

Chapter 46

Haven Kramer POV:

I waited in the parlor for about ten minutes before the woman named Danita May finally arrived.

She looked to be in her early twenties, dressed in a cotton dress that was clean but faded from too many washes. She was completely out of place in the lavish surroundings.

The moment she walked in, her eyes couldn't take it all in. Like a country bumpkin in the big city, she stared at the massive oil paintings on the walls, then reached out to touch the velvet arm of a sofa. Her eyes were filled with undisguised greed and envy.

I sat in the main armchair, not getting up, just sipping my tea and observing her performance.

Phoebe stood behind me, her gaze just as scrutinizing.

Danita finally remembered why she was here. She pulled her eyes away from the decor and walked toward me, trying to put on an air of dignity, but the calculation in her eyes was impossible to hide.

"You must be Madam Kramer?" she asked, her tone laced with a hint of challenge.

I put down my teacup and looked up at her, offering a polite, distant smile. "I am. Please, have a seat, Miss May."

She perched on the edge of the sofa opposite me, leaning forward, eager to negotiate.

"I assume Mr. Silas has told you why I'm here," she said, getting straight to the point. "It was I who found the injured Alpha in the forest and called for help."

She emphasized the words "I" and "called for help," as if she had performed some monumental feat.

I nodded, playing along. "Yes, we are very grateful. The Contreras family never mistreats its friends. Tell me, what would you like as a thank you?"

I thought she would ask for money, a house, or a respectable job.

I never imagined the extent of her greed.

She held up a hand, five fingers spread, and waved it in front of me.

"Fifty thousand gold coins," she said, her voice trembling with excitement.



Behind me, Phoebe gasped. Fifty thousand gold coins was enough to keep an entire small town fed and clothed for a year.

The smile on my face didn't change, but my eyes turned cold.

"Fifty thousand gold coins?" I repeated, a playful note in my voice.

Danita thought I was balking at the price. She shot to her feet, her voice turning shrill. "Don't you think that's too much, madam! The person I saved was no ordinary man. He is an Alpha! Isn't the life of a powerful Alpha worth fifty thousand gold coins?"

She paused, as if that wasn't enough, and added an even more shameless line.

"To be blunt, if it weren't for me, the Alpha would probably be rotting in the forest right now! You should be giving me a share of everything you have!"

Her voice echoed in the spacious parlor, filled with self-righteous greed.

I looked at her flushed, excited face and suddenly smiled.

I wasn't angry. I found it amusing. What gave her such confidence, such stupidity?

"Miss May," I began slowly, "are you saying that you believe the Alpha's life is worth only fifty thousand gold coins?"

Danita was stunned by my question. She hadn't considered that.

I stood up and walked toward her. My height gave me an advantage, allowing me to look down on her. "You're wrong. An Alpha's life is priceless."

I saw a flash of ecstasy in her eyes. She thought I was going to agree to her demand.

But then my tone shifted. "And because it is priceless, it cannot be measured by a mere fifty thousand gold coins. Your request... I will need to discuss it with the Alpha."

I gave her a vague answer, neither agreeing nor refusing.

"How about this," I said. "You go home and wait for our message. We will give you an answer within three days."

I gave Phoebe a look. She immediately understood and brought out a small pouch containing ten gold coins. "This is for your travel expenses. Please take it."

Danita glanced at the small pouch with a flicker of disdain, but she took it anyway. Convinced she had the upper hand, she walked out of the parlor with her head held high.

