

Chapter 49

Haven Kramer POV:

That evening Silas stood before me in my new study, giving his report. A spy had been dispatched to Danita May's village, and the results were as predictable as they were entertaining.

"The carriage, madam, caused a sensation," Silas began, his face impassive. "When she stepped out with the bag of gold, she was the envy of her entire street."

He went on to describe the scene inside the May household. The father's naked greed as he counted the coins, the mother's shock.

"But Miss May," Silas continued, a slight, almost imperceptible shake of his head, "quickly declared the thousand gold coins to be nothing more than 'travel expenses'."

I leaned forward, my interest piqued. "And what does she want now?"

"She wants to be the new mistress of the estate," Silas stated flatly.

I let the silence hang for a moment before a small, cold laugh escaped me. "On what grounds?"

"She believes she is the Alpha's true savior, and you are, in her words, a 'wolfless waste, abandoned by her family.' She thinks she is more qualified to stand by his side."

The fool. She had mistaken Demetri's calculated indifference for weakness and my quiet observation for powerlessness.

"Her father is fully supportive, dreaming of becoming 'royalty'," Silas added. "Her mother raised the point that the Alpha already has a mate."

"And?"

"Miss May's response was... illuminating," Silas said, choosing his words with care. "She wasn't planning on securing a bloodline or gaining political power. She was fantasizing about wearing your gowns and having servants wait on her. She said, 'As long as I can show him how much I care, he'll give me everything. That woman will have to step aside!'"

I see. Her ambition was nothing more than a child's tantrum, a desire for pretty things she felt she was owed. It was pathetic. And useful.

"She has decided to return tomorrow," Silas concluded. "She will refuse any more money to prove her 'selflessness' and 'deep affection.' She will demand to speak to the Alpha directly."

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+120 Points at most

I stood and walked to the window, gazing out at the dark grounds. The moth was fluttering eagerly toward the flame.

"Excellent," I said softly. "Let her come. The stage is ready."

