

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 291[1,118 words]

(Amelia's POV)

"I can hand Celine over! You can deal with her at your will!" Glenda screamed, hope desperate in her eyes.

I let out a cold, sharp sneer that filled the small space of the car.

In my mind, Ava bristled with disgust.

My wolf wanted to claw this woman apart for her part in trafficking our kind.

"You think a piece of trash like you has the right to negotiate with me?" I asked, my voice dripping with ice.

Glenda flinched as if I had struck her.

"Look at your hands, Glenda," I said softly, glancing at her in the mirror. "They are having blood on her hands. You don't get to make deals."

"You... you said you would consider it!" Glenda shrieked, her face twisting in terror. "You are breaking your word!"

"I did consider it," I replied calmly.

I turned the steering wheel, guiding the car off the main road onto a gravel path.

"And my conclusion is that you belong in hell to repent for your sins."

Realizing her plea had failed, Glenda suddenly dropped the act.

Her face contorted into a mask of vicious hatred.

"You bitch!" she spat, straining against the handcuffs. "Griffin will kill you! He is cruel, and he never forgives anyone who touches his property!"

I ignored her threats, my expression unchanged.

The car rolled to a stop in a desolate, abandoned lot on the outskirts of the city.

Several figures emerged from the shadows.

Silas stepped forward, flanked by two large, black-clothed Rogue warriors.

I unlocked the doors and stepped out into the cool night air.

“Take her,” I commanded coldly.

Silas opened the back door and yanked Glenda out by her hair.

“Let me go! You can’t do this!” she screamed, kicking and thrashing.

“Break her limbs,” I ordered, my voice devoid of emotion. “Make sure she can’t crawl away.”

Glenda’s eyes widened in absolute horror.

“But keep her alive,” I added, turning to look at Silas. “The Shadow Lab has developed some new reagents. We need a live subject to test their efficacy.”

Silas nodded grimly. “Understood, boss.”

He dragged the screaming woman toward the dark alleyway behind the ruins.

“No! Please! Griffin! Save me!” Glenda wailed.

Her voice was cut short by the sickening crunch of bone shattering.

A blood-curdling scream tore through the night, echoing off the crumbling walls.

I leaned against the car door, listening to the rhythm of her agony.

My heart remained steady. I felt no guilt.

I I taking out the trash.

I wasn’t being cruel; I was 3 ?

(Author’s POV)

Inside the VIP suite of a high-end private club owned by the Drake Pack.

Griffin Drake stared at his phone, his face darkening with every second of silence.

“She’s gone,” he muttered, his voice low and dangerous.

Suddenly, his hand tightened around the crystal wine glass he was holding.

Crunch.

The glass shattered in his grip.

Shards of crystal bit into his palm, and red wine mixed with his blood, dripping onto the expensive carpet like a gruesome rain.

Celine stood in the corner, trembling.

She had lost all the arrogance she once displayed as the Stone family heiress.

Now, she looked like a frightened rabbit, her eyes wide with terror as she watched Griffin's rage.

"M-Mr. Drake," she stammered, her voice barely a whisper. "Glenda... she said she had to chase down a runaway cargo. Maybe she just lost signal?"

Griffin turned his head slowly, fixing her with a predatory glare,

"Lost signal?" he mocked. "In this city?"

He narrowed his eyes, his mind working through the possibilities,

"There are only two people in the Northern Territories who would dare touch my dogs," he hissed.

"Theodore Crimson. Or that bitch, Amelia Stone."

Celine flinched at the names.

Seeing the blood dripping from his hand, she instinctively stepped forward.

"Your hand... let me help you clean it," she said, reaching for a napkin to curry favor

"Get off me!" Griffin roared.

He shoved her violently, sending her stumbling back against the wall.

"Don't touch me with your filthy hands," he spat, wiping the blood on his trousers. "You are useless to me right now."

Just then, the door opened.

Wade, Griffin's assistant, walked in with a hurried step.

“Alpha,” Wade said, bowing slightly. “We still haven’t located Glenda’s signal.”

Griffin’s jaw tightened.

“But,” Wade continued quickly, sensing his master’s mood, “we have found a target to vent your anger on.”

He placed a tablet on the table.

“The artist, Jasper Calder. He’s alone.”

Griffin glanced at the photo of the young man.

A cruel, twisted smile slowly spread across his face.

“Jasper,” he murmured, tasting the name. “The pathetic little artist.”

He stood up, ignoring the bleeding cuts on his hand

“Excellent,” Griffin said, his eyes gleaming with malice. “We will make an example of him. Let Amelia see exactly what happens when she crosses me.”

(Author’s POV)

The next morning, sunlight streamed into a modest apartment in the city.

Jasper held his phone to his ear, a bright smile lighting up his face.

“Really?” he asked excitedly. “You’re coming at noon?”

“Yes,” Amelia’s voice came through the speaker, warm and reassuring. “I want to check on Uncle Mason.”

“That’s great!” Jasper said. “I’ll make lunch. Do you still like steak?”

After hanging up, Jasper felt a surge of warmth in his chest.

He grabbed his wallet and rushed to the nearby supermarket.

He carefully selected the best cuts of steak and fresh vegetables.

Back home, he hummed a tune as he marinated the meat and chopped the greens.

He wanted everything to be perfect for Amelia.

At exactly 12:30 PM, the doorbell rang.

Jasper wiped his hands on his apron, his heart skipping a beat.

“Coming!” he called out cheerfully.

He didn’t even bother to untie his apron, rushing to the door with a smile.

“Amelia, you’re right on ti-”

He swung the door open.

The words died in his throat.

Standing on his doorstep was not the beautiful woman he expected.

It was a large, sweaty man with a malicious grin.

Director Kyle.

Behind Kyle stood several burly men in black suits, blocking the entire hallway.

Jasper’s face went pale.

He instinctively tried to slam the door shut.

“Not so fast,” Kyle sneered.

A heavy boot kicked the door, forcing it open and sending Jasper stumbling back into the living room.

“Director Kyle,” Jasper gasped, trying to steady himself. “What are you doing here?”

“Visiting an old friend,” Kyle laughed, stepping inside.

He looked around the apartment with disdain.

“Look at you,” Kyle mocked, his eyes filled with venom. “Hiding here like a rat in a sewer.”

Jasper glanced anxiously toward the stairs.

Uncle Mason was still unconscious in the room above. He couldn’t let them disturb him.

“Please leave,” Jasper said, trying to keep his voice steady. “Or I’ll call the police.”

Kyle just laughed harder.

“Police?” he scoffed. “You really are naive.”

Suddenly, Kyle’s expression changed.

He stepped aside, bowing respectfully toward the open door.

“Alpha Drake,” Kyle announced, his voice trembling with subservience. “This is Jasper.”

Jasper froze.

A tall, imposing figure walked slowly through the doorway.

Griffin Drake stepped into the living room, his presence filling the space with a suffocating dark aura.

He looked down at Jasper with cold, grey eyes.

He was looking at him as if he were already dead.

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 292[1,238 words]

(Jasper’s POV)

“Alpha Drake.”

The title hung in the air, heavy and suffocating.

A chill ran down my spine, freezing the blood in my veins.

My eyes followed Director Kyle’s gaze, landing on the imposing figure standing by the staircase.

It was Griffin Drake.

He stood there like a statue carved from dark ice, his facial features sharp and cruel.

An overwhelming ****Alpha Aura**** radiated from him, filling the small room instantly.

It was a ****crushing dominance****, a weight that made the air thin and hard to breathe.

It felt as if gravity itself had intensified around him, forcing everything in his vicinity to bow down.

His grey eyes were dark pools of suppressed rage, fixed squarely on me.

My heart contracted painfully in my chest.

Why would someone like the heir of the Drake Pack be in my humble apartment?

Before I could process the danger, the front door was wrenched open wider.

Two massive bodyguards in black suits stormed in.

They moved with practiced efficiency, shoving furniture aside and taking control of the living room in seconds.

Griffin took a slow, heavy step forward.

The air grew thick with his scent.

It was the ****scent of aggression****—a pungent mix of raw musk and violent intent that made my wolf instinct scream in terror.

I stood frozen under his glare, my legs trembling, but I forced myself to keep my back straight.

I wouldn't cower. Not in my own home.

Kyle, sensing the shift in the room, scrambled to Griffin's side.

His face was twisted into a sickeningly ingratiating smile.

"Alpha Drake," Kyle whined, bowing his head low. "This kid, Jasper, he simply ****doesn't know his place****. You shouldn't dirty your hands with trash like him."

He rubbed his hands together, eager to please.

"Please, let me handle this," Kyle pleaded, his eyes darting between Griffin and me. "I'll teach him a lesson he won't forget. I'll make sure that pretty face of his is ruined for good."

Griffin looked down at Kyle with cold indifference.

A cruel sneer curled the corner of his lip.

“Go ahead,” Griffin said, his voice deep and devoid of warmth. “Dogs are meant for the dirty work, after all.”

Kyle didn’t even flinch at the insult.

He looked delighted to be given the permission.

He turned back to me, his expression instantly shifting from submissive to vicious.

“You hear that, kid?” Kyle spat, stepping into my personal space.

He lowered his voice to a menacing hiss.

“If you dare to fight back, or even think about calling the police...”

He jerked his thumb toward the ceiling.

“That mute old wolf upstairs won’t live to see another sunrise.”

My blood ran cold.

Uncle Mason.

They knew about him.

My hands clenched into fists at my sides, my nails digging into my palms.

Rage boiled inside me, but fear for my uncle kept me rooted to the spot.

I couldn’t risk his safety.

Seeing my hesitation, Kyle’s grin widened.

“That’s right,” he mocked, poking a finger into my chest. “You’re just a **Gutter rat** who crawled out of the sewer. Who gave you the nerve to hit me back then? All for some useless actress?”

“You are **filth**,” I spat back, my voice shaking with suppressed anger.

Kyle’s face turned beet red.

“You little...”

He waved his hand sharply.

“Hold him!”

The bodyguards lunged forward.

I struggled, but they were too strong.

They slammed me down onto the floor, pinning my arms behind my back.

My cheek was pressed against the cold laminate wood.

Kyle stood over me, looming like a predator.

He raised his fist, his knuckles white with tension.

“You really **have a death wish**!” he screamed, swinging his arm down with all his might.

I squeezed my eyes shut, bracing for the impact.

Thud.

A heavy sound echoed from the hallway outside, like a body hitting the floor.

Kyle’s fist froze in mid-air.

“Who exactly **has a death wish**?”

A cold, clear female voice pierced through the chaotic noise of the living room.

It was sharp as a blade, cutting through the tension instantly.

(Author’s POV)

Amelia stood in the doorway, her silhouette framed by the midday light.

Her hands rested on the handles of a wheelchair.

Seated in front of her was Theodore Crimson.

Inside Amelia’s mind, her wolf, Ava, let out a low growl.

The silver wolf **bristled with disgust**, sensing the bullying taking place inside the small apartment.

She hated nothing more than strong wolves preying on the weak.

Kyle turned his head slowly, annoyed at the interruption.

But the moment his eyes landed on Theodore, **the color drained from his face**.

He froze, his fist still raised in the air, looking ridiculous.

Terror washed over him so intensely that his knees knocked together.

Even though Theodore was seated in a wheelchair, the aura radiating from him was terrifying.

It wasn't just aggression; it was pure, regal power.

Compared to Griffin's crushing pressure, Theodore's presence was like a mountain—silent, immovable, and utterly overwhelming.

Kyle scrambled backward, nearly tripping over his own feet.

He looked like a frightened rat seeking a hole to hide in.

He scuttled behind Griffin, trying to use the Alpha's large frame as a shield.

Griffin glanced at the trembling man behind him.

"Useless trash," Griffin muttered, his voice dripping with disdain.

On the floor, Jasper lifted his head.

When he saw Amelia, a spark of surprise and relief lit up his eyes.

But it was quickly replaced by deep worry.

He knew who Griffin was, and he didn't want Amelia to get hurt because of him.

Amelia ignored Kyle completely.

She pushed the wheelchair forward, entering the room with confident strides.

Her sapphire eyes swept over the messy living room, taking in the overturned furniture and the pinned Jasper.

"Jasper is the lead actor I personally selected," Amelia announced, her voice calm but echoing with authority.

She stopped in the center of the room, facing Griffin.

“Touching him is a declaration of war against the Stone River Pack.”

She tilted her head slightly, a mock expression of surprise on her face.

“Griffin,” she said, her tone laced with sarcasm. “You brought so many people. Is this a celebration party for Jasper’s new role? It seems a bit... excessive.”

Griffin’s face darkened.

He hadn’t expected Amelia to show up here so quickly.

And he certainly hadn’t expected Theodore to be with her.

Theodore sat silently, his golden eyes cold and unreadable, fixed on the bodyguards holding Jasper.

The guards shifted uncomfortably under his gaze,

“Let him go,” Amelia commanded.

It wasn’t a request.

The bodyguards hesitated, looking to Griffin for orders.

The room fell into a tense silence.

Griffin stared at Theodore.

Theodore didn’t say a word, but the air around him seemed to crackle with latent energy.

Griffin clenched his jaw.

He knew he couldn’t win a fight here, not with Theodore present.

Finally, he gave a sharp, curt nod to his men.

The bodyguards immediately released their grip and stepped back.

Jasper scrambled to his feet, rubbing his sore wrists.

He looked at Amelia, his eyes shining with gratitude.

“Amelia...” he breathed.

He glanced at Kyle, who was still cowering.

“Director Kyle... he’s the one who tried to harass that actress before,” Jasper explained in a low voice. “He said he came to **settle a score**”

Amelia nodded slowly.

Her gaze drifted back to Griffin.

She saw the rage simmering beneath his composure.

Griffin didn’t know Jasper was Theodore’s brother.

If he did, he wouldn’t be using Kyle as a proxy.

The pieces of the puzzle clicked together in Amelia’s mind.

Griffin wasn’t here just for Jasper.

He was here because of Glenda.

Glenda had vanished last night, captured by Amelia

Griffin couldn’t find his loyal dog, so his anger had spilled over.

He needed a target to vent his frustration.

Jasper, an artist who had been **blacklisted** by Gale Entertainment–Griffin’s ally–was the perfect victim.

Amelia had publicly signed Jasper, defying the blacklist.

By crushing Jasper, Griffin was sending a message.

It wasn’t just petty revenge.

It was a warning.

A brutal, public warning to everyone in the werewolf world.

Anyone who dared to stand by Amelia Stone’s side would end up like this.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 293[886 words]

(Author's POV)

Amelia turned her head slightly, her sapphire eyes locking onto Jasper.

"Are these your guests?" she asked, her voice deceptively calm.

She already knew the answer. The tension in the cramped apartment was thick enough to choke on.

Jasper shook his head frantically, his face pale.

"No! I heard knocking and thought it lingering fear. "When I opened the you," he explained hurriedly, his voice trembling with they just... forced their way in."

Amelia nodded once, her expression hardening into ice.

She turned to face Griffin Drake.

"You heard him," she said, her tone dripping with authority. "This is private property. You have no right to be here."

She took a step forward, placing herself between Griffin and the others.

"Unless you want the Enforcers involved for breaking and entering, I suggest you get the hell out.

Now."

Inside her mind, her silver wolf, Ava, scoffed loudly.

Pathetic, Ava growled. *A so-called Alpha who needs to kick down doors to feel powerful.*

Griffin's face twisted into a mask of pure rage.

The veins in his neck bulged as he glared at Amelia

Before he could speak, the man cowering behind him-Kyle-jumped out.

"How dare you!" Kyle shrieked, pointing a shaking finger at Amelia. "You are speaking to Alpha Drake! Show some respect!"

Amelia didn't even look at him.

She kept her eyes fixed on Griffin, but she raised her hand and crooked a finger at Kyle.

“Come here,” she said softly, a dangerous glint in her eyes. “Let me teach you the proper way to address an Alpha.”

Kyle froze.

“You’re projecting, Griffin” Theodore said lightly. “Verve been stepped on for so long, you’re lashing out. I don’t feel humiliated.”

He reached up and took Amelia’s hand

“I’ve never been happier.”

Amelia squeezed his hand, then turned her cold gaze back to Griffin.

“You heard him,” she said. “He’s happy. And you? You’re just a sad, unloved little man.”

She pointed to the door.

“Get out.”

Kyle saw his chance to prove his loyalty again.

“We aren’t going anywhere!” Kyle shouted, putting his hands on his hips. “You can’t make us-”

Thwip.

A silver flash cut through the air.

Kyle’s words turned into a strangled gurgle.

He grabbed his neck, his eyes bulging.

A single silver needle was embedded deep in the side of his neck.

“Gah... guh...”

Kyle’s body went rigid.

He began to shake violently, like he had touched a live wire.

Foam bubbled at the corners of his mouth as he collapsed to the floor, convulsing uncontrollably.

“Nerve clusters,” Amelia said calmly, pulling another long silver needle from her sleeve. “Silver poisoning acts fast when applied directly to the nervous system.”

She twirled the needle between her fingers, the metal glinting in the sunlight.

She looked at Griffin.

“Do you want to be next?” she asked pleasantly.

“I’ll make sure to record it,” she added. “Imagine the video of the great Alpha Drake twitching on the floor going viral on the pack network.”

Griffin looked at the seizing Kyle, then at the needle in Amelia’s hand.

His face turned a sickly shade of grey.

He knew Amelia was crazy enough to do it.

He clenched his fists, his pride warring with.

Finally, he spun around

“Let’s go, he barked to his bodyguards.

He stomped toward the door, not even looking back at his lackey

“Aren’t you going to take your dog with you?” Amelia called out mockingly

Griffin slammed the door shut behind him, leaving Pole writhing on the floor.

The room fell silent, save for the wet sounds of Kyle choking on his own spit.

Jasper stared at the scene, his eyes wide with shock

Amelia walked over to Kyle.

She lifted her foot and stomped hard on his crotch

Kyle’s eyes rolled back in his head, and he passed out from the sheer pain, his body going limp.

“He won’t die,” Amelia said, her voice devoid of sympathy.

She knelt beside him.

*

“But this scum uses his position as a director to prey on young girls,” she explained to Jasper. “He calls it the ‘casting couch. If they refuse, he blacklists them.”

Her eyes were cold as she positioned the needle over his lower abdomen.

“He can’t control his urges,” she whispered. “So I’ll remove them.”

With surgical precision, she drove the needle down.

She twisted it, severing the nerves in his groin.

“There,” she said, standing up and wiping her hands. “He will never touch a woman again. Or have children.”

Jasper looked at the unconscious man.

The fear in his eyes vanished.

He gritted his teeth, a look of fierce satisfaction replacing his shock.

“He deserves it,” Jasper said, his voice trembling with anger. “For what he did to those girls... he deserves worse.”

Amelia nodded,

“Now,” she said, turning to Jasper. “Where is Uncle M? I need to check on him.”

“Right this way,” Jasper said immediately.

He pointed to a closed door on the right side of the hallway.

“He’s in there. Please, hurry.”

Jasper rushed forward to lead the way.

Theodore sat in his wheelchair, his gaze locked onto Jasper’s back.

His heart was pounding against his ribs, a frantic rhythm that he couldn’t control.

Earlier, facing Griffin, he had been the picture of calm arrogance.

But now, his hands were shaking.

“Amelia,” he whispered, his voice thick with emotion

Amelia paused, looking down at him.

“I feel it,” Theodore said, his eyes shimmering with unshed tears. “I have a feeling... he really is my brother.”

Amelia smiled softly.

She placed a comforting hand on his shoulder, squeezing gently.

“Don’t panic,” she whispered back. “We’ll know the truth soon.”

She pushed the wheelchair forward, following Jasper into the bedroom.

Theodore gripped his thighs, his knuckles turning white.

He held his breath, waiting for the answer that had haunted his family for twenty years.

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 294[1,426 words]

(Author’s POV)

Amelia followed Jasper into the cramped bedroom Her sapphire eyes were immediately drawn to the middle-aged man lying motionless on the narrow bed.

He lay there with a stillness that resembled death, his chest barely rising. His temples were dusted with the grey of premature aging, and his face was a map of suffering. Deep, jagged scars cut across his weathered skin, telling stories of a life spent running and fighting.

He has suffered so much, Ava murmured in Amelia’s mind, her voice heavy with wolfish sympathy. *To live as a rogue is to live in constant pain.*

Amelia turned her head slightly, looking back at the man in the wheelchair.

“Theo,” she asked softly. “Is this him? Is this the man who saved your mother all those years ago?”

Jasper stood by the door, blinking in confusion. He didn’t understand why she was asking about the past.

Theodore rolled closer, his intense eyes fixed on the unconscious man’s face. He studied every scar, every line, searching his memory.

After a long silence, he slowly shook his head.

“It was twenty years ago,” Theodore said, his voice low. “I only saw him for a fleeting moment amidst the chaos and blood. I don’t have a clear memory of his face.”

Amelia reached out and squeezed Theodore’s hand, offering silent comfort.

“It doesn’t matter,” she said firmly. “We will run a gene comparison test immediately. The truth will come out soon enough.”

Jasper’s ears perked up at the word “test.”

He misunderstood their intentions completely. He thought they wanted to check if Uncle Mason was a distant relative of the Crimson family.

If Uncle Mason is actually a Crimson, Jasper thought, a flicker of hope igniting in his chest. *Maybe our days of hiding in the slums are finally over.*

Amelia had already taken a seat on the edge of the bed.

She hovered her hand over Mason’s forehead.

A soft, ethereal light began to glow from her palm, casting gentle shadows in the dim room. She closed her eyes, letting her Shadow Heater energy ripple out to scan his internal state.

Jasper watched with wide eyes.

Can you... can you help him? Jasper asked, his voice trembling. “Even if it’s just a little bit, I want to try. Minutes passed in silence before Amelia pulled her hand back. The light faded from her skin.

“It isn’t a physical injury keeping him down, Amelia explained, turning to look at the anxious young man. “It’s severe psychological trauma. Years of extreme exhaustion and deep, crushing worry have forced his brain into a self-protection mechanism.”

She stood up, brushing a stray lock of hair from her face.

“He has locked himself away in a coma to survive. But if I can heal his fractured mind, his body functions will recover very quickly,”

Jasper was stunned by the diagnosis, but he looked into Amelia’s confident blue eyes and felt a wave of relief.

“I trust you,” he said earnestly. “Please, stay for lunch. Let me thank you properly.”

The lunch was simple fare. A roasted chicken sat in the center of the small, worn table alongside a bowl of fresh salad,

Jasper picked at his food, unable to eat. He could feel a burning gaze boring into him.

He looked up to find Theodore staring right at him. The look in those eyes was intense, filled with scrutiny and a suppressed emotion that made the air feel heavy.

Jasper shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

“Is... is something wrong?” he stammered.

Under the table, Amelia kicked Theodore’s shin gently. She shot him a pointed look.

Theodore set his knife and fork down with a deliberate clatter.

“I am looking for my biological brother,” Theodore said, his voice deep and direct. “He has been lost for twenty years. And I believe that person is you.”

The room went dead silent.

Jasper froze. He stared at Theodore, then let out a dry, self-deprecating laugh.

“You have to be joking,” Jasper said, shaking his head in disbelief. “I’m just an orphan abandoned in the slums. How could I possibly be related to the Crimson Royal Family?”

Theodore didn’t smile. His expression was deadly serious, his eyes devoid of any humor.

“I do not joke about my family.” Theodore stated. “I need a sample of your blood for a Kingship DNA Test. Immediately.”

Jasper’s smile faded. He looked at the powerful Alpha, then thought of his own helpless situation.

He thought of people like Kyle who trampled on the weak. If he really was a Crimson, he could protect Uncle Mason. He wouldn’t have to be afraid anymore.

“Okay,” Jasper said quietly. “I’ll do it.”

Marcus stepped forward instantly. He drew a vial of blood from Jasper’s arm with practiced efficiency, then turned and marched out the door to drive the sample to the testing center.

Ten minutes away, a black luxury sedan sped down the highway.

Griffin sat in the back seat, staring out the window with a scowl. Suddenly, he sat up straight, his eyes widening as the rage cleared from his mind.

A cold realization washed over him.

Theodore Crimson was the most arrogant, time-conscious Alpha in the North. He would never waste his time visiting a nobody in the slums just to keep Amelia company.

And he certainly wouldn't let his woman use her energy to treat a random rogue.

"The brother," Griffin whispered, his voice shaking.

There was only one explanation. Theodore was desperately searching for his lost brother.

Griffin slammed his fist against the car window, the glass thumping dully under the impact.

"Damn it!" he roared.

It all made sense now. Jasper was the missing Crimson heir.

A wave of intense regret crashed over him. He had been right there. He had arrived before Theodore.

If he hadn't let Amelia provoke him into a blind rage, he could have kidnapped Jasper right then and there. He could have held the true heir of the Crimson family as a hostage.

"Turn the car around!" Griffin barked at his driver.

But then he slumped back against the seat, his face twisting in frustration.

"No... wait," he snarled. "It's too late. Theodore is there. He won't leave him unguarded now."

(Theodore's POV)

Amelia went back into the bedroom to perform the deep healing session on Uncle Mason.

I stayed in the small living room with Jasper. The atmosphere was heavy

Inside me, Logan paced restlessly. My wolf could sense the potential threat looming outside, and he wanted to tear anyone apart who dared to approach.

I looked at the young man sitting across from me. He looked so much like my father, yet entirely different.

“Regarding Kyle,” I said, breaking the silence. “I know he tried to use his position to pull a casting couch stunt on a female artist.”

Jasper looked up, surprised that I knew the details,

“He won’t be a problem anymore,” I promised, my voice cold. “I will ensure he vanishes from the entertainment industry completely.”

Jasper hesitated, his hands clasping together in his lap.

“If...” he started, his voice soft. “If the test comes back negative, and I’m not your brother... would you still help me?”

I looked at him, deciding to be honest.

“If it were just me, perhaps not. I am a businessman first,” I admitted. “But Amelia is different. She has a soft heart. She would help you regardless of your bloodline.”

Jasper nodded slowly.

“Griffin isn’t stupid,” I continued, leaning forward. “He has likely realized who you are by now.”

I locked eyes with him.

“You cannot stay here. Until the results are confirmed, you need to move. I have a safe house prepared.”

Jasper didn’t argue. He didn’t complain about leaving his home or his things.

He just nodded, his face serious.

“I understand,” he said. “As long as Uncle Mason is safe, I’ll go.”

He was so mature. So composed.

There was none of the arrogance or entitlement usually found in young wolves. I felt a complex mix of emotions welling up in my chest—pain for the hardships he must have endured, and pride for the man he had become despite them.

(Theodore’s POV)

An hour passed, each minute stretching out like an eternity.

Finally, the bedroom door creaked open.

Amelia stepped out. She was rubbing her shoulder, looking exhausted but satisfied.

“He’s awake,” she said softly.

Jasper shot up from the sofa as if electrified.

“Uncle Mason!”

He rushed past Amelia and sprinted into the bedroom.

I engaged the motors on my wheelchair and followed close behind him, my heart pounding in my chest.

Jasper was already at the bedside.

“Uncle Mason,” he cried out, his voice choking with emotion. “You’re finally back.”

The older man on the bed blinked, his eyes adjusting to the light. He looked at Jasper with a weak, confused affection.

Then, his gaze shifted.

He looked over Jasper’s shoulder and saw me.

His eyes locked onto my face.

The confusion vanished instantly. His pupils dilated) and his face drained of all color.

He didn’t look happy to see a guest. He didn’t look relieved.

He looked absolutely terrified.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 295[1,010 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

Uncle Mason struggled up from the bed with a sudden, violent surge of energy. Despite his physical frailty, he grabbed Jasper and yanked the young man behind him, shielding him with his own scarred body. His weathered eyes locked onto Theodore, filled with a primal, terrified rage. A low, garbled roar tore from his throat—a classic defensive stance of a wolf facing a deadly intruder. His hands waved frantically in the air, slashing through the space between us.

Theodore frowned, his eyes narrowing in confusion at such specific, targeted hostility.

“Uncle Mason, it’s okay!” Jasper stammered, stepping forward to soothe the trembling older man. “This is Theodore Crimson. He’s from the Crimson Moon Pack in the North. He’s the Alpha heir.”

The name ‘Crimson’ acted like a physical blow. Uncle Mason froze for a split second, then his agitation exploded. He began making rapid, complex hand gestures, his fingers flying in a blur.

Jasper opened his mouth to interpret, but he was too slow.

“He is asking who you are,” I said calmly, stepping into the tension. “And he wants to know exactly what you are doing in his house.”

Jasper looked at me in shock. “You... you understand the rogue sign language?”

“I learned a lot of things living in the Meadow Brook Pack,” I replied softly. “Every year, I picked up a new skill. Sign language was one of them.”

The old wolf isn’t afraid for himself, Ava murmured in my mind, her tone heavy with realization. *He is terrified for the cub. He fears the name Crimson.*

Uncle Mason bared his teeth, revealing yellowed fangs. His hands moved with sharp, cutting motions.

“He says he doesn’t care who you are,” I translated, watching his frantic movements. “He says to get out of his house immediately.”

I turned to Theodore and Jasper. “His reaction is abnormal. He isn’t awed by your status, Theo. He hates the name. There is deep fear here, not respect.”

Theodore softened his posture, raising his hands to show he meant no harm.

“Do you know me?” Theodore asked gently. “Is there a misunderstanding?”

Mason shouted a wordless cry, waving his arms to shoo us away like stray dogs.

“Uncle Mason, please,” Jasper pleaded, gripping the old man’s hand. “Amelia saved you. She woke you up. They aren’t bad people.”

Mason paused. He looked at me, his gaze sharp and scrutinizing. Then, his hands moved again, slower this time.

“He’s asking for our true intentions,” I said. I looked the old man in the eye. “My mate, Theodore, suspects that Jasper is his long-lost biological brother. We are here to confirm it.”

(Theodore’s POV)

The moment the words left Amelia’s lips, the rage in the old man’s face collapsed. It was replaced by a heartbreaking mixture of pain, terror, and a grim resignation.

Inside me, Logan let out a low, mourning whine. My wolf felt it. The blood resonance was undeniable.

“I am sure of it,” I said, my voice steady. “Jasper is my brother. I have come to take my family home.”

“The DNA test isn’t back yet,” Jasper started nervously.

I raised a hand to stop him, my gaze fixed on Mason.

“What are you afraid of?” I demanded softly. “Are you afraid his identity will be exposed?”

Mason’s knuckles turned white as he clenched his fists. He struggled internally, his chest heaving. Then, as if deciding he had nothing left to lose, his hands flew in a frenzy of signs, accompanied by a hoarse, throat-tearing scream.

Amelia’s voice was quiet beside me. “He is calling the Crimson family soulless monsters. He says you sold your own cub to Slavers for profit. He says you don’t deserve to be called werewolves.”

I lowered my eyes, the weight of my family’s sins crushing down on me. I didn’t deny it.

“My family has committed unforgivable sins,” I admitted heavily.

We didn’t need the report. The truth was in the room with us. Jasper was my brother.

(Amelia’s POV)

Theodore looked at the trembling old man. “You didn’t trust the Crimson family,” he guessed. “That’s why you hid him. You never sent him back because you thought we would hurt him.”

Uncle Mason nodded furiously, tears welling in his eyes.

I watched his hands move, translating the chilling history he revealed.

“He says twenty years ago, Alpha King Gideon listened to a Seer,” I said, my voice cold. “The prophecy claimed the newborn would bring doom to the pack. Gideon ordered the father to dispose of the child.”

Mason signed “Lion’s Den emphatically.

“He says he doesn’t know if there are any sane poodles left in your family. We raised to send the boy back to a Lion’s Den.”

Theodore let out a bitter laugh. “So that is why Grandfather’s superstition and clearly you saves him from us.”

Theodore took a deep breath. “I am the son of the late Luna, I am Jasper’s foll Brother

At the mention of the Luna, the madness in Mason’s eyes receded slightly

“Please,” Theodore said, his voice raw. “Listen to what has happened in the last three years Mason didn’t interrupt.

Theodore spoke of how he convinced the Alpha King to search for the lost child, only for their father, Theron, to bring back a fake-Ronan.

When Mason heard the name ‘Theron’, his face twisted. He signed violently

“He calls Theron an Abomination,” I translated. “He says he should be torn limb from limb

Logan growled in agreement within Theodore’s mind.

Theodore looked down at his paralyzed legs, a sad smile touching his lips.

“That fake brother, Ronan, and my father’s illegitimate daughter, Isla... they did this to me Theodore said softly, gesturing to his wheelchair. “They crippled my wolf and my body. But I survived. And because I survived, I found the truth.

Mason looked at the wheelchair, his eyes filled with pity. But then his hands moved again, faster and more desperate than before.

“He knows who you are,” I said, reading the signs. “He saw the news. He knows you were hurt saving people.”

Mason slammed his hand against the bed frame.

“He says if even a powerful Alpha heir like you can be destroyed in that family, then the Crimson Pack is hell on earth,” I translated, my heart sinking. “He refuses. He says sending Jasper back there is a death sentence.”

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(Amelia's POV)

"No problem." Theodore's answer was crisp and decisive, without a shred of hesitation.

This took Uncle Mason completely by surprise. The old rogue blinked, his mouth slightly open, clearly caught off guard. He had evidently expected Theodore, as the heir to the Crimson Moon Pack, to object or at least weigh the pros and cons of leaving a family member outside the pack's protection.

He didn't expect such immediate agreement.

Theodore saw the shock on the old man's weathered face and smiled gently. "You saved him, Uncle Mason."

"You raised him when no one else would," Theodore explained calmly. "Naturally, you know better than anyone what is best for Jasper right now."

Theodore's gaze shifted to Jasper, his eyes filled with sincerity. "If Uncle Mason thinks it is safer not to return to the Pack House immediately, then I will follow that arrangement."

Then, his voice dropped an octave, carrying the heavy weight of an Alpha's vow. "But I promise you this."

"I will provide every resource, connection, and fund Jasper needs," Theodore stated firmly. "From this day forward, he will never be bullied or suppressed again."

He gestured vaguely towards the door, referencing the earlier conflict. "If he encounters trash like Director Kyle again, he can fight back without hesitation."

"Break them," Theodore said simply. "The Crimson family will handle all the consequences."

In short, Jasper's future was now a paved road of gold.

Logan let out a low growl of approval in Theodore's mind. For an Alpha, the safety and dignity of family were the only things that mattered.

Uncle Mason looked at the young Alpha, his eyes glistening. He let out a long breath of relief and turned to Jasper, seeking his decision.

Jasper nodded firmly. "I agree."

For Jasper, confirming his identity was about one thing: survival. He wanted to protect Uncle M and himself, and with Theodore's support, that safety was finally a reality.

"I know I have the ability to make money," Jasper said, his voice tinged with a bitter reality. "But the world is cruel to those without backing"

*Just offending someone like Director Kyle made my path in the entertainment industry almost impossible," he admitted. He looked at Theodore, his expression complex

"It's... strange, Jasper confessed. "To suddenly have the heir of the Northern Territories as my brother,"

He hesitated, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Alpha Theodore, I'm sorry!

"Even if the test proves I am your true brother, Jasper said honestly, "I don't think I can call you 'brother' just yet. I'm not used to it."

Theodore didn't look offended in the slightest. He nodded with infinite patience. I understand completely."

"Call me whatever you like," Theodore said warmly. You can call me by my name."

Jasper visibly relaxed, his shoulders dropping. "When will the blood test results be ready?"

"Even with Uncle Mason's testimony, I want to see the paper, Jasper added. "I need concrete proof."

"Marcus has already expedited it," Theodore assured him. "We will have the results by tomorrow morning."

"We should move out of here," Jasper suggested, looking around the damp, cramped room.

Uncle Mason nodded vigorously.

Theodore immediately signaled his bodyguards. They moved in efficiently to pack the few belongings the two men possessed.

I took advantage of the downtime. "Let me treat your legs while we wait," I said to Theodore.

I knelt beside his wheelchair, retrieving my silver needles. I began inserting them with precision to stimulate his damaged nerves.

As I worked, a worry gnawed at me. “Griffin Drake is cunning,” I whispered, keeping my voice low. “He might guess Jasper’s identity sooner rather than later,” I said, frowning. “Leaving him outside the main estate could be dangerous.”

Theodore looked up from his legs to watch Jasper, who was carefully folding a worn shirt. “Don’t worry, Amelia.”

“I am assigning the twelve elite guards my mother left me to protect him,” Theodore said, his voice radiating confidence. “They are my most trusted shadows.”

“Unless someone sets a trap as elaborate as the one Isla and Ronan used on me, no one can touch him,” he stated.

I felt a wave of relief at his preparedness. It is good, I murmured. ‘He is lucky to be found by you’

My thoughts drifted involuntarily. I thought of my own return to the Stone family.

I remembered Caleb and Ethan. They hadn’t protected me; they had joined the others in tormenting me.

A heavy sadness settled in my chest. *Ava let out a dissatisfied whine in my mind, the memory of that rejection still stinging us both.

(Theodore’s POV)

I caught the shift in Amelia’s mood instantly. The light in her sapphire eyes dimmed, replaced by a fleeting, painful shadow.

I knew she was thinking of her own family.

I reached out, my fingers gently tracing the soft curve of her eyebrow. “Amelia.”

She looked up, startled out of her reverie. “What is it?”

you smile.” “Smile for me,” I pleaded softly, my voice serious. “You look so beautiful when

Amelia blinked. She clearly thought the request was odd in the middle of a medical treatment.

But she looked into my eyes and saw the sincerity there. Slowly, the corners of her lips curled up.

It was a radiant smile, like the sun breaking through clouds.

“That’s better,” I murmured, my heart swelling.

“Now it’s your turn,” Amelia teased, her eyes regaining their sparkle. “You smile too. Don’t just order me around.”

I paused. I wasn’t used to smiling on command. I took a moment to compose my facial muscles.

I forced a smile. It felt stiff, unused, but it was genuine. I showed my teeth.

“You look silly,” she laughed, shaking her head.

Hearing her laugh made the stiffness worth it. My gaze softened, filled with a tenderness I usual, kept hidden.

Logan wagged his tail happily in my mind, soaking in the joy of our mate.

From the doorway, Jasper watched us. He shook his head with a small smile. “Those two are definitely mates,” he muttered. “You can’t fake that kind of connection.”

The treatment ended, and the luggage was packed. Amelia bid us farewell, needing to return to Starlight Entertainment to handle some urgent business.

Jasper and Uncle Mason climbed into my modified van. I took them to a high-security safe house! owned in the city.

“This place requires biometric scanning for entry,” explained as the heavy steel doors locked behind us. “It is impenetrable.”

We moved their things inside. The apartment was fully stocked and secure.

“I will let you settle in,” I said, giving them space. “Rest. You are safe now.”

I turned my wheelchair to leave. Just as I reached the door, a rough, calloused hand grabbed my arm.

It was Uncle Mason.

His eyes were burning with an intense, terrifying light. He began signing rapidly, his movements sharp and aggressive.

I looked at Jasper, waiting for the translation.

Jasper’s face hardened as he read the old man’s signs. “Uncle Mason has a question for you.”

“He asks what you intend to do with that beast, Theron,” Jasper translated, his voice dropping to a chill whisper. “He wants to see Theron’s consequences with his own eyes.”

I stopped the wheelchair completely. I turned back to look at the old wolf.

I saw the hatred in his eyes. It was a mirror of my own.

I nodded solemnly.

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(Theodore's POV)

I met the burning hatred in Uncle Mason's eyes without flinching. His grip on my arm was iron-tight, trembling with the force of decades of suppressed rage.

"I promise you," I said, my voice calm but carrying the weight of an Alpha's vow.

"Tomorrow, the moment the official blood test results are released, I will take you to him," I assured the old wolf. "You will stand before Theron."

Logan let out a low, vibrating growl in the depths of my mind. My wolf could feel the Blood Resonance humming between Jasper and me, a primal confirmation that required no paper, but the human world demanded legal proof.

"When that time comes," I continued, looking deeply into Mason's weathered face, "you can do whatever you wish."

"Punish him for what he did to my mother. Make him pay for the years Jasper suffered in the darkness." I paused, letting the words sink in. "I will not interfere

*He betrayed his mate. He deserves to bleed, Logan snarled, his eyes flashing in my subconscious.

Mason searched my face, looking for any sign of the deception he had come to expect from high-born Alphas. Finding only sincerity, the tension slowly drained from his rigid shoulders. He released my arm, his hand dropping to his side as he let out a long, shuddering breath.

I left the safe house, but I didn't return to the Crimson Moon Pack's territory or the corporate towers. Instead, I drove alone to the outskirts of the city.

The cemetery was quiet, the air thick with the scent of wet earth and pine after the rain. I pushed my wheelchair along the stone path, the wheels crunching softly on fallen leaves.

I stopped before a pristine marble headstone. The woman in the photograph possessed sharp, beautiful features that mirrored my own—my mother

I placed a bouquet of fresh white lilies at the base of the cold stone. Mist gathered in my eyes as I looked at her frozen smile.

“Mother,” I whispered to the wind. “I finally found him.”

“I found Jasper,” I told her, my voice thick with emotion. “The rogue you saved all those years ago... he saved Jasper in return. He kept him safe from them.”

A bitter pang of regret twisted in my chest. “I was a fool three years ago,” I confessed, gripping the armrests of my wheelchair. “I let Theron deceive me.”

“Because of my blindness, Jasper suffered for three extra years, I murmured, the guilt heavy on my tongue,

I looked at the inscription on the stone, my expression hardening into steel. “I swear to you, no one will ever bully him again.”

“Theron betrayed you. He stole my brother’s life and swapped a bastard for your true son.” My eyes flashed with lethal intent. “The time for blood has come.”

(Amelia’s POV)

I returned to Starlight Entertainment, my mind still racing from the events at the hospital. I had barely stepped through the entrance when my secretary rushed over, looking panicked.

“Miss Stone! Madam Livia is here,” she whispered urgently. “She barged into the waiting room.”

I narrowed my eyes and strode toward the lounge. Inside, chaos reigned.

Hailey, a young female employee, was trying desperately to placate my biological mother.

“Please, Madam, calm down,” Hailey pleaded, her hands raised in a soothing gesture.

Livia’s face was twisted in a sneer. “Where is he? Tell me where Ethan is!”

I stepped into the room, my heels clicking sharply on the floor. “Hailey, stop.”

Hailey froze, looking at me with wide, fearful eyes.

“Stop trying to defend him,” I said coldly, cutting through the noise. “Don’t lose your job just because you want to warm his bed.”

Livia's head snapped toward the girl. Her expression shifted from anger to pure, unadulterated disgust.

She looked at Hailey as if she were a piece of rotting meat on her shoe. "You?"

"A low-ranking she-wolf like you thinks she has a chance with my son?" Livia scoffed, her voice dripping with venom. "Look in the mirror."

"Ethan carries the noble blood of the Stone Alpha line," she spat. "You are nothing but a common omega without even a wolf to your name."

Hailey's face drained of all color. Tears welled in her eyes, her humiliation complete under the Luna's scorn.

She is repulsive, Ava growled in my head, shaking her silver fur in agitation. *She shames the title of Luna.*

"Get out," I ordered Hailey, my voice flat. "Don't stay here and let her trample your dignity."

Hailey didn't need to be told twice. She turned and ran, sobbing as she fled the room.

"Filthy little climber," Livia muttered after her. "No shame at all."

She turned her venomous gaze on me. "You hid him, didn't you? Did you kidnap your own brother?"

I didn't bother arguing with her delusion. I pulled out my phone and dialed Caleb.

"Come get your mother," I said the moment he picked up, my tone icy. "If you don't remove this madwoman from my company, I will handle her myself."

"I'm sorry, Amelia!" Caleb's frantic voice came through the speaker. "I'm on my way right now."

Please don't hurt her."

I hung up. Livia was practically vibrating with rage at being ignored.

"How dare you speak to him like that?" she shrieked. "I am the Luna of the Stone River Pack!"

"If you don't respect the family honor, I will have Alpha Alaric strip you of your status!" she threatened, pointing a manicured finger at my face.

She was loud. She was annoying. She was like a crow that didn't know it was perched on a trap.

I sighed and flicked my wrist.

A tiny silver needle, coated in concentrated wolfsbane extract, flew through the air. It struck her neck with pinpoint accuracy.

Livia's eyes went wide. The neurotoxin worked instantly.

She didn't even have time to feel the burn of the silver before her eyes rolled back. She collapsed into a heap on the floor, silenced at last.

I called for security to move her to the side, then summoned Hailey to my office.

She stood before my desk, trembling like a leaf in a storm, clearly expecting to be fired.

"How did it feel?" I asked, leaning back in my chair.

Hailey blinked, confused. "Miss Stone?"

"Being trampled on by a high-born Luna," I clarified. How did it feel?"

Hailey lowered her head, shame burning her cheeks. "I... I know I shouldn't aim so high. I just admire Mr. Ethan."

"Ambition isn't a sin," I said sharply. "But in our world, ability must match desire."

"Without power, your ambition is just a joke to people like Livia." I looked her dead in the eye.

"Remember the humiliation you felt today," I told her "If you want to enter a wealthy Pack, you need to be indispensable."

"I'll give you one chance," I stated. "Stay and prove you are worth more than a disposable omega, or leave now."

Hailey looked up, the fear in her eyes replaced by a spark of determination. She bared her neck slightly, a sign of absolute submission and gratitude.

"Thank you, Miss Stone," she whispered. She wiped her tears, straightened her spine, and walked out of the office with her head held high.

I closed my eyes, exhaustion tugging at my limbs. Dealing with the Stone family was more tiring than fighting rogues.

My phone rang again, shattering the peace. I glanced at the screen.

It was Rowan, my neighbor from the countryside.

I picked up. "Hello, Uncle Rowan."

"Amelia," Rowan's voice came through, sounding utterly baffled and slightly annoyed.

I paused, opening my eyes. "What do you mean? What happened over there?"

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 298[1,131 words]

(Amelia's POV)

"Amelia," Rowan's voice crackled through the phone, sounding both baffled and annoyed. "You won't believe who just wandered into Meadow Brook."

I paused, signing a document on my desk. "Who?"

"Ethan Stone," he replied. "He's standing right in front of your old place."

I frowned, setting my pen down. "That's ridiculous. Why would he go to the countryside now?"

"I didn't notice him at first," Rowan explained. "We've been busy with the herb garden."

"He suppressed his Alpha Aura completely," Rowan continued. "He even masked his scent."

I leaned back in my chair, confused. An Alpha like Ethan usually flaunted his presence.

"He snuck in like a rogue," Rowan grunted. "I only just spotted him. I sent you a video."

I tapped the notification on my screen. The video load, grainy but clear enough.

Ethan stood before the drafty shack I used to call home. The wood was gray and rotting.

He moved slowly, like a ghost haunting a graveyard. He reached out a hand.

His fingertips traced the rough, splintered doorframe. He didn't flinch as the sharp wood snagged his skin.

He stared at the crooked door hanging on rusted hinges. His expression was heavy, his eyes dark with a strange mixture of pain and disbelief.

He looked like he was trying to absorb the misery of the place through osmosis.

“Did you see it?” Rowan asked through the speaker. “What kind of play is he acting out?”

“Is he trying to bond with the rotting wood?” Rowan scoffed.

I watched the screen for another moment before closing it. “I don’t know,” I admitted.

“Maybe losing his position as heir broke his brain,” I muttered.

“Should I gather the boys and run him off?” Rowan suggested, his tone eager. “We don’t welcome Stones here.”

“No,” I said. “Let him be. The Stone family will come collect their stray dog soon enough.”

Rowan let out a cold snort. “Good. Looking at his fake soulful face makes me want to vomit.”

“He couldn’t be bothered to pick you up when you actually lived here,” Rowan said sharply. “Now he comes to perform repentance? It’s sickening.”

“I’ll handle it,” I promised.

Rowan grumbled a few more insults about the Stone family lineage before hanging up. I tossed my phone onto the desk.

Ethan was clearly bored now that he had no power

Half an hour later, my office door banged open. Caleb rushed in, looking breathless and anxious.

(Author’s POV)

Amelia looked up at her second brother with cold eyes. “Your mother is about to wake up.”

She didn’t give him time to speak. “Did you know Ethan went to Meadow Brook?”

Caleb froze, his expression turning awkward. He rubbed the back of his neck.

“You knew,” Amelia stated flatly.

“Is he trying to harass the people who actually cared for me?” she asked, her voice dropping an octave. “Is he venting his anger because he can’t touch me?”

“No! It’s not like that,” Caleb protested quickly.

“He’s changed, Amelia,” Caleb insisted. “After the poisoning... after almost dying. He sees things differently now.”

Caleb took a step forward. “He wanted to see where you grew up. He wanted to feel what you went through.”

Amelia let out a short, humorless laugh. “Self-moved sentimentality.”

“It’s too little, too late,” she said, her sapphire eyes hardening. “I don’t need his performative guilt. It’s just annoying.”

She pointed a finger at Caleb. “Tell Livia where he is immediately.”

“If she comes in here screaming again,” Amelia warned dangerously, “I won’t just use a sedative next time.”

Caleb swallowed hard, nodding. He retreated to the waiting room just as a shrill voice cut through the air.

“Where is she?!” Livia shrieked, stumbling to her feet.

She clutched her head, swaying slightly. “That little wretch drugged me!”

“I feel sick,” Livia spat, her face twisted in rage. “How dare she use needles on a Luna?”

“Mom, stop,” Caleb interrupted loudly. “Ethan isn’t missing. He went to Meadow Brook.”

Livia froze, her anger momentarily replaced by confusion. “Meadow Brook? That filth pit?”

“He didn’t want you to worry,” Caleb lied smoothly. “But he’s there now.”

Livia’s face contorted in disgust. “Why would he go to where low-class wolves live?”

She grabbed her purse, forgetting about Amelia entirely. “We have to get him. The air alone there is probably toxic.”

She dragged Caleb out of the building.

In the car, Livia didn’t stop talking for a second. “He is a noble Alpha. He shouldn’t be stepping in mud.”

“Those people are dirty,” she complained. “What if he catches a disease?”

Caleb sighed, putting on his noise-canceling headphones. He turned the music up until her voice was just a vibration.

He typed a quick text to Ethan: *Mom knows where you are. She’s coming to make a scene.*

Miles away, the air in Meadow Brook was thick with the scent of damp earth and drying herbs. It was quiet, a stark contrast to the city.

Ethan stood before the shack, his expensive shoes coated in dust. His phone buzzed.

He glanced at the screen, his eyes dimming further. He shoved the phone back into his pocket.

Heavy footsteps approached from behind. Ethan turned.

Rowan stood there, holding a gardening hoe like a weapon. His weathered face was set in a scowl.

“Mr. Calder,” Ethan said, his voice hoarse. He offered a polite nod.

Rowan didn’t return the gesture. “What is a Stone doing lurking in my territory?”

“I just...” Ethan looked back at the shack. “I wanted to see where Amelia lived.”

“I should have come sooner,” Ethan admitted, guilt heavy in his tone. “I should have picked her up myself years ago.”

Rowan let out a harsh, barking laugh. “Save it.”

“You’re only feeling guilty because you lost your crown,” Rowan said ruthlessly.

Ethan flinched as if struck. He opened his mouth, but no words came.

“If you were still the high-and-mighty CEO,” Rowan continued, stepping closer, “you wouldn’t spare a glance at this shack.”

“Your quilt is cheap,” Rowan spat. “It’s worthless.”

Ethan lowered his head, his hands clenching into fists at his sides.

“Don’t stand here and be an eyesore,” Rowan said, hoisting his hoe onto his shoulder. “If you really want to repent, go to the Sacred Grounds.”

“Beg the Moon Goddess for forgiveness,” Rowan sheered. “Don’t act out a tragedy in front of a pile of rotting wood.”

Rowan turned and walked away without looking back.

By now, other pack members had noticed the intruder. Whispers spread through the small village like wildfire.

“That’s him?” a woman asked, pointing a calloused finger. “The biological brother?”

“He looks like the pictures,” a man confirmed. “The one who left Amelia in that drafty shack for twenty years.”

“Look at his clothes,” another scoffed. “Cost more than our whole village.”

“He never sent a dime when she was freezing in winter,” an elder muttered, shaking his head. “Now he comes to look sad?”

“It’s a show,” a younger wolf said loudly. “He wants sympathy from the public.”

“He thinks if he cries at a doorframe, we’ll forget he’s a monster,” the woman added.

Ethan stood frozen, the whispers cutting into him deeper than any blade.

“Don’t hold your breath,” the young wolf shouted toward him. “Keep dreaming

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 299[1,150 words]

(Author’s POV)

Ethan stood amidst the rustic cabins of Meadow Brook, his designer suit looking out of place against the backdrop of weathered wood and dirt paths. Whispers followed him like a swarm of angry bees.

He swallowed his pride, the remnants of his Alpha ego scratching at his throat. He approached a group of villagers gathering near a well.

“Excuse me,” Ethan said, keeping his voice level. “Could you tell me where Amelia’s old herb garden is? I want to know who is taking care of the moon herbs now.”

The villagers stopped talking. Their eyes were cold, filled with a mixture of suspicion and disdain.

Three strong warriors stepped forward, blocking his path.

“Look at this,” one warrior sneered, crossing his massive arms. “Isn’t this Amelia’s high-and-mighty Alpha brother? What, come here to put on a show?”

“I just want to help,” Ethan said, raising his hands slightly.

“Those plants are precious to us,” another warrior growled. “We aren’t telling you anything.”

A third wolf, with a scar running down his cheek, stepped closer. His aura flared with aggression. “If you dare damage a single leaf, I will make you regret being born:”

Ethan flinched but didn’t back down. “I just want to tend the garden for my sister. I want to atone for my mistakes.”

“Atone?” The scarred wolf spat on the ground near Ethan’s expensive leather shoes. “Don’t be a hypocrite.”

The warrior leaned in, his voice dripping with contempt. “A soft, spoiled egg like you can’t handle real work. You’re just down on your luck and want to steal herbs to sell on the black market, aren’t you?”

Ethan opened his mouth to deny it, but the group turned their backs on him. They dispersed, leaving him standing alone in the dusty road.

Inside him, his wolf Finn let out a low, pathetic whine. The beast felt the rejection of the pack deeply, hanging its head in shame.

Ethan stared at the retreating backs of the villagers. A wave of defeat washed over him.

As Amelia’s biological brother, he was less welcome here than a stray dog. These strangers cared more for Amelia than he ever had.

“They protect her memory fiercely,” Ethan whispered to himself. “And I am the villain in their story.”

He clenched his fists until his nails dug into his palms. He had to endure this.

“If I can’t even change the minds of these pack members,” he took a deep breath, “how can I ever expect Amelia to forgive me?”

(Author’s POV)

Back at the apartment, Livia walked in to find Adrian shouting into his phone.

“Listen to me, Vance,” Adrian roared, his face red with exertion. “While Jaxon is running Stone Botanicals, I want you to cause problems! Delay the medical equipment. Short the raw herb shipments!”

He paused, listening to the voice on the other end.

“Don’t worry,” Adrian said, his tone turning sinister. “I will take back control from that usurper eventually. When I do, your cut of the profits will double.”

He hung up the phone. Livia poured him a glass of water, her face twisted in annoyance.

“I found Ethan,” she said sharply.

Adrian took the glass. “Where is that ungrateful son? Is he hurt?”

“No,” Livia hissed through gritted teeth. “He ran off to Meadow Brook. That desolate wasteland abandoned by the Moon Goddess.”

She paced the small room. “It’s humiliating. I heard rumors that some low-class Omegas in that pack are already fantasizing about him. It’s a disgrace to our bloodline!”

“What?” Adrian hurled the water glass against the wall.

Shards of glass exploded outward, water dripping down the peeling wallpaper.

“The coward!” Adrian shouted. “I paved the road for him, and he runs away at the first sign of trouble? He wants to hand our legacy over to Amelia?”

“I’m going to get him,” Livia said, grabbing her coat. “I won’t let him embarrass us in that garbage dump.”

“Go,” Adrian waved his hand dismissively. “Drag him back here.”

Livia stormed out. Adrian stood alone in the silence, his chest heaving.

He looked down at his left hand. The space where his little finger used to be throbbed with

phantom pain. It was a permanent mark of his shame.

“Amelia...” He squeezed the name through his teeth

Hatred bloomed in his chest like poisonous wolfshane. He knew he couldn’t fight Jaxon or Amelia directly right now. He needed a weapon.

A dark plan formed in his mind.

“Griffin,” he muttered, thinking of the ruthless heir of the Drake family. He would be the perfect tool. An unknowing blade to strike at her,”

The cost would be high. He might have to suffer some physical pain to sell the lie. But it would be worth it.

Adrian grabbed his keys and headed for the door. He drove straight toward the Drake Pack House,

(Author’s POV)

The grand hall of the Drake Pack House was silent and oppressive. Matriarch Octavia sat in a high-backed armchair before the fireplace, sipping tea from a delicate bone china cup.

The butler rushed in, looking pale. “Matriarch, Lyra has fainted in the dungeon again.”

Octavia didn’t even look up. “Bring her here. Drag her like a ragdoll if you have to.”

Since her son Carlos had been imprisoned and the family name tarnished, Octavia had turned her rage on Lyra. The dungeon was cold and damp.

Lyra had been chained with silver shackles that burned her skin constantly. She was fed scraps fit only for rats.

Moments later, two burly guards dragged Lyra into the hall. They threw her onto the hard floor without a shred of gentleness.

Lyra lay there, emaciated and pale. Her expensive clothes were now rags.

Octavia looked down at her daughter-in-law with cold, dead eyes. “Wake her up.”

A guard upended a bucket of ice-cold, dirty mop water over Lyra’s head.

“Cough! Cough!” Lyra sputtered, her body convulsing as the freezing water hit her.

She blinked her eyes open, shivering violently. Her vision cleared, revealing the terrifying figure . Octavia sitting above her.

Lyra tried to push herself up with trembling arms. “Matriarch...” she croaked.

“Shut up!” Octavia shrieked, slamming her teacup down. “You don’t deserve to call me that. You don’t deserve the Drake name!”

“If it wasn’t for your wretched niece Amelia,” Octavia spat, “my son Carlos wouldn’t be rotting in a prison cell!”

Tears mixed with the dirty water on Lyra’s face. “I... I’ve cut ties with my pack,” she sobbed. “Please, let me go...”

“Let you go?” Octavia stood up, her shadow looming over the trembling woman. “If I spare you, who will spare my son?”

She walked over and kicked Lyra in the ribs. “If you hadn’t given birth to Lance, I would have executed you myself.”

Octavia leaned down, her voice a venomous whisper. “As long as Carlos suffers in prison, you will never see a good day.”

Despair crashed over Lyra. But beneath the fear, a burning hatred ignited.

‘It’s all Amelia’s fault,’ she screamed internally. “If that bitch hadn’t sent my mate to jail, Octavia wouldn’t be torturing me like this!”

Lyra bit her lip so hard that blood filled her mouth. She cursed Amelia with every fiber of her being, wishing for her niece to die a horrible death.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 300[1,310 words]

(Author’s POV)

Griffin strode into the opulent living room of the Drake Pack House. The air was thick with tension, heavy enough to choke a wolf.

He saw Matriarch Octavia sitting at the head of the room. Her face was twisted with a dark rage that made the servants tremble against the walls.

Griffin sat down beside his grandmother. He placed a calming hand on her arm.

“Grandmother,” Griffin said softly. “Why is the atmosphere so heavy today?”

Octavia rubbed her temples, her fingers digging into her aging skin. “It is Carlos,” she hissed, her voice laced with exhaustion and ruthlessness. “Every moment he sits in that cell, I feel my own freedom constricting. I cannot eat. I cannot sleep.”

Griffin nodded, his expression shifting to one of cold reassurance.

“You do not need to worry,” Griffin said. “I have already greased the necessary palms. The guards know who he is. He will not suffer while he is inside.”

He leaned closer, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. “More importantly, the replacement is almost ready.”

Octavia looked up, her interest piqued. “You found someone?”

“A rogue,” Griffin explained. “His build is nearly identical to Uncle Carlos. He has no family, no pack. No one will miss him.”

“But the face?” Octavia asked sharply. “Plastic surgery takes time to heal. We don’t have time.” “We aren’t using surgery,” Griffin said, a cruel smile playing on his lips. “Wolf regeneration fights against surgical changes too quickly. We are going to take a more permanent route.”

He paused for effect. “We will destroy the rogue’s face completely. Burn it until it is unrecognizable. Then, we use a scent–masking potion I acquired from the black market. It w. confuse the guards long enough for the switch.”

“Once the heat dies down,” Griffin continued, “we swap them. Carlos goes to a private island abroad. The rogue rots in prison in his place.”

Octavia’s tense shoulders finally relaxed. She looked at her grandson with approval.

“Cruel,” she muttered, “but effective.”

She gripped Griffin’s hand tightly. “Do it quickly. No matter what disaster Carlos has caused, he carries the Drake blood. I will not have him decaying in a cage like a common animal.”

Griffin nodded. “Consider it done.”

His gaze then drifted to the dark corner of the room. Lyra was curled up there, shivering violently in her wet, ragged clothes. She looked less like a Luna and more like a frightened rat.

Griffin sneered in disgust.

“Grandmother,” Griffin said coolly. “Lance will be returning from the overseas training camp soon.”

Octavia frowned at the mention of her grandson.

“He shouldn’t see his mother like this,” Griffin advised. “It would be... messy. We don’t need him asking questions or losing focus because of her pathetic state.”

Lyra's head snapped up. Hope flared in her dull, desperate eyes.

Octavia looked at Lyra with pure loathing. However, the reputation of the family and the stability of Lance was more important.

"Fine," Octavia spat. "Get out of my sight."

She pointed a shaking finger at Lyra. "Go back to your room and clean yourself up. If you dare I breathe a word of this punishment to Lance, I will rip your tongue out myself."

"Thank you, Matriarch," Lyra sobbed. She scrambled to her feet, using the wall for support, and fled the room as fast as her trembling legs could carry her.

As soon as she was gone, Griffin's phone buzzed in his pocket. It was an encrypted call.

He listened for a moment, his eyes narrowing. "Confirmed?"

"Yes, sir," the voice on the other end crackled. "The target is in a safe house. Theodore Crimson has deployed his personal elite guard to protect him."

Griffin hung up. A cold laugh bubbled in his chest.

"So, the rumors are true," he thought. "Jasper is indeed the lost brother of Theodore Crimson."

He tapped his finger against the armrest. He could strike now, but that would bring Theodore's wrath directly onto the Drake family.

"No," Griffin decided. "I won't dirty my hands."

He thought of Victor Crimson. The man was ambitious, violent, and stupid. He was desperate for a shot at the inheritance.

"I will leak this location to Victor," Griffin mused. "Let the dogs bite each other. Victor can do my dirty work for me."

Just as he put his phone away, the butler appeared at the doorway.

"Mr. Adrian Stone is here to see you, the butler announced,

Griffin and Octavia exchanged a knowing look,

"He isn't here for Lyra," Griffin said dryly. "Amelia must have pushed him to the edge of a cliff .

"Let him in," Octavia commanded.

Adrian walked in a moment later. He looked haggard. His suit was rumpled, and there was a frantic energy vibrating off him.

“Matriarch Octavia, Griffin,” Adrian started, trying to force a polite smile. “Lovely weather we are having-”

“Cut the garbage, Adrian,” Octavia interrupted, waving her hand dismissively. “We know you are desperate. State your business or get out.”

Adrian’s smile vanished. His face darkened, and a look of madness crept into his eyes.

“I need a favor,” Adrian said, his voice dropping to a sinister low. “I need the Drake family’s help to remove an obstacle.”

“Who?” Griffin asked, bored.

“My mate,” Adrian said. “Livia.”

Silence crashed into the room. Even Octavia, a woman who had ordered executions without blinking, looked shocked.

“Are you insane?” Octavia demanded, sitting up straight. “Livia is your fated mate. If you kill her, the backlash from the broken bond will drive you mad. It could even kill you.”

“I have a solution,” Adrian said calmly. Too calmly.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, black glass vial. The liquid inside was thick and sluggish.

“I obtained this from the deep underground market, Adrian explained, holding the vial up to the light. “It is a forbidden potion. It paralyzes the mate bond’s sensory receptors for a short time

“I will still feel pain when she dies,” Adrian admitted, his eyes cold and dead. “It will be agonizing. But I will survive it. I am willing to pay that price for power.”

“Why?” Griffin asked, intrigued by the sheer depravity of it.

“I will frame Amelia for the murder,” Adrian whispered. “Ethan is soft. He hesitates. But if he believes Amelia killed his mother? He will snap.”

Adrian clenched his fist. “He will become a Vengeance Weapon. He will stop caring about morals and family ties. He will tear Amélia apart.”

Octavia stared at him, trying to comprehend the level of ruthlessness standing before her

“She has shared your bed for decades, Octavia said slowly. “She is the mother of your children How can you sacrifice her like cattle?”

“She is useless to me now,” Adrian argued. “If I lose Stone Botanicals, we lose everything. Livia cares about status more than life. If we become poor, she would live in misery anyway

“Her death will have meaning,” Adrian insisted. “It is the spark needed to burn Amelia to the ground. It is a worthy sacrifice.”

Griffin felt his wolf stir with contempt. He was a villain, yes, but to sever a mate bond for profit was a level of darkness that unsettled even him.

“You speak of sacrifice so nobly,” Griffin sneered, leaning back in his chair. ‘If it is so important to motivate your son, why don’t you die?”

He looked Adrian up and down with mocking eyes. Let Amelia kill you. That would surely motivate Ethan just as well.”

“I cannot die,” Adrian said immediately, his voice filled with self-righteous arrogance. “Livia is weak. She cannot lead the war against Amelia. That girl is too cunning. Only I have the wisdom to steer the ship.”

“I must remain to control the outcome,” Adrian stated.

Griffin studied the man. He saw a coward wrapping himself in the flag of necessity. A man who would burn the world to save his own skin.

“Fine,” Griffin said, his eyes gleaming with calculation. “You are willing to become a monster. I can respect the commitment.”

He leaned forward, locking eyes with Adrian.

“But we are businessmen, Adrian,” Griffin said coldly. “So tell me. What benefit can you possibly bring to the Drake Pack? Why should we help you kill your wife?”