

Chapter 0022


I smiled, vicious as I met the man. He reminded me of my uncle and that made the idea of ruining his entire life that much more delightful.

"Of course. I was under the impression that Alpha Wolfe had the master report, but she doesn't. I suppose one of you do."

The man flushed.

"What would you need that for?"

"Do you understand the meaning of the word investor?" I asked. "I'm not performing charity, nor wasting my money on a sinking ship. If you don't have a master report, get one run. If you have it, I expect to see it or the deal is off."

Grace blanched. I caught her eye and she firmed her lips. As we held out gazes, I watched her fear ease. Anger and determination started to burn in her eyes. She trusted me and that made me want to drag her out of this room and ravish her in the hallway. 

"Where is the report?" Grace growled, scanning the room. I flicked my gaze over to Ronald. She worked her jaw and turned to Ronald. "Do you have it?"

"Well, these are all the master reports," Ronald said. He looked nervous as he spoke. His voice trembled.

I leaned over, ignoring the man's words and picking up the pages that had been sitting in front of Ronald's chair. He reached to grab them, but he was too late.

I hummed flipping through the pages before pulling out my phone and starting to look. It was sloppy embezzlement, easily discovered and poorly hidden, but I didn't know if they were directly connected or just facilitators. If they were directly connected, then we had a little more wiggle room about how to proceed.

"You have a lot of nerve," one of them said, but he didn't move. "To come in here and try to threaten us into compliance. Wolfe Medical doesn't need your investment."

"These reports say otherwise," I said. "And I believe Alpha Wolfe is still waiting for her answer."

Her eye twitched as she turned back to the man. "Classic Medical is never a company we should be doing business with. You know that. So you better give me something more than we had to for the bottom line."

"Well, Grace," Ronald said gently. "I know that you don't know much about..."

I tuned him out or I was going to jump across the table and claw him. She had trusted Devin and he had betrayed her. She had once trusted Ronald and he had betrayed her along with all these other old men who probably had some importance in Mooncrest.

As she continued to argue with Ronald, I couldn't help but smile and feel a surge of respect for her. She might not know a balance sheet from a cash flow analysis, but she had the backbone to stand her ground and enough sense to know when someone was lying to her.

As the board members struggled to find their words, Grace's voice cut through the nonsense.


"Stop with the bullshit!" She growled. "My father would never sacrifice quality for a few dollars! If Wolfe Medical's reputation is ruined, there won't be a bottom line to save."

I closed the report. I didn't need to see anything else. After looking up Ronald and the rest of the board, it was obvious that they weren't just facilitating it, but they were directly benefitting from the embezzlement. Each of them had some company that was on Wolfe Medical's payroll without any real reason. I opened the Inter-Species Business Registry and took notes on the pages I had, noting that Grace's copy didn't have many of these line items or a complete vendor's list.

I decided to bring up just the one that would piss Grace off the most.

"Why would a condiment company be receiving a multi-million dollar payout from a medical company?" I asked, my voice filled with suspicion.

The whole room went tense.

 +20 BONUS

"A condiment company?" Grace asked.

"The company has a cafeteria—"

"You've laid off over half the staff over the past four years. The spending for the cafeteria should have decreased just the same, yet it didn't. It increased."

"We've had several company events—"


"What condiment company?" Grace asked.

"Sauer's."

Grace's eyes widened in recognition. Slowly almost mechanically, she turned to look at Ronald.

He squeaked as a low, furious growl rumbled through her. "Explain yourself."

 Comments

 Vote (2.5K)

