

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 261

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Chapter 189: Lingering Hearts and Unwavering Devotion

Chapter 189: Lingering Hearts and Unwavering Devotion

(Rebecca's POV)

It was **just** as I expected. I nodded and said calmly, "Yes, they severed their mate bond."

Miranda's relief was obvious. Her shoulders relaxed and a subtle smile played at the **corners of her** mouth.

I observed the change in her expression carefully. Then I asked bluntly, "Do you still have feelings for **Alpha**

Connor?"

Miranda was stunned. She clearly hadn't expected me to be so direct about such a personal matter.

"Yes," Miranda generously admitted after a moment's pause. "It has never changed over **these years.**"

I was slightly surprised by her honesty. Most she-wolves would try to deflect or deny such feelings.

"You are truly a devoted person," I said. "If I remember correctly, it's been about seven years, **right?**"

"Yes," Miranda lowered her eyes and responded softly. Her voice carried the weight of those long years.

I sighed inwardly. It wasn't easy to love someone wholeheartedly for so long.

But mate bonds and feelings weren't something that could be achieved with persistence alone. Love required

mutual connection, not just one-sided devotion.

“But...” I smiled carefully. “Alpha Connor still loves Olivia very much. I think they might reconcile their mate

bond.”

Miranda’s smile disappeared from her lips instantly. Her amber eyes sharpened with concern.

“How so?” she asked, leaning forward slightly.

“Their severed bond was actually due to hidden reasons,” I explained. “It wasn’t because they stopped loving

each other or grew tired of their connection.”

Miranda’s brow furrowed as she listened intently.

“Frederick Warner, the Rivers pack’s illegitimate son, knew that Olivia was Connor’s weakness,” I continued. ”

Frederick kidnapped Olivia and almost killed her several times.”

Miranda’s eyes widened in shock.

“Olivia was shot by Frederick’s mercenaries not long ago and is still recovering in **the hospital**, I finished.

“Such a thing actually happened!” Miranda exclaimed, her hand flying to her throat.

“Alas...” I sighed heavily. “Fortunately, Frederick has now been brought **to** justice.”

Miranda frowned deeply. Her face grew grave as she seemed lost in thought.

I could see her mind racing, processing this new information about **Connor and** Olivia’s **situation**.

“Miranda,” I looked at her with a serious expression. “Feelings and mate **bonds cannot be forced**”

Miranda forced a **smile that didn’t** reach her eyes. “I know, **but...**”

She paused **for a** moment, gathering her thoughts before **continuing**,

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< Chapter 189: Lingerin He

"I really can't let go. This time I came back to the territory, I want **to fight** for myself."

Her voice grew more determined. "They have already severed their mate **bond**, **so** pursuing Connor **now** doesn't count as interfering in their relationship."

I looked at Miranda, hesitating to speak. The words of discouragement sat heavy on **my tongue**.

Miranda knew what I wanted to say. It was nothing more than advising her to give up.

She had already tried to give up seven years ago. But she had been unable to let go all **these** years.

A few years ago, after graduating from a top ten world-renowned university, she refused **to go** home **and** inherit the family business. Instead, she chose to start her own business **and create** her own **fashion brand**.

In recent years, her company had developed well overseas and had already gone public. **Now**, she **was** confident enough, excellent enough, and enough of a match for Connor Rivers.

She had inquired about Olivia's recent situation as soon as she returned **to** the territory. When she **learned** that Olivia was just a small lawyer with no fame, Miranda breathed a sigh of relief.

At least in terms of ability and career, she had a competitive advantage.

Seeing that I couldn't persuade her, I stopped trying. Some battles had to be fought, even if **the** outcome seemed predetermined.

Back home, I looked worried as I paced around our living room.

Gabriel looked up from his tablet and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Gabriel, do you know that Miranda likes Connor?" I asked directly.

"Miranda likes Connor?" Gabriel raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I really didn't know that. When did that

happen?"

There were too many she-wolves who liked Connor Rivers. Someone like Connor wouldn't bring up things that others confessed to him as conversation starters.

Miranda had found a private place to confess, so it was normal that Gabriel didn't know about it.

I only knew because I had a close friend who knew Miranda's best friend at **the** time. Once, when we were having afternoon tea, that friend accidentally let it slip.

That friend then begged us not to tell anyone, otherwise Miranda would break off their friendship.

Miranda was very proud. She was the daughter of the prestigious Silverridge pack, a she-wolf **that many** alphas couldn't win even if they loved her.

She didn't want people to know that her confession had been rejected.

I wasn't **the** type to spread gossip. I had promised Miranda's friend not to tell anyone, **so** even **though I knew** about **it**, I had never told anyone, including Lily and Olivia.

At that time, I only knew that Miranda had been rejected. But I didn't know the reason why **Connor had** rejected Miranda.

In other words, **didn't** know that the she-wolf **Connor** cared for was my **best friend, Olivia**.

Later, when Olivia **and** Connor formed their mate bond, Miranda **had already been abroad for several years**. I thought that Miranda might **have forgotten** Connor **long ago, so there was even less need to mention it**,

Chapter 189 Lingering He

Now that Miranda had returned to the territory, I thought that since Miranda was planning to openly pursue Connor, it wouldn't count as breaking my promise if I told others now.

So I honestly replied, "She confessed before she went abroad, but Connor rejected her."

Gabriel raised his eyebrows. "Is that so? I never heard Connor mention it."

"There's nothing to say about this kind of thing," I pouted. "She asked me *to* meet today and said she still can't let go of Connor and plans to openly pursue him."

"Ah?" Gabriel was genuinely surprised. "I remember she went abroad a long time ago, right? Hasn't she let go

after all this time?"

“Yeah,” I said with a worried face. “I see that Olivia hasn’t let go either. Who *do* you think Connor will choose?”

“Is there even a need to say?” Gabriel smiled confidently. “In Connor’s eyes, as long as Olivia is there, it won’t be a multiple-choice question.”

My furrowed brows relaxed, and I smiled. “I feel relieved now that you say that. After all, you are his closest friend and should know him best.”

Gabriel nodded. “Connor secretly loved Olivia for many years. He would never let go easily.”

Speaking of this, Gabriel suddenly asked, “What’s the situation with that Adrian Sinclair? There’s no multiple-choice question with Connor, but what about Olivia’s side?”

“This...” I shook my head uncertainly. “I really don’t know. When Olivia was hospitalized before, Adrian even went to the ancient shrine and climbed three thousand steps to pray for a protection charm for Olivia.”

I paused, considering. “His devotion is also very impressive. If I had to choose...”

I thought about it and found it difficult to make a choice myself. “They both love Olivia very much, and both their looks and pack backgrounds are very well-matched with Olivia. It’s hard to say.”

Gabriel lightly raised his eyebrows. “Originally, Connor and Olivia formed their mate bond naturally through a pack alliance, with no one pursuing anyone.”

He continued with growing interest. “Now, if he still wants to be with Olivia, he’ll have to do some pursuing. To be honest, I’m quite looking forward to seeing Connor pursuing someone.”

Gabriel’s eyes sparkled with amusement. “It’s a rare thing. I’ve never seen it in the past twenty-odd years.”

I grinned at the thought. “Now that you mention it, I’m looking forward to it too.”

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Chapter 190 Unexpected

Chapter 190: Unexpected Encounters

Chapter 190: Unexpected Encounters

(Olivia's POV)

18 Points

The weather was pleasant with bright sunshine streaming through the hospital windows. After Dr. Marcus Thornfield confirmed my wounds were healing well and that I would be discharged in a week, I felt well enough to visit the Silverridge Medical Gardens.

Emma Thompson and I left the hospital building together. The afternoon air was crisp and refreshing after being confined indoors for so long.

As we walked toward the gardens, I spotted a familiar figure near the main entrance. My steps slowed as recognition dawned.

Cassandra Evans stood by the hospital's information desk, looking lost and distressed. What was she doing

here?

I was surprised to see her at this particular hospital. Given our history and the ongoing legal battle stemming from her online defamation campaign against me, this seemed like an odd place for her to appear.

I recalled that Cassandra had been convicted of defamation and sentenced to one year in prison, suspended for one year. She was currently appealing the case through her lawyers.

What Cassandra didn't know was that this hospital was owned by Silverridge Holdings under the Winters pack. She had no idea she was on my family's territory.

Curiosity got the better of me. I decided to approach her and see what brought her here.

As I got closer, I noticed Cassandra's pale face and red-rimmed eyes. She had clearly been crying recently.

This was a stark contrast to the last time we met. Back then, she had been proudly flaunting her pregnancy with Ethan Grey's child and her impending mating into the Grey pack.

Now she looked broken and defeated. Her usual confident demeanor had completely vanished.

Cassandra saw me approaching and froze like a deer caught in headlights. Her green-gold eyes widened with

panic.

"Cassandra," I said with a bright smile, "aren't you about to mate with Ethan Grey and become the Luna of the Grey pack?"

I tilted my head innocently. "Why haven't I heard any news about your mating ceremony **or** upcoming bond ritual? Has the plan changed?"

Knowing that Grey Holdings was failing financially, I had a strong suspicion about why she was really here. **The** timing was too convenient to be coincidental.

Cassandra's face flushed with anger. "What's it to you?" she snapped defensively.

I feigned disappointment, placing a hand over my heart dramatically. "Since we're acquaintances, **I was** thinking of giving you two a mating gift when you completed your bond."

I sighed theatrically. "But it looks like that's not going to happen. **What a** pity."

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Chapter 190: Unexpected.

"You're being deliberately malicious!" Cassandra **accused, her voice rising with frustration.**

I smiled sweetly at her. "You're absolutely right. I am."

My **expression** grew more serious as **I** studied her appearance. "Are you **here for an abortion, Cassandra?**"

Cassandra's green-gold eyes widened in shock. She almost blurted out **the** truth before **catching herself.**

She couldn't bear the thought of being laughed at by me. Not when everything in her life was **falling apart.**

“What nonsense are you talking about?” she retorted quickly. “I’m here for a pregnancy check-up.”

I could see right through her lie. The desperation in her eyes told the real story.

I said nothing in response, simply looking at her belly for a long moment. Then I smiled knowingly **and turned**

to leave.

Cassandra clenched her fists as she watched me walk away. Her eyes filled with a mixture of resentment **and** burning anger.

Later that afternoon, I was reading by the window in my hospital room when a nurse knocked on my door.

“Miss Winters, there’s a woman asking to see you,” the nurse announced politely.

I looked up from my book, puzzled. “A woman? Did she give her name?”

Could it be Katherine Rivers coming to check on my recovery? That seemed unlikely given **the** formal **nature**

of pack relationships.

“She said her last name is Grey,” the nurse replied.

My eyebrows rose in surprise. That had to be Ethan Grey’s mother, Margaret Grey.

She was probably here seeking help with Grey Holdings’ financial troubles. The company’s bankruptcy was becoming common knowledge in pack circles.

“Please tell her I’m still recovering and can’t receive visitors,” I said firmly.

The nurse nodded and left to deliver my message. I had no interest in whatever scheme Margaret Grey was

planning.

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Hours later, Emma Thompson visited me during her evening rounds. She looked unusually agitated as she

entered my room.

“Olivia, I just saw a very suspicious woman downstairs in the inpatient department,” Emma said breathlessly.

She glanced around nervously before continuing. “That woman kept looking at me and secretly stalking me. It was really creepy.”

I immediately suspected Margaret Grey. She was probably trying to gather information about me through my

assistant.

“What did she look like?” I asked with growing interest.

“She looks to be in her forties or fifties, but she’s plainly dressed and without makeup,” Emma **described**. Very different from the usual wealthy pack women who come here.”

That was definitely suspicious. Margaret Grey was known for her **expensive taste** and **elegant appearance**,

Why would she be dressed so plainly? Was she trying to avoid being **recognized**?

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< Chapter 190 Unexpected.

“Show me where you saw her,” I said, standing up from my chair.

Emma looked concerned. “Are you sure you should be walking around? Dr. Thornfield said you need rest.” “I’m fine for a short walk,” I assured her. “Besides, I’m curious about this mysterious woman.”

We made our way downstairs to the inpatient department. Emma led me carefully through the corridors.

She guided us behind a large marble pillar that provided good cover. From here, we could observe without being seen.

“Olivia, I just found that sneaky woman there...” Emma whispered, pointing toward a seating area near the

elevators.

I followed her gaze and stopped in complete surprise.

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Chapter 191: The Fallen Luna's Desperate Plea

Chapter 191: The Fallen Luna's Desperate Plea

(Olivia's POV)

"That woman is Margaret Grey," I said quietly to Emma, recognizing the figure despite her **drastically** altered

appearance.

This was shocking. Previously, whenever I encountered Margaret Grey, she was always impeccably **dressed** in designer suits or luxury silk dresses. She would be adorned with matching sapphire jewelry and perfectly styled hair, radiating the unmistakable aura of a powerful former Luna.

Today, she looked exactly as Emma had described—disheveled and ordinary.

Without makeup, Margaret's face appeared haggard and sallow. Dark circles shadowed her eyes, and **she** wore a plain light gray casual outfit that hung loosely on her frame.

She resembled an ordinary middle-aged woman from a modest pack rather than the former Luna of the prestigious Grey pack. It seemed the Grey pack was indeed in dire straits.

Even the once-proud and fashionable Margaret Grey had fallen to such a state. I couldn't help but smirk, feeling a deep sense of satisfaction as I slowly approached her.

Margaret saw me and immediately rushed forward. She attempted to grab my arm, but Emma quickly pushed

her away protectively.

Margaret looked at me with desperate eyes. Having lost all her previous arrogance, she now pleaded with a humble expression that I had never seen before.

"Olivia Winters, please save the Grey pack, please help us," she begged frantically. "Isn't your Winters family the wealthiest in Riverdale? As long as you're willing to invest and help us, I'll do whatever you want!"

I chuckled coldly at her pathetic display. "You'll do whatever I want?"

"Yes, yes," Margaret nodded repeatedly, her voice cracking with desperation. "As long as I can do it, I'll promise you anything. Please help our pack."

Her hands trembled as she spoke. "I'm truly desperate this time. My mate is hospitalized from overwork, and Ethan is now drinking all day. Our pack is falling apart and can't survive much longer."

I looked at Margaret with a half-smile, enjoying her complete reversal of fortune. "What exactly can you do for

me?"

Margaret was stunned. What could she possibly do for Olivia Winters?

Even she didn't know. She had been simply desperate to beg for help and said anything without thinking through the question.

"I... can you help our pack for Ethan's sake?" Margaret pleaded, grasping **at** straws. "After all, you were **with** Ethan *for* three years, and you once loved each other. Are you willing to watch him become self-**destructive** because of our pack's bankruptcy?"

If she hadn't mentioned Ethan Grey, it might have been better. But as soon **as** Ethan was **brought up**, I

laughed in anger.

<Chapter 191: The Fallen L

“Mrs. Grey,” I called out, looking at Margaret’s **haggard** face **with** deliberate emphasis **on her title**.

Margaret’s expression turned ugly. This title now sounded deeply ironic **to** her, **and she** knew I **was being** deliberately sarcastic.

I curved my lips in a cold smile. “Mrs. Grey, have you forgotten what you said to me when we first met?”

Margaret’s face turned pale. Of course, she remembered.

At that time, Cassandra Evans had returned from abroad, and Margaret wanted Cassandra **to** mate **with** Ethan. But after learning that Ethan had a girlfriend of three years who was supposedly **an ordinary** person with no pack background, Margaret couldn’t allow such a woman to join the Grey pack.

So she had come to humiliate me severely. She believed I was only with her son for his **status** and wealth, thinking I was just a gold-digger dreaming of mating into a powerful pack.

Margaret recalled her harsh words with growing shame. “There’s no need for you to pretend **in front of me**. I know what you’re thinking. I know it’s not easy for you to meet an Alpha heir like our Ethan. He must **have** spent a lot on you, right?”

The memory continued to torment her. “What are you pretending for? You’re being hypocritical. I’ve seen many girls like you—you say you don’t care, but if you really didn’t care, would you have found **Ethan?**”

Her most cutting words echoed in her mind. “I’m here today to tell you that our Grey pack is not a place for just anyone to enter. You want to mate with Ethan? Impossible!”

“Cassandra is the Luna I have in mind. Not to mention that her family and ours are old allies, she’s also Ethan’s first love. I advise you to give up, pack your things and leave early, and free up your place beside

Ethan!”

Thinking of this, Margaret regretted her words so deeply her insides twisted with shame.

Margaret hurriedly tried to explain. “No, I didn’t mean to be like that at the time. Olivia, listen to me. I thought you were just...” READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

Halfway through speaking, Margaret suddenly stopped. She had thought I was just a poor girl, thought I had no pack or background, thought I was a gold-digger.

These words she absolutely could not say now.

"Thought what?" I glared at her with clear, cold amber eyes.

Margaret stammered for a long time without speaking. The silence stretched between us like a chasm.

I said with amusement, "Thought I was just a penniless gold-digger, and being with Ethan was because I was after his Alpha status, right?"

Margaret lowered her head guiltily and shifted her gaze away. Her shame was written **across** every **line of her**

face.

I continued with an indifferent expression. "Actually, I once considered bringing **Ethan back to** Riverdale **to** meet my family, and also thought about having the Winters pack invest in Grey **Holdings**."

Hearing this, Margaret raised her head suddenly. Her eyes filled with shock and disbelief.

"Then why didn't you bring him back later?" she asked desperately.

If i had revealed earlier that I was the daughter of Alpha Richard Winters, **what would have happened to**

Chapter 191 The Fallen L.

Cassandra? If Ethan had mated with me back then, he would now be the son-in-law of one of the most powerful Alphas in the territory.

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How could they have accumulated such debt and ended up bankrupt! Margaret regretted everything deeply.

Hearing Margaret ask this, I smiled coldly. "Because your son thought the same as you—he also thought I wasn't good enough for him."

Margaret stood there stunned, unable to believe what she was hearing. The full weight of their mistakes

crashed down on her.

“Those who betray sincerity will not have a good end,” I said coldly, my voice cutting through the hospital’s quiet atmosphere. “Leave. I won’t help you.”

“What do you mean? Are you saying that the Grey pack’s bankruptcy was your doing?” Margaret stopped pleading and widened her eyes in sudden realization.

“Not bad,” I said calmly, looking at Margaret with a satisfied smile. “Your previous humiliation of me was just one of the reasons I retaliated against your pack.”

I paused, letting the truth sink in. “Your precious son cooperated with Vanessa Reed, working for Frederick Warner, and nearly caused my family’s destruction. Making your pack bankrupt is my counterattack.”

“It was you!” Margaret’s expression instantly became ferocious.

Her mask of desperation fell away completely. “Olivia Winters! You b***h!”

Hearing my confession, realizing it was impossible to ask for my help, Margaret instantly turned vicious and began cursing me. More and more hospital staff and visitors gathered around to watch the commotion.

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< Chapter 192: Hospital Con.....

Chapter 192: **Hospital** Confrontation and Morning Flowers

Chapter 192: Hospital Confrontation and Morning Flowers

(Olivia’s POV)

+ Points

Margaret Grey's face twisted with rage as she lunged forward, her hands reaching for my throat like claws.

"You destroyed my family!" she screamed, her voice echoing through the hospital corridor.

Emma Thompson moved faster than lightning. She grabbed Margaret's arm and pressed down on specific

pressure points with surgical precision.

"Ouch!" Margaret cried out, stumbling backward as her entire arm went numb.

She rubbed her arm frantically, her face contorting in pain and confusion. "What did you do to me? It's **so**

numb!"

The onlookers who had gathered couldn't help but laugh at her comical appearance. Margaret looked like a

wounded animal, desperately trying to shake feeling back into her limb.

Emma stared at Margaret with cold, menacing eyes. Her usually gentle demeanor had completely vanished.

"Get lost," Emma said simply, her voice carrying a terrifying edge.

Margaret shuddered visibly. The intimidating presence radiating from my assistant made her take another step back.

I watched with satisfaction as the once-proud former Luna cowered before Emma. How the mighty had

fallen.

Heavy footsteps approached from behind us. Hospital security personnel arrived to disperse the growing

crowd.

A security guard approached me respectfully. "Miss Winters, should we call the police?"

The security team clearly recognized me as Alpha Richard's daughter. They had been briefed with my photo

and instructed to treat me with utmost respect.

Margaret's eyes widened in shock at the guard's deferential tone, "This is your family's hospital?"

I didn't answer directly. Instead, I turned to the guards with a calm smile.

"Please escort Mrs. Grey out of the hospital," I instructed firmly.

"No! You can't do this to me!" Margaret protested as two guards moved toward her.

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Despite her struggles and desperate protests, Margaret was forcibly removed from the premises. Her voice echoed down the hallway until the elevator doors closed.

Emma Thompson watched everything unfold with amazement. "Olivia, I had no idea your family owned **this hospital.**"

"**The** Winters pack has many business **interests.**" I **replied** simply.

Emma's respect for me seemed **to deepen even further.** **She had always been loyal, but now I could see genuine awe in her eyes.**

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<Chapter 192: Hospital Con..

+8 Points >

The next morning, I opened my hospital room door to find a surprise waiting on the floor.

A bouquet of blooming white roses lay there, their petals perfect and pristine. The flowers had no card, leaving me wondering who had sent them.

A familiar figure came to mind immediately. Could it be Connor Rivers?

I picked up the bouquet carefully, inhaling their sweet fragrance. The roses were clearly expensive, arranged

by a professional florist.

I took the flowers to the nurses' station to inquire about their delivery.

"Oh, those beautiful flowers!" Sarah Mitchell, the duty nurse, exclaimed excitedly. "A tall, handsome

gentleman delivered them about half an hour ago."

Her eyes sparkled with romantic interest. "He looked better than a movie star! So mysterious and elegant."

"Can you describe him more specifically?" I asked, my heart beginning to race.

"He wore a black shirt and looked very aloof," Sarah continued enthusiastically. "But most importantly, he had

the most striking ice-blue eyes I've ever seen."

Ice-blue eyes. That description matched Connor perfectly, not Adrian Sinclair who had amber eyes like mine.

My wolf stirred restlessly at the confirmation. Connor had been here, so close, yet I had missed him.

I returned to my room and replaced the wilting flowers in my vase with the white roses. Their pure beauty

filled the space with elegance.

In werewolf culture, white roses carried deep romantic meaning. They symbolized new beginnings and pure

devotion between mates.

Was Connor trying to tell me something with this choice? This chapter is updated by

Realizing he might still be nearby since he had come only thirty minutes ago, I hurried toward the hospital

parking lot.

My heart pounded as I pushed through the main entrance doors. The morning air was crisp and fresh.

I found him leaning against his obsidian black Bentley, his head down in contemplation. The morning sunlight softened his usually stoic features.,

When our eyes met, he straightened immediately. His ice—blue gaze locked with my amber eyes with an -intensity that made my wolf **stir** restlessly.

The mate bond we had severed still left echoes between us. Even broken, the connection pulled at something deep in my chest.

Connor stepped back when I approached, his wolf clearly fighting the urge to close **the** distance between us.

“I apologize for not knocking on your door,” he said quietly. “I didn’t want to disturb your rest.”

His **voice** carried **that** familiar gentle tone he reserved only for me, It made my heart ache with **longing**.

“Thank you for the beautiful flowers,” I replied, clutching **the** bouquet **tighter**. **“They’re perfect.**

“I’m **glad you** like **them**,” he said **simply**, his **eyes never leaving mine**.

I wanted to ask why he **hadn’t stayed to see my reaction**. The words formed on my tongue but wouldn’t come

< Chapter 192 Hospital Con

+8 Points>

As if reading my thoughts, he explained softly, “I knew you needed space to heal.”

The consideration in his voice made my chest tighten with emotion. Even now, he was thinking of my

wellbeing above his own desires.

An awkward silence stretched between us, filled with unspoken emotions and memories of what we had lost.

“Drive safely,” I finally managed to say.

“Take care of yourself, Olivia,” he replied gently.

Both our wolves seemed reluctant to separate as we parted ways. I watched his Bentley disappear down the

street.

That evening, my phone rang with Rebecca Frost's familiar ringtone.

"Olivia, do you remember Miranda Blackwood?" Rebecca's tone was unusually serious.

I searched my memory. "Miranda? She's an acquaintance who went abroad to establish business

connections, right?"

"That's her," Rebecca confirmed. "She's returned to Harbor City."

Something in Rebecca's voice made me sit up straighter. "Is there something wrong?"

"She came back specifically to pursue Connor Rivers," Rebecca revealed bluntly.

My blood ran cold. "What do *you* mean?"

"Seven years ago, before going abroad, Miranda confessed to Connor," Rebecca explained carefully. "He rejected her then."

I gripped the phone tighter, my knuckles turning white.

"Now she's told me about her intention to pursue him again," Rebecca continued. "She believes that since you and Connor severed your mate bond, she has a fair chance."

After Rebecca finished speaking, I stared blankly at the white roses on my bedside table.

Their pure fragrance filled the brightly lit room, but suddenly they felt like a mockery. Just as I was beginning to hope for reconciliation with Connor, another she-wolf had entered the picture.

I was lost in contemplation about this new development, wondering what it would mean for any chance Connor and I might have had.

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Chapter 193: Shadows of Pack Dissolution

Chapter 193: Shadows of Pack Dissolution

(Olivia's POV)

The next morning, my phone rang with the familiar number of my informant. I answered immediately,

knowing this call would bring crucial updates about the Grey pack's situation.

"Miss Winters, I have the latest report on Blackwood Holdings," the voice said urgently.

+ Points

I sat up straighter in my hospital bed, preparing for what I suspected would be devastating news for the Grey

pack.

"Multiple creditors have filed claims with the court," the informant continued. "The total debt has reached 1.3

billion dollars."

My eyebrows rose at the astronomical figure. Even I hadn't expected their financial situation to deteriorate **so**

rapidly.

"The company is completely insolvent," the informant explained. "Creditors are demanding immediate payment, and the court has begun asset seizure proceedings."

I felt a surge of satisfaction hearing about their downfall. This was exactly what I had orchestrated when I

decided to retaliate against the Grey pack.

"What about Ethan Grey specifically?" I asked, wanting to know how deeply the Alpha heir had fallen.

"That's where it gets interesting," the informant replied with obvious relish. "Ethan Grey is being accused of abusing the company's independent legal status."

I leaned forward, intrigued by this development. Corporate law violations could have serious personal

consequences for him.

“Several creditor companies have jointly submitted evidence to the court,” the informant continued. “They’re demanding that Ethan bear joint liability for the company’s debts.”

This meant Ethan couldn’t hide behind corporate protections. His personal assets would be at risk.

“His real estate has been seized, and his bank accounts are frozen,” the informant confirmed. “The Alpha heir

who once commanded respect in Harbor City now faces complete financial ruin.”

I couldn’t help but smile at the poetic justice. Ethan had betrayed me and nearly destroyed my family through his cooperation with Frederick Warner.

“There’s more,” the informant added. “Miranda Blackwood has sought a lawyer to draft a mate bond

severance agreement.”

This news didn’t surprise me at all. Miranda had always been accustomed **to luxury** as a former Luna.

In werewolf society, when an Alpha’s power and wealth disappeared, it was common for mates to **seek bond** dissolution to protect their own status.

“Which lawyer is handling her case?” I inquired, my professional curiosity piqued.

“Harrison **Clarke** from Moonlaw Legal Services,” the informant replied.

I knew Harrison well from my time at the firm. He was notorious for his volatile temper and unpredictable

mood swings.

Emma Thompson and other assistants had suffered under his harsh treatment when he was having bad

days.

“Before you ask,” the informant continued, “Malcolm Blackwood does not agree to the bond severance.”

I wasn’t surprised by this either. Malcolm would fight to preserve what little dignity remained for their family.

“Have they reached any agreement?” I asked, already suspecting the answer.

“They had a public argument at the hospital last night,” the informant explained. “Their raised voices echoed through the corridors as their wolves’ distress became apparent to all nearby pack members.”

The image of the once-proud Grey pack leaders fighting publicly filled me with dark satisfaction.

“Miranda will likely pursue legal proceedings to formally dissolve their mate bond through the werewolf courts,” the informant concluded.

I processed this information carefully. A high-profile mate bond severance case involving the Grey pack

would create significant opportunities.

“I need you to closely monitor Miranda’s side,” I instructed firmly. “Give me immediate updates on any new developments.”

“Understood, Miss Winters,” the informant replied before ending the call.

After hanging up, I considered how to handle this situation strategically. My professional instincts told me this would be a complex case involving both human law and werewolf pack regulations.

I decided that I had to personally take over Malcolm Blackwood’s side of the mate bond severance case. This would give me direct access to the Grey pack’s internal affairs during their most vulnerable moment.

At the end of May, my wound had healed completely and I was finally discharged from Silverridge Private

Hospital.

Richard Winters and Natalie Winters arrived to pick me up, accompanied by my friends Rebecca Frost and

Lily Chen.

Lily had been receiving psychological treatment after the traumatic k*****g incident, but she had recovered well. Her bright smile showed no lingering effects from her ordeal.

Jade Mitchell and Emma Thompson were unable to attend due to work commitments at Moonlaw Legal Services. However, Adrian Sinclair had made time to see me.

As a partner at Moonstone Legal Partners, Adrian didn't have the same constraints as employees at other

firms.

Adrian arrived carrying a bouquet of light blue moonlight lilies, his gentle smile a comforting presence behind his gold-rimmed glasses.

"Congratulations to our accomplished lawyer Olivia for finally being discharged from the hospital," **he said** formally.

He handed me the flowers with the courtesy expected between professional colleagues. **I accepted them** gracefully and thanked him.

Poets

Richard expressed his concern for me, noting that I had lost weight during my recovery. His paternal worry was evident in his amber eyes.

Natalie added that she would personally cook a delicious meal for me that night. Her stepmother's gesture carried genuine warmth despite our complicated relationship.

Rebecca also presented a gift – a luxury watch she had brought back from her trip to the Blackmoor Territory. Follow current novels on

"This is from the finest craftsmen in the Dark Lands," she said proudly. "I thought you'd appreciate the quality.

Lily, still recovering herself, promised to take me shopping soon. "Buy whatever you want," she insisted. "We need to celebrate your recovery properly."

After exiting the hospital and bidding farewell to my friends, I walked toward my car when a familiar obsidian black Cullinan caught my eye.

It was Connor Rivers' vehicle, parked discretely near the hospital entrance. My heart began to race at the

unexpected sight.

I approached and gently knocked on the tinted window. The glass lowered to reveal Connor's ice-blue eyes.

His intense gaze fixed *on* me with the protective concern of a devoted mate, even though our bond had been

severed.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, trying to keep my voice steady.

“Today is your discharge, so I came to see you,” Connor replied simply.

His voice carried that familiar gentle tone he reserved only for me. It made my chest tighten with longing.

“How is your wound?” he asked with genuine concern. “Are you feeling any discomfort?”

“I’ve fully recovered,” I confirmed, touched by his continued care for my wellbeing.

Connor’s expression suddenly turned slightly sour as his enhanced senses detected something. His wolf was clearly agitated by what he smelled.

“Adrian Sinclair gave you the flowers?” he asked, his voice carrying a subtle edge of jealousy.

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Whisper 266

Chapter 194: Flowers and Reconciliation

Chapter 194: Flowers and Reconciliation

(Olivia’s POV)

I paused, not expecting Connor to ask such a direct question about Adrian’s flowers. The jealousy in **his** voice was unmistakable.

“Hmm,” I replied simply.

Connor’s lips curved into what appeared to be a smile, but his tone was more bitter than wolfsbane. “He even knows you like blue moonlight lilies. That’s nice.”

His Alpha instincts were clearly prickling with jealousy. I could see the tension in his jaw as he struggled to maintain composure.

I pressed my lips together, my gaze subtly shifting to the bouquet of blue flowers on the passenger **seat** of

his Cullinan. His taste had always been impeccable.

The flowers he chose were sophisticated, perfectly matching my aesthetic preferences. In werewolf culture,

blue moonlight lilies carried the meaning of devotion between potential mates.

Noticing me staring at the bouquet in his passenger seat, Connor spoke in a tone that revealed neither joy

nor anger. "I was planning to give this to you, but since you already have one bouquet, this one might be

redundant."

His wolf was struggling with the urge to claim my attention. I could sense the internal battle he was fighting.

I didn't know what to say in response. "Then... I'll go first?"

As I turned to leave, Connor called out urgently, "Wait!"

His voice carried more urgency than before. His Alpha nature couldn't let me simply walk away.

"Two bouquets aren't impossible to carry," he said quickly. "Why don't you take this one too? It's taking up space in the car."

With my back to Connor, my lips curved almost imperceptibly. I turned around to meet his ice-blue gaze

again.

"Taking up space?" I asked, unable to hide my amusement.

"Yes," the Alpha replied in a deep voice, "If you don't want **it**, I'll just throw it away." Google search

I couldn't help but smile briefly. "Then I'll take it. It would be such a waste to throw away such beautiful flowers."

Connor got out of his Cullinan and walked around to my side. He opened the door with careful reverence, like an Alpha presenting a courting gift.

He handed me the bouquet with gentle hands. I accepted the flowers and thanked him.

Hearing those two words of gratitude, Connor's eyes darkened again. His wolf wanted something **deeper than** mere politeness.

I noticed the shift in his expression but said nothing.
Given **our current** relationship **status and the**

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Chapter 194 Flowers and

complicated pack politics surrounding us, we should maintain polite **courtesy**.

Returning to my car with both bouquets, Natalie asked in surprise, "Olivia, why do you have another **bouquet?** Who gave you this one?"

Their car was parked in a position where they couldn't see Connor's Cullinan. Richard and Natalie **naturally** didn't witness Connor giving me flowers.

Richard, sitting in the front seat, turned to glance at me but said nothing. I knew he currently harbored resentment toward the Rivers pack and strongly opposed my association with Connor.

I didn't want to spoil the current atmosphere. "A friend," I replied ambiguously.

Natalie simply responded with "Oh, oh." Seeing that I was unwilling to elaborate, she didn't press further.

Richard remained silent, only telling the driver quietly to "drive."

Back at the Winters Family Estate, Grace was sitting on the living room sofa watching cartoons. Seeing me return, her face lit up with a smile.

She excitedly ran over in her little shoes and hugged me tightly. "Sister," she called out sweetly.

I smiled warmly, gently stroking Grace's head. "Has Grace missed sister during this time?"

The little one replied crisply, "Yes."

Dr. Victoria Sterling standing nearby smiled and told me in English, "Grace's trauma has been completely

healed. She can live and attend school normally now.”

My eyes filled with pleasant surprise. “That’s wonderful, thank you, doctor.”

The female doctor smiled and said, “No need to thank me. Mr. Rivers has already settled the payment. I’ll be leaving tomorrow.”

When I asked about the sudden departure, Dr. Sterling explained that she had patients scheduled back in the capital. I offered to have our driver take her to the airport for her 3 PM flight the next day.

That evening, Natalie personally cooked a table full of my favorite dishes. With Grace’s recovery and my discharge from the hospital, it was a good day for the Winters family.

The family sat together harmoniously, creating a warm scene that hadn’t occurred in a long time. Richard

seemed more relaxed than he had been in weeks.

Grace chattered excitedly about her favorite cartoon characters. Natalie served everyone with genuine care

and attention.

For the first time in months, our family felt complete and peaceful.

The next afternoon, after Dr. Sterling/left, I stayed home to watch cartoons with my sister. Grace had chosen

a werewolf adventure series that made her giggle constantly.

Suddenly, Adrian Sinclair’s video call notification appeared on my phone. I was puzzled since Adrian usually called for important matters and sent text messages for less important things.

This was the first time he had initiated a video call. I wondered what could be **so** urgent.

To my surprise, when I accepted the call, it wasn’t Adrian’s face that appeared. Instead, his little cousin Sophie Turner filled the screen.

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Chapter 194 Flowers and

The adorable Sophie was wearing the Rose Gold Designer Hair Clip with Pink Crystals that I had given her

Her hair was styled in twin pigtails.

When she saw me accept the video call, she smiled so brightly that her eyes curved like crescents. Little dimples appeared on her cheeks.

“Sister Olivia,” Sophie called out in her sweet, delicate voice.

Grace, hearing Sophie’s voice, leaned over to greet her through the screen. “Hi Sophie!”

The two children chatted enthusiastically. Grace invited Sophie to visit the next day for homemade cookies that Natalie had promised to bake.

“We can play in the garden too,” Grace added excitedly. “Sister Olivia can show you the moonflowers”

Sophie clapped her hands in delight. “I would love that! Can we really make cookies together?”

After more than ten minutes of the girls’ animated conversation, Adrian appeared on screen. He looked slightly embarrassed by the accidental video call.

“I apologize for Sophie taking over my phone,” he said with a gentle smile. “She insisted on calling you when she heard I was contacting you.”

I laughed softly. “It’s perfectly fine. She’s absolutely adorable.”

Adrian confirmed plans to bring Sophie over the next morning. “We can also discuss some legal cases while the girls play,” he added professionally.

“That sounds perfect,” I agreed, already *looking* forward to seeing Sophie again and spending time with Grace in a normal, peaceful setting.

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Whisper 267

Chapter 195: Morning Confrontation

Chapter 195: Morning Confrontation

(Connor's POV)

The next morning, I drove my Cullinan toward the Winters Family Estate with a specific purpose in mind. As I

approached the villa district entrance, a familiar black Maybach caught my attention.

Adrian Sinclair's vehicle. I had memorized that license plate number after seeing it parked outside

Moonstone Legal Partners multiple times.

My jaw tightened as I recognized the threat. Adrian was heading to see Olivia again, and my Alpha instincts flared with territorial rage.

I accelerated past his Maybach in a clear display of dominance, my engine roaring as I overtook him. Then I

deliberately slowed down, forcing him to follow behind me.

Through my rearview mirror, I watched Adrian's reaction. The bastard merely smiled at my territorial display, showing no signs of backing down.

Rather than rise to my challenge, he calmly reduced his speed and followed with practiced composure. His

lack of reaction only fueled my anger further.

Both our vehicles arrived at the Winters villa simultaneously. We parked and exited our cars in perfect unison,

creating immediate tension in the peaceful morning air.

The morning breeze carried fresh scents of dew and flowers. Sunlight filtered through the leaves, creating

dancing shadows on the ground.

But the atmosphere between us crackled with supernatural hostility.

My ice-blue eyes locked onto Adrian like sharp blades. I fixed him with a cold stare that could freeze blood.

“What is Lawyer Sinclair doing at the Winters family so early?” I asked with a cold smile.

Adrian maintained his polite expression, but his eyes turned ice-cold. “That’s none of your concern.”

My Alpha aura flared dangerously. “Don’t covet people who don’t belong to you.”

“Does the person you covet belong to you?” Adrian retorted without missing a beat.

“She can only belong to me,” I declared with absolute certainty.

“That’s not necessarily true,” Adrian replied defiantly.

My control snapped. I stepped closer aggressively, my presence radiating lethal intent.

“You dated someone else for three months after confessing to Olivia,” I snarled. “Then came back to pursue her after breaking up.”

I moved even closer, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. “What do you take her for? She’s not a

second choice.”

Adrian’s polite smile finally disappeared. His expression darkened as my words hit their mark.

Just as he opened his mouth to respond, Olivia’s voice called out from behind **the iron** gate.

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“Adrian? Why haven’t you come inside yet?”

Her voice carried concern and curiosity. She could see his silhouette through the gate but couldn’t see **me**

hidden behind the tree.

Hearing Olivia's voice, Adrian's harsh expression immediately softened. The transformation was instant and

complete.

"I'm coming," he called back to her, his tone warm and gentle.

He turned to me with renewed composure, his professional mask sliding back into place. "Goodbye, Mr.

Rivers."

Adrian walked to his car's rear door and opened it with a flourish. "Come on, Sophie. We're going to play with

Sister Olivia."

A delighted little girl's voice responded from inside. "Really? Can we make cookies together?"

"Of course," Adrian replied cheerfully, helping the child out of the car.

I watched his retreating figure, my fingers slowly clenching into fists. The tension remained unresolved, burning in my chest like acid.

(Olivia's POV)

Inside the Winters household, Natalie greeted Adrian warmly. She had maintained a positive impression of him since their hospital encounter.

"Adrian, it's wonderful to see you again," she said with genuine pleasure. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

During that previous meeting, she had learned that Adrian obtained a protection charm from Moonlight Temple for me. She had mentioned this to Richard, who responded with a noncommittal "hmm."

I still wasn't sure whether my father approved or disapproved of Adrian.

Today, both Richard and Natalie were home. Adrian demonstrated his excellent upbringing by bringing thoughtful gifts.

"I brought some 1990s moonberry wine," he said, presenting two elegant bottles. "And premium herbal tea

leaves."

He had clearly researched my father's preferences. Richard didn't smoke but enjoyed tea and occasional

drinks.

Richard showed slight approval but remained reserved. "Thank you. That's very considerate."

Natalie was much more welcoming. "How thoughtful! Richard will definitely enjoy these."

Grace and Sophie immediately bonded, chattering excitedly about their planned activities.

"Can we bake cookies?" Sophie asked with sparkling eyes.

"Yes! And we can play in the garden too," Grace replied enthusiastically.

The two girls ran upstairs together, their laughter echoing through the house.

In the living room, Adrian and I sat down to discuss legal cases. Agnes Turner served us tea and fresh fruit with quiet efficiency.

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Chapter 195. Morning Con

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Richard respectfully withdrew to his study without interfering. His departure showed trust in my professional

judgment.

Natalie also tactfully left us alone. As she walked away, I caught her thoughtful expression.

She was probably thinking how well-matched Adrian and I appeared together. I knew she hoped I could move on from Connor and find happiness with someone like Adrian.

"I've reviewed the Miranda Blackwood case files," Adrian began professionally.

"What's your assessment?" I asked, focusing completely on our work.

"The mate bond severance will be complicated," he explained. "Malcolm Blackwood is fighting it aggressively."

We discussed legal strategies and precedents with complete dedication. Our professional chemistry was

undeniable.

Back at Moonstone Legal Partners later that day, I felt revitalized by returning to work. More than a month of hospital recovery had left me eager to resume my career.

During my absence, I had to find substitute lawyers for several court hearings. My friends had refused to bring case files to the hospital, insisting I focus on healing.

Adrian had jokingly assured me that the firm wouldn't collapse without me.

Now, sitting in my familiar office chair, I experienced a sense of rebirth and relaxation. The familiar environment energized me completely.

Jade Mitchell and Emma Thompson welcomed me back enthusiastically.

"Welcome back, boss!" Jade said with a grin, placing a stack of case files on my desk. "Plenty of work waiting for you."

Emma updated me on cases handled during my absence. "All the substitute hearings resulted in victories," she reported proudly.

"That's excellent news," I replied, genuinely impressed. "Emma, you've made significant progress."

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Whisper 268

Chapter **196**: Legal Maneuvering and **Strategic Alliances**

Chapter 196: Legal Maneuvering and Strategic Alliances

(Olivia's POV)

After being discharged from Harbor City Memorial Hospital, I threw myself completely into my work **at** Moonstone Legal Partners. The major cases for Rivers Pack Holdings demanded my full attention – territorial disputes involving millions of dollars and

complex supernatural business contracts that could reshape pack alliances across the Northern Territory.

Despite having organized the evidence once before my hospitalization, I meticulously reviewed everything again. My career ambition burned stronger than ever as I established myself as Harbor City's premier supernatural law specialist.

Every night, I stayed late at the law firm, the twenty-second floor becoming my second home. The city lights below flickered like stars as I pored over contract clauses and territorial agreements.

Emma Thompson often stayed with me, bringing moonlight herb tea and ensuring I ate dinner. Her loyalty touched me deeply, especially knowing she could have left for a more comfortable position elsewhere. "You're pushing yourself too hard," she said one evening, placing a steaming cup beside my case files. "These cases will determine the future of pack relations," I replied, not looking up from the territorial boundary documents. "Every detail matters."

The Rivers Pack Holdings cases weren't just legal work – they were my chance to prove that I belonged among the elite supernatural lawyers. Each victory would cement my reputation and expand my influence. One evening, while standing by the floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the bustling city nightscape, my phone rang with an urgent call.

"Miss Winters, I have important news about the Blackwood situation," my informant's voice crackled through the speaker. Find the newest release on

I pressed the phone closer to my ear, watching the neon lights flicker across Harbor City's skyline. "Harrison Blackwood refused to sign the mate bond dissolution agreement," the informant continued. "He tore it up in a fit of Alpha rage this afternoon."

My lips curved into a satisfied smile. This was exactly what I had hoped would happen. "Margaret had another heated argument with him about severing their bond," the informant explained. "She's now retained Harrison Clarke from Moonlaw Legal Services to represent her in the dissolution proceedings."

I acknowledged the information calmly, already formulating my strategy. This was the perfect opportunity **to** strike at the heart of the Grey pack's remaining stability.

Walking to my printer, I immediately began preparing civil retainer agreements and authorization **materials**. The documents would be ready within minutes.

"Emma, we're leaving," I called out, grabbing my car keys and securing **the law firm's sensitive files**.

Emma Thompson followed behind me as we entered **the** elevator, her **expression curious but trusting**.

Chapter 195 Legal Maneu

As the elevator descended, I dialed Harrison Blackwood's number. He answered on the third ring, his voice

heavy with obvious displeasure.

"Why are you calling me?" Harrison's tone dripped with hostility. "Haven't you harmed Ethan enough **already**?"

His attitude toward me had deteriorated from mere dislike to pure hatred. Margaret's constant complaints about me causing their bankruptcy had poisoned his mind completely.

"Did you orchestrate our company's downfall?" he demanded angrily. "Are you calling to add insult to injury **to**

our pack's suffering?"

I responded with a low laugh, maintaining perfect composure despite his accusations.

"I'm calling to help you," I said smoothly. "I want to represent you in your mate bond dissolution case against Margaret."

Harrison's skeptical silence stretched for several seconds before he spoke again.

"Why would someone who allegedly bankrupted my family want to help me?" he asked suspiciously.

I provided a detailed legal explanation as the elevator reached the parking garage.

"Silverridge Holdings' bankruptcy wasn't my doing," I clarified patiently. "It resulted from Ethan's poor investment decisions in major supernatural territory acquisitions."

I continued explaining while walking toward my glacier blue Bentley. "Your company suffered severe losses, broken capital chains, and inability to complete projects. You not only failed to profit but also owe astronomical breach-of-contract penalties to other pack partners."

Emma Thompson took the keys as I handed them to her, understanding that I needed to focus on this crucial

conversation.

"Normally company debts wouldn't affect Ethan personally after bankruptcy," I explained. "But his abuse of shareholder status and commingling of

personal and company assets means the werewolf court will apply the doctrine of piercing the corporate veil.”

Harrison listened intently as I outlined the legal implications.

“This makes Ethan jointly liable with the company,” I concluded. “The law is clear on this matter.”

As we settled into the Bentley, I continued persuading Harrison to set aside personal grievances.

“Consider my professional capabilities,” I urged. “Three years of practice experience and nearly perfect winning record. Countless successful cases in supernatural law with virtually no losses.”

Harrison’s voice carried grudging curiosity. “Why do you want to represent my bond dissolution case?”

I revealed my true motivation with a genuine smile.

“Because I don’t want Margaret to get this dissolution,” I said honestly. “It suits me perfectly when she’s

miserable.”

This admission resonated with Harrison immediately. He understood that Margaret had previously looked down on me and repeatedly humiliated me during **pack**—social gatherings.

Harrison’s voice grew thoughtful as he reflected on his situation.

“Margaret enjoyed the wealthy Luna lifestyle I provided,” he **said** bitterly. “Jewelry **from Moonlight Jewelers**,

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designer handbags, whatever she wanted from Harbor City’s elite shops.”

+ Prants

His anger intensified as he continued. “Now that the company is bankrupt, she wants to dissolve our mate

bond and abandon me to find another wealthy Alpha.”

“Someone who can share good times but not hardships goes against everything werewolf mate bonds represent,” he declared firmly. “I’m determined not to grant the dissolution.”

Twenty minutes later at Harbor City Memorial Hospital, I arrived to meet with Harrison. He appeared haggard with more gray in his hair and deeper lines from the stress of bankruptcy, family chaos, and health problems.

The daily arguments with Margaret over their failing bond had clearly taken their toll on his Alpha

constitution.

During our negotiation, I leveraged my status strategically.

“I’m the daughter of Richard Winters, Riverdale’s most powerful Alpha,” I pointed out. “Margaret can only afford to pay Harrison Clarke eight thousand dollars for this dissolution case.”

Harrison nodded grimly, understanding the financial constraints we both faced.

“You’re similarly financially constrained,” I continued. “Many lawyers wouldn’t want to take such small cases.”

I leaned forward slightly, pressing my advantage. “If I intervened, no law firm in Harbor City would accept your case due to my influence and the potential benefits of maintaining good relations with the Winters pack.” Harrison considered this carefully, weighing his limited options against the potential benefits of my representation.

After several minutes of contemplation, he agreed to retain my services.

“Do everything possible to ensure the werewolf court denies the bond dissolution,” he requested earnestly.

I agreed with a slight smile, already planning my legal strategy to destroy Margaret’s case completely.

(Cassandra’s POV)

Meanwhile, after my pregnancy termination procedure, I had been recovering at my family’s modest home. The small house felt suffocating compared to the luxury I had once enjoyed with Ethan.

My case for defaming Olivia and inciting fan cyberbullying through social media was currently in the second–instance appeal process at Harbor City Supernatural Court. No trial date had been set yet, leaving my future uncertain.

With Moonweave Textiles' bankruptcy now irreversible and my father's small company struggling to survive, knew I had to make plans for my future.

The reality of my situation hit me every morning when I woke up in my childhood bedroom. The faded wallpaper and cramped space reminded me how far I had fallen from grace.

I contacted a wealthy beta werewolf from my former social circle who had previously pursued me. Maxwell Thornfield had always been infatuated with me, even when I was with Ethan.

"Maxwell, I need your help," I said when he answered my call.

His voice immediately warmed with interest. "Cassandra, what can I do for you?"

I swallowed my pride and made my request. "I need you to help arrange my departure from the Northern

<Chapter 196: Legal Maneu

Territory. I want to start fresh in another werewolf community abroad."

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Whisper 269

Chapter 197 Gifts and Be

Chapter 197: Gifts and Betrayals

Chapter 197: Gifts and Betrayals

(Connor's POV)

In my executive office at Rivers Pack Holdings, Frank Langley entered with several pack alliance documents requiring my signature. I barely glanced up from my phone as he placed them on my desk.

"These need your approval by end of day, Alpha," Frank said quietly before leaving.

I nodded absently, absorbed in checking my schedule. The date caught my attention – May 10th. May 20th was approaching soon.

That special date sparked an idea. I needed to prepare a gift for Olivia as part of my pursuit of her. We

weren't officially mated yet, and our bond was still developing.

I picked up my phone and dialed Sebastian Pierce's number. He answered on the second ring.

"Connor! What brings you to call during business hours?" Sebastian's cheerful voice came through.

"I need information about new limited edition bags," I said in fluent French. "Your company's latest releases."

Sebastian's laughter filled the line. "Ah, wooing a she-wolf, are we? Let me guess – this is for your future

Luna?"

"Yes," I confirmed without hesitation.

"Have you reconciled with Olivia officially?" Sebastian asked with genuine curiosity.

"We haven't officially bonded yet," I admitted. "But I'm working on it."

"I'll check with our general manager about upcoming releases," Sebastian promised. "Give me a few minutes."

Within ten minutes, my phone buzzed with Sebastian's call back.

"Perfect timing," he announced excitedly. "We have a Global Limited Edition Luna Collection handbag launching next week."

I leaned forward with interest. "Tell me more."

"Three colors available – obsidian black, arctic white, and rich brown. All feature premium matte crocodile Jeather. Price point is \$1.5 million each."

The price didn't concern me. "All three colors sound versatile. Olivia would love them."

"I can gift them to you," Sebastian offered generously. "Consider it my blessing for your pursuit."

“No,” I said firmly. “I’ll pay for them myself.”

I immediately transferred **\$4.5** million to Sebastian’s account. “Done. When can I collect them?”

“I’ll have them ready by tomorrow,” Sebastian assured me.

(Cassandra’s POV)

Meanwhile, I faced a desperate situation in my cramped childhood bedroom. Maxwell Thornfield **had agreed**

to help me flee the Northern Territory, but his condition made my stomach turn.

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Chapter 197 Gifts and Be

“One night with me,” he had said with that predatory smile. “Then I’ll arrange your departure.”

My face stiffened at his demand. I had undergone pregnancy termination just over a month ago. Pack

healers warned me to wait at least three months before i*****e.

Six months before attempting pregnancy again, or risk irreparable damage to my werewolf healing abilities.

But waiting three months meant my second trial would be over. Escape would become impossible.

After hours of internal struggle, I gritted my teeth. “Fine. One night.”

Maxwell’s eyes gleamed with satisfaction. “Excellent choice, beautiful.”

The next morning, I lay in Maxwell’s arms, my body covered in bite marks from his rough treatment. They hadn’t healed due to my weakened state.

I traced circles on his chest coquettishly. “When will you send me abroad?”

The drowsy beta irritably pushed my hand away. “Don’t rush me. I just woke up.”

I rolled my eyes in frustration. How could I not be anxious when Olivia might discover my plans?

"The lawsuit with Olivia makes me nervous," I explained softly. "Once the werewolf court verdict comes down, I'll face pack exile."

"Wait until I'm fully awake," Maxwell dismissed me with a wave.

My anger flared as I realized his true nature. Before getting me into bed, he had been passionate and attentive. He claimed to have waited for me despite knowing I loved Ethan.

But once he got what he wanted, he became impatient and dismissive immediately.

I waited resentfully until 1:30 PM when Maxwell finally stirred awake.

"Before we discuss your departure," he said with a lecherous grin, "I want another round."

After ten minutes of his selfish satisfaction, I could barely contain my fury at his behavior.

Maxwell reached for his phone, finally ready to help. "I'll call Samuel Harrison. His family has private jets." "Samuel's much wealthier than me," Maxwell explained while dialing. "He's planning a European trip anyway." I listened as Maxwell spoke to his friend. "Sam, I need a favor. Can you take someone on your European flight?"

"Sure, no problem," came Samuel's voice through the speaker. "Have her bring documents to my assistant for processing."

"International flights require three days' advance notice," Samuel continued. "But my jet has a large cabin. Adding one passenger shouldn't be an issue."

After the call ended, I embraced Maxwell's waist gratefully. "You're amazing. I should have chosen you over Ethan from the start."

Maxwell smugly reminded me, "Now that the Blackwood family went, bankrupt, Ethan can't help you anymore."

This reminder filled me with both anger and sadness. I had **sacrificed** everything for Ethan – bearing **the** stigma of being a mistress to a mated Alpha.

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"

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Chapter 197 Gifts and Be

I **had** offended the Winters pack heiress, lost my social media **account** with millions of **followers, and faced a**

lawsuit. Only for him to be so heartless that he didn't even want our pup.

That evening, I prepared carefully for meeting Samuel Harrison. I wore a sexy black dress and **elaborate**

makeup.

This served two purposes – supporting Maxwell's image and potentially seducing the Harrison family heir. I was confident in my looks and figure.

Maybe I could win over Samuel and secure a luxurious future with a wealthy pack.

As we entered Moonlight Elite Club and walked toward the reserved room, my confidence soared. This **could** be my chance for a fresh start.

But as Maxwell opened the door to the private suite, my dreams shattered instantly.

My face turned pale as death. I froze like a statue, unable to move.

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- Whisper 270

Whisper 270

Chapter 198: Confrontation at the Clubhouse

Chapter 198: Confrontation at the Clubhouse

(Third person's POV)

In the private room at Moonlight Elite Club, Cassandra Evans froze like a statue when she saw Connor Rivers sitting in the center position of the sofa. Her face turned pale as death, and her entire body trembled with

terror. Original content can be found at

Connor hadn't looked toward the door yet, his attention focused on the conversation with his companions. But Maxwell Thornfield noticed Cassandra's strange behavior immediately.

"Why won't you move forward?" Maxwell asked, confusion evident in his voice. He grabbed her arm firmly. "Remember what we discussed about going abroad?"

The commotion drew attention from everyone in the room. Someone recognized Cassandra and shouted in surprise.

"Maxwell, why did you bring her here?" The voice carried obvious disgust. "Don't you know what she did to Olivia Winters?"

Cassandra's reputation for slandering Olivia online and inciting fans to cyberbully her had made her notorious among Harbor City's wealthy werewolf circles. No one wanted to associate with someone who had attacked the future Luna of the Rivers pack.

When Connor heard Cassandra's name, he looked up with eyes like sharp blades. His gaze flashed with terrifying Alpha coldness that made the temperature in the room drop several degrees.

Cassandra's heart trembled violently. Her spine went numb as she realized she could no longer escape this confrontation.

Samuel Harrison's face darkened as understanding dawned on him. The "friend" Maxwell had asked him to help smuggle abroad was actually Cassandra Evans.

"Maxwell," Samuel's voice carried barely controlled anger. "You didn't tell me your friend was her."

Maxwell belonged to the same social circle as Cassandra and Ethan Grey. He naturally knew about the feud between Cassandra and Olivia, but he was unaware of Samuel's connection to Connor Rivers.

"What's the problem?" Maxwell asked defensively. "She just needs passage abroad."

Connor's voice cut through the tension like ice. "Bring her over."

His Alpha authority made the command impossible to ignore. The power radiating from him forced submission from every werewolf in the room.

Maxwell didn't dare resist Connor's order. He reluctantly dragged the unwilling Cassandra forward, though her resistance proved futile against his strength.

Standing before Connor, Cassandra didn't even receive a direct glance from him. Instead, he turned to Samuel beside him, his voice ice-cold as he spoke just four words.

"Explain this to me."

III

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< Chapter 198 Confrontatio.

15 Points >

These brief words made Samuel break out in cold sweat. His scalp tingled as he realized he had inadvertently offended this powerful Alpha.

Everyone knew that Olivia Winters was Connor's beloved mate. Helping her enemy escape justice would be seen as a direct insult to the Rivers pack.

Samuel desperately wanted to slap himself for his loose tongue. He cleared his throat nervously, panic evident in his voice.

"This is all a misunderstanding, Connor," Samuel explained frantically. "Maxwell called asking for help to take a friend abroad. Since I was planning to travel internationally anyway, I agreed."

He swore earnestly, "I had no idea the friend was Cassandra. I would never have agreed if I had known."

Connor gave Samuel a light glance, his expression unreadable. The brief look seemed to pierce through Samuel's soul, evaluating the truth of his words.

Samuel felt his heart racing under that penetrating gaze. He feared that Connor's displeasure might ruin his upcoming business opportunities with Rivers Pack Holdings.

"Handle this situation," Connor instructed Samuel with cold authority. "Cassandra cannot leave the territory. Her case with Olivia isn't closed yet."

Samuel nodded obsequiously with a flattering smile. "I'll handle everything properly, Connor. Please don't be angry."

Throughout this entire exchange, Connor never spoke a single word directly to Cassandra. She remained invisible to him, beneath his notice.

That same day, Connor called Olivia to inform her about Cassandra's attempted escape abroad. His voice warmed considerably when speaking to her.

"Cassandra tried to flee the territory tonight," he reported. "I've ensured she won't succeed."

Olivia's response was brief and professional. "Thank you for letting me know."

She didn't say much more before ending the call, leaving Connor wanting to hear her voice longer.

After hanging up, Connor raised his eyebrows thoughtfully. Cassandra had proven somewhat useful by giving him a legitimate reason to call Olivia.

He hadn't spoken to her in several days and missed her terribly. Without this foolish move by Cassandra, he

wouldn't have heard Olivia's voice today.

Samuel's solution involved assigning people to monitor Cassandra twenty-four hours a day. She could still go anywhere she wanted within the territory, but international travel was forbidden.

The surveillance method was identical to what Olivia had already implemented upon learning of Cassandra's escape attempt. Both had reached the same conclusion independently.

Meanwhile, Miranda Blackwood had been trying to see Connor for over a month since encountering him at Eleanor Rivers' funeral. She attended every friend group gathering hoping for a chance encounter.

Each time she left disappointed as Connor never appeared at social events. She understood that he wouldn't

be in the mood for gatherings after losing his grandmother and father.

Initially, she sent him messages every few days expressing concern and support. But he never responded, so

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Chapter 198 Confrontatio

she eventually stopped trying.

Learning from mutual friends that Connor spent most of his time at work or at Silverridge Private Hospital where Olivia was recovering, she tried waiting there. But she never encountered him, as if he deliberately

avoided her.

After a month of patient waiting, Miranda finally decided to visit the Rivers family estate directly. She needed

to see him face-to-face.

At Moonstone Legal Partners, it was 6 PM and employees were leaving for the day. But Olivia stayed to work

overtime as usual, reviewing several important cases.

When Adrian Sinclair knocked and entered her office, he shook his head with amusement. "You're working

relentlessly right after being discharged from the hospital."

Olivia looked up from her case files with a slight smile. "Working until around 10 PM and then going home to

shower and sleep isn't really staying up late."

Adrian leaned against her desk casually. “Sophie Turner wants to invite you to dinner with Grace Winters. Are

you available?”

Olivia considered the invitation thoughtfully. Dr. Victoria Sterling had mentioned that Sophie’s companionship greatly helped Grace’s psychological treatment and recovery from her k*****g trauma.

“I can meet tomorrow afternoon,” Olivia agreed warmly. “I’m grateful to Sophie for her friendship with Grace.”

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Whisper 271

Chapter **199**: Unexpected Encounters at the Restaurant

Chapter 199: Unexpected Encounters at the Restaurant

(Olivia’s POV)

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Adrian Sinclair had chosen an atmospheric Western restaurant with warm honey-colored walls and soft lighting from an ornate crystal chandelier adorned with

moonstone accents. Vintage wolf pack oil paintings decorated the walls, depicting ancient pack hunts and ceremonial gatherings.

The gentle melodies of Moonlight Serenade classical piano collection flowed through the air as Adrian led Sophie Turner and me toward our reserved table. Grace Winters walked beside me, her small hand tucked trustingly in mine.

“This place has the best venison steaks in Harbor City,” Adrian said with a warm smile as we approached a prime window seat.

The moonstone-inlaid glass dining table gleamed under the chandelier’s glow. A centerpiece of night-blooming jasmine filled the air with its delicate fragrance.

Grace’s eyes widened with delight as she took in the elegant surroundings. “It’s so pretty, Olivia! Like a fairy tale restaurant.”

Sophie Turner giggled and nodded enthusiastically. “My mom brought me here once for my birthday. The chocolate cake is amazing!”

Adrian pulled out chairs for all of us with practiced courtesy. After settling the children comfortably, he

handed me the leather-bound menu with its gold-embossed wolf crest.

“Order whatever you’d like,” he said. “This is my treat for helping Grace through her recovery.”

I looked up from the menu to thank him and froze. My breath caught in my throat as I met a pair of deep, dark eyes across the restaurant.

Connor Rivers stood not far away, his imposing figure unmistakable even in the dim lighting. Beside him

stood a curvaceous woman with big wavy hair cascading over her shoulders.

My heart sank as I immediately recognized her. Miranda Blackwood. I hadn’t seen her for years, not since she

left for her studies abroad.

Rebecca’s words echoed in my mind about Miranda returning to the Northern Territory specifically to pursue Connor. The sight of them together made my chest tighten with an emotion I didn’t want to acknowledge.

I forced myself to look away calmly, focusing back on the menu in my hands. But the words blurred together as my mind raced.

Adrian noticed my sudden tension, and followed my gaze. His eyebrows rose slightly as he spotted the pair.

“What a coincidence, Alpha Rivers,” Adrian called out with meaningful eyes and a knowing smile. “Is this

Alpha Rivers’ mate?”

Connor’s face darkened immediately. His jaw clenched as he replied with ice-cold precision, “No.”

Miranda’s laugh tinkled like silver bells as she stepped closer to our table. “Oh, don’t be so formal! I’m

Miranda Blackwood, Connor’s friend.”

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The way she said “Connor” with such casual intimacy made my heart ripple with unwanted emotion. Her hand rested possessively on his arm as she spoke.

“We’re just catching up after my return from abroad,” Miranda continued cheerfully. “Con has been showing me around all the new restaurants in Harbor City.”

The nickname “Con” fell from her lips so naturally, so familiarly. I gripped the menu tighter, forcing my expression to remain neutral.

(Connor’s POV)

Miranda turned her bright smile toward Olivia, her voice warm with false friendliness. “Olivia Winters! Do you remember me? We met at several pack gatherings before I left for university.”

Olivia’s response was polite but distant. “Of course. Welcome back to the Northern Territory, Miranda.”

The coolness in Olivia’s tone sent satisfaction through me, even as Miranda’s presence irritated me beyond measure. I had only agreed to this dinner to discuss a potential business partnership, nothing more.

Without invitation, I pulled a chair from a nearby table and positioned it beside Olivia. The scraping sound drew everyone’s attention as I sat down uninvited.

“How is the progress on Rivers Pack Holdings’ legal cases?” I asked Olivia directly, ignoring the shocked expressions around the table.

Olivia’s professional mask slipped into place immediately, “I’ve been organizing all the materials and evidence. Everything should be ready for review by next week.”

Her formal tone frustrated me, but at least she was speaking to me. That was more than I’d managed in weeks.

The moonstone—inlaid glass dining table suddenly felt crowded with five people squeezed around it. Grace and Sophie looked between the adults with wide, curious eyes.

Miranda’s smile faltered slightly as she realized the dynamic at play. “Perhaps we should move elsewhere, Connor. It’s after work hours, and Olivia is clearly on a date.”

The word “date” hit me like a physical blow. My eyes snapped to Adrian, then back to Olivia with barely controlled jealousy.

“Date?” I questioned, my voice dangerously low.

Olivia’s cheeks flushed slightly. “It’s just dinner,” she said quickly. “Adrian was kind enough to arrange this meeting so Grace could spend time with Sophie.”

Her instinctive explanation softened my expression marginally, though the sight of her with Adrian still made my wolf snarl with possessiveness.

Miranda tugged at my sleeve, trying to pull me away. “Come on, Con. Let’s give them privacy.”

I dodged her touch smoothly, my skin recoiling from the contact. “Since it’s not a date,” I said coldly, “I don’t mind sharing the table with old acquaintances to discuss pack business matters.”

Adrian’s face darkened with obvious displeasure. “This is hardly appropriate, Rivers. There are children present.”

I turned to Grace with a calculated smile. “Grace, do you mind if I join you for dinner? I haven’t seen you since

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Chapter 199 Unexpected.

you recovered.”

The little girl's face lit up with genuine joy. “Connor! Of course you can stay! I missed you!”

Her innocent enthusiasm was exactly what I'd hoped for. Grace still remembered me fondly from when Olivia and I were together, still thought of me as her former “brother-in-law.”

Adrian's objection died in his throat. He couldn't very well argue with a child's wishes.

“But what about Miranda?” Adrian asked pointedly, gesturing toward the woman still standing awkwardly beside our table.

I dismissed her with casual cruelty. “I have urgent pack business to discuss. Perhaps we can continue our project meeting another day, Miss Blackwood.”

I deliberately emphasized “project” to make it clear to Olivia that this wasn't a romantic meeting. Miranda's face flushed with embarrassment at the obvious dismissal.

Despite my explanation, Olivia showed no reaction whatsoever. Her expression remained perfectly neutral, which disappointed me more than I cared to admit.

Adrian's voice carried sharp criticism. “That's hardly gentlemanly behavior, Rivers. You can't just abandon your dinner companion.”

Seeing Miranda's obvious embarrassment, Olivia's compassionate nature emerged. “Perhaps we should move to a larger table to accommodate everyone comfortably.”

Her suggestion was practical and kind, exactly what I'd expect from her. But it also meant I wouldn't have her

to—myself.

The hostess quickly arranged a larger table for our expanded party. I made sure to claim the seat directly beside Olivia, while Miranda reluctantly took the chair next to me.

Adrian sat across from us with barely concealed hostility, his earlier good mood completely destroyed by my

interference.

The romantic atmosphere of what was supposed to be a pleasant dinner had been thoroughly shattered.

Adrian shot hostile glances in my direction throughout the evening.

I responded with a triumphant, provocative smile that made his jaw clench with frustration.

Miranda noticed the obvious tension between Adrian and me. Her grip tightened on her coffee cup as she

sensed the underlying competition for Olivia's attention.

15

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III

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Whisper 272

Chapter 200: Dinner with Hidden Tensions

Chapter 200: Dinner with Hidden Tensions

(Olivia's POV)

The atmosphere at our table grew increasingly tense as the evening progressed. Connor and Adrian engaged in what could only be described as a silent war, each trying to claim my attention through seemingly

innocent conversation.

“The venison here is exceptional,” Adrian said, cutting his steak with deliberate precision. “I thought you might enjoy it, Olivia.”

Connor’s jaw tightened almost imperceptibly. “Olivia prefers her meat medium–rare, not well–done like that.”

I nearly choked on my moonlight wine. How did he still remember such details about my preferences?

“Actually, I’ve been eating my steaks medium lately,” I replied coolly, not wanting to give Connor the

satisfaction of being right.

Miranda shifted uncomfortably in her seat, clearly sensing the undercurrents of tension. “This restaurant has such lovely ambiance. Perfect for business discussions.”

Her pointed emphasis on “business” made me glance at Connor. His expression remained unreadable as he

cut his food.

Grace and Sophie chatted happily about their school activities, blissfully unaware of the adult drama unfolding around them. Their innocent laughter provided the only genuine warmth at our table.

“Grace, how are your art classes going?” Connor asked, his voice softening when he addressed my half–sister.

“Really good! I painted a wolf family yesterday,” Grace beamed. “The teacher said it was beautiful.”

Connor’s smile became genuine for the first time all evening. “I’d love to see it sometime.”

Adrian’s amber eyes flashed with irritation. “Perhaps we should focus on our meal rather than making future

plans.”

The territorial undertones in his voice made my wolf stir uneasily. I could sense both men’s barely contained

instincts beneath their civilized facades.

"The chocolate cake here is amazing," Sophie chimed in, trying to lighten the mood. "Can we order dessert?"

"Of course, sweetheart," I said gratefully, welcoming any distraction from the tension.

Miranda attempted to engage Connor in conversation about their supposed business collaboration, but his responses remained curt and professional. His attention kept drifting back to me, making my skin prickle

with awareness.

When the waiter brought our desserts, Connor casually mentioned, "The Rivers pack has been expanding our legal department. We might need additional external counsel"

Adrian's fork paused halfway to his mouth. "How convenient that you'd mention that now."

"Business opportunities arise at unexpected moments," Connor replied smoothly.

I focused on my chocolate mousse, pretending not to notice their verbal sparring. But every word felt charged

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with meaning I didn't want to analyze.

After we finished eating, Connor stood and adjusted his suit jacket. "I should head home. Thank you for **the** pleasant evening."

"How are you getting back?" Adrian asked with false concern. "I didn't see your driver outside."

Connor's expression didn't change. "Frank had to pick up Ethan Quinn. His car broke down nearby."

Adrian's eyebrows rose skeptically. "What a convenient coincidence."

"I could drive you home," Miranda offered quickly, her voice hopeful.

Connor's rejection was swift and cold. "That won't be necessary. We don't live in the same direction."

He turned to me with calculated casualness. "Olivia, since you drove here, would you mind giving me a ride? The Rivers estate is right next to your family's compound."

I hesitated, sensing the trap but unable to find a graceful way out. Adrian's disapproving expression made my decision easier.

"I suppose that would be fine," I said reluctantly.

Connor's mood brightened considerably. He pulled out his phone and dialed a number, putting it on speaker.

"Ethan? How's the car situation?" Connor asked.

Ethan's voice came through clearly. "Still waiting for the tow truck, man. Thanks for understanding about

Frank."

Adrian's expression grew more suspicious, but he couldn't argue with the apparent evidence.

"See?" Connor said with a slight smirk directed at Adrian. "Sometimes these things really do happen."

I recognized the performance for what it was, but I didn't expose their act. Privately, I didn't want Miranda to be alone with Connor. My Luna instincts stirred despite our complicated relationship.

"Fine," I said, standing. "Let's go."

Connor's triumphant smile as he looked at Adrian made my heart skip despite myself.

We walked to the parking area where my modest BMW sedan waited. Emma Thompson had driven us here and would continue as our driver. The source of this content is

Connor settled into the passenger seat while Grace and I took the back. His Alpha presence filled the small space, making the air feel charged with electricity.

"Thank you for this," he said quietly as Emma started the engine.

I didn't respond, focusing instead on Grace's chatter about her day at school.

The drive to the Winters estate passed in relative silence. Connor occasionally responded to Grace's questions, but his attention remained focused on me through the rearview mirror.

When we reached the estate entrance, I leaned forward. "You can get out here, Connor."

His expression darkened slightly. "You don't want me to come inside?"

"I'd **rather** avoid awkward questions from my father about our relationship **status**," I said honestly.

Connor's jaw clenched, but he nodded in understanding. Pack politics made everything complicated.

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Chapter 200 Dinner with.

+ Parts 2

Before getting out, he turned to face me directly. "Olivia, I want you to know that I have no relationship with Miranda. She approached me about a business collaboration between our packs. Nothing more."

His earnest tone made my chest tighten. "Oh," I said simply, keeping my voice neutral.

Connor waited for more of a response, but I offered nothing else. My emotional walls remained firmly in place.

1

"Goodnight, Olivia," he said softly.

I didn't respond as he stepped out of the car.

In the elevator, I turned to Grace. "Don't mention dining with Connor to Dad or Natalie, okay?"

Grace nodded solemnly. "I understand. Pack stuff is complicated."

Back in my room, my phone buzzed with a text from Adrian.

"Did you arrive home safely? Goodnight, Olivia."

I typed back a brief response before setting my phone aside.

The next morning at Moonstone Legal Partners, I was reviewing case files when Emma knocked on my office

door.

“Ms. Winters, you have a visitor,” she announced.

“Who is it?” I asked without looking up.

“Miranda Blackwood. She says she has a legal matter to discuss.”

I raised my eyebrows in surprise. Miranda’s family company had their own legal team. Why would she need

my services?

“Send her in,” I said, straightening my blazer.

Miranda entered wearing an elegant light brown business suit that complemented her curves perfectly. Her Hermès Luna Collection handbag caught the light as she moved.

The office staff had been whispering admiringly about her appearance since she arrived. Some speculated whether she was a potential client or seeking employment.

“Olivia,” Miranda said with a bright smile. “Thank you for seeing me.”

I gestured to the chair across from my desk. “Please, sit. What can I help you with?”

Miranda settled gracefully, crossing her legs. “I heard about your new law firm and wanted to visit. I have a legal case I’d like to entrust to you.”

This surprised me. From Rebecca’s information, Miranda’s company already had established legal counsel.

“What type of case?” I asked professionally.

Miranda pulled out her phone. “I’ll transfer the materials to you digitally. It’s a contract dispute that requires **delicate** handling.”

As she sent the files, she glanced around my office approvingly. “This moonlight herb tea service is lovely. Very thoughtful touch.”

After we exchanged **contact** information, Miranda stood to leave, complimenting **the** office’s moonlight herb

III

O

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Chapter 201 The Challeng

Chapter 201: The Challenge Accepted

Chapter 201: The Challenge Accepted

(Olivia's POV)

I opened the digital files Miranda had sent, my eyes scanning through the complex legal documents displayed on my computer screen. The case involved a territorial dispute between two allied packs over mineral rights and business partnerships that had been established decades ago.

The evidence was scattered and incomplete. Key witnesses had died or disappeared over the years. Several crucial documents were missing from the original agreements.

This wasn't just a difficult case – it was nearly impossible to win.

Miranda sat across from my desk, watching my expression carefully as I reviewed the materials. Her perfectly manicured fingers drummed silently against her Hermès handbag.

"The case involves supernatural law precedents dating back fifty years," I said, looking up from my screen. "The territorial boundaries were established before modern pack registration systems."

Miranda nodded, her smile never wavering. "Yes, it's quite complex. My family's legal team said it would be very challenging to pursue."

I could see the calculation in her eyes. This was a test, not a genuine request for legal representation.

If I refused the case, she could question my professional competence within werewolf legal circles. If I

accepted and lost, it would prove my incompetence compared to her own successful career managing pack

business affairs.

“The evidence is incomplete and the case is very complex,” I said calmly, meeting her gaze directly. “This

case has a high risk of losing. Are you clear about that?”

Miranda’s eyebrows rose slightly, as if surprised, by my directness. “Of course I understand the risks.”

I leaned back in my chair, considering my options. The smart move would be to decline politely and

recommend another firm.

Instead, I surprised myself by saying, “I’ll take the case.”

Miranda’s composed expression faltered for just a moment. “You will?”

“Litigation inherently carries no guarantee of victory,” I explained, my amber eyes sparkling with

determination. “Every case has certain risks. Although this case is risky, I haven’t encountered such a

complex supernatural law case in a long time.”

I stood up and walked to my bookshelf, pulling out a thick volume of werewolf territorial law. “I want to

challenge myself.”

Miranda watched me with growing confusion. This wasn’t the response she’d expected.

“I enjoy taking on challenging cases like this,” I continued, turning back to face her. “If I handle this case well,

it will establish my reputation in werewolf legal circles. For me, this is both a challenge and an opportunity.”

(Miranda’s POV)

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Chapter 201 The Challeng

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I stared at Olivia in stunned silence. In her amber eyes, I saw courage, confidence, resilience, and vibrant

vitality.

Before coming here, I had assumed she was merely a decorative figure relying entirely on Connor Rivers'

protection and pack resources. I hadn't expected such courage and confidence from the young Luna.

"You're certain about this?" I asked, still processing her unexpected response.

Olivia nodded firmly. "Absolutely. When can we sign the legal representation agreement?"

Twenty minutes later, we had completed all the paperwork. Olivia's assistant Emma Thompson witnessed

our signatures and filed the documents properly.

As prepared to leave, I watched Olivia already diving into the case materials with intense focus. She had

pulled out several law books and was making detailed notes.

"I'll be working on this over the weekend," she said without looking up. "I want to study all the relevant

territorial law precedents."

Her dedication was impressive, even if it would ultimately prove futile. This case was designed to be

unwinnable.

I gathered my things and headed for the door, feeling oddly unsettled by the encounter.

After leaving Moonstone Legal Partners, I drove directly to Connor Rivers' private estate. The imposing gates opened automatically as my car approached, recognizing my pre-registered vehicle.

Lawrence Butler answered the front door with the respectful demeanor expected when serving an Alpha's

household. The kind-faced beta werewolf in his fifties had served the Rivers family for decades.

"Miss Blackwood," he said politely. "How may I assist you?"

"I have an appointment with Connor to discuss pack business cooperation," I explained, smoothing my

business suit.

Lawrence nodded courteously. "Please wait here' while I announce your arrival."

He disappeared into the house, using the pack's internal communication system. When he returned, his

words confused me.

"The Luna invites you in," he said.

I frowned slightly. "The Luna?"

"Mrs. Katherine Rivers," Lawrence clarified. "She's in the first-floor reception room."

Of course. Connor's mother, not a mate. I followed Lawrence through the elegant hallway.

Katherine Rivers sat in the reception room with perfect posture, her ice-blue eyes assessing me with the

calculating gaze of a pack matriarch. Her sophisticated appearance and dignified bearing commanded

immediate respect.

"Mrs. Rivers," I said, offering a polite bow. "Thank you for receiving me."

Katherine's attitude was courteous but not particularly warm. "Please, sit. Connor is in the upstairs study discussing pack business. He'll come down shortly."

I settled into the offered chair, noting the expensive furnishings and family portraits lining the walls.

2/3

Chapter 201. The Challenge Follow current novels on

"How are you finding your return to the Northern Territory?" Katherine asked, her tone making polite

conversation.

"It's wonderful to be home," I replied. "I missed the pack community while studying abroad."

Ports

Katherine nodded, then sighed deeply. "Connor is already thirty and still unmarked. I'm so worried about him."

The comment seemed casual, but I sensed deeper meaning behind her words.

"He's focused on pack leadership responsibilities," I offered diplomatically.

Katherine's expression softened with genuine maternal concern. "I keep hoping he and Livvy will complete their mating ceremony soon. I long for Olivia to officially join the Rivers pack and give me grandpups."

The casual use of "Livvy" and Katherine's obvious affection for Olivia sent a clear message. This Luna only recognized one woman as her son's destined mate.

Sensing my romantic interest in Connor, Katherine tactfully changed the subject. "You know, I have a friend whose son recently returned from studying pack leadership abroad. He's a wonderful alpha heir, very

accomplished."

I understood the implicit rejection immediately. Katherine was offering to introduce me to other eligible alphas while protecting her son's relationship.

"That's very kind," I said carefully, "but I already have someone special in mind. Someone you know very well."

Katherine's ice-blue eyes sharpened slightly, but she maintained her polite smile.

Heavy footsteps on the stairs announced Connor's arrival. He descended with Frank Langley and an unfamiliar pack advisor I didn't recognize.

"Who is that?" I asked, my curiosity piqued by pack protocol concerns.

Connor deflected my question with Alpha authority. "Why did you come to my territory?"

His cold tone made me straighten in my chair. "Our business discussion was postponed yesterday. I brought my pack collaboration proposal."

I pulled out Miranda's Encrypted Legal Documents Drive and offered it to him.

Rather than taking it himself, Connor gestured to Frank. "Handle that?"

Frank plugged the device into a secure laptop, his movements efficient and professional. Connor scanned the contents with his enhanced werewolf perception, his expression growing darker by the moment.

After less than five minutes, his verdict was harsh and final.

"No. If you want pack cooperation, bring something worthwhile. Don't waste my time with this kind of proposal next time."

Without waiting for my reaction or offering any explanation, he stood up and walked away with Alpha

dismissiveness.

3

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<Chapter 202 Fury and Dis

Chapter 202: Fury and Dismissal

Chapter 202: Fury and Dismissal

(Miranda's POV)

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I slammed the encrypted USB drive onto my mahogany desk with such force that my coffee cup rattled. The sound echoed through my corporate executive office like a gunshot.

"What garbage did you produce?" I screamed at Steven Cross, who stood before my desk with his head lowered. "If you can't do the job, pack up and get out!"

Steven trembled visibly, his hands shaking as he tried to appease my rage. The newly appointed deputy project manager looked like he might collapse at any moment.

"Alpha Miranda, I... I can explain-" he stammered.

"Explain what?" I cut him off sharply. "How you managed to create the most pathetic pack alliance proposal I've ever seen?"

My fury burned white-hot as I thought about Connor's dismissive rejection. The humiliation of being turned away so coldly made my wolf snarl with wounded pride.

Steven had just been promoted and was responsible for reviewing the Pack Alliance Proposal Documents that I had submitted to Connor Rivers. When I learned that this substandard work had cost me the

opportunity to collaborate with Rivers Pack Holdings, my fury knew no bounds.

Project manager Peter Yang stepped forward, attempting to defend his brother-in-law. "Alpha Miranda, Steven is new and might not understand your standards yet. Perhaps if we give him more time-"

"Is it that he doesn't understand my standards, or that he got in through backdoor connections and lacks the actual ability?" I interrupted, my voice dripping with contempt. "You know the truth!"

Peter's face paled as my accusation hit its mark. The guilt in his eyes confirmed what I had suspected all along.

Without hesitation, I pointed at Steven with a trembling finger. "You're fired. Effective immediately."

Steven immediately dropped to his knees, his professional dignity crumbling. "Alpha Miranda, please give me another chance! I have elderly parents and young children to support. I can't lose this job. Please don't fire

me!"

His desperate begging only fueled my anger further. I had no patience for incompetence, especially when it cost me valuable opportunities.

"Security!" I called out sharply.

Two beta guards appeared at my office door within seconds. They moved efficiently to escort Steven out despite his continued pleas.

My investigation had revealed that Peter Yang had used his position to bring his brother-in-law Steven **Cross** into the company through backdoor connections. Even worse, he had promoted him to deputy project manager without proper qualifications. This text is hosted at

My wrath extended to Peter Yang as well. Despite his four years of service and generally good **performance**,

<Chapter 202 Fury and Dis.

he had abused his authority by hiring his incompetent relative.

"You not only failed to do your job properly, but you also brought incompetent people **into the** company and put them in management positions," I declared coldly.

Peter tried desperately to salvage his career. "Alpha Miranda, I've been busy with other pack business

projects and hadn't given this proposal enough attention. If you give me another chance-"

"No excuses," I snapped. "You're fired too."

The shock on Peter's face was almost satisfying. He had thought his years of service would protect him **from**

consequences.

“Clear out your offices immediately,” I commanded. “Both of you.”

After the dismissals, I immediately called for an emergency meeting to appoint new project manager and deputy manager positions. The remaining staff looked terrified as they filed into the conference room.

“We’re starting over,” I announced to the assembled team. “The previous work was unacceptable.”

Under the supervision of the newly appointed project manager, the entire project team worked overtime for a week. They knew their jobs depended on creating a proposal that finally met my standards.

I personally reviewed every section, every clause, every detail. This time, there would be no mistakes.

Armed with the new Pack Alliance Proposal Documents, I headed to Rivers Pack Headquarters to seek another meeting with Connor Rivers. This proposal would prove my worth and secure the partnership I desperately needed.

At Rivers Pack Headquarters, the new receptionist Helen Martinez recognized me and greeted me warmly. Her respectful demeanor was a welcome change from the tension in my own office.

“Miss Blackwood, how lovely to see you again,” she said with a professional smile,

I took the elevator to the 27th floor reception room, knowing that only Connor’s private elevator could access the top floor where his office was located. The familiar surroundings reminded me of my previous

humiliation, but this time would be different.

(Olivia’s POV)

I arrived at Rivers Pack Headquarters carrying the Rivers Pack Legal Case Portfolio that required the company’s legal representative’s signature and official seal. The leather portfolio felt heavy in my hands as I approached the reception desk.

I had prepared several lawsuit filings for the cases Rivers Pack Holdings had commissioned. The legal documents needed proper authorization before I could proceed with the litigation.

“Excuse me,” I said politely to the receptionist. “I need to see Connor Rivers about some legal documents.”

Helen Martinez looked up from her computer screen with immediate suspicion. Her expression shifted from professional courtesy to barely concealed disdain.

“Do you have an appointment?” she asked curtly.

“No, but I’m his legal counsel,” I explained, trying to maintain my professional demeanor. “I have urgent documents that require his signature.”

Helen cut me off with a mocking laugh. “Every day there are strange she-wolves coming **to see the Alpha, all**

< Chapter 202 Fury and Dis

claiming they know him. I’ve heard this so many times my ears are getting calluses.”

Her dismissive tone made my wolf bristle with indignation. I had never been treated so rudely by pack staff

before.

“I advise you to leave and stop wasting your time here,” Helen continued with obvious contempt. “Our Alpha isn’t someone you can just meet whenever you want.”

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Whisper 275

Chapter 203: The Misunderstanding at the **Front Desk**

Chapter 203: The Misunderstanding at the Front Desk

(Olivia’s POV)

I took a deep breath, trying to maintain my professional composure despite Helen’s dismissive attitude. Her assumption that I was just another lovesick she-wolf chasing after Connor irritated my wolf, but I forced

myself to remain calm.

“Little she–wolf, I’m here to see him on official business, not what you’re thinking,” I said firmly, adjusting my

grip on the leather portfolio.

Helen scoffed coldly, her eyes full of disdain as she looked me up and down. “If you have real business, why

didn’t you make an appointment in advance? Don’t try to fool me.”

She leaned back in her chair with obvious superiority. “I know you’re deliberately carrying that file bag to

pretend you have legitimate business so I’ll let you in. That trick is outdated – everyone’s used it to death.”

I blinked in surprise, suddenly understanding the situation. Many female werewolves must frequently use **the**

pretense of business meetings to see Connor Rivers, making the front desk staff extremely vigilant.

Rather than getting angry, I found the young receptionist’s dedication to her job amusing. A small smile tugged at my lips as I decided to tease her a bit.

Helen noticed my expression and mistook it for smugness. “You think this is funny? Let me tell you something I was previously deceived by such tactics and nearly lost my job for letting someone through.”

Her voice grew more defensive. “I was only saved by my cousin Marcus Shaw who works as the Alpha’s special assistant. He vouched for me when the Alpha was furious about the security breach.”

She straightened in her chair, pride evident in her voice. “I know the Alpha is very handsome and attracts many she–wolves. Honestly, you’re very beautiful too, but the Alpha doesn’t like your type.”

Helen’s confidence grew as she continued. “The Alpha has countless dream girls, and neither you nor I have a

chance. He’s way out of our league.”

My amusement faded slightly at her presumptuous assessment, but I remained curious about her

perspective.

“Besides,” Helen added with a knowing look, “the Alpha already has Alpha Miranda. She’s the powerful Luna IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT

heiress of the Blackwood pack who runs a major werewolf corporation. Now that’s the kind of she–wolf who

belongs with our Alpha.”

When Helen mentioned Miranda Blackwood as Connor’s supposed romantic interest, my smile faded

completely. My tone turned cold despite my efforts to remain neutral.

“Alpha Miranda?” I repeated, my voice carefully controlled.

“Yes, Miranda Blackwood. She’s been coming here regularly for pack business meetings,” Helen said proudly, as if sharing insider information. “She’s sophisticated, successful, and perfect for an Alpha like Connor

Rivers.”

At that moment, my phone rang with an incoming call. I glanced at the screen and saw Frank Langley’s name

displayed.

A mischievous idea struck me. I answered the call but immediately handed the phone **to** the confused receptionist.

“It’s for you,” I said with a sweet smile.

Helen looked bewildered but took the phone hesitantly. “Hello?”

“Helen? Why do you have this number?” Frank’s familiar voice came through clearly. “I was trying to reach Miss Winters about urgent legal documents.”

Helen’s face went pale as she recognized her cousin’s voice. “Frank? I... there’s this she–wolf here claiming **to** have business with the Alpha, but I thought she was lying...”

“What she–wolf?” Frank’s voice sharpened with concern.

“She says she’s here about legal documents, but I figured it was just another excuse *to* see the Alpha,” Helen explained nervously.

There was a moment of stunned silence before Frank's voice exploded through the phone. "Helen! Please tell me you didn't just block Miss Winters from entering!"

Helen's eyes widened in panic. "Miss Winters? But I thought..."

"You just stopped our Alpha's Luna from entering!" Frank exclaimed, his voice rising with each word.

The conversation quickly turned chaotic as Frank realized his cousin had blocked the very person *he* was

trying to reach. Helen's face drained of all color as the implications hit her.

"In panic, Frank continued over the phone. "Do you have any idea what you've done? She's not just anyone – she's the Alpha's intended mate!"

Meanwhile, Connor Rivers appeared in the hallway, having heard Frank's raised voice through the pack's

enhanced hearing. Instead of being angry, Connor's expression softened with pleasure when he learned Olivia

had come to see him.

He approached Frank, who was still speaking frantically into the phone. "What's this about my Luna being

downstairs?"

Frank looked up with relief and panic. "Alpha, my cousin Helen at the front desk didn't recognize Miss Winters

and refused her entry."

Connor's lips curved into a satisfied smile. "Alpha's Luna? That title sounds good. Use it from now on."

Frank blinked in surprise at Connor's pleased reaction. "Yes, Alpha. Should I go down and escort her up?"

"We'll both go," Connor decided, his mood noticeably brightened. "I want to personally escort her up."

Back at the front desk, Helen stared at me with a complex expression, now understanding she had just

insulted the Alpha's Luna. Her hands trembled as she held my phone.

"I'm sorry, I really didn't know you were the Alpha's Luna," she stammered, her voice shaking. "I thought... I

mean, you don't look like..."

I firmly interrupted her assumption. "Alpha's Luna? I'm not."

Helen's confusion deepened. Despite my clear denial, she assumed I was angry about her earlier mention **of**

Miranda Blackwood and was deliberately rejecting the title out of spite.

"Please don't be upset about what I said about Alpha Miranda," Helen pleaded desperately. "I was just repeating office gossip. I didn't mean to offend you."

I shook my head, trying to correct her misunderstanding. "You don't understand. I'm genuinely not Connor's

Luna. We're not mated."

But Helen wasn't listening to my explanations. Her fear had taken over completely.

The young receptionist sighed in despair, her shoulders slumping with defeat. She was convinced she had offended the Alpha's Luna and would surely be fired.

"Even my cousin won't be able to help me this time," she whispered miserably. "I've really done it now."

3/3

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Whisper 276

Chapter 204: Encounter

Chapter 204: Encounter

(Third person's POV)

Helen Martinez clasped her hands together and pleaded with Olivia Winters, biting her lip and **putting on a** pitiful expression. “Luna, I was wrong, I really was wrong, I really know I was wrong. Please don’t be **angry**, okay?”

Her voice trembled with desperation as she continued. “You’re so beautiful and kind-hearted, you surely won’t blame me, right?”

Helen blinked her big eyes and tried to charm Olivia, switching to a more childish tone. “I really need **this job**, please don’t fire me, wuwuwu, beautiful sister, you’re the best!”

Just then, the Alpha’s private elevator opened with a “ding” sound. Connor Rivers walked out with his senior beta Frank Langley following behind.

Frank Langley exchanged meaningful glances with his cousin Helen Martinez. Their silent communication was filled with mutual blame – Frank’s eyes criticized her for blocking the wrong person, while Helen’s expression complained that no one had told her who the Alpha’s mate was.

Within seconds, Connor had walked to Olivia’s side. His expression softened completely as he greeted her warmly. “Liv, you’re here. What brings you to see me?”

Helen was stunned by this transformation. She had never seen the usually cold and expressionless Alpha show such tenderness to anyone in her two months of working there.

The contrast was shocking – Connor’s voice held genuine warmth and affection. His entire demeanor changed from the intimidating Alpha she knew to someone almost vulnerable.

Olivia handed Connor the Rivers Pack Legal Case Portfolio she was carrying. “These documents need the legal representative’s signature and seal.”

Connor accepted it and passed it to Frank immediately. “Have you eaten yet?”

“Yes, I had lunch before coming here,” Olivia replied politely.

“Would you like to go upstairs for tea?” Connor suggested hopefully. “I have some excellent moonberry blend from the mountains.” Get full chapters from

Olivia shook her head gently. “Thank you, but I have other pack matters to attend to. I can’t stay long.”

Helen noticed a flash of disappointment in the Alpha’s eyes. She found it amusing how the usually aloof Connor seemed somewhat humble in front of this woman.

She watched the interaction between them with great interest, despite Frank's warning glares telling **her to** mind her own business.

Since Olivia didn't want to go upstairs, she waited in the lobby's rest area while Connor accompanied **her**. Helen seized the opportunity to make amends by bringing Healing Moonberry Tea to Olivia.

"Alpha's Luna, please have some tea," Helen said respectfully, setting down the delicate **porcelain cup**.

Chapter 204 Encounter

Connor approved of this gesture with a **slight** nod, Olivia corrected gently, "I'm **not the Alpha's Luna**

However, Connor's voice was firm but tender. "You will be. The position of Alpha's Luna **can only be** yours

His declaration made Helen's eyes widen with understanding. When Olivia asked Helen's name, **the young** woman feared she might be fired.

"Helen Martinez," she answered nervously, waiting for judgment.

Instead, Olivia praised her sense of responsibility. "You were just doing your job conscientiously. Connor, don't fire employees who take their duties seriously."

Connor's expression softened further at Olivia's kindness. "Of course not. Helen was protecting pack security."

During their wait, Connor repeatedly tried to make plans with Olivia. "There's a new werewolf-friendly restaurant in the West District. Would you like to try it this weekend?"

"I'm sorry, but I have a busy schedule," Olivia declined politely.

"What about the hot spring resort my friend opened in the mountains? It's very relaxing, Connor persisted hopefully.

Olivia shook her head again. "I have an upcoming business trip to Harbor City. I need to prepare."

Each invitation was politely declined, and Connor's disappointment grew more visible. Helen watched this courtship dance with fascination.

Twenty minutes passed before Frank returned with the signed and sealed documents. "I apologize for the delay, Miss Winters. Marcus Hartwell was held up with urgent pack business."

In reality, Frank had deliberately stalled upstairs to give the Alpha more time alone with Olivia. He knew Connor treasured every moment with her.

After receiving the properly processed documents, Olivia prepared to leave. “Thank you for handling this so quickly.”

Connor offered to escort her. “Let me walk you to your car.”

“That’s not necessary,” Olivia declined. “My driver is waiting in the parking area.”

Connor’s face showed clear reluctance to let her go. He watched her retreating figure until she disappeared

from view.

Helen observed this scene with growing understanding. It seemed the Alpha was still in the process of courting his intended mate, which explained why Olivia insisted she wasn’t the Alpha’s Luna yet.

The way Connor’s shoulders slumped slightly after Olivia left revealed his vulnerability. Helen had never imagined the powerful Alpha could look so forlorn.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the Rivers Pack Headquarters Executive Floor Reception, Miranda Blackwoou had been waiting for nearly forty minutes. She had called Connor twice without receiving an answer.

Growing impatient, she approached the secretary’s office to inquire about his whereabouts. “Excuse me, where is Alpha Rivers? I’ve been waiting for our scheduled meeting.”

The secretary looked confused. “He finished his previous meeting half an hour ago. I’m **not** sure **where he** went.”

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Whisper 277

Chapter 205: Proposals–1.

Chapter 205: Proposals

(Olivia's POV)

Over the weekend, I took Emma Thompson to Harbor City to meet a client. The business **trip had** gone smoothly, and we were walking through the upscale shopping district when I spotted a familiar **figure**.

Sophie Parker stood outside an expensive boutique, her perfectly styled blonde hair catching **the** afternoon sunlight. She wore a designer dress that probably cost more than most werewolves made in a month.

My steps slowed involuntarily. Sophie had been one of the werewolves who frequently attended the same elite pack gatherings as Ethan Grey. I remembered her from those uncomfortable social events where I often felt like an outsider among the Grey pack's inner circle.

Sophie noticed me and her face lit up with what appeared to be genuine delight. "Olivia! What **a** wonderful surprise!"

She approached with arms outstretched, as if we were old friends reuniting after years apart. The familiar scent of her expensive perfume brought back memories I'd rather forget.

"Hello, Sophie," I replied politely, keeping my distance.

Emma stood beside me, sensing the tension in my posture. Her protective instincts as my assistant kicked in, though she remained silent.

"You look absolutely radiant," Sophie gushed, her eyes scanning my appearance with the calculating gaze remembered so well. "Harbor City suits you."

"Thank you," I said simply.

Sophie's smile widened. "We simply must catch up properly. There's this amazing new restaurant that just opened – very exclusive, perfect for our kind. Let me treat you to dinner tonight."

The invitation hung in the air between us. Part of me wanted to refuse immediately, but politeness held my tongue for a moment.

"That's very kind of you, but I'm afraid I can't," I declined gently.

Sophie's expression faltered slightly. "Oh, come now. Surely you can spare a few hours for an old friend?"

Old friend. The words stung more than they should have.

I remembered buying a platinum wolf pendant worth tens of thousands of dollars for Sophie's birthday. It **had** been the latest design from a prestigious jewelry house, identical to the one Cassandra had given **her**.

At that same party, other pack members had ridiculed me for supposedly buying a fake neckla remained silent, tacitly agreeing with their mockery.

ophie had

From that day on, I saw Sophie clearly. Like Ethan's other friends, she looked down on me from **the bottom of** her heart, thinking I wasn't worthy of being friends with werewolves in their elite **circle**.

"I really do have prior commitments," I said firmly. "Perhaps another time."

Sophie's mask slipped for just a moment, revealing the disdain I remembered **so well. But she quickly**

<Chapter **205 Proposals 1**

recovered, her smile returning.

T

"Of course, I understand. You must be terribly busy with your... **legal** work."

The slight pause before "legal work" spoke volumes. Even now, she couldn't quite hide **her** condescension

"Yes, very busy," I agreed. "Emma, we should go."

Emma nodded immediately, falling into step beside me as we walked away.

I stayed in Harbor City for three days, handling client meetings and reviewing case files. When **I** returned to Riverdale, it was already May 20th, Wednesday.

As I got off the plane and came out of the VIP channel of the business class, I saw Connor Rivers waiting outside at a glance.

My steps slowed involuntarily. Why is he here?

Connor was wearing a dark gray suit, his shoulder line straight, and his casual posture revealed **an innate** sense of nobility that marked him as an Alpha. Other werewolves in the terminal instinctively gave him space, recognizing his dominant aura.

I walked over, raised my eyes to look at the man in front of me, and said in a cold tone, "How did **you** know I

was coming back today?"

"I checked your flight information," Connor replied simply.

The casual admission irritated me. "My family's driver will pick me up, there's no need for Alpha Rivers to

make this trip."

After saying that, I didn't stop and walked towards the parking lot. Emma followed me, dragging a suitcase.

(Connor's POV)

I quickly caught up and snatched the suitcase from Emma's hands. "Olivia, take my car, I have two new legal cases that need to be entrusted to you."

Olivia stopped and turned *to* look at me. Her amber eyes held that familiar wariness I was trying so hard to

overcome.

"I brought all the Rivers Pack Legal Case Portfolio materials, they're in the car. Come with me to take a look," I

said seriously.

"Okay," Olivia replied after a moment's hesitation. For original chapters go to

If it was work, then she really couldn't refuse. I felt a surge of satisfaction at finding a legitimate reason to spend time with her.

My slender hands dragged the suitcase's handle, and my superior height and commanding **presence**

zed **my** attracted the attention of many passersby along the way. Other werewolves instinctively rec

dominant aura.

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Whisper 278

Chapter 205: Proposals–2

When we arrived at the underground parking lot, I led Olivia and Emma to my black Connor's **Luxury Cullinan** SUV. I personally put the suitcase into the car, taking care to ensure Olivia's belongings were **secure**. The link to the origin of this information rests in

In the car, I drove while Emma and Olivia sat in the back row. The arrangement wasn't ideal, but at least **Olivia**

was in my vehicle.

"Are you hungry? Do you want to eat first?" I glanced at Olivia in the back row through the car's rearview

mirror.

"Not hungry yet, where are the case materials? I'll take a look first," Olivia replied.

"In the passenger seat," I answered.

Hearing this, Olivia leaned forward and reached out to get the legal document case. With the sudden approach, the light floral and fruity fragrance from Olivia's body penetrated my heightened werewolf senses.

I inhaled lightly, and my heart raced. It had been a long time since I had been so close to Olivia.

However, this beautiful moment was fleeting. Olivia took the case bag and returned to her seat in the back.

Disappointment welled up in my heart. I watched her in the rearview mirror as she sat in the back row, looking down with her eyes slightly lowered, focusing on the Rivers Pack Legal Case Portfolio materials.

About twenty minutes later, Olivia raised her head and asked me some questions about the cases. I

answered them one by one with my characteristic patience, grateful for any excuse to engage with her.

After a while, Olivia suddenly said, “Wait, isn’t this the way back to Moonstone Legal Partners?”

I opened my lips slightly and said, “Well, let’s go to Rivers Pack Holdings first.”

Olivia thought it was to discuss work matters at my company headquarters, so she didn’t say anything. I felt

a small victory at her acceptance.

At Rivers Pack Holdings headquarters building, in the underground parking lot, I turned my head and said to

Emma: “You wait here, I’ll take Olivia up.”

Emma didn’t speak, turning to look at Olivia, her eyes questioning.

“Emma, you wait here for me, I’ll be right back,” Olivia said.

Only then did Emma say “okay.”

I directly took Olivia to the Alpha’s private elevator and pressed the top floor, the twenty–eighth floor. In the

elevator, there were only Olivia and me.

In the small, enclosed space, **it** was so quiet that even the sound of breathing could be heard clearly. I stood

beside Olivia, and we were very close.

Olivia could smell my faint woody cologne, which was as light and cold as I was myself. The distance was too close. So close that our clothes were almost touching.

Olivia quietly took a step to the side, distancing herself from me. I lowered my eyes, her **small** movements **not** escaping my heightened werewolf senses.

I raised my eyebrows and whispered in Olivia’s ear, “Afraid I’ll **bite** you?”

Chapter 205: Proposals–2

48 **Points**)

My voice was low and magnetic, with a hint of playful teasing. Olivia’s earlobes turned a little red, and she pursed her lips and didn’t speak.

A smile spread across my lips, and I was in a very good mood.

The elevator went straight to the top floor, the Alpha's Executive Suite. Olivia followed me out of the elevator.

The entire twenty-eighth floor was my office. The first thing that caught her eye was a cold tone intertwined

with silver-gray and ink-black, like the frost and snow before dawn in winter, quietly spreading in every corner.

The walls used matte-textured dark marble, and several carefully selected modern artworks hung on the

walls, decorating the room with simple lines and cold colors, perfectly blending with the atmosphere of the

entire space.

The extremely minimalist decoration style revealed a sense of coldness everywhere, consistent with my

temperament. There was a silver-gray screen in the middle of the office, dividing the room into two.

Outside was the sofa, coffee table, and reception area. Inside was the work area. The sofas and coffee tables

were all ink-colored, consistent with the overall color scheme of the room.

Olivia glanced around the office and said, "I'll wait for you over by the sofa?"

"Come with me," I said, my voice low and commanding.

Olivia followed me inside. Crossing the screen, Olivia saw another door in the corner. I walked over and

opened the door.

The room was very large, estimated to be close to one hundred square meters, and the overall furnishings looked no different from a typical Alpha's private quarters. There was a large bed, and a super-large screen

wall-mounted TV hung opposite the bed.

There were wardrobes, dressing mirrors, sofas, and dining tables, and even a separate bathroom and shower. The decoration style was similar to the outside, with silver–gray and ink–black as the main cold tones.

“This is my private suite, you can look at the case materials here. The materials are on the desk outside, I’ll go get them for you,” I said.

Olivia nodded, “Okay.”

She walked to the sofa and sat down. I moved two cardboard boxes and placed them on the table in front of

her.

“The Pack Alliance Documents Requiring Connor’s Signature for both cases are all here,” I explained.

Olivia looked at the two cardboard boxes in front of her, raised her wrist and glanced at the time, seven

o’clock in the evening.

Olivia frowned slightly, “So much, it seems like I won’t be able to finish it today, it’s already seven o’clock. I’ll

look at it tomorrow.”

“Then should I have someone send these materials to Moonstone Legal Partners tomorrow morning?” I

asked.

Olivia nodded, “Okay, I’ll go back first.”

“Wait a minute,” I said quickly. “Olivia, don’t go yet, I have something to give you.”

Olivia raised her eyes to look at me, “What is it?”

2/3

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Whisper 279

Chapter 206: Gifts and Boundaries

Chapter 206: Gifts and Boundaries

(Olivia's POV)

Connor Rivers brought over three more paper boxes and placed them on the table in front of me. I looked

stunned at the additional containers.

"There are so many more? Aren't there only two cases? This is already five boxes of materials."

Connor smiled, his ice-blue eyes twinkling with mischief. "The three boxes aren't filled with case materials.

Open them and see."

I felt suspicious but reached out and opened the first box. Inside, I found a high-end luxury brand *logo* staring

back at me.

My fingers traced the elegant embossing as confusion filled my mind. This definitely wasn't legal

documentation.

I opened the box completely and found a Platinum White Crocodile Leather Handbag inside. The exquisite

craftsmanship and pristine white leather practically glowed under the office lighting.

I immediately looked at Connor with questioning amber eyes. "What is this?"

Connor smiled warmly. "It's a gift for you. Today is Full Moon Festival, and I want you to have what other

mated couples have."

His voice carried the gentle authority of an Alpha trying to court his intended mate. The sincerity in his tone

made my heart skip unexpectedly.

“Connor, we’re not a mated pair. You don’t need to give me gifts.”

Connor put his hands in his pockets, his posture relaxed but determined. “I need to give gifts to court

females. I don’t want to get anything for free.”

His wolf was clearly pushing him to pursue me properly. The traditional courting behavior felt both touching

and overwhelming.

I sighed and looked at him seriously. “Connor, we can’t go back to the past. So many things have happened

between us. We’ve gone too far, and we can’t go back.”

“I haven’t gone too far,” Connor said firmly. “I’ve been waiting for you to turn back.”

Connor stepped closer to me and leaned down, supporting himself with his hands on either side of me on the

sofa. His Alpha presence enveloped me completely.

He stared at me with intense ice-blue eyes. “Reconcile with me, Olivia.”

I avoided his penetrating gaze, my heart racing from his proximity. “What are you doing? You already have Miranda Blackwood.”

“Miranda is just an outsider, a business partner,” Connor said dismissively. “Reconcile with **me**.”

My heart beat faster as his familiar cedar scent surrounded me. My thoughts began **to** wander **as his warmth** made my wolf restless beneath my skin.

Chapter 206: Gifts and Bo

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The intensity of his stare and the closeness of his body created an almost magnetic pull. I **could** feel **my** resolve weakening under his determined pursuit.

At that moment, my phone rang, pulling me back to reality like a cold splash of water. The caller ID **showed**

Richard Winters.

I gestured “hush” to Connor, who looked at me with interest. His wolf ears practically perked up with **curiosity** at the interruption.

“Hello, Father,” I answered, trying to keep my voice steady.

“Olivia, why haven’t you arrived home yet?” Richard’s concerned voice came through clearly.

“I’m discussing a case with a client. I’m heading home for dinner now,” I replied, grateful for the excuse.

“Be careful on your way home,” Richard said with paternal worry.

“I will. See you soon.” I hung up the phone, feeling relieved by the timely interruption.

Connor mocked lightly, “You’re so old, yet your pack Alpha father still manages you so strictly.”

I ignored his teasing joke and stood up from the sofa. “I’m leaving. Have Frank Langley send the materials to Moonstone Legal Partners tomorrow.”

Connor was silent for a while and didn’t reply. His expression had shifted to something unreadable.

I gathered my things and left his private suite. Connor watched me leave without another word.

The next morning, I went to Moonstone Legal Partners to work. As soon as I entered the office, I saw five

conspicuous cardboard boxes placed on the ground.

Two large cardboard boxes contained the Rivers Pack Legal Case Portfolio I had seen in Connor’s private suite. The other Three Designer Leather Handbag Collection also looked familiar.

They were the Full Moon Festival gifts he had given me yesterday. My assistant must have accepted the delivery this morning.

I frowned slightly and called Connor. He answered quickly, his voice alert.

“What’s wrong, Olivia?”

“You should take the gifts back. I really don’t need them,” I said firmly.

Connor’s voice turned cold. “I never take back gifts that I’ve given away. If you don’t like them, you can throw

them away.”

His Alpha pride was clearly wounded by my rejection. The hurt in his tone made me feel unexpectedly guilty.

“I’ll have Zachary send them back to you,” I insisted.

“If you send them back, I won’t be able to use them either. I’ll only throw them away,” Connor replied

stubbornly.

I wanted to suggest he could give one to Miranda Blackwood and one to Layla Lawrence. He could give **the**

remaining one to whoever he wanted. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

However, I felt that would sound too acidic and would make me seem like I cared too much. I held back **those**

words.

< Chapter 206 Gifts and Bo

“Don’t give me any more gifts in the future. Don’t waste money like **that**,” I said **instead**.

“Giving you gifts can’t be called a waste,” he replied softly.

“I don’t want them,” I said dryly.

“Okay,” Connor said after a pause. “Then just tell me directly what you want.”

I sighed in frustration. “Connor, stop pretending. You know what I mean. I *don’t* want anything.”

There was silence on the other end of the line. The quiet stretched uncomfortably between us.

“That’s it, bye–bye,” I said and hung up the phone.

In the end, I still didn’t send the Three Designer Leather Handbag Collection back. Each bag **was** worth more than a million dollars.

It would be a waste if Connor threw them all away. I put the bags away and casually placed them in Moonstone Legal Partners’ storage cabinet.

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Chapter 206 Gifts and Bo

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Whisper 280

Chapter 207: Distant **Bonds** and New **Beginnings**—1

Chapter 207: Distant Bonds and New Beginnings

(Olivia's POV)

That day, I didn't see Connor Rivers for almost two weeks. Once, when Miranda Blackwood came to Moonstone Legal Partners to discuss a case with me, I learned from her that Connor had gone abroad to

handle matters for a foreign branch of Rivers Pack Holdings.

"He left quite suddenly," Miranda mentioned casually while reviewing contract documents. "Something urgent

came up with the European operations."

I nodded, focusing on the legal papers spread across my desk. The information shouldn't have affected me, but I found myself wondering about the nature of his business trip.

During those two weeks, I immersed myself completely in work, becoming extremely busy. Several cases from Rivers Pack Holdings had already been filed in court, with hearing dates scheduled a month later.

The mate bond dissolution case between Malcolm Blackwood and Margaret Grey had a nearer date, set for the following Thursday. The complexity of supernatural law made these cases particularly challenging.

One day after work, I went to Moonfire Grill near Moonlaw Legal Services for dinner with Rebecca Frost, Jade Mitchell, and Emma Thompson. With all the dishes laid out, we began chatting while enjoying our meal.

Jade's lease near her previous law firm was about to expire, and she had been looking for a new **place**. Emma, who also wanted a larger apartment, suggested enthusiastically, "Why don't you move in with me? I've been thinking about moving to a two-bedroom apartment."

Jade hesitated, her expression becoming uncomfortable. She fidgeted with her chopsticks, avoiding Emma's

eager gaze.

“What’s wrong?” Emma eyed Jade suspiciously. “Don’t want to live with me?”

Jade took a sip of her drink, her face flushing slightly. “It’s not that, Sister Emma, it’s not that I don’t want to live with *you*, it’s just that... I... I...”

“You what?” Emma teased, leaning forward with curiosity.

A deep blush crept onto Jade’s face. “I’m planning to move in with my boyfriend.”

Emma was stunned, the freshly *cooked* meat slipping from her chopsticks back into the hot pot. “What? Move in with your boyfriend?”

I also looked at Jade in shock. “You and David Thompson are together?”

Jade blushed deeper and hummed an affirmative sound, unable to meet our eyes directly.

“How long have you been together?” I asked gently.

Jade pursed her lips nervously. “Almost three months.”

Emma frowned, her expression turning serious. “Jade, it’s only been three months, don’t rush into moving in together. Get to know each other better first.”

“I agree with Emma this time,” I said seriously. “Jade, I know David has good character and is a very **nice guy**,

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but you two just became a couple and you’re already moving in together. I’m afraid you’ll get **hurt**

“Yes, I have the right to speak on this,” Emma said, her face souring **as** painful memories surfaced.

Emma slammed the table with sudden intensity. “Ask Olivia, how did I meet her? **I** was in college in Harbor

City, and I was cheated by a scumbag. I lived with him for two years.”

Her voice grew heated with remembered anger. “At first, we agreed *to* split the rent, utilities, and living expenses in half. He transferred me two thousand every month, and I would also take out two thousand from my own living expenses for joint costs.”

Fire rose in Emma’s eyes as she continued. “But who knew that after the breakup, that scumbag actually asked me to pay him back! He said the transfers he made to me

every month were gifts for the purpose of mating, but that was clearly what we had agreed on at the beginning.”

Emma's hands clenched into fists. "The gifts that scumbag gave me during our two years of dating didn't even add up to five hundred. The shoes I bought for him cost more than a thousand, not to mention the game skins I purchased. I advise you to think about it carefully."

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Jade became embarrassed, shifting uncomfortably in her seat. “Sister Emma, I know you’re doing this for my own good, but David *isn’t* that kind of person. He told me he would pay for the rent and utilities, and he would cover seventy percent of the living expenses while I cover thirty percent.”

She paused, then added quietly, “I even took him to meet my parents. We’re going to get mated.*

“You’ve already taken him to meet your parents? When did that happen?” I was shocked, realizing how much I’d missed about Jade’s personal life. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

“Just a few days ago, during the May Day holiday,” Jade explained. “My parents really liked him. My family is just an ordinary pack family, and David now has a stable job. He’s hardworking, so my parents agreed to let me be with him.”

Emma asked pointedly, “Did your parents agree to you two living together?”

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