

Chapter 7: Confrontation with Margaret Grey and Farewell -1

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(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 uninchingly. "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 ushing 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 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.

"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 rst love."

The words stung despite my resolve to remain unmoved. Margaret must have noticed, because a satised 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, as if she'd prepared for more resistance and now found herself without purpose.

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 nest 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.