

# The Omega's Twin Hybrids

## 5 - New Friends

~Grace's Point of View~

~Two Days Later~

“Enough with the cloak and dagger Vince, get on with it,” mom said, irritated.

I gripped the stress ball in my hand, I hadn't been able to let it go for two days. I was on complete information overload with no sleep and it wasn't gonna get better anytime soon.

The attorney made a face and held up a remote, turning on a TV in his conference room. Suddenly my dad's face filled the screen. He was seated at his desk, well my desk now.

“He made this two years ago,” Vince said.

“Hi bunny, hi Gracie,” he said, smiling.

My lip quivered, and instantly I hoped I'd get a copy of this. I didn't have many videos of my dad and it suddenly hit me that I'd waited so long to have kids, they wouldn't know him. He was an asshole sixty percent of the time, laser focused on the business and not so much being a dad. But he was a softie for me when I could get his attention. Somehow I thought if I just could have made him a grandpa, he'd have been a great one. Maybe it would have even gotten him to retire.

“If you're seeing this ... well, I'm not here anymore. I know fully well Gloria wants me to cut to the chase so here it is. I don't want a long, drawn out thing, I don't want any fighting over anything. Not that I think you would but it's for the best I make declarations. Gloria, you'll get three hundred million, mostly in cash, the rest in stocks. You'll get all the properties free and clear to do with what you want. That'll give you another \$80 million or so. The helicopter and plane are AC's so I'm sure you can figure that out on your own from now on. No more free trips to go shopping with your girlfriends.

Gracie I don't want you living at home anymore if you still are, anyhow. Get a place to call your own if you don't already. I know Gloria wants nothing to do with the company, and well, I don't want her to,” he said, throwing up his hands.

I wiggled my nose and looked at my mom who was nodding. Jeez Louise.

“So Gracie, the company is yours. I leave you all my shares, everything. You get all the rest of the cash, stocks, whatever. But you only get my vote and seat on the board if you get married. I

need to know that you're serious, that you've settled down. I hope your husband will be involved but it's damn important you trust him. I've already had a prenup ready and waiting with Vince since you were 18," he said, wagging his finger.

I made a face of annoyance. He never gave a damn about my personal life while he was alive! Now he's going to control it in death? Seriously??

He trusts me with a company and a shit ton of money but not his vote? What does having a man behind me have anything to do with it?!

I stole another glance at mom who couldn't look more bored. Certainly not bothered by the fact that I was being blackmailed into getting a husband?

"I have a minor list of some charitable contributions I want to make, that's about twenty million. Vince has a list. There were also five employees that were always my favorites, always stood out, went above and beyond. I'm privately and silently gifting them each a million dollars provided they sign an NDA not telling anyone else and by accepting it, they cannot leave the company for at least three years. Vince has an agreement already ready that I approved. They'll all take it, they are extremely loyal and they'll be good to you Gracie. Any of them will help you without protest anytime," he said, standing up with his hands on hips.

So ... damn thorough.

Though I was happy to hear it. I had a meeting later with finance and HR both about doing more for the employees. The cost of living increases each year weren't enough. I ran some of the salaries by the national average and was appalled. And my salary as CEO, jeez. What did I need so much for?

I felt my phone vibrating in my purse by my foot and tried to ignore it. But it kept going off.

"In short I just wanna say that having you both in my life has been amazing. Gloria even though we have hardly had a conventional marriage, I wouldn't have traded it for anything. Gracie, you're my sweetheart and you always will be my little girl but it's time you grow up honey. Make me proud," he said, blowing a kiss.

Without a second thought I reached up as if I could grab it and a tear rolled down my cheek. That was about the sweetest and most genuine my father had been in a long, long time. He then went on to make a couple of comments about how he just wanted to be cremated and didn't want a real funeral.

I looked over to see my mom already with her face in her compact, powdering her nose. I sighed and picked up my handbag.

"So? Shall I give you the number of daddy's realtor," she asked, before I had even gotten to my feet.

I gaped at her, but couldn't be too shocked.

"I'll find a place on my own, I'll be out in a couple weeks," I said, not even trying to act surprised. Truth be told, it was time. High past time and I was ready for some peace and quiet. No servants, no drama. Actually last night when I couldn't sleep, I had already started thinking about getting all new furniture and setting up a place.

"Oh, Grace," Victor said, as I was about to walk out.

I turned to give him my full attention even though my hand was on my phone, ready to look at it.

"Here's the five employees set to get a check. I have them all ready. My secretary will come to your office, say in an hour, she's a notary. She'll make sure everything is legit and bring me back the documents to keep in my safe, do you want copies," he asked. I nodded.

I quickly flipped open the file folder.

Michelle Sampson.

Expected that.

Etienne Packard.

Expected that, dad's traveling assistant.

Finch Jacobson.

Jack Jacobson.

I made a face. They have the same last name?? Are they brothers? Cousins? They don't look anything alike outside of both being huge! My dad's giving them a million dollars??

Fucking awkward!

I glanced at the last name on the list.

Violet Davidson.

Huh, no clue who she is.

By the time I made it outside my mom and her driver were gone. I shook my head and tapped on my phone to get an Uber. I realized I'd grabbed the work phone.

Text message: You doing okay? Need any help? -- Finch

I sighed and pressed my lips together. I wasn't going to answer him right now.

Grabbing my personal phone I had several messages from the staff about how to handle media questions. Well I was basically getting evicted, they weren't my staff anymore though it killed me to realize that.

My entire life had changed basically overnight, and I felt more lost than I ever had.

I managed to make it back to the office after stopping for an early lunch, knowing I may not get to eat for a while. Sure enough there were thirty some messages and two hundred emails. I seriously didn't picture my dad actually reading or writing emails. Does he just tell Michelle to do it?

BUZZ

Text Message: Do you want your dad's email to forward to you or just check both? - Jack

Definitely seems like something a lowly IT person could be handling. But at the same time it was kind of sweet. They could both act like assholes if they wanted. Maybe they were normally, I had no clue. Maybe they were just trying to make the best out of it... I had to hope.

Either way since they seemed to be invaluable to the company, according to my dad I could hardly risk pissing them off. I fired off a quick email to each recipient of my father's generosity and staggered their appointments twenty minutes apart so they hopefully wouldn't overlap. Then I grabbed my phone.

Text Message: I'm fine, thank you Finch.

Text Message: Please forward them and set up an auto reply on my father's indicating everyone is now to email me and provide the address, thank you Jack.

There we go. Professional. Keep it on the level. No dirty thoughts. No dirty talk.

PING

I quickly picked my work phone back up but there wasn't anything new. I searched for my own phone.

Text Message: We're more than available to help you relieve stress if you need it, boss.

I practically threw my phone like it was a hot potato. My face heated, then my entire body did. Closing my eyes I tried to focus, collect myself. It was impossible. How did they have my number?

Tossing my phones in the drawer I decided I'd just have to act like I didn't see it. Sure, I can do that, right?

The sudden throbbing between my legs protested and suddenly I had a visual of Jack on his knees under my desk, Finch standing next to me with his thick cock in my mouth.

Damn it!

KNOCK KNOCK

“Come in,” I croaked out, just barely.

Michelle popped in and strolled toward me, a huge pile in her hands.

“I’m hoping we could go over the schedule. Your father had it all in his tablet but he always liked me to tell him too. Really there’s always so much going on it probably is better to talk through it. He had another trip scheduled in two weeks in London and really, you’re not gonna want to miss that. It’s for the new launch,” she said, dropping the mass of paper on the corner of my desk.

New job, trying to find a place to live. But sure, let me go out of town too.

“I need to actually move out of my mom’s house. If I’m gonna do this I just really need my own space. Something low maintenance so probably a condo. Know of anywhere that might have an opening,” I asked.

She cocked her head to the side.

“Well the company owns a building and we actually put up many of the big wigs there. Astor Connects pays their HOA fees as a perk whether they own or rent. I’m on the top floor,” she said, winking.

Really?? What other secrets did you have dad? Literally, I had no clue about the building.

“Huh, I had no idea. Do you know if there are any vacancies,” I asked, leaning forward.

“No he kept it full, you know always wanting to make money. But there is his apartment,” she said, turning toward the far wall and moving a filing cabinet. She came back with a set of keys attached to a keychain that was a bottle opener. I made a face.

Dad didn’t drink beer. Scotch, whiskey, bourbon. My eyes landed on the little bar set up on the far wall.

“My dad kept an apartment,” I questioned, looking at the keys.

“Oh yeah. His thinking place he called it. When he was there he was off limits. At first I was sure he was keeping it to have an affair. I mean, that’s what men do, no offense. But I really just think he needed a place that was his you know,” she said, lost in thought.

“Can you text me the address and unit number,” I asked.

BEEP

“Ms. Astor, this is security, there’s a woman from McLaughlin and Fulkerson here to see you,” a man said.

“I’m expecting her, please show her to my office,” I said, then quickly welcomed Michelle to have a seat. I’d made her appointment first.

The two assistants were more than thrilled to become instant millionaires so they were actually fun to handle.

Next on my list was this mysterious Violet Davidson. The directory said she worked in the cafeteria. When it was time for her appointment, I wasn’t at all sure what to expect but it wasn’t what strolled into my office.

Some sixth sense immediately told me the woman was a shifter. She was large, easily six feet tall and classically pretty. But she also had a lumberjack kind of vibe.

“Grace Astor, pleased to meet you Violet,” I said, shaking her hand.

“I was wondering if your dad told you about our arrangement. I’m more than happy to continue it for you,” she said, giving a polite smile as she sat down.

Keeping a nice smile, I leaned against my desk.

“I’m actually not quite sure what your arrangement was but you’re here because he left you something in his will,” I said, gesturing to the notary sitting next to her.

“Oh! Grover didn’t have to do that. He’s done enough over the years,” she said, making gestures with her hands.

Grover?? Literally NO ONE called him that, or so I had always believed. Apparently dad is just totally full of surprises. I quickly asked the paralegal to give us a moment.

“What exactly was the nature of your relationship, you can speak freely really,” I said, falling in the now vacant chair next to her.

She drew a deep breath and gave a sly smile. No way, I just couldn’t picture it. I mean even if my dad was having an affair I just couldn’t picture it with her. She’d have crushed him, the man was barely 150 lbs.

“Well I’m a wolf shifter and have senses far surpassing a normal human. Working in the cafeteria I hear far more than anyone should have to hear. I’m often in break rooms, elevators delivering food around the building,” she said, again keeping her sly smile.

A light bulb went off in my head.

“You were dad’s ... spy? Did you keep tabs on people for him or something,” I said, a bit too eager.

Now that, I could see my dad doing. THAT made perfect sense.

She nodded as if remembering something funny. I couldn’t even possibly begin to imagine what she’s probably overheard.

“Oh well, then by all means if you’re willing to continue that arrangement I would be grateful,” I said, feeling relieved.

I had little desire to sit by a woman who’d slept with my dad. Yuck! Icky! I was honestly relieved.

“I’m not the only one though. There are a few other shifters around. I won’t out them though, please don’t ask that. If they want to come to you that’s of course fine,” she said, nodding.

There wasn’t a chance I’d put her in that position. I valued my privacy a whole hell of a lot.

“The board likes to eat here, I hear all of their conversations. A few were in for breakfast this morning and I have to tell you, they’re nervous. They don’t think you’re ready for this level of responsibility, they don’t think you’ll have a clue what you’re doing. So whatever I can do to help, just let me know. Let’s prove those bitches wrong,” she said, matter of fact.

I grinned and crossed my legs. I immediately loved this woman. Straight and to the point, no bullshit. Of course my dad loved her.

When I presented her with the money she cried, telling me about her four children and what it would mean to their lives. I gave her permission to tell her mate about the money, I mean she’d have to explain it to him. She was the only one out of the five who wasn’t single.

I quickly also discovered that she lived in the building dad owned, and didn’t rent. He’d gifted her the unit and considering it was three bedrooms I had to imagine it wasn’t cheap. But it seemed Violet was going to be my new best friend. She was worth every penny.

When she turned to leave she seemed to have something else to say. She surprised me by asking the paralegal to step out again.

“I have to ask honey but ... you do know you’re an Omega right,” she asked, cocking her head to the side.

I hopped to my feet, wringing my hands.

“Someone else asked me that! God can you explain it to me? How did you know,” I asked, dying for more information.