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"You're delinquent by six months." As she rattled off the incurred fees for my electricity, my blood ran cold.

"Are you planning to pay on all your accounts today?"

"All?" I asked, cringing as I braced myself.

"Your gas and water have also been cut off."

I let out a shuddering breath, and Charles offered his hand.

"Give it to me."

I hesitated, but I gave it to him. He leaned back in his chair.

"Yes, I'll be paying the accounts in full, and I'll need all the services turned back on within the hour," he said. "Which would be easier?"

I stared at him, stunned, as he rattled off two sets of numbers. A few minutes later, my phone chimed in his hand.

"And it will be restored within the hour?... Perfect. Yes, we'll call back if anything is amiss."

He hung up and handed the phone back to me.

"You should have a receipt in your email."

I was touched by his kindness and understanding. Despite the chaos we were facing with the company, he took the time to help me more than he had to. I would never tell him this, but I was shocked and a little turned on. It was all the hormones, the stress, and his general presence. The

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memories of that night we would have spent together, and his genuine care when I pretended to have an emergency flickered through my mind.

I couldn't imagine a man who would do all this for me would be unfaithful to his mate. Maybe there was something else at work. I bit my lip, but maybe that was just wishful thinking.

I took a deep breath. I was getting drawn in by how dependable he was, how quick to action, and reliable he was, and I couldn't afford that. I had fallen for Devin for similar reasons. Sure, it wasn't exactly the same, but I couldn't turn a blind eye to the fact that Charles had a lot to gain from our arrangement.

He might want me, but that wasn't all he wanted.

"Thank you," I said, feeling a sense of relief. "You didn't have to do that, but I appreciate it."

Charles gave me a warm smile, his gaze unwavering. "It's no trouble at all, Grace. We're in this together, remember?"

He sat closer. "Now, let's talk about what's to be done about these clinics, hm?"

I nodded. "Right."

As we started the process of shutting down the extra clinics and safeguarding the remaining products, I was a little at a loss. I submitted the report to the Werewolf Inter-Pack Police.

"You'll need to secure the werewolves until you can do a full audit. I can lend a unit of Enforcers."

My eyes widened. "That's really not necessary. Mooncrest's Police

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Force's endowment was one of the most protected assets in the entire pack's city, making it nearly untouchable. It was a safeguard that ensured the police force remained loyal and wouldn't be easily manipulated or coerced. Even if Devin wanted to mess with it, he couldn't."

Charles nodded slowly. "Perhaps."

I stiffened. "You don't believe me?"

"I believe that you believe it."

I set my jaw. It was obvious that Charles wasn't entirely convinced.

"Don't be shy about it. What is it?"

His lips twitched. "Your father was a great man, but even great men, great leaders have limitations. He couldn't have anticipated an acting alpha like Devin. He was essentially unchecked. It's how Wolfe Medical got to be in the state that it was. Between the clinics and everything else in the pack finances, it would be prudent not to rely on your previous understanding of the pack and to verify everything you can."

It stung to hear that as if he was subtly critiquing my leadership and the way things had been handled in the past.

"You can't build a house on sand," he said. "You definitely can't rebuild a house on sand either."

I sighed. Feeling a mix of defensiveness and frustration, I packed up for the day, knowing that we had a long road ahead of us to rebuild the company's reputation and regain control.

"Let's worry about that later. I'm beat, and it'll take some time to find some sheets for you."

