

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 462[1,389 words]

(Author's POV)

Lance came through the door with a knife already in his hand.

He drove it straight toward Amelia's chest.

She didn't step back.

Her hand shot up and caught his wrist mid-strike. Her fingers clamped down hard, and she twisted – one sharp, brutal motion.

The crack was loud in the quiet night.

Lance screamed.

The knife dropped. Amelia caught it before it hit the ground.

She spun it once in her hand, then moved fast – two precise cuts across the backs of both his hands, severing the tendons clean. Lance was still screaming when she reached into her coat pocket and shook a fine dusting of silver powder directly into the open wounds.

The screaming went higher.

She kicked him in the chest and sent him sprawling backward into the dirt.

He writhed on the ground, his hands curled inward and useless, his face contorted, his whole body shaking.

Amelia stood over him and looked down.

"Lance," she said. Her voice was completely flat. "I already gave you a way out. You didn't take it. You came here and found me yourself."

He couldn't answer. He just kept writhing.

She watched him for another moment, then stepped back.

Running footsteps came from the path.

Lyra burst into the yard, her hair loose, her eyes wild. She saw her son on the ground and let out a broken sound – something between a sob and a wail – and threw herself down beside him.

Then she turned.

She crawled to Amelia on her knees, both hands seizing the hem of Amelia's coat, shaking so hard she could barely hold on. Tears poured down her face without stopping.

"Please," she said. "Please. I beg you – mercy, please. Not my son."

Amelia looked at her for a long moment.

"His hands are gone," she said. "The silver is already in the wounds. That won't change."

Lyra made a sound like she'd been struck.

"But he'll live," Amelia continued. "Both of you will. You have until morning to pack whatever you need."

Lyra's grip on her coat tightened. "We'll go. First light, I promise, we'll–"

"No," Amelia said. "I'll take you myself."

Before Lyra could respond, Amelia pulled a folded cloth from her pocket. It was damp, and the sharp, faintly metallic scent of silver solution clung to it.

She pressed it over Lyra's face first.

Lyra struggled for about three seconds. Then she went limp.

Lance was already barely conscious from the pain. The cloth over his face finished the job quickly.

Amelia straightened up, pulled out her phone, and called Silas.

The line connected on the second ring.

"I need transport," Amelia said. "Two passengers. Lyra Drake and her son. Slum Island. Permanent." She glanced down at the two unconscious figures on the ground. "They don't come back. Ever."

"Understood," Silas said. "I'll have people there in twenty minutes."

Amelia hung up.

She looked at Lance's slack face for a moment.

Then she drew her foot back and kicked him one more time—not hard, just enough to feel it.

"It's New Year's Eve," she muttered. "And he had to go and ruin it."

A warm hand closed around hers from behind.

"Hey." Theodore's voice was quiet, almost amused. "Let it go. It's done."

He tugged her gently toward the door.

She let him pull her inside.

The bed in the wooden house was narrow.

They lay side by side, shoulders touching, staring up at the low ceiling. Outside, the last distant echo of fireworks had long since faded. The village was completely quiet.

Amelia exhaled slowly

it's finally over, she said. "What a hell of a way to ring in the New Year.

Theodore turned his head toward her. "So what's next?

She stared at the ceiling and started talking

"The mating ceremony the needs a venue, quest list, security arrangements. Then there's Treatment Diary, we're still finalizing the second half of the shoot schedule. And I want to move on Gale Entertainment before the end of the quarter. Then there's the new novel—Helena's been patient but I can't keep her waiting forever. The copyright sale needs a proper event, not just a meeting. And Starlight a new development strategy now that Berry's team is settled in, and I still need to follow up with Dr. Morris about the potent timeline?

She paused.

Theodore had propped himself up on one elbow and was looking down at her His golden eyes were warm, but there was something else in them—something patient and intent

"Did you have any plans," he said, his voice dropping low, "that involve something a little more

She raised an eyebrow

My legs, he added, are completely healed. In case you'd forgotten."

Amelia looked at him,

Then she laughed a real one, surprised out of her,

"After everything that just happened tonight, she said, 'you're actually thinking about that?'"

I've been thinking about it for a long time," he said. "Tonight didn't change that."

She studied his face. The steadiness there. The way he was watching her like she was the only thing in the

Ive been waiting too; she said quietly. Longer than you probably know."

She reached up and curled her hand around the back of his neck

He bent down and kissed her.

From inside the wooden cabinet against the wall, three small shapes stirred.

Green's head appeared first, pushing through the gap in the cabinet door. It took one look at the room,

registered the situation with what appeared to be profound offense, and fixed Theodore with a long, flat stare.

Black emerged behind it.

Without any apparent ceremony, Black's tail swung sideways and wrapped around Green, dragging it firmly toward the window.

Green went – still staring back over its shoulder with an expression of deep personal grievance.

White slipped out last, silent and unhurried, and followed the other two out into the cool night air.

The cabinet door swung shut behind them.

Inside the small wooden house, the lamp burned low.

Ava and Logan, deep in the quiet place where wolves rested, settled against each other without sound. No restlessness. No waiting.

Just stillness, at last.

The case against Zane Jenkins moved quickly.

Three days into the new year, Amelia and Theodore brought Rowan and several other villagers to Northgate City as witnesses. The evidence was overwhelming – documented records, the surviving convict’s full confession, and the unbroken footage from Amelia’s live stream that had been watched by hundreds of thousands of people before the night was over.

The courtroom was standing room only.

Zane Jenkins sat at the defendant’s table looking diminished – smaller than he had seemed in the village, stripped of the authority and fear he’d spent years cultivating. His men sat in a row beside him.

The judge read the verdicts without hesitation.

When it was done, the crowd outside the courthouse erupted. The comment sections online were already running faster than anyone could follow.

Justice, people kept writing. Finally.

Afterward, Rowan and the others gathered by the cars to head back to the village.

Rowan stood in front of Amelia for a long moment, his weathered face creased with something that wasn’t quite a smile.

“Take care of yourself,” he said. His eyes drifted past her to Theodore, and stayed there.

Theodore stepped forward.

“I’ll take care of her,” he said simply. “You have my word.”

Rowan looked at him for a moment, measuring. Then he nodded – a single, satisfied dip of his chin – and turned to get in the car.

Amelia walked them to the vehicle.

“The mating ceremony is on the fifth day of the new year,” she told Rowan through the window. “I’ll send someone to the village to bring you all.”

His face broke into a full smile for the first time all day.

“We’ll be ready,” he said.

She watched the car pull away until it disappeared around the bend.

The next week moved fast.

Seraphina had been working on the ceremony dress for over a month – every outside commission refused, every other project set aside. She spent her days in the studio with fabric samples and measuring tape, adjusting seams by fractions, holding swatches to the light until the color was exactly right.

The dress, when Amelia finally saw it, made her go quiet for a moment.

It was perfect.

With one week left before the ceremony, Amelia turned her attention to the matter she'd been holding in reserve.

Gale Entertainment had been running a full promotional campaign for the production competing against *Treatment Diary* – posters, interviews, carefully managed press. They were loud about it. Confident.

Amelia sat down at her desk, opened the files she'd been keeping, and began sending them out one by one.

Everything she had on Yves – every buried incident, every covered accusation, every document that had been suppressed with money or threats – went public simultaneously.