

Chapter 0023

Grace

Ronald stammered. He stumbled back a few steps as I glared at him. I could feel the anger boiling inside me as I confronted him. Ronald was one of my father's oldest friend, a man I once trusted and respected. But now, looking at him, I didn't know what to think other than the fact that he was nothing but a traitor, to me and my father. I felt my power surging in a way that I hadn't felt since before Cecil was born. It was burning through me. The lust for blood was rising.

The room seemed to close in around me. I saw red. I could almost taste his blood in the air. I could feel my claws sinking into his flesh and ripping him apart.

"Now, Grace—"

I snarled. "Ronald Sauer... explain yourself!"

"It's just a misunderstanding—"

Without thinking, I snapped, grabbing him by the throat, my grip tightening as I demanded answers. "Tell me the truth, you son of a bitch!"

"Alpha Wolfe—"

"I will murder you first. You blood is going to paint the walls

and your cronies are next if I don't get answers!" I growled, my voice trembling with anger and hurt.

His lips trembled. His eyes filled with tears as he blubbered, holding up his hands in surrender as I slammed him into the wall. He trembled and his face started to turn purple as I started to tighten my grip around his throat. I could see the fear and cowardice in his eyes. He knew he couldn't escape my grasp. I tightened my grip a little more.

"Talk."

"Devin," he choked out. His voice trembling. "Devin paid us to run the company. He wanted control of the company, but he didn't want to run it himself. I never wanted things to get this far, but he threatened my family, Grace. I had no choice. You know how lycans are!"

His heart jumped and I glared at him. "I'll give you one chance to tell the truth before I kill you."

His eyes widened and all the color drained out of his face.

"I trusted you," I said, my voice barely above a whisper, but the venom in my words was palpable. "You were my father's friend. How could you betray him and me like this? How could you lie to me even now? Do you want to die? Are you so excited to listen to what my father has to say about everything you've done?" 3

There wasn't even a little shame in his face. Instead, it twisted into something angry.

"I tried to buy Wolfe Medical, tried to buy into it ages ago, but your father was against it. Then, you married that lycan," he snarled. "Devin didn't want to run the company. He just wanted the money. He barely spent any time managing the company. He was hardly ever here after he hired us."

His words hit me like a punch to the gut. The weight of his words hit me like a ton of bricks. All those nights I he said he was working late. All the hours that we had spent apart had been a lie. Had he always just been with Amy? With some other woman? Devin had never cared about the company or the people it employed. He had only cared about his own desires and had used me and the company as a means to an end.

"And you?" I asked. "You think you're any better?"

He narrowed his eyes. "It's the least your father owes me. Keeping it all to himself as if he deserved it. I deserved it! I deserve it."

Tears welled up in my eyes, but I quickly blinked them away, refusing to show any sign of weakness. My werewolf instincts were urging me to tear them all to pieces, but I fought to maintain control. I felt Charles getting closer. His presence felt like a calming anchor amid the storm of emotions. He placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder, silently offering his support and strength. He squeezed gently. Some of the red retracted a little. The anger didn't vanish, but it didn't feel as powerful as it had been before.



"We'll deal with Devin," he said, his voice firm. "But right now, we need to focus on saving the company and figuring out how far back and how deep it goes."

His words felt like a warm balm on my frayed nerves. I thought of my children and the roller coaster of fear I'd been going through since the divorce. I couldn't kill him. Not yet. Not until I got everything I needed to save Wolfe Medical. I couldn't let my anger consume me, not when there was still so much at stake.

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