

A Broken Alpha Heiress' Revenge

Chapter 2

Riley's POV

The chains around my wrists were cold and tight.

Each step I took toward the courtroom echoed louder than the last, like the world was announcing my humiliation.

Two guards walked beside me—one on each side, hands firm on my arms, like I was some kind of feral beast.

Just before I reached the heavy oak doors, I saw them.

My father.

My mother.

Kael.

Standing in the corridor as if they'd just arrived by chance. But I knew better.

They were waiting for me.

"Stop," my father said quietly to the guards. "Give us a moment."

The guards hesitated, then stepped back.

I stood still.

What was left to say?

"We need your help," Alpha Alaric said.

I blinked. My lips parted.

Help?

Then Luna Zara stepped forward, her expression soft—not with motherly warmth, but with practiced diplomacy.

"Scarlett can't survive this, Riley," she said. "You know that."

It hit me like a slap.

A cruel, unbelievable twist.

"She's never known pain," Kael added gently. "She's not like you."

Not like me.

"You grew up with Rogues," he continued. "You're strong. You've endured worse than prison."

My heart clenched.

“You want me to take the blame,” I whispered.

They didn’t deny it.

Kael stepped closer, lowering his voice. “I swear, I’ll make sure you’re protected in there. You won’t suffer.”

I laughed.

A bitter, hollow laugh that scraped my throat raw.

So this was love? This was family?

“Thank you,” I said. “For finally showing me exactly what I am to you.”

Then I turned without waiting for a reply.

The doors opened.

The courtroom was large, circular, made of dark stone and shadow. On the high platform sat the Council of Elders—and at the center, in his black uniform and silver crest, was Maddox.

My mate.

My judge.

My executioner.

Our eyes met for a brief moment. There was something flickering behind his mask of calm—a glimmer of guilt? Of doubt?

No. Just calculation.

Maddox was a Council Judge. An authority. A symbol of justice.

And he would rather protect Scarlett than defend his own mate.

Tessa’s family was seated nearby, grief-stricken. Alpha Ronan glared at me with rage barely restrained beneath his skin.

One by one, the witnesses spoke.

Twisted truths. Skewed assumptions. Convenient silence.

Maddox presided over it all, pretending not to know the scent of my soul.

Pretending he couldn’t feel the bond between us telling him I was innocent.

He never looked back at me.

Finally, the verdict fell from his lips like a dagger to the heart:

“Riley of Ebonclaw Pack, you are sentenced to five years in Werewolf Detainment for your crimes against the Blackmaw Pack and endangering the life of an Alpha heir.”

My knees almost gave out.

Five years.

Five years in that place.

No trial by combat. No second chances.

Just exile.

Just silence.

Just betrayal.

I was dragged out of the courtroom. My body felt numb, as if every word I had heard had turned into a weight pressing down on my bones.

And then I heard footsteps.

Click. Click. Click.

Scarlett.

She stepped into the hallway, her arms folded, her expression smug and shining like victory.

“Prison suits you, Riley,” she said sweetly, her voice laced with venom. “I mean, it’s practically your second home, isn’t it? Rogue-born and all.”

I stared at her, my breath shallow.

“Don’t worry,” she continued. “Five years will fly by. And when you come back... well, if you come back... you’ll find I’ve done such wonderful things with the life you wasted.”

She leaned in.

“They all chose me. Even him.”

She didn’t say Maddox’s name. She didn’t have to.

I looked away, swallowing down the scream rising in my throat.

“See you never, sister,” she whispered, then walked off, her laughter echoing down the corridor like a curse.

The guards pulled me forward again.

Step by step, toward the gates of the prison.

Toward the darkness.

Toward the place they thought would break me.
The cell door creaked open. The stench of blood, rust, and mildew hit me like a wall. The floor was damp. The walls were stained.
And then—
Agony.
It hit me out of nowhere.
A blinding, soul-tearing pain erupted in my chest, like claws digging into my heart and ripping it apart from the inside.
I screamed, collapsing to my knees.
My wolf whimpered deep within me—then howled in pain.
And through the storm of torment, I heard it.
His voice. Maddox. Through the bond.
But it wasn't warmth or apology that reached me.
It was ice.
"I reject you as my mate."
The bond snapped like a shattered bone.
The silence that followed was louder than any scream.
My hands trembled against the stone floor.
Tears blurred my vision—not from the pain of rejection, but from the truth it carried.
He chose them.
He chose her.
And now, I had no mate. No family. No name. No one.
Only rage.
Only darkness.
Only the fire that began to smolder in the broken ruins of my heart.
This is my hell.
And if I survive it, I swear...
I will make them all burn.