

## Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

### Whisper 61

#### Chapter 35: Jealousy's Madness—2

"Never thought the heir of the Rivers family could cook," I teased, unable to hide my smile.

Connor glanced over his shoulder, his ice-blue eyes warm with amusement. He rinsed the vegetables unhurriedly.

"Remember that healing broth I brought you last time? The one you asked where I bought it?" he asked. "I made it myself."

My eyebrows shot up in genuine surprise. "You cooked that? Why did it taste exactly like my mother's cooking from years ago?"

Connor's expression softened. "I secretly learned it from Sarah back when I used to come over for family gatherings."

I shook my head, skeptical. "Impossible. You only came to our house a handful of times before my mother passed away. How could you have learned everything?"

Instead of arguing, Connor simply continued his work, slicing celery with practiced precision and marinating beef. After a moment, he changed the subject.

"Remember I promised to take you somewhere? That day you were hurt so we didn't go," he said. "Tomorrow, I'll take you."

I blinked, momentarily distracted. "And this has something to do with your cooking skills?"

"Yes, it does," he answered with a mysterious smile.

“Alright,” I agreed, my curiosity piqued.

Soon, the kitchen filled with delicious aromas. Connor served two dishes and a soup:

celery stir-fried with beef, herb-scrambled eggs, and winter melon soup.

I rarely ate much in the evenings, but tonight was different. The familiar flavors reminded me so much of my mother’s cooking that I found myself finishing an entire bowl of rice. Together, we cleared every plate.

When I stood to wash the dishes, Connor gently caught my wrist. “Sit down. I’ll handle it.”

handle it.”

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<Chapter 35 Jealousy’s Ma...

+ Points)

I couldn’t resist teasing him. “Wow, Connor, you’re so virtuous and gentle. Should I marry you and bring you home?”

He chuckled, reaching out to flick my forehead lightly. “No, I’ll marry you.”

The simple statement sent an unexpected warmth through me. My wolf, Cora, stirred contentedly inside me.

After tidying the kitchen, Connor prepared to leave. I noticed with a strange disappointment that he made no attempt to stay the night. I leaned against the doorframe, watching him gather his things.

A thought suddenly struck me: why didn’t he want to stay? Did he not find me attractive? I glanced down at my own figure reflexively. I was curvy and alluring enough, surely?

Connor caught my distracted look and smiled knowingly. “What are you thinking about, looking so deep in thought?”

I cleared my throat awkwardly. “Nothing. Drive safe.”

“See

you tomorrow,” he said softly.

He even took out the trash on his way out. I watched his calm, broad-shouldered figure fade away down the hallway.

A secret smile played on my lips. He’s so upright, it’s almost wicked—doesn’t even have a single inappropriate thought.

(Ethan’s POV)

The harsh fluorescent lights of the police station made my head pound. I sat on a hard bench, hands cuffed, surrounded by the stench of cheap coffee and desperation.

I had nearly been detained for assault, but Jason Mitchell had rushed over, paid a hefty fine, and somehow managed to get me released.

When we finally emerged from the station, it was nearly 4 a.m. Jason looked utterly exhausted and miserable. I knew why—earlier that night, he’d finally had a rare moment with his girlfriend after work, only for my urgent call to drag him away before any intimacy could happen.

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< Chapter 35 Jealousy’s Ma.

+8 Points

“She’s threatening to break up,” he muttered, running a hand through his disheveled hair. “Says she can’t compete with your emergencies.”

Guilt added itself to the cocktail of negative emotions swirling inside me. I had ruined yet another relationship tonight.

Jason sighed deeply as he drove us away from the station. “Ethan, where *to* now?”

I was drained, both physically and mentally. “Back to the hotel.”

The drive passed in silence. When we arrived, Jason didn’t come up. He simply nodded goodbye, his eyes reflecting his own personal disappointment.

I entered my empty suite and switched on the lights. The vast room felt deathly silent, devoid of warmth or comfort.

I walked to the window and lit a cigarette, inhaling sharply. The smoke scorched my lungs, but I welcomed the pain. It was a distraction from the images that wouldn’t leave my mind.

The room felt wrong. There were no antique porcelain vases that Olivia loved to collect. No fresh flowers arranged just so. No healing herbs stocked in the fridge for my digestive issues. No cute little trinkets or pastel curtains that she favored.

I closed my eyes, but that only made it worse. Behind my eyelids, I saw them

together. Olivia and Connor. Bodies entwined. Limbs wrapped around each other. Her soft sighs meant for him instead of me.

“Alpha Grey, return to the hotel?” Raymond had asked earlier. I had thought for a moment and said, “Stop at the Lunar Jewelers entrance ahead.”

Each vivid tormenting image stabbed my heart anew. Before coming to Riverdale, I had considered many things, but never the possibility that Olivia might already be with another man.

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**Whisper 62**

< Chapter 36: Visit to the Pa....

+8 Points >

## Chapter 36: Visit to the Past—1

### Chapter 36: Visit to the Past

(Olivia's POV)

I woke to golden sunlight streaming through my curtains, the autumn breeze carrying a crisp freshness through my half-open window.

After a simple breakfast of toast and coffee, I stood before my closet, contemplating what to wear for my outing with Connor. I finally selected a black velvet long-sleeved vintage gown that hugged my curves perfectly. I let my honey-brown hair cascade in natural waves over my shoulders.

Applying a bright red lipstick, I studied my reflection. The stark contrast between the crimson lips and black dress highlighted my features—luminous amber eyes, high nose bridge, thick brows, and almond-shaped eyes. The combination lent my appearance a sharp, aggressive brilliance.

Satisfied, I grabbed my purse and headed downstairs.

Connor was already waiting, leaning casually against his black SUV, phone pressed to his ear. His tall figure commanded attention even in simple dark jeans and a navy sweater.

When he spotted me approaching, his ice-blue eyes lit up momentarily. He quickly *ended* his call and slipped the phone into his pocket.

"This look really suits you today," he said, his voice warm with appreciation.

I smiled, pleased by his reaction. "Thank you."

He opened the passenger door for me, and I slid in, breathing in the familiar scent of leather and his subtle cologne.

“Where are we going?” I asked as he settled into the driver’s seat.

His lips curved into a mysterious smile. “You’ll see soon.”

I noticed Frank Langley was absent today. Connor was driving himself, which was unusual for the heir of the Rivers pack.

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Chapter 36 Visit to the Pa

**+8 Points)**

We left the bustling city center behind, the urban landscape gradually giving way to expansive golden fields that shimmered beneath the cloudless blue sky. I rolled my window down halfway, breathing in the cool wind scented faintly with wild

moonflowers.

Closing my eyes, I savored the moment—the gentle rumble of the engine, the whisper of wind through my hair, and Connor’s steady presence beside me.

After about twenty minutes along winding cement paths, the car slowed. I opened my eyes to see a modest rural cabin nestled among trees, *smoke* curling lazily from

its chimney.

Connor parked and turned to me with a gentle smile. “We’re here.”

Curiosity piqued, I stepped out of the car, smoothing my dress. The air here was fresher, carrying the scent of pine and earth.

A middle-aged man with weathered skin and calloused hands emerged from the cabin. His eyes widened in surprise before crinkling with genuine pleasure.

“Young Master Rivers! What a pleasant surprise,” he exclaimed, approaching us with a warm smile. “If I’d known you were coming, I would have prepared something better.”

Connor clasped the man’s hand firmly. “Samuel, good to see you. How’s your

mother?”

“She’s well, thank you,” Samuel replied, then turned to me with curious eyes.

“This is Olivia Winters,” Connor introduced me.

Samuel’s face brightened with recognition. “Miss Winters? The daughter of Sarah Winters?”

I blinked in surprise. How did this stranger know my mother?

Samuel turned toward the cabin and called out, “Ma! Ma—Miss Winters is here!”

I glanced at Connor, confusion evident in my expression. He simply squeezed my hand reassuringly,

The cabin door creaked open, and an elderly, slightly plump woman emerged. Her steps were slow but determined, her eyes cloudy with age but shining with emotion.

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“Is that Livvy?” she asked, her voice trembling. “Let me look at you, child.”

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She approached, tears welling in her eyes as she studied my face. “I held you when you were just a child. You have your mother’s eyes.”

Hearing my mother mentioned so tenderly by this stranger sent a wave of emotion through me. Suddenly, a distant memory surfaced—a kind-faced woman in our kitchen, laughing with my mother as they prepared meals together.

“Grandma Dorothy?” I whispered, the childhood nickname coming naturally to my lips.

She nodded, tears spilling down her wrinkled cheeks. “Yes, child. It’s been too long.”

“Grandma Dorothy, I came to see you,” I choked out, my own eyes filling with tears.

She took my hands in her gnarled ones, pulling me gently toward the cabin. “Come inside, dear. Samuel, go buy some good ingredients. I want to cook for our guests.”

Samuel nodded and departed quickly. Dorothy led us into the cozy interior, which smelled of herbs and wood smoke.

“Sit, sit,” she urged, gesturing to a worn but clean sofa. “Let me look at you properly.”

As Connor and I settled, Dorothy began reminiscing, her voice warm with nostalgia. “Your mother was such a beautiful woman, inside and out. Did you know she was quite pampered as the Alpha’s daughter? Never had to lift a finger.”

I shook my head, eager to hear more about the woman I’d lost too soon.

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### Chapter 36: Visit to the Past—2

“But when she fell in love with your father,” Dorothy continued, “she came to me and begged me to teach her cooking. Said she wanted to win his heart through his stomach.” She chuckled fondly. “A proud Alpha’s daughter, willing to learn cooking just for love.”

This revelation stirred complicated feelings within me. As a child, I’d believed my parents’ love was deep and true. My father had fallen into a severe depression after my mother died from a rare wolfsbane poisoning.

Yet he’d remarried just two years later—to my mother’s best friend, Natalie.

“Grandma Dorothy,” I asked quietly, “do you know Natalie Winters?”



Dorothy's brow furrowed in thought. "Is she your mother's good friend? Yes, they were close classmates in Riverdale University. They visited often together."

I swallowed hard. "She is now my stepmother."

Dorothy paused, her cloudy eyes growing distant with memory. After a moment, she spoke softly. "Before your mother passed, Natalie visited her many times in the hospital."

My heart clenched painfully.

"Sarah told your father and Natalie that if Richard were to remarry, she only trusted Natalie to care for her daughter," Dorothy continued gently. "Not any other woman. It was your mother's dying wish that Natalie become a mother figure to you, so you wouldn't grow up without maternal guidance."

The revelation hit me like a physical blow. My face paled as the implications sank in.

All this time, what I'd interpreted as betrayal had actually been my mother's final wish

-that her beloved daughter would always have someone to love her as a mother should.

Tears rimmed my eyes, my lashes trembling with the effort of holding them back. The resentment I'd harbored for years suddenly felt misplaced, leaving a hollow ache in its

wake.

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< Chapter 36 Visit to the Pa.....

Quietly, Connor took my hand, his rough thumb gently stroking my palm in silent comfort. I clung to his touch like an anchor in the storm of my emotions.

Dorothy busied herself in the kitchen, tactfully giving me space to process this revelation. Soon, delicious aromas filled the small cabin.

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When lunch was served, the table was laden with dishes that looked and smelled exactly like the ones my mother used to make—venison stew with winter vegetables, herb-infused rice, and a special moonlight broth that brought back a flood of childhood memories.

Not wanting to ruin the moment with my emotional turmoil, I forced a bright smile. “This is amazing, Grandma Dorothy. It tastes exactly like my mother’s cooking.”

The old woman laughed joyfully. “You may not know, Livvy, but Connor always comes here to learn cooking from me.”

Surprised, I turned to Connor, my eyes still misty. “You come here to learn cooking?”

He nodded, his ice-blue eyes softening as they met mine. “To cook for you.”

“But why?” I pressed, my voice tinged with confusion and a nasal note from holding back tears.

Connor turned fully toward me, meeting my gaze earnestly. “When your mother passed away, you refused to eat properly. I was worried.”

Dorothy sighed, setting down her spoon. “Those were sorrowful days. I was already retired due to illness, but I had gone to visit Sarah in the hospital. That’s where I met young *Connor*.”

She smiled fondly at him. “He saw how Livvy was wasting away with grief, refusing to eat. So he came to me, asking to learn Sarah’s recipes.”

“He was a quick learner,” Dorothy continued. “Mastered them in no time, just to coax you to eat again.”

I stared at Connor, stunned by this revelation.

“He even paid all my medical expenses,” Dorothy added. “Called it his ‘tuition fee.’”

Suddenly, fragments of memory clicked into place—Martha bringing me meals after this chapter is updated by

my mother’s death, insisting they were special deliveries from the kitchen. The

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familiar taste that had coaxed me back from the brink of starvation.

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My amber eyes widened in shock as realization dawned. My voice trembled with disbelief: "So, the meals Martha brought me after my mother passed away... were actually cooked by you?"

"Yes," Connor answered in his usual understated way.

That single word resonated deeply in my heart, stirring a thousand waves of emotion.

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## Whisper 64

### Chapter 37: The Auction and the Luna's Gift–1

Chapter 37: The Auction and the Luna's Gift

(Ethan's POV)

The crisp October air carried the scent of fallen leaves as I adjusted my charcoal suit, ensuring every detail was perfect. The tailored fabric accentuated my broad shoulders, projecting the commanding presence expected of the Grey pack heir.

"You look handsome today," Cassandra purred, sliding her arm through mine.

Her designer gown hugged her curves provocatively, drawing attention from several passing wolves. I barely acknowledged her compliment, my mind focused on the auction ahead.

The Crescent Moon Auction House loomed before us, its elegant façade illuminated against the darkening sky. Tonight's prize: a rare pink moonstone pendant, formerly owned by British royalty. Though its true value was closer to \$300,000, the starting bid was set at \$800,000.

"Remember why we're here," I reminded Cassandra. "That pendant is the perfect engagement gift for Alexander Winters' cousin."

Securing Sophia Winters' favor meant potential alliance with the Silverridge pack—a strategic move that could multiply my investment tenfold through future business connections.

"Of course, darling," Cassandra replied, her green-gold eyes gleaming with anticipation. "I'll help you choose something she'll adore."

As we approached the entrance, my entire body tensed. There, standing gracefully among the elite guests, was Olivia. Her honey-brown hair cascaded over her shoulders in soft waves, framing her delicate features perfectly.

But what truly unsettled me was the man at her side—Connor Rivers. The same Alpha who had beaten me senseless just days ago, now standing proudly beside my former girlfriend.

Dark irritation clouded my vision as I strode toward them, barely aware of Cassandra struggling to keep **pace** in her stilettos.

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"Olivia, what are you doing here?" I demanded, my voice carrying the authoritative tone I used with subordinates.

(Olivia's POV)

I felt Connor's arm tense slightly beneath my hand as Ethan approached. Keeping my composure, I responded coolly without even turning fully toward him.

"What else? Of course, I'm here to attend the auction."

My amber eyes remained deliberately focused on the entrance rather than acknowledging Ethan's presence. I refused to give him the satisfaction of seeing any reaction from me.

Cassandra appeared at his side, her expression twisting with contempt as she looked me up and down.

"You? Attending an auction? What could you possibly afford here?" she sneered.

Ethan shot her a sharp glance that silenced her, though she still snorted disdainfully. Her green-gold eyes then settled on Connor, and I watched as her expression transformed from contempt to stunned appreciation.

Connor stood tall beside me, his refined features set in their usual stoic expression. His bespoke suit fit his powerful frame perfectly, and the luxury Timber Wolf Chronograph watch I'd given him gleamed on his wrist. His commanding presence made even Ethan appear diminished in comparison.

The realization seemed to dawn on Cassandra's face—she was no longer the most impressive wolf in this gathering.

Connor remained completely indifferent to both Ethan and Cassandra, his attention solely on me. His ice-blue eyes softened as they met mine, a tenderness reserved only for me.

"Let's go, Livvy," he said, his voice as gentle as a spring breeze—completely at odds with his typically cold demeanor,

I nodded, allowing him to guide me toward the entrance. From the corner of my eye, I caught Cassandra's dumbstruck expression. She had clearly **recognized the** intimate bond forming between Connor and me, a stark contrast to her earlier derision.

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Ethan quickly followed after us, leaving Cassandra momentarily abandoned and fuming with jealousy and confusion.

(Ethan's POV)

+3 Points

The auction hall exuded elegance, with crystal chandeliers casting a warm glow over the assembled elite. Victoria Blackwell, the auctioneer, stood at the podium in her tailored navy blue suit, her poised demeanor commanding respect.

I deliberately chose seats where I could observe Olivia and Connor without being obvious. The earlier lots held little interest for me—antique furniture, rare books, historical artifacts—all passing in a blur as I waited for the main event.

Finally, Victoria announced with practiced enthusiasm, "Next, we have lot number 47, a rare pink moonstone pendant, formerly part of the British royal collection."

An assistant displayed the pendant on a velvet cushion, its delicate platinum setting catching the light as it was carried around the room for closer inspection.

"We'll start the bidding at four million dollars," Victoria announced.

I immediately raised my paddle, determined to secure this prize. The bidding climbed briskly amid sparse competition, soon reaching 6.2 million dollars.

"6.2 million, going once..." Victoria began.

"6.5 million."

The calm, authoritative voice came from several rows ahead. Connor Rivers had entered the bidding war, his paddle raised with casual confidence.

I glared at him sharply. Was he deliberately trying to thwart me? Or did he genuinely want the pendant?

"6.8 million," I countered immediately.

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Chapter 37: The Auction and the Luna's Gift–2

Connor's ice-blue eyes revealed nothing as he raised his paddle again. "7 million."

The bidding war escalated, neither of us willing to yield. I bit my lip, calculating rapidly. The pendant wasn't worth this much, but the potential alliance with the Silverridge pack certainly was.

"7 million to number 20," Victoria announced. "Do I hear 7.1?"

I raised my paddle again. "7.5 million."

(Connor's POV)

I watched Ethan Grey's desperate bidding with mild amusement. His determination to outbid me was transparent—this was about more than just the pendant.

Victoria Blackwell announced with practiced neutrality, "Seven and a half million, number 20. Anyone higher?"

I raised my paddle once more. "Seven and a half million."

"Eight million," Ethan called out immediately, his voice strained.

I was about to continue when I felt Olivia's gentle pressure on my hand. I turned to meet her amber eyes, which communicated her thoughts clearly.

"Forget it, it's not worth it," she whispered.

She was right, of course. The pendant's real value was no more than two or three million. Besides, I knew she preferred a blue moonstone pendant scheduled for auction later.

Without hesitation, I lowered my paddle, immediately deferring to her wishes despite my competitive instinct to outbid Ethan Grey.

"Eight million going once... going twice... sold to number 20!" Victoria announced.

Ethan's face lit with triumph, though he'd paid nearly triple the pendant's worth. Beside him, Cassandra cast a mocking glance in our direction, clearly assuming I was unwilling to spend for Olivia.

She couldn't be more wrong. I would give Olivia the world if she asked for it—but she

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+8 Points >

never would. Her quiet dignity and self-assurance were what drew me to her in the first place.

I squeezed her hand gently. "The blue moonstone comes up in three lots. Shall we stay for that?"

Her smile was answer enough.

(Olivia's POV)

During a brief intermission, I excused myself to the powder room, leaving Connor engaged in conversation with a business associate.

The elegant bathroom was empty as I calmly retouched my lipstick. Through the mirror, I noticed Cassandra entering, a smug look plastered across her face.

"Oh my, just a few days apart and you've already hooked a new Alpha?" she sneered, her green-gold eyes flashing with malice.

I ignored her, focusing on my makeup with steady hands.

Cassandra laughed coldly, moving closer. "I merely said I liked that pendant, and Ethan spent eight million to buy it for me. But your Alpha? Can't even do that much for you."

Her reflection showed her triumphant expression as she continued her attack.

"Of course, wealthy Alphas aren't fools. They spend on what's worthwhile. You? Not



worth it.”

I finished applying my lipstick with deliberate care, then met her gaze in the mirror.

My amber eyes remained unwavering, showing none of the hurt she so desperately wanted to inflict.

“Is that so? Then good luck to you.”

With that, I turned crisply on my heel and left, utterly unfazed. Cassandra’s words held no power over me anymore; the bitterness behind her insults was obvious and pitiful.

To me, she resembled nothing more than a petty gossip—**noisy** but irrelevant. Updates are released by find~novel~net

Days later, **the** grand engagement banquet at the Silverridge **Estate** arrived. Luxury vehicles worth millions lined the expansive driveway as guests streamed into the

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lavish grounds.

Business leaders, socialites, and dignitaries mingled beneath crystal chandeliers, some seeking to strengthen connections, others simply enjoying the prestige of

being invited to such an exclusive event.

+8 Points

Alexander had personally invited Connor and me, intending *to* introduce me to his extensive network—a crucial asset for a lawyer like myself, where connections often

determined success.

We arrived early, greeted warmly by Alexander himself. Dressed in an impeccable white suit that complemented his striking good looks, my cousin’s playboy reputation

was evident in his charming smile.

“Liv, finally, you’re here!” he beamed, embracing me warmly. “Getting prettier every year.”

Turning to Connor with mock annoyance, he teased, “Never thought I’d have to call you brother-in-law someday, ha! Come on, say ‘brother’ for once.”

Connor merely snorted softly, his ice-blue eyes remaining cool. Alexander pretended to be affronted, throwing his hands up dramatically.

“See that attitude? My poor cousin, suffering under your cold tyranny.”

My eyes curved in mirth at their interaction. “Cold tyranny? I don’t think so. Connor is always gentle with me.”

Alexander surrendered with a laugh. “Not even formally engaged yet and you two are already showing off your perfect relationship.”

After chatting a while longer, Connor and I entered the mansion’s grand hall, which bustled with unfamiliar faces. Almost immediately, Connor was surrounded by eager social climbers and potential business allies, his status drawing attention like moths to flame.

Finding the crowd stifling, I slipped away to the garden for fresh air, promising to return shortly.

(Ethan’s POV)

“Remember to smile,” I murmured to Cassandra as we **approached the** Silverridge

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< Chapter 37: The Auction a...

Estate.

She adjusted her designer dress, ensuring it showcased her curves to maximum effect. “I know how these events work, Ethan.”

+8 Points >

We arrived fashionably late, making our entrance when the party was in full swing. I scanned the crowd, searching for Alexander Winters while trying not to look for Olivia.

Finally spotting our host, I approached with confident strides, Cassandra on my arm.

“Mr. Winters, long time no see,” I greeted politely.

Alexander turned, his expression immediately going blank. “Who are you?”

The blunt question caught me off guard. His face revealed he knew exactly who I was but chose to snub me publicly.

My face flushed with awkwardness, but I quickly recovered. “Ethan Grey, from Harbor City. We met at the Northern Territory Business Summit last year.”

“Ah, right,” Alexander replied, his tone making it clear I’d made little impression. “Grey pack, wasn’t it?”

Maintaining courtesy for the sake of potential business connections, I nodded. “Yes, that’s right. I’ve been hoping to discuss some potential ventures with you.”

Before he could dismiss me, I presented a lavishly wrapped gift box containing the Royal Moonstone Pendant.

“I heard your cousin is getting engaged. Congratulations. This is my gift for her.”

Though the gift was ostensibly for Alexander’s cousin, we both understood I was buying favor with Alexander himself, hoping this gesture would smooth future business cooperation.

Alexander, clearly used to such flattery, initially seemed ready to brush me off. However, seeing the valuable present, his tone softened slightly.

“How thoughtful. I’ll thank you on her behalf, She’s inside—come, deliver it to her yourself.”

Relief washed over me; my expensive gamble seemed to have paid off. Flashing a

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bright smile, I said, “Thank you, Mr. Winters, I’ll trouble *you* then.”

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## Whisper 66

Chapter 38: The Truth Revealed, The Past Severed—1

Chapter 38: The Truth Revealed, The Past Severed

(Alexander's POV)

The silver moonlight bathed the Silverridge Estate's rear garden in an ethereal glow. I approached with my entourage, scanning the elegant landscape until I spotted my cousin Olivia sitting on an ornate swing beneath a sprawling oak tree.

She leaned gently against Connor Rivers' shoulder, her honey-brown hair catching the moonlight as they shared a quiet moment admiring the night sky. The sight brought a smile to my face—Liv deserved happiness after everything she'd been through.

My attention shifted when I noticed Ethan Grey standing nearby, his body suddenly rigid as he spotted Olivia's graceful silhouette. Recognition flashed across his features, followed by disbelief and something that looked remarkably like panic. His chest visibly tightened as he refused to accept what his eyes were telling him.

Before he could react further, I called out clearly, "Liv, come over here for a moment."

Olivia turned her head calmly at my voice. Her luminous amber eyes met Ethan's stunned gaze, and I watched her serene expression instantly harden into something

cold and distant.

She hadn't expected to encounter him here—that much was obvious from the way her shoulders tensed. A flash of suspicion crossed her features, as though she

wondered if he'd known her identity all along and had followed her deliberately.

Despite her obvious discomfort, Olivia maintained perfect composure as she rose from the swing and approached me without sparing Ethan another glance.

“What’s wrong, cousin?” she asked coolly.

The word “cousin” hit Ethan like a physical blow. His face turned ashen, and his grip slackened on the gift box he was holding. It tumbled from his hands, hitting the ground with a soft thud.

The lid popped open, and the extravagant Royal Moonstone Pendant—the very jewel he’d just spent eight hundred thousand dollars on to **curry** favor with me through my “cousin”—spilled onto the grass. The pink stone gleamed mockingly **in the** moonlight For original chapters go to Find\_Novel(.)net

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as an awkward silence descended.

+8 Points

Ethan looked as though he might collapse. His mind seemed *to* shut down completely—his eyes glazed over, and for an instant, he swayed on his feet. All color drained from his face, leaving him ghostly pale under the moonlight.

I frowned, genuinely concerned by his extreme reaction. “Are *you* alright? You don’t look well.”

Olivia cast a sidelong glance at Ethan, her amber eyes narrowing slightly as understanding dawned. He had only just realized her true family background. Her gaze dropped to the pendant lying exposed on the grass, and a cold smile touched

her lips.

“I heard from my cousin that you prepared an engagement gift for me? Is it this one?” she asked, her voice dripping with icy disdain.

Beside Ethan, Cassandra Evans looked stricken. Her face flushed deep crimson as the implications sank in. Just days before, according to what Olivia had told me earlier, Cassandra had boasted about this very pendant, claiming Ethan had purchased it for her.

Now the humiliating truth was exposed—Ethan had bought the pendant not for Cassandra, but to please me by gifting it to my cousin... who turned out to be Olivia herself.

Cassandra's embarrassment was palpable. She had always looked down on Olivia, believing her to be nothing more than a penniless lawyer. How could she have imagined that this "poor girl" was actually a high society woman, a treasured daughter of the prestigious Winters pack and my cousin?

Ethan looked like a man starved of oxygen. His eyes were wide with disbelief as he stared at Olivia.

"You... you... are Alpha Winters' cousin?" he stammered, his voice barely audible.

Olivia's patience visibly wore thin. "Otherwise?" she asked sharply, her tone cutting.

Ethan's Adam's apple bobbed anxiously as he struggled to speak. His eyes reddened with an acidic ache as he pressed, "Why? Why for three whole years did you never tell me who you really were?"

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48 Points

I watched my cousin steel herself, clearly determined to end this confrontation once and for all. When she spoke, her voice was flat and emotionless.

"I wanted to tell you. Remember that time I suggested taking you back to my hometown? I meant to introduce you to my pack then. But it was you who refused."

Her indifference was striking—a clear sign she had moved beyond caring about him or his opinion.

Ethan's features cracked with anguish, his voice trembling as he responded. "If only

you had told me you were the daughter of the Winters pack Alpha, how could I ever have refused to go with you?"

Olivia's lips curled into a cold smile that didn't reach her eyes. "So, what you loved was the status of the Winters pack heir—not me as a person."

"It's not like that... No, I loved you. I love you..." he murmured helplessly, tears welling in his eyes.

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## Whisper 67

### Chapter 38: The Truth Revealed, The Past Severed—2

I finally understood everything. So this was Olivia's ex-boyfriend? The fool who couldn't recognize the treasure before his eyes, who had looked down on her because he thought she was just an ordinary woman without a pack background.

I couldn't help but tsk silently, both marveling at the drama unfolding before me and

glancing toward Connor. His face had transformed, radiating an ominous chill. The IF  
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very air around him trembled with barely contained fury as he watched Ethan's desperate attempts to reclaim what he'd lost.

"Liv, if you'd told me from the beginning who you were, we'd be mated by now. We could have been happy, truly happy..." Ethan's voice grew increasingly agitated.

He reached out impulsively to grab Olivia's hand, desperate to salvage what he'd so carelessly destroyed. But before his fingers could make contact, Connor moved with lightning speed.

In one fluid motion, Connor pulled Olivia behind him and forcefully knocked Ethan's hand aside. His voice was low and commanding as he stated, "She is my mate-to-be."

Olivia stepped slightly to the side, her amber eyes meeting Ethan's tear-filled gaze without a hint of sympathy. "Sorry, but now you're not worthy of me. Nor do I care for your mother's approval."

The night wind rustled through the trees, carrying a deep chill that seemed to settle in the space between them. Ethan stood frozen as tears streamed silently down his cheeks.

The realization of his own absurdity finally seemed to hit him—all those times he'd refused to meet her pack, allowed his mother Margaret to humiliate her, openly flaunted his relationship with Cassandra. I'd heard from Olivia how he'd even declared in front of Cassandra that he would never mate with her, indulging himself without care for her feelings,

Every past cruelty now returned to haunt him, leaving only bloody regret in its wake.

His mission tonight had been transparent to me from the start—to court my "cousin" for a lucrative pack alliance, to deliver the engagement gift and secure much-needed

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< Chapter 38: The Truth Rev...

+8 Points

investment for the Grey pack. But now, faced with the truth that the cousin he had

hoped to please was none other than the woman he had betrayed and lost, his mind clearly spiraled into chaos and despair.

He could neither congratulate her on her new engagement nor bear the knowledge



that he had pushed her into another Alpha's arms. Standing numbly in the cold night, he resembled a lost man in a fog of misery, unable to see any path forward.

Seeing Ethan's pitiful state, Olivia no longer spared him a glance. She stepped away from the garden, her back straight and resolute. Connor followed in silence, his

presence a protective shield behind her.

Concerned that Ethan might cause a scene that would disrupt the engagement

celebration, I coldly ordered my betas with a subtle hand gesture to "escort" him out

of the estate.

Ethan stumbled like an empty shell, eyes blank and expressionless, shuffling off mechanically in the night wind. Cassandra quietly bent down to pick up the Royal

Moonstone Pendant from the ground. Biting her lip, she trailed behind him, both of

them swallowed by the darkness as the past was mercilessly severed.

2

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## Whisper 68

Chapter 39: The Trap at the Banquet—1

Chapter 39: The Trap at the Banquet

(Olivia's POV)

I paid no attention to Ethan Grey's departure from the banquet. His presence—or absence—meant nothing to me now.

Holding a crystal flute of champagne, I smiled politely as I conversed with yet another important guest. The evening had become a blur of introductions and small talk.

Connor stood beside me, his tall frame commanding respect as he introduced me to several influential figures in legal and academic circles. His hand occasionally brushed against the small of my back, a subtle gesture of support that didn't go unnoticed by the observant wolves around us.

"This is Olivia Winters," he would say, his deep voice carrying a hint of pride. "One of the most promising young lawyers in Riverdale."

Alexander, not to be outdone, had been parading me around to meet various business associates and pack leaders. His enthusiasm was exhausting but endearing.

"My brilliant cousin," he'd announce with a flourish. "The Winters pack's finest."

After hours of networking, my feet were screaming in protest. The elegant heels I'd chosen *for* the evening had become instruments of torture. I leaned close to Connor, catching his familiar scent.

"You handle things here," I whispered softly in his ear. "I'm going to rest on the sofa for a bit."

Connor nodded slightly, his ice-blue eyes meeting mine briefly before returning to his conversation with the middle-aged couple before him. Even that fleeting glance carried warmth that only I could see.

I made my way to a plush sofa in a quieter corner of the grand hall. Sinking into the cushions, I slipped off my heels beneath the table and massaged my aching feet with a sigh of relief.

< Chapter 39: The Trap at th.

A waiter approached with a silver tray. "Strawberry juice, miss? It's freshly made."

My favorite. I accepted the glass with a grateful smile. "Thank you."

+8 Points

The juice was deliciously sweet and refreshing. I took several sips, suddenly realizing how thirsty I'd been. My stomach growled softly, reminding me that I hadn't eaten before arriving at the banquet.

Rising briefly, I visited the buffet table and selected a small piece of cake. The rich dessert paired perfectly with the strawberry juice as I settled back onto the sofa.

My gaze drifted across the room, inevitably finding Connor. He stood tall among the guests, his presence commanding yet not overbearing. As if sensing my attention, he looked up, our eyes meeting across the crowded space.

I smiled, feeling my eyes curve with genuine happiness. After a moment's pause, his lips curled into that rare, subtle smile he reserved only *for me* before he turned back to his conversation.

The sight warmed me more than any champagne could. I watched him quietly, my heart full of tenderness and affection I never thought I'd feel again.

The unpleasantness with Ethan earlier had left no lasting impression. It was like watching a movie about strangers—emotionally distant and ultimately forgettable.

Now, Connor filled my entire vision and thoughts.

Memories surfaced unbidden. As a child, I'd dreamed of a loving marriage like my parents had. I remembered watching my mother Sarah's face light up whenever my father entered a room, the way they'd dance in the kitchen when they thought no one was watching.

But then came my mother's death from wolfsbane poisoning. The light left our home, and when my father Richard remarried Natalie just two years later, my childhood

fantasy shattered completely. I lost faith in love and marriage, seeing them as nothing but convenient arrangements destined to be betrayed.

When the alliance with Connor was first proposed, I viewed it as merely a business arrangement—a cold, political union that would benefit our packs but offer nothing more than polite companionship without real intimacy.

Yet as we grew **closer** these past weeks, I began seeing the truth that had been there

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< Chapter 39: The Trap at th....

+5 Points > For more chapters visit

all along. Connor's gentle persistence wasn't new—it had been a constant throughout my life.

Long ago, when my mother passed away, Connor had quietly started caring for me in his own way. He'd secretly learned to cook traditional dishes, then arranged for Dorothy Jenkins to deliver them to me, pretending they were from the elderly woman herself.

He'd tutored me tirelessly through difficult subjects, helping me gain admission to Riverdale University despite my grief-stricken state. The marriage alliance proposed three years ago had been entirely his idea; he'd actively approached my father, eager to formalize our bond sooner rather than later.

I had fiercely opposed it then, even running away from home to Harbor City. Yet Connor never blamed me for my rejection. For three years, he traveled endlessly between Riverdale and Harbor City just to catch glimpses of me—yet never disturbed my life with Ethan, respecting my choices even when they must have hurt him deeply.

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Chapter 39 The Trap at th

+0 Points >

### Chapter 39: The Trap at the Banquet–2

When his foster sister Vanessa Reed schemed to frame me, Connor stood firmly on my side, his trust in me unwavering. Though reputed to be aloof and unapproachable to others, in all my memories, Connor had only ever shown me gentleness and patience.

I realized now that while he was indeed cold to others, he had always reserved his warmth exclusively for me.

A particular memory surfaced vividly: during high school, I attended Connor's birthday celebration at the Rivers family mansion. The party was in full swing when suddenly the blaring dance music cut out, replaced by soft, sentimental melodies.

The crowd parted like the Red Sea, and a girl with carefully styled chestnut curls and a tight black dress strode boldly toward Connor. She was voluptuous, sexy, dazzling—everything I wasn't at that awkward age.

Without hesitation, she confessed her admiration and desire to date him. "I've liked you for three years," she declared, her voice carrying across the suddenly silent room. "Will you go out with me?"

Connor, eyes lowered and face expressionless, simply said, "No."

The girl persisted, even claiming she was willing to be his backup. "I can wait forever if you just turn back to me someday," she pleaded.

His patience visibly evaporated. Looking up with coldly impatient eyes, he cut her off, his words sharp as knives: "You and I will never be possible."

The rejection was brutal in its finality. Humiliated before everyone, the girl's face turned deathly pale, tears trembling on her lashes as Connor turned away without a backward glance.

A heavy silence fell over the party. Friends rushed to comfort the devastated girl, whispering that Connor had always been ruthless in **rejecting** confessions and had never shown interest in any girl at all.

That memory had left a deep impression on me. The image of his **icy indifference** to others now contrasted starkly with the warmth he showed me alone.

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< Chapter 39: The Trap at th....

+0 Points

Pulling myself from these reveries, I rose and headed to the restroom. After freshening up, I emerged into the hallway when an odd dizziness suddenly overtook

1. me.

My heart began racing wildly, heat surging through my limbs as if a fire was burning beneath my skin. Confusion clouded my thoughts—I had barely drunk any alcohol

tonight, and this felt nothing like mild intoxication.

My legs weakened, and my head grew unbearably heavy. I leaned against the wall for support, fumbling for my phone to call Connor. Something was very wrong.

“Miss, do you need help?” A man in a waiter’s uniform approached with a concerned expression.

I shook my head, trying to focus on unlocking my phone. But the man unexpectedly snatched it from my hands.

“Miss, I’ll take you to rest,” he insisted, his tone suddenly rough as he gripped my arm and began dragging me toward the elevators.

I tried desperately to struggle against his hold. “Let me go!” I demanded, but my voice came out weak and floating, barely audible even to my own ears.

Panic seized me as realization dawned—I’d been drugged. My mind whirled back to the strawberry juice. This man looked exactly like the waiter who had served me earlier. He must have spiked my drink! For original chapters go to

Fighting to stay lucid despite the drug coursing through my system, I bit out in a trembling voice, “Who sent you?”

The man, who I now recognized wasn’t a real waiter at all but someone named Jeremy Walsh, remained silent. He only shoved me harder into the elevator, his grip bruising on my arm.

My thoughts swirled chaotically—who could have orchestrated this? Ethan? Cassandra? Or someone else entirely?

(Third Person POV)

Meanwhile, in a hotel room upstairs, Lloyd Simmons, a repulsive, obese man lay sprawled on the bed. His breathing came in heavy wheezes as he shifted his substantial weight **against the** creaking mattress.

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< Chapter 39 The Trap at th....

+ Porns

An obscene smile spread across his greasy face as he checked his watch for the third time in five minutes. His eyes gleamed with anticipation, pupils dilated with sick excitement.

“She should be here any minute now,” he muttered to himself, licking his thick lips.

He adjusted his position, the bed protesting beneath him as he eagerly waited for his “beauty” to be delivered. The room was dimly lit, with only a bedside lamp casting shadows across his bloated features.

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# Whisper 70

## Chapter 40: Primal **Instincts**–1

### Chapter 40: Primal Instincts

(Olivia's POV)

The elevator panel lit up with the number twenty–two, the glowing digits swimming before my unfocused eyes. My limbs felt like lead, my thoughts scattered like autumn leaves in a storm.

“Where are you taking me?” I whispered, my voice barely audible even to my own ears.

Jeremy Walsh remained silent, his grip tightening painfully around my arm as my strength continued to fade. My body burned as if my blood had been replaced with liquid fire, the drug coursing through my veins making me feel disoriented and weak.

The walls of the elevator seemed to pulse and waver. I tried again to pull away, but my muscles refused to cooperate. Despair clouded my mind as I realized how helpless I truly was. My eyelids grew heavy, and I let them close, surrendering to the inevitable.

Suddenly, the elevator jerked to a halt at the eighteenth floor. The doors slid open with a soft chime, and a familiar voice pierced through my haze.

“Livvy!”

My eyes flew open instantly. There, stepping into the elevator, was Connor Rivers, his ice–blue eyes narrowing dangerously as they took in my condition.

Jeremy, realizing things had gone terribly awry, immediately released me and attempted to flee. But in his haste, he shoved me aside, and my weakened legs gave way beneath me.

I would have crumpled to the floor if Connor hadn't caught me, his strong arms wrapping securely around my waist. I clung to him, soft and boneless, wrapping my arms around his neck and murmuring unconsciously, “Con...”



Connor's expression darkened at my fragile, sweet cry. His jaw clenched tight, a muscle ticking in his cheek as he held me against his chest.

"Frank," he barked into his phone, his voice cold with fury. "Pull the elevator

1/3

<Chapter 40 Primal Instinct....

+8 Points >

surveillance footage immediately. Seal all hotel exits. Find the impostor who was just with Olivia."

I tightened my grip around his neck, my fevered breaths brushing against his skin. Even in my drugged state, I instinctively sought safety in his presence, burying my face against his shoulder.

He gently steadied my chin with one hand, forcing me to meet his gaze. "Livvy, did someone drug you?" he asked, his voice low and controlled despite the rage I could feel radiating from him.

I nodded feebly. "The juice just now... something's wrong with it."

His ice-blue eyes sharpened with dangerous intent. Without hesitation, he lifted me into his arms, cradling me against his chest as if I weighed nothing at all.

His embrace, broad and steady, brought me a deep sense of security. My anxious heart finally settled as I pressed my ear against his chest, listening to the strong, steady rhythm of his heartbeat.

The elevator soon stopped at the twenty-second floor, but Connor pressed the button for the top floor instead. With one hand, he typed a message to Alexander, his movements efficient despite holding me.

When we reached the presidential suite, he carried me inside and carefully laid me on the enormous bed. The cool sheets felt heavenly against my burning skin, but they

weren't enough to soothe the fire raging within me.

The drug's effects were intensifying by the minute. My blood felt like it was ablaze, every nerve ending hypersensitive. I gazed up at Connor through misty amber eyes, my voice soft and helpless.

"Con... I'm so hot..."

He straightened up, his expression grim as he turned to leave. Panic seized me at the thought of being alone, and I desperately grabbed his shirt.

"Con, don't go," I pleaded, my voice breaking.

I knew I must look pitiful with my flushed cheeks and dewy eyes, but I couldn't bear the thought of him leaving me in this state. The burning sensation was becoming unbearable, a **desperate need** building inside me that I'd never experienced before.

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< Chapter 40. Primal Instinc...

10 Points >

Connor stood frozen, his ice-blue eyes darkening as he looked down at me. I could see the inner conflict tearing at him, his lips pressed into a hard line as he battled with himself.

I sensed what I'd been afflicted with—a powerful aphrodisiac—and its only effective antidote. Though reason still burned inside me, my body ached intolerably as the drug triggered an intense physical reaction I couldn't control.

"Con, can you... help me?" I whimpered softly, my watery amber eyes and trembling voice making the request unmistakable.

Under the warm, golden light of the suite, my fragile form lay enveloped in his shadow. I looked up at him with pleading innocence, unable to articulate exactly what I needed but hoping he would understand.

Connor's breath grew ragged, his chest rising and falling more rapidly. "How do you want me to help you?" he asked, his voice husky and strained.

I blushed deeply, unable to answer. I'd never been intimate before, having only ever held hands with Ethan Grey in our three years of dating. The realization of what I was asking for filled me with shame, and I averted my face, unable to meet his intense

gaze.

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