

# **Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress**

## **Whisper 51**

### **Chapter 30: Encounter at the Restaurant–1**

Chapter 30: Encounter at the Restaurant

(Olivia's POV)

The Silver Moon Steakhouse buzzed with activity as I entered with my new colleagues from Moonlaw Legal Services. The restaurant's elegant interior gleamed with polished wood and soft lighting, creating an atmosphere of refined luxury.

Our large group was escorted to a private room, nearly filling it to capacity. I noticed that only the top VIP rooms remained unoccupied, likely reserved for the truly elite of

Riverdale.

"Lawyer Winters, you're so generous—Silver Moon Steakhouse!" A young female lawyer named Rachel teased with a bright smile as we settled around the large table. "Last time we came here, it was the Alpha treating us during last year's annual party."

I maintained a pleasant expression, though I wondered which Alpha she was referring to. Connor? Or perhaps Alexander?

Heather Phillips, the Litigation Department Supervisor, adjusted her sleek bob haircut and laughed lightly. "Lawyer Winters is young and promising. Looks like you've made a fortune over the years; there are over twenty of us combined from all departments. Are you going to bleed money tonight?"

Her tone was joking, but I detected something calculated beneath her friendly demeanor. I remembered how quickly she'd hired me, how readily she'd agreed to my salary requirements.

Gregory Thompson, my office partner, chimed in good-naturedly from across the table. "Lawyer Winters is truly capable."

His kind eyes crinkled at the corners, seemingly genuine in his compliment. But before I could respond, another voice cut through the pleasant atmosphere.

“Oh, Lawyer Winters, can you really afford this?”

I turned to see Valerie Pierce, a sharp-tongued litigation lawyer with naturally narrowed eyes

**that** seemed perpetually judgmental. From the moment I’d met her at the office, I’d sensed her **hostility**.

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+8 Points >

“Silver Moon is two or three hundred per person—add wine, and tonight’s bill might be three months of your salary,” she continued with a smirk. “Shouldn’t we switch to somewhere cheaper, so you don’t have to fake it?”

The table fell silent, colleagues exchanging uncomfortable glances. I kept my expression neutral, refusing to show any reaction to her obvious baiting.

“No worries, I can afford it,” I replied calmly.

Valerie’s eyes narrowed further. “Wow, so Supervisor Phillips was right, you really raked in money these years. Care to share your money-making tricks with everyone?”

Her sarcasm was thick enough to cut with a knife. I could feel my wolf bristling inside me, but I maintained my composure.

“What tricks do we have? We’re all lawyers; if you get a big case, you make more, small cases pay less,” I responded evenly. “Actually, I surely don’t make as much as you, Lawyer Pierce. I’ve been working for three years and still can’t afford a decent car. I heard you already bought a property in Riverdale.”

This wasn’t entirely untrue. My salary alone wouldn’t buy a nice car. Of course, I didn’t mention the garage full of luxury vehicles from my father, my cousin Alexander, and Connor’s recent gift of the glacier blue Bentley Continental GT I now drove.

Valerie's expression shifted to one of even deeper contempt. She clearly thought I was a low-ranking wolf pretending to be wealthy, when in reality, I was simply being modest about my actual status as the Winters Pack heiress.

"Let's order, everyone pick what you like," I suggested, smoothly changing the subject.

Valerie quickly grabbed the menu but made a show of passing it to Heather first. "Supervisor Phillips, you go ahead."

Heather smiled, her eyes briefly meeting Valerie's in what seemed like silent communication. She proceeded to order three of the restaurant's most expensive signature venison dishes, each costing hundreds.

"And let's add the chef's special moonlight wine," she added with a smile in my direction.

Valerie followed suit, ordering two more pricey dishes and another bottle of premium wine. Others around the table began ordering lavishly as well, clearly taking

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advantage of the situation.

+8 Points>

I felt a gentle tug on my sleeve and turned to find Jade Mitchell, the shy new intern, looking distressed. Her face was flushed as she leaned close to whisper, "Lawyer Winters.....I can't afford to split this meal. It's too expensive."

The poor girl assumed this would be a split bill. Given her entry-level salary, her share would likely consume her entire month's pay.

I gently patted her hand, offering a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, I'm treating everyone tonight. You won't pay a cent."

Her eyes widened, cheeks reddening further. "Really? Thank you so much, Lawyer

Winters.”

By the time everyone had ordered, the bill would clearly be astronomical. Ten people, thousands in food, over three thousand more in drinks—far beyond normal spending

for a welcome dinner.

I glanced at the running tally and smiled faintly. This was obviously a ploy to fleece me as the newcomer. But with my bank card restored by my father Richard Winters, this amount was insignificant. I decided to treat it as a fee to smooth workplace

relations.

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## Whisper 52

### Chapter 30: Encounter at the Restaurant—2

Midway through the meal, I excused myself to use the restroom. As I stood, Valerie called out mockingly, “Lawyer Winters, where are you going? Running away without paying the bill? Hahaha.”

The table erupted in awkward laughter. I turned to her, my face cool and voice icy.

“Going to the restroom. Or do you want to follow me if you’re so worried?”

Valerie’s smile faltered slightly. “Just joking, no need to take it seriously.”

I ignored her and stepped out of the private room, walking toward the restroom. As I passed the elevator, I unexpectedly locked eyes with a familiar face.

Connor Rivers stood there, surrounded by several sharply dressed pack members. His ice-blue eyes registered surprise before warming instantly at the sight of me.

“Livvy? What brings you here?” he asked, quickly approaching me.

His group had clearly just finished dinner on an upper floor. I smiled lightly, genuinely pleased to see him. “Connor, what a coincidence. I’m here treating my new colleagues.”

Knowing I’d just started at Moonlaw, his tone softened with concern. “How’s your first day? Are you doing well?”

I decided to conceal the petty bullying. No need to burden him with such trivial matters. “Everything’s good.”

“Almost done? I can give you a ride,” he offered.

“Still early, go ahead,” I declined politely.

He nodded, then added gently, “It’s far from your apartment. Did you call a pack escort?”

I shook my head. “No, I’ll just head back to the apartment nearby.”

“Alright. Be careful on your way.”

“I will.”

We parted with a warm air lingering between us. I continued to **the** restroom, my

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< Chapter 30 Encounter at t...

mood considerably lightened by our brief encounter.

When I returned to the private room, the meal continued with more forced

camaraderie and subtle digs from Valerie. Finally, as the evening wound down, I approached the cashier to settle the bill.

“Your bill has already been settled,” the staff informed me with a respectful smile.

\*P

Who else but Connor? I smiled with gratitude and pulled out my *phone* to text him:

“Connor, thank you.”

His reply came quickly: “No need for thanks with me.”

Then another message appeared: “Are *you* done? I’m waiting in the outdoor parking lot by the exit. I don’t feel safe letting *you* go home alone at night.”

My heart warmed at his quiet protectiveness. I replied, “Almost done. I’ll be there soon.”

Soon, my colleagues began spilling out of the room. Some male *coworkers*, drunk on expensive wine, needed cabs that I kindly helped arrange.

Valerie strutted to her Honda Civic in the parking lot, lowering her window smugly as she called out, “Lawyer Winters, I’m heading off first. Good luck getting home, bye.”

I smiled placidly. “Good night.”

When most had left, I gently inquired about Jade’s address, concerned about the young intern getting home safely.

She said shyly, “No need, I live nearby, just a few blocks away. Lots of people outside, super safe even for a beta like me.”

I nodded. “Alright, see you tomorrow.”

Jade hesitated, then ran back blushing. “Lawyer Winters, thank you again for today. You’re really kind. I heard you don’t have an assistant yet. If you need help with briefs or files, just let me know.”

My lips curved into a soft/smile. “Thank you. I will.”

After the intern **scurried** away, I headed **to** the parking lot where **Connor** waited in his luxury SUV. I slid into **the** passenger **seat**, immediately enveloped in the vehicle’s

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Chapter 30 Encounter at t...

comfortable warmth.

“Thank you for waiting,” I said as he pulled out of the parking space.

“Where to?” he asked, his eyes focused on the road.

46 Points

I gave him the address of my apartment opposite Riverdale University. “I’m planning to live there permanently for work convenience.”

Connor nodded approvingly. “Good. I’ll come visit often.”

We drove in comfortable silence until we reached my building. As he pulled up to the entrance, I smiled. “Alright, I’m heading upstairs now. Bye.”

Just as I was about to get out, my phone buzzed. I glanced at the screen, my brows suddenly knitting tight.

“[Olivia, I’m in Riverdale. Want to meet?]” The text was from Ethan Grey.

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**Whisper 53**

< Chapter 31: Encounter at t....

+8 Points X

Chapter 31: **Encounter at the Gate**—1

Chapter 31: Encounter at the Gate

(Olivia's POV)

The morning sun had barely risen when I arrived at Moonlaw Legal Services. I'd deliberately come early, hoping to make a good impression on my *second* day.

Heather Phillips intercepted me in the hallway, her sleek bob swinging as she approached with two thick file folders.

"Olivia, good timing," she said briskly. "This client wants to appeal. The previous attorney has resigned, so now this is transferred to you. The appeal deadline is approaching fast. You'd better draft the appeal and get the documents ready for court today."

I nodded, taking the first folder.

Before I could respond, she thrust the second folder into my hands. "And this labor injury case. You need to accompany the client for the injury certification and disability assessment. Try to get it done today or tomorrow, don't drag it into next

week."

"I understand," I replied, grateful for the immediate work. "I'll handle both right away."

Heather gave me a curt nod before striding away, leaving me with my arms full of

case files.

I made my way to my office, already mentally organizing my approach. More cases meant *more* commission and valuable experience as an independent lawyer. This was exactly what I needed.

Gregory wasn't in yet, giving me the quiet office to myself as I spread the documents across my desk. The appeal case involved a complex property dispute with multiple parties. The labor injury case concerned a beta werewolf injured at a construction site owned by a prominent pack.

Both were complicated, **but felt** a surge of determination. This was my chance to prove myself.

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< Chapter 31 Encounter at t

I dove into the appeal case first, knowing its deadline was more pressing. The previous lawyer had left minimal notes, forcing me to reconstruct the entire case strategy from scratch.

Hours passed without my notice. I skipped lunch, *too* absorbed in my work to feel hunger. By mid-afternoon, I had drafted the appeal and organized the supporting evidence.

48 Points

I called the labor injury client and arranged to meet tomorrow morning for the medical assessment. That would give me the evening to finish preparing the appeal documents.

The office gradually emptied as evening approached. First the interns left, then the administrative staff, followed by the other lawyers. Even Gregory bid me goodnight

around seven.

“Don’t stay too late,” he cautioned kindly.

I smiled and nodded, but returned immediately to my work.

By the time I finished, darkness had fallen completely. The building was eerily silent, with only the occasional hum of the air conditioning system breaking the quiet.

I glanced at my watch—nearly ten o’clock. My stomach growled, reminding me I hadn’t eaten since breakfast.

After tidying my desk and organizing the files for tomorrow, I turned off the lights, *locked* the office, and headed out into the night.

The *cool* evening air felt refreshing after hours in the climate-controlled building. I started walking toward my apartment, calculating it would take about ten minutes on foot.

My phone rang, Connor’s name lighting up the screen.

“Hello?” I answered, my voice betraying my fatigue.

“Livvy, have *you* gone home?” Connor’s gentle voice came through clearly.

“Just got off work, on my way,” I replied honestly.

“Have you eaten?” he asked, **concern** evident in his tone.

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Chapter 31 Encounter at t..

I sighed. “Not yet. I’ll order takeout when I get home.”

+8 Points >

A warm chuckle filtered through the phone. “Miss Winters, your delivery is already on its way.”

I blinked in confusion. “You ordered food for me?”

“Delivery boy Rivers himself, arriving in fifteen minutes at your compound gate,” he replied, his voice softening further.

I smiled despite my exhaustion. The timing would be perfect—I’d reach my gate in about ten minutes.

“Did you put a tracker on me, Con?” I teased. “You know invasion of privacy is illegal.”

His voice dropped lower, taking on a seductive quality that made my heart skip. “Then will Lawyer Winters arrest me? I’m at your disposal.”

Those last four words-“at your disposal“-came out slow and deliberate, causing heat to rush to my cheeks.

I coughed deliberately to hide my embarrassment. “Ahem, you shouldn’t talk and drive, it’s dangerous.”

Connor’s light chuckle filtered through. “Frank’s driving.”

I found myself speechless, amused by this playful side of him I rarely saw. We continued chatting easily as I approached my apartment complex, my spirits lifting despite my exhaustion.

“I should be there in about five minutes,” I told him, smiling to myself.

“I’ll be waiting,” he replied warmly.

Suddenly, a cold male voice cut through the darkness. “Olivia.”

I stopped abruptly, my heart lurching in my chest.

Following the sound, I spotted Ethan Grey standing under a tree, his tall figure partially hidden in shadow. The sight of him waiting there, silent and dangerous under the night sky, sent a chill down my spine.

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40 **Points**

Chapter **31: Encounter at the Gate**—2

“I have to go now,” I said hurriedly into the phone before hanging up.

I approached Ethan cautiously, maintaining a safe distance of about a meter. “How did you find me here?”

His lips curled into a sneer, his eyes glinting with menace. “Hiding from me?”

I frowned, irritation replacing my initial shock. “Why should I hide? I told *you* I was going home.”

He took two aggressive steps forward, forcing me to retreat instinctively. This only seemed to deepen his irritation.

“You said you would go back to Riverdale for a while, but you never mentioned you wouldn’t return to Harbor City,” he snapped. “How long do you intend to throw this tantrum?”

My patience, already thin from my long workday, evaporated completely. "I'm not making a scene. Ethan, we're over. Don't bother me again."

He scoffed coldly. "We're over? Don't even think about it. This relationship only ends READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [find~novel~net](#)

when I say it ends."

I stared at him in disbelief, my expression darkening. "Are you crazy? Don't you like Cassandra? Go find her. Why pester me?"

His face relaxed slightly, one eyebrow arching upward. "Are you jealous?"

Internally, I rolled my eyes, exasperated by his narcissism.

"Cassandra and I are just friends," he insisted. "Stop making trouble."

My lips curved into a mocking smile. "Friends you sleep with?"

His confident facade cracked momentarily, guilt flickering across his face. "You're talking nonsense."

"Didn't you sleep with her more than once since she returned?" I retorted sharply. "I didn't say anything because I don't care anymore."

The words "I don't **care** anymore" seemed to stab him unexpectedly. His chest visibly

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< Chapter 31: Encounter at t...

tightened, a strange hurt crossing his features.

+8 Points >

"You don't care?" he asked, his voice almost pitiful. "But I do. I've been thinking about you these days. Let's reconcile, Liv."

I regarded him coldly, full of disdain. His erratic mood swings—one moment furious, the next pitiful—baffled me completely.

“Impossible,” I stated, my tone frosty.

Suddenly, Ethan’s fragile calm snapped. “Why!” he roared, his *voice echoing* in the quiet street.

Passing strangers turned to stare, their curious looks making me feel deeply embarrassed.

“Can you stop shouting at the gate like a madman?” I hissed. “If you don’t mind humiliating yourself, I do.”

Without warning, Ethan grabbed my wrist, his grip painfully tight. “Come back with me, Liv!”

I tried to wrench free. “Let me go!”

But his grip was too strong, his fingers digging into my skin. My eyes narrowed dangerously.

“If you don’t let go, I won’t be polite,” I warned, preparing to use the self-defense techniques I’d learned years ago.

Ethan stubbornly refused, clutching my wrist with one hand while his other moved to grasp my nape. “I miss you so much,” he muttered, trying to force his lips toward mine.

I braced myself to counterattack, muscles tensing for the strike I was about to deliver.

“Let her go!”

The fierce shout pierced the night air. In the blink of an eye, Ethan was sent flying through the air as if hit by a sudden gust of wind.

I stood utterly stunned, unable to process what had just happened.

Standing protectively before me, still holding a thermal container in one hand, was

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< Chapter 31: Encounter at t

Connor Rivers. His ice–blue eyes were sharp with concern as they scanned my face.

“Livvy, are you okay?” he asked, his voice gentle yet urgent.

I swallowed nervously, still in shock. “Con, how did you do that?”

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## Whisper 55

### Chapter 32: Territorial **Confrontation**–1

Chapter 32: Territorial Confrontation

(Ethan’s POV)

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Pain exploded through my body as I flew through the air. Three meters up, then sliding another meter across the rough pavement. The impact knocked the wind from

my lungs.

“f\*\*k!” I cursed, struggling to get to my feet.

My blue eyes darkened with murderous rage as I glared at the man who had kicked me. Connor Rivers. The Alpha from Riverdale.

What the hell was he doing here with Olivia?

Then I spotted it–the watch on his wrist. My blood ran cold as I recognized the Timber Wolf Chronograph. I’d seen Olivia pack it in her suitcase before she left Harbor City. The expensive timepiece I’d assumed was for some relative.

It was a gift for him. For this man.

My stomach twisted into knots as Olivia stepped forward and took Connor's hand.

Her face was calm, emotionless.

"Didn't you ask me why there's no chance for us to get back together?" she said coolly. "Now I'll tell you. This is my fiancé. So, can you get lost now?"

Fiancé? The word hit me like another physical blow.

"No, *no!*" I felt my eyes burning, a strange pressure building behind them. "You are lying, Olivia. You must be lying."

Connor's lips curled with undisguised disdain. His ice-blue eyes were cold as he looked down at me.

"~~I~~\*\*\*t," he muttered,

The humiliation burned through me, but I didn't care. I staggered forward a few steps, my voice hoarse with desperation.

"Liv, please, stop making trouble, **come** back with me, okay?"

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< Chapter 32 Territorial Co....

40 Points X

Connor immediately shifted, placing his body between Olivia and me. His protective stance was unmistakable.

"Get lost," he said, his tone as icy as a winter gale.

Rage surged through me. Who was he to stand between us?

"Get out of the way!" I barked. "This is between me and her. She is mine, you-"

Before I could finish, his fist smashed into my face with supernatural speed. Pain exploded across my cheek, and I felt the skin bruise instantly.

“f\*\*k your mother!” I cursed, lunging toward him.

Connor calmly set down the thermal container he’d been holding. With deliberate precision, he removed his tie and stepped forward.

What followed was nothing short of humiliating.

His moves were practiced, precise, and ruthless. Each strike connected with painful accuracy. I tried to fight back, but he was too fast, too strong. It was like fighting a hurricane.

Through my pain, I saw Olivia watching. She stood with her arms crossed, her amber eyes gleaming in the moonlight. She looked... amused. Like she was enjoying the spectacle of my beating.

“Impressive,” I heard her mutter. “I’ll have to ask him to teach me those moves someday.”

Another blow landed on my ribs. I doubled over, gasping.

“Alright, alright, that’s enough,” Olivia finally said. “I haven’t had dinner yet.”

Connor stopped immediately. He picked up the thermal container and gently ruffled her honey-brown hair. His touch was possessive yet tender.

“Go eat before it gets cold,” he said softly.

Without sparing me a single glance, Olivia took the container and walked into her apartment building.

I collapsed on the ground, staring numbly at the starry sky overhead. Pain spread through my chest like countless needles, but it wasn’t from the beating.

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2/4

< Chapter 32 Territorial Co...

Only now did I fully realize—Olivia had truly left me.

+ Points >

She was holding another man's hand, looking only at him with those gentle eyes that once were reserved for me. She was utterly indifferent to my injuries, my humiliation.

The physical pain was nothing compared to the agony in my heart.

I felt something wet slide from the corner of my eye into my hair. Tears. I was crying as my body struggled to heal my physical wounds.

But nothing could heal the wound in my soul.

(Connor's POV)

I watched the pathetic display of the Grey pack heir lying on the ground. His face was a mess of bruises, blood trickling from his split lip.

Raymond Brooks approached quietly from where he'd been waiting with the car. Discover more novels at

"Mr. Rivers, should I call for medical assistance for him?" he asked in a low voice.

I glanced disdainfully at the motionless Ethan and coldly wiped my hands on a handkerchief.

"Call it," I said. "If he dies at Livvy's doorstep, it would be such a bad omen for our engagement."

(Cassandra's POV)

"What do you mean Ethan's in the hospital?" I clutched my phone tighter, my heart racing.

I had come with Ethan to Riverdale, planning to meet some old girlfriends while he handled his "business." Now Sophie was telling me he'd been beaten and hospitalized.

"They say he got into a fight and lost badly," Sophie's voice crackled through the phone. "He's at Riverdale Mémorial."

I ended the call and rushed to the hospital, my mind racing with terrible scenarios.

Who would dare attack an Alpha heir?

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**259**

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## Whisper 56

< Chapter 32. Territorial Co...

+8 Points >

Chapter **32: Territorial Confrontation**—2

When I finally found his room, I gasped in horror. His face was swollen beyond recognition, purple bruises covering every inch of visible skin.

“Ethan, what happened to you?” I sobbed, my green–gold eyes filling with tears.

He didn’t answer. He just stared out the window, his expression one of utter despair.

“Who beat you? Did you call the police?” I choked out between sobs.

Still nothing. I kept crying, babbling about how worried I was, how we needed to report this, how his mother needed to know.

“Could you just leave me alone?” he finally snapped, his voice hoarse.

I wiped my tears, trying to compose myself. “I want to stay and take care of you.”

“No need,” he rejected coldly. “I hired a nurse. You go.”

His dismissal hurt, but I could see something was deeply wrong. This wasn’t just

about physical pain. Something had broken inside him.

(Ethan's POV)

I didn't want to see Cassandra. Not now. Not when all I could think about was Olivia.

Ever since she left, I'd been haunted by thoughts of her day and night. The irony was painful—only after losing her did I realize who I truly loved.

I recalled how cruelly I had rejected her before.

"I will never marry you," I had told her coldly.

What if I offered marriage now? Would she come back? Would she be willing to be Mrs. Grey?

A glimmer of hope flickered in my eyes amid the darkness of my hospital room.

I would win her back. I had to.

(Olivia's POV)

I sat across from Connor at my small dining table, the **thermal** container between us.

When I opened it, a rich aroma wafted out that made my mouth water instantly.

1/3

< Chapter 32 Territorial Co...

"Wow, it smells amazing," I said, inhaling deeply.

+8 Points>

Inside were braised ribs and winter melon soup, both looking perfectly prepared. My amber eyes widened with surprise and joy.

"How did you know I love these?" I asked, looking up at him.

Connor's lips tightened slightly, his ice-blue eyes watching me intently. "Try them."

I hesitated, sensing his mood had shifted. "Are you upset?"

His dark gaze locked onto mine, deep and unreadable. "What do you think?"

My eyes filled with confusion and a hint of grievance. "I don't know how he found this place. I never gave him the address."

Connor just gave a noncommittal grunt, his jaw tight.

I softened my tone, making my voice sweet and pleading. "Don't be angry, Con."

He sighed resignedly, his expression softening slightly. "How could I be angry with you?"

"Then why do you look unhappy?" I pressed.

"I saw him touch your hand," he said flatly.

"Hmm?" My eyes widened with surprise. "Are you... jealous?"

"Eat before it gets cold," he said quickly, avoiding my gaze.

I couldn't help but giggle mischievously. "You really are jealous. And so fierce, you *kicked* him flying."

His face darkened immediately. "Are you feeling sorry for him?"

"No, *no*, of course not," I quickly denied.

Then, remembering how effortlessly he had handled Ethan, I added excitedly, "Your moves just now were awesome! Can you teach me someday? Next time I meet some thugs, I want to beat them up like that."

A trace of pain flashed in his eyes. I knew he was thinking about the assault I'd experienced before.

"Livvy, let me hire two bodyguards for you," he said seriously.

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< Chapter 32. Territorial Co...

+8 Points

I refused immediately. "No need. I still have to work, and having bodyguards would be

so awkward.”

He didn’t push the issue, understanding my need for independence. “Alright, eat up. I’ll teach you sometime.”

I smiled gratefully and turned my attention to the food. The soup was rich and flavorful, with a familiar taste I couldn’t quite place. Then I bit into the ribs.

The flavor exploded in my mouth, triggering a flood of memories. My eyes widened in shock, suddenly brimming with tears.

“This tastes exactly like my mother’s cooking...” My voice choked, trembling with emotion. “Con, where did you buy it?”

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## Whisper 57

< Chapter 33 Fang and Cla

### Chapter 33: Fang and Claw—1

Chapter 33: Fang and Claw

(Connor’s POV)

+ Points?

“Want to know? After work tomorrow, I’ll come pick *you* up and take you somewhere.”  
with

I teased Olivia with a mysterious smile, enjoying the way her amber eyes lit up with curiosity.

She leaned forward, her honey–brown hair falling in soft waves around her face.

“Where are you taking me?”

I tapped her nose gently. “It’s a surprise.”

The

way

she pouted made my wolf stir possessively inside me. I’d never felt this way about anyone before—this overwhelming need to protect, to provide, to claim. My wolf, Adam, recognized her as our mate long before I consciously admitted it to myself.

Yet as life often goes, plans could never keep pace with sudden changes. The following day, Olivia spent the entire morning escorting a client to the Northern Territory Benefits Office for a work injury certification, not returning by car service until close to noon.

(Olivia’s POV)

“What’s going on up ahead? So many people,” the driver muttered, slowing the car.

“Miss, you’d better get off here. Can’t drive further, but it’s just a short walk.”

I peered anxiously through the windshield. The normally quiet street leading to Moonlaw Legal Services was jam-packed with a chaotic crowd. Police vehicles

flashed their lights, and people were gesturing wildly.

“That’s fine,” I said, quickly paying the fare. “Thank you.”

As I stepped out of the car, an uneasy premonition gripped me. My wolf stirred restlessly beneath my skin, sensing danger in the air. I walked briskly toward the

crowd, my heart beating faster with each **step**.

The commotion centered around my workplace. People were pointing at the building,

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<Chapter 33: Fang and Cla...

48 Points >

some covering their mouths in horror.

"What happened?" I asked a woman standing nearby.

She shook her head, eyes wide. "Something terrible inside the law firm. Police just arrived."

My heart tightened as I pushed forward through the crowd. Whatever was happening, my colleagues were in there.

Suddenly, shrill screams erupted from the entrance. The onlookers scattered like frightened prey, plunging the street into chaos. A terrified woman in a business suit collided with me, her face pale with fear.

"I'm sorry," she gasped, trying to flee again.

I grabbed her arm. "What happened up there?"

The woman's voice trembled. "Don't go! A rogue wolf's gone crazy in the law firm, attacking people with a silver dagger! You better run!"

She bolted away, leaving me rooted to the spot. A silver dagger—the most dangerous weapon against our kind. Silver prevented our healing abilities, making wounds potentially fatal.

Instead of running away, I sprinted straight toward the law firm. My colleagues were in danger. My wolf pushed me forward, urging me to protect my packmates.

As I reached the entrance, a cacophony of ferocious male growls, women's sobs, and shrieks filled my ears. The sight before me struck like a nightmare.

Blood pooled beneath Gregory Thompson—my office colleague—who lay writhing

with a bleeding wound at his waist. The silver was preventing his werewolf healing from activating. His face was contorted in agony, his normally kind eyes now glazed with pain.

Not far away, a frenzied man brandished a silver dagger wildly. His eyes were bloodshot with a faint amber glow—a clear sign of an omega wolf in human form. His clothes were disheveled, his face twisted in rage.

“f\*\*k all you damned pack lawyers!” he roared, spittle flying from his mouth. “Since you want to ruin me, I’ll take you all to hell with me!”

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< Chapter 33 Fang and Cla...

His voice cracked with despair and rage. “I got nothing left to lose. A couple more dead wolves mean nothing!”

+8 Points

Like a rabid beast, he lunged at a woman in heels—Valerie Pierce from the corporate law department. She screamed hysterically, backing away.

“Help! Please, I didn’t handle your case! Don’t kill me!”

The rogue wolf—Derek Harlow, according to the name tag still clipped to his jacket—no longer seemed to care who had wronged him. He had already stabbed Gregory, who had likely been the lawyer on his case. Now he was consumed by blind bloodlust, attacking anyone in sight.

Valerie, desperate, tried to hide among her colleagues, hoping to divert the madman’s attention. No one dared intervene after witnessing Gregory’s collapse; the entire office was paralyzed by terror, their wolves cowering within rather than rising to fight against the silver weapon.

Seeing Derek closing in on Valerie, my instincts kicked in. I kicked off my high heels, flung aside my black blazer, and shot forward with supernatural speed, my wolf

Mending me strength.

Just as Derek prepared to stab, Valerie grabbed the trembling intern Jade Mitchell from beside her, shoving her forward as a human shield. Jade's face was deathly pale, tears streaming down in terror. She squeezed her eyes shut, convinced this was

the end, her submissive beta nature freezing her in place.

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## Whisper 58

### Chapter 33: Fang and Claw–2

+8 Points >

But the expected agony never came. Instead, gasps echoed through the room.

Jade opened her eyes shakily and witnessed what was happening. I had confronted the silver dagger-wielding attacker head-on, my wolf's reflexes fully engaged.

Derek, lost in madness, flailed his blade without skill or caution. I dodged deftly, my movements fluid and precise, avoiding fatal strikes. Yet his blade still caught my arm, slashing through my white shirt sleeve. Blood instantly soaked the fabric, and pain bit into me as the silver burned my flesh, temporarily preventing my healing.

My amber eyes hardened with determination. I wouldn't let him hurt anyone else.

“You f\*\*\*\*\*g want to die?!” Derek roared, charging again.

I sidestepped with supernatural grace and seized his wrist in a flash, twisting viciously. A sickening c\*\*\*k sounded, followed by Derek’s scream of agony. The silver dagger clattered to the ground.

A male colleague swiftly kicked the blade away and picked it up, careful to avoid touching the silver directly.

Disarmed, the attacker was no match for my enhanced strength. I landed a flurry of punches to his face, then a fierce kick to his head, sending him reeling. Before he could recover, I executed a swift combination of kicks and a shoulder throw,

smashing him onto the floor.

The entire office looked on, stunned by my ferocity. The quiet, graceful lawyer they knew had transformed into a force of raw power and courage that hinted at my alpha  
bloodline.

Moments later, the pack security forces and medical team arrived, hauling away the subdued rogue and rushing Gregory to the emergency healing center. The fear-stricken employees finally dared to gather around me, their faces still pale and eyes wide with shock.

Jade’s cheeks were wet with tears, her voice trembling. “Olivia...I thought I was going to die... Thank you, thank you for saving me.”

Even the usually composed Heather Phillips was pale. “Ten years in this profession,

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< Chapter 33. Fang and Cla....

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but I’ve never faced anything like this. Being a pack lawyer really is a dangerous job.”

Valerie, still shaken, fretted, “Will Gregory... survive?”

Heather's tone was tight. "He will be fine. The silver didn't penetrate too deeply."

Male colleagues now looked at me with awe, their wolves instinctively showing respect.

"Olivia, I never knew you had such fighting skills. That was incredible!" *one* said.

Another chimed in. "Thank you for saving all of us."

Someone else laughed nervously. "Calling you gentle was my biggest mistake. *You* fight like a true Alpha's daughter."

Ignoring their praise, I fixed my icy gaze on Valerie. "Just now, did you try to use Jade as a human shield?"

Valerie averted her eyes guiltily, her wolf submitting involuntarily to my dominant presence. "I... I was just trying to protect myself..."

But everyone had witnessed her pushing the terrified intern forward. Their looks turned disdainful, pack loyalty demanding better.

My tone was frosty. "Some 'emergency self-defense.' Aren't you a pack lawyer? Don't you know that other wolves' lives can't be sacrificed to protect your own?"

My fierce glare cut like knives, my wolf's anger barely contained. "You should be grateful I was here. If Jade died, you'd be facing murder charges and pack expulsion."

Ashamed and pale, Valerie bit her lip in silence, her wolf cowering within.

Jade gently interrupted, "Olivia, your arm is still bleeding from the silver. Please go to the healing center."

I glanced down at my blood-soaked sleeve, pain and exhaustion dulling my anger as the silver continued to prevent my natural healing. Without another word to Valerie, I turned and left for treatment.

After having my wound cleaned with moonlight herb solution and bandaged to neutralize the silver's effects, I stepped into the corridor to handle the paperwork and collect healing salves.

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Chapter 33 Fang and Cla...

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Just then, an icy voice **cut** through the air: “Olivia Winters? What are you doing here?”

It was Cassandra Evans, her face tight and unfriendly, crossing my path with unmistakable hostility, her wolf’s scent radiating aggression.

Watch Ads (0/20) >

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## Whisper 59

### Chapter 34: Silver Wounds and Legal Politics

Chapter 34: Silver Wounds and Legal Politics

(Olivia’s POV)

I spotted them immediately as I walked down the hospital corridor. Ethan Grey and Cassandra Evans stood near the reception desk, their backs to me. Even from behind, I recognized Ethan’s broad shoulders and Cassandra’s elegant posture.

The realization hit me quickly – Ethan must be hospitalized here too. After the beating Connor gave him last night, he’d likely be bedridden for at least two weeks.

I wasn't surprised to see Cassandra with him. These days, wherever Ethan went, she followed like a shadow. He clearly couldn't bear to leave her behind in Harbor City, even for medical treatment.

I had no desire for another confrontation. No energy for pointless squabbling. So I simply changed direction, taking a longer route to avoid them.

As I passed by at a distance, I felt Cassandra's gaze lock onto me. Though I didn't look back, I could almost feel the daggers she was staring into my retreating figure.

"Olivia Winters, you haunt me like a lingering ghost," she must be thinking.

I knew her well enough to guess her thoughts. She'd be wondering why Ethan had rushed to Riverdale from Harbor City. Was it because of me? Was his injury connected to me somehow? Her jealousy would be twisting inside her like a knife.

Let her wonder. I had my own problems to deal with.

My phone rang as I approached the hospital exit. Connor's name flashed on the screen.

"Livvy," his deep voice carried clear concern. "I just saw the news that someone caused trouble at your firm, and some were stabbed. Are you alright? Where are you? I'll come find you."

I shifted the bag of medicine to my other hand. "I'm fine. Just at the hospital, about to go home."

"Were you hurt?" His voice grew more urgent. "Which hospital are you at?"

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< Chapter 34 Silver Wounds...

"Just a small cut on my arm," I reassured him. "Superficial. Will heal in a few days."

"Which hospital, Livvy?" Connor insisted, his tone leaving no room for evasion.

I sighed and gave him the address. There was no point arguing with him when he used that voice.

I settled into a chair in the hospital lobby to wait. Twenty minutes later, Connor strode through the automatic doors, his tall figure commanding attention from everyone in the vicinity.

His ice-blue eyes immediately found me, then zeroed in on my bandaged arm. Pain and distress flashed across his face.

“Such a serious injury,” he murmured, gently taking my arm to examine the bandage.

I could see him imagining how it must have looked before treatment. If he’d seen my blood-soaked sleeve earlier, his reaction would have been even more intense.

“I’ll assign you bodyguards,” he said resolutely. “Being a lawyer is dangerous, and I don’t want this happening again. Don’t refuse, Livvy.”

I hesitated. Bodyguards seemed excessive, but the concern in his eyes made me nod reluctantly.

Connor’s hand enveloped mine, his touch sending unexpected warmth through me. “I’ll choose two skilled bodyguards for you.”

“One is enough,” I reasoned. “Today was unusual. Normally it’s not that dangerous.”

“Even so, one’s not enough,” he countered firmly.

I frowned, thinking about the practicalities. “It might be inconvenient at work. Having bodyguards following me around the office...”

Connor’s expression turned thoughtful. “I’ll speak to Moonlaw’s owner, set up a security room at the office. Your bodyguards can stay disguised as security personnel.”

That made sense. After today’s bloody incident, increased security would benefit everyone.

“Alright,” I agreed, “Thank you.”

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<Chapter 34 Silver Wounds.

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Over the next few days, I pieced together the full story behind the attack. Harold Jackson was a private business owner whose company had lost a breach of contract lawsuit handled by Gregory Thompson, my colleague at Moonlaw.

The court had frozen his company's assets for enforcement, but Gregory hadn't stopped there. He'd dug deeper, uncovering evidence that Harold had been mixing personal and corporate finances, making illegal fund withdrawals.

The court then seized his real estate and movable assets. Simultaneously, his wife betrayed him, absconding with their remaining money and beginning an affair with his former business partner.

Driven to despair, Harold blamed all his misfortune on the lawyers of Moonlaw, culminating in his frenzied knife attack. Thankfully, Gregory had survived after emergency treatment.

True to Connor's word, Moonlaw soon set up a dedicated security room. Two burly, muscular men were stationed there—unmistakably the bodyguards Connor had arranged.

Their presence was a constant reminder of Connor's care and protection. I found myself gradually accepting his presence in my life, a stark contrast to my severed ties

with Ethan Grey.

(Ethan's POV)

Two weeks in a hospital bed felt like an eternity. The physical pain from Connor's beating was excruciating, but the mental torment was far worse.

I called Olivia countless times. She never answered. Not once.

I texted her my hospital room number, hoping she might visit. She never came.

Every time the door opened, I held my breath, foolishly hoping it might be her. Each time, disappointment cut deeper than Connor's fists ever could.

The image of Olivia with Connor played on endless loop in my mind. The way she looked at him. The way he touched her with such possessive certainty.

Jealousy and regret gnawed at my heart like hungry wolves. What had I done? How had I let things deteriorate so badly between us?

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< Chapter 34 Silver Wounds

+8 Points >

After enduring these days of emotional torture and physical recovery, I was finally being discharged. Since Olivia refused to come to me, I would go to her. I needed to see her face—to-face, to make her understand.

On discharge day, I led the way out of the hospital, with Parker Davis and Cassandra flanking me. My body still ached, but I pushed through the pain.

As we walked to the parking lot, I turned to Parker. “Has everything been arranged with Silverridge Pack?”

“Yes,” Parker replied efficiently. “Next Friday at 8 pm, Alexander will attend a gathering, and I’ve secured an invitation.”

I slid into the car, wincing slightly as my bruised ribs protested. Parker took the passenger seat.

“What kind of gathering?” I asked, my mind already working through potential strategies.

“It’s a welcome and debut ceremony for Alexander Winters’ cousin, who’s just returned to Riverdale,” Parker explained. “Alexander will formally introduce her to his business network.”

In the backseat, Cassandra affectionately linked her arm through mine. I quietly pulled away, leaving her face stiff with awkward rejection.

I knew she was confused. Back in Harbor City, I had been passionate and indulgent with her. Now, in Riverdale, I couldn’t bear even a simple touch.

“Ethan, what’s wrong with you...” she began, her voice tinged with hurt.

“How old is Alexander’s cousin?” I interrupted coldly, ignoring her question completely.

Parker shifted uncomfortably, sensing the tension. “In her twenties, quite young.”

“Any detailed information?” I pressed.

“Sorry, Mr. Grey, I couldn’t find specifics,” Parker admitted. “Clearly, Mr. Winters protects her privacy well.”

That made sense. A well-shielded heiress’s details wouldn’t be easy to uncover.

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< Chapter 34. Silver Wounds...

+8 Points >

“I did hear she’ll be engaged in half a month,” Parker added, “and Alexander values her greatly. If you prepare a generous engagement gift, she might be pleased, and it would make Alexander more agreeable to our proposition.”

I pondered this silently. It was a clever angle. Winning over a young woman would be far easier than dealing with Alexander directly—a new approach for my business maneuvering, even as my personal life lay in tatters.

With a well-chosen engagement gift, perhaps I could open a back door via Alexander’s beloved cousin. After all, how difficult could it be to sway a

twenty-something woman’s heart?

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## Whisper 60

### Chapter 35: Jealousy's Madness—1

#### Chapter 35: Jealousy's Madness

(Ethan's POV)

"Alpha Grey, return to the hotel?" Raymond Brooks asked, his eyes meeting mine in the rearview mirror.

I considered for a moment, my mind racing with possibilities. "Stop at the Lunar Jewelers entrance ahead."

Cassandra immediately perked up beside me, her green-gold eyes lighting with excitement. She leaned closer, her perfume invading my space.

"Ethan, are you picking a gift for Alpha Winters' cousin? I'll go with you," she offered warmly. "We're the same age so I know what young women like."

The car pulled smoothly to the curb outside the gleaming storefront of Lunar Jewelers. Instead of responding to her suggestion, I turned to her, my voice devoid of emotion.

"Get out."

Cassandra blinked in confusion but obediently stepped out of the vehicle. She stood on the sidewalk, a practiced smile fixed on her face as she waited for me to join her.

I didn't move. Instead, I nodded to Raymond who promptly closed the door and accelerated away, leaving Cassandra standing alone, her smile frozen and her eyes widening with shock as we disappeared into traffic.

The image of her stunned face in the side mirror gave me a moment's satisfaction. It wasn't enough to ease the constant ache in my chest, but it was something.

Parker Davis shifted uncomfortably beside me. He'd witnessed the entire cold exchange.

"Sir, that was rather..." he began cautiously.

"You can get out at the next corner," I cut him off.

Parker fell silent, knowing better than to argue. When Raymond stopped **at** the next

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<Chapter 35: Jealousy's Ma..

light, Parker gathered his things and stepped out with an awkward nod.

+8 Points

"Miss Evans, Alpha Grey must have his own plans," I heard him say to Cassandra as he approached her on the sidewalk. "Well, I'll get off work now, bye."

My phone began vibrating incessantly. Cassandra's name flashed on the screen again and again. I silenced it without answering, rubbing my throbbing temples.

The pain from Connor's beating had mostly subsided, but a different kind of agony had taken its place. One that no amount of moonlight herb or healing could touch.

After several minutes of silent torment, I spoke again. "Go to Riverdale Terrace Apartments, across from Riverdale University."

Raymond's eyes flickered with recognition in the mirror. "Yes, sir."

That was where Olivia lived. I needed to see her, to make her understand. To make her mine again.

The drive seemed endless. When we finally arrived, I scanned the entrance anxiously. My heart nearly stopped when I spotted them.

Olivia was walking toward the compound gates, her honey–brown hair catching the evening light. And right behind her, following like a possessive shadow, was Connor Rivers.

Jealousy surged through me like wildfire. My wolf, Noah, snarled inside me, demanding action. I leapt from the car before it fully stopped, ignoring Raymond’s startled protest. I rushed toward the entrance, determined to intercept them before they disappeared inside.

But a uniformed security guard stepped into my path, blocking the gate. “Sir, please scan your ID.”

“I just moved in,” I lied impatiently, trying to see past him to where Olivia and Connor had gone. “Haven’t registered yet. Let me in and I’ll do it tomorrow.”

The guard remained unmoved. “Then please show your ID and tell me your building and apartment number so I can verify.”

My patience snapped. I could feel my control **slipping**, my wolf pushing against my

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< Chapter 35: Jealousy’s Ma...

+8 Points)

skin, demanding release.

“Move,” I growled, taking a threatening step forward.

The guard stood his ground, reaching for his radio. "Sir, I can't let you in without proper identification."

I tried to push past him, but he firmly grabbed my arm. "If *you* keep this up, I'll call security!"

Something broke inside me. All I could see was Olivia and Connor together in her apartment. Their bodies tangled together. His hands on her skin. His lips on hers. My vision blurred with rage. Three years I had dated her. Three years, and I had never truly committed. Now another man was claiming what I had foolishly taken for granted.

"Let me in!" I roared, my eyes reddening with fury.

When the guard didn't move, I snapped. My fist connected with his face before I could stop myself. He staggered back, blood trickling from his nose.

Alarms blared. More security personnel appeared, surrounding me. I fought like a man possessed, but there were too many. Despite my Alpha strength, they overwhelmed me, pinning me to the ground.

The last thing I saw before they dragged me away was the lights of Olivia's building, knowing she was inside with him.

(Olivia's POV)

I leaned against the kitchen doorway, arms crossed, watching Connor move confidently around my small kitchen. He wore an apron over his expensive clothes, looking completely at ease as he chopped vegetables.

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