

Chapter 0009

Grace

“I’m so sorry, ma’am, but the terms of the loan agreement are clear.” The representative sighed again. “If you can’t come up with at least one payment by the next payment debt, we’ll have to foreclose on your house.”

I shuddered at the words. The woman had genuinely seemed sorry. I took note of her response and the amount before hanging up. The train glided to a stop in the middle of the most expensive section of Mooncrest. I got off the train, blinking back tears of frustration.

The National Werewolf Bank, and three other banks, held a second mortgage on the Wolfe family home, the Mooncrest pack house. If I lost it, we’d probably have to move in with Eason, but the scandal it would cause is what made me almost ill.

I couldn’t let Mooncrest be the only pack without a pack house. How could I have just trusted Devin so easily? How had I thought that by not asking questions that it would all be okay? That I could prove that I trusted him?

One second mortgage was one thing, but using it as collateral for two other loans that were meant to complete some emergency maintenance? The images of the application documents, the reasons that he’d put down on the pages flashed behind my eyes.

Lies, lies, and more lies: would it ever end?

I barely had a month left to find a solution to the mountains of debt that Devin had left me and Mooncrest with.

A cheater, a liar, and a swindler? I almost laughed. How had I ever thought he was a man worthy of my love? How could I have been so stupid?

I shook my head and headed down the street towards the Apex, the most expensive restaurant in Mooncrest, housed in the same building as the McKennon Hotel, the most lavish hotel in Mooncrest. I remembered when it was built and how proud my father was of it. It was also currently collateral for a loan that had been delinquent for nearly a year and would soon be repossessed in lieu of payment.

The shame of all of this was going to eat me alive until I had repaid every cent. I took the elevator which felt a bit like I was floating. I tried not to think about the way Charles had pushed me up against this same elevator’s wall a few days ago, ravaging my mouth as if he wanted to have me right there. I hoped his mate caught him, rejected him, and went on to live a blissful life without him, the same way I was going to live a blissful life without Devin as soon as I got everything he’d done under control. He’d taken five years of my life, joy, security, and happiness from me. He wasn’t going to take another moment if I could help it.

When I reached the Apex, I walked up to the front desk. The woman behind it looked at me a little warily. I tried not to flinch. I was in my best and only suit. It was a bit tight, but it fit well enough that I didn’t look like I was busting out of it.

“I’m here to meet with Sharpe Medical?”

She looked down and nodded before leading me toward the VIP tables. Each of them was placed beside the floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city and separated with artful panes of glass and mirrors. I hoped that the representative didn’t expect me to pay for this. I couldn’t even afford to eat here. They hadn’t even said what they wanted, and I hadn’t gotten a chance to look at any more of the company’s financial documents. Did Wolfe Medical owe them money for materials?

The hostess gestured to the table and left me there. I stepped up the single step and froze as I recognized the man sitting at the table by the window.

“Charles?” I asked, my eyes bulging as I stared at him in horror and shock.

Then, the anger that I hadn’t been able to show that night flared up as he stood and turned to me.

“A pleasure to see you again, Grace—”

“You have a lot of nerve,” I said, my breath hitching as I marched toward him. I stopped just out of his reach. “Is this a joke to you? Was this part of the plan?”

“Grace—” “You found me in that bar to what? Ease negotiations?” I glared at him. “Make me more acceptable to a bad deal?”

“If you would give me a moment—”

“No!” I hissed. “I might be desperate, but I have my pride. I don’t want to ever see you again. New owner or not, we’ll conduct all business over email or a third party. I don’t care how much Wolfe Medical owes Sharpe. I’m not meeting with you again.”

Comments (1)