

# A Broken Alpha Heiress' Revenge

## Chapter 5

Riley's POV

The car ride was silent, but the silence wasn't empty.

It was loud with everything Kael wasn't saying. Everything he refused to acknowledge.

I sat in the back seat, the worn denim of my prison jeans rough against my skin.

My gaze drifted over the interior.

Fuzzy pink seat cover on the passenger side.

Strawberry bear plushies lined up perfectly on the dashboard.

A woman's photo swinging from the rearview mirror—she was older now, softer, her smile bright and confident. Coddled. Protected. Untouched.

Scarlett.

She looked like she belonged.

Like this car, this world, had been molded around her.

And somehow, she still made it look like I was the outsider.

I turned my face away from the mirror.

But my eyes caught on the shopping bag next to me.

A feathered white gown peeked through the open top, so pristine it didn't even look real.

It didn't belong to me.

I didn't need to ask.

Everything in this car screamed that I didn't belong.

My fingers curled, self-conscious. The calloused pads of my prison hands brushed over the cheap fabric of my jeans.

Scarlett got couture.

I got correctional uniforms and a criminal record.

Outside, the trees blurred past, and Kael finally decided to speak.

“Mom and Dad... they really missed you these past five years. They cried every day. The stress turned their hair gray,” he said, like it meant something. Like it fixed anything.

He didn’t stop there.

“When we get home, don’t start with your old attitude. I don’t want to see any rivalry with Scarlett. Don’t make things difficult. If you behave, the Ebonclaw Pack won’t treat you unfairly.”

I didn’t answer.

Silence stretched, thick and uncomfortable. He checked the rearview mirror, eyes flicking back to me.

“Riley. I’m talking to you. Did you hear what I said?”

I looked up. Calm. Cold. Tired.

And then I spoke—more words than I’d said since leaving prison.

“In accordance with Article 48 of the Werewolf Corrections Code, inmates are entitled to visitation once per month by close family members.”

“Once per month. For five years. That’s sixty possible visits.”

“I didn’t get one.”

I met his eyes in the mirror. My voice didn’t rise. It didn’t need to.

“Not once did you or our parents come to see me. Not for thirty minutes. Not for three minutes. Not even a letter.”

He faltered.

For the first time, he didn’t have a ready excuse.

His hands clenched on the steering wheel, the bones of his knuckles glowing pale.

Then, weakly—“You were too difficult. They thought if they didn’t visit, you’d learn your lesson. They wanted you to reflect. They did it for your own good.”

For my own good.

Right.

Just like it was “for my good” when they let Scarlett frame me for luring Tessa into that Rogue-infested forest.

Just like it was “for my good” when I was sentenced while my own mate stood silent.

Just like it was “for my good” when they fed me to the wolves and called it justice.

I didn’t answer. I just turned back to the window and let the scenery wash past me.

Eventually, the car pulled into the Ebonclaw Pack estate.

Kael hopped out first, grabbing the dress bag from the back seat like it was a sacred relic.

He walked off briskly, forgetting I even existed—until, halfway to the door, he froze.

As if just remembering he had a sister.

He turned back, awkwardly clearing his throat.

“Go change. You’re expected in the banquet hall.”

And then he disappeared through the marble front doors.

The house loomed before me like a mausoleum. Familiar in outline, but dead in every corner.

Five years hadn’t made this place feel any more like home.

If anything, it was colder than I remembered.

I stepped through the front doors and made my way down the same hall I’d once scrubbed on my hands and knees.

To my room.

If you could even call it that.

No windows. No warmth. No sunlight.

Just a folding cot, an old desk, and boxes stacked to the ceiling.

This was the storage room.

They let Scarlett pick her own wallpaper.

I got mold and shadows.

I closed the door behind me, breath catching.

Kael told me to change into something proper.

I let out a dry laugh.

Proper?

The only clothes I owned were the ones on my back—cheap, shapeless, faded from too many washes in cold prison water.

The T-shirt and jeans I'd bought five years ago with the money I made bagging groceries on winter breaks.

I remembered the way I beamed as I modeled them for Kael.

He'd scowled like I'd insulted him.

“What are you wearing? Can’t you dress like Scarlett? Throw that away. You look like a joke.”

Back then, I'd swallowed my hurt. I'd tried again and again. Hoping. Reaching. But not anymore.

I wasn't the same girl who begged for scraps of affection.

Not the same sister who clung to a family that never wanted her.