

Chapter 48

Haven Kramer POV:

I now had my own study, right next to Demetri's bedroom. Silas had prepared everything with astonishing efficiency.

I spent the entire night with Silas, auditing the vast assets Demetri had handed over to me.

Trust funds, overseas stocks, shares in secret mines, dozens of properties in the capital... the scale of it was far beyond my imagination. The Contreras family was at least ten times wealthier than the rumors suggested.

It also confirmed my suspicion that Demetri's previous "decline" was a complete act. This man ran deep.

The next day, I issued my first order as the new "financial director."

I had Silas prepare the most luxurious carriage in the manor—a four-wheeled coach with pure silver trim, velvet cushions, pulled by four magnificent white horses.

"Send someone to bring Miss Danita May here," I told Silas. "Tell her the Alpha wishes to speak with her personally."

A flicker of confusion crossed Silas's eyes, but he asked no questions and immediately left to carry out the order.

His trust in me was now almost as absolute as his trust in Demetri.

A few hours later, Danita was brought to the manor. This time, she wasn't taken to the parlor, but directly to the garden conservatory.

I was leisurely trimming a rare orchid. Demetri sat across from me in his wheelchair, a wool blanket over his knees, his eyes closed in rest.

The moment Danita saw Demetri, her eyes widened.

Even in a wheelchair, pale and recovering, Demetri's handsome features and innate nobility were enough to captivate any woman.

Danita immediately put on a gentle, concerned, and deeply affectionate expression and glided toward him. "Alpha, are you... are you alright?" Her voice was sickly sweet.

Demetri didn't even open his eyes, just furrowed his brow in annoyance.

I put down my shears and stood up, blocking her path to him. "Miss May, the Alpha is unwell and shouldn't speak much. I have relayed your

request to him."

"Fifty thousand gold coins is no small sum. We need time to consider," I said with a smile. "We've invited you here today to inform you that we've decided to give you a portion of it first, as an initial thank you."

I gave Silas a look. He immediately presented a tray holding a heavy coin pouch, ten times larger than the last one.

"Here is one thousand gold coins," I said. "Take this for now. We will notify you when the rest is ready."

Danita looked at the bag of gold, greed flashing in her eyes, but she didn't immediately reach for it. Her ambition had clearly grown.

"Madam," she said, "I think I need to go home and 'consider' this." She put a heavy emphasis on the word "consider."

I nodded in understanding. "Of course, Silas, please have the manor's carriage take Miss May home."

Danita was escorted away in the lavish carriage. I knew that when that carriage, a symbol of the Contreras family's prestige, stopped in front of her house, the entire town would be in an uproar.

After she left, Demetri finally opened his eyes, which were filled with mockery. "She'll be back."

"Of course," I said. "The bait has been cast. The fish has smelled it."

I turned to Silas. "Now, tell me the truth about Danita May's 'rescue'."

Silas had already investigated thoroughly. He reported respectfully, "That day, after the Alpha was ambushed, he activated the highest-level distress signal. It was the signal that drew the patrol team. Danita May was just a village girl picking mushrooms nearby. She heard the fight, but she was terrified and hid until the patrol arrived. She was just the first one to run out screaming."

"So, she didn't save anyone, didn't risk anything... she was just a lucky, loud-mouthed first witness," I summarized.

"Precisely, madam," Silas confirmed.

Demetri let out a dismissive snort. He had clearly known the truth all along, just hadn't bothered to expose it.

I smiled. A fake savior with dreams of becoming the lady of the manor.

This play was getting more and more interesting.

I could already imagine the look on Danita and her family's faces when that luxurious carriage pulled up to their door.

I could even guess what she would do next.

Just wait, Danita May. The stage I've prepared for you is far more

< Chapter 48

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