

Chapter 0049

Grace

"Uncle Eason!" Cecil cried. "You should come have cereal!"

Eason bustled in, carrying groceries and breakfast supplies. His cheerful demeanor was infectious, and his presence infused the room with an energy that was hard to resist.

"I don't know, Ce-Ce, I think muffins—" He cocked an eyebrow at me as he looked between me and Charles. Then he grinned. "Muffins always beat cereal. Morning, Grace!"

Eason's voice was buoyant as he greeted me, his arms laden with bags.

I returned his greeting with a smile, noting the mischief in his eyes. The warmth of his energy was filling me.

"Morning, Eason. You seem unusually chipper today."

Eason's grin widened, his eyes twinkling mischievously. "Oh, you know, just embracing the joy of the morning. And speaking of joy, who's this?"

His gaze shifted to Charles, who sat at the table, sipping his coffee as if he were the picture of calm and collectedness. I could sense the underlying amusement in Eason's tone, a hint of teasing that made me roll my eyes.

He leaned close. "I thought you weren't going out again? Did he like the dress?"

I scoffed. "I'm still getting rid of it. Eason, this is Charles," I rolled my eyes, my voice tinged with a mixture of exasperation and amusement. "Charles is..."

"Your type!" Eason wiggled his eyebrows. 1

My face burned. "Eason!"

"Nice to meet you, Charles!" Eason's warmth poured into his words as he thrust his hand forward. "You seem familiar, but I can't place it... Maybe you look like one of those guys from Grace's favorite movies—"

I jumped to my feet. "Eason, you can't."

Charles took his hand and shook it. Eason jerked and met Charles' gaze with a sharp motion. His eyes flashed with white light. His eyes widened. He went pale as Charles tilted his head and released his hand. 1

"Interesting."

"Charles..." Eason said slowly. "You... have a last name?"

"Blackwoods."

Eason jerked his head around to look at me. "Uh, well... should I be... addressing you as Your Highness or something?"

"You'd probably like that too much." 1

Eason's face turned bright red and my jaw dropped. Eason glanced at me with wide eyes as Charles chuckled.

"Don't look so surprised."

"Eason, could we—"

"Grace, with me." He grabbed my arm and hauled me around the table and out of the dining room to the parlor on the other side.

"What the hell?" Eason asked. "You... You brought home the Lycan King?"

"He's here to help with the company."

Eason's eyebrows shot up. "Company, huh? Which is why he made that comment?"

"I don't know..."

"Unless you brought him for me, in which case—"

"Eason, focus!" I couldn't help but laugh at his teasing tone, feeling a faint blush warm my cheeks. "It's not like that, Eason. Charles and I have a professional arrangement."

"Yeah? Well, does that include whatever the hell he just did to me?" He shook himself. "My hand is still tingling. My body is tingling. My brain is tingling!" 1

I wrapped my arms around him and squeezed. My eyes pricking with tears. "L... I really miss you, Eason."

He wrapped his arms around me. "What's going on? You're getting sappy, and you have a hot man at your dinner table." 1


I took a deep breath. "You might want to sit down for this."


I leaned forward, my voice steady. "Eason, our company has been through a rough patch – thanks to Devin's antics. He left the company and the pack in financial shambles. Charles has invested enough money to get us a real chance to fix everything he's done, and I've already signed the contract. Ronald was embezzling from the company, we fired the board, and he got the utilizes turned back on." 1

Eason stared at me with his mouth open in horror after I finished. I knew that wasn't everything, but honestly, I was so frazzled I couldn't get the information to come out in the right order. I was panicked. It must have shown on my face because Eason was still just string at me.

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“Won't you say something?”

He closed his eyes and his expression turned wary, his gaze searching mine for sincerity. “And you trust him? Even though he's the guy you called SOS on?” 

I nodded, my voice steady. “Yes, I do. We have a contract in place, and he's been nothing but professional. He's given me back the house when he easily could have taken over the pack indirectly. He's invested in helping us get back on track.” 

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