

Alpha's Regret: The Hybrid's Royal Contract novel

Chapter 2 The Contract - -

Elara

The next morning, I went to Moon Harbor. It was the most exclusive private club in town. My mother had set up a meeting with my "marriage prospect" there.

My target was clear. Damian Sterling, second son of the Sterling Pack's Alpha. Not the heir, but pure bloodline. Most importantly, rumor said he didn't care about his mate's bloodline purity.

In other words, he'd accept a hybrid.

Everyone knew the rumors about Damian Sterling. Playboy, trust fund brat, the Sterling family's disgrace.

Perfect.

I smiled coldly.

This kind of waste was exactly what I needed. He wanted a respectable wife for show. I needed a legal husband to get my father's inheritance back.

A perfect deal where nobody got hurt. Because nobody would catch real feelings.

Compared to those self-righteous Alphas who thought they were "saving" hybrids, I preferred honest garbage. At least he wouldn't pretend to love me. And he wouldn't betray me for bloodline purity when things got tough.

The club worker led me to the top floor.

"Suite 1012," she said. "Mr. Sterling is waiting."

I nodded and memorized the number.

The hallway had identical doors with fancy carvings and metal name plates. I walked down searching: 1008, 1009, 1010...

My phone buzzed.

Text from my mother: "Remember, this match matters for the family. Don't mess it up."

I almost laughed. Family. Right.

I didn't bother replying and just turned the phone off. If she wanted to use me to climb the social ladder, fine. But I wasn't going to pretend we were some loving family.

1012 should be just ahead...

The hallway turned. I saw a door with voices coming from inside.

This must be it.

I took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

The private suite was dimly lit. Smoke, alcohol, and wolf pheromones filled the air. Men and women were scattered around what looked like a private party.

Through the smoke and whiskey scent mixed with strong Alpha pheromones, I could see couples flirting in the low light.

I stood at the entrance, not sure who to approach.

Then a woman's flirty laugh cut through the noise: "D! Pour me another!"

I quickly found who I was looking for.

He sat in the corner on a black leather sofa, lounging like a king with women around him.

He looked tall and lean with broad shoulders and a narrow waist. His black T-shirt showed off defined muscles. Rolled-up sleeves revealed toned forearms with faint scars.

His bronze hair looked messy in the amber lighting. Typical European features: high nose, sharp profile, strong jawline. His amber eyes looked drunk and unfocused as he played with a whiskey glass.

Found him.

Just like the rumors said. Aimless, promiscuous, completely hopeless.

Exactly the partner I needed.

I took a deep breath and walked toward him.

"Damian?"

Before he could answer, a female wolf beside him waved me away impatiently. Her tone was nasty: "Where did this little half-breed come from? Can't you see D is busy? Get lost!"

I ignored her and looked straight at him. "Hello. I'm Elara Park."

He finally looked up.

Those seemingly unfocused amber eyes suddenly showed something ancient and dangerous. Like a predator lying in wait that suddenly opened its eyes.

When his gaze met mine, I felt a strange flutter in my chest.

Not fear, not alarm... what was it?

I'd just lost my mate bond. It couldn't possibly be...

I shook my head hard, pushing away such crazy thoughts.

I must be imagining things.

But just as quickly, he went back to looking careless.

He waved for everyone else to leave. His lips curved into a lazy smile: "Interesting. Not many people dare interrupt me when I'm 'working.'"

He pointed to the seat across from him: "Sit down, Elara Park. Let me see what a hybrid lady who looks like she stepped out of elite private school wants from me in a place like this."

When I actually sat in front of him, that uneasy feeling got stronger.

I knew it. The rumors were wrong.

This wolf was dangerous.

He leaned back in his chair, looking lazy and casual, like he couldn't be bothered with anything.

But when he looked at me, my wolf tensed instinctively. My breath caught.

This wasn't ordinary Alpha pressure. It was something older, more terrifying. Almost like the aura of an apex predator.

I steadied myself. I wouldn't back down.

"Let's talk business, Damian." I pulled out a contract I'd prepared. "I need marriage registration to inherit my property. Simple contract. Marriage in name only, separate lives, divorce after one year. In exchange, you get a large payment when it's done."

He seemed to see through my forced calm. His lips curved slightly with casual malice.

"Are you in such a hurry to get married?"

I hated how he looked at me, like a predator sizing up prey.

I pushed the contract toward him.

"Not marriage. A transaction," I said coldly. "I need a legal spouse. I don't care what you need. After marriage, we don't interfere with each other. No emotions, no crossing lines. You sign, I pay. Simple."

I spoke fast and cold, trying to boost my own courage.

I expected him to mock me or make things difficult.

But he just looked down at the contract once, then laughed softly.

That laugh gave me chills.

The next moment, he picked up a pen and signed without hesitation.

I was stunned.

Too fast.

So fast it seemed like he'd been waiting for this contract forever.

I tried to grab the contract from him, but he stood up, holding it out of reach. I stumbled forward into his arms.

A captivating scent filled my nose, making me dizzy for a moment.

I looked up at him, feeling regret for the first time.

But it was too late. He closed the document.

His gaze locked onto mine. His voice was deep and sharp like a blade in darkness.

"Elara," he said, "I hope you won't regret walking up to me on your own."

In that moment, my heart skipped for no reason.

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