



23 Chapter 23 Unmasking the Game

Elara 1

The moment Jack handed me that envelope, my wolf went on high alert.

So instead of walking into whatever was waiting in that presidential suite, I called Vincent.

Vincent was the business mentor Dominic had set me up with. He knew the hotel industry inside and out.

What I didn't expect was for Dominic to show up at our meeting. He lounged on the sofa like he owned the place.

But why was Dominic here? He'd been quiet, just watching with those intense eyes. Even though he'd arranged Vincent as my mentor, something about their dynamic felt off.

Was he jealous? Maybe because I was taking time away from his mysterious true mate?

I pushed those messy thoughts aside and tried to focus on Vincent's advice.

"Management isn't complicated," Vincent said, glancing at Dominic. "Just show them who's boss. Make it clear you won't be pushed around."



I leaned closer, taking notes.

"Give your supervisors assignments and let them handle their teams. You focus on results," Vincent continued. "HR is perfect for you. Put your own people in key positions - finance, operations, supply chain. When you take over, you'll control everything. Your uncle can't touch you then. Remember, you own the majority."

"Fight for hiring and firing authority first. That's real power."

I felt grateful. "Thank you, Vincent. This really helps."

"I should go back now," I said, gathering my things.

"Sit down," Dominic commanded. "My mate doesn't leave hungry."

The possessive tone sent a thrill through me, even though this marriage was just business.

"I'm not hungry," I said.

Dominic's eyes narrowed. "Stop pretending, little wolf. You've barely eaten anything since breakfast."

I was torn between irritation and attraction.

After a pause, I sat back down. Since he'd helped me with Vincent, I could give him this.



Vincent cleared his throat awkwardly, clearly sensing the tension between us.

Suddenly, Vincent pulled out his phone. "Holy shit... isn't this your hotel?" he asked, showing me the screen.

Reporters swarmed outside. Complete chaos.

My stomach dropped. This was bad.

"I need to get back right now," I said firmly, knowing whatever was happening would blow up in my face.

Author

Zack stared coldly at the disheveled woman before him. "Selina, how did you get in here?"

He'd just stepped into a cold shower, desperately trying to cool the fire racing through his veins, when a woman had pressed herself against his back.

The shock had momentarily cleared his mind, but when he grabbed the hand of his would-be seducer, he was stunned to find Selina.

Selina bit her lip, clearly embarrassed. "I've missed you so much, Zack. When I heard you were here, I had to come."

Her eyes hungrily traveled over his bare, wet chest. "Why are you being so cold to me?"



Zack's body was burning with need, every nerve ending screaming for touch, for release.

"Someone drugged me with an aphrodisiac," he managed to growl. "You need to leave. Right now."

Instead of backing away, Selina moved closer, her hands reaching for his chest. "I can help you, Zack. Let me take care of you."

They crashed against the wall, Zack's hands gripping her waist as she pressed her body against his. His lips found her neck as she gasped, their bodies moving together desperately.

Despite his body's reaction, Zack's mind fought back. Elara's face kept flashing in his head, her smell somehow stronger in his memory than Selina right in front of him.

With the last bit of his strength, he pushed Selina away.

"We need to get to a hospital," he mumbled, his body almost refusing to obey him.

Hurt flashed in Selina's eyes, the rejection stinging badly.

Still, she wiped away a tear and nodded. "I understand."

She helped him stand up, and together they



stumbled toward the door.

Zack's shirt hung open, and in his drugged state, he kept tugging at his clothes because they felt too tight.

"Zack, wait, let me help with your shirt," Selina whispered, but he couldn't hear her anymore. He staggered toward the elevator, fumbling with his belt.

Just then, the elevator doors opened, and a crowd of reporters poured out, cameras going off everywhere.

"Alpha Zack! Is this how the future Blackwood Pack leader behaves? Half naked in a hotel hallway?" one yelled.

Another turned to Selina: "Future Luna Blackwood, what's your take on this scandal?"

"Other guests are complaining about the noise! Don't you have any respect?"

The noise and bright flashes brought Zack back to his senses. His protective side took over as he pulled Selina against his chest, shielding her from the cameras.

"What paper do you work for?" he snarled.
"Which one wants to shut down tomorrow?"

One reporter laughed nervously. "Come on, Alpha Zack. You may be powerful, but even you



can't silence the press."

Zack snapped. He kicked the reporter right in the stomach, sending him flying backwards. "I'm not saying it again. GET OUT!"

The hotel manager ran up, completely panicked, only to freeze under Zack's murderous look.

"Is this your idea of security?" Zack growled. "Expect a call from my lawyers."

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Meanwhile, Dominic listened quietly to his assistant's report.

"Alpha Dominic, we've handled the media. They'll publish exactly what we discussed."

Dominic's lips curved into a cold smile. "I wonder if Alpha Zack liked his surprise."

His wolf rumbled happily inside him. Anyone who tried to hurt his mate would pay for it.