

## Alphas Regret, the luna is secret heiress

### Whisper 91

#### Chapter 50: The Engagement Day–2

In the car, Connor and I sat side by side, our hands tightly clasped. His usually reserved demeanor had melted into rare excitement, his ice-blue eyes warm with anticipation.

“Livvy, finally, this day has come,” he said, squeezing my hand gently.

A blush crept onto my cheeks as I met his gaze. “I’ve been looking forward to it, too.”

His grip tightened, his thumb tracing the back of my hand in small, soothing circles.

“Honestly, I wish we could skip the engagement and marry you right away. I want you to become Mrs. Rivers this very instant.”

I laughed shyly, teasing him to hide the flutter in my heart. “I belong to you sooner or later, why so impatient?”

His fingers traced gentle circles on my palm, his voice dropping to a husky whisper. “I can’t wait, not even a minute or second longer.”

Connor confessed he had once worried I might find it too rushed, so he’d suggested my father that an engagement first, then marriage later, would be better.

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“But *now* I realize, I dug my own grave,” he said with a rueful smile.

I chuckled, enjoying his rare display of impatience. “So, now you think your feelings

are deep enough?”

He pinched my cheek affectionately, his eyes crinkling at the corners. “That’s up to you. Mine have long since reached their peak.”

I lowered my eyes playfully, pretending *to* consider. “Well, then wait a bit longer.”

He played along indulgently, his voice warm with affection. “Then, Miss Winters, when will *you* finally agree *to* be Mrs. Rivers?”

“We’ll see…”

depends on my mood!” I teased, sticking out my tongue in a moment of childish playfulness.

Our laughter and gentle banter filled the car, dissolving any lingering shadows in joyous anticipation of what was to come.

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Chapter 50 The Engagem

+15 Ponts 20

We arrived at the Rivers Family Northern Estate in the northern outskirts of Riverdale.

The sprawling property looked transformed, decorated lavishly for the occasion.

Connor gallantly opened the car door, extending his hand to help me out. I stepped down gracefully, my heels sinking into a carpet of thousands of pink rose petals.

The fragrant pathway stretched from the gates all the way *to* the main hall. The entire estate was festooned with ribbons and fresh flowers, the air alive with soft music and the hum of well-wishers from both families.

“Do you like it?” Connor asked, his eyes searching mine for approval.

“It’s perfect,” I whispered, genuinely moved by the effort and thought that had gone into every detail.

We strolled through the sea of petals into the grand, brightly decorated banquet hall. The space overflowed with guests from influential circles, all dressed in their finest

attire.

Together, we greeted the crowd politely, accepting congratulations and well-wishes from what seemed like hundreds of people. After the initial round of greetings,

Connor gently guided me backstage to review the ceremony flow with the officiant.

Inside the lounge awaited the full Rivers Family: William Rivers clad in deep red traditional attire, warm and spirited despite rarely returning from business travels; the regal Eleanor Rivers in a silk gown shimmering with priceless jewelry; and William's wife, Katherine Rivers, composed and elegant.

The Winters Family soon joined, and the two families exchanged polite laughter as they confirmed every detail to ensure the perfect union of their houses.

(Connor's POV)

With the engagement about to commence, I felt a surge of anticipation. Finally, after all these years, Olivia would officially be mine.

My phone suddenly vibrated in my pocket. I glanced at the screen, my smile instantly fading when I saw the name.

Excusing myself, I answered. "What is it?"

On the other end, Vanessa Reed's voice came through, choked with sobs. "Con,

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<Chapter 50 The Engagem...

please, don't get engaged to Olivia."

+15 Points >

Since her previous deranged confession, she had never called me "Brother" again. Now, her pitiful "Con" grated on my nerves like nails on a chalkboard.

Stepping out of the lounge to avoid disturbing the others, my tone turned icy. "Vanessa, stop calling me. I will not cancel the engagement for you."

I moved to hang up when her desperate voice screamed through the speaker. "If you

won't cancel, I'll jump to my death!"

A fierce wind roared through the phone, making my blood run cold. This wasn't just another empty threat.

My brows furrowed in irritation—and a creeping dread. "Where are you?"

"I sneaked back to Riverdale," she replied, her voice eerily calm now. "Right now, I'm standing on the rooftop of that very building where your engagement is held. If you don't cancel it, I'll jump immediately."

The estate's main house was ten stories tall. Even for a werewolf, a fall would mean certain death.

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## Whisper 92

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<Chapter 51 Desperate Me...

+15 Points

Chapter 51: Desperate Measures—1

Chapter 51: Desperate Measures

(Connor's POV)

“Threaten me? You think you’re worthy?” I sneered into the phone, cold contempt seeping from every word.

At this moment, every trace of brotherly affection I once held for Vanessa Reed had frozen over, replaced by bitter revulsion. Memories flashed through my mind—how I once tolerated this foster sister purely out of pack duty.

After her lies and manipulations to turn me against Olivia, I deliberately distanced myself. The final blow came when I heard from Moonlaw Legal Services that Vanessa secretly pressured them to mistreat Olivia.

That discovery led me to have Frank Langley start a thorough investigation into her activities.

Gritting my teeth, I vowed, “Vanessa, all the things you did to hurt Olivia... once I find every detail, I’ll settle the score one by one.”

Vanessa’s voice cracked with desperate sobs through the phone. “Con, do you really not care if I live or die? Why are you so heartless? Isn’t my life more important than a mere engagement ceremony?”

My heart remained cold as steel. “That act might work on other people, but with me, it’s useless.”

Without another word, I hung up mercilessly. I immediately turned to Raymond Brooks, who stood nearby awaiting instructions.

“Find Vanessa. She claims to be on the rooftop. Mobilize security immediately,” I ordered, my voice leaving no room for questions.

Raymond nodded sharply. “Right away, sir.”

I decided the engagement would **proceed** as planned. I was **certain** Vanessa wouldn’t truly harm herself, but if she wasn’t found **soon**, she’d undoubtedly try to sabotage today’s ceremony.

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<Chapter 51 Desperate Me

(Vanessa’s POV)

**+15 Points >**

I stared at the disconnected phone screen, frozen for a moment before a hysterical rage took over. With a shriek, I hurled the phone at the wall, watching it shatter into pieces.

My hands swept across the nearby table, sending everything crashing to the floor in a frenzy. Vases shattered, papers scattered, and still my rage wasn't satisfied.

From the sofa across the hidden guest suite at the Rivers Family Northern Estate, Damon Redfern watched my meltdown with mocking amusement. His blood-red hair stood in stark contrast to his pale skin, a Cuban cigar clamped between his lips.

"Miss Reed, how come you're so quick to lose your composure?" he taunted, lazily lighting his cigar. His eyes gleamed with ridicule as he exhaled a cloud of smoke.

I wanted to claw that smug expression off his face. Before I could respond, heavy knocks pounded the door.

Vincent Black, the hulking bodyguard standing behind Damon, moved to open it. His massive frame blocked my view momentarily.

"Boss, we couldn't get the woman herself—the guards were too tight. But we grabbed the little *one*," Vincent announced.

He stepped aside, revealing a small struggling figure. My breath caught in my throat.

There was Grace Winters, held up like a doll, her hands bound behind her back with hemp *ropes*. Her legs kicked wildly in the air, her mouth sealed with black duct tape. Her terrified eyes brimmed with tears as she stared at me in confusion and fear.

Damon exhaled a smoke ring and spat out a single word: "Useless."

He glanced at his watch and stood abruptly. "Let's go, to the rooftop."

He cast a disdainful look down at me, still collapsed on the floor sobbing. His tone turned chillingly sardonic.

"Miss Reed, I advise you—stop crying over Connor Rivers. If Maxwell Wilson finds out, your end will be miserable. Even Zachary Zhou won't save you."

A sinister smile curled his lips, like the devil himself. "Actually, Brother Zhou wouldn't bother saving you anyway."

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\* Chapter 51 Desperate Me

With that, he turned and strode away, Vincent following with the struggling child. They ignored my despair completely.

+15 Points?

wiped my tears with trembling hands, staggered to my feet, and followed them out of the room. My eyes were hollow, my heart empty.

(Olivia's POV)

In the brightly decorated hall downstairs, only twenty minutes remained before the engagement festivities were set to begin. The air buzzed with excitement and anticipation.

Suddenly, a commotion erupted near the entrance to the lounge. Natalie Winters burst into the main hall, her face streaked with tears, her elegant makeup ruined.

"Grace is missing!" she cried, her voice breaking with panic. "I can't find her anywhere!"

My heart dropped like a stone. I rushed to Natalie's side, gripping her shoulders to steady her.

"What happened?" I demanded, trying to keep my voice calm.

Natalie's words tumbled out between sobs. "We were just chatting in the lounge. Grace said she wanted to go play outside, so I let her... Now I can't find her

anywhere!"

Katherine Rivers approached, her face a mask of composed concern. She placed a gentle hand on Natalie's arm.

"Don't worry," she soothed. "All the guests here today are our friends and family. Grace is likely just playing somewhere in the vast estate. She won't be in danger. We can check the surveillance footage."

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<Chapter 51 Desperate Me

+15 Points>

Chapter 51: Desperate Measures—2

But Connor's brow creased sharply as he joined us. His ice-blue eyes had darkened with suspicion.

"My father's already reviewing the security tapes," I added anxiously. "Let's split up and search, and send more people to help."

Suddenly, a collective gasp rippled through the crowd. Everyone's heads whipped toward the giant electronic screen that dominated one wall of the hall.

Originally set to show engagement videos and photos of Connor and me, it now displayed a horrifying sight: Grace tied to a chair, screaming and sobbing helplessly.

"Daddy, Mommy, Sister, where are you?" she wailed, her little face contorted with terror. "Wuu wuu, I want Mommy! Bad uncles took me, please save me!"

Natalie's legs buckled beneath her, eyes rolling back as she nearly fainted. I rushed to steady her, my own heart pounding with fear.

Natalie sobbed uncontrollably against my shoulder. "Olivia... what do we do... If Grace dies, I don't want to live either..."



Despair and disbelief rippled through the gathered crowd. Murmurs of shock and horror filled the air as everyone stared at the screen in disbelief.

Katherine's composed facade cracked slightly. "How could this happen? Everyone here is a trusted guest. How could someone kidnap Grace?"

Connor's face darkened to a dangerous shade. "It was Vanessa. She just called me."

The words hit me like a physical blow. "Vanessa?" I gasped, shock coursing through  
1. me.

My mind raced with implications. "Where is she? She's coming after me! We must find her now! Let me talk to her!"

As Connor took out his phone to call, the hall speakers suddenly crackled to life.

Vanessa's voice, cold and clear, filled the space:

"Olivia Winters, if you want your sister alive, come to the rooftop."

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Chapter 51 Desperate Me

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I froze for half a heartbeat, the words sinking in. Then panic propelled me forward as I bolted for the elevators.

Connor swiftly caught up and gripped my arm tightly. "Liv, don't go. It's dangerous!"

Tears trembled on my lashes as I turned to face him. "I have *to*! Vanessa is targeting

1. me. If I don't go, Grace will be hurt. I can't risk my sister's life."

"First, we alert the police," Connor insisted, his voice calm but forceful.

I struggled against his grip. "You call them, but don't stop me! Every second I delay,

Grace's danger grows. She's innocent—she's only targeted because of me. I won't watch her die because of me!"

My desperation cracked my voice as I fought fiercely to break free.

Connor's grip tightened, his tone rising. "And you think risking your own life is acceptable?"

Just then, Frank Langley rushed over breathlessly. His normally composed face was flushed with urgency.

"Mr. Rivers, we've located Vanessa Reed and Grace Winters. They're on the rooftop along with two unknown men."

"Only three people?" Connor's eyes narrowed, wary of a trap.

"Yes, sir. Police are already on their way," Frank confirmed with a quick nod.

Connor's mind visibly raced as he issued swift orders. "Mobilize all our security to the rooftop."

He turned to me, his ice-blue eyes intense. "Liv, you must stay calm. Vanessa wants you to walk into her trap. Promise me you won't."

My hands shook violently, terror flooding through me. "I..."

Before I could finish, shrill screams pierced the hall. Everyone's gaze jerked to the screen once more.

The image had changed. Now Vanessa pressed a gleaming silver dagger to Grace's delicate neck. Her face was twisted into a chilling smile as she stared straight into

the camera.

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## Chapter 51 Desperate Me.

+15 Points>

“Olivia Winters,” her voice dripped venom, “I give you five minutes. If you don’t come, your sister will die in your place!”

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## Whisper 93

< Chapter 51 Desperate Me

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Chapter **51**: Desperate Measures—2

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+8 Points >

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Chapter 51 Desperate Me

+8 Points 2

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## Whisper 94

< Chapter 52: Blood on the...

+8 Points >

Chapter **52**: Blood on the Rooftop

Chapter 52: Blood on the Rooftop

(Connor's POV)

I raced after Olivia, my heart pounding with dread. Every second counted. Grace's life hung in the balance, but I couldn't let Olivia sacrifice herself.

Suddenly, a body collided with mine. Red wine splashed across my white shirt and suit jacket, the liquid spreading like blood.

"I'm so sorry, Alpha Connor!" A man with an apologetic smile blocked my path. "What a terrible accident!"

I tried to step around him, but he shifted, maintaining his position directly in my way.

"Please, let me help clean that," he insisted, reaching for my jacket.

My patience snapped. "Get out of my way!" I snarled, my voice dropping to a dangerous growl.

The stranger's eyes widened at my tone. He finally stepped aside with a slight bow.

I didn't waste another second on him, sprinting toward the elevator bank. My blood ran cold when I saw the floor indicator numbers rapidly climbing.

Nine... ten.

Too late. The elevator had already reached the rooftop.

A sudden suspicion made me whirl around, scanning the crowd for the wine-spilling stranger. He had vanished completely.

This was no accident. Someone had deliberately delayed me.

I punched the call button for the second elevator, cursing under my breath. Every second I wasted could cost Olivia her life.

Outside the manor's side entrance, hidden in shadows, a black Audi idled silently. The man who had blocked me slipped into the driver's seat, his apologetic demeanor completely gone.

"Brother Clayton, it's done," he reported crisply.

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< Chapter 52: Blood on the

In the back seat, Clayton Thornton nodded with languid satisfaction. "Let's go."

The driver hesitated. "Aren't we waiting for Miss Reed?"

Clayton's lips curled into a contemptuous sneer. "Brother Frederick only told us to help ruin the engagement party, not to ensure that foolish woman escapes unscathed. If we wait for her, none of us will get away tonight."

Without another word, the car pulled away, melting into the darkness as they abandoned Vanessa to her fate.

(Olivia's POV)

+3 Points >

The elevator doors slid open at the rooftop level. My heart hammered against my ribs as I pushed open the heavy iron door..

Cold night wind whipped around me, tearing at my carefully styled hair and elegant dress. The beautiful engagement gown that had made me feel like a princess now felt like a cruel joke.

I spotted Grace immediately. My eight-year-old half-sister sat bound to a chair at the very edge of the rooftop. Black duct tape sealed her mouth, thick ropes binding her small limbs. Her eyes were wide with terror, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Behind her stood Vanessa Reed, her face twisted with hatred. A silver dagger gleamed in her hand, pressed against Grace's delicate throat. Two men in black stood on either side, their expressions blank and menacing.

My stomach lurched at the sight. Just this morning, Grace had been spinning in circles, chanting about my engagement. Now she was a hostage, her innocent life



threatened because of me.

“Let my sister go,” I said, fighting to keep my voice steady. “I will do anything you want.”

Vanessa’s eyes burned with a mixture of hatred and despair. “Come here,” she commanded. “Exchange yourself for her.”

Without hesitation, I stepped forward. Grace’s life was worth any risk to my own.

I moved slowly, careful not to provoke Vanessa into harming Grace. When I was just two meters away, a desperate shout broke the tension.

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2/5

<Chapter 52 Blood on the

“Livvy! Don’t go!”

Connor’s voice. He had made it to the rooftop, breathless and trembling with fear. Before I could react, he pulled me tightly into his arms.

“Don’t go,” he whispered, his voice quivering. “It’s too dangerous.”

+8 Points >

Vanessa’s face contorted as she watched us. Tears filled her eyes, spilling down her cheeks as she began to laugh—a high, broken sound that sent chills down my spine.

“Such enviable love, truly! Ha ha ha ha! Wonderful, wonderful!” Her laughter turned to sobs, then back to laughter again. “Why? Why is it you who has his love?”

In that moment, something in Vanessa snapped completely. With a primal scream, she lunged forward, silver dagger raised high, aiming for my back.

Everything happened in slow motion. Connor saw the blade coming but couldn’t push me away and counterattack in time. Instead, he twisted his body, placing himself between me and the dagger.

The silver blade sank deep into his waist.

Connor grunted in pain, his eyes widening as blood immediately darkened his

clothes. The red stain spread rapidly, far worse than the wine that had been spilled on him earlier.

Vanessa stumbled backward, her face a mask of horror at what she'd done. "No! Why? Connor, why do you care for her so much? You're willing to die for her?!"

I stepped away from Connor's embrace and looked down. The silver dagger was embedded in his waist, blood seeping around the wound. My face drained of all color.

"Con!" I cried out, tears streaming uncontrollably down my face.

The rooftop door burst open again. A squad of security personnel flooded the area, quickly subduing Vanessa's guards. They rescued Grace and pinned Vanessa to the ground, wrenching the weapon from her hand.

I collapsed onto my knees beside Connor, sobbing as I clung to him. "I'm sorry... Con, I'm so sorry... It's all my fault."

My voice was hoarse, broken by guilt and grief. I had been so foolish. My plan had been to feign compliance, exchange myself for Grace, then find a chance to subdue

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< Chapter 52 Blood on the...

Vanessa. I believed I could handle her—she had no real combat skills, and I had enough training to win.

+ Points >

But everything had happened too fast. I never expected Connor to arrive so quickly.

Never imagined Vanessa would be so desperate as to try to kill me outright. Never dreamed Connor would shield me with his own body.

Self-reproach crushed me like a physical weight. I should have trusted Connor's plan.

Should have waited for his security team instead of rushing in impulsively. If I hadn't been so stubborn, he wouldn't be lying here bleeding.

I would rather have taken the blade myself a thousand times over.

Hours later, I stood in the corridor outside the emergency room. A heavy silence had descended upon everyone waiting there. Connor was inside undergoing emergency surgery, his life hanging by a thread.

The silver from the dagger made the wound particularly dangerous for a werewolf.

The doctors had been working for hours, but we had no updates yet.

Eleanor Rivers and Katherine Rivers stood nearby, their eyes red from crying. William Rivers paced the corridor, his face a mask of controlled fury.

I leaned against the wall, my tears long since dried. My expression was hollow, my spirit shattered by remorse and fear. The beautiful engagement gown I still wore was now stained with Connor's blood—a cruel reminder of how quickly joy had turned to tragedy.

Grace had been safely escorted home by Natalie. The grand engagement ceremony that was supposed to unite our families had been irrevocably ruined.

William Rivers stopped pacing, his face ashen with a mix of anger and disbelief. "How could this happen? Wasn't Vanessa supposed to be in the Western Territory? How did she sneak back without us knowing?"

Frank Langley, Connor's assistant, stepped forward. His normally composed face was drawn with fatigue. "Sir, we just discovered that Miss Reed secretly met with Frederick Warner in the US. It was Frederick Warner who helped her evade our surveillance and return,"

At the mention of Frederick Warner, William was momentarily stunned. His face

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## Chapter 52 Blood on the

drained of color, as though he'd seen a ghost.

+8 Points >

Katherine, who had been sobbing just seconds before, suddenly exploded with fury.

"Frederick Warner?!" she screamed, her composure shattering completely. "That bastard! That illegitimate son dares to strike at our family?!"

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## Whisper 95

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### Chapter 53: Family Secrets and **Aftermath**—1

#### Chapter 53: Family Secrets and Aftermath

(Katherine's POV)

"I told you long ago that bastard must not be allowed to live!" I sobbed, pointing an accusing finger at William's face.

My voice echoed through the sterile hospital corridor, each word dripping with years of suppressed rage. "All because of your affair back then, fathering a child with that woman! Now, your bastard has caused Connor to be gravely injured, his life hanging

by a thread!"

William's face darkened with shame as hospital staff and other visitors glanced our way. I didn't care who heard. My son was fighting for his life because of his mistakes.

"Listen to me, William," I hissed, stepping closer. "If anything happens to Connor, I'll have someone kill that bastard of yours!"

William flinched as though I'd struck him. His jaw tightened, eyes flashing with a mixture of guilt and defensiveness.

"What's the point of bringing this up now?" he growled, keeping his voice low. "I never wanted her to have that child. Frederick's mother told me she'd aborted it, then secretly ran off to America. What could I do?"

My fury only intensified at his pathetic excuses. "I think you're just pretending ignorance. Maybe you were secretly happy she gave you a child!"

The words hung in the air between us, sharp and poisonous. William's face contorted with anger, but I could see the truth in his eyes.

(Richard's POV)

I stood awkwardly nearby, witnessing the Rivers family's dirty laundry being aired in public. As Alpha of the Winters pack and Olivia's father, I'd come to support my daughter through this nightmare, not to be privy to another pack's scandals.

A flicker of embarrassment crossed my face as Katherine's accusations grew louder. This was hardly the time or place for such revelations.

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< Chapter 53 Family Secret

+6 Points >

Eleanor Rivers, Connor's grandmother, sat rigidly in a nearby chair. Despite her obvious grief, she maintained a formidable composure that commanded respect. Her silver hair was perfectly styled despite the hours of waiting, her posture impeccable.

“Enough!” she suddenly barked, her aura oppressive and cold. “What time do you think it is to be quarreling like this? You’re humiliating the entire Rivers pack in front of our in-laws!”

Her authority silenced the room instantly. Even Katherine, still trembling with anger and tears streaming down her face, dared not continue her tirade.

(Eleanor’s POV)

I fixed my sharp gaze on Katherine, my daughter-in-law of thirty years. Her behavior was unacceptable, regardless of her distress.

“Katherine,” I said coldly, “Connor is still fighting for his life inside. Saying things like ‘if anything happens’—are you cursing your own son?”

Katherine’s tears flowed harder as she stammered, “Mother... I didn’t mean that...”

William’s patience snapped again. “Stop crying,” he ordered harshly. “Our son is still in surgery. Crying now is just unlucky.”

Katherine turned away, weeping silently into her handkerchief. Her shoulders shook with the effort of containing her sobs.

Richard Winters stepped forward awkwardly, clearly uncomfortable but trying to offer comfort. “Connor is blessed,” he said stiffly. “He’ll be fine.”

I nodded slightly in acknowledgment of his attempt. At least someone was trying to maintain decorum in this dreadful situation.

(Olivia’s POV)

I stood apart from the Rivers family, my back against the cold hospital wall. Their voices faded into meaningless noise around me.

None of it registered—not Katherine’s accusations, not William’s defenses, not

Eleanor's reprimands. My world had shrunk to a single point of crushing self-blame

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and fear.

Each second dragged like an eternity. My chest felt tight, my heart throbbing painfully

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<Chapter 53 Family Secret

against my ribs. I couldn't breathe properly, as if I were drowning on dry land.

+8 Points

Every heartbeat was torment. Regret clawed at my insides like a living thing. If only I hadn't rushed to the rooftop. If only I'd trusted Connor's plan. If only I'd been less impulsive.

The beautiful engagement gown I still wore was stained with Connor's blood. I couldn't bring myself to change, as though removing it would somehow sever my connection to him.

Desperate hope and terror battled within me. What if the silver had spread too far? What if the doctors couldn't save him? What if the last memory Connor had of me was my foolish, reckless decision that put him in danger?

Time inched forward with excruciating slowness. The sun sank lower outside the windows, shadows lengthening along the hospital corridor.

Then, at last, the doors to the operating room opened with a soft click.

Katherine rushed forward, her quarrel with William instantly forgotten. "Doctor, how is my son?" she demanded, voice trembling.

The others swarmed behind her. I remained frozen, my hands trembling violently, palms slick with sweat. Hope and dread warred within me as the surgeon finally

removed his mask.

Exhaustion lined his face, but it gave way to a faint smile. “The patient is out of danger now.”

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## Whisper 96

Chapter 53: Family Secrets and Aftermath—2

Relief swept through the hall like a physical wave. My tightly coiled nerves loosened slightly, and the oppressive despair eased a fraction.

“The silver dagger missed vital organs,” the doctor continued. “We’ve removed all traces of silver from the wound. He’s young and strong—his werewolf healing abilities should take over now that the silver is gone.”

Connor was transferred to ICU for observation, the risk of infection still looming, but the worst had passed. The heavy stone crushing everyone’s hearts slowly lifted.

(Eleanor’s POV)

With the immediate crisis over, my thoughts turned to what had happened. How had this disaster occurred at what should have been a joyous family occasion?

My gaze hardened as I addressed the family gathered in the waiting area. “How did Vanessa sneak into the estate? Our security is tight—no invitation, no entry. Has anyone found out?”



William, recalling the barrage of missed calls during the chaos, hurriedly pulled out his phone and dialed back. After a brief conversation, his expression darkened further.

“The investigation shows Vanessa entered as Clayton Thornton’s female companion,” he reported grimly. “She wore a mask, and since Grey family’s Third Young Master personally brought her, the guards didn’t insist on removing it.”

“Grey family?” My brows furrowed deeply. This connection was unexpected and concerning. “When did Vanessa get involved with the Grey family?”

William sighed heavily. “According to them, Clayton met her by chance in America. She never told him she’d been sent abroad as punishment. He claims this is our family’s private affair.”

He ran a hand through his graying hair. “As for why she came as his companion, Clayton said she wanted to surprise us.”

My eyes grew colder with each word. “A perfect excuse, but I don’t buy it. Keep digging.”

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## Chapter 53: Family Secret

William nodded, his expression grim. At this moment, Frank Langley, Connor’s assistant, approached respectfully.

“Elder Rivers, Chairman William,” he said with a slight bow, “the police just called.” Official source is

My gaze sharpened. “What did they say?”

Frank replied evenly, “Vanessa is suspected of k\*\*\*\*\*g and attempted murder. They ask if the family wants to handle this officially or...”

(Katherine’s POV)

+8 Points >

Before he could finish, I cut in with a bitter sneer. “She harmed Connor and you think we’d shield her? Ridiculous.”

My voice shook with rage and betrayal. This girl I had raised as my own daughter had tried to kill my son.

“Of course, prosecute her to the fullest extent of the law!”

Eleanor nodded after a thoughtful pause. “Severe punishment,” she agreed, her voice like steel.

Frank bowed slightly. “Yes. Also, Mr. Rivers previously instructed me to look into Vanessa. I found out that those two thugs who harassed Miss Winters before were hired by her.”

The revelation hit me like a physical blow. I’d known Vanessa was obsessed with Connor, but to go this far...

(Richard’s POV)

“What?” I exploded, unable to contain my anger. “Vanessa harassed our daughter? This is outrageous!”

My protective instincts flared. As Alpha of the Winters pack, I’d failed to protect my daughter from these threats.

Frank confirmed with a solemn nod. “She even contacted Miss Winters’ law firm to have them ‘special treat’ her.”

My voice shook with fury. “Unbelievable!”

I glanced at Olivia, who stood silently against the wall. How much had she endured

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Chapter 53 Family Secret

without telling me? My heart ached with guilt for not being there for her.

(Eleanor's POV)

+ Points >

A heavy sigh escaped me as I considered the full scope of this disaster. "Vanessa turning out like this, we Rivers family share the blame."

I looked at Katherine, whose face was a mask of pain and betrayal. "Katherine, you adopted her to repay Victoria Reed's kindness. Now she's grown up, and we've given her everything. That debt is repaid."

My voice turned solemn as I made the decision that would alter our family forever. "Her repeated crimes cannot be condoned. From this moment, she is expelled from the Rivers family. No objections?"

Katherine's expression was bleak as she whispered, "None."

Her voice trembled with pain. "I treated her like my own daughter, gave her the best education, tutors for piano and dance, dressed her like a Rivers heiress. How could

she repay me with such malice?"

She shook her head in disbelief. "Coveting Connor, sabotaging his engagement, committing crimes... I never imagined this."

(Katherine's POV)

Eleanor sighed deeply, her disapproval evident. "How could a good child become like this? Katherine, see what you've raised?"

I nearly choked on anger and grief at her words. After everything I'd been through today, to be blamed for Vanessa's actions was too much.

"Mother," I protested, "all these years I've cared for her, you saw it with your own eyes. I gave her the best. But no matter how much you nurture someone, you can't control their heart. How can you blame me entirely?"

The old lady's gaze was sharp with disapproval, but William intervened. "Enough. It's not Katherine's fault."

I was grateful for his support, rare as it was. Today had revealed too many family fractures, too many painful truths.

Eleanor turned her attention to Olivia Winters, who had remained silent throughout

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Chapter 53 Family Secret.

our family drama. Her face was pale, her eyes haunted with guilt and fear.

+ Points >

“Tell me,” Eleanor demanded, her eyes sharp as blades, “what exactly happened on that rooftop? How did Connor get hurt?”

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## Whisper 97

Chapter 54. Silver Wounds.

+8 Points >

Chapter 54: Silver Wounds and Pack Pride—1

Chapter 54: Silver Wounds and Pack Pride

(Richard’s POV)

I could barely contain the fury building inside me as I watched Eleanor Rivers interrogate my daughter. The hospital corridor felt suffocating, the antiseptic smell doing nothing to calm my nerves.

“So Connor took that silver dagger for you?” Eleanor’s voice cut through the air like a blade, each word dripping with accusation.

Olivia lowered her gaze, her shoulders hunched forward in defeat. “Yes.”

The elder Luna pressed on mercilessly, her eyes cold as winter. “You were too impulsive! We’d already called the territory enforcers, there were pack guards in the estate, couldn’t you have waited? If you hadn’t been reckless, Connor wouldn’t have been injured for no reason.”

My daughter’s face crumpled further. The sight of her—still wearing that blood-stained engagement gown—made my heart ache.

“I’m sorry, Elder Rivers, it’s all my fault,” Olivia whispered, her voice hoarse and guilty.

Tears shimmered in her amber eyes, so like her mother’s.

Something inside me snapped. The Alpha in me would not stand by while my daughter was blamed for another’s crimes.

“Elder Rivers, what’s the meaning of these words?” My voice boomed through the corridor, making several heads turn. “It was your adopted daughter who stabbed

Connor with silver, also your pack’s member. Are you implying this dagger was meant for my daughter’s body instead?”

Eleanor’s eyes widened at my outburst, but I wasn’t finished.

“You say she was impulsive—if your son had a silver blade to his throat, would you calmly wait for the enforcers? Would you risk it, knowing the kidnapper threatened to kill in five minutes?”

My voice grew colder with each word, my protective instincts fully awakened.

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Chapter 54 Silver Wounds

+8 Points>

“Your guards couldn’t even stop them from k\*\*\*\*\*g my younger daughter in broad daylight! Were they there to rescue or to collect corpses?”

The Rivers family stood frozen, shocked by my uncharacteristic display of emotion.

“My younger daughter was kidnapped, my older daughter risked her life to save her and nearly died herself, yet you blame her instead of the real culprit? What twisted logic is this? Are you believers of ‘victim blaming’?”

My hands trembled with barely suppressed rage. I hadn’t felt this protective since

Sarah’s death.

The silence that followed was deafening. Eleanor’s face had gone pale, her lips pressed into a thin line.

William Rivers, Connor’s father, coughed twice, breaking the tension. He fixed Eleanor with a sharp, cold gaze, his ice-blue eyes—so like his son’s—flashing with authority.

“Richard is right, this is not Olivia’s fault. And what nonsense did you just say? You pampered Vanessa too much, that’s why she turned out this way! This disaster is on you.”

Eleanor’s chest heaved furiously, her face flushing deep red. For a moment, I thought she might collapse.

“Fine! Now you blame me too? I won’t argue with you anymore!” She spun on her heel and stormed off, refusing to meet anyone’s gaze. [Discover more novels at](#)

William turned to me, his posture relaxing slightly. The hardness in his eyes softened to something almost apologetic.

“Don’t be angry, this is indeed our pack’s fault.”

Katherine Rivers, Connor’s mother, nodded in silent agreement, her amber eyes filled with shame. The resemblance between her and Olivia struck me again—they shared the same warm-colored eyes, though Katherine’s held decades more of life

experience.

I exhaled slowly, trying to calm myself. The anger still simmered beneath my composed exterior.

“Since Connor is out of danger, I’m going home to check on Grace. She’s still terrified.”

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Chapter 54 Silver Wounds...

+0 Points)

My heart was torn between my daughters. Grace needed me, but leaving Olivia here with these people who had just blamed her...

“Katherine, see Alpha Winters off,” William instructed gently, acknowledging the respect due to an allied pack’s leader.

Olivia stepped forward, clearly intending to follow me. I shook my head firmly.

“Livvy, come home with me. If you stay and something happens with Connor’s injury again, they’ll blame you all over.”

My words were deliberately sharp, meant to sting. The Rivers family’s faces darkened with shame at the reminder of their matriarch’s earlier scolding.

(Olivia’s POV)

My lips trembled as I looked at my father. I was exhausted, guilt-ridden, but I knew what I needed to do.

“Dad... I can’t leave yet. Connor risked his life for me. If he wakes up and doesn’t see me, he’ll be sad.”

My voice was soft but filled with determination. I couldn’t abandon Connor now, not after what he’d done for me.

William smiled approvingly, his stern features softening. “Richard, my mother was out of line just now. I apologize on her behalf.”

His authority carried the weight of the entire Rivers pack. The apology was genuine, if belated.

“Yes, Connor would want to see her first when he wakes,” Katherine added, her earlier hostility completely gone.

Watch **Ads (20)**

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## Whisper 98

Chapter 54 Silver Wounds

+8 Points?

Chapter **54**: Silver Wounds and Pack Pride—2

She looked at me with something like acceptance in her eyes. Perhaps she finally understood the inevitable bond between her son and me.

Dad’s anger seemed to soften a little. He sighed heavily, the fight draining from him.

“Fine. Stay here. I’ll go see your sister.”

With a final glance that held both worry and resignation, he left the hospital corridor. His footsteps echoed against the sterile tiles, each one taking him further from me.

Left behind, my guilt overwhelmed me anew. I bowed again to William and Katherine.

“I’m sorry, I acted rashly.” My shoulders slumped with the weight of responsibility for Connor’s injury.

Katherine gently took my hand, her touch warm and maternal. She sighed softly.



“Child, stop blaming yourself. This tragedy is not your fault at all. You didn’t want Connor hurt, and your father was right—it’s ultimately our Rivers pack’s responsibility.”

Her kindness broke something inside me. Tears brimmed anew in my eyes.

“I want to see Connor.”

The words came out as a desperate plea. I needed to see him, to know he was truly alive and recovering.

“Come, let’s visit him together,” Katherine said softly, squeezing my hand with warmth and understanding.

It felt like a silent acceptance of my place in her son’s life.

Inside the ICU, the steady beep of monitors filled the air. Connor lay still, his normally vibrant presence diminished by the sterile hospital bed and the tubes connected to his body.

I held my breath, watching his face for any sign of consciousness. After what felt like an eternity, his eyelids fluttered and finally opened.

The first thing that came into focus was my tear–stained, anxious face. My tears immediately spilled over again.

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< Chapter 54. Silver Wounds

+8 Points

“Con, you’re finally awake,” I choked out, voice trembling with relief and heartbreak.

Connor’s lips curved in a faint but gentle smile despite his pallor. “Don’t cry, I’m not dying.”

His voice was weak but carried his characteristic quiet strength. Even now, he was trying to comfort me.

Katherine's tears flowed freely as well. She moved to the other side of the bed, taking her son's hand.

"You scared me half to death. If anything happened to you, I wouldn't want to live nymore."

William's brows snapped together in disapproval. "Stop saying such unlucky things."

His command carried enough force to make everyone instinctively settle. The Alpha's authority was unmistakable.

Seeing my uncontrollable tears, Connor's ice-blue eyes softened with deep affection. He tried to raise his hand to wipe my face, but the movement pulled at his silver-inflicted wound.

His breath hitched in pain, face contorting momentarily before he controlled it.

I quickly grasped his hand and sobbed out, "Con..."

"Don't cry, Livvy." His voice was hoarse yet infinitely gentle and pained.

The intimate nickname that only he was allowed to use made my heart clench. "As long as you're safe, nothing else matters."

"No, don't say that," I said, hastily wiping my tears with my free hand. "We both have to be fine."

Katherine scolded softly from across the bed, "What nonsense. Both of you must be fine."

Her voice carried maternal authority that brooked no argument. In that moment, I felt a strange kinship with her—we both loved Connor, each in our own way.

"Is Grace alright?" Connor asked weakly, his concern extending beyond himself even in this state.

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Chapter 54 Silver Wounds.

+8 Points >

I nodded, touched that he would think of my sister at a time like this. “She’s safe now.”  
“That’s good.” His tense features eased slightly, as if one burden had been lifted from his shoulders.

Katherine wiped her tears again. “Stop worrying about others, take care of yourself first. We’ll handle the rest.”

Connor’s eyes never left my face. “Dad, Mom, please leave us alone for a moment.”  
William and Katherine exchanged a glance and silently withdrew, respecting their son’s request. The door closed softly behind them.

Only the two of us remained. Connor’s gaze searched my face anxiously.

“Livvy, did anyone give you trouble?” [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

The silver–inflicted wound might have weakened his body, but his protective instincts remained as strong as ever. Even now, he was worried about me.

I shook my head, my heart swelling with mixed grief, guilt, and overwhelming tenderness.

“Con, get well soon. We still need to redo our engagement ceremony.” I forced a smile through my tears, trying to give him something to look forward to.

A faint but genuine smile curved his pale lips. “Alright, I promise you.”

His voice was weak but determined. In that moment, I believed him completely.

(William’s POV)

Katherine and I had barely stepped outside the ICU when my phone vibrated. Frank Langley’s name flashed on the screen.

I answered immediately, moving away from the door to avoid disturbing Connor and Olivia.

“What is it, Frank?”

The beta’s voice was anxious and hurried, completely unlike his usual composed demeanor. “Alpha William, something bad has happened!”

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## Whisper 99

Chapter 55: ICU Awakening and the Storm Outside—1

Chapter 55: ICU Awakening and the Storm Outside

(Frank’s POV)

+8 Points >

“At the detention center, Vanessa Reed claimed she was pregnant with an Alpha’s child. On the way to Harbor City Memorial Hospital for examination, a black SUV recklessly rammed into the detention center’s vehicle, violently forcing it off the road.”

My voice remained steady despite the gravity of what I was reporting to Alpha William. Years of service had taught me to maintain composure even in crisis.

“Several muscular men, all carrying weapons, emerged from the SUV. They took Vanessa away. The officers escorting her were severely injured, and they couldn’t pursue immediately.”

William’s face darkened with each word, his jaw clenching tighter.

“By the time the territory patrol arrived, it was too late. Vanessa had been snatched away right under the officers’ noses.”

(William’s POV)

The news hit me like a physical blow. My hands clenched into fists as I processed Frank's words.

"How is this possible?" I demanded, incredulous that a prisoner under official custody could be abducted so blatantly. "Were our people asleep?"

Frank's expression remained professionally neutral. "The attack was coordinated and executed with military precision, sir. These weren't amateurs."

Katherine approached, startled by the commotion. "What happened?" she asked, her eyes darting between Frank and me.

"It's Vanessa," I replied, my voice heavy with frustration and worry.

Katherine's face paled instantly. "Wasn't she already in custody? How could she be taken away again?"

My brow furrowed deeply as I pieced things together. The fact that those who

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< Chapter 55 ICU Awakenin

+8 Points

rescued her were visibly well-trained and armed convinced me Vanessa must have found powerful backing outside our territory.

"Mother was right," I muttered, recalling Eleanor's warning that Vanessa's return was definitely not as straightforward as we believed. "Vanessa has someone formidable behind her, and we must uncover who this is, and fast."

(William's POV)

Katherine's expression darkened sharply, the truth dawning on her as her eyes flashed with anger.

"Isn't it your illegitimate son, Frederick Warner, who helped her come back from abroad? Why bother investigating? Send people to America now and drag that man

back!”

The words dripped with scorn, reopening old wounds I’d hoped had scarred over decades ago.

My face turned ashen, anger and helplessness mingling inside me. “Can you stop calling him that? I was wrong back then, but Frederick is still my blood. Stop insulting him.”

Katherine sneered coldly. “Ha! A child born from cheating during our early years- what else should I call him? Since you betrayed our relationship, why can’t I speak the truth?”

The bitterness in her voice cut through me. Our long-buried resentment erupted amid the crisis, decades of pain surfacing at the worst possible moment.

(William’s POV)

“Enough!” I snapped, aware that Frank was still standing uncomfortably nearby, witnessing our marital discord.

My face grew grim as I lowered my voice. “Our influence doesn’t extend into America.

Even if it did, Frederick has built up his own power there, operating both sides of the law. Confronting him head-on would be suicide for our people.”

The implication was clear: Frederick Warner had grown into a dangerous force, possibly the shadowy mastermind helping Vanessa. Our family crisis now extended far beyond territory boundaries.

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<Chapter 55 ICU Awakenin

+8 Points >

An ominous storm loomed as the kidnapped Vanessa vanished into the shadows, protected by ruthless men and weapons.

(Connor’s POV)

I was drowning in darkness, then floating, then drowning again. Chaotic dreams pulled me under repeatedly—Vanessa’s face twisted with hatred, Grace’s terrified eyes, Olivia’s tears as the silver blade flashed.

The pain in my side anchored me to reality even as my consciousness drifted. Sometimes I heard voices—my mother’s tearful pleas, my father’s gruff commands, and softer, sweeter tones that could only belong to Livvy.

When I finally broke through the surface of awareness, bright sunlight spilled across my face. The sharp scent of antiseptics filled my nostrils, pulling me fully into wakefulness.

I blinked against the glare, trying to raise my hand to shade my eyes. A sharp pain where needles pricked my skin made me wince.

At that very moment, Olivia appeared at the doorway, carrying a thermal lunch container. Her amber eyes bloomed with gentle relief when she saw me.

“You’re awake,” she said softly.

She quickened her steps, placing the container on the bedside table. Her tone was soft and caring as she continued, “I just went to make you some healing broth. You woke up just in time for lunch.”

(Connor’s POV)

I turned my gaze to the container, surprise flickering through me. “You cooked?” NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

Olivia blushed slightly, the color making her amber eyes seem even brighter. “Yes. I made it myself with herbs. It’s my first time preparing this particular healing broth, so... would you like to try?”

Bathed in sunlight, I felt my usual cold demeanor melt away completely. My lips lifted into a faint, tender smile.

**Vote**

**425**

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## Whisper 100

Chapter **55**: ICU Awakening and the **Storm Outside**—2

“Of course.”

The thought of Livvy cooking for me, preparing something with her own hands specifically for my recovery, filled me with a warmth that had nothing to do with the sunlight streaming through the window.

(Connor’s POV)

She leaned close to adjust my pillows, her delicate floral–fruity scent enveloping me, making my heart melt. For a fleeting second, I believed she might kiss me, and my

heart sweetened like honey, pounding with a shy, nervous anticipation.

It would be the very first time my Livvy initiated such intimacy outside of our night together.

Just then, the hospital bed’s headrest slowly rose instead. “I’m adjusting your bed so you can sit up comfortably and eat,” she explained.

Realizing my mistake, I felt a little silly, like a lovesick young man, but a warm smile rose on my lips nonetheless. Even injured, I couldn’t help but want her closer.

(Olivia’s POV)

I set up a small table over Connor’s lap, carefully placing paper napkins, then the container. Opening it revealed the freshly prepared dishes I’d made with such care—lightly steamed vegetables and tender venison.

“The doctor said you should eat lighter food while you recover, so I made you vegetables and some meat, balanced with healing properties,” I explained, placing each dish down with gentle care.



Connor watched me quietly, his ice-blue eyes following my every movement. There was something in his gaze a mixture of tenderness and disbelief—that made my heart flutter.

I lined up the little bowls steamed vegetables, venison, fragrant white rice, and a bowl of healing broth.

“That’s quite a lot,” Connor remarked with a soft chuckle. “What kind of broth is this?”

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< Chapter 55 ICU Awakenin

+6 Points >

“Herb with wild game,” I replied, scooping a spoonful. I blew on it gently and raised it to his lips. “Try some.”

(Olivia’s POV)

Just as he lowered his head to sip, his gaze halted abruptly. He spotted the blister on my right index finger.

“What happened to your hand?” he asked, his voice suddenly sharp with concern.

I tried to hide it, but it was too late. “I just... burned myself a little in the kitchen. It’s nothing, just a blister.”

Connor’s ice-blue eyes reddened, his voice thick with distress. “Does it hurt?”

“No,” I insisted softly, touched by his concern. “Compared to what you suffered, this is nothing.”

The silver wound in his side was so much worse than my tiny kitchen burn. I couldn’t bear him worrying about something so trivial when he was the one in a hospital bed.

(Connor’s POV)

I reached out to gently hold her slender wrist, bowing my head to blow lightly on her

burn, again and again. My voice was hoarse with tenderness as I said, "Liar. Burns always hurt."

Olivia's amber eyes misted over, but she shook her head, her voice trembling with affection. "Really, it doesn't. Next to your wound, it's nothing at all."

My fingers cupped her cheek with infinite care. "If you get hurt, even a tiny bit, I'll feel heartache."

Her lashes quivered as she finally let herself lean into my warmth, her soft voice calling, "Con..."

That sweet, affectionate call nearly undid all my composure. I pulled her close, pressing warm kisses to her smooth forehead, flushed cheek, then her soft lips,

tasting her sweetness and relief in one.

(Olivia's POV)

Moments later, I gently pressed my palms against his chest, pulling away slightly. My

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< Chapter 55 ICU Awakenin

cheeks felt hot, and I couldn't quite meet his eyes.

"Eat first, before it gets cold," I murmured.

+8 Points

Connor's voice was husky, his eyes bright with teasing affection. "Fine. Then after lunch, more kisses?"

I pouted, ducking my head in embarrassment, refusing to answer; but inside my heart was bubbling with joy. This playful, tender side of Connor was something I was still getting used to.

The fact that he could tease me like this meant he truly was feeling better. Relief washed through me, easing some of the guilt I'd carried since he took that silver blade for me.

(Connor's POV)

I tasted her steamed vegetables, my face lighting up as I swallowed. The flavors were simple but perfectly balanced, clearly made with care and attention.

Olivia's eyes were bright with nervous anticipation. "How is it? Does it taste okay?"

With a soft laugh, I teased, "Delicious. You know, they say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Are you trying to capture my heart via my appetite first?"

Puffing up her cheeks, she pretended to scold me. "So if I can't win over your stomach, I can't win your heart?"

I laughed again, squeezing her cheek affectionately. "How could that be? Just standing there, you already have my heart without doing anything at all."

Her pout dissolved into a dazzling, uncontrollable smile, happiness shining in her amber eyes. The sight was more healing than any medicine.

(Olivia's POV)

Every last bite of the meal disappeared—even the healing broth was finished. Connor leaned back against the pillows, resting contentedly as I carefully collected the dishes.

I was intent on washing them myself, not wanting to burden anyone else with the task.

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## Chapter 55 ICU Awakenin...

### + Points

“Let the nurse or Martha do it,” Connor suggested, watching me stack the containers.

I shook my head gently. “It’s no trouble.” READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT

He gazed at me with deep affection and a faint trace of sadness. “When did you learn to cook with herbs?”

The question held layers of meaning. We both knew I’d grown up. privileged, never needing to perform such tasks.

“Just these past couple of days,” I replied softly, not mentioning the hours I’d spent researching healing recipes or the multiple attempts it had taken to get this one right.

The quiet intimacy was suddenly interrupted as the door swung open and a group of people entered the room.

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