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Grace smiled, her weariness momentarily replaced by a glimmer of pride.

"Thank you," she replied, a tender smile playing on her lips. "They mean everything to me, Charles. Being a mother has been the most rewarding and challenging role I've ever had. I want to make sure they have every opportunity to thrive and be happy."

"I'm sure they know," I said. "How have they taken you being out of the house more?"

She chuckled. "Cecil is happy to go out and explore with Kelly. Richard isn't taking it as easy, though. He'll settle down. It's just been us since he was born. It was different when Cecil was born. I was still stepping away from the lab. Richard's only known me."

"And you? How are you handling it?"

She shrugged. "I'm dealing. It's kind of like I've flipped completely the opposite way now that I know what those years of being a stay-at-home mom has ultimately cost us."

She looked down. "Too much. I can't say that I regret it, but I know that I would have done everything differently given the chance."

"You can't blame yourself for trusting someone you should have been able to trust."

She nodded. "I keep trying to tell myself that, but the more of this we delve into, the more guilty I feel."

"Don't blame yourself for his lack of integrity. If anything, you should be

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blaming me."

Her lips twitched. "You can't control who your kids grow up to be."

"No, you can't." I smiled and considered her words. "I gleaned that you had a head for the science aspect of Wolfe Medical. Did you work for the company for a time? Before Cecil was born?"

Her smile was warm as she beamed with pride.

"I led the research team for the werewolf longevity project."

My jaw dropped open. I felt a swell of admiration for Grace. I had never imagined that she was integral to the project. But something about that bit of information waved a red flag through my mind.

Who had she left in charge when she withdrew from the lab?

"I... had no idea."

She shrugged. "It was going to be the subject of dissertation."

Her passion for her work was evident in the way her eyes lit up as she spoke, and I couldn't help but be captivated by her dedication to the cause.

"When I came up with the idea, my dad swore it was a groundbreaking endeavor."

"It is. No one else has even attempted it."

"Well, they won't have to. Now that it's in the patent stage, all it needs is a few clinical trials before we try to make it cheaper."

I blinked. My heart sank as I realized that she had no idea.

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She frowned. "What's wrong?"

"It's not in the patent stage yet, Grace."

"What?" Grace shook her head, her expression clouded with confusion. "
That doesn't make any sense. It was well on its way when I left..."

She blinked and looked down. "Maybe the patent just hasn't been approved yet, but I didn't see any information about adjustments needing to be made in all the documents."

I bit my lip and took a deep breath. This was going to be a hard conversation, but the more I thought about it, the more I couldn't shake the feeling that fate had brought us together for a reason.

Maybe because it knew that Grace had no idea.

"It hasn't made it to patent."

She shook her head. The panic and frustration was clear on her face.

"Listen, Grace," I said slowly. "I wasn't always the majority owner of Sharpe Medical."

"What?" She gasped, looking shocked. "But... that meeting was on the calendar before I got divorced..."

I nodded. "The former owner had been pushing for a meeting while we were still discussing the deal, but I'm the one who wanted to meet with you. I saw the potential in Wolfe Medical's research and its potential to revolutionize the industry."

"But if it hasn't made it to patent, how did you even know about it?" She

