

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 141[1,189 words]

(Theron's POV)

Theodore's cold words hit like a hammer, smashing through Ronan's last defenses. My son, usually so arrogant and full of himself, looked as if every ounce of strength had been drained from his body.

The excuses he had prepared died in his throat.

"No..." Ronan whispered, his voice trembling. "Brother... I didn't..."

I took a step back, trying to blend into the shadows of the crowd. My heart raced, but my mind was calculating rapidly. I was his father, yes, but I hadn't touched the poison tonight. Even if Theodore found evidence, the fire should only burn Ronan. I could still salvage my position.

Around us, the guests began to whisper.

"So the rumors were true," a woman murmured near me. "Theodore's broken wolf... it was Ronan all along."

"He crippled his own brother," a man replied, shaking his head in disgust. "Alpha King Gideon was wise to send him away years ago. He is a snake."

I kept my head down, praying their eyes wouldn't drift to me.

Theodore turned his head slightly. He nodded to Marcus.

Marcus stepped forward immediately. He held a thick folder in his hand and presented it to Alpha King Gideon.

Gideon took the file. He flipped through the pages quickly. With every turn of the paper, the calm authority on his face cracked, replaced by a dark, storming rage. His eyes scanned the lines, and the golden hue in his irises flared brighter.

"SLAM."

Gideon shut the folder with a force that echoed like a gunshot. The entire hall went dead silent.

"Drag him here!" Gideon roared. His voice was thick with Alpha power, vibrating in my chest.

Two massive Enforcers moved instantly. They grabbed Ronan by the arms and dragged him across the polished floor like a ragdoll. They threw him down in front of the Alpha King.

“Kneel!” Gideon commanded.

Guilt was written all over Ronan’s face. The sheer weight of the Alpha Command emptied his mind. His knees buckled, and he crashed onto the floor, trembling violently.

Gideon pointed a shaking finger at him.

“Theodore begged for you,” Gideon shouted, his voice dripping with disappointment. “He asked me to let you return to the Crimson Moon Pack. And this is how you repay him? By conspiring with that illegitimate girl, Isla, to murder your own brother?”

Gideon’s gaze snapped toward me. It felt like a physical blow.

“Is he really a Crimson?” Gideon demanded, his eyes narrowing. “Or is he like Isla? Another bastard you fathered outside the pack?”

Panic seized my throat. I rushed forward, desperate.

“No, Father!” I cried out. “I swear to the Moon Goddess! Ronan is pureblood! He is my legitimate son!”

Gideon let out a cold snort. He didn’t press the issue of bloodline, but his anger didn’t fade.

“He is a disgrace to the family,” Gideon growled. “Tonight, he pays for his crimes.”

The guests who had been poisoned began to shout.

“He nearly killed us!”

“We demand justice!”

Gideon looked at the angry crowd and nodded grimly. “Since he harmed you, you may deal with him. Do what you want. Just don’t kill him.”

Before I could process his words, a pale-faced Alpha—one of the poisoning victims—lunged forward.

He kicked Ronan hard in the chest. Ronan flew back, gasping for air.

“You waste of space!” the Alpha yelled, stomping on Ronan. “You think you can replace Theodore? You aren’t fit to lead a patrol!”

Ronan curled into a ball, covering his head with his arms. He didn’t dare make a sound.

I stood there, frozen. Gideon wasn't stopping them. I couldn't intervene. If I did, they would turn on me. I had to stay detached.

Six other victims swarmed in. They grabbed Ronan, dragging him toward a corner for a "private conversation."

Theodore sat in his wheelchair, watching the brutality with cold, dead eyes. Then, he looked at me.

"Father," Theodore said, his voice cutting through the noise. "Are you just going to watch your son get humiliated?"

I gritted my teeth. I had no choice. Self-preservation kicked in.

I ran forward, pushing through the crowd. I reached Ronan and delivered a hard kick to his ribs.

"You fool!" I screamed, feigning uncontrollable rage.

As my foot connected, I locked eyes with Ronan. I sent a silent, desperate message: "Take the blame. We have to show anger to survive. We can rebuild later."

Ronan saw it. The hope died in his eyes. He closed them tight, accepting his fate.

“”“”

(Amelia's POV)

The violence in the corner subsided as the guests vented their fury. One by one, they turned back toward me. Their expressions shifted from rage to gratitude.

"Thank you, Miss Stone," a woman said, clasping her hands. "You saved us."

"Your antidote was a miracle," another added.

I pulled a silk handkerchief from my pocket and slowly wiped the green herbal residue from my fingers.

"Consider it a courtesy," I said calmly, tossing the stained cloth onto a nearby table. "Though I suggest you check your drinks more carefully next time. My consultation fees are usually quite expensive."

I gave them brief instructions on using restorative tonics to flush out the remaining toxins. They listened intently, nodding like students.

Then, the crowd turned their attention to Alaric.

“Patriarch Stone,” a man said loudly. “You are truly blessed by the Moon Goddess. You have found a real Gem in Amelia.”

Alaric beamed, puffing out his chest. “Yes, yes. She is the pride of our family.”

The mood shifted instantly as eyes landed on Adrian and Livia.

“Unlike some people,” a wealthy matriarch sneered, glaring at my biological parents. “You two must be blind. You threw away a Gem like Amelia to pamper that fake daughter.”

“It’s disgusting,” another guest spat. “And your son, Ethan? Conspiring with outsiders to frame his own sister? The Stone River Pack has fallen low.”

Adrian and Livia stood in the center of the room, their faces burning a deep crimson. They looked down at their shoes, wishing the ground would swallow them whole.

I watched them squirm. When the matriarch called them “disgusting,” I caught her eye. I raised my empty medicine vial in a mock toast, a smirk playing on my lips.

“Look at them,” I thought. “Without their titles and their pride, they look so small. Just two pathetic wolves trying to hide.”

I turned away from their shame. The job wasn’t finished.

I walked slowly across the room, my heels clicking rhythmically on the floor. I stopped in front of Ethan.

He was trembling. He knew what was coming.

I didn’t say a word. I just looked down at him.

The hall went quiet again. The guests followed my gaze, focusing on my eldest brother.

The Alpha who had led the beating on Ronan wiped sweat from his forehead. He saw where I was looking. He understood immediately.

He spun around, his eyes locking onto Ethan with renewed aggression.

“Ronan has been punished,” the Alpha shouted, his voice booming. “But this mess had an accomplice. Alpha Adrian, what do you intend to do with this Traitor who bites his own family?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 142[1,145 words]

(Amelia's POV)

The atmosphere in the banquet hall was suffocating. My biological father, Alpha Adrian, looked like a trapped animal. Sweat beaded on his forehead as he scanned the angry faces of the guests. He knew the stakes. If he didn't satisfy this crowd, the lawsuits alone would bankrupt Stone River Botanicals. The pack would be shunned.

Suddenly, a voice boomed like thunder.

"Ethan, kneel!"

Grandfather Alaric didn't just shout; he used the Alpha Command. The air in the room grew heavy, charged with dominance.

Ethan tried to resist. His face turned red as he fought the urge to submit, clutching his shred of dignity. But Alaric was the Patriarch. His bloodline power was absolute.

"Thump."

Ethan's knees hit the marble floor hard. The sound echoed in the silent room. He gasped, his head forced down by the invisible weight of Alaric's aura.

Alaric didn't hesitate. He raised his heavy cane and brought it down on Ethan's back with a sickening c" "k.

"You disgrace!" Alaric shouted, striking him again. "Framing your own sister? At her engagement banquet?"

Ethan grunted with each blow, but the Alpha Command kept him pinned.

"Stop! You're hurting him!" Livia screamed. She lunged forward, her hands reaching for her son.

Adrian grabbed her arm, jerking her back. "Stay still, Livia," he hissed in her ear. "We need this. It's the only way to save the family's face."

I stood a few feet away, watching the spectacle with boredom. I took a slow sip of my sparkling wine, the bubbles fizzing on my tongue. I glanced at my manicured nails, checking for chips.

To the guests, this looked brutal. To me? It was a farce.

"Grandfather's putting on a good show," I thought coldly. "But we all know wolf healing makes this practically a massage. It's theater, not punishment."

Livia turned her tear-streaked face toward me. Her eyes begged for mercy, pleading for me to stop Alaric.

I didn't look away. I just smirked.

"Keep screaming," I murmured, though she could read my lips. "Your pain only makes this moment sweeter for me."

Alaric continued for another minute, panting slightly from the exertion. He finally lowered the cane, withdrawing his aura. He looked around, seemingly satisfied that he had offered enough blood to appease the crowd. The hall fell into a tense silence.

I let out a scoff. It was quiet, but in the silence, it sounded like a gunshot.

Heads turned. All eyes focused on me. I swirled the golden liquid in my glass, a playful, mocking smile dancing on my lips.

Theodore understood instantly. From his wheelchair, his voice cut through the air, cold and judicial.

"For a man with ambition, physical pain is nothing," Theodore said. "His back will heal by tomorrow. But the rot in his character? That is permanent. Unless you cut it out."

I nodded, locking eyes with Alaric.

"Theo is right," I said, my voice sharp. "His wounds will vanish by sunrise. But the fact that he tried to destroy me? That stays. Unless you remove the cancer entirely."

The guests began to murmur. They realized a simple beating wasn't enough payment for the danger they had been put in.

"She's right!" someone shouted. "We want real justice!"

"Compensate her properly!"

Alaric looked at the rising tide of anger. He sighed, the fight leaving his shoulders. He knew he had to pay up.

"Amelia," Alaric said, his voice grave. "I originally planned to give you 30% of Starlight Entertainment as a test. But it seems Ethan is not fit to be your rival."

He took a deep breath and addressed the room.

"I now decide to transfer all shares of Starlight Entertainment to Amelia Stone."

I accepted the news with a calm nod, like a queen accepting tribute. It was what I deserved.

But Alaric wasn't finished. He turned his glare back to Ethan, who was still kneeling, panting on the floor.

“Let every Alpha and Luna in this room bear witness,” Alaric announced, his voice shaking with finality. “I hereby strip Ethan Stone of his title as Alpha Heir. He is banished from the line of succession! He will never inherit any Stone family property or the position of Alpha!”

The color drained from Adrian’s face. He looked as if he had been punched in the gut. With Caleb in a coma and Ethan disinherited, his family line was effectively dead.

I raised my glass toward Ethan. He looked up, his eyes hollow and filled with horror.

I mouthed two words: “Game Over.”

Ethan stared at me. The reality crashed down on him. For an Alpha male raised to rule, this was a fate worse than death. He had lost everything.

His chest heaved. He started gasping for air, hyperventilating violently. His eyes rolled back into his head.

“Thud.”

Ethan collapsed backward, hitting the floor in a dead faint.

“Ethan!” Livia shrieked. She broke free from Adrian and threw herself over his body, sobbing hysterically.

I watched the chaos with detached amusement.

“Oh, please,” I said, my voice dripping with disdain. “He didn’t just faint from a bruised ego, did he? That is pathetic, even for him.”

Inside my mind, Ava snorted. “A pup throwing a tantrum. He can’t even handle a little defeat. He is not fit to lead a pack.”

With the judgment delivered, the guests lost interest in the Stone family drama. They turned their attention back to the poisoner.

The group of victims grabbed Ronan by his collar. He didn’t fight back; his spirit was already broken. They dragged him out of the banquet hall like a sack of garbage.

Theron watched his son being taken away. He closed his eyes, defeated. He couldn’t save Ronan without drowning himself.

I walked over to Theodore. We watched the exit, the sounds of Ronan’s rough treatment

“Ruthless,” I whispered, leaning down. “Even for you. Did you enjoy watching him crumble?”

Theodore looked up at me. His golden eyes burned with a dangerous, captivating intensity. He reached out, his hand firm on my waist, pulling me closer to his wheelchair.

“I only enjoy watching “you” win,” he murmured, his voice low and possessive. “Everything else is just collateral damage.”

A genuine smile spread across my face. His loyalty was intoxicating. This shared victory, this conspiracy between us, felt better than any romance.

We basked in the moment, the taste of triumph sweet in the air.

But the peace was shattered by another scream.

“Doctor! Get a doctor!” Livia’s voice pierced the room again, shrill with panic. “Celine’s face... why is her face swelling like that?!”

We all turned.

Celine, who had been hiding in the shadows, was now stumbling forward. She clutched her face with trembling hands. Through her fingers, I could see the skin turning a horrific shade. of purple and black, swelling rapidly like a balloon. The toxins were taking hold.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 143[982 words]

(Celine’s POV)

Livia’s scream pierced the air like a siren, shattering the hum of the banquet hall. I jolted awake from the darkness, my heart pounding against my ribs. My hand flew to my face instinctively.

I expected smooth skin. Instead, my fingertips grazed something rough. It felt like tree bark-swollen, bumpy, and wrong.

“My face...” I whispered.

The whispers of the guests drilled into my ears. I looked around wildly. The unmated wolves, the young Alphas and Betas who usually looked at me with desire, now stared with open shock. Some even recoiled, their expressions twisted in disgust.

Panic exploded in my chest. I grabbed my mother’s arm, my nails digging into her silk sleeve.

“Mirror! Mom, give me a mirror!” I screamed hysterically.

Livia's eyes darted away. There was a flicker of repulsion in her gaze before she masked it. She grabbed my hand, trying to pull it down.

"No, honey, don't look," she pleaded, her voice trembling. "Just stay calm."

A man in a white coat stepped forward. It was the healer from the Crimson Moon Pack. He examined me with a grave expression, not touching, just looking.

He shook his head slowly.

"This poison comes from the deep wilderness," he stated bluntly. "It is extremely vicious. It doesn't just damage the tissue; it inhibits a wolf's healing ability."

I froze. "What?"

"The toxins have caused deep tissue necrosis," he explained without sugarcoating it. "The fatal danger has passed, but we missed the window for magical purification. The facial disfigurement is permanent."

Livia gasped. "Can't you reduce the swelling? She needs her face!"

The healer looked at her with pity. "Unless a miracle happens, her face is ruined."

(Celine's POV)

Livia stumbled, nearly losing her balance. She clutched at the healer's sleeve.

"No," she babbled aggressively. "We will find the best plastic surgeons. We will use the most expensive potions. We have money!"

"Save your money, Livia."

A short, cold laugh cut through the air. Amelia pushed Theodore's wheelchair forward, moving slowly toward us. She looked bored, idly inspecting her manicured fingernails.

"You can't scrub 'rotten' out of the bone," Amelia said, looking at us with cruel humor. "That poison isn't just in her blood; it's eating her from the inside out. She's already a walking corpse; she just hasn't started smelling yet."

"Rotten."

The word made me shudder violently. I looked up and saw Theodore. He sat there, handsome and powerful, the Alpha presence radiating from him. Shame washed over me. I wanted him to save me.

Tears blurred my vision as I looked at him. "Help me."

Amelia stepped directly in my line of sight. She blocked him completely, cutting off my last hope.

“Don’t look at him,” she said sharply. “He can’t help you.”

She leaned forward, her blue eyes boring into mine with terrifying pressure.

“““““ am the only doctor in this room who knows what that poison does,” she hissed. “And “““““ am the one deciding not to save you.”

(Amelia’s POV)

The light in Celine’s eyes finally died. She collapsed onto the floor, a sobbing mess.

“Amelia...” she whimpered, her lips trembling. “Please...”

I looked down at her. I felt no pity, only cold contempt.

“You wanted to play dirty, Celine?” I asked, a mocking smile curling my lips. “Well, welcome to the mud. It suits you.”

I didn’t waste another glance on her. I turned the wheelchair and pushed Theodore toward the dais at the front of the hall.

As we moved, Theodore spoke quietly, his voice low enough for only me to hear.

“That scorpion bite... was it really just a coincidence?”

I didn’t bother lowering my voice. I met his gaze openly.

“She tried to set a trap for me, Theo,” I said with a shrug, as if discussing the weather. “I just made sure it snapped on her leg instead. I don’t leave loose ends.”

I glanced back. Livia was dragging Celine toward the exit.

“Killing her is too easy,” I added coldly. “She built her entire life on being a pretty face to manipulate weak men. I didn’t just scar her face; I took away her only weapon.”

In my mind, Ava let out a satisfied growl. “Good job. That she–wolf relied too much on her facade. Now she is nothing.”

Livia had no choice but to take her to the treatment center. Celine cried as she left, but her tears garnered no sympathy. The high–ranking wolves and scions of Alpha bloodlines stepped back as she passed, avoiding her like the plague. Under their disgusted gazes, Celine broke down, urging her mother to run.

(Amelia's POV)

With the buzzkills gone, the commotion settled. The Crimson family's Omegas moved in swiftly, cleaning up the mess and restoring the hall's dignity.

Theodore raised a hand, signaling me to stop. I positioned the wheelchair in the center of the dais, facing the sea of Alphas, Lunas, and clan representatives.

He cleared his throat.

"I apologize for the chaos," Theodore said, his voice projecting authority. "Thank staying to witness this important moment." you all for

He reached into his inner suit pocket. He pulled out a velvet box. He opened it slowly in front of me.

Inside, a moonstone diamond ring shimmered under the chandelier light.

Theodore looked up at me. His deep golden eyes reflected only me. The rest of the world faded away.

"Mia," he said, his voice magnetic and low. "Meeting you was the Moon Goddess's greatest gift to me during my darkest time, when I was abandoned by everyone."

He took a breath, his gaze burning with intensity.

"Before I met you, I didn't understand the bond between mates. After meeting you, I believe it is destiny. Today, in this sacred Pack House, in front of all these witnesses--"

He looked straight into my soul.

"Will you do me the honor of accepting me as your mate?"

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 144[1,553 words]

(Author's POV)

Adrian stared at Celine's face. The skin was rough and swollen, hideous to look at. He swallowed his pride, trying to keep his composure as the Alpha of the Stone River Pack. He walked stiffly toward his father, Patriarch Alaric.

"Father," Adrian said, his voice tight. "Celine needs immediate medical attention. We must leave for the treatment center."

Alaric didn't even turn his whole body. He just cast a cold, indifferent glance at his son and the disfigured girl.

"Go," Alaric said, his tone freezing the air around them. "Get out of my sight immediately. This engagement party does not need your family here to ruin the atmosphere."

Adrian froze. His dignity was shattered in front of the surrounding guests. He clenched his fists, forcing down the rage boiling in his chest. He couldn't challenge his father here.

"Let's go," Adrian snapped at Livia and Ethan.

Livia grabbed Celine, who was still weeping, and they retreated toward the exit in a humiliating scramble.

Celine stumbled toward the banquet hall doors, her weight leaning heavily on her mother. Her legs felt like lead. Just as they were about to step out into the night, a voice echoed through the hall behind them.

"Will you do me the honor of accepting me as your mate?"

It was Theodore. His voice was deep, steady, and full of emotion.

Celine stopped dead in her tracks. A surge of intense jealousy and unwillingness twisted her gut. Her hand flew to her face, touching the bumpy, bark-like skin that now replaced her beauty. She slowly turned her head.

On the stage, Theodore sat in his wheelchair, radiating power. He wasn't looking at the crowd. He was looking only at Amelia. His eyes held a devotion that Celine had craved her entire life.

They looked like a match made in heaven. And she was a monster.

Celine stared at the couple, her eyes narrowing. Her gaze turned venomous. She hated them. She hated Amelia for winning.

"I will get it back," she vowed silently, her fingernails digging into her palms. "Whatever the cost, I will take back everything that belongs to me. Including his love."

In the shadows near the back of the hall, Damien Blackwood stood trembling with rage. He looked down at the bouquet of roses in his hand, now crushed and broken. He threw them onto the floor.

"This is ridiculous," he muttered.

He couldn't watch this anymore. He took a step forward, ready to rush the stage and stop this farce of an engagement.

“Amelia!” he started to shout.

But before he could make a scene, two large shadows materialized behind him. They were pack enforcers, moving with silent lethality. Before Damien could take a third step, a black cloth bag was shoved over his head.

A sharp, chemical smell filled his nose—powerful sedatives.

“Mmph!” Damien tried to struggle.

A heavy hand chopped down on the back of his neck. His vision went black instantly. His knees buckled, and he went limp. The enforcers caught him before he hit the ground. They dragged him out the side door like a sack of potatoes, swift and silent. No one on the stage even noticed.

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(Amelia’s POV)

I looked down at Theodore. His golden eyes were open and vulnerable, waiting for my answer. I felt a strange steadiness in my chest, a certainty I hadn’t expected.

I extended my hand toward him.

“Of course I will,” I said, my voice clear and unwavering.

Theodore smiled. It was a genuine, soft smile that transformed his face. He slid the moonstone ring onto my finger. It fit perfectly. He didn’t let go of my hand. Instead, he bowed his head and pressed a reverent kiss to the back of it.

His lips were warm. I didn’t pull away. Instead, as his mouth lingered on my skin, I curled my index finger and scratched the center of his palm lightly. It was a tease.

I looked him in the eye, a smirk playing on my lips. “Try me,” my expression said.

In my mind, Ava was wagging her tail so hard her whole body shook.

““Yes! Finally!”“ Ava howled happily. ““We are going to have a powerful mate. That big black wolf smells mouth-watering.”“

I rolled my eyes internally. ““You read my mind, Ava. But let’s verify if he bites as good as he barks later.”“

Theodore didn’t let go of my hand. He turned his wheelchair to face the guests, lifting our joined hands high.

“The official mating ceremony will be held on New Year’s Day,” he announced, his voice booming with Alpha authority. “We invite all of you to witness our union.”

Thunderous applause erupted from the floor.

The applause slowly died down. I took the microphone from the stand.

“New Year’s Day symbolizes new beginnings,” I said, projecting my voice to the back of the room. “Theodore will be reborn, and together, we will find happiness through this sacred bond.”

Just as I finished, a chair scraped loudly against the floor.

Rowan Calder stood up. He started clapping slowly, drawing everyone’s attention.

“Well said!” Rowan boomed.

He looked around the room, his chest puffed out.

“I am Rowan Calder, Alpha of the Calder Pack,” he announced. The room gasped. “And I am here to say one thing. Amelia Stone is under my protection.”

He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in.

“If anyone dares to bully Amelia, like that fool Ronan did, they are declaring war on the entire Calder Pack. You will face the consequences.”

A hush fell over the crowd. The Calder Pack was wealthy and powerful. This changed everything.

I looked at Rowan. I didn’t act surprised or overly grateful. I just nodded at him calmly. “He is a shrewd businessman,” I thought. “He knows investing in me is a guaranteed win.”

I raised the microphone again.

“Alpha Rowan is right,” I said, a playful glint in my eyes. “But just for the record, usually, anyone who wants to bully me has to get past the knife in my hand first.”

Laughter rippled through the crowd, breaking the tension.

(Author’s POV)

Rowan sat down, and the banquet hall erupted into whispers. The guests leaned in close to one another, eyeing the couple on stage with new respect.

“Did you hear that?” one guest whispered. “The Calder Pack!”

“I thought Theodore was downgrading by marrying a girl from the countryside,” another replied. “But he hit the jackpot.”

“Not only can she bring the dead back to life with her medicine, but she has a massive powerhouse backing her,” a third added.

Valerius Kane stood near the bar, swirling his wine. He leaned toward the man next to him.

“You have no idea,” Valerius murmured. “Amelia Stone’s background is far deeper than what you see here tonight.”

The guests looked at Amelia with a mix of curiosity and awe. She was no longer just a healer, she was a force.

Over at the Crimson family table, the mood was tense. Garrett leaned in toward his cousin, Victor.

“Look at that,” Garrett whispered, gesturing with his chin toward the stage. “Amelia has the Calder family as an ally. Theodore is going to be a force to be reckoned with now. Victor, I’m afraid your chances of fighting for the heir position just got much harder.”

Victor scoffed, taking a sip of his drink. He looked unimpressed.

“The Calder Pack is rich, sure,” Victor said coldly. “But they are outsiders. They can’t interfere with the Crimson family’s internal affairs.”

Garrett shook his head. “Don’t be so sure. Influence is power.”

Victor turned to face Garrett, his eyes narrowing.

“Garrett, stop it,” Victor sneered. “Don’t think I don’t know what you are doing. You want me to do your dirty work. You want to use me as a pawn to attack Theodore so you can reap the rewards later.”

Garrett froze.

“Don’t be too greedy,” Victor warned. “Or you’ll end up with nothing.”

Garrett’s face went stiff. He shut his mouth, looking away awkwardly.

The engagement banquet finally came to an end. Guests began to filter out. Amelia stood by Theodore’s side near the entrance, saying goodbye to the VIPS.

She paused, looking around the emptying hall.

“Hey,” she said to Theodore. “Where did Damien go? I haven’t seen him for a while.”

Theodore’s expression didn’t change. He didn’t even blink.

“I contacted the Blackwood family,” Theodore lied smoothly. “His father probably came and took him back.”

Amelia nodded. “That makes sense. He was being annoying, but at least he didn’t side with Ronan. He has some bottom line, I guess.”

Just then, two young men approached them. It was Garrett and Derek, Magnus Crimson’s sons.

Garrett put on a sad face, shaking his head.

“Cousin Theodore,” Garrett said, his voice dripping with fake sympathy. “I honestly can’t believe your own brother caused your disability. It’s tragic. If Ronan hadn’t come back, your wolf wouldn’t be damaged. Grandfather was going to announce you as the sole heir tonight. What a pity.”

Derek stepped up from behind him, looking equally insincere.

“Yeah,” Derek said. “And hey, sorry about that joke earlier. You know, about the special wheelchair? If I had known you were betrayed by your own brother, I wouldn’t have poured salt on the wound.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 145[1,360 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Theodore didn’t look annoyed at all by Derek’s fake sympathy. Instead, a faint, chilling smile touched the corners of his lips. He squeezed my hand, his grip warm and reassuring. Then he turned his gaze to Derek.

His eyes were calm, but the air around us grew heavy with undeniable Alpha authority.

“With Amelia treating me, I won’t need that wheelchair you planned to give me,” Theodore said, his voice steady. “But you should keep it for yourself. With your IQ and that temper of yours, you’ll likely get your legs broken in a duel any day now. It will come in handy then.”

Derek’s face darkened instantly. The fake concern vanished, replaced by humiliation and rage. He took a step forward, his fists clenching as if he wanted to strike right there.

I stepped in before he could open his mouth. I wasn’t going to let Theodore have all the fun.

I looked Derek up and down, letting a cold smirk play on my lips.

“Don’t worry about the drive home, Derek,” I said, my voice cutting through the tension like a knife. “I’m sure you’ll find a way to crash the car all on your own—just like you’re crashing your family’s reputation. No curse needed, just your sheer incompetence.”

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

“You wicked witch!” he shouted, pointing a trembling finger at me.

I didn’t flinch. I just tilted my chin up, staring him down.

“Is that the best you’ve got?” I challenged. “Do you want to test me right now?”

Derek growled, his body tensing for a shift. But before he could move, a deep voice barked out.

“Stop it!”

It was Magnus, his father. He grabbed Derek’s shoulder, holding him back. Magnus knew better than to start a brawl at the Pack House entrance.

Derek gritted his teeth, glaring at me with pure hate. He forced himself to lower his hands.

“You are not worth dirtying my claws,” he spat, trying to salvage his pride with a weak excuse.

Magnus gave me a dark look. His eyes were cold and calculating.

“Don’t think having the Calder family behind you means you can be arrogant in the Crimson Pack,” Magnus warned. “Watch your step, girl.”

With a final huff of indignation, Magnus turned and marched away, his two sons trailing behind him like angry puppies.

I watched them go, feeling a sense of satisfaction. But the show wasn’t over yet.

Vincent’s family was also preparing to leave. As they passed us, Vivian stopped. She looked at Theodore, ignoring me completely at first. A meaningful, nasty smile curled her lips.

“Cousin,” she purred. “Your mate is so impressive. She is already being watched by other males.”

She glanced at me, then back to Theodore’s legs.

“You have trouble moving around now,” she continued, her voice dripping with poison. “You better watch her closely. If she decides you aren’t strong enough anymore, she might run off.”

You wouldn't even be able to chase her."

A low, dangerous growl rumbled in Theodore's chest. It was Logan, warning her.

I didn't wait for Theodore to respond. I stepped forward, blocking Vivian's view of him. I stared straight into her eyes, my expression full of disdain.

"Vivian, honey," I said sweetly. "If you spent half as much energy improving yourself as you do staring at my mate, maybe you wouldn't be single. But keep spitting venom in the shadows; it's clearly where you belong."

Vivian choked. Her mouth opened and closed, but no words came out. She looked stunned that I had hit back so hard.

Her brother, Victor, grabbed her arm roughly. He didn't say a word, just dragged her away toward their car. They looked pathetic retreating into the night.

I watched their taillights fade and sighed, shaking my head.

"I still feel like I held back," I muttered.

Theodore looked up at me. His eyes were full of affection.

"Who gave you that mouth?" he chuckled. "It is the perfect weapon against these hypocrites."

Suddenly, a figure darted out from the shadows behind us. I spun around, ready to fight, but it was just a young girl.

It was Natasha Crimson.

She looked at me with wide, shining eyes. She was practically vibrating with excitement.

"Amelia!" she squealed. "That was amazing! The way you drove those poisonous bugs away. was so cool! You were like the heroine in a human action movie!"

She leaned in closer, her curiosity bubbling over.

"Do you use throwing knives like the assassins in the movies?" she asked eagerly.

I couldn't help but laugh. Her enthusiasm was infectious.

"Flying knives are too flashy," I told her, winking. "I prefer customized steel needles because I know exactly where your nerves end and your pain begins. It's not just a tool; it's anatomy in practice."

Natasha gasped. She looked at me like I was a deity.

“That is so hardcore,” she whispered.

Just then, an elegant woman walked over. It was Cordelia, Natasha’s mother.

“Natasha,” she chided gently. “Mind your manners.”

(Cordelia’s POV)

I studied the young woman standing next to Theodore. Amelia Stone radiated a kind of confidence I had always lacked. She stood tall, unafraid of anyone, even the powerful elders of our pack.

I felt a pang of envy. I had spent my life in the shadows of this massive family, trying to survive by being invisible. I had taught Natasha to keep her head down, to stay neutral in the constant power struggles.

But seeing my daughter look at Amelia with such adoration, I hesitated.

“Perhaps this is good,” I thought. “Amelia is strong. If Natasha is friends with her, maybe she will have protection I cannot give.”

I decided to take a small step.

I smiled warmly at Amelia.

“Theodore has trouble moving right now,” I said softly. “He will need you to take care of him in the future.”

Amelia smiled back. There was a spark in her blue eyes, a mix of humor and absolute certainty.

“Oh, don’t worry, Cordelia,” she replied. “I intend to keep him in one piece. Mostly because I’d miss him if he broke, and partly because he owes me a date.”

I chuckled. She was refreshing.

Natasha pulled out her phone, practically bouncing.

“Let me add you!” Natasha insisted.

Amelia agreed, and they tapped their phones together. I glanced at Natasha’s screen as she typed in a name for the new contact.

“My Badass Sister-in-law.”

I shook my head, smiling. We said our goodbyes and headed toward our car.

(Amelia's POV)

I watched Natasha skip away toward the parking lot. The tension from the earlier confrontations melted away.

"Natasha is a real breath of fresh air in this place," I said. "She is completely different from those scheming relatives of yours."

Theodore nodded. "It seems she has become your little fan. Thanks to you, I have an ally in the family now."

I raised an eyebrow at him, feeling a bit proud.

"Well, I should head back," I said. "I have things to handle tonight."

Theodore looked at me. His hand tightened slightly on mine. He didn't want to let go. His golden eyes darkened with an emotion I couldn't quite place.

He leaned in close, his voice dropping to a husky whisper near my ear.

"I really look forward to the day I can share a bed with you."

My face heated up instantly. I pulled back slightly, trying to play it cool.

"You've endured it for so many years," I teased, my heart beating a little faster. "It's only three months until New Year's Day. Can't you endure it a little longer?"

Theodore looked at me, his expression shifting. He looked confused for a split second, then amused.

"Amelia, what are you thinking?" he asked. "I meant literally sleeping together. Lying in the same bed."

He paused, his gaze locking onto mine.

"Besides..." he added slowly. "I didn't endure it before."

My eyes widened. I stared at him in shock. My voice pitched up involuntarily.

"You didn't endure it? You mean... you have slept with other she-wolves?"

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(Theodore's POV)

I actually choked on my own breath. Even facing a thousand rogue wolves, I had never been this flustered.

I looked at Amelia. Her blue eyes were wide, waiting for an answer.

"Amelia," I said, letting out a helpless laugh. "That is not what I meant."

squeezed her hand, needing her to understand.

"I didn't refrain from taking a mate because I was satisfying my needs elsewhere," I explained, my voice serious. "Before I met you, I genuinely had no interest in other she-wolves."

She tilted her head, looking skeptical.

"Really?" she asked. "The Alpha heir of the Crimson Moon Pack? No interest?"

"Really," I insisted. "The internal power struggle in my pack is... intense. My uncles, Vincent and Magnus, have been eyeing my position since I was a pup. I had to focus entirely on survival and solidifying my status. I didn't have the luxury for romance."

"What about Celine?" she asked.

"That engagement was arranged by my grandfather for political reasons," I said quickly. "I never cared for her. It wasn't until I lost my legs and met you that I felt... this."

I touched my chest.

"This pull. It's from the soul."

Inside me, Logan let out a low, rumbling whimper of agreement. He only recognized this one mate.

Amelia finally smiled. The tension broke.

"Okay, I believe you," she said. Then her expression turned curious. "But I have a question. Why is your father, Theron, the youngest son, yet you are the eldest grandson?"

I kept a straight face.

"Because my father has no self-control," I said dryly. "He found his fated mate at eighteen.

So, he started early."

Amelia laughed out loud.

“Well,” she teased. “At least you inherited his handsome face and not his immature personality.”

“I will take that as a compliment,” I replied.

She checked the time and sighed.

“I have to go back,” she said, pulling her hand away reluctantly. “I have a lot to handle tomorrow.”

(Amelia’s POV)

It was nearly eleven o’clock when Jaxon, Seraphina, and I returned to the East House.

I walked into my bedroom and stopped. My nose twitched.

There was a faint, lingering scent in the air. Someone had been here while I was gone.

“Just as I expected,” I whispered.

I walked to the hidden corner of the room. Three small heads poked out from their hiding spot. Green, White, and Black slithered toward me. They were safe.

I reached out and stroked Green’s smooth scales.

“Good job,” I praised them. “You didn’t let them find anything.”

A rush of satisfaction went through me. Ethan had tried to search my room for evidence of my poisons. He failed miserably.

Not only did he find nothing, but he also lost his position as heir and destroyed Starlight Entertainment in the process. And Celine? She was currently suffering from the toxins I left in her system.

““Let them suffer,”“ Ava growled in my mind, her tail wagging with excitement. ““It is the karma they deserve.”“

Green nudged my finger with its snout, its tail pointing toward the window. It was hungry.

“Go ahead,” I said, opening the window slightly. “The garden is full of rodents. Treat it like a buffet.”

I watched the three snakes slip silently into the dark night.

I leaned against the window frame, looking out at the pack grounds. Tomorrow was going to be interesting.

Ethan and Celine weren't completely broken yet. I knew what they would do next. Ethan would take Celine to the auction house tomorrow. They would be looking for the legendary "Shadow Apothecary" to cure Celine's face.

A cold smile touched my lips.

I couldn't wait to see their faces when they realized the mysterious master pharmacist they were begging for help was me.

(Caleb's POV)

I was trapped in my own body. I couldn't move a muscle or open my eyes, but my mind was sharper than ever.

I could hear everything happening in the hospital room.

"Why can't you just give me the blood purification ritual?" Celine screamed. Her voice was shrill and hysterical.

"Celine, calm down," Livia said. Her voice sounded exhausted. "The doctor explained it. It is too risky."

"Why?" Celine sobbed.

"Because you are an Omega," Livia said, and I could hear the hesitation in her voice. "You don't have a wolf. You cannot self-heal. If we swap your blood, the shock could kill you. And even if you survive, the scars on your face might not fade."

"No!" Celine wailed. "I can't live with this ugly face! I won't!"

I heard things crashing to the floor. She was throwing a tantrum.

"If I stay ugly, I will drag Amelia down to hell with me!" Celine shrieked. "She did this!"

"Stop crying," Ethan's deep voice cut through the noise. "There is still a way."

The room went silent.

"Valerius Kane is holding an auction tomorrow," Ethan said. "A mysterious figure code-named 'Shadow Apothecary' is rumored to be attending. His potions are legendary. He might have the antidote."

"I want to go!" Celine cried immediately. "Brother, take me with you. I have to find him."

I lay there in the dark, laughing internally.

Celine's face was ruined? Good. Her ugly exterior finally matched her rotten interior. It was a fitting punishment.

And Amelia... my little sister was amazing. She had destroyed them without even lifting a finger. I felt a surge of pride. She was strong.

"That wretched girl," Livia hissed, her voice trembling with rage. "Amelia is so vicious. She sees her sister suffering and does nothing."

"Mom," Celine wept, playing the victim again. "I bet she planned for that scorpion to sting me. She wants me dead."

"I know, honey, I know," Livia soothed her. "It is all her fault."

I wanted to spit on them. If Amelia really planned it, then she did a fantastic job.

"And your grandfather!" Livia shouted, her anger shifting. "How could he announce that Ethan can't inherit the family business? He is senile!"

She paced around the room; her heels clicking on the floor.

"Something is wrong," Livia muttered. "Amelia is too" evil. Ever since she came back, everything has gone wrong for us."

She paused, her voice dropping to a fearful whisper.

"Do you think she used black magic? Or maybe she is using mind control on Alpha Alaric? That is the only explanation for why he would turn against his own family."

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(Caleb's POV)

Ethan paced the room, his face twisted with rage and disbelief.

"I cannot believe Grandfather did this," Ethan spat, kicking a chair. "Stripping me of my inheritance rights? For what? Because of that girl?"

"It makes no sense," Livia said, sitting on the edge of the bed and wringing her hands. "Your grandfather has always valued the family bloodline above all else. He would never handicap the main branch like this unless..."

She paused, her eyes widening with a sudden realization.

“Unless he isn’t thinking clearly,” Ethan finished for her.

“Exactly,” Livia whispered, standing up. “Amelia gave him a treatment for his headaches, didn’t she? What if she used something else? Drugs? Or even black magic?”

“Black magic,” Ethan repeated, the idea taking root.

“Remember how she controlled those bugs?” Livia shuddered, clutching her arms. “That was not normal, Ethan. No healer does that. She must be using some dark arts to control Alaric’s mind.”

“It explains everything,” Ethan said, nodding slowly. “Why he suddenly favors her. Why he is turning against his own family.”

“We have to stop her,” Livia said, her voice rising in panic. “If we don’t, the entire Stone River Pack’s assets will belong to that wild girl. She might even have Jaxon and Seraphina under her spell. Why else would they treat an adopted stray like a princess?”

Ethan’s expression darkened. A cruel light entered his eyes.

“We need proof,” he said. “We need a specialist in mental domination. Or a witch hunter.”

“I will find one tomorrow,” Livia promised. “But what if we are wrong? If Alaric finds out we are investigating him, he will be even more disappointed.”

“It doesn’t matter if we are right or wrong,” Ethan interrupted, his voice cold and ruthless. “We just need the accusation to stick. We will frame her for using black magic on the Alpha. That carries the death penalty.”

“Good,” Celine croaked from her bed. Her face was wrapped in bandages, but her eyes burned with hate. “Kill her. Make her suffer.”

“Don’t worry, little sister,” Ethan said, softening his tone as he looked at her. “Tomorrow, I am taking you to Valerius Kane’s auction. They say the ‘Shadow Apothecary’ might be there. We will get the antidote for your face.”

“I want her dead,” Celine hissed, tears soaking her bandages.

I lay there, screaming inside my own mind.

“No!” I tried to move a finger, anything. “You are the monsters, not her!”

Amelia was innocent. Celine was the rot in this family. But I was a prisoner in my own body, unable to twitch a muscle.

I could only watch and listen as they plotted against my sister.

“Moon Goddess, please protect Amelia,” I prayed silently in the darkness of my mind. “Don’t let them hurt her.”

(Amelia’s POV)

The next morning, I sat at the dining table with a piece of toast. My phone buzzed on the placemat.

It was a message from Natasha Crimson.

“Natasha: Good morning! I heard you might be going to the auction today?”

I raised an eyebrow. News traveled fast in the elite circles.

“Amelia: Yes. Would you like to join me?”

The reply came instantly.

“Natasha: YES! Oh my goddess, really? That is huge!”

“Amelia: I can pick you up,”

“Natasha: That is goddess–level treatment! I will be ready. I won’t embarrass you, I promise!”

She sent her address immediately. I could almost feel her excitement vibrating through the screen as she likely rushed to pick out an outfit.

““We have found another ally,”“ Ava purred in my mind, stretching lazily. ““Her scent is pure.

Unlike the snakes in the West House.““

““Agreed,” I replied silently. ““She seems genuine.““

(Amelia’s POV)

“Who are you smiling at?” Seraphina asked, pouring herself a cup of tea. “Is it Theodore?”

I chuckled and put the phone down. “No, Mom. It’s Natasha.”

Seraphina paused, the teapot hovering in mid–air. “Cordelia’s daughter?”

“The very one,” I said.

“That is... wonderful,” Seraphina said, a genuine smile spreading across her face. “Cordelia and her mate have always remained neutral in the Crimson family struggles. If Natasha is close to you, it pulls that branch closer to Theodore.”

She took a sip of tea, looking thoughtful.

“Theodore needs all the support he can get right now,” she continued. “Especially with Ronan backstabbing him. And for you... it is good protection.”

She reached out and squeezed my hand across the table.

“I was so worried, Amelia,” she admitted softly. “I thought you would be isolated here. I was afraid Adrian and Livia’s lies would make everyone shun you.”

“I can handle them,” I said, squeezing back. “And I will make plenty of friends.”

I finished my breakfast and stood up, wiping my mouth. My expression hardened.

“But first,” I said, checking the time. “I have a wager to enforce.”

“Lyra?” Seraphina asked.

“Yes,” I said, a cold glint in my eyes. “Grandfather is coming with us. Lyra owes me an apology on her knees. We are going to the West House before the auction.”

(Amelia’s POV)

We walked across the estate grounds. The morning air was crisp.

Grandfather Alaric walked ahead, his back straight and imposing. Harold, the head butler of the main house, followed close behind us.

When we reached the West House, the door opened. The butler of the West House stood there.

His eyes widened when he saw us. His face went pale as a sheet.

“Alpha Alaric,” he stammered. “Miss Amelia.”

I looked at him coldly.

“I told you,” I said calmly. “If I proved my innocence, you would be fired and banished from the pack.”

He swallowed hard, looking desperately at Alaric.

“Master, please,” he begged. “I have served this house for ten years-”

“Settle his wages, Harold,” Alaric cut him off. His voice was like granite. “Get him out of my territory immediately.”

“Yes, Alpha,” Harold said, stepping forward.

The West House butler glared at me with pure venom, but he didn’t dare defy the Alpha. He turned and slunk away, defeated.

We stepped into the grand foyer.

Livia was just coming down the stairs. She was dressed in an expensive silk robe, but her face looked tired.

She froze when she saw the group.

“Father?” she asked, gripping the railing. A flicker of ominous fear crossed her eyes. “Why are you here so early? And with Seraphina?”

Alpha Alaric ignored her question. He walked past her and sat heavily on the main sofa in the center of the room.

He radiated power, his presence filling the space with an unquestionable authority.

“Where is Lyra?” Alaric demanded.

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(Livia’s POV)

“Where is Lyra?” Alaric demanded again.

I felt a chill run down my spine. The old man was serious. He actually came here to force Lyra to kneel before Amelia.

It was insane.

“He isn’t thinking clearly,” I thought, panic rising in my chest. “Amelia must have drugged him. It’s some kind of dark herbalism or black magic.”

I took a breath and walked down the remaining stairs. I had to stop this madness before it destroyed our family’s dignity.

“Father,” I said, trying to keep my voice steady. “Lyra isn’t here. She went back to the Drake Pack right after the engagement banquet last night.”

Alaric's face darkened. He slammed his hand on the armrest of the sofa.

"Did she forget the wager she made in front of everyone?" he barked. "She promised to apologize if Amelia was innocent."

"Father, be reasonable," I pleaded. "It was just a heat-of-the-moment bet. Would you really humiliate your own blood daughter for... for a wild girl?"

Alaric stood up, his grey eyes blazing with Alpha authority.

"A promise is a promise, Livia," he growled. "If the Stone family breaks its word so easily, who will trust us? Who will do business with us?"

"But she is a Drake now," I argued. "You cannot just demand she kneels."

"If she cannot keep her word, she should not have spoken it," Alaric retorted.

(Amelia's POV)

I watched Livia try to wiggle out of the situation. She would say anything to protect Lyra and spite me.

"I can call her," I said calmly.

I pulled out my phone and dialed Lyra's number. I put it on speaker so everyone could hear.

The phone rang four times before someone picked up.

"What is it?" Lyra's voice came through, thick with sleep and irritation. "It is too early for this."

"Aunt Lyra," I said smoothly. "Grandfather is here at the West House. We are waiting for you to fulfill your wager."

There was a pause. Then a scoff.

"Oh, that?" Lyra laughed, a harsh, dismissive sound. "Don't be childish. It was just a joke. I have better things to do."

"Grandfather is listening," I said, my voice cold. "He expects you here."

Silence stretched for a few seconds.

"Then you can just keep waiting," Lyra hissed.

The line went dead. She hung up on me.

I lowered the phone and looked at Alaric. “It seems she has no intention of returning.”

Livia sneered, stepping forward. A triumphant look crossed her face.

“See?” Livia said. “She is the Alpha’s mate of the Drake Pack now. She doesn’t answer to you.”

She turned her glare on me.

“If you are so tough, go to the Drake Pack and make her,” Livia mocked. “But you won’t. You don’t have the guts to cause trouble in their territory.”

Grandfather Alaric frowned. He looked torn.

The Drake Pack was powerful. Going there to demand an apology from their Alpha’s mate was a serious diplomatic incident.

“Perhaps we should wait,” Alaric muttered.

“No,” Seraphina said. Her voice was sharp, cutting through the hesitation. “We go now.”

Livia laughed out loud. It was a cruel, grating sound.

“You two are fools,” Livia spat. “You will offend the Drakes and ruin everything. Do whatever you want, I’m leaving.”

Livia turned and hurried out the door. She looked like she had somewhere urgent to be.

I watched her go, knowing she was likely off to find some doctor to prove Alaric was insane. I turned back to my grandfather.

“Mom is right,” I said quietly. “If you won’t go, Grandfather, Mom and I will go alone.”

Alaric sighed, rubbing his temples. He looked old suddenly.

“Amelia, listen,” he said. “Is this really necessary? I can give you a shop. Or jewelry. I will compensate you for the insult.”

(Amelia’s POV)

“It is not about money!” Seraphina shouted.

She stepped in front of me, shielding me with her body. Her hands were trembling, not with fear, but with anger.

“Think, Father,” Seraphina said, her voice shaking. “If Lyra had won, would she have taken money? No. She would have forced Amelia into the dirt.”

Alaric opened his mouth, but Seraphina didn't let him speak.

"She would have destroyed this child," Seraphina continued, tears welling in her amber eyes. "I will not let Amelia swallow this injustice. She is my daughter."

"This is a true pack," Ava purred in my mind. "She protects us like a real mother."

My chest felt warm. I reached out and took Seraphina's hand.

"Grandfather," I said, stepping forward so I stood beside my mother. "We only want fairness."

I looked him straight in the eye.

"Lyra relies on the Drake name to bully us," I said. "But look at her mate. Carlos Drake is weak. He has brought no profit to the Stone River Pack in twenty years."

Alaric listened, his expression shifting.

"We don't need to fear a paper tiger," I said firmly. "We don't need to sacrifice our principles for a useless alliance."

Alaric stared at me for a long moment. He seemed to be weighing my soul.

Finally, he nodded. A look of respect replaced his hesitation.

"You are right," Alaric said. "You have the spirit of a true Alpha."

He turned to his butler.

"Harold, assemble the elite guard," Alaric ordered. "We are going to the Drake Estate."

"Yes, Alpha," Harold said, bowing low.

I saw a shadow move near the doorway. Livia hadn't left the property. She was hiding in the shadows, listening to us.

I ignored her. It didn't matter what she plotted.

We walked out to the cars. A convoy of black SUVs was waiting.

Ten elite warriors, the best the Stone family had, stood ready. They looked fierce and capable.

Seraphina squeezed my hand as we got into the lead car.

"Thank you, Mom," I whispered.

“Always,” she replied.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Livia get into her own car. She instructed her driver to follow us at a distance.

She wanted to see me fail. She wanted to watch the Drake family crush me.

She was going to be disappointed.

The engine roared to life. We drove out of the gates, heading straight for the Drake Pack.

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(Amelia’s POV)

I stopped the car in front of the massive iron gates of the Drake Pack House. The engine purred into silence.

“Mom, stay here,” I said, unbuckling my seatbelt. “I will handle this.”

Seraphina looked worried, but she nodded. “Be careful, Amelia.”

I stepped out of the SUV. The air was cool against my skin. I took off my sunglasses and hooked one arm of the frame into the collar of my shirt. I didn’t stand tall or rigid like a visiting dignitary. Instead, I walked up to the front door with a loose, easy stride.

I leaned my shoulder against the heavy doorframe, crossing my ankles. I pressed the doorbell.

“Ding–dong.”

A few moments later, the heavy door creaked open. An elderly butler in a pristine uniform appeared. He looked down his nose, ready to dismiss a solicitor.

“Yes?” he asked.

I didn’t look at him. My gaze drifted past his shoulder, staring coldly into the opulent hallway of the house.

“Go tell Lyra I am here to collect her debt,” I said, my voice flat. “And remind her of something for me. For every minute she makes me wait out here, I am calculating interest.”

The butler blinked. He looked at my face, and recognition dawned in his eyes. He had seen me at the banquet. His posture stiffened.

“I... I will inform Madam Lyra immediately,” he stammered, bowing slightly before closing the door.

(Lyra’s POV)

“She is here?” I shrieked.

I was sitting in the parlor, trying to calm my nerves with a cup of coffee. Hearing the butler’s words, rage exploded in my chest. I turned to Carlos, who was sitting next to me scrolling on his phone.

“This is your fault!” I screamed.

I shoved him hard. The cup in his hand jerked, sending hot, dark liquid splashing all over his white silk shirt.

“Lyra!” Carlos jumped up, brushing frantically at the stain. “Are you crazy?”

“If you had handled that old man Rowan Calder like you promised, I wouldn’t have made that bet!” I yelled, pointing a shaking finger at him. “I wouldn’t be in this mess!”

Carlos glared at me. “Stop shrieking. You are acting hysterical.”

“She is at the door, Carlos! She wants me to kneel!”

“So?” Carlos sneered. “Just don’t open the door. If we ignore her, she can’t do anything. She is just a little girl standing on a porch.”

I froze. He was right.

It was shameful to hide in my own home like a frightened rabbit. But it was far better than walking out there, baring my neck, and submitting to a twenty-year-old girl in front of my mate’s family.

“You are right,” I breathed. I turned to the butler. “Do not open that door. No matter what she does, keep it locked.”

“Yes, Madam,” the butler said, hurrying away.

Carlos looked at his ruined shirt with disgust. “You are losing your mind over nothing. You are embarrassing the Drake Pack.”

He turned and walked toward the stairs. “I’m going to change. Deal with your own mess.”

I watched him go, my teeth grinding together. I hated him. But I hated Amelia Stone more. It was all her fault. If that wild brat hadn't returned to the Stone family to steal the inheritance, I never would have gotten greedy. I never would be in this position.

(Amelia's POV)

Ten minutes passed. The door remained shut.

I checked my watch. I wasn't surprised. Lyra was a coward.

Inside the SUV, the window rolled down. Seraphina stuck her head out, her face red with anger.

"This is outrageous!" she shouted, her voice carrying across the driveway. "She is an elder! How can she have no shame? She made a promise!"

I turned back to the car. Instead of being angry, I laughed. It was pathetic, really.

"Relax, Mom," I called out.

I pulled out my phone. I turned my back to the giant wooden doors. I held the phone up high, framing the closed entrance and my angry mother in the background.

"Click."

I opened the pack social media app. I uploaded the photo.

"Caption: Smells like fear."

I hit post.

I walked back to the car window. Seraphina was still fuming.

"She thinks if she hides, I will just go away," I said, a mischievous glint in my eyes. "If she wants to play childish games, then I will play a big one."

"“She thinks she can hide behind wood and stone?”“ Ava growled in my mind. ““Let's take the door down. I want to see her tremble.”“"

"Patience, Ava," I whispered.

I scrolled through my contacts and found Silas. I hit dial.

"Silas," I said when he answered. "I need a favor. Fast."

"Name it," Silas replied instantly.

“I need a marching band. Trumpets, heavy bass drums, cymbals. The louder, the better. Send them to the Drake Estate. Now.”

(Lyra’s POV)

Thirty minutes later, the silence was killing me. I paced back and forth in the living room.

“Go check,” I snapped at the butler.

He hurried to the window and peered out. He turned back, his face pale.

“Madam...” he hesitated. “She hasn’t left.”

“And?”

“There are... people. A lot of people. They have instruments.”

“Instruments?” I frowned.

“BOOM.”

A massive drum beat shook the windows.

“CRASH.”

Claim

Cymbals clashed together, followed by the blaring, discordant sound of a dozen trumpets playing out of tune. It was deafening.

“Lyra!”

Amelia’s voice exploded through the house, amplified by a megaphone.

“Don’t hide like a coward behind the curtains!”

The drums pounded a chaotic rhythm. It sounded like a war march.

“Pay up your bet!” Amelia’s voice boomed, echoing off the high ceilings. “Get your ass out here! Or do I have to come in there and drag you out by your cheap wig?”

My jaw dropped. The noise was unbearable. It was a public execution of my dignity.

(Lyra’s POV)

“Make it stop!” I screamed, covering my ears. “Butler! Get the guards! Throw her out!”

I was shaking. She was insane. She didn't care about reputation at all.

"Wait."

A cold voice cut through my panic.

I spun around. Matriarch Octavia Drake stood at the entrance of the hallway. She leaned on her cane, her silver hair perfectly coiffed, her grey eyes like ice.

"Mother," I gasped. "That girl... she is making a scene. I have to send the guards."

"You will do no such thing," Octavia said sharply.

"But the noise..."

"If you send guards to attack a guest who is here to collect a legitimate debt, you make us look like thugs," Octavia hissed. "Do you want the entire Northgate City to gather and watch the Drake family become a joke?"

I froze. My mouth opened and closed, but no words came out.

"You have been married into this pack for twenty years," Octavia said, walking closer. Her gaze was withering. "And yet you have gained no wisdom. You only know how to paint your face and buy clothes."

I lowered my head, my face burning with humiliation. "I... I am sorry, Mother."

"Useless," Octavia spat.

She turned her head toward the front door, listening to the cacophony outside. Her lip curled in disgust.

"I am not surprised," Octavia said, her voice dripping with arrogance. "Look at the Stone family. That niece of yours acts just like you. A brainless idiot. She dares to come to my territory and act like a wild rogue with no breeding."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 150[1,284 words]

(Livia's POV)

I watched from the safety of my sedan, parked a discreet distance down the road. The tinted windows hid me from view, but I could see everything perfectly.

It was humiliating.

Amelia and Seraphina stood outside the massive gates of the Drake Estate. They had been left out in the cold for over twenty minutes. Any person with a shred of dignity would have left by now. But Amelia? No. She had to make a scene.

I watched in horror as she raised her hand. A group of musicians—a marching band, of all things—started playing. The noise was atrocious even from here.

“She is delusional,” I muttered, shaking my head. “Completely out of her depth.”

She was dragging the Stone family name through the mud. Acting like a common hooligan in front of one of the most prestigious packs in the North.

“Lady Livia?” the driver asked, glancing at me in the rearview mirror. “Should we approach?”

“Absolutely not,” I snapped. “Turn around. Get me out of here.”

I wasn’t going to be associated with this train wreck. If Amelia wanted to get herself killed or thrown in jail by the Drake family, that was her problem. I had a charity gala to attend.

“Let the Drakes deal with the little brat,” I said coldly as the car pulled away.

(Amelia’s POV)

I held the megaphone to my lips. Behind me, the brass section was blowing their lungs out. The bass drum thumped like a heartbeat on steroids.

“BOOM. BOOM. CRASH.”

For a werewolf with sensitive hearing, this was torture.

Finally, the front door flew open. The butler stumbled out, his hands pressed tight against his ears. His face was twisted in pain.

“Stop! Stop it!” he screamed over the noise. “What are you doing?”

I lowered the megaphone. I didn’t apologize. I just smirked.

“I knocked,” I said, my voice amplified and echoing. “You didn’t open. I improvised. Next time, answer the door. It saves on headaches.”

The butler looked like he wanted to shift and attack me, but he held back. He looked defeated.

“Please,” he begged. “Just stop the noise. Madam Lyra will see you.”

I raised my hand. The band stopped instantly. Silence crashed back down on the driveway. It was blissful.

“Smart choice,” I said.

I turned to the band leader and handed him a thick envelope of cash.

“Double pay,” I said. “Good work. Get lost.”

Seraphina stepped up beside me. Her face wasn’t flushed with embarrassment anymore. She looked calm. Determined.

The butler stared at her. He adjusted his uniform, trying to regain some composure.

“Madam Seraphina,” the butler said, his tone dripping with judgment. “I expected this behavior from a wild child raised in the countryside. But you? You are the mate of Jaxon Stone. How can you participate in this... hooliganism?”

Seraphina didn’t flinch. She used to be quiet. She used to let people walk all over her. Not today.

“Hooliganism?” Seraphina asked sharply. Her eyes narrowed. “The Drake Pack claims to be prestigious. Yet you leave two guests standing at your gate for half an hour like beggars. Is that what you call common decency?”

The butler opened his mouth, but no words came out. He turned red.

Seraphina didn’t wait for an answer. She turned to me, her expression softening.

“Come on, Amelia,” she said gently. “Let’s go find your Aunt Lyra.”

We walked into the main hall. It was grand, dripping with old money and arrogance.

Sitting on the velvet sofas were the three heads of the dragon. Matriarch Octavia sat in the center, looking like a queen on a throne. Lyra was to her right, looking nervous.

And then there was Carlos Drake. He was wearing silk pajamas. His hair was a mess. He looked like he had just rolled out of bed.

“My head,” Carlos groaned, rubbing his temples. “Did you have to make that infernal racket? Some of us are trying to sleep.”

“It’s two in the afternoon,” I noted.

None of them offered us a seat. They just stared, waiting for us to stand awkwardly in the center of the room like naughty children.

I wasn't playing that game.

I walked straight to a pristine leather armchair opposite them. I sat down, crossing my legs and leaning back. I got comfortable.

"Nice sofa," I said, running a hand over the armrest. "Italian leather? At least you have taste in furniture. Shame your manners are trash."

I patted the empty seat next to me.

"Mom, sit down," I said loudly. "profound apologies aren't their strong suit. This might take a while."

Seraphina hesitated for a split second. Then she straightened her spine. She walked over and sat down next to me, mirroring my relaxed posture.

Matriarch Octavia's eyes flashed with annoyance. She gripped her cane tighter.

I locked eyes with Carlos. He looked like he wanted to throw up.

"You are rude," Carlos spat. "Barging in here. Waking people up."

I shrugged. My expression was innocent, but my eyes were cold.

"You're welcome," I said. "Consider it a wake-up call. For your reputation. It's dying, by the way."

Matriarch Octavia let out a dry, humorless laugh.

"You have been here ten minutes and caused a riot," Octavia said. "If we had made you wait another hour, would you have called the human news vans? Or perhaps the Werewolf Daily?"

I gave her a thumbs up.

"You're good," I said. "That was exactly the plan. I had the reporters on speed dial."

Octavia's mouth clamped shut. She realized I wasn't bluffing.

"This bet," Octavia said, changing the subject. Her voice was steel. "You are here for the bet."

"I am," I said. "Lyra made a wager. She lost. Then she ran back to the Drakes to hide behind Mommy's skirt."

""Cowards,"" Ava snorted in my mind. ""They reek of hypocrisy.""

(Amelia's POV)

“Is it really necessary?” Octavia asked, her lip curling in a sneer. “You want your own aunt to kneel to you? To humiliate her?”

I smiled. It didn’t reach my eyes.

“Octavia,” I said softly. “This isn’t about knees. It’s about the bet. She wrote a check with her ego that she can’t cash. I’m just the debt collector.”

Octavia turned her glare on Seraphina.

“And you?” Octavia demanded. “You are her elder. You allow this aggression? This lack of respect?”

Seraphina didn’t look down. She looked Octavia dead in the eye.

“Don’t look at me,” Seraphina said calmly. “In our house, we pay our debts. If Lyra couldn’t afford to lose, she shouldn’t have bet. Don’t blame my daughter because your family lacks integrity.”

Lyra gasped. She sat up straight, crossing her arms over her chest.

“You are crazy!” Lyra shouted. “She is just an adopted stray! Why are you defending her like a madwoman?”

“I hate it when people talk about blood,” Seraphina snapped. “Shut up, Lyra. Honor the bet.”

Lyra leaned back, a smug look on her face.

“Dream on,” Lyra scoffed. “I won’t kneel. I’m not doing it. What are you going to do? Hit me?”

Matriarch Octavia tapped her cane on the floor. The sound echoed like a gunshot.

“Listen to me, Seraphina,” Octavia warned, her voice low and dangerous. “Lyra is the mate of a Drake Alpha. If she kneels to your daughter, she kneels to a child. It tramples on the dignity of the Drake Pack. You are new to the city, Miss Stone, so you are ignorant. But Seraphina, you should know better.”

Octavia leaned forward.

“Take your daughter and leave,” Octavia hissed. “Right now. If you walk out that door, I will let this slide. If you stay, you make an enemy of the Drake family.”