

## Chapter 0002

I had thought my marriage to Devin would be the start of a new age. A lycan leading a werewolf pack? It was something Eason said would start the path to better lycan and werewolf cooperation. I remembered reeling him back from making it a big deal when he we got married. It didn't take much convincing once Eason met Devin, but he said nothing at the time.

I almost wished he had. I didn't know if I would trade my two children for the peace of mind of never letting Devin into my life or into my father's pack, but I would have to make peace with my decisions and all the fall out to come.

I cringed at the thought of what would happen when people found out about our divorce. After five years of marriage and saying everything was fine, I'd be the laughing stock of the entire werewolf community, and it was only a matter of time.

I knew Devin well enough: hotheaded, rash, and insensitive. He was probably going to make some big showing about their relationship. A press conference or news announcement that would lead to reporters streaming to Mooncrest to get a snapshot of my children, grieving our broken family and me. The tabloids would eat it up, and there would probably be some group of lycans in a bar just like this laughing at my pain.

I sighed again and wondered what my father would say seeing me now. He'd been the former alpha and had handed the seat to me a year after I had started the pharmaceutical program at Werewolf Elite Academy. I had been twenty-five years old, grieving and determined when I'd met Devin. He was nineteen at the time and there as an exchange student for his business, program.

He pursued me relentlessly. I remembered being annoyed at first then flattered that he'd taken such an interest in me. There had been something about him that had drawn me in. They said that alpha lycan oozed a natural sex appeal, but I had never thought I was susceptible to it. I'd met alpha lycans before. They were different from alpha werewolves, but a man who was full of himself was the same no matter the species.

I had thought Devin was different. Despite not being mates, I believed I had found true love as being with him had felt like my grief wasn't crushing me. I was happy. He made me happy. Our age difference was inconsequential. Werewolves didn't live extraordinarily long lives. In some ways, I was already middle aged and life was too short to pass up a real shot at love.

He told me he would take care of anything. He told me that we'd be happy together for the rest of my life. He told me he loved me.

"Stupid," I grumbled, shaking my head as I let my gaze drift into the distance. Stupid to believe him. Stupid to let myself be blinded by my emotions.

I scowled thinking about it all and hating it more by the second. Every second of our relationship had been a lie. The sounds of happy people in the bar faded away as I thought back to all the mistakes I made starting with giving in to Devin's advances in the first place. My phone buzzed in my clutch. I opened it and winced seeing the message from my bank telling me that the latest transaction from my bank had been refused due to insufficient funds.

It was the payment to my maxed out credit card. Great. Another bill to add to the stack. I knew the pack was strained for money, the city's economy wasn't doing so well and my pack's company, Wolfe Medical wasn't much better. I didn't know how bad. I wouldn't know until I got into the office Monday, but I wasn't looking forward to it.

What I would do for at least a moment's distraction.

"Excuse me." A rich, deep voice said from behind me. I could almost feel the heat from the man's body on my bare back. "Is this seat taken?"

## Comments (1)