

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 3[1,037 words]

(Amelia's POV)

At eight o'clock sharp, my phone rang. I'd just finished harvesting the last of my evening primrose and was washing dirt from my hands in the basin outside my cottage.

"It's done," Silas said without preamble when I answered. "Celine Stone, daughter of Adrian and Livia Stone, same age as you. The pack princess, adored by everyone."

I dried my hands on a towel, my heart beating faster. "Continue"

"She's been raised as their precious daughter since infancy. Top education, private tutors, the works." His voice was clinical, detached. "She's considered quite beautiful – dark hair, blue eyes, always impeccably dressed. Her talent was widely acclaimed throughout the territory, though my sources suggest they're more show than substance."

"What about the engagement to Theodore?" I pressed.

"She was originally engaged to Theodore Crimson, heir to the Alpha King. A political match arranged years ago to strengthen ties between the packs." Silas paused. "When Theodore was injured last month and his succession was put on hold, she wanted out. Called him damaged goods behind closed doors."

My grip on the phone tightened. "But her parents stopped her."

"Yes. The alliance with Crimson Moon Pack is too valuable to lose. They have not yet agreed to her request."

"Her reputation in Northgate City is impeccable—beautiful, accomplished, desired by many Alphas," he continued. "But there are whispers about her true nature. She's known to be vindictive to those who cross her."

"Is she truly Adrian and Livia's daughter?" I asked, the question that had been burning in my mind.

"On paper, yes. "

"You need dig deeper. I need to know if there's any chance she's not their biological child." I paced across my small yard.

"May I ask why you're suddenly interested in Stone River Pack?" Silas asked carefully. "This is a dangerous game you're playing, Amelia."

“Because I’m going home, apparently.” I laughed bitterly. “I’ve just discovered I’m their long-lost daughter. And I want to experience what it’s like to be an Alpha’s daughter in a powerful pack. It seems quite... interesting.”

Few people knew the full extent of my activities. To most, I was simply a skilled healer who sold herbs and remedies. In reality, I’d spent years cultivating rare medicinal plants, creating twenty new hybrid species that could fetch millions at auction. I’d treated countless pack Alphas, charging exorbitant fees that they gladly paid for my unique skills.

Damian’s claim that I wasn’t worthy of being his Luna was laughable. If I’d wanted to, I could have formed my own pack from the hundreds of rogue wolves whose lives I’d saved over the years.

But I found pack politics troublesome. I preferred my freedom, wandering between territories, living by my own rules.

Yet now, I was tired of living in shadows. Perhaps it was time to experience life as an Alpha’s daughter in a powerful pack. And Theodore—there was something compelling about him. Despite his injury, he carried himself with dignity and strength. His mind was sharp, his spirit unbroken.

He would make a formidable Alpha King someday.

I would heal him. Not because of our arrangement, but because it would be such a waste if an Alpha King as handsome and capable as him were to remain crippled.

“I understand,” Silas said finally. “I’ll investigate further immediately.”

“Good. I want to know everything – who helped with the switch, who knew about it, everything.”

“And Silas? Be careful.”

After finishing my evening routine, I went to bed at my usual time. Just as I was drifting into sleep, Ava’s voice jolted me awake.

Someone’s outside, my wolf whispered urgently. Not a villager. Smells like a rogue.

I listened carefully, catching the soft crunch of footsteps approaching my cottage. At this hour, if it were a villager needing a healer, they would be calling my name or knocking.

This was an intruder.

I silently slipped from my bed and positioned myself behind the bedroom door, a silver needle ready in my hand. My heartbeat was steady, controlled.

Seconds later, the door crashed open, splintering at the hinges. A large man lunged inside, his movements were wild, his scent saturated with bloodlust and desire.

He lunged instinctively toward my empty bed. Before he could register his mistake, I slipped behind him and drove a silver needle deep into the back of his neck. The special compound coating the needle worked instantly—his eyes rolled back, and he collapsed to the floor with a heavy thud.

I worked quickly, binding him tightly with silver-infused rope, then administered another needle to wake him. I needed answers.

“Who sent you?” I demanded when his eyes fluttered open, glazed with pain from the silver burning through his system.

“No one,” he gasped, trying to struggle against his bonds. “Just looking for valuables. This was random.”

I inserted a thicker silver needle deeper into his shoulder, twisting it slightly. “Try again. The truth this time.”

“Really, I’m not lying to you.” He was still lying. I lost my patience and inserted all five remaining thick silver needles into his body.

“Stop!” he cried out, his body convulsing. “Someone paid me! Said if I r***d you, I’d get good money. They said you were just some worthless girl no one would miss!”

“Who hired you?” I pressed the needle deeper.

“I don’t know! I swear!” Tears streamed down his face. “It was all arranged through a third party. I never saw their faces. Please, I’ve told you everything!”

I studied him carefully, listening to his heartbeat, smelling his fear. He was telling the truth—he was just a pawn.

“I’m going to let you go,” I lied, loosening his bonds slightly. “You’ll leave this territory and never return.”

Relief flooded his face, quickly replaced by cunning. The moment his hands were free, he lunged for my throat, transforming partially into his wolf form, claws extended.

A black streak shot from the shadows—my pet snake, Black, sinking its venomous fangs into the intruder’s neck. The rogue wolf’s eyes widened in shock as the powerful toxin entered his system. He convulsed once, then went still.

“This coward deserved to die,” Ava whispered in my mind. “Our enemies have already made their move.”

I dragged the body outside, loaded it into a wheelbarrow, and buried it deep near my herb garden. Good fertilizer shouldn't go to waste, after all.

Standing under the moonlight, I wiped dirt from my hands and smiled coldly. Someone had sent me an early welcome gift. How thoughtful.