

Chapter 0039

Grace

I couldn't even think. I was barely processing what he told me. My mind was racing with a mix of emotions. I remembered the long hours and sleepless nights. I had left a good team to finish the work. How could it not be patented yet? What had they been doing? Was there something wrong with the synthesis? A component I missed?

"I didn't mean to blindside you," he said gently, reaching out to place to take my hand and squeeze. "It was just clear that you didn't know, and you need to know."

His eyes met mine. I could see his sincerity.

"Charles, I... I'm just surprised," I admitted, my voice tinged with a mix of uncertainty and curiosity.

"I understand," he replied, giving my hand another comforting squeeze. The warmth of it seemed to spread up my arm. "But I want you to know that you're not alone in this."

"I..." I cleared my throat and pulled out my phone. "I need to make a call."

My hands were shaking as I called the R&D department, but the voice who answered wasn't one I recognized.

"Wolfe Medical R&D."

"This is Grace Wolfe," I said. "I need to speak to the head of the department about the werewolf longevity project."



"Oh, our new boss? Well, that project has been canceled and there hasn't been a department head in years."

My whole body went stiff and cold. Horror and anxiety rose like a tide. I couldn't believe it.

"W-What? Where are the researchers?"

"They were mostly dismissed, some of them left. There are lab assistants still here."


"A-And what are they doing?"

"Making pain potions and stuff like that."

I couldn't speak. All of R&D had been reduced to a production floor? The entire werewolf longevity project had come to a grinding halt when I left?

Something in me wailed with grief.

"T-Thank you," I whispered, as tears started to burn in my eyes.

My life's work had crashed the moment I walked away, but how could I blame anyone else? 

Idiot. I was a fucking idiot. What else could I have expected? Walking away from my work and never looking back? Devin wasn't a scientist and he wasn't a werewolf. What would he care about it? The board might not have even known about it.

I felt sick.

"May I?" Charles asked.

I handed over the phone, but I couldn't hear anything but my own grief. It was choking me, blinding me, and deafening. The world was swaying. I could see my father's tombstone and next to it mine. I could almost see Cecil and Richard, grown up and looking down at my grave.

"Grace," Charles said as he hung up the phone. I lifted my gaze.

"I'm..."

He handed me a small notebook and my phone. I looked down and saw a list of names and phone numbers that I recognized. They were all former employees of R&D. I looked up and met his gaze again.

"The first step to getting Wolfe Medical back on track is to revive the werewolf longevity project," he said firmly. "It needs to get to patent, through the trials, and to market ASAP, and I believe you're the one who can do it."

My gaze dropped to the list. I couldn't speak.


"You need to get back in the lab."

I shook my head, lost. There was no guarantee that these people would come back, no guarantee that I could finish the project. It had been so long. How much of it did I really remember? And what about my kids? I was already away from them for so long trying to figure out the company stuff. Going back to the lab would be even worse.

"I... It would be faster to hire someone."

He shook his head. "It wouldn't be cheaper though."

My stomach clenched.

 +5 BONUS

Chapter 0039

"No one else will have the drive and dedication to see this through," he said. "And I doubt any of your former colleagues are going to come back for anything less than you leading the helm."

I took the notebook. I could feel some part of me yearning to pick it back up, to finish it the way I had dreams. But doubts lingered. I sighed, flipping through the research team's names, my fingers tracing the familiar lines. The long hours flashed through my mind again, the sacrifices I had made to get as far as I had. I remembered every fight about my time at lab. I remember letting it slip away because I loved Devin and Devin said it was better to focus on being a mother.



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