

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 311[1,268 words]

(Author's POV)

The water in the creek was biting cold. It rushed over smooth stones, carrying the chill of the mountains.

Ethan Stone knelt on the muddy bank. He scooped up a handful of water and splashed it onto his face. The shock of the cold stung his skin, but it helped clear the fog in his mind.

Dirt and grime from the road swirled away in the current. He wiped his jaw with a damp sleeve, his expensive suit now ruined beyond repair.

A short distance away, standing at the edge of a herb field, two figures watched him.

Rowan Calder leaned on his walking stick, his eyes narrowed. Beside him stood Dr. Iris Morris, holding a basket of freshly harvested medicinal plants.

"He looks terrible," Iris murmured. She adjusted her glasses, watching the once-proud Alpha heir scrub at his face. "It seems he is genuinely trying to repent: Perhaps he seeks forgiveness."

Rowan let out a sharp, derisive snort. He shook his head slowly.

"It is too late for that," Rowan said, his voice dry. "It is like closing the barn door after the horse has bolted. What is the point?"

Iris glanced at him. "You don't think Amelia will care?"

"Amelia's heart is dead to them," Rowan stated flatly. "Whatever they do now is just for their own

peace of mind. It means nothing to her."

He watched Ethan stand up, water dripping from his chin.

"He is not leaving," Rowan observed. "He is waiting for the twenty-first. He wants an invitation to her birthday banquet."

Iris sighed, shifting her basket. "Let's go. We have work to do. No point wasting time on him."

They turned their backs on Ethan and walked back into the deeper woods to continue their research.

Ethan sensed their gaze, and he felt their departure. He knew he was unwelcome here in Meadow Brook. The pack members looked at him with suspicion and disdain.

But he did not leave.

His phone vibrated in his pocket. It had been buzzing incessantly since Livia stormed off.

He pulled it out and saw his mother's name flashing on the screen. His expression darkened. He could imagine her shrill voice, her demands, her emotional blackmail.

He didn't have the energy for it. Not anymore.

With a decisive click, he powered off the device and shoved it back into his pocket.

Ethan looked around the pack grounds. The recent storm had left debris scattered everywhere. A nearby fence was leaning precariously.

He rolled up his sodden sleeves.

Without asking for permission, he walked over to a pile of fallen timber. He grabbed a heavy log and began to haul it towards the woodpile.

"Hey! Put that down!" a young wolf shouted from a nearby porch.

Ethan ignored the hostility. He found an axe resting against a stump. He set the log down and swung the axe.

Crack.

The wood split cleanly.

He continued to work. He repaired the broken fence line along the patrol route. He cleared the path of sharp branches.

Some pack members jeered at him as they passed. A group of pups threw mud at his back, giggling as it splattered against his shirt.

Ethan didn't flinch. He didn't get angry. He simply wiped the mud away and kept chopping wood.

He told himself that every swing of the axe was a step towards atonement. If he could just make himself useful, perhaps they would tolerate his presence.

He just wanted a chance. A chance to see her on her birthday.

Meanwhile, in the bustling heart of Northgate City.

The office of the Vice President at Gale Media was lavishly decorated, smelling of expensive leather and cologne.

Caleb Stone stood in front of the large mahogany desk. He held out a silver USB drive.

“These are the demos for the three new tracks,” Caleb said, his voice tight. “I spent the last week perfecting the arrangements.”

Hugh York, the illegitimate son of Alpha Arthur, sat sprawled in his chair. He didn’t even look at

Caleb.

“Give it here,” Hugh grunted.

Caleb placed the drive in Hugh’s outstretched hand.

Hugh barely glanced at it before tossing it carelessly across the room. It clattered onto the desk of Zachary Grant, who was sitting in the corner.

“Check it later,” Hugh’d dismissed.

Caleb felt a flush of heat rise up his neck. He was a top-tier artist, a former idol. To have his hard work treated like trash was humiliating.

“Those songs need careful production,” Caleb said, trying to keep his temper in check.

Hugh laughed, a harsh, barking sound. “I don’t care about the art, Caleb. I care about the timeline.”

He stood up and walked over to the window, looking out at the city skyline.

“I heard your sister, the famous ‘Lily’, is releasing her new song on the twenty-first,” Hugh said, a cruel smirk playing on his lips. “That is her twenty-first birthday, isn’t it?”

Caleb stiffened. “Yes.”

“Good,” Hugh decided. “We release your album on the same day.”

Zachary looked up from his computer, his eyes widening. “Mr. York, that is in two weeks. A full album production takes months.”

“I want to steal her thunder,” Hugh snapped, turning to face them. “I want her buried under our marketing. You have half a month.”

“But-” Zachary started.

“No buts!” Hugh roared, his Alpha aura flaring aggressively. “Make everyone work overtime. All night if you have to. Just get it done.”

He grabbed his jacket off the coat rack. “I’m going to the club. Don’t disappoint me.”

The door slammed shut behind him.

Silence filled the room.

Zachary slumped in his chair, rubbing his thinning hair. “This is impossible. He treats us like machines.”

Caleb stood still, staring at the closed door. His expression was cold, his green eyes hard.

“Stop complaining,” Caleb said quietly.

“But Caleb, the quality will suffer,” Zachary whined.

“We chose this,” Caleb reminded him, his voice devoid of emotion. “We chose profit over loyalty.

We betrayed our past to come here. Now we have to eat the consequences.”

He walked over to the sound booth.

“Set up the mic,” Caleb ordered. “I am recording all night.”

It was well past 3:00 AM when Caleb finally stepped out of the recording studio.

His throat was raw, and his body ached with exhaustion. He pulled out his phone to check the time.

A notification from Livia sat on his lock screen.

Your brother is heartless. He abandoned me here.

Caleb stared at the words. He felt nothing. No worry, no anger. Just a deep, overwhelming fatigue.

He swiped the notification away without replying.

Like Ethan, he had no energy left for her drama. He was too busy trying to salvage what was left of his own life.

He opened a social media app and navigated to Amelia's profile.

It was blank. No new posts. No photos of her life. No hints of how she was doing.

He remembered Celine's profile. It had been a constant stream of selfies, luxury bags, and parties.

Amelia was a ghost in comparison.

He couldn't even spy on her. He was completely shut out.

The thought of her birthday banquet gnawed at him. Everyone who mattered would be there. And he would be stuck here, recording songs for a man who hated her.

He couldn't accept that.

Caleb took a deep breath. His fingers trembled slightly as he scrolled through his contacts.

He found the number for the Stone River Pack landline. The private line in the Alpha's study.

He pressed call.

The ringing sound echoed in his ear, loud in the silent hallway.

Ring. Ring.

"Hello?"

The voice was gruff and commanding. It was his grandfather, Alaric Stone.

Caleb's throat tightened. "Grandfather. It's me, Caleb."

There was a pause on the other end.

"I know who it is," Alaric said sharply. "Your brother Ethan's Wolfsbane poisoning has been cured by Amelia. If you are calling about that, it is handled. What else do you want?"

Caleb gripped the phone tighter, his knuckles turning white. He squeezed his eyes shut.

“Grandfather,” he whispered, his voice cracking with desperation. “I want to attend Amelia’s

birthday banquet, can I?”

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(Author’s POV)

A heavy, weary sigh echoed through the phone receiver, scratching against Caleb Stone’s ear.

“Caleb,” Alaric Stone’s voice sounded aged and exhausted. “You know clearly that Amelia has cut all ties with you. Why go there and humiliate yourself?”

Caleb gripped the phone tighter, his knuckles turning white.

“Grandfather, please,” Caleb whispered.

“Appearing at her birthday banquet will not bring her any joy,” Alaric continued bluntly. “It will only disgust her. It might even enrage her. Do you really want to ruin her day?”

A choked sob escaped Caleb’s throat.

Inside him, his wolf, Noah, let out a mournful whimper, curling into a ball of misery. The pain of rejection was a physical weight in his chest.

“I know,” Caleb stammered, his voice trembling. “I know I don’t deserve it. In twenty years, as her biological brother, I never celebrated a single birthday for her. Not once.”

Tears streamed down his face, hot and stinging.

“I spent every year celebrating that fraud, Celine,” he confessed, the regret corroding his insides like acid. “I hurt Amelia over and over again for a fake sister. I just... I just want to stand in the corner as a guest. I won’t cause trouble. I just want to wish her a happy birthday.”

Silence stretched on the line.

Finally, Alaric spoke, his tone relenting slightly but still stern. “I will ask her. But do not hold your hope high.”

“Thank you, Grandfather,” Caleb breathed.

“Listen to me,” Alaric’s voice hardened instantly. “If she refuses, you must accept it. You will focus on your music and stop acting like an abandoned pup. You brought this on yourselves.”

Caleb flinched at the harsh truth.

“You only learned to cherish her after the family was shattered,” Alaric scolded, his anger rising. “Do you realize what your father did? Adrian kidnapped Seraphina to steal the Alpha position and the family fortune. That is a grave crime.”

Caleb lowered his head in shame.

“If it weren’t for our blood ties, Adrian would have been exiled or executed by now according to werewolf law,” Alaric said ruthlessly. “Amelia saving Ethan’s wolf and curing the Wolfsbane was already the greatest mercy. Do not push your luck.”

“I’m sorry,” Caleb whispered, his voice barely audible. “I’m so sorry.”

Night fell over the Stone River Pack territory.

Amelia walked into the main living room of the Pack House, ending a long day of work.

Jaxon Stone was sitting on the sofa, engaged in a low conversation with Alaric.

As Amelia entered, Alaric looked up. He forced a stiff, benevolent smile onto his serious face.

“You’re back, Amelia,” Alaric said.

Amelia sat down opposite them. Her senses were sharp. She could feel the subtle tension vibrating in the air.

She looked directly at her grandfather. “Is something wrong?”

Alaric hesitated. “Nothing much. Just... talking about the weather. It’s getting colder.”

Inside Amelia’s mind, her silver wolf, Ava, let out a snort of derision. *He is lying.*

Amelia raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk touching her lips. “Grandfather, you are terrible at small talk. Just say it.”

Alaric’s shoulders slumped. He knew he couldn’t fool her.

“It is about your birthday,” Alaric admitted slowly. “Is it truly impossible for Adrian and his family to attend? Just as silent guests?”

Amelia’s expression didn’t flicker. Her sapphire eyes remained cold and clear.

“No,” she said firmly.

“Amelia-” Alaric started.

“This is my first birthday since reclaiming my identity,” Amelia interrupted, her voice steady. “It is the first time I will celebrate with my real parents. I want a night of laughter and joy. I will not allow Adrian, Livia, or those brothers who tormented me to ruin the atmosphere.”

Jaxon stood up abruptly from his chair.

He moved to stand beside Amelia, his tall frame radiating protective Alpha power.

“I support my daughter,” Jaxon stated, his voice like grinding stones. “When Adrian kidnapped Seraphina, he crossed my bottom line. I held back from a formal Alpha challenge only because we share blood.”

Jaxon looked at Alaric with steel in his grey eyes. “That brotherhood is dead. They are not family anymore.”

Amelia leaned back, crossing her arms. “I saved Ethan’s wolf. That was my final act of mercy. If you try to force me to accept them, Grandfather, things will get very ugly.”

Alaric looked at the united front of father and daughter. He saw the resolve in their eyes.

He sighed deeply, nodding his head. “I understand. I accept your decision.”

The tension in the room remained thick until the sound of footsteps approached.

Seraphina walked in, carrying a tray of sliced fresh fruit and delicate pastries. Her warm smile broke the ice immediately.

“Come, have some fruit,” Seraphina said cheerfully, placing the tray on the coffee table. “Don’t look so serious.”

They ate in a much lighter atmosphere.

After dinner, Jaxon produced a document and handed it to Alaric.

“This is the draft for the birthday guest list,” Jaxon said.

Alaric put on his reading glasses. He scanned the names.

“It is much shorter than usual,” Alaric noted.

“We cut out the social climbers and the sycophants,” Jaxon explained proudly. “Only true friends and family. And look here.”

He pointed to a section of the list.

“I have arranged a specialized convoy to pick up Amelia’s friends from the Meadow Brook Pack,” Jaxon said, looking at his daughter with soft eyes. “The elders, the neighbors. They will travel in comfort and safety. We won’t repeat the mistake of the engagement party where they were neglected.”

Amelia’s eyes lit up. A genuine, brilliant smile transformed her face.

“You really are the best father in the world,” she said, her voice full of emotion.

Jaxon beamed, swelling with pride and happiness.

Alaric watched them. He saw the love, the warmth, the genuine connection. This was what a family was supposed to look like.

He realized then that inviting Adrian’s broken family would only poison this happiness. He completely banished the thought from his mind.

It was nine o’clock at night when Caleb’s phone finally rang.

He snatched it up instantly. “Grandfather?”

Alaric’s voice came through the speaker, cold and detached.

“Amelia refused,” Alaric said.

Caleb felt his heart shatter. “She... she really said no?”

“She will not invite your family,” Alaric confirmed sternly. “I hoped for reconciliation before, but I see the reality now. The best respect you can give her is to stay away and not disturb her life.”

Caleb opened his mouth, but no words came out.

“Listen to me, Caleb,” Alaric continued, his tone leaving no room for argument. “Do not come to me about

Amelia again. I will not be your messenger anymore.”

“Grandfather, please-”

“I only care about the prosperity of the Stone River Pack under Amelia’s leadership,” Alaric cut him off. “As for your family... you have enough.”

Alaric paused, his voice turning icy.

“Adrian and Ethan still hold significant cash reserves and assets. You are a famous singer; you can make money. You have the means to survive comfortably.”

Caleb trembled, gripping the phone with both hands.

“You must learn to live with the consequences of your actions,” Alaric said. “Cherish the life you have left and stop looking for trouble.”

Then, Alaric delivered the final verdict.

“You are on your own now.”

The line went dead.

Caleb stood frozen in the darkness of the hallway. He listened to the relentless, hollow drone of the busy signal, drowning in absolute despair.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 313[902 words]

(Author’s POV)

Caleb gripped the phone so hard his knuckles turned white. His voice trembled with anxiety as he spoke into the receiver.

“Grandfather, please listen to me,” Caleb pleaded, his breath hitching. “I swear on my wolf, Noah. I don’t want any of the Stone family assets. I don’t care about the shares.”

He paused, waiting for a response that didn’t come.

“I just want to attend the birthday banquet,” he continued hurriedly. “I just want to be a brother for once. I want to make up for-”

Click.

The line went dead.

Caleb froze. The relentless beep of the disconnected call echoed in his ear like a gavel striking a judge's block.

A wave of profound powerlessness washed over him. His hand went limp, and the phone slipped from his fingers, clattering onto the floor of the recording studio.

He slumped back into his leather chair, staring blankly at the acoustic foam on the ceiling.

A bitter smile twisted his lips.

It wasn't just Amelia. Now, even Alaric, the absolute authority of the Stone family, had completely given up on him.

Alaric had abandoned his father, his mother, and him. They were no longer family in the old Alpha's eyes. They were just liabilities to be discarded.

Three days later.

The air in the abandoned cowshed was thick with the stench of manure and rotting hay.

Livia Stone was slumped against a rusted iron railing.

Thick silver chains bound her wrists and ankles. The metal sizzled faintly against her skin, burning her flesh and suppressing her wolf into a terrified silence.

She looked nothing like the elegant Luna of the Stone River Pack. Her hair was matted with filth, her designer clothes torn and stained.

Outside the wooden enclosure, the male driver stood casually. He tossed Livia's smartphone up and down in his hand, a cruel smirk on his face.

"Three whole days, Mrs. Stone," the man sneered.

Livia glared at him weakly, her lips cracked from dehydration.

"You have been missing for seventy-two hours," the man continued, leaning against a rotting post. "And yet, not a single person from the Stone family has come looking for you."

He laughed, a harsh, grating sound. "No Trackers. No Pack Warriors. It's like you never existed."

Livia flinched.

“Your mate is a heartless bastard,” the man mocked. “And your two sons? Useless waste. They haven’t even filed a missing person report.”

“Shut up!” Livia rasped, trying to salvage the last shreds of her dignity. “They are just busy! They are handling important pack business!”

The man shook his head in amusement. He stopped tossing the phone and held it out through the gaps in the fence.

“Is that so?” he challenged. “Here. Call them. Ask for help. Let’s see who actually gives a damn about whether you live or die.”

Livia stared at the phone. It was her lifeline.

She crawled forward, ignoring the pain in her limbs and the humiliation of moving like a dog. She snatched the phone through the bars.

For three days, she had endured hell. She had been forced to eat spoiled scraps off the dirty floor just to survive.

She had told herself she had to live. She had to live to make that ungrateful daughter, Amelia, pay for this.

With trembling fingers, she dialed Adrian’s number.

It rang twice before connecting.

“Adrian!” Livia screamed, tears instantly flooding her eyes. “Adrian, help me! I’ve been kidnapped! It was

Amelia! She sent someone to take me!”

She waited for his outrage, for his comfort.

Instead, Adrian’s voice was cold as ice.

“Stop acting, Livia,” Adrian said flatly.

Livia froze. “What?”

“You failed to bring the child back,” Adrian said, his tone filled with disgust. “Now you are making up stories to blame Amelia? You want to frame her for kidnapping just to cover your own incompetence?”

“You stay here until the birthday party is over,” he warned. “Enjoy the hospitality.”

The man turned and walked out of the barn.

Behind him, Livia collapsed onto the filth. A wail of pure, agonizing despair ripped from her throat, echoing through the empty farm.

Outside the cowshed, the driver walked to his car.

He unlocked Livia's phone again and dialed Adrian's number.

"It's done," the driver said, his voice devoid of the mockery he used with Livia.

"Report," Adrian's voice came through, low and guarded.

"I'll send you the videos of her torture in a moment," the driver said. "She is broken. She hates everyone right now."

"Good," Adrian said.

"The plan remains the same," the driver stated. "On the evening of Amelia's birthday, I will stage a breach. I'll leave the gate unlocked."

"She will run," Adrian whispered.

"She will run straight to the banquet," the driver confirmed coldly. "She is mentally unstable. When she gets there, you play these videos on the big screen."

The driver lit a cigarette, squinting at the smoke.

"Seeing her humiliation broadcast to the elite will snap her mind completely," he explained. "She will go into a blind rage. She will attack Amelia with the intent to kill."

"And then..." Adrian trailed off.

"And then, in the chaos, she dies," the driver said ruthlessly. "And everyone will see Amelia as the one who drove her mother to madness and death. It will be the perfect frame-up."

There was a long silence on the other end.

"I understand," Adrian said finally. His voice cracked, sounding like he was choking back a sob.

He hung up quickly.

The driver stared at the phone and scoffed.

“What a hypocrite,” he muttered, spitting on the ground. “Planning your own mate’s death and then crying about it. You’re worse than I am.”

He opened the gallery on the phone. He selected the brutal videos he had recorded over the last three days.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 314[1,301 words]

(Adrian’s POV)

The room was dim, the only light coming from the glowing screen of my smartphone.

I held a cigar between my fingers, watching the smoke curl lazily into the stagnant air.

On the screen, a video played on a loop.

Livia, once the proud Luna of the Stone River Pack, was on her knees.

She wore rags that barely covered her shivering form. Her hair was a matted mess of mud and straw.

She looked more like a feral beast than a woman of high standing.

A bowl of swill sat on the dirty floor before her. It was a vile mixture of rotten leftovers that even an Omega would refuse to touch.

Yet, she plunged her hands into it, shoving the filth into her mouth with desperate, animalistic hunger.

She gagged, choking on the sour liquid, but forced herself to swallow.

A flicker of hesitation passed through my mind, but it vanished the moment I saw her lick the bowl clean.

Disgust flooded my veins, cold and absolute.

Is this the woman who stood by my side? She is nothing but a liability now.

I leaned back in the leather chair, taking a slow drag of the cigar.

My mind drifted back to the humiliation we faced just weeks ago.

When the Stone River Pack began to lose its footing, we had gone to the Moores–Livia’s birth family–begging for support,

I expected aid, I expected family loyalty.

Instead, we were met with closed doors and sneering faces.

The elders of the Moore family didn’t even grant us an audience. They sent their younger generation to mock us, laughing at our desperation.

They called me a failure. They called Livia a washed-up hag.

I clenched my jaw, the memory burning brighter than the ember of my cigar.

They refused to help her then. So why should I care about her now?

If her family won’t save her, then her death will serve a greater purpose.

She will be the stepping stone for my return to power. That is the only value she has left.

I crushed the cigar into the crystal ashtray, twisting it until the spark died.

My eyes narrowed as I formulated the next step.

I needed to be at the Stone Pack House for the birthday banquet.

Amelia, that abomination, would be celebrating her triumph. The Greys would be there. The Crimsons would be there. Even those low-lives from the Meadow Brook Pack were on the guest list.

But I was exiled. I had no invitation.

I couldn’t just walk up to the gates. The security would be impenetrable.

I needed a way in.

I picked up my phone again, scrolling past the video of my broken wife.

My thumb hovered over a contact. Alpha Drake.

The Drakes were powerful. They would have access.

I dialed the number.

(Author's POV)

High above the city, in the top-floor office of Starlight Entertainment, the mood was electric.

Amelia sat behind her desk, the final cut of the new music video playing on the large monitor.

Five new employees stood nearby, their faces flushed with exhaustion but eyes shining with pride.

The final beat dropped, a thunderous sound that seemed to shake the very foundations of the room.

“That’s it,” Ava growled in Amelia’s mind, her tail wagging furiously. *“That sound will shred their eardrums. We are going to show them who the real Queen is.”*

Amelia smiled, reaching up to rub her temple, silently soothing the excited wolf.

“Good work, everyone,” she said.

A knock sounded at the door.

Anya, her assistant, hurried in. She held a tablet against her chest, her expression tight with anxiety.

“Alpha Amelia,” Anya said, her voice trembling slightly. “We have a problem.”

Amelia raised an eyebrow. “What is it?”

“A poll has started on social media,” Anya explained, placing the tablet on the desk. “It’s a direct showdown between your new song and Caleb’s release.”

Amelia glanced at the screen. The numbers were stark.

Caleb Stone: 23,450 votes.

Amelia Stone: 2,100 votes.

“The public sentiment is overwhelmingly against us,” Anya continued, wringing her hands. “Caleb has been a star for two years. His fan base is massive. The comments... they are saying Starlight is finished.”

She hesitated, biting her lip.

“Alpha,” Anya whispered. “Should we buy some bots? Just to boost the numbers a little? We can’t let it look this bad before the launch.”

Amelia laughed softly, leaning back in her chair.

“No,” she said firmly.

“But-”

“I don’t waste budget on fake data,” Amelia said, her eyes flashing with a sharp, sapphire light. “Let them laugh. Let them think they have won.”

She stood up, walking to the window to look out at the city skyline.

“It is only when you strike back from the depths of adversity that the victory tastes sweet,” she said. “I want to make them eat their words. Every single one of them.”

Anya nodded, though her worry didn’t fully dissipate. She took the tablet and left the office.

Outside in the main workspace, a low murmur of voices erupted as soon as Anya emerged.

“What did she say?” one employee whispered.

“Are we going to do anything about the poll?” another asked. “My rent is due next week. If this company folds...”

“Have faith,” Anya said, trying to sound more confident than she felt. “Alpha Amelia knows what she is doing.”

Inside the office, Amelia ignored the commotion.

She pulled out her phone and opened the exclusive chat app used by the elite.

She scrolled to the group named “Capital Storm.” It had been silent for her for a long time.

She typed a message and tagged a specific user.

@LucasLloyd

Her fingers danced over the keyboard.

Amelia: “Tick tock, Lucas. The deadline is approaching. Starlight isn’t bankrupt. In fact, we are dropping a bomb tomorrow.”

She hit send, then added another line.

Amelia: “Is your collar ready? I am looking forward to walking you down the main avenue of the Northern Territories.”

The group chat exploded with reaction emojis.

Moments later, a reply popped up.

LucasLloyd: “Keep dreaming, bitch. Your song is going to tank. I’ve already ordered a pair of custom shoes with spikes on the soles. Wash your tongue. You’re going to be licking them clean.”

Amelia scoffed at the screen.

Suddenly, a new message appeared from a familiar name.

NatashaCrimson: “Omg! Is the show finally starting? Count me in! I want front row seats to see Lucas barking like a dog!”

Amelia smirked and typed a quick reply.

Amelia: “Deal. I’ll save you a spot, Natasha.”

(Author’s POV)

Lucas sat in the back of a luxury car, staring at his phone with wide eyes.

He typed furious insults back into the chat, his fingers flying.

But deep in his gut, a cold knot of fear began to tighten.

He tossed the phone onto the seat and rubbed his face.

“Driver, faster,” he snapped. “Get me to Night City.”

Twenty minutes later, he burst into the VIP section of the exclusive club,

The music was thumping, heavy bass vibrating through the floor.

He pushed open the door to the largest private booth.

Griffin Drake was lounging on a velvet sofa, a glass of amber liquid in his hand.

Jade sat beside him, looking bored, while her illegitimate brother, Hugh, was busy pouring drinks.

“Griffin!” Lucas shouted over the music, rushing inside.

Griffin looked up, annoyed. “What is it, Lucas? You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“The bet,” Lucas panted, collapsing onto a stool. “It’s about to expire.”

“So?” Griffin took a sip of his drink. “Let her lose. Then you humiliate her.”

“You don’t understand,” Lucas said, his voice rising in panic. “We thought Starlight would be dead in a month. It’s been over a month!”

He gestured wildly.

“You blocked their IP rights. You poached their staff. You even took Caleb away from them!” Lucas cried.

“And yet, she is still standing. She is like a cockroach that just won’t die!”

Griffin frowned, setting his glass down.

“Look at the polls,” Lucas continued, pulling out his phone again to check the chat. “Caleb is winning, yes.

But Amelia... she is too confident. She just challenged me in the group chat.”

He looked at Griffin, genuine terror in his eyes.

“What if she actually has something?” Lucas whispered. “I can’t be walked like a dog, Griffin. My father will kill me. The whole city is watching.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 315[1,120 words]

(Jade’s POV)

My fingers tightened around the cold metal of the microphone. The private booth was bathed in shifting neon lights, the air thick with the scent of expensive alcohol and cigars. I was in the middle of a verse, losing myself in the rhythm, when I heard it.

Amelia.

The name cut through the music like a knife. I stopped singing immediately. The backing track continued, a hollow beat filling the sudden silence. I lifted my eyes, casting a glance at Lucas Lloyd, who had just burst into the room.

Griffin sat in the center of the velvet sofa. He lowered his crystal whiskey glass, his expression darkening.

“Why did you stop?” Griffin asked, his voice flat and dangerous.

I opened my mouth to speak, but a sneering voice cut me off.

“Don’t be a buzzkill, Jade,” Hugh said. He sat beside Griffin, swirling his drink. “You shouldn’t ruin Griffin’s mood.”

Hugh looked at me with open contempt.

“You are just a peace offering from Alpha Arthur,” he mocked, his tone dripping with malice. “Your only job is to please Griffin. Know your place.”

The words struck deep, like poison darts. I felt the humiliation burn in my chest, hot and suffocating. I was a tool for my father’s ambition, a gift to appease the powerful Drake family.

But I swallowed the anger. I forced my face into a mask of submissive indifference.

I placed the microphone gently on the marble table.

“I’m thirsty,” I said softly, my voice steady. “And since Lucas has important business, I won’t interrupt your talk.”

I moved to the side, pouring myself a glass of water, my ears straining to catch every word.

The atmosphere in the booth grew heavy. Lucas turned to Griffin, his face pale and slick with sweat.

“Griffin, I’m sorry,” Lucas stammered. “But I had to come. The deadline for the bet with Amelia is approaching.”

He paced nervously, running a hand through his hair.

“She just provoked me in ‘The Inner Circle’ group chat,” Lucas said, his voice trembling with anxiety. “She is acting like she has already won.”

Hugh let out a harsh, barking laugh. He leaned forward, eager to play the role of the loyal lapdog.

“Relax, Lucas,” Hugh scoffed. “That delusional bitch is going to crash and burn.”

Lucas stopped pacing. He looked at Hugh with desperate hope. “Do you really think so?”

“It is obvious,” Hugh said, ticking points off on his fingers. “First, we have Caleb Stone. He is a superstar with millions of fans.”

Hugh grinned, showing his teeth.

“With the Drake family resources pushing him, his new song will crush her. Amelia stands no chance.”

He gestured dismissively.

“And look at her team,” Hugh sneered. “She hired Wayne. He is a washed-up actor who hasn’t had a hit in years. And Jasper Calder?”

Hugh spat on the floor.

“He is a mongrel raised by Rogues. The werewolf society will never accept him. She is doomed.”

I walked back to the sofa and sat close to Griffin. I rested my hand on his arm, feigning a casual curiosity.

“Griffin,” I purred, looking up at him. “Do you really have a way to make sure she is ruined for good?”

Griffin glanced at me sideways. A cruel, predatory smile curled his lips.

“Her birthday banquet is coming up,” he said, his voice low. “There will be a show.”

He took a slow sip of his whiskey.

“If she can’t handle it, Starlight goes bankrupt. And her reputation as an Alpha’s daughter will be in tatters.”

My heart skipped a beat. A public humiliation at her own birthday?

“But the Stone Pack House is a fortress,” I said, trying to sound impressed rather than worried. “How can you interfere there?”

Griffin scoffed, “I don’t need to get my hands dirty personally.”

Lucas let out a long breath of relief. A smile returned to his face.

“So I won’t have to wear the collar,” Lucas muttered. “Thank the Moon. I thought I was done for.”

(Author’s POV)

Just then, a phone buzzed loudly on the table. It belonged to Griffin’s assistant.

The screen lit up with a name: *Adrian Stone*.

Jade’s ears twitched. She recognized the name instantly. Amelia’s biological father. The man who had been exiled from power.

Griffin nodded at his assistant. “Answer it. Speaker.”

The assistant tapped the screen.

“Mr. Drake!” Adrian’s voice crackled through the speaker, frantic and breathless.

“I can’t get an invitation,” Adrian pleaded. “Jaxon has locked down the guest list. I can’t get into the banquet.”

“You have to help me,” Adrian continued, his voice rising in panic. “I need to be there.”

Griffin’s eyes narrowed. A cold calculation flashed in their golden depths.

“Calm down, Adrian,” Griffin said smoothly.

“I will get you in,” Griffin promised. “I will lend you Lyra Drake.”

Jade froze. Lyra was Amelia’s aunt, a daughter of the Drake family.

“She will take you in as her guest,” Griffin ordered. “Use that opportunity. Make it count.”

“Thank you! I won’t let you down!” Adrian babbled before the call ended.

Jade stared at the table, her mind racing. The “show” was Adrian. Griffin was using the desperate former Alpha to cause chaos from the inside. She clenched her fist in the folds of her dress. She had to warn Amelia.

Suddenly, a shout came from the corner of the room.

One of Lucas’s lackeys was staring at his phone, his eyes wide with shock.

“Lucas! Check social media! Right now!”

Lucas frowned. He fumbled for his phone and unlocked it.

He opened the trending page. His jaw dropped.

****Trending #1: #PuppyLucas****

He clicked on the tag.

His blood ran cold.

Amelia had posted screenshots. She had exposed the chat logs from “The Inner Circle.”

Every brutal detail of the bet was there for the world to see.

The loser wears a collar,

Paraded like a prize pet.

Licks the winner’s shoes in public.

The werewolf internet had exploded. The comments section was moving so fast it was a blur.

“Is this real? The elite are insane,” one user wrote.

“Lucas Lloyd? The heir to the Lloyd Pack? No way,” another commented.

People were analyzing the bet. Some argued Lucas would win because of the Drake family backing. But

the sentiment was shifting.

Many low-level wolves were cheering. They admired Amelia’s courage to stand up to the bullies.

Lucas stared at the screen, his face draining of all color.

He had thought this was a private game among the rich. He never expected Amelia to take the gloves off like this.

He scrolled down to the comments with trembling fingers.

There were Caleb fans insulting Amelia, hoping she would eat her words. But the mockery directed at him was overwhelming.

****“Can’t wait to see the Lloyd heir on a leash. #Karma”****

Lucas felt a wave of nausea.

“She actually posted the receipts! Savage.”

A cold dread settled in his stomach. This was a scorched earth tactic. Amelia was crazy.

He looked up at Griffin, who was still smirking, unaware of the storm brewing online.

For the first time, doubt crept into Lucas’s mind.

Lucas felt an inexplicable chill, and Amelia’s madness made him begin to suspect whether Griffin’s plan was truly foolproof.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 316[1,311 words]

(Jade’s POV)

Lucas stared at the phone screen, his face illuminated by the harsh blue light.

The screenshots of the chat logs were spreading like wildfire across the werewolf network.

Instead of looking ashamed, a twisted sneer curled his lips. He let out a bark of incredulous laughter.

“Amelia Stone is digging her own grave,” Lucas spat, tossing the phone onto the table. “She actually exposed the bet herself? She is practically inviting the entire werewolf society to buy front-row tickets to watch her kneel down.”

He poured himself another drink, his hands shaking slightly from adrenaline rather than fear. “She wants the world to see her lick my shoes,” he added, downing the amber liquid.

I sat beside him, swirling the wine in my glass. The crimson liquid coated the crystal, looking disturbingly like blood.

“Or perhaps,” I said, keeping my voice flat and analytical, “she believes she can actually win. Maybe she thinks she can put a collar on you and walk you like an untamed stray dog.”

Lucas slammed his glass down.

“That is impossible!” he shouted, his eyes bulging. “Griffin already gave me his word. In this game of power, I am the only designated winner.”

Hugh, who had been scrolling through his own tablet, suddenly looked up. His eyes gleamed with a venomous light.

“Griffin,” Hugh said, turning to the man on the central sofa. “Since Amelia loves creating headlines, why don’t we help her?”

Griffin raised an eyebrow, signaling him to continue.

“We should manipulate the narrative,” Hugh suggested eagerly. “Let’s leak the cast list for *Treatment Diary* early.”

He smirked, looking like a hyena scenting a carcass.

“Let everyone know she picked Wayne as the male lead. A washed-up, has-been actor. And for the villain? Jasper Calder.”

Hugh let out a mocking snort.

“A mongrel raised by Rogues,” he scoffed. “Once the public sees her cast is full of defectives and bastards, the hype will skyrocket. But when the show airs, she will crash harder than ever.”

Lucas burst into laughter, clapping Hugh on the shoulder.

“Brilliant! Congratulations, Hugh. It looks like you will be taking over Gale Entertainment sooner than expected.”

Hugh glanced at me, his expression dripping with false modesty.

“It is too early to say that,” he said, though his eyes were arrogant. “I must help Griffin completely destroy Starlight Entertainment first. We need to drain every drop of value from Caleb Stone.”

He paused, his gaze lingering on me with malicious intent.

“Only then will Alpha Arthur feel safe handing me the reins,” Hugh said smoothly. “And of course, I must thank my dear sister Jade. Without her, Griffin wouldn’t give me the time of day.”

I felt bile rise in my throat. The humiliation burned, but I forced it down.

I leaned my body against Griffin, resting my head on his shoulder. I pouted, making my voice soft and trembling.

“Griffin,” I whispered. “I am here because I truly admire you. It has nothing to do with supporting my illegitimate brother.”

Griffin’s hand shot out, his fingers clamping around my jaw like a vice. He forced me to look into his cold eyes.

“Remember that,” he warned, his voice low and dangerous. “If you ever dare to betray me, you know the consequences.”

“I wouldn’t dare,” I murmured.

“Sing for us, Jade,” Hugh interjected, clapping his hands. “Entertain Griffin.”

I looked up at Griffin, my eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

“He doesn’t respect me,” I complained softly. “Disrespecting me is the same as looking down on you, isn’t it?”

Griffin released my jaw and glared at Hugh.

“Shut up, Hugh,” Griffin ordered.

Hugh flinched under the Alpha’s pressure. He shot me a glare full of hatred but bowed his head in submission.

The party dragged on until ten o’clock. The air in the room was suffocating.

I hadn’t gathered any more useful intelligence. It was time to leave.

“I need my beauty sleep,” I announced, standing up and smoothing my dress. “I want to look my best for you, Griffin.”

“Leaving so soon?” Hugh started to protest.

“You take her home,” Griffin commanded, cutting him off. His eyes were unreadable. “I can’t let my ‘fiancée’ walk out alone.”

Griffin watched us leave with a cold detachment. I knew exactly what he was doing. He saw Hugh bullying me, and he allowed it. He wanted to remind me that my status, my dignity, everything I had, existed only because he permitted it.

(Jade’s POV)

As soon as the heavy door of the private booth clicked shut, the atmosphere changed.

The corridor of Night City was dimly lit. The thumping bass of the music was muffled here.

Hugh instantly dropped his mask of civility.

“Don’t think you are special,” he sneered, walking beside me. “You might be Alpha Arthur’s legitimate daughter, but right now? You are just a tool. A pretty gift wrapped up to buy us favor with the Drake family.”

I stopped walking. The rage I had suppressed all night finally boiled over.

I turned and swung my hand.

Smack!

The sound of the slap echoed crisply against the walls.

Hugh stumbled back, his hand flying to his cheek. Shock replaced his arrogance for a split second before it turned into fury. He raised his hand to strike me back.

I didn’t flinch. I lifted my chin and stared him down with cold, starry eyes.

“Do you dare?” I hissed. “Do you dare touch Griffin Drake’s woman?”

Hugh’s hand froze in mid-air. His face twitched. He hated me, but he feared Griffin far more.

“You bitch,” he growled, lowering his hand slowly. “Just you wait. When I officially take over the pack, and when Griffin gets bored of your body, I will make you pay.”

I slapped his hand away with disgust.

“Dream on,” I said coldly.

I turned on my heel and marched toward the elevator.

Hugh followed me like a rabid dog, stepping into the metal box right behind me.

“Don’t think you can ever flip the script,” he taunted, his voice echoing in the confined space. “You are just like your mother. Pathetic.”

“Shut up!” I snapped.

“She died miserably,” Hugh laughed cruelly. “And you will end up just like her if you don’t learn your place. Serve Griffin well, or you’ll join her.”

My vision blurred with red anger. I lunged at him, wanting to tear his face off.

Hugh caught my wrist easily, his grip bruising.

“Behave,” he warned. “Don’t follow in her footsteps.”

The elevator chimed. The doors slid open to the parking garage.

I yanked my arm free with all my strength.

“I swear to the Moon,” I said through gritted teeth, my voice trembling with hate. “I will make you and that home-wrecking mistress of yours pay a painful price.”

I didn’t wait for his response. I stormed to my car, got in, and slammed the door.

I drove fast, putting miles between me and that hellhole. Only when I was certain I wasn’t being followed did I pull over.

My hands were shaking as I reached for my burner phone. I dialed Amelia’s number.

(Amelia’s POV)

I lay back against the plush pillows of my bed in the Stone Pack House.

The room was quiet, save for the soft hum of the air conditioner. On my phone screen, Theodore’s face appeared, handsome and calm as always.

“So,” I said, a small smile playing on my lips. “I assume Lucas Lloyd has gone running to his master?”

“You assume correctly,” Theodore replied, his eyes crinkling with amusement. “He was seen at Night City. He looked quite frantic.”

“You know this for a fact?” I asked.

“A friend of mine happened to be there tonight,” he said.

My eyebrows shot up.

“You have friends?” I teased. “I’m surprised.”

Theodore chuckled, a low, rumbling sound. “Do I seem that antisocial to you?”

“Well,” I admitted, rolling onto my side. “I know you are popular, but I’ve never seen you with anyone besides Marcus. No brothers, no drinking buddies.”

“I have a few,” Theodore said softly. “After your birthday banquet settles down, I’ll take you to meet them. We can have a proper dinner.”

“I’d like that,” I said warmly.

Just then, Ava suddenly pricked up her ears inside me, sensing some kind of urgent emotion, and a call notification from Jade popped up at the top of the video.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 317[900 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I looked at the phone screen, reluctant to look away. The man on the other side was too handsome to ignore.

“Theodore, I have to take a call,” I said softly. “Let’s talk later tonight. Rest early.”

Ava let out a dissatisfied whine in my head. She pawed at our mental connection, clearly unhappy about cutting ties with her mate.

Hush now, it’s urgent, I soothed her silently.

On the screen, Theodore Crimson’s lips curved upward. His smile was gentle and full of patience.

“Okay, Lia,” he said, his voice deep and warm. “Go ahead.”

I ended the video call and adjusted my position on the bed. I tapped the green icon to answer

Jade’s incoming call.

“Amelia!” Jade’s anxious voice burst through the speaker immediately.

“What is it?” I asked.

“I overheard Griffin and Lucas talking at Night City tonight,” she said hurriedly. “They are planning a ‘grand finale’ specifically for your birthday banquet.”

I let out a cold laugh.

“That is interesting,” I said lightly. “I didn’t even send an invitation to the Drake family. How do they plan to get in to cause chaos? Are they going to storm the Stone Pack House?”

“It involves your father, Adrian,” Jade explained, her breath hitching. “Griffin plans to use Adrian to bring Lyra Drake back to the Stone family. They want to use her to crash the party.”

I wasn’t surprised. Adrian was an opportunist who cared only about benefits.

But I was curious. Grandpa Alaric had strictly banned Lyra from ever stepping foot in our home again.

“Thank you, Jade,” I said, my tone shifting to business. “You are providing real value.”

I decided to give her a reward immediately.

“I promise to help you regain control of Gale Entertainment in the future,” I told her. “But for now, I can help you with a ‘small cleanup’.”

The line went silent for a moment. Then I heard Jade’s ragged breathing.

“I want Hugh York’s mother to suffer,” Jade hissed through gritted teeth. “I want her to feel a hundred times the pain my mother felt.”

“No problem,” I agreed without hesitation. “You will see results within three days. And no one will trace it back to you.”

I hung up the phone and glanced at the calendar on the nightstand. My birthday was only a week away.

Ava pricked her ears up deep in my consciousness. She sensed the scent of a coming battle. Griffin’s “grand finale” would not be a child’s game. It might involve blood.

I immediately dialed Silas’s number.

“Silas,” I commanded. “Keep a strict watch on Adrian’s every move.”

(Theodore’s POV)

The moment the video call with Amelia ended, my phone vibrated.

It was a message from Jasper.

I looked at the screen. The text started with a distant “Alpha Theodore.”

I shook my head helplessly.

“Alpha Theodore, will you and Alpha Gideon attend Amelia’s birthday banquet? Can I stared at the words. A subtle thought flashed through my mind.

Did Jasper have feelings for Amelia beyond friendship? go with you?”

But I quickly dismissed the idea. If Jasper truly had designs on her, or if his wolf was driving him, he wouldn’t ask me so directly.

My fingers tapped on the screen.

“Of course, I will have someone send you the invitation,” I typed. “Jasper, we are brothers. You don’t need to be so formal.”

He didn’t reply, but I understood his intent. He wanted to attend as a member of the Crimson family to show his support for Amelia.

(Amelia’s POV)

The next morning, the dining room of the Stone Pack House was filled with the aroma of coffee and crispy bacon.

I cut into the sunny-side-up egg on my plate. The yolk ran over the toast.

Seraphina sat across from me, looking at her tablet. Her brows were knitted together in a frown.

“Amelia, you have made too many enemies,” she said worriedly. “First Adrian’s family, then the Crimson side branches. Now the Drakes, the Yorks, the Blackwoods, and even the Lloyds.”

She looked up at me with concern in her amber eyes.

“You have practically offended every noble family in the Northern Territories.”

I took a sip of my orange juice and shrugged.

“Don’t worry, Mom,” I said calmly. “I am just helping Alpha Lloyd discipline his unruly cub.”

My adoptive father, Jaxon Stone, put down his newspaper. His expression was firm.

“Seraphina, don’t be afraid,” he said, his voice deep and steady. “The Stone family may keep a low profile, but we are not weak. We can protect our own child.”

He looked at me with pride.

“Anyone who dares to touch Amelia will have to answer to my wolf first.”

I smiled at him warmly.

“Dad,” I said. “Did Umbra Analytics finish that new bracelet I mentioned? The one with positioning and self-defense functions?”

“Yes, they have a prototype,” Jaxon replied.

“I plan to give one as a gift,” I said.

Jaxon didn’t ask who it was for. He simply nodded. “I’ll have someone send it over later.”

After breakfast, I drove to the Starlight Entertainment office.

I sat at my desk and turned on the computer. The topic of my bet with Lucas was still trending.

The discussion was heated. People were taking sides, mostly waiting to see me fail.

I hooked my lips into a satisfied smile.

I didn’t have to spend a single cent on public relations. The heat came all by itself. Werewolves loved high-society drama and gossip more than anything.

Just then, a new notification popped up. A heavy bombshell had hit the internet.

It was about my new show, *Treatment Diary*.

Someone had leaked the cast list ahead of schedule. The names on that list instantly ignited a new storm of public opinion.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 318[942 words]

I sat in my office at Starlight Entertainment, scrolling through the werewolf community forums on my tablet.

The internet had exploded.

Someone had leaked the cast list for *Treatment Diary* ahead of schedule.

The comments section was a battlefield.

People were furiously comparing my casting choices to previous hit shows.

Most were lenient towards the female lead, Skylar Reed. She was new, and while they said she couldn't compare to the dazzling Jade York of Gale Entertainment, the malice was minimal.

The real storm centered on the male lead and the villain.

I had boldly cast Wayne and Jasper Calder.

"Is Starlight crazy?" one comment read. "Wayne is washed up! Everyone knows he abandoned his fated mate for fame years ago. He is scum!"

"And Jasper Calder?" another user raged. "That guy is a lunatic. He beats up directors. He has the temper of a feral rogue."

Fans flooded my social media accounts.

"Please, Goddess 'Lily', don't ruin your reputation!"

"Change the cast! Get rid of these stained artists before the official announcement!"

Inside my mind, Ava let out a disdainful snort.

*These sheep, she growled. *They bleat whatever they are told. They cannot smell the truth hidden beneath the lies.*

She sensed the injustice. The so-called "stains" on Wayne and Jasper were likely misunderstandings or frame-ups, just like what had happened to me.

I decided to remain silent.

Let them scream. Let the anger build.

I would use this wave of public opinion.

On the day of my birthday banquet, when I officially announced the cast, the reversal would be that much sweeter.

For now, I shifted my focus to the music.

I opened my official account and typed out a new post.

“Three new singles. Releasing exclusively on [Stream Wolf] on the 21st. My birthday.”

To add fuel to the fire, I attached a screenshot of the voting PK between me and Caleb Stone.

I added a short, provocative caption: “Sit back and wait for the counterattack.”

I hit send.

A cold light flashed in my sapphire eyes.

I didn’t just want to beat them commercially. I wanted to crush their spirits.

(Caleb’s POV)

The recording booth at Gale Entertainment was finally quiet.

I took off my headphones, my throat feeling dry.

Zachary Grant and Hugh York stood on the other side of the glass, looking pleased.

“Excellent,” Hugh said, a smug grin on his face. “With this quality, you will definitely be a hit, Caleb.”

Zachary looked at his phone. “Amelia just announced her songs will be exclusive to one platform.”

Hugh laughed arrogantly. “Stupid move. We will release yours on every single platform available. We will drown her out with sheer coverage.”

I pulled out my own phone and saw the notification.

Amelia’s post stared back at me. “Sit back and wait for the counterattack.”

My heart clenched painfully.

Part of me desperately wanted to win this competition to prove I wasn’t useless. I wanted to show everyone I had value.

But another part of me was terrified.

If I won too decisively, if I humiliated her... would she hate me even more?

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

He didn’t want to fight our sister. He craved the pack bond we had lost.

The conflict tore at my chest.

“What’s with that face?” Hugh’s voice cut through the air like a whip.

I looked up. Hugh was staring at me, his expression darkening.

“Do you have a problem with our arrangement?” he demanded.

Zachary quickly stepped in. “He’s just tired, Mr. York. Caleb knows what’s good for him.”

I forced myself to swallow the humiliation.

“No problem,” I said hoarsely. “Thank you for the opportunity.”

Hugh walked up to me.

He reached out and patted my cheek. It wasn’t gentle. It was a stinging, disrespectful tap.

“Don’t forget who you are now,” Hugh sneered. “You aren’t the high-and-mighty Second Young Master of the Stone family anymore.”

He leaned in close, his breath smelling of expensive cigars.

“Now, you are just a dog we are choosing to feed. Bark when we tell you to bark.”

Hugh turned and walked out.

Zachary gave me a stern look. “If you want to turn your life around, if you want Amelia to ever look

at you with respect again, you have to endure this. Obey Mr. York.”

I clenched my fists at my sides. My nails dug into my palms until I felt the sting of blood.

But I lowered my head.

“I understand,” I whispered.

Zachary left, leaving me alone in the cold studio.

I dragged my exhausted body back to my rented apartment.

I collapsed onto the narrow bed. I hadn’t slept properly in days preparing for this release.

As I stared at the peeling paint on the ceiling, a thought drifted through my mind.

Mom hasn't called.

Livia Stone should have been back in Northgate City by now. But there had been no word from her.

Even Dad, Alpha Adrian, seemed to have vanished.

It was strange. But exhaustion crashed over me like a tidal wave. I couldn't keep my eyes open to think about it anymore.

Darkness took me instantly.

(Amelia's POV)

It was noon when I finished my work at the office.

I packed my medical bag, checking the vials of moonlight herbs.

It was time for Theodore's routine treatment.

My phone rang on the desk.

"I'm downstairs," Theodore's deep, magnetic voice came through the speaker.

"Coming," I said.

I grabbed my bag and headed down to the lobby.

Theodore's black luxury car was waiting at the curb. The window rolled down, revealing his handsome face.

I climbed into the passenger seat.

The scent of cedar and rain filled the confined space. It was comforting.

I looked at the powerful Alpha beside me.

"Theodore," I asked as he started the engine. "Since you came to pick me up personally, are we going to see Jasper and Uncle M? Do you want me to treat that mute uncle today?"

Theodore shook his head.

His eyes darkened slightly, holding a depth I couldn't quite read.

"No," he said softly. "Today we are going to see someone else—Theron Crimson."

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 319[954 words]

(Amelia's POV)

"You found Theron's location so quickly?" I stared at him in surprise.

Theodore offered a meaningful, almost wolfish smile.

"I always knew where he was," he admitted. "I just pretended not to."

I raised an eyebrow. "So, we are going to see Victor to put on a show?"

"Exactly," he nodded, his eyes gleaming with calculation. "I need him to believe he has grabbed my weakness."

My eyes lit up instantly.

What a cunning Alpha, Ava purred in my mind. *He controls the board while letting the prey think they are the hunters. It is intoxicating.*

She wagged her tail excitedly within my consciousness.

I chuckled, teasing him. "Theodore, you really are a master manipulator. You are going to act weak just to trap him."

"It is necessary," he replied.

"Interesting," I grinned. "Let's go then. I can't wait to see this performance."

We sat in the back of the luxury sedan as it sped toward the outskirts of Northgate City.

A small table was set up between us.

Theodore sliced into a piece of rare venison. The meat was red and juicy, providing the sustenance his wolf needed.

I placed my hands on his knees.

I closed my eyes, channeling warm healing energy into his damaged legs.

“Jasper contacted me last night,” Theodore said between bites.

I opened my eyes, surprised. “Your brother?”

“He wants to attend your birthday banquet,” Theodore explained.

“I don’t really know him well,” I said. “Why the sudden interest?”

“He asked specifically if Alpha King Gideon and I would be present,” Theodore said.

I understood immediately.

Jasper wanted to use my birthday to make contact with the Alpha King for the first time.

“He also said he is coming alone,” Theodore added, wiping his mouth with a napkin. “He isn’t bringing that rogue wolf, Uncle Mason.”

I continued guiding the warm energy through his nerves.

“What do you think he intends to do?” I asked.

Theodore paused, looking out the tinted window.

“I suspect a disagreement between him and his foster father,” he mused.

“They both want to act alone,” he continued. “Neither wants the other to face the dangers of the Crimson family.”

I was momentarily speechless.

I looked at the powerful man beside me with a sudden pang of sympathy.

Jasper and Uncle Mason shared a bond thicker than blood. They were trying to protect each other.

Theodore, the actual biological brother, seemed like an outsider in comparison.

“It sounds like you are the extra one here,” I noted softly. “They have a deep bond.”

Theodore shrugged, a self-deprecating smile on his lips.

“As long as my brother is safe, I don’t mind being the outsider,” he said calmly.

Seeing he was truly unbothered, I pulled out my phone.

I messaged the event planner immediately. “Add Jasper Calder to the official guest list.”

By the time we arrived at Victor’s private manor, the treatment session was finished.

The car stopped in front of the imposing gates.

I helped Theodore into his wheelchair and pushed him toward the grand entrance.

Vivian stood in the hall. Her face was twisted with resentment, but she forced a polite mask.

“My brother isn’t home,” she lied through gritted teeth. “You wasted a trip.”

Theodore didn’t even blink at the clumsy falsehood.

“Tell Victor this,” Theodore said, his voice dropping an octave. “Return Theron to the Pack’s sanitarium immediately.”

He leaned forward slightly, his eyes narrowing.

“If he doesn’t, your family’s assets in the Badlands will vanish overnight.”

A heavy Alpha pressure radiated from him, filling the room with suffocating intensity.

“Behave yourselves before I officially ascend to the throne,” he warned. “Or the consequences will be severe.”

Vivian flinched, anger warring with fear in her eyes.

She glanced at me, clearly wary of the ‘Shadow Queen’ reputation I carried.

She swallowed her fear and sneered. “The heir hasn’t been decided yet, Theodore. Don’t get ahead of yourself.”

Theodore laughed lightly.

“If you don’t believe me, feel free to keep gambling,” he said.

He signaled for me to turn the wheelchair. We left without another word.

“She has become cautious,” I mocked as we walked out into the sunlight. “At least she has some self-awareness now.”

(Vivian’s POV)

I watched the taillights of their expensive car disappear down the driveway.

My hands shook with rage as I pulled out my phone and dialed Victor.

“They just left,” I hissed the moment he picked up.

I recounted everything Theodore had said, word for word.

“What is the point of kidnapping that old fool Theron?” I demanded. “It is just bringing Theodore’s wrath down on us!”

Victor was silent for a long moment on the other end.

“It’s not just about threatening Theodore,” he finally admitted. “I am working with Garrett Crimson.”

My blood ran cold. “Garrett?”

“Are you crazy?” I asked. “Garrett is a snake.”

“I know he wants to use me as a pawn,” Victor said, his voice cold. “But I have already lost my standing with Alpha King Gideon.”

“So you are dragging Garrett down with you?”

“Exactly,” Victor replied. “And there is something you don’t know. Ronan isn’t Theodore’s full brother.”

I gasped. “What?”

“Theodore found his real brother. A kid named Jasper,” Victor revealed. “He has him protected.”

My head spun. This was dangerous information.

“Garrett’s plan is simple,” Victor continued. “He wants to use Theron to spread lies.”

“What kind of lies?”

“He wants to frame Gideon for the car accident that killed Theodore’s mother,” Victor explained.

“Why?”

“To trick this Jasper kid,” Victor sneered. “He wants the true brother to kill the Alpha King for revenge.”

I felt a chill run down my spine. “Garrett won’t play fair. He will betray you.”

“I know,” Victor said dismissively. “I am counting on it.”

“Since Garrett wants to use me, I will muddy the waters so much that no one can see clearly,” he said.

“If Jasper actually kills Gideon, Theodore will be blamed for regicide by association.”

“And if we fail?” I asked, my voice trembling.

“If we fail completely, we take the family and move to the Badlands permanently,” Victor stated.

“Theodore is ruthless, but he won’t truly chase us into that barren land to exterminate our family.”

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 320[1,010 words]

(Victor’s POV)

“Go to the Southern Wastelands... that is practically a death sentence of exile!” Vivian screamed, her voice cracking with hysteria.

Her face, usually a mask of haughty arrogance, was now twisted into a grotesque expression of pure terror.

For someone like her, accustomed to the opulence and power of the Northern Territories, that desolate place was a nightmare beyond comprehension.

I looked at my sister, watching her chest heave with panic.

My expression darkened, becoming solemn and grim.

“So, Vivian,” I said, my voice low and dangerous. “If you don’t want to be exiled to that God-forsaken wasteland, I cannot fail this time.”

Vivian sucked in a sharp, trembling breath.

She gripped her phone so tightly that her knuckles turned bone-white.

“Yes!” she hissed through gritted teeth, her eyes manic. “Victor, this time, you must win!”

I nodded once, then turned away.

After hanging up, I took a moment to compose myself before heading deeper into the villa.

I entered the secret chamber hidden behind the study.

Garrett was already there, lounging in a leather chair with a glass of amber liquid in his hand.

I sat opposite him, my face grave.

“Theodore just came to the door asking about his father’s whereabouts,” I said quietly.

Garrett’s eyes flashed with a sudden, ruthless light.

“You must hide Theron well,” he warned, his voice sharp. “That old man is the key to our entire plan.”

He leaned forward, the ice in his glass clinking.

“If Theodore finds him early, our plan to use Jasper to destroy Gideon will completely fall apart.”

I let out a cold breath.

“Don’t worry,” I promised. “I will never let Theodore find that cripple.”

I paused, a lingering doubt surfacing in my mind.

“Are you certain that the mute rogue, M, will actually attack the Alpha King?” I asked.

Garrett swirled his whiskey, watching the liquid catch the light.

A cruel, confident smile spread across his lips.

“As long as we produce irrefutable fake evidence that Gideon killed Theodore’s mother,” he said softly.

“That mad dog loved the former Luna more than his own life,” Garrett continued. “He will tear Gideon apart without hesitation.”

We locked eyes across the table.

Our gazes held a mutual understanding, each of us harboring our own schemes within the shared conspiracy.

We raised our glasses in unison.

It was a toast to the impending chaos and the throne we sought to steal.

(Amelia's POV)

The black sedan glided smoothly down the highway, putting distance between us and Victor's villa.

I turned to look at the man beside me.

"Your pressure on Vivian today will terrify Victor," I pointed out. "He is going to panic and become rash."

Theodore leaned back against the leather seat, his posture relaxed but commanding.

His eyes shone with a look of absolute control.

He offered a confident smile. "That is exactly my goal."

"Only when the prey is cornered do they take drastic measures," he explained calmly. "And in their panic, they will inevitably reveal their flaws."

I nodded in agreement. "A frightened snake bites blindly."

The car slowed to a halt at a busy intersection.

"I have business with Luke and Lewis," Theodore said, squeezing my hand briefly. "I will drop you off."

"I need to head back to Starlight Entertainment anyway," I replied. "There are documents waiting for me."

"We will go see Jasper together tomorrow," he promised before stepping out of the car.

I watched him leave, then signaled the driver to continue.

The moment I sat down in my office, my phone buzzed.

It was an encrypted voice report from Silas.

I tapped play, listening to his cool, efficient voice recount the latest intel.

“Adrian caused a massive scene at the Drake family estate,” Silas reported.

“Matriarch Octavia used the opportunity to stage a dramatic disownment,” he continued. “In the end, Adrian had no choice but to take Lyra back to the Stone house.”

I sneered, my fingers drumming a rhythmic beat on the mahogany desk.

It was obvious.

“Griffin is playing games,” I muttered to myself.

He was using this sympathy ploy to embed Lyra back into the Stone family just in time for my birthday.

That vile woman definitely wants to cause trouble at the banquet, Ava growled in my mind, her hackles raised. *We need to watch her.*

I soothed her with a thought.

Relax, Ava, I replied coldly. *If she dares to reach out, we will simply rip her claws out.*

My thoughts shifted, drifting to another loose end.

Livia.

My biological mother had been missing for too long.

Silas’s report mentioned nothing of her whereabouts, which was unusual.

I frowned, picking up my phone again to dial Rowan in the Meadow Brook Pack.

The line connected after two rings.

“Amelia?” Rowan’s kind voice came through.

“Rowan, has Livia been there?” I asked directly.

“She was,” Rowan confirmed, his tone serious. “She came looking for Ethan a while ago.”

“What happened?”

“Mother and son had a huge fight,” Rowan explained. “It was explosive. She left right after.”

“Where did she go?”

*

“We all assumed she went back to Northgate City,” Rowan said. “The Pack members saw her drive off in a rage.”

I felt a chill settle in my stomach.

Ethan was currently too busy trying to curate a ‘filial grandson’ image for the elders to care if his mother was dead or alive.

If Livia hadn’t returned to the Stone house, she was missing.

And in this timing, a missing Luna usually meant a trap.

Someone had likely designed her disappearance to create a scandal at my birthday banquet.

My eyes narrowed.

My adoptive parents, Jaxon and Seraphina, had prepared this event with love and care.

I would not allow anyone to ruin it.

“Come in,” I called out, hearing a knock at my door.

Anya pushed the door open, her expression flustered and hurried.

“Alpha,” she said breathlessly.

I looked up from my thoughts. “What is it?”

“Caleb posted a new update on social media half an hour ago,” Anya reported. “Have you seen it?”

I shook my head. “No, I haven’t had time.”

“I’ll look now,” I said, reaching for my phone.

I opened the app and navigated to Caleb’s profile.

His latest post glared back at me from the screen.

[I won’t let down my fans’ trust. This Showdown, I will absolutely win.]

Below the text was an image.

It was a screenshot of the voting page for our song battle, the bars neck and neck.

The caption and the image together were a clear, arrogant provocation.

One intended to ignite a war.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 321[1,334 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Caleb finally posted his official response.

Almost immediately, the social media accounts for my wolf pack were flooded.

It was like a dam had burst.

His fanatical fans swarmed into my comment section like a pack of rabid wolves, tearing into everything in sight.

I scrolled through the barrage of notifications, my expression impassive.

"Redberry Music? What kind of obscure trash platform is that?" one comment sneered. "No major streaming service wanted your garbage song, so you had to dump it in a grave?"

"You deserve to lose to Caleb," another wrote. "He is a star. You are a joke."

The insults grew more personal and vicious.

"You are so stupid, Amelia. If you had just forgiven Caleb, you could have had a mutually beneficial partnership. Instead, you forced him into the arms of Gale Entertainment. Now you created your own worst enemy."

Anya stood beside my desk, her face flushed red with anger.

She gripped the tablet so hard her knuckles turned white.

"This is unbearable," she spat, her voice trembling. "I used to have a shred of respect for him as an artist."

Now? He makes me sick.”

She pointed accusingly at the screen.

“Look at him! Playing the victim, begging for forgiveness one second, and the next he sells his soul to our enemies at Gale.”

Anya took a deep breath, trying to steady herself.

“He is even hiring paid trolls to disparage you,” she said, her eyes burning with indignation. “He is personally inciting his fans to attack us. It is low. It is dirty.”

I looked at her furious face and felt a warmth in my chest.

She was truly upset on my behalf.

I offered her a small, calming smile.

“Don’t get so worked up, Anya,” I said softly. “Anger clouds your judgment.”

Inside my mind, Ava let out a cold, disdainful snort.

This two-faced weakling, she growled, her fur bristling. *He only knows these underhanded tricks. His wolf spirit has long since rotted away.*

True, I replied silently. *But we must admit, his antics are driving massive traffic to our new song.*

Anya sighed, seeing my lack of concern.

“You have such a big heart, Alpha,” she murmured, shaking her head. “But maybe we should reconsider the release strategy? Should I contact some mainstream music platforms? We could try for a simultaneous release.”

“No,” I refused immediately. “Why give other platforms the advantage?”

Anya blinked, confused.

She didn’t know the truth.

It wasn’t that I couldn’t negotiate with other platforms.

I knew the mysterious owner behind Redberry Music personally.

In fact, under the name ‘Lily’, I had secretly purchased shares in the platform years ago.

I had always intended for this to be an exclusive release.

“Just trust me,” I said, my voice firm.

Anya looked at me, stunned by my absolute confidence.

Whatever doubts she had seemed to vanish in the face of my certainty.

“Alright,” she nodded, straightening her posture. “I will get back to work then.”

She turned and left the office, leaving me alone in the silence,

I leaned back in my chair, my fingers tapping rhythmically on the desk.

My thoughts drifted away from the music war to a darker subject.

Livia.

My biological mother had disappeared at this critical juncture.

It was too coincidental,

Griffin Drake had promised a “big show” for my birthday.

Livia’s absence had to be connected.

I frowned, staring out the window at the city skyline.

Adrian Stone was a madman, certainly.

He had already proven he was willing to kidnap Livia once before.

But would he really use his own mate as bait in a trap set by the Drakes?

I considered the man who had lost his finger and been kicked out of his own Pack House.

A cornered animal is dangerous.

For profit and a chance to regain power, Adrian might indeed betray his own mate.

I would have to wait for Silas to finish his investigation.

Night fell over the city, casting long shadows across the streets.

I finished my work and returned to the Pack House.

The dining room was filled with the savory aroma of roast beef.

We sat down for dinner, the atmosphere warm and inviting.

“Dad,” I said, looking at Jaxon. “Please prepare an extra invitation for the birthday banquet.”

Jaxon looked up from his plate. “For whom?”

“Jasper Calder,” I replied.

Seraphina paused, her fork halfway to her mouth.

“Jasper Calder?” she repeated, her eyes widening. “Isn’t that the actor trending online? The one playing the villain in the new show?”

She looked at me with curiosity.

“Is he a friend of yours, Amelia?”

“He isn’t a friend,” I said honestly. “He is Theodore’s biological younger brother.”

Seraphina gasped, nearly dropping her fork.

“Wait,” she frowned, confused. “I thought Ronan was his brother.”

“The Ronan you met was a fake,” I explained. “He had no blood relation to the Crimson family.”

Seraphina’s hand flew to her mouth.

“Oh, my Goddess,” she whispered. “So that fake brother conspired with your adopted sister to harm Theodore... it all makes sense now.”

Jaxon set his knife down, his expression serious.

“Amelia,” he said, his voice low. “Is it safe to tell us such sensitive information?”

I smiled at them, feeling a surge of affection.

“You are the people I trust most,” I said. “There is no need to hide it from you. Besides, everyone who needs to know Jasper’s identity already knows.”

Seraphina frowned, worry creasing her forehead.

“But the internet is full of terrible rumors about him,” she said. “They say his background is messy.”

“Those are lies fabricated by his rivals,” I stated firmly.

I took a sip of water before continuing.

“Jasper was an orphan lost to the world. He was raised by a mute rogue wolf named Uncle M, who survived by salvaging scrap.”

My voice softened. “He is talented, Mom. But his talent attracted jealousy from powerful people who tried to destroy him.

Once the show starts filming, I will find a way to clear his name.”

Seraphina sighed, shaking her head slowly.

“It is terrifying,” she murmured. “Without a powerful Pack backing you, it is so hard for an ordinary wolf to succeed in this world.”

I nodded, thinking of the many talented rogues in my own organization.

“It is,” I agreed.

Seraphina looked at me, her eyes suddenly glistening with tears.

She reached out and squeezed my hand.

“I just think of how much you must have suffered,” she choked out. “You were all alone for so long.”

I squeezed her hand back gently.

“I was lucky,” I reassured her. “I had my adoptive father Robert, I had Rowan, and now I have you and Dad.”

Jaxon cleared his throat loudly.

“Alright now,” he said, forcing a cheerful tone. “If you keep crying, the steak is going to get too salty to eat.”

He picked up a piece of tender beef and placed it on Seraphina’s plate.

We all laughed, and the family shared a warm, harmonious moment.

After dinner, Jaxon called me into the living room.

He handed me a small box.

“This is from Umbra Analytics,” he said proudly. “Our latest prototype.”

I opened the box to reveal a sleek device that looked like a smartwatch.

“It tracks your location and heart rate,” Jaxon explained enthusiastically. “But here is the kicker.”

He pointed to a small button on the side.

“In an emergency, this triggers a high-voltage current. It is strong enough to knock a grown man and his wolf unconscious instantly.”

He grinned.

“Don’t worry, it has a special insulation layer. It won’t hurt the wearer.”

I put the watch on, admiring the design.

“Thank you, Dad,” I said.

I spent the rest of the evening with Seraphina, finalizing the menu and decorations for the birthday banquet.

It was nearly ten o’clock when I finally went upstairs.

I walked into my bedroom quietly.

White and Green were already curled up asleep in their terrarium.

Black was nowhere to be seen, likely hiding in some dark corner.

I gently patted the glass of the snake enclosure, then grabbed my pajamas.

I went into the bathroom and took a long, hot shower, washing away the stress of the day.

When I came out, drying my hair with a towel, I checked my phone.

There was a notification on the screen.

A missed video call from Theodore.

I climbed into bed, leaning back against the pillows.

I tapped the notification to return the call.

The screen connected almost instantly.

Theodore's handsome face filled the display.

His golden eyes were warm as he looked at me.

"Today I found my Alpha friends and core members, told them about bringing you to dinner when you're free."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 322[807 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I stared at the phone screen, genuinely surprised.

Theodore moved faster than I ever anticipated.

"You already went to see them?" I asked, blinking at the camera.

Theodore nodded, his expression solemn and earnest.

"You mentioned last night that you wanted to meet my core circle," he said in his deep, rumbling voice. "So, I visited the Alphas and my key members early this morning to explain the situation."

I let out a small, awkward laugh, brushing a strand of hair behind my ear.

"I did mention it," I admitted. "But I thought we would wait."

I listed the reasons on my fingers.

"Jasper just got his identity back. Theron and Victor are still causing trouble in the shadows. The pack affairs are a mess right now."

I looked at him apologetically.

"I assumed this meeting would happen after the birthday banquet."

Theodore leaned closer to the camera, his golden eyes intense and full of affection.

"Amelia," he said firmly. "Anything concerning my mate is the most important thing. It cannot be delayed."

His tone brooked no argument.

Inside my mind, Ava stirred from her slumber.

She let out a low, satisfied growl that vibrated through my chest.

*That is right, she purred, her tail swishing. *A powerful male should always put his mate first. He knows the laws of the wolf.*

I felt a flush of warmth spread through my cheeks.

“Thank you,” I whispered.

We shifted the topic to our engagement banquet.

Theodore’s brow furrowed slightly with regret.

“That night was too chaotic,” he said. “It was too grand, too many eyes watching.”

He sighed.

“My Alpha friends were there, of course. But they didn’t get a single chance to speak with you properly. They have been pestering me to meet the legendary future Luna in private.”

“I would like that,” I said.

“What about you?” Theodore asked suddenly, curiosity in his gaze. “Who are your friends, Amelia?”

I paused, thinking.

The silence stretched for a moment.

“I don’t have friends in the traditional sense,” I answered honestly.

I counted them off.

“Silas is my subordinate. Rhys... he is more like a brother I grew up with.”

I glanced over at the terrarium where my snakes were sleeping.

“If you really want to count friends,” I joked dryly, “it is probably just my poisonous pets.”

Theodore looked surprised, so I explained further.

“Growing up, I had to survive. I had to learn medicine to prove my worth. I didn’t have time to build social circles or go to parties.”

A sudden realization hit me.

I thought of Damien.

“You know,” I said softly, my gaze drifting away. “This makes me realize something about Damien.”

Theodore’s expression tightened slightly at the name, but he waited.

“He always complained that I neglected him,” I said. “He felt cold and ignored. I think... I truly didn’t know how to allocate time for a mate.”

I looked back at Theodore, feeling a pang of guilt.

“Even now,” I confessed. “I have been back in Northgate City for a while, and we haven’t even had a proper date. I just work.”

Theodore’s face softened instantly.

“Do not blame yourself,” he said gently. “You carry a heavy burden.”

He smiled reassuringly,

“Besides, many people want to be close to you. My cousin Natasha, for instance. She worships the ground you walk on. She is just too afraid to disturb you.”

I smiled back, feeling the tension in my shoulders relax.

“I promise,” I said earnestly. “When the dust settles, I will take you to meet the people who are important to me. Even if they are just a few eccentrics.” We said our goodnights, and the video call ended. I placed the phone on the nightstand but saw the notification light blinking.

I picked it up again.

It was a barrage of messages from Natasha.

I opened the chat.

“Alpha! We are winning!” she typed excitedly. “We are crushing the charts on Redberry Music!”

She sent a string of angry emojis.

“Caleb is such a hypocrite. He plays the victim while stabbing you in the back. He is disgusting.”

I scrolled down.

The next messages were screenshots.

“He dropped a bomb, Amelia,” Natasha wrote. “Look at what this delusional man is offering.”

I opened the images.

They were chat logs between Natasha—who was pretending to be me—and Damien.

Damien’s messages were long and self-important.

He claimed he had prepared a shocking birthday gift for me.

“5% of the Blackwood Logistics Company shares,” he wrote. “It is a fortune, Amelia. It is security.”

But then came the condition.

“You must break your engagement with the cripple,” Damien demanded. “Come back to me. Be my mate again.”

I stared at the screen, and a cold sneer curled my lips.

To an ordinary wolf, or perhaps to the old Amelia Stone he thought he knew, this was an unimaginable wealth.

But I was the Shadow King.

I was the hidden owner of Moonlight Haven.

My personal wealth dwarfed the entire Blackwood family fortune.

“He is delusional,” I muttered to the empty room.

He thought he could buy me back with scraps.

I cracked my knuckles.

Following Amelia’s instructions, I began to type.

I didn’t hold back.

I drafted the message that would shatter his entire world.

I hit send.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 323[952 words]

(Natasha's POV)

I stared at the glowing screen of my phone, my thumb hovering over the keypad.

It was time to end this ridiculous charade.

I couldn't stomach pretending to be Amelia for one more second, not with this man's ego inflating by the minute.

My fingers flew across the screen as I typed out the brutal truth.

"Listen closely, Damien," I wrote. "The person chatting with you all this time hasn't been Amelia. It's me, Natasha."

I hit send and immediately started typing the next part.

"I was just helping the future Luna deal with your relentless harassment. She hasn't read a single word of your pathetic attempts at romance."

I paused for a breath, then added the final blow.

"If you have even a shred of self-awareness left, you will stop bothering her immediately."

I watched the "read" receipt appear.

The other end went silent.

Seconds ticked by, stretching into a minute.

Then, a reply popped up.

Six dots. That was it?

But then the messages started flooding in, fast and furious.

“You are haunting me like a ghost, Natasha!”

“I knew it. You are sabotaging my relationship with Amelia because you are secretly in love with me, aren’t you?”

“You’re jealous. That’s why you’re trying to destroy my chance at happiness.”

My jaw literally dropped.

I stared at the text, blinking rapidly.

This man’s narcissism wasn’t just a personality trait; it was a medical condition.

I scoffed aloud, attracting a weird look from my mom passing by the door.

My fingers twitched with the urge to strangle him through the internet.

“Only a ghost would like a delusionally arrogant Alpha like you,” I typed back furiously.

“I am doing this because I can’t stand seeing you act like a stray mongrel,” I added, not holding back. “You are barking at a door that will never open.”

“She is the future Luna of the Crimson Moon Pack. You are nothing but a nuisance.”

I took a breath and typed again.

“Since I have been the one replying to you this whole time, it proves that Amelia and you have zero chance of reconciliation. She doesn’t care, Damien.”

I prepared one last mocking insult about his intelligence.

I hit send.

A red exclamation mark appeared next to my message.

Message failed to send. You have been blocked by this user.

“That coward!” I hissed, grinding my teeth.

He blocked me? He dared to block me after accusing me of loving him?

Rage bubbled in my chest.

I wasn’t going to let him get away with this delusion.

I scrolled through my contacts until I found a specific number.

Penelope Blackwood.

I dialed the number and pressed the phone to my ear.

(Natasha's POV)

The line clicked open after two rings.

"Natasha?" Penelope's voice was sharp, sounding bored. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

I didn't waste time on pleasantries.

"Your brother is harassing Amelia again," I said, getting straight to the point.

Penelope let out a harsh, dry laugh.

"Tell me something I don't know," she sighed. "The boy is an idiot. I've told him a thousand times to give up."

"It's worse than just harassment this time," I said, my voice dropping lower.

"He's planning a grand gesture for Amelia's birthday banquet."

"Oh?" Penelope sounded skeptical. "Flowers? Another poem?"

"No," I said clearly. "He intends to gift her 5% of the Blackwood Logistics Company shares."

Silence fell on the other end of the line.

Then, a high-pitched scream nearly shattered my eardrum.

"WHAT?!"

Penelope's composure evaporated instantly.

"That little fool!" she shrieked. "I thought he was going to the office every day because he finally developed some Alpha responsibility!"

"He's been finalizing share transfers?" Her voice shook with fury. "He wants to give away our family assets to an ex-mate?"

"He thinks it proves his love," I said dryly.

"It proves he has brain damage!" Penelope roared.

She took a deep, ragged breath.

“Thank you, Natasha. Truly.”

“I will handle this immediately,” she promised, her tone turning icy and ruthless. “If Damien doesn’t know the value of power, then he has no business holding any shares at all.”

“Good luck,” I said.

I hung up the phone and exhaled deeply, sinking back onto my pillows.

Finally, the pest was handled.

(Amelia’s POV)

I walked into my office at Starlight Entertainment, the morning sun streaming through the glass.

I reached into my bag and pulled out the small positioning device Jaxon had insisted I carry.

It was a sleek, discreet button.

I placed it carefully in my desk drawer and locked it.

My father’s overprotectiveness was stifling, but I knew it came from a place of love.

I opened my laptop and logged into the werewolf community forums.

The digital world was on fire.

The top search terms were all related to me.

“Amelia Stone vs. Caleb Stone,” “The Billion Dollar Bet,” and “Lucas Lloyd’s Downfall.”

But as I scrolled, my brow furrowed.

New threads were popping up, darker and more malicious.

Someone was digging up dirt on Jasper and Wayne.

Old scandals, twisted truths, and outright lies were being spread to smear Starlight Entertainment.

“Boycott Starlight!” one headline screamed. “A company of outcasts and sinners!”

A cynical smile touched my lips.

Gale Entertainment was working hard.

Suddenly, the office door burst open.

Anya, my secretary, rushed in. Her usually anxious face was flushed with excitement.

“Miss Stone!” she gasped, clutching a tablet.

“What is it?” I asked calmly.

“Berry... I mean, the new producer,” Anya stammered. “She finished it. The song. It’s done.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“That was fast,” I noted.

“She’s a machine,” Anya said, shaking her head in disbelief.

I stood up and walked around my desk.

“Well then,” I said, gesturing to the speakers. “Let’s hear what she has created.”

(Author’s POV)

Fifteen minutes passed.

The door to the CEO’s office opened slowly.

Anya walked out, moving as if she were walking on clouds.

She was in a daze, her eyes unfocused and staring at nothing.

“Anya?” a colleague called out from a nearby cubicle. “Are you okay? Did the boss yell at you?”

Anya stopped in the middle of the hallway.

She blinked, slowly coming back to reality as if waking from a trance.

“No,” she whispered.

Her eyes suddenly shined with an intense light.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 324[1,161 words]

(Author's POV)

Inside the opulent headquarters of Gale Entertainment, the atmosphere was thick with arrogance.

Griffin Drake sat on the plush leather sofa, his expression cold and detached.

Across from him stood Alpha Arthur York and his illegitimate son, Hugh.

They were reporting the latest strikes against Starlight Entertainment.

Hugh paced the room, a smug grin plastered on his face.

"It's working perfectly, Mr. Drake," Hugh boasted, gesturing wildly.

"The boycott against *Rise of the Azure* is massive. They haven't even started filming, and the internet is already tearing them apart."

He let out a short, mocking laugh.

"Amelia Stone is finished. She has no idea what hit her."

Alpha Arthur nodded in agreement, satisfied with the public opinion manipulation.

However, the older Alpha maintained a shred of caution.

"We shouldn't underestimate her, Hugh," Arthur warned, his voice low. "The Stone family isn't easily toppled."

Hugh scoffed at this, rolling his eyes.

"Dad, you worry too much," he said dismissively.

"Once Mr. Drake makes his move at Amelia's birthday banquet, Starlight won't just stumble. It will collapse instantly without a leader."

Griffin finally looked up, his grey eyes icy.

“Stop fantasizing,” he cut through their celebration sharply.

The room went silent.

“Do you remember Director Kyle?” Griffin asked, his tone unreadable.

Hugh blinked, confused by the sudden change in topic.

“The fat guy? Isn’t he missing?”

“I saw Theodore and Amelia at the hospital the other day,” Griffin said quietly.

“That crippled Alpha... his aura was terrifying. I didn’t want to complicate matters right then, so I withdrew.”

Griffin’s fingers tapped rhythmically against his knee.

“In my haste, I left Kyle behind. He is a key witness.”

Hugh waved his hand, dismissing the concern entirely.

“So what if Amelia has him?” Hugh sneered.

“If she tries to use Kyle, we just spin the narrative. We’ll say she used rogue methods to kidnap and torture him to clear Jasper’s name.”

“Who would believe a confession made under duress?”

Griffin didn’t argue further.

He leaned back, his mind calculating the odds.

The evidence regarding the actress’s case had already been destroyed.

The key witness for the scandal involving the male star, Yves—his female assistant—was dead.

And Zoey? She was too terrified for her life to ever flip her testimony.

“Let’s see,” Griffin murmured to himself.

“I want to see how she plans to turn the tables against such overwhelming evidence.”

At noon, the sun hung high over the city.

Amelia pushed Theodore's wheelchair down the hallway of a modest apartment building.

They stopped in front of a familiar door.

It was Jasper's residence.

As soon as they entered, Jasper rushed over, his face pale with guilt.

"I am so sorry," Jasper blurted out, his voice trembling.

"The scandals... the negative press... I've dragged the company down."

Amelia raised a hand, gently interrupting his apology.

"Jasper, listen to me," she said, her voice calm and soothing.

"I chose you for the villain role in *Rise of the Azure* for a reason."

She looked him directly in the eyes.

"I investigated everything beforehand. I know those 'dark secrets' are nothing but slander from your competitors."

Jasper looked at her, stunned by her unwavering trust.

"Don't worry about the noise outside," Amelia continued with a faint smile.

"The current public outcry is just part of my plan. It's designed to make our enemies relax their guard."

She glanced toward the closed bedroom door.

"Now, I believe I promised to treat Uncle M."

Jasper's eyes widened in shock.

"You... you would still help him? After everything?"

"The misunderstanding is resolved," Amelia said simply. "I always keep my promises."

She watched Jasper's expression shift.

He looked like a kicked puppy, overwhelmed with gratitude and guilt, hesitant to speak.

Inside Amelia's mind, her silver wolf, Ava, let out a soft huff.

This kid's heart is too soft, Ava grumbled. *He is definitely not suited for lying.*

Amelia prepared to move toward the bedroom, but Theodore raised a hand.

He gestured to Marcus, who was standing silently behind the wheelchair.

Marcus stepped forward and handed a pristine envelope to Jasper.

It was stamped with the Stone family crest.

"This is an invitation to Amelia's birthday banquet," Theodore said.

Jasper took the invitation, staring at the wax seal.

"Thank you," he whispered.

"You are my brother," Theodore said, his tone gentle but laced with hidden meaning.
"There is no need for formalities between us."

Theodore paused for a beat, watching Jasper closely.

"Do you plan to bring Uncle Mason with you?" he asked casually.

Jasper stiffened slightly.

He fell into thought, his fingers tightening around the heavy paper.

After a moment, he shook his head.

"No," Jasper said quietly. "Uncle M... he has lived as a rogue for a long time. He isn't used to lively occasions filled with Alphas."

"That is a shame," Theodore said, feigning regret.

Then, as if it were an afterthought, Theodore spoke again.

"It would have been a good chance for him to see the Alpha King Gideon."

The name hung in the air like a thunderclap.

Jasper's body went rigid.

Amelia watched his reaction closely.

His eyes darted with a mix of suspicion and shock.

It was the look of a man suddenly realizing a horrifying truth.

The so-called “cursed bloodline prophecy” that had ruined his life... perhaps it wasn’t fate.

Perhaps it was a conspiracy silently permitted by the high and mighty Alpha King to suppress his mother.

Jasper remained silent, his jaw clenched.

He was clearly struggling with an internal storm of emotions.

But in the end, he said nothing, only gripping the invitation tighter in his hand.

Amelia left the brothers and entered the dim bedroom.

The air smelled of stale medicine and old age.

Uncle M lay on the bed, his eyes snapping open as she entered.

He looked surprised.

His hands moved quickly in sign language.

Why did you change your mind?

Amelia sat on the edge of the bed.

She opened her leather bag and took out several bottles of aromatic herbal oils.

Next to them, she placed a crystal stone etched with ancient runes.

“Do you still refuse to believe Theodore?” she asked calmly, answering his question with one of her own.

Uncle M’s eyes flickered with calculating light.

Amelia could practically hear the gears turning in the mute wolf’s head.

He needed a healthy body.

If he wanted revenge against the Crimson family, he couldn't do it while paralyzed in bed.
He couldn't let his disability delay his plans.

After a long silence, Uncle M raised his hands again.

If Theodore really punished Theron for Jasper...

He paused, his expression fierce.

If he really cut his own father's tendons, then I am willing to trust Theodore temporarily within this Pack.

Amelia's lips curled into a playful, knowing smile.

"My refusal earlier was just to vent some anger for Theodore," she explained.

"After all, you saved his biological brother. I couldn't really abandon you to your fate."

Uncle M nodded slowly.

He signed a brief expression of gratitude and closed his eyes, relaxing his body.

Amelia poured the oil onto her hands.

She placed her palms over Uncle M's key energy nodes.

Closing her eyes, she began to guide her healing energy.

She used ancient werewolf healing techniques, channeling power into his withered limbs.

She knew exactly what Uncle M was thinking.

His compromise was solely for the sake of revenge.

But that was perfectly fine.

It was exactly what she and Theodore wanted.

Just let him recover well, Amelia thought coldly as the energy flowed from her fingertips.

Uncle M, you just be a good pawn for Theodore to kick Garrett and Victor thoroughly out of the game.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 325[1,247 words]

(Amelia's POV)

The treatment session with Uncle M finally ended.

I wiped my hands on a clean cloth and packed away the herbal oils.

Uncle M's breathing had already evened out, his body relaxed in genuine rest for the first time in weeks.

I pushed Theodore's wheelchair out of the dim apartment.

The afternoon sun felt warm against my skin as we made our way back.

Marcus walked silently behind us, ever the vigilant shadow.

As the wheelchair rolled smoothly along the sidewalk, curiosity got the better of me.

"Theodore," I said, breaking the comfortable silence. "Can you tell me more about how your mother saved Uncle M?"

Theodore's golden eyes flickered with memory.

He was quiet for a moment, as if sorting through old fragments of the past.

"My mother mentioned it once," he began, his voice carrying a note of sadness. "Uncle M was forcibly given a highly corrosive wolfsbane potion."

I felt my stomach turn at the thought.

"The poison didn't just burn his throat," Theodore continued. "It completely destroyed his vocal cords. Even our werewolf healing couldn't repair the damage."

His fingers tightened slightly on the armrest of his wheelchair.

"Mother found him barely alive. She saved him and personally arranged for someone to teach him sign language."

I listened intently, my heart aching for what that poor wolf had endured.

“She wanted to give him a normal job within the territory,” Theodore said. “Something suitable for a mute wolf. But Uncle M refused.”

“He refused?”

Theodore nodded.

“He insisted on staying by her side. He took a blood oath to become her protector.”

The weight of those words settled between us. A blood oath was sacred, binding unto death.

My mind immediately jumped to another connection.

“The Winter Guard,” I said slowly. “Your elite squad. Are they also wolves your mother once saved?”

Theodore’s lips curved into a faint smile.

“I’ve had the same suspicion,” he admitted. “But I’ve never tried to confirm it.”

I understood why.

Some loyalties were too sacred to question.

It reminded me of my own organization, the network of wolves who had pledged themselves to me.

Many had been broken, desperate souls I’d rescued or shown kindness to.

“Loyalty is often born from redemption after despair,” Ava murmured in my mind.
“Just like Silas with you, Amelia.”

She was right.

The strongest bonds were forged in the darkest moments.

(Author’s POV)

After Theodore and Amelia left, the apartment fell into heavy silence.

Only Jasper and Uncle M remained in the dimly lit space.

Uncle M’s weathered hands moved quickly in sign language.

Are you planning to attend Amelia's birthday banquet?

Jasper looked up, startled,

Of course Uncle M had heard the entire conversation with his enhanced wolf hearing.

Jasper carefully folded the elegant invitation bearing the Stone family crest.

He nodded slowly.

But he didn't tell Uncle M the truth.

In reality, Jasper wanted to infiltrate the banquet to observe Alpha King Gideon up close.

He needed to see for himself what kind of man held such absolute power.

Instead, he lied smoothly.

"I want to thank Amelia for giving me the acting opportunity," Jasper said. "I should attend to show my gratitude."

Uncle M's ancient eyes studied him.

Those eyes had seen too much suffering to be easily fooled.

His hands moved again.

Why not get me an invitation as well?

Jasper's expression grew troubled.

"Uncle M," he said carefully. "I don't want Amelia's birthday celebration to be ruined."

He paused, choosing his words with care.

"If you want revenge on the Alpha King, you should find another opportunity. The security that day will be impenetrable."

Uncle M fell into deep thought.

He knew the boy was right.

Striking at a heavily guarded banquet would be suicide.

Perhaps he should wait for Theodore and Amelia's official Mating Ceremony instead.

That event would provide better opportunities.

But first, he needed confirmation.

He needed absolute proof that Alpha King Gideon had orchestrated Jasper's mother's death.

If the old bastard was truly responsible, Uncle M would make him pay.

Finally, his hands moved in a solemn promise.

To repay Amelia for treating my illness, I won't cause trouble at her birthday banquet.

Jasper felt relief wash through him.

This bought him time to investigate his mother's death himself.

Time to uncover the truth before Uncle M did something irreversible.

(Amelia's POV)

I returned to the Pack House as evening shadows lengthened across the grounds.

The moment I stepped through the door, Mother Seraphina grabbed my hand excitedly.

"Amelia! Come see! The dress is finished!"

She practically dragged me toward the sitting room.

Alpha Jaxon followed behind us, shaking his head with fond exasperation.

"Your mother has been staring at that dress for hours," he teased. "Like a mother wolf guarding her most

precious treasure, waiting for you to come home."

I laughed at the image.

In the sitting room, my breath caught.

The gown was stunning.

It was a pale blue strapless design with delicate embroidery that shimmered like moonlight on a wolf's silver fur.

The fabric was premium silk, flowing like water.

The final result exceeded even the beautiful design sketches.

“Mother, this is absolutely breathtaking,” I said sincerely. “Your taste is impeccable.”

Seraphina’s cheeks flushed with pleasure.

She looked both shy and proud at the same time.

“I’m going to advertise your design studio at the birthday banquet,” I declared. “I truly believe your work will become a top luxury brand in the werewolf fashion world.”

Seraphina’s eyes shone with renewed confidence.

“Then all your future gowns will be personally designed by me,” she promised warmly.

Jaxon cleared his throat loudly.

“What about your poor mate?” he asked pitifully. “Can I get some custom menswear too?”

Seraphina waved him off dismissively.

“My energy is limited, dear. Amelia comes first.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at Father Jaxon’s wounded expression.

“You’re such a possessive Alpha,” I teased him. “Can’t even share your mate’s attention with your own daughter,” Jaxon sighed dramatically.

“Ever since you came home, my status has plummeted,” he complained, though his eyes were warm with affection.

The playful banter filled the room with warmth.

From the doorway, Molly the cook called out cheerfully.

“Dinner is ready! Come to the dining room, everyone!”

She paused, watching our little family scene with a soft smile.

This vast villa finally felt like a true home.

Dinner was a feast of roasted venison and seasonal vegetable salad.

The meat was perfectly seasoned, tender and rich.

After the meal, I went to the greenhouse in the backyard.

I carefully tended to my precious moonlight herbs, checking each plant's progress.

When I finally returned to my bedroom, my phone rang.

Silas's name flashed on the screen.

"Report," I said, settling into the chair by my window.

"I've completed the investigation on Hugh York and his mother Tanya," Silas began.

Her voice was crisp and professional.

"Tanya was an excellent student in her youth. She came from poverty and received financial aid to attend school."

I listened carefully, already sensing where this was going.

"That's how she met Alpha Arthur York. She became his mistress."

"After becoming Luna of the Gale Pack, her behavior was extremely submissive," Silas continued. "To secure her position and Hugh's inheritance rights, she actively helped Arthur find young, beautiful female wolves."

My stomach turned with disgust.

"She never once opposed Arthur's wishes," Silas finished.

I felt revulsion crawl up my spine,

This woman had sacrificed every shred of dignity for power and wealth.

She had no bottom line, no moral boundaries.

"It will be difficult to find a weakness in her," I said, thinking aloud. "She's too calculating."

"Perhaps," Silas agreed. "But her son is a different story."

My interest sharpened immediately.

"Tell me about Hugh."

There was a pause on the other end of the line.

When Silas spoke again, her voice had dropped to a dangerous low.

“Amelia, this Hugh isn’t as simple as he appears on the surface.”

I straightened in my chair.

“He has a shocking crime on his hands. A murder.”

My eyes went cold instantly.

In my mind, Ava released a bloodthirsty growl.

“Good,” she snarled. “If there’s blood on his hands, we’ll follow the scent and tear him apart.”

“*

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 326[1,036 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I stood by the window, watching snowflakes drift down from the darkening sky.

Silas’s voice came through the phone, cold and sharp.

The more I listened, the darker my expression became.

“Hugh York carries a heavy blood debt,” Silas reported. “Two years ago, he drove drunk through the edge of Pack territory. He hit a family of three.”

My fingers tightened on the phone.

“One of them was a newborn baby, barely a month old.”

Ice flooded my veins.

“The victims were ordinary Pack members,” Silas continued. “No power, no connections. Alpha Arthur York used money and influence to bury the entire incident.”

I closed my eyes, fighting the rage building in my chest.

“The victims’ families included four elderly parents. They tried to seek justice but were blocked at every turn.”

“Two of them died six months ago,” Silas said quietly. “Depression and despair killed them.”

My jaw clenched so hard it hurt.

Silas’s voice dropped even lower, carrying a bone-chilling coldness.

“According to witnesses, Hugh showed no remorse from the moment he killed them until the case was buried.”

I felt Ava stirring violently in my mind.

“He even bragged about it at a private party,” Silas finished. “He told his drinking buddies that the baby’s

skull was surprisingly tough. When his car ran over the infant, it only broke the neck instead of crushing the head completely,” Rage exploded through me like wildfire.

“AMELIA!” Ava roared in my mind. *“This cold-blooded beast doesn’t deserve to live! I want to bite through his throat myself! I want him to hear his own bones breaking!”*

I forced myself to breathe slowly, calming Ava’s murderous fury.

“I want to know how tough Hugh’s bones really are,” I said coldly to Silas. “Let’s see if he can withstand being hit by a car.”

“Should I collect evidence?” Silas asked. “We could send him to human prison or the werewolf council’s tribunal.”

“No,” I said flatly. “That’s too easy for him.”

Blood debt must be paid in blood.

“We have Glenda,” I continued. “Eventually, she’ll carry out this revenge. After she kills him, she can take the blame.”

Silas made a sound of understanding.

“But before that happens,” I said, my voice dropping to a dangerous whisper, “I’m going to teach Hugh a lesson tonight. To calm my rage.”

“He’s at Night City club right now,” Silas reported. “In a VIP suite with Griffin Drake.”

Perfect.

I ended the call just as my phone rang again.

Theodore's name flashed on the screen for a video call.

I answered briefly, keeping my face calm.

"I have something urgent tonight," I said quickly. "Not convenient for video."

Before Theodore could respond, I grabbed my car keys.

I drove alone into the night, heading toward Night City.

The snow fell heavier as I navigated through traffic.

My hands were steady on the wheel, but inside, Ava paced like a caged predator.

"We're going to make him pay," she growled.

"Yes," I agreed silently. "We are."

(Author's POV)

At nine o'clock that evening, Night City club blazed with neon lights.

Music pounded through the walls, loud enough to shake the floor.

Jade received Griffin's call and hurried to the luxurious VIP suite.

The moment she pushed open the door, she froze.

Celine sat obediently in the corner, wearing a revealing halter dress.

The scars on her face had completely disappeared, restoring her former beauty.

She was pouring wine with downcast eyes.

Jade forced anger onto her face and walked to Griffin's side.

She wrapped her arms around his possessively.

"Why is she here?" Jade demanded.

Celine immediately lowered her head even further.

“I’m just here because Griffin took me in to do work,” she said humbly.

“Shut up!” Jade snapped coldly.

Celine fell silent instantly.

Ever since Griffin had kicked her viciously for speaking out of turn, she’d learned complete obedience.

She knew she had no right to talk back to Griffin’s future Luna.

“She’s just here to report on work,” Griffin said dismissively.

Jade deliberately acted like a jealous girlfriend.

“She’s not behaving herself,” Jade accused, pointing at Celine.

Hugh, sitting nearby, spoke up to please Griffin.

“Miss Jade, you should be more generous,” he said smoothly. “As long as you secure your position as

Luna, the rest doesn’t matter.”

Lucas was staring at the docile Celine with lecherous eyes.

“She’s so obedient it makes my heart ache,” he said with a lewd grin.

He turned to Griffin.

“Can I have her?”

Bitterness and humiliation flooded through Celine’s heart.

But her face maintained a soft, compliant smile.

“If Griffin agrees, I’m willing to follow Mr. Lucas,” she said quietly.

Griffin’s voice was utterly cold.

“Whatever.”

He spoke as if discussing a piece of furniture.

Lucas was overjoyed.

He pulled Celine roughly into his lap.

Celine quickly adjusted her emotions and nestled against him.

The men in the room laughed and made crude jokes.

Lucas patted Celine's thigh possessively.

"When we win this bet about destroying Amelia's reputation," he declared loudly, "I'll have you sit on my lap. You can watch that arrogant bitch kneel on the ground and lick my shoes."

The room erupted in laughter.

Jade watched the men treating women like playthings.

A flash of disgust crossed her eyes, gone in an instant.

(Author's POV)

The atmosphere in the suite was heating up when Griffin's Beta burst through the door.

His expression was urgent.

"Boss," he reported quickly. "Amelia just arrived at Night City. She's downstairs asking for Hugh's location.

Theodore isn't with her."

Griffin's brow furrowed deeply.

His Alpha instincts screamed that something was wrong.

Why would Amelia dare to enter Drake territory alone?

What was her purpose?

Hugh looked shocked when he heard Amelia was looking for him.

Then understanding dawned on his face.

“It must be because I exposed Jasper and Wayne’s scandals online,” he said confidently. “She’s here for revenge.”

Jade’s heart tightened with worry.

She knew Amelia had come to seek justice for the dead.

But attacking enemies in their own stronghold seemed unwise.

Celine, still nestled in Lucas’s lap, felt secret glee.

She’s walking into a trap, Celine thought viciously. *She’s seeking her own death.*

Hugh laughed coldly with contempt.

“On Griffin’s territory, a lone she-wolf can’t cause any real trouble,” he said arrogantly.

He turned to Griffin with a smirk.

“Let her come to the suite. I want to see what she’s capable of. We can humiliate her while we’re at it.”

Griffin felt lingering doubt.

But he agreed that on his own turf, there was nothing to fear.

His expression remained blank as he gave orders to his assistant.

“Tell the staff downstairs,” he said flatly. “Inform Amelia that Hugh is in this suite. Bring her up.”

Celine stared at the door.

Her eyes glittered with malicious anticipation.

She couldn’t wait to see Amelia humiliated and broken.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 327[906 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I followed the waiter through the winding, dimly lit corridors of the Night City club. The pounding bass from the dance floor faded into a dull throb beneath my feet as we entered the exclusive VIP sector.

Finally, the waiter stopped. He gestured nervously toward a heavy mahogany door at the end of the hall. It was slightly ajar. A clear invitation. Or a trap.

They obviously wanted me to walk right in.

My werewolf hearing picked up the sounds from inside instantly. The noise of clinking glasses and raucous laughter grated against my eardrums.

“I bet she’s shaking in her boots right now,” a rough voice sneered. “She’s not coming here to cause trouble for Hugh York. She’s coming to get on her knees.”

“Begging for mercy?” another voice chimed in, followed by a vulgar snort. “Please. If that bitch Amelia really wants to save Starlight Entertainment, she shouldn’t be begging Hugh. She should be crawling to Griffin Drake.”

Laughter erupted, thick with malice and arrogance.

These filthy mongrels, Ava growled in the back of my mind. Her fur bristled, and I felt her claws itching to extend beneath my skin. *Their scent is revolting, Amelia. It smells like rotting meat and cheap ambition. Let me out. Let me tear their throats out.*

Patience, I soothed her silently, though my own blood ran cold with calculated fury. *Let them laugh. It makes the silence afterwards so much sweeter.*

I adjusted the cuffs of my jacket, my expression hardening into a mask of ice.

(Author’s POV)

Amelia stood at the threshold, her sapphire eyes sweeping over the scene.

Behind her, a dozen burly men in black suits had silently emerged from the shadows of the corridor, blocking her retreat. They crossed their arms, muscles bulging, clearly intending to intimidate.

The waiter looked at her with pity, as if she were a lamb walking into a slaughterhouse.

Amelia found the look ridiculous. She didn’t need pity. She needed targets.

She pushed the door open and stepped inside without a hint of hesitation.

The VIP box was opulent, filled with the scent of expensive cigars and heavy perfume. Lucas Lloyd was the first thing she saw. He was lounging on a side sofa, his arm draped possessively around Celine Stone.

“Look who decided to show up,” Lucas mocked, his eyes gleaming with cruelty. “Ready to pay sins? Celine is going to enjoy watching you crawl tonight.”

Celine leaned into him, her blue eyes filled with venomous triumph. In her mind, Amelia was a fool. Without the Stone family’s protection, walking into Drake territory was suicide.

“You’re finally going to get what you deserve,” Celine hissed. “No one is coming to save you tonight.”

On the main leather sofa sat Griffin Drake. He didn’t speak immediately. He just watched Amelia, swirling the amber liquid in his glass. His gaze was that of a predator assessing a particularly foolish rabbit.

He found her arrogance amusing. Did she really think she could just walk in here?

Jade York sat in the corner. She held a glass of wine, her knuckles white as she gripped the stem. Her face was a mask of forced calm, but her heart was hammering against her ribs. She kept glancing between Amelia and the door, terrified for her ally.

Hugh York stood up from the bar, swaying slightly. He held a crystal goblet, a smirk plastering his face.

“Well, well,” Hugh drawled, taking a step toward her. “Are you here to beg, Amelia? If you get down on the floor right now, maybe I’ll consider leaving Starlight with a few scraps.”

Amelia’s lips curved into a cold, sharp smile.

Her eyes darted around the room, scanning the corners and the ceiling. No red blinking lights. No hidden lenses in the vents.

This was a private VIP box designed for illicit deals. There were absolutely no surveillance cameras.

Perfect.

Without video evidence, whatever happened in this room would be nothing more than a story. She could use the neurotoxins she had prepared. She could make them see demons if she wanted to.

“Beg?” Amelia asked, her voice smooth and calm.

She casually smoothed out a wrinkle on her sleeve.

“No, Hugh. I’m not here to beg.” She looked him dead in the eye. “I’m just here to see exactly how hard your skull is.”

The room went silent for a second before Lucas burst out laughing.

“Are you blind?” Lucas jeered. “Look around you! You’re surrounded by elite wolf warriors. You’re completely insane.”

Griffin finally spoke. His voice was deep, carrying the weight of the Drake family’s authority.

“You have spirit, I’ll give you that,” Griffin said lazily. “But this is my territory. Once you step in here, the rules are mine. You think you can cause a scene and just walk away?”

Amelia didn’t flinch. Her smile widened, revealing a glimpse of teeth that looked dangerously sharp. I can’t lift my arm!”

Panic exploded in the room.

This wasn’t a power outage. This was an attack.

Hugh stood frozen in the dark. The numbness was spreading. His heart hammered against his ribs so hard he thought it might burst.

He couldn’t see anything. He was blind, defenseless, and surrounded by unseen danger.

The bravado he had displayed seconds ago evaporated, replaced by a primal, suffocating fear.

Something moved in the darkness behind him.

He felt a presence. Cold. Lethal.

“Very scared?”

The voice was a whisper, right against his ear.

It was Amelia.

But it didn’t sound like the woman who had walked in. It sounded like a demon climbing out of the abyss, soft and mocking.

Hugh’s blood turned to ice.

The fear gripped his heart like a vice, squeezing until he couldn't breathe.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 328[1,331 words]

(Amelia's POV)

My fingers tightened around Hugh York's scalp like a vice of steel. I could feel the frantic, rabbit-fast pulse beating against his temple beneath my grip.

"Tell me, Hugh," I whispered, my voice light and conversational, as if we were discussing the weather. "Exactly how hard is your skull?"

Hugh's eyes widened in the gloom, darting frantically from side to side. He tried to pull away, to shove me back, but his body refused to obey. The neurotoxin had done its work perfectly.

"W-what are you doing?" he stammered, his voice trembling with rising panic. "I can't move! My hands... my legs... I can't feel anything!"

"Paralysis is a fascinating thing," I mused, leaning closer. "You're trapped in your own meat suit, Hugh. Only your eyes and mouth work now."

I lifted my gaze to scan the rest of the VIP box. Even in the dimness, my wolf senses painted a clear picture of the pathetic scene.

Jade York was huddled in the corner, pressed tightly against Griffin Drake's chest. Her face was buried in his shirt, her shoulders shaking as if she were sobbing. To an outsider, she looked terrified. But I could hear her heartbeat. It was steady. Rhythmic. Calm.

"Are you scared, babe?" Griffin murmured, tightening his arm around her possessively. His voice dripped with protective arrogance, feeding his Alpha ego.

"A little," Jade lied, her voice muffled against his fabric.

Griffin puffed out his chest, his vanity stroked. He loved playing the savior, unaware he was holding a viper.

My eyes shifted to the other sofa, where the sight was even more pathetic. Lucas Lloyd, the man who had just threatened to make me crawl, was curled into a ball. He was practically hiding behind Celine Stone, gripping her shoulders and using her body as a human shield against the unseen threat.

Celine sat rigid, her face pale in the shadows. She didn't have a wolf, but her human senses were sharp enough to smell the fear rolling off him. A wave of her scent hit me. It wasn't fear. It was pure, unadulterated disgust. She despised him for his cowardice.

I looked back at the man in my grasp. I leaned in until my lips brushed his ear.

"Two years ago," I whispered. "Northgate Bridge. A rainy Tuesday night."

Hugh's breath hitched, a sharp intake of air that sounded like a sob.

"You were drunk," I continued softly. "You took the turn too fast. You hit a stray pup. His head shattered on impact."

I felt his body seize up, vibrating with a new, primal kind of terror.

"How... how do you know that?" Hugh gasped, tears spilling from his eyes. "Are you... are you here for revenge? Was that pup yours?"

I let out a short, dry laugh.

"Mine? No. I didn't even know him." I tilted my head, watching the hope flicker in his eyes. "He's just a convenient excuse for me to break you tonight."

Hugh's hope flared, desperate and pathetic.

"I can fix this!" he blabbered, spit flying from his lips. "I can give you anything! Starlight Entertainment? I'll use the York family resources to clear its name! I swear!"

He was pleading now, bargaining for his life.

"The blackmail on Jasper Calder and Wayne? I'll delete it all! Just let me go! Please, Amelia! I have money! I have power!"

I looked down at him with genuine pity.

"Your spine is softer than your tongue, Hugh."

Crush him! Ava roared in my mind, her bloodlust spiking. *End him now!*

My hand shot out to the table beside us. My fingers closed around the neck of a heavy wine bottle.

"Deal denied," I said.

I swung the bottle down with all my strength.

CRACK.

The sound was sickeningly wet. The glass exploded on impact against Hugh's skull. Dark wine mixed with bright red blood, spraying across the expensive carpet. Hugh let out a high-pitched, gurgling scream like a dying animal before slumping forward,

(Author's POV)

The metallic tang of fresh blood instantly filled the enclosed space. It was a scent that triggered the predatory instincts of every werewolf in the room, sharp and intoxicating.

Griffin Drake tensed, his grey eyes flashing dangerously in the dark, muscles colling to spring. But he hesitated. Amelia's methods were too strange—the paralysis, the darkness, the sudden violence. He didn't want to risk ending up like Hugh.

Amelia tossed the jagged neck of the bottle onto the floor. It clattered loudly in the silence.

"He'll live," she said indifferently. "If you get him to a hospital within the hour."

She turned her back on the bloodied man and walked toward the door. She pushed the heavy mahogany panels open.

The corridor outside should have been pitch black. But it wasn't.

Hundreds of tiny points of light flickered in the air. Fireflies. They swirled and danced, gathering together to form a glowing river of light. They hovered at eye level, creating a path that led straight to the stairs.

"Stop her!" Griffin roared from inside the box, his voice cracking with rage. "Guards! Seize her!"

But the bodyguards on the floor only groaned. Their limbs were heavy as lead, the toxin still coursing

through their veins. Not a single man moved.

Amelia paused at the threshold. She didn't turn around.

"Save your breath, Griffin," she called back, her tone mocking. "If I were you, I'd worry less about me and more about downstairs. Night City's reputation is bleeding out faster than Hugh."

Downstairs, the main dance floor was in complete disarray. The sudden blackout had killed the music and plunged hundreds of wealthy patrons into darkness. Angry shouts rose from the crowd, demanding answers from the management.

Then, a gasp rippled through the center of the room.

“Look! Up there!”

Heads turned. On the grand staircase, a river of light was flowing downwards. The fireflies buzzed softly, their bioluminescence casting an ethereal green glow on the woman walking amongst them.

Amelia descended the steps with the grace of a queen. The insects parted for her, lighting her way through the darkness. It was a scene straight out of a fantasy, beautiful and terrifying.

“That’s... that’s Amelia Stone,” someone whispered. “The one who controls snakes?”

“Now she controls bugs too?”

The crowd parted instantly. Burly Alpha warriors and arrogant socialites scrambled to get out of her way. They pressed themselves against the walls, eyes wide with fear and awe.

To walk into the Drake family’s stronghold, cause a blackout, and walk out guided by nature itself? It was a display of power that forced everyone to re-evaluate the weight of this female Alpha.

Back in the VIP box, the silence was heavy and suffocating long after Amelia had gone.

Griffin Drake stood in the dark, his chest heaving with suppressed rage. The humiliation burned hotter than any physical wound.

He let out a feral snarl and spun around.

He kicked the heavy marble coffee table with tremendous force. The stone slab flipped over, smashing glasses and sending expensive liquor flooding across the floor.

He strode out into the corridor. One of his elite bodyguards was just beginning to regain feeling in his legs.

The man was struggling to push himself up.

“Sir, I...”

Griffin didn’t let him finish. He raised his foot and stomped down hard on the man’s chest.

CRACK.

The sound of ribs snapping was loud and crisp. The bodyguard cried out, coughing up blood before collapsing again.

“Useless!” Griffin screamed, his voice raw. “All of you are useless waste!”

He looked around wildly. “Find out how she cut the power! Now!” he bellowed at his trembling Beta. “I want answers!”

He stormed down the hall, his entourage scrambling to follow.

A moment later, the backup generators finally kicked in. The overhead lights flickered and buzzed to life, flooding the room with harsh, unforgiving brightness.

In the VIP box, Celine Stone sat frozen. She looked at Hugh York, who was slumped on the floor, his head a ruin of blood and glass, whimpering softly. Then she looked at Lucas.

He was still cowering on the sofa, his face pale and sweaty, trembling like a child. He hadn’t moved an inch to help anyone.

Celine stared at them, her blue eyes cold and hard. A dark, twisted hunger curled in her stomach. Weakness was disgusting. She needed power. She needed to be the one holding the bottle.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 329[1,393 words]

(Author’s POV)

Lucas Lloyd waited until the terrifying woman was truly gone before he dared to move. He shoved Celine aside with frantic desperation, his hands trembling as he reached for the bleeding man on the floor.

“Hugh! Hugh, can you hear me?” Lucas dropped to his knees, his face pale with panic.

The force of his shove sent Celine stumbling backward. Her hip collided painfully with the edge of the heavy black granite table Griffin had kicked over earlier. She hissed in pain, gripping the cold stone to steady herself. She lowered her head, letting her blonde hair fall forward to hide the contempt burning in her blue eyes.

She had expected Amelia to be dragged out of here tonight. She expected blood, broken bones, and humiliation for the true-born daughter. Instead, she was surrounded by a room full of useless males.

Even Griffin Drake, the heir to the Drake Pack, the man she had idolized as a top-tier Alpha, was nothing more than a powerless spectator. This was his territory. Yet he had let Amelia stomp all over his reputation and walk out untouched.

Hugh curled on the alcohol-soaked carpet, clutching his shattered skull. Blood seeped through his fingers, dark and sticky against his pale skin.

*Help me..." Hugh wailed, his voice a pathetic gurgle of pain. "Stop the bleeding! Call someone! I don't want to die!"

Lucas scrambled up and mashed his palm against the service bell on the wall. He pressed it again and again, his breathing ragged.

Silence.

The intercom remained dead. The corridor outside was quiet. The blackout had thrown the entire staff of Night City into chaos. No one was coming.

Celine took a deep breath. She smoothed her expression into a mask of perfect, fragile concern.

"Lucas, the bell won't work," she said, her voice trembling just the right amount to sound helpless. "You need to call an ambulance directly. If we wait any longer, Hugh might actually die from blood loss."

Lucas fumbled for his phone, his hands shaking so hard he nearly dropped it on the wet floor.

On the other side of the room, Jade York stood up. She looked down at her half-brother writhing on the floor. Her expression was devoid of warmth. There was no pity for the blood they shared, only a cold, detached observation.

She didn't say a word. She simply picked up her clutch from the sofa and walked toward the door.

"Jade?" Lucas called out, bewildered, phone pressed to his ear. "Where are you going? He's your brother!"

Jade didn't even pause. She stepped over the mess of broken glass and wine, disappearing into the hallway without a backward glance.

Celine watched the door swing shut. She looked back at the panicked men running around like headless chickens. A deep, twisting sneer formed in her heart. These were the scions of the great families? They were pathetic. She tightened her grip on the table edge until her knuckles turned white. Weakness was a sin. She needed power. She needed to be the one holding the bottle.

Outside, the night air was crisp. A sleek black sedan was parked in the deep shadows across the street from the Night City entrance.

“Alpha,” Marcus murmured from the driver’s seat, his eyes scanning the street. “She’s coming out.”

Theodore Crimson had been leaning back against the leather seat, his eyes closed. At his Beta’s words, he sat up sharply. His golden eyes fixed on the entrance.

Amelia emerged. She was unharmed. Her stride was steady, her head held high.

The tension that had coiled in Theodore’s chest finally unspooled. He trusted her strength, but the instinct to protect his mate was a roaring fire he could never fully extinguish.

Moonlight seemed to cling to her. It wove around her figure like silver silk. As she glanced toward the shadows where he waited, her eyes flashed with a wild, golden luminescence. She looked like a queen of the night. A true Alpha female walking through her domain, guided by the stars themselves.

She is our pride, Logan growled in Theodore’s mind. The massive black wolf paced within him, radiating possessive delight. *She is our Queen. Those fools inside do not deserve to look upon her light.*

Theodore silently agreed. He watched her until she turned the corner and vanished into the darkness of the city. He remained silent for a long moment, savoring the image of her triumph.

“Let’s go,” Theodore said quietly. “Back to the Crimson estate.”

Marcus nodded and started the engine. The car slipped away into the night.

The atmosphere in the central control room of Night City was suffocating. The air smelled of ozone and fear.

The manager wiped sweat from his forehead with a trembling hand. He stood before Griffin Drake, terrified to deliver the news.

“Mr. Drake,” the manager stammered. “We... we found the cause.”

Griffin glared at him from the command chair. “Speak.”

“The bodyguards,” the manager said. “We found tiny bite marks on their ankles. The tox screen shows a rare paralytic agent. It seems to be from an insect. That’s why they couldn’t move.”

Griffin’s jaw tightened. Bugs. Amelia really did control bugs.

“And the power?” Griffin demanded.

“The main breaker was pulled,” the manager explained. “But the lock... it’s a triple-security system.

Fingerprint, facial recognition, and a rolling code. Someone bypassed it all in seconds.”

The manager swallowed hard. “Sir, unless it was a top-tier military hacking team, no one gets through that door. It’s impossible.”

Griffin’s face turned the color of a thundercloud. A hacking team? Just to rough up Hugh York?

No. This was overkill.

“She didn’t do this for Hugh,” Griffin muttered. “She did this to show me.”

It was a demonstration. She wanted to prove she could walk into his fortress, shut down his defenses, and leave whenever she pleased. She was humiliating the Drake family.

“What about the cameras?” Griffin barked.

The head of security stepped forward, looking pale. “All feeds cut out exactly one minute before she arrived. They came back online the second she left the premises.”

Griffin slammed his fist onto the console. Veins popped on his forehead.

He had underestimated her again. Amelia Stone wasn’t just a discarded daughter from the countryside. A lone wolf didn’t have access to this kind of tech. She didn’t have hackers and biological weapons at her fingertips.

“She has a backer,” Griffin hissed. “A powerful organization.”

That was the only explanation. That was why she dared to challenge the Drake family in the Northern Territories.

“Use the family network,” Griffin ordered, his voice cold and deadly. “Dig deeper. I want to know everything about her time away from the Stone family. Find out who is holding her leash.”

An hour later, Jade York arrived at her private apartment.

She was exhausted, but her adrenaline was still pumping. As she reached for her keys, she noticed a small, velvet box sitting on her doorstep.

She paused. Her instincts screamed caution. She didn’t touch it.

Her phone buzzed in her pocket. The screen flashed a name: Amella.

Jade answered. "What did you leave at my door?"

"A token of good faith," Amelia's voice came through, calm and clear. "Open it."

Jade nudged the box with her toe. "You put on quite a show tonight."

"Did you like it?"

"I liked seeing Hugh bleed," Jade admitted. "But you didn't do that for me. You have an angle."

"I'm a businesswoman," Amelia said. "Tomorrow, go to the Gale Pack House. There will be another surprise waiting for you."

Jade narrowed her eyes. "What do you want, Amelia?"

"The same thing I've always wanted," Amelia replied. "I want your shares in Gale Entertainment."

Jade laughed. It was a harsh, jagged sound in the quiet hallway.

"You're direct. I like that." Jade stared at the velvet box. "Listen to me, Amelia. If you can destroy Hugh... if you can ruin that bitch Tanya and her precious son..."

Jade's voice dropped to a venomous whisper.

"I will sell you every single share I own. I'll give them to you for pennies. I would rather see the family company burn to the ground than let that bastard inherit a single cent."

"Deal," Amelia said.

The next morning, the sun rose over a city already buzzing with gossip.

Social media platforms were exploding. The meticulously curated image of the elite families was cracking under the weight of the news.

Two headlines dominated every feed, pushing aside the trivial bets and singing contests.

****#Night City Mysterious Blackout#****

****#Illegitimate Son Hugh York: Hit and Run Suspect#****

The stories were trending in the top ten within minutes. The entire Northern Territory was waking up to the scandal, and everyone was talking about the impending storm facing the York family.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 330[1,138 words]

(Author's POV)

The anonymous werewolf forums were burning up. A digital wildfire spread through the community, consuming every feed and chat room. The topic was singular and shocking: the blackout at Night City.

Pack members and rogues alike typed furiously, dissecting the event. Night City wasn't just a club; it was a fortress of the Drake family in the Northern Territories. For thirty years, its lights had never flickered.

"It has military-grade power systems," one user posted. "I used to work maintenance there. Even if the main grid blows, the backups kick in within two minutes. A twenty-minute blackout is impossible."

"It's a disgrace," another replied. "The Drake family's security just got slapped in the face."

Curiosity about the cause was rampant. It didn't take long for the insiders to spill the tea. The name "Amelia Stone" began to appear in thread after thread.

"I was there," a witness claimed. "I saw her leave. She wasn't walking alone. There were fireflies.

Thousands of them."

"Fireflies?"

"Yes. Glowing bugs surrounding her like she was the Goddess of Light herself. It was terrifying and beautiful."

A blurry photo surfaced shortly after. The lighting was poor, taken from a hiding spot in the shadows. But the silhouette was unmistakable. A slender woman walked through the darkness, bathed in a soft, eerie glow of swirling insects.

The comments section exploded.

"How did she do it? Did she command the bugs to eat the wires?"

“Don’t be stupid. But seriously, hacking the Night City grid? That system has biometric locks and rolling encryption. You need a top-tier team for that.”

“It’s Amelia Stone,” a fan argued. “She writes bestsellers, composes hit songs, and heals the dying. Is it really so hard to believe she knows how to hack?”

While the discussion about the blackout was filled with awe, the second trending topic was filled with pure, unadulterated rage.

****#Hugh York: Murderer****

The tone here was vicious. Werewolf netizens were calling for blood.

“He’s a piece of trash,” one comment read, garnering thousands of likes. “He killed a family of three while drunk driving. There was a pup in the car! A newborn pup!”

“And he laughed about it,” another added. “I heard he threatened the witnesses.”

Insiders began to leak more details. The tragedy had happened late at night on a desolate stretch of road two years ago. The Gale Pack had used their influence and money to bury the truth. The victims’ families had been silenced, eventually dying of grief and despair.

“This is karma,” a user wrote. “First Starlight Entertainment, now this. Someone is cleaning up the filth.”

Then came the connection.

“I heard Hugh got his skull cracked open last night at Night City.”

“Amelia Stone was there. Hugh got beat. Do the math.”

“The Moon Goddess is watching,” a pious user posted. “If the law won’t punish him, she sent Amelia to do

it. I hope she broke every bone in his body.”

Even without direct proof of murder, the community had already passed judgment. If Amelia had indeed smashed Hugh’s head in, she was doing the Lord’s work. It felt like divine retribution.

In the lavish master bedroom of the York estate, the air was thick with the smell of medicine and fury.

Hugh sat up in bed, his head wrapped heavily in white gauze. Blood had seeped through slightly at the temple.

“Look at this!” Hugh screamed, his voice cracking.

He hurled his brand-new smartphone across the room. It hit the marble floor with a sickening crunch, the screen shattering into a spiderweb of glass.

“They want me dead! They are telling me to go to hell!” Hugh panted, his face pale and sweaty.

Beside the bed, Tanya sat calmly on a velvet chair. She held a porcelain bowl filled with warm cream of mushroom soup. She blew on the spoon gently, cooling it, completely ignoring her son’s outburst.

“Open your mouth,” Tanya said, her voice flat. “I didn’t show you the news so you could throw a tantrum. I showed you so you would understand the situation.”

Hugh turned his head away, refusing the food. His eyes were bloodshot.

“It was her,” he hissed. “Amelia broke my head open last night. Now this news leaks this morning? If this isn’t her doing, I’ll change my last name! I won’t be a York anymore!”

Tanya’s hand froze. She slowly lowered the spoon back into the bowl. Her eyes turned cold as she looked at her son.

“And what name would you take, Hugh?” she asked softly, dangerously. “Do you have another father in mind?”

Hugh froze, sensing the shift in her mood. He swallowed hard, realizing he had misspoken in his anger.

“Mom, I didn’t mean that,” he whined, his tone shifting to aggrieved victimhood. “I just... I can’t let this slide. I am the son of the Gale Pack Alpha! I was humiliated! Beaten like a dog! You have to help me kill her.”

Tanya placed the soup bowl on the bedside table with a sharp clink. She looked at him with a mixture of pity and frustration.

“Kill her?” Tanya let out a humorless laugh. “Hugh, use your brain. I want to destroy her too. But right now?

We can’t touch a hair on her head.”

Hugh stared at her, stunned.

“She walked into Night City,” Tanya explained, her voice trembling slightly. “She humiliated Griffin Drake in his own territory. She shut down their power. She walked out untouched. Do you think our family is stronger than the Drakes?”

“So we just take it?” Hugh asked, his voice rising in disbelief. “We just let her win?”

Tanya stood up and walked to the window, looking out at the manicured gardens.

“You are missing the point,” she said gravely. “She dug up the car accident from two years ago. That isn’t just an insult, Hugh. That is a threat.”

She turned back to face him.

“It means she has evidence. Real evidence. Enough to send you to a werewolf prison for life. Or worse, to the execution block.”

Hugh’s face went white. He shook his head frantically.

“Impossible,” he stammered. “Dad fixed it. He paid everyone off. He destroyed the surveillance tapes and the dashcam footage. There is nothing left!”

“There are no secrets that time doesn’t reveal,” Tanya sighed. “It only depends on who is digging. Amelia clearly has resources we didn’t anticipate. She might even be using the rogue information networks.”

“She’s just a country bumpkin!” Hugh spat, slamming his fist into the mattress. “I hope she dies! I hope she rots!”

Tanya looked at her son, seeing only a frightened boy lashing out. He didn’t understand the caliber of the enemy they were facing. Even Griffin Drake would have to rethink his strategy after last night.

She walked back to the bed and gripped his shoulder hard.

“Listen to me, Hugh,” Tanya said, her voice leaving no room for argument. “You are leaving. Today,”

“What?”

“You must go to Europe. Or somewhere far away,” Tanya ordered, her eyes intense. “You need to lay low for a while. Do not come back until your father and I tell you it is safe.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 331[1,510 words]

(Author's POV)

Tanya stood by the bedside, her eyes cold as she stared down at her furious son. Hugh sat propped up against the pillows, his face twisted in a snarl of defiance.

"I am not going anywhere!" Hugh shouted, his voice hoarse. "This is my home! The Gale Pack is my territory!"

Tanya sighed, stirring the bowl of warm meat broth in her hand. The steam rose in curling wisps, carrying the scent of rich herbs.

"Drink this," she said calmly. "Your father is currently reviewing the family assets. He is considering handing over the Pack's commercial management to you."

She brought a spoonful to his lips, her expression unyielding.

"But you have to be alive to inherit it, Hugh. If you lose your life fighting a battle you cannot win, you lose everything."

Hugh's eyes flashed with rage. With a violent swing of his arm, he knocked the spoon from her hand.

Clatter.

The silver spoon hit the floor, splattering broth across the expensive rug.

"I don't care about the business!" Hugh roared, spit flying from his lips. "I will stay here! I will kill Amelia Stone with my own hands! She is just a woman. I refuse to believe she can kill me!"

Tanya calmly pulled a tissue from the box and wiped the droplets of broth from her hand. She looked at her son, really looked at him, and saw only blindness. Anger had consumed his reason.

"You are a fool," she whispered.

She turned her head slightly toward the door.

"Harold."

The heavy oak door creaked open. Butler Harold stepped inside, his broad frame filling the doorway. His eyes held a flicker of concern as he looked at the bandaged Hugh, but his loyalty to Tanya was absolute.

"Madam?" Harold asked.

“He is too emotional,” Tanya said, tossing the tissue into the bin. “He won’t go willingly. Make him sleep.

Hugh’s eyes widened. He tried to scramble back against the headboard.

“Don’t you dare!” Hugh screamed. “Harold, I command you to-”

Harold moved with the blurring speed of a trained warrior. He closed the distance in a heartbeat. Before Hugh could finish his sentence, Harold’s hand chopped down sharply against the side of Hugh’s neck.

Hugh’s eyes rolled back. He slumped forward, unconscious.

Harold caught him effortlessly, hoisting the young man over his shoulder like a sack of grain.

“Take him to the car,” Tanya ordered, her voice devoid of emotion. “Drive him to the private airstrip. Do not stop for anything.”

Harold nodded and carried the limp body out of the room.

Tanya walked to the window. She pulled back the heavy velvet curtain just enough to watch the black sedan peel out of the driveway.

She had arranged this completely behind Alpha Arthur’s back. If Arthur knew she was sending their son away, he would be furious. But Tanya didn’t care.

She had clawed her way from nothing to the top of the Gale Pack. She had survived by mastering the art of reading people.

Her instincts were screaming at her.

Amelia Stone was not just a clever enemy. There was something deeply unnatural about her. A darkness that Tanya couldn’t quantify.

She had to get Hugh away. Even just for six months. He needed to survive until Griffin dealt with that woman.

The highway to the airport was a stretch of grey asphalt cutting through the dense forests of the pack lands.

In the back seat of the speeding sedan, Hugh groaned. His eyelids fluttered open. The hum of the engine and the vibration of the road brought his senses back online.

He looked out the window. Trees blurred past.

Realization hit him like a physical blow. He was being shipped off. Like a coward. Like a dog with its tail between its legs.

“Stop the car!” Hugh roared, lunging forward to grab the back of the driver’s seat.

Harold kept his eyes on the road, his grip tightening on the steering wheel.

“Young Master, please,” Harold said, his voice strained. “This is for your own safety. Your mother wants you to live.”

“I don’t need her protection!” Hugh screamed. “Turn around! Now!”

“I cannot do that,” Harold replied firmly.

“If you don’t stop, I’ll jump!”

Hugh reached for the door handle. He yanked it.

The lock clicked open. The wind roared as the door swung out, pulling at his arm.

“Young Master!” Panic seized Harold.

He slammed on the brakes. He hit the hazard lights simultaneously. The car screeched, tires smoking as it began to decelerate rapidly.

Before the car had come to a complete stop, Hugh kicked the door fully open.

“I will not run!” he swore to himself, his voice lost in the wind. “I am an Alpha bloodline!”

He jumped.

His feet hit the asphalt. He stumbled but managed to find his footing, adrenaline masking the pain in his head.

He stood up straight, triumph surging through him. He had defied them.

Screech.

The sound of tires locking up erupted from behind him. It was accompanied by the terrified screams of passersby from the sidewalk.

Hugh turned around.

His pupils contracted to pinpoints.

A dark sedan was rushing toward him. It wasn't slowing down. It was accelerating.

It was moving at a fatal speed.

There was no time to scream. No time to shift.

Thud. Crack.

The massive impact hit him with the force of a freight train. The sound of his own bones shattering was the loudest thing he had ever heard.

He was sent flying through the air. The world spun in a dizzying blur of grey sky and green trees.

He crashed heavily onto the unforgiving asphalt.

A gut-wrenching agony tore through him. It felt as if his organs had been violently rearranged inside his torso. Blood filled his mouth, choking him.

He couldn't move. He could only stare at the sky, his vision darkening at the edges.

Through the haze, he heard an engine revving.

He turned his head, his neck screaming in protest.

The offending vehicle had stopped. But now, reverse lights flared white. The car backed up, aligning its tires with his broken body.

Then, the engine roared. It accelerated forward again.

Terror, cold and absolute, washed over him.

In the final second of his life, a whisper echoed in his mind. A soft, feminine voice from the night before.

I want to see if your skull is hard enough.

It was his final nightmare.

(Jade's POV)

At 9:30 AM, I walked through the heavy front doors of the Gale Pack mansion.

The house was quiet, disturbingly so. I adjusted my bag on my shoulder, steeling myself for whatever awaited inside.

As soon as I stepped into the foyer, I ran headlong into her.

Tanya.

She was descending the grand staircase, dressed in an impeccable silk robe. Her face wore that mask I hated so much—a fake, hypocritical smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"Jade," she cooed, her voice dripping with artificial sweetness. "How can you bear to come back here?"

I looked at the woman who had driven my own mother to an early grave. She stood there, the mistress of the house, radiating a smug superiority.

I forced down the bile rising in my throat. I pushed away the disgust that threatened to show on my face.

"I live here," I said flatly.

Tanya tutted, shaking her head. She reached the bottom step and walked toward me.

"I heard about the conflict last night," she said, her tone shifting to one of mock disappointment. "In Griffin's territory, no less."

She stopped in front of me, crossing her arms.

"You are Griffin's fiancée, aren't you? Yet you allowed your own brother to get hurt. It is unbecoming of your position, Jade."

My hands clenched into fists at my sides.

"I only returned to see him," I said coldly. "I wanted to see with my own eyes how badly Hugh was hurt."

Tanya dropped her smile instantly. Her face hardened into a sneer.

"You have such a sharp tongue," she lectured, stepping closer. "Your temper is too much like your dead mother's. Too hard. Too brittle."

She reached out and flicked a stray lock of hair from my shoulder.

"That is why she couldn't keep Arthur's favor. Men want softness. They want a woman who knows how to show weakness, like an Omega. You will never learn, will you?"

I was about to retort, to tell her exactly where she could shove her advice, when a sound interrupted us.

Ring. Ring.

Tanya's phone buzzed in her pocket.

She sighed, an exaggerated sound of annoyance. She pulled the device out and glanced at the caller ID.

"Probably Hugh calling to throw another tantrum," she muttered, rolling her eyes. "He must have woken up."

She slid her finger across the screen and held the phone to her ear.

"Hello?" Tanya asked, her voice weary. "Have you arrived at the airport yet? Stop whining and get on the plane."

There was a pause.

The foyer was silent. I watched Tanya's face closely.

"What?" she asked, her brow furrowing.

The voice on the other end was audible only as a murmur, but it was cold. Impersonal. It was the voice of a stranger.

"Am I...?" Tanya frowned. "Yes, I am his mother."

Another pause.

"The deceased?" Tanya repeated blankly. "What do you mean, 'deceased'?"

I froze.

I watched the blood drain from Tanya's face in a single instant. Her skin turned the color of ash. Her hand began to tremble, the phone slipping slightly in her grip.

A chill ran down my spine.

I looked at her horrified expression, and a realization bloomed in my chest.

The "surprise" Amelia had spoken of.

It had already happened.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 332[1,189 words]

(Author's POV)

"Is Hugh York your son?"

The voice on the other end of the line was cold and professional.

Tanya's mind went blank instantly. The world seemed to tilt on its axis, the familiar surroundings of the Gale Pack mansion dissolving into a grey haze.

It took a long moment for her to find her voice. Her throat felt constricted, as if an invisible hand were choking her.

"Yes," she whispered, her voice trembling uncontrollably. "Yes, he is."

"I am calling from the Northern Territories Medical Center," the voice continued without a hint of sympathy. "Mr. York was involved in a severe vehicular incident at the intersection of Highway 4 and the access road."

Tanya gripped the phone so hard her knuckles turned white.

"He died on impact," the stranger stated flatly. "The condition of the body is... extreme. We require a family member to identify the remains immediately."

The phone slipped from Tanya's numb fingers and clattered onto the marble floor.

She felt as though her heart had been seized by a giant, crushing hand. The pain was physical, sharp and agonizing.

Her knees buckled. She swayed, grabbing the banister to keep from collapsing completely.

Jade stood a few feet away, watching closely. She saw the color drain entirely from Tanya's face, leaving it a mask of sheer terror.

It was a look of devastation Jade had never seen on this woman before.

Tanya didn't say a word to Jade. She didn't even seem to register Jade's presence anymore.

With a strangled sob, Tanya pushed herself off the banister and stumbled toward the door. She moved like a drunkard, blind to everything but her panic.

Jade narrowed her eyes. Curiosity warred with the lingering disgust she felt for her stepmother.

What could possibly break a woman like Tanya?

Jade grabbed her bag and followed. She had to see this for herself.

The drive to the Medical Center was a blur of speeding tires and reckless turns.

Jade followed Tanya's car, parking just as the older woman sprinted toward the emergency entrance.

By the time Jade reached the lower level, she knew. The heavy scent of disinfectant couldn't mask the underlying metallic tang of blood.

This was the morgue.

Tanya stumbled through the double doors. Her high heels clicked frantically against the cold tile floor.

Butler Harold stood near a gurney in the center of the room. He looked broken, his usual stoic demeanor shattered. Tears streamed down his face.

"Madam," Harold choked out, stepping forward to support her.

"Get away from me!" Tanya shrieked.

She shoved him aside with surprising strength. Her eyes were fixed on the white sheet covering the figure on the bed.

Her hands shook violently as she reached out. She gripped the edge of the fabric.

She ripped it back.

A collective gasp sucked the air out of the room. Even the medical staff looked away.

The body was a ruin.

The expensive suit Hugh had worn was reduced to bloody rags, matted into raw flesh. Limbs were twisted at impossible angles.

But the head was the worst.

It was completely crushed. The skull had been flattened, destroying any semblance of human features. It was a gore-filled nightmare.

Jade stood in the doorway, her hand flying to her mouth to stifle a scream.

Yet, Tanya knew.

A mother knows her child, even when they are broken beyond recognition. She saw the birthmark on his neck. She saw the familiar shape of his hands.

“No,” Tanya wailed.

The sound was primal. It tore from her throat, raw and bleeding.

“Hugh! My son!”

She collapsed onto the corpse. She didn’t care about the blood. She hugged the broken body, her screams echoing off the sterile walls.

For a long time, only her agonizing cries filled the room.

Then, the weeping stopped abruptly.

Tanya jerked upright. Her face was smeared with her son’s blood, her eyes wild.

She spun around and lunged at Harold. She grabbed him by the lapels of his jacket, shaking him violently.

“Why didn’t you protect him?” she screamed, spit flying into Harold’s face. “You were supposed to keep him safe! Why is he dead?”

Harold fell to his knees, sobbing openly.

“I tried, Madam! I tried!” Harold cried. “He was hysterical. He threatened to jump if I didn’t stop the car. I had to pull over.”

Tanya slapped him. “Then why is he like this?”

“He jumped out,” Harold stammered, terrified. “As soon as his feet hit the road, a car came from behind. It hit him.”

Harold’s voice dropped to a horrified whisper.

“It didn’t stop, Madam. The driver... she reversed.”

Tanya froze. The air in the room turned ice cold.

“She aligned the tires with his head,” Harold wept. “And she accelerated. She crushed him on purpose.”

Tanya's expression twisted. The grief vanished, replaced by a demon of pure vengeance.

"Who?" she hissed. "Who did this?"

"The Enforcers caught her," Harold said, trembling. "It was a crazy woman. She was laughing. Her name is Glenda."

Glenda.

Jade, standing in the shadows of the doorway, felt her blood run cold.

She knew that name.

Tanya released Harold, letting him slump to the floor. She turned back to the body, her eyes dry now. They burned with a terrifying, poisonous light.

"Call Arthur," Tanya commanded, her voice deadly calm. "Tell him to come collect his son."

She smoothed her hair, though her hands were stained red.

"I am going to the Enforcer station," she said. "I will make sure this Glenda begs for death. I will peel the skin from her bones myself."

Tanya turned and marched toward the exit.

She stopped when she saw Jade blocking the hallway.

"You," Tanya screeched, her composure cracking. "Did you know? Is this your doing?"

Jade stared at the woman who had made her life hell. She looked at the blood on Tanya's face, the madness in her eyes.

And she laughed.

It was a cold, sharp sound.

"Me?" Jade asked, shaking her head. "I don't have the stomach for this."

She stepped closer, looming over the diminished woman.

"But congratulations, Tanya. It seems karma has finally found you."

Tanya's face twisted in fury. "You bitch-"

"Save your breath," Jade interrupted coldly. "Hugh is dead. Your only son is gone."

Jade smiled, a cruel, satisfied curve of her lips. “That means I am the only heir to the Gale Pack now. You have nothing left. No son. No leverage. You are finished.”

Tanya let out a high-pitched scream of rage. She raised her hand to strike, but her body betrayed her. She shook too hard to follow through.

“I will kill you all!” Tanya cursed.

She shoved past Jade, stumbling down the corridor like a wounded animal seeking a fight.

Jade watched her go. She glanced back into the morgue where Harold was weeping into his phone.

She turned and followed Tanya.

Her mind was racing.

Glenda.

Jade remembered the conversation she had with Amelia. Griffin Drake had mentioned a subordinate named Glenda. Jade had passed that specific detail to Amelia.

Why would Griffin’s own person kill Hugh so brutally?

It didn’t make sense. Unless...

A chill settled in Jade’s stomach.

Unless Amelia had turned her.

If Amelia had orchestrated this, it was brilliant, but dangerous.

Using Griffin’s own pawn to crush the Gale Pack heir? It was ruthless.

But if the Enforcers dug too deep, this would be classified as a contract killing. Murder in the first degree.

Jade quickened her pace, her heels clicking sharply on the floor.

She hated Tanya. She was glad Hugh was dead.

But she couldn’t let Amelia go down for this. She had to find out the truth before the Enforcers did.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 333[1,418 words]

(Jade's POV)

Tanya was frantic. She grabbed the nearest Enforcer by the arm, her nails digging into his uniform.

"Where is the driver? Where is the investigation being held?" she demanded.

The Enforcer pulled away, looking uncomfortable.

"The case has been transferred to the civilian police station, Ma'am. Due to the nature of the... public incident."

Tanya didn't wait. She rushed back to her car.

I followed her. My hands gripped the steering wheel tight as I trailed her luxury sedan to the nearest precinct.

We stormed into the station.

"I am the Luna of the Gale Pack," Tanya announced to the desk sergeant. Her voice was high, bordering on hysteria. "My son was murdered. I want to see the killer."

The sergeant looked up, unimpressed by her tone but respecting the title.

"The suspect, Glenda, is currently under interrogation."

As if on cue, a heavy metal door buzzed open.

Two officers stepped out, dragging a woman between them.

She was handcuffed. Her hair was a mess, hanging over her face.

It was Glenda.

Tanya let out a shriek. She lunged forward before anyone could stop her.

"You!" Tanya screamed, grabbing Glenda's collar. "You are that crazy woman?"

Glenda didn't flinch. Her head lolled slightly.

“Speak!” Tanya shook her violently. “Who told you to do this? Was it Amelia Stone? Did that bitch pay you?”

Glenda slowly raised her head.

Her eyes were dull. There was no light in them. No fear. No anger.

She looked like a corpse that hadn’t finished dying. She stared right through Tanya, completely unresponsive.

The police chief stepped in, pulling Tanya back with a firm grip.

“Ma’am, control yourself,” he warned, his voice hard. “Do not obstruct an official investigation.”

“She killed my son!” Tanya pointed a trembling finger at the silent woman. “I want the truth!”

The chief sighed. He nodded to a younger officer holding a clipboard.

The officer looked down at his notes. He clenched his jaw, as if reading something distasteful.

“We have a confession,” the officer said stiffly.

Tanya froze. “What?”

“Glenda stated she crushed the victim’s head for revenge,” the officer read aloud.

“Revenge?” Tanya gasped.

“Two years ago, Hugh York was driving under the influence,” the officer continued, his voice steady but cold. “He struck a sedan. A family of three was inside. They all died.”

I watched Tanya’s face. She knew. Of course she knew.

“That family,” the officer looked up, his eyes hard, “was Glenda’s best friend, her husband, and their child. The York family used their influence to bury the evidence and rule it an accident.”

The room was silent for a second. I could see the officer fighting the urge to say Hugh deserved it.

Tanya’s face twisted.

“Lies!” she spat. “She is lying! My son was a good boy!”

She stomped her foot, the sound echoing in the station.

“You expect me to believe a woman would destroy her own life just for some friends? That is impossible!”

Tanya opened her mouth to scream more abuse, but her phone rang.

The sharp ringtone cut through the tension.

She snatched it from her purse. “Arthur!”

She put the phone to her ear, tears streaming down her face again.

“Arthur, you have to come. We must find the mastermind. Someone hired this woman. We cannot let them get away with killing our son!”

She waited for his roar of anger.

It didn’t come.

I watched her expression change. Confusion replaced the rage. Then, fear.

“What?” she whispered. “But... but Hugh...”

She listened for another moment. Her shoulders slumped.

“Yes,” she said, her voice hollow. “I understand.”

She hung up. The fire in her was gone, extinguished by whatever Alpha Arthur had said.

She looked at the chief.

“I will not be pursuing further details today,” she said quietly. “My husband... wishes to leave the investigation to the authorities.”

She turned and walked toward the exit. She looked small, defeated.

I followed her out into the cool night air.

At her car door, she stopped. She turned to look at me.

The grief in her eyes vanished instantly. Pure, unadulterated venom took its place.

“Do not think you have won,” she hissed.

She took a step toward me.

“You think because he is dead, you will have a good life? I will make your life a living hell, Jade. Arthur will never forgive you for being alive while his son is dead.”

I looked at her, really looked at her, and realized I wasn’t afraid anymore.

I let out a cold laugh.

“Think about it, Tanya,” I said softly. “Father has lost his precious son. I am the only heir left to the Gale

Pack bloodline.”

Tanya stiffened.

“Do you really think,” I stepped closer, “that he will kill his only remaining successor for a dead bastard?”

Tanya’s face turned white.

“You...” she choked.

“Even if he spares you,” she snarled, her voice trembling with hate, “I will not.”

She got into her car and slammed the door.

I watched her drive away.

I walked to my own car and sat in the driver’s seat. My heart was pounding.

I pulled out the small electronic device Amelia had given me. It was a signal blocker and tracker.

I took a deep breath to steady my hands.

I dialed Amelia’s number.

(Amelia ‘s POV)

I was in my office at the clinic.

The air smelled of antiseptic and the faint herbal scent of the medicine I had just used.

Theodore was sitting in his wheelchair across from me. I had just finished his acupuncture session.

My phone buzzed on the desk.

I picked it up. It was Jade.

“Hello?” I answered.

“Amelia,” Jade’s voice came through, breathless. “Hugh is dead.”

I didn’t react. I kept my face perfectly smooth.

“Glenda killed him,” Jade continued. “She ran him over. She crushed his head.”

“Oh my god,” I said, my voice pitching up in feigned shock. “That is terrible.”

I glanced at Theodore. He was watching me with an amused expression.

“Jade,” I said firmly, speaking for the potential listeners. “You need to be careful. Glenda is Griffin Drake’s subordinate. If she went crazy, it is an internal matter of the Drake family.”

I paused for effect.

“This has nothing to do with me,” I said clearly. “And it has nothing to do with you. Let the police handle

Griffin’s mess.”

I heard Jade let out a long breath on the other end.

“I understand,” she said. “I just wanted to tell you. I have to go handle the family chaos.”

“Stay safe,” I said.

She hung up.

I placed the phone back on the desk.

The room was quiet.

“So,” Theodore’s deep voice broke the silence.

I turned to look at him.

He was leaning back in his wheelchair, his golden eyes sharp and knowing.

“Is it true?” he asked.

I slowly began gathering my silver needles. I wiped each one carefully before placing it back into the velvet-lined box.

“Is what true?” I asked innocently.

“That you had nothing to do with it.”

I paused. Then I turned to face him fully.

A slow smile spread across my lips.

“I did not kill him,” I said softly. “My hands are clean.”

Theodore raised an eyebrow.

“But?”

“But I set the stage,” I admitted.

Theodore chuckled. “How did you get a loyal dog like Glenda to turn on her masters? To become a scapegoat?”

I walked over to the window. The city lights were beginning to flicker on outside.

“Glenda was sick,” I said. “Not just in the head. Her body was failing.”

I turned back to him.

“The Drake family uses people like tools. Over the years, she had accumulated enough toxins in her system to be in constant agony. It was a living death.”

I leaned against the desk, crossing my arms.

“I offered her a trade,” I explained. “I told her if she did this one thing, I would give her the antidote.”

Theodore looked at me, intrigued. “You would save a murderer?”

“The antidote represents freedom,” I said simply. “Either it cures her, and she is free from the pain. Or...”

My smile turned colder.

“Or she dies. And she is free from the Drake family forever. To her, both options were better than living as their slave.”

A soft rustling sound came from the partition.

Green, my small green snake, slithered out.

He moved quickly across the floor and wound his way up the leg of the desk. He nudged my hand with his cold nose.

I stroked his smooth scales absently.

Theodore nodded slowly. "I see. It was a desperate bargain."

He wheeled himself a little closer.

"However," he said, his tone serious. "Alpha Arthur is a vicious man. He will not let this go easily."

"I know," I replied.

"You had a public conflict with Hugh just last night," Theodore pointed out. "And today he dies in the street. Even with the confession, Arthur and Tanya will suspect you first."

I looked down at Green. The snake flicked his tongue, tasting the air.

My eyes narrowed slightly. The plan was far more complex than simple revenge.

"Theodore," I said, my voice low and calculating. "Why do you think I chose Glenda to be this knife? Just to find a scapegoat?"

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 334[1,187 words]

(Author's POV)

Theodore sat in his wheelchair, his golden eyes narrowing as he processed Amelia's explanation. He understood her intent immediately.

"Griffin Drake will never allow the investigation into Hugh York's death to deepen," Theodore said, his voice low and resonant. "Glenda was not merely a convenient scapegoat you found on the street. She was a pawn Griffin had placed in the shadows years ago."

He looked at Amelia, a flicker of admiration crossing his face.

“If the police or the Pack Enforcers dug into Glenda’s background, they wouldn’t just find a grieving widow seeking revenge,” he continued. “They might follow the trail right back to the dirty work Griffin had her do. Human trafficking, money laundering... the Drakes have their hands in everything.”

Amelia looked at Theodore with genuine appreciation. She let out a soft sigh, leaning back against her desk.

“Communicating with such a smart Alpha is truly effortless,” she said. “It is pleasant not to have to explain every little detail.”

“So you are certain of the outcome?” Theodore asked.

“Absolutely,” Amelia nodded. “Griffin is paranoid. He will pressure Arthur to close the case quickly to protect himself.”

She picked up a silver needle, twirling it between her fingers.

“It is a strategy to kill two birds with one stone. I get rid of Hugh, who was becoming a nuisance. Glenda is tied up as a loose end, removing a dangerous tool from the board. And best of all, Griffin is dragged into the mess, forced to clean up his own garbage.”

Theodore watched the light play off the silver needle in her hand.

“What about Tanya York?” he asked. “A mother’s grief is a dangerous thing. She won’t give up so easily.”

Amelia smiled coldly. The expression didn’t reach her sapphire eyes.

“I am not worried about Tanya’s revenge,” she stated calmly. “I hold a fatal secret about her. Something that could destroy her standing in the Gale Pack entirely.”

She placed the needle back into its case with a definitive click.

“Once exposed, she would be too busy saving her own skin to bother anyone else.”

The tension in the room dissipated slightly. Amelia tilted her head, looking at Theodore with a playful glint in her eyes.

“Tell me, Theodore,” she asked, her tone half-joking. “Do you worry that men wouldn’t like a woman who is too calculating? Am I too vicious for your taste?”

Theodore wheeled himself closer to her. He looked deep into her eyes, his expression shifting to one of deep affection and unshakeable firmness.

“Amelia,” he said softly. “Only weak Alphas fear a powerful partner.”

He reached out, his hand hovering near hers.

“In this dog-eat-dog world, only the strong survive. Why would I want a sheep when I can stand beside a queen? Only those who cannot enforce their will fear a woman with a mind like a blade.”

The two exchanged a knowing smile, a silent accord passing between them.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere outside the Treatment Center morgue was suffocating.

Tanya collapsed against the cold wall, her expensive dress crumpled. She broke down completely, her wails echoing through the sterile corridor.

“Arthur! How am I supposed to live now?” she sobbed, clutching at her husband’s pant leg. “Our son... our only son!”

Alpha Arthur York stood over her. His face was grim, etched with the stress of the night.

Although he felt defeated by the loss of a son, his mind was already racing elsewhere. He cared more about the survival of the Gale Pack and the messy situation threatening to engulf his business.

“Get up, Tanya,” he said, his voice rough.

He offered a few stiff words of comfort, patting her shoulder awkwardly. Then, the mask of the grieving father slipped.

“I have made a decision,” Arthur said ruthlessly. “Hugh’s body is to be cremated immediately. We will issue a statement declaring the death an unfortunate traffic accident.”

He looked down at her. “We must stop all investigations now.”

Tanya’s eyes widened in disbelief. She stopped crying instantly, staring at him as if he were a stranger.

“What?” she whispered.

Then she screamed in opposition.

“No! Are you insane? My son was murdered!”

She scrambled to her feet, her face twisted with hysteria.

“The real murderer is still at large! Glenda is just a scapegoat! It had to be Jade York! Or that bitch Amelia Stone! They are the ones pulling the strings!”

“Silence!” Arthur barked.

He grabbed her arm, his fingers digging in painfully.

“I know Glenda was a fall guy. I am not an idiot.”

He lowered his voice to a harsh whisper.

“But I just received a warning call from Griffin Drake himself. He does not want the police finding any link between Glenda and the Drake family. He ordered me to suppress the matter. Do you understand? We cannot defy him.”

Tanya struggled against his grip, but Arthur held fast.

“To avoid offending the powerful Drake family, we have no choice,” Arthur said, showing his hard side as an Alpha. “The surveillance footage is irrefutable. It shows Glenda acting alone.”

He glared at his mate.

“Do not act rashly, Tanya. If you bring unnecessary trouble upon the family with your screaming, I will not protect you.”

Tanya stared at him. For the first time, she truly saw the man she had obeyed for over twenty years.

She realized with a jolt of horror that in Arthur’s eyes, the dead Hugh was not a beloved child. He was just a replaceable heir. A broken asset.

“You monster,” she hissed.

She lashed out, clawing at his chest.

“He was your blood!”

Irritated by her resistance, Arthur pushed her away with a scowl.

“I have a company to save,” he muttered.

He turned and left with his secretary, his footsteps echoing down the hall, leaving Tanya alone in the hallway cursing in despair.

Arthur walked out of the Treatment Center building into the cool night air.

He adjusted his tie, taking a deep breath to compose himself. He pulled out his phone and dialed Griffin’s assistant.

His posture slumped slightly, his tone instantly becoming humble and respectful.

“Hello? This is Arthur York.”

Once the call connected, Arthur reported quickly.

“Please inform Mr. Drake that I have controlled the family’s emotions. We will arrange to close the case as soon as possible. I ensure there will be no negative impact on the Drake family.”

There was a pause. Then, Griffin’s cold voice came from the other end.

“Very good, Arthur.”

Griffin sounded bored, yet pleased.

“I appreciate reasonable people.”

“As a reward for your cooperation,” Griffin continued smoothly, “regardless of the competition result between Gale Entertainment and Starlight, I will personally send you an invitation to next year’s ‘Secret Garden’ party.”

Arthur’s heart skipped a beat. The Secret Garden was the most exclusive gathering in the capital.

“Thank you, Mr. Drake,” Arthur stammered.

“Don’t mention it,” Griffin added casually. “You can choose any young she-wolf with good bloodlines at the party.”

Griffin’s tone was dismissive, as if discussing livestock.

“Use her to breed a more excellent Alpha heir. It will only take a few years to raise a new one. Hugh was... disappointing anyway.”

The call ended.

Arthur stood frozen on the sidewalk holding his phone.

His mood was incredibly complex.

Although he had indeed thought about finding a young mate to have another child the moment he saw his son’s corpse, having Griffin point it out so bluntly and contemptuously—talking about his bloodline as if they were breeding stock—filled him with a profound sense of humiliation and impotent rage.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 335[1,259 words]

(Author's POV)

Griffin sat in the opulent private booth, the golden fork in his hand bending under the force of his grip. His face was a mask of suppressed fury. Across from him sat a man whose identity was a closely guarded secret in the capital, dining with elegant precision.

Griffin had just ended the call with Arthur York. The realization that he had been played by Amelia Stone was a bitter pill to swallow. That woman was far more cunning than he had anticipated.

She had used Glenda, a discardable pawn, to execute a perfect maneuver. Not only had she eliminated Hugh York, a nuisance, but she had also forced Griffin's hand. He had been compelled to pressure Arthur York personally.

Although Arthur had sounded submissive on the phone, Griffin knew better. No Alpha accepted the murder of his heir without breeding resentment. Arthur would hate the Drakes for this suppression, even if he dared not show it.

Amelia had successfully sown discord between the Drake family and their loyal dogs.

"Vicious bitch," Griffin thought, his knuckles turning white.

The man across the table placed his wine glass down with a soft clink. He wiped the corners of his mouth with a linen napkin, his movements slow and deliberate.

"Griffin," the man said, his voice flat but carrying a crushing weight. "The 'Secret Garden' is a game for those at the very peak of the pyramid."

His eyes bore into Griffin's, cold and assessing.

"You cannot just let any unqualified prey through the gates."

Griffin felt a chill run down his spine. He immediately reined in his anger, bowing his head slightly.

"Of course, sir," Griffin said respectfully. "I personally screen every participant. There will be no mistakes."

The man took a sip of red wine, swirling the crimson liquid in the glass.

“I hear that the Stone girl is making waves,” he remarked casually. “She has even brought Wayne back for Starlight Entertainment’s new project.”

Griffin’s expression tightened.

“It is a minor oversight,” Griffin assured him quickly. “I will not let her interfere with your entertainment.”

The man nodded, seemingly satisfied. He stood up, smoothing his suit jacket. As he walked past Griffin, he paused and patted the younger man on the shoulder.

“Remember, Griffin,” he said, his tone sounding like a benevolent elder yet filled with threat. “If the Drake family wants to go completely legitimate and stand firm in both the human and werewolf worlds, you still need my support.”

“I understand,” Griffin replied, not daring to move until the man had left the room.

Once the door clicked shut, Griffin’s composure shattered. He grabbed his wine glass and downed the contents in one gulp.

“Did you find out who is backing her?” Griffin demanded, slamming the glass onto the table.

His assistant stepped out from the shadows, looking terrified.

“I... I apologize, Mr. Drake,” the assistant stammered. “We found nothing. Her tracks are completely covered.”

Griffin’s eyes narrowed.

“It must be Theodore,” he hissed. “Only the Crimson family has the power to hide things this well.”

A cruel sneer curled his lips.

“Amelia is having a birthday banquet soon, isn’t she?”

“Yes, sir,” the assistant nodded.

“Good,” Griffin said coldly. “Contact the team holding Livia Stone.”

He picked up the empty wine glass, his grip tightening until the crystal groaned.

“Arrange for an ‘accidental’ escape,” he ordered. “Let Livia run right into that banquet.”

The glass shattered in his hand, shards slicing into his palm. Blood mixed with the dregs of the red wine, dripping onto the white tablecloth.

“I want to see if Amelia can survive her own mother,” Griffin whispered.

(Amelia’s POV)

I returned to the Starlight Entertainment office immediately after finishing Theodore’s treatment session. The city lights blurred past the window, but my mind was focused on the next step.

I pulled out my phone and dialed Silas.

“Do you have everything?” I asked the moment the call connected.

“Yes, Boss,” Silas’s efficient voice replied. “I have the dashcam footage from Glenda’s car and the videos taken by the bystanders.”

“Good,” I said, leaning back in my chair. “Release them tomorrow. Make sure the timing is right.”

“Understood.”

I hung up and opened my laptop, logging into PackNet. The forum was already exploding with discussions about the crash near the Treatment Center.

I clicked on the top thread. The photos of the scene were gruesome, though the moderators had pixelated the worst of Hugh York’s remains.

“Looks like his Alpha skull wasn’t that hard after all,” I muttered with a cold smile.

I scrolled down to the comments section.

“This is definitely the Moon Goddess’s punishment!” one user wrote.

“He just killed that family of three this morning, and now he is dead? Karma is real.”

“Good riddance. He thought he was untouchable.”

While a few users speculated about revenge, the overwhelming sentiment was satisfaction. The werewolf community believed in retribution. Hugh had mocked the fragility of the “pups” he killed. Now, he was just roadkill himself.

I closed the browser, feeling a sense of justice settle in my chest.

May their souls return to the Moon Goddess's embrace, Ava sighed in my mind, her tone heavy but satisfied.

A notification popped up on my screen. It was an encrypted file from Silas.

"Surveillance footage from the Gale Pack Alpha House," the message read.

I opened the file. The video showed the grand living room of the York mansion.

Tanya York was there, disheveled and hysterical. Against Arthur's orders, she had brought Hugh's body back to the house. She was weeping over the body bag, her hands trembling as she touched the covered face.

A butler approached her, whispering urgently.

"Madam," the butler said, his voice caught by the microphone. "We checked Glenda's background. She... she works for Griffin Drake."

Tanya froze. Her tear-streaked face went pale as the realization hit her.

"Griffin?" she whispered.

Then her expression twisted.

"No wonder Arthur stopped the investigation," she said, her voice shaking with rage. "He is afraid of the Drakes."

She stood up, pacing frantically.

"But why would Griffin kill Hugh?" she muttered to herself. "Glenda was missing for weeks. Griffin wouldn't use his own missing pawn for a public assassination."

Her eyes darted around the room, manic and calculating.

"Someone set this up," she hissed.

"It wasn't Jade," she declared, dismissing her stepdaughter. "Jade doesn't have the guts or the resources."

Her gaze sharpened, turning deadly.

"Amelia Stone," she spat the name out. "It was her. She was the one who threatened us last night."

On the screen, Tanya leaned down, kissing the forehead of the body bag.

“I swear on my life,” Tanya sobbed, her voice dropping to a demonic growl. “I will not let you die in vain, my son.”

She looked straight ahead, her eyes burning with madness.

“Amelia Stone will join you in death. I will drag her to hell myself.”

I watched her vow of vengeance without blinking.

“Come and try,” I said softly to the empty office, closing the video window.

I returned to the Stone River Pack House just in time for dinner. The dining room was quiet, the usual clatter of silverware seemingly muffled by the heavy atmosphere.

I took my seat, sensing the tension radiating from the head of the table.

My mother, Seraphina, was picking at her food. She looked at me several times, her lips parting as if to speak, then closing again. Her hesitation was palpable.

I placed my fork down gently.

“Mom,” I said, keeping my voice calm. “Is there something you want to tell me?”

Seraphina looked startled, glancing quickly at Jaxon.

Jaxon Stone, sitting at the head of the table, let out a deep sigh. He put down his napkin and turned his sharp Alpha gaze toward me.

His expression was serious, searching my face for any sign of guilt or deception.

“Your mother is hesitant to ask,” Jaxon said, his voice steady but grave. “She wants to know... did you have anything to do with Hugh York’s death?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 336[1,244 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I looked into my mother’s worried eyes and flashed a brilliant, reassuring smile.

“Mom, Hugh York’s death has absolutely nothing to do with me,” I said, my voice steady and frank. “I didn’t lift a finger to kill him.”

Seraphina let out a long, shuddering breath, her shoulders sagging with relief.

“Oh, thank the Moon Goddess,” she whispered, pressing a hand to her chest. “I know the high society circles are full of filth, Amelia. I know terrible things happen.”

She looked at me with intense earnestness.

“But I don’t want you to become a cold-blooded killer. Life shouldn’t be cheap to you.”

She paused, her expression hardening slightly.

“Not that Hugh didn’t deserve it. Whoever crushed that monster did the world a favor. But it shouldn’t be you.”

Her anxiety returned, her gaze darting around the room as if invisible enforcers were already closing in.

“Your birthday banquet is in three days. The whole pack, the whole city will be watching. I couldn’t bear it if the enforcers came for you then. I can’t imagine you facing a trial.”

I reached across the table and gently took her hand.

“Mom, relax. I have no deep feud with Hugh. Why would I take such a massive risk for someone like him?”

“But the rumors,” Seraphina insisted. “They say he died right after you visited Night City. The timing is too suspicious.”

I scoffed, shaking my head.

“That is just a smear campaign. Think about it. Night City is Griffin Drake’s territory. He controls the narrative there. He wants to drag me down, so of course, he is spreading lies.”

I pulled out my phone and slid it across the table.

“Look online. There is no real evidence. Just empty talk.”

Seraphina glanced at the screen, then back at me. The logic seemed to settle her nerves.

“You are right,” she murmured. “Griffin is a snake. It makes sense he would try to frame you.”

The heavy weight seemed to lift from her shoulders. She straightened up, her Alpha female aura returning slightly.

“Well, if anything does happen,” she said firmly. “Your father and I will use every connection we have. We will protect you.”

Jaxon, who had been watching us silently, suddenly let out a booming laugh.

“Look at you, worrying all day for nothing,” he teased, trying to lighten the mood. “Our daughter is smarter than that.”

I picked up the serving fork and placed a thick slice of roasted venison onto Seraphina’s plate.

“Eat, Mom. For you and Dad, I promise I won’t bite off more than I can chew.”

Seraphina looked at the meat, then at me, her eyes softening with emotion.

“I just can’t bear to lose you again,” she said quietly. “Please, just think twice before you do anything dangerous.”

“I will,” I promised.

The tension in the dining room finally broke, replaced by a warm, cozy atmosphere. We finished our meal in relative peace.

However, as I ate, I could feel Jaxon’s gaze lingering on me. It wasn’t accusatory, but it was sharp. He was an experienced Alpha and a warrior.

He knew I had fooled Seraphina. But I hadn’t fooled him.

He sensed that Hugh’s death was connected to me. But since I hadn’t technically pulled the trigger—and since I had denied it so confidently—he decided to feign ignorance. He chose to accept my story to keep the peace.

He knows, Ava purred in my mind, sounding incredibly smug. *But he is proud of you regardless. Those naive fools who think they can catch us are in for a surprise.*

Early the next morning, I arrived at Starlight Entertainment.

The moment I stepped off the elevator, Anya Reed rushed toward me. Her face was pale, and she was wringing her hands in panic.

“Miss Stone! You’re finally here,” she gasped.

“What is it?” I asked, not slowing my pace.

“It’s Mrs. York,” Anya whispered urgently, trotting to keep up. “Tanya York, the Luna of the Gale Pack. She is in the reception room.”

Anya looked back over her shoulder fearfully.

“She looks like she wants to tear someone apart. She has been demanding to see you for an hour.”

I didn’t break my stride. I ignored Anya’s concern completely.

“Let her wait,” I said coldly.

I walked past the glass-walled reception room. Through the transparent partition, I saw Tanya pacing like a caged beast. Her hair was disheveled, and her eyes were wild.

I cast a single, cold glance in her direction but didn’t stop. I headed straight for my office.

Tanya saw me. Her eyes widened with fury.

She didn’t wait for an invitation. She stormed out of the reception room, her heels clicking aggressively against the floor tiles.

I entered my office, and before I could even turn around, Tanya barged in behind me.

Bang!

She slammed the door shut with enough force to rattle the frame.

I calmly walked around my desk and sat down in my comfortable leather chair. I pressed the power button on my computer, watching the screen flicker to life.

Tanya rushed to the desk. She slammed both hands down on the polished surface, leaning over to glare at me.

“You bitch!” she screamed. “Did you instruct that woman, Glenda, to run over my son?”

Her chest heaved with rage.

“You did this to frame Griffin! You wanted to drive a wedge between the Gale Pack and the Drake family, didn’t you?”

I leaned back, crossing my legs. I looked at her as if she were an idiot.

“Mrs. York, your imagination is truly impressive,” I mocked. “But your logic is flawed.”

I gestured vaguely in the air.

“Glenda is Griffin’s subordinate. Everyone knows that. Why would his own dog follow my orders to kill your son?”

“You must have something on her!” Tanya spat, unwilling to let go of her theory. “You threatened her! You forced her hand!”

While she shouted, I noticed her right hand slipping quietly into her designer bag. It was a subtle movement, masked by her angry gestures.

She was trying to bait me into a confession.

Just then, a flash of green movement caught my eye.

Green, my small pet snake, slithered silently out of the open flap of Tanya’s bag.

The little guy held a sleek black voice recorder in his mouth. He moved quickly, gliding across the desk toward me.

He dropped the pen-sized recorder onto my notebook and looked up at me, his tongue flickering as if asking for a reward.

Tanya froze. She looked down at her bag, then at the snake, and finally at the recorder on my desk.

I picked up the device.

“Is this what you were looking for?” I asked with a smirk.

I didn’t wait for an answer. I squeezed my hand, channeling a bit of strength.

Crack.

The plastic shattered. I dropped the broken pieces onto the desk right in front of Tanya’s face.

“You really are oblivious,” I sneered. “You come here, trying to trap me, while you have no idea the danger you are in.”

Tanya stared at the broken plastic, her face draining of color.

“What... what are you talking about?” she stammered.

“Instead of making a scene in my office, you should be worrying about your own situation,” I said, my voice dropping to an icy calm.

I leaned forward, locking eyes with her.

“Because at this very moment, your mate, Alpha Arthur, is conducting a paternity test on Hugh’s corpse.”

Tanya let out a terrified, high-pitched scream. She stumbled back, clutching the edge of the desk for support. Her eyes were wide with pure horror.

I ignored her breakdown. I continued, my tone sharp and merciless.

“Speaking of which, your Alpha really ‘trusts’ you, doesn’t he? After all these years, it never crossed his mind that you, doesn’t he? After all these years, it never crossed his mind that Hugh might not be his pup until now.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 337[1,410 words]

(Author’s POV)

Amelia’s words hung in the air, heavy and suffocating.

The fear in Tanya’s eyes deepened, transforming from simple anxiety into a bottomless abyss of terror.

For more than twenty years, Tanya had convinced herself that she was the perfect actress.

From the very first day she ascended to the position of Luna in the Gale Pack, she had played her role flawlessly.

She was the gentle, submissive mate. The devoted wife who lived only for her Alpha.

She had even staged a dramatic assassination attempt years ago, taking a knife meant for Alpha Arthur to prove her undying loyalty.

That single act had cemented her position.

Arthur was a man of immense pride and arrogance.

He never once suspected that the woman who bled for him would ever betray him.

His ego was so inflated that the thought of verifying his son’s paternity never even crossed his mind.

He simply assumed that any child born to his Luna was his.

Tanya thought she had won the ultimate game of deception.

She believed that as long as she maintained this fragile layer of lies, she would enjoy the power and wealth of the Gale Pack forever.

But the cruel, knowing smile on Amelia's lips shattered that delusion in a heartbeat.

"You seem confused," Amelia said, her voice dangerously soft. "Let me help you understand."

Amelia stood up and walked around her desk, her heels clicking rhythmically on the floor.

"I didn't need to do much, Tanya. You left the breadcrumbs yourself."

"What are you talking about?" Tanya whispered, her voice trembling.

"Social media," Amelia replied simply. "It is a powerful tool."

She picked up a remote and pointed it at the wall-mounted screen in her office.

A video began to play. It was dashcam footage from the site of Hugh's fatal accident.

"This is trending everywhere right now," Amelia noted. "Look closely."

The video showed the burning wreckage of the sports car.

But the camera focused on a figure kneeling in the debris.

It was Butler Harold.

The elderly man was clutching Hugh's mangled body, oblivious to the flames and the danger.

He was wailing.

"My son! Oh god, my boy!"

The sound was raw, primal, and devastating.

It was not the cry of a servant mourning a master.

It was the agony of a father who had lost his only child.

"Do you see it?" Amelia asked, pausing the video on Harold's tear-streaked face.

"That level of despair crosses every boundary of a subordinate."

She looked Tanya dead in the eye.

“Any male with a shred of territorial instinct would find that reaction suspicious. And Arthur? He is the most paranoid Alpha in the city.”

Tanya staggered back as if slapped.

She hadn't expected Amelia to weaponize such a subtle detail.

She had been so focused on the big picture that she missed the cracks in her own foundation.

The arrogance she had marched in with evaporated, replaced by the frantic panic of a trapped animal.

“You... you are vicious,” Tanya stammered, her face pale.

She pointed a shaking finger at the young woman before her.

“You would destroy a family just for business? You are forcing us to a dead end over money!”

Amelia's expression went cold.

She took a step forward, her presence suddenly looming large and oppressive.

“Business?” Amelia scoffed. “Do not flatter yourself.”

She closed the distance between them, forcing Tanya to retreat until her back hit the wall.

“This was never about business, Tanya.”

Amelia's sapphire eyes burned with intensity.

“Your son, Hugh, killed a family of three while driving drunk. He didn't care. He laughed about it.”

Tanya flinched at the accusation.

“And you,” Amelia continued, her voice dropping to a lethal whisper. “To cover up his mess, you sent your goons to torment the victim's elderly parents. You pushed them until they had no will to live.”

Amelia tilted her head.

“Watching people like you pay the price isn't business. It is a pleasure.”

Tanya gasped for air, feeling the walls closing in.

“And the irony,” Amelia added, a smirk returning to her lips. “It is delicious.”

“Arthur wanted to cremate the body immediately. He wanted to hide the shame.”

Amelia laughed softly.

“But you stopped him. You insisted on keeping the body. You wanted to frame Griffin Drake. You screamed for an autopsy.”

“You handed Arthur the perfect opportunity to run a DNA test,” Amelia said ruthlessly. “You dug your own grave, Tanya.”

The reality of her situation crashed down on Tanya.

Her sanity snapped.

“I’ll kill you!” she shrieked.

Tanya lunged forward, her nails aimed at Amelia’s face, desperation fueling her attack.

Pathetic, Ava snorted in Amelia’s mind.

Amelia didn’t even shift.

She simply raised her leg and drove a powerful kick into Tanya’s stomach.

Thud.

Tanya flew backward, crashing onto the hard floor.

She curled into a ball, retching and gasping for breath.

The office door burst open.

Anya Reed rushed in, flanked by two stone-faced security guards.

“Get this trash out of my building,” Amelia ordered, dusting off her slacks.

The guards grabbed Tanya by her arms and dragged her out like a sack of garbage.

Amelia watched them go, her expression unreadable.

She grabbed her coat and headed for the door.

“Prepare the car,” she told Anya. “I am going to the cemetery.”

The sky was a heavy shade of grey, and fine snow began to drift down.

The cemetery was silent, wrapped in a blanket of white.

Amelia sat in her warm car, parked a discreet distance away.

Through the tinted window, she watched an elderly couple stumbling through the snow.

They were the grandparents of the child Hugh had killed.

They supported each other, their backs bent with grief, as they approached the fresh grave.

They stopped abruptly.

Lying on the cold stone marker was a large bouquet of pristine white lilies.

The flowers were fresh, a stark contrast to the desolate winter landscape.

The old woman covered her mouth, tears streaming down her face.

The old man looked around, confused, searching for the benefactor.

Seeing no one, they turned back to the grave.

Together, they bowed deeply to the flowers and the silent stone, murmuring their thanks to the wind.

It was a small closure to a tragic story.

“Miss Stone,” the driver asked softly. “Do you know them?”

Amelia watched the couple for a moment longer before rolling up the window.

“No,” she said quietly. “I don’t.”

“Then why did you send the flowers?” the driver asked, puzzled.

Amelia brushed a snowflake from her coat sleeve.

“Because I felt like it,” she replied.

“And because now, I have the power to do so.”

Meanwhile, panic had fully consumed Tanya York.

After being thrown out of Starlight Entertainment, she sat in her car, hyperventilating.

She knew she was finished.

Once that paternity report came out, Arthur wouldn't just divorce her. He would kill her.

She had to leave Northgate City immediately.

With trembling hands, she pulled out her phone and dialed the private number of her trusted maid at the villa.

"Is Arthur there?" she hissed, her voice shaking.

"No, Madam," the maid replied. "The Alpha is not home."

Relief washed over Tanya.

"Good. I'm coming back to pack."

She sped toward the Gale Pack House, her mind racing with escape plans.

She needed her jewelry, her hidden cash, and her fake passports.

She screeched into the driveway and ran for the front door, not bothering to close her car door.

She burst into the foyer, breathless.

"Get my suitcases!" she shouted.

But silence answered her.

Suddenly, three massive bodyguards stepped out from the shadows.

They blocked her path to the stairs, their faces grim and impassive.

"Madam," one of them said, his voice devoid of respect. "This way."

They seized her arms and forcibly marched her into the main living room.

"Let go of me! I am your Luna!" Tanya screamed, struggling uselessly.

They threw her into the room, and she stumbled, nearly falling.

When she looked up, the scream died in her throat.

The blood drained from her face, leaving her ghostly pale.

The maid she had just spoken to was on the floor.

Beside her knelt Butler Harold.

Both of them were battered and broken.

Their limbs were twisted at unnatural angles, clearly shattered.

Thick ropes woven with silver wire bound them tightly, the metal burning into their skin and preventing any healing.

They were kneeling in a pool of their own blood.

Standing near the window was Jade York.

The eldest daughter looked at Tanya with cold, glittering eyes. It was the look of someone who had waited years for vengeance.

But the true terror sat on the velvet sofa.

Arthur York was there.

He hadn't gone out.

He sat in the dim light, radiating a dark, suffocating aura of violence.

In his hand, he held a tablet.

The screen illuminated his face, casting long, sinister shadows.

From the device, a looping audio played.

"My son... my son... how could this happen..."

It was Harold's voice from the video.

Arthur slowly lifted his head.

His eyes were bloodshot, burning with a murderous rage that promised a slow, painful death.

He locked his gaze onto Tanya.

She froze, unable to breathe, unable to move.

She was looking into the eyes of her executioner.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 338[1,123 words]

(Author's POV)

Tanya felt as though every ounce of strength had been siphoned from her body. Her legs trembled as she stumbled into the living room.

She took a ragged breath, forcing her spine to straighten. She had to maintain her composure as the Alpha's mate.

A stiff, unnatural smile plastered onto her face as she looked at the man radiating danger in the center of the room.

"Arthur," she said, her voice wavering slightly. "You are back early. Is everything alright?"

Before Arthur could answer, a sharp, contemptuous laugh cut through the heavy silence.

Jade was sitting on the velvet sofa, her legs crossed elegantly. She looked at her stepmother with eyes full of mockery.

"Dad stayed home specifically to keep you company," Jade sneered. "Aren't you happy, Tanya?"

Tanya swallowed hard, suppressing the rising terror in her gut.

"Of course," she lied, her eyes darting nervously. "I am... very happy."

Arthur did not smile. His face was a mask of dark thunder, a terrifying stillness that signaled the calm before the storm of an Alpha's fury.

He stared at her, his eyes devoid of any warmth.

"You are not going anywhere today," Arthur said, his voice flat and commanding. "You will stay right here."

Tanya nodded quickly, desperate to appease him.

“Yes, of course,” she stammered. “I wanted to stay home anyway. To properly mourn our poor Hugh...”

As she spoke the name, the floodgates opened.

Tears burst from her eyes, and she wept openly, trying to use her display of motherly love to appeal to his compassion.

Jade wasn’t buying it. The corner of her mouth quirked up in a cruel, mocking smile.

“Are you sure you are mourning *his* son?” Jade asked, her voice dripping with venom.

“And not the son of

Butler Harold?”

Tanya gasped, looking stricken.

“Jade!” she cried out, her face twisting in feigned hurt. “How can you say such vile things? I know you have always been biased against me because of your mother’s death, but this is too far!”

She turned to Arthur, her eyes pleading.

“Arthur, we love each other! You know that! How can she accuse me of this?”

Jade laughed again, a harsh, cold sound.

“True love?” she scoffed. “Does your definition of true love include getting pregnant by another male?”

Jade knew exactly which buttons to push. No matter how well Tanya acted, once the Alpha’s male pride was challenged, she was finished.

“Arthur,” Tanya sobbed, reaching out to him. “She is trying to turn you against me! Don’t listen to her lies!”

“Enough!” Arthur roared.

The explosion of rage made the windows rattle.

“I trusted you!” he bellowed, standing up. “I never questioned you! But that man...”

He pointed a shaking finger at Harold.

“He was wailing at the crash site! That grief was far beyond what’s expected of a butler!”

In a fit of blind fury, Arthur grabbed his heavy phone from the table and hurled it at Tanya.

She shrieked and threw her arms up to protect her head.

Crack.

The phone smashed into her forearm, bruising the bone, but she survived the impact.

“I have already sent the samples to the lab,” Arthur hissed, stepping closer. “We will have the results tomorrow.”

He delivered a vicious kick to Harold’s ribs, eliciting a groan from the broken man.

“If that boy wasn’t mine,” Arthur growled, “there will be hell to pay.”

After venting his physical rage, Arthur turned his burning gaze toward his daughter.

Jade didn’t flinch. She met his stare with cold defiance.

“Go ahead,” she challenged, lifting her chin. “Test my blood too. I don’t mind.”

Arthur’s jaw clenched.

“Do not push me, Jade,” he warned. “We do not need you airing our dirty laundry in public.”

Jade burst out laughing.

“Public?” she mocked. “Dad, wake up. The wolves on the internet analyzed the dashcam footage and figured this out before you did.”

She looked at him with zero pity.

“You betrayed my mother for this woman. You broke your vows for a woman who already had a mate. And now? You get betrayed in return.”

Her eyes hardened into shards of ice. She finally tore off the mask of obedience.

“Let’s be clear,” Jade said, her voice steady. “I never respected you. I listened to your orders and agreed to your marriage arrangements for one reason only.”

She took a step toward him.

“To take back Gale Entertainment. My mother built that company from the ground up with you. It belongs to me. I wasn’t going to let you hand it over to a bastard son.”

She glanced at Tanya with disgust before delivering the final blow.

“Hugh wasn’t yours,” she stated matter-of-factly.

“And here is a thought,” she added softly, her voice lethal. “Maybe you are the problem, Dad. Maybe you don’t have the ability to sire children anymore. Maybe Tanya had to resort to getting pregnant by another man just to give you an heir.”

The silence in the room was deafening.

“I am your only bloodline,” Jade stated, delivering her ultimatum. “Hand over the management rights. Or watch your legacy fall into the hands of outsiders.”

She sneered one last time, then turned and walked out of the room without looking back.

Tanya saw her world collapsing. She threw herself at Arthur’s feet.

“Arthur, please!” she wailed. “Remember the knife? I took a knife for you! I almost died for you!”

Arthur looked down at her with pure revulsion and kicked her away.

“If you hadn’t taken that knife for me,” Arthur said coldly, “you would be a corpse right now. I wouldn’t even wait for the DNA results.”

He leaned down, his voice a hiss.

“Harold already talked. He confessed to sleeping with you.”

Tanya’s eyes widened in horror. She turned her head slowly to look at her lover, lying broken on the floor.

Harold didn’t move. He didn’t look at her. She had been completely sold out.

Arthur turned to his trembling secretary in the corner.

“Watch her,” he ordered the bodyguards. Then he barked at the secretary. “Call the hospital, I want a full physical examination. Specifically... fertility testing.”

If Jade was right... if he really couldn’t produce an heir....

He clenched his fists. The company would have to go to Jade.

Jade sped away from the Gale Pack House.

She drove until she reached a secluded overlook, then slammed on the brakes.

Silence enveloped the car.

Then, a sob broke from her throat. Tears streamed down her face, hot and fast.

But slowly, the sobs transformed. A laugh bubbled up from her chest. It started low, then grew louder, more hysterical.

“Mom,” she gasped, laughing through her tears. “Did you see that?”

She spoke to the empty air as if her mother could hear her.

“His face... oh god. Karma came for him. He raised another man’s son for twenty years.”

She laughed until her ribs ached.

“Poetic justice,” she whispered.

Slowly, her breathing evened out. Determination replaced the hysteria.

She reached for her phone and dialed Amelia.

“Hello?”

“Amelia,” Jade said. Her voice was raspy, but steady. “I have made my decision. From this day forward, my loyalty belongs to you. Whatever you need me to do... I am yours.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 339[957 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I knew very well why Jade York had suddenly opened up to me and pledged her loyalty.

It was because I had stepped in to help her solve the massive problems of Hugh York and the human trafficking family known as “The Hag.”

As the Shadow King, many werewolves in the organization were loyal to me, mostly because they had received my favors or sought my protection.

I was long accustomed to this.

Faced with Jade’s gesture of goodwill, I did not refuse.

I simply said in a flat tone, “Just proceed according to the conditions I discussed before. When the time comes, transfer the shares of Gale Entertainment you hold to me at a low price.”

Jade laughed self-deprecatingly on the other end of the line..

She admitted frankly that she indeed lacked the ability to manage the company as an Alpha.

Even if she took over Gale Entertainment, she didn’t have the boldness or experience to run it.

She expressed her belief that I would definitely acquire the company, and she was willing to become an artist under my banner.

She only hoped to realize her dream of being an actress through her own strength, without needing to please powerful figures like Griffin Drake in exchange for the vain title of Film Empress.

I played with a fountain pen in my hand, spun my office chair halfway around, and responded leisurely, “Everyone has their own life trajectory; there’s no need to force yourself to do anything. If you become an artist under my company in the future, I will naturally give you the most suitable resources to let you become the person you want to be.”

Jade thanked me and tactfully hung up the phone.

I put down the pen and glanced at the text message from Caleb on my phone.

He was asking if Hugh’s death had anything to do with me, accompanied by a hypocritical worried emoji.

I sneered internally.

That fool Caleb didn’t deserve to discuss such sensitive topics with me.

I simply tossed the phone aside and ignored it.

(Author’s POV)

In that cramped rental apartment, Calev yi

Before Hugh died, Amelia had looked for him in Night City.

Although there was no surveillance evidence, anyone with half a brain could guess that this was related Amelia.

Caleb worried that Arthur York would take his grief and anger out on him, which might prevent his new song from being released on schedule.

He was just about to go out to Gale Entertainment to ask for news when his aunt, Lyra Drake, asked him from behind if he would come back for dinner.

He gave a perfunctory reply and slammed the door as he left.

Inside the room, Lyra withdrew her gaze.

Her eyes suddenly turned vicious as she questioned her brother, Adrian, about whether he was confident in this plan.

She had suffered a huge fall in the Drake family and had been kicked out, so she was now extra cautious.

She demanded Adrian reveal the specific plan to avoid becoming a scapegoat again.

Adrian was silent for a moment.

Then he admitted that they were in the same boat now, and revealed the entire plan.

Lyra's eyes widened in shock after listening.

She was amazed that Adrian could be cruel enough to sacrifice his partner, Livia's life, just to seize back the Stone family's assets.

But in order to drive Amelia out of the Stone family, she finally gritted her teeth and agreed to this cruel plan.

She stated that tomorrow she would go to her father, Alpha Alaric, and lie that she possessed commercial

secrets about the Drake family framing Stone River Botanicals.

This would cooperate with the operation.

Caleb rushed to Gale Entertainment and charged straight into the office to ask the manager, Zachary Grant.

Zachary closed the door tight.

He confirmed Hugh's death with a look of bad luck on his face, and stated bluntly that the word in their circles was that Amelia was behind it.

Caleb urgently asked if his new song could still be released on Amelia's birthday as agreed.

Zachary lowered his voice and analyzed that rumors were spreading online that Hugh was not Arthur's biological son.

If the rumors were true, Arthur must be having his hands full right now.

His anger might not be directed at a small character like Caleb, so the new song still had a fighting chance.

Subsequently, Zachary was filled with regret.

He lamented that he shouldn't have been in such a hurry to jump ship and leave Starlight Entertainment.

He hadn't expected Amelia to be so powerful and well-connected.

In just three months, she had completely upended the situation in Northgate City.

He looked at Caleb, shook his head with a half-smile, and mocked that getting Amelia's forgiveness would be next to impossible.

After talking with Zachary, Caleb returned to the rental house in a restless state of mind.

As he entered the door, he happened to hear his father, Adrian, on the phone.

Adrian was whispering arrangements to "create a chance for her to escape tonight."

At this moment, Lyra came out of the kitchen carrying the beef stew she had made.

She greeted Caleb enthusiastically.

Since leaving the Drake family, the once-pampered Lyra had become much more haggard.

She had to start taking care of the cooking and household chores.

Caleb looked around the room and asked suspiciously why his mother, Livia, hadn't come back yet.

Adrian put away his phone and lied that it was because Ethan was being too stubborn and refused to return.

So his mother stayed there to keep him company.

A shiver of unease went down Caleb's spine.

An ominous premonition welled up in his heart.

He called Livia, but no one answered.

So he dialed Ethan's number instead.

This time the call went through.

Ethan's gloomy voice came from the other end: "What a coincidence, I just turned on my phone, and you called."

"Indeed, a coincidence." Caleb gave a bitter laugh, paused, and then continued, "Amelia's birthday banquet is coming up. Are you and Mom planning to return to Northgate City?"

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 340[1,223 words]

(Author's POV)

In the remote territory of the Meadow Brook Pack, the afternoon sun cast long shadows over the rugged terrain. Ethan Stone sat in the driver's seat of his dusty SUV, his expression weary as he stared out the window.

Outside, the werewolves who had once lived alongside him on this very land were bustling with excitement. They carried luggage and chatted animatedly, lining up to board several luxury coaches parked by the roadside.

Half an hour ago, these buses had arrived unexpectedly at the pack entrance. To Ethan's shock, the person leading the convoy was none other than Paul, the head butler of the Stone River Pack House.

Ethan quickly realized the purpose of this fleet. These vehicles were sent specifically to transport these lower-ranking wolves to Northgate City for Amelia's grand birthday banquet.

Watching everyone happily stowing their bags, a pang of jealousy and isolation struck Ethan hard. He opened his car door and stepped out, standing before the convoy.

He tried to stop a few passing wolves, lowering his pride to ask if they could take him along. However, they simply walked past him, their eyes averting as if he were invisible.

Butler Paul noticed the commotion and walked over, his demeanor polite but unmistakably distant.

“Young Master Ethan, please dispel this thought,” Paul said, his voice calm but firm. “With your current status, appearing there would only spoil Alpha Amelia’s mood.”

Ethan opened his mouth to argue, but the words died in his throat. His face flushed with humiliation.

Defeated, he turned around and walked back to his SUV like a lost soul. He slammed the door shut, isolating himself from the joyous atmosphere outside.

Just as he picked up his phone, the screen lit up with a call from his younger brother, Caleb.

“Ethan, where is Mom?” Caleb’s anxious voice came through the speakers. “I haven’t heard from her.”

Ethan froze for a second. He hadn’t seen Livia since yesterday.

He quickly masked his panic, his voice taking on a tone of annoyance. “I didn’t want to return to Northgate City. We had a huge argument about it.”

He paused, glancing at his reflection in the rearview mirror. “She’s probably just ‘in a bad mood and hiding somewhere to cool off. You know how she is.”

Deep down, Ethan didn’t truly care about his mother’s safety. He felt she was merely pulling a stunt to gain attention, as she often did.

Caleb sounded disappointed on the other end. “Please, just come back. Amelia’s birthday is in two days.”

Ethan sighed heavily, his grip tightening on the steering wheel. “Fine. I’ll drive back to the city today.”

His voice turned bitter. “But don’t expect me to be welcome. The wolves here won’t even look at me. As a marginalized former heir, I don’t have the qualification to officially attend that banquet.”

After hanging up, Ethan took one last look at the territory where he had been forced to live in exile. Confirming that not a single vehicle would offer him a ride, he started his engine.

With a heart full of resentment, he stepped on the gas and drove away alone, leaving the celebration convoy behind.

On one of the coaches speeding toward the city, Rowan Calder watched Ethan’s SUV disappear into the distance.

“Hmph,” Rowan scoffed, crossing his arms. “That arrogant boy is still daydreaming.”

Sitting next to him, Dr. Iris Morris smiled gently. “Don’t waste your energy on him, Rowan. Let’s talk about something pleasant. Did you finish your gift for Amelia?”

Rowan scratched his head, his expression softening. “I’ve taught her all the herbal knowledge I possess. I just hope she can rely on herself in the future.”

He reached into his bag and pulled out a handcrafted leather roll. “So, I made this for her. It’s a custom case for her healing needles.”

Dr. Iris Morris nodded in approval and took out a small, exquisite tube. “And I prepared a pure natural herbal lip balm. Now that she is the Pack Alpha, she needs to take care of her appearance.”

The two elders shared a knowing smile.

“They aren’t expensive gifts,” Iris murmured, looking out at the passing scenery. “But Amelia values sentiment over wealth. She will love them.”

“She really is special,” Rowan agreed. “Despite her terrifying talent as a healer and her identity as the Shadow King, she has kept a pure heart. She is the finest young werewolf I have ever seen.”

Night fell, wrapping the world in darkness.

In a dilapidated cattle shed located in a remote settlement for rogue wolves, the air was thick with the smell of mold and decay.

Livia lay curled up in a corner, wrapped in a damp, foul-smelling quilt. She shivered uncontrollably, her expensive clothes now torn and dirty.

A man walked in, talking loudly on his phone. He approached Livia and kicked her hard in the ribs.

“Look at you,” he sneered, ending his call. “The high and mighty Luna, now looking like a stray dog.”

Livia groaned but didn’t dare speak.

“Don’t worry,” the man spat, crouching down. “We’ll let you go in a couple of days.”

He roughly grabbed her hair, forcing her head up to check her face. Seeing she was alive and too weak to resist, he scoffed and released her, letting her head hit the dirty straw.

Finding the situation boring, he turned and walked out of the shed.

Livia waited until his footsteps faded away. Fighting through the intense pain in her body, she struggled to sit up.

As she adjusted her ragged clothes, her hand brushed against the wooden post she was chained to. To her surprise, the wood felt soft and spongy.

It was rotting from the dampness.

A spark of hope ignited in her eyes, replacing the arrogance that used to reside there. This was her chance.

She gritted her teeth, grabbed the chain, and pulled with all the strength she had left.

With a sickening crack, the rotten wood gave way. The chain came loose.

Livia didn't hesitate. Her mind screamed only one command: Run!

She scrambled out of the shed and into the night.

Shortly after Livia's frantic escape, the kidnapper stood by the window of a nearby shack, watching her fleeing figure.

He calmly dialed a number.

"It's done," he reported. "I let the woman escape as planned. Barring any accidents, she will be back in Northgate City by tomorrow."

On the other end of the line, Adrian Stone stood by the window of the Stone River Pack House.

"Good," Adrian replied coldly. "Her wretched return at the birthday banquet will be the perfect catalyst. It will drive the wedge between her and Amelia even deeper."

He hung up the phone, his expression complex as he looked out at the moonlight.

"I'm sorry, Livia," he whispered to the empty room.

He tried to convince himself that this was necessary. For the stability of the family and his own power, she would surely understand his cruelty.

Livia had no idea she was a pawn in a larger game. She ran blindly through the dark wilderness, her lungs burning.

She didn't know how long she had been running. She stumbled and fell countless times, scraping her hands and knees, but terror kept her moving.

She couldn't stop. If that man caught her, she was dead.

Guided by her wolf's instinct for survival, she finally broke through the brush and stumbled onto a paved road.

In the distance, blinding headlights sliced through the darkness.

Tears of relief streamed down her face. She rushed to the side of the road, waving her arms frantically at the approaching vehicle.

"Help me!" she screamed, her voice hoarse with desperation.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 341[991 words]

(Author's POV)

On the pitch-black highway, Livia stumbled forward, her expensive silk blouse torn to shreds by thorns. Her once meticulously styled hair hung in wild tangles around her face.

In the distance, headlights pierced the darkness.

She summoned every ounce of strength left in her battered body and rushed to the roadside, waving her arms frantically.

"Help me!" she screamed, her throat raw and dry.

The sedan didn't slow down. The driver seemed to mistake this woman appearing in the wilderness at night for a dangerous rogue. He pressed the gas pedal and sped past without a second glance.

Livia's arms dropped to her sides.

To avoid being dragged back by the man who had kidnapped her, she couldn't stay exposed in this open area. She forced her aching legs to move, limping along the edge of the highway.

Twenty minutes later, a second vehicle approached.

The outcome was the same. No one was willing to stop for a disheveled stranger.

Livia glanced back at the endless darkness behind her, terror gripping her chest. She knew she couldn't wallow in self-pity. She had to keep moving if she wanted to survive.

So she walked.

Meanwhile, in a cheap rental apartment in Northgate City, Ethan leaned back against the sofa, exhaustion written across his face.

He had just sent a message to his brother Caleb. Now he tried calling his mother Livia again.

As Caleb had said, the call went straight to voicemail.

After a shower, Ethan lay on the stiff mattress, tossing and turning. Anxiety gnawed at him, making sleep impossible.

He picked up his phone and sent a message to Hailey, his former colleague at Starlight Entertainment. On the surface, he was asking about the company's operations. In reality, he was trying to fish for information about his sister Amelia.

Hailey replied quickly, saying the company was running smoothly and the public opinion had shifted.

Then she sent a long text. She mentioned that Livia had stormed into the office and humiliated her. Hailey confessed that she had only helped Ethan spy on Amelia because of her crush on him. But now she had come to her senses. She wouldn't do anything that violated professional ethics anymore.

Ethan stared at the screen.

He sighed heavily and tossed the phone aside. His mother always felt like a millstone hanging around his neck, suffocating him.

The cold wind cut through the night like a blade.

Livia tripped over a piece of broken stone and fell hard. Her knee slammed into the pavement. Blood seeped through her torn pants.

She lay there, certain she would freeze to death on this desolate roadside

Then, in the distance, a black SUV appeared. It drove past her, then stopped. Slowly, it reversed

The window rolled down.

A woman with a cold, severe face sat in the driver's seat. She studied Livia's wretched state with sharp eyes, then pulled out her phone and made a call.

Livia stared at the woman in the car. This was her only lifeline.

The dull light in her eyes suddenly blazed with the will to survive. She struggled to crawl forward, desperate to beg for help.

(Amelia's POV)

Late at night, the vibration of my phone shattered the silence of the bedroom.

I groggily reached for it and answered. It was Silas.

Deep in my consciousness, Ava growled in displeasure at being disturbed. I patted my chest gently, soothing her until she quieted down.

On the other end of the line, Silas's voice was brief and to the point. The scouts she had sent out had found Livia. The woman had apparently just been released from some kind of captivity. Her condition was pitiful.

I was instantly awake.

"Control her," I ordered calmly. "Til handle it myself tomorrow."

I hung up and glanced at the calendar. It was already November 20th. Tomorrow was my birthday banquet.

Releasing Livia at this exact moment was clearly part of a scheme orchestrated by Adrian and the Drake family. They wanted to use this madwoman to sabotage the event. A cold smile curved my lips.

If they wanted to play, two could play at that game.

The next morning, the dining table was laden with fried eggs, bacon, and toast.

I sipped my black coffee and asked my mother Seraphina for four blank birthday banquet invitations.

I picked up a pen and wrote two names in smooth, flowing script: Ethan Stone and Caleb Stone.

Seeing those names, both my adoptive father Jaxon and my mother froze in shock.

I set down the pen.

"Since my biological father Adrian has completely aligned himself with the Drake family and intends to destroy me," I said calmly, "instead of passively defending, I'd rather follow the old saying: keep your friends close, but your enemies closer. I'll gather everyone under my watch and settle this once and for all."

Alpha Jaxon nodded in approval. "If conflict is inevitable, then it's time to end it completely."

Seraphina picked up the last invitation. It bore the name Aunt Lyra.

"Why isn't Livia's name here?" she asked, puzzled.

I smiled meaningfully.

"Livia will come naturally," I said. "But she'll arrive through a more 'special' channel. As tonight's surprise."

That morning, I arrived at the top floor of Starlight Entertainment.

My secretary immediately approached and reported that Ethan had been waiting for some time.

I raised an eyebrow. "He really treats this company like his own backyard," I remarked. "Make sure the front desk enforces the appointment system from now on."

I walked into the reception room.

Ethan sat on the sofa, his posture stiff and uncomfortable. When he looked up at me, his voice was hoarse.

"I went to the Meadow Brook Pack territory," he said. "I saw how well the people there treated you."

There was a trace of regret in his tone.

I wasn't moved. I responded with a few sarcastic remarks, making it clear I didn't want to waste time on this topic.

As I turned to leave, Ethan shot to his feet.

"Amelia," he blurted out, "can I attend your birthday banquet tomorrow?"

His eyes were filled with uncertainty. He had clearly prepared himself to be rejected and humiliated.

But I simply stopped.

I turned around and looked at him. A faint smile touched my lips.

"Of course you can."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 342[800 words]

(Amelia's POV)

Ethan stood frozen like a statue before me.

I felt nothing as I watched him struggle to process my words.

I reached into my handbag and pulled out four gold-embossed invitations. I held them out to him with an expression of complete indifference.

"Not just you," I said flatly. "Caleb, Father Adrian, and Aunt Lyra are all welcome to attend tomorrow's birthday banquet."

Ethan stared at the invitations as if they might disappear.

I knew exactly what Adrian was planning. He wanted to use this event to create chaos with the Drake family's backing. So why not open the door wide and build the stage for them myself?

When Ethan didn't immediately reach for the invitations, I raised an eyebrow.

"Don't want them?" I asked.

That snapped him out of his daze. He lunged forward and grabbed the invitations, clutching them to his chest like priceless treasures.

In my mind, Ava snorted with contempt. "This wolf who once strutted around so proudly now looks like a pathetic stray begging for scraps."

I ignored Ethan's overwhelmed expression and turned back toward my office.

His stammered thanks followed me down the hall, but I didn't look back.

(Author's POV)

After leaving Starlight Entertainment, Ethan couldn't calm his racing heart.

He gripped the steering wheel tightly, feeling like all the suffering he'd endured in Meadow Brook Pack territory had been worth it. Everything seemed to be moving in the right direction.

He dismissed the thought of returning to his shabby apartment. Instead, he drove straight to Caleb's current residence, eager to distribute the remaining invitations to his family. He was certain Caleb would be just as thrilled as he was.

After delivering the invitations, he would head to the shopping district downtown to carefully select a birthday gift for his sister.

Meanwhile, Amelia arrived with Silas at one of the organization's safe houses in Northgate City,

The Victorian-era mansion sat in the old district, its location carefully hidden from prying eyes.

Silas led Amelia through dim corridors until they reached a sealed room.

Inside, Livia was bound to a chair with heavy silver chains. Even though they knew she'd been injected with suppressants, they couldn't risk her wolf suddenly awakening and allowing her to escape.

(Amelia's POV)

Livia looked absolutely wretched.

The woman who had always been impeccably groomed was now skeletal, her hair a tangled mess like dried grass. She looked like a rogue who'd been wandering the wilderness for months.

The moment she saw me enter, she began thrashing violently. The silver chains clanged with ear-splitting noise as she screamed hoarsely that I had kidnapped her, just as she'd suspected.

I pulled over a chair and sat down gracefully.

In my consciousness, Ava observed coldly. "She looks like she's already gone mad."

I gave Livia a mocking smile. "Why are you so certain it was me?"

Livia shrieked with rage. She claimed she'd been captured right after leaving Meadow Brook, and no one else would do such a thing. Now that she'd finally escaped, only to be caught again, she was laying the blame squarely at my feet.

I let out a cold laugh at her accusations.

"Karma," I said simply, letting the word hang in the air. "You've been used as a fool by your own mate."

Livia's body went rigid. Then she screamed in denial, insisting she would never believe Adrian would harm her.

I leaned forward, my voice cutting through her protests like a blade.

"The one who kidnapped you was Adrian himself."

Livia's face turned deathly pale. Her lips trembled as she continued trying to defend her mate, accusing me of lying.

I gave her a cold reminder. "You once defended Celine just as blindly. And we both know how that turned out."

Watching Livia spiral into panicked self-doubt, I continued my calm analysis of the situation.

I explained my theory that Adrian had never given up on regaining control of Stone River Pack. Now that he was backed into a corner, he was fighting like a cornered animal. Sacrificing Livia to frame me was his bargaining chip to return to power.

At the word "sacrifice," Livia's eyes widened in terror. She shouted that it was impossible, that their thirty-year mate bond couldn't be questioned.

I responded with casual indifference. "If you don't believe me, then let's put on a little show."

I paused, letting my words sink in.

"This performance won't require you to do anything extra. Just pretend you know nothing and act according to your original plan."

I locked eyes with her. "You believe I kidnapped you. So after escaping, you planned to expose me publicly at tomorrow's birthday banquet, didn't you?"

Livia didn't deny it.

I pressed closer to the truth. "If I'm not mistaken, Adrian will create even greater chaos at the banquet tomorrow to escalate the conflict between us. Once you die mysteriously at the event, I'll be the prime suspect. By framing me for matricide, Adrian can use public opinion and the Drake family's support to seize control of the Pack once again."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 343[856 words]

(Author's POV)

Livia sat frozen in her chair, trying to digest everything she had just heard.

The overwhelming information caused her to shift from initial hysteria into an eerie, deathly silence. She stared at Amelia with unblinking eyes.

Amelia looked at this so-called mother of hers, her tone ice-cold as she laid out the brutal reality.

"If you want to verify whether Adrian truly intends to frame his own biological daughter by murdering his mate, there's only one way. You must cooperate and play along with this performance."

She paused, letting the weight of her words settle.

"I promise that if you cooperate, I'll arrange for people to protect you in secret. Your life will be safe."

Amelia's gaze turned mocking as she continued.

"You're incredibly foolish, but perhaps you still possess the basic instinct for survival. Weigh your options carefully. Do you want to die in confusion as Adrian's sacrificial pawn in his power grab? Or do you want to seize this one chance to stay alive?"

Livia stared at the cold-eyed daughter before her, her heart torn by violent internal struggle.

She couldn't believe that her mate of thirty years could be so cruel. She couldn't believe her Alpha would sacrifice her just to return to the center of power.

Finally, her survival instinct won out.

She gritted her teeth and agreed to cooperate, but immediately tried to negotiate terms.

"If I win, if this proves Adrian is innocent, you must forgive them. You must allow us to return to Stone River Pack."

Amelia scoffed at Livia's attempt to bargain.

"This is me offering you a lifeline, not conducting a business negotiation," she said coldly.

Before Livia could respond, Amelia gestured to Silas behind her.

Silas moved forward swiftly. He forcibly pried open Livia's jaw and shoved a black pill into her mouth.

Livia was forced to swallow it, then broke into violent coughing.

Amelia used this moment to threaten her with a calculated lie.

“This is a special slow-acting poison. If you dare leak a single word to Adrian, or if you try to sabotage this plan, you won’t receive the antidote. You’ll end up like Ethan was in the hospital—your internal organs rotting away in endless agony.”

Livia remembered Ethan’s agonized state in the hospital. Terror instantly consumed her.

At the same time, a desperate need to verify her mate’s true feelings drove her forward.

She trembled as she swore she wouldn’t leak any information.

Amelia nodded with satisfaction. She instructed Silas to release Livia after nightfall, then turned and left the oppressive sealed room.

Livia collapsed weakly in her chair. She stared up at the dim ceiling, praying silently to the Moon Goddess that Adrian wouldn’t betray her trust.

Meanwhile, Ethan drove to the apartment building where Caleb was currently staying.

He pressed the doorbell repeatedly but received no answer. Finally, he called Caleb’s phone.

Ethan couldn’t hide his excitement over the phone.

“I got formal invitations to Amelia’s birthday banquet! And the guest list even includes Father Adrian and Aunt Lyra!”

Upon hearing this news, Caleb immediately dropped his work and rushed back to his residence.

The two brothers met near a coffee shop at the base of the apartment building.

When Caleb received the gold-embossed invitations from Ethan’s hands and saw his own name printed on one, his hands trembled with emotion.

For these two brothers, this was their first opportunity to attend Amelia’s birthday as recognized family members.

Caleb’s eyes sparkled with anticipation and joy.

The brief happiness was soon followed by the cold splash of reality.

Ethan suggested they personally select a birthday gift for Amelia, but when he checked his pockets, he found himself nearly broke.

He remembered the past, when gifts for Celine had always been limited-edition designer handbags or expensive jewelry. Now his bank account was nearly empty.

Expensive gifts were beyond his means. Cheap ones would surely be looked down upon by the current Amelia.

He sighed, deciding to browse the shopping district in hopes of finding something meaningful yet within his budget.

Caleb volunteered to accompany him.

The two got into Caleb's car. Though they were puzzled about their father's and aunt's current whereabouts, they decided to buy the gifts first and surprise the elders when they returned.

At the same time, in a restaurant, Alpha Alaric sat face-to-face with Adrian and Lyra.

Lyra complained with dissatisfaction about why her father insisted on meeting in this public place with no privacy instead of returning directly to the Pack House.

Alaric coldly reminded her that she had once sworn she would never set foot in the Stone household again.

Lyra laughed awkwardly, claiming that had just been angry words.

Alaric had no patience for such insincere explanations. He cut straight to the point with serious gravity.

The only reason he had agreed to this meeting was because Lyra claimed to possess important business

intelligence regarding the Drake family and Stone River Botanicals.

For Alaric, who had devoted his entire life to the pack's enterprises, the pharmaceutical company was his bottom line.

He had once refused investment terms from the Drake Pack specifically to protect the independence of the pack's industries.

At this moment, the elderly Alpha's gaze was sharp and penetrating.

He would absolutely not allow Stone River Botanicals and the entire pack's reputation to be tarnished in the final stage of his life.

Not even if the threat came from his own daughter and son.

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 344[1,076 words]

(Author's POV)

The atmosphere in the private dining room was thick with tension.

Adrian shot a subtle, meaningful glance at his sister sitting beside him.

Lyra caught the signal immediately.

She began to wring her hands together, her face twisting into an expression of utter distress and pleading.

She looked up at her father, Alaric Stone, her eyes already swimming with unshed tears.

“Dad, I have a business secret about the Drake Pack that is extremely critical to our family's survival,” Lyra said, her voice trembling. “I am willing to tell you everything. But in exchange, could you please allow me to move back into the Pack House?”

She paused, carefully observing the expression on the old Alpha's face.

Seeing no immediate rejection, she continued, her voice breaking into a miserable sob.

“You know Ethan's situation is terrible, but my life in the Drake Pack is not much better. Because of the stupid things Carlos did, the entire Drake family has turned their anger on me.”

Tears streamed down her carefully made-up face.

“If I hadn't given birth to their heir, I probably wouldn't be alive to sit here and see you today.”

Adrian immediately chimed in, his face a mask of brotherly concern.

He vividly described the “tragic” treatment his sister had allegedly endured, painting a picture of a woman persecuted by her in-laws.

“Father, the family bond is the most important thing in the world,” Adrian urged. “No matter what mistakes

we've made, we are still your children. You shouldn't hold a grudge against your own flesh and blood when they are in such dire straits."

Alaric looked at his haggard-looking youngest daughter.

A heavy sigh echoed in his heart.

He remembered how he had spoiled Lyra since she was a child.

He had raised her to be a woman who only knew how to take and never understood responsibility.

And Adrian, as her older brother, had always indulged her whims without a bottom line.

That limitless pampering had eventually fed her vanity, leading her to choose a coward like Carlos just for status.

Now, she had fallen to this pathetic state.

Seeing the wavering emotion in her father's eyes, Lyra seized the moment.

"I swear, Dad," she cried out. "I am willing to give up all my shares and any right to inheritance. I don't want money or power anymore. I just want to go home. I just want your protection."

Adrian also adjusted his posture, putting on the face of a man who had turned over a new leaf.

"Father, I've let go of my obsession with power," Adrian said with a tone of deep sincerity. "I admit that I was wrong in the past. Hurting my siblings for profit was a grave mistake."

He looked Alaric in the eye.

"I came back this time solely to celebrate Amelia's birthday. I want to apologize to her personally and atone for my sins. After the party, I will take my family and leave. We will live out the rest of our lives quietly."

Alaric narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing the two of them.

Their words sounded touching, but his sharp gaze looked for cracks in their masks.

After a long silence that made Adrian's heart race, the old Alpha finally nodded slowly.

"Very well," Alaric said. "I agree to your requests."

Adrian and Lyra froze for a second.

They hadn't expected Alaric to agree so readily.

They had prepared a dozen more excuses and rehearsed speeches, but none of them were needed.

Joy rushed through them as they realized they had succeeded.

Tomorrow, they could attend Amelia's birthday banquet, and Lyra could move back into the Stone Pack House.

"Now," Alaric said, his voice cutting through their celebration. "Tell me about this business secret."

Lyra leaned in, lowering her voice to a conspiratorial whisper.

"Griffin is secretly developing a banned drug intended for overseas markets," she revealed. "But their facilities are being watched. He lacks sufficient production lines."

She paused for effect.

"He has set his sights on Stone River Botanicals. He plans to use our pharmaceutical factory to produce his illicit goods."

Adrian immediately jumped in, pretending to be deeply concerned about the family enterprise.

"Father, you must strengthen the security at the production stage," Adrian warned gravely. "The Drake family is ruthless. They might try to sabotage the production line or swap our legitimate products with their contraband."

Alaric listened without changing his expression.

"I understand," he said simply.

He stood up, signaling the end of the meeting.

"Make sure you arrive on time for the banquet tomorrow."

With that, he turned and walked out of the restaurant.

Back in his car, the stoic mask finally slipped.

Alaric let out a deep, weary sigh as he sank into the leather seat.

“Paul,” he asked the Beta in the driver’s seat. “Why are my children so stubborn and greedy?”

Paul looked at the old Alpha through the rearview mirror.

“Perhaps they are truly repentant this time, Alpha,” Paul suggested gently.

Alaric shook his head with a bitter smile.

“The probability of that is practically zero,” he murmured.

From his observation just now, he had realized the severity of the situation.

His son had gone mad with ambition.

Adrian was plotting against his own biological father without a shred of hesitation.

Alaric closed his eyes.

He had given them one last chance today.

If they continued down this path of obsession, they would have to swallow the bitter fruit of their own actions.

Meanwhile, Lyra and Adrian remained in the restaurant for a moment longer.

They were puzzled by how easily their father had relented.

“He must feel guilty,” Adrian concluded with a sneer. “He knows he treated us harshly.”

Lyra’s face twisted with hatred at the mention of her father.

“I will never forgive him,” she hissed through gritted teeth. “He was so heartless to me before. He watched me suffer.”

Adrian’s eyes darkened with a sinister glint.

He had already made his calculations.

Once he used this opportunity to get back into the Pack House, everything would change.

He would wrest control of the family assets and the pharmaceutical company from that ungrateful brat, Amelia.

And the first thing he would do after seizing power was to ensure Alaric ended up bedridden.

The old man needed to be incapacitated so he could just lie there and wait for death, unable to ruin their plans again.

With their own hidden agendas firmly in mind, the siblings left the restaurant and returned to their temporary rental house.

As soon as they opened the door, they were greeted by an unexpected sight.

Caleb was there, having returned from his shopping trip with Ethan.

He rushed forward to meet them, his face beaming with excitement.

He was waving a piece of paper in his hand.

“Dad, Aunt Lyra, you’re finally back,” Caleb exclaimed, his voice high with joy. “Let me tell you some good news.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 345[1,111 words]

(Author’s POV)

Lyra sat on the worn fabric sofa in the cramped living room, the dim light casting long shadows across her face. She looked up at Caleb, who was practically bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“What makes you so happy?” she asked, her tone laced with confusion and irritability.

Since they had been forced into this shabby rental house, Caleb had been a ghost of his former self. He spent his days moping, his face a mask of gloom. He usually treated Lyra with cold indifference, barely acknowledging her presence. Seeing him in this state of high excitement was bizarre, almost unsettling.

Caleb grabbed a thick, cream-colored envelope from the scarred coffee table and held it up like a trophy.

“Look at this! It’s an invitation.”

He waved it in the air, his eyes shining.

“It’s for Amelia’s birthday banquet.”

Adrian, who had been pacing near the window, frowned deeply. He walked over, his heavy footsteps echoing on the cheap laminate floor. He snatched one of the invitations from the pile and examined it closely.

His eyes narrowed as he scanned the elegant calligraphy. Suspicion clouded his gaze. Amelia, that ungrateful wretch, had never shown a shred of mercy to the family since her return. She had been ruthless in cutting ties and seizing power. Why would she suddenly take the initiative to send them an invitation?

Lyra leaned over Adrian's shoulder and saw her own name embossed in gold foil on the card. A wave of annoyance washed over her, replacing her confusion.

"If I had known she sent these, we wouldn't have had to swallow our pride today," she hissed through gritted teeth.

The memory of begging the Old Alpha, Alaric, for forgiveness burned in her mind. They had humiliated themselves for nothing.

Caleb looked between his father and his aunt. Their lack of joy was palpable. His smile faltered, and disappointment crept into his voice.

"Aren't you happy? She wants us there."

Adrian saw the dejection in his son's eyes. He quickly masked the darkness in his gaze, replacing it with the warm, benevolent expression of a loving father.

"We aren't surprised because Grandpa already told us we could go," Adrian lied smoothly, placing a hand on Caleb's shoulder. "We knew this was coming, son. That's why we aren't jumping for joy."

Caleb's face lit up again, his naivety blinding him to the tension in the room.

"I knew it! This must be her way of asking for reconciliation. She wants the family back together."

Adrian nodded, forcing a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Yes, exactly. Now, go to your room and prepare your suit. You need to look your best for your sister."

Caleb nodded eagerly and ran off to his room, clutching the invitation to his chest.

As soon as the bedroom door clicked shut, Adrian's smile vanished instantly. His face twisted into a scowl, the mask of the kind father dissolving into cold calculation.

He turned to Lyra, his voice dropping to a sinister whisper.

“Go rest. Save your energy.”

Lyra looked at him, waiting for instructions.

“Tomorrow, your only job is to stir the pot,” Adrian instructed, his eyes gleaming with malice. “You control

the narrative. Make everyone doubt her. Make them see her as incompetent and cruel. Leave the rest to me.”

Lyra smirked, understanding the plan perfectly, and retreated to her room.

Adrian entered his own small bedroom and locked the door. He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled out a burner phone. His fingers trembled slightly as he dialed Griffin’s number.

“Is everything ready?” Adrian whispered into the receiver, his voice tight with anxiety. “The assassination plan against Amelia... it has to be foolproof.”

He gripped the phone tighter.

“This determines if I get Stone River Botanicals back. It determines the rest of my life.”

Griffin’s voice came through the speaker, cold, confident, and utterly detached.

“Relax, Adrian. I hired top professional assassins from the European territories. Every piece of evidence will point to enemies Amelia made herself. It will never trace back to you.”

Adrian let out a long breath, the tension leaving his shoulders. “Good.”

Meanwhile, in a luxury VIP box in Obsidian City, Griffin ended the call and tossed the phone onto the velvet sofa.

His assistant hurried into the room, looking pale and nervous.

“Sir, we have bad news,” the assistant stammered.

Griffin glared at him. “Speak.”

“The spy we arranged to intercept Livia and take her to Northhaven has gone silent,” the assistant reported, avoiding Griffin’s eyes. “We don’t know what happened, but intelligence confirms Livia is already back in Northhaven.”

Griffin froze.

“And who transported her?”

“We... we can’t find out,” the assistant admitted.

Griffin slammed his hand onto the table, making the glasses rattle.

“Useless idiots!”

A flicker of unease ignited in his chest. Could there be a force behind Amelia even stronger than Theodore? Someone they hadn’t accounted for?

He clenched his jaw, pushing the fear aside. It was too late to turn back now.

“Proceed with the plan tomorrow,” Griffin ordered, his voice icy. “If it fails, Adrian is just the fall guy anyway.”

Having dealt with the business, Griffin turned his gaze to the man slumped on the opposite sofa.

Arthur York looked like a corpse. The once arrogant Alpha was drowning in misery, his face gray and haggard.

Earlier that morning, the paternity test results had arrived. Hugh York, the son he had raised for twenty-two years, was not his blood.

Arthur grabbed a bottle of strong liquor and took a swig, his eyes hollow.

He thought about last night. His mate, Tanya, had tried to flee through a window with a fake ID. She had fallen from the second floor in her panic.

Arthur had ordered his bodyguards to ignore her screams. He let her lie on the cold concrete all night.

When the test results came in this morning, he threw the report in her dying face.

Because he had delayed her treatment, she was now paralyzed from the waist down.

Arthur had laughed then, a cruel, broken sound. He had ordered his men to throw her into the basement.

He threw her lover, Butler Harold, in there with her.

“Let the traitors torture each other to death,” he had spat.

Arthur took another drink, tears of rage mixing with the alcohol.

The doctor had delivered the final blow today. He was sterile. He had completely lost the ability to have children.

This meant his pack, his legacy, would have to go to Jade, the daughter he had always looked down upon. The thought filled him with extreme unwillingness and anger.

Griffin watched Arthur's despair with a calm, predatory expression. He picked up his wine glass.

"Don't worry," Griffin said smoothly, his voice devoid of empathy. "Her end will be even worse."

He wasn't just talking about Tanya or Jade.

He swirled the glass, watching the red liquid coat the sides like blood. His eyes were dark and focused.

"Amelia and her company... will be completely finished soon."

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 346[774 words]

(Author's POV)

Arthur raised his glass with a trembling hand, his face twisted into a sycophantic smile. The amber liquid swirled as he toasted the man sitting opposite him.

"It is wonderful, Alpha Griffin," Arthur said, his voice dripping with flattery. "Since you are personally taking action, I can finally rest easy."

He downed the drink, the burn of alcohol doing little to settle the cold dread in his stomach. Arthur knew the truth deep in his bones.

If they did not completely destroy Amelia Stone now, he would be the next to fall. The death of Hugh York haunted him.

Arthur felt a deep, chilling fear whenever he thought of that woman. Amelia's methods were complex and terrifyingly ruthless.

He was one hundred percent certain she was the mastermind. She was the one who exposed his shame and sent Hugh, that "bastard," to his death.

Yet, she had kept her hands perfectly clean. Not a drop of blood stained her fingers.

She had maneuvered so skillfully that even Griffin Drake was forced to step in. Griffin had to hastily close the car accident case just to cover up the ensuing scandals.

Arthur gripped his glass tighter. He needed her gone.

Just then, the heavy door swung open. Lucas Lloyd walked in, his arm draped possessively around Celine's waist.

Lucas spotted Arthur sitting in the corner with a dark expression. A nasty smirk curled Lucas's lips as he remembered the rumors spreading like wildfire through the elite circle.

"Arthur," Lucas drawled, his tone mocking. "I heard about your son. What a tragedy, raising another man's pup for twenty-two years."

Arthur's face turned the color of iron. He clamped his mouth shut, refusing to rise to the bait.

Seeing that Arthur wouldn't bite, Lucas turned his attention to Griffin. His tone shifted instantly to one of respect.

"Alpha Griffin, what's the situation with Amelia's new song release?" Lucas asked.

Griffin didn't answer. He simply swirled his wine glass, staring at the red vortex with cold indifference.

Arthur cleared his throat, eager to prove his usefulness.

"How does it feel to be back at the Stone River Pack House?" Theodore asked.

Amelia shrugged, leaning back against her pillows.

"It's fine," she teased. "I just feel the boredom of rich people trying too hard to show off their wealth."

Then her expression softened. Her sapphire eyes grew warm.

"But this birthday is different," she whispered. "Because of you, it feels extraordinarily special."

Theodore felt a surge of warmth in his chest. He wished he could reach through the screen and hold her.

"I regret that I cannot be there to spend this moment with you," he said, his voice thick with emotion.

"Don't worry," Amelia comforted him, touching the screen. "We are destined mates. We will have a long eternity together."

They shared a quiet moment of connection. Then, Theodore's expression turned serious. The playfulness vanished.

"Marcus has found the background of the killer Griffin hired," Theodore stated.

Amelia sat up straighter. "And?"

"He is a rogue wolf from the European territories," Theodore explained. "He is a notorious bounty hunter in the werewolf world. He has been in the business for many years and has never missed a target."

Theodore watched her face closely, looking for signs of fear. There were none.

Instead, Amelia's blue eyes lit up. They sparkled with a dangerous excitement.

"Never missed?" she repeated, a challenge in her voice. "Then he is about to meet his first failure."

She looked like a warrior anticipating a worthy battle. She wasn't afraid; she was eager.

Theodore's lips curved into a doting smile. He loved this about her.

"I pity him," Theodore murmured. "He has no idea who he is dealing with."

He glanced at the time. It was approaching eleven o'clock.

"You need to prepare for your release," Theodore said reluctantly. "We should hang up."

"Goodnight, Theodore," Amelia said softly.

"Goodnight, my love."

The screen went black. Amelia set the phone down and picked up her tablet.

She opened her social media account. Her fingers flew across the virtual keyboard.

She drafted the release post: *[Happy birthday to myself with three original new songs.]*

She checked the time settings. She set it to auto-publish at exactly 23:59,

At midnight sharp, her three new songs would go live exclusively on the "Moonlight Music" platform.

Across the network, the atmosphere was electric. Countless werewolves and humans were glued to their screens.

Everyone was waiting. The tension was palpable.

Comments flooded the forums and social media feeds.

[I am so looking forward to the result of this Showdown!]

[Tch? What is there to look forward to? Caleb is a professional singer, it is impossible for him to lose!]

[Don't speak too soon! Be careful or you'll slap your own face later!]

[Heh, I'll allow you to keep dreaming. Wait until midnight, and we will know if Amelia is a genius or a liar! I bet she is just a joke!]

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 347[1,138 words]

(Author's POV)

Caleb sat alone in the dim room. The cold light of his phone screen illuminated his anxious face.

As a singer once sought after in the werewolf entertainment circle, he had never found a social media post so tricky to handle. In the past, these public relations trifles were handled entirely by Katya,

He only needed to be responsible for radiating charm on stage and singing his heart out. But now, without a manager, he had to weigh every single word himself.

It wasn't until eleven o'clock at night that Caleb finally settled on a line of text. He typed it out with trembling fingers.

[This song is dedicated to the one who left me. Watch me rise from this.]

He did not choose to send it on a timer. He took a deep breath and clicked the publish button directly.

The moment the post went live, his heart hammered against his ribs. Before long, his homepage was flooded with comments from fans.

A large number of fanatical fans left messages expressing distress. They vowed to guard his glory forever.

They accused “her”-the mysterious person who made Caleb so humble-of not being worthy of his dedication. Many fans even competed in the comments section, expressing their willingness to become the mate who soothed his wounded soul.

Of course, Amelia’s supporters also quickly captured the comments section. They mocked Caleb for only knowing how to play the victim to win sympathy.

Fans on both sides launched a fierce scolding war on the network. The internet was ablaze with insults and defense.

The smell of gunpowder in the real world was no less intense than on the internet. Griffin Drake was determined to make Amelia lose face completely.

He specifically set up a huge electronic screen in the most prominent position of Club Onyx. It displayed the voting page of the Showdown in real-time.

On the screen, Caleb’s support rate was far ahead. Someone in the club had even opened a betting pool.

Because the public generally looked down on Amelia as an inexperienced outsider, the odds of buying her to win were ridiculously high. Natasha and Damien appeared in front of the bar almost at the same time.

“I want to bet on Amelia winning,” they shouted to the dealer in unison.

Damien turned his head and glared at Natasha. He felt she was an eyesore.

“Why are you copying me? Damien sneered, his arrogance overflowing. “Do you think this targeted behavior will get my attention?”

He fixed his collar, looking at her with disdain. “Are you trying to flirt with me in this alternative way?”

Natasha rolled her eyes, but Damien ignored her disgust. He slammed a black card onto the counter.

“My heart only belongs to Amelia, Damien declared loudly. “I am betting five hundred thousand dollars on her?”

Just then, a figure rushed over like a whirlwind. A hand slammed down on top of the black card.

It was Penelope Blackwood. She looked furious.

“What are you doing? Damien demanded impatiently, trying to pull his card free. “Let go, Penelope.”

The eldest daughter of the Blackwood family did not show mercy this time. She raised her hand and slapped Damien hard across the face.

Smack!

The crisp sound made the surroundings instantly quiet. Damien held his cheek, stunned.

“You stupid disgrace,” Penelope scolded, her voice dripping with ice. “Not only are you embarrassing us outside, but you are also trying to squander pack assets.”

She stepped closer, forcing him to back away. Her green eyes flashed with a warning.

“If you dare to go to Amelia’s birthday party tomorrow and act crazy, I will handle you myself,” she hissed.

“I will really suggest to Father that he strip your inheritance and expel you from the family.”

Damien paled. He knew his sister did not make empty threats.

Penelope signaled the bodyguards. “Take him home. Lock him in his room.”

After the bodyguards forcibly dragged the shouting Damien away, Penelope turned to Natasha. She nodded politely.

“Thank you for the reminder,” Penelope said, her tone professional. “If not for you, the Blackwood family’s funds would have been given to the dealer by that family shame.”

Natasha shrugged. “I just didn’t want him to ruin the betting pool.”

“The Blackwood family is not like other wealthy families,” Penelope said frankly. “We do not kill each other for the position of Alpha.”

She glanced at the door where her brother had vanished. “I just hope that stupid brother of mine can keep to himself and stay out of trouble.”

Penelope turned and walked away, her heels clicking on the floor. Natasha watched her retreating back. with a complicated expression.

She couldn’t help but think of the Crimson family. She thought of the bloody power struggles and the

internal strife that had cost Theodore his legs.

The contrast left a bitter taste in her mouth. She shook her head to clear the thoughts.

“Put two hundred thousand on Amelia Stone,” Natasha told the dealer decisively. “I am supporting my cousin’s mate.”

(Amelia’s POV)

The bell of midnight had just passed. My phone began to vibrate incessantly on the nightstand.

The screen lit up with notification after notification. The blessing messages were more dense than greetings on Christmas day.

The first message to pop up was from Theodore. I opened it, and a warmth spread through my chest.

His text was short but filled with deep affection. In my mind, Ava wagged her tail excitedly, sensing the bond.

Immediately after came messages from Jaxon and Seraphina. Then came texts from Rowan and other friends.

Natasha, Jade York, Zoey, and my secretary Anya all sent their well-wishes. The phone kept buzzing in my hand.

To my surprise, a message from Damien appeared on the screen. I hesitated before opening it.

In the message, he frankly admitted that he still thought I was his True Mate. However, he expressed regret that he could not attend my birthday party tomorrow.

He probably got grounded, I thought with amusement.

In my head, Ava let out a sound of disgust, like a dry heave. I looked at the message and secretly rejoiced that this trouble magnet would not appear tomorrow.

Then, two more messages arrived. They were from Caleb and Ethan.

Their tone was cautious and humble. They thanked me for willing to give them a chance to celebrate my birthday.

The words were filled with lowly ingratiation and gratitude. It was a far cry from their previous arrogance.

I scrolled through these blessings, feeling a bit emotional. This was the first time I had received such dense birthday wishes.

In the past, when I was in the Meadow Brook Pack, life was poor. We didn't have luxury or digital fanfares.

But the elders of the pack would gather together. They would hold a simple barbecue party for me.

Back then, I cared more about learning fighting techniques from the elders. I wanted to learn herbal knowledge, not these complicated social etiquettes.

Just as I was lost in thought, a notification popped up on my screen.

My three new songs and Caleb's single had been released on the music platforms on time. The duel had officially begun

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 348[1,076 words]

(Author's POV)

The clock struck midnight, signaling the start of a new day.

In a luxurious VIP booth at Night City, Lucas Lloyd could hardly contain his excitement.

"Alpha Griffin, the moment to witness that bitch Amelia's humiliation has arrived!"

Lucas shouted the words with malicious glee, his finger hovering over his tablet.

He tapped the link to Amelia's exclusive streaming platform, eager to hear her inevitable failure.

However, the music player didn't load.

Instead, a frustrating message popped up on the screen: "Server Busy. Please try again later."

Lucas frowned, tapping the screen aggressively.

"What the hell is this? It crashed already?"

He looked around the room in disbelief.

"Her cheap servers can't even handle a little traffic?"

Griffin Drake sat deep in the shadows of the booth, a cigar resting between his fingers.

His expression remained cold and unreadable.

“Then listen to Caleb’s first,” Griffin commanded, his voice devoid of emotion.

Lucas immediately obeyed, switching the interface to the mainstream music platform, Spotify.

Griffin gestured slightly to Arthur York, who was standing nearby.

Arthur nodded, understanding his role perfectly.

As the music began to fill the room, Arthur started a detailed introduction of Caleb’s new album, *Expectations and Hope*.

“To completely crush Amelia tonight, Caleb has released only six carefully polished singles,” Arthur explained.

The first track, *Autumn Encounter*, began to play.

It was a power ballad with explosive energy.

Epic orchestral strings swelled in the background, perfectly supporting Caleb’s signature high notes.

The sound was shocking in its clarity and force.

Lucas nodded along, impressed despite himself.

“Next is *Return to Me*,” Arthur continued.

“This is a bold experiment.”

The song blended modern electronic beats with ancient tribal wolf chanting.

On the large screen, the music video played.

It utilized the latest AI technology to depict a sister figure who looked strikingly similar to Amelia.

The character on screen looked back with tearful eyes, clearly designed to tug at the public’s heartstrings.

It was a manipulative masterstroke to garner sympathy.

The third song was a healing indie folk track, soft and melodic.

The fourth and fifth tracks utilized holographic 8D audio technology.

Listeners wearing headphones would feel as if they were standing in the middle of a pack, surrounded by realistic growls and whispers.

Finally, the sixth track played.

It was a six-minute wordless vocal performance.

Critics were already hailing it as a piece of art that challenged the limits of vocal capability.

After the songs finished playing, Lucas turned to Celine.

“Check the real-time comments online.”

Celine scrolled through her phone.

“It’s exploding,” she reported, her voice tight.

“Everyone is amazed by his talent. They’re saying his success isn’t just because of the Pack’s money.”

She read one comment aloud.

“They are calling him ‘The Lycan Prince of Pop’.”

Eight minutes had passed since midnight..

Amelia’s platform still displayed the “Server Busy” message.

Lucas couldn’t resist the urge to gloat.

He opened the elite group chat and tagged Amelia directly.

“@Amelia Stone, I just finished Caleb’s three songs. They are masterpieces.”

He typed furiously, a smirk on his face.

“I wanted to hear yours, but your platform crashed. It’s hilarious,”

“Is someone afraid of losing, so they pulled the plug intentionally?”

Amelia’s reply came quickly.

“So anxious? Are you rushing to meet the Moon Goddess?”

Lucas felt his anger rise at her calm tone.

He continued to provoke her, typing rapidly.

“Stop making excuses. You are just hiding in your den like a frightened pup.”

Amelia retorted instantly.

“I haven’t even taken you out for a walk as a pet yet.”

“Since you are so eager to perform, why not practice early?”

“I wouldn’t want the audience to laugh when I formally put the collar on you.”

Before Lucas could respond, a file notification appeared in the chat.

Natasha Crimson had sent a document titled *Beta Obedience Training Guide*.

Amelia followed up immediately.

“Actually, Lucas doesn’t need this tutorial.”

“He is already so skilled at being Griffin’s lapdog.”

“It comes naturally to him.”

Reading the words on the screen, Lucas exploded with rage.

“You bitch!”

He grabbed a velvet pillow from the sofa and hurled it across the room.

Celine sat silently to the side, watching the chaos.

Her heart was filled with a poisonous mixture of jealousy and unwillingness.

She didn’t understand why she had to carefully please an idiot like Lucas.

Meanwhile, Amelia dared to humiliate him so arrogantly.

She felt that all the attention and status Amelia currently possessed should have belonged to her.

In her bedroom, Amelia leaned back against the headboard.

Her phone buzzed with a string of anxious messages from Anya.

Anya had also listened to Caleb's songs.

She had to admit the production was excellent.

"Amelia, the server crash is a disaster right now," Anya texted.

"If people can't listen, we lose the momentum."

Amelia curled her lips into a small smile.

She replied calmly.

"Don't panic. I arranged for the servers to 'fail'."

Anya sent back a confused emoji.

Amelia typed out her explanation patiently.

"It is a tactical glitch."

"Let the audience listen to Caleb's songs first."

"Let their ears get used to that so-called 'perfect production.'"

"Only under strong contrast can a true work of soul produce a nuclear explosion effect."

"This is called the element of contrast."

Suddenly, her phone vibrated with a private message.

It was from Theodore.

"The network failure... you did it on purpose?"

In Amelia's mind, her wolf Ava rolled over excitedly.

She seemed very satisfied with the man's keen intuition.

Amelia's fingers danced across the screen.

"You know me too well."

In this noisy night, perhaps only this man could accurately guess her every move.

Seven more minutes passed.

Just as the netizens' patience was running out and complaints were peaking, the screen changed.

Celine looked at her phone and spoke up.

"It's back. You can refresh now."

Griffin raised his hand immediately.

He signaled his assistant to turn off the background music in the box.

The noisy room instantly became silent.

Everyone held their breath,

"Damn it! Finally!"

Lucas forcefully tapped on the special page for Amelia's new songs.

A bold, dark banner appeared across the top of the screen.

"I am the storm that follows the calm."

Lucas scoffed loudly.

"Shit! This theme is arrogant enough."

"I want to see if her songs are as hard as this slogan."

He refreshed the page again, unable to stop his complaining.

Three song titles came into view.

The first was *Gilded Cage*.

The second was *Deliverance*.

The third title stood out in bold red letters: *Wildfire*.

Lucas looked at the playlist and let out a cold laugh.

“These titles are just as pretentious as she is!”

He clicked the play button for the sequence.

He reached over and cranked the sound system volume to the maximum.

Then, he tossed his phone carelessly onto the coffee table.

Griffin bit down on his cigar.

He leaned back lazily into the depths of the sofa.

However, his cold eyes were fixed dead on the phone sitting on the table.

He was waiting for the real vocal duel to begin.

The music’s intro began to flow slowly from the speakers, and the air in the room seemed to solidify.

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Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress!

Chapter 349[1,188 words]

(Author’s POV)

“The Eden that seems like paradise is but a hypocritical gilded cage. Glory is fleeting, eventually returning to dust under the moonlight...”

As **Gilded Cage** played halfway through, the lyrics lashed against the air in the VIP booth like a whip.

The satire regarding decaying power was unmistakable.

Griffin Drake’s eyes instantly turned sinister, resembling a beast whose territory had been violated.

He sat up abruptly.

He smashed the expensive cigar in his mouth ruthlessly onto the plush carpet.

Sparks flew in all directions.

In a blind rage, he kicked over the marble coffee table in front of him.

The heavy stone slab crashed over with a deafening noise.

The sound of shattering glass exploded within the confined space.

Lucas Lloyd's phone tumbled to the ground along with expensive bottles of wine and crystal glasses.

The screen cracked upon impact.

Yet, Amelia's piercing voice continued to pour stubbornly from the speakers.

It seemed to mock their utter incompetence.

"Griffin..."

Lucas was pale with fright.

He shrank into the corner of the sofa, trembling.

He didn't even have the courage to pick up his phone.

He dared not use his usual flattering honorifics, terrified of provoking the enraged Alpha further.

Standing to the side, Arthur York's face was equally ashen.

As an Alpha well-versed in music, he naturally understood the deep meaning within the lyrics.

Amelia's song was not just arranged with heavenly skill.

The lyrics were a direct satire of wealthy families like the Drake Pack and the Gale Pack.

She was saying they looked arrogant on the outside but were rotting from the inside.

Griffin clearly felt this was a direct humiliation directed at the Drake family.

He looked like a male lion that had been thoroughly provoked.

He turned his head slowly.

His gaze fixed coldly on Arthur.

“Alpha York, I am not as sensitive to the commercial value of music as you are.”

Griffin’s voice was dangerously low.

“From your experience, can this song of Amelia’s... top the charts?”

Cold sweat seeped from Arthur’s forehead.

He dared not look directly into Griffin’s eyes.

He stammered, forced to admit the truth.

“This song... the production standard is extremely high. It strikes directly at the heart.”

Arthur swallowed hard.

“There is a high probability... it will sweep the entire internet and become the blockbuster of the year.”

“Compared to Caleb Stone’s new songs?”

Griffin’s voice dropped to a terrifying whisper.

Arthur’s voice trembled as he spoke the cruel reality.

“Caleb’s songs have perfect technique. But Amelia’s songs... that is a resonance of the soul.”

He lowered his head.

“Her potential, I’m afraid, is above Caleb’s.”

Griffin let out a sneer that made everyone’s hair stand on end.

He roared at Lucas.

“Change the song!”

Lucas scrambled to pick up his cracked phone.

His fingers shook as he switched to the next track, *Deliverance*.

However, this track had barely played halfway when the atmosphere grew heavier.

The melody sounded like the ethereal chanting of an ancient Priestess.

It grated on Griffin's nerves, making him even more irritable.

"Enough! Turn it off!"

Griffin roared with a dark expression.

The VIP booth instantly fell into a dead silence.

The air pressure was so low it was suffocating.

Lucas and Arthur shivered, afraid the anger would spill over onto them.

Celine Stone sat hidden in the shadows.

Her fingernails dug deeply into her palms.

Jealousy gnawed at her heart like a poisonous snake.

She could not accept reality.

That wild girl, who had been thrown into a den of rogue wolves by her own mother, actually possessed such crushing talent.

Griffin stood up and adjusted his collar.

He let out a self-deprecating, cold laugh.

"Even a layman like me can hear the gap."

He looked around the messy room with disdain.

"I must be crazy. I exhausted my efforts to target her, but instead, I became a stepping stone paving her way."

With that, he slammed the door and left, carrying an aura of hostility.

Arthur collapsed onto the sofa.

He realized that Caleb, whom he had spent a fortune to poach, had completely lost.

Lucas fell into a massive panic.

If Amelia continued to win, the terms of their bet would come into effect.

He would have to be chained like a mixed-blood Mutt.-

He would have to perform a “Walk of Shame” broadcast live to the entire internet.

That was a humiliation no werewolf could survive.

He could only pray that Griffin would find a way to completely destroy Amelia tomorrow.

Meanwhile, online reviews for the three songs were already exploding.

Listeners marveled at the ancient wolf language integrated into *Deliverance*.

They spoke of its power to heal the mind.

The comment section was filled with praise.

“This is the Moon Goddess’s blessing.”

“My soul has been washed clean.”

The wind of public opinion had turned completely to one side.

Amelia was being lifted onto a divine altar.

On the other side of the city, Caleb sat alone in the recording studio.

He had just finished sending a birthday wish to Amelia.

At this moment, he looked at the polarized comments online.

His heart was filled with mixed flavors.

He originally thought that as long as he stood at the peak, he would be qualified to ask for Amelia’s forgiveness.

But as he listened to Amelia’s three songs with trembling hands, a huge sense of defeat drowned him.

That was a crushing dominance of talent.

It was a depth of soul he could not reach.

He realized he had not only lost this musical duel.

He had also completely lost the chance to lift his head in front of this proud sister.

(Amelia’s POV)

The bedroom was filled with the faint scent of lavender.

I put down my phone.

I had just exchanged goodnights with Theodore Crimson.

Although that man had inconvenient legs, his text messages were powerful.

Every word was like his presence at the Alpha gathering, full of control.

It made me feel unexpectedly at ease.

In my mind, my wolf Ava wagged her tail proudly.

She seemed very satisfied with tonight's victory.

She even urged me to transform and howl at the moon.

I ignored her antics and picked up my phone again.

I opened the encrypted group chat named "Northgate Elite".

Looking at the dead silence inside, I curled the corners of my lips.

I typed directly into the chat box, tagging Lucas.

Amelia Stone: Hey, that loyal Mutt. Have you finished listening to my songs? Ready to eat your words?)

I paused for a second before typing again.

Amelia Stone: (A kind reminder. You have three days left. If Starlight Entertainment hasrit gone bankrupt by then, our bet goes into effect. The next one I'm coming for is you]

Almost instantly, Natasha jumped out.

Natasha Crimson [Future Luna, I've already picked out the sturdiest dog chain for you. It's pink. It suits Lucas's temperament perfectly-

The indicator on Lucas's side showed "Typing..."

But after a long time, no message was sent out.

He was obviously too angry or too scared to reply.

I didn't stop there.

A cold light flashed in my eyes.

My slender fingers tapped rapidly on the screen.

I continued to tag Lucas Lloyd, but these words were clearly meant for the person standing behind him.

Amelia Stone: [Tell that Alpha Griffin something for me. After I finish dealing with you lackeys, he is next in line. Tell him to protect his throat well. Don't let him lose the chance to even beg for mercy when the time comes.]

The other werewolf elites lurking in the group stared at the message in shock.

They all gasped, feeling the chill through the screen.

In this moment, everyone realized clearly.

Amelia Stone was not joking.

This woman was truly declaring war on the arrogant Drake Pack.

And it was going to be a fight to the death.

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Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 350[1,391 words]

(Amelia's POV)

I tossed my phone onto the bedside table after sending that final, venomous message to the group chat.

I didn't care if Lucas Lloyd was raging or shivering in fear right now. That was his problem to deal with.

I pulled the duvet up and closed my eyes. The scent of lavender filled the room, lulling me into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The next morning, sunlight streamed through the curtains.

I stretched and walked down the stairs. The first floor of the Pack House was already bustling with activity.

Jaxon and Seraphina were up early. They were moving around like generals commanding an army, organizing every detail for tonight's birthday banquet.

Jaxon stood by the main entrance, speaking to the head of security.

"We need absolute safety tonight," Jaxon's voice was booming and authoritative.

He wasn't taking any chances.

"I have mobilized the family's most elite warriors," he announced loud enough for everyone to hear. "Every member participating in tonight's security detail will receive extra Merit Points."

The warriors standing guard straightened their backs instantly.

"Furthermore," Jaxon added, his eyes scanning the room. "You will all have priority rights in the next promotion ceremony."

For a werewolf, honor and pack status were far more intoxicating than gold. The warriors' eyes burned with determination, ready to die to defend the dignity of the Stone River Pack.

I smiled and turned my gaze to the living room.

Seraphina was standing in the center, holding a magnificent evening gown she had designed herself. She was meticulously checking every seam and crystal.

"Mom," I called out, walking over. "Do you need any help?"

Seraphina looked up. A warm, relieved smile blossomed on her face.

"No, my dear," she said gently, shaking her head. "Everything is under control."

She gestured to the busy staff around her.

"Thirty-two relatives from the Grey family have arrived to help," she explained. "Along with my old subordinates. Everyone wants to make up for the twenty-one years we missed celebrating with you."

I felt a lump form in my throat.

"By the way," Seraphina continued, her tone shifting to pride. "Your new album is causing quite a stir."

She smoothed the fabric of the dress.

“Don’t worry about the banquet preparations. Go handle your pack work. Just make sure you come back on time tonight.”

She looked at me with expecting eyes.

“You are going to be the most shining queen of the ball.”

My heart warmed. I let my guard down, the hard shell I wore for the world melting away.

I stepped closer and leaned my head on her shoulder.

“Outside, I can be a queen,” I whispered softly. “But at home, I just want to be your daughter.”

Molly, the Omega maid passing by with a tray, chuckled.

“The difference between the Young Miss at home and outside is really big,” Molly said.

Seraphina stroked my hair. Her eyes were filled with deep affection, mixed with a lingering guilt for the lost time.

“Go on now,” she said softly.

I moved to the dining table. It was laden with a rich Western breakfast.

Crispy bacon, sunny-side-up eggs, and freshly baked toast filled the air with a delicious aroma.

I ate quickly, savoring the taste of home. Then, I grabbed my keys and drove towards the company.

(Amelia’s POV)

I walked into the lobby of Starlight Entertainment.

Employees stopped in their tracks as I passed.

“Happy Birthday, Alpha Amelia!” they called out with genuine respect.

I nodded in acknowledgement and headed straight for my office.

As soon as I stepped in, my secretary, Anya Reed, rushed over. She was waving a tablet in her hand, her face flushed with excitement.

“Alpha, it’s incredible!” Anya exclaimed. “The new songs have been online for less than twelve hours.”

She tapped the screen vigorously.

“Global streaming volume has already broken sixty million! All three singles have taken the top three spots on the Global Top 100 chart. It’s the fastest climb in the platform’s history!”

I sat down behind my desk, my expression calm.

“That is good news,” I said simply.

Compared to Anya’s excitement, I was far more interested in other numbers. I pulled up the stock market data for Gale Entertainment.

In my mind, my silver wolf, Ava, let out a bored yawn. She stretched her paws. To her, these human numbers were dull; she would only wag her tail if she heard the enemies were suffering or their stocks were plummeting.

I checked my phone messages. Lucas Lloyd still hadn’t replied to my taunt from last night. He was clearly choosing to play dead.

“Smart choice, but useless,” I muttered.

I opened social media on my computer. My songs were indeed dominating the charts.

But at the bottom of the trending list, another headline caught my eye. It was an official police report regarding the Hugh York car accident case.

The text was bold and final. The accident had been officially classified as first-degree murder.

The perpetrator, Glenda, showed no remorse and the circumstances were deemed heinous. The verdict: Life imprisonment without parole.

I scrolled down to the comments section. Netizens were cheering.

“Finally, justice is served!” one user wrote.

“An unloyal Alpha gets his karma,” another commented, posting a meme mocking Arthur York.

I tapped the like button on a few of the most biting comments. Almost immediately, sharp-eyed users noticed my activity.

Notifications flooded in. They tagged me, asking about the bet I made with Lucas.

I didn’t dodge the question. I typed out a public reply on my official account.

“The ‘dog walking’ livestream will start promptly at 12:00 PM on the 25th. Don’t be late.”

I hit send.

The internet instantly exploded. Comments poured in at a dizzying speed, everyone waiting for the drama of a werewolf being walked like a dog.

I leaned back in my chair, a cold smile playing on my lips. I opened a new tab and searched for the video footage of Glenda’s sentencing.

(Author’s POV)

The trial had ended swiftly. Glenda was immediately escorted out of the courthouse.

She was being transported to the maximum-security prison in the Northern Territories.

Inside the specially reinforced transport vehicle, the air was stale and cold. The heavy metal handcuffs and shackles on her wrists and ankles clattered loudly with every bump in the road.

The sound grated on her nerves.

For a while, she had been in a daze. But as the vehicle rumbled on, the reality of the judge’s words finally crashed down on her.

Life imprisonment. Without parole.

She would rot in that dark, sunless prison until she died.

Glenda’s eyes widened in sheer terror. This was worse than a death sentence. It was a living hell.

Fear coiled around her heart like a cold, venomous snake.

“No...” she whispered, her voice trembling. “It wasn’t supposed to be like this.”

She remembered the man named Silas. He had promised her.

He told her that if she crashed into Arthur’s illegitimate son, Hugh, Amelia would cure her poison. He said Amelia would provide a psychiatric evaluation proving she was mentally unstable.

That certificate was supposed to be her get-out-of-jail-free card.

“Lies!” she screamed internally.

Where was the certificate? Where was the help?

Life imprisonment!

Despair turned rapidly into a scorching rage. If she was going down, she wasn't going to go quietly. She would drag Amelia Stone down into the abyss with her.

"Hey! You!" Glenda shouted at the police officer sitting opposite her. Her voice was shrill with panic.

"Take me to your chief! I want to confess! I want to report a crime!"

The officer looked at her impassively.

"The crash... killing Hugh... someone ordered me to do it!" Glenda yelled, straining against her restraints.

"The person who instructed me is Amelia Stone! The biological daughter of the Stone family!"

She panted heavily, her eyes wild.

The officer merely glanced at her with cold indifference. There was only disdain in his eyes.

"Save your breath," he said flatly. "Stop screaming."

He adjusted his cap, looking bored.

"The court has already passed judgment. This is the final verdict. Whether someone instructed you or not, the fact remains that you are the principal offender."

He let out a scoff.

"And besides, no one is going to believe the ravings of a convicted murderer."

Glenda's face turned ashen white. The blood drained from her lips.

She shook her head frantically, trying to grasp at the last straw of hope.

"No... I was forced!"

She lunged forward as far as the chains would allow.

"I belong to Alpha Griffin Drake! You can't lock me up! Contact Alpha Griffin for me! He will save me!"

The officer let out a derisive snort. He turned his head away, no longer interested in the madwoman's nonsense.

He knew how the world worked. For a powerful figure like Alpha Griffin Drake, a pawn that had been exposed and lost its value had only one best destination.

Eternal silence.