

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 261[972 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I didn't leave the Crimson Pack House immediately after dinner. Instead, I stayed behind, watching Theodore and Alpha Gideon play chess with great interest.

The study was quiet, but the battle between the two Alphas was intense.

Theodore leaned back in his chair, his posture lazy yet commanding. He twirled a black chess piece between his long, slender fingers. The movement was as elegant as a conductor guiding a symphony.

Under the soft, warm light, his golden eyes were focused entirely on the board. Every time he placed a piece, it was with unquestionable decisiveness.

That overwhelming Alpha aura made my heart race.

I stared at his profile, which looked as perfect as a Greek sculpture. A strong wave of possessiveness surged in my chest.

This powerful male Alpha belonged to me.

In the future, we would deepen our intimacy. We would complete the final marking.

Ava wagged her tail excitedly in my mind, letting out a satisfied low purr.

"Look at those eyes," she growled softly. *"The way he kills on that chessboard is mesmerizing. I can't wait to see him look at us like that in our den."

“*"

I bit my lower lip, trying hard to suppress the smile tugging at the corners, of my mouth.

The silence in the room was electric, charged with the power of their minds clashing.

It wasn't until ten o'clock at night that two games finally concluded.

Alpha Gideon waved his hand, signaling for Theodore to take me home.

I pushed Theodore's wheelchair out of the study and toward the main entrance.

“You were incredible back there,” I couldn’t help but say. “The way you played... I couldn’t take my eyes off you.”

Theodore chuckled softly. There was a trace of self-mockery in his tone.

“Amelia,” he asked, his voice low. “If one day my face is ruined, would you still accept me as your mate?”

It was a loaded question.

I stopped walking immediately. I moved around to the front of his wheelchair and crouched down.

I looked straight into his golden eyes with absolute honesty.

“Theodore, look at me,” I said seriously. “With your current strength, no one can easily hurt you.”

I paused, letting my words sink in.

“And even if you were disfigured, have you forgotten who I am? I am the Shadow Healer. I have the ability to restore you to perfection.”

I reached out and gently touched his hand.

“I won’t be hypocritical and say I don’t care about looks,” I admitted. “Physical attraction is often where it starts.”

I smiled faintly. “If one cannot look past the surface, there is no bridge to the soul.”

Theodore listened, the laughter in his eyes deepening.

“In that case,” he said, half-joking, “I promise to guard this face as fiercely as I guard my territory. Just to please you.”

I laughed and leaned forward, placing a soft kiss on his cheek.

“Good,” I whispered.

We moved into the night air.

“When Logan is fully recovered and your legs are healed,” I murmured near his ear, “we will start preparing for the formal mating ceremony.”

Theodore’s hand tightened slightly around mine, a silent promise in the dark.

When I returned to the Stone Pack House, it was late.

The living room lights were still blazing. Jaxon and Seraphina were sitting on the sofa, clearly waiting for me.

Seraphina was holding a tablet, showing something to Jaxon with a smile. It looked like design sketches for a formal gown—perhaps for my future ceremony.

As soon as she saw me enter, she hurriedly put the tablet away, looking a bit flustered.

“Amelia, you’re back,” Seraphina said, changing the subject stiffly. “Why did Alpha Gideon summon you so urgently?”

I walked over and leaned back against the sofa, feeling the fatigue of the day wash over me.

I didn’t hide anything.

“Vivian wanted revenge,” I said calmly. “She got Ethan to testify before Alpha Gideon, accusing me of poisoning her.”

The room went silent.

Jaxon and Seraphina’s expressions froze. A mix of shock and deep disappointment slowly spread across their faces.

“Ethan?” Jaxon asked, his voice heavy. “He actually went to the Crimson family to testify against his own sister?”

Seraphina’s eyes dimmed. “I remember when he was small. He was such a kind boy.”

She looked down at her hands. “We treated him like one of our own. We loved him.”

“Power and Adrian’s influence have changed him,” Jaxon said bitterly. “He has become cold.” They had thought that after the recent setbacks with the company, Ethan might have learned a lesson. They hoped he would restrain himself.

“Instead,” Seraphina whispered, “he stabbed his family in the back again.”

I looked at my adoptive parents. They looked older in the harsh light.

“Mom, Dad,” I said softly. “Don’t be sad.”

I offered them a small, reassuring smile.

“Because I never held high expectations for him, I’m not disappointed now,” I told them. “He is who he is.”

Seraphina sighed and shook her head, trying to shake off the gloom.

“You’re right,” she said, standing up. “Let’s not let these terrible things affect your mood. Go upstairs and rest, sweetie.”

I nodded and went to my room.

After a hot shower, I sat on the edge of my bed. I reached into my bag and carefully released Black.

The small creature slithered out, coiling comfortably on my palm.

I stroked its cool scales gently.

“Listen to me,” I commanded in a low voice. “Without my permission, do not trigger the toxin in Vivian’s body.”

Black flicked its tongue, acknowledging the order.

As I had told Theodore, this was a special biological toxin. Unless Black died, the poison could never be completely removed from Vivian’s system.

The antidote I had given her tonight was merely a suppressant.

It was like an invisible collar around her neck.

If Vivian and that violent brother of hers, Victor, could stay in line, they would be fine. If they stopped using schemes and plots against me or the Crimson family, the toxin would sleep forever.

But if they harbored evil thoughts and tried to bite back...

I stared into Black’s dark eyes.

The punishment mechanism would activate instantly, and Vivian would pay a painful price.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 262[1,038 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

The script, finally titled *The Healer's Journal*, passed the approval of the studio executives one week after submission.

It sailed through without a hitch.

Immediately, the project moved into the intense casting phase.

I handed over the heavy responsibility of casting entirely to Director Liam, who was top-tier in the industry.

I didn't interfere much.

Instead, I shifted my energy toward the production of my debut original album.

I planned for this album to contain only three high-quality singles. Quality over quantity was my new mantra.

However, just as I was focusing on my creation, trouble began brewing online.

Rumors started circulating within the pack's social media circles.

They claimed I was deliberately "shelving" Caleb Stone.

Many fans, unaware of the truth, began slamming me online.

"If Amelia won't forgive him, she should let him go!" one comment read.

"A real Alpha would be magnanimous. Holding him hostage without giving him resources is petty," another wrote.

They accused me of using my authority to suppress a pack member.

More radical music lovers chimed in, saying Caleb's voice was a treasure.

"Burying such talent is a loss for the entire werewolf music scene!"

They began flooding the comments section of Starlight Entertainment's official account.

"Free Caleb!"

"Terminate the contract!"

"Don't waste his talent!"

The pressure was mounting by the hour.

I knew exactly what was happening.

Behind these defamatory remarks was Gale Entertainment.

They were fanning the flames, trying to force my hand to release Caleb so they could poach this cash cow.

I thought of Ethan. He had betrayed me to protect himself.

I had a feeling Caleb was about to make the same choice.

Just then, my phone vibrated on the mixing desk.

It was a text from Caleb.

“Did you see the trending topics? We need to talk.”

I picked up the phone and replied coldly.

“Saw it.”

His reply came almost instantly.

“Amelia, just ask me to stay. If you do, I absolutely won’t terminate the contract. I’m even willing to post a statement clarifying that I’m voluntarily taking a hiatus. It has nothing to do with you.”

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

I typed back quickly.

“Are you threatening me?”

“No! I’m begging you,” he replied.

I tossed the phone onto the desk.

I didn’t buy it.

I knew the difference between a threat and a plea.

To me, this kind of “loyalty” that came with conditions attached was utterly worthless.

(Author’s POV)

In a plush office at Gale Entertainment, the atmosphere was tense.

Caleb stared at Amelia's cold reply on his screen.

His heart felt like it was being torn apart by wolf claws.

Sitting across from him was Zachary.

Although Zachary was still nominally a manager at Starlight, he had clearly aligned himself with the opposition, just like Ethan.

Seeing Caleb's distress, Zachary smiled. It was the look of a man whose scheme was working.

"Well?" Zachary asked, leaning back. "Any sign of reconciliation?"

Caleb remained silent. His expression was gloomy and defeated.

Zachary saw his opening and began his gaslighting.

"Caleb, don't you get it yet?"

Zachary's voice took on a seductive, inciting tone.

"Begging like an abandoned puppy is useless. It won't work on her."

He leaned forward, lowering his voice conspiratorially.

"She is a powerful Alpha now. Women like her need to be dominated, not begged."

Caleb looked up, his eyes confused.

"Dominated?"

"Yes," Zachary pressed. "The only way to get Amelia to accept you again is to become stronger than her. You must become an existence she cannot ignore."

Zachary gestured vaguely with his hand.

"Think about Celine. Why did she suck up to you brothers for so long? It was because she thought you were strong. She thought you could bring her glory."

Caleb's eyes flickered.

He began to rethink the relationship.

Zachary was right.

In this dog-eat-dog world, weakness was a sin.

Only if he became powerful—if he became an A-list superstar—would Amelia look back at him.

Only then would he have equal footing.

Caleb clenched his fists.

“I understand,” he said, his voice hardening.

He made up his mind.

“I’ll go to Starlight Entertainment this afternoon to terminate the contract. Then I’ll sign with Gale.”

Zachary nodded with satisfaction.

“Smart choice,” he said. “I’ll have the legal team prepare the contract immediately.”

Later that afternoon at Starlight Entertainment.

Amelia had just finished her recording session.

Anya knocked on the studio door and poked her head in.

“Miss Stone,” Anya said nervously. “Caleb is here. I’ve put him in the waiting room.”

Amelia nodded. She took a sip of water to soothe her throat.

Then she stood up and walked to the meeting room.

She pushed the door open.

Caleb immediately stood up from his chair.

His eyes were urgent.

“The text wasn’t enough,” he said quickly. “I wanted to talk face-to-face.”

He looked at Amelia, his voice trembling slightly.

“Are you really not going to forgive me? Are you dead set on shelving me?”

Amelia didn’t answer his question directly.

She leaned against the doorframe, scrutinizing him.

”

“Those rumors online,” she said calmly. “Did you authorize them? Was the goal to force the company to promote you?”

Caleb shook his head vigorously.

“No! I didn’t!”

But even as he denied it, he knew how it looked.

In the current situation, his explanation sounded flimsy.

“Whether you did it personally or not,” Amelia said, cutting through his defence, “the ultimate beneficiary is you. So you can’t claim innocence.”

Caleb’s face fell. He looked deeply hurt.

“Amelia, I’m serious,” he said, stepping forward eagerly.

“If you are willing to put aside your prejudice against me... if you accept me like before, I am still willing to stay at Starlight Entertainment.”

He gestured with his hands, trying to emphasize his sincerity.

“I will continue to write songs. I will work hard for you. Everything I said before still counts.”

He looked into her cold blue eyes.

“No matter how much money I make, I will give it all to you. Consider it compensation for the past.”

Amelia didn’t even pause to think.

“I am also serious, Caleb,” she said coldly. “I don’t need you to earn money for me.”

She didn’t need charity built on guilt.

Caleb froze.

A bitter smile slowly appeared on the corners of his mouth.

He looked at the woman in front of him.

She used to be his familiar sister, but now she felt like a stranger.

Her attitude was as hard as iron.

He realized that no amount of persuasion would change her mind.

Silence stretched between them in the small room.

Finally, Caleb took a deep breath.

He seemed to make a major decision.

He raised his head and looked Amelia in the eye.

“Since that’s the case,” he said, his voice steady, “then about what you said regarding terminating the contract... we can talk about the buyout.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 263[955 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I cut him off without hesitation.

“I gave you a chance before,” I said coldly. “When I wanted to terminate the contract with you back then, you refused. So forget it.”

I leaned back in my chair, crossing my arms.

“You want to leave now? Fine. Wait until the contract expires.”

Back when I trusted Ethan implicitly, Caleb had signed a ten-year contract with Starlight.

It was practically a slave contract.

Only two years had passed. There were still eight full years left.

For an artist in his prime, being shelved for eight years meant one thing.

Career suicide.

In the depths of my consciousness, Ava let out a low, pleased purr.

She was delighted to see the person who had once hurt us now falling into such despair.

Caleb lowered his posture, his voice thick with pleading.

“Please, Amelia. Just let me go. I swear I will never pester you for forgiveness again.”

I just smiled contemptuously.

“I offered you a free termination to cut ties completely, and you refused,” I mocked. “Now that you realize Celine is a fraud, you start to regret it?”

“It’s too late.”

I leaned forward, clasping my hands on the desk.

“If you want to forcibly terminate the contract, according to the terms, you must pay a penalty of ten million.”

I paused, scrutinizing him from head to toe.

“And as far as I know, your current financial situation can’t cover that.”

Caleb’s face instantly turned pale.

Bitterness filled his eyes.

He really couldn’t bring out that kind of money.

After two years since his debut, he only had three million left in savings.

The other nearly ten million had been spent satisfying Celine’s vanity.

And that woman had secretly used that money to support her greedy biological father, Chuck

Haden.

The Stone brothers had been fleeced like fools.

Watching his pathetic state, I decided to twist the knife.

“Since Gale Entertainment wants to poach you, why not ask Arthur York to pay this money for you?”

Caleb looked up in shock.

He couldn't believe I knew about his plan to jump ship to our competitor.

"You are just as hypocritical as Ethan," I sneered. "You say you want to make amends, but for profit, you betray me without hesitation."

"I had no choice!" Caleb argued weakly, his face draining of color.

"I have to become strong. Only if I make a name for myself will I be worthy of your forgiveness."

He gritted his teeth.

"I will find a way to get the ten million."

With that, he turned and fled the office in a sorry state.

After Caleb left, I took out my phone.

I posted on social media that the recording was finished.

Fans flooded the comments section instantly.

They praised my talent and expressed high expectations for the soundtrack of *The Healer's Journal*.

However, Caleb's stans were lurking like sharks circling in the water.

They began calculating maliciously in the comments.

"She's deliberately shelving Caleb to steal his work!"

"Free Caleb!"

I looked at these comments and scoffed.

I didn't hold back.

I directly pinned the nastiest comments and clapped back with sharp, biting replies.

I pulled no punches against these trolls.

Just then, Director Liam called.

"Amelia, I have news. Gale Entertainment is looking for a male lead for their new show. They are deciding between the rising star Jasper and the scandal-free Movie King, Yves."

My eyes narrowed.

I knew Yves. In the future, he would be exposed for a horrific scandal.

“Guide them,” I said calmly. “Make sure they sign Yves.”

I needed to save Jasper from that sinking ship.

Hanging up, I looked at the dossier from my private investigator.

I dialed Jade York’s number.

“Miss York,” I said the moment the call connected. “Your father, Alpha Arthur York, has an illegitimate son.”

“He is about to enter Gale Entertainment to take over the company.”

There was silence on the other end.

This was a massive threat to Jade, the eldest daughter.

“If you don’t want to lose your inheritance,” I threatened coldly, “you will do exactly as I say.”

(Author’s POV)

Caleb walked out of the Starlight Entertainment building in a daze.

He didn’t contact Gale Entertainment immediately about the penalty money.

The shame of having Amelia see through him so completely paralyzed him.

He sat in his car, gripping the steering wheel.

Compelled by some instinct, he dialed his eldest brother, Ethan.

The phone rang for a long time before connecting.

“Hello?”

Ethan’s voice was hoarse and low.

He sounded completely drunk and decadent.

“I did it again, Caleb,” Ethan mumbled, laughing self-deprecatingly. “I stabbed Amelia in the back again. I’m a hopeless case.”

Caleb's heart tightened.

He sensed that Ethan was on the verge of an emotional collapse.

"Stay there, I'm coming," Caleb said.

He hung up and immediately drove toward the cheap apartment Ethan had rented after being kicked out of the family home.

It was in a rundown community on the edge of the city.

The environment was noisy and chaotic.

Caleb rushed

up the stairs and banged heavily on the door.

"Ethan! Open up!"

The noise was so loud that the female neighbor next door opened her door to complain.

"Keep it down!" she yelled.

She looked at Caleb, finding him familiar, like someone she had seen on TV, but she didn't recognize him.

Inside Caleb, his wolf Noah was pacing anxiously.

Just as he was about to break down the flimsy wooden door, the lock clicked.

The door opened from the inside.

Caleb froze at the sight before him.

Ethan, once the high-and-mighty Alpha who always wore bespoke suits, looked like a wreck.

His hair was a mess, like a rat's nest.

Dark circles under his eyes were so deep it looked like he hadn't slept in days.

A pungent smell of cheap alcohol mixed with the scent of decay wafted out from the room.

It assaulted Caleb's nose.

Caleb looked past Ethan's gaunt shoulders.

The small coffee table inside was piled high with empty beer and liquor bottles.

Takeout boxes were scattered all over the floor.

A wave of indescribable sadness washed over Caleb.

Was this really his brother?

Caleb didn't say a word.

He walked straight inside and slammed the door shut behind him, blocking the prying eyes from the hallway.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 264[1,168 words]

Caleb's POV)

The air in the cheap apartment was thick with the stench of mold and stale alcohol.

I stood in the center of the cramped living room, staring down at the coffee table.

It was littered with empty bottles, leaving no space for anything else.

My gaze shifted to the man slumped on the stained sofa.

Ethan looked nothing like the powerful CEO of Starlight Media.

He looked like a vagrant.

"Why are you doing this to yourself?" I asked, my voice trembling with suppressed anger and confusion.

"Look at you, Ethan. You're drinking yourself to death."

Ethan didn't move.

His eyes were unfocused, staring blankly at the peeling ceiling.

His hand clutched a half-empty bottle of cheap spirits as if it were a lifeline.

“It’s the only thing that helps,” he rasped, his voice sounding like sandpaper rubbing against stone.

He took a swig, grimacing as the liquid burned his throat.

“The poison... Amelia’s poison... it’s not just physical pain, Caleb.”

He shuddered violently.

“It feels like a curse on my wolf blood. I can feel my life draining away, drop by drop.”

He laughed, a hollow, broken sound that sent shivers down my spine.

“She really wants me dead. Our little sister is cold-blooded.”

“What about the plan?” I pressed, trying to get through to him. “We have to figure out a way to pay the penalty. We have to survive this.”

Ethan shook his head slowly, despair etched into every line of his face.

“There is no plan.”

“Pull yourself together!” I shouted, stepping closer. “You can’t just give up!”

“Give up?”

Ethan suddenly sat up, his movement jerky and violent.

He smashed the bottle in his hand against the floor.

Crash!

Glass shards flew everywhere, glittering dangerously in the dim light.

“You think I want to be like this?” he roared, his eyes bloodshot and wild.

“If it wasn’t for you... if I hadn’t tried to help you vent your anger for Celine, that lying fraud, I wouldn’t be here!”

He pointed a shaking finger at me.

“I targeted Amelia because you were upset! And now look at me! I’m rotting in this hole!”

His words hit me like a physical blow to the stomach.

I staggered back slightly.

Inside me, my wolf, Noah, let out a low, whimpering whine.

The guilt was suffocating.

He was right.

It was my blind loyalty to Celine that had started this chain reaction.

I looked at the mess on the floor and the broken man in front of me.

“I’m sorry,” I whispered, clenching my jaw.

“Just hold on a little longer, Ethan. Please.”

I took a deep breath, trying to steady my shaking hands.

“I’ll go to Grandpa Alaric. I’ll beg him on my knees if I have to. It’s our last hope.”

I checked the time.

I had a meeting at Gale Entertainment this afternoon to discuss my contract termination and transfer.

I couldn’t leave Ethan alone in this state.

I pulled out my phone and dialed our mother, Livia.

“Mom, I need you to come to Ethan’s place. Now.”

After hanging up, I started clearing away some of the trash.

I looked at Ethan, who had collapsed back onto the sofa, eyes closed.

My heart was a knot of complex, contradictory emotions.

We were so arrogant before.

If we hadn’t tampered with Amelia’s brakes that day... if we hadn’t tried to kill her... maybe there would still be a chance for redemption.

A knock sounded at the door.

I opened it to reveal Livia.

She was dressed in an expensive designer suit that looked ridiculous in this rundown hallway.

She rushed in, her nose wrinkling at the smell.

When she saw Ethan, she let out a shriek.

“My poor boy!”

She rushed to his side, tears instantly welling up.

“Look what that ungrateful viper has done to you!” she screamed, her voice shrill. “Amelia is a monster! How could she do this to her own brother?”

“Stop it,” I said coldly.

Livia froze, looking at me in shock.

“We did this to ourselves, Mom,” I said, my voice devoid of emotion. “We are reaping what we sowed.”

Livia started to sob loudly.

I felt a wave of exhaustion wash over me.

“Just take care of him,” I said, putting on my sunglasses. “I have to go.”

I walked out of the apartment, pulling the door shut on her weeping.

As I headed for the stairs, a woman’s voice called out from the neighboring unit.

“Hey! Are you Caleb Stone?”

The neighbor woman rushed toward me, her face flushed with excitement. “I knew it! Can I get an autograph?”

“You have the wrong person,” I muttered.

I pulled my cap lower, hiding my face, and hurried down the stairs without looking back.

Leaving that suffocating slum behind, I drove toward the city center.

Gale Entertainment’s headquarters loomed ahead, a towering structure of glass and steel.

It was the rival territory, but I had no choice.

I walked into the lobby, trying to keep a low profile.

“I’m looking for Manager Zachary Grant,” I told the receptionist.

Click, click, click.

The sharp sound of high heels approached from behind.

“Well, look who it is.”

I stiffened.

I knew that voice.

Jade York.

I turned around to see her standing there, arms crossed over her chest.

Her eyes were filled with unmasked disdain.

“Why is the second young master of the Stone family gracing us with his presence?” she sneered.

“Are you here to betray your family? Or are you just here to beg for charity like a dog?”

“This has nothing to do with you, Jade,” I said coldly.

She laughed, a cruel, biting sound.

“Oh, but it does. It’s pathetic to see you like this.”

She took a step closer, her perfume overpowering.

“You’re not a young master anymore, Caleb. You’re just a homeless rogue kicked out by your own pack.”

“Mr. Stone? Manager Grant is expecting you on the twelfth floor,” the receptionist interrupted nervously.

I didn’t spare Jade another glance.

I turned and walked toward the elevators.

Just as the doors were sliding shut, a hand blocked them.

Jade stepped inside, a smirk playing on her lips.

The elevator ride was agonizingly slow.

The air inside felt solid, heavy with hostility.

I stared straight ahead at the metal doors, refusing to acknowledge her presence.

Ding.

The doors opened on the twelfth floor.

I stepped out immediately, eager to get away from her toxic energy.

“Mutt.”

The word was spoken clearly, loud enough for everyone in the hallway to hear.

My steps faltered.

Inside me, Noah roared in anger, clawing at my chest, wanting to tear her throat out.

I stopped and slowly turned around.

My eyes locked onto hers, cold and dangerous.

“Say that again,” I growled, my voice low.

Jade stepped out of the elevator, flipping her hair casually.

She looked completely unfazed by my anger.

“Why? Did I say something wrong?” she asked innocently.

She walked up to me, her heels clicking rhythmically.

“You are a pathetic worm who was kicked out of the pack by your own sister. A dog without a home is a mutt.”

She emphasized every word, savoring the insult.

I clenched my fists so hard my nails dug into my palms, drawing blood.

It took every ounce of my willpower not to shift right there and attack her.

But I needed this deal.

I forced myself to breathe.

“Don’t be too arrogant, Jade,” I warned, my voice icy.

“Just because you’re Griffin’s future mate doesn’t mean you’re untouchable.”

I stepped closer, looming over her.

“In this circle, things change in the blink of an eye. You’d better be careful not to burn bridges before you’ve even crossed the river.”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 265[1,043 words]

(Author’s POV)

At the mention of Griffin’s name, Jade’s expression instantly turned frosty.

She crossed her arms, the corners of her mouth curling into a sneer.

“This has nothing to do with Griffin.”

She took a step closer, her gaze sharp as a knife.

“I look down on you simply because of who you are, Caleb Stone.”

Her voice dripped with venom.

“You ignored your own flesh and blood—a sister who suffered for twenty years—just to be played like a fool by that impostor, Celine.”

Caleb flinched as if struck physically.

“You even hurt your own family for an adopted daughter,” Jade continued relentlessly. “And the result? You were kicked out of the Stone River Pack and left with nothing.”

She looked him up and down with open disgust.

“And now, here you are, crawling to Gale Entertainment with your tail between your legs.”

She scoffed.

“Begging for scraps like a stray dog, betraying your family’s own company. Caleb, you are a massive joke.”

With that, she didn’t even bother to spare him another glance.

She shoved past him and clicked her heels down the right corridor.

Caleb stumbled before regaining his balance.

Inside him, his inner wolf, Noah, let out a pained whimper, curling into a ball of misery.

He slowly unclenched his fists, his fingernails stinging his palms where they had broken the skin.

Jade was right; he was a joke.

But he didn’t have time for self-pity.

He had to become a star again.

Only by standing at the very top could he force Amelia to look at him again.

With a do-or-die determination, Caleb turned and strode into the office of the business manager, Zachary Grant.

He didn’t hide anything.

“If I terminate my contract with Starlight Entertainment, I will need to pay a massive penalty fee,” Caleb confessed, his voice hoarse.

Zachary listened, a look of difficulty crossing his face.

He sat back in his large leather chair, drumming his fingers on the desk.

“That’s not a small amount,” Zachary said slowly. “I’ll have to ask for Alpha Arthur York’s approval.”

He paused, looking at Caleb meaningfully.

“Caleb, you need to understand your position.”

Zachary leaned forward, his eyes narrowing.

“When you see the Chairman later, your attitude needs to be... correct. You must show a desperate determination to succeed, a willingness to be obedient at all costs.”

Hearing the implication that he needed to beg, Caleb felt a wave of humiliation wash over him.

It felt as if someone had stepped hard on his tail.

But for his only chance to turn things around, he gritted his teeth and lowered his head.

“I understand.”

Zachary led Caleb to the Chairman’s office.

The spacious room held not only Alpha Arthur York but also Jade, whom he had met in the hallway.

Beside Arthur stood an arrogant-looking young man—Arthur’s illegitimate son, Hugh York.

Zachary reported Caleb’s situation and the need for ten million in breach of contract fees.

She glanced coldly at Caleb.

“His reputation is in the gutter,” she spat. “He’s not worth that kind of investment.”

Caleb felt a heavy weight settle in his chest.

Arthur frowned, evidently thinking the deal wasn’t worth it either.

However, the young man named Hugh offered a dissenting opinion.

He looked at Caleb with arrogance, then turned to Arthur.

“Father, I think he has potential.”

Hugh smirked.

“Isn’t Amelia announcing a new song release? If we can make Caleb a star, we can really stick it to Starlight Entertainment and steal that woman’s thunder.”

Zachary seized the opportunity to agree.

“Chairman, with proper management, the future returns would far exceed ten million.”

Under Zachary’s hinting gaze, Caleb swallowed the last of his pride as an Alpha’s son.

He bowed his head deeply.

“Alpha Arthur, please give me a chance. I won’t let you down.”

Zachary then proposed the terms.

“All of Caleb’s initial earnings will go to paying off the penalty,” Zachary stated. “After that, the company takes eighty percent, and Caleb takes twenty.”

It was an extremely harsh slave contract.

Hearing his son and manager’s analysis, coupled with the guaranteed profit split, Arthur was swayed,

He nodded, agreeing to pay the penalty.

“Fine,” Arthur announced on the spot. “I’ve arranged for Hugh to join the company management. From now on, all of Caleb’s affairs will be handled by Hugh.”

Arthur looked at his illegitimate son with approval.

“Consider it a test of Hugh’s management skills.”

Jade’s face changed dramatically.

She couldn’t help but ask, “Father, what about me?”

Arthur waved his hand impatiently, his tone dismissive.

“You’re about to marry Griffin. Just focus on being a trophy Luna; you don’t need to worry about these trivial company matters.”

Hugh looked at Jade triumphantly.

“Yeah, sister,” he mocked. “You should stay out of the limelight. You wouldn’t want to embarrass the family.”

A flash of intense unwillingness and anger passed through Jade’s eyes.

But she didn’t argue further.

Instead, she took a deep breath and stiffly changed the subject.

“Has the male lead for the new drama been decided?”

Arthur leaned back in his chair, speaking casually.

“The director is still hesitating between Jasper and Yves.”

Caleb knew both names well.

Jasper was talented but had a volatile temper and had reportedly offended people, leading to his suppression in the industry.

Yves, on the other hand, was an award-winning superstar with an impeccable reputation and zero scandals.

Arthur looked at Jade and asked offhandedly, “What do you think?”

Surprisingly, Jade spoke up with conviction.

“I recommend Jasper.”

She met her father’s gaze steadily.

“Although he has a bad temper, his acting has more explosive power and fits the character better.”

Although Caleb felt choosing Yves was the safer bet, he had to admit Jasper had talent.

Arthur nodded noncommittally.

“I’ll pass your opinion on to the director.”

Afterward, Zachary led Caleb out of the office, reminding him once again to produce results.

Caleb looked at the man who had once been just a manager at Starlight.

Now, Zachary looked down on him with charity.

Caleb felt a profound sense of desolation and helplessness.

After leaving the Gale Entertainment building, Jade got into her car.

She immediately dialed Amelia’s number.

As soon as the call connected, she suppressed her rage.

“Amelia, you were right,” Jade said, her knuckles white on the steering wheel. “That old bastard really let his bastard son into the management and plans to hand the company over to him! I can’t stand this!”

She took a deep breath to calm herself before continuing.

“So, I just did as you instructed and told my father I wanted Jasper as the male lead.”

Jade frowned, staring at the dashboard.

“But will my father really choose Jasper?”

A light, confident laugh came from the other end of the line.

“Of course not.”

Jade frowned, confused.

“Then why did you have me recommend him?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 266[893 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

“Because the person I really want your father to choose is someone else.”

I held the phone, my tone calm but radiating the confidence of someone in total control.

Jade on the other end was clearly confused.

I revealed the answer: “Yves.”

There was a sharp intake of breath from the other end of the line.

“Yves?” Jade’s voice rose in disbelief. “But he’s the reigning king of cinema! His image is perfect, and he has countless fans. Why would you want-”

I let out a cold laugh, cutting her off.

“Exactly. As you said, your half-brother Hugh York’s only pleasure is to oppose anything you suggest just to spite you.”

I leaned back in my chair, tracing the edge of my desk with one finger.

“Since you strongly recommended Jasper, in order to suppress you, he will definitely suggest Alpha Arthur choose Yves.”

My voice dropped lower, carrying a hint of danger.

“But I know Yves’s secrets. That so-called perfect actor is actually a ticking time bomb.”

I paused, letting the weight of my words sink in.

“He is hiding skeletons in his closet that are enough to destroy his career. Once he becomes the male lead of Gale Entertainment’s new drama, when this bomb detonates, the entire

show and even the Gale Pack’s entertainment industry will suffer a heavy blow.”

Jade was silent for a moment.

Although she didn’t understand why Yves’s filth hadn’t been exposed yet, she chose to trust me unconditionally given my certain tone.

Before confirming the final step of the plan, my voice became serious.

“Jade, have you really thought this through? Taking this step might cause Gale heavy losses.”

I hesitated, then added quietly, “After all, this was your mother’s life’s work.”

There was silence on the other end of the line for a long moment.

Then Jade’s voice came through, suppressing pain.

“My mother exhausted herself for the Pack’s industry. She worked herself into an early grave, only to pass away with hatred when that bastard Hugh and his mistress mother aggravated her condition.”

Her voice cracked slightly.

“On her deathbed, she transferred her shares to me. Her only wish was that the company must never fall into the hands of that illegitimate son.”

Jade’s tone hardened into steel.

“If I can’t have it, I’d rather destroy it with my own hands than let my enemies reap the rewards.”

Given Jade’s determination, I proposed the terms of cooperation.

“After the deed is done, you’ll sell your shares in Gale Entertainment to me at market price.”

Jade understood I intended to acquire the company.

But for the sake of revenge and to walk away unscathed, she readily agreed.

“Deal.”

Finally, I reminded her of one more thing.

“Griffin has already taken Celine away. Your previous actions might have aroused his suspicion, so you must remain vigilant about that dangerous man’s movements.”

Jade felt a long-lost warmth at my reminder.

“Thank you, Amelia. I’ll assist in gathering evidence of Griffin’s crimes.”

(Author’s POV)

In the Chairman’s office at Gale Entertainment, the situation developed exactly as Amelia had predicted.

When only Alpha Arthur York and his illegitimate son Hugh York remained in the office, Hugh immediately expressed strong opposition to Jade’s proposed male lead. He didn’t attack Jasper based on acting skills or commercial value.

Instead, he cleverly exploited Arthur’s extreme emphasis on the marriage alliance with the

Drake Pack.

Hugh looked worried, poisoning his mind with whispered insinuations.

“Father, why does Sister insist on recommending Jasper? I’m worried she has personal feelings for him.”

He leaned forward, his expression grave.

“You know Griffin is an extremely possessive man. If he misunderstands that there’s something going on between Sister and the male lead, causing the marriage alliance between our two families to fail, we will lose the Drake Pack’s investment and protection.”

Alpha Arthur’s face darkened.

He knew deep down that the Gale Pack was currently a house of cards, outwardly strong but internally weak.

They desperately needed the financial backing and shield of the Drake Pack.

He couldn't afford to offend that madman at this critical moment.

He listened to Hugh's provocation, believing this son was looking out for the pack's interests.

"You're right to be concerned," Arthur said decisively. "We'll reconsider the male lead. Hugh, investigate Jasper thoroughly."

In reality, he had already fallen into the reverse psychology trap Amelia had designed.

He was now leaning towards choosing the seemingly safe Yves.

Looking at his "loyal" son, Arthur even began to envision a perfect future.

His daughter would marry into a wealthy family, and his son would successfully take over the business.

He was completely oblivious to the crisis he was about to face.

(Amelia's POV)

After hanging up the phone with Jade, I immediately contacted Silas.

"Investigate Alpha Arthur York and Hugh York thoroughly," I ordered coldly into the phone. "I want all their dirty secrets. Make sure to dig up explosive material that can ruin their reputations."

After arranging everything, I leaned back in my chair to rest my eyes.

Suddenly, the vibration of my phone broke the silence.

It was a text message from Caleb Stone.

In the message, he seemed triumphant, showing off that Gale Entertainment was willing to pay his high termination fee.

He confidently declared that he was about to become a huge star.

Finally, he provocatively asked if I regretted letting go of his cash cow.

I looked at the text on the screen.

Inside me, Ava let out a snort of disdain in my consciousness, as if mocking a stray dog that didn't know it was about to die.

A sneer of ridicule curled up on the corner of my mouth.

My fingers tapped quickly on the screen as I replied: [Congratulations on digging your own grave.]

c 267

Finally, Alaric relented.

“I’ll return home in a while to attend Amelia’s birthday banquet. I’ll try to bring it up then, but I can’t guarantee she’ll agree.”

Hearing these words, hope rekindled in my eyes.

I firmly believed that once Grandfather spoke up, Amelia would have to compromise to maintain the family’s surface harmony.

(Amelia’s POV)

I didn’t waste my thoughts on that pathetic clown Caleb.

Instead, I devoted myself entirely to the pack’s various projects.

Near the end of the workday, Liam excitedly knocked on my office door, waving a document in his hand.

“Amelia, I’ve finalized the male lead candidate. It’s Wayne.”

Secretary Anya, standing nearby, was so surprised she nearly spilled her coffee cup.

Liam explained that Wayne had once been a top star in the film industry, but three years ago he was involved in a serious car accident.

Rumors said the female assistant who died in the car was his secret lover, and he had a legitimate girlfriend supporting him behind the scenes.

This scandal destroyed Wayne’s reputation, and he completely disappeared from the entertainment industry.

Despite this, Liam insisted that Wayne’s weathered eyes and temperament best matched the script’s character requirements.

Moreover, relying on years of intuition, he believed there was something suspicious about the incident back then.

Wayne didn't seem like an ungrateful scumbag.

I pondered for a moment, worried this might be a weakness my opponent Griffin could exploit.

I needed to investigate thoroughly first.

After seeing Liam out, I immediately opened my computer to review all the news reports about Wayne's car accident from that year.

It smelled of blood and jealousy.

Instead of anger, a deep, guttural laugh erupted from my chest.

Yes! Logan roared in my mind, practically vibrating with excitement. *She is our Luna! Only she is worthy of us!*

Her ruthlessness didn't repel me. It called to the predator inside me.

I typed out a reply quickly.

I promise, you will never get the chance to use that poison.

I set the phone down, a satisfied smile lingering on my lips.

No matter how many temptations the outside world offered, Amelia's dangerous charm was the only thing that could hold me.

She was lethal. And I was addicted.

(Amelia's POV)

The next morning, the sunlight streamed coldly into my office at Starlight Entertainment.

It was ten o'clock when the door opened.

Anya walked in, followed by a dispirited Caleb and a strutting Zachary.

Caleb wore casual clothes that looked slept-in, his usual polished idol image completely gone.

He kept his head down, avoiding eye contact.

Zachary, on the other hand, was dressed in a stiff, expensive suit that didn't quite fit his frame.

He had the classic expression of a smug upstart who had suddenly found himself with a bit of power.

As soon as he stepped inside, Zachary looked around the office with exaggerated disdain.

"My, my," he tutted, shaking his head. "This place has changed."

"It feels so strange to be back," Zachary said, making snide remarks as he ran a finger over a leather chair.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 268[1,033 words]

(Amelia's POV)

"Grandfather, are you planning to let Adrian's family move back to the Pack House?"

My voice was cold, instantly stripping away the warmth that had filled the dining room just moments ago.

Beside me, the gentle clinking of silverware against china ceased abruptly.

Jaxon and Seraphina exchanged a worried glance, their heads lowering as they silently sipped their soup, afraid to break the sudden tension.

The atmosphere shifted from cozy to suffocating in a heartbeat.

Seraphina's hand trembled slightly, and her spoon clinked sharply against the edge of her porcelain bowl.

Jaxon frowned deeply, his steel-grey eyes darkening with thoughtful concern.

Deep in the back of my mind, Ava began to pace anxiously.

My silver wolf let out a low, vibrating growl, transmitting waves of intense rejection and anger through our bond.

They tried to destroy us, Ava hissed in my thoughts. *Do not let those wolves back into our territory.*

On the other end of the line, Alpha Alaric sighed heavily.

“Amelia, I do not intend for them to live there permanently,” he explained, his voice sounding older and more weary than I remembered.

“But I am an old man now. As the Alpha of this family, I wish to see our bloodline united while I still have breath in my lungs.”

He paused, waiting for a reaction I refused to give.

“Since I am returning to the Pack House,” Alaric continued, “I want Adrian, Ethan, and Caleb to attend a family dinner. I want us to break bread like a normal Pack.”

I tightened my grip on the phone, my knuckles turning white.

I understood the hidden meaning behind the old Alpha’s words immediately.

He wanted me to prioritize the pack’s reputation over my own trauma.

He was asking for a performance of forgiveness, a facade of peace to maintain the family’s public image.

“I understand, Grandfather,” I said, my voice devoid of any real emotion. “I will come to the airport to pick you up.”

I hung up the phone and placed it gently on the table.

“What did he say?” Seraphina asked, her eyes filled with maternal concern.

I calmly relayed Alaric’s arrangement for the family dinner.

“That is absurd!” Seraphina slammed her cutlery down, her face flushing with sudden anger.

“Adrian and Livia didn’t just neglect you; they plotted a car accident to kill you for profit!” she cried out, her voice trembling with rage.

“How can a simple dinner erase that kind of hatred? Does Alaric think we are fools?”

She looked at me, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears and fierce protectiveness.

“Amelia, you don’t have to do this. If you don’t want to face those hypocrites, go to the Crimson Moon Pack.”

“Find Theodore,” she urged. “Hide in his territory. Jaxon and I will handle everything here.”

I picked up my knife and sliced through the roasted venison on my plate with precise, deliberate movements.

“It doesn’t matter what schemes Alaric has in mind,” I said, my tone flat and even.

“As long as the control of Stone Botanicals and Starlight Entertainment remains in my hands, their little play of ‘happy family’ cannot hurt me.”

I took a bite, chewing slowly.

“They can act however they want. Without power, they are just noise.”

Jaxon set down his wine glass, the red liquid rippling with the force of his movement.

“We support whatever decision you make, Amelia,” he said firmly.

“If you don’t want to attend, don’t. If it embarrasses the old Alpha, then so be it.”

He looked at me, his expression softening into a sad, understanding smile.

“I know you have built a hard armor around your heart to survive all those years alone,” Jaxon said gently.

“But you don’t always have to be so strong. Not with us.”

I felt a lump form in my throat, but I forced it down, focusing on my meal.

After dinner, I needed fresh air to clear my head.

I went to the backyard, tending to the patch of Moonflowers and medicinal herbs I had planted.

The cool night air soothed the burning frustration in my chest as I checked the soil moisture.

After showering and washing away the day’s stress, I returned to my bedroom.

I sat on the edge of the bed and video-called Theodore.

The screen lit up, revealing his face.

He had clearly just stepped out of the shower.

Wet strands of jet-black hair clung to his forehead, dripping water down his neck.

His golden eyes were intense, glowing with a predatory depth under the warm room lighting.

“How is the search going?” I asked, skipping the pleasantries.

Theodore shook his head, a look of frustration crossing his handsome features.

“Still nothing,” he admitted, his voice low.

“Even the Shadow Alliance’s intelligence network hasn’t found a trace,” I said, leaning back against my pillows.

“Theodore, stop wasting time searching blindly.”

I looked him in the eye through the screen.

“Target your father, Theron, directly. He knows where your brother is.”

“I can provide a special neurotoxin,” I offered, my voice lowering to a conspiratorial whisper. “It stimulates the nerve centers. It can make the most stubborn werewolf spill the truth.”

Theodore frowned slightly, shaking his head.

“No poison,” he said, his voice firm.

“I will search the country for one more week. If there is still no news, I will handle Theron my way.”

His eyes hardened, flashing with cold resolve.

“I won’t let my brother suffer any longer. I will use an Alpha’s method to pry Theron’s mouth open.”

I nodded, respecting his decision.

“Grandfather Alaric called tonight,” I said, shifting the topic.

I told him about the demand for me to forgive Adrian’s family for the sake of the dinner.

“It feels like betrayal,” I confessed, picking at a loose thread on my blanket. “They want to whitewash the past for the sake of ‘family interests’.”

Theodore listened quietly, his expression unreadable.

“From an Alpha’s perspective, maintaining the integrity of the bloodline is instinct,” he analyzed coldly.

“But you shouldn’t let this emotional blackmail affect you.”

He leaned closer to the camera, his gaze piercing.

“You hold the core power and wealth now, Amelia. In the face of absolute power, those fake family ties are worthless.”

“Emotions are the most useless things when you are at the top,” he stated with brutal rationality.

I raised an eyebrow at his words.

A playful, slightly dangerous smile curled on my lips.

I looked at the man on the screen, who radiated dominance even from a wheelchair.

“Oh? Theodore, following your logic,” I drawled.

“Since feelings are fragile before realistic interests, does that mean even our mate bond is meaningless?”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 269[1,248 words]

(Theodore’s POV)

Amelia’s question hung in the air between us, sharp and challenging.

“Since feelings are fragile before realistic interests, does that mean even our mate bond is meaningless?”

I looked at her image on the screen, my expression remaining perfectly calm.

I did not panic at her interrogation.

“Amelia, I am an Alpha,” I said, my voice steady and low.

“But even I cannot guarantee what the landscape of our world will look like in ten years.”

I leaned back in my wheelchair, water from my wet hair dripping onto my bare shoulders. “We live in a dog-eat-dog world,” I continued brutally. “Alliances shift. Packs rise and fall.” “The only thing that remains eternal is the power you hold in your own hands.”

I looked deep into her sapphire eyes, ensuring she understood my sincerity.

“So, right now, while I love you the most, you must grab everything I can give you.”

“Take the resources. Take the connections. Secure every benefit you can from me.”

“Do not just settle for a so-called true heart,” I advised her cold-heartedly. “Hearts can change. Assets do not.”

Amelia stared at me for a moment, and then a slow smile spread across her face.

“You are right,” she said without hesitation.

“I can take risks with my emotions, Theodore. But I will never retreat when it comes to my profits.”

Deep within my mind, Logan let out a low rumble of approval.

She is strong, my wolf growled, pacing with satisfaction. *She understands the hunt.*

He appreciated this female’s sobriety and ambition. She was not a weak she-wolf looking for protection; she was a queen building her own empire.

“Do you think I am too rational?” Amelia asked, a hint of self-mockery in her tone. “Too cold for a mate?” “What is wrong with being rational?” I countered immediately.

“At least it ensures you can protect yourself when the world turns against you.”

I leaned closer to the camera lens.

“To be honest, Amelia, it is exactly that clear, calculating head of yours that I am obsessed with.”

Amelia laughed softly, the tension dissolving.

“Alright, Mr. Rational,” she teased. “Your leg is still healing. Go to sleep.”

“Goodnight, Amelia,” I said.

The video call ended, and the screen went black.

I stared at the dark phone in my hand, silence rushing back into the room.

A sudden, indescribable emptiness welled up in my chest.

Despite my logical words, the mate bond was a primal force I couldn’t simply intellectualize away.

I wanted her here. I wanted to pull her into my arms and bury my face in her scent.

Just as I was about to turn off the bedside lamp, my phone vibrated.

It was a message from Amelia.

I unlocked the screen and read her words.

I changed my mind. I can’t afford to lose out emotionally either.

If you dare to betray me after marking me, or if you ever fall for another she-wolf...

I scrolled down to read the rest of her text.

I will personally break your legs. Then I will inject you with Wolfsbane neurotoxin.

I will make you suffer a living death, just like Ethan. Not even your Alpha healing ability will save you.

I stared at the violent, possessive threat glowing on the screen.

It smelled of blood and jealousy.

Instead of anger, a deep, guttural laugh erupted from my chest.

Yes! Logan roared in my mind, practically vibrating with excitement. *She is our Luna! Only she is worthy of us!*

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(Amelia's POV)

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Anya walked in, followed by a dispirited Caleb and a strutting Zachary.

Caleb wore casual clothes that looked slept-in, his usual polished idol image completely gone.

He kept his head down, avoiding eye contact.

Zachary, on the other hand, was dressed in a stiff, expensive suit that didn't quite fit his frame.

He had the classic expression of a smug upstart who had suddenly found himself with a bit of power.

As soon as he stepped inside, Zachary looked around the office with exaggerated disdain.

"My, my," he tutted, shaking his head. "This place has changed."

"It feels so strange to be back," Zachary said, making snide remarks as he ran a finger over a leather chair.

"To think, the high and mighty Ethan used to sit here and humiliate me. Now he's been kicked out of the game completely."

Caleb stiffened beside him.

Even though he hated me, hearing an outsider insult his brother clearly pricked at his pride.

But Caleb remained silent.

He needed Zachary. He needed the resources of Gale Entertainment to make his comeback.

He swallowed his anger, his jaw clenching tight.

Zachary turned his sneering gaze to me.

“Honestly, Miss Stone, Starlight Entertainment is just too small,” he mocked.

“In this competitive commercial jungle, a little boat like this won’t last long.”

I sat behind my large mahogany desk, watching his performance with a calm, detached expression.

“Don’t worry about us, Zachary,” I said coolly. “This company will at least live longer than you.”

Zachary’s face turned an ugly shade of red.

I didn’t let him recover. I decided to twist the knife.

“In fact, I am planning to expand my territory,” I said, leaning forward slightly.

“My first step is to acquire Gale Entertainment.”

I smiled icily at him.

“And when that happens, the first thing I will do is kick you to the curb.”

Caleb stepped forward abruptly, unable to stand the bickering any longer.

“I am here to terminate my contract,” Caleb said impatiently. “Let’s get this over with.”

I let out a short, cold laugh.

“Gale Entertainment must really be rolling in cash,” I said, glancing at Zachary.

“They are willing to be the sucker who pays such a massive penalty fee for a disgraced artist.”

Zachary straightened his tie, trying to regain his composure.

“Mr. Caleb is a future superstar,” Zachary declared pompously.

“He is a Golden goose. This little bit of money is nothing to us.”

“Hurry up and process the paperwork,” Zachary demanded.

I didn’t waste another word.

I looked at Anya. “Check the finance department. Has the ten million dollars arrived?”

Anya nodded efficiently. “Yes, Miss Stone. The transfer cleared five minutes ago.”

“Good,” I said.

I opened my drawer and pulled out Caleb’s original contract.

Anya handed the termination agreement to Caleb.

Caleb and Zachary huddled together, scanning the terms with paranoid intensity.

Once they confirmed there were no traps, Caleb grabbed a pen.

He signed his name quickly, as if the paper burned his fingers.

Immediately after, Zachary slapped a new contract onto the desk.

It was the signing agreement for Gale Entertainment.

Caleb checked the profit-sharing ratio one last time.

Satisfied, he signed it without hesitation.

He was officially an artist for Gale Entertainment now.

Zachary picked up the signed contract, treating it like a holy relic.

He carefully placed it into his briefcase and snapped the locks shut.

He stood up, puffing out his chest with the arrogance of a victor.

“Thank you, Miss Stone,” Zachary said, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Thank you for sending such a potential singer like Caleb to us at Gale Entertainment.”

Inside my mind, Ava snorted with disgust.

He smells like rotting garbage, my wolf commented.

I leaned back in my chair, crossing my arms.

A mocking smile curled the corners of my lips.

“You are very welcome,” I replied slowly, savoring the moment.

“Actually, I should be the one thanking you.”

I looked from Zachary to Caleb, my eyes gleaming with amusement.

“Thank you for spending ten million dollars to help me recycle this trash from my company.”

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 270[1,420 words]

(Caleb's POV)

“Trash.”

The word echoed in my mind, slamming into my chest like a physical blow.

My heart felt like it was being squeezed by an iron fist.

A suffocating pain spread through my limbs, making my fingers tremble uncontrollably.

I wanted to shout. I wanted to defend myself. I wanted to tell her I was her brother.

But the words died in my throat.

I couldn't refute her.

Looking back at how I had treated Amelia in the past...

I was indeed a complete bastard.

I had thrown away a diamond to pick up a stone. I had treated my own blood like dirt while cherishing a fake.

Beside me, Zachary seemed oblivious to the crushing weight in the air.

He checked his watch, tapping his foot impatiently on the floor.

“Caleb, let's go,” he urged, his voice grating on my exposed nerves.

“Your sister is going to regret this. She has no idea what she just lost.”

I didn’t answer him.

I slowly stood up, my legs feeling heavy as lead.

I turned my head for one last look at the woman behind the desk.

Amelia didn’t even look up.

Her sapphire eyes were fixed on a document, her expression cold and indifferent.

She didn’t care.

She really didn’t care about me anymore.

Inside me, my wolf Noah let out a low, grief-filled whimper.

She hates us, he mourned, curling into a ball of misery.

I lowered my head, hiding the stinging moisture in my eyes.

I looked utterly defeated.

Without another word, I turned and followed Zachary out of the office.

We walked down the corridor toward the main entrance in silence.

Just as we reached the glass doors, a man walked in from the outside.

He was wearing a faded azure casual suit, and a hat pulled low over his face.

Despite the disguise, there was something familiar about his gait.

I frowned, squinting slightly.

Then it clicked.

I leaned closer to Zachary, keeping my voice low.

“That’s Wayne,” I whispered.

Zachary stopped in his tracks, his eyes widening in surprise.

“Wayne?” he repeated. “The A-list superstar from three years ago?”

As a veteran in the entertainment industry, Zachary recognized him immediately.

Wayne had been a legend.

He had debuted at the peak of the industry, sweeping awards left and right.

But his fall had been just as spectacular.

Scandals about betraying his partner and having a sordid affair with his assistant had destroyed him overnight.

He had been completely blacklisted.

Zachary looked at the man's slumped shoulders and worn-out clothes.

A cruel sneer curled his lips.

"Ha! Look at him," Zachary scoffed loudly, not caring if Wayne heard.

"He must be here to audition for *The Healing Journals*."

Zachary shook his head, his face full of mockery.

"If Amelia actually chooses this disgraced has-been as her ma grave."

"That drama is destined to be a colossal failure."

I stayed silent.

My instincts told me Amelia wasn't stupid.

But casting Wayne? That was a risk that could sink the whole company.

A flicker of worry for her rose in my chest, but I pushed it down.

I had no right to worry about her anymore.

We stepped out into the sunlight.

"So," Zachary said, turning to me. "Shall we go straight to Gale Entertainment? We need to announce your arrival."

I stopped and shook my head.

"No," I said firmly.

“I’m not going to the company yet.”

“I need a recording studio. A private one.”

Zachary looked confused. “What for?”

“I’m going to lock myself in,” I replied, staring at the pavement.

“I’m going to write new songs. I won’t come out until next month.”

I clenched my fists at my sides.

I couldn’t just be a pretty face anymore.

I had to create something real. Something powerful.

I had to stand at the absolute peak of the music world.

Maybe then... just maybe...

Amelia would look at me again.

Maybe she would see that I wasn’t just trash.

(Amelia’s POV)

A few minutes later, a knock sounded on my office door.

“Come in,” I called out.

Anya poked her head in.

“Miss Stone, he’s here. Wayne is waiting outside.”

I nodded, putting down my pen.

“Send him in.”

The door opened wider, and a man stepped inside.

He moved hesitantly, like a stray dog expecting a kick.

“Please, sit,” I said, pointing to the sofa in the reception area.

Wayne sat down on the edge of the cushion.

He reached up and took off his hat and mask.

“Water, please,” he rasped. “Just water.”

Anya poured him a glass and left the room quietly.

I leaned back in my chair, studying him openly.

His face was gaunt, cheeks hollowed out by stress and hardship.

But his eyes...

There was a fire in them.

It was buried deep under layers of despair, but it was there.

A resilience that refused to be extinguished.

It was perfect.

He was exactly what I needed for the male lead of *The Healing Journals*.

Inside my mind, Ava lifted her head.

Her silver ears twitched as she sniffed the air.

No malice, she observed, her voice calm. *Just... heavy oppression. Like he is carrying a mountain.*

I decided to cut straight to the chase.

“Wayne,” I said, my voice steady.

“I know about your past. The scandals. The blacklist.”

He flinched slightly but held my gaze.

“Is there a hidden story behind the material that ruined your reputation?” I asked.

“If there is, tell me. I can help you solve it.”

Wayne stared at me.

His eyes searched my face, looking for any sign of deception.

“I have heard rumors about you, Alpha Stone,” he said slowly.

“They say you have connections with the Crimson Moon Pack in the Northern Territories.”

“They say you aren’t afraid of the Drake family.”

He took a deep breath, his hands trembling slightly on his knees.

“It is because I heard of your power that I came here today.”

He suddenly leaned forward, his eyes burning with desperation.

“I am not here for a role,” he choked out.

“I am here to beg you.”

“Please, save my girlfriend, Zoey.”

I raised an eyebrow.

I had expected a story about a manager betraying him, or a rival setting him up.

I didn’t expect a plea for rescue.

“Tell me,” I commanded softly.

Wayne clasped his hands together so tightly his knuckles turned white.

“Three years ago, I won the Best Actor award,” he began, his voice hollow.

“I thought it was my talent. I was a fool.”

“It was Zoey. She was supporting me from the shadows the whole time.”

He swallowed hard, his Adam’s apple bobbing.

“There is a very powerful Alpha,” Wayne whispered.

He didn’t say the name, but the fear in his eyes spoke volumes.

“He is someone even ordinary Alphas dare not offend. He... he tuun

My eyes narrowed.

“Zoey didn’t want to hold me back,” Wayne continued, tears welling in his eyes.

“She wanted me to have resources. To have a career. So she submitted to him.”

“But my success made that man jealous.”

“He couldn’t stand that I was in the spotlight while he was in the dark.”

“So, he arranged the car accident.”

Wayne pointed to a faint scar on his forehead.

“I was lucky. I survived.”

“But my assistant... she died in that crash.”

A look of pure agony crossed his face.

“That monster used her death perfectly.”

“He framed me. He said I was having an affair with her. He destroyed my name to bury the truth.”

“And Zoey...” Wayne’s voice broke.

“He forced her into the entertainment industry. Not to make her a star.”

“But for his own sick amusement. To watch her struggle.”

I held up a hand to stop him.

“Wait,” I said sharply.

“Did Zoey tell you all of this herself?”

Wayne froze.

He looked down at his hands, a bitter smile twisting his lips.

“No,” he admitted.

“She never said a word. She pushed me away.”

“But I know her,” he said fiercely, looking up at me. “I know her soul.”

“These are my deductions based on everything that happened. Based on the hints she dropped before she left me.”

“Have you seen her interviews lately?” he asked, his voice shaking.

“Her eyes... they are empty. Like a puppet with its strings cut.”

“If someone doesn’t save her soon, she is going to kill herself.”

“I can feel it.”

His expression was deadly serious.

There was a glint of madness in his eyes, the kind born of absolute desperation.

“Wayne,” I said calmly. “Without evidence, this sounds like the paranoid fantasy of a ruined man.”

“Do you believe me?” he asked, his voice barely a whisper.

I looked at him for a long moment.

The silence stretched between us.

“Your image and temperament are exactly what I need for my male lead,” I said finally.

“And Director Liam vouched for your character.”

I leaned forward, placing my hands on the desk.

“So, yes. I am willing to investigate this.”

“I will verify if there is really an untouchable figure behind Zoey.”

Wayne’s face crumpled with relief.

“Thank you,” he gasped.

But then, his expression shifted again.

The relief was replaced by a deep, gnawing fear.

“But Alpha Stone...” he hesitated.

“Even if you prove I am telling the truth...”

He looked around the room as if the walls had ears.

“That Alpha’s background is unfathomable.”

“I am terrified that by helping me, you will drag yourself into a danger you cannot escape.”

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