

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 191

Chapter 120 **New** Year En

Chapter 120: New Year Encounters

Chapter 120: New Year Encounters

(**Olivia's** POV)

The third day of the New Year arrived with the familiar bustle of pack relatives gathering at **the Winters** Family Estate. I sat in the living room, my amber eyes scanning the faces of aunts, uncles, and cousins who

had come to pay their respects.

The air was thick with the scent of traditional New Year treats and something else – unspoken questions **that**

hung like a storm cloud over our family gathering.

A permed aunt with sharp eyes and an even sharper tongue leaned forward in her chair. Her gaze fixed on **my** father with predatory interest.

“Brother,” she said, her voice cutting through the polite chatter. “Why was the mating bond between your family and the Rivers family called off?”

My heart sank. I had been dreading this moment since the relatives arrived.

The inevitable probing about my broken engagement to Connor Rivers was about to begin. My wolf stirred restlessly beneath my skin, sensing my discomfort.

Richard maintained his composed facade, his Alpha authority radiating calm control. “The two young wolves were not compatible,” he stated simply.

His tone suggested the matter was closed, but I knew better than to hope the relatives would let it drop **so**

easily.

An uncle with a gossipy nature and too much wine in his system leaned forward eagerly. “I heard that the Rivers pack heir is involved with a female celebrity. Is that true?”

I couldn’t help but internally mock his obvious hunger for scandal. Some wolves never outgrew their taste for pack drama.

Richard’s jaw tightened slightly. “It’s no longer our concern. Connor and Olivia have already ended their

mating arrangement.”

His voice carried finality, but the permed aunt was nothing if not persistent.

“But surely Connor was unfaithful during his relationship with Olivia,” she pressed, her eyes gleaming with malicious curiosity. “Wealthy Alpha heirs often fool around with stars and models.”

Natalie quickly attempted to steer the conversation away from dangerous waters. “What a beautiful handbag you’re carrying, sister. Where did you find such an exquisite piece?”

She gestured toward the aunt’s designer purse with forced enthusiasm. “I’ve been looking **for somethin**

similar.”

But the aunt was like a wolf with a bone – she wouldn’t be distracted from her prey. “Oh, this old **thing**? We

can discuss fashion later.”

She waved dismissively and turned back to me with renewed intensity. “Tell me, dear, did you **discover** Connor’s infidelity? Is that what ended your engagement?”

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Before Natalie could intervene again, I spoke with calm clarity. “**It** wasn’t the case. **Our** relationship had **ended before** he pursued anyone else.”

My voice remained steady despite the uncomfortable scrutiny. I refused to give them the **scandalous** story they were clearly hoping for.

The aunt's face fell with obvious disappointment. She had been expecting drama, betrayal, perhaps tears and

accusations.

"But how could such a loving relationship deteriorate so quickly after your engagement ceremony?" she persisted. "Your father spoke so highly of your bond with Connor. He even mentioned plans for a future mating ceremony."

The uncle nodded vigorously, his wine-flushed face animated with misplaced concern. "Such a loss of **an** advantageous union with the powerful Rivers pack."

He shook his head sadly. "You should have tolerated Connor's extramarital affairs, Olivia. It's normal for Alpha males to play around."

His words made my stomach turn with disgust. "He would have eventually returned to claim you as his Luna. That's how these things work."

I began to speak, ready to defend myself against such archaic thinking, but Richard's voice cut through **the**

air like a blade.

"Enough." His face darkened with Alpha authority, his wolf rising to the surface. "My daughter is my precious The link to the origin of this information rests in treasure."

The temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees. "I will not allow her **to** suffer such humiliation."

His amber eyes flashed dangerously. "The Winters pack has no need to cling to the Rivers pack's power."

Natalie immediately echoed his sentiments, her voice firm with maternal protection. "Our daughter does not need to rely on the Rivers pack for status."

She moved closer to me, a subtle show of family unity. "Olivia has her own worth and accomplishments."

The relatives fell silent under the combined weight of my parents' disapproval. Even the gossipy uncle seemed to realize he had overstepped.

Natalie smoothly changed the subject with practiced diplomacy. "Speaking of accomplishments, how is your youngest son doing in his studies?"

She smiled warmly at the permed aunt. "I heard he was accepted into Northern Territory University's business

program."

Richard cast a worried glance in my direction, his earlier anger softening into paternal concern.

I offered him a reassuring smile, my amber eyes reflecting genuine gratitude for their protection. Despite our complicated family dynamics, they had stood by me when it mattered.

After dinner, I needed air and solitude. The weight of the relatives' questions and assumptions had **le** feeling suffocated.

I slipped out to the Winters Estate Gardens, seeking the peace that only moonlight and silence could **provide**. The night air was crisp and clean, carrying the scent of winter jasmine and pine. My wolf settled as I walked

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The platinum caught the lunar rays, creating small flashes of light that seemed to mock our current distance. I wanted to ask why he still wore it, what it meant that he hadn't

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Chapter 120 New Year En...

the familiar paths of my childhood.

But my solitude was short-lived. A familiar figure emerged from the shadows near **the property line between**.

our territories.

Connor Rivers stood in the moonlit garden, his ice-blue eyes meeting mine across the space **that separated**

Us.

My heart stuttered in my chest. Of all the nights for an unexpected encounter, it had to be tonight.

"Connor," I greeted him first, my voice carefully polite and formal.

The distance between us felt both too much and not nearly enough. My wolf stirred restlessly **at his familiar**

scent.

"Happy New Year, Olivia," he responded, his deep voice carrying across the garden.

His tone was equally formal, but I caught something else underneath – a warmth that made my chest tighten. My gaze automatically dropped to his wrist, where the Timber Wolf Chronograph Watch I had given him **still** gleamed in the moonlight.

The platinum caught the lunar rays, creating small flashes of light that seemed to mock our current distance. I wanted to ask why he still wore it, what it meant that he hadn't

removed it after our engagement ended. But I stopped myself, biting back the questions that would only complicate an already difficult situation. Connor followed my gaze to his wrist, his expression shifting slightly. “Oh,” he said quietly, his voice carrying a note of something I couldn’t quite identify.

“I forgot to take it off.”

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Whisper 192

Chapter 121 Acceptance i

Chapter 121: **Acceptance** in the **Winter Wind**

Chapter 121: Acceptance in the Winter Wind

(Connor’s POV)

Snow began to fall around us, delicate flakes drifting down like scattered moonlight. Olivia stood **before** me **in** the garden, her honey–brown hair catching the crystalline drops as they settled on her shoulders. Her amber eyes met mine, and I saw something in them that made my chest tighten with dread. A **finality** that hadn’t been there before.

“It’s OK,” she said quietly, her voice barely audible above the whisper of falling snow. “Just remember **to** take

it off later.”

Her gaze dropped to the Timber Wolf Chronograph Watch on my wrist, the platinum gleaming mockingly in the moonlight. The watch she had given me with such hope in her eyes.

“Con, I know that love can change.”

The words hit me like silver bullets, each one finding its mark with devastating precision. My wolf howled in anguish, recognizing the resignation in her tone.

She continued, and I could hear her fighting to keep her voice steady. “I understand how feelings can **fade**, how promises only hold meaning when love exists to support them.”

Her amber eyes reflected the falling snow, making them appear even more luminous in the darkness. “At first, I couldn’t accept your change of heart. I desperately searched for reasons, trying to understand the difficulties that had driven us apart.”

My hands clenched at my sides. If only she knew the truth—that my feelings hadn’t changed at all. That every moment away from her was agony.

“But now I realize I was just being sentimental,” she said, snowflakes catching in her eyelashes like tears. “We both know this mating arrangement isn’t working.”

A sharp pain pierced my chest, as if someone had driven a silver blade straight through my heart. My wolf thrashed against my control, desperate to tell her everything.

To explain about Frederick Warner, about the threats, about why I had to push her away to keep her safe. But the words stuck in my throat like poison.

She forced a smile that didn’t reach her amber eyes, and it was the most heartbreaking thing I had ever witnessed. “I hope you find what you’re looking for, Con. You deserve to be happy.”

My ice-blue eyes widened in alarm, pupils contracting as the full weight of her words hit me. This wasn’t **just** acceptance—this was goodbye.

Instinctively, I reached out toward her, my hand extending across the space between us. “Livvy-”

But she had already turned away, her decision final and unwavering. She began walking steadily **toward the** Winters estate, her figure growing smaller with each step.

“Livvy, wait-” I called out, my voice cracking with desperation.

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Chapter 121 Acceptance o

She didn’t turn back. Didn’t even pause in her stride.

I took a step forward, every instinct screaming at me to follow her, to pull her into **my** arms and tell her the truth. But I stopped myself, my feet rooted to the snow covered ground.

Until I dealt with Frederick Warner and the threat he posed, I had no right to ask her to stay in **danger**. No right to drag her into the darkness that surrounded me.

I watched her disappear through the estate's entrance, the heavy doors closing behind her with a **finality that**

echoed through my soul.

The snow continued to fall, covering the garden in pristine white that would soon be trampled and stained. **Just** like everything beautiful in my life.

I returned to Shadowcrest Manor, my private riverside retreat feeling more desolate than ever before. **The** elegant rooms that had once brought me peace now felt like a mausoleum.

Without any hope of Olivia's presence, the manor was nothing more than an empty shell.

I made my way to my study, each step feeling heavier than the last. The familiar space offered no comfort tonight.

I sat motionless in my leather chair, staring at the Timber Wolf Chronograph Watch on my wrist. The platinum gleamed mockingly in the lamplight, a constant reminder of what I had lost.

What I had thrown away to protect her.

Finally, with hands that trembled slightly, I reached for the clasp. The watch felt heavier than it should as I

removed it from my wrist.

I opened the desk drawer and retrieved the original gift box, its velvet interior still pristine. Carefully, reverently, I placed the watch back inside.

The empty space on my wrist felt like a wound.

Tears filled my ice-blue eyes—a foreign and overwhelming sensation for an Alpha who had always maintained perfect control. I had cried exactly twice in my adult life.

Once when my grandfather died. And now.

The tears fell silently, each drop carrying the weight of everything I couldn't say. Everything I couldn't give **her**.

I closed the gift box with a soft click that sounded like a death knell in the quiet study.

On the sixth day of the New Year, I arrived home to find an expensive car parked in the circular driveway. The sleek black vehicle bore the distinctive markings of the Moonlight pack.

My jaw tightened as I recognized the implications. Another matchmaking attempt.

I had barely stepped through the front door when Layla appeared at my side, her expression urgent. **She** had been staying at the manor during the holidays, playing her role as my supposed girlfriend.

“You should leave now before your mother corners you,” she whispered, her voice low and **warning**.

But it was too late.

“Connor, darling!” Eleanor’s voice carried across the foyer with unmistakable authority. “Perfect timing. **Come** meet our guests.”

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Chapter 121 Acceptance i

I turned to see my grandmother approaching with a young woman at her side. The stranger was undeniably beautiful, with the refined bearing that spoke of excellent breeding and education.

“This is Victoria Blackwood,” Eleanor announced with obvious pride. “Professor Edmund Blackwood’s granddaughter from the capital.”

Victoria stepped forward with practiced grace, her smile polite but genuine. “Alpha Connor, it’s an honor to finally meet you. I’ve heard so much about your accomplishments,”

I barely glanced at her, my mind still consumed with thoughts of Olivia in the garden. Of the resignation in

her amber eyes.

“I have urgent pack business at Rivers Pack Headquarters,” I said curtly, already turning toward the door.

Eleanor's eyes flashed with authority, her wolf rising to challenge mine. "What urgent business could there possibly be?"

Her voice carried the sharp edge of an elder who would not be dismissed. "The pack headquarter office hasn't officially reopened after the New Year holidays."

She stepped closer, her amber eyes boring into mine. "Any major decisions require consultation with the pack council and board members."

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Whisper 193

Chapter 122: The Alpha's Defiance

Chapter 122: The Alpha's Defiance

(Connor's POV)

"**Isn't** it because I haven't had time to notify you yet?" I checked my Timber Wolf Chronograph Watch, **the** platinum gleaming under the foyer lights. "It's getting late, I have to take the documents and leave quickly." Eleanor frowned slightly, her amber eyes flashing with disapproval. Her tone carried a hint of reproach that **made** my wolf bristle with irritation.

"Have dinner before you go," she insisted, stepping closer with the authority of a pack elder. "I'll cover for you **if** anything happens."

I dismissed her offer with a wave of my hand, my Ice-blue eyes cold and distant. "You can't represent Rivers Pack Headquarters alone, Grandmother."

My voice carried the finality of an Alpha who would not be swayed. "You'll soon receive a call to return for a board meeting."

Without another word, I turned and headed for the stairs. The Moonlight pack family stood frozen in the foyer, their expressions shifting from confusion to offense.

Professor Edmund Blackwood cleared his throat, his scholarly demeanor barely concealing his growing irritation. "What does your grandson mean by this?"

His voice rose with indignation as he gestured toward his granddaughter. "Victoria is such an accomplished young woman, and he didn't even say hello when she stood in front of him."

Edmund's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Is he pretending not to know, or does he really not understand what

this meal means?"

Eleanor's face flushed with embarrassment, her wolf stirring restlessly beneath her composed exterior. The

insult to the Moonlight pack was unmistakable.

Vanessa Reed watched the scene unfold with barely concealed satisfaction. Her violet eyes gleamed with

malicious pleasure as she observed Victoria's humiliation.

This pretentious little princess isn't worthy of my foster brother, she thought smugly. Connor has better taste than to settle for some bookish academic's granddaughter.

Eleanor forced a strained smile, her diplomatic training warring with her wounded pride. "Connor is probably just in a hurry with urgent pack business."

Her voice carried false brightness that fooled no one. "We'll introduce him to Victoria properly later when he

has more time."

Vanessa and Victoria's eyes met across the uncomfortable silence. Victoria offered a polite smile, her refined upbringing demanding courtesy/despite the slight.

But Vanessa's expression remained coldly hostile, her violet eyes boring into Victoria with undisguised jealousy. She looked away dismissively, leaving Victoria confused by the unexpected animosity.

What did I do to earn such hatred? Victoria wondered, her confidence shaken by **the** foster daughter's

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Chapter 122. The Alpha a

obvious dislike.

In the study, I pulled out my phone and dialed Rivers Pack Headquarters. My fingers **moved with practiced efficiency as I arranged** the perfect excuse.

“Schedule an emergency board meeting for tonight,” I commanded, my voice **carrying absolute** authority **Send** notifications to all senior pack members immediately.”

Ten minutes later, both Eleanor and my father William received urgent calls. The familiar ringtone **echoed through** the mansion like a death knell for their matchmaking plans.

William answered his phone with growing resignation, already knowing who was responsible for **this** convenient emergency. His son had outmaneuvered them all.

Gerald Rivers had officially transferred pack authority to me months ago. I was now the most influential Alpha in the Rivers pack, with power that even Eleanor couldn't challenge.

Eleanor hung up her phone, her face pale with the realization that she could no longer control her grandson. The board meeting was mandatory for all senior pack members.

Evangeline Blackwood noticed Eleanor's stricken expression and leaned forward with concern. “Is something wrong, dear?”

Eleanor forced another fake smile, her pride preventing her from admitting defeat. “Just some minor pack business that requires attention.”

She couldn't reveal that her grandson had deliberately sabotaged the dinner to avoid meeting Victoria. The humiliation would be too great.

With the phone call providing perfect justification, I had successfully created a reason to escape the matchmaking dinner. My wolf purred with satisfaction at the tactical victory.

I came downstairs carrying my Strategic Document Portfolio, the leather case providing tangible proof of urgent business. My expression remained coldly professional as I headed for the door.

“Connor!” Eleanor’s voice rang out sharply, her authority as pack elder demanding obedience. “Stop right

there!”

I turned back slowly, my ice-blue eyes meeting her amber ones with calculated indifference. I waved the file bag casually, as if the contents were more important than any social obligation.

“I’m busy with pack business, Grandmother,” I stated flatly. “The board meeting cannot wait.”

Eleanor’s face darkened with fury, her wolf rising to challenge mine. “You can’t pretend you don’t know what this dinner was arranged for!”

Her voice carried the sharp edge of an elder who would not be dismissed. “The Moonlight pack came here specifically to meet you!”

I looked directly at Victoria for the first time, my expression remaining coldly polite. “Hello, Miss Blackwood.” My tone was formal and distant/carrying no warmth whatsoever. “I apologize for my complete **disinterest in** matchmaking arrangements and any future plans for mating.”

Victoria’s face went pale, her refined composure cracking under the brutal rejection. Her hands trembled slightly as the full impact of my words hit her.

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Chapter 122 The Alpha’s

“I **suggest** you don’t waste your time on me,” I continued mercilessly. “Find someone **who actually wants what** you’re offering.”

Without waiting for a response, I turned and walked toward the door. The sound of my footsteps echoed **through** the stunned silence like gunshots.

“Connor Rivers!” Eleanor’s voice cracked like a whip, her authority pushed beyond its limits. “You will not **leave** this house!”

But I was already gone, the heavy door closing behind me with finality.

(Eleanor’s POV)

The Moonlight pack's Alpha family erupted in outrage, their refined composure shattering like glass. Professor Edmund's scholarly demeanor vanished completely.

"This is an unforgivable insult!" he declared, his voice shaking with fury. "The Rivers pack is showing complete disrespect to our bloodline!"

Evangeline's eyes flashed dangerously, her literary accomplishments forgotten in the face of such humiliation. "We came here in good faith, expecting courtesy and consideration!"

Katherine Rivers immediately stepped forward, her face flushed with embarrassment. "Please accept our deepest apologies for Connor's behavior."

Her *voice* carried genuine distress as she tried to salvage the situation. "He's been under tremendous stress with pack business lately."

I forced myself to remain calm, though my wolf raged against the humiliation. Pack reputation was everything in werewolf society. This update is available on

"We'll provide appropriate compensation for this misunderstanding," I offered quickly. "And we'd be honored to discuss future cooperation between *our* packs."

The Blackwood family's anger slowly cooled as we offered concessions and promises. Their wounded pride demanded acknowledgment of the slight.

I had hoped to force Connor into the matchmaking arrangement through social pressure and family obligation. But he had refused to cooperate with pack traditions.

That stubborn boy has no respect for his elders, I thought bitterly. His defiance grows worse every day."

After seeing off the Moonlight pack's Alpha family with profuse apologies and promises of future meetings, I stormed into Gerald's study. My anger had reached its breaking point.

"Your grandson is completely out of control!" I declared, my voice shaking with fury. "He humiliated the Moonlight pack and damaged our reputation!"

Gerald looked up from his papers with weary resignation. "You shouldn't have rushed to arrange matchmaking so soon after the broken engagement with the Winters pack."

His tone carried gentle reproach. "The timing was inappropriate and bound to cause problems."

"Connor is twenty-six years old!" I snapped, my patience exhausted. "He has a duty to continue the bloodline and strengthen pack alliances!"

My amber eyes flashed with determination. "We can't wait forever for him to choose a suitable mate!"

Chapter 122: The Alpha's.

Gerald shook his head slowly, his expression thoughtful. "Other Alpha heirs like Ethan Quinn and **Gabriel**

Andrews aren't mated either."

He gestured dismissively. "There's no rush to force these arrangements."

"But their packs already have the next generation secured!" I retorted, *my* voice rising with frustration. "We need Connor to produce heirs!"

Gerald's eyes hardened slightly, his patience wearing thin. "Connor knows what he's doing."

He leaned back in his chair, his tone becoming more pointed. "And he still favors Olivia Winters, whether you

like it **or** not."

My face twisted with disgust at the mention of that girl's name. "Olivia is too independent and disrespectful to pack hierarchy!"

My voice carried bitter resentment. "She would never submit properly to Rivers pack authority!"

Gerald's expression darkened dangerously, his wolf stirring with warning. "You shouldn't be so controlling, Eleanor."

His tone carried the authority of the former pack Alpha. "Your interference is driving Connor away from **the**

family."

"I'm protecting our pack's future!" I argued, my voice cracking with emotion. "Someone has to ensure proper bloodline continuation!"

Gerald stood abruptly, his patience finally exhausted. He headed for the door without another word. "You are so stubborn," he muttered under his breath as he left the study.

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Whisper 194

Chapter 123: Professional Vengeance

Chapter 123: Professional Vengeance

(Olivia's POV)

On the tenth day of the first lunar month, I returned to Moonlaw Legal Services to resume work after the **holiday** break. My amber eyes held a new determination as I settled back into my **routine**.

The events of recent weeks had strengthened my resolve to build my own future in the legal profession. Connor's words in the garden still echoed in my mind, but I refused to let them define **me**.

I was reviewing case files when my office door opened without warning. The familiar scent of **expensive** perfume and barely contained hostility filled the air.

Vanessa Reed stood in my doorway, adorned in luxury branded attire and carrying a limited edition Hermès Luna Collection handbag. Her violet eyes gleamed with malicious satisfaction.

"Excuse me," I said sharply, holding up my hand as I continued my phone call with a client. "I'm in the middle of an important conversation."

Vanessa ignored my protest and walked into my office uninvited. She settled into the chair across from my desk with the confidence of someone who owned the place.

My wolf bristled at her audacity. The disrespect was intentional and calculated.

I finished my call quickly, my amber eyes never leaving Vanessa's smug face. "What do you want?"

"Surprise!" Vanessa's voice dripped with false sweetness. "I have wonderful news to share with you, Olivia."

Her silver-gray wolf practically purred with vindictive pleasure beneath her human facade. "I've invested in this firm. I'm now one of the behind-the-scenes bosses."

My blood ran cold as the implications hit me. "What are you talking about?"

"That makes me your superior," Vanessa continued, her violet eyes sparkling with cruel delight. "Isn't that delicious? The power dynamic has completely reversed."

I gripped my pen so tightly it nearly snapped. "You can't be serious."

"Oh, but I am." Vanessa leaned back in her chair, savoring every moment of my shock. "I've always wanted to be in a position to make your life miserable."

My wolf snarled beneath the surface, barely contained by my human form. The tension between us was

palpable.

"I've always despised you, Olivia Winters," Vanessa said with a cold smile. "Now I finally have the power to do something about it."

"The feeling is entirely mutual, Vanessa," I retorted, my own wolf bristling at the challenge. "Your hatred doesn't surprise me in the least."

Vanessa's expression shifted to one of mock sympathy. "Forgot to tell you something else. Grandmother Eleanor is introducing Connor to potential mates."

Her voice carried false concern that made my stomach turn. "You and my foster brother are impossible **now**."

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Chapter 123 Professional

The matchmaking has already **begun**.

I felt a **sharp pang** in **my** chest, **but** I refused **to** let her see **my** pain. Instead, **I turned** the tables with

calculated precision.

"**That's** wonderful news," I said, my amber eyes flashing with sharp Intelligence. "It shows **that** without me you still can't become Connor's mate."

Vanessa's confident expression faltered slightly. "What do you mean?"

“Your grandmother is even arranging blind dates for him,” I continued mercilessly “How can you still **smile**? If I were you, I would hide in my den and howl all day.”

The words hit their mark perfectly. Vanessa’s face contorted with rage as I struck at her deepest insecurity.

“I will never mate with anyone but Connor!” she declared, her voice shaking with venom. “And you will never

be with him either!”

Her wolf snarled beneath the surface, barely contained by her human form. The threat hung in the air

between us like poison.

I began packing my belongings with deliberate calm, my movements precise and controlled. “Then I wish you good luck with that impossible dream.”

“What are you doing?” Vanessa questioned, confusion and growing alarm creeping into her voice.

I ignored her completely, gathering my personal items and important documents. My decision was already

made.

Without another word, I left my office and headed straight to Thomas Wilson’s office. The bespectacled director looked up in surprise as I knocked on his door.

“Olivia! Welcome back,” he said warmly. “How were your holidays?”

“Director Wilson, I need to submit my resignation,” I announced without preamble, placing the formal letter on

his desk.

His face went pale behind his glasses. “What’s wrong? Why are you resigning on the first day back from the holiday?”

“I can’t work for someone with whom I have irreconcilable personal conflicts,” explained calmly. “The situation has become untenable.”

Thomas’s beta wolf whined at the thought of losing such a valuable pack member. “But you just secured the major contract with Thornwick Enterprises! You’re one of our most talented lawyers!”

"I appreciate your confidence in my abilities," I replied. "But my decision is final."

"Please reconsider," Thomas pleaded desperately. "Whatever the conflict is, we can work it out. The firm needs you."

I shook my head firmly. "I intend to start my own law firm. I'll be utilizing my resources and connections **to** build something better."

Thomas's eyes widened in shock. "Your own firm? But that's such a huge undertaking!"

"I've thought it over carefully," I said with quiet authority. "Starting my own practice is the most important step for my future."

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Chapter 123 Professional

My voice carried the unshakeable determination of a wolf who had made her **decision**. "**Director** Wilson, don't **hesitate to** accept this. I'm determined to leave."

"But the transition period-" Thomas began weakly.

"I will hand over my work to my colleagues over the next few days," I assured him. "Everything will be **properly** documented and transferred."

Thomas slumped in his chair, recognizing the futility of further argument. "**If** your mind is made up, I won't

stand in your way."

Three days later, I officially resigned from Moonlaw Legal Services after methodically handing over all my cases and client files. The process was thorough and professional.

Emma Thompson found me in the break room on my last day, her eyes red with unshed tears. "I can't believe you're really leaving."

"This isn't goodbye forever," I assured her gently. "I want to start my own practice, and you are welcome to come to me when you get your law license."

Emma's face lit up with hope. "Really? You'd want me to work with you?"

"Of course," I smiled warmly. "You have tremendous potential, Emma. I'd be honored to have you on my team."

I found Jade Mitchell organizing files in the assistant wing. The young intern looked up with surprise as I approached.

“Jade, I wanted to say goodbye,” I said softly, pulling her into a gentle embrace.

I whispered in her ear: “I want to start my own practice, and you are welcome to come to me when you get your law license.”

Jade’s eyes lit up with excitement and hope. “Okay! I will definitely come!”

The young intern’s wolf practically vibrated.

“I’ll be waiting for you,” I patted Jade on the shoulder and smiled warmly at her, my amber eyes soft with genuine affection.

“In the future, you will also be a lawyer, Attorney Mitchell. I look forward to having you join my company.”

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Chapter 124 New Partner

Chapter 124: New Partnerships

Chapter 124: New Partnerships

(Olivia’s POV)

I had been extremely busy recently, searching for the perfect location and recruiting talented wolves for my new venture. After examining several potential sites, I finally leased an entire floor of a premium office building in Harbor City’s most prestigious business district.

The space would serve as headquarters for my law firm. I named my practice Moonstone Legal Partners.

According to supernatural law regulations, partners of a werewolf law firm must be attorneys with more than three years of experience serving pack communities. I had three years of experience in Harbor City at the Grey Law Center, plus another half year at Moonlaw Legal Services after returning to Riverdale.

But finding other qualified partners proved challenging.

My cousin Alexander Winters had introduced me to many renowned lawyers throughout the Northern Territory. Most of these accomplished wolves had established their own independent practices, serving as senior partners in their respective firms.

Werewolf legal statutes stipulate that a lawyer cannot practice in two firms simultaneously. They also cannot hold partnership positions in multiple practices.

Thus, finding suitable partners had become the most difficult obstacle in recent days.

One afternoon, I was enjoying herbal tea with my two closest friends Rebecca Frost and Lily at Silverleaf Café. The upscale establishment was favored by Harbor City's elite werewolf community.

Upon hearing that I was preparing to launch my own law firm, Rebecca introduced a potential candidate. "**Do** you remember Adrian Sinclair from our university days at the rival Riverdale University Law School?" she

asked.

I paused, considering the name. "It sounds familiar, but I can't quite place him among my memories."

Lily exclaimed in surprise. "Adrian was the campus heartthrob from the neighboring law school!"

She leaned forward eagerly. "Students from both universities used to compare his striking looks with those

of Connor."

I searched my memory but shrugged. "I never paid attention to such social dynamics and preferred to keep to myself."

"Campus celebrities had little impact on my academic focus," I admitted.

Lily laughed. "You were like a dedicated scholar during our university years!"

She gestured dramatically. "You focused solely on your legal studies, spending weekends in the Riverdale University Law Library instead of attending pack social events."

"You politely declined all the young wolves who attempted courtship," she continued. "Never engaging in a single romantic relationship throughout four years of higher education."

She tilted her head curiously. "Why did you work so hard when your family's Winters pack wealth could

1/3

Chapter 124: New Partner...

support several lifetimes of luxury?"

Rebecca smiled gently. "Olivia has always pursued her own ambitions."

"She showed no interest in pack business management," Rebecca explained. "Determined instead to become an exceptional supernatural rights attorney."

Lily admitted with a sheepish grin, "Adrian possesses remarkable **good** looks. I even harbored a crush on him briefly during our university days."

Her expression fell slightly. "Though he showed no romantic interest in my advances." NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

"When did this **occur**?" I asked, genuinely curious about my friend's past romantic disappointment.

Lily pouted. "I couldn't bear to share news of being turned down."

She waved her hand dismissively. "Female wolves who attempted to court Adrian could have formed a line stretching from the university gates to the Western Territory. Rejection carried no particular shame."

I laughed at her contradictory statements about embarrassment.

"Stop being so analytical," Lily grinned. "Let me show you his photograph."

She began searching through her phone. "He's genuinely handsome. Among all the wolves I've encountered, only Adrian's striking features could rival those of Ethan Grey in terms of classical beauty."

Rebecca glanced meaningfully at me and coughed softly. The hint was clear – Lily shouldn't mention

someone from my past.

Lily waved dismissively. "Sufficient time has passed since the breakup. Olivia no longer harbors feelings for her former relationship."

I smiled wryly, "I've moved forward but currently prefer focusing on my career rather than pursuing romantic entanglements."

"Do I still have Adrian's photos saved?" Lily muttered, scrolling through her device.

She explained, "While I didn't keep them intentionally, images I saved from the university social media forums were automatically synchronized to my cloud storage. I'm too busy to organize, so I can still locate them." After several minutes of searching, Lily discovered Adrian's photograph. She handed her phone to me. "What's your opinion of his appearance?" she asked

I examined the image carefully. The background appeared to be the Riverdale University Law Library.

The man was seated beside a window, reading intently. Towering bookshelves filled with legal texts were visible behind him.

Golden afternoon sunlight illuminated his sharp, aristocratic features. Defined cheekbones, elegant eyebrows, and a perfectly proportioned nose.

I felt slightly stunned, experiencing an inexplicable sense of familiarity. As if I'd encountered this person somewhere before.

Rebecca leaned closer. "Where did you obtain such a professional-quality photograph?"

She noted the distinctive architecture. "That's definitely the Riverdale University Law Library. Did you visit there personally?"

Chapter 124 New Partner

Lily explained, "I saved it from the university's anonymous confession forum. Another female student had posted it hoping to identify him for potential courtship."

She asked me, "Do you find him attractive after seeing the photograph?"

Lily joked, "Such remarkable features seem wasted on the legal profession. He should pursue entertainment instead – his face appears almost artificially perfect."

I reiterated my current disinterest in romantic pursuits.

Just then, a pleasant **male** voice interjected, "Your disinterest seems unfortunate."

I looked up and felt slightly startled. Rebecca and Lily also turned to observe the newcomer.

Lily exclaimed in genuine shock, "It's Adrian Sinclair himself!"

Rebecca smiled politely and offered a courteous greeting.

The man wore elegant gold-rimmed glasses and an impeccably tailored charcoal suit. He smiled slightly.

"I'd just concluded a client meeting in the area," he explained. "Upon noticing you, I thought I'd stop by to say

hello."

Lily winked meaningfully at me. "This encounter represents fate."

I offered a polite smile and extended my hand in formal greeting. "Hello, Adrian."

Adrian accepted my handshake with professional courtesy. His grip was firm but gentle.

Rebecca mentioned, "I was just planning to introduce you two properly"

Adrian smiled. "May I join your gathering?"

Lily e

enthusiastically invited him to sit anywhere he preferred. Currently, she occupied the center position, with Rebecca and me flanking her on either side.

Adrian drew out an additional chair and positioned himself beside me. "What was your conversation topic?" "We were discussing you," Lily admitted candidly

prove mutually

Rebecca explained, "Olivia is establishing her own law firm. I thought an introduction might prove beneficial

She asked, "Have you accumulated the required three years of practice experience? Would you partnership opportunity?"

consider a

Upon hearing this proposal, Adrian turned his attention to me. His eyes crinkled with genuine interest. "Would such an arrangement be possible?" he asked.

As I studied his refined features, my sense of recognition grew increasingly stronger.

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Whisper 196

Chapter 125 Unexpected.

Chapter 125: Unexpected Encounters

Chapter 125: Unexpected Encounters

(Adrian's POV)

"Of course, I am 100% assured of what Rebecca introduced," Olivia replied with a warm smile.

Her amber eyes held genuine confidence in her friend's judgment. I felt a slight pang of disappointment, sensing that she truly didn't remember me from our university days at Riverdale University.

During our time there, I **had** noticed her countless times in the law library. She was always absorbed in her studies, completely focused on her legal texts while other students socialized around her.

I had admired her dedication from afar, but she never seemed to notice anyone beyond her academic

pursuits.

"Let's add a contact method first," I suggested, pulling out my phone with a slight smile. "Then we can arrange a time to discuss the partnership details later."

Olivia nodded agreeably and scanned the QR code to add me on her messaging app. The simple action felt significant somehow.

Rebecca stirred the coffee in front of her thoughtfully. "Adrian has quite impressive achievements in intellectual property law within the werewolf legal community."

She looked at Olivia with obvious pride in her introduction. "His record in supernatural court cases is completely unblemished."

Olivia's eyebrows rose with genuine surprise and admiration. That's remarkable. Intellectual property law is particularly complex in our community."

Her amber eyes sparkled with professional interest. The intersection of human and supernatural legal frameworks requires exceptional skill."

I felt warmth spread through my chest at her obvious respect for my work. "You're too kind. Your own reputation precedes you."

"Your work at both the Grey Law Center and Moonlaw Legal Services has been impressive," I added modestly. "I've heard excellent things about your advocacy for werewolf rights."

Lily leaned closer to Rebecca and whispered conspiratorially, "They seem so well-matched as potential business partners."

Her voice carried obvious matchmaking intentions that made me shift uncomfortably in **my** seat.

Rebecca immediately shook her head with a warning look. "Stop the matchmaking nonsense, Lily."

Olivia laughed softly, her amber eyes dancing with amusement. "Lily is just joking around, Adrian. Don't mind her romantic imagination."

The group continued chatting for a while, with Lily initiating most topics. She asked about our university life at Riverdale University and our post-graduation experiences in the werewolf legal field. The rightful source is

Her curiosity seemed endless, jumping from professional accomplishments to personal anecdotes with

Chapter 125, Unexpected.

typical pack social enthusiasm.

"Adrian, I have to ask," Lily said with a mischievous grin. "Why didn't you accept my confession back in

college?"

She leaned forward with exaggerated hurt. "I was quite the catch, you know. My brief crush on the campus heartthrob from the rival law school deserved better treatment."

I glanced at Olivia, who was engrossed in a conversation with Rebecca about potential office locations. Her profile was elegant as she discussed business logistics with characteristic **focus**.

"I had someone I liked back then," I replied smoothly, hoping to deflect further questioning.

Lily's curiosity immediately peaked like a hunting wolf catching an interesting scent. "Really? Who was it?" She pressed closer with obvious excitement. "You have to tell us now! Was she from our university or yours?" I fell into awkward silence, unsure how to navigate this particular minefield. Admitting my long-standing admiration for Olivia seemed inappropriate given our new professional relationship.

Lily's eyes narrowed with sudden speculation. "Wait, your silence is very suspicious."

She tilted her head with growing amusement. "Don't tell me you preferred male wolves? That would explain everything!"

"What do you mean? Lawyer Sinclair, are you..." Olivia looked at us in surprise, her amber eyes wide with hesitation,

I quickly waved my hands in denial, feeling heat rise in my cheeks. "No, no. My preferences are completely

normal."

Lily squinted at me suspiciously, clearly enjoying my discomfort. Then why don't you say who you liked?" "... I began, struggling to find appropriate words.

(Ethan's PO

"What are you chatting about that seems so entertaining?" My cold **voice** cut through their conversation like a blade.

I had been watching from across the café, my wolf bristling with territorial displeasure at seeing Lily so animated with another male.

Lily's back stiffened instantly, and the smile on her face froze completely. Her beta wolf recognized the dominance in my tone immediately.

I casually pulled out a chair and sat down, staring at Lily with a half-smile that didn't reach my eyes. "Lily, since when have you become so familiar with Adrian Sinclair?"

My voice carried subtle menace that made her fidget nervously in her seat.

Lily faltered, forcing a bright smile that looked painfully artificial. "Brother... I'm just introducing a law firm partner to Olivia."

Her use of the familial term was deliberate, reminding everyone of our pack connections while trying to deflect my obvious displeasure.

I glanced at Adrian with obvious territorial displeasure, then turned back to Lily. "Is that so? How come I

<Chapter 125 thespected

heard you asking him why he didn't accept your confession back in college?"

My tone was mocking, designed to embarrass her in front of the group

"You misheard," Lily protested weakly, her cheeks flushing with mortification.

Olivia and Rebecca exchanged meaningful glances, clearly sensing the strange pack dynamics between Lily and me. The tension was thick enough to cut with a knife.

Lily suddenly stood up, pulling out her phone with obvious desperation.

from my pack."

nh, I just received an urgent call

She avoided eye contact with everyone. "I need to leave immediately. Sorry for cutting this short."

Seeing her obvious escape attempt, Olivia looked at Rebecca knowingly. "She's clearly acting"

I glanced at Adrian one more time with unmistakable territorial displeasure. "I should be leaving as well."

My wolf was satisfied with disrupting their cozy gathering and establishing my claim over Lily.

I caught up with Lily in the parking lot outside Silverleaf Café. She was walking quickly toward her car, clearly hoping to avoid confrontation.

"Running away from me now?" I called out, my voice carrying across the empty lot.

Before she could respond, I forced her into my arms against the side of her vehicle. My wolf purred with satisfaction at having her close again.

Lily struggled to push me away, her hands pressing against my chest. "Don't do this outside! What if Olivia sees us later?"

Her voice carried genuine panic at the thought of discovery.

I sneered, tightening my grip possessively. "Are you afraid of Olivia seeing us or afraid of your favorite lawyer seeing us?"

My jealousy was raw and obvious, my wolf snarling at the memory of her animated conversation with Adrian. "Nonsense," Lily retorted, though her voice lacked conviction. "The person I like is you."

Her admission sent satisfaction coursing through my veins. Despite everything, she was still mine..

"You were my first love, Lily," I confessed, my voice dropping to a husky whisper. "Despite all our complicated pack relationship dynamics."

The words hung between us like a bridge across years of unspoken feelings.

I pinned her chin between my fingers, forcing her to meet my intense gaze. "Who do you love?"

My voice was commanding, demanding complete honesty from her submissive wolf.

"You," she answered with the submission typical of our werewolf bond.

Her amber eyes held complete surrender, her beta wolf recognizing my dominance completely.

"Come to my place at Shadowmere Estate, hmm?" My fingers gently brushed her lips, the touch electric

between us.

The invitation was both request and command, my alpha nature asserting itself over her willing submission. Lily softly hummed in agreement, her resistance crumbling under my touch.

Chapter 125 Unexpected

At my private villa in the elite district, we indulged in **passion**. Our werewolf instincts overwhelmed our restraint as we gave in to the primal connection between us

The familiar dance of dominance and submission played out as it always did, my alpha wolf claiming what

belonged to me.

In the heat of our intimate moment, I **needed** final confirmation of her loyalty. “Do you like me or Adrian

Sinclair?”

My voice was breathless but demanding, my wolf requiring absolute certainty of her devotion.

“You, only you,” Lily replied breathlessly, her submission complete and unquestioning.

Satisfied with the answer that confirmed her loyalty to me rather than the handsome lawyer, I kissed her again with possessive intensity.

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Whisper 197

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Whisper 198

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Whisper 199

Chapter 128: Mysterious Valentine's Gifts

Chapter 128: Mysterious Valentine's Gifts

(Olivia's POV)

My brow furrowed as I questioned the jewelry store clerk over the phone. "What's the name of that gentleman?"

The clerk's voice carried genuine regret. "I'm sorry, we don't have that information on file"

I sighed deeply, feeling more confused than before. "Okay, thank you."

I hung up the phone, staring at the mysterious delivery package from Moonlight Jewelers. Who could have sent me such an expensive gift? The weight of the box in my hands felt significant, almost ominous.

I carefully opened the express delivery, revealing an exquisite pink, heart-shaped gift box. Inside lay a stunning diamond pendant necklace that clearly cost a fortune.

The diamonds caught the light from my apartment's overhead fixture, sparkling like captured starlight. The craftsmanship was extraordinary each stone perfectly cut and set.

A small card nestled beneath the necklace. The message was simple but loaded with meaning: "Happy

Valentine's Day."

I suddenly realized it was Valentine's Day. I had been so focused on my legal work that the date had completely slipped my mind.

Who could have sent such an extravagant gift? Connor's familiar face flashed in my mind, making my heart race with unexpected hope,

But I quickly dismissed the thought. His cold and distant demeanor during our encounter at the restaurant earlier today suggested he wanted nothing to do with me.

Could it really be Connor? But he shouldn't know my new apartment address. My father Richard Winters had recently purchased this place for me, and I hadn't shared the location with many people.

The mystery deepened with each passing moment. The necklace was clearly expensive – far too costly for a

casual gesture.

Just as I was pondering the mystery, my phone rang again. Another delivery person was calling, though! hadn't ordered anything else.

"Hello, I have a delivery for you," the voice said cheerfully.

"I didn't order anything." I replied, confused.

The delivery person chuckled. "It's a bouquet of flowers, sent by your boyfriend."

Puzzled, I opened the door to receive a large bouquet of pink roses. The fragrance filled my apartment immediately, sweet and romantic.

A card was attached to the stems: "Livvy, Valentine's Day without a mate still has best friends, sisters will always **love** you! – Lily."

A warm smile spread across my face. Trust Lily to remember Valentine's Day and think of me.

Chapter 128:Mysterious

Soon after, another bouquet arrived. This time pink peonies with delicate petals that seemed to glow by as evening light.

The card read: "Friendship lasts forever. Rebecca.

A warm feeling washed over my heart. My friends hadn't forgotten me, even on this romantic holiday.

I took photos of the beautiful flowers and **sent** them to our group chat. The response was immediate

Lily: "Do you like them? We wanted to make sure you felt loved today!"

Rebecca: "Pink suits you perfectly. Happy Valentine's Day, bestie!"

Lily: "Who needs a mate when you have sisters like us?"

Their playful banter lifted my spirits immediately. I felt genuinely grateful for their thoughtfulness.

After arranging the flowers in vases around my apartment, I glanced **back** at the mysterious diamond necklace. The contrast was striking- my friends' sweet gestures versus this expensive mystery.

I searched the jewelry brand's official website on my laptop. What I discovered made my breath catch.

It was a special limited edition Valentine's Day piece priced at nearly \$100,000. The description read:

"Symbolizing everlasting love between mates."

Who could have possibly sent such an expensive gift? The price tag was staggering, far beyond what most people would spend on jewelry.

Connor seemed unlikely, as he wouldn't know my new address in Riverdale. We hadn't spoken about my living

situation since our breakup.

I was completely perplexed. The gift was too expensive to ignore, but too mysterious to accept.

After a **long** moment of contemplation, I carefully placed the necklace back in its elegant box. The pink satin lining seemed to mock me with its romantic implications.

I called the jewelry store again, hoping to find a solution. "I'd like to inquire about returning this necklace." "Certainly," the clerk replied. "We can process a return, but it can only be returned if the original buyer comes to the store in person."

I felt helpless. "If I knew who had bought it, I wouldn't need to call the store in the first place."

The clerk's voice carried sympathy. "I understand your situation, but our policy is quite strict about returns."

Considering the clerk was just doing their job, I didn't want to make things difficult. "I understand. Thank you for your time."

I hung up after exchanging a few more polite words. The expensive necklace seemed to stare at me accusingly from its box.

Finally, I placed it in my storage cabinet, unsure what else to do with it. The mystery would have to remain unsolved for now.

(Third Person's POV)

In Rebecca Frost's luxurious villa, Lily was caressing her newly acquired designer handbag with obvious pleasure. The leather was buttery soft beneath her fingers.

<Chapter 126: Mysterious

It was a gift from Connor for helping with his Valentine's Day surprise. The handbag was worth more than most people's monthly salary.

Rebecca looked a little guilty **as** she watched her friend. "Lily, is this really okay? Are we betraying Olivia by helping Connor without telling her?"

Lily waved dismissively, though her gesture seemed forced. "It's fine, Alpha Connor genuinely loves Livvy" "He's not trying to manipulate her, she continued. "He just wanted to send her something special for Valentine's Day but was worried she might reject it if she knew it came from him after their awkward encounter today."

Rebecca frowned, her conscience clearly bothering her. "But if Olivia knew we sent those flowers because we felt guilty about helping Connor behind her **back**, I wonder if she'd be angry with us"

Lily coughed awkwardly, avoiding Rebecca's penetrating gaze. "What are you saying? It's not because we felt guilty – those flowers are... are a symbol of our friendship!"

She nodded emphatically, trying to convince herself as much as Rebecca. "A pure symbol of our friendship!"

Rebecca remained skeptical, her amber eyes narrowing. "Lily, how come I remember you saying a few days ago that Olivia and Adrian Sinclair seemed well-matched?"

"How come you're suddenly helping Connor again on Valentine's Day?"

Lily shrugged, her fingers still stroking the expensive handbag. "He offered us these expensive handbags, and besides, Alpha Connor truly loves Livvy."

"We've known them both for years," **she** added defensively. "It's not wrong to help true mates find their way

back to each other, right?"

Rebecca considered this, though doubt still clouded her features. "I suppose that does make some sense."

But her voice lacked conviction. The guilt in her eyes suggested she wasn't entirely comfortable with their

deception.

(Third Person's POV)

In Connor's office at Rivers Group headquarters, his assistant Henry Morris came to report on recent developments. The office was dimly lit, matching Connor's dark mood..

"Alpha Connor, do you remember that case involving Noah Pierce that Miss Winters took on?"

Connor looked up from his paperwork, his ice-blue eyes sharp and focused. "I remember. What's the update?"

Henry continued, his voice carefully controlled. "The owner of Noah's factory, Raymond Lewis, has a superior named Samuel Blackwood. I sent you his information before."

Connor's expression grew stern, his wolf stirring beneath the surface. "I know about Blackwood." +to the

point."

Henry lowered his head respectfully, recognizing the dangerous edge in his Alpha's voice. "Samuel Blackwood is involved with Frederick Warner."

"We recently discovered that Blackwood has been laundering money for Frederick's American operations."

A layer of ice covered Connor's eyes as his wolf stirred with **protective** rage. The mention of Frederick's name always triggered his most violent instincts.

Chapter 128 Mytteribus

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Chapter 128 Mysterious

"Have you obtained solld evidence?"

Henry **replied** quickly, sensing his Alpha's growing **fury**. "We have substantial evidence of Blackwoods **within** our territory

"After laundering the money, he deposits it into overseas accounts. The nominal account **holder** is s scapegoat Frederick found,"

"Our current evidence can definitely get Blackwood arrested and convicted," Henry continued. "**Frederick's** power in the Northern Territory is weak, relying mainly on Blackwood and his criminal network."

"Although we don't have evidence of Frederick's direct crimes in our territory yet, if we can eliminate Blackwood, Frederick's strongest ally here will be gone."

Connor's voice turned deadly cold, his Alpha authority radiating through the room. "Take action immediately "Submit all evidence to the authorities and **cooperate** with law enforcement to arrest Samuel Blackwood." His eyes glowed with predatory satisfaction. "It's time to cut off Frederick's claws in our territory"

(Third Person's POV)

In early March, Olivia's new law firm, Moonstone Legal Partners, completed its renovations. The fresh paint smell had finally dissipated, replaced by the scent of new furniture and possibility.

After the office space was professionally treated *for* any chemical residues and tested to meet all safety standards, Olivia felt ready to move forward.

She and Adrian Sinclair spent several days purchasing office supplies together. They selected ergonomic desks, comfortable chairs, state-of-the-art computers, legal stationery, and comprehensive filing systems. Besides Adrian, another partner had joined the firm. Marcus **was** a skilled lawyer who specialized in criminal defense cases for the werewolf community.

He was Adrian's former classmate, with an impressive track record in supernatural law. His addition strengthened their team considerably.

After Adrian brought *in* this additional partner, he also took responsibility for recruiting several other lawyers

to round out their team.

The new hires *included* newly licensed attorneys just beginning their practice and experienced senior lawyers *looking for* a fresh start.

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Chapter 129 New Beginni

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Whisper 200

Chapter 129: New Beginnings and Dangerous Encounters.

Chapter 129: New Beginnings and Dangerous Encounters

(Olivia's POV)

D

The morning sun streamed through the floor-to-ceiling windows of Moonstone Legal Partners as I stood in our newly completed reception area. The fresh scent of new furniture and polished wood filled the air, replacing the construction dust that **had** dominated for weeks.

Everything was finally ready. The ergonomic desks Adrian and I had carefully selected gleamed under the overhead lights. State-of-the-art computers hummed quietly on each workstation. Legal stationery was neatly organized in custom filing systems.

My phone rang, interrupting my satisfied survey of our accomplishments. The caller ID showed a familiar name that made my heart lift with genuine warmth.

“Emma” I answered immediately, unable to hide my excitement.

“Olivia,” Emma Thompson’s voice carried across the line, tinged with hope and nervous energy. “I hope I’m not calling at a bad time.”

“Not at all. It’s wonderful to hear from you.”

Emma took a deep breath before continuing. “I wanted to **ask** about your previous offer. You mentioned I

could join you in Harbor City if I ever wanted to **work** together again.”

My smile widened as I remembered our conversation months ago. “Of course that offer is still valid. More than valid – I’d be thrilled to have you here.”

“Really?” Emma’s voice brightened considerably. “Because I’ve been thinking about it constantly. My current situation isn’t **ideal**, and the opportunity to work with you again sounds like exactly what I need.”

“Emma, I would love nothing more than to have you as part of Moonstone Legal Partners,” I said warmly.

“When can you start?”

“I can book a flight immediately,” she replied, excitement bubbling through her words. “I could be there by this evening if you need me.

“That’s perfect. I’ll pick you up from the airport myself.”

After we finalized the details and I gave her our new office address, I hung up feeling genuinely happy. Having Emma join our team would bring a sense of familiarity and trust that I’d been missing.

The prospect of working with someone I knew and respected brought me comfort about the future of our legal practice. Emma’s loyalty and dedication had always impressed me during our previous work together. My cousin Alexander had also been instrumental in building **our** team. Through his extensive coctions in the werewolf legal community, he’d recruited two excellent and well-known lawyers.

That evening, I met them at an upscale restaurant in Harbor City's business district. Alexander had reserved a private dining room for our introduction dinner.

"Olivia, Alexander stood as I entered the elegantly appointed room. "Td like you to meet your new colleagues."

1

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He gestured toward a woman with neat short **hair** wearing a light khaki professional suit. Her posture radlated confidence and competence typical of successful pack-affiliated lawyers

"This is Attorney Aria Chen, my high school classmate from our pack territory, Alexander said with obvious

pride.

I paused slightly, recognizing her reputation in supernatural law circles. "Hello, Attorney Chen, Your work in pack litigation is legendary."

Aria smiled professionally, extending her hand for a firm handshake. "Hello, Attorney Winters. We'll be colleagues from now on. I'm looking forward to working together."

Alexander then turned to the second person at our table. "This is Attorney Mike Wu. I specially recruited him from another firm for you – he's a major player in supernatural commercial law"

Mike appeared to be about forty years old, well-dressed and wearing glasses. His slightly thin frame gave off an aura of calm intelligence and introversion that suggested deep analytical thinking.

"Hello, Attorney Wu," I said respectfully. Tve heard excellent things about your work. Please guide me in the

future."

"Hello, Attorney Winters, Mike replied with a modest smile. "Let's achieve great things together."

Besides Alexander, everyone at the dinner table were legal professionals. We had much to discuss about pack law and territorial regulations. The conversation flowed naturally from recent court decisions to changes in supernatural legislation.

Aria **shared** insights from her recent cases involving inter-pack disputes. Mike discussed the complexities of werewolf business law in human courts. I contributed my experiences with pack member representation.

The atmosphere was lively and engaging. I felt genuinely excited about the expertise these two would bring to Moonstone Legal Partners.

“With this team,” Alexander said as our dinner concluded, “your firm will be one of the most formidable in the Northern Territory.”

After dinner, I bid farewell to Alexander and my two new colleagues outside the restaurant. The evening air was crisp and refreshing after the warm dining room.

“Thank you for everything, Alex,” I said, giving my cousin a grateful hug. “I couldn’t have built this team without your help.

“Family supports family,” he replied with a warm smile. “I’m proud of what you’re building here.”

I walked to the parking lot where my Glacier Blue Bentley Continental GT waited under the streetlights. The distinctive blue luxury vehicle gleamed like a jewel among the other cars.

With a gentle press of the accelerator, I pulled away from the parking lot and onto the wide Harbor City streets. The elegant car cut through the evening traffic with smooth precision.

Emma had just landed at Harbor City Regional Airport, and I was now driving to pick her up. The thought of seeing my former assistant again filled me with anticipation.

Feeling a bit warm in the car, I lowered the window halfway to let the outside air circulate. The cool evening breeze felt refreshing against my skin.

Chapter 129 New Beginnings

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As the Glacier Blue Bentley wove through traffic, I left the bustling city center behind and entered the suburban section leading to the airport. The streets became wider and less congested. New NOVEL chapters are published on

I **found** myself thinking about recent events with the new law firm. The successful recruitment dinner, Emma’s imminent arrival, the completed renovations everything was falling into place perfectly.

A sense of joy and anticipation bubbled up within me. For the first time in months, I felt genuinely optimistic

about my future.

Suddenly, “Bang!”

A black sedan rear-ended my Bentley with tremendous force. The impact sent my luxury vehicle spinning out of control toward the roadside guardrail,

The silver-reinforced barriers designed to contain werewolf accidents absorbed much of the impact. But the collision still left me shaken and disoriented.

My werewolf healing kicked in immediately, clearing the fog from my head. I blinked rapidly, trying to assess the damage and my condition.

Before I could reach for my phone to call Connor or pack security, the sound of shattering glass filled the air. A man had smashed my driver’s side window with something heavy.

Rough hands grabbed my arms and dragged me from the car. I struggled against his grip, my training automatically engaging.

“Who are you?” I demanded sharply, my voice carrying the authority I’d learned in courtrooms. “Do you know who I am?”

The man completely ignored my questions, his face hidden in shadow. His grip tightened painfully as he tried

to subdue me.

My werewolf reflexes and the self-defense skills Connor had insisted I learn caught the attacker off guard. I twisted in his **grasp**, using his momentum against him.

A sharp elbow to **his** ribs made him grunt and loosen his hold. I immediately tried to break free, but another man emerged from the pursuing **black** vehicle.

“You incompetent fool,” the second man snarled angrily at his partner “Can’t you handle one simple lawyer?”

This man **was** clearly the leader. His voice carried menacing authority that made my wolf bristle in alarm.

I saw my opportunity while they were distracted. Reaching carefully into my damaged car, I **managed** to grab my phone to contact Connor through our mate bond or call pack security.

Just as my

closed around the device, the leader moved with supernatural speed. He snatched the phone away before I could dial.

The sound of crushing plastic and metal filled the air as he ground my phone under his boot. The screen shattered completely, destroying my only means of communication.

“You’re coming with us, Miss Winters,” he stated coldly, his eyes glowing with predatory satisfaction. “Someone wants to have a very important conversation with you.”

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