

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 2[825 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I watched Theodore's sleek black car disappear down the dirt road, the dust settling in its wake. Without wasting a second, I pulled out my phone and dialed a number.

"Silas," I said when the line connected. "I need everything you can find on Stone River Pack in Northgate City."

"What specifically?" His voice was cautious, professional.

"Everything. Every member, every secret, every dirty little scandal they've tried to hide." My voice hardened. "Focus especially on someone named Celine Stone."

"That's a powerful pack," came the cautious reply. "This will take time."

"I need it tonight." My tone left no room for negotiation.

"Tonight?" He sounded genuinely shocked. "What's happened, Amelia?"

"Let's just say I've discovered some long-lost relatives who suddenly remember I exist when it's convenient for them." I gripped the phone tighter. "And I want to know exactly what I'm walking into."

"I'll call in every favor I have." Silas sighed. "But this won't be cheap."

"Money isn't an issue. Just get me what I need." I ended the call and stared at the horizon.

The afternoon sun cast long shadows across my small herb garden as I sat on the porch steps. Memories I'd tried to bury for years came flooding back, sharp and painful.

My adoptive father Robert had told me the story so many times. Twenty years ago, during the harshest winter, Robert had been gathering firewood deep in the forest when he heard a faint cry. Following the sound through the snow, he discovered a newborn baby girl—me—abandoned in the freezing underbrush, my tiny body nearly frozen solid.

Robert named me Amelia Cole and raised me as his own daughter. Until his dying day, he searched for clues about my birth parents, convinced there must have been some desperate circumstance that forced them to abandon me.

I'd clung to that hope too—that somewhere, my real parents were searching for me, prevented from finding me by some tragic situation. But Theodore's revelation shattered that illusion. They knew they had lost me, but they never thought to look for me. And now they only wanted me back because their precious adopted daughter had rejected her arranged marriage.

If not for their carefully groomed replacement daughter, I might have spent my entire life as a lone wolf, never knowing my pack or my heritage.

But it doesn't matter anyway. I've stopped caring about those things as much. I only experience the life I want to experience.

"Who was that handsome fellow in the fancy car?"

I turned around and saw my neighbor Uncle Rowan walking over, his face wearing an expression of curiosity.

"My fiancé, apparently," I replied with a smile.

His eyebrows shot up so high they nearly disappeared into his hairline. "Fiancé? When did this happen? Last I checked, you were with that Damien boy."

"About an hour ago." I couldn't help but laugh at his shocked expression. "And Damien is history."

"Well, he's certainly a good-looking one," Rowan said, leaning on his walking stick. "And that car! Must be from one of those big city packs."

"The biggest, actually. Crimson Moon Pack." I enjoyed watching his jaw drop.

"Bring him over for dinner next time," Rowan insisted, his eyes wide with excitement. "I'd like to meet the man who's captured your heart so quickly. And who's apparently rich enough to buy half this village!"

"I will," I promised, watching as he hoisted his tools and headed toward the mountain path, muttering excitedly to himself.

(Theodore's POV)

"With all due respect, Alpha," Marcus said as our car sped toward Northgate City, "I must question your decision to marry this woman."

I turned from the window to face my Beta. “Oh?”

“She’s a nobody—an orphan whose own parents didn’t want her. She sells herbs and healing services to survive.” Marcus’s face was tight with concern. “How will this help secure your position in the Crimson Moon Pack?”

“Is that so?” I asked quietly.

“Your position is already precarious after your injury,” Marcus continued, “If you choose a weak mate, it might further undermine your status in the pack. I’m concerned about the Alpha King—”

I held up my hand, stopping him mid-sentence. “Do you remember six months ago when my grandfather fell ill?”

Marcus nodded, “Of course. We nearly lost him. The old king was at death’s door for weeks.”

“And do you recall the rare herb that finally cured him? “

“The Midnight Bloom. We paid ten million for a single ounce.”

“I just saw herbs worth twice that amount hanging casually from the rafters of Amelia’s cottage.” I watched realization spread across Marcus’s face. “She had them drying like common kitchen herbs.”

“You mean she’s—”

“She’s not just some village healer, Marcus.” I leaned forward. “Think about what that means.”

Marcus’s eyes widened. “You believe she can heal your legs? Truly heal them?”

“I know she can.” I fingered the small purple flower I’d discreetly taken from her garden, carefully pressing it between the pages of my book. “Someone with her knowledge and skill deserves to be my Luna.”

“You could simply pay her for treatment,” Marcus pointed out.

I laughed softly. “Perhaps I fell in love at first sight.”