

Chapter 0020

My eyes widened. "You just fire them?"

"That's step one. Step two is to sue them for criminal negligence and embezzlement."

I winced. "We don't have the money for a stream of lawsuits."

He chuckled. "Have you forgotten already?"

I blinked and scoffed. Of course. Only 50% of that billion was allocated to the medical sector. The rest of it was for other operational costs. Would that be enough for all the lawsuits?

"If you go through the Inter-Species Bureau and press for sabotage of national health, the Bureau will cover the cost of it."

I blinked at him. "What?"

"Wolfe Medical is the only manufacturer of the Silver Flu vaccine," he said. "After that outbreak three years ago, the President isn't going to chance Wolfe Medical tanking or stand for it to be threatened."

I blinked, trying to take it in. I knew Wolfe Medical was the leader, but I hadn't been keeping up with the news. I would have thought that other packs with pharmaceutical

companies would have been developing the vaccine by now too.

"Okay... so fire the board and sue them."

He grinned. "That's the long route, but with a little squeezing, I think we can make out better than whatever money the Bureau will squeeze out of them."

I blinked. "I feel like you're moving a mile a minute."

"Second rule of business? Strike while the iron is hot." He shook his head. "Preferably before disaster strikes."

"So... stop production and fire people? What good will that do for our reputation if we're not producing then the little bit of cash we have coming in will vanish."

He stopped and smiled at me. "Flip the page and tell me if you think continuing production is a good idea."

I frowned and flipped the page. It was a list of major vendors and purchases. I skimmed over most of them until I found the one that made my heart pound and my blood boil.

There was no fucking way that we were ordering from a place known for bad ingredients and cheap glassware barely fit for high school kids!

Wolfe Medical always used the best because of our quality standard. No matter the price, our customers expected anything bearing our seal to work as intended the first time. In the wake of everything, our reputation was all we had left.


I stomped past Charles, taking the lead into the board room.

My anger was like a boiling volcano, and I was about to blow my top on whatever schmucks had the nerve to endanger everything my father and his father and his father all the way back to the start of Wolfe Medical had built for a few dollars.

I shoved the board room door open so hard it slammed into the wall and shook the air. The sound of laughter broke off as they all turned to look at me. Some of them I didn't recognize, but the few that I did only made me angrier. I knew some of them were colleagues of my father, but Zach had been one of my father's closest friends, and he was sipping from a champagne flute seated around a table covered in food when my assistant was eating her lunch in the stairwell, most of the building was empty, the front door was broken, and the elevator was practically a death trap. 4

It was too much. The shame of knowing that this was my fault because I had trusted the wrong person went up in smoke. Anger like I had never known raged in me. It felt like it was boiling through my whole body.


"Glad you all look comfortable," I snarled and marched to the front of the room where Zach was sitting. I shoved his chair out of my spot and slammed the report down on the table. They all jumped as Charles came gliding in. The board members looked shocked, unprepared for the storm that was about to hit them. They exchanged uneasy glances before one of them spoke up. 2

 +30 BONUS

"Wh-Who is he?"

"Meet the newest board member. He owns 15% of the company and has a lot of fucking questions about what the hell you've all been doing." I glared at them all. "But before that, one of you is going to explain to me why the hell we're buying ingredients from Classic Medical."

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