

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 10[1,103 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I stepped deliberately on the shopping bags, crushing the expensive fabrics beneath my feet. The satisfying crunch of designer packaging brought a smile to my face.

"These clothes aren't anything special," I said with a dismissive wave. "I wouldn't bother wearing them anyway."

Celine's eyes widened in shock. She clearly hadn't expected me to treat her "precious" offerings with such disregard.

"To me, clothes are just decorations," I continued, enjoying her reaction. "I wear them when needed, otherwise I prefer something comfortable."

I turned to head downstairs, but Celine's voice, barely above a whisper, stopped me in my tracks. "Amelia, do you really think my parents would have brought you back if it weren't for me?"

I paused mid-step, slowly turning to face her. "Oh? Are we finally dropping the act?"

Celine's mask of false kindness slipped away, replaced by a look of smug superiority that made my wolf bristle with irritation.

"The only reason they brought you back," she said, her voice dripping with pride, "is because I refused to marry Theodore—that cripple. My parents couldn't bear to see my future happiness destroyed, so they decided to use their real daughter as a replacement."

I stared at her for a moment, then broke into a wide, genuine smile. "Really? That's wonderful news!"

Her triumphant expression faltered, clearly not expecting this reaction.

"Marrying the heir to the Alpha King? Theodore Crimson?" I clasped my hands together in mock excitement. "I've heard he's incredibly strong and handsome—the dream mate of countless she-wolves!"

I could see the confusion in her eyes. She had expected tears, hurt, or at least some sign that her revelation had wounded me. Instead, I was practically bouncing with joy.

"I know you wanted to see me heartbroken," I said, leaning closer. "Sorry to disappoint you." Celine's face fell, her carefully planned moment of cruelty completely backfiring.

“He’s a cripple now,” she insisted, desperation creeping into her voice. “His legs are useless. He can’t even stand as a wolf!”

I shrugged casually. “That doesn’t matter. I can heal his legs.”

Her eyes widened slightly at this claim.

“And just a friendly reminder,” I added with a sweet smile, “since you rejected him for being a ‘cripple, don’t come crying back when his legs are healed.”

I watched her face contort with anger before abruptly changing the subject. “By the way, is that rogue wolf who attacked me last night hired by you?”

The color drained from Celine’s face. “I—I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Really?” I laughed softly. “That rogue were just as useless as you are. And be careful—that little gift you sent me last night? I’ll be returning it to you slowly, piece by piece.”

I turned away, humming a cheerful tune as I headed downstairs. In the mirror lining the staircase, I caught a glimpse of Celine behind me, her fists clenched tightly, eyes burning watched me go.

Downstairs, Aunt Seraphina was waiting with a tablet in her hands.

“Amelia, take a look at these clothes,” she said warmly. “Which ones do you like? What size do you wear? We can pick out a few sets for tonight.”

I walked over to her, deliberately adopting a sweet, childlike tone. “Mom, I said, taking the tablet from her hands.

I heard the rustle of shopping bags behind me as Celine squeezed them in frustration. Everyone turned to look at her, and she quickly forced a smile.

“I should be going now,” she said, her voice strained.

I turned to face her, my smile never wavering. “Next time, don’t embarrass yourself by coming to see me.”

After Celine left, Seraphina turned to me with concern. “What did she say to you?”

“Just some provocative nonsense,” I replied honestly. “She told me that Adrian and Livia only brought me back to substitute for her in marrying ‘crippled’ Theodore.”

Seraphina’s face flushed with anger. “Those two are absolutely outrageous!”

Jaxon placed a comforting hand on his mate's shoulder. "Amelia is our daughter now," he said firmly. "I absolutely will not allow them to use her as a replacement bride for their adopted daughter."

"Actually, I'm willing to marry Theodore," I said quickly.

Both Jaxon and Seraphina looked at me in surprise.

"Amelia," Seraphina said anxiously, "Theodore was in an accident last month. His legs are crippled. And it's said that his wolf has also disappeared."

I smiled softly. "I know, but that doesn't matter. I'm skilled in healing arts. I'm confident I can cure his legs."

In my mind, my wolf Ava spoke gently: "I'm certain Theodore is our mate. He just doesn't know it yet. When he recovers, he'll understand this was destiny's plan."

(Third-person's POV)

In another part of the Stone Estate, Livia frowned at the dirty shopping bags Celine had brought back, immediately guessing what had happened.

"She rejected your gifts, didn't she?" Livia asked, her voice laced with displeasure.

Celine's eyes filled with hurt as she forced a bitter smile. "Amelia still won't accept me."

Caleb's face darkened with anger. "She's so ungrateful! Celine, don't humble yourself for her again."

"I just didn't want you to be under so much pressure, brother," Celine replied dutifully. Caleb's expression softened, touched by her words. "Protecting my sister is my duty." "That girl doesn't know how to appreciate kindness," Livia added venomously.

Adrian's expression grew serious. "We'll see what she's like at dinner tonight."

When dinner time arrived, everyone was seated in the Stone family dining room, waiting for Patriarch Alaric to arrive.

Caleb checked his watch impatiently. "Uncle Jaxon, why aren't Aunt Seraphina and Amelia here yet?"

"Seraphina brought Amelia two new outfits," Jaxon explained calmly. "They'll be here once she's changed."

Adrian turned to his brother with a frown. "You're being unfair, Jaxon. Amelia is our biological daughter. Do you really intend to claim her as your own?"

Jaxon responded with casual indifference. “Amelia isn’t being rebellious. She’s already given her ID to Father for pack registration. The parents listed will be Seraphina and me.

“Father was just speaking out of anger today,” Adrian argued. “Livia and I have reflected on our behavior. We’ll do as Amelia asked.”

Jaxon sighed. “If you still think Amelia is just throwing a tantrum, she’ll never accept you.”

Just then, Amelia entered with Seraphina. She wore an orange dress that made her look vibrant and spirited, her entire presence radiating confidence and freedom.

Caleb, remembering his parents’ instructions, forced himself to smile despite his dislike for Amelia. He stood up and waved to her.

“Amy,” he called, his voice strained with fake enthusiasm, “I saved you a seat right here.”