

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 151[1,432 words]

(Amelia's POV)

"Matriarch Octavia," Mom said, her voice cutting through the tension in the room. "If I let my daughter be humiliated just to be 'sensible,' that would be the real disgrace to the Stone River Pack."

Octavia frowned deeply. She looked at Seraphina as if seeing a stranger.

"You have changed, Seraphina," Octavia said, her tone dripping with disapproval. "You used to be quiet. Meek. Now your tongue is sharp. It is this girl's influence."

Octavia turned her cold gaze toward me. She looked me up and down, analyzing me like a piece of merchandise.

"I do not like you, girl," Octavia sneered. "You are too bold. But I must admit, you have a strong mind. Most young wolves would be trembling in the presence of a Pack Matriarch. You stand there as if you own the place."

She leaned back against the sofa, shaking her head.

"I do not understand the rumors in Northgate City," she continued. "Why do people rate you so highly? You are just a medicine seller from the remote Meadow Brook Pack. You are a country girl. There is nothing excellent about you."

"Your eyesight is failing, Octavia," Mom shot back immediately. "It comes with age. You can't see quality even when it's sitting right in front of you."

I couldn't help it. I laughed.

"Mom," I said, grinning at her. "You are getting more imposing every day. I love it."

"I still have a long way to go to catch up to you, Amelia," Mom replied, her voice humble but her eyes shining with pride.

Octavia's face turned a shade of purple I hadn't seen before. She gripped her cane, her knuckles turning white. She wasn't used to people talking back to her, let alone mocking her age.

"The old hag is used to everyone wagging their tails," Ava growled in my mind, her voice dripping with disdain. "She can't handle someone standing tall."

Octavia took a deep breath, trying to regain her composure. She decided to change her target.

“You think you are untouchable because of the engagement,” Octavia said, her voice laced with venom. “The Drake family was not invited to your little party, but I saw the news. The Crimson family seems satisfied with their future Luna.”

“Alpha King Gideon has better judgment than you,” Mom said simply.

Octavia let out a harsh, mocking laugh.

“Judgment?” she scoffed. “Theodore was once a powerful Alpha. Everyone feared him. Now? He is a cripple. He was ruined by his own brother. And now he is being manipulated by a little girl like you.”

She leaned forward, her eyes narrowing into slits.

“Alpha King Gideon is old,” she spat. “He must be senile or sick to approve of someone like you. The Crimson Moon Pack has no future. It is doomed.”

I stared at her. My expression went cold.

“Matriarch Octavia,” I said, my voice calm but carrying a weight that filled the room. “You do not need to worry about the Stone family or the Crimson family.”

I took a small step forward.

“I cannot guarantee much in this world,” I said softly. “But since I am the one treating Alpha King Gideon, I can promise you one thing.”

I locked eyes with her.

“He will definitely outlive you.”

The room went deadly silent. Then, Octavia exploded.

“You dare!” she roared. “You dare curse me to die?”

She slammed her cane on the floor. A wave of Alpha pressure rolled off her, trying to crush me into submission. I didn’t even blink.

Lyra sat beside her, her mouth hanging open. She looked terrified.

“You... you are insane!” Lyra shouted. “How can you speak to an elder like that? You have no respect!”

Carlos couldn’t take it anymore. He jumped up from his seat, his face twisted with rage.

“That is enough!” Carlos yelled. “You come into my house, you wake me up, and now you curse my mother? You are looking for death!”

He grabbed the intercom on the table and held down the button.

“Security!” he screamed into the device. “Enforcers! Get to the main hall immediately! Now!”

He slammed the device back down and glared at me with murderous intent.

“I will teach you a lesson today,” Carlos snarled. “Let’s see if the Stone family dares to go to war with the Drakes over a corpse.”

Mom stiffened beside me. She looked at the door nervously. We hadn’t brought any guards. We were alone in the lion’s den.

While we waited for the muscle to arrive, Lyra looked at me with a smug expression. She thought she had won. She thought I was about to be destroyed.

I looked at her, and I felt nothing but pity.

“Aunt Lyra,” I said slowly. “If I were you, I wouldn’t be smiling.”

Lyra blinked, confused by my calmness. “What?”

“Think about it,” I said. “When your mother demanded you kneel to me earlier, Carlos didn’t say a word. He sat there and watched. He didn’t care about your dignity.”

I pointed a finger at Carlos, who was pacing angrily.

“But the moment I talked back to his mother? He wants to kill me,” I said. “He is ready to start a war. That proves it. In his heart, you are nothing compared to her.”

Lyra’s smile vanished. The truth hit her hard.

“Shut up!” she snapped, her voice shrill. “I have money! I have the Drake family fortune behind me! I have endless wealth!”

“If you are so rich,” I asked, tilting my head, “why did you make a bet for my shares? Why are you so desperate for a piece of Stone Pharmaceutical?”

Lyra opened her mouth to argue, but no words came out. She clamped her jaw shut, glaring at me with pure hatred.

Suddenly, the heavy double doors burst open.

Four massive men rushed in. They were Enforcers, their muscles bulging under their suits.

“Grab them!” Carlos ordered, pointing a shaking finger at us. “Capture them! Force them to kneel before my mother! Break their legs if they resist!”

Mom gasped and grabbed my arm. Her fingers dug into my skin.

“It’s okay,” I whispered to her. I patted her hand gently. “Relax.”

The men charged. They were fast, fueled by their Alpha’s command.

I didn’t move my feet. I just flicked my wrist.

“Whoosh.”

Four silver needles shot out from my sleeve. They glinted in the chandelier light.

They hit their targets instantly.

The Enforcers stopped dead in their tracks. Their eyes rolled back in their heads.

The needles were silver, which burned, but they were also coated in a potent, rapid-acting anesthetic I had brewed myself.

“Thud. Thud. Thud. Thud.”

One by one, they collapsed to the floor. They foamed at the mouth, twitching uncontrollably. They didn’t even have time to shift into their wolf forms.

Mom let out a long breath. She looked at me, her eyes wide. She had forgotten for a moment that her daughter was the Shadow Healer.

Lyra and Carlos stared at the bodies on the floor, stunned. Octavia’s eyes narrowed, her look shifting from anger to wary calculation.

““Nice work!”““ Ava howled in my mind, sounding delighted. ““These watchdogs are too slow.”““

I shrugged, adjusting my cuff.

“So,” I asked casually, looking at Carlos. “What is the plan now? Do you want to try to fight me yourself? Or are you going to try to destroy the Stone family business?”

I let my own Alpha power leak out. Just a fraction of it. The air in the room grew heavy.

Carlos looked at his fallen men, then back at me. His face went pale. The sweat started to bead on his forehead. He realized he was outmatched.

“You...” Carlos stammered, trying to sound tough. “You don’t know who you are messing with.

You don't know how the Drake family started. We are ruthless!"

"Oh, but I do," I said with a cold sneer. "I know everything."

I took a step closer to the coffee table.

"I had my people investigate every major pack in Northgate City" I said calmly. "The Chimeon Moon Pack? Their foundation is clean. They operate legal businesses. Their leadership has long-term vision."

I held up a finger.

"The Calder Pack? They have top-tier medical research and ancient bloodlines. Their roots are deep and solid."

I held up a second finger.

"The Blackwood Pack? They are declining, but they still have structure."

I paused. The room was silent except for the ragged breathing of the unconscious Enforcers, I turned my gaze slowly to Matriarch Octavia.

"As for your Drake Pack..."

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(Amelia's POV)

"As for your Drake family," I continued, my voice steady and cold. "You didn't start with legitimate business. You started in the gutters."

Matriarch Octavia stared at me. Her eyes were like a viper's, filled with poison. I didn't flinch. I stared right back.

"Smuggling," I said clearly. "Wolfsbane. Illegal underground betting. That is the foundation of your wealth. Dirty money and blood."

The room went silent. Even the air felt heavy.

"Griffin Drake, is working very hard right now," I said. "He is desperate to wash the family name clean. He wants the Drake Pack to be respected in the legitimate werewolf high society. He wants to erase those dark chapters."

I turned my head slowly to look at Carlos. His face had turned a sickly shade of white.

“If Griffin finds out his own brother is using those old, bloody tactics to threaten people,” I said with a smile that didn’t reach my eyes, “who do you think he will blame? Me? Or the liability dragging him back into the mud?”

Carlos froze. The color drained from his face completely. Everyone knew Griffin hated when people brought up the family’s criminal past. It was his sore spot.

Octavia narrowed her eyes. She leaned forward on her cane, re-evaluating me. The contempt in her gaze was gone. It was replaced by a cold, hard realization. I wasn’t just a country girl from Meadow Brook. I was dangerous.

Carlos clenched his fists. He looked between his mother and his mate. He needed to save face. His pride as a man was crumbling.

“You think you are smart,” Carlos spat, his voice trembling with rage. “Griffin will not let this slide. He will send professionals. He will send assassins to silence you quietly.”

I didn’t even blink. I looked at him with boredom.

“Assassins?” I asked calmly. “Go ahead. Send them.”

I took a step closer to him.

“But you should know something,” I said. “I have a dead man’s switch. I have evidence. Detailed records of the Drake Pack’s current smuggling routes. I have enough to bring the Werewolf Council down on your heads.”

Carlos’s eyes bulged.

“If anything happens to me,” I said, “that information goes public instantly. The internet will see it. The Council will see it.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” he hissed.

“Try me,” I challenged.

“You b”“h!” Carlos roared, losing control. “You want to die? Fine! But you won’t just kill yourself. You’ll drag that useless waste of a mother down with you! You and Seraphina will both rot!”

Something snapped inside me.

My vision turned red at the edges.

“What did you say?” I asked, my voice dropping to a whisper.

Carlos sneered. “I said your mother is a usele-”

I moved.

I didn’t shift, but I moved with the speed of a hunting wolf. I crossed the distance between us in a heartbeat.

“Smack!”

My hand connected with his cheek. The sound cracked through the hall like a whip.

Carlos stumbled back, clutching his face. He looked shocked.

“Stop it!” Octavia shrieked. “Girl, how dare you!”

“Shut up, old woman,” I snapped without looking at her. “You can barely stand on your own legs. You think you can stop me?”

I grabbed Carlos by the collar of his expensive shirt.

“Smack! Smack!”

I slapped him again. Forehand. Backhand. I put my Alpha strength behind it.

“You want to call my mother useless?” I growled.

“Smack!”

“I will slap that mouth right off your face!”

Carlos tried to raise his hands, but he was slow. He was soft. I hit him again. Blood flew from his lip.

Lyra stood against the wall. Her hands were over her mouth. She looked terrified. But as I watched Carlos stumble, I saw something else in her eyes. A flicker of twisted satisfaction.

““Yes!”“ Ava howled in my head, her voice vibrating with excitement. ““Tear him apart! Make him silent forever!”“

I shoved Carlos away. He fell back onto the sofa, groaning.

My hand stung. I rubbed my palm, glaring at the mess I had made of his face. Then I turned to Lyra.

She flinched. She pressed her back against the wall.

“Aunt Lyra,” I said coldly. “Are you going to kneel? Or do you want some of what he got?”

Lyra looked at the unconscious enforcers on the floor. She looked at her mate, who was spitting blood onto the carpet. Her face was pale.

Her pride crumbled. The fear of physical pain was stronger than her dignity.

She trembled. Her legs shook. Then, she slowly lowered herself.

Her knees hit the floor with a dull thud.

“I... I’m sorry,” she whispered, her head bowed low.

I looked down at her. I didn’t feel triumph. Just cold resolve.

“You should have done that ten minutes ago,” I said. “You could have saved yourself a lot of trouble.”

I leaned in slightly.

“The Drake Pack can’t touch me,” I said mercilessly. “Griffin won’t risk exposure. So guess who they are going to blame for this humiliation? Guess who is going to pay the price when I leave?”

Lyra looked up, her eyes wide with realization. It would be her.

“You disgrace!” Octavia screamed, pointing her cane at Lyra. Her hands were shaking with rage. “You kneel to this... this pup? You are a waste of space! You shame the Drake name!”

Lyra flinched, shrinking into herself. She didn’t dare talk back to the Matriarch.

“She is weak,” I agreed, looking at Octavia. “But at least she knows when she is beaten.”

I pointed at Carlos, who was wiping blood from his chin.

“He is the real waste,” I said. “A male who can’t even protect his mate. A man who hides behind his mother’s skirt.”

I looked at Lyra.

“Don’t mistake this for kindness,” I told her. “I didn’t make you kneel to help you. But when that old hag insults you, she insults the daughter-in-law of the Stone family. I am just balancing the books.”

Octavia looked like she was about to have a stroke. Her face was purple. She knew she couldn't win with words, and her guards were unconscious.

"Get out!" she roared. "Get out of my house! Now!"

"Gladly," I said. I grabbed Mom's hand. "Let's go, Mom."

We turned to leave.

"No!" Carlos shouted. He struggled up from the sofa, his eyes wild. "You don't get to walk away! Mom, look what she did to me! We can't let her leave alive!"

He lunged toward me.

I stopped. I spun around on my heel.

"Smack!"

My hand caught him square in the face again. It was a heavy blow. He spun around and crashed back into the coffee table.

"I guess I didn't hit you hard enough," I said, looking down at him with pure disgust. "Shut your mouth. Adults are talking."

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(Amelia's POV)

"Amelia Stone, stop this instant! I told you to leave, don't push your luck!" Matriarch Octavia's voice boomed through the hall, carrying an undeniable weight of authority.

I froze. My hand was still raised, ready for another strike. I dropped my arm and shook out my stinging palm, looking at the old woman with innocent eyes.

"I wanted to leave," I said, shrugging helplessly. "But your son insisted I stay. He wouldn't let me walk out the door. I was just defending myself."

Seraphina stood up gracefully from her chair. She smoothed her dress and nodded politely to Octavia, signaling our departure.

Carlos opened his mouth to shout something, blood dripping from his split lip.

“Shut up!” Octavia barked at him, her cane slamming onto the floor. “Do you think you haven’t lost enough face today? Or is your skin so thick you want another beating?”

Carlos snapped his mouth shut. He glared at me with pure venom, his eyes promising revenge, but he didn’t dare defy his mother.

I smirked at him one last time, turned on my heel, and walked out.

Having achieved my goal, Mom and I left the Drake Pack House in high spirits. The drive was smooth. I pulled up to the gate of the West House but kept the engine running.

“I’m not coming in yet,” I told Seraphina. “I need to go to the auction house downtown. I have some business to handle. And I think it’s time Ethan and Celine learned a lesson.”

Seraphina nodded, understanding flashing in her eyes. She reached into her designer handbag.

She pulled out a sleek, black metal card and pressed it into my hand.

“Take this,” she said softly. “Your father Jaxon prepared it for you. It has no limit.”

I looked down at the black gold card. It was heavy and cool to the touch.

“If you see anything you like at the auction, buy it,” she urged gently. “Don’t worry about the cost.”

I smiled, tucking the card away. As the Shadow Healer, I had plenty of money in my own accounts. But this was different. This was a gift from parents who genuinely cared. It felt warm. It felt like I finally had a home where I belonged.

“Thanks, Mom,” I said.

Seraphina beamed, looking relieved to see me happy.

Inside my head, Ava rolled over in delight, her tail thumping against my mind.

““This is what it feels to be accepted by a Pack, Amelia,” she purred. ““That card smells like the sweet scent of freedom.”““

(Jaxon’s POV)

The phone in my hand felt small against my palm. Seraphina’s voice was shaking on the other end.

“Jaxon, it was chaos,” she stammered, her words tumbling out. “Amelia… she hit him. She beat Carlos right in front of everyone at the banquet.”

I could hear the fear in her breath. She was terrified for our daughter. She knew Carlos. He was a vindictive snake who would never let an insult go, especially not from a young she-wolf who had shattered his Alpha pride publicly.

I tightened my grip on the receiver, my knuckles turning white. But when I spoke, my voice was low and steady, smooth like a cello. I needed to be her anchor.

“Calm down, Seraphina,” I said gently. “I know who Carlos is. And I know what he will try to do.”

“But Amelia-”

“She is safe,” I promised, my tone deepening into a vow. “I prepared for this before she even stepped foot in that wolf’s den. I have a net waiting for anyone who tries to touch her.”

I heard her breathing slow down. She trusted me.

“Okay,” she whispered.

I hung up the phone. The warmth left my face instantly. My expression turned cold and clinical.

I turned around. I was in the deepest part of my private lab at Umbra Analytics. In the shadows, a large vertical cryo-chamber stood silent.

I walked up to the pod and placed my palm on the bio-scanner.

“Hiss.”

The hydraulic seals released. Cold white mist poured out onto the floor as the heavy metal doors slid open.

Inside stood Unit-001.

It wasn’t just a machine. It was a masterpiece of lethal engineering—a towering humanoid frame built from top-tier alloy, woven with synthetic werewolf muscle fibers.

Its optical sensors flared to life. They glowed with a chilling blue light, emitting a suffocating pressure.

This was twenty years of my life. I had stayed away from the pack’s power struggles for this.

I didn’t just upload a photo. I accessed the interface and uploaded Amelia’s unique pheromone signature and her DNA sequence directly into its core tracking system.

“System check,” I commanded.

“Directives confirmed,” a voice replied. It was synthetic, cold, yet it carried a low growl like a beast. “Target: Amelia Stone. Mission: Absolute Protection.”

I looked at the machine. To the outside world, I sold the inferior versions as “home assistants.”

But I had stripped this one. I removed the moral inhibitors. I deleted the laws that prevented it from using lethal force.

“Good,” I said, a cruel smile touching my lips.

Unit-001 was stronger than an S-rank Alpha. In this dog-eat-dog world, to keep Seraphina calm and my daughter safe, I didn’t mind unleashing a monster.

(Amelia’s POV)

I checked the GPS location and drove to pick up Natasha Crimson. I dialed her number.

“I’m here,” I said.

“Coming!” she squealed.

Three minutes later, she came running out of her building, breathless and grinning. She stopped at the passenger door and hesitated.

“Amelia,” she asked, pointing carefully at the seat. “Can I sit here? This isn’t, like, Theodore’s reserved seat or something, is it?”

I laughed and shook my head. “No, there’s no such rule. Mom was just sitting there. Get in.”

“Oh, good. I didn’t want to upset the Alpha King’s heir.”

She hopped in and buckled up.

As I drove, I could feel her staring at me. I glanced over. She was looking at me with wide, dreamy eyes, watching my hand on the steering wheel.

“What?” I asked.

“You’re just so cool,” she sighed. “Seriously.”

We pulled up to the auction house entrance. Valets were running back and forth.

“So, what are we buying today?” Natasha asked excitedly as we got out.

“I’m actually a seller today,” I said with a mysterious smile. “But if I see something good, I’ll grab it.”

Natasha's eyes lit up. "You're a seller too? Is there anything you can't do?"

"Plenty," I said.

"I doubt it," she said. "You know, I don't praise just anyone. I only praise you and Theodore."

She walked beside me, her voice confident.

"Honestly," she continued, "you and Theodore are a match made in heaven. It's way better than him being with that fake, whiny Celine."

We walked through the grand doors into the lobby, chatting as we headed toward the circular hallway leading to the VIP boxes.

Just as Natasha finished her sentence about us being a perfect match, two figures stepped into our path.

I stopped.

It was Ethan and Celine.

They had heard every word.

Ethan looked sharp in his tailored suit, but his face twisted in disgust when he saw me. He looked at me like I was dirt.

Celine stood beside him. Her face darkened instantly, shifting into her usual victim mask.

She took a step forward, her voice trembling with fake outrage.

"Amelia," she hissed. "So this is what you do? You go around town spreading lies and badmouthing me to everyone behind my back?"

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(Amelia's POV)

"It was me..." Natasha started, stepping forward anxiously. She tried to wave her hands to explain. She didn't want me to be seen as someone who stabbed people in the back.

I raised a hand and stopped her.

I turned to Celine. She was wrapped in a thick scarf and large sunglasses, hiding her face. I didn't look away. I nodded calmly.

"Yes, I said it," I admitted.

A sarcastic smile played on my lips. I looked her up and down.

"Why should I deny the truth?" I asked coldly. "You are full of stains, Celine. Your biological mother, Martha, switched babies just because she was greedy for wealth. And you? You are just as greedy and fake as she is. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

Celine gasped, her hands clutching her chest. She glared at me through her dark lenses.

Inside my mind, Ava let out a pleased snort. She paced around, her tail flicking.

"She smells terrible now," Ava growled with amusement. "Like a piece of rotten venison left out in the sun too long. Amelia, you should ask her why she isn't at the medical center getting a blood transfusion. Why is she running around here embarrassing herself?"

I smirked, following Ava's lead.

"Honestly, Celine," I said, my voice dripping with mock concern. "Your face is rotting from poison. Why aren't you in the hospital? Did you come here just to scare people?"

Celine trembled violently. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came out. She was shaking with pure rage.

Ethan stepped forward, shielding her. His face was dark and grim.

"Amelia," he said, his voice low and threatening. "That scorpion that bit Celine... did you control it?"

I looked at him with disdain.

"Big brother," I said lazily. "You should know by now that you need evidence when you speak.

Or have you already forgotten the punishment Patriarch Alaric gave you last night? Do you want another lesson?"

Ethan flinched. His jaw tightened.

Natasha couldn't take it anymore. She stepped in front of me, hands on her hips.

"Oh, please!" Natasha shouted at Ethan. "Celine's face isn't Amelia's fault. It's karma from the Moon Goddess! She deserves it."

Natasha turned her fierce gaze on Celine.

“Stop acting like a victim,” Natasha spat. “When my cousin Theodore was the powerful Alpha heir, you were all over him. You fawned and flattered him every day. But the moment his legs were crippled, you couldn’t run away fast enough. It hasn’t even been a month!”

Celine’s chest heaved. “I never... I never gave up the engagement!” she squeaked.

“Save it!” Natasha cut her off. “Now that Theodore is regaining his power, you suddenly care again? Too bad. He has Amelia treating him now. He doesn’t need your fake tears. You should worry about your own rotting face.”

Ethan saw he couldn’t win this argument. People in the lobby were starting to stare.

He straightened his suit jacket, regaining his arrogant posture. He looked down at me with a sneer.

“Talk all you want,” Ethan said coldly. “But I have good news. I have found a way to clear the poison from Celine’s body. Her face will be perfect again very soon.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Oh? What miracle cure is this?”

Ethan smiled triumphantly.

“Valerius Kane, the owner of this auction house, has connections, Ethan bragged. “He knows a mysterious expert called the ‘Shadow Apothecary.’ They say this wolf can cure any poison known to our kind. And that expert is visiting the auction house today.”

He looked at me with smug confidence. He clearly believed that once the poison was gone, he would be free from my control.

Celine gasped, realizing something. She grabbed Ethan’s arm.

“Ethan,” she whispered. “You... you were listening to her because you were poisoned too?”

Ethan nodded stiffly. He patted her hand. “Don’t worry. Once we find this expert, we will both be cured. We won’t have to fear her anymore.”

I almost laughed out loud.

I took a step closer to him. I lowered my voice so only they could hear.

“Ethan,” I said clearly. “Stop dreaming. Only I can cure my poison.”

Ethan’s expression faltered for a second, but he quickly masked it.

“I don’t believe you,” he scoffed. “Northgate City is huge. There are plenty of talented healers. You are just a girl from the countryside. You aren’t the only one who knows about herbs.”

““The fool,”“ Ava laughed in my head. ““He is looking for the Shadow Apothecary right in front of the Shadow Apothecary.”“

I shook my head. There was no point arguing with idiots.

“Good luck then,” I said indifferently.

I turned to Natasha. “Come on. Let’s go to the VIP box upstairs. We have a good view waiting for us.”

(Ethan’s POV)

“VIP box?” I repeated, my voice rising in disbelief.

I watched Amelia and Natasha walk toward the private elevator. My face turned a sickly shade of green.

In Valerius Kane’s auction house, the VIP boxes were not just about money. They were symbols of absolute status. Only the top power players—billionaires and Alpha bloodlines approved by Valerius himself—could enter those rooms.

Just ten minutes ago, I had tried to book a box. The receptionist had looked at me with a polite but firm smile and told me the last box was already taken.

I had assumed it was some foreign dignitary or a hidden elder from the Council.

But it was Amelia?

Valerius gave that prestigious box to her?

Jealousy burned in my gut like acid. It wasn’t fair. I was the CEO of Starlight Entertainment. I was the eldest son of the Stone family. Why did she get the VIP treatment while I had to sit in the general hall?

My mind raced with dark thoughts.

“She must have poisoned Valerius too,” I muttered to myself. “That’s the only explanation. She threatened him.”

I refused to believe that a wild girl who grew up in the Meadow Brook Pack had the wealth to qualify for a VIP box. Billions of dollars? Impossible. She was just a healer.

Suddenly, Amelia stopped walking.

She turned around slowly. She looked right at me across the lobby.

“Ethan,” she called out. Her voice was calm, but it carried through the hall.

She smiled, but her eyes were cold.

“Valerius was at my engagement banquet last night,” she said, her tone casual. “He knows exactly who I am. He knows I am taking over Starlight Entertainment. He knows I hold significant shares in Stone River Botanicals.”

My heart skipped a beat.

“And,” she continued, “he knows I might be working closely with the Calder family soon. My value isn’t what it used to be.”

Her words hit me like a physical blow.

I froze. The reality of my situation crashed down on me.

I had been stripped of my inheritance rights. My brother Caleb was in a coma, likely never to wake up. To the outside world—and to shrewd businessmen like Valerius—Amelia was the future of the Stone family. She was the one with the power. She was the one with the money.

I was just a placeholder. A CEO in name only, waiting to be replaced.

Cold sweat trickled down my back. I felt exposed.

Amelia tilted her head, enjoying my humiliation.

“Ethan,” she said softly, her voice mocking. “You couldn’t get into the VIP box. Is it because your qualification just isn’t enough?”

My teeth clenched so hard they creaked. I wanted to scream at her, to order her to stop, but I couldn’t.

She was right.

I stood there, swallowing the bitter taste of shame as the elevator doors closed, shutting me out of her world.

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(Amelia’s POV)

Ethan adjusted his collar, his movements jerky and aggressive. He glared at me, his eyes burning with resentment.

“Don’t get too comfortable, Amelia,” he spat. “The share transfer isn’t finalized yet. Grandfather Alaric is the Alpha; he can change his mind at any moment.”

He took a step closer, lowering his voice to a menacing growl.

“You think you’ve won? Just wait. Once I find that expert—the Shadow Apothecary—and clear this poison from my veins, I will take back everything. I will leave you with nothing, just like when you arrived.”

He grabbed Celine’s arm roughly. “Let’s go.”

Celine stumbled but followed him, casting one last hateful look in my direction. I watched their retreating backs, a cold sneer forming on my lips.

Inside my mind, Ava yawned lazily.

““The fool,” she scoffed, stretching her paws. ““He has no idea he is threatening the very wolf who holds his life in her hands. I can’t wait to smell the fear on him when he realizes you are the Shadow Apothecary.”“

“I already have a surprise planned for him,” I told her silently. “The higher he climbs in his hope, the harder he will fall.”

Natasha watched them disappear into the elevator, shaking her head in confusion.

“I really don’t understand the logic of the Stone family,” she said, frustration evident in her voice. “Even if they didn’t know you were powerful before, you are their true blood. You are the Alpha’s daughter. Celine is just a fake.”

She turned to look at me, her golden eyes filled with sympathy.

“Why do Adrian and Livia treat a fraud like a princess while treating their own flesh and blood like an enemy? You suffered in the wild for years. They should be begging for your forgiveness.”

Natasha sighed. “Thank the Moon Goddess you are strong, Amelia. If you were weak, that family would have eaten you alive.”

A cold light flickered in my eyes.

“There are no ‘ifs’, Natasha,” I said calmly. “It is precisely because of those experiences that I can stand here today. I have the power to make those who hurt me pay the price.”

The heavy atmosphere lifted slightly. I smiled at her.

“You have such a way with words,” I teased. “Your future mate will be a very happy wolf to have you defending him.”

Natasha shrugged, her expression turning serious.

“I’d rather stay single,” she stated firmly. “Unless I can find a male as outstanding as my cousin Theodore.”

I raised an eyebrow. I knew the Crimson family dynamics were complicated.

“I thought your mother, Aunt Cordelia, always kept your branch neutral in the family struggles,” I said. “Why do you hold Theodore in such high regard?”

“It’s not just about worshipping strength,” Natasha explained. “Theodore is different from the rest of the Crimson family. Most of them only care about profit and power.”

She gestured vaguely toward the upper levels of the auction house.

“Take my cousin Victor, for example. If his brother got into trouble, Victor would only worry about whether it would damage his own reputation. He wouldn’t care if his family lived or died.”

Natasha’s eyes softened.

“But Theodore is different. He has absolute loyalty and protectiveness toward his people. I used to be so jealous of Isla. Even though she was only an adopted sister, Theodore protected her like she was the most precious thing in the world.”

Her expression darkened, anger flashing across her face.

“That’s why I hate them,” she hissed. “Ronan and Isla. They are traitors. One is his blood brother, the other his protected sister. And they joined forces to cripple him. They deserve to rot in the dungeon.”

She looked at me, tilting her head.

“Speaking of Theodore, why isn’t he here today? Why did you ask me to come instead?” She grinned mischievously. “If he finds out I’m your date, he might get jealous. He’s very possessive, you know.”

“He has work to do,” I said simply. “Ronan’s arrest has caused chaos in the Crimson Moon Pack. He needs to clean up the mess and stabilize the family. I didn’t want to distract him with an auction.”

Natasha nodded vigorously. “Good. Ronan deserves everything he gets.”

We walked down the corridor and arrived at the double doors marked “The Rat Suite.” It was the VIP box Valerius Kane had personally reserved for me.

The interior of the auction house was magnificent. The design was circular, with the stage in the center below. The second floor housed twelve luxury boxes, each named after an ancient zodiac animal.

Through the one-way glass, we had a perfect view of the entire venue.

“It’s packed today,” Natasha observed. She pointed toward a box diagonally across from us.

“Look,” she said. “That’s ‘The Horse Suite’. That is my cousin, Victor Crimson. He’s already got a new woman on his arm.”

She shifted her finger to the next box.

“And there. ‘The Dragon Suite’. That’s Griffin Drake.” Her voice rose in excitement. “The heir of the Drake Pack is here? There must be something incredibly precious at this auction today.”

I scanned the room, my gaze calm. I already knew the answer.

Most of these big shots weren’t here for antiques or jewelry. They were here because Valerius had leaked the information I gave him.

In the werewolf world, once an Alpha has reached the peak of wealth and power, there is only one thing they crave: longevity and physical perfection.

The items I had given Valerius were rare moonlight herbs I had cultivated myself. They could heal severe internal injuries, strengthen a wolf’s constitution, and even delay the effects of aging.

That was enough to drive every Alpha in the Northern Territories crazy.

(Author’s POV)

In a nearby VIP box, “The Snake Suite,” Penelope Blackwood swirled a glass of red wine. She watched the activity in the “Rat Suite” through the glass partition.

“Do you see that girl?” Penelope asked the woman sitting next to her. “That is Amelia Stone. The Stone family’s lost true daughter. She has completely overshadowed that fake, Celine.”

Her friend nodded, eyes widening in realization. “So that’s why Ethan Stone left in such a hurry. He couldn’t get the top box because it was reserved for her?”

“Exactly,” Penelope said with a thoughtful smile.

She took a sip of her wine.

“It looks like the sky is changing over the Stone River Pack,” she murmured. “Ethan is losing his grip. The future Alpha seat probably won’t belong to him. It belongs to Amelia Stone.”

(Author’s POV)

The auction hadn’t officially started yet.

In “The Horse Suite,” Victor Crimson lounged on a leather sofa. He happened to glance across the hall and spotted Natasha standing next to Amelia in the “Rat Suite.”

He let out a sharp, mocking laugh.

“Look at that,” Victor sneered to his companion. “Natasha is such an i”“t. She pretended to be neutral for years, and now she finally picks a side? She chose to stand with the cripple.”

He shook his head, his voice dripping with disdain.

“What kind of future does she think she’ll have following a paralyzed Alpha who can’t even shift?”

Victor was so absorbed in his mockery that he didn’t notice the red light on the console next to him. The PA system for his box had malfunctioned and was stuck in the “ON” position.

His insult boomed through the massive speakers, echoing clearly across the entire auction hall.

The chatter in the lobby died instantly. Complete silence fell over the venue. Hundreds of heads turned upward, staring directly at “The Horse Suite.”

Victor froze. He saw the crowd looking at him and realized what had happened. His face drained of color, and he scrambled to smash the mute button.

In the “Rat Suite,” Natasha’s face turned white. She trembled with rage and humiliation.

Amelia placed a steady hand on Natasha’s shoulder.

“Don’t be angry,” Amelia said, her voice cool and dangerous. A sharp smile touched her lips. “We will answer him right now.”

Amelia reached out and pressed the button to activate her own microphone.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 156[1,090 words]

(Author’s POV)

The PA system for “The Horse Suite” was still booming with static silence after Victor’s blunder. Amelia pressed the button on her console, the green light indicating their microphone was live.

Natasha stared at the console, stunned for a second. Then she saw the encouraging look in Amelia’s eyes.

““That Victor is barking so loudly,““ Ava scoffed in Amelia’s mind, her tone dripping with disdain. ““Usually, only weak wolves who are bluffing make that much noise.““

Emboldened by Amelia’s calm presence, Natasha leaned into the microphone. Her voice rang out through the auction hall, clear and biting.

“Victor, you are truly an i”““t,” Natasha announced. “You can’t even control a simple microphone button. What gives you the right to talk about family politics or choosing sides?”

The crowd below murmured. Victor’s face in the opposite box turned a shade of purple.

“Shut up, Natasha!” Victor roared back, his own mic still open.

“Theodore may have injured legs,” Natasha continued, her voice rising with confidence. “But his wisdom and strategy as an Alpha are far superior to yours. My cousin’s legs have a hope of healing. But you? Your broken brain is incurable. You are a hopeless fool.”

A ripple of laughter went through the hall. Victor slammed his fist against the glass partition.

“You dare insult me?” Victor bellowed. “I will teach you a lesson you won’t forget!”

Amelia stepped forward, placing a hand on Natasha’s shoulder to calm her. She took over the microphone, her voice cool and composed, yet it carried a crushing weight of authority.

“If you have the guts, come at me directly,” Amelia said. Her tone was flat, almost bored. “Don’t threaten a young girl.”

“Amelia Stone!” Victor screamed. “Do you think you are special? You are an outsider! You have no right to give orders in the Crimson Moon Pack!”

“I am right here,” Amelia replied coldly. “If you are too scared to accept the challenge, then stop barking like a coward. You aren’t fit to be a male.”

The entire venue fell silent, waiting for Victor’s response. He was shaking with rage but couldn’t find words.

In “The Snake Suite,” Penelope Blackwood swirled the red wine in her glass. She watched the drama unfold with a smirk.

“Do you see that?” Penelope asked her friend. “Amelia Stone is truly extraordinary.”

Her friend nodded, eyes wide. “She just silenced Victor Crimson.”

“No wonder my stupid brother Damien can’t get her out of his head,” Penelope mused. “He is being punished at home, reflecting on his mistakes. But frankly, he deserves it. He needs to wake up.”

She looked through the one-way glass at Amelia’s silhouette.

“Damien is too soft,” Penelope said, taking a sip of wine. “He is indecisive. He could never handle a dominant female Alpha like Amelia. Thinking he can win her back? It is a fool’s dream.”

Meanwhile, in “The Dragon Suite,” Griffin Drake narrowed his eyes. He stared intently at the “Rat Suite.”

His Beta stepped up beside him. “Alpha, the reports just came in. Amelia Stone has completely overturned the hierarchy in the Stone family. And rumors say Gideon Crimson favors her heavily.”

Griffin tapped his fingers on the armrest. “I thought those were just rumors. But seeing her now... she is aggressive.”

“Theodore is weak right now,” the Beta noted.

“He is physically weak,” Griffin corrected. “But if he joins forces with Amelia... that is a dangerous combination. My plan to take power while Theodore is crippled might hit a wall.”

Griffin’s expression turned cold. “Go. Investigate everything about Amelia Stone. I need to know her weaknesses.”

The tension in the room was palpable as the auctioneer stepped onto the stage. The lights dimmed, focusing on the center podium.

“Ladies and gentlemen, let us begin,” the auctioneer said. “Our first item is the ‘Goddess’s Tear.’ A rare antique moonstone and diamond necklace. It is said to be the final masterpiece of a legendary jeweler.”

A hush fell over the crowd as the necklace was displayed on the screen. It shimmered with a soft, ethereal light.

In “The Horse Suite,” the woman sitting next to Victor stared at the screen. Her hands were trembling. She looked at Victor, who was still fuming from the argument.

“Victor,” she said softly, her voice shaking.

He glared at her. “What?”

“Let’s make a bet,” she said, clutching her dress. “If you can win this necklace for me, I will be your woman, willingly. I will do whatever you want.”

Victor raised an eyebrow, his interest piqued.

“But,” she added, her heart pounding, “if you fail to buy it, you must let me go. Forever.”

Victor let out a harsh laugh. “That trinket? It’s worth two or three million at most. That is pocket change to me.”

He grabbed her chin roughly. “You have a deal. You aren’t going anywhere.”

The woman forced a smile, but inside, she was praying. She knew Amelia Stone had just humiliated Victor. She was betting her entire life on the hope that Amelia would bid against him just to spite him. It was her only lifeline.

“The bidding starts at five hundred thousand,” the auctioneer announced.

“One million!” Victor shouted immediately into his microphone.

He looked around the hall arrogantly. He wanted to show everyone that he was still powerful, that he had money to burn.

“One million going once,” the auctioneer said.

The woman in the box held her breath. She stared fixedly at the “Rat Suite” across the hall. “Please,” she begged silently. “Please say something.”

But the “Rat Suite” remained silent.

“What is he doing?” Natasha muttered in Amelia’s box. “Throwing money away on a necklace?”

Amelia just smiled, leaning back in her chair. She didn’t reach for the button.

“One million going twice,” the auctioneer called out.

The woman’s face drained of color. Her hands went cold. It was over. Amelia wasn’t going to bid.

Victor grinned, seeing the lack of competition. He wrapped his arm around the woman’s waist, pulling her close. His eyes were filled with a disgusting, possessive lust.

“You see, baby?” he whispered into her ear, his hot breath making her flinch. “Tonight, you are mine. Nobody can save you.”

She closed her eyes, tears prickling at the corners. Despair washed over her like a tidal wave. She prepared herself for the nightmare to continue.

The auctioneer raised his gavel. “Sold to the gentleman in The Horse Suite for—”

“Two million.”

The clear, cold voice cut through the air, echoing from the speakers of the “Rat Suite.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 157[1,316 words]

(Author’s POV)

“Two million.”

Amelia’s voice rang out through the speakers, calm and indifferent.

In “The Horse Suite,” Victor leaped off the sofa as if he had been stung. His face flushed a deep, angry red.

As the son of Magnus Crimson, he had status, but his father kept a tight leash on the family finances. His monthly allowance was strictly capped at five million dollars. Usually, he would never spend more than two million on a woman. It was his hard limit.

But Amelia opened the bidding right at his limit. To him, she was a lunatic.

The auctioneer began the count. Victor couldn’t stand the thought of losing to a woman he considered a “rejected outcast.” His pride as an Alpha wouldn’t allow it.

“Two million, one hundred thousand!” Victor shouted through gritted teeth.

Amelia didn’t even pause to breathe.

“Two million, five hundred thousand.”

Her voice carried a light, mocking laugh. “Alpha Victor, are you counting pennies? If you don’t have the money, don’t come out here and embarrass yourself.”

Victor’s wolf roared in his head. His ego was being shredded in front of the entire elite circle of the capital.

“Two million, eight hundred thousand!” he bellowed.

“Three million,” Amelia countered instantly.

Victor felt like his heart was bleeding. Three million was a massive chunk of his liquidity. But he couldn't back down now. Everyone was watching.

He squeezed his eyes shut and shouted the number that made his wallet ache.

“Three million, five hundred thousand!”

Beside him, the woman's eyes darted nervously. The hope that had sparked in her chest was turning into anxiety. She feared Amelia was just driving up the price to prank Victor. If Amelia stopped now, the woman's fate was sealed.

As if confirming her fears, silence fell over the “Rat Suite.”

Victor exhaled sharply, leaning back against the leather sofa. A smug grin spread across his face. He thought Amelia had finally run out of funds.

“Three million, five hundred thousand, going twice,” the auctioneer chanted.

In the “Rat Suite,” Amelia turned her head. She looked at Natasha, whose eyes were wide with tension.

Amelia offered a meaningful smile. “Who said I was letting him have it?”

She pressed the talk button firmly.

“Five million.”

The entire auction hall gasped. The air seemed to be sucked out of the room. Five million for a necklace was an absurd premium. It wasn't worth that much.

Natasha looked at her cousin in shock. “Amelia, that's way over market value.”

Amelia just shrugged, leaning back comfortably. “I really like the ‘Goddess's Tear.’ besides, spending a little extra to humiliate Victor? That is money well spent.”

Victor was completely silenced. He sat frozen, his mouth slightly open. He physically could not produce five million dollars in cash right now.

Humiliation burned through his veins like acid. With no money to fight back, he resorted to screaming through the glass partition.

“You stupid woman!” Victor yelled, his voice cracking. “You are just a sucker throwing money away! You think you're smart?”

Amelia's response came back instantly, cold and sharp as a knife.

"If you can't afford to play, don't play. Being broke is one thing, Victor. But being broke and loud? That is truly embarrassing."

She didn't stop there. She addressed the auction house owner directly over the public channel.

"Mr. Kane," Amelia said clearly. "I suggest you raise the threshold for the VIP suites in the future. Don't let people who can't even produce ten million dollars in cash sneak in. It lowers the class of your establishment."

In the central control room, Valerius Kane watched the monitors. He saw Amelia's composed demeanor and Victor's purple face.

He pressed his internal microphone, his voice booming through the hall. "No problem, Miss Stone. We will seriously consider your suggestion."

““““

At that exact moment, Ethan Stone and Celine were navigating the backstage corridors. They were looking for Valerius Kane.

Ethan pushed open the door to the control room. He stopped, surprised to see Valerius speaking so respectfully to the image of Amelia on the surveillance screen.

Valerius turned, spotting them. He chuckled, gesturing to the screen. "Ah, Mr. Stone. That young lady is my money tree tonight."

Celine was vibrating with impatience. She didn't care about the auction. She touched her mask, hiding her ruined face.

"Brother, ask him about the doctor," Celine urged, tugging Ethan's sleeve. "We need to find the Shadow Apothecary."

Ethan suppressed his confusion about Valerius's attitude toward Amelia. He stepped forward.

"Mr. Kane," Ethan said seriously. "Is the mysterious pharmacist you mentioned here? Has she arrived?"

Valerius turned back to the bank of monitors. He pointed a finger directly at the center screen, where Amelia sat bathed in the spotlight of her victory.

A mysterious smile played on Valerius's lips.

"She has been here for a long time," Valerius said. "The 'Shadow Apothecary' you are looking for is right there. It is your own sister, Amelia Stone."

Back in the auction hall, low laughter rippled from the other VIP boxes. Amelia's comment, about raising the threshold had hit its mark. They were laughing at Victor.

The sound was like a whip lashing against Victor's pride.

He turned his head and saw the woman beside him. The corners of her mouth were slightly upturned. She was smiling.

That small smile snapped the last thread of Victor's sanity.

He lunged forward, grabbing a handful of her hair. He yanked her head back violently.

"You think this is funny?" he hissed, his face twisted into a mask of cruelty. "Don't think you can escape my palm."

The woman's eyes widened in terror. "We had a deal! You lost the bid!"

"I make the rules!" Victor shouted. "You aren't going anywhere. You're going to service me tonight until I say stop!"

The woman realized he never intended to keep his promise. Panic surged through her. She scrambled up, trying to run for the door.

Two massive bodyguards stepped in front of her, blocking the exit like a wall.

Victor stood up, a cruel sneer on his face. "Trying to leave? No way. Drag her back."

The woman knew she was cornered. In a burst of desperate adrenaline, she dodged a bodyguard's grasping hand and threw herself at the console on the table.

She hit the microphone button.

"Help me!" she screamed, her voice tearing through the speakers. "Someone please save me!"

Her shrill cry echoed through the massive hall. But down in the general seating and up in the private boxes, people just watched. Most of them assumed it was some twisted roleplay game by a rich heir. Nobody moved.

Victor reacted with terrifying speed. He slammed his hand down, cutting the microphone feed.

"Smack!"

He backhanded her across the face with full force. The sound of the slap was sickeningly loud in the small room.

“You bitch!” Victor roared. “You think anyone here dares to mind my business? You think anyone dares to save you?”

The woman collapsed to the floor, blood trickling from her lip. She looked up, her eyes locking onto the “Rat Suite” across the void. The one-way glass reflected the lights coldly. There was no movement. No sign of a savior.

Victor had lost all interest in the auction. He was pure rage now.

“Get her out of here,” he ordered his men. “Drag her like a dead dog if you have to.”

The bodyguards grabbed her arms and hauled her up. She kicked and sobbed, but they dragged her out of the box violently.

In the “Rat Suite,” Natasha stood up abruptly. She had watched the whole struggle through the glass. Her face was pale with shock.

“Oh my Goddess!” Natasha gasped, her hands trembling. “Victor is forcibly kidnapping her? That girl is obviously not willing! As an Alpha, using his strength to bully a weak female... he is an absolute disgrace to werewolves!”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 158[1,337 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Natasha blinked her large, expressive golden eyes at me. She leaned in close, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

“Amelia, are we going to save that girl?”

She looked at me with pure expectation. Natasha knew my personality. She knew I didn't tolerate bullies, especially men who used their strength to hurt women. She clearly thought I was about to storm down there and teach Victor a lesson he would never forget.

I simply shook my head.

“No,” I said calmly. “I'm not getting involved.”

Natasha's jaw dropped. She looked at me like I had grown a second head. “What? But... he's dragging her away!”

A small, meaningful smile curled the corners of my lips. Inside my mind, my wolf, Ava, was pacing restlessly, growling at Victor's scent.

“Patience, Ava,” I soothed her. “We don’t need to dirty our claws tonight.”

“I don’t need to do it myself,” I explained to Natasha, my voice flat and even. “Because I’m going to make Ethan do it.”

Natasha looked even more confused. Her brow furrowed. “Ethan? Your brother? He hates you. He wants to destroy you. Why would he listen to a single word you say?”

I leaned back in my chair, crossing my legs. “Just wait and watch the show.”

(Author’s POV)

At the same time, the atmosphere in the back office of the auction house was heavy enough to crush bone.

Valerius Kane sat behind his desk, looking at the two people standing before him. Ethan Stone looked anxious, and Celine Stone looked desperate.

“Mr. Kane,” Ethan said, his voice tight. “Is the Shadow Apothecary coming?”

Valerius sighed. He decided to drop the bomb.

“You have been looking for the Shadow Apothecary,” Valerius said slowly. “She has been right under your nose this whole time. It is your sister, Amelia Stone.”

The room went dead silent.

Ethan and Celine froze. They stood there like statues, struck by lightning.

“That’s... that’s a joke,” Ethan stammered, his face losing all color.

“I do not joke about business,” Valerius said coldly. “Amelia Stone is the Shadow Apothecary. She is a master of healing and poisons. The toxin in your system? The one killing you? She made it. And she is the only one in this world who knows the antidote.”

Celine felt the room spin. She grabbed the edge of the desk to steady herself. Her face... her ruined face. She had pinned all her hopes on this mysterious doctor. But it was Amelia? She had to beg the person she hated most in the world?

Ethan’s reaction was more volatile. He went from shock to red-hot anger, and then, as the reality set in, pure, icy fear.

“Why didn’t you tell me sooner?” Ethan shouted, slamming his hand on the desk. “You knew!”

Valerius sneered. He didn’t flinch. “Miss Stone specifically ordered me to keep it a secret. And frankly, Mr. Stone, you have no one to blame but yourself.”

Valerius stood up, looking down at Ethan with pity. “You had a genius in your family. You had the Shadow Apothecary, a figure the entire werewolf world is desperate to court. And what did you do? You treated her like trash. You drove her away for a fake.” He glanced at Celine.

“If you hadn’t been so blind, the Stone family would be the most powerful pack in the region right now,” Valerius added, twisting the knife.

Ethan staggered back. His psychological defenses shattered. The shadow of death loomed over him. He remembered the pain in his chest, the black veins. Amelia held his life in her hands.

Regret washed over him. Not because he loved his sister, but because he had thrown away a winning lottery ticket.

“If you want to live,” Valerius said, sitting back down, “I suggest you go and beg her. Right now.”

He looked at Celine and shrugged. “As for you... good luck.”

Ethan walked out of the office like a zombie. He stopped in the hallway, his hands trembling. He turned to Celine.

“Go back to the Pack House,” Ethan said hoarsely. “I have things to handle here.”

Celine’s eyes flashed with venom. She knew exactly what he was going to do. He was going to kneel before Amelia.

“Okay, Ethan,” she said, putting on her mask of the obedient sister. “I’ll go. I will find another doctor. We don’t need her.”

Ethan nodded weakly. He didn’t believe her. He watched her leave, then turned his body toward the VIP suites. He took a deep breath, like a man walking to the gallows, and started walking.

Celine didn’t go home. She found a dark, secluded corner in the hallway and pulled out her phone. She dialed an encrypted number.

“It’s me,” she hissed, her voice unrecognizable with rage. “That bitch... Amelia poisoned me! My face is ruined!”

“Calm down,” a distorted voice answered.

“Don’t tell me to calm down!” Celine roared, her mask completely gone. “Fix it! Find a cure! If my face stays like this, I’m useless to you. And you won’t get another penny from the Stone family fortune!”

She paused, her eyes gleaming with murderous intent.

“And I want another job done,” she whispered. “Find a professional. Someone with blood on their hands. I want Amelia dead.”

“The timing is bad,” the voice warned. “Too many eyes are on her.”

“I don’t care!” Celine screamed into the phone. “I want her dead! And make sure it doesn’t trace back to me. If I can’t be beautiful, she goes to hell.”

She hung up and looked back toward the auction hall. Her eyes were full of madness.

(Amelia’s POV)

A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door of the ‘Rat Suite’.

The door opened, and Ethan walked in. He looked terrible. His shoulders were slumped, and his face was pale. He looked like a man who had lost his soul.

“Amelia,” he said, his voice weak. “Can we talk?”

I raised an eyebrow, looking past him. “Where is Celine? She didn’t come to hold your hand?”

Ethan flinched. He closed the door behind him.

“You know why,” I said, a smirk playing on my lips. “Because what you have to say isn’t suitable for her delicate ears.”

Ethan didn’t argue. He stood there, swallowing his pride, accepting my mockery. He had no choice.

I leaned back comfortably. “I can talk. But I’m not in a good mood.”

I pointed a finger toward the door.

“Victor Crimson just dragged a pretty she-wolf out of here,” I said casually. “I liked her. I was planning to sign her to Starlight Entertainment.”

Ethan looked up, confusion in his eyes.

“Go save her,” I ordered. “Bring her back here safely. Then, maybe I will listen to you.”

Ethan’s face tightened. He understood instantly. This was a borrowed blade. I was using him to fight Victor. I was forcing him to offend the Crimson family to please me. No matter who won, I would benefit.

“Amelia,” he started, his voice trembling. “Victor is crazy. If I interfere...”

“The poison in your chest is spreading, Ethan,” I interrupted coldly. “You felt it earlier, didn’t you? The cold? The tightness?”

Ethan went silent. He looked at me with a mixture of hatred and fear. He realized he had absolutely no leverage. He was a dying man, and I was the only cure.

He gritted his teeth so hard I could hear them grind. Without another word, he turned around and sprinted out of the suite.

Natasha stared at the empty doorway, her mouth hanging open. She jumped up from her chair.

“Oh my god,” she gasped. “Amelia, you are terrifying! He actually went? Ethan hates you! He wanted to kill you yesterday, and now he is your errand boy?”

She looked at me, her eyes wide. Gears were turning in her head. She remembered the auction, Valerius’s respect, and Ethan’s desperation.

“Wait...” Natasha whispered. “Valerius... what did he tell him?”

She gasped, covering her mouth. “The Shadow Apothecary... it’s you, isn’t it?!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 159[1,119 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Before I could say a word to Natasha, a familiar yet annoying voice cut through the air.

“That’s right. Amelia is the Shadow Apothecary.”

Natasha and I turned our heads in unison. Standing in the doorway of the VIP suite was none other than Damien Blackwood.

My jaw tightened. The once high–and–mighty Alpha heir was wearing a bright orange pizza delivery uniform. He held a thermal bag in one hand, looking completely out of place.

“There is no werewolf in this world more proficient in poisons and antidotes than her,” Damien continued, his eyes fixed on me with a strange intensity. “The wolfsbane toxin she brews has a unique formula. Only she can cure it.”

I raised an eyebrow. I was about to deliver a scathing remark when Damien suddenly glanced at the cheap digital watch on his wrist.

His face went pale. “Crap, the delivery time!”

He looked at me with desperate urgency. “Amelia, you have to wait for me here. I need to deliver this pizza upstairs. I’ll come back immediately and explain everything!”

He didn’t wait for my response. He turned and sprinted down the hallway like a gust of wind.

I let out a cold laugh internally. Did he really think I would sit here like an obedient puppy?

I glanced at Natasha and tilted my head toward the exit. “Let’s go.”

Natasha nodded, suppressing a giggle. We grabbed our bags and quickly left the box, vanishing before Damien could return to harass me.

(Amelia’s POV)

We settled into the back of the sedan as the driver pulled away from the auction house. Natasha stared at me, her large golden eyes shining with pure adoration.

“Amelia, you are absolutely incredible!” she exclaimed, bouncing slightly in her seat.

“Not only are you a medical genius, but you control deadly toxins like they are toys,” she continued.

“If I were a male Alpha, I would be chasing you just as crazily as that “““t Damien.”

I chuckled softly, shaking my head.

Natasha’s expression shifted to one of gloating satisfaction. “Ethan and Celine must be regretting everything right now. Their guts are probably turning green. Their lives are literally in your hands.”

She looked at me, her eyes narrowing with realization. She had figured out my earlier play.

“You provoked Ethan on purpose back there,” Natasha said, her voice filled with awe. “You used his desperation to send him after Victor.”

“It was a perfect ‘borrowed blade’ strategy,” she praised. “You get Ethan to fight that mad dog Victor, and we just sit back and watch the show.”

I looked at the young she-wolf. A genuine smile touched my lips.

“You are very smart, Natasha,” I complimented her. “You can read my intentions clearly.”

Natasha blushed, looking both shy and thrilled by the praise. Inside my mind, my wolf, Ava, wagged her tail, thumping against my ribs in approval of this clever little follower.

(Author’s POV)

Meanwhile, Damien Blackwood was out of breath. He sprinted to the designated VIP suite on the top floor and kicked the door open.

“Pizza delivery!” he announced, panting.

The room fell silent. Damien froze. Sitting around the luxurious table were not hungry businessmen, but his own sister, Penelope Blackwood, and several of her socialite friends.

Penelope looked up from her plate, a smirk playing on her lips. Damien felt a rush of humiliation flood his veins.

“Did you order this pizza just to laugh at me?” he demanded, his voice shaking with anger. Penelope elegantly cut a small piece of steak. She shrugged with exaggerated innocence.

“I just had a sudden craving for this specific brand,” she drawled. “Who knew they would send my dear brother to deliver it?”

Damien didn’t believe a word of it. The Blackwood family developed this delivery platform. It would be child’s play for Penelope to assign him this specific order.

Penelope looked him up and down, her eyes lingering on his cheap uniform with disdain. “Look at you. Aside from delivering food, you are useless.”

Damien straightened his back. He gripped the empty thermal bag tighter.

“I am pursuing my true love,” he retorted, his eyes burning with determination. “There is nothing wrong with that. For Amelia, I would deliver pizzas for the rest of my life if I have to.”

Penelope scoffed, rolling her eyes. She waved her hand dismissively, like shooing away a fly.

“Go on then,” she said coldly. “Go deliver

Our little pizzas.”

Damien didn’t waste another second. He spun around and rushed out the door, desperate to get back to the Rat Suite to find Amelia.

(Author’s POV)

When Damien burst back into the previous suite, he was met with silence. The room was empty.

“No...” he groaned.

Panic set in. He pulled out his phone and began frantically calling Amelia. When she didn’t answer, he started typing iMessages, his fingers flying across the screen.

In the moving car, Amelia's phone buzzed incessantly. She looked down at the screen. It was filled with walls of text from Damien—apologies, confessions, and begging requests to meet.

Amelia frowned, feeling a wave of irritation. Replying felt nauseating, but ignoring him meant the phone wouldn't stop vibrating.

"Give me the phone," Natasha said, holding out her hand. "I'll handle this pest for you." Amelia hesitated for a second, then handed the device over. Ignoring him wasn't a long-term solution anyway.

Natasha grinned mischievously. She tapped away, mimicking Amelia's tone perfectly.

"Stop bothering me. I am busy accompanying my Mate, Theodore. I am deleting this number. If you have urgent business, contact my new number."

She hit send. Then, she quickly typed in a string of digits and hit send again.

It was her own phone number.

(Author's POV)

At the same time, the heavy doors of "The Gilded Cage, the capital's most exclusive private club, swung open.

Marcus walked out hurriedly. His face was grim as he pulled open the door of a black luxury sedan waiting at the curb.

Inside the car, Theodore Crimson sat with his eyes closed. Even in repose, he radiated a suffocating Alpha aura that made the air heavy.

"Alpha," Marcus said, keeping his voice low.

Theodore didn't move, but his ear twitched.

"The wolves we poisoned... they finally talked," Marcus reported. "But we are too late. They confessed that early this morning, another group beat us to it. Ronan has been taken." Theodore's eyes snapped open. His golden pupils flashed with a terrifyingly cold light.

He stared straight ahead. Who else would specifically target Ronan?

Taking his ambitious, trouble-making brother didn't make sense for a simple ransom.

Theodore narrowed his eyes. The net closing around the Crimson Moon Pack was far more complex than he had anticipated.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 160[1,312 words]

(Theodore's POV)

The air in the office was stagnant, heavy with the scent of unresolved problems. Marcus stood before my desk, his expression grim and his posture rigid.

"Alpha," Marcus reported, his voice low. "I have already arranged for the trackers to investigate the situation. We are combing the city."

I leaned back in my chair, my fingers lightly tapping a rhythm against my knee. I forced my mind to remain calm, analyzing the chessboard in my head.

"Besides my father Theron and Isla, no one else would want to 'save' Ronan at a time like this," I said coldly. "But those two are currently drowning in their own scandal. They are too busy putting out fires to make a move like this."

I paused, narrowing my eyes as names drifted through my mind.

"So, the person who took Ronan must have other plans," I continued. "They want to use that i""t to check and balance me."

Two faces appeared in my thoughts.

"The only ones with the guts and the motive are others within the family," I said, my voice hardening. "Like my cousin Victor, who worships violence. Or perhaps Garrett, whose thoughts are always too deep to read."

I made my decision.

"Do not alert the enemy for now," I ordered. "We will watch the changes quietly. Let them make the first move."

Marcus nodded sharply. "Understood, Alpha. I will focus the surveillance on those two suspects."

(Amelia's POV)

By noon, the sun was high and bright over the capital. I had just finished my business at the auction house when my phone buzzed.

It was Theodore. We agreed to have lunch together in his office.

Even after hanging up, I could still feel the man's anticipation through the connection. Our daily "treatment time" had clearly become the most relaxing moment of his day.

I smiled, placing the phone on the center console. Beside me in the passenger seat, Natasha picked it up immediately.

Her fingers flew across the screen.

"What are you typing?" I asked, glancing at her.

"I'm texting Damien," Natasha said, grinning. "I'm using your tone. I told him this number is a private line you made just for him, specifically to avoid 'that annoying guy Theodore'."

She hit send with a flourish and handed the phone back to me.

"Don't worry, Amelia," she said, lifting her chin proudly. "I will take over handling that self-righteous Ex-mate of yours. I'll make sure he doesn't come to harass you again."

I laughed, shaking my head. "I am happy to have the peace and quiet."

A few seconds later, Natasha's own phone vibrated on her lap. She picked it up and burst into giggles.

"He took the bait," she said, showing me a screen full of affectionate text messages from Damien.

She made a peace sign with her fingers, her golden eyes sparkling. "I promise, he won't have a chance to appear in front of you."

After dropping Natasha off at her home, I drove alone to the Crimson Moon Pack headquarters. The skyscraper towered over the city, a symbol of the supreme power in the Northern Territories. I parked and waited in the grand lobby.

I hadn't been waiting long when the elevator doors slid open. Marcus walked out, his tall figure moving with purpose.

Usually, the Beta was stern and unsmiling. But today, he showed me great respect as he guided me toward the exclusive Alpha elevator.

Once the doors closed, isolating us from the lobby, Marcus reached into his pocket. He handed me a black card with gold trim.

"Luna," he said formally. "Alpha ordered me to give this authority card to you."

I took it. The material was cool and heavy against my fingertips.

“In the future, you can swipe this card to go directly upstairs,” Marcus explained. “You do not need to make an appointment through the front desk.”

I looked at the card, feeling the weight of it. I knew this wasn’t just a piece of plastic. It was a symbol of the privilege Theodore was granting me within the Pack, second only to himself.

The elevator chimed softly as it reached the top floor. The doors slid open, revealing the spacious office.

Theodore was sitting in front of the massive floor-to-ceiling windows. A laptop rested on his lap, and his expression was focused as he reviewed documents.

The afternoon sunlight poured through the glass, bathing him in a warm glow. It outlined his side profile, making him look as perfect as a Greek sculpture.

My gaze traveled down from his broad, powerful shoulders. It landed on his legs, motionless in the wheelchair.

A sudden wave of sourness rose in my heart. Even though this powerful Alpha held a high position, in this moment, he looked incredibly lonely.

I hesitated, wondering if I should disturb him. But his senses were sharp.

Theodore sensed my presence and looked up abruptly.

When he saw it was me, the cold, hard lines of his face instantly softened. He revealed a smile that was completely defenseless, pure, and gentle.

Looking at that warm smile, a memory flashed through my mind. I remembered Natasha telling me that while Theodore looked cold on the outside, he was extremely emotional on the inside.

That was why he had been hurt so badly by the betrayal of his relatives.

At that moment, I felt my heart being hit by something soft. I watched him manipulate the wheelchair, gliding toward me.

The impulse to comfort this injured, lone wolf rushed out of my mouth before I could stop it.

“Theodore, I love you.”

The air seemed to freeze for a second.

Theodore was stunned. His golden eyes widened slightly, as if he couldn’t believe his ears.

He scrutinized my expression carefully. After confirming I wasn’t joking, he recovered his usual humor.

The corners of his mouth turned up. “Are you just now liking me? Was I in unrequited love before this?”

I didn’t retreat because of his teasing. I looked straight into his eyes, my gaze frank and open.

“I just want you to understand at all times,” I said softly, “I really like you. It is not just because of the Mate bond.”

The smile in Theodore’s eyes deepened.

“I like hearing that, Amelia,” he said, his voice low and magnetic. “I hope you can say it a few more times.”

Deep in my consciousness, my wolf, Ava, rolled over in excitement. She let out a happy whimper, clearly incredibly satisfied that I had finally expressed my feelings honestly,

We sat down at the small dining table near his desk. Theodore had prepared an exquisite lunch-tender venison steaks and truffle pasta.

I cut a small piece of the venison and put it in my mouth. The rich flavor exploded on my tongue. “Those words of confession need the right atmosphere,” I explained, pointing my fork at him. “The sunlight was just right, and your smile looked good. So, I couldn’t help but say it.”

Theodore laughed gracefully raising his wine glass.

“Only love and food cannot be disappointed,” he responded.

As we ate, Theodore asked about the auction house. I put down my knife and fork, a cunning light flashing in my eyes.

I told him in detail how I had set a trap for Ethan, I explained how I drove him into despair and induced him to provoke the violent Victor.

“This is called killing with a borrowed knife,” I summarized. “Let Ethan and that mad dog Victor bite each other. We just have to watch the show.”

Theodore nodded appreciatively. “A very smart strategy,”

I took a sip of water, my expression turning serious. “What about Ronan? Have you found him?”

Theodore wiped the corner of his mouth with a napkin. His tone became flat and cold.

“Someone beat me to it,” he said. “They took Ronan away.”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 161[1,173 words]

(Amelia's POV)

"Ronan is a cornered beast right now," I said, leaning back in the chair. "Or rather, a lone wolf who has lost the protection of his pack."

I looked across the desk at Theodore. His eyes were focused on me.

"Theron didn't show up when Ronan was taken last night," I continued my analysis. "Do not expect that old man to pull any strings for him today."

Theodore nodded slowly.

"So, the person who took Ronan must be someone else in the pack," I concluded. "Someone who wants to use him against you."

"I agree," Theodore said, his voice calm. "Marcus is already investigating. We are checking if it is my uncle Magnus or my cousin Garrett."

I felt a surge of adrenaline. This was a perfect opportunity for a counterattack.

I stood up and leaned over the desk. I reached out and grabbed Theodore's tie firmly.

I pulled him forward, forcing his face close to mine. Our noses were almost touching.

"Listen, Theo," I said, my voice low and dangerous. "If you dare keep me in the dark under the banner of 'protecting me', I will make you regret it."

His eyes widened slightly, but he didn't pull away.

"If you think you can handle everything alone and exclude me," I added, "then you have forgotten who I am."

I smiled, a proud and dangerous curve of my lips.

"We are partners," I declared. "No matter what we face, either we win together, or we overturn this world together."

Theodore looked at me with deep fascination. The coldness in his eyes melted away, replaced by a smile.

"I promise," he whispered. "Everything will be according to your arrangement."

I released his tie and smoothed it out.

“As long as we join hands,” I said confidently, “no one can touch us.”

Deep in my mind, Ava let out a low growl of approval. She was incredibly satisfied with this equal mate bond.

(Ethan’s POV)

I used every connection I had to find the hotel where Derek was staying. I knew Victor had passed the girl to him.

I took a deep breath. I knew I was about to face the wrath of the Crimson family, but I had to do this.

I brought two burly pack warriors with me as bodyguards. We went straight to the penthouse suite and rang the doorbell.

The door swung open. Derek stood there, wearing only a bath towel around his waist.

The arrogant Alpha froze when he saw me.

I didn’t give him a chance to react. I signaled my bodyguards, and we rushed into the room, slamming the door behind us.

Derek recovered from his shock.

“Ethan Stone, what do you want?” he roared. “Do you want to die?”

I ignored the furious Alpha completely. My gaze swept past him to the large bed.

Skylar was curled up in the corner, her clothes torn and disheveled. There was a clear slap mark on her face, and she was trembling violently.

I didn’t say a word. I strode forward and grabbed Skylar’s wrist.

“Come with me,” I said, my voice deep.

Derek exploded with rage. His eyes flashed gold as he tried to block my path.

“Bastard!” he screamed. “You dare steal the woman I have my eyes on!”

“Stop him,” I ordered my bodyguards coldly.

The warriors stepped in front of the roaring beast. I protected Skylar and walked quickly out of the room, leaving Derek’s murderous curses behind us.

The elevator doors slid shut, cutting off the noise from the hallway.

I let out a heavy breath that had been stuck in my chest. I knew I had completely offended that madman Derek today.

Beside me, Skylar was still in shock. She looked at me with wide eyes.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “But... why did you risk offending the Crimson family to save me?”

I was silent for a moment.

“It was Amelia who asked me to come,” I answered stiffly.

Skylar’s eyes lit up immediately.

“Is it the lady who dared to confront Victor at the auction?” she asked excitedly. “Does she think I have commercial value?”

I shook my head, looking at the metal doors.

“No, this is not just for business,” I said. “Amelia hates men like Victor and Derek. She hates men who think power gives them the right to trample on women.”

I paused, remembering the look in Amelia’s eyes when she mentioned this girl.

“She saw ambition and fire in your eyes,” I told her. “She said a she-wolf with unyielding eyes like yours shouldn’t be ruined by trash like that.”

Skylar’s eyes turned red. Tears swirled in them.

“Please,” she said, her voice trembling. “You must thank her for me.”

A bitter smile appeared on my face.

“I am not qualified to accept thanks for her,” I said hoarsely. “We have... deep conflicts. She might never forgive me.”

Skylar looked at me. She saw the defeat in my posture.

“Then use this as the start of your self-redemption,” she said softly. “Do not do it to ask for her forgiveness. Do it so you can live with yourself in the future.”

Skylar’s words hit my heart like a heavy hammer.

I remembered Amelia claiming she wouldn't kill us, but wanted to watch us lose everything. The poison she gave me was likely just a punishment, not a death sentence.

If that was the case, I decided to listen to Skylar.

On the way back to the Stone River Pack, my Beta called. He reminded me that an expensive handbag I ordered had arrived at the office.

It was a luxury brand bag I had originally prepared to please Celine.

But now, Skylar's words about redemption echoed in my mind. I thought about Celine's greed and selfishness.

Celine didn't deserve this bag. Giving it to Amelia was the only thing that had value.

"Go to the office first," I told the driver.

I retrieved the gift bag and returned to the pack house with Skylar. I held the handle tightly, feeling a humble expectation rising in my chest.

Not long after we arrived, Amelia's car pulled up.

I stood there, clutching the bag with the luxury logo. My knuckles turned white from the grip.

Amelia got out of the car. She didn't even look at me.

It was as if I were a lifeless stone statue. She walked right past me and went straight to Skylar, who was shrinking back near the entrance.

Amelia took off her coat and draped it over the girl's shoulders.

"Don't fear," Amelia said, her voice incredibly soft. "You are safe now."

Only after settling Skylar did Amelia finally turn around.

Her cold gaze fell on me. Then, it drifted down to the gift bag in my hand.

The corner of her mouth curled up. It was a look of utter scorn and mockery.

My throat felt tight. Under the pressure of her powerful aura, I found it hard to breathe.

"Amelia," I managed to say. "I saved her... can we talk?"

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 162[1,390 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I looked at the paper bag Ethan was holding out to me with trembling hands. I didn't even bother to reach for it. My eyes just swept over the luxury logo with pure contempt.

"Ethan, please," I said, my voice as cold as if I were discussing trash separation. "That bag reeks of despair and Celine's cheap perfume."

Ethan flinched. He looked down at the bag, then back at me, his face flushing a deep, ugly red.

"You know my rules," I continued, letting a short, mocking laugh escape my lips. "I don't do leftovers."

His fingers froze awkwardly in mid-air. The embarrassment of being seen through so thoroughly made him look pathetic. He opened his mouth to explain, to stammer out some excuse about redemption.

I didn't give him the chance. My gaze sharpened like a knife blade,

"You want to talk?" I asked. "Fine. But next time, bring a conscience, not a catalog."

I stepped closer, forcing him to take a step back.

"Now, take your trash and get out," I ordered.

"Well done, this is the posture a queen should have." Ava wagged her tail excitedly in my mind.

Ethan hung his head in shame. He didn't say another word. He turned around and walked away, looking like a beaten dog.

“”“”“”

Once Ethan was gone, I turned my attention to the girl standing near the wall. Skylar Reed.

She was still trembling slightly from the ordeal at the hotel. But she wasn't crying. She took a deep breath when she saw me looking at her.

Then, she lowered her head and bared her neck to me. It was the ultimate werewolf gesture of submission and loyalty. She was offering her life to me.

"Save the tears, Skylar," I said, my tone shifting to a calm, business-like cadence.

I walked over to her.

“I didn’t pull you out of hell to do charity work,” I told her bluntly. “I did it because I watched your audition tape.”

Skylar looked up, surprised.

“You have talent,” I said. “And I absolutely hate seeing talent wasted on trash like Derek.”

A spark of light ignited in her eyes. She stood a little straighter.

I looked her dead in the eye and threw out my most important chip.

“Do you want revenge?” I asked.

She nodded slowly.

“Success is the best revenge,” I declared. “I will provide you with a top-tier platform. The Stone River Pack will be your shield. All you need to do is show some backbone and get results.”

I paused, letting the offer sink in.

“Do we have a deal?”

Skylar clenched her fists at her sides. The fear in her eyes was rapidly being replaced by ambition.

“Deal,” she said firmly.

I smiled, satisfied. I pulled out my phone and dialed Silas Grey immediately.

“I’m sending you a new recruit,” I told him as the call connected. Then I looked back at Skylar with a warning glint in my eyes. “Don’t disappoint me. I don’t allow anyone to drop the ball when it counts.”

After arranging everything for Skylar, I returned to the villa at the Blackwood estate.

As soon as I walked into the living room, a suffocating sense of oppression hit me. It was heavy and dangerous.

Inside my head, Ava’s ears perked up instantly. She sensed a threat.

From the deep shadows of the room, a massive beast slowly walked out. I heard the faint hiss of hydraulic systems.

It wasn’t a normal wolf.

It was Unit-001. Its skeleton was made of alloy that gleamed with a cold, metallic luster. Artificial muscle fibers covered the frame, looking as if they were actually breathing.

Its eyes were the most striking part. Two ghostly blue electronic sensors flashed in the darkness, radiating a terrifying chill.

Seraphina walked down the stairs with a smile on her face. She approached the beast without fear.

She ran her fingers gently along the creature's cold metal spine.

"This is Jaxon's masterpiece," she said proudly. "He spent twenty years working on this, far away from the pack's power center."

I stared at the machine. It was huge.

"It is not just a bodyguard," Seraphina explained. "It is a killing machine with combat capabilities surpassing an S-class Alpha. And now, it is your guardian."

I looked up at the beast. It radiated a lethal kind of beauty.

I couldn't help it. I let out a low whistle.

There was no fear in my eyes, only pure appreciation for its power.

"Okay, Jaxon officially wins the 'Dad of the Year' award," I said, grinning. "Giving his daughter a bio-mechanical monster? That is too hardcore, even for him."

I stepped closer to inspect the metal plating.

"But I absolutely love this mad scientist's masterpiece," I admitted,

This gift, full of technology and wildness, warmed my heart. It made me realize how much they cared.

I pulled Seraphina over to the sofa. We sat down together.

I decided it was time to untie the knot that had been weighing on my heart for so long.

"Mom," I asked softly. "Do you still want a pup of your own?"

Seraphina froze. She looked at me with wide eyes.

I took a breath and confessed. I told her why I, as the legendary healer "Lily", had never mentioned a treatment plan for her before.

I took her hands in mine. They were warm and trembling slightly.

“It wasn’t that I “wouldn’t” treat you, Mom,” I said earnestly. “It was because I was too scared.”

She squeezed my hands.

“You know how draining a werewolf pregnancy is on the mother’s energy,” I explained. “Add to that the old injuries you suffered when you were young... the risk was just too high.”

I looked down at our joined hands.

“The thought of losing you during the treatment... I couldn’t stay objective,” I whispered. “I’m sorry. I was too selfish. My fear kept me from giving you the choice sooner.”

Seraphina’s eyes filled with tears. She shook her head.

She told me she completely understood. She knew it wasn’t about control, but about my deep love and attachment to her.

We hugged each other, tears flowing freely. The atmosphere was warm and touching.

Suddenly, Unit-001 moved.

It had been standing there like a statue, but now its heavy metal claws scraped against the floorboards.

The massive head leaned in close to us. The blue electronic eyes flickered rapidly.

A synthesized voice, deep and metallic, rumbled from its throat.

“Detected biological entity sadness index threshold overflow,” it announced. “Accompanied by lacrimal gland secretion.”

It paused, processing data.

“Logic conflict: No external physical threat detected,” it stated. “Querying solution... Initiate ‘Tactical Snuggle’ protocol?”

Seraphina burst into laughter through her tears.

I couldn’t help but roll my eyes. I reached out and patted the cold metal wolf head.

“Cancel protocol, you Big Bad Wolf,” I said, half-amused and half-annoyed. “It looks like besides killing, you need to learn how to handle emotions.”

The robot remained still under my hand.

“Just... next time, don’t look at us like you want to eat us, okay?” I added.

The aperture of Unit-001’s electronic eyes contracted slightly. It seemed to be processing this complex command.

“Command received,” the metallic voice replied. “Updating social context algorithms. At your service, Miss.”

(Ronan’s POV)

I was in hell.

Or at least, it felt like it. I was in a dungeon that smelled of mold and old blood.

Splash!

A basin of bone-chilling ice water was dumped over me.

I gasped violently, choking as the water filled my nose and mouth. My lungs felt like they were going to explode.

The shock forced me awake from my coma.

I coughed, my body racking with spasms. I struggled to open my swollen eyes. My vision was blurry, unable to focus in the dim light.

The silence was deadly. Then, a voice cut through the darkness.

“Finally awake?”

My body went rigid.

That voice... cold, mocking, and terrifyingly familiar. I felt a chill that went straight to my bones.

I forced my head up, following the sound.

The first thing I saw was a pair of black tactical combat boots.

My gaze traveled upward. Slowly.

When the face was finally revealed under the dim light, my pupils contracted sharply. My heart almost stopped beating in my chest.

“It’s you!” I screamed.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 163[1,078 words]

(Ronan's POV)

I opened my eyes weakly. My head throbbed. The air smelled of mold and damp earth. I tried to move, but my limbs felt like lead.

I looked up. A figure stood before me in the dim light.

"Victor?" I rasped.

My cousin let out a cold laugh. He looked down at me with pure mockery in his eyes.

"Still dreaming, Ronan?" Victor asked. "Are you waiting for Theodore to come save you?"

I gritted my teeth. "He will come."

"Oh, he tried," Victor said, stepping closer. "He actually sent his top Enforcers to retrieve you. Can you believe that? After all the trouble you caused him. You nearly got him killed, yet he still cares about his worthless little brother."

He leaned down, his voice dropping to a whisper.

"But I was faster."

My blood ran cold. "Where am I?"

"Look around," Victor said, gesturing to the stone walls. "We are far from home. This is the Wastelands."

The Wastelands. The lawless zone outside the pack's territory. No rules. No protection.

"Why?" I asked.

"You are the bait, little cousin," Victor explained calmly. "Theodore is smart. He is powerful. But he has a weakness. He protects his own."

He paced back and forth.

"I can't touch him in the North," Victor continued. "But here? In the Wastelands? I am the master. I

I will lure him into this death trap. Once he steps foot here, he doesn't leave alive."

“Grandfather will kill you,” I spat.

Victor laughed again. It was a harsh, barking sound.

“Will he?” Victor asked. “When Theodore is dead, I will be the only capable grandson left. Do you think Alpha King Gideon will execute his new heir for a runt like you? I am valuable to the pack. You are expendable.”

He turned and walked toward the heavy iron door.

“Get comfortable, Ronan. Your brother will join you in hell soon enough.”

The door slammed shut, plunging me back into darkness.

(Amelia’s POV)

The next morning, the sun was just rising. I sat at the dining table.

On my plate was a rare venison steak. I cut a piece and put it in my mouth. The rich, metallic taste of the blood satisfied my wolf. Ava purred in the back of my mind.

My phone vibrated on the table.

I glanced at the screen. A notification from my offshore account popped up. A massive sum had just been deposited. Valerius Kane had sold the moonlight herb.

I took a sip of black coffee. Another vibration.

It was Natasha. She sent a string of screenshots.

I scrolled through them. She was impersonating me, chatting with Damien.

“Damien: “Amelia, don’t be stubborn. Following me is a long-term investment. When I become Alpha, you will be my Luna.””

“Natasha (as Amelia): “Is that a promise?””

“Damien: “Of course. Just be patient.””

I scoffed. I typed a reply to Natasha.

“6/10. Fail.”

I took another bite of venison.

“You are being too polite,” I texted. “Next time, ask him directly if his father knows he is begging like a dog for attention.”

A moment later, Natasha sent a laughing emoji.

“Understood, Boss,” she replied. “I’ll make him think we are flirting. He won’t know what hit him.”

I put the phone down. Dealing with idiots was exhausting, but at least it was entertaining.

I finished my breakfast and walked out to the backyard.

The morning mist still clung to the ground. The air was fresh and cold.

I headed toward the herb garden. A figure was standing at the entrance.

It was Ethan.

He stood still, his shoulders hunched. His hair was damp with dew. He had been waiting here for a long time.

He heard my footsteps and turned around quickly. His face was pale. There were dark circles under his eyes.

“Amelia,” he said, his voice hoarse.

He tried to smile, but it looked like a grimace.

“I... I was wondering if there is more land to clear,” he stammered. “Or any other rough work? I can do it.”

I stopped a few feet away from him. I crossed my arms.

Inside me, Ava let out a low growl of contempt. She enjoyed seeing this arrogant Alpha brought so low.

“Drop the act, Ethan,” I said coldly.

Ethan flinched.

“You aren’t here because you want to help,” I said. “You are here because you are terrified.”

I stepped closer.

“The poison flared up last night, didn’t it?” I asked. “It must have felt like your insides were melting.” Ethan’s face lost what little color it had left. He didn’t deny it.

“It was... unbearable,” he whispered. “I wanted to die. I thought about ending it right there.”

He looked at me with pleading eyes.

“But I couldn’t die,” he said. “I haven’t made up for what I did to you. I need to fix this.”

“Bullshit,” I said.

I stared him down.

“You are just a coward who is afraid of death,” I stated. “Don’t pretend this is about redemption.”

Ethan lowered his head. He was shaking.

“This is your last chance,” I told him.

He looked up, hope flickering in his eyes.

“Unlock your phone,” I ordered. “Give it to me.”

Ethan looked confused, but he didn’t hesitate. He pulled out his phone, unlocked it, and handed it to me with trembling fingers.

I took it. I scrolled through his contacts until I found the name “Celine”.

I hit the dial button. I put the phone on speaker.

“Ring. Ring.”

“Ethan?” Celine’s voice came through instantly. It was sweet and sugary. “What’s wrong? Why are you calling so early?”

I didn’t say a word. I just held the phone out between us.

Ethan stared at the screen. He looked at me, panic rising in his chest.

I smiled. It wasn’t a nice smile.

“Ethan,” I said, my voice calm and deadly. “You and Celine both have the same poison in your veins.”

I reached into my pocket and pulled out a single small vial. The liquid inside was clear.

“I only have one dose of the antidote,” I said.

Ethan's eyes widened. He looked from the vial to the phone.

"Now," I whispered. "You have to choose."

Celine's voice came from the phone again, sounding confused. "Ethan? Who is that? Is someone there?"

I locked eyes with my brother.

"Will you cure yourself?" I asked. "Or will you save your precious sister Celine?"

I held the vial up to the light.

"Decide."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 164[1,309 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Celine's voice came through the phone speaker, loud and clear. She had obviously heard my threat. There was a brief pause, and then her trembling voice filled the room, dripping with touching "selflessness."

"Ethan, don't worry about me," Celine said, her voice sounding like glass about to shatter. "You are the Alpha. The pack needs you more than it needs me. Your health is more important than anything. Cure yourself first... As for my face, it doesn't matter. I can't be a burden to you."

I rolled my eyes so hard it actually hurt. I didn't even bother looking at the phone. Instead, I inspected my perfectly manicured nails, looking bored.

Inside my mind, Ava let out a snort of laughter.

"What a performance," my wolf sneered. "That acting is top-tier. Not giving her an Oscar would be a waste of talent."

I looked up at Ethan. His face was twisted in conflict.

"Wow," I said, my tone dripping with mockery. "Your sister is so noble. So full of sacrifice. Isn't that just the most touching display of sibling love you've ever heard?"

Ethan was struggling. I could see the gears turning in his head. He knew Celine was guilt-tripping him, playing on his damn Alpha protective instincts. But it was working. If he chose himself, he would live in the shadow of abandoning his weak, adopted sister forever.

He probably didn't believe I would actually let him die. After all, I had Stone blood. I was his sister, too. But if he missed this chance for Celine, her face would be ruined forever.

I tapped my fingers on the table.

"Tick-tock, Ethan," I said sharply. "I don't have all day to watch you perform this tragic drama of conscience. Do you want the pain, or do you want the ugly scars? Pick your poison—literally." Ethan took a deep breath. He closed his eyes, his shoulders sagging as he made his choice.

"Celine," he said to the phone. "I will save you."

He opened his eyes and looked at me. His gaze held a trace of self-righteous tragedy.

"I choose Celine," he stated. "As long as you give Celine the antidote, I will make her leave the Pack

House as promised. This is the last time I fulfill my duty as a brother."

(Amelia's POV)

I couldn't help it. I laughed. It was a sound of pure appreciation for his stupidity.

"You chose the pretty face over your own internal organs," I said, shaking my head. "How... predictably noble. Remember, Ethan, you bought the ticket. Enjoy the ride."

Ethan opened his mouth, probably to say he wouldn't regret it or some other heroic nonsense. I didn't care.

"How is Caleb?" I asked suddenly, changing the subject.

Ethan froze. He clearly didn't expect me to ask about the brother who had tried to kill me.

"He hasn't woken up," Ethan answered honestly, looking confused. "His wolf has been silent. He is receiving treatment, but... nothing."

He paused, a frown creasing his forehead. He remembered the scene in the hospital room.

"What exactly did you do to him that day?" Ethan asked, his voice rising slightly. "The doctors say his vitals are stable, but he is like a vegetable."

I stepped closer to him. I lowered my voice to a whisper, letting a chilling amusement seep into my tone.

"You think he is sleeping?" I asked. "Oh, no, Ethan. That is called/Locked-in Syndrome.' But I prefer to call it a living hell."

Ethan stared at me, his expression shifting from confusion to horror.

My eyes flashed with a cold light. I didn't bore him with medical jargon. I wanted him to understand the cruelty of it.

"I severed his spinal nerve," I said slowly, savoring the words. "And Silver Shard."

Ethan flinched. He knew what silver meant to us. Right there, I embedded a cursed

"The silver prevents the wound from healing," I explained. "It locks his body in that paralyzed state forever."

I took another step forward, staring deep into his eyes.

"He can hear you, Ethan," I said, enunciating every word. "He can feel the itch on his nose that he can't scratch. He can feel the terror in the middle of the night. He is screaming inside his own brain, twenty-four-seven. He can count every single drop of the IV fluid falling, but no one can hear him except himself. That is what I did to him."

Ethan's face went completely white. He took a half-step back, looking at me as if I were a demon.

I straightened up and smoothed out my sleeves.

"As for why I did it..." I gave him a cold smile. "Wait until the day I decide to go to the hospital and pull out that Silver Shard. When his body heals and he isn't a cripple anymore, you can ask Caleb yourself. If he hasn't gone completely insane from being in that hell for so long, I'm sure he will have a lot to say to you."

(Celine's POV)

I hung up the phone and rushed to the mirror.

I stared at my red, swollen cheeks. Hope ignited in my eyes. The antidote. Once I had it, my beauty would return. I would be the high-and-mighty Alpha daughter again.

My phone rang. It was my mother, Livia.

"Celine," Livia said hurriedly. "I have things to handle today. I won't be back at the Pack House for a while. You go to the hospital and stay with Caleb."

I adjusted my voice instantly, making it soft and concerned. "Mom, did you find the expert to lift the curse? Is it going well?"

Livia's voice turned vicious. "Very well. I have contacted a powerful Sorcerer. Once he arrives, I will bring him to the Pack House to treat Alpha Alaric. Then, Amelia, that stray who learned some dark tricks outside, won't be able to hide anymore! I will expose her true face to everyone!"

A thought struck me. This was the perfect chance to add fuel to the fire.

I lowered my voice, adding a sobbing tremor to it. "Mom... Ethan has been poisoned by Amelia too. It's some kind of untraceable voodoo. That's why Ethan has been so subservient to her lately. He doesn't even dare to fight back."

Livia exploded. "That damned Mongrel! Not only did she curse her father, but she also poisoned her own brother? When Alpha Alaric wakes up, I will skin her alive and use her pelt as a rug!"

(Celine's POV)

I ended the call with Livia, feeling excellent.

I fixed my clothes and checked my reflection one last time. I needed to get the antidote from Amelia first, then I would go to the hospital to put on a show for Caleb.

I walked down to the main hall.

Ethan was just coming in from the backyard. He looked like a ghost.

I immediately dropped my smile. I put on my mask of guilt and sorrow.

"Where are you going?" Ethan asked, his voice exhausted.

I lowered my head, avoiding his eyes. I lied smoothly.

"Mom told me to go to the hospital to be with Caleb," I said softly. "I want to see him. I want to talk to him."

I didn't mention the antidote. I had to keep up the image of the selfless sister. I couldn't let him think I was rushing to save my own face.

Ethan looked at me. His expression was complicated.

"Go," he said, nodding slowly. "But before you go to the hospital..."

He paused, his voice dropping lower.

"Stop by Amelia's room. Get the antidote. I already made the deal with her. It's for you."

I turned away from him so he couldn't see my face.

“Okay, Ethan,” I whispered, sounding choked up.

But as I walked away, a cold, triumphant smirk curled on my lips.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 165[1,231 words]

Celine stopped in her tracks and turned around slowly. Her eyes were swimming with tears, but she bit her lip stubbornly, refusing to let them fall. She took a deep breath, looking at me with a heartbreaking kind of dignity.

“No, Ethan. You don’t need to apologize,” she said, her voice trembling but projecting a false strength. “I know she hates me. If my leaving is the price for your safety, I’ll pay it gladly. I won’t let you suffer just because of her vendetta against me.”

Her words hit me right in my weak spot. A fierce protective instinct surged in my chest. I stepped forward, awkwardly reaching out to comfort her.

Guilt washed over me. I felt like I had failed as a brother. It was because I couldn’t protect her well enough that she had to make this sacrifice.

Celine gently placed her hand on mine, stopping my apology before I could speak. She looked up at me with pure devotion.

“As long as you are okay, Ethan,” she said softly. “I’ll go to the hospital to be with Caleb. Anyway... I’m just extra in this house.”

I sighed heavily, my heart aching for her.

“You are not extra,” I promised her, my voice thick with emotion. “I will arrange the best apartment for you in the city center. It’s just temporary. I will visit you often.”

Celine’s eyes were red, but she nodded obediently. She squeezed my hand one last time.

“I’ll go.

But please, don’t make me promise I’ll disappear forever,” she whispered, her voice cracking. “You’re the only family I have left.”

I nodded solemnly. “I promise.”

I gently pushed her towards the back door. “Go to the herb garden in the backyard now. Find Amelia. Get the antidote.”

(Celine's POV)

As soon as I turned the corner and was out of Ethan's sight, my shoulders relaxed. The sadness in my eyes vanished instantly. A cold, triumphant sneer replaced it.

My face would be healed soon. That was all that mattered.

I walked into the backyard. The sun was bright, casting long shadows across the garden beds. I saw Amelia crouching in the dirt near the edge of the garden.

She was focused on pruning some rare moonlight herbs. Her hands were covered in soil.

A surge of superiority rushed through me. I walked over, my heels clicking on the stone path. I crossed my arms over my chest and looked down at her.

"Still digging in the dirt, Amelia?" I asked, my voice dripping with mockery. "I suppose you can take the girl out of the wild, but you can't take the wild out of the girl."

Amelia didn't even look back at me. She just snipped a stem.

"Wait," she said coldly.

I looked around. The garden was empty. The servants were all inside preparing dinner. There was no one here to witness anything.

I felt bold. I wanted to rub salt in her wounds.

"Amelia, do you feel frustrated now?" I asked, leaning against a tree.

Amelia's hand paused. The shears stopped mid-air.

"Why would I be frustrated?" she asked, her tone flat.

I laughed, a sound full of smug satisfaction.

"Look at you," I sneered. "You forced an ultimatum, and you still lost. Ethan didn't choose me because I'm his sister by blood; he chose me because he 'loves' me more. It must kill you to know that no matter what you do, you'll never be his priority."

(Amelia's POV)

I didn't feel the anger she wanted me to feel. I just carefully snipped the last withered leaf off the moonlight herb.

Inside my mind, Ava let out a low, irritated growl.

““This yapping mutt is annoying,” my wolf complained. ““Make her shut up.””

“Indeed noisy,” I replied silently.

I had planned to ignore her, hand over the vial, and be done with it. But she was begging for attention.

I stood up slowly and brushed the loose dirt from my hands. I turned around to face her.

“Since you want the antidote so much...” I said, taking a step toward her.

Celine’s eyes lit up. She thought I was handing it over. She stepped forward eagerly, a victor’s smile plastered on her face.

We were less than two feet apart.

I raised my hand. Without a single warning sign, I swung.

“Slap!”

The sound was crisp and loud in the quiet garden. My palm connected hard with her cheek.

The force of the blow sent her silk scarf and oversized sunglasses flying off her face. They landed in the grass a few feet away.

Her face was exposed to the sunlight. It was red, swollen, and hideous from the allergic reaction.

Celine stumbled back, clutching her cheek. She stared at me in disbelief.

“Amelia! Are you crazy?!” she shrieked.

I shook my hand out casually, as if I had touched something dirty looked at her with wide, innocent eyes.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” I said, my voice dripping with sarcastic humor. “I thought there was a mosquito buzzing in my ear. Turns out it was just you.”

Celine’s face turned purple with rage. She lunged forward, her hands curled into claws.

“You-”

I narrowed my eyes. My gaze turned icy cold.

“Screaming so loud,” I said calmly, my voice dropping an octave. “Do you not want the antidote?”

The threat worked instantly. It was like a silencing spell.

Celine froze mid-step. Her chest heaved with suppressed rage. She bit her lip so hard it turned white. She glared at me with pure hatred, but she didn't have the guts to say a word.

I watched her swallow her pride. It was pathetic.

"Well?" I asked, tilting my head. "Still want to analyze who is pitiful?"

I took a step closer to her. I towered over her, looking down with disdain.

"You think Ethan's cheap favor is valuable?" I scoffed. "Pathetic is needing a man's validation to breathe. You think Ethan's pity is a prize? Keep it. I don't need his protection, his money, or his name. I have my own. You're fighting for scraps at the table, Celine, while I own the damn restaurant."

Celine's face went pale. My words were like a whip, stripping away her last shred of dignity. She knew I was right, and it terrified her.

I stopped looking at her face. It was boring me.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out a small glass vial. The clear liquid inside shimmered in the sunlight.

"The antidote is here," I said, shaking the bottle casually.

Celine's eyes locked onto the vial. Hunger and desperation replaced the anger in her gaze. She reached out her hand, her fingers trembling.

"Give it to me," she breathed.

Her fingers were inches away from the glass.

I smirked. I opened my fingers.

"Ops."

The vial slipped from my hand. It fell straight down.

It landed in the soft, muddy soil of the flowerbed with a dull thud. It rolled a few times, coating the pristine glass in dark, wet dirt. I didn't apologize. I crossed my arms over my chest and looked at Celine, who stood frozen in shock.

"Slip of the hand," I said, my voice light and mocking. "But since you love the dirt so much, I'm sure you won't mind digging for your life."

My expression hardened. I pointed at the muddy vial with my chin.

“Fetch.”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 166[1,172 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Celine's hand froze in mid-air. She stared at me, her eyes wide with disbelief. Her voice trembled with rage when she finally spoke.

“Does humiliating me give you a sense of accomplishment?” she hissed. “Amelia, you are truly despicable.”

I looked at her coldly, “Despicable?” I asked, tilting my head. “Honey, I'm purely reciprocating. Match energy, remember?”

Inside my mind, Ava let out a bloodthirsty growl.

““Bite her, Amelia,”“ my wolf urged. ““Tear her throat out.”

““Patience, Ava,”“ I responded coolly in our link. ““Let's play with our food first.”“

I ignored Celine's attempt at moral superiority. I simply pointed my chin toward the muddy flowerbed.

Celine stood there, vibrating with humiliation. But she had no choice.

Slowly, she bent down. Her manicured fingers dug into the wet soil.

She retrieved the mud-coated glass vial and her dirty sunglasses. It was a pathetic sight.

She popped the cork immediately. She downed the two doses of serum in one gulp, desperate for relief.

She turned on her heel, ready to flee this suffocating place.

“Wait,” I called out coldly.

Celine stopped dead. She turned back to glare at me, her face pale beneath the blotchy redness.

“Drinking the medicine isn’t enough,” I said slowly, savoring the moment. “The toxin has already seeped into your blood. Like everyone else, you need a special treatment to fully clear it.”

I paused for effect.

“Silver Nitrate Cauterization.”

Celine’s pupils contracted violently. Silver. The nemesis of our kind.

Even for an Omega without a wolf, silver was agonizing. Injecting a silver compound into the body for “treatment” would feel like a thousand cuts slicing her from the inside out.

I watched the fear dawn on her face. It was delicious.

“Don’t worry,” I added maliciously. “I don’t plan to do it to you today.”

Her shoulders slumped slightly, but I wasn’t done.

“Not because I’m kind,” I whispered. “But because the detox process hurts like hell. I want to wait until Caleb wakes up. I want him to listen to you scream while I work. I want an audience.”

(Author’s POV)

Celine left the garden filled with resentment. But Amelia’s words about Caleb waking up gnawed at her.

A cold knot of anxiety formed in her stomach. She drove to the hospital immediately, her knuckles white on the steering wheel.

She burst into the hospital room and rushed to the bedside. She stared down at Caleb’s motionless form.

“Caleb?” she called out tentatively.

The man on the bed didn’t move. There was no flicker of eyelids, no change in breathing.

Celine let out a long breath. She slumped into the chair. Amelia was just bluffing to scare her.

However, she didn’t know the truth.

Caleb was conscious.

His body felt like it was crushed under a heavy stone, unable to move a muscle. But his mind was awake. He heard Celine’s voice.

A spark of hope ignited in his chest. Amelia, the sister he had despised, said he could wake up. She knew something.

But that excitement turned to horror in a split second,

Through his limited perception, Caleb “saw” Celine reach into her handbag. She pulled out a tube that looked like lipstick.

She twisted it. It wasn’t lipstick. It was a syringe.

The cold needle pierced his arm.

Caleb felt the burning liquid flood his veins. It was a high concentration of wolfsbane mixed with a powerful sedative.

“No! Stop!”

He screamed silently in his mind. He tried to thrash, to pull away, to open his eyes. But nothing happened.

The burning sensation spread, locking him further into the darkness.

“If I ever wake up,” Caleb vowed in the silence of his mind, I will expose her true colors. I will destroy her.”

Suddenly, Celine’s phone rang. The harsh ringtone cut through the quiet room.

She answered it. Her voice changed instantly, becoming dark and vicious.

“Listen to me,” she hissed into the phone. “I want you to get rid of Amelia. Turn the whole place over if you have to, but find her.”

Caleb’s blood ran cold.

“That’s right,” Celine continued, her eyes fixed on the wall. “This time, you must succeed. Leave no witnesses. No clues. Kill her.”

Caleb felt like he had been plunged into an ice cave. She was going to kill Amelia.

He struggled desperately against the paralysis. He wanted to move just one finger. He wanted to make a sound, any sound, to warn the sister who was in imminent danger.

But his body remained as stiff as a corpse.

Endless regret washed over him. He remembered every cold shoulder, every mockery, every time he had bullied Amelia to please Celine.

And now, when her life hung by a thread, he couldn't even tap a finger to save her.

"I am such a waste," Caleb thought, despair consuming him.

He could only pray in the darkness. He prayed that his clever, strong sister would outsmart them again.

(Amelia's POV)

I composed myself after leaving the garden. I didn't let Celine's filth linger on me.

I headed straight to the Crimson Group headquarters. It was time for Theodore's routine leg treatment.

The office was quiet, save for the rhythmic sound of my movements. My hands moved with practiced precision over Theodore's damaged legs.

He was adjusting his shirt cuffs, watching me work.

The door opened. Marcus walked in, his expression grim.

"Alpha," Marcus reported. "We found them. Victor took Ronan to the Wildlands."

My hands didn't stop. I continued to check the muscle response in Theodore's calf.

A knowing smirk curled on my lips.

"So, you're saving the traitor," I said without looking up. "I assume he's more valuable alive as a source of intel than dead as a martyr, right?"

Theodore leaned back in his wheelchair. A flicker of appreciation flashed in his eyes.

He didn't deny it. He just nodded calmly.

"If he is indeed my biological brother, as an elder brother, I will try my best to keep him alive," Theodore said, his voice steady. "If it turns out he isn't, then Ronan might hold the clue to my real brother's whereabouts."

I stood up and wiped my hands on a towel. My gaze sharpened.

"But the place Victor chose is tricky," I pointed out. "The Wildlands. It's his territory. He has it defended like a fortress."

I tossed the towel into the bin.

“Sending a team in there is basically suicide,” I continued. “Unless you aren’t planning a rescue mission, but a raid.”

The situation seemed impossible. Yet, looking at Theodore, I saw no anxiety on his face.

He sat there, the picture of composure. He slowly turned the signet ring on his thumb.

“Who said I’m going personally?” he asked.

I raised an eyebrow at him, waiting for the rest.

A cold, dark glint appeared in Theodore’s eyes. It was a look that promised violence.

“Since he likes to play this kind of game,” Theodore said softly, his voice chilling the air. “Then I will give him a taste of his own medicine.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 167[1,134 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

The realization hit me instantly. Theodore wasn’t planning a rescue mission. He was planning a k*****g.

“You’re going to take Vivian,” I said, my voice steady.

Theodore met my gaze. “Victor took Ronan. It is only fair I return the favor. Give him a taste of his own medicine.”

I leaned against the desk, crossing my arms. I thought about Victor’s file. The man was unstable, violent, and obsessed with power.

“Victor is crazy,” I analyzed calmly. “He might not care if Vivian lives or dies. Using her as leverage might not work if he writes her off as collateral damage.”

Theodore shook his head slowly.

“No,” he corrected me. “You are thinking like a normal person, Amelia. You need to think like a possessive, egomaniacal Alpha.”

He tapped his finger against the armrest of his wheelchair.

“To a man like Victor, his sister represents his property,” Theodore explained, his voice low. “If someone touches what belongs to him, it is an unforgivable insult to his ego. He will come to save her. Not because of love, but to maintain his control over his possessions.”

I paused, processing his logic. It made perfect, twisted sense. In their world, reputation and ownership were everything.

I nodded. “You’re right. It will work.”

Theodore glanced at Marcus.

“Do it,” he commanded.

Marcus nodded in acknowledgement. He didn’t say a word, simply turning on his heel and marching out of the office to arrange the operation against Vivian.

The room fell silent for a moment. Theodore turned his wheelchair slightly to face me fully.

“Did you detox Ethan?” he asked abruptly.

My expression hardened instantly. The temperature in the room seemed to drop.

“I gave him a choice,” I said, my voice dripping with ice. “I told him there was only one dose of the antidote. He could use it on himself, or he could give it to Celine.”

Theodore waited, his eyes watching me closely.

“He didn’t even hesitate,” I scoffed, a bitter laugh escaping my lips. “He chose to give the chance of survival to that fake. To Celine.”

I pushed off the desk and paced a few steps.

“I don’t feel like he’s making some noble sacrifice,” I said, the anger bubbling up in my chest. “I feel insulted. He chose a fake snake over his own blood. The sheer stupidity and audacity of it makes me want to scream.”

I wasn’t sad. I was offended by his lack of intelligence.

Inside my mind, Ava snorted with contempt.

“Let him rot,” my wolf growled. “If he wants to serve a puppet queen, then let him die like a fool. We don’t mourn idiots, Amelia.”

I took a deep breath, trying to calm the rage vibrating under my skin.

Theodore didn’t offer empty platitudes. He didn’t tell me to forgive or to be the bigger person.

He rolled his wheelchair closer, his gaze locking onto mine with an intensity that pinned me in place.

“Don’t apologize for your anger, Amelia,” he said, his voice deep and resonating. “Use it. It proves you are still fighting. It proves you haven’t been assimilated by them into a weak victim.”

His words were like fuel poured onto a dying fire. The confusion and frustration burned away, leaving only a cold, hard resolve.

He was right. I wasn’t a victim. I was the predator here.

My fingers curled into fists at my sides. I was done waiting. I was done playing games.

“I’m done playing cat and mouse with prey,” I said coldly. “It’s time to wake Caleb up. This time, I’m going to go for the throat.”

Theodore nodded in approval. A small smile touched his lips, but it quickly faded as a thought crossed his mind.

“What about Damien Blackwood?” he asked, his brow furrowing slightly, “Is he still harassing you?”

I relaxed my shoulders and shrugged.

“He won’t be a problem anymore,” I said lightly. “Natasha is handling him. She created a fake profile and is currently catfishing him. He’s too busy being strung along to bother me.”

The tension in Theodore’s shoulders visibly released. He looked almost relieved, and then, surprisingly, a bit sheepish. He rubbed his nose awkwardly.

“To be honest,” he mumbled, looking away for a second. “I even considered hiring a she–wolf to honey trap him. Just to divert that guy’s attention away from you.”

I stared at him for a second, then burst out laughing.

“You?” I teased, raising an eyebrow. “Using a honey trap? The great Alpha King must be truly desperate.”

Theodore sighed, a sound of resignation.

“Desperate times,” he muttered.

We looked at each other, the air between us crackling with unspoken possessiveness. He didn’t want anyone else near me, and the feeling was entirely mutual.

The atmosphere in the office shifted. It became heavier, charged with a dangerous kind of electricity.

My gaze dropped to his lips. They were perfectly shaped, firm and inviting.

I didn't think. I just moved.

I leaned in close, my face inches from his.

"I want to taste you," I whispered boldly.

Theodore's eyes darkened instantly. He tilted his head back slightly, closing his eyes. He exposed his throat to me, the ultimate sign of trust, leaving himself completely at my mercy.

I smirked, running my finger lightly along his jawline.

"Closed eyes, Alpha?" I teased softly. "Are you submitting to me?"

Theodore's eyes snapped open. Dark, hungry flames danced in his golden irises.

"Never," he growled.

Before I could react, his large hand clamped onto the back of my head. He pulled me down, capturing my lips in a fierce, demanding kiss that promised he would never submit, only conquer.

(Amelia's POV)

It was late afternoon when I returned to the Stone family estate.

I went straight to my temporary room. I didn't feel like resting, even though the day had been emotionally exhausting.

I sat on the edge of the bed, my fingers absentmindedly tracing my lips. They still felt swollen and warm from Theodore's kiss. The memory of his intensity made my heart race all over again.

A slight movement caught my eye.

Green, my pet snake, slithered across the floor. He looked at me with his intelligent, beady eyes, sensing my distraction.

He moved toward the corner of the room and slipped into the wardrobe. I watched him curiously.

A moment later, he slithered back out. His tail was curled tightly around a small object.

He climbed up the bed leg and deposited the item on the duvet next to me.

It was a delicate glass vial.

I frowned. This seems to be a medicine I developed a long time ago. I picked it up, uncorking it.

I tipped the vial, and a single pill rolled into my palm. I brought it to my nose and sniffed.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 168[1,258 words]

(Amelia's POV)

“Green”

I sighed helplessly, looking down at the emerald-green snake coiled tightly around my wrist. In my other hand sat a small, pale pill. I recognized it immediately, It was a concoction I had made out of sheer boredom months ago—a potent blend of moonflower and heavy stimulants.

It was an aphrodisiac designed for werewolves. It heightened the mating drive to insane levels.

I hadn't expected the little reptile to dig this out from the depths of my cabinet. His thought process was more tangled than a ball of yarn.

“You want this?” I teased, bringing the pill closer to his snout. “I could feed it to you. See if you find a nice lady snake in the garden.”

Green froze. He tasted the air with his tongue, sensing the danger in my tone. Immediately, he uncoiled his tail from my wrist and slithered away across the bedspread in a panic, disappearing under the pillows.

I chuckled, rolling the pill between my fingers. It emitted a faint, spicy herbal scent. A playful, dangerous smirk played on my lips.

I didn't need artificial heat. I knew exactly what effect I had on Theodore.

“We don't need this cheap trick,” I thought, flicking the pill back into the small glass vial. “He's already on a leash. Any more heat and I might break him.”

Inside my mind, Ava stretched lazily. My wolf let out a low, predatory purr.

““Agreed,” she said, her voice dripping with satisfaction. ““Let him stay lucid. I want him to know exactly who is devouring him when he loses control. His scent alone is enough to drive us wild; we don't need to drug him to get what we want.”““

I nodded in agreement. I corked the vial tightly and tucked it away in my bag.

My phone buzzed on the nightstand.

I picked it up. It was a message from Natasha. She had sent several screenshots of a chat log. It was her conversation with Damien, where she was still roleplaying as “Amelia” on a burner account.

I scrolled through the images.

Damien was bragging.

““Damien:”“ “I was working my shift at the bar tonight. A really beautiful woman tried to slip me her number. I told her to get lost. I’m a one-woman man.”

““Damien:”“ “Bet your precious Alpha King couldn’t do that. Men like Theodore Crimson can’t maintain that kind of discipline.”

Natasha had fired back immediately.

““Fake Amelia (Natasha):”“ “Wow, you rejected one drunk girl? Do you want a medal? Theodore probably rejects hundreds of she-wolves trying to climb into his bed every single day.”

““Damien:”“ “He’s definitely bluffing. No man is that strong.”

““Fake Amelia (Natasha):”“ “With his bloodline and face? That’s just a Tuesday for him.”

““Damien:”“ “That just makes him an unsafe mate. He’s surrounded by too much temptation. I live a simple life. I can guarantee loyalty because I’m not constantly tested.”

““Fake Amelia (Natasha):”“ “That just proves you’re only loyal because you have no options. Put you in a room full of temptation, and you’d fold. Theodore has remained untouched amidst endless temptation for years. He chooses to be alone.”

““Damien:”“ “How is that physically possible for a male Alpha? He must be lying.”

I rolled my eyes at the screen. Damien was bragging about passing a test specifically designed for an i”“t. I knew the “beauty” at the bar was the honey trap Theodore had mentioned earlier.

It wasn’t just amusing; it was pathetic.

I typed a quick reply to Natasha: “Let him dig his own grave. This is getting entertaining.” A second later, a private message from Natasha popped up. Her tone was frantic. ““Natasha:”“ “Amelia! You have to believe me. I swear on my wolf, Theodore has never touched another woman. Don’t listen to that i”“t Damien. Theodore isn’t like that!”

““Natasha:”“ “With his power, if he wanted to play around, he wouldn’t need to hide it. But he cares about you. As his family, I can’t let his reputation get trashed by some ex-boyfriend.”

I smiled at her intensity.

““Amelia:”“ “Relax, Nat. Even if he had a past, I wouldn’t care. But I know he hasn’t

““Natasha:”“ “How can you be sure?”

““Amelia:”“ “I don’t check his ‘energy’ or use magic, Nat. I check his intent. The man is obsessed. He doesn’t have the bandwidth to look at anyone else. His wolf recognizes mines there is no room for anyone else in his territory,”

Natasha sent a series of relieved emojis.

““Natasha:”“ “Okay, shadow healer magic or not, you have to help me screen my future dates. I attract liars like flies. Just tell me if they’re trash, deal? I have extremely high standards—I refuse to settle for anyone with a messy past or a wandering eye.”

I smiled and typed back.

““Amelia:”“ “Deal.”

(Author’s POV)

By evening, the atmosphere in the Stone River Pack House had dropped to freezing. Alpha Adrian Stone stormed through the front door, his face twisted in fury. He had just learned from Livia that Ethan, the heir to the pack, had been poisoned by Amelia.

Adrian immediately summoned Ethan to his study. He slammed the door shut behind them.

“Is it true?” Adrian demanded, his voice shaking with rage.

Ethan stood by the desk, looking pale. He guessed that Celine had spilled the secret to their mother. He could only nod.

“Yes,” Ethan admitted. “The toxin is in my system.”

Adrian was apoplectic. He couldn’t believe his son had hidden such a critical threat.

“You hid this from me?” Adrian roared.

“I didn’t want to worry you,” Ethan said in a low voice.

Adrian’s sharp gaze fell on Ethan’s right foot. It was still heavily bandaged.

“And that?” Adrian pointed a trembling finger. “Did she do that too?”

Ethan’s silence was confirmation enough.

Adrian’s rage boiled over. He couldn’t accept that his biological daughter had crippled the pack’s future Alpha. He shook with anger.

“My mercy has only allowed her to become this brazen,” Adrian announced darkly, “Since you are incapable of handling that disgrace of a daughter, I will handle it myself.”

Ethan looked at his father’s distorted features. He felt a chill run down his spine.

“Amelia is different now, Father,” Ethan tried to reason with him. “Her power is unfathomable, and her movements are hard to track. We can’t just catch her. She has people protecting her.”

“You are so thick-headed,” Adrian cut him off coldly, glaring at his son’s naivety. “If you can’t catch the wolf, you trap the cub.”

Ethan’s face paled. He realized what his father was implying.

“That abomination might be powerful,” Adrian sneered, “but Seraphina certainly isn’t.”

“No!” Ethan trembled, taking a step forward. “This is Amelia’s personal vendetta. It has nothing to do with Aunt Seraphina!”

“You’ve been crippled by her, and you still think Jaxon and Seraphina are innocent?!” Adrian interrupted roughly. He slammed his hand onto the desk. “If they hadn’t undermined my authority by taking her in and emboldening her, that wild brat wouldn’t dare act so recklessly against the Stone family! Ultimately, Jaxon’s family is enabling her!”

Adrian began to pace the room. His paranoia was weaving a new narrative in his mind, connecting dots that didn’t exist.

“I seriously doubt their innocence now,” Adrian muttered, his eyes narrowing. “Jaxon and Seraphina... all these years of keeping a low profile and feigning passivity... it was just a facade. Amelia’s attack on us? I bet it’s exactly what they wanted. They are using her as a weapon to seize control of the Pack!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 169[1,034 words]

(Ethan’s POV)

“Dad, Amelia said she can wake Caleb up. If you touch Seraphina now and completely provoke her, Caleb might never wake up,” I attempted one last time to persuade my father.

But Adrian merely sneered, his eyes gleaming with calculation. “You’re too soft, Ethan. That’s why she walks all over you. Once we have Seraphina, Amelia will have no choice but to submit.”

Adrian paced the room, his expression cold and pragmatic. He looked less like a father and more like a predator stalking prey.

“Think about it,” he continued. “Once I control her mother, she becomes a puppet. Then, whether it’s the poison in your blood or Caleb’s coma, everything will fall into place.”

I looked at his ruthless expression and realized I couldn’t change the Alpha’s mind. I sank into a helpless silence.

Adrian glanced at me with disappointment. His eyes lingered on my injured leg.

“Until this is resolved, you are to stay in the Stone River Pack House,” he ordered. “I’ve arranged for excellent healer to prepare a suitable treatment plan for you.”

His tone was hard, leaving no room for argument. “I will not have the future heir of the Stone River Pack limping around like a cripple. It’s a disgrace.”

Without waiting for a response, Adrian strode toward his study. He was already dialing a number on his phone.

“Harvey,” he said into the receiver. It was the former butler. “I have a job for you. If you complete this k”“*****“g mission successfully, you will be reinstated to your position in the Pack.”

Left alone in the grand hall, I paced back and forth. The sound of my uneven steps echoed on the marble floor.

I decided to make one final attempt. I held onto a sliver of hope: if Amelia could cure me and wake Caleb immediately, perhaps my father would call off the attack on Seraphina.

I dialed Amelia’s number.

As soon as the call connected, I rushed to speak. “Amelia, you need to go to the hospital and wake Caleb up. Right now. If you do, I promise I’ll… I’ll grant you any condition you want.”

Amelia’s voice came through the speaker. She wasn’t anxious. She sounded bored.

“Conditions? You?” She scoffed. “Ethan, you lost your inheritance rights. What leverage do you possibly have? You’re writing checks your bank account can’t cash.”

I was rendered speechless for a moment. I choked on my own powerlessness.

I quickly shifted tactics. I tried to sound authoritative, like the big brother I used to be. “Amelia, listen to me. I’m doing this for your own good. You’d better do as I say.”

A sharp, mocking laugh echoed from the other end.

“Ethan, stop right there,” Amelia drawled, her tone dripping with amusement. “You sound like a desperate ex-boyfriend trying to stay relevant. ‘For my own good’? Please. You don’t get to call the shots anymore.”

“I’m serious!” I insisted, panic rising in my chest.

“And I’m bored,” Amelia cut me off. “Caleb wakes up when I say he wakes up. Save your ‘good intentions’ for someone who actually buys your bullshit. Good luck with Daddy.”

The line went dead.

I lowered the phone slowly, staring blankly at the black screen.

“I tried,” I muttered to the empty room. “If anything happens to Seraphina, it’s your own stubbornness that caused it.”

(Amelia’s POV)

Hanging up the phone, my amusement vanished instantly.

Ethan’s abrupt call and his clumsy attempt to coerce me into waking Caleb could only mean one thing: Adrian was making a move. And since they couldn’t touch me, they were going after my weak spot.

“Seraphina.”

Ava said lowly in my mind. “Now. If they touch her, we won’t just kill them. We’ll tear them apart slowly.”

“Agreed,” I whispered.

I didn’t waste time on empty vows. I immediately unlocked my phone and opened a tracking app I had secretly installed on Seraphina’s phone months ago for emergencies.

The dot was moving.

I dialed Seraphina’s number.

When the call connected, I forced my voice to remain steady. I masked the tactical rage bubbling beneath the surface with a tone of feigned cheerfulness.

“Hey Mom,” I said, keeping it casual. “Just checking in. Where are you right now?”

“Oh, Amelia!” Seraphina’s voice sounded warm and happy. “I’m just leaving my baking class. I was actually thinking about you.”

“That’s great,” I said. My eyes were locked on the GPS dot on my screen. It seemed to be heading toward the Pack House, but I needed to be sure. “Are you in the car? Is Oliver driving?”

“Yes, sweetie. I’m on my way back to the Pack House now. Why do you ask?”

“Nothing,” I lied smoothly, my mind racing to calculate interception routes. “My wolf was just feeling a bit restless. I wanted to hear your voice.”

“I’ll be home soon, don’t worry.”

I hung up. My expression hardened into stone.

I didn’t panic. I moved.

I grabbed my car keys and sent a quick, encrypted message to Theodore: Code Red. Adrian is targeting my mother.

(Seraphina’s POV)

In the backseat of the sedan, I hummed a soft tune. I had just finished a baking lesson with a friend.

“You’re really putting a lot of effort into this,” my friend had teased earlier. “Is it really just for a birthday?”

I had smiled, “It’s for Amelia. Her birthday is in November. I want to make her a perfect Red Velvet cake. She’s been through so much... she’s smart and strong, but she has such a good heart. It’s impossible not to adore her.”

Now, sitting in the car, I instructed the driver, “Oliver, straight back to the Stone River Pack House, please.”

I looked down at my phone. I started scrolling through photos of cake decorations, trying to decide between cream cheese frosting or a fondant finish.

Minutes passed in silence. When I finally looked up to rest my eyes, I frowned.

The scenery outside the window was unfamiliar. Instead of the manicured roads leading to the estate, I saw industrial warehouses and overgrown fields.

A seed of unease sprouted in my chest.

“Oliver?” I leaned forward slightly. “This isn’t the way to the Pack House...”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 170[931 words]

(Seraphina’s POV)

“Oliver?” I asked, leaning forward slightly.

The driver didn’t answer. He turned his head, and the passing streetlight illuminated a profile that was definitely not Oliver’s. It was older, with a bitter set to the jaw.

Recognition hit me instantly. It was Harvey Wright, Adrian’s former butler who had been kicked out of the Pack House for offending Amelia.

“Harvey,” I said, my voice sharp. “What do you think you’re doing?”

My heart hammered against my ribs. I slid my hand into my purse, my fingers searching frantically for my phone to call Jaxon.

Suddenly, the car swerved violently. Harvey slammed on the brakes. My purse flew off my lap, and I heard my phone slide across the floorboard, disappearing into the darkness under the front seat.

Harvey turned around, a cruel sneer plastered on his face. “Don’t bother, Mrs. Stone. I’ve driven us to the old industrial district. I have a jammer running. No signal gets in or out here.”

I looked out the window. It was pitch black outside, save for a flickering streetlight illuminating a desolate, graffiti-covered wall.

I took a deep breath, forcing my panic down. I locked eyes with him through the rearview mirror.

“Harvey, you moron,” I said coldly. “Do you honestly think k*****g me gives you leverage? You just signed your own death warrant. My daughter won’t negotiate; she’ll hunt.”

Harvey’s face twisted with rage. He pounded the steering wheel with his fist.

“That insolent brat!” he roared. “I want to see her suffer. I want to see her beg!”

He turned fully in his seat, his eyes bulging with resentment. “I served the Stone family for thirty years! I was loyal to Alpha Adrian and Livia before that little wild animal was even born. And what did I get? Tossed out like garbage because of some backwater pack girl!”

I looked at his frantic expression and let out a scoff. It was pathetic.

“Money? Or reinstatement? Is that what you think this is about?” I asked, my voice calm and cutting. “Adrian didn’t send you here to get your job back. He sent you here to do his dirty work so he can keep his hands clean. You’re not his loyal servant, Harvey. You’re his disposable trash.”

“Shut up!” Harvey screamed, his face turning red. “Alpha Adrian promised me! When this is over, I’ll be back in the Pack House. He’ll protect me!”

Harvey unbuckled his seatbelt and stormed out of the car. He marched to my door and yanked it open roughly.

“Get out!” he shouted, reaching for my arm.

I tensed my muscles, preparing to shift. If he touched me, I would tear his throat out right here.

Just as his hand neared my wrist, a blinding light flooded the alley from behind. High beams cut through the darkness.

Before Harvey could react, a shadow blurred from the darkness. It was fast—too fast for a werewolf.

“Thwack.”

A boot connected solidly with Harvey’s chest. He flew backward, airborne for a second before slamming into the brick wall with a sickening crunch. He slid to the ground, groaning in pain.

A woman stood over him. She wore black tactical gear, her dark hair pulled back tight, radiating a cold, professional danger.

She turned to me. “Mrs. Stone. Are you injured?”

I smoothed my skirt and stepped out of the car, regaining my composure. “I’m fine.”

“I’m Sloane,” the woman said. “Amelia sent me.”

I nodded and walked over to where Harvey lay curling in pain. He looked up at me with terror in his eyes now.

I looked down at him, letting him see the fire in my eyes.

“Tell Adrian I’m coming for him,” I said.

(Amelia’s POV)

At seven o’clock, my phone rang. It was Sloane.

“Target secured,” Sloane’s voice was crisp. “Your mother is safe and unhurt. The kidnapper is Harvey Wright. We have his confession recorded. He confirmed Alpha Adrian gave the order.”

“Good,” I said.

I didn’t feel relief. I felt a cold, dark rage spreading through my chest, merging with the beast inside me.

“Kill him,” Ava growled in my mind. The image of tearing Adrian’s throat out flashed vividly.

“Patience, Ava,” I whispered back, my internal voice icy. “We don’t just bite his throat. We tear his whole world apart first.”

I hung up and dialed my mother.

“Amelia?” Her voice was steady, but I could hear the underlying tension.

“Mom, I’m so sorry,” I said, gripping the phone tight. “I was terrified that cornered beast might try something low, so I had Shadows shadowing you 24/7. I shouldn’t have let you get close to danger.”

“No need to apologize, Amelia,” Seraphina cut me off. Her voice was harder than I’d ever heard it. “Tomorrow, we make them pay.”

I ended the call and immediately dialed Theodore.

He answered on the first ring. “Amelia?”

“Clear your schedule for tomorrow,” I said, my voice leaving no room for argument. “We’re going to Stone River. I’m not just asking for your support, Theo. I’m asking you to stand by my side while I burn his legacy to the ground.”

Theodore chuckled, a dark, rich sound on the other end of the line. “For you? Anything. I’ll be more than happy to watch that sperm donor of yours lose everything.”

“Good.”

I hung up and opened my messaging app. I found Natasha’s contact.

“Amelia: Are you free tomorrow?”

“Natasha: Always! What’s up? Is there tea?”

I typed quickly. “Bring the restless elite, Natasha. They claim they want transparency? I’ll give them a show they’ll never forget.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 171[1,501 words]

(Adrian’s POV)

It was ten o’clock at night when Livia returned to the West House. She wasn’t alone. Two figures followed her, draped in heavy dark cloaks that obscured their faces.

“They are here,” Livia said, closing the door behind them.

She gestured to the figure on the left. “This is the apothecary. He specializes in compounds that leave no trace.” Then she pointed to the woman on the right. “And a rogue witch from the black market.”

I looked at them, satisfyingly grim. “Good. We need every advantage for tomorrow.”

I walked over to the liquor cabinet and poured myself a drink. “I made another move, Livia. Just to be absolutely sure.”

Livia raised an eyebrow. “What did you do?”

“I sent Harvey,” I said, taking a sip of the red wine. “He has taken Seraphina.”

Livia’s eyes widened for a fraction of a second, and then a cruel, delighted smile spread across her face. “That is brilliant, Adrian.”

“It is the ultimate leverage,” I told her. “Amelia cares about nothing but that adoptive mother of hers. If she refuses to hand over the company, we hurt Seraphina.”

Livia let out a cold laugh. “If that entitled brat thinks she can run wild on my territory, she is wrong. She holds onto Stone Pharmaceutical like a child with a toy. We will break her fingers until she lets go.”

She turned to the witch. “Even if the patriarch, Alaric, hasn’t actually been cursed, we are prepared. I have arranged everything with her. Amelia will not survive the confrontation tomorrow. She will be ruined.”

I nodded, my expression serious. “This is life or death for our line in the Stone River Pack. There is no room for error. If we fail, we lose everything.”

(Adrian's POV)

I turned to my eldest son, Ethan, who was standing nervously by the staircase.

"Tomorrow morning, go to the hospital first thing," I ordered, "Pick up Caleb. And call Celine. Tell her to come home immediately. Everyone must be accounted for."

"Yes, father," Ethan said quickly.

Livia pulled out her phone, her fingers tapping rapidly on the screen. "I'm calling Lyra and Carlos Drake. Amelia humiliated the Drake family yesterday in the hospital. They will want to witness her fall. They will want to see her stripped of her name and kicked out of the family."

"Do it," I said.

I took out my own phone. I needed confirmation. I dialed Harvey's number.

The phone rang twice before he picked up.

"Alpha Adrian?" Harvey's voice came through the speaker. He sounded breathless, panic edging his tone.

"Is it done?" I asked.

"Yes... yes, I have her," Harvey stammered.

I pressed the phone closer to my ear. In the background, I could hear shuffling noises and what sounded like a muffled struggle. It was music to my ears.

"Good," I said, my voice dropping to a cold command. "I want proof. Cut off the ring finger on her right hand—the one with the mating ring. Bring it to me tomorrow morning."

There was a pause on the other end. I heard Harvey's breath hitch.

"Did you hear me?" I snapped. "Do this, and you are back in the Pack House. I will double your previous salary."

"I... I understand," Harvey said, his voice trembling. He sounded terrified.

I scoffed internally. He was soft. It was his first time doing real dirty work. But greed would drive him.

"Don't disappoint me," I said, and hung up the phone.

I looked at Livia and smiled. We had won.

(Author's POV)

In a desolate industrial lot miles away from the Pack House, Harvey Wright was not holding a knife. He was on his knees on the cracked concrete, shaking violently.

Sloane stood over him, a dark silhouette against the dim streetlights. She held Harvey's phone in her gloved hand, having just ended the call.

A few yards away, a black sedan sat with its engine idling silently. Jaxon and Seraphina were in the back seat. The air inside the car was thick, heavy with Jaxon's suppressed rage.

Sloane walked over and tapped on the rear window. She looked at Seraphina.

"Mrs. Stone," Sloane said, her voice devoid of emotion. "You might want to look away for this part."

Seraphina didn't turn her head. She sat up straighter, her face pale but her expression composed of pure steel. She pressed the button, and the window rolled down with a soft hum.

She stared directly at Harvey, who was weeping silently on the ground.

"No," Seraphina hardened her gaze. "Let him see me watch. I want him to know exactly why he's bleeding."

Sloane looked at her for a moment, then a small smirk touched the corner of her lips.

"Understood."

She turned back to the kneeling man. A silver dagger flipped into her hand, glinting coldly in the moonlight.

"Since Adrian wants a finger," Sloane said flatly, stepping closer to Harvey, "yours will have to do."

"No! Please! I was just following orders!" Harvey screamed, trying to scramble backward.

Sloane moved without a moment's hesitation. She stepped on his chest to pin him down, grabbed his right hand, and brought the silver blade down in a blur of motion.

"Crunch."

Harvey let out a bloodcurdling shriek that echoed off the empty warehouse walls. His eyes rolled back in his head, and he slumped forward, fainting from the shock and pain.

Seraphina gripped her seatbelt tightly. She watched the blood pool on the ground. She didn't look away. She watched the man who had threatened her collapse. A look of dark satisfaction crossed her eyes.

Sloane didn't blink. She calmly wrapped the severed finger in a piece of cloth. Then, she grabbed the unconscious Harvey by the collar and dragged him toward the trunk of her car like a bag of trash.

(Author's POV)

The wind outside carried the metallic scent of blood, Jaxon stepped out of the car as Sloane slammed the trunk shut. He immediately pulled his mate into his arms.

His body was vibrating with tension. His eyes were dark, swirling with a storm of emotions.

Adrian. His own brother.

Jaxon had tolerated Adrian's arrogance for years. He had looked past the greed. But this? "g Seraphina? Ordering her mutilation?

Adrian had severed the last of their brotherly bond.

Jaxon's wolf roared in his mind, clawing at his chest, demanding blood. He forced the shift down, his jaw clenched so hard his teeth ached. He needed to be clear-headed for what came next.

"Seraphina," Jaxon said, his voice rough as he tried to soothe her. "Go with Sloane. She will take you to the safe house. You need to rest."

Seraphina didn't let go. She reached up and grabbed his collar, her fingers digging into the fabric. Her knuckles were white.

She looked up at him. The fear was gone. In its place was a burning, cold anger that matched his own.

"Don't just handle it, Jaxon," she said, her voice trembling with rage. "Make them regret they ever touched me. Burn it all down if you have to."

Jaxon looked into her eyes. He saw the fire there. He let out a low growl from deep in his chest.

He kissed her forehead.

"I promise."

(Author's POV)

It was approaching midnight at the West House. The lights were still on.

The doorbell rang. It was a long, jarring sound that cut through the silence of the night.

Ethan was in the living room, still awake. He walked to the security monitor and checked the camera feed.

“It’s Uncle Jaxon,” Ethan called out, glancing toward the stairs. A knot of unease tightened in his stomach.

Adrian and Livia came down the stairs. They looked annoyed rather than worried.

“What does he want at this hour?” Livia spat

Adrian glanced at the screen, seeing Jaxon standing alone at the gate. He sneered.

“Ignore him,” Adrian said dismissively, “Let him stay out there like a stray dog. He probably realized his mate is missing and came to beg. Or maybe he wants to negotiate.”

He looked at Ethan, who was staring at the screen with apprehension.

“Why aren’t you asleep?” Adrian scolded. “Go upstairs. Get some rest. We have a show to put on tomorrow.”

Ethan hesitated. “But father, he looks...”

“BOOM.”

A massive crash shook the entire villa. The sound of tearing metal screamed through the air.

Ethan spun around in terror.

The heavy iron gates of the driveway were gone. They lay twisted on the pavement. Dust billowed into the air.

Through the cloud of debris, a dozen elite warriors in black tactical gear stepped forward. They held heavy hydraulic breaching tools.

Jaxon walked through the broken gateway. He didn’t look like an uncle. He didn’t look like a brother.

His face was a mask of cold fury. His Alpha aura rolled off him in suffocating waves, darker and heavier than anything Ethan had ever felt.

Jaxon marched toward the front door like a Demon straight from hell.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 172[1,362 words]

(Jaxon's POV)

I stepped through the ruined gateway, the dust settling around my boots. The air was thick with the scent of twisted metal and my own unbridled rage.

Ethan rushed forward from the living room, his face pale. He raised a hand as if to block my path.

"Uncle Jaxon, wait—"

I didn't slow down. I didn't even look at him. I walked right past him as if he were nothing more than a stone on the roadside. My Alpha aura slammed into him, pushing him back against the wall without me lifting a finger.

Adrian descended the stairs. He stood tall, puffing out his chest in a pathetic attempt to muster his own Alpha dignity. He tried to meet my gaze, but I saw the flicker of fear in his eyes. He could feel the palpable fury rolling off me in waves.

"Jaxon," Adrian barked, his voice straining to sound authoritative. "What is the meaning of this? Breaking into my home in the middle of the night—"

Livia stood beside him. She had gone completely still. She looked at my face and saw death staring back at her. She clutched his arm, her manicured nails digging deep into the fabric of his suit.

I stopped directly in front of Adrian. The distance between us was suffocating.

"I'm here to tell you what I'm going to do," I said. My voice was low, cold as Siberian ice.

Before he could blink, my hand moved. A flash of silver cut through the dim light.

I drove the custom-made silver dagger deep into Adrian's abdomen.

Adrian looked down, his eyes bulging in disbelief. He stared at the hilt protruding from his stomach.

The silver sizzled against his flesh. Smoke rose from the wound, carrying the acrid scent of burning wolfsbane and charred meat.

"Gkhh..." A strangled gurgle escaped his throat. His face turned sheet white instantly.

I ripped the dagger out. Blood sprayed across the expensive carpet, dark and steaming.

Adrian stumbled, his legs giving way. I grabbed him by the collar, hauling him close until our faces were inches apart. I leaned in, whispering like a demon.

“Now do you know why I came?”

Livia finally processed what had happened. She covered her mouth and let out a piercing scream that shattered the silence.

“Adrian!”

Adrian shoved me away with the last of his strength. He clamped his hands over the gushing wound, staggering back against the railing. He looked at me with pure shock. He never believed I would actually break the taboo. He never thought his own brother would use silver on him.

I flipped the bloody dagger in my hand, watching the red droplets hit the floor. My eyes bore into his.

“Seraphina is missing,” I said, my voice dead calm. “Did you send someone? Remember this, Adrian. If there is even a single scratch on her, I will make you regret being born.”

Adrian gasped for air, sweat pouring down his face. The pain from the silver poison was too intense for him to speak.

“You... you have no proof!” Livia shrieked, trembling as she supported her mate.

Ethan recovered from the shock and roared, trying to charge at me to protect his parents.

“Get back!”

Two of my elite warriors stepped forward instantly, blocking his path like a solid wall of muscle. They didn’t even draw their weapons; their presence was enough.

I looked around the grand hall.

“I know it was you. You know it was you,” I said, my voice echoing off the high ceilings. “This stab? This is just a warning.”

I pointed the bloody blade at Adrian.

“If you dare touch Seraphina again... next time, I won’t use a knife. I will tear you apart with my bare hands.”

I turned on my heel and walked out. I didn’t look back.

Behind me, chaos erupted.

“Get the Pack Healer! Now!” Livia screamed at Ethan. “It’s silver! He’s not clotting! Go!”

I walked out into the cool night air and got into the back of my car. The door slammed shut, sealing out the noise.

I dropped the dagger onto the seat beside me.

My hands started to shake. I leaned forward and buried my face in my palms.

The adrenaline crashed, leaving a cold void in my chest. Fear washed over me. Real, paralyzing fear.

When Amelia called me earlier to tell me Seraphina had been taken, my world had nearly ended. I had been so careless. I had underestimated just how depraved Adrian had become. I never thought he would target my mate.

If Amelia hadn’t been prepared... if she hadn’t arranged for Sloane to be there...

I took a deep, shuddering breath. I forced myself to compose my features. I couldn’t fall apart now.

“Drive,” I told the driver. “To the East House. I need to see my daughter.”

(Amelia’s POV)

I sat on the edge of my bed. Green, my snake, was coiled lazily around my arm, flicking his tongue. Black and White were curled up by my feet, their little ears twitching.

In my mind, Ava let out a low, satisfied purr.

“Blood,” she whispered. “Alpha blood.”

We could both smell it. The metallic scent drifted on the wind from the West House. My enhanced senses picked up the vibrations of the chaos—the scream, the crash, the fear.

I didn’t feel afraid. I didn’t feel guilty.

A cold light flickered in my eyes. It was the satisfaction of justice served.

A soft knock sounded at my door.

“Amelia?” It was my father’s voice. Low. Rough.

“Come in,” I said.

I walked over and opened the door, I leaned against the frame, crossing my arms.

Jaxon stood there. He looked composed, but the scent of violence clung to him like a second skin. His eyes were dark pools of turbulence.

I raised an eyebrow.

“You smell like blood, Dad,” I said, a small smirk playing on my lips. “Looks like Adrian had a ‘fun’ night.”

Jaxon looked at me, and his shoulders finally dropped. The tension leaked out of his frame.

“Your mother is safe, Amelia,” he said, his voice thick with emotion. “Tonight... it was all thanks to you.”

I shrugged, feigning indifference.

“I was about to have Silas burn the West House to the ground,” I said casually. “We were going to blame it on faulty wiring. But since you handled it, I won’t bother.”

Jaxon shook his head, a helpless look crossing his face. But his eyes were warm, filled with a fierce, protective love.

“Amelia,” he said softly. “Don’t blame Adrian’s stupidity on yourself. And don’t always think you have to be the executioner.”

He stepped closer and placed a hand on my shoulder.

“Let me do the dirty work,” he said firmly. “I am your father. You just need to be my daughter.”

I looked at him. The ice around my heart melted just a little. It felt... good. To be protected.

I gave him a wicked grin. “Fine. But you should know, I charge extra for being law-abiding.”

Jaxon laughed. It was a short, dry sound, but it was real. He reached out and ruffled my hair, messing up my waves.

He turned to leave, his steps heavy with exhaustion.

“By the way,” I called out.

He stopped.

“That silver dagger?” I said. “Nice touch. I didn’t think you had it in you to actually use it on him.”

Jaxon looked back over his shoulder. The shadows in the hallway cast his face in stark relief. His eyes flashed with a dark, dangerous resolve. It wasn't the look of a brother anymore. It was the look of an Alpha.

"I'm an Alpha, Amelia," he said. "We protect what's ours. No matter what happens, your mother and I... we always have your back."

I nodded. "I know."

I watched him walk down the hall, heading to the master bedroom to wait for Mom.

I gently closed the door, shutting out the world.

Silence returned to the room.

"Ding-dong."

The doorbell downstairs rang. It was urgent, rapid, tearing through the quiet of the night.

I froze, my hand still on the doorknob. Who would come now?

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 173[1,050 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I lay in bed, staring up at the dark ceiling. The adrenaline from Jaxon's visit had faded, leaving a cold silence in the room.

Suddenly, the chime of the video doorbell cut through the quiet. It was sharp and demanding.

I glanced at the small screen on my bedside table. The camera feed showed a figure standing on my porch.

It was Ethan.

He was shivering violently, his face pale as a ghost under the porch light. He looked like a man who had seen hell.

I sighed and threw on a silk robe. I didn't rush. I took my time walking down the stairs.

When I opened the front door, I didn't step back to invite him in. I simply leaned against the doorframe, crossing my arms over my chest. I looked down at my nominal brother with bored indifference.

"Amelia," Ethan stammered. His teeth were chattering. "Father... Dad's been stabbed."

He gasped for air, his eyes wide with shock and fear.

"Uncle Jaxon... he put a silver dagger in him," Ethan choked out. "It's bad, Amelia. The silver poison... it's eating him alive."

I just tilted my head slightly. It was like I was inspecting a dull, lifeless painting on a wall.

"Is he dead?" I asked flatly.

Ethan froze. He looked at me, choking on a sob.

"No, but-"

"No?" I interrupted. I rolled my eyes and stifled a yawn with the back of my hand.

"Then unless you're here to invite me to the funeral, get off my porch," I said coldly. "You're interrupting my beauty sleep."

Ethan stared at me. His eyes were wide with disbelief.

The sliver of hope he had clung to—that in a true crisis, family would matter—shattered instantly. He looked like I had slapped him.

"How can you be so cold?" Ethan whispered. His voice cracked.

"He's your father," he pleaded. "We're your family. Have you sentenced us all to death in your heart?"

I let out a short, sharp laugh. It wasn't a happy sound. It was mocking.

"Family isn't blood, Ethan. It's loyalty," I said. A cruel smirk played on my lips.

"And you chose to bleed for a man who sold me out," I continued. "So yes, suffer."

Inside my mind, Ava let out a low rumble of agreement.

"Let them rot," she growled.

We felt no guilt. Guilt was reserved for those who deserved it, like Jaxon and Seraphina.

For the leeches in the West House? I only regretted that their fall from grace wasn't faster, or harder.

Ethan looked like he was about to collapse. His moral compass was spinning wildly.

He opened his mouth to argue. I knew what was coming. He wanted to bring up the past. He wanted to plead for the bond of siblings.

I cut him off before he could start. I stepped closer, my presence looming over him.

"Save the history lesson," I said. My voice dropped to a dangerous whisper.

"You're looking at me like I'm the villain," I hissed. "But you forget who made me."

I stared straight into his eyes. My gaze was piercing.

"You all created a monster to replace the daughter you threw away," I said.

"You ignored the truth to protect your precious status," I continued, my voice steady. "And you tried to feed me to the wolves to save yourselves. Now? Now you're just upset that the monster bites."

I didn't need to list her grievances. I didn't need to explain the injustice.

I was the executioner now. And executioners didn't explain themselves to the condemned.

Memories flashed behind my eyes. I didn't see the Pack House luxury Ethan grew up in. I saw dirt and grit.

I remembered the years after Robert Cole died. I was just a child. I was passed to a relative who saw me only as merchandise.

I remembered hearing them haggle over the price. They wanted to sell me as a breeder. Or worse, into trafficking.

I remembered running away at six years old. I was alone.

I remembered scavenging through dumpsters behind restaurants. I fought off stray dogs for half-eaten burgers.

I didn't survive by waiting for a savior. I survived by becoming sharper than the world around me.

I looked at Ethan. He was clutching his stomach, sweating profusely.

The poison I had administered days ago was flaring up. It was reacting to his stress.

“Look at you,” I sneered. “Pack heir. Golden boy. Crumbling at the first taste of real pain.”

I gestured to his trembling form.

“I lived in that pain for years, Ethan,” I said. “While you slept on silk sheets, I was learning to survive in the mud.”

I leaned in closer.

“So don’t expect pity from me,” I whispered. “Let’s see if you last the night.”

(Ethan’s POV)

As Amelia’s judgment fell upon me, the toxin in my blood surged.

It wasn’t just pain. It felt like my insides were burning. Liquid fire coursed through every vein, melting me from the inside out.

I doubled over. My knees hit the cold stone of the porch with a sickening thud.

I grabbed the doorframe, my knuckles turning white. I tried to anchor myself against the agony.

I looked up. Sweat dripped into my eyes, blurring my vision.

“Amelia... please...” I gasped.

It was a desperate plea. I was gambling everything on the faint hope that somewhere deep down, my little sister still existed.

Amelia looked down at me. Her expression was unreadable. She was colder than the winter wind.

“You came here betting on my humanity?” Amelia laughed. It was a cold, sharp sound that echoed in the night air.

“You forgot, brother,” she said softly. “You all spent twenty years beating it out of me. Keep the change.”

““SLAM.”“

The heavy door shut right in my face. It severed the light, the warmth, and the last lifeline.

I stared at the wood grain. My hand reached out, but I grasped nothing.

“I...” I wheezed.

A wave of agony crashed over me. It was darker and heavier than before.

My vision tunneled. My body gave out.

I didn’t bang my head. I simply crumpled like a marionette with its strings cut.

I collapsed onto the welcome mat, engulfed by the overwhelming pain. I slipped into the black void of unconsciousness.

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 174[1,097 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Sunlight filtered through the heavy curtains, brightening the room. I stretched and sat up, feeling well-rested.

I walked downstairs, tightening the belt of my silk robe. The house was quiet.

I glanced at the front porch through the window. It was empty. Ethan was gone.

I didn’t care how the foolish Alpha had managed to drag his poisoned body away. He was someone else’s problem now.

I sat at the dining table. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the air.

Agnes walked in from the kitchen. Her face was pale, completely devoid of blood. Her hands trembled as she held out a small, exquisite red wooden box.

“Miss Amelia,” she whispered, her voice shaking. “A courier just dropped this off. He said... he said it’s from Alpha Adrian. He insisted it was for your eyes only.”

I raised an eyebrow. I set my coffee cup down with a soft clink.

I took the box. It felt light.

I flipped the latch and lifted the lid.

Inside, resting on black velvet, was a severed finger. It was bloody and jagged at the base. A gold ring sat on the knuckle.

Agnes gasped. She slapped her hands over her mouth to stifle a scream. She swayed, grabbing the back of a chair to keep from fainting.

I didn't flinch. I leaned in, inspecting the grim object with mild curiosity.

My phone buzzed on the table. The screen flashed 'Adrian'.

I picked it up and swiped accept.

"Do you like the gift, daughter?" Adrian's voice rasped through the speaker. It was weak, but dripping with malicious triumph.

I let out a cold, short laugh.

"Is this yours, Adrian?" I asked, my tone mocking. "The cut isn't very clean. You really should hire better butchers."

"Look closer," Adrian hissed. "That is your precious adoptive mother's finger. And her ring

I almost laughed out loud.

I looked at the finger again. The knuckle was thick. Coarse dark hair grew near the base. It was undeniably a man's finger.

And the ring? It was a cheap brass imitation. Seraphina never wore anything that tacky

Adrian hadn't even checked the box himself. He was desperate, sloppy, and trying to scare me with budget horror props.

I decided to entertain him.

"No!" I shrieked, injecting a tremor of terror into my voice. "What did you do to her? You monster!"

"She's alive," Adrian gloated, feeding off my fake fear. "For now. It's just a finger, Amelia. But heads come off just as easily."

I picked up a slice of toast and bit into it. The strawberry jam was sweet.

"What do you want?" I yelled into the phone, while chewing calmly. "Tell me! Just don't hurt her!"

“You will use your Shadow Healer abilities,” Adrian commanded. “Cure Ethan’s poison. And wake Caleb up. Today.”

He paused to let the threat sink in.

“If you don’t, the next box won’t be so small,” he growled. “And don’t you dare go running to Alpha Alaric. If you do, Seraphina dies.”

The line went dead.

I tossed the phone onto the table. My expression instantly shifted back to boredom.

“It’s fake, Agnes,” I said, taking another bite of toast.

Agnes blinked, tears still in her eyes. “What?”

“That’s a man’s finger,” I pointed with my fork. “Seraphina is with Uncle Jaxon. She’s safer than anyone in this town. Adrian is just a cornered dog barking at shadows.”

Agnes slumped into the chair, letting out a long, shaky breath. “Thank the Moon Goddess.”

I picked up my phone again and typed a message to Theodore.

“Adrian sent a fake finger. I pretended to be terrified. He thinks he has me cornered.”

The reply came almost instantly.

“He is impotently furious.”

I smirked at the screen. Inside me, Ava wagged her tail, a low growl of satisfaction rumbling in my chest.

We were going to enjoy watching him realize he had been played.

(Author’s POV)

The hospital room smelled of antiseptic and dying flowers.

Ethan stood by the bedside, looking down at his comatose brother. His face was grey, sweat beading on his forehead as the poison gnawed at his insides.

Celine sat in the visitor’s chair, looking delicate and worried.

“Father has a plan,” Ethan said, his voice tight with pain. “He found a way to control Amelia. She’s going to cure me.”

He looked at Caleb's still form.

"And she's going to wake Caleb up," Ethan added. "Soon."

Celine's eyes widened. A flash of genuine panic crossed her face before she masked it.

"Really?" she asked, her voice high. "That's... wonderful."

On the bed, Caleb lay motionless. But inside his mind, he was screaming.

He heard every word.

"Wake me up, his wolf, Noah, howled in the darkness of his mind. "Let me wake up!"

Joy surged through Caleb's paralyzed consciousness. If Amelia woke him, he could speak. He could tell everyone the truth.

He could tell them that Celine was the one who drove the car. That she was the one who framed him. He would tear her fake mask off in front of the whole pack.

Celine stood up and grabbed Ethan's arm, feigning excitement.

"Oh, Ethan, I'm so relieved," she said.

Then, her eyes dropped to the bandage on his forehead. Fresh blood was seeping through the gauze.

"You're hurting," she whispered, tears welling up in her blue eyes. She reached out, her fingers hovering over his wound. "Does it hurt terribly? I wish I could take the pain for you."

Ethan looked down at her. Her concern seemed so raw, so real.

His heart softened. The contrast was blinding.

Last night, Amelia had stood on her porch, looking at him like he was garbage. She had slammed the door while he writhed in agony.

Amelia was ice. She was a monster with no heart.

But Celine? Celine was warm. She was kind. She was his true sister in every way that mattered.

A memory flickered in Ethan's hazy mind.

Amelia's voice, sharp and cold in the night air: "You'll regret giving that antidote to Celine instead of saving yourself."

Ethan looked at Celine's tear-streaked face. He felt the fire burning in his veins, the poison eating him alive.

He gritted his teeth and shook his head slightly.

"Regret it?" he thought bitterly. "Never."

He had saved the sister who actually loved him. He had saved the gentle, fragile girl who needed him.

"I'm fine, Celine," Ethan lied, forcing a smile. "As long as you're safe, the pain doesn't matter."

He was the big brother. It was his duty to protect her.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 175[942 words]

(Author's POV)

Caleb lay on the hospital bed. His body was a prison of dead weight, paralyzed from the neck down, but his mind was sharp and screaming. He could see everything. He watched his brother, Ethan, standing by the bedside, fingers hovering over the fresh bandage on his forehead.

"I just bumped it on a doorframe," Ethan lied, his voice raspy from the poison in his veins.

Celine sat in the visitor's chair. Immediately, tears welled up in her eyes, spilling over her cheeks.

"Oh, Ethan," she sobbed, clutching his hand tightly. "You're in pain because of the poison, aren't you? You're hurting yourself to distract from the agony inside. This is all my fault. If I hadn't been so weak, Amelia would have saved you yesterday."

Caleb felt a wave of nausea crash through his mind. He couldn't believe he used to fall for this act. Her tears were purely for show, a performance designed to manipulate.

Ethan's expression softened. He bought it completely. He reached out and patted Celine's hand.

"Don't cry," Ethan said gently. "It's over. Father has a plan. Amelia is going to treat us today. She's going to clear the poison and wake Caleb up."

Celine froze. Her eyes darted around the room, panic flashing behind the tears.

"Really?" she asked, her voice trembling with something that wasn't relief. "Why did she change her mind so suddenly?"

Ethan didn't want to mention the severed finger or the blackmail. He wanted to protect his little sister from the harsh reality of their father's methods.

"Father has his ways," Ethan said vaguely. "Just pack your things. We are taking Caleb home now."

Ethan turned and walked out of the room to handle the discharge papers. The heavy door clicked shut behind him.

Instantly, Celine's face changed. The sadness vanished like smoke. A cruel sneer replaced the tears. She stood up and loomed over the bed.

"Father must have threatened her," she whispered, staring into Caleb's open, unseeing eyes. "Poor Amelia. Forced to try the impossible."

She leaned closer, her voice dripping with malice.

"I can't wait to see the look on her face when she realizes she can't wake you up," she hissed. "You're never waking up, Caleb. You're just a vegetable now."

Inside his mind, Caleb roared. *Just wait, you witch. Amelia will save me. And then I will destroy you.*

At the Crimson Moon Pack House, Theodore finished typing a message on his phone. He nodded to Marcus. Marcus stepped behind the wheelchair and began to push him toward the exit.

In the grand foyer, Theron stepped into their path. His face was thunderous.

"Where is Ronan?" Theron demanded, blocking the way. "I cannot reach him. You know something."

Theodore looked up at his father with cold, eyes.

"I don't keep track of people who try to murder me," Theodore said flatly. "If he is missing, perhaps he realized failure has consequences."

"He is your brother!" Theron shouted, his face reddening. "Your mother would be ashamed of you, leaving him to rot somewhere while you sit here in luxury."

Theodore's expression didn't flicker. He was tired of this man weaponizing the dead.

"I'm not investigating his location, Father," Theodore said, his voice smooth and dangerous. "I'm investigating his bloodline."

Theron went rigid. The color drained from his face instantly.

“What are you talking about?” Theron stammered.

“You had one bastard daughter, Isla,” Theodore said ruthlessly. “It stands to reason Ronan might not be a true Crimson either. It would explain why you favor such incompetence. If the DNA test proves he is a bastard, Grandfather Gideon will be very interested.”

Theron opened his mouth, but no sound came out. Terror filled his eyes. He looked like a cornered animal.

“Move,” Theodore commanded.

Theron stepped aside, trembling visibly. Marcus pushed the wheelchair past him and out to the waiting armored SUV.

As they drove toward the Stone River Pack, Marcus glanced at the rearview mirror.

“Why tell him?” Marcus asked quietly. “You tipped your hand.”

Theodore looked out the window at the passing scenery. “Fear makes prey sloppy. He will make a mistake trying to cover his tracks. I want him panicked.”

An hour later, the black armored SUV pulled into the Stone River estate.

Theodore looked up through the windshield. Amelia was already waiting. She stood at the top of the porch steps, leaning against a stone pillar. Her arms were crossed over her chest. She didn’t come down to greet them. She looked like an executioner waiting for the condemned to arrive at the scaffold.

Another convoy of cars pulled into the driveway behind Theodore. It was Ethan returning from the hospital.

The doors of the second car opened. Ethan stepped out, looking pale and sick, stumbling slightly. Celine stayed inside the car for a long moment. When she finally emerged, she clutched a heavy veil over her face to hide the rotting skin on her cheek, shrinking back into the shadows.

Amelia smirked. She caught Theodore’s eye and tilted her head toward the cowering woman by the car.

“Look at her,” Amelia murmured, her voice low but carrying in the quiet air. “She knows she’s walking into a trap.”

Bodyguards opened the back of the ambulance van. They lifted a heavy stretcher out. Caleb lay on it, motionless as a statue, his eyes taped shut for transport.

Marcus helped Theodore into his wheelchair and pushed him up the ramp to join Amelia on the porch.

Theodore looked down at the unconscious boy being hauled like cargo toward the front door. He glanced at Amelia.

“Looks like they’re confident enough to bring him back before he’s even awake,” Theodore said, a dry smile touching his lips.

Amelia stepped forward. Her eyes locked onto the stretcher with intense focus.

“Confidence? No, Theo. That’s desperation,” she said. Her voice dropped to a lethal whisper. “And I’m going to make them pay for every ounce of it.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 176[1,200 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I walked over to Theodore’s wheelchair and looked down at Caleb on the stretcher. He was still as a corpse, but I knew the truth. The poison paralyzed his body, not his mind. He was wide awake in there. He could hear every word we said.

“I hope he enjoys the humiliation,” Ava scoffed in my mind. “He gets to hear exactly what his precious family thinks of him while he can’t lift a finger.”

I smirked and leaned down, whispering to Theodore.

“Did I ever tell you? Werewolves in this state have incredibly sensitive hearing. I wonder how many hard truths Caleb has listened to over the last few days.”

Theodore’s lips twitched with amusement. I straightened up and turned to face Ethan. My expression sharpened. I inspected my fingernails casually, letting the silence stretch.

*Ethan,” I said, my voice dripping with mockery. “When it comes to dirty tricks, I really am just an amateur compared to your family.”

Ethan flinched. He clearly thought Father had successfully threatened me through Seraphina. He puffed out his chest, trying to look in control.

*Amelia, you forced our hand,” Ethan said, his voice tight. “Now, wake Caleb up immediately. Then clear the poison from me and Celine.”

Celine stood beside him, practically vibrating with excitement. I could see the greed in her eyes. She thought her face was about to be perfect again. She thought my death was just around the corner once she got what she wanted.

“Fine,” I said, dropping my hand. “Let’s get this circus over with. But remember, Ethan. You are the one who opened the cage. Don’t come crying to me when the beast bites you.”

Ethan let out a long breath, his shoulders sagging in relief. He thought he had won. He immediately adopted that patronizing tone I hated so much.

“If you had just been obedient from the start and didn’t try these schemes, we wouldn’t be in this mess,” he lectured. “We are family, Amelia.”

I took a sharp step forward.

“Family?” I interrupted, my voice sickly sweet. “Ethan, you don’t need a family. You need a scapegoat. So save the Hallmark speech. It’s embarrassing.”

Ethan choked on his words. He looked around, flustered.

“As long as you wake Caleb and cure us, we can wipe the slate clean,” he stammered, trying to regain ground. “We are still the Stone River Pack. We are still one family.”

I laughed, a cold, harsh sound.

“Some things happen, and they can’t be unwritten,” I said, staring straight into his eyes. “Stop talking that nauseating nonsense.”

Celine, hating being ignored, adjusted the veil over her rotting cheek. She sidled up to Theodore, her voice pitching up into a sugary whine.

“Theodore, I heard your leg injury is healing,” she said. “That is so wonderful.”

Theodore didn’t even look at her. He stared straight ahead.

“It is,” he said flatly. It sounded like he was reading a weather report.

Celine beamed, mistaking his indifference for politeness.

“Once Amelia cures me, my face will recover quickly too,” she gushed. “And then-”

“I was just using basic social manners,” Theodore cut her off. His eyes finally slid to her, cold and empty. “It does not mean I care if your face is rotting or healed.”

I burst out laughing. Celine froze, her mouth open. She stood there, trembling with rage and humiliation.

(Author's POV)

Ethan signaled the bodyguards to carry Caleb inside. Just as they lifted the stretcher, the roar of a high-performance engine tore through the air.

Theodore turned his head. A bright red sports car was at the gate. Natasha rolled down the window, arguing loudly with the Stone family guards.

Amelia waved her hand at the security team. "Let them in."

The gate opened. Natasha's car sped up the driveway, followed closely by a sleek black luxury sedan. Ethan squinted. He recognized the second car. It belonged to his aunt, Lyra.

Natasha hopped out of her car. Three other women followed her. They were dressed in high fashion, looking around with bright, eager eyes. They were high-ranking she-wolves from the capital, Natasha's gossip circle. They had come specifically to watch the show.

Ethan felt a knot form in his stomach. He stared at the uninvited guests. He didn't know why Amelia had called an audience, but he felt a sense of impending doom. But there was no going back. He had to force Amelia to finish the treatment.

Ethan and Celine walked over to greet the black sedan as it parked. The driver opened the door.

Lyra stepped out first, followed by her mate, Carlos Drake. Carlos looked nervous, rubbing his cheek as if remembering a phantom pain.

Then the back door opened. A tall man stepped out. The air seemed to drop a few degrees. It was Griffin Drake, the heir to the Drake Pack. He radiated danger and arrogance. He turned and offered a hand to the person remaining inside.

Matriarch Octavia Drake emerged. She stood tall, her grey hair perfectly coiffed, her presence commanding.

Natasha's friends gasped and whispered excitedly. Griffin and Theodore were known rivals. They usually avoided each other like the plague. Seeing them in the same driveway was explosive news. Natasha winked at her friends. The show was just starting.

Octavia's sharp grey eyes immediately locked onto Amelia. The look was pure venom. She hadn't forgotten the humiliation of Amelia slapping her son.

Inside Theodore, his wolf, Logan, let out a deep, rumbling growl.

“That mutt dares to step on our ground,” Logan snarled in Theodore’s mind. “Let me tear his throat out.”

Theodore placed a hand on his chest, calming the beast. He watched the group with icy detachment.

The tension in the driveway was thick enough to cut with a knife. Theodore tilted his head slightly toward Amelia.

“Did you offend Griffin?” he asked quietly.

Amelia shrugged. She looked as relaxed as if she were discussing the weather.

“Not Griffin specifically,” she said. “But I did slap his uncle Carlos several times right in front of that old lady.”

Theodore’s lips curved into a faint, amused smile. He looked at Griffin. The Drake heir wasn’t just here for family honor. He was looking at Amelia with a dark, predatory interest.

Suddenly, Livia rushed out of the house. She stopped dead when she saw Octavia and Griffin. Her face went pale. These were the true powers of the Drake Pack, people who rarely deigned to visit the Stone River territory.

Octavia ignored Lyra completely. She stared down her nose at Livia.

“I heard that today you are making this wild girl apologize to my son,” Octavia said coldly. “I came to see it for myself.”

Livia immediately put on a fawning expression. She clasped her hands together, looking anxious to please.

“We will handle everything properly, Matriarch Drake,” Livia promised, her voice trembling. “Amelia knows her place. We will not allow any disrespect.”

Amelia rolled her eyes so hard it looked painful. She turned to Theodore, speaking loudly enough for everyone to hear.

“Wow, look at her go. I haven’t even agreed to apologize, and she’s already selling tickets.”

Livia flinched, her mask of politeness slipping. Octavia shot a contemptuous glance at Amelia. Then her gaze shifted to the man in the wheelchair.

“However,” Octavia said, her voice holding a warning note. “Since the Alpha King’s heir is here, I assume he is backing her up. But you had better not disappoint me. The dignity of the Drake family will not be trampled on.”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 177[1,333 words]

(Author's POV)

Carlos Drake did not back down just because Theodore Crimson was present. In fact, the presence of the Crimson heir seemed to make him act even more erratic, like a rabid cur barking at a lion. He puffed out his chest and pointed a shaking finger directly at Amelia's face. Spittle flew from his mouth as he shouted.

"It doesn't matter if the Alpha King's heir is backing you!" Carlos screamed, his eyes bulging. "You are just a stray! I must make this girl who doesn't know her place apologize to me today! Or the Drake family will never let this go!"

Theodore sat in his wheelchair, his expression unreadable. His long fingers tapped rhythmically against the armrest. Tap. Tap. Tap. A flash of murderous intent flickered in his eyes. He did not explode with rage immediately. He just watched this middle-aged man with a cold, detached stare, as if looking at a dead man walking.

Carlos and Matriarch Octavia Drake continued their tirade. They fed off each other's energy, spewing vicious insults at Amelia. They called her wild, uneducated, and a disgrace.

Theodore's face grew darker with every word. Finally, he spoke. His voice was low, but it cut through the noise like a blade of ice.

"Did the Drake family eat shit for breakfast?" Theodore asked calmly. "Your mouths stink."

Behind him, his Beta, Marcus, quickly lowered his head. He coughed to cover the sound of his laughter and the twitching corner of his mouth.

Octavia's face turned purple. She opened her mouth to snap back, but Amelia was faster. Amelia waved her hand in front of her face, grimacing as if she were shooing away a persistent, buzzing fly. She cut off Theodore, who was ready to defend her further.

"Octavia, please," Amelia said, looking at the older woman with pure disgust. "Your breath smells like something rotting in a sewer. It is both rancid and unwanted. Save it."

A loud, uninhibited laugh erupted from nearby. Natasha couldn't help herself. She covered her mouth, her eyes dancing with amusement.

Livia panicked. She saw the rage building in Octavia's eyes. She rushed forward, desperate to keep the peace. She needed Amelia to cure Caleb. She needed to save Seraphina.

“Matriarch Drake, please ignore her,” Livia pleaded, glaring at Amelia. “I promise she will apologize. She will do exactly as she is told.”

Theodore prepared to speak again. He wanted to make it clear that no one ordered Amelia around. But Amelia simply reached out and placed her hand firmly on his shoulder. It was a dominant gesture. She was taking control of the room.

“Thanks for the PR speech, honey,” Amelia said to Livia, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “But I think they know exactly who I am.”

She turned her head slowly. Her gaze was sharp as a razor blade. She locked eyes with Griffin Drake, who had been watching silently from the side. Her lips curled into a dangerous smile.

“Frankly, Griffin,” she said softly. “I don’t need a shadow. Because I am the darkness you should fear.”

Griffin Drake’s expression shifted. He had heard rumors that Theodore valued this lost daughter of the Stone family. But he hadn’t expected the woman herself to be this formidable. Griffin had always been second best. In the elite circles, they called him the “eternal runner-up” to Theodore.

He forced a malicious smile onto his face. His grey eyes dropped to Theodore’s legs. They were motionless in the wheelchair.

“Theodore, long time no see,” Griffin sneered. “It seems the rumors are true. The former heir to the Alpha King needs help just to stand up now.”

(Theodore’s POV)

I looked at Griffin. I did not feel the anger he wanted me to feel. Inside my mind, Logan let out a dismissive snort.

“The Alpha King from never cares about a mutt’s barking,” Logan said.

I kept my face calm. I looked at Griffin like he was a bug I couldn’t be bothered to crush.

“After looking from high up for so long, the view from down here is interesting,” I said, my voice steady. “It is a different perspective. But you wouldn’t understand that state of mind. You have always been the one being stepped on under my feet.”

The words hit their mark. It was like an invisible slap across his face. Griffin stiffened. He looked like he had punched thin air. He had no comeback.

Octavia saw her grandson losing the verbal battle. She stepped in immediately.

“The tables turn, Theodore,” she said coldly. “We will see who is the Alpha King of the North in the future.”

(Author’s POV)

Livia was vibrating with anxiety. She didn’t care about power struggles. She only cared about her son. She impatiently urged Ethan and Celine to guide the Drake family inside.

“Let’s go in,” Livia insisted. “Caleb is waiting.”

Before he turned away, Carlos glared at Amelia one last time. His eyes were full of hate.

“You’ll see,” he whispered, a low threat meant only for her. “You’re going to pay.”

Amelia didn’t flinch. Instead, she suddenly stepped forward. She invaded his personal space, her face inches from his. She wore a mocking, provocative smirk.

“Keep promising me a show, idiot,” she said. “I might actually believe you.”

Carlos stumbled back half a step, startled by her aggression. Griffin looked back at Amelia deeply. A seed of doubt planted itself in his mind. Did Adrian and Livia really have this woman under control? She didn’t look controlled.

Octavia raised her voice, making sure Theodore heard her.

“The Crimson heir is a cripple now,” she announced to the air. “He is no match for you anymore, Griffin.”

The group moved toward the house. As soon as the Drakes were out of earshot, Livia turned on Amelia. Her mask of politeness vanished. She thought having the Drake family there gave her power.

“You better be smart,” Livia hissed, her voice cold. “Behave yourself. Or you will know how serious the consequences are.”

Amelia stopped walking. She didn’t look at Theodore for comfort. She didn’t look scared. She walked straight up to Livia. Her blue eyes scanned her mother with contempt.

“Consequences?” Amelia laughed. It was a light, chilling sound. She spread her arms wide, gesturing to the chaos around them. “Livia, open your eyes. I am the consequence.”

She turned her head and winked at Theodore. Theodore returned the gesture with an indulgent smile.

Behind them, Natasha’s group of friends were whispering. They were staring at Theodore with wide eyes.

“He is so handsome,” one whispered. “It’s a tragedy about his legs.”

Natasha frowned. She interrupted their sighing with a proud look.

“Don’t worry about it,” Natasha declared. “The future Luna… I mean Amelia, she will definitely cure Theodore’s legs. She can do anything.”

Natasha was Amelia’s number one fan. She was ready to list all of Amelia’s achievements. But a cool voice cut through the air.

“Natasha, keep up,” Amelia called out without looking back.

Natasha clamped her mouth shut immediately. She nodded vigorously and trotted after Amelia like an eager puppy, dragging her friends along.

The large group walked into the living room. It was crowded. Livia barked orders at the bodyguards. They carefully placed the unconscious Caleb on the large sofa.

Everyone looked around. On the other side of the room, Alpha Adrian sat on a separate sofa. He was wearing hospital pajamas. His face was pale and sweaty. The stab wound from Jaxon Stone was clearly still causing him pain.

Livia looked at the room full of unrelated people. Her patience snapped. She glared at Amelia, her teeth gritted.

“Why did you bring so many people?” she demanded. “Stop stalling! Wake Caleb up right now!”

Amelia stood in the center of the room. She looked at the greedy faces of the Stone family. She looked at the hateful faces of the Drake family. She looked at the curious faces of

Natasha’s friends.

She dropped all pretense. She didn’t look like a scared daughter or a compliant healer. She looked at her fingernails, examining them with bored interest. A cruel, playful smile touched her lips.

“Why the audience?” Amelia asked, her voice light and airy. “Oh, purely because watching you all implode will be the highlight of my year. And you know, I hate drinking alone.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 178[1,314 words]

(Author’s POV)

Livia's eyes bulged wide at Amelia's words. Her face flushed red with instant humiliation and rage. She shrieked, her voice piercing the tense air of the living room.

"Amelia, you ungrateful brat!" Livia screamed, pointing a trembling finger. "How dare you speak to me in that tone! Have you forgotten your situation? Have you forgotten who holds the cards?"

Amelia did not flinch. She did not show the fear or the need to explain herself that Livia expected. Instead, she looked at her biological mother as if she were observing a particularly stupid insect. A cold, deeply sarcastic sneer curled the corner of her lips.

"Situation?" Amelia repeated, the word rolling off her tongue with lazy contempt. "Livia, did you really think I bowed my head before because I was afraid of you?"

She laughed softly, a sound that mocked Livia's very existence. It was like she was teasing a hamster trying to bite a steel bar.

"You thought that because you kidnapped my mother Seraphina, you had won?" Amelia asked, her voice hardening. "You thought that cutting off her finger with her mating ring and mailing it to me would force me to kneel? You thought threats would make me your puppet?"

Livia felt her heart sink like a stone. A cold feeling settled in her stomach. Something was wrong. Amelia's attitude was too relaxed. She didn't look like a victim. She looked like a predator playing with her food.

The charade was over. Adrian saw no point in maintaining the image of a loving father any longer. He stepped forward, his face twisting into a scowl. His Alpha Aura poured out, heavy and suffocating, filling the room with a dark chill.

"Amelia," Adrian said, his voice low and menacing. "It seems you really don't care about your adoptive mother's life."

He wanted to crush her defiance. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone. He held it up for her to see. His finger hovered over the dial button. His eyes were filled with venom.

"I will call Harvey right now," Adrian threatened. "I will tell him to cut off another one of Seraphina's fingers. Or maybe this time, I should ask for an ear?"

Amelia didn't panic. She didn't even sit up straight. She leaned back against the sofa cushions, looking completely bored. She waved her hand at him, a gesture of pure invitation. It was as if she were watching a clown perform a bad trick.

"Call him," she challenged. Her voice held a disturbing note of excitement. "Dial the number.

Do it right now. I really want to see the look on your face when no one answers."

Adrian grit his teeth. His finger moved to press the call button.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

A crisp, clear cellphone ringtone echoed from outside the villa's main door.

Adrian froze. His finger stopped inches from his screen.

A familiar, firm voice rang out from the entrance.

"Adrian, save it. Amelia isn't worried because she knows exactly where I am."

Adrian spun around, his eyes wide with disbelief.

Seraphina walked through the door. She was unharmed. Flanking her were Patriarch Alaric and Jaxon Stone. They looked like executioners.

Adrian stared at Seraphina's hands. She held them up. Ten fingers. No blood. No bandages.

He had been completely played.

Amelia reached into her pocket. She pulled out a small, exquisite wooden box. She didn't treat it with importance. She flicked her wrist and slid the box across the coffee table like it was trash.

The box spun and hit Adrian's hand with a soft thud.

Amelia leaned forward. Her voice dropped, sounding like a devil whispering in the dark.

"I think this belongs to your watchdog," she said. "He won't be needing it anymore. But I thought you might want a souvenir."

Adrian's hands shook uncontrollably. He pried the lid open. His breath stopped.

Inside lay a finger. But it wasn't slender or feminine. It was thick, rough, and covered in calluses. It was a man's finger.

"Harvey," Adrian gasped.

"A thoughtful gift, isn't it?" Amelia mocked.

Before Adrian could recover from the shock, Jaxon raised his hand.

"Bring him!" Jaxon barked.

Several strong warriors dragged a man into the room. It was Harvey. He was beaten black and blue, his face swollen and unrecognizable. He was bound tight with ropes. He looked like a beaten cur, whimpering in fear.

Adrian felt a chill run down his spine. His heart plummeted to the floor. The sight of his loyal servant in such a state confirmed his worst nightmare. The kidnapping plot was exposed. There was no way to talk his way out of this.

Jaxon stood over him like an angry god of war.

“Adrian,” Jaxon asked coldly. “In front of Father, what excuses do you have left?”

Alaric looked at the son he had once placed so much hope in. His grey eyes were filled with disappointment and burning rage.

“You bastard!” Alaric roared. “You actually hired people to kidnap your own brother’s mate?”

Adrian’s lips trembled. He couldn’t speak. He just shook like a leaf.

Alaric lost all control. He was shaking with fury. He raised his heavy wooden cane high in the air.

“How can there be such scum in our Pack!”

Thwack!

He swung the cane with all his might. It slammed into Adrian’s body.

Adrian screamed. The blow hit his stomach, right where Jaxon had stabbed him earlier. The wound tore open instantly. Fresh, bright red blood soaked through his hospital pajamas.

“Father, stop!” Livia screamed. She rushed forward, desperate. “You’ll kill him!”

She tried to grab the cane. Alaric didn’t stop. He swung again, blindly. The heavy wood cracked against Livia’s arm. She shrieked in pain.

Ethan Stone saw his mother get hit. He jumped in to shield her.

Crack!

The cane landed hard on Ethan’s back. He grunted, falling to his knees.

The living room turned into chaos. Screams of pain and pleas for mercy filled the air.

Suddenly, a voice boomed from the doorway. It was old, but it carried immense weight.

“Adrian, you kidnapped my daughter. Do you think a few hits with a stick will settle this debt?”

The beating stopped. Everyone looked up.

Edmund and Helena Grey walked in. Behind them marched five tall, imposing men. Seraphina’s brothers. The Grey family Alphas.

They radiated power and anger. The five uncles stared at Adrian with eyes that promised violence. They looked ready to tear him apart piece by piece.

Adrian and Livia turned pale. Their blood ran cold. They never expected the Grey family to show up in full force.

Seraphina walked to Amelia’s side. She stood tall.

“This is my family,” she announced, her voice gentle but firm. “My parents. My brothers. Today, we will not let Adrian’s brood off lightly.”

The Drake family, who had planned to watch Amelia suffer, now looked sick. Their faces were grim. They realized the tables had turned completely. The internal conflict in the Stone family was far more dangerous than they had imagined.

Alaric took a deep breath. He looked at Edmund Grey.

“I promise you,” Alaric said gravely. “I will not protect him.”

He turned his glare back to Adrian and his family.

“You have crossed the bottom line of this family. This is unforgivable!”

Livia saw their power crumbling to dust. She was desperate. Her hair was messy, her face wet with tears. She threw herself at Alaric’s feet.

“Father, please!” Livia wailed. She tried to confuse the situation. “We were forced! It was Amelia! She poisoned Ethan first! She wanted to kill her own brother! We only kidnapped Seraphina to get the antidote! We had no choice!”

Alaric paused. He frowned. He looked at Amelia, who was watching the scene with cold indifference.

“Amelia,” Alaric asked, doubt creeping into his voice. “Is what your mother said true? Did you poison Ethan?”

Amelia didn’t even look at her angry grandfather. She turned her gaze to Ethan, who was curled up on the floor, groaning. She let out a short, arrogant laugh.

“Oh, please,” she said. Her tone was light, mocking Livia’s pathetic logic. “If I had really wanted to poison Ethan, do you think he would still be here whining?”

She smirked, her eyes flashing with a terrifying coldness.

“I don’t leave survivors.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 179[1,134 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Livia’s face was purple with rage. Her finger nearly poked my eye as she screeched.

“You are lying! You poisoned Ethan! I know you did!”

I didn’t flinch at her hysterical accusation. Instead, I tilted my head back and let out a cold, sharp laugh.

“Please, Livia. Do you really think I am that sloppy?” I looked at her with pure mockery, letting my disdain for their collective intelligence show. “If I wanted him dead, we would be planning a funeral right now. We wouldn’t be standing here talking.”

Elder Alaric’s face was dark. He opened his mouth to speak, but I cut him off with a challenging smirk.

“Go ahead,” I said, scanning the room. “Call the Pack healer. Let’s verify your delusion in front of everyone.”

Alaric nodded immediately. He ordered the butler to fetch the healer.

Hearing this, Ethan’s face turned the color of old milk. He started to stammer, sweat beading on his upper lip.

“It… it’s a strange poison,” Ethan argued weakly, his eyes darting around. “A normal healer won’t find it.”

Alaric’s expression turned even icier. He snorted.

“If a healer can’t find it, then it doesn’t exist,” Alaric declared.

Natasha Crimson let out a loud snort from the side.

“Pathetic,” she muttered. “Just another lie from the Stone family to escape justice.”

Ethan looked desperate. He opened his mouth to argue that the poison would activate eventually. But then he looked up and crashed right into my gaze. I smirked, my eyes daring him to keep talking.

He choked on his words instantly.

Look at the coward, Ava growled in my mind, her voice dripping with contempt. *He is peeing his pants. He can't even keep his story straight.*

Ethan didn't dare risk his life. The "poison" I used was actually saliva from Black. It would stay dormant forever unless Black triggered it. But Ethan didn't know that. He was terrified of the unknown.

(Author's POV)

Ethan stopped talking mid-sentence. Alaric glared at his grandson impatiently.

"Why did you stop?" Alaric demanded. "Speak!"

Ethan wiped cold sweat from his forehead. He looked pained, but he couldn't squeeze out a single word.

Alaric lost his patience. He slammed his heavy cane against the floor. *Thud!* The sound echoed through the silent room.

"Enough!" Alaric roared, his anger boiling over. "No excuse justifies kidnapping Seraphina to threaten Amelia. You have disgraced this family!"

Livia saw the tide turning against them. She stepped forward quickly, trying to soften the blow.

"Father, please," she said, attempting to sound reasonable. "Regardless of the process, Seraphina is unharmed. There is no need to make this a bigger deal than it is..."

"Unharmed?"

Amelia interrupted sharply. She stepped into Livia's personal space, forcing the older woman back.

"You kidnapped my mother. You put a knife to her throat. She is 'unharmed' because I won," Amelia hissed, her voice dangerous. "Do not mistake my success for your mercy."

Livia stumbled back, intimidated by the sheer force of Amelia's aura.

Matriarch Helena Grey stepped up immediately. She stood like a steel wall beside Amelia.

“Amelia is right,” Helena said coldly. “The Stone family kidnapped my daughter. This does not end with an apology. If we do not get a satisfactory answer today, the Grey family will rain fire down upon you. We will make you pay whatever the cost.”

Adrian stood there, pale as a ghost. He didn’t speak.

Livia pointed frantically at the bloody wound on Adrian’s stomach.

“Jaxon stabbed him last night!” she screamed indignantly. “Isn’t that payment enough?”

“Of course not!” Jaxon barked. His eyes were murderous as he stared at his brother. “He tried to hurt my mate. A little blood is not enough.”

(Author’s POV)

Alaric looked at Adrian with deep pain in his eyes. He shook his head slowly.

“You destroyed this family,” Alaric said, his voice heavy with disappointment. “From the moment you chose that fake daughter over your own flesh and blood, you walked into the abyss.”

Celine shrank into the corner. She tried to make herself invisible. Her heart pounded with fear. She thought today would be Amelia’s end. Instead, the walls were closing in on the family she relied on.

Lady Helena Grey tapped her foot impatiently.

“Save the lecture, Alaric,” she snapped. “Give us a solution. Now.”

Alaric took a deep breath. He turned to Seraphina.

“You are the victim,” Alaric said quietly. “You decide his punishment.”

(Author’s POV)

Seraphina looked at Adrian. Her eyes were cold. There was no pity left in her heart.

“I have two conditions,” she stated clearly.

The room went silent.

“First,” Seraphina said. “Adrian must cut off his own finger. He ordered a man to take mine. He threatened to mail it to my daughter. An eye for an eye.”

Adrian flinched violently.

“Second,” Seraphina continued. “Adrian must transfer all shares of Stone Enterprises to Amelia. He must compensate her for every year of neglect and harm.”

The demands hit the room like a thunderclap. They struck Adrian’s weak point with precision.

Losing a finger was painful physical torture. But losing the company? That was his life. That was his power. Without the shares, he was nothing in the Pack.

“No!” Adrian screamed hysterically. His face twisted. “Father, you can’t agree to this! This is forcing me to die! I will have nothing!”

Alaric looked at his screaming son. The last trace of warmth vanished from the old Alpha’s eyes.

“Then die!” Alaric roared back. “Do you think I care anymore? Do it!”

Alaric was completely done with this son. He turned his gaze to Amelia. She stood calmly amidst the chaos, observing everything.

Alaric felt a shiver of awe. Amelia hadn’t just survived this conspiracy; she had orchestrated this entire public execution. She possessed a terrifying strength and calculation. This was what a future Alpha looked like.

“I agree to the terms,” Alaric announced, his voice booming. “Furthermore, I will transfer my personal shares in Starlight Entertainment to Amelia as well.”

(Author’s POV)

Adrian felt the world spin. He fell to his knees.

Amelia reached into her pocket. She pulled out an old knife. It looked rusty and dull.

She tossed it carelessly toward him.

Clang.

It spun on the floor and stopped right in front of Adrian.

Amelia crouched down slowly. She looked him in the eye, her face level with his. A cruel smile played on her lips.

“I picked this one just for you, Uncle,” she whispered, her voice low and terrifying. “It’s dull. You will have to saw through the bone.”

She leaned closer.

“I suggest you start now,” she added softly. “Before my uncles lose their patience and decide to take your whole hand.”

Adrian stared at the knife. He shook violently.

Behind Seraphina, the five Grey brothers stepped forward. Their claws extended. Their eyes shone with savage anticipation. They looked ready to tear him apart if he hesitated.

“Father! Please!” Livia wailed. She grabbed Alaric’s leg.

“Grandfather, don’t do this!” Ethan cried out in terror.

Celine covered her mouth to stop herself from screaming, afraid to draw attention.

Alaric turned his back on them. He walked away, his posture rigid.

“You brought this on yourselves,” Alaric said, his voice final. “I can do nothing for you.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 180[1,244 words]

(Author’s POV)

Adrian looked up at the five imposing figures of the Grey brothers. They stood behind Seraphina like a wall of iron, their muscles tense and eyes locked on him. They were ready to hold him down and do the job themselves if he hesitated for even a second.

Panic completely took over Adrian’s mind. He had no other choice.

He turned to Livia, his voice trembling. “Call the doctor. Have the Pack healer wait outside the door. Now!”

Livia dialed the number with shaking fingers, her face pale.

Adrian turned back to the table. He reached out and picked up the old knife Amelia had thrown. His hand shook violently. The blade was rusty and dull, a piece of junk. He placed his left hand on the table and spread his fingers. He positioned the dull blade over his pinky finger.

He gritted his teeth. He squeezed his eyes shut. Then, he sliced down hard.

“Argh!”

Adrian sucked in a cold breath. The knife didn't cut through. It was too dull. It only broke the skin, slicing into the flesh but stopping at the muscle. Smoke rose from the wound. The silver metal burned his wolf physiology, sending searing pain shooting up his arm.

His hand went limp. The knife clattered to the floor.

"Stop! Just stop!" Livia screamed, rushing forward.

"If Adrian cannot do it," Helena Grey's voice cut through the room like the freezing wind of the Northern Territories. She looked at Livia with zero sympathy. "Then his mate can pay the debt for him."

Livia froze instantly. Her mouth snapped shut. She loved her wolf, yes. She wanted to protect his dignity. But sacrifice her own finger? Bear that excruciating pain for him?

Absolutely not.

Livia shrank back, terrified to make another sound.

Ethan stood nearby. He took a step forward, wanting to play the hero for his father. But then he looked down at his leg. It was already crippled. He was barely holding onto his position as the heir. If he lost a finger too...

He would be a cripple and mutilated. The Pack would eat him alive. Ethan swallowed his words and stepped back into the shadows. FindNovel.net

The silence in the room was heavy and suffocating.

Suddenly, Livia turned her head. Her desperate, frantic eyes landed on Celine. She didn't think twice. She grabbed Celine's arm, her grip bruising.

"Celine," Livia pleaded, her voice high and hysterical. "You... will you do it? For your father? He raised you. He gave you everything."

Celine's body went rigid. She looked at Livia with total disbelief. A flash of anger sparked in her eyes. *Is this woman crazy?* she thought. *She wants me to cut off my finger?*

"Wow."

A relaxed, mocking voice broke the tension.

Amelia leaned back comfortably in her chair. She adjusted her position, crossing her legs as if she were settling in for a movie. She let out a loud, unmasked laugh.

“Oh, please, Livia. Don’t stop,” Amelia said, a cruel smirk playing on her lips. “Go on. Watching this ‘noble’ family try to mutilate each other to save their own skins... it is the best entertainment I have seen all year.”

Livia whipped around, her face twisted with rage. “Shut up! You have no right to speak here!”

Amelia didn’t even blink. Her smile only grew sharper, her eyes cutting like glass.

“Keep going,” Amelia goaded. “Tell everyone how that ‘precious daughter’ you loved so much is suddenly trash you can throw away the moment you need a shield.”

Celine’s heart hammered against her ribs. She saw the look in Adrian’s eyes. He was considering it. He was actually considering letting her take the fall. If she said yes now, her selfish father would agree instantly. She would be ruined.

She didn’t know what to do.

Surprisingly, Ethan stepped in. He frowned at his mother.

“Mother, no,” Ethan said. “Celine is already suffering. The side effects from the medicine have ruined her face. Her body is weak. She cannot handle the shock of losing a finger.”

Livia looked at her son in shock. “Do you have the heart to watch your father suffer?”

Ethan didn’t answer. He couldn’t say the truth loud. Celine was still an asset. She was the link to the Crimson family, however tenuous. Damaging her further was a bad investment.

Celine saw her chance. She decided to gamble.

She squeezed out fake tears, looking pitifully at the Grey family.

“I... I would do it,” Celine whispered, her voice trembling. “But... surely Lady Helena and Seraphina would not accept an outsider paying the debt? It wouldn’t count.”

Helena Grey didn’t answer. She looked at her daughter, Seraphina. Seraphina turned her gaze to Amelia.

This time, Amelia didn’t wait for the elders to protect her. She didn’t hide behind a mask of obedience. She stood up slowly. Her presence filled the room, commanding attention.

“Put away your little tricks, Celine. No.”

Amelia stared coldly at the fake daughter. Her tone was ruthless.

“This is not a vegetable market. You do not get to bargain here,” Amelia declared. “Adrian insulted me. Adrian failed his Pack. Adrian pays the price.”

She took a step toward her biological father. Her blue eyes burned with cold fire.

“I do not want a scapegoat’s finger,” she hissed. “I want the Alpha’s finger. Only the blood of the Alpha can repay the debt owed by the Alpha.”

Behind her, the Grey uncles let out low, threatening growls. They nodded in agreement.

“Hurry up,” one of the uncles barked. “Or we will use our own claws.”

Adrian realized there was no escape. He was completely cornered. He looked at the knife on the floor, then at his hand. He didn’t have the courage to swing the blade again.

With a trembling hand, he picked up the bloody, dull knife. He turned to his son.

“Ethan,” Adrian rasped. “Help me.

He shoved the knife toward Ethan.

Ethan stared at the knife. He looked at his father’s hand, the skin already sliced open and bleeding. He felt sick. But the pressure from the Grey family was crushing him.

“Do it!” Adrian screamed.

Ethan gritted his teeth. He grabbed the handle. He lined the blade up with the wound his father had already made. He pushed down hard, sawing back and forth.

“Aaaaaah!” Adrian screamed.

The knife was too dull. It got stuck on the bone. It wouldn’t go through. Ethan pushed harder, but the blade just wedged tighter into the finger bone.

Adrian’s face twisted into a mask of pure agony. Cold sweat poured down his face like rain. He shrieked in pain, a high-pitched, terrible sound.

Amelia watched the gruesome scene without flinching. She sighed loudly.

“You are all so incompetent,” she said, sounding bored.

She stood up and walked to a small tool shelf in the corner of the room. She picked up a small, heavy hammer. She weighed it in her hand for a second.

She walked back to the table and tossed the hammer in front of Ethan.

Thud.

“You are making this ugly,” Amelia said lightly, though her eyes were freezing cold. “Use this. One hit. Clean. Unless... you enjoy hearing your father scream like a dying pig?”

Ethan looked at the hammer. He looked at his father, who was whimpering in agony with a knife stuck in his finger bone. He wanted this nightmare to end.

Ethan’s hand shook as he grabbed the hammer. He took a deep breath.

He raised the hammer high. He aimed for the back of the knife blade stuck in Adrian’s hand.

He swung down with all his strength.

Crack!

The sound of bone snapping echoed through the silent room. It was a sickening crunch.

“AAAAAHHH!”

Adrian let out a blood-curdling howl. His pinky finger was severed completely. Blood sprayed across the table, staining the wood dark red.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 181[1,234 words]

(Author’s POV)

Octavia’s patience finally snapped.

She rose from her seat, her cold grey eyes fixed on Alpha Alaric.

“Alaric,” Octavia said, her voice cutting through the room like ice. “Two days ago, this girl broke into Drake Pack territory and assaulted my son. Now the ‘apology’ Livia promised has turned into this circus.”

She gestured at the blood-stained table where Adrian clutched his mutilated hand.

“You are the Alpha of Stone River Pack,” Octavia continued. “You will give the Drake family a satisfactory explanation. Now.”

The room fell silent.

Everyone turned to look at Alaric.

The old Alpha stood slowly. His grey eyes swept across the room, lingering on his son Adrian, then on Amelia.

“From this moment forward,” Alaric announced, his voice clear and firm, “all matters concerning Stone River Pack will be handled by Amelia Stone. She has full authority over Pack affairs.”

Gasps echoed through the room.

“If the Drake family wishes to pursue this matter,” Alaric continued, “speak directly to Amelia. I will not interfere.”

Adrian’s eyes went wide. The pain in his hand vanished, replaced by shock.

His father had just abandoned him completely.

Octavia’s eyebrows rose. Then she let out a cold, mocking laugh.

“How bold, Alaric,” she said. “You hand over an entire Pack to an inexperienced little girl. Are you not afraid your Pack will collapse within a month?”

Amelia leaned back in her chair. She crossed her arms slowly, her body relaxed.

She looked at Octavia with a challenging glint in her sapphire eyes.

“Careful, Octavia,” Amelia said, her voice dangerously sweet. “High blood pressure is the silent killer for the elderly. Focus on your son’s missing finger, not my resume.”

Alaric’s lips twitched into a grim smile.

“Amelia is still better than me,” he said bluntly. “I am an old man with one foot in the grave. And she is certainly better than Adrian, who has accomplished nothing his entire life.”

Adrian’s face twisted with rage.

He glared at Amelia, his good hand clenched into a fist.

“Father, you have been manipulated!” Adrian shouted. “This evil woman has used some kind of dark magic or mind-control drug on you!”

Alaric’s face darkened. “Shut your mouth, Adrian. You are talking nonsense.”

“No!” Adrian snarled. “I know what I see. You would never willingly hand the Pack to her. She has poisoned your mind!”

He turned to the room, his voice rising.

“We must bring a witch to examine Father’s body!” Adrian declared. “We must break whatever spell she has cast on him!”

Alaric slammed his fist on the armrest of his chair. “Enough!”

But Adrian ignored him. A twisted smile spread across his face.

“Fortunately,” Adrian said slowly, “I prepared for this. Livia made sure we had backup plans. Otherwise, this Pack would be destroyed by her hands.”

He looked at his mate.

Livia understood immediately. She threw back her head and howled.

The sound was sharp and commanding.

Instantly, the doors to the Pack House burst open.

Warriors flooded into the room like a tidal wave.

Forty or fifty armed warriors packed into the spacious living room.

They wore full combat gear. Silver-tipped weapons gleamed at their belts.

These were elite soldiers borrowed from Livia’s father’s Pack, brought here specifically to handle today’s crisis.

Livia stepped forward, her voice ringing with authority.

“Restrain everyone except the Drake family members,” she commanded. “Octavia, Griffin, Carlos, and Lyra are to be left untouched. Everyone else—bind them with silver rope!”

Octavia watched the scene unfold. A cold smirk played on her lips.

Adrian is useless in most things,* she thought. *But at least he knows how to hold onto power.*

Alaric’s face turned red with fury. He pointed a shaking finger at his son.

“You traitor!” Alaric roared. “You are betraying your own Pack!”

Adrian didn’t flinch.

“I am saving this Pack,” Adrian said coldly. “Father, you are not in your right mind. Amelia has poisoned your thoughts. When you wake up from her spell, you will thank me for stopping you from making this terrible mistake.”

The warriors moved quickly.

They grabbed Natasha's friends first. The young wolves yelped in surprise.

"What is happening?" one of them cried.

"Shut up!" Adrian barked. "Or I will have you gagged as well!"

Natasha's face went pale, but she kept her voice steady.

"Do not panic," she told her friends. "Theodore is here. The Stone family would not dare harm us."

Meanwhile, the Grey family elders were surrounded.

Helena Grey remained calm. She glanced at her five sons and gave a small nod.

The Grey uncles did not resist. They allowed the warriors to bind their wrists with silver rope.

Soon, everyone in the room except Amelia, Theodore, and Marcus was restrained.

Two large warriors approached Amelia.

They reached out to grab her arms.

The moment their fingers touched her sleeve, their hands turned black.

The skin swelled and blistered. Their fingers went limp.

"Aaagh!" they screamed, stumbling backward.

Amelia brushed off her sleeve lightly, as if she had touched something dirty.

She tilted her head and looked at the fallen warriors. Her tone was casual, almost playful.

"Oops. Did I forget to mention the contact neurotoxin? My bad."

She turned to the other warriors still standing. She pulled out several small, silver-coated knives from her pocket and twirled one between her fingers.

Her smile grew sharper.

"Who's next? I have plenty of these left, and I hate taking them home unused."

(Amelia's POV)

Adrian's face paled.

He had seen what Amelia's poisons could do. He did not want to risk losing more men.

"Stay back!" Adrian ordered the warriors.

He turned to Amelia, his voice low and threatening.

"Do not think you have won," Adrian hissed. "If you make one wrong move, I will give the order to kill Jaxon and Seraphina. Do you want their blood on your hands?"

Amelia took a step forward.

She invaded Adrian's personal space, her face inches from his.

Her voice dropped to a cold whisper.

"Go ahead. Make the call. But just know that the poison in Caleb's system doesn't just kill him—it dissolves his organs... slowly. And Ethan?"

She paused, her gaze flicking to Adrian's eldest son.

"I know exactly where he sleeps. Do you want to gamble your entire bloodline on a bluff, Adrian?"

Adrian's breath hitched. His face turned ashen.

Before he could respond, Livia rushed back into the room.

She was followed by a healer and another figure cloaked in a long, dark robe.

"Check him!" Livia ordered the healer, pointing at Alaric. "Check if he has been injected with any mind-control poison!"

The healer hurried to Alaric's side. He examined the old Alpha's eyes, his pulse, his scent.

After a long moment, the healer shook his head.

"There are no signs of poisoning," the healer said reluctantly. "His vitals are normal. His mind is clear."

(Amelia's POV)

Livia's face twisted with frustration.

But she did not give up.

She turned to the cloaked figure.

“Then it must be a curse,” Livia declared. “A dark spell that leaves no physical trace!”

She gestured to the robed man.

“This is a scholar of the mystical arts,” Livia announced. “He specializes in detecting curses and breaking enchantments.”

The robed figure stepped forward slowly.

Livia had already bribed this man. No matter what he found, he was supposed to claim that Amelia had used dark magic on Alaric.

Livia shot Amelia a triumphant look.

“If he confirms you have cursed the old Alpha,” Livia said viciously, “you are finished!”

Amelia did not look worried.

Instead, she let out a soft, pitying laugh.

She shook her head slowly.

“Livia, spending all that money just to hang yourself? That’s dedication.”

The robed figure did not walk toward Alaric.

Instead, he walked directly toward Amelia.

Everyone froze.

The man stopped in front of Amelia. He reached up and pulled back his hood.

A kind, weathered face was revealed.

Warm eyes crinkled as the old man smiled at Amelia.

“Lia, my dear child,” he said gently. “It’s been a long time.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 182[1,100 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Livia stood frozen in place. Her eyes were wide and vacant, her brain seemingly short-circuited by the sudden turn of events. She stared at the man in the robe, unable to process his familiar greeting to me.

I broke the silence with a scoff.

I raised an eyebrow, a smirk playing on my lips as I looked at the old man.

“Took you long enough, old man,” I said, my voice cutting through the quiet room. “Did you stop for coffee?”

Elias shook his head helplessly. He let out a huff of annoyance, but his eyes were warm with laughter.

Most people knew Master Elias as a respected scholar of the mystical arts in the werewolf world. But to me, he was much more.

During my years of exile in the Meadow Brook Pack, he had been my mentor. He was the one who taught me how to identify every herb and extract every venom. He taught me how to control the deadly substances that others feared.

We weren’t just teacher and student. We were partners in crime.

Elias looked at me, a sigh escaping his lips.

“I did not expect our reunion to happen in such a ridiculous farce,” he muttered.

He turned to face the room, his expression hardening as he prepared to explain.

“Two days ago, Mrs. Stone contacted me regarding a delicate matter...” Elias began.

I waved my hand, cutting him off. I didn’t need a long explanation. I wanted to enjoy the look on Livia’s face.

I took a step forward, my gaze locking onto Livia’s pale, trembling features.

“Look, Auntie Livia,” I said, my voice dripping with mock sympathy. “When you want to frame someone for dark arts, here is a tip. Don’t hire the mentor who taught them everything they know.”

I tilted my head, smiling coldly. “It’s... embarrassing.”

Elias shrugged his shoulders beside me.

“Indeed,” he added. “She demanded that I declare you were using evil spells, regardless of what my examination found. She offered quite a sum for me to lie. It was an insult to my professionalism.”

Livia screamed, pointing a shaking finger at Elias and me.

“Shut up! You are lying!” she shrieked. “You are working together! Guards! Come here! Bind these two lunatics immediately!”

My wolf, Ava, let out a low, excited growl in my mind. She was ready for blood.

But I didn’t need to shift.

Two of the borrowed elite warriors rushed forward, obeying Livia’s frantic command. They reached for me.

I didn’t even move my feet.

With a casual flick of my wrist, three silver-coated throwing knives sliced through the air.

Thwack. Thwack.

The blades buried themselves deep into the thighs of the attacking guards.

“Argh!”

The men howled in pain. Their legs gave out instantly as numbness spread from the wounds. They collapsed to their knees, clutching their legs where the skin was already turning black.

Livia’s eyes bulged. She turned to the remaining forty warriors, her voice cracking.

“Kill her!” she screamed, pointing at me. “Kill her now! All of you!”

The mass of armed men surged forward like a tidal wave.

I lifted my hand and snapped my fingers.

Snap.

The sound was sharp and clear.

Suddenly, a strange rustling noise filled the room. It came from the windows, the vents, and the cracks under the doors.

Hundreds of poisonous insects, centipedes, and venomous snakes poured into the living room, drawn by a specific scent I had released.

The room erupted into chaos.

“What is that?!” one warrior yelled, slapping at his neck.

“Snakes! There are snakes everywhere!”

The elite soldiers, who had faced death in battle, completely lost their composure. They screamed as the creatures crawled up their legs and dropped from the ceiling.

Terror broke their discipline. They scrambled over each other, shifting into their wolf forms in a desperate attempt to escape the swarm.

Within seconds, the warriors fled the living room, whimpering as they ran out the doors.

Livia stood alone amidst the sea of writhing creatures. Her face was devoid of blood. She opened her mouth to scream, but no sound came out.

Theodore sat in his wheelchair, unbothered. He looked at the chaos, then raised an eyebrow at me.

I shrugged, looking at the carpet of venomous pets. “Reduce, Reuse, Recycle. I couldn’t let Ronan’s gift go to waste, could I?”

Elias looked at the scene. He nodded approvingly. “You learned your lessons well,” he commented.

Livia’s legs finally gave out. She collapsed onto the sofa, her eyes filled with absolute despair.

I blew a whistle, the snakes and insects stopped their erratic movements. They slithered and crawled toward the center of the room.

They formed a tight, deadly circle around Adrian, Livia, Ethan, and Celine.

The four of them huddled together, terrified to move a single muscle.

I walked over to Jaxon and Seraphina. With quick movements, I cut their bonds. Then I moved to Grandma and Grandpa Grey and my uncles, freeing them one by one.

Alaric stood up, rubbing his wrists.

The old Alpha stared at his son, Adrian, with eyes cold as ice.

“This is a disgrace,” Alaric spat. “You brought shame upon this house.”

Adrian slumped against the sofa cushions, trapped by the circle of poison. His eyes were hollow.

“I regret it,” Adrian muttered, his voice barely a whisper. “I should never have brought her back. I should have left her in the countryside.”

He wasn’t sorry for what he did. He was only sorry he got caught.

Alaric sighed, the sound heavy with exhaustion. He turned his back on his son and looked at me.

“Amelia, I am tired,” Alaric said. “I am too old for this. From today onwards, the Stone River Pack is yours to manage. I will contact the Werewolf Council tomorrow to officially transfer all assets and authority to you.”

I nodded. This was not a gift. It was a trophy I had won.

I turned around. My gaze felt like a physical weight as it landed on Adrian and his family.

I gave my first order as the acting Alpha.

“Good,” I said coldly. “First order of business: Get out of my Pack house. Now.”

Livia jerked as if slapped. She shot up from the sofa, forgetting the snakes for a second.

“You vicious wretch!” she screamed, her face twisted with hate. “We are your family! You want to ruin us?”

I let out a short, mirthless laugh. I stepped closer, staring right into her frantic eyes. “Vicious?” I repeated. “Honey, I am the Alpha now. Vicious comes with the territory.”

Alaric didn’t even look at them. He stood by my side, reinforcing my command.

“Yes,” the old man said. “Everything in the Stone family belongs to her. She has the right to make any decision she sees fit.”

The finality of his words hung in the air.

From the corner of the room, a trembling voice spoke up.

“Father...” Lyra stammered, her eyes darting between Alaric and me with anxiety. “What about me?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 183[919 words]

(Author’s POV)

+25 Points

Amelia leaned lazily against the doorframe, her posture relaxed. She twirled a long, thin silver needle between her slender fingers, watching the chaotic scene before her like she was viewing a boring soap opera.

Alaric looked at his weeping daughter, Lyra, with cold, pitiless eyes.

“Stop crying,” Alaric said flatly. “When you married into the Drake family, I gave you twenty million in assets. I funded that boutique fashion label you insisted on starting.”

Lyra sniffled, wiping her eyes. “The market was bad! It wasn’t my fault!”

“You ran it into the ground,” Alaric countered sharply. “You spent the capital on luxury vacations and jewelry. You ignored the business. That failure is on you.”

Amelia watched, amused. To Alaric, children were merely investments. If the return on investment was low, he cut his losses without hesitation. Amelia knew she was different. She wasn’t looking for his approval. She was the highest-risk venture capital he would ever encounter.

Lyra’s face flushed red with humiliation. “Is that all am to you? A balance sheet? I am your biological daughter! Do I only deserve that pittance?”

“You have lived a life of luxury provided by this Pack” Alaric said, his voice hard. “You have contributed nothing. You only take. Do not expect more.”

Lyra screamed, pointing a shaking finger at him. “Fine! You are heartless! When you rot in the ground, don’t expect me to be at your funeral!”

Lever

Alaric shrugged, indifferent. “I on you anyway.”

“I am done!” Lyra shouted. “I am cutting all ties with the Stone family! You give the Pack to this...

this bastard? You will regret it! I will watch you ruin everything from the outside!”

She glared at Amelia with pure venom.

Amelia didn’t speak. She just smirked, the corner of her mouth lifting in a highly ironic curve. It was

a look of silent pity. *You aren’t even worth my anger.*

Lyra stormed out of the house. The Stone family's internal war settled into a tense silence. The members of the Drake family watched, ready to mock the broken pack.

Amelia straightened up. She pushed off the doorframe and turned to Alaric, her voice changing. It wasn't the voice of a discarded daughter. It was the voice of an Alpha.

13

Chapter 183 Caleb Woke Up

+25 Points

"Don't worry," Amelia said clearly. "I will make the Stone River Pack stronger than it has ever been. We will surpass the Drake Pack."

Matriarch Octavia let out a harsh, screeching laugh. "Amelia, you are d

Amelia didn't get angry. Instead, she started walking toward Octavia. Step, she closed the distance until she invaded the older woman's personal space. A suffocating pressure radiated from her, making the air heavy.

"Octavia," Amelia said, her voice low and dangerous. "I didn't just predict Adrian's destruction."

She leaned in closer, her sapphire eyes flashing. "I wrote the script. I directed the play. I even sold the tickets to his funeral. As for apologizing to your useless son? Hunters never apologize to their prey."

Octavia's mouth opened, but no words came out. The sheer force of Amelia's presence crushed her arguments. Her face turned a sickly shade of grey.

Griffin Drake stood behind his grandmother, staring at Amelia. The contempt in his eyes was gone, replaced by fear and a twisted kind of excitement. He finally understood why Theodore Crimson wanted her. This woman was a lunatic too. She possessed a formidable presence that made his wolf whimper.

"Let's go," Octavia choked out. The Drake family turned and left, taking their humiliation with them. The room was finally clear of outsiders. Amelia clapped her hands together.

"Alright," she said, turning her gaze to the corner where Adrian, Livia, Ethan, and Celine were huddled. "Looks like we have some housekeeping to do."

Adrian flinched. Celine looked at Amelia with terror certain she was about to be punished.

Amelia walked over to them. “I can fix your face, Celine. I can clear the to Celine blinked, confused. “What?”

“Let her do it,” Ethan urged quietly. “She is the Shadow Healer. She can fix you.”

Celine trembled but agreed. Amelia reached into her bag. She didn’t pull out the silver needles she had been playing with earlier. Silver was poison to wolves, and she didn’t want to kill this little lab rat just yet. She produced a set of thin, black obsidian needles.

Amelia moved with practiced speed. She applied a pungent herbal paste to Celine’s face and drove the obsidian needles into key pressure points. She worked with a casual cruelty, treating Celine like a broken doll she was repairing just to prove she could.

Minutes later, the redness on Celine’s face began to fade. The swelling went down visibly.

Natasha, standing near the door, frowned. “Why is she saving the enemy?”

Amelia pulled the needles out. She wiped them on a cloth and looked at Ethan. “Ethan,” she asked softly. “Do you really think she is worth the price?”

Ethan froze, not understanding her meaning.

Amelia didn’t wait for an answer. She turned on her heel and walked to the sofa where Caleb lay unconscious.

Celine’s heart started to pound. *No. He can’t wake up. I gave him the strongest neurotoxin on the black market.*

Amelia stood over Caleb. Her fingers found a specific cluster of nerves on his neck. She pressed down hard.

Everyone held their breath. One minute passed. Caleb didn’t move.

Livia exploded, unable to take the tension. “You vicious wretch! Are you mocking us? He isn’t waking up! Stop playing games!”

Celine let out a breath she didn’t know she was holding. *It worked. The poison is too strong.*

Just as she relaxed, Caleb’s body jerked violently on the sofa. His chest heaved.

“Cough...”

A raspy, dry sound tore from his throat.

“Cough... cough!”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 184[1,089 words]

(Author's POV)

Livia froze. That weak cough had cut through the tense silence like a gunshot. She whipped her head around, her eyes locking onto the sofa.

Caleb's chest heaved. It was a jagged, difficult motion, but he was breathing. His lips parted slightly, twitching as he tried to pull in air.

"Caleb?" Livia whispered.

She scrambled to the sofa, falling to her knees beside him. Her trembling hand reached out, cupping his cold cheek. He was warm. He was alive. Tears welled up in her eyes instantly, a mix of shock and overwhelming relief.

Ethan, standing by the window with his arms crossed, uncrossed them. His dark, brooding expression cracked. The tension in his shoulders dropped as he saw his brother's eyelids flutter. He let out a long breath.

Adrian stepped forward, a flicker of hope crossing his face. But it was fleeting. He looked around the room, reminded of the catastrophe that had just befallen them. They had lost the inheritance. They had lost the company. His son was alive, yes, but the Stone family was ruined. The joy couldn't quite reach his eyes.

Across the room, Celine went rigid.

She stood like a statue, her face draining of all color. Her heart hammered against her ribs so hard she thought it might bruise. *How is this possible?

The neurotoxin she had bought from the black market was supposed to be expensive. It was guaranteed. He wasn't supposed to wake up.

A cold sweat broke out down her spine. Caleb knew. Before he went into the coma, he had found out everything. He knew she hired the rogues to attack Amelia. He knew she was the one pulling the strings.

If he opened his mouth, she was finished.

Celine dug her fingernails into her palms to stop her hands from shaking. The loss of the family fortune didn't matter anymore. If Caleb spoke, she would lose her reputation as the perfect daughter. She would lose her freedom. She would go to prison.

She had to think fast. She had to control the narrative. If he accused her, she would say the accident scrambled his brain. She would say he was delirious. Her mask of the “Golden Child” was the only shield she had left.

(Caleb’s POV)

My head felt like it was stuffed with cotton. I blinked, the light in the my hand slowly. It felt heavy, like lead, but it moved.

I wasn’t dreaming. I was back.

“My baby! You’re awake!”

My mother’s voice was loud, piercing through the fog. I winced.

My gaze drifted past her, seeking something solid to anchor me. I found her near the door.

Amelia.

She was leaning against the doorframe, arms crossed over her chest. She looked completely bored. She was examining her fingernails as if the resurrection of her brother was about as interesting as watching paint dry. Beside her, Theodore Crimson sat in his wheelchair, radiating a dark, protective aura that made the air feel thin.

Amelia felt my eyes on her. She looked up. She didn’t smile. She didn’t gasp. She just raised one perfect eyebrow. Her sapphire eyes were cold, holding a silent message: *I told you so.*

My throat felt like I had swallowed broken glass.

“Mom...” I croaked.

Livia grabbed my hand, squeezing it tight. “Oh, Caleb! You scared me to death! I’ve been so worried!”

Before I could answer, a blur of blonde hair rushed into my vision.

“Oh, thank the Moon Goddess!” Celine threw herself down next to the my line of sight.

“Caleb! Do you know what I’ve been through?” She started sobbing, loud and theatrical. “I haven’t eaten! I haven’t slept! I thought I would die of grief! If anything happened to you, I wouldn’t want to live!”

Her voice grated on my nerves like a rusty saw. My eyes widened. The fog in my brain cleared instantly, burned away by a sudden, white-hot rage.

I had been in a coma, but I hadn't been gone. My wolf, Noah, had been awake the whole time. Trapped in the darkness of my own body, I had heard everything.

I heard Grandfather Alaric strip us of our inheritance. I heard my parents crying over Celine, protecting her, choosing her. I heard them throw Amelia to the wolves—again.

And now, here was the architect of our ruin, playing the role of the devoted sister.

Kill her, Noah roared in my head. *Rip her throat out.*

I stared at her tear-streaked face. It was a mask.

Ethan stepped closer. He was looking at me intently. I knew my eyes were giving me away. The hatred I felt must have been burning in them. Ethan frowned, his gaze flicking between me and Celine. He remembered Amelia's warning. I saw the suspicion dawn on his face.

"Water," I rasped.

"I'll get it!" Celine jumped up. She was eager to please, eager to play the servant.

She grabbed a glass from the table and rushed back. "Here, Caleb. Drink slowly."

She reached out to bring the glass to my lips. Her fingers brushed against my skin. It felt like a brand.

I didn't think. I just reacted.

I swung my arm with all the strength I had left.

Smack!

My hand connected hard with the glass. It flew out of her grip, shattering against the floor. Water splashed all over her expensive dress.

The room went silent.

"Don't. Touch. Me," I growled. My voice was rough, scraping like sandpaper, but the venom in it was unmistakable.

Celine gasped, recoiling as if I had slapped her face

Livia jumped back, shocked. Then her face twisted in anger. She pointed door.

"Caleb! Are you confused? It's her fault!" She shrieked, glaring at Amelia. "That Mongrel ruined us! She's the reason you were hurt! Why are you treating your sister like this?"

I didn't look at my mother. I turned my head slowly, painfully, until I was looking at Amelia again.

She hadn't moved. Her expression hadn't changed. But I saw it now. The strength. The truth.

"Amelia..." I whispered, my voice trembling with guilt.

"Caleb, stop it!" Livia screamed, hysterical. "Did the crash damage your brain? That girl is the enemy!"

I ignored my mother's screeching. I turned my gaze back to Celine. She was pale, her eyes wide with terror. She knew what was coming.

I raised a shaking hand and pointed a finger directly at her face.

"It was her."

I gritted my teeth, forcing the words out through the pain in my throat.

"Amelia was right. When I was dying... I heard everything. Celine hired the Rogues. She poisoned me."

Livia stopped crying. Her mouth fell open.

I looked at my mother, seeing the confusion in her eyes.

"Stop crying, Mom," I said coldly. "The monster isn't Amelia."

My eyes locked onto Celine, who was trembling violently.

"The person holding your hand right now... she is the real devil."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 185[1,125 words]

(Author's POV)

Caleb's voice scraped against the silence, rough like gravel.

"Mom, I was wrong. We were all wrong... We were all deceived by Celine."

Livia froze instantly. She stared at her son, her eyes wide with shock. She couldn't process the words. In her mind, Celine was the perfect daughter who had stayed by the bedside day and night.

Shock quickly twisted into defensive anger. Livia spun around, her finger stabbing the air toward Amelia.

“It’s you! You did something when you used those needles just now!” Livia shrieked. “You deliberately stuck silver needles into his brain! You’re trying to poison his mind!”

Amelia rolled her eyes, her face twisting with impatience.

“Shut up, Livia,” Amelia snapped. “If I wanted him brain-dead, he wouldn’t be speaking right now. Ears are for listening, not for decoration.”

Caleb felt his wolf, Noah, slamming against his ribcage in fury. He couldn’t stand his mother’s stupidity a second longer.

He gathered every ounce of strength left in his body.

“Enough! Shut up!” Caleb roared.

The sound was hoarse, but it carried the undeniable weight of an Alpha’s command. Livia flinched, silenced by the raw power in his voice.

Caleb gasped for air, his chest heaving painfully.

“This has nothing to do with Amelia,” he rasped, his eyes burning. “All the sin comes from Celine. She is a viper hiding under a sweet mask.”

Ethan, standing by the window, went deathly pale. He stared at his brother, unable to believe that Caleb would use such vile words for their “angelic” sister.

Celine realized the room was spinning out of her control. She had to gamble everything right now.

Tears exploded from her eyes instantly. She choked back a sob, her eyes turning red and puffy in seconds.

“I… I admit it,” she wailed, her voice trembling. “I lied to everyone!”

She slumped her shoulders, adopting the pitiful posture that always worked on them.

“I was just so scared,” she cried, looking up through wet lashes. “When I heard Amelia was coming back to the Stone River Pack, I was terrified. I thought you would all all Jon me because I’m just an adopted daughter.”

Ethan’s hands shook at his sides. He stared hard at her.

“Did you really hire rogues to insult and hurt Amelia?” he asked, his voice cracking.

Celine nodded frantically, her face a mask of remorse.

“I did! But I regretted it immediately! Really! And thank the Moon Goddess Amelia wasn’t hurt in the end...”

“Save it.”

Amelia let out a cold, sharp laugh. She stepped forward, invading Celine’s personal space. She loomed over the kneeling girl like a predator eyeing dying prey.

“Stop acting, Celine. You don’t regret anything. You just failed.”

Amelia looked down at the hypocritical woman with undisguised mockery.

“You hired a bunch of sheep to kill a wolf. You aren’t crying because of guilt. You’re crying because your plan blew up in your face. Don’t insult my intelligence.”

Amelia turned her head slightly to look at the pale-faced Ethan.

“She wanted those rogues to r**e me and ruin me,” Amelia said brutally. “She wanted them to video it to threaten me, or just kill me outright. Ethan, her regret is worthless.”

Ethan flinched as if struck.

“If I wasn’t strong enough,” Amelia continued, her voice like ice, “if succeeded, I would be a rotting corpse right now.”

The words hit Ethan like a sledgehammer. He remembered Amelia trying to tell him the truth before. He had chosen to blindly trust Celine. Shame washed over him, hot and suffocating, making it impossible to meet Amelia’s eyes.

(Amelia’s POV)

I watched them crumble, but Adrian’s reaction was different. He didn’t look ashamed. He looked calculating.

To him, the feud between daughters didn’t matter. What mattered was that the Stone family was on the brink of losing everything. I was the only lifeline left.

He realized he had to get my forgiveness immediately.

Adrian’s face hardened. He shed his despair instantly and turned on Celine with a terrifying fury.

“You scum!” Adrian roared.

He unleashed his Alpha aura in a violent wave. It crashed down on.

“Kneel! Submit!” he commanded.

It was an absolute order. Celine stood no chance against an Alpha’s pressure. Her knees slammed into the floor with a sickening thud.

Her body trembled uncontrollably. She slumped forward, forced by the pressure to expose her neck in a gesture of total submission.

(Author’s POV)

Adrian glared down at her, his chest heaving.

“You have shamed this entire family!” he shouted.

He shot a sharp glance at Livia. Livia caught the signal immediately. If they pinned everything on the adopted daughter, they might salvage their relationship with the true heiress. They could save their assets.

Livia wiped her face, her expression instantly shifting from confusion to heartbreak.

“You wicked girl!” Livia screamed, pointing a shaking finger at Celine. “You are the reason our family is broken! You drove a wedge between us and our own flesh and blood!”

Livia turned to Amelia, a desperate, fawning smile plastering onto her face.

“Amelia, honey, if we had known the truth, we never would have kept this snake in the Pack House,” Livia pleaded. “She is yours now. You can do whatever you want with her. Kill her if it makes you feel better.”

Amelia looked at Livia’s groveling face. She looked like she had just med rotting garbage.

“Pass,” Amelia said coldly.

The disgust in her voice was palpable.

“I don’t need your permission to handle her,” Amelia scoffed. “And I certainly don’t need your ‘authorization.’ Don’t shove the trash you raised into my hands like a gift. It’s nauseating.”

She looked around at the family of three, her lips curling into a sneer.

“You created this monster yourselves,” she said. “Now you want me to do your dirty work? Dream on.”

Amelia took a step back, distancing herself from their filth.

“Since you love her so much, keep her. Enjoy the consequences. I’m just here to watch the circus, not to clean up after the clowns.”

Caleb lay on the sofa, watching his parents pivot and beg. His heart tur get it. They thought this was just a misunderstanding . He needed to destroy their delusions completely.

“Not finished...” Caleb groaned, forcing the words through his gritted teeth.

The room went quiet.

“While I was in a coma, Caleb rasped, “Celine was secretly injecting me with high doses of wolfsbane.”

Livia gasped. Ethan’s eyes widened in horror.

Caleb’s hand trembled as he pulled up the sleeve of his hospital gown. He exposed the inside of his elbow,

The skin was riddled with needle marks. Surrounding the punctures, the veins were black and purple—the unmistakable sign of wolfsbane poisoning.

Livia covered her mouth, a scream trapped in her throat. Wolfsbane was agonizing torture for a wolf.

Caleb turned his head to look at Celine, who was now gray with terror.

“And she has been in contact with her biological father this whole time,” Caleb spat, his voice dripping with hate. “Every month, she transfers the money you give her to that greedy man! She was even planning to hire someone to kill Amelia again!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 186[1,184 words]

(Author’s POV)

Natasha leaned against the sterile white wall, her arms crossed casually over her mocking laugh escaped her lips, cutting through the heavy tension in the room.

“This family is truly hopelessly stupid,” she remarked, shaking her head in disbelief. Adrian’s face turned a sickly shade of green at the insult. He opened his mouth to retort, but the confusion regarding his son stopped him. He turned back to Caleb, who was still gasping for air on the hospital bed.

“Caleb,” Adrian asked, his brow furrowed deep. “You were in a deep coma the entire time. How could you possibly know these details?”

Caleb took a shallow, rattling breath. His eyes drifted toward Amelia, filled with a complex mix of gratitude and shame.

“It was thanks to Amelia,” Caleb rasped. “My body couldn’t move. I couldn’t even lift an eyelid. But she had already started healing me. She kept my body paralyzed, but my consciousness... it was absolutely clear.”

He paused to cough, wincing at the pain in his chest.

“I heard every word Celine said while sitting by my bed,” Caleb continued, his voice hardening. “I heard her vicious plans. I heard her gloating about her victory. I heard it all.”

The revelation hit the room like a physical blow. Celine froze. Her body began to tremble uncontrollably, her face draining of all color until she looked like a corpse. She had treated him as a safe confessional. She never imagined he was a conscious witness to her darkest secrets.

Ethan stood by the window, his hands clenched into fists. He finally understood t Amelia’s mockery earlier. The realization was a poison spreading through his veins. the only antidote on this viper. He had saved the monster and almost let his own brother die.

Livia’s reaction was immediate and violent. She was a proud woman, vain and foolish, but she was a mother. Her instinct to protect her blood kicked in with ferocious intensity.

She lunged at Celine.

Slap!

The sound echoed sharply in the quiet room.

“Celine, you ungrateful Rogue mongrel!” Livia screamed. Her voice was shrill, tearing at her throat.

“You dared to poison Caleb? We gave you everything! We spoiled you rotten! And this is how you repay us?”

Celine was knocked to the floor by the force of the blow. She curled up, looking pathetic and small.

Amelia watched the chaotic scene unfold with cold detachment.

“Look at that, Ava,” Amelia murmured under her breath. “The ‘unconditional love’ of the Stone family has an expiration date after all. And to think, all it took was the truth to turn their precious princess into a punching bag.”

Celine clutched her stinging cheek. She scrambled across the floor toward Adrian, desperate for a shield.

“No... it’s not true, Dad!” she wailed, her words tumbling over each other. “Caleb must be hallucinating! It’s the side effects of the medicine! This is all Amelia’s plot! She is trying to drive a wedge between us!”

Amelia let out a short, incredulous laugh. It sounded like she was listening to a bad joke.

“Don’t flatter yourself, Celine,” Amelia said. Her tone was light, conversational, but her words were razor-sharp. “I didn’t have to lift a finger to turn them against you. I just handed them a mirror, and they finally saw you for the snake you are. The best part? You did all the work for me.”

Something inside Adrian snapped. The humiliation, the betrayal, the loss of control—it all boiled over.

He lunged forward and grabbed a fistful of Celine’s perfectly styled blonde hair. With a guttural roar, he slammed her head down onto the hard marble coffee table.

Thud.

Celine screamed as her forehead connected with the stone.

“Shut up!” Adrian bellowed. His eyes were red with fury. “Don’t you dare call me took the Stone family’s money to feed that greedy biological father of yours! You red rogue werewolves to murder my own daughter! You pinned all your sins on Amelia and turned me against her! You damn liar!”

He yanked her head up by her hair, forcing her to look at him. Blood trickled down her forehead.

“Amelia,” Adrian said, turning his desperate gaze to his true daughter. “Look. Dad is making her pay. This fake hurt you. I will make her pay in blood right now.”

Amelia looked at Adrian’s shaking hands. She looked at the blood on the table. Her blue eyes held no satisfaction, only deep disgust.

She took a step forward. Her voice was colder than the winter wind in the Northern Territories.

“Do you really think a few bruises make up for eighteen years, Adrian?” she asked softly. “You’re not father. It’s beating her for *me*. You’re doing it to make *yourself* feel better about being a pathetic.”

She paused, her gaze slicing through him like a blade.

“So no, it’s not enough. It’s insulting.”

The words lashed Adrian like a whip. He needed her. He needed the Shadow Healer. He needed to salvage his legacy.

He gritted his teeth. He tightened his grip on Celine's hair. Ignoring her shrieks, he slammed her head into the floor. Again. And again.

Blood smeared across the expensive tiles. Celine's wails turned into weak whimpers.

Ethan couldn't watch anymore. He rushed forward and grabbed Adrian's arm.

"Father, stop!" Ethan shouted. He wasn't pleading for Celine; he was pleading for sanity. "If you keep hitting her, she will die! This will bring trouble from the Werewolf Council!"

Livia, looking terrified, joined in. "Yes, Adrian! Don't go to jail for this slut! Let it go for today!"

Amelia laughed again. It was a dark, hollow sound.

"Look at that," she interrupted. "Even now, you're protecting her. 'She might die'? Good. Let her." She locked eyes with Adrian. Her expression was challenging, mocking.

"Or are you all talk, Adrian? You want my forgiveness, but you're afraid of getting your hands a little dirty? Pick a side, Alpha. You can't have both."

Adrian stopped, his chest heaving. He was trembling from head to toe, stung by Amelia's question. She was questioning his resolve. She was questioning his authority.

He shoved Ethan away. He stood up abruptly, his eyes scanning the room wildly.

Celine saw him reach for the knife. A chill of pure terror shot down her spine. This was it. He was going to kill her.

Livia screamed and tried to grab him. "Adrian, no!"

Adrian pushed her aside with violent force.

"Since Amelia feels it isn't enough to relieve her hatred," Adrian declared, his voice sounding like a death sentence, "even if I can't kill her, I will ruin this lying face!"

He advanced on Celine.

Celine scrambled backward on the floor, her heels slipping in her own blood. She looked around frantically for a lifeline. Her eyes locked onto Ethan.

"Ethan..." she sobbed, reaching out a shaking hand. Please... save me... You most, didn't you? Please!"

Ethan looked down at her. His handsome face was twisted in disgust and cold indifference.

“I did spoil you,” Ethan said flatly. “Otherwise, how would I have given you that only antidote? But you played us all for fools.”

He turned his back on her.

Despair crashed over Celine. She turned her head toward the hospital bed.

“Caleb...” she whispered.

“Don’t say my name!” Caleb roared. His voice was hoarse, shredded, but filled with hate. “I am not your brother! I wish I could tear you apart with my own hands!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 187[752 words]

(Celine’s POV)

I was cornered. There was nowhere left to run. My desperate gaze swept across the room and landed on the man in the wheelchair.

Theodore Crimson.

He was my last lifeline. Tears welled up in my eyes as I tried to look as fragile as possible.

“Theodore, please save me... okay?” I begged, my voice trembling. “I know we had feelings for each other before. You wanted to mark me, didn’t you?”

Before he could answer, a slender hand reached out.

Amelia stepped forward, sliding her arm through Theodore’s. She adjusted his collar with casual intimacy, not even glancing at me.

“Oh, honey, save your breath,” Amelia said, letting out a mocking laugh. “It’s embarrassing.”

My face went rigid. Amelia turned her head slowly, her sapphire eyes cold as ice.

“Also, get the situation straight, Celine,” she said. “We are fated mates. Although you don’t have a

wolf and can’t feel it, you should try to understand the difference.”

Theodore looked at her with a hint of a smile, then turned his freezing gaze on me.

“You heard my Luna,” he said, his voice low. “Given the vicious things you did to Lia, even if others wanted to forgive you, I never would.”

“I won’t let her off!” Adrian shouted immediately, eager to please the Alpha. “I promise I will handle

her until Amelia is satisfied!”

I realized then that only Amelia could save me. But my pride wouldn’t let me beg the person I hated most.

Adrian marched up to me, his face twisted in rage.

“You shameless liar!” he roared. “When Theodore was crippled, you cried and begged us to bring Amelia back to marry him! You wanted her to die in your place!”

I dropped to my knees, sobbing. I grabbed his pant leg.

“Dad, I am the daughter you raised for twenty years,” I wailed. “Don’t we have any father–daughter bond?”

“If you remembered that bond, you wouldn’t have hurt my biological daughter!” Adrian bellowed. He kicked me away. “Ethan! Grab her!”

Ethan hesitated, but remembering his poisoned leg, he stepped forward and gripped my shoulders like a vice.

Adrian growled. His fingertips shifted, sharp claws extending.

He swung his hand.

Slash!

Pain exploded across my face. Blood sprayed into the air.

“This is for Caleb!” Adrian screamed.

He swung again at my other cheek.

“This is for Amelia!”

(Adrian’s POV)

Blood splattered onto the floor. Celine screamed. I raised my claws again, desperate to show Amelia my loyalty.

“That’s enough, Adrian!”

Amelia’s voice was sharp. I froze, expecting approval, but she looked at the mess with disgust.

“You think carving up her face erases twenty years of neglect?” she asked. “Stop acting. You got blood on my floor.”

My heart sank. She wasn’t impressed.

Amelia walked over to Livia and me. She squatted down, her lips curling into a dangerous smile.

“Let me translate your behavior: ‘We’re broke, and you are our ATM. Am I right?’”

Livia started to sob. “We are victims too!”

Amelia stood up and dusted off her hands.

“Save your tears for the eviction notice, Mother,” she said coldly. “You’ll need them.”

Eviction? I panicked.

“Livia,” I barked. “Drag this bleeding trash to the dungeon.”

“Wait.” Amelia’s voice stopped us. “Livia. Now this house... the name on the deed is mine. Not Grandpa’s. Not Adrian’s. Mine.”

Livia gasped. “But Adrian is hurt! Caleb just woke up!”

Amelia didn’t blink.

“You have one hour to pack,” she stated. “Take what you can carry. If you are still here at six, I will call the Enforcers to throw you out like garbage.”

Livia looked at Alpha Alaric for help. He remained silent.

“The Stone River Pack’s future belongs to Amelia,” Alaric announced finally.

He ordered the guards to take the butler, Harvey, to the dungeon for interrogation. Then, leaning on his escorts, Alaric walked out without looking back.

(Caleb’s POV)

The room emptied. Jaxon and his family left.

Amelia turned to leave with Theodore.

I gritted my teeth against the pain. I pushed myself up from the sofa, my legs shaking.

“Amelia!” I gasped.

I reached out a trembling hand to stop her.

Amelia dodged my touch like I was a plague. She looked at me with repulsion.

“Don’t call me sister,” she warned. “It makes me sick. Don’t forget what you did to me before you went into that coma.”

My hand froze. I remembered cutting her brakes.

My wolf, Noah, whined in grief. I clutched my head, hating myself.

“Amelia...” I rasped. “It was the high dose of Wolfsbane... It paralyzed my body, but it trapped my consciousness in the dark. I heard every word Celine said. I saw her true face... I realized how wrong I was.”

I looked at her with tears in my eyes, desperate.

“As long as you are willing to forgive me, I would even die for you.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 188[1,016 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

“Willing to die for me?” I repeated his words, the corners of my mouth lifting into a cold, sharp arc.

My eyes held absolutely no emotion, only a deep, bottomless mockery. Facing Caleb’s seemingly heartbroken repentance, I felt nothing. There was no ripple in my heart, only a frozen wasteland.

“No! Caleb, don’t do this!” Livia shrieked in terror. She rushed forward, grabbing his arm with a desperate grip. “You just woke up! Don’t be stupid! We are a family!”

She was crying loudly, trying to stage a heartwarming family drama right in front of me.

“Save it, Livia,” I said, cutting through her wails. I didn’t hide my disdain for this pathetic farce.

I turned my head to look at Natasha and her werewolf friends standing by the door. My tone was flat, as if I were ordering a simple dinner. “Go into the house. Find some tools that can be used to end a life. Anything will do, as long as it kills.”

Natasha and her team moved with efficiency. Within moments, the coffee table was lined with a terrifying array of items.

There was a sharp silver knife that glinted under the lights, a sturdy rope woven with silver threads, and a heavy pistol loaded with silver bullets. I reached into my pocket and placed a vial of Concentrated Wolfsbane on the table.

“Come on, Caleb,” I said, gesturing to the lethal items like a generous host offering appetizers.

“Pick one.”

I pointed to the knife casually. “This one is messy.” Then the poison. “This one burns.”

Caleb stared at the table full of murder weapons. His body went stiff, and his face turned the color of ash. I laughed internally. Although he claimed he was willing to atone with his life, when death was concretely placed in front of him, biological fear took over.

Look at him, Ava scoffed in my mind, blowing a dismissive breath. *Hypocritical male. He is terrified. His vows are as fragile as morning dew.*

“What’s wrong? Hesitating?” I stepped closer, looming over him.

“Caleb, I didn’t save you to hear your apologies. And I certainly didn’t save you so you could find relief through the coward’s way out.”

My voice dropped low, cruel and unforgiving. “Death is too cheap for you. You need to live. Live with the memory that *you* destroyed this family with your own hands. Live with the regret that you abandoned your biological sister for a fraud.”

Caleb opened his mouth, wanting to explain his stupidity, but I cut off his retreat.

“Your life has no value to me,” I stated. “Dead or alive, I don’t care. But I want you to breathe. I want you to stay alive and watch clearly as you lose everything because you tried to protect that ‘perfect daughter’.”

I didn’t bother looking at them again. They weren’t worth my anger.

I turned and walked toward the door, leaving my final warning behind me. My tone wasn’t threatening; it was the absolute confidence of someone who held the power of life and death.

“One last thing. Don’t use this as an excuse to approach me. If you appear in front of me again, I won’t be so generous with my healing potions.”

I walked out. To me, these people were no longer family. They weren't even enemies worth hating. They were just dust on the side of the road.

(Caleb's POV)

I watched Amelia's back disappear through the door. My knees gave out, and I collapsed to the floor.

A massive wave of emptiness and despair drowned me. I knew I deserved this. The sister who once craved my affection was truly dead. She was killed by my own hands.

The unbearable pain in my chest quickly twisted into a burning rage. I whipped my head around. My eyes locked onto Celine, who was lying unconscious on the floor.

I stood up on shaking legs and walked over to her.

I lifted my foot and stomped down hard on her already broken hand. I ground my heel into the bone, crushing it.

"Ahhh!" Celine screamed, jolted awake by the agony. Her voice was shrill and broken. She nearly passed out again from the shock.

I gritted my teeth, my eyes burning with the fire of destruction. "You will pay for your sins," I hissed. "I will make you spend the rest of your life repaying what you owe. I will make you live, Celine. You will watch Amelia rise to the top while you rot in the mud."

(Theodore's POV)

We left the West House. Amelia's expression remained perfectly calm.

She turned to Natasha. "We need to control the narrative," she ordered coolly. "Organize everything that happened here. Release the truth and the evidence immediately. I don't want to see them playing the victim later, making up stories about how I 'abandoned my recovering brother.'"

"Got it," Natasha said, nodding sharply. She went to arrange the media release.

I walked with Amelia to the East House to see Jaxon. It was time to formally visit her maternal family—the Greys.

As soon as we entered, Alpha Edmund and Matriarch Helena greeted us warmly.

Alpha Edmund looked at his granddaughter, his eyes full of appreciation. "You handled matters with composure and decisive action. You have the potential to be a true Pack ruler. You are destined to rule."

Amelia greeted the two elders respectfully, showing the confidence of an Alpha.

Matriarch Helena smiled broadly, but then she turned a meaningful gaze toward me. Her tone carried a hint of pressure. “Theodore, aside from the Greys, there is the Crimson family. If that crazy old woman from the Drake family tries to cause trouble, you must protect Amelia well.” Before I could answer, Amelia smiled and interrupted her grandmother.

She held my hand and looked Helena straight in the eye. Her tone was half-joking but incredibly serious. “Grandma, thank you for the support. Theo is indeed a great backup. But let’s get one thing straight. If the Drakes dare to come for me, *they* are the ones who will need protection, not me.”

I looked at the brilliant woman beside me. My heart swelled with love and pride.

I chuckled lightly and addressed the elders. “That’s right. My main job is probably just holding her bag while she beats them up.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 189[1,003 words]

(Author’s POV)

Theodore gazed at Amelia for a moment, his eyes filled with a quiet intensity. Then, he turned his attention to Matriarch Helena.

“Matriarch Helena,” Theodore said, his voice deep and magnetic. It sounded like a vow carved into stone. “I promise you, the noise within the Crimson Moon Pack will disappear soon. I will clear every obstacle for you and Amelia.”

Matriarch Helena scrutinized the young Alpha King heir before her. She nodded slowly, satisfied with the power and decisiveness he radiated.

The shrewd elderly woman quickly calculated the situation in her mind. Amelia was not only the true heir of the Stone River Pack but also a healer with top-tier skills. Now, she had the full support of Theodore and the immense power of the Crimson Moon Pack behind her.

This alliance was strong enough to shake the entire power structure of the Northern Territories.

Helena scoffed internally. If the Drake Pack dared to cause trouble for Amelia again, they would end up just like the foolish Adrian Stone—walking down a path of self-destruction.

(Theodore’s POV)

Helena turned her attention back to Amelia. She gestured to the five men standing nearby.

“Amelia, meet your uncles,” Helena said, introducing them one by one. “Wesley, Graham, Preston, Donovan, and Felix.”

I looked at the men. They were impressive figures, experts in business, law, and asset management.

“If you encounter any difficulties managing Stone Pharmaceutical or Starlight Entertainment,” Helena continued, “they will be your strongest backing.”

The five uncles immediately straightened their spines. They puffed out their chests, clearly eager to leave a strong first impression on their niece. They looked ready to prove they were worthy of her trust.

Amelia’s sapphire eyes swept over them. The corners of her mouth lifted into a confident, slightly playful smile.

“Since I have five top experts as free consultants, this is a profitable deal for me,” Amelia said. She raised an eyebrow, her tone relaxed but carrying the undeniable aura of an Alpha. “But you better keep up. I plan to push Stone River Botanicals into the global werewolf market. I won’t wait for stragglers.”

Her words didn’t offend them. Instead, I saw admiration light up their eyes.

The atmosphere quickly heated up.

“I should be the Chief Consultant,” Wesley stated loudly. “My experience is unmatched.”

“Experience is the past,” Felix shot back immediately. “My management philosophy fits the modern trends best.”

“Nonsense,” Graham interjected. “I understand Seraphina’s mind the best, so I understand Amelia’s needs.”

“I was closer to Seraphina!” Wesley argued.

I watched the scene unfold. The living room was filled with noise and bickering, but it was warm. It was a stark contrast to the Crimson family, where every conversation hid cold calculations and plots against my life.

I tightened my grip on Amelia’s hand. A warm current flowed through my chest. I was lucky to have her. I looked forward to the day we completed our mating bond. I just wanted a peaceful, happy life with her.

Seraphina turned to Elias. Her eyes were wet with gratitude.

“Thank you, Elias,” she said softly.

The respected hermit waved his hand dismissively. “Guiding Amelia was my honor. I should thank you and Jaxon. You gave Amelia the family warmth she craved most.”

“In our hearts, she is our biological daughter,” Seraphina replied firmly.

Elias nodded. “The matter here is settled. I should return to my place.”

I checked the time. “Then, I will escort you...”

I started to rise from my wheelchair, but Amelia cut me off. She didn’t care about my schedule or politeness.

She walked straight to my wheelchair. Her slender fingers pressed down on my shoulder, stopping me. Then, she adjusted my collar, her touch lingering with a hint of teasing.

“Work can wait, Alpha. But I don’t like to wait,” Amelia said. She leaned down, her red lips close to my ear. Her whisper was low, filled with an unquestionable desire for control. “The treatment for that leg must start now. Go upstairs. Don’t make me drag you.”

I looked into her eyes. They flashed with a wild light.

My Adam’s apple bobbed. The feeling of being controlled by her was strangely intoxicating. Excitement rushed through my veins.

I gave up all resistance. “As you wish,” I murmured,

I let Amelia push my wheelchair toward the elevator.

(Author’s POV)

The living room downstairs returned to silence as Amelia and Theodore disappeared into the elevator.

Seraphina and Jaxon sat down with Elias. They couldn’t help but ask about Amelia’s past life on the fringes of the Meadow Brook Pack.

Elias sighed. A look of deep memory surfaced in his eyes.

“Six years ago, my mate was bitten by a highly toxic mutant viper while helping me find a rare herb,” Elias began slowly. “I took her everywhere seeking help, but nothing worked. The toxin nearly destroyed her nervous system. In my despair, I heard about a strange little girl living on the edge of the territory.”

Seraphina listened intently, her hand gripping Jaxon’s.

“When I found that place, I was shocked,” Elias continued. “The healer was Amelia, only fourteen years old. She used a special mixture of herbs and precise techniques. She forced the toxin out of my mate’s body.”

Elias’s expression held a mix of awe and complex amusement.

“I gave her a blank check as a reward. I told her to fill in any amount. But she tore the check up right in front of my face.”

Jaxon looked surprised. “She tore it up?”

“Yes,” Elias nodded. “She looked at the poisonous vipers I had captured. Her eyes shone brighter than if she were looking at gold.”

Elias paused, mimicking the young girl’s tone. “She said: ‘I just want these. Because they know the rules. If they bite someone to death, they don’t need to take responsibility. They are much simpler than hypocritical humans.’”

The room fell silent.

“I realized then that she could communicate with those dangerous creatures, but she couldn’t fully control them yet,” Elias said. “To repay her, and to prevent that talent from going out of control, I decided to stay and teach her.”

“For those six years,” Elias said, “I saw that little girl muttering to those deadly snakes and insects more than once. It was as if they were her only friends.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 190[1,184 words]

(Seraphina’s POV)

The living room felt heavy with silence. Elias sat on the sofa, his eyes distant as if looking back through time.

“Black, White, Green,” Elias said, his voice changing to mimic the soft, lonely tone of a child. “Tell me, why don’t my Alpha parents want me?”

A chill ran down my spine. Elias looked up at us, his expression full of heartache.

“That is what she used to say,” he explained quietly. “When she was alone at the edge of the Meadow Brook territory, she would talk to those three snakes.”

I covered my mouth to stifle a sob.

“She used to guess innocently,” Elias continued. “She told them maybe her parents had difficulties. Or maybe she was stolen by enemies and abandoned. She truly believed you were out there somewhere, desperately looking for her.”

A collective gasp of pain swept through the room. My brothers—Wesley, Graham, Preston, Donovan, and Felix—stiffened instantly.

“Those bastards!” Wesley roared, his eyes flashing with a violent light.

A low, menacing growl rumbled from Felix’s throat. “I’ll kill them. I will go to the Stone territory right now and tear Adrian and Livia apart.”

Graham and Preston clenched their fists, their knuckles turning white. They looked ready to shift and hunt.

“Stop!” Donovan stepped forward, though his own eyes burned with fury. “Look at Mother. She can’t take this stress.”

My brothers froze and looked at our mother. Helena was pale, clutching her chest.

Donovan took a deep breath, suppressing his own killing intent. “Calm down. We cannot act on impulse.”

Elias nodded solemnly. “Donovan is right. Physical violence is too easy for them.”

He looked at each of my brothers. “Adrian and his family have lost a priceless treasure. Without Amelia, they are nothing. They will eventually realize what they threw away.”

Elias’s voice turned hard. “They will regret it endlessly. They will try to crawl back like parasites to beg for forgiveness. The best way to protect Amelia is to cut them off completely.”

“He is right,” Helena said, her voice sharp with authority.

She tapped her cane on the floor. “Listen to me, all of you. From this day on, you are not to engage with Adrian’s family. Do not give them the satisfaction of your anger.”

My brothers looked reluctant, their chests heaving with suppressed rage.

“Focus only on supporting Amelia,” Helena commanded. “Make her strong. That is our revenge.”

Wesley unclenched his fists slowly. “Fine. For Amelia’s peace.”

The others nodded, finally forcing down the fire in their hearts.

(Theodore’s POV)

Upstairs, the atmosphere was much quieter. Marcus carefully lowered me onto the wide, soft cushions of the bay window in Amelia's room.

"I will be outside, Alpha," Marcus said, bowing slightly before retreating and closing the door.

As soon as the latch clicked, Amelia moved. She leaned in close, her scent wrapping around me instantly.

She pressed a soft kiss to my lips. When she pulled back, her sapphire eyes seemed to peer right into my soul.

"I know what you are thinking, Theodore," she whispered. "You don't need to envy the atmosphere downstairs."

I blinked, surprised. A faint smile touched my lips. "You caught me."

I had felt a pang of envy watching her with her uncles and grandmother. It was a warmth I had never known in the Crimson pack.

Amelia's fingers traced the line of my jaw. "Don't try to hide things from me."

Her gaze intensified. "Since you are my mate, I see every look. I will always watch what belongs to me."

Her possessiveness hit me like a physical wave. The ice that usually guarded my heart melted instantly.

That light kiss was not enough. Not after a declaration like that.

I reached out, my arm wrapping firmly around her waist. I pulled her down into my embrace.

"You know I haven't had enough yet," I said, my voice low and rough.

Amelia smiled, a mischievous light dancing in her eyes. "I was waiting for you to make a move, Alpha. Make it last longer this time."

I chuckled darkly. "As you wish."

I captured her lips in a deep, searing kiss.

She is ours, Logan purred in my mind. *She belongs to us completely.*

My wolf rolled over in the depths of my consciousness, ecstatic at her acceptance.

Time seemed to blur. When we finally broke apart, both of us were breathless.

“Enough?” I asked, my voice husky.

Amelia laughed softly, her cheeks flushed. “It was okay. Better than last time.”

Suddenly, the hair on the back of my neck stood up. I felt eyes on me.

We both turned our heads toward the bed.

Three small snakes—one black, one white, and one green—were raised high on the mattress. They stared at us with unblinking, strangely intelligent eyes.

I knew Amelia could control them, but seeing such human-like curiosity in cold-blooded creatures was startling.

Amelia groaned and rubbed her forehead. “Black, White, Green. Do you three not understand the concept of privacy?”

The green snake shook its head. It pointed the tip of its tail directly at me.

Then, it slithered over to the white snake and tangled itself around it, mimicking an intimate embrace.

Amelia sighed. She looked at them with a firm expression.

“Stop staring with your heat pits,” she commanded, though her tone was fond. “Yes, he is the Alpha. I plan to keep him.”

The three snakes looked at each other. They seemed to nod in realization.

Then, they began to hiss softly, their tongues flicking in a rapid rhythm. It sounded like they were having a heated discussion.

(Theodore’s POV)

I raised an eyebrow. “Are they... communicating?”

Amelia laughed helplessly. “Yes. They are gossiping.”

She shook her head. “They are saying that the person I kiss in my dreams must be you.”

I smirked. “So, my little wolf has done this with me in her dreams more than once?”

Amelia didn’t shy away. She held up two fingers. “Twice.”

She sat down beside my legs and opened a jar of ointment. A strong, fresh herbal scent filled the air.

“Only twice?” I teased as she began to massage the deep tissue of my paralyzed legs. “Does that count as using your imagination to satisfy yourself?”

Amelia’s hands didn’t stop, but she leaned in close to my ear. Her breath was warm against my skin.

“Are you worried about your performance, Alpha?” she whispered, her tone provocative. “Or are you afraid I’ll break you? Because I don’t need your legs to be working to get satisfied.”

My breath hitched. The directness of her words sent a jolt of heat through me.

I dropped the joking manner. I looked into her eyes, letting her see the intensity of my desire.

“I want to save that moment for the marking ceremony,” I said seriously. “I want to be in my perfect state that day. I want to claim you so thoroughly that you will remember it forever.”

Amelia softened. She understood. It was about respect for the bond.

“Fair enough,” she said.

She continued the massage in silence for a moment, then looked up. “Speaking of dreams, Theodore. Have you never dreamed of me?”

“Of course I have,” I said instantly.

My gaze locked onto hers, hungry and intense. “The first time I went to that remote village in Meadow Brook to find you... I dreamed of you that very night.”

Amelia raised her eyebrows, surprised. “Oh? You dreamed of me right after we met?”

She leaned closer, her curiosity piqued. “Well... what did you dream about?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 191[1,249 words]

(Theodore’s POV)

“What did you dream about?” Amelia asked, her voice soft but persistent.

I looked at her. There was no point in hiding it.

“That night, I dreamed we completed the mating ceremony,” I confessed. My voice dropped an octave. “I dreamed you became my true Mate.”

The memory was vivid. After I first met her in that remote village, even though our contact was brief, I slept better than I had in years. The dream was consumed by her. I saw her under the moonlight, baring her neck, accepting my mark willingly.

Amelia was kneeling beside my wheelchair. Her hands, coated in cooling herbal ointment, pressed firmly into the stiff muscles of my legs. She paused for a second, then looked up with a smirk.

“You dreamed of marking me after just one meeting?” She dug her thumb into a pressure point. “You really are a rogue, Theodore. A complete pervert.”

I let out a low chuckle. “When it comes to you, my rationality leaves the building.”

It is instinct, Logan roared triumphantly in my mind. *She is destined to be ours. He was very proud of that dream.

Amelia seemed satisfied with my honesty. Her eyes softened. “I like that,” she whispered. “I like that you can’t control your hunger for me.”

The air between us crackled with heat. But we had work to do. Amelia kept massaging, her rhythm steady.

“What about your side?” she asked, her tone shifting to business. “What is the progress on Vivian Crimson?”

My expression hardened. “You have already cleaned up the mess in the Stone family. I cannot fall behind.”

I looked at her seriously. “Once we return to the Northern Territories, I will make my move. I will have her kidnapped immediately.”

Amelia’s fingers stopped moving on my legs. She glided her hand up, tracing the line of my chest over my shirt. Her sapphire eyes turned dangerous and excited.

“Good,” she purred. “But don’t finish her off too quickly, I want a turn.”

She paused, a cruel smile curling her lips. “When you catch her, call me. I have some ideas about how to make her regret crossing us.”

The ruthlessness in her eyes ignited a fire in my gut. My Adam’s apple bobbed. I caught her hand and pressed it against my beating heart.

“As you wish, my Luna,” I said hoarsely.

The therapy session lasted another two hours. When she was finished, Amelia wiped her hands.

“Stay for lunch,” she said.

I was about to agree when my phone buzzed on the side table. I glanced at the screen. It was my father, Theron.

I picked up. “What is it?”

“Theodore,” Theron’s voice was demanding. “Isla is being discharged soon. You need to arrange a place for her to stay. The main estate is-”

“No,” I cut him off. My voice was cold as ice.

“If it is for that illegitimate daughter, she can stay in a hotel,” I said flatly. “Or she can go under a bridge and fight the bums for space. Do not think about letting her step foot in any Crimson property.”

“You-”

I hung up before he could finish. I tossed the phone onto the bed.

Amelia was watching me. She had heard everything. Her expression showed pure disdain for my father.

“You’re the Alpha King, Theo,” she said, her voice firm. “You don’t need anyone’s permission. If he disrespects you or the Pack, you put him in his place. Period.”

I frowned slightly, hesitating. “He is my father after all. If I act against him without a proper reason, the Pack elders and my grandfather might be difficult to deal with.”

Amelia rolled her eyes. She looked at me like I was being dense.

“Reason?” she scoffed. “Just tell them his presence was offending your authority as Alpha.

Or better yet, tell them he threatened your Mate. No one questions that.”

She paused, a wicked grin spreading across her face. “Besides, you could always say he entered the hall with his left foot first, bringing bad luck to the pack. It’s ridiculous enough that no one will dare argue.”

I stared at her for a moment, stunned. Then, a laugh bubbled up in my chest. Her logic was domineering and undeniable.

“Left foot,” I repeated, smiling. “Alright. Next time, I will use that.”

(Author’s POV)

Meanwhile, in a sterile hospital room, Theron stared at his phone. The screen was black. He had been hung up on.

His face turned a sickly shade of purple. He looked at the hospital bed where Isla lay, pale and weak. Anger boiled in his veins, hot and uncontrollable.

He felt pushed to the edge of a cliff. Theodore was systematically destroying him. His financial sources were cut off. His authority in the family was being trampled. He even knew Theodore was secretly investigating Ronan's bloodline.

Despair mixed with rage. Theron gritted his teeth. He had no choice.

With trembling fingers, he dialed a number. It was his niece, Vivian Crimson. He needed help to fight back against his own son.

Back at the Grey family estate, Amelia pushed Theodore's wheelchair into the dining room.

The table was laden with food. There was roast venison, creamy mashed potatoes, and a large bowl of fresh vegetable salad. The aroma was mouthwatering.

However, getting seated proved to be a challenge.

"I'm sitting next to her!" Uncle Wesley declared, grabbing a chair.

"Dream on, old man!" Uncle Felix shoved him aside. "I have no generation gap with Amelia. We have things to talk about!"

"Move!" Wesley growled.

The scene was chaotic. The uncles were bickering like children, neither willing to give an inch.

Uncle Donovan sighed. He stepped forward calmly.

"Enough," Donovan said. He pulled out a chair next to Seraphina. "Amelia, sit here with your mother."

Amelia smiled and sat down. Donovan immediately took the seat opposite her.

"And Theodore," Donovan pointed to the empty spot on Amelia's other side. "You sit there."

The other uncles groaned but accepted defeat. Donovan smiled at Theodore. "Take care of her. She just spent a lot of energy on your therapy."

Theodore nodded. He picked up his knife and fork. He cut the roast venison on his plate into perfect, bite-sized pieces.

He speared a piece with his fork, intending to transfer it to Amelia's plate.

Suddenly, Amelia leaned in. Before he could put the fork down, she opened her mouth and bit the meat directly off the tines.

She chewed slowly, her eyes locking with his. There was a teasing glint in them.

"Good boy," she murmured, her voice low and husky. "Keep feeding me like that, and I might never let you leave."

Theodore's pupils dilated. A low, possessive growl rumbled in his throat. His gaze turned scorching hot.

Seraphina and Jaxon watched the interaction from across the table. They exchanged a look and smiled, relief and happiness evident in their eyes.

After lunch, the group moved to the living room. Master Elias was preparing to leave.

"Wait, Master Elias," Amelia said. "Before you go, I have a surprise for you."

She turned toward the staircase and let out a sharp whistle.

Elias looked confused. "A surprise?"

Suddenly, movement caught his eye. Three snakes—one black, one white, and one green—slid down the polished wooden banister.

The Grey family remained calm. They were used to Amelia's strange affinity with animals.

Amelia pointed at the snakes as they reached the floor. "Black, White, Green. Do you remember him?"

The green snake paused. Its round, beady eyes lit up.

It immediately raised its upper body and slithered rapidly toward Elias. It reached his feet and began to circle him affectionately. It rubbed its head against his trouser leg, acting like an eager puppy begging for treats.

A few feet away, Black and White coiled together. They stared at Green with unblinking eyes. Their expression was unmistakable—pure contempt for their companion's shameless bootlicking.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 192[1,160 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Master Elias stood by the door, staring down at the three snakes coiled obediently near my feet. He shook his head in disbelief.

"Incredible," he muttered, stroking his long white beard. "Truly incredible!"

He pointed a shaking finger at Green, who was currently nuzzling his shoe. "Do you remember when you first found these three? They were vicious. They hissed at everything that moved. That green one nearly bit my Mate."

I nodded. "I remember. You wanted to kill them."

"Their poison is unique, Elias said seriously. "I didn't think they could be controlled. I taught you those emergency suppression techniques because I feared for your life. He looked at me with new respect in his eyes. "But you didn't just suppress them. You tamed them completely. Your talent for handling dangerous beasts might even surpass mine, Amelia"

I smiled, feeling a warm sense of accomplishment.

Suddenly, a haughty voice echoed in my mind.

Hmph, Ava sniffed disdainfully. They are not as strong or as fluffy as a wolf. But I suppose they are acceptable as watchdogs for the front door.*

I almost laughed out loud. Ava was clearly trying to sound unimpressed, but I could feel her satisfaction. She liked having minions.

"They are my most trusted partners," I told Elias proudly.

I bent down and unzipped my large leather bag. I looked at the three colorful coils on the floor.

"Black, White, Green," I commanded softly. "Escort Master Elias home. Make sure he arrives safely. Do not let anything harm him."

The three snakes hissed in acknowledgement. They slithered into the bag one by one, ready for their mission.

(Theodore's POV)

After leaving the Grey estate, I stopped by the pack office to sign some urgent documents. By the time I returned to the Pack House, the afternoon sun was already dipping low.

I sat in my wheelchair at the entrance, enjoying a moment of silence.

A sleek luxury car pulled up the driveway and screeched to a halt nearby. The door opened, and Vivian Crimson stepped out. She was dressed in high fashion, looking every bit the arrogant socialite.

But she wasn't alone.

The back door opened, and my father, Theron, stepped out. He reached back inside and helped someone into a wheelchair.

It was Isla.

My eyes darkened instantly.

Isla looked terrible. Her face was bruised, and she moved with the stiffness of healing injuries. She looked up and locked eyes with me. There was no remorse in her gaze, only pure, venomous hatred. Her hands gripped the armrests of her wheelchair so hard her knuckles turned white.

A memory of Amelia's voice whispered in my ear.

"Don't wait for karma, Theo. Be the karma."

I watched my father fuss over the illegitimate daughter he chose over his pack. Perhaps it was time to wake him up. He clearly didn't know his place.

Vivian glanced between Isla's hateful face and my calm expression. She smiled, a provocative tilt to her lips. She clearly thought bringing these two here would disgust me.

Traitorous filth, Logan growled deep in my chest. *The scent of mutts is nauseating. Let us tear them apart.*

Theron didn't even look at me. He turned his back on me and walked straight to Vivian. His face was full of gratitude.

"Vivian, thank you," Theron said, his voice trembling with emotion. "If it weren't for you, I couldn't have even paid the hospital bill today."

Vivian waved her hand dismissively. "Oh, Uncle Theron. It's just a million dollars. That's nothing to me."

She cast a side-eye at me, her voice raising slightly so I wouldn't miss it. "It is shameful, really. A son freezing his own father's funds? How cold-blooded can one be?"

She turned back to Theron with a benevolent smile. "If you need money, just speak up. I am happy to help."

I knew exactly what she was thinking. Investing in Theron and his daughter was a cheap way to buy trouble for me.

Theron's eyes lit up. "Actually... could you lend me another five million? I need to get settled."

"Done," Vivian said without hesitation.

She turned to face me then, her expression shifting into a mask of fake concern.

"Theodore," she sighed. "Look at them. Isla is your sister, after all. She shares your blood. You've taught her a lesson already. Is there really a need to destroy her completely?"

I let out a short, cold laugh. The killing intent radiating from me made the air drop a few degrees.

"You remind me, Vivian," I said softly. "I really should have finished the job. Leaving a flea alive just means it will bounce around and annoy me later."

Isla flinched. She shrank back in her wheelchair, terror flashing in her eyes. But then she looked at Vivian and gathered her courage.

"You can't touch me!" Isla screamed shrilly. "Vivian is protecting me now!"

Vivian stepped forward, placing a hand on Isla's shoulder. "That's right. I have decided to take Isla under my wing. She is now my Honorary Sister."

She raised an eyebrow at me challengingly. "Do you have an objection, Cousin?"

I laughed again. "Objection? No. If you aren't afraid of catching a disease, go ahead."

I looked at Theron. My voice lost all warmth.

"I don't even want a father like you," I said flatly. "Why would I want an illegitimate sister?"

Theron's face turned red.

"And Father," I continued, my tone icy. "Isla was expelled from the Pack by Alpha King Gideon himself. You bring her back to the Pack House? Are you openly challenging the King's authority?"

Theron stiffened. He grabbed Isla's hand tightly, his jaw set in stubborn defiance.

"I don't need your permission," Theron spat. "I came back to tell you that even without your support, I can give my daughter a superior life."

He bent down to Isla, his voice turning gentle. "Don't worry, sweetheart. I promise you, one day you will return to the Crimson family. Legally and honorably."

Isla nodded, playing the part of the victim perfectly. “I believe you, Daddy. I believe in Vivian.”

Theron nodded to Vivian. “Thank you again.”

Vivian gestured to her driver. “Lawrence, take them to the apartment I arranged.”

I watched in silence as the car drove away, taking the trash with it.

Once they were gone, Vivian turned her attention back to me. The fake sympathy was gone, replaced by triumph.

“Shall we go in?” she asked brightly.

She started walking toward the massive double doors of the Pack House without waiting for me.

“I haven’t had a proper tour in ages,” she called out over her shoulder. “The engagement party was such a mess. I want to take a good look today.”

She stopped on the top step and looked down at me sitting in my wheelchair. Her smile was predatory.

“After all,” she said, her voice dripping with arrogance. “It won’t be long before my branch of the family moves in here. We will be the ones ruling this Pack.”

I looked up at her and smiled faintly. “The weather is nice today. Perfect for daydreaming.”

Vivian’s smile vanished instantly. Her eyes narrowed into slits.

“How can you still smile?” she demanded sharply. “Look at you. You are a cripple. Do you honestly think you have any chance of keeping your position as heir?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 193[1,220 words]

(Theodore’s POV)

Marcus pushed my wheelchair toward the backyard. His face was blank. He ignored the noise behind us.

Vivian didn’t just follow and nag. She stepped forward quickly. She blocked my path completely.

She crossed her arms over her chest. She leaned forward, using her height to loom over me.

“Look at you, Theo,” Vivian said. Her voice was sharp and mean. “Spinning around in this little chair all day.”

She smirked. “Do you really think the pack will submit to a man who can’t even stand up to pee? Don’t be stupid. The future of the Crimson Moon Pack belongs to my brother, Victor.”

I raised my eyes slowly. I looked at her with calm indifference. I let out a soft, mocking laugh.

“Victor?” I asked. “That idiot has muscles but no brain. He is only fit to be exiled to Rogue Territory to rot. Or maybe we should send him to the most dangerous border patrol until he dies there.”

Vivian was furious. She slapped the armrest of my wheelchair hard.

“At least he can run and jump!” she sneered. “And you? You can’t even maintain your wolf form. You are like an unweaned baby. You need a bodyguard to watch your every step. You are a babysitter’s project. You are useless, Theodore.”

I didn’t get angry. I looked at her with the cold detachment of a King looking at a peasant.

“Ruling a powerful Pack relies on an Alpha’s brain and decisions,” I said calmly. “It does not rely on limbs used for running errands. If muscles were all it took to be King, the bears in the forest would rule the world.”

Vivian let out a disdainful snort. She continued her verbal attack.

“Stop lying to yourself,” she said. “We are the most powerful family in the Northern Territories. The Council of Elders will never allow a cripple to take the throne. It would make the whole werewolf society laugh at us.”

She leaned closer. “Alpha King Gideon gave you three months. Do you think he expects a miracle from that Amelia girl? No. It is to give contenders from other family branches a chance. They need to prove they are better than you. That won’t be hard.”

I remained silent. I let her vent.

Marcus pushed me onto a small garden bridge. I raised a hand to signal him to stop.

I turned my head. My gaze burned into Vivian.

“You said so many good things about Victor,” I said suddenly. “Have you never thought about replacing him? Or replacing me? Have you never thought about becoming the Alpha?”

Vivian’s eyes instantly turned dark. They were filled with resentment she had suppressed for a long time.

She let out a cold laugh. It sounded bitter.

“Don’t mock me, Theodore,” she said. “You know the reason. It doesn’t matter if I am smarter than my muscle-brained brother. The Council will never allow a ‘bitch’ to rule the family. That is the damn rule.”

I shrugged. My tone was light.

“Rules are made to be broken,” I said. “Look at Amelia Stone. Alpha Adrian of the Stone River Pack is finished. Amelia is about to take over the entire pack’s affairs and the company. She is a woman. She was even an exile.”

My voice dropped lower. It was filled with temptation. I looked straight into her ambitious eyes.

“Since Amelia can rule the Stone family as a woman and corner Adrian, why can’t you? You have pure Crimson blood. Are you willing to be beneath others for your whole life?”

Vivian narrowed her eyes warily.

“What exactly do you want?” she demanded sharply.

I spread my hands. A cruel smile touched my lips.

“It’s simple,” I said. “I want to drive a wedge between you and Victor. I want to watch you two siblings tear each other apart for control. That way, I can save some energy.”

My brutal honesty hit a nerve. Vivian looked furious. Her face twisted slightly.

“You think you can manipulate me with this?” she hissed through gritted teeth. “I am not your pawn, Theodore. If I take Victor down, it will be for *myself*. Not for your entertainment.”

3

215

+25 Points

“Good” I said coldly “Keep that anger. Because if you don’t act, you are only fit to be Victor’s stepping stone. When he takes the position, you will be like a dog. You will squat under the table and wait for his leftovers. You will live on scraps.”

Vivian’s chest heaved. She tried to look arrogant, but her eyes flickered. I saw the fear there. I had spoken her worst nightmare out loud.

I stopped smiling abruptly. My eyes turned icy.

Shoe we can't reach an agreement, I'll just have to kidnap you," I said.

Before she could react, a syringe appeared in my hand. It was filled with glowing blue liquid.

My movement was fast as lightning. I pulled her close. I jammed the needle into her neck. It was high-concentration liquid wolfsbane.

'Un-!

Vivian let out a muffled groan of pain. The poison paralyzed her nerves instantly. Dizziness washed over her like a tide.

She started to fall. At the last moment, she reached out instinctively. She grabbed the armrest of my wheelchair. Her nails dug deep into the leather.

She gritted her teeth, fighting the darkness.

'You... mad dog...' she cursed viciously. "You will pay for this..."

I looked at her without emotion. I pried her fingers off one by one.

"The Alpha King gave me three months," I said. "That is my excuse to clear all potential threats around me. You delivered yourself to my door. You saved me the effort of hunting you down."

Stupid she-wolf, Logan growled in my mind. *She thought I was joking? Throw her in the dungeon. I will show her what true fear is.*

Vivian went limp. She collapsed on the ground like mud.

I signaled the bodyguards hiding in the shadows. They dragged her away.

"Marcus," I said indifferently. "When that ungrateful Theron comes back, beat him. Don't kill him. Just put him in the hospital. Teach him how to be a quiet elder."

(Theron's POV)

3/5

< Chapter 193 k*****g Vivian

+25 Points

I settled my illegitimate daughter, Isla, into the apartment Vivian had provided. It was small.

Isla looked around the room. She frowned at the peeling paint on the walls.

“Daddy,” she whined. “When can we go back to the Pack House? This place is awful.”

I patted her shoulder patiently. My eyes gleamed with calculation.

“Be patient, Isla,” I said. “Our top priority now is to contact Ronan. Let Vivian fight Theodore to the death. When the dust settles and they are both hurt, we will bring Ronan back. He will pick up the pieces and take everything.”

I looked at her seriously. “For these three months, pretend to obey Vivian. Use the resources of the fourth branch to attack Theodore.”

Isla nodded, though she still looked unhappy.

I left the apartment and hailed a taxi. Anger burned in my chest.

My assets were frozen by that ungrateful son of mine. I had to take a taxi like a commoner. My authority as a father felt completely violated.

I sat in the back seat, grinding my teeth.

Just wait, I thought. *When I get home, I will show him who is the father. I will scold that ungrateful bastard until he begs for forgiveness.*

The taxi dropped me off at the Pack House. I stormed toward the entrance aggressively.

I barely stepped through the main gate when two burly family bodyguards stepped in front of me. They blocked my path. Their faces were expressionless. They looked at me like I was an intruder.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 194[1,099 words]

(Theron's POV)

“What are you doing? Get out of my way immediately!” I roared at the two towering bodyguards blocking the entrance. “Don't block my path. I am in a terrible mood today. I don't want to get my hands dirty at my own door, or you will suffer the consequences!”

The two elite warriors didn't blink. They completely ignored my Alpha aura. They didn't say a word.

Methodically, they raised their fists at the same time.

Smack!

Their heavy fists slammed into my face.

I stumbled back, my vision blurring. Before I could even curse at them, two more heavy blows landed on my stomach.

“Ugh!” I groaned, doubling over.

I fell to the ground hard. It was humiliating.

Before I could get up, they grabbed my ankles. They dragged me like a dead dog toward the side of the Pack House. I knew that spot. It was a blind spot for the surveillance cameras.

The sound of dull thuds echoed in the night air.

“Ah! Stop! I am your former Alpha!” I screamed.

They didn’t stop. They just kept kicking.

Inside the grand study, the atmosphere was quiet. I sat across from my grandfather, Alpha King Gideon. We were playing chess.

Gideon moved a knight. He didn’t look up. “How is the situation with the girl? Amelia?”

I moved my bishop. A faint smile touched my lips.

“She has successfully taken control of the Stone family,” I replied calmly.

Gideon nodded with approval. “Good. That child has more spine than Adrian. That man is too indecisive to be an Alpha. She is worth trusting. Give her support if she needs it.”

“She won’t need much,” I said, my voice filled with confidence. “She is fully capable of handling the internal cleaning herself.”

I paused for a moment. “However, there is a conflict brewing between her and the Drake Pack.”

Gideon’s hand paused over the board. He let out a cold snort. A flash of killing intent sharpened his eyes.

“The Drake family has been getting too arrogant lately,” Gideon said. “I have been looking for a reason to suppress them. Since they actively provoked our future Luna, I will leave the task of cleaning up the house to you.”

He moved his piece. “Checkmate.”

I looked at the board. I had lost.

Gideon leaned back in his chair. He looked at me with deep meaning.

“The future belongs to you, Theodore,” he said. “Do you know why I set that three-month deadline? It wasn’t to test you. It was a trap.”

He gestured to the door. “I want those ambitious branch members to expose themselves. I want them to show their greed and their incompetence. I want them to see with their own eyes how they lose to a ‘cripple’.”

Suddenly, the heavy doors burst open.

Theron stumbled in. His face was swollen and blue. His clothes were torn and dirty.

“Father!” Theron shouted, pointing a shaking finger at me. “Theodore ordered his guards to beat me! His own father!”

Gideon frowned. He looked at me casually. “Why did you do that?”

My expression didn’t change. I looked at Theron with mock pity.

“A werewolf seer gave me a prophecy this morning,” I lied smoothly. “He said if Theron entered the main gate with his left foot first today, it would bring terrible bad luck to the Crimson Moon Pack. The only way to break the curse was a thorough ‘physical purification’.”

Theron’s jaw dropped. He trembled with rage. “That is absolute bullshit-”

“Silence!” Gideon barked.

Theron froze.

Gideon glared at him coldly. “If this concerns the luck of the family, then that beating was too light. Get out of here. Go to the hospital and fix your face. If you don’t go now, I will send you to the mental asylum myself.”

Theron looked at Gideon in shock. He realized there was no justice for him here. He swallowed his words.

Gideon stood up and walked out of the room without looking back.

Once Gideon’s footsteps faded down the stairs, Theron turned to me. His eyes were full of venom.

“You ungrateful monster,” he hissed, lowering his voice. “Beating your father? The Moon Goddess will punish you for this.”

I ignored him. I turned my head slightly to Marcus, who was standing in the shadows.

“Marcus,” I said. “Contact Dr. Julian Pierce. Tell him to come and do a comprehensive psychological evaluation on my father. We can’t have the former Alpha going mad from depression.”

“You...” Theron choked.

The mockery broke him. He raised his cane high. “I’ll kill you!”

He swung it at my wheelchair.

But he was injured and unstable. His momentum carried him too far forward. He missed me completely.

He stumbled past my wheelchair and reached the top of the stairs. He couldn’t stop.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

He rolled down the long staircase.

He landed on the marble floor at the bottom with a sickening crack. Blood began to pool around his forehead.

Theron lay there, dizzy. The world was spinning for him. He touched his forehead and saw red on his fingers.

He looked up at the landing. He reached a trembling hand toward me.

“Help...” he wheezed. “Call a doctor... hospital...”

I wheeled myself to the edge of the stairs. I looked down at him. My face was cold. I looked at him like he was a stranger I passed on the street.

I didn’t say a word. I turned my wheelchair around.

“Let’s go to the dining room, Marcus,” I said.

Theron watched me leave. Fear filled his eyes. The fear of abandonment. The fear of dying alone on the cold floor.

He dragged his body across the marble. He crawled toward the bodyguards at the door.

“Help me...”

Before he reached them, his eyes rolled back. He fainted.

Later that evening, after dining with Gideon, I returned to my bedroom.

I took out my phone. I sent a text to Amelia.

Theodore: Did you get Master Elias home safely?

The reply came almost instantly.

Amelia: Yes! We are home. Look!

A photo popped up on my screen.

It was a selfie. The background was a warm, well-lit kitchen. Master Elias was wearing an apron, flipping a steak in a pan. Amelia was in the foreground, grinning brightly at the camera. She looked happy.

I zoomed in on the photo. My eyes traced her features greedily. Her blue eyes sparkled. Her smile was genuine.

I saved the photo to my private gallery.

Theodore: Good. Eat first. We can video call later.

I went into the bathroom. I washed away the day’s stress.

Thirty minutes later, I walked out. I was drying my wet black hair with a towel. My bathrobe was tied loosely around my waist.

I sat on the edge of the bed and dialed Amelia’s number for a video call.

The screen connected. Amelia’s face appeared.

She blinked. Then her eyes widened slightly. She let out a low whistle.

“Theodore,” she said, her voice teasing and direct. “You look absolutely tempting right now.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 195[1,323 words]

(Theodore’s POV)

“Theodore, looking like that... are you trying to seduce me on purpose?”

On the screen, Amelia’s sapphire eyes sparkled with amusement. Her gaze traveled boldly down the front of my loosely tied bathrobe, lingering where the fabric gaped open to reveal my chest.

I didn’t pull the robe closed. Instead, I leaned closer to the camera, letting my lips curve into a wicked smile.

“If I were, is it working?” My voice dropped an octave, rough and low.

Amelia laughed softly. “Maybe. You’re lucky I have work to do. But don’t worry. I’ll eat breakfast early tomorrow and head straight back to the Northern Territories. I need to start the rehabilitation therapy for your legs immediately.”

The air between us grew thick with unspoken desire. We just looked at each other for a moment, enjoying the rare peace.

Thump.

A dull, heavy sound broke the silence.

Thump. Hiss.

It sounded like something hard slamming against glass, followed by an angry, rhythmic hissing noise.

I frowned, looking past Amelia’s shoulder. In the background of her room, inside a large glass terrarium, that green snake she called ‘Green’ was in a frenzy. It was coiled in an attack posture, repeatedly striking its head against the glass door of its enclosure.

Thump!

It was incredibly loud.

Amelia sighed, the romantic tension instantly evaporating. She didn’t coo at the creature or try to soothe it. She just rolled her eyes at the camera.

“I rarely take them out on trips,” she explained, sounding exasperated. “Green’s metabolism is speeding up because of the travel. He’s throwing a tantrum because he wants food. If I don’t feed him a couple of dead mice right now, he won’t let me sleep all night.”

I felt a sudden, intense wave of frustration.

I was the heir to the Alpha King. I had finally managed to create a perfect, intimate moment with my mate. And it was ruined by a cold-blooded reptile demanding dinner.

Are you serious? I'm trying to have a moment here, and that glorified shoelace is throwing a fit?

I gritted my teeth, feeling incredibly annoyed.

Before I could say anything to salvage the mood, Amelia stood up. She blew me a quick, apologetic kiss.

"Sorry, Theo. This is the price of being a 'snake mom'. I have to deal with this. See you tomorrow."

The screen went black. She hung up.

I stared at my phone, alone in my silent bedroom, listening to the phantom echo of that snake banging its head.

(Author's POV)

The music at "The Nocturne" was deafening, a heavy bass that vibrated through the floorboards of

the high-end bar in Northgate City.

Natasha Crimson sat in the center of a plush velvet booth, holding a martini glass. She was surrounded by a group of wealthy socialites and heirs from various packs. Her face was flushed with excitement as she recounted the day's drama at the Stone Pack.

"You guys missed the best show of the year," Natasha said, utilizing her hands for emphasis. "Amelia was absolutely savage! She didn't just expose that fake mother-daughter duo. She took control of the entire family right in front of everyone!"

Her friends exchanged skeptical glances. One girl in a designer dress leaned forward, looking worried.

"Natasha, look, it's great she won today," the girl said. "But you know who she offended, right? The Drake family. Griffin Drake is ruthless. He holds grudges forever. Amelia has no foundation here. How is she going to hold onto that power?"

Natasha slammed her glass down on the table. The liquid sloshed over the rim.

"You don't get it," Natasha shot back, her voice rising above the music. "This isn't about whether the Stone family survives. It's about *her*. Amelia isn't just surviving. She is a predator. The Drake family? Please. To her, they are just appetizers."

A few guys in the group chuckled condescendingly.

“Come on, Nat,” one guy scoffed. “In our circle, nobody crosses the Drakes and gets a happy ending.”

Natasha lifted her chin, her eyes flashing with a fanatical light. “That was the old rule. The new rule is: anyone who crosses my future Luna won’t have a happy ending. She is a lunatic, and she is a queen. You all better remember that.”

Her phone buzzed on the table.

Natasha glanced down. A message notification popped up from a contact she had renamed “Simp”.

Her friend peeked over. “Simp? Who is that desperate soul?”

Natasha rolled her eyes and unlocked the screen. It was Damien Blackwood.

****Damien:**** *[Is Amelia there? I just finished a few deliveries, but the customer cancelled the last order. I have an extra burger combo. It’s still hot. Does she want a late-night snack?]*

Natasha stared at the text, feeling a mix of absurdity and scorn.

The heir of the Blackwood Pack was actually out there delivering food? Was this his way of atoning? Or was he trying to “experience life”?

A burger? Seriously?

He thought a value meal could fix a broken engagement and years of neglect?

Fine, Natasha thought, a cruel smirk touching her lips. ***If he wants to play the martyr, let him see the mess he left behind. Let him see how this circle actually treats Amelia.***

She knew one thing about Damien: he was a jerk, but he wouldn’t tolerate anyone insulting Amelia to his face.

Her fingers flew across the screen. She sent him the bar’s location.

She had barely set the phone down when a harsh, slurring voice exploded above her head.

“Who is the little girl running her mouth over here?”

Natasha looked up. A middle-aged man stood there, his face red and swollen with alcohol. It was Carlos Drake, Amelia’s uncle by marriage.

He swayed on his feet, pointing a shaking finger at Natasha. “I heard you. Praising that little bitch Amelia? She’s nothing! Just a mongrel with impure blood! Anyone who speaks for her is an enemy of Carlos Drake!”

Natasha didn’t flinch. She didn’t even stand up. She just looked at him with cold disgust.

“Watch your mouth, old man,” she said calmly. “Look at what happened to the Stone family today. Do you want to be next?”

Carlos roared in rage. His Alpha aura flared, messy and violent. He raised his hand high, aiming to slap Natasha across the face.

Natasha didn’t scream. Her eyes narrowed. Her hand shot out and grabbed the heavy crystal ashtray on the table. Her muscles tensed. If that hand came down, she was going to smash the ashtray into his skull.

But the slap never landed.

A hand clamped around Carlos’s wrist in mid-air. It was a grip of iron.

The newcomer wore a faded grey hoodie with the hood pulled low over a baseball cap. In his other hand, he held an insulated delivery bag with a food delivery app logo on it.

It was Damien Blackwood.

Carlos tried to yank his hand back, but Damien didn’t budge. Under the shadow of the cap, Damien’s green eyes burned with icy fury.

“I heard what you said about Amelia,” Damien said, his voice dangerously quiet.

Carlos sneered, trying to look tough. “I can say whatever I want! Amelia is just a cheap, low-born-”

Crack!

Damien didn’t let him finish. The wolf inside him snapped. He released Carlos’s wrist and drove a brutal punch straight into the man’s face.

Carlos flew backward. He crashed into Natasha’s table, sending expensive bottles and glasses shattering to the floor. Liquor sprayed everywhere.

Natasha slowly lowered the ashtray. She raised an eyebrow. *Not bad. Fast reflexes.*

A woman screamed and rushed to help Carlos. He scrambled up, wiping blood from his split lip. He pushed the woman away and glared at Damien.

“You crazy dog! You want to die?” Carlos screamed,

Someone in the crowd whispered loudly. “Oh my god, isn’t that the Blackwood heir?”

Carlos froze. He squinted, finally recognizing the man who had made a fool of himself at the engagement banquet.

Looking at the delivery bag. “What happened? Did your Pack go Iced to delivering burgers now? I guess your Pack finally threw you out.

He let out a sharp, mocking laugh.

“Oh, it’s Damien?” Carlos jeered, looking at the delivery bag. “What happened? Did your Pack go bankrupt? You’re reduced to delivering burgers now? I guess your Pack finally threw you out like the trash you are!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 196[1,043 words]

(Author’s POV)

It was a twist of fate that one of Penelope Blackwood’s “close friends” happened to be at The Neon bar that night. She spotted Damien immediately. Like a shark scenting blood in the water, she pulled out her phone. Her fingers flew across the screen, texting Penelope that her foolish brother was making a scene.

On the edge of the dance floor, the tension had already snapped. Damien stood chest-to-chest with Carlos Drake.

“A delivery boy?” Carlos scoffed, his voice loud enough to draw stares. “Is the Blackwood family destitute?”

Damien’s face flushed red, but he held his ground. “My father, Bernard, wants me to build character. I am learning humility.”

“Humility?” Carlos let out a harsh, grating laugh. “You’re a joke. From the moment you offended the Drake family, you were finished. The Blackwood family will cut you off like rotting trash.”

“Who are you to speak for my family?” Damien shot back.

Penelope’s friend leaned in, whispering urgently to Damien. “That is Carlos Drake. The Alpha’s uncle. He is second only to the Alpha in status here.”

Damien didn't even blink. He looked coldly at the drunk man. "I don't care who he is. No dignified male would stand here and use such filthy language to insult Amelia."

Carlos's face turned purple with rage. "You want to die? I will crush you and that bitch Amelia together!"

At the mention of Amelia's name being sullied again, Damien's eyes flashed a brilliant emerald green. His wolf, Finn, roared in his mind.

"You dare insult Amelia to my face?" Damien roared. "I won't wait for later. I'll shut your mouth right now!"

Damien pulled his arm back and drove his fist into Carlos's face.

Natasha hadn't expected Damien to react so violently over a single sentence. She immediately raised her phone, hitting record.

Carlos might have been from a powerful family, but he had spent years indulging in debauchery.

His body was out of shape and wasted by alcohol. He was no match for Damien, who had been training as a warrior and working manual labor.

Within seconds, Carlos was on the floor.

Damien straddled him, grabbing the collar of his expensive silk shirt. He rained punches down on the older man.

"Say her name again!" Damien shouted, landing another blow. "Is she someone you can curse? Is she?"

Nearby, Penelope's friend watched in shock, typing furiously. She sent a play-by-play to Penelope.

Damien is beating Carlos Drake. It's brutal.

Penelope's reply came instantly: *Let him rot. Father can use this to kick him out for good.*

The friend typed back: *But he's fighting Carlos Drake. And he's doing it to defend Amelia's honor.

He's screaming about protecting her reputation.*

There was a pause. Then Penelope's attitude did a one-eighty.

That idiot is seeking death, Penelope replied. *I'm coming. I have to clean up this mess before he destroys us all.*

Natasha finished recording the video. Her finger hovered over the ‘send‘ button. She looked at the screen, watching Damien fight like a madman for his ex–mate.

A cold smirk touched her lips.

Let Amelia see this? No way, Natasha thought. *Damien thinks a fistfight fixes the past? This would just annoy her. Amelia doesn’t need a toxic ex disturbing her peace.*

Natasha deleted the video.

Damien, panting heavily, finally stood up. Carlos was groaning on the floor. Damien pulled out his phone, his eyes scanning the crowd.

“I need to call Amelia,” he muttered.

Natasha rolled her eyes. She shoved her phone into her bag.

“Stop acting like a hero,” she said in a bored tone. “I just got a text from Amelia. She left ten minutes ago. She didn’t even mention you. The audience for your little show is gone.”

The light in Damien’s eyes died instantly. He looked down at the crumpled burger bag in his hand. He felt a surge of frustration at missing her again, but it quickly faded into a hollow sadness.

He thrust the bag toward Natasha. “Since she’s gone, you eat it.”

He turned to leave.

But as he passed Carlos, a bloody hand shot out and gripped his ankle. “You... you think you can leave?” Carlos spat, blood bubbling past his lips. “I called my nephew. Griffin is coming. You won’t walk out of here alive.”

Damien kicked his leg free, looking down with Alpha pride. “Fine. I won’t go. I want to see if your

nephew is really as high and mighty as you say.”

Natasha groaned. *Is he brain–dead?*

“Are you incapable of understanding human speech, or is your brain just muscle?” Natasha crossed her arms, sneering. “Griffin Drake is a psycho. Staying here isn’t brave; it’s suicide. Don’t expect me to collect your corpse.”

Damien ignored her. His wolf was agitated, refusing to back down.

Seeing that the thick-headed idiot wouldn't budge, Natasha stepped back. She pulled out her phone and texted Theodore.

Your rival is seeking death. The Drakes are making a move. If you want to manage the scene, come now. Location sent.

Twenty minutes later, the bar doors slammed open.

Griffin Drake strode in, surrounded by black-clad bodyguards. The music died. The temperature in the room seemed to drop to freezing.

Natasha immediately backed away, gripping a heavy wine bottle. She scanned the room for emergency exits. She wasn't going to die for these idiots' egos.

Carlos scrambled up from the floor, stumbling toward his nephew. He pointed a shaking finger at Damien. "Griffin! Look what he did! Kill him! This boy doesn't know his place!"

Griffin's cold grey eyes landed on Damien.

Damien straightened his spine. "I am the heir to the Blackwood Pack. If you touch me, you declare war on my family."

Oh god, Natasha thought. *Playing the daddy card in front of Griffin Drake? It's like telling a shark your father is a fisherman.*

Griffin's lip curled into a cruel smile. "Don't talk about a pack you haven't inherited. Even if your father stood here right now, I would still touch you."

Griffin was in a foul mood. First Amelia, now this exile from the Blackwoods. The Drake family authority was being tested. He needed to make an example of him.

He didn't even lift a finger. He just tilted his head.

A massive bodyguard blurred into motion. He slammed a heavy kick into the back of Damien's knee.

Crack.

Damien grunted, forced down onto one knee.

Griffin looked at his uncle, bored. "Uncle Carlos. Pay him back ten-fold."

Carlos's eyes lit up with malicious glee. "That's my boy!"

With a savage grin, Carlos stepped forward and drove his boot hard into Damien's ribs.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 197[1,066 words]

(Natasha's POV)

Carlos raised his leg, his face twisted in a vicious sneer. He aimed a savage kick right at Damien, clearly intending to make the young man pay in blood.

But Damien was faster. He twisted his body to the side with surprising agility. Carlos's foot hit nothing but air.

Damien's hand shot out. He grabbed Carlos's ankle. Using the older man's own momentum against him, he yanked hard.

Carlos flew off balance. He hit the beer-stained floor with a heavy, wet thud.

Damien didn't hesitate. He straddled Carlos, pinning him down.

"Son of a bitch," Damien spat.

His fist slammed into Carlos's face.

Damien raised his fist for a second strike, ready to end this. But he never got the chance.

A trained warrior blurred from the side. He launched a brutal kick that connected solidly with Damien's waist. The impact was massive, throwing Damien off Carlos and tumbling him across the floor.

Before Damien could even struggle to his knees, Griffin Drake stepped forward. He moved with a lazy, arrogant grace. He lifted his expensive leather shoe and stomped it down on Damien's head, grinding his face into the floorboards.

Griffin looked down from his height, his voice cold as the wind in an ice cellar.

"Still think you're tough?"

The situation was spiraling out of control. I knew I couldn't just stand there and watch anymore.

I stepped out from the crowd.

"Griffin, stop," I said, keeping my voice steady. "Think about this. Is it really smart to offend the Stone family and the Blackwood Pack just for your uncle? Amelia isn't just a Stone. She has ties to the Crimson family too."

I was trying to give him a way out. A logical reason to back off.

But the idiot under his foot didn't appreciate it. Damien twisted his neck against the pressure of Griffin's boot, his face scraped and bleeding.

"Shut up!" Damien roared at me. "This is my own business! It has nothing to do with anyone else.

Don't meddle!"

My jaw dropped. I stared at him in disbelief.

I rolled my eyes so hard it hurt.

"Ungrateful prick," I scoffed. "Don't thank me, then, you bastard. Since you want to die so badly, next time I'll just bring a bucket of popcorn and watch the show."

I made an exaggerated 'be my guest' gesture with my hand, refusing to be intimidated by his barking.

Carlos scrambled up from the floor, looking pathetic. He clutched his swollen, red face and ran to his nephew.

"Griffin!" Carlos whined. He pointed a shaking finger at me. "That girl deserves a beating too! She dared to say the Drake family won't have a good ending if we touch that woman Amelia."

Damien, still pinned, shouted from the floor. "You coward! You can only rely on your family to bully people!"

Carlos turned purple with rage. He rushed over and kicked Damien hard in the ribs again. "I'll break your hands tonight!"

Griffin didn't look at Damien. He stared straight at me, his gaze dark and predatory.

"Since the Drake family has already offended the Stones and the Blackwoods," Griffin said slowly, "I don't mind offending a branch of the Crimson family too."

He lifted his chin, signaling his bodyguards. They started moving toward me.

The crowd went dead silent.

My hand shot out to the table beside me. I grabbed a heavy whiskey bottle.

Smash.

I broke the bottom against the table edge. Glass shards scattered. I pointed the jagged glass neck at the approaching guards. My other hand shifted, nails lengthening into sharp wolf claws.

I glared at them. “Come on. But I promise you, the first one to touch me loses an eye. Try me if you don’t believe it.”

The guards hesitated. The tension was at a breaking point.

Suddenly, a voice cut through the air. It was cool, commanding, and dripped with authority.

“Griffin. Quite the show of force you have here.”

Everyone turned. Penelope Blackwood strode into the bar. She wore a sharp, tailored suit that screamed money and power. Her aura was intense, the pressure of a high-ranking wolf clearing a path through the crowd.

Griffin’s face darkened. “Are you here to beg for your brother?”

Penelope stopped in front of him. She looked down at Damien, her eyes filled with sheer exasperation. She looked like she wanted to kick him herself.

She looked back up at Griffin. “I don’t need to beg to save my brother. I’m just asking you one thing.

Are you letting him go?”

Carlos couldn’t keep his mouth shut. “The Blackwood family already announced they disowned him! He’s an exile! Why are you meddling now?”

Penelope’s gaze snapped to him, sharp as a knife. “How the Blackwood family disciplines its members is our internal business. Just like Griffin has to keep cleaning up after you, right?”

Carlos choked. His face turned red, but he couldn’t find a comeback.

Penelope looked back at Griffin. “Move your foot.”

Griffin stood still, weighing his options. The Drakes were already fighting a war with the main Crimson branch. Pushing the Blackwoods into the enemy camp right now over his stupid uncle wasn’t worth it.

Finally, Griffin let out a cold scoff. He slowly lifted his foot from Damien’s head.

The moment he was free, Damien scrambled up. He lunged toward Griffin, eyes wild.

Wham.

Penelope didn't even look. She threw a heavy punch straight into Damien's stomach.

Damien doubled over, gasping for air.

"Still think you're capable, do you?" Penelope asked coldly.

She pulled a handkerchief and shoved it roughly into Damien's mouth to shut him up. "Take him,"

she ordered the bodyguards behind her.

They dragged Damien away.

Carlos watched his revenge slip away. "Griffin! We can't just let-

"Shut up," Griffin snapped, looking at his uncle with pure disgust. "Be more competent next time. You're a Drake. If you can't even win a fistfight, you deserve to be beaten. I'm done cleaning up after you."

Griffin walked out. Carlos pointed a finger at me. "You just wait. This isn't over!" Then he scurried after his nephew.

The bar slowly returned to life. My so-called "friends" swarmed back around me, their faces full of fake concern.

"Natasha, you almost got in huge trouble because of Amelia."

"Yeah, Amelia Stone is bad news. Stay away from her."

Someone laughed. "Why don't you tell Amelia? See if she dares to stand up to the Drake family for you."

I tossed the broken bottle away and straightened my jacket. I ignored them.

"Heh, keep dreaming," a woman sneered, swirling her wine. "Natasha, I thought you were smart.

Staying neutral. But lately? Your brain must be broken. First you side with the crippled Theodore, now Amelia. You're backing the wrong horse. You'll sink with them."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 198[1,007 words]

(Natasha's POV)

“Destined losers?”

I watched the backs of those hypocrites as they hurried out of the bar. A cold, playful smirk tugged at the corner of my mouth.

“Bunch of idiots,” I muttered to myself. “They have no idea I’m holding a Royal Flush.”

The crowd dispersed. I looked down at the takeout bag in my hand. I had planned to toss it in the nearest trash can.

But then, the image of Damien rushing forward to fight flashed in my mind. He had been beaten like a stray dog. It was pathetic, yes. But also kind of funny.

He looked like a mutt trying to guard a bone that didn’t belong to him anymore.

I scoffed softly. I pulled my hand back from the bin.

Whatever. Consider this a “reward” for the entertainment that fool provided. Wasting food is a sin, anyway.

(Damien’s POV)

I slumped against the leather seat of the car. My body ached.

Inside me, Finn let out a low, whimpering growl. My wolf was hurt, but mostly, he was ashamed.

Penelope sat next to me. She adjusted her cuffs, looking pristine and annoyed.

“Look at you,” she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “Playing the knight in shining armor? For a woman who wasn’t even there to see it?”

“Shut up,” I growled. My face burned with humiliation.

“You embarrassed the family, Damien. Fighting in a bar like a common thug.”

“I said shut up!”

I reached for the door handle. I needed air. I needed to get away from her sharp tongue.

“Go ahead,” Penelope said coldly. She didn’t even look at me. “Open it. Griffin Drake is right outside. Step one foot out, and he will break your hands. I won’t stop him this time.”

I froze.

I looked through the tinted window. Griffin was walking out of the bar, flanked by his bodyguards. The sheer pressure of his aura, that dominant Alpha strength, radiated even through the glass.

I gritted my teeth and released the handle. I leaned back, defeated.

(Damien's POV)

The car engine purred to life. We slid into the night traffic.

Penelope sighed. Her posture relaxed slightly.

"Damien, stop obsessing over Amelia," she said, her tone softer now. "You are the heir to the Blackwood Pack. You can have any woman you want. Models, heiresses, high-ranking she-wolves.

Just pick one."

I stared out the window at the blurring city lights. My throat felt tight.

"It doesn't matter who they are," I rasped. "They aren't Amelia."

I turned my head to glare at her. "And who are you to talk? You don't even have a mate. Maybe you should focus on your own empty life."

Whack.

Penelope slapped my shoulder hard.

"I'm trying to help you, you brat," she snapped. Then she paused. "What about Natasha Crimson? She stepped in back there. She obviously cares about you."

"No," I said immediately.

My eyes dimmed. I remembered the past. I remembered using other women to make Amelia jealous. It was stupid. It only pushed her away.

"I'm not doing that again," I muttered.

"I'm not saying use her," Penelope said. "I'm saying try a normal relationship. Start fresh."

I didn't want to hear it. I closed my eyes and leaned my head against the cool glass, pretending to sleep.

(Natasha's POV)

I got into my car and buckled up. My phone buzzed on the dashboard.

The screen lit up with the name “Theodore.”

I tapped answer. “Hello?”

“Are you safe?” Theodore’s deep voice filled the small space.

I started the engine. “I’m fine. But you should have seen your rival, Damien.”

“Oh?”

“He tried to play the White Knight for Amelia’s honor,” I said, chuckling darkly. “Griffin Drake’s men beat him into the floor. It was tragic. And hilarious.”

Theodore let out a scornful scoff. He clearly had zero sympathy for Damien.

“The Drakes are getting too arrogant,” Theodore said, his voice dropping to a freezing temperature.

“Since Carlos decided to offer himself up on a silver platter, I’ll handle him.”

I heard the murderous intent in his tone. My smile widened.

“Good,” I said, my eyes gleaming. “I’ll wait to see how Carlos meets his end.”

(Amelia’s POV)

The next afternoon, I drove toward the Crimson Moon Pack territory.

I had my medical kit in the passenger seat. I planned to treat Theodore’s legs today.

But my phone rang halfway there. It was my mother, Seraphina.

“Amelia, you need to come to the Stone River Pack House immediately,” she said, her voice rushed. “Alpha Alaric is here. He wants to finalize the power transfer. It has to be now.”

I hung up and gripped the steering wheel.

“This is a trap, Amelia,” Ava growled in my mind. Her hackles were raised.

“I know it’s a trap, Ava,” I replied silently, my eyes narrowing. “But I want those shares. Keep your claws out. We might need to fight our way out.”

I spun the car around and headed for the Stone estate.

The butler led me to the study. I didn't knock. I pushed the heavy oak doors open.

Alpha Alaric sat behind the massive desk. A werewolf lawyer in a stiff suit sat nearby.

Alaric looked up. He put on a warm, grandfatherly smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Amelia, you're here," he said, gesturing to a leather chair. "Come, sit down."

I didn't move toward the chair. I walked straight to the desk and stood over him. I crossed my arms.

"Drop the act, Alaric," I said coldly. "I'm not here for a family reunion. I'm here for business. Where is the agreement? I sign, I leave."

(Amelia's POV)

Alaric's smile stiffened for a second. Then it vanished.

He nodded to the lawyer. "Give it to her."

The lawyer slid a stack of documents across the polished wood.

I picked up the pen. I scanned every clause rapidly. My eyes darted over the legal jargon, checking for loopholes or hidden traps.

It looked clean.

I signed my name at the bottom of the final page with a flourish.

I dropped the pen. "Done."

The shares were mine.

Alaric picked up the papers. He looked at me with a sharp, calculating gaze.

"The incident with Carlos Drake," he asked suddenly. "Did you do that?"

I paused. I frowned, genuinely confused.

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

Alaric studied my face. He seemed to realize I wasn't acting.

"You don't know?" He pointed a finger at my phone lying on the desk. "Check the trending news."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 199[1,220 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I pulled my phone from my pocket and tapped open the werewolf social media app. The screen immediately flooded with bold headlines, all screaming one name: Carlos Drake.

I tapped the top trending topic. A high-definition surveillance video began to play. The timestamp showed it was from last night in a notorious underground werewolf casino in Las Vegas.

On the small screen, Carlos looked drunk and manic. He slammed a Patek Philippe watch onto the green felt table.

"I bet the watch!" he slurred, his face flushed. "And my pureblood racing stallion, Thunderbolt!"

The crowd in the video cheered. Carlos grabbed a woman—a B-list celebrity I vaguely recognized- and pulled her into his lap. He scribbled furiously on a napkin, signing a massive IOU.

"Don't worry about the money, baby," he boasted loudly, his voice echoing clearly through the phone's speakers. "The Drake Pack has thirty mines running off the books near the border. One week of output covers this pot!"

The comments section was exploding. #DrakeCasinoScandal and #IllegalMines were trending worldwide.

"Did you do this?"

I looked up. Alaric was watching me, his grey eyes heavy with a mixture of suspicion and awe.

I didn't deny it. I walked over to the small bar cart in the corner of the study and poured a small amount of red wine into a crystal glass. I swirled the crimson liquid, watching it coat the sides.

"Theodore knows exactly what kind of drama I enjoy," I said softly, a cold smirk playing on my lips. "He didn't just declaw the beast, Grandfather. He humiliated it in the town square."

Alaric nodded slowly, looking thoughtful. "He is declaring war on a powerful enemy to protect you. That is a dangerous level of devotion."

I took a sip of the wine, the rich taste settling on my tongue. I met Alaric's gaze, my eyes flashing.

“Alpha,” I corrected him calmly. “He knows I don’t need protection. He isn’t shielding me. He is offering me a tribute.”

Alaric’s eyebrows rose, and a flicker of appreciation crossed his face. He leaned back in his chair, looking suddenly older, yet relieved.

“Very well,” he said. “Adrian and his family have already moved out of the Pack House, I am leaving. for the Swiss Alps tomorrow for a long convalescence. The Stone family industries are entirely in your hands now. Lead us to a stronger future.”

I didn’t offer false humility. I straightened my spine, staring directly into his eyes with unwavering ambition.

“Rest easy, Grandfather,” I said, my voice steady. “Under my rule, the pack will stop hiding. We will begin the hunt.”

I left the study and returned to my room. The heavy oak door clicked shut behind me, sealing out the noise of the house. I walked to the wall safe, spun the dial, and locked the share transfer agreement inside.

“It’s done,” I whispered.

“Amelia.”

I turned. My mother, Seraphina, stood by the balcony door. She had watched me secure the papers.

“The transfer is complete?” she asked.

“Yes.”

Seraphina didn’t smile. Her expression was grave. “I saw the news about Carlos. Even if you didn’t press the record button, the Drake family will put this debt on your head.”

She walked over and gripped my shoulders. “Northgate City is going to become a battlefield. You haven’t just offended the Drakes. You’ve terrified every corrupt satellite family that relies on them. They will come for you.”

“Let them come,” I said.

“This isn’t a game, Amelia,” she insisted, her eyes wet with worry. Then, her face softened. She took my hand in hers. “But you are not alone. Your father, the Grey family, and Theodore... we are your shield.”

Inside me, Ava didn’t feel comforted by the idea of a shield. My wolf bristled, letting out a low, vibrating growl that echoed through my bones. She didn’t want safety. She wanted blood.

I squeezed my mother's hand back. I felt a dangerous golden light flicker in my eyes as I smiled.

"Mom, I appreciate the backup," I said gently. "But don't worry about the Drake family coming for me. You should worry about what I'll do to them when they get here."

Seraphina froze. She stared at me, seemingly stunned by the sheer predatory aura radiating from me.

She took a breath and turned to the corner of the room. An elite warrior in black tactical gear stood there, silent as a shadow.

"Remember," Seraphina ordered sharply. "Protect Amelia at all costs."

The warrior nodded once, his voice low and mechanical. "Yes, Madam."

(Author's POV)

In the grand council hall of the Drake Pack, the air was thick enough to choke on.

Matriarch Octavia Drake stood before her son, her hands trembling with rage. She raised her heavy ebony cane and slammed it against the marble floor with a deafening *crack*.

"You useless waste of blood!" she screamed.

Carlos Drake knelt on the floor, his head bowed. He looked nothing like a powerful Alpha relative.

He looked like a frightened child.

"Monte Carlo last year cost us millions!" Octavia roared. "And now Las Vegas? You bet family heirlooms? You signed IOUS with a whore?"

"She... she tricked me..." Carlos stammered.

"She sold you out!" Octavia spat. "That 'celebrity' was the one who released the footage! And you gave them the mines! We didn't even have time to cover our tracks!"

The heavy doors creaked open. The head butler ran in, his face pale.

"Matriarch," he gasped. "Interpol and the Werewolf Council Enforcement Team just issued Red Notices for all our mine managers. They are freezing accounts."

Octavia swayed. She clutched her chest, her face turning grey.

From the shadows of the room, a cold voice cut through the panic.

“Grandmother.”

Griffin Drake stepped into the light. His face was impassive, his grey eyes devoid of warmth.

“The situation is clear,” Griffin said. “Someone has to take the fall. To save the body, we must cut off the gangrenous limb.”

Carlos’s head snapped up. His eyes bulged with horror.

“Griffin!” he shrieked. “I am your Uncle Carlos! You... you’re going to hand me over?”

“Enough!” Octavia barked. She glared at her son with pure disgust. “You dug this grave, Carlos. No one is cleaning up your mess this time.”

Carlos scrambled forward on his knees. He grabbed the hem of Octavia’s long skirt, his fingers digging into the expensive fabric. Tears streamed down his face, mixing with snot.

“Mother, please!” he wailed. “I am your flesh and blood! You can’t let them take me to the Council prison! They’ll kill me!”

Octavia looked down at him. There was no pity in her eyes, only cold calculation. She kicked his hands away.

“You aren’t worth it,” she hissed. “I will not let the Drake Pack be dragged down into the abyss for a gambler and a fool.”

She waved her hand. “Take him.”

Two massive guards stepped forward. They hauled the screaming Carlos to his feet and dragged him out of the hall. His pleas faded as the heavy doors slammed shut.

Silence returned to the room. Octavia took a deep, shuddering breath and leaned heavily on her cane. She looked at Griffin.

“What is your assessment?” she asked, her voice raspy.

Griffin narrowed his eyes. “Amelia Stone didn’t do this. She doesn’t have the reach or the intelligence network for a hit this precise. This was Theodore Crimson.”

Octavia nodded grimly. “She was bluffing. She used his power to frighten us.”

Her grip tightened on the cane until her knuckles turned white. A murderous light ignited in her cloudy eyes.

“Griffin,” she rasped, looking at her grandson. “Tell me. How do you plan to repay Theodore for this ‘gift’?”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 200[1,237 words]

(Author's POV)

Griffin Drake stood in the center of the chaotic council hall. His face was a mask of dark satisfaction as he surveyed the panic around him.

“Since we have already decided to send Uncle Carlos to the Enforcers’ prison,” Griffin said, his voice cutting through the noise like a blade of ice. “We might as well squeeze the last bit of value out of him before he goes.”

He spoke of his own uncle as if the man were nothing more than a broken tool, ready to be discarded. There was no pity in his tone, only cold calculation.

Inside Griffin’s chest, a twisted obsession burned hot. For years, Theodore Crimson had been the gold standard, the Alpha King’s heir who cast a long shadow over every other male in the Northern Territories. Griffin hated that effortless authority. He wanted to crush Theodore beneath his boot.

Matriarch Octavia Drake tapped her heavy cane against the marble floor to get his attention.

“Do you intend to use Carlos’s name to hire rogue hitmen?” she asked, her voice raspy with age and stress. “Be careful, Griffin. Theodore is not an easy target. Even his own brother, Ronan, failed to shake his position.”

Griffin let out a short, mocking laugh.

“I’m not stupid enough to send assassins after Theodore directly,” Griffin sneered. “Everyone knows his combat strength is monstrous, even in that chair. No, I’m going to use Uncle Carlos for what he does best—filthy, underhanded tricks.”

He turned to look at his grandmother, his grey eyes glinting with malice.

“We will target Amelia Stone,” Griffin declared. “I saw the way Theodore looked at her. That woman is his Achilles’ heel. Destroying her will hurt him far more than any physical attack. I want to see the high and mighty Theodore Crimson lose his mind.”

Octavia studied her grandson’s face. She didn’t ask for specific details. She simply nodded, her expression hardening.

“Very well,” she said. “To save the Drake Pack’s reputation, I will personally escort Carlos to the Werewolf Council tonight. We will spin the narrative. The rest of the revenge plan is in your hands.”

An hour later, Amelia walked into the lobby of the Crimson Moon Pack headquarters.

The receptionist stood up quickly, a bright professional smile plastered on her face. “Welcome, Miss Stone.”

However, the receptionist’s eyes kept drifting to the figure standing behind Amelia. Unit–001, the tall humanoid robot, stood silent and imposing. The blue light from its optical sensors hummed softly. The staff in the lobby whispered and pointed, their faces a mix of curiosity and unease.

Amelia ignored the stares. She pulled out the black access card Theodore had given her and swiped it at the private elevator bank.

The doors slid open instantly. She stepped in, and the car shot up to the top floor without stopping.

When she reached the CEO’s office, the automatic doors sensed her bio–signature and glided open. Amelia turned to the robot.

“Wait here, Unit–001,” she ordered.

“Affirmative,” the robot replied in its mechanical voice.

Amelia walked inside. Theodore was sitting behind his massive mahogany desk. His Beta, Marcus, stood nearby holding a tablet.

“Continue to track the Drake family’s offshore asset movements,” Theodore was saying, his voice low and commanding. “I want to know where every cent goes.”

Marcus looked up and saw Amelia. He immediately bowed his head in respect.

“Miss Stone,” Marcus greeted her. He glanced at Theodore, then shut off his tablet. “I will leave you two alone.”

Marcus quickly exited the room, the door sliding shut behind him.

Amelia didn’t stand on ceremony. She walked over to the leather sofa in the center of the room and sat down, crossing her legs comfortably. It felt like she was in her own territory.

“Did you know I was coming?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Theodore looked up from his files. “I’ve been watching you on the security feed since you left the Stone estate.”

His eyes were fixed on her, heavy with unhidden affection.

Amelia chuckled. She picked up a glass of water from the table and swirled it gently.

“I just finished the share transfer at home,” she said. “And I saw the news about Carlos. You really went for the throat.”

She took a sip of water and looked at him. “Aren’t you worried? The Drake family is a massive beast. If you don’t kill it completely, it will bite back. And you still have plenty of enemies inside your own family watching for a mistake.”

Theodore smiled. He pressed a button on his wheelchair and glided smoothly across the room until he was right in front of her.

“If it is to vent your anger,” Theodore said, his voice deep and steady, “I don’t care about the trouble. I would take on the whole world for you.”

Amelia looked into his deep eyes. She could feel the sincerity radiating from him.

“If the Drakes are smart, they will stop,” Amelia said seriously. “But if they want to keep fighting... well, Ava is getting restless. She’s ready to tear someone apart.”

Theodore reached out and took her hand. His palm was warm and rough, engulfing her smaller fingers.

“Since you have accepted my marking,” he said, his thumb stroking her skin, “an attack on you is an attack on me.”

He leaned forward slightly, his intense.

“Amelia, you are the future Luna of this pack,” Theodore said. “Do whatever you want. Be as ruthless as you need to be. If you hunt, I will clean up the mess. I will handle the bodies and the politics. You just stay safe.”

Amelia felt a warm current rush through her chest. Inside her mind, her wolf, Ava, wagged her tail happily, purring at the strength of their mate.

Amelia smiled back at him. “Deal. Let’s turn this city upside down.”

At 8:00 PM, the Drake Pack released an official statement. They announced that all pack ties with Carlos Drake had been severed.

Moments later, a video went viral. It showed Matriarch Octavia, looking frail but determined, personally handing her weeping son over to the Enforcers at the Werewolf Council station.

In her bedroom, Natasha Crimson lay on her stomach, kicking her feet in the air. She scrolled through the comments on her phone.

“Finally!” she cheered.

She quickly took screenshots of the news and opened a group chat app. She tapped on the group, named “Elite Pack Heirs.” This was an exclusive circle for the rich and powerful younger.

Natasha posted the screenshots.

[Natasha: Look at this! I told you all. This is what happens when you mess with Amelia. The Drake Pack had to cut off their own arm to survive Theodore’s wrath!]

She tagged several users who had been mocking Amelia the night before.

[Natasha: @Derek @Vivian Still think she’s weak? Where are you now?]

The chat stayed silent for a moment. Then, messages started popping up.

[Derek: Oh please. Carlos was just a useless gambler. Everyone knows he was trash.] [Vivian: Exactly. Griffin hasn’t even made a move yet. He’s the real power in that family.]

[RandomHeir1: The Stone family is unstable. Once Griffin starts his sanctions, Amelia will be crushed. She just started a blood feud she can’t win.]

Natasha rolled her eyes. Her phone buzzed with a private message from her best friend.

[Friend: These people are so annoying. Should we kick them out of the group?]

Natasha typed back quickly.

[Natasha: No way. Keep them. I want them to have a front-row seat when Amelia slaps their faces.]

She switched back to the main group chat. Her fingers flew across the screen.

[Natasha: Since you all have so much to say, why don’t you say it to her face?]

[Natasha: I’m inviting Amelia to the group.]