

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 41

Chapter 24: Darkness and Secrets–2

In the adjacent bed, Tyler Jenkins shifted uncomfortably, his dislocated arm now set in a cast. Both men looked up sharply when the door opened.

A man entered, his face concealed by a mask. Despite the disguise, they recognized him immediately the same person who had transferred fifty thousand dollars to

each of them to harass Olivia Winters.

Brock's voice trembled with fury.

"Damn you, why didn't you say she knew self-defense? She kicked my balls to pieces I'm ruined for life!"

Victor Stone snapped impatiently, his eyes cold above the mask.

"Shut up. You'll each get another three hundred thousand dollars. When the police question you, say it was your own lust that made you det. Don't mention anyone hired you, understand?"

Tyler nodded eagerly, blonde hair falling into his eyes.

"Okay"

For him, three hundred thousand was a fortune worth any risk. But Brock wasn't so easily satisfied.

"Three hundred thousand? You think I'm a beggar? I want a million!"

Victor secretly breathed a sigh of relief. Vanessa had authorized anything under five million to keep them quiet. He'd been prepared to go as high as two million, so one was a bargain.

"Fine," Victor said coldly. "Give me your account number. The money will be

transferred soon. But if either of you leak a word, you won't get a penny, and you won't live long enough to regret it."

His voice dropped to a menacing whisper.

"Think carefully. If you admit, guilt, the worst is a few years in prison. But if you expose us, I'll make sure you leave the morgue feet first."

Chapter 24 Darkness and

Both thugs shuddered in terror, instantly cowed. Anyone who could casually throw around millions was clearly not someone to cross.

After Victor left, another visitor arrived: Frank Langley, Connor Rivers' senior assistant. His cold demeanor filled the room immediately.

Seeing a stranger, Brock stiffened, thinking Victor had returned.

"What now-" He stopped short when he realized this wasn't the same person.

Frank's eyes were icy as he surveyed the two injured men. Fresh chapters posted on

"Someone else was just here?"

"No," Brock lied immediately, "Who are you? What do you want?"

Frank's tone was frosty.

"Why did you harass Miss Winters last night?"

Brock forced a grin, trying to appear casual despite his pain.

"Just drunk and saw a pretty girl, couldn't help ourselves."

Tyler *nodded* frantically, eager to support the story.

"Yeah, she's really gorgeous."

Frank's face darkened in disgust.

"Watch *your* filthy mouths. If you say another disgusting word, I'll have your tongues cut out."

Two black-suited bodyguards stepped forward menacingly behind him, making the two thugs pale with fright.

Frank pressed again, his voice dangerously soft.

"Tell the truth."

Remembering Victor's threats, they dared not reveal anything. Both stubbornly stuck *to* their story: they were drunk and acted on impulse.

Frank saw no point in pushing further and left with the bodyguards, his expression grim.

2/4

Chapter 24 Darkness and

(Olivia's POV)

The next morning, sunlight streamed through my bedroom window at Moonlight Manor. I was just finishing my breakfast when my phone rang.

It was the police, informing me that the excessive force case against me had been dropped. I wasn't surprised, knowing this was Connor's doing. Although I was confident I could have defended myself in court and proven it was justified defense, I

saw no reason to resist his help in this instance.

After ending the call, I dialed Connor's number. He answered *on* the first ring.

"Thank you," I said simply.

His tone was faintly displeased.

"Livvy, there's no need to thank me. I never want to hear 'thank you' from you again."

I stood by the window, sunlight warming my face as I gazed out at the manicured gardens of Moonlight Manor.

“Alright, I understand.”

Connor added, his voice dangerously low and full of menace.

“Those two who bullied you last night—I will make them pay.”

A chill ran down my spine at his tone. I worried he might resort to illegal means and quickly tried *to* dissuade him.

“They’ve already paid the price last night, and the law will punish them. You don’t need to *do* anything more. Leave the rest to justice.”

But his tone only grew colder, the oppressive aura palpable even over the phone.

“Anyone who hurts you, I won’t spare.”

I listened in silence, unable to find the right words to respond.

A thought crossed my mind, unbidden and unwelcome: but what if the person who hurt her was Vanessa Reed? Would he still be so resolute then?

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 42

Chapter 25: Reunion at **the** Moon Crest **Stables**

Chapter 25: Reunion at the Moon Crest Stables

(Olivia’s POV)

The warm afternoon sun bathed Riverdale in a golden glow as I sat across from Rebecca and Lily at our favorite dessert café. The sweet scent of pastries filled the air, mingling with the rich aroma of freshly brewed coffee. It felt surreal to be back in

my hometown after three years in Harbor City—three years of emotional turmoil that I was finally beginning to leave behind.

“I’m dying,” Lily groaned dramatically, her head resting on the table. Her usually perfect hair was disheveled, and dark circles shadowed her eyes. “These days it’s either shopping or clubbing, I’m bored already.”

Rebecca gently patted Lily’s shoulder, her touch as soft as her personality. “Maybe we should take it easy today?”

I smiled, savoring the familiar banter between my two best friends. Since returning to Riverdale, they had whisked me away on a whirlwind of activities—shopping sprees, restaurant hopping, and nightclub adventures. My plans to submit my resume to Moonlaw Legal Services had been temporarily shelved in favor of reconnecting with the *people* and places I’d missed.

Suddenly, Lily’s head shot up, a mischievous glint replacing the exhaustion in her eyes.

“Last night, I puked all over Ethan Quinn, that unlucky bastard! Hahaha! I vaguely remember his whole face turning green!” she exclaimed, dissolving into fits of laughter.

I couldn’t help but join in, the mental image too hilarious to resist. It felt good to laugh freely again, without the weight of Ethan Grey’s indecision hanging over me.

Rebecca’s gentle chuckle joined our louder laughter. “Lily, wasn’t your brother mad at you?”

Lily snorted, but there was a surprising softness in her expression. “Actually, Ethan Quinn is finally acting like a proper brother. After I puked on him, he changed clothes,

1/4

< Chapter 25 Reunion at th

took a shower, and even cooked me some hangover soup.”

“Wow, that’s progress,” I remarked, genuinely surprised. The Ethan Quinn I remembered was notoriously self-centered.

Lily nodded, absently stirring her iced coffee. “We’ve come a long way since I was nine and he was fourteen. Remember how he used to be such a little s**t?”

Rebecca smiled knowingly. “You weren’t exactly an angel either, Lily.”

ad Points

“He started it!” Lily protested, her eyes flashing with the same defiance I imagined she’d shown as a child. “The first time we met, he pulled my braids and told me to get lost.”

“And

you bit him?” I guessed, knowing Lily’s fiery temperament.

She grinned triumphantly. “Right on the wrist. He still has the scar.”

The mental image of a tiny Lily fiercely defending herself against her teenage stepbrother made me laugh again. “You must have been sent by heaven just to torment him.”

“Serves him right for bullying me all those years,” Lily declared, raising her coffee in a mock toast.

As our laughter subsided, Lily’s eyes suddenly lit up with renewed energy. She sat up straight, all traces of her hangover apparently forgotten.

“Anyway, shall we go to the stables this afternoon? I haven’t ridden in ages, and I miss it.”

The suggestion immediately resonated with me. During my three years in Harbor City, I’d barely had time for myself, let alone for leisure activities like horseback riding.

“I haven’t been riding in the three years I was in Harbor City,” I admitted, a wistful smile playing *on* my lips. “I really miss the days when we used to race horses together.”

Rebecca’s gentle smile widened. “The stables have some new horses you haven’t seen yet, Liv. You’ll love them.”

Lily was already pulling out her phone, scrolling through her **contacts** with a mischievous grin. “I’ll call Ethan Quinn to ask him to bring Connor as well.”

2/4

<Chapter 25 Reunion at th

* Points

My heart skipped a beat at the mention of Connor Rivers. Since returning to Riverdale, I’d seen him several times, each encounter reminding me of his unwavering support during my darkest moments in Harbor City.

“Do you think they’ll be free on such short notice?” I asked, trying to sound casual despite the flutter in my stomach.

Lily winked at me knowingly. “Trust me, Connor will make time for you.”

An hour later, we arrived at Crescent Moon Stables, the largest equestrian facility in Riverdale, owned by Rebecca’s family. The familiar scent of hay and horses greeted me as we stepped out of Lily’s car, bringing back a flood of childhood memories.

“I’ll go check which horses are available,” Rebecca said, heading toward the main office with the natural confidence of someone who belonged there.

Lily linked her arm through mine, leading me toward the changing rooms. “Come on, let’s get you looking fabulous before the boys arrive.”

Inside the spacious locker room, I changed into the riding attire Rebecca had prepared for me—a light grey standing-collar fitted jacket that hugged my curves perfectly, paired with white tight-fitting pants and sleek black riding boots. As I twisted my honey-brown hair into a neat bun, I caught a glimpse of myself in the full-length mirror.

The woman staring back at me looked different from the heartbroken lawyer who had fled Harbor City. There was a new confidence in her amber eyes, a quiet strength that

hadn’t been there before.

“*You* look amazing,” Lily declared, appearing behind me in her own riding outfit—a bold red jacket that matched her vibrant personality. “Connor won’t be able to take his eyes off *you*.”

I felt a blush creeping up my cheeks. “That’s not why I’m here.”

“Sure it isn’t,” Lily teased, adjusting her ponytail. “Just like I didn’t accidentally spill my drink on Cassandra Evans at that charity gala last year.”

“You didn’t!” I gasped, both horrified and secretly delighted.

Lily’s innocent smile didn’t fool me for a **second**. “Her white dress turned such a lovely shade of red wine. Total accident, of course.”

3/4

<Chapter 25 Reunion at th

With a final check in the mirror, we headed out to the main yard where Rebecca was waiting with Ethan Quinn. My breath caught when I spotted Connor Rivers standing slightly apart from them, his tall figure commanding attention even in casual riding attire.

As I stepped out of the changing room, all conversation stopped. I felt suddenly self-conscious under their collective gaze, especially Connor’s intense blue eyes seemed to darken as they took me in.

Ethan Quinn was the first to break the silence, a teasing grin spreading across his handsome face. “Wow, Liv, you look even better than before!”

Lily immediately jabbed him in the ribs, making him wince. “Shut up, i****t. Connor hasn’t even said anything yet—don’t embarrass yourself.”

M

Vote

259 Follow current novels on

that

Wat

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 43

Chapter 26: Dangerous Rides—1

Chapter 26: Dangerous Rides

(Olivia's POV)

The wind whipped through my hair as Moonbeam and I completed *our* second lap around the sprawling grounds of Crescent Moon Stables. Connor rode beside me on his powerful bay stallion, his posture relaxed yet commanding. The afternoon sun cast a golden glow over the landscape, highlighting the lush green fields that stretched as far as the eye could see.

As we slowed our horses to a walk and approached the starting point, I noticed that

Lily, Ethan Quinn, and Rebecca were nowhere to be seen. They had likely ventured deeper into the property, enjoying their own rides across the vast terrain.

Only Vanessa Reed remained at the starting area, her violet eyes tracking our approach with unsettling intensity. She wore a casual outfit—fitted jeans and a light purple top that complemented her eyes—rather than proper riding attire.

The moment we dismounted, Vanessa rushed forward, her face transforming into a sweet smile that didn't quite reach her eyes.

"Wow, Sister Winters, you look so magnificent when riding," she gushed, her voice dripping with honey. "Could I learn horseback riding from you?"

I blinked in surprise. Just moments ago, I had overheard her coquettishly insisting that only her foster brother Connor could teach her to ride. This sudden change in preference caught me completely off guard.

"There's a professional riding instructor nearby," I offered politely, gesturing toward the main stable building. "I can call them over to teach you."

Vanessa's perfectly glossed lips formed a practiced pout, her expression shifting to one of spoiled reluctance. "But the instructor would pressure me, and I don't know them. I'm

afraid they'll scold me." She batted her eyelashes. "You're so nice, Sister Winters, you surely won't scold me, right?"

Her coquettish tone felt inappropriate coming **from** someone who was practically a stranger. I instinctively turned toward Connor, seeking his guidance in this awkward

1/3

Chapter 26 Dangerous Ri

situation.

+6 Points

By some coincidence, Connor glanced back at me at the exact same moment. His ice-blue eyes met mine, and I saw a flicker of something unreadable pass through them before he gently passed the decision back to me.

"Livvy, would you like to teach her?" he asked, his deep voice neutral.

I hesitated, weighing my options carefully. Vanessa was Connor's foster sister, which meant she would eventually become my pack sister once Connor and I completed our mating bond. Although our first meeting had been decidedly frosty, she had

apologized for her behavior, and now appeared genuinely amiable.

My naturally kind disposition resisted the urge to overthink the situation or assume malice from another she-wolf. Perhaps I had been too quick to judge her before.

"Alright," I finally nodded. "I can teach you some basics today, help you get a feel for it.

Later, your brother can enroll you in proper lessons."

Vanessa's smile brightened instantly, her violet eyes sparkling with what appeared to be genuine delight. "Really? Thank you, Sister Winters."

Her honeyed tone made me momentarily doubt my previous suspicions. Maybe I had been *too* wary of the younger wolf. Perhaps she truly wanted to make amends and build a relationship with her future sister-in-law.

Connor stepped closer to me, his tall frame casting a shadow over mine. "Thank you, Livvy," he said softly, his ice-blue eyes warming slightly as they met mine.

Then his gaze shifted to his foster sister, and the temperature seemed to drop several degrees. His voice took on a cold, commanding tone that carried the unmistakable authority of an Alpha.

“Learn well from her and listen to what she says. Do whatever she tells you. careful.”

Be

“I know, brother,” Vanessa replied with a sugary, obedient smile that didn’t quite reach her eyes.

I led Moonbeam a few steps away and beckoned to Vanessa. “Come with me.”

Vanessa followed closely, her movements almost predatory despite her attempt to

3

2/3

<Chapter 26 Dangerous Ri

+5 Points

appear casual. There was something in her gait that reminded me of a wolf stalking its prey, though I quickly dismissed the thought as paranoia.

“Get on the horse first,” I instructed patiently, guiding her to Moonbeam’s left side. “Mount from the left, step into the stirrup with your left foot, then swing your right leg over.”

While Vanessa wasn’t dressed in proper equestrian attire, her sporty outfit was serviceable enough for a basic lesson. I offered my hand for support, and with my steady guidance, she mounted safely.

Standing beside the horse, I gently took hold of Moonbeam’s bridle and began leading her into a slow walk. The docile white mare moved calmly, her steps

unhurried and smooth.

“Are you getting used to it?” I called up to Vanessa.

The moment we moved out of Connor’s line of sight, Vanessa’s sweet facade vanished like morning mist under a hot sun. Her violet eyes grew cold as she responded flatly, “Yeah, it’s fine.”

み

Watch Ads (0/20) >

Vote

259

Follow current NOVELS on Find_Novel(.)net

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 44

Chapter 26: Dangerous Rides—2

I didn’t mind this abrupt shift in demeanor. In fact, I found this blunt honesty

+8 Points

preferable to the forced intimacy she had displayed earlier. At least *now* I knew where we stood.

“For beginners, posture matters most,” I explained, maintaining my gentle tone. “Sit upright in the saddle.”

I handed her the reins, continuing my instruction. “To make the horse walk, don’t pull back hard. Loosen the tension so the horse feels less pressure—it will then move forward naturally.”

Vanessa complied, lightly gripping the reins with her left hand while keeping her right hand tightly closed. Moonbeam responded to the subtle cue, obediently walking

forward at a leisurely pace.

“That horse’s name is Moonbeam,” I said softly, stroking the mare’s neck affectionately. “She’s very gentle, so don’t be afraid.”

“Is that so?” Vanessa’s voice was icy, tinged with a strange undertone that made me glance up sharply.

“Don’t worry. I’m right here, nothing bad will happen,” I reassured her warmly, choosing to ignore the odd note in her voice.

Vanessa curled her lips into a faint, unreadable smile. “Well, thank you so much.”

The words dripped with false gratitude, but I chose to ignore that too. This was about teaching her the basics of riding, not about becoming best friends.

“If *you* want her to move faster, gently squeeze her flanks with your calves,” I continued with my instruction. “The more pressure, the faster she’ll go. When she starts running, remember to relax your legs.”

I looked up at Vanessa, noticing that she seemed distracted, her attention focused on something I couldn’t discern. Her right hand remained suspiciously closed, as if holding something.

“Understand?” I asked, seeking confirmation.

1/3

< Chapter 26 Dangerous Ri

“Yes,” Vanessa answered succinctly, her attention clearly elsewhere.

We gradually moved farther from our starting point, following a gentle path that curved around a copse of trees. Vanessa grew increasingly focused on something I couldn’t see, her posture tense despite the gentle rhythm of Moonbeam’s gait.

“How does it feel so far?” I asked, trying to engage her. “Isn’t riding exhilarating?”

“Mm, it’s alright,” Vanessa replied perfunctorily, barely acknowledging my question.

The sun had begun its descent toward the horizon, casting dazzling hues of orange and pink across the sky. A soft breeze swept across the vast grassland, carrying the sweet scent of wildflowers. I found myself relaxing into the moment despite

Vanessa's cold demeanor.

"What a beautiful day," I sighed contentedly, admiring the sunset.

After we had walked for about fifteen minutes, I decided it was time to return. Vanessa had mastered the basics of sitting and guiding the horse, and Moonbeam had been perfectly behaved throughout the lesson.

"We should head back now," I said, gently tugging on the bridle to turn Moonbeam around.

Vanessa's lips curved into a cryptic smile, her demeanor shifting to something that made me suddenly uneasy. There was a predatory gleam in her violet eyes that sent a

chill down my spine. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

In the next instant, chaos erupted.

I caught a glimpse of Vanessa's quick movement toward Moonbeam's flank, but before I could react, the normally docile mare suddenly reared and bolted uncontrollably. It was as if she had gone mad, charging forward wildly with a

panicked whinny.

Vanessa clung desperately to the reins, her terrified screams piercing the air. "Ah! Help! Help me!"

I froze in shock, my mind blank with disbelief. How could gentle Moonbeam suddenly turn violent? The mare had never behaved like this in all the years I had known her.

The entire incident unfolded within mere seconds—**too** fast for me to **grasp** the reins

2/3

< Chapter 26 Dangerous Ri.

+ Points

or intervene in any way. Moonbeam was already galloping away at full speed, with

Vanessa bouncing precariously in the saddle.

As my brain rebooted from the shock, I quickly pulled out my phone and called the stable's emergency rescue team, my heart racing with panic and guilt.

"Emergency at the east field!" I shouted into the phone. "Runaway horse with a beginner rider! Send help immediately!"

Vanessa, after being recklessly carried for some distance, finally released her grip and tumbled dramatically onto the grassy plain. She rolled far away from the crazed

horse, which kept galloping in panic toward the tree line.

She appeared to land hard, her body limp on the ground as I watched in horror. Even from this distance, I could see that she wasn't moving..

"Oh my God," I gasped, breaking into a run toward her fallen form. "Vanessa!"

The rescue staff arrived swiftly in an all-terrain vehicle; medical equipment at the ready. They reached Vanessa before I could, quickly assessing her condition and hoisting her onto a stretcher.

Connor and the others must have heard the commotion, as they came galloping over the rise, faces dark with worry. Connor dismounted in one fluid motion before his horse had fully stopped, rushing to his foster sister's side.

Seeing Vanessa's condition—pale, seemingly unconscious, with a trickle of blood from a cut on her forehead—Connor's brows knit tightly. His jaw clenched as he *spoke* quietly to the medical staff.

Then his gaze turned sharp as he fixed on me. The intensity of his ice-blue my stomach drop with dread.

eyes

made

I returned his look in a daze, my eyes clouded in confusion and helpless panic.

Watch **Ads (0/20)** >

259

H

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 45

Chapter 27: Dangerous **Accusations**—1

Chapter 27: Dangerous Accusations

(Olivia's POV)

followed the rescue team out of Crescent Moon Stables in a daze. My mind kept replaying the horrifying moment when Moonbeam suddenly went wild, throwing

Vanessa to the ground. Nothing made sense.

The late afternoon sun cast long shadows across the grounds as Rebecca and Lily rushed toward me, their faces etched with concern.

"Liv!" Lily grabbed my hand, her fingers squeezing mine tightly. "What happened? Are you okay?"

I stared at her, still struggling to process the chaos of the past few minutes. My voice sounded hollow even to my own ears.

"I don't know either. Just now, Vanessa asked me to teach her to ride. Everything was fine, then suddenly Moonbeam went crazy. Vanessa was thrown off and looks badly hurt."

Rebecca's brow furrowed as she glanced toward the stables where staff members were attempting to calm the still-agitated Moonbeam.

"That doesn't make any sense," she said slowly. "Moonbeam always gets monthly check-ups. The stable hands had her examined again this morning before bringing her *out* – all indicators were normal. How could she suddenly go mad?"

Lily's grip on my hand tightened, her eyes narrowing with suspicion.

"*Could* it be Vanessa's doing? I remember she insisted on Alpha Connor teaching her at first, she never liked you. Why would she suddenly want you to teach her?"

The question hung in the air between us. I hadn't considered that possibility, but now that Lily mentioned it, Vanessa's behavior had been strange from the start.

Rebecca turned as one of the stable hands approached us. “We’ve subdued Moonbeam and given her a tranquilizer,” he reported. “We’ll do a thorough examination to figure out what triggered her.”

THE

1/3

* Chapter 27 Dangerous Ac

Rebecca nodded, then turned back to me, placing a gentle hand on my shoulder.

“Liv, don’t blame yourself. This isn’t your fault.”

+3 Points

Her words were meant to comfort, but they only intensified the confusion swirling inside me. If it wasn’t my fault, and it wasn’t Moonbeam’s natural behavior, then what had happened?

My gaze drifted in the direction where the rescue team had disappeared with Vanessa. I recalled her strange smile just before Moonbeam went wild. That smile hadn’t been fearful or nervous—it had been almost... anticipatory.

A cold realization washed over me. Had Vanessa orchestrated this entire incident?

But why would she go to such extremes?

Then I remembered Connor’s penetrating gaze after the accident—the silent questions in his ice-blue eyes. Understanding dawned with sickening clarity.

Vanessa had risked her own safety to create this “accident,” to drive a wedge between Connor and me. We’d only met twice, yet she was willing to endanger

herself just to frame me.

The thought left me stunned. Vanessa truly was unhinged.

(Vanessa’s POV)

The ambulance siren wailed as we sped toward the hospital. I kept my face deathly pale, tears streaming down my cheeks as I clutched Connor’s hand with desperate strength.

“Con, it hurts so much...” I whimpered, making my voice tremble with pain and

fragility.

Connor's expression softened as he looked down at me, his ice-blue eyes filled with concern. His large hand gently squeezed mine.

"We're almost at the hospital. The doctors will take care of you."

I let my tears fall harder, choking back sobs that made my entire body shake. The pain in my tailbone and arm was excruciating, but it would be worth it if it meant keeping Connor away from that b***h Olivia.

"It really hurts... When I fell off the horse, I was **so** scared. I was terrified I'd never see

2/3

Chapter 27 Dangerous Ac.

you again..."

Points

I tightened my grip on his hand, letting vulnerability seep into my voice. This was the Connor I knew—protective, caring, my Connor.

"Con, did I cause you trouble? Everyone was having fun, but then this happened because of me. Did I ruin everything?"

(Connor's POV)

"Don't say that," I reassured her softly, stroking her hair away from her tear-stained face.

Despite my suspicions about the nature of the accident, seeing Vanessa in pain stirred my protective instincts. She had been part of my family since we were children, and old habits died hard.

"Just like when you were little, still so clingy."

I could sense that her injury was likely self-inflicted. Vanessa had always been manipulative, willing to hurt herself to get what she wanted. But seeing her tears and obvious pain, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of sympathy.

The ambulance pulled up to the emergency entrance, and medical staff rushed to transfer Vanessa onto a gurney. I followed closely, my mind divided between concern for my foster sister and thoughts of Olivia.

(Olivia's POV)

By the time I arrived at the hospital, Vanessa had already undergone a series of examinations. The doctor informed us that her injuries, while painful, weren't life-threatening: a stable fracture of her tailbone, soft tissue damage, a slightly dislocated elbow, and multiple abrasions. Thankfully, there was no internal bleeding.

Watch Ads (0/20) >

Vote

259

Check latest chapters at

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 46

Chapter 27: Dangerous Accusations—2

After her wounds were treated and she received a painkiller injection, her cries of agony finally subsided. I approached her ward quietly, hesitating at the door when I heard her speaking to Connor.

"Con, my arm is in a cast, I can't feed myself. Can you feed me, please?" Her voice was coquettish, almost childlike.

I stopped, uncertain whether I should enter. Part of me wanted to turn around and leave, to avoid another confrontation with Vanessa.

"I'll call a nurse for you," Connor replied, his tone calm but gentle.

"No, I want you to feed me," Vanessa whined insistently. "Why won't you?"

I remained frozen outside the door, feeling like an intruder on their private conversation.

“Be good, you’re not a child anymore,” Connor said patiently but firmly. “And besides, I already have a fiancée. I’m about to get engaged to Livvy. We should maintain some boundaries.”

My heart stirred gently at his words. I hadn’t expected Connor to draw such a clear line out of respect for me, especially when Vanessa was injured and vulnerable.

“Even siblings have to avoid suspicion?” Vanessa’s tone abruptly sharpened, rising several octaves with undisguised resentment. “Con, so Olivia Winters is such a petty woman? She hurt me and yet you care more about her feelings than mine?”

I turned away silently, ready to leave. I didn’t have the shamelessness to force myself into a situation where I was clearly unwanted. If Vanessa despised me so much, there was no point in staying.

Just then, a nurse carrying an IV bag approached, politely asking me to step aside so she could enter the room. The movement caught Connor’s attention, and both he and

Vanessa turned to see me standing in the doorway.

With a soft sigh, I followed the nurse inside.

“What are you doing here?” Vanessa **spat**, her eyes flashing with undisguised

O

<

1/3

< Chapter 27 Dangerous Ac...

loathing.

Almost simultaneously, Connor’s gentle voice sounded, “Livvy, you’re here.”

+ Points

The nurse busied herself with Vanessa’s IV while I stood awkwardly near the foot of the bed. Vanessa glared at me with venom, as if stabbing me with invisible daggers.

I met her gaze unflinchingly, my voice frosty and sharp when I finally spoke.

“Are you telling people I made that horse bolt and hurt you?” The source of this content is

(Vanessa’s POV)

I hadn’t expected this. I thought Olivia would panic after the accident, maybe even plead for forgiveness. Her composed confrontation caught me slightly off guard—but only for a moment.

Slipping back into my performance, I turned away from her and looked at Connor with tear-filled eyes. I made my voice tremble pitifully.

“Con, I know I left a bad impression the first time we met. So today at the stables, I wanted to get closer to Olivia, since she’s my future sister-in-law. That’s why I asked her to teach me to ride.”

I let fresh tears spill down my cheeks, enjoying the way they enhanced my vulnerable appearance.

“I didn’t expect she hated me so much. When I wasn’t looking, she suddenly kicked the horse hard, making it run wild. I was terrified.”

I choked back a sob, making sure my voice broke at just the right moment.

“Olivia, I can understand if you dislike me, but why would you try to hurt me like that?”

Having delivered my accusation, I furtively glanced at Connor’s expression, hoping to see anger directed at Olivia. But Connor only frowned slightly, his face frustratingly unreadable.

“Livvy, what exactly happened this afternoon at the stables?” he asked, his tone still gentle.

Hidden under the blanket, my uninjured hand clenched into a tight fist. Jealousy scorched through my **heart** like wildfire.

||

2/3

2 24

< Chapter 27 Dangerous Ac..

48 Points 2

How could he not side with me immediately? In the past, anyone who bullied me faced his ruthless protection: expulsion from territories, physical confrontations, even permanent injuries for a stalker who harassed me.

Now, supposedly “hurt by Olivia,” lying here with a fractured tailbone and arm in a cast, he still doesn’t blame Olivia first, but instead calmly asks her side.

The unfairness and envy nearly made me explode; I wished desperately to leap up and tear Olivia apart with my bare hands.

Watch Ads (0/20) >

259

H

Vote

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 47

Chapter 28: Trust and Temptations—1

Chapter 28: Trust and Temptations

(Olivia’s POV)

I glanced lightly at Vanessa, then turned to Connor with an unreadable expression. The hospital room felt suffocating with tension.

“If I say Vanessa is lying, would you believe me?” I asked quietly.

Connor froze, his ice-blue eyes widening slightly. The silence stretched between us, heavy and uncomfortable.

I mocked myself inwardly. How could I have been foolish enough to ask such a question? Of course he would choose Vanessa. She was the girl who had grown up with him, the one he saw as a sister. I was merely a mate-to-be he hadn't seen for three years, with little emotional foundation between us.

Anyone would expect Connor to choose Vanessa.

Yet, after only a moment's hesitation, Connor's ice-blue eyes grew firm as he declared, "I believe you."

I stood frozen, hardly daring to believe my ears. He actually chose to trust me over Vanessa?

Shock flickered across my face while Vanessa's expression turned ashen in an instant.

"Con, she's talking nonsense!" Vanessa protested, her voice trembling with emotion. "How can you believe her instead of me?"

Connor's gaze turned cold and sharp as he cut her off. "Enough."

The single word sliced through the room like a blade.

"From the first time you met Livvy, you've shown her a strange hostility," he continued, his voice dropping to a dangerous timbre. "When you said she kicked the horse just now, I already suspected you were lying."

His voice grew even colder. "Livvy **is not** that kind of person. **That**, I know very well.

1/4

<Chapter 28 Trust and Te

+ Points >

You yourself admitted she has no grudge against you, so why would she harm you?"

I quietly watched him, feeling a complex, bittersweet swirl inside. I had thought that between Vanessa and me, he would never hesitate to side with her. Yet now, he was

so resolute, so unwavering in his trust. This update is available on

My nose tingled with sourness, my eyes stinging with tears I couldn't voice.

Connor then looked at Vanessa with an icy expression. "Vanessa Reed, don't forget, your surname is Reed."

The implication was crystal clear: Vanessa was merely a foster child, not a true Rivers, so she should not act recklessly under the Rivers pack's name.

Hearing this, Vanessa's face grew paler, her lips trembling, tears streaming down uncontrollably. She opened her mouth, but no sound came out.

Connor turned away indifferently. "Rest well. I'm leaving."

As he headed for the door, I looked coldly at the sobbing Vanessa and sighed softly, "Why do this to yourself?"

Outside the hospital, in the open-air parking lot, Connor walked beside me, his eyes full of apology.

"Livvy, I'm sorry," he said quietly.

I turned to him, genuinely confused. "Why are you apologizing to me?"

Connor sighed, running a hand through his dark hair. "It's my pack's fault for not teaching Vanessa well. I don't know why she would slander you like this. Don't worry, I'll find out."

I gave a faint laugh. "No need. I already know why."

Connor looked puzzled, his brows drawing together. I met his gaze calmly.

"Connor, can't you really see Vanessa's thoughts?"

He frowned. "What do you mean?"

"She targets me because of you," I said unhurriedly. "**She** likes you, and she sees me as a rival. She did all this **to create discord** between **us**."

Connor fell silent, his expression thoughtful as he processed my words. I continued

< Chapter 28 Trust and Te...

walking forward, the cool evening air refreshing after the stifling hospital atmosphere.

+8 Points

Connor hurriedly caught up with me. "Then from now on, I will keep my distance from her."

I paused slightly, turning to face him. "Why?"

"You said she likes me," Connor replied earnestly. "I never realized before. I only saw her as a sister, but now that I know her feelings, of course I'll distance myself."

His ice-blue eyes softened as they met mine. "Livvy, I want to give you a sense of security."

I shook my head slightly, then asked softly, "But why did you believe me unconditionally just now? Vanessa grew up with you. You should have trusted her more, so why me?"

Connor looked deeply into my eyes, his voice gentle yet resolute. "Because, as I said, you are not that kind of person."

"Is that all?" I pressed, needing to understand.

Under the dim streetlights casting warm amber through the windshield, the look in Connor's ice-blue eyes was full of undisguised affection. He spoke slowly but firmly.

"And because I love you. Love means unconditional trust."

My heart trembled violently. I turned away in a panic, cheeks flushed crimson, unable to speak.

Was that... a confession?

Seeing my reddened ears, Connor smiled quietly to himself. I could feel his gaze on

me, warm and tender.

The following day, the examination results on Moonbeam came back. All indicators were normal, but a fresh scratch wound was found on the back of the mare's neck, likely caused by a sharp brooch or pin, in a location only accessible by a rider.

B

Vote

259

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 48

Chapter 28: Trust and Temptations—2

Upon learning this, Connor did not visit Vanessa again. Instead, the Rivers Pack arranged top-tier nurses and servants to care for her in the hospital, but Connor stayed by my side daily.

He accompanied me to try on engagement dresses, select platinum jewelry, and plan our engagement ceremony. No matter how Vanessa cried or made trouble, Connor never returned to see her.

I had once thought Vanessa's scheme would sabotage my engagement, but ironically, her plotting backfired spectacularly. Not only did it fail to estrange Connor, it actually accelerated his confession and deepened his commitment.

Though I could not yet say I loved Connor—my heart still wounded by Ethan Grey—I was undeniably moved by his unconditional trust and affection.

The engagement date was set for the fifteenth of next month, with over a month to prepare. One day, Connor accompanied me to a luxury boutique's VIP room.

Models in the latest couture walked before us as we sat side by side on a plush sofa.

Connor leaned close and whispered by my ear, his breath warm against my skin.

“That pale blue dress looks nice.”

I nodded, trying to ignore the flutter in my stomach at his proximity. “I like that one too, and also the cream-colored jacket.”

Just then, my phone chimed with new messages. Respecting my privacy, Connor turned away politely.

I opened my inbox to find several photos: Cassandra Evans and Ethan Grey in what seemed to be a mountain retreat popular among wealthy visitors, smiling intimately.

Then came a message from Cassandra: “He refused to accompany you, but I came on your behalf. The mountain retreat is beautiful—too bad you won’t get to see it.”

I rolled my eyes. “I’m not dead,” I thought, “why wouldn’t I see it?”

During my three years with Ethan, I had longed for such a trip, but work and his refusals had made it impossible. Now, if I wished to travel, all it took was a word to

1/3

Chapter 28 Trust and Te....

Connor.

+8 Points >

I nearly blocked Cassandra, but then changed my mind. Watching Cassandra’s petty provocations was almost amusing—like keeping a digital pet.

Smirking, I put my phone away.

(Ethan’s POV)

Cassandra nestled against my chest in our mountain cabin, her fingers tapping away at her phone. I watched as she carefully edited photos of us before sending them.

“What are you doing?” I asked, though I already knew the answer.

“Just sharing our wonderful trip with friends,” she replied with a sweet smile that didn’t reach her eyes.

I didn't stop her. Secretly, I was eager for Olivia's reaction—anger, jealousy, a call or message, perhaps a plea for reconciliation. It had been days since I last heard from her.

So I watched silently as Cassandra sent the message, hoping it would provoke Olivia into reaching out.

But after the message was sent, hours passed, then an entire day, with no reply from Olivia at all.

"Did she block me?" Cassandra muttered in confusion, checking her phone repeatedly. "But if she did, the message wouldn't have gone through."

I tried to console myself. "Maybe she just didn't see it."

Yes, that had to be it—if she saw it, she couldn't possibly be so indifferent. The Olivia I knew would care. She would react.

Wouldn't she?

As another day dragged on without a word, I grew restless. The mountain retreat that had seemed so peaceful now felt suffocating.

Cassandra had gone for a spa treatment, **leaving** me alone with my thoughts. I paced the cabin, checking my phone every few minutes.

Nothing.

2/3

Chapter 28 Trust and Te.

Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore. I took out my phone, face clouded with dark suspicion, and called Parker Davis.

"Sir?" His voice was professional, detached.

"Find out Olivia Winters' address back in Riverdale," I ordered coldly.

3

Watch Ads (0/20) >

259

M

Vote

+8 Points

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 49

< Chapter 29 Predators and

+ Points>

Chapter 29: Predators and Prey—1

Chapter 29: Predators and Prey

(Ethan's POV)

Parker Davis proved highly efficient, acquiring Olivia Winters' Riverdale address by the very next day. I studied the information on my phone screen, my jaw tightening.

"Riverdale Terrace Apartments," I muttered, recognizing the location immediately.

"Just an ordinary neighborhood."

The address was clearly in Riverdale territory – Connor Rivers' domain. My fingers tightened around my phone as I considered the implications. Coincidentally, I was scheduled to head there soon to negotiate investments with the Silverridge Pack.

A dark satisfaction spread through me. Perfect timing.

"Sir, I've also confirmed she's been staying there regularly," Parker added, his voice professionally detached. "Would you like me to arrange transportation for your visit to

Riverdale?”

I dismissed him with a wave. “I’ll handle it myself.”

As Parker left my office, I leaned back in my chair, a predatory smile forming on my lips. The mountain retreat had been a waste of time. Cassandra’s petty games with those *photos* had yielded nothing – *nó* reaction from Olivia at all.

“Olivia,” I thought, a dark glint flashing in my eyes, “since you won’t come find me, then this time, I’ll come find you.”

(Olivia’s POV)

The email notification chimed on my phone, drawing my attention away from the legal brief I’d been reviewing. My heart skipped when I saw the sender: Moonlaw Legal Services.

I opened it immediately, scanning the contents with growing excitement. They were responding to my resume submission, asking if I could attend an interview the following day.

“Yes!” I whispered, quickly **typing** my **acceptance**.

1/3

< Chapter 29 Predators and

+8 Points Read full story at

This was exactly what I needed – a fresh start away from Harbor City, away from Ethan Grey and all the painful memories. Moonlaw was known as the most prestigious law firm in Riverdale, with an excellent reputation throughout the legal industry.

I began preparing immediately, reviewing my case notes and rehearsing potential interview questions. Working at Moonlaw for a few years would greatly benefit my future career advancement. More importantly, it would give me purpose beyond my complicated personal life.

The next morning, I rose early, carefully selecting my outfit – a crisp white shirt beneath a black suit, the classic attire of a professional lawyer. I applied a light touch of makeup, just enough to look polished without appearing overdone.

As I prepared to leave, I glanced around my temporary accommodations. If this job worked out, I'd need something more permanent.

I recalled how, in my freshman year, my cousin Alexander Winters had gifted me a fully-furnished apartment complex just across from Riverdale University to ease my studies. The property had remained largely unused since I'd moved to Harbor City.

Now, with Moonlaw nearby while my family pack house was over ten miles away, that apartment would be perfect. Living there alone, I could avoid facing my father Richard Winters and stepmother Natalie Winters, embracing the solitude and peace I desperately needed.

The Moonlaw Legal Services headquarters was an impressive glass and steel structure in downtown Riverdale. I arrived fifteen minutes early, taking deep breaths to calm my nerves before entering.

The receptionist directed me to a conference room where I was greeted by a formal interview panel consisting of HR manager Amber Foster and litigation supervisor

Heather Phillips.

"Miss Winters, thank you for coming in today," Amber said warmly, gesturing for me to take a seat.

Heather Phillips studied me with sharp, assessing eyes. She was **in** her late thirties with a sleek bob haircut and **the** unmistakable aura of **a** career-focused professional,

2/3

< Chapter 29 Predators and...

+3 **Points** >

"Your resume is quite impressive," she noted, tapping my file. "Three years at Grey Law Center in Harbor City. Why leave such a prestigious position?"

I maintained eye contact, my voice steady. "I'm looking for new challenges and growth opportunities. Moonlaw's reputation for handling complex litigation is

unparalleled.”

The questions continued, ranging from my academic background to specific legal cases I’d handled. My prestigious education and solid experience allowed me to

answer all their professional questions fluently and confidently.

As the interview progressed, I noticed Heather’s expression shifting from professional assessment to genuine interest. When we discussed salary expectations, I stated my requirements clearly, prepared for negotiation.

To my surprise, Heather nodded immediately. “That’s perfectly reasonable given your qualifications. We can match that exactly – base salary plus case commission.”

The entire interview progressed more smoothly than I had dared hope. I had braced myself for tough bargaining over pay, yet the firm agreed readily to my terms.

As I gathered my portfolio to leave, Heather smiled warmly. “Miss Winters, see you tomorrow.”

I returned the smile politely, a weight lifting from my shoulders. “See you tomorrow.”

(Heather’s POV)

I watched Olivia Winters walk confidently toward the elevator, her posture perfect, her movements graceful. Standing by the window, I sighed quietly with some regret.

“What a pity. I actually quite admire this Miss Winters.”

Watch Ads **(0/20)** >

Vote

259

Share to your friends

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

Whisper 50

Chapter **29**: Predators and Prey–2

She was exactly the kind of lawyer I would normally champion – intelligent, well-spoken, with impressive credentials and a quiet confidence. Under different circumstances, I might have taken her under my wing.

Points

But circumstances weren't different. I had my orders from Vanessa Reed, and my own ambitions to consider. Those Rivers pack lawsuits worth millions would secure my position at Moonlaw for years to come.

Still, as I watched Olivia disappear into the elevator, I couldn't help feeling a twinge of guilt for what was to come.

(Olivia's POV)

On my first day officially joining Moonlaw, Amber Foster met me in the lobby, her professional smile firmly in place.

"Welcome to Moonlaw, Miss Winters. Let me show you around."

She escorted me through the firm's vast headquarters, introducing me to colleagues and explaining the workplace structure. The building was impressively organized, divided into distinct departments.

"Business Department handles client outreach and securing cases," Amber explained as we passed a bustling open office. "Litigation is where you'll be, focusing on court disputes. We also have Non-litigation for corporate advisory, debt collection, and contract review services. And of course, Finance and HR, which function like any corporate departments."

Each area had its own supervisor, with Heather Phillips overseeing Litigation while actively practicing law herself. Altogether, Moonlaw's main office housed over twenty lawyers, each with their own specialties and case loads.

"Normally, every two attorneys share a private office," Amber continued, leading me down a hallway lined with glass-walled offices. "Here's yours."

She opened the door to reveal a spacious office with two desks. A man in his forties looked up from his computer and smiled.

"Olivia, this is Gregory Thompson, your office partner," Amber introduced. "Gregory,

1/3

< Chapter 29 Predators and

this is Olivia Winters, our newest litigation attorney.”

Gregory stood and extended his hand. “Welcome aboard.”

As I settled at my desk, Heather appeared in the doorway, wearing an apologetic expression.

+8 Points

“Olivia, usually each lawyer has an intern assistant,” she explained. “But two interns recently completed their training and left, so we haven’t filled the vacancies yet. You’ll have to manage solo for now – sorry for the extra work.”

I nodded calmly. “No problem. I can handle the workload independently.”

“Good,” Heather smiled before leaving.

Gregory looked up from his computer screen with a friendly nod. “Hello there. I’m Gregory Thompson. We’ll be colleagues from now on.”

“Nice to meet you,” I replied politely, beginning to organize my workspace.

The morning passed quickly as I familiarized myself with Moonlaw’s case This update is available on

management system. At noon, my phone buzzed with notifications from the office group chat.

A male colleague whose name I didn’t recognize yet had posted: “Hey everyone! We have two new faces joining us this week – Olivia Winters and Grace Winters. Let’s welcome them properly! Dinner after work today, new folks treating!”

Several colleagues immediately responded with enthusiastic agreement.

I frowned slightly, puzzled by this unexpected “tradition.” Was this customary at Moonlaw? To clarify, I quietly asked Gregory, who was reviewing documents at his desk.

“Is it normal *for* new hires to treat everyone to dinner?” I asked.

Gregory looked surprised, then shook his head. “No, there’s never been such a ‘tradition’ before.”

“I see,” I murmured, staring **at** the active chat window.

Something felt off beneath this seemingly cordial welcome. The timing, the insistence, the way several senior staff members had quickly endorsed the idea... My

2/3

Chapter 29. Predators and

instincts, honed through years of navigating pack politics, warned me that this wasn’t simple collegiality.

Watch Ads (0/20) >

259

H

Vote

< Chapter 30. Encounter at t....

Share to your friends

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