

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 251[1,084 words]

(Ethan's POV)

I spent a fortune, calling in every favor I had left in the industry.

Finally, I secured the address.

Director Liam was hiding away in a secluded Private Wellness Retreat deep in the mountains.

I didn't hesitate.

I booked the first flight out for the next morning.

In my briefcase sat a contract I had drafted myself.

Attached to it was a blank check.

I was willing to pay any price to bring him back to Starlight Entertainment.

Before boarding, I pulled out my phone.

My fingers hovered over Amelia's contact.

I typed out a message, trying to sound like the capable, protective older brother I used to be.

"Lia, I heard Starlight Entertainment has lost a lot of people recently. Even Director Bruno went to Gale Entertainment. Don't worry, big brother will find you a better director."

I hit send.

A sense of satisfaction washed over me.

I turned off my phone and leaned back in my seat as the plane taxied.

This was my chance to prove myself.

When I landed, I turned my phone back on immediately.

My heart hammered against my ribs.

I checked for a reply.

Nothing.

The screen remained blank.

A wave of disappointment hit me, but I quickly pushed it aside.

She probably thought I was bluffing.

After all, Director Liam had been retired for three years.

But once I brought the legendary director back to Northgate City, everything would change.

I would be the hero who saves the day.

She would have to forgive me then.

I took a rental car and drove straight into the mountains.

The retreat was isolated, surrounded by dense forest.

I rushed to the reception desk, straightening my suit.

"I'm here to see Mr. Liam," I said confidently.

The manager looked at me with a polite but apologetic smile.

"I'm afraid you're too late, sir. Mr. Liam left early this morning."

My smile froze.

"Left? Where did he go?"

"He took a flight to Northgate City," the manager replied.

My blood ran cold.

Northgate City.

Griffin Drake.

That was the first name that popped into my head.

Panic surged through me.

“Did someone call him? Who was it?” I demanded, slamming my hand on the counter.
“Was it a man named Griffin?”

I couldn’t let Griffin snatch another director from us.

“I cannot disclose guest information,” the manager said firmly.

I grabbed my briefcase and pulled out the contract.

“Look, I have a lucrative contract here. A blank check! If you can contact him-”

“Sir, please respect our privacy policy.”

The manager’s tone was final.

Defeated, I pulled out a business card.

“Fine. Please, if he contacts you, give him this. Tell him Ethan Stone is looking for him.
It’s urgent.”

I left the card on the counter and turned around.

I had to get back to Northgate City immediately.

(Amelia’s POV)

The VIP reception room at Starlight Entertainment was quiet.

The scent of brewing herbs filled the air.

Director Liam sat across from me, looking much healthier than the last time I saw him.

“Three years,” Liam said, his voice filled with nostalgia. “You’ve grown taller, Amelia.
Your temperament is even more striking now.”

I smiled and poured him a cup of tea.

It wasn’t ordinary tea.

It was a special blend of moonlight herbs I had prepared specifically for his constitution.

“Yes, it has been three years,” I said softly.

Liam took the cup, inhaling the steam.

“You heartless girl,” he grumbled, though his eyes were warm. “For three years, you only sent medicine.

You never came to visit me once.”

I blinked playfully.

“I was busy,” I teased. “I had to focus on researching more effective herbal formulas to cure you.

Otherwise, how would you be sitting here scolding me?”

Liam laughed, shaking his head.

He took a sip of the tea and sighed.

“If it weren’t for you, I would have returned to the Moon Goddess’s embrace long ago. Let alone returning to the film set.”

He looked down at the liquid in his cup.

Years ago, he had silenced the critics with masterpiece after masterpiece.

But during his fifth movie, his health collapsed.

The quality of that film suffered, and people claimed he had lost his touch.

They didn’t know he was dying.

“Let’s talk business,” I said, setting my cup down.

I slid a folder across the table.

“The project is called *Treatment Diary*. I want you to direct it.”

Liam opened the folder, his eyes scanning the summary.

“I’m giving you full authority,” I continued. “The female lead is already set, but every other role is yours tocast. Crew, locations, budget–you decide.”

Liam closed the folder and looked me in the eye.

“Done,” he said firmly. “I will give this one hundred percent. We will crush Gale Entertainment.”

“I’ve arranged a hotel for you,” I said.

“My assistant already booked one,” he declined politely.

We shook hands.

When I walked Liam out of the office, the entire floor went silent.

Anya stood up, her mouth hanging open.

The other employees stared in disbelief.

That was Director Liam.

The legend who had vanished.

“Boss...” Anya stammered after he left. “Is that... really him?”

“Yes,” I said calmly. “Get the marketing department ready. We start the campaign now.”

(Ethan’s POV)

The plane touched down in Northgate City at ten o’clock at night.

I stepped out of the airport terminal and shivered.

A cold rain was falling, mixed with the biting wind of the Northern Territories.

It felt like knives scraping against my skin.

I huddled into my expensive coat, trying to shield myself from the dampness.

I pulled out my phone to hail a car.

There was a new message on the screen.

My heart leaped, thinking it was Amelia.

But it wasn’t.

It was from Hailey, that former subordinate at Starlight.

I frowned and opened the text.

[Mr. Stone, I thought you should know. Miss Amelia has already found a director to replace Bruno.]

My stomach dropped.

She found someone?

Who could she possibly find on such short notice that would be better than Bruno?

My fingers trembled as I typed a reply.

[Who is it?]

I stared at the screen, rain dripping onto the glass.

The three dots appeared.

Then the message came through.

[Director Liam.]

I froze.

The world seemed to stop spinning.

I stood there on the curb,

Director Liam.

She had already signed him.

rain soaking my hair and running down my neck.

While I was running around the mountains like a headless chicken, waving a blank check, she had already secured the target.

I felt a burning sense of shame rise in my chest.

I looked at my reflection in the dark screen of my phone.

I looked pathetic.

I was a complete fool.

I thought I could be the savior.

I thought I could swoop in and solve her problems, making her grateful to me.

But the truth was brutal.

She didn't need me.

She didn't need my help, my money, or my connections.

I was nothing but a clown performing on a stage where no one was watching.

Self-loathing clawed at my throat.

Just then, the phone in my hand vibrated again.

I lifted it mechanically, expecting another message from Hailey.

But the name on the screen made my eyes widen.

Amelia.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 252[1,040 words]

(Ethan's POV)

"Director found. Stop wasting time here. Go find someone who can detoxify you."

I stared at the text message, my hand dropping weakly to my side.

I tilted my head back, letting the icy rain of the Northern Territories lash against my face.

Despair rose like a tide, threatening to drown me.

Suddenly, a familiar, excruciating pain erupted from the depths of my marrow.

It was the poison Amelia had administered. It was flaring up again.

My hands trembled as I fumbled in my pocket for the high-strength painkillers the doctor had prescribed.

I unscrewed a bottle of water and swallowed the pills dry, choking slightly.

The relief was agonizingly slow.

The pain, still in its early stages, was barely contained within my body.

Just then, my phone rang, the shrill sound cutting through the rain.

I looked at the screen. It was a string of unfamiliar numbers.

“Hello?” I answered weakly.

“Ethan Stone?”

The voice on the other end was dripping with menace.

I paused, confused. “Who is this?”

“I am Victor Crimson,” the voice said coldly. “Did that woman, Amelia, poison you too?”

I froze in shock.

Victor Crimson. The Alpha of the Crimson Moon Pack’s fourth branch. The notorious brute known for his violence.

I never expected someone of his status to be in the same predicament.

“Answer me,” Victor growled. “How do we get the antidote?”

I hesitated for a moment, weighing my options.

“The poison has a special composition,” I confessed, my voice shaking. “Only Amelia herself can cure it.”

There was a heavy silence on the other end.

“Tomorrow night. Seven o’clock,” Victor’s tone turned even darker. “Come to the Crimson Pack House.”

My heart skipped a beat.

“You will explain the entire situation to Alpha King Gideon yourself,” he ordered.

Before I could respond or refuse, the line went dead.

I listened to the busy signal, gripping my phone tightly.

I didn’t know what Victor intended to do.

But the Crimson family held supreme power in this territory.

This might be my only chance to survive.

(Amelia’s POV)

For the entire next week, I buried myself in work.

I was adapting the *Treatment Diary* into a new script titled *The Alpha's Ambition*.

It required focus and precision.

Finally, after countless revisions and polishing, the script was done.

I felt a sense of satisfaction as I hit send.

"Anya, come in," I called out.

Anya entered promptly.

"I've sent you the file," I said, leaning back in my chair. "Submit it to the production department immediately. Greenlight the production."

Anya nodded, tapping on her tablet.

However, she didn't leave right away.

She stood there, shifting her weight from one foot to the other.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's... Caleb Stone," Anya reported hesitantly. "He's here again. He's been sitting in the waiting room for a long time."

I frowned slightly.

Inside my mind, my wolf, Ava, let out a snort of disdain. She had no patience for the so-called brother who had only ever caused us pain.

"Ignore him," I said decisively. "Let him wait."

Caleb sat in that waiting room all morning.

It wasn't until lunch break, when I walked through the corridor, that he finally moved.

He jumped up from the chair and rushed toward me.

"Amelia!" he called out, his voice eager.

I stopped walking.

I turned my sapphire eyes on him, cold and unyielding.

“In this company, you will address me as Alpha,” I stated flatly.

Caleb flinched.

“Alpha,” he corrected himself awkwardly.

He quickly pulled a folder from his bag.

“I wrote a new piece,” he said, holding out the sheet music with trembling hands. “It’s a ballad. I think it would be perfect for your new project. Please, take a look.”

I didn’t even glance at the papers.

“No,” I said.

“But-”

“I gave you a chance to terminate and leave Starlight Entertainment,” I interrupted him, my voice devoid of emotion. “You chose not to take it.”

Caleb’s face fell, an expression of unwillingness crossing his features.

“Since your contract hasn’t expired, you still use it for you.”

I didn’t wait for his response.

I continued ruthlessly. “But you will remain shelved. I have no

I turned on my heel and strode away, leaving him standing there with his rejected music.

(Caleb’s POV)

I walked out of the office like a wandering soul.

My chest felt hollow.

As I passed through the lobby, I heard hushed voices from a corner where some employees were taking their break.

“Don’t you think Alpha Amelia is being too harsh?” a female employee whispered. “Caleb is so talented. It’s a waste to just let him rot. She shouldn’t bring personal grudges into business.”

I felt a flicker of hope. Someone understood.

But her male colleague shook his head immediately.

“You’re naive,” the man said sharply. “Think about it. If she promotes him now, he’ll just use his fan base to pressure her.”

I froze.

“He could use public opinion to rehabilitate his image,” the man analyzed ruthlessly. “Then he’d turn around and attack the company, maybe even the Pack. He’s a liability.”

The woman fell silent.

“Besides,” the man added, shrugging. “If he jumps ship to a rival company later, it just proves he’s untrustworthy. Amelia knows what she’s doing. She signs the checks. She is the Alpha here.”

The words pierced my heart like needles.

Shame washed over me.

I lowered my head and hurried out of the building.

I reached my car parked on the roadside, fumbling for my keys.

Suddenly, a sleek black sedan pulled up right next to me.

The window rolled down smoothly.

A middle-aged man’s face appeared.

I recognized him. It was Zachary Grant.

I frowned, intending to ignore him and get in my car.

But Zachary opened his door and stepped out, leaning casually against his vehicle.

“Caleb,” he smirked. “Look at you. Heartbroken by Amelia again?”

I glared at him. “This is none of your business.”

Zachary chuckled, a low, unpleasant sound.

“Why suffer like this, Caleb?” he asked, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “Let me tell you something.”

I stopped, my hand on the door handle.

“whether it’s a mate or a sister, there is only one way to deal with a self-righteous She-Wolf like her,” Zachary said, his eyes glinting.

“You must be stronger than her,” he hissed. “You need to show absolute dominance. You have to subjugate her completely. That is the only way to make her submit.”

I stared at him, stunned.

“Begging like a stray dog won’t work,” Zachary sneered. “It only makes her despise you more.”

I stood rooted to the spot.

His words, filled with a twisted, ancient hierarchy of the wolves, slithered into my ears like a poisonous snake.

I found myself unable to look away, a dark thought beginning to take root in my mind.

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Chapter 253[1,043 words]

(Author’s POV)

Seeing the expression on Caleb’s face loosen, Zachary continued his persuasive pitch with seductive language.

“Caleb, wake up,” Zachary purred smoothly. “In a world where only the strongest Alpha survives, your sister isn’t going to care about your apologies.”

He stepped closer, invading Caleb’s personal space.

“Amelia would only change her attitude when she realized you were powerful enough to offer her immense benefits and protection.”

Caleb’s eyes widened, his breath hitching.

“Only then would she, or even the family, actively seek your forgiveness for the sake of the pack’s interests,” Zachary pressed.

Caleb clenched his fists at his sides.

His nails dug deep into his palms, the physical pain grounding him against the emotional turmoil.

“What are you getting at?” he demanded, his voice trembling.

Zachary reached out and snatched the music sheet Caleb was guarding like a treasure.

“If Starlight Entertainment doesn’t know how to appreciate talent, Gale Entertainment is willing to turn you into a household name.”

He tapped the paper with a manicured finger.

“You possess breathtaking talent, Caleb. You should seize this opportunity.”

Zachary sneered at the building behind them.

“Why stay here and be buried at Starlight, treated like an unwanted runt and left out in the cold?”

Zachary applied further pressure, sensing the crack in Caleb’s armor.

“If you remain obscure, you can stop dreaming of ever earning Amelia’s forgiveness,” he stated coldly. “Because the pack only follows the strong.”

He leaned against his car, looking relaxed and confident.

“As long as you join Gale Entertainment, the company will invest top-tier resources to mold you into a generational superstar.”

He made a sweeping gesture with his hand.

“We will make you a true Alpha on the stage. By then, it would be impossible for Amelia to ignore you.”

Looking at the music sheet, Zachary shook his head in feigned pity.

“Lamentable,” he muttered. “Shelving such an excellent song is a waste of God-given talent.”

He looked Caleb in the eye, his gaze intense.

“I guarantee that with the right management, within two years, you will become the Alpha of the music industry.”

These words caused a violent shake in Caleb’s resolve.

If I achieve nothing, Amelia will only look down on me more, Caleb thought desperately.

Only by becoming strong and standing at the peak could I make her look up to me.

Zachary saw the conflict in his eyes and smiled smugly.

He left his business card and the sheet music in Caleb's hand before getting into his car and driving off.

He was convinced that securing Caleb was in the bag.

Caleb stood alone on the sidewalk.

His mind replayed the words about power and conquest over and over.

He didn't want to waste time; he wanted to succeed.

He wanted to shine so brightly that Amelia couldn't look away.

But he also knew clearly that going to Gale Entertainment would be another betrayal of his sister.

He struggled painfully in the dilemma between his desire for recognition and the guilt of betraying his kin.

(Amelia's POV)

I watched the scene unfold from across the street.

I had received a tip from Silas Grey and had doubled back to check on things.

My car was parked behind tinted windows, making me invisible to them.

I witnessed the entire exchange.

Although I couldn't hear the specific dialogue, the body language was clear enough.

I could guess that Zachary was poaching him.

I saw Caleb's obviously wavering reaction as he held the card.

A cold sneer rose in my heart.

"I knew it," Ava growled in my mind, rolling her eyes. *"These spineless pups can never resist temptation."*

I gripped the steering wheel tight.

"You're right, Ava," I muttered.

Caleb had previously vowed that he would give up everything just for my forgiveness.

Yet now, he was easily swayed because someone was selling him a dream.

I made a bet in my heart right then and there.

Caleb would definitely defect to Gale Entertainment.

He has the same bad blood as Ethan Stone.

Deep down, they shared the same selfishness and greed.

Neither of them was worthy of trust.

I thought I might see some change in Caleb after everything that happened.

But he was just the same as always.

Finding it boring and utterly disappointing, I felt I had wasted my expectations.

Without another glance, I stepped on the gas and drove toward the Crimson Group headquarters to see Theodore.

(Author's POV)

Zachary returned to the offices of Gale Entertainment.

He walked straight into the CEO's office to report the situation to Arthur York.

Famous director Director Bruno was sitting in a plush armchair.

Griffin Drake was also present, lounging on the sofa with a bored expression.

"He will break," Zachary confidently guaranteed.

"Caleb will terminate his contract with Starlight and defect to Gale within a month at the latest."

"My plan is to push a minor singer into the spotlight during this period to create a sense of crisis," Zachary explained.

"It will force Caleb's hand."

Arthur was satisfied with this result.

"What is the current status of Starlight Entertainment?" Arthur asked, leaning forward.

Zachary cleared his throat.

“Amelia has brought in a few strange outsiders who were of no concern,” he reported.

“But she had surprisingly managed to bring back the legendary Director Liam.”

“He had retired due to illness three years ago.”

Hearing this name, Bruno frowned instantly.

His expression turned ugly.

In his career, Liam’s achievements had always overshadowed him.

The industry even openly acknowledged that “as long as Liam doesn’t retire, Bruno will always play second fiddle.”

Arthur was shocked and annoyed.

He hadn’t expected Amelia to recruit someone of Director Liam’s caliber in such a short time.

This was a huge trouble for Gale Entertainment.

They had just spent a fortune poaching Director Bruno to dominate the market.

Seeing the tension in the room, Zachary quickly tried to soothe them.

“Don’t worry too much,” Zachary said dismissively.

“Director Liam might have lost his touch after three years out of the game.”

He glanced at Bruno.

“He certainly couldn’t compare to the current Director Bruno.”

Director Bruno remained silent.

He gloomily observed Griffin Drake, who was sitting on the sofa.

Alpha Arthur dared not take it lightly.

“We can’t take chances,” Arthur said sharply.

He gave a strict order to Zachary.

“Find another opportunity to lobby Director Liam.”

“Convince him to give up directing Amelia’s new drama, *The Alpha’s Ambition*.”

Arthur’s eyes narrowed.

“If necessary, you can use Griffin Drake’s name to threaten and intimidate him.”

Zachary accepted the order with a nod.

“I will immediately find a way to contact him,” he promised.

After Zachary left the room, Arthur turned to the man on the sofa.

He smiled sycophantically.

“Alpha Drake, rest assured. At this critical juncture, I don’t think any director would dare to offend you forthat woman.”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 254[1,050 words]

(Author’s POV)

Hearing Alpha Arthur York’s blatant flattery, Griffin Drake felt no pleasure.

Instead, a thick sense of irony washed over him.

“Is there really no one who dares to offend me?” Griffin asked coldly, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

Arthur froze, his smile stiffening on his face.

“Who would have thought that a she-wolf like Amelia would dare to openly oppose me?” Griffin continued, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

Arthur quickly waved his hand, desperate to explain.

“Mr. Drake, you misunderstand,” Arthur stammered. “Amelia is nothing.”

He leaned in, lowering his voice conspiratorially.

“She is merely borrowing Theodore’s authority to intimidate others,” Arthur insisted.
“Without the Crimson family behind her, she is just a toothless pup.”

Griffin leaned back, considering this.

Aside from this reason, he truly couldn’t fathom where Amelia got the audacity to provoke him repeatedly.

He had spent the last few days analyzing the situation.

He believed he finally saw through the fog.

It wasn’t that Amelia was arrogant on her own accord.

It was Theodore Crimson using that woman’s hand to humiliate him.

Griffin’s jaw tightened.

His true opponent had always been that crippled heir of the Crimson Moon Pack, Theodore.

Director Bruno, sensing an opening to prove his loyalty, stepped forward.

He had worked hard to grab onto the coattails of the Drake family.

“Mr. Drake,” Bruno said eagerly. “I give you my word.”

He puffed out his chest with bravado.

“Even if Director Liam dares to take on *The Alpha’s Ambition*, I have absolute confidence I will crush him.”

Griffin turned his gaze to the director.

He slowly rotated the heavy Signet Ring on his finger.

“Since you have made such a guarantee, I will trust you for now,” Griffin said darkly.

His eyes flashed with a dangerous light.

“But if you fail, you will bear the consequences.”

Bruno swallowed hard but nodded vigorously.

Arthur hesitated for a moment before broaching the subject he cared about most.

“Mr. Drake, regarding your Mating Ceremony with my daughter Jade...” Arthur began tentatively.

He rubbed his hands together nervously.

“When do you plan to hold it? I worry that without it, we cannot properly secure the alliance between our families.”

Griffin scoffed lightly.

“Let’s wait until Gale Entertainment completely destroys Starlight Entertainment,” he stated nonchalantly.

Arthur’s eyes lit up instantly.

“Consider it done!” Arthur declared, slapping his thigh. “I will use every resource to blacklist Starlight. They will be bankrupt within the month.”

Griffin watched the greed spread across the old Alpha’s face.

He sneered internally.

Arthur was willing to sell his own daughter as a political sacrifice without a second thought.

Jade betrayed me once, Griffin thought, a cruel smirk touching his lips. *But as an Alpha’s daughter, her beauty is still useful.*

His mind drifted to Amelia.

Since Theodore cared so much about her, Griffin formed a vicious plan.

He would ruin her completely.

He would record a video of her destruction and send it to Theodore.

He wanted the cripple to watch his mate being destroyed, helpless to intervene.

(Theodore’s POV)

The atmosphere in my office was heavy with silence.

Beta Marcus stood before my desk, handing me a sealed confidential file.

“These are the latest leads, Alpha,” Marcus whispered.

I opened the folder.

Inside were details regarding my long-lost younger brother—the true second son of the Crimson family.

Years ago, my father Theron had switched the babies, leaving my true brother to grow up unknown.

I had ordered Marcus to investigate this in absolute secrecy.

If Griffin or anyone else in the family found out, my brother would be in grave danger.

I carefully scanned the photos and data of potential candidates.

My finger paused over a blurry image.

“What are you looking at so intently?”

Amelia’s voice broke my concentration.

I looked up as she placed her wooden herb box on the desk.

I didn’t hide the file from her.

“I found some clues that might lead to my missing brother,” I said honestly.

Amelia leaned closer, looking at the documents.

“How do you plan to confirm it?” she asked softly. “Will you bring them all in for DNA testing?”

I nodded slowly.

“I won’t let any possibility slip through my fingers,” I replied firmly.

Amelia smiled, her blue eyes warm.

“You will find him, Theodore,” she encouraged. “I believe it.”

We set the heavy matters aside and shared a quiet lunch together.

After we finished eating, I moved to my wheelchair.

Amelia knelt beside me, her hands preparing to work.

She began using ancient healing techniques on my legs.

I watched her focused expression as she worked on the damaged nerves.

Her fingers were strong and precise.

Suddenly, a melodic ringtone shattered the peace of the room.

I withdrew my gaze and pulled out my phone.

The screen flashed “Alpha King Gideon.”

Irritation flickered in my chest.

I took a breath and answered, keeping my voice low and respectful.

“Grandfather.”

Amelia paused in her pressing.

She looked up, her sapphire eyes meeting mine.

“Is Amelia with you?” Gideon’s commanding voice came through the speaker.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Bring her back to the Crimson Moon Pack House tonight,” he ordered. “I need to see you both.”

The line went dead before I could ask why.

I put the phone away and looked at Amelia.

“Grandfather wants us to return to the main house tonight,” I told her.

Amelia nodded, though her brow furrowed in confusion.

“Why would the Alpha King summon me so suddenly?” she wondered aloud.

A sarcastic smile tugged at the corner of my mouth.

“I suspect it has something to do with my dear Cousin Vivian being poisoned,” I said dryly.

Amelia’s eyes widened in realization.

“Ah, I almost forgot about her,” she said, a mischievous glint appearing in her eyes. “I’ve been so busy with Starlight.”

She stood up, wiping her hands.

“She must have gone crying to your grandfather, trying to force me to hand over the antidote.”

I chuckled.

“Grandfather isn’t one to listen to one-sided stories,” I pointed out. “Besides, the poison you used is unique.”

I looked at her with admiration.

“Standard toxicology screens and modern medical equipment won’t find a trace of it. Vivian is destined to be disappointed.”

Amelia smirked, crossing her arms.

“Good,” she said decisively. “Then I’ll just increase the punishment. Until you have full control of the family, she isn’t getting the antidote.”

She tapped her chin thoughtfully.

“Maybe I should catch that trash Derek too,” she added, half-joking. “He tried to assault Skylar. A dose of that poison would keep him in line.”

“I agree,” I said, imagining the peace that would bring. “If they want to live, they’ll have to behave.”

I looked at the woman standing before me, feeling a surge of pride.

“Amelia,” I said, shaking my head in amusement. “Your poison is like a cheat code in a game. Any complex family struggle seems solvable just by poisoning the opponent.”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 255[1,022 words]

(Theodore’s POV)

“True treasures are always scarce, and this toxin is no exception. I only managed to refine five doses in total,” Amelia Stone explained with a faint smile.

She held up two fingers. “To be honest, Ethan was the ‘lucky’ second person to taste it. Vivian was the third, which means I only have two doses left in my possession.”

She paused, her expression turning slightly more serious.

“The reason modern medical equipment can’t detect it is that its core component is extracted directly from **Black’s** venom glands and processed through specific alchemy.”

She gestured vaguely towards her bag where the creatures usually rested.

“The toxin maintains a life—for connection with Black. As long as Black doesn’t trigger the toxin through a specific sensory link, the victim remains asymptomatic, making it impossible to trace.”

Amelia looked at me, a sly glint in her sapphire eyes.

“I can’t extract too much venom without harming Black. And here is the key to the secret—if Black were to die an unnatural death, the active properties of the toxin would vanish completely.”

She leaned back against the desk.

“That is the only method for a ‘permanent cure.’ As for the antidote I provide, it merely suppresses the toxicity. The victim must take it regularly to maintain the status quo.”

I immediately grasped the stakes.

If the secret got out that the only way to permanently clear the poison was to kill the snake, Black would become a target.

The more people poisoned, the more dangerous Black’s situation would be.

Amelia shrugged, admitting that using such a precious resource on a spoiled heiress like Vivian was a bit of a waste.

“But once I decide to punish someone, I don’t care about the cost,” she said coldly.

After the treatment session, Amelia summoned her other two snakes—**White** and **Green**

She opened a jar of herbal balm and began applying it to my legs herself.

As she worked, the white snake, White, slithered up the wheelchair and coiled gently around my thigh.

Its cold eyes stared straight at me, its tongue flicking out.

Meanwhile, the green one, Green, rested near my ankle, emitting a faint, rhythmic warmth that seemed to help the medicine penetrate deeper.

“White is warning you,” Amelia translated casually as she massaged the balm into my skin.

“You must never reveal the secret that ‘Black’s death breaks the curse! Otherwise, she won’t be polite.”

I looked at the spirited creature and solemnly promised to keep my lips sealed.

Only then did White relax her posture, her scales smoothing down as she continued to provide therapeutic pressure alongside Green.

Watching the silent coordination between the reptiles and their mistress, I marveled at the ****unwavering loyalty and deep bond**** they shared.

It was a quality often lacking in humans.

Amelia smiled and recounted their history.

“One had been hunted by poachers for biting them in self-defense,” she said softly, stroking White’s head.

“The other two could have escaped but chose to stay by their companion’s side. In the end, I saved and adopted all three.”

(Amelia’s POV)

After work, I ****sent a quick text to my mother, Seraphina, to let her know where I was headed****.

Then, I got into Theodore’s car for the trip to the Crimson Moon Pack House.

As soon as I walked into the spacious foyer, I saw the lineup waiting for us.

Vivian Crimson sat there, looking pale and resentful.

Beside her stood her cousin, Victor Crimson, his face dark with suppressed anger.

And then there was someone unexpected yet entirely logical—Ethan Stone.

I instantly understood; Ethan was here to serve as a witness to my poisoning.

Faced with my former older brother, I didn’t spare him even a glance.

I treated him as if he were nothing more than air.

Ethan, on the other hand, visibly stiffened when he saw me.

His instinct was to stand up and greet me, a flicker of hope in his eyes.

But my icy demeanor froze him in place.

The excitement on his face collapsed, replaced by a complex look of guilt and regret.

Theodore wheeled himself into the hall beside me, wearing that trademark, inscrutable fake smile of his.

“Cousin Vivian,” he said with feigned surprise. “You look unwell. I had no idea you were visiting.”

He acted as if he knew nothing of the recent drama.

His “polite enough to be infuriating” attitude made Vivian grind her teeth in suppressed rage.

Alpha King Gideon, seated at the head of the room, was visibly pleased to see me.

“Amelia, my dear,” he boomed warmly.

I effortlessly slipped into the role of the **perfect, respectful granddaughter-in-law**.

“Grandfather, you look younger every time I see you,” I said, using my wit and grace to make the stern Alpha King laugh within moments.

Vivian couldn’t stand watching this display of “family harmony.”

“Grandfather!” she snapped sharply. “We aren’t here for tea. She poisoned me!”

Alpha King Gideon’s smile faded as he turned serious.

He looked at me, his golden eyes searching. “Amelia, they accuse you of poisoning Vivian. Is this true?”

I put on a mask of innocence, denying it instantly.

“I am just a healer, Grandfather,” I said, widening my eyes. “How would I know such **dark magic**?”

The Alpha King then turned to Theodore.

“And you, Theodore. Did you kidnap Vivian to threaten Victor into giving up certain benefits?”

Theodore refuted the claim without batting an eye, his logic impeccable.

“Grandfather, if I truly wanted to threaten Victor into dropping out of the succession race, wouldn’t kidnapping Victor himself be more effective?”

He gestured to the burly man standing there. “Why would I go through the trouble of taking Vivian?”

Victor knew perfectly well that Vivian was lying about the details.

But he also knew Theodore had taken her in retaliation for him kidnapping Ronan.

It was a tit-for-tat exchange.

However, Theodore was ruthless enough to add poison to the mix.

Victor realized they had no physical evidence to prove Theodore was the kidnapper.

Even if the Alpha King suspected it, he wouldn’t act on suspicion alone.

Deciding to pivot, Victor spoke up, his voice cold.

“Who took Vivian is no longer the point,” Victor declared.

He stepped forward, his gaze locking onto me.

“What matters is that Vivian has been poisoned, and only Miss Amelia Stone possesses the cure.”

He gestured to the man beside him. “To prove this, I brought a witness.”

Victor turned his head, his eyes boring into the silent man.

“Ethan Stone. You’ve been afflicted with the same poison as my cousin, haven’t you?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 256[1,162 words]

(Author’s POV)

Faced with Victor’s aggressive questioning, Ethan instinctively cast his gaze toward Amelia Stone, who sat across from him. He was desperately searching her face for a flicker of reaction, perhaps a trace of the sister he once knew.

In truth, from the moment he set out for the Crimson Moon Pack until Amelia appeared, a violent war had been raging inside Ethan's heart.

He was torn by a brutal internal struggle.

Did he really have to cooperate with Victor to testify against his own sister for the sake of an antidote?

In Amelia's eyes, this would undoubtedly be yet another despicable betrayal, severing whatever thin thread remained between them.

But the alternative was terrifying.

The memory of that burning pain, as if his very blood were on fire within his veins, made him tremble with genuine fear.

He was petrified that he would lose his only chance to detoxify his body.

Just as he was drowning in his hesitation, he noticed Amelia looking back at him.

Her sapphire eyes held no sympathy, only a glint of cold mockery.

"Why are you looking at me?" she asked, her voice icy and detached. "Victor asked you a question, not me."

Amelia's indifferent attitude felt like a sharp blade piercing Ethan, causing a dull ache in his chest.

She truly did not care about him anymore.

Although he knew deep down that his choice would make their already broken sibling relationship

completely irretrievable, survival instinct took over.

He simply could not endure the torture that made his very soul tremble.

After a fierce psychological battle, Ethan finally gritted his teeth and made his decision.

*He turned his head away from her, addressing the imposing figure at the head of the room.

"Alpha Gideon, Vivian is not lying," Ethan said, his voice strained. "We have indeed both been poisoned by Amelia."

He swallowed hard, trying to steady his nerves.

“This is a **Modified Wolfsbane** toxin. It cannot be detected by modern medical instruments, which is why no one believed me before.”

He took a breath, deciding to gamble everything on the status of the woman beside him.

“But now that **a daughter of the Crimson line** is also a victim, surely you can see the truth.”

When he spoke these words, he didn’t dare look into Amelia’s eyes.

In fact, Amelia couldn’t even be bothered to look at him.

She had long ago given up any hope for him.

She merely sneered, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

“Do you have evidence? Or is this just a lie you and Vivian concocted together to curry favor with the Crimson family?”

Before Ethan could answer, Vivian immediately whipped out her phone with impatient hands.

She rushed to show a video to her grandfather.

“Look at this!” she cried out.

The video recorded her condition **when the burning sensation peaked**.

On the screen, Vivian was thrashing wildly on her bed, screaming in agony, her face twisted in a rictus of pure suffering.

It was a miserable sight that proved she was absolutely not joking about the pain.

Seeing this, Ethan hesitated for a moment before pulling out his own phone.

He stepped forward eagerly.

“I have a recording too,” he said urgently. “I filmed my own struggle. Although the medical reports show nothing, the pain is real!”

However, Alpha King Gideon merely glanced at his granddaughter’s phone.

He completely ignored the actions of Ethan, an outsider whose suffering meant nothing to him.

Ethan froze in place, awkwardness washing over him as he silently withdrew his hand.

Confirming that his granddaughter was not acting, Gideon’s majestic gaze turned to Amelia.

His expression was stern as he demanded to know if the poisoning was true.

Vivian didn't wait for an answer; she wailed loudly.

"I don't care about assigning blame right now, I just want the cure immediately! Grandfather, if I don't get the antidote, I will die! That pain feels exactly like a silver knife slicing through my flesh!"

Ethan quickly chimed in, his voice trembling with remembered fear.

"Yes, **when the pain spasms hit**, it is unbearable. Without injecting powerful sedatives, one simply cannot survive it."

Seeing Amella prepare to open her mouth to deny it, Theodore gently patted the back of her hand.

He signaled for her to remain quiet; he would handle this.

He turned his head to look at Vivian, the corners of his mouth curving into a meaningful, dangerous smile.

"Since you have both prepared videos as evidence, it is quite a coincidence," Theodore said smoothly. "I happen to have filmed a video as well."

At Theodore's signal, his Beta, Marcus, stepped forward and took out a phone.

He presented the screen directly to Alpha King Gideon.

Amelia raised an eyebrow, quickly guessing the content of the video.

She had to admit that Theodore played this unexpected move beautifully; this cunning wolf had set the trap long ago.

Theodore smiled, adding a final nail to the coffin.

"It seems **Vivian was too careless**"

Hearing these words, the faces of Vivian and Victor Crimson instantly turned pale.

Standing to the side, Ethan Stone felt his heart sink to the bottom of an abyss.

He realized with dread that if this accusation failed, he would not only lose the antidote but had also thoroughly betrayed Amelia once again.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone in the hall, Gideon tapped the screen to play the video.

The footage began with Theodore's calm, steady voice.

He was questioning Vivian, asking if her brother had taken Ronan to the most dangerous "Rogue Lands" to force Theodore into a rescue mission, intending to trap him there to die.

Immediately following was Vivian's voice denying it.

But then, the video clearly played the sound of Ronan's angry accusations.

Ronan confirmed that Victor had ordered his men to kidnap him, planning to use him to eliminate Theodore.

Hearing this, Vivian was completely stunned.

She never imagined that the chaotic scene had been secretly recorded by Theodore.

The expressions on Gideon and Victor's faces became extremely ugly.

Victor had thought his plan was seamless.

He never expected to leave behind such irrefutable evidence.

Now, not only had he failed to help his sister get the antidote, but he had also exposed his own crime of framing Theodore.

The video continued to play, and Vivian's shrill and arrogant voice echoed through the silent hall.

"So what? Grandfather said these three months are **The Succession Trials**. It is inherently **survival of the fittest**"

Her voice on the recording dripped with disdain.

"Now that my brother didn't kill you, do you want to kill me? Theodore, no matter how capable you are, you cannot violate the iron laws of the pack to kill a clan member!"

"If you make a move, you will end up in **The Dungeons**!"

"If you killed some insignificant commoner, it would be fine. Make the body disappear, or Grandfather finds a scapegoat to **cover it up**"

"But I am different! I have my father and brother behind me!"

"But you, Theodore, you have no one behind you. Your mother is dead, and your father and brother wish you were dead!"

“So even if you really died in the Rogue Lands, Grandfather would at most regret losing a promising heir.

No one would avenge you.”

“But I am different. My father and brother would pursue it to the end!”

As the video came to an abrupt end, a deathly silence fell over the hall.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 257[1,158 words]

(Theodore’s POV)

Alpha Gideon watched the video on the small screen, his expression darkening with every passing second.

The silence in the grand hall was heavy, suffocating.

Finally, the video ended.

Gideon handed the phone back to Marcus with a stiff, jerky motion.

Marcus took the device, bowed his head slightly, and retreated respectfully to stand behind my wheelchair.

A deathly silence engulfed the room.

Gideon did not speak immediately.

Instead, he let the oppressive aura of a King Alpha roll off him in waves, testing everyone in the room.

I felt the immense pressure pressing down on my shoulders, but I didn’t flinch.

Inside my mind, my wolf, Logan, let out a low, mocking snort.

“The old man is still weighing the pros and cons,” Logan growled, his voice dripping with disdain. *“He sees the truth, but he is calculating the cost.”

I remained perfectly silent, my face a mask of calm.

I knew that speaking now would be superfluous.

The facts were laid bare on that screen.

Vivian shifted nervously, her eyes darting toward her brother, Victor.

She opened her mouth, panic written all over her face.

I could see the gears turning in her head; she was about to claim the video was a fabrication, a “Deepfake” created to frame them.

But before she could utter a single syllable, Gideon’s sharp gaze snapped toward the siblings.

“Explain,” Gideon demanded, his voice low and dangerous.

Vivian froze, the excuse dying in her throat.

Victor, however, did not panic.

He straightened his spine, stepping in front of his trembling sister.

He showed a depth of cunning that far surpassed Vivian’s shallow arrogance.

“Grandfather, I do not deny that Ronan was with me,” Victor said, his voice steady.

He looked Gideon in the eye, twisting the narrative with practiced ease.

“But it was not a kidnapping,” he continued smoothly. “Ronan was terrified because he had betrayed

Theodore. He came to me seeking asylum.”

Victor paused, letting the lie settle before delivering his next point.

“I admit, I covet the position of Alpha heir,” he stated boldly. “I took Ronan in because I wanted intelligence that would help me defeat Theodore in the succession race.”

He raised a hand as if taking a solemn oath.

“But the claim in the video about throwing Theodore into the Rogue Lands to die? That is false.”

“I would never violate the sacred laws of our pack,” Victor declared with feigned righteousness. “I would never ruthlessly harm a pack member the way Ronan did.”

(Amelia's POV)

I sat comfortably in my chair, my fingers lightly tapping a rhythm on the wooden armrest.

I watched Victor's performance with cold detachment.

I had to admit, it was a brilliant move.

He was **sacrificing a pawn to save the king**.

By admitting to the lesser "crime" of ambition, he made his denial of the murder plot seem more credible.

In my mind, Ava stretched and yawned, her sapphire eyes gleaming.

"This wolf is cunning," she observed. *"He knows exactly how to use the rules to his advantage."

Victor was playing a dangerous game.

He admitted to power struggles to appeal to the werewolf tradition where **might makes right**.

But he denied the intent to murder a pack mate to keep himself within the moral baseline Gideon required.

It worked.

I saw the tension in Alpha Gideon's shoulders relax slightly.

He had accepted this convenient explanation.

Vivian, seeing the tide turn, immediately jumped in.

"Exactly!" she cried out. "Those words in the video were just spoken in anger! I didn't mean them!"

She then whipped around, pointing a shaking finger directly at my face.

"But she poisoned me!" Vivian shrieked. "The video deliberately cut that part out! Grandfather, she tried to kill me!"

I didn't blink.

I didn't try to hide it.

“That’s right,” I said, my voice calm and clear. “It was me.”

The room went quiet again.

I looked at Vivian with a cold sneer.

“Since you and your brother can plot against my mate in the shadows, it is only reasonable that I fight back with poison.”

I leaned forward slightly, locking eyes with her.

“Poisoning a competitor, as long as it isn’t fatal, is just a method of competition,” I said smoothly. “It is no different from Victor taking Ronan. Just strategy.”

Vivian’s face turned a brilliant shade of red.

She stomped her foot, screaming like a spoiled child.

“Grandfather! Order her to hand over the antidote immediately!” she wailed. “She is trampling on the dignity of the Crimson family!”

I laughed softly, a dry, humorless sound.

“Do not drag the family name into this,” I corrected her sharply. “I am only stepping on the faces of you two incompetent siblings.”

I gestured vaguely at Victor.

“Victor ****completely messed up****” I said mercilessly. “His plan ****backfired spectacularly****”

“He failed to use Ronan against Theodore, and instead, he lost his sister as a hostage to my poison.”

“That is your own incompetence,” I finished. “It has nothing to do with family honor.”

Alpha Gideon looked at me, and for a split second, I saw a flicker of appreciation in his old eyes.

He understood the logic of the strong.

****To the victor go the spoils.****

Losers had no right to talk about dignity.

“Enough,” Gideon said, his voice firm.

He looked at his grandchildren with disappointment.

“Victor, Vivian, you will be punished for your recklessness,” he announced.

Then, he turned his gaze toward me.

His expression softened, losing some of its hardness.

“Amelia,” he said, his tone shifting to one of request. “Although they are at fault, they are my blood. Please, detoxify Vivian.”

I paused, pretending to consider his words.

I**decided to play along** for now.

It wasn’t time to burn bridges with the Alpha King just yet.

“Very well,” I said, nodding slowly. “Out of respect for you, Alpha Gideon, I will provide the antidote.”

The effect of my words was instantaneous.

Hope flared brightly in Vivian’s eyes.

In the corner, Ethan jerked his head up, his face lighting with desperate relief.

He clearly thought his salvation had arrived as well.

But then, I let a frown crease my forehead.

I allowed a look of heavy hesitation to wash over my features.

I didn’t move to get the cure.

Vivian’s hope instantly curdled back into rage.

Her true nature revealed itself in a heartbeat.

“What are you still dragging your feet for?” she shouted, her voice shrill and demanding. “Cure me immediately! How dare you make me wait!”

I immediately leaned back into my chair, crossing my arms over my chest.

I looked at Gideon and shrugged helplessly.

“Alpha, it is not that I do not want to help,” I said, my voice sounding incredibly reasonable.

“But Vivian shows absolutely no remorse,” I continued. “Her attitude... **it ties my hands**”

Vivian gasped, her eyes bulging.

She couldn’t believe I dared to bargain at a time like this.

“You-” she started to scream again.

“Silence!” Gideon roared.

The sound echoed off the walls, making everyone jump.

Gideon glared at his granddaughter with fierce intensity.

“Shut your mouth, Vivian,” he ordered.

The old Alpha was shrewd.

He saw the board clearly.

I held the antidote.

Theodore stood behind me.

If he wanted to save his granddaughter’s life, he had to **swallow his pride**

Gideon took a deep breath and turned back to me.

His posture was no longer that of a commanding King, but of a negotiator.

His voice became gentle, filled with a deliberate tone of discussion.

“Amelia,” he said softly. “Tell me. What conditions do you want in exchange for the antidote?”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 258[957 words]

(Theodore's POV)

Alpha Gideon's gaze remained fixed on Amelia, heavy and calculating.

He was a seasoned veteran who had weathered the storms of Pack politics for decades. Nothing escaped his sharp eyes.

He had been observing Amelia for over a month now.

The deepfake video regarding Griffin and Carlos had been the final piece of the puzzle. It proved that this young she-wolf was far more complex than she appeared on the surface.

Gideon concluded that Amelia either possessed a powerful tech team or had mysterious, formidable backing.

Because of this, Gideon showed her a respect rarely granted to the younger generation.

I sat silently in my wheelchair, feeling the shift in the room's energy.

For Gideon, the future of the Crimson Moon Pack was already secure with a strong Alpha like me. But adding a deeply capable mate like Amelia? It would make our dominance in the Northern Territories unshakable.

Even the opposing Drake Pack could very well be destroyed by this unstoppable power couple.

Inside my mind, my wolf stirred.

“The old Alpha smells power,” Logan growled, his voice vibrating with satisfaction. *“He’s looking at Amelia like she’s already the Luna.”*

(Amelia's POV)

I ignored Vivian's resentful glare. My eyes were locked calmly but firmly on Alpha Gideon.

Vivian and Victor had plotted against Theodore. That was a fact.

But Gideon was their grandfather. He couldn't bring himself to physically punish his own grandson for a power struggle.

If he wouldn't exact justice with blood, then he had to offer substantial assets as compensation.

Standing aside, Ethan felt a familiar chill run down his spine.

He recognized this look in my eyes. This was my *modus operandi*. It was exactly like when I used Caleb's brake tampering to forcibly seize Starlight Entertainment shares.

I didn't blink as I made my demand.

"I want 10% of the Crimson Group's parent company shares transferred to Theodore's name."

The room went deadly silent.

Vivian immediately shrieked in protest, her voice piercing the air.

"You are dreaming! That is impossible!"

I raised an eyebrow, anticipating this reaction. I didn't back down. I simply threw out my backup plan.

"If you don't want to give up shares, fine," I said, my voice cool and detached. "Then transfer the operating rights of the Crimson family's rare metal mines in Africa to Theodore."

This completely enraged Vivian. Her face twisted into a mask of pure fury.

Those mines were the core industry her father, Magnus, had risked his life on the border to build. They were the very foundation of Magnus's family line. Losing them would cripple their branch of the family.

"You greedy witch!" Vivian screamed. "You are insatiable!"

She turned to Gideon, her eyes wild. "Grandpa, don't listen to her! Let's pressure the Stone River Pack directly! Threaten to destroy the Stone family to force her to hand over the antidote!"

"Do you want to live or not?" Alpha Gideon sternly reprimanded Vivian. His voice was like a thunderclap.

Vivian flinched, her mouth snapping shut.

I sneered, looking at Vivian with open mockery.

"You talk big, but unfortunately, you don't understand the cost of business competition," I said.

I analyzed the situation calmly for her.

"Even the powerful Drake family had to expend massive energy to deal with my Starlight Entertainment. Do you really think your grandfather is foolish?"

I took a step closer. "The shrewd Alpha Gideon would never mobilize family resources to wage an economic war against the Stone River Pack. Especially not to save a granddaughter who contributed

nothing to the Pack and only caused trouble."

Vivian was left speechless. Her arrogance crumbled under the weight of reality.

Ava wagged her tail in my consciousness. **“See, she finally realizes she’s actually worthless in this Pack.”**

Victor saw the writing on the wall. He realized the situation was irreversible.

He quickly stepped in for damage control, signaling his sister to shut up. He knew they absolutely could not hand over the African mines his father had fought so hard for. That was their capital for a comeback.

Gritting his teeth, Victor looked at his grandfather.

“We agree to the transfer of 10% of the parent company’s shares to Theodore.”

Alpha Gideon, seeing the agreement reached, didn’t waste time. He decided to sign the transfer protocol immediately.

Theodore’s reaction was flat. To him, this was just reclaiming inheritance that rightfully belonged to him earlier.

Once the deal was done and the papers were signed, I reached into my pocket. I took out a pill emitting a faint herbal fragrance.

I handed it to Vivian.

Vivian didn’t even wait for water. She snatched it and swallowed it dry.

The effect was immediate. Her breathing eased, and the suffocating pain quickly subsided.

Seeing Vivian was cured, Ethan eagerly leaned forward.

“Amelia!” he called out, his eyes full of hope. *“The antidote! Give it to me too!”*

I looked at him with an amused expression.

“No,” I refused coldly.

Ethan blinked, confused. *“What?”*

“I only promised to cure Vivian because that exchanged for valuable shares for Theodore,” I stated

indifferently. *“As for helping you? What do I get?”*

I laughed softly. *“Just a cheap ‘thank you? Or your next betrayal?”*

Ethan's expression froze. It shifted from anticipation to panic, and then to anger.

"How can you be so heartless?" he questioned, his voice rising. "I am your brother!"

"Since you were invited to testify against me for Vivian, the ones promising your safety should be Vivian and Victor," I countered.

I crossed my arms. "If you can't get the antidote, that's because the siblings broke their word. What does that have to do with me?"

My logic was airtight. It left Ethan speechless.

In this life-or-death moment, he realized begging me was useless. He could only turn to Victor.

His voice trembled as he grabbed Victor's sleeve.

"Victor, you promised me," Ethan pleaded, sweat beading on his forehead. "As long as I testified for your sister in front of Alpha Gideon and accused Amelia of poisoning us, you would make Amelia cure me too."

He looked at Victor with desperate eyes. "You can't just leave me like this!"

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 259[1,236 words]

(Author's POV)

Victor looked at the pleading man in front of him with absolute indifference. There was not a shred of intention in his posture to honor the deal he had made just hours ago.

"You are asking me for the antidote?" Victor let out a short, sharp laugh that echoed in the silent hall. "It was a verbal promise, Ethan. Are you a child? Or just incredibly naive?"

Ethan stood frozen, his mouth slightly agape, unable to process the sudden betrayal.

"As an Alpha, surely you know the value of words without a contract," Victor sneered, adjusting his cuffs with leisurely arrogance. "They mean nothing."

Victor was seething with internal rage. He had rushed back to the Pack House today for one specific purpose: to humiliate Theodore in front of Alpha Gideon. He had planned to use Amelia's alleged poisoning to strike a heavy blow against the main branch's reputation.

Instead, the plan had backfired spectacularly. Because of his miscalculation, he had been forced to sign over 10% of the group's parent company shares to Theodore.

The anger burned in his chest like acid. He had been outmaneuvered by a crippled wolf and a woman. In his current state of fury, why would he care about the life or death of a pathetic rogue like Ethan?

"But... but you promised!" Ethan stammered, his face flushing with humiliation and rage.

Victor turned away, signaling the conversation was over. To him, Ethan was already a dead man walking.

Ethan trembled violently. His fists clenched at his sides, knuckles turning white.

"You liar!" Ethan shouted, his voice cracking with desperation. "I betrayed my sister again for you! I stood before the Alpha King and lied for you! And you won't give me the cure?"

He looked around the room, his eyes wild, seeking justice that wasn't there. "Alpha Gideon, he has no honor! He is breaking his word right in front of you!"

Victor didn't even flinch at the accusation. He looked at Ethan with eyes full of boredom.

"Do you think a man of Alpha Gideon's stature cares about the buzzing of an insect?" Victor asked dismissively. "Blame your own stupidity. You believed a ghost story because you are weak."

Amelia watched the scene with cold amusement. She stepped forward, her voice cutting through the tension like a blade.

"He is right, you know," Amelia said softly, deliberately twisting the knife in Ethan's open wound. "You really are stupid, Ethan."

Ethan looked at her, betrayal and shock written all over his face.

"You trust people without holding any leverage," Amelia continued ruthlessly. "First, you let Celine play you like a fiddle, destroying your relationship with your family. Now, you let Victor use you as a disposable gun. You never learn, do you?"

Inside her mind, her wolf Ava flicked her tail in disdain.

"His stupidity is terminal," Ava growled. "He isn't even worth the waste of breath it takes to mock him."

Amelia's words hit Ethan harder than the poison coursing through his veins. The physical pain was nothing compared to the shame of being laid bare by the sister he had wronged.

Tears of frustration and despair welled in his eyes.

“I was tricked!” Ethan pleaded, his voice breaking into a sob. “I didn’t know he would do this! Amelia, please. I’ve paid for my mistakes. My legs are ruined. I’ve been hamstrung. I lost the inheritance. I have nothing left!”

He looked at her with wide, red-rimmed eyes, begging for salvation. “Why can’t you just forgive me? We are blood!”

Amelia stared at him, her face a mask of indifference.

“No,” she said simply.

The light in Ethan’s eyes died instantly. He looked like a man whose soul had been crushed.

Seeing his utter devastation, Amelia decided to ensure he lived the rest of his short life in agonizing regret.

“You know,” she said, her tone deceptively light. “If you hadn’t come here today to testify against me... if you hadn’t chosen to hurt me one last time... I might have eventually taken pity on you. I might have cured you for the sake of our blood.”

It was a lie. A vicious, calculated lie. She never intended to cure him, not after everything he had done.

But Ethan didn’t know that.

His face crumpled in agony. The weight of ‘what if’ crushed him. If only he hadn’t come. If only he had stayed away.

Butler Winston stepped forward from the shadows, his expression polite but firm.

“Mr. Stone,” Winston said. “Please.”

He gripped Ethan’s arm and dragged the broken, sobbing man out of the hall.

The drama was over. The air in the room settled.

Theodore looked at Victor’s dark expression. A faint, triumphant smirk played on his lips.

“Dinner is served,” Theodore announced, his voice smooth. “Victor, Vivian, why don’t you stay?”

We should celebrate.”

Victor's jaw tightened.

"Celebrate what?" he gritted out.

"My acquisition of the shares, of course," Theodore replied.

It was salt in the wound. Victor felt a vein throb in his temple. He wanted to flip the table, but he forced himself to remain calm.

"We must decline," Victor said stiffly. "Vivian has just recovered. She is weak. We need to return to tell our parents the... news."

He didn't wait for a response. He grabbed Vivian's arm.

"Let's go."

They bowed hastily to Alpha Gideon and practically ran out of the front hall, moving as if the hounds of hell were at their heels.

Once they were in the car and speeding away from the Crimson estate, the silence was broken.

"Why did you agree?" Vivian screamed, clutching her chest. "Why did you give him the shares? Would Grandpa really have watched me die?"

Victor pulled a cigarette from his pocket. His hands shook slightly as he lit it. He took a deep drag, filling the car with smoke to calm his nerves.

"Didn't you see it?" Victor asked, his voice low and dangerous. "Grandpa's attitude toward Amelia."

Vivian frowned. "What about it?"

"He is the Alpha King," Victor said. "Yet he allowed Amelia to dictate terms so blatantly. It was a show. A performance for us."

He exhaled sharply. "We thought Grandpa wanted to change heirs because of Theodore's legs. We were wrong. He never intended to replace Theodore."

Victor looked out the window at the passing dark trees.

"Tonight was just an excuse," he muttered. "He used Amelia to transfer those shares back to Theodore legally. We are just tools, Vivian. Grindstones to forge Theodore into a sharper weapon."

Vivian slumped back in her seat. The reality washed over her.

“So we are nothing?” she whispered. “We are just supposed to rot in Africa while he rules?”

She thought of the harsh mines and the isolation.

“I won’t accept it,” she hissed.

Only when the car left the territory boundaries did Victor speak again. His eyes were cold, shining with a dangerous light.

“I won’t accept it either,” he said softly.

He remembered the exile. The shame. When he was sent to the mines, the other young heirs mocked him. They called him Theodore’s stepping stone.

He had swallowed that humiliation for years. He had sworn to return and take the North.

“I thought Grandpa would give up on the Rightful Heir,” Victor said, his voice dripping with venom. “But tonight proved me wrong. He will never abandon Theodore.”

Victor crushed the cigarette in the ashtray.

“If I can’t win from the inside, I will destroy it from the outside,” he decided.

A dark plan formed in his mind. The Drake Pack had been waiting for an opening.

“If I can’t have the Crimson Moon Pack, then no one will,” Victor growled. “I have my assets in Africa. Even if this Pack burns to the ground, I will still be a king in my own domain.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 260[917 words]

(Author’s POV)

Vivian looked at Victor with a face full of expectation. Her voice held a trace of pleading.

“Victor, if you really become the heir to the Crimson family, can you let me into the core management?” she asked. “I want a seat with real power. Or at least let me run an important department independently.”

After being provoked by Amelia—tonight, Vivian’s heart was filled with unconvinced defiance. She felt that as long as she set her mind to it, she could become a strong woman like Penelope Blackwood, someone men feared and respected.

Victor hadn’t expected his sister to make such a request. He hesitated for a moment.

“Of course,” Victor lied smoothly. “As long as I hold power, you can have whatever position you want in the family business.”

But inside, his heart was cold. That would absolutely never happen. He would never allow his sister to touch core power. He worried that once she tasted authority, she would develop ambitions she shouldn’t have, just like Ronan.

Vivian didn’t notice the shadow in her brother’s eyes at all. She was immersed in the joy of his promise. She began to envision the day her brother seized the Alpha position.

Amelia pushed Theodore in his wheelchair, following Alpha Gideon into the dining room.

Butler Winston immediately signaled the kitchen to serve the dishes.

“This is the first time the three of us have sat down to eat alone,” Alpha Gideon said with a sigh.

He gestured to the table. “I kept today’s chef specifically because he excels at cooking your grandmother’s favorite dishes.”

Alpha Gideon’s eyes grew distant. “My mate came from a wolf pack in the deep South. Her tastes were heavy, and her personality was as spicy as fire. No one dared to bully her when she was young.”

As the dishes were laid out, Amelia realized it was a sumptuous feast of game meat.

There was roasted venison and stewed wild boar. Every dish used a large amount of Cajun spices and smoked peppers. The rich, spicy aroma filled the air, completely different from the usually light diet of the Northern packs.

“Grandfather only orders these dishes when he misses Grandmother,” Theodore explained quietly from the side.

Amelia cut a piece of venison and put it in her mouth.

A unique, explosive spiciness instantly burst across the tip of her tongue. It carried a rough, wild flavor that she found incredibly satisfying.

Inside Amelia’s mind, Ava licked her lips excitedly.

*“This flavor is strong enough,” the silver wolf growled. *“This is the meat a wolf should eat.”*

Taking advantage of the dinner atmosphere, Alpha Gideon decided to be honest with Amelia.

“In a top Alpha family like ours, with so many offspring, maintaining true harmony is impossible,” Gideon said, his voice grave. “Even if I don’t give the family assets to Theodore, the side branches will still harbor resentment out of jealousy or feeling slighted.”

He looked at Amelia. “I chose Celine before because I thought her so-called talent could handle the position of Luna. She was meant to assist Theodore in managing the pack. But you, Amelia, are the mate Theodore chose for himself.”

Alpha Gideon didn’t mince words.

“I never thought about changing the heir,” he admitted. “But Theodore’s crippled legs do bring immense resistance to the family.”

He paused, his gaze sharpening. “So, regarding you poisoning Vivian, I am not angry. On the contrary, I appreciate that kind of method.”

He looked straight into Amelia’s eyes. “I want to utilize your ability and your ruthlessness. I need you to help my grandson stabilize his rule.”

Theodore’s face sank immediately.

“Grandfather,” Theodore interrupted solemnly. “I can solve the family’s troubles myself. I marked Amelia because of my desire and love for her. I never thought about using her.”

Amelia felt the lingering heat in her mouth. She looked at Gideon seriously.

“Treating Theodore’s legs isn’t being utilized,” Amelia said. “I am his fiancée, but I am also a Healer. Even if he were just an ordinary patient, as long as he paid enough, I would do my best to cure him.”

She smiled suddenly, her eyes twinkling. “Besides, just thinking that Theodore’s

breath-takingly handsome face will belong completely to me in the future... I am very willing to lend a hand.”

Theodore looked at her. Her cheeks were slightly red from the spice, yet she was still cracking jokes.

He couldn’t help but be amused. His eyes filled with laughter as he looked at her.

He poured a glass of ice water and placed it near her hand.

“Eat some side dishes to cool down,” he said gently.

Amelia waved her hand. “It’s spicy, but the flavor is excellent.”

She forked another piece of meat and sent it into her mouth.

Theodore smiled helplessly but affectionately. He didn’t stop her again.

In his consciousness, the massive black wolf Logan let out a satisfied low growl. The wolf was clearly very pleased with his mate’s frankness and her obsession with them.

Alpha Gideon watched this scene with interest.

“Amelia is exactly like Theodore’s mother in this regard,” Gideon lamented.

He shook his head slightly. “Back then, Theodore’s mother fell for my useless son Theron solely because of Theron’s deceptive, handsome face.”

Amelia smiled faintly. “That is normal. It’s a primal instinct. The pursuit of beautiful appearance often ranks second, right after the need for survival.”

Alpha Gideon listened and couldn’t help but scrutinize his grandson carefully.

“Looking at it this way,” Gideon evaluated, “Theron does owe his son a lot. But perhaps the only thing he did right was passing this good appearance down to Theodore.”

Theodore revealed a faint smile. It was a smile mixed with a trace of irony and bitterness toward his father.

“Indeed,” Theodore whispered.