

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 461[1,063 words]

(Author's POV)

The armed unit burst through the wooden door.

Boots hit the floor hard. Rifle muzzles swept every corner of the room.

Empty.

Nothing but Zane, still unconscious and slumped against the cabinet, and one of his men bound beside him.

The unit commander scanned the room once, then holstered his weapon.

"Get him up," he ordered.

Two men hauled Zane upright between them. The commander left two others behind with a sharp gesture – find the girl, search every building – and led the rest out into the dark with Zane draped between them.

The two who stayed behind tore through the village.

House by house. Barn by barn. Every shed, every cellar door they could find.

No Amelia.

Not a single villager either. The whole place was silent and empty, as if the earth had swallowed everyone whole.

The clock crept toward eleven forty.

The two men finally gave up and started back toward the rendezvous point.

They had taken maybe a dozen steps when both of them felt it simultaneously – a sharp, cold sting along the left side of their necks.

Neither of them had time to turn around.

The paralytic on the blade worked fast. Their legs buckled. Their bodies hit the ground with two heavy thuds, and then nothing moved except the grass bending in the night breeze.

Amelia stepped out of the shadows, slid the blade back into its sheath, and looked down at them without expression.

Then she raised the walkie-talkie to her mouth.

“It’s clear,” she said. “Bring them up.”

The hatch to the old root cellar beneath the community hall groaned open.

Rowan climbed out first, then helped the elderly ones up the ladder one by one. Children came next blinking against the cold air. The villagers spread out slowly across the square, looking around at what had become of their home.

Bodies lay scattered across the lanes between the houses.

Thirteen of them.

Rowan stood in the middle of the square, his jaw tight, his eyes moving from one shape on the ground to the next.

“He actually did it,” he said quietly. “Every single one of them. Zane’s people shot all thirteen convicts. Not one left alive.”

Master Elias stood at his shoulder, his hands folded in his sleeves, his expression grave but steady.

“Fortunate,” he said, “that Amelia kept one back.”

At the edge of the square, the surviving convict sat bound against a fence post, wrists tied behind him, eyes wide and white with terror. He had just heard from the villagers what had happened to the others.

He didn’t make a sound.

In the live stream chat, the comments had gone completely still for several long seconds.

Then they came back all at once.

That was real. That was actually real.

Thirteen people just got executed.

This isn’t a performance. Someone ordered a massacre of a civilian village.

Who Is this Zane Jenkins??

Someone needs to be arrested RIGHT NOW.

Amelia watched the comments scroll past, then typed a single message in the chat: *Stay tuned.*

She turned to Ethan, who had appeared at her elbow at some point during the chaos.

“Keep Grandfather calm,” she told him. “He’s probably watching.”

Ethan nodded once and stepped away with his phone already at his ear.

Amelia tucked her own phone under her arm and started walking toward the herb garden at the edge of the village.

She didn’t notice the figure lingering at the back of the crowd.

Lance Drake stood half-hidden behind a cluster of villagers, his body marked with cuts and bruises from the night’s chaos. His eyes tracked Amelia’s retreating figure with a flat, venomous stare.

When the last of the crowd shifted and gave him cover, he slipped sideways into the dark without a sound.

On the other side of the ridge, the armed unit’s commander sat with his remaining men in a circle around

the unconscious Zane.

They had no signal from the two left behind.

The commander checked his watch.

Eleven fifty-eight.

“We wait for midnight,” he said. “The fireworks will cover the noise. We blow all three sites at once and level the whole village. No evidence, no witnesses, nothing.”

The men around him nodded.

Midnight arrived.

Every man pressed the detonator assigned to his sector.

They waited for the roar.

What came instead was light.

From the eastern edge of the village, a single brilliant streak shot up into the sky and exploded in a cascade of gold and crimson. Then another. Then three at once, bursting open in great blooming arcs of color, one after another, filling the entire sky above Meadow Brook Park with fire and light.

The men stared.

The commander's hand was still frozen around his detonator.

"What-"

"Don't move."

The voice came from directly behind them. Low. Unhurried. Completely calm.

"Any of you move, and the guns go off by accident. That gets messy for everyone."

(Amelia's POV)

I heard the fireworks before I saw them.

The first one cracked open somewhere above the eastern field, and I looked up just in time to see it bloom – gold at the center, bleeding out into deep red at the edges, then fading into a shower of sparks that drifted down like slow rain.

I sat down on the flat stone outside the herb garden and propped my phone against a stick so the camera faced the sky.

The chat was still running. The viewer count had climbed past anything I'd expected.

Another firework went up. Then four more in quick succession, filling the whole sky with color.

I tilted my head back and watched.

Those officers seemed to invest too much in the show, he said. I wonder how they're feeling right

He smiled ***** to Imene there I hosted

We stood there together, watching the fireworks break open one after another above the dark falls, and the year ending and the one beginning, and how strange it was to be standing here, in this I picked up my phone and turned the camera toward my face one last time.

"That's the end of tonight's stream," I said, and smiled. "Goodbye."

I closed the app.

Theodore reached over and took my hand without saying anything. We turned and walked back toward the village together, side by side.

The path curved past the herb garden and around to the wooden house.

We were almost at the door when something moved in the grass at my feet – a small dark shape, gliding silently across the ground.

Black.

I stopped walking.

I glanced sideways at Theodore. He caught my look and went still, staying exactly where he was.

I stepped forward and pushed the door open.

A figure exploded out from inside, slamming into me with both hands outstretched, a voice cracking raw with fury-

“Amelia, you go to hell!”