



## 15 Chapter 15 Playing House

Author 1

In the car, Elara found herself in an unexpected predicament.

Alpha Dominic had slumped against her shoulder, his breathing warm against her neck.

The scent of expensive whiskey clung to him. But there was something else beneath it, something primal that made her pussy clench involuntarily.

"Are you really drunk?" she asked suspiciously, trying to adjust his weight.

"Mmm," he mumbled incoherently, letting his body go slack as he "accidentally" slipped lower. His face pressed into the valley between her breasts like he couldn't control where he was falling.

Her nipples hardened instantly through the thin fabric of her blouse. She bit back a gasp as his hot breath seeped through the material.

"Dominic," she warned, but her voice came out husky instead of stern.

He made drunken mumbling sounds, shifting restlessly like someone lost in an alcoholic haze. His nose nuzzled deeper between her tits as if



seeking comfort, while his hand slid limply up her thigh—perfectly positioned but seemingly unconscious.

"So warm," he slurred against her chest, the words muffled and barely coherent. "Smells like... like heaven."

The bastard was a better actor than she'd given him credit for.

Every movement seemed helplessly drunk, but the way his tongue "accidentally" flicked across her nipple through the shirt was too perfectly timed.

His lips found her nipple through the fabric, sucking just hard enough to make her pussy clench with need.

By the time they reached the apartment, Alpha Dominic was still swaying slightly. He was keeping up his drunk act perfectly.

"Thanks," he mumbled, leaning heavily against the doorframe like he needed the support. "Really needed that ride."

But as he stumbled toward the stairs, Elara caught something in his eyes. A flash of satisfaction. Too sharp, too aware for someone who was truly wasted.

"Dominic," she called out suspiciously.



He paused, turning back with bleary, unfocused eyes. "Yeah?"

"Nothing. Just... get some water."

"Mmm, good idea," he mumbled, continuing his unsteady journey toward his bedroom.

That night, she tossed and turned in bed, her body still tingling where he'd touched her.

"He prefers men," she reminded herself firmly.

"Whatever I felt was just... biology. Nothing more."

But her dreams told a different story.

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The next morning, Elara met Nadia at the lawyer's office at nine sharp.

By ten thirty, she was holding the signed papers. She was now the majority owner of Park Hotel Group.

"Thank you," Elara said. She couldn't hide the satisfaction in her voice as she looked over the documents one last time.

Nadia smiled, but it didn't reach her eyes. "It's yours by right anyway."

Someone knocked on the door. Jack, Nadia's younger brother, walked in looking stressed.



"Nadia, I heard you were here today." He stopped when he saw Elara. "And who's this?"

Nadia stayed calm as she pointed to her daughter. "Jack, you remember Elara, right? My daughter?"

Jack looked shocked. Then he forced a fake smile. "Elara! Wow, look at you! You're all grown up! Has it really been so long since I saw my favorite niece?"

Elara's wolf stirred with irritation at his act. She remembered meeting him once when she was seven. He had completely ignored her then.

"Actually, Uncle Jack, it's been sixteen years. But who's counting?"

Jack's smile faltered slightly at her sharp tone.

"Well, Mom just gave me her hotel shares. I'm starting work tomorrow. I hope you can teach me the business." Her voice was honey sweet, but there was steel underneath.

Jack went pale. "What? Nadia, you didn't tell me about this."

Nadia waved her hand. "The shares belong to Elara. But you'll keep running things. Nothing changes for you."

But everyone knew that wasn't true.



Jack only owned 2% of the company. He'd obviously been hoping to get Nadia's shares eventually. Why else would he work so hard running the business all these years? His son and wife both worked there too.

Elara saw the panic in her uncle's eyes. Her wolf practically purred with satisfaction.

"Don't worry, Uncle Jack," she said with a sweet smile. "I don't know anything about hotels. You'll still handle everything day to day." For now, anyway.

She knew it was smart to seem harmless at first. Why start a fight when she could be strategic?

Jack relaxed a little. "Okay then. But Nadia, this is huge news to spring on me!"

They finished the paperwork. The ownership change happened right away, but updating the business records would take three weeks. Jack took Elara to the company offices. He walked her straight to Human Resources.

"Elara, how about this office? Our HR Director just left," he said, thinking he was giving her a meaningless position.

"Perfect," Elara smiled. Her uncle clearly didn't realize that HR controlled all hiring and firing decisions—that was real power in any company.



Tyler, the Deputy HR Director, looked devastated when Jack said Elara was the new boss.

"My sister's daughter," Jack whispered to Tyler. "She's just here for fun. Be patient. She'll get bored and leave soon."

Tyler tried to hide his disappointment. "What about my promotion, Jack?"

"Just wait. She won't stick around long, trust me," Jack said with a wink.

Elara caught every word from where she stood. Her smile turned razor sharp.

"Tyler, isn't it?" she said, stepping forward with an extended hand. "I'm Elara—well, Mrs. Wolfe now, actually. I just got married." Her smile was bright and friendly, but there was something predatory in her eyes.

Jack's face went blank for a second. Wolfe. The name rang a bell, but he couldn't quite place it.

His mind immediately jumped to conclusions. Nadia had probably arranged some marriage with a golden boy, and Elara had rebelled by binding herself to some random nobody instead. Classic spoiled brat move.

Poor kid. She probably thought marrying some ordinary wolf would save her from family



politics. How naive.

This just confirmed his theory that she was here playing house until reality hit. A few weeks of actual work, and she'd run back home crying.

"So, Tyler. I'm really looking forward to working with the HR team. I have so many ideas for... improvements."

She paused, letting that sink in.

Tyler's face went white.

"Ideas?" Jack asked, suddenly nervous.

"Oh yes. Fresh perspective and all that." Elara's tone was light, but her eyes held a predatory gleam that made both men's inner wolves whimper in submission. "I'm sure we'll find lots of ways to... optimize our staffing."