

# Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 63[ 873 words ]

(Celine's POV)

I watched Mother's face light up when Amelia announced she wanted to eat breakfast here. It was pathetic how eager she was to please the prodigal daughter who treated her like dirt.

"I'll prepare it right away!" Mother exclaimed, reaching for Amelia's arm.

Amelia smoothly sidestepped her touch, linking arms with Aunt Seraphina instead. "I'm looking forward to eating Aunt's cooking. It'll be wonderful."

Mother's face drained of color. I could practically see the vein throbbing in her forehead as she struggled to maintain her composure.

"No, no, I'll make it specially for you," Mother insisted, her voice strained. "I know exactly what you like."

Amelia's eyes turned cold as ice. "If you don't want to make it, then get lost. Don't disturb me and my mother while we eat."

Mother's face twisted with hurt and rage. I'd never seen her look so utterly humiliated.

Caleb couldn't contain himself any longer. "How dare you be so ungrateful!" he shouted, jumping to his feet. "Mother is personally cooking for you. That's a privilege you should appreciate!"

Mother quickly grabbed his arm, silencing him with a desperate look. "No, no, it's my privilege to cook for my daughter," she said with a forced smile that looked more like a grimace.

She turned to me, her eyes pleading. "Celine, go get my special honey oats from my room. I want to make Amelia my nutritious oatmeal."

"I'm hungry," Amelia said flatly, gesturing for Agnes to leave. "Hurry up. Agnes has other things to do."

"Yes, yes, of course!" Mother nodded frantically. "Celine, hurry!"

I walked to Mother's room, seething with every step. When I returned with the honey oats, I stopped dead in my tracks at the doorway.

Amelia and Aunt Seraphina were already eating breakfast that Agnes had prepared. They hadn't waited for us at all.

I understood immediately. Amelia had been playing us from the beginning. She never intended to eat Mother's cooking. She just wanted to humiliate her.

Yet Mother was still foolishly believing she had a chance to win her daughter back. I couldn't help but laugh inwardly. In a twisted way, I hoped Amelia would keep this up. The more she showed her true colors, the sooner everyone would see what a viper she really was.

I entered the kitchen and handed Mother the honey oats without mentioning that Amelia was already eating. She shooed me away, insisting she didn't need my help.

I sat silently on the sofa, watching Amelia and Aunt Seraphina chatting and laughing together. Hatred bubbled up inside me like poison.

Just a week ago, I was the cherished daughter of this family. Father valued me, Mother adored me, and my brothers protected me. Now, with Amelia's return, everything had changed.

She had destroyed everything that was mine. I wouldn't let her continue to gloat over her victories. She would pay for this.

Half an hour later, Mother and Caleb emerged from the kitchen, carrying freshly made oatmeal. The pride on Mother's face was painful to watch.

Amelia patted her stomach and smiled lazily. "I'm too full now. Maybe set it aside for later?"

I couldn't take it anymore. "Mother," I whispered, "she already ate with Aunt Seraphina."

Caleb's face turned crimson with rage. He slammed the bowl down on the coffee table, splashing oatmeal over the edges.

"You already ate and still had us make this for you?" he demanded. "How dare you be so arrogant!"

Amelia's lips curved into a cold smile. "Did I ask you to make anything? It's just a bowl of oatmeal. Did you expect me to fall to my knees in gratitude?"

"You're being deliberately cruel," Caleb hissed through clenched teeth.

Amelia gave him a dismissive glance. "I'm never like this with my real parents. Maybe ask yourself why I treat you differently."

As Caleb opened his mouth to argue, Mother quickly stepped between them. Her hands trembled slightly as she pulled out a thick envelope from her pocket.

"Look, Amelia," she said with a desperate smile. "Caleb wrote you a ten-thousand-word apology letter. He wrote it on his knees, just as you demanded. He's truly sorry. Can't you

Amelia took the letter without even glancing at it. In one smooth motion, she dropped it into the trash can beside her.

“Let me ask you something,” she said, her voice like Ice. “If I hadn’t been able to prove my dress was authentic last night, what would have happened? I would have been despised by Grandfather, mocked by the high-ranking wolf circles, and unable to hold my head up in the Stone family ever again.”

She leaned forward, her blue eyes piercing. “And now Caleb thinks writing a letter makes everything okay? How do I know he actually wrote it on his knees? How do I know he meant a single word?”

The room fell silent as Amelia delivered her verdict. “If you want to apologize, do it properly. Kneel in front of me and write it again.”

Her eyes held not a hint of softness, her voice dripping with contempt and disdain. Mother’s smile froze on her face, and Caleb’s fists clenched so tightly his knuckles turned white. But neither of them could say a word in response.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 64[ 1,033 words ]**

(Caleb’s POV)

I watched in disbelief as Amelia casually tossed aside the apology letter I’d spent the entire night writing. The paper fluttered to the floor like it was nothing more than trash. White-hot anger surged through me.

“What do you want?” I snapped, unable to contain my fury. “Do you expect me to get on my knees while writing an apology? You think you’re so important just because you had a moment in the spotlight at the welcome ceremony?”

Amelia’s face remained impassive, which only infuriated me more.

“Don’t get too full of yourself,” I continued, my voice rising. “Don’t think the Stone family can’t survive without acknowledging you.”

Mother stepped forward, her expression pleading. “Amelia, please be reasonable. Caleb has already been punished. Your father slapped him at the banquet in front of everyone. He lost all face.”

She gestured toward the discarded letter. “And now he’s apologized properly. Why must you keep dwelling on these small matters from the past?”

From the corner of my eye, I caught Celine's expression. Though she maintained a concerned facade, I could see the hint of a smile playing at her lips. She was enjoying this, hoping our argument would escalate beyond repair.

"Small matters?" Amelia's voice was soft but carried a dangerous edge. A cold smile spread across her face as she looked between Mother and me. "It's interesting how in the Stone family, your minor inconveniences are treated as great injustices."

Her eyes hardened to ice. "But what about the twenty years of suffering I endured? Who ever cared about that?"

The temperature in the room seemed to drop as she fixed her gaze directly on me. Her eyes were no longer those of the meek healer girl everyone had expected.

"I will never forget those hardships," she said, each word like a shard of ice. "And I will never forgive what you've done."

She turned to Mother, her expression unflinching. "You want to know the truth, Livia? I already know everything. You and Adrian knew I was your biological daughter all along."

Mother's face paled instantly.

"You left me to wander outside, struggling to survive," Amelia continued mercilessly. "Only when you needed someone to replace Celine in marrying the crippled Theodore did you suddenly remember to bring me back."

She leaned forward slightly, her voice dropping to a near whisper. "I came back for one purpose only—to destroy everything the Stone family prides itself on. To make you all taste what it feels like to have nothing, to be trampled upon by others."

"That's enough!" I shouted, jumping to my feet. "How dare you make up such vicious lies about our parents!"

Amelia merely laughed, the sound hollow and cold. "Truth or lies? You all know the answer. I don't need to fabricate anything."

I glanced at Mother, noticing her unnatural stillness and the flicker of something—guilt?—in her eyes. But I couldn't back down now.

"Even if that were true," I spat, "look at yourself now. Vindictive, bitter, holding grudges. No wonder you were left outside. You deserved it!"

The sound of a sharp slap echoed through the room. I staggered backward, my cheek burning. Seraphina stood before me, her hand still raised, her entire body trembling with rage.

“How dare you!” she shouted, her usually gentle voice now thunderous. “Is there any humanity left in you, to speak to your own sister this way?”

I touched my stinging cheek, too shocked to respond.

(Amelia’s POV)

I stood frozen, unable to believe what I’d just witnessed. Seraphina, who always appeared so gentle and composed, had just slapped Caleb with such force that he stumbled.

“You heartless wolves!” she continued, pointing a shaking finger at Caleb. Her entire body trembled with fury. “Get out! All of you! I forbid you from ever entering this house again!”

Her eyes flashed dangerously. “If you dare show your faces here, I’ll have the guards break your legs!”

Livia snapped out of her stunned silence, her face contorting with rage. “You barren wolf!” she screamed, lunging toward Seraphina. “How dare you strike my son!”

In that split second, I moved instinctively. My fingers found the silver-tipped needle hidden in my sleeve, and with a flick of my wrist, I sent it flying.

Livia froze mid-lunge. Her eyes bulged, her mouth opened in a silent scream, and white foam began to bubble from her lips. She collapsed to the floor, her body convulsing violently.

Caleb dropped to his knees beside her. “Mom! Mom, what’s wrong?” His panicked eyes darted between his seizing mother and me.

I looked down at Livia’s writhing form with detached interest. “Your words were too heartless,” I said calmly. “Your mother is suffering the consequences for you.”

“You cold-blooded monster!” Caleb shouted, cradling his mother’s head. “How can you just stand there?”

I didn’t bother hiding my satisfaction. “I’m actually quite pleased,” I admitted. “Her pain is my doing.”

Celine rushed forward, tears streaming down her face. “Second Brother, what should we do?” she sobbed, clutching at Caleb’s arm. “Will Mother die?”

A flash of realization crossed Caleb’s face. “Grandfather said Amelia is a skilled healer,” he said, then turned to me with a desperate command. “Save her! Now!”

I laughed, the sound devoid of warmth. “Just moments ago, you treated me like a plague on this family. Now you dare to order me around?”

“Please,” Celine begged, her voice breaking. “Don’t argue now. Mother needs help!”

I crossed my arms, leaning against the wall. “If Caleb truly believes I’m such a disaster,” I said with a cold smile, “then surely I can’t be trusted to heal Livia. You should find someone more qualified.”

Seraphina looked at me with confusion, clearly suspecting something about Livia’s sudden seizure. Nevertheless, she turned to the door and called for the guards.

“Remove them from the premises immediately,” she ordered.

Celine sobbed harder. “Aunt, how can you be so heartless?”

Seraphina’s eyes narrowed. “When it comes to cruelty, you’re the experts.”

The guards entered, moving to escort them out. Caleb supported his convulsing mother, his eyes burning with hatred as he looked at me one last time.

“You really won’t save her?” he asked through gritted teeth.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 65[ 1,116 words ]**

(Amelia’s POV)

“Fine, Amelia Stone, remember this! If anything happens to Mom, I’ll never forgive you!” Caleb shouted, his face contorted with rage as he supported Livia’s convulsing body.

I merely shrugged, my expression calm and unbothered. “I’m waiting for you. Just don’t be all talk and no action.”

The guards escorted them out—Livia still twitching, Caleb fuming, and Celine sobbing dramatically. The heavy door closed behind them with a satisfying thud.

Seraphina remained rooted to the spot, her chest heaving with emotion. The vicious words from earlier had clearly affected her deeply. Several minutes passed before she finally composed herself enough to speak.

“Amelia,” she asked worriedly, “Livia won’t actually be in danger, will she?”

I smiled reassuringly. “She’ll be fine. I just wanted to teach her a lesson for trying to bully you.” I twirled another silver-tipped needle between my fingers. “A small punishment for a big offense.”

Understanding dawned on Seraphina's face. "So her sudden seizure was your doing?"

When I nodded, her expression shifted from concern to indignation. "Those horrible people! The way they spoke to you—" Her voice cracked with emotion. "To think they could say such cruel things to their own flesh and blood!"

"Don't get upset," I said, gently taking her hand. "You'll get wrinkles, and that would be a shame." I winked playfully. "If you get wrinkles from their nastiness, we'll have to add that to their tab with interest."

The tension in Seraphina's shoulders eased, and a small laugh escaped her lips. "I'm nearly fifty, dear. Wrinkles are to be expected."

"Not if they're caused by those wolves," I insisted firmly. "Those would be special wrinkles that require extra compensation."

Our banter continued, the warmth between us growing with each exchange. It felt strange yet wonderful to have this maternal connection—something I'd never truly experienced before.

Seraphina turned to Agnes, who had been hovering anxiously nearby. "Agnes, please dispose of that honey oatmeal porridge Livia brought. And bring us some fresh tea instead."

As Agnes hurried away, Seraphina took my hands in hers, her eyes bright with curiosity. "That moonlight herb you gave to the Alpha King last night—did you grow it yourself?"

I nodded, surprised by her interest.

Her eyes widened in amazement. "That's extraordinary! Such a rare medicinal herb, and you cultivated it yourself?"

"It took years of trial and error," I admitted. "The conditions have to be perfect."

Seraphina squeezed my hands excitedly. "Your uncle and I have been talking. We'd like to clear a section of the back garden for you—a proper medicinal garden where you can continue your research."

My heart swelled with gratitude. "Really? You'd do that for me?"

"Of course!" She beamed. "We want to support your talents. If there's anything else you need, anything at all, you must tell us. Don't hesitate."

I grinned mischievously. "Understood, Mom."

"Good girl." She patted my cheek affectionately. "Now, I should go apply some face cream before those wrinkles we talked about actually appear!"

“You’ll always be beautiful to me,” I said sincerely. “Wrinkles and all.”

Seraphina’s face lit up with joy. “You silver-tongued little wolf! Do you know how sweet you are?”

I leaned into her touch, feeling like a pup again. “Do you like it?”

“I love it,” she whispered, pulling me into a warm embrace.

From the doorway, Agnes watched us with misty eyes. “It’s wonderful to see,” she said softly. “Lady Seraphina has smiled more since you arrived than in all the years before.”

(Caleb’s POV)

I practically dragged my mother back to her chambers, her body still jerking uncontrollably. The moment we arrived, I shouted for a servant to fetch Healer Corwin immediately.

The pack healer arrived within minutes, his medical bag clutched tightly in his hand. He examined my mother with practiced efficiency, checking her pulse, pupils, and reflexes.

“Well?” I demanded as he straightened up, his expression puzzled. “What’s wrong with her?”

Healer Corwin shook his head slowly. “There’s no obvious physical ailment. Her symptoms resemble a neurological episode—a temporary loss of control. Almost like a seizure, but not quite.”

“That’s not good enough!” I slammed my fist against the wall. “How do we treat it?”

“I recommend a sedative for now,” he replied, reaching into his bag. “Let her rest while I run some tests on her blood. We’ll monitor her condition closely.”

He administered the medication, and within minutes, my mother’s convulsions subsided. Her eyes fluttered closed as she slipped into a deep sleep.

After the healer left, Celine began pacing anxiously around the room. Suddenly, she stopped by the sofa, bending down to retrieve something.

“Second Brother,” she called, her voice trembling. “What is this?”

She held out her palm, revealing a thin, silver-tipped needle. My blood ran cold as I examined it.

Celine’s eyes widened in horror. “Mother’s condition... you don’t think Amelia did this, do you?” She shook her head frantically. “No, that’s impossible. Even she wouldn’t dare...”

A bitter laugh escaped my throat. “There’s nothing Amelia wouldn’t dare to do.” I clenched the needle tightly in my fist. “I warned everyone from the beginning. No matter how talented she is, we shouldn’t have welcomed her back.”

I turned to Celine, whose eyes were brimming with tears. “Don’t worry. You’ll always be the most important person to me. I won’t be disappointed in you just because you’re not as skilled as Amelia.”

“Thank you, Second Brother,” she whispered, wiping away a tear. “It means so much that you still care about my feelings.”

I stroked her hair gently. “I’ll never abandon you, Celine. Never.”

Her tears gave way to a small smile. “As long as I can stay and help the family, I’ll endure any hardship.”

“Mother will definitely give up on Amelia after this,” I assured her. “And if Amelia truly intends to destroy our family, Father and Mother will deal with her accordingly.”

My phone suddenly rang, interrupting our conversation. Ethan’s name flashed on the screen.

“Caleb, have you seen what’s happening online?” His voice was tense, urgent.

“No,” I snapped irritably. “I’ve been busy apologizing to Amelia this morning, only to be humiliated by her”

“Forget about that,” Ethan cut in sharply. “The story about you having Katya tamper with the evening gown has leaked. I’ve had our PR team suppress the trending topic, but the negative impact is significant. Even Starlight Entertainment is being affected. You need to contact Katya immediately and have her issue a statement taking full responsibility. We need to contain this situation now,”

My blood ran cold. How had this information gotten out?

“You need to have Katya take all the blame, Ethan continued urgently. “It’s the only way to stabilize public opinion.”

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 66[ 837 words ]**

(Caleb’s POV)

“Remember, don’t leave any evidence linking you to Katya,” Ethan emphasized through the phone. “Money isn’t an issue—pay whatever it takes for her to take full responsibility. But this

absolutely cannot affect your reputation. You've just established yourself in the human entertainment industry, and your public image is crucial right now."

I frowned, gripping the phone tighter. "I know."

After hanging up, I immediately opened my social media accounts to search for the trending topics Ethan mentioned. Despite my brother's efforts to suppress the content, scattered information remained—not widespread, but painfully visible.

The comments were brutal. Some accused me of sabotaging my own sister to favor my adopted one, calling me morally bankrupt. Others said I was all looks and no talent.

What stung most were the comparisons to Amelia, with people claiming her impromptu piano performance far outshined anything I'd ever done. My face darkened with each swipe of my finger, rage building inside me like a pressure cooker.

"Second Brother, what's wrong?" Celine asked, her voice dripping with false concern.

I shoved my phone back into my pocket, my jaw clenched tight. "It's Amelia. She leaked information about me asking Katya to tamper with the evening gown."

Celine's eyes widened dramatically. "Oh no! What about your reputation? Your career? This could ruin everything you've worked for!"

"I'm not afraid," I spat, my teeth grinding together. "My popularity is at its peak—this minor incident won't bring me down."

In my mind, there was no doubt Amelia was behind this. Whatever small respect I might have harbored for her talents vanished completely, replaced by pure hatred. She'd crossed a line, and I would make her pay.

"I'll strike back," I vowed, my voice low and dangerous. "I'll use my resources to dig up every piece of dirt on her. Let's see how she likes having her reputation destroyed."

Celine placed a gentle hand on my arm. "But Second Brother, we can't be certain it was Amelia. There were many guests at the ceremony last night."

I scoffed, shaking off her touch. "Who else would dare? In our werewolf circles, who would risk offending the Stone family? Only Amelia has the motive and the audacity."

Celine paused, appearing to consider my words carefully. After a moment, she nodded slowly. "You're right. It must have been her."

"You understand me so well," I said, feeling a rush of vindication. "You always do."

(Amelia's POV)

I carefully packed the last of my sun-dried medicinal herbs into their protective containers. These rare specimens would fetch a handsome price at the Northgate City auction house- enough to fund my next moves against the Stone siblings.

As I approached my car, my phone vibrated. Silas's name flashed on the screen.

"Everything is proceeding as planned," he reported when I answered. "I've leaked Caleb's information as you instructed, but Ethan moved quickly. He's already suppressed much of the content."

I smiled, completely unsurprised. "Let him keep suppressing. I'll keep exposing."

Financial resources weren't a concern for me. Once I sold these medicinal herbs, I'd have more than enough to sustain a prolonged media battle.

"I want them to realize that no matter how hard they try, they can't stop my counterattacks," I explained, sliding into the driver's seat. "Let them exhaust themselves in futile efforts until they collapse in impotent rage."

"There's something else," Silas added, his voice dropping slightly. "You're not the only one targeting Caleb. We traced some of the most vicious posts to IP addresses linked to Celine."

A cold laugh escaped my lips. "How predictable."

Celine was clearly trying to use me as a weapon, intensifying the conflict to make Caleb hate me even more. But her manipulations meant nothing to me.

"I won't expose her yet," I decided, starting the engine. "Let her continue backstabbing the Stone brothers. When they've lost everything and discover their most trusted sister has been using them all along—that will be a truly devastating blow."

"You're terrifyingly brilliant," Silas remarked, genuine admiration in his voice. "I'm nowhere near as devious as you."

After ending the call, a sudden thought made me smile. I scrolled through my contacts and deliberately dialed Ethan's number.

(Ethan's POV)

I was slumped in my office chair at Starlight Entertainment, exhaustion weighing on me like a physical burden. When my phone rang, I almost ignored it until I saw the caller ID.

Amelia Stone.

My face hardened as I answered. "What do you want?"

“Did you remove the trending topics about Caleb?” Her voice was light, almost playful.

“Yes,” I admitted bluntly. “He’s my brother, and he’s also one of our artists. He’s finally integrated into human society—I won’t let anyone ruin that.”

A soft, chilling laugh came through the speaker. “But I don’t want him to have it easy. I want his reputation destroyed. I want his idol career crushed to dust.”

Her tone turned dangerously sweet. “Are you sure you want to interfere? Don’t forget, you’re still poisoned, and I’m the only one with the antidote.”

## Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 67[ 1,235 words ]

(Ethan’s POV)

When Amelia’s call came through, my body tensed immediately. My fingers tightened around the phone as I braced myself for another threat about the poison coursing through my veins.

“Relax, Ethan. I’m not calling to threaten you this time,” Amelia said, her voice light and casual. “That was just a little joke earlier.”

I exhaled slowly, not trusting her sudden change in tone. “Then what do you want?”

“I need you to prepare a medicinal garden in the yard behind the Briarwood House,” she said matter-of-factly. “You’ll need to plow the soil, loosen it properly, and purchase fertilizer.”

My jaw dropped. “You want me to do what?”

“Farm work, Ethan. I need you to do farm work.”

The phone nearly slipped from my grasp as rage surged through me. I’d been raised as the elite heir to the Stone River Pack, groomed for leadership and business. Now this woman- this sister I never wanted—expected me to dig in dirt like some common laborer?

“This is absurd,” I snarled, my teeth clenching so hard I thought they might c\*\*\*k. “I’m the Alpha heir of Stone River Pack, not some farmhand you can order around!”

Amelia’s laugh was soft and mocking. “Is farm work really more unbearable than death?”

Her words hit like a physical blow. Memories of the poison’s effects flooded back—the searing pain that had left me writhing on the floor, gasping for breath, begging for relief. My free hand unconsciously moved to my chest, where phantom pains still lingered.

“I... I don’t know the first thing about gardening,” I said, trying to sound reasonable rather than desperate. “I’d be inefficient. Surely there are workers who could-”

“I don’t care about efficiency,” she cut in coldly. “The results are what matter, and you’re the one who’ll be exhausted. When you finish the work, I’ll give you the next dose of antidote. Not before.”

Her tone was so casual, so dismissive—as if she were discussing the weather rather than holding my life hostage. I could practically hear her smirk through the phone.

The silence stretched between us as I fought to control my breathing. Pride warred with survival instinct, but in the end, there was only one choice.

“Fine,” I finally whispered, the word tasting like ash. “I’ll do it.”

“Excellent!” Amelia’s voice brightened with false cheer. “Buy the tools today. You’ll start tomorrow morning. I’ll text you the dimensions for the garden plot.”

The call ended abruptly, leaving me alone with my humiliation and rage.

With a roar, I hurled my phone across the office. It hit the wall with a satisfying c\*\*\*k, the screen shattering into a spider web of fractures. The momentary release did nothing to quell the storm inside me.

I paced the length of my office, hands clenched into fists so tight my nails cut into my palms. How had it come to this? Me, Ethan Stone, reduced to digging in the dirt at the command of a sister who’d appeared from nowhere?

After several minutes, I managed to collect myself enough to press the intercom button. “Anya, come in here. Now.”

My secretary appeared moments later, clipboard clutched to her chest, her eyes wary. She’d learned to read my moods well over the years.

“I need you to clear my schedule for tomorrow morning and arrange for the purchase of gardening tools,” I said, my voice unnaturally calm. “Shovels, rakes, whatever is needed to prepare soil for planting.”

Anya’s mouth fell open slightly. “Gardening tools, sir?”

“Did I stutter?” I snapped, my composure cracking.

“No, sir, but-”

“Then do as I say!” I slammed my fist on the desk, making her jump. “And have them delivered to the Briarwood House by tonight.”

She backed toward the door, nodding rapidly. “Right away, sir.”

As the door closed behind her, I collapsed into my chair, the fight draining out of me. I was trapped, completely at Amelia’s mercy until I could find another solution.

I stared at my hands—manicured, soft, the hands of a businessman, not a laborer. Tomorrow they would be blistered and filthy, and there wasn’t a damn thing I could do about it.

(Amelia’s POV)

The Onyx Fang Auction House stood imposing in the heart of Northgate City, its elegant facade hiding the cutthroat dealings that took place within. As I approached the private entrance, a security guard recognized me immediately and ushered me inside.

Valerius Kane was waiting in his office, rising from behind his massive desk with a warm smile that didn’t quite reach his calculating eyes.

“Miss Stone, what a pleasure,” he said, bowing slightly. “Or should I say, the renowned healer Lily? Your reputation precedes you in both identities.”

I placed the wooden box I’d been carrying on his desk. “The usual arrangement, Valerius. Three specimens of premium quality, specifically targeting common ailments in middle-aged and elderly werewolves.”

He opened the box carefully, his eyes widening appreciatively at the rare herbs nestled inside. “Exquisite as always. The moonlight herb alone will fetch a small fortune.”

“Five percent commission, as usual?” I asked, though it wasn’t really a question.

“Of course.” He closed the box reverently. “I’ll arrange the auction immediately. These will sell quickly.”

Valerius leaned back in his chair, studying me with interest. “Your brother Ethan called me recently, you know. He’s desperately seeking a healer who specializes in poisons.”

My eyebrow arched. “Is that so?”

“Indeed. I told him I might know someone—without mentioning it was you, of course.” His lips curved into a sly smile. “He seemed quite desperate.”

I couldn’t help the cold laugh that escaped me. The irony was delicious—Ethan searching for a cure, only to be unwittingly directed back to the very person who’d poisoned him.

“Would you like me to reveal your identity to him?” Valerius asked, his tone casual but his eyes sharp.

I tilted my head. “You know what poison I used on him, don’t you? Can you guess why I poisoned him in the first place?”

Understanding dawned in his eyes, and he nodded slowly. “Say no more. Your secret remains safe.”

He shook his head, a genuine smile crossing his face. “The Stone family truly is foolish. They had the chance to welcome back their true Alpha daughter, whose talents could have elevated their pack to unprecedented heights. Instead, they pushed you away, handed you to Jaxon and his mate, and made an enemy of you.”

His gaze turned contemplative. “And now Ethan’s very life rests in his sister’s hands, and he doesn’t even know it. Tragic, really.”

“It’s because they’re idiots,” I said simply.

As if summoned by our conversation, Valerius’s phone rang. He glanced at the screen and raised his eyebrows at me. “Speak of the devil.”

He put the call on speaker. “Alpha Kane speaking.”

“Mr. Kane, it’s Ethan Stone.” His voice sounded strained, exhausted. “I was wondering if you’ve had any luck locating that healer we discussed.”

Valerius’s eyes met mine, dancing with amusement. “I’m afraid not, Mr. Stone. No news yet.”

There was a heavy silence before Ethan spoke again, his voice lower, almost pleading. “Please keep looking. If you find them, I’ll make it worth your while. Whatever they want- money, rare items, favors—just name it.”

“Of course, Mr. Stone. I’ll continue making inquiries,” Valerius assured him smoothly.

After the call ended, Valerius and I looked at each other for a moment before bursting into laughter.

## **Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 68[ 1,077 words ]**

(Theodore’s POV)

I stared at the wheelchair by my bed, a constant reminder of my current limitations. For weeks, I’d retreated from pack affairs, allowing my father and Ronan to handle administrative matters while I supposedly “recovered.” That had been a strategic error on my part.

My suspicions about their motives had grown too strong to ignore. It was time to return to pack headquarters and see exactly what they'd been doing in my absence.

As I transferred myself to the wheelchair with practiced movements, a knock sounded at my door.

"Enter," I called, straightening my jacket.

A tall, thin man with spectacles and an air of scholarly detachment stepped into my room. He wore the distinctive robes of a wizard, adorned with subtle runes that marked his specialty in mental healing.

"Alpha Theodore," he said with a formal bow. "I am Julian Pierce. Your father, Alpha Theron, has summoned me from the Eastern Territories to evaluate your mental state following your injury."

I couldn't help the cold laugh that escaped my lips. "How convenient. My father sends a mental healer just as I decide to return to headquarters."

Julian's expression remained neutral, but I caught the slight widening of his eyes. "It's merely a routine assessment, Alpha. To ensure your recovery is progressing as expected."

"Is that so?" I wheeled myself closer to him, watching as he instinctively took a step back. "Then you should know that as of this morning, I've frozen all of my father's resource allocation privileges."

The wizard's composure cracked. "I... I don't understand."

"It means," I said slowly, "that unless I approve it, my father can't even pay your fee. Not a single coin can move without my authorization."

Julian swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing nervously. "Alpha Theodore, I assure you—"

"Save it." I cut him off with a dismissive wave. "I'll make you a better offer. Double whatever my father promised, if you stay and continue your 'assessment' — but report to me instead."

His eyes darted around the room as if searching for hidden observers. "That would be... unethical."

"More unethical than spying on me for my father?" I raised an eyebrow. "Don't insult my intelligence, Julian. We both know why you're really here."

A moment of tense silence passed between us. Then Julian's shoulders slumped slightly in defeat.

"You're more... aware than your father suggested," he admitted quietly.

I smiled without warmth. “I’ll take that as a compliment. Now, do we have a deal?”

Julian nodded slowly. “Yes, Alpha Theodore.”

I took the assessment scroll he offered, glancing at the questions designed to evaluate my mental stability. “I’ll complete this charade. You can deliver it to my father as expected. He’ll see exactly what he wants to see.”

“And what is that, Alpha?” Julian asked cautiously.

“A broken heir, too damaged to lead.” I met his gaze steadily. “The perfect excuse to replace me.”

Julian’s expression confirmed my suspicions. My father had indeed been laying groundwork to remove me from succession.

“You may go,” I dismissed him. “We’ll speak again soon.”

After Julian left, I finished preparing for my departure. Marcus was already waiting outside with the car when I emerged.

“Everything ready?” I asked as he helped me into the vehicle.

Marcus nodded, his expression grim. “Yes, Alpha. I have the information you requested.”

Once we were moving, Marcus handed me a folder. “About Isla’s background. The woman who brought her to the Silver Creek Pack was named Bianca. She was originally from our pack but was transferred to Silver Creek about twenty years ago.”

I opened the folder and froze when I saw the photograph. The woman’s face was instantly familiar – delicate features, light hair, and a distinctive beauty mark near her left eye.

“This is…” My voice trailed off as memories flooded back.

“You recognize her?” Marcus asked, watching me carefully.

“Yes.” My grip tightened on the photo. “This woman had an affair with my father when I was a teenager. My mother discovered it and was devastated. She called in her parents – both Alphas of their own pack – to pressure my father into ending the relationship.”

Marcus’s eyes widened. “So Isla could be-”

“My father’s illegitimate daughter.” The word’s tasted bitter on my tongue. “The timing fits. My father publicly ended things with Bianca, but apparently maintained contact in secret.”

In my mind, Logan snarled with rage. He betrayed our mother! And then brought his bastard into our home to mock us!

“Calm down, Logan,” I murmured. “We need evidence, not anger. We can’t alert them to our suspicions.”

“Bianca died five years ago,” Marcus continued. “So we can’t confirm through direct blood sensing. But if we could access medical records or blood samples from her relatives-”

“We’ll find a way,” I assured him. “What about Ronan?”

Marcus shook his head. “That’s more complicated. There are no clear bloodline records for him in the pack archives. The seer who made the prophecy about him being a ‘curse’ to you has passed away. The trail goes cold.”

I nodded slowly. If my father intended to use his illegitimate child to replace my younger brother, he would certainly destroy all evidence completely.

When we arrived at pack headquarters, I was surprised to see a young female receptionist I didn’t recognize manning the front desk. She smiled politely as Marcus wheeled me in.

“Good morning, gentlemen. How may I help you today?”

Marcus frowned. “This is Alpha Theodore Crimson. He doesn’t need assistance to enter his own building.”

The receptionist – Lena, according to her nameplate – looked confused. “I’m sorry, but I’ll need to see some identification. Security protocols.”

“You don’t recognize your own Alpha heir?” Marcus growled, his patience clearly wearing thin.

I placed a restraining hand on his arm. “It’s fine, Marcus.”

I attempted to establish a mind link with Ronan. Brother, there seems to be some confusion at reception.

The connection was immediately severed from his end. I tried calling his phone, but it went straight to voicemail.

Lena smiled apologetically. “Alpha Ronan is currently presiding over the council of elders meeting. He can’t be disturbed.”

“Alpha Ronan?” Marcus repeated incredulously.

“Yes, of course,” Lena replied, looking between us with growing confusion.

“This man before you,” Marcus said through gritted teeth, “is Theodore Crimson, the true heir to the Alpha King title!”

Clearly, in my absence, they had begun systematically erasing my existence, replacing me in the pack’s consciousness.

## Alpha’s Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 69[ 983 words ]

(Third-person’s POV)

Lena’s smile remained fixed as she repeated, “I’m sorry, but regardless of who you are, the current acting Alpha is Ronan. I cannot let you in without authorization.”

Marcus’s face darkened with fury. “Acting Alpha? It’s been barely a month, and he’s already replacing everyone loyal to Theodore?”

The receptionist shifted uncomfortably under his intense gaze. She picked up the phone again, her fingers trembling slightly.

“I’ll try to reach Alpha Ronan again,” she said, her voice wavering. “He’s presiding over the council of elders meeting. Perhaps you could wait for half an hour?”

Theodore’s expression remained calm, betraying none of the rage building inside him. Instead, a faint smile played on his lips.

“That won’t be necessary,” he said quietly. “Tell my brother he needn’t worry. He’ll be coming to beg for my help soon enough.”

With that, he gestured to Marcus, who gripped the handles of the wheelchair and turned it toward the exit.

As they left the building, Logan’s voice roared in Theodore’s mind. “That usurper dares to humiliate us like this!”

“Patience, Logan,” Theodore thought back, his mental voice ice-cold and controlled. “Let them enjoy their moment. Soon enough, they’ll pay dearly for their arrogance.”

From the floor-to-ceiling windows of the conference room upstairs, Ronan watched his brother’s departure with undisguised satisfaction. The crystal wineglass in his hand caught the light as he swirled the deep red liquid.

“Look at him, Father,” he said, turning to Theron who stood beside him. “The mighty heir, turned away like a stray wolf. It’s quite satisfying, isn’t it?”

Theron's lips curved into a smile as he raised his own glass. "Just wait until you're officially named heir, my son. When you control the Crimson pack, everyone will bow to your command."

He took a slow sip of his wine, savoring it. "That feeling of absolute control... there's nothing quite like it."

Father and son clinked their glasses together, their eyes reflecting identical ambition and calculation.

"To the future," Ronan said.

"To your future, Theron corrected, his smile widening.

Theodore's phone rang as Marcus drove them away from the tower. He glanced at the screen, his expression softening when he saw Amelia's name.

"Hello, my queen," he answered.

"I was calling about our treatment schedule, Amelia's voice came through, warm and clear. "Are you free this afternoon?"

Theodore chuckled. "I've just been officially rejected from my own pack headquarters. I could use some comfort from my future mate."

"Poor pup," she teased. "Should I book the presidential suite at the hotel again? I could bring some venison and moonlight wine to cheer you up."

"Tempting, Theodore replied, his voice dropping lower. "But I have something more interesting planned for today."

He sent her an address, adding, "Meet me there in an hour. You might find it... educational."

When Amelia arrived at the location—an elegant townhouse in an exclusive neighborhood- she immediately noticed two unconscious guards slumped by the entrance. Without hesitation, she stepped over them and entered the house.

Inside, she found Theodore sitting in his wheelchair, with Marcus standing vigilantly beside him. On the sofa across from them sat a young woman, her posture rigid with tension.

"Amelia," Theodore greeted her, his golden eyes gleaming. "I'd like you to meet someone."

The woman on the sofa was beautiful in a delicate way, dressed in an expensive gown that emphasized her slender figure. Her face, though pretty, was a mask of complex emotions- anger, fear, humiliation, and resentment all battling for dominance.

"This is Isla," Theodore continued. "The adopted daughter of the Crimson Moon Pack."

Isla's eyes darted between Theodore and Amelia, clearly assessing her rival. Confusion flickered across her features as she studied Amelia, trying to understand what made this woman from a remote pack so special.

"Is this your future Luna?" Isla asked, her voice sweet but with an undercurrent of venom. She forced a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

Theodore didn't answer, but Amelia stepped forward, her blue eyes piercing.

"You're the one responsible for Theodore's disability, aren't you?" she said directly, skipping all pretense.

Isla's face paled instantly. She swallowed hard, her fingers clutching the fabric of her dress.

"I... I never meant to involve him," she stammered, regaining some composure. "He was unfortunately caught up in an attack meant for me. He was... collateral damage."

"Collateral damage?" Amelia repeated, her voice dangerously soft. She moved closer, her gaze never leaving Isla's face. "Is that what you call it when someone saves your life?"

Isla nodded quickly, too quickly. "Yes, he was very brave. I've always felt terrible about... inconveniencing him."

"Inconveniencing?" Amelia's laugh was sharp and without humor. She leaned forward, her eyes boring into Isla's. "Let me ask you something very clearly: was it an unfortunate accident that he got caught up in, or was it a deliberate attempt to harm him?"

The question hung in the air like a blade. Isla's face drained of all color, and beads of sweat formed on her forehead despite the cool temperature of the room.

"I don't know what you're implying," she whispered, but her trembling hands betrayed her.

The atmosphere in the room suddenly became suffocating with tension. Marcus shifted slightly, moving into a position where he could intercept any sudden movements from Isla.

"I think you know exactly what I'm implying," Amelia said, her voice like a knife. "Is it a coincidence that the attack happened right when Theodore was about to be named official heir?"

Isla's eyes darted to Theodore, then back to Amelia. Her lips parted, but no sound came out.

"Was it an accident," Amelia pressed, each word precise and cutting, "or was it a deliberate attempt to cripple the heir to the Crimson Moon Pack?"

The question cut through Isla like a silver blade, piercing straight to her core. Her face contorted with panic, cold sweat now visibly dampening her hairline.

# Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 70[ 952 words ]

(Third-person's POV)

Isla's face contorted with indignation as she glared at Amelia. "Who do you think you are to speak to me like that? You have no right to use that tone with me!"

Amelia let out a cold laugh, her blue eyes glinting dangerously. "Have you forgotten that Theodore saved your life? He became crippled because of you, and instead of showing gratitude, you're being greedy and ungrateful."

"I deny everything!" Isla shot back, her voice rising with panic. "I don't understand what you're talking about. You're making wild accusations!"

Theodore's expression softened as he turned to Amelia, deliberately changing the subject. "Do you like this house, my queen?"

Amelia glanced around, taking in the elegant furnishings and spacious rooms. The tension in her shoulders eased slightly as she nodded.

"It's quite nice. The location is excellent, and the interior design is tasteful," she replied, a playful smile forming on her lips. "Is this going to be our new home?"

Theodore chuckled, his golden eyes warming as they rested on her. "This place is too ordinary to be worthy of us. But it would make a suitable engagement gift for you."

Isla leapt to her feet, her face flushing with outrage. "You can't do that! This is the residence my brother Ronan arranged for me!" Her voice trembled with indignation. "If you give away my house, where am I supposed to live?"

She paused, her expression turning calculating. "Unless... you're suggesting I return to the Crimson Moon Pack House?"

Theodore's gaze turned icy as he regarded Isla. "This house doesn't belong to Ronan. It's registered under my name." His voice was soft but carried an unmistakable edge. "I expelled you from the Crimson family, yet Ronan dared to install you here without my knowledge."

Isla's face drained of color as the truth sank in. Her brother had no authority to offer her this sanctuary.

Amelia's eyes

lit up with mischief. “Well, in that case, I’ll gladly accept this gift,” she declared, settling more comfortably on the sofa. “Thank you, my Alpha.”

Theodore nodded, then fixed his cold gaze on Isla. “Call Ronan immediately. Tell him to come. pick you up. Otherwise, I cannot guarantee your safety here.”

Isla froze, her eyes widening with disbelief. She forced a tremulous smile, trying to recover her composure.

“You’re scaring me, Theo,” she said, her voice deliberately soft and vulnerable. “You know I’ve always been easily frightened.”

She batted her eyelashes, employing the same tactics that had worked on him in the past. But Theodore’s expression remained impassive, unmoved by her performance.

“My patience has limits, Isla,” he warned, his voice dropping to a dangerous whisper. “Don’t test them.”

Reality finally dawned on Isla. The brother who had once protected her was gone, replaced by this cold, unforgiving Alpha. With shaking hands, she pulled out her phone and dialed Ronan’s number.

“Ronan,” she sobbed into the phone, genuine tears now streaming down her face. “Theodore is here. He’s forcing me out of the house and threatening my safety!”

Ronan’s reply was brief but reassuring: “Don’t worry. I’m coming right away.”

After ending the call, Isla looked up at Theodore, her voice small. “I did as you asked.”

Theodore nodded once, his face a mask of authority. “Let me make this absolutely clear: you have been expelled from the Crimson family. You are no longer my adopted sister.” His words fell like hammer blows. “You will never address me as ‘brother’ again. You’ve lost that privilege.”

Resentment flashed in Isla’s eyes, but she quickly masked it. For Ronan’s plan to succeed, she needed to endure this humiliation. She lowered her gaze submissively.

In Theodore’s mind, Logan’s voice growled with satisfaction: “This ungrateful woman deserves to pay for what she’s done.”

“Patience, Logan,” Theodore replied silently. “Today is just the beginning.”

Amelia lounged on the sofa, observing the exchange with interest. “You’re being too merciful with her, Theodore,” she remarked casually. “I would have been much harsher.”

Something inside Isla snapped. “You!” she shrieked, pointing a trembling finger at Amelia. “How dare you interfere in Crimson family matters! You’re nothing but an outsider!”

Her voice rose hysterically. “Theodore would never truly harm me. We’ve been like real siblings for three years!”

Marcus’s expression darkened instantly. He knew that when it came to Amelia, Theodore’s tolerance vanished completely.

Amelia turned to Theodore, her eyebrows raised. “She’s shouting at me now. If you won’t handle this, I’ll do it myself.”

Theodore sighed, a sound of resignation rather than sympathy. “I had planned to wait until Ronan arrived, but since you’ve chosen to disrespect my mate to my face, Isla, we’ll have to move up your lesson.”

Panic flashed across Isla’s face as she realized her mistake. She turned to flee, but Theodore’s cold voice stopped her in her tracks.

“This is simply an eye for an eye, Isla.”

“Are you going to cut out my tongue?” she gasped, terror evident in her voice. She clutched at her final defense. “Ronan loves me more than anyone! If you hurt me, he’ll hate you forever and seek revenge!”

She continued desperately, “I’m his most precious person! Don’t you understand what that means? He would do anything for me!”

Theodore’s expression remained unchanged, unmoved by her emotional manipulation. Amelia watched with fascination, as if observing an entertaining performance.

As Isla made a desperate dash for the door, Amelia casually picked up a glass from the coffee table and hurled it with perfect accuracy. It struck Isla’s leg, causing her to collapse to her knees with a cry of pain.

When Isla looked back, Marcus was already standing behind her. Her face contorted with pure terror as she screamed, “Stay away from me!”