

## Chapter 29: Office Politics

Could her father be right about Jonathan? It did make sense. He was a gentleman, that much was true. But he never really made extra conversation. In fact, come to think of it, he was surprisingly quiet most of the time. Even when he was blind drunk! Amelia had assumed it was just because he had an introverted, measured demeanor. But maybe there was more to it.

Why was there no information about him? Why couldn't her father pin down his background? Who was helping him with this? Was it possible? Perhaps Jonathan wasn't as innocent as he seemed?

Maybe he really was hiding something?

Magnus left and Amelia sat and thought for a bit. She wanted to trust Jonathan, she really did, but her dad had warned her not to.

And Amelia trusted her father above all else.

She decided to go see Olivia, but when she got to Olivia's office, she found Asher inside. It sounded like he was scolding her. Amelia watched without making her presence known.

"Olivia, I need you to be more reliable. You can't come and go as you please," Asher said. Olivia nodded and bit her

lower lip. He stared into his eyes like a little puppy dog who had been caught chewing on an expensive shoe.

Asher's shoulders relaxed. He couldn't keep giving her the fifth degree. Not with that look in her eyes. She looked so vulnerable. He sighed deeply and ran his fingers through his hair.

"I'm sorry, Olivia," he said in a soft voice. And was just about to reach out to touch her arm when he heard her exclaim:

"Amelia!"

Amelia entered the office and Asher quickly withdrew his hand. Amelia's eyes flitted back and forth between the two, with a 'knowing' smile on her face.

"Sorry to interrupt," Amelia smiled.

"Nonsense," Olivia dismissed. "Asher was just...I mean we were...he said..."

"It's none of my business." Amelia put up her hands defensively. "What happens in this office, stays in this office."

Olivia's eyes popped open at Amelia's innuendo. She blushed deeply. Asher cleared his throat.

"Perhaps you can have a talk with your friend about punctuality," he said to Amelia. Asher's voice was firm, his face professional. "Lord know I've tried." He turned to leave but Amelia stopped him.

"I'm actually glad you're here," she said. "I need to talk to both of you."

"Great!" Olivia said, hopping up onto her desk and crossing her legs. "What about? Spill?"

"It's about Jonathan. How much do you both know about him?"

Asher was pensive for a moment. "He seems like a really great guy. I mean, he takes his job very seriously. And he's responsible. That's why he was asked to assist you."

Yes. Yes. I already know that, Amelia thought to herself. He's a good worker. Smart. Dedicated. "But you've been friends for years. You must know more," Amelia said.

"Huh. Yeah, you're right. We have been working together for a few years now. But you know what? I don't really know much else about him. He's always calm. Like, really, really calm. Almost too calm..."

"What are you implying?" Amelia asked.

"He has the will of a werewolf," Asher said, shrugging. "The control, I mean. The self-discipline."

"Don't be ridiculous," Olivia scoffed. "You're just being prejudiced because you don't like humans."

"I like humans just fine," Asher defended. "It's just that, maybe Amelia's right. We don't really seem to know much

about him.”

“Stop it! Both of you. Jonathan is a good-looking, capable man. That’s all there is to it.”

“Good looking?” Asher spat out before he could stop himself.

“Well, yes. That’s undeniable. He’s very handsome. But he’s also a gentleman. He saved Amelia at the bar that night. He always holds the door open for women. I’ve seen him do it. Oh! And did you know that he brings Miss Matherly a coffee every single morning?”

“The old janitor lady?” Asher asked, eyes wide.

“Yes. She finishes her shift when he starts work. He told me once that she won’t spend her own money on coffee because she’s saving it all for the grandkids. So he buys her one, everyday.”

Amelia’s heart skipped a beat. “That’s so sweet,” she said quietly.

“It is. He’s the sweetest. Really. He’s an angel. Exceptionally good.”

“Employee or man?” Asher scoffed. “A good employee or a good man? Because it seems like you’re talking more about him as a person and I think Amelia was...”

“Amelia was asking what we knew. I’m telling her. She didn’t say ‘what do you know about him as an employee,’” Olivia quipped.

"Right. It's just that I don't think she was..."

Amelia laughed then, quite loudly, which caused them both to stop talking. "I get it, Liv. You like him. Now the only question left is – do you like him more than my brother?"

Olivia's eyes flew open and her mouth dropped. A deep, crimson blush crept across her face. She dismissed the question, suddenly far too shy.

"Do you come for our opinion? Or not?" Olivia asked.

"I did," Amelia nodded. "I just had a meeting with my father. I told him I'm not making any headway with the resort project."

"I heard your meeting with Brickroll Holding was a disaster," Asher said.

"Thanks," Amelia sighed, throwing her brother a dirty look. "Dad said I'll figure it. He has faith in me. But I need to learn more about this project."

"Well, I have an idea," Olivia offered. "The project is in Scarborth? Right? Why don't you go there? Take a look around?"

Amelia thought about this for a moment.

"It makes sense," Asher added. "I mean, there won't be any new developments in the project if you're just sitting here, waiting around."

Amelia sighed. They were right. I'm not making good use of time, just sitting here, waiting for Mandrake and Brickroll to contact me. Maybe I need to see this resort for myself.

"I could pretend I'm a customer?" Amelia said, thinking out loud. "I could see why they failed. I could learn more about the industry. That's my weak spot right now – I simply don't know enough."

"So then go and learn more," Olivia smiled.

"You're right. The more I know, the more power I'll have in future negotiations. And if I decide to consider a buyout from another company, at least I'll be equipped with industry knowledge."

"Fabulous! It's settled then. A three-day getaway to the resort in Scarborth. I'll book it right away."


Asher reached over and knocked Olivia lightly on the head. "Not so fast. You're not going anywhere until you fix this paperwork."

Olivia rubbed her head, pretending the gentle knock hurt. "Fine. But only if you stop giving me crap for being late."

"Just stop being late and I won't have to give you crap."  
Asher rolled his eyes.

"Stop micromanaging me and I won't have to..."

Amelia excused herself and walked out of Olivia's office,

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while the bickering continued behind her.

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### Chapter 30: Serendipity Resort and Spa

Amelia stepped out of the cab donning box store brand shorts, a plain blouse, and medium-end accessories. She looked like any other young, single person at Serendipity Resort and Spa, there to enjoy a weekend at the resort with all its amenities. She checked in, found her room, and then decided to do a once over of the resort. After all, she was there to get a better idea of how the resort operated.

She flicked on a pair of sunglasses (not name brand) and a sun hat, with a mental list in her head. As she walked through the lobby, the concierge nodded at her, knowingly. She nodded back.

Werewolf, she said to herself, picking up the distinctive scent that only a werewolf emits. Serendipity Resort and Spa was located on the very outskirts of the human community, but still within the human borders. Therefore, most of the staff were human. But regardless of how many humans were around, the scent of a werewolf always rose to the top. And since Amelia's return to her family, her lineage had solidified. Daughter of an alpha, she possessed a particular aura that werewolves could sense. So, although she looked like any other human tourist, the werewolves knew who she was and they acknowledged with distant nods.

The concierge went back to his business as the scent



lingered. I don't recognize his pack, though, Amelia thought to herself. Come to think of it, there are quite a few packs I don't recognize here.

In any case, the first place on her checklist was the outdoor pool. The pool was busy, with sun-kissed bodies lounging around in reclining chairs, sipping on frozen cocktails. The water was clean, cool, and inviting.

Outdoor pool? Check!

Next she went to the spa. She had pre-booked a pedicure. The staff were friendly and attentive and the pedicure was superb. She admired her freshly painted toe nails in her flip flops as she walked towards the dining area.

Spa? Check!

Amelia was famished, so she ordered the lunch special. It was a club sandwich stacked high with bacon, crispy lettuce, and juicy tomato. The bread was fresh; the service was great.

Dining area? Check!

Then she headed over to the shops to see what they had to offer. She strolled through the commercial shopping area, peaking in the windows. There was a nice variety of stores, from clothing to shoes to purses. In fact, Amelia was very pleased with the selection. So much so, that she decided to pop into a few stores.

I deserve a little something, she reasoned with herself. It's been a very stressful few days. Nothing like a little retail therapy to make me feel better. She found a lovely bathing suit cover with matching hat, a gorgeous leather purse, and a new pair of strappy sandals with a slight heel.

Shopping area? Check!

But not everything at the resort got a check mark.

The Wifi was spotty at best. Numerous times, Amelia tried to check her emails and the process was painfully slow. During lunch, she had drummed her fingers on the table, trying not to get impatient as the internet completely gave out. She'd only been at the resort for four hours, so to have the internet interrupted once in just four hours was not a good sign.

Amelia decided to ask the receptionist if this was normal.

"I've been having a hard time with my Wifi connection," Amelia smiled sweetly at the receptionist. "Just wondering if it's just me or..."

"Nope," the receptionist shook her head. Her name tag said Maggie; she was human. "You're lucky if your Wifi works half the time you're here. It's a problem."

"Well, if it's a problem, why has no one fixed it?" Amelia asked.

"Can't be fixed," Maggie shrugged, smiling. "Serendipity is

known for its stunning location. We're nice and remote here, tucked away in the forest. People like the serenity. You can't have it all, though. You see, we're surrounded by mountains on three sides. The nearest Wifi towers are far, far away. People want to 'escape it all'. But then they complain when there's no wifi." Maggie laughed softly. Amelia smiled along.

"Can they not just build a new wifi tower? Somewhere closer?"

"Have you seen the forest out there? The cliffs? Where would we put a tower?"

Amelia nodded. So the resort had obviously been built by humans. That's why the infrastructure was lacking. Humans aren't able to tackle dangerous tasks in the same way werewolves are, which is why there are no closer wifi towers.

So...internet? Fail.

Amelia thanked Maggie for her time and turned to leave. But before she did, Maggie winked at her and said: "Maybe try turning off your phone. Just for a bit. Look where you are! It's beautiful. Enjoy it."

Amelia appreciated the sentiment but realistically, it didn't matter how beautiful the resort was. Without a reliable internet connection, guests would complain.

She still had to check the amusement park area, but it was getting late, so she opted to put that on tomorrow's To-Do list.

Serendipity boasted a 5-star restaurant and Amelia was able to get a table without a reservation, although she had to wait at the bar for thirty minutes. She didn't mind, it gave her the chance to watch the bartender (human) in action. He was more than capable, she decided, as she watched him show off his martini shaker tossing skills with a flourish.

Amelia was escorted into the main dining area by the hostess (also human). It was elegant and luxurious, decorated in crisp white and soft pinks. Each table donned a candle and a centre piece of silky pink roses, low to the table. The entire room was cast with a soft glow.

Her waitress (human) was attentive and knowledgeable. Amelia asked several questions about the menu to test her skills and she passed with flying colors. Right after she ordered, the manager (werewolf) walked by and then stopped.

She could sense Amelia's royal aura, but when she saw the tiny crescent moon on the collar of Amelia's dress, she instantly recognized the Pack logo.

"Sorry to interrupt your dinner, but I couldn't help notice your pack logo," the woman said, smiling warmly. Amelia set down her fork and dabbed her mouth with the corner of her napkin. Her eyes flitted to the woman's nametag: Desiree – Manager. "Amelia, right? From Moonstone? Strange. That was the name of the Luna from a pack I really respect. What are the chances?"

Amelia nodded. "The chances aren't high. What's the name of the pack?"

Desiree smiled back warmly. "Stormfang. Our Alpha was Gabriel Stormfang. Do you know him?"

"That depends," Amelia smiled. "Are you a friend or a foe?"

"Oh friend, for sure!" she nodded enthusiastically.

"In that case, I am the same Amelia. Gabriel is my ex. I'm Amelia Moonstone now."

The woman's smile widened. "What an honor," she said, taking Amelia's hands in hers. "I'm sad to hear you're no longer with the pack, but you have no idea what Gabriel has done for us."

"That's nice to hear," Amelia replied. "Please. Join me. If you can spare a moment, that is." The woman sat herself down quickly, her eyes shining with genuine warmth. "So tell me, Desiree. What has Gabriel done to earn such high regard from you?"

"I wasn't much before I met Gabriel," Desiree confided. "I'm from a really poor village. Blackworth? I'm sure you've never heard of it." Amelia shook her head. "It's on the edge of pack territory," Desiree continued. "I was an Omega there. Anyway, instead of treating us like slaves and making us work in the pack, Gabriel offered us an alternative. He said we could come work in the human community. So I did. I

worked my way up from hostess to waitress to manager. And the money I made from this job – well – it allowed me to send my two younger brothers to a good school. One wants to be a lawyer and the other a teacher.”

It warmed Amelia’s heart to see the pride on Desiree’s face. She knew Gabriel had helped many werewolves find a better life but she had never personally met one. Gabriel hadn’t treated her kindly, but he had clearly done a lot of good in other places.

She reached over and took Desiree’s hands in hers. She gave them a squeeze.

“Please, give my regards to Gabriel,” Desiree smiled.

“I will,” Amelia promised.

Just then, a shrill voice cut through the dining room. Amelia cringed at the sound, like nails scraping across a chalkboard.

“Well I’ll be damned! Look what the cat dragged in. Amelia – is that really you?”