

Chapter 0025

Grace

Not yet.

His words broke through the haze of anger and pain, grounding me in the present. My heart was still pounding with rage and hurt. I wanted nothing more than to kill him. Images of his bloody death flashed through my eyes.

“W-What do you mean, yet?” Ronald blubbered. “You can’t kill me—“

“Your actions put her entire pack in danger,” Charles said simply. His voice sounded strained. I realized that he was the one holding me back from killing Ronald. “As alpha, she would have every right to kill you and call it execution on the basis of treason.”

I glanced back to see the rest of the board staring, frozen in their seats. Then, Charles started to shake my hand as if he was barely holding me back. What was he doing?

“That’s bullshit!” Someone cried. “It’s still murder!”

“It would be excused,” he said evenly. “Her children

are half lycan. They fall under Lycan rule as does she since she is their mother. The Lycan King would pardon her outright, and your president would do the same to avoid conflict.... After all, what is one group of greedy men in the face of continued protection?"

My heart raced. I could see the moment that Ronald understood and believed what he was saying. I wasn't sure if he was just lying, but I really hoped he wasn't.

"I suggest you refrain from any more insults," Charles bit out. "I'm not sure how much longer I'll be able to hold her back." 1

Ronald's lips trembled.

"You've admitted enough," Charles said. "You can either die here and your whole family will be persecuted for the betrayal, or you can take the deal."

I pulled at his grip, but I couldn't even budge him more than the little shake he was doing. Ronald sucked in a sharp breath as I snarled.

"I'm not giving him a fucking deal!" I growled. "I'd rather die than give this traitor any leniency!"

After everything he'd done, Charles couldn't think that I was willing to let him off lightly. No, I was going to make him suffer even if it was only the few minutes as he bled out on the floor.

“Wolfe Medical doesn’t need the scandal,” Charles said. “But it needs the money.”

I growled. I didn’t have an argument against that. It was true. Even though my instincts were screaming for blood, I couldn’t move. More than that, Charles clearly had a plan, and since I didn’t have enough knowledge about how this all works, it made more sense for me to listen.

That didn’t mean I had to like it.

I glared at Ronald.

“I don’t care how you do it, but he suffers,” I seethed, my voice dripping with anger. “If I’m not happy with it, I’m killing him.”

“I’m going to call Mooncrest’s police,” he said. “You and all the other admit to the embezzlement, every penny is returned, and you serve your time peacefully. When you’re out, you’re all exiled from Mooncrest.”

Charles spoke calmly. As alpha of Mooncrest, I knew that it was the most legal course of action, but it wasn’t going to satisfy the urge to tear him apart, to make him suffer for the pain he had caused me and the damage he had done to Wolfe Medical.

“But my family—“

“You should have thought about them when you decided to betray mine.”

My eyes burned as I thought of my father again. He had been such a leader: calm under pressure, strong, and resilient. As much as I missed him, I was glad he wasn't here to see what his best friend had done. He was visibly shaken. I could see how much paler Ronald got as he realized the magnitude of the amount of money that would require. The man was in a panic, fear and desperation written all over his face.

“That would bankrupt me.”

“I can just kill you instead.”

“Please, Grace, think of my girls. They're in college; they won't—“ [2](#)


“You have life insurance enough to cover it?” I growled.

He kept begging for mercy, but I couldn't find it in me to show him any. My rage still burned within me. My father's memory and the betrayal were too raw, and all I wanted was to make him pay. He deserved to die in agony. They all did. My father had been a good man. He'd helped them all get on their feet, start their companies and succeed in whatever way he could, and they had betrayed him not even a few

months after he had been buried.



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