

## Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

### Whisper 341

Chapter 263: Claiming Our Bond Tomorrow

(Connor's POV)

**+25 Points**

"Olivia, what do you think?" I asked, my ice-blue eyes filled with warmth as I looked at my newly engaged mate.

The moonstone engagement ring sparkled on her finger, catching the light from the fireworks still bursting overhead. My wolf purred with satisfaction at seeing our mark of claim on her.

Olivia's amber eyes curved into crescents as she replied, "I think that's a great idea." This content belongs to find·novel·net

She reflected silently that if it weren't for so many unexpected incidents involving Frederick Warner and the pack conflicts, we would have completed our mating bond long ago. The thought of finally making her officially mine sent waves of possessive satisfaction through my Alpha instincts.

Hearing her agreement, the smile in my eyes deepened. "Then let's go register our mating bond first thing tomorrow morning," I declared eagerly.

The official werewolf registration would precede our marking ceremony, making our union legally recognized by all packs in the territory. My wolf was practically vibrating with anticipation.

Derek clicked his tongue and teased from nearby, "Look at you, so impatient. You haven't even had the mating ceremony yet and you're already coaxing Olivia to register the bond with you."

His grin was mischievous as he continued, "Aren't you afraid Alpha Richard will challenge you to a dominance fight?"

Far from being annoyed, my smile only widened. "A lone wolf like you wouldn't understand," I retorted, using the werewolf term for unmated males.

Derek shook his head with a series of tsks, "Well, now he's just showing off his mate bond." Gabriel Andrews chimed in with a laugh, "In such a hurry to register? You should

at least *have* the marking ceremony first. All of us are waiting for your mating celebration feast.”

calmly replied, “Registering the bond is quick. It won’t delay your celebration *drinks*.”

The pack members around us erupted in good-natured laughter and howls of approval. Their joy at my successful proposal warmed my heart almost as much as Olivia’s acceptance had.

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### **+25 Points**

After some more lighthearted banter among the pack members, our group returned to the villa’s main hall for the birthday feast to officially begin. I had prioritized my proposal above all else, arranging it before the dinner because I wanted to secure Olivia’s acceptance before celebrating with the pack.

(Olivia’s POV)

After the grand feast, I was pulled aside by my close friends. The dining hall had been filled with laughter and congratulations, but now I found myself in a quieter corner with the women who meant the most to me.

Lily grabbed my hand, admiring the moonstone engagement ring. “This ring is so beautiful! Connor’s taste is excellent. This was custom-made just for you, the only one of its kind in the

world.”

I asked, surprised by her knowledge, “How did you know?”

Lily revealed with a knowing smile, “Gabriel told me.”

Emma Thompson leaned in, her eyes wide with amazement. “Wow, it’s gorgeous! Such a big moonstone, it’s practically glowing with supernatural energy!”

The ring did seem to pulse with its own inner light, responding to my werewolf nature in ways I was still discovering. The craftsmanship was beyond anything I’d ever seen.

I then realized, “So you all knew Connor was going to propose to me today. No wonder you insisted I wear this dress.”

Lily and Rebecca Frost nodded in unison, their expressions filled with barely contained excitement.

Rebecca explained, “This dress was also custom–ordered by Connor over a month ago. It was designed by the world’s top fashion house that specializes in werewolf formal wear.”

She gestured to the intricate beadwork that caught the light with every movement. “Her team spent the last month working solely on this dress, which was chosen from over a hundred design drafts.”

Emma Thompson, looking utterly smitten, gushed, “Wow, Olivia, Alpha Connor is too good to you!”

Lily added with dreamy eyes, “As expected of the world’s top designer. The *dress* is truly unique, luxurious yet sweet and elegant. I’ll have her design my mating dress when I bond with Gabriel.”

I smiled, running my fingers over the delicate fabric. “It is indeed beautiful.”

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**+25 Points**

The friends chatted animatedly about mating ceremonies and pack celebrations. Emma eagerly asked to be invited to the marking ritual, her excitement infectious.

(Connor’s POV)

Meanwhile, having been abandoned by Olivia for her friends, I sat alone on the sofa in the villa’s main hall. The leather was soft beneath me, but I found myself missing my mate’s presence already.

Gabriel approached with a bottle of premium moonberry wine, “Congratulations on getting your mate’s acceptance. Let’s have a few drinks.”

Derek joined us, also armed with bottles. “You little Alpha pup,” he said, opening a bottle of strong werewolf spirits.

His tone was mock–threatening as he continued, “You can be happy about your successful proposal, but how dare you call me a lone wolf? I have to get you drunk tonight!”

He poured a full glass of Moonfire Tequila with Silver Lime and handed it to me, challenging, “Bottoms up!”

I simply smiled and downed the glass in one go, my Alpha constitution handling the potent supernatural alcohol with ease. The burning sensation spread through my throat, but my wolf metabolism processed it quickly.

Gabriel was stunned. “Seriously? You actually finished it? That’s Moonfire Tequila, it’s designed to affect even Alpha werewolves!”

I placed the empty glass on the table, a smile playing on my lips. “I’m happy today.”

Derek cheered and refilled my glass immediately. Gabriel also poured two more, *raising* his in

a toast.

“Good brother, this one is to you and Olivia, for a long and happy life together as mates, and may you have strong pups soon! I’ll drink up, you can do as you please!”

After Gabriel finished his glass, I drank both mine and the one Derek had poured. The alcohol was strong, but my joy was stronger.

Soon, other pack members joined in, surrounding me and taking turns toasting the newly engaged Alpha. The celebration grew louder and more boisterous with each *round*.

Olivia noticed the commotion and, concerned for my health despite my supernatural constitution, walked over. “Go easy on him,” she said to the group.

Her protective instincts were already showing, making my wolf preen with pride. “Don’t get

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him too drunk, I’m worried even an Alpha’s body won’t be able to handle this much.”

**+25 Points**

By then, my ice-blue eyes were already getting hazy from the supernatural alcohol. The world had taken on a pleasant, warm glow.

Gabriel and Derek teased her for being a protective mate already. Olivia, however, remained worried, knowing I'd had far too much even for a werewolf.

Soon after, Lily had to help a completely drunk Gabriel leave using her car. I watched them go with amusement, my friend barely able to walk straight.

Olivia then turned to me and asked softly, "Connor, are you still drinking?"

With a smile in my hazy eyes, I turned to Derek. "My mate is here to take me *home*, so I won't drink with you lone wolves anymore."

I then reveled in my friend's mock annoyance, boasting, "It's hard to explain to you unmated wolves. You wouldn't understand the mate bond even if I did."

Derek waved us off in feigned frustration, muttering about show-off Alphas under his breath.

Olivia extended her hand, and I obediently took it, my Alpha dominance softened by love and alcohol. "Luna, let's go home."

Back in the master bedroom of Moonlight Manor, Olivia helped me get a silk bathrobe and moonlight cotton towel. Her gentle care made my heart swell with affection.

"You should go take a shower first to wash off the alcohol scent."

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## Whisper 342

Chapter 264 Planning the Future

Chapter 264: Planning the Future

## Chapter 264: Planning the Future

(Connor's POV)

As soon as the words fell, I grabbed Olivia's arm and pulled her towards me. She fell into my arms with a soft

gasp.

"What are you doing..." Before she could finish her sentence, I silenced her with a kiss.

At first, my kiss was tender and lingering, skilled and effortless. I felt the familiar spark of our mate bond ignite as my lips moved against hers, sending a numbing sensation through every nerve in her body.

Gradually, I shifted from gentle entanglement to a more dominant conquest. My Alpha instincts demanded more, craved the complete surrender of my destined mate.

Just as I was about to proceed further, Olivia pushed me away with both hands. Her breath came in ragged

gasps, amber eyes slightly dazed.

"Go take a shower," she managed to say.

Interrupted, my dark eyes soaked in drunkenness held a hint of grievance. The alcohol made my usual

control slip, revealing a more vulnerable side.

"Can't I even have a kiss? My Luna," I said, drawing out the possessive title with deliberate emphasis.

Olivia looked surprised to see this side of me drunk. My expression and tone carried a playful quality that was completely different from my usual commanding Alpha presence.

The way I drew out "my Luna" made her heart melt visibly. I could scent the shift in her emotions through our developing bond.

She softened her voice to coax me, treating me like a wayward pup. "Be good, don't be naughty. Go take a The source of this content is

shower first."

“Can my Luna shower with me?” I asked, letting my ice—blue eyes fill with anticipation that would be hard for

any mate to refuse.

Before she could answer, I added in a low, seductive voice that I knew would affect her. “Luna, I’m drunk, it’s

not convenient for me to shower alone. What if I fall?”

Amused, Olivia pushed me lightly with a knowing smile. “Are you putting on an act?”

Though she barely used any force, I stumbled deliberately and bumped into the cabinet behind me with a loud thud. The sound echoed through the master bedroom.

Startled, Olivia rushed to check on me, her protective instincts kicking in. “Where did you hit?”

“My knee, it hurts,” I said, looking down at her with what I hoped was a convincing wince. My voice took on a bewitching quality as I continued my performance.

“Now my leg is really inconvenient. I need my Luna to help me shower.”

Unsure if I was truly hurt but feeling a pang of concern through our developing mate bond, Olivia **relented**. “Alright, let’s go.”

“Alright

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A low chuckle escaped me as I took her hand, satisfaction rolling through my chest. “I knew my Luna was the

best to me.”

As we walked to the Master Bathroom, I limped dramatically, leaning my entire weight on Olivia as if seriously injured. Each step was carefully calculated to maintain the illusion.

She saw through my act but chose not to expose me, which only made me love her more. Her willingness to

play along showed how much she cared.

The moment the bathroom door closed behind us, I kissed her again, reaching over to turn on the shower.

Warm water cascaded over us both.

Olivia was too lost in the kiss to care that her hair and clothes were getting soaked. The expensive fabric of

her dress clung to her curves as steam began to fill the space.

When the kiss ended, the bathroom was filled with thick steam. I watched as Olivia's heart skipped a beat

while she gazed at me through the mist.

Water streamed down my face, my muscles tensed from the heat and desire. My wet eyelashes framed my

eyes as I stared at her with undisguised want.

I could see her admit to herself that she was completely captivated. The mate bond sang between us, amplifying every sensation and emotion.

This time, she took the initiative, wrapping her arms around my neck and kissing me with newfound

boldness. The role reversal sent fire through my veins.

Deepening my gaze, I lifted her against the tiled wall, her legs wrapping around my waist instinctively. The glass door fogged over completely, reflecting our intertwined silhouettes amidst the sound of running water.

(Olivia's POV)

The next day, I woke to find the sun high in the sky. Golden light streamed through the curtains of the master

bedroom, indicating it was well past morning.

The manor was quiet around us. Our pack friends had all left after the celebration, leaving Connor and me

alone in our sanctuary.

Connor was already up, but he soon entered the room carrying a breakfast tray. The domestic sight made my



heart flutter with contentment.

“Awake, my Luna?” he greeted me, setting the tray aside to give me a gentle kiss on the forehead.

“Good morning. I’ve prepared new clothes for you in the closet and undergarments by the bed.” His

thoughtfulness never ceased to amaze me.

“Get dressed and come downstairs for breakfast. This afternoon, we’ll go to your pack house and talk to our

parents about the mating ceremony.”

I chuckled at his assumption, though warmth spread through my chest. “So quick to call them ‘our parents’?”

Connor’s ice-blue eyes crinkled with a smile that transformed his entire face. “Yes, and you should change

how you address me too. Call me Alpha from now on.”

“So possessive,” I murmured, though there was no real complaint in my voice.

“You called me that last night,” he teased, his mood clearly buoyant from our successful engagement.

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Heat flooded my cheeks as memories of the previous evening surfaced. “Don’t bring up last night.”

“Why not?” His grin turned wicked as he continued, “You faked being injured and drunk. I never realized you were so scheming.”

He pecked my cheek affectionately, his happiness infectious. “Without a few schemes, how could I have won over my destined mate?”

After breakfast, I called my father, Richard Winters, to let him know we were coming. My fingers trembled slightly as I dialed, nervous about his reaction.

His tone was neutral at first, giving nothing away. “Was the meteor shower and drone proposal his doing?” “Yes,” I confirmed, trying to keep my voice steady. “Connor proposed to me.”

“And you agreed?” Richard asked, though I suspected he already knew the answer from the scent changes that indicated our developing mate bond.

“I did,” I replied simply.

“That Alpha,” Richard chuckled, and I could hear the approval in his voice. “He certainly has a flair for the dramatic. Your stepmother Natalie and I were just discussing your mating ceremony.”

Relief flooded through me at his acceptance. “Really?”

“If he hadn’t proposed soon, I was going to ask him myself when he planned to mark you,” he admitted with paternal protectiveness.

I informed him that Katherine Rivers would also be coming that afternoon. “The two packs need to discuss the mating ceremony date together. Since Gerald Rivers is abroad on pack business, Katherine is the only elder from the Rivers family available.”

Richard understood immediately, his Alpha mind already shifting to logistics. “Okay, I’ll have the pack servants prepare the meal and wait for you.”

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## Whisper 343

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**Chapter 265: His Secret Plots**

Chapter 265: His Secret Plots

(Connor’s POV)

**+25 Points**

When Olivia and I returned to the Winters family estate, my mother Katherine was already waiting for us in the living room. The moment she saw Olivia, her smile was unstoppable.

She warmly took Olivia's hand, overjoyed. "Olivia, from now on, you should change how you address me and call me Mom."

Olivia smiled sweetly and obediently called out, "Mom."

Katherine beamed, her happiness overflowing. The sight of my mother's joy made my chest swell with satisfaction.

The two families were thrilled about the upcoming mating ceremony. Katherine had already consulted a pack elder and found an auspicious day—the day after tomorrow—for us to complete our official mating bond registration.

Olivia looked to me, our eyes met in a silent, smiling agreement, and she consented. My wolf practically purred with contentment at her acceptance.

Next, they discussed the mating ceremony. Olivia chose Moonlit Lake, a villa by the water that held precious memories of her late mother, Sarah Winters.

She wished for her mother's spirit to witness her happiness. Richard's eyes flickered with emotion at the mention of the name, but he and everyone else agreed it was a perfect

location.

The three women—Katherine, Natalie, and Olivia—dived into an animated discussion about all the mating ceremony details, leaving the men unable to get a word in.

Richard glanced at me and said, "Connor, come with me."

I followed him to the tea room. Richard sat down, skillfully preparing the tea with his prized blue and white porcelain set.

He didn't put on the airs of an elder, simply gesturing for me to sit. He poured a cup for his future son-in-law.

"Try it," he said, his voice calm.

I took a sip. Richard's gaze was serene as he began, "I still remember four years ago, in this

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very tea room, when you came to me to propose a mating alliance.”

+25 Points

My mind drifted back. Four years ago, as soon as Olivia had graduated, I had been desperate to make her my mate.

I had come to this very room and spent an entire afternoon convincing Richard *to* give me his daughter’s hand. Richard had agreed, but to my shock, Olivia had resisted so fiercely that she broke ties with her family and fled to Harbor City alone.

I almost chased after her that day but stopped myself, deciding to give her space, hoping she would return to me willingly. In Harbor City, she faced hardship.

Richard had frozen all her cards, leaving her to find a place to live and a low-paying job as a legal intern in a strange city. I had been tormented by her struggle, secretly sending money to her friends, Rebecca and Lily, to help her.

But Olivia’s pride was strong; she refused large sums, accepting only what she could realistically pay back, determined not to be “kept” by her friends.

I had traveled to Harbor City many times, just to watch her from a distance, afraid that my presence would frighten her or, worse, earn her disgust. Then, she started dating Ethan Grey.

The night I found out, I was consumed by a jealousy so intense I wanted to strangle the man. How could Ethan Grey, a worthless playboy with a string of ex-girlfriends, be worthy of my

Olivia?

I had him investigated and discovered the disgusting truth: Ethan had a beloved ‘white moonlight,’ Cassandra Evans, and Olivia was merely a substitute because of their passing resemblance. The rage this ignited in me was immense.

I decided to act. Using my power and influence as the “Alpha heir of Riverdale,” I subtly manipulated events. This chapter is updated by

I arranged for beautiful, tempting women to be thrown at the philandering Ethan, ensuring he was too preoccupied to bother Olivia. I then had photos of Ethan’s infidelity sent to Olivia, but she chose to turn a blind eye, though she began to refuse his kisses.

Frustrated, I escalated my efforts. I orchestrated a series of problems for the Grey pack’s business holdings, leading to a break in their capital chain.

Even Cassandra's return to the country was, to some extent, a part of my grand, ruthless design to reclaim the woman I loved.

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## Whisper 344

Chapter **266**: Mating Preparations and a Friend's Happiness

Chapter 266: Mating Preparations and a Friend's Happiness

(Third person's POV)

+25 Points)

At that time, someone in Harbor City, in order to please Connor, deliberately went to Cassandra Evans and showed her some photos of Ethan Grey and Olivia together to provoke her. He also said some things to stimulate Cassandra's possessiveness.

Sure enough, after Cassandra returned to the country, Ethan didn't even pretend anymore,

and spending his days indulging with Cassandra, which made Olivia completely give up return to Riverdale to mate with Connor.

Pulled back to the present, Connor Rivers' eyes were deep and dark. "Yes, four years. The clouds have finally parted to reveal the moon."

Richard Winters warned, "Don't you bully Olivia. If she suffers even the slightest grievance after mating with you, I, Richard Winters, will never let it go."

"Father, don't worry. I can't wait to cherish her, how could I possibly bully her?" Connor replied earnestly.

Richard looked up at Connor. "You're already changing your address so quickly? You haven't even completed the mating bond yet."

"It's going to happen sooner or later anyway. Better to get used to it early."

"You rascal," Richard added more tea. "Drink up."

The next day, Olivia Winters, Natalie Winters, and Katherine Rivers went to inspect the mating ceremony venue at Moonlit Lake, while Connor Rivers went to pick out their new pack territory home. They had agreed that he would make a preliminary selection, and Olivia would then choose her favorite from his choices.

This way, they could look at ceremony venues and new homes simultaneously.

Katherine and Natalie, though full of ideas for the mating ceremony, respectfully deferred to Olivia's wishes. The venue, Moonlit Lake, was located at the foot of Silverridge Mountain, with a three-story villa owned by the Winters pack on its shore.

It was a place rich with Olivia's childhood memories of flying kites with her mother, Sarah Winters.

Katherine had already contacted the Northern Territory's top ceremony planning company,

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+25 Points

who sent their best team to survey the vast, lush lakeside lawn, a perfect spot for the main mating ritual. After a long day of walking, Olivia returned home exhausted but content.

Back home, Olivia rested her head on Connor's lap, scrolling through photos of the houses he had selected on a tablet. He gently massaged her shoulders, murmuring, "My Luna has worked hard."

Olivia's finger paused on a beautiful house. "I think this one is nice. I love this garden. I can plant my own moonflowers here."

Connor glanced over. "That one is indeed nice. It's in the Silverbrook Lake area, not far from your law firm, about a ten-minute drive."

She then swiped to a castle-style house, her eyes lighting up. "I love this one too! It's like a castle. If we have a daughter, she'll be a little princess living in a castle."

This sparked a sweet conversation about their future. "Do you prefer a boy or a girl?" Connor

asked.

Olivia mused, "A pup with you, I'd love either. But if I had to choose, I'd prefer a girl. I'd buy her so many pretty dresses and style her hair, making her a little princess."

Connor smiled warmly. "I like girls too. A daughter would surely be as beautiful as you."

Olivia looked up at him, her eyes sparkling. "They say daughters look like their fathers. You're so handsome, our daughter would be beautiful from birth."

They playfully decided to have one of each, a handsome son who would look like her and a beautiful daughter who would look like him.

As he massaged her legs, she brought up the mating ceremony date, slipping and calling Katherine "your mom." Connor teased her, "Was the pack acceptance gift from our mom not enough?"

Olivia quickly corrected herself with a laugh, and they confirmed the plan: complete their mating bond the next day and hold the ceremony after the harvest moon, when the autumn weather would be cooler.

Connor agreed to everything, even jokingly offering to arrange a ceremony under the full moon if she wished.

Amidst their own planning, the lawsuit for Rachel Morrison's husband concluded with a victory. Predictably, the defendant, Marcus Webb, had already fled with the money, making it difficult to enforce the judgment.

While an ordinary person would be at a dead end, Olivia Winters' connections proved

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invaluable. For original chapters go to

+25 Points

Connor's people quickly located Marcus, who was living lavishly in a nightclub. After being brought back to Riverdale and spending some time with Connor's subordinate, Marcus Shaw, a terrified Marcus not only returned the investment but also paid the interest in full.

Before Olivia Winters and Connor Rivers' mating ceremony, another happy event took place: Emma Thompson and David Thompson got married. The wedding was held in Emma's hometown, a small county an hour from Riverdale.

Olivia, along with Emma and many colleagues from Moonlaw Legal Services, attended.

She brought a bouquet of Emma's favorite moonroses and, knowing her fondness for traditional werewolf jewelry, had bought a solid moonstone bracelet as a wedding gift.

Upon seeing her, Olivia gave Emma a big hug. "Emma, congratulations on your wedding!"

She handed the gift and a thick red envelope to Emma. "This is for you. I wish you and David a long and happy life together."

"Thank you, Olivia." Emma was a little teary-eyed. "You're so good to me."

"Be happy," Olivia said with a smile.

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## Whisper 345

### Chapter 267: Epilogue

Chapter 267: Epilogue

(Olivia's POV)

+25 Points

My mating ceremony had been in preparation for two months, with the date set for the end of October. Two days before the ceremony, I received a call from an unknown number.

Recently, while preparing for the mating ceremony, I had been receiving many congratulatory calls every day. Classmates, relatives from the Winters or Silverridge packs, and even relatives from the Rivers pack all wanted to share their joy.



So I had grown accustomed to receiving calls from unknown numbers. I answered the phone and greeted cheerfully, "Hello? Hi."

I expected another well-wisher, but to my surprise, the person on the other end was Ethan Grey. His voice was low and hoarse, tinged with a bitter tone that made my stomach clench.

"Olivia, I heard you're getting mated."

Recognizing Ethan Grey's voice, my face immediately turned cold. The warmth drained from my expression as old wounds threatened to reopen.

"If you're calling to congratulate me, I'll thank you," I retorted icily. "But if you're looking for trouble, I have no time for it."

Before I could finish, Ethan interrupted, his voice rising with agitation. "Olivia, listen to me! Connor Rivers isn't who you think he is!"

He desperately tried to slander Connor, his words tumbling out in a frantic rush. "He's a manipulative schemer who orchestrated everything! My affairs, even Cassandra Evans' return to the country – it was all his doing!"

However, I remained unfazed. The accusations rolled off me like water off a duck's back.

I coldly dismantled his claims, questioning him logically. "Did someone knock you out, strip you naked, and force you onto a bed with those women?"

When he stammered that it wasn't like that, I pressed on. "Were you drugged? Threatened at gunpoint?"

With each denial, his voice grew smaller, his guilt palpable. The confident Alpha facade crumbled before my relentless logic.

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+25 Points

Finally, I let out a cold laugh, my voice filled with fury that had been building for years. "So you accepted those women while you were fully conscious."

My tone sharpened like a blade. "You're a grown Alpha who couldn't control his lower body, and now you're blaming others?"

“Thank

you for telling me this,” I continued, my voice dripping with sarcasm. “If it weren’t for him, I wouldn’t have seen your true scumbag nature so quickly!”

“Ethan Grey, you are the most disgusting and filthiest person. You never see your own problems and always push the blame onto others.”

My final words cut through the phone like ice. “A person like you is not worthy of love.”

With that, I hung up and blacklisted his number without hesitation. My hands trembled slightly from the adrenaline, but I felt lighter somehow.

Just then, Connor Rivers entered the room, having overheard the entire conversation through the open door. His ice-blue eyes searched my face with concern.

“Liv, do you blame me?” he asked, his voice trembling slightly.

He was nervous, I could see it in the way his shoulders tensed. Fear flickered across his features as he waited for my response.

But I walked up to him, my expression serious. The weight of everything he had done for me settled in my chest.

“Connor Rivers,” I said softly, looking into his eyes. “Thank you.”

His eyes widened in surprise, clearly not expecting gratitude instead of anger.

I thanked him for loving me silently, for helping me see the truth about the scumbag, for waiting for me. “Thank you for choosing me so firmly.”

“You’ve worked hard all these years,” I whispered, my emotions raw and honest. “From now on, *you* are no longer alone.”

“I will always be with you, love you, until the end of my life.”

Overwhelmed with emotion, Connor found himself speechless. His throat worked as he struggled to find words.

I stood on my tiptoes, wrapped my arms around his neck, and kissed him. His heart melted under my touch, and he held me close.

He returned a gentle and lingering kiss that sealed our future together.

## Chapter 267: Epilogue

### +25 Points

The mating ceremony of the Rivers and Winters packs became the most magnificent **event** of the year in Riverdale. The sky was a flawless expanse of blue, and Moonlit Lake was as

calm as a mirror.

Rebecca Frost and Lily, dressed as bridesmaids in flowing lavender gowns, stood by my side. Their faces glowed with happiness for me.

"I can't believe Liv is the first of us to be mated," Lily said, her eyes welling with tears of joy.

"Olivia, you must be happy," she added, squeezing my hand.

Rebecca also grew emotional, her voice thick with feeling. "This is so wonderful, Olivia is mating for love."

I held my two best friends' hands, feeling a mist form in my own eyes. These women had stood by me through everything.

When I emerged in my ceremonial white gown, the silk flowing like moonlight around me, my father Richard Winters couldn't hold back his tears."

"My daughter is all grown up, being mated," he said, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. "Dad can't bear to let you go."

I gave him a warm hug, breathing in his familiar scent. "Dad, I will always be your daughter."

As the mating ceremony was about to begin, I took Richard Winters' arm and stepped onto the moonstone path. Each step brought me closer to my destiny.

I walked slowly towards Connor Rivers, my heart pounding with anticipation. Today, Connor was dressed in a custom-made black formal suit.

His features were sharp, his silhouette profound, and his handsome face was just as I remembered from our first meeting. He stood at the end of the ceremonial circle, a gentle smile on his lips.

He watched me quietly, his ice-blue eyes never leaving mine. I suddenly felt a pang in my nose and the urge to cry.

Today was my mating ceremony with Connor Rivers. After so many twists and turns, we were finally entering the sacred bond together.

The ceremonial music began, a haunting melody that spoke of eternal love. Richard led me to Connor's side, placing my hand in his with paternal blessing.

Connor held my hand and led me to the pack elder officiant. The flower girl, Grace Winters, presented the mating bands with a bright smile.

< Chapter 267: Epilogue

+25 Points

Connor and I exchanged vows and bands in front of our friends and family. The autumn breeze rustled the leaves, like a lover's whisper.

The Alpha lifted the veil and marked his Luna with a gentle bite to my neck, sealing our eternal bond. For the rest of their lives, we would walk hand in hand as true mates.

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