

Chapter 142-2

I smile at him, “When you’re able?”

He nods and stands, shrugging on his jacket and looking at himself in the mirror. “Word always spreads that I’m coming. This time, though, they shouldn’t be suspecting anything. No one finds it surprising that we’re visiting your family.”

I nod in understanding, climbing out of bed and wrapping my arms around his middle. “I’ll miss you.”

“I’ll miss you,” he tells me, kissing me deeply. “I won’t be terribly long. I’d like you to do something for me today, though.”

“What’s that?” I ask, releasing him and moving to get dressed.

“There’s a folder on the table,” he tells me and waves his hand at the table where there’s a brown folder sitting on top. “That’s the work you did for the future Alpha previously at his request. I want you to look through what he provided and see just how much of a deficit they seem to be in. I’m hopeful we can figure out just how much they’re being paid for letting them cross there.”

“Consider it done,” I tell him with a smile as I slip my arms into a black lacy bra.

Seth comes up behind me and does the hooks for me, his hands lingering on the bare skin of my back, sending shivers down my spine. His hands slowly make their way to my hips as he leans forward and kisses his mark on my neck.

“You look so beautiful, Love,” he says softly, his hand snaking around to pull me flush against him while his hand rests over our babies. “I won’t be too late coming back. Please stay in the packhouse. It won’t be like this every time I’m gone but with the situation with Alex... just please stay put.”

“I will,” I tell him with a smile as I lean back into him. “I promise. Don’t worry.”

He releases me and hands me the dress that I had pulled out for today. I step into it and he zips it for me. After I slip my shoes on he takes my hand, leading me downstairs where we have breakfast with my family before he leaves.

I sit down in the bedroom and pull out the papers, but I find it hard to concentrate on my own in the room. After a bit, I give up and gather the papers and walk to my brother’s office.

“Can I work on this in here?” I ask, poking my head in the door.

Robbie looks up at me and nods, a smile on his face. “There’s always so many people in here whenever Seth is in town,” he says with a small laugh. “It was starting to feel lonely in here today.”

“I won’t be loud,” I tell him and sit down at the large conference table alone.

“Did Seth put you to work or were you bored?” he asks me, not looking up from his work.

“Both?” I say with a small giggle. “I’m sure he thought that he’d keep me out of trouble by giving me something to work on.”

“He’s a quick learner,” he says, a smile tugging at his lips.

I pour over all the information that had previously been provided. It had been such a mess before when George and I had worked through it, but looking at it with what we now know, it seems even more of a mess than we had thought. There’s no way the pack is functioning on the money that’s listed here, leaving the thought that they’ve been receiving money from another source for quite a bit of time instead of dipping into an unknown savings account like George and I had assumed.

“Rob,” I ask, and he looks up at me. “How much of the pack’s money comes directly from exports? Like, a percentage of it.”

“What do you mean?” he asks, tilting his head.

“Like, I know that pack members individually have businesses and such,” I say, trying to make sense of it all. “How much of that goes into the pack? And does the pack have exports that come directly back into the pack fund without running through independent members?”

“It’s a little complicated,” he tells me, walking over and taking a seat next to me. “Most pack members pay a percentage of their business funds back to the pack. Some pay rent for buildings they use for the business, like the girl who owns the salon and cuts your hair. She doesn’t sell anything that earns the pack money from outside, but she pays rent into the pack funds for the building she uses.”

He moves around some papers and furrows his brow. “None of this makes sense.”

“I know,” I tell him with a sigh. “If I calculated it right, they’re spending over \$3,000 a month more than they’re bringing in.”

He nods, looking up at me. “From what I can tell, your calculations are correct. Can you tell me what it’s about?”

“Seth’s told you everything that’s happening, right?” I ask him and he sits back and nods. “Chris asked us to look over all of this before because he was concerned with how much the pack was spending in relation to how much they are making. George and I worked out a plan with what they make and provided it to him. His dad still hasn’t turned over the pack to him, though. Seth thinks that Alpha Blake may be receiving money for letting people cross into the rogue land from their border, which would make sense.”

“At three grand a month? That amount is too large for just letting wolves pass.”