *not* saying anything. Knowing that it was inconvenient for him to speak, **Derek spoke** for him.

2/4

< Chapter 116 Business Me.

“Are you taking a taxi back?” Derek asked.

Thomas replied, “Yes, Olivia and I are here on a business trip, staying at a hotel.”

Connor’s ice-blue eyes flashed with something dangerous upon hearing this. Derek knew that his Alpha friend

was concerned about letting Olivia return to the hotel with a middle-aged man who had been drinking/

So he immediately said, “I’ll take Olivia back. I didn’t drink just now, so I can drive.”

Thomas looked at the ride-sharing app on his phone, thinking, “Why didn’t you say so earlier?” He had already ordered a car, so he couldn’t cancel it and shamelessly ask for a ride in Derek’s car.

Thus, he said, “Then we’ll have to trouble Mr. Chen.”

Olivia refused, “There’s no need to trouble you, I can just take a taxi myself.” She said as she opened her phone to call for a car.

Derek asked half-jokingly, half-seriously, “Miss Winters doesn’t trust me?”

Olivia raised her amber eyes and quickly glanced at Connor. Then she met Derek’s gaze, saying politely and courteously, “Mr. Chen, you know that’s not what I meant.”

Derek said with a smile, “Then Miss Winters should take my car back. It’s on my way anyway.”

Thomas, who was listening to their conversation, twitched his lips. “On your way? He didn’t even say which hotel we’re staying at, so how would he know if it’s on his way?”

“Does this Mr. Chen have intentions toward Olivia? Is he just trying to take this opportunity to get closer to

her?”

Thomas’s eyes darted back and forth between Olivia and Derek with a hint of gossip.

Olivia looked at Connor, about to refuse. When Connor suddenly said, his voice cold and distant, "Then you should take her back first. I have to go to Layla's place, she's expecting me."

A bucket of ice water was poured over her head. Olivia felt cold all over, her wolf whimpering with hurt. Derek looked at Connor meaningfully, "Then you should go quickly."

Connor hummed in acknowledgment, not looking at Olivia again. He turned to walk towards the black luxury

SUV.

Olivia watched his back, feeling both sour and swollen in her heart. Indeed, she still couldn't bring herself to remain indifferent.

Connor, what do you mean by this? She had been working hard to forget him these days, trying not to think

about him.

But he appeared in front of her again and again. He did things that were easy for her to misunderstand. First, he insisted on her staying for the meal. Then he ordered her favorite dishes, and his gaze always lingered on her.

What did he take her for? Was he playing with her emotions like a toy?

"Miss Winters, I'll drive you-"

"I said, I don't need it!" Before Derek could finish speaking, Olivia interrupted him sharply. Discover more novels at

3/4

< Chapter 116 Business Me

Her tone carried a hint of her wolf's agitation. As if she had been provoked beyond her limit.

Derek was stunned, awkwardly touching his nose. "Alright then, you can just take a taxi back yourself."

Good heavens, the young she-wolf looked gentle and quiet. But she had quite a temper when her wolf was

riled up.

Connor, you've made your intended mate angry, Derek thought. He wondered how the Alpha would appease

her later.

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Whisper 188

Chapter 117 Alphas are al

Chapter 117: Alphas are all the **same**

Chapter 117: Alphas are all the same

(Olivia's POV)

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After securing the major contract with Thornwick Enterprises, Thomas Wilson had celebrated **with** several

glasses of moonberry wine at lunch. The alcohol hit him harder than expected, and he **fell asleep the** moment

we returned to the hotel.

With the afternoon suddenly free, I found myself in Southmere Territory. This coastal region was known **for** its werewolf-friendly tourism, and our hotel offered stunning ocean views.

Moonlit Shore was just a short distance away. As the afternoon temperatures soared, I spent *the* day **relaxing** in my room before changing into a cool outfit.

I slipped into a tank top and shorts, applied sunscreen carefully, and headed to the beach as sunset approached. The heat was becoming unbearable, and the ocean breeze called to me.

The beach was exclusive to pack members and hotel guests, so it wasn't crowded. I found a comfortable recliner under a large parasol and settled in.

Removing my sunglasses, I gazed at the vast ocean and let my mind wander. A fiery sun hung where the **sky** met the sea, painting the clouds in shades of orange with gilded edges.

The seawater shimmered like spilled liquid amber topped with crushed moonstone. Everything sparkled and looked surreal in the dying light.

The sea breeze carried hints of salt and distant pine from the territory's forests. It swept over me, dispelling the day's oppressive heat completely.

I leaned back, leisurely enjoying the sunset. A rare sense of peace washed over me like the gentle waves. This text is hosted at

It had been a while since I felt this relaxed. These past days had been a whirlwind of legal work and pack politics.

My tranquility was soon interrupted. "Beautiful lady, are you alone?"

A crude werewolf approached with a leering grin.

I didn't even glance his way. "Mated with two pups, and my Alpha is in the hotel with them."

Unfazed, Lenny Walsh pressed on, stepping closer. His eyes roamed over my body with disgusting hunger.

"Oh, a young she-wolf, eh? Having two pups, but still in such good shape."

I ignored him completely. My wolf bristled with disgust at his proximity and crude behavior.

The rogue took another step, invading my personal space. His breath reeked of cheap alcohol **and** desperation.

"Your Alpha's not around. Can I play with you?"

Disgust evident in my voice, I simply said, "Get lost."

"Oh, such a temper," Lenny chuckled, completely undeterred. "I like she-wolves with spirit."

< Chapter 117: Alphas are al

As I prepared to physically remove this persistent **omega**, someone kicked the rogue to the ground. The fore sent **him** sprawling across the sand.

“Where’d this packless mutt come from?”

I turned to see Ethan Grey standing there. A frown immediately creased my brow at his **unexpected**

appearance.

“What **are** you doing here?”

Ethan settled into the chair beside me without invitation. His presence was immediately commanding despite his casual demeanor.

“It’s been too cold in Harbor City lately, so I came to Southmere for a vacation. What a coincidence, **staying at** the same hotel as you.”

His ice-blue eyes studied my face carefully. “Are you here for a vacation too?”

I didn’t bother analyzing his words. Whether he was on vacation or following me, it was completely irrelevant.

“None of your business,” I retorted coldly.

Ethan then dropped a bombshell. His voice carried a cruel edge that made my wolf recoil.

“Did you know Connor Rivers is also in Southmere? With that actress Layla Lawrence.”

My lips curled into a sardonic smile. The news hit me like silver poisoning, but I refused to show weakness.

“What are you trying to say?”

Ethan continued, his tone falsely sympathetic. “Livvy, I told you, Alphas are all the same. **Don’t** think Connor **is** any better than me.”

His eyes gleamed with malicious satisfaction. “Do you believe me now?”

“Oh,” I replied flatly. My amber eyes revealed absolutely nothing of the turmoil inside.

"I saw the news that you broke off your engagement with him. You're unmated now, right?"

His voice dropped to a possessive whisper. "Can I pursue you?"

"No," I stated firmly. My wolf's rejection was absolute and unwavering

I stood, unwilling to endure his words any longer. The conversation was becoming unbearable, and I needed

to escape.

As I moved to leave, Ethan grabbed my wrist with possessive desperation. Before he could speak, I twisted his wrist with werewolf strength.

"Ah-" He cried out sharply, recoiling and clutching his injured wrist.

Releasing his hand, my amber eyes burned with undisguised loathing. "Ethan Grey, I made myself clear last time. Stop bothering me."

My voice carried the authority of my Winters bloodline. "Don't you understand?"

Ethan looked wounded, staring at me with an obsessive gaze that bordered on dangerous. His **wolf** howled with possessive need.

"Livvy, I can't. I *can't* let you go."

< Chapter 117. Alphas are al

"You disgust me, Ethan Grey," I spat. The words came from the deepest part of my soul.

Turning, I walked away without a backward glance. My wolf urged me to put distance between us immediately.

Ethan pursued, his desperation making him reckless. "Connor must have been having an affair with that actress while he was still with you."

His voice grew more frantic. "You just broke off the engagement, and now his scandal with the actress is

revealed."

I pressed my lips together, my expression icy. I quickened my pace, ignoring his invasive questions completely.

“Did you call off the engagement because you found out he betrayed you?”

Ethan persisted, his voice growing more desperate. “Are you following that entertainment event tonight? Connor and that actress are walking the red carpet together.”

His words hit like physical blows. “They’re making it official, Livvy. You should give up on him.”

Hearing the words “making it official,” I paused. My heart clenched despite my efforts to remain indifferent.

Ethan, seeing me stop, smirked with cruel satisfaction. “Livvy, I...”

“Get lost!”

“Livvy, don’t send me away. I know you must be feeling...”

“I said, get lost!”

Reaching the hotel lobby, I approached Robert Hayes, the hotel security personnel. He was a professional beta werewolf with kind eyes.

“Excuse me,” I said, my voice steady despite my inner turmoil. “I’m a guest here. This Alpha is harassing me. Can you help me?”

“Livvy, Livvy, listen to me,” Ethan called after me, His composure was completely cracking now.

The security guards stepped in immediately. Their beta wolves instinctively responded to my distress despite Ethan’s Alpha status.

“Sir, please don’t harass the guests.”

“Harass? She’s my intended mate! We’re just having a disagreement!”

Ethan struggled against their hold. “Let go of me!”

The security guards turned to me for confirmation. My face was like ice as I spoke.

“He’s not my mate or intended. We have no *bond*.”

With that, I turned and left without another word.

Ethan continued to shout, his Alpha authority clashing with the hotel’s security protocols. “Livvy, Livvy...”

go,

“Sir, please stop harassing the guests,” the security officers insisted. They held him firmly despite the difficulty of restraining an Alpha.

< Chapter 117. Alphas are al

“You’re disrupting our hotel’s operations...”

“Let go of me! Damn it!” His wolf raged against the restraint.

“Sir, we’ll call the territorial enforcers if you continue.”

“I’m not harassing her! I told you, we’re destined mates!”

But his protests fell on deaf ears as I disappeared into the elevator.

I returned to my room, closed the door, and leaned against it. I stared blankly at the floor *for a long moment*.

After what felt like an eternity, I mechanically pulled out my phone. I opened Howlr, the werewolf social media platform.

The trending topics flashed before my amber eyes. Connor Rivers and Layla Lawrence’s photograph filled the

screen.

The Alpha and actress were together at some glamorous event. They looked perfect together, like a matched

pair.

“Clang-” The phone slipped from my grasp and crashed to the floor.

The evening wind blew in through the window. The white gauze curtains fluttered like ghosts in the breeze.

I stood pale and still under the lights. As if struck by silver, I felt my blood turn to ice.

My wolf whimpered in pain at the sight of my former fiancé with another she-wolf.

10

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Whisper 189

Chapter **118** New Year's,

Chapter 118: New Year's Solitude

Chapter 118: New Year's Solitude

(Olivia's POV)

Returning from Southmere Territory, it was already late January. The Spring Festival was **approaching**, and Moonlaw Legal Services had closed for the holiday.

I caught the flu at the airport after

been a breeding ground for illness.

turning from Southmere. The crowded terminal and **recycled air had**

After receiving an IV drip at Harbor City Memorial Hospital, I stayed in bed all day. Dorothy Jenkins **prepared**

and brought me three meals a day to my apartment.

The moonlight herb extract helped, but my body still felt weak and drained.

On the day before New Year's Eve, Dorothy delivered lunch to my room as usual. I coughed a few **times and**

took a tissue to wipe my nose.

"Dorothy, tomorrow is New Year's Eve. Go home today and celebrate the New Year after you finish your work."

Dorothy hesitated, her maternal instincts showing concern. "But you are still sick. Who will take care **of you**

after I leave?"

I managed a weak smile. "It's just a small cold, nothing serious."

Dorothy's brow furrowed with worry. "Maybe I should send you back to the Winters family estate. You could be taken care of by your pack, and I would feel at ease."

Richard Winters had called a few days ago asking when I would be on holiday. I originally planned to go home to prepare for the New Year as soon as the law firm closed.

But this flu came fiercely. There was Grace in the family, and Richard had just been discharged from the hospital not long ago.

I was afraid of infecting them with the virus, so I delayed going home.

"I can't risk infecting the family," I said, my voice hoarse. "Especially Grace and Father. He just got out of **the** hospital."

Dorothy proposed an alternative. "Then spend the New Year with me. I can take care of you properly."

I shook my head again. "Dorothy, your family has an elderly mother-in-law with a frail body who needs care during the holidays. You should be with them."

After finishing everything, Dorothy opened the door of my room. "Livvy, I have bought the New Year goods. There are fruits in the refrigerator, and there are imported snacks you like to eat on the **table in the living**

room."

I lay in bed, nestled in the quilt with only my head exposed. "Okay, thank you, Dorothy."

"Then I'm leaving. Call me anytime if you

Added to the library

"Okay, Happy New Year, Dorothy."

"Happy New Year."

Chapter 118 **New Year's**

Dorothy walked out of the residential complex, still worried about me. She took out her mobile phone made a call to Connor Rivers.

Alpha Rivers, Livvy is sick. She has been lying at home for two days **since returning** from **the hospital** and **has not** recovered. She asked me to **go** home for the New Year. I am worried **about** her being there alone

Connor felt a tightening in his heart. "How did she get sick?"

Dorothy explained, "She seems to have caught the flu on a business trip at the **airport**, and fell ill as **soon** as she came back."

"I understand."

After hanging up the phone, Connor immediately called Gabriel Andrews. He told him **about my illness** and asked him to have his sister Rebecca Frost go see me.

Rebecca, upon learning about my illness, called me immediately. I nestled in my quilt and answered **the** phone, my voice hoarse from the cold.

"It's just a cold. It's getting better **soon**."

Rebecca's concern was evident in her voice. "Livvy, I'm worried about you. I want **to** bring a pack healer **to**

check on you."

I declined weakly. "I'm taking medicine and about to sleep. I expect to recover soon."

Rebecca insisted, "I'm bringing a pack healer whether you like it or not."

An hour later, Rebecca rang the doorbell of my apartment. Very light footsteps came from inside **the** house as I made my way to the door.

I opened it with weak and unsteady steps.

Rebecca looked at my pale and sickly face with shock. "Livvy, how did you become like this?"

I replied weakly, "I'm fine."

Rebecca quickly supported me. "I brought you a pack healer. Let the healer take a look again."

"Okay."

After the healer examined me, he gave me an injection of moonlight herb extract and prescribed some medicine. The healing properties of the herb began working immediately.

Hearing the healer say that I should be well tomorrow, Rebecca breathed a sigh of relief. "Tomorrow is New Year's Eve. You can have a good New Year."

The next morning, I woke up naturally. The moonlight herb had worked its magic overnight.

After opening my mobile phone, I saw several missed calls. They were from Richard Winters, Natalie Winters, and my best friends Lily and Rebecca Frost.

All of them were asking if I was better or wishing me a Happy New Year's Eve.

I called Richard back and said that I would go home for the New Year later.

"Livvy, do you *want* to come home for *lunch*? We're waiting for you."

I looked at the time on my phone. It was eleven o'clock. There was **still** time **to** go back **for lunch**.

< Chapter 118 New Year's.

"Okay."

As the car drove into the elite district, heading towards the Winters family direction, a familiar Cullinan appeared in front of me. Looking at the license plate, it was Connor Rivers' car.

The Rivers pack mansion and the Winters family estate were next to each other. I would definitely pass by the Rivers territory when I went home.

My hand holding the steering wheel tightened. My heart felt a burst of bitterness.

According to Riverdale's custom, the New Year's Eve dinner was in the evening. But the Winters family's lunch was also very sumptuous.

In addition to a few home-cooked dishes that I loved to eat, imported seafood was placed on the table.

Australian lobster, king crab, and Eastern Star grouper adorned the feast.

I took out a thick red envelope and handed it to Grace Winters. "Grace, Happy New Year. This is the lucky gift

from your sister." Check latest chapters at find-novel.net

Grace happily took it, her eyes sparkling with joy.

Richard gave gifts to both Grace and me. "One for a big daughter, one for a little daughter. Both have lucky

gifts."

I bent my eyes in a smile. "This big daughter also has lucky gifts."

Richard said with a smile, "In Dad's eyes, you will always be a child. As long as Dad is here, Livvy can receive lucky gifts every year."

My eyes were wet with emotion. "Dad, when did you become so sentimental?"

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Natalie Winters echoed with a smile, "Livvy, your dad is right."

The meal was enjoyed harmoniously. The warmth of family surrounded me like a protective embrace.

After the meal, I led Grace to stroll and chat in the Winters estate gardens. The winter air was crisp and

clean.

I looked up and saw the woman standing in the yard of the Rivers mansion next door. It was Layla Lawrence.

I froze in place.

Seeing her sister suddenly stop, Grace raised her head and blinked her bright eyes. "Sister, what's wrong?"

I was stiff, pursing my lips and staring at Layla Lawrence in the Rivers family's yard.

The woman also saw me. She waved and smiled very brightly.

This smile felt very dazzling to me.

I stood still, not responding to Layla's greeting.

Just after Layla finished greeting, Connor Rivers walked out of the house. Layla turned her something to him, suddenly pointing over.

d and said

Realizing what she was doing, my breath tightened.

In the next second, Connor turned his head and looked towards me.

Across the not too far distance, our eyes met **in** the air.

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Chapter 118 New Year's.

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The January north wind in Riverdale carried bone-chilling coldness. It drilled into my collar and cuffs, and **1** felt a bone-deep chill all over my body.

Connor only briefly looked at me, then casually shifted his gaze away. He lowered his head and talked to

Layla

Not knowing what he said, they returned to the house together.

He brought Layla Lawrence home to formally meet the pack elders for the New Year. Was he going to announce their mating?

My heart ached with a pain I thought I had overcome.

It had been almost a month since I broke off my engagement with Connor. I thought I had *moved on*.

But the moment Layla appeared in the Rivers family's yard, I knew that I had never truly let go.

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Whisper 190

Chapter 119: Grandmother's Matchmaking Plans

Chapter 119: Grandmother's Matchmaking Plans

(Third person's POV)

In the Rivers family mansion, Eleanor Rivers sat on the living room sofa, looking through a stack **of photos** spread before her. Her amber eyes gleamed with satisfaction as she examined each potential **mate** for **her** grandson.

"Look at this one," she muttered to herself, holding up a photograph. "The Shadow pack Alpha's daughter has such refined temperament."

She picked up another photo, studying it carefully. "And this delicate young she wolf from the Moonlight **pack** – Alpha's second daughter, fresh graduate from Northern Territory University."

Eleanor arranged the photos in neat rows on the coffee table. Each picture showed a beautiful young

werewolf from prominent families across the territory.

"Such lovely girls, all from excellent bloodlines," she continued her assessment. "Any one of them would make a perfect Luna for our pack."

The elderly matriarch's voice carried the authority of someone accustomed to arranging advantageous matches. Her fingers traced over each photograph with practiced evaluation.

Connor Rivers stood near the window, his ice-blue eyes distant and unfocused. He had just exchanged that brief glance with Olivia in the garden next door.

Her face had looked terrible, her lips bloodless. Was she still sick from her recent flu?

The concern gnawed at him, making it impossible to concentrate on his grandmother's matchmaking schemes. His wolf paced restlessly, wanting to check on Olivia's condition.

Eleanor looked up at Connor with a hopeful smile. "Connor, dear, come look at these lovely she-wolves. Which one do you prefer?"

Connor remained silent, his attention still fixed on the window. His mind replayed the moment their eyes had met across the garden.

Olivia had looked so pale, so fragile. The urge to go to her was almost overwhelming.

Eleanor's voice rose sharply, her smile fading. "Connor! I'm talking to you. What are you spacing out about?" She gestured impatiently at the photographs. "I've spent considerable time selecting these candidates from the finest families."

"During the New Year holiday, you and your mother Katherine should visit the Moonlight pack," Eleanor continued. "Get to know Victoria properly. She's a recent university graduate with excellent **prospects**."

Connor's eyes clouded with worry as he finally turned from the window. "I'm busy with pack bus.. Grandmother."

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Eleanor frowned, displeasure evident in her expression. "Pack business can wait. This is more important." She leaned forward, her tone becoming more insistent. "You need to make time during the holiday. Be

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obedient and visit the Moonlight pack with your mother." Check latest chapters at Find_Novel(.)net

"**We need to** discuss a potential mating arrangement," she added firmly. "The sooner the betters

Vanessa Reed, who had been quietly listening from her seat nearby, felt a pang of jealousy pierce through her **chest**. Having finally driven away Olivia Winters, was her grandmother so eager to set **up her** foster **brother** with someone else?

It had only been a few days since the engagement with the Winters family was called off. The timing **seemed almost** insulting.

Vanessa moved closer, feigning concern as she gently held Eleanor's arm. "Grandmother, perhaps we **should** wait a little longer."

Her voice carried false sweetness. "Pack gossips will spread if Connor is arranged to meet potential **mates** so soon after breaking off the engagement."

"People might think our family is too eager," she continued. "It could damage our reputation."

Layla Lawrence chimed in from where she sat nearby, casually eating imported chocolates. "There **are many** she-wolves who want to mate with Connor."

She waved a hand dismissively. "There's no need for you to worry about finding him a suitable partner, Elder

Rivers."

Eleanor glanced at Connor with displeasure, her patience wearing thin. "I'm not afraid he'll be unwanted."

Her amber eyes narrowed dangerously. "But he might still be thinking of someone he shouldn't."

The clear reference to Olivia hung in the air like a challenge. Eleanor's disapproval was unmistakable.

Connor's jaw tightened, his wolf stirring restlessly within him. The territorial instincts warred **with** his respect

for pack hierarchy.

"I'll go to the study to see Grandfather Gerald," he said curtly, standing to leave.

His movements were controlled but tense, like a predator barely restraining itself.

"Connor!" Eleanor called after him sharply. "Take my words to heart and don't keep thinking about that

Winters girl."

She gestured at the photographs again. "The she-wolves from the Shadow pack and Moonlight pack are no worse than her."

Connor stopped and turned back, his ice-blue eyes darkening dangerously. A cold smirk played at the corners

of his mouth.

"If you like them so much, Grandmother, you can adopt them all as granddaughters," he said with cutting sarcasm. "I want none of them as mates."

Eleanor was incensed, her expression stiffening with outrage. "How dare you speak so disrespectfully to your

elders!"

Her wolf bristled with indignation at his defiant tone, "I am trying to secure your **future!**"

Connor's smile turned even colder. "You should worry less about my mating **prospects** and more about **your** own health and pack duties."

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He turned toward the stairs, his voice carrying final authority. "I'm not going to any arranged meetings."

Eleanor was furious, her hands trembling with rage. "Connor Rivers! You will not dismiss me so easily!" But Connor was already walking upstairs, his broad shoulders rigid with determination.

Vanessa quickly moved to stroke Eleanor's back, attempting to calm the elder. "Don't upset yourself, Grandmother."

Her voice dripped with false sympathy. "Olivia Winters must have been the cause of Connor's rebellious

behavior."

"She's clearly manipulated him against his own family," Vanessa continued. "Her influence runs deeper than we thought."

Layla interrupted while casually selecting another chocolate. "Unless you've been eavesdropping under **their** bedroom windows, there's no way you could know that."

Her tone was light but pointed. "How exactly would you know Olivia was manipulating anyone?"

Vanessa's face turned ugly at the implication. "What are you suggesting?"

Layla continued eating, seemingly unbothered by the tension, "Since I haven't heard anything myself, you're the one stirring up trouble between pack members."

She looked directly at Vanessa with calculating eyes. "I'm not afraid of your foster status, sister."

"And I hate manipulative she-wolves," Layla added with deliberate emphasis.

Vanessa could no longer maintain her innocent pretense. "What exactly do you mean by that accusation?"

Her voice rose with barely controlled anger. "Are you calling me manipulative?"

Layla replied coolly, meeting Vanessa's glare without flinching. "Exactly what I said, sister."

She popped another chocolate into her mouth, her expression remaining perfectly calm. "I despise scheming pack members the most!"

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