

Chapter 0032

“I’ll look over your press release if you want.”

“Thanks. I’ll get back in touch with you as soon as I have something drafted.”

As I hung up the phone, I felt a mix of emotions – anger and frustration at the legal constraints, but also a glimmer of hope that perhaps by exposing the truth, I could further my goals to restore Wolfe Medical to its former status. It was such a risky move, but I had so little left to lose, and the fight was worth taking to save the company my father had built with love and dedication.

“Are you sure about this?” Charles asked. “There is still time to change courses.”


I nodded resolutely. It was a war on two fronts, and I couldn’t afford to be afraid. I needed to stand my ground and face the challenges head-on.

“It’s a worthwhile risk.”

He nodded and gathered the papers. “Should we head back to your office?”

I winced and looked at the dent in the wall. “I should

probably make plans to fix that.”

“There’s no board,” he shrugged. “Consider it a memento.” 

I laughed and gathered the rest of the papers. He opened the door for me and followed me out of the room and back down the hallway. As we headed back to my office, I couldn't help but feel a sense of hope and anticipation. The path ahead was uncertain, but I didn't feel like I was just lost in it all. Charles was a steady presence that I could trust if only because he had his own investment in making this go well. He seemed... honorable in a way that set me at ease.

Against all the odds, we were in this together.

“You know... if someone told me I was planning a smear campaign and major corporate shift with the Lycan King a few months ago, I would have laughed in their faces.”

He opened the door to my office. “Is that before or after you gave me a fake number?”

I flushed. “Are you ever going to let me live that down?”

“Unlikely.”

Once we arrived, I sank into my seat behind my desk.

It seemed like it had been hours since we had been in here. My coffee was cold on my desk. Charles took the seat on the other side of the desk and started to work.

As we continued to work, I tried my best to keep my thoughts on the steps ahead. But every so often, my gaze would inadvertently linger on Charles, and I couldn't help but feel a pull towards him. His eyes met mine for a moment: intense and full of barely restrained desire.

"I'm calling in a few favors to figure out how they pulled it off and the historical data on their stock value. We'll need to know about timing."

"Thanks, I—"

Something chimed. He frowned and pulled out his phone.

"Do you have to go?"

I felt a bit sad at the thought. Though I wasn't planning to hop into bed with him, I couldn't deny the attraction between us. It was still simmering in the air. It felt like it was only being kept at bay because of the direness of everything going on right now.

"No," he said. "I just have to extend my reservation."

“You’re renting a car?”

“That as well, but on my hotel room,” Charles said. “I originally thought I would only be staying a few days, signing a deal and returning home, but I can’t just leave you now.”

Warmth gushed through me. I took a deep breath trying not to show how much of a turn on it was and how absolutely touching it was. He could leave me. He could have just walked away from this deal, money or not, and let me flounder around trying to get Wolfe Medical back under control, but he wasn’t.

He dialed a number. “Yes, George. I’ll need you to extend my reservation...”


My gut clenched. His presence had been a steady anchor throughout this tumultuous day, and I found myself wanting him to stay by my side a little while longer. A lot longer and not because I couldn’t stop thinking about what he looked like naked...

Though that was a large part of it.

“At least another week.”


I hesitated for a moment before speaking up.

“Would you like to stay with me?” I asked, feeling a

 +15 BONUS

slight blush creeping up my cheeks.

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Charles

"Would you like to stay with me?"

The offer caught me off guard, and for a moment, I was at a loss for words. I couldn't help but feel a flutter of excitement in my chest. Just the thought of leaving my scent in her home, being so close that I would see what she looked like when her guard was completely down made me want to agree. However, I quickly composed myself and met her gaze with a grateful smile.

"That is very kind of you, but... considering the situation, it would feel... complicated."

Her eyes were molten pools of desire. I didn't think she realized that she was looking at me as if I could have anything I wanted from her. It made focusing hard. It made being honorable hard. All of my blood was rushing south. If I ended up in her home there was a good chance I was going to lose my mind. The darker side of me wanted to take her up on her offer and seduce her at the first opportunity. 🌀

"I-It's not like that," she cleared her throat. "It's a

Mooncrest hospitality tradition, something my father used to do for business associates. Hosting the Lycan King would bring good publicity for both of us, especially when it's time to reveal our plans to the public. Besides, you'll be in Mooncrest for a long time. While we appreciate the tourism income, it makes no sense for you to stay in a hotel."

I considered her words, realizing that she was right. It could be a strategic move to solidify our partnership and showcase a united front to the world. It was a dangerous offer for how badly I wanted her, but not one I could refuse.

"Please? I insist."

With a nod, I agreed, "Alright, I'd be honored to. Thank you for your hospitality."

"Sir?" George asked in my ear.

"Never mind, George. It seems that Alpha Wolfe will be hosting me." I paused and looked at her. "My assistant, George—"

"Oh, he's welcome too! There's plenty of room."

My lips twitched. "Very well... Pack our things George and check me out. It seems that the Mooncrest hospitality extends to you as well."

He chuckled. "I feel special."

He hung up.

Just then, her assistant entered the office with a bundle of documents.

"These are the reports on the new clinics," she said, setting them on the table between us.

"Thank you," she said.

"Clinics?" I asked.

Grace nodded. "Wolfe Medical operates clinics all over the city. A few more have been opened recently, but I couldn't find the reports on them online. I figured I needed to look into them as well."

My curiosity was piqued, and I took one of them. "What do these clinics do?"

"Give out medications for cheap," she said. "We employ doctors to accept low-income families. It's like medical charity."

I nodded. "How commendable..."

My instincts said that there was something wrong with them before I had even examined the reports she handed me. It was so typical to embezzle money and

supplies through a charitable arm of an organization. Grace's father may have set up a great system for his pack, but it was fraught with opportunity for thieves.

Including the thief I had unknowingly raised. The guilt ate me up. Where had I gone wrong with Devin? It was as if he had not listened or heeded any bit of what I told him growing up about honor or justice. Perhaps I had been too lenient. Perhaps he was always destined to grow up this way. I would never know.

"What do lycans do for hospitals?"

"Come to werewolf hospitals." I chuckled. "We heal faster than werewolves, so it is unusual for us to end up at a hospital, but it happens occasionally, especially during challenges."


"What's that?"

I smiled, charmed that she seemed curious about lycan culture.

"You may find it a bit barbaric. I hear many werewolves do, but lower-ranked lycans can challenge higher-ranking lycans for positions within their packs. It usually involves a fight."

She frowned. "I thought you had alphas?"

"Ah, the way you all classify yourself is not the same

 +15 BONUS

for lycans. You use alpha, beta, etc. to denote a position in your pack. Lycans use the same terms to define dynamics and propensities. Alpha lycans are the most powerful, most adept for combat. Betas are next and so down the line until gammas. Omegas are those with virtually no self-defense mechanisms. Most of them can't even shift." Her jaw dropped. "Ever?"

 Comments

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