

22 Chapter 22 She'll Definitely Be There

Author 1

It was just past lunch when Jack knocked on the HR office door, a manila envelope clutched in his hand.

"Elara, got a minute?" His tone was casual, but his nervous fidgeting suggested otherwise.

Elara looked up from her computer, immediately sensing something was off. Jack never personally handled document deliveries.

"Elara, I'm giving you this important task," Jack said, though his eyes showed he felt guilty about what he was really doing. He knew exactly who Zack Blackwood was - someone he couldn't afford to piss off. When Zack specifically asked for Elara, Jack had no choice.

Elara looked suspicious. "I need to personally deliver one document?"

And to a presidential suite, no less. This wasn't about documents, and they both knew it.

Jack forced a laugh. "Elara, this document is very important, and we have a VIP guest tonight. It's good networking for you. You won't stay in HR forever, right? Getting to know our high-end



clients will help your career."

"Haha, your uncle is looking out for you. You should appreciate my good intentions!"

"Don't worry, it's the middle of the day. What could possibly happen?"

If he hadn't added that last part, Elara might have bought his bullshit. With that obvious lie, she knew this was definitely a trap.

She smiled sweetly as she took the document.

"Thanks, Uncle. If that's all, I'll head up now."

Jack smiled back, looking relieved. "Go ahead."

The moment she left, he made a phone call.

"It's all set up. Don't worry, she'll definitely be there."

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In the presidential suite of Park Hotel.

Amber whiskey swirled in pale fingers, ice cubes clinking softly against the glass.

Alpha Zack lounged on the velvet sofa, eyes fixed on the entrance like a predator waiting for his prey.

The afternoon sunlight filtered through floor-to-ceiling windows, casting long shadows across the luxurious suite.

He'd been waiting for over an hour, his anticipation slowly morphing into irritation.

He checked his watch again - 3:15 PM. Where the hell was she?

The doorbell rang. Expecting Elara, Alpha Zack was pissed to find some nervous waiter instead.

He frowned. "What?"

"Sir, here's the meal you ordered." The young man couldn't meet his eyes, clearly intimidated by the alpha's commanding presence.

Alpha Zack nodded curtly, letting him wheel the cart in. "Just leave it and get out," he growled, not bothering to look away from his glass.

A perfectly cooked steak appeared on his table. The aroma was rich and inviting, perfectly seasoned.

He waved the waiter away dismissively.

Alone again, Zack's thoughts returned to Elara.

He imagined her walking through that door, probably trying to maintain that composed facade of hers. But he'd break through it. He'd make her pay for every word she'd thrown at him.

He ate methodically, cutting precise pieces. The steak was excellent - tender and juicy, cooked exactly how he liked it.



But his mind wasn't on the food. Every few minutes, his eyes would dart to the door, expecting her arrival. By the time he finished, Elara still hadn't shown up.

Zack's mood darkened considerably. Nobody kept him waiting. Nobody.

Alpha Zack's patience snapped. He was about to make an angry call when sudden heat exploded from his stomach, burning through his entire body.

What the fuck?

An overwhelming, scorching sensation rushed through his veins, destroying his self-control piece by piece. His skin felt like it was on fire, every nerve ending screaming. Sweat beaded on his forehead as his breathing became labored.

He stared at the empty plate in shock.

The steak had been drugged.

Fire consumed every inch of his skin. His hands trembled as he gripped the edge of the table, knuckles white with strain. The room felt like it was spinning, and his carefully maintained composure crumbled.

He felt like he was losing his fucking mind.

Every breath was torture. His shirt clung to his sweat-drenched skin, and he could barely think



straight.

The aphrodisiac was stronger than anything he'd ever encountered.

The doorbell rang again, and his eyes blazed with desperate intensity. Hope and desperation warred in his chest. Maybe it was Elara. Maybe she could...

This had to be Elara.

He stumbled to the door, using the wall for support.

When he saw Tyler standing there instead, his eyes went deadly. "Where's Elara?"

Tyler nearly wet himself under that stare.

"E-Elara couldn't make it. She sent me with the document instead!"

"Get out!" Alpha Zack roared, slamming the door.

He staggered toward the bathroom, desperate for a cold shower, when he heard the main door open again.

