

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 51[1,004 words]

(Caleb's POV)

I couldn't believe what was happening. One moment, Amelia was stepping all over my feet like some clumsy country wolf, and the next... she transformed.

Her movements suddenly became fluid and graceful, perfectly in sync with the music. Each step was executed with precision and elegance that spoke of years of practice. Not only could she dance, but she danced with such mastery that I found myself struggling to keep up.

"What the " I muttered, nearly missing a step as she executed a perfect turn.

Amelia's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Surprised, brother dear?"

I couldn't respond. The girl before me moved with the confidence and poise of someone who had attended countless high-society gatherings. Her movements were more relaxed, more natural than Celine's carefully practiced steps. There was something effortlessly elegant about the way she glided across the floor.

The moonlight dress she wore seemed to come alive with her movements, the fabric catching the light and creating an ethereal glow around her. She looked like some kind of moon goddess descended among us mere mortals.

"Close your mouth, Caleb. You'll catch flies," she teased, executing another flawless turn.

I snapped my jaw shut, not even realizing it had been hanging open. For the first time, I really looked at my sister—my biological sister.

Her skin wasn't pale and delicate like Celine's. It had a slight sun-kissed quality to it, giving her a more wild, untamed beauty. Her eyes were bright and alert, like stars in the night sky, missing nothing.

I remembered that moment earlier when the lights were dimmed to prove the authenticity of her dress. In that brief minute of darkness, when her dress had glowed like moonlight, I'd felt a small shock of awe. Now that feeling returned tenfold as I watched her dance.

Who was this woman? And how had she learned to dance like this in some backwater pack?

The laughter that had filled the hall when Amelia was stepping on my feet had completely died down. In its place came gasps and murmurs of admiration.

"My goodness, look at her move!"

“I’ve never seen such grace!”

“That dress... and those movements... it’s absolutely mesmerizing.”

I heard the whispers all around us, and my face burned with embarrassment. They had been laughing at me, not her. She had been playing me for a fool all along.

“She’s stunning!”

“I’ll never underestimate her again!”

“Poor Caleb looks completely blindsided! All those times she stepped on his feet—she was just toying with him!”

The realization hit me like a physical blow. I had been set up. Amelia had deliberately made a fool of me, and I had walked right into her trap.

(Third-person’s POV)

Celine’s fingers tightened into a fist as she watched Amelia dance. How could a wolf raised among thugs and lowlifes possibly know how to waltz? This was a dance learned from human high society, not something commonly practiced at werewolf gatherings.

Lost in her thoughts, she accidentally stepped on Ronan’s foot.

“I’m so sorry,” she quickly apologized, looking up at him.

But Ronan wasn’t even looking at her. His eyes, like everyone else’s, were fixed on Amelia. He hadn’t even noticed Celine’s misstep.

Celine bit her lip in frustration, tasting blood. She had no choice but to endure this humiliation in silence.

Across the room, Jaxon’s eyes were wide with disbelief. He turned to Seraphina.

“Did you teach her to dance like that?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Seraphina shook her head. “I showed her some basic etiquette and the fundamentals of waltz, but we had so little time. I never specifically taught her to dance like... that.”

Understanding dawned on Jaxon’s face. “She already knew.”

Patriarch Alaric, who had been watching the scene unfold with keen interest, nodded approvingly. “Your daughter is full of surprises, isn’t she?”

Pride swelled in Jaxon and Seraphina’s hearts. Seraphina’s eyes glistened with unshed tears.

“She must have worked so hard to learn all this,” she whispered. “She deserves every bit of praise she’s receiving tonight.”

At another table, Livia watched the scene with a sour expression. This was her daughter—the child she had carried for ten months and given birth to—yet everyone was congratulating Jaxon and Seraphina. The looks directed at her were filled with pity.

“What’s so impressive about knowing how to waltz?” she huffed indignantly. “Celine dances much better than she does.”

Seraphina turned to her with a sharp look. “Is it really so difficult for you to acknowledge that Amelia is exceptional?”

“I never said I don’t recognize her as my daughter,” Livia shot back defensively. “She’s the one determined to destroy Celine!”

Seraphina scoffed. “After everything Celine has done to her? Please.”

Their argument continued, drawing uncomfortable glances from nearby guests.

Meanwhile, Seraphina confided her fears to Jaxon. “What if she leaves us one day?”

Jaxon squeezed her hand reassuringly. “Have faith in her. When she chose us, it wasn’t on a whim.”

Adrian watched the scene unfold with growing unease. A sense of crisis was slowly taking root in his mind. Perhaps Amelia’s threat to help Jaxon reclaim his inheritance wasn’t just empty words.

He noticed Ethan limping slightly and frowned. “What happened to your leg?”

Ethan avoided his gaze. “It’s nothing, Father.”

Adrian made a mental note to discuss Starlight Entertainment’s financial situation with Ethan later that night. Something wasn’t right.

Back on the dance floor, Caleb was struggling to keep up with Amelia’s expert footwork. He stumbled twice, his movements becoming increasingly frantic.

“What’s wrong, Caleb?” Amelia taunted. “Can’t keep up now that I’m actually trying?”

Caleb’s face burned with shame. He let out a cold snort, trying to mask his embarrassment.

Amelia laughed. “I’m not being arrogant. I just think you’re weak.”

With that, she released his hand and turned away, leaving him standing alone in the middle of the dance floor, utterly bewildered.

Caleb stormed back to Ethan's side, fuming. "Can you believe her? She played me!"

To his astonishment, Ethan burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Caleb demanded.

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(Third-person's POV)

Ethan immediately stopped laughing and resumed his cold demeanor. He turned to Caleb with a serious expression.

"You lost this round of provocation, brother. She's simply better than you. Don't blame Arnelia for looking down on you and calling you weak."

Caleb looked confused. "I don't understand. Has Amelia ever attended such a grand banquet before? How could she dance so skillfully?"

Ethan shook his head. "I have no idea. It seems there are many secrets about her we don't know."

Caleb reluctantly admitted that Amelia had impressed him tonight, but he still spoke dismissively. "Don't forget how vicious she is. She bullied Celine and crippled your right leg."

Across the hall, Damien's father noticed his son standing up, correctly guessing his intention to approach Amelia.

"Sit down," he commanded sharply.

Damien complained, "You said you brought me here to meet people in our circle, but you're making me sit here unable to go anywhere. How am I supposed to meet anyone?"

His father's expression hardened. "You'll meet plenty of people when we host your welcome banquet. Tonight is not the time. I'm more concerned about you causing trouble with the Stone River Pack."

Damien reluctantly sat back down, his mood growing increasingly agitated. He thought to himself that he would find an opportunity after the banquet. After all, he now knew Amelia was in Northgate City and was the true daughter of the Stone River Pack's Alpha.

Celine returned to Caleb and Ethan after finishing her dance with Ronan, her enthusiasm visibly diminished. She deliberately sighed, “I never imagined Amelia would be so skilled. I’m truly impressed.”

She carefully observed Ethan and Caleb’s reactions. Ethan casually replied, “She was alright.”

Caleb, being contrary, said, “She was just okay. I was simply caught off guard. Compared to you, Celine, she’s far inferior. You excel at piano, chess, and painting. Amelia just knows how to waltz—nothing worth showing off.”

Celine remained silent, but she could sense that both Ethan and Caleb might be developing a new appreciation for Amelia. This was the last thing she wanted.

(Amelia’s POV)

I walked back to our table feeling refreshed and satisfied. Theodore looked up at me with an amused expression.

“Feeling better now?” he asked.

I nodded contentedly. “Much better. I didn’t let Celine steal the spotlight at my welcome banquet.”

Theodore smiled, clearly enjoying my frankness. “Keep up the good work.”

I noticed his relaxed demeanor and couldn’t help commenting, “You seem to be in a good mood, just waiting for me to set the stage for your entertainment.”

Theodore’s lips curved into a slight smile as he raised his phone and gently waved it before turning the screen toward me. “Not just watching—I recorded it too.”

My eyes widened in surprise. “You did what?”

“It was beautiful,” he continued. “I’m keeping this to play at our future marking ceremony.”

I snatched the phone from his hand and looked down at the video of myself dancing. “You really have too much free time on your hands.”

Theodore chuckled softly. “What can I do? When I can’t see you and I miss you, I can only look at videos.”

I teased him, “I think you might have some perverted tendencies.”

Rather than being offended, Theodore responded seriously, “If missing one’s mate counts as perversion, then yes, I admit I’m that kind of person.”

I looked at him in shock. “You know?”

Theodore nodded. “After our treatment session, Logan woke up briefly. That’s when I recognized you as my fated mate.”

He gave me a reproachful look. “Why didn’t you tell me? All this time I couldn’t find my mate because you were switched at birth.”

I smiled. “I wanted you to discover it yourself. That makes it more surprising.”

After finishing the video, I handed his phone back. Theodore took it and asked, “What’s next on the program?”

I smiled mischievously. “Next, we’ll watch Celine perform. She boasted to me about her piano and painting skills, saying I know nothing except growing herbs, and offered to teach me.”

With that, I walked back to the large screen and once again thanked all the pack leaders for attending my welcome banquet. “We have more entertainment prepared for you tonight,” I announced.

The guests turned their attention to me. Some wondered if I was going to showcase another talent, while others doubted what else I could possibly do. A few expressed newfound expectations, remembering how I had surprised everyone with my waltz.

I scanned the room before continuing, “When I first arrived at the Stone River Pack House, I wasn’t familiar with The Rosewood Wing until Celine, the pack’s adopted daughter, told me about it. She explained that The Rosewood Wing was specially designed for the Alpha’s children to learn various talents.”

Celine’s face instantly drained of color. She thought anxiously, “This vile woman, she’s not going to publicly play that recording and ruin my reputation, is she?”

Her hands trembled as she clenched them into fists. She wanted to stand up and stop me but lacked the courage. With a shaking voice, she whispered to Caleb, “Amelia mentioning that day now—she’s not planning to play the recording and humiliate me in front of everyone, is she?”

I continued, “Celine told me she’s been learning various talents in The Rosewood Wing from highly-paid private tutors since she was young. She’s proficient in musical instruments, painting, chess, and various languages.”

Caleb noticed Celine’s distress and immediately stood up, shouting, “Amelia!”

I calmly glanced at Caleb before continuing, “Celine was concerned that I didn’t know anything, and kindly offered to teach me. Of course, she was quite humble, saying she couldn’t do farm work or laundry or cooking, and said she wanted to learn from me.”

The guests' expressions varied widely at this point. Adrian and Livia looked extremely uncomfortable. Caleb gritted his teeth and defended Celine, "What Celine said is true! She is accomplished in many talents, while Amelia has been living among thugs. Didn't you have to do your own laundry and cooking?"

I nodded. "Yes, that's right. If I hadn't been switched at birth by Celine's mother, I wouldn't have had the opportunity to learn these skills. I'm truly fortunate."

Caleb was left speechless. Facing the strange looks directed at her, Celine nearly bit through her lip.

I continued with a smile, "So, I would very humbly like to ask Celine to demonstrate some of the talents she's mastered. How about showcasing them tonight at my welcome banquet?"

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(Third-person's POV)

Celine once again underestimated Amelia's boldness. She had planned to showcase her talents at the welcoming banquet to outshine Amelia, but certainly not in this passive manner. She never expected Amelia would directly treat her as entertainment for the guests.

Celine's wolf, Amy, growled in her mind, furious: "How dare she humiliate us like this! Crush her with your piano skills! Make her pathetic wild wolf tremble under your mental power!"

Celine gritted her teeth, struggling to maintain composure. "Not now, Amy," she thought back. "This isn't the time for anger. We must prove our noble bloodline."

Fortunately, Celine's popularity and reputation in Northgate City's upper circles worked in her favor. The guests began murmuring among themselves.

"Celine's piano skills are exceptional," one guest commented.

"More importantly, they say her music can soothe restless wolf spirits," another added. "That's a gift only high-ranking female werewolves possess."

Many felt Amelia was being too arrogant with her public challenge. "So what if she can waltz? That rough, wandering wolf aura she carries could never produce elegant, soulful music."

The consensus seemed to be that Celine had never lost to any Alpha daughter her age in artistic talents. "Why else would Gideon choose her from among so many Alpha daughters wanting to marry Theodore?"

At Alaric's table, the atmosphere was tense. Since Amelia had gained Gideon's approval and favor, Alaric had decided to let her do as she pleased unless Gideon objected.

Adrian and Livia looked uncomfortable, but after the earlier incident with Caleb's formal attire, they dared not make a scene in front of Patriarch Alaric.

Caleb, realizing Amelia intended to embarrass Celine publicly, scoffed coldly. "Let Celine show her talents. Use a bit of mental pressure, Celine. Make Amelia admit defeat."

By this point, Celine had no choice but to accept the challenge. Her only path to redemption was to completely outclass Amelia.

"So what if they know about my mother's baby swap? So what if I'm just the Stone River

Pack's adopted daughter?" she thought. "If I demonstrate my 'Luna potential' to support a strong Alpha, I'll still deserve to be an Alpha's daughter. Alpha sons will still pursue me."

With this realization, Celine stood up. She wore a graceful smile as she nodded politely to Amelia. "Since Amelia wants to learn, I'll give it a try."

Amelia responded, "Yes, let's see how bad you are."

The crowd fell silent at her bluntness.

Ronan approached Theodore with a champagne glass, feigning concern. "That newly returned Alpha daughter from Stone River Pack will be your fiancée. Initially, people didn't think much of her, but she just managed to impress the upper circles with her waltz. Now she's publicly challenging Celine, Northgate City's renowned talented lady. For your reputation's sake, shouldn't you stop her recklessness?"

Theodore smiled. "I never noticed before, but now I see Amelia was right—there is something wrong with your brain. Nothing has even started yet, and you're already barking like a dog."

Ronan's expression darkened. After a moment, he forced a smile. "Theodore, you've become increasingly sharp-tongued since your legs were crippled."

Theodore stroked his legs thoughtfully. "Yes, as Isla says, these useless legs have made me sensitive and paranoid. You should be careful not to provoke me, Ronan. My wolf is on the edge of frenzy. If I lose control, I might accidentally kill you. You should also warn Isla- before, she had my protection to act recklessly, but now I could crush her like an ant." Ronan's face turned grim. "Theodore, why so serious? Isla is just being playful at home." Theodore sighed with mock regret. "Can't help it. My crippled legs have twisted my mind." "You're joking," Ronan said. "But if you're truly having psychological issues, you should seek treatment soon. Otherwise, Grandfather might delay the succession indefinitely."

With that, he walked away. Theodore watched Ronan's retreating figure with contempt, thinking, "Ronan will soon understand the meaning of excessive greed."

In the center of the venue, various instruments were displayed: piano, violin, cello, guitar, drums, and more. Celine walked to the piano first, opened the lid, and selected a piece recognized as highly challenging in werewolf nobility circles—"Prayer Under Moonlight."

Her posture was elegant as she sat. Her nimble fingers danced across the black and white keys, producing music that flowed with a trained, gentle vibration meant to resonate with the wolves present.

The guests felt their inner wolves slightly soothed. They praised her skill, saying this was exactly what a future Luna should be capable of—the ability to communicate with wolf spirits through music.

Caleb led the applause. "Wonderful! Celine plays beautifully!"

Even Ethan's gaze showed delight.

Livia finally breathed a sigh of relief. She glanced at Seraphina sitting across from her. "Celine is truly the wonderful daughter I've carefully raised. Look at her piano skills—simply brilliant! The spiritual vibrations in her music can't be imitated by just anyone. Neither in temperament nor talent can Amelia compare."

Seraphina scoffed. "Well, it wasn't for nothing that Martha risked imprisonment to swap her daughter. She may be in jail now, but at least her daughter was raised well by you and is shining brightly."

The old Seraphina would have remained calm about everything, never engaging in verbal sparring with Livia. But now she couldn't bear any criticism of Amelia. Her tongue had become sharp—truly embodying the saying "a mother becomes fierce for her child."

Livia was furious but struggled to find a retort. "You—" she sputtered.

Seraphina laughed mockingly. "How ridiculous. Your actions are heartbreaking, not merely 'slightly displeasing' to Amelia. Besides, who knows if your adopted daughter values emotional bonds or just benefits?"

As Livia tried to argue back, Adrian interjected seriously, "Enough. Why argue with Seraphina? She's bound to be irrational as a new mother."

Livia smiled. "True. Sera never raised a child from infancy, so she doesn't understand the effort and emotion invested in raising a child—how could one easily abandon that?"

This used to be Seraphina's vulnerable point. Mentions of childlessness would silence her. But now, Seraphina didn't need to mind her childless status. Amelia was her child, her precious daughter.

Under the admiring gazes of the audience, Celine rose from the piano. Her face was slightly flushed from the mental energy expended during her performance. She smiled gracefully at Amelia.

"What else would you like me to play, Amelia? If you truly want to learn, I can teach you to control your breathing through music." how

She casually gestured toward the various instruments around the room. "Not just piano—I can teach you to play any instrument here."

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(Celine's POV)

Hearing Amelia's challenge, I expected her to cower after my performance. Instead, she merely smiled.

"Celine, that performance made you quite proud, didn't it? That so-called spiritual soothing is just at this level. Unfortunately, I don't need it," Amelia said dismissively.

Her words sent a ripple through the crowd. Guests who had been impressed by my talents began clamoring to see a true contest between the two Alpha daughters—one real, one fake.

I maintained my dignified smile, deliberately emphasizing my pedigree. "I began my artistic training with priests when I was just three years old. True wolf spirit resonance requires proper cultivation from childhood."

The implication was clear—a wild wolf like her couldn't possibly understand the refined communion between music and wolf spirits.

Amelia didn't back down. "Being called Northgate City's talented lady is just mutual flattery among the pack's upper circles. That tiny bit of mental power couldn't soothe even a rabbit."

Her arrogance was shocking. Several Alpha sons and daughters around us began murmuring their disapproval. Who did this country bumpkin think she was?

What surprised me most was Theodore's expression. Rather than being embarrassed by his fiancée's behavior, he looked amused, even encouraging. The sight made my stomach twist.

My smile finally faltered. “If you’re so talented, why don’t you show us your real skills instead of just talking?”

The Alpha sons and daughters who regularly socialized with me joined in, demanding Amelia prove herself.

“Gladly,” Amelia responded without hesitation. “I’ll compose a piece right here, not only more difficult than Celine’s but one that will let everyone present experience a true ‘Descent of the Moon Goddess.’”

Her declaration stunned the entire room. The ability to evoke the Moon Goddess through music was legendary—a talent said to belong only to royal Alpha mates. No one could believe her audacity.

Caleb snorted derisively. “She clearly doesn’t understand the depth of werewolf artistry. I can’t wait to see how she’ll save face after this.”

Ethan’s expression mirrored his brother’s contempt.

As I passed by Amelia, I couldn’t resist whispering, “Try not to embarrass yourself too badly.”

She shot back without missing a beat, “You should learn to grow herbs, Celine. You’ll need a way to support yourself when you’re thrown out of the Stone River Pack.”

Her words stung more than I wanted to admit.

(Third-person’s POV)

Amelia approached the piano with none of Celine’s practiced grace. She casually pushed up the sleeves of her evening gown, her movements lacking Celine’s rigid elegance but radiating a primal wildness that drew eyes.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, seemingly sensing the energy flowing through the air. She hummed softly to herself, genuinely appearing to compose on the spot.

Some guests exchanged skeptical glances, believing she was merely putting on a show. Others shifted impatiently, waiting for her inevitable failure.

Theodore raised his phone again to record Amelia’s performance. Inside him, his wolf Logan began to stir restlessly, as if sensing something significant was about to happen.

Not to be outdone, Damien grabbed not only his own phone but also his father’s, holding one in each hand to film Amelia.

“I won’t lose to that cripple when it comes to appreciating Amelia,” he declared loudly.

His father cursed under his breath but surrendered his phone nonetheless.

Amelia's eyes snapped open. For a brief moment, those watching closely might have noticed a flash of golden light in the depths of her dark pupils. Her fingers descended upon the black and white keys.

To everyone's surprise, the initial melody was extraordinarily simple—a variation of the human children's song "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." Celine's supporters began jeering immediately.

"Is this a joke?"

"She's mocking werewolf hearing!"

"Get off the stage, you're embarrassing yourself!"

Amelia ignored the criticism completely. The pressure from her fingertips gradually increased, and the music took a sudden, dramatic turn.

The simple melody vanished instantly, replaced by a grand composition that evoked the thundering of a thousand wolves racing through an ancient forest. The music was no longer mere sound but a visible storm of energy sweeping through the banquet hall.

Guests felt themselves transported to a primeval wilderness, surrounded by biting winds and the primal intensity of the hunt. Their inner wolves responded instinctively, wanting to submit and worship.

Just as the pressure reached its peak, the music transformed again, becoming ethereal and sacred. It was as if the Moon Goddess herself had parted the clouds, bathing every injured or agitated wolf in silver moonlight.

The soul-deep cleansing and comfort surpassed Celine's performance a hundredfold. Theodore's perpetually aching legs miraculously felt a cool relief. Logan, his wolf that constantly raged and howled within him, now lay down docilely, emitting contented rumbles.

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(Third-person's POV)

As the final notes faded, the soul-deep vibration continued to resonate through the air. Guests gradually recovered from their trance, many lower-ranking werewolves suddenly realizing they had unconsciously assumed submissive postures.

Their gazes toward Amelia transformed completely. No longer did they see a country bumpkin, but a born queen.

Gideon rose to his feet, his entire body trembling with excitement. “Extraordinary! This wasn’t merely music—this was Soul Resonance! Only females with the purest, most powerful spiritual energy can perform such melodies capable of soothing an Alpha’s frenzy.”

Amelia bowed her head modestly. “It was just an improvisation. I hope I haven’t embarrassed myself before the Alpha King.”

“Embarrassed? Child, you’ve astounded us all!” Gideon’s eyes sparkled with admiration.

The entire banquet hall remained in reverent silence. Even the servers had stopped in their tracks, captivated by the lingering energy of Amelia’s performance.

Gideon couldn’t contain his enthusiasm. “I almost wish I could claim you as my granddaughter rather than a future granddaughter-in-law! Such talent is a treasure in our world.”

Theodore chuckled. “Grandfather, I’m afraid that’s not possible.”

Their exchange drew laughter from the guests, but it was tinged with newfound respect. The atmosphere had shifted dramatically.

Adrian’s family sat rigid in their seats, faces ashen. Every exceptional talent Amelia displayed only highlighted their foolishness in discarding her for Celine’s superficial skills.

“I can call you Grandfather now if you’d like,” Amelia offered with a warm smile.

Gideon’s face lit up with delight. “I would be honored, my dear.”

Across the room, Theron’s expression darkened considerably. He understood precisely what this ability meant—Amelia’s gift to soothe wolf spirits made her the perfect Luna candidate, one who would significantly strengthen Theodore’s position.

This Stone daughter they’d recently reclaimed was hiding depths no one had anticipated.

Celine sat frozen, her face paper-white. She had lost—completely and utterly. Her piano skills were mere technique, while Amelia’s music was dominance and blessing combined.

Caleb and Ethan remained speechless, disturbed by how their wolves had instinctively wanted to submit to Amelia’s influence. The feeling left them both confused and humiliated.

Amelia turned to address the guests. “I hope everyone has enjoyed tonight’s welcome banquet. Please let me know if there’s anything lacking in our hospitality.”

She then walked toward Seraphina and Jaxon. “Did I embarrass you?”

Tears welled in Seraphina's eyes. "Embarrass us? You've brought us glory! What we witnessed was nothing short of miraculous."

She could feel the envious glances from surrounding guests.

Jaxon grinned. "Look how emotional you've made her."

Watching this touching scene, Livia clutched her chest and slumped in her chair, struggling to breathe properly. The pain was evident in her eyes as she realized that this extraordinary daughter—a female with the precious Soul Resonance gift—was calling another woman "mother."

Gideon stood to leave. "I must prepare for Theodore and Amelia's engagement ceremony next week. It must be conducted with the highest Luna ritual standards—nothing less will suffice."

Alaric nodded. "Amelia, please escort the Alpha King to his car."

"Just a moment," Amelia said. "I need to retrieve something first."

She left the banquet hall, leaving both Crimson and Stone family members puzzled by her sudden departure.

Livia clicked her tongue disapprovingly. "This child... she says she'll escort the Alpha King but then runs off. What could be so important?"

Gideon waved dismissively. "I don't mind waiting. A child with such talent deserves some leeway for her unique personality."

Minutes later, Amelia returned carrying a wooden box. Livia's expression softened artificially as she approached.

"What's in the box, dear?" she asked, her voice dripping with forced sweetness, clearly attempting to mend their relationship.

Seraphina frowned at Livia's transparent effort.

Amelia gave Livia a cold glance. "I don't see why I should tell you. I'm not your daughter, after all."

Livia's face tightened, the rejection stinging visibly.

At the entrance, Gideon regarded Amelia with undisguised approval. "Theodore has excellent taste—better than mine, it seems. I selected Celine for him after considering various factors, but Amelia was chosen by Theodore's wolf himself. Wolf instinct truly is superior."

Celine, who had just approached, heard his words and visibly flinched.

Theodore cleared his throat. “Being able to choose her was my good fortune, not hers.”

Gideon laughed heartily. “You’re already protecting your future mate!”

Amelia handed the wooden box to Gideon. “This is a thank–you gift. I hope you’ll like it.”

When Gideon opened it, he was stunned to find the rare moonlight herbs Theodore had purchased for him at an auction six months ago. These herbs were known to enhance werewolf mental strength significantly.

Even the worldly Gideon was speechless with surprise.

Ethan, seeing the herbs in the box, suddenly remembered the two plants he had carelessly stepped on during his first confrontation with Amelia. She had claimed they were extremely valuable, which he hadn’t believed at the time.

Now, witnessing Gideon’s reaction, he realized those herbs must truly be priceless treasures.

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(Third–person’s POV)

Alpha King Gideon stared at the wooden box in his hands, his expression one of genuine shock. The moonlight herbs inside were among the rarest treasures in the werewolf world.

“This is too valuable a gift,” he said, attempting to return the box. These herbs cost Theodore a fortune at auction.”

Amelia waved her hand dismissively. “Please keep it. I have plenty more.”

Her casual statement caused Gideon’s eyebrows to shoot up. Even Theodore looked surprised.

Ethan, who had been watching from nearby, couldn’t contain his curiosity. “How much are those herbs worth exactly?”

Gideon cast a disdainful glance at him. “These moonlight herbs are beyond price. Theodore paid one hundred million for this small amount at auction six months ago.”

Ethan’s face drained of color as the realization hit him. The plants he had carelessly crushed under his feet during their first confrontation truly were as valuable as Amelia had claimed.

Adrian stared at the wooden box, his doubts about his daughter growing deeper by the second.

“Where did you acquire such rare herbs?” Gideon asked Amelia.

She smiled mysteriously. “I have my sources.”

Gideon carefully closed the box, treating it like the treasure it was. “You must visit the Crimson Moon Pack soon. I insist.”

“I’d be delighted,” Amelia replied, her eyes drifting to Theodore.

Theodore held up his phone with a small smile. “I’ll contact you through our bond later.”

Amelia winked and made an OK sign with her fingers, a gesture that didn’t go unnoticed by the others present.

After the Crimson Moon Pack delegation departed, Adrian turned to his mate. “Livia, stay behind and help with the cleanup. I need to discuss something with Ethan.”

Livia understood immediately what her husband was suggesting. After witnessing Amelia’s extraordinary performance and the respect she commanded from the Alpha King, Livia had reached the same conclusion. Their daughter was too valuable to surrender to Jaxon and Seraphina’s influence.

Adrian gestured for Ethan to follow him. “Caleb, Celine, you two can head back first.”

Before they could leave, Amelia spoke up. “Don’t forget to punish Caleb for trying to humiliate me at my own welcome banquet. If you don’t, I’ll have to take it up with Patriarch Alaric.”

Without waiting for a response, she walked toward Seraphina and Jaxon.

Livia, after receiving a meaningful look from her husband, hurried after Amelia.

Celine watched her adoptive mother’s hasty pursuit with bitter disappointment. So Livia was already regretting choosing her over Amelia? The realization stung, but Celine’s eyes hardened with determination. It was too late for regrets now. She would never allow them to repair their relationship with Amelia.

Damien seized his opportunity as soon as the Crimson Moon Pack members left. His father, the Alpha of the Blackwood Pack, had reluctantly agreed to distract Jaxon and Seraphina, but had warned him not to cause trouble. Even with their elevated status, the Blackwood Pack couldn’t afford to offend both the Stone River and Crimson Moon Packs.

He approached Amelia, his eyes filled with resentment. “I never thought you’d agree to marry Theodore so quickly after ending things with me. So much for your moral high ground. You were just waiting for someone better to come along, weren’t you?”

Amelia sighed, exasperated. “If thinking that makes you feel better, go ahead.”

“If it was about money, you don’t need to marry Theodore,” Damien pressed on. “I have money now. And I have two functioning legs, unlike him. What good is a crippled Alpha King heir?”

Amelia’s eyes flashed dangerously. “Your biggest problem, Damien, is that you always assume the worst about me.”

Her wolf, Ava, whispered in her mind: “He’ll never understand our choice. Our Theodore is a thousand times stronger than him.”

“I admit I was emotionally distant during our two months together,” Amelia said. “But we knew each other for two years before that. If you couldn’t handle who I am, why did you stick around for those two years? Some kind of masochistic tendency?”

She continued, her voice cutting. “If you wanted more attention from me, you should have made yourself more interesting, instead of expecting me to slow down, pity you, and accommodate your insecurities.”

Damien’s face turned ashen at her words.

“I’m done wasting time on this conversation,” Amelia said. “Go back to the Blackwood Pack with your father. Enjoy your life as an Alpha heir. With your status, you’ll easily find a mate who matches your expectations—clingy, forward, and completely focused on you.”

She turned away, walking toward Seraphina and Jaxon.

“I only want you, Amelia!” Damien called after her, but she didn’t look back.

Livia, who had been following close enough to overhear everything, processed this new information with calculating interest. So the Blackwood Pack’s Alpha heir was still infatuated with her daughter. This could be useful.

She realized that Alpha King Gideon and Theodore clearly disliked their family now. Perhaps Amelia’s marriage to Theodore wouldn’t bring the advantages they’d hoped for. The Blackwood Pack heir could serve as a backup plan. If things worked out, Damien would certainly be grateful for her help.

As Amelia approached Jaxon and Seraphina, Seraphina noticed Livia trailing behind. She nudged Jaxon with her elbow, drawing his attention to the Luna’s approach.

“The nerve of that woman,” Seraphina muttered. “How dare she try to get close to Amelia after everything she’s done?”

Jaxon squeezed her hand reassuringly. “The damage is already done. Nothing they do now will change that.”

When Amelia reached them, Seraphina stepped forward, deliberately positioning herself between Amelia and Livia.

“The welcome banquet is over,” Seraphina said coldly to Livia. “Why aren’t you leaving with Adrian and the others?”

Livia put on a helpful expression. “This is my daughter’s welcome banquet. How could I leave you and Jaxon to handle everything? I should stay and help.”

Seraphina laughed incredulously at her audacity. “May I remind you that the severance agreement was signed just days ago?”

Livia waved her hand dismissively, her face a mask of contrition. “We’re all family, regardless of some paper. That agreement was just Amelia being emotional. If she’s calmed down, I’ll tear it up tonight when we get home.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 57[843 words]

(Livia’s POV)

I watched in disbelief as Amelia spat contemptuously and pulled Seraphina behind her protectively.

“Aunt, I’m not being emotional with you!” she snapped at me. “If you keep talking like this in front of my mother and making her uncomfortable, you’ll have to deal with me!”

Her words felt like a slap across my face. She was defending Seraphina—calling her mother- right in front of me, her actual birth mother! I nearly choked on my rage.

From the corner of my eye, I caught Seraphina smirking behind Amelia’s protective stance. That woman was enjoying this humiliation!

Amelia raised her hand to cut me off before I could continue my act of contrition. Then she took Seraphina’s hand in her left and Jaxon’s in her right.

“If you want to stay and help, then actually help,” she told me coldly. “My parents have been working hard for days preparing this welcome banquet. They need to rest tonight.”

The way she emphasized “my parents” while holding their hands made my blood boil. This ungrateful child!

I watched helplessly as Seraphina and Jaxon exchanged knowing smiles before allowing Amelia to lead them away from the banquet hall. They were stealing my daughter right in front of me!

Patriarch Alaric hobbled past, leaning on Stewart's arm. As he passed me, he gave me a contemptuous glance.

"You deserve this," he muttered before leaving the banquet hall.

The humiliation didn't end there. The Beta and Gamma families of the Stone River Pack walked by, giving me pitying looks.

"Such a shame," one of them whispered loudly enough for me to hear. "They finally found their biological daughter and instead of cherishing her, they drove her away. No wonder she's chosen Jaxon and Seraphina as her parents."

I wanted to scream that it wasn't like that at all! How could I explain that this wasn't the meek, grateful daughter we'd expected?

When the pack's high-ranking members left, their gossip continued. I could still hear their voices.

"Jaxon and Seraphina really lucked out," someone said. "At their age with no children, they suddenly have this exceptional daughter. The inheritance rights might shift now."

Another added, "Amelia made quite the impression tonight. She's clearly won over both Alpha King Gideon and Patriarch Alaric."

I clenched my fists. This was not how things were supposed to go. We brought her back to strengthen our family, not to watch her align with Jaxon and Seraphina against us!

(Amelia's POV)

The moment we entered the living room, Seraphina burst into laughter.

"Did you see Livia's face? She looked like she was about to explode!" She shook her head in disbelief. "That woman really thinks you're some object she can discard and reclaim whenever she wants."

I leaned against Seraphina's shoulder, enjoying her warmth. "Livia only wants me back because she's realized I'm more valuable than Celine now. But how could I possibly accept her when I already have such a beautiful and kind mother?"

Seraphina stroked my hair but her expression turned serious. "I'm worried she'll try to drive a wedge between us."

I raised my fist playfully. "I only recognize you and Jaxon as my parents. Anyone who tries to come between us will get a taste of this!"

Jaxon raised his hand with mock seriousness. “Just thinking about someone speaking ill of my daughter in front of me makes my fists clench.”

The sight of usually dignified Jaxon making such a gesture sent Seraphina and me into fits of laughter.

I nestled back against Seraphina, my voice soft but determined. “Mom, Dad, please don’t worry. As long as you don’t abandon me, I’ll never leave you.”

Seraphina’s eyes grew misty. “These past few nights, I’ve been taking out your registration documents before bed, just to confirm your name is really there. It makes me feel secure, knowing it’s real.” She squeezed my hand. “You’re the precious gift heaven sent us.”

(Third-person’s POV)

Jaxon chuckled, looking at his mate with tender amusement.

“Look at you, practically sleeping with those registration papers,” he teased. “I never thought at my age I’d be competing with documents for my mate’s affection.”

Seraphina playfully swatted his arm, and they began their loving banter. Amelia watched them, happiness spreading across her face.

She realized that in a strange way, Adrian and Livia had done her a favor. If they had come to retrieve her immediately, she would never have found these wonderful parents who cherished her so completely.

“I’ll leave you two alone,” Amelia said, rising from the couch. “I need to go back to my room and chat with my fiancé. We should get to know each other better.”

As Amelia walked away, Seraphina’s smile faded into a worried expression. She watched her daughter’s retreating figure with mixed emotions.

Amelia was far more exceptional than they had initially realized. With her talents and position, she could have had many options for marriage. Seraphina couldn’t help wondering if supporting her decision to marry Theodore, a man with a crippled wolf form, was truly the right choice.

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 58[938 words]

(Third-person’s POV)

Jaxon reached over and squeezed Seraphina’s hand gently. Her worried expression hadn’t faded since Amelia left the room.

“Don’t worry so much about Amelia and Theodore’s marriage,” he said softly. “Our daughter is a girl with her own mind. If she’s decided to marry Theodore, she must have her reasons.”

Seraphina sighed, her brow still furrowed with concern. “But what if she’s settling? Theodore is powerful, yes, but with his condition...”

“Did you see how he looked at her tonight?” Jaxon interrupted. “I’ve never seen the Alpha King’s heir show such tenderness and concern for anyone. And remember what Amelia said - she’s confident she can heal his legs.”

“That’s what worries me,” Seraphina admitted. “What if she heals him, and then he regrets choosing her? What if she was just his second choice after Celine rejected him?”

Jaxon chuckled, shaking his head. “Our Amelia is exceptional in every way. If Theodore ever comes to regret having her as his mate, he’ll end up like Adrian’s family—drowning in regret.”

The comparison made Seraphina pause. A slow smile spread across her face as she considered his words.

“You’re right,” she said, her voice stronger now. “Amelia is extraordinary. If Theodore doesn’t treasure her, he’ll be the one who suffers.”

Jaxon nodded, pulling his mate closer. “Exactly. Our daughter knows her worth. We should trust her judgment.”

Adrian Stone paced his study, his face a mask of barely contained fury. He gestured sharply for Ethan to enter and close the door behind him.

“What happened to your leg?” he demanded without preamble.

Ethan shifted uncomfortably, avoiding his father’s piercing gaze. “It was... I was caught by some enemies. They took me to an abandoned factory and-”

“Stop lying,” Adrian cut him off coldly. “Let me see the injury.”

Ethan hesitated before reluctantly rolling up his pant leg. Adrian’s face drained of color as he stared at the misshapen limb.

“It’s... it’s ruined,” he whispered, horror evident in his voice. “Your right leg is completely crippled!”

Ethan quickly covered it again, his expression pained. “I don’t want to talk about the details. I’ll handle it myself.”

Adrian slammed his fist against the desk, making the items on it jump. “You are the future. heir of the Stone River Pack! A physical defect means you cannot inherit the pack!”

His voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. “I’ll contact the best healers and witches. Even if we can’t heal it completely, we’ll make sure no one can tell there’s anything wrong. This stays absolutely secret.”

Adrian’s eyes narrowed with deadly intent. “And I swear I’ll find whoever did this to you.”

Ethan’s face paled further. He couldn’t tell his father that Amelia was responsible. If Adrian went after her, there would be no one left who could neutralize the poison slowly working through his system.

“Father, please,” he said quietly. “Let me handle this my way.”

After a moment of tense silence, Adrian changed the subject. “How are things at Starlight Entertainment?”

Ethan straightened, grateful for the shift. “We’re pursuing the rights to the Shadow Healer Lily’s final healing chronicle. I’m meeting with her representative at the end of the month. If we secure those rights, we’ll have a guaranteed bestseller.”

Adrian’s expression remained cold. “The situation in the Stone River Pack has changed. We need results this time, no matter what.”

He walked to the window, staring out into the darkness. “I saw tonight that Amelia isn’t someone to be trifled with. I’ve already sent Livia to repair our relationship with her.”

Ethan watched his father carefully. “And if that doesn’t work?”

“If she reconciles with us and accepts us as her family, all the better,” Adrian said. “But if she insists on being our enemy...”

He turned back to face Ethan, his eyes hard. “We’ll have to prepare for the worst. Remember what she said about coming back to destroy our family’s business? If she truly intends to take the Stone River Pack’s assets, we cannot allow her to remain here and do as she pleases.”

Ethan fell silent, understanding the implication in his father’s words. “I understand,” he said finally.

Amelia stretched luxuriously on her bed, having just fed her three small snake companions their night snack.

“Thank you for your help delivering the packages today,” she told them affectionately, watching as they curled up contentedly in their basket.

She sighed, rolling her shoulders to release the tension. “Wearing evening gowns is exhausting. I was much more comfortable back in the Meadow Brook Pack.”

Reaching for her phone, she frowned when she saw no messages from Theodore. She quickly typed out a text: “What are you doing? Have you made it back to your pack yet?”

In the Crimson Moon Pack’s main residence, Isla paced restlessly. When she finally heard the sound of the front door opening, she rushed to greet Theron and Ronan.

“You’re finally back!” she exclaimed, her voice sweet but her eyes calculating. “How was the welcome banquet?”

She had been ready to attend herself. Theron had even promised she could go. But just before departure, Theodore had suggested leaving her behind, claiming that the Stone River Pack’s newly returned daughter might be hostile toward adopted daughters like Isla. Alpha King Gideon had agreed with his grandson’s assessment.

Isla had spent the evening seething, silently cursing both Gideon and Theodore to the moon goddess. As Theodore prepared to leave, she approached him with a saccharine smile.

“Brother,” she said, her voice dripping with false concern, “you met the Stone River Pack’s newly returned lady tonight, didn’t you? What was she like? Is she worthy of you?”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 59[963 words]

(Isla’s POV)

Theodore’s wheelchair rolled into the mansion, his golden eyes immediately finding mine. I put on my sweetest smile, rushing forward to greet him and my father.

“You’re finally back!” I exclaimed, making sure my voice dripped with concern. “How was the welcome banquet?”

I was still seething inside. I had been ready to attend, had even picked out the perfect dress to outshine whoever this Amelia person was. But Theodore had suggested leaving me behind, claiming this newly returned daughter might be hostile toward adopted daughters like me.

Theodore looked at me with that infuriating half-smile of his. “Isla, if you’re hoping to see me humiliated, thinking I’m marrying a worthless woman, I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed.”

“What? No!” I quickly denied, widening my eyes innocently. “I would never think that! But... well, if she were truly exceptional, why would Adrian let her substitute for Celine in this arrangement?”

I couldn’t help the smirk that tugged at my lips. Watching Theodore suffer brought me such satisfaction after what he’d done to me.

Theodore remained irritatingly calm. “If you’re curious about the Stone River Pack’s true Alpha daughter, you can ask Ronan. And perhaps you’re only this bold because Marcus isn’t by my side tonight.”

I instinctively stepped behind Father, adopting a wounded expression. “I’m just concerned about you! And I’m still upset you didn’t let me attend the welcome banquet.”

Turning to Ronan, I eagerly grabbed his arm. “So? What was she like? I bet she’s completely unrefined, coming from some backwater pack.”

Ronan’s expression surprised me. “Actually, it’s quite the opposite. Amelia is impressive—she even outshone Celine tonight.”

“What?” I gasped, unable to hide my shock. “How could someone from a remote pack possibly overshadow Celine?”

“This ‘someone from a remote pack’ is more than meets the eye,” Ronan explained. “She’s the true Alpha’s daughter and deeply cunning. Her reputation will soon spread throughout Northgate City’s packs.”

“So Theodore just lucked out?” I blurted before I could stop myself. Realizing my mistake, I quickly covered my mouth. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean—”

Theodore chuckled softly. “It’s fortunate we didn’t bring you to the welcome banquet. You might have sympathized too much with Celine, another adopted daughter of the Stone River Pack. As an adopted daughter of the Crimson Moon Pack, you should know your place.”

Each time he emphasized “adopted daughter,” I felt my blood boil. I nearly screamed that I wasn’t adopted at all—I was Theron’s biological daughter! But I bit my tongue just in time.

Father stepped in, his expression weary. “Theodore, stop referring to Isla as the ‘adopted daughter.’ You and Grandfather were the ones who insisted on keeping her here. You’ve treated her like a real sister for three years. You shouldn’t take out your frustration about your legs on her.”

Theodore’s laugh was cold and bitter. “How biased you are, Father. When Isla speaks disrespectfully, you remain silent. But when I criticize her, you immediately scold me. Anyone would think she’s your real daughter.”

Father sighed dramatically. “I understand you’re in a bad mood because of your disabled legs. Don’t overthink things. The witch who will perform the soothing ritual is arriving tomorrow. She can perform daily rituals for you.”

I knew the truth—this witch was actually coming to monitor Theodore and potentially manipulate his mind. The thought made me gleeful.

“Father is so good to you,” I chimed in sweetly. “Finding the country’s most famous witch just for you, and yet you accuse him of favoritism. How unfair of you!”

Ronan intervened. “Isla, don’t disturb Theodore. He needs rest. Things are different now—with his leg injury, he’s essentially an invalid who needs plenty of rest.”

I stuck out my tongue playfully. “I’ll listen to you, brother. I won’t disturb Theodore’s rest.” Then I added with false sympathy, “Though no amount of rest will heal those legs. But at least when you’re asleep, you won’t think too much about it. That’s good for your mental health.”

In my mind, I was gloating. Just as Theodore had pointed out, Marcus wasn’t here. Theodore wanted to teach me a lesson? How? Was he going to wheel himself over and hit me? I loved rubbing salt in his wounds, bringing up exactly what hurt him most.

Ronan gave me an exasperated look, and I knew Theodore was watching our unspoken interaction. This time, Father didn’t even bother pretending to scold me.

Theodore looked directly at Father, his expression suddenly serious. “Do you condone Isla’s mockery, Father?”

Father frowned. “What mockery? Isla is simply concerned about your mental health. She’s telling you not to overthink and to get some rest.”

I couldn’t help my smug expression. What could he possibly do about it?

Theodore smiled slightly, turning his wheelchair toward the night sky outside. “Grandfather, you heard everything just now. I believe Isla can no longer remain in our Crimson Moon Pack.”

The atmosphere in the room instantly froze. All three of us paled. Alpha King Gideon had been outside all along!

The elderly Alpha King slowly walked to the doorway, his piercing gaze sweeping over us. “If I hadn’t heard this conversation with my own ears, I wouldn’t have believed an adopted daughter would dare speak so disrespectfully in the Crimson Moon Pack.”

I tried to speak, but Ronan quickly grabbed my wrist, squeezing it painfully. I closed my mouth.

Father’s expression was strained as he tried to explain. “Theodore spoiled Isla too much before, which is why she’s become this way. I’ll discipline her properly from now on.”

Alpha King Gideon’s face was cold with fury. “Do you think I’m too old and sick to see through this? An adopted daughter dares to trample on my most beloved grandson? Is this how you treat your son Theodore?”

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 60[1,120 words]

(Third-person's POV)

Theron's body trembled visibly as he fell silent. Isla and Ronan kept their heads bowed, not daring to interject a single word. Alpha King Gideon addressed Theron with unrestrained harshness.

"Of all my children, you've been the most disappointing," the elderly Alpha King declared, his voice cutting through the tense silence. "If not for your exceptional mate who bore you Theodore, you would still be accomplishing nothing, unworthy of residing in the Crimson Moon Pack House."

The old king's words landed like physical blows. No one dared to move or speak as he continued his tirade.

"This is the Crimson Moon Pack House," Gideon stated firmly. "Only those children and grandchildren I personally approve may reside here, which implicitly acknowledges their status as potential heirs." His gaze swept over the three figures before him. "Theron, Ronan, and Isla—you all live here solely because of Theodore's grace."

Gideon cast a cold glance at Isla, his eyes narrowing. "Theodore is currently the only heir to the Crimson Moon Pack that I recognize. To disrespect him is to disrespect the entire Crimson Moon Pack." His voice dropped to a dangerous whisper. "Consider carefully how you handle this adopted daughter, Theron. Don't force me to intervene personally."

Isla looked desperately toward Theron, silently pleading for help. Theron, seeing no other way to appease his father, steeled himself and delivered a sharp slap across Isla's face.

The sound echoed through the night, amplified by his Alpha strength. Isla crumpled to the floor, her cheek instantly reddening. Tears welled in her eyes as she lay on the ground, looking up at Theron with hurt and betrayal.

Theron couldn't bear to meet her gaze. He turned away, his voice harsh as he commanded, "Apologize to Theodore immediately."

Isla clutched her stinging cheek as she slowly rose to her feet. She hesitated for several long moments before reluctantly approaching Theodore. Her apology came out stiff and forced.

"I was wrong," she muttered, barely audible. "I didn't know my place. Please forgive me this once, Theodore." She bent forward, reaching for Theodore's hand.

Theodore rolled his wheelchair backward, avoiding her touch. A smile played on his lips. “No need for such formality. I prefer your defiant nature. I hope you maintain it even after leaving the Crimson Moon Pack.”

Isla’s body trembled slightly. She understood what being expelled from the Crimson Moon Pack meant—she would no longer be a princess, no longer under their protection. If anything happened to her outside, no one would investigate. If Theodore truly wanted to deal with her, he would seize the opportunity. She couldn’t be forced out. Once again, she cast a desperate look toward Theron.

Theron turned to Theodore, his expression pained. “You’ve lived with Isla for three years, treating her like your own sister. Can you really bear to cast her out of the Crimson Moon Pack?”

Theodore’s smile remained unchanged, calm and pleasant. “Isn’t it too late to plead with me now, Father? I gave you opportunities. When Isla misbehaved, if you had corrected and punished her then, teaching her to recognize her mistakes, we wouldn’t have reached this point.” His voice remained steady. “She’s merely an adopted daughter of the Crimson Moon Pack. Since she can’t recognize her place, what’s wrong with sending her away?”

Seeing that Theodore had no intention of respecting his paternal authority, Theron clenched his fists tighter. Today’s humiliation reminded him of when he had to mind his behavior around Theodore’s mother years ago.

Back then, he had merely shown a bit too much enthusiasm toward a young female, and Theodore’s mother had returned to her own pack, mobilizing everyone to warn him. Now, his son was doing the same—Isla had only mocked him slightly, yet Theodore had escalated the matter to the Alpha King, insisting on expelling her from the Crimson Moon Pack. Mother and son were identical in how they trampled on his dignity.

“Father,” Theodore continued, “you’re so reluctant to send Isla away. Could it be that she’s actually your biological daughter?”

Theron panicked internally but masked it with outrage. He glared at Theodore, shouting, “How dare you speak such nonsense!”

Seeing his father’s intense reaction, Theodore’s dark eyes cooled, though his expression remained unchanged. “Just a joke, Father. Don’t be angry.”

Alpha King Gideon gave Isla a meaningful look, his thoughts unreadable.

Recognizing that Isla’s expulsion was now inevitable, Theron could only accept this humiliation. He instructed Ronan to take Isla away.

Ronan looked toward Theodore, also pleading. “Before I returned, Isla was your constant companion. Without her, you might not have endured those dark days away from home.”

Theodore joked, “This punishment is already lenient. I could have had her tongue cut out, then she could stay in the Crimson Moon Pack to keep you company, Ronan.”

Isla quickly covered her mouth. To her, this sounded more like a threat—a hint of what Theodore might do to her after she left the Crimson Moon Pack.

After a moment of silence, Ronan gave a resigned smile. “Since you’ve made your decision, Theodore, I understand. But it’s already late—let’s send Isla away tomorrow.”

Theodore immediately refused. “No. She leaves now. With her here, my anger won’t subside, and I won’t sleep well.” He added with feigned kindness, “Ronan, if you’re worried, you could leave with her tonight. Of course, I wouldn’t mind if you stayed outside to take care of her properly.”

Ronan forced a smile. “You jest, Theodore. I’ll have Isla leave immediately so she won’t disturb your rest.” He turned to Isla, extending his hand. “Come.”

Isla, red-eyed, held back her tears as she allowed Ronan to lead her away.

Theron’s expression remained dark. Theodore turned to him. “Father, don’t worry about how your adopted daughter fares outside. Focus on yourself for now.”

Theron looked at Theodore incredulously. “Are you punishing me as well?”

Theodore laughed. “You exaggerate, Father. No matter what, you’re still my father. How could I punish you for something as minor as failing to discipline your adopted daughter?” His smile never wavered. “However, while Isla was in the Crimson Moon Pack, she enjoyed the same privileges as Ronan. I never mistreated her. Now that she’s been expelled, she naturally can’t use a single coin from the Crimson Moon Pack.”

Theodore’s voice hardened slightly. “I fear you might not be able to let go, secretly supporting Isla with family funds. So from now on, Father, you’ll need to tighten your belt. All your current cards will be canceled. I’ll provide you with a basic monthly allowance, and if you need additional funds, you’ll have to come to me personally with sufficient justification.”

Hearing these words, Theron nearly exploded with rage. “This is an insult, Theodore!”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 61[867 words]

(Theron’s POV)

My father Gideon, who had remained silent until now, finally spoke up. “You dare speak of insult? Have you forgotten that your extravagant lifestyle these years, spending money like water, was only possible because Theodore became the heir?”

The words lodged in my throat like a stone, leaving me speechless. Though true, hearing it stated so bluntly was unbearable. My own father, humiliating me in front of my son!

“That’s all I have to say, Father,” Theodore said, his voice infuriatingly calm. “I’ll return to my room to rest now. As you said, I need to heal my leg injury quickly.” He turned toward Gideon. “Grandfather, I won’t see you out.”

Alpha King Gideon waved dismissively. “Go ahead.”

After Theodore left, my father’s expression turned severe. His eyes bored into me with cold intensity.

“Is Isla your biological daughter?” he demanded, his voice like ice.

I immediately denied it. “Theodore was talking nonsense!”

The weight of my father’s Alpha power pressed down on me like a mountain. I struggled to maintain my composure under his scrutiny.

He let out a cold snort. “If this is true, Theodore won’t let it go. I wouldn’t normally bother warning you, but since you’re my son, I’ll say this once.” His eyes narrowed dangerously. “Be careful, Theron.”

With that, he turned and walked away, his anger evident in every step. I watched his retreating figure, my fists clenched so tightly my nails dug into my palms.

Everyone looked down on me. My father, my son—all of them. Someday, I would make them pay a hundredfold for these humiliations.

(Theodore’s POV)

Back in my room, I immediately checked my phone. Seeing Amelia’s message, the coldness in my heart melted into warmth. Her simple greeting made me smile softly.

I replied that I’d just handled some troublesome family matters, feeling tired and a bit sad, and needed comfort from my future mate.

Amelia responded with a flurry of flying kiss emojis that made me chuckle. I told her I wanted a real kiss instead.

“You’re very direct,” she wrote back.

“Would being less direct get me a real kiss?” I asked.

She suggested we skip our usual treatment location tomorrow and meet directly at a presidential suite instead. I declined, saying I preferred the outdoors—I was more eager to recover my wolf form quickly.

“Speaking so boldly,” she teased, “aren’t you worried about ruining your image in my eyes?”

“You’re mainly interested in my face,” I replied. “As long as my face isn’t ruined, my image doesn’t matter.”

Amelia conceded that I had thicker skin than she did. She noted it was getting late and suggested I shower and rest, promising the kiss tomorrow if she remembered.

I sent her a screenshot of my phone alarms—one set every half hour with the reminder “Little wolf’s kiss.” She responded with a thumbs-up emoji.

“Rest well,” I wrote. “See you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow,” she replied.

(Amelia’s POV)

I looked up from my phone to find three little snakes staring at me with their vertical pupils. Their gaze felt oddly judgmental.

“What are you looking at?” I asked them.

Green and White exchanged glances before using their tails to form a heart shape. I immediately understood their meaning—mating.

I sat up straight, hands on my hips. “So you’ve learned to tease me now?”

Green quickly slithered away, with White and Black following close behind. I shook my head and smiled despite myself.

(Theron’s POV)

It was already one in the morning when Ronan returned after settling Isla. I was waiting for him in the great hall, massaging my temples, exhaustion evident in my eyes.

“How is she?” I asked.

Ronan’s expression was dark. “Not good. She’s been crying non-stop. I’ve stationed guards nearby to protect her.”

I sighed heavily. “She’ll have to endure this hardship for a while. Once we take control, we’ll bring her back.”

Ronan moved behind me, helping massage my temples. “I never expected Theodore to be so ruthless—discarding three years of treating Isla like a sister without a second thought.”

My eyes turned cold. “I’ve underestimated his cruelty all these years,” I said with a bitter laugh.

“Has he discovered something?” Ronan asked cautiously.

“He suspects Isla is my biological daughter,” I replied. “That’s good—it keeps his attention on her rather than you. Your true identity must remain secret.”

Ronan nodded. “I’ll be more careful in the future. But I’m concerned about Amelia. She doesn’t seem like a fool and could become a variable. Should we sabotage the engagement?”

I shook my head. “Adrian’s family is more desperate. They’ll find a way to reclaim Amelia, or their assets will be divided. They’ll solve our problem for us.”

Ronan understood. I instructed him to focus on winning over the Former Alpha King—playing chess with him, gaining his favor to replace Theodore as heir.

“I’ll definitely take Theodore’s place,” Ronan promised, his voice hardening. “I’ll make him suffer worse than death and avenge Isla.”

(Amelia’s POV)

Early the next morning, I had just come downstairs for breakfast when I heard commotion at the door.

“Sera, we’re all family,” came Livia’s voice, sickeningly sweet. “Why are you guarding against us like thieves? It’s inappropriate. Father would be displeased if he saw this. Family should live in harmony!”

Agnes, the housekeeper, emerged from the kitchen and explained the situation to me. “Miss Amelia, you’re up. Livia just arrived with Caleb and Celine. They say they’ve come to apologize to you.”

Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 62[920 words]

(Amelia’s POV)

I stood at the entrance of the villa, taking in the scene before me. Just as I'd expected, Livia was standing outside the gate with Caleb and Celine in tow. Mother stood firmly at the doorway, blocking their entrance.

Caleb's face was twisted with reluctance, clearly hating every moment of being here. Celine wore her usual mask of victimhood, her expression carefully crafted to appear wounded and mistreated. Only Livia seemed genuinely animated, her eyes bright with an eagerness that made my skin crawl.

I knew exactly what this was about. This "apology" was just a pretext. Livia's real goal was to reclaim me as her daughter.

"I've already told you, Livia," Mother's voice was ice cold. "Amelia is resting. This isn't an appropriate time for your visit."

Livia's face hardened. "Don't pretend you have any authority over my daughter. I'm her mother -her real mother."

"Her real mother?" Seraphina's eyes flashed dangerously. "Where were you when she needed a mother? I was the one who welcomed her into my home, into my heart."

"You're just her aunt," Livia spat, her voice dripping with venom. "You're trying to steal my daughter from me. You've always been jealous of what I have."

Seraphina's shoulders straightened. "Amelia's name is on my and Jaxon's pack registration documents. She is our daughter in every way that matters."

My blood ran cold at Livia's words. In my heart, there was only one woman who deserved the title of mother, and it wasn't the woman who had abandoned me at birth. It was Seraphina- the woman who had shown me nothing but unconditional love since my return.

I would not allow anyone to hurt her. Not even the woman who had given birth to me.

Livia spotted me and her entire demeanor changed. Her face lit up with a smile so fake it made my teeth ache.

"Amelia, darling!" she called out, waving enthusiastically. "I've brought Caleb to apologize for that unfortunate incident with the dress last night. Isn't that right, Caleb?"

Seraphina turned to me, concern etched on her face. "Amelia, you should go back inside and finish your breakfast. I'll handle this."

I shook my head slightly. I knew my aunt too well. Her gentle nature was no match for Livia's aggressive tactics. Seraphina would try to reason with her, to appeal to her better nature—not realizing that Livia had none.

“It’s alright, Mother,” I said calmly. “Let them in.”

Livia’s face broke into a triumphant smile as she shot Seraphina a smug look. “You see? My daughter wants to see me. She knows who her real family is.”

She stepped closer to the gate, her voice dropping to a theatrical whisper that was clearly meant for Seraphina to hear. “All her acting out—it was just to get our attention. I understand that now. As her mother, I can see what she truly needs. I won’t fail her again.”

Each word was a deliberate barb aimed at Seraphina, emphasizing the blood connection that my aunt could never claim.

For a moment, uncertainty flickered across Seraphina’s face. Then her eyes met mine, and I saw nothing but unwavering support.

“Very well,” she said, turning to the pack guards. “Open the gate.”

(Celine’s POV)

As soon as we stepped through the gate, Mother pulled Caleb aside, her voice urgent and low.

“Remember what I told you,” she hissed. “Apologize properly. Whatever she asks for, just agree to it first. We can figure out the details later.”

Caleb’s face twisted with disgust. “This is humiliating. I’m not going to grovel to her.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Mother snapped. “There’s no shame in acknowledging your sister. The real shame would be in denying your own blood.”

She turned to me, her smile not quite reaching her eyes. “And don’t worry, Celine darling. I’ll always treat you both equally. You’re both my daughters.”

I nodded obediently, my face a perfect mask of acceptance. But inside, my heart was burning with hatred.

I finally understood the truth. In Mother and Father’s hearts, I would always be second best to their precious true-born daughter. Even Seraphina’s love for Amelia seemed more genuine than anything my so-called parents had ever shown me.

My wolf, Zoe, snarled within me. They will all pay for this betrayal. As we entered the house, Mother immediately rushed to Amelia’s side, her voice dripping with saccharine concern.

“Did you sleep well, darling? Have you had breakfast yet? I could go back home and cook something special for you—your favorite dishes!”

Amelia’s face remained impassive. “I haven’t eaten breakfast yet.”

Mother's face lit up. "Perfect! I'll-"

"Since you're so eager," Amelia cut in smoothly, "why don't you make it for me right now?"

Mother nodded enthusiastically. "Of course, darling! I'll go home and-

(Amelia's POV)

"Aunt Livia," I said deliberately, watching her face fall at the formal address. It was a clear message that I didn't consider her my mother, regardless of blood.

Livia quickly recovered, plastering on a smile. "You're still upset with me. I understand. But I'm here now, and I want to make things right."

I shook my head slowly, a small smile playing on my lips. "No need to go back to your place, aunt. You can cook for me right here in my home."

The smile froze on her face. "What?"

I wagged my finger playfully, enjoying the confusion spreading across her features. "No need to go back to your place, aunt. You can cook for me right here in my home."