

A Broken Alpha Heiress' Revenge

Chapter 6

Riley's POV

Scarlett's elegance was paid for—in full—by wealth, privilege, and attention. Me? I had nothing.

The Ebonclaw Pack never gave me their love, nor their resources. Yet somehow, it was still my fault I didn't turn out "graceful" enough. They brought me back into their home, but never into their hearts.

Sometimes, I wondered if my only purpose here was to make Scarlett—the impostor—look more beloved.

They say the unloved one is always the outsider. That fit me perfectly.

I stood in the cramped storeroom I'd called home for three years. My eyes landed on the only outfit I had left—a blue-and-white high school uniform. The same one I wore the day I was dragged away in handcuffs.

Five years ago, I'd received an offer from the country's top university. Instead of celebrating, the Ebonclaw couple threw a lavish send-off party for Scarlett.

The entire city's elite had been invited. Scarlett wore a million-dollar designer gown and a diamond tiara, smiling like the fairytale princess she always pretended to be. I stood nearby in plain clothes, watching it all fall apart as the police led me away. That night should've been my beginning. Instead, it marked the end of everything I thought I knew.

Five minutes later, still in my uniform, I made my way toward the Ebonclaw estate's ballroom.

Servants passed by, throwing confused glances my way.

"Who's that girl? Why is she dressed like a schoolkid?"

"Probably some part-time server from the hotel. Looks like a summer job."

"Mr. and Mrs. Vale really went all out for Miss Scarlett—inviting the Empire Hotel's head chef and all."

"Yeah, they really adore her."

One of them stopped as they walked past me. “You’d better change into the proper uniform. The guests are important—don’t embarrass the household.”

Then she walked off, just like that. As if I was invisible.

I stood still.

Kael told me this was a welcome-back dinner. He didn’t say they’d invited outsiders.

Was this really meant to honor me? Or was it just another twisted way to parade my shame?

They arrested me in front of the city’s elite. Now they wanted to welcome me back in front of the same people?

I turned to leave.

But Kael appeared at the end of the hall.

His eyes fell on me. His face twisted.

“I told you to change,” he barked. “What the hell are you wearing? Do you even understand what kind of event this is?”

I opened my mouth to respond, but he cut me off.

“You came out of prison looking like a disaster, and now you want to stand here looking pitiful again? Trying to make people pity you, to paint us as monsters? Riley, you’re disgusting. You haven’t changed one bit.”

He reached for my arm.

I stepped away.

He missed.

“You’re seriously dodging me now?”

I looked him in the eye. That same hateful, disgusted glare I’d endured for three years. Back then, it tore me apart. Now, it felt... empty.

“I don’t have a dress,” I said.

“Then buy one!” he snapped.

“I have no money.”

Kael’s face turned red with rage.

“You lived here for three years. We gave you everything—food, a roof, clothes. You got half a million transferred into your account every month. That’s eighteen million in total! Don’t tell me you couldn’t afford a damn dress.”

I didn't flinch. "I never got a single cent."

He sneered. "Liar. You think I won't prove it?"

He pulled out his phone and called the finance department.

"You're on speaker," he said. "Tell me how much we transferred into Riley's account each month."

A pause. Then: "Miss Riley? Sir, we never made any deposits into her account."

"What?" Kael's voice cracked.

"Luna Zara said Miss Riley came from... a less privileged background. She was concerned money would lead her astray. Since Miss Riley lived on the estate with all her basic needs covered, the allowance was canceled."

I stood silent.

But I felt him cracking beside me.

"And... Luna Zara raised Miss Scarlett's allowance to a million a month. Said it was to compensate for Riley's return. Surely you were aware of that, sir?"