

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 71

48 Points>

Chapter 40: Primal **Instincts**–2

Connor lowered himself closer, until our noses were nearly touching. His voice was low and dangerous as he asked, “Tell me, Livvy, how do *you* want me to help *you*?”

Our mingled breaths blurred all boundaries between us. The scent of him—pine and winter air—filled my senses, making my head spin even more.

Suddenly, summoning all my courage, I seized his collar and pulled him down into a kiss. I felt his ice-blue eyes widen in surprise; I could almost hear the last thread of his restraint snapping.

My lips were soft against his, the kiss unpracticed yet irresistible in its innocence.

After a moment of shock, Connor took control, clasp the back of my head with one large hand while his other arm tightened around my waist, crushing me to his chest.

He deepened the kiss passionately, his masculine scent enveloping me completely. Desire thickened the air between us until even the spacious room felt overheated and

too small to contain what was building between us.

His lips grazed my ear, his voice hoarse and bewitching as he whispered, “Don’t be afraid, Livvy. I’ll be very gentle.”

Enveloped by his masculine presence, I trembled, my breath quickening as his hands began to explore. Together, we abandoned ourselves to primal instinct and

overwhelming pleasure, the night dissolving into a haze of sensation and need.

Hours later, exhausted beyond measure, I finally drifted into a deep, dreamless sleep, safely cradled in Connor's strong arms.

(Vanessa's POV)

The crystal vase shattered against the wall, water and flowers exploding across the pristine white carpet of my Rivers pack villa. My hands trembled as Victor Stone's words echoed in my mind.

"The plan failed. Connor Rivers found her in the elevator. They're together now in the presidential suite."

"What? Olivia Winters was taken away by my brother?!" I screamed, my voice rising to a pitch that hurt my own **ears**.

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Chapter 40 Primal Instinc...

Victor remained silent on the other end of the line, knowing better than to speak when I was in this state.

48 Ports

"Useless! You're all useless!" I shrieked, pacing the room like a caged animal. "Can't even handle such a small matter!"

Furious beyond reason, I smashed my phone against the floor, watching with savage satisfaction as it shattered into pieces. My nails dug into my palms until they drew blood, tiny crimson crescents forming in my pale skin.

My brother had taken Olivia away. They were alone together in a hotel suite. Would they... would they sleep together?

The thought sent panic and jealousy clawing at my chest. Hot tears streamed uncontrollably down my face as I collapsed onto the sofa, my body shaking with

silent sobs.

“No... no... he can only be mine. Only mine!” I whispered into the empty room, hatred blazing in my violet eyes.

Connor had been mine since childhood. I’d loved him first, long before Olivia Winters ever entered the picture. He was supposed to be my mate, my future, my everything.

“Olivia Winters, you stole my brother,” I hissed through clenched teeth. “You stole the one I love most. I want you dead!”

Killing intent surged through me, born from my twisted obsession. This wasn’t over.

Not by a long shot. If I couldn’t have Connor, then neither would she.

(Olivia’s POV)

When I next opened my eyes, daylight poured through the partially drawn curtains, painting golden stripes across the luxurious bed. Every muscle in my body ached pleasantly, a delicious soreness that reminded me of the night’s activities.

Turning my head slowly, I was met with Connor’s perfect, dangerously handsome face just inches from mine. His eyes were closed, long dark lashes casting shadows on his cheekbones, his breathing deep and even in sleep.

My mind went completely blank as memories flooded back. Lifting the quilt and peeking underneath, I instantly covered myself again, my cheeks blazing red.

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< Chapter 40. Primal Instinct

Both of us were completely naked. We... had been intimate last night.

+8 Points

My face flushed deeper as fragments of the night returned to me: my initiative, driven by the drug; my shameless pleas; my uninhibited cries. The mortification

overwhelmed me, making me want to bury my face in the pillows and never emerge.

How could I ever face Connor again after behaving so wantonly? What must he think The source of this content is

of me now?

Resolved to escape this awkward situation, I gingerly lifted the quilt and tiptoed out of bed, wincing slightly at the unfamiliar soreness between my thighs. Our clothes lay scattered chaotically across the floor, evidence of our passionate haste.

My bare skin was covered in faint marks that stunned me once more—small bruises and love bites that told the story of our night together. I swallowed nervously, realizing just how intense our encounter had been.

With no clean clothes to change into and fearing to wake Connor by asking for help, I hurriedly gathered my discarded garments from the floor. My fingers trembled as I slipped them on, trying to make myself presentable enough to leave the suite without drawing attention.

Just as I was about to sneak away, a large warm hand clamped around my wrist. With a sudden tug, I lost my balance and tumbled back onto the bed with a startled gasp. Above me, Connor's languid, teasing voice sounded, his ice-blue eyes gleaming with possessive satisfaction.

"Sleep with me and then try to run away?"

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Whisper 72

Chapter 41: Entwined Hearts and Lingering Shadows—1

Chapter 41: Entwined Hearts and Lingering Shadows

(Olivia's POV)

I gasped as Connor pulled me back onto the bed with one swift movement. Before I could protest, he flipped me over, pressing me beneath his powerful body. His lips descended on mine in a kiss that made my head spin.

Unlike last night's desperate, drug-fueled frenzy, this kiss was gentle and lingering. His lips moved against mine with tender intoxication, making my heart flutter wildly in my chest.

I felt a certain change in his body pressed against mine, and immediately stiffened. Heat rushed to my face, turning it bright red.

"No... no more, I can't take it..." I stammered, still sore from our night together.

Connor's ice-blue eyes shimmered with amusement, the corners crinkling slightly. His voice was deliciously hoarse when he spoke.

"Alright, just a little kiss. I won't torment you anymore."

But his words proved false as his lips descended once again, capturing mine in another breathtaking kiss that left me clinging to his broad shoulders.

After what felt like an eternity of sweet torture, Connor finally released me. Without warning, he scooped me into his arms and carried me toward the bathroom.

As he lifted the quilt, his gaze caught on something that made him pause. Following his line of sight, I saw dark red bloodstains marring the pristine white bedsheet. New novel chapters are published on

Cradled princess-style in his strong arms, I bit my lip shyly. The evidence of my virginity was there for him to see, impossible to hide.

“Um... I... I’m not dirty,” I whispered, feeling oddly vulnerable. “That was my first time.”

Connor’s expression softened immediately. He planted a devout kiss on my forehead, his lips warm against my skin.

“Even if it wasn’t, I wouldn’t mind,” he murmured against my hair.

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< Chapter 41 Entwined Hea.

A newfound confidence surged through me. I raised an eyebrow, my amber eyes meeting his ice-blue ones directly.

“What about you? Was it your first time?”

His jaw tightened slightly, a possessive jealousy flashing across his handsome features.

+8 Points

“Of course,” he replied, his tone slightly clipped. “Unlike some people who have dated before, you are my first love.”

Embarrassment and sweetness mingled in my chest at his words. I couldn’t help the small smile that tugged at my lips.

“Well, you should’ve confessed earlier,” I muttered, looking away.

He chuckled, the sound low and intimate. “Blame me then.”

In the spacious bathroom, Connor lowered me gently into the warm water. To my surprise, he rolled up his sleeves and began washing my hair, his strong fingers massaging my scalp with unexpected tenderness.

I closed my eyes in bliss, relaxing into his touch. “Mmm, Alpha Rivers’ hands are pretty good,” I joked, enjoying the pampering.

His laughter rumbled deep in his chest. “Then I’ll serve you every day from now on.”

After thoroughly washing me, paying special attention to my sore muscles, Connor carried me out of the bath. He placed me carefully on the sofa and began drying my hair with a hairdryer, his movements patient and gentle.

I watched him through the mirror, a complex mix of emotions swirling in my amber eyes. “I didn’t expect our first time to be like this.”

As he carefully blew my hair strand by strand, Connor’s face darkened slightly. The reminder of last night’s events clearly troubled him.

“The man who drugged you has been caught,” he explained, his deep voice tight with controlled anger. “His name is Jeremy Walsh.”

I tensed at the mention, memories **of the** fake waiter flooding **back**.

“He was directed by Lloyd Simmons, that obese man waiting in **the** hotel room,”

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< Chapter 41 Entwined Hea

+ Points>

Connor continued, his hands never pausing in their gentle ministrations. “They acted out of lust without knowing your identity as a member of the Winters pack.”

A shiver ran down my spine at how close I’d come to disaster.

“The authorities have already filed a case for attempted assault with drugging substances. Both men are now in detention.” His voice hardened with promise. “They will suffer the full retribution of the law.”

Connor set down the hairdryer, his ice-blue eyes meeting mine in the mirror. “I searched for you in the lounge but couldn’t find you. By chance, when I pressed the elevator button on the 18th floor to check the penthouse suite, I found you.”

His hands tightened slightly on my shoulders. “If I had been just a moment later...”

He didn’t finish the sentence, but he didn’t need to. We both knew what could have happened.

“Livvy, I will make them pay,” he vowed, his voice heavy with authority.

I fell silent, a toxic mixture of fear, anger, and helplessness welling inside me. Though

I tried to suppress it, the trauma of what had nearly happened still cast a shadow over

1. me.

During this heavy silence, Connor’s phone buzzed repeatedly on the glass coffee

table. He ignored it completely, his attention fully focused on me.

Lord

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Whisper 73

Chapter 41: **Entwined Hearts and Lingering** Shadows—2 C

“Can you help check my phone?” he asked suddenly, breaking the tense atmosphere.

“The password is your birthday.”

I picked up his phone, curious. When the screen lit up, I was startled to see my own

portrait as his lock screen—a photo from my sophomore birthday photoshoot. I

remembered posting it briefly on social media but setting it to disappear after three days.

He had saved it all along.

A shy, quiet joy filled me as I unlocked his phone. I noticed immediately that my chat was pinned at the top—his only pinned contact. My lips curved unconsciously at this small but significant detail.

“You have several messages,” I told him, reading the notifications aloud. “Margaret Grey is asking why you haven’t answered her calls. She wants you to bring me to the pack dinner tomorrow night.”

Connor nodded, continuing to arrange my hair.

“Henry Morris has questions about some business matters. Ethan Quinn wants you to watch a race with him.” I scrolled further. “And Alexander Winters is discussing what to do with those criminals. He says he’s already called ahead to the detention center.”

Just as I was about to exit the messages, my gaze caught on a muted conversation—messages from Vanessa Reed. A complicated mix of jealousy and wariness drove me to tap on it. For more chapters visit

I skimmed through a torrent of desperate pleas spanning half a month:

“Brother, are you still mad at me?” “I was just scared you’d be stolen by Sister Olivia, I swear I won’t do it again, please forgive me.” “Brother, I’m in pain, doctor said I might have sequelae.” “Brother, I miss you.” “Brother, will you come pick me up from the hospital tomorrow?” “Brother, it’s because of Sister Olivia you **won’t** see me, right? Please ask her to forgive me.”

Apart from a single reply—“It has nothing to do with **her**”—**Connor** had ignored all her

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Chapter 41: Entwined Hea..

emotional bombardment. He had even silenced her chat.

I closed the messages, my heart in turmoil. The intimacy of Vanessa's words far surpassed normal foster sibling boundaries, sparking sour jealousy in my chest.

"Will Vanessa be at tomorrow's pack dinner?" I asked quietly.

+15 Points>

Connor frowned, his hands pausing in my hair. "Yes. Just as well, she can apologize to you properly in front of everyone."

Annoyance and unease prickled inside me. My expression grew frosty as I stood up abruptly.

"Have someone send over some clothes," I said coldly. "I need to go out."

Connor noticed my sudden chill. He approached me cautiously, his brow furrowed in concern.

"What's wrong? Are you upset?" he asked gently.

"No," I denied flatly, avoiding his gaze.

He glanced quickly at his phone, realization dawning on his face. In two long strides, he was behind me, circling my waist with his strong arms. His familiar scent—pine and winter air—enveloped me as he whispered with certainty.

"I don't have any romantic feelings for her."

I remained silent, lips pressed tight, unwilling to admit how much Vanessa's messages had bothered me.

"Livvy, don't be angry, okay?" he coaxed softly, using my intimate nickname in an attempt to soothe me.

I raised my amber eyes to meet his, keeping my face deliberately blank.

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'Just get me some clothes," I insisted. "I'm going out soon."

His arms tightened around me, unwilling to let go. I could feel his possessiveness and concern intermingling as he pressed.

“Where are you going? I’ll take you.”

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Whisper 74

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<Chapter 42 Pack Bonds a

Chapter 42: Pack Bonds and Hidden **Truths**—1

Chapter 42: Pack Bonds and Hidden Truths.

(Olivia’s POV)

“I have an appointment with my colleagues this afternoon to visit the colleague who was injured during the knife attack last time,” I explained softly, adjusting the silk scarf around my neck.

Connor immediately nodded, his ice-blue eyes warming with consideration. “I’ll have Henry prepare some fruit baskets, flowers, and nutritional supplements.”

Without refusing his kindness, I nodded. “Alright.”

Moments later, the hotel staff delivered a brand new set of women’s clothing – a cream-colored blouse and tailored navy slacks that fit me perfectly. I couldn’t help but wonder how Connor had managed to get my exact size.

When I finished changing and was about to leave, Connor suddenly pulled me back with a gentle tug on my wrist.

“Wait,” he said, his voice low.

I looked at him, puzzled. "What is it?"

Connor smiled with a hint of mischief and pointed at my neck. Confused, I walked over to the vanity and looked into the mirror.

I sharply inhaled at what I saw. Several purplish marks dotted my neck, unmistakable evidence of our night together. Heat rushed to my face as I turned around and glared at him coquettishly.

"Why did you leave hickeys here?" I demanded, trying to sound stern despite my embarrassment.

Connor rubbed his nose, chuckling. "Not just there."

My eyes widened in horror. "What do you mean 'not just there'?"

"Check your collarbone," he suggested with a smirk.

I quickly pulled my blouse aside and gasped at the trail of marks. "**Connor** Rivers!

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<Chapter 42 Pack Bonds a

How am I supposed to see anyone like this?"

"I'll have someone bring over a silk scarf," he offered, not looking the least bit apologetic.

I sighed in resignation. "I guess that's the only way."

*15 Points?

After twenty minutes spent tidying up and ensuring all evidence of our passionate night was properly concealed, we finally headed downstairs.

In the underground parking lot, Frank Langley was already waiting beside a luxury SUV. His expression remained professionally neutral, though I wondered if he could guess what had transpired between Connor and me.

Opening the trunk, Frank revealed several carefully prepared fruit baskets, bouquets of fresh flowers, and high-quality nutritional supplements.

“Mr. Rivers, here are the items you instructed me to bring,” he reported efficiently.

Connor nodded approvingly, inspecting the items. I was touched by his thoughtfulness and the speed with which he’d arranged everything.

“Thank you, Frank,” I said sincerely.

Frank replied courteously, “It’s nothing, Miss Winters.”

Frank took his place in the driver’s seat while Connor and I settled in the back. As the vehicle pulled away from the hotel, I tugged nervously at the silk scarf, still uneasy about the marks beneath.

“Is it covered well enough?” I whispered, leaning closer to Connor. “Can they still see?”

Connor’s lips curved with a teasing smile as he adjusted the scarf slightly. “Don’t worry. It’s perfectly hidden.”

His fingers lingered against my skin, sending a shiver down my spine that had nothing to do with the air conditioning.

After a fifteen-minute drive through the busy streets of Harbor City, the SUV stopped at the hospital entrance. I stepped out, circled around to **the** trunk, and picked up a fruit basket.

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“I’ll call you later,” I told Connor through the open window.

He nodded, his ice-blue eyes intense. “Take care, Livvy.”

+15 Points >

The car drove away, leaving me standing alone at the entrance with the gift basket in my arms.

Shortly after, I spotted Valerie Pierce from Moonlaw Legal Services approaching. Her sharp gaze swept over me, lingering on the silk scarf and the expensive fruit basket I carried.

“Oh, did I see correctly? Just now you stepped down from a luxury SUV?” she asked, her tone dripping with curiosity.

I frowned slightly at her prying. “Yes, what about it?”

Valerie sneered strangely, her eyes narrowing. “I didn’t expect that from you, Lawyer Winters.”

Marcus Wilson appeared beside her, his expression eager for gossip. “Lawyer Winters, who was that?” he asked, not bothering to hide his nosiness.

“My boyfriend,” I answered frankly, seeing no reason to hide my relationship with Connor.

Marcus burst *out* laughing as if I’d told a particularly amusing joke. Valerie’s tone dripped with sarcasm as she exchanged glances with him.

“Oh, boyfriend? Hahaha, sure, we understand,” she said with exaggerated understanding.

Disregarding their odd attitudes, I carried the fruit basket towards the ward. Their behavior was strange, but I had more important things to focus on than office.

politics.

Behind me, I could hear Valerie's whispered words to Marcus. "That man in the luxury SUV must be her sugar daddy. No wonder she splurged treating the whole firm to lunch at Moonlight Manor on her first day. Turns out she has a backer."

Marcus nodded eagerly. "Exactly, I was wondering how she dared spend so much.

Now it all makes sense!"

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Whisper 75

+15 Points >

Chapter 42: Pack **Bonds and Hidden Truths**—2

Valerie's voice was full of contempt. "A disgrace to the legal profession."

I pretended not to hear, but their words stung more than I wanted to admit.

The next day arrived quickly, bringing with it the scheduled family dinner at the Rivers Family Mansion. Before heading there, I first stopped by the Winters Family Estate nearby.

Inside, my father Richard Winters and his second mate Natalie were both present in the living room. My father's white hair gleamed in the afternoon light as he looked up at my arrival.

"You haven't been staying at home lately," he observed, his tone gentler than I remembered. "Where have you been living?"

Having learned the hidden truth behind my father's remarriage—that it was my mother Sarah's dying wish for him to find happiness again—my attitude had softened considerably. The bitterness I'd carried for years had begun to dissolve, leaving room for understanding.

"I'm living in a furnished apartment my cousin Alexander gave me," I replied calmly.

"It's close to the law firm, so it's convenient for work."

Richard nodded approvingly, his amber eyes—so like my own—warming slightly. "When you

have some time, I'll introduce you to some uncles and elders, to help you build up your client base."

I did not refuse this offer of resources as I might have done before. "Alright, maybe next weekend."

Suddenly, the patter of small feet drew my attention. Grace ran downstairs with bright eyes and hugged my leg tightly.

"Sister! Sister, you're back!" she exclaimed, her childish voice filled with genuine delight.

I gently patted her head, feeling an unexpected warmth spread through my chest. "Yes."

III

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Chapter 42 Pack Bonds a....

+15 Points >

Natalie smiled warmly from where she sat. "How have you been lately, Olivia? Are you adapting well to your new place?"

I no longer confronted her with the cold hostility I'd shown before. Instead, I merely nodded lightly, acknowledging her question without encouraging further conversation.

“I’ll go upstairs to get something first,” I said, disengaging gently from Grace’s embrace.

I ascended to my old room, leaving the couple behind. Through the partially open door, I could hear Natalie’s whispered words.

“Richard, don’t you feel Olivia has changed? She’s softened a lot this time.”

My father’s voice carried a note of gratification. “She’s grown up now, no longer so rebellious.”

Inside my room, I was about to do my makeup when my gaze fell to the vanity. There, Grace’s crayon drawing lay quietly where she must have left it during one of her visits to my room.

For a moment, my emotions were a turbulent sea. The childish artwork depicted a happy family of four: Richard and Natalie on the sides, myself as the taller figure in the middle, and little Grace beside me, all holding hands under a bright yellow sun.

My eyes lingered on the drawing, complicated feelings swirling within me. Grace had drawn me as part of their family, despite my years of coldness toward her and Natalie.

After a long pause, I carefully rolled up the drawing and stored it away in my drawer. The gesture felt symbolic somehow, as if I were finally making space in my heart for the possibility of a new family dynamic.

Having finished dressing and applying my makeup, I went downstairs to join my family as we all headed to the Rivers home.

I had chosen an elegant apricot-colored dress paired with white leather heels, a combination that made me appear dignified and graceful—a daughter-in-law any elders would approve of

Grace wore a bright red dress with two buns tied up and adorned with strawberry hair clips, looking festive and adorable as she skipped alongside me.

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< Chapter 42: Pack Bonds a...

+15 Points >

The Winters couple followed behind as Grace and I entered the Rivers Family Mansion, where Connor personally came *to* greet us at the door. His ice-blue eyes warmed visibly when they landed on me.

Inside, William and Katherine Rivers welcomed us with warm smiles. Standing beside them, Vanessa also offered some polite greetings, her *expression* carefully controlled.

I glanced at her with an indifferent face, remembering her desperate messages to Connor. Despite my newfound relationship with him, I couldn't help the wariness I felt in her presence.

The dining table was lavishly set with an array of dishes that I recognized as my favorites—venison steak cooked medium-rare, mushroom soup with a hint of truffle, and fresh berry tarts for dessert. The careful selection showed Mrs. Rivers' attention to detail and desire to make me feel welcome.

After dinner, both families gathered in the living room to discuss the upcoming engagement details. The atmosphere was cordial, with light conversation flowing between the two families.

Before Mrs. Rivers could begin discussing the formal arrangements, Connor suddenly interrupted with a cold, commanding tone that silenced the room.

"Since everyone is here, I have something to say."

All eyes turned to him, surprised by the sudden shift in his demeanor. His face had hardened into the mask of an Alpha, authoritative and unyielding.

"Vanessa, *come* over and apologize to Olivia."

Vanessa's eyes widened in shock, her lips trembling slightly. The color drained from her face as she stared at Connor in disbelief.

Mrs. Rivers frowned, clearly displeased by this unexpected confrontation. "Connor!" she admonished, her voice sharp.

Undeterred, Connor's gaze sharpened, exuding chilling authority that filled the room. Even I felt a shiver run down my spine at the power in his voice.

"Didn't you hear me? Come here and apologize."

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<Chapter 42 Pack Bonds a

+15 Points>

Mr. Rivers looked between his son and foster daughter, confusion evident on his face.

"What is going on?"

Connor's voice grew colder, carrying a blade-like sharpness that cut through the tension in the room. "Tell everyone honestly what happened at Crescent Moon Stables that day. If you dare to hide anything, I will say it myself."

I slightly curled my lips, remaining silent as all eyes turned briefly to *me*. My father leaned closer, his voice quiet.

"Why is Connor making Vanessa apologize to you? What did she do?"

Calmly, I replied, "Let's see what she says."

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Whisper 76

Chapter 43: The Truth Unveiled, A Family Torn Apart—1

Chapter 43: The Truth Unveiled, A Family Torn Apart

(Eleanor's POV)

Vanessa looked at me with tearful eyes, her delicate features contorted in distress.

“Grandma...” she pleaded, her voice barely above a whisper.

I glanced between my grandson Connor, standing tall with that unmistakable Rivers family authority, and Vanessa, the girl I’d doted on since she joined our family. The tension in the room was suffocating.

“Forget it,” I sighed deeply, my old heart heavy with disappointment. “Vanessa, since that incident at Crescent Moon Stables was a misunderstanding, please explain it again in front of everyone. I believe Olivia is not an unreasonable person.”

The weight of my words pressed upon Vanessa like a physical force. No one spoke up to shield her now, not even me, her beloved foster grandmother who had always taken her side.

Sniffling pitifully, she began her tale, painting herself as a wronged and fragile girl.

“That day at the stables, I asked Sister Olivia to teach me to ride. Everything was going well, but suddenly Moonbeam went mad and threw me off, and I was injured.”

Everyone present knew this story, yet the way Connor had hinted earlier suggested a hidden agenda. We all listened in silence, waiting for her to continue.

Vanessa nervously glanced at Connor, whose ice-blue gaze was sharp as a blade, making her visibly tremble. She bit her lip and added more details.

“Actually, it was just a misunderstanding. I thought Sister Olivia disliked me and deliberately made Moonbeam crazy to harm me. But afterward, I heard that there was a wound found on the mare’s neck, probably from before she was brought out.”

Her voice grew shakier as she continued.

“I must have accidentally pressed on the injury, which caused Moonbeam to panic and lose control.”

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< Chapter 43 The Truth Unv

+15 Points >

Turning her tear-filled violet eyes to Olivia, she choked out, "I'm sorry, Sister Olivia. I wrongly suspected you and shouldn't have harbored such malicious thoughts. Can you forgive me?"

(Olivia's POV)

I frowned but remained silent, my amber eyes cool and detached. The performance before me was painfully transparent—Vanessa's pitiful act failing to mask the deception that anyone could detect.

Her violet eyes brimmed with tears that seemed calculated rather than genuine. The way she twisted the truth while appearing to confess disgusted me.

(Katherine's POV)

I could not hide my displeasure as I watched this shameful display. My foster daughter, whom I had raised alongside my own son, had apparently lied about Olivia.

"Vanessa, how could you think such a thing of Olivia? How could she harm you?" I reproached, my amber eyes flashing with maternal disappointment.

William, my husband and Alpha of our family, frowned deeply beside me.

"Why didn't you just enroll in an equestrian class if you wanted to learn?" he asked sternly. "Not only did you fail to learn, you got yourself injured and even created such a misunderstanding with your brother's fiancée."

The mention of "fiancée" visibly sparked something in Vanessa's eyes—a flash of jealousy that she quickly suppressed. She bowed her head, whispering, "I know I was wrong, Dad, *Mom*."

(Connor's POV)

I kept my eyes icy, refusing to soften at her practiced display of remorse.

"Didn't *you* say that day Olivia kicked Moonbeam hard, causing her to go wild? Why don't you mention that now?" I challenged.

Without waiting for her reply, I turned to my parents, my voice cold as frost.

“Mom, Dad, who has been responsible for Vanessa’s upbringing? How did she become like this—full of lies and schemes?”

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Chapter 43: The Truth Unv...

+15 Points >

My parents exchanged a worried glance, finally realizing the matter was more serious than a childish quarrel. My mother turned sharply toward Vanessa.

“Did you lie to us?” she demanded.

Vanessa’s tears gushed anew, pitiful and desperate. “I... I was wrong, Mom...”

My grandmother’s expression hardened as the truth became clear.

“You told me it was a misunderstanding, but you never said you lied to frame her,” she said, her voice trembling with disappointment. “Is this what your education taught you—to slander others with lies?”

(Richard’s POV)

I felt my face darken with anger as I listened to this confession. My daughter had been wrongfully accused by this girl.

“Matriarch Rivers, Mr. Rivers, my daughter Olivia would never harm anyone,” I stated firmly. “Since your foster daughter lied to frame her, I expect a proper explanation.”

Beside me, Natalie’s voice rang out too, unusually protective.

“Yes, Olivia is the treasure of our family. We may not be as influential as your Rivers family, but our daughter is kind and innocent, never capable of such despicable acts.”

(Olivia's POV)

Hearing my father and stepmother defend me so sincerely, my heart tightened with a wave of emotion. The years of estrangement suddenly paled before their unwavering protection—perhaps their love had always been there, even if buried beneath misunderstandings.

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Whisper 77

Chapter 43: The Truth Unveiled, A Family Torn Apart–2

I glanced at Natalie, seeing her in a new light. She had called me “the treasure of our family” without hesitation.

Vanessa sobbed harder, then bowed deeply to me. “I’m sorry, Sister Olivia. I was wrong. I shouldn’t have lied and slandered you. I’m sorry...”

(Connor's POV)

Without hesitation, I announced coldly, “Dad, Mom, Grandmother, I will be sending my foster sister abroad.”

My words stunned everyone into silence. The ticking of the grandfather clock in the corner seemed deafening in the sudden quiet.

Vanessa’s eyes widened with panic, and she started shaking her head wildly.

“No, I don’t want to go abroad! I don’t want to leave!” she cried, her composure completely shattered.

My tone remained resolute and unyielding. “This is a notice, not a discussion.”

(Eleanor’s POV)

I felt my voice tremble in reluctance. Despite her faults, Vanessa had been my companion for years.

“I disagree. Vanessa keeps me company at home,” I protested. “You and your parents are always so busy—who will be with me if she leaves?”

Then Connor dropped a bombshell, his voice slicing through the room like a blade. Discover more novels at

“Vanessa covets her own foster brother. Are you really going to keep her in Riverdale?

Aren’t *you* afraid of scandal?”

“WHAT!” I nearly choked on my breath, clutching at my chest in shock. William and Katherine paled with disgust beside me.

(Katherine’s POV)

My face turned ashen as the implication of Connor’s words sank in.

“What is the meaning of this?” I demanded, unable to believe what I was hearing.

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Chapter 43 The Truth Uny...

+15 Points >

Vanessa’s complexion drained of all color. She trembled violently, lips white as chalk.

“Brother, you... you...” she stammered, unable to form a coherent denial.

(Connor’s POV)

My face darkened, my tone merciless as I confronted the truth we had all ignored for too long.

“Vanessa, put away those filthy thoughts. Stay far away from me. I will never be interested in you.”

(Olivia’s POV)

I was stunned by his ruthless exposure. My amber eyes widened slightly.

I never expected that, just because I once hinted Vanessa might be infatuated with her foster brother, Connor would now tear apart all illusions so publicly and cruelly, even banishing her abroad without mercy.

(Eleanor’s POV)

I felt overwhelmed, clutching my chest as my voice trembled with anger and heartbreak.

“Is it true? Did you really harbor such shameless feelings for your brother?”

Vanessa desperately wanted to deny it—I could see it in her eyes—but the words died in her throat. She could neither confess nor lie.

What she couldn’t do was say she didn’t love him, because her obsession was clearly bone-deep. Yet she couldn’t bear the idea of leaving him behind forever.

“Grandma, I... I...” Her sobs turned hysterical. “Please, don’t send me away!”

(William’s POV)

I watched my wife’s gaze fill with disgust and outrage. This girl we had welcomed into our home, raised as our own, had betrayed our trust in the most disturbing way.

I sighed heavily, seeing no alternative. “Tomorrow we will arrange your departure immediately. You still have the villa we bought for you in the Western Territory. You can live there. I’ll arrange a position for you at our overseas branch.”

Connor’s voice cut through her pleas, firm and final. “Without my permission, you are

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< Chapter 43: The Truth Uny...

never to return to the Northern Territory.”

(Vanessa’s POV)

+15 Points ?

“No! I won’t go!” My despair exploded into madness. “Brother, I don’t want to leave you!”

My tears streamed uncontrollably, my voice shrill and crazed. I couldn’t hold back anymore—years of hidden feelings burst forth like a broken dam.

“Why? Why can’t I love you? We grew up together, but there’s no blood relation. Why can’t you just look back at me? Is it wrong that I love you? Is it wrong that I want to be with you forever?”

(Katherine’s POV)

A resounding slap echoed through the hall.

I stood tall, having struck Vanessa’s face hard enough to leave a vivid handprint. My voice was cold with fury.

“Shut up! Stop talking nonsense! Connor is your brother, and will always be your brother. Even if one day you leave the Rivers family, you’ll never be with him!”

(Vanessa’s POV)

I sneered bitterly, my cheek stinging from Katherine’s slap.

“Heh, do you think I care about being your adopted daughter?” I glared at her with hatred that had festered for years. “If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have become his

sister. Did *you* ever ask if I wanted to be adopted? I never wanted to be his sister!”

With *those* venomous words, I turned and stormed out of the Rivers family mansion, leaving stunned silence behind.

(Olivia’s POV)

Witnessing this ugly and heart–wrenching scene, my heart remained unsettled for a long time.

The family that had seemed so perfect from the outside had just been torn apart before my eyes. Vanessa’s confession and subsequent banishment had exposed raw wounds that would not heal easily.

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Chapter 45 The Truth De

Beside me, Connor gently took my hand, his palm warm and steady against mine. His voice lowered softly, comforting me with quiet determination.

“Livvy, don’t carry any guilt in your heart. None of this is your fault.”

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Whisper 78

+15 Points >

Chapter 44: The Trap at Moonlight Club—1

Chapter 44: The Trap at Moonlight Club

(Vanessa's POV)

The Rivers family moved with ruthless efficiency. Less than twenty-four hours after my humiliation, all the arrangements were complete. Two burly security guards flanked me as we walked through Harbor City Regional Airport, their grip on my arms

tight enough to prevent any escape attempt.

I kept my head high despite the tears threatening to spill. How dare they treat me like a criminal? After everything I'd done for this family?

As I boarded the plane, hatred consumed me like a living flame. My nails dug crescents into my palms as I settled into the first-class seat they'd booked to ship me away.

"Olivia Winters," I whispered venomously, "all of this is your fault."

The flight attendant offered me a drink, but I waved her away. My thoughts were too *poisonous* for interruption.

Without that woman, Connor would have eventually noticed me. He would have seen my *devotion*, my love that had never wavered since childhood. He would have been mine.

"You stole him from me!" I hissed under my breath, causing the passenger across the aisle to glance over nervously.

I turned to stare out the window as the plane began to taxi. The Western Territory awaited me—along with someone who might help me overturn this nightmare and exact the revenge I so desperately craved.

A cold smile curved my lips. This wasn't over. Not by a long shot.

(Olivia's POV)

The afternoon light slanted through the windows of Moonlaw Legal Services as I organized the last of my case files. Most of my colleagues had already left for the day. when Heather Phillips approached my desk, a manila folder in her manicured hands.

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Chapter 44 The Trap at M

“Olivia,” she said with a professional smile, “do you have a moment?”

I nodded, setting aside the brief I’d been reviewing. “Of course, Ms. Phillips.”

She placed the folder before me, her expression encouraging. “Usually negotiating cases is the business department’s work, but you know, being a lawyer requires

negotiation skills. It’s better if lawyers can secure cases themselves. I have a potential client for you to meet.”

Opening the folder, I scanned the documents inside. This was exactly the kind of opportunity I’d lacked at my previous position in Harbor City, where I’d struggled as an outsider with no connections. This text is hosted at

“This could be valuable experience,” I murmured, genuinely interested.

Heather’s smile widened. “If you land this client, I’ll give *you* a 20% commission, stacked on top of your usual legal fees.”

The money didn’t particularly interest me—my *focus* was on building my professional reputation. Still, the gesture was appreciated.

“Okay, Ms. Phillips,” I replied, closing the folder. “I’ll handle it.”

She patted my shoulder kindly. “The meeting is set for 7 p.m., Moonlight Club. I’ll have Kenneth Westfield accompany you. Sorry for the overtime.”

I nodded without hesitation. “That’s fine. I appreciate the opportunity.”

As Heather walked away, I checked my watch. Just enough time to prepare.

The office had emptied considerably by 6:30 when I approached Kenneth Westfield's desk. He was still there, packing his briefcase with exaggerated movements.

"Kenneth," I began politely, "shall we discuss transportation to Moonlight Club?"

He looked up, his gaze immediately filling with undisguised contempt. "Why don't you have your boyfriend bring over his luxury SUV to show off?"

I stiffened. Yesterday, Kenneth had seen me step out of Connor's vehicle at Harbor City Memorial Hospital, and apparently, he'd been nursing his jealousy ever since.

"It's too late to have him bring the car," I replied evenly. "I'll just take a cab."

My Glacier Blue Bentley Continental GT was still parked at the Winters Family Estate.

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Chapter 44: The Trap at M....

+15 Points>

Connor had driven me home yesterday after our visit to Dorothy Jenkins, and I hadn't had a chance to retrieve it.

Kenneth's lips curled into a sneer. "Can't bear to part with that luxury ride? Unlike us ordinary folks, who'd never sit in a Rivers family vehicle. Oh right, I guess my Porsche Macan just isn't good enough compared to your big shot's SUV."

His petty jealousy was becoming tiresome. I felt my patience wearing thin.

"Have I ever offended you?" I asked directly. "Why are you so bitter? Did I buy that car with your money?"

He scoffed, adjusting his tie with an aggressive tug. "As if I could afford it."

Something in me snapped. "Instead of being so envious and bitter, why don't you work harder yourself? Why be such a sore loser?"

My words struck a nerve. Kenneth's face darkened with rage, and he leaned forward, his voice dropping to a venomous hiss.

"Yeah, I'm jealous I'm not a woman. Unlike you, who can just spread her legs and hook a rich man."

Heat rushed to my face, not from embarrassment but from pure fury. "You're a lawyer - *you* should know slander is illegal. Clean up your mouth, or I won't hesitate to drag *you* to court myself."

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Whisper 79

+15 Points >

Chapter 44: The Trap at Moonlight Club—2

For a moment, he seemed to realize he'd crossed a line. Then he rolled his eyes dramatically, grabbed his briefcase, and stormed off without another word.

I took a deep breath, trying to calm my racing heart. After ordering a taxi, I headed *for* Moonlight Club alone.

The club was only ten minutes away, its neon sign casting a purple glow over the entrance. Inside, I was directed to a private suite where Kenneth was already seated with two middle-aged men—Harold Blackwood and Douglas Thornton.

The scene that greeted me was distasteful at best. Both men, one overweight and the other with slicked-back hair that glistened with too much product, had heavily made-up women perched on their laps. The moment I entered, all eyes fixed on me

with undisguised interest.

"And this is...?" Harold asked, his gaze traveling over my body in a way that made my

skin crawl.

Kenneth shot me a contemptuous glance but remained silent.

Maintaining my professional demeanor, I placed the contract on the table and smiled politely. “Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Thornton, I’m Olivia Winters from Moonlaw Legal Services, here *to discuss* our legal advisor agreement.”

I sat down gracefully, determined not to show my discomfort. “Your contract with the previous firm is expiring, right? Our firm leads the industry in Riverdale, with top specialists in civil, criminal, IP, and administrative law. Also, I heard Mr. Thornton’s company has a trademark dispute—we’ve handled thousands of those successfully.” Harold barely glanced at the contract before tossing it aside. His eyes remained fixed on me as he smiled, revealing yellowed teeth.

“Legal advisor, huh? Easy. But first, Ms. Winters, have a few drinks with me, and then everything’s negotiable.”

Douglas leaned forward, his cologne overpowering. “Such a pretty woman should consider working for me instead. I’ll pay you double what they’re giving you. No more running around hustling clients.”

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Chapter 44 The Trap at M...

+15 Points

I kept my expression neutral despite the disgust churning in my stomach. “Sorry, Mr. Thornton. I’m here to negotiate legal services, not to sell myself.”

Douglas laughed, a harsh sound that grated on my nerves. “No rush, sweetheart. Here’s my card. If you ever get tired of ‘working hard, call me.”

I made no move to take it. “If you want to sign the contract, I’m happy to follow up. If not, there’s nothing more to discuss.”

His expression darkened. “Playing hard to get, huh?”

From the corner, Kenneth sneered, “Stop pretending to be some pure innocent.”

Harold raised a glass, his smile turning predatory. “Come on, Ms. Winters, have a drink first, then we’ll talk business.”

My wolf instincts screamed danger. The drink he offered likely contained something sinister—I'd had enough experience with suspicious beverages to recognize the threat.

"Sorry, Mr. Blackwood, I don't drink," I replied firmly.

Harold's smile vanished. He set the glass down with deliberate slowness and rose from his seat, approaching me like a predator.

"So aloof. You don't understand the rules of this game. Let me teach you."

Before I could react, his sweaty hand clamped around my wrist. He lunged forward, his face inches from mine.

My training kicked in instantly. With a swift movement born of both anger and self-preservation, I twisted Harold's arm behind his back, applying just enough pressure to make him yelp.

"You f****g b***h! How dare you lay hands on me!" he howled, his face contorting with rage.

Douglas jumped up, his chair crashing to the floor. "You'll regret this!"

As he lunged toward me, I kicked out sharply, my heel connecting with a vulnerable spot. He doubled over with a howl of pain.

I took advantage of their momentary incapacitation to dash toward the door.

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Chapter 44: The Trap at M...

"Get her! Tonight I'm going to teach that arrogant b***h a lesson!" Harold roared behind me.

+15 Points >

Footsteps pounded after me—Kenneth first, then the two enraged men. I raced down the corridor, my high heels hampering my speed.

Ignoring the elevator—too slow, too risky—I pushed through the door to the stairwell and flew down the steps, nearly stumbling in my haste.

I burst out onto the ground floor, heart pounding, and crashed directly into a solid, warm chest. A familiar scent enveloped me—pine, moonlight, and something uniquely masculine.

Looking up abruptly, I found myself staring into worried ice-blue eyes. Connor Rivers stood before me, his expression shifting from concern to protective anger as he took in my disheveled appearance.

His arms came around me gently but firmly. “Livvy, what happened? Why are you running like this?”

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Chapter 45: Predators and Protectors—1

Chapter 45: Predators and Protectors

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“Alpha Connor...” The name escaped my lips in a breathless whisper as I found myself safely enveloped in his strong arms.

Behind me, heavy footsteps pounded to a sudden halt. I turned slightly to see Harold Blackwood and Douglas Thornton frozen in their tracks, their earlier predatory expressions melting into shock and fear.

Harold's mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. The vulgar threats he'd been shouting moments ago died in his throat as he took in the imposing figure

holding me protectively.

"You're... Rivers... President Rivers?" Douglas stammered, his face draining of color as recognition dawned.

Connor's four bodyguards flanked him like a wall of muscle, their expressions promising violence. The two businessmen seemed to shrink before my eyes, their earlier swagger evaporating into trembling panic.

I felt *Connor's* chest rise against mine as he drew a deep breath. His ice-blue eyes had turned glacial, radiating an oppressive aura that seemed to drop the temperature

in the entire lobby.

"P-President Rivers," Harold forced out a sickening attempt at a smile, sweat beading on his forehead. "Do you know this Miss Winters?"

Connor didn't bother responding to their pathetic groveling. His jaw tightened as he shot a meaningful glance toward his bodyguards.

Without a word, the four men moved forward with practiced efficiency. They seized Harold and Douglas, who offered no resistance as they were effortlessly restrained.

"They tried *to* force me to drink something suspicious," I explained quietly, looking up at Connor. "When I refused and tried to leave, they became aggressive. They were going to... to teach me a lesson."

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Chapter 45: Predators and.

Connor's expression remained dangerously calm as he gently took my hand. His touch was warm despite the coldness in his eyes.

"I'll take you home," he said simply, his voice leaving no room for argument.

+15 Points>

I nodded and followed obediently, but couldn't help glancing back at the two men being dragged away. A knot of anxiety formed in my stomach.

"What will you do with those two?" I asked softly.

Connor's reply was measured yet somehow more frightening for its calmness. "Let them learn a lesson."

Though he didn't elaborate, I understood the implication. The Rivers pack didn't tolerate those who threatened their own, and Harold and Douglas had made a grave mistake.

Inside the club, the bodyguards roughly shoved the two businessmen into a private room. The door slammed shut behind them with an ominous finality.

Harold immediately collapsed to his knees, his earlier arrogance completely shattered.

"Please, I was wrong!" he sobbed, clasping his hands together. "I didn't know Miss Winters was President Rivers' woman! Please spare me!"

Douglas's legs trembled violently as he backed against the wall. "We meant no disrespect to the Rivers family! It was just a misunderstanding!"

The bodyguards exchanged cold glances, unmoved by their pleas. Without warning, the first blow landed—a sickening crunch followed by a howl of pain.

More blows followed, methodical and merciless. The men's screams grew louder, then hoarser, until finally, there was only silence.

The message was clear; no one touched what belonged to the Rivers pack.

The next morning, I felt the change as soon as I walked through the doors of Moonlaw Legal Services. Conversations halted abruptly as I passed. Colleagues averted their eyes or stared with undisguised curiosity.

The whispers followed me down the hallway like persistent shadows.

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< Chapter 45: Predators and...

“Did you hear what happened?”

“They say she’s being kept by someone powerful...”

“No wonder she drives that expensive car...”

+15 Points>

I kept my head high, refusing to acknowledge the gossip swirling around me. Gregory Thompson’s desk remained empty—he was still recovering from his injury—leaving

me alone in our shared office.

I had barely settled at my desk when a sharp knock interrupted my thoughts. Heather Phillips stood in the doorway, her expression severe.

“Come to my office,” she commanded, her tone leaving no room for refusal.

I followed her silently, already anticipating what was coming. The tension in her shoulders told me everything I needed to know.

Once inside her office, Heather closed the door with unnecessary force. Her gaze was sharp with barely contained anger.

“I heard you and Kenneth Westfield went to meet clients, but you got into a conflict *and* assaulted them?” Her accusation hung in the air between us.

I met her gaze steadily. “I went to discuss the case, but those two men were only interested in filthy things. They assaulted me. I was defending myself.”

Heather’s *face* darkened further. “I know you’re skilled, but violence doesn’t solve anything! *You cost* us two major clients.”

The unfairness of her accusation stung. My voice cooled several degrees. “I was polite at first, but they were obscene and aggressive. Supervisor Phillips, I’m a lawyer, not a plaything. Such disgusting clients—we don’t need.”

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III

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