

Alpha's Regret: The Hybrid's Royal Contract

Chapter 1 The Alpha's Betrayal

Elara

"Fuck, Elara."

"Zack... oh, deeper... harder!" My shrill voice begged between breathy moans.

Scorching fluid surged inside me. I loved the feeling of my partner inside me, even after our climaxes had subsided.

But then he pushed me away.

"I, Zack Blackwood of the Blackwood Pack, reject you, Elara Park, as my fated mate."

WHAT THE HELL? My mate said this right after making love to me.

His little guy had just finished interacting with me!

Getting rejected by your fated mate was the worst pain imaginable.

It was not just heartbreak. It felt like someone was tearing your chest open and crushing your heart with their bare hands.

My wolf screamed inside me. The sound was so painful I almost lost my mind. She fought and clawed like a trapped animal, desperate to break free.

Every part of my body burned. My blood felt like liquid fire in my veins. My heart shattered into a million pieces.

This was fate's cruelest joke. You found your other half, then watched them destroy everything between you.

My wolf curled up in the corner of my mind, shaking like a hurt puppy.

She had been so proud when we found our mate. Now she could only whimper in confusion and pain.

Why? Why would he do this to us?

But through the pain, one thought burned crystal clear in my mind:

You just made the biggest mistake of your life, Zack Blackwood.

And I was going to make sure you regretted it.

...

I was Elara Park -a hybrid nobody wanted.

My mother Nadia was a pureblooded Alpha's daughter, while my father James was human.

When my father was alive, our life was perfect.

But after Dad died, Mom married Alpha Enzo Vance of The Amber Pack.

For the first time, I was thrust into pack life, where I became an instant target.

"Look, it's the half-breed."

"Her human blood makes her weak."

The whispers followed me everywhere. My father's human heritage became a weapon other pack members used against me.

At first, Mom tried to protect me. She was struggling too, trying to prove herself as Enzo's new wife.

But two years later, she had my half-brother Anthony.

Everything changed then. She became obsessed with being the perfect Luna.

I became an embarrassing reminder of her past.

The protection stopped. I was on my own in a world that would never accept me.

I learned the truth early in life.

I could attend pack meetings and wear nice clothes to events. But I would never be real family.

Because I was a hybrid with weak bloodline.

But Zack Blackwood was different.

He was the future Alpha of the Blackwood Pack. A born leader who got respect everywhere he went. At every gathering, the most powerful families pushed their daughters at him.

BUT, his fated mate was me.

The first time we scented each other at a territorial meeting, we both knew instantly. My wolf submitted to his power immediately. His eyes locked on mine across the room and wouldn't look away.

We fell into what felt like a perfect relationship. Secret meetings, stolen kisses, passionate nights together.

I thought he didn't care about my mixed blood.

I threw myself into becoming worthy of him - studied pack politics, learned etiquette, trained harder than any pureblooded she-wolf.

The Moon Goddess had given us this bond - surely that meant I was destined to be his Luna.

But it didn't matter.

My eyes burned as I watched Zack, who was suffering through the mate bond rejection too. I forced the words through gritted teeth: "Why?"

"I thought you always understood," Zack looked at me with eyes that had turned cold and distant. "You're a hybrid. Being my girlfriend temporarily was already an honor. How could you possibly think you deserved to be Luna of the Blackwood Pack?"

"I've already chosen my Luna candidate. But don't worry - after I marry her, you can still be my mistress."

So he'd been cheating. Planning this all along.

If I'd had a silver knife right then, I would've stabbed him repeatedly.

But I was too weak, too broken. I could only watch him get dressed and walk out of my life.

After he left, the television was broadcasting news from the Council Gala.

There was Zack at the head table, beside Selina Vance - my stepsister.

The Vance family's golden wolf, their most prized bloodline.

Elegant, pure, powerful, she seemed custom-made for the title of "future Luna."

The headline was beautifully crafted:

"Blackwood Pack's Future Alpha Appears With Pureblooded Luna Candidate, Marriage Alliance Imminent."

I stared at the photograph, my body turning cold.

Everyone was congratulating them.

Everyone thought this was right.

No one cared that Zack's true fated mate wasn't Selina, but me.

Just as I was about to crush my phone, my mom Nadia called.

Her voice was ice-cold, "Elara, you're twenty-three now. It's time you contributed to the family."

I listened as she declared my fate: "Enzo and I have discussed it and arranged several matchmaking meetings for you. All respectable Alpha families, suitable matches."

"If you don't cooperate..." she paused, her voice growing even colder, "you can forget about your father's hotel chain."

My blood froze instantly.

My birth father, James Park, had owned a boutique hotel chain-the Park Hotel Group.

When my father died, I was only five. He'd made careful arrangements for me:

He left me 45% of the shares-making me the majority shareholder.

My mother received 30% of the shares.

Another 15% went to an employee stock ownership plan, distributed among 25 core staff members, with restrictions against external transfers.

The final 10% established a charitable trust for public welfare projects.

Besides shares, father left me other assets: Park Manor, some investment accounts, and his personal collections.

These properties were directly in my name but managed by my mother until I came of age.

But there was a crucial condition-I must complete a formal marriage registration before my 23rd birthday, or management rights for all assets, including my shares, would permanently transfer to my mother.

Now, I had just one month left until my 23rd birthday.

My father had wanted to protect me, never imagining this condition would become my mother's greatest leverage against me.

If I didn't marry according to their wishes, they could use various financial maneuvers to dilute my shares' value, reducing me to a shareholder in name only.

I finally understood the truth.

She never intended to let me truly take over my father's business. Those assets were just another card in her hand, tools to control and manipulate me.

"You have 12 hours to decide," she said without any love in her voice. Just cold business. "Elara, don't let me down. You've already caused enough problems for this family. Stop being difficult."

I sat alone in my tiny apartment and started laughing.

So why should I keep letting everyone walk all over me?

If they wanted to treat marriage like some business deal, fine.

I'd use marriage to strike back. Hard.

"I'll go through with your political marriage arrangement," my voice turned equally cold, "but when it's over, don't forget to return my inheritance to me, Luna Nadia."

