

Chapter 117

The smell of leather and wood hit my nostrils when I entered the office. There was a large semi-circle oak table in the center with a computer on the side. There was a bookshelf behind the table that had leather bound books and a plethora of artifacts. Right behind the table was a black leather chair. There were two chairs in front of the table for visitors. The wooden floor was polished to the point of shining.

Damon parked himself on the couch beneath the window after picking up one of the history books. "What are you going to do, Poppy?" he asked me.

I sucked in a sharp breath and stared at all the books. Where were his business documents? "I will do some digging?" I breathed. I sat on the black leather chair and switched on the computer.

"You also have to form a council and you have to do that soon baby," he said, looking at me. "There is very high anticipation amongst the pack members right now."

"I know," I replied as I stared at the computer screen that was asking for a password. "I know what they must be thinking about me right now. I have a lot to prove, but I can't do anything unless I see what James Vincent was up to!"

"I understand. If you need my help, I am right here."

"Thanks love," I said with a smile. I loved his presence and his continuous support. It soothed me a lot. James Vincent was a complicated man, so I guess he must have entered a complicated password in his computer. While I was no whiz at cracking the password, I was after all his granddaughter. I entered several passwords and all of them were wrong. It was almost an hour of entering the wrong passwords and I was at the edge of my wits.

I closed my eyes and tried to put myself in his shoes. What would be the password that no one would be able to guess? I chuckled as I entered my birth date. With a twang, the screen cursed me for entering the wrong password too many times. Gritting my teeth, I cursed back at it. "Then give me a clue, damn it!" I narrowed

my eyes and entered my birthdate backwards. And viola! The computer came to life. "Oh. My. God!"

Damon was standing behind me. "That was the most unthinkable password!"

"Yep!" I nodded. "Only James Vincent could be so twisted." As Damon leaned on my chair, I opened the only folder that was showing on the desktop. And inside it was James Vincent's business details. There were ten folders inside it. I started from the first one.

Damon brought a chair and sat down next to me. The two of us were in the office until evening, looking at every business that James held and what it was about. At the end of it, I understood one thing, the pack was in huge debt. However, there was something that didn't add up. James was also financing Hilda's tea garden. Where did that money come from? Moreover, there were no annual reports of three of his businesses. As for the others, the reports were not complete. Everything was vague. It was dubious as hell.

"What do you think Damon?" I asked as I leaned back in the chair, a dull headache forming.

Damon tapped his chin. "Why don't you get the tea plantation checked? You may find answers there."

"I will get it checked definitely, but there's something that I feel missing. Something very important which he hasn't revealed ye over here." That feeling was nagging me. "Also can you see the kind of debt the pack members are in? It's as if they can't breathe!" I pointed at the figure on the computer screen. It was ten million dollars. "Where will these people pay it from? We are only a hundred wolves in the pack."

"You know I can help you," Damon offered.

I shook my head. "I know you can but this is outrageous. Why do I feel that James was making money but hiding it from his people?"

"You are thinking too much, Poppy," he said. "We need to have dinner. I am famished!"

I gave him a lazy smile. "I am so sorry for keeping you with me. Let's go and have dinner."

"I wouldn't have budged from here, love," he said as he kissed me.

As we were walking down the corridor, I asked Damon, "Have you contacted Nash Dawson?"

"No, why?"

"I think you must. I feel Nash is planning another attack."

Damon stopped in his tracks. His eyes went wide as his gaze locked with me. "Your eyes are glowing golden," his voice low.

That was.. strange because I didn't feel like the world was turning gold. "Just contact him and be prepared," I reiterated.

When we went to the dining hall, we saw that six omegas had lined up against the wall, ready to serve us. "Where is Anna?" I asked.

"I am right hereeee!" Anna crooned as she rushed down the stairs. "Your house is lovely Poppy!" She had that gleam in her eyes when she sat on my left.

I chuckled. "What is it that you find interesting?"

"Lots of stuff!" she said, picking up a fried shrimp. The omegas started serving dinner, glancing at me every once in a while with awe. "I will let you know once we have finished dinner."

"Great!" I picked up a chocolate pie and had a mouthful. "Is Damon allowed to come with us?"

Anna gave an assessing look. "I don't want him to spoil the girls' night out, but if he chooses to remain quiet, he can accompany us."

I laughed. "It sounds like an adventure!"

"It is," she said, waggling her eyebrows with an air of mystery around her.

"Ah okay!" I loved the tone of it. "By the way," I added on a much more serious note. "Stop turning my people into rodents."

"Then ask them to stop flirting with me!" She rolled her eyes.

Damon grunted. I sighed. Anna was so beautiful that I was sure men's minds would go blank seeing her.

That night, Anna took me on a tour of m house and pack and what I saw was... shocking.