

Alpha's Abandoned Daughter is the Secret Heiress! - Chapter 9[1,197 words]

(Celine's POV)

"What do you mean you can't reach him?" I asked angrily.

The frustrated voice on the other end stammered, "I've been trying since last night, but he's not answering. I don't know what happened. It was said to be a rogue wolf that had red over a dozen women, and I never expected an accident to occur."

My blood boiled. These incompetent fools! "You hired absolute garbage! Do you understand what almost happened today? I was nearly thrown out of the Stone River Pack!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Stone, I-

"Sorry doesn't cut it!" I snapped, pacing across my bedroom floor. "If I get kicked out, you'll never see another penny from me. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Miss Stone," the voice replied hastily. "I promise I'll find another way. I'll handle it personally if I have to."

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to think rationally. "No, that won't work now. Amelia is back in the Stone household. If anything happens to her here, suspicion will fall directly on me."

I lowered my voice to a dangerous whisper. "The men you hired might already be dead. She's not as helpless as she appears."

"Dead?" The voice sounded genuinely shocked.

"Lay low for a while. Don't contact me. If anyone traces this back to me, I'll make sure you go down first."

I hung up and hurled my phone onto the bed with a frustrated growl. I'd arranged for those rogues to ambush Amelia, force themselves on her, and record the entire degrading experience. The video would have been invaluable – I could have threatened her with exposure anytime she stepped out of line.

Even better, I could have sent it to Theodore. No man, Alpha or not, would want a mate who'd been used like that.

But now? Nothing. Complete failure.

I snatched up my phone again and checked my messages with Theodore. My last text to him was sent yesterday morning at eight: “How is your leg feeling today? I hope the pain has lessened.

Thinking of you.”

No response. Not even a courtesy reply.

This was our typical pattern. I’d initiate conversation, and Theodore would respond with polite but distant messages that felt like obligatory replies. I understood, of course. The Stone River Pack was marrying up by aligning with the Crimson Moon Pack.

If Theodore hadn’t been injured, I never would have considered giving up this marriage. He was the future Alpha King, for Moon’s sake! Tall, powerful, handsome – marrying him would have been my crowning achievement.

But then he had that “accident,” and everything changed. His legs were crippled, his future as Alpha King in question. What use was a mate who couldn’t even walk properly as a wolf?

And now they expect me to hand this damaged goods over to Amelia? The thought made me want to scream.

Who does she think she is? Some stray who’s been living with a pathetic pack for twenty years, suddenly thinking she can replace me?

I’ve spent my entire life becoming the perfect daughter of the Stone River Pack. My beauty is renowned throughout Northgate City. I’ve mastered five languages, won countless academic competitions, and was specially admitted to the city’s most prestigious art university at sixteen. I was supposed to study in France after graduation! All my carefully laid plans, my bright future—all of it disrupted because this wild she-wolf suddenly appeared.

I clenched my fists, my nails digging into my palms. Amelia Stone would learn exactly who she was dealing with.

(Jaxon’s POV)

“Jaxon, look,” Seraphina nudged me, pointing toward our front door.

I glanced up to see Celine hovering outside, clutching several designer shopping bags.

Seraphina started to rise, but I placed my hand on her arm. “I’ll go,” I said firmly.

I hadn’t forgotten the flash of malice in Celine’s eyes whenever she looked at my mate. That girl might fool others with her perfect daughter act, but not me.

I opened the door, “Celine. What brings you here?”

She smiled sweetly, holding up the shopping bags. “Uncle Jaxon, I thought Amelia might not have enough clothes since she just arrived. These are some new pieces I haven’t worn yet.”

I studied her carefully, looking for any sign of deception. Her smile remained fixed, her eyes wide and innocent.

“That’s... thoughtful of you,” I said finally, stepping aside. “Come in.”

Celine entered, bowing respectfully to Seraphina. “Aunt Seraphina, could you tell me which room is Amelia’s? I’d like to give these to her personally.”

“Third floor, center room,” I answered before Seraphina could speak.

As Celine headed upstairs, Seraphina moved to follow. “Maybe I should go with her. Amelia doesn’t exactly like her.”

I shook my head. “Let Amelia handle it. She’s more than capable.”

Seraphina sighed, then picked up her phone. “I should call the boutique owner. Amelia needs her own clothes, not Celine’s castoffs.”

(Celine’s POV)

I knocked on Amelia’s door, plastering a friendly smile on my face. When the door opened, I immediately thrust the shopping bags forward.

“I was worried you might not have enough clothes to change into,” I said brightly. “These are some new pieces I haven’t worn yet.”

Amelia glanced at the bags and let out a derisive laugh. “If you already know I won’t accept them, why bother with this charade?”

I widened my eyes in feigned innocence. “I genuinely want us to get along, Amelia. Why do you insist on making this difficult? We’re only hurting ourselves with this conflict.”

“Hurting ourselves?” Amelia’s smile was cold. “No, you’re the only one who’s going to lose here.” My smile faltered. Where did this wild she-wolf get such confidence?

“I feel sorry for you,” I said, my voice dripping with false sympathy. “I don’t even want to compete with you, but what makes you think you could possibly win against me?”

I gestured to myself. “Do you know how much my parents have invested in me? The finest education, the best training. Even the daughters of Northgate City’s most powerful Alphas couldn’t outshine me.”

I leaned closer, my voice softening condescendingly. “And you think you can? A stray wolf that grew up in a remote countryside?”

I shook my head. “Just accept your parents, enjoy the privileges of being an Alpha’s daughter, and live a comfortable life. Why ruin your future over pride?”

Amelia’s expression remained unchanged. “Is that so?” she replied calmly. “Sounds like Northgate City’s Alpha daughters aren’t very impressive if they can’t even outdo you.”

I laughed, genuinely amused by her delusion. “You’re hilarious. Since you’re so confident, I’ll wait and see how you plan to drive me out of the Stone family, win everyone’s approval, and secure your position as the Stone heiress.”

I hung the shopping bags on her doorknob and turned to leave. “Good luck with that.”

I had only walked a few steps when I heard a loud crash behind me. Turning around, I saw my carefully selected designer clothes scattered across the floor.

“What a waste,” I said, feigning disappointment. “Even if you don’t like me, you shouldn’t reject my goodwill. I doubt you’ve ever worn such luxurious brands in your life.”