

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 201

Chapter 130: The Vanished **Luna**

Chapter 130: The Vanished Luna

(Emma's POV)

The cold wind at Harbor City Regional Airport cut through my jacket as I stood at the exit, scanning the pickup area for Olivia's familiar face. Passengers streamed past me, reuniting with their families and friends, but there was no sign of my former boss.

I checked my watch again. Thirty minutes had passed since my flight landed.

This wasn't like Olivia at all. She was always punctual, especially when it came to important matters like picking up a new team member.

I pulled out my phone and dialed her number, pressing it to my ear as the wind whipped around me. The automated voice that answered made my stomach drop.

"The number you have dialed is no longer in service."

That was impossible. We had spoken just an hour ago through our pack communication app, finalizing the pickup details. Olivia had been excited about my arrival, eager to show me the new office space.

Something was definitely wrong.

I tried calling again, hoping it was just a network issue. The same automated message played back, cold and impersonal.

My anxiety began to spike. Olivia wouldn't just disappear without explanation, especially not when she knew I was waiting for her.

and

I opened the werewolf community messaging app on my phone, hoping to reach her through video call. The app connected, but the call went unanswered.

The familiar ringtone echoed in my ear as I waited, watching other passengers being picked up around me.

Still no response.

I tried again. And again. By the fifth attempt, my hands were shaking slightly from both cold and worry.

Forty minutes had passed since my flight landed. Olivia had promised to be here in fifteen minutes when we

last spoke.

Where could she be?

I had no other contacts in Harbor City. Moving here meant starting completely fresh, with only Olivia as my connection to this new life.

Then I remembered the name of her law firm. Moonstone Legal Partners. She had mentioned it proudly during our phone conversation, describing the renovations and new team members.

I quickly searched online for the firm's information. The website was sleek and professional, listing services and contact information.

I found a landline number and dialed immediately. The phone rang and rang, but no one answered.

Of course. It was after working hours. The office would be closed.

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Desperation began to creep in as I stood alone in the airport pickup area. The crowd was thinning as most passengers found their rides and departed.

I couldn't just stand here forever. Something had happened to Olivia, and I needed help.

The police station seemed like my only option. I approached the airport security desk and explained **my** situation to the officer on duty.

"My friend was supposed to pick me up, but she's not answering her phone," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "I'm worried something might **have** happened to her."

The officer **was** professional and understanding. He took down Olivia's information and promised to contact **her** family.

Within an hour, I received a call from Richard Winters, Olivia's father. His voice was tight with worry and barely controlled panic.

"Emma, this is Richard Winters. The police contacted us about Olivia. We can't reach her either." My heart sank. If her own family couldn't contact her, something serious had definitely happened. "We're calling all her friends now," Richard continued, "Someone must know where she is."

I could hear Natalie Winters in the background, her voice strained as she made phone calls. The fear in their voices made my own anxiety spike higher.

Meanwhile, across the city, Lily was out drinking with friends at an upscale bar when her phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID and saw Richard Winters' name.

"Hello, Uncle Richard?" she answered, slightly slurred **from** the alcohol.

"Lily, have you heard from Olivia today? She's missing."

The words sobered her instantly. "What do you mean missing?"

"She was supposed to pick up a friend at the airport but never showed up. Her phone is disconnected. We can't find her anywhere."

Lily's blood ran cold. She immediately tried calling Olivia herself, but got the same automated message about the number being out of service.

"I'm calling Connor right now," she told Richard, her voice sharp with urgency.

She hung up and immediately dialed Connor Rivers' number, her hands trembling slightly.

(Olivia's POV)

The impact of the black sedan against my Glacier Blue Bentley Continental GT had been devastating. The luxury vehicle's reinforced frame had absorbed much of the collision, but the damage was severe.

Steam rose from the crumpled hood as I struggled to regain my bearings. My werewolf healing was already working to clear the disorientation from the crash.

The first man who approached my car had been clumsy, unprepared for my resistance. I had managed **to** fight him off using the self-defense techniques Connor had insisted I learn.

But the second man was different. He moved with the fluid grace of a trained fighter, his strikes precise and calculated.

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Despite my werewolf strength and training, I was no match for his skill. He anticipated my moves, countering each attempt to escape with brutal efficiency

The fight was over quickly. Pain shot through my body as he overpowered me, his superior training evident in every movement.

"You're tougher than expected," he said, breathing only slightly harder. "But not tough enough."

He produced silver-laced restraints from his jacket, the metal gleaming ominously in the streetlight. The silver burned against my skin as he bound my hands and feet.

My werewolf strength immediately began to weaken. The silver was designed specifically to subdue our kind, making resistance nearly impossible.

He stuffed me into the back seat of their black sedan, the interior smelling of leather and something

chemical **that** made my nose wrinkle.

"Who are you?" I demanded, trying to keep my voice steady despite the fear **coursing** through me. "What do

you want?" The latest_episodes are on_the find~novel~net

The driver glanced at me through the rearview mirror, his eyes cold and calculating. "Money, probably. Your family's wealthy enough to pay a good ransom."

The driver laughed, a harsh sound that made my skin crawl. "Money? You think this is about money?"

His amusement was genuinely unsettling. "Frederick Warner doesn't need your family's money, Miss Winters." The name hit me like a physical blow. Frederick Warner. The man who had tried to have Connor and me killed, who had orchestrated the attack on my father.

"You're Frederick's men," I said, the pieces falling into place.

"Very good," the driver replied mockingly. "I was wondering if you'd remember our employer's name."

Marcus Cole, sitting in the passenger seat, turned to face me. His expression was cold and professional, like a businessman discussing a routine transaction.

"This is retaliation for what Connor Rivers has done to our organization," he stated matter-of-factly.

I forced a laugh, though it came out strained. "Connor and I broke up publicly. Everyone knows we're not together anymore."

Marcus smiled, but there **was** no warmth in it. "His woman, who else is there but you?"

"That's ridiculous," I protested. "Connor Rivers is dating actress Layla Lawrence. It's been all over the media." "Layla Lawrence is Connor's distant cousin through pack connections," Marcus revealed casually. "The whole relationship is fake, orchestrated to protect you."

My world tilted. "That's impossible."

"Connor feared for your safety after the previous attempt on your life and the attack on your father, Marcus continued. "He orchestrated the public breakup and fake relationship to keep you out of harm's way."

The revelation hit me like a sledgehammer. Everything I thought I knew about the past few months was a lie. "Frederick has suffered significant losses due to Connor's actions," Marcus added. "Samuel Blackwood's arrest, the exposure of his illegal werewolf trafficking operations. As Frederick prepares to return to

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Blackmoor Territory, he wants revenge."

My mind reeled from the information. Connor had been protecting me all along, and I had believed the worst

of him.

"Frederick tried multiple times to assassinate Connor, Marcus continued conversationally "But Alpha strength and pack protection make him difficult to kill."

He turned to look at me directly, his eyes glittering with malicious satisfaction.

"So he turned to you instead. He suspected the breakup was a ruse to protect you."

Marcus leaned back in his seat, studying my shocked expression with obvious amusement.

"Miss Winters, I don't know whether to praise your acting skills or praise Connor Rivers for protecting you too

well.”

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Chapter **131**: The Web Tightens

Chapter 131: The Web Tightens

(Frederick's POV)

Speaking of which, it was also a coincidence that when I took the female werewolf I was supporting to Moonlight Jewelers to buy jewelry some time ago, I caught the eye of a saleswoman,

As a notorious Alpha who collected female companions, I always sought to get any attractive shewolf into my bed. It was simply my nature.

At Moonlight Jewelers, I spent over two million buying a necklace for my companion, flaunting my wealth as usual. The saleswoman's eyes had followed my every move with obvious interest.

While the she-wolf was in the restroom, I approached the saleswoman. “What's your name, beautiful?” “Amber Sterling.” she replied with a coy smile, her fingers playing with her hair.

I asked for her contact information, and we ended up in bed that very night. She was eager and willing, just like all the others.

On Valentine's Day, I met with Amber at our usual hotel. The afternoon sunlight filtered through the expensive curtains as we lay tangled in silk sheets.

Afterwards, I threw a bank card onto the nightstand. “Happy Valentine's Day, baby. Take it and spend it

however you like.”

Amber smiled and accepted the card, running her fingers along its platinum surface. Then she said. something that caught my attention

“You never bother to choose a gift for me. You only give me money.”

I raised an eyebrow, already reaching for my cigarettes. “Money isn’t enough for you?”

“Today, a man at the store bought a limited edition Valentine’s necklace for nearly ten million for his girlfriend,” she continued. “I’m so envious. He must really love his girlfriend.”

I scoffed and leaned against the headboard, lighting my cigarette. The smoke curled between us as I replied

coldly.

“There’s over a million in that card. Buy whatever you want. You only need money. Why yearn for love?” The coldness in my tone **was** palpable. These women were all the same – always wanting more than what they deserved.

Amber leaned over and rested her head on my chest. “I was just saying.”

I flicked the ash from my cigarette, watching it fall onto the expensive carpet. “Don’t mention the word “love” again.”

“I know,” she whispered against my skin.

I didn’t dwell on the matter at the time. After Valentine’s Day, Connor Rivers began investigating me more intensely than ever before.

Even a small oversight from Malcolm Wilson was immediately seized upon by Connor’s people. Soon,

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Malcolm **and** his companies were apprehended by the authorities.

After losing so much manpower and resources to Connor, I decided to target those around him instead: Mo Initial target was the actress rumored to be with him.

But Vanessa Reed informed me that Layla Lawrence was Connor’s distant cousin. Their relationship was merely for publicity.

Upon hearing this, I recalled Olivia Winters’ heartbroken state after her breakup with Connor. **The way she** cursed Connor for being heartless and abandoning her didn’t seem like acting.

It seemed she was unaware of the actress’s true relationship with Connor. Considering the timing of their breakup, shortly after Richard Winters’ accident, I realized something.

I might have been fooled by Connor all along.

Remembering Amber's words on Valentine's Day about someone spending nearly ten million on a necklace for his girlfriend, I suspected it had something to do with Olivia Winters.

I called Amber immediately. "That man who bought the expensive necklace on Valentine's Day – tell me about

him."

"He looked to be in his thirties, about 5'7", slender build," Amber replied. "His surname was Langley."

My pulse quickened. "What address did he leave? Who was the recipient?"

"An upscale villa district in Riverdale. The recipient was a Ms. Winters."

I immediately concluded that the Ms. Winters was Olivia. Rage coursed through my veins like molten silver.

Enraged, I had Amber send me the security footage from Valentine's Day. The footage clearly showed Frank Langley, Connor's assistant, buying the necklace.

The pieces fell into place with crystal clarity. Connor had orchestrated everything – the breakup, the fake relationship, all to protect his precious Olivia.

"I was indeed fooled!" I muttered to myself, crushing my cigarette in the crystal ashtray.

"Connor Rivers, you love her so much. Would you be willing to trade your life for hers?"

(Ethan's POV)

"What did you say? They kidnapped Olivia?" My forehead veins bulged as I reacted with violent agitation. The words hit me like a physical blow. My hands trembled as the full meaning sank in.

In contrast, Natalie Hughes appeared calm and composed, a smile playing on her lips like she'd just heard pleasant news.

"That's right," Natalie replied, meeting my eyes with cold satisfaction. "When I found out that Connor was with her to protect her, I wished she would die immediately."

roke up

Her words were like ice water in my veins. "You're insane."

“Now,

my

wish is finally coming true,” she continued with that same twisted smile. “Once she falls into Frederick’s hands, Olivia Winters will definitely not survive.”

My vision went red. My eyes bloodshot, I grabbed Natalie by the collar and lifted her up.

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“You said that our collaboration was only to break up Olivia and Connor! You promised me that you **wouldn’t** hurt her!”

Natalie was rescued by her bodyguards, who immediately attacked me. I was no match for the trained enforcers and was quickly beaten to the ground.

Pain exploded through my ribs as their fists connected. But the physical pain was nothing compared to the agony of knowing Olivia was in danger.

Natalie adjusted her disheveled clothes, looking at me with pure disdain. “I said I wouldn’t hurt her, and I

didn’t.”

She smoothed her hair back with practiced ease. “I’m not the one who kidnapped Olivia Winters. Why are you yelling at me?”

I struggled to my feet, ignoring my injuries. Blood trickled from my split lip as I spoke.

“What have they done to Olivia? Where is she now?”

Natalie coldly replied, “How would I know? If you’re so worried about her, go find her yourself.”

The casual cruelty in her voice made my wolf rage beneath my skin. I glared at Natalie, my voice shaking with barely controlled fury.

“If anything happens to Olivia, I will never let you get away with it!”

Natalie laughed, the sound sharp and mocking. “Ethan Grey, don’t forget how your Grey pack survived.”

She stepped closer, her eyes glittering with malicious triumph. “Who is the largest shareholder of the group now? You’re not qualified to threaten me.”

I clenched my fists, veins popping on the back of my hands. The truth of her words cut deeper than any physical wound.

Natalie had given me a business card months ago, and I had cooperated with her. It was only later that I learned Malcolm Wilson and Natalie were just pawns.

They were controlled by Frederick Warner. Now, the Grey pack was actually controlled by Frederick.

I was trapped in a web of my own making, and Olivia was paying the price for my stupidity.

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Chapter **132**: The **Alpha's** Trap

Chapter 132: The Alpha's Trap

(Connor's POV)

The phone call from Lily hit me like a silver bullet to the chest. Her me Olivia had vanished,

ce was shaking with panic as she **told**

'Connor, she was supposed to pick up Emma at the airport but never showed up. Her phone is disconnected. Uncle Richard can't reach her either.'

My wolf immediately went into overdrive, pacing frantically within me. The protective instincts that **had** been carefully controlled for months exploded into full awareness.

Frederick Warner. It had to be him.

I had been tracking his movements since his return from America, but the bastard was clever. He used forged identities and borrowed phone cards, making him nearly impossible to trace.

I had been waiting for him to make the first move. Now he had.

The thought of Olivia in mortal danger sent waves of dizziness and pain through me. My chest tightened until I could barely breathe. My wolf was howling for its mate, demanding action.

I forced myself to remain calm. Panic would not save her.

I pulled out my phone and dialed a number I had memorized but hoped never to use. "I want to see Malcolm

Wilson."

Malcolm was Frederick's lieutenant, currently in custody. If anyone could help me reach Frederick, it would be

him.

Almost immediately after hanging up, my phone rang. Unknown number. My Alpha instincts screamed that this was the call I had been dreading.

I answered on the first ring.

"Good evening," came a playful voice that made my blood run cold. Then, with mock affection, "brother." My heart clenched. My wolf snarled with protective rage that threatened to overwhelm my human control.

"Did you kidnap Livvy?" I demanded, my voice barely controlled.

Frederick paused dramatically, clearly enjoying my distress. "Livvy. It seems I grabbed the right person. You really do still love her."

The confirmation hit me like a physical blow. "Whatever you want, come at me. Don't hurt Livvy!"

Frederick chuckled, the sound sending ice through my veins. "Don't rush. Grabbing her was always out

getting to you."

“Where are **you**?” I pressed, my hands shaking with barely contained fury. Get full chapters from

“Shadowfall Ruins. The old entertainment complex in the border province suburbs,” Frederick replied casually. “Tomorrow morning at eight. Come alone.”

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His **voice** turned deadly serious, “**If** you dare call the enforcers, I make her disappear from the world **forever**.”

The line went dead. I stared at my phone, my wolf raging against the trap I knew I was walking **into**,

But I had no choice. Olivia’s life hung in the balance,

(Olivia’s POV)

The desolate, unfinished entertainment complex stretched before me like a concrete graveyard. **Rusted steel** beams jutted from half-completed structures, and broken glass littered the ground.

I recalled the terrifying journey that brought me here. First, the car ride for about half an hour through Harbor City’s outskirts. Then the helicopter, its rotors drowning out my attempts to call for help.

After what felt like hours in the air, we landed somewhere remote. Another car waited, speeding along winding mountain roads that made my stomach churn.

Finally, the car stopped abruptly. Rough hands dragged me out, the obsidian captivity hood still covering my

head.

“Boss Frederick, the person has arrived,” I heard one of my captors say.

The mention of “Boss Frederick” sent a chill down my spine. Frederick Warner. The man who had tried to kill Connor and me multiple times.

Suddenly, the black hood was ripped away. After a long night in darkness, the sudden exposure to sunlight made me dizzy and unstable.

I struggled to regain my balance, blinking rapidly as my eyes adjusted. When my vision cleared, I found myself face to face with Frederick Warner.

A mocking smile played on his lips as he studied me like a predator examining its prey.

Recognition hit me like a thunderbolt. This was the man from the restaurant when I was having dinner with Emma. The same man who had been watching me, talking to me.

He had been stalking me even then.

I quickly scanned my surroundings. The two men who had kidnapped me stood respectfully before Frederick, confirming his position as their leader.

A wave of fear washed over me. I took two steps back, my wolf retreating deeper within me.

“Afraid of me?” Frederick’s eyes held a playful glint, his wolf clearly enjoying the fear emanating from me.

I tried to calm myself, drawing on the composure I had learned in courtrooms. Frederick looked anything but menacing with his beautiful features inherited from his actress mother.

But I knew better. This was the man who had **tried** to kill me so many times.

I swallowed nervously. “You grabbing me is pointless. Connor and I are estranged. You **can’t** threaten him

with me.”

Frederick stepped closer, his piercing eyes studying my face. “Whether it’s pointless or not, you’ll find out soon enough.”

He smiled, and the expression was more terrifying than any snarl. “Miss Winters is indeed a rare beauty. No

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wonder Connor and Ethan can’t forget you.”

I retreated again, surprise flickering in my amber eyes. “You know Ethan Grey?”

Frederick shrugged dismissively. “Just a dog I keep. Amusing to take out for a walk when I’m bored

The casual cruelty in his words made my stomach turn. I frowned, pieces of a puzzle clicking into place.

Ethan was working with Frederick. That explained the miraculous recovery of the near-bankrupt Grey pack, Ethan had sold his soul to this monster.

I was so lost in thought that I missed Frederick's next words.

"I'm talking to you," he said sharply, his patience clearly waning

I snapped back to attention, remembering his earlier threat about Connor. Anxiety clawed at my chest

"Have you already notified Connor?" I asked, unable to hide my worry.

Frederick tilted his head, studying my reaction with obvious amusement. "What? Worried about him?" He mocked me with false concern. "Didn't you say you two were estranged? Why so concerned? Afraid he'll come to his death?"

I forced myself to appear composed. "I just don't want to be responsible **for a** life. Even if it wasn't him, I wouldn't want anyone risking themselves for me."

Frederick laughed, the sound echoing off the concrete walls around us. "You think I believe that? You two really love acting."

His expression turned predatory. "Put on a good show of affection for me, and I might consider giving Connor a complete corpse."

The threat hit me like a physical blow. Although Connor had hurt me, although I had decided to leave his world completely, I could not accept him coming here to die.

I only wanted Connor to be well, even if we never contacted each other again. But if he really lost his life to save me, then I would live in the shadows for the rest of my life.

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Chapter **133**: The Alpha's Reckoning

Chapter 133: The Alpha's Reckoning

(Third person's POV)

The phone rang sharply in the Rivers Pack mansion, cutting through the tense silence that had settled over the household. William Rivers answered on the second ring, his voice carefully controlled.

"Richard," he said, recognizing the caller immediately

"William, I need answers. Richard Winters' voice was tight with barely contained fury. "My daughter has vanished. Her phone is disconnected. She was supposed to pick up a friend at the airport but never showed **up**."

William's grip tightened on the phone. "Richard, calm down. What exactly happened?"

"Don't tell me to calm down!" Richard's voice exploded through the speaker. "Olivia is missing, and I have reason to believe this is connected to your pack's illegitimate son."

The words hit William like a physical blow. Frederick Warner. The name he had tried to bury for over twenty years.

"Frederick?" William's voice came out as barely a whisper.

"Yes, Frederick Warner, Richard spat. "The bastard you refused to acknowledge. The one who's been causing trouble for months."

William felt the blood drain from his face. "Richard, you can't be certain--"

"I've searched everywhere, Richard interrupted, his voice breaking slightly. "Natalie and I have called everyone. No one has seen her. And Connor Rivers seems completely indifferent to her disappearance."

The accusation stung. William knew Connor was anything but indifferent, but the public facade had to be maintained.

"I'll contact Connor immediately," William promised. "We'll find her."

"You better," Richard's voice turned deadly cold. "Because if Frederick Warner has taken my daughter, if this is connected to your family's dirty secrets, I will sever our pack alliance permanently."

The threat hung in the air like a blade. William closed his eyes, feeling the weight of decades of mistakes crushing down on him.

"Richard, please. Let me speak with Connor first. We'll handle this."

"You have twenty-four hours," Richard said flatly. "After that, I'm calling in every favor I have. I don't care what it costs your precious pack reputation."

The line went dead. William stared at the phone, his hands trembling slightly.

Katherine Rivers looked up from her position **on** the sofa, her amber eyes filled with concern. She had heard every word of the heated conversation.

"William?" she said softly. "What's happening with Olivia?"

Before William could answer, his phone rang again. Connor's name flashed on the screen.

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"Connor, William answered immediately.

"Father, Olivia's been kidnapped." Connor's voice was strained, barely controlled.
"Frederick hash

William's worst fears were confirmed. "How do you know?"

"He called me. He wants to meet tomorrow morning at Shadowfall Ruins." Connor's voice cracked slightly

to me."

"He's using her to get

"Connor, we need to call the authorities-"

"No!" Connor's voice exploded through the phone. "Richard said they've already called the enforcers. **You** have to stop them!"

William's face suddenly darkened. His knuckles turned white as he gripped the phone.

"What!" Connor's fingers tightened around his phone on the other end. His voice came sharp through the pack bond. "You can't call the enforcers. Frederick just contacted me. I was planning to come home and discuss countermeasures with you. If you rashly call the enforcers, Frederick can kill her at any time. Livvy's life will be in danger!"

The desperation in his son's voice cut through William like a silver blade. He had never heard Connor sound so broken, so terrified.

"I'll handle Richard," William said quickly. "Come home immediately. We need to plan this carefully."

"I'm already on my way," Connor replied. "Don't let anyone else get involved. Frederick is unstable. One wrong

move and..."

He couldn't finish the sentence. The implications hung heavy between them.

Katherine moved closer to William, her face pale with worry. Through their mate bond, she pressed him for NEW NOVEL

Information.

*What's happening with Olivia?" she asked silently.

William looked at his mate, seeing the genuine concern in her eyes. Despite their complicated relationship with the Winters family, Katherine had always been fond of Olivia.

*Frederick has kidnapped her," he replied through their bond. *Connor is coming home to discuss rescue

plans.*

Katherine's eyes widened in shock. *But why would Frederick target Olivia? Connor and Olivia completed their mating ceremony. And Connor's been publicly dating that actress, Layla Lawrence.*

William could feel her confusion through their bond. Katherine didn't understand the complex web of deception they had woven to protect Olivia.

keep her

*The public relationship is fake, William explained reluctantly. *Connor and Olivia **never** actually completed their mating. The ceremony was called off. Everything since then has been an elaborate rus

safe.*

Katherine stared at him in disbelief. *You mean all this time...*

Connor has been protecting her from the shadows, William confirmed. *The breakup, the actress, all of it

was to make Frederick think she was no longer important to Connor."

But it didn't work, Katherine realized, her voice heavy with dread.

Katherine's mind raced with questions, each one more urgent than the last. Through their mate **bond**, her thoughts bombarded William like a relentless storm.

"How long has this been going on? Why wasn't I told? What if Frederick hurts her? What if Connor walks into a trap?"

William felt a headache building behind his temples, Katherine's anxiety was feeding through their bond, amplifying his own stress.

"Katherine, please," he said aloud. "I need you to calm down. Connor will be here soon, and we'll figure out a plan"

But Katherine wasn't finished. Her voice rose with each word.

"This is all your fault!" she accused, her amber eyes flashing with anger. "If you had handled the Victoria Price situation properly twenty years ago, none of this would be happening!"

William's jaw clenched. "Katherine, not now."

"Yes, now!" she stood up, her hands shaking with fury. "Your affair created Frederick. Your cowardice in not acknowledging him turned him into this monster. And now Olivia is paying the price for your mistakes!"

The words hit their mark. William felt his own anger rising to match hers.

"I did what I thought was best for the pack," he said coldly.

"You did what was easiest for you," Katherine shot back. "You sent Victoria away because you were too weak to stand up to your father. You abandoned your own son because it was convenient."

William's control snapped. "Enough! I don't need you bringing up ancient history when we have a crisis to

handle."

He turned and stalked toward the door. "I'm going to call Richard back and try to stop the enforcers, When Connor arrives, we'll deal with this properly."

"Don't you dare walk away from me!" Katherine called after him.

But William was already gone, leaving her alone in the living room with her anger and fear.

Katherine sank back onto the sofa, her fury giving way to grief. Her eyes filled with tears as the weight of the situation crashed over her.

William always accused her of bringing up old grievances. But the Victoria Price incident had never been truly resolved. It remained a thorn in her heart, a hurdle she could never overcome.

After all these years, the consequences of that affair were still destroying their family. And now an innocent young woman was paying the price.

Katherine sat alone in the living room, crying silently until her eyes were red and swollen. The tears came for Olivia, for Connor, for the family that seemed cursed by William's past mistakes.

The intense quarrel in the living room had not gone unnoticed. Martha Wilson, a servant who had been dusting nearby, heard every word of the heated exchange.

Martha had served Eleanor Rivers for more than twenty years. Her loyalty to the pack matriarch was absolute, and she had learned long ago that Eleanor valued information above all else.

Whenever there was any disturbance in the family, Martha reported it immediately. This situation was far too

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serious to keep to herself.

She quickly made her way to Eleanor's private sitting room, her steps hurried but quiet. Eleanor looked up from her embroidery as Martha entered.

"Elder Rivers," Martha said, bowing respectfully. "I need to report something urgent."

Eleanor set down her needlework, her sharp blue eyes focusing on the servant. "What is it, Martha?"

"There's been a terrible development," Martha began, her voice low and urgent. "Frederick Warner has kidnapped Olivia Winters."

Eleanor's face went completely still. For a moment, she looked as if she hadn't heard correctly.

"You said that Frederick Warner kidnapped Olivia Winters?" she asked **slowly**.

Martha nodded gravely. "Yes, Elder Rivers. I heard Alpha William and Luna Katherine discussing it. Connor Rivers confirmed it himself."

Eleanor's expression darkened, a thin line of anger appearing in her eyes. "This is too lawless!"

Although Eleanor had never particularly favored Olivia, she couldn't tolerate such illegal and criminal acts **as** kidnapping. Human life was at stake.

Besides, although Frederick had never been acknowledged by the pack, he was still her grandson. Rivers pack blood flowed in his veins. She couldn't tolerate her grandson engaging in such illegal and criminal

activities.

Eleanor immediately reached out through the pack bond to contact Connor. "Come home immediately," she commanded. "We need to discuss this situation."

"I'm already on my way, Grandmother," Connor responded. "I'll be there soon."

After ending the mental connection, Eleanor turned back to Martha. Her voice was sharp with concern.

"Where is Vanessa? Where is she?"

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Chapter 134, Desperate AL

Chapter 134: Desperate Alliances

Chapter 86: Confrontation in the Shadow Den

(Olivia's POV)

"It definitely will," Connor's Ice-blue eyes were covered with a layer of haze. "But before that, I will make her responsible for what she has done."

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

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

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

"My base," Connor replied, his voice steady. "The Shadow Den. This is where Vanessa is being held."

After getting out of the car, Connor took my hand. "Follow me inside and don't get lost. This place is very large."

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

Connor noticed my discomfort and gently placed my hand into his coat pocket. Warmth spread from his

palm, and I felt less cold, Cora appreciating the shared heat.

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

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

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

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

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

werewolves in vests in the winter.”

Connor’s lips quirked slightly. “They’re training hard. Their werewolf metabolism keeps them warm. They don’t

feel cold.”

I hummed in response, still distracted by the impressive display of pack strength around us. Suddenly, a loud and unified voice, a chorus of respectful wolfish growls and words, shattered the night sky: “Greetings, Alpha! Greetings, Luha Apparent!”

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

1/3

1

Chapter 134 Desperate AI

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

“Do they all know me?” I asked, puzzled.

Connor confirmed, his ice-blue eyes glinting with pride. “Yes, they do” He then addressed the group.

“Continue your training.”

they in an

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

training.

“Let’s go, Livvy,” Connor said, continuing to lead me inside.

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

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

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

table.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 134. Diebarorate AI

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Chapter 184 Desperate AI

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

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

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

"Okay," I replied, nodding slightly.

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

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

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

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

Connor's brow furrowed, his aura **very** cold. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

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

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

"Address me as Alpha Connor," Connor demanded coldly.

When Vanessa heard this, she was stunned for a moment, then suddenly laughed coldly. "Why can't I call you that? Do you want me to call you brother?"

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

Connor's brow furrowed. "Do you know what you're saying?"

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

11

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Whisper 206

Chapter 135. The Exiles C.

Chapter 135: The Exile's Cruelty

Chapter 135: The Exile's Cruelty

(Frederick's POV)

The abandoned warehouse loomed before us like a concrete tomb. Twenty–six floors of unfinished construction, rusted steel beams jutting out at dangerous angles. Perfect for what I had planned.

I watched as Marcus Blake and Vincent Torres dragged Olivia Winters up the crumbling staircase. Her amber eyes darted around frantically, taking in the decay and danger that surrounded us. The scent of rust, mold, and abandonment filled the air.

Her werewolf senses were clearly overwhelmed. I could see her nostrils flaring as she tried to process all **the** threatening scents. But the silver–laced ropes around her wrists were **doing** their job perfectly. Her supernatural strength was suppressed, leaving her as vulnerable as any human.

“Keep moving,” Marcus growled, shoving her forward when she stumbled.

I followed behind, savoring every moment of her fear. This was what the Rivers pack deserved. This was justice for twenty years of abandonment.

As we climbed higher, I noticed Olivia's breathing becoming more labored. Not from exertion – her werewolf physiology should handle the climb easily even with the silver restraints. No, this was something else.

Fear of heights.

How deliciously ironic. The future Luna of the Rivers pack, afraid of heights. I made a mental note to use this weakness to its fullest advantage.

By the time we reached the twenty–sixth floor, Olivia's legs were trembling visibly. She kept her eyes fixed straight ahead, refusing to look out through the gaps in the concrete walls where the windows should have

been.

Marcus checked his watch and turned to me. “Boss Frederick, it's 7:40 PM”

I nodded, my eyes never leaving Olivia's pale face. Twenty minutes **until** Connor was supposed to arrive. Twenty minutes to break her spirit completely.

“Tell me, Miss Winters,” I said, circling her like a predator. “Do you really think Connor Rivers will sacrifice himself for you?”

She remained silent, lowering her head. I could sense her wolf whimpering within her, weakened by the silver

but still present.

"I asked you a question," I continued, my voice dripping with contempt. "Or perhaps you don't know the answer? Perhaps you're not as important to him as you think?"

Still nothing. Her silence was beginning to irritate me.

"You know, I've been watching your little charade for months," I said, moving closer. "The fake breakup, the actress girlfriend, all of it designed **to** make me think you didn't matter anymore."

I laughed bitterly. "But Connor's reaction when I called him told me everything I needed to know. He still loves you. Still thinks he can save you."

1/3

Chapter 135: The Exile: 0

Olivia's shoulders tensed, but she kept her head down.

The pack bonds he was denied," I spat. "The family connections I never had. All because William

too much of a coward to acknowledge his own blood."

My anger was building now, twenty years **of** resentment pouring out. "Do you know what it's like to grow **up** knowing your father exists but wants nothing to do with you? To watch from afar as he builds a perfect family with his legitimate children?"

I grabbed her arm with brutal force, my fingers digging into her flesh. "Answer me!"

When she still didn't respond, I violently pushed her forward. With her hands bound behind her back, she couldn't break her fall. She stumbled and crashed to her knees before collapsing near the edge of the

building

A small cry escaped her lips as she found herself dangerously close to the twenty-six-story drop. Her fear of heights kicked in full force, and I could smell the terror radiating from her.

"Look down," I commanded. "See how far you'd fall?"

She squeezed her eyes shut, her whole body shaking.

“What’s wrong?” I mocked. “Are you mute like some pathetic omega wolves? Can’t even speak when spoken

to?”

My enforcers chuckled behind me, enjoying the show I felt a surge of power, finally having complete control over someone the Rivers pack cared about.

“You know,” I said thoughtfully, “I promised Connor he could trade himself for your release. But I never said I

wouldn’t *do* anything to you first.”

Her eyes snapped open, amber orbs wide with horror. For more chapters visit

“That’s right,” I continued, my voice turning crude. “I think my men deserve some entertainment before Connor arrives. How do you think he’ll feel seeing his intended mate violated by a pack of rogues?”

Olivia trembled in response, her wolf’s protective instincts clashing with her physical helplessness. I could see the internal struggle, the way her supernatural nature fought against the silver restraints. “You’re nothing but a claimed b***h anyway,” I sneered, using the most insulting werewolf slur I could think of. “Connor’s already marked you, hasn’t he? I have no interest in things other alphas have touched.” My voice filled with bitter resentment. “But my men aren’t so particular. They’ll take what they can get.” Behind me, Marcus Blake and Vincent Torres exchanged glances. I could see the predatory hunger building in their eyes. The prospect of assaulting the ex-Luna-to-be of the Rivers pack was clearly exciting them.

“Frederick Warner!”

The words exploded from Olivia’s lips, filled with hatred and fury. Her wolf might be suppressed, but he was still fighting.

Tril

I was amused by her sudden outburst. “Oh, so you can speak after all. What’s wrong? Don’t like the idea of so many rogues serving **you**?”

“You beast!” she spat, her amber eyes blazing with defiance despite her bound state. “You monster! You’re nothing but a pathetic reject who can’t accept that nobody wanted you!”

Chapter 135 The T

The words hit their mark, but instead of anger, I felt a surge of satisfaction. She was breaking. The composed lawyer facade was cracking.

“There’s the fire I was looking for,” I said with genuine pleasure. “Connor always did prefer his women with

spirit.”

I turned to my enforcers, who were practically salivating at this point. “Gentlemen, she’s all yours

Marcus Cole, my assistant who had remained silent throughout the ordeal, shifted uncomfortably. I caught a flicker of sympathy crossing his face as he witnessed what was about to happen.

Weakness. I couldn’t tolerate weakness in my organization.

“Marcus,” I called out mockingly. “You can have her after my enforcers are done. Consider it a bonus for your loyal service.”

His face went pale, but he didn’t protest. He knew better than to cross me.

“Actually,” I said, struck by a brilliant idea. “Marcus, I want you to record everything. Every moment, every

sound, every tear.”

I pulled out my phone and tossed it to him. “Connor Rivers needs to see exactly what happens to those he cares about. I want him to watch his mate being defiled.”

I laughed maniacally as my revenge against the Rivers **pack** reached its crescendo. Twenty years of planning. twenty years of waiting, and finally I would have my satisfaction.

“Make sure you get good angles,” I instructed Marcus. “This is going to be the performance of a lifetime.”

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Whisper 207

Chapter **136: The** Luna's Fury

Chapter 136: The Luna's Fury

(Frederick's POV)

"Go, untie the silver-laced ropes binding her," I commanded Marcus Cole, my voice dripping with sadistic

anticipation.

"Yes, Alpha," Marcus replied, though I could sense his wolf whimpering in protest at what was **about to**

unfold.

Everyone present clearly heard our conversation. Just moments before, I had ordered my rogue enforcers to assault Olivia Winters, the future Luna of the Rivers pack. Those wolves had already begun advancing on her like starved predators sensing vulnerable prey.

Their eyes gleamed with lustful hunger as they imagined what they would do to Connor Rivers' precious mate. The thought of defiling the daughter of an Alpha bloodline sent waves of excitement through their pack bonds.

Olivia was lying near the edge of the abandoned building, quite a distance from the rogues. The enforcers had only walked halfway when they heard my new command.

They all stopped abruptly, their wolves panting with lustful hunger. Their eyes remained fixed eagerly on Olivia as they anxiously waited for Marcus to remove the silver-threaded restraints that had been suppressing her werewolf strength.

Olivia glared fiercely at me, her amber eyes blazing with a hatred so intense it seemed capable of tearing me apart. The fury radiating from her was intoxicating.

I was savoring her rage like fine wine. A cruel smile curved **my** lips as I asked in a voice filled with dark pleasure, "Do you hate me, little Luna?"

Her silence only fueled my excitement. The way her chest rose and fell with barely controlled rage was magnificent.

I reveled in Olivia's hatred, my wolf feeding off her rage and despair like a parasite. "Crushing you would be as easy as crushing an omega pup," I sneered, my voice carrying the authority of an Alpha who had clawed his way to power through violence.

"Your anger is my stimulant, your fear my entertainment."

Marcus approached Olivia reluctantly, his wolf's instincts screaming against harming a female pack member. Especially one destined to be Luna.

He dragged her away from the building's edge and began untying the silver-laced ropes. His hands treed slightly as he worked.

The moment the restraints fell **away**, Olivia's werewolf strength surged back like a dam bursting. She desperately charged toward me, catching Marcus completely off guard.

The other rogues, their minds clouded by lustful thoughts and underestimating the daughter of an Alpha bloodline, were too slow to react to her sudden burst of supernatural speed.

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Chapter 136. The Luna's &

I dodged Olivia's Initial attack with practiced ease, **my own** Alpha reflexes honed **by years** of brut She moved faster than I had expected, but not fast enough.

I retaliated with a vicious backhand that sent her stumbling backward. Then I ordered my men **to** stay bec **my** eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Let me handle this wildcat myself," I growled, my wolf rising to the surface.

I recalled the surveillance videos where Olivia was always sad and tearful, missing Connor **Rivers**. She **had** appeared as nothing more than a beautiful but empty-headed she-wolf who couldn't survive without her Alpha's protection.

I knew she was a lawyer but had dismissed her as weak. I viewed her legal career as mere pack politics rather than genuine capability.

In my twisted mind, Olivia was just another lovesick female, obsessed with her mate and utterly helpless

without him. How wrong I had been.

“Impressive for a pampered pack princess,” I taunted, circling her like a predator. Her fighting stance was surprisingly solid. Original content can be found at

“You want to know what real training looks like?” I snarled, my wolf’s dominance pressing against her like a

physical weight.

I recounted my own brutal upbringing in Blackmoor Territory, where I’d been raised by the leader of the most vicious rogue pack. “My training was inhumane – abandoned on remote islands to survive alone.”

“Forced to fight other werewolves in underground arenas. Subjected to silver torture to build resistance.” Through blood and savagery, I had eventually become the Alpha of Blackmoor’s largest criminal pack. I commanded rogues and exiles who answered to no territorial law.

My wolf had been forged in violence, shaped by abandonment and rejection from the very pack that should have claimed me as blood.

I acknowledged Olivia’s potential, noting how her extreme rage was awakening her dormant Alpha bloodline. But she was still no match for a wolf who had survived the brutal hierarchy of rogue packs.

“Your anger gives you strength, little Luna, but I’ve been bathed in blood since I could shift,” I snarled.

Olivia knew her death was inevitable. She refused to endure the humiliation I had planned. She chose to fight with every ounce of her werewolf heritage rather than submit like prey.

“A bit interesting,” I admitted, my expression shifting from disdain to genuine surprise and dark interest. My wolf had never encountered a she-wolf like Olivia before. Most females would either submit to superior strength or choose death over dishonor. But she had chosen to fight with the fury of a true Alpha’s daughter. Olivia attacked me with desperate ferocity, her wolf lending her supernatural speed and strength, was still outmatched by my superior size and experience.

I kicked her to the ground with brutal force. Her body hit the concrete hard enough to c***k it.

he

She grabbed a steel bar from the construction debris and swung it at my head with werewolf strength. The metal whistled through the air.

I dodged with Alpha reflexes **and** yanked the bar away, causing Olivia to stumble forward. She quickly

Chapter 136 The Lima's F

regained her footing.

She almed a vicious kick at my groin, her wolf's instincts targeting my most vulnerable area. I was taken aback by her ruthless tactics.

Was this refined pack princess truly intending to end my bloodline entirely? As I prepared to retaliate, Olivia

looked up.

Our eyes met in a moment of pure, primal recognition.

I was shocked by what I saw in Olivia's amber eyes. They burned with bloodthirsty mania, the killing fury of a cornered wolf with nothing left to lose.

Through her gaze, I glimpsed an echo of my own past. I remembered the desperate young wolf who had fought wild beasts in underground arenas years ago, driven by the same desperate will to survive

Av own wolf

The sight of those "killing eyes" made me abandon my previous casual attitude and cruel smile. My recognized the dangerous shift in my prey.

This was no longer a helpless she-wolf to be toyed with. This **was** a predator awakening to her own lethal potential.

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- Whisper 208

Whisper 208

Chapter 137 Silver Thunder

Chapter **137: Silver** Thunder

Chapter **137:** Silver Thunder

(Connor's POV)

Gunfire ripped through the air, the sharp c***k echoing off the concrete walls of the abandoned building. The sound was so commonplace to the nearby residents that they dismissed it **as** another film crew shooting at the old construction site. They had no idea that werewolf pack politics had turned lethal within those crumbling walls.

Ten minutes earlier, I had arrived at the twenty-sixth floor and been confronted with a sight that **nearly** shattered my Alpha composure. Olivia **hung** suspended in Frederick Warner's grip, her feet dangling above the perilous edge of the unfinished building. Twenty-six stories of empty air yawned beneath her.

Frederick's powerful hand was wrapped around her throat, choking the life from my mate. Her amber eye were wide with terror and pain, her face pale from lack of oxygen. Even my wolf howled in anguish as primal fear seized my heart.

Bruises covered her face and arms. Blood trickled from a cut on her lip. My beautiful Olivia had been beaten and tortured by this monster.

Frederick tightened his grip around her throat, his eyes meeting my ice-blue gaze. He raised a brow in sardonic greeting, as if we were meeting for afternoon tea instead of a deadly confrontation.

"Please," I managed to rasp out, my voice strained as my wolf struggled against human restraint. "Let her go."

Frederick feigned amusement, toying with Olivia's life like a predator playing with prey. I could see her consciousness fading as his grip cut off her air supply. The sight of my mate suffocating in my half-brother's grasp felt like my very soul was being torn apart.

"I came alone, as you requested," I said, forcing my voice to remain steady. "Release her immediately." Frederick chuckled darkly and suddenly released Olivia, tossing her aside like discarded trash. She hit the concrete floor hard, gasping and coughing as air rushed back into her **lungs**.

"You..." My rage flared, my wolf surging forward as I took an involuntary step toward my injured mate.

A gunshot rang out from Frederick's silver-loaded pistol. The bullet struck the ground inches from my feet, sending concrete chips flying. I froze, my face like ice as my wolf battled between protective **fury** and | calculated restraint.

Frederick kept his finger poised on the trigger, his own Alpha energy radiating dangerous intent: "I need to verify you're truly alone," he said calmly. "If you dare to play tricks, today, none of you will survive."

eived

His rogue enforcers spoke into their communication devices, confirming through the static that no Divers pack members were detected in the surrounding area. Frederick's lips curved in a cold smile as he the all-clear.

"A true mate indeed," Frederick mocked, his voice dripping with contempt. "How touching that you'd risk everything for this female."

"Now, can she leave?" I asked, my voice laced with barely suppressed Alpha authority.

Chapter 137 sier Thunder

Frederick retorted with a taunt. "Why break up the **loving** mates in times **of** trouble?

I **ignored** his words, cautiously approaching Olivia with the careful movements **of a wolf**

injured packmate. She lay crumpled on the concrete, her breathing shallow and **labored**. The scent of her **blood** made my wolf whimper with the need to protect and heal.

"Why involve her in our feud?" I asked, gently examining her wounds. "She is innocent of the Rivers pack's past sins. Why hurt her?"

My voice carried both the pain of a mate and the controlled fury of an Alpha whose territory **had** been violated. Frederick watched with amusement as I gathered Olivia into my arms, cradling her as if she were made of precious glass.

I checked her pulse and breathing, desperate to ensure my mate's survival. Her heartbeat was weak but steady. Relief flooded through me as I felt the warmth of life still flowing through her body.

Olivia gasped awake, her amber eyes struggling to focus. "Con...nor..." she whispered, her voice barely

audible.

"Livy..." I responded softly, using the intimate nickname only was allowed. My heart ached at her condition, my wolf pressing against my consciousness with overwhelming protective instincts.

She saw me, relief mixed with fear flickering in her amber eyes. "Why did you come? Leave, quickly! Don't mind me!" she croaked out.

Even in her weakened state, her Luna instincts were still trying to protect me. Her selfless courage moved me beyond words, strengthening my resolve to get her out of this nightmare.

Frederick applauded mockingly, his wolf enjoying our display of mate bond desperation. "Such touching love between destined mates."

I lifted my gaze to meet Frederick's, my ice-blue eyes now burning with the deadly calm of an Alpha protecting his pack. My voice became a steel-edged command that carried the weight of my bloodline authority.

"I'll exchange myself for her. Send her away from this territory."

Frederick laughed harshly, his own Alpha energy clashing against mine in the confined space. "Shouldn't mates share in times of trouble? Why abandon your Luna when disaster strikes?"

I ignored his taunts, carefully lifting Olivia with supernatural gentleness. My touch was reverent despite the danger surrounding us. "I'm taking her downstairs. You will arrange for her safe passage from this territory." As I spoke of sending Olivia away, I suddenly pivoted with werewolf speed, carrying my mate as I sprinted to the side of the building. Red laser dots appeared on Frederick's forehead, followed by similar targeting beams on his rogue enforcers.

The precision markings of my elite sniper team painted deadly promises across their bodies, Fre widened as he realized he'd been putmaneuvered.

-k's eyes

"You brought your pack's marksmen?" Frederick roared, his wolf snarling with rage. New novel chapters are published on

My lips curved in a predatory smirk, my Alpha confidence returning. "Did you really think I'd come unprepared?"

Frederick's rogues exchanged bewildered glances, their formation breaking as they realized invisible threats

<Chapter 137 Silver Thunder

surrounded them. The red dots tracked their every movement with mechanical precision.

Though surprised by my tactical deception, Frederick quickly regained his composure. Years of survival among rogue packs had taught him to adapt quickly to changing circumstances.

"Well played, Connor Rivers," he said with grudging respect. "It wouldn't be you if you simply walked into death's embrace for a female, even your destined mate."

But even now, Frederick remained confident. The sound of helicopter rotors filled the air, the aircraft hovering outside the twenty-sixth floor like a mechanical predator, Olivia turned toward the harsh sunlight streaming through the opening, squinting against the glare,

"Sister..." a familiar, terrified voice called out from the helicopter, carried on the wind.

Olivia's amber eyes widened in horror as she saw Grace Winters, her eight-year-old half-sister, held captive by Derek Stone. The massive rogue enforcer dangled the child precariously from the aircraft, her small form a heartbreaking contrast to his brutal strength,

Olivia's maternal instincts and pack bonds with her family member sent waves of anguish through her weakened body. She tried to struggle in my arms, desperate to reach her sister.

Frederick turned to us with renewed malicious pleasure, his wolf feeding off our despair. Tell me, Alpha Rivers... what will the little pup look like if she falls from this height?"

"No! Don't touch her!" Olivia cried, her voice hoarse but filled with protective **fury**.

Frederick laughed darkly, savoring our helplessness. "Tell your marksmen to let us all leave this territory, or your precious sister will be turned into mincemeat right in front of you, future Luna."

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Whisper 209

Chapter 138: The Alpha's Calculated Strike

Chapter 139: The Alpha's Calculated Strike

(Connor's POV)

This day, Connor Rivers waited for a long time.

The moment to capture Frederick Warner and his remaining forces in the Northern Territory had finally arrived. I had been planning this operation for weeks, coordinating every detail with military precision.

My elite enforcers were positioned throughout the abandoned construction zone. Sniper teams occupied the tallest buildings within a two-mile radius. Mercenaries I had flown in overnight from Blackmoor Territory

waited in concealed positions.

Frederick's resources in the Northern Territory were limited. Most of his forces remained in his Blackmoor stronghold. This was our best chance to eliminate him and his rogues in one decisive strike.

My wolf paced restlessly as I calculated the odds. Every instinct screamed that this was the opportunity we

had been waiting for.

According to the rescue plan devised the previous night, I hoped to rescue Olivia and eliminate Frederick's remaining rogues in one fell swoop. The plan required me to risk my own life as Alpha. Failure meant death for both Olivia and myself.

But a sudden change occurred that I never expected.

Frederick had sent someone to capture Grace Winters.

My eight-year-old sister-in-law dangled from Derek Stone's massive grip in the helicopter. The sight of the terrified pup made my wolf howl with protective fury.

"Save Grace... Connor, save Grace..." Olivia clutched my collar desperately, her amber eyes pleading.

Her voice was hoarse from Frederick's earlier assault. Blood still trickled from the cut on her lip. But her concern was entirely focused on her half-sister's safety.

My ice-blue eyes were dark and uncertain. My wolf paced restlessly within, torn between tactical necessity.

and protective instincts.

I had waited too long for this opportunity. We were now in Cloudmere, on the border of the Northern Territory.

Blackmoor Territory lay just beyond the horizon.

The helicopter hovered right in front of us. If I let Frederick return to his stronghold in Blackmoor Territory, **it** would be nearly impossible to deal with him in the future.

But Frederick was using Grace as a hostage. I had to consider every option carefully.

The weight of Alpha leadership pressed down on me. Every decision could mean life or death for my **pack**

members.

I looked down and met Olivia's pleading amber eyes. A pang of pain shot through my heart **as** my

whined in distress.

wolf

On the helicopter, Grace was still crying and struggling in Derek Stone's grip. Her small voice **carried on the**

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Chapter 138 The Alpha's

wind, calling for her sister.

Frederick waited patiently, smiling at us with cruel satisfaction. He knew the sniper teams **outside** were using red dot laser sights. The targeting systems improved accuracy even if targets moved quickly.

In this situation, it was almost impossible for Frederick and his rogues to escape. He was curious **to** know

how I would choose.

In his view, sacrificing a little pup to eliminate a deadly enemy was a choice he would make without hesitation. To him, werewolf lives were never precious or worth protecting

His twisted logic made my wolf snarl with disgust.

After a long silence, I spoke. My Alpha authority was evident despite the compromise I was about **to** make.

"Release Grace, and I'll let you go. But your rogues must stay."

The answer seemed to surprise Frederick. But it was also reasonable given my protective nature toward **pack**

members.

Frederick smirked and pointed to Marcus Cole. "I want to take him with me."

Marcus had been with him for many years. He was Frederick's most capable lieutenant and the most skilled fighter besides Frederick himself.

With Marcus around, many operations could be executed efficiently without Frederick's personal attention.

My voice was stern, my wolf growling beneath the surface. "No."

Frederick snorted. "It doesn't matter. I don't mind dropping this little pup down."

The hand clutching my collar tightened. My jaw stiffened as protective instincts warred with tactical

necessity.

After a moment, I compromised reluctantly. "Okay."

"Go to the top floor," Frederick commanded and strode towards the stairs.

Five more floors up was the rooftop terrace. The helicopter followed, flying to the top floor. New novel chapters are published on

In my arms, Olivia was still tightly clutching my collar. Her amber eyes filled with tension **and** worry **for** her

half-sister.

My ice-blue eyes softened. I comforted her gently, my Alpha presence trying to soothe her distress.

"Don't be afraid, Livvy. Your sister will be fine."

Olivia trembled slightly as she gripped my collar. When werewolves were extremely nervous and scared, **they** couldn't control their body's instinctive reactions.

When Olivia was fighting Frederick, she was no longer afraid of anything, not even death. But when she **saw Grace**, her blood seemed to freeze instantly.

She could not be afraid of death. But she could not stand by and watch her own half-sister **be brutally** murdered in **front** of her.

I comforted again, my voice carrying **the** reassuring rumble of my Alpha wolf.
"**Don't be afraid, Livvy.**"

On **the** rooftop **terrace**, the helicopter had landed. Grace **was** still in **the hands of Derek Stone, the massive**

Chapter 138 The Alpha's.

rogue enforcer.

As we moved, the Rivers Pack Elite Guard hidden in the buildings outside also shifted their positions.

Fortunately, the building where the snipers were located was the tallest in the vicinity

This gave them optimal vantage points for the operation.

Seeing the red laser dots appearing on his rogues' foreheads again, Frederick remained calm. His own Alpha confidence was unshaken.

He moved towards the helicopter with calculated steps.

I walked over to take the hostage, my movements careful and controlled. Every step was measured to avoid triggering Frederick's paranoia.

Just as Frederick boarded the helicopter and I was about to touch Grace, a bullet pierced through the air. The bullet hit the helicopter's fuselage with a sharp "bang."

The sudden change disrupted the original plan completely. Both Derek Stone and I reacted quickly with supernatural werewolf reflexes.

We pulled back, increasing the distance between us.

"Territory Enforcers! Don't move!"

At that moment, several Northern Territory law enforcement officers appeared at **the** entrance to the terrace. Their weapons were drawn and aimed at all of us.

Instantly, Frederick's expression turned ugly. His wolf snarled with rage at this unexpected development. "Did you f*****g call the enforcers?" Frederick turned his head sharply, glaring with dangerous Alpha fury.

I was also stunned, my own wolf bristling with confusion. This was not part of my plan.

"I didn't."

This was what I had feared most, and it had happened. Outside interference was ruining everything.

"Connor Rivers, *since you* didn't keep your promise, don't blame me." Frederick closed the t eyes flashing with betrayed fury.

pter door, his

Everything happened so fast that I had no time to stop him. My Alpha speed was insufficient against the mechanical advantage.

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Whisper 210

Chapter 139: The Informa.

Chapter 139: The Informant's Trail

Chapter 139: The Informant's Trail

(Connor's POV)

Olivia followed me to the local Ravenwood Police Station in a daze. Her amber eyes were **vacant, still**

processing the trauma of Frederick's assault and Grace's k*****g.

The fluorescent lights cast harsh shadows across her bruised face. Every step seemed to require tremendous effort from my injured mate.

At the station, the officers' demeanor shifted dramatically once they learned my identity as Alpha of **the** Rivers pack. Their casual indifference transformed into respectful attention.

"Alpha Rivers, we'll handle this matter with the utmost priority," the lead officer assured me, his voice carrying the deference due to pack leadership.

I nodded curtly, my wolf still agitated from the failed rescue operation. The scent of Olivia's blood and fear

clung to my clothes like a constant reminder of my failure.

During the questioning, I learned crucial information that made my blood run cold. The officer pulled me aside, speaking in low tones away from Olivia's hearing.

"The caller was a male werewolf," he informed me, consulting his notes. "We used technical means to trace

the call."

My ice-blue eyes narrowed as suspicion crystallized into certainty. "Who was it?"

"Ethan Grey," the officer replied, watching my expression carefully.

My jaw clenched as fury surged through my wolf. Ethan Grey had no business knowing about Olivia's k*****g, let alone her location in Cloudmere.

The officer continued, his voice dropping even lower. "The caller claimed his mate had been kidnapped to Cloudmere. He specifically mentioned that the kidnappers might be holding silver weapons."

The specificity of that information sent ice through my veins. Only someone with inside knowledge could have provided such precise details.

I kept this revelation from Olivia, not wanting to burden her further while she was still in state couldn't handle another betrayal right now.

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Soon, we finished making our statements. The bureaucratic process felt endless while Grace remained in Frederick's clutches.

"You can go now," an officer said, closing his notepad.

Olivia suddenly became exceptionally agitated, her composure finally cracking completely. She struggled **to** speak through her sobs, her voice breaking with desperation.

"Please, you have to save her!" she pleaded with the officer, clutching his sleeve. "The kidnapper is **completely** mad! Grace is only eight years old!"

Tears streamed down her **face** as she emphasized her deep affection for her half-sister. "**She's just a child! If**

Chapter 139. The Informa

she **doesn't** come back, I... I don't know what I'll do!"

Her maternal instincts and pack bonds with Grace were driving her to the edge of hysteria. **My wolf whined in** sympathy, wanting **to** comfort her but knowing words were inadequate.

The officer's expression softened with genuine sympathy. "Ma'am, I understand your distress. But **the suspect** crossed the territorial border by helicopter."

He explained the jurisdictional complications with professional patience. "We're contacting Blackmoor Territory authorities for assistance in apprehending him."

"Since Cloudmere is near the border, and the kidnapper crossed into Blackmoor Territory, we can **only request** assistance from their law enforcement."

The bureaucratic limitations felt like chains around my throat. Every minute of delay meant more danger **for**

Grace.

After leaving the station, Olivia flew back to Riverdale with me on my private plane. The flight was tense,

filled with unspoken fears and growing suspicions.

During the flight, I told Olivia about Frederick's conditions and my initial rescue plan. Her amber eyes **blazed** with anger as she processed the information.

"Could you have rescued Grace if someone hadn't called the authorities?" she demanded, her voice **sharp**

with accusation.

I met her gaze directly, my wolf acknowledging the painful truth. "Yes. The plan would have worked."

Xe replaced despair. "Who called them?"

Her hands clenched into fists as

"Ethan Grey," I revealed, watching her reaction carefully.

Olivia frowned, genuine puzzlement replacing her anger. "But how did he know I was kidnapped? We rarely contact each other anymore."

Her confusion was evident as she worked through the implications. "How could he possibly know I was taken to Cloudmere?"

"That's exactly what I'm wondering," I replied grimly. "**It** suggests a connection between him and Frederick's people."

My expression turned stern as the full scope of the betrayal became clear. “Only those who knew my plan knew you had been kidnapped in Cloudmere.”

The pieces were falling into place, painting a picture of treachery within our inner circle. Someone had leaked critical information to Ethan Grey.

At the Rivers Pack Mansion, Richard Winters waited anxiously, his face etched with worry and anger. The Alpha’s usual composure had cracked under the strain of his daughter’s kidnapping.

“Natalie fainted when she learned about **Grace**,” he informed us immediately. “She’s at **the hospital now**. The Rivers family gathered in the main hall, **their relief at my safe return** tempered by **concern for Grace**. Katherine Rivers looked particularly distressed, her maternal instincts **activated by the threat to a pup**. Eleanor Rivers approached with worried eyes. “Connor, thank the moon goddess **you’re safe. But what about little Grace?**”

< Chapter 139 The Informa

Upon seeing me return with Olivia, Richard immediately demanded answers. “What’s the situation? Where is my daughter?”

I offered a few words of comfort, but my mind was focused on more pressing matters. My ice-blue eyes Follow current NOVELS on

narrowed as I scrutinized everyone’s faces with Alpha intensity.

“Who leaked the news of Olivia’s kidnapping by Frederick Warner?” I asked, my voice carrying dangerous

undertones.

The Rivers family exchanged uncertain glances, confusion suspicion settled over the room like a dark cloud.

in their expressions. The weight of my

Eleanor Rivers was the first to speak, her voice cautious. “What do you mean, Connor?”

My aura turned chilling as fury leaked through my Alpha control. My jaw was tight, my expression stern as !

faced my family..

“Only you know my plan,” I stated coldly. “Only you knew that Olivia was kidnapped to Cloudmere by Frederick

Warner.”

My voice rose with controlled anger. “I repeatedly told you not to call the authorities before I left. Why did someone still call the police?”

The accusation hung in the air like a blade. Someone in this room had betrayed us, and Grace was paying the

price.

Vanessa Reed feigned shock, her eyes wide with apparent innocence. “Maybe one of Olivia’s friends called

the authorities?”

I dismissed her suggestion with a sharp shake of my head. “I informed Ethan Quinn and Gabriel Andrews about the situation. They were aware and wouldn’t interfere.”

Katherine Rivers stepped forward, her voice firm with conviction. “Connor, I agreed to your rescue plan. I would never hinder you by calling the authorities.”

Her loyalty was unquestionable, but someone else in this room had different motives. My wolf paced restlessly, sensing deception among the pack.

I remained unmoved by their protests, my Alpha authority pressing against everyone present. “I know it wasn’t you who called the authorities directly.”

My ice-blue eyes swept across each face, searching for tells of guilt or deception. “It was Ethan Grey who made the call. But someone among you must have leaked the information to him.”

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Whisper 211

Chapter 140: The Accusation

Chapter 140: The Accusation

(Third person’s POV)

As soon as Connor Rivers' words came out, everyone present in the Rivers Pack Mansion was **stunned**. **The** accusation hung in the air like a silver blade, cutting through the family bonds **that** had held **them** together

for decades.

William Rivers stepped forward, his ice-blue eyes flashing with indignation. "Connor, what are you **implying**? That someone in our own family would betray you?"

His voice carried the authority of an Alpha who had led the Rivers pack for over twenty years. The suggestion that his household harbored traitors struck at the very foundation of pack loyalty.

Eleanor Rivers' face flushed with anger, her wolf stirring beneath the surface. "I followed your instructions exactly, Connor. I told no one about your plan, and I certainly didn't contact any authorities."

Her voice trembled with hurt and fury. The matriarch of the Rivers pack had never been questioned about her loyalty before, especially not by her own grandson.

Richard Winters' amber eyes blazed as he faced the assembled Rivers family. "I can vouch for myself and Natalie. We would never do anything to endanger Grace's life."

His Alpha presence pressed against the room, matching the Rivers family's energy with his own territorial authority. The Winters pack leader would not be cowed in his defense of his family.

Katherine Rivers shook her head, her expression troubled. "This has to be a misunderstanding, Connor. No

one here would deliberately sabotage your rescue operation."

Her voice carried the wisdom of a Luna who had navigated pack politics for decades. She could sense the dangerous undercurrents threatening to tear apart the alliance between their families.

Vanessa Reed's violet eyes widened with apparent shock and hurt. "Maybe one of Olivia's friends or colleagues inadvertently revealed the information? Sometimes people talk without realizing the

consequences."

Her suggestion seemed reasonable on the surface, but there was something calculated in her tone. She watched Connor's reaction carefully, gauging his response to her deflection.

Before Connor could respond, Olivia's bitter laugh **cut** through the tension like a knife. Her amber eyes fixed

on Vanessa with deadly certainty.

"It was you," Olivia said, her voice cold and accusatory. "You're the one who told Ethan Grey."

The words dropped into the silence like stones into still water, creating ripples of shock throughout **the** room.

Vanessa's face went pale, her violet eyes filling with tears. "How can you accuse me of such a thing? I would

never-"

Her protest was cut short as Olivia's hand connected with her cheek in a resounding slap. The sound echoed through the mansion like a gunshot.

"Olivia Winters, you are really uneducated!" Vanessa cried out, her hand flying to her reddened cheek. **Tears**

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Chapter 140. **The Accusati**

streamed down her face as she turned to Eleanor Rivers for protection.

Eleanor's face contorted with fury as she witnessed **the** assault **on her foster grand daughter**, How dare you **strike a member of this family!** Your **breeding** shows through **your actions!**"

Her voice carried the sharp **authority of** a pack matriarch defending her own. **The insult to Olivia's** upbringing was deliberate and cutting.

William Rivers' expression darkened as he stepped protectively toward Vanessa. "This **behavior** is **completely unacceptable**. Vanessa is a member of our family, and she deserves **respect**."

His Alpha energy pressed against Olivia, attempting to cow her into submission through **sheer dominance**. For original chapters go to

Connor immediately moved to shield Olivia from his family's anger, his ice-blue eyes blazing **with protective** fury. "Don't you dare threaten my mate."

His intervention sent a dagger through Vanessa's heart. The wolf she had loved for years was choosing

another female over her, even when she was the victim of assault.

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Richard Winters, initially stunned by his daughter's violent action, quickly rallied to her defense. "**Before** lecture my daughter about breeding, perhaps you should examine your foster daughter's past behavior.

His amber eyes flashed with Alpha authority as he faced Eleanor directly. "Vanessa has made accusations against Olivia before, and now my youngest daughter is in the hands of kidnappers."

His voice rose with paternal fury. "From the various behaviors of your foster daughter, Olivia's slap must **have**

her reason!"

The challenge was clear and direct, one Alpha defending his offspring against another pack's criticism.

Eleanor's chest heaved with indignation, her wolf pressing against her human form. "You—Richard Winters, you—"

She struggled to find words adequate to express her outrage. The suggestion that Vanessa was somehow responsible for Grace's k*****g was beyond her comprehension.

William stepped forward, his voice tight with controlled anger. "Richard Winters, I respect you as an allied Alpha, and I am polite to you, but you publicly defend your daughter calling mine a schemer?"

The accusation hung between the two Alphas like a challenge to combat. Pack alliances that had stood for generations trembled on the edge of collapse..

Katherine Rivers sensed the dangerous escalation and quickly intervened. "Please, everyone needs to calm down. We're all under tremendous stress because of Grace's situation."

Her Luna instincts recognized the volatile mix of Alpha dominance and family loyalty that could explode **into** violence at any moment.

William nodded reluctantly, though his jaw remained tight with suppressed anger. "Katherine is right. We need to focus on finding Grace, not fighting among ourselves."

His attempt at mediation was strained, but he recognized the necessity of maintaining **some semblance of** unity.

Connor's ice-blue gaze fixed on Vanessa with unwavering Alpha authority. "Since grandmother **wants to** call the enforcer, then call the enforcer."

Chapter 140 The Accusati.

His voice carried the command of a **future** pack leader who would not be swayed **by** family **politics**. **You**, stay here honestly and wait for the enforcer to come."

The order was absolute, brooking no argument or negotiation.

Vanessa's violet eyes filled with desperate pain as she looked at the wolf she loved. "Brother, you don't believe me... Regarding your life and death, how could I leak secrets to outsiders..."

Her voice broke with genuine anguish, whether from guilt or heartbreak impossible to determine. The accusation from Connor cut deeper than any physical wound.

Richard Winters crossed his arms, his expression grim with determination. "I'll wait for the enforcer to reveal the truth. Let them investigate properly."

His confidence suggested he had nothing to hide, unlike others in the room who seemed increasingly uncomfortable.

William continued his attempts to smooth over the growing rift. "Let's all take a step back and think rationally about this situation."

His diplomatic instincts were working overtime to prevent a complete breakdown of pack relations.

Eleanor's face remained flushed with anger as she pointed an accusing finger at Olivia. "I demand an apology from her to Vanessa. This assault cannot go unpunished."

Her voice carried the authority of a matriarch who expected immediate compliance with her demands.

Olivia's amber eyes blazed with defiance as she met Eleanor's gaze directly. "I will not apologize for defending my sister's life."

Her refusal was absolute, showing no deference to the older woman's rank or authority.

William's expression tightened with frustration. "Olivia, perhaps you should say less until we can sort this out

properly.”

His suggestion carried an undertone of command, expecting her to submit to pack hierarchy.

Olivia’s chin lifted with stubborn pride as she faced the assembled Rivers family. “I am Connor’s mate, not a member of your pack hierarchy. I don’t answer to your authority.”

Her declaration sent shockwaves through the room, challenging the very foundations of werewolf social

structure.

Richard Winters pulled out his phone, his amber eyes flashing with Alpha determination. “If you don’t call the enforcer, right? I’ll report it myself.”

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Whisper 212

Chapter 141 Pack Justice.

Chapter 141: Pack Justice and Territory Disputes

Chapter 141: Pack Justice and Territory Disputes

(Third person’s POV)

Richard Winters pulled out his phone with decisive authority. His amber eyes blazed with Alpha

determination as he dialed the enforcer’s emergency line.

“This is Alpha Richard Winters of the Winters pack,” he spoke into the device. “I need to report a **k*****g** and potential pack conspiracy.”

Within twenty minutes, two Northern Territory enforcers arrived at the Rivers Pack Mansion. **Their** black uniforms bore the silver wolf insignia of territorial law enforcement.

The lead enforcer, a stern beta werewolf named Captain Marcus Stone, surveyed the assembled pack members with professional detachment. His partner, Officer Sarah Chen, took notes as the situation was explained.

“We understand that Grace Winters, age eight, was kidnapped by Frederick Warner,” Captain Stone **stated**. “Since the initial kidnapping occurred in Riverdale territory, we have jurisdiction to open a case.”

His voice carried the authority of territorial law. “We’ll coordinate with enforcers in Cloudmere and Blackmoor Territory to apprehend the suspect.”

Officer Chen looked up from her notepad. “However, the matter of information leaks between pack members falls outside our jurisdiction.”

Captain Stone nodded grimly. “Internal pack disputes must be resolved through your own hierarchy and

customs.”

Eleanor Rivers stepped forward, her face flushed with indignation. “What about the assault that occurred here? Olivia Winters struck my foster granddaughter.”

The enforcer’s expression remained neutral. “Unless the victim wishes to press charges, minor altercations between pack members are considered internal matters.”

Vanessa Reed shook her head quickly, violet eyes wide with apparent innocence. “I don’t want to press charges. It was just a misunderstanding.”

Captain Stone closed his notepad. “Then our business here is concluded regarding the assault. We’ll focus our resources on locating Grace Winters.”

After the enforcers departed, the mansion fell into tense silence. Eleanor Rivers reached into her purse and withdrew a small silver pill container.

She dry-swallowed one of her Elder Rivers’ Emergency Wolfsbane Antidote pills. The medication would help stabilize her heart rate after the emotional upheaval.

“Now that the authorities have left,” Eleanor said, her voice sharp with renewed anger, “we can address the

real issue here.”

Her piercing gaze fixed on Olivia with unmistakable hostility. “You will apologize to Vanessa immediately for your barbaric behavior.”

Olivia's amber eyes flashed **with defiant fire**. **A bitter laugh escaped her lips as** she faced the Rivers **matriarch**.

"Apologize?" Olivia's voice dripped with contempt. "She is not **worthy!**"

Eleanor's face contorted with rage. **"It's** a good thing you didn't enter **the Rivers pack's** door!

The insult hung in the air like a poisoned blade. Katherine Rivers and Connor both frowned **simultaneously** at the harsh words.

Katherine stepped forward, her Luna Instincts seeking to mediate. "Mother, Olivia has just **survived** a **k*****g** attempt. Her sister is missing and she's under tremendous stress."

Her voice carried gentle but firm authority. "Perhaps we should show more compassion given **the** circumstances."

Connor's ice-blue eyes blazed as he faced his grandmother. "I seek to mark Olivia as my mate. **Such words** about her wanting to join our pack should never be repeated."

His Alpha authority pressed against the room. "She is my chosen Luna, and she deserves respect **as such**. Richard Winters had heard enough. His amber eyes burned with territorial fury as he faced the assembled Rivers family.

"I've seen enough of the Rivers pack's hospitality," he declared with cutting disdain. "Olivia, we're leaving. Now."

His voice carried the command of an Alpha protecting his offspring. "I won't subject my daughter to further insults in this house."

Olivia nodded curtly, her decision already made. She turned to face Eleanor Rivers directly, her amber gaze

cold as winter steel.

"I will investigate who leaked information to Ethan Grey," she stated with deadly certainty. "When I find **proof**

of Vanessa's involvement, I will not spare her."

Her voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. "That's a promise, not a threat."

Olivia turned toward the door, but Connor's hand shot out to grasp her wrist. His ice-blue eyes pleaded with

desperate intensity.

"Livvy, wait-"

"Let go," Olivia said coldly, wrenching her hand free from his grip. Her amber eyes held no warmth as she

faced him.

"I will make Vanessa pay for what she's done," she continued, her voice carrying absolute conviction. "Even if it means becoming your enemy and the Rivers pack's enemy."

Connor's face went pale with shock and hurt. "You don't believe I would be on your side?"

His voice cracked with pain at her lack of faith in him. "After everything we've been through?" Olivia's expression remained unmoved. "Actions speak louder than words, Connor Rivers."

As Olivia moved toward the exit, Eleanor's voice rang out with imperious authority. "Stop right **there, young**

lady!"

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< Chapter 141: Pack Justice

Connor's patience finally snapped. His Alpha aura exploded through the room as he whirled **to face** his grandmother.

"Enough!" he roared, his voice carrying the full weight of his future pack leadership. You will be silent!"

The command hit Eleanor like a physical blow. Her wolf instinctively submitted to the superior Alpha authority, leaving her speechless.

Vanessa approached Connor with tears streaming down her face. "Brother, please don't be angry with grandmother. She's just trying to protect our family-"

"Don't," Connor cut her off sharply, brushing past her without a glance. "I have calls to make."

He strode toward the staircase, his movements rigid with controlled fury. Vanessa's heart shattered as he dismissed her so completely.

Katherine glanced at Vanessa with calculating eyes before following her son upstairs. Her Luna instincts sensed the dangerous undercurrents threatening their pack's stability.

William Rivers rubbed his temples, feeling a massive headache building. "Mother, your behavior tonight was completely unreasonable."

His voice carried the exhaustion of an Alpha dealing with family politics. "The Winters family is suffering because of our pack's problems, and you're making it worse."

He shook his head in disgust. "I'm going to my study. Try not to create any more disasters while I'm gone." William departed, leaving Eleanor and Vanessa alone in the main hall. The matriarch's face showed her age as the stress took its toll.

Vanessa moved to sit beside Eleanor, her violet eyes filled with feigned concern. "Grandmother, are you feeling alright? Your heart medication..."

Eleanor patted Vanessa's hand with genuine affection. "I'm fine, dear. I'm just sorry you had to endure such treatment."

Her voice softened with maternal warmth. "You've done nothing wrong, and yet you're being blamed for everything."

Vanessa leaned into Eleanor's embrace, hiding her satisfied smile. "I just want our family to be happy again." Eleanor called out to the household staff. "Martha Wilson! Bring some ice for Vanessa's face. That bruise needs immediate attention."

The loyal servant hurried to comply, her expression troubled by the evening's events.

Upstairs in his private study, Connor dialed Dominic Reeves' secure line. His ice-blue eyes burned with cold determination.

"Dominic, I need a full investigation," he commanded without preamble: "Vanessa Reed's recent movements and any connections to Ethan Grey."

His voice carried the authority of an Alpha who would not be denied. "I want phone records, surveillance footage, everything. Leave no stone unturned."

Meanwhile, Olivia and Richard left the Rivers Pack Mansion in the Winters family car. The silence between father and daughter was heavy with unspoken emotions.

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Chapter 141 Park Justice.

“We’re going to Harbor City Memorial Hospital,” Richard Instructed the driver. ‘Natalie needs to see **that Olivia**

is safe.”

The drive through the night felt endless. Olivia stared out the window, her mind racing with plans for revenge against those who had betrayed her.

At the hospital. they found Natalie Winters in a private room. Her face was pale and drawn, her eyes red from

crying.

“Olivia!” Natalie gasped, struggling to sit up in her hospital bed. “Thank the moon goddess you’re safe!”

Tears streamed down her face as she reached for her stepdaughter. “I was so terrified when I heard about. Grace. My baby girl...”

Olivia moved to embrace Natalie, offering what comfort she could. “I’m here now. We’re going to find Grace and bring her home.”

Her voice carried gentle reassurance despite her own emotional turmoil. “Frederick Warner needs Grace alive as a bargaining chip. She’s safer than we fear.”

Natalie clung to Olivia desperately. “Promise me we’ll get her back. Promise me my daughter will come

home.”

“I promise,” Olivia said firmly. “Grace will be returned to us safely.”

After leaving the hospital, Olivia directed the driver to a nearby electronics store. The bright fluorescent lights felt harsh after the hospital’s subdued atmosphere.

She purchased a new smartphone and reapplied for a phone card. The process felt surreal after everything she’d endured in the past twenty-four hours.

As soon as the device powered on, it was flooded with notifications. Missed calls and unread messages filled the screen in an overwhelming cascade.

Most were from Connor, his desperation evident in the frequency of his attempts to reach her. A few came from Richard, Natalie, and her friends and colleagues. New novel chapters are published on

Having survived a night of terror, she was finally safe and connected to the world again. The simple act of holding a functioning phone felt like reclaiming a piece of her normal life.

Olivia immediately dialed Emma Thompson's number. Her assistant's voice was her first priority after the ordeal.

"Olivia?" Emma's voice carried disbelief and relief. "Are you okay? I couldn't contact you last night, I was **so**

worried!"

The girl's voice broke with emotion. "I was afraid something happened to you and I called the enforcer in a hurry. How are you? Where are you now?"

Olivia didn't want to involve innocent people in the dangerous situation. She also couldn't bear to worry *her* friends with the full truth of her k*****g.

"I'm fine, sorry," she replied softly. "Something happened temporarily last night."

Emma breathed an audible sigh of relief. "It's good that you're okay."

Olivia's voice became more focused. "Where are you now?"

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< Chapter 141. Pack Justice.

"**I'm** in a **hotel**," Emma responded immediately.

"**Send** me the address," Olivia instructed. "I'm going to find you now."

Emma quickly provided the location details. After leaving the Rivers Pack Mansion, the Winters family **driver had** taken them to the hospital, and Olivia had kept the car when they departed.

She checked the navigation system. The hotel was not far from her current location, perhaps ten minutes by

car.

2

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Whisper 213

Chapter 142 **An Eye for a**

Chapter 142: An Eye for an Eye

Chapter 142: An Eye for an Eye

(Olivia's POV)

On the way to Harbor City Memorial Hospital, I pulled out my new phone and dialed Lily's number. My fingers trembled slightly as I waited for her to answer.

"Olivia!" Lily's voice was filled with relief. "I've been trying to reach you all night! Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," I said, keeping my voice steady. "There was an incident last night, but I'm safe now."

I could hear her sharp intake of breath. "What kind of incident? You sound different."

"I can't explain everything right now," I replied. "But I need you to know that I'm okay. Don't worry about me." After reassuring Lily, I immediately called Rebecca Frost. Her phone rang several times before she picked up. "Olivia? Thank god!" Rebecca's voice cracked with emotion. "I heard something happened. Are you hurt?" "I'm alive," I said simply. "That's what matters right now."

Rebecca's silence told me she understood the gravity of what I wasn't saying. "Do you need anything? I can come to you."

"No, stay where you are," I instructed. "I'll contact you when things settle down."

After ending the call, I directed the driver to the hotel where Emma was staying. The familiar streets of Harbor City blurred past the window as my mind raced with plans for revenge.

When I arrived at the hotel, Emma was waiting in the lobby. Her face lit up with relief when she saw me, but I could see the worry lines around her eyes.

“Olivia!” She rushed to embrace me. “I was so scared when I couldn’t reach you.”

hugged her back, drawing comfort from her genuine concern. “I’m here now. That’s what matters.”

Emma pulled back to study my face. “You look exhausted. Have you eaten anything today?”

I realized I hadn’t thought about food since the ordeal began. “No, I haven’t.”

“Let’s go eat together,” I suggested, checking my watch. The afternoon was slipping away, and I had important business to attend to later.

Emma readily agreed. “Okay. What do you want to eat?”

When I asked what she preferred, Emma smiled. “I’m fine with anything.”

I proposed looking for a restaurant nearby. We found a quiet café a few blocks from the hotel, and I ordered something light while Emma chose a hearty meal.

As we ate, I watched Emma’s animated expressions as she talked about her job search. Her optimism was infectious, even in my current dark mood.

“Actually,” I said, setting down my fork, “you could apply for a job at Moonlaw Legal Services through the normal procedures.”

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Chapter **142 An Eye** for a.

Emma’s eyes widened with excitement. “**Really? You think I’d have a chance?**”

“**With your** qualifications and work **ethic?** Absolutely,” I assured **her**.

Emma beamed. “I’d love that opportunity.”

“Have you found a place to live yet?” I asked, remembering her temporary hotel situation.

Emma shook her head. “Not yet. I’m still looking.”

“Let me help you,” I offered. “I know Harbor City well, and finding good housing can be tricky.”

Emma politely declined. "Thank you, but I can manage on my own."

I insisted, concerned about her unfamiliarity with the city. "Emma, Harbor City can be dangerous for **someone** who doesn't know the area. Please let me help."

After some gentle persuasion, Emma eventually accepted my offer. "Alright, if you're sure it's not too much

trouble."

I checked the time and realized I needed to move quickly. "I should take you back to the hotel now. I have something important to attend to."

Emma nodded understandingly. "Of course. Thank you for dinner."

After dropping Emma back at the hotel, I immediately drove to Grey Holdings headquarters. The imposing glass building loomed against the darkening sky as I parked my modest BMW sedan.

Just as I turned off the engine, my phone rang with an unfamiliar number. I recalled seeing several such numbers earlier but hadn't paid them much attention.

I answered cautiously. "Hello?"

"Olivia, you finally answered!" Ethan Grey's voice was filled with concern. "Where are you? Are you alright? Did Frederick Warner do anything to you?"

My fingers tightened around the phone as inexplicable rage soared to the top of my head. The sound of his voice made my blood boil.

Suppressing my anger, I replied coldly, "I was almost killed thanks to you. I'm outside your company now." There was a moment of stunned silence. "You're... what? Where exactly are you?"

"Stop talking nonsense and come down," I said impatiently. "We need to talk."

Ethan seemed incredulous. "You're really here? At Grey Holdings?"

"Yes," I snapped. "Now get down here."

He quickly agreed. "I'll be right down, Wait in the lobby for me."

I ended the call and walked into the sleek lobby of Grey Holdings. The marble floors gleamed under the crystal chandeliers, and I chose a leather sofa near the reception area.

Before Ethan arrived, however, I encountered another familiar face. A woman in a cream–white **Chanel** approached, carrying a white designer bag with light blue patterns.

Her style was seven or eight *points* similar to mine, and her hairstyle was **exactly the** same as mine. I **initially** didn't recognize her but noticed the woman's similar attire and took a second look.

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<Chapter 142: An Eye for a.

It was Cassandra Evans.

I frowned, feeling as though I was being targeted by something dirty. The blatant imitation was both pathetic

and infuriating.

Noticing my gaze, Cassandra stiffened and frowned, walking toward me. "Olivia Winters?"

Cassandra's mind seemed to race, and her expression darkened. I remained seated on the sofa, looking up **at**

her with a mocking smile.

"Oh, it's you," I said with deliberate condescension. "For a moment, I thought you were *one of* my younger sisters. Did you recently start imitating me, playing the 'pathetic replacement' card?"

Cassandra's face paled as she realized I had seen through her imitation. "Imitate you? Heh, you're too narcissistic. Do I need to imitate you?"

She adjusted her expression, trying to regain her composure.

I scrutinized Cassandra from head to toe and chuckled softly.

"What are you laughing at?" Cassandra asked, clearly annoyed.

"I suddenly remembered a classic tale," I replied, looking directly at her. "I don't know if Miss Evans has ever heard of the saying about a plain woman trying to copy a beauty's frown?"

Cassandra's face turned green. Of course, she knew the story I was referencing.

"I've never seen someone as narcissistic as you," Cassandra retorted. "Is this style of dress your patent?"

I laughed genuinely. "Of course, the dress is not my patent. Miss Evans, you just happen to dress like me, your hairstyle is similar to mine, your makeup is similar to mine, and even the perfume you use is exactly the same as mine, right?"

I paused for effect. "Everything is a coincidence. You're certainly not imitating. I just happened to be here." Cassandra's expression was extremely unpleasant, her carefully constructed facade crumbling.

"Olivia!" a joyful voice suddenly interrupted before she could respond.

Cassandra was stunned. My face darkened as I coldly looked toward Ethan Grey approaching us.

Cassandra glared at me. "You're here to find Ethan? Olivia, you broke up with him a long time ago. Why are you still pestering him? Are you that desperate for a man?"

I sneered. "Do you think everyone is like you, picking up garbage as if it were treasure?"

As Ethan approached, my words landed in his ears. The phrase "picking up trash" clearly stung him. I could see the disappointment flash across his features, but he seemed accustomed to such treatment.

He knew he deserved such words.

"Olivia, it's good you're alright," Ethan said, his expression softening. His blue eyes filled with what *looked* like affection.

This display set me off completely. I abruptly stood up and slapped him across the face with all my strength. *c***k!" The sharp sound echoed through the lobby, drawing the attention of passersby.

The receptionist and some female employees of Grey Holdings were shocked. Ethan was a handsome man,

Chapter 142: An Eye for a

and the brutal slap made several people gasp audibly.

"Olivia Winters, **are** you crazy!" Cassandra shouted in anger, distressed by the assault on Ethan.

Cassandra grabbed Ethan's arm. "Ethan, are you alright? Let me see your face."

Ethan's head had been turned by the force of my slap, but he quickly brushed off Cassandra's concern and locked eyes with me.

With a pained expression, Ethan asked, "What's wrong, Olivia?"

My voice was cold and sharp, emanating a chilling aura. "Did you call the police?"

Ethan replied without hesitation. "Yes, I was worried about you after learning you were kidnapped. I was afraid something would happen to you."

My face was full of anger as I stared at him. "How do you know that I was kidnapped by Frederick Warner? Did Vanessa Reed tell you?"

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<Chapter 143 The Web of

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Whisper 214

Chapter 143: The Web of Deception Unravels

Chapter 143: The Web of Deception Unravels

(Ethan's POV)

My expression changed drastically at Olivia's question. The blood drained from my face as I realized how much she had already figured out.

Vanessa had contacted me through our encrypted communication channel just hours ago. She had repeatedly instructed me not to let Olivia or Connor know about our alliance.

Her violet eyes had been desperate when she called. "Promise me, Ethan. No matter what happens, you cannot reveal our connection."

I had agreed without thinking. Now I understood why she was so insistent.

Raymond Lewis had been arrested by pack enforcement. Even if Olivia discovered my connection to his criminal operations against her, it wouldn't matter much anymore.

But this was different. This was about Frederick Warner and Grace's k*****

*g.

"I don't know about any k*****g plan," I said quickly, my voice strained. "I only knew you had been abducted by Frederick. That's why I reported it to the authorities."

My hands trembled slightly as I spoke. "I was trying to save you."

Olivia's amber eyes flashed with impatience. Her wolf was bristling beneath her skin, and I could sense her supernatural energy radiating outward.

"How did you know I was abducted to Cloudmere?" she pressed, her voice sharp as a blade.

I hesitated, my ice-blue eyes shifting nervously. The truth was too dangerous to reveal completely.

"Someone from Frederick's criminal network informed me," I said finally.

The lie felt bitter on my tongue, but I couldn't expose Vanessa. Not when our pack was already in such a precarious position.

Olivia's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Why would Frederick's people inform you of such sensitive information?" I took a deep breath, knowing I had to give her something closer to the truth. "When Grey Holdings was failing financially, a man named Samuel Blackwood offered investment."

My voice grew quieter as I continued. "In exchange for becoming a controlling shareholder, he wanted me to do favors for 'Brother Zhou.'"

Olivia's expression remained cold, but I could see her processing this information.

"Samuel knew about my past relationship with you," I admitted. "He knew about my conflicts with the Rivers pack. He planned to use me as a weapon against Connor."

The words tasted like ash in my mouth. "Frederick told me that hurting Connor meant taking away what he cherished most. Separating him from you was the easiest way to accomplish this goal."

Olivia's face showed no emotion, but her scent carried waves of disgust that made me flinch.

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Chapter 143 The Web of

I reached out instinctively, trying to touch her hand. "Olivia, I'm sorry-"

She slapped my hand away with supernatural speed. Her wolf's protective instincts flared, and I could **feel** the power radiating from her small frame.

"I'm sorry I wasn't successful in separating you from Connor," I continued desperately. "If I had succeeded, Frederick might not have targeted your family members."

The words came out wrong, but I couldn't stop myself. "This could have all been prevented if-"

"So you're apologizing for not breaking me up with Connor?" Olivia's voice dripped with disgust.

Her tone made nearby werewolves unconsciously step back. Even the human employees in the lobby seemed to sense the dangerous energy surrounding her.

I stuttered, trying to clarify my words as my confidence crumbled. "That's not what I meant-"

"Grace Winters has been taken hostage," Olivia interrupted, her fury radiating through her scent. "She could have been rescued if not for your police report." The link to the origin of this information rests in

My face went pale as the implications hit me. "What do you mean?"

"You were manipulated by Vanessa Reed," she accused. "She knew Frederick would kill me if law enforcement intervened in werewolf pack business."

The words hit me like a physical blow. Had I been used as a pawn in a much larger game?

My mind raced back to Vanessa's desperate calls. Her insistence that I contact the authorities. Her tears when she begged me to save Olivia.

Had it all been an act?

Olivia stepped closer, her amber eyes blazing with Alpha-like authority despite her lower rank. "Was Vanessa Reed involved in the conspiracy?"

I hesitated, torn between confessing the truth and protecting my pack. Grey Holdings was now under Frederick's financial control through Samuel Blackwood's investment.

My wolf whined with the conflict between honesty and self-preservation. If I revealed Vanessa's involvement, what would happen to our alliance with the Rivers pack?

What would happen to my family's business empire?

"It has nothing to do with her," I lied through gritted teeth.

The words felt like poison leaving my mouth, but I couldn't bring myself to destroy everything we had built.

Olivia simply laughed. The sound was cold and sharp, making my blood run cold.

She said nothing more and turned away from me with dismissive finality. Her rejection cut deeper than any physical wound.

Cassandra approached me as Olivia walked away. "Ethan, are you alright? Let me help you-"

I shoved her away with enough force to make her stumble. My control was snapping, and I couldn't bear her false sweetness right now.

"Don't touch me," I snarled, pulling out my phone with shaking hands.

<Chapter 143: The Web of

I was determined to discover the truth. If Vanessa knew about Frederick's threat to kill Olivia when authorities were involved, then she had been using me as a disposable tool.

My ice-blue eyes burned with rage as I dialed her number. If she had manipulated me into endangering Olivia's life, I would never tolerate such betrayal.

The phone rang once, twice, three times before she answered.

"Ethan?" Vanessa's voice sounded nervous. "Is everything alright?"

"We need to talk," I said coldly. "Now."

7

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Whisper 215

Chapter 144: The Alpha's.

Chapter 144: The Alpha's Remorse

Chapter 144: The Alpha's Remorse

(Olivia's POV)

I opened the driver's seat door of my modest BMW sedan and slid inside. The familiar leather interior **felt** cold against my skin as I fastened my seatbelt with mechanical precision.

My amber eyes remained cold as I pulled out my phone. My slender fingers began rhythmically tapping **the** steering wheel while I scrolled through my contacts.

I found the number I needed and pressed call. The phone rang twice before a professional voice answered.

"Morrison Investigations, this is Detective Sarah Morrison speaking."

"This is Olivia Winters," I said, my voice sharp with determination. "I need a comprehensive investigation conducted immediately."

Detective Morrison's tone became more attentive. "What kind of investigation, Miss Winters?"

"I want everything on Ethan Grey and Grey Holdings," I instructed. "Financial records, business partnerships, personal associations. Leave no stone unturned."

My wolf's instincts demanded I uncover the full extent of his betrayal. The need for truth burned in my

like fire.

"I also need you to investigate any connections between Grey Holdings and a man named Samuel Blackwood," I continued. "And any ties to Frederick Warner or his criminal network."

Detective Morrison was taking notes. "This sounds like a complex case. What's your timeline?"

"As soon as possible," I replied coldly. "Money is no object. I want results."

"Understood. We'll begin immediately and have preliminary findings within forty-eight hours."

chest

I ended the call and started the engine. The BMW purred to life as I pulled out of the Grey Holdings parking

garage.

The evening traffic was heavier than usual. Cars crawled along the main thoroughfare at a snail's pace, giving me unwanted time to think.

My mind kept returning to Grace's terrified face. My little sister was somewhere out there, probably scared and confused.

The guilt gnawed at me. If I hadn't gotten involved with Connor Rivers, would Frederick Warner have targeted our family?

My phone rang, interrupting my dark thoughts. Connor's name appeared on the screen.

I hesitated for a moment before answering. This call might be about Grace.

"What is it?" I said coldly, not bothering with pleasantries.

Connor's voice was strained with exhaustion. "Olivia, I have an update on the **rescue operation**."

My grip tightened on the steering wheel. "Tell me."

Chapter 144 The Alpha's

"**Law** enforcement in both Riverdale and Blackmoor Territory are coordinating a joint **operation**, **he explained**. "They've identified several possible locations where Frederick might be holding Grace."

Hope flickered in my chest. "When will they move?"

"Tomorrow morning," Connor replied. "But Olivia, I need you to understand something. They cannot **guarantee**

success.”

The hope died as quickly as it had appeared. “What do you mean?”

“Frederick is desperate and dangerous,” Connor said quietly. “If he feels cornered, he might...”

He couldn’t finish the sentence, but I understood. Frederick might kill Grace rather than let her be rescued.

“Is there anything else?” I asked, my voice hollow.

Connor was silent for a moment. “Olivia, I want to apologize for my grandmother’s behavior today. Her words about you not being worthy of the Rivers pack were completely out of line.”

I felt nothing at his apology. The damage was already done.

“It doesn’t matter,” I said dismissively. “I wasn’t planning on our arranged mating proceeding anyway.”

“Olivia, wait-”

I hung up before he could say another word. I couldn’t handle his attempts at reconciliation right now. The traffic finally began moving, and I drove through the familiar streets toward the Winters Family Estate. The journey felt longer than usual, weighed down by the day’s revelations.

I arrived at the estate at nine PM. The grand mansion looked eerily empty in the moonlight.

Most of the windows were dark. Richard was still at the hospital with Natalie, and Grace... Grace was still

missing.

I parked in the circular driveway and walked to the front door. My key still worked, though I hadn’t lived here

in years.

Agnes Turner appeared in the foyer as I entered. The elderly housekeeper’s face showed relief at seeing me. “Miss Olivia,” she said warmly. “I’m so glad you’re safe. We were all worried sick.”

“Thank you, Agnes,” I replied softly. “How is everyone holding up?”

Agnes's expression grew somber. "Your father hired a special cook to prepare meals for Mrs. Natalie at the hospital. He hasn't left her side since the incident."

I nodded, understanding his need to protect what remained of his family.

"The house feels so empty without little Grace," Agnes continued, her voice breaking slightly. "She always filled these halls with laughter."

My chest tightened at the mention of my sister. "*Any* word from the authorities?"

"Nothing yet," Agnes replied. "But your father is in constant contact with the enforcement teams."

I climbed the familiar staircase to the second floor. My childhood bedroom was exactly **as I had left it years**

ago.

The pale blue walls were decorated with photos from my youth. My old desk **still held books from my**

Chapter 144 The Alpha's

university days.

But it was Grace's crayon family portrait drawing on my nightstand that broke my composure. The colorful stick figures showed our blended family – Richard, Natalie, Grace, and me.

Grace had drawn us all holding hands with big smiles on our faces. She had written "My Family" in her childish handwriting at the bottom.

Tears began streaming down my face as I picked up the drawing. My wolf whimpered with grief, sensing my emotional pain.

"Grace... little sister..." I whispered, my voice breaking.

The innocent pup had been caught in this dangerous game through no fault of her own. She was paying the price for adult conflicts she couldn't understand.

I sank onto my old bed, clutching the drawing to my chest. The weight of responsibility crushed down on me.

If something happened to Grace, I would never forgive myself.

(Third person's POV)

Meanwhile, Ethan Grey sat alone in his office at Grey Holdings. The spacious room felt suffocating as the weight of his actions pressed down on him.

His ice-blue eyes were bloodshot from stress and guilt. Empty coffee cups littered his desk, evidence of his sleepless night.

The realization that he had been manipulated by Vanessa Reed consumed his thoughts. He had nearly caused harm to the woman he claimed to love.

His wolf howled with remorse, pacing restlessly within his mind. The beast understood what his human side struggled to accept – he had become a tool in someone else's revenge.

Ethan picked up his phone and dialed Olivia's number for the tenth time that evening. The call went straight to voicemail again.

"Olivia, please," he said into the phone. "I know you hate me, but I need you to know that I never meant for any of this to happen."

His voice cracked with emotion. "I was trying to protect you, not hurt you. Please call me back."

He ended the call *and* immediately tried again. The result was the same – voicemail.

The office door opened, and Cassandra Evans entered without knocking. Her green-gold eyes showed *concern*, but Ethan *could* barely stand to look at her.

"Ethan, *you need to* eat something," she said softly, approaching his desk. "You've been here all night." "Get out," Ethan said coldly, not looking up from his phone.

Cassandra ignored his dismissal and moved closer. "I brought you some soup from that place you like-"

"I said get out!" Ethan roared, his Alpha authority filling the room.

The sudden outburst made Cassandra stumble backward. Her carefully composed expression cracked, revealing the calculation beneath.

"Ethan, I'm just trying to help-"

< Chapter 144. The Alpha's

He stood abruptly and shoved her away with enough force to make her lose her balance. His control was fraying as guilt consumed him.

"Don't touch me," he snarled. "Don't even look at me."

Cassandra fell to the ground, her designer dress rumpling around her. For a moment, coldness flashed in her green–gold eyes as her wolf snarled with wounded pride.

But she quickly masked the expression with tears and vulnerability.

“I don’t understand,” she whispered, looking up at him with feigned hurt. “What did I do wrong?”

Ethan turned away from her, unable to bear her presence. “Just leave me alone.”

Cassandra slowly picked herself up from the floor, smoothing down her dress. Her mind was already working, calculating how to use this rejection to her advantage.

“Fine,” she said quietly. “But don’t blame me when you realize what you’ve lost.”

She left the office with measured steps, her expression shifting the moment she was out of Ethan’s sight.

Later that night, Cassandra sat in her apartment preparing for a live broadcast. She had spent an hour perfecting her makeup, highlighting her ethereal beauty with subtle touches.

Her green–gold eyes were rimmed with just enough redness to suggest recent tears. Her blonde hair fell in soft waves around her shoulders. New NOVEL chapters are published on

She positioned her phone camera at the perfect angle and began the livestream. Within minutes, hundreds of her werewolf followers had joined.

“Hello, everyone,” she said softly, her voice trembling with emotion. “I know it’s late, but I needed to talk to

someone.”

amoti port.

“I don’t usually share personal things,” Cassandra continued, allowing a single tear to roll down her cheek. But I’m *going* through something really difficult right now.”

She paused for effect, watching the viewer count climb higher.

“There’s someone interfering between Ethan and me,” she said, her voice breaking convincingly. “Someone who claims *to care about* him but only brings chaos into his life.”

The comments exploded with outrage and support for Cassandra. Her followers demanded to know who was hurting their beloved actress.

“I *won’t* name names,” Cassandra said, playing the role of the noble victim. “But this person has manipulated Ethan into believing lies about me,”

More tears fell as she painted herself as the innocent party in a complex love triangle.

“*All* I’ve ever done is love him,” she whispered to the camera. “But some people can’t stand to see others happy.”

The livestream continued for another hour, with Cassandra carefully crafting her narrative of victimhood and betrayal.

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Whisper 216

Chapter 145: The Luna’s Vindication

Chapter 145: The Luna’s Vindication

(Cassandra’s POV)

I wiped away my tears and cried during my live broadcast, “Those who have been following me for **a long** time know that I was abroad before, and only returned to the Northern Territory last year.”

My green–gold eyes shimmered with calculated tears as I addressed my werewolf followers through **the** streaming platform. My wolf carefully projected wounded innocence through the screen.

The viewer count had climbed to over three thousand. Comments flooded the chat with hearts **and**

supportive messages.

“Cassie, we missed you so much!”

“You look so sad, what happened?”

“Tell us everything, we’re here for you!”

I let my voice tremble slightly as I continued. “I know many of you have been wondering about my personal life since I returned.”

My fingers delicately touched the corner of my eye, catching a perfectly timed tear. “It’s been... complicated.” The chat exploded with concern and curiosity. My followers hung on every word.

“After returning to Harbor City, I reunited with someone very special,” I said softly. “My first love. My destined

mate.”

The comments went wild with excitement and romantic sighs. Werewolf culture revered the concept of destined mates above all else.

“Is it Ethan Grey?” someone typed in bold letters,

“Please tell us it’s Ethan!”

“You two would be perfect together!”

I let the anticipation build for a moment before nodding slowly. “Yes,” I whispered, my voice breaking with emotion. “It’s Ethan.”

The chat erupted in celebration. Hearts and congratulatory messages filled the screen faster than I could

read them.

“The mate bond calls to us across time and distance,” I declared dramatically. My wolf’s scent carried false sincerity through the screen. “Male wolves never forget their first love. That connection... it’s sacred.”

I paused *to* let *more* tears fall. “When we saw each other again, it was like no time had passed at all. **The** bond was still there, stronger than ever.”

My *followers* were eating up every word. The romantic narrative played perfectly into werewolf mythology about eternal mates.

“But...” I let my voice c***k completely. “There’s been interference.”

Chapter 145 The Luna’s V

The mood in the chat shifted instantly. Protective anger replaced celebration.

“What **kind** of interference?”

“Who dares interfere with a mate bond?”

“That’s against pack law!”

I burst into fresh tears, my shoulders shaking with calculated sobs. “There’s a third party who won’t **accept** that Ethan and I are meant to be together.”

The outrage in the comments was immediate and fierce. My supporters demanded justice for their beloved

actress.

“This is unacceptable!”

“Mate bonds are sacred!”

“Who is this home–wrecker?”

I covered my face with my hands, letting the tears flow freely. “She’s his ex–girlfriend. She refuses to accept

their breakup.”

The chat exploded with fury. Werewolves took mate interference very seriously.

“Give us her name!”

“We’ll handle this bond–breaker!”

“No one messes with our Cassie!”

I looked up with red–rimmed eyes, feigning reluctance. “I don’t want to cause trouble for anyone…”

“Tell us!” the comments demanded. “We need to protect you!”

“She needs to learn her place!”

“Mate stealers deserve punishment!”

I bit my lip as if struggling with the decision. “I don’t have her social media accounts…”

The disappointment in the chat was palpable. My followers wanted immediate action.

“But,” I said hesitantly, “she’s a lawyer. She runs a law firm in Riverdale called Moonstone Legal Partners.”

The chat lit up with renewed energy. My followers were already planning their attack.

“Her family name is Winters,” I added quietly, stopping just short of revealing Olivia’s full name.

Within seconds, my followers were sharing the information and organizing their harassment campaign. I watched with satisfaction as they took the bait.

“We’ll find her!”

“Justice for Cassandra!”

“Bond-breakers must be exposed!”

I ended the stream with a final tearful plea for understanding and support. My wolf purred **with satisfaction** at the chaos I had unleashed.

(Olivia’s POV)

Chapter 145 The Luna’s V

The jarring ring of my phone jolted me awake in my apartment in Riverdale. I had set the volume to maximum, anxious about any news regarding Grace.

My amber eyes snapped open as I grabbed the device. Rebecca’s name flashed on the screen.

“Rebecca?” I answered immediately, my voice hoarse from sleep.

“Liv, you need to see this immediately,” Rebecca’s voice was urgent. Her wolf conveyed protective anger through her tone. “There are online rumors spreading across werewolf social media about you being a

mate-stealer and bond-breaker.”

I sat up abruptly, my wolf bristling with alarm. “What are you talking about?”

“Check Howlr right now,” Rebecca commanded. “Search for the hashtag about Cassandra claiming mate

theft.”

I quickly opened the app on my phone. The trending topics made my blood run cold. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

“#CassandraClaims MateTheft” was at the top of the werewolf community trends. Thousands of posts and

I clicked on the hashtag with trembling fingers. A marketing account had posted a video compilation of

Cassandra’s live broadcast.

My amber eyes flashed with cold fury as I watched her manipulative performance. Her calculated tears and false claims about destined mates made my wolf snarl internally.

The comments under the video were vicious. Werewolves from across the territory were calling for my punishment.

“This Winters lawyer needs to be stopped!”

“Mate interference is unforgivable!”

“Someone find her full name!”

“Moonstone Legal Partners should fire her!”

I hung up with Rebecca and immediately called my legal team. My voice was sharp and professional despite

my rage.

“This is Olivia Winters. I need immediate action on a defamation case.”

Within thirty minutes, the trending topic vanished from werewolf social media platforms. My legal team worked with supernatural efficiency.

Moonstone Legal Partners released a lawyer’s letter announcing our intention to sue Cassandra Evans for defamation and spreading false claims about mate bonds.

But the real shock came when Ethan Grey posted on his Howlr account. His statement was simple and

devastating.

“Miss Cassandra Evans and I are not in a relationship, and Attorney Winters is not interfering with any mate bond.”

The werewolf internet exploded with speculation and disbelief. The narrative had completely flipped.

Chapter 145. The Luna's V

"Wait, what?"

"So Cassandra was lying?"

"Is SHE the actual bond-breaker?"

"Attorney Winters handled this perfectly!"

"Cassandra just destroyed her own career!"

My phone buzzed with messages from supporters and colleagues. The legal community was **rallying behind**

1. me.

The swift reversal felt satisfying, but I knew this was far from over. Cassandra had made a dangerous **enemy**

today.

(Connor's POV)

Henry Morris burst into my office with urgent news. His usually composed demeanor showed **cracks** of

concern.

"Alpha Connor, there's been a social media attack on Miss Olivia," he reported breathlessly.

My ice-blue eyes flashed with Alpha authority. My wolf demanded immediate action to protect my intended

mate.

"Explain," I commanded, my voice deadly calm.

Henry quickly briefed me on Cassandra's livestream and the harassment campaign against Olivia. Each detail made my fury burn hotter.

How dare anyone target my fiancée? The audacity was beyond comprehension.

“Miss Olivia has already handled the legal response,” Henry continued. “But the damage to her reputation...”

I stood abruptly, my chair scraping against the floor. My wolf was ready for war.

“Contact the streaming platform administration immediately,” I ordered with deadly calm. “Ban Cassandra Evans’ account permanently!”

Henry nodded and reached for his phone. “Right away, Alpha.”

“And Henry,” I added, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper, “Make sure every platform **knows** that attacking Olivia Winters means declaring war on the Rivers pack.”

My wolf’s protective instincts were in full control now. No one threatened what belonged to me **and** lived to tell about it.

11.2

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Whisper 217

Chapter 146. The **Backlash** →

Chapter 146: The **Backlash**.

Chapter 146: The Backlash

(Cassandra’s POV)

I **woke** up with a satisfied smile on my face, stretching luxuriously in my silk sheets. **My green-gold eyes** sparkled with anticipation as I reached for my phone.

Last night’s livestream had been perfect. By now, thousands of werewolves should be **tearing Olivia Winters apart** online.

I opened Howlr eagerly, expecting to see my hashtag trending at the top. My fingers scrolled **through the** feed, searching for the chaos I had unleashed.

But there was nothing. No trending topics about Olivia. No angry comments from my followers.

My smile faltered as confusion crept in. Where were all the posts attacking that mate-stealing lawyer?

I searched for the hashtag manually. The results were completely empty, as if the entire campaign **had** never existed.

Panic began to rise in my chest. I quickly switched to the short video app where I had done my livestream. The screen displayed a message that made my blood run cold: "Account permanently banned for violating community guidelines."

"What?" I gasped, my voice echoing in the empty apartment.

My hands trembled as I tried to log in again. The same message appeared. My account, with its millions of followers, was gone.

My wolf whimpered with distress as the reality hit me. Someone had destroyed my entire online presence overnight.

I frantically checked my other social media accounts. All of them showed the same devastating message: permanently banned.

My phone buzzed with missed call notifications. Ethan's name appeared multiple times on the screen.

Relief flooded through me. Ethan would help me fix this mess. He always protected me.

I called him back immediately, my voice shaking with panic. "Ethan, thank god you called. Something terrible has happened-"

"Cassandra." His voice was ice-cold, cutting through my words like a blade.

The tone made my wolf recoil in fear. I had never heard him sound so furious.

"Ethan? What's wrong?" I asked hesitantly.

"What's wrong?" he repeated, his voice rising with rage. "You spread false rumors about Olivia being a

mate-stealer!"

My heart stopped. How did he know about the livestream so quickly?

"I was just defending our relationship-" I started desperately.

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Chapter 146. The Backlash,

“Our relationship?

Ethan’s laugh was bitter and harsh. “What relationship, Cassandre? Were not We’re not even dating!”

The words hit me like physical blows. My carefully constructed fantasy was crumbling.

“But Ethan, we have history. We’re meant **to** be together-”

“Stop lying!” he roared. “You deliberately spread false information to **destroy Olivia’s reputation!**”

Tears began streaming down my **face**. This wasn’t how things were supposed **to** go.

“Olivia’s law firm is suing you for defamation,” Ethan continued coldly. “And I won’t be **helping you with the**

lawsuit.”

My blood turned to ice. A lawsuit? From a prestigious law firm?

“Ethan, please, you can’t abandon me-”

The line went dead. He had hung up on me.

I stared at the phone in shock, my hands shaking uncontrollably. Ethan had never spoken to me like **that**

before.

My wolf howled with despair as the full scope of my situation became clear. I was completely alone.

I immediately opened my laptop and began searching for information about defamation lawsuits. **The results**

made me sick with terror.

“Defamation can result in significant financial penalties and potential jail time,” one legal article stated.

Jail time. The words repeated in my mind like a death sentence.

I had never considered the legal consequences of my actions. In my rage and jealousy, I had destroyed my

own life.

My phone rang again. For a moment, hope flared that it might be Ethan calling back.

But it was my manager's number. My hands trembled as I answered.

"Cassandra, what the hell did you do?" his voice was furious. "Every brand is canceling your endorsement

deals!"

The room spun around me as the full extent of my downfall became clear. My career, my reputation, my future all destroyed in one night.

(Olivia's POV)

I arrived at Moonstone Legal Partners early, determined to focus on work despite the chaos of the previous night. The legal response to Cassandra's defamation had been swift and effective.

But Grace was still missing. That thought consumed every quiet moment.

I picked up my phone and dialed the police station again. The same officer answered as yesterday.

"This is Olivia Winters calling about the Grace Winters k*****g case," I said professionally.

"Miss Winters, I understand your concern," the officer replied patiently. "But this is a complex **case involving** multiple jurisdictions."

My grip tightened on the phone. "Has there been any progress at all?" Discover more novels at find-novel-net

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"**We're** coordinating with federal authorities and pack enforcement, he explained. "These situations **require** careful planning to ensure the victim's safety."

The diplomatic non-answer frustrated me. "When can I expect an update?"

"We'll notify you immediately if there are any developments," he promised. "Please be patient and cooperative with the investigation."

I hung up feeling deflated. The waiting was torture, but I had no choice.

At Moonstone Legal Partners, I threw myself into case files and client meetings. Work was the only thing that kept my mind from spiraling into panic about Grace.

Two hours later, the front desk staff knocked on my office door. "Miss Winters, you have a visitor."

I looked up from my documents, hoping it might be news about Grace. "Who is it?"

"Connor Rivers," she replied.

My jaw clenched. I didn't want to see him, but refusing might cause a scene.

"Send him to the conference room," I said coldly.

Connor was waiting when I entered, his ice-blue eyes showing concern. His tall frame filled the space as he stood to greet me.

"Olivia, I heard about the online attacks," he said immediately. "Are you alright?"

I remained standing, keeping distance between us. "I'm fine. I don't need your concern."

His expression showed frustration at my cold response. "I wanted you to know that I had Cassandra's accounts permanently banned."

The information didn't surprise me. Connor's influence in the werewolf community was extensive. "That's really thank you," I replied, my sarcasm cutting through the air like a blade.

Connor flinched at my tone. "Olivia, I was trying to help-

"I didn't ask for your help," I interrupted. "I handled the situation myself."

I turned to leave, but Connor's voice stopped me. "Please, just give me a moment to explain-

The front desk staff appeared again, looking nervous. "Miss Winters, there's another visitor. He seems... agitated."

Before I could respond, a man burst into the conference room. His face was twisted with rage as he spotted

1. me.

“There she is!” he shouted, pointing an accusing finger. “The mate–stealing b***h!”

I stepped back instinctively as the man raised a cup of ice water above his head.

“b***h! Knowing you’re a mate–stealer, destroying our Cassie’s relationship, and causing her account to be banned, go to hell!” he yelled.

The ice water flew toward me in slow motion. I braced for the impact.

But Connor moved faster than lightning, pulling me behind him. The freezing water hit his back instead of

1. me.

Chapter 146 The Backlash

“How dare you!” Connor’s voice carried Alpha authority that made the man stumble backward.

Connor’s ice–blue eyes blazed with fury as he kicked the attacker with devastating force. The man **crashed** into the wall with a sickening thud.

Two bodyguards appeared instantly, restraining the groaning man on the floor. Connor’s security team **was** always nearby.

“Call the police,” Connor commanded, his voice deadly calm.

Within minutes, law enforcement arrived and arrested the attacker. The man continued shouting about

Cassandra even as they dragged him away.

After the chaos settled, Connor turned to me with desperate eyes. “Olivia, I need to explain about Layla

Lawrence.”

I crossed my arms, waiting for another excuse.

“She’s my cousin,” he said quickly. “I broke up with her to protect her from Frederick Warner.”

The explanation sounded rehearsed. I felt nothing but cold disappointment.

“Connor, you really are so self-righteous,” I said, my voice cutting.

His face showed pain at my words. “I was trying to protect everyone-”

“Your protection didn’t stop Frederick from targeting me,” I interrupted. “It didn’t save Grace from being kidnapped.”

Connor’s shoulders sagged with defeat. “Olivia, please give me another chance-”

“No,” I said firmly. “We’re done.”

I walked to the front desk. “Please escort Mr. Rivers out.”

As the staff moved to comply, Adrian Sinclair entered the lobby. His sharp features and gold-rimmed glasses gave him an intellectual appearance.

“Connor Rivers,” Adrian said with professional courtesy. “Are you here to hire our services?”

Connor’s expression darkened as he recognized Adrian. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m a partner at this firm now,” Adrian replied smoothly.

Connor’s ice-blue eyes flashed with suspicion as he looked between Adrian and me. “You planned this, didn’t

you?”

“Who I partner with is none of your concern,” I said coldly.

Connor stepped toward me, but Adrian moved to block his path. “I’m afraid Miss Winters may be too busy to see you.”

“Adrian, don’t think I don’t know what you’re planning,” Connor said, his voice low and threatening.

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Chapter 147: Memories and Nightmares

Chapter 147: Memories and Nightmares

(Connor's POV)

Olivia perhaps really doesn't remember Adrian Sinclair, but it's hard for me to forget.

I recalled my complex relationship with Adrian during our university years. We were both law **students** from rival schools within the Northern Territory – I attended Riverdale University while he studied **at the competing** law school across town.

Despite attending different universities, we were constantly compared. Both of us were recognized **as** the most eligible bachelors in our respective schools, known for outstanding appearance and academic achievements.

Our werewolf bloodlines only Intensified the natural competition. I came from the prestigious Rivers pack while Adrian belonged to the respected but lesser Sinclair lineage.

The rivalry was inevitable. Two Alpha heirs, both destined for greatness, both pursuing excellence in **the** same field.

But there was one memory that impressed me most deeply. Adrian's public confession to Olivia Winters during our university years.

It was Christmas Eve, a time perfectly suited for romantic declarations. Adrian had elaborately arranged winter roses in a heart shape on the Riverdale University campus courtyard.

He stood in the center with a guitar, his refined features highlighted by those signature gold-rimmed glasses. His voice carried across the snow-covered grounds as he sang love songs.

At that time, I was a graduate student at Diverdale University. I had the habit of evening runs to manage my

Alpha energy and patrol the territory.

That night, during my usual route, I heard students discussing something exciting. The heir of Sinclair pack

was making a grand romantic gesture, they whispered.

I originally didn't pay attention to campus gossip. But as I moved closer, I gradually heard a familiar name

from the crowd gathering around the spectacle.

Olivia Winters.

My ice-blue eyes narrowed as I slowed my pace. I could clearly hear the gossip saying that Adrian liked Olivia, the brilliant law student known for her beauty and intelligence.

Some students thought the two were a perfect match – both academically gifted and from respectable werewolf families. Many female students were heartbroken to see their campus heartthrob pursuing

someone else.

My wolf bristled with an emotion I didn't want to acknowledge. I changed direction and walked **towards the**

center of the courtyard.

Adrian was surrounded by the crowd, playing guitar and singing with genuine affection in his voice. His performance was polished, confident, designed to impress.

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apter 147. Memories an

After the love song ended, someone brought Olivia to where Adrian waited, I **stood** among the crowd, my **expression carefully controlled**, watching what I internally dismissed as a theatrical display of affection

But my heart was racing.

Adrian handed the bouquet of winter roses to the young woman before him. His voice was **extremely** gentle **and** sincere.

“Olivia Winters, I’ve admired you for so long. Would you honor me by becoming my mate?”

The crowd erupted in enthusiastic cheering, then fell into expectant silence. Everyone waited **for Olivia’s response**.

The winter night air was filled with falling snow that created a romantic atmosphere. It seemed like even **the** moon goddess herself was blessing this moment.

Adrian held the roses with steady hands. His tall figure stood confidently in the center of the crowd, handsome and composed, commanding everyone's attention.

He wasn't only outstanding in appearance and academics, but also came from an excellent werewolf **lineage**. He was the heir apparent of the respected Sinclair pack.

To most observers, it seemed like a destined pairing. I found myself holding my breath, my hands clenched **at** my sides, my heart racing with anxiety I refused to examine.

However, Olivia's answer surprised everyone present.

"I'm sorry, Adrian, but I can't accept your proposal."

The confident smile on Adrian's lips faded. The winter wind tousled his dark hair as the courtyard lighting couldn't quite hide the disappointment crossing his features.

"May I ask why?" His voice carried a slight tremor, betraying emotions he tried to keep controlled.

The young woman pressed her lips together. Her amber eyes were steady and her tone revealed no emotional

turbulence.

"Because I'm not interested in romantic relationships right now, and I don't have time for courtship. I'm **sorry** I

can't accept your feelings."

The crowd erupted in surprised murmurs once again. My wolf practically purred with satisfaction, a small smile tugging at the corner of my mouth.

Olivia turned and walked away after speaking. She never once reached for the bouquet of roses.

I knew that Olivia had attracted many suitors during her university years. She probably had to reject more than a dozen such proposals annually, so it was understandable she might not remember every werewolf

who had pursued her.

But I remembered clearly. The names and faces of everyone who had dared to court Olivia Winters were

burned into my memory.

Therefore, when I saw Adrian and Olivia together at Howling Moon Steakhouse on Valentine's Day, I felt a genuine surge of territorial concern.

Recalling this memory now, my ice-blue eyes darkened with possessive intensity.

"I didn't expect that after **so** many years, you still haven't given up pursuing her."

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have to thank Alpha Connor for giving me this opportunity."

My **gaze** sharpened with Alpha authority as I studied the other man.

"**Stay** away from her, Sinclair."

Adrian raised his eyebrows slightly. His voice remained respectfully measured.

"What right does Alpha Connor have to make such demands of me?"

My lip curled with cold confidence.

"You won't succeed. Olivia only has me in her heart now."

Adrian remained unruffled, still maintaining his gentle, scholarly appearance.

"Then I suppose we'll see what the future holds."

(Olivia's POV)

That night, I had a nightmare that felt more vivid than any dream should.

In my subconscious, I was running through an empty, boundless wilderness under a blood-red moon. Behind me were vicious rogue werewolves, their howls echoing through the night as they pursued me with predatory intent.

I ran forward desperately. My wolf form pushed my human consciousness to flee faster.

Suddenly, the scene shifted. I felt claws grabbing my throat.

Frederick Warner's face suddenly loomed before my eyes, magnified and distorted. The exiled werewolf's smile was cold and menacing, like a vengeful spirit from the shadow realm coming to claim my life.

My breathing became labored as his grip tightened. Just as I felt consciousness slipping away, the nightmare shifted again.

I saw my half-sister Grace Winters tied to a chair. Frederick was smiling as he poured wolfsbane-laced gasoline around the terrified child.

“No! Don’t!” I screamed in my dream, my wolf howling in anguish. “Don’t touch her! Stop!”

Suddenly, Frederick’s face began to twist and distort. It morphed into that of the deranged werewolf who had attacked Moonlaw Legal Services with a silver dagger.

“Go to hell-” the attacker snarled as he lunged at me with concentrated silver solution. His eyes were wild

with madness.

“Ah-” I screamed and jolted awake from the nightmare.

My entire body was covered in cold sweat. My heart was racing as my wolf retreated deep within my

consciousness.

The night was quiet and still around my apartment. In the darkness, my rapid breathing was the only **sound** breaking the silence.

After several long minutes, I gradually returned to full awareness. My amber eyes adjusted to the dim room. My phone screen illuminated, casting pale light across my face. Checking the time, I saw it was 3:30 in the

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Chapter 147 Memories and

Adrian smiled, **his demeanor calm** and unhurried **behind his** gold-rimmed glasses.

also have **to** thank **Alpha Connor for giving** me **this opportunity**

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Chapter 147, Memetiorgan

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An **anonymous text message** had arrived on my device: “If you want your sister to **live, then** obedient

say

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Watch **videos** get **points** (0/10) >

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Chapter 148: Crisis

Chapter 148: Crisis

(Olivia's POV)

I frowned at the text message glowing on my phone screen, my amber eyes scanning the threatening **words** again and again. The anonymous message about Grace created a terrible dilemma for **me**.

"If you want your sister to live, then obediently do as I say."

My wolf bristled with protective fury, but my rational mind forced me to think carefully. This message could be from Frederick Warner's operatives still lurking in Harbor City. Or it could be someone else entirely, pretending to be them to manipulate me.

I couldn't act rashly. I needed to trace the message's origin before making any moves. Walking into a trap set by my enemies would help no one, especially not Grace.

My hands trembled slightly as I set the phone aside. The uncertainty was eating me alive from the inside. Sleep became impossible after receiving that message. I was haunted by concerns for my missing half-sister and the growing threat posed by Cassandra Evans' fanatical followers.

The chilling image of Gerald Hayes flashed through my mind. That man who had attempted to throw acid on me at Moonstone Legal Partners. His twisted face and hateful words were a constant reminder of my vulnerability.

I was a prominent werewolf without pack protection in Harbor City. That made me a target for rogue wolves

believed Cassandra's lies.

and unstable pack members *who*

I realized I needed to take additional measures to protect myself from future attacks. The next assault might be far worse than ice water or acid.

I tossed and turned in my bed at Moonlight Haven, my wolf remaining restless and alert throughout the night. Every small sound made me tense, expecting another threat to materialize from the darkness.

Finally, at 8 a.m., I decided to take action. I couldn't wait any longer for answers.

I called Marcus Thompson, my friend who was a technical expert in werewolf communication systems. His knowledge of supernatural networks made him invaluable for situations like this.

"Marcus, I need your help," I said when he answered. "I received a suspicious text message that I need traced.

"What kind of message?" Marcus asked, his voice immediately becoming professional.

“A threat about my sister. But the sender used a string of numbers instead of a typical phone **number**.”

Marcus was quiet for a moment, processing the information. “Send me the exact message and the number sequence. I’ll use my specialized/equipment to trace its origin.”

“How long will it take?” I asked urgently.

“Give me a few hours. I’ll have an answer for you later today.”

I sent him the message details and waited anxiously for his **response**. Every minute felt **like an eternity when**

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< Chapter 148 Crista

Grace’s safety hung in the balance.

Marcus called back sooner than expected, his voice carrying important news.

“Olivia, I’ve traced the message origin. It came from within the Northern Territory, specifically **from Harbor City**.”

My blood ran cold. Frederick Warner still had operatives within the city despite his exile to America. **The**

threat was closer than I had feared.

“Can you give me the specific address?” I asked.

“Sending it to you now,” Marcus replied. “Be careful, Olivia. Whoever sent this knows exactly where you are.” New novel chapters are published on

I received the address and immediately forwarded it to another contact within Connor’s security network. Despite our personal issues, his people were still the most reliable for investigations like this.

The response came back quickly, and the information shocked me to my core.

The address belonged to an apartment owned by Cassandra Evans.

I stared at the confirmation message, my wolf snarling with rage. Cassandra was involved in **the** harassment campaign against me yet again.

Of course she knew about Grace's k*****g. She had been present when I talked with Ethan Grey about my

6 family situation. It wasn't strange for her to have that information.

But using my sister's disappearance to terrorize me? That crossed every line imaginable.

I was infuriated by Cassandra's relentless harassment. The online attacks, the orchestrated harassment by her obsessive fans, and now this attempt to deceive me with false information about Grace's k*****g. Enough was enough. I needed to teach Cassandra a lesson about the consequences of targeting a Winters pack member.

I investigated Cassandra's background more thoroughly, digging into her family's financial situation. What I discovered was pathetic.

Her father owned Moonweave Textiles, a small clothing company with a meager registered capital of only five million dollars. The company wasn't even fully paid in, meaning they were operating on borrowed time and empty promises.

I decided to take action. I could easily orchestrate the company's downfall through my connections in the business world and pack networks.

Previously, I had dismissed Cassandra as a mere annoyance. But now, with my sister missing and my own safety threatened by dangerous rogues, I could no longer afford to ignore the woman who continued to target my family.

Cassandra wanted to play games with a Winters? She was about to learn why that was a fatal mistake.

I visited Natalie Winters at Harbor City Memorial Hospital, finding my stepmother in **the** waiting area. **She** looked completely distraught, consumed by worry for Grace.

"Any news?" I asked softly, though I already knew the answer from her expression.

Natalie shook her head, tears streaming down her face. "Nothing. The police keep saying they're investigating, but Grace is still out there somewhere."

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Chapter 148 Crisis

Richard Winters was at the company handling urgent pack business, **so I** tried to console Natalie, **But my** words **offered** little comfort to the grieving Luna who blamed herself **for** not protecting her **daughter better**.

"I should have been more careful," Natalie whispered. "I should have seen the signs that **someone was targeting** our family."

The sterile hospital environment seemed to amplify her distress. She paced the waiting area like a caged wolf, unable to find peace or rest.

I stayed with her for an hour, but there was little I could do to ease her suffering. Grace's absence was a wound that wouldn't heal until she was safely home.

Leaving the hospital, I went to Ravenwood Police Station for another update. Detective James Parker met

with me in his office, his expression apologetic.

"Miss Winters, I wish I had better news for you," he said. "The investigation *into* Grace's k*******g** is ongoing, but progress is slow."

"What's the holdup?" I asked, though I suspected the answer.

"The complex international nature of the case involving Frederick Warner's criminal network. We're coordinating with federal authorities and international law enforcement."

The same disappointing update I had received before. Bureaucracy and jurisdictional issues were keeping **my**

sister in danger.

I left the police station feeling despondent. The official channels were moving too slowly while **Grace** remained in Frederick's hands.

I wandered through the streets of Harbor City, haunted by the nightmare image of Frederick Warner threatening Grace with wolfsbane-laced weapons. The vision felt so real it made my wolf whimper with

distress.

Suddenly, a woman approached me on the sidewalk. Her face was twisted with anger and accusation.

"There she is!" Miranda Cole shouted, pointing at me. "The mate-stealing b***h who destroyed Cassandra's

life!”

I recognized her as one of Cassandra’s fanatical supporters. Another brain–dead fan who believed every lie her idol told.

“You ruined everything for Cassandra!” Miranda continued, her voice rising. “She lost her career because of

you!”

I stopped walking and faced her directly. My amber eyes flashed with barely controlled wolf anger.

“Again, a brain–dead fan of Cassandra? You believe everything she says. I am very curious how someone with such a pig brain can survive till now.”

Miranda’s face turned red with rage at my insult. “How dare you! Cassandra is innocent! You’re **the one** who-

“Who what?” I interrupted coldly. “Who defended myself against false accusations? Who **refused to let your** precious idol destroy my reputation with lies?”

Miranda stepped closer, her fists clenched. “You think you’re so superior because **you** come **from the Winters**

< Chapter 148 Crisis

pack! But you’re **nothing** but a home–wrecker!”

My wolf rose dangerously close to the surface. The stress of Grace’s k*****g and the constant harassment **had** pushed me to my breaking point.

“You dare to insult my family again, I will cripple you!” I snarled, my voice carrying the authority **of my alpha**

bloodline.

Miranda’s eyes widened with sudden fear as she felt the power radiating from me. But her **fanatical devotion** to Cassandra overrode her survival instincts.

“I’m not afraid of you!” she screamed. “Cassandra deserves better than-”

I slapped her hard across the face, the sound echoing through the street. Miranda stumbled backward, her hand flying to her reddened cheek.

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Chapter 149: The Luna's Retribution

Chapter 149: The Luna's Retribution

(Olivia's POV)

Connor Rivers quickly approached me, his ice-blue eyes filled with concern as his wolf stirred **protectively** beneath his skin. "Livvy, are you alright?"

I could smell his familiar scent on the wind. He must have followed my trail from the police station.

"I went to Ravenwood Police Station to inquire about Grace's k*****g case, Connor explained, his voice tight with worry. "Detective James Parker mentioned you had just been there. I followed your scent through Harbor City's streets."

His protective instincts were flaring again. The same possessive behavior **that** had driven me away from him in the first place.

"Before long, I spotted you and heard this woman spewing vile curses," Connor continued, his gaze shifting **to** Miranda Cole with dangerous coldness.

Miranda was still cowering on the ground where I had left her. Her face bore the red mark of my slap. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

Connor gave a sharp look to Marcus Shaw. The enforcer immediately stepped forward to restrain Miranda more securely.

"Another one of Cassandra's fanatical supporters," Connor observed, his voice carrying Alpha authority. "Just like Gerald Hayes who attempted the acid attack."

Connor's ice-blue eyes revealed a dangerous coldness as his Alpha aura swept over the kneeling fanatic like a blade of winter wind. His presence was so commanding that one look made Miranda shudder with primal

fear.

The obsessed fan instantly felt her wolf cower in submission. Cold sweat dripped from her forehead as she realized what kind of powerful werewolf was protecting me.

What kind of powerful werewolf is protecting this lawyer? Why does she have Alpha-level bodyguards? Miranda was now completely stripped of her previous arrogance. She knelt **on** the ground, apologizing and begging for mercy with obvious terror.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry, I was wrong. Please, forgive me..."

I narrowed my amber eyes slightly, clearly dissatisfied with Miranda's pathetic apology. Her terror wasn't enough to satisfy my wolf's demand for justice.

The fanatic secretly raised her head to glance at me. Seeing my face as cold as winter moonlight, her heart

sank.

Her body couldn't help but tremble under my dominant displeasure. She immediately prostrated herself before me, her forehead hitting the pavement.

"Please, spare me, I really know I was wrong, I will never dare again, sob sob sob..."

The woman's forehead struck the ground with repeated "bang, bang, bang" sounds. Blood began to seep

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< Chapter 149 The Luna's R

from the small cuts on her skin.

After a while, I coldly commanded, "**Call the territory** enforcement."

This was already the second case of a fanatical follower causing trouble. I did **not** intend **to** let **it** pass **so**

easily.

These obsessed fans were both adults and knew what they were doing. They had to **pay** the price **for their** actions against a Winters pack member.

Miranda's face turned pale when she heard that the pack authorities were going to be called. "No, don't call them, I really won't dare again, please spare me!"

I ignored her desperate pleas. One of Connor's enforcers took out his phone **and contacted the** territorial patrol.

“You-“I pointed to Jackson Harris, “Record everything when the authorities arrive.”

The enforcer looked instinctively at Connor Rivers for confirmation. The habit of following pack hierarchy was deeply ingrained.

Connor nodded slightly. Jackson respectfully said, “Understood, Miss Winters.”

The pack patrol arrived quickly. Jackson recorded the entire process as I had requested, documenting Miranda’s arrest for harassment of a prominent pack member.

“Livvy, you should take bodyguards with you when you go out recently, it’s too dangerous,” Connor said, his eyes full of worry as his protective instincts flared.

My lips curved in a cold smile, my eyes icy. “That’s not your concern.”

I continued walking forward, and Connor followed despite my dismissal. His persistence was becoming irritating.

I ignored Connor’s presence and walked straight to the Registry Office Parking Lot not far away. I had parked my modest BMW sedan there when I went to the police station earlier.

Opening the door, getting in the car, and closing the door were all done in one fluid motion. Connor was shut out of the vehicle.

I started the car and sped away, leaving the Alpha standing alone in the moonlight. Returning to my apartment in Moonlight Gardens, I took out my phone and reviewed the video taken by Jackson Harris. The footage was perfect evidence of Cassandra’s influence over her fanatical followers.

“Heh, you like to use social media to distort the truth and guide fans to cyberbully me, right?” I curled a cold. smile at the corner of my lips, my wolf’s cunning nature surfacing.

“Cassandra Evans, when you orchestrated this campaign, did you ever think that you would face retaliation from the Winters bloodline?”

(Third Person’s POV)

The next day, Cassandra Evans was trending again on Howlr, the werewolf social media platform. Not only was she trending, but she also had three entries.

However, none of these three trending topics were in her favor.

Chapter 149 The Luna’s F

“#Reversal! Cassandra Evans is the real homewrecker #Cassandra Evans guides fans to cause offline trouble

#Cassandra Evans fake socialite”

Each of these three trending topics contained damning evidence that would destroy her reputation within

werewolf society.

The Howlr post exposing Cassandra as a homewrecker contained chat records between her and Ethan Grey when she first returned from overseas. The messages showed her provoking Ethan’s girlfriend, Olivia Winters.

The top comment on that post was from someone claiming to know Cassandra in real life within Harbor City’s werewolf circles.

[She is the homewrecker. Ethan had not broken up with his current girlfriend when she returned to the territory. Everyone in our pack circles knew about it.]

Many werewolves passionately condemned her behavior. Of course, some fans defended her, arguing that the chat records were fabricated.

The second Howlr topic, which claimed that Cassandra guided fans to cause trouble, contained videos of Gerald Hayes who attempted the acid attack and Miranda Cole who harassed Olivia being arrested by pack

authorities.

The territorial patrol also issued an official report explaining the situation. It clearly mentioned that Gerald Hayes was resentful because Cassandra’s social media account was temporarily suspended.

He had been charged with attempted assault with a dangerous substance. It also stated that Miranda Cole had been instigated by Cassandra to harass a prominent pack member and had been detained for fifteen

days.

With videos, photos, and official pack reports, this evidence definitively exposed Cassandra’s role in orchestrating the harassment campaign. The comment section was filled with outraged werewolves demanding pack justice.

The last trending topic revealed Cassandra’s true background within werewolf society. She was not a socialite from a wealthy pack family at all.

Her family's Moonweave Textiles was only at the level of a small struggling business. She had interfered in Ethan and Olivia's relationship for financial gain.

Those designer accessories were all gifts she obtained by seducing Ethan Grey.

In the comment section of this post, someone revealed that Olivia was the real pack heiress. Someone posted photos of Olivia at the Winters Family Estate gatherings.

There were also photos of her driving her Glacier Blue Bentley and having afternoon tea at five-star establishments.

[Funny, as an insider, I'm here to reveal the truth. The Lawyer Winters you're talking about is the real heiress from a prestigious werewolf bloodline. Her family has an estate, countless luxury vehicles and possessions. Cassandra Evans doesn't even qualify to be in the same territory.]

[A minor internet personality dares to challenge the reputation of the Winters pack heiress in Riverdale, she is really foolish and malicious.]/

[Cassandra's obsessed fans, your idol *is* not worthy of carrying shoes for the Winters family daughter.]

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For a time, online public opinion within werewolf society completely reversed.

Cassandra scrolled through post after post on Howlr, her features twisted with rage. She slammed her phone onto the ground and screamed in fury.

"That b***h!"

(Connor's POV)

At Shadow Den, my secret facility, in a tightly sealed interrogation room, Gerald Hayes was bound to a

silver-reinforced restraint chair.

Dominic Reeves, wearing protective gloves, held a vial of diluted wolfsbane solution in his hand. He looked at the would-be attacker with cold interest.

"You like using dangerous substances against pack members, don't you?"

Gerald's eyes were full of panic behind his glasses. His face was pale with terror as the wolfsbane's proximity

weakened his wolf.

He stammered: “No... I... I don’t like it... please... please don’t...”

Dominic’s eyes gleamed with predatory satisfaction, his smile sinister as his own wolf reveled in dispensing pack justice.

“Let’s see how you enjoy being on the receiving end of your own methods...”

“Ahhhh-”

“Help, help-”

Gerald’s screams echoed through the soundproof chamber. But the more Dominic listened, the more satisfied he became with delivering appropriate retribution.

“Tsk, tsk, compared to the concentrated acid you intended for Miss Winters, this diluted wolfsbane solution is quite merciful.”

Although the solution was diluted, it still caused burning pain where it touched skin. Gerald’s face was marked by small burns from the wolfsbane, leaving him looking terrified and broken.

“Ahhhh-” Gerald howled in agony, “Kill me, kill me! You might as well end it quickly!”

Dominic sneered, his wolf enjoying the justice being served. “A quick death? Do you deserve such mercy after threatening a Winters pack member?”

With that, he used a dropper to apply more of the solution to Gerald’s hand. “It’s much more educational to proceed slowly and let you contemplate your crimes against werewolf society...”

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