

Chapter 0041

Grace

Though I had said that, nothing in me said that it was possible. The car came to a stop, and George came around to open my door, offering me his hand to get out. He smiled warmly at me, and I realized he wasn't the same man that had dropped me off.

"You have another assistant?"

"I do," Charles said, coming around the car. "Though I've sent him home."

I nodded and looked up at the front of my house. The Mooncrest pack house was a timeless colonial-style home. I didn't remember how many rooms were in it, but it was enough to house just about anyone we wanted to at one time. The house's exterior had been redone several times to repair the warm russet and terra cotta brick façade. The house was surrounded by a lush grove of ancient oaks.

The white-trimmed windows seemed to gleam in the warm light coming from the windows. The front door was flanked by regal columns, and there were bench swings on either side of the front porch and the back.

It had been home my entire life and everyone in my family. Even though Eason and I were the only ones left, I couldn't imagine living anywhere else. It struck me that I had nearly lost it because I had trusted the wrong person...

It was worth several millions. If I had lost it, I would have had to work my whole life to have even earned enough to get a loan to buy it back. He

could have rented it out, held it over my head as random, or anything else, but Charles had given me the Mooncrest pack house for nothing.

My eyes pricked with tears. As unsettling as everything lately had been, I couldn't ignore the sense of peace that filled me. My house was still my family's house, and I had someone to rely on. A peculiar flutter went through my stomach at the prospect of living with him, but I pushed it away.

"It's a beautiful house," Charles said.

"It had a different name, Applewood Manor, before my great-grandfather bought it. Every alpha is supposed to do a little work on it." I smiled, clutching the deed paperwork against my chest. "It's... more than just a house."

It was my family legacy and the original city hall of Mooncrest.

"There aren't a lot of old colonial-style houses left anymore," he said. "I can only imagine how hard it's been to keep it up to date. It's at least a few centuries old, isn't it?"

"It is..." I laughed. "Dad said getting electricity was the hardest part, but it was worth it. Come on."

As Charles and I entered the welcoming atmosphere of my pack home, I could feel a sense of both excitement and relief. The wide, polished wooden floorboards creak softly underfoot. I could smell warm butter from the kitchen. Kelly must have made Cecil a grilled cheese sandwich or something. 1

I sighed. It had been such a long day. Coming back to what had essentially been my whole world for the past few years felt like I was

leaving the burden of the pack and the company to someone else. Knowing that I would have been stepping into eerie silence and darkness had it not been for Charles, I wanted to melt onto the couch and sleep for a week.

"Hi, Alpha Grace!" Kelly said, bounding around the corner. Her eyes grew wide at the sight of Charles beside me. "And... guest?"

I laughed. "Charles, I'd like you to meet Kelly, my babysitter. She's been a lifesaver."

He bowed his head and lifted her hand in greeting. It sent a rush through me, remembering the way we met. Kelly flushed.

"A pleasure."

"Mommy, who's this?"

My heart lightened at the sound of my daughter, Cecil. Her innocent eyes were wide with curiosity as she peered around the corner from the living room. 1

I crouched down and waved her towards me. "Come on, Cecil. There's no need to be nervous."

She hesitated, but she shuffled to me. As if he had done it a million times, he crouched down beside me so he was eye-level with Cecil. Her gaze fixed on Charles' face. A small smile tugged at her lips.

"This is..." I hesitated for a moment, then I said, "This is your grandfather, Charles."

Charles' lips twitched. I almost giggled at the sharp shift of expression on his face that he tried to hide. Then, his smile turned warm.

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“I suppose technically, I am,” he held out his hand. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Cecil.”



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