

# Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 11[ 961 words ]

(Amelia's POV)

I looked at Caleb's fake smile and the empty seat beside him with undisguised contempt..

"Caleb, your attempt at pretending to be close to me is pathetic," I said coldly. "Please don't make me sick."

His smile froze on his face as I deliberately walked past him to sit next to Jaxon and Seraphina. The dining room fell silent, all eyes on us.

Caleb's face darkened with rage. His fists clenched under the table, and I could see him struggling to maintain his composure. Celine tugged at his sleeve, giving him a warning look.

Adrian cleared his throat, his voice stern. "Amelia, I'm very displeased with your rudeness."

I turned to him with a raised eyebrow. "I'm not your daughter, Uncle Adrian. You have no right to discipline me."

The word "uncle" hit him like a physical blow. His face contorted with shock and anger.

"Uncle?" he repeated, his voice strained.

"Yes, uncle," I confirmed with a sweet smile. "That's what you are to me now, isn't it?"

Livia quickly jumped in, trying to salvage the situation. Her voice was honey-sweet, but her eyes were cold.

"Amelia, dear, your father and I know we made mistakes. Please don't be angry. Come sit with Caleb.\*

I stared at her in disbelief. "Are you hard of hearing, Aunt Livia? Or do you simply not understand what people say?"

Caleb couldn't contain himself any longer. He slammed his hand on the table, making the silverware rattle.

"You need to show some respect when speaking to your birth parents!" he shouted.

I laughed, the sound sharp and mocking. "Oh? So much for your apology. You've dropped the act rather quickly, haven't you?"

“What’s all this commotion about?” Patriarch Alaric’s authoritative voice cut through the tension as he entered the dining room.

Caleb’s demeanor changed instantly. His back straightened, and his voice became respectful.

“Grandfather, I was just explaining pack rules to Amelia.”

I scoffed. “What he means is that he’s trying to discipline me, bypassing my actual parents.” I gestured to Jaxon and Seraphina. “That’s quite disrespectful to them, don’t you think?”

Seraphina nodded firmly. “Amelia is our daughter now. No one else has the right to tell her what to do.”

Patriarch Alaric surveyed the room with sharp eyes, then took his seat at the head of the table.

“I think it’s time we cleared this up once and for all,” he declared. His gaze fixed on me. “Amelia, are you absolutely certain you want Jaxon and Seraphina as your parents?”

The room fell silent. All eyes turned to me.

Livia leaned forward, her voice urgent. “Amelia, don’t be stubborn. This isn’t a game.

Adrian’s voice was low and threatening. “Think carefully, Amelia. Livia and I are your biological parents. With Jaxon, you’ll only ever be an adopted daughter living under someone else’s roof.”

Seraphina’s face flushed with anger. “That’s not true! From the moment she called me ‘Mom, I’ve loved her as my own!”

I glanced at Seraphina and saw the anxiety in her eyes. She was actually worried I might change my mind at the last moment. The realization warmed my heart.

“Grandfather,” I said firmly, meeting Alaric’s gaze. “I’ve made my decision. Jaxon and Seraphina are my parents now.”

“Amelia!” Livia cried out, her voice desperate.

I turned to her with an irritated expression. “Aunt Livia, you’re being very noisy.”

The word “Aunt” made her face contort with fury.

Patriarch Alaric nodded solemnly. “Very well. Since Amelia has made her position clear, she will no longer recognize Adrian and Livia as her parents.”

Seraphina exhaled in relief. Jaxon squeezed her hand gently.

“She adores you,” he whispered to her.

I nodded. “Dad’s right.”

In my mind, Ava whispered softly: “We chose the right family—those who truly love us.”

Celine, who had been silent until now, suddenly spoke up. “I think we should hold a grand welcome ceremony for Amelia.”

Everyone turned to her in surprise.

“Let all the wolves in Northgate City know that Amelia is the true daughter of the Stone River Pack Alpha,” she continued with a smile.

The room fell silent again. This suggestion was shocking—it would announce to all packs that Celine was the fake Alpha daughter.

“I hope Amelia can accept me,” Celine said, her voice soft and seemingly sincere. “I don’t want to leave the Stone family because I love everyone here. The title of Alpha’s daughter doesn’t matter to me.”

Livia’s eyes filled with tears. “My sweet girl,” she choked out.

Even Patriarch Alaric’s expression softened slightly toward Celine. He nodded thoughtfully. “Jaxon, Seraphina, you’ll be in charge of organizing the welcome ceremony,” he decided. I exchanged a silent conversation with Ava. “She’s clearly plotting something again.” Celine’s eyes met mine, a subtle challenge hidden in their depths. I smiled calmly.

“Mom, please make the welcome ceremony as grand as possible, I said confidently.

Seraphina beamed at me. “Don’t worry, I’ll make it spectacular.

(Third-person’s POV)

Celine maintained her serene expression, but inside she was gleeful. She imagined Amelia at the welcome ceremony—a girl raised in a small pack who would surely be ignorant of proper etiquette. The other Alpha children would mock her, forcing her to face reality.

After dinner, Patriarch Alaric retired to his room. As Amelia prepared to leave with Jaxon and Seraphina, Caleb’s cold voice stopped her.

“Amelia.”

He approached with Celine at his side, clearly intending to say something. Before he could speak, Amelia cut him off.

“Look at that,” she said with disdain. “Two wild dogs barking in front of me.”

Caleb’s face contorted with rage. He had planned to praise Celine’s kindness, how she still cared for Amelia despite being treated poorly.

“How dare you speak to us like that?” he demanded, trembling with fury.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 12[ 1,029 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

“Oh my, the dog is barking,” I responded to Caleb’s accusations with exaggerated surprise.

Caleb’s face turned crimson with rage. His hands trembled at his sides as he struggled to maintain his composure.

“You’re so crude and uncivilized compared to Celine,” he spat. “She’s refined and graceful while you’re just... wild.”

Adrian stepped forward, placing a restraining hand on Caleb’s shoulder. “Leave her be, Caleb. Let her cool down and think about what she’s doing.”

He shot a pointed glance at Jaxon and Seraphina before walking away. The message was clear – he thought I was making a mistake.

Livia lingered, her eyes filled with disappointment. “Your behavior tonight has disappointed both your father and brother deeply.” She shook her head before following Adrian.

I watched their retreating figures with a cold smirk. Once again, I was certain I’d made the right choice. Parents and a brother like these weren’t worth claiming.

A gentle touch on my hand pulled me from my thoughts. I turned to see Seraphina looking at me with worried, sympathetic eyes.

“Don’t be upset, Amelia,” she said softly. “We’re your family now.”

Jaxon nodded in agreement, his expression warm and supportive. “That’s right.”

A wave of warmth flooded my heart. I turned my hand to grasp Seraphina’s, smiling playfully as I called them, “Dad, Mom.”

“How could I possibly be sad when I have such wonderful parents?” I said cheerfully. “I’d be smiling even in my dreams.”

Back in my room, I changed into my nightclothes and climbed into bed. “Black, White, Green, come out and get some air,” I called softly.

Three small snakes poked their heads out from the wardrobe and slithered happily to the bedside. They were my secret companions, trained to detect poisons and protect me.

My phone rang, Theodore’s name flashing on the screen. I lay on my stomach as I answered.

“Have you settled in at the Stone house?” His deep, magnetic voice came through the line. “How are you finding it?”

“It’s quite interesting,” I replied, feeling a pleasant flutter in my chest at the sound of his voice.

Theodore chuckled, a sound that sent ripples through my composure. In my mind, Ava was howling with delight: “His voice is so sexy!”

I had to admit, there was something captivating about this man’s voice- rich and compelling in a way I found very appealing.

“I was concerned you might be having a difficult time there,” he said.

“I’ve been tempered by nature and society,” I replied playfully. “I don’t easily feel mistreated.”

“That’s good to hear,” Theodore said with another laugh. “Next Saturday evening, our packs will hold a banquet together to announce our union.”

“I promise to agree to be your mate,” I assured him. “And I’ll do everything in my power to heal your legs.”

There was a moment of silence before he responded, his voice gentle. “I look forward to seeing you again.

Something about the way he said it made me feel unexpectedly shy.

After hanging up, I received a message from an unfamiliar number. It was Damien.

“You blocked me,” the message read. “I gave you the chance to come to Northgate City, but you refused, preferring to be a village girl in that remote pack. You’ll regret not having the opportunity to be with me.”

My good mood evaporated instantly. I typed back a single word “\*\*\*\*” – and blocked the number again.

(Third-person’s POV)

After ending his call with Amelia, Theodore noticed a message from Celine.

“I’m not the true Alpha’s daughter,” it read. “The real daughter has returned, and Grandfather wants her to be your mate instead. I’ve been looking forward to our engagement, but never expected this to happen. Even if we can’t be mates, I’ll find someone to heal your legs.”

Theodore’s lips curled into a mocking smile. If he hadn’t already known about Celine’s plan with Adrian and Livia, he might have believed this performance.

“It’s unfortunate that we weren’t meant to be,” he replied simply.

Celine read Theodore’s response after her shower, her expression complicated. She truly wanted to be Theodore’s mate, but why did he have to become crippled?

The thought of Amelia – that wild woman – benefiting from this marriage arrangement made her blood boil. And Amelia claimed she could heal Theodore’s legs? Impossible.

Celine had learned from Isla that after Theodore’s legs were broken, the Crimson family had summoned healers from packs across the country, all to no avail. She didn’t believe Amelia could succeed where so many specialists had failed.

She tossed her phone aside, no longer dwelling on the matter. As merely an adopted daughter of the Stone family now, she could lose everything at any moment. She didn’t have the courage to gamble on whether Theodore’s legs would recover. She needed to use her current advantages to secure a more stable future for herself.

(Amelia’s POV)

The next morning, I went downstairs for breakfast after washing up. Seraphina brought up last night’s topic of the arranged marriage.

“Next Saturday evening, the two packs will hold an engagement banquet,” she explained. “The Crimson Moon Pack is the most powerful pack in Northgate City. Celine did have a marriage arrangement with Theodore before. The banquet was originally to discuss their mating ceremony.” “But you said last night that Adrian and his wife brought you back to replace Celine as Theodore’s mate,” she continued, looking at me questioningly.

“That’s what Celine told me,” I confirmed.

Seraphina studied my face carefully. “When you said last night that you’re willing to be Theodore’s mate, were you just joking?”

“Of course not,” I replied seriously. “I meant it.”

“Why?” she asked. “A mate bond isn’t something to take lightly.”

“The Crimson Moon Pack is the largest in Northgate City, and Theodore is the heir to the Alpha King,” I explained. “Isn’t being his mate a good thing? Besides, he’s strong, tall, and handsome.”

a sighed. “If Theodore hadn’t had that accident that left his legs crippled, he would naturally be an excellent mate. Celine wouldn’t have let you take her place.”

She looked at me intently. “Are you confident you can heal Theodore’s legs?”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 13[ 927 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

“I’m ninety percent confident I can heal Theodore’s legs,” I told Seraphina and Jaxon firmly.

Their eyes widened in surprise. In truth, I was one hundred percent certain, but I preferred to be modest. My healing abilities were unique, and Theodore’s injury was relatively recent, giving him excellent chances for recovery.

“Most healers rely too heavily on modern techniques,” I explained. “They overlook the power of ancient herbal remedies that I’ve mastered.”

Jaxon leaned forward, his expression serious. “Are you certain, Amelia? This is no small claim.”

I nodded confidently. “The traditional methods I’ve studied are particularly effective for injuries like his.”

Seraphina reached across the table and squeezed my hand. “If you believe you can help him, then we support you completely.”

“If Adrian and Livia truly intend for you to replace Celine as Theodore’s mate at Saturday’s banquet, and if that’s what you want,” Jaxon added, “we won’t stand in your way.”

I playfully linked my arm through Seraphina’s, leaning against her shoulder. “Thank you for believing in me.”

Jaxon’s eyes softened as he watched us. “Your arrival is a gift from the Moon Goddess herself. You’ve brought light back into our lives.”

After breakfast, Seraphina suggested I familiarize myself with the Pack house before we went shopping for clothes.

“I’d like to explore on my own, if that’s alright,” I said, thinking of my three snake companions. Black, White, and Green needed suitable places to hunt, as my supply of freeze-dried spiders was running low.

“Are you sure?” Seraphina asked. “I’m happy to show you around.”

I shook my head. “You two focus on the welcome ceremony preparations. I’ll be fine.”

She explained the layout of the estate: three main villas comprised the family residences. The east wing belonged to Jaxon and Seraphina, the west to Adrian’s family, and the south to Grandfather Alaric. The central building was reserved for family gatherings and hosting guests.

“The rest is mostly gardens and landscaped grounds,” she added.

Perfect for my little hunters, I thought, mentally noting potential feeding spots for my serpentine friends as I wandered the grounds.

As I approached a building marked “The Rosewood Wing: Fencountered Celine emerging from inside. She wore a flowing white dress with her hair cascading down her back, a French book clutched in her manicured hands- the perfect picture of a cultured young lady.

When she spotted me, her lips curved into a condescending smile. She grabbed my hand with false warmth.

“Good morning, sister,” she greeted, her voice dripping with honey-coated venom. “How are you finding the Pack house? I imagine it must be quite different from the quaint little village you’re used to.”

I gripped her hand firmly, preventing her from pulling away. “Are you mocking me for coming from a small pack? Implying I can’t adjust to living in a wealthy household?”

Celine’s eyes widened with feigned innocence. “Of course not! I’m simply concerned about your comfort.”

I scoffed, seeing through her act. “Drop the pretense. Your birth mother Martha Keene is still in prison for what she did, yet here you are, shamelessly continuing to live in luxury.”

Her mask slipped when she confirmed we were alone. “Adrian and Livia brought you back solely to marry you off to Theodore in my place,” she hissed. “A stray wolf raised in the countryside should be grateful for the opportunity I’m giving you.”

Her lips curled into a cruel smile. “And don’t be fooled by Jaxon and Seraphina’s affection. They only care about you because of blood ties and potential inheritance rights.”

Inside me, Ava howled with rage. This fake b\*\*\*h dares to insult us!”

“Stay calm, Ava,” I replied mentally. “She’ll pay for this.”

Celine gestured to the building behind her. “This is The Rosewood Wing, where we received our education. I’ve studied here since childhood with private tutors – chess, piano, oil painting. multiple languages.”



She looked me up and down with contempt. “How many of these skills do you possess? None, I imagine. And at your age, it’s too late to learn.”

Her voice dripped with false sympathy. “But I’m sure you’re excellent at growing vegetables, washing clothes, and cooking. Perhaps you could teach me those… rustic skills.”

Without hesitation, I slapped her hard across the face, sending her sprawling to the ground.

Celine gasped, touching her reddening cheek in shock. Before she could retaliate, her eyes darted past me, and her expression instantly transformed into one of wounded innocence.

I turned to see Caleb approaching, his face darkening with anger as he rushed to Celine’s side.

“What happened?” he demanded, helping Celine to her feet.

Celine sniffled pathetically. “I only asked if she wanted to learn piano and painting. I offered to teach her, and she suddenly slapped me. I don’t understand what I did wrong.

I shook my hand casually. “She was asking for it.”

Caleb’s eyes blazed with fury. “No one has ever dared to bully Celine before. Your verbal attacks were bad enough, but now you’ve physically assaulted her? I’m going to teach you a lesson you won’t forget.”

Behind Caleb’s back, Celine shot me a triumphant smirk, but her words were all concerned urgency. “Amelia, you should apologize quickly! Whenever anyone bullies me, Caleb beats them half to death.”

Her words caught in her throat as Caleb lunged toward me. Before he could reach me, I delivered a swift kick to his knee, dropping him to the ground. I stomped on his supporting hand and casually cleaned my ear with my finger.

“You’re so noisy,” I remarked.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 14[ 1,172 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

Celine stared in disbelief, her mouth hanging open. “Why did you attack Caleb?”

I shrugged nonchalantly at Celine’s shriek. “He attacked first. I was just defending myself.”

Caleb struggled to get up, his face contorted with rage and pain. “You savage! No one from a proper pack behaves like this!”

“Says the man who just tried to attack me, I replied coolly.

His eyes narrowed dangerously. “You’ll regret this. I’ll chop off those hands of yours for hitting my sister!”

The threat made my blood boil. Without hesitation, I stepped forward and pressed my foot down on his injured hand, applying just enough Alpha strength to make him howl in pain.

“Threats don’t work on me,” I said, grinding my heel slightly before stepping back. “Try again when you can actually back them up.”

Caleb’s face had turned an interesting shade of purple as he clutched his hand to his chest, unable to form coherent words through his pain.

Celine quickly crouched beside him, her face a perfect mask of concern as she gently held his arm. “Caleb, are you alright? Let me help you up.”

She tugged at his arm, trying to help him stand. I bit back a laugh as I watched their pathetic attempt. The kick I’d delivered to his knee earlier hadn’t been as casual as it appeared – I’d channeled my Alpha strength into it precisely.

Caleb managed to get halfway up before his injured knee buckled. He crashed back down with a loud thud, kneeling before me like a subject before royalty.

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Well, Caleb, your knees aren’t as tough as your mouth, are they? You seem quite comfortable kneeling.”

His face flushed with humiliation as passing servants slowed to stare at the spectacle.

“Get up!” he hissed at himself, struggling again and failing miserably.

I looked down at him, enjoying the moment perhaps more than I should have. “Since you know I’m a ‘savage wolf’ now, maybe you’ll think twice before provoking me again.”

Caleb raised his head, his eyes burning with hatred and shame. “You’ll never be my sister. I’ll never acknowledge you!”

His declaration struck me as absurdly funny. I let out a cold laugh. “Acknowledge me? I’d rather be acknowledged by a stray dog.”

(Third-person’s POV)

The female servants whispered among themselves as they passed, their eyes darting to Caleb still kneeling on the ground. Their barely concealed amusement only intensified his humiliation.

“What are you looking at?” he roared. “Come help me up, now!”

The servants jumped at his command, rushing over to help lift him. It took three of them to carry him inside to the sofa, his face burning with rage and embarrassment.

Celine carefully rolled up his pant leg to examine his knee. She winced at the sight – despite werewolves’ natural healing abilities, his knee was already swollen and turning an ugly shade of purple.

“This is terrible,” she said, her voice tremby. How could Amelia do this to you? Why did she take her anger out on you?”

Tears welled in her eyes as she gently touched the bruised skin. I’m so sorry, Caleb. This is all my fault. You got hurt because of me.”

Caleb quickly reached for her hand. “Don’t say that. This has nothing to do with you. It’s Amelia – she’s just jealous of you and can’t stand seeing how much everyone loves you.”

Celine nodded, wiping away a tear before standing. “Let me get some ice for your knee.”

As she busied herself preparing an ice pack, Caleb watched her with softening eyes. His anger subsided slightly at the sight of her caring for him.

Celine returned with the ice pack, carefully placing it on his swollen knee. “Should we tell Mom and Dad about this?” she asked hesitantly.

Caleb’s eyes darkened with fury and resentment. He clenched his jaw. “No. This isn’t over. The humiliation I suffered today will be repaid double.”

His fingers curled into a tight fist. “I won’t let her get away with this. I’ll make sure everyone in this family hates her, especially Grandfather. Only then will she be unable to hurt you anymore.”

Celine lowered her head to hide the triumphant gleam in her eyes. She was secretly delighted she wouldn’t even need to act against Amelia herself. Caleb and Amelia were now sworn enemies, and he would do all the dirty work for her.

(Amelia’s POV)

After familiarizing myself with the Pack House, Seraphina took me shopping for clothes. The Onyx Arcade was the most luxurious shopping center I’d ever seen, with gleaming marble floors and crystal chandeliers hanging from vaulted ceilings.

“Don’t be shy,” Seraphina insisted as we entered an upscale boutique. “Get whatever you like.”

I nodded, but Seraphina proved to be far more enthusiastic than me. Within an hour, she had assembled a mountain of clothes for me to try on.

“Mom, this is too much,” I protested, eyeing the growing pile.

She waved away my concern. “Nonsense! If you can’t try everything, we’ll just buy it all and return what you don’t like.”

I realized she was enjoying this “dress-up” game immensely. Her eyes sparkled with genuine happiness as she held up different outfits against me, so I decided to let her have her fun.

“Alright,” I conceded with a smile. “Let’s take it all.”

By evening, we returned to the Pack House laden with shopping bags. Stewart, the head steward, approached us in the foyer.

“Miss Amelia,” he said formally, handing me my ID card. “The Patriarch has completed your registration.”

He passed a folder of documents to Seraphina. “These are the official registration papers with Miss Amelia’s name.”

Seraphina eagerly opened the folder, her eyes scanning the documents. When she reached my personal information, her eyes lit up with joy, glistening with unshed tears.

“It’s official now,” she whispered, looking up at me. “We’re truly family.”

Something warm stirred in my chest. “Family” had once been a luxury I couldn’t afford to dream about. Now it was within my grasp.

Jaxon joined us, placing a gentle hand on my shoulder. “The welcome banquet is scheduled for this Saturday at seven. The invitations will be sent to all the noble families tomorrow.”

He squeezed my shoulder reassuringly. “Seraphina will teach you the basic etiquette, but don’t worry too much. We’ll be there to support you.”

I nodded, knowing full well that Celine had suggested this banquet with malicious intent. She wanted to overshadow me, to make me look foolish in front of the pack Alphas.

“I want the best evening gown you can find,” I told Seraphina firmly. “I intend to be the most dazzling person at that banquet.”

“No problem, sweetheart,” my new mother said, putting her arm around my shoulders. Suddenly, a shrill female voice cut through our conversation from the doorway: “Amelia, you ungrateful wretch! Your father and I bring you back home, and not only do you refuse to acknowledge us, but you dare to attack your own brother!”

# Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 15[ 895 words ]

(Third-person's POV)

The grand entrance hall of the Stone Estate fell silent as Livia and Adrian marched in with Caleb and Celine in tow. Caleb limped noticeably, his face contorted in pain with each step. His hand was wrapped in a makeshift bandage, the edges of which revealed angry red scratches beneath.

Livia's eyes were rimmed with tears, her expression a perfect picture of maternal distress as she approached Patriarch Alaric. Behind her, Celine kept her head bowed, occasionally touching the reddened mark on her cheek with trembling fingers.

Amelia observed the scene with detached amusement. The similarity between Livia and Celine's performances was uncanny – the same quivering lip, the same wounded gaze, even the same way they dabbed at non-existent tears.

Jaxon and Seraphina exchanged resigned glances. They had clearly witnessed this type of family drama before.

Livia's gaze landed on Amelia standing comfortably between Jaxon and Seraphina. Her eyes narrowed at their easy camaraderie, and she deliberately raised her voice.

"I see you two still have the heart to laugh and chat with her," she said accusingly to Jaxon and Seraphina. "Don't you know what trouble she's caused?"

Caleb glared at Amelia with undisguised hatred. In response, Amelia's lips curved into a mocking smile.

"What trouble have I caused?" she asked innocently, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Please, enlighten me."

Livia's face hardened. "You dare to ask? You attacked your own brother and sister! You think because everyone pities you, you can do whatever you want?" She turned to Patriarch Alaric. "Father, you must discipline her properly!"

(Amelia's POV)

I felt Seraphina's hand close protectively around mine, pulling me closer to her side.

"Let's not jump to conclusions, Seraphina said firmly. "We should hear the full story before frightening the child."

A warm feeling spread through my chest at her protective gesture. This was what maternal love felt like – unconditional and instinctive. For a moment, I wished I could have been born as Seraphina’s daughter instead.

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“She’s more like a true mother than our birth mother could ever be, Ava whispered in my mind.

Jaxon frowned, his expression serious. “I find it hard to believe Amelia would attack anyone without provocation.”

Livia pulled Caleb forward dramatically, pointing at his injuries. “Look at what she did to my son!

And Celine’s face!” She gestured to the red mark on Celine’s cheek. “Both attacked by her this morning!”

Seraphina turned to me, her eyes gentle. “Amelia, what happened?” There wasn’t a trace of accusation in her voice.

I straightened my shoulders. “Yes, I did hit Celine’s face and kick Caleb’s knee. And they deserved it.”

Livia gasped in outrage. “How dare you! What gives you the right to hit my children?”

I ignored her, turning instead to Patriarch Alaric. “Grandfather, I know hitting others is wrong, but Celine verbally insulted me. As the true daughter of the Stone River Pack Alpha, being humiliated by an adopted daughter warranted a response.”

I gestured toward Caleb. “As for him, he was about to attack me first. I kicked his knee in self-defense.”

Livia immediately jumped in. “She’s lying! Celine would never insult anyone. She’s been nothing but welcoming since Amelia arrived.”

I turned to Celine with a challenging stare. “Do you dare deny that you insulted me?”

Celine shook her head tearfully. “I didn’t, I swear. This morning, I was leaving The Rosewood Wing after my German lesson when I saw Amelia standing outside. I thought she might be interested in learning too, so I sincerely offered to teach her piano and painting.”

She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. “But she thought I was looking down on her and showing off. She slapped me without warning.” Celine raised her hand as if taking an oath. “I swear I never meant to insult her.”

Livia wrapped an arm around Celine's shoulders. "I believe you, darling. You've always been such a good girl."

She turned to glare at me. "This is what happens when someone grows up among rogue wolves-wild and unmanageable." Her accusing gaze shifted to Jaxon and Seraphina. "I demand an explanation from both of you."

Patriarch Alaric's face remained impassive. "What exactly do you want, Livia?"

Livia nudged Caleb and Celine forward. "Let them tell you what they want."

Celine looked up with tear-filled eyes. "I just want Amelia to apologize. That's enough for me."

Caleb's expression was harder. "I want Amelia to apologize to Celine and sign an agreement allowing Celine to remain in the Stone River Pack."

I couldn't help but laugh. "An apology? That's the biggest insult you could ask for. You really know how to disgust me, Caleb."

I turned to Patriarch Alaric. "I consider myself Jaxon and Seraphina's daughter now. I don't want my uncle and aunt to feel morally obligated to me because of blood ties. I'm happy to sign a permanent severance agreement."

Caleb's lips curled into a cold smile. "Who wants to acknowledge a sister like you? Good riddance."

Livia's eyes narrowed threateningly. "Once you sign this agreement, there's no going back. You'll regret it."

I smirked. "Only fools have regrets."

I turned to Celine, whose face had grown increasingly nervous. "You want to know why I hit them? Listen and you'll understand."

As Celine's face paled, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my phone, opening the voice recording app.

## **Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 16[ 831 words ]**

(Amelia's POV)

I pressed play on my phone, and Celine's voice filled the room. The sweet, gentle facade she always maintained was completely gone, replaced by a cold, cutting tone that made everyone freeze.

"Look at you, standing there like you belong here," Celine's recorded voice sneered. "You're nothing but a wild girl raised in some remote pack. Do you think you can just waltz in and take my place?"

I watched with satisfaction as Celine's face drained of color. Her eyes darted frantically between my phone and Patriarch Alaric's increasingly stormy expression.

"Adrian and Livia only brought you back to marry you off to Theodore in my place," the recording continued viciously. "You're just a convenient replacement since he's crippled now. And Seraphina and Jaxon? They only want you for your Stone bloodline. They're using you to reclaim inheritance rights."

I deliberately increased the volume at the mention of inheritance rights, watching Patriarch Alaric's face darken dangerously. If there was one thing a powerful patriarch like him couldn't tolerate, it was people plotting for his power while he was still alive.

"While you were busy digging in dirt and washing clothes in that pathetic little pack, I was raised in

The Rosewood Wing learning real skills. Piano, painting, chess, calligraphy, and five foreign languages. What can you do besides farm work and cooking?"

Celine stood frozen, her mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. The perfect mask she'd worn had shattered completely, revealing the vicious creature beneath.

Adrian and Livia exchanged panicked glances. I could practically see them cursing their adopted daughter for mentioning family assets in front of the patriarch.

Patriarch Alaric's knuckles turned white around his walking stick. "So, Celine," he said, his voice dangerously quiet, "you've been planning for Adrian to inherit the pack while I'm still breathing?"

Celine immediately burst into tears. "No, Grandfather, that's not what I meant-"

"Don't call me Grandfather," Alaric cut her off sharply. "The recording speaks for itself."

"She was insulting me first!" Celine cried desperately. "I couldn't take it anymore and said things I didn't mean!"

Caleb stepped forward, his face a mixture of disbelief and loyalty. "I can't believe my sister would say such things unprovoked. Amelia must have pushed her to the breaking point."



I gave Caleb my middle finger for the second time that day. “You brainless idiot.”

“Amelia is right,” Patriarch Alaric said, turning his stern gaze on Caleb. “You need to be taught a lesson to wake up.”

I smiled sweetly at Alaric. “Grandfather, Celine didn’t just insult me. She also said Adrian and Livia brought me back for inheritance purposes. I wonder where she got that idea from? Perhaps from her mother?”

Adrian’s eyes flashed dangerously at me. I pretended to be frightened, shrinking back into Seraphina’s embrace.

“Let them see who the real hunter is,” Ava whispered in my mind, her voice cold with amusement.

Seraphina’s arms tightened protectively around me. “It’s clear that Celine provoked Amelia first,” she said firmly. “Her words were deliberately cruel.”

Jaxon’s face was like stone as he addressed the room. “My wife and I genuinely care for Amelia. We’re not interested in inheritance rights.”

Seraphina’s eyes narrowed at Adrian and Livia. “Is it true what Celine said? That you brought Amelia back to marry her off to Theodore in Celine’s place?”

Patriarch Alaric’s expression grew even darker. “Answer the question, Adrian.”

Adrian quickly shook his head. “Of course not! We only just discovered Amelia was our daughter. How could we have arranged such a thing in advance?”

Celine stepped forward, her face a perfect picture of contrition. “It’s my fault. I said those things because I was desperate to stay. Amelia doesn’t want me here, and I was afraid.”

Patriarch Alaric turned his fierce gaze on Adrian and Livia. “You need to control your adopted daughter better. And don’t call me for trivial matters like this again without understanding the situation first.”

Adrian nodded quickly. “We’ll discipline Celine and Caleb properly.”

Livia couldn’t hide her resentment. “I never expected my own daughter to be so cunning, recording conversations and setting traps for us.”

I stepped out of Seraphina’s embrace, facing Patriarch Alaric directly. “Grandfather, this matter can’t just end here. Uncle and Aunt brought people here in anger and scared me terribly.”

Alaric nodded firmly. “All four of you will apologize to Amelia immediately.”

Caleb's face contorted with indignation. "Even if we were wrong first, she shouldn't have hit us!"

Patriarch Alaric raised his walking stick threateningly. Livia quickly grabbed Caleb's arm, whispering urgently in his ear.

One by one, Celine, Livia, and Adrian offered their apologies. Caleb finally muttered a reluctant "Sorry" through gritted teeth.

I smiled graciously. "Since you've apologized, I won't hold this against you. But as we discussed earlier, I want to sign that agreement completely severing our relationship."

Ava purred with satisfaction in my mind. The trap had been sprung perfectly, and our enemies had walked right into it.

## Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 17[ 975 words ]

(Third-person's POV)

Adrian's face hardened as he stared at Amella. "If you sign this agreement severing our relationship, Livia and I will truly have nothing to do with you anymore."

Amelia's lips curved into a mocking smile. "That's funny. It sounds like you're implying you actually cared for me during the past twenty years."

Jaxon stepped forward, placing a protective hand on Amelia's shoulder. "My wife and I will take good care of Amelia. You don't need to worry about that."

Patriarch Alaric studied Amelia's determined expression and nodded slowly. "Since you've made up your mind, I won't question it further. Stewart will draft the agreement and bring it tomorrow."

With Stewart's assistance, Alaric rose from his seat and made his way toward the door, leaving the tension-filled room behind.

After Alaric's departure, Amelia faced the four pairs of hateful eyes staring at her. "Grandfather's gone. Why are you still hanging around? Haven't you been scolded enough for one day?"

Livia's face contorted with rage. "You ungrateful girl! You're so quick to side with outsiders against your own family!"

Caleb stood with his fists clenched, humiliation burning in his eyes. “I hope you don’t come crawling back to us for forgiveness later,” he sneered before grabbing Celine’s hand and storming out.

Adrian’s gaze was cold as ice. “I clearly underestimated you. I thought you were just some simple country girl, but you’re far more calculating than I imagined/

“You’ll regret this,” Livia hissed, following her husband and children out the door.

Outside the Briarwood House, Celine’s mind raced, desperately trying to formulate explanations for everything captured in the recording. Before she could speak, Caleb squeezed her hand reassuringly.

“I believe you, Celine. I understand. You would never have said those things if Amelia hadn’t pushed you to your breaking point.”

Celine seized the opportunity, her eyes filling with tears. “I really tried to understand her. I didn’t blame her for anything. But after she repeatedly trampled on my sincere feelings today, I just couldn’t take it anymore.”

She dabbed at her eyes delicately. “I just hope I haven’t caused trouble between everyone and Amelia.”

Livia wrapped an arm around Celine’s shoulders. “None of this is your fault, dear. What happened back then was because of Martha Keene’s greed. She’s paying for her crimes in prison now.”

Celine shook her head, tears streaming down her face. “You are my mother, Livia. You always will be,”

Livia’s eyes welled up. How could she possibly choose a daughter who was inferior in every way over the exceptional girl she had raised for twenty years?

Adrian’s expression remained stern. “Celine, you shouldn’t have given Amelia ammunition to use against us. You need to be more careful.\*

“I know,” Celine admitted, lowering her head. “I never expected her to be so calculating. I won’t make the same mistake again.”

Livia’s brow furrowed with concern. “After all this, will she still agree to marry Theodore in your place?”

Celine bit her lip, looking appropriately distressed. “If necessary, I could still marry him. It might help appease Amelia.”

“Absolutely not!” Caleb and Adrian protested simultaneously.

Adrian shook his head firmly. “We won’t let you marry a cripple. You deserve better.”

“Don’t worry,” Livia assured her. “I’ll find a way to handle the marriage arrangement. You won’t have to marry Theodore.”

Relief washed over Celine’s face. She had managed to navigate this crisis, but she would need to be much more careful around Amelia in the future. She had underestimated her rival, a mistake she wouldn’t make again.

(Amelia’s POV)

As soon as Adrian’s family left, Seraphina turned to me with worried eyes. “Amelia, I want you to know that Jaxon and I truly care about you. Our desire to have you as our daughter has nothing to do with pack inheritance.”

I smiled warmly at her. “I know that.”

Seraphina shook her head in disbelief. “I can’t believe those words came from Celine. She always seemed so sweet and gentle.”

“Know the face, not the heart,” Jaxon said grimly. “Did you see that venomous look in her eyes? After today’s events, Adrian and Livia will certainly harbor resentment toward us. We need to be cautious.”

“I expected Celine would cause trouble,” I admitted. “When I saw her starting to provoke me, I immediately started recording. She’s not as careful as she thinks she is.”

“That fake daughter thinks she’s clever,” Ava purred in my mind. “But she’s still too green to match us.”

The next day around noon, before Alaric could send over the relationship-severing agreement, Livia showed up at my door alone. I was lounging in the hammock in my front yard, sunbathing with a banana leaf covering my eyes, but I’d caught her scent long before she arrived.

I I “What’s that barking sound?” I drawled lazily when I heard her voice. “Strange, we don’t have dogs, yet there’s always one barking around here.”

Livia’s face darkened at my insult, but she forced herself to remain calm. She pulled out a gift – a bank card and extended it toward me.

—

“There’s ten million in this card,” she explained, her voice artificially sweet. “It’s a gift from Adrian and me. Consider it compensation for the hardships you endured during the past twenty years.”

I took the card and held it up, examining it with exaggerated interest. “Wow, ten million!” I exclaimed, thinking to myself that this amount barely matched the price of a single rare moonlight herb I cultivated. My rare moonlight herbs could be grown in abundance, and ten million wouldn’t cover even one percent of my research expenses.

Seeing my reaction, Livia seemed encouraged. She squeezed out a couple of tears and pressed on. “I know deep down you still want to recognize us as your parents. After all, we’re connected by blood. We’re mother and daughter.”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 18[ 1,060 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

I set down the bank card and examined Livia through half-closed eyes. “You’re both p  
shameless.”

Livia’s jaw dropped in shock. “What? You’re turning down ten million?” she shrieked, pointing at me accusingly. “Do you have any idea how much herb-selling it would take you to earn that and of money?”

I let out a cold laugh and threw the bank card directly at her face. “Is something wrong with you brain? You think ten million is enough to make me forgive you?”

Livia stumbled backward, nearly falling over from my rude gesture. After regaining her balance, she glared at me furiously.

“How dare you treat your birth mother this way!” she snarled.

I jumped down from my hammock and picked up the banana leaf, fanning it in her face repeatedly before finally throwing it at her.

“If you come back here again with more nonsense, next time bird droppings I threatened.

Livia stood there, visibly shaken. She stomped on the banana leaf several times, trying to compose herself.

“There should be limits to your tantrum,” she said, attempting to sound reasonable. “Refusing ten million is just being greedy.”

“I couldn’t care less about your ten million,” I replied coldly. “Even if you gave me all of Stone River Pack’s assets, I still wouldn’t forgive you.”

I laughed bitterly. “Don’t pretend. I know you’ve known I was your daughter for a long time.” Livia’s eyes widened in surprise. “What? No, we only found out a month ago! Where did you hear such rumors?”

I fixed her with an icy stare. “You know in your heart whether it’s just a rumor. Since you abandoned me because you found me lacking, since you were heartless toward me first, don’t blame me for being ruthless in return.”

Livia trembled with rage at my words. “Have you spent too much time with those rogue wolves?”

## Chapter 18 Destroying Your Son’s Business

You’ve become wild and rebellious!”

Her eyes narrowed dangerously. “Rather than waiting for you to rebel, I should teach you a lesson now.”

She grabbed a wooden stick from the flower bed that had been supporting a plant trellis and advanced toward me.

I intercepted the stick with my bare hand, snapping it with one squeeze and deliberately crushing one piece into powder.

“Let me make this clear,” I said, dropping the remaining splinters. “I didn’t come back to accept you as family. I came back to make your lives miserable.”

I smiled coldly. “Originally, I planned to take over all of Stone River Pack’s assets, but I’ve realized the pack members are actually quite nice. So I’ve decided just ruining your family will be enough.”

Livia’s face paled as I continued. “Ethan manages Starlight Entertainment in the human world, right? I hear they’ve recently signed some promising talents bringing in profits, but they still can’t compete with the established entertainment companies in Northgate City.”

I tapped my chin thoughtfully. “As for Caleb, making music at home, with his recent hit song spreading throughout the supernatural world... I wonder what would happen if some scandal came to light? Could he ever recover?”

Livia’s finger trembled as she pointed at me. “What exactly are you planning to do?”

“I’m just going to destroy your sons’ careers,” I replied casually. “Why is that so hard for you to accept? Yet when Celine stole twenty years of the life that should have been mine, you think! should just forgive and forget?”

Livia paused, clearly taken aback by my question. “I’ve raised Celine for twenty years,” she explained. “Even if she’s not my biological daughter, I’d have feelings for her even if she were

just a dog, let alone a living, breathing person. Besides, I raised her to be beautiful, excellent, considerate, and well-mannered. She brings me joy just by looking at her.”

“I know this seems unfair to you as my biological daughter,” Livia continued, her voice softening. “But life is inherently unfair. It’s just bad luck.”

I nodded in agreement. “Indeed, it is bad luck—to have such a stupid birth mother.”

Livia flinched at my insult but tried again with a gentler tone. “I’m your birth mother. I never intended to abandon you. If you come back to us, I’ll give you the best of everything.”

I laughed at her words. “That’s rich. You can’t even bear to give up your adopted daughter, yet you claim you’ll give me your best?”

Seeing my determination, Livia lost her temper again. “Why did I have to give birth to such a disobedient daughter?”

I grabbed a broom from the corner and swung it at her. “Are you leaving or not?”

Livia covered her nose, dodging the broom. “Why are you so bewitched? Do you really think your aunt genuinely cares about you?”

I’d lost all patience. I threw down the broom and tossed a handful of powder at her.

Livia began coughing uncontrollably, her throat clearly itching unbearably.

“You’re slandering my mother,” I warned. “Leave now, or I’ll make you permanently mute.”

In reality, it was just ordinary itching powder that would wear off in a day, but that would be enough suffering for her.

“This woman finally knows what we’re capable of,” Ava purred in my mind with satisfaction.

Fearing further consequences, Livia picked up the bank card from the ground. She spat out “Heartless girl!” before scurrying away in humiliation.

No sooner had Livia left than Stewart arrived to inform me that the agreement to sever our relationship had been drafted according to the Patriarch’s instructions.

“If you’ve made up your mind, Miss, please come to the Moonlight Goddess Altar at eight tonight. The Patriarch will witness the signing himself,” he said formally.

I nodded happily, agreeing without hesitation.

(Third-person’s POV)

Adrian's hand froze mid-pour when Livia told him that Amelia had refused the ten million. His expression was one of genuine surprise.

"How could a girl raised by rogue wolves turn down that kind of money?" he wondered aloud.

Livia clutched at her throat, which was still itching painfully. "That's not all. She threatened to ruin our family and destroy our sons' businesses."

Adrian slammed the coffee pot down on the table. "Did she really say that?"

Livia nodded vigorously. "She seems to know that we've been aware she was our daughter for years but did nothing. She's harboring deep resentment against us."

## **Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 19[ 949 words ]**

(Adrian's POV)

I slammed my fist on the table, causing the coffee to spill over the edge of my cup.

"That ungrateful girl!" I growled. "After everything we've done to bring her back, this is how she repays us?"

Livia dabbed at her throat, "She's completely out of control, Adrian. The way she spoke to me—her own mother! And those threats about ruining our sons' careers weren't idle talk. There was something in her eyes..."

I paced the room, my wolf Noah restless beneath my skin. "I can tolerate her attitude. I can even understand her resentment. But if she thinks she can threaten Stone River Pack's assets, she's sorely mistaken."

"Blood or not, I won't allow it," I declared firmly.

Livia approached me cautiously. "What about tonight? Should we still try to convince her not to sign the severance agreement?"

I laughed bitterly. "Why would we? A daughter like that would only bring us more trouble. Let her sign it and be done with us."

My mind raced with calculations. Father had been watching everything closely, and I knew he was reconsidering the pack's succession. Amelia was an unpredictable variable that could upset everything we'd built.



“We need to ensure she marries Theodore Crimson as soon as possible,” I said decisively. “That crippled Alpha heir has no real value anymore. Once she’s his mate, she’ll be Crimson Moon Pack’s problem, not ours.”

Livia’s eyes lit up with understanding. “I’ll speak with father tomorrow about finalizing the arrangement with the Crimson Moon Pack.”

“Good,” I nodded. “The sooner Amelia is out of our pack, the better for everyone.”

(Ethan’s POV)

I drummed my fingers against the polished surface of my desk, staring coldly at Zachary Grant. The man was sweating profusely under my gaze, his expensive suit doing little to hide his discomfort.

“It’s been nearly a month, I said, my voice dangerously quiet. A month, Zachary, and you haven’t even made contact with Shadow Healer Lily?”

Zachary wiped his brow nervously. “Sir, I’ve been trying daily. Her agent, Helena Shaw, insists that she can’t reach Lily either. Apparently, Lily only makes contact when she chooses to.”

“And you believe that?” I asked incredulously.

“That’s how she’s always operated, Zachary explained, his voice strained. No one knows her real identity. She communicates exclusively through her agent.”

I leaned back in my chair, my patience wearing thin. “I don’t care about her mysterious persona. I care about acquiring the rights to ‘Shadow Moon Chronicles!’ You have one week, Zachary. One week to make this happen, or you can find employment elsewhere.”

Zachary’s professional demeanor finally cracked. “With all due respect, sir, do you really think acquiring ‘Shadow Moon Chronicles’ is as simple as snapping your fingers?”

I raised an eyebrow, surprised by his sudden backbone.

“This is Lily’s final unpublished work,” he continued, gaining momentum. “Every publishing and entertainment company in Northgate City wanted to buy it. Even if we manage to contact her, there’s no guarantee she’ll sell to us over more established companies.”

The temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees as I fixed him with an icy stare. “Are you suggesting I should handle this personally?” I asked with a cold smile.

Zachary paled. “N—no, sir. I just meant—”

“Even if I did,” I cut him off, “you think she wouldn’t sell to me?”

He looked at the floor, muttering, “She might not, sir. Shadow Healer is known to be... particular.”

My patience snapped. “Get out. Now.”

Zachary practically ran from my office, closing the door with a soft click that belied his hasty retreat.

I massaged my temples, feeling a headache forming. The past year had been disastrous for Starlight Entertainment. No bestselling books, no hit TV shows—nothing to show my grandfather that I was capable of managing this company.

I needed a win. I needed Lily’s “Shadow Moon Chronicles. This mysterious Shadow Healer has transformed her healing experiences into a work of narrative non-fiction that has captivated the attention of everyone in both the supernatural and human worlds.

The door to my office swung open again without a knock. My younger brother Caleb stormed in, his face flushed with anger.

“Do you have any idea what’s been happening while you were away? he demanded, throwing himself onto the leather sofa across from my desk.

I straightened in my chair. “What are you talking about?”

“That so-called sister of ours,” Caleb spat. “Amelia. She’s been terrorizing Celine for the past three days!”

My interest piqued. “Tell me everything.”

Caleb’s words tumbled out in a furious rush. He described how Amelia had humiliated Celine at every turn, physically attacked both of them, and even threatened to drive Celine out of the pack “She’s completely wild,” Caleb concluded. “Nothing like what we expected from someone raised in the backwater Meadow Brook Pack.”

I frowned deeply. “You’re right. She should be grateful just to be acknowledged as the Alpha’s daughter. Instead, she’s causing chaos.”

Caleb rolled up his pant leg, revealing an ugly purple bruise on his knee. “Look at this! She kicked me so hard my healing ability can’t fix it. And poor Celine—her face is swollen from crying, and there’s a bruise on her cheek where Amelia struck her.”

My jaw tightened. “I can’t believe she dared to lay hands on both of you.

“I can’t handle her alone, brother,” Caleb admitted, his eyes pleading. “She’s stronger than she looks. We need to put her in her place before she does more damage.”

A cold smile spread across my face. “As it happens, I’ve been having a rather frustrating day. Perhaps it’s time I properly welcomed our long—lost sister to the family.”

## Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 20[ 1,026 words ]

(Amelia’s POV)

At two in the afternoon, I was spreading my herbs to dry in the courtyard when I heard footsteps approaching. Looking up, I saw a man standing before me.

“Are you Amelia, my newly returned sister?” he asked coldly.

He appeared to be in his mid—twenties, with features somewhat similar to Caleb’s, though less rebellious and more calculating. I immediately recognized him as Ethan Stone, Adrian’s eldest son.

I continued arranging my herbs without looking up. “Yes, I’m Amelia. But since you’ve come looking for me, you should know I’m no longer your sister.”

Ethan’s jaw tightened. “I thought Caleb was exaggerating, but now I see he wasn’t. You truly are arrogant, not even acknowledging your own brother.”

His voice carried an edge of anger. “Since you know who I am, why do you maintain this attitude?”

I finally looked up, my eyes filled with contempt and mockery. “With the way your entire family behaves, I’d have this same attitude even if my parents themselves showed up.”

Ethan’s expression darkened, and I felt the chill of Alpha power radiating from him. “Now I understand. You truly don’t deserve any courtesy from me.”

He stepped closer. “I was away on business these past few days. Today, Caleb told me your demanded Celine leave Stone River Pack immediately upon your return. He said you even slapped her yesterday. Is that true?”

As he spoke, Ethan deliberately stepped on my freshly laid herbs, grinding them under his shoe until they were crushed to bits.

I paused, slowly rising to meet his gaze directly. Instead of answering his question, I said flatly, “I’ll give you one chance.”

Ethan frowned. “What chance?”

“A chance to restore the herbs you just destroyed,” replied calmly.

He stared at me for a moment, then burst into laughter. “Caleb was right. You truly don’t know your place.”

His eyes narrowed. “And if I refuse?” He lifted his foot and deliberately crushed another herb beneath it.

I didn’t try to stop him. “Do you know how much those herbs you just trampled are worth?” “They’re just wild weeds,” he said icily. “Worthless—just like you.

I named the figure without hesitation. “At least fifty million. They would start at ten million at the Northgate City auction house.”

I continued, “This noon, your mother came to me with ten million, thinking that would be enough for me to acknowledge them again. I refused because ten million doesn’t even equal the value of one herb I cultivate.”

Ethan’s eyes grew colder with each word. “I didn’t come here to waste time talking with you.”

“So how do you plan to compensate me?” I asked. “Cash or bank transfer?”

“Amelia!” he shouted in fury.

“If you don’t want to pay, we’ll have to find another form of compensation,” I said. “Perhaps that foot of yours that crushed my two herbs will do—though I doubt it’s worth nearly that much.”

My wolf Ava whispered in my mind: “This foolish man has no idea of our true strength.”

Ethan finally snapped. He grabbed my collar, pulling me close. “Keep talking nonsense and I’ll kill you myself.”

I laughed softly. “Unfortunately, before you manage to kill me, you might find yourself dead first.”

He took a deep breath. “You clearly won’t listen to reason.”

He called out sharply, and four bodyguards immediately rushed in, surrounding me. Ethan ordered them to seize me and take me away.

Two bodyguards stepped forward. I didn’t resist as they grabbed me and dragged me from the villa, shoving me into a waiting car. The vehicle sped away quickly.

(Celine’s POV)

From my bedroom window, I watched the entire scene unfold, a slow smile spreading across my face.

I had guessed that when Caleb stormed off to Starlight Entertainment today, he would tell our older brother about how I'd been mistreated. But I hadn't expected that I held such an important place in Ethan's heart that he would personally come to settle accounts with Amelia so quickly.

Unlike Caleb, who only uses harsh words or inflicts superficial injuries, Ethan is different. I remember when a boy in middle school merely flirted with me and touched me a few times. When Ethan found out, he had the boy kidn\*pped and crippled his hands. The matter was settled with just a payment of money.

I wondered if Amelia would escape unscathed after slapping me.

(Amelia's POV)

Two hours later, the bodyguards roughly pulled me from the car and shoved me into an abandoned factory. I regained my balance and surveyed my surroundings, I smiled.

Bringing me to such a remote location meant they truly intended to hurt me badly. Although I'd known how much they adored Celine and how little they cared for their own sister, I hadn't expected them all to be so heartless.

It made the suffering I'd endured these past twenty years feel even more bitter. I would need to release some of this frustration.

Ethan ordered two bodyguards to guard the entrance while he and the other two followed me inside. He instructed them to close the factory doors.

He approached me with a cold smile. "No one will know what happens to you here."

I nodded in agreement, my lips curving upward. "Indeed, this is a perfect place. No one will know what happens."

I Ethan's eyes were utterly merciless. "I'm not like my younger brother. I don't have his patience. When I can use force, I never waste time with words."

"Oh?" I responded simply.

He adopted a magnanimous expression. "Since you are my sister by blood, I'll be considerate. You've just returned to Stone River Pack and don't understand the rules yet. I'll give you a chance- kneel down and apologize to Celine, then slap yourself one hundred times in front of her. If you do that, I'll let you go today."

I was truly amazed by his audacity. I looked up at him with mockery in my eyes. “So you do remember I’m your blood sister? Are you certain you want to be this cruel to your own sister for the sake of an adopted one?”

Ethan’s eyes narrowed dangerously.

## Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 21[ 963 words ]

(Amelia’s POV)

Ethan’s cold eyes fixed on me.

“Though you’re my blood sister, I feel nothing for you,” he said flatly. “Celine is the one I watched grow up. She’s my true sister in every way that matters.”

His lips curled into a cruel smile. “If you apologize to Celine and promise never to bother her again, I might spare you—out of consideration for our shared blood.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at his audacity.

“How touching,” I mocked. “You care so deeply for someone who isn’t even your blood. Perhaps I should follow your example someday—switch your future children with those of your enemies. Let you raise your enemy’s child while your own suffers in some rogue pack. Wouldn’t that be poetic justice?”

Ethan’s eyes darkened instantly. His Alpha power surged through the room like a physical force as he roared, “You wouldn’t dare!”

I remained unfazed by his display of power. “Why so upset? What does blood matter if you’ve raised them yourself? Even if they’re your enemy’s child, surely you’d love them after raising them. Why should it matter whose blood they carry?”

Fury contorted his features as he grabbed my collar, yanking me closer.

“Enough!” he snarled. “Celine is different from you. Her mother did this, not her.”

His grip tightened. “I shouldn’t have wasted words on you.”

He took a silver dagger from one of his bodyguards, the blade gleaming dangerously as he brought it slowly toward my face.

“I think a few cuts across this pretty face will teach you a lesson,” he threatened. “Let’s see how you manage when you’re too hideous for anyone to look at.”

Just as the blade neared my skin, his hand suddenly went limp. The dagger clattered to the floor with a metallic ring.

Confusion flashed across his face as weakness spread through his body. His legs buckled beneath him, and he staggered backward.

The two bodyguards rushed forward to restrain me, but they barely made it two steps before collapsing to the ground, their bodies convulsing violently.

“What... what did you do?” Ethan gasped, struggling to remain upright.

“From the moment they touched me, they were poisoned, I explained calmly. “As were you.”

My wolf Ava’s voice echoed in my mind: “These fools underestimated our abilities.”

Ethan used his remaining strength to call for the guards stationed outside, his voice breaking with desperation.

“Don’t bother,” I said, circling him slowly. “Those two collapsed long ago. No one’s coming to save you.”

I crouched beside him, my voice dropping to a whisper. “Remember when you said your foot would compensate for my herbs? I think it’s time to collect.”

He glared at me, his jaw clenched tight. “You wouldn’t dare!”

I laughed softly. “What wouldn’t I dare? Did you really think I’d show mercy after everything you’ve done?”

I picked up the silver dagger he’d dropped, testing its weight in my palm.

“You were going to cut my face,” I reminded him, tracing the flat of the blade across my palm. “Your own sister’s face. All because Celine received one slap.

I clicked my tongue in disapproval. “That hurt my feelings, brother. It truly did.”

He struggled to rise, pressing his palms against the concrete floor, but his arms gave way beneath him. His strength continued to fade until he could only lie there, glaring at me with hatred.

“To soothe my wounded heart,” I continued, examining the dagger, “I think I’ll use this silver blade to sever the tendons in your foot.”

Panic flashed in his eyes. “Touch me and Patriarch will throw you out of Stone River Pack immediately! I’m his favorite—he values me above all others. Once you’re exiled, I’ll have countless ways to make you suffer.”

I twirled the dagger thoughtfully. “You misunderstand. I don’t need grandfather’s protection. Stone River Pack’s assets mean nothing to me.”

I leaned closer. “I only returned to see how you were all living—to see if any of you felt guilt for what happened to me.”

His eyes widened as I continued. “Unfortunately, I found no remorse. So now you’ll all have to experience suffering firsthand. Perhaps then you’ll understand.”

I dragged Ethan’s limp body to a wall where he could sit propped up. “No one will hear you scream here. Feel free to be as loud as you like.

With one swift motion, I sliced through his pant leg, exposing his calf. Real fear entered his eyes for the first time.

“Wait—don’t! I’ll pay you fifty million for the herbs. Just don’t-

His words dissolved into an agonized scream as I made the first cut across his calf. Blood seeped from the wound, pooling on the concrete floor.

Cold sweat beaded on his forehead as he watched me position the dagger to sever his tendons, His terror grew with each passing second.

“Last chance,” he gasped through clenched teeth. “If you cut my tendons, I’ll hunt you for the rest of my life. I swear I’ll-”

Another scream tore from his throat, echoing through the abandoned factory.

“You’re too loud,” I complained, sliding a silver needle from my sleeve. I jabbed it into his neck, silencing him instantly.

His mouth opened in a silent scream, his eyes wide with horror as he watched me work the dagger through his calf. Tears of pain mixed with sweat streamed down his face until finally, mercifully, he passed out.

I frowned at his unconsciousness and inserted another needle to wake him.

His eyes fluttered open, filled with agony and hatred.

“Pathetic,” I muttered. “I’m not finished with your tendons yet. You can’t pass out now.”

His silent lips formed curses, his eyes promising vengeance.

“You’ll die for this,” he managed to rasp. “When our parents find out, they’ll cut you into a thousand pieces.”



# Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 22[ 939 words ]

(Ethan's POV)

"You need to stay conscious," Amelia said coldly, holding up another silver needle. "Otherwise, I'll wake you up with this."

She continued using the silver knife, methodically severing the tendons in my leg. The pain was unbearable, white-hot agony shooting through my entire body. I screamed again, my face draining of all color, but this time I fought to stay conscious.

Amelia nodded with satisfaction. "Good. You're learning."

She wiped the blood from the blade onto my pants. "I've only crippled your right leg because you used your right foot to crush my two rare medicinal herbs. If you had used both feet, I would have crippled both your legs today."

She tossed the knife aside with a clatter. From her pocket, she produced a small vial containing a clear liquid.

"This is the antidote that will allow you to move freely again," she explained, forcing the liquid down my throat. "Go ahead, try to stand up. Let's see if your right leg still works."

The antidote worked quickly. The paralysis receded from my body, leaving only the searing pain in my leg. I gritted my teeth and placed both hands on the ground, pushing myself up.

Horror washed over me as I tried to put weight on my right leg. There was no strength left in it—only excruciating pain. I staggered, barely keeping myself upright by leaning against the wall.

I tried to summon my alpha power, but there was no response. I called out to my wolf, but only silence answered.

My heart froze as the reality hit me. My leg was truly crippled.

"No," I whispered, unable to accept what had happened. "This can't be happening."

I had come here to teach Amelia a lesson, to defend Celine's honor. Instead, I was the one who had been permanently damaged. My pride, my status as Alpha Heir, my future—all of it shattered in an instant.

I clutched my head and began to whimper. "I don't want to be a cripple! I can't be a cripple!"

Amelia watched my breakdown with cold disinterest. “I expected more from you, brother. You can’t even handle having one leg crippled without falling apart.”

(Amelia’s POV)

I turned to leave. Suddenly, the sound of applause echoed through the abandoned factory

I spun around, surprised to see Theodore Crimson behind me. Marcus was pushing his wheelchair as they approached. Theodore’s eyes gleamed with appreciation

“I came to see the place where my own legs were crippled, Theodore said with a smile. “I never expected to witness such an impressive scene.”

The realization hit me suddenly. “You were also crippled at this abandoned factory

Theodore nodded, running his hand over his legs. His golden eyes darkened as he quietly admitted, “Like your brother, I was completely conscious as I felt my legs gradually losing sensation

I wasn’t particularly skilled at offering comfort. During my twenty years in the Meadow Brook Pack I had faced many life-threatening situations. I hadn’t survived on consolation but by becoming stronger.

“Since I promised to heal your legs, I will definitely succeed,” I assured him with confidence. Theodore looked into my eyes and smiled. “I believe you.”

He led a small white handkerchief from his pocket and wheeled his chair closer to me. With gentle movements, he began wiping the blood from my hands.

“It seems your life in the Stone River Pack isn’t as easy as you claimed,” he remarked softly.

I shrugged. “It’s actually quite easy. I just easily dealt with one problem.”

I walked behind Theodore’s wheelchair and began pushing him toward the exit. “What exactly happened here that caused you to be paralyzed from the waist down? I’m bored and don’t want to return to the Stone Estate just yet.”

“I’ll tell you if you want to know,” Theodore replied.

“Have you ever done such thoughtful things for Celine?” I teased, referring to his gentle gesture with the handkerchief.

“No,” Theodore answered simply.

Marcus, who had been silently observing, added, “My Alpha has indeed never done such things for anyone else.”

I continued my teasing. “So I’m the first?”

Theodore candidly admitted, “Yes, you are.”

After cleaning the blood from my hands, Theodore tossed the bloodied handkerchief to the ground and wheeled his chair back slightly. “The honor is mine.”

Theodore glanced at Ethan, who was still slumped against the wall, whimpering in pain. “How do you plan to explain crippling the Stone River Pack’s Alpha Heir when you return to the Stone Estate?”

I shrugged nonchalantly. “I was considering poisoning him to make him mute and breaking both his hands so he couldn’t reveal what happened.”

Ethan’s face filled with terror upon hearing this. “You—you’ve known each other all along?” he asked in alarm, looking at us. He began dragging himself toward the door, his useless right leg trailing behind him.

Theodore watched Ethan’s pathetic crawling with amusement. “That’s a good idea, but I can take care of him for you.”

“It’s a family matter,” I declined. “I don’t want to trouble you.”

“As your future mate, your problems are my problems,” Theodore countered smoothly.

I laughed. “Are you really this kind to a woman for the first time?”

I walked over to Ethan, who was desperately crawling toward the factory exit, and blocked his path. From my pocket, I took out another vial and forced a pill down his throat.

Ethan coughed repeatedly, trying to spit the pill out, but it was too late—it had already gone down his throat. His eyes widened with panic.

“What kind of medicine did you give me?” he asked, his voice trembling with fear.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 23[ 989 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

“The medicine I gave you won’t kill you,” I told Ethan casually, watching his terrified expression. “But it will make you wish you were dead.”

Ethan’s eyes widened in disbelief. “You’re bluffing. There’s no such poison.”

I smiled coldly. “As long as you behave, I’ll provide the antidote regularly. If not...” I snapped my fingers.

Instantly, Ethan’s body convulsed. He clutched his stomach, his face contorting in agony as if his internal organs were being twisted into knots. Sweat poured down his face as he writhed on the ground.

After a minute, I snapped my fingers again, and the pain subsided. Ethan lay there, his face ashen, teeth clenched as he glared at me with impotent rage.

The realization that his life was completely in my hands seemed to finally sink in. He closed his eyes in despair, all fight gone from his body.

I dusted off my hands and turned to Theodore. “Ethan’s injuries are too severe for him to return to the Stone River Pack directly. Would you mind keeping him for now? I’ll come get him tomorrow.”

Theodore nodded. “Of course.”

He gestured to Marcus, who effortlessly hoisted Ethan over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. The four pack warriors Ethan had brought were also escorted out, leaving Theodore and me alone in the abandoned factory.

“I find you interesting,” I said, studying Theodore’s face. “I’d like to know more about you.”

Theodore smiled. “I’d be happy to share, but this place is rather... grim. Let me take you somewhere more pleasant.”

“Lead the way,” I agreed readily.

Theodore took me to a secluded camping spot at the base of a mountain, beside a small stream. The setting sun cast a golden glow over the peaceful scene.

I sat down on the grass, enjoying the evening breeze. I stretched lazily, feeling the tension leave my body.

“Did you build this camping spot?” I asked.

Theodore nodded. “I come here when I need to clear my head.”

I laughed. “What could possibly trouble someone like you before your legs were injured? You had everything—wealth, status, the most powerful pack. Your biggest worry was probably having too much money to spend.”

The sunset illuminated Theodore’s handsome profile, giving him a golden aura like a Greek statue. The sight made my heart skip a beat.

Theodore chuckled at my teasing. “You’re right. Life was smooth sailing before. My so-called troubles were just pack matters not meeting expectations.”

His expression grew more serious. “But after losing the use of my legs, everything changed. The respect and care that once surrounded me vanished overnight, replaced by schadenfreude and avoidance. Now when I see those same people smile, it all seems fake.”

I shrugged. “That’s normal. When someone falls from grace, previous kindness evaporates, and most people kick you while you’re down. Those who stand by you during hardship are truly rare.”

Theodore turned to look at me. “Like you. When everyone else was avoiding me, you accepted me.”

I was momentarily taken aback, then laughed. “I’m hardly being selfless. It’s a mutually beneficial arrangement. I want your body and power, and you happen to be able to provide both.”

I moved closer to Theodore and crouched down to examine his legs. “Let me check your condition.”

“I suppose I should be grateful it was my legs that were damaged and not my face,” Theodore joked.

I rolled up his pant legs to inspect the damage. “Valid point.”

Theodore laughed softly and began sharing his story. From him, I learned the reason for his paralysis. The Crimson family was large, with five siblings in his father’s generation. His father, Theron Crimson, was the youngest and least successful, often looked down upon by his siblings.

It wasn’t until Theodore grew up and displayed his exceptional Alpha powers—far surpassing his cousins—that his father’s position in the family improved, earning the Alpha King’s favor.

“I have a brother, Ronan, five years younger than me,” Theodore continued. “Shortly after his birth, a seer told the Alpha King that Ronan would bring misfortune to the Crimson family. Despite my mother’s objections, the Alpha King sent him away. No one except the Alpha King and my father knew where.”

Theodore’s expression darkened. “My mother went searching for him and died in an accident. After I gained the Alpha King’s approval through my abilities, I requested that my brother be brought back. Three years ago, Ronan returned, along with Isla, a girl he had bonded with at the orphanage.”

“I treated Isla like my own sister. Last month, she was kidn\*pped by rogue wolves who demanded I come alone to rescue her.”

I raised an eyebrow. “You weren’t foolish enough to actually go alone, were you?”

Theodore gave a bitter smile. “I arranged for warriors to follow me secretly, but somehow the kidnappers knew about my plan. I was too focused on saving Isla to consider whether someone had leaked information. In the end, I went alone, perhaps too confident in my own strength.”

“The kidnappers’ weapons were enchanted with dark magic. Right here in this abandoned factory, about forty of them surrounded me and broke my legs. Marcus arrived with reinforcements just in time to save Isla and me.”

I frowned, suspicious. “It sounds like they were specifically targeting you. What did your investigation reveal?”

“I initially suspected someone close to me had betrayed me. But after a month of reflection, I discovered the mastermind behind it all might be my own brother, Ronan.”

“Let me guess,” I said. “He resented you. Why should you live in luxury while he grew up in an orphanage?”

Theodore nodded. “Perhaps he believes all his suffering was my fault.”

He looked down at his useless legs with a sad smile. “Should I take revenge on my own brother?”

My wolf Ava whispered in my mind: “Revenge only brings more pain, but some injuries truly need to be addressed.”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 24[ 877 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

I looked directly into Theodore’s eyes, feeling a strange connection I couldn’t quite explain.

“In this world, no one is more important to me than myself,” I said firmly. “Your situation is different from mine. Even if Ronan wanted revenge, you shouldn’t have been his target. You were the one who actively brought him back. If he truly respected and loved you, he wouldn’t have hurt you.”

I leaned forward, my voice hardening. “If Ronan really tried to assassinate you, then he deserves to go to hell.”

Theodore watched me with growing interest as I continued.

“Blood relations mean nothing to me. I only care about people who genuinely love me and treat me well. The rest? They can disappear for all I care.”

A flash of admiration and envy crossed Theodore’s face. “You’re remarkably clear-headed. You can even deal with your own brother Ethan without hesitation.”

I shrugged, feeling no remorse. “Ethan attacked me first. Why should I show him mercy?”

Theodore fell silent for a moment, his expression thoughtful. Then his face relaxed into a relieved smile.

“I came here today to clarify some things in my mind,” he admitted. “Seeing your actions and hearing your words, I now understand what I need to do.”

His gaze lingered on me, filled with determination and unexpected tenderness. “Meeting you has been truly fortunate for me, Amelia.”

I felt a sudden flutter of nervousness. My wolf Ava whispered in my mind: “Heal him quickly.

I’m certain he’s our mate.”

I cleared my throat, trying to appear casual. “Don’t be so serious.”

Theodore laughed softly. “If I’m not serious, you might think I treat everyone this way.”

“Do you?” I teased, grateful for the lighter tone.

“Only the ones who save me from boredom and give me hope,” he countered with a playful smile.

I rolled my eyes. “Smooth talker.”

“Only stating facts,” he replied, his golden eyes twinkling.

After finishing my examination of Theodore’s legs, I stood up and dusted off my clothes.

“Meet me here tomorrow at noon,” I told him. “I’ll begin your treatment then.”

I glanced at the darkening sky. “It’s getting late, and I have important matters to handle tonight. I can’t stay any longer.”

Theodore’s eyes showed reluctance, but he smiled and nodded. “Until tomorrow, then.”

(Third-person’s POV)

It was nearly seven in the evening. Seraphina and Jaxon had returned from shopping for welcome feast supplies hours ago, but Amelia was nowhere to be found. Their calls to her phone went unanswered.

“Stewart, have you seen Amelia?” Seraphina asked the head steward, her voice tight with worry.

Stewart shook his head respectfully. “No, my lady. But Livia came by around noon. She and Miss Amelia had a heated argument before the Livia left in anger.”

Seraphina’s face immediately tensed with concern.

“I can’t believe Adrian and Livia!” she exclaimed, pacing the room. “First, they refused to acknowledge Amelia, and now that she wants to sever ties with them, they won’t leave her alone.”

Her eyes flashed with anger. “They probably suspected we took Amelia away to regain the Alpha inheritance. In their hearts, financial gain has long overshadowed family bonds.” Jaxon placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. “Amelia is resourceful. I’m sure she’s fine.” Seraphina shook her head, unconvinced. “I need to speak with Livia directly.”

When Seraphina and Jaxon arrived at the East House, they encountered Livia, Adrian, Caleb, and Celine just leaving.

Livia’s lips curled into a mocking smile. “Perfect timing. We were just heading to the Moon Altar to prepare for severing ties with Amelia. You should join us.”

“Did you visit Amelia this afternoon?” Seraphina demanded, ignoring the taunt.

Livia raised an eyebrow. “Yes, I did. I was giving her one last chance to acknowledge us.”

“She’s missing,” Seraphina said bluntly. “Her phone is off. Did you say or do something to her?”

Livia’s expression darkened. “Are you accusing me of k\*\*\*\*\*g her?”

Celine’s eyes gleamed with secret delight at the news of Amelia’s disappearance. She thought to herself, “Ethan must have taught her a harsh lesson.”

“Maybe she regrets wanting to cut ties with us,” Caleb suggested with contempt. “She’s probably hiding somewhere, too ashamed to show her face.”

Livia laughed coldly. “Perhaps she prefers her real parents over you two after all. Though I’m not sure we want such a daughter anymore.”

Seraphina’s face hardened. “This isn’t a joke, Livia. Amelia is my daughter now. If anything happens to her, I will hold all of you accountable.”



Livia's amusement vanished, replaced by venom. "You're a barren she-wolf who can only steal other people's daughters. How pathetic."

Jaxon's expression turned dangerous. "Adrian, control your mate."

Adrian, no longer concerned about maintaining peace with his brother after the Amelia situation, shot back, "Don't blame others for your inability to have children."

The tension between the two families had finally erupted into open hostility.

"If Amelia is harmed in any way," Seraphina threatened, her voice low and dangerous, "none of you will escape unscathed."

Livia stepped forward, her eyes flashing with equal menace. "Is that a threat? You forget who holds the power in this pack."

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## Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 25[ 975 words ]

(Third-person's POV)

Jaxon wrapped his arm protectively around Seraphina's shoulders, his eyes hardening as he addressed his brother.

"Adrian, I've always prioritized Seraphina's happiness above all else. That's why I willingly stepped aside and let you and your children take control of everything in this pack," Jaxon said, his voice low but firm. "But now I see you're all unworthy of such consideration."

His expression turned resolute. "From this day forward, I will fight to reclaim everything that rightfully belongs to me in the Stone River Pack. And I will leave it all to Amelia, not to any of you."

Adrian couldn't contain his laughter at his brother's declaration.

"You can't win against me, and you know it," Adrian sneered. "Don't pretend you 'let' me have anything. You and your barren mate couldn't even produce an heir. What will you fight me with? A daughter I abandoned years ago?"

Just as the tension between the brothers reached its peak, a confident voice cut through the air.

"And what talents do you possess, Adrian?" Amelia asked, her tone challenging and proud.

Seraphina and Jaxon whirled around to see Amelia standing there, completely unharmed. They rushed toward her, relief evident on their faces.

Seraphina grabbed Amelia's shoulders, examining her frantically from every angle, terrified she might have been injured.

"Where have you been?" she demanded, her voice trembling. "We called you repeatedly!"

Amelia smiled reassuringly. "It's nothing serious. I've been in Northgate City for three days and wanted to explore a bit. I lost track of time, and my phone fell somewhere."

In reality, she had lost it when Ethan abducted her. She only noticed it was missing on her way back after parting with Theodore.

Celine frowned in confusion. She knew Ethan had personally taken Amelia away. How could she possibly have returned unharmed? Had Ethan softened toward his biological sister, unable to hurt her after all?

Livia, irritated by the affectionate display between Seraphina and Amelia, let out a contemptuous snort.

"See? Your daughter is perfectly fine," she said coldly. "You had no right to accuse us without evidence."

Seraphina had finally reached her limit with Livia's family's dismissive attitude toward Amelia. She grabbed Amelia's hand and urged her toward the Moon Altar to sign the severance agreement.

(Amelia's POV)

Standing before the Moon Altar, under Patriarch Alaric's watchful gaze, I faced the statue of the Moon Goddess with unwavering determination. Without hesitation, I signed my name on the severance agreement.

Adrian and Livia showed no reluctance either, quickly adding their signatures to the document. I took my copy of the agreement, my heart lighter than it had been in days.

"From this day forward, we are nothing to each other," I declared firmly.

Livia slammed her pen down on the table with force, her eyes burning with hatred.

"Let's see how far you'll get with Jaxon," she spat. "You'll come crawling back soon enough."

I smiled coldly, reminding her, "Don't forget what I said at noon. Your son should watch his back."

Patriarch Alaric raised his hand for silence, his authoritative gaze sweeping over his two sons.

“I called you all to the Moon Goddess Altar today for two reasons,” he announced. “First, to witness Amelia’s severance from your family, Adrian. Second, to discuss the assets and inheritance rights of the Stone River Pack.”

His voice grew heavier with each word. “I’m not getting any younger. I don’t know how many years I have left, so certain things must be made clear. The pack’s leadership will only pass to someone truly capable. Those without ability should know their place and behave accordingly. At least then they can live comfortably within the pack.”

Adrian shot a sidelong glance at Jaxon, smirking. “Did you hear that? Those without ability should stay quiet if they want to ensure their basic needs are met.”

I looked at Adrian with contempt. “What a pathetic clown,” I muttered, loud enough for everyone to hear.

After leaving the altar, Adrian confronted Jaxon directly, his voice dripping with arrogance.

“I control Stone River Botanicals, the pack’s most valuable asset,” he boasted. “Ethan manages Starlight Entertainment. What do you have to challenge us with?”

His eyes narrowed. “All pack assets will belong to my family. I had considered allowing you and your mate to remain in the pack house after father’s passing out of brotherly sentiment. But now that you’ve chosen to side with Amelia and create this rift, once I inherit the pack, you’ll both be expelled from Stone River territory.”

Jaxon showed no anger at the threat. He simply reminded Adrian, “Our father is still very much alive. Don’t celebrate prematurely.”

After Adrian led his family away, Seraphina sighed deeply.

“If Amelia hadn’t returned, I might never have realized how cold-blooded and heartless they truly are,” she said, her voice tinged with sadness.

Jaxon watched his brother’s retreating figure, his expression grave.

“I was naive before,” he admitted. “I believed brothers shouldn’t fight over inheritance, so I let Adrian have what he wanted since he valued wealth and status so much. But things are different now. For Amelia’s sake, I must fight.”

Seraphina turned to me, wrapping her arm around my shoulders. Her eyes were soft yet determined.

“We might not care about these things for ourselves,” she said gently, “but we can’t let Amelia suffer with us. I want to give her everything—the very best this world has to offer.”

Just then, Patriarch Alaric called me to his side. Standing before the Moon Goddess statue, he looked at me with a serious expression.

“Now that you’ve returned to the Stone River Pack and accepted Jaxon and Seraphina as your parents,” he said gravely, “you should embrace your role as the pack’s princess. Unlike Adrian’s family, I’m not foolish enough to treasure another family’s daughter over my own flesh and blood.”

## Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 26[ 1,010 words ]

(Amelia’s POV)

He sighed deeply, his weathered face showing concern.

“Compared to Celine, you only completed middle school before dropping out,” he said bluntly. “Sending you to a prestigious university now would be pointless. What are your plans for your life?”

His eyes studied me carefully as he continued, “Celine has been groomed by Adrian and Livia to become a renowned socialite in Northgate City. That’s the real reason they refuse to let her go. All that nonsense about raising her for twenty years and forming emotional bonds is just an excuse.”

I understood exactly what my grandfather meant. To prove my worth in the Stone River Pack, I needed to outshine Celine. The truth was, I hadn’t dropped out because I couldn’t handle school. I left because I found the teachers’ pace frustratingly slow. Everything in the textbooks I could learn on my own.

I had arranged for someone to purchase educational materials for me, and by sixteen, I’d completed both high school and university courses in subjects that interested me. Any skill that caught my attention, I mastered. Celine’s accomplishments in music, chess, calligraphy, painting, and five foreign languages were merely the most basic of my talents.

Alaric gazed at me solemnly. “In our pack, if you want respect, admiration, and even fear, you must demonstrate real ability. That’s the first lesson I want to teach you as my granddaughter.”

I smiled confidently. “Grandfather, you worry too much. The environment I survived in before coming here was far more brutal. I understand these principles of survival perfectly well.”

I leaned forward slightly. “What Celine knows is mostly about pleasing others. What I know makes others come to me for help.”

Curiosity flickered across Alaric’s face. “And what exactly do you know?”

“Many things,” I replied smoothly. “For instance, my healing abilities are exceptional.”

Skepticism clouded his eyes. “I investigated your background. In the Meadow Brook Pack, you were just an ordinary healer selling herbs and providing basic treatments.”

“Do you think you’re inferior to Celine?” he asked directly.

“Of course not,” I answered without hesitation. “And I’m not just comparing myself to Celine, but to Ethan and Caleb as well. If I prove my capabilities, would you consider entrusting Stone River Botanicals and Starlight Entertainment to me?”

(Third-person’s POV)

Alaric was taken aback by Amelia’s boldness. How dare she make such a request?

He reflected that the Stone River Pack’s decline stemmed largely from the inadequacies of his descendants. Jaxon had ability but lacked ambition. Adrian had ambition but insufficient talent. Among his grandsons, Ethan could manage moderately well but never achieved greatness.

Despite his surprise, Alaric found himself intrigued by Amelia’s confidence. “If you truly prove yourself more capable than Adrian and Ethan, then yes, both the pharmaceutical company and entertainment business could be yours.”

Amelia smiled. “Please keep your word, Grandfather.”

Alaric nodded solemnly. “Of course. I would never underestimate you because you’re female. Prove yourself worthy, and the entire Stone River Pack could be yours to inherit.”

He waved his hand. “Now go rest with your parents.”

Amelia responded with formal politeness and left the altar without any unnecessary pleasantries.

Alaric sighed, turning to Stewart. “This granddaughter truly refuses to show any warmth.”

Stewart smiled knowingly. “The young miss is certainly intelligent, but her emotions run strong in both love and hate. It’s understandable, though. A girl surviving alone for twenty years didn’t get by on sentimentality.”

Seraphina and Jaxon waited on a garden bench outside the altar. When Amelia appeared, Seraphina immediately stood up, concern etched on her face.

“What did the Patriarch say to you?” she asked anxiously.

Amelia smiled reassuringly. “Nothing much. He just asked what skills I need to learn and my plans for the future.”

Seraphina visibly relaxed. Amelia continued, "I know you were worried he might try to make me reconcile with Adrian and Livia, but I would never do that. I told Grandfather that if I prove more capable than Adrian and Ethan, would he give me control of the pharmaceutical company and entertainment business."

Both Jaxon and Seraphina looked stunned.

Seraphina shook her head helplessly. "And here I thought you might want to learn music, chess, or languages."

"What use are those alone?" Amelia replied frankly. "I want all of Stone River Pack's assets."

Jaxon nodded thoughtfully. "Originally, I didn't care about pack inheritance rights, but things are different now. With you here, we must secure more guarantees for your future."

Amelia smiled confidently. "Only by claiming the Stone River Pack inheritance can we ensure our future security."

Jaxon and Seraphina exchanged knowing glances. They had underestimated Amelia, thinking she merely wanted to be a princess when she actually aimed to become the Alpha.

"We must reclaim everything that belongs to us," Ava whispered in Amelia's mind. "Let them see what true Alpha bloodline means."

Night had fallen completely. Theodore had just returned to the Crimson Moon Pack House when he heard Ronan's voice behind him.

"Where have you been, brother? It's quite late," Ronan called out.

Theodore turned to see not only Ronan approaching but Isla as well. Her eyes held a barely concealed gleeful malice as she looked at him.

Ignoring the strange light in Isla's eyes, Theodore smiled faintly. "Just out getting some fresh air."

Ronan's gaze dropped to Theodore's legs, his expression showing false concern. "You should really limit your outings, brother. What if something else happens to you?"

Isla adopted a guilty expression. "It's all my fault. If you hadn't come to save me, you wouldn't have ended up with disabled legs."

She continued with feigned sympathy, "Your engagement to Celine from the Stone River Pack is supposed to be announced at next Saturday's banquet. I wonder if they'll change their minds now, unwilling to let their daughter become your mate."

Her voice dropped to a theatrical whisper. “After all, rumors are spreading that not only are your legs injured, but you’ve also lost your ability to father children. The position of Alpha King heir will surely have to be given up.”

## Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 27[ 904 words ]

(Theodore’s POV)

Isla’s face was a perfect mask of concern as she stepped closer to my wheelchair. The false sympathy in her eyes made my stomach turn.

“I’m just worried about you, Theodore,” she said softly. “The Stone River Pack might cancel the engagement because of your... condition. That would be so humiliating for both you and the entire Crimson Moon Pack.”

Her words dripped with venom disguised as honey. I remained silent, watching her performance unfold.

Ronan stepped forward with a frown. “Isla, you shouldn’t speak so bluntly about our brother’s situation.”

His rebuke was as hollow as her concern. They were playing their parts in a well-rehearsed show meant to break me down.

Isla’s eyes widened in mock innocence. “I’m sorry, I just can’t bear to think of Theodore being rejected by the Stone River Pack. It would be such a public disgrace.”

She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a theatrical whisper. “Especially with those rumors about your... fertility issues. Everyone knows an Alpha who can’t father children is no Alpha at all.”

I felt dormant Logan stir within me, his anger rising like a dark tide.

“You’ve been increasingly disrespectful lately, Isla,” I said, my voice calm and measured. “You seem to have forgotten your place as merely an adopted daughter of the Crimson Moon Pack.”

Ronan’s eyes widened slightly. He hadn’t expected me to respond so directly.

“You need to be reminded of proper conduct,” I continued, watching Isla’s face change as my words sank in.

Her expression shifted from false sympathy to genuine displeasure. The reminder of her status as an adopted daughter clearly struck a nerve.

“Marcus,” I called, not taking my eyes off Isla.

My Beta appeared instantly at my side. “Yes, Alpha Theodore?”

“Isla needs to be disciplined for her disrespect. Handle it.”

Without hesitation, Marcus stepped forward and delivered a sharp slap across Isla’s face. The sound echoed in the hallway as she cried out and fell to the floor.

Ronan moved as if to intervene, but stopped when he met my gaze.

“Let me remind you, Isla,” I said calmly as she clutched her reddening cheek. “You are not a true daughter of the Crimson Alpha line. You’re an omega orphan Ronan brought back from a shelter.”

Her eyes filled with hatred as I continued. “If I hadn’t taken pity on you, you wouldn’t be living in luxury within the Crimson Moon Pack. Remember that before you speak out of turn again.”

Ronan finally found his voice. “Brother, surely this is excessive. Isla was only making a small joke.”

I turned to him with a cold smile. “A joke is only funny when I find it amusing. Just like a dog only barks when its master allows it.”

Isla glared at me, her face a mask of humiliation and rage, but she remained silent. She knew better than to challenge me further.

Ronan cleared his throat. “Isla, you must be more careful with your jokes in the future. Apologize to Theodore.”

“I’m... sorry,” she forced out between clenched teeth.

I maintained my mild smile. “Recognizing your mistakes is the first step to improvement. I’m glad we had this little chat.”

With a slight nod to Marcus, I allowed him to wheel me away from the seething pair.

Once we were safely out of earshot, Marcus growled under his breath. “Ungrateful wretches, both of them. If it weren’t for you constantly pushing to bring your brother back, Isla would still be in that orphanage, and Ronan would be wandering outside our territory.”

His hands tightened on the handles of my wheelchair. “And now they hate you for it. Ronan even tried to kill you for the Alpha King heir position.”

I let my smile fade, running my fingers along the armrest of my wheelchair. The cool metal under my fingertips grounded me as I contemplated my brother’s betrayal.



“I don’t understand why Ronan hates me so much,” I said quietly. “If he had simply told me he wanted the heir position from the beginning, I might have been willing to give it to him.”

I stared down at my useless legs. “But now that he’s willing to take my life for it, I can no longer consider brotherly affection.”

(Ronan’s POV)

I watched Theodore’s wheelchair disappear around the corner, my face carefully neutral until he was gone. Only then did I allow myself to breathe normally again.

Isla scrambled to her feet, her eyes blazing with fury. “How dare he have me struck? And to say I’m not the Alpha’s daughter!”

She clutched my arm desperately. “I am Theron’s daughter! When can I finally reveal my true identity? I’m sick of pretending!”

I pulled her into a comforting embrace, keeping my voice low. “Patience, sister. Once I’ve completely replaced Theodore as heir, and we’ve permanently removed him from the picture, you can openly claim your rightful place.”

Her fingers dug into my arms. “Promise me you’ll kill Theodore for this humiliation.”

“We will have our revenge,” I assured her, glancing around to ensure we weren’t overheard. “But we can’t move too quickly now. Theodore already suspects me, and we need to be cautious.”

Isla’s face contorted with hatred. “He should have died the first time.”

I stroked her hair soothingly. “The Alpha King still hasn’t officially announced the heir succession. That means he’s wavering, just as we planned. We’re already halfway to our goal.”

## Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 28[ 987 words ]

(Amelia’s POV)

I returned to my room, carefully placing the family severance agreement in my desk drawer. The weight of that document felt both heavy and liberating. I’d officially cut ties with the people who should have loved me most.

Heading to the bathroom, I drew a hot bath and sank into the soothing water. After everything that had happened, this small luxury felt like heaven.

Fresh from my bath with a towel wrapped around me, I noticed a small movement at my window. White, my little white wolf, crawled through the opening with a cell phone clutched carefully in her mouth. She padded across the room and dropped the device beside me on the bed.

“Good job, White,” I praised, stroking her soft fur as I dried my hair. “You’re getting better at retrieval missions.”

White’s tail wagged happily at my compliment. She spun in excited circles on my bed before darting off to join Black and Green, no doubt to brag about her successful mission.

I smiled, thinking about my three little snakes and their unique talents. Black excelled at ambush attacks and poison application—skills that had proven useful more than once. White was unmatched in tracking and searching, able to find almost anything I needed.

Picking up the phone White had delivered, I saw another message from an unknown number. Damien again.

“Stop blocking my numbers. This is your last chance to be my woman. I’m attending a welcome banquet for Stone River Pack’s newly returned Alpha daughter this Saturday. Come as my personal assistant. Don’t miss this opportunity.”

I stared at the message, a wave of self-doubt washing over me. How could I have ever saved this man’s life? How could the Moon Goddess have made him my fated mate? It was the darkest joke of my existence.

Damien was unknowingly inviting me to my own welcome banquet. I couldn’t wait to see his face when he realized the truth.

Instead of blocking him immediately, I decided to play along. “Sure,” I texted back. “Meet me at the train station tomorrow at noon.” Let him wait there all day for someone who would never show up.

I tossed the phone aside and opened my personal device, absently scrolling through news. A headline caught my eye: “Northgate City Alpha Heir Rumored Infertile.” The article was about Theodore.

I quickly forwarded the link to him. His response came almost immediately: “??????”

Followed by: “.....”

And finally: “Don’t believe it.”

I’d been about to type a reassuring message about being able to heal fertility issues too, but seeing his panicked response, I deleted it. Instead, I sent a supportive emoji.

“How are things with your family?” he texted.

I snapped a photo of the cover of my severance agreement and sent it to him. “All taken care of.”

Theodore replied with a thumbs-up emoji. “I admire your efficiency. You’ve been back at Stone River Pack for just days and already severed ties with your birth parents.”

“Did Adrian kick you out of the pack?” he asked.

“Nope. I immediately claimed Jaxon and Seraphina as my parents instead,” I replied. “They’re amazing—like real parents to me now.”

There was a pause before Theodore responded. “Not all birth parents naturally love their children. I can tell my father doesn’t particularly like me, especially since Ronan returned. He pays much more attention to my brother. I didn’t mind before, but I never expected Ronan would want me dead.”

My heart ached for him. “Don’t worry,” I texted. “Once we’re mated, anyone who dares to bully you will answer to me. I’ll end them.”

“Haha,” came his reply. “I’m quite capable of protecting myself, you know. And I can ensure you do whatever you want in Northgate City.”

“Is that a promise, Alpha?” I teased.

“Absolutely, my queen.”

Inside me, Ava whispered, “Our mate needs our protection and support.”

After ending our conversation, I called Silas Grey. His voice was as calm and efficient as always when he answered.

“I need information on Stone River Pack’s current business holdings,” I told him. “Who manages them, how they’re performing—everything.”

“Consider it done,” he replied without hesitation. “I’ll have a complete report for you soon.”

That night, I dreamed of Theodore. In my dream, I straddled him, my fingers tracing the defined muscles of his abdomen. His eyes darkened with desire as he flipped me onto my back, his body pressing mine into the mattress.

“You’re mine,” dream-Theodore whispered against my neck, his hands exploring my body with confident touches.

“And you’re mine,” I responded, arching into him as his lips found my collarbone.

Just as the dream reached its most intense moment, something wet nudged my face. I opened my eyes to find Black, White, and Green all nuzzling me awake, their little snouts pushing against my cheeks.

“What is it?” I groaned, sitting up reluctantly.

The three little snakes stared at me expectantly, then looked toward the cabinet where I kept their food. Hungry, of course.

I checked their supply and found only a few freeze-dried spiders left. “This is all that’s left,” I told them, dividing the treats equally. “I promise we’ll go out for an all-you-can-eat dinner tonight.”

Sitting at my desk, I watched them devour their breakfast, my mind still lingering on the dream. I closed my eyes, trying to recapture the sensations, but it was gone.

“Oh well,” I murmured to myself. “Once Theodore and I are mated, we can do whatever we want.”

At breakfast with Jaxon and Seraphina, Stewart, the pack steward, approached our table with his usual formal demeanor.

“Miss Amelia,” he said with a slight bow, “Patriarch Alaric requests your presence in the main hall after breakfast.”

Jaxon looked up from his venison. “What’s this about, Stewart?”

“The alliance marriage between Stone River Pack and Crimson Moon Pack, sir,” Stewart replied honestly.

My eyebrow arched with interest. So it was finally happening.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 29[ 855 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

After Stewart left, Seraphina turned to me with a serious expression.

“Amelia, are you absolutely certain about mating with Theodore?” she asked, her eyes searching mine for any hint of doubt.

I nodded without hesitation. “Completely certain.”

“The sooner the better,” I added in a whisper, thinking about my dream. The thought of legally being able to be intimate with Theodore sent a pleasant shiver down my spine.

Seraphina studied my face for a moment, then smiled when she saw no uncertainty in my eyes. “Then I support your decision completely.”

We finished breakfast and made our way to the main hall. When we arrived, I found Livia, Celine, and Caleb already waiting. Their faces showed varying degrees of displeasure at my arrival.

Livia’s lips curved into a false smile. “Amelia, you’ve returned to Stone River Pack at the perfect time. You can fulfill your duty as the Alpha’s daughter by forming an alliance marriage with Crimson Moon Pack.”

Seraphina scoffed loudly beside me. “How can you lie so blatantly with a straight face, Livia?”

She stepped forward, her eyes flashing with anger. “If Theodore wasn’t crippled, you wouldn’t even consider letting Amelia take part in this alliance. When it came to bringing Amelia home, I didn’t see any of you showing enthusiasm. But now that you need her to replace your precious daughter in this marriage, suddenly you’re all eager.”

Livia’s face hardened. “We sent you to retrieve her because we knew how desperately you wanted a child of your own.”

Seraphina’s response surprised me. She laughed genuinely and placed a hand on my shoulder. “Then I should thank you, Livia, for giving me the opportunity to be Amelia’s mother.”

“You’re welcome to what I didn’t want,” Livia sneered.

Caleb joined in with a contemptuous look. “Amelia is nowhere near Celine’s level anyway.”

I raised an eyebrow at him. “And what exactly makes you think I’m inferior to Celine?”

“It’s obvious,” Caleb replied with a dismissive wave. “Celine is a renowned socialite in Northgate City”

I smirked. “Oh, you mean she’s mastered the arts, music, literature, and speaks five languages fluently? Tell me, are you really proud of showing off the daughter of the woman who switched your sister at birth? Is that something worth bragging about?”

Caleb’s face darkened, “Regardless, Celine is superior to you. That’s just fact.”

“Actually,” I said thoughtfully, “Celine’s mother is quite admirable in a way. At least she was willing to break the law for her daughter’s benefit. That’s far better than a mother who despises her own flesh and blood, wouldn’t you agree?”

Livia and Caleb’s faces flushed red with anger, but neither could form a rebuttal.

Inside me, Ava whispered, “They will never acknowledge our worth, but we will prove it to them.”

Celine cleared her throat, breaking the tense silence. “I could teach you some of my talents, Amelia. It would help you fit in better.”

“Really?” I challenged. “Why don’t you demonstrate your skills right now so I can see if you’re qualified to teach me anything?”

Celine faltered, clearly caught off guard. “I… I was planning to perform at your welcome banquet on Saturday. As a gift.”

I saw through her immediately. “You just want to show off in front of everyone to prove you’re better than me.”

“You’re just afraid she’ll outshine you,” Caleb sneered.

I laughed confidently. “No one will outshine me at my own welcome banquet. I’ll show you all just how blind you’ve been.”

The sound of a cane tapping against the floor interrupted our argument. Patriarch Alaric entered the room, supported by Stewart.

“What are you all discussing so heatedly?” he asked, his authoritative voice silencing everyone.

Caleb immediately tattled. “Celine wanted to perform at the welcome banquet as a gift for Amelia, but she’s refusing to accept it.”

I rolled my eyes. “That’s not what I said. I simply questioned Celine’s motives for wanting to perform. I never said I wouldn’t accept it.”

I turned to Celine with a sweet smile. “By all means, perform whatever you’d like. It’s a form of welcome, after all.”

Caleb looked surprised. He had clearly expected me to put up more resistance.

Alaric nodded approvingly. “Now, to the matter at hand. I’ve called you all here to discuss the alliance marriage with Crimson Moon Pack.”

He turned to me, his expression serious but kind. “Amelia, you should understand that Crimson Moon Pack is the largest and most powerful pack in the Northern Territories. An alliance with them is of tremendous significance.”

I nodded, listening carefully.

“While Theodore’s legs are crippled,” Alaric continued, “this does not diminish Crimson Moon Pack’s status or influence. Many she-wolves would envy the opportunity to mate with him.”

He glanced briefly at Celine before continuing. “After your welcome banquet, everyone will know that you are the true daughter of Stone River Pack’s Alpha. It would be inappropriate for Celine to mate with Theodore under these circumstances.”

“I understand,” I replied calmly.

Alaric studied me for a moment, then asked the question I’d been waiting for: “Are you willing to mate with Alpha King heir Theodore?”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 30[ 944 words ]**

(Third-person’s POV)

Alaric paused for a moment, then added, “If Theodore doesn’t mind that Celine is merely the Alpha’s adopted daughter and wishes to continue with their arranged mating, we wouldn’t necessarily need to substitute Amelia.”

Celine’s expression grew tense at these words. Her fingers fidgeted with the hem of her sleeve as she awaited Amelia’s response.

Amelia smiled easily. “That’s not a problem. I’m willing to mate with Theodore.”

Alaric frowned, studying her face carefully. “Are you certain about this decision, Amelia? This is not something to be taken lightly.”

Amelia nodded firmly. “I’m absolutely certain.”

Livia couldn’t hide her delight. She had expected Amelia to refuse, making it difficult to force her into the alliance. She hadn’t anticipated Amelia would agree so readily to replace Celine in the mating with the Crimson heir. Inwardly, she smirked, thinking Amelia must realize her own situation – being mated to the crippled Crimson heir was already better than she deserved.

Alaric observed Amelia's quick agreement with curiosity, unable to discern her true thoughts. "Since you've agreed so readily, we'll proceed with this arrangement. I'll speak with the Crimson family before the engagement banquet to clarify the situation."

He tapped his cane lightly against the floor. "In the days before the engagement, you should spend time with Theodore, Amelia. Get to know his character and personality."

Amelia smiled warmly. "I'd be happy to."

After Alaric left, Caleb couldn't contain his disdain. "With your background, even mating with a crippled Crimson heir is aiming too high. If Theodore's legs weren't injured, this opportunity would never have come your way."

Amelia's eyes flashed dangerously. "It's Celine, your fake sister, who would be marrying above her station whether Theodore was injured or not. For me, it's a match between equals. Perhaps Theodore and I are fated mates."

She stepped closer to Caleb, her voice dropping to a cutting whisper. "How unfortunate that Celine was so shortsighted. She only saw Theodore's crippled legs and assumed he'd lost his claim to the Alpha King position, so she quickly abandoned this advantageous match."

Amelia waved her hand dismissively. "And Caleb, stay away from me when you speak. Your words pollute my ears."

Inside her mind, Ava whispered, "They will never understand what a true mate bond means."

Before Caleb could finish his retort, Amelia cheerfully grabbed Seraphina and Jaxon's hands. "Mom, Dad, let's go prepare for my welcome banquet!"

Seraphina and Jaxon responded with indulgent smiles. "Our daughter will be the most eye-catching princess that night," Jaxon declared proudly. "No one will steal your spotlight."

Amelia glanced back to see Caleb watching the three of them leave. His face twisted with contempt as he scoffed, "The most eye-catching princess? I can't wait to see how she embarrasses herself at the welcome banquet."

Caleb turned to Celine. "You need to perform exceptionally well that night. You must overshadow Amelia completely, show her how inadequate she truly is."

Celine feigned concern. "Is that appropriate? Uncle and Aunt might be angry."

Inwardly, she recognized her precarious position now that she was no longer the Stone family's true daughter. Deliberately undermining Amelia at her welcome banquet might provoke Patriarch Alaric's displeasure.



Livia waved away her concerns. “What are you afraid of? If we can make them angry, all the better. Do as Caleb says – you must completely overshadow Amelia at the welcome banquet.”

Her eyes revealed her bitterness and resentment. The memory of how disrespectfully Amelia had treated her – her own birth mother – the previous day still rankled. The mysterious powder Amelia had used had left her throat uncomfortable all night, fueling her anger.

“I understand,” Celine replied softly, while inwardly smirking. Outshining that wild girl Amelia would be effortless. With just a little scheming, she could make Amelia a complete laughingstock.

The invitations for Amelia’s Saturday evening welcome banquet had all been distributed. Jaxon had overseen the decoration of the pack house’s banquet hall, sparing no expense on the finest materials and ordering the most expensive wines and spirits. He wanted every pack member to see how much he and his wife valued their daughter.

Despite his thorough preparations, Jaxon worried he might have overlooked something. “Amelia, is there anything about the venue setup that needs improvement?”

Amelia looked around at the clearly thoughtful decorations and smiled warmly. “No, Dad. You’ve done a wonderful job.”

Seraphina added, “The evening gown you selected has been ordered from abroad. It should arrive tonight, ready for tomorrow’s banquet.”

Seeing how attentive her loving adoptive parents were, Amelia felt a warmth spread through her chest. “Thank you, Mom.”

“You’ll look stunning in it,” Seraphina assured her. “I’ve selected the most renowned and sought-after evening gowns internationally. No one will outshine you.”

Since gaining a daughter, Seraphina had developed a competitive spirit, determined not to let anyone mistreat Amelia.

(Amelia’s POV)

After lunch and a short nap, I headed to The Whispering Glade campsite where I’d arranged to meet Theodore. I needed to begin treating his legs and resolve the Ethan situation.

Theodore had arrived early. Ethan lay on the ground looking sickly, his eyes filled with hatred and fear when he spotted me. I ignored his glare and walked calmly toward Theodore, sitting down on the stone bench beside him.

“I’ll start your treatment today,” I said softly.

Theodore nodded slightly, his eyes showing anticipation but even more trust in me.

“I’ve examined your legs,” I continued. “They can be healed, but it will require reconnecting tendons and bones. The process will be painful, but if you can endure it without interrupting the treatment schedule, I could heal your legs in as little as three months.”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 31[ 773 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

After hearing my treatment plan, Theodore answered without hesitation: “Go ahead with the treatment. Do whatever is necessary.”

I could see the determination in his eyes. After learning the cruel truth that his own brother wanted him dead, what pain couldn’t he endure now? I looked at Theodore with admiration flickering in my eyes.

“As expected from the man I’ve chosen,” I said softly.

To heal Theodore’s legs properly required not just exceptional medical skill but also the patient’s cooperation and willpower. His attitude satisfied me deeply.

I began preparing for Theodore’s treatment, placing my needle case and medicinal powders on the stone table. Gently, I lifted the fabric of his pants to expose his legs.

“Sexy leg hair,” I commented casually, examining his injured limbs.

Nearby, Marcus nearly choked at my blunt remark. Theodore looked slightly embarrassed but smiled.

“As long as you like it,” he replied.

I raised an eyebrow playfully. “Of course I like it. Why else would I agree to get engaged to you?”

As I began the treatment, we discussed our arranged mating. Theodore asked if the Stone family had informed me about the alliance.

“Alaric mentioned it just this morning,” I confirmed. “He said that as the true Alpha’s daughter of the Stone River Pack, I should rightfully be your mate. I agreed.”

Theodore nodded. “Alaric is right. We should spend more time together to get to know each other better.”

I joked while carefully inserting the first needle, “Once your legs are healed, if you feel we haven’t spent enough time together, we can schedule the marking ceremony. Then we’ll have all the time in the world to be together.”

Theodore’s eyes softened as he looked at me. “I’d like that very much.”

(Third-person’s POV)

As the treatment progressed, Theodore began experiencing intense pain. It felt as if each bone in his legs was being shattered one by one. Despite the agony, he maintained his composure, not showing any discomfort, though he stopped making casual conversation.

Suddenly, he heard his wolf Logan whisper in his mind: “This pain is nothing. Once we can stand again, we’ll be able to protect her.”

Amelia noticed his struggle. “If it’s too painful, don’t force yourself to endure it. I have pain medication.”

Theodore shook his head. “No. I want to remember this pain.”

Ethan observed their interaction from where he lay restrained. Initially confused, he began to understand something that puzzled him. Theodore treated Amelia with such tenderness his tone and gaze filled with affection and love. This was completely different from his polite but distant attitude toward Celine.

Ethan scoffed inwardly. Theodore was merely placing his hopes for healing on Amelia, nothing more. How could a man of Theodore’s status genuinely care for a country girl like her?

Famous healers worldwide had declared Theodore’s condition untreatable, yet she dared to think she could heal him. Ethan smirked to himself, thinking that if she failed, Theodore would quickly lose patience with her once he realized she was useless.

(Amelia’s POV)

Three hours later, I carefully removed the numerous silver needles from Theodore’s legs one by one. I then wrapped his knee joints with bandages soaked in moonlight herb powder.

“Today’s treatment is complete,” I announced, looking at Theodore’s sweat-covered forehead with genuine admiration for his endurance.

Theodore wiped away the sweat and began massaging his legs. “The stiffness in my knees... it feels slightly better already.”

His eyes lit up with hope. “If I can truly heal completely in three months, let’s schedule our marking ceremony then.”

I agreed with a teasing smile. “I just hope you won’t regret it once your legs are healed.”

Theodore looked directly into my eyes, his gaze intense and sincere. “I’ve already chosen you. That won’t change.”

On our way back, Ethan asked how I had met Theodore.

“He sought me out,” I replied simply. “He saw me and wanted to mark me as his mate.”

Ethan sneered. “You don’t actually believe he genuinely wants to marry you, do you? He’s only settling for you because he’s crippled and doesn’t want to burden Celine.”

My wolf Ava growled angrily in my mind: “This i\*\*\*t doesn’t understand the true meaning of a mate bond.”

I turned to face Ethan. “So now Theodore is settling for me? Wasn’t I brought back specifically to replace Celine as Theodore’s mate? Now that I’m willing to be marked, you’re unhappy?”

I couldn’t help adding with a smirk, “Even if Celine were willing to be marked now, Theodore wouldn’t want her. He clearly likes me, not her.”

Ethan’s face darkened with anger, but he had no response.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 32[ 962 words ]**

(Ethan’s POV)

“You’re awfully confident for someone who’s nothing compared to Celine,” I sneered at Amelia, looking down at her with contempt. “Where does all this arrogance come from?”

Amelia’s lips curled into a smile that sent chills down my spine. “I’m confident about things I’m sure of. Just like I’m confident you won’t tell anyone that I severed the tendon in your right leg.”

She was right—I didn’t dare tell anyone the truth. The memory of the poison she’d forced down my throat was still fresh. The excruciating pain had been unbearable.

After arriving back at the Stone Estate, Amelia parked the car and turned to me with that infuriating smirk.

“Get out,” she ordered casually.

I glared at her, humiliation burning through me. Slowly, painfully, I dragged myself out of the car, each movement sending sharp stabs of pain through my right leg.

“Look at you,” Amelia said, her eyes gleaming with amusement. “All this because you decided to come after me yesterday. And to think it was Caleb who sent you.”

“What are you talking about?” I hissed through clenched teeth.

“Caleb was too cowardly to confront me himself, so he used you as his sacrificial lamb.” Her voice was light, almost playful.

“Stop trying to drive a wedge between my brother and me,” I growled.

Amelia laughed outright. “Drive a wedge? Why would I bother? Do you think I care about winning your approval? Or fighting with Celine for your affection? That’s truly laughable.”

Just then, a Porsche pulled into the parking garage. Celine and Caleb stepped out one after another. Caleb’s eyes widened when he saw me standing with Amelia.

“Ethan? What are you doing with her?” he asked, shock evident in his voice.

Before I could answer, Amelia jumped in. “Is it so strange that my brother would check on me? I’ve been back for days, and he’s finally found time to see how I’m doing.”

Caleb’s expression shifted as understanding dawned. He clearly realized I must have confronted Amelia on Celine’s behalf. But his confusion was obvious—why was Amelia completely unharmed?

“We’ve cut all ties with you,” Caleb spat coldly. “You’re no sister of ours.”

Amelia rolled her eyes. “Correction: I cut ties with you. I’m the one who doesn’t want you.”

Then, to my utter humiliation, she reached up and patted my cheek twice. “Remember to behave from now on,” she whispered, loud enough for the others to hear. “Or face the consequences.”

With that, she twirled her car keys around her finger and sauntered away, leaving me standing there, seething with rage and shame.

As soon as Amelia was out of sight, Caleb turned to me with disbelief written all over his face.

“What the hell, Ethan? Since when do you let anyone talk to you like that?” His voice was filled with confusion. “I thought you were going to teach her a lesson. Not only is she fine, but she’s treating you like… like you’re beneath her.”

I couldn’t meet his eyes. “Drop it, Caleb.”

I tried to take a step forward, but the pain in my right leg nearly made me collapse. Celine rushed forward to steady me.

“Ethan! Your leg!” she gasped, noticing my awkward stance. “What happened to your right leg?”

Caleb’s attention immediately shifted. He hurried over and examined my leg, his eyes widening with shock and confusion.

“What the hell happened to your foot?” he demanded, gripping my shoulders tightly. “Tell me!”

I tried to appear calm as I pushed him away, but Caleb wouldn’t let go. He held on firmly, insisting on an answer.

Finally, I snapped. With a burst of strength fueled by frustration and pain, I shoved him away. “Enough! Stop asking!”

Caleb stumbled back, looking hurt and bewildered. “I’m just worried about you. Why are you so angry?”

“I don’t need your concern,” I snarled, then turned away.

Each step I took was agony, but I forced myself to walk, limping heavily on my right leg. I could feel their eyes boring into my back as I struggled forward.

Behind me, I heard Celine’s trembling voice. “Do you think... do you think Amelia did this to him? Is that why he won’t tell us? Is she threatening him?”

Caleb’s response was filled with rage. I could hear his teeth grinding together, his breathing becoming heavier.

“It must be,” he growled. “I told him about how she bullied you, and he must have confronted her. Now look what she’s done to him.”

“What do we do?” Celine’s voice broke with emotion. “His leg isn’t permanently damaged, is it?”

“No,” Caleb said firmly, though I could hear the uncertainty beneath his confidence. “Amelia wouldn’t dare go that far. It’s probably temporary, like what happened to me. I’ll get to the bottom of this, I swear. If she really did cripple Ethan, Mom and Dad won’t let her get away with it.”

I continued my painful journey into the house, where I found Livia sitting in the living room. Her brow furrowed with concern as she watched me limp in.

“Ethan! What happened to your foot?” she asked, rising from the sofa.

“Got into a fight with some rogue wolves,” I muttered coldly, my face pale with pain.

Livia's face filled with worry. She rushed toward me, her hands outstretched. "Let me see!"

"Don't!" I snapped, waving her away harshly. "What's there to see?"

My mother flinched at my tone, taking a step back. Hurt flashed across her face, and she fell silent.

Seeing her reaction, I immediately regretted my outburst. I took a deep breath to calm myself, realizing I shouldn't take my frustration out on her.

"I'm sorry," I said, my voice softer now. "Could you please call Healer Corwin to come right away?"

## Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 33[ 946 words ]

(Livia's POV)

"Oh... of course," I stammered, quickly pulling my phone from my pocket.

My fingers trembled as I dialed Healer Corwin's number. What could have happened to my son's leg? It didn't look like a simple fracture. Had someone attacked him? Who would dare cripple my son?

My Ethan had always been the one to intimidate others, never the victim. Whoever did this would pay dearly.

Just then, Caleb and Celine walked into the living room. I rushed toward them immediately.

"Do either of you know what happened to Ethan's right leg?" I demanded.

Celine's face twisted with discomfort, clearly hiding something. But Caleb didn't hesitate.

"It must be that wild girl Amelia!" he spat, his eyes flashing with anger. "Yesterday I went to Starlight Entertainment to tell Ethan how she's been bullying Celine. And just now in the garage, we saw her treating him with complete disrespect!"

My blood boiled at his words. "That ungrateful little witch!" I hissed through clenched teeth. "If she's responsible for this, I swear she'll regret ever coming back to this pack!"

(Ethan's POV)

I dragged my useless right leg into my bedroom and slammed the door shut. The pain was excruciating, but the humiliation burned even worse.

Sitting on my bed, I pulled up my pant leg to examine the damage. The severed tendon made my stomach turn. How could she have done this to me? Me, the Alpha heir of Stone River Pack!

Minutes crawled by like hours. Just as my patience was wearing thin, a knock came at the door.

“Ethan, Healer Corwin is here,” my mother called.

Relief flooded through me. I struggled to my feet and hobbled to the door, letting in the pack healer with his medicine bag.

“Mother, please give us privacy,” I said, waiting until she reluctantly left before closing the door.

Once we were alone, I turned to Healer Corwin. “It’s not my leg you need to examine. I’ve been poisoned.”

His eyes widened in shock. “Poisoned? Sit down immediately,” he instructed, setting his bag on the floor.

I perched on the edge of the bed while he began his examination. As minutes passed, his expression grew increasingly troubled. Finally, he sat back with a heavy sigh.

“I’m sorry, Alpha Ethan. I can’t identify this poison, nor do I have any remedy to counter its effects.”

My heart sank. If Stone River Pack’s most respected healer couldn’t help me, was I truly at Amelia’s mercy forever?

After Healer Corwin left, I sat alone for a long time before finally reaching for my phone. There was one person who might be able to help.

“Valerius Kane,” I said when he answered. “I need to know if you can connect me with someone who specializes in poisons and antidotes.”

“Interesting request,” the auction house owner replied smoothly. “Have you been poisoned, Alpha Ethan?”

“Yes,” I admitted through gritted teeth. “Money is no object if you can find someone to help me.”

Valerius made a sound of consideration. “The best poison expert is, naturally, a poison maker. There is one known as the ‘Blight Witch’ who occasionally brings rare herbs to my auction house.”

“Perfect. When can I meet her?”



“That’s the problem,” Valerius said reluctantly. “She only appears when she has new specimens to auction. Each plant sells for at least ten million. She doesn’t lack for money.”

Desperation clawed at my chest. “There must be something you can do!”

“I can only notify you when she next comes to auction,” he offered.

After hanging up, I clutched my phone so tightly. A fire of revenge burns in my heart. Once I found a way to neutralize this poison, Amelia would pay dearly for what she’d done to me.

(Amelia’s POV)

Back at my villa, I carefully collected the herbs I’d been drying and brought them to my room. I sorted them meticulously into different wooden boxes when my phone rang.

“Silas,” I answered, expecting his report on Stone River Pack’s business ventures.

“I’ve completed the investigation you requested,” he said in his efficient manner. “The majority of Stone River Pack’s income still comes from Stone River Botanicals, though it’s been declining under Adrian’s management. They haven’t developed any innovative medicines while their competitors continue to advance. If Adrian doesn’t change his approach, the company will only struggle more in the future.”

I nodded to myself. This aligned with my expectations.

“The second highest earner is Starlight Entertainment, managed by Ethan. He’s achieved some minor successes,” Silas continued. “He’s currently trying to acquire the rights to bestselling author Shadow Healer Lily’s final unpublished novel. Everyone in the industry knows Lily only wrote four works, with the first three adaptations becoming massive hits. The rights to the final work are highly coveted.”

My eyebrows shot up in surprise. What a coincidence—I was Lily.

“Ethan has no chance of acquiring those rights,” Silas added, a hint of amusement in his voice. “Not when you’re Lily yourself.”

My wolf Ava laughed in my mind. “Seems our identity is more valuable than we thought.”

I chuckled softly. “What about my new father? What’s he managing these days?”

“Adrian currently oversees Umbra Analytics, a newly established biotechnology company. Being so new, it’s not generating significant revenue yet.”

“Biotechnology, hmm?” I murmured, my interest immediately piqued.

Now, some humans have gained a certain awareness of the existence of werewolves, and a small number of human companies are conducting secret experiments with werewolves, attempting to replicate their genes. For us, reverse defense is also a very important matter. Moreover, I have already conducted some research, and if we can cooperate, this could potentially become Northgate City's most successful company!

## Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 34[ 975 words ]

(Amelia's POV)

Thinking about this, I couldn't help but smile. All the businesses controlled by Adrian's family were now within my grasp! I spoke into the phone, "Alright, Silas, thank you for your hard work."

After hanging up, my eyes sparkled with amusement. What a coincidence that Ethan wanted to purchase my work to advance Starlight Entertainment. Unfortunately for him, that would never happen.

Humming a tune, I continued organizing the remaining herbs into wooden boxes. Black, White, and Green wagged their tails beside me, helping with the task. They'd done this so many times that they were quite skilled, and soon all the medicinal herbs were properly sorted.

A knock sounded at my door, followed by Seraphina's gentle voice asking if I was in my room. I quickly returned the wooden boxes to the cabinet and signaled for Black, White, and Green to hide before opening the door.

Seraphina's eyes lit up the moment she saw me. She eagerly took my hand and led me into the room, explaining that the evening gown she'd ordered for me had arrived and wanted me to try it on.

Two delivery men carefully brought the gown into the room and laid it neatly on the bed. The dress was absolutely stunning, with every detail revealing the care and exquisite craftsmanship of its makers. Under the light, the evening gown sparkled brilliantly, as if illuminating the entire room with its beauty.

With Seraphina's enthusiastic help, I began trying on the gown. She adjusted the details of the dress for me, then stepped back to admire it, nodding with satisfaction. Her gaze was like someone admiring a priceless treasure.

"Tomorrow night, you'll be the most eye-catching princess," she said. "Everyone will know that you are the Alpha's true daughter."

Seraphina gently asked if I was nervous. Looking at myself in the mirror, I smiled calmly and said I wasn't.

In my mind, I thought this was nothing special. I'd traveled far and wide, flying around the world, attending countless banquets of all sizes. I'd seen many more grand and solemn occasions than this welcoming feast.

Seraphina admired me while expressing her concerns. "The welcoming feast was Celine's idea. After seeing her hidden side, I'm worried that she, Adrian, and Livia might try to embarrass you tomorrow night, which could greatly affect your reputation."

I smiled dismissively. "Don't worry. Whatever plans they have against me, I can handle them. I'll make them taste their own medicine."

Seeing my confidence, Seraphina felt somewhat reassured but still reminded me, "I believe you know what you're doing, but remember, if you can't handle it alone, Jaxon and I are here for you. We're your strong support."

My heart warmed at her words. I smiled and nodded firmly. "I know."

Looking at myself in the dressing mirror, an intrigued smile appeared in my eyes. I actually hoped Adrian, Livia, and their adopted daughter Celine would make a move at my welcoming feast. That would make the event much more lively and interesting.

(Theodore's POV)

That evening, as soon as I returned to the Pack House, the butler called me to the hall, saying my father, Alpha Theron, wanted to discuss something urgent with me.

When I arrived at the hall, I saw Isla sitting beside Theron, clinging to his arm and pouting. "Today, you must stand up for me," she was saying.

Theron patted her hand. "Don't worry, I won't let you suffer any injustice."

The way Theron looked at Isla was full of fatherly affection. Ronan stood nearby, also gazing at Isla with indulgence. Watching this scene, my eyes darkened slightly. My father had never shown such tenderness toward me, his own son, yet here he was, lavishing it on Isla, a girl he had merely adopted.

Isla noticed me at the doorway and alerted Theron. "Big brother is back."

The smile on Theron's face vanished instantly as he turned to look at me, being wheeled in by Marcus. I spoke first, asking what he wanted to see me about.

—

Theron explained that he'd received an invitation. The Stone family was hosting a welcoming feast tomorrow night. Apparently, Celine wasn't actually the Stone family's daughter – their true daughter had just returned a few days ago.

I nodded. "I've heard about that."

Theron continued, saying that Stone Pack's Alpha had proposed changing my betrothed from Celine to their true Alpha daughter. He asked what I thought – did I want to marry this newly returned true heiress, or should we cancel the engagement altogether?

Before I could answer, Isla interjected, "What a coincidence! Big brother's legs were crippled just last month, and this month the Stone family suddenly brings back a 'true daughter' and claims Celine is fake? Could it be that Celine doesn't want to marry big brother and is deliberately finding someone to take her place? If so, they're going too far! Just because big brother's legs are crippled, they dare to look down on him!"

Isla's words seemed righteously indignant, but her eyes were full of schadenfreude and provocation. I understood perfectly after I disciplined her last time, she was now deliberately trying to provoke me in front of Theron, believing I wouldn't dare do anything to her in my father's presence.

How could I not hear the malice in her words? My fingers tapped lightly on my wheelchair as my calm gaze passed over Isla's barely concealed smugness.

Ronan put on a helpless expression. "Don't be so angry, Isla."

Isla pouted. "I just can't stand how the Stone family is insulting big brother! What they're doing shows they look down on him. I think we should just cancel the engagement!"

Theron looked at me, asking for my opinion. "What do you think?"

I smiled calmly. "There's no need to cancel the engagement. I'm willing to marry the true daughter."

## **Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 35[ 897 words ]**

(Theodore's POV)

Theron was surprised, his eyes full of suspicion. "Are you sure?"

Isla also feigned surprise. “I heard that the Alpha’s true daughter grew up among rogue wolves. She can’t compare to Celine in any aspect. Even though your legs are crippled and you’re not what you used to be, you don’t have to settle for such a woman.”

She repeatedly emphasized the fact that my legs were crippled, deliberately trying to provoke me. I looked at Isla thoughtfully and said, “From what you’re saying, it sounds like you’re looking down on both the Stone family’s true daughter and me.”

Isla quickly put on a hurt expression. “I didn’t mean that at all. It’s just that since your legs were crippled, you’ve become more sensitive.”

“Isla, don’t interrupt when I’m talking with Theodore,” Alpha Theron scolded, his voice stern but his eyes gentle. It was obvious he was merely putting on a show of discipline while actually protecting her.

He turned back to me, his expression growing serious. “Are you absolutely certain about this decision? You truly wish to marry Amelia Stone?”

I met his gaze steadily. “Since Celine isn’t the Alpha’s daughter, I naturally won’t marry her. I’ll marry the true Alpha’s daughter instead.”

Theron exchanged a quick glance with Ronan, a barely perceptible smile flickering in his eyes. “Very well. We’ll attend the welcome feast tomorrow night.”

I noticed Ronan’s eyes also held a hidden gleam of satisfaction. Something was definitely off about their reaction.

“There’s another matter we need to discuss,” Theron said, his tone hardening. “I heard that yesterday, you had Beta Marcus discipline Isla. Why would you do such a thing?”

“What’s inappropriate about teaching Isla some manners?” I replied directly.

Theron’s face darkened with displeasure. “She may have spoken out of turn, but she’s still a lady of the Crimson family. You shouldn’t have had Marcus punish her so severely.”

“Father, let’s be clear about something,” I said coolly. “Isla is merely the adopted daughter Ronan claimed. She’s not your biological daughter.”

Isla’s face fell at my words, her smug expression instantly replaced with hurt.

“That doesn’t matter,” Theron insisted, his voice rising. “She may not be my biological daughter, but she’s indebted to Ronan. They grew up together, and she’s called him father for years. I consider her my own daughter.”

He pointed a finger at me. “You will apologize to Isla. And as for Marcus—a Beta daring to strike an Alpha’s daughter breaks pack hierarchy. Perhaps he shouldn’t be your Beta anymore.”

Isla's expression turned triumphant. She stepped forward, chin raised. "I want a sincere apology, brother."

I looked at her calmly. "My legs were crippled because I saved your life. Yet you repeatedly say things to hurt me. If I don't teach you a lesson, you'll never understand your mistakes."

"You've become too sensitive," Theron said impatiently. "Besides having doctors treat your legs, perhaps you need a mind healer as well."

I could see my father was determined to force an apology from me. Fine. I'd give him exactly what he wanted—just not how he expected.

"Isla, come here," I called.

She approached with a smug smile, clearly expecting my submission. When she was close enough, I suddenly called out, "Marcus."

Before anyone could react, Marcus grabbed Isla's wrist and delivered a sharp slap across her face.

"That," I explained calmly, "is for being an adopted daughter who dares report to the Alpha against me."

Marcus delivered another slap to her other cheek.

"And that is for mocking my crippled legs in front of my father."

Isla burst into tears, her cheeks bright red. "You're horrible!" she sobbed, turning to Theron. "Father, look how he treats me!"

Theron rose to his feet, fury etched across his face as he helped Isla up. "Theodore! Since your legs were crippled, your temper has grown increasingly uncontrollable. You won't even listen to me anymore!"

I remained unmoved. "Father, let me remind you of something. Your authority in this pack exists only because I fought for it with Grandfather. Without me, you were nothing in this pack before."

My blunt words stripped away any pretense of respect, and Theron's face darkened with rage.

"Is it because my legs are crippled that you think I'm useless now?" I continued coldly. "Do you think Ronan can simply take over everything I've built?"

"Theo, you've misunderstood father," Ronan quickly interjected, trying to defuse the situation.

I laughed coldly. “Let me warn you both—as long as I’m alive, I can destroy everything you have in an instant.”

I signaled Marcus to wheel me out. “I’m going to play chess with Grandfather. By the way, Ronan, it’s interesting that you’ve been back for three years and haven’t played chess with him even once.”

After leaving the hall, I stared coldly into the night sky. “Marcus, find someone to investigate my father discreetly. I want to know the true relationship between him and Isla.”

Marcus looked shocked. “Alpha...”

“Just do it,” I ordered.

As we moved through the quiet corridors, my mind raced with suspicions. Why would Ronan, my own brother, be so cruel as to attempt to assassinate me for the heir position? And why was my father so unusually devoted to Isla, a girl who’d only been in our pack for three years?

Something wasn’t right, and I intended to find out what it was.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 36[ 1,020 words ]**

(Third-person’s POV)

Isla cupped her swollen face, tears streaming down her cheeks as she glared at Theron. “Father, did you see how Theodore treated me? He doesn’t even respect you anymore! He’s still so arrogant despite being crippled!”

Theron’s expression remained calm as he handed her a cold compress. “Theodore has always been headstrong. His disability hasn’t changed that.”

“But he humiliated me in front of everyone!” Isla protested.

Theron sighed deeply. “The real issue is that Patriarch Gideon still favors Theodore above all others. That’s where his confidence comes from.”

“What do you mean?” Ronan asked, his eyes narrowing.

“Your grandfather has always been obsessed with chess. If he invites someone to play with him, it shows his approval and respect.” Theron’s voice hardened. “Ronan, you’ve been back for three years, and he hasn’t invited you to play even once. Yet Theodore still plays with him regularly.”

Ronan’s face darkened with jealousy. “That doesn’t mean anything.”

“It means everything in our family,” Theron replied sharply.

Ronan’s eyes flashed with determination. “Grandpa will acknowledge my abilities someday. I will definitely make him acknowledge me.”

He paced the room, his movements agitated. “Besides, he hasn’t officially announced Theodore as heir yet. That means he’s wavering, especially since Theodore’s injury. He’s just hoping Theodore’s legs can be healed.”

Isla’s eyes widened with alarm. “What if they can be healed? What then?”

A dangerous glint appeared in Theron’s eyes. “They won’t be. Every doctor who examines Theodore is under my control. Even if there’s a cure, he’ll never receive it.”

He gently stroked Isla’s bruised cheek. “I’m sorry I couldn’t protect you today. I failed you.”

Isla saw her opportunity and seized it. “It’s not your fault. Theodore has become so disrespectful. Did you hear what he said? That your authority only exists because of him?”

That without him, you were nothing in this pack?”

Theron’s fists clenched so tightly his knuckles turned white. His face contorted with rage.

“He’s just like his mother,” he spat venomously. “She looked down on me as her mate, and now he looks down on me as his father.”

His eyes darkened with malice. “I eliminated her when she became a problem. I can do the same to her son.” He turned to Ronan with a serious expression. “Have you investigated Amelia Stone thoroughly?”

Ronan nodded confidently. “Yes, Father. She was indeed brought back from a remote, insignificant pack. The Stone family doesn’t even want her. She’s so unwelcome that she’s been registered under Jaxon’s name instead of Adrian’s.”

Theron relaxed visibly. “Good. As long as she’s a nobody, this works in our favor. If Theodore marries her, his position in the family will weaken. We can use that to strengthen our own standing.”

Isla snorted derisively. “The Stone family clearly doesn’t want Celine to marry Theodore anymore. They’re just offering up some random girl to fulfill their obligation.”

A malicious smile spread across her face. “Ronan, why don’t you marry Celine instead? Theodore would be furious, and he’d become the laughingstock of Northgate City.”

Ronan considered this suggestion with growing interest. “If I married Celine, it would crush Theodore’s pride completely.”



His mind raced with possibilities. Winning Celine's heart would not only humiliate Theodore but also elevate his own status within the family. It was a perfect plan.

Meanwhile, in Patriarch Gideon's private study, Theodore placed a black chess piece on the board with precision.

"Has your father told you about the situation with the Stone family?" Gideon asked, studying the board intently.

Theodore nodded. "Yes. The alliance will continue, but I'll be marrying Amelia Stone instead."

Gideon raised an eyebrow. "You're in a precarious position, Theodore. Many are eyeing your place as heir since your injury. Are you sure it's wise to marry a girl with no status or power?"

Theodore met his grandfather's gaze unflinchingly. "Who else but me can keep the Crimson Moon Pack strong and the Northern Territories secure?"

A hint of a smile touched Gideon's lips. "You certainly don't lack confidence in yourself."

"And I have confidence in my choice of mate as well," Theodore replied smoothly.

"Have you met this true daughter of the Stone family?" Gideon asked curiously.

"I have," Theodore confirmed. "And I knew immediately she was the one."

"Interesting," Gideon mused. "When we arranged your match with Celine, you showed no particular interest. Yet you seem quite enthusiastic about this new girl."

Theodore smiled slightly. "Nearly dying changes one's perspective. Some things in life should follow the heart's desire."

Gideon studied his grandson thoughtfully. "I think I'll attend tomorrow's welcoming feast. I want to see what makes this Stone girl so special that you chose her at first sight."

Theodore's smile widened as he thought of Amelia's fierce, untamed spirit. "You'll be very pleased with my future Luna, Grandfather. I guarantee it."

Gideon observed the rare spark of genuine happiness in his grandson's eyes. Theodore had always been polite and composed, but few people ever truly reached his heart. His arranged marriage to Celine had been treated as a mere duty, but now Gideon could see real anticipation for the future in Theodore's expression.

This Amelia Stone must be truly remarkable.

Later that evening, Theodore wheeled himself to his bed after a long shower. He reached for his phone to message Amelia, only to find she had already texted him.

“Don’t forget to take your moonlight herb medicine tonight,” her message read.

His lips curved into a smile as he typed his reply: “Of course. Perhaps if you reminded me every day, I’d never forget.”

Across the city, Amelia sat at her computer desk. After sending Theodore his reminder, she logged into her secret account as the author Lily. She needed to handle the sale of rights to her final healing chronicle.

Her inbox was flooded with messages—fan mail and friend requests from entertainment companies. She immediately rejected the request from Starlight Entertainment without a second thought.

A message from the website editor caught her attention: “Many companies are interested in purchasing the rights to your final healing chronicle. Have you decided which company you’ll sell to?”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 37[ 965 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

I stared at the message from the website editor, my lips curving into a smile. Instead of reviewing Helena’s list of entertainment companies, I typed a direct reply:

“Helena, please arrange a small meeting at the end of the month. Invite all companies interested in purchasing the rights to my final healing chronicle. Make sure the company heads attend personally—I want to select my partner face-to-face.”

I leaned back in my chair, imagining Ethan’s expression when he discovered that the healing chronicles he desperately needed were mine. As the head of Starlight Entertainment, he couldn’t afford to miss this opportunity, especially with his current need to prove himself.

The thought of his shock when he realized the truth made me chuckle. This would be entertaining indeed.

Helena’s response came quickly: “Of course, Lily. Your works have always been bestsellers, and this final chronicle is even more valuable. Are you working on any new healing records?”

“No plans for new works at the moment,” I replied.

“I’ll arrange the meeting as soon as possible,” she wrote back before we exchanged a few pleasantries.

I shut down my computer and flopped back onto my bed, checking Theodore's message from ten minutes ago. His simple text made me smile.

"Perhaps if you reminded me every day, I'd never forget," he'd written.

I typed back teasingly: "So you need me to remind you to take your moonlight herb medicine every day? Sounds like you just want me to chat with you daily."

His reply came instantly: "I won't deny it."

"Is this how you flirted with girls before?" I asked, curious.

"With my previous status, I never needed to flirt personally," he responded honestly.

I couldn't help but laugh. "Since we're already arranged to be mated, there's no need for flirting anymore."

"With you, I could flirt until the end of time," came his smooth reply.

I frowned slightly, remembering Ethan's words. "Are you being nice to me just because you need me, like Ethan said?"

Theodore's response was immediate and firm: "I'd like Ethan to repeat that to my face."

The next morning, I woke to find my phone back on my nightstand, courtesy of Green, my little snake. I checked my messages and saw Theodore had asked if we should start treatment early before tonight's welcoming feast.

I quickly replied, suggesting we meet at The Whispering Glade at ten.

When I went downstairs for breakfast, I noticed Jaxon and Seraphina weren't home. Agnes, our housekeeper, greeted me warmly.

"Good morning, Miss Amelia. Alpha Jaxon and Lady Seraphina left early to check the banquet venue," she explained, setting down a plate of venison sausages and eggs. "They want everything perfect for your welcoming feast tonight."

"They're too kind," I murmured, touched by their thoughtfulness.

Agnes lowered her voice. "Miss, if you're going out today, please take two guards with you. Alpha Jaxon insisted."

I nodded, though I had no intention of following that advice. I could protect myself perfectly well.

After breakfast, I decided it was time to put my plan into action. I picked up my phone and dialed Ethan's number.

(Ethan's POV)

I hadn't slept all night. The pain in my right leg was a constant reminder that I was now crippled. How could I face my family? My pack? My future?

When Celine knocked on my door asking if I was going to the company today, I remained silent. I wasn't ready to explain that my right leg was permanently damaged.

My phone showed fifteen missed calls from my assistant Zachary, but I couldn't bring myself to respond.

When my phone rang with Amelia's name on the screen, I froze. Despite my hatred for her, I couldn't bring myself to hang up.

"Hello, dear brother," her cheerful voice came through, dripping with false sweetness. "Come find me. We're going out. Theodore wants to confront you."

"Confront me about what?" I asked, my voice hoarse from lack of sleep.

"About what you said—that he's only being nice to me because he needs me to heal his legs," she replied lightly. "You're just a pawn in our little love game, Ethan. How does that feel?"

Rage boiled inside me, but I was powerless against her. "Where should I meet you?"

"The east villa in thirty minutes," she said before hanging up.

I struggled to my feet, wincing as pain shot through my right leg. Using the wall for support, I limped to my closet and dressed slowly.

When I finally made it downstairs, Celine and Mother were in the living room. Their eyes widened at my uneven gait.

"Ethan, what happened to your leg?" Mother asked, rushing toward me. "Did Amelia do this to you?"

I brushed past her coldly. "I'll explain when the time is right."

"But—" Celine began.

"Not now," I snapped, making my way to the door.

The walk to the east villa was excruciating. Each step sent waves of pain through my damaged leg. When I finally arrived, I called Amelia.

“I’m here,” I said through gritted teeth.

“Wait outside,” she replied casually.

“How long?” I demanded.

“Since when do I need to report to you?” she countered before hanging up.

I leaned against a tree in the shade, the pain in my leg throbbing mercilessly. Thirty minutes passed with no sign of her. My anger grew with each passing minute.

Finally, I saw her strolling toward me, taking her time, a smug smile on her face.

“Are you deliberately humiliating me?” I snarled when she reached me.

Amelia’s eyes glittered with malice. “Can’t handle a little discomfort? How interesting. You all were so righteous when telling me to be generous about Celine taking my place. Because of that switch, the humiliation I suffered out there was far worse than this.”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 38[ 985 words ]**

(Ethan’s POV)

Amelia’s words dampened my anger somewhat. Thinking about her being cast out, she must have suffered greatly. If she had remained in the Stone River Pack, she would never have experienced such hardships.

My voice turned hoarse. “It’s true that Celine’s mother secretly switched you two babies. But Celine was just a child then—she’s innocent in all this.”

Amelia mockingly cleaned her ear with her finger. “What a boring excuse. If the switch wasn’t Celine’s mother’s deliberate plan, then sure, she’d be innocent. But this was carefully orchestrated for her benefit. If you can still call her innocent, then there are too many innocent people in this world.”

She leaned closer. “The night before I returned to Stone River Pack, your ‘innocent’ sister hired men to try to violate me.”

“I don’t believe you,” I said immediately.

“Feel free to investigate,” she replied with a shrug.

“Is that why you’re humiliating me? To make me experience what you went through?” I asked, my leg throbbing with pain.

Amelia nodded. “Exactly. There’s no such thing as true empathy in this world. It’s better to make people who talk without understanding actually experience it themselves.”

She flashed me a brilliant smile that somehow radiated pure malice. “Keep your composure. The game is just beginning. When your family loses everything and becomes nothing, you’ll be even more devastated.”

With that, she sauntered toward the garage.

I turned to watch her retreating figure. My emotions became very complicated. Still, I couldn’t believe Celine would ever hire someone to violate Amelia.

(Amelia’s POV)

When I arrived at The Whispering Glade, Theodore was already waiting in the newly built pavilion. I gestured behind me.

“Theodore, I brought him. Ask him yourself if he said you’re only being nice to me because you need something from me.”

Ethan, with his bad right leg, had fallen behind. He finally approached, his steps faltering when he heard my words. He looked at Theodore nervously.

“Is that so? Is that what Ethan thinks?” Theodore asked with a faint smile.

“Yes, I said that,” Ethan admitted, his voice betraying his unease.

Theodore let out a low chuckle. “And why would you think that?”

Ethan seemed to throw caution to the wind. “Because compared to Celine, Amelia falls far short.”

Theodore’s smile gradually faded. “Have you actually taken the time to get to know Amelia before making such bold claims? Is this the narrow-minded perspective of the future heir of Stone River Pack?”

Ethan was speechless. He glanced at me as I leaned casually against a pavilion pillar.

“What is there to know?” he finally said. “She grew up in a remote pack with limited education. A simple investigation shows she dropped out of school at fourteen. How could someone like that compare to Celine?”

Theodore's eyes turned cold. "Outsiders might dismiss her for not seeming accomplished enough, but as her brother, what right do you have to look down on her?"

Ethan fell silent again.

Theodore let out a scornful laugh. "Your family will regret this attitude. Amelia is far more exceptional than you believe. Despite being switched at birth by Celine's malicious mother and denied the resources she enjoyed, she weathered every storm and grew stronger, becoming truly impressive."

Hearing Theodore's praise, my curious gaze intensified. How could he be so certain I wasn't inferior to Celine? We'd only met a few times, with limited interaction.

"I admire Amelia. I like her," Theodore continued. "That's why I give her all my tenderness—not because I need something from her, as you suggested. I called you here to clarify this in front of Amelia. I don't want my affection to be misunderstood. Ethan, if I hear you disparaging me like that again, I won't be so reasonable about it."

"I understand. I apologize," Ethan said reflexively.

Theodore waved dismissively. "You can go now. Don't disturb my time alone with my fiancée."

I couldn't help but laugh. Ethan looked at me in disbelief.

"You're just going to make me walk back like this?" he asked.

"What else?" I replied. "You've only lost the use of one leg, not your life."

After a moment of silence, Ethan realized I wasn't joking. Clutching his cane, he turned and limped away.

Once Ethan was out of sight, I turned to Theodore. "I'm curious about what you said. Why don't you think I'm inferior to Celine like everyone else does?"

Theodore's smile was like a refreshing breeze. "Do you think I became the alpha heir by luck?"

He continued, "The first day I went to Meadow Brook Pack Territory to find you, I discovered one of your secrets. Those herbs hanging on your wall—I've seen them at the Northgate City auction house. Each one is worth at least ten million. You displayed them so casually, showing you're not short of money."

"When you met me, you were neither servile nor arrogant. Your confident speech and demeanor aren't developed overnight—they come from someone who has long been self-assured and achieved considerable success. I knew then that this girl was anything but ordinary."

(Celine's POV)

Back in my room, I prepared to visit Starlight Entertainment. Livia thought Ethan was acting strangely and wanted me to investigate at the company.

Glancing out the window, I spotted Ethan following behind Amelia. I was surprised—wasn't he supposed to be at the company? Why was he with Amelia?

I moved to the bed and gripped the windowsill tightly. What if Ethan had been won over by Amelia? What if he was now on her side?

The thought filled me with dread. My position in the Stone River Pack depended on my value to my adoptive father, Livia's pride in me, and the unconditional love from Ethan and Caleb.

If I lost Ethan's support, my situation would become even more precarious. I couldn't allow that to happen. At tonight's welcoming feast, I would have to do something.

## **Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 39[ 1,065 words ]**

(Amelia's POV)

"So that's it," I said with sudden understanding.

I thought back to when Theodore first came looking for me. He truly deserved his reputation as the man who was about to become the Alpha King of the Northern Territories. His insight was remarkably keen.

My shabby little cottage had fooled everyone else. No one would have noticed the value of the herbs hanging on my walls. Yet Theodore spotted them immediately.

"Not only is your perception sharp, but your knowledge is extensive," I remarked. "You must frequent the Onyx Fang Auction House in Northgate City to recognize such rare medicinal herbs at a glance."

Theodore smiled. "Adrian's family choosing Celine over you is their loss."

I took out my acupuncture kit and began preparing to treat him. As I carefully inserted golden needles around Theodore's knees, my expression remained calm.

"From the moment I learned that Adrian and Livia knew Celine was switched at birth but never intended to bring me back, they were dead to me," I said evenly. "My return to Stone River Pack has one purpose—to make them lose everything they have as penance for their cruelty."

Theodore didn't flinch as I inserted another needle. "And what about me? Many believe I can't hold onto my position as heir."



“What do you think?” I asked.

He smiled. “Let them believe what they want. This situation helps me identify who’s loyal and who isn’t. I’ll deal with them all at once.”

I returned his smile. “Then I wish you both success in getting exactly what you want.”

(Ethan’s POV)

After leaving The Whispering Glade, I called my secretary, Anya Reed.

“Alpha! I’ve been trying to reach you for hours!” Her voice was frantic. “I was about to come looking for you at home!”

“Send a car to pick me up,” I ordered, sending her my location. “Now.”

An hour later, Anya stepped out of the car and gasped when she saw me leaning on a cane.

“Alpha! What happened to your leg?” Her eyes widened in shock.

“Don’t ask questions you shouldn’t,” I snapped.

She immediately fell silent and helped me into the car.

“What’s the situation at the company?” I demanded. “Why so many calls?”

Anya straightened her posture. “Manager Zachary from Business Development needs to report that Helena Shaw, Lily’s agent, has responded. There will be a small meeting in Northgate City at the end of the month where Lily will decide who gets the rights to her final healing chronicle.”

She hesitated before continuing. “Lily specifically emphasized that the actual person in charge of the company must attend personally.”

I clenched my jaw. This Lily was becoming arrogant with her growing fame, but she had earned that right. Her healing chronicles were revolutionary.

“I’ll attend personally,” I decided.

The reality of my situation was becoming clear. My right leg was now useless, and I was still suffering from the poison in my system. If Starlight Entertainment couldn’t produce better results, I might end up like Theodore in the Crimson family—watching as Grandfather Alaric took back control of the company.

I needed to secure the rights to Lily’s final healing chronicle. It was my only chance to prove my worth.

(Amelia's POV)

It was nearly one in the afternoon when the treatment ended. I removed the last golden needle and looked at Theodore's pale face.

"That's enough for today," I said. "You should go home and rest."

"Let's have lunch first," Theodore suggested, his gaze fixed steadily on me. His voice was casual, as if the pain he'd just endured had been nothing but a dream.

Before I could answer, my phone rang. Unknown number.

I answered, and Damien's voice immediately came through. "Where are you now?" he demanded.

"Almost at the train station," I lied smoothly.

"I'll come pick you up," he said eagerly.

After hanging up, I met Theodore's questioning gaze. "My ex-mate," I explained.

Theodore raised an eyebrow. "You're still in contact with Damien?"

"I've blocked so many of his numbers, but he keeps finding ways to reach me," I sighed. "He's offering to make me his mistress now. I'm planning to teach him a lesson so he'll finally leave me alone."

Theodore shook his head. "Your little tricks might not be enough to discourage him. If he's already returned to the Blackwood Pack in Northgate City as the alpha heir, yet still pursues you shamelessly, there must be more to it."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Are you suggesting Damien truly loves me and can't let me go?"

Theodore analyzed the situation seriously. "If he didn't genuinely like you, why would he, as an alpha heir, continue to chase after you? For a man to lower himself like this, it must be because of genuine feelings."

I found this even more amusing. "If being recognized by his birth family and immediately telling me he wanted to break our mate bond counts as 'liking me,' then his affection is certainly cheap."

Theodore continued his analysis. "Damien both likes you and can't let go of the vanity his new status brings. When he first suggested breaking your mate bond, he was probably just trying to gain the upper hand in your relationship."

He looked at me thoughtfully. “I’m guessing that before, Damien was the one who pursued you more actively, who put in more effort.”

I thought about it and realized he was right. I had saved Damien’s life, and afterward, he insisted on dedicating himself to me. Although he was my wolf’s recognized mate, I felt nothing for him.

Back then, he was just a poor boy, but he used every courtship method he could think of—flowers, jewelry, handbags. He would ride his old motorcycle to see me after work every day, cook for me, clean for me, help me organize my herbs, almost without fail regardless of weather.

Damien’s daily persistence had impressed me with his determination. Two months ago, I was finally moved by his sincerity and agreed to his confession.

Strangely, just days after I agreed to be with him, his enthusiasm suddenly waned. He stopped coming to see me every day and became less attentive.

I remembered that the week before Damien suggested breaking our mate bond, he suddenly asked on the phone,” Amy, don’t you think I’m not good enough for you? Don’t you not want to be with me?”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 40[ 1,049 words ]**

(Theodore’s POV)

I noticed Amelia frowning in thought, her brow furrowed as she processed my analysis of her ex-mate. I couldn’t help but smile at her contemplative expression.

“That’s just my personal guess,” I said lightly. “Regardless, you’ve already severed your mate bond. Now I’m your fiancé.”

Amelia’s expression cleared, and she shook her head decisively. “You’re right. There’s no point in analyzing Damien’s true motives for breaking our bond. He’s just a jerk, plain and simple.”

Satisfaction bloomed in my chest hearing her dismiss her ex-mate so easily. I hadn’t been defending Damien with my analysis—quite the opposite. I wanted to preemptively address any lingering feelings she might develop if she later discovered he still had feelings for her.

I wanted no competition for her heart. No rivals for her attention.

“Shall we go have lunch?” I suggested again, watching her face brighten at the mention of food.

Amelia patted her stomach and nodded eagerly. “I’m starving after all that concentration.”

She moved behind my wheelchair and began pushing me along the path. Her hands were small but steady, and I could feel the gentle care in how she navigated around the uneven spots.

Marcus approached us, noticing our treatment session had concluded. “Miss Stone, please allow me,” he said respectfully, moving to take over the wheelchair. “You should rest and have some refreshments after such intensive healing work.”

He handed her a small bag of snacks and a bottle of water. I was pleased with his attentiveness.

“Thank you,” Amelia said, accepting the snacks with a bright smile.

She opened the bag and began munching on small cookies with obvious delight. The dappled sunlight filtered through the trees above us, casting golden patterns across her face. Her cheeks puffed slightly as she chewed, making her look both fierce and adorable simultaneously.

Something about this simple moment struck me as profoundly beautiful. It only strengthened my resolve to make her my mate, to protect this woman who could be both a formidable healer and adorably human in the span of a single breath.

I directed Marcus to a private kitchen nearby, one I reserved for special guests. The chef greeted us warmly, and soon we were seated at a table laden with freshly prepared dishes.

Amelia’s eyes widened at the spread. “This looks amazing,” she said, immediately sampling a piece of venison.

I watched with satisfaction as she savored each bite. “We can come here often if you’d like. The menu changes regularly, so you won’t get bored with the selection.”

“I’d love that,” she nodded enthusiastically. “We could make it our place for holidays and anniversaries.”

“Anniversaries?” I asked, feigning ignorance though I knew exactly what she meant.

Amelia began counting on her fingers, her expression earnest. “You know, like the anniversary of when we first met, our engagement day, and eventually...” she paused, a slight blush coloring her cheeks, “our marking ceremony.”

I couldn’t help the smile that spread across my face. “I’d like that very much.”

Her phone rang again—the same unknown number as before. I recognized the tension that immediately appeared in her shoulders.

“Would you like me to answer it?” I offered. “We could settle this once and for all.”

After a moment’s hesitation, Amelia handed me her phone. I accepted the call and put it to my ear.

"I'm at the train station now. Where are you?" Damien's impatient voice came through immediately.

"Amelia is having lunch with me," I replied calmly. "I'm Theodore Crimson, her fiancé. I'd appreciate it if you would stop pursuing her."

There was a shocked silence before Damien erupted. "I don't believe you! Put Amelia on the phone right now!"

"That won't be necessary," I said, maintaining my composure. "We'll send you an invitation to our marking ceremony. Until then, I suggest you respect her decision to move on."

I ended the call before he could respond and handed the phone back to Amelia.

"It seems your ex-mate isn't ready to give up," I observed. "My guess was correct—his feelings for you are genuine. When he became the Alpha heir, his suggestion to break your mate bond wasn't about status or wealth. It was his misguided attempt to gain the upper hand in your relationship, to make you value him more."

I shook my head at the foolishness of his plan. "Unfortunately for him, he miscalculated badly. Now, no matter how much he regrets it, it's too late. You're my fiancée now, and I won't let anyone take you away from me."

(Amelia's POV)

My phone rang again. Seeing Damien's number, I decided it was time to settle this once and for all.

"I should make things clear," I said to Theodore, who nodded in understanding.

I answered the call. "Damien, stop calling me. We've severed our mate bond. It's over."

There was a heavy silence before he spoke. His voice was different now—gone was the arrogant tone, replaced by something close to pleading.

"I was wrong," he said quietly. "I should never have joked about breaking our bond. I never actually wanted to end things with you."

"I just felt like you didn't care about me. I thought if I threatened to break our bond, you'd realize how much you'd miss me. I wanted you to see what you'd be losing."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "How old are you? What kind of childish game is that?"

"I know, I know," he said, his voice cracking. "I was stupid. I thought maybe you'd stop treating me like some desperate suitor and actually fight for me for once."

I was stunned into momentary silence by the sound of tears in his voice. But my resolve didn't waver.

"You've known me for two years, Damien," I said coldly. "You should understand my personality by now."

My wolf, Ava, growled within me: "He lost his chance to be our mate."

Damien's sobs became more pronounced. "I was too clever for my own good. I overestimated myself. Please, give me one more chance."

His voice grew more desperate. "It's true that I'm the Alpha heir of the Blackwood Pack in Northgate City. Everything I said about breaking our bond and keeping you as a mistress was horrible, inexcusable. I'll mark you properly, give you the life you deserve."

## Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 41[ 924 words ]

(Amelia's POV)

I cut Damien off mid-sentence. "Stop. I don't need to hear any of this. Don't contact me again. My fiancé won't be pleased."

His pathetic pleading didn't move me at all. His behavior was childish and immature. If we were truly mates, he should have spoken openly about his feelings instead of bottling everything up and assuming the worst about me.

Damien's tone changed instantly when he realized his begging wasn't working. "Amelia, I was right about you all along! You never cared about me! For two years, you've just treated me like a dog! You'll regret losing me! You'll soon discover no one in this world will love you or treat you better than I did!"

He hung up abruptly, leaving me staring at my phone in bewilderment.

If that was Damien's version of love, it was certainly volatile and repulsive. Isn't real love about respect and understanding? Not trying to gain validation through putting someone down?

Honestly, I felt wronged. During our two years together, I never demanded anything from him. Everything Damien did for me was his own initiative. I never asked for any of it, so how did that translate to me treating him like a dog?

Theodore observed my confused expression and smiled. "Don't think too much about it. Go back and get some rest this afternoon."

I shrugged and put my phone away. “You should rest too. It’ll help with healing your legs. Besides, you’re coming to my welcoming banquet tonight. There’ll definitely be quite a show, so you’ll need your energy.”

“I’m looking forward to seeing your counterattack,” Theodore replied with a knowing smile.

(Third-person’s POV)

In the grand hall of The Twilight Pavilion, Adrian and Livia had already arrived at the banquet venue on Patriarch Alaric’s orders. They were helping Jaxon and Seraphina receive guests.

Caleb was proudly boasting to Celine in another room. “Celine, I went to great lengths to have Katya get this evening gown for you. Seraphina probably still thinks she has the real one. When you and Amelia show up tonight wearing identical dresses, everyone will see who’s wearing the authentic piece and who’s wearing the fake. Amelia will be completely humiliated.”

Celine admired herself in the full-length mirror, turning around once before facing Caleb with a sweet smile. “Thank you, Caleb.”

Caleb felt his efforts were worthwhile. “Only you deserve the world’s finest evening gown, Celine. Amelia doesn’t deserve it.”

Celine noticed Ethan staring into space, not offering any comment. She approached him and asked softly, “What’s wrong, Ethan? Something on your mind?”

Ethan looked up, meeting Celine’s concerned gaze, and shook his head. “Nothing important.” After a pause, he added, “You look beautiful tonight.”

Celine hesitated before saying, “I heard from your secretary Anya that you’ve been worried about acquiring the rights to Shadow Healer Lily’s latest treatment manual.”

She continued, “Perhaps I can help. I know a healer who’s acquainted with Lily. He says they have some connection. Maybe I could arrange for him to set up a private meeting between you and Lily?”

Ethan’s expression finally changed, his eyes filling with hope. “That would be great, Celine. Thank you.”

“Ethan, there’s no need for such formality between us,” Celine replied with a smile.

Ethan smiled back. Celine was so thoughtful and kind—how could she possibly have hired someone to assault Amelia as claimed? Amelia was clearly just trying to drive a wedge between him and his sister!

Caleb spoke in a sarcastic tone, “Look how concerned Celine is about you, Ethan. Shouldn’t you stop making her worry?”

Ethan understood what Caleb was implying. He gave Caleb a complicated look before saying, “There are difficult circumstances surrounding my leg injury that I can’t explain in detail right now.”

Caleb snorted, “What circumstances? It was obviously Amelia’s doing!”

Ethan remained silent, which Caleb took as confirmation. “I don’t understand why you won’t get revenge when she crippled your leg. If you’re afraid of offending her, I’ll deal with her tonight!”

Ethan frowned and warned, “Don’t do anything reckless if you’re not certain of success. You might end up hurting yourself.”

Caleb smiled confidently, “Don’t worry. I’ve already learned my lesson with her once. I won’t make the same mistake twice! Tonight I’ll make sure she loses face completely and grandfather becomes thoroughly disappointed in her!”

(Third-person’s POV)

At seven o’clock, representatives from nearly every invited pack in Northgate City arrived for the welcoming banquet honoring the Alpha’s true daughter.

When Celine entered, Seraphina, who was greeting guests, froze in shock. She quickly tugged at her husband Jaxon’s sleeve. “Jaxon, we have a problem. Look outside.”

Jaxon looked toward the entrance and his eyes darkened when he saw Celine. She was wearing an evening gown identical to the one Seraphina had prepared for Amelia.

Seraphina’s face turned pale. “Jaxon, did I accidentally get Amelia a counterfeit?” Her voice trembled, nearly breaking into tears. Given her status, she had never questioned the authenticity of the gown she’d secured for Amelia. But seeing Celine boldly wearing an identical dress at the welcoming banquet made her fear she’d ruined everything.

Jaxon took his wife’s hand and said gently, “Seraphina, don’t panic.”

Nearby, Livia spotted her son Caleb and adopted daughter Celine arriving. She deliberately walked over to Seraphina. “My, my, Sera. This banquet is specifically for your daughter, yet you look so upset.”

Seraphina snapped out of her shock, her gentle gaze turning to disgust. She kept her voice low as she confronted Livia. “You did this on purpose, didn’t you, Livia?”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 42[ 910 words ]**



(Seraphina's POV)

Livia took a step back, feigning fear. "Sera, you look terrifying. What do you mean by 'on purpose'? I don't understand what you're talking about."

My blood boiled at her obvious act. 'Don't pretend, Livia. You and your family deliberately arranged for Celine to wear the same dress as Amelia. She's still your biological daughter, after all. How could you be so cruel? You want to humiliate Amelia in front of all these pack Alphas!

Livia's facade dropped instantly, her expression turning to one of contempt. "Biological daughter? From the moment she signed that severance agreement, she ceased being my daughter! She's your and Jaxon's daughter now, so you two better keep her in line. Don't let her embarrass our pack on her first day back! Otherwise, even the Patriarch might not tolerate her anymore."

With a self-satisfied smirk, she turned and walked back to Adrian's side.

I felt my knees weaken. Gripping Jaxon's arm tightly, I whispered, "I need to find Amelia and have her change that evening gown."

Jaxon caught my hand. 'Go handle it. I'll stay and manage things here."

(Celine's POV)

I watched as Seraphina exchanged pleasantries with passing guests while hurrying left, phone in hand. Meanwhile, in the magnificent banquet hall, noble girls from other packs flocked around me, showering me with compliments.

"Celine, you look absolutely stunning tonight!"

"That evening gown! Everyone's been trying to get their hands on it, but you secured it first!"

"Only you could wear it so beautifully!"

Their flattery brought a smug smile to my face. It had always been this way – whenever I was present, all attention naturally gravitated toward me. Tonight would be no exception, even at Amelia's welcoming banquet. I would be the true star.

And how unfortunate for Amelia that we would be wearing identical dresses. As they say, it's not the matching outfits that matter, but who looks worse in them. Or in this case, who's wearing the counterfeit.

What could be more humiliating for the supposed 'true daughter of the Alpha than appearing at her own welcoming banquet in a fake designer gown?

The girls continued to crowd around me, eager for gossip. 'Is it true that Jaxon's newly–returned daughter is plain–looking? Nothing compared to you, right?"

I put on my most gracious smile. “Actually, my sister Amelia may have grown up in a remote village and gotten a bit sun-darkened, but she’s quite presentable.

The crowd exchanged knowing glances. “If even Celine is being this polite about her, she must be truly ordinary.”

Caleb jumped in, never one for subtlety. “She’s just a country girl with a common face. Nothing like our Celine.”

The others nodded in agreement. “What can you expect from someone raised in the mountains? She probably doesn’t even know basic social etiquette. Such a grand welcoming banquet seems excessive – aren’t they afraid she’ll embarrass herself?”

Someone in the crowd asked, “Why is she taking so long? Does she think she’s some celebrity, making all these guests wait?”

I laughed softly. “Well, she is tonight’s main character. Naturally, she’ll make her grand entrance after all the guests have arrived.”

“Who’s still missing?” someone asked.

“The Crimson family hasn’t arrived yet,” I replied. “Neither has the Blackwood family.”

At the mention of the Crimson name, the young nobles perked up with renewed interest. “Celine, is it true that Theodore is crippled? And that he can’t... you know... father children anymore?”

Caleb answered before I could. “The Crimson heir’s legs are indeed crippled. As for his ability to father children, well, we wouldn’t know about that.”

Just then, a commotion at the entrance drew everyone’s attention. The Crimson family had arrived. To my surprise, the Alpha King himself actually came.

Whispers spread through the crowd. “He must be here to see Theodore’s future mate. Imagine his disappointment when he sees this country girl can’t hold a candle to Celine!”

(Third-person’s POV)

The social elite watched as Theodore was wheeled in by his assistant. Despite being confined to a wheelchair, he maintained an air of dignity, his handsome features composed and unreadable. The young noblewomen gazed at him with a mixture of admiration and pity, while most of the wealthy young men wore expressions of barely concealed schadenfreude.

Theodore remained silent, his eyes scanning the crowd. Not finding Amelia, he quickly withdrew his gaze, completely ignoring Celine’s greeting.

Celine had raised her hand, intending to greet Theodore when she caught his eye. To her embarrassment, he simply looked past her and turned his attention elsewhere. She awkwardly lowered her hand, her heart burning with indignation.

“He used to be cold toward me when he was the uninjured Alpha King heir and our engagement was arranged,” she thought bitterly. “But now that he’s crippled, what does he still have to be so proud about?”

Nearby, Ronan clenched his fist slightly. He hated hearing any suggestion that he was inferior to Theodore in any way.

Adrian and Livia hurried to greet Alpha King Gideon Crimson before Jaxon could reach him. They bowed respectfully. “We didn’t expect you to honor us with your presence, Alpha King.”

Gideon nodded. “I came to see Theo’s chosen mate.”

He glanced briefly at Celine standing in the center of attention, then quickly looked away. “She hasn’t arrived yet?”

Adrian sighed helplessly. “No, Amelia has been like this since she returned – – constantly disregarding pack rules. I thought Jaxon had taught her better by now.”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 43[ 875 words ]**

(Third-person’s POV)

Jaxon stepped forward, his voice firm and powerful as he defended Amelia. “Adrian, as her uncle, how much do you actually know about Amelia to be criticizing her understanding of protocol?”

His tone carried an accusatory edge. “Since you haven’t taught her a single day in her life, perhaps you shouldn’t be so quick to judge her.”

The tension in the room thickened as the guests watched the family drama unfold before them.

Livia’s face contorted with displeasure. “It’s precisely because of attitudes like yours, Jaxon, that Amelia feels she can disregard all rules.”

She gestured dramatically around the room. “All the guests have arrived, and yet she’s nowhere to be seen. She has absolutely no sense of propriety!”

Inwardly, Livia was gloating. She knew exactly why Amelia hadn’t appeared yet. Seraphina must have informed her about the dress situation, forcing her to change out of her prepared

evening gown. Custom gowns with intricate details took considerable time to change. This delay would surely humiliate Amelia in front of the pack leaders and disappoint Patriarch Alaric.

Alpha King Gideon's expression remained impassive, but his gaze shifted meaningfully toward Theodore.

Theodore appeared completely calm, showing no signs of concern. He trusted Amelia would handle whatever problem had arisen without falling into their trap.

Just then, a confident, vibrant voice cut through the murmurs of the crowd. "Aunt Livia, is it appropriate to speak ill of me in front of my fiancé's grandfather and our distinguished guests simply because I'm a few minutes late due to an urgent matter?"

Amelia's voice carried throughout the hall. "Such behavior makes one look like those who enjoy gossiping behind others' backs. Not exactly a display of good breeding, is it?"

Theodore immediately signaled Marcus to turn his wheelchair toward the entrance. Every head in the room swiveled in the same direction.

Collective gasps filled the banquet hall as Amelia entered, her arm linked supportively with Patriarch Alaric's. The room erupted into chaotic whispers when guests noticed Amelia was wearing an evening gown identical to Celine's.

"That gown is supposed to be one-of-a-kind," someone whispered loudly. "It's the latest creation from an international designer master. One of them must be wearing a counterfeit."

Jaxon shot a worried glance at Seraphina, confused as to why Amelia would knowingly wear the dress when she must have been warned about the setup.

Seraphina leaned close to her husband. "Relax and watch how she handles this," she whispered reassuringly.

Livia, her face burning from Amelia's rebuke, struggled to maintain her composure. "What could possibly have delayed you? We've been working tirelessly to prepare this welcome banquet for you."

Amelia guided Alaric to his seat before responding. "I was passing by when I noticed Grandfather's wolf suddenly howling uncontrollably in his mind. I administered a couple of acupuncture points and stayed with him until he felt better."

She fixed Livia with a pointed stare. "How interesting that you would criticize me without knowing the reason for my delay. Your scheming nature is showing, aunt Livia. It seems you're deliberately trying to air family grievances in public."

Alaric nodded in confirmation. “My headache is completely gone. I’m quite amazed by your medical skills, Amelia. I’ve been troubled by this condition for years, yet you resolved it with just a few needles.”

Gideon’s interest was visibly piqued. “Your medical skills are impressive, young lady.”

Alaric responded with pride. “Indeed, I’m astonished. I haven’t felt this clear-headed in years.”

“My health has been troubling me lately as well,” Gideon remarked. “During my last flare-up, Theodore spent a fortune at an auction to acquire rare medicinal herbs for me.”

Alaric smiled warmly. “Perhaps Amelia could examine you sometime. After all, we’ll soon be family.”

As the two patriarchs continued their conversation, Amelia’s gaze found Theodore. She playfully winked at him.

Theodore’s eyes never left her, the corner of his lips curving into a subtle smile, his gaze filled with delight.

Celine, who had been observing Amelia intently, caught this exchange. Jealousy and confusion surged through her. When had Amelia and Theodore met? Why were they exchanging such intimate glances?

She couldn’t understand why Theodore had always been coldly polite to her, yet looked at Amelia with such tenderness.

Amelia turned back to Livia. “Do you have anything else to say, aunt Livia?”

Livia was speechless, stunned that Amelia had somehow managed to turn the situation around.

Alaric glared at Livia disapprovingly. “Attacking Amelia without cause at her own welcome banquet now that’s what I call improper behavior.”

—

Livia hastily tried to explain. “I was merely concerned she might embarrass the Stone River Pack-”

“Silence!” Patriarch Alaric cut her off sharply.

But Amelia wasn’t ready to let the matter drop. “Aunt Livia was hoping I’d make a fool of myself, so you would think poorly of me, Grandfather.”

Livia’s temper flared. “How dare you accuse your elder of such things in public!”

“You know perfectly well whether I’m making false accusations,” Amelia replied coolly. “If you weren’t trying to humiliate me at my own welcome banquet, why would you arrange for Celine to wear an identical evening gown?”

In her mind, Amelia’s wolf Ava whispered, “Their tricks are so childish. Let’s show them what true wisdom looks like.”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 44[ 883 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

The banquet hall fell silent as I stood confidently before the crowd. All eyes were on me and Celine in our identical gowns. I could feel the tension crackling in the air like electricity before a storm,

“Since we’re discussing propriety,” I said, my voice carrying clearly across the room, “perhaps we should address the elephant in the room. Many of our distinguished guests might not be aware that Celine is actually an adopted daughter of the Stone River Pack.”

Gasps erupted throughout the hall. The revelation hit like a thunderbolt, sending shockwaves through the assembled guests.

“What? Celine is adopted?” someone whispered loudly.

“I thought she was their biological daughter!” another voice added.

I watched as Livia’s face drained of color. Adrian looked as though he might collapse. This was exactly the reaction I’d hoped for. They had never publicly acknowledged Celine’s true status, preferring to maintain the illusion that she was their biological child to protect her position within the Stone family.

If they wanted to protect Celine so badly, I would make sure everyone knew exactly who she was.

“Since we’re being so honest tonight,” I continued, deliberately turning attention to our matching dresses, “perhaps someone would like to explain why Celine and I are wearing identical gowns at my welcome banquet?”

Celine’s expression was a mixture of shock and confusion. She clearly hadn’t expected me to address the dress situation so directly. Her eyes darted nervously between her parents, silently begging for help.

Livia immediately jumped to her defense. “This is absurd! We had no idea you would be wearing the same dress. This is merely an unfortunate coincidence.”

Caleb stood up abruptly, his chair scraping loudly against the floor. “This gown was personally selected by me for Celine weeks ago. It’s a one-of-a-kind designer piece from an international master.”

His eyes narrowed as he looked me up and down with contempt. “Clearly, what Amelia is wearing must be a counterfeit. There’s only one authentic piece in the entire world .

He smirked, his voice dripping with disdain. “How embarrassing that you would wear a fake at your own welcome banquet. But I suppose that’s to be expected from someone who doesn’t know any better.”

The whispers around the room grew louder. I could hear snippets of conversation as the guests began to take sides.

“Well, she did come from that remote Meadow Brook Pack. She probably doesn’t know better...”

“Poor Theodore, being matched with someone who wears counterfeits...”

“Perhaps he should reconsider this arrangement...”

I glanced at Theodore, who remained perfectly composed. His eyes met mine with unwavering support.

“Amelia is my chosen fiancée,” Theodore stated firmly, his voice silencing the murmurs. “I trust her completely. Whatever she says or does, I stand by her side.”

His words warmed my heart. In that moment, I knew I had chosen the right mate.

Both Patriarch Alaric and Alpha King Gideon were watching me intently, clearly curious to see how I would handle this situation. I could feel their evaluating gazes, measuring my worth by my response.

I smiled serenely, completely unfazed by Caleb’s accusations. “Tell me, brother, did you really not pay attention to what I would be wearing tonight?

Caleb’s face remained impassive. “Why would I care what you’re wearing? Don’t flatter yourself.”

“So you and aunt Livia weren’t hoping I’d make a fool of myself tonight?” I asked, my tone light but my words pointed.

Adrian's face darkened with anger. "Amelia! That's enough. You can't make such accusations without evidence. Stop this nonsense immediately!"

I turned to face him directly, my patience finally wearing thin. "Nonsense? When have I ever spoken nonsense, father?"

The word 'father' came out sharper than I intended, laced with years of hurt and abandonment.

"I was the one who was switched at birth by Celine's mother. Yet you and Livia refused to acknowledge me for her sake. That's why I had to turn to Uncle Jaxon and Aunt Seraphinal instead."

My voice grew stronger with each word. "Your biological daughter was swapped, and you raised your enemy's daughter for twenty years. Then when your true daughter returned, you rejected her for the sake of your enemy's child. If that's not a family disgrace, I don't know what is."

The banquet hall erupted with shocked murmurs and whispered conversations.

"Not acknowledging your own daughter? That's too much..."

"But they raised Celine for twenty years... there must be emotional attachment..."

Livia's face had turned ashen. She turned desperately to Patriarch Alaric. "Father! Amelia is slandering us in front of everyone!"

Alaric let out a cold snort. "Tonight is Amelia's welcome banquet. Yet Celine, as an adopted daughter, happens to be wearing the exact same dress as Amelia. It's difficult not to be suspicious of your intentions."

Caleb could no longer contain his fury. "You're just trying to distract everyone from the fact that you're wearing a counterfeit gown and embarrassing the Stone River Pack!"

I couldn't help but laugh at his desperate attempt. "Why are you so confident that mine is the fake, Caleb? I have evidence that Celine deliberately wore this dress tonight to humiliate me."

Caleb's face paled slightly, but he maintained his defiant stance. The room fell silent, all eyes on me as they waited for me to reveal my proof.

## **Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 45[ 791 words ]**

(Third-person's POV)



Amelia's confident words stunned the distinguished guests. Some began to realize she was different from what they had initially imagined. The situation was becoming increasingly intriguing.

Celine, having already suffered at Amelia's hands, grew anxious and instinctively looked toward Caleb. She recalled how she had deliberately mentioned her desire for that evening gown in front of Caleb, who then took the initiative to acquire it for her. If any evidence existed, the problem could only be traced back to Caleb.

Caleb experienced a moment of doubt but quickly regained his confidence, believing his broker Katya wouldn't have deceived him with a counterfeit gown.

"If you're so certain, then prove that the dress you're wearing is authentic," he challenged, his voice dripping with disdain. "Show us evidence that we deliberately targeted you."

The guests waited eagerly, anticipating the drama. Most wanted to see Amelia humiliated, though some hoped to witness her counterattack.

Amelia didn't immediately respond to Caleb's provocation. Instead, she turned her attention to Gideon and his party's seating arrangements.

"Patriarch Alaric, shouldn't we first ensure our most honored guests are properly seated?" she asked politely.

Alaric realized his oversight. Jaxon respectfully guided the Crimson family to their seats. Through this interaction, Alpha King Gideon gained further insight into Amelia, understanding why his most valued grandson held this woman in such high regard.

She remained composed under pressure and handled matters methodically. Such poise wasn't common, especially from a woman raised in a remote pack.

Once everyone was settled, Caleb impatiently urged Amelia not to stall.

"Stewart," Amelia said calmly, ignoring Caleb, "please turn off all the lights in the hall shortly."

This unexpected instruction startled the guests. Stewart looked toward Alaric for confirmation.

"What game are you playing now?" Caleb demanded irritably.

Amelia turned to him with a cool gaze. "As a future Alpha, you're remarkably impatient, brother Caleb."

Caleb realized his hastiness and fell silent with a cold snort. Livia glared hatefully at Amelia, muttering about her skill at turning situations to her advantage.

Patriarch Alaric glanced toward Alpha King Gideon and noticed him watching Amelia with admiration. Recognizing that his granddaughter had caught the Alpha King's attention, he nodded to Stewart to follow Amelia's instructions.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Amelia addressed the guests, "to determine which dress is authentic and which is counterfeit, we need to turn off the lights for one minute. I assure you, there's no danger."

After brief discussion, the guests agreed, eager to see how this drama would unfold.

Celine's supporters comforted her, suggesting Amelia was merely stalling because she had no real evidence. Caleb proudly declared that the gown he had personally acquired for Celine couldn't possibly be fake.

Reassured, Celine feigned concern. "Perhaps we should let this go. Tonight is Amelia's welcome banquet, and wearing the same dress is indeed my mistake. I should change."

Amelia smiled, refusing her offer. "Why pretend now? You deliberately wore this dress to humiliate me. Since we've come this far, why not see it through?"

Stewart followed Amelia's instructions and turned off the lights. Instantly, the magnificent hall plunged into darkness, except for where Amelia stood.

Her body emitted a soft glow, extraordinarily radiant in the darkness. Like a brilliant firework blooming in the endless night, she captured everyone's attention. The gentle light wasn't harsh but illuminated her delicate features perfectly. Under this subtle illumination, people discovered her striking features, which, combined with her evening gown, created an indescribable beauty.

"She's absolutely stunning," whispered one guest.

"Like an elf of the night," murmured another.

Many regretted their earlier superficial judgment, having failed to notice her hidden beauty. They declared themselves captivated by her.

They agreed that given the gown's stunning design, no one could claim she wasn't wearing the authentic piece.

Hearing the praise surrounding Amelia, Theodore merely smiled faintly in the darkness. He knew her brilliance was destined to be discovered. His role wasn't to be jealous but to become stronger, always standing beside her as her only one.

When the lights came back on, the guests seemed reluctant, feeling the minute had passed too quickly. All eyes remained fixed on Amelia, no one noticing Celine's terrible expression or the malice she could barely conceal in her eyes.

She clenched her fingers, staring venomously at Amelia.

The wealthy young ladies whispered among themselves, suspecting Amelia's dress was the authentic one since it glowed in the dark while Celine's showed no reaction. They mentioned following Madame Aurora's new evening gown design but never knowing about this hidden feature.

Amelia's face remained impassive. For her, this wasn't about showing off. She looked toward the still-stunned Caleb.

"Now you see clearly," she told him. "The dress I'm wearing is the authentic one. Celine is wearing a counterfeit."

## **Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 46[ 954 words ]**

(Amelia's POV)

I turned my gaze toward Celine, whose eyes were filled with unwilling resentment. With a slight smile, I pointedly remarked, "So you see, a fake is still a fake, no matter how convincingly it's disguised. It can never become the real thing."

Before anyone could focus their attention on her, Celine slowly unclenched her fingers and tried to calm the dissatisfaction in her heart, maintaining her elegant and dignified facade.

"Allow me to explain the difference between the authentic gown and the counterfeit, I addressed the guests. "The designer, Madame Aurora, mentioned in an interview that her inspiration came from the breaking dawn. That's why the authentic piece glows in darkness."

One of the wealthy young ladies nodded enthusiastically. "I saw that interview! I had no idea about this hidden detail."

Others joined in with exclamations of admiration. "It's absolutely breathtaking! How is it even possible?"

"Is it some special fabric?" another asked.

I watched as Celine's face turned pale while she looked toward Caleb. He appeared completely bewildered—clearly, he had no idea the dress contained such a secret feature.

Caleb, unwilling to admit he'd obtained a counterfeit, challenged me. "So what if it glows? That proves nothing. You probably just applied some luminescent substance to create this spectacle."

The young men and women who were friendly with Celine quickly supported his claim.

“Exactly! She must have applied glow powder to her dress!”

“Just a cheap trick to cover up the fact that she’s wearing a fake!”

I let out a soft laugh, remaining perfectly composed. “Caleb, there’s no need to be stubborn. Don’t worry—when I said I had evidence, I wasn’t bluffing.”

Caleb snorted coldly, showing no fear. “Go ahead then. Show us this so-called evidence if you have any.”

His confidence was unwavering. He truly didn’t believe I could produce anything that would condemn him.

I took out my phone. “I have a video here that serves as evidence.”

The screen of my phone was projected onto the large display in the hall. A woman in a white tailored suit appeared, speaking to a beautiful blonde woman across from her.

“I need you to sell me the original and replace it with this high-quality replica for the person who ordered the gown,” the woman in white was saying. “Money is no object.”

The blonde woman looked surprised. “That’s impossible. If Aurora discovers this, my career would be ruined.”

The woman in the white suit tried to tempt her. “Isn’t money why you’re in this business? Just do this small favor for me, and you’ll get ten million immediately. Why continue being someone’s assistant, always at their beck and call?”

Several guests had already recognized the woman in the white suit as Katya Petrova, Caleb’s broker. Caleb’s eyes widened in disbelief, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead.

The next scene showed the blonde woman reporting the bribery attempt to the famous designer Aurora. Aurora instructed her assistant to play along and give the counterfeit to the woman named Katya, pretending it was the original.

By this point, it was clear that Katya had been working for Caleb. The hall fell so silent you could hear a pin drop.

“Madame Aurora is a friend of mine,” I explained. “She’s based in France. When she heard I had found my family and would be having a welcome banquet, she decided to gift me her latest masterpiece. Unfortunately, someone commissioned a person to bribe her staff and replace the original with a counterfeit.”

Jaxon leaned close to me and whispered, “Now I understand why you were so calm. You knew about Caleb and Celine’s plan all along and deliberately played along, waiting for this moment.”

(Third-person's POV)

After watching this drama unfold, Gideon laughed and turned to Alaric. "Your grandson Caleb is quite interesting. According to Amelia, she's Caleb's biological sister, while Celine is merely an adopted daughter. Yet Caleb, instead of showing compassion to his sister who suffered for twenty years before returning home, tries to humiliate her at her own welcome banquet for the sake of someone with no blood relation. It's baffling to me. If he were my grandson, I'd probably have expelled him from the pack already."

Patriarch Alaric gave an embarrassed smile but remained silent, glaring at Caleb. Livia looked anxious, wondering how Caleb had managed to leave such damning evidence again, and this time the evidence was far more serious.

Adrian's face darkened. Before Alaric could speak, he strode over to Caleb and delivered a resounding slap across his face. The force of the blow sent Caleb staggering back several steps, disoriented. Livia cried out and rushed to support her son. The guests murmured among themselves while Celine stood frozen, not daring to move,

"What foolishness have you done?" Adrian berated Caleb. "I've told you repeatedly to focus on your duties, not waste time on such useless schemes! And here you are, humiliating me in front of everyone!"

Adrian was livid. "To fail against Amelia twice, and this time in front of all the high-ranking members of our territory! I've never been so embarrassed in my life!"

With the evidence irrefutable, Caleb could only hang his head, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

Alaric slammed his cane against the floor. "Either beat him properly or stop embarrassing yourself in front of me!" he commanded harshly.

Adrian clenched his fists. "I'll beat him to death then," he declared, motioning for an omega servant to bring a silver whip to continue punishing Caleb.

Livia immediately placed herself between them. "He's your son! Don't be rash!"

Celine, observing the situation, realized she could no longer remain uninvolved. If she did, she might truly be expelled from the pack.

## **Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 47[ 980 words ]**

(Third-person's POV)

Celine immediately rushed to Livia's side, her eyes brimming with tears as she pleaded with Adrian.

"Please, punish me instead of Caleb! He only made mistakes trying to defend my honor. It's all my fault, every bit of it!" Her voice trembled with emotion.

Caleb, unable to bear seeing his sister in distress, pulled his mother aside and stood next to Celine. He faced Patriarch Alaric with a resigned determination in his eyes.

"This has nothing to do with Celine," he insisted firmly. "It was entirely my idea. I ask that you punish only me, Grandfather."

Celine shook her head, choking back sobs. "If it weren't for me, Caleb would never have asked Katya to do such a thing."

Caleb's eyes reddened as he maintained his stance. "This has nothing to do with Celine," he repeated, facing his grandfather fearlessly. "I accept whatever punishment you deem appropriate, but please don't blame her."

Patriarch Alaric let out a cold snort. "You foolish boy! Even now you're still protecting your adopted sister."

Caleb straightened his shoulders, standing tall. "One must take responsibility for one's actions. This was my doing alone and has nothing to do with Celine."

Alaric's anger flared. He swung his cane at Caleb, the silver-tipped end glinting dangerously in the light. Instead of dodging, Caleb stood his ground, taking the full force of the blow.

Livia cried out in anguish, attempting to rush forward, but Adrian held her back.

"Leave him be," Adrian commanded sternly. "This is what he deserves."

Livia could only stamp her foot in frustration, shooting hateful glares at Amelia, whom she blamed for Caleb's predicament.

(Amelia's POV)

I watched as Caleb refused to dodge the blow, a large bruise forming on his forehead where blood began to seep. Patriarch Alaric's eyes softened slightly with concern despite his anger.

"What do you think we should do about this?" he asked me, clearly conflicted.

I smiled half-jokingly. "Well, we could follow Alpha King Gideon's suggestion and expel Caleb from the pack."

The moment those words left my mouth, Adrian's face darkened to an alarming degree, his eyes cold and threatening. Even Patriarch Alaric frowned slightly, clearly displeased with my suggestion.

I knew the truth—no matter how disappointed Alaric was with Caleb, he would never truly banish him over this incident. After all, I was just the long-lost granddaughter who'd returned, while Caleb was the grandson he'd watched grow up for over twenty years. The scales of affection were hardly balanced.

"Let's not make too much of this," I said, softening my stance. "Caleb should be punished for his actions, but I'll leave that to Uncle Adrian to handle. This is my welcome banquet, after all, and I'd rather not dampen the mood further."

I'd already achieved my goal and saw no need to press the issue. Alaric's furrowed brow relaxed, and he sternly ordered Caleb to apologize to me.

Though clearly reluctant, Caleb swallowed his pride and bowed his head. "I apologize... cousin," he said, emphasizing the word "cousin" with unmistakable bitterness.

I smiled graciously, completely unbothered. "It's quite alright, cousin. Just be more careful next time." I deliberately stressed "next time," knowing full well that Caleb wouldn't let this humiliation go unanswered.

Jaxon spoke up, his voice carrying across the room. "Adrian, Livia, it seems you need to teach your children some manners. We can't have them embarrassing the pack at important gatherings."

Adrian nodded stiffly. "I admit defeat this time. I'll discipline Caleb properly and ensure he doesn't act so rashly again." He turned to Caleb. "Take Celine and go change your clothes."

Without a word, Caleb grabbed Celine's wrist and strode quickly from the banquet hall.

(Third-person's POV)

With the drama concluded, Patriarch Alaric sighed and turned to Alpha King Gideon. "I apologize for tonight's spectacle. We've made quite a scene."

Gideon, however, was looking at Amelia with evident satisfaction. "If not for Caleb's little performance, I might never have discovered just how clever and capable my grandson's chosen mate truly is. She's quite impressive."

Patriarch Alaric beamed with pride. "Your high praise of my granddaughter is a great honor to her."

The guests exchanged meaningful glances, now certain that Gideon had publicly acknowledged the union between Theodore and Amelia. The Alphas who had previously shown interest in

Celine began to stir with renewed hope—now that she was no longer betrothed to Theodore, they might have a chance.

Ronan's objective for the evening had been to secure Celine's favor. Despite the embarrassing scene, he still saw potential in the alliance. In his assessment, Jaxon lacked political ambition and skill, meaning the Stone Pack would inevitably remain under Adrian's control—and by extension, his son's. The fact that Adrian would rather marry his biological daughter to the crippled Theodore than offer his adopted daughter spoke volumes about how much he valued Celine.

Winning Celine would mean securing the Stone family's support in the future. With their backing, what could stop him from crushing Theodore completely?

As the commotion settled, Seraphina noticed new arrivals at the entrance to the hall. She and Jaxon moved together to greet these final guests.

Damien stood with his hands in his pockets, his expression sour. He clearly had no interest in attending the welcome banquet and was merely going through the motions at his father's insistence, exchanging perfunctory pleasantries with Jaxon and Seraphina.

Then he heard a familiar female voice from the center of the hall, and his attention immediately sharpened. Having resolved the evening gown incident, Amelia was now standing confidently before the large screen, holding up the hem of her dress.

"Tonight is my welcome celebration," she announced with poise. "We've had a small hiccup, but it's been resolved. I hope all our guests enjoy the food and drinks. Later this evening, we have some special entertainment prepared for everyone who has honored us with their presence."

## Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 48[ 944 words ]

(Damien's POV)

I stood frozen in disbelief, staring at the radiant woman standing confidently before the large screen. That was Amelia! How could she be here?! Wait—did she just say this welcome banquet was being held for her?!

Since I hadn't received any news about Amelia this afternoon, I'd come to this welcome banquet with absolutely no interest in attending. Was she truly the daughter of the Stone River Pack's Alpha? I couldn't even describe the emotions churning inside me. Regret consumed me—why had I ever broken our mate bond?!

If I hadn't let my pride get the better of me and severed our relationship, Amelia and I would be perfectly matched now! The issue of incompatible status would never have existed.



I heard my father exchanging pleasantries with the Stone family members. I knew how captivating Amelia was. Her only “flaw” had been being a country healer. But now? She was an Alpha’s daughter! This meant I could rightfully pursue a union with her!

“Dad, I want her as my mate!” I blurted out, pointing directly at Amelia.

My outburst stopped the polite conversation between my father and Jaxon and Seraphina. They turned to me, shock evident on their faces. When Seraphina recovered, her expression transformed into one of protective fury.

“Who do you think you are?” she demanded, looking ready to tear me apart.

My father shifted uncomfortably beside me. “I apologize. This is my son Damien, whom I recently brought back into the family. Unlike Amelia, he’s not yet familiar with proper etiquette.” He turned to me, hissing under his breath, “Stop talking nonsense!”

But I refused to back down. “Father, you promised to make things up to me. You said you’d grant me anything within reason. Well, I want to marry Amelia.”

Seraphina’s expression turned glacial. “Even if Amelia weren’t already betrothed, which she is, her marriage would never be for you to decide.”

I frowned, the words hitting me like a physical blow. “What do you mean she’s already betrothed?”

Jaxon’s face darkened as he addressed my father. “You should teach your son some manners. Amelia is our precious daughter, and we won’t allow anyone to disrespect her like this.”

My father apologized profusely, but Seraphina had already turned away, clearly done with the conversation. Jaxon delivered a final blow: “The Blackwood Pack is no longer welcome tonight.” With that, he followed his wife.

My father turned to me, exasperation clear on his face. “What were you thinking?”

“Amelia was my mate,” I insisted. “It’s only right that I should marry her.”

My father’s expression hardened. “Regardless of whether she was your former mate, she is now an Alpha’s daughter. Your behavior was inexcusably rude.”

I ignored his scolding. “What did they mean about her being betrothed?”

With a sigh, my father pointed across the room to a man in a wheelchair. “That’s Theodore Crimson, heir to the Alpha King. He was once the most renowned Alpha in Northgate City—many high-born daughters dreamed of marrying him. Alpha King Gideon arranged his marriage to Celine, but after Theodore was crippled, the Stone family became reluctant to let Celine marry him. So they’re having their newly returned daughter marry him instead.”

I scoffed inwardly. I didn't care what kind of big shot he'd been before. Now he was nothing but a cripple in a wheelchair. How could he possibly compete with me for Amelia?

My wolf growled deep within me: "A disabled Alpha could never be worthy of her."

(Third-person's POV)

Amelia noticed Seraphina and Jaxon returning with stormy expressions. "What happened?" she asked, concerned.

"We encountered an extremely rude young man," Seraphina fumed, still bristling with anger.

Amelia glanced toward the entrance and immediately understood when she spotted Damien. Seraphina caught her recognition.

"Do you know that boy?" she asked.

Amelia didn't hide the truth. "He was my mate before. When he discovered he was an Alpha's son, he deemed my status insufficient and broke our bond."

Seraphina's disgust deepened. "He just announced he wants to marry you, as if you're some object to be claimed."

Jaxon wrapped an arm around his wife's shoulders. "Don't waste energy on someone like him," he soothed. "He's not worth our attention."

Across the room, Alpha King Gideon turned to his grandson Theodore. "You seem distracted; he observed. "No need to stay by my side. Go spend time with that fiancée you can't stop thinking about."

Theodore smiled slightly and nodded. "Thank you, Grandfather." He turned his wheelchair toward Amelia.

Ronan opened his mouth to speak, but the Alpha King cut him off with a cold expression. "Go on, broaden your horizons."

Ronan's smile stiffened, though he bowed respectfully, "Thank you, Grandfather"

As he turned away, his smile vanished completely. He was already seething with anger, and now he could hear people whispering about how Theodore still held Gideon's favor despite his disability, while Ronan had just been coldly dismissed,

Ronan's eyes hardened. The only pitiful one would be Theodore, he thought darkly.

Amelia pushed Theodore's wheelchair through the crowd, casting a fleeting glance at the young man moving among the guests. "Is that your brother Ronan?" she asked casually,

Theodore nodded in confirmation.

Amelia looked away thoughtfully. “You two don’t look much alike.”

Theodore joked, “Are you saying I’m much more handsome than him?”

Amelia laughed softly. “I’m being serious, and here you are making jokes.”

Theodore’s gaze followed Ronan through the crowd, his tone becoming more serious. “Many people have commented that Ronan and I don’t resemble each other much.”

Amelia raised an eyebrow. “And you’ve never suspected anything?”

Her wolf Ava whispered within her: “This Ronan’s aura makes me uneasy.”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 49[ 1,041 words ]**

(Third-person’s POV)

Theodore’s gaze deepened as he spoke to Amelia. “I didn’t want to suspect Ronan before. There seemed no reason to. But now...” He paused thoughtfully. “I’ve already asked Marcus to investigate.”

After a moment, Theodore glanced toward the corner where Damien Blackwood was nursing a drink. “Your ex-mate has been staring at you since he arrived.”

Amelia cast a brief look in Damien’s direction. Sure enough, his eyes were fixed on her. She noticed how different he looked now—no longer in cheap clothes but wearing a tailored suit that actually made him somewhat handsome.

She turned away dismissively. “Who cares? If he dares approach me, I’ll have him thrown out.”

Damien, noticing Theodore’s gaze, raised his glass with a challenging glint in his eyes. Theodore’s dark eyes hardened slightly, but he merely smiled without comment.

Inwardly, Theodore thought: Since his legs had been crippled, everyone seemed to think they could disrespect him. Even this Damien, barely back in his pack, dared to be so brazen- openly coveting his fiancée. He’d let them have their moment of arrogance. Soon enough, he’d deal with each one.

After leaving the banquet hall, Celine turned to Caleb with tear-filled eyes. “Dad’s slap must have hurt.”

Caleb rubbed his jaw, hatred burning in his eyes. “It didn’t hurt. Not at all. I just hate that I’ve been bested by that wild girl again.”

Celine’s shoulders slumped. “I feel so guilty seeing you and Ethan repeatedly humiliated because of me. Maybe we should just keep our heads down around Amelia from now on.”

“Why should you?” Caleb growled. “You’ve been the favored daughter for twenty years. Why should you suddenly bow to her? I won’t allow it.”

Celine’s voice broke with emotion. Caleb gently wiped a tear from her cheek. “As long as I’m here, I won’t let her keep bullying you. I promise.”

Back at the West Pavilion, Ethan was working when Caleb entered. Noticing Caleb’s swollen jaw, he closed his laptop with a frown. “What happened now?”

After sending Celine to change clothes, Caleb sank into the sofa. “Dad hit me. Amelia somehow knows the actual designer of that dress. I can’t figure out how a country wolf has connections to a French designer.”

Ethan’s expression grew serious, reassessing Amelia. He recalled Theodore’s words—that they would regret rejecting Amelia, that she was more exceptional than they believed, perhaps even more so than Celine.

He quickly shook off the thought. Would he love Celine less if Amelia were more accomplished? Of course not. His affection for Celine came from twenty years of shared life. She was his sister in his heart.

“Aren’t you coming to the reception tonight?” Caleb asked.

Ethan remained silent. How long could he avoid being seen? His crippled leg would become common knowledge eventually. He couldn’t hide forever.

Finally, he spoke coolly. “When Celine’s ready, we’ll go together.”

Caleb nodded. “I messed up with the dress and embarrassed Celine. This time, we’ll help her make a comeback.”

(Amelia’s POV)

When Caleb, Ethan, and a freshly-dressed Celine returned to the reception, some guest was suggesting a waltz segment. Before I could respond, Caleb eagerly took charge, directing people to play music and clear space.

Seraphina and Jaxon hadn’t planned for dancing, knowing I might not be skilled at it and that Theodore couldn’t participate with his disability. Yet Caleb was determined to cause trouble.

After organizing everything, Caleb approached me with a gentlemanly bow. “To apologize for earlier, may I have the honor of a dance?”

I smiled coldly. “No. I don’t plan to forgive you, so why bother?”

Caleb didn’t seem bothered. “Is it that you don’t want to dance with me, or that you simply can’t dance?” He smirked contemptuously before walking away.

Meanwhile, Celine was politely declining numerous dance invitations from other Alphas.

Ronan approached Theodore’s wheelchair. “Brother, won’t you dance with the new Stone daughter?”

Theodore gave him a flat stare.

“Oh!” Ronan feigned sudden realization. “I forgot about your legs.”

Standing behind Theodore, I snapped, “You forgot that? Maybe you should donate your brain to proctology.”

Ronan’s smile faltered. “I apologize for my oversight.”

I shrugged. “Why apologize to me? You’re the brainless one, not me.”

Suppressing his anger, Ronan forced a smile. “Miss Amelia, you’re quite humorous. You and my brother make a good match.”

“Of course we do,” I replied. “Why else would I choose him for an alliance? I could have chosen you instead, but someone so thoughtless? Now that would be truly humorous.”

Ronan left without another word.

“Boring,” I muttered. “His temperament is terrible. Yet he aspires to the Alpha King position.”

Theodore chuckled. “Indeed.” After a pause, he added, “You should dance if you want. Don’t hold back because of me.”

I sighed. “It’s not about you. There’s simply no one I want to dance with. Besides, anyone who invites me probably just wants to see me embarrass myself.” I looked down at Theodore. “When your legs heal, we’ll dance properly at our mating ceremony.”

Theodore smiled. “I look forward to that day.”

(Third-person’s POV)

After being dismissed by Amelia, Ronan hesitated briefly before approaching Celine. “Miss Celine, would you honor me with a dance?”

Celine considered for a moment before extending her hand. “Alright.”

Seeing this, Amelia nudged Theodore. “I don’t want to dance, but I also don’t want Celine stealing attention at my reception.”

Theodore smiled. “Go ahead. This is your night. Outshine her.”

Amelia pulled out her phone and called Ethan. Sitting alone in a corner, Ethan frowned at the incoming call, glancing toward Amelia before answering.

“Tell Caleb to come dance with me,” Amelia said directly.

Ethan’s frown deepened. After a moment’s hesitation, he rose, limping on his cane to Caleb’s side to relay the message.

Caleb scoffed. “I invited her earlier to test if she could dance, and she refused. Now she’s suddenly challenging me? What game is she playing?”

Ethan was equally confused by Amelia’s behavior. Why challenge Caleb to dance, and why use him as the messenger?

“Whatever her reason,” Ethan said coldly, “if you’re not up to the challenge, just say so.”

With contempt in his eyes, Caleb decided to see what trick Amelia was planning. He stood and walked toward her.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 50[ 878 words ]**

(Celine’s POV)

The music filled the grand hall as Ronan and I glided across the dance floor. I could feel the eyes of the guests following our every move, their attention exactly where I wanted it—on me.

“You dance beautifully,” Ronan murmured, his hand firm against my waist. “Every man in this room is watching you right now.”

I smiled politely at his compliment. “Thank you.”

Such praise was nothing new to me. For years, I'd been celebrated as Northgate City's most dazzling socialite. It was precisely this reputation that had caught the former Alpha King's attention, leading him to arrange my marriage to Theodore.

"You truly are radiant tonight," Ronan continued, his golden eyes studying my face intently.

I nodded absently, my thoughts drifting to Theodore. Despite his crippled legs, there was something about him that no other man in Northgate City could match. His presence, his intelligence, his power—even confined to a wheelchair, he commanded respect.

"Is something troubling you?" Ronan asked, pulling me closer than necessary for the dance.

I shook my head slightly. "Not at all."

But in truth, I was growing bored with Ronan's obvious flattery. Compared to Theodore, he seemed so... lacking. A sudden pang of regret hit me. Had I made a mistake letting Amelia take my place in the betrothal? Even with Theodore's disability, perhaps I should have-

"You seem distracted," Ronan interrupted my thoughts, his voice taking on a sharper edge. "Are you perhaps regretting your decision?"

I looked up at him, startled by his directness.

"Do you regret it?" he pressed. "That you were so close to marrying Theodore before his... unfortunate accident?"

His bluntness caught me off guard. "I-"

"What if I told you," he continued, his voice dropping to a whisper, "that the future Alpha King might not be my brother after all?"

I stared at him in surprise. This wasn't the reserved, polite Ronan I thought I knew.

"If I were to become the Alpha King instead," he said, his eyes never leaving mine, "would you consider being my mate?"

The question shocked me. "I've never thought about that."

"Is that so?" His grip on my waist tightened painfully. "Do you look down on me, Celine?"

I tensed as his fingers dug into my side. The smile on his face didn't reach his eyes, which now held something predatory and unsettling.

"No! Of course not," I hurried to explain, suddenly afraid. "I simply meant-"

“It’s alright,” he cut me off, his grip relaxing slightly. “I understand. I won’t rush you.” His thumb traced a small circle against my waist. “You’ll come to accept me in time.”

My heart raced uncomfortably. This wasn’t the charming prince I’d expected.

Suddenly, murmurs rippled through the crowd around us. I heard Amelia’s name mentioned repeatedly, followed by Caleb’s.

“Look,” someone nearby whispered loudly. “Caleb’s challenging her again. After that dress fiasco and being reprimanded by Patriarch Alaric, he’s still going after her.”

I turned my head to see Caleb formally extending his hand to Amelia, inviting her to dance. Everyone expected her to refuse—surely a country wolf wouldn’t know proper waltz.

To everyone’s shock, including mine, Amelia smiled calmly and accepted his hand.

The crowd’s attention immediately shifted away from me. I felt Ronan’s breath against my ear.

“See that?” he whispered. “That’s the kind of woman my brother is reduced to now.”

His words struck a chord. I suddenly realized the precariousness of my position. I was no longer the Alpha’s true daughter but merely his adopted child. If I married Theodore and he lost his standing in the Crimson family, I would have nowhere to turn.

“You’re right,” I said, placing my hand delicately on Ronan’s chest. “You’re far more impressive than Theodore now.”

I looked up at him through my lashes. “I believe the future Alpha King will certainly be you.”

Ronan’s expression shifted to one of satisfaction. His hand came up to caress my cheek, his touch possessive.

“Everything Theodore once promised you,” he said, “all the glory, all the power—I can give you that and more.”

I smiled, ignoring the unease in my stomach.

(Amelia’s POV)

I deliberately stepped on Caleb’s foot for what must have been the twentieth time, nearly causing him to stumble.

“Sorry,” I said with mock innocence as laughter erupted around us.



The guests were thoroughly enjoying the spectacle. Despite my apparent clumsiness, I maintained a confident smile, showing no embarrassment whatsoever. This seemed to amuse the audience even more, and I could hear them beginning to sympathize with poor Caleb.

“That’s the eighty–ninth time you’ve stepped on my foot,” Caleb hissed through clenched teeth. His once–polished shoes were now scuffed beyond repair. “Are you doing this on purpose?”

I widened my eyes innocently. “Isn’t this what you wanted? To see me dance like this?”

“As if you could dance any other way,” he snapped, wincing as I trod on his toes again.

I gave him a sly smile. “Actually, I could.”

“I don’t believe you,” he said, preparing to pull away. “This is ridiculous. I’m done.”

Just as he was about to release me, I shifted my weight and posture. My movements suddenly became fluid and graceful, my steps perfectly timed with the music.

Caleb’s eyes widened in shock.