

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 271[1,149 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Hearing Wayne's words, I smiled nonchalantly. "Whether I dare to offend that person depends on who this so-called big shot actually is."

I leaned back in my chair, tapping my pen against the desk. "If what you say is true, and that person has committed many heinous crimes behind the scenes, then now that I know about it, I don't mind sticking my nose in."

My expression hardened as I looked him in the eye. "I just can't stand seeing kind, weak people being bullied, especially women."

Wayne clenched his hands, his knuckles turning white as he struggled to control his emotions. He stood up abruptly and bowed deeply to me, his posture rigid with newfound determination.

"Alpha Stone, if you can really save Zoey, I am willing to do anything for you in the future, at any cost." His tone was firm, carrying the weight of a solemn vow.

I responded seriously, "Wayne, rest assured. If I decide to help you, I will naturally make good use of your value."

Ava let out a low growl in my mind, expressing approval of this promise. *He is loyal,* she noted. *A broken wolf bites the hardest when healed.*

After Wayne left, the office fell silent. I didn't waste a moment. I immediately called Silas and ordered him to investigate everything about the popular starlet, Zoey.

"Dig deep, Silas," I instructed. "I want to know who she's been with, where she's been, and who controls her."

I had a faint intuition scratching at the back of my mind. Zoey's situation might be linked to the new type of aphrodisiac Griffin was secretly developing. The timeline and the method of control seemed too similar to ignore.

If I could follow the trail by investigating Zoey, it might bring unexpected results to bring down the Drake family.

Ava growled excitedly in my mind, her tail twitching with anticipation. "Our instincts are never wrong, Amelia. This time we will definitely catch those bastards red-handed."

A cold sneer curled on my lips as I whispered back, “Yes, Ava. We will make them pay.”

(Author’s POV)

Meanwhile, at Gale Entertainment, the atmosphere was thick with calculation. After Zachary returned, he immediately informed Alpha Arthur York about the news that Wayne might star in **The Healing Journals**.

Alpha Arthur’s eyes lit up with a predatory gleam. He immediately called Jade, telling her to use this news as an excuse to contact Griffin.

“This is your chance,” Arthur said, his voice dripping with false concern. He earnestly advised Jade to take the initiative to throw herself at him so that Griffin wouldn’t regret it, implying that she would be the one regretting it later if she didn’t secure her position.

Jade held the phone tightly, her knuckles pale. She knew full well what his intentions were. He was selling his own daughter for a scrap of influence.

However, in order to uncover more evidence of their crimes, she had to play the part. “I understand,” she said simply.

She obediently bought a high-end takeout meal, packed it into a delicate bento box to make it look homemade, and headed to Night City to find Griffin.

When she arrived at the office in the entertainment district, the room was filled with smoke and loud laughter. Lucas and a group of rich Alphas were surrounding Griffin, kissing up to him like eager puppies.

Jade walked in, a practiced smile on her face. She handed over the bento with a shy look. “Griffin, I made this myself,” she lied smoothly.

Lucas complimented from the side, whistling loudly. “Griffin, Jade really puts her heart into it for you. Look at that dedication.”

However, Griffin glanced at the bento indifferently. He didn’t even open it. He gave it directly to Lucas, saying coldly, “Take it, don’t waste it.”

Lucas took it without hesitation, grinning. “Thanks, boss!”

Although Jade sneered internally, glad she hadn’t put any real feeling into it, she had to suppress her discomfort on the surface and maintain her smile. She watched Lucas devour the food she had bought, feeling a wave of revulsion.

Griffin coldly questioned her purpose, his grey eyes piercing. “What are you doing here?”

Jade acted coquettish, stepping closer to him. “I just missed you and wanted to see what you were doing. Just like when I took Celine away.”

Remembering Celine’s tip-off, Griffin knew that Jade was an a.. fake, just like the rest of them.

However, since he still needed to use her good looks to leverage the power of high-ranking figures to whitewash the Drake family, he suppressed his killing intent. He reached out, pulled her roughly into his arms, and demanded, “Then please me well.”

Jade endured her nausea, the smell of his cologne making her stomach turn. She wrapped her arms around Griffin’s neck and revealed the true purpose of her visit.

“Griffin,” she whispered, “I heard Amelia plans to use Wayne as the male lead.”

Hearing that name, Griffin’s eyes darkened instantly. The room seemed to grow colder. He confirmed that Wayne was the pitiful boyfriend who had been betrayed-Zoey’s boyfriend.

In Griffin’s memory, a dark scene played out. Zoey had been secretly brought to his “Secret Garden” party years ago. She was chosen by a certain big shot, a man whose influence reached the highest levels. The person who brought her there rose to power because of it.

As for Wayne, he was supposed to be a man who had disappeared into the gutter.

Griffin held Jade’s waist tighter, his grip bruising. He asserted sinisterly, “If Amelia really uses Wayne, she is planting a ticking time bomb in her company.”

Facing Jade’s curious questioning, Griffin pushed her away abruptly. “You don’t need to know that much,” he warned.

Jade stumbled to regain her balance, feigning hurt. She pretended to say goodbye reluctantly.

As she walked to the door, Lucas shouted with his mouth full, “Jade, don’t forget to take the bento box back!”

Jade refused on the grounds that another man had used it, then put on her sunglasses and left without looking back.

After Jade left, the room erupted in laughter. Lucas swallowed a mouthful of food and said excitedly, “If Amelia really uses Wayne as the male lead for *The Healing Journals*, the show is bound to fail. It looks like I’m going to win my bet with Amelia! I’m really looking forward to the day that woman licks my shoes!”

Griffin agreed deeply; no matter how he looked at it, Amelia was destined to lose.

He sneered internally, thinking: *Losing won't just mean licking shoes.*

He wanted to destroy the entire Stone family directly and turn Amelia into a plaything for everyone

to bully, venting his anger for his uncle Carlos, who was in prison. Lucas, Goffe commanded, his voice low and dangerous. "Your whole internet can see what happens when Amelia offends me, Griffin

The other lackeys chimed in agreement, cheering for the spectacle

Griffin's wolf let out an excited low growl in his mind, "We will tear her apart, Gryphon. Make her pay for her arrogance.

A cruel smile curled on Griffin's lips as he whispered back, "Yes, we will".

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(Jade's POV)

Lucas paced around the room, a manic grin plastered on his face. The thought of winning the bet consumed him. He could almost see Amelia kneeling at his feet, forced to lick his shoes in submission.

"I'm going to stream it," Lucas declared loudly, throwing his arms up. "The whole internet needs to see this."

He looked around at his sycophants, his eyes gleaming with malice. "She's Theodore Crimson's fiancée now, isn't she? Making her lick my shoes is like dragging the future Alpha King's face through the mud."

The surrounding lackeys erupted in agreement. They cheered him on, eager for the spectacle.

"You should pick your muddiest boots, Lucas," one suggested with a nasty laugh.

"No, get some custom ones with spikes," another added.

Lucas held up a hand, pausing for dramatic effect. The room went quiet, waiting for his next words. He licked his lips, a depraved look settling in his eyes.

"I have a better idea," he said, his voice dropping to a lewd whisper. "I'm going to cover the shoes in our... essence. Semen."

A collective gasp went through the room, followed by raucous laughter and applause.

“Damn, Lucas, that’s twisted!” someone shouted. “You really know how to play.”

Griffin sat in the corner, nursing a drink. He had been silent, letting them spew their filth about Amelia. But at this suggestion, the corner of his mouth quirked up.

“Not a bad idea,” Griffin said coldly.

Lucas beamed like a dog receiving a treat. He bobbed his head enthusiastically, rushing over to Griffin.

“Boss, do you want in?” Lucas asked, practically vibrating with excitement. “You can have the first go. Your... contribution... should be right on the toe.”

Griffin’s expression didn’t change. He swirled the amber liquid in his glass.

“No,” Griffin declined flatly. “I’ll leave that ‘benefit’ for you lot to enjoy.”

Lucas grinned, revealing yellowing teeth. “Thanks, Griffin! You’re too generous.”

I stood outside the door, my stomach churning. The vile words drifted through the crack, making my skin crawl. There was no useful intel here, just disgusting fantasies of weak men.

I turned to leave, needing fresh air.

Suddenly, I froze. Wade, Griffin’s assistant, was standing just a few feet away. He was leaning against the wall, watching me with cold, unreadable eyes.

Panic flared in my chest, but I shoved it down. I forced a shy smile onto my face and walked toward him.

“I just couldn’t bear to leave Griffin so soon,” I lied, my voice trembling slightly. “I was just... lingering. Hoping to hear his voice again.”

Wade stared at me for a long moment. His gaze was heavy, dissecting my excuse.

“You shouldn’t do that,” Wade said finally, his voice low. “If Griffin catches you eavesdropping, he won’t take it as affection. It will cause misunderstandings.”

I let out a breath I didn’t know I was holding. “Thank you, Wade. You’re right. I’ll go now.”

He didn’t move to stop me. I hurried to the elevator, my heart pounding against my ribs.

As the doors closed, I thought about Wade's reaction. He knew I was up to something. He had to.

Yet, he chose to warn me instead of exposing me.

He hates Griffin too, I realized. *Or at least, he disagrees with his methods.*

That was a useful card for the future.

Once I was safely in the lobby, I pulled out my phone. My fingers flew across the screen as I typed a message to Amelia.

Lucas plans to stream your punishment if you lose. He intends to cover his shoes in semen and make you lick it.

(Amelia's POV)

My phone vibrated on the desk. I glanced at the screen, and my eyes narrowed instantly. A cold,

dangerous light flickered in my gaze.

"Some people really are barking louder than a mutt," I muttered.

I typed a reply to Jade: *Let him bark for a few more days. Soon, he'll be nothing but a Rogue. His whole pack is going down with him.*

Before I could lock the screen, the phone buzzed again. A notification popped up.

You have been added to a group chat.

I tapped on it. The group name was simply "Family." The administrator was my grandfather, Alpha

Alaric.

There were eight members. Alaric, my parents, me. And Adrian, Livia, Ethan, and Caleb. Lyra was conspicuously absent.

A picture loaded in the chat. It was a screenshot of a flight itinerary. Arrival: Two days from now,

5:00 PM.

Adrian's message popped up almost instantly.

Adrian: Father! We will be there on time to pick you up. Safe travels.

The message reeked of desperation and fawning.

Minutes ticked by. Alaric didn't reply.

I let out a short, cold laugh. The old man was testing the waters. He wanted to see who would jump. It was clear he intended to force a reconciliation between the two houses.

I typed a single emoji: *OK.*

*Ava snorted in my mind. "That old wolf thinks a group chat and a flight ticket can fix a broken

Pack bond? He is naive."

Let's see how he plans to convince me, I replied internally. *I'm not the same girl he sent away years ago.*

Two days later, the airport terminal was bustling with activity.

"This is a waste of time," my father, Jaxon, grumbled as we walked toward the arrival gate.

"We have to show respect to your father," my mother, Seraphina, said gently, squeezing his arm.

We rounded the corner and saw them. Adrian and his family were already waiting.

Jaxon's face hardened into stone. He didn't even acknowledge Adrian's wave. He was a fiercely protective Alpha. He would never forget that his own brother had hired thugs to kidnap Seraphina.

He would never forgive the threat to cut off her fingers.

I scanned the group coldly.

Ethan looked like a ghost. His face was pale and unshaven, his eyes hollow. His expensive designer coat hung loosely on his frame, making him look shrunken and defeated.

Caleb stood next to him in casual clothes. He looked slightly better, but dark circles bro skin under his eyes. He looked nervous.

Adrian and Livia stood together, their eyes filled with poorly concealed resentment.

Caleb saw me and took a step forward. "Amelia..."

“Quit yapping,” I cut him off sharply. My voice was like ice.

Livia bristled immediately. She stepped in front of her son. “Is that how you speak to your brother?”

You have no manners-”

“You also shut your trap,” I snapped, glaring at her.

Livia opened her mouth to scream, but Caleb grabbed her arm.

“Mom, stop,” Caleb whispered urgently. “Don’t cause a scene.”

I smirked. Even her precious son was telling her to be quiet. How pathetic.

Livia’s chest heaved with suppressed rage. She took a moment to compose herself, smoothing

down her dress with trembling hands.

“Do you know why we are all here today, Amelia?” Livia asked, her voice dripping with venom.

I raised an eyebrow, feigning surprise. “Why? Are you planning to flee abroad as a family to scrounge a living?”

Livia’s face turned red. She gritted her teeth. “Your grandfather asked us all to be here. Don’t you understand what that means? He wants us to put aside this hatred. He wants the Stone River Pack to be united again.”

I opened my mouth to retort, but my father beat me to it.

“Put aside the hatred?” Jaxon’s voice boomed, deep and unforgiving. “Impossible.”

Livia turned to him, desperation creeping into her tone. “Jaxon, you know Father is in poor health! Amelia is disrespectful, fine, but are you going to be childish too?”

She gestured wildly. “Father’s health has been deteriorating because of the stress of this family division! That’s why he went abroad to recover. Now he is coming back specifically to make peace.”

She took a step closer to Jaxon, her eyes pleading but manipulative. “Are you unwilling to grant the wish of your dying father? Are you only going to be satisfied when you’ve angered him to death?”

*Ava let out a furious growl in my head, the sound vibrating through my skull. “This woman is an expert at guilt tripping. I want to rip her throat out.”

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(Author’s POV)

Faced with Livia’s pathetic victim act, Jaxon let out a cold, sharp snort. He didn’t hesitate to tear down her facade.

“What right do you have to accuse me?” Jaxon retorted, his voice booming with suppressed anger. “If your family hadn’t turned the house upside down for that fake daughter, Celine, would Father have relapsed? Would he have been forced to go abroad for recovery in the first place?”

Livia opened her mouth, her face flushing, but the truth struck a nerve she couldn’t easily defend.

Amelia stepped forward and gently patted her adoptive father’s tense arm. Her touch was calming, but her eyes remained fixed on Livia with icy detachment.

“Dad, there is no point reasoning with them,” Amelia said calmly. “People like Livia are delusional. They rewrite history to suit their own narrative.”

She turned to Livia, a faint, mocking smile playing on her lips. The expression didn’t reach her eyes.

“Let me be clear,” Amelia stated coldly. “Out of respect for Grandpa, my father and I won’t actively provoke him. But make no mistake. If you push us, I will certainly make your life a living hell.”

Livia’s eyes widened. She was about to scream in rage at the blatant threat, her chest heaving.

“Mom, enough!” Caleb cut in impatiently, grabbing her shoulder.

He pulled her back, his grip tight. Livia looked at her son, shocked, but saw the panic in his eyes. To avoid making things difficult for Caleb, she had to shut her mouth. She stepped aside, her face twisted with resentful silence.

Caleb let out a breath and turned to Amelia. He forced a bitter, apologetic smile.

“I’m sorry, Amelia,” Caleb said, his voice low. “You know how Mom is. She speaks without thinking.

Please don’t mind her.”

Amelia looked at him, showing absolutely no appreciation for his peace-making attempt. Her gaze was penetrating, stripping away his pretenses.

“Save it,” she retorted coldly. “Your hypocrisy is just like your mother’s. And Ethan’s greed and cowardice? Just like Adrian’s.”

She glanced at the silent, sullen Ethan standing behind them.

“The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree,” she remarked, her voice dripping with u

*Ava flicked her tail in Amelia’s mind, sneering. “The scent of desperation on them is too strong; it smells disgusting.”

Caleb froze, the rejection stinging. He had been rebuffed completely. He could only awkwardly retreat to his parents’ side, head lowered.

On the other side, Ethan looked ready to lash out, his fists clenched. Adrian quickly grabbed his arm, holding him back.

“Wait until your grandfather returns,” Adrian whispered a harsh warning. “Do not humiliate us in front of Amelia right now.”

Watching this forced, fake peace, Jaxon felt it was utterly ridiculous. He couldn’t understand why his father was still obsessed with reconciling two families that had already severed ties. The bridge had been burned long ago.

Seraphina sighed softly. She gently reminded her mate, “Jaxon, remember the Old Alpha’s health is deteriorating. Just try not to agitate him with words tonight.”

Jaxon clenched his jaw. He didn’t want to upset his father, but he also didn’t want his daughter to suffer any injustice.

Amelia smiled faintly at him. “Don’t worry, Dad. I hold the family’s power now. I will never compromise myself.”

She paused, her expression softening slightly. “As long as Grandfather’s requests aren’t excessive, I will try to satisfy them while he was still alive.”

Twenty minutes later, the airport exit bustled with activity. The automatic doors slid open, and the once-imposing Alpha Alaric walked out slowly. He looked frailer than before, leaning heavily on a cane.

Adrian, sharp-eyed as ever, immediately acted. He pulled his wife and children forward, his face transforming into a mask of filial piety.

“Father!” Adrian called out, beaming.

Alaric stopped. He looked at his son, who had aged significantly under the stress of recent failures. Then his gaze shifted to his grandson, Ethan. The boy looked as listless as a junkie, hollowed out by vice and defeat.

Alaric sighed inwardly at their poor state. He didn’t show much emotion on his face, offering only a brief nod. After a short exchange of pleasantries, he walked straight past them toward Jaxon and his family.

Caleb nervously observed the situation from the sidelines. He noticed Alaric’s sharp eyes specifically scrutinizing Amelia. The old man was clearly probing her attitude toward Uncle

Adrian’s family.

Amelia stepped forward gracefully. “Grandpa.”

Her tone was sweet, showing no obvious rejection or aggression.

Alaric felt a weight lift from his heart. A genuine smile touched his lips. “It makes me very happy to have the whole family together.”

Jaxon almost choked. He was about to retort that he wasn’t happy at all, but Seraphina squeezed his hand just in time, stopping him.

Alaric rubbed his forehead, grimacing slightly. “I’m getting old. The long flight has made me dizzy.”

He looked at Amelia with a hopeful expression. “Amelia, can you help relieve it in the car later?”

“Of course,” Amelia nodded.

Subsequently, Alaric got directly into Jaxon’s car, ignoring Adrian’s open door.

Watching the vehicle speed away, Caleb turned around instantly. His face was solemn as he warned his parents.

“Grandfather has returned this time to get the cure for Ethan,” Caleb said urgently. “This is our last chance. We must not anger Amelia tonight, no matter what.”

Lívia nodded quickly, promising to behave. But as she watched the tail lights fade, her eyes shimmered with a greedy light. She began fantasizing that if the old man softened his heart tonight, perhaps they could move back to live in the Pack House.

Inside the moving vehicle, the atmosphere was quiet.

To facilitate the treatment, Jaxon and his wife sat in the back row. Amelia accompanied Alaric in the luxury seats in the middle row.

After the car started, Amelia didn't use any medical tools. Instead, she reached out and skillfully used her fingers to massage Alaric's temples.

She focused, slowly infusing a trace of gentle healing energy into his meridians to siphon the pain.

Alaric let out a long sigh of relief. The dizziness and bloating sensation began to disappear almost instantly.

"You have a gift, child," Alaric murmured, keeping his eyes closed. "How is the state of Stone River Botanicals?"

While continuing to massage, Amelia spoke calmly. "It's stable. Actually, I plan to acquire York's Gale Entertainment soon."

Alaric's eyes snapped open. He was shocked.

"Gale Entertainment?" Alaric asked, disbelief coloring his tone. "The Gale Pack's industrial foundation is deep. It will be difficult to swallow."

Amelia didn't flinch. Her fingers continued their rhythmic movement, but her voice was firm.

"To expand our empire, one must have the ambition to devour competitors," she retorted.

Alaric stared at her profile. He was momentarily speechless. The determination in her eyes reminded him of himself in his prime.

He chuckled softly, admitting with some shame, "I am old. It is indeed time for the young to fight for the future."

Hearing this, Amelia pressed a little firmer on a pressure point.

"Grandpa, since you've handed the family business over to me, just focus on resting and taking care of your health," she said pointedly. "Try not to worry about things you don't need to. Especially those who are dead weight."

The car went silent. Alaric heard the implication in his granddaughter's words clearly. It was a warning for him not to interfere with Adrian's family affairs.

He sighed slightly, his expression looking weary.

"Amelia, it seems you still hold a grudge about me letting your uncle's family come back to the Pack house for dinner."

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Chapter 274[1,017 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I looked directly at the old man beside me.

My sapphire eyes held nothing but frankness and determination.

"Grandpa, you are asking a question you already know the answer to," I said calmly.

I didn't bother to hide the truth.

It was impossible for me not to hold a grudge against that family.

Facing my question, Alaric Stone let out a deep, heavy sigh.

A trace of helplessness and guilt surfaced in his gray eyes.

"The industrial power of the Stone River Pack is in your hands now, Amelia," he murmured.

"I have no right to demand anything from you," he continued, his voice sounding older than before.

"Your restraint tonight... I know it is entirely out of respect for our bond as grandfather and granddaughter."

I nodded slightly.

"I turned a blind eye to Adrian and his family at the airport for one reason," I stated bluntly.

“When I was lost and living in the Meadow Brook Pack, you didn’t look down on me because of my humble background.”

I paused, my gaze hardening.

“But that does not mean I forgive them.”

Alaric fell silent for a long moment.

The car hummed softly as we moved through the night.

“Is it truly impossible to forgive?” he asked finally.

“Yes,” I answered without hesitation.

He didn’t push any further. He knew my character.

Instead, he shifted the topic to his real request.

“Spare your eldest brother, Ethan,” Alaric said, his tone pleading. “Please, give him the antidote.”

He looked at me with weary eyes.

“I know you were the one who poisoned him,” he admitted. “Although Ethan brought it upon himself by trying to ruin your face, I... as an old man, I cannot bear to see a family member die before me.”

A sarcastic smile tugged at the corner of my lips.

So this was his true purpose for returning.

“I could refuse you, Grandpa,” I said softly.

“But I will agree to this one request.”

Alaric’s shoulders sagged in relief.

“However,” I added, my voice turning into ice. “Let me be clear. If that family dares to betray or hurt me again, I will not be soft-hearted next time.”

I sneered internally.

Ava flicked her tail in my mind. “Don’t let that trash recover completely,” she growled. “Leave a trick.”

Don't worry, Ava, I thought back, soothing her. *I have no intention of clearing the toxin entirely.*

I would treat him just like I treated Vivian Crimson.

The poison would remain latent in his system.

Once they plotted against me, the fatal pain would return, worse than before.

(Caleb's POV)

Night had fully descended when the convoy arrived at the Pack House.

The luxury cars pulled up to the main entrance.

I watched as Amelia stepped out first.

She moved with a grace that seemed natural, reaching out to support Grandfather Alaric.

My father, Adrian, rushed forward immediately.

He wore a mask of concern, eager to show his filial piety.

"Father, let me help you," Adrian said, reaching for the old man's arm.

Alaric pulled his arm away coldly.

"Amelia is enough," Alaric said, his voice sharp. "I don't need you making unnecessary moves."

Adrian froze.

He awkwardly withdrew his hand, his face twitching with embarrassment and unwillingness.

I saw the panic in his eyes.

He was terrified of losing his right to live in the main residence.

Jaxon stood nearby, watching the scene with crossed arms.

"Don't waste your energy, Adrian," Jaxon mocked ruthlessly. "Amelia calls the shots in the Pack now."

My mother, Livia, stood beside me.

She glared at Jaxon and Seraphina's retreating backs.

Her eyes burned with the fire of jealousy.

I knew what she was thinking.

She believed they only had their current status because they had stolen her daughter—the one with the royal bloodline.

In her twisted mind, Amelia's success was stolen from her.

But for the sake of the antidote for Ethan, Mom had to swallow her rage.

I glanced at Ethan.

He sat in his wheelchair, looking like a broken man.

The disability and the poison had tormented him.

He looked hollow, pinning all his hope on Grandfather's plea.

I looked back at my father.

Adrian stared at his crippled eldest son, then down at his own severed finger.

A dark, vicious look flashed in his eyes.

I knew my father too well.

He didn't just want to cure Ethan.

He wanted to seize back the family property and the Alpha's power.

In his heart, he was swearing that he would never let Amelia off the hook for making us suffer like

(Amelia's POV)

Dinner was arranged in the grand dining room of the main house.

The table was set with exquisite silverware.

I walked in carrying a steaming tureen.

"This is a stew made with rare moonlight herbs and venison," I explained, serving a bowl personally to Alaric.

Then I served a bowl to my adoptive mother, Seraphina.

“It replenishes the source power of a werewolf,” I said with a smile. “It even has the effect of delaying aging.”

Livia’s ears perked up instantly at the words “delaying aging.”

She sat across from us, her face thick with anticipation.

She extended her empty bowl toward me.

“Amelia, serve me a bowl too,” she said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

I paused, the ladle hovering in mid-air.

I looked at her coldly.

“Do you have no self-awareness?” I asked, my voice dripping with sarcasm. “You actually have the nerve to ask me to serve you?”

Livia’s face turned an ugly shade of red.

She had been shut down in front of everyone.

But she remembered the bigger picture.

She forced a stiff smile. “Fine, I’ll serve it myself.”

She reached for the ladle.

“Stop,” I said, my tone indifferent but cutting.

“The moonlight herbs in this soup are priceless,” I continued, staring her down. “Every mouthful is worth a normal werewolf’s annual income.”

I tilted my head slightly, mocking her.

“You don’t deserve food of this grade.”

Livia froze.

She looked around the table, humiliated beyond words.

She slowly retracted her hand, her knuckles white.

“I... I won’t drink it then,” she stammered awkwardly. “I’ll leave it for the Old Master.”

Alaric took a sip of the thick soup.

“The flavor is rich,” he praised, ignoring the tension.

Seeing that Alaric was in a decent mood, Caleb tried to seize the opportunity.

He cleared his throat.

“Grandfather, about Ethan’s poison...” he began.

Alaric didn’t look up.

He glanced briefly at his eldest grandson, who sat pale and trembling in his wheelchair.

He stirred the meat broth in his bowl with his spoon.

“Eat first,” Alaric interrupted him flatly. “We’ll talk after we fill our stomachs.”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 275[1,231 words]

(Caleb’s POV)

I sat at the long dining table, staring blankly at the plate before me. The venison steak was cooked to perfection, but I couldn’t taste a thing. I mechanically moved my knife and fork, sawing at the meat like a robot. Beside me, Ethan was in an even worse state. His knuckles were white as he gripped his silverware, his whole body tense as a bowstring.

This dinner was pure torture for Adrian’s family. Every second stretched into an eternity. All our attention was fixed on the head of the table where Grandfather Alaric sat. We were like prisoners waiting for a verdict, watching the old Alpha eat slowly, savoring every bite with maddening deliberation.

Finally, after what felt like hours, Alaric placed his napkin on the table. He dabbed the corners of his mouth. The clatter of silverware hitting china echoed as I instantly dropped my knife and fork. I leaned forward, the question burning in my throat.

Ethan was trembling visibly now. This was his last chance. If the poison in his system couldn’t be neutralized, he was finished. I knew my brother well enough to know he would rather drive a silver dagger into his own heart tonight than live another day as a crippled waste.

Alaric looked at his two grandsons, his gray eyes unreadable.

“Amelia has agreed to the request,” he announced in a deep voice.

My brain froze for a second. Then, a rush of ecstasy flooded my chest. I turned my head sharply to look at Amelia, sitting across from us.

Ethan didn’t just look; he practically threw himself out of his chair.

“Really?” he stammered, his voice cracking. “She... she is willing to give me the antidote?”

Amelia didn’t look at him. She swirled the red wine in her glass, her expression utterly indifferent.

“Don’t get excited,” she said coldly. She took a graceful sip. “I don’t care about your life or death, Ethan. I just don’t want Grandfather to damage his health worrying about you.”

The relief in the room was palpable, but short-lived. My mother, Livia, let out a breath of air, a smile forming on her face. But then, her old habits kicked in.

“So you admit it?” Livia asked, her voice rising with accusation. “You admit that you were the one who poisoned him in the first place?”

The air in the room instantly froze. My heart sank like a stone into my stomach. Ethans from hopeful to terrified in a split second.

“Mom! Stop!” Ethan screamed, panic distorting his features. He looked at Amelia, his eyes pleading.

Amelia set her glass down with a sharp *clink*. She looked at Livia with a sneer.

“Why don’t you ask your good son what he did to deserve this retribution?” she asked softly.

Ethan didn’t hesitate. “It was me! It was my fault! I deserved it!”

He looked at Amelia, nodding frantically. “You are merciful, Amelia. Thank you for your mercy.”

Livia realized her mistake. She saw the terror in her favorite son’s eyes. Her face changed instantly, twisting into a fawning smile that looked grotesque on her proud features.

“Of course, of course,” she stammered. “Amelia, we are so grateful. Tell us what you want. We will compensate you with anything.”

Amelia laughed, a short, dry sound. "Compensation?" she mocked. "I didn't even care about a ten-million-dollar check back then. I certainly don't want anything you people have now. I just want you to shut your mouths and disappear from my sight."

(Amelia's POV)

I watched the two brothers bowing and scraping before me. They were making promises, swearing they would go through fire and water for me in the future. My heart remained completely still.

I shifted my gaze to the man sitting silently at the side. Adrian Stone hadn't said a word. His face was stiff, his jaw clenched tight. It was obvious he felt that this entire scene was a humiliation to his authority as an Alpha.

Can you smell it? Ava's voice echoed in my mind, dripping with disgust. *The stench of hypocrisy and unwillingness coming off that man is suffocating.*

*I smell it, I replied silently, soothing her bristling fur.

I looked directly at him. "Father," I said, stressing the word with irony. "You don't seem happy that your son is being saved."

Adrian jolted as if electrocuted. He forced the corners of his mouth up into a smile that looked uglier than crying.

"No... I am very happy," he lied, his voice strained. "Truly happy."

I didn't bother to expose him further. "Ethan I ordered coldly. Follow me back to get later."

I stood up. Dinner was over. Jaxon and Seraphina stood as well, ready to leave.

We walked toward the door. Ethan maneuvered his wheelchair frantically to keep up. Caleb stood up too, a hopeful look on his face.

"Amelia, I'll come too," he said, trying to sound brotherly.

I stopped and turned to look at him. "Don't," I said. My eyes bore into his. You make me sick

Caleb's face drained of all color. He stood frozen, his mouth hanging open.

I turned back to my adoptive parents, taking Seraphina's arm. Just as we reached the exit, Adrians voice called out from behind.

“Wait,” he said, stepping forward with thick skin. “Since we are going that way. I’d like to visit my old room in the East House, Just for a look.”

I stopped again. “No,” I refused flatly. “You have been expelled from that villa. Why go back and humiliate yourself?”

Grandfather Alaric cleared his throat from the table. “Perhaps they can just walk in the garden?” he suggested, trying to mediate.

I glanced back, raising my voice so everyone could hear. “Fine. But don’t run around.”

My gaze swept over Adrian, Livia, and Caleb. “My new guards aren’t familiar with you yet. If they mistake you for thieves and attack, don’t blame me.”

Adrian’s face turned a shade of purple. Livia looked like she had swallowed a fly. I turned away.

satisfied, and walked out into the night air.

(Caleb’s POV)

The night air was cool, but I felt like I was burning with shame. Ethan and I followed Amelia’s group at a distance. We were like unwanted strays trailing behind the masters of the house.

Ahead of us, Amelia walked between Jaxon and Seraphina. Her posture was relaxed, her laughter light and genuine. She chatted with them freely, a stark contrast to the ice queen she had been at the dinner table.

Bitter bile rose in my throat. That warmth... it should have been ours.

“Amelia,” Seraphina’s gentle voice drifted back to us. “The birthday gown I designed for you is ready. You can try it on when we get back.”

Amelia leaned her head on Seraphina’s shoulder. “I don’t even need to look at it,” she

“If Mom designed it, I know I’ll love it.”

Seraphina laughed, sounding pleased. “You sweet girl. But you must try it on. If there’s anything uncomfortable, I need to adjust it immediately.”

Jaxon chimed in, his voice full of pride. “I saw it earlier. It’s stunning. Truly one of a kind. Haute couture at its finest.”

Amelia’s sapphire eyes seemed to shine in the moonlight. She raised her voice slightly, the tone sharp and deliberate.

“Right, it is truly unique,” she said clearly. “That way, I won’t have to worry about clashing with anyone.”

She paused, and I felt a chill run down my spine.

“And more importantly,” she added, “I won’t have to fear some people slandering me, saying I’m wearing a high-quality knock-off.”

My footsteps halted abruptly. I stood frozen in place, the blood draining from my face as her words hit me like a physical blow.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 276[1,371 words]

(Ethan’s POV)

I watched the scene unfolding in front of me like a ghost haunting the living. The distance between us was only a few meters, but it felt like a canyon.

“Amelia,” Seraphina’s voice drifted back to us, soft and full of maternal warmth. “As long as you don’t find it annoying, I will design a unique evening gown for you every year.”

She patted Amelia’s hand gently. “For every birthday, I want you to shine.”

Amelia smiled, a genuine expression that I hadn’t seen directed at me in years. She held onto Seraphina’s arm tightly.

“I will never get tired of it, Mom,” she said happily. “I promise. I will wear your designs for every celebration, forever.”

The word ‘forever’ hung in the night air. It was a promise of a future filled with love and belonging.

Behind them, Caleb and I walked in silence. The sweetness of their conversation turned to ash in my mouth.

Mooked at Caleb. His shoulders were slumped. He met my gaze, and I saw my own deep regret reflected in his green eyes.

We had that chance. We lived in the same house as her for weeks. Yet we chose to be cold. We chose to hurt her.

Now, seeing Jaxon and Seraphina spoil her, I felt a crushing sense of irony. We were pathetic. We were laughable.

The idea of asking for her forgiveness felt heavy in my chest. It seemed like a distant, unreachable star.

The group stopped at the entrance of The West House. The warm lights of the villa spilled out onto the driveway.

Amelia stopped and turned around. Her face instantly lost its warmth. It was like a shutter coming down.

“Wait here,” she commanded coldly. “Do not take a single step inside this house.”

I looked at the building. It was part of our family estate, yet we had treated it like a forbidden zone.

“Amelia,” I started, stepping forward. “I just want to...”

I wanted to apologize. I wanted to explain. I just wanted five minutes inside to feel like a brother.

But a massive figure stepped in front of the gate. Jaxon blocked my path completely.

He stood like a mountain, his arms crossed over his chest. His sharp grey eyes bored into me, dissecting my intentions.

“Don’t,” Jaxon said, his voice low and dangerous. “Don’t even think about crossing this line, Ethan.”

I froze.

“For years, you two never bothered to set foot here to visit her,” Jaxon said ruthlessly. “You ignored.”

Her existence. Now that she tells you to wait outside, you will wait outside.”

He released a wave of Alpha pressure. It wasn’t an attack, but a heavy warning.

My wolf whined in submission. I felt small. I felt incredibly ashamed.

“Yes, Uncle Jaxon,” I whispered, lowering my head. “We will wait.”

Jaxon didn’t move. He stood guard like a sentinel until Amelia went inside.

Five minutes passed. The night wind bit through my clothes, but I didn’t dare move.

Finally, the door opened again. Amelia walked out into the courtyard.

She held a small glass vial in her hand. The liquid inside looked dark.

She stood on the top step, looking down at us with indifference. She didn't walk over. She just tossed the bottle through the air.

"Catch," she said.

I scrambled forward, my hands fumbling. I caught the cold glass just before it hit the ground. I clutched it tight, as if it were my own heart.

She turned to go back inside immediately.

"Wait! Amelia!" I called out, desperate to keep her there for just one more second.

Caleb stepped up beside me. "Amelia, your birthday is coming soon," he said quickly, his voice trembling with hope.

"Tell us what you want," I added eagerly. "Anything. Rare herbs? Jewelry? No matter how expensive or hard to find, we will get it for you."

Amelia stopped. She turned slowly. Her sapphire eyes swept over us, void of any emotion. It was terrifying.

"Why?" she asked simply. "Why do you think I would invite you to my birthday party?"

The air left my lungs.

"From the moment I was switched at birth, to my return twenty years later, I was never the family you wanted, she said calmly. Her voice was steady, stating a fact rather than an accusation.

"You have no right to celebrate my birthday. You are just strangers with the same blood."

She didn't wait for a response. She turned and walked into the house.

The heavy wooden door slammed shut. The sound echoed like a gunshot, sealing us out completely.

We were left standing in the dark.

I looked down at the vial in my hand. I pulled the cork stopper free.

I tilted my head back and drank the antidote. The liquid was foul, bitter and acrid. It burned my throat all the way down.

But the bitterness in my stomach was nothing compared to the bitterness in my heart.

Caleb stared at the closed door, his eyes red. He clenched his fists at his sides.

“I’m going to keep writing,” Caleb said suddenly. His voice was fierce. “I will become the top werewolf musician in the world.”

He looked at me, his jaw set. “I will hold a concert that the whole world watches. It will be for her. It will be my apology.”

I nodded slowly. At least he had a goal.

“What about you, Ethan?” Caleb asked softly. “Grandfather removed you from the company. What will you do?”

I let out a harsh, self-deprecating laugh.

“After almost dying tonight, I realized something,” I said. “Just being alive is a luxury.”

I looked toward the horizon, where the city lights faded into darkness.

“I’m going to the Meadow Brook Pack,” I told him.

Caleb’s eyes widened. “The countryside? Why?”

“I want to live where she grew up,” I said. “I want to experience the poverty she lived in. I want to feel the hardships she endured.”

I rubbed my face tiredly. “I listened to Dad for too long. I pushed Uncle Jaxon away for an inheritance I didn’t deserve. I lost everything, including my humanity.”

I placed a hand on Caleb’s shoulder. “Don’t tell Mom and Dad where I’m going.”

Caleb looked at me for a long moment. Then he nodded solemnly. “I promise.”

(Amelia’s POV)

The house was quiet and warm. After finalizing the dress details with Seraphina, I went upstairs to my room.

The hot water of the shower washed away the chill of the encounter outside. I dried my hair and picked up my phone.

There was a message from Theodore. He had sent it ten minutes ago.

Theodore: I’m going to the sanitarium tomorrow. I need to question my father about Jasper.

I stared at the screen. Jasper. The missing brother.

I knew the chances were slim. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack after so many years.

But for Theodore, this was a wound that never healed.

I walked over to the glass tank on my desk. Green tapped his nose against the glass, looking expectant.

“Hungry again?” I murmured. I dropped a piece of fresh meat into the tank. He struck quickly, swallowing it whole.

I climbed into bed and tapped the video call icon.

The connection was instant.

Theodore’s face filled my screen. My breath hitched slightly. Even through a phone, his presence was overwhelming.

His dark hair was messy, falling over his forehead. He looked less like the intimidating Alpha King and more like... just a man. A very handsome man.

A small smile touched his lips.

“You answered,” he said, his voice deep and raspy.

“You were waiting?” I asked.

“For fifteen minutes,” he admitted unabashedly. “I was staring at the screen, afraid I might miss your reply.”

I felt a warmth spread through my chest that had nothing to do with the room temperature. I adjusted my pillows, getting comfortable.

“I saw your message,” I said, my tone turning serious. “Tomorrow, after I treat your legs at noon, I’m coming with you.”

Theodore blinked. His golden eyes softened with visible emotion.

“To the sanitarium?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said firmly. “We will question Theron together.”

He looked at me through the screen, his gaze intense. “I was hoping you would say that. I need you there.”

Then, his expression shifted. The light in his eyes dimmed, replaced by a heavy shadow.

He looked away for a second, a bitter look crossing his features.

“He is my father,” Theodore said quietly. “Even though I am the Alpha now... I can’t bring myself to use violence on him.”

He looked back at me, pain visible in his golden irises.

“But I can’t wait anymore, Amelia. Finding Jasper... it can’t be delayed any longer.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 277[1,162 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

“Leave him to me,” I said, a cruel smile curving my lips.

The moment Theodore mentioned questioning Theron about his missing brother, a spark of excitement ignited within me.

Finally, Ava purred in the depths of my mind. *We get to tear into that hypocrite.*

We both despised the old Alpha. Theron Crimson was a stain on the Alpha King’s bloodline, a man who valued power over his own flesh and blood.

“I will handle the interrogation tomorrow,” I told Theodore through the screen. “You know I never blink when it comes to torturing villains.”

I leaned closer to the camera, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper.

“I will pry the whereabouts of your brother out of his mouth. I don’t care how tight-lipped he is. Just promise me one thing, Theodore.”

“What is it?” he asked.

“Don’t go soft just because he gave you life,” I warned. “Mercy is useless against men like him.”

Theodore’s low chuckle vibrated through the speaker. It was a dark, rich sound that sent a shiver down my spine.

“Do not worry, Amelia,” he replied firmly. “I have no softness left for him. I am thoroughly disappointed in that man.”

He paused, his golden eyes darkening with a strange heat.

“Besides,” he added, “I admit, I enjoy watching you punish the wicked.”

My eyebrows rose. “Is that so?”

“I am not lying,” he said softly. “When I first saw you in the Meadow Brook Pack, I was intrigued. But do you know when I realized you were the one?”

I shook my head.

“It was in that abandoned factory,” he confessed. “Watching you ruthlessly teach Ethan a lesson. The way you moved, the calculated violence... it was breathtaking.”

He looked at me with intense admiration.

“That was when I knew. You are a Luna strong enough to stand by my side. You are my equal.”

A flush of heat rose to my cheeks. I cleared my throat, shifting the topic before my ego got too big.

“Speaking of Ethan,” Theodore said, reading my expression. “How did the dinner go? What did Alpha Alaric want?”

“He wanted me to detoxify Ethan,” I explained casually.

“And did you?”

“I gave him a vial,” I said with a shrug. “But it wasn’t a complete cure. It’s a suppressant.”

Theodore’s eyes narrowed slightly, understanding dawning in them.

“Smart,” he murmured.

“As long as Ethan doesn’t do anything stupid to provoke me, the poison will remain dormant,” I said. “He thinks he is cured, so he won’t dare bother me again. But if his malice returns, so will the pain.”

“You spared his life,” Theodore noted.

“I’ve tortured him enough,” I admitted. “Pushing him further might make him suicidal. Besides, he is Grandfather’s grandson. If I killed him, Grandfather might hold a grudge. It is better to keep him on a leash.”

Theodore nodded in approval. “Calculated and efficient.”

“By the way,” he said, his tone lightening. “Your birthday is in two weeks. How do you plan to spend it?”

I couldn’t help but smile.

“My parents are already planning a party,” I said. “Mom–Seraphina–is personally designing a dress for me.”

“That sounds wonderful,” he said.

“It’s different from before,” I mused, memories washing over me. “Back in the Meadow Brook Pack,

we didn’t have money for parties or gowns.”

“Did you celebrate?” he asked.

“In our own way,” I said softly. “Uncle Rowan and the other elders... they didn’t give material gifts. From the time I was six until I turned twenty, they taught me skills.”

I counted on my fingers. “One year it was identifying poisonous moonlight herbs. The tracking prey in a blizzard. Or learning the ancient werewolf tongue.”

I laughed. “Celine learned piano and painting to please the nobles. I learned how to survive in the wild. I think I got the better deal.”

“They are wise elders,” Theodore said with genuine respect. “They loved you deeply.”

“I want to invite them,” I decided suddenly. “I will bring all the uncles and aunts to Northgate City. I want them to see that I am living well.”

I looked pointedly at Theodore. “And they will want to inspect my future mate.”

Theodore chuckled, raising his hands in surrender. “I promise to behave. I won’t embarrass you in front of your family.”

“You better not,” I teased. “Uncle Rowan can be very protective.”

“By your birthday,” Theodore said, looking down at his legs, “Logan should be fully recovered. My legs will be better, too.”

“How is the therapy?” I asked, my healer instincts kicking in.

“I follow your instructions,” he said. “To prevent muscle atrophy, I practice putting weight on them. The pain is lessening. I can stand for a few seconds now.”

His eyes burned into mine. “I want to stand tall beside you, Amelia. When we complete our marking ceremony, I want to be on my feet.”

My heart skipped a beat. “You will be.”

“Have you heard from Damien?” he asked suddenly, his expression hardening.

“Not a peep,” I said dismissively. “He has been quiet. I think he finally gave up.”

“Be careful,” Theodore warned. “Silence can mean plotting.”

“With his brain?” I scoffed. “Damien isn’t capable of complex schemes. He is just a fool who realized he lost the best thing he ever had.”

We talked for a few more minutes before saying goodnight. I hung up, feeling lighter than I had in days.

(Author’s POV)

The next morning, the sunlight streamed into Amelia’s office at Starlight Entertainment.

She spent the morning reviewing project files and signing off on budget approvals. Her efficiency was terrifying to her subordinates, who scrambled to keep up.

At noon, her phone buzzed.

Theodore: I am downstairs.

Amelia packed her bag, handed a stack of files to her stunned secretary, and headed for the elevator.

Down on the street level, the atmosphere was electric.

Several female employees were pressed against the glass windows of the lobby, craning their necks.

“Is that him?” one whispered excitedly.

“It has to be,” another replied. “Look at that car. That’s the Alpha King’s crest.”

A sleek, black luxury sedan was parked at the curb. It radiated power and wealth, much like its owner.

As Amelia walked out of the building, the rear window of the car slid down smoothly.

Theodore’s face appeared.

Gasps rippled through the onlookers. His features were sharp, aggressive, and devastatingly handsome. But it was the way his golden eyes locked onto Amelia that caused the stir.

The cold, ruthless Alpha looked at her as if she were the only person in the world.

“He is so handsome,” a receptionist sighed, clutching her chest. “Look at how he looks at her.”

Amelia ignored the whispers. She walked briskly toward the car.

The front door opened, and Marcus stepped out. The Beta looked formidable in his dark suit. He bowed his head slightly.

“Miss Stone,” Marcus greeted respectfully, opening the rear door for her.

“Marcus,” Amelia nodded in acknowledgement.

She slid into the backseat. The scent of pine and rain—Theodore’s scent—enveloped her immediately.

Inside her, her silver wolf, Ava, wagged her tail in pure delight. The bond hummed with satisfaction.

Theodore reached out and took her hand, interlacing their fingers.

“Ready?” he asked.

“Ready,” Amelia replied, her eyes cold and determined.

She looked forward as the car pulled away from the curb. They were not going to lunch. They were going to the sanitarium to settle a score with Theron.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 278[1,502 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Theodore nodded, his expression grim as he confirmed our next destination. We were heading straight to the sanitarium to confront Theron.

His gaze dropped to the bag slung over my shoulder. Instead of my usual sleek designer purse, I was carrying a heavy-duty tactical backpack.

“Going to war, Amelia?” he asked, a flicker of amusement breaking through his stoic mask. “You look like you are prepared for a siege.”

I patted the backpack, the metallic clink of heavy tools shifting inside audible even over the hum of the car engine.

“Just some persuasion aids,” I replied with a dark smile. *Ava* paced excitedly in my mind, her tail thrashing in anticipation of the justice we were about to serve. “Dealing with a slippery old Alpha like your father requires preparation.”

I adjusted the strap, feeling the reassuring weight of the steel and silver instruments.

“Though, honestly,” I added, tilting my head thoughtfully. “Given Theron’s fragile ego and cowardly nature, I doubt I will need the heavy machinery. He will likely crack before I even unzip the main compartment.”

Theodore chuckled, the sound low and rich. He didn’t disagree.

“We should eat first,” he said, checking his watch. “I ordered steak and salad from a nearby bistro to be delivered to the sanitarium’s reception. We can’t work on an empty stomach.”

My smile widened into a genuine grin. “I couldn’t agree more. Torturing villains is calorie-burning work.”

(Theodore’s POV)

We finished our lunch in the reception area, the protein fueling my body for the unpleasant task ahead.

Director Yates, sweating profusely in his white coat, led us down the sterile hallway toward the VIP wing.

Before we even reached the door to Theron’s luxury suite, the sound of shattering porcelain echoed through the corridor.

“Where is he?!” Theron’s voice boomed, muffled slightly by the heavy oak door but unmistakably its rage. “Why hasn’t my son come to see me?”

Yates flinched, looking apologetically at me, but I signaled for him to remain silent.

“It is all your fault, you quack!” Theron screamed again. “You and your useless therapy!”

We could hear the calm, professional voice of Julian Pierce responding amidst the chaos.

“Mr. Crimson, throwing vases will not expedite your release,” Julian said, his tone dangerously polite. “Excessive anger is detrimental to your recovery.”

There was a pause, and then Julian’s voice turned sharper.

“And regarding your son... perhaps he is simply busy fixing the mess you left behind. The heir to the Crimson family is in excellent mental health. You, however, are the one in desperate need of psychological reconstruction.”

“I am not crazy!” Theron roared, the sound of a heavy chair being dragged across the floor following his outburst. “When I get out of here, I will make you pay! I will ruin you!”

Amelia didn’t wait for him to finish his threat. She kicked the door open, the lock splintering with a sharp crack.

Theron froze in the middle of the room, a broken lamp in his hand.

The moment his eyes landed on me, the snarl on his face vanished. It was instantly replaced by an expression of overwhelming, pathetic joy.

“Theodore! My boy!”

He dropped the lamp and lunged toward my wheelchair, arms wide open.

Two male nurses stepped in immediately, restraining him by the arms before he could touch me.

Theron slumped in their grip, tears instantly streaming down his face. He began to wail, fully committing to the role of the abandoned, suffering father.

“Oh, thank the Moon Goddess you are here,” he sobbed. “Look at how they treat me! It’s a prison, son. Please, you have to take me home. I can’t stay here another night.”

“Save the performance,” Amelia cut in, her voice cutting through his theatrics like a blade. “You didn’t look this desperate for family connection when you were unleashing your illegitimate children to destroy Theodore’s life.”

Theron’s face darkened instantly. He glared at her before turning his pleading eyes back to me. “That wasn’t me!” he insisted, his voice trembling with feigned innocence. “That was Ronan and Isla! They were greedy. They were jealous! I never wanted to hurt you, Theodore. I am you.

I watched him, feeling nothing but a cold void where respect used to be.

I signaled Marcus. My Beta stepped forward, pushing my wheelchair closer until I was just out of Theron’s reach.

“I will give you one last chance,” I said, my voice devoid of any warmth. “Who did you sell Jasper to twenty years ago?”

Theron’s eyes widened, and he shook his head frantically.

“I didn’t! I swear on the family name, I didn’t sell him!” he cried out, sweat beading on his forehead. “It was Bianca! That woman was a viper. She did it behind my back. I knew nothing about it!”

Amelia let out a harsh, mocking laugh.

“Bianca?” she scoffed, stepping forward to stand beside me. “You expect us to believe that a mistress managed to swap the Alpha King’s grandson right under the nose of the entire Crimson pack without any help?”

She shook her head, looking at him with undisguised contempt.

“You are insulting our intelligence, Theron.”

She leaned down slightly, locking eyes with him.

“You aren’t stupid. You are just terrified of dying. You think if you deny it until the end, Theodore won’t kill you because of some misplaced filial piety. You think confession makes you useless.”

Theron’s face turned a shade of purple I had never seen before. Cornered and exposed, his mask of the loving father shattered completely.

He bared his teeth at Amelia, saliva flying from his mouth.

“You shut your mouth, you stray bitch!” he spat, his eyes wild with malice. “You are a ruthless, uneducated mongrel! A woman who would destroy her own parents has no right to lecture me!”

He strained against the nurses, pointing a trembling finger at her.

“You are poisoning my son against me! You are nothing but a gold-digging whore trying to climb into my family!”

A low, vibrating growl started in my chest. *Logan* roared in my mind, a sound of pure, unadulterated fury.

The last shred of hesitation, the final tiny speck of mercy I held for the man who gave me life, evaporated in that instant.

I turned my head slowly to Amelia.

“Amelia,” I said, my voice dangerously soft. “Wait outside.”

She looked at me, raising an eyebrow. “I don’t mind the blood, Theodore.”

“I know,” I replied, my golden eyes burning. “But this is the Crimson family’s filth. I need to clean it myself.”

She searched my face for a moment, seeing the absolute finality in my gaze. She nodded once, respecting my decision, and turned on her heel to leave the room..

As the door clicked shut behind her, the air in the room grew heavy and suffocating.

“Everyone out,” I commanded.

The doctors and nurses didn’t need to be told twice. They scrambled for the exit, sensing the lethal aura radiating from me.

Marcus remained. He walked to the door, closed it firmly, and engaged the deadbolt with a loud

The room fell silent.

Theron looked around, realizing we were alone. A look of relief washed over his face. He clearly misunderstood the situation.

He rushed toward me, dropping to his knees and grabbing my hand.

“Oh, Theodore,” he breathed, clutching my fingers. “I knew you wouldn’t let that outsider dictate our relationship. You sent them away because you believe me, right? We are family.”

I looked down at his hands on mine. They felt like slime.

I ripped my hand away with a violent jerk, wiping it on my trousers as if I had touched something rotting.

“I don’t want to hear another word from your lying mouth,” I said coldly.

I looked up at my Beta.

“Marcus. Serve the appetizer.”

Theron blinked, confusion clouding his eyes. “Appetizer? What...”

Marcus didn’t speak. He reached into his jacket and pulled out a silver switchblade. The blade snapped open with a deadly sound, glinting under the fluorescent lights.

Theron scrambled backward, his eyes bulging.

“Theodore? What are you doing?” He held up his hands. “I am your father! You wouldnt private punishment on me! I am the former...”

He didn’t finish the sentence.

Marcus stepped forward and delivered a brutal kick to Theron’s stomach.

Theron doubled over with a wheeze, air forcefully expelled from his lungs.

Before he could recover, Marcus kicked him again, sending him sprawling onto his back.

Marcus stepped on Theron’s chest, pinning him to the floor. With practiced efficiency, he grabbed Theron’s right arm, exposing the wrist.

The silver blade flashed.

With a sickening slicing sound, Marcus severed the tendons in Theron’s wrist.

Theron let out a scream that sounded like a pig being slaughtered. His face went white as paper.

Marcus didn’t pause. He grabbed the other wrist and repeated the motion.

Another scream tore through the soundproofed room.

Theron writhed on the floor, his hands flopping uselessly, blood pooling on the pristine tiles.

Marcus moved down to his legs. He hooked the blade behind Theron’s ankle and pulled.

The Achilles tendon snapped.

Theron’s scream turned into a gurgling sob of pure agony.

Marcus moved to the other leg. Slash.

Now, Theron could neither run nor fight. He was a broken thing, gasping for air, tears and snot mixing on his face.

Marcus stood over him, his expression stony. He reached down and grabbed Theron’s jaw, his fingers digging into the cheeks with bruising force.

He forced Theron’s mouth open.

The blood-stained silver dagger hovered inches.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 279[1,353 words]

(Author's POV)

"Speak now, or you will never speak again."

Theodore's voice was a low rumble, vibrating with lethal intent.

Theron looked up from the floor, clutching his useless, bleeding wrists. He searched his son's face for any trace of the boy he had manipulated for years.

He found nothing.

The hesitant, respectful son was gone. In his place sat the Alpha King, a ruler who viewed mercy as a weakness he had discarded long ago.

The golden eyes staring down at him held no warmth, only a terrifying, abyssal coldness.

Panic, raw and primal, finally shattered Theron's arrogance.

"No! Don't!" Theron shrieked, scrambling backward with his heels, leaving streaks of blood on the tiles. "I'll talk! I'll tell you everything! Just don't kill me! I am your father!"

"You have no right to negotiate," Theodore said, his face impassive.

"I did it! I admit it!" Theron wailed, tears mixing with the sweat on his face. The pain from his severed tendons was blinding, but the fear of death was sharper.

"I gave him to a woman," Theron sobbed, his words tumbling out over each other. "A rogue. She... she specializes in moving people."

"Trafficking," Theodore corrected, his voice flat.

"Yes! Yes!" Theron cried. "I told her to take him far away. I didn't want him near the capital. I said take him to the south. To the remote poverty packs in the mountains. Or the rogue settlements."

Theron looked up, his eyes pleading for understanding.

"I didn't kill him, Theodore! I just sent him away. Those places... they need male labor. They need strong bloodlines for breeding."

He swallowed hard, trying to force a pathetic smile.

“I thought... I thought he wouldn’t have it too bad there. He would be useful. He would be alive.”

The air in the room instantly dropped several degrees.

Logan, the massive black wolf within Theodore, let out a roar that shook Theodore’s very

“Wouldn’t have it too bad?” Theodore repeated softly.

His brother. The true blood of the Crimson family. A boy who should have grown up in a palace, surrounded by luxury and power.

Sold like livestock to be a laborer. To be a breeding stud for rogues in the middle of nowhere.

And this man—this monster—dared to say it wasn’t “too bad.”

Theodore didn’t speak. He simply flicked his gaze toward Marcus.

Marcus understood immediately. His expression remained stony as he stepped forward.

He raised the silver switchblade.

“Wait! What are you-” Theron started to scream.

Marcus drove the blade down hard.

Schlick.

The silver steel pierced straight through the center of Theron’s right palm, pinning his hand to the

floor.

“AAAAHHH!”

The scream was guttural, tearing from Theron’s throat as the silver sizzled against his flesh and bone. The smell of burning meat filled the small room.

Theodore watched the agony without blinking.

“I was going to cut out your tongue,” Theodore said, his voice conversational amidst the

screaming. “But you think a life of slavery isn’t ‘too bad! So, surely, a hole in your hand isn’t too bad either.”

Theron convulsed, sobbing uncontrollably.

“Where is he?” Theodore demanded, his voice cutting through the noise. “Give me the exact location.”

“I don’t know!” Theron gasped, snot bubbling from his nose. “I swear! I really don’t know!”

He shook his head frantically against the floor.

“She wouldn’t tell me! That’s how they work! They don’t tell the sellers where the product goes so we can’t change our minds!”

Theodore’s eyes narrowed. The killing intent in the room spiked.

“Then give me a name. A face. Something I can hunt.”

“She... she was called ‘The Hag’,” Theron stammered, his body trembling violently. “She had gold teeth! Two of them, right in the front!”

He squeezed his eyes shut, recalling the memory from twenty years ago.

“She was maybe forty or fifty back then. An ugly woman. I don’t know if she is still in the business!

That was two decades ago!”

Theron looked at Theodore, desperation clawing at his throat.

“That’s all I know! Please, son. I’ve told you the truth. I’ll be good now. I’ll be the father you want.

Just let me go.”

Theodore looked down at the broken man.

“Here is your sentence,” Theodore announced, his tone final.

“If I find my brother, and he is safe and whole, you may live out your days in this sanitarium. You will keep your limbs.”

Theron let out a breath of relief, hope flickering in his eyes.

“But,” Theodore continued, leaning forward in his wheelchair. “If he is dead. Or if he is broken beyond repair...”

The golden eyes flared.

“I will return. I will shatter every bone in your body. I will cut out your tongue. And I will throw you into the filthiest basement I can find to rot until you die.”

Theron froze, the horror returning tenfold.

Theodore turned his wheelchair away.

“Marcus. Call a doctor to stop the bleeding. Don’t let him die yet.”

“Yes, Alpha,” Marcus replied.

Theodore wheeled himself out of the room, leaving the sound of his father’s terrified weeping behind the heavy door.

In the hallway, Amelia was leaning casually against the wall.

She had unzipped her tactical backpack and was idly tossing a silver torture clamp in her hand.

She looked up as Theodore emerged.

“Done already?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

“He talked,” Theodore said, his voice weary but calm. “He realized I wasn’t bluffing.”

Amelia scoffed, dropping the clamp back into the bag with a metallic clink.

“Men like him don’t deserve cubs,” she said, zipping the bag shut. “He only understands pain.”

“I was too soft before,” Theodore admitted, a bitter smile touching his lips. “My mercy left my brother in danger for twenty years. I won’t make that mistake again.”

“What did he give us?” Amelia asked, falling into step beside his wheelchair.

“A description,” Theodore said. “A woman called ‘The Hag’. She has two gold teeth.”

Amelia stopped walking. Her sapphire eyes lit up with recognition.

“Gold teeth. The Hag,” she murmured. “That is a very specific identifier.”

She looked at Theodore, a confident smile spreading across her face.

“My network can work with that. The Shadow King has eyes everywhere, even in the gutter where rats like that live. I will mobilize everyone. We will find her.”

Theodore reached out and took her hand, squeezing it gently.

“Thank you, Amelia,” he said, his voice thick with emotion. “I feel like I am always in your debt.”

Amelia chuckled. She leaned down, bringing her face close to his.

“Don’t worry about debts now,” she whispered, her voice taking on a teasing, husky note.

“Find your brother first. Then, after our Mating Ceremony...”

She brushed a stray lock of hair from his forehead.

“You can repay me with your body in our bedroom. I expect a full settlement.”

Theodore’s dark expression vanished instantly. A genuine, heated smile broke through.

“It’s a deal,” he promised.

Meanwhile, in the heart of Northgate City.

A black luxury sedan pulled up to the entrance of a high-end commercial building.

The sign above the door read “Prestige Etiquette Training School” in elegant gold lettering.

The back door opened, and Celine stepped out.

Her entire face was wrapped in thick white gauze following her reconstruction surgery. Only her red, swollen eyes and the tip of her nose were visible.

Two burly bodyguards in black suits flanked her immediately.

“This way, Miss Stone,” one of them said, gesturing toward the entrance.

Celine walked weakly, her body still recovering from the trauma of the surgery.

Despite the pain, a flicker of hope ignited in her chest.

Griffin had sent her here. A finishing school.

*He must want me to learn proper etiquette for when I return to society, she thought. *He is preparing me to be by his side again. He hasn't abandoned me.*

She clung to that delusion as they took the elevator to the top floor.

The doors opened to a lavishly decorated lobby. It smelled of expensive perfume and old money.

The bodyguards led her straight into a spacious office at the end of the hall.

Celine stepped inside, but the atmosphere made her pause. It didn't feel like a school. It felt predatory.

Sitting on a plush leather sofa was a middle-aged woman. She wore a tailored suit that cost more than most people's cars, but her eyes were hard and cold.

"Ms. Glenda," one of the bodyguards announced, bowing slightly. "This is the one Alpha Drake sent over."

The woman, Glenda—the daughter of the notorious trafficker "The Hag"—looked up from her tea.

She didn't smile.

She looked at Celine not as a student, or a guest, but with the appraising stare of a butcher inspecting a piece of meat.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 280[1,422 words]

(Celine's POV)

The room was dim, lit only by a single lamp in the corner.

Glenda sat on the leather sofa with a cigarette dangling from her lips. In her hand was an old photograph, which she studied with intense focus.

When she heard footsteps, she looked up briefly at Celine, then tossed the photo aside and walked over.

Her movements were rough and careless as she began unwrapping the layers of gauze from Celine's face.

The bandages fell away one by one, revealing the swollen, bruised skin beneath.

Glenda's nicotine-stained fingers gripped Celine's chin hard, turning her head left and right to examine her features under the light.

"Not bad," Glenda muttered, exhaling smoke. "You really were the perfect socialite of Stone River Pack once. Even with the damage, the foundation is still there."

Celine stood frozen, her body tense.

She stared at the middle-aged woman in front of her.

Glenda wore an expensive designer suit that probably cost more than most people earned in a year. But the long, jagged scar running down the side of her face and the single gold tooth glinting in her mouth made Celine's stomach turn.

She tried to hide the disgust in her eyes, but it was too late.

Glenda saw it.

Crack.

The slap came fast and hard, snapping Celine's head to the side.

Pain exploded across her cheek, fresh and burning.

"Listen carefully," Glenda said coldly, dropping her hand. "You came here to work. That means you leave your dignity at the door. Don't you dare look at me with that high-and-mighty Alpha daughter expression again."

Celine clutched her stinging face, tears welling in her eyes.

She forced herself to bow her head.

"I... I didn't mean to be disrespectful," she stammered, her voice shaking. "I don't dare look down on you. I just... I need to survive. I need to get my revenge on Amelia."

She swallowed hard, tasting blood.

"I don't care about dignity anymore. I'll do whatever you ask."

Glenda studied her for a moment, then nodded with satisfaction.

"Good. That's the right attitude."

She turned and picked up a folder from the desk, tossing it into Celine's hands.

“Here’s your new job,” Glenda said, lighting another cigarette. “You’re going to be an instructor at this school.”

Celine opened the folder, scanning the documents inside.

Her eyes widened slightly.

“You’ll use your identity as the former ‘Pearl of Stone River Pack’ to recruit young women,” Glenda continued, pacing slowly. “Target the vain ones. The pretty ones. The ones from low-status families who dream of climbing the social ladder.”

She exhaled a plume of smoke.

“Teach them etiquette. Teach them how to please powerful men. How to dress, how to speak, how to make themselves irresistible to Alphas with money and influence.”

Celine’s hands tightened on the folder.

She understood immediately.

This wasn’t a real finishing school.

It was a pipeline.

A way to funnel beautiful, desperate women into the hands of wealthy predators at secret parties.

Glenda smirked, reading Celine’s expression.

“You catch on quick. I like that.”

She tapped ash into a crystal tray.

“Your quota is ten girls per month. Bring me quality, and you’ll be rewarded. Fail, and you’ll regret it.”

Celine nodded quickly, clutching the folder to her chest.

“I understand. Thank you for this opportunity, Ms. Glenda. I won’t let you down.”

She bowed deeply.

“Griffin gave me a second chance. You’re giving me the tools to rebuild. I’ll repay you both with results.”

Glenda waved her hand dismissively.

“Get out. The bodyguards will show you to your quarters.”

The two men in black suits stepped forward, gesturing toward the door.

Celine followed them out of the office, her mind racing.

As they walked down the hallway, she passed several training rooms.

Through the glass windows, she could see young women inside—girls barely out of their teens—practicing how to walk in high heels, how to pour wine, how to smile seductively.

Some looked eager.

Others looked hollow.

Celine felt nothing for them.

Her heart was a cold, dead thing now.

All that remained was hatred.

Amelia.

The name burned in her chest like acid.

You did this to me. You destroyed my face. You took everything from me. You humiliated me in front of the entire pack.

Celine’s nails dug into her palms.

As long as I have breath left in my body, I will make you pay. I will make you suffer. I will make you beg for death.

She didn’t care how many women she had to sacrifice to climb back up.

She didn’t care how low she had to sink.

Revenge was all she had left.

(Author’s POV)

After Celine left, Glenda returned to her desk.

She picked up her phone, scrolling through her contacts until she found Griffin’s number

Her thumb hovered over the call button.

But before she pressed it, her gaze drifted back to the old photograph she had been studying earlier.

It was a faded image of a woman with hard eyes and two prominent gold teeth.

Her mother.

The Hag.

Glenda's jaw tightened.

Her mind slipped back twenty-one years, to the night that had changed everything.

Back then, her mother had been one of the most notorious human traffickers in the rogue underworld.

She specialized in moving people who needed to disappear—runaways, illegitimate children, inconvenient heirs.

One night, a man came to her with an offer.

He was wealthy, well-dressed, and desperate.

He wanted to get rid of his own son.

Not kill him. Just make him vanish.

The Hag had done worse jobs for less money, so she agreed.

She took the infant—a tiny, wailing thing with golden eyes—and headed south.

The plan was simple: sell the boy to a remote rogue settlement in the mountains. Somewhere far from the capital, where no one would ever find him.

But the boy's mother found out.

She chased them.

The Hag tried to lose her on the highway, but the woman was relentless.

In the chaos, the mother's car spun out of control.

It flipped.

Crashed.

Burned.

The she-wolf died on impact.

But before she died, she made one final phone call.

Glenda didn't know who the woman called.

All she knew was that the next day, her mother was found dead in the street.

Her body had been crushed by multiple vehicles, mangled beyond recognition.

The authorities ruled it an accident.

But Glenda knew better.

Someone had killed her mother.

Someone powerful.

Someone who wanted revenge for that dead she-wolf.

For twenty years, Glenda had searched for answers.

Who was the man who hired her mother?

Who was the woman who died?

And most importantly—who was the child?

Where was he now?

Two years ago, Griffin Drake had approached her with an offer.

He needed someone to run his underground operations—the training schools, the parties, the networks that kept the capital's elite entertained.

In exchange, he promised to use his resources to help her find the truth.

Glenda had agreed.

She had waited.

And now, finally, Griffin claimed to have answers.

Meanwhile, across the city, Griffin sat in his luxurious office on the top floor of Night City.

In his hands was a heavily encrypted file.

His eyes scanned the contents, and with each line, his smile grew wider.

This was it.

The leverage he had been searching for.

The secret that would bring Theodore Crimson to his knees.

According to the file, the infant that The Hag had been hired to sell twenty-one years ago was

Theodore's younger brother.

Not Ronan.

Ronan was a bastard. An illegitimate son from Theron's affair.

But this boy-this lost child-was Theodore's true blood brother.

Same father. Same mother.

And Theodore had no idea where he was.

Griffin leaned back in his chair, laughing softly.

"So that's why you were so ruthless," he murmured to himself. "That's why you threw Ronan in

prison without a second thought. That's why you tortured your own father."

He tapped the file against his desk.

"You knew. You knew Ronan wasn't your real brother. You knew there was another one out there."

Griffin's mind raced.

If he could find this lost brother before Theodore did, he would have the ultimate weapon.

He could control Theodore.

Manipulate him.

Destroy him.

“I want to see how far the great Alpha King will crawl to save his precious little brother,” Griffin whispered, his voice dripping with venom.

Just then, the door to his office opened.

Jade walked in, carrying a paper bag of takeout food.

She paused when she saw the expression on Griffin’s face.

It was rare to see him smile like that.

The only time she had ever seen him this happy was when he had successfully humiliated Theodore in public.

“What’s going on?” Jade asked cautiously, setting the bag on the desk.

Griffin didn’t answer immediately.

He just stared at the file, his fingers drumming against the surface.

Then, his phone rang.

He glanced at the screen.

It was Glenda.

Griffin smirked and answered.

“Ms. Glenda,” he said smoothly. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

Glenda’s voice came through the speaker, rough and impatient.

“Drake, I’ve been working for you for two years. I’ve done everything you asked. Now I want answers.”

Her tone hardened.

“Have you found out who killed my mother? And where is the boy she was hired to sell? I want to know where that little bastard is now.”