

Chapter 0007

Charles

I hung up the phone and reclined in my seat, feeling victorious. Over fifty percent of Sharpe Medical Supplies was mine. Wolfe Medical would have no choice but to do business with me now, and that would be my chance. The longevity drug they were developing was going to take off in the market like a rocket, and I had to be on the ground floor. The thrill of winning, of going after a goal and achieving it would never get old, no matter how many businesses I flipped or how much money I made.

It was almost enough to lift my dark mood. Then, I caught sight of myself in the artfully arranged mirrors on the far side of the penthouse suite’s office. I hated this fucking haircut. I looked like a werewolf, and while that would serve me for all the business I planned to do in Mooncrest, I couldn’t wait for my hair to grow back to its original length. I should have gouged Silverstone’s Chief’s eyes out for challenging me in the first place, let alone cutting my hair with that illegal move. While taking more than half of everything he owned for losing the challenge and the jail time he would serve for his attempt on my life was nice, it was minor compared to naming another family chief family of his ancestral city. I’d made an example of him.

I smirked at the memory of the horror on the older clan chiefs’ faces. They would be hiding in their dens and rethinking their next moves for a good long while. It would give me enough time to figure out the best course of action to get a piece of Wolfe Medical. Due to the Werewolf-Lycan Ordinances, I wasn’t allowed to buy stock in any pack’s main business. Wolfe Medical was the main business of the Mooncrest Pack, and I couldn’t buy their patent rights when they got them either. Even if I could, Lycans didn’t have a single company that could do anything with it, and the drug wouldn’t have been as well received coming from a lycan company anyway. All I could do is invest in their business and make them a deal they couldn’t refuse. The investment I planned to make would be enough to get it through trials and onto the market quickly, my position on the board to help steer the company would make it fly off the shelves, and we’d all be making money hand over fist.

A knock sounded on the door. “Your Majesty?”

“Come in, George.”

George had been my assistant for over ten years, a loyal, powerful beta lycan who had proven to be one of the best assets I had.

“Something wrong?”

He gave me a thin smile, picked up the remote, and turned on the TV. Devin’s face filled the screen, the focus of an exclusive interview. I frowned and sat up, narrowing my eyes at the screen.

Devin had a serene smile on his face. The woman beside him was unrecognizable. I knew that he’d gotten married, but he hadn’t invited me. At the time, it had been reasonable. He was marrying a werewolf, and the tension between our races hadn’t cooled enough then. I went still as I shifted in my seat and watched the way the woman leaned into his side and the adoring look she gave him.

“She’s a lycan,” I said softly. “George?”

“Her name is Amy Greenvalley, an omega lycan from one of the eastern clans. I’m still looking into her and her family.”

I narrowed my eyes as Devin started to speak.

"Thank you all for coming. I wanted to take this moment to express my deep gratitude for finding my fated mate, Amy. As every lycan and werewolf knows, the mate bond is near impossible to resist." He smiled and turned to look at Amy. "From the first time I laid eyes on Amy, I was captivated, knowing I would spend the rest of my days with her."

Her eyes lit up, and she clung a little tighter to Devin. Her expression was open and honest, hopeful. Her hand drifted to her stomach in an unconscious gesture that made me go still.

“Devin’s going to be a father?”

“It would seem so,” George said. “I thought it would be of interest to you, among other things.”

I cocked my eyebrow at George’s tone. It was humorless and a little angry. Devin kept talking as I focused on George.

“What is it?”

“I imagine he will be contacting you soon regarding the wedding arrangements again.”

I frowned. “Why would he do that?”

He had an inheritance to which he had full access, and as far as I remembered, he was working in his wife’s pack. What would he need to be contacting me about it? He hadn’t even bothered to tell me he was getting married before going on television about it.

“He’s nearly emptied it.” George swiped across his tablet and offered it to me.