



39 Chapter 39 Little Matchmaker

Elara 1

The Wolfe estate was far larger than I had imagined. When we reached the front door, it swung open to reveal a small boy.

The little guy blinked up at us, his chubby hand scratching his cheek. "Uncle Dominic, who is this pretty lady?"

Dominic turned to me with a slight smile. "This is my brother's son, Orion. He's six."

Looking at the adorable little boy, I suddenly remembered something. "Wait, didn't you say the pack elders were pressuring you for an heir? If your brother has a child, why can't he inherit the Alpha position?"

Dominic sighed. "My brother never awakened his Lycan bloodline. He's just a regular Alpha. Only those who have awakened their full Lycan powers can become Alpha King."

"So Orion also..."

"Hasn't awakened either. The elders need an heir with pure Lycan bloodline," Dominic



explained, his tone tinged with resignation.

Orion moved closer, clearly wanting Dominic to pick him up. His little arms reached upward expectantly, completely oblivious to the serious conversation happening above his head.

Dominic took a step back, his face scrunching up in disgust. "Orion, could you please not touch me with those greasy little hands? Stay away from me. You're filthy."

He turned to me apologetically, his voice softening. "He's very cute, just a bit messy. Don't mind him."

Orion's cheeks puffed out in protest, his bottom lip jutting out in the most dramatic pout I'd ever seen. "Uncle Dominic, you're so mean! I'm not dirty! You're always picking on me!"

Dominic pulled a tissue from the entrance table and wiped his hands with exaggerated precision, making a show of it. "Orion, look in a mirror and then tell me you're not dirty."

Orion huffed indignantly, his little fists clenched at his sides, before stomping off with all the drama a six-year-old could muster.

I watched the uncle-nephew interaction with



growing amusement. Despite Dominic's harsh words, I could see the fondness in his eyes. He was clearly protective of the boy, even if he had a strange way of showing it.

I approached Hunter, who was watching from his chair with obvious delight at our arrival.

"Dad, we're back."

Hunter beamed. "Welcome home! I specifically asked Dominic to bring you home for dinner today."

His face grew concerned as he leaned forward slightly. "I heard you fainted recently. I was so worried. Are you feeling better now?"

I was surprised that Dominic had told his father about my fainting spell. The fact that he'd shared something so personal made my chest tighten with an emotion I couldn't quite name. I nodded slightly. "I'm fine now. Everything's good."

Hunter's relief was visible as his shoulders relaxed. "Just remember, if that troublemaker ever mistreats you, tell me. Dad will always have your back!"

"Thank you, Dad," I said, my voice catching slightly with genuine emotion.



After chatting for a few more minutes, I excused myself. As I stood up to find the bathroom, I spotted the little boy hiding in a corner, secretly eating cream cake.

His cheeks were already smudged with frosting, and there were telltale crumbs scattered around his feet.

Caught red-handed, Orion looked up guiltily. His eyes went wide like a deer in headlights. "Pretty lady, you won't tell Grandpa, will you?"

I couldn't help laughing at his antics. The kid was absolutely adorable, even covered in cake. "Don't worry, I won't tell. But dinner's almost ready. Maybe save the cake for tomorrow?"

Orion's eyes darted around as he considered this, clearly weighing his options between more cake now and avoiding trouble. Then he nodded obediently. "Okay."

He looked up at me with such genuine appreciation that my heart melted a little. "Pretty lady, you're so nice, a thousand times nicer than Uncle Dominic. Why don't you become my mommy instead?"

The innocent question hit me like a punch to the gut. The longing in his voice was so pure, so hopeful.



Orion didn't notice the dangerous presence approaching from behind, but I did. Dominic's shadow fell over the boy before he appeared.

Dominic lifted him by his suspenders with ease, his expression a mix of exasperation and amusement. "Well, well, Orion. Trying to steal my mate right in front of me?"

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