

Chapter 0047

Grace

The morning light streamed through the windows, casting a warm glow through the house as I made my way downstairs. There was a sense of familiarity in the air, a feeling that I hadn't felt in a long time. Like everything would be fine. As I entered the kitchen, I found Charles already seated at the breakfast table, his attention focused on a stack of papers spread out before him. Cecil sat across from him, happily munching on a bowl of cereal.

"Good morning," I greeted as I approached the table.

"Morning, Mommy!" Cecil looked up. "Have you ever tried this cereal? It's so good!"

Charles looked up, a warm smile gracing his lips. "Good morning, Grace. Sleep well?"

I paused for a moment, surprised by the question. The truth was, I had slept more soundly than I had in a long time, a fact that was both unexpected and welcome. "Actually, I did. It's been a while since I've slept through the night without interruptions."

Charles nodded, his understanding evident. "I'm glad to hear that."

"What's this about new cereal?" I asked looking in the bowl. It didn't look anything like I had ever seen in a store.

And when did we have milk?

"It's so good. You should have some!"



I glanced at Charles, who smiled. "It's a favorite among the clan kinds, and little Richard here has been quite cooperative."

My gaze shifted to where Richard was in the rocking in his high chair, his eyes curiously taking in his surroundings and playing with the toys hanging around him. I couldn't help but feel a mixture of gratitude and surprise at Charles' words. The sight of him caring for my children in such a natural manner tugged at my heartstrings.

"I have to confess," I began, taking a seat beside Charles, "I thought we were out of groceries."

Charles chuckled softly, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "I took the liberty of having some groceries delivered this morning. It seemed like the practical thing to do. That formula I promised you came too. Breakfast is on the stove still unless you want cereal too."

"Go for the cereal, mommy!"

I chuckled and entered the kitchen, taking in the neatly organized shelves and the well-stocked refrigerator. There was steak and eggs, a stack of pancakes that smelled so good, my stomach rumbled.

"Thank you," I said sincerely, my heart warming at the realization that he had gone out of his way to ensure that we had everything we needed.

"It's my pleasure," Charles replied, his tone gentle. "I hope you and the children feel at ease with me. And it's the least I could do for your hospitality."

As I glanced at Cecil and Richard, a sense of comfort settled within me. Despite the challenges we were facing, Charles was single-handedly setting up a firm foundation for them. By the moon, this man knew what he was doing. No matter how non-chalant he seemed, I knew better.

He had to know what all this was doing to me.

I made a plate of food and a bowl of cereal before returning to the table with it all. The cereal was really good, but I couldn't tell exactly why I

liked it so much, and I practically inhaled the steak and eggs. The pancakes were perfectly sweet, and the floral syrup that he'd bought was so good, I could drink it by itself. 2

"I've been thinking," I began, my gaze meeting Charles' steady gaze, "about what you said regarding my Ph.D. program."

Charles listened attentively, his expression encouraging me to continue.

"I don't have a way to pay for the rest of my schooling right now," I admitted, feeling a mixture of vulnerability and determination. "But I do believe that if we can get Wolfe Medical back on its feet, even without the new patent, it would give me some peace of mind to consider finding a way back to my studies."

There was a brief silence as Charles considered my words, his thoughtful gaze never leaving mine. 1

Cecil's cheerful voice broke the momentary silence. "Uncle Charles, will you color with me later?"

Charles smiled warmly at her, a hint of mischief in his eyes. "Absolutely, Cecil. But only if you promise not to out-color me."

Cecil's laughter filled the air. "I'll try!"

A playful glint danced in Charles' eyes as he sipped his coffee, his silence seemed heavy. I could almost see the thoughts turning and his displeasure.

"You look a little grumpy," I teased, a mischievous smile tugging at my lips. "I suppose all that ruling has dulled your coloring skills." 1

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Charles chuckled. "We'll see... as for your program, I could just as easily pay for the rest of your program."

I went still, but I shook my head. It felt like a trap, or maybe that was just my fear and trauma about Devin talking.

"You're not getting another percentage of the company," I declared with a hint of playfulness, my gaze meeting his.

Charles' smile remained unwavering as he leaned back in his chair. "Ah, I see you've seen through my cunning plan."

My heart lurched. His eyes widened and he shook his head, taking my hand as his gaze softened.

"My apologies. That was an ill-timed joke." I eyed him suspiciously. A soft chuckle escaped his lips. "In all seriousness, Grace, I'd be honored to support you in completing your education." 1

His sincerity took me by surprise, and for a moment, I was rendered speechless. The memory of how I had abandoned my studies after giving birth to Cecil came rushing back, a lingering regret that I had buried deep within me.

"I appreciate your offer," I replied, my voice laced with genuine gratitude. "But I can't let you do that. It's my responsibility. I'll find away."

I hadn't checked on the trust fund my father left me, and besides my Ph.D. was so far down on the list, it wasn't something I had to worry about right now. 1

Charles' smile didn't waver as he responded, his words both gentle and heartfelt. "Think of it not as a financial transaction, but as a gift from a

friend who believes in your potential."

I opened my mouth to protest further, but his next words caused a warmth to spread through my chest, thawing the icy grip of my doubts. Devin's words about my degree and how I was better off being a mother washed through my mind. I remembered just giving in. 1

I couldn't believe that this man was the same man that had raised Devin.

How could he have turned out like this.

"I'd simply like to see that diploma framed and hanging up back at my home," he confessed, his gaze unwavering. "Call that payment enough, and perhaps I'll have the sales reports hanging next to it."

The sincerity in his eyes was unexpected, and it stirred something within me. A flush crept up my cheeks as I met his gaze, a mixture of emotions swirling within me. I was arm all over like I had been that night that felt like it had been years ago. I felt something else that I couldn't remember ever feeling, something primal and restless. It was as though Charles had peeled back layers I had long kept hidden, revealing a part of me I hadn't fully acknowledged. I tilted my head to the side, baring my neck. His eyes widened. Light flickered as he stared at me. The want in his eyes made my mouth go dry, but I couldn't understand why. A smirk tugged at his lips. 1

"Think on it," he said gently. "The offer will always be there."

I shuddered at the rasp of his voice and tried to pull my gaze away. There was something wicked and knowing in his gaze. He was doing something to me, I knew it, but I didn't know what it was.

Had I always wanted just someone to tell me what I should have known? Someone else to believe in me the way my father had?

I nodded. "I will."

He nodded and went back to drinking his coffee. I had a sneaking suspicion that while he agreed to be business only, he hadn't completely given up. 1

He was too cunning, too sly. He knew too much about me, saw too much to have just backed off. He was using things I didn't even know about myself against me. It was dangerous for me not to know. Not just for myself and my pack, but my children, yet I felt no fear.

If anything I wanted to crawl into his lap and feel the bite of his teeth in my neck, the heat of his hands on my ass. He turned back to me. His eyes glinting with light. His nostrils flared as if he was scenting something.

Was he smelling me? Could he tell that I was daydreaming about him?

Our shared moment was abruptly shattered by the sound of the door opening and Eason's voice cutting through the air.

"I brought muffins!"



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