

Chapter 0034

“Ever.”

“I heard that... shifting for lycans is different too. You don't have a Moon Calling.”

“We find ourselves more powerful under the moonlight, especially the full moon, but no. We're able to shift whenever we choose. Werewolves with lycan blood tend to inherit some of those tendencies if the lycan blood is strong enough.”

“What does that mean?”

“If your parents were an alpha and a gamma, you'll probably end up a delta. Power is closely tied to lineage.”

She hummed. “The more you know... Don't lycans need special medicines?”

I smiled. “Let's talk lycan pharmaceuticals once Wolfe Medical is back on top of the werewolf heap?”

She grinned. “Is that part of your ultimate plan?”

I nodded. “My people could benefit from initiatives like this, yes. Though I imagine you will get a great deal of kickback if it is not done carefully.”

She hummed as I returned my gaze to the report in my hand. To my surprise, I found that these clinics were operating at a deficit, despite consuming more materials and resources than the other clinics. This discovery raised a red flag, and I couldn't help but wonder what was going on. It seemed suspicious that these clinics were draining the company's resources without providing any significant returns.

"Grace, do you know where these clinics are?" I asked, showing her the reports. "Recognized the addresses?" ¹

She looked at them with a furrowed brow, shaking her head. "No, I don't. This doesn't make any sense. Why would they be operating at a loss when they're using more resources? The money for the sliding scale treatments should be supplemented from somewhere."

"Do you have reports from the other, older clinics?"

She nodded and opened her desk drawer before handing me one. I compared the numbers and the size of the facility. I had a sinking feeling that there might be something more sinister behind this. It was evident that someone within the company was misusing the resources, and I was determined to get

to the bottom of it.

"This might be your area of expertise. I don't understand most of the backup for these clinics." I turned them around. "However, there's something off about them aside from the financials. The medications seem specific. Was there a plague outbreak recently?"

"Not that I know of." She frowned and opened her laptop, murmuring to herself as she looked between the two documents. "Though... there could have been an influx of refugees... Let me check the records."

"How does this sliding scale work?"

"Inside the pack, the clinic looks up a person's income and grants them subsidies from the endowment to pay for medication..." She clicked around on her laptop and checked the documents over. "A deficit would mean that the payments weren't being made or that the operation costs increased for some reason..."

I looked through another report trying to make sense of some of the backup records. There were patient IDs and doctor names. Then, I opened my laptop to search for the address of this clinic.

"That's strange. These were all set up right, but the

patient records aren't complete..." She frowned. "The supplies logs aren't matching up either."

"Can you find anything?"

"Well, there are patient records, but there are discrepancies. Like the IDs are repeated, but the information inside isn't right."

"What sort?"


"Well, someone being treated for arthritis wouldn't suddenly need a huge increase in vitamin potions, for one. A ten-year-old wouldn't need an ailing adult's amount of painkillers." She huffed. "Maybe it's just a system glitch. Some of these people aren't even in the pack database..."

"It's not," I said, turning my laptop toward her. "Look at this location."

She frowned at the screen, and I set the papers aside with a sigh.

"That's... an old dance club. It's been turned into a gym."

"These clinics were either set up by Devin or the members of the board to cover up the loss of product ..."

 +15 BONUS

“But what would they do with pain and vitamin potions?”


“Sell them.”

She blinked, and I chuckled at how innocent she was.

“There is a black market for just about anything, Grace. Wolfe Medical is the leading pharmaceutical company, bar none. Anything coming out of your factory would fetch a high price, and what better way to get it than straight from the source?”

He huffed. “Someone within the company, most likely Devin, was selling the medicine elsewhere and keeping the funds for themselves through the charitable arm of Wolfe Medical.”

 Comments

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Chapter 0035

Grace

His words hit me like a blow, and I felt anger and betrayal surge within me. How could Devin have sunk so low, profiting off the company's resources while leaving it to suffer? Leaving his children to suffer. It was a vile betrayal, not only to me but to the entire pack and all the employees who had put their trust in him—in all the trust I had put in him.

I still remember the day I turned everything over and how he promised to work hard to maintain the pack and the company the way my father had.

Lies. Everything had all been lies.

How much more would I discover? I couldn't help but wonder if Devin's betrayal ever ended.

"This is despicable," I said, my voice filled with anger and disgust. "He has no regard for anyone but himself."

"I am terribly sorry, Grace. I can't make it untrue, but I can help you to make it as right as it can be."

The anger burned within me, but I knew I had to

focus on gathering evidence to expose his embezzlement. I took a deep breath, trying to calm the storm of emotions inside me.

“How do I prove it was him?”

“You would report it to the Inter-Pack Police. They’d carry it up to the federal level and open an investigation. It may take a while, but they have the best chance to figure out who all might be involved and how far this has gotten. I’ll tell you how, but know that taking such action might freeze any accounts of mine that Devin had control over.”

A bitter laugh escaped me as I replied, “They’re all empty anyway. He’s already taken everything.”

My home, my sanity—hell, I was lucky that I still had running water and lights—

I hissed as I remembered. I didn’t have lights, and I might not have water either or gas. I bit my lip, trying to think of a way to break this to Charles. My heart sank. Was Kelly back with the kids yet? Had she called Eason instead of me?

“What’s wrong?”

I hesitated at first, not wanting to burden him with my personal problems when we had so much on our

plate already.

He narrowed his eyes and leaned forward. "You have my support, Grace. Just tell me. I want to help."

I bit my lip, eyeing him. My pride burned, but there was no real way around it.

Finally, I finally caved.

"The electricity in my house got turned off," I confessed, feeling a mix of frustration and embarrassment. My face was on fire. "It was one of the bills that Devin conveniently forgot to pay, and... they turned it off earlier."

He nodded. "Does Mooncrest have same-day service?"

I nodded. "But it's... expensive."

I winced. "I shouldn't have told you to cancel—"

"Call the electric company."

"What?"

"Call the company so it can be turned back on."

"Oh, but—"

"Grace," he said gently. "You have two young children. What are you going to do without power?"

While I would gladly put you up in a hotel, don't you think you and the kids would be more comfortable at home?"

I bit my lip and nodded. Even if it made me uncomfortable, I could let my children be cold and hungry for the night. As I dialed the number for the utility company, my mind was still preoccupied with the whirlwind of events that had unfolded throughout the day. The phone rang several times before a clerk answered, sounding bored and tired.


"Thank you for calling Mooncrest Utilities. My name is Lisa. How can I assist you today?"

"Hi, Lisa. This is Grace Wolfe. I believe my electricity got turned off earlier, and I'm calling to resolve the issue and get it turned back on as soon as possible," I explained, trying to maintain a composed demeanor despite my exhaustion.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Ms. Wolfe. Let me check the status of your account," Lisa replied, her tone becoming more professional. "Could I have your account number or address?"

I rattled off my address since I didn't know my account number.

While I waited on hold, Charles remained silent on


 +15 BONUS

the other side of the desk. His presence was oddly comforting, and it helped steady my nerves a little.

After what felt like an eternity, Lisa returned to the line. "I've located your account, Ms. Wolfe. It seems that your electricity was indeed disconnected due to missed payments."

"Thank you, Lisa. I appreciate your help," I said sincerely, feeling a glimmer of hope that the situation could be resolved quickly. "How many missed payments?"

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