

## Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

### Whisper 281

#### Chapter 207: Distant Bonds and New Beginnings–2

**Jade** hesitated for a moment before shaking her head reluctantly. Emma's expression **showed she'd expected** this answer.

I asked with concern, "If David lives with you, what about Leah Pierce? She's still in elementary **school, right?**

"Yes, Leah will live with us," Jade replied. "We want to rent a two-bedroom apartment first, then save **enough** for a down payment to buy a house and settle down in Riverdale."

I reminded her seriously, "Be sure to test the air quality levels when you rent a place. Don't **rent another** unsafe apartment."

Looking at Emma, I added, "You too, pay attention. Noah Pierce's sister got sick because **she lived in an** unsafe apartment before. Luckily Noah wasn't affected."

Emma nodded solemnly. "Okay, I'll pay attention."

Emma still looked incredulous about Jade's news. "I just made a suggestion, it's up to you whether **you adopt** it. Of course, I still hope you and your boyfriend will be well, and I wish you a long and happy relationship.

"I know Sister Emma is doing this for my own good," Jade said gratefully, raising her glass. "**I'll drink to that.**

"Cheers!" I smiled warmly. "Remember to invite us to your mating ceremony."

Jade laughed, her earlier embarrassment fading. "That's a must."

Emma grinned. "Bring your boyfriend out to introduce him to me sometime."

"Okay," Jade agreed happily.

The dinner lasted for more than an hour. By the end, Jade and Emma were both stuffed from the generous portions.

Emma, having drunk a few beers, was slightly tipsy. She swayed a little as she asked Jade, "Why didn't your boyfriend come to pick you up?"

Jade smiled fondly. “He’s working overtime to earn money.”

“That’s alright,” Emma said, fumbling for her phone. “I’ll call for a taxi.”

I pressed her hand down gently. “Don’t take a taxi. I’ll take you home. I wouldn’t feel safe letting you take a taxi alone when you’re so drunk.”

Jade’s current residence was still near her previous workplace, more than ten kilometers away. Emma lived near Moonstone Legal Partners, about three kilometers from here.

I helped Emma into the car, supporting her unsteady form. “Jade, get in too. I’ll take you home.”

“Okay, thanks, Attorney Winters,” Jade said gratefully, opening the car door. “I get to ride in Attorney **Winters’** luxury car again, hehe.”

Rebecca Frost drove while Jade sat in the passenger seat. I supported Emma in the back seat, **making sure** she was comfortable and secure.

After safely dropping off both girls at their respective homes, I told Rebecca to drive **towards my luxury** penthouse. I had bought a two-story villa in a high-end residential area near Moonstone **Legal Partners**,

Chapter 207 Distant Bon.

making my commute convenient.

Evelyn Foster lived with me, providing close protection at any time. The arrangement gave me **peace of mind**

in these uncertain times.

As our white luxury car passed through the city streets, we stopped at a red light. I casually looked **but** the window, taking in the nighttime scenery.

Suddenly, I caught sight of a familiar figure near the Nightshade Bar Entrance on the street. My **heart skipped** a beat as recognition dawned.

I quickly lowered the car window, peering more carefully at the scene unfolding before us.

“Rebecca, find a place to park, quickly!” My voice was urgent, filled with sudden concern.

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## Whisper 282

### Chapter 208: Save Her

#### Chapter 208: Save Her

(Olivia's POV)

Rebecca stopped the car. After I called the enforcers, I pushed the car door open.  
"Rebecca, come with **me!**"

At the entrance of Nightshade Bar, the night was as dark as ink, and the neon lights flickered with a hazy light. The pulsing music from inside mixed with the sounds of the street, creating an unsettling atmosphere. I rushed toward the scene unfolding before us. Two men were supporting a clearly intoxicated woman between them, her head lolling forward unnaturally.

My heart stopped when I recognized the familiar blonde hair. Miranda Blackwood. This chapter is updated by

Four more men stood behind them, their postures aggressive and predatory. Something about this situation screamed danger.

"Release her!" I shouted, running toward them with Rebecca close behind.

The men turned at my voice, their expressions shifting from surprise to annoyance. Miranda's condition looked far worse than simple intoxication.

Her usually perfect appearance was disheveled, her designer dress wrinkled and askew. Her breathing seemed labored, and her skin had an unhealthy pallor.

"This doesn't concern you, lady," one of the men holding Miranda called out dismissively.

I moved closer, my wolf senses picking up something wrong with Miranda's scent. The usual floral perfume was there, but underneath lay something chemical and artificial.

"She's been drugged," I said firmly, my voice carrying the authority I'd learned in courtrooms.

The largest man, covered in tattoos across his muscled arms, stepped forward with a leering grin. "Well, well. Look what we have here."

His eyes raked over me in a way that made my skin crawl. "You're even prettier than this one. Why don't you join the party?"

"Let her go immediately," I demanded, standing my ground despite the fear coursing through me.

The tattooed man laughed, a harsh sound that echoed off the nearby buildings. "Or what? You'll call for

help?"

"I already have," I replied coldly.

His expression darkened. "Stupid b\*\*\*h. You should have minded your own business."

He gestured to his companions. "Take care of them both."

**The** four men behind him moved forward with practiced coordination. These weren't **random street thugs- they** moved like a pack with experience.

"Rebecca, **now!**" I called out.

Rebecca stepped forward, her posture shifting **into something deadly**. Her **usually gentle demeanor vanished**,

**ZU8 Save Her**

**replaced by the focused intensity of a** trained fighter.

**The first man reached** for me, but Rebecca intercepted him with lightning **speed**. Her fist **connected with his jaw with a sickening c\*\*\*k**.

He dropped like a stone.

The second attacker swung at Rebecca, but she ducked smoothly and drove her elbow into his solar **plexus**. He doubled over, gasping for air.

The third man tried to grab Rebecca from behind, but she spun and caught him with a devastating uppercut. Blood sprayed from his nose as he stumbled backward.

The fourth man hesitated, seeing his companions fall so quickly. Rebecca didn't give him time to reconsider. She advanced on him with predatory grace, landing a series of precise strikes that left him crumpled **on the** pavement.

The tattooed man holding Miranda looked stunned. “What the hell?”

The second man supporting Miranda released her and charged at Rebecca. She sidestepped his clumsy attack and swept his legs, sending him crashing to the ground.

Within seconds, all six men were down. Rebecca stood over them, barely breathing hard.

The tattooed man was the only one still conscious, groaning and clutching his ribs. “You crazy bitches broke my ribs!”

“You’re lucky that’s all we broke,” Rebecca said coldly.

I caught Miranda as she started to collapse without the men supporting her. Her skin felt clammy and cold against my hands.

“Miranda? Can you hear me?” I asked gently.

Her eyes fluttered open briefly, unfocused and glassy. “Olivia?” she whispered weakly.

“I’m here. You’re safe now,” I assured her.

The sound of sirens grew louder as the enforcers approached. Red and blue lights began flashing across the

bar’s facade.

Two enforcement vehicles pulled up, and four officers emerged quickly. They surveyed the scene with

professional efficiency.

“What happened here?” the lead enforcer asked, his badge identifying him as Sergeant Williams.

“These men drugged this woman and were attempting to abduct her,” I explained quickly. “I’m Attorney **Olivia** Winters, and this is my security detail, Rebecca Frost.”

Sergeant Williams looked at the six men scattered across the pavement, then at Rebecca with newfound respect. “Your security detail did this?”

“They attacked us first,” Rebecca said simply. “I defended my client.”

The sergeant nodded, making notes. “We’ll need statements from **everyone**. Is **the victim conscious?**”

I looked down at Miranda, who had slipped back into **unconsciousness**. **“Barely. I believe she’s been drugged** with something strong.”

Chapter 208 Save Her

“We need to get her to the hospital mediately,” Sergeant Williams said, radioing for an ambulance.

“I want to accompany her,” I said firmly. “I’ll need medical documentation for potential legal proceedings.

The ambulance arrived within minut

The sergeant agreed. “Officer will go with you to the hospital. We’ll handle the scene here.”

paramedics quickly assessing Miranda’s condition. They loaded her onto a stretcher with practiced efficiency.

“Her vitals are weak but stable,” one paramedic reported. “Possible drug overdose or poisoning.”

I climbed into the ambulance beside Miranda, holding her cold hand. Rebecca followed in our car with Officer

Martinez.

At Riverdale General Hospital, Miranda was rushed into the emergency department. I paced the waiting room while medical staff worked on her.

Dr. Sarah Chen emerged after an hour, her expression serious. “Are you family?”

“I’m her attorney,” I said. “The enforcers requested medical documentation for their investigation.”

Dr. Chen nodded. “We’ve stabilized her, but she’s been given a powerful sedative mixed with what appears to be an aphrodisiac compound.”

My stomach turned at the implications. “How long until she recovers?”

“The drugs should clear her system within twelve to eighteen hours,” Dr. Chen explained. “We’ll keep her for

observation.”

Officer Martinez took detailed notes. “We’ll need the blood work results for evidence.”

“I’ll have the lab rush the toxicology report,” Dr. Chen assured him.

I spent the night at the hospital, checking on Miranda periodically. She remained unconscious but stable throughout the night.

The next morning, Dr. Chen returned with a folder of test results. Miranda was still unconscious, lying pale and still in the hospital bed.

“The toxicology report confirms our suspicions,” Dr. Chen said, standing beside Miranda’s bed. “She was given a combination of rohypnol and a synthetic aphrodisiac compound.”

Officer Martinez looked up from his notepad. “How much was administered?”

“Enough to render her completely helpless for several hours,” Dr. Chen replied grimly. “If you hadn’t intervened when you did, the outcome could have been much worse.”

I felt sick thinking about what those men had planned. Miranda might be difficult, but no one deserved what nearly happened to her.

“When will she wake up?” I asked.

Dr. Chen checked Miranda’s chart. “Her body is processing the drugs slowly. She should regain

consciousness within the next few hours.”

The doctor brought the report and stood in front of the hospital bed, telling me and the enforcer about Miranda’s condition in detail.

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## Whisper 283

### Chapter 209: The Predator’s Network

Chapter 209: The Predator’s Network

(Olivia's POV)

After making my statement at the police station, I returned to Harbor City Memorial Hospital. The **sterile** corridors felt familiar now, having spent so much time here recently.

I pushed open the door to Miranda's room quietly. She was still pillows.

Conscious, her face pale against **the** white

The wolfsbane had done serious damage. Her body was fighting to recover from the poisoning.

I settled into the chair beside her bed. Whatever our pa had planned for her.

difces, no woman deserved what those rogues

Around eleven in the morning, Miranda's eyelids fluttered open. She blinked slowly, confusion clouding her features.

"Water," she whispered, her voice hoarse and weak.

I immediately reached for the glass on her bedside table. "Here, drink slowly."

She took small sips, wincing as she swallowed. "Where... where am I?"

"Harbor City Memorial Hospital," I said gently. "You're safe now."

Miranda struggled to sit up, her movements unsteady. "I feel terrible. Everything's spinning."

"That's the wolfsbane leaving your system," I explained. "It'll take time to fully recover."

Her eyes widened with sudden panic. "Wolfsbane? What happened to me?"

I leaned forward, keeping my voice calm. "You were drugged at Nightshade Bar last night. Some rogues slipped wolfsbane into your drink."

"Drugged?" Miranda's hand flew to her throat. "But I don't remember..."

"That's normal with wolfsbane poisoning," I assured her. "Your memories of last night will be fragmented."

Miranda stared at me with growing confusion. "You... you rescued me?"

"Emma and I found you before anything worse could happen," I said simply.

“Emma Thompson beat up the rogues who drugged you. They’re in police custody now.”

Miranda’s expression shifted to complete bewilderment. “But *wh* aren’t we?”

I blinked, genuinely taken aback. “Rivals? What do you mean?”

Would you save me? We’re... we’re rivals,

“Over Ethan Grey,” she said, as if it should be obvious. “Everyone knows you two have history.”

I shook my head firmly. “Miranda, I don’t harbor any ill will toward you. We’re both werewolf women in **this**

world.”

“We should be supporting each other against predators, not fighting over men.”

Chapter 209 The Predator

Her **cheeks** flushed with embarrassment. “I... I thought you saw me as competition.”

“**I don’t** have such a twisted mindset,” I said honestly. “Whatever you think about Ethan and **me, that’s in the** past.”

“The rogue who drugged you has been arrested. That’s what matters now.”

Miranda’s eyes filled with tears. “I’m so sorry. I’ve been so prejudiced against you.”

“Thank you for saving me. I don’t deserve your kindness.”

I reached over and squeezed her hand gently. “*Evo*

have to earn.”

deserves to be safe. That’s not something you

After a moment, I stood up. “Are you hungry? I can order some food for you.”

Miranda nodded gratefully. “Could you... could you order from Silverleaf Restaurant? I know it’s expensive, but their moonlight herb

Ught herb soup helps with wolfsbane

WY”

I smiled and pulled out my phone. “Of course. Whatever you need.”

Silverleaf Restaurant was known for catering exclusively to elite werewolf families. Their prices were astronomical, but I didn’t hesitate.

As I placed the order, Miranda watched me curiously. “Your assistant Emma... she’s incredibly skilled. Where did you find someone like that?”

“Emma’s a professional bodyguard I hired through my pack connections in Blackmoor Territory,” I explained. “She has extensive combat training.”

Miranda’s eyes lit up with interest. “Do you think she could recommend someone similar for me? After last night, I realize I need protection.”

“I can ask her,” I offered. “Though may I ask why you were at Nightshade Bar alone?”

Miranda’s cheeks reddened again. “I went there looking for Ethan Grey. I heard he sometimes goes there for business meetings.”

She took a shaky breath. “I wanted to tell him how I feel. I’ve been in love with him for so long.”

“I know this might be unfair to you, but I’m determined to pursue him.”

I kept my expression neutral. “There’s nothing for you to feel sorry about, Miranda.”

“Ethan is free to choose whoever he wants. So are you.”

Miranda looked relieved by my calm response. “You’re much kinder than I expected.”

“I got drunk with my friend Sarah last night before going to the bar,” she continued. “After that, everything’s a

blur.”

A warning bell went off in my mind. “Miranda, you should report your friend to the police.”

“What? Why?” she asked, startled.

“Think about it,” I said carefully, “You got drunk with her, then ended up drugged at the bar. **She might be** connected to those rogues.”

Miranda’s face went pale. “You think Sarah... but she’s my friend.”

## Chapter 209. The Predator

“I’m not saying she definitely betrayed you,” I said gently. “But the police should investigate **all possibilities**?” “You’re right,” Miranda said slowly. “I should go to the police station this afternoon.”

“I’ll come with you if you’d like,” I offered. This content belongs to

After lunch arrived from Silverleaf Restaurant, Miranda ate slowly but steadily. The moonlight herb soup seemed to restore some color to her cheeks.

“I feel much better,” she said, managing a genuine smile.

That afternoon, we went to the police station together. Miranda gave her statement about the previous night’s events.

The officer took detailed notes about her friend Sarah and the timeline of events.

“We’d like you to identify the suspects,” the officer said. “Can you handle that?”

Miranda nodded bravely. “I want to see them.”

We were led to a viewing *room* where the three rogues sat in custody. Miranda studied their faces carefully.

“I don’t recognize any of them,” she said firmly.

The lead officer nodded. “They claim they acted out of lust, targeting you randomly.”

“Can you tell us again why you were at Nightshade Bar?” he asked.

Miranda repeated her story about looking for Ethan Grey. The officer recorded everything meticulously. Suddenly, a phone rang from the holding area. The sound was muffled but audible through the glass. One of the officers hurried to the cells. We could see him answering one of the rogue’s phones.

The name “Xavier Blake” was clearly visible on the screen.

A man’s urgent voice came through the speaker, loud enough for us to hear.

“Where’s the video? It’s been so long, why hasn’t the video been sent?”

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# Whisper 284

## Chapter 210: The Truth Unveiled

Chapter 210: The Truth Unveiled

(Miranda's POV)

I sat nervously in the interrogation room as Detective Harrison prepared his trap. The fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, making my already frayed nerves worse.

"Just follow my lead," he whispered before dialing the number we'd traced from the threatening calls. When the line connected, Harrison's demeanor changed completely. "Xavier Blake, sorry about that," he said casually, leaning back in his chair. "I played too hard last night and forgot to send you the video."

My heart pounded as I watched the detective's performance. The man on the other end immediately took the bait.

"Hurry up!" The voice was eager, almost desperate. "I want to make that b\*\*\*h Miranda completely ruined! Did

you find six men to play with her as I requested"

I felt sick hearing those words. Someone had specifically requested six men to assault me. Google search

Harrison maintained his composure perfectly. "Of course, I'm sending you the video now." "Just hurry up!" The man hung up impatiently after demanding the footage.

Detective Harrison immediately turned to his computer. "Let's see who our caller is."

Through the police database, he quickly identified the phone number's owner. "Steven Cross," he announced, turning the screen toward me. "Do you know him?"

My eyes widened in shock as I recognized the face on the screen. "Steven Cross! He's the deputy project manager of my company. I fired him a few days ago."

Olivia, who had been sitting quietly beside me, suddenly leaned forward. "That explains everything. Those men who drugged you were paid by Steven to harm you deliberately. Your friend Victoria must have been involved too."

“How could this happen...” I whispered, my voice breaking. “Why would Victoria harm me? I’ve been so good to her, how could she...”

Within hours, police arrived at Steven’s door to arrest him. With the mastermind captured, solving the case became straightforward.

Steven and Peter were identified as the main culprits, harboring resentment over their dismissal and plotting revenge. Steven had approached my friend Victoria Hayes, paying her \$30,000 to lure me out for drinks.

Peter, the project manager with years of experience and an annual salary over \$80,000, had contributed \$20,000 while Steven added \$10,000 to fund their revenge plot against me.

Back at the police station, I couldn’t hold back my tears when Victoria was brought in. My composure finally cracked.

“Victoria, why did you help them harm me? Haven’t I been good enough to you?” I sobbed, my hands trembling.

Chapter **210**. The Truth **U**

**Victoria broke** down **crying**, her mascara **running** down her cheeks. “**Miranda**, I was **wrong**, I really **know** I was **wrong**. Please forgive me, I really needed that money. My son needed **surgery**.”

**Through** my tears, I looked at her, heartbroken. “Victoria, we’ve been friends for so many years. **Why** didn’t you tell me you needed money? Do you think I wouldn’t have helped you if you had difficulties?”

Victoria became even more emotional, crying pitifully. “I was wrong, I should have asked you for **help**. Miranda, please don’t prosecute me, please drop the case.”

Her voice grew more desperate. “My son is only five years old, he just had surgery and is still lying **in the** hospital. He can’t lose his mother. Please, Miranda, please spare me!”

To my shock, she suddenly dropped to her knees before me, kowtowing desperately. “I’m begging you, **please** drop the case! I really know I was wrong. Let me kowtow to you.”

I remained cold despite her display. “Victoria, attempted s\*\*\*\*I assault is a criminal case, not something **I** can just drop.”

After a pause, I looked down at the woman kowtowing on the ground, my voice as cold as winter ice. “Even if I

could drop the case, I wouldn't. I'm not a saint. You harmed me like this and still want me to drop the case?

Dream on!"

I trembled with anger, never imagining that someone I considered a close friend would help others harm me

so terribly.

When Victoria heard that the case couldn't be dropped and I wouldn't drop it anyway, she suddenly stopped

kowtowing. The woman abruptly raised her head, her eyes flashing with hatred and malice.

"Can't drop it, huh?" Victoria's expression turned sinister, completely different from her pitiful pleading

moments before. "Miranda Blackwood, stop being so fake!"

Her eyes gleamed with disgust. "Did you really consider me a good friend? All these years, you gave me food you couldn't finish, clothes you couldn't wear, bags and cosmetics you'd used. What did you take me for? A trash can? Or a dog you kept?"

I was stunned, frowning in disbelief at Victoria, "How could you think that? I knew your family was struggling financially, so I always took care of you."

My voice grew more desperate as I tried to explain. "I deliberately bought extra snacks to share with you, but you say they were leftovers? And those clothes – I intentionally bought them in your size and said I couldn't wear them to give them to you. They were all new clothes!"

Tears streamed down my face. "Those bags and cosmetics were new too. I said I didn't like them and gave them to you because I didn't want you to feel burdened about reciprocating. I actually bought all those **things** specifically for you because I didn't want you to feel pressured to give gifts back."

My eyes filled with pain. "Victoria, I always considered you a very good friend. I never imagined that **all** my kindness to you would be interpreted this way."

Victoria sneered coldly. "Ha! Miranda Blackwood, stop acting like a good person! Yes, you're a wealthy **pack** heiress, my family is poor, and I'm not worthy of being your friend."

Her words cut deeper than any knife. “You think you were good to me, but do you know what **our classmates** said about me back then? They said I was your servant, a dog by your side, a lesser wolf **to set off your alpha** bloodline.”

Chapter 210: **The Truth U**

**Her voice grew more venomous. “I don’t believe you never heard such comments. You knew** everything but **pretended not to, right? You** enjoyed that **feeling, didn’t** you? Having a **low-ranking** wolf like **me beside you made you** look like a noble alpha female. Miranda, you’re just a hypocritical manipulator!”

**I staggered** back two steps, my eyes filled with despair. A dull pain spread through my **heart, and I felt dizzy, nearly unable to** stand.

Olivia quickly moved to support me. “Miranda, are you alright?”

I shook my head numbly. “I’m fine.”

After leaving the police station, I sat in Olivia’s car like a lifeless puppet, my eyes vacant and expression numb. Throughout the ride, I remained silent while Olivia watched me with concern.

Perhaps sensing Olivia’s worried gaze, or needing someone to confide in about my inner turmoil, I **finally** broke my silence after a long period.

“It wasn’t like that,” I said softly, my voice filled with brokenness.

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## **Whisper 285**

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## Chapter 211: Betrayal

### Chapter 211: Betrayal

(Olivia's POV).

“I once heard classmates talking badly about Victoria behind her back, and I even had a big fight with them. Miranda buried her face in her hands, her voice muffled by tears. “My kindness to her was genuine, not **what** she said just to make myself look better.”

Her shoulders trembled as she recounted the memories to me. The weight of betrayal was crushing her spirit completely.

“I defended her so many times. I thought we were real friends.” Miranda's voice cracked with pain. “How could she do this to me?”

I listened quietly, unsure how to console the devastated woman beside me. Her pain was raw and genuine.

I gently patted Miranda's back, feeling the tension in her muscles. “Miranda, you need to ask yourself if you made a mistake.”

She looked up at me with red-rimmed eyes. “Should I have been more considerate of Victoria's sensitivity? Her feelings of inadequacy?”

I sighed deeply. “You need to be more cautious in choosing whom to trust in the future. Betrayal can be dangerous in our world.”

Miranda cried for a while longer as we drove through the city. When we finally arrived at her luxurious Harbor City estate, her eyes were swollen and red.

“Olivia, thank you for saving me from what could have been a devastating scandal.” She gripped my hands tightly. “I promise to return the favor whenever you need it.”

I accepted her thanks graciously. “Don't be so formal, Miranda. I understand what you narrowly escaped.”

The gravity of the situation hung heavy between us. One wrong move could have destroyed her reputation

completely.

No sooner had I left Miranda's estate than I received word at my law firm that Connor Rivers had arrived. My

heart skipped a beat at the unexpected news.

As I opened my office door, Connor quickly approached me. His face was etched with worry, his protective Alpha instincts on full display.

He examined me meticulously from head to toe. "Are you alright? Did you get hurt during the confrontation

last night?"

I stared back at him, puzzled by his concern. "Who told you about the incident?"

A shadow of concern crossed Connor's eyes. "A contact from the police department informed me."

My expression remained unreadable. "It was Miranda who was drugged and targeted. The attackers were after her specifically."

I paused, watching his reaction carefully. "I simply helped rescue Miranda from a **dangerous situation.**"

Chapter 211 Betrayal Check latest chapters at

**Connor** breathed a sigh of relief, his tense shoulders **relaxing** slightly. "I'm aware **that Miranda is safe and the culprits** have been apprehended,"

I nodded in acknowledgment. The case had been resolved quickly thanks to the evidence we'd **gathered**. **Connor's** phone rang with an urgent pack business call. After answering it, his expression grew serious.

"I have to return to Rivers Pack headquarters immediately. The pack council is waiting for me." He **gestured to** the nutritional supplements he'd brought. "I brought these for you."

As Connor left, I stood there in a daze for a moment. I gazed at the pile of gift boxes containing various healing herbs and werewolf-specific tonics on my desk.

I was speechless. Why were so many supplements necessary when I wasn't even injured?

"You don't need to be hurt to benefit from these," Connor said, reaching out to gently stroke my head. "Livvy, next time you encounter such danger, don't put yourself at risk like that."

His tender touch caused my heart to skip a beat. The warmth of his concern enveloped me completely.

Later that day, I received a call from Harrison. He wanted to meet me to discuss his divorce case.

More specifically, the severing of his mate bond with Margaret Grey. The legal implications were complex and emotionally charged.

Harrison, now discharged from the hospital and separated from Margaret, was living alone in a modest apartment. It was far from the elite werewolf districts he once called home.

As I arrived at the Shadowvale Tenement Complex, I saw Ethan Grey approaching the building. He looked disheveled in inexpensive clothes, his face unshaven.

He bore little resemblance to the polished Alpha heir he once was. The fall from grace had been swift and

brutal.

Ethan's expression turned sour as he caught my scent. Emma Thompson stepped forward protectively, sensing the tension.

"What are you doing here?" Ethan angrily questioned me. "Are you representing my parents' bond severance

case?"

His voice was filled with accusation and desperation. "I demand that you transfer it to someone else."

"My pack is already in ruins," he continued bitterly. "Your actions will only tear my family apart completely." I retorted coldly, "It wasn't my intention to break up your family. I'm trying to prevent the bond severance from

happening."

My voice was steady and firm. "It's your mother Margaret who wants to sever the mate bond."

Ethan was confused, his wolf agitated by the conflicting information. "That's not what my mother told me." "She said you were pushing for the divorce," he said suspiciously. His eyes searched my face for deception.

I laughed mockingly at his blind reliance on his mother's words. "Are you still tied to her apron strings like a pup?"

I headed towards the apartment building, ignoring his protests. His wounded pride was evident in **every step**

he took.

< Chapter 211: Betrayal

Ethan followed, his desperation overriding his wounded ego. "Please don't let my parents sever **their** mate

bond."

"I won't let Margaret get her way in destroying what remains of your family," I replied firmly. The determination in my voice was unmistakable.

Ethan sensed something was amiss with his mother's story. His wolf instincts were telling him there was

more to this situation.

He reluctantly followed me into the elevator. The confined space amplified the tension between us.

Upon reaching Harrison's modest apartment, the older werewolf expressed his displeasure at seeing his son. The scent of disappointment was heavy in the air.

The once-proud Alpha looked worn down by recent events. His authority was diminished but not entirely

broken.

"Father, please come home," Ethan pleaded desperately. "We can try to salvage our pack and family unit." Harrison's expression hardened. "Margaret is being completely unreasonable and manipulative."

"She's just hurt," Ethan argued. "You should try to understand her after so many years of being mated." Harrison retorted bitterly, "Margaret wants to abandon us both for a more comfortable life with her wealthy connections."

The pain in his voice was evident. Years *of* marriage were crumbling before our eyes.

Ethan's anger flared suddenly. "You sent my mother evidence of father's infidelity, didn't you?"

He turned to me accusingly. "That's what caused her *to* want the bond severance."

Harrison turned to me with a sharp, questioning look. His wolf's protective instincts toward his remaining family member were surfacing.

I scoffed at the accusation. "Why would I send evidence against my own client to the opposing party?"

My voice was filled with disdain. "If I truly wanted to prevent the bond severance, that would be counterproductive."

"Margaret likely discovered the evidence herself," I pointed out logically. "She's now trying to manipulate you into hating me and distrusting your own father."

Ethan acknowledged my point with reluctant understanding. The logic was undeniable, even to his judgment.

I mocked him for his blind faith in his mother. "You believe everything your mother says."

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I questioned sarcastically, "If you're so obedient to her, why aren't you mating with Cassandra Evans as she wanted?"

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Chapter 212: The Mate Bond Verdict

Chapter 212: The Mate Bond Verdict

(Olivia's POV)

Ethan's face darkened as he said, "Olivia, you know the person I love is you."

Haughed bitterly, the sound echoing in the cramped apartment. "Weren't you very happy to betray me with Cassandra behind my back?"

My voice grew sharper with each word. “Didn’t your mother like Cassandra as her future daughter-in-law? How come you don’t want her now that she’s pregnant with your pup?”

Ethan staggered backward, a flash of nervousness crossing his eyes. “Olivia, don’t be angry, listen to my explanation. I was drunk that night, I mistook her for you, so I…”

“Shut up!” I was filled with disgust, my wolf recoiling at his pathetic excuses.

“Ethan Grey, you misunderstood. I brought this up purely to gloat and kick you when you’re down.”

I stepped closer, my voice dripping with satisfaction. “You and your pack bullied me so much back then, now the tables have turned, and you’ve all gotten what you deserve. I’m thrilled.”

Harrison cleared his throat loudly, breaking the tension. “Ethan, you need to leave. I have pack business to discuss with Attorney Winters.”

“Father, please-” Ethan began desperately.

“Out!” Harrison’s Alpha authority flared, even in his diminished state. “I won’t ask again.”

Ethan’s shoulders sagged in defeat. He cast one last pleading look at me before reluctantly heading toward the door.

The sound of his footsteps faded down the hallway. Harrison and I spent the next hour reviewing his case strategy and discussing werewolf mating law precedents.

When I finally emerged from the building, I was surprised to find Ethan still waiting outside. He approached me earnestly, his eyes desperate.

“Olivia, please. Can we talk?”

I walked past him without slowing down. “We have nothing to say to each other.”

“But I need you to understand-” he started.

“Leave me alone, Ethan.” My voice was ice-cold.

I signaled to Emma Thompson, who immediately stepped between us. She forcefully pushed Ethan away, nearly causing him to fall.

Ethan stopped in his tracks when he saw Emma’s protective stance and murderous gaze. The beta’s combat

training was evident in every line of her body.

I got into my car without another glance. "Boss, where to next?" Emma asked.

"Back to Moonstone Legal Partners."

"Right away."

The day of Harrison's mate bond severance trial arrived faster than expected. The Harbor City Family Court was packed with werewolves from both sides.

I stood before the judge, my arguments prepared and my confidence unwavering. Margaret's lawyer looked nervous as I began my opening statement.

"Your Honor, werewolf mating bonds are sacred connections that cannot be severed lightly," I argued eloquently. "The plaintiff has failed to provide sufficient grounds under our ancient laws."

I cited precedent after precedent, my voice carrying across the courtroom. Margaret's lawyer fumbled through his rebuttals, clearly outmatched.

The judge listened intently as I dismantled every argument for bond severance. My knowledge of werewolf law was comprehensive and devastating.

"The court finds insufficient grounds for mate bond severance," the judge declared finally. "The bond must remain intact."

Margaret's face went white with shock. Harrison's relief was palpable as he gripped the defendant's table.

Outside the courthouse, Harrison approached me with deep gratitude. "Attorney Winters, I cannot thank you enough."

"Don't attempt reconciliation with Margaret for a full year," I advised him. "This prevents her from filing again and potentially winning."

Harrison nodded seriously. "I understand. I'll consider moving back to the pack house after some time has passed."

"Olivia Winters, you b\*\*\*h!" Margaret's voice cut through the air like a blade.

She stalked over furiously, her face distorted with rage. "Stop right there! I'm not done with you today!"

I frowned as Margaret's wolf aura flared with uncontrolled anger. She charged forward, raising her hand to

strike.

I blocked Margaret's hand with my left and delivered a sharp slap across her face with my right. The sound was crisp and loud, instantly reddening the former Luna's cheek.

"You dare hit me!" Margaret roared.

Another slap landed, this time with my left hand on the other side of her face. Before Margaret could utter another word, she received two more stinging slaps.

I struck Margaret's face repeatedly, leaving the once-proud Luna stunned and unable to retaliate. Her wolf whimpered in submission.

"Mrs. Grey, I advise you not to overestimate yourself," I said coldly.

I turned to leave, while Margaret, enraged, tried to follow and continue the fight. Harrison stepped between us, stopping her advance.

"Enough, stop it! This is the courthouse entrance!" he shouted.

Margaret cried out, "Harrison, you heartless bastard! Your mate is being beaten and you just stand by and watch? Get away from me! Don't touch me!"

Harrison said impatiently, "Alright, alright, stop making a scene. The car I called is here, let's go back together."

Ethan emerged from the courthouse restroom, looking puzzled. "Mother, what happened to your *face*?" "It was that b\*\*\*h Olivia who hit me!" Margaret shrieked.

Harrison's expression darkened. "It was your mother who started it, so don't blame Attorney Winters for defending herself. Just now, your mother rushed over to attack Attorney Winters, but she failed and was beaten instead. Alright, alright, let's go back quickly."

"Mother, I know you're very dissatisfied with the court's verdict, but you can't attack people," Ethan said with reproach in his eyes. "Olivia is Father's lawyer. She's just doing her job for payment. You can't take your anger out on her."

"Good, good, now you're siding with that b\*\*\*h, right?" Margaret's eyes were red, and her expression was agitated. "I'm your mother! You actually side with that b\*\*\*h! Do you even acknowledge me as your mother?"

Ethan was furious. "I don't acknowledge you as my mother? Heh, it's because I listened to you too much in the past that I got entangled with Cassandra and hurt Olivia."

"You're blaming me for this?" Margaret said angrily.

Ethan sneered, "How dare I blame you, haha."

"Alright, alright, stop arguing. The car I called is here, let's go back together," Harrison said, walking towards the roadside.

Back at Moonstone Legal Partners, the front desk clerk greeted me with a smile. "Ms. Winters, you're back. President Blackwood has been waiting for you in your office."

I paused. "President Blackwood is here?"

The clerk nodded. "Yes, she's been here for almost an hour. I told her you were in court, and she said it was fine, she could wait."

I acknowledged and walked inside. Miranda Blackwood was sitting on the sofa, flipping through a werewolf law journal.

Seeing me return, she put down the magazine and looked up to greet me. "You're finally back."

I put down my bag, walked over, and sat down by the sofa. "Miss Blackwood, is there something you need?"

I took out a bag of moonlight herb tea, boiled water, and began to brew it.

Miranda smiled. "I brought you a gift."

She took out an elegant box from her side. "Miss Winters, to thank you for saving my life last time, I specially commissioned this rare moonstone/necklace to show my gratitude. Because custom pieces require a certain

construction period, it took me many days to receive it. I hope you'll like it?"

Miranda opened the box, displaying the exquisite moonstone necklace for me to see. I glanced at it casually,

then my eyes stopped.

"Miss Blackwood, this necklace is very expensive. I can't accept it."

Miranda pouted. "Olivia, in your heart, is my life not worth a necklace?"

\*..." I smiled helplessly. "You know, that's not what I meant."

"Then just accept it."

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### Chapter 213: Unexpected Alliances

Chapter 213: Unexpected Alliances

(Olivia's POV)

I couldn't refuse Miranda's enthusiasm, and I finally accepted the moonstone necklace. "Thank **you, Miranda,**" I said with a warm smile.

Miranda's eyes sparkled with genuine pleasure. "It's too formal to call me Miranda in that tone. We **have a** life-saving bond between us now. From now on, just call me Mira—it's what my close friends call me."

I was taken aback by Miranda's sudden shift to a more intimate tone. I felt surprised by this gesture **of** friendship from someone I had considered a rival for Ethan's affections.

Miranda noticed my hesitation and teased with a playful smile. "What, you refuse **to** call me Mira because you still see me as your rival for Ethan's heart?"

I was amused by Miranda's directness and couldn't help but smile. "Alright then, Mira," I said, testing **the**

name.

Miranda beamed with satisfaction. "And I'll call you Liv?"

I nodded, and Miranda continued earnestly. "Thank you again for this beautiful gift, Liv. It means more than you know."

I waved dismissively. "I thought you came here to discuss your legal case."

Miranda shook her head. "I trust your abilities completely. You wouldn't have taken the case if you weren't confident."

I studied Miranda's face carefully. "After what happened with Victoria Hayes, seeing how she betrayed you, I realize you're much more genuine and kind-hearted than I

initially thought. I'm sorry you had to experience such treachery from someone you trusted."

Miranda leaned forward slightly, her expression growing serious. "Liv, I have a proposition. What if we

became actual friends?" UPDATE FROM

My eyebrows rose in surprise. I clearly hadn't expected this turn,

After a moment's consideration, I nodded slowly. "I... I'd like that."

Miranda's face lit up with genuine happiness. Then her expression shifted to something more determined.

"But I want to be completely honest with you. I'm not giving up on Connor. I propose we compete fairly for **his** affections—may the best she-wolf win."

My smile faded slightly. "Mira, I appreciate your honesty, but I have no intention of competing with you **for**

anyone."

Miranda's eyes flashed with understanding. "You say that because you know Connor loves you. You **feel** secure in that knowledge, don't you?"

My voice grew quiet, almost sad. "Connor and I... we can't go back to what **we** were. **Too much has** happened."

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Miranda felt an unexpected pang of sympathy wash over her as she watched the pain flicker across my features. She shook her head quickly, trying to dismiss the feeling before it could take root.

I noticed her reaction and couldn't help but be amused by Miranda's obvious internal struggle.

"You know what?" Miranda said with a self-deprecating laugh. "I must be losing my mind. Here I **am** actually feeling sorry that you and Connor have grown apart. That should make me happy, shouldn't **it**?"

I chuckled softly. "You're not wrong about that being a little crazy,"

We both burst into laughter at the absurdity of the situation.

“That’s really insane…” I murmured, still smiling.

On the last day of May, I took a flight to Harbor City’s rural district. Years ago, when I had worked in Harbor City due to conflicts with my pack, I had met a warm–hearted woman named Rachel Morrison when I was

renting an apartment.

Rachel had been my neighbor—a cheerful, enthusiastic beta werewolf who worked in sales. I fondly

remembered the day I had forgotten my keys and called my landlord, who told me **to** wait while he picked up his daughter from school.

I had been standing outside my apartment building when Rachel, who lived across the hall, had noticed my

predicament. “Hey there, did you forget your keys?” Rachel had asked with genuine concern.

I had ended up in Rachel’s cozy apartment that day, and we had quickly become friends. We often dined out

together and went shopping on weekends.

Rachel had been my first real friend in Harbor City—a ray of sunshine during a difficult period in my life.

Eventually, Rachel had returned to her rural pack to mate with her childhood sweetheart and start a family.

Though we had lost touch physically, we still exchanged messages occasionally through social media. This time, I was traveling to Harbor City specifically to help Rachel.

A few days ago, Rachel had contacted me desperately, asking if I could help with a legal matter. Rachel’s mate James and his childhood friend Marcus Webb had pooled their life savings—over \$200,000—to start a

business together.

Marcus had absconded with all the money, leaving James and Rachel financially devastated. Though police

had located Marcus, he had already squandered the stolen funds.

Rachel and James wanted to sue him to recover what they could of their losses.

The case wasn't overly complex, but it wasn't simple either—there was substantial evidence, wh.. helpful and challenging to navigate. Rachel had been crying over the phone, begging me to help them.

as both

Living in a small village under Harbor City's jurisdiction, Rachel had no connections in the legal world. I was the only lawyer she knew who might be able to assist them.

She had nowhere else to turn. I had always believed in repaying kindness, and I remembered clearly how Rachel had welcomed me that day when I was locked out and feeling lost **in** a new city.

That's why I had traveled to Moonhaven Village with Emma Thompson. The **village** was more **than twenty** kilometers from Harbor City's center, nestled in a remote rural area.

Rachel's home was a modest three-story house **that** her mate's family **had built themselves. Rachel's family**

Chapter 213 Unexpected.

greeted Emma and me with overwhelming warmth and gratitude.

Unfortunately, just as I was preparing to leave the next day, heavy rain began to fall, trapping us in the **village** for longer than planned.

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## Whisper 288

### Chapter 214: Trapped by the Storm

Chapter 214: Trapped by the Storm

(Olivia's POV)

PARYS

The sky seemed to have a hole in it. Rain poured down in sheets, creating a deafening roar against the roof of Rachel's modest home. I stood by the window, watching water droplets form a curtain under the eaves, blurring my vision of the outside world.

"It doesn't look like it's going to let up anytime soon," I murmured, more to myself than to Emma who stood

beside me.

The village had no proper roads, just muddy paths that were now completely saturated. Each step outside would require extraordinary effort, pulling one's foot from the sucking mud only to plunge it into another

patch of slippery earth.

Emma sighed. "At this rate, we'll be stuck here for days."

I nodded grimly, watching as James Morrison trudged up the path toward the house. He was completely soaked, his pants covered in mud up to his knees.

James burst through the door, shaking water from his hair like a wolf after a swim. "It's getting worse out there," he announced, handing the packages he carried to Rachel.

"You're drenched!" Rachel exclaimed, taking the Fresh Venison Steaks and Herb-Crusted Lamb Ribs from her The source of this content is

husband.

James casually placed his umbrella under the eaves and moved to the wall to change his mud-caked shoes.

"The market was about to close. I barely made it there in time."

Rachel disappeared into the kitchen with the ingredients, then returned with a towel for James. "Liv," she said, turning to me, "I think you should consider staying longer. It's not safe to travel in this weather."

I frowned, my gaze fixed on the relentless downpour. "I have cases waiting for me back in Harbor City."

"I understand," Rachel said sympathetically, "but this rain isn't going to stop anytime soon."

As if on cue, my phone chimed with a notification. I checked it and my frown deepened. "My flight's been

anceled due to the severe weather.”

Rachel nodded knowingly. “It’s the rainy season. This always happens—lasts for days sometimes.”

“Days?” I couldn’t hide my concern. I had clients expecting me, appointments scheduled.

“Don’t worry,” Rachel reassured me, placing a gentle hand on my arm. “We’ll make you as comfortable as possible. Our home is humble, but you’re welcome to stay as long as needed.”

Her warmth reminded me why we’d become friends in the first place. Rachel had always been genuinely kind,

without ulterior motives.

“I’ll cook those Herb–Crusted Lamb Ribs for dinner,” she continued, “and spicy Fresh Venison Steaks. You’ll

love them.”

I managed a smile. “Thank you, Rachel. I appreciate your hospitality.”

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Chapter 214 Trapped by t

The rain intensified over the next three days, drumming against the roof with increasing fury. On **the** third night, a c\*\*\*k of thunder jolted me awake. The sound was followed by voices and movement downstairs.

I slipped out of the guest room and made my way toward the commotion. Rachel and James were moving

furniture and boxes, their faces tense with concentration.

“What’s happening?” I asked, noticing water seeping under the front door.

Rachel looked up, startled. “Liv! Go back to bed. It’s just some rainwater getting in. Nothing to worry about.”

But I could see the concern in her eyes. “Let me help,” I insisted, already rolling up my sleeves.

Rachel hesitated, then nodded gratefully. "We're moving everything valuable to higher ground. The water's

rising faster than we expected."

She handed me a box of family photos. As I took it, my smartphone slipped from my pocket and fell with a splash into the water pooling on the floor...

"Oh no!" Rachel gasped.

I quickly retrieved it, but the damage was done. The screen remained black when I tried to turn it on.

"My phone..." I stared at the Waterlogged Smartphone in dismay.

Rachel's face crumpled with guilt. "I'm so sorry, Liv! Now you're cut off from the outside world because of us."

I shook my head, forcing a reassuring smile. "It's not your fault. And don't worry, I can use someone else's phone to let my family know I'm okay."

But morning brought another challenge. The power had been cut throughout the village as a precaution against electrical shorts from the flooding.

"Emma, can I borrow Awen's Moonstone Communication Device?" I asked, finding my assistant in the kitchen.

Emma handed it over with a worried expression. "It only has one percent battery left."

I quickly dialed my father's number, praying he would answer. To my relief, Richard Winters picked up on the

second ring.

"Hello?" His voice sounded distant and crackly.

"Dad, it's Livvy," I said quickly, watching the battery indicator blink ominously. "My smartphone fell into water and can't be used. I'm borrowing this device to let you know I'm safe, so don't worry about me. I'm fine."

"Olivia? Where are you? We've been trying to-"

The call cut off abruptly as Awen's Moonstone Communication Device died in my hand. I stared at the blank

screen in frustration.

“At least you got through to him,” Emma said, trying to sound optimistic.

I nodded, though I wasn’t entirely convinced my message had been clear enough. “Let’s hope so.”

The flood had damaged the village’s power lines, leaving us without electricity. Thankfully, Rachel’s family still cooked with firewood, ensuring we wouldn’t go **hungry**.

I finished a bowl of Emma’s Healing Herb Noodles that Rachel had prepared over the open fire. The warm broth was comforting against the chill that had settled in the house.

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Chapter 214 Trapped by t

“Has there been any word about rescue teams?” I asked, setting down my empty bowl.

Rachel shook her head, her expression somber. “The rescue team is estimated to arrive tomorrow.”

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**Chapter 215: Stranded in the Storm**

Chapter 215: Stranded in the Storm

(Olivia’s POV)

I stared at Rachel's phone in my hand, realizing how helpless I felt without my own device. The truth was embarrassing – I had never bothered memorizing anyone's phone number.

Everything was stored in my Waterlogged Smartphone's address book. Connor's number, Rebecca's, Lily's, This update is available on

even my father's – I had relied completely on technology to remember these vital connections.

Even if I could borrow Rachel's phone right now, I wouldn't know who to call. The numbers that connected me

to my pack, my friends, my entire world were trapped in a device that would never work again.

"I'm so sorry, Liv," Rachel said, wringing her hands. "This is all my fault. I should never have asked you to

come here."

She paced around the small living room, her guilt evident in every step. "James and I should have made the

trip to Riverdale instead. Then you wouldn't be stuck in this mess."

I shook my head firmly. "Rachel, stop blaming yourself. You have a two-year-old son to take care of. You

couldn't just leave him behind."

"But we could have figured something out," she insisted, her voice breaking slightly.

"How?" I asked gently. "You told me your in-laws passed away years ago. And your mother can't help with childcare anymore."

Rachel's shoulders sagged. "That's exactly why I needed you to come. I had no other choice."

I reached out and squeezed her arm. "This isn't anyone's fault. Natural disasters happen. We can't control the

weather."

"But your phone, your work, everything-

“I managed to contact my father,” I interrupted. “He knows I’m safe. Being out of touch for one day won’t kill

anyone.”

Rachel looked unconvinced, but she nodded reluctantly.

The weather had been perfect when I arrived – sunny skies and a forecast promising three more beautiful

days. No one could have predicted this sudden, violent storm that had turned our world upside down.

By five in the afternoon, Rachel was already preparing dinner. Without electricity, everything took longer. The

rain had finally slowed to a steady drizzle, and the water level inside the house had receded somewhat.

“Here, take these,” Rachel said, handing me a pair of worn rain boots. “I’m sorry I don’t have another pair for

Emma.”

Emma Thompson waved dismissively, walking barefoot through the remaining puddles. “I don’t mind. It’s just

water.”

I frowned, watching her splash around without any protection. “Emma, you’re going to catch a cold. Why don’t you go upstairs and rest? We can bring your dinner up.”

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“I’m fine,” Emma replied curtly, her usual aloof expression firmly in place.

In the kitchen, I helped Rachel wash vegetables for dinner. The simple task felt oddly comforting after days of uncertainty.

“So tell me about your life these past two years,” Rachel said, scrubbing a head of lettuce. “How have you been?”

I focused on the vegetables in my hands. “It’s been fine.”

Rachel didn’t know about my prestigious pack background. To her, I was just an ordinary lawyer trying to make a living.

“Are you used to working at the law firm back home? Is the salary in Riverdale decent?”

“It’s similar to Harbor City,” I replied vaguely.

Rachel’s next question made me pause. “Have you dated anyone since breaking up with Ethan Grey?”

My hands stilled on the lettuce. I lowered my eyes, feeling the familiar ache in my chest.

“I did date someone,” I admitted quietly. “But we broke up.”

Rachel must have sensed my discomfort because she quickly changed the subject. “Would you like me to cook braised chicken with chestnuts and braised pork for dinner?”

“That sounds perfect,” I said, grateful for the distraction.

James Morrison sat behind the wood-burning stove, feeding logs into the fire. The warm glow cast dancing shadows on the walls.

Emma was on the floor, playing with Rachel’s two-year-old son, Xiaohai. I turned to watch them, surprised by

the scene.

“Emma, I can’t believe you actually like children,” I said with a smile.

Emma usually maintained such a cold, aloof demeanor. She seemed like the last person who would enjoy playing with kids.

Emma held up an Ultraman toy, making it dance for the giggling toddler. Her expression remained completely deadpan.

“The little thing is quite interesting,” she said matter-of-factly.

The room fell silent. Rachel, James, and I exchanged bewildered glances.

After an awkward moment, I laughed nervously. “I’m sorry, Rachel. My assistant has low emotional intelligence and doesn’t know how to express herself properly. Don’t take it personally. She doesn’t mean that.

She’s praising Xiaohai for being cute.”

Rachel’s mouth twitched. “Your assistant is quite... special.”

“She doesn’t usually come into contact with children,” I explained. “She finds it refreshing.”

After dinner was ready, we gathered around the small round table. The simple meal felt like a feast after our

ordeal.

Just as we were about to eat, Rachel's phone rang. She glanced at the screen, then looked at me with

surprise.

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< Chapter 215 Stranded in t

"It's a Riverdale number. Could it be for you?"

My heart skipped. "I don't know. Answer it and see."

Rachel picked up. "Hello, what do you need?"

She listened for a moment, then raised her eyes to meet mine. "Yes, she's at my house."

She handed me the phone. "It's for you. Says it's your friend."

I took the device with trembling hands. "Hello?"

The person on the other end seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Then a familiar male voice came through, low and magnetic.

"Livvy, are you okay? I can't reach you."

Before I could respond, Connor Rivers continued, his words tumbling out in a rush. "I called you more than a

hundred times today, and none of them went through. I didn't get any replies to my messages. I was going

crazy with worry."

My chest tightened at the desperation in his voice.

"I called Rebecca Frost and Lily Chen and asked them. They all said they didn't know where you went. Then I

went to your law firm, and they told me you went to Harbor City to find someone named Rachel Morrison.”

His tone grew more urgent. “I saw the news about the floods in Harbor City and was very worried about you,

Livvy. Why can’t I get through to your phone? Did something happen?”

I was stunned, pursing my lips. “I’m fine. It’s just that my phone accidentally fell into the water.”

Connor was silent for a while, then said in a muffled voice, “You couldn’t even borrow someone else’s phone

to call me back. I was worried sick.”

I felt a stab of guilt. “My phone fell into the water last night. It’s only been a day, less than twenty–four hours. How would I know you would contact me? And I...

I paused, then admitted with shame, “I don’t remember your phone number either.”

Another silence stretched between us. Then Connor’s voice came through, quiet but determined.

“Harbor City flights have been delayed, and the high–speed train is also out of service. After I left the law firm

this afternoon, I drove directly over here. I just arrived in Cloudmere and will probably be in Harbor City

around one in the morning.”

“You drove here?” I asked in disbelief.

Connor hummed in agreement.

I subconsciously raised my voice, panic flooding through me. “Riverdale is more than 900 kilometers away from here. You drove here alone? There have been heavy rainstorms for days here, and there are floods

everywhere. What are you doing coming to Harbor City? Go back!”

6

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### Chapter 216: The Alpha's Desperate Journey

Chapter 216: The Alpha's Desperate Journey

(Olivia's POV)

Connor's voice came through the phone, low and hoarse with exhaustion. "I didn't come alone. I took **turns** driving with Frank Langley. Livvy, I won't be at ease until I see you."

Over nine hundred kilometers. A normal drive without traffic would take about ten hours, not to mention **the** devastating floods in Harbor City. The journey would be even longer and more dangerous for the Alpha to reach his mate.

I gripped Rachel's phone tightly, feeling a tremor in my heart and a stinging in my eyes. Despite the overwhelming emotion from Connor's concern, my words came out sharp and cutting.

"Who asked you to come find me? It's dangerous here with the floods. Can you not be so melodramatic?"

My voice cracked slightly. "I can't bear the responsibility if something happens to the Rivers pack's heir. I'm fine, go back, no need to come."

My wolf instincts warred with my rational mind. Part of me desperately wanted my mate's protection, while another part feared for his safety.

Connor chuckled self-deprecatingly over the phone. "No one asked me to come, I wanted to come myself, Olivia. Don't worry, if something happens, it's my own fault, it has nothing to do with you."

My throat tightened, tears welling up in my eyes as I felt the pain in his voice resonate through our bond. “Connor Rivers, I forbid you from coming, go back now!”

The village was remote, surrounded by floodwaters, and prone to landslides. Connor coming to find me was too dangerous. I couldn't let him put himself in harm's way for me.

However, Connor didn't heed my words. His voice cracked with emotion, the Alpha's composure finally breaking.

“Olivia, if something were to happen to you, there's no point in me living.”

My heart quivered violently, followed by waves of piercing pain as our mate bond resonated with his anguish.

Connor's voice was hoarse and raw.

“I'm not afraid of danger, I'm only afraid of never seeing you again.”

The line went quiet after that. I stared at Rachel's phone, my hands trembling.

After the storm, the sky was clear, and the setting sun peeked out from behind the clouds, painting **the** horizon with orange hues. I exhaled/softly, tears blurring my vision as my wolf yearned for Connor's **presence**.

That night, I tossed and turned, unable to sleep. I was constantly worried about Connor.

Although the storm had passed, the village was remote, and the floodwaters **nearby hadn't** fully receded. I was **afraid that** something might happen to the Rivers pack Alpha.

Just as I was struggling to fall asleep, a knock came **at** the door. I got **up to answer it, and Rachel Morrison** was standing outside.

<Chapter 216 The Alpha's

“What's wrong?” I asked.

Rachel handed me the phone. “Olivia, that gentleman who called this afternoon just sent **a message, take a look.**”

My breath hitched. I looked down at the phone screen.

*Don't* worry about me, sleep early, see you tomorrow.

The anxiety in my heart was instantly relieved. With my body finally relaxing, I gave the phone back to Rachel.

“Thank you, sorry to trouble you so late.”

Rachel said softly, “It’s no trouble at all. Get some sleep.”

I hummed softly in response. Lying back in bed, my nervousness had vanished.

See you tomorrow. The three words were full of anticipation from both my human heart and my wolf.

With that thought, I finally drifted off to sleep. Early the next morning, before dawn had even broken, I was awakened by a commotion downstairs.

I opened my eyes, and something suddenly came to mind. I shot straight up from the bed.

*Connor Rivers!* He said he would arrive in Harbor City around midnight last night.

I hurriedly got dressed, quickly brushed my hair, and ran downstairs. The water had receded, leaving behind patches of dampness on the concrete floor.

I ran downstairs and immediately spotted a familiar figure under the eaves. My mate had actually come.

I ran out and saw the familiar figure under the eaves—lonely and solitary. He was facing away from me.

An Alpha who was usually so fastidious about cleanliness, his shoes were now covered with mud, his trousers splattered with dirt, and his clothes were also covered in mud. I had never seen Connor Rivers in

such a disheveled state. Get full chapters from

A pang of emotion surged through me, and I rushed forward, embracing Connor from behind. “You’re here,” I

whispered.

Connor’s body stiffened. It was a long-awaited embrace.

The horizon was painted with gentle orange hues, like a painter’s casual stroke of color. In the morning light, smoke rose from the chimneys, mingling with the mist, as if reuniting mates, tender and affectionate.

All of this was as beautiful as a dream. Connor was gently embraced by me from behind, and time seemed to

stand still..

He dared not move, afraid that the dream would shatter.

We silently embraced each other, then Connor turned around. I first noticed the Alpha's Adam's apple,

trembling slightly with tension.

Then, I looked up into his deep, dark eyes. Those eyes were gazing at me with the devotion **only a mate could** show, and I couldn't help but look away.

I muttered, "I told you **not to** come, why did you come anyway?"

**Connor** gently cupped my face in his hands, turning my gaze **back to** meet **his**. "**Because I wanted to see you,**

Leonor gently cupped

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so I came."

The Alpha's handsome features were deep and enchanting, his voice as gentle and warm as a spring breeze. My clear, bright eyes were brimming with tears, and I stared at Connor without blinking

"What is it?" Connor asked, gently stroking the tip of my nose, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Did you forget what I look like after just a few days?"

My eyes shimmered like water, and my voice was soft from just waking up. "It just feels so unreal, like a

dream."

"It's not a dream," Connor said, a gentle smile playing on his lips. "If you don't believe me, pinch me and see."

I snorted softly. "Even if I pinch you, I wouldn't know if it hurts or not."

Connor's eyes were filled with laughter. "Then what should we do? My heart would ache if you pinched

yourself.”

I giggled, lightly punching the Alpha’s chest, with a hint of playfulness. “Alright, stop being so glib.”

Connor took my hand, and said softly, “I’m being serious.”

My eyes were clear and pure, reflecting Connor’s handsome face. I bit my lip and asked him, “Have you had breakfast yet?”

“No, the road conditions were worse than I expected. I only arrived in Harbor City at three thirty in the morning. The city was much better, the water had receded, but the further I drove towards here, the harder the road became.”

He paused, running a hand through his disheveled hair. “By the time I got to the county, there was standing water everywhere, and about five kilometers from the village, it was all flooded, so I had to get out and walk.”

My eyebrows furrowed in concern. “You walked fifty kilometers?”

Connor hummed in acknowledgment. My heart ached.

Fifty kilometers along muddy paths, slipping and sliding with every step. Even for an Alpha wolf, it was

difficult.

And the countryside was remote, the roads were treacherous, and surrounded by mountains. If it started raining again, there could be landslides.

I shuddered at the thought, and dared not delve any further. Then, something occurred to me, and I asked, “You didn’t sleep at all last night?”

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