

Chapter 6 Everything Okay

Elara

"What are you doing here?" I stared at him coldly.

"Lisa told me you're leaving?" Zack stopped six feet away from me. His voice sounded calm, but I could tell he was holding back strong feelings. "And she said you got married?"

"That's none of your business anymore."

"None of my business?" His voice got louder. A dangerous look flashed in his eyes. "Elara, you're my mate! Even if I can't marry you, you can't just run off and marry some random guy!"

I turned away and laughed coldly. "Are you serious right now? Alpha Zack, you were the one who told everyone Selina Vance would be your future Luna."

"I know I hurt you, but that doesn't mean I don't care about you." He stepped closer and reached for my arm. "You were angry. I get it. But using marriage to get back at me? Do you even know what kind of trouble you're getting yourself into?"

I pulled my arm back before he could touch me.

"Trouble?" I looked at him like he was a joke. "Zack Blackwood, the biggest trouble in my life was ever believing you."

His eyes darkened.

Waves of Alpha pressure rolled off him. Not enough to make me kneel, but enough to make the air heavy.

"You've changed," he said.

"No." I smiled coldly. "I just stopped lowering myself for you."

"Who is he?" Zack asked, each word pressed through clenched teeth.

"My husband."

"I asked for his name."

"Damian Wolfe."

The moment I said that name, Zack's eyes narrowed. "Wolfe?" he repeated.

Something strange crossed his face. It looked more like confusion. Then unease.

"What?" I asked mockingly. "Did you expect me to marry some weak little wolf you could scare off with one look?"

Zack's jaw tightened. "There is no powerful Wolfe family around here."

"Then maybe you don't know everything."

His face turned colder.

"Elara, don't play games with me. I checked the families your mother arranged for you. Sterling Pack. Blackwood Pack. A few minor Alpha lines. There was no Wolfe family on that list."

Damian Wolfe was not simple.

But I would rather marry a dangerous mystery than crawl back to a coward who had already thrown me away.

"So?" I lifted my chin. "Maybe he was never meant to be on your little list."

Zack stared at me.

For the first time since I had known him, he looked uncertain.

That small crack in his confidence made something inside me feel wonderfully satisfied.

"Elara," he said, forcing his voice to soften, "listen to me. I don't know what that man told you, but wolves don't hide their background unless there's a reason. You think he married you out of kindness? You think a man like that won't use you?"

"After I take over Blackwood Pack," he said hoarsely, "things will be different. Selina is just politics. You know how these things work. Once everything is stable, I can still protect you. I can give you a position. A good one."

"Oh? Make me your second Luna?" My voice was full of bitter mockery. "Zack Blackwood, listen to yourself. You meant I should wait nicely until after you marry my purebred stepsister? Then take whatever tiny bits of attention you throw my way?"

Zack's face got dark. "Elara, be reasonable."

"Reasonable?" I took one step toward him. "Fine. Let's be reasonable."

My voice dropped.

"Rejecting your fated mate is against everything our kind believes in. Humiliating her in public is worse. Offering to keep her as a mistress after choosing another Luna is disgusting."

Zack's face went pale.

"But you still did all of it. So, get out of here. Go back to your precious Selina. Go back to your perfect life. And never bother me again."

Zack's face went red then pale. My words completely crushed him. He

opened his mouth to say something but stayed quiet.

Before getting in his car, he looked back at me one last time. His eyes were full of anger. "I'll find out who he really is, Elara."

His voice was low and cold. "And when I do, don't come crying back to me."

I just watched him coldly until his car disappeared.

Our relationship ended exactly like it should have. Badly. Zack didn't have the guts to fight two wolf packs. He definitely didn't have the guts to face what I was saying.

I felt my wolf under my skin finally calm down. She felt closure too.

After Zack left, I stood there for a moment. I let the cool evening air wash over me.

My phone buzzed in my pocket.

A text from my husband appeared on the screen.

Husband: Everything okay?

I lowered my eyes and typed back.

Me: Just threw out some garbage.

After a pause, I added another message.

Me: Do you know Alpha Zack from Blackwood Pack? He mentioned you.

The reply came almost instantly.

Husband: Heard of him. What's his deal?

Me: He said there's no powerful Wolfe family around here.

This time, Damian did not reply right away.

The brief silence made my fingers tighten around my phone.

Then his message finally appeared.

Husband: He is not wrong.

I froze.

What did that mean?

Before I could stop myself, I typed faster.

Me: Then who are you?

The chat box showed "typing" for a moment.

Then it disappeared.

A few seconds later, another message came in.

Husband: Your husband

I almost laughed. What kind of answer was that?

Me: That is not what I asked.

Husband: But that is the only answer you need tonight.

My heartbeat suddenly became a little strange.

Me: Damian Wolfe, are you dangerous?

This time, his reply came quickly.

Husband: Not to you.

I stared at the screen. For some reason, compared to Zack's selfish love, Damian's mystery felt almost honest.

At least he had never pretended to be safe. But then another thought crossed my mind.

If Damian Wolfe was not dangerous to me.

Then who was he dangerous to?



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