

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 31

Chapter 19: Departure and Denial–2

“Ethan? What’s up?” Sophie answered, sounding surprised.

“Have you heard from Olivia?” I asked without preamble.

“Olivia?” Sophie’s surprise seemed genuine. “No, she hasn’t contacted me. I don’t know where

she went.”

“Can you try messaging her?” I pressed.

“Sure, hold on.”

There was a pause, then Sophie’s voice returned, sounding confused. “That’s strange. The

message failed to send. Let me try again.”

Another pause.

“Ethan, I think she’s blocked me too. But why would she do that? We didn’t have a fight or

anything.”

“Any news?” I asked, my voice tight with urgency.

“She blocked me too,” Sophie confirmed with a sigh.

A heavy silence settled between us. I was about to say something else when Cassandra’s voice cut through the tension.

“Ethan, so you and Olivia broke up?” she asked, her tone light with barely concealed glee.

I froze at her words. Broke up? The phrase echoed in my mind, bringing with it the memory of that night my harsh words, “I never want to see you again,” thrown at Olivia in anger.

But those were just words, weren’t they? Just an angry outburst, not a true end. I had never truly considered that she would leave for good. Her blocking me felt like a tantrum, a waiting game where I would eventually soothe her anger.

But *now*, with her room emptied and contacts severed, was she really just sulking, or was it truly over?

Cassandra’s gentle voice interrupted my tumultuous thoughts as she affectionately pressed

against my arm.

“Since you’ve ended things, let’s each move on peacefully, shall we? Why don’t we go for a trip

to the northern territories and relax?”

1/3

< Chapter 19 Departure and De..

+25 Puntos >

As realization dawned, my initial panic transformed into anger. Very well, I thought bitterly.

Olivia’s gotten bold, daring to leave me? Let’s see how long she can last without my protection

ten days, half a month?

—

I resolved coldly to ignore her, convinced that she would soon come crawling back. To prove it,

I smiled provocatively at Cassandra.

“Sure, where do you want to go? You decide.”

Her eyes sparkled with delight. “Really? I want to visit the Silver Lake Territory. This time of

year, the moonlight on the water is stunning.”

A flicker of memory crossed my mind – Olivia once mentioning her desire to visit Silver Lake

during the Full Moon Festival. I had dismissed it back then as overcrowded and pointless.

Now, when Cassandra brought it up, I almost instinctively wanted to refuse but changed my

mind abruptly a subtle act of rebellion against the ghost of Olivia’s wishes.

“Alright, let’s go to Silver Lake,” I agreed.

Yet despite the new travel plans, the restless frustration inside me persisted. After sitting with

Cassandra watching TV for a while, I excused myself brusquely.

“You just recovered from your injuries, rest well at home. I need to go out.”

Cassandra, perceptive and eager not to push me, merely smiled sweetly. “Okay, I’ll wait here for you.”

Once outside, I called Jason Mitchell. “Jason, come out for drinks. Bring Lucas and the others.”

Soon I arrived at our usual upscale club in Harbor City, pushing open the private room’s door where my friends had gathered. Lucas greeted me first, his expression curious.

“Ethan, *you* came alone? Cassandra didn’t come with you?”

I shot him a questioning look. “Why should she?”

Lucas, caught off guard, stammered incoherently. Before he could recover, I dropped a bombshell.

“My girlfriend is Olivia. Why aren’t you asking about her?”

Lucas was dumbstruck, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water.

“What? Ever since Cassandra returned, haven’t you always brought her along? And didn’t you

say Olivia is boring, no fun at all?”

2/3

< Chapter 19 Departure and De

+25 Puntos

My face tightened with an unexplainable complexity. I found no words to refute this cruel truth.

Jason, sensing the tension, hurriedly diverted the topic. “Ethan, you haven’t been around these days. Busy with what?”

I flopped onto the sofa, lighting a cigarette. “Cassandra was hurt and hospitalized. I was with

her.”

Jason’s expression twisted awkwardly. “But... you just said Olivia is your girlfriend, yet you’ve

been spending all your time at the hospital with Cassandra. Didn’t Olivia get upset?”

My face darkened at his words. Upset? It was far worse. She’s breaking up with me! The

thought stabbed me with a mix of indignation and denial.

“She’s making a fuss, threatening to break up,” I spat through gritted teeth.

Lucas scoffed, leaning back in his chair with a smirk. “Would she really break up with you?

You’re probably the best man she could ever hope to be with. I bet she’ll come back within ten

days.”

Another friend chimed in, raising his glass. “She loves you so much, three years now, we all see it. She can’t live without you. I’ll bet eight days.”

A third echoed from across the table, “She’s just sulking, waiting for you to call her. I give it

half a month, tops, before she begs to get back together.”

Hearing their confident predictions, my furrowed brow finally relaxed into a smug, contemptuous sneer.

“Call her? Impossible.”

Just then, Jason’s quiet voice pierced the air with unexpected weight.

“But... what if she doesn’t come back? What if she’s found someone else?”

That question stunned me into speechlessness. I had never truly considered that possibility.

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Whisper 32

Chapter 20: The Void Left Behind—1

Chapter 20: The Void Left Behind

(Ethan’s POV)

425 Puntos7

The world tilted and swayed as I stumbled through the front door of Moonlight Manor. My driver had practically carried me from the car, his face pinched with concern that I barely

registered through my drunken haze.

“Alpha Ethan, do you need help getting to your room?” he asked, steadying me as I lurched

against the doorframe.

I waved him off with a dismissive gesture. “I’m fine,” I slurred, though the floor seemed to be

moving beneath my feet.

The house was silent and dark as I made my way up the stairs, gripping the banister to keep from falling. Each step was a monumental effort, my body heavy with alcohol and something

else—something that felt suspiciously like emptiness.

When I finally reached my bedroom, I didn’t bother turning on the lights. I simply collapsed onto the bed, still fully dressed, and surrendered to unconsciousness. The last thought that flickered through my mind before darkness claimed me was how quiet the house felt without

her The source of this content is

A searing pain tore through my stomach, jolting me awake. I gasped, curling into myself as the familiar agony of my chronic condition gripped me. Disoriented and half-conscious, I reached out blindly to the other side of the bed.

“Liv, my stomach hurts. Bring me my healing herbs,” I called out, my voice rough with sleep

and pain.

Silence answered me.

“Liv, Liv-” I called again, more urgently this time.

The emptiness of the room crashed down on me like a physical weight. Olivia was gone. She

had moved out. The realization hit me with unexpected force, leaving me breathless in a way

that had nothing to do with my physical pain.

I clutched my stomach, gritting my teeth against another wave of agony. For three years, Olivia had been there every time this happened, appearing at my bedside with her special healing herbs, her gentle hands supporting my head as she helped me take the medicine.

1/3

< Chapter 20: The Void Left Beh...

Now there was no one.

+25 Puntos >

Staggering to my feet, I lurched toward the bathroom, frantically searching the medicine cabinet. Nothing. I moved to the kitchen, throwing open cupboards with growing desperation.

Where were the damn herbs?

In my frustration, I knocked over a glass, sending it shattering across the floor. The sound echoed through the empty manor, emphasizing my solitude.

With trembling hands, I pulled out my phone and dialed Martha Jenkins. The clock on my

screen read 4:07 AM.

"Alpha Ethan?" Martha's voice was thick with sleep. "Is everything alright?"

"Where are Olivia's healing herbs?" I demanded, not bothering with pleasantries.

There was a brief pause. I could almost see Martha sitting up in bed, rubbing her eyes, silently

cursing my midnight demands but too loyal to voice her irritation.

"The healing herbs are in Miss Winters' room, in the first drawer of the cabinet, Alpha Ethan," she finally replied, her tone professionally polite despite the hour.

hung up without thanking her and made my way to Olivia's room, leaning heavily against the wall for support. The door creaked open, revealing the emptiness within. The room that had once been filled with her scent, her belongings, her presence, now stood bare and lifeless.

Supporting myself against the furniture, I staggered to the cabinet and yanked open the drawer. Inside was a small wooden box filled with neatly labeled bottles of herbs. I stared at

them in confusion.

Until *now*, I had never needed to know which herbs to take or how much. Olivia had always handled that, measuring precise amounts, mixing them with warm water, watching me carefully as I drank.

Pain twisted through my gut again, forcing me to make a hasty decision. I grabbed two bottles that looked vaguely familiar, shook out a couple of pills from each, and swallowed them dry.

“My body’s healing should handle it anyway,” I muttered bitterly, slumping against the cabinet.

Eventually, the medication began to take effect. The sharp pain dulled to a manageable ache, and I dragged myself back to my bedroom, collapsing onto the bed. Sleep claimed me again, but it was restless and unsatisfying, haunted by the void Olivia had left behind.

When I next opened my eyes, bright sunlight was streaming through the windows. My head throbbed, a combination of hangover and medication, and my mouth felt like it was filled with

2/3

< Chapter 20: The Void Left Beh...

+25 **Puntos** >

cotton. The clock on my nightstand showed it was already past noon.

The manor was eerily quiet. No sounds of Olivia moving about, preparing her healing broth,

humming softly to herself as she worked. The silence pressed in on me, almost suffocating in

its intensity.

I reached for my phone and called Martha again.

“Alpha Ethan, are you feeling better?” she asked, concern evident in her voice.

“I need food,” I said bluntly. “Something for my stomach. Make me some of that healing broth.”

Comentarios

Ver anuncios (0/20) >

Votar

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Whisper 33

Chapter 20: The Void Left Behind—2

There was a pause on the other end of the line. “Alpha Ethan, you mean the special healing

broth Miss Winters used to make?”

“Yes,” I growled, impatience sharpening my tone.

Martha’s voice grew hesitant. “I’m afraid I can’t make that, sir.”

“Why not?” I demanded.

“That broth needs the herbs soaked overnight, plus fresh venison prepared in a specific way. Also, I only know the ingredients, not the proportions or the preparation methods Miss Winters

used. I really can’t do it.”

Frustration surged through me. Of course Martha couldn’t make it. No one could make it like

Olivia did.

“At least make plain broth,” I ordered, my voice tight with irritation.

“Right away, Alpha Ethan,” Martha replied, relief evident in her tone.

After hanging up, I massaged my temples, trying to ease the pounding headache. The silence

of the manor seemed to mock me, emphasizing just how much I had taken Olivia's presence

for granted.

A *knock* at the door interrupted my thoughts. My heart leaped unexpectedly, hope surging

through me before I could suppress it.

"Come in," I called quickly, unable to disguise the flicker of joy in my voice.

The *door* swung open, and my smile froze, then fell as Cassandra Evans stepped into the room. Disappointment crashed over me with surprising force.

"Why is it you?" The words escaped before I could stop them, cold and unwelcoming.

Cassandra's smile faltered, her eyes registering the hurt my tone had caused. She clenched

her fists briefly at her sides, composing herself before approaching the bed.

"I heard from Martha you weren't feeling well, so I came to see you," she said, her voice carefully light as she sat beside me. "Are you better, Ethan?"

I shook my head slightly. "I'm fine."

Cassandra brightened her voice, clearly determined to ignore my cold reception. She pulled

out her phone and began scrolling through images.

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< Chapter 20 The Void Left Beh

+25 Puntos >

"Look, this is a guide for exploring Silver Lake Territory," she said enthusiastically. "After Moonrise Peak we can go to the hot springs, and then there's this amazing restaurant that serves the best venison in the territory."

Her voice washed over me, becoming an irritating buzz in my ears. My headache intensified, and all I could think was that if it were Olivia sitting here, she would have

quietly cared for me. She would have personally prepared my healing broth, spoon-fed me gently, her amber eyes watching me with concern.

The contrast between Cassandra's excited chatter and Olivia's gentle care gnawed at my nerves until I couldn't bear it anymore.

"Enough," I interrupted sharply. "We'll talk tomorrow. I'm tired today."

Cassandra's enthusiasm deflated instantly. She withdrew her phone, hurt evident in her eyes.

"Are you annoyed with me?" she asked softly.

I sighed, feeling a faint trace of guilt beneath my irritation. "No, I just have a headache. The trip can wait till I'm rested."

Cassandra nodded, her eyes downcast. She nestled closer, seeking my embrace, but I remained stiff and unresponsive. My mind was elsewhere, haunted by the emptiness Olivia's absence had created—an emptiness I hadn't expected to feel so acutely.

(Connor's POV)

The private room at Riverdale's exclusive club was filled with laughter and the clinking of glasses. Around the poker table, my closest friends were engaged in our weekly game, the air thick with cigar smoke and good-natured ribbing.

I glanced down at my cards, a smile playing at my lips. The weight of the new watch on my wrist felt good—a tangible reminder of Olivia's thoughtfulness. New NOVEL chapters are published on

Gabriel Andrews, ever observant, noticed it immediately. "Hey, new watch? Looks good," he commented, nodding toward my wrist.

I couldn't help the broad smile that spread across my face. "Pretty nice, isn't it? Liv gave it to me."

Ethan Quinn whistled appreciatively, his eyes widening as he examined the Timber Wolf Chronograph. "Wow, Livvy's gift, huh? Having a fiancée really makes a difference."

I ran my thumb over the smooth face of the watch, remembering how Olivia's eyes had lit up when I opened her gift. The memory warmed me from within.

<Chapter 20 The Void Left Beh

Gabriel frowned slightly, his expression turning thoughtful. "Strange. How come you're accepting the Winters pack alliance? I thought your parents had other plans. The Rivers family's status is way above theirs."

The question didn't offend me. Gabriel had always been direct, one of the qualities I appreciated in him.

"It's not just a family alliance," I replied, my voice softer than usual.

"Huh?" Ethan Quinn's jaw dropped comically. "If not an alliance, then what?"

+25 Puntos)

I set my cards down, ice-blue eyes meeting their curious gazes. "Three years ago, I sought out Richard Winters myself. I waited until Liv graduated, then approached him. I told him he could name any conditions—as long as I could marry Liv, I'd agree."

The memory of that day filled me with a quiet satisfaction. Richard Winters had been shocked

by my request, then suspicious, then calculating. But I had meant every word.

A rare light filled my usually cold gaze—years of silent longing finally close to fulfillment. The path to Olivia had been long and complicated, but I had never wavered in my determination.

Ethan Quinn's eyes widened in genuine surprise. "So you secretly liked her all this time? Damn, I never knew! You hid it deep."

Gabriel chuckled, shaking his head in amazement. "We all thought you had no interest in

women, even suspected you preferred male companions."

Ethan elbowed him playfully, grinning with mischievous delight. "Seriously, since when did you

start having feelings for Livvy?"

I lowered my eyes to the cards spread before me, lips curving with secrecy. Some things were

too precious, *too* personal to share—even with close friends.

"That's a secret," I replied simply.

Ethan was never *one* to let things *go* easily. He leaned forward, a smirk playing on his lips.

“She ran away *to* Harbor City to avoid the engagement, remember? Maybe she doesn’t even

care much about *you*. Gifts could just be polite gestures. Don’t get your hopes up.”

I remained unruffled by his words. Ethan had always enjoyed stirring up trouble, and I knew better than *to* rise to his bait.

Gabriel looked up thoughtfully, his expression turning serious. “Besides, I heard Livvy’s been with another man. Did you know that?”

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Whisper 34

Chapter 21: Reunion at the Banquet—1

Chapter 21: Reunion at the Banquet

(Connor’s POV)

“We broke up long ago. Now I’m her ex-boyfriend,” I said, my face deliberately cold as I addressed Gabriel’s comment about Olivia’s past relationship.

The cards in my hand suddenly felt heavy. I kept my expression neutral, *not* wanting to reveal how much the topic affected me.

Ethan Quinn leaned forward, his eyes narrowing with curiosity. “And *you* don’t mind?”

I shrugged, maintaining my composure. My fingers tightened slightly around the cards.

“Who doesn’t have a past?” I flicked my ice-blue gaze over to him with a chill that made him shift uncomfortably in his seat. “Haven’t you ever had a relationship?”

Ethan scratched his nose awkwardly, looking away from my piercing stare. “Of course I have, but she’s your first love, yet you’re not hers. You truly don’t care?”

“I don’t care,” I replied, feeling my eyes soften involuntarily as thoughts of Olivia filled my mind. The memory of her smile warmed something inside me. “As long as I can be with her,

it’s already a blessing.”

“Tsk tsk,” Gabriel chuckled, shaking his head. “What a devoted man.”

Miles Bennett snorted *from* across the table. “The mighty Connor Rivers, brought to his knees by a woman. Never thought I’d see the day.”

I shot him a warning glance that immediately silenced his teasing. No one at the table dared to push further.

We finished our hand of cards in comfortable silence. I checked the platinum watch on my wrist—Olivia’s gift—and felt a surge of warmth at the reminder of her thoughtfulness.

“Time’s almost up,” I announced, standing from my chair. “Let’s go.”

The men quickly gathered their belongings, following my lead without question. My authority as Alpha was never challenged, even in casual settings like this.

Frank Langley was already waiting with the car when we exited the building. His efficiency

was one of the reasons I kept him as my senior beta.

“Is everything prepared at the hotel?” I asked him quietly.

1/3

< Chapter 21 Reunion at the Ba.

+25 Puntos

He nodded. “Yes, Alpha Connor. The private dining room is ready, and Miss Winters’ friends

have already arrived.”

Dazzling lights flickered against the night sky as the Glacier Blue Bentley Continental GT—my special gift for Olivia—slowly came to a stop before the most luxurious five-star hotel in

Riverdale.

I watched through the tinted windows as Olivia's car pulled up. My heart quickened despite

my efforts to remain composed.

The early October breeze carried a faint chill as Olivia stepped out gracefully. Her wave-like honey-brown hair cascaded loosely over her shoulders, complementing her cream trench coat,

pale shirt, and soft leather heels.

I couldn't help but admire how she'd changed. The cool, intellectual aura she'd always possessed was now tinged with a new maturity—one gained from heartbreak and self-awareness. It made her even more captivating.

From the hotel entrance, Rebecca Frost waved enthusiastically. "Liv! Over here!"

Standing beside her was Lily, another of Olivia's childhood friends. I watched as Olivia's amber eyes curved into a warm smile, her steps light as she approached them in her delicate heels.

Lily pretended to pout, placing her hands on her hips. "Finally willing to come back? We thought you forgot us."

Olivia's smile deepened with genuine affection. She reached out to touch Lily's arm gently.

"How could I forget? I came back because I missed you. What, not happy to see me?"

"Hmph, sweet talker," Lily snorted, but her eyes sparkled with obvious delight.

Rebecca linked arms with Olivia cheerfully, pulling her closer. "Lily's been missing you all day

long. You come home to Riverdale, she's the first to welcome you."

(Olivia's POV)

I felt a rush of warmth as Rebecca and Lily greeted me. Their friendship was so evident-

Rebecca gentle and well-mannered, Lily lively and outspoken. It felt good to be back among

people who genuinely cared for me.

The hotel's grand entrance gleamed with polished marble and crystal chandeliers. It reminded

me of how different my life in Harbor City had been.

"You're about to get engaged to Connor, right?" Rebecca mentioned softly, squeezing my arm.

"That's wonderful."

2/3

<Chapter 21 Reunion at the Ba

+25 Puntos

But Lily hesitated, concern etched across her face. She pulled me slightly aside, lowering her

voice.

"Liv... is it truly your choice?"

I flicked Lily's forehead lightly and smiled. The gesture was familiar, reminiscent of our childhood together.

"Who can force me if I don't want it?" My voice carried more confidence than I had felt in months. Fresh chapters posted on find~novel~net

My friends exchanged glances. They knew I had dated someone in Harbor City, but I'd never

told them about the breakup. Over the past three years, I'd occasionally shared sweet

moments with Ethan Grey, but now, I couldn't help the trace of bitterness that crept into my

smile.

"Did you break up with Ethan Grey?" Rebecca asked quietly, her eyes searching mine for the

truth.

Comentarios

Ver anuncios (0/20) >

Votar

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Whisper 35

Chapter 21: Reunion at the Banquet–2

I nodded, trying to keep my voice steady. My hands fidgeted with the strap of my purse.

“I blocked him everywhere. He should get the message.”

Lily tilted her head curiously, her sharp eyes missing nothing. “Suddenly realized something?”

A flash of self-mockery glinted in my eyes. The words felt like stones in my throat.

“He treated me as a substitute.”

Shock and anger burst from Lily. Her face flushed red as she clenched her fists.

“That bastard dared to humiliate you? Our Liv is irreplaceable! He’s blind!” She looked ready to

hunt Ethan down herself.

Rebecca nodded firmly, her normally gentle demeanor hardening. “Good riddance! He never

deserved you.”

I looked at them both, my amber eyes calm as a still lake. Their fierce loyalty touched me

deeply.

“It’s all in the past. Let’s *not* talk about it. Let’s go upstairs. Connor is waiting.”

The hotel manager personally guided us—a sign of respect for our status within werewolf society. His deferential manner reminded me of the political realities of pack life.

As we approached the private dining room on the fourth floor, I wrapped my trench coat tighter against the autumn chill. My stomach fluttered with unexpected nervousness.

I was aware of all eyes turning to me as I stepped into the room, my refined demeanor drawing attention without effort. The conversations paused momentarily.

Ethan Quinn was the first to greet me, his familiar teasing grin spreading across his face. He

stood up quickly, nearly knocking over his chair in his enthusiasm.

“Liv, you’re finally here. Haven’t seen you in three years, you’ve gotten even prettier.”
His eyes

swept over me appreciatively.

Lily rolled her eyes dramatically, stepping slightly in front of me protectively. “Can you be less

greasy, Quinn? That’s not a compliment, that’s just oily.”

“This is called high emotional intelligence social skills,” Ethan feigned annoyance, placing a

hand over his heart as if wounded.

1/4

<Chapter 21 Reunion at the Ba

“Ignore him,” Lily said, dragging me away from his banter. Her grip on my arm was firm, almost territorial.

+25 Puntos

Meanwhile, Rebecca took a seat beside her brother Gabriel Andrews, who only nodded subtly in greeting, calm and restrained as always. His observant eyes missed nothing, I noticed.

I naturally took the seat next to Connor. The familiar scent of his cologne was oddly comforting.

“Con, sorry to keep you waiting.” My voice softened automatically when addressing him. His voice was gentle and indulgent, a stark contrast to his usual coldness. “No, we just arrived.”

His ice-blue eyes then shifted coldly to the young woman beside him. The temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees.

“Why aren’t you greeting her?” The authority in his tone was unmistakable.

The girl’s tone was reluctant and dismissive, betraying her true feelings. Her eyes flickered

over me with barely concealed hostility.

“Hello, Miss Winters.”

This was Vanessa Reed—Connor’s adoptive sister. I’d only heard of her, never met her before.

She had been raised away from the Rivers territory and sent to study abroad for years, only

recently returned.

Connor’s tone sharpened, carrying unmistakable authority. His shoulders tensed visibly.

“Olivia is my future wife, your sister-in-law. Is that how you greet her? Who taught you that?”

Vanessa’s expression stiffened as she sensed his anger. Her fingers clutched at the tablecloth.

“I’m sorry, brother.” Her voice was small but defiant.

But Connor pushed further, his voice like ice. Everyone at the table had gone completely still.

“Who should you apologize to?” This chapter is updated by

Vanessa turned stiffly toward me, her voice subdued but her eyes blazing with resentment.

“Sister-in-law, I’m sorry.”

I smiled awkwardly, feeling uncomfortable with the tension. The hostility radiating from her was almost palpable.

2/4

< Chapter 21 Reunion at the Ba

+25 Puntos 2

“No need, we’re family. It’s alright.” I tried to diffuse the situation, not wanting to start my relationship with her this way.

This was our first meeting as future sisters-in-law, yet it felt so strained. I placed my hand gently on Connor’s arm, feeling the tension in his muscles.

“Con, don’t be so fierce.” I kept my voice soft, meant only for him.

His coldness melted instantly, replaced by a soft smile. The transformation was remarkable

to witness.

“Okay.” The single word carried a tenderness that surprised even me.

I noticed Vanessa watching this transformation, her fists tightening under the table until her knuckles turned white. The jealousy and defiance in her eyes were unmistakable.

Lily immediately sensed Vanessa’s hostility. She deliberately raised her voice, leaning forward

with exaggerated concern.

“Miss Reed, you don’t look well. Want me to get a doctor?” Her tone was sweet but her eyes

were challenging.

Vanessa’s face darkened, a muscle twitching in her jaw. “No need.”

Lily snorted contemptuously, muttering just loud enough to be heard, “What an act.”

I shot Lily a warning glance, but she merely shrugged. I could tell from her expression that her intuition was screaming warnings about Vanessa. Lily had always been perceptive about

people's true intentions.

Ethan Quinn, who overheard Lily's mutters, tugged her arm gently under the table. "Stop it, she's *Connor's* sister. Give her some face," he whispered, not quite quietly enough.

Lily pinched his arm ruthlessly, glaring. "Try pulling again!"

Ethan yelped in pain, yanking his arm away. "Sorry, sorry! Have mercy!"

The tension in the room was thick enough to cut with a knife. I glanced at Connor, who was watching the interactions with a calculating coldness.

Just then, the door was pushed open and a new arrival interrupted the scene. A voice announced, "*Sorry*, I'm late because of the traffic."

Comentarios

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Whisper 36

Chapter 22: The Skilled Restorer and Severed Ties—1

Chapter 22: The Skilled Restorer and Severed Ties

(Olivia's POV)

A graceful, refined woman around her thirties entered the private room of the Crescent Moon

Hotel in Riverdale. Her confident stride and elegant posture immediately caught my attention.

Connor's voice softened as he made the introduction. "Livvy, this is the top-tier artifact restorer I recommended—Ruby Montgomery."

Joy sparked through me instantly. I had expected an elderly master with weathered hands and

a stern expression. Instead, this beautiful woman with warm eyes stood before us.

I quickly stood and stepped forward, extending my hand with barely contained excitement.

“Master Montgomery, hello, I’m Olivia Winters. I entrust my ceramic wolf figurine to you.”

Ruby Montgomery couldn’t help but burst into a soft laugh, her warm, curved eyes gleaming

teasingly. “Master Montgomery? Sounds like I’m some ancient museum curator!” Fresh chapters posted on

Heat rushed to my cheeks as I realized my slip. “Sorry, that was a slip of the tongue. I apologize.”

Ruby waved it off *good-naturedly*, her smile genuine and easy. She then glanced sideways at Connor, a playful smirk forming on her lips.

“You’re so cold and aloof, picky beyond reason,” she said to him. “Before I came, I was dying to

know what *kind* of woman could conquer the ‘ice Alpha’ Connor Rivers. Now that I’ve met

Livvy, I get it. If it were me, I’d like her too.”

My cheeks burned hotter at her words. I gestured toward an empty chair, trying to regain my composure. “Please, have a seat.”

I poured her a cup of herbal tea, the fragrant steam rising between us. “Please enjoy,” I said, sliding the cup toward her.

Ruby took a sip with an approving nod. From the corner of my eye, I noticed Connor watching

us, a gentle smile playing on his lips.

“Livvy, no need to be so deferential,” he said. “I’ve paid her a handsome fee. You’re the client,

you can be as assertive as you want.”

His words made me lower my lashes and smile obediently. I returned to sit quietly beside him,

1/3

Chapter 22: The Skilled Resto

suddenly aware of how naturally I’d fallen into pleasing him.

Ruby shot Connor a mock glare. “You really know how to spoil the fun.”

+25 Puntos >

She switched to business mode, her expression becoming more professional. “Livvy, did you

bring the item today?”

I shook my head slightly. “Not yet, Ruby. Could you come to the Winters residence with me

after dinner? I’ll get it for you.”

“Of course,” Ruby readily agreed, setting her cup down.

After our meal concluded, we headed to my family *home* in Riverdale. The familiar surroundings brought a mix of comfort and unease as memories of my childhood flooded

back.

In my old bedroom, I carefully retrieved the bag containing the shattered remains of the light blue ceramic wolf figurine—the precious creation my mother Sarah and I had made together

before her death. My hands trembled slightly as I handed it over.

Ruby examined the fragments with a professional eye, frowning and clicking her tongue. “It’s

smashed pretty badly.”

My heart jumped to my throat, anxiety surging through my body. The figurine was more than just ceramic—it was one of the few tangible connections I had left to my mother.

Ruby must have noticed my distress because she patted my shoulder reassuringly. "Don't worry, since it's in my hands, I'll fix it beautifully."

Only then did my tense nerves relax. "Thank you so much," I said, gratitude washing over me.

"Do you have any *photos* of what it looked like before?" she asked, carefully placing the fragments back in the bag.

"Yes, I'll send them to *you*," I replied promptly.

"Perfect. I'll reach out again if I need details. I'll head back now."

"I'll have Henry drive *you*," I offered, already reaching for my phone.

"Great," Ruby nodded, carefully securing the bag with my precious memories.

Once my mother's cherished memento was entrusted with a promise of restoration, a burden lifted *from* my heart. But now, the anger inside me demanded another resolution—to confront Cassandra Evans and Ethan Grey.

I dialed my cousin Alexander Winters, now head of the Silverridge Group, asking quietly, "Hello,

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Chapter 22 The Skilled Resta

cousin, I need your help with something."

+25 Puntos

Late that night after my bath, I lay on my bed in the Winters residence, my hair still damp against the pillow. The familiar ceiling above me was both comforting and strange after so

many years away.

My phone buzzed with an unfamiliar number from Harbor City. Assuming it was a client inquiry, I answered politely, "Hello?"

Silence greeted me. I called out twice more, still no reply.

"If you don't speak, I'll hang up," I warned, my patience wearing thin.

Suddenly, Ethan Grey's voice sounded through the line, cold and awkward. "It's me. Olivia,

unblock me and my number."

Comentarios

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

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Chapter 22: **The Skilled Restorer and Severed Ties—2**

My brows knitted instantly, a surge of anger and hurt rising within me. "No."

His tone softened with a hint of pleading. "Let's not quarrel anymore, okay? I've missed you these days. I was wrong that day, I shouldn't have said those things to upset you." New novel chapters are published on

But my voice remained icy, resolute. "It doesn't matter anymore. We've already broken up."

"Broken up?" His voice chilled further. "I didn't agree to that."

I retorted sharply, my patience snapping completely. "A breakup isn't a marriage, I don't need

your consent."

Without hesitation, I hung up and blacklisted that number as well, severing the last thread between us. My heart pounded in my chest, but I felt lighter somehow, as if I'd finally cut away a weight that had been dragging me down.

With that tie brutally cut, I turned my mind to my career. Though opening my own law practice was an option, I knew my current reputation was insufficient to build a brand from scratch.

It would be wiser to join a prestigious firm first, hone my skills, and accumulate industry connections. When I shared this plan with Connor the next morning, he fully supported me.

“Our Livvy is so outstanding,” he said, his ice-blue eyes warm with pride. “You’ll excel in Riverdale’s legal circles. Why not try Moonlaw Legal Services? It’s the best one in Riverdale.”

I nodded, grateful for his confidence in me. “I will send my resume.”

(Ethan’s POV)

I stared numbly at the phone’s busy tone, an emptiness gnawing inside me. How could Olivia be so ruthless—cutting ties so decisively, leaving no room for regret?

The manor felt hollow without her presence. Every corner held memories of her—the kitchen where she’d prepare her healing broth, the living room where she’d curl up with a book, the garden where she’d tend to her herbs.

I dragged myself to the bed, burying my face in the sheets where her scent still lingered faintly. I inhaled deeply, desperate to hold onto any trace of her.

“Livvy, I miss you. I miss you so much,” I whispered into the fabric, my voice breaking.

Just then, Cassandra Evans pushed open the door and called softly, “Ethan, dinner’s ready.”

I looked up at her, seeing but not really seeing. In that moment, all I **could** think about was

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Chapter 22 The Skilled Resto

how much I needed to feel something—anything—to fill the void Olivia had left.

Without warning, I dragged Cassandra down beneath me, passion igniting like wildfire. Her surprised gasp quickly turned to eager moans as she responded to my touch.

Yet at the height of our entanglement, as pleasure clouded my mind, it was Olivia’s face I saw,

Olivia’s voice I heard, Olivia’s touch I craved.

“Livvy... my Livvy... I miss you...” I gasped hoarsely, lost in the fantasy.

Cassandra froze completely beneath me, her body going rigid. When I opened my eyes, her

face had turned ashen, hurt and fury battling in her expression.

(Olivia's POV)

The next day, Lily arranged a celebratory night out in a bar for my return to Riverdale. Sitting

on the plush sofa, Lily, Rebecca Frost, and I chatted over colorful drinks, the ambient music

providing a pleasant backdrop.

Lily took a sip of her cocktail before fuming, "That Vanessa Reed girl from yesterday really

pissed me off with her attitude."

Rebecca nodded in agreement, twirling the straw in her glass. "Yeah, that foster sister looks

like a tough nut *to* crack."

Lily scoffed disdainfully, her eyes flashing with contempt. "Foster sister? She's just a household servant's daughter, adopted by the Rivers family. An orphan living under someone

else's protection, yet she dares *to* see herself as a Rivers heir?"

I was taken aback by this revelation. I only knew the Rivers family had an adopted daughter,

unaware that Vanessa Reed was a servant's child.

"Why would the Rivers family adopt their servant's daughter?" I asked curiously, setting my glass down.

Rebecca leaned forward, her voice dropping slightly as if sharing a secret. "My brother said that years ago, Mrs. Rivers was attacked by robbers. Their servant took the knife for her and died. Before dying, she made Mrs. Rivers promise one thing."

At this, Rebecca paused, casting a meaningful glance at me. The sudden silence hung heavy between us.

I blinked in confusion. "Why did you stop?"

(Rebecca's POV)

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25 Puntos

I studied Olivia's face, wondering how she would react to what I was about to reveal. My friendship with her stretched back to childhood, and I'd always been protective of her gentle nature.

"Do you know what that dying servant asked Mrs. Rivers to promise her?" I asked, my voice deliberately measured.

Olivia's amber eyes widened with curiosity, waiting for me to continue. The bar's dim lighting

cast shadows across her face, highlighting the delicate features that had captured Connor

Rivers' heart years ago.

I took a deep breath, preparing to share the information that might explain Vanessa's hostility

toward my friend.

"Do you know what that dying servant asked Mrs. Rivers to promise her?"

Comentarios

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 38

Chapter 23: **Dangerous Encounters—1** READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

Chapter 23: Dangerous Encounters

(Olivia's POV)

I sat between Rebecca and Lily at our corner table, the bar's ambient lighting casting a warm glow over our faces. The fruity scent of my cocktail mingled with the low hum of conversation around us.

Rebecca leaned closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Back then, Vanessa's mother didn't just beg Mrs. Rivers to take in her daughter, but even shamelessly suggested that Connor Rivers should marry Vanessa in the future."

I nearly choked on my drink. "What?"

The revelation hit me like a physical blow. Suddenly, Vanessa's hostility made perfect sense.

Lily's voice rose sharply, her eyes widening. "No way! She actually dared to say that?"

Rebecca shrugged, twirling the straw in her glass. "No one knows what Mrs. Rivers said in reply. But in the end, the servant accepted the so-called 'debt of gratitude' as just letting her daughter be adopted."

Lily snorted disdainfully, tossing her hair back. "Of course, Mrs. Rivers only has one son. How could she let him marry a servant's daughter?"

"Exactly," Rebecca echoed, nodding firmly. "Connor is the Rivers family's sole heir. Marrying a maid's daughter is impossible."

I sipped my wine pensively, my mind swirling with these unexpected revelations. The pieces were falling into place – Vanessa's cold glares, her barely concealed –

contempt, her stiff formality when Connor introduced us.

"So that's why she hates me," I murmured, more to myself than to my friends.

What I didn't notice was the pair of violet eyes fixed upon me from across the room – Vanessa Reed herself, her face a mask of cold fury as she overheard every word.

After a few more drinks, I excused myself to use the restroom. "I'll be right back," I told

Rebecca and Lily, sliding out of the booth.

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<Chapter 23 Dangerous En.

3 Points

The bathroom was clean and quiet, a welcome respite from the noise of the bar. I checked my appearance in the mirror, tucking a strand of honey–brown hair behind my ear before heading back out.

As I stepped into the dimly lit corridor, I pulled out my phone to check my messages. Connor had texted, asking if I was enjoying my night *out*. I smiled, typing a quick reply.

Suddenly, two men blocked my path. One was burly with a shaved head, his muscular arms covered in tattoos. He wore a black tank top that strained against his chest. The other was lanky with bleached–blonde hair and a cigarette dangling from his lips.

The tattooed one whistled, his eyes traveling up and down my body. “Hey pretty girl, come play with us, hm?”

Without missing a beat, I smoothly switched my phone to recording mode and slipped it into my pocket. Years of legal training had taught me the value of evidence.

The blonde one leaned against the wall, his eyes gleaming with something predatory. “You’re a real beauty. Must be a wild ride.”

I kept my expression neutral, though disgust churned in my stomach. “Did you just eat something rotten in the bathroom? Your mouth stinks.”

The blonde’s face twisted with anger, but quickly morphed back into a leering grin. “How much for a night? Name your price.”

I crossed my arms calmly, assessing the situation. The corridor was narrow, with both men effectively blocking my path back to the main area. I could feel my wolf stirring inside me, sensing danger.

“Funeral vigil: 5,000 dollars a night,” I replied coolly. “Wailing service, add 2,000. Band with traditional music, 2,800. Basic cremation, 499. Wooden coffin, 500 extra.”

Their leers faltered, confusion crossing their faces.

“If the bones aren’t crushed post–cremation, add 1,200,” I continued, my voice steady. “Who in your family died? More than one corpse? Discounts available. Spend 10,000, save 1,000.”

The blonde spat on the floor, his face contorting with rage. “f****g b***h! Playing hard to get?”

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< Chapter 23 Dangerous En.

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+8 Points

The tattooed one – Brock, I’d later learn advanced toward me, his hands moving to unbuckle his belt. “Acting all pure? Bet you’ve been with plenty of men. Stop pretending. Let’s do it right here!”

He nodded to his accomplice. “Drag her into the men’s room and have some real fun.”

Both lunged toward me simultaneously. In that split second, everything slowed down.

My self–defense training kicked in automatically.

I pivoted on my heel and kicked out with all my strength, my foot connecting squarely with Brock’s groin. The impact was devastating.

A shrill scream tore from his throat as he crumpled to the ground, clutching his crotch in agony. His face instantly drenched in sweat, all color draining away.

The blonde – Tyler – cursed furiously and threw a wild punch at my head. I ducked under his arm, grabbed it, and twisted sharply until a sickening c***k announced his shoulder dislocating.

His scream joined Brock’s, echoing through the corridor. Both men were down, writhing in pain on the dirty floor.

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

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Chapter 23: Dangerous Encounters—2

I calmly pulled a tissue from my purse and wiped my hands, my lips curling in disdain. “Seriously? Not even worth the warm-up.”

Tyler, despite his dislocated shoulder, tried to strike back with his other arm. I easily sidestepped, grabbed his wrist, and flipped him over my shoulder. He slammed hard onto the floor, the impact knocking the wind from his lungs.

I placed my high heel on his cheek, applying just enough pressure to make him freeze. “Go practice some more before picking fights.”

Looking over at Brock, I noticed his pants darkening with spreading blood. I clicked my tongue, a cool observation crossing my mind. Oops, maybe I kicked too hard. Did I just rupture his balls...?

The commotion had finally drawn attention. Bar staff rushed over, their faces

showing shock at the scene before them

woman in heels.

—

two grown men incapacitated by a single

Brock was whimpering now, curled into a fetal position. “Call an ambulance! f**k! It

hurts so bad!”

A crowd had gathered, including Lily and Rebecca, who had come looking when I was gone too long.

Lily’s jaw dropped as she took in the scene. “Holy s**t! Your legendary defensive moves are back in action?”

Rebecca’s eyes moved from the groaning men to me, her expression a mix of concern and admiration. “Liv, are you alright?”

I smirked lightly, tucking back a strand of hair that had fallen across my face. “Fine. With these guys? They couldn’t even touch a strand.”

Lily’s eyes shone with undisguised awe. “You’re a total badass! Should’ve learned self-defense with you back then.”

The police and ambulance arrived shortly after. The two men were loaded onto stretchers, still moaning in pain. The officers took statements from witnesses while the bar manager explained what had happened.

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< Chapter 23: Dangerous En.....

+8 Points >

Lily, Rebecca, and I were escorted to the police station to give formal statements. I remained calm throughout, my legal training serving me well in this unexpected situation.

Hidden behind a pillar, Vanessa Reed watched the entire scene unfold with a cold sneer. Useless trash. Two against one and still beaten bloody. Clearly, I wasn’t the weakling she had assumed. Next time, she would hire more people – real thugs, professional hitmen. She would ensure that Connor Rivers’ precious little fiancée would suffer properly. Her violet eyes gleamed with malice as she slipped away from the scene, already formulating her next move against the woman who dared to take what she considered rightfully hers.

At the police station, I sat calmly in the interview room, giving my statement with professional precision. The officer across from me looked impressed by my composure.

“The surveillance footage confirms your account, Ms. Winters,” he said, closing his notebook. “Those men clearly initiated the harassment and assault.”

I nodded, maintaining my professional demeanor. “I only acted in self-defense.”

Just then, another officer entered with a message from the hospital. His expression was grave as he handed a note to his colleague.

“There’s a complication,” the first officer said after reading it. “Mr. Harding’s injuries are severe. He has a ruptured testicle that requires surgical evaluation.”

My heart sank slightly, but I kept my face neutral. As a lawyer, I understood the potential legal implications immediately.

“If both testicles were damaged and needed removal,” the officer continued, “this might escalate to a case of excessive self–defense, possibly constituting intentional assault.”

The *door* opened again, and Connor strode in, his ice–blue eyes immediately finding mine. Relief washed over me at the sight of him. The source of this content is “What’s going on?” he demanded, his voice carrying the unmistakable authority of an Alpha.

The officer explained the situation, concluding that they couldn’t release me until the

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< Chapter 23 Dangerous En.

hospital determined the extent of Brock’s injuries.

Connor’s jaw tightened. “This is ridiculous. She was defending herself against attempted s****| assault.”

+8 Points >

He pulled out his phone, clearly ready to call in favors to get me released immediately.

I placed my hand on his arm, stopping him.

“It’s okay,” I said calmly. “Let me handle this.”

I turned back to the officers, my professional composure unshaken. “One ruptured is minor injury, two is serious. If both were removed, yes, it could be injury beyond

necessity, possibly intentional harm.”

Then I unlocked my phone and confidently played back the recording – the filthy threats and plans for r**e captured in full. The officers’ expressions changed as they listened, disgust and anger replacing their previous skepticism.

My eyes were clear and cold as I placed the phone on the table. “Officer, I have evidence these two attempted s****I assault. My resistance was justified against violent crime. It does not constitute excessive self–defense.”

Fixing my gaze steadily on the police officer, I added resolutely, “I am now formally reporting an attempted rape.” My voice was firm and unwavering.

Watch Ads (0/20) >

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Whisper 40

Chapter 24: Darkness and Secrets–1

Chapter 24: Darkness and Secrets

(Olivia’s POV)

The police officer’s face remained impassive as he delivered his verdict.

“We’ve received your report. We will open an investigation on the charge *of* attempted assault, but your case of excessive force will also be filed. Since it’s a criminal violation, whether it constitutes justified defense will be determined by the

court.”

I nodded, keeping my expression neutral despite the frustration bubbling beneath the surface.

“Understood.”

My voice remained steady, betraying none of the turmoil I felt. As a lawyer, I knew the system well enough to understand that this was standard procedure, even if it felt

unjust.

After completing the necessary paperwork and posting bail, I finally stepped out of the police station. The night air felt cool against my skin after hours in the stuffy

interview room.

Connor’s sleek black SUV waited at the curb, its engine purring softly. He opened the passenger door for me, his ice-blue eyes scanning my face with concern.

Once inside, he immediately turned to me, his expression intense.

“I’ll make a call *to* have this case withdrawn.”

His *tone* left no room for argument, but I shook my head firmly. My honey-brown hair caught the moonlight streaming through the window.

“No need. I have confidence I can walk away from this unscathed.”

Connor’s jaw tightened slightly, but he didn’t press the issue. Instead, he started the car and pulled away from the curb, the police station shrinking in the rearview mirror.

The streets of Riverdale were nearly empty at this hour, streetlights casting long

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<Chapter 24 Darkness and.

shadows across the pavement. We drove in silence for several minutes, the only

sound the soft hum of the engine.

+ Points

Finally, Connor spoke, his voice low and tinged with something I rarely heard from

—

him vulnerability.

“Livvy, every time something happens, you always carry it alone. *You* can try to lean on me.”

His words hung in the air between us. I remained silent, watching the city lights blur past the window.

After a long moment, I exhaled softly.

“After my mother passed away, I was lost for a long time. Then my father remarried.

After that, I felt like in this world, there was no one truly close to me anymore.”

The confession slipped out before I could stop it, my voice barely audible in the quiet UPDATE FROM

car.

The words melted into the night’s silence. Sitting side by side, Connor couldn’t see the sorrow hidden in my amber eyes. I forced myself to sound casual, as if discussing something trivial rather than the wound that had shaped my entire life.

“So, I got used to carrying everything by myself. Because I really don’t know who I can still rely *on*.”

I could feel Connor’s gaze on me, though I kept my eyes fixed on the passing scenery.

The weight of his attention was almost physical.

“*You* still have me.”

His words were simple but filled with an intensity that made my chest tighten. Yet I

couldn't bring myself to respond.

Rebecca's earlier revelations about Vanessa Reed had planted a seed of doubt I

couldn't ignore. Connor's foster sister – the daughter of a servant who had sacrificed herself for Mrs. Rivers – probably harbored deep feelings for him.

Although Connor had scolded Vanessa for her rudeness yesterday, I sensed his anger stemmed more from her embarrassing the Rivers family than from any desire to defend me. Deep down, I knew my place in his heart couldn't compare to his bond

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< Chapter 24 Darkness and....

with the "sister" he'd grown up with.

+8 Ports

If Vanessa and I ever truly clashed, I had little doubt which side Connor would choose. To protect myself from future heartbreak, I resolved not to rely too heavily on his protection.

Connor seemed to feel my hesitation keenly. A trace of frustration crossed his features before he gently reached out, rubbing my head with rare tenderness.

"Livvy, remember, no matter what, I will always stand on your side."

I lowered my head, unable to meet his gaze.

"Mm."

My noncommittal response hung between us for the remainder of the drive.

(Third person's POV)

After escorting Olivia home to Moonlight Manor, Connor immediately pulled out his phone and dialed Frank Langley.

"I want the case of 'excessive force' against Olivia Winters withdrawn. Immediately."

His voice carried the unmistakable authority of an Alpha accustomed to having his commands obeyed without question.

“Consider it done,” Frank replied promptly.

Connor ended that call and immediately dialed his assistant.

“Henry, find out which hospital those two men who harassed Livvy are at. Deal with them.”

The words were spoken calmly, but the underlying menace was clear.

In Harbor City Memorial Hospital, Brock Harding lay weakly in his bed, having just emerged from surgery. His tattooed arms lay limply at his sides, his face still pale from blood loss and anesthesia.

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