

Chapter Four

Ryley

I was finishing stuffing my clothes into my last suitcase. The last two weeks flew by and now it was the day we leave for our home for the summer. Channing was over the moon when Mr. Miller delivered my bonus personally. And even though I was happy to give my son something he's been wanting and working hard for, my stomach twisted painfully. If I'm discovered, there will be no coming back. I'd been running from that life for seventeen years and now I was about to move into the wolf's den.

I sighed as I placed the suitcase on the floor and sat down on the edge of my bed. I regretted my decision as soon as I

accepted Mr. Millers' offer. And I was hoping Alpha Orion wouldn't agree to my demands. So imagine my disappointment when Isaac came back to my office later that day to get the exact date of when we could relocate and the details for the car. I should have been more demanding. I know The Orion pack is wealthy and I should have used that, But I wasn't that person to demand money. It wasn't about the money, it was about my simple life with my son.

I took in a deep breath as I tried to swallow down my fears.

"Mom, you ready?" Channing asked from the doorway of my bedroom.

"Ready," I answered, taking another deep breath.

"Everything will be fine, Mom. I won't let

anything happen to you," Channing said, giving me a side hug, as I stood up from the bed.

"It's not me I'm worried about. And I'm the parent here. I should be reassuring you." I told him and he chuckled.

"I'll always have your back, Mom. I'll take your bag out and you can lock up the house," he squeezed me tight before picking up my suitcase and leaving my room. Channing has always been the boy to see the glass as half full and never half empty. He was so full of life and enjoyed the unknown. I, on the other hand, feared not knowing. The last seventeen years have always been me not knowing how I was going to feed him, clothe him, or even how I was going to pay rent. I liked being in control.

I spent a few minutes going into every room to make sure nothing was forgotten. When I was satisfied everything was either off or locked, I locked the front door. Channing was already sitting behind the wheel of his car with the music blaring. I made eye contact with him before climbing behind the wheel of my SUV. It was packed full of all of our things. After finding a song I like, I started the four-hour drive with Channing following behind me. The further I drove from home, the house I worked so hard to buy, the further my stomach sunk. I couldn't shake the feeling that something bad was about to happen.

I was thankful my windows were heavily tinted as I pulled up in front of the Orion's pack house. I needed a moment to gather myself and to calm my nerves before

exposing who I was. A lone wolf. I was in the middle of deep breathing when my phone rang through the speakers. Blowing out a breath, I answered.

"Ryley Halliwell.'

"Miss Halliwell, this is Mr. Dillinger. I need your help with a matter of a personal nature." He said. I had worked on his accounts before, for his company, but never personally.

"Of course, Mr. Dillinger, what can I do for you?" I asked him.

"I need you to go over my personal finances. I believe my wife isn't being truthful and I need to prove it." He sighed.

"I'm already on a case but if you could email everything you'd like me to review, I

can try to get it back to you by Monday evening," I told him.

"Thank you, Miss Halliwell. Mr. Miller told me you were relocating for the summer and offered for someone else to handle this matter but I trust you. I know you are the best."

"Thank you for your trust and understanding. I'm sorry for your circumstances," I told him, sincerely. I only know him professionally, but he seems like a good man. He pays his employees well. And the turnover of his employees is very low. He can't be that bad if his employees are loyal.

"Keep me posted." He said before ending the call.

I'm never getting any sleep this weekend. I

sent Isaac a text to let him know that I would be looking into the matter for Mr. Dillinger. My phone chimed, alerting me to an unread email. Mr. Dillinger had sent me over everything he wanted me to review.

I placed my phone in the center console before going back to my breathing.

“Let’s get this over with,” I breathed out before opening the door and stepping out of my SUV.