# 53 Chapter 53 Pack Dynamics in the Office

Elara 1

The private investigator worked faster than I expected.

In just two days, he'd delivered a stack of clear photos. Hotel hookups. Luxury villa meetings. Even affairs on the company rooftop and most shockingly inside Jack's office.

How did my uncle have the balls to sleep with his mistress right under his wife Lillian's nose? Lillian worked in the finance department just across the hall from his office.

I decided to send the photos to Lillian without signing my name.

Author

When the package arrived, Lillian thought it was work documents. She opened it in front of her coworkers. Her face went white when she saw what was inside.

"Lillian, what's wrong? Who sent that?" one of her colleagues asked.

"Are those photographs?"

Lillian quickly turned the photos over and stuffed them back into the envelope. She forced a smile. "Just some celebrity photos I ordered for my daughter. Strange they delivered them to the office."

She took a deep breath. "Let's get back to work. Cindy, please order afternoon tea today."

Lillian was known for treating her staff well. This made her popular with employees. As the Deputy Finance Director and Jack's mate, she had power from both positions.

The Finance Director was stuck in an awkward spot - Lillian was his second-in-command, but she was also their supervisor's wife.

If Lillian and Jack split up, the Finance Director would finally be free from this mess.

Back in her private office, Lillian thought the Finance Director must have sent the photos. She spread them across her desk and stared at the young woman's bright face. All that youth that Lillian would never have again.

She'd always suspected Jack might cheat someday. But in their own office? Right across the hall from her? That was something she never saw coming.

Lillian made a quick phone call. Then she locked the photos in her office safe.

Elara

I required all teams to submit their fourth quarter plans, but as the deadline got close, Susan's team still hadn't turned anything in.

I called her out directly in our group chat.

Susan replied with surprising confidence: [Elara, I have a client meeting this afternoon. Should I cancel on the client to stay and write the plan?]

She added: [This client is the major deal we've been working on last month. If we lose them, don't blame me when we miss our numbers.]

I wasn't buying her excuse for a second.

But then her supervisor Mark sent me a private message:

[The client has government connections. Getting them would really help our business.]

I understood right away. This client was important enough that even Mark wouldn't take risks.

I smirked and replied to Susan in the group chat:

[Fine, focus on the client. You get one extra day. This won't happen again.]

Sure, Susan. One whole day to work miracles. Good luck with that.

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The next day, an angry woman burst into our department lobby.

She was screaming loud enough for everyone to hear. I stood there for several seconds, watching it all happen.

"What's going on?" I asked the people gathering around.

"She's looking for Susan," one whispered nervously.

I frowned. "Where is Susan? And what does this woman want?"

My coworker looked uncomfortable before finally saying: "Apparently Susan was sleeping around with this woman's husband during yesterday's client meeting. The wife caught them."

If I hadn't known the truth, I might have believed Susan could do this.

But I knew she was Jack's little spy. She

wouldn't be going after other men.

Unless... this was someone else's work.

The woman kept yelling. "Where is this Susan? I've never seen anyone take off her clothes during a business meeting! Is she that desperate for men?"

"I'm warning you. She either comes out and says sorry, or I'm going to the news. When Park Hotel Group gets trashed in the media, don't say I didn't warn you!"

Soon, security and HR came out to handle the situation.

I didn't care what they told the woman, but within thirty minutes, she was gone.

I knew she wouldn't really go to the news. How could she, when the whole story was fake?

I went straight to Mark's office. "How do you think we should handle this?"

Mark tested the waters. "Jack just called me, suggesting we keep this quiet. What do you think, Elara?"

"This situation can go either way," I said carefully. "But when someone storms into our office making accusations, there's usually some truth behind it."

Mark got my meaning. "I understand what to do."

That afternoon, Mark took care of the Susan problem. She was officially terminated within the hour.

Shortly after Susan was fired, Jack called me to his office.

"I hear the decision to fire Susan was yours?" he asked straight out.

I nodded, not willing to let Mark take the blame. "I told Mark to announce the firing. Uncle, since when do I need your permission to fire a department manager?"

This was the same as when I fired the lazy security chief earlier.

Jack took a deep breath. "Elara, there's a lot you don't understand. Susan was recommended by an important client. Firing her could hurt Park Hotel Group badly."

I stayed calm, smiling a little. "Uncle, if we don't fire her and the client's wife takes this public, it could become a social media nightmare. That would be really bad for Park Hotel Group's reputation."

"That woman is lying. Where's her proof?" he

demanded.

I narrowed my eyes, my smile turning cold. "Uncle, how are you so sure she doesn't have proof?"

Jack was speechless, unable to fight my decision.

As I left his office, I ran into Lillian, who was about to see Jack.

I gave her a small nod before walking away.

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