

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 201[1,069 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I returned to the Stone River Pack House and walked straight to my private herb garden. In my bag, I carried a precious cargo I had brought back from Master Elias's place. It was a rare plant known as "Midnight Nightshade."

Usually, this species only grew deep within the most toxic swamps. I had found it by accident, while taking my pet snake, Green, out to hunt for food. We had wandered into a dangerous industrial waste zone, a place most werewolves avoided. The toxic fumes there could damage a wolf's sensitive nose or even their nerves. But for me, it was a rare opportunity to salvage a hidden gem.

This herb was priceless, a key ingredient for several high-level potions. I intended to use my knowledge to cultivate more of them. I carefully transplanted the dark, twisted stem into the prepared soil. Once it was settled, I pulled several vials of volatile toxic liquid from my bag. I sprinkled the noxious fluid around the base of the plant. Then, I released a few poisonous beetles I had collected into the dirt. This would simulate the harsh, deadly environment the Nightshade needed to thrive.

A pungent, chemical smell rose into the air immediately. Inside my mind, my wolf Ava perked

*"That smells like a funeral for those idiots. I like it," she purred, her voice dripping with bloodlust.

I soothed the slightly homicidal wolf in my head. Wiping the dirt from my hands, I turned and headed back to my room.

After a hot shower, I changed into a set of comfortable silk pajamas. I picked up my phone and saw a notification from Natasha Crimson. She had sent me an invite to a group chat called "Northgate Elite."

A private message followed.

[Natasha: This group is full of heirs from the major Packs in the Northern Territories. Joining will help you stand your ground socially. But honestly, I just want to see you put those snobs in their place.]

I smirked and tapped 'Accept'. As soon as I entered the group, messages were flying across the screen. No one noticed that the subject of their gossip had just arrived. The topic of discussion was Starlight Entertainment.

Heirt. I heard Ethan Stone was planning to buy the copyright for the healer Lily's diaries to save the company. Now that the company has been handed over to that country bumpkin Amelia, the deal is definitely dead]

Heir2: Exactly. She knows nothing about business. If Griffin Drake gets involved in the bidding, she doesn't stand a chance]

[Heirs: She's going to lose everything within a week. It will be a total defeat.]

While they chatted enthusiastically, a system notification popped up in the chat.

[Amelia Stone has joined the group.]

I typed a casual greeting.

[Amelia: Hi, everyone]

The chat instantly froze. It was as if someone had hit the pause button on the entire group. The silence stretched for a long minute. Finally, one bold user broke the quiet.

[BoldHeir: You have some nerve showing up here. If I were you, I'd go apologize to Griffin immediately to save your life. The Stone family business won't last a month in your hands.]

I stared at the screen and let out a cold laugh. These petty gossipers weren't worth my time. I didn't bother replying to their taunts. I simply hit the 'Leave Group' button and exited the chat.

Ignoring the noise, I opened my encrypted messaging app and contacted Helena. She was my editor and the manager for my "Lily" identity. To make Starlight Entertainment a top-tier giant in the supernatural world, I decided to personally attend the copyright sale meeting this weekend.

[Amelia: I'll be there.]

Helena replied instantly.

[Helena: Everything is arranged. The meeting is at The Crescent Club this Saturday morning. All invited publishers have confirmed attendance.]

I sent back an "OK" emoji. I just needed to reveal my identity then and "choose" my own company to cooperate with.

The next morning, I dressed in a sharp, tailored business suit. I drove directly to the headquarters of Starlight Entertainment. My heels clicked rhythmically against the marble floor as I walked toward the elevator. I headed straight for the CEO's office on the second floor,

Employees stopped their work as I passed, their eyes following me. My keen hearing picked up their whispers,

“Is that the new boss?”

“I heard she’s ruthless.”

I ignored them and pushed open the heavy mahogany doors of the main office. My brow furrowed slightly. Ethan was there, sitting in the large leather executive chair as his assistant reported to him. But he wasn’t alone.

Caleb was slumped on a sofa in the corner. He looked terrible, noticeably thinner and haggard compared to the last time I saw him. When I entered, Caleb’s dull green eyes instantly lit up. He scrambled to his feet, stumbling in his haste to reach me.

“Amelia!” he cried out, his voice thick with emotion.

He reached out, trying to grab my hand. My eyes turned icy. I side-stepped him swiftly, avoiding his touch as if he carried a plague.

In my mind, Ava let out a low growl of disgust. **Bite his hand off. Just give the order she hissed.

I suppressed her violent impulse. I walked past Caleb without a second glance and fixed my gaze on Ethan behind the desk.

“Why are you still hanging around here?” I demanded.

Caleb’s hand froze in mid-air. The light in his eyes died, replaced by hurt and despair. He slowly retracted his hand and sank back onto the sofa like a scolded child.

Standing by the desk, Ethan’s assistant, Anya, looked shocked. She glanced nervously at Ethan, unsure if the power transfer was actually happening. Ethan tried to maintain his Alpha dignity. He waved a hand at Anya.

“Leave us,” he said.

“Anya, you stay,” I interrupted, my voice calm but laced with the undeniable command of an Alpha. “Notify the entire company immediately. Starlight Entertainment is officially under my management from this moment on.”

I pointed a finger at Ethan, who was still sitting in my chair

“Now,” I said coldly to Anya. “Call security and have this trespasser removed.”

Anya’s face paled, and sweat beaded on her forehead. She looked terrified to move Ethan’s facade of arrogance finally crumbled. The expensive suit he wore seemed to hang loosely on him now, stripped of his authority. A bitter, helpless smile twisted his lips. He looked at me with a complicated expression, his eyes filled with a mix of resentment and pleading.

“Amelia,” he said, his voice raspy. “We are family after all. Do you have to be so ruthless?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 202[1,178 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Ethan looked at me with those pleading eyes, trying to play the family card. I felt nothing but cold indifference. Inside my mind, my wolf, Ava, let out a snort of disdain.

****Pathetic,**** she growled. ****“He calls himself an Alpha? He smells like regret and weakness.”****

I leaned forward slightly, resting my hands on the mahogany desk.

“If you want to keep the last shred of dignity as a former CEO,” I said, my voice icy, you better pack your personal items and roll out of this building right now.”

Ethan flinched.

“Otherwise,” I continued, checking my nails, “I don’t mind having security throw you out like the trash you are.”

Ethan stared at me for a long moment. Finally, his shoulders slumped. He let out a heavy, defeated sigh.

“Fine,” he whispered.

He moved stiffly, beginning to clear his desk. His movements were mechanical until his hand paused over a silver picture frame. I watched his gaze fixate on it. It was a photo of him, Caleb, and Celine, smiling together.

His hand trembled slightly. That photo represented the ‘perfect family’ he thought he was protecting. Now, it looked like a cruel joke.

Ethan grabbed the frame. Without a second of hesitation, he tossed it into the wastebasket beside the desk.

Thud.

The sound of the glass hitting the metal bottom was final.

He finished packing a small cardboard box and walked over to me. He placed a set of spare keys from the drawer onto the desk surface.

“Amelia,” he said, his voice low and raspy. “Father and I... we realize we were wrong.”

He looked at me with a mix of guilt and hope.

“If you face any obstacles taking over Starlight, you can contact us. We want to help.”

I picked up the keyring. I spun it around my index finger, the metal jingling softly.

“Not needed,” I cut him off.

I looked him straight in the eye.

“I have my father and five influential uncles in this industry backing me,” I said calmly. “The Stone family’s meager resources? I don’t care for them.”

Ethan froze. He knew exactly who I was talking about. I wasn’t referring to Adrian. I was talking about the powerful Grey family, my adoptive mother Seraphina’s kin.

The bitterness rose in his throat, visible in the way he swallowed hard. He nodded slowly, turning away. His footsteps were heavy as he walked out of the office.

Through the glass walls, I watched him stop in the open office area.

“Listen up,” Ethan announced to the silent room. “Amelia Stone is now the sole owner of Starlight Entertainment. You will cooperate with her fully.”

He took one last look around the empire he had built, then walked alone toward the elevator. The employees watched him go. Whispers immediately broke out.

“Can she really run this place?”

“She grew up in the countryside...”

I ignored them. The office door clicked shut, leaving a heavy silence in the room.

Caleb was still sitting on the sofa. His eyes followed me as I sat down in the executive chair. There was a flicker of anxiety and hope in his gaze.

“Amelia,” he said cautiously. “You kicked Ethan out, but not me. Is it because... you still care about me as a brother?”

I let out a short, harsh laugh.

“Don’t flatter yourself,” I said coldly.

Caleb flinched as if I had slapped him.

“I didn’t kick you out immediately because your scandal has temporarily died down,” I explained, opening a file. “But let’s be clear. During your coma, you created zero value. You only brought negative press.”

I looked up at him, my expression void of emotion.

“From a business perspective, you are a liability. I have decided to terminate your contract.”

I turned to the trembling secretary.

“Anya, find Caleb Stone’s artist contract. I’m initiating unilateral termination and seeking damages for breach of contract.”

(Caleb’s POV)

The word “termination” hit me like a physical blow. My face went pale.

“No!” I scrambled up from the sofa.

I practically threw myself at the desk, gripping the edge.

“Amelia, please!” I begged, my voice cracking. “I don’t want any compensation. I’ll pay the penalty fee myself! Just don’t kick me out of Starlight.”

Amelia leaned back in the leather chair. She looked at me like I was an ant she could crush at any moment.

“I’m the boss now,” she said. “I make the rules.”

Panic clawed at my chest. My eyes burned. I couldn’t lose this connection to her. It was the only one I had left.

“I’ll sign a new contract!” I blurted out desperately. “A lifetime contract. I don’t want any money. No split. The company can keep 100% of my earnings. Even if I become a top star again, I won’t take a dime!”

It was a slave contract. No sane wolf would offer it.

But Amelia just sneered. The disgust in her eyes deepened.

“What do you take me for?” she asked. “If I signed that, what would the public think? That I’m a cold-blooded capitalist exploiting her own brother?”

She shook her head.

“I have no interest in taking on that kind of PR risk.”

My heart hammered against my ribs. I felt like I was burning alive in my own desperation.

I raised my right hand.

“I swear on my wolf, Noah!” I cried out. “I will never expose the contract details. Please, Amelia. Just give me a chance to make amends. Use me. I don’t care.

Next to us, Anya gasped. She stared at me with wide eyes. She had never seen the arrogant Caleb Stone beg like a dog before.

Amelia stood up. She towered over me, her sapphire eyes piercing through my soul.

“I have plenty of ways to make money,” she said dismissively. “I don’t need to use a washed-up singer with a history of scandals.”

My head dropped. Shame washed over me. She was right. I was useless right now.

But I couldn’t give up. I jerked my head up, staring at her with the last shred of my determination.

“I will make myself useful,” I vowed. “Amelia, give me time. I will fix everything I broke.”

(Amelia’s POV)

I watched him pleading for redemption. It was ironic. He wanted to fix things?

I decided to shatter his delusions completely.

“Since you want to make amends,” I said, a cruel smile curving my lips. “I’ll let you die knowing the truth.”

I walked around the desk, stopping right in front of him.

“Regarding the online hate storm after the welcome banquet,” I began slowly. “Besides my counterattack, there was another force smearing your name.”

Caleb blinked, confused.

“It was your beloved sister, Celine,” I revealed.

Caleb froze.

“She hired bot farms to slander you,” I continued, enjoying the horror dawning on his face. “Her goal was to intensify the hatred between us. She wanted you to be the sacrificial pawn in her war against me.”

“No...” Caleb whispered.

His body began to shake violently. Tears welled in his red-rimmed eyes.

“Don’t say her name,” he choked out. “Please.”

I ignored his plea. Ava roared with pleasure in my mind.

I stepped closer, my voice dropping to a lethal whisper.

“You tried to harm me for Celine. You almost died in that car crash for her.”

I tilted my head.

“And when you woke up, you found out that the precious sister you protected with your life was the one stabbing you in the back.”

I smiled coldly.

“Isn’t that feeling just wonderful?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 203[1,202 words]

(Author’s POV)

Despair washed over Caleb like a freezing tidal wave, drowning him in misery inside him, hie wolf, Noah, let out a high-pitched whine of agony, crushed by the weight of their guilt Celery looked across the mahogany desk at Amelia, his eyes filled with profound regret and desperation.

“Amelia,” he rasped, his voice trembling. “I promise you, I won’t let Celine live comfortably ever again. I won’t let that hypocritical woman appear before you. She won’t be an eyesore to you anymore.”

Amelia just stared at him, her expression unreadable. Then, she sneered, her lip curling in undisguised disdain.

“You have it wrong,” she said, her voice dripping with ice. “The sickening sight right now isn’t Celine. It’s you and Ethan.”

The words hit Caleb like a physical blow from a sledgehammer. His face drained of all color pale as a sheet, as if she had slapped him across the face with all her strength. He staggered backward, his legs suddenly weak and unsteady.

Noah growled low and painful in his mind, the sound of a bond shattering completely under the weight of rejection from his own sister. The shame was unbearable. Caleb wished the ground would swallow him whole right there and end this torment.

He turned, unable to bear her piercing sapphire gaze any longer, and started toward the door. But at the threshold, his feet grew heavy. He stopped and turned back, his expression hardening into a look of fierce determination.

“I know you hate me,” he said firmly, his eyes locking onto hers. “But I swear, no matter what happens, I won’t let the Drake family harm a single hair on your head.”

Amelia let out a short, mocking laugh that echoed in the large office.

“Look at you,” she scoffed, shaking her head. “You can’t even save yourself, yet you want to play the hero? How pathetic.”

Caleb knew there was nothing more to say. He swallowed the bitterness rising in his throat. With his shoulders slumped and his heart in tatters, he walked out of Starlight Entertainment, looking like a man who had lost his soul.

The office fell into a heavy silence after the door clicked shut. Anya, the secretary, shifted nervously near the wall. She looked at the closed door with a hint of professional regret.

“Miss Stone,” she ventured cautiously. “Are you sure about terminating Caleb? With his looks and talent, a comeback isn’t impossible. If we manage his image right, he could still bring huge commercial value to the company.”

Amelia flipped through a file on her desk, looking utterly bored.

“The human entertainment industry never lacks people who want to be famous,” she said indifferently, not even looking up. “Why should I spend money to promote someone who makes me sick just looking at them?”

She didn’t give Anya time to argue. She picked up her phone and dialed a number. It was Skylar Reed, the girl Ethan had saved from Derek Crimson earlier.

“Miss Reed? This is Amelia Stone from Starlight Entertainment,” she said, her tone shifting to professional smoothness. “I’d like to discuss a contract.”

After a brief conversation, she hung up and turned to Anya.

“Notify all departments. Mandatory meeting at ten o’clock,” she ordered sharply. “I’m officially announcing the takeover and our future strategy.”

Anya nodded and hurried out to execute the orders. Left alone, Amelia leaned back in the plush leather executive chair and stretched her arms. She admitted to herself she was a layman when it came to running an entertainment company.

But then she thought of the powerful Grey family standing behind her like a fortress. She thought of the immense capital she now controlled. A confident smile played on her lips; she had absolutely nothing to fear.

Down in the underground parking lot, the air was stale and cold. Ethan walked toward his designated parking space, clutching the cardboard box containing his personal items. He felt hollowed out, stripped of his title and dignity.

Just as he reached for the door handle of his car, a shadow stepped out from behind a concrete pillar, blocking his path.

Derek Crimson stood there, hands shoved deep in his pockets. A malicious sneer twisted his face as he looked Ethan up and down with predatory amusement.

“Well, look at this,” Derek mocked, his voice echoing in the empty garage. “The mighty Stone family, kicked to the curb like stray dogs.”

He took a slow, deliberate step forward, invading Ethan’s personal space.

“Remember the club?” Derek hissed, his eyes narrowing. “You ha and save that woman. Did Amelia put you up to it?”

Ethan gripped his box tighter, his knuckles turning white. He looked at this lesser member of the Crimson family, a man known for his cruelty. Fear churned in his gut, but he refused to show it. He didn’t want to cause more trouble for Amelia,

“No one ordered me,” Ethan said through gritted teeth. “I just couldn’t stand your disgusting methods.”

Derek laughed, a cold, sharp sound that grated on the nerves.

“Liar.”

He waved his hand lazily. Immediately, several burly bodyguards emerged from the shadows behind the cars. Before Ethan could react, they grabbed him roughly and dragged him toward a black SUV.

“Get off me!” Ethan shouted, struggling uselessly as they shoved him inside.

From a dark corner of the garage, a pair of sharp eyes watched everything. A Shadow Guard, clad in black tactical gear, observed the scene with professional detachment.

His gaze was eagle-sharp as he assessed the situation. He checked his mental list of protectees. Ethan Stone was not on it. Intelligence reports confirmed a hostile relationship between Ethan and the primary target, Amelia.

The guard did not move to intervene. He simply made a mental note, marking Derek Crimson as a potential high-risk threat to Amelia Stone. Then, he melted back into the shadows, continuing his silent vigil.

A few minutes later, Caleb composed himself and took the elevator down to the parking garage. He needed to find Ethan so they could figure out their next move together.

But when he arrived at the parking spot, his heart skipped a beat. Ethan's car was there, sitting alone in the dim light. The windows were up. The car was empty.

A bad feeling settled in Caleb's stomach, twisting his insides. Ethan should have been waiting for him.

Caleb pulled out his phone and dialed Ethan's number immediately. The ring tone echoed in the silence of the garage. Finally, the call connected.

"Ethan?" Caleb asked anxiously.

"Not quite," a sinister, unfamiliar male voice answered.

A chill shot up Caleb's spine, freezing his blood inside two, How wowed as sh the danger. Galeh forced himself to take a deep breath.

"What do you want?" he demanded?

Derek chuckled, the sound grating and cold through the speaker

"Simple," Derek said. "Cooperate with me to take down lamstic. Do that, and ways t without a scratch"

Caleb's face darkened instantly. The mere suggestion made his blood boil with rage.

"No," Caleb flatly refused, his voice rising to a shout. "I will never do anything to hurt Amelia again! Not for you, not for anyone!"

There was a moment of silence on the other end, followed by loud, maniacal batter.

"Oh, that is rich!" Derek cackled, "Look at you two brothers. Trying to play the good family members now?"

The laughter stopped abruptly, replaced by a venomous tone.

“It’s pathetic,” Derek spat. “This belated affection of yours? It’s cheap, and it is utterly useless.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 204[1,108 words]

(Author’s POV)

Caleb’s knuckles turned white as he gripped his phone, applying enough pressure to nearly crush the device.

“Derek, listen to me!” he roared into the receiver, his voice trembling with rage. “If you don’t release Ethan right now, I will report you to the Werewolf Council immediately.”

He took a jagged breath, his chest heaving.

“Kidnapping a pack member without cause violates the Wolf Code. Once the Council Enforcers get involved, even the Crimson family won’t be able to protect you!”

A cold, malicious laugh echoed from the other end of the line.

“Is that so?” Derek mocked, his tone dripping with arrogance. “Let’s see who is faster. The Enforcers, or me breaking your brother’s other leg.”

“You dare-”

The line went dead. Only the suffocating beep of the disconnected call remained.

Caleb stood frozen on the sidewalk. Inside him, his wolf, Noah, let out a high-pitched whine of agony. The crushing sense of helplessness was suffocating. He couldn’t protect anyone.

He glanced back at the towering Starlight Entertainment building one last time, despair clouding his vision. He hailed a passing taxi.

“To the Moore Estate,” he ordered hoarsely. He had to seek help from his parents.

Fate, however, was not done toying with him.

As soon as Caleb arrived at the Moore family territory, he didn’t even have time to catch his breath before a shocking scene unfolded.

Several burly bodyguards in black suits were forcibly shoving Celine into a black SUV.

“What are you doing?” Caleb shouted instinctively.

He sprinted forward, his eyes wild. “Where are you taking her?”

Before he could reach the car, a figure stepped into his path, blocking his way. It was Xavier Moore, Livia’s cousin.

Xavier looked at Caleb with cold indifference.

“Stop screaming,” Xavier warned. “Griffin Drake wants her.”

Caleb’s heart plummeted to the pit of his stomach.

Griffin Drake.

The Drake family hated Amelia with a passion. Taking Celine now wasn’t for a friendly chat. They were going to use her as a pawn to strike at Amelia.

Caleb turned frantically to his mother, Livia, who stood nearby.

“Mom, stop them!” he pleaded. “We can’t let them take her!”

He tried to push past Xavier to save his adopted sister.

But Livia grabbed his arm tightly. Her face was pale, written all over with cowardice and fear.

“Don’t, Caleb!” she cried, her voice trembling. “We can’t afford to offend the Drake Pack right now. They are too powerful.”

The window of the black SUV rolled down slowly.

Celine sat inside, draped in an oversized men’s coat. The fragile, innocent mask she usually wore was gone. In its place was a look of bone-deep resentment.

She stared at Caleb, her eyes burning.

“I won’t forget this,” she hissed through gritted teeth. “I won’t forget how the Stone family treated me.”

“You’re a liar!” Caleb yelled back, anger surging. “Everything happening to you is your own fault!”

Celine suddenly threw her head back and laughed. It was a manic, broken sound. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

“You’re right,” she admitted, her voice shrill. “I stole Amelia’s life for twenty years. I deserve this.”

She leaned forward, her gaze piercing.

“But you know what? You people deserve it even more. You ignored your true blood for a fake like me. Now Amelia has stripped you of everything. That is the greatest irony of all.”

The window rolled up. The SUV sped away, leaving a cloud of dust and a heavy silence.

Xavier looked at the mother and son with unconcealed disgust.

“This is the Moore family estate,” he said rudely. “Not a homeless shelter.”

He sneered at Livia.

“Taking in a family banished by Alpha Adrian has already shamed us. Don’t think you’re entitled to anything more.”

Blood boiled in Caleb’s veins. Inside him, Noah roared, wanting to tear this arrogant jerk apart.

Caleb clenched his fists, forcing himself to suppress the violent impulse.

“We’re leaving tomorrow,” he spat out.

Xavier scoffed and turned to walk back into the house without another word.

Caleb spun around to face Livia.

“Mom, go buy a new villa immediately,” he demanded, his chest heaving. “I won’t stand for this indignity any longer.”

Livia looked away, her expression troubled. She stammered, unable to meet his eyes.

“I... I can’t,” she whispered. “I don’t have the money.”

Caleb stared at her in disbelief. “What? How can we not have cash for a house?”

Livia sighed deeply, her shoulders slumping.

“Stone River Botanicals is in crisis,” she explained weakly. “Alpha Alaric has strictly controlled all family expenses. I only have my personal savings left.”

She paused, a bitter look crossing her face.

“Thank the Moon Goddess Amelia rejected that check earlier. If she had taken it, we would be in an even worse situation now.”

A wave of absurd sorrow washed over Caleb.

“Mom,” he said helplessly. “If she had taken the money, it would have meant she was willing to forgive us. We wouldn’t be standing here like beggars.”

He let out a self-deprecating laugh.

As long as they had clung to Celine, they had been blind. They n cented Amelia with sincerity.

And with Amelia’s proud Alpha nature, she would never accept such hypocritical charity anyway.

While the Stone family crumbled, the atmosphere at Starlight Entertainment was entirely different.

In the top-floor conference room, Amelia convened her first high-level meeting.

The meeting lasted exactly ten minutes. No small talk. No wasted breath.

Amelia sat at the head of the table. She didn’t just command the room with her presence; her wolf, Ava, radiated an invisible pressure that made everyone sit up straighter in awe.

“Listen closely,” Amelia said, her sapphire eyes scanning the room.

“First, I am the new owner.”

“Second, my goal is to make Starlight the premier supernatural entertainment empire in the Northern Territories.”

“Third, if you perform well, your bonuses will be doubled.”

She stood up abruptly. “Meeting adjourned.”

She walked out, leaving a room full of stunned employees. They had never seen a leader so decisive and full of power.

As she stepped out of the conference room, her phone buzzed. It was Silas.

“Miss Stone,” Silas’s voice came through clearly. “Griffin Drake has made his move.”

Amelia listened intently as she walked down the hallway.

“He had his men take Celine,” Silas reported. “And he’s already contacting several smaller entertainment firms. It looks like he’s planning a hostile takeover to surround and crush Starlight.”

In the back of Amelia’s mind, Ava let out a low, dangerous growl. It was the sound of a predator accepting a challenge.

Amelia's expression hardened.

She hadn't planned to actively expose the Drake family's dirty dealings abroad. As long as they stayed in their own lane, she would have ignored them.

But since Griffin wanted to play with fire, she would burn his house down.

"If the Drake family wants a war," Amelia said coldly into the phone, "then I will uproot them completely."

She paused, wondering how Griffin intended to use a discarded pawn like Celine.

"There is one more thing," Silas said, his tone turning grave. "I have something important to report."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 205[943 words]

(Amelia's POV)

"Griffin plans to use deepfake technology," Silas said, his voice tense. "He wants to swap your face onto the woman in the video with Carlos Drake and release it online."

My blood ran gold, but then a wave of pure revulsion hit me.

"That Griffin is disgusting" Ava growled in my mind, her hackles raised. *"He actually wants to pair you with that perverted old man."*

I soothed Ava's anger, a cold sneer curling my lips,

"He really is desperate," I said into the phone. "Using such dirty tricks is exactly why he is always number two,"

I walked to the window, looking down at the city.

"He will always be an 'Eternal Beta' in this circle," I mocked, "Forever suppressed by Theodore's Alpha aura."

Silas cleared his throat. "Should we release the footage of Carlos abusing protected animals as a counterattack?"

"No," I rejected immediately.

“Carlos is already in prison for human trafficking,” I explained. “Animal abuse is just a slap on the wrist compared to that.”

A dark idea formed in my mind.

“Since Griffin likes face-swapping so much,” I said, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. “Use the AI to swap the mistress’s face in that video with Griffin Drake’s face.”

“Miss Stone?” Silas sounded confused.

“You heard me,” I said, a ruthless humor coloring my tone. “Since they are family, let them ‘keep it in the family’ in the video.”

There was a stunned silence on the other end, followed by a choked cough. Silas knew this strike would be fatal,

I hung up the phone, my mood instantly lifting.

The thought of Griffin Drake seeing himself intimately entangled with his uncle Carlos on the trending search was delightful.

I returned to my desk just as my secretary, Anya, led Skylar in.

I slid the prepared contract across the table.

Skylar didn’t even read the fine print. She picked up the pen and signed her name with a flourish, her trust in me absolute.

“About a manager,” Anya said hesitantly. “Katya resigned, and the other senior agents... well, they aren’t willing to take on a rookie right now.”

I glanced at the office door. I could feel the resistance from the old staff toward their new boss.

“It doesn’t matter,” I said decisively. “I will be her manager.”

Skylar’s eyes widened.

I looked straight into her eyes.

“I have just taken over Starlight, and my footing isn’t stable yet,” I told her sternly. “But you must succeed.”

I leaned forward.

“You need to stand firm in this cruel industry,” I said. “That is the only way to ensure bastards like Derek Crimson can never bully you again.”

Skylar straightened her spine, her expression hardening with resolve.

“I won’t let you down, Amelia,” she promised.

“Good,” I nodded. “Have you read the new healing diary by the author ‘Lily’?”

“Yes!” Skylar exclaimed. “I’m a huge fan.”

“If that diary is adapted into a TV series,” I said calmly. “I will make you the female lead.”

Skylar gasped, covering her mouth with her hands in shock.

Under my steady gaze, she lowered her hands and nodded fiercely, swearing to give it her all.

(Theodore’s POV)

At noon, Amelia’s car pulled up to the Crimson Group headquarters.

As soon as she pushed open the office door, I wheeled myself forward to meet her.

Inside me, Logan paced excitedly.

He let out a low growl of desire in my throat, desperate to be close to his mate. He wanted to greedily inhale the soothing scent of rain and wildflowers that clung to her.

Amelia sat on the sofa without ceremony.

She began unpacking the lunch she had ordered. It was a feast of pan-seared scallops and Venison Wellington.

It was all meat, perfectly suited for a wolf’s appetite.

Just as we were about to eat, my phone buzzed on the table.

The screen flashed with the name “Victor Crimson.”

I glanced at it but didn’t move. I let it ring, having no intention of answering.

Amelia sliced through the tender venison pastry. “Who is it?”

“Victor,” I said.

She raised an eyebrow, her sapphire eyes sharp. “You caught Vivian Crimson, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” I confirmed.

“Good,” Amelia said, stabbing a piece of meat. “Eat first. Ignore the pests.”

After lunch, Amelia prepared to treat the nerve damage in my legs.

I watched her quietly as she opened her medical kit.

She pulled out a row of needles that shimmered with a soft, warm light. They were pure gold.

A surge of warmth flooded my chest.

Silver was toxic to our kind; it burned the skin and halted healing. She had chosen gold specifically for me.

This deep understanding of my constitution made Logan squint his eyes in pure comfort.

The phone rang again.

It was Victor.

This time, I didn’t ignore him. I pressed the answer button and switched it to speaker.

“Theodore,” Victor’s voice came through, strained with suppressed rage. “Do you have any news about Vivian?”

He took a jagged breath.

“She went back to the pack house yesterday and hasn’t been seen since,” he added.

I leaned back in my wheelchair, comfortable and relaxed.

My gaze never left Amelia. I watched her focused profile as she carefully positioned a gold needle.

“I don’t know,” I replied slowly, my tone careless. “Maybe she left the pack house and got drunk at some club? Probably just slept through the morning.”

“We checked everywhere she usually goes,” Victor snapped. “Her phone is off.”

I let out a soft chuckle.

“You should ask her girlfriends then,” I suggested. “Why ask me?”

I heard the sound of teeth grinding on the other end.

“I just thought,” Victor hissed, “that my cousin is so well-connected. Perhaps you knew something.”

My fingers tapped lightly against the armrest of my wheelchair.

“I really don’t have any clues about Vivian,” I said, my voice dropping to a meaningful pitch. “But I can keep an eye out.”

I paused, a cold smile touching my lips.

“By the way, Ronan is missing too,” I said smoothly. “Do you have any news of him?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 206[1,141 words]

(Victor’s POV)

The air in the basement was stale, smelling of mold and dried blood. I stood in the shadows of the Badlands safehouse, the phone pressed tight against my ear

“Theodore,” I said, my voice dripping with feigned indifference. “You sound worried.”

“He is my brother, Theodore’s voice came through the speaker, calm and unreadable.

I sneered at the darkness. I knew he had Vivian. His veiled threats earlier made that crystal clear.

“Well, I fear you might be disappointed,” I said, injecting a cruel chill into my tone. “The Badlands aren’t kind to soft city wolves. Ronan might already be dead.”

I paused, letting the silence stretch.

“He probably got beaten to death by some local gang” I continued, macking him. “Dumped in a roadside ditch like the garbage he is. Tell me, Theodore, why do you even care? He betrayed you. Why play the loving brother now?”

A heavy sigh echoed from the other end of the line. It sounded weary, almost convincing.

“Even if he is just a corpse, Theodore said slowly. “I must bring him back to the Crimson Pack lands. It is a matter of family honor to bury him properly.”

I hung up the phone, my hand trembling with suppressed fury.

With a roar, I kicked the heavy oak coffee table in front of me. It crashed onto its side, splintering against the concrete floor.

Damn him.

Theodore knew exactly what he was doing. He wouldn't admit he had Vivian, forcing me to maintain this charade. I couldn't demand her release without admitting I had Ronan.

My plan had been perfect. Use Ronan as bait. Lure Theodore into this lawless zone. Ambush him. Kill him.

Now, it was all ruined.

I turned my glare to the corner of the room.

Ronan Crimson was curled up there, shivering in the damp cold. He looked like a beaten dog.

"Useless trash," I spat.

I strode over and delivered a vicious kick to his ribs.

Ronan whimpered, curling tighter into a ball. Dirt smeared his expensive suit, and his face was a mask of terror and snot.

He didn't look like an ambitious prince anymore. He looked pathetic.

"Please," Ronan wheezed, his voice trembling. "I just want to go home. I'll apologize. Theodore will forgive me. I just want to live."

I looked down at him with disgust. He was actually fantasizing about crawling back to Theodore's feet just to regain his comfortable life.

"Get him out of my sight," I barked at my men. "Send him back to the Northern Territories tomorrow."

"Boss," Tyson, my most loyal enforcer, stepped forward. His scarred face twisted into a nasty grin.

"What?" I snapped.

"Why send him back to Theodore?" Tyson asked, his voice low and conspiratorial. "Griffin Drake is in the capital. And he hates Theodore Crimson's guts right now because of what happened to his uncle Carlos."

I paused, my eyes narrowing.

"Go on," I said.

"We hand Ronan over to Griffin," Tyson suggested. "Let Griffin use him to attack Theodore. We use Griffin as a blade to cut Theodore down. And while they are fighting, we can leverage the chaos to get Miss Vivian back."

A slow smile spread across my face.

It was a vicious, brilliant plan.

“Excellent,” I said, looking at the trembling Ronan with renewed interest. “Prepare the transport. We are giving Griffin Drake a gift.”

(Theodore’s POV)

I placed the phone back on the desk.

Amelia sat beside me, her expression focused. In her hand, a long, slender needle glowed with a soft, golden hue.

She didn’t use silver. Silver was poison to us. It burned our skin and stopped our natural healing.

She had commissioned these pure gold needles specifically for me.

“Victor is furious,” Amelia said calmly, locating an acupoint on my paralyzed leg. “But he won’t move against us yet. He values Vivian too much.”

“She is smart,” Logan growled in my mind, his tone filled with admiration. * “She knows exactly how to handle these snakes.”*

I watched her work. Her movements were precise and gentle.

She finished the session and began placing the gold needles back into her leather case.

“That was quick,” I noted. “Fewer needles today?”

Amelia nodded, her sapphire eyes turning serious.

“Theodore, your legs haven’t healed for years not just because of the trauma,” she said softly.

My chest tightened. “What do you mean?”

“I found traces of a chronic toxin in your old medical records and current blood work,” she explained. “It suppresses werewolf regeneration. It specifically targets the nerves.”

The air in the room seemed to drop a few degrees.

“My father,” I said, the realization settling like a stone in my gut.

Amelia didn’t deny it.

“Theron pretended to seek doctors for you,” she said. “But he was likely ensuring the injury remained permanent. He wanted to strip you of your inheritance rights.”

A cold, golden light flickered in my eyes.

He had poisoned his own son to keep power.

“But the toxin is clearing now,” Amelia said, her voice bringing me back from the edge of rage. “Your nerves and tendons are responding. The gold needles have done their job.”

She closed her bag with a snap.

“From now on, we don’t need the needles,” she said. “You just need targeted deep–tissue massage and rehabilitation exercises.”

My mood shifted instantly.

The anger toward my father faded, replaced by a sudden, intense heat.

“Massage?” I asked, my voice dropping an octave. “Do I need to hire a professional therapist?”

Amelia shook her head as she stood up.

“No,” she said dismissively. “Ordinary therapists don’t understand the specific pressure points required for a werewolf’s recovery. If they press wrong, it could cause damage.”

A smile tugged at the corner of my lips.

My heart began to race. Logan was practically wagging his tail inside me.

If strangers couldn’t do it, that meant only she could.

I imagined her soft hands on my legs, her fingers working the muscles, the intimacy of her touch day after day.

“Then I suppose I’m in your hands,” I said, leaning back in my wheelchair. I looked at her with open affection, ready for this new phase of treatment.

Amelia gave me a strange, sly smile.

“Don’t worry,” she said. “I have the perfect assistants for the job.”

My smile faltered.

She reached into her bag.

“Come on out, little ones,” she cooed.

Green, her bright green snake, slithered out eagerly. Following him was White, looking somewhat reluctant.

I stared at the reptiles, my blood running cold.

“Green, take the right leg,” Amelia commanded, pointing at me. “White, you take the left. Remember the acupoints I taught you. Squeeze and release.”

Green didn’t hesitate. He slithered up my right leg, his scales cool against my trousers, and began to coil and squeeze with surprising strength.

White let out a tiny hiss of annoyance but obeyed Amelia’s glare, winding himself around my left calf.

I sat there, frozen.

Logan let out a confused whimper in my head.

Amelia crossed her arms, nodding in satisfaction as the two snakes began to massage my legs.

The romantic image of her hands on me shattered into a million pieces, replaced by the absurdity of being kneaded by reptiles.

I looked at Amelia, then at the snakes, and fell into a profound silence.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 207[1,305 words]

(Author’s POV)

Amelia reached into her medical bag and produced a small, crystal vial. Inside, a golden liquid swirled, infused with the essence of rare Moonlight herbs she had personally cultivated. She uncorked it, and a faint, soothing herbal scent filled the quiet room.

Carefully, she poured the shimmering oil onto Theodore’s legs. The skin there was pale and unresponsive, the muscles atrophied from years of paralysis.

“This is a new method I’m trying,” Amelia explained, her voice professional and soft. “I am using the snakes for assisted Deep Pressure Therapy.”

Theodore watched her hands, his expression unreadable.

“The principle is simple,” she continued, massaging the oil lightly into his skin. “Their muscular constriction creates a deep, uniform pressure. Combined with the friction of their scales against your skin, it generates a unique biological heat. This heat helps the medicinal components penetrate the atrophied muscles and damaged nerves much faster than traditional massage.”

She gestured to the two reptiles waiting obediently on the floor.

“Plus, these little guys understand my commands perfectly. It is much more effective than hiring a strange physical therapist who doesn’t know your body.”

Amelia pointed to the vibrant green snake. “This is Green.”

Then she pointed to the white one. “And this is White.”

Theodore looked down. The two cold-blooded creatures slithered up his calves, their tongues flicking out to taste the air.

Inside Theodore, his wolf Logan paced back and forth anxiously. The beast was wary of having potential threats so close to his host’s vulnerable spots, but he sensed no malice⁴ reptiles, only curiosity.

Theodore suppressed the instinctive urge to recoil. He swallowed his discomfort.

“I see,” he managed to say, his voice tight.

Amelia watched the snakes coil into position around his lower legs.

“How does it feel?” she asked.

Theodore averted his gaze, looking at the wall instead of the writhing scales on his skin.

“I feel a warm constriction,” he admitted, trying to keep his voice steady. “And a slight, rhythmic tingling.”

“That means it’s working,” Amelia nodded with satisfaction. “We need to do this for thirty minutes every day.”

“I accept,” Theodore agreed immediately.

Green, who had been lazily looping around Theodore’s ankle, paused in his

“Green, don’t slack off,” Amelia scolded lightly, tapping the snake’s tail.

The green snake stiffened. Reluctantly, he began to squeeze harder, wrapping his body tightly around Theodore’s shin.

Theodore closed his eyes. He focused on his goal. As long as he could heal these legs, as long as he could regain the power to protect his mate, he would endure any bizarre therapy.

(Author's POV)

"I will rest in the guest room for half an hour," Amelia said, wiping her hands. "Let them work."

She stood up and left the room, closing the door softly behind her.

As soon as the door clicked shut, Green immediately lifted his triangular head. He stared directly at Theodore with unblinking, vertical pupils.

Unbelievable, the snake seemed to complain internally. *Following Amelia used to be easy. I just had to Look Mysterious or act as a mascot to scare people. Now I'm reduced to a masseur doing manual labor for this Alpha? I'm going to die of exhaustion.*

Theodore sensed the snake's intense scrutiny. He knew Amelia's pets were far from ordinary animals.

"Hello," Theodore said, breaking the silence. He offered a polite, gentle smile to the reptile to ease the tension. "I am Theodore."

Green froze.

The snake immediately lowered his proud head, burying his snout against his own coils. He didn't dare to meet the man's gaze again.

It wasn't that he was charmed by the smile. It was instinct.

As a beast, Green could feel what humans couldn't. Theodore radiated a terrifying, invisible pressure. It was the Dominant Aura of a king, a top-tier Alpha that demanded absolute submission from all lesser creatures.

Green shivered and went back to work with renewed vigor, terrified of offending the powerful being.

An hour passed.

Amelia returned to the room. Green looked utterly exhausted, draped like a noodle over her.

Theodore's foot, while White was wandering aimlessly near the door.

Amelia packed the weary snakes back into her bag

"I'm heading to Starlight Entertainment now," she said.

Theodore looked up from his computer screen.

“What would you like for lunch tomorrow?” he asked. “Italian cuisine or the Steakhouse?”

“I’m not picky,” Amelia replied. “You choose.”

With a nod of agreement, Amelia turned and left the villa.

(Author’s POV)

Amelia arrived at the headquarters of Starlight Entertainment. She was about to push open the glass doors when voices from the main workspace stopped her.

The employees were huddled together, their discussions loud and agitated.

“Did you seek the email from Gale Entertainment?” one employee asked.

“I did,” another replied excitedly. “They are offering double our current salary to jump ship.”

“It’s obviously a raid,” a senior editor whispered. “The new boss, Amelia, must have offended the Drake family. Gale Entertainment is owned by the Yorks, and they are practically family with the Drakes. They are using Gale to hollow out Starlight completely.”

“Is it a trap though?” a cautious voice asked. “What if it’s just a capitalist scheme? We go there, they use us to kill Starlight, and then kick us out?”

“Who cares?” a man scoffed. “Starlight is going bankrupt anyway. Staying here take the money and run.”

“Exactly,” another woman added scathingly. “Amelia Stone talks about a Grand Vision, but it’s just Empty Promises. I don’t believe her.”

Just then, Anya Reed, the secretary, looked up from her desk near the entrance. Her eyes widened as she spotted Amelia standing by the door.

“Ms. Stone...” Anya breathed.

The room went instantly silent. The employees froze, looking like deer caught in headlights. The air felt heavy and suffocating.

But then, realizing they were planning to leave anyway, their expressions hardened. They stopped avoiding her gaze.

Amelia smiled calmly.

“I heard everything,” she said, pushing the door open and walking into the office.

Her gaze swept over the crowd, cool and composed.

“Anyone who wants to resign can hand their application to Anya right now,” Amelia announced. “I won’t stop you.”

Without waiting for a response, she walked straight past them and entered her office.

(Author’s POV)

The atmosphere outside the CEO’s office remained heavy and tense.

A staff member from the Public Relations department walked over to Anya’s desk.

“Anya,” she whispered. “Did you get the email from Gale too?”

Anya nodded, her expression serious. “I did.”

“So... are you going to go?”

“No,” Anya said firmly, loud enough for others nearby to hear. “And you should do as Ms. Stone said. If you want to go, go now.”

“Why are you staying?” the colleague asked, bewildered. “Everyone is leaving.”

“Because Gale Entertainment’s offer is a Scorched Earth Policy,” Anya said sharply. “It is a malicious business tactic, not a real opportunity. It’s unreliable.”

Anya adjusted her glasses, looking at the closed office door with respect.

“I did my research on Amelia Stone,” she said. “I’ve read about how she handles crises. Her history of fighting back against impossible odds... it makes me feel Empowered.”

Anya picked up a stack of files, her decision made. I’m betting my future on her.”

(Author’s POV)

Inside the office, Amelia sat behind her large mahogany desk. She opened her laptop and began to investigate Gale Entertainment

It was a formidable opponent with a deep history in the industry. The Chairman was Alpha Arthur York.

Amelia scrolled down to his family connections. His daughter was Jade York top-tier actress and currently the biggest star in the entertainment world. More importantly Drake’s fiancée.

Amelia read the file. The York family and the Stone family were both influencing their region, but Jade was the “Queen Bee” of the social circle. She was the ultimate popularity second only to Celine.

Amelia looked at Jade’s picture on the screen and smiled. Based on this information, she had already predicted the enemy’s next move.

Griffin Drake wouldn’t just stop at poaching employees.

Soon, the internet would be flooded with rumors. They would claim that Jade York had been personally selected by the mysterious Shadow Healer, “Lily,” to play the lead role in the adaptation of her healing diaries.

Such news would cause Gale Entertainment’s stock to soar, striking a devastating blow to Starlight’s morale.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 208[1,053 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Griffin Drake’s strategy was textbook corporate warfare. First, he poached the core employees of Starlight Entertainment with double salaries. Next, he would move to seize the company’s resources and projects.

This tactic was designed not just to crush a competitor financially, but to humiliate them spiritually. If Starlight were any other company on the brink of bankruptcy, it would have collapsed already.

Unfortunately for him, Starlight Entertainment was now under my control.

Griffin had miscalculated two crucial factors. First, I possessed a massive reserve of wealth and talent that he couldn’t possibly imagine. Second, the mysterious author “Lily” was me, and the copyright was entirely mine to command.

“That arrogant Drake Alpha thinks this will make us kneel?” Ava sneered in my mind.

She flicked her tail with disdain, her sapphire eyes glowing with mockery. “He doesn’t even know who he is playing with.”

I soothed my restless wolf, calming her agitation. My mind began to calculate the next step of the plan.

A sudden realization struck me. Celine’s presence with Griffin was a significant hidden danger.

Griffin would likely try to pry my secrets out of her, perhaps even discovering that I was “Lily“. I couldn’t let that happen.

I immediately dialed Silas Grey’s number.

“Where is Celine?” I asked as soon as the line connected.

“She is currently locked in **The Obsidian Club**” Silas reported efficiently. “Griffin himself hasn’t shown up. He just sent guards to keep an eye on her.”

A plan quickly formed in my mind.

“Silas, find a way to contact Jade York,” I instructed

Jade York was the eldest daughter of Alpha Arthur York and Griffin Drake’s fiancée. She was beautiful, but notoriously jealous and possessed a fierce possessiveness over what she considered hers.

“Leak a specific piece of information to her,” I said coldly. “Tell her that Griffin has **stashed a mistress** inside **The Obsidian Club**”

I knew women like Jade. She **has zero tolerance for rivals**.

“She will not tolerate such betrayal,” I continued. “Once Jade goes to the club to make a scene, use the chaos to extract Celine.”

“Understood,” Silas replied.

I hung up and leaned back in my chair. Now, I just had to wait for the show I begin.

Thirty minutes before it was time to get off work, my office door opened.

Anya Reed walked in, looking incredibly anxious. She held a thick stack of papers in her trembling hands.

“Ms. Stone,” she said, her voice tight. “These are resignation letters. Twelve of them.”

I took the stack. They were from key departments: makeup, photography, operations, and public relations. Even the business manager, Zachary Grant, had submitted one.

“Zachary is resentful because he couldn’t sign ‘Lily Anya explained hurriedly. “Plus, Gale Entertainment offered extremely tempting conditions. Everyone is shaken.”

She looked at me with pleading eyes. “Should we offer them a raise? If all these core employees leave at once, the company’s daily operations will crash.”

I looked at the names on the papers. My expression remained perfectly calm.

“Everyone has the right to choose,” I said.

I picked up my pen.

“But I will never pay inflated salaries to retain traitors.”

I signed my name on the first application. Then the next. I didn’t hesitate for a second.

“Starlight’s compensation is already above industry standards,” I said as I signed. “Since they chose to betray the team for profit, they must bear the consequences.”

I finished signing the last one and handed the stack back to a stunned Anya.

“Send these back to them immediately,” I ordered. “I don’t need them.”

Once Anya left, I called Silas again.

“I have a new order,” I said. “Deploy personnel from **The Network** to Starlight Entertainment to fill the vacancies.”

There was a long silence on the other end.

“Boss?” Silas sounded incredulous. “You want to use our people?”

Our organization housed the world’s top hackers, war correspondents, and financial traders.

That is like **using a sledgehammer to c***k a nut**, Silas muttered.

That is exactly the effect I want,” I replied with a smile.

“For other entertainment companies, this will be a crushing defeat from **a league**, I explained. “Tell the team to treat it as a vacation. They can expect ordinary people while perfecting the project for my healing diaries.”

“Understood,” Silas said, his voice sounding amused now. “I will arrange it.”

Outside the office, Anya distributed the approved resignation applications.

The employees who had submitted them stood frozen. They had expected me to beg them to stay, to offer more money. Instead, they were being shown the door instantly.

Zachary Grant’s face turned red with embarrassment. To cover his panic, he started shouting.

“You idiots are making a mistake staying here!” he yelled at the loyal staff. “I’m going to get double the salary at Gale Entertainment!”

He waved his approval letter. “Starlight won’t last a few months. It’s going bankrupt!”

The remaining employees looked down, clearly shaken. But most of them felt that Zachary’s deal sounded ****too good to be true****.

I walked out into the main office area.

“Everyone who is staying,” I said, my voice cutting through Zachary’s noise. “Write a detailed summary of your work content. Have it on my desk by Friday.”

The staff nodded, unable to guess my thoughts. They had no idea that a group of ****Apex predators**** was about to descend to take over the empty desks.

(Celine’s POV)

I stood in the center of the VIP box on the top floor of ****The Obsidian Club****.

The room was decorated with opulent luxury, but it felt like a cage. Burly bodyguards outside the door, ensuring I couldn’t leave.

I walked into the bathroom and stared at the mirror. A hideous, deep knife wound marred my face, a souvenir from the chaos at the hospital.

My face, once my pride, now looked terrifying.

“Amelia!” I screamed, a guttural sound of pure rage.

I grabbed a towel and threw it at the mirror. This was all her fault. I swore I would kill her.

Griffin must have brought me here for a reason. He wanted to use me against the Stone family.

“I will do anything,” I whispered to my reflection. “As long as it destroys Amelia.”

I touched my ruined cheek. Plastic surgery could fix this. I could be beautiful again.

A delusional thought took root in my mind. If I could capture Griffin’s heart..

I was certainly more talented and charming than his fiancée, Jade York. I just opportunity.

Suddenly, I heard a commotion outside the door. Footsteps were approaching.

My eyes lit up. I quickly smoothed my hair and adjusted my expression to look pitiful yet alluring.

It had to be Griffin coming to see me.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 209[1,075 words]

(Celine's POV)

Loud arguing erupted in the corridor outside. Then came the sound of the lock turning.

My heart slammed against my ribs. I was sure it was Griffin finally remembering me.

During these days of confinement, I had fantasized about capturing this powerful Alpha's heart. He was my ticket back to the top.

I quickly grabbed a piece of gauze from the first aid kit. I had cut it earlier to fashion a makeshift veil.

I carefully hung it over my ears, covering the hideous scar on half my face. It created an air of mystery, or so I hoped.

The door swung open. I immediately adjusted my posture.

I looked up through my lashes, deploying my signature "doe eyes." It was the look that had manipulated countless men before.

But the person striding in was not Griffin. It was a young woman radiating fury.

It was Jade York.

Jade York stormed into the room without a word. She raised her hand and delivered a vicious slap across my face.

The force was immense. It sent the gauze veil flying and knocked me to the floor in a heap.

"Ms. York, please!" The bodyguards at the door stepped forward nervously. "She is Mr. Drake's guest, not a mistress!"

Jade didn't even look at them. She pointed a manicured finger at me, sneering at my carefully arranged pose.

“Guest?” She laughed coldly. “Look at this shameless display. Is this trash more im actual fiancée?”

She glared at the men with the authority of an Alpha’s daughter. “Touch me and see what happens.”

The bodyguards exchanged glances. None of them dared to physically stop the future Luna of the Drake Pack.

Jade waved her hand dismissively. “Drag her out.”

Her own men moved forward, grabbing me roughly by the arms.

I was hauled downstairs and shoved into the back of a luxury car. I struggled violently against the leather seats.

“You can’t do this!” I screamed. “Griffin will never forgive you!”

Jade turned in the front seat and backhanded me again. “Shut up.”

She looked at me with pure disgust. “You are just a cheap knockoff trying to life. You aren’t worthy to speak his name.”

The engine roared to life. Jade suddenly turned her head to look at the bodyguard sitting next to me.

“You are the mole Amelia Stone planted, aren’t you?” she asked calmly. “Give me her contact number.”

My eyes widened in shock. The pain in my cheek was forgotten for a moment.

How did Jade York know Amelia? Why would they be communicating?

I looked at Jade’s cold profile and felt a chill run down my spine. A terrifying realization dawned on me.

I was just a pawn caught between two monsters.

(Amelia’s POV)

I had just returned to the Stone Pack House when my phone buzzed. It was an unknown number.

“This is Jade York,” a calm female voice said the moment I answered.

“I took Celine from The Obsidian Club,” she continued bluntly. “But don’t get me wrong. I didn’t do it out of jealousy.”

I raised an eyebrow, leaning back in my chair.

“I did it because I admire your guts,” Jade said. “You are the only one daring enough to fight the Drake family head-on.”

“If you can bring the Drake family down,” she added, her voice dropping lower. I had assumed Jade was in love with Griffin.

“Love him?” Jade scoffed. “I will never marry that violent, perverted Alpha. He is a monster.”

We reached a tacit understanding in seconds.

“I’m handing Celine over to your people,” Jade promised. “Do with her what you will.”

“The enemy of my enemy is my friend,” Ava paced excitedly in my mind. “This Jade has more spine than I expected”

I smiled faintly, tapping my fingers on the desk. A new player had entered the game, and she was on our side

Thung up the phone and thought about Jade’s words.

Her tone had been tough, but I could hear the desperation hidden beneath.

Jade was the eldest daughter of Alpha Arthur York Yet, she was treated like she was sold to the highest bidder.

Arthur York was obsessed with sucking up to the powerful Drake family. He was even willing to sacrifice Jade’s happiness to support his illegitimate son, Hugh.

Jade had reached her breaking point.

The Drake family wanted to swallow the Gale Pack’s assets whole. And her father was too blind to see it, dreaming of power that would never be his.

Jade’s rebellion was the c***k in the dam. It was the critical breach I needed to destroy the Drake family’s defense.

(Author’s POV)

In the top-floor office of Gale Entertainment, Alpha Arthur York stood with a sycophantic smile.

“Mr. Drake,” he said, bowing slightly to the man in the leather chair. “We have successfully poached twelve core employees from Starlight Entertainment.”

He rubbed his hands together. “Amelia Stone must be panicking right now. Her company is paralyzed.”

Griffin Drake nodded, looking very satisfied. He waved a hand dismissively.

“Arrange positions for them however you like,” Griffin said. “They are just tools.”

To him, Starlight Entertainment was now a sitting duck. It had lost its ability to fight back.

Suddenly, the office door burst open. Griffin’s assistant rushed in, looking pale and drained.

“Mr. Drake! We have a situation,” the assistant stammered.

“Jade York... she heard a rumor,” he said, glancing nervously at Arthur. “She thought Celine was your new mistress.”

Griffin sat up straighter, his eyes narrowing.

“She stormed into The Obsidian Club,” the assistant continued. “She made a huge scene and forcibly took the woman away.”

Griffin’s expression turned instantly dark. A flicker of violent rage passed through his grey eyes.

He turned his cold stare onto Arthur York.

“Control your daughter,” Griffin warned, his voice like ice. “If she ruins my plans again, Gale Entertainment will end up just like Starlight.”

Arthur York’s face drained of color. He bowed repeatedly, trembling.

“I am so sorry, Mr. Drake! I will discipline her immediately when I get back!

Arthur scrambled out of the room, terrified.

Griffin remained in his chair, the gloom in his eyes not dissipating. The situation with his uncle, Carlos Drake, was getting worse.

He needed a distraction. Something big to shift the public’s attention away from the Drake family’s legal troubles.

He decided not to wait any longer.

“Execute the next plan,” Griffin ordered his assistant coldly.

“Release the video,” he said. “The deepfake of Amelia Stone.”

The assistant nodded, pulling out a tablet.

“Upload it to all major platforms,” Griffin commanded. “Activate every bot network we have. I want it at the top of the trending list within the hour.”

He wanted to use a humiliating s*x scandal to completely destroy Amelia’s reputation.

It was a dirty tactic. But it would bury the news about his uncle’s arrest.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 210[958 words]

(Author’s POV)

Alpha Arthur York nodded vigorously at the man sitting across from him.

“Rest assured, Mr. Drake, everything is prepared,” Arthur promised, his voice eagerness.

He confirmed that the AI-generated video, a deepfake designed to humiliate Amelia Stone, was scheduled for release at 8 PM tonight.

“It will ruin her reputation completely,” Arthur sneered. “She will be the laughingstock of the entire social circle.”

Griffin Drake stood up slowly, smoothing the lapels of his expensive suit.

“Good,” Griffin said arrogantly. “I have already pressured the other entertainment companies in the Northern Territories.”

He smirked coldly. “They will join forces to block all resources for Starlight Entertainment.”

Griffin fixed Arthur with a hard stare. “About the meeting this Saturday.”

“You must secure the copyright for *Lily’s Healing Diary* at all costs,” Griffin ordered.

Arthur nodded rapidly. “Of course, Mr. Drake.”

Griffin’s eyes narrowed, his expression turning menacing. “And one more thing. Control your daughter, Jade.”

The air in the room grew heavy with his threat.

“I don’t like disobedience,” Griffin warned. “If Jade can’t behave, I won’t hesitate to replace the female lead after we get the copyright.”

Arthur jumped to his feet, sweat beading on his forehead.

“I will discipline her, I promise!” Arthur bowed, escorting the Alpha heir to the elevator.

As the elevator doors closed, Arthur’s sycophantic smile vanished instantly.

He pulled out his phone and dialed Jade’s number furiously.

“What were you thinking, going to The Velvet Lounge and making a scene?” Arthur shouted the moment the call connected.

“You have angered Griffin!” he roared. “Do you want to ruin us?”

On the other end, Jade’s voice trembled with rage and grievance.

“He hasn’t even marked me yet, and he’s already keeping mistresses!” Jade shouted back.

“If I marry him, my life will be a living hell,” she cried. “Are you really pushing me into a fire pit for the family’s sake?”

Arthur scoffed, dismissing her pain entirely.

“A powerful Alpha like Griffin having a few women is normal,” Arthur stated.

“It is an honor for the Gale Pack that the Drake family even looks at us,” he added.

“I won’t accept this humiliation,” Jade retorted sharply.

“If he keeps messing around with that fake, I will cancel the engagement!” she declared.

Before Arthur could respond, the line went dead.

Arthur stared at his phone, his face turning a deep shade of purple.

He was terrified that Jade's rebellion would offend Griffin, pushing the Gale Pack into bankruptcy.

(Amelia's POV)

I walked into the East Wing of the Stone Pack House, expecting a quiet evening.

To my surprise, the living room was full of people.

My adoptive parents, Jaxon and Seraphina, were there. But so were the Grey family elders—my grandfather Alpha Edmund, Grandma Helena, and all five of my uncles.

"Amelia!" they cheered as I entered.

My uncles immediately crowded around me, holding out gifts.

"For you, niece," Uncle Wesley said, shoving a car key into my hand. "Actually, it's for a private helicopter. Beats the traffic during rush hour."

Uncle Felix stepped up next, holding a heavy-looking vest.

"A custom tactical bulletproof vest," he said proudly "It will keep you safe from

Uncle Preston waved a brochure. "I got you a luxury yacht. You need to relax on the weekends."

I looked at the extravagant gifts, feeling a mix of helplessness and warmth.

"You guys are too much," I laughed softly.

Uncle Donovan stepped forward calmly and handed me a simple leather notebook.

"Market analysis of every entertainment company in Northgate City," he said. "And intelligence on your competitors."

My eyes lit up. "This is exactly what I needed!"

I took the notebook happily. My other four uncles groaned in defeat.

"You've set the bar too high, Donovan," Grandma Helena joked. "What are we supposed to give her for her birthday now?"

Laughing, we all moved to the dining room.

The table was laden with roasted venison, creamy mushroom soup, and exquisitely.

Jaxon cut into his steak, looking at me with concern. “How was your first day at Starlight Entertainment?”*

All five uncles stopped eating, watching me intently. They looked ready to fight anyone who had given me trouble.

“Everything is under control,” I said lightly, not wanting them to worry.

I took a sip of water. “Dad, how is Stone Botanicals doing?”

Jaxon’s expression turned grave. He put down his fork.

“It’s tough,” he admitted. “We lack funds and core talent. R&D on the new drugs has stalled, and we’ve had to lay off staff.”

I smiled confidently. “Don’t worry, I have a plan.”

“I’m going to cooperate with our neighbor, Rowan Calder,” I explained. “We will use the Calder family’s high-quality Herb Farms.”

Jaxon looked surprised.

“I’m also hiring the renowned specialist, Dr. Landon Moore, as a consultant,” I continued.

“And I plan to bring in Dr. Iris Morris’s team to break through the technical bottlenecks,” I added. “We might even buy her new drug patents.”

The gloom in Jaxon’s eyes vanished instantly. Hope reignited in his gaze.

We finished dinner and moved to dessert.

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was an unknown number.

I answered and put it on speaker.

“Amelia, it’s your mother,” Livia’s shrill voice pierced the air.

The atmosphere at the table froze instantly.

The Grey family members exchanged looks of pure disgust.

“Just a harassment call,” I said coldly.

I hung up and blocked the number without hesitation.

Seraphina chuckled. “Good girl.”

A moment later, my phone vibrated with a text message.

I glanced at the screen.

[Amelia, Ethan was taken by Derek Crimson. He hasn't been released yet.)

"Those leeches just won't quit," Ava snorted in my mind.

I typed a reply quickly: [None of my business.]

Letting Ethan provoke Derek had been my plan all along. He deserved whatever happened to him.

Almost immediately, another text popped up.

[How can it not be your business? Ethan is your blood brother.]

I read the next line, feeling nothing but contempt.

[Amelia, we have already suffered retribution. We've eaten enough bitterness. Shouldn't you let go of the hatred and help your brother?]

I stared at the screen, a cold sneer curling my lips.

Their attempt to play the "family card" now was pathetic and worthless to me.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 211[1,388 words]

(Amelia's POV)

[I have let go of the resentment, so in my eyes now, you are just irrelevant strangers. Since we are strangers, I am blocking you.]

I typed the message quickly, my fingers moving across the screen with practiced indifference. Without a second of hesitation, I added this new number to the blacklist. My heart remained as calm as a still lake, not a single ripple disturbing its surface.

I looked up from my phone and smiled at the Grey family members sitting around the dining table.

“Let’s keep eating,” I said softly.

Seraphina exchanged a knowing look with Jaxon. Neither of them asked about the purpose of Livia’s call. To them, and to me, Livia and her family had long since overdrawn their credit and were not worth a single extra word of

Seraphina exchanged a knowing look with Jaxon. Neither of them asked about the purpose of Livia’s call. To them, and to me, Livia and her family had long since overdrawn their credit and were not worth a single extra word of concern.

In the back of my mind, Ava let out a long, bored yawn.

“Wise choice,” my wolf drawled lazily. “That family’s scent only ruins a good appetite.”

(Caleb’s POV)

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in the guest room on the second floor of the Moore family mansion was suffocating. I paced the room, unable to hide my frustration.

“You shouldn’t have harassed Amelia,” I snapped at my mother. “Her hatred for us hasn’t faded yet.”

Livia sat on the edge of the bed, her face pale and streaked with tears. She was frantic with worry over my older brother, Ethan.

“But Ethan has been taken!” she wailed. “The one who took him is from the Crimson family. We can’t afford to offend them! We have no choice but to beg Amelia for help.”

I shook my head, exasperated by her logic.

“Derek Crimson has always been at odds with Amelia,” I countered. “Ethan getting taught a lesson by Derek might actually be helping Amelia vent her anger indirectly.”

Livia didn’t listen, continuing to mutter and complain. “How can she be so heartless? She is watching her own brother suffer and does nothing.

“Enough!” I shouted, my voice trembling with suppressed rage. I glared at my mother. “We deserve this outcome. It is our retribution.”

I took a deep breath, lowering my voice but keeping it stern. “I forbid you from saying another bad word about her. The Moore family members are all around us. I can feel them mocking us through the pack link.”

Livia finally fell silent, though she looked resentful.

“I will go to Derek’s place myself to resolve this,” I decided. I grabbed my jacket, take care of Dad. Don’t leave this room.”

I turned and hurried out of the room before she could argue further. I reached the top of the stairs and immediately froze.

My cousin Xavier Moore was coming up, accompanied by my uncle and aunt. Xavier stopped, a sneer spreading across his face.

“Oh, look who it is,” Xavier mocked. “I thought you were moving out tomorrow. Why haven’t you packed your bags yet?”

My aunt didn’t even look at me. “Xavier, come to the dining room,” she said coldly. “Dinner is ready.”

She treated me like empty air, walking past me without a glance. Once his wife and son were out of earshot, my uncle stopped. He looked at me with a fake, apologetic smile.

“I’m sorry, Caleb,” he said, his tone dripping with insincerity. “The family is a bit unhappy that you all have been staying here so long. Don’t take it to heart.”

I felt a wave of humiliation wash over me, hotter than fire. My fingernails elongated into claws, digging deeply into my palms.

As a former Alpha, bowing my head to these lower wolves felt like a knife twisting in my gut. But I had no power here. The stinging pain in my palms kept me grounded.

“I promise we will move out tomorrow,” I said stiffly “We won’t cause you any more trouble.”

My uncle nodded, looking relieved but trying to hide it. “Right,” he said awkwardly. “Well, do you want to join us for dinner?”

I looked at his eyes. There was no warmth there, only a hope that I would refuse him at his table.

“No,” I said coldly. “I have things to do.”

“What about your parents?” he asked, feigning concern.

“I will prepare something for them,” I replied, my jaw tight.

Shame burned in my chest. My only remaining shred of Alpha dignity screamed at me to leave this place immediately.

“I have urgent business to handle,” I muttered.

I didn’t wait for his response. I turned and rushed out the front door of the Moore mansion.

Once I was inside my car, I let out a shaky breath. I pulled out my phone and dialed a number. It was an Omega from our old pack, someone I had been kind to in the past.

“Hey,” I said when he answered. “Can you do me a favor? Prepare some dinner.

After arranging the food, I dialed Livia.

“Don’t go downstairs for dinner,” I told her bluntly. “The uncle’s family has no intention of inviting you.”

“What?” Livia’s shrill voice came through the speaker. “How can they be so cold? We are relatives!”

She started complaining about their cruelty, her voice grating on my nerves. I felt an indescribable wave of irritability.

“Just stay in the room,” I snapped and hung up the phone.

I stared out the windshield at the pitch-black night. The darkness seemed to swallow everything. I sighed deeply, the sound heavy in the quiet car. Then I slammed my foot on the gas pedal, driving off into the** night.

(Amelia’s POV)

After dinner, I walked the Grey family elders to the door. Once the house was quiet again, I went to the greenhouse.

I checked on the rare medicinal herb I was cultivating. It was growing well. Just to be safe, I sprinkled some of the plant’s specific defensive toxic powder around the perimeter.

Satisfied, I went back to my room and took a shower. When I came out, drying my hair, my phone pinged. It was a message from Natasha.

She had sent a series of screenshots from a chat with Damien Blackwood. I opened the images. Damien was typing paragraph after paragraph, trying to paint himself as a tragic hero.

[Damien: I offended Griffin Drake just to help Amelia vent her anger. Now my f***up. I’m suffering so much for her.]

[Damien: She doesn’t even know what I’m going through. I hope she realizes how much I protect her.]

I rolled my eyes. Natasha’s replies in the screenshot were ruthless.

[Natasha: Are you delusional? Amelia wasn’t even there that day.]

[Natasha: And Carlos Drake was taken down by my cousin Theodore's methods. It had nothing to do with you.]

[Natasha: You got grounded by your daddy because you're incompetent, not because you're a hero. Stop touching yourself with these fantasies.]

Damien had stopped replying after that.

"He's pathetic," Ava snorted.

I typed a quick reply to Natasha. [You're right. In our world, the weak don't protect anyone.]

I exited the chat and saw a notification from the Elite Werewolf Social Group. Someone had tagged me.

I clicked on the notification. It was the son of a wealthy Beta, a guy known for having more money than brains. He had posted a news link.

[Breaking: Drake Family invests heavily in Gale Entertainment! Sanctions incoming for Starlight Entertainment.]

The group chat was exploding with messages.

[BetaSon: It's over for Starlight. The Drake family is serious.]

[RichKid1: I give them three months. Maximum.]

[AlphaHeir2: Three months? You're generous. Once Griffin starts squeezing them, they won't last a month.]

[SocialiteA: That Amelia girl is just a country wolf from Meadow Brook. She thinks she can survive in the Northern Territories?]

[SocialiteA: She's a coyote playing in a wolf pack. She doesn't understand the brutal competition here.]

They were all mocking me, placing bets on when I would go bankrupt. I watched their messages scroll by, finding it incredibly entertaining. These people really thought money and family names were everything.

I tapped the screen, typing out a response.

[Amelia: Last time, I made Lyra Drake fulfill her bet and kneel. This time, I'm playing for real too.] The chat went silent for a moment. I sent my next message, throwing down the gauntlet. [Amelia: If I lose, I am willing to sign a submission contract, wear an engraved collar, and be your pet.]

[Amelia: But if you lose, you have to kneel at my feet on the full moon and lick my shoes clean. Dare to accept?]

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 212[1,055 words]

(Amelia's POV)

The so-called Elite Werewolf Social Group fell into a dead silence. I watched the screen, amused by how quickly their arrogance evaporated.

Ava flicked her tail lazily in my mind.

“A pack of pups barking behind a fence,” she scoffed. “Show a little fang, and they tuck their tails and run.”

Just then, a new message popped up, breaking the awkward stillness. It was Natasha.

[Natasha: Since everyone is so quiet, I'll be the bookmaker! Does anyone have the guts to bet against Amelia?]

I raised an eyebrow. Natasha was certainly enjoying this. My fingers flew across the screen as I sent a string of provocative messages.

[Amelia: What's the matter? Are you all mute?]

[Amelia: I know you are terrified of the Drake family. But are you seriously afraid to offend a 'country wolf' from Meadow Brook like me?]

[Amelia: If you don't have the courage, just admit you are cowards and leave the group.]

My goading worked perfectly. A wolf named Lucas Lloyd couldn't take the humiliation any longer. He was the son of Alpha Lloyd, a man with too much pride and too little sense.

[Lucas Lloyd: Shut up! You think you are invincible? I'll take that bet!]

[Lucas Lloyd: I bet Starlight Entertainment will be crushed by Griffin Drake within two months. You will be bankrupt and begging on the streets.]

A cold smile curled the corners of my lips. I didn't hesitate.

[Amelia: Deal. But let's make the stakes interesting.]

[Amelia: The loser signs a contract. They must wear a collar, be walked on a leash like a dog in public, and lick the winner's shoes clean.]

[Lucas Lloyd: You're on! Prepare to lick my boots, country girl.]

(Jade's POV)

The air in the VIP box on the top floor of the Night City Club was thick and suffocating. It smelled of expensive cigars and aged whiskey, a scent that barely masked the underlying stench of corruption. Griffin sat in the center of the leather sofa like a king on his throne. He swirled the amber liquid in his glass, soaking in the flattery of the sycophants around him.

Lucas Lloyd leaned in, his face flushed with excitement and alcohol.

"Mr. Drake, you should have seen the group chat," Lucas bragged, his voice subservient. "I just put that arrogant Amelia in her place."

Griffin barely glanced at him, letting out a dismissive snort. To him, Amelia was already prey caught in a trap.

"She won't last long enough to pay up," Griffin said lazily.

At that moment, Griffin's assistant stepped forward. He checked his watch and announced a piece of heavy news.

"Sir, everything is ready. At eight o'clock tonight, the explosive video regarding Amelia will be released across the entire network."

The atmosphere in the box shifted instantly. The men erupted into lewd laughter.

"I can't wait to see Theodore's face," one man sneered. "His fiancée, exposed for everyone to see."

"I bet she's wild," another added, using filthy language to describe what they expected to see.

I sat to the side, gripping my wine glass so hard my knuckles turned white. A wave of intense nausea rolled through my stomach. I wanted to vomit.

Suddenly, I felt a cold gaze burning into me. I looked up to see Griffin's sinister grey eyes locked onto my face.

"Jade," he said coldly. "Where did you hide Celine?"

My heart skipped a beat.

“I still need that woman,” Griffin continued, his voice devoid of any warmth. “She useful pawn against Amelia. Bring her to me.”

Panic flared in my chest, but I forced it down. I quickly adjusted my expression, twisting my features into a mask of ugly jealousy.

“That b***h?” I spat, slamming my glass onto the table. “I was sick of you asking about her.”

I stood up, feigning anger. “I was jealous! You kept paying attention to that fake daughter. So I had my people beat her up and dump her on the roadside hours ago.”

I squeezed out a few fake tears, my voice rising in a shrill complaint. “Who knows if she is dead or alive? Are you going to blame your own fiancée for a fraud?”

Griffin stared at me for a long, tense moment. I held my breath, praying my performance was convincing.

Finally, his arrogance won out. He believed that a female’s jealousy was the only reason for my actions.

“You are a fool,” he muttered impatiently. “Don’t do again. Sit down.”

(Jade’s POV)

The clock on the wall ticked closer to the hour. Finally, the hands aligned at eight o’clock sharp.

“It’s time!” Lucas Lloyd shouted, pulling out his phone. “Everyone, get your phones out! Let’s watch Amelia Stone’s reputation burn!”

Griffin maintained his reserved posture, but a cruel, expectant smile played on his lips. He took a sip of his drink, waiting for the show.

On social media, the hashtags exploded instantly. #AmeliaStoneScandal and #CrimsonFamilyDishonor shot to the top of the trending list.

“Here it is!” Lucas announced, clicking the video link.

The video began to play on everyone’s screens simultaneously. The room was filled with the initial sounds of the clip.

But then, the rowdy laughter and jeering in the VIP box cut off abruptly. It was as if someone had choked the sound out of every man in the room.

A deathly silence descended. It was heavy and terrifying.

Griffin frowned, sensing the shift. He looked around. The men weren't looking at their screens with lust or mockery anymore. They were looking at Griffin with eyes full of horror and disbelief.

Lucas Lloyd's face turned as pale as a sheet of paper. His hand trembled violently, and his phone slipped from his grip, clattering loudly onto the marble table.

"What is going on?" Griffin asked, his voice sharp with displeasure.

I knew this was my cue. I let out a piercing scream that tore through the silence.

"Griffin!" I shrieked, throwing my phone directly at him. "How could you!"

I covered my mouth, acting as if I was on the verge of a breakdown. "That is your own uncle! That is Carlos Drake!"

Griffin caught the phone instinctively, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"If you like men," I yelled, my voice trembling with fake disgust, "if you are into i****t with your own relatives, then why did you get engaged to me? This is absolutely sickening!"

Griffin's face changed instantly. He looked down at the screen in his hand.

The video was high-definition. The lighting was clear.

His uncle, Carlos Drake, was indeed in the video, tangled in the sheets. But the him, moaning and writhing, was not Amelia Stone.

The face was unmistakable. It was Griffin himself.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 213[1,134 words]

(Griffin's POV)

The VIP box at the Night City Club had fallen into a deathly silence.

The only sound was the rhythmic, breathless panting echoing from the massive screen on the wall.

I stared at the display, my eyes nearly popping out of my skull. The "leading man" in the video had hazy eyes and a flushed face. The low moans spilling from his lips were sexy and terrifyingly familiar.

It wasn't just my face. Every ripple of muscle on his back, even the small mole on the side of his neck, was identical to mine.

A wave of dizziness hit me. My wolf roared in my mind, a sound of confused fury.

Why?

Why was I the one entangled with my uncle Carlos? It was supposed to be Amelia Stone on that screen!

My first thought was betrayal. Alpha Arthur York must have double-crossed me.

But I quickly dismissed it. That old fox wouldn't dare. He didn't have the guts to play me like this.

The vulgar sounds continued to assault my eardrums.

I glanced around the room. Lucas Lloyd and the other lackeys didn't dare to speak. But I saw their Adam's apples bobbing violently. Their eyes were wide, filled with a mix of shock and a wretched, perverted excitement.

Shame washed over me, followed instantly by a volcanic rage.

I sprang from the sofa like a wounded beast.

"Turn it off!" I roared, my voice cracking. "Turn it off right now! If anyone dares to look again, I will gouge your eyes out!"

The men trembled in terror. They scrambled to hide their phones, though I knew the image of this scandal was already burned into their retinas.

In the corner, Jade lowered her head. Her shoulders shook slightly. She looked like she was holding back intense emotion.

I didn't have time to deal with her yet.

"Get out!" I bellowed again, kicking the table. "Everyone get the hell out!"

Lucas and the others looked like they had been granted amnesty. They stumbled over each other in their haste to flee the room.

Jade stood up, trying to slip out amidst the chaos.

"Stop," I barked. "Jade, stay right there."

She froze.

“Call your father,” I ordered, my voice trembling with suppressed violence. “Now.”

She pulled out her phone and dialed. As soon as the call connected, I snatched the device from her hand.

“Arthur!” I screamed into the receiver. “What the hell is going on? Explain this to me!”

Arthur’s voice on the other end was frantic. “Mr. Drake! Please, listen! Our technical team was hit by a counter-attack. A top-tier hacker infiltrated the system.”

“A hacker?” I spat.

“Yes! They reversed the data stream,” Arthur stammered. “They forcibly altered the metadata and bound your identity markers to the deep-fake algorithm. We can’t stop the upload!”

I gripped the phone so hard the screen began to c***k.

“I don’t care how you do it,” I hissed. “Remove those trending topics immediately. If you don’t, I will wipe Gale Entertainment off the map. There will be blood.”

(Jade’s POV)

Griffin hung up the phone and tossed it onto the sofa. His chest heaved. His eyes were dark and murderous as he turned to look at me.

I quickly adjusted my expression. I looked up at him with wide, tear-filled eyes, feigning deep injury and confusion.

Griffin took a deep breath, forcing down his urge to kill.

“It’s fake,” he said, his voice dry and strained. “Jade, you have to believe me.

I covered my mouth, acting shocked. “Who? Who would have the power to scheme against the Drake family like this?”

Griffin ground his teeth. “The original video... it was Carlos with one of his mistresses.”

He paced back and forth, unable to keep the truth to himself in his agitation.

“I intended to use AI technology to swap that woman’s face with Amelia’s,” he admitted, his voice dripping with venom. “I wanted to ruin her. But someone anticipated my move and swapped my face in instead.”

I let out a long breath, patting my chest as if a great weight had been lifted.

“Oh, thank the Moon Goddess,” I said. “As long as it isn’t real. I was so scared.

Griffin seemed to relax slightly at my acceptance. He stepped closer, reaching his arms. He clearly wanted to prove his s****l orientation was normal.

I stiffened instantly. I took a sharp step back.

“Griffin, no,” I said, putting on a mask of firm virtue. I am a traditional woman. My mother taught me well.”

I looked him in the eye. “I must save myself for our wedding night. We can only be intimate after the formal Marking Ceremony.”

Griffin’s face twitched with annoyance. He wasn’t really in the mood anyway. He waved his hand dismissively.

“Fine,” he muttered. “Just go. Leave me alone.”

I didn’t wait for him to change his mind. I turned and walked out of the box.

As soon as the heavy door clicked shut behind me, a loud crash echoed from inside. It sounded like the glass coffee table being kicked over, followed by Griffin’s beastly roar of frustration.

“Amelia! I will kill you!”

I walked briskly to the elevator. I kept my head down until I reached the parking garage and slid into the driver’s seat of my sports car.

Only then did I let it out.

“Hahahaha!”

I laughed until tears streamed down my face. The sound was filled with the pure vindication of revenge. Seeing Griffin Drake reduced to a laughingstock was the best feeling in.

He deserved it. He deserved every bit of it.

I reached into my clutch and pulled out a slim, silver device. A micro-recorder.

I pressed the playback button. Griffin’s voice filled the car, clear as day.

“The original video... it was Carlos with one of his mistresses. I intended to use AI technology to swap that woman’s face with Amelia’s...”

Got him.

He had admitted to the conspiracy and the AI tampering with his own mouth. I knew he would try to spin the narrative tomorrow, claiming he was a victim. This recording would nail his coffin shut.

Without hesitation, I opened my encrypted messaging app and sent the file to Amelia.

(Author's POV)

The Elite Werewolf Social Group had been quiet for a long time.

Natasha

[Natasha: Wow. Just... wow. I knew the Drake family was close, but I didn't know they were *that* close.]

The group chat exploded.

The Alphas who had previously been sucking up to Griffin went completely silent. In the werewolf world, where bloodlines and tradition were paramount, i****t was the ultimate taboo. It was a stain that could never be washed away.

Meanwhile, on social media, the comment sections were completely out of control. Amelia's counterattack had been precise and devastatingly humiliating.

[To be honest, watching Alpha Griffin and his uncle's 'bed scene' is way more exciting than some boring gossip about Amelia!]

[Although the key parts are mosaic-ed out, I have to admit, as an Alpha, Griffin's body is definitely better than his fat second uncle's.]

[Is this a new way for the Drake family to keep their bloodline pure? That is just too hardcore!]

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 214[1,011 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I ignored the betting taunts in the Northgate Elite group chat.

Instead, I focused on the confidential files my uncle Donovan Grey had meticulously compiled about Northgate City's entertainment companies.

Donovan had carefully marked which companies were secretly controlled by the Drake family. He'd also highlighted which artists under their management had scandals just waiting to explode.

My phone buzzed. Silas's name flashed on the screen.

"It's done," she reported. "The deepfake video swapping Carlos's mistress with Griffin went live ten minutes ago. The werewolf community's networks are on fire."

Ava let out a pleased whimper in my mind. She was thoroughly satisfied with this precise revenge.

I smiled. Griffin's reckoning had begun.

"Send me Griffin's private number," I instructed.

"Already texted it to you," Silas confirmed. "What about Celine?"

"Handle her," I said coldly. "I heard Adrian's family wants to hand her over to the Drake family for disposal."

My eyes narrowed. That wouldn't do at all.

"Change of plans," I continued. "Deliver Celine to her biological father, Chuck Haden. The gambling-addicted rogue wolf."

Silas was silent for a moment, then chuckled darkly. "Understood. He's downin squeeze every last bit of value from her."

"Exactly," I said. "Once that father-daughter pair has tormented each other enough, we'll hand their evidence over to the enforcement squad. Let all three of them reunite in prison."

I hung up and stared at my phone.

Celine was dealt with. Next came Griffin.

I opened social media and found the high-definition video. Watching the usually arrogant Alpha being mocked and ridiculed sent a thrill through me

Ava was practically howling with excitement in my mind. She urged me to deliver the final blow to our prey.

I decided to personally add fuel to Griffin's rage.

I dialed his private number.

The phone rang twice before connecting. A man's voice came through, extremely ice-cold.

"Who is this?"

"Good evening, Griffin," I said cheerfully. "It's Amelia Stone."

His breathing became instantly heavy. I could hear teeth grinding on the other end.

"How dare you call me," he snarled.

I kept my tone light and mocking. "Why wouldn't I dare? I haven't done anything illegal or immoral. I don't have any scandalous videos exposing me to the world. So naturally, I can call whoever I want."

A loud crash echoed through the phone. Something expensive had just been destroyed.

I knew Griffin was losing control.

"What do you want?" he forced out, his voice shaking with barely contained fury.

"I wanted to congratulate you," I said sweetly. "Your intimate video with your uncle Carlos is trending. The entire werewolf community has seen your beauty and physique up close. You must be so proud."

A beast-like roar erupted from the phone.

I let out a cold laugh. "I warned Matriarch Octavia before. I know every dirty secret the Drake family has buried."

My voice dropped, becoming lethal. "If you provoke me again, I will erase the entire Drake family from the Northern Territories' werewolf map. Completely."

I didn't give him a chance to respond.

I hung up.

The image of Griffin's furious face filled my mind. I felt deeply satisfied.

Ava purred contentedly. *Well done.*

(Amelia's POV)

I set my phone down and stretched.

Theodore would arrive soon for our movie night. I wanted to finish reviewing Donovan's files before then.

The entertainment industry in Northgate City was a tangled web. The Drake family had their claws in at least fifteen major production companies.

Donovan had highlighted three in red.

Gale Entertainment was the most obvious. Alpha Arthur York was Griffin's.

But there were two others. Smaller companies that specialized in "training centers" for young artists.

My stomach turned as I read the details.

These weren't legitimate talent agencies. They were trafficking fronts. Young wolves, mostly Omegas and low-ranking pack members, were lured in with promises of stardom.

Instead, they were trapped. Abused. Sold.

Ava growled in my mind. *Disgusting.*

I agreed completely.

My phone buzzed again. This time it was a message from Jade.

She'd sent me an audio file.

I pressed play.

Griffin's voice filled the room, clear and damning.

"The original video... it was Carlos with one of his mistresses. I intended to use AI technology to swap that woman's face with Amelia's..."

I smiled slowly.

Perfect.

This recording proved Griffin had orchestrated the deepfake attack. When he in claim he was the victim tomorrow, this would destroy his defense.

I saved the file to three separate encrypted drives.

Then I forwarded it to Marcus with instructions. "Release this if Griffin tries to spin the narrative.

Make sure every major news outlet gets a copy."

Marcus replied immediately. “Understood.”

I leaned back in my chair.

Griffin was trapped. Every move he made now would only tighten the noose.

Ava was practically vibrating with anticipation. *When do we finish him?*

“Soon,” I murmured. “But not yet. Let him suffer first”

(Caleb’s POV)

The night had fallen completely by the time I pulled up to Derek Crimson’s villa.

It was nine o’clock.

I’d barely stopped the car when I saw a figure being thrown out through the iron gates like garbage.

My heart lurched.

It was Ethan.

Derek stood inside the gate, his face twisted with disgust. “Get lost! Don’t die on my property and bring bad luck!”

I bolted from the car and ran to my brother’s side.

Ethan was covered in dirt and grime. His face was a mess of bruises and silver whip marks. Someone had beaten him brutally.

His skin was deathly pale. His brow was furrowed in agony. Cold sweat dripped from his forehead. Worst of all, black-red blood kept spilling from the corner of his mouth, staining his white shirt.

I glared at Derek. “What did you do to him?”

Derek shrugged. “Nothing. He showed up like this. Not my problem.”

He gestured to his guards. They slammed the gate shut in my face.

Noah howled in my mind. *Save him! Now!*

I didn’t waste time arguing.

I hauled Ethan up and half-carried, half-dragged him back to the car. I shoved him into the passenger seat and grabbed tissues to wipe the blood from his mouth.

“Ethan! What happened?” I demanded.

His eyes fluttered open. His voice was barely a whisper. “The poison... it’s activating.”

My blood ran cold.

The poison.

The one Amelia had given him when he’d tried to save Celine.

“The pain...” Ethan gasped. His whole body trembled. “It’s like my bones are being shattered from the inside. Over and over.”

I gripped the steering wheel.

Only Amelia could cure this. Only she had the antidote.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 215[1,275 words]

I slammed my foot on the gas pedal and glanced back at Ethan in the rearview mirror.

He was curled up in the back seat, his body convulsing with pain. Black-red blood kept trickling from the corner of his mouth.

“Hold on,” I said desperately. “We’ll be at the Pack House soon. Amelia will help. She has to.”

Noah whimpered in my mind. *She won’t. Why would she?*

I ignored him.

Thirty minutes later, I pulled up to the gates of the Stone River Pack House. I killed the engine and scrambled out, hauling Ethan onto my back.

His weight felt like nothing compared to the crushing guilt in my chest.

I staggered toward the iron gates and pounded on them with my free hand.

“Open up!” I shouted. “Please! My brother needs help!”

Two guards appeared on the other side. They recognized me immediately. Their expressions didn't change.

"No entry," one of them said flatly.

"What?" I stared at him in disbelief. "This is my family's Pack House!"

"Not anymore," the other guard replied. "Alpha Alaric's orders. You and your access rights when you moved out."

I kicked the gate hard. The metal rattled but didn't budge.

"My brother is dying!" I roared. "Let us in!" The first guard shook his head. "Without permission from Alpha Alaric or Miss Amelia, no one enters. Those are the rules."

I kicked the gate again. And again.

Ethan groaned weakly on my back. His grip on my shoulders was getting weaker.

"Please," I begged. "Just call someone. Anyone. Tell them we're here."

The guards exchanged glances but didn't move.

They just stood there, stone-faced and immovable.

I stumbled back to the car and carefully lowered Ethan into the back seat.

My hands were shaking as I pulled out my phone.

I had to call Amelia. She was the only one who could save him.

My finger hovered over the screen.

Then I froze.

I didn't have her number.

The realization hit me like a punch to the gut.

I'd never saved my own sister's contact information. Not once in all these months.

Noah howled miserably in my mind. *What kind of brother are you?*

"Shut up," I muttered.

I grabbed Ethan's phone from his jacket pocket and unlocked it. My hands fumbled as I scrolled through his contacts.

There. Amelia's name.

I pressed call and held the phone to my ear.

It rang once. Twice.

Then I heard the automated message. "The number you are trying to reach has blocked this caller."

I tried again.

Same result.

She'd blocked us both.

I dropped the phone and buried my face in my hands.

This was our fault. All of it.

Ethan coughed violently behind me. A spray of black blood hit the back of my seat.

I whipped around. His eyes had rolled back in his head. His breathing was shallow and erratic.

"Ethan!" I shook him. "Stay with me!"

He didn't respond.

Noah was howling nonstop now. *Do something! He's dying!*

I yanked the car into gear and peeled away from the Pack House.

There was one place that might help. A place that didn't ask questions.

The underground clinic in the Slum District. The one that treated rogue wolves and

It was illegal, dangerous, and our only option.

(Amelia's POV)

I woke the next morning to sunlight streaming through my bedroom window.

Theodore had left early for a meeting at Crimson Group. The bed beside me was still warm.

I reached for my phone and checked the news.

Griffin's scandal had been scrubbed from the major outlets overnight. The Drake family's PR machine was working overtime.

But something else had taken its place.

A trending post about me and Caleb.

I clicked on it.

The image showed Caleb standing outside the Pack House gates late last night. His face was haggard and desperate. The caption read: "A brother's plea for forgiveness."

Below it was a long statement written in formal werewolf script.

A Blood Oath of Atonement.

I read through it slowly.

Caleb confessed to sabotaging my car. He admitted to nearly killing me. He swore on his wolf's life that he would spend the rest of his days atoning for his sins.

In werewolf society, Blood Oaths were binding. Breaking one meant death.

The comments section was flooded with reactions!

Some people were calling him brave for owning his mistakes. Others said I should forgive him and let the family heal.

A few even blamed Celine for manipulating him.

I set the phone down and laughed coldly.

Ava snarled in my mind. *Pathetic.*

"Agreed," I murmured.

This wasn't atonement. It was manipulation.

Caleb was using public sympathy to pressure me into forgiving him. He was betting that I'd cave under the weight of werewolf tradition and family expectations.

He was wrong.

I went downstairs for breakfast.

Seraphina was already at the table, reading the same post on her tablet. She looked up when I entered.

“Have you seen this?” she asked carefully.

“I have.”

She frowned. “Some people are saying you should give him another chance.”

Jaxon walked in carrying a cup of coffee. “Some people are idiots.”

He sat down beside me. “Adrian’s family is using this to worm their way back into the Pack House.

Don’t fall for it.”

I poured myself tea. “I won’t.”

Seraphina looked relieved. “What will you do?”

I took a sip and considered my answer.

“I’ve changed my mind,” I said slowly. “I’m not going to terminate Caleb’s contract with Starlight Entertainment.”

Both of them looked surprised.

“Instead,” I continued, “I’m going to bury him.”

Jaxon raised an eyebrow. “Explain.”

“As his boss, I have the authority to decide which projects he works on,” i doesn’t work on any.”

So I’ll make sure he

I set my cup down. “No roles. No appearances. No income. I’ll keep him locked in that contract until he’s completely forgotten. Until he fades into nothing.”

Ava purred with satisfaction. *Perfect.*

Seraphina’s expression was complicated. “That’s... harsh.”

“He tried to kill me,” I reminded her. “This is mercy.”

Jaxon nodded approvingly. “Agreed.”

We finished breakfast in silence.

After breakfast, I grabbed my car keys and headed out.

I had a meeting with Berry and the *Cloudward* production team this morning. We finalize the marketing strategy.

I pulled out of the driveway and turned onto the main road.

Suddenly, a figure darted out in front of my car.

I slammed on the brakes.

The car screeched to a halt inches from him.

It was Caleb.

He looked even worse than in the photo. His face was covered in stubble. His eyes were bloodshot and hollow. He was clutching a paper bag in one hand.

I rolled down the window. “Move.”

“Wait,” he said hoarsely. “Please.”

He stepped closer and held out the bag. “I brought you breakfast. I remembered you used to like these pastries.”

I stared at him.

Then I laughed.

“I already ate,” I said coldly. “And even if I hadn’t, I wouldn’t touch anything from you.”

His hand trembled. “Amelia, please-”

“Your cheap gestures disgust me,” I cut him off. “Just like your pathetic social media post. Did you really think a Blood Oath would make me forgive you?”

Caleb’s face crumpled. “I know I don’t deserve forgiveness. But Ethan-”

“Don’t,” I warned.

He ignored me. “Ethan is dying. The poison you gave him is tearing him apart. He can barely breathe. Please, I’m begging you. Give him the antidote.”

I felt nothing.

“He had his chance,” I said. “He chose to give the antidote to Celine instead. That was his decision.”

Caleb’s eyes filled with desperation. “Then give it to me.”

I blinked. “What?”

“Poison me instead,” he said quickly. “I’ll take his place. I’ll suffer for him. Just please, save him.”

I stared at him for a long moment.

Then I smiled.

“You’re even worse than Ethan,” I said softly.

Caleb flinched.

“You sabotaged my brakes,” I continued. “If I hadn’t been strong enough, I would’ve died in that crash. Compared to what you tried to do to me, your current suffering is nothing.”

His face went pale.

“The only reason you’re even awake right now,” I said, “is because I wanted you to see Celine’s true nature. To watch her abandon you.”

A flicker of hope appeared in his eyes. “So you’ll trade? My life for his?”

I let the silence stretch.

Then I said one word.

“No.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 216[1,090 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I sat in the driver's seat, my hands gripping the leather steering wheel until my knuckles turned white.

Through the windshield, I stared coldly at the figure blocking my path.

Caleb stood there, looking like a kicked puppy, but I felt nothing but ice in my veins.

Ava paced restlessly in the back of my mind, a low growl vibrating through my chest.

Run him over, she hissed, her sapphire eyes flashing with disgust. *Tear the hypocrite apart.*

I didn't roll the window down all the way.

Instead, I slammed my foot on the gas pedal while in neutral.

The engine roared to life, a beastly snarl that made Caleb flinch violently.

The car lunged forward an inch, just enough to make him stumble back.

I lowered the glass a c***k, my voice cutting through the morning air like a silver blade.

"You have three seconds to move, Caleb," I said, my tone flat and devoid of emotion. "I'd hate to dent my bumper on something as worthless as you, but I'm in a hurry."

Caleb's face drained of color.

He looked into my eyes and saw the truth.

He knew I wasn't bluffing.

He knew that the sister he used to bully was gone, replaced by someone drive right through him.

His shoulders slumped in defeat.

He scrambled backward, stumbling toward the grassy verge of the driveway.

I didn't wait for him to regain his balance.

The moment he was clear, I released the brake.

The tires screeched against the asphalt, kicking up a cloud of dust and gravel that coated him instantly.

I glanced at the rearview mirror as I sped away.

Caleb was crouching by the roadside, his head buried in his hands, looking small and pathetic.

A twisted sense of satisfaction curled in my gut.

It felt good.

I merged onto the highway, the city skyline rising in the distance.

A cold smirk played on my lips.

He reeks of greed, Ava sneered in my head, her voice dripping with disdain. *It's nauseating.*

"Agreed," I murmured aloud.

I didn't need to overanalyze his motives.

I didn't need to consider family honor or the reputation of the Stone River Pack.

Those were useless hypotheticals for people who actually cared.

The truth was simple.

Caleb wasn't broken because he missed his sister.

He wasn't crying because he felt remorse for almost killing me.

He was crying because he had lost his punching bag.

He was crying because the ATM he had relied on for years had finally shut down.

Look at him, I thought, gripping the wheel tighter. It's not guilt. It's the panic of a parasite realizing its host has finally cut it off.

They wanted forgiveness?

They wanted me to wash away their sins with a smile?

They didn't deserve a single drop of mercy.

Their regret was too late, and it was entirely worthless.

I arrived at Starlight Entertainment and took the private elevator to the top floor.

The office was quiet, bathed in the cool light of the morning sun.

I sat at my desk and opened my laptop.

I logged into the social media monitoring tools.

The trending topics were ablaze.

Right at the top was a hashtag that made my stomach turn: #ForgiveCaleb.

I clicked on it.

Thousands of posts flooded the screen.

Caleb's fans were relentless.

They had dug deep.

They had found out about my background as the true-born daughter of the Stone family.

They had even found clips of my piano performance from the Welcome Gala, praising my "hidden talent."

But they weren't celebrating me.

They were using it to guilt-trip me.

"He's your brother!" one user wrote. "Let him protect you."

"This is the bond of family," another posted. "Don't throw it away over a mistake."

"Family is everything," a third commented. "Forgiveness is divine."

It was a tidal wave of sanctimonious garbage.

They were trying to morally kidnap me, forcing me into the role of the benevolent saint.

I felt bile rise in my throat.

It was suffocating.

It was disgusting.

A knock on the door broke my concentration.

“Come in,” I called out, closing the browser tab.

Anya, Ethan’s former secretary who was now reporting to me, stepped inside.

She looked nervous, clutching a stack of files to her chest.

“Miss Stone,” she said softly. “I have the reports on the resigning staff. The transition is... difficult.”

“Don’t worry about it,” I said, leaning back in my chair. “I have a new team coming in next week. Just hold the fort until then.”

Anya nodded, but she didn’t leave.

She shifted her weight from one foot to the other.

“Is there something else?” I asked.

“It’s... the news,” she stammered. “The trending topic about Caleb.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“I think... maybe you should consider it,” she said tentatively. “If you forgive him publicly, we could use the buzz. It would be great PR for Starlight to show unity. It might help us get through this crisis.”

I stared at her for a moment.

Then, I threw my head back and laughed.

The sound was sharp and devoid of humor.

Anya flinched.

“Forgive him?” I asked, wiping a tear of mirth from my eye. “Anya, you’re looking at this all wrong.”

I stood up and walked to the window, looking down at the city.

“Anger is the best engagement tool,” I said coldly. “Why would I share the spotlight with someone who tried to bury me?”

Anya left the office, looking bewildered.

I sat back down and pulled out my phone.

I didn't need a PR team for this.

I created a new verified account: **Alpha Amelia**

I scrolled through the feed until I found the most popular tweet calling for It was a sappy post about how siblings should always support each other.

I hit the quote-retweet button.

I attached a photo I had just taken-me, sitting in the CEO's chair, throwing my head back in unbridled laughter.

My fingers flew across the keyboard.

"Sorry, I don't carry dead weight anymore. My back feels great, thanks for asking. New single dropping at midnight. #Solo #NotYourSister"

I hit post.

I watched the progress bar fill up.

Sent.

I leaned back and waited for the explosion.

By noon, the internet had melted down.

My notification feed was a blur of activity.

My "villainous" attitude had shattered the fragile image the fans had built for me.

I wasn't the weeping, forgiving sister they wanted.

I was the Alpha who didn't give a damn.

The comments section transformed instantly.

The "love and light" crowd turned into a mob.

"Ungrateful b***h!" one user screamed in all caps.

“Celine would never act like this,” another wrote. “She has class. You’re just trash.”

“He offered you an olive branch!” someone else raged. “And you snapped it in half!”

“You don’t deserve a brother like Caleb!”

I watched the follower count on my new account skyrocket.

Ten thousand. Fifty thousand. One hundred thousand.

The hate was fueling the algorithm.

Every insult was boosting my visibility.

I wasn’t angry.

I was delighted.

I found the nastiest comment, a long diatribe about how I would die alone and unloved.

I clicked ‘Pin’.

Then, I typed a single reply.

Kiss.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 217[1,235 words]

(Caleb’s POV)

I stared at the breakfast sandwich in my hand.

It was cold now.

This was the offering Amelia had rejected without a second glance.

My stomach growled, a hollow reminder of my hunger, but the food tasted like ash in my mouth.

I forced myself to eat it, swallowing my pride along with the stale bread.

There was no point in wasting it.

We didn't have the luxury of waste anymore.

I pulled out my phone, my thumb hovering over the screen.

I had been scrolling through rental listings since last night, my eyes burning from the strain.

The Moore family estate was suffocating, filled with unspoken judgment and open hostility.

We couldn't stay here.

I finally found a listing that seemed adequate.

It was a four-bedroom apartment in a complex on the edge of the city.

The location was terrible compared to the Stone River Pack House.

The environment was noisy, and the building looked worn in the photos.

But we were desperate.

Being kicked out of our home had left us with few options.

"It will have to do," I muttered to myself.

I tapped the screen, transferring the funds for the first month's rent and the security deposit from my personal savings.

It was a significant chunk of what I had left.

I told myself it was temporary.

I would save up.

I would buy us a proper house, something decent where we could rebuild.

I booked a moving service through an app, confirming the earliest slot.

Only then did I stand up, exhaustion weighing down every limb, and trudged back to the Moore residence.

I entered the living room, hoping to slip upstairs unnoticed.

My cousin Xavier was waiting for me.

He sat on the plush sofa, legs crossed, a cruel smirk playing on his lips.

“Back already?” Xavier asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

He didn’t bother looking up from his tablet.

“I seem to recall someone making a big speech about leaving yesterday,” he sneered. “Are you planning to stick around like a bad smell?”

I clenched my fists at my sides.

Noah, my wolf, growled low in my mind, urging me to snap back.

But I held my tongue.

This was my mother’s family.

I couldn’t make things difficult for her by starting a fight with her nephew.

“The movers are on their way,” I said, my voice cold and steady.

Xavier laughed, a sharp, barking sound that grated on my nerves.

He looked me up and down with undisguised contempt.

“Good,” he said. “I was worried you were planning to be a freeloader.”

He paused for effect.

“Were you hoping to mooch a free meal before you crawled out of here?”

My jaw tightened until my teeth ached.

“We don’t need your charity,” I spat out.

I turned on my heel and marched upstairs.

I found my father, Adrian, in the guest bedroom.

He was sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at his hands.

“Dad,” I said softly. “Pack your things. We’re leaving.

Adrian looked up.

Claim

His eyes were filled with a mixture of rage and humiliation.

He was an Alpha, used to commanding respect, now reduced to living under some 5 roof.

He didn’t say a word, just nodded and began closing his suitcase.

He endured the shame in silence, but I could feel the tension radiating off him.

When the moving truck arrived, we carried our boxes down.

Xavier stood in the doorway, watching us struggle.

“Don’t come back,” he called out as we loaded the last box. “Next time you get kicked out, don’t come crawling to us.”

I ignored him.

I helped Dad into the car, and we drove away without looking back.

It was one in the afternoon by the time we finished moving everything into the apartment.

The place smelled of dust and old lemon cleaner.

I collapsed onto the second-hand sofa, wiping sweat from my brow.

Dad stood by the window, looking out at the crowded street below.

His face was dark, like a storm cloud about to burst.

“My efforts,” Adrian muttered, his voice low and dangerous. “Wasted again.”

I sat up, confused.

“What?”

“Amelia,” he hissed. “She’s ruined it. The internet is in an uproar because of you and her.”

I frowned, pulling my phone from my pocket.

“I posted that message to protect her,” I said. “The fans will see my resolve. They’ll support us.”

I opened the social media app.

My blood ran cold.

It hadn’t worked.

It had backfired in the worst possible way.

My fans were attacking Amelia, calling her a “hillbilly” from the Meadow Brook Pack.

They were mocking her, saying she didn’t deserve a brother like me.

But the backlash from the general public was swift and brutal.

A new hashtag was trending at number one.

#CalebIsGuilty.

I clicked on it, my fingers trembling.

Someone had released what they called a “smoking gun.”

It was a detailed report about my car accident.

It exposed everything.

It revealed that my coma wasn’t an accident at all.

It claimed I had instructed my bodyguards to sabotage the brakes on Amelia’s car.

It explained that Amelia had rammed me only to save her own life.

“No...” I whispered.

Then I saw the video link.

“Receipts,” the caption read.

I pressed play.

It was surveillance footage.

Clear, undeniable footage of my bodyguards tampering with her vehicle.

It was concrete proof of my crime.

The comments section was a slaughterhouse.

“He tried to kill his sister!”

“Vicious monster!”

“He deserves prison, not forgiveness!”

I felt the room spin.

Noah let out a terrified whimper in the back of my mind, curling into a ball of fear.

A heavy hand landed on my shoulder.

I jumped, looking up.

Dad was standing over me.

He held up his hand, the one missing the pinky finger that Amelia had demanded.

“Stop looking at it,” he commanded.

Tears blurred my vision.

“Dad,” I choked out. “What do we do? How can I get her to forgive us? We need that antidote for Ethan.”

Adrian sighed heavily.

He sat down on the armchair opposite me, his expression unreadable.

“I raised you and Ethan differently,” he began, his voice devoid of warmth.

“I let you run wild, Caleb. I let your personality develop without check.”

He leaned forward.

“That is why you always act on your emotions. You are impulsive. You lack strategy.”

I wiped my wet cheeks, trying to focus on his words.

“But Ethan...” Adrian continued. “I taught him to be an heir. I taught him to be ruthless.”

He shook his head, looking at me with something like pity.

“You think your repentance now means anything?” he asked. “You are too naive.”

He pointed a finger at me.

“Amelia will never forgive us. If she had any mercy, she wouldn’t have forced Alaric to kick us out.”

His voice hardened.

“She wants us destroyed. There is no going back.”

“But...” I started to argue.

“Enough!” Adrian barked, cutting me off.

He stood up, his presence filling the small, shabby room.

“I am an Alpha,” he growled. “I will not spend my final years as a joke.”

“I will not let the entire Northern Territories laugh at Adrian Stone.”

A terrifying light entered his eyes.

It was a look of cold, calculating malice that I had never seen directed at family before.

“We must regain control of the Stone River Pack,” he declared.

“And there is only one way to do that now.”

He looked me dead in the eye.

“We will align ourselves with the Drake family.”

My heart stopped.

The Drake family?

Amelia’s sworn enemies?

The people who wanted her dead?

“Dad...” I whispered, horror dawning on me.

“They have the power,” Adrian said, his voice flat. “They hate her. We have a common enemy.”

He was talking about betraying his own daughter.

He was talking about joining forces with the monsters who would hunt her down.

Rage, hot and blinding, surged through my veins.

I stood up, knocking the coffee table with my shin but feeling no pain.

I looked at my father, and for the first time, I didn’t see an Alpha.

I saw a traitor.

“Dad, I will never allow you to hurt Lia again!”

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 218[1,041 words]

(Author’s POV)

Watching Caleb’s intense reaction, Adrian quickly weighed the pros and cons in his mind.

A sinister plan formed in his brain.

He softened his tone, putting on the mask of a loving father to soothe his son.

“Caleb, rest assured,” Adrian said gently. “I do want to regain control of the Stone River Pack, but I would never truly hurt your sister.”

He leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

“We can use the Drake family’s power to seize back the pack, and then find a way to arrange for Amelia to ‘fake her death’ to deceive the Drake family.”

Adrian looked earnestly into Caleb’s eyes.

“This way, we keep the family business and save your sister from the Drake family’s pursuit. Isn’t this saving her?”

Fake death?

A trace of doubt flashed through Caleb’s mind.

It sounded too risky.

But he didn’t know that Adrian had no intention of fulfilling this promise.

It was just a stall tactic to stabilize this soft-hearted son and prevent him from causing trouble.

Seeing Caleb still hesitate, Adrian continued his persuasion.

“After what happened with your Aunt Lyra, the Drake family and Amelia are in an endless feud,” Adrian lied smoothly.

“Only if we pretend to join the Drake family can we intervene and save Amelia’s life at the critical moment.”

Adrian placed a hand on Caleb’s shoulder.

“You just need to get close to Amelia, repair the relationship, and gain her trust. As for the infamy of joining the enemy, Ethan and I will bear it.”

Caleb looked at his father, his eyes searching for truth.

“Swear it,” Caleb demanded.

Adrian raised his hand without any psychological burden.

“I swear by my wolf and my former Alpha bloodline Adrian declared solemnly. “If I intent hurt my biological daughter again, let the Moon Goddess strip me of everything.”

In his view, his power was already slipping away, so such an oath was nothing but a bouncing check.

Seeing his father swear by the wolf, Caleb finally let out a sigh of relief.

Inside him, his wolf Noah stopped his restless pacing.

“I promise,” Caleb said seriously. “I will try to get Amelia’s trust and ask her for the antidote to save

Ethan.”

The atmosphere inside the Drake pack house was eerie and oppressive.

Matriarch Octavia was fuming with shame over the scandal circulating online about Griffin and his uncle Carlos.

She had even cancelled her prayer visit to the Moon Goddess’s temple.

When Griffin returned home, Octavia scolded him furiously.

“To be played in the palm of a seemingly insignificant little girl’s hand!” she shrieked.

Griffin’s face was gloomy, a cruel light flickering in his grey eyes.

“I admit, my previous methods were too gentle,” he said coldly.

He looked at his grandmother and proposed a potent dose of poison.

“We find rogue wolves to kidnap and gang-r**e Amelia,” Griffin stated, his voice devoid of humanity.

“We film the reality of it to ruin her reputation, turn her into a spurned slut, and sell her to the border rogue camps as a s*x slave.”

Griffin analyzed the situation calmly.

“Amelia has high medical skills and can control poisonous insects. She has the Calder family behind her.”

He shook his head.

“Trying to poison her quietly is almost impossible.”

Hearing this vicious plan, the anger in Octavia’s eyes turned into sinister calculation.

“Agreed,” she said. “No more acting.”

“Since peaceful means are ineffective, we take off the gloves. Use force. Make sure it is clean, leave no handle.”

She didn’t believe an abandoned girl could truly stir up waves in the Northern Territory.

Just then, Griffin’s assistant rushed in to report.

“Sir, news from Victor Crimson’s people. Ronan Crimson has been released from The Wilds back to

Northgate City.”

The assistant caught his breath.

“Victor intends to hand Ronan over to you.”

Griffin immediately saw through Victor’s scheme.

Victor wanted him to do the dirty work, using the Drake family to deal with Theodore in the fight for Alpha inheritance.

But Griffin was happy to exploit this situation.

“Go,” he ordered his men immediately. “Capture Ronan.”

Ronan was thrown into the roadside bushes like garbage by Victor’s henchman.

“Good luck,” the man sneered before driving away.

Ronan knew his whereabouts were exposed.

If he fell into Griffin’s hands, it was a dead end.

Ignoring his disheveled state, he struggled up, desperate to flee the area.

He hadn’t run far when a black Porsche screeched to a halt beside him.

Two burly bodyguards jumped out instantly.

Before Ronan could react, they dragged him into the back seat.

Ronan was terrified, thinking he had finally fallen into Griffin’s clutches.

However, when he saw the person in the driver’s seat, he was so shocked he forgot to struggle.

It was Theodore’s Beta, Marcus.

Ronan felt like he had grabbed a lifeline while drowning.

Tears swirled in his eyes as he realized his brother Theodore hadn't completely given up on him.

Marcus didn't pay attention to Ronan's gratitude.

He just glanced coldly at the rearview mirror, watching the Drake family warriors who had pounced on empty air.

A mocking arc curled on Marcus's lips.

"Griffin, that i***t, has never won against Alpha Theodore," Marcus said indifferently.

Ronan collapsed onto the leather seat, letting out a long breath.

He rejoiced at retrieving his life and firmly believed Theodore would forgive his past stupidity for

the sake of blood ties.

Amelia looked at the abusive comments scrolling on her screen.

She read the words attempting to morally kidnap her.

A cold smile curled on her lips.

She didn't choose to ignore it like before.

Instead, she felt like someone who had just thrown a grenade and was too lazy to look back at the explosion.

She tossed her phone into her bag casually.

"Enjoy the show, idiots," she mocked in her heart.

She walked out of the office with confident and elegant steps.

For the current her, this level of attack was just the barking of defeated dogs.

It only made her find it more amusing.

Just as she left the office, her phone rang.

Theodore's name flashed on the screen.

She answered, and the man's low, magnetic voice came from the other end.

"Amelia, come to the old place today."

"Okay," she replied simply.

Theodore didn't explain the reason, and she didn't ask.

Ava wagged her tail happily in her mind, seeming to look forward to this meeting.

After hanging up, Amelia drove her sports car away from the Starlight building.

She headed straight for the secret date spot that belonged to the two of them.

An hour later, Amelia parked the car.

She walked along the winding path.

She hadn't yet reached the familiar pavilion when her keen hearing caught a strange sound.

It was a woman's extremely suppressed, ambiguous moan.

"Mmm..."

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 219[960 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I stepped into the secluded pavilion, and a suffocating heaviness immediately hit me.

Before me lay Vivian, hogtied with rope laced with silver wire that dug cruelly into her skin.

The arrogant she-wolf was reduced to a bundle on the floor, a dirty rag stuffed in her mouth stifling her angry, muffled whimpers.

Next to her, Ronan was a trembling mess, kneeling before Theodore's wheelchair.

He kept his head bowed low, exposing the fragile back of his neck in the ultimate display of submission in our world.

My heels clicked rhythmically against the stone floor as I approached.

Theodore turned his wheelchair at the sound.

His golden eyes, usually sharp and cold, softened instantly upon seeing me, like the calm eye within a raging storm.

“Lia, you’re here,” he called out softly, a smile touching his lips.

Inside my mind, Ava rolled over in excitement, clearly satisfied with the sight of these villains finally facing punishment.

I placed my black medical kit on the stone table and leaned casually against a pillar.

Reaching into the food container in front of Theodore, I plucked a pastry and popped it into my mouth.

The sweetness spread on my tongue as I chewed, analyzing the situation.

“Victor is stalling,” I said, pointing out the core of the issue.

“He left Vivian here on purpose to force your hand, didn’t he?”

The smile in Theodore’s eyes deepened as he looked at me.

He nodded, his tone light but carrying an underlying chill.

“Exactly, he wants to test my cards with this setup.

He glanced down at Vivian, who was still struggling futilely against her bonds.

“But the current situation serves perfectly to teach that i***t Victor a lesson.”

He made a sharp gesture to Marcus standing beside him.

Marcus stepped forward with a blank expression and yanked the dirty rag from Vivian’s mouth.

Vivian coughed violently, gasping for air as she regained her ability to speak.

She immediately lifted her head, her bloodshot eyes glaring daggers at Theodore.

“Theodore!” she screamed, her voice shrill.

“If you dare touch me, Father and Victor will never let you go!”

She spat on the ground in defiance.

“They’ll piss on your slut mother’s grave and scatter her ashes to the wind!”

Theodore’s expression remained indifferent, as if he were watching a rabid dog barking behind a fence.

He frowned with visible disgust.

“Keep her quiet,” he ordered. “Don’t disturb Amelia.”

Marcus didn’t hesitate.

He grabbed Vivian and delivered a brutal slap across her face.

Vivian’s eyes went wide with disbelief as her head snapped to the side.

“You’re just Theodore’s lapdog,” she cursed, spitting blood. “You dare hit me?”

I didn’t let her finish her tirade.

I moved quickly, crossing the distance to stand right in front of her.

My hand shot out, fingers clamping around her jaw with crushing force to make her look at me.

“Watch out, Vivian,” I said, my voice low and dangerous.

“Male dogs might just bite, but the b***h of this pack? She kills.”

Vivian froze, clearly rattled by the terrifying aura radiating from me.

She quickly switched tactics, trying to use moral blackmail against Theodore.

“Ronan ran away to The Wilds on his own because he betrayed you!” she cried out desperately.

“Victor didn’t take him! Don’t pin this crime on my brother!”

Theodore didn’t say a word to her.

He simply turned his head and looked coldly at Ronan, who was still kneeling on the ground.

Ronan shuddered violently under that icy gaze.

Survival instinct took over completely, stripping him of any remaining dignity.

He crawled forward like a boneless worm until he reached Theodore's boots.

He pressed his face against the leather, kissing the tips of Theodore's shoes in a pathetic display.

"Brother, I was forced by Victor!" Ronan wailed, tears streaming down his face.

"I swear I will obey you absolutely from now on!"

He sobbed, his body shaking.

"I am just your dog! I will never dare to dream of the Alpha King position again!"

I watched him with cold detachment, a sneer forming in my heart..

It was truly pathetic.

He had the ambition of a King, but the spine of a worm.

This kind of spineless weakness made me feel physically ill.

Seeing her lie crumble instantly, Vivian stopped pretending.

She lifted her chin arrogantly, despite the red handprint swelling on her cheek.

She remained stubborn to the bitter end.

"Theodore, even if you are powerful, you don't dare kill me," she taunted.

"You have no one behind you!"

She laughed harshly, her voice echoing in the pavilion.

"Your mother is dead. Your father and brother want your life. Even if you die, no one will collect your corpse!"

She sneered at him.

"But I am different!"

Her words clearly struck a nerve, and the air around us dropped in temperature.

I took a step forward, placing myself firmly between Theodore and Vivian.

I looked down at her, my shadow casting over her face.

“Are you looking for his army?” I asked, my voice clear and steady.

“I am right here.”

I turned my head to glance at Theodore, then locked my gaze back onto Vivian.

I let my Alpha power simmer beneath the surface.

“And get one thing clear,” I said.

“I don’t need to avenge him.”

I leaned in closer, my eyes cold.

“Because I will ensure anyone who dares to touch him won’t even have bone scraps left.”

I turned back to the stone table and opened my medical kit.

I retrieved a transparent glass vial containing two pills that glowed with a strange, unnatural color.

I walked back to Vivian and squatted down.

My movements were skilled and precise.

With one hand, I pinched her cheeks, forcing her jaw open with the strength of an iron clamp.

I tossed the pills into her mouth.

I clamped her mouth shut immediately.

My long fingers pressed against her throat, stroking downward firmly to trigger her swallow reflex.

Vivian clutched her throat, coughing and gagging in horror.

“What did you feed me?!” she roared, fear finally taking over her eyes.

I stood up slowly, dusting off my hands.

A cold smile played on my lips, like a mad scientist admiring a successful experiment.

“Oh, don’t be nervous,” I whispered softly.

“Take a guess?”

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 220[1,124 words]

(Author’s POV)

Vivian collapsed onto the cold stone floor, her hair a tangled mess around her face.

Her eyes, usually filled with arrogance, now burned with pure malice as she stared up at Amelia.

“What did you feed me?” she screamed hysterically, her voice cracking with fear and rage.
“Answer me, you b***h!”

Amelia looked down at the woman with an expression of utter boredom, as if she were observing a piece of noisy trash.

She casually lifted her foot and pressed the tip of her boot against Vivian’s shoulder.

With a firm shove, she pushed the screaming woman away, creating distance between them.

Amelia smoothed her skirt, dusting off non-existent dirt with deliberate slowness.

“Moon Goddess, you are too loud,” Amelia said, her voice calm and pragmatic.

She tilted her head, her sapphire eyes cold.

“Vivian, if you want to live, I suggest you stop screaming and start using your brain.”

Amelia lifted her chin, pointing toward the man still kneeling and trembling beside the wheelchair.

“Look at him. He knows exactly when to shut up. Be smart, don’t just make noise.”

Vivian had never been treated with such dismissive humiliation in her life.

She gritted her teeth, her face twisting into a mask of hatred.

“I swear, if I get out of here alive, I will kill you!” she cursed, spitting the words out.

Amelia merely offered a contemptuous smile.

She raised her hand and snapped her fingers.

The sound was sharp in the quiet pavilion.

In the next second, the drug took effect.

Vivian’s eyes widened as she felt her blood instantly turn into boiling acid.

The burning sensation raced through her veins, scorching every inch of her body.

It felt as though a hydraulic press was slowly crushing her bones into dust.

She curled up uncontrollably, letting out a shriek of agony that tore through the air.

Her body convulsed on the ground, her fingers clawing at the stone until her nails broke.

Amelia watched her writhe, waiting until Vivian was on the verge of fainting from the pain.

Only then did she leisurely reach into her pocket.

She pulled out a small glass bottle and shook out a single blue pill.

She crouched down and shoved it into Vivian’s open, screaming mouth.

As soon as the pill was swallowed, the hellish burning sensation receded like a tide.

Vivian gasped for air, her body limp and covered in cold sweat.

Amelia leaned in close to her ear, her voice sweet but terrifying.

“That relief you feel right now? That was just a countdown reset.”

“Vivian, this antidote isn’t a cure. It’s a ‘subscription renewal.’”

Amelia stood up, towering over the defeated woman.

“I am the only one who can renew it for you. So, don’t bore me.”

Theodore turned his wheelchair around, his expression indifferent.

“Marcus,” he commanded. “Drag this noisy woman away. I don’t want her disturbing my lunch with

Amelia.”

Marcus stepped forward immediately.

He grabbed Vivian by the arm and dragged her away like a bag of garbage, ignoring her weak sobs.

The pavilion finally returned to a peaceful silence.

Theodore opened the exquisite insulated food container on the stone table.

Inside lay perfectly cooked venison steaks and a fresh truffle salad, the aroma drifting through the air.

Amelia sat back down opposite him.

Her gaze swept over the man who was still kneeling on the ground, trembling in silence.

She picked up her fork and raised an eyebrow, a touch of dark humor in her voice.

“Is he going to kneel there forever?”

She gestured with the fork.

“This lunch date looks a bit like a medieval execution scene, don’t you think?”

Theodore cut a piece of venison, the corner of his mouth lifting slightly.

“Let him kneel,” he said coolly. “Only when we are full will we have the energy to deal with trash.”

They began to eat, the clinking of silverware the only sound.

“By the way,” Theodore said, pausing to look at her. That scandal video of Griffin Drake circulating online. Was that your handiwork?”

Amelia took a sip of red wine, her eyes sparkling with confidence and cunning.

“Griffin wanted to play technical games with me,” she replied.

“So, I gave him a technical demo. Consider it an educational experience. He should thank me for boosting his engagement metrics.”

After lunch, the atmosphere shifted.

Amelia took out a jar of special ointment that smelled of fresh herbs.

She knelt by Theodore's legs and began to massage them, her movements professional and gentle.

At the same time, she released her two pet snakes, Green and White, from her pouch. The snakes slithered out, moving along Theodore's legs to assist with the massage therapy. Green, the smaller of the two, seemed to sense something amiss.

It slithered off Theodore's lap and moved directly toward the kneeling "Ronan."

The green snake reared its upper body, flicking its tongue and emitting a hostile hiss.

The kneeling man broke into a cold sweat, his eyes darting toward the reptile in terror. Inside Theodore, his wolf, Logan, let out a low, dangerous growl.

He could smell no familiar bloodline scent coming from this man.

There was only the stench of disgusting hypocrisy

The treatment ended, and Theodore adjusted his pant legs.

He finally focused his gaze on the shivering figure on the ground.

Just as the man thought a conversation was about to begin, Theodore threw out a cold question.

"Speak. Where is my real brother? Or rather, what have you done to him?"

The kneeling man froze instantly.

The blood drained from his face, leaving him deathly pale.

"I... I am your brother!" he stammered, his voice trembling. "Brother, it's me, Ronan!"

Theodore watched the clumsy performance without a ripple of emotion in his golden eyes.

"I'll give you one chance," Theodore said, issuing his ultimatum.

"Tell the truth, or I will cut off your tongue first, and then crush your legs."

The man opened his mouth to argue, desperation written all over his face.

Amelia, playing with a small ivory tool in her hand, chuckled softly.

“Your acting is terrible,” she scoffed. “Even my snake can’t stand watching it.”

Theodore lost his patience.

He looked toward the shadows outside the pavilion.

“Frost.”

The air seemed to ripple.

A hidden bodyguard clad in black tactical gear appeared out of thin air.

Seeing the assassin codenamed “Frost,” the man on the ground fell into utter despair.

He recognized this man.

Frost was a member of “The Shadows,” Theodore’s most feared elite guard unit.

He knew that the real Ronan had used his identity to lure these very guards away earlier.

“Cut his tongue out,” Theodore said, his tone as calm as if he were discussing the weather. Frost’s expression remained blank.

A specialized military silver dagger slid out from his sleeve, the blade glinting coldly in the sunlight.

He stepped closer to the imposter.

The fear of death finally shattered the man’s psychological defenses.

He stopped trying to bang his head on the floor in fake repentance.

Instead, he collapsed like a pile of mud, pressing his cheek tight against the cold stone slabs.

He raised his trembling hands high above his head in a gesture of absolute submission.

“Alpha! I’ll speak! I’ll tell everything! Please don’t cut my tongue! I was forced!”

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 221[1,442 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Theodore raised his hand slightly.

Frost froze instantly, his body as still as a statue in the shadows.

The fake "Ronan" caught a glimpse of the movement from the corner of his eye.

He saw the lethal glint of the silver retractable blade in Frost's grip.

Terror washed over him like a tidal wave, drowning his remaining composure.

He lifted his head, his face slick with sweat and tears.

"Theodore... no, Alpha," he stammered, his voice shaking violently. "If... if I honestly confess everything, will you let me go?"

Theodore looked down at him with eyes devoid of warmth.

"You still don't understand your position," he said coldly.

Theodore nodded to Frost again.

Snick.

The blade in Frost's hand sprang open with a sharp, metallic sound.

The cold light reflected off the silver edge, stinging the imposter's eyes.

Frost took a step forward, the weapon poised to strike.

"No! No!" the fake screamed, backing away until he hit the stone pillar.

Cold sweat poured down his face, soaking his collar.

In extreme panic, his psychological defense finally collapsed completely.

"Your biological brother was sold by father!" he shrieked, his voice cracking.

The words hung in the air, heavy and suffocating.

The imposter lay prone on the ground, not daring to breathe loudly.

I felt my own breath hitch.

The scalpel I had been idly spinning in my fingers stopped abruptly.

It was a small tool I had used for Theodore's therapy just moments ago.

I stood up slowly and walked toward the trembling man.

My movement was fluid, silent.

Thwack!

I threw the scalpel.

It pierced the stone floor with terrifying precision, the handle vibrating from the force.

The blade sat mere millimeters from the tip of his nose.

He went cross-eyed staring at the steel, his breath hitching in his throat.

I looked down at him, my voice colder than the edge of that knife.

"You better speak fast," I said calmly.

"My mate has a terrible temper. And I? I am an expert in anatomy."

I leaned in slightly, letting my shadow fall over him.

"I know exactly where to cut so you feel excruciating pain for days, without leaving a single visible mark."

The imposter swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing convulsively.

He looked between Theodore and me, terrified by the lethal aura we both projected.

"I... I'll talk," he whispered.

He began to recall the past, his eyes unfocused.

"Since I was three, a woman would visit the orphanage," he stammered. "She came to see me and a girl named Isla."

“Later... later I found out she was our biological mother, Bianca.”

He took a ragged breath.

“She told us to wait. She said Father would come for us when the time was right.”

“She said I had to find a reason to bring my sister back too. We were supposed to enjoy the Alpha life that belonged to us.”

He looked up, desperation in his eyes.

“Three years ago, Theron finally appeared. He told me to take the identity of Theodore’s younger brother and return to the Crimson family.”

He glanced cautiously at Theodore’s face, trying to gauge his reaction.

Theodore remained impassive, but the air around him grew heavier.

“I asked him,” the fake continued hurriedly. “I asked Theron where the real Ronan was.”

“He was cold. He just said... he said the child was taken away immediately after birth.”

“He sold him to rogue wolves. To criminals.”

“He said he didn’t know where the baby ended up, or if he was even alive.”

The fake Ronan started crying again, snot and tears mixing on his face.

“I swear! I really don’t know the whereabouts of the real Ronan!”

“But Theron is the one who did it! He must know!”

He crawled forward like a dog, reaching for Theodore’s legs.

He grabbed the hem of Theodore’s trousers, his knuckles white.

“Alpha, I swear I will be loyal to you forever! I will never betray you again! Just spare my life!”

I turned my head to look at Theodore.

His hand gripped the armrest of his wheelchair.

The veins on the back of his hand bulged violently, looking like they might burst.

His knuckles were stark white.

The metal of the armrest groaned under the immense pressure.

He looked like he was about to shatter it completely.

I didn't hesitate.

I reached out and covered his hand with mine.

His skin was ice cold and trembling with suppressed rage.

I pressed my palm firmly against his, forcing my warmth into his anger.

I dug my fingers into the gaps between his, interlocking our hands tight.

"Breathe, Theo," I whispered, my voice firm and grounding.

"Don't lose control," I said, looking into his eyes. "That will only please your enemies and hurt your loved ones."

Theodore's chest heaved.

The golden storm in his eyes slowly receded, finding an anchor in my gaze.

Whatever rational thought remained, he grabbed onto it.

Suddenly, he moved.

In a burst of pure fury, Theodore lifted his leg.

Thud!

He kicked the pleading imposter squarely in the chest, sending him sprawling backward.

I blinked, surprised.

In his extreme anger, he had used the muscles in his legs.

It was a clear signal of his recovery.

Theodore took a deep breath.

Inside him, I could almost hear his wolf, Logan, letting out a deafening roar of grief and rage.

He turned his sharp gaze to his Beta.

“Marcus,” he commanded, his voice vibrating with power.

“Go to St. Mary’s Hospital. Bring Theron to me.”

Marcus bowed instantly. “Yes, Alpha.”

Theodore turned back to me.

He forced a pale, strained smile onto his face.

“Amelia, you should go back and rest,” he said softly

“I don’t want you to get dragged into this dirty scandal.”

I stared at him for a second, then rolled my eyes openly.

I let out a cold laugh and crossed my arms over my chest.

“Are you serious?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“You think while you are here cleaning house, I’m going to go take a nap?”

I stepped closer to him.

“Don’t insult me, Theodore. I’m staying right here. Deal with it.”

My words were sharp, filled with gunpowder, yet undeniably practical.

Theodore looked at me, stunned for a moment.

Then, the warmth truly returned to his eyes.

He looked at me with a mix of helplessness and deep affection.

“Fine,” he murmured. “Stay.”

(Author’s POV)

The black SUV screeched to a halt at the curb.

Marcus stepped out, his face set in a grim line after receiving the Alpha’s order.

He walked to the back door and yanked it open.

Vivian was huddled inside, bound.

Marcus reached in, untied the knots, and grabbed her arm.

With zero ceremony, he kicked the malicious woman out of the car.

“Get out,” he spat.

Vivian tumbled onto the hard concrete sidewalk.

She scraped her palms and knees, crying out in pain and humiliation.

She scrambled up, her hair wild, and ripped the cloth gag from her mouth.

“You servant!” she shrieked.

She grabbed the rope that had bound her and hurled it at him.

“How dare you treat me like this!”

Marcus didn’t even flinch.

He sidestepped the rope easily, watching it land harmlessly on the ground.

“You brought this on yourself,” he said coldly.

He didn’t spare her another glance.

Ignoring her screaming threats and curses behind him, he signaled to his men.

“Let’s go.”

Marcus and two imposing bodyguards strode purposefully into the hospital entrance.

****Location: St. Mary’s Hospital, VIP Ward****

Inside the luxurious VIP ward, the air was stale with tension.

Isla sat on the plush sofa near the window.

She looked bored, holding a nail file and rhythmically shaping her nails.

“That b***h Vivian still hasn’t transferred the money she complained, blowing dust off her fingertips.

“I’m worried she’s going to back out of the deal.”

On the hospital bed, Theron lay propped up against pillows.

He frowned deeply, tapping his phone screen with frustration.

“I can’t get through to her either,” he grumbled. “The call keeps dropping.”

Bang!

The door to the ward was thrown open with violent force.

It slammed against the wall, startling both of them.

Marcus walked in, radiating a terrifying, murderous aura.

Theron sat up straighter, his face darkening with displeasure.

“Marcus?” he snapped. “You are my son’s Beta. What do you think you are doing barging in here?”

Marcus scanned the room.

His eyes landed on Isla, and a cold sneer curled his lip.

“Perfect,” he muttered. “Saves me a trip.”

He waved his hand at the bodyguards behind him.

“Take them both.”

Isla’s eyes widened in horror.

The nail file slipped from her fingers and clattered onto the floor.

“What? No! Who do you think you are!” she screamed, jumping up.

Before she could run, a bodyguard lunged forward,

He grabbed her arm and twisted.

Crack.

Isla shrieked as her wrist was dislocated with professional efficiency.

Before she could scream again, a strip of heavy-duty tape was slapped over her mouth.

Theron watched the scene unfold, his face turning purple with rage.

“Theodore!” he roared, thrashing in his bed.

“That ungrateful bastard!”

“I haven’t even settled the score with him for putting me in the hospital, and now he pulls this?”

He pointed a shaking finger at Marcus.

“I am his father! How dare he!”

Marcus remained expressionless, his eyes cold and hard like stone.

He didn’t say a word to the screaming old man.

He simply gestured to the remaining guards.

“Drag him.”

The guards stepped forward, grabbed Theron—blanket, sheets, and all—and hauled him roughly off the bed.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 222[1,231 words]

(Author’s POV)

Marcus stood in the hospital room, his imposing figure blocking the exit.

He didn’t waste time with pleasantries or explanations.

He simply stared at Theron with cold, dead eyes.

“If you don’t want to experience a world of pain right here and now,” Marcus said, his voice low and dangerous, “you will get up and move.”

“You’ll understand what Alpha Theodore wants when we arrive.”

Theron, despite his earlier bluster, fell silent.

He smoothed his hospital gown, a flicker of calculation in his eyes.

He didn't resist further.

In his mind, this entire dramatic scene was just another one of Theodore's tantrums.

He believed his son was acting out, starving for attention just like his late mother used to.

He's just lashing out at Isla and me to feel important, Theron thought dismissively.

He despised the boy, and he despised the mother who bore him, but he knew how to play the game.

He convinced himself that this was a negotiation.

If he showed a little "fatherly tolerance" now, if he bowed his head just a son, Theodore would calm down.

Then, the money would flow again.

The luxury would return.

Theron straightened his back, convincing himself he was still the one in control of the board.

An hour later, the black SUV pulled up to the secluded stone pavilion.

Marcus hauled Theron and Isla out of the car and marched them toward the waiting figures.

Amelia sat on a cold stone bench, her legs crossed elegantly.

A surgical scalpel danced between her slender fingers, the blade catching the sunlight and throwing sharp glints of light.

She looked up as they approached, her expression bored.

"You're too slow," she drawled, stopping the spinning blade. "I was getting tired of waiting."

Her sapphire eyes shifted to the trembling girl beside Theron.

"Oh? The princess joined us?" Amelia's lips curled into a dangerous smile.

"Isla is here too. How wonderful."

She stood up slowly, the scalpel held loosely in her hand.

“A pathetic family reunion,” she mused. “It saves us time. We can take out all the trash at once.”

Isla blinked, her eyes adjusting to the scene before her.

Then she saw him.

Kneeling beside Theodore’s wheelchair was a figure she barely recognized.

He was covered in blood, his clothes torn, his face a mask of agony.

“Oh my god!” Isla screamed, her hands flying to her mouth.

“Is that Ronan? What did you do to him?!”

She whipped her head toward Theodore, her fear turning into shrill accusation.

“You psycho! Why is he

on the ground like a dog?”

The battered man on the ground jerked his head up

His eyes were wide with sheer terror as he looked at Isla.

“Shut up!” the fake Ronan hissed, his voice cracking “Don’t say word!”

He was terrified that her shrieking would provoke the demons standing above him.

Isla recoiled, confused and terrified by her brother’s reaction.

She realized suddenly how isolated this place was.

The wind rustled the trees, masking any scream.

Fear gripped her heart, and she scrambled behind Theron, clutching his arm for protection.

Amelia sighed loudly, digging a finger into her ear as if pained by the noise.

“Shut up, Isla,” Amelia barked, her voice cutting through the air like a whip.

“You’re ruining the atmosphere.”

She took a step forward, her eyes darkening.

“Unless you want to volunteer to be the first one on the chopping block?”

The killing intent in Amelia’s gaze was palpable, heavy and suffocating.

Isla felt like a hand had squeezed her throat.

She clamped her mouth shut instantly, trembling like a leaf.

Theron stepped in front of his daughter, trying to summon the authority of an elder.

“Theodore!” he shouted, pointing a shaking finger at his son.

“Abusing your own brother? Assaulting your biological father?”

“You are an Abomination!” Theron spat the word.

“You have violated the most sacred laws of our kind!”

Theodore watched his father’s performance with eerie calmness.

He sat in his wheelchair, his hands resting on his lap, immovable as a mountain.

“Are you angry, Theron?” Theodore asked softly.

“Of course I am angry!” Theron roared, his face flushing red.

The corners of Theodore’s lips twitched upward.

It was a smile that didn’t reach his eyes—a smile that promised nightmares.

“I think,” Theodore said, his voice dropping to a terrifying whisper, “that I should be the

“I have been lied to for twenty-one years.”

He raised a hand and pointed a long finger at the man kneeling in the dust.

A low, vibrating growl emanated from Theodore’s chest.

It was Logan, his wolf, surfacing with a rage that shook the air.

“The deception started the moment you sent my brother away.”

Theodore leaned forward, his golden eyes locking onto Theron’s.

“That thing on the ground is not my brother.”

Theron’s face went pale, the blood draining from his cheeks.

But he held his ground, his arrogance acting as a shield.

“Nonsense!” Theron denied loudly. “That is Ronan! You are speaking madness!”

Theodore didn’t blink.

“He has already confessed everything,” Theodore said, cutting through the lies.

“So tell me, father.”

The word ‘father’ dripped with venom.

“Who did you sell my real brother to? Like he was nothing but livestock?”

Theron took a step back, shaking his head violently.

“You’re crazy,” he stammered. “You’re making this up to hurt me!”

Theodore’s expression went completely cold.

He had run out of patience.

He turned his head slightly to look at Amelia.

No words were exchanged.

None were needed.

Amelia reached into her bag and pulled out a dark, leather roll.

She placed it on the stone table and unrolled it slowly.

Inside, arranged in perfect order, were silver instruments of torture.

They gleamed menacingly in the daylight.

Amelia’s slender fingers trailed over the cold metal.

She bypassed the smaller blades and picked up a heavy, five-inch silver spike.

The shaft was thick, and the tip was serrated with cruel barbs.

She held it up, inspecting it with a cruel, captivating smile.

“Use this one, Theo,” she said, her voice soft and intimate.

She walked over and placed the heavy spike into Theodore’s hand.

Her fingertips lingered on his skin, a stark contrast to the violence she was proposing.

“It has barbs,” she explained casually. “Pulling it out will hurt much more than putting it in.”

Theodore looked at the spike, then at Amelia.

Approval shone in his eyes.

He handed the spike to Marcus.

The fake Ronan saw the silver weapon and began to wail.

“No! No, please! I told you everything!”

Marcus didn’t hesitate.

Two bodyguards slammed the imposter’s hand against the stone floor, pinning his palm flat.

Marcus raised the spike.

Thud!

With a sickening crunch, he drove the silver spike through the center of the man’s hand.

It pierced flesh, bone, and struck the stone beneath!

Sizzle.

The sound of silver burning werewolf flesh filled the silence.

“AAAAHHH!”

A scream of pure agony tore from the fake Ronan’s throat, echoing through the trees.

Isla shrieked and covered her eyes, her knees buckling.

The smell of burning flesh wafted through the air.

Theron stared at the gruesome sight, his hands trembling uncontrollably.

He realized, finally, that Theodore was not acting out.

He was executing judgment.

Theodore watched the man writhe for a moment, then turned his golden gaze back to Theron.

“Theron,” he said, his voice devoid of emotion.

“Are you still not going to tell me who you sold him to?”

Theron couldn’t speak; his jaw worked uselessly.

“Fine,” Theodore said.

“If you don’t speak, the next silver spike goes into your precious daughter’s face.”

Amelia picked up another spike from the kit.

She tossed it lightly in the air and caught it.

Her sapphire eyes locked onto Isla’s face, tracing the skin where the metal would pierce.

Isla saw the look in Amelia’s eyes.

She saw the blood on the ground.

She broke.

She grabbed her father’s arm, digging her nails into his suit jacket.

“Dad!” she screamed, tears streaming down her face.

“I don’t want a spike in my face! Tell him!”

She shook Theron violently, her voice shrill with panic.

“Quick! Tell him who you sold him to! Please!”

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 223[1,191 words]

(Author's POV)

Theodore stared at the man who called himself a father.

Theron's fists were clenched tight at his sides.

His eyes darted frantically between the unconscious figure of the imposter on the ground and his trembling daughter, Isla.

Yet, his jaw remained locked tight.

"That is Ronan," Theron insisted through gritted teeth, his voice straining with the effort to maintain his lie. "He is your brother."

Inside Theodore's mind, a low, rumbling growl vibrated.

Logan, his wolf, scoffed in pure disgust.

The beast recognized the stench of a weak man protecting his fragile ego.

Theron didn't care if his children lived or died.

He only cared about maintaining the facade of his control.

Theodore didn't blink.

He didn't offer another chance.

He simply turned his head slightly toward Marcus and gave a sharp nod.

Marcus understood immediately.

He reached into the medical kit Amelia had provided.

His large hand closed around a cold, metallic cylinder.

It was a syringe, filled to the brim with a shimmering, lethal fluid—liquid silver nitrate.

Marcus purged the air from the needle, a tiny drop sizzling as it hit the air.

With a face void of emotion, he marched straight toward Isla's wheelchair.

Isla watched the gleaming needle approach, her eyes widening until the whites showed all

The metallic glint of the silver promised agonizing pain.

She scrambled backward in her chair, her fingers digging claw-like into Theron's sleeve.

"Dad!" she shrieked, her voice cracking with hysteria.

"You promised! You just said you wouldn't let them hurt me!"

Theron didn't look at her.

He kept his eyes fixed on Theodore, refusing to break his stare-down.

Isla froze.

The realization hit her like a physical blow.

He wasn't going to stop them.

Because the needle wasn't pointed at him.

"You bastard!" Isla screamed, releasing his arm and shoving him away.

"You're sacrificing me? Just to save your own face?"

She looked at her father with pure hatred, the illusion of the loving patriarch shattering instantly.

"You are a coward, Theron!"

Tears of rage streamed down her face, ruining her makeup.

"You threw us into the foster system like garbage! We rotted there!"

"You even sold your legitimate son for money!"

"We trusted you! We thought you came to save us from that hell, but we were just pawns you, weren't we?"

Theron's face turned a violent shade of red.

The public humiliation from his own daughter was too much.

“Shut your mouth, you ungrateful wretch!” Theron roared, raising his hand as if to strike her.

“If I hadn’t brought you back to the Crimson family, you would still be starving in gutters!”

“You’ve lived like a princess for three years because of me!”

Isla didn’t flinch.

She laughed, a manic, broken sound.

“If you were a real father, I wouldn’t have needed saving from those abusive homes in the first place!”

Marcus didn’t pause for their family drama.

The needle hovered inches from Isla’s neck.

She could smell the metallic tang of the silver.

Theron remained silent, turning his head away.

He had abandoned her.

Isla stopped screaming.

She swallowed hard, forcing her trembling body to still.

Survival instinct took over.

She straightened her spine, turning her desperate gaze toward the man in the wheelchair.

“Theodore,” she gasped out.

“I can help you. I know things.”

She pointed a shaking finger at Theron.

“I will be a witness. I’ll testify against him in front of the Council. I can help you destroy him!”

Theodore watched her, his expression unreadable.

Before he could part his lips, a cold, feminine voice cut through the air.

“Save your breath, Isla.”

Amelia stepped forward, placing herself directly between Theodore and the pleading girl.

Her sapphire eyes were hard as diamonds.

“We don’t need rats to catch a mouse.”

Her posture was protective, a shield against any filth Isla tried to spew.

She turned to look down at Theodore, her expression softening just a fraction.

“Don’t waste your energy on them,” she said firmly.

Theodore looked up at her.

The darkness in his golden eyes receded slightly.

He took Amelia’s hand, lacing his fingers through hers.

A sarcastic smirk curled the corner of his lips.

She was right.

Torturing this scum was beneath him now.

“Marcus,” Theodore commanded lazily.

“Package them up.”

“Send the girl and the imposter to the Council’s Enforcers.”

“Attach the evidence of the kidnapping and the confession.”

“Make sure they understand that these two are never to see daylight again.”

The mention of the Council’s prison—a place known for having an entrance but no exit—silenced the clearing.

Isla didn’t fight as the bodyguards grabbed her arms.

She didn’t beg anymore.

Instead, a dry, bitter laugh escaped her throat.

“So that’s it?” she whispered.

She looked at Theodore, her eyes hollow and dead.

The fight had left her.

“I bet on the father, and I lost,” she murmured, shaking her head.

“I should have known you were the shark, not him.”

Amelia looked down at her with icy indifference.

“You didn’t just lose the bet, Isla,” Amelia said.

“You lost the right to sit at the table.”

“Goodbye.”

Marcus hauled Isla out of the wheelchair, dragging her across the gravel like a sack of unwanted clothes.

As she was pulled toward the waiting black van, Isla twisted her neck around.

Her eyes locked onto Theron one last time.

“You will rot in hell, Theron!” she screamed, her voice tearing at her throat.

“You will rot in hell!”

The heavy doors of the Enforcers’ vehicle slammed shut.

The engine roared to life, carrying away the fake brother and the illegitimate sister.

Dust settled in the pavilion.

Theodore turned his wheelchair slowly.

His gaze, sharp as a blade, pierced through Theron.

Theron stood alone now, stripped of his allies, stripped of his pretenses.

“Theron,” Theodore said, his voice terrifyingly calm.

“I will ask you only once.”

The air grew heavy with the pressure of an Alpha’s aura.

“Is my real brother alive?”

Theron's face was pale, his lips pressed into a thin, bloodless line.

He said nothing.

He just stared, his eyes flickering with a mixture of fear and stubborn malice.

Theodore nodded slowly.

The silence was an answer in itself.

It confirmed that the transaction had happened.

It confirmed Theron knew exactly where the boy was.

Theodore forced down the urge to rip his father's throat out right there.

"You better pray he is alive," Theodore said softly.

"Because if he isn't, your end will be far worse than anything you can imagine."

He didn't wait for a response.

"Marcus," Theodore called out.

"Contact Dr. Julian Pierce."

"Arrangements have been made."

"Admit Theron to the high-security asylum immediately."

Theron's eyes bulged.

"What?" he roared, taking a step back.

"You can't do that! I am your father! I am the former Alpha!"

"You have no right!"

Amelia stepped forward, looming over the panicked man.

A dangerous, predatory smile played on her lips.

"Julian is a great doctor, Theron," she purred.

"I'm sure he'll prescribe you... plenty of silence."

She reached down and gripped Theodore's hand tightly.

They stood together, an unbreakable front against the man who had failed them both.

In this family, in this moment, they held absolute power.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 224[1,345 words]

(Author's POV)

Theron watched the heavy doors of the van slam shut, taking Isla and the imposter away.

The reality of his situation crashed down on him like an avalanche.

He realized with terrifying clarity that he was next.

The prospect of rotting in a dark dungeon or a high-security asylum for the rest of his life terrified him.

The arrogant Alpha, who had always held his head high, suddenly crumbled.

He shrank into himself, his posture submissive and pathetic.

"Theodore, son, please," Theron pleaded, his voice trembling.

He took a step forward, hands open to show he was no threat.

"I admit I was wrong to hide Isla from you. That was a mistake, I know."

He looked frantically between Theodore and Marcus.

"But I swear on the Moon Goddess, I never ordered them to hurt you!"

"I had nothing to do with the kidnapping that took your legs!"

Theron's eyes were wide and desperate.

"It was all Isla! She went mad because she knew she was going to prison."

“She was trying to drive a wedge between us, father and son!”

He spat on the ground where Isla had been.

“She is just like her mother, Bianca. Vicious, manipulative, born to sow discord!”

A low, vibrating growl tore through the air.

Theodore’s golden eyes flashed with lethal intensity.

Logan, his wolf, surged forward in his mind, furious at the mention of his mother.

Theron flinched violently, raising his hands in surrender.

“Okay! Okay! I shouldn’t have said that!”

He looked at the murderous intent in his son’s eyes and cowered.

“The affair was my fault,” Theron admitted hurriedly, sweat beading on his forehead.

“But she seduced me! I was weak!”

He tried to wash his hands of the guilt, shifting his weight nervously.

“These past three years... I only brought those illegitimate children back out of pity.”

“I didn’t know they would become so arrogant.”

“They forgot their place and dared to harm the true Alpha heir.”

Theron took a cautious step closer, his face twisting into a mask of pleading sincerity.

“You have to believe me, Theodore. In my heart, you are the only son who matters.”

He forced a smile, trying to look paternal.

“I will make it up to you. I promise.”

“I will fulfill my duties as a father.”

“I will throw you and Amelia the grandest Mating Ceremony the Northern Territories have ever seen!”

He glanced at Amelia, trying to appeal to her.

“And when you have children... I will help you raise the pups. I will be the best grandfather.”

Amelia didn't even raise her voice.

A cold, sharp sneer curled her lips.

She looked down at Theron with the pity one might show a dying insect.

“You actually have the audacity to assume you will breathe the same air as my children,” she said.

Her voice was calm, but it cut deeper than any knife.

“Theron, my pups will only know your name as a cautionary tale.”

“A story we tell them to explain what happens to weak, pathetic men.”

She turned her head slightly to Marcus.

“Get him out of my sight.”

Marcus moved instantly.

He pulled a set of heavy restraints from his belt.

Theron began to panic, struggling as Marcus grabbed his arms.

“No! You can't do this!” Theron shouted.

“Theodore! Think about it! You've sent your brother away, now your father?”

“You will be completely alone in this world!”

Marcus didn't let him finish.

He shoved a rough cloth into Theron's mouth, silencing his manipulation.

With a rough jerk, Marcus dragged the struggling former Alpha away like a bag of garbage.

(Amelia's POV)

The courtyard fell silent.

I walked over to the wheelchair and crouched down..

Theodore's golden eyes were still dark with lingering rage.

I placed my hands on his knees, grounding him.

"Theo," I said softly.

"According to the clues we have, your real brother, Jasper Calder, should still be alive."

His gaze snapped to mine, a flicker of hope igniting in the gold.

"We will find him," I promised.

"I will help you look. We will reunite your family."

Theodore's hand trembled as he reached out to cover mine.

He lifted my hand to his lips, placing a reverent kiss on my knuckles.

"I really have no one but you now," he whispered, his voice thick with emotion.

Seeing this powerful, terrifying Alpha look so vulnerable broke my heart.

I could feel his pain through our bond.

I reached up and firmly gripped his chin, forcing him to look directly at me.

"Look at me, Theo," I commanded gently.

"You are not alone."

"You have me. That is enough."

My thumb caressed his jawline.

"We will build a pack so strong that no one will dare touch us."

"We will be the legend itself."

Theodore stared at me for a moment, stunned.

Then, a brilliant smile broke across his face, lighting up the gloom.

By the time I returned to Starlight Entertainment, the sky was bleeding into twilight.

Anya met me at the door, looking anxious.

“Miss Stone, Caleb has been waiting in your office for two hours,” she whispered.

I pushed the door open.

Caleb was sitting on the sofa, hunched over.

He looked nothing like the arrogant pop star he usually was.

He looked like a stray dog caught in a storm.

When he saw me, he shot up from his seat.

“Amelia!” he cried out, his voice hoarse.

I walked past him without a glance and sat in my chair.

“Speak,” I said coldly.

Caleb flinched at my tone but didn’t leave.

He saw a glimmer of hope in the fact that I hadn’t thrown him out immediately.

“I... I wanted to apologize,” he stammered.

“About the fans attacking you. I’m so sorry.”

“I’ve already issued a statement. I cleared up the misunderstanding.”

He took a step toward the desk, wringing his hands.

“I want to make it up to you, Amelia.”

“I can write songs for you. You know I’m talented.”

He looked at me with eager eyes.

“I can be your ghostwriter. I don’t need credit. I just want to help.”

I couldn’t help it.

A short, sharp laugh escaped my lips.

It was the funniest joke I had heard all day.

I picked up a pen and twirled it lazily between my fingers.

“You think I lack ability?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Caleb, do you realize who you are talking to?”

“I am the Shadow Healer Lily. I am a bestselling author.”

I shook my head, marveling at his ignorance.

“Your arrogance is like a frog sitting at the bottom of a well, thinking the sky is only as big as the opening.”

Caleb’s face flushed red.

He looked down at his shoes, shame radiating off him.

“I... I just wanted to make amends,” he mumbled.

I leaned forward, resting my elbows on the desk.

“Oh, Caleb,” I purred, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper.

“Do you really think I need your help?”

“It’s cute, really.”

“I don’t hate you because I’m ‘sad’ or ‘hurt’ by you.”

I smiled, but it didn’t reach my eyes.

“I’m just too lazy to hate you.”

Caleb turned pale, as if I had slapped him.

He started to stammer, trying to explain himself again.

“I didn’t mean to make you angry! Please, just give me a chance!”

I stood up abruptly.

I walked to the door and yanked it open.

“Let me guess,” I said, cutting through his noise.

“Ethan is dying. The money is gone.”

I looked him up and down with open disgust.

“You need a savior. You want me to play the role of the dutiful sister and clean up your mess.”

Caleb froze, his mouth hanging open.

I had hit the bullseye.

“No,” I said firmly.

“Go find a job, Caleb.”

“Or starve. It makes no difference to me.”

My eyes hardened into sapphires of ice.

“Don’t be like Celine.”

“You can’t have your cake and eat it too.”

“In this world, survival is for the fittest. Your greed just makes me sick.”

I pointed to the hallway.

“Get out of my office.”

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 225[1,160 words]

(Caleb’s POV)

“Amelia, please listen to me,” I pleaded, my hands gripping the edge of her mahogany desk. “I never wanted the Stone Pack inheritance. I swear it on the Moon Goddess.”

My voice shook slightly. “I am not like Father. I don’t care about power or money like Adrian does.”

Amelia didn’t even look up. She continued flipping through a stack of documents, the sound of turning pages filling the silence.

Then, a short, cold laugh escaped her lips. It was a sound devoid of any warmth, dripping with sarcasm.

“Save your sob story, Caleb,” she cut in, her voice sharp as a silver blade. She finally raised her eyes, staring straight into mine.

“You enjoyed the feast when your father hunted. You lived in luxury bought with his ruthlessness.” She leaned back, tapping a pen against the desk.

“Just because you didn’t hold the knife doesn’t mean your hands are clean.”

Her words struck me like a physical blow. I froze, the air caught in my throat.

I looked into those sapphire eyes and saw only contempt. She saw right through me.

In her eyes, I was exactly the same as the man I claimed to despise. We were both selfish. We were both guilty.

The defense I had built up in my mind crumbled instantly. Shame washed over me, hot and suffocating.

“I… I’m sorry,” I whispered, my voice barely audible. I couldn’t bear to look at her anymore.

I turned around, my shoulders slumped. I walked out of her office like a rogue wolf kicked out of its pack, feeling her disdain burning into my back.

(Amelia’s POV)

The door clicked shut behind him. The silence was refreshing.

I picked up my phone, my mood surprisingly lifted. I opened the social media app and scrolled through the trending topics.

There it was. Caleb had just posted a statement.

“Hurting her is hurting me. Please stop the attacks.”

I raised an eyebrow. He thought he was being noble. He thought he could play the protective brother now.

But the internet is a cruel beast. The comments section was a battlefield.

“Is this a joke? You’re defending the woman who ruined your family?” one user wrote.

“You are not a real Alpha, Caleb! You’re a coward!”

“He’s stabbing his own fans in the back just to please his sister. Traitor!”

“Unfollowing. Caleb Stone is finished.”

My lips curled into a wicked smile. It was exactly as I had anticipated.

His attempt at damage control was pouring gasoline on a fire. I found a comment predicting the end of his career.

Without hesitation, I tapped the ‘like’ button. I picked up my coffee cup and took a slow, satisfying sip.

The bitter liquid warmed my chest. “Burn,” I whispered to the empty room.

“The hotter, the better.” I watched the chaos unfold, savoring every moment of the destruction I had ignited.

I continued scrolling, but my smile soon faded. A new topic was climbing the charts.

Jade York had posted a photo with a caption: “I believe you.” It was clearly a move to whitewash Griffin Drake’s recent scandal involving his niece.

Disgusting. But what followed made my blood boil.

Gale Entertainment was capitalizing on the post. They were releasing press releases hinting that Jade would star in the adaptation of *Treatment Diary*.

They claimed she was the perfect fit for the heroine written by “Lily.” Fans were eating it up, calling it “True Love” and praising Jade’s loyalty.

My grip on the phone tightened. My eyes narrowed, a growl building in my throat.

They wanted to use my work to clean their filth? They wanted to associate my story with their sordid little drama?

“Dream on,” I hissed. This was my territory. My creation.

I would not let them taint it. I immediately typed out a new post on my official account.

“The heroine for the upcoming series will be a rookie from Starlight Entertainment. No exceptions.”

I hit send. The internet exploded instantly. Speculation ran wild.

Moments later, my publisher released the bombshell I had prepared. “Author ‘Lily’ will hold a copyright meeting this weekend at the Grandview Restaurant in Capital City.”

“She will personally decide who gets the franchise rights.” The game was on.

(Anya’s POV)

The atmosphere in the Starlight Entertainment office was suffocating. It felt like a funeral home.

Phones were ringing off the hook. The PR team looked like they hadn't slept in days.

"This is a disaster," the PR manager groaned, leaning against my desk. He rubbed his temples furiously.

"First she offends Caleb's crazy fan base. Now she's openly challenging the Drake family?"

He gestured wildly at the computer screen. "Does she have a death wish? The Drakes will crush us."

I looked around the room. Employees were whispering in huddles.

I heard snippets of conversation about updating resumes and finding new packs. They thought Starlight was a sinking ship.

"She knows what she's doing," I said weakly, though I felt the knot of anxiety in my stomach.

"Does she?" he countered. "Because it looks like suicide from here."

I sighed and looked at the closed door of the CEO's office. Amelia Stone was a force of nature.

She wouldn't listen to advice about playing it safe. She played by her own rules.

It was late Friday afternoon. The sun was setting, casting long shadows across the office floor.

I finished compiling the weekly report and sent it to Amelia's inbox. A moment later, my intercom buzzed.

"Any, come in," Amelia's voice came through, calm and steady.

I grabbed my notebook and hurried inside. Amelia was standing by the window, looking out at the city skyline.

She turned to face me. "I have an assignment for you," she said.

"You will attend the copyright meeting for *Treatment Diary* this weekend. You will represent Starlight Entertainment."

My jaw dropped. I stared at her, unable to process the words.

"Me?" I squeaked. "But... Miss Stone, the editor specifically said the highest decision-maker must attend."

I clutched my notebook to my chest. "Helena Shaw is very strict. I'm just a junior assistant."

“I don’t have the rank. I don’t have the authority.”

Amelia looked up from the file she had picked up. Her sapphire eyes locked onto mine.

There was a power in her gaze that made me want to bow.

“Rules are just suggestions, Anya,” she said, her voice ringing with absolute authority. She took a step toward me.

“I am the Alpha here. If I say you represent me, then you are the highest authority in that room.”

She paused, her expression intense. “Stop asking permission for your existence.”

I stood there, stunned. Her words echoed in my mind.

I couldn’t understand why she would risk such a massive project on someone like me. It was a gold mine, and she was sending an assistant.

But looking at her, I felt a surge of something I hadn’t felt before. Confidence.

She trusted me. I took a deep breath, standing as tall as I could. I nodded.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 226[1,230 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I sat behind my expansive mahogany desk, leaning back with an air of practiced ease. My eyes tracked Anya, who stood before me shifting her weight from foot to foot.

She looked as if she were about to hyperventilate. I had just calmly explained the plan for the upcoming *Treatment Diary* copyright meeting.

I would handle the backend preparations. Anya would represent Starlight Entertainment at the public face-to-face.

Anya’s eyes widened to the size of saucers. Her professional composure finally cracked completely.

“But... but Ma’am! Do you know the mysterious author ‘Lily’?” she stammered, her voice trembling. “She is a literary phenomenon! A literal ghost in the industry!”

I twirled my fountain pen between my fingers. A small, amused smile played on my lips.

I didn't sit up straighter or try to look imposing. I simply let the silence stretch for a beat before answering.

"I don't just know her, Anya," I said softly. "I *am* her."

Anya froze in place. Her jaw practically unhinged.

She stared at me for a long moment. Then, she let out a nervous, high-pitched laugh.

She clearly thought the pressure of running a failing company had finally snapped her new Alpha's mind.

I simply raised an eyebrow. My expression remained one of entertained nonchalance.

"Do I look like the type who has time for practical jokes, Anya?" I asked. "Or do you just enjoy insulting my hidden talents?"

Anya took a deep, shuddering breath. Her gaze darted over my sharp blazer and the predatory grace with which I held myself.

"Alpha, it's not that I don't believe you... it's just..." She struggled for the right words.

I could practically hear her thinking, **They don't pay me enough for this.**

"Lily's work is known for its raw vulnerability," she continued, her voice gaining a little passion. "It touches the very soul of the Mate Bond. It's art."

She hesitated, realizing she might be risking her job. "You... You have the aura of a warlord. An Alpha who conquers battlefields, not someone who writes tear-jerkers. The disconnect is... jarring."

Inside my head, my wolf, Ava, let out a short, barking laugh.

If only they knew that the Shadow King and the sensitive poet are the same person, Ava mused. **They'd probably go into cardiac arrest.**

I didn't dismiss the comment. Instead, I leaned forward, invading Anya's personal space just enough to be unsettling.

My eyes darkened. The amusement shifted into something sharper, more dangerous.

"Pain fuels art, Anya," I whispered. "And I know a lot about pain."

I let that sink in. I watched Anya shiver as the realization hit her.

“Now, take Skylar and handle the press,” I commanded, sitting back. “Don’t make me use my ‘Alpha’ voice again.”

Anya swallowed hard. The color drained from her face as she nodded, realizing that the darkness in my eyes was exactly where those stories came from.

(Author’s POV)

Anya walked out of the CEO’s office looking like she had seen a ghost. The moment the door clicked shut, the staff circled her like sharks smelling blood in the water.

They bombarded her with questions about the meeting. Anya dropped the bomb.

She revealed that Amelia wasn’t going to the meeting herself and was claiming to be the author. The office erupted into chaos.

“If she’s a literary genius, then I’m Shakespeare reincarnated!” one editor shouted, throwing his hands up in disbelief.

The Creative Director slammed a file onto his desk, the sound echoing through the room.

“This is suicide!”

He looked around wildly. “The author specifically asked for the top decision-maker! Sending an assistant is a slap in the face. We’re going to lose the blockbuster deal of the century!”

The Finance Director leaned against the water cooler and made a snide remark. His voice dripped with sarcasm.

“It’s obviously a cover story,” he sneered. “The Stone pack is bleeding money. She can’t afford the bid, so she’s making up this lame excuse to back out without losing face.”

Rumors began flying immediately. People whispered that their competitor, Gale Entertainment, had already secured 300 million in capital.

They were convinced Gale was locking down the bid. Despair washed over the floor like a cold wave.

Convinced that Starlight Entertainment was a sinking ship, employees began frantically updating their resumes. They packed their personal belongings into boxes, ready to jump overboard before the crash.

Amelia was unbothered by the noise outside. She sat calmly in her office, finalizing a new performance bonus structure.

She intended to reward the few loyal souls who would stick out the storm. As she finished up, her private phone buzzed.

The screen flashed the name of her nemesis: *Griffin*.

She answered, putting the phone to her ear with a bored expression. "Speak."

Griffin's voice came through, oily and dark. "I'm calling to offer you a truce, Amelia."

"If you betray Theodore Crimson and help the Drakes crush him," he proposed, "we will overlook the video scandal involving Carlos."

Amelia let out a dry chuckle. "Griffin, do you really think that video is the only thing standing between us? You're delusional."

"Don't be stupid, Amelia," Griffin spat, his voice rising in anger. "I'm offering you a lifeline."

"You're choosing a cripple over the Drake family?" He scoffed. "Theodore is broken. I am the future of the Northern Territories."

Amelia's eyes went cold. "Griffin, you could be the King of the World and I'd still choose Theodore."

"He's my fated mate," she said with absolute conviction. "You're just an insecure little boy with a title."

Griffin exploded on the other end. He screamed threats, promising to use the Drake family's vast resources against her.

"I will swallow the Stone family's assets whole!" he roared. "I will leave you begging on the streets!"

Amelia cut him off, her voice low and lethal. "Save the spooky threats for someone who cares."

"If you want to come for my empire, Griffin, don't miss," she warned. "I certainly won't."

She hung up without waiting for a response. She tossed the phone onto the desk with a clatter.

She knew the Drake empire was already crumbling. They just didn't know it yet.

In a high-end VIP room in Night City, Griffin hurled his phone against the wall. It shattered into pieces instantly.

His chest heaved with rage. His face was twisted in fury.

Lucas, cowering in the corner, quickly poured a glass of strong whiskey. He muttered curses about Amelia's arrogance while trying to calm Griffin down.

Griffin whipped around. His eyes fixed on Lucas like a viper ready to strike.

"And what is your brilliant plan?" he snarled. "She holds the power, and she has that mad dog Theodore backing her."

Lucas paled. Sweat beaded on his forehead under the intense pressure.

Under Griffin's murderous glare, he scrambled for a solution to save his own neck. A sinister idea formed in his mind.

He lowered his voice and stepped closer to Griffin. "Since that girl Natasha from the Crimson pack has been getting so cozy with Amelia lately... we could use her."

Griffin paused, listening intently.

"We kidnap Natasha," Lucas whispered, his eyes gleaming with malice. "Just like you did with Theodore years ago."

"Amelia cares about her 'allies.' It's a weakness," Lucas continued. "We use the girl as leverage to leash the bitch."

Griffin listened, the rage in his eyes slowly replaced by a cruel, calculating gleam. He nodded slowly.

"Do it."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 227[1,372 words]

(Author's POV)

Lucas stood in the corner of the dimly lit VIP room, his posture hunched and subservient. A sycophantic grin plastered his face as he rubbed his hands together, approaching Griffin with the eagerness of a dog seeking a treat.

He had been stewing in resentment over Natasha, that loud-mouthed girl who constantly defended Amelia in the group chats.

"Mr. Drake, I have an idea," Lucas whispered, his voice dripping with malice. "Why don't we take Natasha?"

Griffin swirled the amber liquid in his glass, his eyes cold and uninterested until Lucas continued.

“It’s the perfect test,” Lucas urged, stepping closer. “We kidnap her. If Amelia doesn’t come to save her ‘ally,’ she loses the respect of her followers. She looks weak and selfish.”

Lucas’s grin widened, revealing his yellowed teeth. “But if she does come... that’s when we take them down in one fell swoop.”

Griffin paused. He looked at Lucas, considering the plan. A cruel smile slowly spread across his face.

“Not bad, Lucas,” Griffin murmured. “If this works, I’ll make sure you get an invitation to ‘The Eclipse’ next year.”

Lucas froze. His eyes lit up with a greedy, feverish light.

“The Eclipse?” he stammered, his breath hitching.

It was the Drake family’s most exclusive, depraved underground party. Rumors said that at The Eclipse, werewolves could unleash their darkest, most primal desires without any legal or moral consequences. It was a haven of absolute lawlessness.

Griffin didn’t look at him. He stared into his glass, watching the shadows refract through the expensive whiskey.

“Our labs overseas just sent over a new compound,” Griffin said softly, almost to himself. “It destroys the will. It turns even the proudest Alpha into a mindless doll.”

He took a slow sip, his eyes gleaming with a terrifying intent.

“When we catch Amelia, I’ll inject her with it,” Griffin promised to the empty air. “Then I’ll throw her into the center of The Eclipse. I’ll let the guests do whatever they want with the high and mighty daughter of the Stone family. I will shatter her pride into dust.”

(Amelia’s POV)

I walked through the front doors of the Stone River Pack House an hour later than usual. The house was quiet, save for the soft tapping of a stylus on glass.

My mother, Seraphina, sat at the dining table. She was focused on her tablet, designing an intricate fondant cake for an upcoming celebration.

“You’re late, darling,” she said warmly, looking up.

“Work ran long,” I replied, glancing toward the closed study door.

My father, Jaxon, wasn't there. He was still in his office, juggling the demands of Umbra Analytics and the pack's administrative duties. He was working himself to the bone to protect this family.

I felt a pang of fierce protectiveness. I needed to move faster. I needed to take the reins so he could finally rest.

I sat down across from my mother. The staff had kept dinner warm for me.

The table was laden with my favorites—roast chicken with crispy skin and a rich truffle risotto. The scent was comforting, a stark contrast to the cold schemes of the business world.

"This reminds me of the old days," I said casually, serving myself a portion. "Back in Meadow Brook, I used to spend hours in the woods foraging for wild berries and vegetables just to have something fresh."

Seraphina's face fell. Her amber eyes filled with instant tears.

"Oh, Amelia," she whispered, her voice trembling. "My poor baby. I promise, you will never have to suffer like that again."

She thought I was complaining. She saw a victim.

I didn't want her pity.

I picked up my knife and fork, cutting into a piece of venison steak with precise, deliberate movements. The metal scraped softly against the china.

I looked up, meeting her tearful gaze with dry, burning eyes.

"Mom, don't pity me," I said, my voice steady and strong. "Those years didn't break me; they sharpened me. I know how to hunt, and that's why we're going to win this war."

Inside my chest, Ava let out a contented rumble. She vibrated with pride at our shared strength.

After dinner, I retreated to the greenhouse. The air was thick with the earthy scent of herbs.

I spent twenty minutes processing a batch of Valerian root. My hands moved with practiced efficiency, cleaning and prepping the calming herb. It was meditative, a way to quiet the noise before the storm.

Once finished, I washed up and finally checked my phone.

A message from Natasha popped up first.

Natasha: That creep Damien hasn't bothered me since you put him in his place. I think he's finally scared off.

I smirked. Good.

I opened the so-called "elite" werewolf group chat. It was buzzing with activity.

Lucas was there, performing like a pathetic buffoon.

Lucas L: Everyone knows the Stone family is cash-poor right now. Amelia Stone is dreaming if she thinks she can outbid us.

Lucas L: Gale Entertainment has secured 300 million in liquid assets. We are taking that copyright. Starlight is a sinking ship.

I watched the messages scroll by, his arrogance practically leaking through the screen.

Before I could even type a response, a link appeared in the chat. It was from Natasha.

It was a direct link to a pet supply store's clearance sale. specifically for "Anti-Bite Dog Muzzles" and "No-Bark Shock Collars."

Natasha C: @Lucas L thought these might suit you. Since you love barking so much.

I let out a short laugh. The girl had fire.

My eyes narrowed as I looked at Lucas's previous insults. I wasn't going to let Natasha fight all my battles.

I tapped the keyboard, my fingers flying.

Amelia Stone: @Lucas L, make sure to get the Extra Large size. Based on how much noise you're making, a standard one won't hold that jaw shut.

I hit send. I didn't wait for his reply. I was the hunter, not the prey.

I closed the chat app and dialed Skylar's number.

"Hello?" Skylar's voice came through instantly. It was thin and shaky.

"Be ready at 9 AM tomorrow," I said without preamble. "You're going to the meeting with Anya."

"Amelia... I..." Skylar stammered. I could hear her hyperventilating. "I can't do this. There are going to be so many big shots. What if I mess up?"

I didn't coo at her. I didn't tell her it would be okay. I dropped my voice to a low, Alpha timbre. "Skylar, stop shaking," I commanded. "I didn't verify your talent so you could choke at the finish line. Do you want to be a writer, or do you want to be a legend? Because tomorrow, you decide."

Silence stretched on the line.

"It's a Blind Pitch," I explained, my tone hard. "They won't know who you are. They will only hear your words. Make them listen."

I heard Skylar take a deep, shuddering breath. The fear in her breathing was replaced by a sudden, sharp intake of resolve.

"I'll do it," she said, her voice firm. "I'll win."

"Good."

I hung up and scrolled to the next contact. Theodore.

I pressed the call button. He picked up on the first ring.

"Amelia," his deep, magnetic voice filled my ear.

Ava's ears perked up instantly in my mind. She paced excitedly, reacting to his sound like a cat to catnip.

"Pick me up tomorrow at ten," I said, leaning back against my pillows. "We're going to the copyright meeting."

"Going to make a scene?" he asked, amusement coloring his tone.

"I'm going to slap that perpetual runner-up Griffin in the face," I replied. "I need my fiancé there to watch the show."

Theodore chuckled. It was a rich, dark sound that vibrated through the phone.

"My pleasure," he said softly.

A shiver of electricity shot up my spine. It was purely physiological, a reaction to the raw power inherent in his voice.

I gripped the phone tighter. My voice dropped, becoming languid and teasing.

"Speaking of voices, Theodore... yours is really quite captivating," I purred. "I'm very curious... just how sexy will that voice sound when you're ordering me around in bed?"

There was a pause. Then, the sound of heavy, meaningful breathing came from the other end of the line.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 228[1,255 words]

(Amelia's POV)

A low, guttural cough sounded from the other end of the line. It was followed by a laugh that held a trace of helpless frustration.

"Amelia," Theodore's voice was raspy "Since you aren't here beside me, talking about such things only makes the night harder to endure

I couldn't help but giggle, rolling onto my side and hugging the duvet close.

"My fault, my fault," I teased, my voice light. "If it's really too difficult, you could always... handle it yourself?"

The line went silent for a beat, then I heard a heavy sigh. It was the sound of a man exercising immense restraint

"I have waited twenty-six years for my mate," he said, his tone thick with desire yet tempered by patience. "I do not mind waiting two more months to do this properly"

My heart fluttered at his seriousness. I smuggled deeper into the soft pillows, feeling a wave of drowsiness wash over me now that the tension had broken,

"Theo," I whispered "Sing to me? I want to sleep."

There was a brief pause. Then, the voice that usually commanded armies and terrified boardrooms began to hum, it was a slow, soothing lullaby. The deep resonance of his chest seemed to travel through the phone, vibrating against my ear.

inside my mind, Ave let out a happy sigh. She curled up into a tight ball, soothed by the Alpha's song Within moments, the darkness of sleep claimed me

Saturday morning arrived with bright sunshine. Thanks to Theodore's singing, I had slept more soundly than I had in years.

At ten sharp, I slid into the backseat of the luxury sedan Theodore had sent

I didn't sit on the far side. I slid right up next to him, our thighs touching. I turned my head, staring at his profile without blinking.

Theodore turned to meet my gaze. His golden eyes swept over my face, soft and instantly

“You look radiant today,” he murmured.

I had noticed it too in the mirror this morning. It had been less than a month since I returned to the Stone River Pack. The rough, weathered skin I had acquired from years of gathering herbs in the wind and sun at Meadow Brook was gone.

My complexion was delicate and glowing again. The noble air of an Alpha’s daughter had returned.

“If I dressed up specifically for you,” Theodore teased, a smirk playing on his lips, “do I get a reward?”

I didn’t answer with words. I leaned forward, cupping his face in my hands.

I kissed his cheek. Then again. And again.

I planted ten quick, affectionate kisses all over his face.

Theodore laughed, the sound rumbling in his chest. He caught my hand before I could pull away, pressing his lips to my knuckles. His eyes darkened with intensity.

“If not for these legs,” he whispered, his voice dropping an octave, “I would take you right here in this car.”

I smiled, tracing circles on the lapel of his suit jacket with my free hand.

“It’s a shame I don’t have healing magic,” I sighed dramatically.

‘glorious things are worth the wait,’ he replied, his gaze burning into mine.

From the driver’s seat, a sudden, loud coughing fit broke the atmosphere.

“Ahem! Cough!”

Marcus gripped the steering wheel so hard his knuckles were white, his eyes strictly fixed on the road ahead. He looked like he wished he could turn invisible.

(Caleb’s POV)

The grand hotel hosting the copyright meeting was a chaotic sea of noise and flashing lights.

The VIP boxes on the upper levels had long been booked by the city’s wealthiest tycoons. The ground floor lobby was packed shoulder-to-shoulder with media reporters and fans. Everyone

was craning their necks, desperate to catch the first glimpse of the mysterious “Shadow Healer Lily.”

I adjusted my black face mask and pulled the brim of my baseball cap lower.

I stood near a decorative pillar, blending into the crowd. I didn’t dare approach the VIP entrance where Amelia would be. I could only watch from a distance, like a shadow.

Looking at the excited faces around me, seeing how many werewolves genuinely loved and respected “Lily,” a complicated feeling swelled in my chest.

It was pride. My sister was amazing.

But beneath the pride was a biting layer of guilt. I had been so blind.

Suddenly, a conversation from a group of three young men nearby drifted to my ears. They were dressed in flashy streetwear, looking bored.

“I don’t get the hype,” one guy scoffed, crossing his arms. “Lily is just a name. She got lucky, that’s all. She just happened to write a treatment diary when no one else did.”

“Exactly,” the second guy nodded sagely. “And let’s be real. The author is definitely a male Alpha.”

My brow furrowed. I turned my head slightly to listen.

“Think about it,” the guy continued, sounding confident in his ignorance. “The diary talks about war strategies and grand political schemes. It’s too deep. She—wolves? They only know how to write romance novels and emotional trash. There’s no way a female brain came up with this.”

Rage, hot and sudden, flared in my gut.

I couldn’t stand it. I took a step toward them.

“You’re wrong,” I said, my voice cold as ice. “Lily‘ is a she—wolf.”

The three men jumped slightly, surprised by my sudden intrusion. They looked me up and down, taking in my masked face.

“Who are you?” the first guy sneered. “How do you know?”

“I know her,” I stated simply. I bit my tongue to keep from screaming that she was my sister.

The guys exchanged glances and burst into laughter.

“Sure you do, buddy,” the second guy mocked. “And I know the Alpha King.”

I let out a cold, sharp laugh. “Tell me. Could you three write something half as brilliant as her work?”

The third guy, who had been silent, stepped forward aggressively. “I don’t need to be a chef to know a dish tastes like garbage. You’re just a brainless fanboy.”

“Get lost, weirdo,” the first guy added.

Inside me, Noah roared. My wolf paced frantically, urging me to shift, to tear these disrespectful punks apart. My claws itched to shred their smug faces.

I clenched my fists at my sides, my nails digging into my palms.

No.

I took a deep breath, forcing Noah back down. Today was Amelia’s day. I wouldn’t cause a scene. I wouldn’t ruin her press conference with a brawl.

I looked at them one last time, my eyes filled with contempt, treating them like the clowns they were. I turned away.

“Hey...” a woman standing nearby whispered to her friend. “Did you hear that voice? That sounded a lot like Caleb Stone.”

“Really?” her friend whispered back, eyes widening.

Panic spiked in my chest. I quickly ducked my head, pulling my hat down until it practically covered my eyes.

Fortunately, a sudden roar from the crowd saved me.

“Alpha Drake! It’s Alpha Drake!”

The shout rippled through the lobby like a wave. All heads turned toward the main entrance.

Griffin Drake strode in, looking every bit the arrogant aristocrat in a high-end custom suit. Hanging onto his arm was the stunningly beautiful Jade York.

“Look at that,” someone muttered. “Griffin Drake is really going all out.”

“He must be determined to win the copyright,” another speculated. “I heard he’s trying to please Jade York. They’re practically mated.”

I watched Griffin preen for the cameras, a fake smile plastered on his face.

I let out a cold sneer.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 229[1,312 words]

(Author's POV)

The banquet hall inside the hotel was a dazzling display of gold and crystal. Light refracted off the chandeliers, casting a shimmering glow over the elite crowd gathered below. The murmur of conversation rose and fell like a tide, dominated by one topic.

Guests whispered in awe about Griffin Drake's extravagant spending. He had thrown money around like water just to win a smile from Jade York.

Some privately felt that Jade's spoiled, delicate temperament was the complete opposite of the resilient spirit found in "Lily's" writing. However, the wind of public opinion blew in a single direction. Since Griffin Drake had personally stepped into the ring, the copyright for this masterpiece would undoubtedly fall to Gale Entertainment.

In the corner of the room, a figure stood swallowed by shadows.

Caleb Stone pulled the brim of his baseball cap down low. He tugged the hood of his sweatshirt up over the cap, leaving only his chin visible. He blended perfectly into the dim background, a ghost haunting the edges of the celebration.

His dark eyes were fixed on Griffin, who stood in the center of the room looking arrogant and untouchable. Caleb knew exactly what that preening Alpha was thinking. Griffin wanted to swallow this project whole to rob Starlight Entertainment of its resources.

But Caleb also knew something Griffin didn't. Griffin was destined to fail. Because "Lily" was Amelia Stone.

Deep inside Caleb's chest, his wolf, Noah, let out a low, hostile whine. It was a sound of pure loathing for Griffin, mixed with the painful regret of not being able to stand proudly by his sister's side.

Representatives from twenty-five different publishers filled the venue. Among them, Alpha Arthur York of Gale Entertainment stood tall, a smug grin plastered on his face. He had specifically brought Zachary Grant, the traitor who had just defected from Starlight, to publicly humiliate Amelia.

Zachary scanned the room with exaggerated theatrics..

"Would you look at that?" Zachary shouted, his voice carrying over the crowd. "Starlight Entertainment only sent a little secretary named Anya? Where is the big boss Amelia? Too scared to show her face?"

Arthur laughed, turning to fawn over Griffin.

“She know she’s beaten,” Arthur sneered. “Amelia is just a dog that’s all bark and no bite.”

Seeing that Amelia still hadn’t appeared, the tension in Griffin’s shoulders relaxed. A wave of smug satisfaction washed over him.

Arthur seized the moment to flatter him further.

“And look at her fiancé,” Arthur scoffed. “Theodore Crimson used to be the ‘Golden Boy’ of the North. Now? He’s just a cripple in a chair.”

Griffin soaked up the words like a dry sponge. He felt a surge of validation. He was finally stepping out of the shadows. He was no longer the supporting character living in someone else’s glory.

Meanwhile, at the hotel entrance, the automatic doors slid open.

Amelia pushed Theodore’s wheelchair toward the elevators. The lobby was quieter than the banquet hall, the polished floors reflecting their figures.

At the elevator doors, Amelia stopped. She walked around to the front of the chair and leaned down. Her fingers deftly adjusted the collar of Theodore’s suit, her touch lingering with a hint of flirtation.

“Go on up,” she whispered, her blue eyes locking with his golden ones. “Go be a beautiful ‘trophy’ and stun the room, Theodore. Make them tremble in their expensive shoes while I handle some boring paperwork.”

She smirked, smoothing his lapel. “And try not to scare Griffin too bad before I get there. I want to see his face crumble with my own eyes.”

Theodore smiled, a look of pure indulgence. He accepted his mission as the distraction.

Amelia left him with Marcus and headed straight for the organizer’s private office.

Inside, the person in charge was waiting. He handed over the original manuscript for “Lily” and the contract. Then, with a grave expression, he slid a sealed, top–secret file across the desk.

It was a dossier on the Drake family’s crimes.

Amelia opened it. The documents detailed a horrific operation. The Drake family had been

developing a banned substance overseas. It was a twisted mixture of addictive toxins and potent aphrodisiacs. The drug was designed to make werewolves lose their minds, turning them into docile slaves to be sold on the international black market or to rogue territories.

Amelia stared at the sickening evidence. Slowly, the corners of her lips curled up.

She didn't look horrified. She looked dangerous.

She tossed the file back onto the coffee table with a light *thud*.

"Disgusting?" she murmured to the empty room. "No. It's absolutely perfect."

Her eyes flashed with a cold, predatory excitement. "This gives me a reason to stop playing the saint. Griffin thinks he's playing the role of a mafia godfather. He has no idea he just signed his own death certificate."

She stood up, smoothing her dress. "Bankruptcy is too good for him now."

Inside her mind, Ava was no longer just angry. The silver wolf paced anxiously against the barriers of Amelia's consciousness. Her claws raked against the mental walls, her voice dripping with venomous hate.

Let me out, Ava growled. *I want to bite out his throat. I want to taste his pulse stop between my teeth.*

The global livestream of the copyright meeting officially began.

The view count skyrocketed instantly. The camera panned across the opulent hall, capturing the faces of the elite. Suddenly, the lens landed on a figure near the entrance.

It was Theodore.

The comment section exploded.

"Oh my goddess! Look at that aura!"

*"Even in a wheelchair, he looks like a King."

""*

"He's here for Amelia! He's here to have her back!"

The confrontation between Griffin and Theodore, the heirs of two top-tier families, instantly became the focal point of the entire event.

Alpha Arthur's face turned pale the moment he saw Theodore. Griffin, however, darkened. He stared at the man in the wheelchair with gloomy eyes, convinced that Theodore was here to humiliate himself.

Theodore was preparing to head to the second floor VIP area. He felt the weight of Griffin's provocative gaze.

He raised a hand. "Stop."

Marcus halted the wheelchair immediately.

Theodore turned his head slowly. His golden eyes locked onto Griffin. There was no anger in his gaze, only a faint, mocking amusement.

"Griffin," Theodore said, his deep voice cutting through the nearby chatter. "You're here too."

Griffin pursed his lips tight, refusing to respond to the man he considered a cripple.

Theodore didn't mind the silence. He smiled, a sharp, knowing expression.

"I heard from my subordinates that you seem very interested in my brother, Ronan, lately," Theodore said casually, though his voice carried clearly. "I heard you even sent people to the airport two days ago to try and 'pick him up' for a return trip. I wonder... what special 'private business' does Alpha Drake have with my brother?"

The air in the room froze.

Griffin's face instantly turned beet red. His expression darkened like a thundercloud.

He remembered it vividly. He had acted on intelligence from Victor Crimson and sent a team to kidnap Ronan. It had been a disaster. The mission failed, and the Drake family had suffered heavy losses, losing several top-tier guards.

Being called out on it publicly was humiliating enough. But the context made it worse.

The representatives from other entertainment companies began to whisper. They exchanged glances, their minds instantly connecting Theodore's words to the scandal that had broken just days ago—the indecent video involving Griffin and his uncle, Carlos.

The whispers grew louder, filled with ambiguous mockery.

"He's interested in Theodore's brother? What kind of interest?"

"You don't think... he wants to make him the next Carlos?"

"Shh! Keep it down. The Drake family is vengeful."

Griffin heard every word. The insinuation pierced his pride like a knife. He clenched his fists at his sides, his fingernails digging deep into his palms.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 230[1,160 words]

(Theodore's POV)

The banquet hall buzzed with hushed whispers. The tension in the air was thick enough to choke on. Everyone stared at us, their eyes darting between me and Griffin.

They were amazed. A crippled heir daring to humiliate the Alpha of the Drake Pack? It was unheard of.

"He's pushing for a war," someone muttered nearby. "The tension is suffocating."

Griffin heard it too. He noticed the strange looks directed at him. His face darkened, his jaw clenching tight. He glared at me, his patience snapping.

"Watch your mouth, Theodore," Griffin warned, his voice low and dangerous. "Don't spread baseless rumors in public."

I didn't back down. Instead, I let a graceful, deadly smile spread across my face.

"My apologies, Griffin," I said, my tone dripping with false sincerity. "I seem to have misunderstood your... special fetishes."

The crowd stifled giggles. Griffin's face flushed a deeper shade of red.

"But truly," I continued, my voice gentle but every word a dagger. "If you wish to see the Crimson family, simply send a text. There is no need to act like a scavenger."

I paused for effect, watching his expression crumble.

"Sending thugs to kidnap my brother from the airport?" I shook my head. "That is just embarrassing."

A collective gasp went through the room. I had poked the exact spot that hurt the most. The failure to capture Ronan was a stain Griffin couldn't wash off.

I spoke softly, yet he was trembling with rage. It was amusing.

The livestream comments were likely tearing him apart by now. They would be mocking him. Griffin was losing a battle of wits to a cripple.

Griffin refused to accept defeat. His malicious gaze dropped to my legs, fixed on the wheelchair. He let out a cold, cruel laugh.

“I only stay away because I pity you,” Griffin sneered. “I didn’t want to disturb a man who can’t even walk.”

It was a cheap shot. A low blow targeting my physical defect.

Inside me, Logan let out a grunt of disdain. We were not so easily broken.

I maintained my impeccable smile. I looked him dead in the eye.

“Even in this wheelchair, I am the heir to the Alpha King,” I said calmly. “And you? You will never be more than a second fiddle.”

Griffin flinched as if I had slapped him.

“You look like a Beta begging for attention,” I added ruthlessly. “It’s pathetic.”

I leaned back, looking relaxed.

“If my shadow is too big for you, perhaps you should move,” I suggested. “Take your pack to the Badlands. You can be lawless there.”

I narrowed my eyes slightly.

“But if you stay?” I kept my voice cold. “Be careful. Move too slow, and you might end up like your uncle Carlos.”

Griffin froze.

“You might all rot in a cell,” I finished.

Griffin’s eyes burned with a hatred that was almost tangible. Alpha Arthur York stepped in, looking nervous.

“That is enough, Theodore!” Arthur exclaimed. “You are being too harsh.”

I turned my gaze to Arthur. I didn’t feel an ounce of guilt.

“Forgive me, Alpha York,” I said, putting on a show of vulnerability. “Ever since my injury, my father worries about my mental state.”

I sighed dramatically, tapping the armrest of my chair.

“He hired psychologists. Even witches,” I explained. “I cannot handle stimulation. Griffin attacked my disability. He provoked my fragile Alpha neryes.”

I shrugged helplessly. “I lost control. I spoke the truth.”

I looked back at Griffin with a mocking glint in my eyes.

“I hope an able-bodied man like you doesn’t mind?” I asked. “Unless you are jealous? Jealous that even crippled, I am still above you.”

Arthur was speechless. He choked on his words.

Griffin was shaking, filled with rage but with nowhere to vent it. He took a deep breath, trying to regain his composure.

He leaned in close. His voice was a sinister whisper.

“Your legs,” Griffin hissed. “They depend on her. But I worry Amelia won’t live long enough to finish the treatment.”

The beast inside me woke up.

My smile vanished instantly. The mask fell away.

A terrifying chill erupted from my golden eyes. It was the stare of the abyss.

“The Drake family,” I said, my voice ice-cold. “You are not worthy to touch her.”

I didn’t spare him another glance. I signaled Marcus. He pushed me toward the VIP area.

(Natasha’s POV)

The VIP booth on the second floor was decorated in rustic chic. It offered a wide view of the chaos below.

Theodore arrived at the door. I walked over immediately to meet him.

I held a cup of Earl Grey tea in my hand. My expression was serious as I leaned against the terrace railing.

“Look at them,” I said, gesturing to the crowd. “They are sharks smelling blood.”

Theodore took the tea. He looked unbothered.

“Griffin doesn’t just want to win,” I warned him. “He wants to swallow Amelia whole. This is a trap designed to crush her.”

Theodore took a sip of tea. He patted my arm gently.

“Calm down,” he said. “Amelia is ready. She is the hunter today.”

I lowered my voice, glancing around.

“Did you hear about Vivian?” I whispered. “She was missing for two days. She just came back.”

Theodore raised an eyebrow.

“She has a strange illness,” I said grimly. “It’s slow-acting wolfsbane poisoning. She is in the hospital right now, struggling in pain.”

I shook my head. “Amelia is ruthless.”

Theodore didn’t look shocked. A cold smile touched his lips. It was a look of appreciation.

“It isn’t just revenge,” he said. “It is a receipt. And she collected it with interest.”

Amelia never held a grudge. She settled the score immediately.

(Author’s POV)

In another booth, Penelope Blackwood watched her brother. Damien sat in the corner, his face sour.

“Stop pouting,” Penelope sighed. “You look miserable.”

Suddenly, a wave of noise rolled through the hall.

At the main entrance, the crowd parted.

Amelia Stone appeared.

She didn’t walk tentatively. She moved with an undeniable swagger. She walked as if the wind was at her back.

Alpha Arthur York saw her instantly. He shouted across the room.

“Look who it is!” Arthur sneered. “Relying on men to save you? You’re walking to your death, girl!”

Amelia didn’t even slow down. She tilted her head slightly. She raised one eyebrow.

Her eyes held a look of amused contempt. She looked at him like he was a clown performing in a cheap circus.

She stopped in the middle of the room.

Her gaze cut through the crowd. She locked eyes with Griffin.

The entire room held its breath.

Amelia's lips curled up. It was a sweet smile. But it made people shiver. Slowly, she raised her hand.

She drew her index finger across her throat. It was a clear, violent threat.

Then, she winked.

“Oh my goddess! Did you see that?!” a guest gasped.

“She isn't just challenging him,” another whispered, terrified and excited. “She's treating him like prey!”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 231[1,018 words]

(Author's POV)

Griffin's entire body radiated a suffocating low pressure. The air around him seemed to freeze solid.

The fury of an Alpha rolled off him in waves. Arthur and Zachary beside him trembled involuntarily.

They didn't dare look directly at Griffin's twisted expression.

If looks could kill, this hall would have become a bloodbath already.

Griffin's voice was ice-cold as he issued his command.

“From today on, cut off all resources to Starlight Entertainment,” he ordered. “I want that company bankrupt within three months.”

His eyes gleamed with malice.

“I want Amelia Stone crying and begging for mercy he continued. “Then I'll wipe the Stone family off the map of the Northern Territories completely.

Arthur swallowed hard. He nodded quickly, not daring to question the order.

Zachary's hands shook as he pulled out his phone to start making calls.

Griffin's jaw clenched tighter. The image of Amelia's mocking throat-slitting gesture burned in his mind.

She would pay. She would pay dearly.

Anya had been about to stand up and try to calm the situation. Then she witnessed Amelia's provocative gesture toward Griffin.

She froze in place, her entire body going rigid.

Despair flooded through her. She let out a silent wail in her heart.

The Alpha was too bold. Too reckless. She was accelerating the company's destruction.

Beside her, Skylar leaned over curiously.

"What happened?" Skylar asked. "Why does everyone look so tense?"

Anya explained the throat slitting provocation in a hushed voice. Her face was pale.

"Unless Amella really is the Shadow Healer Lily like she claimed," Anya said helplessly, "Starlight Entertainment has no chance of winning those copyrights."

She shook her head. "We're doomed."

Skylar's reaction was completely unexpected. Instead of worry, excitement lit up her face.

"Of course she's Lily!" Skylar exclaimed. "I believe it completely. Amelia saved my life. She's capable of anything."

Anya stared at her in disbelief. This was blind worship. A pipe dream.

But as she watched Amelia's fearless figure heading toward the second floor, something inside Anya wavered.

Maybe... just maybe...

Amelia completely ignored Griffin's murderous glare. She walked straight toward the stairs leading to the second floor.

She headed for Theodore's VIP booth without hesitation.

Damien had been watching her intently from his own booth. The moment she moved, he bolted.

He ran too fast. At the hallway corner, he slammed hard into Natasha, who was just turning back.

Natasha fell to the ground with a loud cry of pain.

Damien didn't stop to apologize. He only wanted to chase after Amelia.

Natasha grabbed the hem of his jacket with an iron grip.

"Compensation!" she demanded. "You knocked me down!"

Damien tried to shake her off impatiently. He pulled out his wallet.

Then he froze in embarrassment.

Inside the wallet was an old photo of Amelia and a few coins. Not a single bill.

Natasha saw the pathetic contents. She burst into mocking laughter.

"No money and you're still fronting?" she sneered. "How embarrassing."

Damien's face turned bright red.

"I just didn't bring cash!" he protested. "I have money!"

He turned toward his booth where Penelope sat enjoying dessert.

"Penelope! Help me out here!" he called.

Penelope looked up. She took in her brother's disheveled, desperate appearance.

Her expression was cold.

"No," she said flatly, "Handle your own mess."

She took a delicate bite of cake.

"And if you keep making a fool of yourself," she added, "I'm telling Father about this."

Damien's desperation grew. Amelia was getting farther away.

He tried to push past Natasha. She spread her arms wide like a barrier, blocking his path completely.

“Amelia!” he shouted desperately. “Amelia, wait!”

(Amelia’s POV)

I heard the pathetic shouting behind me. I stopped walking.

Slowly, I turned around.

My gaze landed on Damien, trapped and struggling against Natasha’s blockade. He looked utterly pathetic.

I raised one eyebrow. A deeply sarcastic smile curved my lips.

I looked him up and down. He was sweating, frantic, like a clown in a cheap circus.

“Nice look, Damien,” I said, my voice dripping with contempt. “It suits you.”

I let out a soft, mocking hum. This was better than theater.

Then I turned on my heel. I walked into Theodore’s booth without a backward glance.

I walked into the booth and threw myself heavily into the leather sofa. The plush cushions sank under my weight.

I reached for the bottle of bourbon on the table. I poured a full glass.

I tilted my head back and downed it in one gulp.

The burn of the liquor sliding down my throat loosened my tense nerves slightly.

I looked at Theodore. The wild light in my eyes hadn’t fully settled.

“I swear to the Moon, Theo,” I said, “it took everything in me not to shift right there and rip his throat out.”

Theodore’s golden eyes watched me with understanding. He didn’t tell me to calm down. He just waited.

I adjusted my position. My expression sharpened.

“Silas’s network dug up some dirt on the Drake family,” I said. “But most of it’s been cleaned up. It’s not enough to be lethal.”

I leaned forward, locking eyes with him.

“If we want to truly destroy that empire,” I continued, “we need solid, ready-made evidence. Hard proof.”

I paused. My tone carried a challenging honesty.

“But you need to understand something, Crimson,” I said. “Once that evidence goes public, your family’s reputation will burn to ashes right alongside the Drakes.”

I tilted my head.

“Do you have the stomach for that?”

Theodore didn’t hesitate. Not even for a second.

Those golden eyes held no so-called “indulgence.” Instead, they burned with fierce devotion.

He smiled, meeting my gaze without flinching.

“Whatever the risk,” he said quietly, “I stand with you Always.”

His certainty was absolute. Unwavering.

Then he glanced toward the window. His tone shifted slightly, carrying an obvious edge of jealousy.

“Though I do wonder,” he said, “about that persistent ex-mate of yours outside.”

I heard Damien’s continued arguing with Natasha through the door. I couldn’t help but roll my eyes.

I leaned forward, getting close to Theodore’s face.

“Really?” I challenged. “You’re jealous of *that*?”

I jerked my thumb toward the door.

“Do I look like someone who dumpster dives?” I demanded. “Don’t insult my taste, Theo.”

Theodore’s expression softened. He reached out, his fingers brushing my hand.

“Even if I can’t tie you down,” he said gently, “I won’t push you toward anyone else.”

Satisfied with his answer, I nodded.

“Good,” I said. “Now let’s get to business.”

I pulled out my phone. I dialed Helena's number.

She picked up on the first ring.

"Helena," I said, my voice calm and commanding. "Start it."

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 232[1,084 words]

(Author's POV)

Outside the booth, Damien frantically tried to slip past Natasha. She blocked him like a stubborn gatekeeper, shifting left and right to cut off every escape route.

Damien's patience snapped. He growled at her to get out of his way.

Natasha crossed her arms. Her expression dripped with contempt.

"No chance," she said mockingly. "Don't you have any self-awareness? The future Luna Amelia is in there on a date with Theodore. She doesn't want anything to do with a pathetic ex like you."

Damien glared at her furiously.

"This is none of your business!" he roared.

Natasha immediately let out an exaggerated yelp. She pointed an accusing finger at him.

"You hurt me when you knocked me down!" she shouted. "Now you're trying to commit hit and run!"

She pulled out her phone, waving it threateningly.

"If you don't take responsibility," she continued, "I'm calling Alpha Bernard Blackwood right now. I'll tell him you snuck out during your house arrest."

Damien's heart lurched. How did she know he was under house arrest?

Natasha almost slipped up. She quickly changed her story.

"Penelope told me," she said hastily. "Your sister can't keep a secret."

She planted herself more firmly in his path.

“If you don’t take me to the hospital for a full examination,” she declared, “I’m staying right here.

And I’ll scream loud enough for the whole building to hear.”

Inside Damien’s mind, Finn thrashed wildly. The wolf urged him to charge into the booth and find Amelia,

But Damien knew better. Causing a scene on Crimson territory would only make Amelia hate him more.

He weighed his options. Every second wasted was another second Amelia spent with Theodore.

Finally, he bit out through clenched teeth, “Fine. I’ll take you to the hospital.”

His jaw was so tight it ached.

As he passed by Amelia’s VIP booth, the door was slightly ajar. Through the c***k, he caught a glimpse inside.

Amelia sat holding a teacup. She smiled brilliantly at Theodore.

The warm, intimate scene stabbed through Damien’s chest like a blade.

He remembered those two months in Meadow Brook Pack. Amelia had always refused his invitations, claiming she was too busy preparing remedies in that shabby clinic.

She had never given him this kind of undivided attention. Never smiled at him like this.

Jealousy and resentment crashed through him like a tidal wave. His rationality shattered completely.

He shoved Natasha aside. He burst through the door.

He stood before them, his eyes bloodshot. His voice trembled with desperation.

“Amelia,” he demanded, “I’m giving you one last chance to choose. Me—an unbroken Alpha—or this cripple in a wheelchair?”

Amelia didn’t say a word. She simply stood up slowly.

Then, right in front of Damien, she leaned down. She kissed Theodore deeply on the lips.

The kiss wasn’t just affirmation. It was the cruelest rejection possible.

Damien felt his heart being crushed in an invisible fist. Inside his mind, Finn let out a desperate, broken howl.

Then the wolf curled up in the depths of his consciousness. It went completely still.

Damien understood. He had lost. Utterly and completely.

He slammed his fist into the wall. Blood immediately seeped from his knuckles.

His silhouette looked unbearably desolate in that moment. But he knew he had no right to stay any longer.

His voice came out hoarse as he addressed Natasha at the door.

“I’ll take you to the hospital now,” he said.

He turned and strode away without looking back.

Theodore watched his retreating figure. He held Amelia’s hand gently.

“Looks like he’s finally learned to give up,” Theodore said quietly.

(Amelia’s POV)

Down in the auction hall, the meeting officially began. Helena Shaw stood under the spotlight.

She announced that the copyright auction for Shadow Healer Lily’s new work would be livestreamed across all platforms.

Before bidding started, Helena arranged a “blind evaluation” session. She invited representatives from major entertainment companies and publishers to share their adaptation ideas.

I sat in the upstairs booth, looking down through the one-way glass. I had a perfect view of the entire hall.

A representative from Skyline Media spoke first. His tone was arrogant and dismissive.

“The original story is too idealistic,” he declared. “The female lead building her empire alone doesn’t make sense. We should drastically revise the script.”

He gestured grandly.

“Transfer the spotlight to the male lead,” he continued. “Or better yet, change the protagonist to a male Alpha entirely.”

He looked around the room smugly.

“In werewolf society, only powerful Alpha males hold real power,” he stated. “Audiences want to see heroes saving damsels in distress. That’s what sells.”

My teacup nearly shattered in my grip. Ava roared furiously in my mind.

She wanted to charge downstairs and tear that self-righteous i****t apart.

Theodore noticed my rage. He patted my hand gently, soothing me.

His eyes signaled me to keep watching.

Murmurs rippled through the crowd. Some people nodded in agreement with Skyline Media’s representative.

Then Skylar suddenly shot to her feet. She grabbed a microphone.

Her voice rang out clear and strong

“I completely disagree with Skyline Media’s assessment,” she declared. “The core soul of this novel is showing how a woman achieves her ambitions in a prejudiced werewolf society through intelligence and strength.”

She pointed at the representative accusingly.

“If you strip away the female lead’s achievements,” she continued, “you destroy the entire work.”

She turned to address the entire hall.

“If Starlight Entertainment wins these rights,” she announced, “we will not waste our budget on just a pretty face for the sake of traffic. Every dollar will go into quality production.”

She raised her chin proudly.

“Our CEO Amelia Stone has the confidence to turn this series into an unprecedented hit,” she declared boldly.

Up in the booth, I nearly choked. I turned to look at Theodore.

He raised one eyebrow playfully.

“Have you been selling your employees some kind of pipe dream?” he asked with amusement.

I laughed helplessly. I’d never said anything like that

But Skylar's ambition was exactly the kind I appreciated. If we were going to fight, we might as well win spectacularly.

Showing any sign of weakness before the battle even started wasn't my style.

Several other company representatives spoke next. Most of them echoed Skyline Media's tired clichés.

There was nothing original or interesting in their pitches.

Helena saw that the discussion was going nowhere. She smiled and raised her hand.

"The blind evaluation session is now concluded," she announced. "Lily has heard all your perspectives. She will make her own judgment."

She looked around the room.

"Now we will begin the formal bidding process," she continued.

The Skyline Media representative jumped to his feet impatiently. He shouted across the hall.

"If we're about to bid," he demanded loudly, "why hasn't this mysterious 'Lily' shown herself yet? Is she too scared to face us in person?"

His tone was mocking and aggressive.

I set down my teacup. I smoothed my dress carefully.

It was time to make my entrance.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 233[1,029 words]

(Author's POV)

The atmosphere in the auction hall reached a boiling point. Everyone craned their necks, desperate to catch a glimpse of the mysterious "Shadow Healer Lily."

A murmur of anticipation rippled through the crowd, nervous and heated. This was no longer a standard commercial bid. It was a war about to explode.

Sitting in the Gale Pack's designated area, Griffin sneered at the commotion surrounding him. He turned cold eyes to Alpha Arthur beside him.

“Bid immediately,” Griffin ordered without hesitation.

For Griffin, securing these copyrights was essential to proving the Drake family’s dominance. He didn’t care who the author was or if she was even present.

Alpha Arthur nodded instantly, wiping sweat from his brow. He signaled his secretary to make the announcement.

Alpha Arthur’s secretary stood up, adjusting her glasses. Her voice cut through the noise with practiced precision.

“Gale Entertainment bids one hundred and fifty million,” she announced loudly. “Plus fifteen percent of the global box office revenue.”

The astronomical figure sent shockwaves through the room. The hall erupted into chaos.

Representatives from other entertainment companies looked at each other in dismay. They realized their prepared budgets were meaningless in the face of such absolute wealth.

Anya felt a mountain of pressure land on her shoulders. The authorization budget the company had given her was only fifty million.

Yet, she didn’t show a hint of panic. She kept her lips pressed into a tight line.

Her fingers tapped a steady rhythm on the table. Her mind raced, calculating a counter-strategy amidst the overwhelming odds.

Zachary noticed Anya’s silence. He assumed she was terrified by the Gale family’s power.

With a smug grin, he strutted over to her table. He looked down at her with undisguised contempt.

“Looks like you’re just a sacrificial lamb,” Zachary mocked. “Your boss Amelia doesn’t even dare to show her face.”

He leaned in closer, his voice dripping with condescension.

“You should just quit and run, Anya. Don’t waste your time here.”

Anya didn’t react with the panic Zachary expected. She didn’t even bother to look up at him.

She simply raised her wrist and checked her watch. Her expression was one of professional boredom and annoyance.

“Zachary,” she cut him off coldly. “Unless you’re here to raise the bid, you’re blocking my view.”

Move.”

Zachary froze, choked by her unexpected dismissal. Before he could recover, Skylar sitting next to Anya joined the counterattack.

“Hear that?” Skylar said sharply. “No one wants to see your face, Zach. Save your breath.”

Just then, Anya’s phone buzzed on the table. It was Amelia.

Anya answered immediately. On the other end, Amelia ignored the tension in the room completely.

Her tone was undeniable and commanding.

“Bid two hundred and fifty million,” Amelia ordered. Keep the other conditions the same as Gale Entertainment.”

Anya’s eyes widened slightly at the number. But her training took over instantly.

“Understood,” she said calmly.

She hung up the phone and raised her hand without hesitation. Her voice was steady and powerful.

“Starlight Entertainment bids two hundred and fifty million!”

The crowd gasped again, stunned into silence.

Zachary jumped up, his face red with disbelief.

“They’re bluffing!” he shouted, pointing a trembling finger. “There’s no way Starlight has that kind of cash!”

Skylar shot back immediately. “Shut up, you short-sighted idiot.”

The situation threatened to descend into chaos. Griffin’s cold voice suddenly sliced through the noise.

“Enough,” he snapped, silencing Zachary instantly.

Alpha Arthur looked at Griffin with visible distress. He leaned in, whispering urgently.

“Mr. Drake, our budget was only three hundred million for marketing hype. We didn’t actually plan to spend that much cash.”

Griffin’s eyes narrowed dangerously. He had to win against Starlight at any cost.

“The Drake family will cover anything over the limit, he stated. “Bid three hundred million.”

Arthur swallowed hard but obeyed.

“Gale Entertainment bids three hundred million!”

This crushingly high bid shattered the hopes of the smaller companies. They had hoped for snagging a bargain.

Now, they sat back helplessly. They were reduced to mere spectators in a game for the elites.

Down on the floor, Anya’s face was grave, but her posture remained rigid. Beside her, Skylar clenched her teeth, putting her faith in her boss.

Suddenly, a crisp voice rang out from the second–floor VIP booth. It pierced through the entire hall.

“Starlight Entertainment,” the voice declared. “Five hundred million.”

The hall fell into a deathly silence. Even the air seemed to freeze.

Griffin’s face turned the color of iron. He snapped his head up to look at the second floor.

Hesitation flickered in his eyes. Was Amelia playing him for a fool?

Amelia leaned lazily against the railing of the balcony. She looked down at Griffin from her high vantage point.

Her blue eyes held a mix of pity and mockery. She watched Griffin waver.

A sarcastic curve touched her lips.

“Look at you, Griffin,” she called out. “Puffing your chest, throwing money around for appearances.”

She tilted her head slightly.

“It reeks of desperation,” she said softly, though her voice carried perfectly. “Are you buying rights, or are you trying to buy approval?”

The words struck Griffin like a physical blow. They targeted his deepest insecurity—his reliance on family shelter and his desperate need to prove himself.

His fragile Alpha pride shattered instantly.

His pupils contracted to pinpoints. His eyes flashed a dangerous shade.

A low growl vibrated in his chest. He lost all reason.

He roared out the words himself, his voice shaking with rage.

“Gale Entertainment, six hundred million!”

The crowd went into a frenzy. The audience’s excitement hit a boiling point.

“This is the world of the top families,” someone whispered in awe.

Griffin stared up at Amelia provocatively. His chest heaved with exertion.

He gestured for her to continue, daring her to bid higher.

But Amelia didn’t continue.

She stood high above him, looking down. A smirk played on her lips.

Slowly, she raised her hands.

Clap.

Clap.

Clap.

She began a slow clap. The crisp sound echoed harshly in the sudden quiet of the hall.

Alpha Arthur let out a massive sigh of relief. He hurriedly signaled the host, Helena Shaw.

“Let’s get the author out here to sign,” Arthur urged, wiping sweat from his brow. “We won.”

He was just glad they had secured the deal, even if the price was insane.

However, Amelia stopped clapping.

She leaned over the railing again, staring at the celebrating group below like she was watching a circus clown.

Her tone was light, yet lethal.

“Six hundred million. Truly an amazing number. It’s just a pity... I never agreed to sell it to *you*. That is simply tragic.”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 234[923 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I walked down the stairs slowly. My heels clicked against the marble, a steady rhythm in the sudden silence.

Alpha Arthur stared at me with open hostility. His face was flushed, likely from the stress of spending six hundred million he didn't have.

"What's the matter, Ms. Stone?" Arthur shouted, his voice echoing through the hall. "Are you planning to sell Stone River Botanicals to scrape together the cash for a higher bid?"

I stopped on the landing. A smirk curled the corners of my lips.

I smoothed the fabric of my dress with deliberate slowness. I looked at him with pity, as if he were a particularly slow

"Arthur child.

Clearly your brain is as empty as your bank account," I said, my voice calm but carrying effortlessly.

Arthur sputtered, but I cut him off.

"Why would I pay for something I already own?"

I paused, letting the confusion ripple through the crowd. I savored the moment.

"I am Lily," I declared. "And if Gale Entertainment were the last company on earth, I would never sell my copyrights to you."

The banquet hall fell into a deathly silence.

Then, it exploded.

Gasps and shouts filled the air, threatening to lift the roof.

I glanced at the large screen displaying the livestream. The comments were blowing up, scrolling so fast they were just a blur of light.

Griffin's face turned a terrifying shade of purple. He stared at me with eyes that promised murder, as if he wanted to swallow me whole.

Zachary jumped onto a chair, pointing a shaking finger at me.

"Lies!" he screamed. "This is just a pathetic stunt to save face because you can't afford the bid!"

I didn't bother to defend myself. I looked at Zachary and Alpha Arthur like they were performing monkeys in a circus.

"Tsk, tsk," I clicked my tongue.

"Look at you two, barking so loud for Griffin," I laughed softly. "Does he give you treats for being good boys?"

Zachary turned red.

"You're nothing but lapdogs," I added coldly.

I turned to Helena on the stage. She nodded and immediately projected the original manuscript and the contract onto the main screen.

My signature was unmistakable.

Zachary's face went from red to the color of a pig's liver. He snapped his mouth shut and slumped down.

The revelation didn't calm the room. Instead, the atmosphere grew even more hostile.

Representatives from other entertainment companies surged forward.

"You played us!" one shouted.

"This was a waste of our time!" another yelled. "You think having the Crimson Moon Pack behind you lets you humiliate the entire industry?"

They were furious. They felt tricked.

I leaned back against the auction railing. I raised my hand and inspected my bright red fingernails.

I rolled my eyes, making sure they saw it.

"Are you done throwing your tantrum?" I asked when the noise dipped slightly. "I have a business to run."

(Theodore's POV)

I watched the chaos from the second-floor VIP booth.

Through the one-way glass, I could see every expression on the faces below.

Garrett stepped forward, looking concerned.

"Cousin, the crowd is getting aggressive," Garrett said. "Should I go down and help Amelia out of this?"

I leaned back in my wheelchair. A smile touched my lips as I watched her command the room.

"No need," I said, waving him off.

My eyes stayed fixed on her proud figure. My heart swelled with trust and admiration.

"She can handle it," I said calmly. "Amelia isn't like some incompetent people who need the family to clean up their mess after they cause trouble."

I glanced sideways at Derek Crimson.

Derek's jaw tightened. He clenched his fists until his knuckles turned white.

He knew exactly who I was talking about, but he didn't dare say a word.

Beside me, Penelope watched the scene below with amusement dancing in her eyes.

My wolf, Logan, let out a satisfied purr in my mind. He was incredibly proud that our mate could face a pack of greedy wolves alone and win.

Down below, Amelia didn't show a shred of apology

She straightened her posture. Her gaze swept across the twenty-plus representatives like a blade.

"If you had offered a reasonable price and shown even a shred of respect, I wouldn't mind selling the rights," she said, her voice cutting through their complaints.

The room quieted down to listen.

"But look at your behavior," she continued. "Aside from Gale Entertainment's inflated bid, the rest of you were trying to lowball me."

Her expression darkened.

“Worse, I read your proposals. You planned to take the heroine’s highlight moments and rewrite them for the male lead.”

She scoffed.

“Just because you think that makes it ‘easier to sell?’”

Disgust was written plainly on her face.

“You want to force my heroine’s victory onto a man? I don’t care about your so-called fame.”

She gripped the railing.

“I care that you are trying to castrate my work. This is my story, my rules.

She paused, letting the weight of her artistic integrity crush their arguments.

“I will never sacrifice the soul of my story to cater to your market,” she stated firmly.

The representatives looked ready to explode again. They opened their mouths to argue.

But Amelia didn’t give them the chance.

Her tone shifted instantly. The mockery vanished, replaced by a queen-like authority.

“However,” she said, her eyes landing on a specific corner of the room.

“In today’s farce, three companies didn’t bark like idiots.”

The crowd followed her gaze.

“You read the proposal. You kept your professionalism,” she said, her voice sounding like a reward from a ruler to her subjects.

“While everyone else was busy measuring their egos, these three companies actually showed they have brains.”

She pointed them out one by one.

“Summit Media. Blue Sky Pictures. And Horizon Group.”

She nodded at them.

“We will talk.”

Then she turned her cold gaze back to the rest of the stunned crowd.

“The rest of you? Get out.”

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 235[1,085 words]

(Author’s POV)

As Amelia’s voice faded, the atmosphere in the banquet hall underwent a subtle, almost chemical shift. The deathly silence born of shock evaporated. In its place rose a breathless tension, heavy with calculation and raw, unfiltered desire.

The representatives of the entertainment companies, who had been aggressive and dismissive just moments ago, now looked like sharks that had caught the scent of fresh blood in the water. Their eyes gleamed with naked greed and anticipation. They stared at the woman on the stage, reassessing her value with every passing second.

Amelia leaned lazily against the podium. Her fingers toyed absently with the switch of the microphone, clicking it back and forth. A cynical, playful smile curled the corners of her lips. She looked like a ringmaster admiring a circus performance she had personally directed.

Standing to the side, Arthur watched her with a deep frown etching his forehead. He didn’t feel any of the so-called “Alpha aura” from his biological daughter. To him, the woman before him was simply a manipulative brat. She understood how to twist the hearts of men and was currently playing every powerful figure in the room like a fiddle.

Whispers erupted from the onlookers, spreading like wildfire through the hall. They were frantically mocking Griffin. The realization dawned on everyone that he had completely fallen on his face.

Amelia had waited until this exact moment to reveal her identity as “Lily.” It was a calculated move designed to turn Griffin’s proclaimed “sanctions” into a ridiculous, humiliating joke.

Amelia’s gaze swept across the entire hall. Her eyes held a trace of mockery as she prepared to deliver her verdict.

“North Star Media,” she announced slowly, her voice clear and steady.

“Visionary Pictures...”

She paused, letting the anticipation build.

“And Beacon Films.”

When she spoke the name of the third company, she deliberately stopped. Her gaze cut through the crowd, locking onto Griffin. His face had turned an ugly shade of iron–grey. She looked at him with open provocation before turning her attention to the representative from Beacon Films.

“They are chosen not just because they bought the script,” she said, her voice ringing with authority. “But because they bought the future. That’s the kind of gamble I respect.”

A murmur of surprise rippled through the room.

Amelia continued, making a promise that stunned the listeners. “My next manuscript will prioritize cooperation with these three companies.”

The representatives of the other companies stood frozen, looking dazed. Some began to whisper among themselves, questioning the validity of her words. They called it a ‘pie in the sky, a promise too vague to be real.

A high–ranking executive from Gale Entertainment couldn’t contain his frustration. He stepped forward, his face flushed with anger.

“You are destroying the rules of the industry!” he shouted, pointing an accusing finger at the stage.

Amelia didn’t look to the Crimson family for support. She didn’t need to. She simply sneered, her voice amplified by the microphone as she delivered her retort.

“Breaking the rules?” she asked, her tone dripping with disdain. “Honey, I **am** the rule now.”

Her eyes flashed cold. “Either sit down or get out.”

The domineering declaration silenced the executive instantly. He opened his mouth, then closed it, looking deflated. Since Amelia had offered them an out, the other representatives wisely chose not to argue further.

The representatives of North Star, Visionary, and Beacon raised their wine glasses high in the air. They toasted Amelia from across the room, a gesture of respect between equals in the savage world of business.

Up on the second floor, Penelope watched the scene through the one–way glass. A flicker of genuine admiration danced in her eyes. She had to admit, Amelia was a born hustler.

Theodore maneuvered his wheelchair to the top of the grand staircase. Marcus walked stoically behind him as they began their slow descent.

Griffin looked up and saw the man in the wheelchair. Old hatred mixed with the fresh sting of humiliation. Bad blood boiled in his veins. He realized with a jolt that he had been played for a fool by this pair of mates. He stared at Amelia with cold, venomous eyes.

Amelia didn't flinch. She walked naturally to the side of the wheelchair as Theodore reached the bottom. She placed one hand possessively on Theodore's shoulder. They stood together, radiating the undeniable aura of a Power Couple.

She looked straight into Griffin's eyes. Her tone was laced with unmasked black humor.

"You should thank me, Griffin," she said. "I saved you six hundred million today."

She tilted her head, her smile sharpening. "Consider it the Drake family's severance pay."

Griffin's hands balled into fists at his sides.

"Or better yet," Amelia added cruelly. "Use it for a down payment on a deluxe tombstone. You look like you're one foot in the grave already."

Griffin shook with rage. He was radiating murderous intent, his eyes promising violence. But he knew that speaking now would only bring more humiliation. He turned on his heel and stormed out of the banquet hall.

Arthur passed by the couple a moment later. He paused briefly, offering a cold warning.

"Writing well doesn't mean filming well," he muttered, before gathering his people and retreating from the venue.

Theodore reached up, covering the hand Amelia had placed on his shoulder. His grip was tight, protective.

"If that old dog dares to look at my mate again, Theodore growled low in his throat, "I will bite his throat off."

Derek and Garrett had watched the scene from the landing. They had originally hoped to see Griffin crush Amelia. Instead, they were forced to watch her solo performance. It was boring now. They walked down the stairs together.

Skylar was standing near Amelia. As she saw Derek approaching, her face drained of all color. Her body went rigid, her muscles tensing as if preparing for a blow.

But she didn't hide like a frightened rabbit this time. She forced her spine to straighten. She bit her lip so hard it nearly bled, but she stood her ground, refusing to retreat.

Garrett approached with a fake, plaster-like smile on his face.

“You always bring surprises, Amelia,” he mocked, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

Amelia looked at him coolly.

“Surprises?” she asked. “I prefer to call them reality checks. You look like you’ve never experienced one.”

Garrett’s smile faltered slightly.

But Derek didn’t care about the banter. His dark face was set in stone, his expression thunderous. He stopped abruptly in front of the group.

He completely ignored Amelia’s existence. His gaze went right past her, locking onto Skylar. He stared dead at the woman who was trying desperately to maintain her composure.

“That day after the auction,” Derek demanded, his voice low and dangerous. “Was it you

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 236[1,144 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

“So what?” I raised an eyebrow, meeting Derek’s glare with cool indifference.

Derek shoved his hands into his pockets. He took a step closer, letting his Alpha pheromones roll off him in suffocating waves to pressure me. He sneered, his lip curling in disgust as he looked down at me.

“Your brother, Ethan, really knows how to put on a show,” Derek mocked. “When I asked him if you put him up to it, he clenched his jaw like a martyr. He wouldn’t sell you out, even when I beat him until he was coughing up blood.”

Derek laughed, a harsh, barking sound. “He actually thinks taking a beating makes him a hero. What a fool. Does he think playing the victim washes away his sins?”

A cold, ironic smile touched my lips. “It is ridiculous, I agreed. “I don’t know what goes through his head. Does he think a few broken ribs will fix years of betrayal?”

Derek leaned in, his voice dropping to a faux-sympathetic whisper. “He almost died, you know. He’s lying in the ICU right now. Doesn’t your heart ache for your big brother?”

“My heart?” I laughed softly, the sound devoid of warmth. “Ethan has tried to bury me more times than I can count. I don’t waste pity on my enemies.”

I looked Derek dead in the eye. “I sent him to save Skylar for one reason. I knew you would attack him. I wanted to borrow your fists to teach him a lesson.”

Derek’s expression flickered with surprise.

“Honestly,” I sighed, feigning disappointment. “I regret that you didn’t hit him harder. If you had killed him, you’d be rotting in a cell for murder right now. I could have solved two problems at once.”

Derek stared at me for a long moment. He shook his head slowly. “Your heart is more poisonous than wolfsbane, Amelia. Ethan is an idiot for trying to protect you. He isn’t worth it.”

“If you feel so bad for him,” I retorted, my voice sharp, “I can beat you half to death next time. We can call it vengeance for my dear brother.”

Derek’s face darkened instantly. The air around him crackled with violence.

“Watch your back at night, Amelia,” he threatened low in his throat. “It would be a shame if you went missing. Theodore would be so heartbroken.”

He cast one last, predatory glance at Skylar, who was trembling behind me. Then he turned and stalked away.

I scoffed at his retreating back.

Let him come, Ava growled in my mind, her voice dripping with anticipation. *I will show him who the real hunter is in the dark.*

Theodore squeezed my hand. His golden eyes danced with amusement. “Just say the word. I’ll be your personal cheerleader while you tear him apart.

I squeezed back, grounding myself. The drama was over for now.

“Since the trash has taken itself out,” I announced, raising my voice to address the room. “I’d like to invite everyone to lunch at The Golden Stag.”

The representatives from Gale Entertainment had fled, but the others remained. Their eyes lit up.

This was where the real business happened.

I waved Anya over. The poor girl looked like she had been struck by lightning. She was clutching the contract for *The Treatment Diary*.

“One... one hundred million dollars?” Anya stammered.

Whispers broke out among the guests. It was an astronomical sum for a copyright fee. Doubts were written on their faces. They suspected it was just money shuffling within the Stone family accounts to inflate the value.

I stepped up to the microphone one last time.

“To clarify,” I said clearly. “I am personally injecting one hundred million dollars into Starlight Entertainment to purchase these rights. This is my own capital, separate from the pack.”

A collective gasp swept through the hall. The executives looked at me with new eyes. They weren’t looking at a pack princess anymore. They were looking at a financial titan. A girl raised in the remote Meadow Brook Pack had just outspent them all with liquid cash.

They nodded in respect. Losing to that kind of tangible power wasn’t shameful.

“Anya,” I commanded. “Start the project immediately. Skylar Reed is the female lead.”

Anya straightened her spine. Her eyes shone with absolute adoration and loyalty. “Yes, Boss!”

(Author’s POV)

On the second floor, the VIP box remained shadowed. Penelope Blackwood swirled the red wine in her glass, watching the scene below through the one-way mirror.

She took a slow sip. “Impressive,” she murmured to herself.

It was no wonder her foolish brother Damien was so obsessed with Ames. The woman was brilliant. But Penelope knew the truth, Damien was too soft, too indecisive. He would never be able to handle a woman like that.

Only a monster like Theodore Crimson, the Alpha Xing himself, had the strength to stand beside her.

Her gaze shifted. She spotted a figure walking through the corridor outside the hall.

He moved with a casual grace, completely detached from the tension in the room. He was the heir to the Calder family, the wealthiest dynasty in the capital. Yet, he cared nothing for power or territory. He spent his days writing novels and building websites.

Penelope sighed. The contrast was stark. Look at the Crimson family. Brothers tearing each other’s throats out for the throne. And then look at Rhys, living freely.

“One child,” she decided firmly, draining her glass. “I will only have one pup. I won’t let my bloodline end up like the Crimsons, killing each other for a chair.”

Down below, the signing ceremony concluded. The crowd began to disperse toward the restaurant.

Outside The Golden Stag, a figure in a low cap lingered in the shadows. Caleb Stone let out a long breath. He had been watching from a distance, terrified that Griffin would hurt his sister.

But Amelia had handled it perfectly. She was strong. She didn't need his protection anymore.

Caleb felt a mix of relief and bitterness. He pulled the brim of his cap lower, hiding his face. It was time to disappear again.

He turned to leave, stepping into the alleyway.

Suddenly, a voice froze him in his tracks. It was cold, venomous, and familiar.

Griffin Drake.

Caleb pressed himself against the brick wall, holding his breath. Griffin was pacing angrily, his phone pressed to his ear.

"I don't care how you do it!" Griffin roared into the receiver. "Find a writer. Now!"

He paused, listening to the person on the other end his face twisting into a snarl.

"I want a script exactly like hers," Griffin hissed. "A healer theme. Copy the structure, change the names. We need to film it fast."

Griffin kicked a trash can, sending it clattering down the alley.

"We have to release it before Starlight Entertainmer Investment malice. "Flood the market with a cheap copy. I want sure she loses every cent of that investment."

"We have to release it before Starlight Entertainment, he commanded, his voice dripping with malice. "Flood the market with a cheap copy. I want to crush her project before it even airs. Make sure she loses every cent of that investment."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 237[1,090 words]

(Jade's POV)

Arthur immediately plastered a fawning smile on his face as he looked at Griffin.

“That is a brilliant move!” Arthur complimented, his voice dripping with sycophancy. “As expected of Alpha Griffin. You came up with a way to deal with Amelia Stone so quickly!”

Griffin’s cold, sharp face didn’t soften in the slightest at the flattery,

Seeing this, Arthur hurriedly patted his chest to guarantee, “Please rest assured, Alpha Griffin. I will immediately arrange for the most reliable screenwriting team to write a script on an expedited basis. We will start the project right away.”

He leaned in slightly, eager to please. “We will definitely release it before Starlight Entertainment. By then, no matter how well they film, we will have already seized the market!”

“If you mess this up, prepare to die,” Griffin dropped the words coldly.

He cast a contemptuous glance at me standing to the side, then turned and got into his car.

Arthur immediately switched to a stern face as he turned to me. “What are you standing there for? Hurry up and follow him! You must keep Griffin happy.”

I looked at my father’s face. A moment ago, he was bowing and scraping before Griffin. Now, he was barking orders at me.

Disgust surged in my heart like a tide.

I knew exactly what I was to him. I was just a tool to please Griffin and stabilize the family status. In his eyes, the future of the Gale Pack was destined to be handed over to those illegitimate sons outside.

I clenched my fists. I would absolutely not let that happen.

I had placed my bet on Amelia. After the meeting just now, I was convinced she had the power to crush the entire Drake family.

To seize the Alpha’s scepter from my father in the future, I had to endure this humiliation for now. I needed to stay by Griffin’s side and secretly feed intelligence to Amelia.

I swallowed the nausea rising in my throat and climbed into Griffin’s car.

After sending Griffin off, Arthur looked relieved.

He turned to look at Zachary, the traitor who had sold out his former master for profit.

“You,” Arthur pressured him. “Find someone to write a similar script immediately. We must screen it first.”

Zachary's eyes lit up with greed. "Don't worry, Chairman Arthur. For double the salary, I will get it done."

He sneered confidently. "Starlight Entertainment is short-staffed right now. Their project progress will definitely not catch up with ours."

Arthur nodded, satisfied. "Good. Once this is done, I will promote you to Director of Business."

(Amelia's POV)

My phone vibrated on the table.

I glanced at the screen. It was a warning text from Caleb, telling me that Gale Entertainment intended to rush a copycat show.

I didn't reply. I simply flipped the phone face down on the table with apathetic grace.

A moment later, the phone vibrated again several times.

I checked it. The screen showed that Caleb was trying to add me as a friend on social media.

I looked at the new friend request. A cold smile touched the corner of my lips. I ignored it again.

"What is it?" Theodore asked from across the table.

I took a bite of my black truffle and wild mushroom risotto. "Gale Entertainment is preparing to rush a shoot to compete with us."

Theodore paused in cutting his venison steak. A flicker of curiosity passed through his golden eyes.

"How do you plan to fight back?" he asked.

I picked up my goblet and gently swirled the ruby-red vintage wine inside.

"I don't need to fight them directly," I said lightly. "I just need to let their production crew self-destruct."

I took a sip of the wine. "To create hype, Arthur will likely make Jade the female lead. So, I plan to make a move on the male lead."

Theodore frowned slightly. "Are you sure?"

"Gale Entertainment is eager for quick success," I pointed out confidently. "They want to seize the market opportunity. They won't screen the male actor's background carefully."

I set the glass down. “I just need to push a little from behind. I can detonate a scandal for that male lead that is big enough to destroy his career.”

“Do you need me to deploy people from the Crimson family to support you?” Theodore asked.

“No need,” I declined with a smile. “I have confidence in the team I’ve arranged.”

Theodore looked at me. The admiration and obsession in his eyes deepened.

He raised his glass, We clinked our glasses gently.

The crisp sound of glass colliding echoed in the air. A toast to victory.

Let them come, Ava purred in my mind, eager to see the prey fall into the trap.

(Damien’s POV)

I followed Natasha to the hospital entrance.

Suddenly, she stopped and turned to me. “I’m fine,” she said casually. “I don’t need a checkup, and I don’t need your compensation.”

I froze for a moment, then anger flared up in my chest.

“Are you playing me?” I snapped,

Natasha shrugged, looking completely indifferent. “I’m saving you money by not getting checked.

Is that bad? How much money do you even have to compensate me? Don’t be ungrateful.”

I gritted my teeth, suppressing the humiliation burning my insides. “Fine! Since you won’t get checked, I’m leaving!”

If I went back now, maybe I could still catch Amelia,

I turned and walked away quickly, pulling out my phone to dial Amelia’s new number.

Suddenly, a ringtone rang out from behind me.

I glanced back. Natasha immediately turned around and pretended to answer the phone.

“Hello? Theodore?” she said, her voice turning sickeningly sweet. “Oh, I’m fine, don’t worry.”

My heart skipped a beat. Theodore?

“What?” Natasha continued loudly. “The meeting is over? You and Amy have already gone back? Okay, I know.”

I frowned. The call to Amelia was still ringing, but no one was picking up.

I was confused. Then, the line went dead. She had Hung up on me.

It seemed Amelia really didn’t want to pay attention to me.

I lowered my phone, my heart filled with bitterness.

I had told myself to give up on her. But my mind was full of her figure. She was everywhere in my thoughts.

Inside me, Finn whimpered in sadness. He was longing for the mate that once belonged to us.

I couldn’t help it. I swallowed the last shred of my dignity.

I typed out a message and hit send.

[Amelia, I still can’t give up on you. I’ve thought it through. I don’t have to be your official mate. I am willing to be your secret lover! It’s okay if you don’t confirm a relationship with me. It’s okay if you want to marry Theodore. I just want to be by your side! Even if it’s only one day a week! You are so excellent, you shouldn’t belong to only One Wolf!]

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 238[957 words]

(Author’s POV)

Natasha held the phone, staring at the ridiculous message from Damien on the screen. She nearly spat out the sparkling water she had just sipped.

That once arrogant Alpha had actually humbled himself to such an extent. He proposed that if he couldn’t be Amelia’s official mate, he was willing to be her secret lover.

He wrote in the text that for a powerful woman like Amelia, having only Theodore by her side was a waste.

Natasha rolled her eyes hard. She found this man’s confidence utterly baffling. The audacity of this man.

She simply found it hilarious. What made Damien think he was even qualified to get in line?

After laughing enough, Natasha's fingers flew across the screen. She typed a reply full of mockery.

"Nice thought, Damien. But I'm not interested in a 'secret lover'. Stay in your lane."

(Damien's POV)

I stared at the ruthless reply on my phone. The spark of hope that had just ignited in my eyes was instantly extinguished.

I put away my phone in disappointment. My heart stubbornly insisted that Amelia refused because I had lost my family's halo. She thought I wasn't strong enough.

Finn, the wolf inside me, whined in frustration. He longed to become stronger to reclaim our lost mate.

I made a secret vow. The most urgent task was to rebuild my power.

I decided not to disturb Amelia for a while. I would use the next two months for hellish special training and aggressive business expansion.

I swore to become the most powerful Alpha in the Capital City before Amelia and Theodore's marking ceremony. I would make Amelia marvel at my transformation and change her mind.

(Amelia's POV)

After saying goodbye to Theodore, I returned to the Pack House.

As soon as I entered the door, I saw the room decorated with celebratory flowers. My grandfather Alpha Edmund Grey, my grandmother Matriarch Helena Grey, and my five uncles were in the middle of a heated conversation.

Seeing me return, they all stood up to welcome me.

My youngest uncle, Felix, walked up excitedly. He declared he was a loyal fan of "Lily" and had been moved to tears reading my book. He even demanded an autograph from his niece.

Uncle Wesley couldn't stop praising my performance at the copyright meeting. He thought Griffin spending six hundred million to buy nothing but thin air was incredibly satisfying.

"That slap to his face was perfect, Wesley laughed

Uncle Donovan was curious about where I got the huge funds for my operations.

I smiled and admitted it was from selling rare moonlight herbs and potions.

My uncles were shocked. They realized the sky-high priced potions causing a sensation in the underground auction houses recently were all from me. A rough calculation showed I had earned at least several hundred million dollars.

Grandfather Edmund sighed with emotion. “With Amelia, the Grey family isn’t just reviving.”

I raised the glass of juice in my hand confidently,

“Grandfather, we aren’t just returning to the peak,” I said with a smile. “We are taking over everything. And I’m just getting warmed up.”

Dinner time arrived. Agnes walked out of the kitchen carrying aromatic roast venison and creamy stew.

A burst of noise came from the kitchen. My five uncles and my father, Jaxon, were all busy inside.

But the scene was less about “helping” and more like a cooking competition full of gunpowder.

Jaxon was slicing bread while mocking Wesley’s plating as “abstract art.”

Felix was roasting Donovan’s sauce, calling it a “biochemical weapon.”

These Alphas, who usually commanded wind and rain in the business world, were now bickering endlessly over whose taste was better.

I leaned against the doorframe, watching this chaotic but vibrant scene. The corners of my mouth couldn’t help but rise.

It was noisy, but this was exactly what I wanted. A real, equal, and lively family atmosphere.

After dinner, I approved Caleb’s friend request on social media.

However, I immediately set the permissions. I blocked him from viewing my past records, only allowing him to see the updates I was about to post.

An idea struck me. I proposed that the whole family take a group photo.

With Agnes’s help, the camera captured a candid moment of everyone laughing and toasting at the dining table.

In the photo, everyone’s face was overflowing with confidence and joy.

I selected this photo and posted it to my feed. The caption was concise and aggressive.

“Out with the old. Life is too short for toxic people. #RealFamily #NewChapter”

I didn't need Caleb's regret. I wanted Caleb to see clearly that without them, I was living ten thousand times better.

This was a silent humiliation for him.

(Caleb's POV)

In a narrow rental apartment on the edge of the city, the living room appeared exceptionally cold and desolate.

I was exhausted after taking care of my comatose brother in the hospital for a day and a night.

My mother, Livia, looked at the greasy pizza and cheap fried chicken on the table. She complained with dissatisfaction that the food was shabby and hard to swallow.

"I can't cook," I explained wearily. "I could only order takeout. If you can't eat it, we can hire a housekeeper tomorrow."

Livia ate reluctantly while complaining indignantly about Jaxon being too heartless. She couldn't believe he had actually kicked us out of the luxurious Pack House.

My father, Adrian, kept a straight face. He said in a deep voice that our expulsion from the pack had already spread throughout the social circle. The relatives were afraid of offending Jaxon and the Crimson family, so it was normal they didn't want to take us in.

Livia couldn't accept it. She screamed, emphasizing that Adrian was Jaxon's biological brother.

I spoke up suddenly, my tone cold as I retorted.

"Amelia is also your biological daughter, my biological sister. When she returned to this house, didn't we despise her just the same and not want her living with us?"

That single sentence plunged the small room into a deathly silence.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 239[1,247 words]

(Caleb's POV)

My words left Livia speechless for a moment.

She sat on the worn sofa, her face flushing red and then pale.

After a long while, she finally spoke up, her voice shrill with defensiveness.

“She didn’t grow up by our side when she first returned to the pack,” Livia argued, picking at a loose thread on her expensive coat that looked out of place in this dump. “It’s normal that we didn’t have an emotional foundation. You can’t force love, Caleb.”

I scoffed, a bitter sound that scraped my throat.

“That’s exactly the point, Mom,” I retorted sharply. “It was Martha Keene, that greedy woman, who switched the babies. Amelia was lost out there because of a crime committed against her.”

I stood up and paced the small, cramping room.

“As her family, we should have compensated her double for all those years,” I said, my voice rising. “Instead, look at us. We’re destitute, yet you still delusionally think we should be treated as an equal by the Grey family.”

Livia looked annoyed. She knew I was right, but her pride wouldn’t let her admit it fully.

“Fine, maybe I was wrong,” she muttered, shifting her gaze away. “But we were all deceived by Celine back then! That girl played us for fools.”

She suddenly looked up, eyes wide with feigned grievance.

“And don’t forget, when Amelia first came home, your father didn’t even show his face! At least I was there waiting in the living room.”

I looked at my mother, really looked at her.

She was still making excuses for her coldness. There was no genuine remorse in her eyes, only regret for the consequences.

A deep sense of shame washed over me.

I didn’t want to listen to her endless justifications anymore.

I pulled out my phone. I needed a distraction.

I instinctively wanted to check the public opinion regarding today’s Press Conference. I knew Amelia must have won everyone’s respect.

I opened my social media app, not expecting much

My breath hitched.

Amelia had accepted my friend request.

I sat up straight, my heart pounding against my ribs

I immediately turned on notifications for her posts. My fingers trembled slightly as I clicked on her profile.

The first thing that caught my eye was a photo.

It was Amelia with the Grey family. They were gathered around a dining table, laughing, toasting.

The warmth in that picture stung my eyes.

Her smile was dazzling, a stark contrast to the gloom of this rental apartment.

My heart seized with a sharp pain. I wanted to be part of that warmth, but I knew I didn't deserve it.

I couldn't bring myself to hit the 'like' button.

I continued to scroll down.

I had expected to see records of her suffering in the countryside. I thought I would see complaints or sadness.

I was wrong.

A chill ran down my spine. Amelia wasn't showing scars. She was displaying trophies.

There was a photo of a table piled high with gold coins and glowing potions.

The caption was bold and domineering: "They said couldn't. So I did."

I read the comments. Those potions had sparked bidding wars in the underground market. She was making a fortune.

I scrolled further.

My eyes widened at the next post.

It was a blurry photo of a man's back. I recognized him instantly. It was Damien.

But a huge red cross was drawn over his figure.

The caption was dripping with mockery: "Dodged a bullet the size of a cannonball. Sorry to the next girl, he's your problem now."

She didn't care about him at all. She treated him like trash she was glad to be rid of.

Then came the post that truly terrified me.

It wasn't a sob story about being attacked by rogues.

The photo showed Amelia covered in blood. But it wasn't hers.

She was standing over the carcass of a massive dead wolf, her eyes fierce and cold. She looked like a god of war.

The caption was short and lethal: "Tried to bite me. Bad idea. Still standing."

I felt suffocated.

I had thought she added me because she sought family attention. I was so incredibly wrong.

She didn't add me because she missed me.

She added me so I would have a front-row seat. She wanted me to watch her rise from the ruins and trample everyone else under her feet.

Every photo felt like a slap across my face.

My fingers shook as I typed a status update on my own desolate feed.

"Wish her all the best for the future."

I didn't dare say anything else.

The girl who once craved our affection was dead. Living now was a Queen we couldn't hope to reach.

"Caleb? Why are you staring at your phone like that?" Livia asked.

I looked up, my expression dazed. "Amelia... she accepted my friend request."

Adrian and Livia's faces changed instantly.

"She did?" Livia's eyes lit up with a blind, desperate hope. "I knew it! She's our daughter after all."

She rushed over, grabbing my arm.

"This means she wants to reconcile, Caleb! You have to strike while the iron is hot," she urged excitedly. "Keep talking to her. Just persist for a few months. She'll soften up and forgive us. Then we can go back to the Pack House!"

I looked at my mother's eager face and felt a cold sheer forming in my heart.

She was unbelievable.

Mom, you're dreaming, I thought silently. *Amelia isn't opening the door for us. She just opened a viewing window so we can watch her burn our legacy to the ground.*

I didn't argue. I turned back to my phone.

I opened the werewolf community's public forum.

Amelia's name was trending everywhere.

Pack members were praising her as a genius apothecary. They were calling her the true pride of the pack.

And they were dragging Celine through the mud.

"Fake princess," one comment read. "Disgusting fraud," said another.

I felt a primal instinct to survive. I had to pick a side

Using my verified personal account, I started typing a reply under a popular thread,

"Celine is a vicious liar," I wrote, my fingers flying. "She is not fit to be mentioned in the same breath as the noble Amelia."

I hit send.

It was a public submission. I was bowing my head to Amelia before the whole world, hoping to avoid being consumed by her wrath.

Just then, my phone rang.

I frowned at the screen.

The name flashing there made my blood boil.

Celine.

I answered the call, my anger igniting instantly. "What do you want?"

"Caleb! Brother, please!" Celine's voice pierced my ear, shrill and terrified. "You have to save me!"

She was sobbing hysterically.

“If you don’t save me, he’s going to kill me! My father... Chuck Haden is going to beat me to death!”

I gritted my teeth. Memories of the hospital, of the coma she put me in, flooded my mind.

“Don’t give me that act,” I spat. “You nearly killed me with that car accident. You think I care?”

“It’s true! I’m not acting!” she screamed.

“I thought you left with Griffin to plot against Amelia,” I questioned coldly. “How did you end up with that lowlife biological father of yours?”

“I didn’t! I swear!” Celine cried, her voice trembling. “I went with Griffin because I didn’t want Mom and Dad to offend the Drake family! I was trying to protect you!”

She took a ragged breath.

escaped, Caleb. I wanted to go back to my bio! disturb the Stone family’s reunion.”

“But I didn’t know... Chuck Haden only sees me at bee beating me. He’s a monster!”

“I escaped, Caleb. I wanted to go back to my biological father and live quietly. I didn’t want to disturb the Stone family’s reunion.”

Her sobbing intensified, sounding pathetic and broken.

“But I didn’t know... Chuck Haden only sees me as a cash cow. Now that I can’t give him money, he’s beating me. He’s a monster!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 240[1,308 words]

(Author’s POV)

Caleb sneered at the phone, his expression twisting with cold disgust.

“Do you think I’d still believe your bullshit?” he spat into the receiver.

His voice was laced with a venom that had been brewing since he woke from his coma.

“Celine, look at where you are now. This is entirely your own doing!”

He paced the small room, his grip on the phone tightening until his knuckles turned white.

“You deceived us for years,” Caleb continued, his tone unforgiving. “You were secretly contacting that deadbeat father of yours, Chuck Haden, behind our backs the whole time.”

Inside Caleb’s mind, his wolf, Noah, roared in fury.

The beast felt a wave of nausea wash over him at the thought of the woman they had once considered family.

Her betrayal was a stain on their honor.

Caleb took a deep breath, trying to steady his shaking hands.

“If you had just told me about your troubles earlier, he said, his voice dropping to a harsh whisper. “Ethan and I might have solved this mess for you long ago. We wouldn’t have let you end up like this.”

Silence stretched on the other end, heavy and suffocating.

“But now?” Caleb laughed bitterly. “I will absolutely not come to save you. And I won’t let Ethan go either.”

He thought of his elder brother, currently lying in a hospital bed.

“Ethan is suffering in that hospital right now because he tried to detoxify Amelia,” Caleb growled. “He’s been tormented enough. I will never allow you to hurt my family again.”

Without waiting for a response, Caleb ruthlessly ended the call.

He tossed the phone onto the worn cushion of the sofa.

Hatred bubbled in his chest, hot and suffocating.

He could never forgive himself.

He had hurt his biological sister, Amelia, time and time again just to vent anger for this adopted sister.

And what was the result?

When ****Karma**** struck and he lay in a coma, Celine had betrayed him without a second thought.

Noah’s voice echoed coldly in his mind.

“Not killing her with our own hands is already our greatest mercy.”

Livia heard the commotion and hurried out from the bedroom.

She stared at the phone on the sofa, her face contorting with rage.

“Was that her?” Livia asked, her voice trembling. “Was that the **Imposter**?”

She gritted her teeth, cursing the girl who had caused them to be driven out of the Stone River Pack House.

“That ungrateful wretch,” Livia hissed. “She made us homeless!”

After the initial burst of anger, a look of deep regret washed over Livia’s face.

She slumped onto a chair, burying her face in her hands.

“I should have treated Amelia better,” she moaned. “She is my flesh and blood.”

She looked up at Caleb, her eyes sharp with warning.

“Caleb, listen to me. We loved Celine before, yes. But she is a sinner of this family now.”

Livia stood up and grabbed Caleb’s arm.

“You absolutely cannot be soft–hearted,” she insisted.

Caleb nodded firmly.

“Don’t worry, Mom,” he said. “The only sister I care about now is Amelia.”

Suddenly, a thought struck him.

He paused, his eyes widening slightly.

“Mom,” Caleb said slowly. “November 2nd... that’s Amelia’s birthday, isn’t it?”

Livia gasped.

Mother and son exchanged a look of realization.

“This is it,” Livia whispered, hope igniting in her eyes. “This is our chance.”

“We can prepare a huge surprise for her,” Caleb said, his mind racing. “If we move her heart on her birthday, we might get her forgiveness right then and there.”

It was the perfect opportunity to repair their shattered family ties.

Caleb immediately picked up his phone again.

He logged into his banking app and checked the balance.

“Five hundred thousand dollars,” he muttered, staring at the screen.

It was the last of his personal savings.

Originally, he had set this money aside to buy a new luxury car for Celine’s birthday.

A wave of relief washed over him.

Thank the Moon Goddess he hadn’t spent it yet.

“I’ll use this,” Caleb decided, clutching the phone. “I’m going to buy a gift so impressive that Amelia won’t be able to refuse it.”

Meanwhile, in a **run-down apartment complex** on the edge of the city.

The air in the cramped rental unit smelled of mold and stale beer.

Inside the tiny bathroom, Celine huddled in the corner, her body trembling violently.

Bang! Bang!

The bathroom door shook under a barrage of heavy blows.

The flimsy lock was already loose, rattling with every impact.

Celine was covered in bruises. Her face, once pristine, was swollen and stained with tears.

She held her phone with shaking hands, scrolling desperately through her contacts.

After Caleb’s rejection, her eyes were filled with venomous spite.

She dialed a number.

“Brad,” she whispered as the call connected. “Brad, you have to help me.”

Brad was a rich heir who had once pursued her relentlessly.

But the voice on the other end was dripping with mockery.

“Help you?” Brad laughed. “Celine, look at yourself. You’re just a disfigured stray dog now.”

Celine’s fear turned into hysterical rage.

“Brad, you dare hang up on me!” she screamed into the phone. “Don’t think I don’t know about your dirty little secrets!”

She gripped the phone so hard her knuckles turned white.

“I was the one who brought you into this social circle!” she shrieked. “You think you can dump me now? No way!”

Beep. Beep. Beep.

The call was disconnected mercilessly.

“Argh!”

Celine screamed and smashed her phone against the tiled wall.

The screen shattered, spiderwebs of glass spreading across the surface.

But a second later, she scrambled to pick it up again.

The banging on the door turned into violent kicks.

Thud! Thud!

“Open the damn door!” a rough voice roared from outside.

Celine sobbed in despair.

Suddenly, a notification popped up on her cracked screen.

It was a message in a large social group chat.

Someone was betting against Amelia. They seemed to be at odds with her.

Celine’s eyes narrowed.

It was like seeing a lifeline in the middle of a storm.

She quickly tapped on the user’s profile and sent a friend request.

Her fingers flew across the keyboard as she typed the justification for the request.

I know Amelia's weakness. If you want to win against her, accept my request.

Just as the message was sent, the bathroom door gave way.

CRASH!

The wood splintered, and the door flew open, hanging off one hinge.

A piece of the broken door panel struck Celine on the shoulder, sending a jolt of pain through her.

Chuck Haden charged in like a mad dog.

His eyes were bloodshot, and he reeked of cheap alcohol.

"You little bitch!" he roared,

He reached down and grabbed a handful of her hair

"No! Let go!" Celine screamed, clawing at his hands

But Chuck was stronger.

He dragged her out of the bathroom, ignoring her cries of pain.

He threw her forcefully onto the filthy, sagging couch in the living room.

Dust motes danced in the dim light as Celine landed hard.

"You have so many schemes, don't you?" Chuck spat, looming over her.

He pointed a dirty finger at her face. "Remember when you made me hire those Rogues?" he sneered. "You wanted them to ruin that Stone girl, didn't you? You're just as rotten as I am."

Celine tried to scramble backward, but the couch backed against the wall.

Chuck stared at her.

Her clothes were torn and messy, and despite the bruises, she still held a trace of her former beauty,

His cloudy eyes darkened with a greedy, lewd light,

"Since you don't have any money left," Chuck grunted, leaning closer.

He pressed his heavy body down, pinning her arms to her sides.

“You’ll have to pay with your body.”

Panic exploded in Celine’s chest.

Her hand brushed against something sharp on the floor—a jagged metal piece from the broken door lock.

She grabbed it.

With a guttural cry, she slashed it viciously across Chuck’s arm.

“Gah!” Chuck yelled as blood welled up.

But the pain only made him angrier.

He slapped the metal shard out of her hand and pinned her down with renewed force, his weight crushing her.

Celine couldn’t move.

Tears of humiliation and pure hatred streamed down her face.

She glared at the man above her, her eyes burning with a murderous fire.

She opened her mouth and let out a bloodcurdling scream.

“You dare touch me! Chuck, I am your biological daughter! I will kill you! I swear I will bite your throat out!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 241[1,206 words]

(Celine’s POV)

Chuck spat a thick, yellow glob of saliva onto the floor hard. His face was twisted with a malice I had never seen before, his eyes bulging with rage.

“Celine, you don’t know, do you?” he roared, his voice shaking the small, dingy room. “You are not my daughter at all.”

Before I could process his words, he raised his rough, calloused palm.

Smack! He slapped me viciously across the face.

The force of the blow snapped my head to the side, and a high-pitched ringing filled my ears. I tasted blood in my mouth.

Chuck grinned savagely, looming over me like a nightmare. “I am a sterile man,” he sneered, his voice dripping with venom. “I never told Martha about it.”

My blood ran cold.

“But that bitch got pregnant anyway!” he laughed, a harsh, grating sound that made me flinch. “Who knows which lover she slept with to produce a wild bastard like you!”

I felt like I had been struck by lightning.

I froze in place, unable to move or speak, my mind reeling from the revelation.

Chuck’s eyes were filled with disgust as he looked me up and down. “That woman switched you with the Stone family’s daughter for two reasons,” he continued, stepping closer.

“One was to give you a good life.” He leaned down, his breath reeking of stale alcohol and rot. “The second was probably to cover up the fact of her infidelity!”

He grabbed my chin, forcing me to look at him. “If you hadn’t been useful to me before, I would have strangled you long ago, you little bastard.” His grip tightened painfully on my jaw. “Today, I’m going to enjoy you properly, you little slut!”

I trembled violently, terror seizing every inch of my body. I tried desperately to scramble away, kicking my legs against the floor. But I am just an Omega without a wolf. Against a grown male Rogue like Chuck, my strength was pathetic.

He pinned me down effortlessly, his weight crushing the air from my lungs. His hands began to tear at my clothes.

“You think I didn’t know?” he laughed coldly as I struggled. “I knew you tried to hire people to make me blind and mute back then.”

My eyes widened in horror.

“I played dumb because you sent me twenty thousand dollars every month,” he sneered.

“That money bought my silence.”

I couldn’t believe it. My schemes had been transparent to this crude man all along.

“Please!” I screamed, tears streaming down my face. “Let me go!” “I begged desperately, willing to do anything to stop him. “I can still make money! I promise!”

“Sell me! Sell me to other men! Just don’t touch me!”

Chuck snorted, looking at me with disdain.

“Look at your face,” he mocked. “You aren’t that high–and–mighty heiress anymore.”

He traced the scars on my cheek with a rough finger. “With this disfigured face, no rich man would want you.”

I struggled again, screaming in despair.

Slap! Slap!

He hit me twice, hard, stunning me.

Then he grabbed a rope and bound my hands together.

Darkness swallowed me as he forced himself on me, his weight crushing my body against the cold floor.

I squeezed my eyes shut, but the pain pierced through every barrier—his rough hands pinning my thighs apart, his breath hot and foul against my neck.

My mind screamed for escape, fragments of my shattered pride flashing like broken glass: *This can’t be happening to me, Celine, the heiress who commanded rooms.* But reality clawed back as he thrust violently, tearing into me with brutal force.

Waves of nausea and humiliation crashed over me, my sobs choking out as he gripped my hair, yanking my head back.

“Say it,” he growled, shifting to force me onto my knees, his body slamming against mine from behind.

The room spun in agony, an eternity of violation where time blurred into endless torment. He flipped me again, onto my back, his eyes gleaming with sadistic triumph.

“Good girl, call me Daddy.” He sneered. I kept my mouth tightly shut, but he intensified his thrusts, biting my shoulder until I finally cried out, “Daddy.” the word a poison on my lips, twisting my soul

When it was finally over, he untied the rope,

I lay on the dirty sofa like a broken doll, staring at the stained ceiling. My heart was empty of hope, filled only with a black, consuming hatred.

Chuck dressed himself, looking satisfied. His hand still wandered over my naked body Kneading my breasts and stroking my face.

“You’re ugly now” he mused, comparing me to my dead mother. “Just like Martha

He grinned greedily.

“But you were a virgin. Tight, too. Great body, I didnt expect your breasts to be so big and your ass to be so perky once your clothes were off; fucking you feels amazing”

He listed his plans as if discussing cattle,

“When I get bored of playing with you, I’ll sell you per time to those low-level Rogues as a prostitute,”

“Or maybe I’ll sell you to a small, remote Pack as a breeder”

“I need to squeeze the last bit of profit out of you.”“He patted my cheek roughly. “But until I sell you off, you are my sex slave. Behave yourself in bed and keep me satisfied, and I won’t hit you.”

Something inside me snapped,

The last thread of my sanity broke with a sharp ping.

Chuck turned his back to me, reaching for a cigarette.

My eyes fell on the coffee table. An empty green beer bottle sat there.I grabbed it.

With every ounce of strength I had left, I swung it at the back of his head.

Crash!

“Argh!” Chuck stumbled forward.

Blood gushed from his head instantly.

I didn’t let him turn around,

I swung again. And again.

I was like a woman possessed.

I didn't stop until he collapsed into a pool of his own blood.

He stopped moving, but I kept hitting him.

I went to the kitchen and found a rusty machete needed to get rid of him completely. Just as I raised the blade, a sound froze me.

Panic surged through me. I threw the machete into the bathroom and shoved the body inside. I slammed the bathroom door shut.

I took a deep breath, trying to stop my hands from shaking. I wiped the sweat from my forehead and walked to the front door.

I opened it.

A tall, imposing figure stood there.

Griffin Drake,

His cold grey eyes bore into me, terrifying and powerful. Behind him stood a young man, Lucas.

Alpha Griffin, I told you it was Celine, Lucas said, looking eager for praise.

I knew you looked for her before. Jade York took her, but I found her."

Griffin ignored him completely. He just stared at me with an icy expression.

I didn't wait for him to speak.

*Thump

I dropped to my knees directly in front of him. My hands reached out, grasping at his pant leg desperately.

"Alpha Drake, save me..." I sobbed.

"I know you are here to save me, right?" I looked up at him, pleading with everything I had.

"As long as you save me, I will do anything."

"Even if you want me to go to hell, I will listen to you."

Griffin looked down at me. There was a cruel, playful glint in his eyes. "How do you want me to save you?" he asked smoothly.

I raised my head higher. My face was wet with tears and covered in scars.

I met his cold gaze. I had no retreat. No other choice

“I killed someone...” I whispered, my voice trembling

“I killed my so-called father...”

I gripped his leg tighter.

“I don’t want to die yet. I’m only in my twenties. I can’t die now!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 242[1,218 words]

(Author’s POV)

Griffin stood tall in the dim hallway, looking down at Celine who lay groveling at his feet. His expression was one of utter contempt.

Celine, however, saw something else.

Years of living in the Stone family, navigating the treacherous currents of favor and disdain, had taught her one crucial skill: reading people. Behind Griffin’s cold, grey eyes, she caught a flicker of opportunity. It wasn’t mercy. It was utility.

“You say you killed your biological father?” Griffin asked. His voice was flat, betraying no emotion.

Celine swallowed the blood in her mouth. She nodded heavily.

“Yes... I killed him.” Her voice trembled, but her gaze was firm.

Griffin’s lips curled into a faint, chilling smile. He began to slowly twist the heavy family signet ring on his pinky finger.

“Very good,” he said softly. “What I need is exactly a lunatic like you. Someone ruthless enough to kill their own blood.”

He took a step closer, looming over her.

“I can have someone clean up the trash inside,” he said, tilting his head toward the apartment where Chuck’s body lay. “I can make him disappear completely.”

Celine’s eyes widened with hope.

“But in exchange,” Griffin continued, his voice dropping to a business-like tone, “you become my pawn.”

He laid out his terms. Next year, he would be hosting the “Secret Garden” feast on his private island. He needed a supply of young, beautiful girls for the elite Alphas of the capital to enjoy.

“The Drake family is trying to go legitimate,” Griffin explained with a sneer. “I cannot get my hands dirty with this.”

He pointed a finger at her. “You are the perfect proxy. You will recruit them under the guise of ‘drug trials’ or modeling gigs.”

Celine listened intently.

“If things go south,” Griffin added casually, “you and Adrian Stone will be the scapegoats. We will frame Stone Botanicals for everything”

He leaned down, offering the final bait. “Do this job beautifully, and I will give you a reward. I will let you kill Amelia Stone with your own hands,”

The name acted like a shock to her system. Celine felt her dead heart suddenly beat again. The despair vanished, replaced by a burning need for vengeance against the woman who had ruined her life.

“I’ll do it,” she rasped. “I accept the deal.”

Griffin straightened up, satisfied. He turned to his assistant, Wade, who stood silently behind him.

“Wade, take her to the underground clinic first,” Griffin ordered. “Fix her ruined face. Then send a crew to deal with the corpse.”

Wade nodded. “Yes, Alpha.”

Griffin turned to leave. Celine, watching his powerful back, felt a sudden urge to prove her worth. She needed to show him she was loyal, that she was useful.

“Mr. Drake!” she called out, scrambling to her knees “I want to tell you a secret.” Griffin paused.

“Your fiancée, Jade York... she is actually with Amella,” Celine said hurriedly. “She doesn’t love you. Last time, she was the one who deliberately helped Amelia take me away.”

The air in the hallway seemed to drop below freezing.

Griffin slowly turned his head. His eyes were dark pools of violence.

He crooked a finger, beckoning Celine.

Celine's heart leaped. She thought she had earned a reward. She crawled forward, a sycophantic smile forming on her lips.

Just as she reached him, Griffin's leg lashed out.

Thud!

He kicked her viciously in the stomach.

"Argh!" Celine collapsed sideways, clutching her abdomen. She curled into a fetal position, gasping for air as pain radiated through her body.

Griffin looked down at her coldly.

"If you want to live, keep that foul mouth shut," he hissed. "Do not presume to discuss my property." Griffin turned and walked out of the building without another glance. He slid into the back seat of the waiting black luxury car.

Wade got into the driver's seat and started the engine. As the car hummed to life, Wade glanced at the rearview mirror.

"Alpha," he asked carefully, "should we go confront Miss York?"

Griffin looked out the window at the passing streetlights. His expression was unreadable.

"No need," he said softly. "Since that bitch wants to be disobedient, let her be."

His fingers tapped rhythmically on his knee.

"When the time is right, I will capture both her and Amelia. I'll put suppression collars on them and throw them in the dungeon. They will make excellent sex slaves."

Wade gripped the steering wheel tighter. He was shocked by the Alpha's madness but dared not speak. He drove the car into the night.

On the sidewalk, Celine slowly pulled herself up. She watched the taillights of the luxury car disappear into the distance.

She stood alone in the cold wind, her body aching, but her mind clear.

Her eyes burned with a twisted, consuming hatred. She swore an oath to the dark sky: as long as she had breath in her body, she would make these arrogant Alphas pay.

Location: The Stone River Pack House

(Amelia's POV)

Monday morning arrived with a gentle warmth.

Sunlight streamed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, illuminating the dust motes dancing in the air. I woke up in my large, soft pink bed, feeling refreshed.

Beside the window, a flash of emerald green caught my eye. My pet snake, Green, was slithering along the sill. He skillfully used his tail to roll up the automatic blinds for me.

"Good morning, Green," I murmured.

I got out of bed and went through my morning routine, feeding my pets.

Knock, knock.

A gentle rap sounded on my door.

"Come in," I called out.

The door opened, and my adoptive mother, Seraphina, walked in. She was holding a stack of clothes in her arms, and the scent of fresh lavender wafted into the room with her.

"Amelia, I brought your laundry," she said with a warm smile. She placed the neatly folded clothes on the chaise lounge.

"By the way, your birthday is coming up soon," she mentioned.

I paused, holding a water bowl. "It is?"

"Yes," Seraphina nodded. "I've been thinking about the banquet. We don't want a repeat of the last party where you and someone else wore the same dress. That was awkward."

I nodded in agreement. "Definitely."

"So, Seraphina continued, her eyes twinkling with excitement. "I decided to take matters into my own hands. I'm going to use my free time to design a bespoke gown just for you."

My eyes widened in surprise.

"Mom, you know how to design clothes?" I asked. I had never seen her draw or sew before.

Seraphina laughed softly. "You might not know this, but when I went to university, I attended a human college. My major was actually Fashion Design."

She smoothed the duvet cover absentmindedly. “That’s actually how I met your father, Jaxon.” My curiosity spiked instantly. Jaxon Stone, the imposing elder of the pack, the feared warrior... I couldn’t imagine him in a college setting.

“Really?” I sat down next to her. “Tell me everything. I promise I won’t laugh at Dad.”

Seraphina chuckled. “Well, back then, your father wasn’t the commanding Alpha figure he is now. He was a complete nerd.”

“A nerd?” I gasped.

“Oh yes,” Seraphina nodded. “He wore these terrible, ill-fitting suits every day. And he always buttoned his shirt all the way to the very top button. He looked so rigid and old-fashioned.”

I stifled a giggle.

“So, the school was hosting a fashion design showcase,” Seraphina continued. “I needed a male model, and I dragged him into it. I promised him that if I won first place, I would use the prize money to buy him the new equipment he wanted.”

A youthful blush appeared on her cheeks.

“Then?” I asked eagerly. “What happened?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 243[969 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

“The money? Seraphina chuckled, her cheeks flushing a soft, rosy hue. A shy, almost girlish expression replaced her usual calm demeanor.

“Your father didn’t want the prize money from the Makeover Bet, she said softly, avoiding my gaze. “He had only one condition for participating.”

I leaned forward on the chaise lounge, intrigued by this glimpse into their past. “What was it?”

“He said that if I won first place with my design, I had to agree to be his girlfriend,” she whispered, a smile playing on her lips.

My jaw dropped slightly. “Dad said that?”

I tried to picture the stern, stoic Jaxon Stone saying something so bold. It seemed impossible.

“It sounds... intense,” I noted. “Like a domineering predator staking his claim.”

In our world, such possessiveness was typically how an aggressive Alpha marked his intended mate. But hearing it about my adoptive father, who was usually so reserved, was a revelation.

“I must admit, I was startled by his boldness, Seraphina confessed, smoothing a wrinkle in the shirt she was holding. “He was dressed like an antique back then, buttoned up to his chin in these awful, stiff suits.”

She laughed softly at the memory. “But I had eyes. I could see past the terrible clothes.”

Her gaze went distant and dreamy. “I saw that he was a powerful Alpha. He had these deep, chiseled features that just needed to be seen.”

I smiled, realizing something new about my mother. “So, you’re a visual creature too, Mom?”

Seraphina let out a melodic laugh. “Guilty as charged.”

Her fingers traced the fabric in her lap unconsciously. “It was a mutual attraction from the very start, Amelia. We both knew it.”

She looked at me with sparkling eyes. “He was so confident. He told me that with my taste and his face, victory was inevitable.”

“And he was right?” I asked.

“Absolutely,” she beamed. “When he walked out on that runway after the makeover, the entire hall went silent. He was breathtaking.”

“Every she-wolf in the room wanted his number afterward,” she added with a hint of pride. “But he rejected them all. He told them loud and clear that he already had a partner.”

My heart warmed at the story.

“After that, we were inseparable in spirit,” she continued. “He started Umbra Analytics, and I stayed in New York for my design studio. We endured the long distance, and eventually, we held our mating ceremony.”

She sighed contentedly. “We aren’t fated mates, Amelia. But our bond has always been stronger than anything.”

“So why did you close the studio?” I asked gently. “You loved your work in New York.”

The light in Seraphina’s eyes dimmed instantly. Her hands stopped moving over the clothes.

“Because I didn’t get pregnant,” she said quietly.

The air in the room grew heavy.

“After we mated, nothing happened. Month after month passed.”

“Alpha Alaric... your grandfather... he wasn’t happy,” she explained, looking out the window with a pained expression. “He believed my time in the human world had affected my fertility. He pressured me to return to the pack to ‘recover’ and fulfill my duty.”

“Dad didn’t force you, did he?” I asked, knowing Jaxon’s character.

“No, never,” she shook her head. “But I felt guilty. I knew the importance of the bloodline to the pack.”

“So I came back. We spent two years trying to conceive.” Her voice trembled slightly. “Still nothing.” “Jaxon went for a check-up in secret,” she revealed. “He was perfectly healthy. Strong as an ox. But he lied to me. He told me the Moon Goddess just hadn’t blessed us yet because he didn’t want me to feel broken.”

I reached out and touched her arm.

“Later, I went to a specialist myself,” Seraphina continued, a tear slipping down her cheek. “That’s when I found out. It was me. I had a severe uterine malformation.”

“I underwent surgery. I went through a long, painful recovery period. But it didn’t work. I still couldn’t carry a pup.”

“The rumors in the pack were vicious,” Seraphina murmured, wiping her face. “Everyone was talking. They said the elder son’s line would end with him. I knew Alaric was pressuring Jaxon every single day to think about the family’s future.”

She took a deep, shaky breath. “I couldn’t bear being the reason he had no heir. So, I proposed breaking the mate bond.”

I gasped. “Mom, you didn’t”

“I did,” she nodded sadly. “I wanted him to find a healthy she wolf. Someone who could give him children.”

“But Jaxon... he exploded with rage.”

A faint, sad smile returned to her lips. “I had never seen him so angry. He marched straight to Alpha Alaric’s office.”

“He told his father that Adrian already had three children, so the pack’s bloodline was secure enough.”

“And then he did the unthinkable. He voluntarily surrendered the management rights to Stone Botanicals and gave up his right to inherit the Alpha position.”

“He handed it all to Adrian, just to keep me.”

Inside my mind, my wolf Ava let out a low, appreciative whimper.

That is a true Alpha, Ava growled softly. “Unlike that coward Damien who threw you away for status.*

The contrast was stark. Jaxon was worlds apart from the likes of Damien Blackwood.

“I am so lucky to have him,” Seraphina whispered. “But I am also selfish. Because I love him so much, I let him give up his legacy. I stayed by his side, knowing I was denying him the chance to be a father,”

Seeing the guilt etched on her face broke my heart. She didn’t deserve this pain.

I thought about my secret life in the Meadow Brook Pack. To the world, I was just a simple healer. But in the shadows, I was the “Shadow Healer,” renowned throughout the territories for curing the incurable.

I knew things others didn’t. I had skills that could change lives.

I reached out and took both of Seraphina’s hands in mine, gripping them firmly.

“Mom,” I said, looking her straight in the eyes with absolute seriousness. “If you really want to.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 244[1,158 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

“No, Amelia. Since recognizing you as my daughter I have completely let it go.

Seraphina gently wiped away a tear that was about to fall from the corner of her eye. Her voice was gentle, yet it carried a slight tremor.

“Actually, all along, the one who couldn’t let go of not having pups was me, not your father. Jaxon never felt that I owed him anything.”

She took a deep breath, her eyes softening as she recalled his words.

“He said that pups should be the crystallization of love. If I were willing to bear a child, he would love our pup because he loves me.”

Seraphina smoothed her dress, a wistful smile touching her lips.

“Your father often says that if a werewolf’s life is only for reproducing offspring, just finding any random She–wolf to bear his pups, then life would be too meaningless. In that case, we would just be reproductive machines controlled by the Moon Goddess, existing solely for the Pack’s population growth.”

I listened quietly, finding myself in agreement with his philosophy.

Life is fleeting. The bloodline is not the entire meaning of a werewolf’s existence. Every wolf has the right to choose their own way of life.

Seraphina urged me to go wash up, claiming she was fine. But as she turned to leave, I saw the smile fade from her face, replaced by a hidden loss.

I sat on the edge of the bed, watching her retreating figure. I didn’t get up immediately.

Green, my pet snake, slithered over. I stroked his cool scales absently.

I knew clearly that while my mother felt happy to have me, deep down, as a female, Seraphina still yearned to have a biological child of her own flesh and blood.

For animals, reproduction is a survival instinct, unmixed with emotion. But werewolves possess human emotions.

I thought about Seraphina’s condition. Although she was getting older, she was a She–wolf.

Her Wolf healing ability was still far stronger than that of an ordinary human. Theoretically, as long as it was combined with the appropriate Herbal remedies, conception was still possible.

It would be a high–risk pregnancy due to her age. However, I was the “Shadow Healer.”

I had absolute confidence in my medical skills, I could likely keep both mother and child safe.

But this matter had to be discussed with my father first.

*“Mom’s desire for a pup is as obvious as a heatwave in summer,** Ava yawned lazily in my mind. *‘‘Amelia, if you can do it, why not help her?’’*

I responded to Ava silently in my heart.

I stood up to wash. I deliberately chose a warm brown professional suit and applied light makeup to look sharp for the day.

I picked up my bag and carried my pets downstairs

At the breakfast table, the atmosphere was peaceful.

“Dad,” I said, putting down my fork. “My car had some mechanical trouble yesterday and needs maintenance. Could you drive me to the company?”

Jaxon nodded immediately. “Of course.”

Seraphina paused while pouring coffee. She seemed to sense there was more to my words, but she didn’t point it out.

We finished eating and headed to the garage. The black sedan slid smoothly out of the Pack House.

Once we were on the main road, Jaxon turned his head slightly to glance at me. He broke the silence first.

“What happened with your mother?” he asked.

I looked at him, surprised by his perception.

“I could smell it on her when she brought your clothes,” Jaxon said, his voice low. “It was a mix of sadness and longing. We’ve been mates for thirty years. I know her scent.”

I decided not to hide it. I recounted the conversation Seraphina and I had in my room, word for word.

Jaxon listened in silence. His hands gripped the steering wheel tighter. His gaze remained fixed on the road ahead, but his expression grew complex.

“Amelia,” he said finally, his voice rough. “I’m not as perfect as Seraphina thinks.”

He sighed heavily.

“As an Alpha, I did want pups that carried my own bloodline. It’s a natural instinct.”

“But it never became an obsession for me,” he continued firmly. “First, if it was because of my body that we couldn’t conceive, I know Seraphina would never break our bond. So, as a return of that loyalty, I would never fail my Mate just because of a lack of offspring.”

He signaled and turned the car onto the highway.

“Secondly, the family didn’t put much pressure on me for inheritance. My brother Adrian has three children. He has continued the Stone family bloodline.”

“Although Alpha Alaric wanted me to take power, I don’t have that obsession with passing family assets only to a biological son. I don’t care about that legacy.”

Jaxon paused, his jaw tightening. A shadow passed over his eyes.

“The most important point,” he said, his voice dropping to a whisper, “is my own mother.”

“She died from a massive hemorrhage after giving birth to my sister. Even the healers were helpless. She passed away so suddenly.”

I watched his profile, seeing the pain of that old memory.

“That incident left a huge psychological shadow on me,” Jaxon admitted. “I know the risks of childbirth too well. Even when Seraphina had her surgery years ago, I was terrified.”

“If I were an only child facing the pressure of ending the bloodline, I can’t guarantee I’d be this firm,” he said honestly. “But I’m glad Adrian’s family shared that burden.”

He glanced at me with a warm smile. “And now we have you. Seraphina is already very happy. That is enough for me.”

I listened to his heartfelt words, feeling a deep respect for him. But I knew I had to push, for Seraphina’s sake.

“Dad,” I said tentatively. “Mom is happy to have me. But no matter how happy she is, her heart still longs for her own biological pup. It’s a female instinct.”

Jaxon froze for a second. “Amelia, what are you saying?”

I took a deep breath. I needed him to understand the medical reality.

“Dad, you know I learned a lot in the Meadow Brook Pack. I have confidence in my healing arts.”

I looked him in the eye.

“If I design a special regimen specifically for Mom, I am quite confident that I can help her successfully conceive a pup.”

Jaxon’s eyes widened.

“However,” I continued, watching his expression closely. “This does pose a certain risk to Mom.”

“Mom is at an advanced age for this. If it were a second child, it might be easier. But this would be her first birth.”

I hesitated, then spoke the hard truth.

“The worst–case scenario... is that it could kill them both.”

SCREECH!

Jaxon slammed on the brakes.

The car skidded to a violent halt on the side of the road.

He turned his head sharply to face me. His eyes were stern, filled with a terrifying resolve I had rarely seen.

“Don’t even think about it,” he interrupted, his voice shaking with intensity,

“At this age, I do not intend to have pups. Even if your mother wants to, I will absolutely not agree to let her take that risk.”

He glared at me, the fear of losing her evident in his steel–grey eyes.

“I cannot lose my Mate.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 245[1,076 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Seeing Jaxon’s resolute attitude, I decided not to push the matter further.

Deep down, my stance aligned perfectly with his.

To me, my mother Seraphina’s health and well–being were far more important than gambling on the uncertain risks of childbirth.

“I understand, Dad,” I responded softly,

Jaxon’s hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles turning slightly white from the force.

He took a deep breath. His tone carried a hint of helplessness but was undeniably solemn as he made his request.

“Amelia, about having another pup... I hope you never mention this to your mother again. In Seraphina’s heart and mine, you are our only daughter, and that is enough for us.”

I looked at my father’s serious profile.

“Okay,” I said earnestly, nodding my head. “I promise you.”

The atmosphere in the car remained silent for a moment.

Then, Jaxon shifted the conversation.

“Amelia, there are rumors outside,” he began cautiously. “They say Theodore’s crippled wolf form might mean he cannot produce an heir. What do you think about that?”

I smiled easily.

“Dad, you know who I am. I have the ability to cure him.”

But then, I let the smile fade from my lips. I wanted to be honest with him.

“However,” I said, my voice cool and composed. “If the day comes where I truly desire a pup, and his physical condition is indeed incurable, I would hesitate.”

I looked out the window, watching the scenery blur

“I would reject the bond immediately.”

Jaxon froze for a second. The car swerved slightly before he corrected it.

He clearly hadn’t expected my answer to be so crisp and decisive. It bordered on cold rationality.

“Fortunately,” I added, turning back to him. “I don’t have any obsession with raising pups right now.

So, I don’t mind his current status.”

Jaxon exhaled slowly.

I could see the relief in his eyes. He was glad his daughter possessed a clear mind and wouldn’t settle for the sake of so-called love.

But I noticed his grip on the steering wheel tighten again.

As a male wolf, he was likely thinking something else.

If Theodore knew that I viewed our mate bond with such rational, almost ruthless calculation, the poor man would probably feel incredibly heartbroken.

The car pulled up in front of the Starlight Entertainment building.

“Be safe,” Jaxon instructed.

“I will,” I replied.

I gathered my things, composed my emotions, and turned to walk into the company building.

Back in the CEO’s office, I had barely sat down when my secretary, Anya, rushed in.

Her face was pale with panic.

“Miss Stone, we have a problem,” she reported breathlessly.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Ethan had planned to hire Director Bruno for the new project with a high salary,” Anya explained.

“But because of the recent executive turmoil and the crisis we are facing, Director Bruno just had his assistant call.”

She swallowed hard.

“He rudely refused to cooperate with us.”

I listened to the news without a flicker of panic on my face.

I leaned back against my chair.

“What is this Director Bruno’s reputation like?” I asked.

Anya hesitated for a moment before reporting truthfully.

“His reviews in the industry are very polarized.”

She fidgeted with her notepad.

“Although he has some fame, he is often accused of being pretentious and obsessed with outdated, experimental techniques. He also likes to tamper with script details at will and doesn’t respect the original work.”

I shrugged indifferently.

“Then it’s a good thing he didn’t sign,” I said.

I picked up a pen and twirled it.

“I never trusted Ethan’s taste anyway. That kind of self-righteous director would only ruin my script.

I will choose a suitable candidate myself.”

After the secretary left, I dialed a private number directly.

The phone rang twice before a man’s excited voice came through.

“Oh, Amelia! You are turning Northgate City upside down, and only now you remember to contact your old friend?”

I laughed.

“I just didn’t want to disturb your rest,” I explained.

Director Liam’s voice boomed from the other end.

“If I rest any longer, I’m going to rot away at home!”

I took the opportunity to make my offer.

“In that case, how about you come out of retirement and direct my work?”

Director Liam had obviously been following the trending news.

“I was waiting for you to say that,” he said bluntly. “At this critical juncture, I’m afraid no one else dares to take your show except me.”

He readily agreed to come find me in two days.

Having secured the most important candidate for director, I felt great.

I stretched lazily and began to personally adapt the treatment diary into a script.

(Author’s POV)

As noon approached, a sudden commotion erupted at the front desk.

Theodore Crimson had appeared in the company lobby in person.

He rolled his wheelchair up to the reception and calmly stated he was looking for Amelia.

Anya, who was organizing files nearby, heard the news and nearly jumped out of her cubicle.

She stammered as she ran to announce him.

After receiving Amelia's permission, Anya guided Theodore toward the Alpha office. Her eyes were wide with a mix of awe and nervousness.

As Theodore passed through the office area, the atmosphere changed instantly,

Although he sat in a wheelchair, the powerful aura emanating from a top-tier Alpha was undeniable.

His handsome features and commanding presence sent the female employees into a frenzy.

They whispered in low, excited tones, marveling at the charm of the Alpha King's heir.

That innate Alpha temperament and oppressive power made them feel that even just looking at him was a supreme honor.

At the office door, Marcus pushed Theodore into the room.

Then, he discreetly left the room to give them some privacy and closed the door behind him.

Amelia stood up from behind her desk to welcome him.

"Why did you come personally?" she asked, surprised.

Theodore maneuvered his wheelchair until he was in front of her.

He looked up, his golden eyes gazing at her gently.

"You are the one treating me, yet you were always the one working hard to run to my company," he smiled. "My business was finished early today, so I came to find you."

As he spoke, his gaze swept over Amelia's outfit for the day seriously.

A look of appreciation surfaced in his eyes.

"You're very considerate," Amelia teased.

Theodore shook his head.

"It's not so much consideration as it is that I missed you," he said deeply.

His voice dropped an octave.

“I wanted to fight to see you a little earlier. I wanted to have more time to stay with you.”

He paused, his eyes burning as he looked at her.

“Facts prove that coming to find you was the right choice. You look more charming today than ever before.”

Ava wagged her tail excitedly in Amelia’s mind.

“Admit it, Amelia,” the wolf purred with a pleased low whine. *“(This male’s words are as sweet as honey.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 246[1,124 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I blinked at Theodore, a playful smile touching my lips.

“You are getting better and better at flattering people, Mr. Crimson,” I teased.

Since he had come all the way to Starlight Entertainment personally, I decided to play the host.

I picked up the landline on my desk and dialed a nearby high-end western restaurant.

“Two sets of the venison filet and truffle mashed potatoes lunch special, please,” I ordered efficiently.

After hanging up, I reached into my bag and pulled out a small box.

Inside were specialized Reptile Nutrient Blocks.

I poured a few into an exquisite paper box on my desk.

Then, I curled my fingers and gently tapped the rim of the potted succulent plant where my pets were resting.

“Wake up, little ones,” I whispered.

Next, I retrieved a set of custom-made gold needles from my bag.

I turned to Theodore, waving the case slightly.

“We will start with acupuncture,” I explained. “By the time lunch arrives, the needling will be done. Then, you can enjoy your steak while Green and White provide you with some thermal therapy.”

Theodore made a fist and pressed it against his lips, coughing silently.

It was clear that even for a powerful Alpha, the idea of snakes coiling around his legs was still an mental hurdle.

Smelling the food, Green and White slithered out from the plant.

They headed straight for the paper box and began devouring the high-protein blocks to fuel up for their “work.”

Before inserting the needles, I rolled up his trousers to check his knees.

“The pain has lessened significantly,” Theodore reported.

I nodded, shifting my attention to his calves.

I was satisfied with what I saw.

Although there had been some atrophy before, the muscle definition was starting to return.

His skin had regained a healthy temperature and color, no longer pale and cold like before.

“It seems my special moonlight herb oil is too nutritious,” I joked.

He looked down as I inspected his legs so frankly, seeming a bit self-conscious.

A mischievous thought struck me.

I reached out and let my fingertips lightly trace the newly defined muscle contours of his calf.

Theodore didn’t get angry.

Instead, his gaze softened, and he chuckled low in his throat.

“You’re being naughty today,” he said.

I paused for a second.

“I am clearly taking advantage of you, I retorted.

“Maybe I am just wearing rose-colored glasses,” he replied, his voice warm. “If you touch me, it’s cute. If you had no interest in me at all, that would be the real problem.”

“See?” Ava huffed proudly in my mind. *“I told you his obsession with you is incurable.”*

I shook my head and began the gold needle treatment.

Based on the feel of the tissue, the bone fragments in his knee were healing well.

I glanced up at his handsome face.

“I have never seen you stand,” I admitted softly. “But with your build, you must be a breathtaking Alpha when you are fully recovered.”

My mind wandered.

I imagined him walking out of a bathroom, wearing only a towel, water dripping down his solid muscles.

Theodore’s eyes darkened as he watched me.

“I look forward to that day too,” he said deeply. “There are many things I want to do.”

“Like what?” I asked, twirling a needle.

“I want to give you a proper princess carry,” he said seriously. “Or maybe have you stand on your tiptoes to kiss me.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Why don’t you dare to think about something deeper?” I teased.

He laughed.

“Step by step, Amelia.”

Silence fell comfortably between us as I worked.

Suddenly, I thought of the conversation I had with my father earlier.

“Theodore,” I began, keeping my tone even. “My father asked me a question today. He asked what I would choose if your wolf form remained crippled and you couldn’t produce an heir.”

My fingers didn’t stop manipulating the gold needles.

“I want to be honest with you,” I said.

He looked at me, waiting.

“If I truly desired a pup, and you couldn’t fulfill that need,” I said, meeting his golden eyes. “Although it would tear my soul apart and cause me immense pain, I would likely make the rational choice.”

I took a breath.

“I would choose to cut the Mate Bond. I have to be responsible for my own future.”

I expected disappointment or anger.

But Theodore just looked at me with understanding

“That is fair,” he said calmly.

“You aren’t upset?”

“If I cannot give you children, the one who should be disappointed is you, Amelia,” he said. “If I forced you to stay bound to me out of love, denying you what you want, that would be selfish.”

He reached out, his hand hovering near mine before pulling back.

“If I truly love you, I would be willing to let you go find the life you want,” he confessed. “Even if it

breaks my heart.”

My heart swelled.

His answer was so clear, so full of genuine care, that the scales in my heart tipped even further toward him.

Just then, the office door opened.

Marcus walked in carrying takeout bags.

He set the exquisite western meal on the desk and quietly withdrew.

As I unpacked the food, I looked at the closed door.

“Is Marcus so trustworthy just because you pay him well?” I asked curiously. “He is a Beta, after all.”

Theodore cut into his venison steak with precision

“In the Crimson family, power struggles are constant,” he explained. “A personal Beta must be absolutely loyal,”

He paused, glancing at the door.

“I avenged his parents’ death,” Theodore stated simply.

“I see,” I murmured.

“He has no family left in this world,” he continued. “That means he has no leverage for my enemies to threaten him with. Following me gives him wealth and status.”

He looked at me.

“He has absolutely no motive to betray me.”

I nodded in agreement.

“Betrayal usually requires an incentive,” I noted. “He certainly has no reason to bite the hand that feeds him.”

I began to enjoy my lunch.

Meanwhile, Green and White, having finished their meal, slithered up Theodore’s legs.

They didn’t squirm around.

Instead, they coiled quietly over his injuries.

Using their unique magical attributes, they began siphoning negative energy and providing heat to the damaged tissue.

Theodore stiffened slightly but relaxed as the warmth seeped in.

“It feels... better than I expected,” he admitted.

However, he stared at the reptiles on his lap and put down his fork.

“I think I will finish eating after the therapy is done,” he decided.

After the treatment concluded, I let Theodore nap in my office for a while.

At two in the afternoon, I personally pushed his wheelchair out of the office to see him off.

We moved through the main employee workspace.

Although everyone pretended to be busy with their files and computers, I wasn’t fooled.

I could sense the atmosphere shifting.

Hushed whispers floated in the air like static electricity.

I saw numerous female employees stealing subtle glances at the man in the wheelchair.

Their eyes were filled with a mixture of awe and curiosity toward the legendary Alpha King.

I stopped the wheelchair for a moment and raised an eyebrow at the room.

“Don’t you guys take a lunch break today?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 247[963 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

“Ms. Stone, really, everyone is staying voluntarily,” Anya explained, her face slightly flushed.

She gestured to the office floor. “We have a lot of work to catch up on.”

Several female employees nearby nodded vigorously in agreement.

I smiled, but I wasn’t fooled.

I knew exactly why they were sacrificing their lunch break.

Their eyes kept darting toward the man in the wheelchair beside me.

Theodore Crimson. The heir to the Crimson Moon Pack.

For ordinary employees like Anya, seeing a figure of such immense power and legendary status was a once-in-a-lifetime event.

If I hadn’t taken over Starlight Entertainment, they likely never would have breathed the same air as an Alpha King.

“Is that so?” I said, my tone teasing. “Such dedication is truly commendable.”

I didn’t expose their little lie.

I grabbed the handles of Theodore’s wheelchair and pushed him toward the elevators.

“You know,” I said as the doors closed, shutting out the staring eyes. “If you came to sit in the office everyday, I bet attendance would be perfect.”

Theodore looked up at me.

“Oh?”

“Efficiency would absolutely double,” I joked. “Everyone wants to impress the Alpha.”

We reached the ground floor and exited the building.

I paused by the car and looked back up at the second floor.

Just as I suspected.

Behind the glass windows of the office area, faces were pressed against the pane.

Several employees were craning their necks, trying to get one last look at him.

When they saw me turn around, panic ensued.

They didn’t just step back; they scrambled away like startled rabbits.

I saw one grab a stapler and pretend to read it like a document.

Theodore followed my gaze and let out a low, deep chuckle.

“I seem to recall a certain someone warning me to protect myself from being taken advantage of,” he drawled.

He raised an eyebrow at me.

“And now you are planning to use my Alpha charm to buy your employees’ loyalty?”

I shrugged, feeling absolutely no guilt.

“It comes with the territory,” I replied matter-of-factly.

Marcus opened the car door, his expression stoic.

I stepped back.

“Goodbye, Mr. Crimson,” I said formally.

“Goodbye, Ms. Stone,” he replied.

Our voices carried a layer of intimacy and shared amusement that only we understood.

Marcus watched the exchange silently.

He thought to himself that the outside world, terrified of Theodore's ruthlessness, would never believe how indulgent the Alpha King was with his mate.

(Author's POV)

Meanwhile, inside the luxurious conference room of Gale Entertainment.

Alpha Arthur York watched with bated breath as the famous Director Bruno signed his name on the contract.

Arthur immediately signaled his assistant to release the press release.

"Director Bruno," Arthur said, grasping the man's hand excitedly. "The future of our company relies on you."

Bruno pulled his hand back, looking bored.

"Let's be clear," Bruno sneered. "I am only slumming it here because of Griffin Drake."

He adjusted his silk tie.

"Mr. Drake promised me an invitation to the 'Secret Garden' if this collaboration succeeds," Bruno stated

arrogantly. "That is the only reason I am here."

Bruno was desperate to climb the social ladder, and that mysterious gathering was his ticket.

Arthur's smile stiffened, but he nodded.

"Of course," Arthur gravely emphasized. "But time is of the essence."

He leaned forward.

"We must film a series similar to Amelia Stone's *Treatment Diary* immediately. We have to release it before she does."

Arthur's eyes were cold.

"We need to crush her momentum completely."

Bruno scoffed, leaning back in his chair.

“Amelia Stone? She is just a spoiled princess who thinks money can buy talent,” he mocked. “She doesn’t know the cruel rules of this industry.”

He waved his hand dismissively.

“She will fall flat on her face. I guarantee it.”

Arthur looked satisfied.

He believed Starlight Entertainment had been drained of all its talent. Amelia had no cards left to play.

(Amelia’s POV)

At three in the afternoon, a black SUV pulled up to the curb outside Starlight Entertainment.

The doors opened, and five people stepped out.

There was a young couple in casual wear, a steady-looking middle-aged pair, and a girl with a baby face chewing gum.

They walked straight into the lobby.

Anya, ever the diligent secretary, intercepted them.

“Excuse me, do you have an appointment?” she asked.

The baby-faced girl popped a bubble.

“We’re here to help Amelia,” she said casually.

Anya frowned, looking the girl up and down.

“This is a place of business,” Anya said sternly. “Minors are not allowed in the working area.”

The girl’s jaw dropped.

She crossed her arms defensively and rolled her eyes so hard it looked painful.

“I am twenty-five years old!” she snapped. “I’m older than your boss!”

The employees in the lobby gasped.

She looked fifteen at most.

The middle-aged woman beside her sighed and pulled out an ID card, showing it to Anya to verify the age.

While they waited for me to come down, the staff gathered around, their curiosity piqued.

“So, which company did you guys come from?” one employee asked.

The baby-faced girl waved her hand.

“Oh, just a small company not worth mentioning,” she said with mock humility.

She was laughing inside. They were from the global alliance, the top organization in the world.

“Indeed, just a small company,” my voice rang out.

I strode in with effortless confidence, joining the group.

The moment the five of them saw me, their lazy demeanor vanished.

They snapped to attention instantly.

“Ma’am,” they greeted in unison, bowing their heads slightly.

It wasn’t loud, but the discipline was palpable.

The employees stared, stunned by the sudden professional shift. They couldn’t figure out what kind of hidden identity I had to command such respect.

I looked them over.

“You know the mission?” I asked.

The baby-faced girl, Berry, blinked her big eyes.

“Don’t worry, Ma’am,” she vowed. “We will make *Treatment Diary* renowned throughout the werewolf world.”

The surrounding staff looked at her with wide eyes.

They thought she was bragging even harder than Director Bruno next door.

I smiled confidently.

“I know,” I said to Berry and her team. “You’ll be punching below your weight for a while here.”

Anya and the other employees stood there, completely confused.

They couldn’t tell if these were hidden big shots or just crazy people acting out a script with their boss.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 248[1,157 words]

Amelia’s POV)

Berry’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

“It’s not a hardship at all!” the baby-faced girl exclaimed, practically bouncing on her heels. “Being able to serve the Alpha is something we’ve dreamed of.”

I turned to look at Anya.

My secretary stood beside me, looking completely bewildered by the girl’s intensity.

“Anya,” I said, my voice calm but carrying undeniable authority. “These five people will take full charge of the *Treatment Diary* project.”

Anya blinked, processing the sudden delegation.

“Whatever requirements they have,” I continued, “you do not need to ask for my instructions. Just cooperate directly with them to get it done.”

Anya paused for a second, then her professional training kicked in.

She nodded respectfully. “I understand, Ms. Stone.”

In my mind, Ava wagged her tail with immense satisfaction.

Finally, some capable hands have arrived, she purred contentedly. *Now we don’t need to dirty our claws

with all this grunt work.*

The employees of Starlight Entertainment cast curious glances at the group of five.

They couldn't understand why I would trust these strangers so implicitly and hand over such power.

Berry stepped forward to introduce herself to the office floor.

"Hi everyone! I'm Berry," she chirped enthusiastically.

She gestured to the two young men and the older couple behind her.

"These two handsome guys are Basil and Winter," she said. "And the seniors here are Bamboo and Flora."

The staff exchanged confused looks.

The names sounded like a list of plants or strange code names.

However, the employees valued their jobs and year-end bonuses too much to voice their doubts.

They decided to mind their own business.

"Anya, please show them to their workstations," I instructed.

The five new team members nodded respectfully to me before following her.

A moment later, Anya returned to my office.

"I'll have HR prepare the employment contracts and payroll setup immediately," she said, reaching for her notepad.

"No need," I said, stopping her.

Anya froze.

"You don't need to prepare contracts for these five, and you don't need to issue them any salary," I explained. "Starlight Entertainment's current finances need to be saved for other uses."

I looked her in the eye. "Their identities are special. We don't need to follow the standard HR process."

Anya's eyes widened in shock.

She clearly misunderstood the situation.

I could see the gears turning in her head. She thought these five were “trust fund babies” from wealthy werewolf families.

It was the only explanation that made sense to her.

Only bored, rich heirs would bring their own capital into a production group and work for free just for the thrill of making a movie.

(Jaxon’s POV)

The workday finally ended.

Amelia climbed into the passenger seat of my car.

She rubbed her dry eyes, her shoulders slumping slightly.

“Dad, I’m really tired,” she whispered, her voice rough with fatigue. “I want to sleep for a while.”

“Rest,” I said softly.

Before we had even left the parking lot, she was leaning back against the seat, fast asleep.

I watched the sleeping profile of my adopted daughter.

A sense of helplessness and deep affection swelled in my chest.

I couldn’t help but think of Celine.

Celine had been raised as the heir to the Stone family. Yet, all she knew was how to act like a human socialite.

She spent her days planning charity galas, enjoying elaborate brunches, and relaxing at the spa. She lived a life of pampered luxury.

Then there was Amelia.

She carried the true Alpha bloodline, yet she worked like an engine that never stopped.

She was managing a company on the brink of bankruptcy. She was tending to a garden of rare moonlight herbs.

She was treating Theodore Crimson’s crippled legs. She was even worrying about the health of the elders.

I clenched my fist in the dim light.

I silently swore that I had to work harder.

I needed to restore the glory of the Stone family so that my daughter wouldn't have to carry such a heavy burden alone.

The car glided to a smooth stop in front of the East House at the Pack House.

The driver opened his mouth to announce our arrival.

I immediately raised a finger to my lips, signaling him to be silent.

I took out my phone and switched it to silent mode.

I typed a message to Seraphina..... Seraphina replied instantly. *

is too tired and fell asleep. I don't have the heart to wake her.*

I'll have the kitchen keep the roast meat and thick soup warm.

I sat quietly in the darkened car.

I watched my daughter's peaceful sleeping face.

My mind began to drift, wondering what kind of birthday gift would be worthy of all her hard work and sacrifice.

(Amelia's POV)

When I opened my eyes, the world outside the window was pitch black.

I grabbed my phone and checked the time.

It was nearly eight o'clock.

We were a full hour later than usual.

I sat up straight, realizing what had happened.

Jaxon had waited in the car for an hour just to let me sleep.

A bittersweet warmth rushed through me, tightening my throat.

I felt moved, but also guilty. Seraphina must have been waiting for us.

“Dad,” I murmured.

“You’re awake,” Jaxon said gently. “Don’t worry, I already told your mother.”

We walked into the villa together.

Seraphina rushed over immediately.

She didn’t scold us for being late. Instead, she pulled me into a tight, warm embrace.

“You are a daughter of the Stone family,” she said firmly, smoothing my hair. “You have the right to be a little willful. I only worry that you don’t know how to take care of yourself.”

We sat down at the dining table.

The dishes were still hot.

Seraphina immediately started serving me.

“Here, have some venison steak,” she said, placing a large cut on my plate.

“And these roasted potatoes,” she added.

“You need vitamins, too,” she insisted, piling fresh vegetable salad on top.

I hadn’t even finished the first bite before my plate was refilled.

It was a mountain of food.

This kind of maternal love was a bit overwhelming, a sweet burden that I wasn’t used to.

But the warmth of a family dinner made me feel incredibly happy.

This is what a home should smell like, Ava purred in my mind. *Eat more meat. We need the energy.*

Under Seraphina’s loving gaze, I picked up my fork and ate heartily.

After dinner, I went to the greenhouse in the backyard.

I checked on the precious moonlight herbs to ensure they were thriving.

Then I went back to my room and took a hot shower.

Lying in bed, I picked up my phone.

There were no messages from Theodore.

I felt a slight pang of loss in my chest, though I tried to ignore it.

I opened the social media group chat.

Someone had tagged me again.

It was Lucas.

He had posted a screenshot of a news article.

****[BREAKING NEWS: Famous Director Bruno officially signs with Gale Entertainment!]****

Lucas's message followed immediately.

***[Heard that Director Bruno only agreed to consider Starlight Entertainment after Ethan begged on his**

knees. But Alpha Griffin Drake just said a few words, and Bruno immediately dumped the Stone family for Gale Entertainment!]*

Another message popped up.

***[@Amelia Stone, so what if you have the copyright to Treatment Diary? I highly doubt a dying company**

like Starlight actually has the funds to support you in filming this show.]*

I looked at the mockery on the screen.

The corners of my mouth curled up into a cold smirk.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 249[991 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I watched the provocations scroll by in the group chat.

My fingers danced lightly across the screen.

A cold smirk curled the corners of my lips.

I typed a reply to Lucas.

[Oh, that actually makes sense. Trash belongs in the same trash bin. I never thought much of Ethan's taste in directors anyway. Now that your master Griffin Drake is willing to handle the recycling for me, I should say thank you.]

Lucas was evidently triggered.

He replied instantly.

[Amelia, what do you mean by that? Are you saying Director Bruno is trash?]

I didn't hesitate.

[I'm not just saying he is trash. I'm also calling you a yapping mutt.]

The group chat fell into a deathly silence.

No one dared to type a single letter.

A moment later, a voice message from Lucas popped up.

His voice was distorted with exasperation and rage.

“Amelia Stone, you just keep barking! You are all bark and no bite. Just wait. Two months from now, you'll be kneeling on the ground licking my boots! I'll make sure to walk through a mud pit first and pick the dirtiest pair for you. That's all you deserve!”

I listened to his rant without a flicker of emotion.

I calmly typed my response.

[A neutered runt always loves to display incompetent rage. Since you want to bet with me so badly, it seems I'll need to prepare two extra-thick iron chains for when you lose. You'll need them.]

In my mind, Ava let out a mocking snort.

A coward who runs away with his tail between his legs isn't even worth us unsheathing our claws.

Lucas was rendered speechless by my retort.

The rest of the group remained silent.

They were terrified of the brewing conflict between Theodore and Griffin.

No one dared to take sides lightly.

Suddenly, a string of sticker spam broke the tension.

It was Natasha.

She sent a series of applauding emojis, cheering for my sharp tongue.

A moment later, a private message from Natasha popped up.

[Amelia, you have to hear about Damien.]

She proceeded to report on Damien Blackwood's recent situation.

Damien had tried to enter the Blackwood Pack's corporate management.

However, his shrewd older sister, Penelope, had firmly rejected him.

In the end, she only gave him one million as startup capital.

She told him to go out and "find something to do" on his own, stating clearly that he was responsible for his own profits and losses.

Natasha seemed inspired by Damien's forced entrepreneurship.

[I've decided not to be an idle Alpha daughter anymore,] she wrote. [I'm going to open a pop culture merchandise store right next to the Elite Prep School. My parents are investing.]

She sent a barrage of photos.

They showed a room full of limited-edition figures and collectibles.

I looked at the photos and replied with words of support.

After ending the conversation, I stared at the pinned chat at the top of my list.

I tapped on Theodore's name.

[Busy?]

(Author's POV)

Inside a dimly lit private room, Lucas stared at the screen.

His face flushed red with humiliation.

“Damn it!”

He hurled his glass of whiskey against the wall.

The glass shattered, amber liquid splashing everywhere.

If it weren’t for the fear of Theodore Crimson standing behind Amelia, he would have already gathered his men to tear that woman apart.

In the shadows of the room, Griffin sat on a velvet sofa.

He swirled the red wine in his glass, his eyes flashing with displeasure.

“Bickering with a woman in a group chat,” Griffin said coldly. “You are embarrassing me.”

Lucas froze.

He immediately lowered his head, trembling. “I’m sorry, Alpha Griffin.”

He didn’t dare to argue.

Griffin set his wine glass down on the table with a sharp clink.

His tone turned sinister.

“How is the plan going? regarding the kidnapping of Natasha Crimson.”

Lucas wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

“We are looking for an opportunity,” he stammered. “That crazy girl has been unpredictable lately.”

Griffin stood up abruptly.

A powerful Alpha aura flooded the room, making Lucas shake uncontrollably.

“You must hurry,” Griffin growled. “We cannot drag this out until next year’s ‘Secret Garden’ event. The

Stone family and the Crimson family are joining forces against me. I urgently need leverage to restore my prestige.”

Lucas nodded frantically.

“One month!” he promised, his voice shaking. “Give me one month. I will definitely bring her before you.”

Meanwhile, in a VIP ward at the city hospital.

Ethan lay in bed, his face pale and covered in sweat.

He had just received an injection of painkillers.

Yet, the burning sensation deep in his marrow persisted.

The doctor looked at Livia and Caleb with a grave expression.

“I must be honest,” the doctor said. “The hospital’s current medical means cannot clear the wolf poison from his system. Long-term use of potent painkillers will irreversibly damage his brain nerves.”

Livia gasped, covering her mouth.

“We suggest you find the antidote within a month,” the doctor added.

Livia buried her face in her hands and wept loudly.

“It’s all my fault,” she sobbed. “If only we hadn’t given the antidote to Celine...”

Ethan tried to distract himself from the agony.

His trembling hand reached for his phone.

He saw the screenshot Celine had sent him.

It was Amelia mocking Director Bruno’s departure in the group chat.

A voice message from Celine followed.

Her voice sounded weak, but it was filled with venom.

“Brother, look. That bitch Amelia has ruined all your hard work. But it doesn’t matter. I have Alpha Griffin backing me now. Once my face heals, I will make her pay double!”

Ethan stared at the screen.

Surprisingly, he didn’t feel pity for the loss of Director Bruno.

Instead, he saw a glimmer of hope in the darkness of his pain.

He had only poached Director Bruno for profit in the first place.

Now that Bruno was gone, Amelia had a problem.

If he could help Amelia find a director even more powerful than Bruno, could he use that as a bargaining chip?

Could he trade that favor for the antidote?

Just then, a message arrived from his spy at Starlight Entertainment.

[Alpha Ethan, just now, Alpha Amelia brought five very strange people into the pack. She said they are here to help.]

Ethan froze.

His sister... she found helpers?

He endured the severe pain racking his body and quickly typed a reply.

[Then what about the director? Did she find a new director?]

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 250[1,085 words]

(Author's POV)

"Ethan, did Celine contact you?"

As soon as Livia left the hospital room, Caleb sat down on the chair beside the bed.

He looked at his brother with a tense expression.

Ethan paused, shifting his gaze away from his phone screen.

He looked at his younger brother and nodded slowly. "She did. She just sent me a message."

Caleb frowned immediately.

Disgust dripped from his voice. "Didn't I warn that imposter not to bother you anymore?"

He paused, his jaw tightening.

“What does Celine want? Is she crying about her biological father beating her to death again? Is she trying to trick you into saving her?”

Caleb let out a scoff.

“I knew she was lying. If she were really being beaten to death, how would she have the strength to send text messages?”

Just then, Ethan’s phone vibrated.

It was a reply from the former female subordinate at Starlight Entertainment.

Ethan quickly opened the message.

Hailey wrote that she wasn’t privy to specific high-level decisions.

However, based on the internal movements within the company, she speculated that Amelia had not yet

found a suitable director candidate.

Seeing this message, Ethan’s tightly wound nerves relaxed slightly.

He typed a polite reply: “Thanks.”

The woman on the other end responded instantly.

She expressed her willingness to do anything for him, her enthusiasm overflowing through the screen.

Ethan didn’t reply again.

He knew exactly what was going on.

This employee named Hailey had always had a crush on him when he was running the company.

Back then, she didn’t dare to express it because he was the Alpha heir.

Now that he was down and out, she felt she finally had a chance.

Ethan didn’t care what Hailey thought.

He only wanted to use her to understand the situation at Starlight Entertainment after Amelia took over.

Director Bruno had been snatched away by Gale Entertainment.

And Amelia hadn't found a new director yet.

This meant he still had room to maneuver.

If he could solve this problem for her, perhaps he could trade that favor for the antidote from his cold-hearted sister.

On the other side of the room, Caleb saw that Ethan was busy messaging.

He pulled out his own phone.

Driven by a strange impulse, he opened Amelia's social media page.

Amelia had updated her status today.

The photo was a selfie taken inside a car, with the dim lighting of a garage in the background.

The caption read: [Fell asleep in the car. Woke up to find Dad waited with me for an hour without waking me. This is the best Dad in the world.]

Through the text, Caleb could feel how happy Amelia was living at Uncle Jaxon's house.

A wave of sour jealousy washed over his heart.

Inside him, his wolf Noah let out a sorrowful whimper.

Caleb wished he could spoil his sister like Jaxon did.

But he knew he had lost that chance completely.

Caleb's finger hovered over the screen for a long time.

Finally, with a trembling hand, he liked the post.

He retreated to the chat interface and stared at the empty window with Amelia's profile picture.

He wanted to send a message.

Even a simple greeting would be enough.

But he couldn't summon the courage to press the send button.

He could only comfort himself.

Maybe in a while, when everyone had calmed down, he would find a suitable opportunity to contact her.

Night fell over the Crimson Pack House.

Silence reigned within the massive estate.

In the study, Theodore was playing chess with Alpha King Gideon.

Gideon placed a piece on the board, his sharp eyes fixing on his grandson.

"Why did you send your father to a sanitarium?" Gideon asked abruptly. "Is it because of that illegitimate daughter?"

Theodore's face remained expressionless.

He shook his head and calmly dropped a bombshell.

"Ronan is not my biological brother."

Gideon froze.

The chess piece in his hand fell onto the board with a sharp clatter.

Shock washed over the old Alpha's face.

He suddenly realized the truth about the old prophecy.

The claim that his youngest grandson was a "son of doom" who would bring ruin to the pack had been a setup.

It was a scheme arranged by Theron to swap the babies.

Fury burned in Gideon's eyes.

He didn't care if his son had illegitimate children.

But he could not tolerate Theron plotting against the family bloodline just to bring a bastard child home.

After a moment, the majestic old Alpha looked at Theodore with guilt.

It was his order to send the child away that had given Theron the opportunity to make the switch.

“The imposter’s biological father won’t admit to the swap,” Theodore said coldly.

Gideon’s face darkened.

“I will mobilize the Royal Enforcers,” Gideon promised. “We will find the whereabouts of my true grandson.”

After the game ended, Theodore returned to his room.

He replied to Amelia’s message first.

They exchanged goodnights, simple words flowing with warmth.

Inside his mind, his wolf Logan whispered.

That is our Mate. Only when she is here is the world quiet.

After confirming Amelia had gone to sleep, Theodore washed up.

He dragged his body onto the bed, relying heavily on his upper body strength to move his paralyzed legs.

He reached into a hidden compartment deep in his nightstand.

He pulled out a framed photo.

The image was blurry with age.

It showed a five-year-old Theodore holding a newborn baby.

His late mother had taken this photo herself.

On the back, a faded handwritten note recorded his vow from that year: [Must bring brother back to the pack.]

His mother had died in an accident while searching for that lost brother.

This remained an eternal pain in Theodore’s heart.

After he secured his position in the pack, he thought he had finally brought his brother home.

He never expected to bring back a fake.

Theodore stroked the photo, staring at his mother's image.

"I swear," he whispered into the darkness. "As long as I am alive, I will find my real brother."

"And if he is no longer in this world, I will make Theron pay a painful price."

The leaves outside the window rustled in the wind, as if his mother was answering his vow.

The next day.

Ethan completed his discharge procedures.

He didn't move into the apartment Caleb had rented.

Instead, he rented a separate suite in the city center for himself.

As soon as he settled in, he immediately looked up a contact number.

He was going to call Director Liam.

In the entertainment industry, everyone considered Liam to be far more talented than Director Bruno.

Ethan hadn't sought him out before because Director Liam had announced his retirement.

The legendary director had quit due to health reasons and a disgust for industry politics.

But the situation was different now.

Ethan looked at his pale reflection in the mirror.

The lingering pain of the wolf poison throbbed in his veins.

To gain Amelia's forgiveness, and more importantly, to get that damned antidote to survive, he had no choice.

He clenched his phone tightly.

He must get this director!

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.