

# Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 8[ 1,083 words ]

(Amelia's POV)

I followed Seraphina and Jaxon back to the East House, still processing the momentous decision I'd just made. The moment we stepped inside, Seraphina grabbed my hand, her face radiant with joy.

"Come, let me show you your room!" she exclaimed, practically pulling me up the stairs.

Jaxon followed behind us with an indulgent smile. "Sera has always wanted a daughter," he explained. "We've had a girl's room prepared for years, just waiting."

I felt a strange mixture of amusement and warmth flood through me. They had prepared a room for a daughter they never had? The thought was both touching and slightly absurd.

"Mom," I said experimentally, watching Seraphina's face light up at the word. "You prepared a room without even knowing if you'd have a daughter?"

"I always knew someday we would," she replied with absolute conviction.

Inside my mind, Ava, my wolf, stirred contentedly. "She is genuinely loving us," she whispered. "I can feel her warmth."

"Yes," I silently agreed. "This is the family we've always longed for." Seraphina led me to the third floor, stopping at the central room. "This is yours," she announced proudly, pushing open the door with a flourish.

I couldn't help but stare in shock. The entire room was decorated in various shades of pink – pink walls, pink curtains, pink bedspread, even pink carpet. It looked like a teenage girl's fantasy from a decade ago.

"It's very... pink," I managed, trying to be diplomatic.

Seraphina beamed. "Isn't it lovely? Twenty is the perfect age for such a vibrant, youthful room."

I cleared my throat. "It's certainly vibrant, but maybe a bit too... youthful for someone my age?" Her face fell slightly, but she quickly recovered. "If you don't like it, we can have it completely redecorated by tomorrow. Whatever style you prefer!"

I looked around the room again. It wasn't my taste at all, but the thought of Seraphina lovingly preparing this space for a daughter she didn't have yet made my heart ache.

"It's fine," I said finally. "It's just a place to sleep, after all."

"Absolutely not!" Seraphina declared firmly. "You're my daughter now. You can't just 'make do with something you don't like."

Her vehemence surprised me. She was already more protective of my happiness than my biological mother had ever been.

"In fact," she continued enthusiastically, "you can have the entire third floor! We can redecorate it however you want."

I raised my eyebrows. The entire floor? That would actually be perfect for my little companions.

"Really? The whole floor?" I asked, not bothering to hide my interest.

"Of course! We could even build you a new house if you wanted one," she offered, completely serious.

I laughed. "I don't need a new house. I'd rather stay close to you and... Dad."

The word felt strange on my tongue, but not unpleasant. Seraphina's eyes filled with tears of joy.

"I'll leave you to settle in," she said, squeezing my hand before departing.

Shortly after she left, someone delivered my belongings. I closed the door firmly and released my three companions from their hiding places.

Black, White, and Green- my three pet snakes – slithered out, exploring their new surroundings with curious flicks of their tongues.

"Welcome to our new home," I murmured, carefully unpacking my collection of herbs and remedies.

After arranging my meager possessions, I flopped onto the overly plush pink bed. My phone vibrated in my pocket. I pulled it out, surprised to see a message from Damien.

My former mate had sent a photo of a luxurious mansion, followed by a message: “This is where I live now as the alpha of the Blackwood Pack in Northgate City. Jealous? If you regret leaving me, I might consider making you one of my secret mistresses.”

\*j\*\*t,” I typed back, then promptly blocked his number.

(Third-person’s POV)

In the West House, Livia paced furiously across the living room, her face contorted with rage. “How dare they?” she fumed. “Your brother and his mate actually think they can take our daughter!”

Adrian sat heavily on the sofa, lighting a cigarette with trembling fingers. “We absolutely cannot allow Amelia to acknowledge Jaxon and Seraphina as her parents,” he said, his voice low and tense.

Celine stood quietly behind them, Caleb sprawled in an armchair, looking bored. “If you don’t want to let Celine go, and Amelia wants to acknowledge Uncle and Aunt, why not just let her? What’s the problem?”

Livia whirled on him, clutching her arms across her chest. “Silence! I won’t have that witch Seraphina picking her up like some discarded treasure!”

Caleb shrugged. “Amelia is trash anyway. If Aunt Seraphina wants to collect her, think of it as recycling. Saves us the trouble of dealing with her attitude.”

He stretched lazily. “You saw how arrogant she was today because she had the moral high ground. Imagine how insufferable she’d be living under our roof.”

Adrian turned to Celine, his expression grave. “You saw Grandfather’s attitude today. Despite all your accomplishments, he favors Amelia simply because of blood ties.”

Livia nodded vigorously. “That’s exactly the problem!”

Adrian took a deep drag of his cigarette. “Originally, since Jaxon and Seraphina had no children, everyone assumed I would inherit the Alpha position.”

His eyes narrowed. “But if my biological daughter acknowledges Jaxon as her father, the succession rights become complicated. That’s why we oppose this arrangement – not because we don’t care about you, Celine.”

Caleb snorted. “Grandfather would never let Amelia inherit the pack.”

Livia turned to him sharply. “What about Theodore? Do you to marry that cripple?”

Caleb fell silent, his expression darkening.

“The main reason we brought Amelia back,” Adrian said carefully, “was to have her replace Celine in the marriage alliance with Theodore. But after today’s events, I doubt she’ll agree easily.”

He fixed Caleb with a stern look. “From now on, you need to at least pretend to accept her as your sister. Make her acknowledge you as her brother. Only then can we convince her to take Celine’s place in the marriage.”

Caleb was quiet for a moment before nodding. “I understand what needs to be done.”

Later, in her bedroom, Celine stood by the window, staring at the brightly lit East House across the grounds. Her soft, vulnerable expression hardened into something cold and calculating as she dialed a number on her phone.

When the call connected, her voice was sharp with malice. “Is it done? Where’s the video I asked for?”