



11 Chapter 11 We Need To Get Divorced

Elara 1

Alpha King?

My brain felt like it had short-circuited.

Dominic. Not Damian.

That night at Moon Harbor, when the woman called out "D," she meant Dominic.

Holy shit. I had married the Alpha King of the entire North American continent.

Enzo immediately bowed his head in submission, his Alpha presence completely crumbling before the man holding me.

"What... what are you doing here, Alpha King?" Enzo's voice cracked with barely controlled panic. "We had no idea you were... how did you..."

Alpha Sterling looked like he might faint. "Alpha King, if we've done something to offend—"

The man behind me let out a low, dangerous chuckle that made my wolf instinctively tremble.

"Of course you didn't know," his voice carried enough power to make every wolf in the room instinctively lower their heads, "you thought you



could manipulate my mate into marrying that piece of trash."

Enzo desperately tried to catch my eye: "Elara, you should thank Alpha King Dominic now..."

How was this possible?

I had only wanted to find someone manageable, reclaim my inheritance, then divorce and disappear.

If my husband was the fucking Alpha King, divorce would become... completely impossible.

I needed to leave. Right now.

I took a deep breath, forcing my voice to remain steady.

"I need some air. Excuse me."

Nadia's face instantly changed, ready to scold me, but when I gave her a look cold enough to freeze hell itself, she quickly covered:

"Of course, dear. Take your time."

I practically ran out of the private room.

Thirty seconds later, a sleek black luxury car pulled up in front of me.

The window rolled down to reveal those deadly amber eyes.

"Get in," Dominic's voice brooked no argument.



I reluctantly slid into the passenger seat. As soon as the door closed, I exploded.

"So you've been playing games with me this whole time?" My voice was cold enough to form ice, "Does the mighty Alpha King find it amusing to trick a hybrid?"

"We need to get divorced," I said directly.

Dominic's hands tightened slightly on the steering wheel, but his tone remained calm:

"Calm down first."

"Calm down?" I turned to face him directly, "How am I supposed to be calm? You lied to me! I thought I was marrying some loser second son from the Sterling family, but you're the fucking Alpha King!"

Dominic's amber eyes flashed with dangerous light: "Watch your tone."

"Watch what?" I grew even more agitated, "Do you think I'll fall to my knees in gratitude because of your title? You played me!"

In the next second, the air pressure in the car dropped dramatically.

A wave of crushing dominance I had never experienced before crashed over me like a tsunami, making it almost impossible to breathe.

My wolf instantly curled into a tight ball,



trembling in the depths of my consciousness.

This was the true power of an Alpha King.

My mouth wanted to continue going off, but my body instinctively froze.

Every cell screamed "danger."

Dominic turned his head to look at me, those amber eyes now looking like burning gold.

"Now," his voice was low and deadly, "let's find somewhere to have a proper discussion."

I swallowed hard, realizing I might have truly pissed off the most dangerous man on the continent.

Safety first.

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Dominic brought me to his apartment. The place screamed money and power—floor-to-ceiling windows, designer furniture, and killer views of the entire city.

He removed his jacket, tossing it onto the sofa before sitting down and rolling up his sleeves.

"Now we can have a proper conversation."

I was still furious, but the showdown in the car had taught me to be smarter. I chose a seat that gave me some distance from him without being too obvious about it.



"That night, you did walk into the wrong room," he began, "and you were the one who proposed the contract marriage. My family was breathing down my neck, so I agreed. Now you want a divorce? What's that about?"

I took a deep breath: "Mr. Wolfe, that night I wasn't proposing to you. I thought you were Damian Sterling. This whole thing is one big misunderstanding."

"I needed to marry Damian to get my inheritance. Now with this mess..."

"Damian Sterling?" Dominic's lips curled into a cold smirk, "That waste of space? Did you really think you could stomach him?"

Thinking about Damian's beaten-up, creepy face made me feel sick to my stomach.

"Hell no, but I need that money," I said miserably, "My mother and stepfather won't accept me ..."

"Why wouldn't they accept it?" Dominic interrupted, "Marrying me is your jackpot. I promise, whatever deal your parents made before, they won't dare back out now."

"You just need to act the part of my Luna. I can deliver on all the conditions you mentioned before."

I was tempted but still cautious: "Really? But the



Alpha King... this whole thing is so..."

"Call me Dominic," he suddenly said, "I don't like my Luna calling me Mr. Wolfe or 'Alpha King'."

"Don't worry about me crossing any lines. I prefer men - all those women before were just an act. You'll be much safer with me than with that Sterling bastard," he continued, "but as Alpha King, I need an official Luna to get the elders off my back about finding a mate. Any other concerns?" 4

I blinked. This twist was totally unexpected.

"Just some practical things," I said slowly, "about how this whole fake marriage works?"

Dominic leaned back casually on the sofa, flicking his lighter in his hand.

Click. The flame ignited.

He looked at me through the flame, slightly amused: "Like what?"

"Pack meetings, public appearances... we need to look convincing."


"Don't worry," he said with a slight smirk, "I can be very convincing when I need to be."

The lighter snapped shut as he stood up, his expression shifting to business mode.

"I'll have people discuss our marriage

arrangements with your Amber Pack."
"Since we're married, you should move in soon."
Looking at his matter-of-fact expression, I suddenly realized my life was about to get turned completely upside down.

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