

Chapter 0021

Charles

I rounded the table as the board members seemed stunned and took the empty seat on the other side so I could have view of Grace and the rest of the board. Some of them glanced my way, but most of them were frozen in their seats and casting uneasy glances among each other, I couldn't help but feel a mix of satisfaction and irritation. Grace was a beautiful bundle of fury, growling at every half-assed answer they had. The desire I had for her simmered beneath my irritation. They were all in on it. They all knew how badly the company was doing, yet none of them looked contrite. 1

They were just trying to figure out how to get out of this with their skins still intact. This was the Board Devin had chosen, and it was obvious why. Each man looked like he had never been challenged by anyone. They all looked over to the man sitting at the head of the table.

"Grace," the man said, trying to soothe her. She whirled on him, eyes narrowed. "I know it is a bit upsetting, but we took steps to preserve the company's bottom line. You really should have talked to the board before bringing someone in ..."

I said nothing, flipping through the pages I had taken from another board member, before I felt something. I lifted my

gaze to see Grace looking at me. She was trembling. Her expression was pinched tight with anger, but her expression wavered.

She was unsure about what to believe, or if it even made sense.

I took a deep breath.

"Ronald, was it?" I asked. He turned around to look at me. The other turned and looked as if they had all been slapped by my informal mode of address.

"Who are you?" He asked, narrowing his eyes. "What have you said to Grace to make her sell even a piece of Wolfe Medical to you?"

I chuckled. "Sell?"

I casually took another report from another board member and flipped through it, feigning indifference.

Grace cleared his throat. "He's an investor whose gracious investment is saving the company. 15% equity is—"

"If your father knew about this," Ronald said, shaking his head. "I can't imagine what he would say. The company doesn't need an investor. Not some stranger. If you had concerned, you could have—"

"You were already on the board," I said. "Didn't you just say that Wolfe Medical doesn't need an investor?"

Ronald narrowed his eyes. "I don't know who you think you are, but Wolfe Medical has been a family-owned company since it began."

"That you made public?"

He blinked. I smiled.

"I'm not simply some stranger with a lot of money, Ronald." I flipped another page. "I invest in things that will make me money. Wolfe Medical has the potential to be a very lucrative company, but its performance as of late is concerning."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Ronald said, shaking his head. "Grace, you really should have just—"

"I, of course, have questions about the company's direction. Given Alpha Wolfe's recent involvement, I suspect you all will be the people I need to speak to for my answers. Hence, I am here."

Their eyes bulged. I could smell how nervous they were at the mention of investment. They hadn't expected an outsider to be involved in their affairs, or that Grace would figure out how bad the company was doing.

"According to this report, the funding amounts seem significantly different from what you have here," I pointed out calmly, maintaining a façade of casual interest. I lifted one of the board member's set of reports. "Can you explain this discrepancy?"

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The funding records were all over the place. None of the figures matched the report that we'd entered with. They didn't even match up with the two reports that I had taken. The board members seemed to squirm uncomfortably. They looked at each other fearfully, waiting for someone to speak.

The room fell silent, and I could practically hear their minds racing to find a way out of the situation. I knew that someone on the board had the master reports from which all the others were created.

"This line by line is incomplete," I said sliding the report toward Grace. "And vastly different than this other one."

"Well, each board member has specific jobs. We've separated the report out to facilitate conversations."

Another, older man cleared his throat. "Perhaps instead of coming in and questioning everything in place, you should attempt to get yourself up to speed, young man."

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