

Wolf Bait Novel Chapter 20

Silas and I both laugh when he growls lowly under his breath when we find Jacob and his mom laughing at the exit door that leads to the courtyard. He doesn't say anything, just storms past him.

Jacob doesn't say a word to me as Silas escorts us to wherever the hell my things are. A smile tugs at my lips because I know Jacob is going to put the moves on the Queen. In fact, I think he already is and she is one hundred percent falling for it.

He's dressed nicely. There's not a single hair out of place. He smells great and he trimmed his beard to the setting I put on his electric trimmer. I hope it works out for him and maybe I need to talk to the King about his insecurity of letting his mother be happy again. She deserves that after birthing not one but two a****es. Three if we add the little girl.

There is a team of Lycans ready to take what I want up to my room when we arrive. They've set everything up as if I were shopping at a bodega. The first thing I pick up is my urn. I growl at the Lycan that tries to take it from me as I tuck it under my arm. I hold up the black matte jar and smile.

"I missed you, Extra Crispy," I whisper to it.

"Just touch what you want to be taken up, Silas tells me. "You too, sir,

"Thank you Silas," Jacob says,

I walk around looking for my things and tap them as I go

"Can some of this be taken to the dome as well?" I ask him. He straightens up and nods before waving someone over. whispers to them and they nod handing him an old price gun with black stickers

"Black sticker on what you want in the office," Silas hands it to me.

"Thank you." I call out to the man. He bows and goes back to his position.

"You have an office?" Jacob asks.

"Thought you weren't talking to me,"

"What would you have me do, Pernicious? Jump for joy to hear the only person I have left is leaving me just like everyone. else?

"As opposed to what? Do you think these people are here because they want to be? I'm a f***g accessory. We were sold to these things as pet sl****s. They f*****g pat my head,

Jake. This is all I care about, I hold up my jar. "I love you, but the last time I trusted you. You let Calvin humiliate me in front of the entire pack for something you did.

I'm tired, Jacob I am so f***g tired of being in pain and angry all the time. I wake up with a knot in my belly every morning. My eyes hurt from not sleeping properly. My head literally feels like it's going to explode all day long. I haven't turned off my survival mode since my mother died and the only person who got me to calm down enough is in this f***g jar. So, excuse me if I don't have any more f****ks to give," done.

I continue to touch things and put stickers on them because that's what everything my mate ever got for me has been reduced to. He only kept a couple of frames and some extra linens and blankets. It didn't take long and when we were de Silas told us they were going to take everything down the stairs for a bonfire later.

"I know you haven't had it easy, Kid. You don't give yourself enough credit. You're the strongest person I've ever met and it kills me to see you trying to throw away something so special," he says when I head to the elevator to take my jar up to my room. "My son knew exactly what he had. He wouldn't change a thing about you. I know this kid is going to see it too,"

"I'm not going to change a single thing about me, Jake. I just want to write my epitaph before things get too embarrassing,"

I take my jar up to my room and start placing things around as wait to be called down for breakfast. Silas is the one who escorts me back down. Everyone is here and no one says a word as we eat breakfast together.

Back at the dome, things are starting to look like an office. There are a few desks on the platform and computers are still being updated. Silas is showing me what the King meant when he said he was working his allowance.

He's using the money granted to him by his own company to triple it by investing it in small payout companies. He then takes that money and puts it in his mother's account and that is what is used to keep their family assets from being sold. Including this village. James Prince is the biggest piece of shit I've ever come across and I know Alpha Du**** personally.

The Lycan Council is a lot like the Alpha King's. Except, there aren't as many Lycans as there are wolves and there's a whole lot more money involved.

Lycan Tech was founded by a man named A***ial Barton a hundred and fifty years ago. It's designed some of the most innovative tech for shifters ever. It owns smaller companies run by mortals and wolves.

When Darren was recruited into that company, his new boss was from the pack they had come from in England and gave him some really great advice. That's where I come

in: Morgan's family worked minimum wage jobs and six kids take care of Seven when they took me in.

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Money was stretched thin. I had a small inheritance from my parents and learned quickly that if I wanted to survive in the city. I had to keep my head down and let things work themselves out patiently. Observe, strategize, and execute.

There wasn't a lot I could do to help them legally. So, I chose numbers as a coping mechanism. Business mathematics, physics, and coding. Darren handed me five hundred thousand dollars when I was sixteen years old. Days after my first shift. I took that money and invested four hundred thousand in a new electronic currency project called Paw Coin and gave Morgan's parents the rest.

He was so mad, but it was the only way I could hide the money from what I really wanted to do with it. Had we taken it to the bank, his dad would have gotten in trouble for tax evasion. Paw Coin is now worth two hundred and seventy-two point eight credits to the dollar. My four hundred K turned into a hundred and ten million overnight. Give or take a couple of million.

I took half that money and bought my first piece of Lycan Tech shares the following morning and paid for the program that Darren designed for them. Then he sold it to them for ten times what we had invested and we were both offered jobs and full-ride scholarships to keep working for them.

When I turned twenty-one, I was offered the CEO position. I had a single term left to finish my degree and I turned it down. because I realized that I was living someone else's dream. Someone who didn't exist anymore. I didn't want any of it because the person I wanted to share it with was gone.

I became a head hunter for the company instead. Brought in the vampires, other alphas, mortals with deep pockets, and now it's time to bring the Lycans in. I had a lot of time on my hands and well, I joined the City's police force. I had tarnished any chance of me becoming acting Beta because of all the shit I did to Calvin and Morgan.

How crazy is it that I ended up here, Jar of Ashes? Everything you trained me for, I have to use to help a guy who paid two hundred thousand American dollars for me. That was all I was worth to the people you died to protect. To the people we bled for. Every asset we establish isn't going to keep our city from dying. It's going to save a race of monsters we've never even given a second thought to.

"What just happened?" Silas asks when the graphs on the screen change.

"We just went up twenty-six points on the stock market, someone else points out. The King turns to look at me.

"You didn't have to do that," he shakes his head own fifteen percent of your company now. Is that enough to get me on the board?"

"Yes," Silas nods.

"Great. Who else is on there James, the King answers. "He owns a third of it. It's his inheritance. Who's fifteen percent did you take?"

"Your Mom's. You should have more than enough money to stop using your allowance like this." I hand him his tablet back "We can use this money to get in with a little vampire girl in Magique City,"

"You want to go to Magique City?" he asks.

I don't. That place sucks, but we have to. If anyone knows what you're brother is doing with his money coming from this company, it's her. Until we can get a tracker on him, we go where the money goes. You're going to have to start making more friends, Big Guy. He's covering his tracks well. He's destroying everything and if he keeps this up, you have maybe five years before you and your family have nothing left and that's wishful thinking"