

A Broken Alpha Heiress' Revenge

Chapter 1

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Riley's POV

"You gave Blackmaw Pack's Alpha daughter Tessa false information. You lured her into the Black Forest, and now she lies in a coma after being mauled by Rogues. You deserve to die."

I froze.

Maddox—my mate—stood in front of me, his voice like ice, his eyes filled with contempt. Behind him, peeking from the safety of his shoulder, my adoptive sister Scarlett watched me with a victorious smile.

She did it. She set me up.

But no one cared.

Tessa was found on the brink of death, her body bloodied, surrounded by signs of a violent Rogue ambush. The scent markers left behind pointed to one culprit—one of Alpha Alaric's daughters from the Ebonclaw Pack.

Everyone knew there were two.

One was Scarlett, the sweet, perfect daughter raised under Luna Zara's gentle care, groomed for Pack leadership, adored by all.

The other was me.

I'm Riley.

The daughter who disappeared fifteen years ago. The one raised by Rogues.

Three years ago.

The Ebonclaw Pack raided our Rogue settlement. Their Alpha stepped into the clearing, caught my scent, and froze. He said I smelled like his "little pup."

He took me back.

And then it came true.

I had a father. A mother. A tall, handsome Alpha brother—Kael Vale. A real family.

But the little princess wasn't me.

It was Scarlett.

The girl they adopted when I vanished. The Beta-born child a seer had claimed could "heal" my mother's grief. She was accepted as their own, cherished without question.

And when I returned, they didn't want to choose.

So they simply didn't.

I was tolerated. A ghost in the family mansion. A name without a place.

And worse, I was incomplete.

My wolf—my birthright—barely stirred inside me. Sometimes, I could feel her pulse in my blood, like a whisper. But mostly, she slept. And that made me weak in their eyes. Unworthy.

So when someone had to be blamed for Tessa's suffering, they all looked at me. Because Scarlett? She would never.

But me? A rogue-born, half-wolf disgrace? Of course I would.

I turned to Kael—my brother.

He had been the first to arrive at the scene of the attack. I had followed right behind him, just in time to see him stoop, pick something up, and quietly slip it into his pocket.

I saw what it was.

Scarlett's earring.

The same global limited edition he gave her when she shifted for the first time.

He knew.

He knew the truth.

So I looked at him now, heart pounding, throat dry, begging for just one word.

One truth. One shred of loyalty.

"Kael..." My voice cracked. "You too?"

He stared at me, and for a moment, I saw the conflict in his eyes.

Then he exhaled, looked me dead in the face, and said, "Even now? Still lying when you're already as good as dead?"

My heart shattered.

I didn't even have time to react before Alpha Ronan charged forward.

His boot connected with my stomach, and I flew across the floor like a rag doll. Pain exploded in my ribs, sharp and burning, like every bone inside me had been cracked in half by his Alpha strength.

I gasped for air and looked up—at my father, Alpha Alaric.

He stood still, expression unreadable, eyes locked on me like I was nothing.

Beside him stood Luna Zara. My mother.

I pleaded with my eyes, silently begging her to step forward. To say something. She hesitated.

And then looked away.

Another kick came. Then another. I curled into myself, not from fear, but from despair.

“Send her to the Werewolf Prison, waiting for the verdict of the Werewolf Court.” Ronan snarled, his voice layered with Alpha authority that burned against my skin like acid.

My breath caught in my throat.

No.

Anything but that.

I had never been to the Werewolf Prison, but I’d heard the stories. Torture. Chains. Madness. No sunlight. No mercy.

Death would be kinder.

Two warriors grabbed me by the arms and began dragging me across the ground. My knees scraped against the dirt, and tears welled in my eyes—not from pain, but from betrayal.

From Maddox.

From Kael.

From them all.

Then Ronan crouched beside me and leaned in close, his breath brushing my cheek like frostbite.

“I’ll make sure someone takes good care of you in there,” he whispered. “For what you did to my sister.”

And just like that, my last hope died.

