



Chapter 0051

Charles

As Eason left, the atmosphere in Grace's pack house seemed to shift into a more relaxed state. My eyes wandered around the dining room as I listened to Eason leave. Richard continued sleeping in my arms, soundly.

Grace returned, she seemed more assured and ready for what was going to happen next. She wore a smile that hinted at her readiness. Her strength was evident, and I felt a sense of admiration for the alpha before me. 1

"Eason's off to plot vicious plans," Grace said. "I thought maybe I could show you to an office you can use."

I nodded. "At your lead."

Grace led me through the corridors of the house, the rich scent of wood and history filling the air as we walked. It was a different area of the ground floor than the kitchen. The walls were adorned with antique paintings of former alphas. Finally, Grace opened the door to an office, and I stepped inside, my eyes taking in the cozy space. Sunlight streamed in through the window, casting a warm glow over the room. The walls were adorned with shelves of books. The desk, made of dark wood, bore the signs of years of use but retained an air of elegance.

I turned to Grace, gratitude and appreciation evident in my eyes. "Thank you for providing me with a space to work," I said, my voice genuine.

Grace smiled, a genuine warmth in her expression. "Of course, Charles. I want you to feel comfortable and supported during your time here."

I stepped closer to the desk, running my fingers along its smooth surface. "It's a beautiful room," I commented, my gaze wandering over the books that lined the shelves.

"My father used it as his study, and I... haven't been in here since he died."

I looked at him. "You're certain about me using this room?" 1

She nodded.

"I have my own office. A little more scienc-y," she wrinkled her nose. "Besides, I can't understand most of the records in here."

I chuckled. "Very well.

I nodded, settling into the chair behind the desk. I found the records I was looking quickly.

"Before we delve into the production process, Grace, I believe it's crucial for us to take a comprehensive look at the overall structure of Wolfe Medical," I began, observing the transition in her expression from anticipation to a touch of confusion.

She tilted her head, clearly intrigued. "The structure? I was planning on placing an order to restart production. Why do we need to analyze the structure?"

Leaning back, I folded my hands and explained my perspective. "While resuming production is indeed important, there are alternative strategies that could contribute to the company's stability and growth. Specifically, I propose we examine the possibility of streamlining the company's operations by consolidating certain departments." 1



Grace's brows furrowed slightly as she processed my words. "Streamlining by consolidating departments?" 1

Gesturing toward the surroundings, where the essence of her pack home was palpable, I continued. "Imagine, for instance, that we consolidate Procurement Departments across various pack operations—the police force, fire department, medical division, and others. By doing so, we can potentially unlock resources and real estate that can be repurposed. Given the recent layoffs, this approach offers a chance to optimize expenditures and create new avenues of revenue."

She frowned. "But the pack endowment..."

"Are you certain it's completely in tact?" I asked. "And do you think all of those empty positions will be easily filled?"

I observed Grace's expression evolve from confusion to understanding. The concept was gradually taking root, and I could see the wheels turning in her perceptive mind.

"Well, eventually we'll hire all those people back."

"Eventually, you'll need to, but a good consolidation is one that can sustain expansion as well. It's about maximizing our resources to their fullest potential," I added. "By eliminating inefficiencies and redundancies, we can redirect these resources to areas that require the most attention. Not only will this bolster the company and the pack's financial health, but it will also position it for sustained growth."

Grace's gaze met mine and she sank into the chair across from me, clearly still turning it over in her mind.



"You're saying selling more isn't the easiest thing to do right now to help the financial state of the company."

I nodded. "Exactly."

"My father set up the company as it is now," she worried her lip. "I'm... really not sure about changing the structure..." 1

I smiled. "It's not a drastic change, not now. It shouldn't be necessary. Think of it less like starting from scratch and more like improving what's there by adding safeguards and eliminating any other lingering drains on the company that Devin has left behind."



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