

Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

Whisper 81

Chapter 45: Predators and Protectors–2

+15 Points)

My blunt response seemed to infuriate her. She slammed her palm against the desk, making the pens jump.

“How arrogant!” she snapped. “Do you know how much *your* impulsiveness cost us? A five–year legal advisory contract worth \$150,000, and other disputes totaling at

least \$500,000! Are you going to pay the \$650,000 loss?”

I felt my lips curl into a cold smile. “Fine. I’ll fill that hole today. But don’t ever send me to meet scumbags like them again.” The source of this content is

Heather’s eyes widened in disbelief before narrowing into a sneer. “Before *you* leave work, I want contracts signed and payment proof in hand. If not, don’t bother coming

tomorrow. You’ve caused serious losses—we have every right to terminate *your* position without compensation.”

I held her gaze without flinching. “Understood.”

As I left her office, I passed by Kenneth Westfield’s desk. His face split into a gloating smirk when he saw me.

“Wow, Lawyer Winters,” he called loudly enough for others to hear, “after offending clients *and* losing big business, you still have the face to come to work? If I were you,

I’d be too ashamed.”

I shot him a frosty glance but kept walking. His petty satisfaction wasn't worth my attention.

Back at my desk, my phone buzzed with a message from Jade Mitchell, the young intern I'd helped during that expensive dinner outing.

"Lawyer Winters, did *you* see the social media posts from Valerie Pierce and Kenneth Westfield? They're attacking you."

My stomach tightened as I opened the screenshots she'd attached.

Valerie's post was thinly veiled but unmistakable: "Some women are shameless- young, healthy, but don't work hard, just rely on rich protectors. Such people disgrace

the profession."

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<Chapter 45: Predators and....

+15 Points>

Kenneth's attack was more direct: "If you already have a rich man with a Bentley, just stay home and play pampered princess. Don't come here pretending *to* work and ruin deals, dragging me down too. Hypocritical bitch."

Jade sent another message: "They've blocked you from viewing their posts. They're the ones who spread rumors you're kept by a wealthy man. They even created a gossip group chat just to slander you."

More screenshots followed—over thirty of them—showing a group chat dedicated entirely to tearing apart my reputation. The messages were vicious, speculating about my relationship with Connor, mocking my work ethic, and painting me as nothing more than a gold-digger.

"Wonder how many men she had to sleep with to get that Bentley?"

“Pretends to be so professional but really just a high-class escort.”

“No wonder she doesn’t care about losing clients—she’s not here for the salary anyway.”

Each message felt like a physical blow. I had tried so hard to be kind to these people—treating them to dinner, helping the interns, working diligently on every case. And this was how they repaid me.

The realization was bitter: my kindness had been interpreted as weakness, my competence as a threat. This toxic workplace cared nothing for sincerity or skill—only status and connections mattered.

I bit my lip hard, suppressing the surge of anger and hurt that threatened to overwhelm me. My naivety in believing kindness could win trust now seemed laughable.

With steady fingers, I typed a reply to Jade: “Thank you for telling me. Next time they gossip about me, help me record it.”

Her response came immediately: “Of course, Lawyer Winters. You saved me from that expensive dinner bill. Whatever you need.”

I took a deep breath, straightening my shoulders as I made a decision. With newfound resolve, I pulled out my phone and dialed a number I rarely used.

“Hello, Dad,” I said when Richard Winters answered, my voice calm and clear. “Is there

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Chapter 46: Bloodlines an...

Chapter 46: Bloodlines and Consequences—1

Chapter 46: Bloodlines and Consequences

(Olivia’s POV)

*15 Prints>

I hung up the phone with a sense of grim satisfaction. The conversation with my

father had been brief but productive. Without wasting another moment, I gathered my things and headed straight to the printing room.

The contracts needed to be perfect. I printed several copies, checking each one meticulously before sliding them into my leather portfolio. My colleagues watched with curious eyes as I strode through the office, head held high.

Let them stare. Let them whisper. Soon, they would understand exactly who they had been tormenting.

The drive to the Winters Group headquarters took less than twenty minutes. The imposing glass building gleamed in the afternoon sun, a testament to my family's legacy in Riverdale. I parked my car and walked through the familiar lobby, nodding at security guards who recognized me immediately.

"Miss Winters! It's been a while," one called out respectfully.

I smiled politely but didn't slow my pace. The elevator whisked me to the top floor where my father's office occupied the corner suite with the best views of the city.

His assistant looked up in surprise. "Miss Winters! Your father just finished his meeting. He mentioned *you* were coming."

"Thank you, Melissa," I replied, heading straight for the double doors.

My father, Richard Winters, *stood* by the window. At fifty-five, he still cut an impressive figure—tall and distinguished with completely white hair that had once been the same honey-brown as mine. The premature white was a physical manifestation of his grief after my mother's death.

He turned as I entered, his amber eyes—so like my own—lighting up with genuine pleasure.

"Olivia," he said warmly.

(Olivia's POV)

*15 Points>

I wasted no time on pleasantries, tossing the contracts onto his polished desk. "Dad, take a look at the contracts. If there's no problem, sign them."

He raised an eyebrow at my directness but sat down and began flipping through the pages with careful attention. "I asked my assistant: our current legal counsel contract ends at the end of this year. I can sign a new five-year contract with your law firm, but the contract will only start from next year."

I nodded calmly. "No problem. But once it's signed this afternoon, the payment should be made immediately."

My father looked up, surprise evident in his expression. "In such a hurry?"

I shrugged lightly, keeping my tone casual despite the anger still simmering beneath the surface. "Yes. Last night, I went to negotiate a case and was harassed by two filthy men. The deal fell through, and my supervisor gave me a final warning."

(Olivia's POV)

The moment the words left my mouth, my father's expression hardened. His jaw tightened, and a dangerous glint appeared in his eyes—the look of an Alpha wolf whose offspring had been threatened.

"Who dared to harass *you*?" he demanded, his voice dropping to a growl.

I waved a dismissive hand, deliberately downplaying the incident. "Don't worry, they didn't get a chance *to* take advantage of me—instead, I beat them up."

Despite my nonchalant tone, his brows furrowed deeper with concern. "Olivia, why don't *you* stop being a lawyer? Your firm just had that incident recently, and now this harassment. The risks are *too* high. What if someone retaliates? Just come back and work at the company. I can make *you* the general manager."

I shook my head firmly. "No./I still prefer being a lawyer for now. I hold company shares; the dividends are enough for me. Besides, I don't know a thing about running a business. If *you* made me the GM, wouldn't I ruin your company?"

(Olivia's POV)

My father couldn't help but chuckle at my blunt assessment. "I can hire experts to

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Chapter 46 Bloodlines an....

help you."

I persisted in my rejection, offering him a faint smile. “No need. Maybe when I get tired of being a lawyer someday.”

He sighed, the sound heavy with resignation. “You really are...”

+15 Points>

The unfinished sentence hung between us. I knew what he meant I was stubborn

like my mother. Sarah Winters had been equally determined, equally unwilling *to* bend when she believed in something. It was both a compliment and a lament.

(Olivia’s POV)

Conceding to my insistence, my father picked up his pen and signed the five-year contract without further argument. He immediately called the finance department, instructing them to wire \$150,000 to Moonlaw Legal Services’ account.

I watched with satisfaction as he completed the transaction. With a teasing smile, I asked, “Any new company disputes lately?”

He *looked* momentarily sheepish, admitting, “I don’t usually handle those details.” He pressed the intercom button. “Send Gregory in, please.”

Soon, a middle-aged man in a crisp suit entered the office. For nearly an hour, Gregory briefed *me on* various ongoing disputes and potential cases that the Winters Group was facing. I listened attentively, making notes and asking pointed questions.

Watch Ads (0/20) >

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Chapter 46: Bloodlines and Consequences—2

By the time we finished, I had identified several cases that would be perfect for Moonlaw to handle—cases with substantial fees attached.

(Olivia's POV)

Armed with a stack of signed contracts and payment confirmations, I returned to Moonlaw Legal Services. The office had grown quieter as the afternoon wore on, but several colleagues still lingered at their desks. Their eyes followed me as I walked directly to Heather Phillips' office.

I placed the stack of contracts on her desk with deliberate slowness. My voice was calm yet sharp as I announced, "Supervisor Phillips, the task you assigned is done. A five-year advisory contract, \$150,000 already transferred. Plus, I signed three debt recovery litigations and a patent infringement case, all with general representation agreements, fees paid upfront. Adding it all up, including the advisory fee, it's \$800,000."

I paused, enjoying the shock spreading across her face. "If you don't believe me, ask Finance for the records. Or here—" I opened my phone's photo album, showing her

the payment receipts, "proof of payment."

(Olivia's POV)

Heather's eyes widened in disbelief. She hurriedly flipped through the contracts until she saw the signature and seal of Winters Group. Shock flashed across her face as recognition dawned.

"Winters Group... Richard Winters is your..." she stammered.

I interrupted with a slight smile. "My father."

The contract slipped from Heather's trembling hands. She stared at me, stunned into silence. "You're the heiress of Winters Group?"

Having endured so much recently, I no longer saw any reason to keep a low profile.

"Yes."

The simple admission hung in the air between us. I watched as Heather's expression cycled through shock, disbelief, and finally, dawning horror as she realized the

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Chapter 46 Bloodlines an

magnitude of her mistake.

(Olivia's POV)

+15 Points >

Before Heather could formulate a response, her phone rang. She answered it with shaking hands, her eyes never leaving my face.

"Hello?" she said weakly.

Even from where I stood, I could hear the panicked voice on the other end. "Supervisor Phillips, what background does your lawyer Winters have? How does she know Rivers Group's president Connor Rivers? Our Boss Thornton was beaten up by Rivers' bodyguards last night and is now in the hospital! This morning, auditors and tax officers suddenly raided our company. They said Connor Rivers ordered it!"

I couldn't help the small, satisfied smile that curved my lips. Connor had been thorough in his retribution.

(Olivia's POV)

At the mention of Connor Rivers, Heather's face turned ashen. Cold sweat broke out on her forehead as she hung up the phone with trembling fingers.

She *looked* at me with undisguised dread. "You... you know Rivers Group's president?"

I crossed my arms, meeting her gaze with icy composure. "Yes, he's my fiancé. The 'sugar daddy with the Bentley' from your recent gossip."

Fear chilled Heather *to* the bone. Her voice trembled as she struggled to form words. "I... I'm sorry. I didn't know you were engaged to President Rivers..."

The pathetic apology was *too* little, too late. I had endured weeks of her subtle undermining, her favoritism toward others, her willingness to throw me to wolves like

Harold and Douglas.

“Now *you* know,” I replied coldly, turning to leave. “I expect those contracts to be processed immediately.”

(Heather’s POV)

Barely had Olivia left when I frantically grabbed my phone, scrolling to find Vanessa Reed’s number. My hands were shaking so badly I could barely dial.

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+15 Points >

“Miss Reed,” I blurted when she answered, “is Olivia Winters really Connor’s fiancée?”

Vanessa’s tone was impatient, bored even. “Can you say something useful? I don’t have time for your nonsense.”

Her non—denial was confirmation enough. Cold dread settled in my stomach as I realized the depth of the trap I’d fallen into.

“You told me to target her without saying she was Connor’s fiancée,” I accused, panic rising in my voice. “Now I’m screwed. You have to help me!”

Vanessa’s laugh was cruel. “i***t. If she wasn’t his fiancée, why would I bother? Help you? I don’t have that kind of time.”

(Heather’s POV)

Desperation made me bold. “If you don’t, I’ll tell Connor everything you made me do! You don’t want him knowing your dirty tricks, do you?”

There was a dangerous pause on the other end of the line. When Vanessa spoke again, her voice had dropped to a venomous whisper.

“*Are you* threatening me, Phillips?”

I swallowed hard but pressed on. Connor Rivers was the most powerful Alpha in Riverdale—his wrath would destroy me completely. I had to shift some of the blame.

“I’m just saying we’re *both* in trouble if he finds out,” I insisted. “You need to help me fix this.”

Vanessa’s contempt was palpable. “Whatever,” she snapped before hanging up.

(Heather’s *POV*)

Panic clawed at my throat as I stared at the silent phone. Vanessa had abandoned me to face Connor Rivers’ wrath alone. My career, my reputation, perhaps even my safety were now at risk.

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Chapter 46: Bloodlines and Consequences—3

With trembling fingers, I searched through my contacts until I found Frank Langley’s number—Connor Rivers’ senior beta. It had been given to me months ago for a business matter, and I’d never expected to use it like this.

I pressed dial before I could lose my nerve.

“Hello, Mr. Langley?” My voice quivered embarrassingly. “I have urgent news for President Rivers concerning Miss Winters. Please put him on.”

Frank’s voice was professionally neutral. “One moment.”

I heard muffled sounds—a knock, a door opening, then Frank’s voice again. “President Rivers, a woman from Moonlaw’s litigation department wishes to speak with you. It’s about Miss Winters.”

There was a brief pause, then a deep, commanding voice came on the line. “What is Get full chapters from

it?”

(Connor’s POV)

The woman *on* the phone began speaking rapidly, her voice high with fear.

“President Rivers, I’m Heather Phillips, litigation supervisor at Moonlaw. About last night’s harassment of Miss Winters, I sincerely apologize. I arranged for her to meet those *clients* but it wasn’t my decision. Miss Vanessa Reed instructed me to ‘take special care’ of her. I didn’t know Miss Winters was your fiancée. Please, I truly regret it. Don’t punish me... I was forced...”

At the mention of Vanessa’s name, my grip on the phone tightened dangerously. The plastic creaked in protest.

“Vanessa Reed told *you to do this*?” I asked, my voice deceptively calm.

(Connor’s POV)

“Yes, yes, it was all Miss Reed’s doing,” Heather Phillips rushed to confirm. “I really didn’t know Miss Winters’ identity. Please forgive me.”

I ended the call without another word, setting the phone down with careful control. The rage building inside me was cold and precise—not the hot, unthinking anger of

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Chapter 46: Bloodlines an

youth, but the calculated fury of an Alpha whose mate had been deliberately targeted.

+15 Points >

Frank stood silently by my desk, his posture rigid. I could smell the nervous sweat beading on his forehead as he sensed the dangerous shift in my *mood*.

The silence stretched between us, heavy with unspoken tension. When I finally

spoke, my voice was like ice.

“Investigate Vanessa. From the day Olivia returned to Riverdale, track all her contacts, her financial records, and her movements.”

Frank swallowed visibly, wiping sweat from his brow. “Understood, President Rivers.”

(Vanessa’s POV)

Thousands of miles away in America, I paced the floor of my hotel room, anxiety gnawing at my insides. That fool Heather Phillips would undoubtedly expose me to Connor now—and everything I’d done to Olivia Winters would soon come to light.

The engagement ceremony was only days away. I couldn’t allow Connor to marry that woman. Not after all these years of loving him, of waiting for him to see me as more than a foster sister.

Time was running out. I had to act immediately.

I grabbed my car keys and rushed out the door. There was only one person who could help *me* now—someone with enough power and resources to stop this wedding, no matter what it took.

(Vanessa’s POV)

The drive to the remote estate took nearly an hour. The property was hidden behind tall iron gates and surrounded by dense forest—a perfect sanctuary for someone who preferred to remain unseen.

I parked my car and stepped out cautiously. The gravel crunched beneath my feet as I approached the main house.

Without warning, a massive Tibetan Mastiff charged toward me from the side of the house, its powerful jaws open in a ferocious bark. The beast was enormous, with thick fur and eyes that gleamed with predatory intelligence.

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Even though it's a dog, it looks more ferocious than most wolves.

"Ahhh-"I screamed, collapsing to the ground in terror.

+15 Points>

From somewhere inside the house, a lazy male voice called out, "Titan, how many times have I told you—guests are guests. Stop scaring them."

Instantly, the mastiff stopped barking. It sat docilely, panting with its tongue out as if it hadn't just nearly given me a heart attack.

A tall, devastatingly handsome man sauntered out of the estate courtyard. His features were refined and striking, but his eyes gleamed with mocking contempt as they landed on me.

"Well, who do we have here? Turns out it's the dog the Rivers family took in. Why are you here?"

I scrambled shakily to my feet, shrinking away from the mastiff. Only after retreating a few steps did I manage to look up at the man and say, "Dominic, I want to ask you for a favor."

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< Chapter 47: The Obsessio..

Chapter 47: The Obsession—1

Chapter 47: The Obsession

(Cassandra's POV)

+15 Points >

"Knock, knock, knock-" I rapped my knuckles against the door of Ethan's hotel suite, growing increasingly frustrated with each unanswered knock.

"Ethan, are you in there?" I called out, pressing my ear against the door. Nothing but silence greeted me.

I frowned and pulled out my phone, quickly dialing his number. The phone rang and rang, eventually disconnecting on its own. This was ridiculous! Ever since we returned from Alexander Winters' estate, Ethan had completely disappeared—no texts, *no* calls, nothing. The front desk confirmed he hadn't checked out, so where the

hell was he?

My patience finally snapped. I pounded on the door with both fists, no longer caring about disturbing the neighbors.

"Ethan Grey, open up! If you don't open the door today, I'll keep banging until you do!"

Ten minutes of relentless knocking later, I heard shuffling footsteps approaching from *inside*. The door swung open, and I immediately recoiled as a powerful stench of smoke and alcohol hit me like a physical force.

"Why does it reek so badly?" I gagged, pinching my nose in disgust. Get full chapters from

The sight before me was even worse than the smell. Ethan stood in the doorway, but he barely resembled the powerful, immaculate Alpha heir I knew. His eyes were sunken and dark, surrounded by purple shadows. His normally clean-shaven face was covered in several days' worth of stubble. His hair was greasy and unkempt, and his clothes were wrinkled and stained.

"How did *you* let yourself become like this?" I asked, unable to hide my revulsion.

Ethan's eyes were completely empty, devoid of their usual sharp intelligence. His face want?" was numb and lifeless as he muttered hoarsely, "What do

you

Without waiting for an invitation, I pushed past him into the suite. The room was

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Chapter 47 The Obsessio

+15 Points >

pitch black despite it being the middle of the day. All the curtains were drawn tight, and not a single light was on.

I frowned and immediately flipped the light switch, illuminating the disaster zone that was once a luxury hotel suite. Empty wine bottles littered every surface. Overflowing ashtrays spilled cigarette butts and ashes across the coffee table and *floor*. The bed was unmade, clothes were strewn everywhere, and room service trays with half-eaten food sat collecting mold.

"This is disgusting," I muttered, marching to the windows and yanking open the curtains. Sunlight flooded the room, causing Ethan to wince and shield his eyes.

I turned on the exhaust fan and opened the windows to let in fresh air. "Are you going to keep wallowing like this? What about Grey pack? Your mother has been calling me non-stop asking where you are!"

Ethan remained motionless in the middle of the room, like a puppet whose strings had *been* cut. His vacant stare was fixed on some invisible point in the distance, completely unresponsive *to* my words.

"Ethan! *Are you* even listening to me?" I snapped, growing increasingly frustrated.

Nothing. Not even a flicker of acknowledgment.

"Fine. Stay here and rot if that's what you want," I finally spat, turning on my heel and storming *out*. I slammed the door behind me with enough force to rattle the walls,

leaving him alone in his self-imposed misery.

(Ethan's POV)

The slam of the door echoed through the suite, then faded into silence. I remained standing where Cassandra had left me, unable to summon the energy to move.

After days spent in darkness, the sudden sunlight made me dizzy. I staggered toward the window, nearly toppling over despite my tall frame. Bracing myself against the windowsill, I stared blankly at the bright world outside.

How long had I been in here? Three days? Four? Time had lost all meaning since that night at Alexander's estate.

The image of Olivia in Connor's arms flashed through my mind again, sending a fresh wave of pain through my chest. The way she looked at him, the way she smiled at

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< Chapter 47 The Obsessio...

him—it was unbearable.

+15 **Points** >

My phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out mechanically, seeing dozens of missed calls and over 99 unread messages. None of them mattered.

Just then, Jason Mitchell's name flashed on the screen. Something clicked in my foggy brain—Jason was in France. I pressed to answer.

"Ethan, where the hell have you been? I couldn't find you anywhere," Jason's confused voice came through. "Did you see the messages I sent you?"

My throat felt raw from disuse, my voice coming out as a rasp. "Are you still in France?"

There was a pause on the other end. "Yeah, I'm flying back tomorrow. Why?"

"Buy something for me," I said, my tone low and flat.

"*Sure*, just send me the details," Jason replied, then hesitated. "Your voice sounds *terrible*, what happened?"

I stared at the dust motes dancing in the sunlight, feeling a crushing weight on my chest. "She's getting engaged."

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- Set My 4 -

Set My 4

Chapter 4

Anna's POV:

Blake stood before me, his blue eyes narrowing.

“Going somewhere?” His voice was dangerously calm.

I straightened my shoulders. “Somewhere without you.”

Blake glanced at the suitcase and then back at me, a hint of amusement or disdain flickering at the corner of his mouth—it’s always hard to tell with him.

“You think you can live without me? Even if you hired a hundred housekeepers to help you steal my money, it wouldn’t put a dent in my pocket change,” he said coldly.

“I don’t care. Get out of my way,” I said, trying to step around Blake.

His movement was lightning—fast. Before I could react, his arm wrapped around my waist.

“Put me down!” I pounded my fists against his back as he carried me through the foyer. “Blake! I’m not joking!”

His only response was to tighten his grip on my legs. In desperation, I bit down on his shoulder.

Blake didn’t even flinch. “Are you five years old?”

Tears of frustration streamed down my face as he carried me up the grand staircase. God, *I hate crying*. It *makes me feel weak, especially in front of him*.

When we reached the master bedroom, Blake tossed me onto our king-sized bed. Before I could scramble away, he was hovering over me, his hands trapping me on either side.

“Is this about Claire again?” His face was inches from mine.

He leaned down, his lips seeking mine, but I turned my head away.

“Don’t touch me!”

Blake pulled back slightly, a flicker of impatience crossing his face. “Have you calmed

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Chapter 4

down yet?”

“No! I don’t want to continue this marriage. I want a divorce.”

“You want a divorce because I spent extra time with Claire while she was injured?”
Blake’s

voice was incredulous. “Anna, your childishness needs limits.”

“Blake, you’re a married man. Do you understand what boundaries are?”

His eyes hardened. “You’re lecturing me about boundaries? You who practically declared

your love at our first meeting?” He ran a hand through his hair.

“Besides, Claire is my sister. We’ve always been close. If you see a problem with that, maybe you should consider whether you’re being overly sensitive.”

“If you think so poorly of me, then separating is for the best.” I stared out the window thoughtfully, then turned back to him. “Unless you could take me up in your private plane like when you proposed—show me the Boston skyline at night. Maybe that would change

my mind.”

A muscle twitched in Blake’s jaw.

I knew he could easily do this. As CEO of Wright Group, he had every reason to board any

plane at any time. After all, their airline was among the top-ranked in America.

An hour later, we stood on the tarmac of Wright Group’s private airfield. Blake exchanged

a few clipped words with the ground crew before guiding me toward a sleek private jet.

“You’re flying it yourself?” I asked, my voice catching slightly as I glanced at him.

“That was the request, wasn’t it?” Blake’s tone was sharp. As he steadied me into the co-

pilot’s seat, his fingers brushed my waist, sending a shiver down my spine.

Then the jet roared to life, and we ascended, the glittering sprawl of Boston unfurling

beneath us like a sea of shattered diamonds.

Beside me, Blake's profile glowed in the soft light of the instrument panel, his chiseled jaw tight, a faint crease of focus between his brows. It was the same look that had undone

me four years ago, the one I'd fallen for so completely.

My mind slipped back to that first night—a charity gala in Boston, Blake commanding the

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Chapter 4

room with a speech about success, his presence magnetic. He'd just taken the reins of Wright Group, lifting it to dazzling new heights.

I'd called it destiny, that instant pull toward him, though I'd later engineered every "chance" encounter that followed. For him, I'd thrown away my medical internship, traded stethoscopes for his ring.

"Satisfied?" Blake's voice cut through my reverie, low with something unreadable.

"Yeah," I murmured, my gaze tracing his features. Despite everything—the fights, the distance—watching him like this softened me, a reluctant ache blooming in my chest.

The landing was smooth, engines quieting to silence. Blake turned to me, his eyes locking with mine, making my breath catch. Something dark and unspoken passed between us before he closed the distance.

When his lips crashed against mine, I felt my mind went blank. His kiss was fierce and demanding. I gasped, angry yet wanting as my body betrayed me, leaning into him despite myself.

His rough hands slipped under my blouse, sending shivers across my skin. He pulled the fabric up and unhooked my bra with practiced ease. My breasts fell free, drawing a deep groan from him as his lips left mine to trace hot kisses down my neck.

“Blake-” I whispered as his teeth grazed my collarbone. His hands cupped me, thumbs circling until I trembled. He pressed me against the cool leather seat, his weight pinning me down.

I tangled my fingers in his hair, pulling him closer as he marked the curve of my throat. His ragged breath matched my racing pulse. I felt trapped between worlds—the rational part of me slipping away as instinct took over.

His fingers found me ready, making me moan and arch into his touch. He stroked with knowing precision until I was clutching at him, the cockpit filled with my breathless pleas.

His fingers pressed deeper, relentless, igniting sparks that raced up my spine. I clawed at his shoulders as my hips bucked against his hand. Heat surged, a molten flood searing through every nerve, until my vision blurred.

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Chapter 4

A shudder ripped through me, violent and uncontrollable, my voice breaking into a jagged moan. His grip tightened, holding me through the storm as my body arched, quaking, before collapsing into his arms, spent and pulsing with aftershocks.

Then his phone rang, the jarring ringtone shattering the last remnants of our tension.

Blake swore, pulling back, his chest heaving as he snatched the device from the console. “It’s my mom,” he muttered, glancing at the screen. The heat in his eyes dimmed.

I sat up, dazed, tugging my blouse back into place as he answered. His voice was curt, the conversation brief. When he hung up, he turned to me. “My mom wants us at the Wright

Estate tonight.”

“I’ll pass,” I said, fastening the last button with unsteady fingers. “We’re separating

anyway.” The source of this content is

“Wasn’t the flight meant to recreate my proposal? I fulfilled your request, and you still dare mention divorce?” His lips curled into a cold smile.

“Then perhaps I should tell your parents about our divorce plans,” I countered.

I’m just being petulant. I know Blake’s parents are good to me, and I would never upset them. I’m just trying to provoke him.

“You know very well that my dad’s heart condition is serious. Try saying one word about it,” Blake’s voice hardened as he threatened, his voice cold as ice.

Chapter Comments

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Set My 5

Chapter 5

Anna's POV:

Back at the Seaside Manor, as soon as I stepped inside, Blake grabbed my wrist. "We need to leave in thirty minutes. Get dressed." His fingers pressed into the same spot he'd gripped at the hospital, making me wince.

"I can pick my own clothes," I said, trying to pull away.

"Not today." His voice left no room for argument as he pulled me toward our walk-in closet. "This dinner is important."

I could have fought harder, but four years of marriage had taught me when to compromise.

In the closet, I hesitated before the rows of designer clothes. "This one?" I suggested, reaching for a conservative pantsuit.

Blake barely glanced at it before shaking his head. His eyes scanned the racks efficiently until he pulled out a forest green dress I'd forgotten I owned. "This one."

The dress was fitted, elegant without being revealing. I was surprised he'd even noticed it among my wardrobe.

"Don't make this a habit," he said coldly. "Other men's wives don't get this treatment."

I bit back a retort. Other men's wives don't have to compete with their husbands' step-sisters.

Then I slipped into the dress, surprised at how perfectly it fit. I studied my reflection, turning slowly to see how the fabric hugged my curves.

Blake had chosen well. The color complemented my amber eyes and made my golden-brown hair appear richer.

My hands smoothed the fabric over my hips, fuller than they'd been at eighteen. *Claire, with her ballet dancer's body, would never have these curves. I wonder if he notices the difference between us. Claire will always be the little girl who needs protecting.*

1/5

Chapter 5

Blake was waiting in the living room, impeccable in his tailored suit, scrolling through emails on his phone. When I descended the stairs, his eyes flicked up, widening fractionally before his expression returned to its usual mask of indifference.

“No necklace?” he commented, his gaze dropping to my bare neck. “My dad will think Wright Group is going bankrupt.”

I touched my throat, realizing I’d forgotten jewelry in my haste. “I’ll get-”

“No time,” Blake cut me off, standing. “We’re already late.”

In the garage, Blake held open the car door, but stopped me when I moved toward the passenger seat.

“You’ll sit in the back.”

I froze. “What do you mean?”

“We need to pick up Claire from the hospital. She’ll be more comfortable in front.”

The humiliation burned through me like acid. Without another word, I slid into the back, my pride in tatters.

At the hospital, Blake left me waiting in the car. Through the windshield, I watched him come out a few minutes later.

Claire was right next to him, looking pitiful as she tugged at his sleeve, her eyes wide as she said something to him. Blake reached out and gently stroked her hair to comfort her. I let out a bitter smile as I watched them walk toward me, step by step.

When she spotted me in the back seat, Claire’s expression flickered with satisfaction before morphing into a sweet smile.

“Anna! You came too!” Her voice was musical with that slight lilt.

Blake helped her into the front seat, leaning across to fasten her seatbelt. The silence in the car grew oppressive until Claire turned, her blonde curls bouncing.

“God, hospitals are so boring when you’re alone! Tell me what you two have been up to.”

Her eyes fixed on my dress. “Anna, that color is gorgeous on you. Did Blakey pick it out?”

(

Chapter 5

He always had such good taste.”

Before I could answer, Claire continued, “I hope you’ll both take me with you everywhere once I’m better. We should be together like this every day—one happy family!”

Blake’s expression softened. “Of course. As soon as the doctor clears you, wherever you want.”

Claire’s eyes found mine in the rearview mirror. “Don’t you agree, Anna?”

The expectation in her voice left no room for refusal. “Sure,” I managed.
we’ll go

I used to think she was just an exhausting princess. Now I see she’s a master manipulator.

Caroline and William were waiting at the entrance when we arrived at the Wright Estate. Caroline embraced me first. “Anna, darling! You look stunning.”

She moved to Claire next, pressing a kiss to her daughter’s forehead. “How are you feeling, sweetheart?”

Claire immediately looped her arm through her mother’s. “Still a little weak,” she murmured, her voice suddenly fragile.

William beckoned to me. “Anna, come see the new painting in the study. Just arrived from Christie’s.”

As we walked, William’s voice dropped. “You know, you’ve always had excellent taste. Caroline would have adored you.”

The compliment warmed me unexpectedly. Whatever was happening in my marriage, William had always treated me with genuine affection.

After dinner, Caroline found me alone and drew me into the kitchen. Her eyes fell to my wrist, where Blake’s fingerprints had left faint bruises.

“What happened here?” she asked gently.

“Just an accident,” I replied, pulling down my sleeve.

Caroline handed me a cup of tea. “Alright, darling, you need to take better care of yourself. By the way, have you and Blake discussed children? William would love a

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Chapter 5

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Chapter 5

grandchild before..."

Her eyes drifted meaningfully to my abdomen. I sipped the tea to avoid answering immediately. *Would a child be the anchor that saves a marriage or the chain that binds you to a sinking ship?*

"Alright, darling, I won't push you anymore. After all, this is between you two. Would you take this to Blake?" Caroline asked, preparing another cup. "It's his favorite."

I nodded, suddenly grateful for her kindness.

Blake and Claire were huddled by the fireplace in the living room, speaking in low voices. As I approached with the tea, Claire's smile faltered.

"Darling, Caroline's fruit tea. They're quite eager for grandchildren, you know. Perhaps we should give it serious thought," I said.

Blake's surprise was momentary, but he recovered quickly, accepting the cup with a nod. "I

see."

Claire's fingers began twisting nervously in her hair, her expression hardening as she watched our exchange.

Blake took a sip of tea and commented, "It's good."

I leaned down and pressed a kiss to his cheek. "That makes it sweeter."

Blake, watching William's approving smile, surprised me by taking my hand and pressing his lips to my knuckles.

Claire's face froze, her knuckles white where she gripped the armrest.

"I just remembered something!" she exclaimed abruptly, rushing toward a storage cabinet in the corner. "Anna, you've got to see this!"

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Whisper 85

Chapter 47: The Obsession—2

"Who? Who's getting engaged?" Jason sounded completely baffled.

I closed my eyes, the name almost too painful *to* speak. "Olivia."

"What?!" Jason's shock exploded through the phone. "Olivia? She's engaged? With who?"

My fingers tightened around the phone until the plastic creaked in protest. "It doesn't matter who," I growled, a dark obsession creeping into my voice. "I won't let her marry that man. She belongs only to me! I will get her back!"

The silence on the other end stretched for several seconds. Finally, Jason spoke, his tone cautious. "Um... brother, isn't that kind of... unethical?"

"Ethics?" I let out a bitter laugh. "I don't care about ethics. I only care that she stays by my side."

Jason seemed at a loss for words. After a moment, he muttered, "Bro, I've never snatched someone else's fiancée before, so I won't pretend to understand. Good luck

with that.”

(Olivia’s POV)

The break room at Moonlaw Legal Services buzzed with excited whispers as I approached. I slowed my steps, listening to the latest office gossip.

“Did *you* hear? Supervisor Phillips from Litigation resigned!” one of the junior lawyers whispered excitedly.

“For real? That’s so sudden. Why’d she quit?” Marcus Wilson leaned forward eagerly, always hungry for office drama.

“Heard she offended someone powerful and had no choice but to resign,” Valerie Pierce added with a knowing look, clearly enjoying being the bearer of juicy news.

“Who did she offend?” Marcus pressed, his eyes wide with curiosity.

Valerie shrugged dramatically. “No idea...” THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY

I walked past them without changing my expression, though inwardly I felt a small

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Chapter 47 The Obsessio..

+15 Points >

spark of satisfaction. Connor had worked quickly after that phone call from Heather.

Back in my office, I had just settled at my desk when the door was violently kicked open. Kenneth Westfield stormed in, his face contorted with rage.

“Olivia Winters, what do you mean by this? You dared to sue me?” he roared, waving a legal document in his hand.

Without sparing him a glance, I continued working on my computer. “Yes. You spread slander and defamation. Isn’t it normal to sue you? What’s so surprising?”

Kenneth's eyes grew vicious as he slammed his palms on my desk. "What slander? Defamation requires fabricating facts and spreading lies. Everything I said was true. How is that defamation?"

"Tell it to the judge," I replied indifferently, my eyes never leaving my computer screen.

His face turned an alarming shade of red. "You better withdraw the lawsuit or you'll regret it!" he threatened through gritted teeth.

I suppressed a smile. Since defamation is a private prosecution, I had personally filed the complaint. But once convicted under law, Kenneth faced not just penalties but also disbarment—ending his legal career permanently.

"Why so anxious?" I asked with a hint of amusement. "The real drama has yet to come."

"What *do you* mean?" Kenneth asked warily, his anger momentarily replaced by confusion.

Just then, Valerie Pierce barged in as well, her face flushed with anger. "Olivia Winters, *you* actually sued me? I was just gossiping a bit. Was that necessary?"

Looking at my two furious colleagues, I finally raised my eyes from the computer.

"You two are lawyers, yet you indulge in slander against me daily. Don't you know the consequences? Since you enjoy ruining your own futures, I'll gladly help."

"You—" Valerie started to curse but stopped herself mid-word. The realization that a conviction would destroy her career seemed to finally sink in.

She swallowed visibly and changed her tone. "Lawyer Winters, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have gossiped behind your back. Please withdraw the lawsuit, I beg you. I promise it

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Chapter 47 The Obsessio...

won't happen again."

+15 Points >

I chuckled coldly. "Too late. I gave you all a chance for days. Did any of you apologize then? Did you think I was easy to bully because I stayed silent? Now, accept the consequences."

"Please, give me another chance. I swear I won't do it again," Valerie's *voice* trembled with genuine panic.

Seeing that I remained unmoved, Kenneth's face twisted with rage. Without warning, he swung his palm toward my face.

I tilted my head slightly, dodging his attack effortlessly. Rising from my chair, I looked him straight in the eyes. "Getting desperate, are you? You were pretty cocky when you were cursing me earlier."

His face contorted with fury as he spat out a string of obscenities and lunged at me again.

At that precise moment, two uniformed police officers appeared in the doorway of my office.

"Kenneth Westfield?" the taller officer announced firmly. "You are suspected of statutory r**e. Come with us."

Before Kenneth could fully process what was happening, the officers moved forward and secured his wrists with handcuffs.

"Officers, there must be some mistake! I never r***d anyone, let alone a minor!" he cried, his face draining of color as panic overwhelmed him.

I crossed my arms, watching the scene unfold with a relaxed smile. My voice was slow and unhurried as I spoke. "Didn't I say? The real show is just beginning."

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Whisper 86

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Chapter 48: Connor's Public Appearance and the Truth about Kenneth Westfield—1

Chapter 48: Connor's Public Appearance and the Truth about Kenneth Westfield

(Olivia's POV)

The atmosphere at Moonlaw Legal Services had shifted dramatically in just a few days. Heather Phillips' sudden resignation had sent ripples through the entire firm,

and now Caroline Lewis had been promoted to head of litigation.

I watched from my office as Caroline addressed the team, her voice steady and professional. "I expect excellence from each of you, but I also believe in fair treatment and merit-based advancement. My door is always open."

The relief on my colleagues' faces was palpable. Caroline was known for her integrity and fairness—qualities that had been sorely lacking under Heather's leadership.

Jade Mitchell, the young intern, approached my desk hesitantly. "Ms. Winters? Is it true about Kenneth Westfield? Everyone's talking about it."

Before I could answer, Marcus Wilson and two other colleagues appeared in my doorway, their faces alight with curiosity.

"Olivia, you have to tell us what happened," Marcus pressed. "The police just took him away? For real?" This chapter is updated by

I leaned back in my chair, remembering my principle: those who offend me will pay.

There was no reason to hold back now.

“Oh, that?” I replied, my voice deliberately casual. “I came across a young woman’s post online, where she was asking for help after being drugged and ‘picked up from the street’. She was terrified to report it, fearing her family would gossip.”

Their eyes widened as they leaned closer, hanging on my every word.

“I just wanted *to* help her, so I reached out. She showed me the man’s photo, and my jaw dropped—it was Kenneth Westfield! Can you imagine my shock at seeing such a predator in lawyer’s clothing, preying on a minor at Moonlight Club?”

Jade gasped, covering her mouth with her hand.

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& Chapter 48 Connor’s Publ.

*15 Points)

“I encouraged her to report it immediately,” I continued, my voice remaining calm but sharp. “Helped her collect evidence. Fortunately, she had just woken up and hadn’t showered yet, so she still had the perpetrator’s DNA on her.”

“That’s... that’s disgusting,” Marcus muttered, his face contorted with revulsion.

“She’s only sixteen,” I added coldly. “Kenneth Westfield is truly despicable.”

“Sixteen?” Jade’s voice trembled. “That’s just a child!”

Marcus shook his head in disgust. “And he had the nerve to lecture us about professional ethics! What a hypocrite.”

“You never really know someone, do you?” another colleague remarked. “He always seemed so proper on the surface.”

“The worst predators often wear the most convincing masks,” I replied, turning back

to my computer to signal the end of the conversation.

Throughout the day, Valerie Pierce hovered anxiously around my office. Her usual haughty demeanor had completely vanished, replaced by desperate pleading.

“Lawyer Winters, please,” she begged for the fifth time, her mascara smudged from crying. “I’m so sorry for everything I said. Please withdraw the complaint.”

I continued typing, barely acknowledging her presence.

“Please, be magnanimous!” Her voice cracked as fresh tears spilled down her cheeks.

“Treat my words like a passing breeze and let me go, I beg you. If I’m convicted and my license revoked, my life is over!”

When I remained silent, she dropped to an even more pitiful tone.

“I’ll be *your* loyal assistant, do anything you want!”

Finally, I looked up, my eyes frosty and unmoved.

“I don’t need that,” I dismissed her coolly. “Miss Pierce, there are 360 trades in the world; if you can’t survive in this one, pick another.”

I patted her shoulder with a sardonic smile. “Good luck. I believe in you.”

Her face crumpled as she realized I wouldn’t budge. She stumbled out of my office, sobbing quietly.

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<Chapter 48: Connor’s Publ....

As dusk settled over the city, I gathered my things and headed out with several colleagues. The workday was finally over, and I was looking forward to a quiet evening at home.

+15 Points >

“Wow! Look over there—what a stunning man!” A female colleague suddenly tugged on my sleeve, her voice breathless with excitement.

“Where?” “Oh my god!” Others craned their necks, whispering in awe.

I followed their gaze and felt my heart skip a beat. There, leaning languidly against his luxury car while speaking on the phone, stood Connor Rivers.

His tall frame was wrapped in a simple black designer coat that hugged his broad shoulders and long legs perfectly. The warm glow of the streetlights softened his usually cold features, highlighting his high cheekbones and sculpted jawline.

As if sensing my gaze, Connor abruptly looked over. Our eyes met across the twilight, and he swiftly ended his call.

With powerful, confident strides, he walked directly toward me. The women around me collectively gasped.

“Oh my god, he’s coming this way,” one whispered frantically.

“I’m so nervous—I should have put on makeup today! How embarrassing to meet such a handsome man looking so ordinary,” another lamented.

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Whisper 87

Chapter 48: Connor’s Public Appearance and the Truth about Kenneth Westfield—2

“Doesn’t matter, with a man like that, no makeup would help anyway. We couldn’t handle him,” a third replied, her voice tinged with awe.

Within moments, Connor reached me. My colleagues held their breath as he addressed me in his low, gentle but deeply magnetic voice.

“Ethan Quinn organized a gathering. Rebecca and Lily are there. I came to pick *you* up.”

The women around me froze in stunned silence.

I smiled and turned to my slack-jawed colleagues. “This is my fiancé.”

Their eyes went wide with shock. Until now, the office gossip had painted my “protector” as some greasy old man with too much money and too little class. But standing before them was a nearly 6’5” man, breathtakingly handsome and elegant,

his power and status evident in every aspect of his bearing.

“You’re... you’re engaged to him?” Marcus stammered, unable to hide his astonishment.

“Congratulations!” Jade exclaimed, her eyes shining with genuine happiness. “You make such a beautiful couple!”

The others quickly joined in, showering us with compliments and blessings. I could see the moment their envy transformed into genuine admiration.

Connor placed his hand gently on the small of my back, guiding me toward his car.

“Ready to go?”

I nodded, enjoying the stunned expressions we left in our wake.

Inside the private room at the restaurant, I recounted my day to Connor, including the false rumors that had circulated at the firm.

“You know why they were so surprised just now?” I said softly, my amber eyes warm with amusement. “Because someone once saw me getting out of your car, then started a rumor that I was kept by an ugly old man.”

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Chapter 48 Connor's Publ...

+15 Points>

Connor's expression turned icy, his gaze sharp as a blade. “Rumors?” he asked coldly, ice-blue eyes flashing with controlled anger.

“Mhm,” I responded calmly, reaching to touch his hand in reassurance. “But I’ve handled it. No need to worry.”

Ethan Quinn, lounging nearby with a glass of moonlight wine, suddenly interjected with a theatrical gasp.

“What? Someone dared to spread such filth about you? Little sister, why didn’t you tell us?”

Connor shot him a disdainful glance. “Why would she need to tell you?”

Lily Chen, sitting across from Ethan, pinched his arm hard enough to make him yelp. “Olivia is Connor’s fiancée. They’re almost engaged. Why are you meddling? Looking for attention?”

“Ouch, dear ancestor, stop pinching!” Ethan cried dramatically, rubbing his arm. “I’m just upset someone bullied our girl. We’re all friends here, aren’t we?”

Ignoring their banter, Connor turned toward me, his eyes full of remorse and tenderness.

“Livvy, you’ve been harassed during business meetings, slandered at work... I truly feel

like I've failed you as a fiancé, not protecting you well enough." His tone was low and gentle, tinged with guilt.

I shook my head with a faint smile. "That's not fair, Con. You can't follow me around twenty-four seven."

"Little sister, you're his precious treasure," Ethan chimed in, his tone half-joking, half-serious. "He can't stand you being mistreated. You know, back then, he once nearly beat a man to death for *your* sake..."

"Quinn!" Connor's cold voice cut him off sharply.

The room fell silent as everyone sensed his displeasure, Ethan awkwardly cleared his throat and changed the subject.

"Anyway, as long as you're okay, that's what matters."

But my curiosity was already piqued. I leaned forward, amber eyes bright with

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Chapter 48: Connor's Publ...

interest.

"Who did he nearly beat to death back then?"

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Whisper 88

Chapter 49: The Past Unveiled, The Heart Softened—1

Chapter 49: The Past Unveiled, The Heart Softened

(Connor's POV)

I took a slow sip of my wine, deliberately keeping my tone indifferent as I avoided Olivia's curious gaze.

"No one. Ethan was talking nonsense," I said, hoping to end the conversation before it began.

Olivia's clear amber eyes turned toward me, her expression pretending to be fierce though I could see the playfulness behind it.

"Con, don't shut me out. I want to hear what Ethan Quinn has to say."

I fell silent immediately. Despite my reluctance, I couldn't deny her anything when she looked at me that way.

(Olivia's POV)

The private room at the restaurant buzzed with casual teasing and warm camaraderie. Ethan Quinn's joking words gradually peeled back the layers of Connor's protectiveness over me.

"Look at him," Ethan laughed, gesturing toward Connor with his wine glass.

"Completely whipped man. One look from Olivia and he caves instantly."

Gabriel Andrews quipped with a knowing smile, "You don't understand. Whipped men love their partners, not fear them."

Gentle laughter rippled through the room as Rebecca, my childhood friend, softly added, "That's right, Connor is a wife-doting maniac. Always has been when it comes to Olivia."

Ethan then shifted the conversation, his expression turning more serious. "By the way, Olivia, those two sleazy businessmen who harassed you before—Harold Blackwood and Douglas/Thornton? They've been investigated."

“Both are now detained for economic crimes,” he continued, a satisfied smirk playing on his lips. “Their companies are being systematically dismantled by Connor’s

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< Chapter 49 The Past Unv...

connections.”

+15 Points >

I nibbled a piece of venison, feeling a mixture of pride, satisfaction, and justice wash over me. “They deserved it. Serves them right.”

“Absolutely!” Ethan enthusiastically echoed in agreement.

I realized we’d digressed from the original topic. My amber eyes sharpened with renewed interest as I pressed again, “Ethan, you still haven’t told me—who did *Connor* nearly kill back then?”

Ethan hesitated, stealing a nervous glance at Connor, whose ice-blue eyes had narrowed dangerously. Despite this, Ethan answered honestly: “Seemed like

someone named Liam Davidson.”

The name hit me like a physical blow. Memories surged vividly in my mind, transporting me back to my high school years at Riverdale High.

My close friend Emma Thompson had to transfer to an ordinary public school after her family suffered financial misfortunes. Out of loyalty, I often waited at Emma’s new school to meet her after classes.

There, a notorious bully named Liam Davidson, who fancied himself a leader because of his family’s modest business, began to harass Emma. He wanted to claim her as his girlfriend despite her obvious discomfort and fear.

One evening, Liam chased Emma all the way to the school gate, only to encounter me waiting there. Spotting me, his depravity grew bolder.

He blocked my way, spouted vile obscenities, and demanded my contact information.

He threatened and humiliated me publicly as students passed by indifferently, none willing to challenge the aggressive young man.

Terrified but desperate, I bluffed that I had a powerful brother. I called Connor Rivers, whom I barely knew at the time, boasting aloud about his ferocity and connections to scare Liam away.

To my surprise, within minutes, the deputy principal and dean arrived, dragging Liam and his followers away. Afterward, Emma told me she never saw Liam again at school.

Curious now, I turned to Connor and asked, “Did you summon the school authorities

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Chapter 49 The Past Unv

that day?” The source of this content is

“Yes,” he replied simply, his voice controlled.

I sensed there was more to the story. “And then *you* beat up Liam Davidson?”

(Ethan Quinn’s POV)

I couldn’t contain my excitement to share the story despite Connor’s warning glare. I jumped in enthusiastically.

“Oh man, you should have seen it! Connor was playing basketball with me when he received Olivia’s call. Without hesitation, he dropped everything and dragged me twenty kilometers to the school.”

I gestured animatedly, recalling Connor’s expression. “He was already bristling with protective rage before we even arrived.”

“Liam Davidson had no idea who Connor was—the Rivers family heir! The i***t remained foul-mouthed and arrogant when confronted.” My voice dropped lower as I recalled his disgusting words. “He was leering, saying, ‘That little girl’s just my type, skin soft enough to pinch water out of, that tiny waist looks good for riding—one day, I’ll have her writhing for me-’”

I saw Olivia’s face pale at the vulgar description. Connor’s jaw tightened dangerously.

“Before he could finish his filth, a vicious shout burst out as Connor’s fist silenced his obscenity mid-sentence.” I punched the air for emphasis. “Like a man possessed, Connor pummeled Liam with ruthless precision, targeting vital spots.”

I shook my head, still amazed by the memory. “He moved so fast and fierce that Liam soon crumpled helplessly on the ground. His agonized shrieks faded into unconsciousness.”

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Whisper 89

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<Chapter 49 The Past Unv

+15 Points

Chapter 49: The Past Unveiled, The Heart Softened—2

“I was terrified,” I confessed, my voice dropping. “I could barely restrain Connor or avoid being accidentally struck myself in the frenzy.”

The table had fallen completely silent, everyone hanging on my words.

“When it was over, Connor’s hands dripped blood, splattered on his face. His ice-blue eyes burned with fury.” I shuddered slightly at the memory. “He looked like an avenging predator rather than the controlled man we all know.”

I continued, explaining the aftermath. “Liam was hospitalized for months with injuries and subsequently expelled from school. His family’s business collapsed due to the scandal and pressure from the Rivers family, forcing them to flee Riverdale in disgrace.”

“Connor spent a few days in detention but was released after his father, William Rivers, negotiated with the local authorities and paid hefty compensation to maintain peace.”

I added with meaningful emphasis, my eyes twinkling as I looked between Connor and Olivia. “Back then, I stupidly thought he was just protecting a vulnerable young woman, but recently I realized he’d always had his eye on you as someone special.”

(Olivia’s POV)

My heart clenched with complex emotions—shock, fear, gratitude, guilt. My slender fingers tightened around my wine glass, knuckles white.

I never imagined *Connor* had risked everything, even nearly killing another person and facing punishment, on my behalf when we barely knew each other.

The rest of the evening passed in a blur. I barely registered the conversations around me, my mind replaying Ethan’s story over and over.

Returning to my luxury apartment across from Riverdale University in the dead of

night, under a cold moon and sharp wind, I remained silent and walked ahead, lost in emotional turmoil.

Connor followed anxiously, murmuring softly behind me, his normally commanding voice gentle with concern. "Livvy, please don't be angry."

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Chapter 49 The Past Uny

When I still ignored him, he slipped inside before I could shut the door, his expression wounded. "Livvy, are you afraid of me now?"

His voice trembled slightly as he pleaded, "Don't be scared. I'm not a violent person, I'd never hurt you. That day... it was just... what he said about you triggered something in me. I couldn't stand anyone saying those filthy things about you..."

Looking up at him with misty amber eyes, I sighed deeply, my voice tinged with helpless concern. "I'm not afraid of you. I'm just worried about you..."

My voice caught as I continued. "If you had really killed him, your whole future would be ruined... The authorities might have demanded severe punishment... It's not worth it, not for me..."

(Connor's POV)

I gently pulled her into my embrace, my hand soothingly caressing her back like I was comforting a distressed child.

"It's over now, it's all in the past," I murmured against her hair, breathing in her familiar scent.

(Olivia's POV)

My voice choked, tears welling again. "How many days were you in detention?"

(Connor's POV)

"Not many," I reassured gently, my thumb wiping away a tear that had escaped down her cheek.

I hated seeing her cry, especially over something I'd done years ago without a second thought. I would do it again in a heartbeat to protect her.

(Olivia's POV)

"Did you suffer? I heard the food they serve detained people is just plain meat with herbs. You can't stand that bland diet, right?" My voice revealed concern, knowing his preference for rich, flavorful meals.

(Connor's POV)

I chuckled softly, feeling my ice-blue eyes warming at her concern. "Couldn't stand it.

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Chapter 49 The Past Unv

Considered it a cleansing diet."

My larger form enveloped her protectively, wanting to shield her from even these painful memories.

(Olivia's POV)

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Despite my tears, I let out a shaky laugh and punched his chest lightly. "You're not fat at all. Just trying to annoy me, aren't you?"

My amber eyes sparkled despite the moisture still clinging to my lashes. Something warm and tender was blooming in my chest, pushing aside the shock and worry.

(Connor's POV)

I coaxed gently, my voice a low rumble. "Alright, let's not talk about this anymore,

okay?”

My hands stroked her honey–brown hair with tender reverence. I’d waited so long to be able to touch her like this, to comfort her, to be the one she turned to.

(Olivia’s POV)

Red–eyed, I gazed up at him, my curiosity still not fully satisfied. “Why didn’t you me before?”

(Connor’s *POV*)

tell

“I didn’t want *you* to carry any guilt. I chose to protect you. It had nothing to do with you.”

My ice–blue eyes held absolute certainty, no regret visible for the actions I’d taken.
I Read complete version only at

would do anything *to* keep her safe, to protect her smile.

(Olivia’s POV)

Tears spilled uncontrollably down my cheeks as the full weight of his long–standing protection settled in my heart. All these years, he had been watching over me, caring for me, even when I had no idea.

Tenderly, Connor cupped my face and wiped my tears with his thumbs, his touch gentle despite his strength. “Why are you crying again? Don’t cry, or my heart will

ache too.”

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Chapter 49 The Past Unv..

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Leaning down, he softly kissed away the glittering tears *on* my cheeks, his lips warm against my skin.

III

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< Chapter 50 The Engagem

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Whisper 90

Chapter 50: The Engagement Day—1

Chapter 50: The Engagement Day

(Olivia's POV)

Days passed amid the endless autumn rain before the sky finally cleared on the day of my engagement. The morning sun cast a golden glow through the windows of the

Winters Family Estate, bringing with it a sense of promise and new beginnings.

"Today is Olivia's big day, and everyone in the Winters Family woke up early," I heard

Agatha Turner, our loyal housekeeper, announce cheerfully as she bustled through the hallways.

Even little Grace, my half-sister who usually loved to sleep in, had risen with the sun.

She raced through the corridors in a festive red dress, her childish excitement echoing off the walls.

“Sister’s getting engaged today! Sister’s getting engaged today!” Grace chanted, spinning in circles until she nearly toppled over.

Inside my bedroom at the estate, a team of professional stylists busied themselves around me. Mirrors reflected my transformation as they worked their magic, turning me from Olivia Winters, independent lawyer, into a bride-to-be.

I wore a soft pink gown with delicate embroidery that caught the light with every movement. My honey-brown hair had been elegantly coiled into a bun, adorned with pearl pins that complemented my amber eyes.

“Just a touch more blush,” the makeup artist murmured, adding the finishing touches to enhance my porcelain complexion.

Grace slipped into the room, resting her little face on the vanity. Her eyes widened with wonder as she gazed at me admiringly.

“Sister, you look so pretty today,” she breathed, her voice filled with awe.

I smiled gently and pinched her cheek. “Thank you, little one.”

Unexpectedly, Grace’s bright eyes clouded with worry. Her lower lip jutted out in a pout that I’d come to recognize as the prelude to serious questions.

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Chapter 50 The Engagem

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“Sister, after you get married, will you still come home often?” she asked, her voice

small and uncertain.

The innocent question caught me off guard. A bittersweet pang shot through my heart as I realized how much this child had come *to* care for me, despite our complicated family history.

I smiled softly, my voice tinged with tenderness. “Of course, the Rivers territory is so close, I can come back every day.”

But Grace was sharp for her age. She frowned, seeing through my gentle lie immediately.

“Hmph, you’re lying. You don’t even come home every day now. After marrying Connor, you definitely won’t.” Her lower lip trembled slightly, threatening tears.

Suppressing a laugh at her perceptiveness, I patiently coaxed my half-sister. “Sister has work at the law center, so I can’t come back daily now.”

Grace remained unconvinced. She stubbornly stretched out her pinky finger, her expression deadly serious.

“Pinky promise, you must come home every day to see me.”

My smile deepened with helpless affection. How could I resist this pure-hearted child who wanted nothing more than my presence?

I extended my pinky, offering a compromise. “I can’t promise every day, but whenever I’m free, I’ll come visit you, often.”

Grace’s little face brightened instantly, sunshine breaking through storm clouds.

“Okay!”

As our pinkies hooked together in solemn promise, a sweet smile blossomed on my face. In that moment, all my anxieties about the impending ceremony melted away.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the Winters Family Estate, my father Richard Winters and his wife Natalie had dressed meticulously for the occasion. They waited in the living

room, my father's face bearing a rare broad smile.

Through the open door, I could hear him welcoming Connor, who had arrived early to personally escort me.

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Chapter 50: The Engagem

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"Connor, wait a moment, Olivia will be down soon," my father said, his voice warmer than I'd heard in years.

Natalie stood beside him, also radiant with genuine happiness. Though not my biological mother, I sensed her silent prayers to my mother Sarah in heaven: Sarah, our Olivia is all grown up now and about to get engaged. You would be so proud and relieved. Connor is a good man and truly loves her. She will be happy, so don't worry.

The stylists gave me one final inspection before declaring me ready. Taking a deep breath, I picked up my bouquet of fresh flowers and stepped toward the *door*.

Grace raced ahead of me, her voice ringing through the house. "Sister is coming down!"

I descended the stairs gracefully, feeling all eyes turn toward me. Connor stood at the bottom, looking breathtakingly handsome in his tailored suit.

The moment our eyes met, time seemed to slow. His ice-blue gaze widened, drinking in every detail of my appearance—my elegant gown outlining my slender waist, the pearl pins catching the light, my amber eyes meeting his.

An amazed smile broke across Connor's face as he stepped forward, unable to hide his adoration. He took my hand in his, his touch warm and secure.

"You're beautiful," he whispered, his voice hoarse with emotion.

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