

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

### **Whisper 221**

Chapter 150: Broken Bonds and Rising Storms

Chapter 150: Broken Bonds and Rising Storms

(Cassandra's POV)

My phone buzzed incessantly with notifications from Howlr. The sound made my stomach churn with dread.

Hundreds of my fans were flooding Ethan Grey's social media accounts. Some begged him desperately to help me. Others cursed him viciously for abandoning their beloved idol.

The messages were brutal and relentless. My reputation within werewolf society was crumbling faster than I

could comprehend.

"Please help Cassandra! She doesn't deserve this!"

"You bastard! How could you abandon her when she needs you most!"

"Ethan Grey, you're a coward for letting them destroy her!"

Each notification felt like a knife twisting in my chest. My carefully constructed image was being torn apart

piece by piece.

The public outcry within werewolf society was deafening. Pack members who had once admired me now

viewed me with disgust and contempt.

I scrolled through the endless stream of hatred directed at me. My hands trembled as I read comment after

comment condemning my actions.

The evidence against me was overwhelming. Those chat records with Ethan. The videos of my fanatical supporters attacking Olivia Winters.

Everything I had worked for was being destroyed in real time. My wolf whimpered with shame and terror.

I tried calling Ethan repeatedly. Each call went straight to voicemail. He was deliberately avoiding me.

“Pick up, pick up!” I screamed at my phone. But the silence on the other end was deafening.

Desperation drove me to Shadowmere Holdings. I had to see Ethan face to face. He couldn't ignore me

forever.

The receptionist at the front desk looked at me with barely concealed disgust. Her expression made **my skin**

crawl with humiliation.

“I'm here to see Ethan Grey,” I announced, trying to maintain some dignity.

“**Mr.** Grey is not available,” she replied coldly. “He's given **strict** instructions **not to be disturbed.**”

My face flushed with anger and embarrassment. “I'm his **girlfriend!** He'll **see me!**”

**The** receptionist's eyes narrowed with **disdain**. “I'm **sorry, but** Mr. Harrison **Blackwood has specifically instructed us to deny you access.**

**Harrison Blackwood. Ethan's father had personally banned me from the building. The humiliation was unbearable.**

**You don't understand,” I insisted desperately. “Ethan and I have a relationship. He needs to know I'm here.**

< Chapter 150: Broken Bond

+15 Points

“Miss Evans, I'm going to have to ask you to leave,” the receptionist said firmly. “Security will escort you out if

necessary.”

My status as Ethan's lover meant nothing now. I had no influence within the Grey pack hierarchy anymore.

I stumbled out of the building, my wolf howling with despair. Even Ethan's own family was turning against

1. me.

My phone rang suddenly. Sophie Parker's name appeared on the screen. I answered with shaking hands.

"Cassandra, darling, how are you holding up?" Sophie's voice dripped with false concern.

"I'm fine," I lied, my voice cracking with emotion.

"Have you seen Ethan's public confession letter on Howlr?" Sophie asked sweetly.

My blood ran cold. "What confession letter? I haven't had time for social media."

"Oh honey, you absolutely must have a look," Sophie purred. "It's quite... illuminating."

The malicious satisfaction in her voice made my stomach drop. Sophie was enjoying my downfall.

"I have to go," I whispered, ending the call abruptly.

My hands shook as I opened Howlr. Ethan's name was trending at the top of the platform.

The post was titled: "A Public Apology and Confession – Ethan Grey"

I clicked on it with trembling fingers. Each word felt like a physical blow to my chest.

"To the werewolf community and especially to Olivia Winters," the post began.

"I must publicly acknowledge my grave mistakes and the pain I have caused. The leaked messages showing Cassandra Evans' interference in my relationship with Olivia are completely authentic."

My vision blurred with tears. He was throwing me under the bus to save himself.

"I deeply regret allowing myself to be manipulated and for betraying the trust of someone I claimed to love. Olivia Winters deserves far better than the treatment she received from me."

The post continued with increasingly devastating admissions. Ethan confessed to every accusation against

him.

“I take full responsibility for my actions and the harm caused by my association with Miss Evans. I **publicly** apologize to Olivia and beg for her forgiveness, though I know I don’t deserve it.”

Ten minutes later, I collapsed onto my apartment floor. My legs gave out completely as the **full impact** hit

1. me.

Ethan had not only confirmed every piece of evidence against me. He had **also publicly humiliated me in front** of the entire werewolf community.

**Sophie had** called specifically to witness my **destruction**. **She wanted to** hear **my reaction to this final betrayal**.

**My**  
**wolf retreated deep within** my **consciousness**, **unable to bear the shame**. I was **completely alone now**.

**(Connor’s POV)**

**At Shadow Den**, I sat **behind my desk** with a deep, **contemplative gaze**. **My expression remained completely** Original content can be found at

Chapter 150 Broken Bond

neutral as I processed the latest intelligence reports.

+15 Parts->

Dominic Reeves entered the conference chamber with urgent news. His face was grim with the weight of

what he had discovered.

“Alpha Connor, we’ve located Grace Winters,” he reported formally.

My ice-blue eyes sharpened with interest. “Where?”

“She’s being held at a military base in Shadowmere City,” Dominic continued. “Our intelligence indicates that the local law enforcement has been colluding with Frederick Warner for approximately two years.”

I leaned back in my chair, my expression darkening with cold fury. The corruption ran deeper than I had

anticipated.

“I didn’t expect them to rescue anyone,” I said, my voice carrying dangerous undertones.

The Shadowmere authorities were completely compromised. They would never act against Frederick’s interests willingly.

“What’s our next move?” I asked, though I already knew the answer.

“The extraction operation will commence tonight,” Dominic informed me. “Our team is already in position around the facility.”

I nodded approvingly. My pack would handle what the corrupt officials refused to do.

“Ensure minimal casualties among the legitimate military personnel,” I instructed. “Our target is Frederick’s operatives and the child.”

“Understood, Alpha,” Dominic replied with a respectful bow.

The rescue mission would be dangerous. But Grace Winters was family to Olivia. That made her worth any

risk.

(Olivia’s POV)

Early morning drizzle painted my apartment windows with tiny droplets. The gray sky matched my troubled mood perfectly.

I had been struggling with sleep recently. The constant threats and worry about Grace kept me awake most nights.

མི་དཔལ་འཕེལ་བའི་དགེ་ལཱ་པོ་

At seven o’clock, I gave up trying to rest. My wolf was too restless for peaceful slumber.

I walked to my window in Whisperbrook Gardens and gazed out at the quiet street below. The rain created a melancholy atmosphere.

A familiar obsidian black Bentley pulled up to my building. The custom license plates with five eights were unmistakable.

Connor Rivers stepped out of the vehicle. His tall figure moved with purposeful determination toward **my** building entrance.

My heart raced with anticipation and dread. Connor only visited when something **significant had happened**. Minutes later, he knocked on my apartment door. I opened it to find his ice blue eyes **filled** with important

**news.**

< Chapter 150 Broken Bond

“Grace has been rescued from Frederick Warner’s forces,” he announced without preamble.

Relief flooded through me like a tidal wave. My knees nearly buckled with the intensity of my emotions.

“Where is she?” I asked urgently. “Is she safe? Is she hurt?”

“That’s why I came to you,” Connor replied. “We need to discuss the situation.”

+18 Points

I grabbed my coat without hesitation. Nothing else mattered except seeing my half-sister safely returned. As we traveled in Connor’s Bentley, questions tumbled from my lips. The leather seats felt cold against my

skin.

“Was it the Shadowmere Law Enforcement or your men who rescued her?” I asked.

Connor’s expression grew grim. “The police had already been bought by Frederick Warner. My pack handled the extraction.”

The reality of corruption within law enforcement was sobering. Frederick’s influence reached further than I had imagined.

“Were any of your people hurt during the mission?” I asked, genuine concern coloring my voice.

Connor’s eyes softened slightly at my question. He seemed pleased that I cared about his pack’s safety. “Minor injuries only,” he assured me. “Nothing that won’t heal quickly.”

I felt a wave of relief that his people had returned safely. Despite our personal issues, I didn't want anyone hurt because of my family.

"Have you notified Richard Winters about Grace's rescue?" I asked,

"He's being informed as we speak," Connor replied.

A new worry crept into my thoughts. Frederick Warner was still out there somewhere, planning his next move. "Are you sure Frederick Warner won't come back for revenge?" I asked, my amber eyes reflecting deep concern about future retaliation from the exiled wolf.

Watch videos **get points** (0/1)

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 222

Chapter 151: The Alpha's Promise and Grace's Return

Chapter 151: The Alpha's Promise and Grace's Return

(Third Person's POV)

+15 PORTE >

Connor Rivers looked serious and replied, "This time, I have transferred two groups of mercenaries from abroad. They have undergone more rigorous training than those in Frederick Warner's military base. With them protecting you and your family, Frederick's people will no longer be able to harm you."

Olivia Winters was stunned. "Mercenaries?"

"Yes." Connor pursed his thin lips, a hint of apology flashing in his ice-blue eyes. "It was my miscalculation before, I didn't protect you and your family well. Livvy, I promise you, similar things will never happen again, I will protect you well."

Olivia lowered her eyes slightly, her mood comple

between them.

The weight of his words settled heavily in the space

Olivia heard Connor's words, her heart touched and complicated. She wanted to ridicule him, but she couldn't bring herself to do it.

The memory of Connor risking his life to save her from Vanessa Reed's silver dagger flashed through her mind. His blood had stained her hands that night.

How could she mock someone who had nearly died protecting her? The cruel words died on her lips before they could form.

Soon, they arrived at Shadow Den. Grace Winters was brought back by Marcus Shaw, Connor's elite enforcer. The rescue operation was led by Marcus Shaw, the commander of Connor's American operations base. This level of commander rarely participated in actions personally.

He was surprised to receive the order to rescue a little girl. But he obeyed Connor's orders unconditionally.

Marcus Shaw's team, although better than Frederick Warner's, still had five injured, three seriously. Luckily they brought a top-notch medical team.

He remembered Connor did not explain the importance of Grace Winters. But he knew she must be very important to Connor Rivers.

The helicopter flew from Shadowmere City in Blackmoor Territory to Connor's base in Cloudmere for nearly seven hours. When Grace Winters was first rescued, she was in a coma.

But she woke up soon after a doctor injected glucose into her. She was very scared, but the doctor gave her a brief physical examination.

He found that she was just starving. The little girl was very scared, shivering on the seat.

Her face was pale, her eyes full of terror. The trauma of captivity had left deep marks on the **eight-year-old**. One of Marcus Shaw's men, Jackson Harris – a wild and handsome young beta werewolf, looked **strangely at** Grace Winters. He turned to ask Marcus, "**Boss**, who **is** this little **girl**? Why **did you have to come and save her personally?**"

< Chapter 151: The Alpha's The source of this content is

Marcus shook his head. "I don't know, the Alpha didn't say."

15 Peserita



Jackson Harris was one of the mercenaries who rescued Grace this time. Although he was only seventeen years old, he had already received professional training *for* nine years.

He had never failed in the tasks he had performed. His skills were better than many veterans.

He was one of the top three mercenaries under Marcus Shaw. Jackson's arm was hit by a bullet, and the white gauze was stained scarlet with blood.

But he had no complaints. He just smiled and said, "Then she must be very important to the Alpha."

Grace Winters looked up at him, and the fear in her eyes faded. She recognized this brother.

He was the one who rescued her from that dark dungeon. His arm was injured to save her.

Jackson saw that Grace was timid, and thinking of the little girl's experience, he felt pity in his heart. He took out a piece of fruit candy from his pocket and handed it over.

"Little sister, do you want some candy?"

Grace hesitated for a moment, then tremblingly reached out and took the candy from Jackson's hand. She said softly, "Thank you."

Jackson smiled and said, "You're quite polite."

Another companion joked, "I can't believe you have such a gentle side."

Jackson looked at Grace, his eyes soft, as if he was looking at someone else through her. "When I see her, I think of my sister. At that time, I promised her that I would bring her candy when I went back..."

The companion was stunned, and a hint of guilt flashed in his eyes. "Sorry..."

Jackson shook his head. "It's okay."

The helicopter cabin fell into a heavy silence. Everyone understood what Jackson's words meant about his

sister.

When Olivia Winters and Connor Rivers arrived at Shadow Den, the helicopter had just landed on the base's landing pad not long ago. Grace Winters was taken inside to eat.

Olivia ran over in a hurry. When she saw her half-sister, her legs became weak and she almost couldn't stand. Connor grabbed her, steadying her trembling form. The **relief** was overwhelming, threatening to buckle her knees completely.

Olivia burst into tears, sobbing, "Grace..."

Grace, who was sitting at the dining table, heard her sister's voice and looked back. Her **eyes** also **filled with**

tears.

"Sister!"

Olivia quickly walked to Grace's **side**, hugged her tightly, and cried, "That's **great, you're finally back, that's great, that's** great... It's good that you're okay..."

**Grace** leaned in **Olivia's** arms, and her soft sobs gradually turned into loud walls. All the **terror and loneliness of her captivity poured out** in those **tears**.

+15 Powe>>

<Chapter 151: The Alpha's.

Connor stood aside and watched for a while. He gave Marcus Shaw a look, then turned and walked out.

3

Watch videos get points (0/10) >

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 223

Chapter 152 **The** Unbirda

**Chapter 152: The Unbridgeable Chasm**

Chapter 152: The Unbridgeable Chasm

(**Third** Person's POV)

Richard Winters and Natalie Winters also arrived at Shadow Den soon after. Natalie hugged Grace tightly and cried uncontrollably, her wolf whimpering in maternal distress.

“Boohoo... Baby... Mama thought she would never see you again... Mama thinks about you every day, dreams

about you every night, baby, Mama was so worried...

Olivia stood aside watching, silently shedding tears. She had also been seeing Frederick Warrier, that

madman, tormenting her sister as soon as she closed her eyes these past few days.

She always had nightmares at night, dreaming of Frederick pouring gasoline on Grace, wanting to burn her to death. She dreamed of Frederick telling her to trade her own life for her sister's life.

Seeing this scene, even Richard, a grown Alpha, had red eyes. He had thousands of words he wanted to **say**, but all that was left on his lips was, “Grace, Dad misses you too.”

After the family of four cried, the careful Natalie noticed that Grace's mental state was not good. With red eyes, she said: “Grace had psychological shadows from being kidnapped before, and this time she was taken to Blackmoor. Territory again, and almost lost her life. I'm worried about her...

She couldn't continue. Grace was not even nine years old, but she had experienced two kidnappings.

How could such a little pup withstand these successive stimulations? There would definitely be mental

problems.

Richard's eyes were bruised. He hadn't slept well since his youngest daughter was kidnapped.

At this moment, Richard's face was haggard and tired, and his eyes were full of guilt and worry when he looked at his youngest daughter. “I'll contact the best supernatural psychologist right away.”

Olivia said, “I will also ask my friends to contact the most authoritative child psychologist. Natalie, Grace will

be fine.”

Natalie sighed deeply, “Hopefully.”

Connor Rivers and Leonard Hartwell were outside discussing things. When the Winters family came out, the

two sides met.

Connor’s gaze fell on Olivia Winters, and their eyes met. Olivia’s amber eyes were red, as if she had just cried. Connor’s ice-blue eyes showed bits of heartache. Olivia pursed her lips and silently shifted her gaze. Natalie originally wanted to say “thank you” to Connor, but when she thought that if it weren’t for Connor, **her** precious daughter wouldn’t have been kidnapped. Her “thank you” couldn’t be said no matter what. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

Richard glared at Connor unhappily, his eyes cold. Connor’s expression was as usual, and he greeted politely: “Alpha Winters.”

“Don’t call me Alpha, I can’t afford it,” Richard said in a rather strange tone.

Connor was not annoyed and just nodded slightly, saying, “Is Grace alright?”

|||

O

1/4

Chenier Th. The theme

**This** question made Richard **even** more **angry**. He **snorted coldly**, Thanks to you, she almost lost her lif

**Connor** lowered his eyes, his expression **quilty**, “I’m very sorry”

**Leonard** on the side wanted to say something, but without Connor’s permission, he couldn’t interject Faced **with** Connor’s humble apology, Richard didn’t buy it.

Burning with fire in his heart, he said coldly, ‘What’s the use of apologizing? Can a sentence of apology **heal the harm** done to Olivia and Grace?’”

Connor was silent. Richard snorted again, hugging Grace and walking away angrily.

Natalie didn’t say anything and followed.

Olivia also followed. As she passed Connor, the man grabbed Olivia's wrist, "Livry "

Olivia stopped and looked up at him, "Is there anything else?"

Connor's ice-blue eyes were deep, with pain in the depths, his posture humble, "Can we make up?"

Olivia was stunned, her amber eyes filled with disbelief. After a long while, she reacted and asked him with a frown, "What are you talking about?"

Make up? Now, how could they possibly make up?

Not to mention that Eleanor Rivers didn't like her and strongly opposed them being together. Even if, taking ten thousand steps back, Eleanor agreed to them being together, she could never make up with him.

\*g case. She and her sister almost lost their lives.

Between them, there was Grace and her k\*\*\* Richard now hated the Rivers pack to the bone. Even if she still had lingering feelings for him in her heart, **it** was absolutely impossible to make up.

So even though she learned the truth about Connor breaking their engagement from Frederick's subordinates, knew that the female celebrity he was rumored with was his cousin, and knew that she occupied a very important position in his heart and he was even willing to risk his life to save her, she didn't mention making up.

She couldn't turn back. There was no possibility between them.

Olivia originally thought Connor was very clear about this. But now it seemed that he still harbored unrealistic delusions in his heart.

Olivia suddenly felt a heart-wrenching pain. It was actually very difficult for her to accept such an ending. But this was a dead end. She was trapped in it, suffering physically and mentally without any solution. Connor had saved Grace, that's right. But the truth was, if it weren't for Connor, Grace would never have been kidnapped and would never have been in danger.

If it weren't for Connor, she wouldn't have become Frederick's entry point to retaliate against Connor. Seeing Olivia's silence with her eyes lowered, Connor's ice-blue eyes turned red, his throat was bitter, and his heart ached as if he was about to suffocate.

After a long time, Olivia heard her own hoarse voice: "It's no use going back, Connor, we can never go **back**." The strength on her wrist suddenly tightened, then gradually loosened, bit by bit. Finally, Connor released Olivia's hand.

## Chapter 152 **The Unbridd**

**The man's eyes** were as **black** as a **bottomless abyss**, and the emotions in his **eyes surged, layer Upon layer**

revealing **pain**.

Olivia **didn't** look into Connor's ice-blue eyes. She didn't say anything else.

**Connor** released her hand, and she fled as if she had been granted amnesty.

**In the** cold wind, the man stood motionless like a sculpture. With his eyes lowered, a tear quietly **slid down** his distinct eyelashes, silently, unnoticed.

The early spring season when the grass grew and the orioles flew, everything recovered, full of **vitality**. **The** branches on the roadside sprouted new buds, the flowers in the garden were blooming in full splendor.

The gentle breeze and drizzle nourished the earth, everything was flourishing. But Connor's world was **bleak**, desolate, and dilapidated, leaving only black and white.

After Connor learned that Grace had mental problems, he immediately contacted the world's most authoritative supernatural psychologist, Dr. Victoria Sterling. He even flew her over overnight to personally

invite the person.

After Richard learned about it, he just coldly curled his lips.

When the doctor arrived in Riverdale and had just overcome jet lag, she went to treat Grace. When Connor brought Dr. Sterling to the Winters family estate, Natalie said "thank you" politely and distantly.

But Richard was still the same, not liking Connor.

Dr. Victoria Sterling was very professional and experienced. After the initial diagnosis, she quickly gave a treatment plan.

At the same time, she took the initiative to offer to stay at the Winters family and spend time with Grace to

treat her.

The blonde middle-aged female doctor said: “For children, a familiar environment and familiar people are helpful for treatment, so I don’t recommend sending the child to a hospital or sanatorium. Staying at home for treatment is the best. If it’s convenient, I can stay here to treat her.”

Richard replied: “Of course it’s convenient, then please stay, thank you, doctor.”

Dr. Sterling nodded and said with a smile: “You’re welcome, we doctors naturally hope that children can get

well soon.”

After Connor saw that things were settled, he said: “Then I’ll leave first.”

Richard’s attitude was still cold, as if he hadn’t heard anything, and didn’t even look at him. Natalie responded: “Okay, take care.”

Connor looked at Olivia, his ice-blue eyes full of love and affection. But Olivia lowered her amber eyes to

avoid his gaze.

Connor’s heart ached, and he withdrew his gaze, turning to walk out the door.

Olivia only looked over after the man turned around. The man’s back exuded loneliness and desolation.

Olivia’s breathing hitched. Her amber eyes were sore and acidic again.

3/4

Chapter 153 Pack Tensio

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 224

### Chapter 153: Pack Tensions and Professional Bonds

Chapter **153**: Pack Tensions and Professional Bonds

(Katherine's POV)

Katherine Rivers finally showed a long-lost smile when she heard that Grace Winters had returned safely **from** her k\*\*\*\*\*g ordeal. "It's good to be back, it's good to be back," she said with relief evident in her amber

**eyes.**

William Rivers' brow relaxed, and he asked, "What did the Winters pack say?"

Connor Rivers' expression didn't change much, and he said calmly, "They didn't say anything."

Katherine was stunned. "I'll go to the Winters estate tomorrow to see Grace, and buy some decent gifts to apologize to Alpha Richard and Luna Natalie. After all, Grace was kidnapped because of our pack."

Eleanor Rivers snorted coldly, her face showing dissatisfaction. "There's no need. Isn't that girl back safe **and** sound? Nothing happened, so why be **so** humble?"

"Katherine, you are the Luna of the Rivers pack, your status **is** there. You have to know that your words and deeds represent the Rivers pack—don't do things that lower your standing."

Katherine frowned. "Mother, how can this be considered lowering my standing? If we don't show proper concern after such a thing happens, that would be outrageous."

Connor said, "The k\*\*\*\*\*g has caused very serious psychological trauma to Grace, and her mental state is not good now."

The implication was that Grace Winters was not "back safe and sound" at all, and their Rivers pack had to take responsibility for this matter.

Eleanor's eyes were full of displeasure. "Isn't she just frightened? It's normal for pups to be frightened—it'll be fine in a few days. Don't make such a fuss."

Katherine frowned, looking between Eleanor and Connor, appearing as if she wanted to say something but stopped herself.

Connor remained indifferent, as if he hadn't heard Eleanor's dismissive remarks, and only turned to Katherine saying, "If you want to visit Grace, you have to contact Alpha Richard or Luna Natalie in advance and ask for their permission. Grace is now receiving psychological treatment at home and may not be able to see

visitors."



Katherine nodded. "Understood."

Seeing that she was being ignored, Eleanor's face darkened, and she said unhappily, "Connor, are you going against your grandmother?"

Connor said, "How could I? It's your choice that you value pack status and don't want to visit the Winters family. I can't control you, can I?"

"Do you really not understand what I mean, or are you pretending not to understand? I don't allow you to go to the Winters estate."

Eleanor then turned to her daughter-in-law Katherine and said, "I don't allow you to go either!"

111

O

1/3

## Chapter 163 Pack Tead

Mother **Katherine** looked embarrassed.

**"Brother, don't quarrel** with Grandmother..." Vanessa Reed said **in a soft voice from her** corner.

**Connor didn't** even **look at** Vanessa, **stood** up and said, "I have pack business to attend **to**. I'll leave first

**After speaking**, he turned and left.

**"Brother-**"Vanessa called out to Connor's retreating figure.

"Look **at** how he behaves now!" Eleanor was furious.

"Mother, then I'll leave first too." Katherine looked at Eleanor's expression, softened her voice and said **nicely**, "Please **calm** down."

Eleanor looked coldly at Katherine. "Calm down? If you don't anger me, would I need to calm down?"

Katherine felt choked up and sighed silently.

William Rivers, who had always felt powerless in family matters, was even more reluctant to speak since **the** troublemaker was his illegitimate son Frederick Warner.

During Eleanor's and Connor's verbal confrontation, William pretended to be deaf and mute, acting as if he hadn't heard anything.

He took a sip of his tea, said a few token words, and left the tense atmosphere behind.

(Olivia's POV)

During the law firm meeting, Olivia Winters was a little absent-minded, her thoughts drifting to Grace's condition. After the meeting, she returned to her office to organize case materials.

After a while, a knock sounded. The next second, the door opened, and Adrian Sinclair appeared at the doorway, his gold-rimmed glasses catching the light.

"Attorney Winters, may I come in?"

Olivia nodded. "Please come in."

Adrian walked in with his characteristic elegant bearing.

Olivia asked, "Are you here to discuss the Moonstone Industries case? I was just about to come find you. That case is quite complex, and I want to hear your opinion."

Adrian shook his head. "I didn't come to you about the Moonstone Industries case."

Olivia raised her amber eyes, a hint of puzzlement flashing in them. "Then why?"

"Have you been troubled recently?"

Olivia paused. "Is it that obvious?"

"Yes." Adrian smiled gently. "You've been distracted lately—it's as if you've written 'I'm troubled' on your face." Olivia pursed her lips and said somewhat sullenly, "There's been some family trouble recently."

Adrian's eyes showed concern as he asked, "Is it convenient to ask what happened?"

Olivia thought for a moment and said, "Something happened to my sister, and her mental state isn't good now. I'm very worried about her." IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

"I know the most authoritative and professional supernatural psychologist in the territory," Adrian said. Perhaps it could help."

## Chapter 151 Pack **Tender**

**Not** for **now**, Olivia **shook** her head. “**There’s already a psychologist staying** at **our** estate for treatment tit see **how effective** it is **for** a while, **and** if it doesn’t work, I’ll contact **you**. **Thank you, Attorney Sindall\***

**Adrian’s** eyes were gentle as he said, “**Why** are **you** being so formal **with me?**”

After all, I’m one of the partners and also considered a boss of this law firm,” Adrian smiled, **speaking** in a **Joking tone**. “If you’re not in good condition and it affects your work, and we lose the **case** and **can’t collect** our **fees**, I’ll **be** the one who suffers.”

**Olivia** knew he was joking and smiled. “Don’t worry, Boss Sinclair. I won’t let you suffer. Worries **aside**, **my** professional ability is beyond question.”

Olivia picked up a court judgment and raised it toward Adrian. “Look, I just received another victory ruling. **The** court supported all our arguments, and the final payment of 150,000 dollars in attorney fees just arrived.

Adrian’s eyes curved with pleasure as he said with a smile, “As expected of Attorney Winters.”

Olivia’s mood also improved as she joked, “Don’t worry—following me won’t leave you empty-handed.”

Adrian’s eyes filled with warmth, his tone gentle. “Agreed.”

Soon it was time to leave work. The people at the law firm departed one after another.

Olivia organized her case materials, turned off the lights, locked her office door, and walked toward **the** firm’s

exit.

“Attorney Winters,” Adrian called out.

Olivia turned back. “What is it?”

Adrian approached, his beautiful eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses smiling. “Weren’t you going to discuss the Moonstone Industries case with me? A new Western restaurant opened nearby—a friend told me the food is quite good. How about we discuss it over dinner?”

Olivia paused. “Alright.”

Although work hours were over, Olivia didn't mind discussing business with Adrian after hours. After all, she wasn't working for someone else—this was her own law firm, and the Moonstone Industries case was one she was handling personally.

It was rare that Adrian was willing to sacrifice his rest time to help her analyze the case, and she was very grateful.

Olivia smiled and said, "I'll treat you this time, Attorney Sinclair, as thanks *for* helping me analyze the case." "Sounds good," Adrian wasn't polite and readily agreed.

Olivia pressed the elevator button, and Adrian stood beside her quietly waiting for the elevator to arrive.

8

Watch videos **get points (0/10)** >

**Vote**

**13.7K**

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 225

Chapter 154 **Wine, Partne**

**Chapter 154: Wine, Partnerships, and Hidden Cameras**

**Chapter 154: Wine, Partnerships, and Hidden Cameras**

**(Olivia's POV)**

**At the upscale** French restaurant, Adrian Sinclair gracefully cut his venison steak with **practiced precision** The silver knife glided through the tender meat effortlessly.

I ordered a bottle of Domaine de la Romanée-Conti Grand Cru red wine, worth a small fortune. A well-dressed

waiter approached to properly decant the expensive vintage.

The rich burgundy liquid caught the restaurant's ambient lighting as he performed the ritual with reverence befitting such a **rare** bottle. The deep crimson swirled in the crystal decanter like liquid silk.

Adrian watched the ceremony with appreciation. "Even if we win the Moonstone Industries case, **the legal** fees are only \$200,000, while your bottle of wine costs \$180,000. That seems like a losing proposition for our firm's budget."

I gently swirled my wine glass, my amber eyes sparkling with amusement. "No, I never make losing deals. Adrian waited expectantly for my explanation, his gold-rimmed glasses catching the light. "Please enlighten

me then."

"The revenue that Attorney Sinclair brings to Moonstone Legal Partners in a year is more than ten times **the** price of this bottle of wine."

Adrian chuckled warmly. "I thought Attorney Winters was simply being generous, but I didn't expect **you** to be such a shrewd businesswoman."

"Of course—take a look at whose daughter I am," I responded with pride. After all, who could be better at business than Richard Winters of the Winters pack?

The meal progressed pleasantly, with Adrian offering many actionable legal strategies and courtroom tactics for our upcoming case. I diligently took notes, appreciating his insights from years of supernatural law

practice.

His analytical mind impressed me. Every suggestion was practical and well-reasoned.

As we finished our dinner, I signaled to the waiter to bring the check. However, the waiter politely informed me that the gentleman had already settled the bill.

I paused, looking up at Adrian with surprise. "We agreed that this was my treat?"

Adrian smiled charmingly. "It's not my style to let a lady pay, especially my business partner."

I pouted slightly. "*An* \$180,000 wine, \$20,000 in dishes—Attorney Sinclair hasn't even earned much at Moonstone yet and already spent \$200,000. Isn't that a losing deal?"

"Like you, I never make losing deals," Adrian's eyes twinkled with amusement. "Attorney Winters has such excellent connections and pack/resources; following your lead, I won't have to worry about finding **clients**. I'm waiting for you to bring me major cases from the elite werewolf families."

“Alright,” I replied, placing my credit card back into my designer handbag. “Then I won’t stand on ceremony,”

C

1/4

## Chapter 154 Wine, Parthe

**As I put away my card** and prepared **to leave**, a sophisticated woman **approached our** table. Her eye widened in pleasant **surprise**.

“Adrian?” The woman sported a neat chestnut bob, expertly applied makeup, and maintained a youthful appearance despite being in her forties. “It really is you!”

Adrian was momentarily taken aback by the unexpected encounter. “Aunt Linda?”

Linda turned her attention to me with obvious curiosity. “And who is this lovely young woman?”

“This is my business partner I mentioned to you, Olivia Winters,” Adrian explained, introducing me **properly**. “Attorney Winters, this is my aunt, Linda Morrison.”

“Hello, Mrs. Morrison,” I greeted with a polite smile and respectful nod.

“Please, call me Linda,” she responded, unable to suppress her delighted grin. “You only told me that Attorney Winters is a highly capable lawyer, not that she’s such a beauty. No wonder you’ve been so enthusiastic about this partnership lately.”

Adrian’s face flushed slightly with embarrassment. “Aunt Linda...”

“Attorney Winters, do you have a mate yet?” Linda asked with the directness typical of older werewolf women when assessing potential matches.

I was taken aback by the forward question—this was quite bold, even by pack standards. “Aunt!” Adrian quickly interrupted, his ears turning a suspicious shade of red.

“Sorry, Attorney Winters, my aunt is what you might call a ‘social terrorist’—please don’t mind her directness,” Adrian hastily explained, clearly mortified by his relative’s behavior.

I smiled graciously and shook my head. “It’s perfectly alright, Mrs. Morrison. I understand pack elders’ concerns about ensuring good matches.”

Linda winked conspiratorially at Adrian, whispering in a voice that wasn't quite as quiet as she intended. "I think this young woman would be perfect for you. It's rare to see you showing genuine interest in anyone- you'd better not let this opportunity slip away!"

Although her voice was lowered, my enhanced werewolf hearing picked up every word. I awkwardly looked away, pretending not to have overheard the matchmaking attempt.

Adrian rubbed his temples in exasperation. "Aunt Linda, please don't interfere in my personal life."

"How can I not worry about my favorite nephew? You don't realize that when you showed no interest in finding a mate for years, your mother and I thought you might prefer males. We were so anxious but didn't dare ask you directly..."

Before Linda could finish her embarrassing revelation, Adrian covered her mouth with his hand. "You're becoming more outrageous by the minute."

I couldn't help but laugh at the family dynamic playing out before me.

Linda quickly composed herself. "Well, Attorney Winters, **rest** assured that Adrian's preferences are perfectly normal for an unmated wolf. I have somewhere else to be—you two enjoy the rest of your evening."

I responded politely. "Of course, have a good evening, Mrs. Morrison."

"Goodbye, future niece-in-law!" Linda called out with a mischievous smile before departing.

2/4

Chapter 154 Wate Partne

I was rendered speechless **by the bold assumption**.

**After Linda** left, Adrian said **apologetically**. "I'm so **sorry**, Attorney Winters. **My** aunt just **loves** to medales **speak** without thinking. Please don't take her comments to heart."

**It's perfectly alright,**" I said with genuine amusement. "I didn't expect Attorney **Sinclair to be under** family pressure to find a mate. I assumed someone as accomplished as you would already have a girlfriend or even a fiancée."

Hearing this, Adrian suddenly glanced meaningfully at me, then quickly looked away. His expression **became**

**more** serious.

"I'm... waiting for the right person."

"Oh," I didn't understand at first, then realized the deeper implication of his words. "I see"

The atmosphere became slightly charged with unspoken meaning.

"It's getting late—let me drive you home," Adrian said, standing and reaching for his coat.

"No need," I replied, also rising from my seat. "I brought my own car."

"You had wine," Adrian reminded me with concern, knowing that even werewolves should be cautious about driving after drinking.

"Oh, you're right," I acknowledged. "But there's no need to trouble you. I'll call for a pack driver to pick me up." I was planning to visit Grace at the Winters Family Estate tonight anyway to check **on** my sister's recovery. "That works perfectly," Adrian agreed, though there was a hint of disappointment in his voice.

(Third Person's POV)

At a remote villa on the outskirts of Harbor City, Ethan Grey angrily confronted Vanessa Reed. His **voice rose**

with fury.

"You want to use me to eliminate Olivia? You know that Frederick Warner threatened to kill her if I contacted the pack authorities, and you still told me to alert them!"

Vanessa's violet eyes gleamed with cold satisfactio

would die!"

as she smiled cruelly. "So what? I wish Olivia Winters

"Vanessa!" Ethan roared, veins bulging on his forehead as his wolf pushed against his control. "You only said you wanted to break up Olivia and Connor, not that you intended to murder her!"

"That was before," Vanessa's expression filled with vicious mockery. "Now I just want her dead. Only if she dies will Connor finally notice me and see that I'm the one who truly loves him."

"You've lost your mind!" Ethan declared, his chest heaving with rage as he attempted to lunge at her.



However, Trevor Blake, Vanessa's loyal bodyguard, swiftly blocked his path with his imposing frame. "Ethan Grey, look at your pathetic/self. What are you even good for? No wonder Olivia Winters wanted nothing to do with you," Vanessa said with contempt dripping from every word. "Olivia didn't even spare you a second glance after your breakup. You're completely useless to me now. Our partnership ends here."

Ethan's eyes flashed dangerously as he threatened. "Aren't you afraid I'll tell Connor everything you've **done**? About how you've been manipulating situations from behind the scenes?"

**3/4**

Chapter **134 Wine** Partne Follow current novels on

"**Hahahaha...** Vanessa **burst into** maniacal **laughter**, the **sound echoing through** the villa bid th **correctly**? **You're** threatening **me**?"

Her amusement was genuine and chilling.

"**Don't forget** who's backing me now," Vanessa continued, her confidence bolstered **by** Frederick Warners support. "For Frederick, I'm far more valuable than you could ever be. Tell me, if Connor **expels me from the** Rivers family after learning what I've done, and I lose my pack status, do you **really** think Frederick will let **you** live? You know too much about his operations now."

At the mention of Frederick Warner's name, genuine fear flashed in Ethan's eyes. This was the same dangerous exile who dared to use military-grade weapons to hunt Connor in broad daylight!

Connor survived Frederick's assassination attempts, but Ethan knew he wouldn't stand **a** chance. He **was** just an ordinary wealthy heir, a former playboy who only recently began taking pack responsibilities seriously. Unlike Connor, he didn't have his own trained security force or professional enforcers. If Frederick Warner truly targeted him, Ethan would have no chance of survival.

With that sobering realization, Ethan bit back his anger, forced to submit **to the** threat. **The** partnership between Vanessa and Ethan dissolved in mutual betrayal and fear.

Neither of them noticed the sophisticated surveillance camera hidden among the branches outside **the villa**, silently recording their entire conversation for Connor Rivers' intelligence network.

H

**14.2K**

Watch videos **get points (0/10)** >

**Vote**

© **Chapter 165: Shadows of**

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 226

Chapter 155: Shadows **of** Betrayal

Chapter **155**: Shadows of Betrayal

(Olivia's POV)

Emma Thompson successfully passed the interview at Moonstone Legal Partners and **officially** joined the firm as a salaried lawyer today. Her bright smile lit up the office as she signed her employment **contract**. "Thank you so much for this opportunity, Attorney Winters," Emma said, her voice filled with genuine gratitude. "I promise I won't let you down."

I smiled warmly at the young beta werewolf. "I have complete faith in your abilities, Emma. Your dedication during your internship spoke volumes."

Coincidentally, Jade Mitchell also resigned from Moonlaw Legal Services and came to my law firm today. I arranged for Jade to be Emma's assistant, thinking their similar personalities would mesh well.

"Jade, meet Emma Thompson, our newest attorney," I introduced them. "Emma, this is Jade Mitchell, who'll be your assistant."

The two young beta werewolves

immediately hit **it** off. Both were cheerful and outgoing, and I could **already**

see they would work well together.

"I'm so excited to work with you," Jade said enthusiastically. "I've heard wonderful things about your **legal**

research skills.”

Emma blushed slightly. “Thank you. I’m looking forward to learning from everyone here.”

Following Adrian Sinclair’s advice from yesterday, I compiled the evidence and drafted the indictment for **the** Moonstone Industries case. The trademark infringement was clear–**cut**, and our client had a strong case.

As I prepared to leave work, my phone rang. Marcus Thompson’s name appeared on the screen.

“Attorney Winters, I have updates on the Ethan Grey and Vanessa Reed investigation,” Marcus said. “Can we

meet tonight?”

“Of course. Silverleaf Café at 6:30 PM?” I suggested.

“Perfect. I’ll see you there.”

Before I could leave, Adrian entered my office. His gold–rimmed glasses caught the afternoon light as he approached my desk.

“Olivia, I wanted to apologize again for my aunt Linda’s behavior yesterday,” he said, looking genuinely embarrassed. “Let me take you to dinner as an apology.”

I waved my hand dismissively. “Adrian, there’s really no need. Your aunt was charming, actually.”

Instead of dwelling on the topic, I handed him two thick case files. “I have something better for you – **two** new trademark infringement cases. They’re right in your area of expertise.”

Adrian’s eyes lit up as he examined the files. “So quickly there are new cases. As expected, Attorney Winters keeps her word. Following you, I won’t be drinking the northwest wind.”

I laughed at his expression. “Attorney Sinclair, is your pursuit just not drinking the northwest wind so low?”

|||

O

## Chapter 155 Shadows of

**Adrian** took **the** case files, **smiling** genuinely, “**Thank you. These** look like substantial comm

“**The clients** are **willing to pay** premium rates for quality **representation**, I explained, I thought you’d **appreciate** the challenge.”

**After** work, I arrived **at** Silverleaf Café and spotted Marcus **at** a corner table. The private **investigator** looked as professional as always, wearing a dark suit and maintaining His alert demeanor.

“Attorney Winters,” he greeted me, standing as I approached.

“Marcus, thank you for meeting on such short notice.”

He handed me a paper bag filled with photographs. “These are surveillance photos of **Ethan** Grey **and** Vanessa Reed together over the past week.”

As I examined the photos, my amber eyes narrowed. The images clearly showed Ethan **and** Vanessa **in** intimate conversation at various locations around Harbor City.

I curled my lips coldly. “As expected.”

“There’s more,” Marcus said, pulling out his phone. “I managed to record their conversation last night **at a** villa on the outskirts of the city.”

He sent the audio file to my phone. I put in my earphones and listened carefully.

Ethan’s voice came through clearly, filled with anger. “You want to use me to eliminate Olivia? You know that Frederick Warner threatened to kill her if I contacted the pack authorities, and you still told me to alert them!” My blood ran cold at the mention of Frederick Warner’s name.

Vanessa’s voice responded with chilling satisfaction. “So what? I wish Olivia Winters would die!”

“Vanessa!” Ethan roared. “You only said you wanted to break up Olivia and Connor, not that you intended **to** murder her!”

“That was before,” Vanessa’s voice turned vicious. “Now I just want her dead. Only if she dies will Connor finally notice me and see that I’m the one who truly loves him.”

“You’ve lost your mind!” Ethan declared.

Vanessa laughed maniacally. "What if? I just want her to die. Only if she dies will my brother have me in his

eyes."

-Then Vanessa's tone became threatening. "Don't forget who's backing me now. For Frederick, I'm far more

valuable than you could ever be."

I frowned, surprised by Vanessa's direct connection to Frederick Warner. This was more serious than I had anticipated.

"Thank you, Marcus," I said, removing my earphones. "I will remit the money to your account as agreed." Marcus nodded. "Be careful, Attorney Winters. These people are more dangerous than they appear."

(Connor's POV)

At the same time, at Shadow Den, Dominic Reeves entered my office with a grim expression. His usually composed demeanor showed signs of strain.

"Alpha Connor, I have the results of our investigation into Vanessa Reed," he reported.

9/3

Chapter 155 Shadows of

I looked up from my paperwork. "What did you find?"

"She has close ties with Ethan Grey. Our surveillance confirms they've been meeting regularly for weeks, Dominic said. "Furthermore, Ethan reported Olivia's k\*\*\*\*\*g at Vanessa's instigation."

My jaw tightened. "Continue."

"Ethan's company recently received a substantial investment from an overseas firm. We traced it back – it's linked to Frederick Warner."

My expression turned icy upon hearing Frederick Warner's name. The pieces were falling into place, and I realized my oversight.

"I should have seen this connection sooner," I said, my voice cold with self-recrimination. "Ethan has become one of Frederick's pawns."

Dominic hesitated before pulling out his phone. “There’s more, Alpha Connor. We have a recording of Vanessa from last night.”

He handed me the device. “You should listen to this yourself.”

I frowned and opened the recording.

2

Watch videos **get points** (0/10) >

**Vote**

**14.2K** Follow current novels on

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 227

< Chapter 156: Hidden Conn

### Chapter 156: Hidden **Connections**

Chapter 156: Hidden Connections

(Olivia’s POV)

That night, I couldn’t sleep. Jessica Sullivan’s haunting cries echoed in my mind, revealing Frederick **Warner** as the puppet master behind Vanessa Reed.

The audio recording played on repeat in my thoughts. Vanessa’s cold laughter. Her declaration **that she**

wanted me dead.

But what troubled me most was the connection to Frederick Warner. How much did Vanessa know about Rivers pack secrets? If she had leaked such information to Frederick, what kind of impact would **it** cause **to**

the Rivers pack?

Moreover, why would Vanessa help Frederick when she harbored feelings for Connor Rivers? It made no

sense.

I tossed and turned, my amber eyes staring at the ceiling. The moonlight streaming through my window offered no comfort.

Questions swirled in my mind like a storm. Frederick Warner was dangerous enough on his own. But with an insider like Vanessa feeding him information?

The thought made my stomach clench with dread. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

Lost in thought, I struggled to find rest. Sleep only came as dawn approached, my exhausted mind finally surrendering to fatigue.

I awakened in the afternoon, sunlight harsh against my tired eyes. My head felt heavy *from* the restless night. After checking my phone, I made a decision. I opened my laptop and sent the evidence from Marcus Thompson to Connor.

The photos. The audio recording. Everything.

I had to help him despite everything between us. After all, he saved Grace and shielded me from danger. I couldn't stand idly by.

Although Vanessa alone wasn't a threat, Frederick's involvement changed everything. This was bigger than pack politics or personal grudges.

I knew Frederick Warner's power in Blackmoor Territory. Connor regarded Frederick as a formidable enemy for good reason.

If Vanessa acted as an internal accomplice, it wouldn't just impact Rivers Pack enterprises. It would endanger Connor himself.

The thought of Connor in danger/made my chest tighten unexpectedly. I pushed the feeling aside **and** focused on the task at hand.

After sending the email, I opened a new one containing business files of Silverridge Holdings. I checked the equity changes repeatedly, searching for details.

Chapter 156 Hadden Conn

Recalling **Ethan Grey's** words about Alexander Winters' Investment, I noticed **something odd**. The shareholder was an overseas investment company, not Alexander personally.

“Could this company also be controlled by Alexander?” I murmured to myself.

The timing seemed too convenient. Alexander’s sudden wealth. Frederick’s international connections.

Just then, a new email arrived from Connor. My heart skipped as I opened it.

They already knew about Vanessa’s close ties with Ethan Grey. They knew she was working for Frederick

Warner.

Relief washed over me. At least Connor wasn’t walking into this blindly.

I began typing a long reply, my fingers flying across the keyboard. But then I hesitated.

How Connor handled Vanessa was his concern, not mine. After all, Vanessa had been his foster sister **for**

over ten years.

More importantly, she harbored secret feelings for him.

“Would he be soft-hearted?” The thought crept into my mind unbidden.

“Would he let her off with just a few tears?”

A sudden wave of annoyance washed over me. The emotion surprised me with its intensity.

I deleted my message without sending it. I had done all I could. What Connor chose to do was beyond my

control.

It was the weekend, and I didn’t need to go to Moonstone Legal Partners. After drinking Luna’s Midnight Milk and eating a sandwich, I headed out to clear my head.

The fresh air felt good against my skin. I needed to escape the suffocating thoughts about Frederick, Vanessa, and Connor.

Walking to a nearby park, I found solace in the lively atmosphere. Families played together. Children laughed

on swings.



I decided to sit on a wooden chair under a large tree and rest. The normalcy of it all was comforting. Suddenly, I heard a child crying. The sound cut through the peaceful park atmosphere like a knife.

Following the sound, I found a little girl weeping behind a sculpture. She couldn't have been more than five *years* old.

I recognized her luxury brand clothing immediately. The rabbit hair clips in her hair were the same ones Grace

owned.

Approaching the girl carefully, I knelt down to her level. "Hey there, what's wrong?"

The little girl looked up at me with tear-filled eyes. Her lower lip trembled as she tried to speak.

"I... I can't find my mommy," she sobbed.

My heart melted at her distress. "What's your mommy's name, sweetheart?"

"Emma Turner," the girl hiccupped through her tears.

I smiled gently at her. "Don't cry, I'll help you find your mommy, okay?"

111

O

23

Chapter 156 Hidden Conn.

I reached out my hand, and the little girl took it trustingly. Her small fingers were warm in mine.

"Let's go to the management center. They can help us find her."

At the management center, I explained the situation to the staff. They immediately made an announcement

over the loudspeaker.

"Attention park visitors. A little girl is looking for her mother, Emma Turner. Please come to the management

center.”

Within minutes, a woman came rushing toward us. Her face was flushed with panic and relief.

“Sophie! Oh my god, Sophie!”

The little girl broke free from my hand and ran to her mother. “Mommy!”

As the woman scooped up her daughter, I got a clear look at her face. My eyes widened in shock.

“Wasn’t this Adrian Sinclair’s aunt?”

< Chapter 156: Hidden Conn

## **Chapter 156: Hidden Connections**

Chapter 156: Hidden Connections

(Olivia’s POV)

That night, I couldn’t sleep. Jessica Sullivan’s haunting cries echoed in my mind, revealing Frederick **Warner** as the puppet master behind Vanessa Reed.

The audio recording played on repeat in my thoughts. Vanessa’s cold laughter. Her declaration **that she**

wanted me dead.

But what troubled me most was the connection to Frederick Warner. How much did Vanessa know about Rivers pack secrets? If she had leaked such information to Frederick, what kind of impact would **it** cause **to**

the Rivers pack?

Moreover, why would Vanessa help Frederick when she harbored feelings for Connor Rivers? It made no

sense.

I tossed and turned, my amber eyes staring at the ceiling. The moonlight streaming through my window offered no comfort.

Questions swirled in my mind like a storm. Frederick Warner was dangerous enough on his own. But with an insider like Vanessa feeding him information?

The thought made my stomach clench with dread.

Lost in thought, I struggled to find rest. Sleep only came as dawn approached, my exhausted mind finally surrendering to fatigue.

I awakened in the afternoon, sunlight harsh against my tired eyes. My head felt heavy *from* the restless night. After checking my phone, I made a decision. I opened my laptop and sent the evidence from Marcus Thompson to Connor.

The photos. The audio recording. Everything.

I had to help him despite everything between us. After all, he saved Grace and shielded me from danger. I couldn't stand idly by.

Although Vanessa alone wasn't a threat, Frederick's involvement changed everything. This was bigger than pack politics or personal grudges.

I knew Frederick Warner's power in Blackmoor Territory. Connor regarded Frederick as a formidable enemy for good reason.

If Vanessa acted as an internal accomplice, it wouldn't just impact Rivers Pack enterprises. It would endanger Connor himself.

The thought of Connor in danger/made my chest tighten unexpectedly. I pushed the feeling aside **and** focused on the task at hand.

After sending the email, I opened a new one containing business files of Silverridge Holdings. I checked the equity changes repeatedly, searching for details.

Chapter 156 Hadden Conn

Recalling **Ethan Grey's** words about Alexander Winters' Investment, I noticed **something odd**. The shareholder was an overseas investment company, not Alexander personally.

"Could this company also be controlled by Alexander?" I murmured to myself.

The timing seemed too convenient. Alexander's sudden wealth. Frederick's international connections.

Just then, a new email arrived from Connor. My heart skipped as I opened it.

They already knew about Vanessa's close ties with Ethan Grey. They knew she was working for Frederick

Warner.

Relief washed over me. At least Connor wasn't walking into this blindly.

I began typing a long reply, my fingers flying across the keyboard. But then I hesitated.

How Connor handled Vanessa was his concern, not mine. After all, Vanessa had been his foster sister **for**

over ten years.

More importantly, she harbored secret feelings for him.

"Would he be soft-hearted?" The thought crept into my mind unbidden.

"Would he let her off with just a few tears?"

A sudden wave of annoyance washed over me. The emotion surprised me with its intensity.

I deleted my message without sending it. I had done all I could. What Connor chose to do was beyond my

control.

It was the weekend, and I didn't need to go to Moonstone Legal Partners. After drinking Luna's Midnight Milk and eating a sandwich, I headed out to clear my head.

The fresh air felt good against my skin. I needed to escape the suffocating thoughts about Frederick, Vanessa, and Connor.

Walking to a nearby park, I found solace in the lively atmosphere. Families played together. Children laughed

on swings.

I decided to sit on a wooden chair under a large tree and rest. The normalcy of it all was comforting. Suddenly, I heard a child crying. The sound cut through the peaceful park atmosphere like a knife.

Following the sound, I found a little girl weeping behind a sculpture. She couldn't have been more than five *years* old.

I recognized her luxury brand clothing immediately. The rabbit hair clips in her hair were the same ones Grace

owned.

Approaching the girl carefully, I knelt down to her level. "Hey there, what's wrong?"

The little girl looked up at me with tear-filled eyes. Her lower lip trembled as she tried to speak.

"I... I can't find my mommy," she sobbed.

My heart melted at her distress. "What's your mommy's name, sweetheart?"

"Emma Turner," the girl hiccupped through her tears.

I smiled gently at her. "Don't cry, I'll help you find your mommy, okay?"

111

O

23

Chapter 156 Hidden Conn.

I reached out my hand, and the little girl took it trustingly. Her small fingers were warm in mine.

"Let's go to the management center. They can help us find her."

At the management center, I explained the situation to the staff. They immediately made an announcement

over the loudspeaker.

"Attention park visitors. A little girl is looking for her mother, Emma Turner. Please come to the management

center."

Within minutes, a woman came rushing toward us. Her face was flushed with panic and relief.

"Sophie! Oh my god, Sophie!"

The little girl broke free from my hand and ran to her mother. "Mommy!"

As the woman scooped up her daughter, I got a clear look at her face. My eyes widened in shock.

“Wasn’t this Adrian Sinclair’s aunt?”

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 228

< Chapter 157 Unexpected.

**Chapter 157: Unexpected Encounters (Revised, please **don’t but it repeatedly!**)**

Chapter 157: Unexpected Encounters (revised).

(Olivia’s POV)

Emma Turner also saw me, and a look of surprise flashed in her eyes. “Isn’t this Attorney Winters? What a

coincidence.”

I smiled warmly at the familiar face. “I just happened to hear a child crying while taking a walk in the park, so

I went over to take a look. What a coincidence, it turns out you’re Sophie Turner’s mother.”

Emma’s expression shifted to one of surprise and profound gratitude. Her human scent carried notes of relief and maternal appreciation as she held her daughter close.

“Wait, you’re the one who brought Sophie here?” Emma asked, her voice filled with emotion.

I nodded gently. “She was cryin

behind the sculpture. I couldn’t just walk away.”

Emma’s eyes welled up with tears of relief. “Thank you so much, Attorney Winters. I was terrified when I couldn’t find her.”

She looked down at her daughter with tender concern. “Sophie, this kind lady helped you find Mommy. What

do you say?"

Sophie looked up at me with her innocent eyes, still slightly red from crying. "Thank you, pretty lady," she said sweetly, her small voice bringing a genuine smile to my face.

"You're such a good girl, Sophie," I praised, my protective instincts naturally extending to the vulnerable child. "Always stay close to Mommy in crowded places, okay?"

Sophie nodded solemnly, understanding the importance of my words.

Emma squeezed her daughter tighter before turning back to me. "Attorney Winters, please let me take you to dinner as a gesture of gratitude. It's the least I can do."

I shook my head politely. "That's really not necessary, Mrs. Turner. I'm just glad Sophie is safe."

"Please, I insist," Emma persisted with warm human hospitality. "You helped my family when you didn't have to. I can't just let this go without properly thanking you."

I hesitated, thinking about my busy schedule with both my law practice and pack obligations. "I appreciate the offer, but I'm quite busy with work these days."

Emma's face fell slightly, but she didn't give up. "What about next Saturday? Surely you have some free time on the weekend?"

Her earnest expression and genuine gratitude made it difficult to refuse. I finally relented with a small smile. "Alright, next Saturday works for *me*."

Emma's face lit up with joy. "Wonderful! I'll make sure to prepare something special. **Thank** you again, Attorney Winters."

As I watched Emma and Sophie walk away hand in hand, I couldn't help but feel a warm satisfaction. Sometimes the simplest acts of kindness brought the most unexpected connections.

Chapter 157 Unexpected.

(Vanessa's POV)

In Blackmoor Territory, I felt like I was being followed. My wolf senses were on high alert, every **shadow** seeming to hide potential threats.

The memories of three days ago haunted me. Ethan Grey and I had met in that suburban villa to coordinate our plans against Olivia and Connor. Everything had seemed to go smoothly. New **novel** chapters are published on

But not long after Ethan left, my bodyguards found a surveillance device hidden under the leaves of a potted plant in the villa's living room. The sophisticated equipment meant only one thing – Connor's forces had been

watching us.

Knowing that my identity was exposed to Connor's intelligence network, I contacted Frederick Warner immediately. We fled to Blackmoor Territory that very night, abandoning everything.

I had naturally broken ties with the Rivers Pack after fleeing the Northern Territory. Now **that** I was at odds with the Rivers family, I could no longer seek their protection.

Those bodyguards assigned to me before could no longer be kept by my side due to my rogue status. Pack loyalty ran deeper than personal bonds, and they couldn't follow me into exile.

Fortunately, there was one loyal bodyguard by my side who had romantic feelings for me. I had seen through Adrian Pierce's thoughts long ago, recognizing the devotion in his eyes whenever he looked at me.

I took the smitten beta werewolf with me on the day of our escape. His feeling's made him the perfect ally- someone who would choose me over pack loyalty.

"Adrian," I said, my voice tight with anxiety. "I feel like Connor's enforcers are tracking us."

Adrian's jaw clenched with fierce determination. "Don't worry, Vanessa. I'll protect you no matter what

happens."

His wolf's devotion overrode his survival instincts, exactly what I needed in this dangerous situation. Feeling increasingly uneasy as my wolf senses detected approaching danger, I got in the car and urged Adrian, who was driving, to return to our hideout villa immediately.

"Drive faster," I commanded, fear creeping into my voice. "I think Connor's pack enforcers have found our

location."

The white sedan suddenly lurched violently as a black pickup truck rammed into us with brutal force. The impact sent us spinning across the road.



“Get down!” Adrian shouted as silver bullets designed to harm werewolves began flying through the air.

Gunfire erupted around us, and I was terrified. My wolf whimpered in fear as I trembled in the car, pressing myself against the floor.

Armed mercenaries broke the windshield with brutal efficiency, their faces hidden behind tactical masks. These weren’t Connor’s usual enforcers – they were professional killers,

“Run, Vanessa!” Adrian urged desperately. “I’ll hold them back!”

His wolf form partially emerged as he prepared to fight, his body already shifting to protect me. But **the** mercenaries were prepared for werewolf capabilities.

Adrian was shot with silver ammunition and severely injured. His enhanced healing struggled against the

2/4

< Chapter 157 Unexpected.

toxic metal as he collapsed against the steering wheel.

I opened the car door and ran with supernatural speed, my wolf lending me strength despite my terror. But

the mercenaries had anticipated this.

Adrian was quickly subdued by multiple attackers, his weakened state making resistance impossible. Blood streamed from his wounds as they dragged him away.

The mercenary leader, a cold-eyed man I recognized as Victor Stone, spoke to his men with clinical detachment. “Treat his wounds but don’t kill him. We need him alive for information.”

A blonde mercenary named Jaxon Wolfe roughly dragged me over to their vehicle, his grip bruising my arms. “Got her, boss.”

My heart sank as I realized this wasn’t Connor’s doing. These were Frederick’s men, and I was being taken

back to face his wrath.

I was transported back to Northern Territory waters aboard Frederick’s vessel, The Crimson Vessel. The irony of the name wasn’t lost on me as I contemplated my fate.

Confined for days on the ship, I wasn't eating or sleeping well due to the constant motion and stress. My usually pristine appearance deteriorated significantly.

I hadn't bathed for several days, and my werewolf senses made the accumulated scent unbearable even to myself. The small cabin reeked of fear and desperation.

Even the mercenaries who came to drag me off the boat couldn't help but feel disgusted by my condition. One of them wrinkled his nose in obvious revulsion.

"Jesus, she stinks," he muttered to his companion.

The guard tore off the black duct tape from my mouth and untied the silver-laced rope that had been suppressing my wolf abilities. The relief was immediate but short-lived.

"Wash yourself clean," he said callously, throwing me into the cold ocean water. "You're disgusting."

I struggled desperately in the sea, my weakened wolf unable to help me stay afloat. "Help!" I called out with genuine terror, the saltwater filling my mouth.

The mercenary initially thought I was faking my distress to escape. "Stop the theatrics and wash yourself," he said coldly.

*But* as my cries weakened and I began to sink beneath the waves, my wolf form too exhausted to surface, the guard realized I truly couldn't swim.

"s\*\*t," he cursed under his breath, jumping into the frigid sea to rescue the drowning werewolf.

He dragged me back to the vessel's deck, my body limp and unresponsive. Water poured from my lungs as I lay unconscious on the cold metal.

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 229

**Chapter 158: The Prisoner's Return** (Revised, please don't but it repeatedly!)

Chapter 158: The Prisoner's Return

(Vanessa's POV)

My consciousness gradually returned like emerging from a deep, dark well. The world came back to me **in** fragments – cold metal beneath my body, the rumble of an engine, the sway of movement.

I turned my eyes to look around, blinking against the darkness. I found myself in a confined space, much like the cramped room on Frederick Warner's vessel. The walls were metal, closing in on all sides.

Sensing the steady movement and vibration, I realized I was likely in a truck. This dark space must be the cargo compartment. My clothes were still damp from my near-drowning experience in the frigid ocean, **but** someone had given me a thick blanket.

They were probably afraid I would freeze to death before reaching their destination. Even mercenaries had their orders to keep me alive.

I huddled tightly in the blanket, wrapping my arms around myself. My shoulders trembled as quiet sobs escaped my lips. This journey had been incredibly difficult for me, the former Rivers pack foster daughter.

I no longer resembled a pampered heiress. Even without a mirror, I could imagine that I looked like a rogue omega wandering the pack territories without protection. My violet eyes were red-rimmed from crying and

exhaustion.

The thought made me sob harder. I had fallen so far from grace, from the elegant foster sister of Connor Rivers to this broken creature cowering in a truck.

Exhausted from crying, I leaned against the truck's metal wall to rest. Despite the blanket, my damp clothes were still bone-chillingly cold. I shivered as if I were trapped in a freezing ice cave.

I figured the truck was heading towards Riverdale. Soon, in a few hours, I would see Connor Rivers. Though not under circumstances I had ever imagined in my wildest dreams.

Suddenly, a sharp slap landed across my face. "**c\*\*\*k-**"

Victor Stone, the mercenary leader, struck me without hesitation. Blood immediately trickled from my mouth and a large red mark bloomed across my cheek.

"Shut up! If you make another sound, I'll rip out your tongue!"

Although Victor's voice wasn't loud, it carried the dangerous authority of a seasoned killer. Every word dripped with cruelty and the promise of violence.

I was stunned by the slap, my cheek/burning with pain. Terrified by his words, I obediently fell silent. I no longer dared to struggle or make any sound.

These mercenaries hadn't killed me, which meant Connor hadn't yet decided to end *my* life. **The** likely just to capture me alive and deliver me to him.

The mercenaries had bound me with silve

**sk** was

Added to the library ed my wolf abilities. The **metal** *burned*

against my skin, making my wolf whimper in distress. They sealed my mouth with duct tape, then put **a Black** Hood of Captivity over my head.

## **Chapter** 158 The Prisoner

After that, they roughly tossed me into a pickup truck like a sack of grain. The vehicle **bumped** along the roa for what felt like hours. Every pothole sent jolts of pain through my already aching **body**.

Finally, the truck stopped. I felt myself being lifted up again, carried by rough hands. After **walking for** a while, 1 was once again violently thrown down.

The floor was metal, and the moment I landed, I felt as if every bone in my body was about to shatter. **With** my mouth taped shut, I couldn't even cry out in pain. The fear within me caused me to tremble uncontrollably as my wolf whimpered in terror.

Footsteps approached with deliberate slowness. The sound of a zipper being pulled echoed above **my head**. The hood was yanked away, revealing my disheveled hair and terrified violet eyes.

I made muffled sounds through the tape, appearing extremely frightened. My hair was matted and dirty, my face pale and streaked with tears.

"The boss told me to let you out, afraid you'd suffocate to death and we wouldn't be able to explain **it to the** Alpha," Devin Hawkins said with a sly smile.

His eyes scanned me in a lecherous manner that made my skin crawl. "You do have some looks, too bad! can't touch you right now. Otherwise, I'd really have to claim you!"

My face turned pale at his crude threat. I trembled with fear, pressing myself against the wall as far from him as possible.

After Devin left, I listened to the sound of waves crashing against the hull. Through a small ventilation window, I saw the endless expanse of sea. I realized I was still on Frederick's vessel, The Crimson Vessel.

The ship rocked and swayed constantly, making me dizzy and nauseous. I had never been on a ship **like** this before. The seasickness was severe for my enhanced werewolf senses.

I vomited several times, my stomach heaving violently. No one came to clean up the mess. The stench of vomit lingered in the confined space, making me reek even worse than before.

"Connor, do you really hate me so much?" I whispered to myself, my voice breaking with despair. "Capturing me and throwing me on a ship like this. Do you really not have any old feelings for me?"

The words tasted bitter in my mouth. All those years of living as his foster sister, all those moments I thought we shared – had they meant nothing to him?

I huddled in the corner, hugging my knees tightly. The more I thought about **it**, the sadder I became. Tears streamed down my face uncontrollably, mixing with the grime and salt spray.

Later that night, the door opened with a harsh creak. Something was thrown at me, landing with a soft thud. "Cover yourself, don't freeze to death!" The mercenary's voice was gruff and uncaring.

After he threw the item, the door slammed shut again. I groped around in the darkness until my fingers found fabric. By the moonlight filtering through the ventilation opening, I made out that it was **the** Filthy Rancid Blanket.

It was covered with a thick layer of grime, so dark it was impossible to tell its original color. **The** blanket emitted a nauseating stench that made me gag. I felt disgusted and kicked it away, showing **my revulsion**. I used to live a life of luxury in the Rivers pack mansion. When had I ever suffered like this? Even when **my** birth mother was still alive, as the daughter of **a** servant, I had never experienced such degradation.

2/4

Chapter 158 The Prisoner...

The small sobs that escaped me were drowned out by the sound of the waves. Winter temperatures were already low, and on the sea, the nights were even colder. My enhanced werewolf sensitivity made every degree of cold feel like ice in my veins.

I was shivering uncontrollably, my lips turning a bluish–purple. It felt as if the blood in my veins was about to freeze solid. My teeth chattered so hard I thought they might c\*\*\*\*.

Finally, I couldn't bear it anymore. I picked up the dirty, smelly blanket with trembling hands. To survive, I had no choice but to wrap myself in that stinking covering. My pride as a former Rivers pack member crumbled with each passing hour.

The truck finally stopped after what felt like an eternity. I was violently dragged out of the vehicle by Connor's security team. Their hands were rough and unforgiving as they hauled me to my feet.

I looked up and recognized the place immediately. It was *Connor Rivers'* secret facility, the Shadow Den: I had heard whispers about this place but had never been inside.

Without Connor's approval, no one could enter this secure location. Not even Rivers pack elders were permitted here. Having arrived at Connor's base, did it mean I would soon see him?

This day had finally come, though not as I had once dreamed in my foolish fantasies.

I was thrown into the basement detention area like a discarded doll. It was cold and damp, without heating or sunlight. This was a place designed to break the spirit of captured enemies.

The concrete walls seemed to press in on me, and the air was thick with the scent of fear and despair from previous prisoners.

Before long, Dominic Reeves walked in. Connor's security chief whose failure to prevent my escape had earned him the Alpha's wrath. His face was set in hard lines, his eyes cold as winter steel.

"Miss Reed, how have you been?" The man narrowed his eyes, his tone icy with professional detachment. "You were really hard to find."

I trembled, my voice stuttering with fear. "What..., what do you want?"

Dominic grinned coldly, the expression never reaching his eyes. "What can I do? My mission was to capture you and bring you back. Now that the mission is complete, what to do with you is up to the Alpha."

"Has... has he come?" I bit my lip, a glimmer of desperate hope appearing on my pale face despite everything I had done.

Even now, after all the betrayal and pain, part of me still hoped Connor might show mercy. That he might remember the girl who had once been his foster sister.

Seeing my pathetic state, Dominic couldn't help but smile with dark amusement. "Miss Reed, don't tell me you did all this for Alpha Connor? Do you have some delusional thoughts about the Alpha?"

I stubbornly retorted even though I was facing judgment. "What's it to you?"

"Yes, it's nothing to me. You should think about what you're going to do next. The Alpha won't show mercy." "No, Connor won't be so cruel to me!" My voice rose with desperate denial. "He used to care for me. Don't scare me, Connor was so good to me, how could he bear to punish me?"

Dominic smiled strangely, his expression mixing pity with contempt. "Should I say you're delusional or *just*

## Chapter 158 The Pursoner

plain stupid? The Alpha used to protect you because you were the Rivers family's adopted daughter, his foster sister under pack law, but what about now?"

His words hit me like physical blows, each one stripping away another layer of my delusions.

"You helped Frederick Warner orchestrate attacks, with several lives on your hands. You've betrayed the Rivers pack. Do you think the Alpha will still be soft-hearted towards you now? You're no longer pack—you're Latest content published on

a rogue."

Sylvia

Hi dear readers, thanks for your reading! I have revised the storyline of this book. Original chapter 82 and chapter 84-88 have been adjusted to 157-161. Please don't but it repeatedly! For those readers *who* have already bought them twice, please c\*\*\*\*\*t me through my sss. I will try my best to let Dreame give you some new chapters for free!

3

Watch videos **get points** (0/10) >

Share to your friends

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

# Whisper 230

V

**Chapter 159: The Exile's Judgment** (Revised, please don't **but** it **repeatedly**!)

Chapter 159: The Exile's Judgment

(Connor's POV)

I finished dealing with Rivers Pack business affairs and went straight to Shadow Den. The weight of **pack** leadership pressed on my shoulders, but nothing compared to the fury burning in my chest.

The underground detention chamber felt colder than usual. My footsteps echoed against the concrete walls

as I descended into the basement.

Vanessa Reed sat bound in silver-laced restraints, her violet eyes immediately locking *onto* mine. The sight of her disheveled state should have stirred some sympathy, but all I felt was disgust.

"Connor!" she cried out, her voice breaking with desperate longing. "You came to see me!"

Her eyes burned with obsessive passion, the same twisted emotion that had driven her to betray everything. The familiar way she spoke my name made my wolf snarl beneath the surface.

"Why can't I call you Con?" she questioned, tears streaming down her pale cheeks. "Do you want me to call you Alpha Connor like everyone else?" NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

I remained silent, my ice-blue eyes studying her with cold detachment. She had lost the right to use my familiar name the moment she chose Frederick Warner over family loyalty.

"I love you, Connor Rivers!" she screamed, her voice echoing off the chamber walls. "Can't you feel **my** burning love? All these years, everything I've done has been for you!"



The audacity of her words made my jaw clench. Love? This obsessive delusion had nothing to do with love. "You deserve to speak of love?" My voice cut through the heavy atmosphere like a blade. "After what you've

done?"

Her face crumpled, but she pressed on with her deluded fantasies. "I did it all *for* us! To get rid of Olivia Winters so we could be together!"

"You helped Frederick Warner orchestrate attacks," I said coldly. "Several lives are on your hands because of your choices."

"But I love you!" she insisted, struggling against her silver bonds. "Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

My contempt was palpable as I stepped closer. "You are no longer a Rivers. You have *no* right to call me by any name."

The finality in my voice made her violet eyes widen with horror. "No, Connor, please! I'm still your foster sister!

"

"You were my foster sister," I corrected harshly. "Now you're nothing more than a rogue traitor who threatened my mate."

Her desperate cries filled the cold air, but they fell on deaf ears. My wolf felt no pity for someone who had nearly destroyed Olivia.

"Take her outside," I ordered Dominic Reeves, who had been standing silently in the shadows.

1/3

Chapter 159 The Exile's J.

"No! Connor, please!" Vanessa screamed as Dominic moved to comply. "Don't **do this to** me?"

I turned my back on her pleas, my decision already made. She had chosen her **path** when she allied **with** Frederick Warner.

Outside Shadow Den, the vast open space was illuminated by harsh floodlights. A helicopter waited in **the** center, its rotors already spinning ominously.

Vanessa was dragged forward, still bound in the silver-threaded ropes that burned her werewolf skin. Her struggles were futile against Dominic's firm grip.

"What are you doing?" she gasped, finally understanding the gravity of her situation.

The helicopter crew worked efficiently, attaching her restraints to the aircraft's undercarriage. She would **be** hoisted into the chilling night air, suspended between earth and sky.

"Connor, no!" she screamed as the helicopter began to ascend. "Please don't do this!"

The early spring wind, still laced with winter's bite, howled around her as she was lifted higher. Her wolf whimpered in terror and pain, the silver burning against her skin.

This was a torturous ordeal that no werewolf should endure. But Vanessa Reed had forfeited her right **to** pack protection when she betrayed us.

I watched from the ground, my expression inscrutable. My wolf felt no sympathy for the traitor swaying in the frigid air above.

Time passed slowly. Vanessa's cries grew weaker as the cold sapped her strength. Her violet eyes dimmed with hypothermia, her body shivering uncontrollably.

Dominic approached me hesitantly. "Alpha, should we continue? The elders might question..."

I knew his concerns. Eleanor Rivers would want Vanessa handed to territorial authorities rather than executed without trial. But my grandmother's feelings couldn't override pack justice.

"She needs to understand the consequences of betrayal," I said coldly.

More time passed. Vanessa's struggles became feeble, her werewolf healing compromised by the silver exposure and extreme cold.

Finally, I raised my hand. "Enough."

Dominic immediately relayed the order. The helicopter descended, lowering Vanessa's barely conscious form to the ground.

She collapsed the moment her restraints were released, her body frozen and clinging to life. Her violet eyes were dim, her breathing shallow.

"Find pack healers to treat her," I ordered coldly. "But don't let her die easily. She needs to face proper justice." The medical team rushed forward/their hands working quickly *to* stabilize her condition. Vanessa was saved from death but hung by a thread.

The next day, I returned to the Rivers Pack Mansion. The familiar halls felt different now, tainted by the knowledge of Vanessa's betrayal.

I found Katherine Rivers in the living room, *her* amber eyes reflecting concern as she looked up from *her* tea,

2/3

< Chapter 159 The Exile's J

"Connor," she said softly. "How is she?"

"Alive," I replied curtly. "I'll be speaking with Father about officially expelling Vanessa from the pack"

Katherine's face paled. "Your grandmother's heart condition... this news about Vanessa might be too much

for her."

I had already informed Eleanor Rivers of the situation and Vanessa's crimes. My grandmother's reaction had been predictably emotional, but it wouldn't change my decision.

"It doesn't matter how much she protests," I said with Alpha finality. "What I've decided, even Grandmother cannot influence. Vanessa Reed is no longer a Rivers."

Sylvia

Hi dear readers, thanks for your reading! I have revised the storyline of this book. Original chapter 82 and chapter 84-88 have been adjusted to 157-161. Please don't but it repeatedly! For those readers who have already bought them twice, please c\*\*\*\*\*t me through my sss. I will try my best to let Dreame give you some new chapters for free!

14

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 231

Chapter 160: Pack Justice (Revised)

## Chapter 160: Pack Justice

(Connor's POV)

The things that Vanessa Reed did before were mostly aimed at Olivia Winters. So today, I specially called

Olivia over to the Rivers Pack Mansion.

The grand hall felt different now, charged with tension that made my wolf pace restlessly beneath my skin. Pack members gathered in small clusters, their voices hushed as they sensed the gravity of what was about

to unfold.

Olivia sat beside me on the main couch, her amber eyes reflecting concern and uncertainty. Her honey-brown hair caught the afternoon light streaming through the tall windows, and I could smell her familiar scent of

vanilla and wildflowers.

"Connor, what's this about?" she asked softly, her hand finding mine.

"Justice," I replied simply, my ice-blue eyes fixed on the entrance.

The atmosphere in the hall was thick with anticipation. Pack members who had heard whispers of Vanessa's betrayal waited to see how their Alpha would handle this unprecedented situation.

My phone buzzed against my ear as I made the call. "Bring in the prisoner."

Eleanor Rivers burst through the main doors, her silver hair slightly disheveled from her rushed journey. She had abandoned her medical retreat the moment she received word of my important announcement. "Connor, what is all this commotion about?" she demanded, her blue eyes scanning the assembled pack members with growing alarm.

William Rivers followed close behind, his business suit wrinkled from dropping everything to attend this emergency gathering. His expression was grim as he took in the formal arrangement of the hall. "Son, what's happening here?" he asked, though his tone suggested he already suspected the answer. I remained seated, my posture radiating Alpha authority. "You'll understand in a moment, Father." Eleanor's eyes narrowed as she studied my face. "Connor Rivers, you better have a good explanation for dragging me away from my treatment."

Five minutes later, the heavy doors opened again. Dominic Reeves entered, his expression professionally neutral as he escorted a figure that made the entire hall fall silent.

Vanessa Reed stumbled forward, her once—pristine appearance now haggard and broken. Her violet eyes were red-rimmed from crying, her light brown hair matted and unkempt.

The silver-laced restraints around her wrists had left angry red marks on her pale skin. Her clothes were wrinkled and stained, a far cry from the elegant foster daughter who once graced these halls.

Eleanor gasped, her hand flying to her chest. “Vanessa! My dear child, what have they done to you?”

Vanessa’s eyes immediately found Eleanor’s face, tears streaming down her cheeks. “Grandmother!” **she** cried out, her voice breaking with desperate emotion.

1/4

<Chapter 160 Pack Justice.

**The old** woman’s heart visibly ached at the sight. She knew about Vanessa’s involvement **with Frederick Warner**, but the extent of her crimes remained hidden from her knowledge.

**Eleanor** had no idea about Vanessa’s manipulation of Ethan Grey to involve the authorities. She didn’t **know** about the threats against Jessica Sullivan or the k\*\*\*\*\*g of Grace Winters.

Most importantly, she was unaware that Vanessa had wielded the silver blade that I had taken for **Olivia**.

“Connor, how could you treat her like this?” Eleanor demanded, her voice shaking with outrage. “She’s family!”

I stood slowly, my full height commanding attention from every person in the hall. My wolf’s authority pressed against the room like a physical force.

“Vanessa Reed,” I announced coldly, “you are hereby expelled from the Rivers pack.”

The words hit the hall like a thunderclap. Pack members exchanged shocked glances, while Eleanor’s face

went pale.

“Furthermore,” I continued, my ice-blue eyes boring into Vanessa’s violet ones, “you will kneel and apologize to Olivia Winters for your crimes against her.”

Eleanor stepped forward, her voice rising with indignation. “Connor Rivers! How dare you treat your foster sister with such cruelty?”

“She is no longer my foster sister,” I replied with Alpha finality. “She forfeited that right when she betrayed

this pack.”

William tried to intervene, his voice heavy with knowledge of Vanessa’s true crimes. “Mother, you don’t understand the full extent of what she’s done.”

But Eleanor’s protective instincts overrode reason. “I don’t care what she’s done! She’s still the little girl we

raised!”

Vanessa lifted her chin defiantly, her violet eyes flashing with stubborn pride. “I won’t kneel to her,” she declared, her voice carrying traces of her old arrogance.

“I did nothing wrong,” she continued, her wolf finally showing some fight. “Everything I did was justified!” My wolf snarled beneath the surface, demanding submission from the rogue who dared defy pack law. “You will apologize, or face the consequences.”

Eleanor’s voice cracked with emotion. “Connor, where is your heart? You used to care for Vanessa so much. You protected her, cherished her as family.”

The accusation in her words made my jaw clench. “That was before I learned the truth about her incestuous desires and her complete disregard for pack life.”

The words dropped into the hall like stones into still water. Eleanor’s face went white, her hand clutching at her chest as the implications hit her.

“What... what did you say?” she whispered, her voice barely audible,

William stepped forward quickly, alarm written across his features. “Connor, stop. Think about your grandmother’s heart condition.”

But I was beyond caring about family sentiment when it came to protecting my mate. “I meant every word literally, Father.”

2/4

< Chapter 160 Pack Justice.

Katherine Rivers, who had been silent until now, stared at Vanessa with growing horror. "Is this true?" she demanded, her amber eyes blazing with maternal fury.

Vanessa's defiance crumbled under the weight of the accusations. Her violet eyes filled with desperate tears, but she couldn't deny what everyone now knew.

"I..." she started, then stopped, her voice failing her.

Katherine's face flushed with outrage. "How could you harbor such twisted feelings? Connor is your foster

brother!"

William sighed heavily, the sound carrying years of disappointment and regret. "I should have seen the signs

earlier."

My patience finally snapped. My Alpha wolf demanded justice, and I would *not* be denied. "Apologize to

Olivia. Now."

Vanessa's composure shattered completely. "Why can't you love me back?" she screamed, her voice *echoing* off the high ceilings.

"I've loved you for years! Why can't you see that? Why does it have to be her?"

The raw emotion in her voice made several pack members shift uncomfortably. But Katherine Rivers had heard enough.

The sharp c\*\*\*k of her palm against Vanessa's cheek rang through the hall. "Stop talking nonsense here!" Katherine said, her voice shaking with fury.

"Connor is your foster brother! Even if you leave the Rivers pack, there is no possibility between you and him!" Vanessa's head snapped to the side from the force of the slap. When she turned back, her violet eyes burned with years of suppressed rage.

"I didn't want to be your foster daughter at all!" she roared, her wolf finally showing its true nature through her desperate fury. Get full chapters from [Find\\_Novel\(.\)net](#)

The confession hung in the air like a poison cloud. Eleanor clutched her chest, her breathing becoming labored as the full weight of Vanessa's betrayal hit her.

William rushed to his mother's side, genuine fear in his eyes. "Connor, stop this. Your grandmother can't take

much more.”

But I was unmoved by family sentiment when it came to protecting my mate. Justice demanded completion, regardless of the cost.

“Dominic,” I commanded, my voice carrying absolute Alpha authority. “Force her to kneel and perform the traditional pack submission to Olivia.”

Dominic Reeves moved without hesitation. His hands pressed down on Vanessa’s shoulders, forcing her to her knees before Olivia’s chair.

Vanessa struggled against his grip, but the silver restraints had weakened her wolf too much to resist effectively. Her head was pushed down in the traditional gesture of submission.

Eleanor watched the scene unfold, her face pale and her breathing shallow. The sight of her beloved foster granddaughter being forced into submission was too much for her fragile heart.

3/4

< Chapter 160 Pack Justice

“I can’t... I can’t watch this,” she whispered, her voice breaking.

She turned away from the scene, her hand still pressed to her chest. “Deal with these messes yourselves,”

she said weakly.

2

Watch videos get po

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 232

**Chapter 161: Pack Justice and New Alliances (Revised)**

**Chapter 161: Pack Justice and New Alliances**



Olivia frowned, glancing coolly at Vanessa Reed who was forced into the traditional pack submission position. She turned to Connor Rivers, whose ~~ice~~-blue eyes remained cold as winter steel.

“What do you mean by disregarding pack life?” she asked, her amber eyes searching his face.

Connor’s jaw tightened. He did not want to tell Olivia about Vanessa helping Frederick Warner with his schemes and participating in silencing witnesses through murder.

He knew that Olivia would be extremely distressed about the utterly innocent Pierce siblings, Noah and **Leah**. She would lose sleep and appetite, grieving for a long time if she knew that those innocent and pitiful packless wolves had died tragically at Frederick Warner’s hands. The latest\_episodes are on\_the

“It’s just about Jessica Sullivan,” he replied in a low voice, his Alpha authority barely controlled.

Olivia sensed that things were not that simple. Her amber eyes continued searching his **face** for **the truth** he

was withholding.

Something darker lurked beneath his careful words. But she could see the protective wall he had built **around**

certain information.

Connor’s wolf stirred restlessly beneath his skin. The weight of keeping such devastating news from his mate pressed against his chest like a physical burden.

Vanessa remained on her knees, her violet eyes burning with bitter resentment. The silver restraints had left angry red marks on her pale wrists.

“I won’t apologize to her,” Vanessa spat, her voice cracking with defiance. “I did nothing wrong.”

Dominic Reeves pressed down harder on her shoulders. “You will show proper submission to your Alpha’s

mate.”

Katherine Rivers stepped forward, her amber eyes blazing with maternal fury. “You have disgraced this family enough, Vanessa.”

William Rivers watched the scene unfold with heavy resignation. Years of disappointment and regret weighed on his shoulders.

"The decision is final," Connor announced, his voice carrying absolute Alpha authority. "Vanessa Reed is expelled from the Rivers pack."

The words echoed through the grand hall like a death sentence. Pack members exchanged shocked glances at the unprecedented severity.

Vanessa was expelled from the Rivers pack that day, stripped of all pack protections and privileges. Her violet eyes held no remorse, only bitter resentment as pack security escorted her away from the **only family** she had ever known.

The heavy doors closed behind her with a finality that seemed to shake the **very** foundations of the mansion. In Blackmoor Territory, Frederick Warner's subordinate Maxwell Cooper hung up the phone with a **solemn** expression. His face was grave as he approached Frederick's study.

1/4

Chapter 161, Pack Justice

"**Sir, Vanessa Reed** has been handed **over** to human **police** by **Connor** Rivers, Maxwell **reported carefully**,

**Frederick** looked up **from** his desk, his eyes glinting with cold calculation. "**And?**"

"**Vanessa** sent someone **to** pass a message through criminal networks. She's hoping you **could save** her from imprisonment."

Frederick smiled with cold indifference, leaning back in his leather chair. The expression never **reached his**

**eyes.**

"Would you waste your energy to save something useless?" he asked, his voice dripping with contempt.

Maxwell lowered his head in submission. "I understand completely, sir."

Frederick's fingers drummed against the mahogany desk. "What about Clayton Thornton's situation?"

"Clayton has received what Vanessa gave him before her capture," Maxwell replied promptly.

Frederick's smile turned predatory, his eyes lighting up with anticipation. "The good show is about to begin."

The pieces of his elaborate revenge were falling into place perfectly. Vanessa's capture had been expected,

even planned for.

On Saturday morning, Emma Turner called Olivia to remind her about their dinner appointment. Her voice was warm and excited through the phone.

"I hope you haven't forgotten about tonight," Emma said cheerfully. "I asked Adrian Sinclair for your phone number through mutual legal contacts."

Olivia smiled, settling into her apartment's comfortable armchair. "Of course I remember our arrangement."

Her voice was warm despite her recent pack troubles. Emma's human warmth provided a welcome contrast to the cold pack politics she had been navigating.

"I'm so relieved," Emma laughed. "I was worried you might have changed your mind."

"Not at all. I'm looking forward to meeting everyone properly."

Emma's enthusiasm bubbled through the phoné. "I've booked a private room at Moonrise Grand Restaurant for 7 PM. Would you like Adrian to pick you **up**?"

Olivia politely declined, her tone gracious. "Thank you, but I'll drive myself. I prefer having my own transportation."

"That's perfectly fine," Emma replied warmly. "We'll see you at seven then."

They exchanged pleasant goodbyes, Emma's genuine kindness lifting Olivia's spirits after the difficult pack proceedings.

At six in the afternoon, Olivia changed her clothes and prepared to leave her apartment. She applied **light** makeup and chose a beige dress with a matching coat.

Her honey-brown hair cascaded in gentle waves over her shoulders. The soft color complemented her amber eyes perfectly.

Arriving at the restaurant, Olivia parked her modest BMW sedan in the underground garage. **The** familiar weight of her car keys felt comforting in her palm.

She encountered Emma Turner with her daughter Sophie near the restaurant **entrance**. Emma's **face lit up**

< Chapter 161. Pack Justice

with genuine human warmth.

“Olivia! You look absolutely lovely,” Emma called out, waving enthusiastically.

Sophie, a bright-eyed little girl, greeted Olivia sweetly. “Hello, Miss Winters!”

Her innocent smile reminded Olivia painfully of young Grace Winters. The resemblance tugged at her heart

unexpectedly.

Olivia reached into her purse and pulled out a small gift bag tied with a pink bow. “I brought something for

Sophie.”

Emma’s eyes widened in surprise. “Oh, you didn’t need to do that!”

“It’s just a small token,” Olivia insisted gently. “I thought of her fondly after our meeting in the park.”

Sophie opened the bag with careful fingers. Inside was a beautiful Rose Gold Designer Hair Clip with Pink.

Crystals.

The elegant hair accessory sparkled under the restaurant’s soft lighting. Pink crystals caught the light like

tiny stars.

“It’s so beautiful!” Sophie exclaimed, her face radiant with joy. “Thank you so much, Miss Winters!” Emma tried to decline the generous gift. “This is too expensive, Olivia. We can’t accept something so

valuable.”

“Please, I insist,” Olivia said warmly. “It’s a small gift for a sweet child.”

Emma’s eyes misted with gratitude. “You’re incredibly kind. Thank you so much.”

Sophie clutched the hair clip carefully, her small fingers tracing the delicate crystals with wonder.

“Miss Winters, I’ll escort you up,” Emma smiled warmly, gesturing toward the elevator.

“Of course,” Olivia replied graciously, following Emma and Sophie into the building.

They took the elevator to the third floor. Sophie asked her mother to help her put on the beautiful hair clip. “You look like a little princess,” Olivia praised enthusiastically, watching Sophie beam with pride.

When the elevator doors opened, Olivia was surprised to see Adrian Sinclair already seated inside the private dining room. A kind elderly couple and a middle-aged man were also present.

Emma made the introductions with obvious pride. “This is my husband, Sophie’s father. And these are Adrian’s aunt and uncle.”

The elderly couple rose from their seats, their faces warm with gratitude. “Miss Winters, we can’t thank you enough for helping us find Sophie in the park.”

Sophie’s father stepped forward, his handshake firm and sincere. “You have our eternal gratitude for keeping our daughter safe.”

Adrian adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses with a gentle smile. His charcoal suit was impeccable, his demeanor professionally warm,

“Good evening, partner,” he greeted Olivia warmly, rising from his chair.

Emma laughed at the formal address. “You can call her Olivia. We’re all friends here.”

3/4

< Chapter 161: Pack Justice..

NIS PORNS

Emma gave Adrian a meaningful look, motioning for him to move closer to Olivia at the dining table. Her matchmaking intentions were barely concealed.

Adrian shook his head helplessly at the obvious attempt. His expression was both amused and slightly embarrassed.

Olivia asked with innocent curiosity, “What’s happening?”

Adrian explained diplomatically, his voice smooth and professional. “Emma wants us to sit together to discuss our potential legal partnership.”

He paused, meeting Olivia’s amber eyes directly. “I agree it would be beneficial for our professional collaboration.”

Olivia was delighted to have such a dedicated and accomplished potential partner. “That’s wonderful! Please, sit beside me so we can discuss the Moonstone Legal Partners establishment.”

Adrian gracefully moved to sit next to Olivia. His movements were elegant and controlled, befitting his refined background.

Emma smiled knowingly, murmuring under her breath. “Adrian and Olivia seem like a perfect match, both in their legal careers and personal compatibility.”

7

Watch videos **get points** (0/10) >

16K

H

**Vote**

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 232 (2)

### Chapter 161: Pack Justice and New Alliances (Revised) -2

At six in the afternoon, Olivia changed her clothes and prepared to leave her apartment. **She applied light** makeup and chose a beige dress with a matching coat.

Her honey–brown hair cascaded in gentle waves over her shoulders. The soft color complemented her amber eyes perfectly.

Arriving at the restaurant, Olivia parked her modest BMW sedan in the underground garage. The familiar Latest content published on

weight of her car keys felt comforting in her palm.

She encountered Emma Turner with her daughter Sophie near the restaurant entrance. Emma's face lit up

with genuine human warmth.

"Olivia! You look absolutely lovely," Emma called out, waving enthusiastically.

Sophie, a bright-eyed little girl, greeted Olivia sweetly. "Hello, Miss Winters!"

Her innocent smile reminded Olivia painfully of young Grace Winters. The resemblance tugged **at** her heart

unexpectedly.

Olivia reached into her purse and pulled out a small gift bag tied with a pink bow. "I brought something **for**

Sophie."

Emma's eyes widened in surprise. "Oh, you didn't need to do that!"

"It's just a small token," Olivia insisted gently. "I thought of her fondly after our meeting in the park."

Sophie opened the bag with careful fingers. Inside was a beautiful Rose Gold Designer Hair Clip with Pink

Crystals.

The elegant hair accessory sparkled under the restaurant's soft lighting. Pink crystals caught the light like

tiny stars.

"It's so beautiful!" Sophie exclaimed, her face radiant with joy. "Thank you **so** much, Miss Winters!"

Emma tried to decline the generous gift. "This is too expensive, Olivia. We can't accept something so

valuable."

"Please, I insist," Olivia said warmly. "It's a small gift for a sweet child."

Emma's eyes misted with gratitude. "You're incredibly kind. Thank you so much."

Sophie clutched the hair clip carefully, her small fingers tracing the delicate crystals with wonder.

"Miss Winters, I'll escort you up," Emma smiled warmly, gesturing toward the elevator.

"Of course," Olivia replied graciously, following Emma and Sophie into the building.

They took the elevator to the third floor. Sophie asked her mother to help her put on the beautiful hair **clip**.

"You look like a little princess," Olivia praised enthusiastically, watching Sophie beam with pride.

When the elevator doors opened, Olivia was surprised to see Adrian Sinclair already seated inside **the** private dining room. A kind elderly couple and a middle-aged man were also present.

Emma made the introductions with obvious pride. "This is my husband, Sophie's father. And these are

|||

O

1/3

Chapter 161 Pack Justice

Adrian's aunt **and** uncle."

The elderly couple **rose** from their seats, their faces warm with gratitude. "Miss Winters, we **can't thank you** enough for helping us find Sophie in the park."

Sophie's father stepped forward, his handshake firm and sincere. "You have our eternal gratitude **for** keeping our daughter safe."

Adrian adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses with a gentle smile. His charcoal suit was impeccable, his demeanor professionally warm.

"Good evening, partner," he greeted Olivia warmly, rising from his chair.

Emma laughed at the formal address. "You can call her Olivia. We're all friends here."



Emma gave Adrian a meaningful look, motioning for him to move closer **to** Olivia **at** the dining **table**. Her matchmaking intentions were barely concealed.

Adrian shook his head helplessly at the obvious attempt. His expression was both amused and slightly

embarrassed.

Olivia asked with innocent curiosity, "What's happening?"

Adrian explained diplomatically, his voice smooth and professional. "Emma wants us to sit together to discuss our potential legal partnership."

He paused, meeting Olivia's amber eyes directly. "I agree it would be beneficial for our professional

collaboration."

Olivia was delighted to have such a dedicated and accomplished potential partner. "That's wonderful! Please, sit beside me so we can discuss the Moonstone Legal Partners establishment."

Adrian gracefully moved to sit next to Olivia. His movements were elegant and controlled, befitting his refined background.

Emma smiled knowingly, murmuring under her breath. "Adrian and Olivia seem like a perfect match, both in their legal careers and personal compatibility."

**9**

Share to your friends

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

## **Whisper 233**

**Chapter 162: Family Dinner and Unexpected Revelations**

Chapter 162: Family Dinner and Unexpected Revelations

**(Third person's POV)**

At the Moonrise Grand Restaurant, the private dining room buzzed with warm conversation. Olivia found herself surrounded by Adrian Sinclair's family his aunt Emma Turner, her daughter Sophie, Emma's husband, and Adrian's elderly grandparents from the Sinclair pack.

The grandmother's eyes sparkled with delight as she leaned forward. "So you're single, dear?" she asked Olivia with obvious hope.

"Yes, I am," Olivia replied graciously, though she felt a flutter of discomfort at the woman's obvious matchmaking intentions.

The grandfather enthusiastically pushed the menu toward her. "Please, order whatever you **like!** Don't **be shy**

with us."

Olivia accepted the menu with a warm smile. "Thank you so much for your kindness."

She carefully selected several light dishes suitable for both elderly wolves and children. **The** grandfather beamed at her thoughtful choices, looking at her as if she were already his grandson's potential mate.

"Such consideration," the grandmother whispered to Emma. "She would make a wonderful addition to our

pack."

Emma nodded eagerly, her eyes bright with matchmaking schemes. Sophie sat quietly beside her mother, occasionally touching the beautiful hair clip Olivia had given her.

Throughout the dinner, Emma's husband remained notably quiet except for his initial words of gratitude. He observed the family's obvious intentions with growing concern.

Unbeknownst to the others, he recognized Olivia as Connor Rivers' former fiancée. He had attended their engagement ceremony the previous year while Emma was away on business in Blackmoor Territory.

His mind raced as he watched Emma's enthusiasm for pairing Adrian with Olivia. This could become a dangerous situation if the truth came out later.

He needed to inform Emma about Olivia's relationship with Connor Rivers after the meal. The Rivers pack was not to be trifled with, especially regarding their Alpha's personal matters.

"Adrian, tell us about your recent cases," the grandmother encouraged, clearly hoping to showcase her grandson's professional success.

Adrian adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses with a gentle smile. "We've been handling some challenging corporate disputes lately."

"Olivia's firm has been dealing with similar cases," Emma interjected meaningfully. "You two have so much **in** common professionally."

Olivia and Adrian exchanged amused glances at the obvious setup. "We've discussed establishing Moonstone Legal Partners," Olivia said diplomatically.

"That sounds like a perfect partnership," the grandfather declared with satisfaction.

1/3

## Chapter 162 Family Dinne

The conversation flowed pleasantly as they discussed legal matters and potential business collaborations. Adrian's professional competence impressed **Olivia**,

while his family's warmth reminded her of simpler times.

After the meal, as the group exited the private dining room, Emma gave Adrian meaningful looks. "**Adrian**, why don't you drive Olivia home?" she suggested with barely concealed hope.

"Thank you, but I drove myself," Olivia politely declined. "I didn't drink during dinner, so I'm perfectly fine **to**

**drive.**"

Adrian nodded understandingly. "Of course. Safety first."

As they took the elevator to the first floor, the doors opened to reveal an unexpected sight. Ethan Quinn and Lily were embracing intimately in the hallway.

The couple immediately separated upon seeing the group. Lily's face turned bright red as **she** stammered,

O—Olivia!"

Olivia's expression became serious as she took in the scene. Her amber eyes narrowed with concern **and**

surprise.

"Lily," she said firmly, stepping forward. "We need to talk."

She turned to Adrian and his family with an apologetic smile. "Please go ahead. I need to speak with **my** friend privately."

The elderly grandmother cheerfully waved goodbye. "Don't forget to visit our pack territory, dear!" Little Sophie sweetly called out, "Goodbye, Miss Winters! Thank you for the beautiful hair clip!" Adrian hesitated for a moment, his eyes showing concern. "Are you sure you'll be alright?"

"I'll be fine," Olivia assured him. "Thank you for a lovely evening."

Once the family departed, Olivia turned back to the couple with crossed arms. Her amber eyes scrutinized them both with growing sternness.

"Well?" she demanded, her voice carrying an edge of authority. "What exactly is going on here?"

Lily struggled to find words, her face still flushed with embarrassment. "Olivia, I can explain..."

"Then explain," Olivia said curtly, her gaze shifting between them.

Ethan Quinn shifted uncomfortably under her stern look. The beta werewolf had never seen this side of Olivia

-before.

"Perhaps we should move somewhere more private," he suggested, gesturing toward the restaurant's upper floors. "I had reserved a private room upstairs for dinner with Lily."

They proceeded to the room, which turned out to be a romantic couple's suite. Rose petals were scattered across the table, candles flickered softly, and the entire atmosphere screamed intimate dinner.

Olivia's mood darkened further as she took in the romantic setup. She sat down heavily, her expression thunderous.

"When did this start?" she demanded, her voice cold with betrayal.

Her feelings were complex and painful. She had always viewed Ethan Quinn as a **close friend figure**, almost like family. Watching him pursue her best friend felt like watching her own family being disrupted. Get full chapters from

C

2/3

<Chapter 162: Family Dinne

Lily **nervously** twisted her hands **in** her lap. “**It** started recently,” she **admitted quietly**. “**After** the incident at **Nightshade Bar**.”

“When you became jealous over her joking about hiring male entertainers for me?” **Olivia’s** voice rose with

**anger**.

**Ethan’s** jaw tightened. “I may have been aggressive, but Lily had feelings for me too.”

“Did he force himself on you?” Olivia asked Lily directly, her protective instincts flaring.

Lily blushed deeply but shook her head. “No, Olivia. I... I did have feelings for him.”

Olivia’s anger shifted to concern. “Do you understand what this means? The scandal this could cause in werewolf society?”

Her voice carried genuine worry. “The gossip and criticism you’ll face if other pack members discover you’re involved with Connor’s close friend?”

“They’ll paint you as someone who betrayed pack loyalties,” Olivia continued, her amber eyes filled **with** protective fury. “The cruel rumors that will follow you everywhere.”

Ethan’s expression grew serious. “I understand the gravity of the situation, I promise **to** have **a** proper conversation with Connor about our relationship.”

Lily looked shocked, her eyes widening with alarm. “Ethan! We agreed not to tell Connor about our relationship yet!”

Watch **videos get points (0/10)** >

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 234

### Chapter 163: Hidden **Bonds and Family Reconciliation**—1

Chapter 163: Hidden Bonds and Family Reconciliation

(Olivia's POV)

Ethan Quinn sighed deeply, his shoulders sagging with the weight of reality. "Lily, they will know sooner or

later."

Lily Chen's eyelashes trembled as she looked down at her hands. Her voice wasn't as lively as usual, **carrying**

a hint of sadness that made my heart ache for her.

"Ethan, I'm afraid... or let's just forget it."

The words hung in the air like a death sentence. I could see the pain flickering across both their faces.

Ethan's tone became firm, his beta wolf instincts flaring with determination. "It's impossible."

His voice carried absolute conviction as he reached for Lily's hands. "Lily, trust me, okay? I will solve **this**."

Lily's expression crumbled, sadness mixing with a deep sense of loss. "How do you solve it? Do you want our

families to sever their pack alliance to fulfill us?"

The weight of pack politics and family expectations pressed down on both of them like a physical force. I

watched as Ethan frowned and fell into silence.

His internal conflict between love and pack duty was written clearly across his features. The complexity of their situation seemed to grow heavier with each passing moment.

I felt a headache building behind my temples from this complicated pack drama. The romantic setup around

us suddenly felt suffocating.

"I will help you keep the secret, but this matter should be resolved as soon as possible," I said helplessly, rubbing my forehead.

“It’s okay if I find out today, but if those who love gossip and chew their tongues see **it**, take a few sneak shots and sell them to the paparazzi, you two will be on the headlines tomorrow.”

I turned to address Lily directly, my amber eyes serious with concern. “It’s better to confess proactively than

to let them know from others.”

The truth always had a way of surfacing, especially in werewolf society where secrets were currency and gossip traveled faster than wildfire.

Lily remained silent, her gaze fixed on the rose petals scattered across the table. She was avoiding eye contact, and I could smell her fear and uncertainty about facing their families.

Ethan moved closer to embrace her, his protective werewolf instincts taking over completely. “Lily, with me

here, don’t be afraid.”

He whispered the words against her hair, his voice carrying all the tenderness of a mate trying to comfort his

beloved.

I stood up from my chair, knowing this was my cue to leave them alone. “I should go. You two need **to** figure this out together.”

III

O

1/2

< Chapter 163 Hidden Bond

“Thank you for understanding, Olivia, Ethan said quietly, his gratitude genuine.

I nodded and made my way out of the romantic suite, leaving them to navigate their complicated feelings **in**

private. For original chapters go to

The elevator ride down felt longer than usual. My mind was already shifting to tomorrow’s plans **with** Grace

Winters.

I walked through the restaurant's main lobby and out to the underground garage where my BMW sedan waited. The familiar weight of my car keys felt comforting in my palm.

As I drove through Harbor City's evening traffic toward the Winters Family Estate, my phone buzzed **with a** message. I glanced at it when I stopped at a red light.

Adrian Sinclair had texted: "Did you arrive home safely? Please drive carefully."

The thoughtful gesture from the fellow lawyer made me smile slightly. His consideration was refreshing **after** the emotional drama I'd just witnessed.

But my mind remained preoccupied with Lily and Ethan's complicated situation. Pack politics made everything so much more difficult than it needed to be.

(Connor's POV)

My phone rang just as I was reviewing security reports in my study. Miles Bennett's name flashed on **the**

screen.

"Connor, how are things with you and Olivia?" Miles asked without preamble.

His tone carried an unusual seriousness that immediately put me on alert. Miles was typically lighthearted, so this change concerned me.

"Why are you asking?" I replied carefully, setting down the documents.

"I'm sure you know that Adrian's parents have been in Blackmoor Territory all these years, and his family in the Northern Territory only includes his maternal grandparents and his aunt Emma Turner, who is Gabriel Andrews' sister-in-law."

Miles continued with evident concern in his voice. "You know so much about Adrian's family?"

The revelation about Olivia and Adrian prompted something cold to settle in my chest. I ended the call abruptly, my wolf pacing restlessly beneath my skin.

Overwhelmed by a sense of loss and urgency, my Alpha's possessive instincts flared. I needed to secure my claim on Olivia before it was too late.

Miles called back immediately. "Connor, don't hang up on me. I'm going to tell you now."

Watch **videos** get **points (0/10)** >



Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 234 (2)

### Chapter 163: Hidden Bonds and Family Reconciliation–2

His tone changed to something deadly serious. “But you have to be mentally **prepared**, this is bad news **for** you.”

I remained silent, my ice-blue eyes darkening with barely controlled emotion. My wolf was **demanding** action. demanding answers.

Miles no longer laughed, his voice carrying weight. “I had dinner with a client in a restaurant **tonight**. As soon

as I walked out of the private room, I saw your Olivia and Adrian Sinclair coming out of another **private room**

together.”

My jaw clenched as territorial instincts surged through me like wildfire. The thought of another male near **my**

mate made my wolf snarl with possessive fury.

“They were with Adrian’s family,” Miles continued relentlessly. “His grandparents, his aunt Emma, her husband, and their daughter. It looked like a family meeting.”

The implications hit me like a physical blow. Meeting the family meant serious intentions, potential mating

discussions.

“Connor, are you still there?” Miles asked when I didn’t respond.

“I’m here,” I growled, my voice rough with barely contained emotion.

(Olivia’s POV)

As I arrived at the Winters Family Estate, the familiar sight of the grand mansion brought **a** sense of peace. The white stone gleamed under the evening lights.

I found Richard Winters waiting for me in the main hall. His white hair gleamed **in** the lamplight, and guilt was evident in his amber eyes.

“Livvy, I’m sorry about what happened when you were taken,” he said quietly.

His voice carried the weight of a father’s regret. The k\*\*\*\*\***g** incident in Blackmoor Territory had shaken him more than he’d initially shown.

“Grace is already asleep,” he continued, gesturing toward the stairs. “But I wanted to speak with you.”

Richard then offered something unexpected. “I want to transfer some shares of Silverridge Holdings to you. It’s your rightful place in the family business.”

I accepted his offer, recognizing it as both an apology and a gesture of trust. The shares represented more than money – they were acknowledgment of my place in the family.

“What about the law firm recently? Is it going well?” Richard asked, settling into his favorite armchair. The father and daughter conversation felt natural for the first time in years. After experiencing **so** many traumatic events, we no longer had the tension and conflict that once defined our relationship.

“It’s very good,” I replied with genuine warmth, taking the seat across from him.

Richard looked pleased, his expression kind as he studied my face. “Livvy has grown up.”

His voice carried the pride of an Alpha father watching his daughter come into her **own strength**. **The**

1/2

Chapter 163 Hidden Bond-

**approval** in his eyes meant more than I’d expected.

“**Do you** still reject joining the family business?” Richard asked **carefully**. “**The shares I’m** offering are bot inheritance and recognition of your capabilities.”

I considered his words, feeling the shift in our relationship. “I didn’t understand before, **but** now I just want our family to be harmonious.”

I looked up at my father with amber eyes that reflected years of pain finally healing. The **anger** and resentment that had driven us apart seemed insignificant now.

Richard's eyes actually filled with tears, and he murmured softly, "Our family is harmonious."

H

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 235

### Chapter 164: Unexpected Encounters and Unspoken Feelings

#### Chapter 164: Unexpected Encounters and Unspoken Feelings

(Olivia's POV)

I returned to my apartment and noticed a message from Adrian Sinclair that had been sent half **an** hour **ago**, **The** notification glowed softly on my phone screen.

"Did you arrive home safely? May I call you?" the text read.

I quickly typed back confirming my arrival and agreeing to the call. Within moments, my phone rang **with**

**Adrian's** familiar number.

"Olivia, I hope I'm not calling too late," Adrian's voice came through, carrying a note of concern.

"Not at all. Is everything alright?"

Adrian's tone shifted to apologetic. "I wanted to apologize for tonight. My aunt Emma invited so many people to dinner without warning me properly."

I settled into my apartment's comfortable armchair, curious about his explanation.

"She only told me she was inviting you to thank you for helping find Sophie," Adrian continued. "She said she invited me to avoid you feeling awkward since we're law firm partners."

His voice carried genuine embarrassment. "I had no idea my grandparents from the Sinclair pack would

attend.”

“It’s perfectly fine,” I assured him warmly. “I wasn’t intimidated by the social situation.”

Adrian’s relief was audible through the phone. “Thank you for being so understanding.”

There was a pause before he spoke again, his voice more hesitant. “I should mention something else about

my aunt Emma.”

“What is it?”

“She’s been trying to arrange a mate for me,” Adrian admitted with obvious discomfort. “After meeting you tonight, she seems to have misunderstood our professional relationship.”

My eyebrows rose in surprise. “Misunderstood how?”

“She thinks there might be something romantic between us, despite my explanations to the contrary.” THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

The realization hit me like a cold wave. Emma Turner had intended to set us up as potential mates during what I thought was simply a grateful dinner.

I laughed, though the sound felt forced. “I see. Well, that explains the romantic atmosphere at dinner.”

“I’m sorry about the confusion,” Adrian said quickly. “I tried to clarify our business partnership, but she seemed determined **to** see more!”

“Don’t worry about **it**,” I replied, trying to keep my tone light. “I’m too busy establishing the new law **firm to** think about romance or mating bonds anyway.”

The words came out more dismissive than I intended. I heard Adrian’s sharp intake **of** breath on **the other**

.

**(Adrian’s POV)**

Her **response** hit me like a physical blow. My wolf retreated deeper **within** me, **wounded by the casual**

dismissal.

I **had** been hoping, perhaps foolishly, that she might feel something for me beyond professional **respect**. **The**

**dinner tonight** had given me false hope.

**Ms** there no chance at **all?**” The question escaped before I could stop it.

My voice carried all the vulnerability of a beta wolf seeking acceptance from someone far above his station.

The silence **that** followed felt eternal.

“I’m sorry,” Olivia finally whispered.

Those two words shattered something inside my chest. My wolf whimpered softly, mourning what **could**

never be.

“Of course,” I said quickly, forcing lightness into my voice. “Sorry, it’s late and I’m rambling. Have **a** good night, Olivia.”

“Good night, Adrian.”

The line went dead, leaving me alone in my apartment’s silence.

I stared at my phone screen, her contact information still displayed. My heart ached with the knowledge **that** my feelings would never be reciprocated.

My wolf curled up in the depths of my consciousness, wounded and retreating from the pain of rejection. I had known it was unlikely, but hope had been a cruel companion.

Setting the phone aside, I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes. Tomorrow’I would have to face her at the office and pretend nothing had changed.

The professional mask would have to be perfect. She could never know how deeply her gentle rejection had

**cut.**

(Olivia’s POV)

The next morning at Moonstone Legal Partners, I greeted Adrian as if nothing had happened. His smile was professional and warm, showing no trace of last night’s vulnerability.

“Good morning, partner,” he said, adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses.

“Morning, Adrian. Ready for another busy day?”

We fell into our usual professional rhythm, reviewing cases and discussing client strategies. The awkwardness I had feared never materialized.

Adrian’s professionalism was impeccable, and I found myself grateful for his maturity in handling the situation.

After finishing a legal complaint for a corporate client, our receptionist approached my desk with a knowing smile.

“Miss Winters, there’s a client here specifically requesting you,” she announced.

.

“Did they mention what type of case?” I asked, not looking up from my documents.

“He **said** it involves several high-profile pack business matters.”

I glanced up, curious about the nature of such cases. “Please show them to the conference room.”

ଆମେ ଏ ଛାନି ଘାଟି

When I entered the conference room, my breath caught. Connor Rivers **sat** at the polished table, his ice-blue eyes meeting mine with familiar intensity.

His presence filled the room with Alpha authority, making the air feel charged with electricity.

“Connor,” I said, struggling to maintain professional composure. “This is unexpected.”

He rose from his chair with fluid grace, his tall frame commanding attention. “Hello, Olivia. I hope *you* don’t mind the surprise visit.”

“What brings you to Moonstone Legal Partners?” I asked, taking a seat across from him.

“I need legal representation for several high-profile pack business cases,” Connor replied smoothly. “Complex matters requiring exceptional legal expertise.”

I frowned, confused by his request. “Why aren’t you using the Rivers pack’s in-house legal counsel? They’ve handled your family’s affairs for decades.”

Connor’s lips curved into a knowing smile, his ice-blue eyes holding a warmth reserved only for me.

“But I specifically want to work with Attorney Winters. Is that not allowed?”

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 236

### Chapter 165: The Alpha’s Business Proposition

#### Chapter 165: The Alpha’s **Business** Proposition

(Olivia’s POV)

“Okay, of course,” I replied with a professional smile, my amber eyes maintaining their composure **despite the** unexpected visit from my former lover. “There’s no reason not to make money.”

I settled into the single chair next to Connor Rivers at the polished conference table. Daniel Foster **had** prepared herbal tea before quietly withdrawing and closing the door behind him.

My lips curved slightly as I lifted the delicate porcelain cup, taking a measured sip while studying Connor’s ice-blue eyes. “How does Alpha Connor want to cooperate?”

Connor reached into his leather briefcase and withdrew two comprehensive file portfolios. His movements were deliberate and professional.

“These are the cases currently requiring legal representation,” he stated, sliding the Rivers Pack Legal Case Portfolio across the mahogany table toward me.

My honey-brown hair caught the afternoon light as I accepted the documents. I couldn’t help but feel skeptical about his sudden appearance.

“Does the Alpha of such a powerful pack and CEO of extensive business holdings personally manage even minor litigation matters?” I asked sarcastically.

Connor's lips curved into an amused smile. "Collaborating with Attorney Winters is hardly a minor matter," he replied smoothly, his tone carrying both professional respect and underlying warmth.

I chose to ignore his pointed remark, my expression remaining carefully neutral as I opened the file portfolios to review their contents.

As I examined the documentation, I noted that the Rivers Pack's extensive holdings in high-tech enterprises, luxury hospitality, and fashion industries likely involved contracts worth millions of dollars.

What impressed me most was how meticulously prepared the evidence appeared for each case. Everything was clearly organized, thoroughly documented, and strategically compiled to minimize litigation risks.

After completing my review of the materials, I looked up with an ambiguous smile playing at my lips. "Thank you, Alpha Connor," I said with deliberate formality, my tone professional yet carrying an undercurrent of something more complex.

Connor's ice-blue eyes held a subtle warmth as he responded with equal politeness. His wolf stirred restlessly at my continued use of his formal title.

"The pleasure is mine, Attorney Winters," he replied, matching my professional tone while his gaze lingered on my face, searching for any c\*\*\*k in my composed facade. For more chapters visit

"I'll have my assistant print the representation agreement," Linformed Connor, rising gracefully from my chair. "Please wait just a moment."

As I stepped out of the conference room into the main office area, I discovered the entire Moonstone Legal Partners staff gathered around the central table. Animated conversations filled the air.

1/3

Chapter 168 The Alphab

Emma **Thompson looked up** with bright **eyes and explained** that Adrian **Sinclair** was treating the entire few **firm to** premium **coffee** service. He had been remarkably **generous with his** gesture.

I **laughed softly**, a genuine smile breaking through my professional mask. "Looks like I chose the **right business partner**," I commented.



Jade Mitchell leaned closer and whispered conspiratorially that she had caught a glimpse of Connor **Rivers in the** conference room. She asked tentatively, “Is he here to... be with you?”

When I confirmed Connor’s presence, Jade’s curiosity intensified as she inquired whether the powerful **Alpha** was attempting to reconcile our relationship.

I quickly dismissed the notion, maintaining my professional stance. “He’s here strictly for business,” I stated firmly.

However, Jade responded with a knowing smile that suggested she understood far more about the situation than I was willing to acknowledge.

Feigning mild irritation at my assistant’s perceptiveness, I waved my hand dismissively. “Just enjoy your coffee,” I said, walking past Jade toward the printer.

After printing the Rivers Pack Legal Representation Agreement and returning to the conference room, I noticed a steaming cup of premium coffee positioned in front of Connor’s seat. Apparently a thoughtful gift from Adrian.

Connor, observing my glance at the coffee service, remarked casually, “A young woman from your firm brought this, courtesy of Attorney Sinclair. It seems I’ve been included in his generous gesture.”

His tone carried a hint of amusement as he added, “Your business partner certainly knows how to make a good impression.”

I responded with studied indifference, “If the coffee doesn’t suit your taste, you should leave it for someone who would appreciate it. No point in letting it go to waste.”

Connor’s smile deepened, though he remained silent. His ice-blue eyes held secrets I couldn’t quite decipher. I handed him the neatly organized stack of legal documents. Connor accepted the contract and immediately placed a call to his legal representative.

“Please come up to the conference room,” he requested.

Within five minutes, Marcus Hartwell arrived. He was a middle-aged beta werewolf impeccably dressed in a tailored business suit, wire-rimmed glasses reflecting his years of experience in supernatural law.

After I offered a polite greeting, Marcus settled into his chair and began signing the contracts with practiced efficiency. His pen moved across the pages without hesitation as he barely glanced at the terms.

“Don’t you want to review the terms/before signing?” I inquired, my legal training compelling me to ensure proper due diligence.

Marcus looked up with a deferential expression and replied, "If Alpha Connor has reviewed them, there's no need for additional scrutiny."

When I pointed out that Connor hadn't actually reviewed the documents either, Marcus froze mid-signature and turned to look at his Alpha with uncertainty.

2/3

Chapter 165 Lia Albre

**Connor waved dismissively, his tone relaxed and confident. "Since it's our own law firm handling in there's no need for excessive formality."**

**I found myself momentarily** speechless at his **casual approach to legal contracts**, Marcus's expression **Immediately relaxed**, and he nodded with obvious relief and **continued signing with renewed confidence**

After **completing the** signing and official stamping process, Marcus **automatically moved to hand the** finalized contracts to Connor for his review and approval.

However, Connor redirected him with a subtle gesture. "Give them to Attorney Winters," **he** instructed, **his eyes** never leaving my face.

**Connor** then lifted the premium coffee service that Adrian had provided and offered **it to** Marcus **with a** gracious smile. "Thank you for your diligent work, Marcus. Please, enjoy this refreshment."

Marcus appeared genuinely flattered by the unexpected gesture, expressing his gratitude repeatedly with

obvious pleasure.

Connor, seeming to be in particularly good spirits, responded warmly, "You're very welcome."

I observed this exchange with growing incredulity, thinking to myself that Connor had remarkable skill **at** being generous with other people's offerings.

I carefully reviewed the finalized contracts, confirming that all terms, signatures, and legal requirements **were** properly completed and in order.

As the meeting concluded and we prepared to leave the conference room, I gestured toward Marcus, indicating he should take the Legal Document Portfolio containing the signed agreements.

However, Connor smoothly intercepted the portfolio before Marcus could reach for **it**, securing it firmly in his own hands.

With a warm smile that seemed to hold deeper meaning, Connor extended his hand toward me. “Happy cooperation, Attorney Winters,” he said, his voice carrying both professional satisfaction and personal warmth.

I responded with careful composure, though my amber eyes betrayed a flicker of something more complex. Happy cooperation, Alpha Connor.”

**4**

Share to your friends

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

## **Whisper 237**

### **Chapter 166: The Value of the Contract**

Chapter 166: The Value of the Contract

(Olivia’s POV)

Less than half an hour after Connor Rivers left Moonstone Legal Partners, our business account received a

notification that made my phone buzz insistently. I glanced at the screen, expecting a routine message.

Instead, I saw a wire transfer confirmation that made my breath catch.

Sarah Liu, our young beta werewolf accountant, burst through my office door without knocking. Her usually composed demeanor had completely shattered.

“Miss Winters!” she gasped, her eyes wide with disbelief. “The firm’s account just received eighty million

dollars from Rivers Pack Holdings!”

I set down my pen and looked at her calmly, though my heart was racing. “That’s the initial legal fee from our representation agreement with Alpha Connor’s enterprises.”

Sarah's mouth fell open. "Initial fee? You mean there's more?"

"Additional payments will follow upon successful conclusion of the cases," I confirmed with a gentle smile.

Sarah stared at me with pure amazement. She couldn't seem to comprehend such a massive sum for legal

services.

"Miss Winters, this is incredible! I've never seen numbers like this in our accounts."

I leaned back in my chair, maintaining my professional composure despite the excitement building in my chest. "Sarah, I'm planning a celebratory pack dinner on Friday evening. Make sure everyone knows they're

invited."

Her face lit up with excitement and gratitude. "Thank you so much! Working at Moonstone Legal Partners is

like a dream come true."

After Sarah's departure, Adrian Sinclair appeared in my doorway. His gold-rimmed glasses caught the afternoon light as he stepped inside.

"I heard some exciting news about our new business arrangement with Rivers Pack Holdings," he said, settling into the chair across from my desk.

"Yes, we've secured the partnership," I confirmed. "I'll be assigning several high-value cases to your legal

team."

Adrian's eyebrows rose with interest. "May I ask about the total payment value?"

I held up two fingers without speaking.

"Two million?" Adrian guessed.

I shook my head, my amber eyes sparkling with satisfaction.

"Twenty million?"

I shook my head again, my smile growing wider.

< Chapter 166 The Value of

Adrian's eyes widened as realization dawned. "Two hundred million dollars?"

"Exactly."

Adrian leaned back in his chair, a laugh escaping his lips. "Well, I suppose we can finally relax after **this deal**

"Don't get too comfortable," I warned, though my tone was warm. "Our shared ambition is to make Moonstone Legal Partners the premier law firm in Harbor City."

"Your dedication to that vision is truly inspiring, Olivia."

I spent the next hour carefully assigning the Rivers Pack cases to my legal team. The complex corporate litigation and contract disputes required my most capable lawyers.

Each case involved millions of dollars and intricate pack business relationships that demanded exceptional legal expertise.

I called a firm-wide meeting in our main conference room. The entire Moonstone Legal Partners staff gathered around the polished table.

"I'm pleased to announce that we've secured one of the territory's most prestigious clients," I began. "Rivers Pack Holdings has entrusted us with their legal representation."

Excited murmurs filled the room as my team realized the significance of this partnership.

"We'll be having a celebration dinner on Friday evening," I continued. "And upon successful conclusion of these cases, everyone will receive substantial bonuses."

The announcement created an electric atmosphere of excitement and renewed dedication. My pack members understood that our firm had reached a new level of success.

Around four o'clock, delivery personnel began arriving at our office with an endless stream of packages. Emma Thompson, working at the reception desk, looked increasingly bewildered.

"Miss Winters," she called out, "we're receiving multiple food deliveries, but I wasn't aware of any afternoon refreshment arrangements."

I walked to the reception area and observed the constant stream of deliveries. Premium moonberry tea, artisanal cakes, exotic fruits, and gourmet meals from upscale restaurants filled our lobby.

“This is strange,” Emma continued. “We just enjoyed Adrian’s generous coffee service yesterday. I don’t understand who ordered all this.”

The festive atmosphere created by the deliveries confused our normally organized office routine. Staff members gathered around the packages with curious expressions.

“I didn’t order any refreshments,” I confirmed, equally perplexed by the unexpected gesture.

Emma’s brow furrowed with confusion. “Maybe Adrian or another lawyer arranged this? Given our recent success with the Rivers Pack contract?”

I pulled out my phone and posted a message in our firm’s group chat: “Did anyone order afternoon refreshments for the office?”

Within minutes, responses flooded in from my entire legal team. Every single person denied any involvement in the mysterious orders. Follow current novels on

The situation became even more puzzling as we realized none of our staff had arranged these **generous**

2/3

Chapter 166 The Value of

deliveries.

As I pondered the source of this unexpected gesture, a familiar presence flashed through my mind. Connor’s

distinctive scent still lingered in my memory from our earlier meeting.

Could it be him?

My phone rang, displaying a number I had deleted from my contacts but still remembered by heart. After hesitating for a moment, my amber eyes conflicted, I answered.

“Hello, Olivia,” Connor Rivers’ deep voice came through, cheerful and slightly amused. “Have the afternoon

refreshments been delivered yet?”

“So it was you,” I said, not entirely surprised by the confirmation.

“Since Attorney Sinclair provided me with premium coffee during our meeting, I arranged afternoon refreshments for your entire firm,” Connor explained smoothly.

His tone carried that familiar confidence that both irritated and attracted me. “I don’t like being indebted to

anyone.”

“You noticed we have many younger staff members at Moonstone Legal Partners,” he continued. “I asked Frank Langley to arrange premium selections from the territory’s finest establishments.”

I felt a mix of gratitude and frustration at his thoughtfulness. “Connor, this wasn’t necessary.”

“I ordered the refreshments for the law firm as a gesture of good business relations,” he emphasized. “Not specifically for you.”

His clarification stung more than I expected. “We would have provided excellent legal representation regardless of such gestures.”

“I simply want to ensure my legal team is well-cared for,” Connor responded. “And don’t attempt reimbursement.”

The line went dead before I could respond, leaving me staring at my phone with mixed emotions.

I returned to the reception area where Emma waited expectantly. “Everyone can enjoy the treats,” I announced. “They’re compliments of our new client, Alpha Connor Rivers.”

The staff erupted in joy and appreciation. Voices filled the air with praise for “Alpha Connor” and “Attorney Winters” for bringing such prestigious business to their firm.

Jade Mitchell approached Emma with sparkling eyes. “Connor Rivers is remarkably handsome,” she whispered conspiratorially. “I hope Attorney Winters and Alpha Connor might reconcile their relationship.” Meanwhile, Adrian Sinclair stood outside the celebrating crowd. His deep eyes filled with unreadable emotions as he observed the pack’s enthusiasm for their Alpha client’s generous gesture.

Watch videos **get points** (0/10) >

Share to your friends

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

## **- Whisper 238**

### **Whisper 238**

#### **Chapter 167: The Alpha's Jealousy—1**

Chapter 167: The Alpha's Jealousy

(Olivia's POV)

The volume of cases at Moonstone Legal Partners continued to increase dramatically. We had recently recruited a new batch of lawyers and legal assistants to handle the growing workload.

The human resources, finance, and administration departments had also expanded by hiring several new employees. With the firm's rapid growth, our rules and regulations had become increasingly refined and

professional.

I clearly felt that everyone's work enthusiasm had improved significantly lately. Efficiency had increased substantially across all departments.

I had to admit that Connor Rivers' "courtship gestures" were really working. His frequent visits and generous treatment of the staff had created a positive atmosphere that motivated everyone.



The only thing giving me a headache was that Connor Rivers visited the law firm two or even three days out of the five-day work week. He claimed it was to “inspect work,” but in reality, only the Moon Goddess knew

what he was really thinking.

Every time he arrived, the female employees at the firm became as excited as if they'd been injected **with** adrenaline. They would steal glances at the handsome Alpha and lose all focus on their work.

Their wolves were clearly responding to his powerful presence, making concentration impossible.

This afternoon, Connor arrived again. He walked into my office with familiar ease, settling onto the sofa with the relaxed confidence of someone who owned the place.

He casually prepared himself a cup of tea from the service set I kept for clients.

I kept my eyes fixed on my computer screen, writing legal documents without even lifting my eyelids. I treated the noble and elegant Alpha sitting in my office as if he were invisible.

Connor sat quietly on the sofa drinking his tea. He was careful not to disturb my work with any sound.

Connor took two sips of tea and gently placed the cup on the coffee table. He crossed his long legs casually and let his gaze settle on me.

From this angle, he could clearly see my profile. I wore light makeup for work, my honey-brown hair clipped back professionally.

My light coffee-colored suit gave me an air of professional competence mixed with feminine strength. The perfect image of an accomplished Luna, I supposed.

Connor's deep blue eyes studied me intently. His Adam's apple bobbed unconsciously as his wolf stirred with obvious desire.

I could feel the intensity of his stare burnin

Added **to** the library Perhaps sensing the Alpha's intense gaze, tamed to tension.

Our eyes met **in** the air with electric

1/2

Chapter 167: The Alpha's

Looking **directly** at each other, Connor stared at me openly without any attempt **to** hide **his desire**. **My typing fingers** paused on the keyboard and I frowned slightly. Original content can be found at

Finally unable to tolerate it anymore, I spoke with clear displeasure. "Alpha Connor, are you very **idle?**"

"No," the man's voice rose with obvious pleasure. "I'm stealing time from my busy schedule."

I snorted coldly. "Is Alpha Connor worried about our law firm? Coming *to* inspect work every few **days**."

Connor looked at me, pursing his lips as he responded. “I am worried, but it’s not about your law **firm—it’s** about a certain someone.”

“A certain someone?” I frowned in confusion.

Connor’s lips parted slightly as he clarified. “Adrian Sinclair.”

I fell speechless for a moment before asking. “Did Adrian offend you somehow?”

Connor asked with a smile. “Trying to steal my mate—does Lawyer Winters think that counts as offending

me?”

I remained silent, the implication clear. The tension in the room thickened like fog.

After a moment of frozen silence, Connor grinned with obvious pride. “But my mate isn’t so easily stolen. I’ve noticed that young wolf has been looking miserable these past few days—he’s probably been rejected by his intended target.”

I rolled my eyes at him and pointed to a pile of A4 papers on my desk. “If you’re really that idle, go help me take this pile of waste paper to the shredder.”

“Alright,” Connor agreed readily. He immediately stood up and strode over with his long legs to pick up the pile of papers.

However, he didn’t leave right away. Instead, he leaned down close to me, lowering his voice to ask. “Lawyer Winters, you haven’t told me where the shredder is yet.”

Too close—the Alpha’s appealing woody cologne scent flooded directly into my nose. Connor’s voice was deliberately low and sexy, carrying a hint of huskiness that made my heart skip a beat.

He was definitely doing this on purpose.

My cheeks flushed red with anger. “Can’t you see that huge shredder sitting right there?”

Watch **videos get points** (0/10)

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 239

### Chapter 167: The Alpha’s Jealousy–2

“Where exactly?” Connor asked innocently.

“Right over there,” I instinctively turned my head to point. My lips accidentally brushed against Connor’s lips in the process.

I suddenly sprang up from my chair with a sharp intake of breath. “Connor Rivers!”

He had moved even closer just then, which was why my lips touched his when I turned my head. I became genuinely angry.

“Can you please stop causing trouble here? I’m very busy and don’t have time to play around with you.”

Seeing that I was truly upset, Connor restrained himself somewhat. He picked up the pile of waste paper from the desk, his tone carrying a coaxing gentleness.

“Lawyer Winters, don’t be angry. I really didn’t see it just now.”

“Liar!” My face turned bright red, and my voice rose several notes in frustration.

(Connor’s POV)

I walked over to the nearby shredder and began feeding the waste paper in a few sheets at a time. My wolf was pleased by our brief contact, even if Olivia was angry about it.

“Don’t be angry, Livvy. Let me take you to dinner tonight to apologize—to that barbecue restaurant you love.”

“I’m not going!” Olivia snapped back.

Just then, someone knocked on the door. Olivia took two deep breaths to compose herself before saying.

Come in.”

The person who entered was Adrian Sinclair, impeccably dressed in a suit. His gold-rimmed glasses framed eyes that held an amused smile.

“When did Alpha Connor start doing tasks that assistants usually handle?” Adrian asked with apparent

lightness.

Though his wolf recognized the territorial display I was making. He looked toward Olivia, joking. “Lawyer Winters, when did our law firm become so capable that we can hire the CEO of Rivers Group to do odd jobs?”

Olivia was in no mood for jokes right now. Her expression darkened slightly, her tone revealing displeasure. Some people are just too idle.”

Sensing her bad mood, Adrian’s smile faded as he asked with genuine concern. “What’s wrong? Is there something troubling you?”

Before Olivia could respond, I jumped in to answer. “She’s busy right now. You coming in here is disrupting her work—how could she be happy about that?”

Olivia stared at me speechlessly while Adrian looked slightly stunned. “Should I leave then?”

“Please do,” I waved my hand dismissively, clearly wanting to get rid of the other Alpha.

“Can you stop making trouble?” Olivia directed this comment at me.

O

12

< Chapter 167 The Alpha's

I immediately fell silent and returned to quietly shredding paper. Adrian looked between Olivia **and me, while I** simply smiled back at him with obvious satisfaction.

Suddenly, Adrian noticed a smear of red on my lips. A streak of color extending diagonally from my lower lip

toward my chin. The rightful source is

Adrian's eyes darkened as he realized what he was seeing. His gaze moved up to meet my eyes, and he saw unmistakable provocation and smugness there.

Adrian lowered his eyes, his tone completely devoid of its previous warmth. “Then I'll let Lawyer Winters get

back to her work.”

With that, Adrian turned and left the office. His wolf was bristling with the knowledge that his rival had

marked his territory.

My lips curved in a satisfied smile as I continued shredding paper. Every pore radiated my excellent mood: Olivia stared at me, trying to understand why Adrian's expression suddenly changed so dramatically. Sensing her gaze, I said with a grin. “Your mouth says you don't like **it**, but your body is very honest.” Olivia blushed furiously. “What nonsense are you talking about?”

“I'm saying your eyes are very honest—you can't help but look my way,” I raised my head to meet her gaze. I smiled with an expression that was begging to be punched. “What, did you think of something else?”

“Who's thinking of anything else? Don't slander me!” After Olivia finished speaking, she suddenly noticed that streak of red on my lips.

In an instant, her entire body froze in place. Her lipstick had rubbed off on me! Adrian saw it!

Watch videos **get points** (0/10) >

**Vote**

**17.6K**

2/2

Share to your friends

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

## Whisper 240

Chapter 168: Territorial Di...

1 points)

Chapter 168: Territorial **Displays** and **Professional** Boundaries

Chapter 168: Territorial Displays and Professional Boundaries

(Olivia's POV)

"Are you doing this on purpose?" My face flushed crimson with embarrassment as the realization hit me like a lightning bolt.

The kiss had been an accident—a mere brush of lips when I turned my head! But now Adrian Sinclair would think we had been secretly intimate in my office.

It wasn't that I feared Adrian would feel uncomfortable. I genuinely didn't want anyone misunderstanding my relationship with Connor Rivers, regardless of who that person might be.

My wolf bristled with the awkwardness of the situation. I knew how werewolf society viewed such displays of intimacy.

"Did you intentionally create that kiss?" I demanded, my amber eyes blazing with accusatio... 'And then deliberately let Adrian see your lipstick mark to provoke his jealousy?"

Connor's ice-blue eyes sparkled with mischief as he feigned innocence. "I did desire the kiss, I'll admit that much."

He paused, his expression becoming almost boyish. “But I didn’t plan anything regarding the lipstick mark or Adrian’s reaction.”

I remained unconvinced, my arms crossing defensively. “You’re putting on an act! I saw that satisfied glance you gave Adrian afterward.”

Connor’s lips curved into that infuriating smile that made my heart skip beats. “I couldn’t help but smile out of happiness after kissing my Luna.”

“Don’t call me Luna in the office!” I grabbed a crumpled tissue from my desk and threw it at him with exasperation.

Connor caught the tissue effortlessly, completely unfazed by my irritation. “Alright, alright. I’ll leave now.”

He straightened his suit jacket with casual elegance. “But if you need any more errands handled around the law firm, I’m always available.”

His casual dismissal of my embarrassment made my wolf want to growl in frustration. The Alpha was impossible!

(Connor’s POV)

As I exited Olivia’s office, I encountered Emma Thompson in **the** hallway. She greeted me **politely with a respectful** bow of her head.

“Alpha Connor,” she said, her voice carrying the proper deference **expected** when **addressing a pack leader**.

Emma’s sharp eyes immediately noticed **the lipstick smear** on my **lips**. **She paused mid-step, her** eyes widening with dawning **realization**.

I **could** practically see **the wheels turning in her mind** as **she processed what she had just witnessed**. **Her**

< Chapter 168: Territorial Di...

excitement was barely contained beneath her professional exterior.

I simply nodded in acknowledgment and continued toward the elevator. Behind me, I could sense Emma practically vibrating with excitement over the confirmation of her suspicions.

The elevator doors opened with a soft chime. As I waited for the car to arrive, measured footsteps approached from behind.



Adrian Sinclair appeared, his body language making it clear he had something important he wanted **to** discuss. His usual composed demeanor carried an edge of tension.

“Your enthusiasm for performing menial tasks at the law firm is quite remarkable, Alpha Connor,” Adrian **said**,

his tone laced with barely concealed sarcasm.

I retorted smoothly, my voice carrying confident amusement. “Olivia asking me to handle such chores must

indicate we have a very close relationship.”

The elevator arrived with another soft chime. Both of us entered the confined space, and the tension between

two Alphas became palpable.

Our wolves circled each other metaphorically as the elevator descended. Adrian’s jaw was set in grim lines, while I maintained my relaxed confidence.

“There’s a saying about matters of the heart,” Adrian said carefully. “First come, first served.”

I countered with equal smoothness. “A smart wolf doesn’t hunt in his own territory. Workplace romances are

inadvisable.”

Adrian’s gold-rimmed glasses caught the elevator’s fluorescent lighting. “How can a heart heal after being deeply wounded?”

“True love, once felt, can always be rekindled,” I asserted, my voice carrying absolute conviction. “Regardless

of past pain.”

The atmosphere grew increasingly tense as both our wolves pushed against human restraint. I fell silent, my jaw clenching as territorial instincts flared.

(Adrian’s POV)

The elevator reached the underground parking garage with a mechanical ding. Connor exited first **with** Alpha confidence, his broad shoulders carrying the arrogance of someone who believed he had already **won**. followed, my usually composed features

set in grim lines. The territorial display I had just witnessed in Olivia's office played repeatedly in my mind. The source of this content is

Friday evening approached with its usual bustle of departing employees. I waited in the lobby as Olivia gathered her belongings and locked her office.

She emerged looking professionally elegant in her light coffee-colored suit. Her honey-brown hair had come slightly loose from its professional clip during the day's work.

"Adrian?" She noticed me waiting and approached with curious amber eyes. "Is everything alright?"

I straightened my gold-rimmed glasses, choosing my words carefully. "I need to speak with you privately

Her brow furrowed slightly with concern. "Of course, What's on your mind?"

"Would you take a walk with me in Silverleaf Park?" I gestured toward the nearby green space visible through

< Chapter 168: Territorial Di

the lobby's floor-to-ceiling windows. "There's an important matter I need to discuss."

+ Points

"Adrian, what did you want to discuss with me?" Olivia asked as we walked side by side through the moonlit paths of Silverleaf Park.

The cool evening air helped clear both our heads after the awkward office encounter. Street lamps cast gentle pools of light along the winding walkways.

My expression was serious as I gathered my thoughts. "I need to address the situation regarding my aunt's attempts to arrange a potential mating between us."

Olivia's steps slowed slightly, her amber eyes reflecting understanding. My wolf was clearly uncomfortable with the forced proximity our families had been pushing.

"I want to clarify that I have no romantic intentions toward you," I continued with careful honesty. "I view you strictly as a business partner and friend within our professional werewolf community."

Relief flickered across her delicate features. "I appreciate your directness, Adrian."

"I don't want our working relationship to become awkward because of my family's meddling in pack alliance matters," I explained further. "If my aunt attempts to arrange meetings between us again, you can reject the proposals directly."

"Without concern for offending you," I added with a slight smile. "I completely understand the position you're

in."

Olivia nodded readily, visibly relieved. "I'm grateful we're on the same page regarding our platonic relationship."

"Pack politics shouldn't complicate our professional partnership," she agreed warmly.

I shifted the conversation to a lighter topic, my demeanor becoming more relaxed. "Do you have a younger sister around the same age as my young cousin?"

"Sophie Turner is turning seven soon," I explained with genuine fondness. "I thought perhaps she and your half-sister could become playmates."

Olivia's expression softened with consideration. "Grace is about eight years old, so they'd be close in age."

"However," she continued more carefully, "Grace recently experienced some traumatic events during her kidnapping ordeal."

Her amber eyes reflected protective concern for her young half-sister. "She needs time to recover emotionally before meeting new people."

I nodded understandingly, respecting the need for the young pup to heal. "Of course. When she's ready, perhaps we can arrange an introduction."

## **18.2K**

Share to your friends

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