

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 6[1,068 words]

(Caleb's POV)

Amelia's words left me speechless. The brief flicker of guilt I'd felt vanished instantly. Beside me, Celine began to cry again, her delicate shoulders shaking.

"It's all my fault," she sobbed, her voice breaking. "I'm to blame for having such a mother. If you hate me, Amelia, you can hit me or scold me, but please don't blame Caleb."

Before I could stop her, Celine pulled her hand from mine. Biting her lip with a martyred expression, she took small, determined steps toward Amelia. She reached Amelia and grabbed her hand imploringly.

"Are you planning to kneel and apologize for your birth mother's crimes?" Amelia asked coldly.

Celine immediately began to sink to her knees. I lunged forward and caught her arm just in time.

"This isn't Celine's fault," I insisted, pulling her back to her feet. "It was her mother's doing, not hers."

Amelia watched our exchange and burst into laughter, clapping her hands mockingly.

"How interesting, are you putting on a play for me?" she said, her eyes glittering with amusement.

My momentary guilt evaporated completely. After helping Celine stand, I fixed Amelia. "You're being completely unreasonable," I snapped. "Celine has sincerely apologized, and you're still mocking her?"

"I'm not just mocking her," Amelia replied. "I'm mocking all of you."

She pointed at Celine. "She had a vicious mother who schemed to switch us at birth, stealing twenty years of the good life that should have been mine. And now that the true Alpha's daughter has returned, my parents and brother defend her right to my face."

Her smile turned bitter. "What terrible luck to be born into such a family."

My face darkened further. I glanced at my mother, who was looking helplessly at my father. I felt an immediate kinship with her frustration—what could we possibly do with this stubborn, unreasonable sister of mine?

Both emotionally and rationally, I found it impossible to like this biological sister.

(Adrian's POV)

I'd remained silent until now, but it was time to intervene.

"Celine's mother has been sent to the Pack Council's prison," I said firmly. "Celine is now alone with no one to rely on. Your mother and I have raised her for twenty years—we can't simply drive her out of the pack."

I tried to reason with Amelia. "She's been part of Stone River Pack since birth and has formed bonds here. No Alpha would cast out a young wolf. She won't take any resources from you or interfere with your position as the true Alpha's daughter."

"Then let her live on the outskirts of the pack territory," Amelia countered immediately. "Why must she stay in the pack house to torment me? Every time I see her, I'm reminded of the miserable life I led after being switched."

I hadn't expected my daughter to continue defying me after I'd spoken. Like my wife Livia, my aversion to this biological daughter grew stronger. Compared to Celine's obedience and understanding, my biological daughter clearly lacked proper upbringing.

Celine bit her lip, allowing tears to stream down her face without making a sound. Her quiet suffering made her look incredibly pitiful.

Caleb finally lost his temper. "Are you seriously demanding we send Celine away today?" he demanded.

Amelia nodded firmly. "Yes. This house can only have me, not Celine."

(Amelia's POV)

My declaration made all four faces darken with displeasure. Celine's eyes welled with tears as she whispered, "I don't want to leave you all."

Caleb squeezed her hand tightly. "Celine doesn't have to go anywhere," he declared. "As long as I'm breathing, I won't let you leave the Stone family. You'll always be my sister and a member of Stone River Pack."

I raised an eyebrow. "If she doesn't leave, are you suggesting I should?"

I could see my biological mother Livia's patience had reached its limit, but she still tried to maintain a calm facade.

"You've just returned and don't know Celine well yet," she said carefully. "Celine is kind and sensible. After spending some time together, you'll accept her. Her presence won't threaten your position—you're our biological daughter, after all."

I cut straight to the truth. “Then why did you all look at me with such disdain when we first met? Is it because I lack Celine’s noble bearing and elegance?”

My eyes narrowed. “Have you forgotten that if I hadn’t been switched, I would be the one with nobility and grace? Everything Celine now possesses was built on the suffering I endured.”

Livia shook her head. “I don’t disdain you. I’m just not used to interacting with you yet.”

“Then why didn’t Uncle Jaxon have this problem?” I challenged.

Livia fell silent, unable to answer.

My wolf Ava whispered in my mind: “Their prejudice runs deep in their bones. We need to make them see the truth.”

Livia softened her tone. “We won’t mistreat you in the future. Your allowance will be the same as Celine’s. My husband and I won’t favor either of you.”

“I should thank you for that?” I laughed bitterly. “For me, treating us equally is the greatest favoritism. You two are such good people—refusing your biological daughter while spending money to raise your enemy’s child.”

“We finally found you,” Livia continued pleadingly. “How could we possibly let you continue suffering outside?”

“So you acknowledge I’ve suffered while your enemy’s daughter enjoyed my life,” I replied sharply. “And now that we’ve barely reunited, you’re ready to abandon me again.”

Caleb interjected angrily, “We’re not abandoning you! You’re the one making this difficult. You could both stay, but you refuse to accept Celine.”

“Of course I can’t accept a criminal’s daughter,” I shot back. “If I hadn’t been found by my kind adoptive father, I would have died. Celine’s mother is a murderer. Her daughter has already escaped punishment—why should she continue living a life of luxury without consequences?”

Caleb finally lost all restraint. “With your crude and unreasonable behavior, do you really think you deserve to stay while Celine leaves?”

“Of course I do,” I answered confidently. “First, I am the Alpha’s true daughter. Second, my brain functions properly, unlike your foolish one.”

I looked at each of them in turn. “Have you decided? Who leaves—me or Celine?”

Caleb pulled Celine protectively against him. “If we must choose, I only recognize Celine as my sister.”

I held up one finger. “Good, that’s one vote.” I turned to Livia.

Livia tried to speak soothingly, but I cut her off. “That’s two votes.”

Finally, I looked at my biological father Adrian, who had been observing silently.

“Your vote doesn’t matter anymore,” I declared. “There are already two votes for Celine. Since that’s the case, she stays and I’ll go.”