

10 Chapter 10 The Truth Revealed

Elara 1

I had just kicked Zack and Selina out of Park Manor when my phone exploded with notifications.

Caller ID: Mother.

Her voice came through the speaker, cold as winter frost, every word dripping with fury:

"Elara, have you lost your mind?! What did you do to Selina? She's crying herself sick!"

I leaned against the floor-to-ceiling windows of Park Manor, watching workers replace the flower beds Selina had ruined.

My tone remained as calm as if discussing the weather:

"It was mine to begin with. What's wrong with taking back what belongs to me?"

"I said you could have the Park Manor! Did you need to be so harsh, so... cruel?"

I let out a cold laugh:

"Give me? Mom, it was never yours to give. What right do you have?"



"And cruel? I simply didn't want to see people having sex in my bed anymore."

I heard Nadia's sharp intake of breath on the other end. Clearly, she hadn't expected me to be so direct.

"Elara, listen—"

"No, you listen." I cut her off, my voice carrying a strength I'd never shown before. "Since you're so worried about Selina, let's talk business. Weren't you threatening to cut off my inheritance from Dad? Now that I'm married, according to Dad's will, isn't it time to return what's rightfully mine?"

My directness stunned Nadia into silence for several seconds before she threatened:

"You... you don't want your company shares?"

I shrugged, though she couldn't see it:

"Do whatever you want. If you're eager to see your daughter sue you, go ahead and keep them."

The silence on the phone was deafening.

Then I heard whispers on the other end.

"Elara, it's me." Enzo's voice carried that natural Alpha authority. "Your mom's losing it right now. Sorry about all this."

I raised an eyebrow. Enzo stepping in meant



they were genuinely worried.

"How about this," he continued, "since your marriage is settled, let's arrange a meeting between our families tomorrow at five in the afternoon. We can discuss your future plans properly. I promise that every penny of your inheritance will be returned to you."

I frowned: "A family meeting? But Damian mentioned his family wasn't particularly interested in this and didn't need a formal meeting.."

"Oh, that must be a misunderstanding," Enzo's voice sounded surprised. "The Sterling family has already confirmed the time. Perhaps Damian hasn't updated you on the latest arrangements."

I felt confused but didn't press further. Maybe the Sterling family had changed their minds. Such flip flopping wasn't uncommon among Alpha families.

"Fine. See you tomorrow."

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The following evening at Moonlight Restaurant, I arrived at private room 1257 right on time. Pushing open the door, I saw two tables of people already waiting.

On the left sat Nadia and Enzo, and on the right



was an unfamiliar middle-aged Alpha, presumably the Sterling family representative.

But what shocked me was the young man sitting beside them. Someone I'd never seen before.

This man's face was covered in bruises, his left eye swollen shut, dried blood at the corner of his mouth. His clothes were wrinkled, and he reeked of alcohol and looked absolutely pathetic.

"Elara!" Nadia stood up with a fake smile plastered across her face. "Let me introduce you. This is the Alpha of Sterling Pack, and this is Damian Sterling."

My blood froze instantly.

This was definitely not the man I'd met before.

"Wait," my voice turned dangerously cold, "you're saying this beat up mess is Damian Sterling?"

"Yes," Nadia looked at me in confusion. "Haven't you two already met?"

The supposed Damian Sterling finally lifted his head, his small greedy eyes checking out my body in a way that made my skin crawl.

"So you're my wife?" His voice was rough, reeking of alcohol. "Not bad... nice tits, slim waist..."

"Shut up!" I cut him off sharply, "Who the hell are



you?"

Damian flinched at my tone but quickly recovered with a nasty grin:

"Don't be shy, baby. We're getting married soon. Come here, let me get a feel..."

He reached for my waist, and I immediately stepped back.

"Keep your fucking hands off me!" My voice carried a dangerous warning. "Try to touch me again, and I'll break those fingers."

Alpha Sterling's face darkened as he scolded his son: "Damian! Show some respect!"

Damian started cursing loudly:

"What respect? Isn't this bitch marrying me? I'm paying good money for her, what's wrong with getting a feel?"

"Paying money?" I laughed coldly. "Look at your face. You look like roadkill. What makes you think you're worthy of me?"

"Who do you think you are? A hybrid acting all high and mighty? I've been with more women than you can imagine!"

"At least I don't look like I lost a fight with a truck. Who beat you up, loser?"

Damian's face got red with anger:



"I've had more girls than you can imagine! Just a few days ago, I was with a hot blonde in room 1012 at the Moon Harbor. Her body was amazing..."

"Everything was great until some guys dragged me to rehab, saying I had alcohol problems! Kept me locked up for days. I just got out today!"

When I heard "room 1012," everything clicked.

That day I went to the wrong room.

I was supposed to meet Damian Sterling in room 1012, but I went to a different room instead.

Where I met that mysterious man. And the real Damian Sterling was in room 1012 with another woman.

"So you escaped from rehab? No wonder you look like trash."

Damian got furious: "You hybrid slut, how dare you talk to me like that?"

"Shut your mouth! Just wait until we're married. I'll put you in your place!"

He lunged at me, trying to grab my wrist.

I backed away quickly:

"Still trying to get physical? Rehab didn't teach you any manners."

But at the same time, I realized a serious



problem. If this waste of space was the real Damian Sterling, then who exactly had I married?

Who was that mysterious man?

Had I been played?

Just as Damian was about to grab me, a powerful arm suddenly wrapped around my waist from behind, pulling me to safety.

A familiar scent immediately surrounded me. That reassuring masculine scent.

"It seems I arrived just in time."

When that familiar voice sounded behind me, the entire private dining room fell into a deathly silence.

I felt Enzo's shock wash over him like a tidal wave. His coffee cup clattered against the table, and his face instantly turned paper white.

Alpha Sterling looked like he'd seen a ghost. His mouth opened and closed several times, like a fish out of water, before he finally stammered:

"A-Alpha King Dominic?"

