

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 301

Chapter 224: Moonlit Reflections—2

The last time we had taken a group photo seemed to be when we were traveling in Lin'an **Ancient Town**. At

that time, we were still a couple in love, and our posture had been intimate when taking pictures.

Unlike now. We hadn't made up yet, and Connor hadn't made any overly intimate gestures.

When taking the picture, he only looked sideways at me, with a gentle and affectionate look **in** his eyes. I **was**

looking at the camera, but he was looking at me.

I could feel the weight of his gaze, warm and tender.

After taking the photo, Connor made a subtle gesture to Awen. Understanding his hint, she *took* the initiative

to move away from us, giving us privacy.

Connor and I began strolling side by side through this picturesque scenery. Occasionally, there was the

distant sound of cattle and sheep, and birds flew across the sky.

The breeze brought the fragrance of flowers, and everything was so beautiful and peaceful.

As we walked, the distance between us became closer unconsciously. A subtle and sweet atmosphere filled

the air around us.

The mate bond hummed softly, responding to our proximity and the romantic setting.

Suddenly, I stumbled over a small stone hidden in the grass and staggered forward. Connor's reflexes were

lightning—fast as he reached out and pulled me back.

I was pulled directly into his strong arms. The unique masculine aura and his cold woody fragrance instantly

surrounded me.

We were very close now. Connor leaned over and lowered his head, his nose almost touching mine, and our

breaths intertwined.

Time seemed to freeze at this moment. Our eyes met and held.

My heart began beating faster – thump thump – and the surrounding sounds seemed to disappear. The world

was filled only with the sound of my heartbeat, growing faster and faster.

Affected by the intimate atmosphere, Connor's eyes became deeper and more intense. He leaned forward

slowly, his movements deliberate and careful.

Both our breaths gradually became rapid. I stared at his increasingly close features – his strong eyebrows, his ice-blue eyes, his perfectly sculpted face. The source of this content is find·novel·net

I didn't move away. Instead, I closed my eyes, giving him the signal he was waiting for.

I agreed to let him kiss me.

Connor's heart skipped a beat, and I could sense his nervousness through our bond. He held his breath as his

thin lips gently touched mine.

The touch was like touching the softest cloud in the world. Everything happened naturally, as if we had never been apart.

When we had broken up before, it was when we loved each other the most. During **that** painful time, **both of**

Chapter 224 Moonid Reflections 2

us had suffered tremendously.

But we had always loved each other. Even though so many things had happened, we had never changed our

minds.

Connor hadn't, and I hadn't either. I had just buried that love deep in my heart due to the various pressures **of**

reality.

But no matter how much time had passed, my love for Connor had not diminished in the slightest. **I longed**

for his closeness.

I couldn't reject his touch, his warmth, his love.

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- Whisper 302

Whisper 302

Chapter 225: The Luna's Awakening

Chapter 225: The Luna's Awakening

(Olivia's POV)

On the grassland by Moonlit Lake, Connor and I kissed for what felt like an eternity. The world around **us** disappeared completely.

We hadn't been this intimate in so long. In our daily interactions, we were both trying our best *to* restrain **and**

suppress our feelings as potential mates.

It had been too long since we had been this close. The long days of restraint had made our longing and desire even deeper.

Once we broke free, we couldn't stop. My hands found their way to his chest, feeling the steady rhythm of his heartbeat beneath my palms.

Connor's arms tightened around me, pulling me closer until there was no space left between us. His lips moved against mine with desperate hunger.

When we finally parted, my lips were swollen and tender. Our breathing was rapid and heavy, filling the quiet

air around us.

Connor's ice-blue eyes were dark with emotion as he gazed down at me. "Livvy," he whispered, his voice

rough.

I couldn't speak. My heart was pounding so hard I was sure he could hear it.

For the rest of the day, I was in a daze, feeling unreal. We had been separated for half a year, and so many

things had happened.

I had been suppressing my feelings, but now I didn't want to restrain myself anymore. The door in my heart

opened wide.

The suppressed emotions poured out like a flood, unstoppable and overwhelming. Embraces, kisses, gentle evening breezes, warm touches, racing heartbeats—everything was unforgettable.

My wolf, Cora, was practically purring with contentment at finally being close to Connor's wolf again. She had

missed Adam terribly.

The mate bond between us hummed with renewed energy, stronger than it had been in months. Every touch sent sparks through my entire being.

(Connor's POV)

That night, back at Crescent Moon Grand Hotel Mistfall, Olivia was still in a daze. We sat together in the

hotel gardens under the moonlight.

The silver light cast everything in an ethereal glow. I gently held Olivia against my chest, feeling her warmth seep into me.

My voice was low and husky when I finally spoke. "Livvy, let's get back together, okay?"

The words hung in the air between us. My heart pounded like a war drum as I waited for her response.

1/3

Chapter **225**, The **Luna's** Awakening

Olivia leaned deeper into my arms, her body relaxing **completely against mine. She gently** hummed in **agreement, the sound barely** audible.

My heart, which **had** been pounding frantically, finally began to calm. Relief flooded **through** me like a tidal

wave.

My wolf, Adam, howled with joy in my mind at our Luna's acceptance. He had been restless and incomplete without her.

I had a smile on my lips as I opened my palm, revealing a piece of Moonberry Peach Candy. The **wrapper** crinkled softly in the night air.

Olivia looked at the candy in my palm with curiosity. "What's this?"

"The hotel manager's daughter gave it to me in the lobby," I explained. "I wanted to give it to you to eat. Olivia took the candy and examined it carefully. "Peach flavor, my favorite."

She unwrapped the candy slowly and put it in her mouth. The sweet scent filled the air between us.

"Sweet?" I suddenly asked, watching her expression change as the flavor hit her tongue.

Olivia answered with the candy in her mouth, her words slightly muffled. "Yes, very sweet."

My voice was low and magnetic, even more sexy and alluring in the night. "Really? As sweet as **you**?"

I leaned closer and lifted Olivia's chin with gentle fingers. My dark eyes focused only on her beautiful **face**.

The Alpha's possessive gaze made her heart race. I could hear the change in her breathing, smell the sweet scent of her arousal.

Olivia nodded slightly, her amber eyes wide and trusting. The moonlight caught the golden flecks in her irises.

I kissed her then, savoring the sweetness of the candy and her unique flavor. She tasted like peaches and moonlight and everything I had ever wanted.

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After the kiss, I said contentedly, "Yes, it is indeed very sweet, but you are sweeter than candy."

The mate bond between us hummed with renewed energy, stronger than it had been in months. Adam was practically singing with happiness.

(Olivia's POV)

That night, after taking a bath, I lay in bed, unable to sleep because of my excitement. The events of the day replayed in my mind like a slideshow. New **NOVEL** chapters are published on Find_Novel(.)net

It was all so dreamlike. Connor's kisses, his gentle touches, the way he looked at me like I was his entire

world.

However, I also remembered that my father Richard was firmly opposed to my being with Connor. **The** thought hit me like a bucket of cold water.

Thinking of this, the joy in my heart dissipated, and my mood turned heavy. My father's stern **face flashed in**

my memory.

I couldn't let my father know about our reconciliation for the time being. The secret would have **to** remain

between Connor and me.

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(Connor's POV)

I felt as if my whole being was soaked in honey. Every cell in my body was **singing with happiness** and

contentment

After showering, I couldn't help but give Olivia a video call on my phone. I needed to see **her face**, to confirm

this wasn't all a dream.

During the video call, we expressed our love for each other. Our faces glowed with the happiness of reunited

mates.

"I love you, Livvy." I said softly into the phone. "I never stopped loving you."

I love you too, Connor, she replied, her amber eyes bright with tears of joy. "I missed you so much."

We talked for hours, making up for lost time. Every word felt precious and necessary.

"Okay, then, I'll go to sleep. Good night, Livvy," I said gently, though I didn't want to end the call.

"Good night," she whispered back, her voice soft and loving.

For the next three days, Olivia and I enjoyed the famous natural scenery of Cloudmere. We climbed snow-capped mountains together.

We embraced in the sunset on peaks more than 4,000 meters above sea level. Our werewolf stamina allowed us to reach heights that would challenge ordinary humans.

(Olivia's POV)

Together, we rode horses, galloping freely on the vast grasslands. Our enhanced werewolf senses made us exceptional riders.

We chased and ran in the July flower sea, shouting loudly. Our wolves reveled in the freedom of the open

spaces.

We kissed passionately under the bright moonlight. The full moon's energy strengthened our bond, making every touch electric.

We held hands and danced around a bonfire in the village, wearing ethnic costumes. The local pack members welcomed us warmly.

These few days of traveling with Connor in Cloudmere were the most unrestrained and happiest days I had had in a long time.

Every moment felt magical and perfect. I never wanted it to end.

Back in Riverdale, I threw myself back into work at Moonlaw Legal Services. The familiar routine helped ground me after our romantic getaway.

Connor went to see me at the law firm even more frequently. His protective Alpha instincts made him want **to** be near his Luna as much as possible.

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Whisper 303

Chapter 226: Inexplicable

Chapter 226: Inexplicable

(Connor's POV)

I was walking toward the entrance of Moonstone Legal Partners when a familiar voice called out behind me.

“Connor, what a coincidence, you’re here to see Olivia too. Is it about your pack’s legal cases?”

I turned to see Miranda Blackwood approaching with her usual confident stride. Her designer heels clicked against the marble floor as she caught up to me.

Miranda’s question carried a subtle implication that she knew Olivia well enough to assume I was here on business. It also suggested she had her own reasons for visiting the law firm.

I knew Miranda and Olivia had developed a friendship after Olivia successfully saved Miranda's business from a hostile takeover. Miranda genuinely admired Olivia's legal skills and respected her character.

But I also knew Miranda's feelings for me hadn't changed. Despite our clear boundaries, she still harbored

romantic interest in me.

Her perfectly styled blonde hair caught the afternoon sunlight streaming through the building's glass facade.

She wore an expensive navy suit that emphasized her status as one of Harbor City's most successful

businesswomen.

I halted and responded directly. "Not for pack business, just came because I wanted to see her."

My straightforward answer seemed to surprise Miranda. Her composed facade flickered for just a moment

before she quickly recovered.

"Oh," she said, her smile becoming slightly strained. "Well, shall we go upstairs together then?"

I nodded curtly, not wanting to make the situation more awkward than necessary.

(Olivia's POV) Follow current novels on

I was standing at Emma Thompson's desk in the assistant wing, delegating several urgent legal tasks that needed completion before the weekend.

"Emma, please review the Morrison contract amendments and prepare the revised drafts," I instructed,

handing her a thick folder. "The client needs them by Monday morning."

Emma nodded eagerly, her pen poised to take notes. "Of course, Ms. Winters. Anything else?"

Through the glass doors, I noticed Connor and Miranda approaching together. My eyebrows raised slightly in

surprise.

Why were the Alpha and the prominent businesswoman arriving at my law firm together?

The colleagues around us began to murmur among themselves. I caught fragments of their whispered

conversations.

“Look how striking they look together...”

“Two of Harbor City’s most powerful figures...”

Chapter 226

explicable

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“They make such an impressive pair...”

Their gossip irritated me, but I maintained my professional composure.

Miranda approached with her trademark smile. “Olivia, I simply encountered Connor downstairs in the lobby. What a pleasant coincidence.”

She seemed eager to prevent any misunderstandings about them arriving together.

Connor interjected immediately. “I didn’t come with her, I just ran into her downstairs.”

His clarification was firm and direct, leaving no room for interpretation.

“Mmm,” I responded calmly, showing indifference to their explanation.

I continued assigning work to Emma, focusing on the legal briefs that needed attention. Miranda waited patiently beside us.

“I’ll wait in your private office if that’s alright,” Miranda offered. “We can catch up once you’re finished here.”

“That’s fine,” I agreed.

Connor stepped forward. “I’ll wait in the conference room.”

I could tell he wanted to avoid being alone with Miranda. Smart choice.

Emma leaned closer to me as Connor and Miranda headed to their respective waiting areas.

“Ms. Winters,” she whispered, “have you and Mr. Rivers reconciled as mates?”

I looked at her curiously. “Why do you think that?”

Emma’s eyes sparkled with knowing intuition. “It’s a female werewolf’s instinct about mate bonds. The energy between you two is different now.”

I playfully tapped Emma’s head with my pen. “Focus on your work instead of gossiping about my personal life.”

Emma giggled but returned to her tasks. I gathered my files and headed to my office to meet with Miranda.

The rich aroma of premium coffee filled my office as I entered. Miranda had already started brewing coffee using her personal machine and favorite beans.

She looked up from the elegant coffee maker with a warm smile. “I brought my special blend from the Blue Mountains. Would you like a cup?”

I shook my head politely. “Thank you, but I prefer my collection of healing teas.”

Miranda shrugged gracefully as she poured herself a steaming cup. “Your loss. I made this with such care.”

I settled into my chair behind the desk. “What’s the real reason for your visit today, Miranda?”

Miranda took a delicate sip of her coffee before answering. “I came to see you because I missed you.”

Her tone mimicked Connor’s words from earlier, making me cringe slightly.

“Please don’t use that overly familiar tone with me,” I said with feigned disgust.

Miranda laughed, then her expression became more serious. “Have you and Connor reconciled as intended

mates?”

2/3

Chapter 226 Inexplicable

I nodded. "Yes, we have."

+ Points >

Miranda's shoulders sagged slightly with resignation. "I thought so. I can sense the change in both of *you*."

She set down her coffee cup with a soft clink. "You know, I've always been the one pursuing him. In my relationship with him, I'm like a lone wolf, always chasing after him."

Her voice carried genuine frustration and longing.

"But you are different," she continued, her eyes meeting mine. "In your relationship with him, you hold the position of Luna, and he takes the initiative to seek you out every time."

N could hear the envy in her voice, mixed with acceptance of reality.

I decided to refocus our conversation. "Is there another reason you came to the law firm today?"

Miranda's demeanor brightened as she remembered her original purpose. "Actually, yes. Are you free next Saturday?"

"What's happening next Saturday?" I asked.

"It's my birthday party on my luxury yacht, the Moonlit Voyager," Miranda explained excitedly. "I'm hosting an elegant celebration on the harbor."

I considered my schedule quickly. "I should be free. I'd be happy to attend."

Miranda's smile became hesitant, and she fidgeted with her coffee cup. "There's actually something else I wanted to ask you."

I waited patiently for her to continue.

"We're friends now, so I'll be honest with you," Miranda said, her voice becoming more vulnerable. "I also want to invite Connor to my birthday party."

She paused, gathering courage for her request.

"After all, there's only one birthday once a year, and he has never come to my birthday party before. Can I please ask you to bring him with you? Just to fulfill one of my birthday wishes."

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Whisper 304

Chapter 227: They Are So Affectionate

Chapter 227: They Are So Affectionate

(Olivia's POV)

“Olivia, I find what you just said quite amusing.”

Hearing these words, I felt the situation was rather ridiculous. I said speechlessly: “I said, Miss Miranda, you really don’t treat me like an outsider. I am Connor’s mate, and you’re asking me to bring my mate to his pursuer’s birthday party?”

It wasn’t anger, but rather incredulity at the audacity of the request. The whole situation *seemed* absurd beyond belief.

Miranda raised her hand, making a gesture as if swearing to the moon goddess: “Don’t worry, I just want to make up for the regrets of many years. You just need to bring him – you can show your mate bond publicly, I’m fine with it. I just want him to come to my birthday party once, that’s all.”

She was appealing to me, promising that she wouldn’t do anything inappropriate toward Connor during the celebration. Her blue eyes held genuine desperation.

“Please, Olivia, you’re the best – promise me this.” Miranda even gently shook my arm, acting almost like a pleading pup: “I really have no malicious intent, just this once, okay?”

I frowned, my amber eyes reflecting my internal conflict as I pondered the unusual request. This was definitely not a normal situation between friends.

After a long moment, I sighed: “Alright.”

Miranda’s face lit up with genuine joy: “Thank you, Olivia! I’ll treat you to lunch at noon to celebrate.”

At the upscale Moonlight Bistro, inside an elegantly appointed private dining chamber, Miranda, Connor, and I sat around the moonstone-inlaid glass dining table. Miranda handed the menu to me, letting me choose from

the selection of contemporary cuisine.

I ordered several dishes I enjoyed, including fresh prawns prepared in the traditional werewolf style. I had always loved eating prawns since I was young – in my childhood at the Winters estate, there were always pack members to shell them for me, but now there were only the three of us.

After the dishes arrived, I picked up a prawn and placed it on my plate, wiping my hands to prepare to shell it myself. Suddenly, Connor’s chopsticks reached over and took the prawn from my plate.

I looked up to see that Connor had already begun shelling the prawn with practiced ease. His movements were natural and fluid, his strong fingers working with surprising delicacy as he carefully removed the shell.

I was momentarily stunned and instinctively glanced at Miranda, whose wolf was likely bristling with jealousy.

Miranda watched with growing discomfort, her expression becoming strained. The perfectly shelled prawn was presented to me as Connor dipped it in sauce and placed it in my bowl.

I murmured a quiet “Thank you” and ate the prawn with obvious appreciation. Before I could finish the first one, Connor had already begun preparing a second.

1/3

Chapter 227 They Are So Affectionate

Miranda's forced smile became increasingly difficult to maintain: "Connor, I had no idea you knew how to shell prawns for others."

The heir to the Rivers pack, even during meals, had always been served by pack members. When had he ever done such intimate food preparation himself?

Yet his skilled movements clearly indicated this was far from his first time performing such tender gestures

Connor kept his eyes focused on his task, his voice steady as he continued shelling: "Of course I have to take care of my mate. I can't always expect her to do everything herself."

His words carried the weight of absolute devotion that made Miranda's chest tighten with pain. She remained silent, taking a large bite of vegetables to prevent herself from saying something she might regret.

Compared to Connor's confident declarations, I seemed somewhat embarrassed and shy by the public display of our mate bond. Soon, the shelled prawns formed a small mountain in my bowl.

Seeing that he had prepared enough, Connor picked up a hot towel and methodically cleaned his hands: "Is

that sufficient?"

"Yes," I replied softly, focusing on eating the prawns he had so carefully prepared.

Connor then selected a piece of fish, meticulously removing every small bone before placing the clean meat in my bowl. I could feel Miranda's cool gaze boring into me with barely concealed resentment from across the

table.

Noticing Miranda's stare, Connor said matter-of-factly: "Olivia loves fish, but she's often troubled by the small bones, so I make sure to clean them thoroughly for her."

Miranda remained speechless, her jaw clenched in frustration.

I awkwardly pressed my lips together. I truly hadn't intended to flaunt our mate bond in front of Miranda.

But even someone without werewolf senses could tell that Connor was being deliberately demonstrative. It was still Miranda who paid for this meal, and afterward, wouldn't Miranda want to throttle me in retaliation?

My moral compass was too refined – I ate this meal with a distinctly uncomfortable feeling, as if sitting on silver spikes. The fact that I considered Miranda a friend only made the situation more awkward.

After the meal, Connor escorted me back to Moonstone Legal Partners while Miranda departed separately. Arriving at the law firm's entrance, Connor gently lowered his head and placed a tender kiss on my forehead: "Livvy, I won't come up – I still have pack business to handle at Rivers Holdings."

I asked quietly: "Were you doing that intentionally just now?"

"Doing what?"

"Showing off our mate bond in front of Miranda – shelling prawns and deboning fish."

Connor replied honestly: "It wasn't intentional display even if she hadn't been there, I would still shell prawns and debone fish for you?"

I suddenly remembered that during our previous relationship, whenever we dined out and prawns were served, he had always prepared them for me. Deboning fish wasn't new behavior either.

I wanted to respond, but Connor continued: "However, I did want her to see clearly that you are the only one in

my heart and mind, and I hope she will finally give up her pursuit of me."

213

< Chapter 227 They Are So Affectionate

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I thought of Miranda's request from that morning and asked: "Do you know that next Saturday is Miranda's

birthday?"

Connor's blue eyes turned cold: "I don't know."

In truth, Miranda had invited him to her birthday celebrations every year, but he had never attended nor bothered to remember the date. So he genuinely was unaware.

Hearing his response, I didn't know how to broach the subject. Seeing my hesitant expression, Connor asked:

“What’s troubling you?”

I looked down at my feet: “She invited me to attend her birthday party.” Discover more novels at

“I see. Do you want to go?” Connor’s tone remained gentle: “You don’t have to attend if you’d prefer not to.”

“It’s not that I don’t want to go,” I said. “It’s just…”

“Just what?”

“She wants me to bring you with me.”

Connor asked: “What’s your preference?”

“I…” I paused, then admitted: “I already promised her.”

“Very well, then I’ll accompany you,” Connor replied without hesitation.

I raised my amber eyes to meet his: “Aren’t you angry?”

“What reason would I have to be angry?” Connor’s expression was filled with tenderness.

I bit my lip, almost afraid to meet his intense gaze: “I know how she feels about you, and I still promised to bring you to her birthday party. Don’t you feel like I don’t care about our mate bond?”

“Do you care about me?” Connor asked, his voice dropping to that low, magnetic tone that made my wolf

“Of course I care,” I responded immediately.

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“Then that’s sufficient,” Connor’s voice was soft and reassuring: “As long as you care about me, that’s all that

matters. I’ll go if you want me to, and I won’t go if you prefer I don’t.”

“Let’s still attend – I’ve already given her my word.”

“Agreed,” Connor said gently: “Then we’ll go, and let everyone see just how devoted we are to each other.”

I thought to myself: It's not exactly meant to be a public display of our mate bond.

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Whisper 305

Chapter 228 The Pack Alliance Gathering

Chapter 228: The Pack Alliance Gathering

Chapter 228: The Pack Alliance Gathering

(Olivia's POV)

The next afternoon, my phone buzzed with an incoming call. When I saw the caller ID displaying "Richard Winters," my heart skipped a beat.

My father had been strongly opposed to my relationship with Connor Rivers. The fact that *Connor* and I had reconciled and strengthened our mate bond remained our carefully guarded secret.

My hands trembled slightly as I stared at the screen. Would my father somehow discover that Connor and I had gotten back together? Was he calling to confront me about it?

My heart hammered against my ribs as I finally answered. "Hello, Father."

"Olivia," Richard's voice came through clearly, but it carried none of the stern disapproval I had been expecting. Instead, his tone was surprisingly cordial. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY find·novel·net

"I'm calling to invite you to a business gathering this evening at Moonrise Grand Restaurant. There will be several prominent pack leaders attending who could become valuable clients for your law practice."

Relief flooded through me like a cool breeze. He wasn't calling about Connor at all.

"That sounds wonderful, Father. I'd be honored to attend."

"Excellent. The gathering begins at seven o'clock. I'll introduce you to some of my business partners who might need legal services."

"Thank you for thinking of me. I'll be there."

After ending the call, I exhaled deeply. My wolf, Cora, had been tense throughout the conversation, but now

she settled peacefully in my mind.

That evening, I arrived at Moonrise Grand Restaurant wearing my Midnight Elegance Strapless Evening

Gown. The conservative black dress covered everything except my shoulders and arms, perfect for a formal

werewolf business gathering.

The restaurant's private dining hall buzzed with conversation as Harbor City's werewolf elite mingled over glasses of red wine and moonlight wine.

Richard approached me with his characteristic Alpha presence. Despite the grief that had turned his hair

completely white, he still commanded respect from every werewolf in the room.

"Olivia, come meet some potential clients."

He led me to a group of distinguished older werewolves. "Gentlemen, this is my daughter, Olivia Winters. She's established her own law practice specializing in supernatural legal matters."

The introductions went smoothly. Within an hour, I had secured three lucrative contracts for Moonstone Legal Partners. My business cards disappeared quickly into expensive suit pockets.

"You've done well tonight," Richard said approvingly. "Now, there's someone else **I'd like you to meet.**"

He guided me across the room toward a young man standing near the floor—to-ceiling windows. **The werewolf**

Chapter 228 The Pack Alliam Gathering

appeared to be around my age, with an athletic build and confident posture that marked him **as an Alpha**.

“Olivia, I’d like you to meet Tyler Davis.”

Recognition flashed through me immediately. This was the same Tyler who owned the upscale restaurant where I had dined with Rebecca and Lily just weeks ago.

Tyler’s face lit up with a charming smile. “Ms. Winters, restaurant.”

“Yes, I remember,” I replied politely.

at a pleasant surprise. We met briefly at my

Richard nodded with satisfaction. “Tyler is the second son of Alpha Davis. He recently returned from Alpine Territory where he completed his business education. He’s now serving as general manager of his family’s pack enterprises.”

The way my father spoke made his intentions crystal clear. This wasn’t just a business introduction – this was a potential mating arrangement.

My demeanor immediately turned cold. My amber eyes hardened as I looked between Tyler and my father. Richard seemed oblivious to my change in mood. “You two have already met, which makes things easier. I’ll leave you to discuss business matters while I speak with the other pack leaders.”

He walked away before I could protest, leaving Tyler and me alone by the windows.

Tyler must have sensed my discomfort because he quickly raised his hands in a peaceful gesture.

“Ms. Winters, please don’t look so alarmed. I understand your situation with Connor Rivers.”

My eyes widened in surprise. “You know about that?”

“It’s not exactly a secret among the younger generation of werewolf society,” Tyler said quietly. “Your mate bond is quite obvious to those who know what to look for.”

I remained silent, waiting for him to continue.

"I want you to know that I have no intention of interfering in your relationship or challenging your existing mate bond. My pack may have matchmaking intentions, but I respect the sacred nature of true mate bonds."

His sincerity caught me off guard. "Then why are you here talking to me?"

"Because I was hoping we could connect as business associates instead," Tyler explained. "My restaurant

needs legal counsel for various matters – contracts, licensing, employment issues. I'd like to hire your firm."

The tension in my shoulders began to ease. "That would be a professional arrangement I could consider."

We exchanged contact information through our pack communication devices. Tyler's business card was elegantly designed, reflecting his sophisticated taste.

"There's actually something else I wanted to ask you about," Tyler said, his confidence wavering slightly.

"What's that?"

"Rebecca Frost. Is she currently seeing anyone?"

The question caught me completely by surprise. "Rebecca? Why do you ask?"

Tyler's cheeks flushed slightly. "I've harbored feelings for her since our university days. Back then, she was

Chapter 228 The Pack Alliance gathering

too young for me to pursue appropriately. But now that she's mature and single....

"You want to court her?"

"According to proper werewolf customs, yes. I'd like to ask for your blessing as her close friend and **pack**

sister."

I studied Tyler's face carefully. As Rebecca's best friend, I needed to assess his character and intentions.

"Tell me about your past relationships," I said directly.

Tyler didn't seem offended by my bluntness. "I had one serious relationship during my time in Alpine Territory. It lasted two years, but we ultimately weren't compatible as mates."

I frowned. "If you had feelings for Rebecca, why did you pursue someone else?"

"That's a fair question," Tyler replied

"My feelings for Rebecca had faded over the years we were

apart. When I met Sarah in Alpine Territory, I genuinely believed we could build something lasting together."

"But it didn't work out?"

"No. We wanted different things from life. The breakup was amicable, and I learned a lot about myself in the

process."

Tyler's honesty impressed me, but I needed to be sure of his intentions.

"I want you to understand something," I said firmly. "I don't take mate bonds or courtship lightly. Neither does Rebecca. If you're not serious about this, don't waste her time."

"Understand completely," Tyler assured me. "I wouldn't approach her unless I was prepared for the possibility of a lifelong commitment. Werewolf romantic bonds are sacred."

I nodded slowly. "I appreciate your honesty and your respect for our customs."

"So you'll give me your blessing to court her?"

I maintained my neutral expression. "I can't control Rebecca's decisions about potential suitors. She's an independent she-wolf who makes her own choices about matters of the heart."

Tyler's face fell slightly, but he nodded in understanding.

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"However," I continued, "I won't stand in your way if you choose to pursue her honorably. Just remember – it will be up to Rebecca herself to accept or reject your courtship advances."

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Whisper 306

<Chapter 229 The Alpha's Matchmaking—1

Chapter 229: The Alpha's Matchmaking—1

Chapter 229: The Alpha's Matchmaking

(Third person's POV)

+ Points >

The pack gathering concluded, and on the drive back to Winters Family Estate, Richard Winters glanced at his daughter through the rearview mirror. The luxury sedan's interior was filled with comfortable silence until

he broke it with his hopeful inquiry.

"Olivia, how was your discussion with Young Alpha Davis?"

His tone carried the unmistakable hope of a father who believed he had orchestrated a promising

introduction. Richard's hands gripped the steering wheel with anticipation, waiting for positive developments

in what he clearly viewed as a potential mating alliance.

Olivia stared out the window at the passing streetlights, her reflection showing obvious disinterest. *She* had

expected this conversation the moment her father had introduced her to Tyler.

"We exchanged contact information for business purposes," she replied curtly.

Her voice carried none of the enthusiasm Richard was hoping to hear. The perfunctory response was

designed to end the conversation quickly.

Richard's face brightened despite her lackluster tone. Even this minimal interaction seemed to please him

immensely.

"Excellent! The Davis pack would be an excellent alliance for the Winters family," he said eagerly. "I encourage you to develop that connection further."

"Young Alpha Davis seems like a respectable werewolf, but I believe mate bonds should develop naturally," Olivia said firmly. "They shouldn't be forced through arranged meetings."

Richard's enthusiasm didn't waver. "Feelings can be cultivated through proper werewolf courtship traditions, Olivia. Many successful matings have begun with family introductions."

Olivia's amber eyes flashed with irritation. Her voice took on a slightly stern tone that reminded Richard of her

late mother.

"Father, I'm focused *on* establishing my law practice and serving the pack community. That's where my

priorities lie right *now*."

The finality in her voice made Richard realize he was pushing too hard. He had seen that same determined expression on Sarah's face countless times during their mating years.

Sensing his daughter's displeasure with his continued matchmaking efforts, Richard sighed heavily. The sound filled the car with resignation.

"Very well. I understand your position."

He dropped the subject of Tyler/Davis, recognizing that further pressure would only drive Olivia further away from his suggestions.

Back at Winters Family Estate, Olivia stepped out of the car with cold efficiency. Her heels clicked against the marble steps as she headed toward the grand entrance.

<Chapter 229 The Alpha's Matchmaking—1

Natalie Winters appeared in the doorway, her gentle smile welcoming them home. She wore an elegant evening dress that befitted her status as Luna of the pack.

“Good evening, Natalie,” Olivia said with a brief nod.

Her acknowledgment was polite but distant, carrying none of the warmth a daughter might show her stepmother. Without another word, Olivia disappeared upstairs to her *room*.

+0 Points >

Natalie watched her stepdaughter's retreating figure with concern. She turned to Richard as he entered the

foyer.

“Why does Olivia seem so unhappy despite the successful pack gathering?”

Richard loosened his tie with a frustrated gesture. “She wasn't pleased with my introduction to *Young Alpha*

Davis.”

Natalie's expression became understanding but slightly reproachful. “Richard, you brought up potential mating arrangements again after she's previously shown disapproval of such discussions.”

“The Davis pack represents a suitable alliance,” Richard defended. “I'm looking out for Olivia's best interests Official source is

as both her father and Alpha.”

Natalie placed a gentle hand on his arm. “You need to respect Olivia's wishes and support her legal career

instead.”

Her voice carried the wisdom of a Luna who understood pack dynamics. “She's talented and will eventually

find a suitable mate when the time is right.”

Richard's shoulders sagged as he considered his wife's words. Perhaps his eagerness to secure Olivia's

future was causing more harm than good.

"You're right," he conceded. "I promise to avoid the matchmaking topic in the future and allow Olivia to follow *her* own path regarding romantic relationships."

Two days later, Olivia's phone buzzed with an incoming call from the elite fashion boutique. She had ordered an Exclusive Luna Collection Handbag as a birthday gift for Sophie Parker from the prestigious fashion

house.

As a black diamond VIP member and with Silverridge Holdings being a major shareholder of the luxury brand,

she didn't need to fulfill the usual \$500,000 purchase requirement to access their most exclusive items.

"Ms. Winters, your special order has arrived," the boutique sales associate informed her professionally.

"Would you prefer delivery *to* your penthouse or will you collect it personally?"

Olivia checked her schedule. Rebecca Frost was planning to meet her for shopping later that afternoon.

"I'll pick it up myself. I have other shopping to do in the district."

Before Rebecca arrived, Olivia decided to retrieve the designer handbag and handle her other errands. She drove through Harbor City's elite shopping district, where luxury boutiques lined the pristine streets.

A particular window display caught her attention as she walked past a high-end boutique. An Ocean Breeze Halter Dress in flowing light blue chiffon was elegantly displayed on a mannequin.

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Chapter 229: The Alpha's Matchmaking—2

The dress would be perfect for Sophie's upcoming yacht party on the Moonlit Voyager. Its sophisticated design and ocean-inspired color would complement the maritime setting beautifully.

Olivia entered the store, her designer heels clicking against the polished marble floor. The boutique's interior exuded luxury with its crystal chandeliers and carefully curated displays.

Isabella Chen, the sales associate, immediately recognized the designer clothing Olivia was wearing. Her trained eye quickly assessed Olivia's obvious pack elite status from her expensive accessories and confident

bearing.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Winters," Isabella greeted warmly with the deference expected when serving werewolf

pack nobility. "How may I assist you today?"

Olivia pointed toward the window display. "I'd like to purchase that light blue halter dress as a gift."

Isabella's face lit up with delight at the easy sale from such a prestigious customer. "Excellent choice! It's our boutique's most popular new arrival."

She moved toward the display with practiced efficiency. "You're fortunate – this is the last piece we have in

stock."

Just as Isabella reached for the dress, the boutique's entrance chimed with new arrivals. Scarlett Hayes strutted in wearing a revealing halter top and ultra-short denim skirt that barely covered her curves.

Her heavily applied makeup and provocative clothing immediately marked her as someone seeking attention. Behind her followed Marcus Blackwell, a well-dressed man whose expensive suit suggested considerable

wealth.

Scarlett's eyes immediately locked onto the same light blue dress. "Marcus, I want that dress! Buy it for me right now!"

Her demanding tone carried the expectation of immediate compliance. Marcus, eager to maintain his image as a generous provider, stepped forward authoritatively.

“Wrap up that dress immediately,” he told Isabella with the confidence of someone accustomed to getting his

way through money.

Isabella hesitated, glancing between her original customer and the new arrivals. “I’m sorry, but this lady saw it first, and it’s the last piece available.” NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

Scarlett’s face twisted with displeasure. She hadn’t bothered to assess Olivia’s obvious pack elite status, focusing only on her desire for the dress.

Marcus turned to evaluate Olivia more carefully. His experienced eye immediately noticed her striking beauty and elegant bearing that marked Her as werewolf nobility.

The expensive handbag, designer shoes, and perfectly tailored clothing all screamed high-status pack member. However, with Scarlett’s present and demanding his attention, he couldn’t openly express his appreciation.

Instead, he tried to assert dominance through wealth. “I’ll offer you double the dress’s price to relinquish your

claim to it.”

1/2

Chapter 229 The Alpha’s Matchmaking–2

+8 Points >

His presumptuous offer hung in the air like an insult. Isabella reiterated nervously, “The dress has already

been reserved for this customer.”

Olivia’s amber eyes turned ice-cold. “I’m not interested in your offer.”

Her voice carried the authority of someone unaccustomed to being challenged by social inferiors. The rejection was absolute and final.

Scarlett scoffed dismissively, her jealousy and frustration boiling over. “Look at that counterfeit designer

handbag she's carrying!"

She gestured mockingly at Olivia's authentic luxury accessories. "She's obviously some pack nobody who can't afford authentic luxury goods and doesn't recognize true quality!"

Marcus began reassessing Olivia's expensive accessories more carefully. His trained eye for luxury goods

started to suspect that Scarlett had gravely misjudged the situation.

The handbag alone appeared to cost more than most werewolves earned in a year. Every detail screamed

authentic craftsmanship from the most exclusive fashion houses.

Scarlett continued her insulting tirade, completely unaware that she was confronting one of Harbor City's

most prominent pack heiresses.

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Whisper 308

The Elite Confrontation

Chapter 230: The Elite's Confrontation

Chapter 230: The Elite's Confrontation

(Olivia's POV)

I clutched the Exclusive Luna Collection Handbag I had just picked up from the boutique's VIP section. **The**

global limited edition piece was exclusively available to black diamond VIP members like myself.

This handbag would never appear on any public website. Ordinary werewolves didn't even have the opportunity to see it, let alone purchase it.

Victoria Sterling's sneer deepened as she pulled out her wallet. "I'll offer you three thousand dollars to give up

that dress. That should be more than enough for someone like you."

Her tone dripped with condescension, as if she were doing me an enormous favor.

"I'm not interested," I replied coldly, my amber eyes meeting hers with unwavering determination.

Victoria's face twisted with irritation. "Stop pretending to be sophisticated pack nobility when you're clearly just some nobody trying to fit in."

I turned to Isabella, ignoring Victoria's increasingly shrill voice. "Please wrap the dress for me."

Isabella nodded nervously, clearly uncomfortable with the escalating tension between her customers.

Victoria laughed mockingly. "Look at her acting all high and mighty! You should buy a knock-off version to

match that counterfeit designer handbag you're carrying."

Brandon Cole stepped forward, his chest puffed out with false bravado. "What right does someone like you have to compete with us? You're only embarrassing yourself by trying to keep up with true pack elite."

His voice carried the arrogance of someone who had never been challenged by those he considered beneath

him.

Isabella tried to defuse the situation. "Please, everyone, let's keep this civil. We can find another dress that-

“Stay out of this,” Victoria snapped at the sales associate. “This nobody needs to learn her place.”

Brandon nodded in agreement. “Exactly. Some wolves need to understand the social hierarchy.”

Their arrogance was becoming increasingly annoying. I maintained my composure, refusing to dignify their

insults with a response.

My phone buzzed with a message from Rebecca Frost. “Where are you? Don’t forget about picking up the exclusive handbag. I’m waiting in the VIP section.”

I quickly typed back: “Buying clothes. Will be there soon.”

Ignoring the obnoxious couple completely, I took my wrapped purchases from Isabella. My movements were graceful and dignified as I headed toward the boutique exit.

The complete dismissal clearly infuriated Brandon. His face flushed red with anger at being ignored by what he assumed was a “nobody” werewolf.

He followed me toward the exit, his voice turning crude and disgusting. “Hey, beautiful. How about I **pay** your company tonight? I bet you could use the money.”

for

Chapter 290: The Elites Confrontation

His proposition was **vile** and completely **Inappropriate**. The **implication** behind **his words made my wolf** shatt **with rage**.

I **stopped** abruptly and turned to face him. Without hesitation, I slapped him hard across the face.

The sound echoed through the boutique like a gunshot. A red mark bloomed across his cheek, **and a thin line** of blood appeared where my ring had caught his skin.

“Watch your mouth when addressing pack members,” I warned, my voice deadly calm.

Victoria stood frozen in shock, her mouth hanging open at the sudden violence.

Brandon’s face contorted with fury. “You b***h! How dare you-

He raised his hand to strike me in retaliation, but Emma appeared with lightning speed. Her supernatural reflexes allowed her to intercept his arm mid-swing. The rightful source is

She twisted his wrist with inhuman strength, and Brandon cried out in pain. His knees buckled, and he

crashed to the boutique floor, his head hitting the marble with a sickening thud.

“Miss, shall I permanently cripple this disrespectful wolf or eliminate him entirely?” Emma asked, her voice eerily calm.

Her grip on Brandon’s arm tightened, and I could hear the bones creaking under the pressure.

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to remain composed despite the confrontation. “Emma, calm down. We operate within human legal systems even as werewolves.”

My voice carried the authority of someone accustomed to handling difficult situations professionally.

“Simply contact law enforcement,” I instructed. “I struck him in justified self-defense against his insulting proposition. I’m confident in my ability to handle the legal situation properly.”

Emma released Brandon’s arm but remained ready to intervene if necessary. She pulled out her phone to call

the authorities without question.

Brandon writhed on the floor, clutching his injured wrist. Victoria finally found her voice, screaming at us about assault and threatening lawsuits.

The authorities arrived within minutes, their response time impressive for Harbor City’s elite shopping

district.

Isabella stepped forward as a witness, her testimony clear and professional. “The gentleman made inappropriate advances toward this lady, and she defended herself when he attempted to strike her.”

The boutique’s security footage confirmed Brandon’s harassment and his attempt to hit me. Both he and Victoria were taken into custody for disturbing the peace and assault.

As they were led away in handcuffs/Victoria continued shrieking about her connections and threats of revenge. Brandon remained silent, nursing his injured pride along with his wrist.

Half an hour had passed by the time everything was resolved. I finally made my way to the VIP section where Rebecca had been patiently waiting.

She looked up from her magazine as I approached. “Olivia, you’re finally here! What clothes did you buy that took so long?”

I showed her the wrapped Ocean Breeze Halter Dress. “I encountered some trouble with **disrespectful wolves**.

but everything has been properly resolved:

Rebecca’s eyebrows rose with concern, but she could see I was unharmed and comprised

Isabella appeared with premium tea service, along with artisanal fruits and desserts arranged on elegant silver platters. She knew my refined preferences from previous

Please enjoy the refreshments while you browse, Isabella said warmly, clearly relieved that the earlier

incident was behind us.

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Whisper 309

Chapter 231: Hearts Divided

Chapter 231: Hearts Divided

(Olivia’s POV)

Rebecca Frost is two years younger than me, twenty-five years old this year, and has always been **single**, never having been in a relationship. Never having been in a

relationship doesn't mean she doesn't have someone she likes. She has been single for so many years because she has someone impossible in her heart.

I knew who the person in Rebecca's heart was – a man named River Hayes, the son of the Frost family's housekeeper.

The reason why Rebecca had been single for so many years was because she was in love with River **Hayes**, who had a normal family background. It was impossible for the Frost pack to agree with them being together. Rebecca had once bravely confessed her feelings to River Hayes, but River had refused her.

I watched Rebecca carefully as she examined a silk scarf, her fingers tracing the delicate pattern. Her

expression was distant, lost in thoughts I knew all too well.

"Rebecca," I said gently, "can I ask you something personal?"

She looked up, her eyes focusing on me. "Of course, Liv. What is it?"

"Do you still think about River Hayes? Have you ever considered liking someone else?"

Rebecca's smile turned bitter, and she set down the scarf. "He's become my obsession, hasn't he? I don't seem to have the strength to like someone new again."

These years, Rebecca had not been in a relationship, and neither had River. Lily and I could tell that River had feelings for Rebecca, but he knew he was not worthy of her and didn't want her to suffer with him.

"Rebecca, do you remember Tyler Davis?" I asked, changing the subject carefully.

She frowned slightly, thinking. "Tyler Davis? He's Ethan Quinn's friend, right? We ate together before."

"Yes, that's him. I met him at a pack gathering recently, and he mentioned that he had met you at your house when he went to see your brother."

Rebecca's frown deepened. "I don't remember that at all."

"Have you seen him recently?" I pressed gently.

"Actually, yes. I saw him at the company yesterday." She shrugged. "Why do you ask?"

"Did he ask for your contact information?"

Rebecca shook her head. "No, he didn't. Should he have?"

I considered whether to tell Rebecca that Tyler Davis was interested in her, but decided against it. **The timing** didn't feel right, especially with her heart still so clearly occupied by River.

"I just mentioned it because I thought it was strange that he had met you before," I said casually.

Rebecca didn't suspect anything and chatted with me about other things. We spent another hour browsing through the boutique before finally heading home.

Chapter 231, Hearts Divided This chapter is updated by

After shopping with Rebecca, I returned to my private villa, As the **car drove to the** garden **in** front of the vit **area,** I saw a man sitting on a park bench and making a phone call **through the car window**

My heart nearly stopped. It was Connor Rivers.

Panic shot through me as I worried that my father or stepmother would see him. What **was he doing here** so openly?

I quickly got out of the car and walked toward him. "Connor, why are you here?"

Connor looked up at me, and I could see his eyes taking in my beautiful outfit from the shopping **trip**. His gaze lingered on the flowing fabric of my dress, appreciation clear in his expression.

Connor hung up the phone and pulled me into his arms without hesitation. "I missed you," he said simply. Despite my worry about being seen, I melted into his embrace. "I missed you too, but I had things to do today."

Connor's arms tightened around me. "What things were more important than me?"

"I went shopping with my best friend," I explained, trying to keep my voice light.

Connor's blue eyes searched my face intently. "When will you give me a title?"

The question hung between us like a challenge. I could hear the frustration and longing in his voice. "Listen to me," I soothed, glancing around nervously. "Let's go home and talk."

Connor agreed to go home. I took his hand and led him toward my house, my heart racing with both excitement and anxiety.

Connor looked around as we entered, taking in the elegant décor and personal touches that reflected my taste. "This is very you," he said with a small smile.

But his expression grew serious again quickly. “When will you give me a title, Olivia?”

I could see the vulnerability beneath his confident exterior. Connor Rivers, the powerful Alpha who commanded respect from everyone, was asking me for something I wasn’t ready to give publicly. “Connor, you have to understand-”

“I’m anxious because there are other men interested in you,” he interrupted, his voice tight with emotion.

I reached out to touch his face gently. “Those men are not a threat to you. Are you not confident in yourself?” Connor’s jaw clenched. “I’m afraid of losing you again, Olivia. I can’t go through that pain another time.”

His raw honesty touched something deep in my heart. This powerful Alpha was showing me his greatest fear – losing me.

“Connor,” I whispered, stepping closer to him. “You don’t need...”

Connor suddenly lowered his head, his lips touching *mine*, and I swallowed back the words I **hadn’t** finished saying.

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Whisper 310

Chapter 232: Hidden Desires

Chapter 232: Hidden Desires

(Olivia’s POV)

Connor Rivers cupped my slender neck in his palm, his touch sending shivers down my spine. His dark,

soulful eyes gazed down at me with an intensity that made my heart race. Our breaths mingled in the

small space between us as he spoke, his voice slightly hoarse with emotion.

"I don't need what?"

I swallowed hard, feeling the warmth of his hand against my skin. "You *know* perfectly well," I retorted

quietly, trying to maintain some semblance of composure.

Connor gently raised my chin with his fingers, compelling me to meet his intense gaze. The blue of his

eyes was as deep and mysterious as the ocean at midnight, drawing me in despite my resistance.

"I want to hear you say it," he insisted, his thumb tracing small circles on my jawline.

I hesitated, feeling vulnerable under his scrutiny. Finally, I murmured, "You don't need to worry that I'll fall **in**

love with someone else."

A soft chuckle escaped Connor's lips, his usually stern features softening with tenderness. The sound UPDATE FROM

warmed something deep inside me, making my pulse quicken.

"Then do you worry that I'll fall in love with someone else?" he asked, his eyes searching mine.

My mind instantly flashed back to when Miranda Blackwood had returned. The jealousy I'd felt then had been overwhelming, though I'd tried desperately to hide it. The memory made my stomach clench

uncomfortably.

I shook my head, not quite meeting his eyes. "No," I lied, the word tasting bitter on my tongue.

Connor playfully pinched my cheeks, creating small dimples that he traced with his fingertips. His touch

was gentle but insistent, making it impossible to maintain my facade.

"I don't like that answer. Say it again," he commanded softly, a playful glint in his eyes.

I tried to turn away, but Connor firmly turned my face back toward him. His persistence was both frustrating and endearing.

“I was worried and I was jealous, are you satisfied now?” I finally admitted, feeling heat rise to my cheeks.

Connor smiled, clearly pleased with my confession. The satisfaction in his expression was almost infuriating, but I couldn’t stay annoyed when he looked at me like that.

He leaned in for another kiss, this one more forceful and demanding than the last. His tongue parted my lips, and our mouths met in a passionate embrace that made my knees weak. I felt breathless, my body responding to his touch with a desire that frightened me with its intensity.

Chapter 232 Hidden Desires

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My hands found their way to his shoulders, feeling the solid muscle beneath his shirt. Every point **where** our bodies connected seemed to burn with an electric current that threatened to consume us both.

As we were lost in the passionate kiss, the doorbell suddenly rang, the sharp sound cutting through the

haze of desire. We paused, both breathing heavily.

I reluctantly pulled away, trying to regain my composure. “I’ll get the door,” I said, smoothing my hair with trembling fingers.

The lust in Connor’s dark eyes was obvious as he watched me step back. His gaze followed my every

movement, making me acutely aware of my body.

I walked to the door, checking the electronic screen. My stepmother Natalie Winters’ face appeared, her expression pleasant but concerned.

“Livvy, are you home?” her voice came through the intercom.

I whirled around to look at Connor, frantically signaling him to hide, but he just looked back at me with an amused expression. He made no move to conceal himself.

“Natalie, just a moment,” I spoke into the intercom, my voice higher than normal.

I turned back to Connor, pushing him toward the bedroom with both hands against his chest. "My stepmother is here, you have to hide in the bedroom."

Connor let me push him, a playful look on his face as he backed up slowly. He seemed to be enjoying my

panic far too much.

"Just bear with it, don't make a sound," I whispered urgently, half in and half out of the bedroom doorway.

Connor stared at me without a word, his eyes dancing with mischief. I closed the door firmly, taking a deep breath to compose myself before opening the front door for Natalie.

She stood outside with a Moonlight Thermal Container in her hands, a kind smile on her face. Her honey-blond hair was perfectly styled, and she wore a casual but elegant outfit that suited her status as Luna of the Winters pack.

"Livvy, I called you but you didn't answer. Have you eaten? I made you your favorite Natalie's Healing Bone Broth, and some Natalie's Herb-Crusted Venison," she said, her voice warm with maternal concern.

I let her in, watching as she placed the thermal container on the table and began setting out the food. The rich aroma of herbs and venison filled the apartment.

"Even if you're busy, you have to remember to eat," she admonished gently.

"Thank you, Natalie," I responded, genuinely touched by her thoughtfulness despite my anxiety about Connor hiding in the bedroom.

As I began to eat, trying to act normal, Natalie suddenly tilted her head and looked at me with concern. "Why is your face **so** red?"

2/3

< Chapter 232 Hidden Desires

I coughed, nearly choking on a piece of venison. Natalie immediately patted my back..

"Take it easy," she said gently. She placed her cool hand on my forehead, her brow furrowing with worry. "A little hot, do you have a fever? Should I take you to the hospital?"

I stammered, "I don't have a fever." My heart was racing, and I prayed Connor wouldn't make any noise that

might give away his presence.

“Then why is your face so red and hot? Are you not feeling well?” Natalie persisted, her maternal instincts clearly on high alert.

I touched my cheeks, realizing that they were indeed burning hot. The lingering effects of Connor’s passionate kisses were all too visible.

“I’m really fine,” I insisted, trying to sound convincing.

Natalie was still worried, her eyes scanning my face. “Do you have a thermometer? You live here alone, who will take care of you if something happens? I’ll find a caretaker to come over.”

“No need, Natalie, Evelyn lives with me,” I quickly replied, desperate to dissuade her from spending more

time here.

Natalie shook her head, not convinced. “Evelyn is good at protection, so I’m not worried, but she’s not good at daily life, so I still need a proper caretaker.”

I argued, “I have Dorothy Jenkins who comes to make meals, she’s out buying groceries right now, she’ll be back soon.” I silently prayed that Dorothy would indeed return soon to help diffuse this situation.

Just then, as if summoned by my thoughts, the door opened and Dorothy Jenkins walked in with bags of groceries. She stopped short, surprised to see Natalie standing in the kitchen.

“This is my stepmother,” I quickly introduced, relief washing over me.

Dorothy greeted her with a respectful nod. “Hello, ma’am.”

Natalie nodded politely in return, her attention momentarily diverted from my flushed appearance.

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