

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 5[959 words]

(Third-person's POV)

Seraphina stepped forward, gesturing toward Amelia."Adrian, Livia, I've brought your child home," she gently patted Amelia's back, encouraging her to greet her biological parents and brother. But Amelia remained rooted in place, a cold smile playing on her lips.

"Aunt Seraphina," she said loudly, "are these people truly my biological parents and brother? I'm supposedly their daughter and sister, yet they look at me with such disdain. How curious."

The four people before them visibly stiffened, their faces paling at Amelia's directness. None had expected such boldness from the girl they'd assumed would be meek and grateful.

Seraphina froze, caught off guard by Amelia's bluntness. In her heart, she knew exactly why Adrian and his mate Livia hadn't come themselves. They didn't want to acknowledge this daughter who'd grown up in a remote, impoverished pack. Not when they already had Celine, their perfect adopted daughter.

They'd prioritized staying home to comfort Celine over welcoming their own flesh and blood. Neither Adrian nor Livia, nor even Amelia's brothers Ethan and Caleb, had been willing to risk upsetting Celine by personally retrieving Amelia. It had fallen to Seraphina, who couldn't bear the injustice, to volunteer herself and her husband for the task.

And now, with Amelia standing before them, they couldn't even pretend to be happy about her arrival.

Livia and Adrian exchanged a meaningful glance. This girl wasn't the docile pawn they'd expected. If they wanted her to willingly replace Celine in the marriage to Theodore Crimson, they would need to make some effort.

After a moment's hesitation, Livia rose from her seat and approached Amelia with a practiced expression of maternal concern.

"My child," she said, her voice artificially tender, "you've suffered so much all these years."

She reached out to touch Amelia's face, but Amelia smoothly sidestepped the gesture.

"Please don't pretend," Amelia said coolly. "I don't see a trace of genuine concern in your eyes."

Livia's face flushed with anger. She'd condescended to offer this girl a warm welcome, and this was how she was repaid? With public humiliation? Clearly, this girl lacked proper upbringing.

“Silly girl,” Livia said with a strained smile, barely suppressing her anger, “you are the pup I painstakingly carried and gave birth to. How could I not ache for the suffering you’ve endured?”

Amelia’s eyes glinted with amusement. “Is that so? If you’re so concerned about me, why didn’t you come to get me yourself today? Why send my aunt and uncle instead?”

Jaxon, sensing the escalating tension, grasped Seraphina’s arm as she moved to intervene. He shook his head slightly, indicating this was a family matter they shouldn’t interfere with.

“We should head back now,” he said quietly.

Seraphina looked at Amelia, her eyes filled with worry and compassion, but she knew her position as an aunt limited her authority to intervene. Before leaving, Jaxon couldn’t resist a parting comment.

“Livia, now that the child is home, make amends properly. Don’t hurt her further.”

Seraphina added gently, “Amelia, if you need anything, we’re in the east wing mansion. Please come to us.”

After the couple departed, Livia visibly relaxed, relieved to be free of their scrutiny. She quickly fabricated an excuse for her absence.

“I’m emotionally fragile, dear. I feared seeing your difficult living conditions would be too much to bear. I stayed home to prepare myself and ensure everything was perfect for your arrival.”

The truth was far simpler: Celine had spent the night distraught after learning she wasn’t the Alpha’s biological daughter. Livia had stayed to comfort her precious adopted child.

“And what exactly did you prepare?” Amelia asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

“We’ve readied a beautiful room for you,” Livia replied, reaching for Amelia’s hand. “Let me show you.”

Once again, Amelia deftly avoided her touch. “How interesting that preparing a room took priority over welcoming your long-lost daughter.”

(Amelia’s POV)

I turned my attention to the beautiful young woman standing beside Caleb, her eyes already glistening with tears on cue.

“And who might this be?” I asked, though I knew perfectly well.

Celine’s eyes immediately welled with tears, her lower lip trembling in a practiced display of vulnerability. Caleb squeezed her hand reassuringly.

“Celine, don’t be afraid,” he murmured before fixing me with a cold stare. “I’m your brother Caleb, and this is my sister Celine.” He emphasized the words “my sister” with unmistakable possessiveness.

I smiled slowly, deliberately. “Your sister, you say? So this is the adopted daughter who was switched with me at birth?”

Celine’s hand trembled, and a tear slid down her cheek right on cue. Caleb’s expression darkened as he tightened his grip on her hand.

“In my heart, Celine is my true sister!” he declared, his voice rising.

I couldn’t help but laugh coldly. “If you consider her your true sister, then you truly are a idiot.”

My wolf, Ava, whispered in my mind: “These people’s prejudices run deep. We need to make them see the truth.”

Caleb’s face contorted with disbelief. “Are you calling me stupid?”

“Yes, I am,” I replied without hesitation. “Or didn’t you know? It was her mother who secretly switched us at birth.”

I recounted the information I’d received just that morning: Celine’s biological mother, Martha Keene, had worked as a caregiver in the pack’s nursery when Livia gave birth. Martha, an Omega with her own newborn daughter, had seized the opportunity to give her child a better life by switching the babies.

“I’m so sorry,” Celine whispered, tears streaming down her face.

Caleb pulled her closer. “It’s not your fault, Celine. You’re innocent in all this.”

He turned to me with fury in his eyes. “How dare you blame her? She had nothing to do with what happened!”

I laughed bitterly. “Oh, how innocent she is! Innocently enjoying twenty years of luxury as an Alpha’s daughter while I, the true Alpha’s daughter, was abandoned in freezing bushes by her wicked mother. If someone hadn’t found me, I would have died within hours of my birth.”