

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 463[1,396 words]

(Author's POV)

The news about Yves detonated across every platform overnight.

Before his debut, he had a mate. She was completely alone in the world- no family, no connections, no one who would ever speak for her.

To land the lead role in his first production, Yves had offered her to a director with deeply disturbing appetites. She had been seven months pregnant at the time.

She died. The pup died with her.

Because she had no background, no one to pursue justice on her behalf, both the director and Yves had walked away untouched. For years, Yves had continued building his “perfect” image- the gentleman actor the sensitive artist, the man every fan adored.

It had all been a carefully constructed lie.

The moment the files went public, the internet erupted. Comment sections flooded with rage. Fan communities collapsed in real time. People who had defended him for years found themselves staring at documentation they couldn't explain away.

The cruelest irony was the director's identity.

It was Director Kyle – the same man Jasper had beaten publicly on set, the same man who had blacklisted Jasper afterward to protect himself. The connection spread through the online discussions like fire through dry grass.

Both Director Kyle and Yves were taken in for questioning within forty-eight hours.

The legal proceedings that followed moved with unusual speed.

Justice, people kept writing. Finally.

At the same time, Jade York's situation reached its resolution.

After Griffin Drake's fall had stripped away the protection he had extended over Alpha Arthur York, Jade finally had the leverage she needed. The negotiations were not easy, and her father did not surrender willingly – but in the end, he signed over the full block of shares he held in his own name.

Amelia took control of the transferred shares without ceremony.

Starlight Entertainment's footprint expanded again. The numbers were significant. The team that had been quietly building under Berry's direction now had substantially more resources to work with.

There was one other matter Amelia had promised to handle before the year turned.

She potted up the payroll files, reviewed the bonus calculations her town had prepared, and approved

The transfers went out that same afternoon

Every employes received what she had promised in fult, before the winter holidays ended.

She closed the laptop and set it aside.

There was one more thing left to do before tomorrow

The evening before the mating ceremony, Amelia sat in the living room with Jazon and Seraphina, going over the final details. The ceremony venue had been confirmed. The security arrangements were in place. The guest list had been checked three times.

A maid appeared in the doorway, moving quickly, her expression slightly unsettled.

"Miss Amelia," She held out an envelope. "Someone left this at the gate. They asked the guard to deliver it.

They wouldn't give their name,"

Javon straightened immediately.

Seraphina's eyes sharpened.

Amelia took the envelope, turned it over once, then opened it.

The note inside was short. A single line, written in a hand she recognized immediately.

"Come to the prison tomorrow. I'll give you the full guest list from the Secret Garden parties - every name, every rank

No signature. Hone was needed,

She had seen Griffin Drake's handwriting before,

Amelia set the note on the table and slid it toward her mother.

Seraphina read it. Her face changed,

“He’s planning something” Her voice was tight. “The night before your ceremony – this is not a coincidence, Amelia. He wants to pull you into something dangerous.”

“I know,” Amelia said.

“Then you’re not going”

“I’m not going” Amelia agreed.

Jaxon picked up the note and read it himself, his jaw set.

“He’s trying to bait you,” he said. “That list if it even exists he’d use the handover as leverage for something. A favor, a delay, something that benefits him.”

“He’s in a cell,” Amelia said. “He has nothing left to offer except information, and he knows it. This is the only card he has.” She looked at the note for a moment longer. “But it’s not the right time.”

Seraphina looked at her. “What do you mean?”

“I mean I’ll get to him eventually.” Amelia’s voice was calm. Certain. “When I’m stronger. When I’ve built enough that dismantling whatever’s left of his network doesn’t cost more than it gains.” She folded the note and set it aside. “Right now, I’m getting married tomorrow.”

Seraphina stared at her for a moment.

Then she let out a long, slow breath and reached over to squeeze Amelia’s hand.

“You’re right,” she said quietly. “You’re completely right.”

Jaxon set the note down on the table. “I’ll have the guard increase the perimeter check tonight.”

“Thank you,” Amelia said.

She leaned back in her chair and looked at her parents – the people who had raised her, who had stood between her and everything that tried to reach her – and felt something settle in her chest.

Tomorrow.

The ceremony took place at noon.

The venue was filled with soft light and the quiet elegance of careful preparation. Every detail that Seraphina had spent weeks refining was exactly as it should be. The flowers were white and pale gold.

The altar was simple and clean. The space felt like something that had been waiting for this moment.

Amelia stood at the center of it in the dress her mother had made – white fabric that moved with her, perfectly fitted, nothing excessive, nothing wasted. She had her hair pinned up with a few loose strands framing her face, and the sapphire blue of her eyes was the most vivid thing in the room.

Theodore stood beside her in a black suit, his posture straight, his golden eyes fixed on her with an expression that made several guests look away, as though they were witnessing something too private to observe.

Their hands were clasped together.

The officiant had just begun to speak when a stir moved through the back of the room.

Natasha caught it first.

Her sharp eyes found the figure near the entrance, and her entire body went tense. She recognized Damien Blackwood immediately. Her first thought was that he was here to cause a scene – she was already shifting her weight, preparing to intercept him.

Then Damien stopped.

He stood at the entrance, drew a long breath, and called out in a voice loud enough for the whole room to hear

“Amelia.” His voice was rough at the edges but steady. “I wish you a lifetime of happiness.”

The room went completely still.

Natasha froze where she stood, one foot half-raised, feeling suddenly foolish. She revised her opinion of him by several degrees.

Then Damien turned his gaze to Theodore.

“Theodore,” he said, just as loudly. “If you ever wrong her – I won’t mind taking a woman whose mate bond

has already been severed as my own mate.”

Natasha's revised opinion immediately reversed itself.

She stared at him with an expression that could not decide between disbelief and offense.

Theodore did not react with anger. He looked at Damien for a moment, then smiled – easy, unhurried, completely unbothered,

“Thank you, Damien,” he said, his voice carrying clearly across the quiet room. “For your sincere good wishes for my mate Amelia.” He paused, and when he continued, his tone was warm and certain. “She will be happy her entire life. Not only because of me – but because she has always been a woman fully capable of making herself happy.”

The room broke into applause.

Damien stood there for one more moment.

Then he turned and walked out.

Natasha watched him go. His shoulders were straight, but there was something in the line of them – a particular kind of loneliness that made her feel an unexpected, unwanted pang of sympathy.

She pushed it aside.

The ceremony continued.

The officiant's voice filled the room again, steady and warm, guiding them through the words of the rite. The marking was quiet and deliberate, witnessed by everyone who mattered.

Then came the rings.

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Theodore took Amelia's hand in both of his. He lifted the ring custom made, chosen with care – and slid it onto her finger with the kind of steadiness that came from certainty rather than calm.

Amelia looked down at her hand.

The ring caught the light.

She raised her eyes to his face, and something in her expression softened into something that had no name – not quite joy, not quite relief, something larger than either.

“Theodore,” she said quietly. “I wish you a lifetime of happiness too.”

He lowered his head and pressed his lips to the ring on her finger.

When he looked up, his golden eyes met hers clear and warm and completely without reservation.

“Amelia,” he said. “As long as I have you beside me, I will be happy for the rest of my life.”