



27 Chapter 27 Power Moves and Phone Calls

Elara **1**

The next morning, just as I finished my yoga and sat down for breakfast, my mother called.

I put it on speaker. "Hey, Mom."

"I hear from your uncle that you've been causing trouble at the hotel already," Mom said right away.

I paused, my fork halfway to my mouth. "Uncle Jack told you that?"

"Who else? Your uncle wouldn't lie about such things."

My jaw tightened. Mom started lecturing me.

"Elara, I understand you want to prove yourself at the company quickly. But you don't have experience, and your uncle has been running the hotel all this time."

"You're not a child anymore. You need to listen more, learn more, and interfere less. Otherwise, how will your uncle teach you anything? You should apologize to him. Better yet, maybe you should start as a regular employee..."

I set my fork down with a sharp clink. "Seriously,



Mom? Uncle Jack runs to you the second something doesn't go his way?"

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me." I leaned back in my chair, my voice getting sharper. "Did he mention that he's been running the hotel into the ground? Or that his security team is full of his relatives who couldn't spot trouble if it wore a neon sign?"

"Elara! Don't you dare speak about your uncle that way—"

"Why not? It's the truth." My wolf was stirring now, picking up on my anger. "I'm a shareholder, Mom. Not his assistant. If he can't handle that, maybe he's the one who needs to step back."

"How dare you! Your uncle has been nothing but supportive—"

"Supportive? He threw me under the bus the second we hit a bump!" She kept talking and talking until I lost my appetite for my soft-boiled egg completely. My hands were clenched into fists now, my wolf pushing against my control.

"You know what, Mom? Maybe you should ask Uncle Jack why those contracts really got canceled before you!"

Dominic walked out of the bathroom just in time to hear every harsh word. He took one look at

my flushed face and clenched fists, then at the phone where my mother's voice was still coming through, sharp and accusatory.

He walked over in three quick strides and took the phone from my hand. With a cold smile, he spoke. "Mother, this is Dominic."

"Dominic? I was just trying to—"

"If you keep going, my mate might start crying."

I shot him a look that could melt steel.

[Crying? Me?]

"It's not that big a deal, but if my wife cries, it'll take me forever to calm her down."

Mom stumbled over her words.

She wasn't sure if Dominic was telling the truth about me crying, but she definitely knew he was defending me.

Her tone immediately shifted, becoming artificially sweet. "Dominic, I didn't mean it that way. I'm just worried she's being too hasty..."

"Hmm, I can't help but notice how quick her uncle is to complain about her," Dominic said casually, but his tone carried a clear warning that left Mom speechless.

I stared at him in shock. "You..."



"Thank you," I added softly, though I was still confused about his comment regarding me crying. Did I look like I was about to cry? Because I definitely felt more like I wanted to punch something.

Dominic handed me back the phone. "You're too soft. Next time, don't answer calls you don't want to take."

I gave him a look. "Too soft? Did you hear me telling her off?"

He smirked. "I heard you getting worked up. There's a difference."

I gave him a sad smile. Maybe he was right. I had gotten pretty heated.

I hadn't expected Mom to attack me first thing in the morning.

"So, your hotel lost some contracts?" Dominic asked, settling into the chair across from me.

I took another bite of my egg, my cheeks puffing out slightly. "Apparently. I haven't been to the office yet, and my uncle didn't mention it."

"Of course he didn't. Much easier to go crying to mommy instead."

What I didn't know was that the lost contracts were partly Dominic's fault. If he hadn't invited those reporters, Zack wouldn't have taken his



anger out on Park Hotel Group.

Dominic handed me a napkin. "You've got egg on your chin."

"I'll drive you to work," he said, standing up.

"No need," I said. "I'll drive myself."

Dominic made a disapproving sound but didn't push it.

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At the office, my first order of business was to have Tyler recruit new security management for the hotel.

The fact that Zack had found a weak spot showed we had major security issues. I did some digging and found out that Jack's cousin's son held the position.

Perfect. Time to clean house and get rid of all of Jack's family members from the company.

"Elara, Mark from Business Development is looking for you," my assistant announced.

"Hello, Mark. What's up?"

"Elara! Can you come to my office? You never mentioned your connection to Wolfe Enterprises! Their representative is here wanting to discuss long-term cooperation with us."



Wolfe Enterprises.

Of course. Dominic's name immediately came to mind.

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