



9 Chapter 9 Reclaiming Territory

Elara **1**

After lunch with my convenient husband, I drove straight to Park Manor.

This thirty-acre estate was my father James's private territory before he passed away. The deed had my name on it. Elara Park.

It was the only safe place of my childhood, and the one property I had demanded to get back during my negotiations with my mother.

But I knew that for the past few years, Selina had been using it as her personal party house.

My car crunched over the familiar gravel driveway, stopping at the iron gates.

Right away, I spotted the familiar black Bentley. Zack's car.

I pushed open my car door. Every nerve was tight like a string about to snap.

My wolf moved restlessly inside me, already smelling trespassers on what should be our territory.

The driver moved to follow me, but I held up my hand to stop him.



"Wait here," I said. "I'll handle this mess personally." 2

When Candy, the housekeeper, saw me, her face went white. She rushed to block the main entrance.

"Miss Elara... what are you doing here? Miss Selina and Mr. Blackwood are inside. Maybe you should come back another time."

"Another time?" My lips curved into a cold smile.

"This is my territory, Candy. I don't need anyone's permission to enter my own home."

My voice carried the clear power of Alpha bloodline. She automatically stepped back.

I pushed past her without another word and walked straight in.

The living room had been ruined beyond recognition. Pink throw pillows, lace curtains, scattered makeup, and the disgusting mix of perfume and unfamiliar wolf scents.

Everything felt like a slap across my face.

Sounds that made my stomach turn came from upstairs.

"Zack, baby... slow down..."

"God, this bed is amazing..."

My hand clenched at my side. Claws threatened

to break through my skin as they dug into my palm.

But the pain only made me think clearer.

Instead of screaming or rushing upstairs to destroy their little party, I turned and walked calmly to the downstairs bathroom.

I filled a large bucket with ice cold water. The freezing water soaked into my palms as I carried it. 1

I climbed the familiar spiral staircase one careful step at a time.

The bedroom door was slightly open.

I lifted my foot and kicked it open with all my strength.

BANG!

The two figures inside jerked their heads toward me in shock.

Zack was half naked, and Selina's hair was a mess.

I stood there silently, taking in the scene.

Then I lifted the bucket of ice water and soaked them from head to toe.

SPLASH!

Selina let out an ear splitting scream while Zack

jumped from the bed. His face turned red with anger.

"Elara! What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

I dropped the empty bucket on the floor with a metallic clang.

Then I crossed my arms over my chest. I leaned against the doorframe with a deadly smile on my lips.

"What am I doing?"

"Just clearing some trash from my territory."

"Using my room, my bed for your disgusting hookup... don't you think that's a little disrespectful to me, the owner of this estate?"

The threat in my voice was as cold as winter frost.

Selina clutched the soaked sheet around her body. Her voice broke with sobs.

"Elara! How could you do this to us! Mom said I could stay here!"

"Mom?" I let out a cold laugh. "This estate isn't hers to give away."

"The deed has my name on it. Elara Park. Not yours, not the Vance family's, not his. It has absolutely nothing to do with parasites like you."

Each word shot toward them like silver bullets.

Zack's face darkened as he stepped forward. He tried to use his Alpha dominance on me.

"Elara, stop this nonsense. Selina is just staying here temporarily."

"Temporarily?" I raised my eyes. My gaze was sharp enough to cut through his pathetic lies.

"Temporarily screwing in my bed? Temporarily hooking up with my ex in my bedroom? Zack, do you have any shame left?"

"Didn't you say my hybrid blood was too dirty for you? How come my bed isn't too dirty for you now?"

He stood there speechless. His face went red then white like a broken traffic light.

Selina cried harder.

"I didn't mean any harm! I just love this place..."

"Love it?" I sneered. "Then buy it."

"If you can't afford it, get the hell out. I'm sick of watching you play house on my territory."

I raised my hand and called downstairs.

"Come up, now!"

The cleaning crew I'd called ahead rushed upstairs immediately.

I pointed at everything belonging to Selina. My



voice was decisive, merciless, uncompromising.

"See all this garbage?

The bed she's been in. Throw it out.

The piano she's played. Get rid of it.

Her clothes in the closet, her makeup on the vanity, her slippers on the floor...

Everything. Leave nothing. Toss it all in the dumpster."

The workers started immediately.

Selina's face turned white with fear.

"No! Those are my things!"

"Your things?" I raised an eyebrow. My smile was cruel enough to make blood run cold.

"Anything you've touched in my house is contaminated."

"And contaminated trash belongs in the garbage."

Zack clenched his fists. His Alpha energy raged out of control.

"Elara, you've gone too far!"

I met his dominating presence head on.

"Too far?"

Am I going too far?



I'm simply returning the humiliation you forced on me, exactly like you gave it to me."

I stepped closer to Zack. I lowered my voice until it dripped with poison.

"Remember this, Zack.

What I threw away,
you picked up like a prize.

That's your pathetic choice.

But you will not contaminate my territory."

With that, I turned away. I was no longer interested in looking at these two failures.

I headed downstairs. Halfway down the staircase, I paused.

I let my voice echo throughout the entire manor.

"From this moment forward,

Park Manor

belongs to Elara Park.

Anyone who dares to trespass on my territory again,

I will personally break their legs."

The cleaning crew worked fast and efficiently. In less than ten minutes, all of Selina's stuff had been thrown outside the front door. It was piled



like the worthless trash it was.

Zack held the shaking Selina. His expression was as dark as if he'd swallowed poison, yet he couldn't say a single word in protest.

I stood at the entrance, watching their pathetic state.

My lips curved into a predatory smile.

Absolutely perfect.

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