

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

Chapter 5 Shattered Bonds -

Elara

I immediately called Damian .

He picked up on the second ring, his voice slightly breathless like he'd been running. "Hey, what's up?"

"I asked you some questions," I said, not letting him dodge it. "Did you change your last name because you got kicked out of your family? And what's with the fancy car and driver?"

There was a brief pause, then his careless laugh. "Oh, that. Yeah, I stopped using Sterling a while back. Honestly? I got sick of being associated with that pack. "

I frowned, twisting a strand of hair around my finger as I processed his explanation. His tone was casual, maybe too casual.

But the explanation made sense in a weird way.

Rich families and their complicated politics were beyond me anyway.

"And the car?"

"Like I said, borrowed from a buddy. He's got more money than sense, and he owed me a favor. I couldn't let my new wife ride around in some beat-up Honda, could I? It would make us both look bad."

I rubbed my forehead, deciding to let it go. Whatever his real story was, as long as he helped me get my inheritance back and stuck to our deal of staying out of each other's business, I had no reason to dig deeper.

"Fine. Just... next time give me a heads up about stuff like that, okay? I don't like surprises."

"Got it. Anything else, Mrs. Wolfe?" The way he said my new name made something flutter in my chest, though I couldn't figure out why.

"No, that's it."

After hanging up, I told the driver to take me back to my apartment near Blackwood Pack territory.

This place had been the setting for my secret relationship with Zack.

Now, looking at these buildings, I felt nothing but disgust.

Every block in this neighborhood was Blackwood territory, and I wanted no connection to them anymore.

Just as I reached the apartment building, someone called out to me.

"Elara!"

I turned around, my keys already in my hand, ready to make a quick escape. An anxious figure was rushing toward me.

Lisa. She was the housekeeper Zack had hired to take care of our little love nest.

A sweet woman in her fifties who'd always treated me kindly, probably thinking I was going to be her Alpha's Luna someday.

"Miss Elara, are you okay?" Lisa's face was flushed from running, her gray hair slightly messy. Her eyes were filled with sympathy and concern. "I heard about the Alpha's Luna announcement on the pack news..."

I forced a smile. "It's over, Lisa."

"Over? What's over?" Lisa grabbed my arm with both hands, her grip surprisingly strong for such a small woman. Surprise flashed in her eyes. "But... but what about you two..."

"There is no 'but' anymore," I gently pulled my arm free. "I'm married now."

"What?!" Lisa's mouth dropped open so wide I thought she might catch flies. "What did you say? Married? To who? When did this happen?"

"To someone decent," I replied, shifting my weight from foot to foot, eager to get this conversation over with.

"The point is, I've moved on. Could you do me a favor? Please give Zack a message for me. From now on, we have zero connection. And he'd better not show his face around me."

Lisa's eyes filled with tears, like she was mourning the end of a fairytale she'd believed in. "But Miss Elara, he loves you so much..."

I almost laughed at that. "No, Lisa. He doesn't. Trust me on that."

With that, I turned and walked into the building, taking the stairs two at a time to avoid any more painful conversations.

Packing up took me nearly two hours. I moved through the small space like a tornado, grabbing everything that was mine.

I'd built up quite a collection in this apartment. Clothes, books, toiletries...each item carried memories of the past.

Every piece I touched made my chest tight, but also made me more determined to leave it all behind.

I packed them all into boxes, planning to toss everything in the dumpster. If he could throw away what we had so easily, then I could throw away these reminders just as fast.

After clearing out the last item, I wheeled my suitcase toward the building exit, my heels clicking loudly on the marble floor.

Only to spot a Blackwood family car parked outside.

My heart stopped.

I knew that car way too well.

It was Zack's go-to ride. The same one that had dropped me off after our hidden encounters.

My hands clenched into fists at my sides.

After his public display with Selina, he still had the nerve to come find me.

The car door opened with a soft click that somehow sounded loud in the quiet street.

The familiar figure stepped out.

Zack Blackwood wore a dark gray suit, perfectly tailored to his broad shoulders.

"Elara."

He said my name like a prayer, like it still meant something coming from his lips.

He walked toward me, his voice low and gentle, just as it had been the countless times he'd whispered sweet lies in my ear.

But now, hearing my name from his mouth made me want to throw up.