

Chapter 47

Haven Kramer POV:

After Danita May left, I went straight to Demetri's bedroom.

He had changed out of his casual garden clothes and was now in a dark silk robe, leaning against the headboard reading a document. Silas was standing beside him, reporting something.

When Demetri saw me, he motioned for Silas to stop.

"Well?" he asked, a hint of amusement in his voice. "Is our 'savior' satisfied?"

I walked to his bedside and repeated Danita's demands word for word.

"She said your life is worth fifty thousand gold coins, and if we don't pay, we're ungrateful," I added.

Silas frowned, his face filled with undisguised contempt.

Demetri just laughed, a cold, mocking sound. "Fifty thousand? She certainly has guts."

He looked at me. "So what are you going to do? Give her the fifty thousand to shut her up and make her leave?"

I knew he was testing me.

I shook my head. "No, we can't give her the money," I said. "People like her are insatiable. Today it's fifty thousand, tomorrow it will be five hundred thousand. Her greed is a bottomless pit that money can't fill."

"Besides," I continued my analysis, "the moment we pay, we acknowledge the value of her 'life-saving grace.' She'll take that money and broadcast it everywhere. We'll be known for 'paying to solve our problems.' The next time she uses this against us, we'll be completely on the defensive."

My analysis made Silas nod repeatedly, his eyes filled with admiration.

A flicker of approval also crossed Demetri's eyes. "Well said," he commented. "So, what's your plan?"

"To make someone perish, you must first make them crazy," I said slowly, laying out my plan. "Not only will we not give her the money easily, but we'll also make her think there's something better waiting for her."

"I want her to expose her own ambition to everyone. I want her to tell the world herself that what she wants isn't money, but something else entirely."

Demetri seemed to understand. He looked at me, his ice-blue eyes shining with excitement, as if we were discussing a fun hunt.

"I like this plan," he said. "What do you need me to do?"

"I need money. A lot of it," I said. "I need to use the estate's funds to set a trap for her."

Without a second thought, Demetri turned to Silas and commanded, "Go. Bring me the Alpha's Signet and the ledger of my private holdings. Give them all to the Luna."

Silas and I both froze.

The Alpha's Signet and the private ledger. Silas had already given me the estate keys, but this... this was the ultimate seal of power. He was just... handing it over to me?

Silas's jaw dropped, clearly shocked by his master's decision.

"Alpha, this..." he hesitated. "The Signet grants absolute authority over the entire pack's treasury. This is against the rules."

"From today on, I am the rules," Demetri said, his tone leaving no room for argument. "In this house, the Luna's command is my command."

He turned to me, his gaze hot and focused. "All the money in this family is yours to manage from now on. Spend it however you wish."

Then, he suddenly reached out. With his long, strong fingers, he gently hooked a strand of my hair and brought it to his nose, taking a light sniff.

The gesture was intimate and possessive, like an animal marking its property.

My face flushed crimson, my breathing hitched, and my heart began to pound erratically.

I could feel Silas trying to make himself invisible, wishing he could disappear from the room.

Demetri seemed pleased with my reaction. He let out a low laugh and released my hair. "Go on, my Luna. Go play your game. I'll be waiting for the show."

I practically fled from his bedroom.

A moment later, Silas found me, holding a heavy sandalwood box. He presented it to me with a deep bow.

I looked at the Signet and the ledger in my hand. They felt as heavy as lead. This wasn't just wealth; it was Demetri's unconditional trust.

I took a deep breath. The flutter in my chest from his intimate gesture was quickly replaced by the calm focus of someone in control. The game was just beginning.

