

Orchestrated Accidents: A Heiress's Revenge

They told me one of them would be my husband. Seven men, groomed by my father to be part of our music empire. I only ever wanted one: Devon Valenzuela, the band's brilliant, brooding lead singer. But the night I caught him kissing his "sister," Delilah, I learned the devastating truth. The seven of them weren't rivals for my hand; they were a pack, united in a secret pact to protect her. I was just a variable in their game. They orchestrated "accidents" to keep me dependent-a near-miss in the studio, a fall from my horse that left me with a broken leg. Devon played the part of the doting fiancé perfectly, nursing me back to health. Then I overheard him confessing to another band member. "It was the only way to get her attention," he said. "The bone breaking... that was an accident. Not part of the plan." At my 21st birthday party, he humiliated me by broadcasting a video of my most private confessions of love for him to all our guests. But he didn't know I had a video of my own-one that would expose his precious Delilah and tear their entire world apart.

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They told me one of them would be my husband, my partner, the future of our empire. They never told me he'd be someone else's lover, or that his devotion to her was the reason for my relentless heartbreak.

My name is Amira Estrada. I am an heiress, the sole child of the legendary music mogul, Julian Estrada, and the future of Estrada Records. My life was supposed to be a gilded cage, but a gilded cage nonetheless. My father meticulously groomed seven young men to be part of our family, part of the "Estrada Fellows." They were prodigies, each exceptional in their own right-a band he'd discovered and nurtured, destined for global stardom. And one of them, he decreed, would one day be my husband, the man who would stand beside me to inherit everything.

I knew who I wanted it to be. I had always known.

Devon Valenzuela.

He was the lead singer, the primary songwriter. His voice had a raw, aching quality that spoke to my soul. His lyrics, even darker, laid bare a vulnerability he never showed the world. He was brilliant, distant, and utterly captivating. A brooding storm cloud with a hidden sun. I loved him with a fierce, unwavering devotion that had been a part of me for as long as I could remember.

I spent years trying to chip away at his walls, to prove to him that my love was real, that I saw past the music, past the fame, to the quiet, tortured soul underneath. I'd bring him his favorite coffee, leave notes with song ideas I knew he'd appreciate, just sit silently in the studio for

hours, absorbing his presence. He would just nod, sometimes a curt "thanks," and then turn back to his work. His eyes, dark and intense, rarely met mine for more than a fleeting second.

I always made excuses for his coldness. His past, his difficult childhood on the streets, his sudden thrust into the spotlight-it had to be that. He was guarded. He was damaged. He needed time. I told myself my persistence, my unwavering belief in him, would eventually break through. My love was a force, a relentless wave, and eventually, it would carve its way into his heart.

That belief, held so tightly for so long, shattered in a single, brutal night.

Sleep refused to come. My mind was a tangled mess of half-formed melodies and Devon's elusive gaze. I tossed and turned until the clock showed three in the morning. Frustrated, I slipped out of bed, needing the cool night air to clear my head. My bare feet padded softly down the grand staircase, through the silent halls of the sprawling mansion. The moon cast long, eerie shadows through the windows. That's when I heard it. A soft murmur from the conservatory, a place usually silent at this hour.

My heart gave a nervous flutter. Maybe Devon was working on a new song. A flicker of hope, foolish and persistent, ignited in my chest. I crept closer, peeking through the glass panel of the conservatory door.

The sight that greeted me stole the air from my lungs.

Devon was there, alright. But he wasn't alone. He was holding her. Delilah. Her small, fragile body was pressed against his, her head nestled under his chin. His arm was wrapped around her waist, pulling her impossibly close. His fingers were tangled in her long, dark hair. He was kissing her. Not a quick peck, but a deep, lingering kiss that left no doubt about their intimacy.

Delilah. The sweet, innocent girl Devon had begged my father to adopt when they were just kids. "She's like my sister," he'd said, his young eyes pleading. "She has no one else." My naive, generous heart had gone to my

father, urging him to take her in. "Please, Papa," I'd pleaded. "She needs us."

Now, watching them, the lie burned through me like acid. My sister. My foot slipped, and the faint sound caused them to break apart. Delilah turned, her eyes wide and innocent, but a flicker of triumph, quick as a snake's tongue, crossed her face. Devon just stared at me, his expression unreadable, devoid of any warmth, any regret.

Everything I thought I knew, everything I had built my future on, crumbled in that single, agonizing moment.

The next morning, with a cruel new clarity, I found my father in his study. He looked up from his stacks of contracts, a warm smile on his face.

"Amira, my darling," he said, pushing his spectacles up his nose. "You're up early. I was just reviewing the final details for your engagement announcement. Have you made your choice, my dear? I know how much you adore Devon."

My stomach churned. The very mention of his name made me want to vomit.

"Yes, Papa," I said, my voice steady, betraying none of the earthquake raging inside me. "I have made my choice."

A joyful light entered his eyes. "Ah, I knew it! Devon is a good boy. Talented. And he will be a strong hand to guide Estrada Records with you." He beamed, clearly thrilled.

"No," I said, the word a sharp blade.

His smile faltered. "No? What do you mean, 'no'?"

"I am not choosing Devon," I stated, each word a stone dropping into a still pond. "I am choosing Bentley Swanson."

My father's face contorted in confusion, then outright bewilderment. "Bentley Swanson? The rival producer? Amira, what are you talking

about? He's an outsider. You know the family tradition. One of the Fellows is meant to marry you. They are part of our family."

"Bentley Swanson," I repeated, my voice rising in a defiant crescendo. "He values me, Papa. He sees my talent, not just the name Estrada. He offers genuine partnership, not just an obligation." The words felt hollow, a desperate justification for a choice born of spite and survival, but they had to be said. He had to believe them.

My father sighed, raking a hand through his silver hair. "But the Fellows, Amira. They are exceptional. And they are loyal."

I felt a bitter laugh bubble up in my throat, but I swallowed it down. Loyal? My memories replayed, burning like hot coals. A week ago, just last week, I had stumbled upon a conversation in the library, a conversation between them, the "loyal" Fellows, that had been etched into my mind.

I had been looking for a book, lost in the towering shelves, when I heard their voices, muffled but clear, from behind a large armchair.

"She's still infatuated with Devon, isn't she?" Jordan Hall, the pragmatic lead guitarist, had sneered. "It's almost pathetic."

Bryant Morgan, the hot-tempered drummer, chuckled darkly. "Let her be. The more she chases him, the less likely she is to look at any of us. It makes our job easier."

"But eventually she'll have to choose," another voice, indistinguishable, had piped up. "And it can't be one of us. Not really."

"No," Jordan had agreed, his voice firm. "We made a pact. Delilah is our priority. Always has been, always will be. We're a family, protecting her. Amira... she's just a variable."

A cold dread had settled in my stomach. Variable. That's all I was to them. I had feared they were rivals for my hand. But they weren't rivals. They were a united front, a pack of wolves, all circling Delilah, her loyal guards.

"She's too soft," Bryant had grumbled. "If she actually chose one of us, she'd mess everything up. Think of what she almost did with the studio power surge last month. If it wasn't for Devon catching her, she would have been seriously hurt."

"That was quite the show, wasn't it?" Jordan mused. "Devon's idea, mostly. A little scare, make her dependent, make her need him. Just enough to keep her on the hook, but not enough to actually marry her. Classic Devon."

My blood had run cold. The "studio accident," the one where a faulty wire almost fell on me, and Devon had dramatically pulled me out of the way, a hero. It had been orchestrated. A manipulation. They had laughed then, their voices echoing in the grand library, at my trust, at my devotion.

"Poor Bentley Swanson," another had said, feigning an exaggerated sigh. "Wasting his breath on a woman who thinks she's untouchable. He doesn't understand our world, our family. He doesn't understand that Amira Estrada is a prize to be won, but never truly kept by anyone outside our circle. And certainly not by her."

The "family" they spoke of wasn't my father's chosen lineage. It was their own twisted, secret bond, centered around Delilah. Their 'queen.' Everything was for her. Every deceit, every manipulation, every cold glance.

Now, standing before my father, the memory of last night's scene in the conservatory played again, sharper, more painful. Delilah, clinging to Devon, her voice a soft, manipulative purr.

"But what if Amira insists, Devon?" she whispered, her eyes wide and innocent. "What if she forces Papa to make you marry her?"

Devon's reply had been a brutal, casual dismissal, his voice colder than any winter night. "Marry her? It's a debt repayment, Delilah. Nothing more. You are the only one who matters."

The words echoed in my head, a final, definitive blow. He was right. I was nothing. A debt. A variable.

I watched my father, waiting for his response, my entire world turned upside down, yet feeling an icy resolve harden within me.

"No, Papa," I said again, my voice ringing with a new, chilling clarity.
"Not one of them. Not ever."

My father stared at me, his brow furrowed, clearly struggling to understand. His eyes lingered on mine, searching for something he couldn't find. He saw a stranger now, not the naive daughter he thought he knew. The girl he knew was gone. She had evaporated in the harsh glare of betrayal. The woman who stood before him was still forming, but she knew one thing: the game had changed. And I was going to win.