

## Chapter 0016

"Is there a breakroom on this floor? Somewhere I could get something hot to drink?"

She blinked, seemingly surprised. "Uh, yeah. Down the hall."

"Thank you."

I headed in the direction she pointed. Being at a distance from Grace made it easier to focus on anything but how much I wanted her. I made us cups of coffee and headed back, placing a few packets of sugar and cream in my pocket. She looked just as shocky as she had before, but now, she was staring at the package I had given her. I set the cup in front of her, along with sugar and cream, before starting to doctor my own cup.

She shuddered. "I'm... I'll be okay."

"Of course," I said. "Of that, I have no doubt. Should I send you the document now?"

She nodded and rattled off a phone number. I smiled.

"Perhaps by email? You could sign it electronically."

She blinked and flushed as she started to make her coffee. Then, she gave me her email. I sent her the document and scanned her desk. The pages of financial reports were everywhere. They didn't seem to be in any sort of order.

There were past due notices and signs that she had been working to try and get through it all. There were written notes on almost every page.

Then, I saw the heavily bookmarked copy of Business Financial Basics textbook that was used in freshman-level business courses.

Why would she be reading that? Brushing up on it or something worse? She murmured to herself, reading the contract with narrowed eyes.

"You could forward it to your legal team for review if that would make it easier?"

She smiled weakly and nodded. "Actually, yes. Sorry, it's... been a day."

"There is no need to apologize. I'm a patient man."

And simply watching her was proving to be eye-opening in all the ways I needed it to be. The timidity I had seen in her at White Claw was there again. Uncertain. Nervous. She had no idea what she was doing.

Why would her father leave the pack, let alone the company, to her and not her brother, Eason, who was reportedly running his own PR company very successfully and separate from the pack's business? 1

"While we are waiting, is there a chance we could speak about the products that Wolfe Medical has on the market?"

"Sure," she said, her eyes still on the document, scanning it. "What sort of questions do you have?"

"When's the last time the formulations were updated for the Silver Flu vaccine?"


She hummed. "Six years ago."

I narrowed my eyes. "Six years ago? I was under the impression that vaccines were updated every year."

"Maybe for things like flus that are transmitted through bodily fluid. Those flus evolve every time it's passed on, so you have to update the vaccine with new samples of the flu. Something like the Crescent Flu becomes practically a brand-new disease every time it is passed, but the Silver Flu is a magical disease. It doesn't evolve at the same pace or at all, honestly. You catch it, and you don't gain any resistance to future infection, but if you are immunized yearly, then you're protected."


I licked my lips as she went on, speaking about other similar diseases. She worked through most of my questions about the formulations that Wolfe Medical already had on the market.

"A lot of those immunizations came about as precursors to the idea of the longevity drug." Her lips twitched. "Living longer because we don't die from communicable diseases isn't the same as simply enhancing our bodies and immune systems to withstand the stress of just regular living."

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She reached over as the printer started to spit out pages. She frowned as she pulled them off the printer.

"...Eventually, the longevity drug will have the other basic vaccinations in it and will basically be delivered as a booster shot... At least, that's the theory if we can get it through clinical trials..."

She murmured to herself and went back to her desk, taking notes on the pages before her laptop chimed. She smiled and turned back before typing something. My laptop chimed, stating that she'd signed the document. I signed it then I looked at her. 


"How much do you actually know about business procedures?"

She went still and pale. Then, her desk phone rang.

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