Chapter 0006

As I sat back, my eyes caught the sight of one of my father's old posters. His face, younger and alive smiled back at me.

We're family, the poster said. And family gives each other a ride to work—free of charge.

I chuckled a little as my eyes turned misty. I remembered the PR team thinking that it was a terrible slogan, but it stuck, and everyone loved it. Making public transportation for everyone in the pack had been revolutionary at the time. Mooncrest was the only pack with a system like it in all of the Werewolf States. If there was one thing I told Devin not to change, it was all the public service programs my father put in place.

When my stop came, I stepped off and walked down the street to Wolfe Medical's headquarters. My stomach was in knots. I hadn't stepped foot in the building in so long, it felt odd to go in now, but I walked up to the door and watched the automatic door stutter and jerk until it slowly began to open. I frowned. There wasn't a maintenance sign-up anywhere. The lobby was empty. The screens that had been there before were gone. There wasn't even a receptionist at the desk.

Instead, there was one lone security guard.

He gave me a thin smile. "Alpha Wolfe, welcome."

"Good to see you," I said and headed to the elevator.

"I wouldn't," he said. "It's usually broken."

My lips twitched. "Thank you for the warning."

I headed for the stairs instead, walking up to the top floor. By the time I got to the top floor, I was panting and a little dizzy. I hadn't eaten much today. The floor was empty. I walked past

rows of empty cubicles, and a sinking feeling started to fill me. I reached the senior assistant's desk, but I didn't recognize the woman. She looked up and turned to lift an entire box of papers onto her desk.

"Hello, Alpha Wolfe. I've had the mail gathered for you and organized by date." Then, she put a letter on top. "As well as my month's notice."

I was frozen in place. My stomach plummeted. The woman couldn't have been any older than I was when I had married Devin.

"Could I... know why?"

"I have to pay my bills somehow," she said. "With all the layoffs, it's pretty obvious that I'd be on the list eventually."

I clenched my job and tightened my grip on my tumbler, before taking a deep breath. I glanced inside and saw bright notes saying "final notice" and "past due" before I looked back at her.

"Your recommendation will be fair as soon as I can review the HR records, but... I would appreciate it if you stayed the rest of the month, and if you haven't found a new job, considered staying on permanently."

She blinked but nodded. "Will you need help with the box?"

I shook my head and took it. "I'll manage. Thank you."

When I got to my office, I started opening the notices at the top of the box, scanning for due dates and amounts. My stomach turned. I felt ill with every notice I opened. Then, my phone rang.

"Claire? Are you in the office?" It was Gavin, the Mooncrest pack lawyer.

"I am. Where are you?"

He cleared his throat. "It seems you didn't know. Your husband fired me years ago, but I'm calling to offer my services pro bono if you want me. I heard from a friend how the divorce ended."

I sank into my seat. "T-Thank you, Gavin. I... I don't know what to do. Is there anything? There's a pile of past-due notices, I don't understand. Mooncrest has never had money problems. Wolfe Medical has never been in debt..."

"Who is the guarantor?"

"It just says the Alpha of Mooncrest."

He hissed. "Collateral?"

I frowned, looking for the information, and gasped as I saw a line of familiar addresses: they were all Wolfe Medical properties.

"Headquarters, the c-clinics, the factory?" I couldn't breathe. "G-Gavin..."

"We'll figure something out. I'm headed your way now."

I looked up at the portrait hanging across the room. The one of my father the day that he signed the ownership papers for Wolfe Medical's headquarters.

Hopeless tears slipped down my face even as my jaw tightened.

"Let me know when you get here."

I hung up and stared into my father's eyes, the exact same as mine.

"I'm sorry." I sniffled and dabbed at my eyes. "But I'm going to make this right."

Somehow.

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