

## Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress novel

Chapter 7 : Confrontation with Margaret Grey and Farewell - 1 Chapter 7 : Confrontation with Margaret Grey and Farewell ( Olivia's POV ) I sat calmly in the armchair across from Margaret Grey , my hands folded neatly in my lap . Her imperious gaze swept over me like I was an insect ' she'd found in her expensive tea . " I never intended to join the Grey pack ," I stated plainly . Margaret's perfectly sculpted eyebrows shot up in surprise . She hadn't expected such directness .

Her eyes narrowed as she scrutinized me from head to toe , taking in my simple blouse and jeans with obvious disdain . " Is that so ? " she asked , her voice dripping with disbelief . I could see the judgment in her eyes . To her , I was nothing but a social climber , a gold - digger hoping to elevate my status by attaching myself to an Alpha heir . Yet despite her obvious contempt , I remained composed , my amber eyes clear and unwavering . " Yes , that's so , " I replied evenly .

Margaret adjusted her sapphire necklace , the massive stones catching the light as she moved . The gesture was deliberate , meant to remind me of the wealth and status I supposedly coveted . " I understand women like you all too well ," she said , her voice laced with condescension . " It's my son's position as Alpha heir that attracts you , isn't it ? He must have given you plenty of privileges already . " I met her gaze unflinchingly . " I don't care about his status .

" A harsh laugh escaped her perfectly painted lips . " Stop pretending . If you really didn't care , would you have gotten together with Ethan at all ? " My wolf , Cora , stirred within me , bristling at the insult . I tamped down her indignation and allowed a faint , mocking smile to curve my lips instead . " Luna Grey , are you saying your son has nothing to offer besides his social status ? " Margaret gasped , her face flushing with indignation .

The sapphires at her throat seemed to darken with her mood . " Sharp - tongued ! " she snapped , her composure cracking . " Ethan praised you for being gentle 173 < Chapter 7 Confrontation with and sensible , but clearly he was mistaken . " I reached for the teacup on the small table beside me , taking a slow , deliberate sip while Margaret continued to fume . +25 Puntos " Such disrespect , " she hissed . " You don't even know to serve tea to your elders . Where were you raised , in a barn ?

" I placed my cup down carefully , offering her an insincere smile . " Sorry Luna Grey , but there's no extra cup here . Besides , you wouldn't want to use one I touched , right ? And anyway , you don't lack refreshment . " Her eyes widened at my polite sarcasm . I could practically see the thoughts racing through her mind : This rude girl is utterly

unqualified to join the Grey family . " Our Grey family is not a place where just anyone can enter , " she declared , her voice hardening .

" You want to marry Ethan ? Impossible ! " She leaned forward , her jewelry glinting menacingly . " Cassandra Evans is my ideal daughter - in - law . Our families are old friends , and she is Ethan's first love . " The words stung despite my resolve to remain unmoved . Margaret must have noticed , because a satisfied smile spread across her face . " Give up , " she commanded . " Pack your things and leave . Free up your place beside Ethan .

" My lips twitched slightly as memories surfaced unbidden . I recalled overhearing Ethan's private conversation with his mother months ago , his cold voice admitting I was nothing but a stand - in for Cassandra . Just days before , out of lingering affection after three years together , I had still contemplated using my healing knowledge to help Ethan with his digestive issues . I knew he believed I came from a modest background and never genuinely considered marrying me .

Yet I had once thought of leveraging my cousin Alexander's power as head of the Silverridge family - now one of the top - ten wealthiest families in the region - to form a business alliance with the Grey family . Alexander , who had doted on me since childhood , would have agreed without hesitation . But that night , those cruel words from Ethan shattered any such plans . I snapped back to the present , meeting Margaret's triumphant gaze with calm indifference . " Don't worry , " I told her .

" I'll return to Riverdale in a couple of days and won't come back . " Margaret blinked , momentarily stunned by my easy capitulation . Her mouth opened slightly . 213 < Chapter 7 Confrontation with as if she'd prepared for more resistance and now found herself without purpose . +25 Puntos > Before she could recover , I glanced at my watch and stood . " I have other matters .

Goodbye ." Without waiting for her response , I retrieved my bag and walked briskly out of Moonlight Manor , leaving Margaret Grey and her schemes behind me . ( Margaret's POV ) I sat frozen in the armchair , watching that impertinent girl walk away without so much as a proper farewell . This was not how I had envisioned our confrontation . I had deliberately adorned myself with my most impressive sapphire jewelry and finest silk dress .

I had rehearsed cutting remarks designed to reduce her to tears , to make her understand the vast gulf between her station and ours . Comentarios

Chapter 7 : Confrontation with Margaret Grey and Farewell - 2 Instead , she had departed with indifference , as if I were the one being dismissed ! " The nerve ! " I muttered , rising from the chair with as much dignity as I could muster . Martha appeared in the doorway , her expression carefully neutral . " Will you be staying for dinner , Luna Grey ? " " Certainly not , " I snapped , striding past her toward the front door .

My driver opened the car door as I approached , and I slid into the plush leather seat with a huff of frustration . As soon as the door closed , I pulled out my phone , already planning how to convey my displeasure to Ethan . Before I could dial , the phone rang in my hand . Cassandra's name flashed on the screen . " Cassandra , dear ," I answered , my voice instantly transforming from irritation to maternal warmth . " Luna Grey , how did it go ?

" Cassandra asked , her voice sweet with concern . I sighed dramatically . " Cassandra , did you know that Ethan's girlfriend has no respect at all ? A real shrew , proves the saying ' bad backgrounds breed bad manners . " " Oh no , " Cassandra responded , her tone sympathetic . " That must have been awful for you . " I couldn't see her face , but I could imagine the secret delight my words brought her .

Cassandra had always been transparent in her ambitions , but at least she understood proper respect . " Don't get upset ," she continued soothingly . " Don't lower yourself to argue with someone like that . " " You're still the sweetest girl , " I replied , settling back against the seat as my driver pulled away from Moonlight Manor . " That girl said she's leaving in a few days and won't come back . At least she knows her place . " " Really ?

" Cassandra's voice perked up with poorly disguised eagerness . " So she's breaking up with Ethan ? " I smiled confidently , though no one could see it . " Even if she doesn't , I'll force them apart . After her attitude today , she has no chance . " " Are you going back home now ? " Cassandra asked quickly . " I can come keep you company . " " That would be lovely , dear , " I replied , pleased by her attentiveness .

" I'll tell you all about it 1/3 < Chapter 7 Confrontation with ... when you arrive ." 25 Puntos > As I ended the call , satisfaction began to replace my earlier frustration . The girl was leaving , and Cassandra would soon take her rightful place beside Ethan . Everything was proceeding according to plan , even if not exactly as I had envisioned . ( Olivia's POV ) The familiar glass doors of the law center slid open as I approached .

I had worked here for over three years , growing from an apprentice to a fully licensed lawyer . This modest building had witnessed my entire professional journey . The receptionist looked up with a smile . " Good afternoon , Ms. Winters . " I nodded in greeting , making my way to the director's office . Mr. Wilson was expecting me , having received my call earlier . " Olivia , " he greeted me , rising from behind his desk . His bespectacled face showed genuine regret .

" I was hoping you might reconsider . " I shook my head gently . " My decision is final , Mr. Wilson . I appreciate all the opportunities you've given me . " He sighed , accepting the envelope containing my formal resignation . " You've been an asset to this center . If you ever wish to return , there will always be a place for you here . " After completing the necessary paperwork , I headed to my small office to collect my personal belongings .

Emma Thompson , my young assistant , was waiting for me , her expression anxious . " Is it true ? " she asked as soon as I entered . " Are you really leaving ? " I nodded , placing my resignation copy on the desk . " Yes , Emma . I'm returning to Riverdale . " Emma's eyes instantly reddened , tears welling up . " Liv, why are you suddenly resigning ? " I hadn't expected to feel sad about leaving .

The law center had been just a job , a means to support myself while I figured out my life in Harbor City . But facing Emma's tearful reluctance , a pang of sorrow struck my heart . Our bond had grown beyond mere workplace camaraderie into something closer to sisterhood . Emma had joined me fresh out of Riverdale University , three years my junior and eager to learn . I had taken her under my wing , teaching her everything I knew about law practice .

" I have family matters to attend to , " I explained gently , reaching out to squeeze her hand . < Chapter 7 : Confrontation with . " But will you come back ? " she asked , her voice small and hopeful . +25 Puntos > I hesitated , unwilling to lie to her . " I don't think so , Emma . But this isn't goodbye forever . We'll stay in touch . " Emma wiped at her tears with the back of her hand . " It won't be the same without you . You've taught me so much .

" " And you've learned well , " I assured her , smiling despite the lump forming in my throat . " You're going to be an excellent lawyer , Emma . Better than me . " She shook her head vigorously . " That's not possible . " I began gathering my few personal items - a small potted plant , a framed photo of my mother , a few reference books I'd purchased myself . Emma watched silently , occasionally sniffing . " What about Alpha Grey ? " she asked suddenly . " Does he know you're leaving ?

" The question caught me off guard . Emma was one of the few people who knew about my relationship with Ethan , though even she didn't know the full extent of its complications . " He will , " I replied simply . As I packed the last of my belongings into a small box , I reflected on the unexpected turn my day had taken . I hadn't planned to leave quite so abruptly , but Margaret Grey's deliberate humiliation had forced my hand . Yet perhaps this was the only way to protect my dignity , and to reclaim the courage to start anew .

Chapter 8 : Farewell to the Past - 1 Chapter 8 : Farewell to the Past ( Olivia's POV ) A year ago , Emma Thompson broke up with her boyfriend . I remember her sitting across from me , her face blotchy from crying , hands trembling as she clutched a legal document . " He's demanding fifty thousand dollars , " she sobbed , her voice breaking . " Says it was money he transferred to me during our relationship . " I handed her a tissue , watching as she tried to compose herself .

" That's not how it was at all , " Emma continued , wiping her tears . " We agreed from the start that rent , utilities , and living expenses would be split evenly . He said his monthly two thousand dollars covered his share , and I paid two thousand of my own . " Her shoulders shook with another wave of sobs . " Now he insists it was a gift given with

marriage intentions , so I should return it if we break up . But those were just daily expenses !

The real gifts he ever gave me add up to less than five hundred dollars . " Emma looked up at me , her eyes red and desperate . " How shameless can he be , filing a legal complaint over this ? " She choked on her tears . " My two thousand a month came from my parents . I'm just a university student - how can I afford fifty thousand ? " She gripped my hand tightly , her fingers cold with fear . " I can't tell my family either . If my father knew I lived with a man during school , he'd kill him .

" Her voice dropped to a whisper . " Liv , please help me ... I have nowhere else to turn . " The memory of Emma's desperate plea still resonated with me . Back then , I was barely established myself , a fresh graduate with a meager monthly income from my new legal practice . But something about her situation struck a chord deep within me . Perhaps it was her vulnerability , or maybe I saw something of myself in her - someone alone in a city that could be cruelly indifferent .

I broke the unspoken rule that lawyers don't take clients who can't pay . Not only did I take her 1/3 < Chapter 8 Farewell to the Pa case , but I also lent her money to cover the legal fees needed to fight the claim . +25 Puntos The fee was transferred directly to the lawyer center , as is customary . I accepted the case without compensation , knowing that without help , a vulnerable young woman like Emma might do something foolish . It wasn't easy .

The ex - boyfriend had carefully documented every transfer , presenting them as " gifts " rather than shared expenses . But I was determined . After weeks of gathering evidence - bank statements , text messages discussing bill payments , testimonies from roommates who had witnessed their financial arrangements - I finally built a solid case . The day we won , Emma hugged me so tightly I could barely breathe .

Her ex - boyfriend's shameless false claims were exposed , and he was ordered to pay Emma's legal costs . Two months later , after her graduation , Emma showed up at my office with a small potted plant and a determined expression . " I want to work for you , " she declared . " I want to learn everything you know . " Now , Emma's eyes were red again as she looked at me across my desk . " Liv , I'm still under my practice license here and can't leave yet , " she said softly .

" But once my internship ends , can I come find you ? " Her question caught me off guard . I hadn't expected such devotion , especially after announcing my sudden departure . " Of course , " I replied , my amber eyes warming with genuine affection . " My home is in Riverdale . When the time comes , just contact me if you want to join me . " Emma broke into a teary smile . " That's great ! Liv , I'll follow you forever ! Wherever you go , I'll go . Don't abandon this little tail .

" I couldn't help but smile at her earnestness . " Never . " Our bond , forged through hardship and gratitude , gave me some rare comfort amid my own turmoil . In a world where I'd learned to guard my heart carefully , Emma's loyalty was a precious gift . After saying goodbye to Emma , I headed to the director's office . Thomas Wilson looked up from his desk as I entered , his bespectacled face registering mild surprise .

" Miss Winters , " he greeted me , gesturing to the chair opposite his desk . " What can I do for you ? " < Chapter 8 Farewell to the Past +25 Puntos > I handed him my resignation letter . " I'm sorry for the short notice , Mr. Wilson . " He adjusted his glasses , scanning the document with growing confusion . " Miss Winters , why are you suddenly quitting ? Did you run into trouble with any clients ? " I shook my head quickly . " No , Mr. Wilson .

It's family matters , I have to return to my hometown . " His eyebrows rose slightly , but he remained professional . " I know I'm supposed to give a month's notice , but this was unexpected . I'm sorry , " I added , feeling genuinely bad about the abruptness of my departure . Then I continued softly , " My handover is almost complete . There's one last case hearing in ten days . After that , I'll leave . I just wanted to inform you early . " - the appeal Comentarios

Chapter 8 : Farewell to the Past - 2 The director paused , studying me for a moment . I could see him weighing my words , perhaps wondering about the real reason behind my sudden resignation . Finally , he nodded with understanding . " Well , alright then . I wish you the best for the future . " Leaving the lawyer center , I wandered the city streets as dusk deepened .

The neon lights of Harbor City began to shimmer through the gathering darkness , painting the sidewalks in pools of blue , red , and yellow . A cool breeze rustled the treetops , carrying the scents of the city - food from nearby restaurants , exhaust from passing cars , the faint sweetness of blooming trees along the boulevard . A pang of loneliness swept through me . I was about to leave Harbor City , which had been my home for three years , a place of both hardship and growth .

When I'd first arrived , my father , Richard Winters , had frozen all my accounts . It was his way of forcing me to return home after I'd refused to accept his remarriage to my mother's best friend just two years after her death . I only had a few thousand dollars in my mobile wallet , barely enough to last three days in a hotel . Within those days , I found a position at the lawyer center , rented a tiny room near my workplace , and borrowed money from my cousin Alexander just to eat .

The tiny rental was in a chaotic neighborhood with poor security . Soon after moving in , a drunken man began pounding on my door at night . I remember hiding under the covers , trembling , my wolf instincts screaming at me to either fight or flee . But I couldn't shift - not there , not then . I was alone in human territory , with no pack to protect me . Complaints to the landlord were useless .

He shrugged me off with a dismissive attitude , suggesting I was " too sensitive " and should " learn to live in the real world . " In desperation , I moved again , only to have the unscrupulous landlord refuse to return my deposit . When I confronted him , he hurled insults at me , calling me a " spoiled rich girl playing at independence . " He had no idea who I really was - that I was the daughter of Alpha Richard Winters of the Riverdale pack .

If my father had known how I was being treated , the man would have faced consequences far worse than legal action . < Chapter 8 Farewell to the Pa +25 Puntos > But I handled it my way . Furious , I reported him to the local authorities for safety violations and filed a formal complaint for breach of contract and verbal abuse . Before the court even accepted the case , the landlord returned my deposit . Yet I refused to withdraw the defamation complaint .

I pursued it to the end , eventually winning compensation . Later , I heard the drunken troublemaker had been driven from the neighborhood - justice , I thought with a small smile - and the landlord had disappeared . That was my lowest , yet most resilient , moment . I survived it all alone . Memories flooded back of the day I first met Ethan Grey during a legal consultation . I was still an apprentice then , following a senior lawyer to a subsidiary of Ethan's company .

Coincidentally , Ethan was there conducting an inspection . According to him , it was love at first sight . He pursued me fiercely after that , showing up at my workplace with coffee , sending flowers to my tiny apartment , finding excuses to " accidentally " run into me . He was attentive and generous , always appearing when I needed support most . We shared genuine sweet times together . He took me to quiet restaurants where we talked for hours .

He listened to my opinions with genuine interest , something I hadn't expected from an Alpha heir with his reputation . Until the night of our one - year anniversary : we'd both been drinking wine , sitting close on his couch , the lights dimmed low . Ethan's eyes had darkened as he pulled me close , lowering his head to kiss my lips . Something inside me panicked . I shoved him away forcefully , nearly knocking over the wine glasses on the coffee table . " Why ?

" His voice was hoarse with hurt and confusion . I stammered , unable to explain the sudden fear that had gripped me . " I ... I'm just not ready yet . Please , give me some time . " After that , he became distant . Our relationship continued , but something had changed . He never pushed me again , but the warmth between us had cooled .

I never crossed that boundary with him , nor even accepted his advances willingly , I wasn't sure why - maybe because it was my first relationship , maybe because I subconsciously found him overwhelming , knowing how many women he'd been with . < Chapter 8 : Farewell to the Pa +25 Puntos Whatever the reason , I was now deeply

grateful I had kept my distance . The thought of having given myself completely to someone who saw me as nothing more than a replacement was unbearable .

Returning to Moonlight Manor , Ethan was nowhere to be seen . Perhaps he was with Cassandra , celebrating their reunion now that his mother had successfully driven away the inconvenient girlfriend . I took a long shower , letting the hot water wash away the day's emotions . As I slipped between the cool sheets of my bed , exhaustion overtook me . There were only ten days left before I could leave this place behind , along with the heartbreak and humiliation .

" How wonderful , " I thought quietly as my consciousness drifted away . 2 Comentarios  
Ver anuncios ( 0/20 ) > Votar 246 373