

## Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

### Whisper 311

#### Chapter 233: The Luna's Sanctuary

#### Chapter 233: The Luna's Sanctuary

(Connor's POV)

I took my time exploring Olivia's bedroom, noting every detail that spoke of her gentle nature. The low-saturation light blue linens reflected her soft personality perfectly. The room was simply decorated yet warm, creating an atmosphere that was uniquely hers.

My eyes swept over the walk-in closet, taking in the organized arrangement of her clothes. I breathed deeply, inhaling the subtle floral scent that lingered in the air. It was her natural werewolf essence mixed with her favorite perfume, a combination that made my wolf stir with contentment.

The scent was intoxicating, reminding me of moonlit nights and the promise of our bond. Every breath filled my lungs with her presence, making the separation we'd endured feel even more unbearable.

As I continued exploring, my gaze landed on a white-clothed table adorned with fresh moonlight jasmine

flowers. The delicate blooms seemed to glow in the soft afternoon light filtering through the curtains.

But it was the Light Blue Ceramic Wolf Figurine that truly captured my attention. The DIY creation from Olivia's childhood with her mother Sarah Winters sat perfectly restored on the table. I remembered finding it broken, the pieces scattered like fragments of her heart.

Ruby Montgomery had done exceptional work. The restoration expert I'd hired had mended it so skillfully that no trace of damage remained. I carefully picked up the ceramic piece, examining the delicate craftsmanship that spoke of a mother's love and a daughter's joy.

The figurine felt warm in my hands, as if it still held the memory of their shared laughter. I gently placed it back, knowing how precious this piece was to Olivia.

My attention shifted to a wooden cabinet showcasing framed photographs of Olivia and her mother Sarah. Each image told a story of love and happiness that made my chest tighten with emotion.

One photo captured a young Olivia, around five or six, wearing a pink dress with a butterfly hairpin. She was smiling brightly on her mother's lap, both of them radiating pure joy. The innocence in her amber eyes made my wolf ache with protective instincts.

Another photograph showed her eighth birthday. She wore a diamond tiara, making a wish over a birthday cake while Sarah smiled warmly beside her. The love between mother and daughter was palpable, even in the still image.

A third picture from her tenth year showed her at a piano competition. She was beaming with pride, holding a trophy while her parents Richard and Sarah stood on either side. The family looked complete, untouched by the tragedy that would later tear them apart.

I traced the images with my finger, regret filling my heart. I hadn't been there for those precious moments in Olivia's life. I'd missed her childhood, her teenage years, all the milestones that shaped her into the

\* Chapter #33 The Luna's Sanctuary woman I loved.

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But I silently promised to fill her future with my presence and protection. As her mate, I would ensure she never felt alone again.

(Olivia's POV)

An hour later, after Natalie's departure and Dorothy's separate meal preparation for Emma, I finally felt relieved. The tension in my shoulders eased as I realized the coast was clear.

I opened the bedroom door, announcing, "You can come out now." But the bedroom appeared empty. Confusion washed over me as I scanned the space.

Puzzled, I ventured further into the room, finding no sign of Connor. Had he left through the window? That

seemed unlikely given we were on the second floor.

"Connor, are you in there?" I called out, pushing open the closet door. Still, no one was inside.

Just as I was about to ask where he had gone, a warm touch on my wrist made me gasp. A sudden pull brought me into a familiar embrace from behind.

My back pressed against Connor's broad chest. I could feel his body heat through his thin shirt and the subtle vibration of his wolf's contentment. The sensation sent shivers through my werewolf senses.

"Here," he murmured, his breath tickling my neck. The warmth of his words against my skin made my

knees weak.

A tremor ran through me, and I almost lost my balance. Connor chuckled, his voice low and teasing.

"What? Can't handle it already?"

The amusement in his tone made my cheeks burn with embarrassment. How did he always manage to

affect me so easily?

I turned to face Connor, our eyes locking as I felt the pull of our mate bond. The connection between us was electric, impossible to ignore. Emboldened by the intensity in his gaze, I stood on my toes and looped

my arms around his neck.

I kissed him, pouring all my longing into the gesture. But my kiss was amateurish compared to Connor's experienced touch, lacking the natural dominance of an Alpha's claim. After a few moments, I paused, sensing his lack of reciprocation.

"You don't want to kiss," I stated, a hint of coldness creeping into my tone. Disappointment and hurt

mingled in my chest.

Connor raised his eyebrows, his wolf stirring with amusement. "Did I say I didn't want to kiss?"

I huffed, crossing my arms defensively. "You didn't respond."

He chuckled, his voice carrying the warm rumble of his wolf. "Baby, you rarely kiss me first. I was savoring

it."

## Chapter 233 The Lima's Sanctuary

The endearment made my heart flutter, but I was still hurt by his apparent lack of enthusiasm. I turned away, not wanting him to see the vulnerability in my eyes.

Connor, amused by my reaction, coaxed gently, "Are you angry?" When I didn't reply, he used his Alpha strength to lift me effortlessly and sat me on the bed.

Kneeling before me, Connor took my hands in his larger ones. The gesture was unexpected, an Alpha submitting to his mate. He lowered his head and kissed me with the reverence an Alpha shows his Luna.

4 Google search Find\_Novel(.)net

The kiss was different this time deeper, more meaningful. It was a silent offering of his devotion, a promise that spoke louder than words. The unexpected gesture sent a jolt through me, my wolf responding to his submission.

His actions spoke volumes about our bond. I melted under his tender attention, all my earlier hurt dissolving like morning mist.

Connor's lips moved from my lips to my eyes, my ears, my neck. Each kiss marked me as his mate without the formal claiming bite. The room's temperature rose as our wolves responded to each other's proximity.

He whispered against my skin, his voice rough with desire, "Do you want to?"

I bit my lip, my breath catching as my wolf yearned for her mate. The longing was overwhelming, a need that went beyond physical desire. "Yes," I whispered.

We had been apart for too long. Our bodies – both human and wolf – craved the connection that only true mates could share. The bond between us demanded completion, unity that transcended the physical

realm.

Dusk fell over Harbor City as we lost ourselves in each other. The half-open window let the summer evening breeze gently raise the gauze curtains, bringing with it the scent of night-blooming jasmine that

seemed to bless our union.

The fragrance mingled with our scents, creating something beautiful and sacred. Time seemed suspended as we reconnected on every level – body, mind, and soul.

Afterward, I was exhausted from our passionate reconnection. Every muscle in my body felt languid, satisfied in a way I'd never experienced before. Connor gently stroked my sweat-dampened hair, his touch infinitely tender.

He kissed my forehead with the devotion of a mate who cherished every moment with his beloved. The gesture was so gentle, so loving, that tears pricked my eyes.

Connor then carried me to the bathroom with the careful strength that marked him as my protector. His arms were steady and sure, cradling me as if I were the most precious thing in his world.

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## Whisper 312

### Chapter 234: The Alpha's Tenderness

#### Chapter 234: The Alpha's Tenderness

(Connor's POV)

I carefully placed Olivia in the bathtub, watching as the hot water embraced her delicate skin. Her fair

complexion seemed to glow in the warm light, and I couldn't resist reaching for the Moonlight Cotton

Towel.

The soft fabric glided across her shoulders as I gently wiped away the evidence of our passionate reunion.

My wolf purred deep in my chest, completely content at being able to care for our mate in such an

intimate way.

The hot water brought color back to her cheeks, transforming her from the exhausted woman I'd carried

here into something radiant. Her amber eyes fluttered closed as she relaxed into my touch.

"Better?" I asked softly, my voice rough with emotion.

She nodded, a small smile playing at her lips. "Much better."

I continued my gentle ministrations, my wolf demanding this connection with its mate. Every stroke **of** the

towel was an act of devotion, a silent promise that I would always care for her.

But as I watched her flushed cheeks and the way her lips parted slightly in contentment, something primal

stirred within me. My wolf wasn't satisfied with just caring for her – it wanted more.

I leaned down and kissed her face, unable to resist the pull. Her skin was warm and soft beneath my lips, tasting faintly of the jasmine-scented bath oil.

"Connor," she whispered, but there was no protest in her voice.

I kissed her lips repeatedly, each touch sending electricity through our mate bond. My wolf growled with

satisfaction, but it still wasn't enough for either man or beast.

The need to claim her, to mark her as mine, burned through my veins. But I forced myself to pull back,

knowing she needed rest more than she needed my desires.

After the bath, I carried Olivia to the Master Bedroom, her body warm and pliant in my arms. She felt **so**

right there, like she belonged nowhere else but in my embrace.

I set her gently on the bed and reached for the hair dryer, determined to take care of every detail. As I

worked the warm air through her honey-brown locks, she leaned into my touch.

"Can you stay the night?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

My heart clenched at the vulnerability in her tone. “Of course.”

“Promise you’ll only hold me?” she pressed, though her eyes held doubt.

I chuckled softly, changing the sheets with meticulous care. “I promise to only hold **you**.”

## Chapter 234 The Alpha’s Tenderness

She gave me a look that said she didn’t believe me for a second. “You said that before, and look what

happened.”

“That was different,” I protested, though we both knew she was right. Our mate bond made it nearly impossible to resist each other.

As I dried her hair, her expression grew distant. The contentment from moments before faded, replaced by

something that looked like pain.

“You lied to me before,” she said quietly. “About your feelings. About Layla Lawrence.”

The accusation hit me like a physical blow. I set down the hair dryer and knelt beside the bed, taking her

hands in mine.

“Olivia, I never lied about my feelings for you.”

“But you used Layla for a fake relationship,” she continued, her amber eyes bright with unshed tears. “You

made me think you’d moved on.”

Guilt crashed over me in waves. “That was a well-intentioned lie,” I said, my voice thick with regret. “I was

trying to protect you from pack politics and media scrutiny.”

“By breaking my heart?”

The pain in her voice nearly destroyed me. “I’m sorry. I thought if you believed I’d moved on, you’d be safer.

I never wanted to hurt you.”

She studied my face for a long moment, searching for the truth. Finally, she nodded, though I could see

the hurt still lingered.

After finishing with her hair, I stood and stretched. “I should cook something for us.”

“You don’t need to,” she said, following me toward the Manor Kitchen. “Dorothy probably left something.”

But when we entered the kitchen, we both stopped short. The Pack Feast Warming Unit displayed “keep

warm” in glowing letters, and steam rose from the Steaming Rack for Pack Meals.

A complete Four–Course Pack Feast sat waiting for us, perfectly prepared and maintained at the ideal

temperature.

“Dorothy must have made this while we were...” Olivia’s cheeks turned crimson as realization dawned.

I couldn’t help but grin at her embarrassment. “She has enhanced werewolf hearing, doesn’t she?”

Olivia buried her face in her hands. “Oh god, she heard everything.”

“It’s fine,” I assured her, pulling her into my arms. “Dorothy is practically pack family. She understands mate

bonds.”

“I was so loud,” she moaned, her mortification complete. Google search Find\_Novel(.)net

I kissed the top of her head, my wolf rumbling with amusement and satisfaction. “You were perfect.”

\* Chapter 234 The Alpha’s Tenderness

Olivia suddenly pulled away and grabbed her phone. “I need to call Emma.”

I watched as she dialed, her face still flushed with embarrassment.



“Emma? Did you eat dinner?” she asked when her assistant answered.

Even from across the room, I could hear Emma’s strange tone through the phone. “Yes, I ate. Are you...

okay? You sound different.”

Olivia’s blush deepened. “I’m fine. Just checking on you,”

“Okay,” Emma said slowly. “Well, goodnight then.”

After hanging up, Olivia looked even more mortified. “She knows too.”

I laughed, unable to contain my amusement. “The whole pack probably knows by now.”

We moved to the Formal Dining Hall, where I served the meal Dorothy had so thoughtfully prepared. The food was excellent, but I was more focused on watching Olivia eat.

“Please let me stay tonight,” I said as we finished dinner. “I promise to behave like a proper Alpha.”

She looked at me skeptically. “After I made you hide from Natalie earlier, I suppose I owe you that much.”

Relief flooded through me. “Thank you.”

“But you have to keep your promise,” she warned.

I nodded solemnly, though my wolf was already planning ways to get closer to our mate.

True to my word, I only held Olivia as we settled into the Master Bedroom for the night. She curled against my chest, her breathing gradually evening out as sleep claimed her.

But my wolf wasn’t satisfied with just holding her. During the night, I found myself touching her face with gentle reverence, tracing the curve of her nose and the softness of her lips.

She stirred slightly but didn’t wake, too exhausted from our reunion to fully surface from sleep. I continued my gentle exploration, memorizing every detail of her features in the moonlight.

Olivia slept soundly in my protective embrace, more peacefully than she had since our separation. There were no dreams, no midnight wakings – just deep, restorative sleep.

I watched over her through the night, my wolf content to guard our mate while she rested.

When morning came, she slept straight through until she woke naturally. I watched the hour hand on the wall clock point to ten before her amber eyes finally fluttered open.

It was a weekend, so she didn't need to go to Moonstone Legal Partners. She stretched languidly, then froze when she realized I was watching her.

"How long have you been staring at me?" she asked, though there was no real annoyance in her voice.

"Not long enough," I replied, pulling her back into my arms.

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## Chapter 234 The Alpha's Tendemars

We dozed contentedly for a while longer, neither of us wanting to break the peaceful spell of morning.

When Olivia finally tried to get up, she pushed at my chest. "Come on, we need to get up."

I tightened my arms around her, reluctant to leave our mate's nest. "Five more minutes."

She laughed and tried to stand, but her legs were sore from our previous night's activities. She stumbled, nearly falling before I caught her.

I couldn't help but laugh at her predicament, my wolf practically preening with satisfied Alpha smugness. "This is your fault," she accused, though her wolf purred at my obvious satisfaction with our mating.

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# Whisper 313

## Chapter 235: The Cruise Party

Chapter 235: The Cruise Party NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

(Connor's POV)

The day before Miranda Blackwood's birthday, Olivia's phone rang while we were having breakfast. She glanced at the screen and answered with a smile.

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"Hey, Olivia, come early tomorrow afternoon," Miranda's voice carried through the speaker, urgent and excited. "My cruise party will set sail in the afternoon for a two-day trip at sea."

Olivia nodded, though Miranda couldn't see her. "Of course, I'll be there."

"Perfect! I can't wait to see you," Miranda replied before hanging up.

The next morning dawned clear and sunny, perfect weather for a cruise. I watched from the bedroom doorway as Olivia prepared herself, my wolf purring with contentment at her natural grace.

She had chosen the Sapphire Blue Halter Evening Gown she'd bought specifically for this occasion. The

flowing fabric complemented her figure perfectly, the color bringing out the amber flecks in her eyes.

Her makeup was deliberately light, just enough to enhance her natural beauty. She pinned her honey-brown

hair back in an elegant style that showcased her slender neck.

"You look beautiful," I said, unable to keep the admiration from my voice.

She turned to face me, a slight blush coloring her cheeks. "I didn't want to overshadow the birthday girl."

My wolf disagreed. Even with her understated approach, Olivia's Luna elegance shone through effortlessly. She could never be anything less than radiant.

After Olivia packed a small suitcase with her necessities, we left her luxury penthouse together. Frank Langley was waiting with my obsidian black Cullinan, the engine purring quietly.

The drive to Shadowmere Harbor was pleasant, with the sea breeze carrying the scent of salt and freedom

through the open windows. My wolf stirred with anticipation, always drawn to the ocean's wild energy.

The port was filled with white yachts of various sizes, their masts creating a forest of elegance against the

blue sky. But among them, one vessel stood out like a floating palace.

The Moonlit Voyager was massive, its white hull gleaming in the afternoon sun. This was Miranda's chosen

venue for her extravagant birthday celebration.

A red carpet stretched from the dock to the ship's entrance, flanked by smiling hostesses in crisp uniforms. White-gloved crew members stood at attention, ready to **assist** guests.

As we approached, the crew members immediately recognized the aura of authority surrounding us. They respectfully took Olivia's luggage, their movements efficient and deferential.

"Welcome aboard the Moonlit Voyager," **one** of them said with a bow.

As Olivia boarded with me beside her, we were soon greeted by the birthday girl herself. Miranda Blackwood had spared no expense on her appearance for this occasion.

She wore a shimmering blue-purple mermaid gown that flowed like liquid starlight. The fabric caught the

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< Chapter 235 The Cruise Party

light with every movement, creating an almost hypnotic effect.

Miranda's Sapphire Diamond Necklace adorned her throat, the precious stones catching the sunlight. Matching earrings and bracelet completed the ensemble, speaking of old pack wealth and power.

"Olivia, you're finally here, I was waiting for you," Miranda said with a practiced smile.

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But I didn't miss how her eyes lit up with genuine interest when she saw me. Her wolf recognized my Alpha authority, and something more flickered in her gaze.

Olivia caught the subtle reaction immediately. She tilted her head with a teasing smile. "Are you waiting for

me or for him?"

Miranda feigned a glare, though her cheeks flushed slightly. "Can't I wait for both?"

Olivia laughed and handed Miranda a carefully wrapped gift. "Happy birthday, Miranda."

Miranda accepted it personally with a warm smile, a stark contrast to the mountain of presents being logged

at a large table nearby. Pack servants moved efficiently, cataloging each gift with meticulous care.

"I invited many people," Miranda explained, gesturing toward the growing crowd *on deck*. "Pack allies,

business associates, and their companions. I wanted to make it a proper celebration."

The guest list was impressive, representing significant pack status and influence. This wasn't just a birthday

party – it was a display of Miranda's connections and power.

As we reached the guest quarters aboard the luxurious vessel, Miranda's true intentions became clear to my

sharp Alpha instincts. The way she moved, the calculated gleam in her eyes – she had planned this carefully.

Olivia, this is your room," she said, stopping before an elegant door. Her voice carried a hint of something I

didn't like.

Then, looking at me with barely concealed hope, she pointed to a room across the hall. "Connor, your room is

over there."

Olivia paused, understanding flickering in her amber eyes. Miranda had deliberately separated us, hoping to create opportunities for private interaction.

My gaze turned ice-cold, Alpha authority radiating displeasure. The temperature in the hallway seemed to

drop several degrees.

“No need to trouble yourself,” I said with steel in my voice. “I’ll stay in the same room as my mate.”

Miranda’s eyelashes fluttered as she quickly made an excuse, her wolf submitting slightly to my dominant

presence. “But Olivia’s room is a single, It’ll be too crowded for the two of you.”

The excuse was laughably transparent. This cruise ship was massive, with hundreds of luxurious rooms and countless amenities designed for pack elite. **Space** was hardly an issue.

I was not one to indulge her **games** or allow any separation from my mate,

I walked into the room, glanced around with territorial assessment, **and** said decisively. “It’s not crowded. A little smaller is cozier for mates, right, Olivia?”

Without waiting for a response, I instructed the crew with Alpha command. “Place both our luggage inside.”

The crew members immediately complied, moving our bags into the single room. There was no room for argument when an Alpha gave direct orders.

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< Chapter 235 The Cruise Party

Claim >

Olivia, sensing my protective instincts and understanding the pack dynamics at play, sided with her mate. “Miranda, just let him stay with me.”

Her Luna authority gently but firmly sealed the matter. Even Miranda couldn’t argue against the united front

we presented.

A wave of disappointment washed over Miranda’s face, her carefully laid plans crumbling before her eyes.

But she could only relent.

“Alright then,” she conceded with forced grace.

Without another word, I shut the door with Alpha finality, leaving Miranda outside to contemplate her failed

strategy.

Inside the room, Olivia laughed softly, her musical voice soothing my wolf.

“Are *you* being polite?”

She chided me gently for my bluntness toward our host. But I felt no remorse for protecting what was mine.

My lips curved into a predatory smirk, Alpha confidence unwavering. “I said thank *you*, isn’t that polite

enough?”

I pulled her into my embrace with mate bond intensity, feeling her warmth against my chest. My voice dropped to a low, magnetic murmur that made her wolf respond.

“I want to kiss you.”

Before she could react, my lips met hers in a lingering, passionate kiss. It spoke of possession and devotion, marking her as mine even in this small way.

Outside, a stunned Miranda was brought back to reality by Evelyn Foster’s emotionless voice. “Miss

Blackwood, where is my room?”

Miranda blinked, remembering that Evelyn had saved her before. Gratefully, she led the loyal bodyguard to a luxurious single room she had specially prepared.

After the kiss ended, Olivia’s breathing was slightly ragged, her wolf purring with contentment from her mate’s attention. She looked in the mirror and lamented with mock frustration.

“You’ve smudged all my lipstick.”

I smiled with satisfied Alpha smugness, my eyes gleaming with possessive affection.

“Just reapply it.”

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## Whisper 314

### Chapter 236: Miranda's Birthday Celebration

#### Chapter 236: Miranda's Birthday Celebration

(Olivia's POV)

After a moment of tenderness, my phone rang with Miranda's distinctive ringtone. Connor glanced at the screen displaying her name, his ice-blue eyes turning cold as winter frost.

"Hang up," he said, his Alpha voice carrying unmistakable command.

I reminded him gently, "We are here to attend her birthday party." Then I answered the phone before he could protest further.

Miranda's voice bubbled through the speaker, not sounding unhappy at all. "Livvy, don't stay in the room all the time, come out and play. I also invited Rebecca Frost and Lily. I just saw that they have boarded the ship."

Relief flooded through me at hearing my friends were here. "Okay, I'll be right there."

I hung up the phone and turned to Connor with a smile. "Let's go out and play. Rebecca and Lily are also

here."

Being disturbed from our intimate moment, the Alpha's eyes were clear and cold. There was no expression on

his handsome face as he hummed in acknowledgment.



As Connor walked toward the door, his phone rang. He picked it up and glanced at the caller ID, then said to

me, "Livvy, I'll take a call. You go find them to play first, and I'll come find you later."

I nodded, understanding pack business often required his immediate attention. "Okay."

Connor answered the phone and walked toward a quiet corner of the ship, his voice already shifting into

Alpha mode.

I walked toward the main deck hall, my heels clicking against the polished floors. The Moonlit Voyager was

even more impressive inside, with crystal chandeliers and elegant furnishings that spoke of Miranda's family

wealth.

When I arrived at the hall, I looked around but did not see Miranda. Today she was the main character and

had to receive many guests, so she could be anywhere on this massive ship.

Lily and Rebecca Frost were also nowhere to be seen. I took out my phone and was about to call Rebecca to

ask where she was.

Suddenly, someone pushed me hard from behind. I was caught off guard, and wearing high heels, I staggered and my body swayed. I was about to fall when a pair of hands caught me.

"Thank you," I gasped, steadying myself.

"You're welcome," came the gentle reply.

The man's voice was very familiar. I was slightly stunned and turned to look. It was Adrian Sinclair, looking as elegant as ever in his perfectly tailored suit.

Why was he here? Seeing the doubt in my eyes, Adrian said with a smile, "Miss Blackwood invited me here."

I It was

I nodded, understanding dawning. It was reasonable that Miranda invited Adrian. She had mentioned inviting

nodded, understanding dawning. it was reasonable that

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## Chapter 236 Miranda's Birthday Celebration

many people this time—some were friends, and some were friends of friends.

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Miranda had entrusted their law firm to handle a case, and Adrian was a partner in the firm. It wasn't strange that they became familiar after working together.

Whether Adrian came as Miranda's "friend" or was invited as my friend, it was all reasonable. I nodded slightly and borrowed strength to stand firm.

"Thank you just now," I said gratefully.

Adrian let go of me and stepped back, maintaining proper distance. His manner was elegant and gentlemanly. "There is no need to be so polite between you and me."

At this moment, a strange, mocking female voice came from behind. "Oh, isn't this my fake sister? I really can't tell that you can board this cruise ship. I really underestimated you."

I turned around and saw that mean, spiteful face. Victoria Sterling crossed her arms, glanced at Adrian

beside me, then looked at me with contempt in her eyes.

She mocked, "I said, how could a poor ghost like you be able to get on this cruise ship? It turns out you are hooking up with a man."

My face sank, and I said coldly, "It seems that detention is not enough to make you remember."

Speaking of detention, Victoria's face twisted with anger. She had suffered a big loss at the shopping center

last time and had been brooding about it ever since.

If Brandon Cole hadn't had a strong background and found someone to bail them out, they would still be in

the detention center.

Victoria glared at me and said angrily, "You dare to mention detention? I was worried about not being able to find you to get revenge, but you delivered yourself to my door."

Adrian looked coldly at Victoria. "This lady, you are an adult and must be responsible for what you say. If you

continue to slander and insult my friend like this, I will pursue your legal responsibility."

"Oh, I'm so scared~" Victoria rolled her eyes, grinning as she said in a strange tone, "Then go sue me, go

ahead."

Victoria dared to be so arrogant today because there were several of her friends on this cruise ship. Those friends were all young masters and young ladies from the Shadowmere upper class circle.

They looked down on women like me who they assumed were poor and vain. Moreover, I had a feud with

Brandon, and she knew he wanted revenge.

Besides, she had noticed that Sophie wasn't here this time, so she dared to be provocative.

There were already people watching the excitement. Victoria was still worried that this matter wasn't big enough, so she raised her voice and shouted.

"Everyone, come and see! This is the poor and vain woman who offended Young Master Brandon, and she

even dared to board the cruise ship to die."

Some of the people on the cruise ship were Miranda's classmates, and some were young masters and young ladies from the same class she met in the study abroad circle.

Miranda's mother was from Shadowmere, and she used to go there often, so she had many friends in

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Chapter 236 Miranda's Birthday Celebration

Shadowmere. But I had never been in contact with anyone from the Shadowmere upper class circle.

Brandon was a notorious second-generation heir in Shadowmere, who was unlearned and only knew how to eat, drink, and have fun. The most update novels are published on

Victoria had hooked up with Brandon with her plastic surgery face and entered the upper-class social circle in Shadowmere. Then she felt superior and often looked down on others, playing the trick of a dog relying on

its master very well.

Many of the onlookers were from Shadowmere, and when they heard Victoria mention Brandon, their eyes

toward me showed sympathy.

Some people whispered among themselves. "It's a pity for such a beautiful woman. She offended whoever she shouldn't have, but she had to offend Brandon. Her life is over."

"Yes, who doesn't know Brandon? No one who offends him has a good ending."

"It is said that Brandon pursued an internet celebrity but failed. The girl somehow offended Brandon, and her nude photos were posted all over the internet. Later it was said that the girl committed suicide because of depression."

"I also heard about it. That incident was quite big at the time, but it was suppressed by the Cole family. The girl's company claimed she had depression due to work pressure."

"Many fans who didn't know the truth were scolding the company, but they didn't know that the culprit was

Brandon."

"Looking at Victoria's appearance, Brandon must have formed a feud with this woman. With Brandon's nature, he will definitely not let this woman go."

"It's so pitiful. A good-looking beauty will definitely have a miserable end."

At this *moment*, Brandon Cole appeared, wearing a floral shirt and triangular sunglasses. He walked over with a beauty *on* each side, one on his left and one on his right.

Victoria's face turned cold when she saw Brandon walking over with two beauties in his arms.

Brandon walked over, and his face suddenly became gloomy when he saw me. He put away his nonchalant

look and took off his sunglasses.

His eyes flashed with sinister cold light as he stared at me, gritting his teeth and saying word by word, "You are looking for death."

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## Whisper 315

Chapter 237: The Alpha's Retribution

Chapter 237: The Alpha's Retribution

(Olivia's POV)

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My amber eyes flashed with a cold light as I faced down the threat. "The one who's courting death is you."

Adrian Sinclair stepped forward, his elegant features tense with concern. He positioned himself protectively between Brandon and me, his wolf recognizing the dangerous volatility radiating from the disgraced Cole pack heir.

"Olivia, be careful," Adrian warned, his voice low and urgent. "Brandon's unpredictable when cornered."

I brushed aside Adrian's protective gesture with fluid grace. My wolf stirred beneath my skin, ready for

confrontation.

Moving past Adrian, I sneered at Brandon with contempt. “Still want *to go back to* Ironmoon Correctional Facility?”

The provocation about his previous imprisonment ignited Brandon’s fury like a match to gasoline. His face contorted with desperate rage, the look of a wolf who had lost everything and had nothing left to lose.

He lunged forward with a snarl, his movements clumsy but driven by pure hatred. I swiftly dodged his advance, my supernatural reflexes making his attack seem sluggish.

Before I could retaliate, a sudden force intervened. A powerful leg shot out from the side, delivering a devastating kick to Brandon’s stomach.

The impact sent him sprawling across the polished floor with a sickening thud. Gasps erupted from the watching crowd of elite werewolves.

A wave of disbelief rippled through the spectators, especially among the Shadowmere Cole pack associates. Their eyes widened with shock as they processed what had just happened.

“Who dares *to challenge* Brandon so openly?” someone whispered in amazement.

As the collective gaze turned toward the newcomer, another gasp escaped their lips. The man exuded the

unmistakable presence of an Alpha.

His features were sharp and defined, his tall frame radiating an aura of chilling power. Lesser wolves

instinctively took a step back, their wolves recognizing superior authority.

His ice-blue eyes burned with fierce intensity that made the air itself seem to crackle with danger. The crowd fell silent under the weight of his commanding presence.

“Isn’t that the Rivers Alpha and the Winters heiress?” someone murmured in awe. “What’s going on here?”

The crowd erupted with excitement at this revelation. Recognition spread through the gathering like

wildfire.

Chapte 237 The Alpha’s Retribution

2 Points

“That’s Connor Rivers,” the speaker confirmed, voice trembling with respect. “Alpha of the Rivers pack.”

“And she’s Olivia Winters,” another added breathlessly. “The Winters heiress.”

The news spread through the werewolf community present, amplifying the spectacle. Pack dynamics suddenly became crystal clear to everyone watching.

“Brandon’s finished,” someone said with satisfaction. “He just attacked the mate of the most powerful Alpha in the Northern Territory.”

“About time someone put that arrogant bastard in his place,” another voice added with venom. “He’s been terrorizing people for years.”

“Remember what he did to that internet celebrity? Posted her private photos everywhere until she killed

herself.”

“The Cole family covered it up, but everyone knew the truth.”

The conversation turned to Victoria Sterling, who had gone pale as death. “Look at that gold-digging omega now,” someone sneered.

“She had the nerve to insult Olivia Winters? A true pack heiress with more class in her little finger than Victoria has in her entire plastic body.”

“Olivia’s natural grace makes Victoria look like the cheap imitation she is.”

From the floor, Brandon struggled to rise, clutching his abdomen where the Alpha’s kick had landed. Pain contorted his features as he gasped for breath.

He began to unleash a string of curses, but the words died in his throat. His eyes finally registered the face

of his attacker.

The overwhelming Alpha presence crashed over him like a tidal wave. His wolf cowered in submission, whimpering pathetically.

Recognition dawned, replaced by pure terror. Brandon recalled two previous encounters with Connor

Rivers.

Once at a high-profile pack gathering where Connor commanded respect from every Alpha present. Another at a business meeting where his father had specifically warned him never to cross the Rivers

pack.

“Never antagonize the Rivers family,” his father’s words echoed in his memory. “They have the power to destroy us completely.”

The weight of his transgression crashed down on him. His body began trembling uncontrollably as his wolf

instincts screamed at him to submit.

Then Brandon witnessed a scene that filled him with absolute dread. Connor Rivers turned his piercing

gaze to me, his intimidating features softening with genuine concern.

#### 4 Chapter 237 The Alpha’s Retribution

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“Livvy, are you alright?” Connor asked, his voice tender despite the deadly authority still radiating from his

frame.

The intimate nickname confirmed Brandon’s worst fears. The Winters heiress wasn’t just connected to the

Rivers Alpha – she was clearly cherished by him.

The display of protective affection from such a powerful werewolf sent ice through Brandon’s veins. His

legs threatened to buckle beneath him as his wolf whimpered in terror.

“I’m fine,” I replied softly, my voice carrying the natural authority of a Luna. “Just dealing with some trash.”

Victoria Sterling attempted to slip away unnoticed from the gathering crowd. Her escape was thwarted

when someone deliberately tripped her.



She sprawled to the floor in an undignified heap, her designer dress riding up embarrassingly. Laughter

and jeers erupted from the crowd.

“Look at the mighty Victoria now,” someone mocked. “Not so high and mighty on the ground.”

“Where’s all that arrogance from before?” another voice taunted.

The werewolf pack mentality turned against the weak. They seized the opportunity to mock her downfall

with vicious glee.

“You insulted Olivia Winters,” someone demanded. “Apologize immediately.”

“A lowly omega daring to speak against pack royalty,” another added with disgust.

Ashamed and defeated by the social rejection, Victoria reluctantly approached me. Her face was streaked

with tears and humiliation.

“I’m sorry,” she mumbled, barely audible. Her voice shook with fear and embarrassment.

I looked down at her with cold disdain. “Apologize?” My voice carried the authority of my bloodline.

“You publicly insulted and slandered me, and all you offer is a pathetic ‘sorry’?”

Victoria’s tears flowed freely now. She attempted to garner sympathy with a pitiful expression that might

have worked on lesser males.

She turned to Connor with trembling lips and wide, innocent eyes. “Please, Alpha Rivers, let me go. It was

all a misunderstanding.”

Her voice was soft and trembling, designed to appeal to protective instincts. She had always been confident in her ability to manipulate men with false vulnerability.

Connor looked at her with cold disgust reserved for wolves who dared threaten his mate. His Alpha presence radiated menace as deadly calm settled over his features.

“No.”

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## Whisper 316

Chapter **238**: The Alpha’s Judgment

Chapter 238: The Alpha’s Judgment

(Connor’s POV)

I tilted my head slightly, my ice-blue eyes as cold and sharp as a blade. “Your apology lacks sincerity.”

Victoria Sterling was so frightened that tears welled up in her eyes. Crying, she said to Olivia, “I was wrong, Miss Winters, I was really wrong. Please forgive me, I shouldn’t have slandered *you*, I shouldn’t have publicly humiliated you. Please give me a chance to turn over a new leaf.”

Her voice cracked with desperation. The pathetic display only disgusted me further.

My wolf snarled at her weakness. True wolves faced consequences with dignity, *not* this sniveling performance.

Olivia’s amber eyes were icy cold. “Post a three-thousand-word apology statement on all your social media platforms, pin it to the top for a month, and compensate me with \$100,000 for emotional distress.”

Victoria’s face paled. Her expression showed clear unwillingness despite her tears.

“Miss Winters, I have hundreds of thousands of followers on social media platforms like Howlr and

PackShare. I usually rely on advertising revenue to support myself. If I post this, my image will collapse...”

“So you’re unwilling?” Olivia looked at her coldly.

Victoria bit her lower lip, looking pitiful. “It’s not that I’m unwilling, but this kind of apology is really too much

to ask. You’re asking me to ruin my career.”

At this moment, someone from the crowd of elite werewolves said, “Miss Winters, her online persona is that

of a highly educated, wealthy overseas returnee.”

The revelation drew murmurs of disgust from the watching pack members. They despised false personas among their kind.

Olivia said coldly, “If you don’t want to apologize this way, you also have other options.”

*Mi*

Victoria’s eyes flashed with a hint of joy. “Thank you, Winters, I knew you would...”

Before she could finish, Olivia said, “Then let’s go through legal proceedings.”

Victoria’s face froze. The hope died in her eyes instantly.

The surrounding pack members started talking again. Some werewolves whispered, “The Winters pack daughter is so kind, if it were me, I would definitely publicly humiliate her back.”

“Kind?” Another person said, “I think/Miss Winters’ move is quite ruthless, directly ruining Victoria’s career.”

“That’s not necessarily true. You don’t understand the internet enough. The internet has no memory, and you underestimate Victoria’s shamelessness. Once the heat dies down, she will definitely shamelessly come out to make money again.”

“Yes, I agree with what she said, the internet just has no memory.”

Victoria’s eyes darted around, weighing the pros and cons in her mind. If she went through legal proceedings, with the strength of the Rivers and Winters packs, she would probably not only have to issue an apology and,

Chapter 238. The Alpha’s Judgment

pay compensation.

Cluse

She might even face pack exile or worse. Compared to losing her pack status, it would be better to let her persona collapse.

Victoria quickly made a choice. She hardened her heart and said, "Miss Winters, I agree to the apology method you mentioned."

Brandon Cole saw that Olivia was much easier to talk to than me. He turned to Olivia and apologized

desperately.

"Miss Winters, I know I was wrong too. Like her, I will post an apology statement on social media, and I will compensate you with \$200,000 for emotional distress."

Olivia's gaze was like a knife as she glanced at Brandon. "You?"

Olivia remembered very clearly the excessive things Brandon had said that day in the shopping center. Her wolf bristled with remembered anger.

Just then, someone from Brandon's former circle in Shadowmere Territory spoke up. Wanting to curry favor with us, he loudly said, "Alpha Connor, Miss Winters, you must not let Brandon off so easily. He has been looking for people to investigate Miss Winters for the past few days, and he has threatened to find someone

to assault her."

As soon as the words fell, my eyes darkened with Alpha fury. The temperature around us seemed to drop ten

degrees.

Immediately, my security enforcers stepped forward and pinned Brandon to the yacht's deck. Their movements were swift and brutal.

"I didn't, it's a misunderstanding! Miss Winters, Alpha Connor, there's a huge misunderstanding here!" Brandon's face was pressed to the deck.

"I didn't know you were the daughter of the Winters pack in Riverdale, if I had known, I wouldn't have dared to

say that!"

"So you mean packless wolves deserve to be insulted by you?" Olivia's voice was very cold.

“No, I didn’t mean that!” Brandon’s voice was muffled against the deck.

Someone in the crowd said, “That’s exactly what he meant! Brandon is a notorious second-generation heir in Shadowmere, and many female wolves have suffered at his hands.”

“Yes, Brandon loves to bully the weak, don’t let him go.”

Olivia sneered, looking down at Brandon, her eyes icy cold. “Is that so?”

Brandon said anxiously, “No! Don’t listen to their nonsense, they are all cowards kicking someone when

they’re down!”

Olivia coldly curled her lips. “I will have my pack investigators look into this thoroughly.” Get full chapters from

Just then, my phone rang. I glanced at the caller ID and answered immediately.

The person on the other end spoke in a very serious tone. “Alpha, Brandon Cole, the disgraced heir of the Cole pack in Shadowmere, has been investigating Miss Winters. He also contacted some rogue werewolves, gave them Miss Winters’ photo, and paid them substantial money to ‘entertain’ Miss Winters well. The rogue pack

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Chapter 238 The Alpha’s Judgment

leader called me as soon as he saw the photo.”

The person paused, hesitating. They seemed afraid to continue speaking.

My patience ran out. “Speak.”

The person’s voice clearly lowered. “The rogue leader told me that Brandon wanted to find ten rogues... to assault her... and finally throw her into the ocean to feed the sharks...”

The person on the other end only dared to pick out the key words. Their tone trembled, afraid that if they repeated the complete words to me, they would immediately lose their lives.

Claim ?

My knuckles turned white. My Alpha presence radiated deadly menace as I looked down at Brandon on the

deck as if he were already a dead wolf.

Brandon felt the murderous intent emanating from me. His heart filled with terror, his face turned even paler

as his wolf cowered in submission.

Hanging up the phone, I coldly ordered my enforcers. "Throw him overboard."

Three words made Brandon's whole body go weak. Cold sweat trickled down his back like ice water.

"Alpha Connor, please, please let me go..." His voice broke with terror.

The crowd of werewolves gasped. Without another word, the enforcers dragged Brandon toward the yacht's

railings.

My words, like a frozen Alpha

mate.

*Cree*, sealed Brandon's fate. There would be no mercy for threats against my

Olivia turned to look at me, frowning slightly. "Who called just now?"

I gently pulled Olivia into my arms, embracing her with protective Alpha instincts. "It's nothing, with me here,

nothing will happen to you."

The enforcers dragged Brandon to the railings on the deck. They threw him into the ocean like discarded

prey.

Many pack members went out to watch. Brandon's screams pierced the night air as he hit the dark waters

below.

The commotion was so great that Miranda Blackwood, who was still busy upstairs in her private suite, heard the disturbance. She quickly ran downstairs to investigate.

On the deck, the crowd was congested. Everyone gathered by the railings watching the struggling and flailing

Brandon in the dark waters.

Squeezing through the crowd of elite werewolves, Miranda ran over. She asked anxiously, “What happened?”

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## Whisper 317

Chapter **239: The Alpha's Justice**

Chapter 239: The Alpha's Justice

(Connor's POV)

Someone from the crowd quickly explained the situation to Miranda Blackwood. Her face went pale as she absorbed the details of Brandon's assault on Olivia and his threats.

Miranda rushed to Olivia's side, her hands fluttering over her friend with maternal concern. “Olivia, Olivia, are you okay?”

She checked Olivia for any signs of injury, her eyes wide with worry and guilt.

My ice-blue gaze fixed on Miranda with cold scrutiny. The Alpha authority in my *voice* made lesser wolves step back instinctively.

“Did you invite them?”

Miranda's eyes widened in shock. "No! I mean, I invited friends from Shadowmere Territory, but I didn't specifically invite Brandon or Victoria."

My expression remained skeptical. The Alpha in me demanded answers, not excuses.

“How could they board this yacht without your invitation?”

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Miranda's voice trembled as she tried to explain. "I gave my Shadowmere friends permission to bring guests. I didn't expect Brandon to be among them."

Her hands wrung together nervously. "I had no idea there was any animosity between Brandon and Olivia. If I had known, I would have prevented his boarding immediately."

My doubt was evident in my cold stare. “Did you review the list of people boarding the yacht?”

Miranda nodded quickly. "Yes, I saw the guest list."

“And you saw Brandon’s name on it?”

Her face flushed with embarrassment. “I did see Brandon’s name, but I didn’t think much of it. I didn’t know he

! had a grudge against Olivia."

She looked at me pleadingly. "If I knew, I definitely wouldn't have let him on the yacht. I would never hurt Olivia."

My expression remained unmoved by her protests. The Alpha in me sensed deception, even if unintentional.

Miranda's voice cracked with desperation. "Connor, don't you believe me?"

I met her gaze with arctic coldness/“No.”

The single word hit Miranda like a physical blow. Her face crumpled with hurt and disbelief.

She turned *to* Olivia, seeking support from her friend. “Olivia, don’t you believe me either?”

Olivia remained silent, lost in thought. Her amber eyes were distant as she processed the evening's events. Miranda's expression conveyed deep sadness, loss, and grievance. Tears threatened to spill from her eyes.



At that moment, Rebecca Frost, Lily, Ethan Quinn, Gabriel Andrews, and Sophie Shaw approached our group. They had heard the commotion and came to investigate.

Lily looked around at the tense atmosphere. "What happened here?"

Olivia briefly explained the confrontation with Brandon and Victoria. Her voice remained calm despite the trauma she had endured.

Lily's face flushed with anger. "That bastard deserved what he got! How dare he threaten you!"

Rebecca's sharp gaze fixed on Miranda. "I'm wondering if this was deliberate."

Her tone carried suspicion and protective fury for her friend.

Meanwhile, in the dark waters below, Brandon Cole struggled desperately. His voice carried across the waves as he called for help.

"Help me! Please, someone help me!"

But no one dared to rescue him without my permission. The pack hierarchy was absolute in situations like this.

Suddenly, someone on the deck pointed toward the water. "Look! Sharks!"

Panic rippled through the crowd as dark fins appeared near the yacht. The predators had been drawn by the commotion and scent.

"Oh my God, there are sharks approaching!"

"Brandon's in the water with sharks!"

The pack members cried out warnings, their voices filled with terror and excitement.

Brandon heard *the* warnings through his enhanced werewolf senses. His struggles became frantic as paralyzing terror consumed him. This text is hosted at [find-novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

He tried desperately to swim away from the approaching predators. His movements were clumsy with fear and exhaustion.

Olivia witnessed the scene unfolding below. Her compassionate nature couldn't bear to watch, even for someone who had threatened her.

She turned to me with gentle authority. "Connor, it's enough. We can bring him back up now."

Her voice carried the wisdom of a true Luna. "Not out of pity for him, but to prevent a death that would stain your hands."

She understood my intentions perfectly. I had thrown Brandon into the ocean to scare him and teach him a lesson about threatening pack members.

I nodded in agreement, respecting my **mate's** judgment. Her mercy balanced my justice perfectly. "Commander Steel," I called to my security chief. "Throw down a life raft and jacket. Lower a rope and have

two enforcers rescue him."

My men moved with military precision. They quickly deployed the rescue equipment and prepared to retrieve Brandon from the shark-infested waters.

From the time Brandon was thrown into the ocean to his rescue, only a few minutes passed. But those

Chapter 239: The Alpha's Justice

minutes felt like hours of torture.

The freezing water and terror of circling sharks had broken him both physically and mentally. Even after being hauled **onto the** yacht deck, he remained paralyzed with fear.

Brandon trembled uncontrollably, his body wracked with hypothermia and shock. His voice was barely coherent as he repeated the same phrases.

"Save me... please don't feed me to the sharks... I really know I'm wrong..."

His mind seemed to have snapped from the trauma. The arrogant heir had been reduced to a gibbering

wreck.

Victoria Sterling watched her former companion's complete breakdown with horror. Her own body weakened with fear at witnessing his mental collapse.

Lily and Rebecca continued their discussion about Miranda's possible involvement. Their voices carried suspicion and protective anger.

"Do you think Miranda planned this to humiliate Olivia?" Rebecca asked quietly.

"I don't know, but the timing seems convenient," Lily replied with narrowed eyes.

Miranda looked at Olivia with red-rimmed eyes. Tears streamed down her cheeks as guilt consumed her.

"I'm sorry, Olivia. I made you suffer."

Olivia's response showed her characteristic grace under pressure. "You didn't mean to. Don't blame yourself."

Miranda's voice broke with emotion. "I should have been more careful. I should have refused Brandon's boarding."

"He has already paid the price for what he said and did," Olivia said gently. "Don't cry. It's your birthday. Don't let this ruin your mood. Be happy."

Miranda sniffled and nodded, grateful for Olivia's forgiveness.

I signaled to Commander Steel with a subtle gesture. He immediately understood and moved to **escort** the traumatized Brandon away from the deck.

A senior yacht manager approached me and spoke quietly. After our brief conversation, he addressed the

crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please disperse and enjoy yourselves. The evening's entertainment will continue as planned."

The crowd gradually dispersed, returning to their conversations and drinks. The drama had provided enough excitement for one evening.

After **the crowd** dispersed, only our/small group remained on the moonlit deck. The tension had eased, but emotions still ran high.

Miranda approached Olivia again, her face streaked with tears. "I'm so sorry, Olivia. This is all **my fault**."

**Olivia's gentle understanding** shone through her response. "Although you didn't **do it on purpose**, there were omissions. You **should have refused to let** Brandon and such people board **the yacht**."

**Miranda nodded with genuine remorse. “You’re right. I should have been more careful about the guest list”**

< Chapter 239. The Alpha’s Justice

18 Points >

“He has already paid the price for what he did,” Olivia said with her characteristic compassion. “Don’t cry.

Let’s go back and wash your face and put on makeup again.”

She smiled warmly at her friend. “There’s a party this evening. Don’t let this spoil your *mood*. Today is your

birthday. Be happy.”

Hearing this, Miranda said “Okay” with a heavy nasal voice, grateful for Olivia’s forgiveness and grace under

pressure.

**4**

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## Whisper 318

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More Rewards

Chapter 240: The Alpha’s Justice

Chapter 240: The Alpha’s Justice

(Connor’s POV)

I stepped away from the group, pulling out my phone to make a private call. The moonlight cast shadows across the yacht's deck as I dialed Dominic Reeves.

"Alpha," Dominic's voice came through immediately.

"Brandon Cole needs to learn proper respect for pack hierarchy," I said quietly, my voice carrying the cold authority of an Alpha. "Take him to the secure chamber below deck. Make sure he understands the

consequences of threatening my mate."

"Understood, Alpha. How far should we take this lesson?"

My ice-blue eyes glanced back at Olivia, who was comforting Miranda. "Enough to ensure he never forgets his place. But nothing permanent. I want him broken, not dead."

"Copy that. The yacht's security team has already prepared the chamber. Soundproof and private."

I ended the call and watched as my enforcers dragged the still-trembling Brandon toward a concealed entrance. One of Miranda's security team members, a beta werewolf in yacht crew uniform, guided them

below deck.

The chamber was hidden in the lower levels, designed for situations exactly like this. Pack justice required privacy and discretion.

Victoria Sterling witnessed Brandon's removal with growing terror. Her hands shook as she fumbled with her

phone, desperately accessing her banking app.

"Miss Winters," she called out, her voice cracking with fear. "I'm transferring the compensation now. One

hundred thousand dollars."

Her fingers trembled as she completed the transaction. The notification chimed on Olivia's phone within

seconds.

"And the apology statement?" Olivia asked calmly.

"I'll post it tonight," Victoria promised, tears streaming down her face. "Three thousand words, pinned for a

month, just as you requested."

Olivia checked her phone, confirming the transfer. Without hesitation, she opened another app and began

typing.

"What are you doing?" Lily asked curiously.

"Donating this money to the Moonlight Charitable Foundation," Olivia replied simply. "I don't need compensation. I just wanted justice."

Victoria's eyes widened in shock. She had expected Olivia to keep the money, not give it away immediately.

The gesture demonstrated Olivia's true character. She sought accountability, not personal gain.

We returned to the yacht's main lounge, where the atmosphere had shifted from tense to curious. The other

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Chapter 240 The Alpha's Justice

guests sensed something significant had occurred.

Lily looked around, noticing Brandon's absence. "Where did Brandon go?"

More Rewards

I swirled my moonberry wine, the dark liquid catching the ambient lighting. "He's in a good place where he

can reflect on his actions."

My tone carried finality that discouraged further questions. Olivia remained silent, trusting my judgment as

her Alpha.

Lily's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "Good. That bastard deserved whatever punishment you gave him.

Especially after what he did to you in Shadowmere Territory.”

She was referring to Brandon’s previous disrespectful behavior toward me at a pack gathering. His arrogance

had been noted by many witnesses.

Ethan Quinn shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “Connor, just make sure you don’t take things too far. Pack

law has limits, even for Alphas.”

I met his concerned gaze with cold authority. “It won’t come to permanent harm. Just enough to ensure he

learns proper respect for pack hierarchy.”

My voice carried the weight of absolute certainty. Brandon would survive, but he would never forget this

lesson.

Gabriel Andrews nodded approvingly. “Some wolves only understand strength. Words aren’t enough for his

type.”

The tension in the room remained thick despite our casual conversation. Everyone understood that serious pack justice was being administered below deck.

Lily clapped her hands together suddenly. “Let’s play a game to pass the time and lighten the mood.”

Her suggestion drew interested looks from the group. We needed something to distract from the evening’s

drama.

“What kind of game?” Sophie Shaw asked quietly, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Alpha’s Command,” Lily announced with a mischievous grin. “It’s like truth or dare, but with pack hierarchy

rules.”

The game was popular among werewolf social circles. It involved drawing cards and following commands based on pack dynamics.

“How does it work?” Miranda asked, grateful for the distraction from her guilt.

“Everyone draws a card,” Lily explained. “Whoever gets the Alpha card gives commands to others based on their cards. It’s a traditional pack bonding game.”

Ethan Quinn laughed. “Sounds dangerous with this group. We’re all too competitive.”

“That’s what makes it fun,” Gabriel added with rare enthusiasm.

A crew member brought us a deck of cards at Lily’s request. The ornate cards featured werewolf pack

symbols instead of traditional suits.

Lily shuffled the deck with practiced ease. “Everyone draws one card. Don’t show it until I say so.”

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Chapter 240: The Alpha’s Justice

More Rewards

We each selected a card from the spread deck. The anticipation built as we waited for the reveal.

“Show your cards now,” Lily commanded.

I held the heart six, Olivia had the diamond queen. Ethan revealed the spade ten with a grimace.

Lily’s eyes lit up as she displayed her card. “Alpha of moons! I’m the first commander.”

The Alpha card gave her absolute authority over the round. Her grin turned predatory as she surveyed our

cards.

“The person with the spade ten must do one hundred push-ups,” she declared with obvious delight.

Ethan groaned dramatically. “Are you serious? I’m wearing a custom suit worth *more* than most wolves’



monthly salary.”

“Pack hierarchy doesn’t care about your fashion choices,” Lily teased mercilessly.

“This is expensive Italian wool,” Ethan protested, but he was already removing his jacket. “If this gets

wrinkled, you’re paying for the dry cleaning.”

He positioned himself on the polished floor, his werewolf physiology making the exercise manageable

despite his complaints.

“One, two, three…” he counted aloud, his movements precise and controlled. Google search Find\_Novel(.)net

The enhanced strength of his werewolf nature made the push-ups look effortless. His muscles flexed

beneath his dress shirt as he maintained perfect form.

“Showing off now?” Gabriel teased as Ethan reached fifty.

“Just demonstrating superior beta genetics,” Ethan replied breathlessly, continuing his count.

Lily watched his athletic display with obvious appreciation. Her cheeks flushed pink as she observed his

physical prowess.

“Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred,” Ethan finished with a flourish.

He stood up, barely winded despite the exertion. His shirt clung to his frame, emphasizing his lean muscle

definition.

“Satisfied?” he asked Lily with a cocky grin.

Her blush deepened as she nodded mutely. The display had clearly affected her more than she expected.

We shuffled and drew cards *for* the second round. This time, Gabriel revealed the Alpha card with quiet

satisfaction.

The person with the heart six must kiss someone of the opposite s\*x,” he announced calmly.

I looked down at my card and revealed the heart six. The irony wasn’t lost on anyone present.

Ethan burst into laughter. “Well, this is convenient. Connor will naturally choose Olivia, given their arranged mating status.”

His teasing drew chuckles from the group. The suggestion seemed obvious to everyone.

I turned to Olivia with respectful Alpha courtesy. My ice-blue eyes met her amber gaze directly.

“Livvy, may I kiss you?”

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More Rewards

Ethan rolled his eyes at my formality. “Connor, you don’t need permission from your intended mate. The

arrangement gives you certain rights.”

Olivia’s cheeks flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and anticipation. The public attention made her

fidget with her moonberry wine glass.

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# Whisper 319

## Chapter 241: The Alpha's Kiss

### Chapter 241: The Alpha's Kiss

(Third person's POV)

Miranda Blackwood and Adrian Sinclair were sitting next to each other on the plush yacht seating. From their position, they had a perfect view of the intimate scene unfolding before them.

Olivia's cheeks were flushed a deep rose color, her amber eyes sparkling with nervous anticipation. Connor's ice-blue gaze was fixed on her with an intensity that made Miranda's chest tighten painfully.

She had never seen such tenderness in Connor's eyes before. The Alpha's usual cold authority had melted into something warm and devoted as he looked at his intended mate.

Miranda's heart felt like it was being squeezed in a vice. The sight of Connor's gentle expression directed at another woman was almost unbearable.

Adrian noticed her distress and shifted uncomfortably beside her. His own expression grew darker as he watched the romantic display. Newest update provided by

"Come on, Connor!" Ethan Quinn called out with a mischievous grin. "Don't keep us waiting all night. It's just a game kiss."

Lily giggled and clapped her hands together. "Yes! Kiss her already! We want to see some Alpha romance."

Rebecca Frost leaned forward with encouraging eyes. "Go ahead, Olivia. It's just part of the game."

Olivia's blush deepened at her friends' teasing. She looked up at Connor through her lashes, her heart racing with nervous excitement.

"I... okay," she whispered softly.

She reached up and wrapped her arms around Connor's neck, pulling him down toward her. Their faces drew closer as the group watched with anticipation.

Miranda felt her stomach drop as she witnessed the intimate gesture. The Alpha she had desired for so long

was about to kiss another woman right in front of her.

She looked down at her hands, unable to watch the moment that would break her heart completely.

Adrian Sinclair also averted his gaze, lifting his moonberry wine to his lips. His expression was gloomy and

distant as he drank in silence.

The jealousy and disappointment radiating from both observers was palpable in the charged atmosphere.

Olivia pressed her lips to Connor's in what she intended to be a brief, game-appropriate kiss. But Connor had

other plans.

His strong arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her closer against his chest. He deepened the kiss with

passionate intensity that demonstrated their growing mate bond.

"Whoo!" Ethan cheered loudly. Now that's what I call an Alpha's claim!"

Lily squealed with delight. "Oh my God, you two are so perfect together!"

Gabriel Andrews nodded approvingly while Sophie Shaw giggled behind her hand.

## Chapter 241: The Alpha's Kiss

### More Reade

The surrounding friends erupted in cheers and whistles at the Alpha's possessive display. Their enthusiasm filled the yacht lounge with celebratory energy.

Olivia gradually forgot about the noise around them. She melted into Connor's embrace, feeling the magnetic pull of their destined mate bond.

The kiss seemed to last forever, their connection transcending the simple game that had started it. Her wolf purred with contentment at her Alpha's touch.

When they finally broke apart, both were breathing heavily. Connor's eyes were dark with desire while Olivia's lips were swollen and pink.

"Well, well," Lily teased with a knowing smirk. "That was definitely more than a game kiss. You two were really going at it."

Olivia glared at her friend, her cheeks burning with embarrassment. "Lily! Don't be ridiculous."

"I'm just saying what everyone's thinking," Lily replied with unrepentant glee.

Adrian cleared his throat, his voice carefully neutral. "Let's start the next round."

His suggestion cut through the romantic tension, bringing everyone back to the present moment.

At that moment, the lounge door burst open. A young woman with striking water-blue eyes entered, scanning the room with curious interest.

"Miranda! I've been looking for you everywhere," she called out breathlessly.

Miranda looked up with surprise and relief at the interruption. "Summer! What are you doing here?"

Summer approached their group with confident strides. Her gaze swept over the assembled werewolves before landing on Connor with obvious recognition.

"Oh, so that's why you're here," she said with a meaningful smile. "I wondered why you didn't come out to play with us. It turns out it's because Alpha Connor is here."

Miranda's face flushed with embarrassment. "Don't talk nonsense, Summer."

"What kind of game are you playing? I want to play too," Summer announced, settling herself next to Miranda without waiting for an invitation.

Miranda felt obligated to make introductions. "Everyone, this is Summer. She's a friend I met while studying abroad in Blackmoor Territory."

"We're playing Alpha's Command," Miranda explained to Summer.

Summer stretched out her hand expectantly. "Give me a card. I want to play **too**."

"Okay," Miranda agreed, grateful for her friend's presence to distract from her earlier emotional turmoil.

Since a new person had joined, everyone drew fresh cards for the next round. The deck was shuffled and redistributed among the players.

Tyler Davis revealed his card with surprise. "I got the Alpha card this round."

He looked around the circle thoughtfully before announcing his command. "Spade three, choose someone of the opposite s\*x present to confess your feelings."

"Who has spade three?" Ethan shouted curiously.

## Chapter 241: The Alpha's Kiss

Everyone examined their cards carefully. Rebecca raised her hand timidly like a student answering a

teacher's question.

"It's me," she whispered softly.

Tyler was stunned by the coincidence. He hadn't expected Rebecca to draw that particular card.

He felt momentarily at a loss. Rebecca's quiet, introverted personality didn't seem suited for such a bold

gesture.

"How about we change it? I'll think of something else," he offered gently.

"No need," Rebecca said with calm determination. "I can afford to play. Everyone else can do it, so can I."

Her eyes scanned the room, considering her options. Connor was obviously off-limits as Olivia's intended

mate. Gabriel was sitting with his girlfriend Sophie Shaw.

Rebecca's gaze wandered between Adrian and Tyler. Tyler's heart rose with faint hope and anticipation.

After only a moment's hesitation, Rebecca made her choice. She met Tyler's eyes directly.

"I... I like you," she said nervously, stumbling over the words. "Can we date?"

Tyler was secretly delighted. Although he knew it was just a game, he couldn't help but smile with genuine

warmth.

His eyes filled with laughter as he replied gently, "Yes."

Rebecca nodded lightly. "Thank you."

Everyone assumed this was just game cooperation. They thought Tyler was simply playing along with the

rules.

Only Tyler himself and Olivia knew that his feelings for Rebecca were completely genuine.

The game entered the next round with fresh energy. Cards were shuffled and dealt once again.

Summer revealed the Alpha card with a triumphant smile. She cast a meaningful look at Miranda before

making her announcement.

"Hearts A, French kiss Alpha Connor for ten minutes."

The noisy lounge suddenly fell silent. Everyone realized the inappropriate nature of the command directed at

another's intended mate.

"Who is Hearts A? Come out quickly," Summer smiled and shouted, as if she hadn't noticed the weird

atmosphere.

Miranda recalled the meaningful smile Summer had given her just moments before. Suddenly she realized something crucial.

She felt a slight raised crease on the back of her card. This card had been marked deliberately.

Summer was the one who had shuffled and dealt the cards. She had deliberately set up this situation to

create tension between Miranda and Olivia over Connor

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## Whisper 320

### Chapter 242: I Give Up

Chapter 242: I Give Up

(Third person's POV)

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Summer laughed brightly, her water-blue eyes sparkling with mischief. “*Who* is Hearts A? Come out quickly!”

The yacht lounge fell into an uncomfortable silence. Connor’s ice-blue eyes turned glacial, his Alpha aura radiating dangerous displeasure that made the air itself feel heavy.

Miranda pursed her lips and slowly revealed her card. The Hearts A gleamed under the lounge lighting, its slightly raised edge visible to those who looked closely.

The assembled werewolves sensed Connor’s barely controlled fury. No one dared *to* speak or even breathe

too loudly.

Suddenly, Olivia let out a cold sneer. Her Luna authority surfaced like a rising tide, making lesser wolves instinctively want to submit.

When she looked at Summer, her amber eyes were laced with a cold light that cut through the pretense. “Miss Summer, you really know how to pick your targets for this little scheme.”



Summer made a defiant face and met Olivia's gaze with a smile. Her own wolf refused to back down despite

the Luna's obvious displeasure.

"Isn't this just a wonderful coincidence?" Summer's voice carried false innocence that fooled no one.

Miranda looked at Olivia with deep embarrassment. Her wolf whimpered at the tension crackling between two powerful females.

"Olivia, I'm sorry. My friend didn't know you and Connor had reconciled. I apologize on her behalf."

But Olivia remained unimpressed by the weak apology. Her response carried the cutting precision of a future

Luna.

"I don't see any genuine remorse in Miss Summer's expression."

Summer's facade cracked as she defended her actions. Her voice rose with righteous indignation that rang

hollow in the charged atmosphere.

"I'm helping you! Who in Harbor City doesn't know you've been pining for Alpha Connor for years?"

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The public exposure hit Miranda like a physical blow. Her face went white with humiliation.

"You're not going to seize such a perfect opportunity to claim what you want?" Summer continued relentlessly.

Miranda's composure finally shattered. She grabbed Summer's arm with bruising force, her wolf snarling with

rage and betrayal,

"How dare you!" Miranda's voice/cracked with pain and fury.

She dragged a protesting Summer toward the lounge exit. Their friendship fractured audibly under the weight of pack politics and unrequited bonds.

“Miranda, wait! I was just trying to help-” Summer’s protests fell on deaf ears.

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Chapter 242. I Give Up

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“You’ve helped enough!” Miranda’s voice echoed through the yacht’s corridors as they disappeared.

Their heated argument could be heard even after they left the lounge. Miranda’s voice carried back, pained

but resolute with finality.

“From today on, I, Miranda Blackwood, no longer harbor any feelings for Alpha Connor Rivers. I give up my

pursuit.”

The declaration resonated with ancient pack tradition. The formal renunciation marked the end of years of

hope and longing.

An awkward silence filled the room after their departure. The remaining werewolves processed the dramatic

confrontation with uncomfortable awareness.

Ethan Quinn cleared his throat, his jovial nature attempting to restore pack harmony. “Well, that was intense.

How about we head to the main deck for the feast?”

His suggestion offered everyone an escape from the suffocating tension. Several pack members nodded

eagerly at the distraction.

Lily moved closer to Olivia, her expression filled with supportive concern. “Don’t let that manipulative she-wolf

get to you, Olivia.”

Rebecca Frost nodded in agreement. "Summer's actions were nothing more than a malicious attempt to

cause discord between destined mates."

Connor pulled Olivia into his arms without hesitation. His Alpha instincts demanded he comfort and protect

his intended mate after the challenge to their bond.

His voice was firm with Alpha authority as he addressed her concerns. "Olivia, if you're uncomfortable remaining on this vessel, we can leave immediately."

"I'll have Frank arrange for our helicopter to retrieve us," he continued, his protective instincts fully engaged.

Olivia shook her head, her Luna strength showing clearly. She refused to be driven away by petty pack

politics.

"I know you would never dishonor our mate bond by participating in such games with her. So I'm truly fine."

Connor pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. His wolf purred at her trust in their bond, the sound rumbling through his chest.

"I will never do anything that would risk losing you, my Luna," he whispered against her skin.

Seeing the tender display of their mate bond strengthening rather than weakening. Lily gestured for the others to give the couple privacy.

Ethan Quinn, Rebecca, Tyler Davis, Gabriel Andrews, and a somber Adrian Sinclair quietly exited the lounge. They left the Alpha and his intended Luna alone to reinforce their connection.

Later that evening, Miranda's birthday celebration officially began in the yacht's main ballroom. The space had been transformed with moonlight-themed decorations befitting a werewolf elite gathering.

After the traditional pack dances and socializing, Miranda took the stage. She had changed into a stunning midnight black slip dress with dramatic smoky makeup that emphasized her supernatural beauty.

She thanked everyone for attending her celebration. Then her gaze found Olivia in the crowd of assembled

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< Chapter 242: I Give Up

pack members.

“Tonight, I want to publicly thank one person. Her name is Olivia Winters.”

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The crowd murmured with interest. Many were unaware of the incident that had bonded the two she-wolves

despite their rivalry.

“Without her intervention, you might never have seen me again. Olivia saved my life, and I am deeply grateful

to her.”

Miranda’s expression turned serious as she prepared to make the most important declaration of her adult life. Her wolf was steel-spined with resolve despite the pain.

“Here, before this gathering of our packs, I want to formally announce *something*.”

Her voice carried the authority of her Blackwood bloodline. It filled the ballroom with supernatural resonance

that commanded attention.

“Alpha Connor Rivers and I are merely friends and business associates. Connor and Olivia are destined

mates.”

She paused, letting the words sink in before continuing with unwavering determination.

“I will no longer tolerate anyone making inappropriate suggestions about Connor and myself.”

Her voice remained clear and strong as she invoked ancient werewolf tradition. “I admit, I once harbored deep feelings for Alpha Connor, but that chapter of my life is permanently closed.”

“I have released any claim I might have had. I hope no one, under the pretense of helping me, will do anything to put me in a compromising position.”

She concluded with fierce protectiveness for the mate bond she could never claim. “Or damage the sacred mate bond between Connor and Olivia.”

A wave of surprised whispers spread through the crowd of werewolves. Pack members began discussing the shocking public renunciation with hushed excitement.

They whispered about Miranda’s past pursuit of Connor. Recent rumors connecting him with famous actress Layla Lawrence also surfaced in their conversations.

One well-informed pack elder clarified the situation for those confused by celebrity gossip. “Layla Lawrence is her stage name for human entertainment.”

“Her real name is Layla Rivers. She’s the second daughter of the Lawrence pack in Silvercrest and Connor’s

distant cousin.”

The elder continued with insider knowledge. “The romance rumors were a deliberate cover story to protect his true mate bond with Olivia.”

Lily was stunned by Miranda’s courage, then deeply impressed. She gave an approving nod that showed her respect for the other she-wolf’s sacrifice.

“Miranda really has the strength of her bloodline. I admire her courage in making such a public declaration!” Rebecca agreed, her own wolf recognizing the honor in Miranda’s actions. “I suspected her motives during that Brandon Cole incident before, but it seems I completely misunderstood her character and intentions.”

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