

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 121[1,037 words]

(Ronan's POV)

It was eight in the evening. The private room in the hidden steakhouse was dimly lit. I pushed the door open, expecting only Celine.

I stopped in my tracks.

Ethan Stone sat at the head of the table. He was slicing through a thick piece of venison steak. It was blue rare. Red juice pooled on the white plate like fresh blood.

I frowned. "I didn't think we needed an audience."

Celine looked different tonight. Her usual polished mask was gone. Her eyes burned with a feverish, impatient hunger.

"Cut the crap, Ronan," she snapped. "Ethan says you have a way to destroy that b****h at the ceremony tomorrow. I don't care how you do it. I just want results."

She leaned forward, her knuckles white as she gripped the table.

"I want Amelia to bleed on that stage," she hissed. "Whether it's her reputation or her body, I don't care. I want her ruined."

Ethan wiped the corner of his mouth with a napkin. He didn't look up. He simply slid a thick manila folder across the polished wood. It stopped right in front of me.

"A gesture of good faith," Ethan said smoothly. "Detailed records of Amelia's life in the Meadow Brook Pack."

I picked it up. Photos, notes, timelines.

"You know, Ronan," Ethan said, pointing his steak knife at me casually. "Deep down, you don't really want Theodore cured. Do you?"

I stiffened.

"If that cripple heals," Ethan continued, his voice low, "if the black wolf Logan returns... you will never be Alpha King. You will be nothing."

"Shut up!" I slammed my hand on the table. "I just want to teach her a lesson. Theodore is my brother."

Ethan chuckled. He didn't buy it for a second. He shrugged and popped a piece of raw meat into his mouth.

"Whatever you say," he chewed slowly. "Use this file. Prove she is uncontrollable. Prove she is violent. Make the council fear her."

I flipped through the pages. My eyes caught a name. "Damien Blackwood."

A cruel plan began to form in my mind. My father, Theron, had warned me to be careful. But I was done being careful. Theodore humiliated me. Amelia mocked me.

If Theodore recovered, I was dead anyway. I had to go all in.

I looked up, a cold grin spreading across my face.

"She will pay," I vowed.

Celine smiled. It was a vicious, ugly thing.

I picked up my glass of red wine. Ethan raised his.

"To a pleasant cooperation," I said.

Glass clinked against glass. The sound was sharp in the quiet room.-

I walked out of the restaurant into the cool night air. The street was empty.

I pulled out my phone and dialed a number I rarely used.

"I need supplies," I said as soon as the line connected. My voice was low and cold.

"What kind?" the dealer asked.

"Liquid Wolfsbane," I ordered. "High purity. And Heat Inducers. The strongest you have."

"That is a dangerous mix," the voice said.

"Just get it," I snapped. "I have a surprise for the banquet tomorrow."

I hung up and got into my car. I didn't head home to the Crimson estate. Instead, I drove toward the wealthy district on the west side.

The file Ethan gave me was a goldmine. It said Amelia had a mate in the Meadow Brook Pack. An ex-mate.

Damien Blackwood.

He was the key.

(Damien's POV)

It was ten-thirty. I walked down the grand staircase of pack house. I tightened the belt of my silk robe, yawning.

Ronan Crimson stood in the foyer. He looked agitated.

"To what do I owe the pleasure?" I asked, leaning against the banister. "Did the cripple send you?"

Ronan's jaw tightened. He hated when people insulted his brother, even though he hated him too. Hypocrite.

"I am here to talk about Amelia," Ronan said bluntly.

I froze. The boredom vanished from my face.

"Amelia?" I repeated.

"You used to be mates," Ronan said. "Do you want her back?"

I narrowed my eyes. My feelings for Amelia were... complicated. I wanted her. But I also remembered the cold look in her eyes.

"I can help you," Ronan said, stepping closer. "Tomorrow is the engagement ceremony."

"I wasn't invited," I said dryly.

"You are now." Ronan pulled a gold-embossed invitation from his jacket. "Here is the plan. We drug her wine. Wolfsbane to weaken her, Heat Inducers to make her desperate."

I raised an eyebrow. "And then?"

"We lock you two in a room," Ronan explained quickly. "You don't even have to sleep with her if you don't want to. Just get your scent on her. Mark her with your pheromones."

He smiled, a nasty, triumphant look.

"Imagine the guests," he said. "Imagine Theodore. His future Luna stumbling out, smelling like another male. It is the ultimate humiliation. Theodore will dump her on the spot. And you... you can take her away as her 'comforter'."

I stared at him. It was a solid plan. If Amelia was just a normal she-wolf.

I took the invitation from his hand. I slapped him on the shoulder, hard.

“You are a lifesaver, kid,” I said, putting on a smirk. “Working so hard to help your big brother get out of an unwanted marriage. Such a good sibling.”

Ronan flinched at the tone, but he nodded. He thought I was on board.

“Don’t be late,” he said. He turned and walked out the door.

I watched his taillights fade into the darkness.

The smile dropped from my face instantly.

“i”“t,” my wolf, Finn, snorted in my head.

“He is a moron,” I muttered to the empty hall. “Does he think I am suicidal?”

I looked at the invitation in my hand.

“He wants to use me as bait,” I said, tossing the card onto a side table. “Drug Amelia? Control her?”

I laughed, a harsh, humorless sound.

“Good luck with that, Ronan,” I whispered. “Last time I tried to corner her, she almost killed me with a poisonous snake. She isn’t prey you can catch.”

I poured myself a drink, my hand shaking slightly.

“She is a trap,” I said, taking a gulp. “And you are walking right into it.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 122[1,301 words]

(Author’s POV)

Damien sat in his study, holding the gold-embossed engagement invitation between his fingers. He stared at the elegant calligraphy, a smirk twisting his lips.

“Ronan is a fool,” he muttered to the empty room. “Trying to drug Amelia? She is the best healer in the Meadow Brook Pack. She knows every herb, every poison. Does he really think a little wolfsbane in a drink will fool her?”

He shook his head, laughing softly. It was pathetic. It was suicide.

But Damien had no intention of warning Ronan. Let the boy make a mess. Chaos was exactly what Damien needed.

“I will go tomorrow,” Damien decided, tapping the card against his chin. “When the drugs fail, or when things get out of control, I will step in.”

He pictured the scene perfectly. Amelia, surrounded by enemies, dizzy and confused. The crowd turning on her. And then, he would appear. He would push through the mob, beat back her attackers, and carry her to safety. He would be the hero she needed.

“She will see,” Damien whispered, his eyes gleaming with a delusional hope. “She will see that Theodore cannot protect her. Only I can. She will be so moved that she will come back to me.”

Inside his mind, his wolf, Finn, let out a long, exhausted sigh. The wolf curled up in the back of Damien’s consciousness, tired of his host’s baseless confidence.

Damien frowned, sensing the wolf’s dismissal. “What is your problem? Don’t you want our mate back? Don’t you want to run with Ava again?”

Finn didn’t answer. Damien ignored him, leaning back in his chair, already lost in his fantasy of reclaiming Amelia.

At eleven o’clock that night, Amelia’s phone buzzed. It was an encrypted call from Silas.

“Speak,” Amelia said, answering immediately.

“Bad news about the investigator,” Silas’s voice came through, low and grim. “The one Caleb sent to Meadow Brook to dig up dirt on you? He is dead.”

Amelia’s fingers tightened around the phone. Her eyes went cold. The people of Meadow Brook were simple, honest folks. They wouldn’t kill a stranger.

“Celine,” Amelia said, the name tasting like bile. “That fake... she is desperate.”

It made sense. Celine wasn’t just hiding her lack of talent. She was hiding a capital crime. She had tried to hire hitmen to kill the true heir of the Stone family years ago. She killed the detective to keep that secret buried.

“There is more,” Silas continued. “Before the detective died, he met a human explorer. This human was hiking in the deep mountains. He saw... something.”

“What did he see?”

“A girl,” Silas said. “Surrounded by venomous snakes and scorpions. But she wasn’t hurt. She was playing with them. The human took photos before he ran away in terror.”

Amelia closed her eyes for a second. She knew exactly what photos those were.

“Ethan and Celine have the pictures,” Amelia realized aloud. “They are going to use them tomorrow.”

“Exactly,” Silas agreed. “Wolf society isn’t superstitious, but controlling poisonous creatures? That looks like dark arts. They want to paint you as a witch. A dangerous monster.”

“Let them try,” Amelia said, her voice steady. “Good work, Silas.”

She hung up. A cold smile played on her lips. A few photos? Was that the best they had?

Her phone vibrated again. A text message popped up. The number was unfamiliar, but the tone was unmistakable.

“I won’t let the ceremony happen, Amelia. I will prove I am the better man. I love you more than that cripple ever could.”

Amelia stared at the screen. Damien.

“He can’t even save his own stupidity,” she muttered.

Her thumbs flew across the screen.

“Honey, don’t trip over your own ego. It’s not a game.”

She hit send, then immediately blocked the number. She tossed the phone onto the bed.

She turned to look at the nightstand. Three snakes were coiled there under the warm lamp light. Green, the green one. Shadow, the black one. And Pearl, the white one.

“Ethan knows about you three,” Amelia whispered to them. “He sent that thief. He knows I keep snakes.”

She tapped her chin, thinking. If Ethan wanted to frame her as a dangerous witch who controlled monsters, photos weren’t enough. He needed a show.

“He is going to bring real snakes to the party,” Amelia concluded, her eyes lighting up with a dangerous excitement. “He will release them to attack the guests. And then he will show the photos and say I did it.”

She didn’t feel fear. She felt her blood heat up.

“Oh, Ethan,” she chuckled. “If you really want to play with poison, you picked the wrong sister. Tomorrow is going to be fun.”

Across the city, the Crimson Pack House was quiet, but the tension in Theodore's study was thick.

Theodore sat behind his massive oak desk. His Beta, Marcus, stood at attention.

"Ronan met with them," Marcus reported. "Ethan Stone and Celine. And afterward, he went to the Blackwood estate."

Theodore's golden eyes darkened. His fingers traced the velvet box on his desk. Inside were the custom wedding rings for tomorrow.

"Growl."

Deep in his mind, Logan paced furiously. The massive black wolf bared his teeth. Someone was trying to ruin their mating ceremony. Logan wanted to rip throats out.

"Calm down," Theodore murmured to his wolf. He looked back at Marcus. "Ronan is desperate. He is allying with idiots."

"Why Damien Blackwood?" Marcus asked.

"Scandal," Theodore said coldly. "Ronan wants to drug Amelia. He wants to throw her into a room with her ex-mate. He wants the guests to smell another male on her."

It was a dirty, low tactic. It was designed to humiliate Theodore and force him to reject Amelia publicly.

Theodore's personal phone rang. The screen flashed: "Amelia."

The ice in his eyes melted instantly. He picked up.

"Honey," Amelia's voice came through, bright and cheerful. "Just a heads up. There might be some blood at the engagement party tomorrow."

Theodore raised an eyebrow. A small, indulgent smile touched his lips.

"Tear the roof off if you want," he replied smoothly. "As long as you are happy."

"Don't worry, no one will die," Amelia laughed. "But I need to tell you something. Ronan is busy."

"I know," Theodore said. "He is working with Damien Blackwood and your brother."

"Fast work," Amelia praised. "Here is my side. Ethan is planning to frame me using venomous creatures. He thinks I'm a witch."

“A witch?” Theodore snorted.

“I have a way with poisons,” Amelia admitted casually. “If Ethan brings snakes to the party to bite people... well, let’s just say he might be the one getting bitten.”

Theodore’s eyes gleamed with appreciation. “She is perfect,” Logan howled in agreement, wagging his tail. “Strong. Cunning. A true Queen.”

“Do what you need to do,” Theodore said, his voice dropping an octave. “I will handle Ronan. I am gathering the evidence tonight. Tomorrow, we end him.”

“And I will accept Ethan’s gift,” Amelia promised. “We make a good team, Mr. Crimson.”

“The best,” Theodore said.

Amelia hung up the phone, feeling lighter than she had all week. She looked down at her pets.

“Hey, Green,” she said softly, extending a finger.

Green, lifted its triangular head. Its intelligent eyes fixed on her.

“Tomorrow,” Amelia whispered, tapping its nose gently. “You three are going to play a game of hide-and-seek. A very important game.”

Green flicked its tongue. It seemed to understand. It turned and slapped its tail against

Shadow and Pearl until the other two woke up and looked at Amelia.

“Good boys,” Amelia smiled, stroking Green’s cool scales. “You are the smartest children. Now, get some sleep.”

Green lowered his head and slithered back between the other two. They coiled together into a tight knot of scales.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 123[1,092 words]

(Celine’s POV)

The Saturday sunset bled across the sky, turning the clouds a deep, bruised amber. The gates of the Crimson Moon Pack House stood wide open to welcome the elite.

Expensive cars lined the driveway. I saw Rolls-Royce Phantoms and black, bulletproof Bentleys everywhere.

I stepped out of the car and froze. The pack house looked like a fortress from a fairy tale.

The air smelled of money. Expensive perfume mixed with the scent of pine and gourmet canapés.

It was overwhelming. It was a massive display of wealth from the Alpha King's family. It was a declaration of power.

I adjusted the shawl on my shoulders with a scoff. "Too much gold," I thought bitterly. "It screams 'new money'."

My knuckles turned white as I gripped my clutch. Amelia, that country girl, fit right in with this tacky aesthetic.

I wasn't jealous. I told myself that firmly. She didn't deserve any of this.

I walked toward the entrance. A group of high-ranking she-wolves stood nearby, whispering.

"Can you believe the effort Theodore put into this?" one woman said, swirling her wine. "He never looked twice at Celine."

"Rumor has it they never even met privately," another giggled. "But for the country girl? He pulled out all the stops."

"Well, he is a cripple," the first woman sneered. "He chose her because he needed a nurse, not a Queen."

Rage flared in my chest. I turned and stared at them coldly.

They noticed my glare. The laughter died in their throats. They looked away, awkward and silent.

"Idiots," I thought. "I don't need to serve a broken man. This just proves I am too good for him."

Footsteps dragged behind me. I didn't need to turn to know who it was.

Ethan limped to my side. His leg injury from the accident still made walking a struggle.

He placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Celine," he whispered. "Don't listen to those vipers."

I looked down at the ground.

“Theodore is blind,” Ethan continued, his voice low and angry. “You are the pride of the Stone family. You deserve a healthy, strong Alpha. Not a cripple.”

I took a deep breath. I didn’t pretend to be the perfect, obedient daughter this time.

I turned to face him. I let tears well up in my eyes, but I kept my expression hard.

“I don’t care about marriage, Ethan,” I said, my voice trembling with hate. “I just don’t want to see them laughing at “us”.”

Ethan’s face softened. A fierce protective look crossed his eyes.

“Even if we aren’t blood related, you are my only sister,” he promised. “I will protect you. I will make sure you marry the best man in the world.”

I gave him a grateful smile. But behind my tears, my eyes remained cold and calculating.

(Author’s POV)

Ethan and Celine walked into the banquet hall. The whispers followed them.

A group of young werewolf nobles stood near the bar. They watched Ethan’s uneven gait.

“Look at him,” one young man snickered.

Another boy began to limp exaggeratedly. He dragged his leg behind him, mocking Ethan.

“Is that the new style?” the boy laughed. “The ‘cripple walk’?”

The group erupted in laughter. Ethan’s face turned red.

Suddenly, the air grew heavy. A suffocating Alpha Aura slammed down on the room.

Adrian Stone walked in with Livia on his arm. His face was thunderous.

He swept his cold gaze over the young nobles. The pressure was immense.

The laughter cut off instantly. The boys turned pale and scattered, terrified of the powerful Alpha.

Adrian guided his family to a quiet rest area. Livia sat down, fuming.

“Those brats have no manners,” Livia hissed. “Did you see them mocking our son?”

She looked at Ethan's leg. Her expression was pained.

"My poor boy," she said. "At least you aren't useless like Theodore. It's just a limp."

"Enough," Adrian interrupted coldly. "I have contacted the best medical team abroad."

Livia looked up.

"Surgery or top-tier bionic limbs," Adrian stated. "His leg won't affect his future. Now is not the time for self-pity, Livia."

His eyes narrowed. They were sharp and full of schemes.

"We must use tonight to regain control," he said. "If we don't secure the Stone River Pack inheritance, the mockery will never stop."

Livia nodded slowly. Her face hardened.

"We have Carlos Drake," she whispered. "And tonight, Celine has a job."

She glanced at her daughter.

"Go find Rhys Calder," Livia ordered. "If you can secure him, we will have the Calder Pack's backing. No one will dare touch us."

Adrian looked grim. He knew attacking Amelia directly tonight was impossible.

"Let the Crimson family destroy themselves," Adrian thought. "I hope the internal fighting ruins Theodore."

He refused to see the cripple rise again. And he certainly didn't want that ungrateful wretch, Amelia, to win.

At the main entrance of the pack house, Seraphina and Jaxon stood tall. They were greeting guests in Theodore's place.

Adrian and Livia approached the door. They stopped in front of the hosts.

Seraphina didn't bother with a fake smile. She watched them coldly.

Livia stepped closer. Her eyes were full of malice.

"Jaxon, Seraphina," Livia said, her voice dripping with poison. "You better keep a tight leash on Amelia."

Jaxon stiffened.

“This is the Alpha King’s domain,” Livia continued. “Don’t let her stray habits embarrass us all.”

Seraphina’s professional mask vanished. She took a sharp step forward.

Livia flinched and leaned back.

“Watch your tone, Livia,” Seraphina warned. Her voice was ice.

“This is Crimson territory,” Seraphina said. “If you insult the future Luna again, I will call security. I will have you thrown out myself. Try me.”

Livia let out a cold laugh. She looked around the grand hall.

“Don’t be so confident,” she lowered her voice to a mock whisper. “Look around.”

Seraphina frowned but stood her ground.

“Theron Crimson isn’t even here,” Livia sneered. “The groom’s own father didn’t show up. Do you know what that means?”

Jaxon narrowed his eyes.

“It means the family doesn’t accept this farce,” Livia gloated. “Once Theodore loses his family’s support, who will protect your trouble-making daughter?”

Livia smirked.

“May the Moon Goddess have mercy on you,” she said.

She grabbed Adrian’s arm and walked haughtily into the banquet hall.

Seraphina watched their retreating backs. She didn’t look worried. She looked amused.

“Theron didn’t come?” she thought. “Good.”

It meant Theodore was finally free of that man’s shadow.

“Let the old man rot in his castle,” Seraphina decided. “Tonight belongs to the new generation.”

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 124[1,011 words]

(Author's POV)

Adrian turned his head, a smug grin plastering his face. He looked at Jaxon with unmasked triumph.

"Jaxon," Adrian said, his voice smooth with confidence. "Lyra already told me the news."

Jaxon raised an eyebrow but stayed silent.

"Carlos is arranging a meeting for me with Rowan Calder tomorrow," Adrian bragged. "We are going to discuss cooperation."

He stepped closer, lowering his voice mockingly.

"So, your little dream of taking management rights of Stone River Botanicals?" Adrian chuckled. "That delusion is about to shatter."

Jaxon looked at his brother calmly. He already knew the truth from Seraphina last night.

Rowan was Rhys's father. And Rhys was firmly on Amelia's side.

Adrian was walking into a trap.

"Are you happy a bit too early?" Jaxon asked coolly. "You haven't even met Rowan yet."

Adrian waved his hand dismissively.

"It's a done deal," Adrian insisted. "I don't want to spoil the mood at Amelia's engagement party, so keep dreaming if you want."

He didn't wait for a reply. He gestured to Livia and Celine, and they strutted into the Pack House like they owned it.

Seraphina stared at Adrian's retreating back. Her grip tightened on her champagne flute until the glass creaked.

"That bastard," she hissed, her voice a low growl. "His smile is disgusting."

She turned to Jaxon; her eyes blazing.

“Jaxon, if you weren’t holding me back,” she said, “I would tear that smug look right off his face.”

She looked up at the towering gates of the pack house. Her expression turned cold.

“As for Theodore’s father, Theron?” she scoffed. “He better be dead or taking his last breath.”

Jaxon placed a calming hand on her shoulder.

“If he dares to be absent today just to embarrass my daughter,” Seraphina threatened, “I don’t mind helping Theodore take over this kingdom early.”

Jaxon squeezed her shoulder gently.

Seraphina took a deep breath. She adjusted her expensive shawl and lifted her chin.

Her eyes flashed with dangerous light.

“Fine,” she said. “I’ll wait. But I only give them one chance.”

She looked at the banquet hall.

“If anyone makes Amelia shed a single tear today,” Seraphina vowed, “I will burn this place to the ground.”

The atmosphere in the heavy oak study of the Crimson Pack house was suffocating.

Alpha King Gideon Crimson sat behind his massive desk. His eyes were closed in deep thought.

The core members of the family stood around him. Tension filled the air.

Magnus Crimson, Theodore’s fourth uncle, broke the silence. His tone was aggressive.

“Theron has lost his grip,” Magnus stated bluntly. “His son is a cripple. That wolf, Logan, is useless now.”

Vincent Crimson, the third uncle, nodded in agreement.

“They have no right to stay at the center of power,” Vincent said. “Theodore is unfit to be the heir of the Crimson Moon Pack.”

The two brothers exchanged a look. It wasn’t friendly.

They both had ambitious sons. They both wanted the throne.

“Father,” Magnus pressed. “We need a strong Alpha. Not a broken man in a wheelchair.”

Gideon slowly opened his eyes. They were sharp, golden, and terrifying.

The room went silent instantly.

“I have my own considerations regarding the situation,” Gideon said, his voice deep and rumbling.

He looked at his sons with an unreadable expression.

“The matter of the heir is not urgent,” Gideon declared. “I will announce my final decision before the end of the year.”

Vincent and Magnus stiffened.

There were still three months left in the year.

They glanced at each other again. They realized the old King might still have a sliver of hope for Theodore.

But three months was enough time.

“We can wait,” Vincent thought.

“My son will prove himself,” Magnus decided.

They bowed their heads slightly, already planning how to use this time to win the King’s favor.

Inside the banquet hall, the younger generation of the Crimson family gathered near the drinks. They spoke loudly, showing no respect for the occasion.

Garrett Crimson, Magnus’s eldest son, swirled his wine. He listened as Victor Crimson spoke up first.

“Grandpa is losing it,” Victor said rudely. “Picking a mate from the Meadow Brook Pack? That’s a joke.”

Victor sneered.

“It proves he’s given up on Theodore,” Victor continued. “That girl, Amelia Stone? Playing piano and singing is just a cheap trick to attract males.”

Garrett nodded, putting on a fake sympathetic face.

“It’s tragic, really,” Garrett said. “It’s just to save Theodore’s last bit of dignity since he’s crippled.”

On the nearby sofa, Derek Crimson was slouching. He held his phone up, watching a live stream of a sexy influencer.

His fingers flew across the screen, sending massive tips.

“Yeah, sure,” Derek mumbled, his eyes glued to the screen. “Garrett should be the heir anyway.”

Victor glared at Derek furiously.

“You think you have a chance?” Victor snapped.

“Whatever,” Derek shrugged.

Natasha Crimson, their cousin, stood nearby. She shook her head.

“I don’t think Grandpa has given up on Theodore,” Natasha said calmly.

Vivian Crimson laughed sharply.

“Don’t be stupid, Natasha,” Vivian mocked. “A cripple as Alpha? It would shame the entire Crimson family.”

Derek looked up from his phone and snickered. “Exactly.”

Natasha didn’t back down. She rolled her eyes dramatically.

“Oh, this is rich,” Natasha said. She raised her glass in a mocking toast to Derek.

“You guys keep living in your fantasy world,” she said. “But I suggest you save those pathetic bets.”

She smirked.

“When Amelia walks in,” Natasha warned, “your jaws are going to hit the floor.”

She turned her back on them and leaned against the bar. Her eyes scanned the entrance with anticipation.

“This isn’t an engagement party,” she muttered to herself. “It’s an execution. I need a front-row seat.”

Vivian frowned, looking at the empty doorway.

“The main stars are late,” Vivian complained.

“Well, wheelchairs are slow,” Derek joked cruelly.

The group laughed. Derek finally put down his phone.

He looked at everyone with a look of pure malice.

“Speaking of wheelchairs,” Derek grinned. “Do you guys know what engagement gift I brought for Theodore?”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 125[1,147 words]

(Vivian’s POV)

I stopped smiling and looked at Derek. His grin was wide and twisted.

“So, what is this big gift?” I asked.

Derek leaned in, his eyes gleaming with malicious mischief.

“I bought him a hundred wheelchairs,” Derek whispered excitedly. “They are on a truck right now.”

He laughed to himself, picturing the scene.

“Imagine the pile,” he gloated. “A mountain of chrome and rubber right in front of him. It will be spectacular.”

My eyes widened.

“That is disgusting, Derek,” I said, though I didn’t look away. “You are basically cursing him to never walk again. In front of the entire family?”

Derek didn’t look ashamed at all. He puffed out his chest.

“It’s brilliant,” he insisted. “He needs to know his place.”

He stood up, looking restless.

“Where are they?” Derek complained. “I’m going to check the door.”

He walked off, eager to start his show.

(Amelia’s POV)

Theodore and I approached the entrance of the main hall.

Suddenly, a young man burst out the doors. He almost ran right into us.

It was Derek Crimson. I knew his face from the files Silas sent me. He was Magnus’s youngest son, a bully who relied on his father’s name.

Derek stopped and put on a fake, enthusiastic smile.

“Cousin Theodore!” Derek exclaimed loudly. “We were just talking about you.”

He rushed forward.

“Here, let me help,” Derek said.

He roughly shoved Marcus aside. Marcus frowned, his body tensing for a fight.

I saw the glint in Derek’s eyes. It wasn’t kindness. It was pure “Schadenfreude”.

“This mad dog wants to play dirty,” Ava scoffed in my mind. “Let’s play.”

I decided he would be my first example.

I smiled at Marcus and gave a small nod.

“It’s okay, Marcus,” I said sweetly. “Since cousin Derek is so eager to be helpful, let him push.”

Derek gripped the handles of the wheelchair.

“See?” I said, my voice calm. “I’m glad you aren’t so useless that you can’t even push a wheelchair.”

Derek’s smile vanished instantly. His face turned dark.

He rolled his eyes and looked down at me with a sneer.

“You really are from the sticks,” Derek spat. “That Meadow Brook Pack didn’t teach you any manners.”

He leaned closer to me.

“You need to learn the rules here,” he lectured. “This is the Crimson Moon Pack. We have a hierarchy.”

I blinked, feigning innocence.

“Did I say something wrong?” I asked.

“Your mouth is loose,” Derek snapped.

“Oh,” I said, nodding as if I understood. “My mistake. But at least you have value now. You push the chair very well.”

Derek turned red.

“I won’t waste my breath on a rogue b”““h,” he muttered.

He looked over my head at Theodore.

“You need to control your mate, cousin,” Derek said arrogantly. “Don’t let her act like a shrew in our house.”

We reached the base of the grand marble staircase leading into the sunken living area.

Derek pushed the wheelchair to the edge.

I watched his hands closely. His knuckles turned white.

He was going to let go. He wanted to send Theodore tumbling down the stairs in front of everyone.

He sped up slightly, his fingers lifting off the handles.

“Now.”

I didn’t scream. I moved.

I lashed out with my leg. My foot connected hard with the nerve cluster behind Derek’s knee.

“Argh!” Derek grunted.

His leg went numb instantly. His knees buckled, and he dropped heavily to the floor.

The wheelchair tipped back slightly.

I grabbed the handle with my left hand, steadying Theodore effortlessly.

With my right hand, I seized Derek by his collar. I yanked him close to my face.

He looked up, fear flashing in his eyes.

“You think I wouldn’t notice?” I whispered, my voice cold.

I tightened my grip.

“Try to dump him again, and you won’t be walking away.”

(Author’s POV)

Derek was still on his knees, stunned by the threat.

Amelia didn’t give him time to recover. She pulled back her leg and delivered a sharp kick to his chest.

“Thud.”

Derek flew backward. He rolled two meters across the polished floor before stopping.

The chatter in the banquet hall died instantly.

Natasha raised her eyebrows. She silently cheered for the lost daughter of the Stone family.

Garrett Crimson slammed his hand on the table.

“Hey!” Garrett shouted, standing up furiously. “What do you think you’re doing?”

Victor and Vivian just watched, amused by the violence.

At the top of the stairs, the study doors opened. Alpha King Gideon and the elders stepped out, looking down at the chaotic scene.

Derek scrambled up from the floor. His face was bright red. Humiliation burned through his veins, stripping away his reason.

He clutched his chest and charged at Amelia.

“You b”“h!” Derek screamed. “You dared to kick me! I swear to the Moon Goddess I’ll kill you!”

The air in the room grew heavy. Theodore’s aggressive Alpha Aura began to leak out.

But Amelia didn’t need saving.

Derek lunged, throwing a clumsy kick at her.

Amelia watched him with bored eyes. He was slow. Emotional. Sloppy.

She didn’t wait for Marcus.

She sidestepped Derek’s attack easily. As he passed, she grabbed his arm and used his own momentum against him.

She slammed him face-first onto the hard floor.

“Crack.”

The sickening sound of cartilage breaking echoed through the hall. Derek’s nose smashed against the marble.

Blood instantly pooled around his head.

Marcus stepped forward then. He placed a heavy boot on Derek’s back, pinning him down effortlessly.

The fight was already over.

Garrett ran over to help his brother.

Derek writhed on the floor, clutching his bleeding nose.

“Marcus!” Derek roared, his voice thick with blood and rage. “You are just a cripple’s dog! You dared to hit me for this woman?”

He spat blood on the floor.

“You think this is a game?” Derek yelled. “This is Crimson territory!”

Marcus remained expressionless. He didn’t flinch. In his eyes, Derek had insulted the future Luna and angered the Alpha. A broken nose was a light punishment.

Amelia stood calmly beside the wheelchair. She smoothed her dress, looking completely unbothered. She was satisfied with this bloody opening act.

“What is the meaning of this?” a booming voice demanded.

Magnus Crimson marched over, his face dark with anger as he looked at his bleeding son.

At the entrance, the Stone family arrived just in time to see the aftermath.

Livia saw the blood and smirked.

“Looks like Amelia is in trouble again,” Livia whispered to Adrian. “She won’t be able to talk her way out of this one here.”

Adrian let out a cold snort.

“She was spoiled at home,” Adrian said. “No one here will tolerate her tantrums.”

Celine exchanged a quick look with Ethan. They both suppressed a smile.

Rhys hadn’t even made his move yet, and Amelia was already digging her own grave.

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 126[1,285 words]

(Author’s POV)

Derek stumbled back, his hand cupping his nose. Blood seeped through his fingers, dripping onto his expensive suit. He looked at Marcus, who stood like an immovable iron wall blocking the path to Amelia. Derek knew he couldn’t get past the Beta.

He spun around and ran into the main hall, heading straight for his father.

“Father!” Derek wailed, his voice nasal and wet.

He reached Magnus Crimson and pointed a trembling, blood-stained finger back at the entrance.

“Look!” Derek cried out, hysteria rising in his throat. “Look what she did! That stray wolf Theodore brought in... she kicked me in the face!”

Garrett Crimson frowned at the mess. He snapped his fingers at a nearby steward.

“Get a towel,” Garrett ordered sharply. “Clean him up.”

The steward hurried over with a white cloth. Derek snatched it, pressing it to his swelling nose. Above the white fabric, his eyes burned with malicious hate as he glared at Amelia.

Magnus slowly turned his head. His cold eyes swept over Amelia. He looked at her as if she were a dirty insect that had crawled onto his dinner plate.

Then, he shifted his heavy gaze to Theodore. The air in the room seemed to drop in temperature. Magnus released his Alpha aura, a crushing weight meant to force submission.

“Is this how you discipline your people?” Magnus asked, his voice a low rumble of thunder. “You bring a wild animal into our home and let it bite your family?”

Theodore didn’t even blink. He sat in his wheelchair, his expression perfectly calm. He adjusted his cuffs, ignoring the oppressive aura radiating from his uncle.

“Derek slipped,” Theodore said, his voice flat. “His hands left the wheelchair handles. He nearly dumped me on the floor. Amelia simply reacted to protect me.”

Magnus’s face twisted with anger. The excuse was blatant nonsense.

“You take me for a fool?” Magnus snarled. “She kicked him across the room! That was no accident.”

“It is my engagement day,” Theodore replied smoothly. “I am willing to forgive Derek’s clumsiness. You should be generous enough to forgive Amelia’s protective instincts. Let’s not make a scene.”

“A scene?” Magnus roared, losing his temper. “She assaulted a member of the main branch! I will not let this slide.”

He pointed a thick finger at Amelia.

“She needs to learn her place,” Magnus declared. “She will take one hundred slaps to the face. Right here. Right now.”

He shifted his finger to point at Marcus.

“Or,” Magnus sneered, “we break the leg that your dog used to step on my son. You choose, Theodore.”

Deep inside Theodore’s mind, a massive shadow stirred.

“If he wants to die, we can grant his wish,” Logan growled, the ancient wolf’s rage vibrating through Theodore’s bones.

Theodore mentally patted the wolf’s head. “Patience.”

“I cannot satisfy either request,” Theodore said coldly. “If you are so determined to punish my mate for saving me, perhaps we should let the Alpha King decide.”

Magnus let out a harsh, mocking laugh.

“You think my father will save you?” Magnus asked, stepping closer. “We just spoke in the study. He is done protecting a cripple. You have no value left to this family.”

Suddenly, a sharp, mocking laugh cut through the tension.

Amelia stepped forward. She grabbed the handles of Theodore’s wheelchair and deftly pulled him back, positioning him safely away from Magnus.

Then, she turned around. She looked up at the second-floor balcony where the study was located. She crossed her arms over her chest and took a deep breath.

“Hey! King Gideon!” Amelia shouted, her voice ringing clear and loud through the silent hall. “Stop hiding in there playing deaf! Come out and clean up your trash! This room is full of idiots and I am getting bored!”

The entire banquet hall froze. Guests dropped their forks. Even the servants stopped moving.

Natasha Crimson’s eyes went wide. She stared at Amelia, then bit her lip to suppress a grin.

This future Luna was absolutely wild.

A moment later, the double doors on the balcony swung open. Alpha King Gideon stepped out. He gripped the railing, looking down at the crowd with a deep frown.

“Who is making that noise?” Gideon demanded.

Derek saw his opportunity. He rushed forward, waving the bloody towel.

“Grandfather!” Derek whined. “It’s her! Amelia and Marcus attacked me! They beat me for no reason!”

Gideon’s eyes narrowed as they landed on Derek.

“Shut your mouth,” Gideon barked.

Derek flinched as if he’d been slapped.

“Watch your language,” Gideon warned, his voice booming with authority. “That is Theodore’s Mate. She is a future member of this family. You will show her respect.”

Derek stood there, mouth agape. Magnus looked equally shocked. The Alpha King was defending her?

“But... she hit me!” Derek stammered, pointing at his bruised face. “She kicked me! Look at the blood!”

“And why would she do that?” Gideon asked calmly. “Does she look like a madwoman? Why would she kick you if you did nothing wrong?”

Derek choked. He couldn’t believe it. He looked around the room frantically.

“I didn’t do anything!” Derek lied loudly. “Ask anyone! Someone must have seen it!”

He looked at his brother Garrett. Garrett looked away, suddenly very interested in the pattern of the tablecloth.

Derek looked at his cousins. Victor was smirking. Vivian was checking her nails.

No one spoke. Everyone was silent, enjoying the drama.

Natasha shook her head slightly. “i”“t,” she thought. “Can’t you read the room? The King is protecting her. Anyone who speaks up for you now is just volunteering to lose their inheritance.”

(Amelia’s POV)

I watched Derek look around desperately. He looked like a drowning rat.

I didn’t wait for him to come up with another lie. I looked up at Gideon, meeting the old man’s sharp gaze. I didn’t tremble. I didn’t look down.

“Yes, I kicked him,” I said loudly.

Gideon raised an eyebrow.

“So what?” I continued, my voice steady. “He tried to dump my mate out of his wheelchair. He tried to humiliate him.”

I took a step forward, my heels clicking on the marble floor.

“Where I come from, the rules are simple,” I said cold. “You touch what is mine, you pay the price. He should be thanking me. Usually, I break arms and legs for this. A bloody nose is me being kind.”

I stood tall. I felt no shame. I was protecting my own.

“Well said,” Ava purred in my mind, her tail wagging with satisfaction. “Next time, rip his throat out.”

Derek turned to me, his face red with rage and embarrassment. He opened his mouth to argue.

“Let’s keep it simple, Derek,” I interrupted him.

I walked right up to his face. He flinched back.

“Option one,” I said, holding up a finger. “You are evil. You deliberately tried to hurt a disabled man on the stairs.”

I held up a second finger.

“Option two,” I said with a sneer. “You are useless. You are such a waste of space that you can’t even push a wheelchair without dropping it.”

I leaned in closer.

“So, which is it?” I asked. “Are you a villain? Or are you just a moron? Pick one.”

Derek’s face turned a deep shade of purple. He opened and closed his mouth, but no sound came out. He was trapped. Both answers made him look pathetic.

“This is ridiculous!” Magnus shouted, stepping between us to shield his son. “You are guessing! You have no proof of his intent! But everyone saw you hit him. That is the undeniable truth.”

I turned my gaze to Magnus. My eyes were sharp as knives.

“Who said I was guessing without proof?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 127[1,264 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Magnus let out a cold sneer at my question. He crossed his massive arms.

“Proof?” Magnus challenged. “You are just a violent girl making up stories to save her own skin.”

Derek lowered the bloody towel from his nose. His eyes darted around, manic and angry.

“Yeah!” Derek shouted, his voice thick with congestion. “You think you can read my mind? Prove it!”

I didn’t panic. I didn’t beg for them to believe me. Instead, I let a small, mocking smile play on my lips. I looked at them like I was watching a clown trip over his own oversized shoes.

“Stop acting, Derek,” I said, shaking my head. “I am actually embarrassed for you.”

I took a step closer. My gaze bore into him.

“One hundred custom wheelchairs,” I said clearly. “Black frames. Red leather seats. And the best part? You had ‘For the Eternal Cripple’ carved into the back of every single one.”

The room went deadly silent.

I tilted my head. “Seriously? That is not just malicious. It is lazy. I thought a Crimson would have more style when being evil.”

Derek’s jaw dropped. The mask of confusion and feigned ignorance shattered instantly. His face went pale.

“How...” Derek stammered, pointing a shaking finger at me. “How did you know the inscription?”

“That i”“t,” Ava growled in my mind, her voice dripping with disdain. “His thoughts smell like rotting meat in the summer sun. We didn’t even need to guess.”

(Amelia’s POV)

I didn’t bother explaining to Derek. He didn’t need to know that Theodore and I had investigated every detail of this banquet weeks ago. We knew exactly which rats would try to bite.

Derek looked around frantically. He needed a scapegoat. He spun toward Vivian and Victor.

“It was you!” Derek screamed, spit flying from his mouth. “You two leaked it to her! You wanted to ruin my plan!”

“Don’t drag us into your mess,” Victor said quickly, raising his hands.

“I have better things to do than talk to her,” Vivian added with a scoff.

Derek turned his wild eyes to Natasha.

“It was you then!” he accused. “You were on your phone! You texted her!”

Natasha rolled her eyes so hard I thought they might get stuck.

“Please,” Natasha said, looking bored. “I have never met her before today. I am just here for the show. Don’t be stupid.”

Derek stood alone, exposed and trembling. I had total control of the room.

I turned my back on him. I lifted my chin and looked directly at the balcony. Alpha King Gideon stood there, gripping the railing.

“Alpha Gideon,” I called out. “Is this the disrespect you allow in your pack?”

(Author’s POV)

Amelia’s voice echoed through the grand hall. It was clear, powerful, and unwavering.

“Sending a gift that symbolizes failure and disability to the heir’s engagement party is not a joke,” Amelia stated. “It is a declaration of war on Theodore’s future.”

She paused, letting the words sink in.

“Frankly,” she added, her eyes locking with the King’s, “it is also an insult to “your” judgment in choosing him.”

Gideon’s face darkened instantly. The air around him grew heavy and suffocating. The guests held their breath.

Gideon had placed all his hopes on Theodore. He believed the rumors that Amelia, the “Shadow Healer,” could fix Theodore’s legs. To him, Derek wasn’t just mocking a cripple. He was cursing the future King and challenging Gideon’s authority.

Natasha watched from the side. Her golden eyes widened. She had never seen anyone, let alone an outsider, talk to the Alpha King like that.

“She has guts,” Natasha thought, feeling a sudden surge of newfound respect. “She stands there like she owns the place.”

(Author’s POV)

Under Gideon’s crushing Alpha pressure, Derek began to shake. Cold sweat dripped down his forehead, mixing with the dried blood on his nose. He couldn’t speak.

Vivian saw her chance. She looked at Derek, then at the King. If Derek went down, her position improved. She decided to kick him while he was down.

“He did say it,” Vivian spoke up, her voice cutting through the tension. “I heard him bragging in the lounge. He said he wanted to see Theodore’s face when the delivery truck arrived.”

Derek whipped his head around. Betrayal flashed in his eyes.

“You b” “h!” Derek shrieked. “You laughed! You said Theodore deserved to roll around in the dirt!”

“Liar!” Vivian yelled back. “I never said that!”

They turned on each other like rabid dogs. They screamed accusations, exposing their own pettiness and cruelty for everyone to see.

Amelia didn’t step back. She crossed her arms and watched the chaos with amusement.

“Wow, Derek,” Amelia said, her voice dry. “Even your own teammates think you are pathetic.”

(Author’s POV)

“Silence!”

Gideon’s roar shook the walls. The chandeliers trembled. The arguing stopped instantly.

Gideon pointed a finger at Derek. His hand did not waver.

“If those one hundred wheelchairs appear at my gate,” Gideon growled, his voice low and dangerous, “I will personally break your legs. Then you can sit in them for the rest of your miserable life.”

Derek’s knees buckled. He grabbed a table to stop himself from falling. His face was gray.

Theodore, who had been watching silently, finally spoke. He adjusted his wheelchair slightly.

“So, Uncle Magnus,” Theodore said, his voice like ice. “Do you still require Amelia to apologize to your son?”

(Author’s POV)

Magnus looked like he had swallowed a stone. His face flushed a deep, ugly red. He was humiliated. His son had been exposed as a fool, and he had defended him.

“Get out of my sight,” Magnus hissed at Derek. “Go deal with that delivery. Now!”

Derek scrambled away, running toward the exit without looking back.

Theodore didn’t smile. He didn’t offer forgiveness. He simply looked at Magnus until the older man looked away.

Across the room, Adrian and Livia watched with sour expressions.

“She is just lucky,” Livia whispered, clutching her purse. “She always manages to twist things around.”

Adrian didn’t answer. He felt a cold knot of fear in his stomach. He saw how Gideon looked at Amelia. The King believed in her healing abilities. If Amelia cured Theodore, her power would be absolute. Adrian’s plan to control Stone Pharmaceutical was slipping away.

“I need leverage,” Adrian thought desperately. “I need Alpha Rowan Calder.”

He looked around. He needed his sister Lyra to make the introduction.

(Author’s POV)

Amelia turned away from the Crimson family drama. She walked straight toward Adrian and Livia. Her heels clicked rhythmically on the floor.

She stopped in front of them. Her blue eyes swept over their faces, cold and sharp.

“Where is Aunt Lyra?” Amelia asked.

She didn’t wait for an answer. A mocking smile curled her lips.

“Did she finally realize she isn’t important enough to reach Alpha Rowan Calder?” Amelia asked. “Or is she hiding in the bathroom because she is too embarrassed to show up empty-handed while I clean up this mess?”

Adrian opened his mouth to defend his family. He wanted to say Lyra was on her way. He wanted to say the meeting was arranged.

But before he could speak, Gideon’s voice boomed from the balcony again.

“What are you talking about?” Gideon asked, looking down at the Stone family.

He adjusted his suit jacket, his expression stern but calm.

“Alpha Rowan Calder is a VIP guest of the Crimson Pack,” Gideon announced loud enough for everyone to hear. “He is already here attending the ceremony. There is no need for you to go looking for him.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 128[1,145 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

“Alpha Rowan Calder?” Adrian gasped. The color drained from his face so fast he looked like a corpse. He stared at Alpha Gideon like he had just been hit by a freight train. “Alpha Gideon, surely there is a mistake? How could Alpha Rowan be a guest here tonight?”

Gideon’s brow furrowed. He looked annoyed at being questioned. “Are you suggesting I cannot read a guest list, Adrian?” he asked coldly. “Theodore handed me the list himself. There is no mistake.”

“No! No, of course not,” Adrian stammered, sweat beading on his forehead. He turned his desperate gaze toward Theodore. “Theodore... is this true? Did you really invite him?”

Theodore sat in his wheelchair, looking perfectly at ease. A small, playful smile curled the corner of his lips. “Actually,” Theodore said, his voice smooth, “Amelia gave me the list.”

The news hit Adrian like a physical blow. He actually swayed on his feet. Ethan had to grab his arm to keep him from stumbling.

Adrian steadied himself and looked at me. I met his gaze with a cold stare. I could see the gears turning in his head. He realized now that I didn’t just know Rhys. I had enough influence to bring the Shadow King of the Calder Pack to this banquet.

But I could also see the denial. He didn’t want to believe it. He wouldn’t let himself believe it until he saw Rowan Calder in the flesh. He thought I was bluffing.

“Watching him squirm is delicious,” Ava purred in my mind. “His fear smells like rotting meat and desperation.”

“You should be honored, Father,” I said, my voice dripping with sarcasm. “You’ve been dying to meet the big shot, haven’t you? Now is your chance.”

Adrian’s jaw tightened. Rage burned in his eyes, but he swallowed it down. He didn’t dare make a scene in front of the Crimson family.

Ethan stepped forward, shielding his father. He glared at me. “Do you really expect us to believe you have that kind of pull?” he sneered. “Don’t get too cocky, Amelia. You’re going to look like a complete fool when he doesn’t show up. You’re setting yourself up for humiliation.”

I didn’t even bother to look at him. I inspected my fingernails, acting bored. “Keep talking, Ethan. I want to remember exactly how stupid you look right now. It will be even funnier when Rowan walks through that door. You people never learn until reality bites you in the ass.”

“Amelia, please,” Celine cut in. Her voice was soft and gentle, the perfect picture of a caring sister. “Don’t be so prickly. This is your engagement ceremony. Don’t ruin this beautiful night with your sharp tongue. People will laugh at us.”

I rolled my eyes so hard it hurt.

“Save it, Celine,” I scoffed. “Stop playing the peacemaker. You aren’t worried about a ‘beautiful night.’ You’re just terrified your little fairy tale is crashing down around you. Watching you pretend to be nice makes me want to vomit.”

A loud, clear laugh broke the tension.

I looked over. Natasha Crimson was giggling, her hand covering her mouth. I noted that she was the only one in the Crimson family who didn’t look at Theodore and me with pure hostility.

Ethan’s face flushed. He wrapped an arm around Celine’s shoulders. “Celine is family,” he snapped at me. “She isn’t a disgrace.”

Adrian looked like he wanted to be anywhere else. I knew exactly what he was thinking. He needed to call Aunt Lyra immediately.

“I… I need to check on the banquet preparations,” Adrian muttered, looking for an exit.

Gideon nodded, waving his hand dismissively. “Go. The rest of you young ones should head to the main hall. Help greet the guests.”

Natasha didn’t wait. She bounced over to me, her eyes bright with excitement.

“I’ll help!” she announced. She leaned in close. “Can I be your partner in crime?”

I raised an eyebrow and looked her up and down. She seemed genuine, which was rare in this snake pit.

“You want to be my sidekick?” I asked dryly. “Fine. But keep up. And don’t make me regret not throwing you out with the rest of the trash.”

Natasha crossed her heart with a solemn expression. “I promise. I won’t cause trouble.”

Her mother, Cordelia, stood nearby but didn’t stop her. She seemed to trust her daughter’s judgment.

“Unbelievable,” Vivian sneered from a few feet away. She hooked her arm through Victor’s.

“Sucking up to the lost daughter? Have some dignity, Natasha. You’re embarrassing the Crimson name.”

(Author’s POV)

Magnus signaled for his children to leave. He wanted out of the suffocating atmosphere Gideon had created.

As they walked past the Fourth Branch members, Victor slowed his pace. He glanced at Garrett and Derek.

“The game isn’t over yet,” Victor muttered to Garrett, a cold smirk playing on his lips.

Vivian leaned in toward Derek, her voice a cruel whisper. “Watching you destroy yourself with that stupid wheelchair plan was the highlight of my week. If you’re going to be dumb, try not to be so loud about it next time.”

Garrett’s face was dark and ugly, his fists clenched at his sides. Derek looked at his older brother, then at the floor, shame coloring his cheeks red. He looked like a beaten dog.

Victor separated from his sister and stopped next to Theodore’s wheelchair. He towered over his cousin, looking down with unconcealed arrogance.

“Congratulations, Theodore,” Victor said. His smile was full of malice. “The real Stone daughter isn’t bad to look at. Better than the fake one, at least. I wish you both a happy life. Till death do us part.”

He emphasized the word “death”. It wasn’t a wish. It was a threat. He was telling Theodore that when the time came, he would bury them both.

Theodore sat motionless. Suddenly, his golden eyes flashed with an intense light. A low, vibrating growl rumbled from his chest—the sound of his wolf, Logan. An invisible wave of Alpha pressure slammed into the air around them.

“I accept your blessing,” Theodore said calmly.

Victor blinked. He felt the heavy pressure against his skin, pushing down on him. It confused him. “How?”

He shook his head as he walked away. It didn’t matter. Theodore might have some residual aura, but he was finished. The “Golden Boy” had thrown his life away years ago. He had saved that adopted stray, Isla, from rogues and taken a dose of wolfsbane meant for her. That poison had ruined his legs and crippled his wolf form.

Victor sneered internally. Without the ability to shift, Theodore was nothing. He was isolated. His family hated him. Only the old Alpha King still cared, but the King couldn’t live forever.

Theodore was just a pathetic worm now. Crushing him would be as easy as stepping on an ant.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 129[1,075 words]

(Theodore's POV)

Vivian Crimson looked at Amelia with a smile that wasn't quite a smile. Her golden eyes were cold and calculating.

"Your performance just now was passable, I suppose," Vivian said, her voice dripping with false sweetness. "But if you want to sit securely as the mistress of the Crimson family in this cruel world, you will need to do much better than that."

Amelia didn't flinch. She simply offered a faint, indifferent smile.

"That was just a warm-up exercise," Amelia replied smoothly. "I was actually worried the future challenges would be too boring to keep my interest."

Vivian's face stiffened. She let out a cold scoff.

"Don't be too arrogant," she spat. "Or sooner or later, you'll become the laughingstock of the entire pack."

She turned on her heel and marched away, dragging a silent Victor with her.

Hardly a moment later, Magnus Crimson approached. His sons trailed behind him like shadows.

Magnus stopped beside my wheelchair. He looked at me with a heavy, meaningful gaze.

"Alpha King Gideon has chosen a very... interesting partner for you," Magnus said coldly.

"I chose her myself," I corrected him calmly.

Magnus leaned in closer. His voice dropped to a menacing whisper.

"Watch your new mate closely, Theodore," he hissed. "Accidents happen all the time."

Inside my chest, Logan let out a dangerous, vibrating growl. My wolf wanted to tear out the throat of the man threatening our mate.

I clamped down on the urge. I forced a polite smile onto my face.

"Thank you for your concern, Uncle," I said. "But don't worry. I will personally extinguish any 'accidents' that try to spark around her."

Magnus sneered, clearly unimpressed.

"The world is unpredictable," he muttered.

He strode away without looking back. As his sons followed, Derek Crimson paused.

He glared at Amelia with pure hatred. He didn't speak, but his lips moved clearly.

"You are dead."

(Amelia's POV)

The hall grew quiet as the hostile members of the Crimson family dispersed. The air felt lighter instantly.

Alpha King Gideon turned to face me. His expression was grave.

"As you can see, the power struggle within the Crimson family is intense," he said bluntly. "They are wolves waiting for a moment of weakness."

He looked down at Theodore in his wheelchair. His eyes were filled with a mixture of sternness and hidden pain.

"I can give Theodore three months," Gideon stated, his voice heavy. "If you cannot heal his injuries and restore his wolf form by then, I cannot stop them. Even as Alpha King, I won't be able to hold back the branch families from seizing power."

I turned my head to look at Theodore.

He looked back at me. His golden eyes were calm, trusting.

"Only three months?" Ava laughed in my mind, her voice brimming with arrogance. "We need half that time to make him run again."

I felt her confidence surge through my veins. I looked back at Gideon.

"Three months is more than enough," I promised, my voice firm and unwavering. "I will make him stand. He will rule the Crimson Moon Pack again."

(Adrian's POV)

The engagement banquet was in full swing. Waiters weaved through the crowd with trays of champagne.

I scanned the room desperately until I found my sister, Lyra, and her mate, Carlos Drake. I rushed over and sat down beside them.

"Did you get in touch with Alpha Rowan Calder?" I whispered urgently, leaning toward Carlos.

Carlos took a slow sip of his wine. He looked calm, but his eyes shifted away for a split second.

"There is no rush," Carlos said vaguely.

I felt a knot of anxiety in my stomach. I lowered my voice further.

“I heard a rumor that Rowan might actually attend tonight,” I probed cautiously.

Carlos’s eyes lit up. He sat up straighter, adjusting his jacket with sudden confidence.

“Ah, yes,” Carlos said, nodding sagely. “I actually arranged that. I came here specifically for this. It is important to show everyone the close connection between the Stone family and the powerful Drake family.”

Relief washed over me. I let out a breath I didn’t know I was holding.

“Thank goodness,” I said. “So it was you.”

“When you see him later,” Carlos instructed with an air of authority, “go up and greet him. Make sure to mention our in-law relationship. We should set up a lunch meeting.”

I hesitated. The memory of Amelia’s taunt nagged at me.

“You don’t think... Amelia invited him?” I asked nervously.

Lyra scoffed loudly. She rolled her eyes with disdain.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Adrian,” she snapped. “That girl has been exiled in the countryside for years. How could she have that kind of face? Rowan is obviously here out of respect for the Drake family.”

She was right. I felt foolish for even worrying. I straightened my tie, feeling my confidence return. I was ready to charm the Titan.

(Adrian’s POV)

It was nearing seven o’clock. Most of the important guests had already arrived.

Suddenly, a wave of commotion rippled through the hall. Conversations stopped. All heads turned toward the main entrance.

My breath caught in my throat.

Walking through the doors were three legends of the werewolf world.

First was Rowan Calder, the mysterious capital tycoon. Flanking him were Dr. Landon Moore, the medical titan, and Dr. Iris Morris, the genius behind the new anti-cancer drugs.

The room erupted in whispers. The sheer power radiating from the group was intoxicating.

“He’s really here,” I gasped.

Next to me, Carlos looked stiff, but I was too excited to notice his sudden silence.

I smoothed down my expensive suit. I put on my best, most ingratiating smile.

I saw Jaxon and Seraphina guiding the guests in, but I ignored them. I didn’t need my brother’s help. I had the Drake family connection.

I stepped forward confidently, intercepting the group. I planted myself directly in front of Rowan Calder.

“Mr. Calder, hello!” I beamed, extending my hand. “I am Adrian of the Stone River Pack. My sister is the second mistress of the Drake family. I heard you were in the capital, and I would love to treat you to lunch tomorrow...”

Rowan stopped. He looked at me. His expression twisted into pure disgust.

He didn’t take my hand.

“You are that blind Adrian who rejected Amelia as your daughter?” Rowan asked, his voice cold and loud enough for everyone to hear. “Move. You are blocking the way.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 130[1,165 words]

(Adrian’s POV)

Rowan’s words hit me like a heavy punch, smashing right into my pride. The ingratiating smile I had plastered on my face froze instantly, hanging there awkwardly in the tense air.

Jaxon stood nearby, and he didn’t even bother to hide his mockery.

“Give it up, Adrian,” Jaxon said coldly. “Mr. Calder is here for Amelia’s engagement. He has zero interest in talking business with you.”

Rowan didn’t hold back either. He looked at me with open disgust.

“I do not partner with men of low character,” Rowan stated bluntly. “You are not fit to work with the Calder family.”

The guests around us started whispering immediately. The looks of respect I used to receive were gone, replaced by naked ridicule. They all realized what had happened. I had tried to cling to

power and got slapped in the face for it. Rowan cared about the daughter I had thrown away like trash, not me.

The buzz of the crowd grew louder, like flies in my ears. They were talking about the Stone family scandal. They called me and my mate stupid for rejecting our own flesh and blood for a fake like Celine. Seeing Amelia with such powerful connections, everyone knew I hadn't just lost a daughter. I had lost the best chance to secure my legacy.

I felt a burning shame unlike anything I had ever felt before. My cheeks were on fire.

Desperate, I turned to look at my father, Patriarch Alaric, hoping for some support. But his eyes were cold and filled with disappointment. It was the look you give to a piece of waste.

My heart turned to ash. I knew then that I was completely out.

(Adrian's POV)

I wanted to find a hole to crawl into, but there was nowhere to hide. Suddenly, I heard the sound of a suppressed argument nearby.

I turned my head stiffly. It was Lyra. She was staring at her mate, Carlos Drake, with disbelief.

"Why is this happening?" she asked, her voice trembling. "You promised me! You said Rowan would give the Drake family face!"

Carlos looked just as shocked by Rowan's attitude. To cover up his own incompetence, he puffed up his chest and raised his voice in anger.

"I didn't know!" he shouted. "How was I supposed to know he had such a deep relationship with Amelia?"

"Shh!" Lyra looked terrified. Her face was pale. "Keep your voice down! Don't you remember the bet? If I lose, I have to kneel to that wild girl and apologize! It will be a stain the Drake family can never wash away!"

Carlos interrupted her impatiently. He looked at her with cold indifference.

"That is your fault," he said ruthlessly. "You were the stupid one who made that bet."

He adjusted his suit, distancing himself from her.

"Our marriage is based on interests," he reminded her cruelly. "If you want to lose face, go ahead. But don't expect me to be humiliated along with you."

Lyra shook with rage and fear at his heartless words. Watching her, I actually felt a sad resonance. In this cruel arena of fame and fortune, losers are destined to be isolated.

(Amelia's POV)

While Adrian and Lyra sank into their despair, I pushed Theodore's wheelchair forward. My voice cut through the noisy discussions of the crowd.

"Mr. Calder! Dr. Moore! Dr. Morris!" I called out with a bright, elegant smile.

I walked up to the three big shots.

Rowan, who had been ice-cold to Adrian just seconds ago, saw me and his face instantly bloomed with a warm, fatherly smile. He greeted me enthusiastically.

"Amelia," he said. "It is so good to see you."

"Thank you all for coming to my engagement ceremony," I said sincerely.

"For you, this trip is absolutely worth it," the three elders said warmly.

I turned the wheelchair slightly.

"I would like to introduce my fiancé, Theodore Crimson," I announced proudly.

The three influential figures looked at Theodore. Even in the wheelchair, he was gentle yet radiated the majesty of an Alpha. They all nodded with satisfaction.

"You have excellent vision, Amelia," Dr. Moore praised. "You have found a handsome and powerful partner."

My wolf, Ava, held her head high. Her tail wagged smugly in the depths of my consciousness.

"See, Amelia?" she said in my mind. "This is our power. Those blind people must be regretting it so much their guts are turning green. Let them watch us be crowned in glory."

(Amelia's POV)

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Adrian. He had been left hanging and was trying to sneak back to his seat in the chaos. I wasn't going to let him go that easily.

I deliberately raised my voice, adding a touch of playful mockery.

"Uncle!" I shouted. "Didn't you want to see Uncle Rowan just now? Now that he is right here, why have you stopped talking?"

Adrian's footsteps froze. He turned around, his face an ugly shade of iron-grey. Anger almost spewed from his eyes.

I smiled and continued to taunt him.

“Uncle, your vision and ability are really worrying,” I said. “Just like your adopted daughter Celine, who only causes trouble. You are good for nothing but bluffing.”

I ignored Adrian’s murderous glare. I turned to Rowan beside me.

“Uncle Rowan,” I said, issuing a new invitation. “How about accompanying me to say ‘hello’ to Aunt Lyra?”

Rowan agreed immediately and heartily.

“I will fully cooperate with whatever you want to do,” he promised.

(Amelia’s POV)

I pushed the wheelchair, leading these heavyweights toward the Stone family seats like a queen touring her territory. As I approached, Lyra’s face turned as pale as paper. She looked like she saw the Grim Reaper coming for her.

I stopped in front of Lyra. I looked down at this aunt who used to be so arrogant.

“Aunt Lyra,” I asked directly. “You still remember our bet, don’t you?”

Under the watchful eyes of everyone, especially with Rowan and the Crimson family present, Lyra couldn’t deny it. She gritted her teeth.

“I remember,” she admitted hatefully. Every word sounded like it was squeezed out through the cracks of her teeth.

The air seemed to freeze. Everyone held their breath, waiting for the humiliating scene. However, I decided to show a victor’s “tolerance”-or perhaps, a deeper kind of torture.

“To save face for the Stone and Drake families tonight, I won’t ask you to kneel to me right here at this grand banquet,” I said.

I put heavy emphasis on the word “kneel.” Every syllable was like a slap in Lyra’s face. Seeing her shrink back gave me immense satisfaction.

I smiled and made my announcement.

“I will save this ‘debt’ for tomorrow,” I said. “I will come to collect then.”

Every time she heard the word “kneel,” Lyra’s body trembled uncontrollably. I knew that the impending, unknown humiliation was more suffocating than the current situation. She was destined to have a sleepless night tonight.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 131[1,109 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Lyra stared at me, her eyes burning with humiliated rage.

"Thank you for your... kindness," she whispered through gritted teeth.

I tilted my head, watching her like a trapped prey. A cold amusement curled at the corner of my lips.

I turned my body slightly to face Carlos, who had remained silent the entire time.

"Carlos," I said, my tone dripping with mockery. "Your mate is facing public humiliation, and you stand there like an outsider? That is truly eye-opening."

Carlos shrugged indifferently.

"She lost the bet," he said coldly. "Kneeling to apologize is the rule. It is only natural she fulfills her promise."

Lyra looked at him, her face twisting in agonizing pain. Her own mate was abandoning her in front of everyone without a second thought.

I laughed softly and turned my gaze to Celine.

"Remember this, Celine," I said, my voice filled with disdain. "When you tie your entire value to a man who sees you as an accessory, trying to squeeze into the so-called Elite, this is the result."

I paused, letting the words sink in.

"This isn't a tragedy," I finished. "It is pathetic."

Lyra finally snapped.

"Shut up!" she screamed.

She whipped her head toward Alaric, desperate for help.

"Dad!" she cried out. "Are you going to let this wild girl humiliate me? Discipline her!"

Alaric sat unmoving, his expression cold and detached.

“In our world, the dignity of a pack is earned by strength and fangs,” Alaric said icily. “It is not earned by wagging your tail and begging.”

I knew what he was thinking. He saw the guests’ attitude toward me had shifted. They no longer looked at me with contempt but with the recognition reserved for the strong.

Rowan Calder and the other heavyweights standing behind me proved my power. My aggression was no longer seen as rude; it was the dominance of a true Alpha bloodline.

Carlos laughed, ruthlessly rubbing salt in the wound.

“Look at you,” he sneered at Lyra. “You don’t have your mate’s support, and now even your father won’t stand by you.”

Lyra trembled violently from head to toe. Shame washed over her, and she shut her mouth, unable to say another word.

“That cowardly male doesn’t deserve a mate,” Ava scoffed in my mind. “There isn’t a drop of loyalty in his blood.”

Despite the humiliation, Celine did not explode in anger. She adjusted her expression, maintaining that perfect, fragile mask.

“I don’t care about status,” Celine said softly, forcing a smile. “As long as I can be with Mom and Dad, I am incredibly happy.”

I rolled my eyes. I was too lazy to watch her act anymore.

“Save the ‘filial daughter’ drama,” I said bluntly. “You rejected Theodore back then because you wanted to sell yourself for a higher price. You thought he couldn’t become the Alpha King.”

Celine’s eyes widened slightly.

“It wasn’t because Uncle Adrian and Aunt Livia forced you,” I continued mercilessly. “Admit your greed, Celine. That is much more interesting than this fake piety.”

My words were like a slap, tearing open her disguised decency.

Livia turned her head sharply to look at her adopted daughter. Her eyes held a new trace of scrutiny.

Celine pressed her lips together nervously. She didn’t dare to explain herself right now.

“That’s enough,” Ethan interjected, trying to save his sister. “Stop trying to frame her.”

Livia's face still held a shadow of doubt, but she stiffened her neck.

"You are just trying to sow discord, Amelia," Livia said stubbornly.

(Ethan's POV)

I watched Amelia turn and leave with a smile. She had successfully cracked the trust within our family.

Annoyance bubbled in my chest. She walked toward another table with Rowan and her other VIPs, her back straight with the posture of a victor.

Beside me, Celine stood silent. I saw a flash of viciousness in her eyes. She was definitely plotting revenge.

I ignored her emotions and scanned the crowd anxiously. Where was Ronan? I needed to know what means he planned to use to deal with Amelia tonight.

I couldn't find him anywhere.

My gaze drifted back to Amelia's VIP table, and I froze.

My eyes widened in shock.

Sitting there, chatting and laughing with Amelia, was Valerius Kane. He was the owner of the capital's largest auction house.

I couldn't believe it. Valerius Kane was mysterious and notoriously difficult to approach. How could he be a guest of Amelia?

(Amelia's POV)

As I approached the table, Valerius Kane stood up immediately.

He extended his hand, his eyes holding the appreciation one predator has for another.

"It is interesting to be invited to such a gathering," he said with a smile.

I shook his hand firmly.

"I look forward to making big moves here, Mr. Kane," I said confidently. "I believe our cooperation will be... very profitable."

Valerius nodded appreciatively. He leaned in slightly, lowering his voice to a teasing whisper.

“Your cousin is staring at us,” he said. “He looks like he is trying to solve a puzzle with missing pieces.”

I chuckled softly.

“Let him suffer in his suspicion,” I said.

Rowan took his seat and patted Rhys on the shoulder.

“Did you do your duty and take good care of Amelia?” Rowan asked teasingly.

Rhys threw up his hands in mock helplessness.

“Amelia is so strong she doesn’t need me,” Rhys joked. “Besides, she has a much more suitable guardian now.”

He nodded toward Theodore.

Theodore’s lips curved into a gentle smile. He reached out and took my hand.

“Even I need Amelia to give me the chance to stand by her side,” Theodore said softly.

The table erupted in light laughter.

After a moment, Rowan’s expression turned serious.

“Amelia,” he said. “Dr. Moore, Dr. Morris, and I have discussed it. We want to give you a special engagement gift.”

I looked at him, attentive.

“We will grant you one request,” Rowan said. “Anything within our power.”

I didn’t decline. I looked straight into Rowan’s eyes, letting the ambition shine clearly in my own.

“I have a plan,” I stated clearly.

“Grandfather Alaric made a vow,” I continued. “If Adrian Stone fails to manage Stone River Botanicals effectively in six months, the management rights will transfer to my father, Jaxon Stone.”

The table went quiet, listening to my every word.

“When I take back Stone River Botanicals—with my father as the nominal head—I have a clear plan for its expansion,” I said firmly.

I leaned forward slightly.

“Uncle Rowan, I don’t just want cooperation,” I said. “I want to establish an exclusive alliance with your Medicinal Herb Reserve. I intend to monopolize the market.”

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(Amelia’s POV)

Rowan didn’t hesitate for a second.

“Consider it done, Amelia,” Rowan said with a hearty laugh. “If you hadn’t stepped in to save the Calder Pack’s herb base, we wouldn’t even be operating today. This is a small favor to ask.”

I smiled, relief washing over me. Having the Calder family’s backing for the raw materials was step one.

I turned to Dr. Landon Moore. The elderly doctor looked at me with kind eyes.

“Dr. Moore,” I said respectfully. “I have a favor to ask. Would you be willing to serve as a medical consultant for Stone River Botanicals for one year? My father, Jaxon, will need the best guidance to steer the company correctly.”

Dr. Moore nodded immediately.

“It would be my honor,” he replied. “I have always admired Jaxon’s integrity. I will ensure he has the best medical knowledge at his disposal.”

Finally, I looked at Dr. Iris Morris. This was the biggest gamble.

“Dr. Morris,” I said. “I want to buy the patent rights to the new gene drug you are currently researching.”

Dr. Morris adjusted her glasses. She looked serious.

“I agree to the sale, Amelia,” she said. “But you must understand the risks. New drug development is full of uncertainty. It could take years before we see a finished product.”

“I am prepared for that,” I said firmly. “I trust your vision.”

With these three heavyweights supporting Jaxon, Adrian didn’t stand a chance. We would crush his hopes of ever regaining control.

(Theodore's POV)

At seven o'clock sharp, the engagement ceremony began. The banquet hall was packed with the elite of the werewolf world.

My grandfather, Alpha King Gideon Crimson, took the stage first.

"Welcome, everyone," Gideon's voice boomed. "Today we celebrate the union of the Crimson and Stone families."

His speech was short but radiated authority. He meant every word.

Then, my father, Theron, walked up. His expression was stiff.

"Congratulations to my son," Theron said coldly. "May this union bring... stability."

He barely spoke for a minute before shoving the microphone into Ronan's hand. Ronan stepped into the spotlight, flashing a perfect, practiced smile.

"I am so happy for my big brother," Ronan announced loudly. "I sincerely hope Theodore will smoothly become the next Alpha King of our Crimson Moon Pack!"

The room went deadly silent. I saw the faces of my uncles and cousins darken instantly. Ronan had just declared war on my behalf, making me the public enemy of the entire family.

Amelia leaned down to my ear.

"Ronan is deliberately drawing hatred to you," she whispered.

I looked at Ronan's smug face on stage. My expression remained calm.

"Let him bark," I murmured low enough for only her to hear. "This will be the last time this mongrel gets to bark in front of the wolves."

"It is his last chance to speak like this," I added coldly.

(Author's POV)

Below the stage, the Crimson family table was a pit of vipers.

Vincent Crimson leaned in close to his son, Victor.

"The Alpha King will officially announce the heir before the end of the year," Vincent hissed.

Victor's face twisted with displeasure.

“Three months?” Victor scoffed. “He just gave that buffer period to let Theodore’s crippled wolf heal. It is blatant favoritism.”

“You must fight for it with everything you have,” Vincent warned.

At the next table, Garrett Crimson swirled his wine glass. He looked over with a thoughtful expression. “Don’t underestimate them,” Garrett interjected. “Amelia Stone is a lost Alpha daughter. Rumor has it she possesses a healing talent. She might actually fix Theodore’s legs.”

Victor sneered, looking completely unbothered.

“Let her try,” Victor said arrogantly. “A cripple is a cripple.”

He glanced at Derek, who was sitting nearby.

“Unlike some people who try to humiliate cripples and get humiliated themselves,” Victor mocked.

Derek slammed his glass down.

“Watch your mouth, Victor,” Derek spat. “I’ll be watching from the front row when you fall on your face.”

Victor let out a cold laugh. He already had a vicious plan forming in his mind. He would make Theodore give up on himself completely.

Garrett exchanged a subtle glance with his father. Let Victor be the cannon fodder. When Victor and Theodore destroyed each other, Garrett would be there to pick up the pieces.

(Author’s POV)

Ronan walked off the stage, looking pleased with himself. Gideon stopped him immediately.

“Why did you say that?” Gideon demanded, his golden eyes narrowing. “You are stirring up unnecessary trouble for your brother.”

Ronan put on an innocent face.

“Grandfather, the trouble exists whether I say it or not,” Ronan argued. “I just wanted to show the pack that I support Theodore fully.”

Gideon looked at him deeply for a moment, searching for the lie, but said nothing more.

Ronan walked away, suppressing a smirk. He had successfully caught the old man’s attention and planted a bomb in the family dynamics.

He slipped away from the crowd and pulled out his phone. He dialed a number.

“Are you here?” Ronan asked. “Everything is proceeding as planned.”

(Author’s POV)

Back on stage, it was time for Amelia’s family to speak.

Jaxon and Seraphina stood together. Seraphina took the microphone, her hands trembling slightly.

“I missed twenty years of my daughter’s life,” Seraphina said, her voice shaking. “I only hope that she finds happiness now. She deserves the best this world has to offer.”

She looked directly at the curtain where Theodore was waiting.

“Theodore,” she said, her voice choking with emotion. “I hope you keep your promise. Do not let her suffer any grievances. Protect her.”

Behind the curtain, Theodore listened silently. His eyes burned with a fierce determination.

Music swelled. Amelia pushed Theodore’s wheelchair out into the spotlight.

The crowd hushed. Amelia handed the microphone to him gently.

Theodore took it. Even sitting in a wheelchair, his Alpha aura was suffocatingly powerful. He scanned the hall, meeting the gaze of every detractor.

“First, I want to thank every guest who came tonight to witness my engagement to my mate, Amelia Stone,” Theodore said. His deep voice resonated through the luxury hall.

“Secondly, I thank my future in-laws,” he continued. “Thank you for trusting me with such an outstanding partner.”

He looked up at Amelia, his golden eyes softening.

“I swear here and now,” Theodore said, his voice rising with intensity. “I swear on my wolf and my life. I will protect her with everything I have...”

Bang!

The heavy doors of the banquet hall were thrown open with a violent crash.

“Theodore, I object! I object to your engagement with Amelia Stone!”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 133[1,212 words]

(Author's POV)

The harmonious atmosphere of the banquet hall shattered instantly. Damien's shout echoed off the high ceilings, causing every head to turn.

He stood at the entrance, clutching a massive bouquet of bright red roses. He looked out of place and manic.

Without waiting for permission, Damien strode toward the stage. The crowd parted for him, murmurs erupting like wildfire.

Amelia's face turned ice cold. She snatched the microphone from Theodore's hand.

"Get out," Amelia commanded, her voice sharp. "You are not welcome here."

Damien ignored her completely. He kept walking until he was right in front of the stage, looking up at them.

"Cancel this engagement immediately!" Damien shouted. "You are making a mistake, Amelia!"

The whispers grew louder.

"Isn't that the lost son of the Blackwood family?" one guest whispered.

"I heard he and Amelia used to be mates in the countryside," another replied.

"Does Theodore know about their past?" someone asked.

Damien seemed to feed off the attention. He puffed out his chest and pointed an accusing finger at Theodore.

"You can't marry him, Amelia," Damien announced loudly. "Look at him. He is a cripple."

The room went quiet, but Damien wasn't finished. He dropped the real bomb.

"It isn't just his legs," Damien sneered, his voice carrying to every corner of the room. "He can't have children. His body is broken. He can never give you pups!"

Gasps filled the air. This was a direct attack on the Crimson bloodline.

“No heirs?” an elder from a minor pack muttered. “If the Crimson heir cannot reproduce, the lineage ends.”

“Is he fit to lead if he cannot provide a successor?” another questioned.

Damien smiled triumphantly. He took a step closer to the stairs of the stage.

“Only an Alpha like me can give you true happiness,” Damien declared. “I can give you the family you deserve. Come down here, Amelia.”

The insult hung heavy in the air. To question an Alpha’s ability to breed was the ultimate disrespect in their society.

Theodore sat motionless in his wheelchair. His face was a mask of indifference.

His golden eyes didn’t even blink at Damien. Instead, his gaze drifted past the fool to the shadows at the edge of the room.

Ronan stood there, watching.

Inside Theodore’s mind, his wolf, Logan, let out a deep, vibrating growl.

““This mongrel has a death wish,” Logan snarled. ““I will personally tear his throat out.”“

Theodore tightened his grip on the armrest slightly.

““Patience,” Theodore soothed his wolf. ““The show is just beginning.”“

Below the stage, the Stone family table was in chaos.

Seraphina’s face went white with anger. She gripped the tablecloth.

“How did he get in?” Seraphina demanded. “The security is supposed to be impenetrable today.”

Jaxon’s eyes were sharp as flint. He scanned the room.

“He didn’t sneak in,” Jaxon said grimly. “Someone let him in to sabotage this.”

At the next table, Ethan and Celine exchanged a quick, secretive look. A smirk played on Ethan’s lips.

They knew exactly who was behind this. They were just waiting for Amelia to be humiliated.

Livia, sitting on the other side, let out a short, cruel laugh.

“I knew it,” Livia scoffed. “Amelia’s engagement was destined to be a farce. She attracts trouble like a magnet.”

Seraphina turned on her, eyes blazing.

“She is your daughter!” Seraphina snapped. “How can you take joy in this?”

“She is an embarrassment,” Livia retorted.

“Enough,” Jaxon growled, stepping between them. He glared at Livia. “Watch your tongue, Livia. Or I will have you removed.”

Lyra Drake watched the interaction from a few feet away. She saw the protective way Jaxon shielded Seraphina.

Her heart twisted.

She thought of her own mate, Carlos. When trouble struck, he ran. He was a coward.

“Why do some women get heroes, and I get a rat?” Lyra thought bitterly. Jealousy burned in her chest.

Further back, the Crimson cousins were watching the drama unfold.

Vivian swirled her wine, looking bored.

“Look at that i”“t,” Vivian drawled. “He is pulling a Derek.”

Derek, sitting nearby, stiffened. His face darkened.

“What did you say?” Derek growled.

“I said he is shooting himself in the foot,” Vivian said with a smirk. “Just like you did. I wonder why Ronan wants to ruin his own brother’s event so badly.”

Garrett leaned toward Victor, keeping his voice low.

“This chaos weakens Theodore’s position,” Garrett whispered. “It is a chance for the Alpha King to reconsider the succession.”

Victor looked at Ronan in the distance and scoffed.

“Please,” Victor said dismissively. “Ronan is a snake who hides in the grass. He fights with tricks, not strength. He is not worthy to be my opponent.”

The tension in the room was at its peak. It was the perfect moment for a hero to step in.

Ronan emerged from the shadows. He signaled to two large bodyguards behind him.

He marched toward Damien with a look of righteous indignation on his face. He adjusted his suit jacket, looking every bit the concerned brother.

“Damien Blackwood!” Ronan shouted, his voice full of authority. “You have crossed the line!”

The crowd watched as Ronan stopped a few feet from Damien.

“This is a sacred ceremony for the Crimson family,” Ronan lectured loudly. “We do not tolerate such disrespect. Security, remove him!”

Ronan looked around at the guests, making sure they saw him defending the family honor. He was playing the part perfectly.

He turned back to Damien with a sneer.

“Get out now,” Ronan ordered. “Before I make you.”

Damien stared at Ronan. His expression shifted from manic to confused, and then to angry.

He didn’t back down. He didn’t run.

Instead, Damien let out a harsh laugh.

“Cut the act, Ronan!” Damien yelled, his voice booming over the silence.

Ronan froze. His confident mask slipped for a fraction of a second.

“What are you talking about?” Ronan hissed. “Get him out of here!”

Damien shook off the bodyguard who reached for him.

“You invited me!” Damien screamed, pointing a finger directly in Ronan’s face. “That invitation in my pocket? You gave it to me yesterday!”

The entire banquet hall gasped in unison. The sound was like all the air being sucked out of the room.

“Ronan invited him?” a guest whispered loudly.

“He set up his own brother?” another asked, shocked.

Celine and Ethan’s faces drained of color instantly. Their smug smiles vanished.

“He is ruining everything,” Ethan muttered.

Ronan panicked. He could feel the eyes of the Alpha King and his father burning into his back.

“You are lying!” Ronan shouted, his voice cracking slightly. “I never met you! You are spewing lies to sow discord!”

“Oh, am I?” Damien challenged.

Damien looked furious. He had been promised a chance to win Amelia back, not to be thrown out like garbage by his co-conspirator.

The gloves were off.

Damien ignored Ronan’s murderous glare. He turned his back on Ronan and looked up at Amelia and Theodore on the stage.

“I am not lying,” Damien said clearly.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone, waving it in the air.

“Check the security footage at the Blackwood Pack house,” Damien announced to the entire room. “My cameras don’t lie. Last night, this guy came to my door...”

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(Amelia’s POV)

watched Ronan charge toward Damien like a rabid dog. His face was flushed, and he was shouting nonsense, trying to drown out the truth with noise. It was pathetic.

I leaned down slightly, bringing my lips close to Theodore’s ear.

“It looks like your brother’s master plan has completely blown up in his face,” I whispered, a smirk touching my lips.

Theodore didn’t smile. His jaw tightened, and a flicker of cold ice passed through his golden eyes.

“I trusted him too much,” Theodore admitted, his voice low and dangerous. “I let my guard down because he is blood. I gave him the opening he needed to strike.”

On the floor below the stage, Damien wasn’t intimidated by Ronan’s rage. In fact, the interruption seemed to fuel him. He puffed out his chest and raised his voice, ensuring every guest in the banquet hall could hear him clearly.

“Ronan came to me!” Damien shouted, pointing an accusing finger at the panicked man. “He told me the truth! He said Theodore didn’t want this mating ceremony at all. He said his brother didn’t want this woman!”

The crowd gasped. Damien looked up at me, his eyes wide with a delusional sort of sincerity.

“He begged me to save you both from this mistake,” Damien declared. “He asked me to intervene. To save this union from happening.”

Damien finished his speech and smiled arrogantly. He looked at me expectantly, as if he thought I would rush down the stairs and thank him for his heroism.

I didn’t get angry. Instead, I felt a cold amusement. I tilted my head, feigning interest.

“Is that so?” I asked, my voice calm and carrying over the murmurs of the crowd. “That is quite a story, Damien. But surely there was more to it. What exactly was the plan Ronan cooked up for you?”

(Amelia’s POV)

Ronan’s face turned a deep, violent shade of red. He looked like he was about to explode.

“Shut up!” Ronan roared.

He lunged forward, grabbing Damien by the lapels of his suit. He turned to his personal guards, desperation wild in his eyes.

“Get him out of here!” Ronan screamed. “Throw this lunatic out! He is lying!”

Ronan’s guards moved to obey, but they didn’t get far.

Marcus stepped forward instantly. With a sharp hand signal, a dozen elite Crimson warriors formed a wall of muscle and steel between Ronan's men and Damien. The sheer pressure coming from Marcus made Ronan's guards freeze in their tracks.

Theodore didn't need to shout. He sat in his wheelchair, radiating an aura that made the air feel heavy.

"Stand down, Ronan," Theodore commanded. His voice was like a whip crack. Then he looked at Damien. "Continue. I want to hear every detail."

With the threat of removal gone, Damien straightened his jacket. He looked smugly at Ronan before turning back to me. He spoke without a shred of shame.

"Ronan proposed a solution," Damien said loudly. "He said he would arrange for your drink to be spiked with a strong aphrodisiac during the toast."

Gasps of horror rippled through the room.

"I was to take you away when you felt unwell," Damien continued, sounding proud of the strategy. "While you were... under the influence, I would mark you. Once the mating mark is placed and the bond is sealed, Theodore couldn't possibly accept you. You would have no choice but to become the Luna of the Blackwood family."

He truly believed he was doing everyone a favor. He looked at me with a sickeningly tender expression.

"It was the only way to fulfill Theodore's wish and get you back," Damien said. He took a step toward the stage, reaching his hand out as if to caress me. "Come with me, Amelia. Leave this fake ceremony. I am the one who really wants you."

His fingers were inches from the hem of my dress.

I recoiled instantly. I took a sharp step back, looking at him with pure disgust. It was like looking at a cockroach crawling across a dinner plate.

"Don't you dare touch me with your dirty hands," I snapped, my voice cutting through the air. "If you value your fingers, you will pull them back right now."

Inside my mind, Ava let out a vicious snarl.

"If he takes one more step, I will tear that arrogant male into shreds," she growled, her fur bristling.

(Author's POV)

Amelia let out a short, sharp laugh. It wasn't a happy sound.

“Well,” she said, her tone dripping with sarcasm. “I suppose I should thank you, Damien. You have done Theodore and me a huge favor today.”

Damien blinked, confused. “I... I have?”

“Yes,” Amelia said coldly. “You have exposed the rat hiding in the shadows.”

Theodore moved his wheelchair forward. The pressure in the room spiked dramatically. His Alpha aura rolled off him in waves, suffocating the guests nearest to the stage.

“I had no idea,” Theodore said, his voice devoid of any warmth. “I did not know my own brother was plotting such vile things against his future sister-in-law.”

Damien looked from Amelia to Theodore. The realization hit him slowly. Theodore wasn’t relieved. He was furious.

“You...” Damien stammered. “You wanted this? You wanted to mate with her?”

“Since the moment I met her,” Theodore replied. He didn’t even look at Damien anymore. His golden eyes were fixed on Ronan. “You were used, you fool.”

Damien’s face fell. He realized he had been played.

Theodore stared at Ronan, who stood frozen near the stage. Ronan’s face was ashen gray.

“Explain yourself, Ronan,” Theodore demanded. “Now.”

(Author’s POV)

Ronan stood rigid, as if he had been turned to stone. Cold sweat soaked through the back of his expensive dress shirt.

The silence in the hall was broken by the rising tide of whispers. The guests were no longer hiding their judgment.

“What a snake,” a woman whispered loudly.

“After everything Theodore did for him,” an older man muttered, shaking his head. “He was exiled for bringing bad luck to the pack. It was Theodore who insisted on bringing him back when they were adults.”

“Ungrateful wretch,” another guest scoffed. “Biting the hand that fed him.”

Theron Crimson stood near the front table, his face a mask of fury. He wasn’t angry at the immoral plan; he was angry that his son had been caught so publicly. He glared at Ronan, silently cursing his stupidity for dragging the family name through the mud.

Then, a heavy cane struck the floor with a loud “thud”.

Alpha King Gideon rose from his seat. The old man’s eyes were fierce. He had never liked Ronan. He saw too much of Theron’s weakness and arrogance in the boy. He had only tolerated him for Theodore’s sake.

“Ronan,” Gideon boomed. His voice shook the chandeliers. “If you cannot provide a satisfactory explanation for this treachery right now, you will be stripped of your name.”

Ronan flinched.

“You will be cast out,” Gideon declared ruthlessly. “Just like your sister Isla. You will leave the Crimson Moon Pack as a Rogue. You will have nothing.”

(Author’s POV)

Ronan felt the walls closing in. His heart hammered against his ribs like a trapped bird.

There was no explanation. There was no lie that could cover this. Damien had revealed everything.

He looked at the faces around him. Disgust. Anger. Mockery.

He was done.

Unless he created a distraction.

Ronan’s hand trembled as he reached into his inner suit pocket. His fingers closed around a small, jagged crystal he had obtained from a dark market dealer weeks ago. It was a failsafe. A chaotic backup plan intended to ruin the banquet if all else failed.

He didn’t want to use it. It was dangerous. But he needed time to run. He needed a minute of confusion.

Ronan squeezed his hand into a fist.

“Crack.”

He crushed the crystal.

For a second, nothing happened. Then, a low hissing sound filled the air.

“Snake!” a woman screamed from the back of the hall.

“Oh my god! Snakes!” another voice shrieked.

“Watch out! Scorpions!”

Chaos erupted instantly. The vents and shadows seemed to come alive as venomous creatures, summoned by the shattered artifact, slithered onto the polished floor.

Guests screamed and scrambled over chairs. The orderly banquet dissolved into a stampede of terror.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 135[1,066 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I stood on the raised stage. My eyes swept over the chaos below. It was a sea of screaming guests and overturning tables.

I glanced at Theodore. He looked back at me, his jaw set hard.

“He used the information Ethan gave him,” I said, my voice low. “Ronan knows I grew up in the Meadow Brook Pack. He knows I lived on the edge of the wild forest.”

I looked down at a massive snake coiling around a chair leg. Its movements were jerky and unnatural.

“Those creatures aren't just loose,” I whispered to Theodore. “They are drugged. Someone fed them stimulants or used dark arts. They are in a frenzy.”

Theodore's hand tightened on the armrest of his wheelchair.

“Can you handle them?” he asked.

“They are dangerous,” I admitted. “Even for me. I need time to calm them down. If anyone dies here, the blame falls on me.”

Theodore reached out. He took my hand firmly. His golden eyes burned with intensity.

“Go,” he said. “If you can't stop them, I will use every resource I have to protect you. You are not alone in this.”

I smiled. It was a cold, confident smile.

“I never fight a battle I haven't prepared for,” I replied.

I opened my small clutch. A pungent, earthy scent wafted out. I pulled out a sachet filled with dried moonflower and potent herbs.

I pressed the sachet into Theodore's hand.

"Keep this tight," I instructed. "It will keep them away from you."

I turned away from him and faced the screaming crowd.

Inside my mind, Ava snorted with disgust.

"Those poor little things," she growled. "They have been driven mad. That dark scent on them is revolting."

She paused, her tail flicking with excitement.

"Go," Ava urged me. "Let these greenhouse dogs see what the laws of the wild really look like."

I walked down the stairs. My steps were steady.

I glanced toward the corner table. Rhys and Rowan were standing back. They were safe. They had the repellent powder I gave them weeks ago.

My eyes scanned the room. Most people were running blindly.

Then I saw Natasha.

The young girl was shaking. Her knees looked like they might buckle. But she stood with her arms spread wide, shielding her mother, Cordelia.

A large spider was crawling toward them. Natasha didn't run.

She was the only Crimson who had shown me kindness.

I made my choice. I walked straight toward them.

(Theodore's POV)

The banquet hall was a disaster zone. Screams echoed off the high ceilings.

I sat in my wheelchair, watching the panic unfold. It was pathetic.

"Protect the King!" Uncle Vincent roared. He shoved his son forward.

"Get to your grandfather!" Uncle Magnus shouted from the other side.

They were using a crisis to score points.

Victor charged through the crowd. He threw himself in front of Grandfather Gideon, chest puffed out.

Garrett was slower. He cowered behind Victor, using his cousin as a human shield. He clearly valued his own skin more than glory.

More venomous creatures slithered from the vents. Grandfather's face was dark with anger.

"Guards!" Gideon bellowed. "Protect the guests!"

I didn't bother hiding my strength anymore. I let my Alpha aura expand.

"Marcus!" I commanded. My voice cut through the noise like a blade. "Take the elite warriors. Evacuate the guests toward the stage. Now!"

Marcus moved instantly. The warriors formed a wall, guiding the terrified crowd.

Chaos reigned. Guests were climbing onto tables.

I looked at the Stone family. Jaxon and Seraphina stood still. They were calm. Amelia had warned them.

Near the buffet, a green snake lunged.

"Help!" Uncle Carlos shrieked.

He didn't fight. He didn't try to protect his mate. He turned and ran, leaving Aunt Lyra behind.

Lyra's face went white. Then it turned red with fury. She chased after him, cursing his cowardice.

A sharp scream pierced the air.

"My leg!" Celine cried out.

She was clutching her ankle. A black scorpion scuttled away from her.

Ethan stomped his foot. He crushed the scorpion with a silver utensil. He knelt down, hugging the sobbing Celine.

I looked toward the shadows near the exit. Ronan was standing there. He held a small vial in his hand—the antidote.

He wasn't scared. He was smiling. He was enjoying the show.

Inside me, Logan growled. A deep, vibrating sound.

““That coward Carlos is unworthy,”“ Logan snarled. ““And Ronan... I will make him pay for this.”“

(Amelia's POV)

I reached Natasha. A viper was inches from her foot.

I tossed a second herb pouch at her.

“Hold this,” I said.

Natasha caught it. She looked stunned, clutching the bag to her chest.

I turned to face the center of the room.

Alpha King Gideon was staring down three hissing cobras. He looked up as I approached. His eyes were sharp, filled with the pressure of a King.

“Do you have a solution?” he demanded.

I stopped. I didn't bow. I didn't flinch.

I looked him straight in the eye.

“Unless you plan to bite them back, Your Majesty?” I asked, a smirk touching my lips. “If not, watch and learn.”

Gideon's eyes widened. He fell silent.

I took a deep breath. I didn't reach for any weapon.

I tilted my head back. I opened my mouth.

A sound tore from my throat.

It wasn't a howl. It was a strange, high-pitched trill. It sounded like the warning cry of a mongoose mixed with the screech of a raptor.

I poured my Alpha power into the sound.

To the werewolves, it was just a piercing noise. But to the creatures, it was a command from a predator they could not fight.

The cobras froze. The scorpions stopped moving.

They began to shake.

Then, panic took them. They turned around. They scrambled over each other, desperate to get away from me. They raced for the vents and the open doors.

In three minutes, the hall was empty of every creeping thing.

The silence was heavy.

Then, the whispers started.

“What just happened?” someone asked. “Why did they run?”

“Did you see that?” another voice muttered. “They were terrified of her.”

The relief on their faces was fading. It was being replaced by suspicion.

“That isn’t normal,” a woman whispered loudly. “Who can control poisonous beasts like that?”

“Maybe she summoned them,” a man hissed. “Maybe she used black magic.”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 136[1,183 words]

(Theodore’s POV)

As the last of the creatures slithered away, the screaming stopped. But the silence didn’t last long. It was replaced by a low, angry rumble that quickly grew into a roar.

The panic had cleared, leaving behind fury.

Alphas from the visiting packs surged forward. They surrounded the stage, their faces twisted with rage.

“This is an outrage!” one shouted, pointing a shaking finger at me. “We came here for a celebration, not an assassination attempt!”

“My daughter has been bitten!” another woman screamed, her eyes wild. “If she dies, the Crimson family will pay in blood!”

An older Alpha, a man I respected, stepped forward. His face was grim.

“Theodore,” he warned, his voice deep and dangerous. “There are poisoned guests lying on your floor. If anyone dies today, you cannot shoulder this alone. Even the King cannot protect you from the wrath of all the packs combined.”

I didn’t answer. I simply moved, placing my wheelchair between the angry mob and Amelia. I glared at them, my Alpha aura flaring to push them back.

But Amelia didn’t stay behind me.

I felt a soft touch on my forearm. It wasn’t just a comfort; it was a signal.

Amelia stepped out from my shadow. She didn’t look scared. She raised her chin, her sapphire eyes sweeping over the crowd with cold defiance. She stood right beside me, shoulder to shoulder.

“I don’t need to hide,” she said softly, only for me to hear.

I scanned the room, looking for the source of this madness. My eyes landed on Ronan,

He was standing near the exit. For a split second, a look of pure smugness crossed his face.

He had won this round. He had successfully shifted the blame for his sabotage onto us. He was just waiting for the right moment to deliver the final blow.

(Amelia’s POV)

I looked toward the Stone family’s table.

Celine was sobbing on a chair. Her ankle was swollen and turning a nasty shade of purple. Ethan was kneeling beside her, his face pale with worry.

Suddenly, Ethan shot to his feet. He pointed a trembling finger straight at me.

“She did this!” Ethan roared. “Amelia summoned those things!”

“Ethan, sit down!” Jaxon barked, stepping forward. “Do not accuse your sister without proof.”

“I have proof!” Ethan yelled back. He gestured wildly at Celine’s foot. “Look at what she did to Celine! I won’t stay silent anymore. She has been targeting us since the day she returned!”

The accusation hung in the air. The guests turned to look at me, their eyes narrowing. Ethan's conviction was contagious.

"Is it true?" someone whispered. "Did she attack her own sister?"

I stood calm in the center of the storm. I swirled the red liquid in my wine glass, watching the light catch it.

"Oh, please," I said, my voice cutting through the murmurs. I offered a cold, mocking smile. "If I wanted to destroy my own engagement party, I would have burned this hall to the ground. I wouldn't invite a few bugs to the buffet."

I looked at the crowd with pity. "Do I really look like someone with such a lack of imagination?"

"Because you are a psychopath!"

Ronan's voice boomed across the hall. He marched toward the stage, his face twisted in a mask of righteous anger.

"No normal werewolf can communicate with those filthy creatures!" Ronan shouted. He turned to face Theodore, his expression pleading. "This is why I tried to stop this, brother. I investigated her. When she lived in the Meadow Brook Pack, she was known for this. She can control poisonous beasts. It is unnatural. It is dangerous!"

He looked at the crowd, spreading his hands. "I was afraid she would use this power against the King. Against the Pack. I had to stop it."

Ronan took a deep breath, looking like a martyr.

"I knew they were fated mates," he continued, his voice shaking with fake emotion. "I knew Theodore wouldn't listen to reason. He was blinded by the bond. So, I took it upon myself.

Yes, I used Damien Blackwood to try and break them up. I accept the blame for that. But I did it to protect the Crimson Moon Pack from a witch!"

The crowd gasped. The tide was turning. People were nodding, looking at Ronan with new respect.

Ronan pulled a file from his jacket. "Here is the proof. Ethan Stone gave this to me. It details her history in the wild."

He handed the file to Theodore. Theodore didn't even open it. He passed it directly to Alpha King Gideon.

Gideon flipped through the pages. His face hardened. He looked up at me, his golden eyes piercing.

“Explain this, Amelia,” Gideon commanded.

I didn’t flinch. I walked slowly down the stairs, heading straight for Ronan.

“You’re right, Ronan,” I said, my voice silky and dangerous. “I can control them.”

I stopped a few feet from him. He took a nervous step back.

“That means if I wanted to hurt anyone here,” I whispered, loud enough for everyone to hear, “I wouldn’t need a spectacle. I could simply command a Black Widow to crawl into your bed while you sleep. You wouldn’t even wake up.”

Ronan’s face went pale.

“So don’t insult my intelligence,” I sneered. “Why would I, a woman trying to climb the social ladder, ruin my own big moment in such a loud, clumsy way?”

I turned to the Alphas. “You are leaders. Think. Does this make sense?”

“She’s trying to confuse you!” Ronan yelled, panic edging into his voice. “She did it because she’s sick! Psychopaths enjoy the chaos! She thought no one knew about her past!”

Before I could answer, a wail pierced the air.

Livia Stone rushed forward. She threw herself in front of the crowd, tears streaming down her face.

“He’s right!” Livia screamed. “She is crazy! I can testify to it!”

She looked at the guests, sobbing. “You all think I was a cruel mother for not wanting her back? No! I investigated her. I knew she was evil. I knew she had a rotten soul!”

Livia pointed a shaking hand at me. “She put my son Caleb in a coma because we wouldn’t kick Celine out! And now, look at Celine! Stung on her engagement night!”

She turned to the crowd, her face twisted with malice. “Who would dare recognize such a daughter? She is a monster!”

Inside me, Ava let out a low, broken whimper.

““She is our mother,”““ Ava mourned. ““She wants us dead to protect the fake one.”““

The guests recoiled. The sympathy for Livia was palpable. Their eyes turned to me, cold and judging.

I looked at Livia. I looked at the hate in her eyes. And I smiled.

“Are you quite finished?” I asked, my voice bored.

I gestured to the groaning guests on the floor.

“The priority right now should be the antidote for the people who are actually dying,” I said coldly. “Or would you all prefer to stand here and hold a trial until someone stops breathing?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 137[1,293 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

The noise was giving me a headache. Everyone was screaming, pointing fingers, and wasting time. I felt a surge of annoyance. I didn’t bother defending myself against their ridiculous accusations.

I stepped over the shattered wine glasses on the floor. I walked straight into the center of the chaotic crowd. My posture was rigid and commanding.

“Save your accusations for later!”

My voice wasn’t loud, but it whipped through the air like a lash. It cut through the noise instantly. The room went silent.

I glared at the faces around me.

“Unless you want to watch these people die while you argue, shut your mouths. Clear the floor. Now!”

Theodore understood immediately. He stepped forward, his wheelchair moving smoothly to my side. The immense pressure of the Alpha King’s heir rolled off him in waves.

He backed my command with his own power. His golden eyes swept over the nobles who opened their mouths to object. They shut them quickly, cowed by his intensity.

He looked at me, his gaze firm and trusting.

“I will handle this mob,” Theodore said, his voice low and steady. “Do what you need to do. The Crimson Moon Pack will investigate this thoroughly later. Everyone will get an answer.

But right now, you are in charge.”

(Amelia’s POV)

The guests scrambled back, leaving a wide circle around the stage.

Dr. Landon Moore, the top medical expert in our world, rushed to the victims. The scene was worse than I expected.

The poisoned guests were pale as sheets. Under their skin, black veins were spreading like spiderwebs. It was ugly.

Some of them were convulsing so hard they couldn't control their wolves. Fur sprouted on their arms. Claws scratched against the polished floor. They were shifting into half-wolf forms from the pain.

Celine was slumped in a chair nearby. She clawed at her throat, gasping for air. It looked like an invisible hand was choking her.

Ethan looked like he was about to lose his mind. He ignored all dignity and grabbed Dr. Moore's arm.

"Save her!" Ethan shouted. "Doctor, look at my sister! Save her first!"

Dr. Moore shook him off and did a rapid check of the victims. He moved from one to the next, his frown deepening with every second.

There were eight people down. All of them had the same lethal symptoms. Dr. Moore stood up and shook his head helplessly. Even he couldn't fight the Reaper for eight souls at once with his bare hands.

(Amelia's POV)

The medical team from the Crimson Moon Pack burst into the hall. They carried emergency kits and rushed to support Dr. Moore.

"Get the stabilizers!" Moore barked.

He and the family doctors split up. They injected standard antidotes into the victims' arms. I watched, knowing it wouldn't work.

Two minutes passed. The victims didn't improve. Their breathing got shallower.

Dr. Moore stood up, his face grave. He wiped sweat from his forehead.

"It's not working," he announced, his voice tight with frustration. "This toxin is aggressive. It's destroying their self-healing factors faster than we can boost them. I don't have the specific serum. We need a trauma center with advanced life support immediately."

(Author's POV)

Ronan's eyes lit up. He saw an opening.

"The nearest top-tier treatment center is twenty minutes away!" Ronan yelled, feigning panic. "Look at them! They won't last ten minutes!"

He looked around the room, his face a mask of concern. Inside, he was calculating. If just one of these people died, Amelia would never wash the blood from her hands. She would be branded a murderer forever.

Ronan turned his gaze to Amelia. He smirked slightly, wanting to see her crumble. He wanted to see her cry and beg for forgiveness.

But Amelia didn't even look at him.

She was kneeling beside a convulsing man, checking his pupils. She looked bored. Her expression showed nothing but disdain, as if Ronan was a toddler throwing a tantrum in a library.

She ignored his existence completely. That indifference hit Ronan harder than any insult. His smile faltered.

(Author's POV)

Dr. Moore sighed heavily. He had to make the hard call.

"We can't transport them in time," Moore said, his voice grim. "We have to triage. We have limited resources. We must prioritize the patients with lighter poisoning and a higher chance of survival."

A collective gasp went through the victims. The ones in the worst shape looked terrified.

Celine felt the cold grip of death tightening. She grabbed Ethan's hand, her nails digging deep into his skin.

"Ethan..." she wheezed, tears streaming down her face. "Don't... let me die."

Ethan turned to Dr. Moore, his eyes wild. "Please! Save Celine first! She is the daughter of the Stone family!"

Dr. Moore looked at Celine, then at a younger man who was breathing better.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stone," Moore said coldly. "The toxin has already reached her heart. Saving her would take too long and the success rate is near zero. Medical ethics demand I save those who can be saved."

He turned his back on them.

Celine's eyes went dull. The light of hope vanished. She had always been the golden child. She never thought she would be discarded like trash.

(Author's POV)

Ethan was hyperventilating. He looked around the room frantically. His eyes landed on a distinguished older man in a suit.

Valerius Kane. The auction house owner.

Ethan sprinted over and grabbed Valerius by the shoulders.

"Contact the Shadow Apothecary!" Ethan screamed. "I know you know her! You sold her pills! Only that lunatic can fix a poison this weird!"

Valerius pulled back, looking uncomfortable. He held up his hands.

"Ethan, calm down," Valerius said. "You know the rules. The Shadow Apothecary is a ghost. She doesn't take appointments. I can't just summon her."

The last hope shattered. Ethan snapped.

He roared like a wounded beast and charged back to Dr. Moore. He grabbed the doctor by the collar, lifting him onto his toes.

"If Celine dies here today, I will make everyone in this room pay!" Ethan spat, his eyes red with madness.

"Unhead me!" Moore shouted, offended. "You are wasting precious time!"

The two men shoved each other. The healers hesitated, unsure whether to intervene. The situation was spiraling into violence.

(Author's POV)

A hand shot out. It shoved Dr. Moore hard, sending him stumbling back.

Amelia stood between the doctor and her brother. Her face was ice cold.

"Move," Amelia said. "You are killing them with this drama."

Ethan stared at her, stunned by her strength. He opened his mouth to yell at her.

"Shut up," Amelia snapped. She didn't let him get a word out. "I don't need your permission, and I certainly don't need your trust. I am the only person in this room who knows exactly what is in that poison."

She didn't wait for a reaction. She pulled a small leather roll from her clutch. With a flick of her wrist, she unrolled it, revealing a set of black obsidian needles. Next to them were several small, sealed glass vials.

Her movements were fluid and practiced.

"Since none of you can save them, step back. Don't block my light."

She ignored the gasps and the skeptical looks. She squatted down beside the nearest victim. Without hesitation, she drove a needle into a pressure point on his leg.

The obsidian needle began to glow with a faint, eerie light. Healing energy pulsed from her fingers, down the needle, and into the dying man.

Damien Blackwood stepped forward from the crowd. He watched her hands move, a flash of recognition in his eyes.

"Let her work," Damien said, his voice deep and serious. "I've seen her do this before. Her healing skills are real."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 138[1,519 words]

(Author's POV)

Celine gritted her teeth until her jaw ached. The poison was eating through her insides like acid, burning every organ it touched. Yet, she refused to open her mouth. She would not beg Amelia for help.

She could not accept that her life lay in the hands of the woman she had always looked down upon. To beg for her life would be a humiliation worse than death. She looked desperately at Ethan, hoping he would stand up for her.

Ethan just stared at Amelia, his face a mask of iron and rage. He said nothing. He knew he had no leverage here.

Amelia ignored the silent, hateful exchange between the siblings completely. She focused entirely on the patient in front of her. The toxin had been drawn to a single point on the man's leg, causing it to swell angrily.

She reached into her medical kit. Her fingers closed around the handle of a specialized golden knife. With a swift, precise movement, she sliced open the swollen flesh.

Black, foul-smelling blood gushed out immediately.

Amelia didn't flinch. She grabbed a jar of glowing herbal paste and pressed it firmly onto the open wound. The paste sizzled as it cauterized the edges and blocked the toxin from spreading back into the bloodstream.

"Open up," she ordered the man.

She popped a moonlight herb pill into his mouth. "This will stabilize your wolf. Don't fight it."

Then came the part that made the crowd recoil. Amelia opened a small, sealed glass jar. Inside, several pitch-black medicinal leeches writhed against the glass.

She used tweezers to pick them up one by one. She placed them directly onto the bleeding wound.

Amelia's wolf, Ava, let out a satisfied purr in her mind.

"Look at those greedy little things," Ava said. "They will suck every drop of poison dry."

The moment the leeches touched the skin, they latched on. They began to suck frantically, their bodies swelling as they drained the toxic black blood.

The guests standing nearby gasped in horror. The sight of the slimy creatures wriggling on human skin was too much for them. Some turned their heads away, covering their mouths to suppress their nausea.

It was barbaric. It was dark. It was unheard of in modern medicine.

Dr. Landon Moore frowned deeply. He stepped forward, his professional instincts screaming at him to intervene.

"This... this is reckless!" Dr. Moore stammered. "Are you trying to make them bleed to death?"

But his words died in his throat.

He watched closely. The black blood flowing into the leeches was rapidly turning red. The wound, under the influence of the glowing paste, had already stopped bleeding excessively.

Dr. Moore pushed his glasses up his nose. His eyes widened in shock. He stared at Amelia's skilled hands, his mouth hanging slightly open.

He swallowed his criticism. The wild, primitive method was actually working.

Alpha King Gideon and the Stone family patriarch, Alaric, watched from a distance. They didn't understand the medical theory. But they saw that Dr. Moore had fallen silent.

That was enough for them. A look of satisfaction crossed their faces.

Less than five minutes passed.

The two patients who had been on death's door started to change. Their pale, grey skin flushed with color. The violent spasms that had racked their bodies ceased. The numbness that trapped their limbs began to fade.

One of the men flexed his fingers. He took a deep breath, his eyes widening in surprise.

"My wolf..." he whispered. "I can feel my self-healing returning."

He looked at Amelia with eyes full of awe and gratitude.

The other poisoned guests saw the miracle happen right in front of them. They couldn't care about dignity or appearance anymore. Panic and hope surged through them.

"Me! Please, treat me next!" one shouted.

"Ms. Stone, please save me!" another begged.

They scrambled toward Amelia, fighting to be next in line. Only Celine remained in her chair. She gripped the armrests so tightly her knuckles were white. Her face was ghastly pale, sweat dripping from her forehead.

Amelia remained calm amidst the chaos. She raised a hand, signaling for silence.

"Quiet," she commanded. "I will treat everyone in order. I guarantee no one will die today."

The crowd let out a collective sigh of relief.

But then, Amelia turned her head. Her sapphire eyes locked onto Celine. Her gaze was cold, devoid of any sisterly affection.

"However," Amelia added, her voice dropping an octave. "There is one exception."

She turned her back on Celine and Ethan. She ignored the furious glare Ethan burned into her back.

Amelia moved to the next five patients. She inserted obsidian needles into their pressure points with fluid grace. She fed them the moonlight pills.

"The leeches are special," she explained as she worked. "I have a limited supply. They must finish their work on the first group before I can use them on you."

She stood up and wiped her hands on a cloth.

"But I have used the needles to trap the toxin. You are all safe for now. Just wait."

Time ticked by, agonizingly slow.

Ethan watched in horror. The other six victims were stabilizing. Their color was returning. They were breathing easier.

But Celine was deteriorating rapidly. She was the one poisoned most severely, and she was receiving no help.

Celine curled into a ball in her chair. Her breathing became raspy and rattling, like air struggling through a fluid-filled lung.

Suddenly, she lurched forward. A violent retch tore through her body. She vomited a massive amount of black blood onto the polished floor.

“Celine!” Ethan screamed.

He dropped to his knees beside her, panic flooding his eyes.

Amelia glanced over. Her expression was indifferent. She looked at her dying sister as if she were a stranger on the street.

A male guest standing nearby couldn’t take it anymore. He stepped forward, his face flushed, with righteous indignation.

“This is too much,” he said, pointing a shaking finger at Amelia. “Whatever grudges you have, you are a healer! Refusing to treat her is a death sentence. It is cruel!”

Amelia didn’t launch into a speech about karma. She didn’t explain herself.

She simply raised an eyebrow. She reached into her jar and pulled out a wriggling, black leech.

She walked right up to the man. She held the slimy creature inches from his nose.

“You are so noble,” she sneered.

She thrust the jar toward his chest.

“Here. You suck the poison out yourself.”

The man recoiled, his face turning green. He stumbled back.

“No?” Amelia’s voice was like a whip. “Then shut the f—k up and sit down.”

The guest turned pale. He collapsed back into his seat, terrified. He didn’t dare utter another word.

Ethan clenched his fists. His nails dug deep into his flesh, drawing blood.

“She is a human being,” Ethan growled, his voice trembling. “Are you really going to watch her die?”

Amelia shrugged. She looked completely unbothered.

“Just minutes ago, you and your mother swore I was the one who brought the poison,” she said. “Since you are so certain I did it on purpose, I might as well accept the charge.”

Livia Stone stood frozen nearby. Her face went white, Regret washed over her. She wished she could take back every stupid word she had screamed earlier.

Celine’s eyes began to roll back in her head. She was going into shock.

Ethan grabbed her cold, limp hand. He looked at Amelia, desperation breaking through his anger.

He finally let go of his Alpha pride.

“What do you want?” Ethan begged, his voice cracking. “I will do anything. Just save Celine!”

(Amelia’s POV)

I didn’t answer him immediately. I pulled a chair over and sat down slowly. I crossed my legs, looking down at them like a queen surveying a defeated enemy.

Ava roared in my mind, vibrating with excitement. “Yes! That is it! Tear off her mask!”

I leaned back against the chair. I looked at Ethan, then at the dying girl in his arms.

“I don’t want her apology,” I said calmly. “I want her confession. Loud and clear. I want everyone in this room to hear it.”

My gaze sharpened like a blade, piercing straight into Celine.

“I want Celine to admit it right now,” I demanded. “Before I was brought back to the Stone River Pack, a rogue broke into my home. He tried to rape me and film it.”

The room went deadly silent.

“Tell them, Celine,” I said, my voice ice cold. “Admit that you were the one who hired him.”

I leaned forward slightly.

“Tear off that perfect little princess mask,” I whispered, though my voice carried to every corner of the hall. “Tell everyone what kind of monster you really are. That is the price of your life.”

For someone like Celine, reputation was oxygen. To expose her true, ugly nature to the elite society was a torture far worse than physical pain.

If I just let her die now, she would die a victim.

That wasn't enough.

Death would be too easy for her.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 139[1,294 words]

(Author's POV)

Celine clenched her jaw so tight her teeth felt like they might crack. She never imagined Amelia would use a life-or-death moment like this as a bargaining chip. Amelia was actually trying to force her to admit to that filthy scandal.

Celine was certain of one thing. If she admitted to hiring a rogue to rape Amelia and film it, her perfect, innocent image would be destroyed forever. That humiliation was far worse than death.

She decided to gamble. She didn't believe Amelia would actually dare to let her die in front of all these high-ranking wolves.

Ethan looked at Amelia with pure hatred. He had read Celine's forged diary and believed every word of it.

"You are projecting your own malicious thoughts onto her!" Ethan shouted. "Stop twisting the truth!"

Adrian and Livia joined the chorus of accusations.

"This is vile blackmail!" Livia shrieked. "You are supposed to be a healer!"

Celine let out a perfectly timed, pained moan. Her body convulsed violently on the chair. Black, spiderweb-like veins began to crawl up her neck, contrasting sharply with her pale skin.

"Amelia..." Celine gasped, playing the victim to the end. "Even if you hate me... you shouldn't humiliate me like this."

Amelia watched the family's performance with cold, dead eyes.

Inside her mind, her wolf Ava let out a scoff of disgust. "Since she would rather die with a fake halo than live as an honest sinner, let her have her wish."

Amelia looked at the crowd, her expression blank.

“I didn’t offer the antidote out of mercy. I didn’t do it for anyone’s sake,” Amelia said flatly. “It was a simple transaction: truth for life. She declined. That is strictly business.”

Ethan stared at her, his face crumbling. He realized she was serious.

“Amelia, please,” Ethan begged again, his voice cracking. “Just save her. I will do anything. I will owe you my life.”

Amelia took a step closer to him. Her eyes held a mocking sort of pity.

“Oh, Ethan,” she said softly. “Do you really think you still have any chips to bargain with?”

She reached out. Her hand gently, insultingly, patted his rigid cheek.

“When you chose to blindly stand by her side, you went bankrupt in my eyes,” she said. “I don’t need your favors; I don’t need “you”.”

She stepped back as if he were contagious. She wiped her hand on her side, looking at him. with pure revulsion.

The light in Ethan’s eyes shattered. He finally realized that he held absolutely no weight in Amelia’s heart anymore.

Desperate, Livia turned to the Stone family patriarch.

“Father! Please!” Livia cried out to Alpha Alaric. “Make her stop this madness!”

Alaric just let out a cold snort. He looked at his son and daughter-in-law with severe disappointment.

“You brought this on yourselves,” Alaric said sternly. “I will not force my granddaughter to be mistreated and humiliated again for the sake of an adopted child.”

Amelia ignored the wailing of the Stone family. She turned to the last poisoned guest.

She worked quickly, neutralizing the toxin and stabilizing him. Then, she methodically began. to collect the medicinal leeches. They were swollen with black blood. She dropped them one. by one back into the sealed glass jar.

Ethan watched her pack up. He snapped.

“She is dying!” Ethan screamed.

He tried to rush through the crowd to grab Amella. But before he could get within five feet, a wall of muscle blocked his path.

Marcus stood there, shoving Ethan back with a single hand.

Ethan couldn't get past the Beta. He could only scream in impotent rage.

"How can you be so vicious?" Ethan yelled, tears streaming down his face. "Are you that cold-blooded? Does watching her die make you happy?"

Amelia paused. She stopped screwing the lid onto the jar.

She turned around slowly. She looked straight at Ethan, a dangerous curve playing on her lips.

"Vicious?" she repeated.

She tightened the lid with a final twist. Her eyes flashed with a chilling light.

"Maybe," she said. "But unlike your 'saintly' Celine who is about to become a corpse, my blood is still warm. I'll take 'alive and evil' over 'dead and saintly' any day."

Alpha King Gideon let out a cold, appreciative laugh.

"Well said," Gideon announced.

He looked at Ethan with disdain.

"Your family deserves this outcome," Gideon said. "You publicly slandered and framed Amelia at her own engagement banquet. That is true villainess."

Gideon's voice boomed through the hall. "The Crimson family stands with Amelia. We trust her judgment absolutely."

Theodore sat in his wheelchair, his presence dominating the room. His golden eyes swirled with a storm of fury.

"Once we clear out these creatures," Theodore said, his voice like ice, "you and your mother will pay for accusing Amelia of being the mastermind."

He looked at Ethan, then at Livia.

"Don't think this ends here," Theodore warned. "No one walks out of the Crimson Pack territory unscathed after humiliating my Mate."

Ethan and Livia felt a chill seep into their bones. For the first time that night, they felt true, paralyzing fear.

Amelia picked up her medical kit. She turned to leave. She really wasn't going to save Celine.

Celine began to panic for real. Foam gathered at the corners of her mouth. Her breathing sounded like a broken bellows, wheezing and rattling.

The fear of death finally crushed her pride.

Ethan looked around in despair.

Dr. Landon Moore sighed heavily. He stepped forward.

"I cannot watch a patient die in front of me," Dr. Moore said. "It goes against my oath."

He walked over to Celine. He checked her pulse and shook his head.

"The toxin has gone too deep," Dr. Moore warned loud enough for everyone to hear. "I can try to save her life. But she missed the optimal window."

He looked at Ethan.

"This poison is potent. Even if she lives, she will likely suffer permanent nerve damage."

Celine heard him through the haze of pain. Her consciousness was fading, but her survival instinct kicked in. She would take nerve damage over death. She had to live.

Dr. Moore began his treatment.

Amelia watched indifferently from the side. She had made her point.

Once the chaos settled and the guests were safe, Theodore turned his wheelchair to face the room.

"The Crimson family will provide a satisfactory explanation for tonight's venomous creatures infestation," Theodore announced loudly.

A guest raised a hand. "We just want to know if Amelia Stone brought them. The accusations earlier were quite specific."

Theodore narrowed his eyes. "Regarding the file of so-called 'dark history' that Ronan handed to me..."

Amelia suddenly stepped forward. She stood right beside Theodore's wheelchair.

"I gave it to him, Ronan," she said, interrupting Theodore.

Her gaze was sharp as a knife as she looked at Theodore's brother.

“You didn’t think I would let you use my past as leverage, did you?” Amelia mocked. “Or did you think I would hide it like a coward? We have no secrets.”

Ronan froze. His face went pale instantly.

He cursed internally. He hadn’t expected Amelia to expose her own hand like a lunatic.

The guests connected the dots immediately. If Ronan had the file all along, then the poisonous bugs were likely part of his setup to frame Amelia.

Suspicious and accusatory glares turned toward Ronan,

Ronan began to panic. He waved his hands, backing away.

“No! Wait!” Ronan stammered.

He pointed a shaking finger at Ethan.

“Theodore! It was Ethan!” Ronan shouted desperately. “Ethan gave me the file! He told me to help him take down Amelia! I only agreed because I was worried she would hurt you! I didn’t know he would come up with such a twisted plan to release poisonous insects!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 140[1,312 words]

(Ethan’s POV)

I stood guard by Celine’s stretcher, my heart hammering against my ribs. Her face was gray, and her breathing was a terrible, rattling sound.

Suddenly, Ronan’s voice cut through the noise.

“It was Ethan!” Ronan screamed, pointing a trembling finger right at me. “This is all his plan!”

My blood ran cold. The color drained from my face instantly. I spun around to glare at him, regret washing over me like a tidal wave. I should never have trusted this snake. He was throwing me to the wolves to save his own skin.

Beside me, Dad stumbled back. His eyes were wide with panic.

“Is this true?” Dad asked, his voice shaking uncontrollably. “Did you do this, Ethan?”

I could smell the fear rolling off him. He wasn't just afraid of the scandal. He was terrified of the Crimson Moon Pack. If they thought we attacked their guests, the Council would descend on us. We would be ruined.

"No!" I shouted, desperate to clear my name. "He is lying! I didn't do it!"

Dad let out a long, shaky breath. He wiped sweat from his forehead. As long as we weren't the primary targets of the Alpha King's rage, we might survive this.

(Amelia's POV)

Chaos erupted in the banquet hall, but I felt strangely calm. It was a beautiful disaster.

I shifted my weight, leaning casually against Theodore's wheelchair. I slipped my hand through his arm, resting my head near his shoulder. The fabric of his suit was cool under my fingers.

"Why interrupt?" I whispered, leaning close to his ear.

Theodore turned his head slightly. His Jawline was sharp, his expression unreadable to everyone but me.

"Watching them turn on each other is the best entertainment I've had all night," I said with a soft chuckle. "Besides, never stop an enemy when he's making a mistake."

Theodore looked at me. His intense golden eyes sparkled with a mix of amusement and calculation. The corner of his mouth twitched upward.

"Then let them perform a while longer," he murmured, his voice a low rumble that vibrated against my side.

Just then, Alpha King Gideon stepped forward. His aura exploded outward, heavy and suffocating.

"You bring disgrace to the pack!" Gideon roared at Ronan.

The sound was like thunder. Ronan crumbled instantly. The arrogance vanished. He dropped his head low, baring his neck in a traditional sign of total submission.

"I am sorry, Alpha King," Ronan whimpered, his body shaking. "I shouldn't have doubted the future Luna. I was wrong."

Gideon stared down at him with cold disgust.

"We will settle your account later," Gideon growled.

He turned his formidable gaze toward Ethan.

“You,” Gideon barked. “Explain why my guests were poisoned. Give me a reasonable answer, or the Enforcers will take you away right now.”

Ethan opened his mouth. I could see the conflict in his eyes. He wanted to confess everything to save himself. But then his gaze flickered to Celine’s unconscious form.

He gritted his teeth. He changed his story.

“Ronan came to me,” Ethan lied, his voice gaining strength. “He asked for information on Amelia. I gave him a file. That is all.”

Ethan pointed accusingly at the cowering Ronan.

“The snakes? The poisonous bugs? That was all his idea!” Ethan shouted. “I had no part in the physical attack.”

Adrian jumped in immediately to support his son.

“Look at my daughter!” Adrian pleaded, gesturing to Celine. “She is dying from the poison! Ethan loves his sister. He would never plan an attack that would hurt her.”

The guests murmured amongst themselves. It sounded logical. Why would Ethan poison his own beloved sister?

The tide of suspicion turned back to Ronan. Ronan looked around wildly, panic seizing him.

“They hate Amelia!” Ronan screamed, his eyes bloodshot. “They wanted to create chaos to ruin her night!”

“Liar!” Ethan retorted sharply.

Ethan took a threatening step forward. He decided to twist the knife.

“You are projecting,” Ethan yelled. “You did this because you are afraid! You are terrified that Amelia will actually cure Theodore’s legs!”

The room went silent. Ethan sneered.

“You are acting like a cornered animal,” Ethan declared. “You know that if he recovers his power, you will lose any chance of becoming the heir. That is your motive!”

The truth hung in the heavy air.

The members of the Crimson family began to laugh. It wasn’t a happy sound. It was mocking.

“Pathetic,” Magnus said loudly, shaking his head.

“He really thought he could be Alpha?” Derek added with a sneer. “He is too stupid to lead a patrol, let alone a pack.”

They openly ridiculed Ronan’s incompetence. Theron stood off to the side, his face burning with shame. He heard every insult directed at his son, but he didn’t dare speak. He just hung his head.

“Enough,” Theodore said.

His voice wasn’t loud, but it cut through the noise like a blade.

Ronan spun toward the wheelchair. He fell to his knees.

“Brother, please,” Ronan begged. “You know me. I did this out of concern. I never wanted to hurt you.”

Theodore looked at him with dead eyes.

“I have evidence,” Theodore stated flatly. “The trail for the mercenaries leads directly to you, Ronan. The investigation shows Ethan Stone was not involved in the deployment of the toxins.”

Adrian and Ethan sagged with relief. They looked like men who had just walked away from a car crash.

Ronan froze. He stared at Theodore, stunned. But he didn’t give up.

“Brother,” Ronan cried out, tears streaming down his face. “You have to believe me. We are brothers! We share the same blood!”

I couldn’t hold it back anymore. I laughed. It was a cold, sharp sound that echoed in the hall.

I stepped away from the wheelchair and walked toward Ronan.

“Look at you, Ronan,” I said, my voice dripping with scorn.

I looked down at him as if he were something I stepped in.

“Cowardly, weak, pathetic,” I spat out. “Are you sure you share the same DNA as Theodore? Because frankly, it’s embarrassing to the bloodline.”

The crowd gasped. Whispers erupted everywhere. I was openly questioning his legitimacy.

Theron finally snapped. He rushed forward, his face purple with rage.

“What are you saying, woman!” Theron yelled at me. “Shut your mouth! We are family!”

I didn’t flinch. I looked the old man straight in the eye.

“Family?” I scoffed.

My gaze swept over Theron and Ronan with pure disdain.

“Don’t confuse ‘blood’ with ‘loyalty, Theron,” I said coldly. “Theodore is my partner. You? You’re just the people who failed him.”

Inside my mind, Ava wagged her tail happily. ““Nice job. Look at the old guy’s face. He looks like he’s about to have a stroke.”“

Theodore’s hand reached out and took mine. He squeezed it gently.

“I have the mercenaries in custody, Ronan,” Theodore said, his voice dropping an octave. “Do you want me to drag them in here to testify to your orders?”

Ronan was sweating profusely now. His shirt was soaked. He was still trying to struggle.

“I... I did it to save you!” Ronan stammered, his eyes darting around. “She uses dark witchcraft! She bewitched you! I had to stop her for your own good!”

Theodore let out a low, terrifying laugh. The sound sent shivers down everyone’s spine. His golden eyes swirled with murderous intent.

“Is that so?” Theodore asked softly. “For my own good?”

He leaned forward, the predator focusing on its prey.

“I also found something else in my investigation,” Theodore said. “The k”“”“”“”“”“g of Isla years ago? You planned that with her.”

Ronan stopped breathing. His face went white as a sheet.

“So tell me,” Theodore continued, his voice turning into a growl. “When you set the trap that crippled my legs and almost destroyed my wolf years ago, was that for my own good too?”