

A Broken Alpha Heiress' Revenge

Chapter 11

Kael's POV

The moment the footage ended, I couldn't breathe.

Fifteen minutes.

That was how long it took to drive Riley home from the prison.

Fifteen minutes of her sitting motionless, her hands resting on her lap, body pressed against the window like she wanted to disappear into the glass.

She never even glanced at Scarlett's dress hanging beside her.

Not once.

And yet, we accused her—again.

I leaned back in the driver's seat, the luxury leather suddenly feeling suffocating. My chest ached, like something heavy was lodged there, impossible to cough up.

Riley's voice echoed in my ears. Cold. Flat. Final.

Her eyes when she looked at me—no hate, no sadness, just absence.

Like I didn't exist anymore.

Like her brother had died a long time ago.

But I remembered—how she used to smile at me every time I came home.

"Gege's back! You must be tired, I made you tea."

She used to beam.

Now she couldn't even look me in the eye.

I pressed my fingers against my temple. The headache had been building all day, but now it pulsed like a war drum.

I didn't know how long I sat there.

Until I heard her voice.

Soft. Familiar.

"Mia, it's fine. Go back inside."

"I'll go, but you call me if anything happens, alright?"

I sat up like I'd been struck.

There she was. Riley.

Standing outside the villa gate, her plastic bag in hand. Mia by her side.

Leaving.

Without a word. Without a fight.

Just walking away.

I threw the door open, barely aware of how loud I was. "Riley! Where are you going?!"

My voice cracked through the quiet courtyard like thunder.

Mia flinched. "Young Master! You—"

I shot her a glare. She fell silent.

Then I turned back to Riley, barked out, "Stop right there."

She didn't.

She didn't even pause.

She just kept limping forward like I was air. Like she didn't hear me.

And then it hit me—

She didn't hear me.

I ran toward her, heart pounding, grabbed her arm. "Are you deaf? I told you to stop!"

She turned, startled, her expression shifting when she saw it was me.

I realized it then.

She was deaf. At least partially.

Something in her eyes told me everything I needed to know.

I'd never asked.

Never wondered why she didn't respond sometimes.

Just assumed she was ignoring me.

She yanked her arm back. "Let go."

"Are you serious right now?" I snapped. "You ruined Scarlett's birthday party and now you're storming off like some tragic heroine? Grow up, Riley."

I didn't mean to grab her so hard.

But I did.

I latched onto her arm and pulled.

"Let's go. You're coming back inside—"

“Let me go!” she shouted, her voice trembling.

Tears welled in her eyes. Her body jerked against mine, and her injured leg buckled with the effort. She could barely stay upright.

Mia was hovering nearby, begging, “Young Master, she’s still hurt—please, don’t pull her like that—”

I loosened my grip a little.

But didn’t let go.

“I said come home.”

“I’d rather die on the streets than live another day under that roof!” she cried.

And something in me snapped.

Anger—rage—guilt—everything boiled over.

I didn’t think.

I just acted.

My foot moved—lashed out—and struck her in the leg.

“WILL YOU COME HOME NOW?!”

She screamed.

The sound carved into me like a knife.

She dropped.

Collapsed into the pavement like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

Her arms wrapped around her leg, her whole body curled up like a wounded animal, lips trembling, face white as bone.

She was crying.

Not screaming. Not sobbing.

Just leaking tears like her soul was bleeding through her eyes.

Mia fell to her knees beside her. “Miss Riley?! What happened?! What’s wrong?!”

Riley couldn’t answer.

She was shaking, mumbling incoherently, her voice low and broken: “I’m sorry... don’t hit me... I didn’t mean to... I’m sorry...”

Over and over.

Her voice was small.

Terrified.

Like she wasn't even here anymore.
Like her mind had gone somewhere darker. Farther.
I stood frozen.
Heart pounding.
No—slamming.
“What... what are you saying?” I murmured.
She looked up at me, her eyes glassy and lost.
“I’m sorry... please don’t hit me again...”
Mia pushed me aside with strength I didn’t know she had, her fingers fumbling
to roll up Riley’s pant leg.
And then I saw it.
Her leg.
It was ruined.
Scarred. Crooked. Twisted in ways no bone should ever be. The skin bore every
memory it never wanted to keep—red, purple, bruised, raw, old.
There were scars that hadn't faded.
Wounds that had never healed.
I stared.
And stared.
And stared.
“...What the hell happened to her?” I whispered.
She was fine five years ago.
When they dragged her away in handcuffs, she was whole.
Now?
Now she was... this.
Mia’s voice trembled. “She was in prison. You think it was a safe place for a girl
like her? An Omega?”
My throat tightened.
My heart cracked open.
And I realized—I had never once asked.
Never once wondered.
What happened to my sister after I let them take her away.

She wasn't even twenty.
And I handed her over like a problem to be erased.
I lunged forward and scooped her up.
She was so light.
Too light.
Like someone who'd gone hungry for far too long.
I didn't stop to think. Just ran—through the courtyard, into the house.
But the second I reached the main hall...
I froze.
I didn't even know where her room was.
I'd lived here all my life.
And I didn't know where my sister slept.
“Mia,” I said, my voice hoarse. “Where's her room?”
She hesitated, then pointed down the servants' corridor.
“This way, Young Master.”
I followed.
The hallway was narrow. Damp.
It smelled like dust and mildew.
The deeper we went, the harder it became to breathe.
And then Mia opened the door.
The smell hit me first.
Then the sight.
A room the size of a closet. Stained walls. No windows. A single broken fan in the corner. A fold-up cot pressed against the wall, surrounded by piles of junk.
I stared.
Stared like the world had ended.
“She... she lives here?” I choked.