



Chapter 0024

"How long have you been running the company in his stead?"

"Since you got married."

I took a deep breath as a knife of regret went through me. Had that been the plan from the moment that we met? Marry me, take over my pack, take everything he wanted and then leave? Had he known about Amy before we married?

"Grace," Charles said again, his voice pulled me back so I could focus on Ronald's face.

"How much money have you stolen?"

"I don't know—"

"Guess!" I said slamming him back and knocking his head against the wall. He groaned. I smelled blood as if he had cut the back of his head. The wall was dented behind his head.

"Grace," Charles said gently. "He needs his brain to answer questions." ¹

"A few billion?" He said softly. "More?"

"A few billion?" I gasped. "Just you or the whole board?"

He grimaced. "A piece."

Charles let out a frustrated sound.

"How?" I asked. "We never had that much in liquid funds!"

"There's more than cash to take, Grace," Ronald sneered. "Why'd he ever think that you would be able to run Wolfe Medical and you don't even know that?"

I growled and tightened my grip. "Insult me again, and I'll kill you just for the hell of it. Answer me!"

"Property," he choked. "Cash. Equipment. Fake Contracts and fake expense reports. It was easy since we're the board and no one ever asked."

He scoffed. "We fired everyone who even asked questions." 1

I thought of my assistant and that resignation letter. I pushed the fresh surge of anger aside.

"How much of a stake do you have in the company?"


He snarled and shook his head. "That was part of the deal. Devin didn't let us purchase shares when the company became public. We were just supposed to run it and make sure he got whatever pay out he wanted."

My stomach plummeted. "How much?"

"I—"

"When was his last payout?"

His lips twitched. "It was seven million, and it was a few months ago."



My heart sank as I felt the deeper sense of betrayal. I was devastated by his laziness and lack of care for something that meant so much to me and my family. But even more than that, I couldn't believe that Devin had withdrawn all that money right when the divorce had started. He'd planned to leave Wolfe Medical in shambles.

He planned to leave me and the kids in shambles. And he enlisted Ronald for it. He had been like an uncle to me, someone I thought I could trust implicitly. I could see my father's portrait in my mind's eye, see the poster of him promoting all the good things that he had done to uplift the pack, to uplift the werewolf world.

I could see his shiny Presidential award still on the mantle of my house as if I was standing right there.

Everything that my father had built was crumbling, and there was nothing I could do. Even worse, I was the reason that it was crumbling because I was too weak. Because I had trusted Devin and been so wrapped up in my grief that I hadn't even thought to ask even the basic questions.

Trust. I had thought it was a matter of trust, but that was just a lie.

I didn't want to know, and my selfishness had nearly cost me and my children everything.

"Grace?" Charles said, his voice sounded so far away. I felt my power surging again, shaking through me, burning like a

great tide I couldn't fight. The red surged and turned black. I felt my claws extend. I heard Ronald scream as I lifted my hand prepared to rip his throat out.

Traitors deserve no quarter. I heard my mother say from somewhere in my memories. Never let someone use your kind heart against you.

A shriek tore through the air as I swung forward, ready to paint the walls with his blood, but my hand never made it to his throat. Ronald was praying to the goddess, sobbing and pleading, but I didn't hear him. I pulled against the force holding my arm back.

"Grace," Charles said, his voice breaking through the haze like a whisper. "Not yet."

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