54 Chapter 54 Old Friends, New Enemies

Author 1

Meanwhile...

Susan was crying face-down on the table while Selina watched her high school friend with what looked like pity.

"Susan, I can't help if you won't tell me what happened!" Selina said, frustrated. She drummed her perfectly manicured nails on the coffee table, her patience wearing thin.

After all, Selina was the one who got Susan the job at Park Hotel Group.

Susan looked up with red, hate-filled eyes. Mascara had streaked down her cheeks, making her look like a raccoon. "It has to be her! Selina, our company hired a new director named Elara. I talked shit about her on her first day, and she heard me. She must be getting me back!"

Elara?

Selina's whole body went still. Her fingers stopped drumming. Selina's eyes got narrow.

"You're saying this Elara person is the one who

got you fired?"

A slow, calculating smile spread across Selina's face. Selina's lips curved into a sly smile. "I know Elara quite well. Susan, remember that stepsister we used to pick on when we were pups? The little mouse who never fought back?"

Susan's tears stopped instantly. She sat up straighter, wiping her nose with the back of her hand. She sniffled, "You're not saying Elara is your stepsister, are you?"

Selina nodded. "That's exactly who she is."

Susan was shocked. Her mouth fell open, and she stared at Selina like she'd just said the moon was made of cheese.

The girl they used to shove in closets and call names was now her boss. The whole situation felt like some twisted joke.

"No fucking way," Susan whispered, then louder: "Selina, doesn't your family own the company? Can't your stepmother just fire Elara?"

Selina's smile faltered slightly. She picked up her coffee cup and took a delicate sip, buying herself time.

Selina sighed dramatically. "Oh, Susan, if only you knew. My stepmother apparently married her off to some random family. Probably not anyone important. That's likely why my stepmother let her into the company. Otherwise, how could she possibly have gotten that job?" 3

She leaned forward conspiratorially, her voice dropping to barely above a whisper. She leaned forward, lowering her voice. "She was even working as my fiancé's secretary before, obviously trying to steal him from me. Can you believe the nerve of that little bitch? Luckily, Zack has zero interest in her..."

Susan's hands clenched into fists so tight her knuckles went white. Rage flashed in Susan's eyes. So Elara was that type of woman. A homewrecker who now used her power to destroy Susan's career! 2

She clenched her fists. "That manipulative little snake!" "I'm going to call her out at the office tomorrow!"

Selina held up a perfectly manicured hand, her expression shifting to mock concern. "Careful, don't go after her directly. She's clearly learned to play dirty since we knew her. Susan, I wish I could do more to help."

But even as the sympathetic words left her mouth, Selina's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

Selina's words sounded caring, but she had no intention of actually helping. She had simply created another enemy for Elara.

The truth was, Susan had always been more useful than friend. A convenient connection from their prep school days.

Susan might have been her high school friend, but they weren't that close. When Susan's family had money and connections, Selina might have helped her out.

But now that Susan's family was broke and Susan herself was unemployed? She was just another pawn in Selina's games.

Selina stood up gracefully, smoothing down her designer dress. "I'm sorry, but I have a dinner appointment. You understand."

Her smile was ice-cold now, all pretense of friendship gone. "Do keep me posted on how things go with dear Elara, won't you?"

When Elara returned home after work, she noticed a bouquet of roses in the living room.

Linda smiled at her. "Luna Elara, these came for you from Alpha Dominic ."

[Why does Dominic suddenly buy flowers? That isn't like him.]

Elara walked over to the bouquet and pulled out the small card. As she read the message, her face turned bright red.

"Sorry about last night. I got a little rough. I'll go easier on you next time."

Elara's mind immediately went back to the heated moments from the night before. Her throat had been sore from all the moaning.

And now he had the nerve to apologize this way!

Just thinking that the flower shop delivery guy or Linda might have read this card made her face burn with shame.

She quickly ripped the card into tiny pieces and threw them in the trash.

Linda watched Elara storm away looking pissed. "What's wrong? Doesn't she like roses?"