

## **Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress**

### **- Whisper 21 -**

## **Whisper 21**

Chapter 14: The Mother's Legacy—2

For a moment, everything felt perfect.

Then disaster struck during dessert.

Just as my mother lifted a forkful of cake to her mouth, she began coughing violently. Suddenly, blood gushed uncontrollably from her lips, spattering across the white tablecloth.

I froze in horror, the piece of cake I'd been holding slipping from my fingers onto my new shoes. My mind went completely blank with shock. Find\_Novel(.)net

Why? Mama was supposed to be better. The doctors said she could go home. Why was she

vomiting blood?

In panic, my father scooped up his wife, his voice choked with tears. “Sarah, don’t scare me. I’ll

take you to the hospital right now.”

Martha, our housekeeper, frantically called for an ambulance while I stood like a statue, numb

and terrified. I couldn’t move, couldn’t think, couldn’t breathe.

The paramedics arrived within minutes, lifting my mother onto a stretcher. Before they carried

her away,

her tearful gaze fixed on me. Her lips moved soundlessly, but I could read the words:

“I’m sorry.”

Something broke inside me then. I burst into tears and chased after the ambulance as it sped away, stumbling through the blizzard, crying, “Mama, Mama, don’t leave...”

I ran until the white ambulance vanished from sight, then collapsed helplessly in the snow. My

lungs burned from the cold air, and my tears froze on my cheeks.

That night, Sarah Winters passed away.

My father spent the night by his wife’s side, shattered by grief—a scene I never witnessed.

Unable to catch the ambulance, I had been found by Martha, burning with fever and delirious,

calling out for my mother in my sleep, crying through the night.

When I awoke the next day, Martha sat beside my bed, her eyes red and swollen. She told me

my mother was gone forever.

I refused to believe it. I refused to go to the hospital to see her body, terrified of seeing my

warm, loving mother cold and still. I desperately convinced myself Mama had only gone on a long trip. In my heart, that warm, smiling woman with the gentle amber eyes lived on eternally.

< Chapter 14 The Mother's Leg

+25 Puntos >

The days after her death blurred together. I clung to the ceramic wolf figurine we had painted together, refusing food or water, crying silently as I drifted between sleep and wakefulness.

My father seemed to age ten years overnight. His hair turned completely white, and his gaze

lost all light. Eventually, he was diagnosed with depression.

For a long time, I believed my father would never remarry—he had loved my mother so deeply.

But two years later, he brought Sarah's once—best—friend home as his new wife.

That betrayal shattered me completely. I threw a ferribe tantrum, screaming that he had forgotten my mother, that he had betrayed her memory. I moved into the school dormitory that

same day, refusing to come home or speak to either of them during holidays.

In university, just as our relationship was slowly mending, my father arranged my engagement

to Connor Rivers, pushing our bond to a breaking point. Unlike his past indulgence, this time

he was unyielding, even freezing my accounts to force my return.

In my eyes, the arranged engagement was merely the last straw. What truly drove me away

was his remarriage. To me, he had betrayed my mother, and perhaps wanted to drive me out

of the house altogether, treating me as a burden to be passed to another man.

So, in anger and despair, I left Riverdale, determined to make my own way in Harbor City,

clutching that ceramic wolf figurine—the last relic of my mother's love and warmth. For three

years, I never let it leave my side.

Now, that precious figurine lay shattered on my bedroom floor, my heart breaking with it. After crying myself empty, I forced myself to act. Maybe a master craftsman could fix it.

With trembling hands, I gathered the fragments, carefully arranging them on a clean cloth. I

snapped a photo, posted it on my social media, and wrote: “Looking for a top restoration artist.”

With my wide network back in Riverdale—relatives of great influence, wealthy friends—I knew

someone might help. I had connections I’d never used during my time with Ethan, preferring to

make my own way.

Mere minutes later, my phone rang. It was Connor Rivers.

I assumed he was offering a recommendation and quickly answered. “Connor? Do you know

someone who can fix ceramics?”

But his voice was tight with concern: “Livvy, are you hurt?”

I was momentarily stunned, then realized the shards in the photo were stained with blood-

<Chapter 14. The Mother's Leg.

Cassandra's blood that I hadn't wiped away.

"No, it's not my blood," I replied softly.

+25 Puntos >

Connor pressed again, his voice growing anxious, "What happened? How did the ceramic wolf Sarah gave you break?"

I fell silent, not knowing where to begin. I was also surprised he had instantly recognized the figurine from just a photo of broken pieces. Had I told him about it before? I couldn't

remember.

After a pause, Connor's tone turned resolute and brooked no refusal: "I'm heading to the

airport now. Wait for me. I'm coming to Harbor City to see you."

**Comentarios**

Ver **anuncios (0/20)** >

**Votar**

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## Whisper 22

### Chapter 15: Breaking the Bond—1

#### Chapter 15: Breaking the Bond

(Olivia's POV)

After hanging up with Connor, I placed my phone on the bed and took a deep breath. The

events of tonight replayed in my mind like a nightmare I couldn't wake from. The source of this content is

Why had Cassandra sneaked into my room while I was showering? Her excuse of "just looking

around" was flimsy at best. There had to be something more sinister behind her actions.

I began inspecting my room carefully, circling each corner with meticulous attention.

Everything appeared untouched except for my precious light blue ceramic wolf figurine—now

lying in fragments on the floor, the last physical connection to my mother destroyed.

My gaze drifted to the nightstand where a cup of herbal tea sat, still warm. Martha Jenkins,

our housekeeper, had brought it in before I showered, as was my nightly routine. The ceramic

wolf had been placed on that same nightstand before being smashed.

A chilling thought crept into my mind. The tea cup sat exactly where Cassandra must have

lingered to break my figurine.

Could she have tampered with my tea?

I approached the cup cautiously, lifting it to my nose. The familiar herbal scent seemed normal, but something felt off. I couldn't risk it. With a decisive motion, I poured the liquid

down the bathroom sink.

Better safe than sorry.

Three hours later, my phone vibrated with an incoming call. Connor had finally arrived in Harbor City.

"I'm here," his deep voice came through the speaker.

I was in the middle of hauling bags of discarded belongings out of Moonlight Manor, determined to erase every trace of my existence from this place. It was late, and Martha had already retired for the night, so I worked quietly alone.

"Con, I won't be staying here tonight," I whispered, mindful not to wake anyone.

There was a brief pause before his calm, steady reply: "Okay."

"Have you already booked a hotel?" I asked, tying up another garbage bag.

< Chapter 15: Breaking the Bon...

"Yes, the Crescent Moon Hotel."

I nodded to myself. "I'll book a room there as well. Let's meet at the hotel. No need for come over now."

My plan was resolute: finish clearing out my belongings, take my luggage, and leave Moonlight Manor behind—along with Ethan Grey.

+25 Puntos

you to

After loading my suitcase into my car, I reached for my phone to make a reservation. To my dismay, the hotel's website showed no vacancies. I tried calling directly, only to have my fears

confirmed.



“I’m sorry, Miss Winters, but we’re completely booked,” the receptionist explained apologetically. “There’s a major legal hearing tomorrow, and every hotel within several kilometers is full.”

Desperate, I searched for alternatives. The only available room was in a shabby motel whose reviews made me cringe. One particularly graphic comment caught my eye:

“The

soundproofing is so bad, the couple next door at midnight sounded like they were doing a live

podcast beside my bed. Couldn’t sleep all night.”

t rushed to my cheeks, but practicality won out. I needed proper rest for tomorrow’s

aring, which started at 3 p.m. I had to be up by 10 a.m. at the latest to prepare. It was

already close to midnight, and I still had to meet Connor.

With a sigh, I texted him: “That hotel is fully booked. Can you help me get a room?”

Luxury hotels often held back suites for VIPs, and Connor’s status as the Rivers Family heir

and Rivers Group president would surely grant him access to those hidden accommodations.

His reply came quickly: “My room is a duplex suite, two bedrooms upstairs and downstairs. If

you don’t mind, you can just stay over tonight.”

I hesitated, my finger hovering over the screen. We hadn’t seen each other in over three years,

and staying overnight in his room so abruptly felt improper. Still, with nowhere else to go this late, and since it was a two-story duplex with separate bedrooms, I reluctantly typed: “Thank

you. I’ll be there soon.”

Just as I was about to drive off, my phone chimed with a new message. Ethan Grey’s name flashed on the screen, instantly derailing my composure.

He had sent photos of Cassandra's hand tightly wrapped in layers of gauze, making the injury appear quite severe. His message was blunt and accusatory: "Olivia, you really went too far this time. Come to the hospital and apologize to Cassandra immediately."

+25 Puntos >

<Chapter 15 Sneaking the Bon

Before I could process my anger, another message followed: "If you don't apologize, I will never forgive you. Apologize obediently, and you can continue living in the manor."

My lips curled into a cold sneer. Without hesitation, I deleted and blocked Ethan's contact

altogether, severing the last fragile tie between us.

Three years of my life, gone in an instant. Yet I felt nothing but relief.

(Ethan's POV)

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## Whisper 23

Chapter 15: Breaking the Bond—2

I stared darkly at my phone screen, now glaring with a red exclamation mark: "Olivia has

enabled friend verification. You are not her contact. Please send a request."

Anger flared hot in my chest. She actually dared to delete me! After everything I'd done for her, after giving her a place to stay, after tolerating her presence for three years—this was how she

repaid me?

I gritted my teeth, my grip tightening around my phone. "So she's got some backbone now,

even learned to block me."

“Ethan, what’s wrong?” Cassandra’s fragile voice called from the hospital bed.

I forced my emotions down, not wanting to upset her further. “Nothing.”

Cassandra’s eyes shimmered with tears, her tone pitiful as she raised her bandaged hand. “Ethan, is my hand crippled? Will I never be able to play piano again?”

My expression softened as I looked at her. Cassandra had been a piano student at a prestigious overseas conservatory before returning to Harbor City. She’d also cultivated a million followers on her popular social media account, becoming a minor internet celebrity.

Her talent was part of what made her special.

“No,” I reassured her, moving closer to the bed. “The doctor said it’s only a flesh wound, no damage to nerves or tendons. You’ll be fine in a few days.”

She bit her lip, vulnerability written across her delicate features. “Really? You’re not just comforting me?”

I gently ruffled her hair, the familiar gesture bringing a small smile to her face. “No.”

Her gaze turned watery again as she looked up at me. “Ethan, if—if my injury had been worse, and I could never play piano again, would you still forgive Olivia?”

My eyes turned icy at the mention of Olivia’s name. “Even with this injury, if she doesn’t apologize, I won’t forgive her. And if you really couldn’t play piano ever again, she would pay

for it.”

Cassandra leaned into my shoulder with a faint smile. “I knew you were the one who cared

about me most.”

I held her close, yet my mind drifted back to Olivia. Maybe I was too harsh telling her never to come back... But then I steeled myself. No, she hurt Cassandra first. It’s her fault. Blocking

Chap 15 Reaks the Ro

me? She’s just waiting for me to coax her—but this time, I won’t.

This time, she would have to come crawling back.

(Olivia's POV)

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The Crescent Moon Hotel's lobby was a marvel of modern luxury—all gleaming marble, crystal chandeliers, and tasteful art pieces. The moment I stepped through the revolving doors, my

eyes found Connor Rivers.

He stood tall and striking in a black shirt and trousers, his perfectly proportioned figure—broad shoulders, narrow waist, long legs—accentuated by the sleek lines of his clothes. His features remained as impossibly handsome as three years ago, sharp and cold yet undeniably alluring. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [Find\\_Novel\(.\)net](#)

Beside him stood his assistant, Henry Morris, respectful and silent as always.

Catching sight of me, Connor strode quickly forward, his ice-blue eyes warming slightly. He took my suitcase gently from my hand and asked with quiet concern, “Livvy, are you alright?”

I lowered my gaze, suddenly feeling the weight of the night's events. “I'm fine.”

Henry bowed slightly, ever the professional. “President Rivers, I'll leave you now.”

Connor nodded, dismissing him with a subtle gesture.

The elevator ride to the top floor was silent. I could feel Connor's gaze on me occasionally, but

he didn't press for details. That was one thing I'd always appreciated about him—he never

pushed when I wasn't ready to talk.

The duplex suite took my breath away. Vast floor-to-ceiling windows revealed Harbor City's glittering night skyline, the lights of skyscrapers twinkling like earthbound stars. The living area featured plush sofas in cream leather, a state-of-the-art entertainment system, and

tasteful modern art on the walls.

Connor's voice was low and gentle as he set my suitcase down. “Livvy, do you want the upstairs bedroom or the downstairs one?”

Embarrassment flooded through me at the reality of sharing a suite with such an extraordinary man. Even after all these years, Connor Rivers still had the ability to make me

feel like a tongue-tied schoolgirl.

“Either is... fine,” I stammered, hating how uncertain I sounded.

I heard his quiet chuckle, making me blush harder. Then his deep, soothing voice reassured me, “You stay upstairs then. If you need anything, just call me.”

Chapter 15: Breaking the Bon

My cheeks flushed crimson as I whispered, “Alright.”

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## Whisper 24

Chapter 16: Hidden Feelings and Gentle Surprises—1

Chapter 16: Hidden Feelings and Gentle Surprises

(Olivia’s POV)

Perhaps Connor noticed my uneasiness with him in the hotel suite. He gestured toward the

stairs with a slight nod.

“Check if you’re missing anything and let me know. I’ll go upstairs to take a shower,” he said.

His voice carried the natural authority of an Alpha, yet remained gentle with me. I appreciated

the space he was giving me, allowing me to settle in without pressure.

“Wait a second.” Connor stopped, turned back, his ice-blue eyes questioning. “What’s wrong?”

I hesitated, then reached into my backpack. The bottled water I'd been suspicious of was still

there, untouched since I'd found it in my room at Moonlight Manor. I pulled it out and handed

it to Connor.

"Con, can you help me contact a testing facility? This water might have been tampered with."

His gaze instantly sharpened as he grasped the implication. The temperature in the room

seemed to drop several degrees.

"Is someone trying to hurt you?" His voice had hardened, all traces of gentleness gone.

I nodded gravely. "I think so, but I can't be sure. Better to be cautious."

Without hesitation, Connor took the bottle, his fingers brushing against mine. "Alright, leave

this to me."

He immediately pulled out his phone and dialed. "Henry, come over. I need you to handle

something." His tone was curt, brooking no argument.

As he strode away, disappearing around the staircase corner, I finally let out a breath I didn't

realize I was holding. My tense body relaxed slightly, the weight of my suspicions now shared.

Just moments before, when I handed him the bottled water, our eyes had unexpectedly crashed into each other's. His were bottomless pools of ice-blue, intense and deep. For a

fleeting instant, my heart seemed to stop.

His eyes were beautiful. No, not only his eyes—his entire face was like a masterpiece, so perfect my heart couldn't help but speed up. I'd forgotten how striking Connor was up close.

After he left, I took time to observe the suite. It clearly bore traces of someone's long-term

< Chapter 16: Hidden Feelings.

**+25 Puntos >**

living: a jacket draped over a chair, several books on the coffee table, even a particular arrangement of items on the kitchen counter. These weren't the marks of a transient stay at

all.

That puzzled me. Wasn't Connor based in Riverdale? Why did this Harbor City hotel suite feel like a second home? Yet I quickly dismissed the thought; it was none of my concern.

I unpacked my luggage in the bedroom, only to realize I hadn't brought slippers *for* showering. As I hesitated whether to call Connor, the doorbell rang.

I opened the door to a polite hotel attendant bearing a tray and a bag.

"Hello, I'm here to deliver items for Mr. Rivers," he said with a professional smile.

I accepted the hot herbal tea and the bag, thanking him softly. After closing the door, I was

surprised to see the steaming cup of herbal tea. Did Connor also have the habit of drinking

ing tea before bed? That was quite a coincidence.

g the bag, I found a pair of brand-new women's slippers, two unopened towels, and e toiletries—clearly prepared just for me. A gentle warmth rose in my chest. Connor truly was attentive.

At this moment, Connor appeared at the stairway, his powerful presence filling the room without effort.

"Did everything arrive?" he asked, his ice-blue eyes scanning my face.

I looked up, feeling a strange flutter in my chest. "Yes, thank you, Con."

Our eyes met in the air, carrying an unspoken intimacy. He was no longer just my childhood

friend but also my fiancé now. The realization made my cheeks warm.

Connor approached, clarifying, "I ordered the tea for you."

"Huh? I thought it was *for* you," I replied, surprised.

"I don't have that habit," he said simply. "Drink it, it's good for you after the stress you've been

through."

As he spoke, Connor turned to open the door again. Standing silently outside was his

assistant, Henry Morris, whom he had summoned earlier. Connor handed over the suspicious

bottled water.

"Send this for testing immediately. I want to know if it contains any toxins," he instructed, his tone leaving no room for questions.

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< Chapter 16: Hidden Feelings.

Henry's expression remained professionally neutral. "Yes, Mr. Rivers."

+25 Puntos >

When Connor turned back, he caught my curious, clear amber eyes. An indescribable softness brushed his expression. Unable to resist, he reached out and gently ruffled my honey-brown

hair with a fondness that was almost habitual.

"Go to bed early. What time do you want me to wake you tomorrow?" he asked.

"Ten o'clock," I replied, looking up at him from the sofa.

Unbeknownst to me, a faint line of herbal tea had stained my lips, creating an unexpectedly



intimate and alluring scene. Connor's gaze deepened, his throat working slightly as he looked

away. Fresh chapters posted on

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Chapter 16: Hidden Feelings and Gentle Surprises—2

"Sleep early. Good night." Without waiting for my reply, he turned and ascended the stairs in

haste.

I didn't notice his subtle turmoil. I lowered my head, sipping the tea slowly, my heart oddly warm and tranquil.

The next morning, before the alarm clock chimed, Connor appeared, knocking gently on my

door.

"Livvy, time to get up," his deep voice called from the other *side*.

I woke, fished my phone from under the pillow, and glanced at the screen: 9:59 sharp. Such

precise timing.

After finishing my morning routine, I emerged to a breakfast laid out on the table: a humble bowl of venison stew. The rich aroma filled the air, making my stomach growl appreciatively.

Curious, I took a spoonful of broth. My eyes brightened instantly as the familiar flavor hit my

tongue.

“How come it tastes exactly like that restaurant near my law firm?” I asked, unable to hide my surprise.

Across the table, Connor merely murmured a neutral “Mm.”

I was puzzled. What did that mean? I sampled another bite—yes, it was unmistakably the same taste. The unique blend of herbs, the perfect tenderness of the meat—this wasn’t just

similar, it was identical.

I glanced suspiciously at him. “Did you buy this from that tiny restaurant behind my firm?”

A pause, then *Connor* admitted plainly, “Yes.”

“But... how *do you know* that shop?” It was more than ten kilometers from this hotel. Why

would he go so far *for* venison stew?

Seeing no point in hiding, Connor confessed quietly, “I... came to Harbor City to see you

before.”

I froze, shocked, my amber eyes widening. “C—came to Harbor City? When?”

“In your first year here, the second year, and this year. I visited every year.” His voice was calm and matter-of-fact.

< Chapter 16 Hidden Feelings...

+25 Puntos

My mind went blank as if blood had stopped flowing. Connor had come secretly, year after year, just to see me? No wonder the suite bore traces of frequent occupation—he’d visited

often.

My heart thudded wildly with a realization I wasn’t ready to face. Had he been watching over me all this time? While I thought I was alone in Harbor City, had he been silently keeping tabs

on me?

Flustered, I hurriedly changed topic. “Thank you for the stew, Con. It’s really delicious.”

He noticed my flushed ears, red as if bleeding, and a faint smile played at his lips, but he didn’t expose my shyness. Instead, he changed the subject gently.

“By the way, I know a skilled artifact restorer—Eliza Montgomery. She was once invited by the National Heritage Museum to repair ancient relics. Maybe she can fix your ceramic figurine.”

“Really?” My head snapped up, eyes sparkling with hope.

Connor nodded calmly. “When we return to Riverdale, I’ll take you to see her.” New  
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“Alright.” His words soothed my battered heart like a healing balm.

Somehow, I simply trusted him—if he said the expert was capable, then my precious light blue ceramic figurine, shattered together with memories of my mother Sarah, just might be saved.

I couldn’t quite explain why, but Connor’s gentle surprises had given me too many shocks in *one* morning. Suddenly, I wondered—what else did he hide from me?

**2**

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## Whisper 26

Chapter 17: Mutual Respect—1

Chapter 17: Mutual Respect

(Olivia’s POV)

After dinner, Connor and I descended to the underground parking garage. I walked toward the

glacier blue Bentley Continental GT, keys in hand.

“How does the car feel to drive?” Connor asked softly.

I tucked a strand of honey–brown hair behind my ear, my amber eyes avoiding his intense

gaze.

“I drove it last night, it’s really good. Thank you, Con.” Then, remembering something

important, I lifted the keys and added, “By the way, I also have a gift for you. I meant to give it

to you last night but forgot. It’s in my suitcase at the hotel. I’ll bring it to you when I come back.”

Connor gently opened the driver’s side door. “Why don’t I come with you? I’ll drive.”

I was momentarily stunned but quickly recovered. “Coming together is fine, but let me drive.

You should rest.”

I knew he must be exhausted after flying from Riverdale last night and driving twenty

kilometers early this morning just to bring me venison stew. I didn’t want to trouble him.

further.

Connor’s ice–blue eyes softened with a smile as he quietly moved to the passenger side. “Then

I shall graciously accept.”

The engine purred to life as I pulled out of the parking garage. The Bentley handled like a dream, responding to my lightest touch.

“Can I sit in on your territory dispute hearing today?” Connor asked as we sped down the

highway.

“Sure, it’s a contract dispute case, nothing confidential,” I responded. “You just need to bring your ID, fill out a form, and get a pass.”

He nodded. "I brought my ID specifically after researching the process. I've never seen you

work before."

As I focused on driving, I was unaware that Connor's gaze was full of gentle affection and

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< Chapter 17 Mutual Respect-1

deep pride. A thick silence settled between us.

"Con, why did you agree to our arranged mating?" I finally asked quietly.

+25 Puntos >

It was a question I had harbored for three years. The Rivers Pack wielded immense power and

influence, unlike my Winters Pack with its purely commercial background. I always felt this

alliance was my father's attempt to climb higher, making me wonder why someone of Connor's status would accept.

Connor's eyes darkened as he considered his answer. After a pause, he replied, "By my generation, arranged matings are no longer necessary to consolidate our pack's power."

His answer was ambiguous, leaving me confused. I gently pressed, "Then why not choose

someone you truly love?"

"If I didn't want to, no one could force me," his deep voice carried a subtle vulnerability that

surprised me.

My breath caught chaotically. I forced myself not to dwell on the deeper meaning, though my

heart stirred uncontrollably.

I wondered if *Connor*, so skilled at gentle teasing, had dated many women before, making him so naturally attentive. Ever since I agreed to this arrangement, his care had been meticulous, his presence gentle yet firm. I sensed that if it continued like this, I might truly develop feelings for him.

We arrived at the courthouse with time to spare. Connor followed the procedure to get his

visitor's pass while I prepared my notes one final time.

The hearing began promptly. I stood tall, my voice clear and confident as I presented our case. The opposing counsel tried to interrupt several times, but I held my ground.

"Your Honor, the contract clearly states in Section 4.3 that territorial boundaries were established using the northern riverbank as the demarcation line," I argued, pointing to the evidence. "My client has maintained consistent presence within these boundaries for over fifteen years without contest."

The opposing counsel attempted to introduce a new document, but I quickly objected.

"Your Honor, this document wasn't included in discovery. Its sudden introduction violates

procedural rules and prejudices my client."

The judge agreed, sustaining my objection. I continued methodically dismantling their arguments one by one.

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<Chapter 17 Mutual Respect–1

+25 Puntos >

Throughout the hearing, I was vaguely aware of Connor sitting quietly among the spectators, his ice-blue eyes never leaving me. His presence somehow bolstered my confidence.

When the hearing ended, Connor approached and handed me a bottle of water.

"Have some water," he said simply.

I drank gratefully, then smiled, my amber eyes bright. "The verdict will be announced later, but

I'm quite confident of winning." Google search

"During your argument, your eyes were so bright and determined. I was completely drawn to you," Connor's voice was full of sincere praise.

Embarrassed but happy, I admitted, "Really? I feel like I become a different person in court."

"You did amazing," he reassured me warmly. "Someday, you'll be a top-tier, renowned lawyer."

My smile grew radiant. "From your lips to God's ears."

In this moment of shared joy, I suddenly recalled Ethan Grey. Over three years of dating him,

he had never once bothered about my work, let alone watched me in court.

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## Whisper 27

### Chapter 17: Mutual Respect-2

To him, my meager salary was insignificant, barely enough for one of his extravagant meals at upscale restaurants. Worse, it was clear that he never respected my career.

remembered how when I once excitedly told Ethan I won a sizable five-million dollar case, he had sneered, "Our company signs contracts worth tens of millions without blinking; five million is small fry. Why bother slaving away? Just quit, I'll support you."

Since then, I never shared anything work-related with him again. I now realized he only liked my looks and body, never truly my soul or aspirations.

Our relationship was shallow, all about pleasure, never about growth or understanding. By contrast, standing beside Connor, I felt genuinely appreciated and respected for the first time,

sensing he might be the kind of partner who truly values me.

As we exited the courthouse, Connor's phone rang. He answered it briefly, his expression growing serious. Original content can be found at

"That was Henry," he said after hanging up, his face darkening. "The bottled water you received

was laced with a heavy dose of toxins."

My amber eyes flashed coldly. "I guessed as much."

"Do you want me to handle it?" Connor asked, his tone suggesting he was more than willing to

take action.

I shook my head. "No need. I'll just add this to the ledger—I'll settle it personally when the time

comes."

We both *knew* that although the test result was clear, there was no direct evidence pointing to Cassandra. Reporting it would be pointless. Since this was a private vendetta, it would be

repaid in kind, privately.

The next few days passed in a pleasant blur. Connor extended his stay in Harbor City, and we

spent our time exploring the city together.

One evening, I took him to a small restaurant known for its spicy venison. I'd been craving it

for weeks.

"This is amazing," I said, savoring the rich flavors. "The spice blend is perfect."

Connor nodded, though sweat beaded on his forehead. He wasn't used to such heat, but he

stubbornly finished every bite.

1/3

< Chapter 17 Mutual Respect—2



“You don’t have to force yourself,” I laughed, passing him a glass of water.

“I’m not forcing anything,” he insisted, though his face was flushed. “It’s good.”

+25 Puntos

We visited Harbor City’s famous botanical gardens the next day, taking countless photos among the exotic blooms. Connor insisted on capturing me beside a particularly stunning display of moonflowers.

“They match your eyes,” he said softly, referring to the amber centers of the white blossoms.

We toured the Harbor City Museum of Natural History, where Connor surprised me with his

extensive knowledge of werewolf artifacts and ancient pack territories.

“How do you know so much about this?” I asked as he explained the significance of a centuries—old territorial map.

He shrugged. “I’ve always been interested in our history. Understanding where we came from

helps guide where we’re going.”

Compared to my three years with Ethan Grey, these few days with Connor felt richer, warmer,

and far more fulfilling. The quiet companionship and mutual respect slowly began to heal the

wounds in my heart.

On our fifth day together, we visited a scenic overlook that provided a breathtaking view of

Harbor City. The afternoon sun cast a golden glow over the skyline, making the buildings

shimmer.

“It’s beautiful,” I breathed, taking in the panorama.

“Yes, it is,” Connor agreed, though when I glanced at him, he wasn’t looking at the view but at

1. me.

My phone chimed with a message notification. Connor was holding it to help me take photos

of the cityscape.

His ice-blue eyes suddenly turned glacial as he looked at the screen.

“What is it?” I asked, noticing the change in his expression.

He didn’t answer immediately, his jaw tightening. When he finally handed me the phone, I saw a message from Ethan Grey: “Are you done with your tantrum yet?”

Comentarios

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## Whisper 28

Chapter 18: Return to the Pack—1

Chapter 18: Return to the Pack

(Connor’s POV)

I handed the phone back to Olivia, keeping my expression deliberately neutral despite the irritation I felt seeing that message.

“Your friend seems to have sent you a message,” I said calmly, watching her reaction carefully.

“Hm? Let me see.” Olivia took the phone, her face immediately stiffening as she read the

message.

I knew she'd realized I had seen the notification banner with Ethan Grey's condescending

words. Her amber eyes flickered with guilt as she turned back to me.

"My ex-boyfriend. We've broken up," she explained, her voice slightly strained.

"Mm," I responded, maintaining my bland expression, revealing nothing of my thoughts.

I'd known about her relationship with Ethan Grey for years. My visits to Harbor City weren't just

casual trips—I'd been keeping tabs on her, watching from a distance as she built her life here. I'd seen how Ethan treated her, how he took her for granted, and it had taken considerable

restraint not to intervene.

But now wasn't the time to reveal that. Olivia needed to make her own choices, and I would

respect that *process*, even as I positioned myself to be there when she was ready.

(Olivia's POV)

A faint flutter rose within me as I stood there with my phone in hand. Why was I nervous? I Fresh chapters posted on

was twenty-five years old, and having an ex-boyfriend was perfectly normal.

Besides, I had dated Ethan before agreeing to the arranged mating with Connor. I'd done

nothing wrong, nothing *to* betray my future partner.

As this realization settled, my panic gradually subsided. I took a deep breath and steadied

myself.

To draw a clear boundary—both for Connor and for myself—I unlocked my phone right in front of him. With deliberate movements, I navigated to Ethan's contact and blocked his number.

"Don't worry," I said softly, looking up at Connor. "Since I've agreed to this mating arrangement,

my ex will only ever be the past.”

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Connor nodded quietly, his ice-blue eyes still unreadable. I couldn't tell what he was thinking

behind that calm exterior.

I turned away, missing the slight curve that formed at the corners of his lips.

The next few days passed peacefully. Connor and I continued exploring Harbor City together, building a comfortable rapport that felt surprisingly natural. But eventually, it was time to face

reality.

“I think I should return to Riverdale,” I told Connor over breakfast on our sixth day together. “I’ve

been away from my family for three years. It’s time.”

Connor nodded, understanding in his eyes. “I’ll arrange everything.”

True to his word, he handled all the details. We flew to Riverdale the following morning, and

Henry Morris met us at the airport with a sleek black SUV.

The drive to the Winters estate was quiet, filled with my growing apprehension. As we approached the familiar gates of my childhood home, Connor turned to me with gentle concern in his eyes.

“Do you want me to come in with you?” he asked, his deep voice soft.

I shook my head slightly, my amber eyes reflecting determination despite my inner turmoil.

“No need.”

Connor respected my choice without question. Once his car drove away, I was left standing

before the grand gates of my childhood home.

A surge of complex emotions filled me—nostalgia, apprehension, and a faint ache that wouldn't subside. After three years away, I was finally home, yet I had no house key. Like an

outsider, I had *to* ring the doorbell.

The *irony* stung my heart as I pressed the button.

Moments later, the door opened to reveal Agatha Turner, the loyal housekeeper who had

watched me grow up. Seeing me, she was momentarily stunned, her eyes widening in disbelief.

"M—Miss Olivia, you're back?" she choked on her words, her voice trembling.

Hearing that simple question, a wave of sourness surged in my heart. "Mm," I responded softly, unable to say more.

Tears immediately glistened in Agatha's eyes as she stepped aside to welcome me home. Her *joy* and relief were overwhelming, making my own eyes sting.

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Agatha had served the Winters family for more than ten years and had always treated me like her own child. The night my mother died from wolfsbane poisoning, it was Agatha who found me collapsed in the snow and carried me back inside.

During those long nights of fever and grief, when I wasted away mourning my mother, Agatha stayed by my side. She coaxed me to eat, bathed my forehead when fever took hold, and held

me through the nightmares.

Without her, I might never have survived that dark time. Even after I left home, I still called her during holidays, maintaining our deep bond across the distance.

Moved by these memories, I took out a delicate gift box from my bag and passed it to her.

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## Whisper 29

Chapter 18: Return to the Pack—2

“This is the finest herbal tea from Harbor City. It’s for you,” I said, my voice warm with affection.

Agatha laughed through her tears, clutching the box to her chest. “I’ll make some for you

tonight.”

I gently shook my head, my amber eyes soft. “No, it’s specially for you. I’ve had plenty already. This is just a small token of my gratitude for all you’ve done.”

Agatha was so touched her eyes brimmed with tears again. “Miss Olivia...” she murmured,

unable to say more.

Before our reunion could deepen, a crisp young voice interrupted us.

“Sister! Sister, you’re back!”

An eight-year-old girl dashed forward from inside the house and hugged my leg tightly, her face shining with innocent delight.

This was Grace Winters, my half-sister, born to Natalie Winters and my father after my mother’s death. Her bright eyes looked up at me with pure adoration.

Grace had always adored me, clinging to me whenever possible during my rare visits home. But I had never warmed to her, despite her persistent affection.

My dislike stemmed largely from my resentment of Natalie Winters—my late mother’s supposed best friend, who had married my father not long after my mother’s death.

In my mind, Natalie was a scheming interloper who stole my mother's place, and my father was a heartless betrayer who dishonored their marriage. Because of this, I had transformed from a well-behaved daughter into someone rebellious and distant.

Now, seeing Natalie approaching with a smile, my expression froze involuntarily. Newest update provided by

"Grace heard *you* were back and couldn't wait to come home early from school," Natalie said warmly, her voice gentle and welcoming.

The warmth in her tone only deepened my discomfort. How dare she act like everything was normal? Like she hadn't betrayed my mother's memory?

Natalie continued in that same gentle tone, "You must be tired, Olivia. Rest well, I'll call when dinner's ready."

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Meanwhile, Grace eagerly tugged at my hand, her eyes bright with excitement. "Sister, come

look at my new drawings in my room? I made a picture of a white wolf just like you said you

wanted to be when you were little!"

I coldly withdrew my hand, unable to bear her innocent touch. "No. I want to rest," I said, my

voice frosty.

Disappointment washed over the little girl's face. She pouted and lowered her head, her joy snuffed out by my rejection.

Natalie quickly took Grace away, her face still smiling politely though her eyes betrayed her

hurt. I felt a twinge of guilt seeing Grace's crestfallen expression, but I hardened my heart

against it.

Agatha, sensing the awkwardness, excused herself to prepare my old room. "I've kept it just as

you left it, Miss Olivia. Fresh sheets every week, dusted daily."

Once they were all gone, I shut the door to my room and finally breathed in the quiet. My heart felt heavy with unspoken pain and anger that three years away had done nothing to diminish.

I looked around the familiar space—my childhood bedroom preserved exactly as I'd left it. The light blue walls, the bookshelf filled with law textbooks, the framed photo of my mother and

me on the nightstand.

Running my fingers over the photo frame, I whispered, "I'm home, Mom."

(Richard's POV)

When night fell, I returned home from a long day of pack business. Agatha had called to inform me of Olivia's return, and despite my outward calm, my heart raced at the prospect of

seeing my daughter after three years.

The family gathered around the dinner table, tension thick in the air. I looked at my daughter, studying her face *for* changes. She had grown more beautiful, more like her mother with each

passing year.

"Why didn't you tell us *you* were coming back today?" I asked, trying to keep my voice even

despite the emotion threatening to break through.

Olivia countered with faint mockery, her amber eyes—so like her mother's—flashing with defiance. "Would it have mattered if I did? Or if I didn't?"

Her tone was sharp, revealing the deep fissures between us that time had done nothing to



heal. I frowned, displeased by her attitude but unsurprised.

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“Three years have passed, yet your temperament is still so stubborn?” I said, unable *to* keep the disappointment from my voice.

Olivia gave me a half-smile, her eyes filled with bitter irony. “Three years have passed, yet you and Natalie still haven’t divorced?”

**2**

Comentarios

**Ver** anuncios (0/20) >

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## Whisper 30

Chapter 19: Departure and Denial–1

Chapter 19: Departure and Denial

(Olivia’s POV)

The dining room felt suffocating. Every bite of food tasted like ash in my mouth as I sat across from my father and Natalie. Grace kept trying to catch my eye, her innocent face

hopeful, but I deliberately avoided her gaze.

No one spoke. The only sounds were the clinking of silverware against plates and the occasional sigh from my father.

I couldn't bear it anymore. Pushing my plate away, I stood abruptly.

"I'm done," I announced, not bothering to mask the coldness in my voice.

My father looked up, his expression a mixture of disappointment and resignation.  
"You've

barely touched your food."

"I'm not hungry," I replied curtly.

Without waiting for his response, I turned and walked away. I could feel their eyes on my back

as I climbed the stairs, but I didn't look back.

Once inside my bedroom, I shut the door and leaned against it, finally allowing myself to breathe. The familiar blue walls that had once been my sanctuary now felt like they were The link to the origin of this information rests in  
closing in *on* me.

My gaze drifted around the room, taking in the preserved remnants of my childhood. Agatha had indeed kept everything exactly as I'd left it. The gesture touched me, even as the rest of

the house felt alien.

As I moved toward the bed, something on the table caught my eye – a small, elegantly wrapped gift box. I picked it up, remembering the platinum watch I'd carefully selected for Connor at Timber Wolf Timepieces in Harbor City.

I'd promised to give it to him, and suddenly, I wanted nothing more than to be away from this

house and with someone who actually seemed to value my presence.

Without hesitation, I pulled out my phone and dialed Connor's number. The moment he answered, I felt my voice softening involuntarily.

“Hello, Con,” I said, the nickname slipping out naturally now. “I mentioned I got you a gift last

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time. I’ll bring it over to you now. Are you at the Rivers pack house?”

His reply was brief but reassuring. “I’m here.”

“Alright, wait for me a bit, I’ll come over now,” I responded, already reaching for my purse.

—

As I ended the call, I realized how much my tone had changed when speaking to him – gentler, more intimate, carrying a trust I hadn’t felt for anyone in a long time. After cutting ties with Ethan and facing the cold reality of my family situation, Connor had become an unexpected

anchor.

I slipped the gift box into my purse and headed out, eager to escape the suffocating atmosphere of what had once been my home.

(Ethan’s POV)

The drive back to Moonlight Manor felt longer than usual. Cassandra sat beside me in the passenger seat, chattering about some new restaurant she wanted to try, but my mind was

elsewhere.

It had been days since I’d seen or heard from Olivia. At first, I’d been too angry to care, then too

busy with Cassandra’s hospital stay. But now, a nagging unease had settled in my chest.

As we pulled into the driveway, Martha Jenkins, our loyal housekeeper, came out to greet us.

Her eyes scanned the car, then looked behind us with confusion.

“Alpha Ethan, didn’t Miss Winters come back with you?” she asked, her brow furrowed.

The question hit me like a punch to the gut. “She’s not at home?”

Martha looked bewildered. “Miss Winters went out with you, didn’t she? She hasn’t been home

these days.”

A bad premonition made my heart sink. Without another word, I brushed past Martha and

headed inside, taking the stairs two at a time.

I flung open the *door* to Olivia’s bedroom, and the sight that greeted me was a profound shock. Her dresser, once cluttered with healing herbs and potions, was completely bare. The small trinkets she kept on her nightstand were gone.

With growing dread, I yanked open her wardrobe. Empty. Not a single piece of clothing remained. The room looked as though she had never lived here at all.

My breath quickened as I thundered back downstairs, finding Martha in the kitchen.

“When did Olivia move her things out?” I demanded, my voice sharper than intended.

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Martha flinched at my tone, her hands nervously twisting her apron. “The next day when I went

to clean, her room was empty. I thought you knew...”

I clenched my fists in frustration. Pulling out my phone, I dialed Olivia’s number. The call didn’t

even ring – it went straight to a busy tone. I tried again with the same result.

She had blocked me.

My face darkened as I scrolled through my contacts and called Sophie Parker. If anyone would

know where Olivia had gone, it would be her. They weren't particularly close, but Olivia had few

friends in Harbor City.

Comentarios

**Ver** anuncios (0/20) >

**Votar**

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