

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 301[1,079 words]

(Griffin's POV)

Adrian looked at me with a heavy expression.

He placed his final chip on the table.

"If you help me return to the Stone family and take over Stone Botanicals," Adrian said, his voice low. "I will give the Drake family two hidden herbal production lines."

I stared at him, deep in thought. A dangerous glint flashed in my eyes.

My wolf paced alertly inside me. could smell the scent of conspiracy.

"What exactly do you know, Adrian?" I asked, my voice cold and sharp.

Adrian lowered his head slightly. He postured himself like a submissive Beta.

"I know nothing, Griffin," he said respectfully. "It is just a guess. I assumed the Drake family might need to expand production capacity."

He paused, glancing at my grandmother.

"Otherwise, Matriarch Octavia would not have agreed to the marriage alliance between our families years ago."

I sneered internally. He was right.

The Drake family had always coveted Stone Botanicals' pharmaceutical capabilities. We wanted to inject capital to gain the rights to produce those regulated potions.

But the old Alpha Alaric had been stubborn. He firmly refused to let the Drake family touch their business.

Now, Adrian was different. To regain power, he was willing to let his family's proud legacy become a tool for us. He would let us manufacture forbidden drugs.

I found this incredibly amusing.

I glanced at Octavia beside me. She gave a subtle nod of permission.

"Very well," I said, leaning back. "I will arrange the manpower to help you remove Livia."

Adrian fell silent for a moment.

“Please,” he said, feigning a pained look. “Make it painless for her.”

I looked at this man who was selling out his mate for profit.

“Of course,” I promised smoothly.

But in my heart, I had a different plan. That poor woman would know the truth before she took her last breath. She would know her own mate severed their bond with his own hands.

“We will do it at Amelia’s birthday banquet,” I instructed.

“Have Livia provoke Amelia,” I continued.

“Create a conflict. Then, when she dies, we will frame Amelia for the murder.”

(Author’s POV)

Adrian left the Drake Pack House. He looked up at the gloomy gray sky.

He comforted himself in his heart. Being a puppet Alpha was better than being nothing and suffering ridicule.

“I will not be soft-hearted to anyone this time,” he vowed silently. “Not even my father, Alaric.”

Meanwhile, Amelia had returned to her home.

She finished discussing the details of the birthday banquet with her parents and went to her room.

Her phone vibrated on the desk. It was a video call request from Rowan. Amelia tapped the screen to answer. A scene that was both laughable and crying appeared before her eyes.

Ethan was lying on the muddy ground. He was foaming at the mouth.

Blood was trickling from his eyes and nose. His face looked hideous and twisted.

“This arrogant Alpha wouldn’t listen,” Rowan’s voice came through the speaker. “He insisted on breaking into the herb garden full of poisonous magical plants.”

“The guardian insects bit him,” Rowan explained. “So, Amelia, do we save him? Or should I just dig a hole in the back mountain and bury him?”

Amelia sighed heavily. She **pinched the bridge of her nose** in frustration.

Her wolf, Ava, rolled her eyes in her mind. She mocked the stupidity of this so-called brother.

“Save him, of course,” Amelia replied. “Livia already knows he is in the village. We can’t let him die.”

She looked at the pathetic figure on the screen.

“Use the antidote to bring him back,” Amelia< Chapter 301: Ethan is Arrested ordered. “But don’t let him go.”

“Treat him as a thief who stole herbs,” she added coldly. “**Drag him to** the town’s Sheriff’s Office. Lock him up for a few days. He needs to learn a lesson.”

Late that night, a car pulled up to the **edge of the territory** of the Meadow Brook Pack.

The rural road was rugged and lacked streetlights. The darkness was consuming.

“I can’t go further,” the driver said nervously.

“There are rumors of rogue wolves here. I’m stopping at the **town limits**”

Livia panicked. She couldn’t reach Ethan on his phone.

“I’ll pay you double,” she pleaded. “Please, just drive me into the village.”

The driver shook his head firmly. “No amount of money is worth my life.”

Livia had no choice. She stepped out into the pitch-black night.

She stumbled along the muddy path. Her expensive shoes sank into the filth.

“Ethan!” she shouted into the dark. “Ethan, where are you?”

She slipped on a wet patch of mud. A sharp pain shot through her ankle as she fell.

Behind her, the driver didn’t wait. He turned the car around and sped away, ignoring her cries.

Livia sat in the mud, tears streaming down her face. She was a noble Luna. When had she ever suffered such indignity?

She dragged her muddy body to the nearest house. She banged on the door desperately.

The door creaked open. An **older woman** stood there, looking suspicious.

Livia held up her phone, showing a photo of Ethan. “Have you seen my son?”

The woman glanced at the screen and sneered.

“Oh,” the woman said with a look of disdain.

“You are the thief’s mother?”

Livia froze. “Thief?”

“Your son broke into the herb garden to steal, the woman scoffed. “The sheriff has already arrested him.”

The woman slammed the door shut in Livia’s face.

Livia felt a sharp pain in her chest from anger.

She turned to leave but slipped again in the muck.

Regret filled her heart. All this suffering was because they brought Amelia back.

“She is a **curse**,” Livia sobbed to herself. “If we hadn’t brought her back, the family would still be harmonious.”

Celine would still be the perfect daughter. They could have continued their peaceful life.

“I am **being kicked while I am down**” she whispered bitterly.

She prayed Adrian would find a way to regain power soon. She had enough of this misery.

It took Livia hours to limp to the town’s Sheriff’s Office.

She pushed open the door and saw the holding cells. Ethan was slumped inside one of them.

The once high-and-mighty Alpha was now covered in blood and dirt. He looked haggard and pathetic.

His expensive suit was torn to shreds. It was stained with mud and green herb juice.

Ethan gripped the iron bars tightly. He looked at the werewolf enforcer sitting at th**enforcer’s desk**

“I told you, I am not a thief!” Ethan shouted helplessly.

“That is my biological sister’s garden!” he explained for the tenth time. “She isn’t in the village right now.”

” I just wanted to go in and help her manage those precious magical plants!” Ethan insisted.

The enforcer didn’t even look up from his paperwork. He stared coldly at the wall, clearly not believing a word from this crazy intruder.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 302[1,273 words]

(Ethan’s POV)

The Enforcer sat behind his metal desk, staring at me with cold, unimpressed eyes. He tapped a finger against the open file in front of him.

“You claim this Amelia is your biological sister, the Enforcer said, his voice dripping with skepticism. “Yet, I check the Pack Registry, and there is absolutely no record linking her to the Stone family.”

I gritted my teeth, the metallic taste of blood still lingering in my mouth. “She is my sister. It is just... complicated.”

“Complicated?” The Enforcer scoffed. “She is registered under the Meadow Brook Pack. Her file even has a rogue flag from years ago.”

He slammed the folder shut. The sound echoed in the small, sterile room.

“You have no valid Pack identification to prove this relationship,” he stated flatly. “As far as the law is concerned, you are just a trespasser making up stories.

I opened my mouth to argue, but he held up a hand.

“Luckily for you, the victim, Mr. Calder, has decided not to press charges,” the Enforcer said. “He even provided the antidote for your poisoning.”

I slumped slightly in the hard chair. At least I wouldn’t be facing a tribunal.

“However,” the Enforcer continued, his eyes narrowing. “You need a cooling-off period. You will be held in the detention cells for three days.”

“Three days?” I protested weakly.

The Enforcer leaned forward, a sneer curling his lip. He looked me up and down with open disdain.

“Look at you,” he mocked. “You dress like a gentleman but act like a scavenger.”

My face burned. As an Alpha, being compared to a scavenger was the ultimate insult.

“Getting thrown in the clink for petty theft,” the Enforcer shook his head. “You are a disgrace to the Alpha bloodline.”

I felt my dominance crumbling. The shame was< Chapter 302: Livia’s Rage suffocating.

Suddenly, the door to the office burst open with a loud bang. A woman rushed in, bringing the smell of wet earth and desperation with her.

It was my mother, Livia.

She was covered in mud from head to toe. Her expensive dress was ruined, and her usually perfect makeup was smeared across her face like war paint.

She looked like a shrieking banshee.

“Unband him immediately!” Livia screamed, pointing a shaking finger at the Enforcer. “Do you know who he is?”

The enforcers in the room stopped their work and stared.

“He is the heir to the Stone River Pack!” Livia shrieked. “He is a noble Alpha! He would never steal anything in this backwater dump!”

The Enforcer looked at the filthy, hysterical woman and then back at me. A look of pity mixed with amusement crossed his face.

“Lady, you are hallucinating,” one of the deputies chuckled. “Take your delusions somewhere else.”

“This kind of coddling is exactly why he is here,” the Enforcer muttered. “You are ruining him.”

I felt the eyes of every wolf in the room boring into me. The public humiliation was unbearable.

I just wanted to disappear. I couldn’t listen to her make a fool of herself for one more second.

“Enough!” I roared, my voice cracking.

Livia froze, her mouth hanging open.

“I did it,” I shouted, looking straight at the Enforcer. “I went there to steal the herbs. admit it.”

“Ethan!” Livia gasped.

“Put me in the cell, I demanded. “Right now.”

Livia grabbed my arm, her muddy fingers digging into my suit. “No! We are leaving! I will sue this department!”

The Enforcer stood up, his hand resting on his stun baton. His expression was grim.

“Ma’am, let go of the prisoner,” he warned. “If you cause another scene, I will arrest you for Obstruction of Justice and throw you in the drunk tank.”

(Author’s POV)

Ethan finally snapped. The humiliation and the physical pain from the poison were too much.

He violently yanked his arm away from Livia’s grasp.

“Get off me!” Ethan bellowed.

Livia stumbled back, shock written all over her muddy face.

“Look at yourself,” Ethan spat, his eyes filled with disgust. “You look hideous. You are embarrassing the Pack.”

Livia’s lips trembled. Tears welled up in her eyes, cutting tracks through the dirt on her cheeks.

“Ethan...” she whispered, her voice trembling.

“After all I did for you?”

She gestured to her ruined clothes and her bruised legs.

“I walked through the mud in the dark,” she sobbed. “I fell so many times just to find you.

And this is how you treat me?”

Ethan’s expression remained cold. There was no sympathy in his eyes, only annoyance.

Nobody asked you to do that,” he said cruelly.

“You are just being dramatic.”

He took a step toward the holding area, then stopped and turned back to her.

“And how dare you go to Starlight

Entertainment?” he hissed. “I told you to leave Amelia alone. Why do you insist on annoying everyone?

Livia flinched as if he had slapped her.

“I just wanted to help...” she stammered.

“You just make everything worse,” Ethan cut her off. “I am sick of looking at you.”

He turned his back on her.

“I will return before Amelia’s birthday banquet, he threw over his shoulder. “Until then, leave me alone.”

He followed the Enforcer into the corridor leading to the cells without looking back.

Livia stood rooted to the spot. She watched her son’s retreating figure disappear behind the heavy steel door.

She felt like her heart had been trampled. All her efforts, all her suffering, were worthless in his eyes.

The disappointment in Ethan quickly turned into a burning resentment toward someone else.

Amelia.

“This is all her fault, Livia thought venomously.

“If she hadn’t come back, none of this would have happened.”

She pulled out her phone with shaking hands.

She typed out a long, furious message to Amelia.

She couldn’t go back to Northgate City like this.

She couldn’t face Adrian’s disappointment.

Defeated, she limped out of the station to find a cheap motel in the town.

The next morning, the sunlight filtered through the curtains of Amelia's bedroom.

Amelia woke up to the sound of birds chirping outside. She stretched and reached for her phone on the nightstand.

The screen lit up with a notification. It was a long message from an unknown number.

She opened it and scanned the text. Her brow furrowed.

It was Livia.

"Your brother is being held like a common criminal because of you!" the message read.

"You need to go to the station immediately and testify for him. Get him out!"

Amelia scrolled down. The text continued with a barrage of accusations.

"Stop acting like a brat," Livia wrote. "You are being selfish. You need to grow up."

The message ended with a patronizing command.

"Make peace with the family before your birthday," Livia instructed. "We will host a banquet for you. Do it for the family image. Do it so Alpha Alaric doesn't get upset."

Amelia let out a cold laugh. She tossed the phone onto the bed.

Inside her mind, her wolf, Ava, snorted with derision.

"That bitch is delusional, Ava growled, her voice echoing in Amelia's head. "Does she think we need her scraps?"

"She thinks a banquet will fix years of neglect, Amelia replied internally. "She is just venting because Ethan yelled at her."

Amelia picked up the phone again. She didn't hesitate for a second.

She tapped the screen and added the number to her block list. She had no time for this harassment.

Meanwhile, in the imposing headquarters of the Crimson Group.

Theodore Crimson rolled his wheelchair back into his office. He had just finished a grueling morning briefing with his executives.

His expression was stoic, his aura radiating power despite his physical state.

He approached his mahogany desk. His personal black phone, which sat on the corner, lit up silently.

Theodore glanced at the screen. The notification showed the sender: Northgate City Genetics Lab.

His eyes narrowed instantly. A sharp, dangerous glint flashed within them.

He reached out and picked up the device. His thumb hovered over the message for a brief second.

Then, he tapped the screen to open the file. It was the kinship identification report he had ordered.

Theodore's gaze locked onto the document.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 303[1,047 words]

(Theodore's POV)

The notification on my phone screen seemed to burn into my retinas. The DNA test results were conclusive. The probability of brotherhood was absolute.

Jasper was my biological brother.

Even though my wolf, Logan, had already roared this truth deep within my soul, seeing the scientific proof was different. It hit me with the force of a physical blow.

I felt a sudden tightness in my chest. It was as if all the air had been sucked out of the room in an instant.

I slowly set the phone down on the mahogany desk. My hand trembled slightly, a rare sign of the storm raging inside me.

I leaned back against the firm support of my wheelchair. I closed my eyes, trying to shut out the world for just a moment.

I raised my hand and **pinched the bridge of my nose**. I needed to calm the violent surge of emotions threatening to overwhelm me.

Relief, anger, and a profound sense of vindication swirled together.

After a long moment, I took a deep breath. I opened my eyes again.

The golden light in my pupils sharpened. The uncertainty was gone, replaced by a steely resolve.

Logan growled low in my mind. “*The Pack’s bloodline is finally complete, Alpha.*”

Yes. I had finally found Jasper.

The next steps were clear. I would take Jasper and Uncle Mason, the man who had raised him when our family failed, to see Theron.

Theron had destroyed our home. He had hurt my mother and abandoned his own son. It was time for him to pay the price.

My pulse steadied. I reached for my phone again.

There was only one person I wanted to share this joy with immediately. Apart from Jasper, she was the only one who mattered.

I dialed Amelia’s number.

(Author’s POV)

In the professional recording studio at Starlight

Entertainment, silence fell.

Amelia took off her headphones and placed them on the stand. She had just finished recording three new songs.

She looked at the mixing board. The playback was flawless.

She turned to the producer behind the glass, a talented woman **named Beryl**.

“I am leaving the post-production entirely to you,” Amelia said. “I trust your ear.”

Beryl nodded, giving a thumbs up.

Amelia gathered her things and returned to her office. She called for her secretary, Anya.

“Arrange for these three songs to be released on November 21 st,” Amelia instructed. “That is the day of my birthday banquet.”

Anya noted the date on her tablet.

“With the traffic from the birthday event and the quality of these tracks,” Amelia said confidently,

“we will be **trending worldwide**”

Anya left to organize the schedule.

Moments later, Amelia’s phone rang on her desk. The screen flashed with Theodore’s name.

She picked it up immediately.

“Theodore?” she answered.

Theodore’s voice came through the speaker. It was usually calm and commanding, but today, Amelia could hear the raw excitement beneath the surface.

“The results are in,” Theodore said. “Jasper is my brother. It is confirmed.”

Amelia smiled, a genuine warmth spreading through her chest.

“That is wonderful,” she said softly. “I am so happy for you, Theodore. It is a miracle he grew up safe.”

Theodore lowered his voice. “It is the second greatest stroke of luck in my life. The first was meeting you.”

Amelia blinked, her cheeks flushing slightly.

Inside her mind, her wolf Ava wagged her tail excitedly.

“*Listen to him,*” Ava teased. “*Our Alpha mate has certainly become **silver-tongued***”

Amelia hushed her wolf internally.

“What is the plan?” Amelia asked.

“Jasper is not ready to reveal his identity yet, Theodore explained. “Uncle Mason is worried about safety. He does not want Jasper to return to the Crimson Pack immediately.”

“I understand,” Amelia said. “Mason is right to be cautious.”

“I will respect their wishes,” Theodore said, his tone hardening. “I must pass the heir ceremony first. I need absolute power. Only then can I prove to Uncle Mason that I can protect my brother.”

Amelia’s expression turned serious.

“Theodore,” she warned. “The date for announcing the heir is close. You must be vigilant.”

“I know,” he replied.

“Victor failed once, but he will try again, Amelia said. “And Garrett... he has been too quiet. He is deep and calculating. Do not underestimate him.”

“I have prepared for them,” Theodore assured her. “I will not let anything happen. The Mating< Chapter 303: Conspiracy

Ceremony will proceed without incident.”

“Good, Amelia said.

She hung up the phone with a lighter heart. But her mind was already working. She needed to accelerate her plans to take down Griffin Drake.

Meanwhile, in a private room at a high-end sanitarium.

Theron Crimson lay in his hospital bed. His injuries from the “accident” were still healing, leaving him weak and pale.

The door to his room burst open.

Theron turned his head, expecting to see his son, Theodore, finally coming to grovel.

But it was not Theodore.

A man in a dark suit walked in. He radiated a violent, oppressive aura.

It was Victor.

Victor walked to the bedside and looked down at the helpless man. A mocking sneer curled his lips.

“Surprised to see me, Uncle?” Victor asked.

Theron’s face twisted with hatred at the thought of his son.

“That ****ungrateful wretch****, Theron cursed.

“He is not fit to be my son. He leaves me here to rot.”

Victor stared into Theron’s eyes. He decided to drop the bomb.

“I found something out,” Victor said coldly.

“That boy, Ronan? He was a fake. A bastard impostor.”

Theron frowned, confused.

“And yesterday,” Victor continued, “Theodore found the real one. He found your lost son, Jasper.”

Theron’s eyes widened in shock. His pupils contracted violently.

“No...” Theron gasped. “He found him? So quickly?”

“It is true,” Victor said, watching the fear take root in the old man’s eyes.

“You know Theodore,” Victor threatened softly.

“He will not forgive the man who caused all this tragedy. He might be on his way here right now to settle the score.”

Theron turned ****pale as a sheet****. The blood< Chapter 303: Conspiracy drained from his face.

He knew exactly what he had done. He knew Theodore would show no mercy.

“Help me,” Theron begged, reaching out a shaking hand. “Victor, you have to help me. I will do anything. Just save me.”

Victor adjusted his cuffs slowly. He looked at his terrified uncle ****with a sinister smile****

“I don’t need you to do anything difficult, Uncle, Victor said smoothly. “I just need you to cooperate with me.”

Theron swallowed hard. “Cooperate?”

“Yes,” Victor said. “We are going to record a special video. A message for Theodore’s dear little brother.”

Theron froze. He looked at Victor with trembling lips.

“Record a video?” Theron asked, his voice shaking. “What kind of video?”

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Chapter 304[1,163 words]

(Author’s POV)

Victor Crimson stood by the hospital bed, a dark, sinister smile playing on his lips.

He looked down at the broken man before him and adjusted his cufflinks.

“It is simple, Uncle,” Victor said smoothly. “I have a plan that benefits us both.”

He leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

“You are going to record a video,” Victor explained. “You will tell the world that Theodore let you go. You will thank him for his mercy.”

Theron’s eyes widened.

“The goal is to mislead that lost brother of his, Victor continued. “We need Jasper to believe Theodore has no intention of punishing the man who destroyed your family.”

Theron heard the word “escape,” and his face went as pale as a sheet.

A phantom pain shot through his ruined legs. He remembered the cold steel of the needle.

He remembered Theodore’s impassive face as he ordered Liquid Silver injected directly into his knees.

The silver had burned like molten lava.

It had shattered his bones from the inside out, ensuring he would never walk again.

The werewolf’s natural healing ability was useless against such permanent damage.

Theron began to tremble uncontrollably.

He knew exactly how ruthless his son could be.

If he tried to run and Theodore caught him again, he would not survive.

“I... I can’t, Theron stammered, his teeth chattering. “He will kill me.”

Victor’s expression hardened instantly.

“If you don’t cooperate,” Victor threatened, his voice ice-cold, “you will have trouble right now.”

Theron swallowed hard, looking at the menacing aura surrounding his nephew.

He had no choice.

“Fine,” Theron whispered. “But how? This place is swarming with Theodore’s spies.”

Victor let out a dismissive laugh.

“Everyone has a price, Uncle,” he sneered. “Any wolf can be bought if the offer is right.”

As if on cue, the door clicked open.

Julian Pierce walked in, a professional, fake smile plastered on his face.

“Good afternoon,” Julian said cheerfully. “I am here to handle the filming and transfer.”

Theron stared at the doctor in shock.

This man had betrayed him once to join Theodore.

Now, he was betraying Theodore for Victor’s money.

“You...” Theron gasped.

Julian ignored him and set up a camera on a tripod.

“Look at the lens, please,” Julian instructed calmly. “Try to look grateful.”

The recording was brief. Once it was done, Victor signaled his men.

Since Theron’s legs were useless, two burly guards hoisted him into a wheelchair.

They draped a blanket over him and moved quickly toward a hidden maintenance elevator.

Julian had already bribed the staff and disabled the alarms on that route.

They slipped out of the sanitarium unnoticed.

Back in the empty room, Julian sent the video file to Victor's phone.

Victor tapped the screen, forwarding the message to Garrett, who was waiting in the shadows.

"It is done," Victor muttered.

He pulled a cigar from his pocket and lit it.

He took a deep drag, exhaling a cloud of smoke as he waited for the show to begin.

(Jasper's POV)

The savory scent of pan-searing steak filled the small kitchen.

I focused on the meat, making sure the crust was perfect.

Uncle Mason and I needed a good meal.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

I froze, wiping my hands on a towel.

We were not expecting visitors.

Amelia had arranged this safe house, and its location was a closely guarded secret.

I walked to the door cautiously and checked the peephole.

There was no one there.

I opened the door and looked down.

A single package sat on the doormat.

The label was blank except for one letter: "M".

I frowned, picking it up.

Uncle Mason was a rogue wolf who lived in the shadows.

He had no contacts who would send mail here.

I carried the box inside and placed it on the dining table.

Uncle Mason walked in, looking curious.

“Do you know who sent this?” I asked.

He shook his head blankly, gesturing for me to open it

I grabbed a knife and sliced the tape.

As I opened the flaps, a stack of photos spilled out onto the table.

My breath hitched.

The first photo showed a beautiful woman with a gentle smile.

It was Rebecca, my mother.

She looked happy, radiating a warmth I had never known.

But the photos beneath it were a nightmare.

Twisted metal. Shattered glass.

A body lying on the asphalt, bloodied and broken beyond recognition.

“Oh god,” I whispered.

Beside me, Uncle Mason let out a strangled, agonized whimper.

His eyes instantly turned bloodshot.

His breathing became ragged and fast, bordering on hyperventilation.

A small slip of paper fluttered out from between the gruesome images.

I picked it up.

The text was printed in a generic font:

“Rebecca’s death was orchestrated. If you want the truth, call this number.”

My pupils dilated.

“This is a trap,” I said instantly, my instincts screaming danger.

I had seen enough of the entertainment industry’s dirty tricks to know bait when I saw it.

“Uncle Mason, don’t,” I said, reaching out. “We should wait for Theodore. We can’t trust this.”

But Uncle Mason was too far gone.

He was frantically signing with trembling hands.

Life Debt.

I owe her my life.

I cannot let her death go unanswered.

His grief and rage were overwhelming. Before I could stop him, he grabbed his phone.

His shaking fingers dialed the number on the note and hit the speaker button.

(Jasper's POV)

The call connected instantly.

"Hello," a male voice spoke through the speaker.

It was distorted by a heavy voice changer, carrying an eerie, mechanical laugh.

"I knew you would call."

A chill ran down my spine.

"Theodore's little brother, the voice continued.

"And the hero who saved him. I have been waiting.

"

Uncle Mason made a guttural noise of fury, but he couldn't form words.

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to remain calm.

"Who are you?" I demanded.

"Who I am does not matter," the voice replied dismissively.

"I just want to ask you a question," the stranger said. "Do you really believe Rebecca died in a simple car accident?"

I clenched my fists.

"And do you really believe," the voice went on,

“that twenty-two years ago, a newborn baby was sent away just because Theron was a superstitious fool?”

“They say he listened to the Pack Seer,” the voice mocked. “That he believed the child was cursed. That you would bring ruin to the Crimson family.”

I frowned, my brow furrowing.

“Is that not the truth?” I countered. “Theron made up that lie. He wanted to replace me with his bastard son, Ronan.”

The man on the other end let out a harsh, scornful laugh.

“Of course not,” he sneered.

“Theron gives himself too much credit,” the voice said. “He was just a pawn in a much larger game.”

My heart skipped a beat.

“The real hand behind all of this,” the voice hissed, “was the true ruler of the Crimson Pack.” “Alpha King Gideon.”

I froze.

“Think about it,” the voice challenged. “Do you think Theron’s petty tricks could deceive the Alpha King?”

“It was your respected grandfather,” the man said, his voice dripping with malice. “He personally ordered his own flesh and blood to be cast out.”

“And Rebecca,” he added darkly, “just happened to have her ‘accident’ at the exact same time.”

The mention of the Alpha King sent a wave of cold dread through me.

Gideon Crimson was the absolute authority in the Northern Territories.

If this was truly his will.

My frown deepened, and a heavy weight settled in my chest.

“If what you say is true,” I asked, my voice low and steady, “why would the Alpha King do this?”

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 305[1,162 words]

(Author's POV)

The distorted voice crackled through the speakerphone, dripping with malice.

"Because your mother, Rebecca, was simply too excellent."

Jasper felt a cold knot tighten in his stomach.

"The assets Alpha King Gideon gave Theron to manage were on the brink of bankruptcy," the voice continued. "It was Rebecca who took over."

"With her astonishing business acumen, she turned those failing industries into the economic pillars of the Crimson Moon Pack in just five years."

Mason's hands trembled on the table.

"Alpha King Gideon is a man of extreme control," the mechanical voice hissed. "He feared that if Rebecca lived, the pack would fall into her hands."

"Whether through her son Theodore or through you, the result would be the same."

"Gideon would never allow a woman, an outsider, to hold that kind of power."

The voice paused for dramatic effect.

"So, he exploited Theron's jealousy and incompetence. He used Theron's hand to orchestrate the car accident."

"He removed the threat to his authority."

"And in doing so, he perfectly pinned the crime of wife-killing on Theron, that pathetic failure."

"It ensured Theron would remain a puppet forever, crushed by guilt and public scorn."

A low, guttural growl erupted from Mason's throat.

Veins bulged along his neck as his eyes flashed with a feral light.

He looked ready to shift right there in the small kitchen.

Jasper was reeling from the shock, his mind racing.

But he forced himself to move.

He grabbed Mason's shoulders, pressing down hard.

"Calm down," Jasper urged, though his own voice was shaking.

He stared at the phone, his expression cold.

"These are baseless accusations without proof," Jasper challenged.

The stranger let out a dark chuckle.

"The proof is on the flash drive in that box," the voice replied.

Watch it. But I suggest you don't try to run to Theodore for help."

"He is the designated heir of the Crimson family," the voice sneered. "He has their dirty blood in his veins."

"Do you really think he would destroy the Crimson family's reputation for a dead woman?"

"Do you think he would kill his own father and grandfather for you?"

"If you want revenge, you can only rely on yourselves."

The line went dead.

Jasper stared at the phone, feeling the heavy silence of the room.

This person was acting so secretively.

It screamed of a trap.

But Mason didn't care about logic anymore.

He snatched the flash drive from the table and jammed it into his laptop.

A video window popped up on the screen.

The footage was grainy but clear enough.

It showed the back entrance of the sanitarium.

A heavily wrapped figure was being wheeled out in a wheelchair.

Two men hoisted the figure into a black sedan.

Just before the door closed, the figure pulled down the blanket.

It was Theron.

He looked terrified, but he was alive, and he was leaving.

Suddenly, the phone rang again.

Jasper flinched.

He pressed the answer button.

“Did you see?” the ghostly voice asked softly.

Theodore didn’t punish him. He let him go.”

“They are father and son, after all. How could he actually hurt him?”

“If you want justice for Rebecca, you have to take it with your own hands.”

“Who are you?” Jasper demanded again.

“Just a revealer of truth,” the voice said.

The call ended permanently this time.

Mason stared at the black screen of the laptop.

The rage in his eyes settled into something far more terrifying.

It was a dead, cold silence.

He raised his hands, signing sharply.

Blood for blood.

If it was murder, they must die.

Jasper looked at the man who had raised him.

He had just learned his true identity, yet the foundations of his world were crumbling.

If his mother had truly died from such a despicable conspiracy, he could not stand by.

“I am with you,” Jasper said quietly.

“But we cannot be reckless.”

“The Crimson family is a viper’s nest,” Jasper warned. “They are powerful and dangerous.”

“We need to know the full truth before we strike.”

Mason nodded once, his face set in stone.

They reached a silent agreement.

This must be kept from Theodore.

Right now, they could trust no one but each other.

In a luxury apartment on the other side of the city, Garrett Crimson ended the call.

He popped the back off his burner phone and removed the SIM card.

With a snap, he broke the small chip in half.

He walked over to a shredder and dropped the pieces in, watching them disappear.

Derek sat on the leather sofa, swirling a glass of amber whiskey. \ onapter ovo. baitele

He looked at his older brother with confusion.

“Why cut off contact?” Derek asked. “What if that mute rogue needs help later?”

Garrett pushed his gold-rimmed glasses up the bridge of his nose.

A sinister smile played on his lips.

“There is no need to contact them again,

Garrett said smoothly. “The seed of doubt has already been planted.”

“That rogue, Mason, has a near-insane loyalty to Rebecca.”

“Once he is convinced her death was a conspiracy, he will never let it go.”

“I am using him as a weapon,” Garrett explained, his voice cold. “I will point him straight at the Alpha King or Theron.”

He stood up and walked to the floor-to-ceiling window, gazing out at the city lights.

“Think about it, Garrett continued.

“If Mason attacks the Alpha King, who takes the blame?”

“Theodore.” “As the future Alpha, he will be accused of failing to protect the family head.”

“Even worse, they might suspect he colluded with the rogue.”

Garrett took the glass from Derek’s hand and took a sip.

“Without the family’s protection, Theodore cannot withstand the combined pressure of our fourth branch.”

“We use the rogue to do the dirty work.”

“It gets rid of the old man and pulls Theodore off his high horse.”

“It is the perfect plan to kill two birds with one stone.”

(Theodore’s POV)

The black Maybach glided silently through the streets of Northgate City.

I watched the scenery blur past the tinted window, my mind working through the day’s events.

We were heading to the hospital to pick up Amelia.

Just the thought of her softened the edge of my mood, but business came first.

“Marcus,” I said, keeping my voice low.

I didn’t turn my head.

“Is there anything unusual near the apartment where Jasper is staying?”

Marcus glanced at me through the rearview mirror.

“Aside from the spies Griffin sent,” Marcus reported dutifully, “there was a delivery this morning.”

“A veteran courier used a local messenger service to drop off a package.”

“We checked the sender info. The address is fake.”

My eyes narrowed slightly.

My fingers tapped a slow, rhythmic beat on the leather armrest.

A fake address.

A package delivered right after Griffin confirmed Jasper’s identity.

It was too coincidental.

Griffin was a blunt instrument, but this felt different.

This smelled of a deeper conspiracy.

It had the stench of my dear cousins, Garrett or Victor.

They were moving quickly.

I let out a silent, humorless laugh.

The shadows of the Crimson family were never still.

Whoever was behind this was trying to stir up chaos.

They wanted to turn my own brother against me, or perhaps use him as a pawn.

A glint of bloodlust flickered in my eyes.

Good.

If they wanted to play, I would play.

I hoped they had the skill to back up their ambition.

Life would be terribly boring before I officially ascended to the throne if my enemies were too easily crushed.< Chapter 305: Garrett’s Intentions

I leaned back, adjusting my cuffs.

I was actually looking forward to the thrill of a real challenge.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 306[1,010 words]

(Theodore's POV)

Half an hour later, the black Maybach glided to a smooth halt beneath the towering structure of Starlight Entertainment.

I dialed Amelia's number.

Her voice came through the speaker, crisp and light, instantly soothing the tension in my shoulders.

In the back of his mind, Logan let out a satisfied purr.

My wolf's tail swept back and forth in anticipation, eager to be near his mate.

A moment later, the glass doors of the building opened.

Amelia stepped out.

To me, she looked like a ray of sunshine piercing through a heavy fog.

She moved with a grace that drew every eye, but her smile was reserved only for me.

The door opened, and she slid into the seat beside me.

Her eyes widened as she took in the folding table set up in the spacious back seat.

A plate of exquisitely seared venison steaks sat steaming next to a glass of freshly pressed fruit juice.

"You prepared lunch?" she asked, surprise coloring her tone. "This looks amazing."

I watched her with a gentle gaze.

“You have a long afternoon ahead,” I explained softly.

“Treating two patients drains a significant amount of energy. I didn’t want you working on an empty stomach.”

Amelia smiled warmly, picking up the silverware.

“You really think of everything, don’t you?”

“Only for you,” I replied.

The car pulled away from the curb, heading steadily toward the apartment where Jasper was staying.

Amelia cut a piece of the tender venison.

“Have there been any movements from the Drake family?” she asked between bites.
“Griffin knows about Jasper now.”

My expression hardened slightly.

“Aside from the usual surveillance, there was one anomaly,” I said.

“A package sent by a local courier arrived at the apartment this morning.”

Amelia paused, her fork hovering halfway to her mouth.

She set the utensil down, her blue eyes sharpening with calculation.

“If it were a bomb, it would have detonated by now,” she said calmly.

“If it’s not a physical weapon, then it is a psychological one.”

She looked at me.

“They are likely using items or information related to your mother, Rebecca. It is the only way to drive a wedge between Jasper, Mason, and you.”

I nodded, impressed as always by her quick mind.

“I agree.”

“Twenty-two years ago, when my mother died, I suspected Theron immediately,” I admitted, my voice low.

“But the Enforcers conducted a thorough investigation.”

“They confirmed the brake system had not been tampered with.”

I clenched my jaw.

“That report made me relax my guard. It made me think Theron and Ronan were just incompetent, not murderous.”

“It cost me dearly.”

Amelia wiped her mouth with a napkin.

“The Enforcers answer to the Alpha King,” she pointed out.

“Gideon could be the key player in that chess game. Or he could be a piece being moved by someone else.”

A cold light flickered in my eyes.

“If Grandfather is involved, this reeks of Garrett,” I said.

“My cousin has always been ambitious. Manipulating the past to destroy the future is exactly his style.”

“We will know the truth soon enough, Amelia said.

We arrived at the apartment complex just as we finished our meal.

I gathered the containers of high-grade nutritional meals I had ordered for Jasper and Mason.

We went up the stairs together.

The door opened almost immediately after I knocked.

Jasper stood there.

He looked at us, his eyes complicated and guarded

“You’re here,” he said, his tone stiff.

Amelia stepped past me, her focus shifting to professional concern.

“How is Mason?” she asked.

Jasper seemed to pull a mask over his emotions.

“He is better,” Jasper replied. “No longer in a coma. He is taking a nap right now.”

(Jasper’s POV)

Amelia set her bag down on the table.

“Physical wounds heal faster than emotional ones,” she told me gently.

“You need to help Mason find closure.”

I looked at her, keeping my face blank.

Inside, I let out a cold, bitter sneer.

Closure?

Mason doesn’t want therapy.

He wants blood for blood.

That is the only thing that will bring peace to a soul tormented by Rebecca’s murder.

Theodore stepped forward, his imposing frame filling the small entryway.

“The results are back,” he said.

“We are confirmed as biological brothers. We share the same blood.”

He held out the bags of food he had brought.

Chapter 300 A Meeting of Minds

I looked at the expensive containers and felt a wave of nausea.

“I’m not hungry,” I said coldly.

I didn’t take the bags.

The air grew thick with tension.

Amelia and Theodore exchanged a knowing look.

“I’ll go check on the patient,” Amelia said, breaking the silence.

She grabbed her medical kit and slipped quietly into the bedroom, closing the door behind her.

We were alone.

Theodore walked over and placed the food containers on the small dining table.

He turned to face me, his eyes searching mine.

“Why the gloom?” he asked directly.

“You just found out you are part of the most powerful family in the North. Most wolves would be celebrating.”

I let out a short, humorless laugh.

“Oh, I am thrilled,” I said, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Who wouldn’t be happy about living in the lap of luxury?”

Theodore didn’t take the bait.

He didn’t get angry.

Instead, his voice dropped, becoming serious.

“It is the package, isn’t it?”

I froze.

My eyes snapped to his.

“How do you know about that?” I demanded.

Theodore adjusted his cuffs, his expression unreadable.

“I once trusted blindly,” he said.

“I trusted a brother who smiled at me while plotting my ruin. It left me crippled and broken.*

He tapped his fingers against the side of his wheelchair.

“Now, I watch everything. I have to.”

He took a step closer to me.

“I don’t know what was in that box, Jasper. But secrets are dangerous things.”

“If you hide things from me, you only make us all vulnerable.”

His gaze was intense, commanding yet surprisingly sincere.

“Once Amelia is finished with the treatment,” Theodore said firmly.

“I will take you and Mason to see Theron.”

“We will settle the score today.”

I stared at him.

My heart hammered against my ribs.

I wanted to believe him.

But the image from the video played in my mind—Theodore’s men loading Theron into a car, letting

him escape.

He was lying.

He had to be.

Or was he?

If he really takes us to Theron... if he really lets us take our revenge...

I clenched my fists at my sides.

“Fine,” I said, forcing the word out.

I would wait.

I would see if he actually delivered Theron to us.

Until I saw Theron’s blood, I would keep the secret of the flash drive to myself.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 307[961 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I walked into the dimly lit room.

Uncle Mason lay on his side on the bed, his back to me.

He appeared to be in a deep sleep.

I sat down on the edge of the bed.

I didn't reach for my stethoscope.

Instead, I focused my senses, letting my hearing sharpen.

Beneath the sound of the air conditioner, I caught the rhythm of his heart.

It was beating slightly faster than a resting pace.

"You don't need to pretend anymore," I said calmly.

"A truly sleeping person has a steady, rhythmic breath. Yours is controlled, but the tempo gives you away."

The figure on the bed went rigid for a moment.

Slowly, he turned over.

His eyes were cloudy with age but sharp as a hawk's, staring dead at me.

"Why are you and Jasper hiding the truth?" I asked.

Mason sat up abruptly.

His hands moved in quick, sharp gestures of sign language.

I have nothing to say to you people.

I picked up a packet of sterile surgical steel needles.

I began wiping them down with an alcohol pad, my movements deliberate and slow.

“If you continue to keep secrets, I will stop all treatment immediately,” I warned, my tone hardening.

“I don’t waste my medical skills on those who don’t want to be saved.”

Mason’s eyes turned ice-cold.

His hands moved again, faster this time.

*I stopped caring about living or dying a long time ago. Just like when I slaughtered that trafficker,

‘The Hag’.*

I paused.

He was admitting to the killing without a shred of remorse.

“Is that so?” I replied, my voice even,

“Then you should know that ‘The Hag’s’ daughter, Glenda, is currently in my custody.”

Mason froze.

“Theodore captured her while searching for his lost brother,” I added.

I looked straight into his guarded, hate-filled eyes.

“Since Theodore discovered that Ronan was a fake, he has never stopped looking for his true family.”

“You need to let go of this hostility.”

“If that powerful Alpha truly wanted you dead, do you think you would have survived this long in the city?”

Mason’s jaw tightened.

“Now that Jasper’s identity is known, blind hatred will only make you pawns on someone else’s chessboard,” I said.

Inside me, Ava let out a low, rumbling growl.

She was displeased with this old wolf’s stubborn ingratitude.

I packed the needles back into my medical kit.

“Until I am sure you pose no threat to my mate, I won’t abuse my compassion.”

I stood up and walked to the door.

Jasper was waiting outside, looking anxious.

“The treatment is cancelled,” I said coldly, walking past him.

(Garrett’s POV)

I stood before the floor-to-ceiling window, holding my phone to my ear.

“They are heading to the sanitarium now,” the spy on the other end reported.

“Good,” I said, ending the call.

I turned back to the room.

Derek was lounging on the sofa, a smirk on his face

“You really are a genius, Garrett,” Derek said.

“Using that violent idiot Victor to do the dirty work while you keep your hands clean.”

I took off my glasses and began to wipe them with a silk cloth.

A glint of calculation flashed in my eyes.

“Victor is a blunt instrument,” I said smoothly.

“I simply facilitated his desire for revenge. I moved Theron out of the sanitarium under Victor’s name.”

I put my glasses back on.

“If the plan fails, everyone will blame Victor for kidnapping the former Alpha King.”

“I am just an innocent bystander.”

Derek laughed, a crude, ugly sound.

“I can’t wait until you take power,” Derek said, licking his lips.

“That bitch Amelia has been too arrogant. When her protection is gone, I’m going to fuck her until she begs.”

“Then I’ll let the rogue wolves have a turn until she breaks.”

I curled my lip in a cold sneer.

“Patience, Derek.”

“Once Theodore is removed, she is nothing but prey without a pack.”

“We can do whatever we want with her then.”

(Jasper’s POV)

The atmosphere inside the black sedan was suffocating.

Uncle Mason sat beside me, his eyes closed in feigned sleep.

I stared out the window, my emotions a tangled mess of hope and dread.

In the front, however, the mood was different.

Amelia opened a specialized bag.

Two snakes, one green and one black, slithered out

She guided them to Theodore’s legs.

“Just a little venom for nerve stimulation,” she murmured.

The snakes coiled around his paralyzed limbs, biting gently under her command.

Theodore didn’t flinch; he just watched her with a soft expression.

I watched them through the rearview mirror.

Amelia’s calmness was terrifyingly impressive.

She handled lethal creatures as if they were kittens.

For a second, I felt a stir within me.

My inner wolf perked up, drawn to her strength and competence.

It was an instinctual attraction to a powerful female.

I clenched my fists immediately.

Stop it, I told myself harshly.

She is your brother's mate.

I had to nip this feeling in the bud before it could even take root.

"We have arrived," Marcus announced from the driver's seat.

The car slowed to a halt in front of the sanitarium.

Beside me, Mason's eyes snapped open.

The hatred in them was burning brighter than ever.

I looked at the building, my heart heavy.

Please, let him be here, I prayed. *Don't let this be a lie.*

Amelia expertly recalled her pets, placing them back into the bag.

We stepped out of the vehicle.

Marcus quickly set up the wheelchair and helped Theodore into it.

We had barely made it through the automatic glass doors when a man in a white coat came running out.

It was Director Yates.

He was sweating profusely, his face pale with panic

"Alpha Theodore!" he gasped, his voice trembling.

"We... we have a problem."

Theodore narrowed his eyes. "Speak."

"Theron is gone!" Yates cried out. "He's missing! We've searched the entire facility, but he's nowhere to be found!"

My blood ran cold,

Beside me, I heard Mason's knuckles crack as he clenched his fists.

His face turned a furious shade of purple.

I felt a wave of betrayal crash over me.

He's gone?

I looked down at Theodore in his wheelchair,

Did he move Theron to protect him from us?

Was this whole trip just a performance to pacify us?

The fragile trust I had started to build began to crumble into dust.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 308[1,193 words]

(Author's POV)

Director Yates's voice trembled as he delivered the news, sweat beading on his forehead.

"He's gone... Theron is missing!"

Before Jasper could even process the shock, a sharp, derisive snort cut through the tension.

It came from Uncle Mason.

The old rogue wolf stood with his arms crossed, his eyes filled with mocking disdain.

Jasper's jaw tightened.

He suppressed the rising tide of rage within him and turned his glare toward the man in the wheelchair.

"You don't need to put on a show for us, Theodore," Jasper said, his voice dripping with accusation.

“If you couldn’t bring yourself to punish that old bastard because of some lingering father-son bond, just say it.”

Jasper took a step forward, his fists clenched at his sides.

“There was no need to drag us all the way out here for this ridiculous ‘missing person’ act.”

The air in the lobby seemed to drop a few degrees.

Theodore’s expression darkened instantly.

He manipulated the controls of his wheelchair, turning slowly to face his younger brother.

He tilted his head slightly, his eyes narrowing as he scrutinized Jasper’s angry face.

“What exactly are you implying, Jasper?” Theodore asked, his voice dangerously low.

“I’m implying that you moved him,” Jasper snapped.

“You hid him away somewhere safe, and now you’re sitting there pretending you know nothing about it.”

Director Yates, standing to the side, looked as if he might faint.

“No, no! That’s not true!” Yates stammered, wiping his brow. “The patient really is-”

“Shut up,” Jasper barked without looking at him.

Theodore didn’t explode in anger as Jasper expected.

Instead, a low, chilling chuckle escaped his lips.

“You think I would spare him because of blood? Theodore asked, a cruel smile playing on his lips

“Blood is thicker than water” Jasper retorted, convinced of his own logic.

“He is your biological father, after all.”

“He is your biological father too. Theodore pointed out calmly. “Yet you don’t seem inclined to spare him.*

“I have never met the man” Jasper spat. “I have no memories of him, only hatred for what he did to me.”

“I would never go soft on him.”

Theodore nodded slowly, a thoughtful look in his eyes.

“I see.”

“It seems you and Uncle Mason came here today with your minds already made up.”

Amelia, who had been standing quietly beside Theodore, stepped forward.

Her sapphire eyes were cold as she looked at the two men.

“It’s obvious,” she said sharply. “You two decided before we even arrived that Theron’s disappearance would be Theodore’s doing.”

“The surveillance cameras malfunctioned at the exact moment he vanished,” Yates tried to explain his voice weak. “It’s a terrible coincidence...”

“A coincidence?” Jasper scoffed. “Or convenient tampering to cover your tracks?”

To him, the broken cameras were just irrefutable proof of Theodore’s involvement.

Theodore watched Jasper’s outburst with an eerie calmness.

“You want proof of my intent?” Theodore asked softly.

“I brought you here today for a confrontation. Do you know how I prepared him for it?”

Jasper frowned, confused by the sudden shift in topic.

“I had Marcus sever both of his Achilles tendons this morning.” Theodore stated, his tone as casual as if discussing the weather.

The lobby fell into a deathly silence.

Jasper’s eyes widened in shock.

“What?” he whispered.

“It’s true,” Amelia confirmed, her voice devoid of emotion.

“Theodore ordered it done to ensure he couldn’t run, We needed him immobile so we could force him to confess who sold you to the traffickers all those years ago.”

Jasper stood frozen.

The image of a crippled Theron, unable to walk, clashed violently with his theory of a secret escape facilitated by Theodore,

A man with severed tendons couldn't just walk out of a secure facility.

And if Theodore had ordered such a brutal injury, he certainly wasn't trying to protect his father.

Jasper fell into a long, heavy silence.

He turned to look at Uncle Mason,

The old man's face had lost its mocking edge.

Mason met Jasper's gaze and gave a slight, almost imperceptible nod.

Jasper took a deep breath, the anger draining out of him, replaced by shame.

"This morning..." Jasper began, his voice hoarse,

"I received a package via private courier."

He looked down at the floor.

"It was full of photos of our mother, Rebecca."

Theodore's fingers tightened slightly on the armrest of his wheelchair.

"There was a letter," Jasper continued.

"The sender claimed that Mom's death wasn't an accident. They said it was a murder orchestrated by Theron."

"The letter also said that you, Theodore, had no intention of avenging her."

"It claimed you had already secretly sent Theron away to protect the family reputation."

Jasper looked up, his eyes red.

"But if you crippled him... then the letter was a lie."

"You wouldn't disable a man you intended to let go."

Uncle Mason raised his hands, signing rapidly.

My apologies. We were misled.

Despite the apology, the old wolf's posture remained guarded.

Theodore's expression softened, the dangerous aura receding.

"I understand," Theodore said magnanimously.

"Whoever took Theron isn't me. It's likely someone within the Crimson family who learned of your return."

"They are trying to manufacture a conflict between us."

Theodore paused, his gaze intensifying.

"As for our mother's car accident... Alpha King Gideon investigated it personally back then."

"It was ruled an accident. The evidence was conclusive."

Jasper shook his head stubbornly.

"Accident or not, she died looking for me," he said, his voice trembling with emotion.

"I won't let Theron off the hook. He is the root of all this misery."

"We will find him," Theodore promised.

"But you and Uncle Mason must be patient. Do not fall into the enemy's trap again."

Amelia stepped in, placing a hand on Jasper's shoulder.

"Theodore is right. Panicking now only helps our enemies."

"You should focus your energy on Starlight Entertainment. Preparing for your new role is the best way to strengthen your position."

Jasper nodded slowly, though his fists remained clenched.

After a few more words, Marcus arranged a car to take Jasper and Mason back to the city.

The sanitarium lobby felt empty once they were gone.

Amelia stood by the glass doors, watching the taillights of the car fade into the distance.

She turned back to face Theodore.

"They didn't tell us everything," she observed keenly

“Jasper and Mason are still holding something back. I can feel it.”

She walked over to him.

“Why did you let them off so easily? You’re not usually one to tolerate secrets.”

Theodore looked up at her, a faint smile touching his lips.

“A little suspicion is a good thing for Jasper,” he said.

“If I had been more suspicious of Theron and that fake Ronan years ago, I wouldn’t have spent so long in the dark.”

“Let him have his guard up. It will keep him alive.”

Amelia smiled, understanding his reasoning.

“So,” she asked. “What do we do now?”

Theodore’s smile didn’t fade, but his eyes turned cold, shining with the predatory light of a hunter spotting prey.

“We play their game,” he said softly.

“The mastermind—whether it’s Garrett or some other rat eyeing the throne wants to weaponize Jasper.”

“They want to convince him that the Alpha King killed our mother.”

“They hope Jasper and Mason will become a blade to strike at my grandfather.”

Theodore leaned back in his wheelchair, his fingers tapping rhythmically.

“We will let them think their plan is working.”

“We will let them guide Jasper right to the edge.”

“When they think they are about to deliver the fatal blow to the main branch...”

Theodore reached out and took Amelia’s hand, his grip firm and reassuring.

“That is when they will dig their own graves.”

“That is when we call checkmate.”

“Once this trap snaps shut, they will never have the chance to rise again.”

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 309[979 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I watched Theodore closely as he finished his explanation.

The pieces of the puzzle clicked into place in my mind.

"I see now," I said, a slow smile spreading across my face.

"By letting Jasper and Uncle M maintain their suspicion, you allow them to act naturally."

They would continue down their path of revenge, fueled by genuine doubt.

This would keep their true intentions hidden from the enemy's prying eyes.

"Garrett and the others will believe their wedge strategy succeeded," I murmured.

"They will think the brothers are at odds, and they will lower their guard."

I looked at the man sitting in the wheelchair, his presence dominating the room despite his physical state.

"You really are Jasper's biological brother," I teased gently.

"That is a cruel way to teach him, Theodore."

"Throwing him into the deep end to learn how to swim."

Theodore turned his head slightly.

He gazed out the window of the sanitarium, looking at the sprawling landscape of Northgate City below.

The sunlight hit his profile, highlighting the sharp, intelligent lines of his face.

"The Crimson family is not a playground," he said, his voice calm but laced with steel.

“Consider this his first practical lesson in survival before he officially returns to the pack.”

His eyes held a faint, knowing smile.

Inside my mind, my silver wolf, Ava, stirred.

She let out a low whimper of admiration.

That cunning... that absolute control, she purred. That is why we submit to him.*

I couldn't agree more.

Years ago, Theron's greed had nearly destroyed Theodore.

But that betrayal had burned away any naivety he might have had.

It forged him into the weapon he was today.

It was that very sharpness that had allowed him to see through the deception and find the fake Ronan,

Misfortune and blessing really did walk hand in hand.

(Jasper's POV)

We returned to the small apartment on the outskirts of the city.

The silence in the room was heavy as the door clicked shut behind us.

Uncle M turned to me immediately.

His hands moved rapidly, signing with an energy I hadn't seen in hours.

Good work today. Your anger was convincing.

Theodore believes we only care about Theron. He won't suspect our real plan.

I looked at the old man who had raised me.

I let out a bitter, hollow laugh.

“I am an actor, Uncle M,” I said, dropping my keys onto the table with a clatter.

“Pretending is not the hard part.”

My heart felt heavy, like a stone was pressing against my ribs.

“Do we really have to do this behind his back?” I asked, my voice trembling slightly.

“I don’t know Theodore well,” I admitted.

“But I trust Amelia.”

I looked him dead in the eye.

“Since Amelia chose him as her mate, he cannot be a bad man.”

“That Alpha... he crippled his own legs to save her,” argued, the memory of the stories I’d heard surfacing.

“He sacrificed everything for her.”

“How could a man capable of that kind of love be part of the conspiracy to kill my mother?”

Uncle M stood silent.

His face was a mask of conflict, lines of age deepening under the harsh apartment lights.

Finally, he raised his hands again.

His movements were stiff, stubborn.

The road to revenge is bloody.

I will walk it alone.

I will not let hatred stain your future, or his.

He turned abruptly and walked to his room.

The door shut firmly between us, a physical barrier to match the emotional one.

I stared at the closed door for a long moment.

With a sigh, I pulled my phone from my pocket.

I dialed the number that had sent the mysterious package this morning.

Silence.

It still wouldn't connect.

I clenched the phone in my hand, my knuckles turning white.

I swore to myself then and there.

I would not let Uncle M go to his death alone.

(Theodore's POV)

That evening, the soft glow of my tablet illuminated the room.

Amelia was on the screen.

She looked tired but radiant after a long day of preparing for the Mating Ceremony.

"I just heard from Natasha," she said, her voice tinged with amusement.

"Damien Blackwood has surfaced."

"He contacted her, claiming he has an 'unforgettable surprise' for my birthday banquet."

I didn't even blink.

My expression remained perfectly calm, though a flicker of amusement danced in my eyes.

"Let him try," I said, my voice smooth.

"I am actually curious."

"I want to see what a failed Alpha like him thinks constitutes a surprise,"

I leaned back in my chair, radiating confidence.

"Whatever he brings, it will be dust compared to what I have prepared for you."

We shared a smile, the tension of the day melting away in each other's presence.

"Goodnight, my love," she whispered.

"Goodnight."

Inside me, Logan let out a low, rumbling snort.

Little bug, my wolf scoffed. *He thinks he can bite giants.*

After the screen went black, my phone buzzed in my palm.

A notification popped up.

Jasper Calder has sent a friend request.

I stared at the name for a moment.

The difference between him and the impostor was night and day.

The fake Ronan had been greedy, desperate to grasp the Crimson wealth the second he knew the truth.

Jasper was cautious.

He hesitated even to add me as a contact.

I accepted the request and sent a simple greeting.

It took several minutes for the reply to come through.

*I apologize for my suspicion at the hospital today.

I typed back quickly.

Don't worry about it. Focus on 'Treatment Diary'. Don't let Amelia down.

I won't, he replied instantly.

I smiled slightly.

He was awkward, yes.

But he had the spine of a true Crimson.

Three days passed.

I sat in my study, the room dim except for the light of my monitor.

I was reviewing a briefing from the Shadow Guard.

Attached was a surveillance feed from the police station.

The heavy metal doors opened.

Ethan Stone walked out.

He had been detained for three days.

He looked rough, his expensive suit rumpled and his face unshaven.

Livia was waiting for him at the curb.

She rushed forward, her face etched with anxiety, reaching for her son.

Ethan didn't smile.

He didn't even look relieved.

He recoiled slightly from her touch, his expression darkening into annoyance as he brushed past her.

I tapped the screen, turning the feed off.

The prey had been released back into the jungle.

The real show was just beginning.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 310[1,459 words]

(Author's POV)

The heavy iron gates of the detention center groaned open, and Ethan Stone stepped out into the harsh daylight. His expensive suit was wrinkled, covered in dust, and his jaw was darkened by days of stubble. He looked nothing like the polished CEO of Starlight Media.

Livia, who had been pacing anxiously by the curb, rushed forward the moment she saw him. Her eyes welled with tears, her face etched with heartache.

"Oh, Ethan!"

She reached out, her manicured fingers trembling as she tried to cup his face.

"My poor baby, look at you," she fussed, her voice thick with exaggerated distress. "You've lost so much weight. They must have treated you terribly in there."

Ethan recoiled as if burned. He slapped her hand away with a sharp, impatient motion.

“I haven’t lost weight, Mother,” he said coldly, his voice raspy from disuse.

He didn’t stop walking, forcing her to scramble to keep up with his long strides.

“Why are you still here?” he demanded without looking at her. “I told you to go back to the estate days ago.”

Livia froze for a second, stung by his rejection.

“How could I leave?” she cried out, hurrying after him, clutching her purse tightly. “If I went back alone, your father would blame me. He would say I failed to protect you. I had to stay!”

Ethan stopped abruptly. He spun around, his eyes burning with exhausted rage.

“If you don’t want Father to yell at you, then stop hovering over me!” he shouted, his patience snapping. “Do you have no life of your own?”

The question seemed to shatter Livia’s composure. Tears streamed down her face, ruining her makeup.

“I gave up everything for this pack!” she wailed, her voice shrill. “I sacrificed my youth, my dreams, everything to raise you and Caleb! And now that you are grown, you treat me like a nuisance.”

Passersby glanced at them, but Livia didn’t care. “I am your mother! Why do you all hate me?”

Ethan rubbed his temples, a headache pounding behind his eyes.

“I don’t hate you,” he said, his voice dropping to a weary murmur. “I am just tired. I need space to think.”

He looked at her pleadingly. “If you are bored, go find Caleb.”

Livia’s sobbing grew louder. “Caleb won’t talk to me either! He thinks I’m annoying! I have no value to anyone anymore.”

Ethan pulled his arm free, disgusted by the emotional blackmail.

“Find a hobby then,” he snapped. “I am not going back to Northgate yet.”

“You must!” Livia insisted, stomping her foot. “We are going home right now.”

“No,” Ethan said firmly.

He turned his back on her and began walking towards the outskirts of the Meadow Brook Pack. That was where Amelia had grown up. That was where he needed to find answers.

Livia let out a frustrated scream that sounded like a tearing sheet. She clenched her fists until her nails dug into her palms, then reluctantly followed him.

They barely crossed the boundary line into the Meadow Brook territory when trouble found them.

A group of low-ranking wolves emerged from the fields. Their clothes were stained with earth, but their eyes were sharp with recognition.

“That’s them!” one shouted, pointing a calloused finger. “The family that tormented the Rogue Healer!”

“Amelia’s abusers!”

Anger rippled through the small crowd like wildfire.

Suddenly, a clod of wet mud flew through the air. It splattered against Ethan’s shoulder, ruining the fabric of his suit.

“Get out!” they screamed.

More mud and rotten vegetables rained down on them. Livia shrieked as a handful of muck hit her cheek.

“How dare you!” she screeched, trying to shield her face with her handbag. “I am the Luna of the Stone River Pack! Show some respect!”

Her title only fueled their rage.

“We don’t care about your titles here!” a woman yelled back, throwing a rotten tomato. “You are monsters!”

Ethan stood still amidst the chaos. He raised his arm to cover his face, bearing the assault in grim silence. He did not fight back.

Eventually, the villagers ran out of ammunition. They spat on the ground in disgust and dispersed, leaving the pair humiliated.

Livia frantically wiped the sludge from her face with a wet wipe, her hands shaking with rage.

“Filthy mutts,” she hissed, her voice dripping with venom. “Dirty, low-born savages.”

She looked at Ethan, who was staring blankly ahead.

“We are leaving this hellhole right now,” she commanded.

Ethan wiped a smear of dirt from his jaw, his eyes dark.

“No,” he growled. “I will not run away with my tail between my legs.”

Livia stared at him in disbelief.

“Fine!” she yelled, throwing the dirty wipe onto the ground. “Stay here and rot for all I care!”

She turned on her heel and stormed off alone.

Livia checked into the nearest decent hotel to shower. She scrubbed her skin until it was red, trying to wash away the humiliation.

An hour later, she stood by the roadside, waving down a car. A sedan pulled over. It looked clean enough, so she got in, instructing the driver to take her to the airport.

She settled into the backseat and pulled out her phone. Her fingers flew across the screen as she typed a message to Caleb.

Your brother is heartless. He abandoned me here.

She paused, her lip curling in a sneer.

It is all because of that Jinx, Amelia. She ruins everything she touches.

She hit send, feeling a momentary sense of satisfaction.

Then she noticed the eyes.

The driver kept glancing at her through the rearview mirror. His gaze lingered too long, making her skin crawl.

“Keep your eyes on the road,” Livia snapped, adjusting her collar.

The driver chuckled. It was a wet, raspy sound. He turned his head slightly, revealing a set of yellowed teeth.

“You’ve got a temper,” he said, his voice greasy. “But you’re pretty hot for your age.”

Livia’s blood ran cold. She sat up straighter, her heart beginning to hammer against her ribs.

“Stop the car,” she ordered, her voice trembling with indignation. “I want to get out. Now.”

She reached for the handle. It wouldn’t budge. The lock clicked audibly from the front seat.

“Unlock this door!” Livia screamed. “I will call the police! I will have you arrested for sexual harassment!”

The driver threw his head back and laughed.

“Go ahead,” he mocked. “Your son just got out of jail, didn’t he?”

He sneered at her reflection in the mirror. “Who is going to believe a woman from that kind of family? Besides, at your age, claiming harassment is just a joke.”

Livia opened her mouth to scream, but the driver’s phone rang. His demeanor changed instantly.

“Yes,” he said, his tone respectful and obedient. “She is in the car.”

He glanced back at Livia, a sinister grin spreading across his face.

“Don’t worry. I will give this old woman a lesson she won’t forget.”

He hung up and yanked the steering wheel to the right. The car swerved off the main road and onto a bumpy dirt track.

“Who are you?” Livia gasped, clutching the door handle. “Who paid you to do this?”

The driver didn’t look back this time.

“Someone who thinks you talk too much,” he said casually. “Someone who is tired of your noise.” Amelia.

The name flashed in Livia’s mind like a neon sign. It had to be that ungrateful, vicious girl taking revenge.

The car plunged into a dense cornfield. The stalks were high and thick, creating a wall of green and gold on either side.

Panic seized Livia’s throat. She fumbled with her phone, her fingers shaking so badly she nearly dropped it.

She dialed Ethan’s number.

Ring. Ring.

Then the line went dead. He had hung up.

“No, no, please,” she whimpered, hitting redial.

The number you have dialed is switched off.

Despair washed over her cold and heavy.

The car skidded to a halt. The driver’s door clicked open.

Livia didn’t wait. She threw her weight against her door, forcing it open, and stumbled out.

She didn’t look back. She ran blindly into the cornfield, the dry leaves slashing at her face and arms.

“Hey!” the driver shouted from behind her. “Don’t waste your energy!”

Livia’s breath came in ragged gasps. Her expensive heels sank into the soft earth.

Suddenly, her foot caught on a hidden rock. She pitched forward, hitting the ground hard.

“Ah!”

Her phone flew from her hand, landing several feet away. It was her lifeline. Her only hope.

She scrambled towards it on her hands and knees. Heavy footsteps crunched through the dry stalks behind her.

Just as her fingers brushed the screen, a heavy boot slammed down on her hand.

Livia shrieked in agony as bones ground against the dirt.

The driver bent down leisurely. He picked up the phone, inspecting it for a moment.

Then, with a casual flick of his wrist, he tossed it deep into the overgrown grass.

Livia watched it disappear, her eyes wide with terror.

The driver reached down and grabbed a handful of her perfectly styled hair. He yanked her head back, forcing her to look up at him.

His face was twisted into a terrifying, predatory smile.

“Alright,” he whispered, his voice low and dangerous. “Now no one can disturb us for sure.”