

Alpha Garrett: A Baby for Christmas

- Wolf Novel 15

[2,030 words]

CH 15

Harmony

She got changed in the ladies' room, and was a little surprised by the fit of the dress. It was

actually the right size, and fitted neatly to her waist, then had a long flowing skirt that fell to

below her knee.

She chuckled softly, it was very Christmassy indeed. With all those snowflakes on it and a

Christmas tree in tiny little glittering dots. She turned about as she looked at it, and the skirt swished about her legs; it would be good for dancing, she thought absently.

Harmony put that new necklace on and it kind of just completed the outfit. Her hand touched

it, it was small and simple by design, just how she liked her jewellery. She didn't know how

Garrett knew all of these things about her, but it felt nice to have a boss that paid attention to

the finer details.

Damien's gifts had always been bold statements that made her stand out. The one and only

dress he'd bought her had been a white strapless bodycon dress, and though it had been very

pretty, she'd been quite uncomfortable in it. It had fitted her well but was not really her style.

She'd worn it to his father's New Years party two years ago, as he'd requested her to, he'd gone

on about how beautiful she'd looked in it to all his friends and family, had his hands on her all

the time, slid it over her hip or down her side when talking about the designer of the dress she

was wearing.

She'd thought it was more about the dress designer than her in the actual dress, he was all

about brand names and designer clothing. Though that was the first time she'd seen him be

like that with her, talking constantly about her figure and how the dress showed that off

perfectly. She'd been a little more than embarrassed, and had asked him to stop in the end.

He'd laughed and stated "Why? You're beautiful, and this dress shows everyone I have the picture-perfect girlfriend, body, looks and brains, the whole package." he'd told her. Harmony pulled herself from her thoughts and shook them off.

She didn't mind fitted clothes, but skintight, like that dress had been, made her feel uncomfortable. He didn't seem to care about that. This dress that she was now wearing

was more suited her taste, and the season as well. She really liked it.

Harmony stepped out of the ladies' room and smiled as she saw Wyatt, Ryan and Dallas,

Garrett's CEOs walking down the hallway wearing red and white Christmas dress shirts, and

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+3 Point

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red slacks, they all matched each other and the season as well.

"Ah it fits, I see." Wyatt stated as he looked at her.

"Yes, did you know?" she asked right back, indicating the dress.

“Mm, Garrett had to call his mother about attire for you today. She guessed your dress size.”

“And got it right.” Harmony smiled “I like it too,” she stated.

“That was all Garrett,” Wyatt chuckled. “Wandered about to find the right dress for you.”

She saw Ryan and Dallas both look at Wyatt more than surprised, and he nodded at them, “Do you like Christmas, Harmony?” Ryan asked her.

“Yes.” She answered “I have many wonderful family memories around the Christmas tree. Are you all headed downstairs now?”

“Yes, see you down there.” Wyatt nodded, and she watched him put a hand on both Ryan and Dallas’ necks and practically march them off down the corridor to the elevators.

She chuckled and shook her head, walked to her desk and placed the box on it, she’d put her suit in there so it wouldn’t be left out for all to see. Her hand hit the desk and the other

pressed against her stomach as she felt pain and cramping in her abdomen. This would be the second time today that had happened.

She had to close her eyes and breathe through this one though, it was a little more on the painful side than the last one. She was standing there taking in long deep breaths when a hand touched her arm. She opened her eyes to find Garrett looking right at her “Harmony, are you alright?” he asked, and she could hear the concern laced in his voice.

“Mm.” she nodded “Cramps, a bit more than normal pain.” She waved him off “It’ll pass.” She stated and then hurriedly apologised as she realised what she’d said. It was improper

conversation for the office.

He waved it off and stated, “As long as your not sick and need medical attention?”

She’d shaken her head and the cramps had eased off, and she finally looked at him and his

attire, “Your shirt matches my dress.”

“I know.” He smiled right at her and his hand fell away as he looked her over “I picked your dress myself.”

That pattern on his shirt was almost exactly the same as the one on the skirt of her dress, and he was wearing black slacks not red like his CEOs. Their outfits matched perfectly, she thought absently.

2/5

49 Points

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“Are you ready to go downstairs for some Christmas fun?” he asked.

“I could use it this year.” She nodded and stepped out from behind her desk, they walked together down to the elevator, and he flicked that bell on her Santa hat “Are you going to wear this all night?” he smiled at her.

“Yes.” She chuckled “It’s the Christmas party, so it’s fitting. Where is yours?” she questioned

him right back.

“I’ll not be wearing it unless mother makes me.” he chuckled as they got in the elevator. “She’s

already got the happy Santa hat photo, I believe.”

Harmony smiled “Mm, I know nothing about that Garrett.” And they both laughed.

She stepped out of the elevator with him and into the foyer of the office building. She’d not had

reason to come down here at all today, and the place was filled with tall bar tables with long

white and red table cloths draped from them with bowls of candy and snacks in the center of

each table.

Many of the employees were already there talking and mingling with each other, drinking from wine glasses or champagne flutes. There was Christmas music playing in the background,

and lots of chatter could be heard. The foyer was fully decorated with big garlands and pretty

baubles of sparkly red, black and white.

But it was the massive Christmas Tree that shocked her completely. It stood at least 15 feet tall. "Oh my goodness." She gasped up at the sight of it, still un-decorated but amazing.

Garrett chuckled from next to her "There's more, just wait till the lights go out at seven."

"What?" she asked, turning her eyes on him.

He smiled right at her. "Go mingle, I'm on tree duty with the boys." And then he was gone off across the foyer to where his CEOs and parents were standing, she made her way over to where all the tables were, and found the other women she knew from the 12th floor and stood

with them.

Watched as Garrett and his family, his CEOs and a bunch of who she could only think were hired helpers decorate that tree while they all laughed and talked and joked with those around

them.

"Is it always like this?" Harmony asked Kaylie, Dallas' secretary.

"Yes, Deidre is big on Christmas, it's a very festive affair every year here at the company. I believe their home is just as decorated as well. Deidre is big on all holiday events. This is her

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+8 Point

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specialty though.”

“I think I’m going to like working here.” Harmony smiled at her.

“Everyone does, it’s a good company and the Owens’, they look after all their employees. Easter is the other big splash out. They have all the employees’ children *come for* Easter egg

hunts up at their estate. It’s lots of fun.”

She smiled and shook her head, but loved it. Declined the glass of wine or champagne offered

to her by a passing waitress, with a slight shake of her head and her words of “I don’t drink.”

And was handed a flute of orange juice instead.

There was plenty going on in this room and many couples danced on the designated dance floor, including Garrett’s parents. There was food brought down to the foyer at 5pm, and she didn’t think she’d ever seen so much in her life. Tables upon tables of all kinds of delicious looking and smelling foods, everything she could think of was there for her to try. And she was

more than hungry, went back for seconds.

There was a lot of laughing, and she got introduced to many more people here at the company

and had her photo taken as part of the groups standing around. She was really enjoying herself, it was a grand party where everyone was happy.

Then at ten to seven she saw Garrett up at the top of the Christmas tree in a harness, sitting up there smiling down at everyone, as he called their attention to him. The whole place went quiet, and he made a speech from up there, and looked more than comfortable to her five

meters off the ground.

He talked about the year they’d had, and the company’s continued success that he saw for the future, praised all his employees for working hard and welcomed all the new employees.

He smiled right at her from way up there, as he stated that one. Then he placed a large snowflake up on the very top of the tree and the lights all suddenly went out, and there

was a countdown going on: 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. Then that snowflake lit up and to her amazement projected many other snowflakes up onto the ceiling above it, and they all swirled and rotated around.

She gasped in awe, as did many others, it was utterly stunning to look at and the lights down in the foyer started to come back on along the walls but none on the ceiling, giving the entire place what she felt was more of a romantic Christmas atmosphere. She sighed softly to herself as she leaned her chin on her hand on the table and looked up at the ceiling, this company really did know how to put on a show for its employees.

Garrett was standing next to her a few minutes later with a drink in his hand. "What do you

think?" he asked her.

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+8 Paint:

She stood up and smiled "Amazing." She told him honestly "How are you going to top this next

year?"

Garrett laughed heartily "You know I ask my mother that every year. She's the one that manages to outdo herself each and every time."

"So, this is not you?"

"No." he shook his head "Mother loves Christmas and I can tell you, she's likely already planning next years in her mind. All the company parties and gala's or charity events held are mothers doing." He sipped his drink "It was her actual job title when she met my father."

"She was a party planner?" Harmony asked.

"No, a wedding planner." He smiled right at her.

"Ah, no wonder she's itching to get you out there dating." Harmony nudged him.

"Mm," he nodded and leaned on the table "Itching to plan her only son's wedding. Both my sisters are already married, I'm apparently holding out on her." he sounded amused to her and

there was a twinkle in his eye.

“You’ll get married when you find the right girl or when you’re ready.” She nodded.

“Tell her that.” He stood up “Goddess, here she comes now, and with someone she wants me

to meet.” She watched him down his drink, then he leaned over and murmured in her ear “I’m

outta here.” and was then just gone, off into the crowd.

She chuckled as she heard his mother call out his name after him.

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[2,119 words]

CH 16

Garrett

He sat in his Alpha’s office inside the packhouse, with the society page open and smiled as he looked at all the pictures from the company’s Christmas gift giving, and their Christmas party last night. It was a full two–page spread and there was an article about how happy the employees were; a list of some of the gifts given.

There was a picture of him up there putting that tree topper on, him sitting in that safety harness, and next to it the ceiling all lit up with those projected snowflakes, though the

one he liked the most was the one of himself and Harmony, laughing together in the conference room on the 12th floor, right after she'd unwittingly tilted his Santa hat.

She looked very happy smiling up at him, and that was his goal for these pictures, to see her happy in them. There was another one of just the two of them together, at the Christmas Party all dressed up, in matching outfits even. It was titled 'Harmony Preston matches her new boss, outfit and cheekiness' and a small piece about how she'd been seen tormenting Garrett with his mother right there, showing how happy she was in her new job.

It went on to state that she had previously worked for Blackwell Industries; that their loss was Owens Constructions gain. How she'd moved on to bigger and better things. He'd liked that little spin Racheal had put on Harmony's change of career, he was much bigger and better looking than Damien Blackwell.

There was a photo of him smiling at her at the Christmas party. He had a drink in his hand and was leaning on the table she'd been standing at. Right before his mother had been

hunting him, they'd been chuckling at each other.

There were also photos of his unit with their Mates, and one of his mum and dad dancing out on the dance floor and many others of his employees at that party. Harmony had been seen in three other pictures chatting happily with her new co-workers, it had been a very lively party, and he'd gotten home late to the pack.

Harmony had not touched a single drink all night, he'd heard her state she didn't drink anymore. And he knew why, after the last time she'd been plied with alcohol, she had blacked

out and forgotten everything, including s*x with him. That was a little disappointing to him,

but better for their employment situation.

He had a few meetings lined up today and tomorrow even though it was the weekend, as he and Rachael were getting ready to enact phase two of his plan, to humiliate Damien

1/5

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+8 Points

Blackwell; that was going to be enacted on Monday. He couldn't let it out today and have that boy overshadow his own company's events, with the slyly made announcement that Harmony.

was now his secretary.

His mother walked in and frowned at the suit he was wearing. "Business today? On the weekend?" she questioned him.

"Yes, and tomorrow, just a brunch and lunch is all. Did you see?" he waved the newspaper at

her happily.

"I did." She smiled at him. "Now on to bigger and better things" she chuckled softly, "Plans for

New Years."

"Mother, Christmas is still five days away." he shook his head.

"Yes, but planning takes months in advance." She nodded "Now have you made your decision

as to where you will be going for New Years. Which party you'll be attending?"

"No." he shook his head, there were four invites on his desk; a private party at the Donavan

Estate, a local, wealthy man, that was in bed with the Mayor and big into politics.

A Party at the Winslette House, a grand hotel owned by Bratley Winslette, Garrett had built that man's hotel for him, and was signed on to build the next four in the chain as well. A good

deal had been reached between him and the Winslette Hotel Chian.

Then there was the Colton's event; the other pack in the city, whose head office was on the other side of the city. They were affiliated, and heavily into banking, and held a grand New Years' Event every year. Not in their pack territory, but at their head office across the City.

The top floor of their head office was a massive ballroom with a full glass domed ceiling. He'd attended their New Year's Eve event a few times over the years, last year in fact, and there had

been a lovely masquerade ball, and an amazing fireworks display to go with it.

But also on his desk this year was an invitation to the Blackwell Industries Gala; 'A Splendorous Event'. It was titled and underneath it was written 'Come and enjoy the grandeur of the new year ring in,' full formal attire required, three-piece suits and gowns that drop to the

floor.

It was their way of politely stating no skimpy clothing or short dresses to be worn, those that got the invite were all going to be high society, and would understand the meaning. Not

cocktail dresses allowed for the girls on the boys' arms.

He'd gotten it two months back after competing against the Blackwell's for a bid on a build, which his company had won, but Mr Gregory Blackwell had also been trying to get him on

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+8 Point

side, so they could work together and create a harmonious business enterprise at times.

He was actually due to have a business meeting with him on Christmas Eve. It was going to be an interesting meeting, Garrett now thought. He'd not yet spoken to him about his son's behaviour inside the Triple Moon club he owned. But Gregory knew he owned it, and he'd been

the one to pay the bill.

Although that bill had not had Garrett's name on it specifically, it had *come* from the nightclub manager. It was likely Gregory understood that Garrett would have been informed about the inappropriate behaviour of his son, within the club's VIP room.

He had a feeling that was what this meeting was actually about. He'd called to get an appointment with Garrett a few days after the bill had been sent, and he suspected that Gregory was interested in buying the footage from him to stop his son's disgraceful behaviour getting out. Garrett had his secretary put him off telling that man he was busy right up until

Christmas Eve. Gregory had taken the appointment regardless.

But come Monday's reveal and phase two starting, which was going to show Gregory's son in a not-so nice light, inside his nightclub, with Harmony looking on horrified and devastated at his cheating ways. Along with the photo's of Damien's hands on Chloe Silverton at the bar, of him kissing both Chloe and Harmony that very night at different times, and the boy caught with his pants down, literally. He had a feeling that meeting was either going to be canceled or

brought forward to Monday afternoon even.

His meetings today and tomorrow, however, were to speak to some of those that Harmony had interviewed for over the past few weeks, to discuss the reference checks they'd gotten on her.

He was looking to see how much mud was now attached to Harmony's name. He was out to

clear all of that up as well.

No one was going to be allowed to slander his secretary, not when he knew she'd done nothing wrong. That relationship she'd had with Damien was over the moment she saw him cheating on her. He knew that. So him and Harmony was not to be considered as her cheating,

just a little bit of payback for her scumbag of a boyfriend.

Today's appearance in the paper was all about showing Damien and the Blackwell's. She now worked for his company and was going to be standing right next to him. He had a feeling that was going to tick Damien right off, considering that boy knew Harmony had, had s*x with

Garrett that night.

He'd never actually had the displeasure of meeting Gregory Blackwell's boy before that night.

Now he would learn not to mess with things he had no right to be involved in, certainly not

3/5

CH 16

+3 Points

Garrett's people. He wasn't certain if Damien was supposed to be in that meeting he was due

to have.

But if it was to go ahead, it was likely he would be made to be after Monday's articles came out, though that meeting wasn't to be in his office and Harmony would not be there, but he would enjoy smiling right at that boy. If not for his cheating ways, Harmony never would have fallen into Garrett's lap. A smile touched his lips at that very thought; she had tripped and

fallen right into his lap.

His mother cleared her voice and brought his attention back to her. "Apologies mother, my

mind wandered."

"I saw...a girl perhaps?" she asked curiously.

He chuckled softly "Yes, actually..." then held up a hand to stop the million questions he knew was about to be fired at him "Harmony is being bad-mouthed by Damien Blackwell." He stated

simply, he didn't need to lie to her.

She frowned in an instant. "Harmony, as in your new secretary?" she indicated to the paper

and a picture of the girl.

"Mm, she is his ex-girlfriend. She caught him cheating on her, saw it, in fact. And now he's out

to ruin her good name, it seems."

His mother huffed, sounding annoyed by this. "She's such a nice girl."

"I think she'll be good at her job, is friendly and professional." He nodded himself.

"I like the girl, she asked a lot of questions, but also did her research on our company as well, had good knowledge to impart back to me during our orientation... What is the slander?" she

asked.

He let her listen to the voice recording from his phone call the other night and then the other

two as well, including Mr Williams.

“Mr Williams?”

“Was Harmony’s actual boss within the company, she was his paralegal.” Garrett stated simply, honestly.

“Right, so it’s all lies on Damien’s part.” She muttered, and he heard the anger in her start to rise, which was just what he wanted. She was head of human resources and now would be on her own mission to find out just what happened.

“I heard she quit, mother. Slapped him in the workplace.”

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+9 Points

“I don’t care about that, wolves are aggressive by nature... Oh!” she suddenly chuckled
“Forgot

she was human for a minute there.”

He laughed himself, “Yes, she’s a defenceless human that he tried to stop from working, in any field at all, which meant she wouldn’t be able to pay rent or be able to feed and clothe herself. Would have ended up on the street homeless.” It was all actually true if she couldn’t get a job. How was she supposed to pay for food and rent, utility bills?

Though a part of him thought it was maybe designed to have her have to go back to him, begging Damien or his family for their help? He’d seen wealthy people *do* that, gave them some sort of leverage over the one they targeted, did it for varying reasons that suited them.

“You’re dealing with him, right?” she asked now. She’d been on the receiving end of slander herself when dating his father. She’d been labelled as many things, one being that she was

sleeping her way to the top.

“Yes.” He nodded “I’ll hit that boy where it hurts, on Harmony’s behalf.”

“If there’s trouble son...”

“I’ll bring her in, till it blows over.” Garrett nodded, and he would, right into this packhouse where she would be perfectly safe and unreachable to anyone in the Blackwell’s circle. They

were all just human.

“I’ll set up a room just in case. A nice suite for the girl on the first floor.” She nodded “I’ll respond to the Blackwell invitation myself right now.”

“Leave that mother, for now. I might want to go and annoy that boy on the night.”

She was staring at him now, really looking at him, he’d just drawn her full and undivided attention, and he knew it. “Is there perhaps something about young Harmony, I need to know, son?” she asked, leaning forward ever so slightly.

“No mother,” he shook his head, but understood she was indirectly asking him if Harmony was

his human mate.

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[1,896 words]

CH 17

Harmony

It was Monday morning, and she was sitting having breakfast at her kitchen counter when her phone rang. It was barely 7am, and she glanced at the caller ID, then frowned as she registered it was Damien’s number. She had deleted him from her call list but not gone so far

as to block the number.

She didn't see a reason as to why he would ever call her again. They were over, done and dusted, he'd ruined them, and had already moved on as well. Was out there being seen with Chloe on his arm, she had clearly been nothing to him at all. Three years of her life with him, and it meant absolutely nothing to that man.

She sat and chewed on her mouthful of toast as she debated whether to answer the call. She

had no reason to pick it up and speak to him, not after what he had done; sabotaging her career path. She couldn't even fathom a reason as to why he would want to talk to her. It had

been weeks now, and he'd not cared once to contact her.

She'd quit on the day, after showing him that footage of him and Chloe, even though he'd tried to play dumb about it. She was no longer a part of his life, so there was no reason to call her,

as far as she was concerned.

She reached out and dismissed the call. She didn't want to talk to him. Returned her attention to her breakfast and flicked through the Christmas catalogue that was on her counter, she'd not really gone out and bought herself anything yet, had now returned all the gifts she'd purchased for his family, on the weekend.

She wasn't about to have anything to do with the Blackwell's ever again, there was nothing she wanted from any of them. She saw a message come through from him a moment later, an angry all-capitalization message 'PICK UP THE BLOODY PHONE WE NEED TO TALK.'

She shook her head, there was nothing to talk about and when the phone rang again she dismissed it once more, he would get the message soon enough. That not only didn't she want to talk to him, she no longer had to. They were nothing to each other now. She couldn't think of a single reason as to why he would want to talk to her or be angry with her like that.

He'd made his choice, and that choice was Chloe Silverton, his long-time childhood friend. Well, Chloe could have him from now on, if she wanted him that badly, he was now hers.

Her phone rang again, and she sighed as she looked at it, persistent bastard, she thought, as

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she once again dismissed the call, then just blocked his number so he couldn't call, she didn't

need nor want to talk to him.

Though she did now wonder just what he wanted after all these weeks, what was it that was making him call her so incessantly? She frowned and looked around her apartment, got up

and walked about as she thought about the gifts that man had given her over the course of

the past three years.

She walked into her bedroom and opened the draw of her dressing table and in there was a

black velvet box. She picked it up and opened it, a pretty broach, but she also knew it was a family heirloom. He probably wanted it back, to give to Chloe for Christmas. She huffed a little, it was the only thing of real value she could think of.

It was time for the rest of the clean out, she supposed. She, however, did not have an empty box in her apartment, pulled out her small carry-on luggage and placed that box in there. She would send it all back to him, everything he had purchased for her over the years, she would keep nothing. She no longer had a need of it.

If Chloe wanted her seconds she could have it all. She went through her, wardrobe and pulled

out that white dress he'd bought her, folded it up and put it in there, slid her hand along the

items in there and pulled out her favourite cashmere sweater, a soft pink sweater that she actually really did like, folded it up and put it in there.

Collected the two Silver photo frames he'd given her, pictures of him and her already in them,

though they were empty of photos now, and put those in there as well. There was a pretty cut crystal bowl. She walked about and looked at everything, anything he'd bought, no matter how

small it was, she would send it back to him. A clear statement that she was severing ties with

him and there was no need for him to ever contact her again.

She put the suitcase by the door as she went to pull on her winter coat and realised as she reached for it, Damien had bought her that as well. It was actually the first thing he'd bought

her, though it had only been when they were dating, not officially as a couple. He'd told her she didn't have a proper winter coat, and before they'd gone to that movie on their second date he'd stopped and bought her this very coat.

She huffed and took it off, folded it up and put it in that suitcase too, the bloody thing was

hard to close now. She headed back into her bedroom to grab a new coat and didn't really

have a long winter one, she realised, hadn't needed a second one, she didn't see a need to double up on things like that, though she knew Damien had half a dozen winter coats.

All she had now was a button-up cable knit sweater to pull over her suit, she looked down at

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+B Point

her bare legs, nope, she needed long pants today if she had no proper winter jacket.

She changed her skirt for a pair of slacks and then slipped that sweater on over the top. It wasn't exactly professional looking, but she could take it off when she got to the office. The building was warm inside. She was going to have to go out and buy a coat. That was not

going to be cheap.

She was walking from the car park to the office checking her bank balance to see if she could squeeze into her budget a new winter coat, when she was suddenly surrounded by people, all asking her rapid fire questions.

"Miss Preston, how do you feel about what Damein Blackwell did to you?"

"Do you know how long he was having an affair?"

“Was that engagement ring meant for you or Chloe Silverton?”

“Tell us how you feel?”

Harmony stumbled to a standstill and looked at them all confused. She could see they were all reporters but didn't understand their sudden presence in her life. She looked at them all surrounding her and tried to take a step and push passed them, but couldn't.

“Are you going somewhere, Miss Preston? Why the suitcase?” another asked.

“Are you running away?”

“Um... I'm sorry I don't know what you're all talking about.” She stuttered out.

Then there was movement and the crowd was being pushed back, and a large hand curled around her arm, she looked up to find Garrett and his CEOs all standing in front of her, blocking her from view.

“Miss Preston will make no comment at this time.” She heard Garrett state, and then she was being pulled along next to him, his three CEOs between them and the reporters.

“What is going on?” she hissed up at him. Still not understanding.

“Have you not seen the society pages of the paper this morning?” Garrett asked her as they stepped into the office building and his security all stepped up to bar the reporters from coming inside the foyer.

“No, I don't really look at the society pages.” She answered honestly. It wasn't her thing, she didn't really care about people's fashion or who was dating who in the rich and famous world of their city. She tried to get by quietly and unnoticed, for the most part, she was only ever in there herself, if she was seen with Damien and that was a him thing. Not a her thing, she'd

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+B Point:

rather not have been seen in there at all.

He was looking down at her now. She watched him look at her woolen sweater and then the suitcase in her hand. “Where's your winter jacket? It's freezing outside, and where are you going?” he asked as he motioned to her suitcase.

“I’m not going anywhere. I didn’t have a box to put things in.” she addressed what she thought would be his most pressing concern, seeing that he was her boss and she’d only been working

for him for all of two days.

“My winter jacket.” She sighed, that was a whole other issue, “I’ll be returning that to the person that purchased it for me, along with all the other stuff he gave me.” she stated simply.

“Right.” Garrett nodded, and they were all walking once more. “You can’t get about the city in that, you’ll freeze to death.” He muttered.

“It’s not so bad, and I only need it from the car to the front door.” She stated as they stepped

into the elevator.

He was staring at her once more “As for the reporters.” He stated, looking out at them all out there, “You and Damien Blackwell, Chloe Silverton are all in the paper this morning.”

“W... What?” she stuttered up at him, “Why? How?” she couldn’t even seem to formulate words. Then it dawned on her that was why Damien was calling, he’d already seen it, it was his first go to page, to see if he was in there. Liked seeing himself splashed in the papers. Recalled now the questions that had been fired at her from the reporters, and bit her lip. ” That’s why he called.” She muttered to herself.

Then she wondered just how bad it was? Did Garrett now know the extent of her actual break-up? Was it going to be seen as something that would mar his own company’s reputation? Him by extension? “How bad is it?” she murmured, dropping her eyes away from

him.

“Who called you?” Garrett asked her and she frowned up at him.

“Huh?”

“You just muttered “That’s why he called.”

“Oh,” she nodded, “Damien called me this morning, but I didn’t pick up.” she shrugged. “Didn’t see I had to.” Now a part of her was glad she hadn’t, he would likely have just yelled at her, if it was putting him in a bad light, and if as Garrett had just stated it was herself, Damien and Chloe. Then it was likely his cheating on her had been published for all to see.

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+8 Point

“I think we should discuss this privately,” Garrett stated as they arrived on the 12th floor. “We’ll

use my office.” He commented as they stepped out of the elevator.

Watch Ads (0/20) >

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,930 words]

CH 18

Garrett

It was out for all to see, and he was already tracking the trends of it. Damien was taking a hell of a hit to his reputation. That made Garrett happy, there was plenty of bad-mouthing going on about the man cheating on his long-time girlfriend. People were commenting on how callous he was to cheat on her, while she was right there in the club.

There were even a few comments that stated they’d been there that night; it was Damien’s birthday along with a work Christmas party. Other comments were that Damien and that girl, Chloe, had been seen to be removed from the club by two of Garrett Owens’ own men, Ryan Mills and Dallas Delaney, CEOs of Owens Construction. That Damien had been manhandled

out of the club and tossed out on the street.

There was a bit of backlash aimed at Harmony for being drunk and not knowing what her boyfriend was up to, but others commented that it wasn't her fault, that her boyfriend was a

cheating pig of a man.

It was going viral out there and the local netziens, lurkers and posters were all having there say about what they saw and were reading. Some neutral, some not. There were some bad and some real ugly things being published about that boy.

He'd expected all of this, had weighed up the pros and cons of what was going to happen, and he'd taken Rachael's own opinion of it into account, how she thought things were going to fall. He'd listened to her, and she'd told him Harmony would get a bit of backlash, but mostly to do with her being not a socialite and, therefore, how could she hang onto a man like Damien, when Chloe had grown up with him and was more suited to him status wise.

That it would be those from Damien's own world that would likely start those threads to be commented on. It was to be expected, and it would blow over in time. As long as Harmony could tough it out, she'd be just fine because, in the end, she'd done nothing wrong.

Now here it was, out for them all to see how deceitful a man Damien Blackwell was, how he'd been caught and publicly so, risked his own reputation and for what? s*x in a nightclub. Gregory Blackwell was likely blowing a gasket in that home of his, and hauling his son in to

have serious words with him.

Garrett and his unit were headed for the office all walking together when he heard it, his hearing picking up dozens of questions all being fired off at once, and he realised the press were here, and had likely cornered Harmony on her way to the office this morning. He'd

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CH 18

+3 Prints

thought they would all head for the Blackwell Estate or head office to try and get Damien's

There were only half a dozen of them here, he realised, as he rounded the corner to see them all surrounding her. He and his unit made their way through the crowd and

blocked her from view, though he was unhappy about seeing her, she was dressed differently today.

Not in a suit like she would normally wear and no big winter jacket, and she needed that. It was freezing cold, though it was the suitcase she was carrying that bothered him greatly. Had she decided to run away? Was she dressed down like this so as *not to* be recognised and was

the suitcase filled with clothes for her to leave after telling him she was quitting?

He was a little disappointed in her to think she might be running away, when he was just trying to clear her name. He'd not thought she was the type to run away and hide. Hadn't left the city after breaking up with Damien, so why now?

Then, to hear her tell him she wasn't going anywhere, that saw relief flood through him, and he relaxed a little. Her winter jacket, she was giving it back. That suitcase was filled with Damien Blackwell's gifts for her, he realised, and she was ridding herself of all of them right down to

the winter jacket she owned.

He could deal with that. He made sure that none of the press would be getting inside this building, had his warriors stand by the entrance, and though they looked like security guards to the outside world, and some reporters would think they could brush passed them, it

wouldn't happen.

A slight roll of his warriors auras in those reporters' directions would see them all back off and out of the building, and they were allowed to do that. To protect those within this building. Humans and wolven alike. He gave the order for them to use it if necessary via a mind-link to

them all.

He needed to get her into his office and discuss this with her. He watched as Wyatt asked for her suitcase, stated he'd deal with it and Harmony shake her head. "I'll sort it out myself. I'm just going to have it all sent over to him."

"I'll do that for you," Wyatt commented and held his hand out to her.

"I'm capable of returning his things to him." Harmony looked at Wyatt, and he could hear the annoyance in her voice at being told to hand it over. Was likely very used to doing things

herself.

"I'm sure you are Harmony. But here at Owens Construction we work as a team. I'll return those and make sure he or his family gets them personally, so he can't say he never did."

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+ PH

"There is no need for that, I'm just going to courier them to him, once I get a box from storage."

"I can do all that." Wyatt stated, "Please allow me to deal with him." And he reached out to take that suitcase from her. "I don't much like the boy, it would give me great pleasure to

return these to him."

He watched Harmony huff a little, after her and Wyatt stared each other down for a full minute in complete silence. He nearly laughed, she had no idea who she was challenging. Luckily for her, Wyatt liked the girl, and he wasn't at all offended by her staring him down. Probably thought it was amusing deep down inside.

"Fine, get it signed by him or one of his actual family members, there's a Blackwell family heirloom in there." Harmony finally backed down first, and he saw Wyatt smile, liked that he'd

won their battle of wills.

"I know how to get proof of receipt." Wyatt nodded and walked off taking the suitcase with

him.

He watched Harmony stare after the man and then sigh and mutter, "I could have done it

myself."

"Come into my office, Harmony," Garrett asked as she headed for her desk.

She *looked* at him herself, didn't *look* to be too happy about it, but he needed her to know what was *going* on out there, he doubted those reporters were going to just go away. She nodded, and he watched her take off that sweater and there under it was her suit.

He smiled a little, light blue today, and he noted she was still wearing that snowflake pendant

he'd bought her.

It matched the outfit even, he liked that she still wore it. He waited and waved her to his sitting area, a three-seater leather couch and two matching single chairs with a rosewood coffee

table between them on a nice soft cream coloured rug.

She sat down, and he walked over and collected his laptop from his desk. He'd been reading everything on a hand-held tablet in the car, but better for her to see it in large print. He sat right next to her and smiled. She smelled lovely today, sweet like cinnamon sugar, made him want to go and eat a donut. She was making him hungry, he realised, and he'd had breakfast already; that was odd.

Garrett shook it off and focused on the here and now, logged into the newspaper and the society pages so she could see what had been reported this morning when the online version of the newspaper had been released. It was delivered to the newsstands at 5am, ready to be

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CH 18

sold to commuters by 6am. But the online version around here went up at 4am, so by the time

she woke up this morning it was already there for everyone to read.

He turned it to face her and sat and watched her just look at what was there. She didn't look

that happy to him and she kind of went pale right before his very eyes. He had to remind

himself as he watched her posture sink a little, as her hand touched the screen to scroll down

the pages and read what was written there; remember that he was doing this for her benefit in

the long run.

To get her out from under Damien Blackwell's mean vindictive ways of trying to ruin her good

name and possible have her go crawling back to him when she was about to become homeless. She was a good person, and he knew it, could see it. She'd done nothing to warrant that man's wrath at all.

Damien had started the ruination of their relationship and hurt Harmony. She didn't even remember being with Garrett, that she'd fallen into his lap and told him she wanted to hurt him back; had cried all over him and made him feel for her.

So much so that he had wanted to help her get revenge, still wanted to help her right this

minute and that was what was driving him, even now, her seeing all of this, absorbing the new

information about her cheating boyfriend. Stuff she didn't know, that had happened that very

night, which led to her seeing him with Chloe and ending up in Garrett's lap.

He wanted *to*, he realised, reach out and touch her right this very minute, as he watched her take in the true *deception* of her supposed loving boyfriend, of three years. If his unit weren't sitting right there, he supposed he might have just pulled her right into his lap and hugged her,

told her it would all be okay because he would make it so.

But they would stare at him and read more into it, and he knew it. Wyatt was already of the opinion he liked Harmony more than just as his human secretary. Was of the opinion there was something more there. But there wasn't. He'd not scented the girl out, admittedly, if he did. He wouldn't have an issue with it at all, she was lovely to look at, and she had a cheeky personality in there hidden away, he thought, but had seen touches of it on Friday, and had liked her cheeky side. She just needed to be more comfortable around him, to let her real

personality out.

Or, perhaps he just needed to get her away from the office for a few hours, to see what she was truly like, not the work persona but the real Harmony. He was betting she was exactly like what he'd seen on Friday. He had to refrain himself from brushing her hair back from her face,

and tucking it back behind her ear, trying to comfort her.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,953 words]

CH 19

Harmony

She walked into Garrett's office and sat where she was told to go, and watched him walk over to his desk to get his laptop, and wondered if this, whatever had been published in the newspaper this morning, was going to affect her job here at Owens Construction.

Was it so very terrible that Garrett himself would see fit to release her from her contract, for creating bad publicity for his company? She'd heard the expression all publicity is good publicity, but it wasn't and she knew it. Some publicity could be very detrimental to companies, even if it wasn't directly related to them.

If their employees were involved in scandals that involved police or illegal issues, it could in fact reflect badly on the company they worked for, or management themselves. As they were seen not to be diligent in their hiring process, all of these things could affect stock prices, and shareholders would be screaming at the CEO to explain or fix it.

She'd seen companies go under and fold completely from bad press, and if this was about her and Damien's break-up, she was his new secretary. It had been announced in the papers on Saturday morning, Garrett himself had sent her a link to see it, along with a text that read " We're in the paper, ." And she'd clicked the link, there had been many company photos of the Christmas party and the gift giving that had gone on. It had been a nice read and for once she'd not cringed at seeing herself in the paper. Though she'd not gone online to read any of

the articles, comments or threads either.

Now here she was sitting in his office none the wiser as to what had gone on around her, because she didn't see a need to check the society pages on a daily basis. She wasn't interested in seeing Damien's happy smiling face splashed in there alongside Chloe's from

whatever they'd done on the weekend together.

They'd betrayed her trust in the worst way, and she knew Damien enjoyed being seen in the papers, he liked being known by all, called it good public exposure. He'd also hugged her once a long time ago and told her 'I love being seen with you on my arm. Another time he'd stated, ' The world is jealous of me, because I have a perfect beauty at my side.

She wondered now if he'd ever even loved her at all, and thinking back on his words to her over

the years, some of them were actually all about just having her next to him, the way she looked, especially when she was all dressed up in things he'd bought her.

Maybe she wasn't someone he loved, maybe she was just a thing to him, just a trophy he got

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CH 19

+8 Point

to show off to the world on his arm. Maybe she was just going to be his trophy wife in his

eyes, and he'd always intended to have Chloe on the side. Maybe that was all she ever actually was to Damien, and maybe Chloe had always been in his bed.

She suddenly felt nauseated at that thought. Was she in fact the mistress all those years?

And Chloe was who he was in love with. But she didn't fit his idea of the picture—perfect wife to

be seen out in public with, so he had found something suitable to put on his arm. Dangle out

there for the public to see, all the while he was in love with someone else.

"Harmony, are you alright?" Garrett asked her as he finally brought up the article on the screen

for her to see. "You've gone a bit pale, all of a sudden."

“I just had a horrible thought occur to me.” she muttered, and it was more than horrible, disgusting in her eyes. “It made me feel sick to my stomach is all.” she murmured and turned

her eyes to the article in question.

One she knew nothing about, but had been hounded by Damien this morning, and then found

herself faced with the press outside of her new workplace because of it.

Now she got to see the real truth of what was going on, why those reporters were out there

waiting for her, asking her all those questions. There were many pictures in the article of the

Blackwell Christmas party at the Triple Moon Nightclub, a party she only recalled so much of,

but was now splashed in the society pages for all to see and read.

She was actually getting to see Damien’s true betrayal, and it was in full colour. Certain parts

of the photos were highlighted and circled, pointing out for all to see his betrayal of their relationship.

She was looking at the time stamps on them all as she realised these weren’t just random

photos of the night, these were security camera footage from the club itself. Just like what

she had received on her mobile phone. She felt bile rise up in the back of her throat, at the

sight of him going from her to Chloe, and back, touching her and Chloe, kissing one then the

other.

Everything was laid out to a timeline. He’d been doing this all night long, and she’d been none

the wiser, Loved and trusted him, and he'd used that to betray her, and keep her in the dark.

Her hand snapped to her mouth and she shot to her feet, fled the office, was going to vomit

and, she knew it, couldn't keep it down any longer. Was never going to make it to the other end

of the hall to the ladies' room, rushed to her desk and threw up in the bin, he was a vile, cruel

and disgusting man,

She stood there holding onto that bin, staring blankly at the wall as her stomach rolled and

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heaved until there was nothing left inside of her. She wished she'd never seen any of it, and have it burned into her brain to cause more painful memories. But at the same time she knew

a part of her needed to see it. How far back it went, to know she'd done the right thing in leaving him.

The bin was removed from her hands and a glass of water replaced it. Her eyes moved absently to the person handing it to her, and she found Ryan standing there. He had a hand on

her shoulder and smiled gently down at her. "Drink this," he encouraged her softly. "It's just

water. Everything will be alright, you'll feel better in a minute."

She stared at him and wondered if he'd always had that slight southern accent. She'd not

registered it before. "I didn't know you had an accent?" she murmured as he tilted the glass to

her lips himself.

"Occasionally it rolls out of me." he smiled "You'll be alright." He told her.

She just nodded a little numbly and drank the water, needed it to get rid of the acrid taste of vomit in her mouth. She was escorted back into Garrett's office and gently pushed back down

to the couch.

"I guess that." She indicated to the article "Explains a lot. Why Damien also tried to call me." she sighed as she finally managed to pull herself together. "He probably thinks that I did this

to him."

"You didn't," Garrett stated "It reads from Rachael Greenbay. I think if you did this, in conjunction with her, you'd be brave enough to let her put your name on it."

She sighed because she didn't know about that, but he was probably right. Harmony took a

deep breath in, and made herself read the articles that were there to go with the pictures. None of it showed her in a bad light, it was all negatively targeted towards Damien and Chloe.

The author of the article, Rachael Greenbay, it appeared, had dug into both Damien and Chloe's past, found out that he had known Chloe since childhood. It stated she had been clinging on to the man over the years, with obvious designs of becoming his girlfriend, and

breaking him and Harmony up.

One could almost believe that it was Chloe who had reported this, to help keep them apart

even

That it had been seen over the years that Chloe was supposed to be Harmony's friend, when all along she was just there in the background, trying to insert herself between her and Damien. There was a question about how long Damien and Chloe had been having an affair

behind Harmony's back.

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+8 Points

There was not one bad word about herself in that article, it was all about how Damien was a

cheating bastard. She watched as Garrett scrolled the screen and realised there was more to

come. Did she really want to see it? No, not really, she thought to herself absently, but knew

she had to at the same time.

As she realised just how very blinded she had been by her love for him, but now her eyes were open to his betrayal, and she had to know how far back it went, how long had he treated her that way. How long had Chloe gone behind her back and still played at being her friend?

That second page was all about herself and Damien, there were pictures of them over the course of their three-year relationship, past articles and even family photos with his mother and father. But in nearly half of them, there was Chloe in the background, looking at Damien or

glaring at them as a couple.

Harmony sighed and reached out and closed the laptop. She'd seen enough. "I didn't do this, but I dare say Damien or maybe his father thinks that I did, to get back at him for cheating on me... Am I causing your company trouble?" she finally asked Garrett.

"My company?" he frowned at her. "No." he shook his head "I'm more concerned about you, actually. You and Damien have been over for weeks now, I imagine, since this night."

She shook her head. "No, it was the following Monday morning," She answered absently.

"Monday?" Garrett frowned at her now, seemed confused to her. "It happened on a Friday, why wait to end that relationship until Monday?" he asked.

"I'm not getting fired then?" she asked him.

"No, but I would like an answer to my question." He stated, looking right at her.

She sighed "I guess it can't hurt, and you already know the horrid details." She indicated the closed laptop. "I didn't know what to do and..." she shrugged "I couldn't remember

anything. Was too drunk and blacked out.” She muttered, knowing it wouldn’t show her in a good light. “I don’t drink anymore.” She put right to him, and she wouldn’t be.

“Someone left me footage on my phone, security footage of me walking in on them. But Damien also knows that I black out when I drink too much. So he was betting on me not recalling anything at all.

“That was also how he played it in the end, as though I’d not seen him and Chloe. He didn’t admit it even when I confronted him about it, not until I waved that footage at him, myself.”

She sighed heavily “He lied right to my face, and then had the hide to tell me I was the one that cheated and called me...not so nice names, that’s when I slapped him.” She murmured. It

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was all the truth.

3

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[1,766 words]

CH 20

+ Paint

CH 20

Garrett

He watched, as Harmony went so very pale and then a moment later was just rushing out the

room, to vomit. Ryan, his Gamma, went right after her, despite her being human and *not* part

of his pack, that man's Gamma instincts had kicked in, and he was off to do what all Gamma's

did, comfort a female that needed it.

'Sick to her stomach at seeing all the betrayal, boss.' Had come down the mind-link from Ryan,

the moment she'd gone pale in front of them all.

He'd not known that was going to be her reaction, though he had been hoping for anger or

maybe satisfaction at seeing that boy outed. But he'd not actually expected her to be sick to

her stomach. To the point she'd literally run out of the room to throw up. Seems he'd judged

the situation very wrong.

Maybe she didn't want to extract revenge on Damien, maybe that one moment inside his

nightclub with Garrett was all she needed to pay him back. Though she did not recall that

moment. So perhaps she didn't want any payback at all.

He, however, couldn't stop his plan now. Not in the middle, it needed to happen to completely

restore her good name out there in the human world. She had no idea just how much that boy

had gone out of his way to harm her reputation. Which he now knew was covered in mud, and

it was all Damien Blackwell's doing.

Garrett had managed to track down six of the companies she'd applied to over the past few

weeks and not *one* of them had hired her on the basis of that reference Damien had given to

them. Garrett had been very disappointed in all of them. Had actually commented to one of

them 'Why would a company as big as Blackwell Industries not be able to get rid of one paralegal, if she was useless at her job? Four years she worked there and for the same man.

Do you not see someone is out to ruin her reputation.' Then he had played Mr William's reference for the girl to that man.

Most of them had been shocked to hear Mr William's actual reference, and he'd gone on to

state that Damien was her ex-boyfriend and that she had left him, he was angry about it and

trying to destroy her. Had grated out a few times 'and you're helping him.' Which they had because if any of them had actually done their job properly, and insisted on speaking to Mr Williams who was listed as her reference, not someone claiming he was in court, and had the authority to make the reference for that man. Then they would all have known she was good

1/4

CH 20

at her job. He told most of them it was very unprofessional of them.

One man had stated 'I was speaking directly with Damien Blackwell, of Blackwell Industries. Why wouldn't I believe him?' With an indifferent shrug as though he didn't care. 'I can only go

off what I am told.'

That man had annoyed him to no end, and Garrett had responded in kind "I hope she doesn't sue you. She is now my secretary, and I will back her 100%, I actually have the proof that Damien Blackwell lied to everyone, and if I hear you have told anyone lies about her, by passing on those words from Damien, to others out there to try and stop her from getting a job, I'll be taking legal action against you, and all those that were involved, on her behalf."

That man had stared at him wide-eyed and then apologised for his error in judgement and that had made Garrett frown, but also led him to believe that he had done just that, talked about

her behind her back. "I'm not the one you need to apologise to, is it." he'd grated out and

stalked off.

He'd learned a lot on the weekend, and hadn't like it at all.

He'd also taken several calls by Sunday night, of those he'd threatened with legal action, all of them wanting to avoid that, and he'd struck a few deals for his silence on the matter. They'd

handed over the recordings of Damien bad-mouthing her on her reference checks, in order for

him to leave them alone. He'd managed to get four more recordings of that man slandering

Harmony.

He'd also sent them all over to Rachael for the Boxing Day phase of his plans. She was going

to transcribe them all *for* that article to go in the paper, but he also knew she'd be putting up

links on the online part for people to click on and hear it for themselves. Along with William

Spencer's actual glowing reference of her.

She was brought back into his office and still looked a little on the pale side, but she was calm

and able to go through the rest of the article. He was a little shocked about how long it had

taken her to break-up with Damien, but then he understood why, she was trying to see what he

would do about it.

Would her boyfriend of three years lie to her about everything? And pretend it didn't happen,

because he knew she wouldn't remember it in the morning. She had laid out her own trap, and

he'd walked right into it, because he'd not thought for a single second, that Garrett would get

involved and help her out.

If the boy had been so unhappy in the relationship with Harmony, he should have just ended it, not been unfaithful to his woman. And when it was over, why couldn't he just let it go and

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move on when he was the one in the wrong? It was very clear that he had been cheating on

Harmony and likely for a very long time. What was his agenda now though?

Garrett saw no need for anyone to cheat on their partner. Everyone and anyone could simply

end a relationship, it was only a matter of having the guts to do so. To be honest with your

partner about no longer loving them, that they wanted to end the relationship before they did

something stupid like cheat. Before, they caused harm and pain for no reason.

Yes, it would hurt the one that was happy in the relationship, but in the long run, they would be

better off, and no cheating would happen. It wasn't that hard, he didn't think, to be faithful and

loyal to your partner, or to get out of a relationship you no longer want *to* be in.

He watched her look at the office door as her phone rang out there and she sighed.

"Leave it. Whoever it is can call back. If it's Damien Blackwell, you owe him nothing, Harmony,"

Garrett told her.

"He can't call me; I blocked his number this morning." She shook her head.

“Good.” He smiled right at her, happy to hear that.

“But it could be his father,” she muttered.

“Why would Gregory Blackwell call you about this?”

“Probably thinks it’s my fault…” she sighed “I assaulted his son, and to stop being sued over it.

I had *to* sign a confidentiality agreement, not *to* show anyone the footage I have of Damien and Chloe in the nightclub.”

He was a little surprised to hear this bit of information, but also knew that man himself,

Gregory Blackwell, knew what his son had done. “Did you threaten to use it?” he questioned.

“Yes.” She nodded. “His father called me, and I told him what happened. He didn’t know, sounded shocked by Damien’s actions, he thought we were all good. I told him that someone in the club had sent me the footage of it, that if Damien was going to ruin my reputation I

would ruin his in return.”

Now he understood the man’s involvement, she’d obviously been very angry and that not-so nice word Damien had used which she’d yet to reply, but he was betting, was only going to be one of two things, and he wasn’t about to use either of them. Damien, she’d thought, was going to go out there and tell people that about her and her having s*x with him. So, she’d held onto the footage and used it as leverage to keep her name clean.

“A deal was struck between you and Gregory then?” he asked.

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“Yes.” She nodded. “He likely thinks, or maybe Damien has told him I used that footage. That this is all my doing.”

“Alright, I see your concern.” He nodded “I can handle that boy and his father, just don’t answer any calls from them. You’re not required to and if they come at you with a lawsuit, about you doing this to them. Which I know you didn’t.”

“You trust me, believe that I didn’t do this?”

Garrett smiled at her. “I know Rachael Greenbay very well. She and I have already spoken,

seeing that you're my secretary. You're perfectly fine and have nothing to do with this at all."

She nodded and looked right at him "I'm sorry for all the trouble, my being here is causing you.

"Don't be, I'm not. I'm happy to have you here at the company, now off to your desk. Don't

answer any questions if the press gets hold of the extension and call you directly. If you think

anything is fishy, just hang up.

"There should be no need for anyone to call your desk, to ask you questions other than about making appointments for me, or anyone here in the building requesting information on projects that we're working on. Everything else dismiss it and end the call."

She nodded "Will do, again thank *you*."

"Not a problem." He *nodded* and let her leave the office to go and sit at her desk. He moved his eyes *to* Ryan and *connected* a mind-link to him. 'Is she alright?'

'Yes, shell shocked, and a bit worried about what the Blackwell's are going to do, but I think

she's fine. She doesn't feel sick to her stomach anymore. That has passed.'

'Good.' He *nodded* 'I don't want either of those men in this building, let it be known. He stood up and walked *to* his desk "Close the door on your way out." He commented to his unit, he had a phone call to make, that he didn't want Harmony to hear.

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