

Chapter 0019

Grace

We walked to the door. He flipped through the report he'd grabbed and showed it to me.

"This is the report from the last month. As far as I can tell, it's the earliest one with the kind of changes that could be detrimental to Wolfe Medical's reputation."

I blinked. "How could you know that? You've only looked at a few reports."

He chuckled. "I looked at every report on your desk, monthly and quarterly while I put them all in the right order."

I frowned. "I really don't know what to think anymore. I've always been told that lycans are..."

"Less intelligent by comparison?" He asked. "More prone to violence?"

Barbaric, primitive: there had been a lot of unkind words to describe the lycan race. They still had a king when nearly every other race had moved on to elected officials. Pack alphas ran their own cities, but we all answered to the Alpha President in one way or another.

My face heated. "Closer to their instincts."

He laughed, and I scowled at him. "I was trying to be..."

politically correct.”

“You failed,” he said. “I know what people, werewolves and beyond, say about Lycans. I know how much werewolves and other races rely on our strength too. It doesn’t bother me.”

“Well, Charles...” I shook my head. “I really don’t know what to say.”

“For the most part, most races know that those that don’t have the brawn to ensure survival have to have the brains to. What most races don’t understand is that business strategy isn’t much different from games of survival.”

I frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Know your enemy, and you will win a few battles. Know yourself, and you will lose fewer battles. Know your enemy and yourself, and you will win every battle,” he said and grinned at me. “Which business owner can be trusted, how much you can give, how much you want to invest, and what you expect to get out of it: these are the elements of business, but all that’s secondary. That’s more about managing your relationships in business than actually making decisions.”

“What’s primary?”

“Knowing when to go for the jugular.” He flipped to a page and handed it to me. “What do you see?”

I frowned and looked at the page, taking it from him as we

walked down the hallway to the board room. My heart was pounding. He seemed so serious, and I couldn't help but feel a mix of confusion and worry about what I was supposed to find.

We were bleeding money. Still, all of it seemed to be coming from materials and other expenses, but our sales were so low that it didn't make sense. I kept looking, trying to understand what he saw that would endanger Wolfe Medical's reputation. Producing less might make people nervous about not having the medicines they needed, but better no medicine than low quality.

"I don't see it... Am I missing something?"

"Why would a company that's producing half of what it's used to have such an uptick in expenses?"

"Equipment?" I asked. "The lab equipment might have needed maintenance..."

Which would explain why production was so low, but that wasn't where the bulk of the money was going. It didn't seem like any maintenance had been done on anything. There was an uptick in "donations" from the clinics, but there was something about the numbers that weren't right.

Then, my eyes fell on the section about manufacturing. There hadn't been an increase in the company's stock. I stopped.

"Where... are all the materials going?"

They weren't in the materials accounts or in the finished product accounts either. They seemed to just vanish. I scanned the lines, hoping I had missed something, but I hadn't. There was no trace of them anywhere.

"Usually when things go missing like that, and in that quantity, it's a matter of theft that's being covered up or embezzlement."

My heart wanted to say that Devin wouldn't let someone take money from the company, but at this point, it felt like anything was possible, and the worst possible things were the most likely. I had to accept that Devin had done everything for his own good and not cared what happened. One day, that would be my first assumption, but it wasn't today.

"What do we do?" I asked. "If the Board sees this then what can they do?"

He shook his head. "The Board does see this. That's the entire point of a board of directors. If they see it and haven't done a damn thing about it, like they haven't done a damn thing about all the other issues, then it's time to get rid of them."