

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 291

Chapter 217 Reunion and

Chapter 217: Reunion and Subtle Changes

Chapter 217: Reunion and Subtle Changes

(Olivia's POV)

The Alpha's eyes showed fatigue as he gently shook his head. Dark circles shadowed his usually sharp **gaze**, and I could see the exhaustion Wein on *his* shoulders.

"Go upstairs and sleep for a while," I suggested softly.

Connor replied warmly, "Alright."

In the distance, voices rose one after another. I looked over to see uniformed figures moving **through the**

village with equipment and supplies.

"The Rivers pack rescue team has arrived," I realized aloud.

Rachel Morrison was awakened by the noise and came downstairs, rubbing her eyes sleepily. "**What's that**

sound?"

I turned to look at her. "The rescue team has arrived."

Rachel walked over and saw the man standing in front of me. Her steps suddenly stopped as she took in

Connor's tall frame and commanding presence.

"Who is this?" she asked, curiosity evident in her voice.

I paused, choosing my words carefully. "He is... the gentleman who called last night. His surname is Rivers."

Rachel's tone became subtle, her eyes filling with gossip-hungry interest as she looked between Connor and me. I could practically see the wheels turning in her head.

At this moment, Frank Langley, who had tactfully stepped away earlier, walked over. He greeted me with

professional courtesy.

"Miss Winters, good morning."

I smiled back. "Good morning, Mr. Langley, thank you for your hard work."

I then introduced him to Rachel. "This is Mr. Rivers' assistant, Mr. Langley."

Rachel's eyes widened slightly at the mention of an assistant. She quickly composed herself and warmly

invited them inside.

"Please, come in! You must be exhausted after traveling all night without sleep. I can arrange the empty upstairs room for you both to rest."

Frank stepped forward, presenting me with a pristine phone box. "Miss Winters, Mr. Rivers bought this **for you** when we reached Harbor City Urban Center."

He almost slipped, nearly saying "Alpha" before quickly correcting himself. I could see him **realize that I had** introduced them as friends rather than revealing our **true** pack identities.

I accepted the phone with gratitude, touched by the thoughtfulness. Despite arriving **at 3:30 AM when phone** stores were closed, Connor had still managed to get me a new phone after **learning mine was damaged by**

water.

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"Thank you," I said, meeting Connor's eyes. "You didn't have to do this."

Connor's expression softened. "I wanted to make sure you could stay connected."

I offered to cook Emma's Healing Herb Noodles for them before they slept. Rachel immediately **protested**,

"Oh no, Olivia! You're our guest. I should be the one cooking."

I gave Rachel a meaningful look, hoping she would understand. “Please, let me *do* this. I want to.”

Rachel caught my expression and quickly nodded. “Of course! I’ll help with the wood–burning stove instead.”

I prepared two bowls of venison and egg noodles with healing herbs, the familiar motions soothing **my** nerves. The rich aroma filled the small kitchen as I ladled the broth over the noodles.

(Connor’s POV)

Frank hesitated internally as Olivia set the steaming bowl before him. His mind raced with uncertainty – was he worthy of eating noodles cooked personally by the Alpha’s mate?

He feared he might be dismissed from pack service for accepting such an honor. Only after I gave him a subtle nod of permission did Frank dare to sit down.

He took his first bite and his eyes widened. “This is absolutely delicious, Miss Winters. Thank you so much.”

His enthusiasm was genuine, and I could see Olivia’s pleased smile at the compliment.

When I offered my bowl to Olivia, suggesting she eat first since she hadn’t had breakfast, Rachel watched with a knowing smile.

“You should eat first,” Olivia insisted. “I’m not hungry yet.”

I savored the noodles, each bite bringing back memories. It had been so long since I’d tasted Olivia’s cooking

– it was still the same beloved flavor that made my wolf purr with contentment.

After the meal, Frank and I showered and changed into clean clothes before finally getting some rest.

Outside, the rescue team distributed disaster relief supplies and cleared roads blocked by mud, stones, and

debris.

The village electricity was restored by noon, bringing life back to the small community.

I woke at 4 PM to bright sunshine streaming through the window. Looking down from the second floor, I saw Check latest chapters at

Olivia basking contentedly in the courtyard sun.

She looked so peaceful, so beautiful, reminding me adorably of a little wolf pup sunning itself on a rock. My

chest tightened with affection.

Since returning from Harbor City, the relationship between Olivia and me had undergone subtle changes. She was no longer cold and occasionally sarcastic toward me.

(Olivia's POV)

Though we hadn't officially reconciled, there was an underlying romantic tension between us **that** even

outsiders could detect.

That afternoon, Rebecca Frost visited me at Moonstone Legal Partners. She burst **into** my **office with her** characteristic energy.

"Olivia Winters!" she announced dramatically. "We need to talk."

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I looked up from my paperwork, amused by her theatrical entrance. "What's gotten into you, Becky?"

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Rebecca settled into the chair across from my desk, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I'm here to interrogate you about your romantic exchanges with Connor Rivers."

I nearly choked on my coffee. "My what?"

"Don't play innocent with me," Rebecca continued, leaning forward conspiratorially. "Your previously cold demeanor has transformed into bright, starry-eyed glances whenever his name comes up."

I felt heat rise to my cheeks. "That's ridiculous."

Rebecca pressed on relentlessly. "What exactly happened between *you two* in that village? Did you finally *give*

in to the mate bond?"

“Rebecca!” I protested, but she was undeterred.

“Come on, details! Did you two get intimate? The s****I tension between you is practically visible from space.” I deflected with humor, trying to regain my composure. “Isn’t this absurd? An *enemy* interrogating her rival?” Rebecca’s eyes lit up at my words. “Enemy–bestie!” she declared triumphantly.

I raised an eyebrow. “Enemy–bestie?”

“Yes! I want to be with Connor as the most important thing, but I also want to maintain our friendship as second priority.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “So you want both?”

Rebecca proudly declared, puffing out her chest. “Exactly! I have every right to be domineering as a young Alpha heiress.”

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Chapter 218. Moonlight C

Chapter 218: Moonlight Carnival Grounds

Chapter 218: Moonlight Carnival Grounds

(Olivia’s POV)

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Rebecca and I were chatting and joking happily when a knock interrupted our conversation. Adrian Sinclair stepped into my office, his gentle demeanor enhanced by his gold–rimmed glasses.

“Olivia, are you free tonight?” he asked, his voice carrying that familiar warmth that had always made me **feel** comfortable around him.

I looked up from my desk, curious about his sudden visit. “What’s the occasion, Adrian?”

“Sophie Turner missed you and wanted to have dinner together,” he explained, adjusting his glasses slightly. “She specifically asked me to invite you.”

I paused, feeling a familiar weight settle in my chest. Adrian’s growing affection for me had become increasingly obvious over the past few weeks, especially after his help with Grace Winters’ k*****g case.

His kindness during that terrifying ordeal had meant everything to me. But now I could see he was using Sophie as an excuse to spend time with me, blurring the lines of our professional friendship.

The memory of Connor Rivers’ comforting embrace flashed through my mind. The mate bond between us had been strengthening, and I could feel my wolf’s contentment whenever he was near.

I made my decision quickly. “I’m busy tonight, please apologize to Sophie for me.” This chapter is updated by

Adrian’s expression shifted, surprise flickering across his features. The silence stretched between us for a long moment before he simply replied, “Okay.”

After Adrian left, Rebecca’ looked at me with a knowing smirk. “Did you just turn Adrian down for Connor’s

sake?”

I didn’t deny it. The truth was written all over my face.

Rebecca sighed, her expression growing conflicted. I could see her internal struggle – her feelings for Connor warring with her gratitude toward me for handling her legal case.

“I should go,” she said finally, gathering her things.

looked at her meaningfully. “Drive safe, Becky.”

That night, I settled into my apartment for a video call with my best friends. Lily’s face appeared on my

screen alongside Rebecca’s, but something was off.

Lily was uncharacteristically quiet during our usual pack sisters' conversation. Her normally **bright demeanor**

seemed dimmed.

"Lily, you're awfully quiet tonight," Rebecca observed, echoing my own thoughts.

Lily shifted uncomfortably on camera. "There's something I need to tell you both."

"**What** happened?" I asked, leaning closer to my screen.

"It's about Vera Jones," Lily said, her voice tight with emotion. "Do you guys **know her?**"

Chapter 218 Moonlight C

Rebecca nodded immediately. "**Vera Jones, from the Jones family pack. I even ran into her a few days ago while shopping.** What happened **to** her?"

Lily dropped her bombshell. "She likes Ethan Quinn."

Both Rebecca and I stared at the screen in shock. Ethan Quinn was Connor's close friend, **and this** revelation sent ripples through our tight-knit social circle.

"What?" Rebecca gasped.

"According to what she said, she's been harboring feelings for Ethan for more than a year," Lily **continued**, **her** voice growing bitter. "She was dating others just to make Ethan jealous."

My heart sank for my friend. "Lily, what exactly happened?"

"She even wanted to bribe me with a designer bag to get closer to Ethan," Lily sneered, her hurt evident. "**Can** you believe that? She thought she could buy my cooperation."

Rebecca immediately jumped into comfort mode. "Lily, you know Ethan's genuine feelings are for **you**. **You** need to talk to him about this."

I supported Rebecca's view wholeheartedly. "Ethan is different from Gabriel Andrews, and you are not **the** same as Gabriel's casual dates. Ethan has only been serious about you, right?"

I leaned forward, emphasizing my point. "At least in my opinion, Ethan is not a fickle playboy. Moreover, **you** are from the same elite pack circles as us. You are not an ordinary werewolf without family background. How can you compare like this?"

Lily's shoulders sagged. "I know you're both right, but I'm still upset. Ethan and I have been in a cold war for almost a day now."

Rebecca's eyes lit up with an idea. "I have a solution. Let's create an

"How?" Lily asked skeptically.

opportunity for you two to talk."

"The newly opened Moonlight Carnival Grounds," Rebecca announced triumphantly. "We'll all go together. It'll be casual, fun, and give you a chance to break the ice with Ethan."

Lily considered this for a moment before nodding. "That actually sounds perfect."

Before I could respond, Rebecca turned her attention to me. "Olivia, you should come and play too! You've been busy with work recently. You should take a break."

The idea of a carefree day at an amusement park did sound appealing. "Alright, I'm in."

The next day at the Moonlight Carnival Grounds, I was walking through the entrance when I noticed a familiar tall figure near the ticket booth. My steps slowed as I recognized Connor Rivers.

Surprise washed over me. What was he doing here?

Rebecca appeared at my side, grinning mischievously. "I invited him along. Hope you don't mind."

I turned to Connor, unable to hide my amusement. "I didn't know you were interested in amusement **park** rides, Alpha Rivers."

Connor's eyes met mine, filled with warmth that made my wolf purr contentedly. "Not **interested**," **he said** simply.

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His next words made my heart skip a beat. "I just heard that you are coming, so I came"

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Whisper 293

Chapter 219: Reconciliation at the Moonlight Carnival

Chapter 219: Reconciliation at the Moonlight Carnival Google search

(Third person's POV)

Ethan Quinn arrived alone at the Moonlight Carnival Grounds, his usual confident demeanor replaced by nervous energy. He hadn't been there for a few minutes when Lily also arrived, her long black hair catching

the afternoon sunlight.

Seeing Lily, Ethan's eyes deepened with longing. He wanted to say something to bridge their cold war, but Lily directly ignored him and said to Rebecca Frost: "Rebecca, didn't your brother come today?"

"My brother said he'll be here soon," Rebecca replied, glancing between Ethan and Lily with knowing eyes.

Just then, Lily noticed a couple not far away near the carnival entrance. She pointed them out to Rebecca. "That man looks like your brother Gabriel Andrews."

Rebecca squinted in the direction Lily indicated, then nodded with confirmation. "That is indeed my brother."

Lily's curiosity piqued as she studied the she-wolf beside Gabriel. "Is that his college girlfriend Sophie Shaw?"

Rebecca confirmed with a knowing smile, her eyes twinkling with amusement at her brother's unusual choice.

The group, including Olivia Winters and Connor Rivers, found themselves face to face at the carnival entrance. Ethan stepped forward to make introductions, his Alpha manners overriding his nervousness.

"Everyone, I'd like you to meet Sophie Shaw," he said, gesturing toward the petite she-wolf beside Gabriel.

Sophie was a pretty and demure college student with long black hair and large expressive eyes. When she spoke, her voice was soft and melodious, carrying a hint of shyness.

“Hello everyone, it’s nice to meet you,” Sophie said quietly, her cheeks flushing pink under the attention.

The group exchanged greetings, surprised by Gábríel’s change in taste. The Rivers pack heir typically dated glamorous and mature she-wolves from elite pack families, not innocent college students.

“Everyone’s here, let’s go in,” Rebecca suggested cheerfully, trying to ease the slight tension in the air.

Taking the VIP channel to skip the line due to Connor’s Alpha status, Lily led the way. She seemed still upset with Ethan and deliberately created distance between them, her steps quick and purposeful.

Olivia and Connor followed closely, their hands occasionally brushing as they walked. Ethan hurried behind, trying to catch up with Lily, his expression growing more desperate with each step.

Rebecca noted that her brother seemed easy to get along with as she watched Gabriel attentively guide Sophie through the crowd.

Sophie responded with a quiet, shy reply that reflected her gentle nature. “Gabriel has been very kind to me.”

Lily, loving thrills and still channeling her frustration with Ethan, invited Rebecca and Olivia to join her on **the** roller coaster ride. Her eyes sparkled with mischief and determination.

“Come on, let’s try the biggest roller coaster first,” she declared, pointing toward the towering steel **structure**. Rebecca declined immediately, her face paling slightly. “I’ll pass. My fear of heights is **stronger** than my

Chapter 219: Reconciliation at the Moonlight Carnival

werewolf courage.”

Olivia offered to accompany Lily, her natural kindness overriding her own nervousness. “I’ll **go with you, Lilly-**

Connor and Ethan followed suit, both Alphas wanting to protect their respective mates during **the** intense ride. Their protective instincts kicked in automatically.

Lily then claimed the front row of the roller coaster, her competitive werewolf nature showing. She slid **into** the seat with practiced ease, her excitement palpable.

Connor asked Olivia if she was nervous about the ride, his voice gentle with concern.

"I'm a little bit nervous," Olivia admitted honestly, her amber eyes reflecting her apprehension.

Connor instinctively took her hand to ease her fear, his Alpha protective instincts kicking in. His warm touch sent comfort through their mate bond.

As the roller coaster slowly started its ascent, Ethan let out an unexpected scream. The sound was high-pitched and thoroughly undignified for an Alpha.

Lily, sitting beside him, rolled her eyes in exasperation. "Why did you come if you were scared?" she questioned, though her tone carried a hint of fondness beneath the irritation.

Ethan tried to explain it was for her, attempting to show his dedication despite his fear. "I wanted to be brave for you, Lily."

But as the roller coaster picked up speed and plunged downward, he let out a loud, undignified scream **that** echoed across the carnival grounds. His Alpha composure completely abandoned him.

Connor remained calm and collected, holding Olivia's hand tightly. His Alpha composure stayed intact even during the thrilling ride, providing steady reassurance.

After the ride ended, Ethan stumbled off and threw up near a nearby trash bin. His face was green and his legs shaky from the intense experience.

Lily's anger melted into concern as she patted his back and handed him a bottle of water. "You're such a scaredy-cat," she said teasingly, but with obvious affection returning to her voice.

Rebecca chuckled from the sidelines, realizing that her plan to reconcile the couple had worked perfectly. Her matchmaking instincts had proven successful once again.

Connor handed Olivia a bottle of water, asking if she felt dizzy from the ride. His concern was evident in his gentle tone.

"I'm okay," Olivia said, accepting the water gratefully.

Connor suggested they rest before trying another attraction. "Let's take a break and see what else catches

our interest.”

While they had been on the roller coaster, Gabriel had accompanied Sophie on the gentler carousel ride. He was taking pictures of her with his phone and showing unusual attentiveness for the typically casual Rivers

pack member.

Olivia and Rebecca exchanged knowing glances, noting how rare it was for Gabriel **to be so** devoted **to one** she—wolf. This suggested Sophie might be more than just another casual date.

Lily, her mood now completely restored and eager for more excitement, **suggested they visit the haunted**

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house attraction next. Her eyes lit up with renewed enthusiasm.

This caused Ethan’s face to pale further as his werewolf hearing picked up the screams from inside. But he reluctantly agreed, not wanting to disappoint her again.

“If you want to go, then we’ll go,” he said bravely, though his voice trembled slightly.

Olivia, Connor, Gabriel, and Sophie decided to join them for the spooky adventure. The group moved toward the ominous—looking haunted house entrance.

As soon as they entered the haunted house, Ethan immediately *took* Lily’s hand. His Alpha pride was forgotten in the face of manufactured terror.

“Lily, I’m scared,” he admitted sheepishly, his grip tightening on her fingers.

Lily looked at him with exasperation mixed with amusement. Her earlier anger had completely dissolved into

fond tolerance.

Ethan moved closer to Lily, his voice dropping to a whisper. “What if the fake ghosts grab *me* later?”

Lily said with mock annoyance but growing fondness: “Those are all humans dressed up in costumes, what’s there to be afraid of for a werewolf like you?”

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Chapter 220 Through the Shadows

Chapter 220: Through the Shadows

Chapter 220: Through **the** Shadows

(Olivia's POV)

The haunted house maze stretched before us, dimly lit with faint red lights that cast eerie shadows **on the** walls. Terrifying music echoed through the narrow corridors, creating an atmosphere **that made** my **werewolf** senses go on high alert.

Despite my enhanced hearing picking up the artificial scents and mechanical sounds, I **felt** only **slightly** nervous as Connor and I walked together through the maze. His steady presence beside me provided comfort in the manufactured darkness.

The red lighting flickered intermittently, making the fake cobwebs and plastic skeletons appear more menacing than they actually were. My werewolf instincts could distinguish between real threats **and** theatrical props, but the atmosphere still managed to create an unsettling mood.

Connor walked calmly beside me, his Alpha composure unshaken by the spooky decorations. His hand brushed against mine occasionally as we navigated the narrow passages, sending warmth through our **mate** bond.

Suddenly, a “ghost” dropped from above without warning. The figure wore a tattered red wedding gown, its hair disheveled and matted with fake blood. Pale makeup covered its face, with crimson tears painted down its cheeks.

The sudden appearance startled me completely. I screamed instinctively and threw myself into Connor's arms, my werewolf reflexes seeking the safety of my mate's protection.

Connor reacted swiftly, brushing aside the prop with one fluid motion while wrapping his other arm around me. His voice was gentle and reassuring as he spoke.

“It’s just a harmless decoration, Livvy. Nothing to fear.”

I trembled in Connor’s embrace, my heart racing from the unexpected scare, He tenderly patted my back, his touch soothing my frayed nerves with practiced ease.

His warmth enveloped me, making me feel safe despite the manufactured terror surrounding us. The mate bond pulsed between us, his calm energy helping to steady my racing pulse.

After a few moments, I managed to calm down slightly. Embarrassment flooded through me as I realized how dramatically I had reacted to a simple prop.

“I’m sorry for overreacting,” I apologized, feeling foolish for being so easily frightened.

Connor’s response was soft and understanding. “Hmm,” he acknowledged gently, then quietly took my hand in his.

His fingers intertwined with mine, providing steady reassurance as we continued through **the** maze. **The** simple gesture spoke volumes about his **protective nature** and growing affection.

As we moved forward, another surprise awaited us. **A** hand suddenly reached **out from a hidden alcove in the** wall, **grasping** at the air near my shoulder.

Chapter 220 Through the Shadows

Connor swiftly **pulled me into his embrace, his Alpha reflexes protecting me from the startling prop.** Simultaneously, **a white—clad ghost on roller skates appeared, circling around us with theatrical flair.**

The actor wore flowing white robes and a ghoulish mask, gliding smoothly on wheels as **it performed its scripted routine.** **Connor** recognized **it** immediately as just another performer playing **their role.**

He gently pressed my head against his chest, shielding my eyes from the circling specter. His **voice remained polite despite the** circumstances.

“Could you please make way for us to pass?”

The actor seemed surprised by Connor’s courteous request. Most visitors either screamed or laughed, **but** Connor’s commanding Alpha presence and polite demeanor caught them off guard.

After a moment’s hesitation, the performer moved aside, allowing us to continue through the maze. Connor’s natural authority had earned us respectful treatment even in this theatrical setting.

Connor continued to comfort me as we walked, his steady presence helping to calm my nerves. But **the** accumulated scares had taken their toll on my composure.

"I can't continue," I admitted reluctantly. "I want to leave." Follow current novels on

Connor agreed immediately, understanding my fear without judgment. "Of course. Let's get you out of here."

He pulled out his phone and made a quick call to the carnival management. His Alpha status and connections ensured prompt assistance in situations like this.

Within minutes, a staff member appeared as if from nowhere. They opened a hidden door in the maze wall, revealing a service corridor that led directly outside.

The employee showed the deference typically accorded to Connor's status, bowing slightly as they escorted us through the emergency exit. Their respectful manner confirmed Connor's influence extended even to

entertainment venues.

Emerging from the dimly lit haunted house into bright sunlight, I experienced a moment of dizziness. My werewolf eyes needed time to adjust from the artificial darkness to natural daylight.

Connor supported me immediately, his strong arm steadying me as my vision cleared. "Are you okay, Livvy?"

"I'm fine," I confirmed, grateful for his attentiveness and support.

We waited near the haunted house exit, watching other visitors emerge from the attraction. Connor remained

close, his protective instincts still heightened from our experience inside.

About ten minutes later, our friends finally appeared. Lily emerged first, her eyes bright with excitement and

adrenaline from the thrilling experience.

Ethan Quinn followed behind her, looking distinctly pale and shaken. His usual confident demeanor had been

replaced by obvious relief at escaping the manufactured horrors.

"That was amazing!" Lily exclaimed, practically bouncing with enthusiasm. "The special effects were so

realistic!

Ethan shuddered visibly at her words. "I never want to set foot in another haunted house again. **That** was

terrifying."

Lily teased him mercilessly for his cowardice, her earlier anger completely forgotten in **the face of his**

Chapter 220 Through the Shadow s

vulnerable admission. "**You're** such a scaredy-cat, Ethan.

"**Let's try** the log flume next," she suggested, already **looking** toward **the** water **ride with eager anticipation**

Ethan's face paled further as he followed her gaze to the towering water attraction. He opened his mouth to

refuse, but Lily was already walking toward the log flume.

"Come on, follow me," she called over her shoulder, not waiting for his response.

Gabriel Andrews and Sophie Shaw emerged together moments later. Sophie looked frightened **and** overwhelmed by the haunted house experience, clinging to Gabriel's arm for support.

Gabriel comforted her with unusual tenderness, his typical casual demeanor replaced by genuine concern. This protective behavior was completely different from his usual approach to dating.

"Are you alright, baby?" he asked softly, his voice filled with care.

Gabriel then turned to Connor and me with a suggestion. "Would you like to join us **at** the marine exhibit? They have beluga whales performing today."

Connor declined politely, his attention focused entirely on my comfort. "Thank you, but we'll pass."

Gabriel nodded understandingly, then walked off with Sophie, his arm protectively around her shoulders. Their intimate body language spoke of a deeper connection than Gabriel's usual casual relationships.

I watched them go, noting the significant change in Gabriel's behavior. "He's become so protective of her. This relationship seems different from his others."

Connor agreed with a knowing smile, recognizing the signs of a serious mate bond developing. “Some connections change everything.”

“What else do you want to play?” Connor asked tenderly, his Alpha instincts focused entirely on my comfort

and enjoyment.

I pointed to another attraction that seemed appealing, and Connor agreed to accompany me.

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Chapter 221: Garden Feast and Family Expectations

Chapter 221: Garden Feast and Family Expectations

(Third person's POV)

That evening, Ethan Quinn invited them to a well-known private restaurant nestled within classical werewolf gardens. The restaurant was set within traditional landscaping, with bluestone paths leading deeper **into the**

tranquil setting.

Pavilions with upturned eaves dotted the landscape, surrounding a serene pond where water lilies floated and koi swam lazily. The gentle ripples on the water's surface caught the fading light, creating a peaceful atmosphere that contrasted sharply with their earlier carnival excitement.

As the group arrived in the twilight, golden sunlight bathed the garden in a soft glow. Rebecca Frost paused at the entrance, her eyes wide with appreciation.

“This place is absolutely beautiful,” she breathed, taking in the elegant architecture and carefully manicured

grounds.

Ethan Quinn smiled proudly at her reaction. "The restaurant isn't open to the public. It belongs to a friend of mine."

Lily's eyes narrowed playfully, her earlier reconciliation with Ethan making her more comfortable with teasing.

"A female friend, I suppose?" READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

Ethan quickly shook his head, recognizing the dangerous territory he was entering. "No, no. The owner is Tyler Davis, a male classmate from university who specializes in contemporary cuisine."

Gabriel Andrews nodded in confirmation. "I know Tyler. He pursued further. culinary studies abroad after

graduation. His food is exceptional."

Lily's suspicion melted away at the explanation. "Only male staff serve here too," Ethan added reassuringly. "Tyler and I have been here before, just the two of us."

The clarification seemed to satisfy Lily completely, and she linked her arm through Ethan's as they continued

down the bluestone path.

Reaching the moonlit pavilion, they found the table already set with steaming dishes. The thoughtful gesture

by Ethan to cater to their hunger after a long day at the carnival was evident in every carefully arranged plate.

"Perfect timing," Connor Rivers observed, his arm still protectively around Olivia Winters' waist. "I'm starving

after all those rides."

Before they could settle down, Ethan pulled out his phone. "Let me call Tyler to come greet everyone properly."

Within minutes, Tyler Davis appeared from the kitchen area. He was tall and lean with an athletic build, his short tousled hair and striking features embodying the confident charm of a successful young entrepreneur.

"Everyone, this is Tyler Davis," Ethan announced. "Tyler, meet my friends."

Tyler's eyes immediately found Rebecca, and his expression brightened noticeably. "It's a pleasure to meet

you all."

Lily, still in a playful mood from their reconciliation, stepped forward with a mischievous smile. "Tyler, **you're**

quite handsome Are you single?

Ethan's face darkened instantly. He quickly wrapped his arm around Lily's shoulders, petting her. "She's Lily, my girlfriend."

Tyler chuckled at the obvious display of possessiveness. "Tucky man, Ethan. She's beautiful."

After a round of introductions, the group settled in to enjoy the meal. The contemporary opathé Bedug to Gabriel's praise, with each dish perfectly prepared and artfully presented.

As the dinner concluded amidst laughter and chatter, Lily proposed their next destination. "Let's head to a bar for drinks. The night is still young!"

Gabriel Andrews immediately declined, his arm tightening around Sophie Shaw's shoulders. "Sophie has early

classes tomorrow morning, and it's already getting late.

Sophie nodded shyly, her large eyes reflecting fatigue from their long day. "I should get home soon."

Gabriel stood, helping Sophie to her feet with unusual tenderness. Before leaving, he turned to Rebecca with

a meaningful look.

"Rebecca, you should call Sophie 'sister-in-law' from now on."

Sophie's cheeks flushed pink at the suggestion, but she nodded shyly in agreement. Gabriel affectionately embraced her before their departure, his protective gesture speaking volumes about his serious intentions.

After they left, Lily immediately turned to Rebecca with sparkling eyes. "Your brother is completely smitten!"

"I've never seen Gabriel act so protective."

Rebecca agreed, her expression thoughtful. "His feelings for Sophie are definitely different from his past relationships. He's never introduced anyone as a potential sister-in-law before."

Turning to Olivia and Connor, Lily asked hopefully, "Will you two join us for drinks?"

Connor looked to Olivia for her preference, his amber eyes searching her face. Olivia wanted to spend more time with him, but the memory of her drunken behavior from their previous outing made her hesitate.

"I'm actually quite tired," she said finally, not wanting to risk another embarrassing incident. "I think I should

head home."

Lily's face fell with disappointment. "If Olivia's not going, then I'll cancel the bar outing too. We should all

head home."

The group began to disperse, with Tyler Davis personally escorting them to the garden entrance. His eyes lingered on Rebecca as they said their goodbyes.

The next day, Olivia returned to the Winters Family Estate for dinner. The familiar surroundings of her childhood home brought mixed emotions as she sat at the dining table with Richard Winters and Natalie

Winters.

During the meal, Richard casually inquired, "Olivia, how are you and that lawyer Adrian getting along these days?"

Olivia paused, her fork halfway to her mouth. "We're just ordinary friends, Dad. Nothing more."

Natalie Winters chimed in with a teasing smile. "Olivia, you can't keep pretending not to notice Adrian's affections. He's quite taken with you."

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Chapter 221. Garden Feast and Family **Expectations**

Richard nodded approvingly. "I'm impressed by him. He seems like a good match for you

Olivia set down her **fork firmly**, “I have **no romantic interest in Adrian Sinclair**. I’m **focused on my** career right

now”

Richard’s expression grew more serious. “Olivia, you’re twenty–seven years old. **You** should consider **finding** a

mate soon.”

“I **want to** focus on building my law firm,” Olivia stated firmly, her voice carrying the determination **that had** driven her professional success. “That’s my priority.”

Richard studied his daughter’s resolute expression. Though persistent by nature, he recognized **the futility of** pushing further.

“You have your own arrangements, that’s good,” he said finally, his tone accepting. “Dad just made a suggestion, let’s eat.”

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Whisper 296

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Chapter 222: The Luna’s Victory

(Olivia’s POV)

The days passed in the heat of June in Harbor City, and more than half a month had gone by. In late **June**, one of the cases entrusted to me by Rivers Pack Holdings was about to go to court.

The stage was set for a pivotal moment in my career as a supernatural lawyer.

Inside the solemn tribunal chamber at Shadowmere Courthouse, I took my place as the plaintiff's attorney. The familiar weight of responsibility settled on my shoulders as I arranged my files on the polished wooden

table.

Connor Rivers sat in the gallery behind me, his presence both comforting and motivating. Adrian Sinclair occupied a seat nearby, there to witness the proceedings.

My tailored charcoal black power suit spoke of professionalism, while my focused expression revealed the

sharp mind I'd honed through years of legal training. I could feel my amber eyes gleaming with determination

as I prepared to address the court.

The opposing counsel shuffled through their papers nervously. They had no idea what was coming.

"Your Honor," I began, my voice clear and compelling as it carried across the courtroom. "The evidence will

show that the defendant willfully violated the terms of their contract with Rivers Pack Holdings."

My arguments flowed with seamless logic, each point building upon the last like a carefully constructed

fortress. I had spent weeks preparing for this moment, and every detail was perfectly in place.

The opposing lawyer attempted to interrupt, but I smoothly guided him into the first trap I had set. His objection only served to highlight the weakness in his client's position.

"Objection, Your Honor. Counsel is leading the witness."

"Overruled," the judge responded. "The witness may answer."

I smiled slightly, knowing I had already won this exchange.

During the heated debates that followed, my adaptability shone through every challenge. When the opposing

lawyer raised difficult questions, I remained calm and composed.

“Ms. Winters, surely you can’t expect the court to believe-”

“I expect the court to examine the evidence,” I interrupted smoothly, my voice cutting through his bluster. “Which clearly shows my client fulfilled every obligation under the contract.”

I swiftly identified weaknesses in his arguments and responded with sharp retorts that left him scrambling. My ability to control the pace and tone of the trial captivated everyone in the courtroom.

The judge leaned forward, clearly impressed by my presentation. Even the court reporter seemed **to** pause **in** her typing to listen more intently.

In this war of words, I emerged victorious. The opposing counsel’s final argument fell **flat**, and I could see defeat written **across** his face.

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The plaintiff has presented a compelling case, **the** judge announced. **I will** render my decision within the

week.

But we all knew the outcome was already decided

After the trial concluded, Connor, Adrian, and I walked side-by-side through the courthouse corridors. The marble floors echoed with our footsteps as we made our way toward the exit.

The afternoon sunlight streamed through the tall windows, casting long shadows across the polished stone.

I felt the satisfaction of a battle well-fought coursing through my veins.

Outside in the courthouse parking grounds, I turned to Connor with professional courtesy. “Alpha Connor, the

verdict should **be** available in a few days.”

Connor’s voice remained calm **as** he expressed his confidence. “I have no doubt we’ll receive a favorable ruling. Your performance in there was exceptional, Liv.”

His admiration was evident in the way his ice-blue eyes lingered on my face. The mate bond hummed softly between us, carrying his pride and affection.

“Thank you for your confidence in my abilities,” I replied with a playful smile. “Though I must say, you make **an**

excellent client.”

Adrian stepped closer, his gold-rimmed glasses catching the sunlight. “Olivia, your legal skills are truly impressive. I’ve never seen such masterful courtroom strategy.”

My response to Adrian was noticeably cooler than my exchange with Connor.

“Thank **you**, Adrian. Experience teaches many lessons.”

Adrian’s sharp eyes caught the distance in my tone immediately. His expression shifted slightly, though he tried to maintain his professional demeanor.

“Olivia, would you like to have lunch together?” Adrian asked, his voice hopeful despite my obvious

reluctance.

Connor quickly interjected before I could respond. “Actually, I need to consult with Olivia about several aspects of the case. Client privilege, you understand.”

Adrian’s eyebrows rose skeptically. “Is further discussion really necessary? The trial has concluded successfully.”

“As the client, I have every right to consult with my attorney,” Connor retorted, his Alpha authority creeping into his voice. “I don’t see how that concerns you.”

Adrian’s lips curved into a mocking smile. “How convenient. Using legal consultation as cover for a date, Alpha Connor?”

“So what if I am?” Connor responded dismissively, not bothering to deny the accusation.

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I could see the tension building between them like storm clouds gathering. Their werewolf instincts were beginning to surface, and I needed to intervene before things escalated.

“Gentlemen, please,” I said firmly, stepping between them. “We’re standing outside a courthouse. Let’s maintain some dignity.”

As we reached the parking area, I turned to Adrian with an apologetic expression. “I’m sorry, Adrian, but I do have obligations to my client. You understand.”

Adrian’s forced smile didn’t reach his eyes. “Of course. Professional duty comes first. I’ll head back to my

office then.”

Connor watched Adrian’s departure with undisguised smugness, his satisfaction practically radiating from

his tall frame.

After Adrian disappeared from view, I turned to Connor with feigned annoyance. “Why do you two always

argue when you’re in the same space?”

Connor’s expression was entirely unrepentant. “He started it. I was simply defending my right to spend time with my attorney.”

I raised an eyebrow skeptically. “Do you actually have questions about the case, or was that just an excuse?”

Connor’s smile was answer enough, but he confirmed it anyway. “I just wanted to have lunch with you, Livvy.”

I headed toward my Glacier White McLaren P1 Hypercar, the stunning vehicle that Connor had gifted me. The sight of it still made my heart skip a beat every time. The rightful source is find-novel-net

Frank Langley sat in the driver's seat, and I watched Connor's smile fade instantly. The car only had two seats, leaving Connor without a ride.

"Sorry, Alpha Connor," I said with a mischievous grin. "There's no seat for you. I'll see you later."

Before I could reach for the door handle, Connor moved swiftly to block my path. "I'll drive. Today, I'll be your personal driver and bodyguard."

I raised my eyebrows in mock surprise. "Oh? What are your rates, Alpha Connor?"

"Free of charge," he replied smoothly.

"As they say, free things are often the most expensive," I teased. "I'm not sure I can afford such luxury."

Connor leaned closer, creating an intimate distance between us. His ice-blue eyes sparkled with mischief. "Then what price did you have in mind?"

I pretended to consider seriously. "Five cents. That's my final offer."

"Deal," Connor agreed immediately, his eyes full of laughter.

He walked around to the driver's side and tossed his keys to Frank. "Take my Connor's Obsidian **Black** Bentley

with Custom Plates back to the office."

Frank looked to me for confirmation, and I nodded my approval. Only then did he exit the McLaren and accept Connor's keys.

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Connor settled **into** the driver's seat **with obvious** satisfaction. "**What** would **you** like to **eat**?"

I fastened my seatbelt, enjoying this playful side of him. "Anything is fine with **me**."

The Glacier White McLaren purred to life under Connor's skilled handling. Within minutes, we pulled up in front of Moonlight Pinnacle Fine Dining, one of the city's most exclusive restaurants.

Upon entering the restaurant, soft lighting and exquisite decorations created an elegant **atmosphere**. **The** air was filled with a faint, luxurious fragrance that spoke of quality and refinement.

This was a restaurant I had visited several times before. Their ingredients were air-freighted from **abroad**, their chef trained in France, and every dish was a masterpiece for both eyes and palate.

I ordered two of my favorite dishes without hesitation. The first was bluefin tuna paired with black truffle **and** a hint of moonberry wine reduction. The fish melted in your mouth with an exquisite flavor that was

absolutely divine.

The second was a seven-point cooked pan-fried venison steak with wild mushroom sauce. This dish featured top-grade venison that was tender and juicy, paired with wild mushroom sauce carefully simmered using traditional French techniques.

Every bite was an extreme temptation for the taste buds.

Although I had simply said “anything is fine,” Connor had chosen this restaurant knowing exactly what I loved. The gesture touched me more than I cared to admit.

The atmosphere in the restaurant was romantic, with gentle piano music flowing through the air like silk.

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Chapter 223: The Alpha's Pursuit

(Olivia's POV)

The soft piano music continued to flow through Moonlight Pinnacle Fine Dining as Connor and I settled **into** our meal. The romantic atmosphere was undeniable, with candlelight flickering across the pristine white tablecloth.

Despite the intimate setting, I found myself thinking about work. After all, Connor had used discussing cases as his excuse for this dinner invitation.

"Connor," I began, cutting into my perfectly prepared venison steak. "Since we're here *to* discuss business, I should mention the other cases Rivers Pack Holdings has entrusted to me."

Connor paused mid-bite, his ice-blue eyes sparkling with amusement. "Are you really going to talk about work in such a romantic setting, Livvy?"

I lowered my eyes, maintaining my composure. "You were the one who suggested we discuss the cases."

Connor raised his eyebrows, a smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "Fair point. I suppose it's better than sitting in silence."

I straightened in my chair, adopting my professional demeanor. "There are three more contract disputes

pending trial, and two intellectual property cases that require extensive research."

My expression grew focused as I outlined each case's complexities. The familiar rhythm of legal analysis

helped me feel more comfortable in this charged atmosphere.

Connor leaned back in his chair, his gaze never leaving my face. He listened with complete attention, as if

this dinner truly was solely for discussing work.

"The intellectual property cases are particularly challenging," I continued. "The defendants are claiming prior art that predates our clients' patents by several months."

"What's your strategy for countering their claims?" Connor asked, his voice genuinely interested.

I was surprised by his engagement. “I assumed you wouldn’t be interested in these details. They’re relatively minor matters, hardly worth an Alpha CEO’s attention.”

Connor’s expression turned serious, his playful demeanor shifting to something deeper. “Olivia, I’m listening intently because this is your work. Your passion. Something you care about.”

His words carried unexpected weight/ “I respect and support your career completely. Every case matters

because it matters to you.”

The sincerity in his voice touched something deep within me. The mate bond hummed softly, carrying his

genuine admiration and respect.

“Thank you,” I said quietly, feeling warmth spread through my chest. “That means more than you **know**.”

We continued discussing the legal intricacies throughout dinner. Connor asked thoughtful **questions and** offered insights from a business perspective that I hadn’t considered.

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By the time we finished our meal, the sun had begun to set outside the restaurant’s tall windows. **The golden light** cast long shadows across our table.

“I need to return to Moonstone Legal Partners,” I said, checking my watch. “There are briefs to review **before** tomorrow’s depositions.”

Connor nodded understandingly. “And I have pack affairs waiting at Rivers Pack Holdings. The quarterly territory reports won’t review themselves.”

We walked to the parking area together, the evening air cool against my skin. Connor opened the passenger. door of my Glacier White McLaren P1 Hypercar with practiced courtesy. Read full story at

“Thank you for dinner,” I said as he prepared to get into the driver’s seat. “And *for* listening *to* my work concerns.”

“Always, Livvy,” he replied, his voice soft. “Your success is important to me.”

The drive to my law firm was comfortable, filled with easy conversation about upcoming cases and pack business. When we arrived at the sleek glass building housing Moonstone Legal Partners, Connor walked me to the entrance.

“I’ll see you soon,” he said, his hand briefly touching mine.

“Drive safely,” I replied, watching as he returned to the McLaren and drove away into the evening traffic.

Three weeks later, in early July, I found myself preparing for another business trip. This time, my destination was Mistfall County in Cloudmere, a remote but scenic territory known for its thriving tourism industry.

The case was straightforward enough that I had originally planned to stay only one night. Arrive in the evening, attend the court session the next afternoon, then return to Harbor City.

However, Mistfall County’s reputation for beautiful scenery came with a price. Hotels were expensive and notoriously difficult to book during peak tourism season.

Fortunately, my connections in the legal community had secured me a twin room at Crescent Moon Grand Hotel Mistfall, the finest accommodation the small county offered.

Given the remote location and my status as a prominent lawyer, I had also arranged for Awen, a trusted pack member, to accompany me as a bodyguard. Safety was always a priority when traveling to unfamiliar

territories.

The flight to Cloudmere was smooth, and the drive to Mistfall County revealed why the area attracted so many tourists. Rolling hills covered in lush forests stretched as far as the eye could see, with crystal-clear streams winding through valleys dotted with wildflowers.

The court session was scheduled for 3:00 PM the following day at Mistfall County Tribunal. The case involved a contract dispute between a local tourism company and one of Rivers Pack Holdings’ subsidiary

businesses.

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The trial proved more complex than anticipated. What should have been a straightforward contract interpretation became a heated debate over territorial jurisdiction and pack law precedents.

By the time the judge called for recess at 6:30 PM, I was mentally exhausted but satisfied with my performance. The opposing counsel had been unprepared for my thorough research into local pack customs and territorial regulations.

As I exited the courthouse, the setting sun painted the sky in brilliant shades of orange and pink. The mountain air was crisp and refreshing after hours in the stuffy courtroom.

That's when I spotted Connor's Connor's Obsidian Black Bentley with Custom Plates parked across the street. He stood beside the luxury vehicle, dressed casually in a simple black shirt and dark pants that somehow made him look even more striking against the sunset backdrop.

I started walking toward him, but paused when I noticed a woman approaching Connor from the opposite direction. She was an omega werewolf with an obviously provocative style, wearing a bright sundress that left little to the imagination.

From my position a few steps away, I could overhear their conversation clearly.

"Excuse me," the woman said in a sultry voice, positioning herself directly in Connor's path. "I couldn't help but notice you. Are you looking for someone to show you around town?"

Connor was on his phone, conducting what sounded like pack business. He waved her off dismissively without even looking at her properly.

Undeterred, the woman persisted. "I'd be happy to be your free tour guide. We could get to know each other better."

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Connor finished his call and finally turned his attention to the persistent omega. His expression was cold and uninterested.

"Your face is too gorgeous," she continued boldly. "I've never seen such a perfect Alpha in reality. Are you local?"

“No,” Connor replied curtly. “I’m here to pick up my mate.”

The woman’s confidence faltered slightly. “Where is your mate?”

Connor turned around, his ice-blue eyes scanning the area until they found me standing a few steps behind him. His entire demeanor transformed instantly, the cold mask melting away to reveal warmth and affection.

“Livvy,” he called out, his voice soft with genuine pleasure.

He approached me with quick strides, leaving the confused omega behind. “What are you doing here?” I asked, though my heart was already racing with happiness at seeing him.

“I wasn’t particularly busy recently and wanted to accompany you,” Connor explained, his eyes never **leaving** my face. “I learned from your law firm that you were on a business trip.”

He gestured toward the scenic mountains surrounding us. “Since it’s peak tourism season and **the scenery is** supposed to be spectacular, I thought I’d come stay with you for a few days.”

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I considered his words carefully. Connor had traveled a considerable distance just to be with me and thoughtfulness of his gesture wasn’t lost on me.

**The** natural beauty of this territory was indeed healing for werewolves who spent too much time in sterile **pack** environments. The clean mountain air and pristine forests called to something primal within me

I looked up at Connor, seeing the hope in his expression. “Okay, then let’s stay for a few days before going

back.”

Connor’s smile was radiant. “Where is your hotel? I’ll take you there.\*

“Crescent Moon Grand Hotel Mistfall,” I replied.

“I’m staying there too,” Connor said, his satisfaction evident. “Let’s go back together.

“Mm,” I responded, not surprised by his choice. It was the best hotel in the county and certainly befitting an Alpha of his status.

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### Chapter 224: Moonlit Reflections—1

#### Chapter 224: Moonlit Reflections

(Olivia's POV)

**The** next morning, I woke up early at Crescent Moon Grand Hotel Mistfall, feeling refreshed after **a good**

night's sleep. The mountain air had worked its magic, and I felt more relaxed than I had in weeks.

After a hearty breakfast in the hotel's elegant dining room, I prepared for our planned excursion to Moonlit

Lake in the suburbs. The anticipation of seeing the famous scenic spot had me excited.

In the hotel parking lot, Connor turned to Awen, who stood expressionlessly beside him. "You can go **back**.

I'm here, nothing will happen."

Awen's face remained indifferent as stone. "I only listen to the boss."

Connor fell silent, clearly frustrated. I could see the disappointment in his ice-blue eyes as he realized his

romantic plans were being thwarted.

He had finally gotten the chance to enjoy a world of two with me on this trip, but someone was rushing to be

a third wheel.

Seeing Connor's reaction, I thought about Awen's situation. She had been following me to protect me, and her

work was actually very boring and tiring.

She had no rest all year round, so she should take a good rest this time. Besides, if something happened in

the wild, it would be better to have more people to take care of us.

As for Connor, I knew exactly what he was thinking. It was nothing more than wanting to be alone with me

and spend time together.

That was easy to handle. When we arrived, we could let Awen stay away.

"It's fine," I said to Connor with a reassuring smile. "Awen can come with us."

Since I agreed, Awen followed us without another word.

The means of transportation wasn't something we needed to worry about. Connor made a quick phone call,

and within minutes, someone drove over to pick us up.

The sturdy off-road vehicle left the city and drove for about twenty minutes through winding mountain roads

to reach Moonlit Lake.

It was said that there should be many tourists taking photos and checking in by the lake at this time of day.

Perhaps because Connor was here, someone had made arrangements in advance.

The lake was very quiet when we arrived, and there was no one else there.

The car stopped near the shoreline, and the driver stayed in the vehicle. Awen, Connor, and I got out For more chapters visit

**car.**

The scenery in front of us took my breath away. I couldn't help but exclaim at the sight.

The sky was as blue as if it had been washed, clean and clear without a trace of impurities. The white **clouds** were leisurely, as if they were the most casual brushstrokes of nature, gently embellishing this vast blue

Chapter **224** Moonlit Reflections—1

**canvas.**

**The lake** water **reflected the** blue of the sky, sparkling in the sunlight, **bright and** crystal **clear. It was** like **angels** scattering diamonds to the world, as beautiful as a dream.

**The** azure lake was like a gemstone inlaid on the green prairie, quiet and mysterious, making me feel **relaxed**

**and** happy.

Wildflowers were blooming by the lake – yellow, purple, and white. Small wildflowers whose names I couldn't identify were blooming in competition, their fragrant scent attracting butterflies to dance and bees **to** work

busily gathering honey.

It was a scene full of vitality and natural beauty.

Connor came prepared. He took out a professional SLR camera and began taking pictures **of the** amazing fairyland-like scenery.

After capturing several landscape photos, Connor raised his head from behind the camera. "Livvy, **stand** over there and I'll take a picture of you."

Today, I was wearing a light blue and pure white plaid dress with a big white bow on the chest. Delicate **white**

daisies were embroidered on the skirt.

I had only brought formal wear for this business trip and no casual clothes. This dress was bought by

Connor with me at a shopping mall in the city last night.

It was a very youthful and beautiful color, which was perfect for this stunning natural scenery.

I walked to the spot Connor indicated and stood by the lake's edge. The wind caught the corners of my skirt, making the fabric flutter like butterflies about to take flight.

I struck a few poses while Connor patiently took pictures of me. Even without makeup, I felt beautiful in this

natural setting.

Connor changed several angles to capture different shots – far and near, proving that he took many pictures from the side, front, and back. He had clearly played with photography before, and he was very professional

in his technique.

Every photo he took came out beautifully.

After the individual shots, Connor called Awen over. “Can you take a group photo for us?”

We hadn’t taken a group photo for a long time. Connor carefully explained how to use the camera to Awen,

then walked over and stood next to me.

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