

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 12

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 12-search for job

Grey smiled, flashing them his neatly arranged set of white teeth. He was confident anyway since he had already discussed it with Alfred.

And he was certain that Alfred would let him work with him for as long as he wanted. He was his boss after all.

He turned around again, leaving Avery's parents on the seat before he walked deeper into the house.

He knew he couldn't go back to his house and would have to pass the night at Avery's house. Also, he didn't know where Avery's room was, he only followed his instincts, coupled with the conversation of the maids that he eavesdropped on before walking inside the living room.

He stopped before the door and knocked on it. It took a moment before the door opened.

As Grey was about to step in, Avery almost shut the door right on his face. Thanks to his swiftness, he was able to dodge the attack.

She opened the door again, anger vivid on her features. The reddish and swollen face showed she had been crying earlier even though there was no evidence of tears on her face.

"What do you want? What were you trying to do?" She barked.

"I want to come in, to sleep of course," he regarded her for a moment. "Why are you blocking my way?"

"You must be kidding if you seriously believe you will sleep in here!" She snapped.

"I'm your husband, remember?" He reminded her.

Avery shook her head slightly. "No, You are just the man that made me lose my heir right due to your foolishness. You ruined my life Grey and I seriously don't want to have anything to do with you!" She spat out with anger.

"Where am I supposed to stay then?" He contended.

"I don't care!" She snapped. "Anywhere but not here!" She jibed and shut the door angrily. If the door wasn't so strong, it would have fallen off.

Grey sighed, already feeling sorry for her. It was his fault anyway. He regretted ever getting drunk. The night was a special night that he would never forget.

Grey moved away from the door as he could see some other door by the left. However, there was already a bold description of who the room belonged to. There was Smith and Benjamin and the couple.

There was another room on the upper floor but it was for Lucy. Aside from these, there was no other room for Gray except for the maids' side which was to the left side of the living room.

Grey found an unoccupied room in the servants' wing. And he slept off immediately.

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The morning came so fast as Grey could imagine. Well, he wanted to get to the P.K company on time. And he would still have to go to his house since he didn't bring any clothes to Avery's house.

He walked out of the room just in time when Benjamin and Emma were coming out.

"What the fuck? Did you sleep in the servant room?" Benjamin asked amazingly.

Emma laughed. "Of course, he's a servant after all?"

Grey took a short bow. "Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson."

"Good morning," Benjamin replied softly.

Emma waved her hand. "The morning is good for you after all. I hope you won't forget the position you hold in this family."

Grey smiled. "I won't ma'am but I have to go now," and he hurried out before they would say much.

He got a cab straight to his house and took a quick bath. He was dressed in a gray shirt and black trousers.

P.K corporation was thirty minutes away. When Grey got to the company, it was already ten in the morning.

Stepping down from the car, Smith was the first person that Grey saw. Smith turned around and saw him as well, then a smile crept up to the corner of his mouth.

"Look who we've got here," he teased as Grey walked nearer. Afraid that Grey would walk in and he wouldn't be able to stop him, he called out to the securities that were hanging around.

The securities walked forward at an alarming rate. He pointed at Grey. "Do not let him in. He's a loser who wants to take advantage of Alfred."

The security men blocked the entrance immediately and Grey was forced to look back at Smith while wondering what was really happening.

Smith took a step closer to him and filled the space in between them. "You know what, Grey. I think you should accept the aura moving endlessly around you," he whined. "You shouldn't try to get benefits from Alfred even if your grandfather was his friend. Just accept the fact that you are poor," he laughed again and stepped back.

Grey sighed, already getting angry. He took out his phone and was about to dial Alfred's number when a lady walked out of the company in a black skirt and a white t-shirt.

"Hello, this is Jane, Mr. Alfred's secretary," she greeted and turned towards the securities. "You can leave."

Smith creased his brows and opened his mouth to say something but Jane cut her off immediately.

"I'm sorry sir, but this is strictly Mr. Alfred's orders," she smiled at Grey. "Please, do follow me," she turned around and started to walk away.

Grey looked over at Smith and noted the disappointment on his face. Grey made a little smile before he walked after Jane.

"Has Alfred told you why I'm here?" Grey said when he met up with her.

Jane craned her neck to be able to look at him for a moment. Alfred? She thought that Grey was in the company to find a job, then she wondered why he was being so disrespectful.

She didn't answer. Instead, she opened the door to her office and walked in, expecting Grey to come inside after her.

Grey gave the room quick scrutiny. "I think I deserve an answer to the question I asked the other time."

Jane retrieved a paper and turned towards Grey. "Sorry?" She stretched out a paper with a confounded expression.

Grey knew that she didn't like him but he didn't care. He took the paper from her and discovered that it was a list of jobs that Grey could apply for.

It looked as though Alfred was giving him the right to select a job for himself.

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Grey stared harder at the list but he couldn't avoid the dirty stare that the secretary was giving him as if he was some sort of bug.

He ignored her. He was supposed to act undercover anyways. He stared harder at the list and realized that some were starred.

He looked up at the secretary and she turned around quickly to avoid his gaze.

“The starring_,” he dragged, really not interested in explaining.

“Those stars mean that we don’t have a vacancy for it,” she turned around again and faked a smile. ” Will you like coffee or tea?”

Grey ignored her as well and felt her body go rigid. She seemed to have gotten angry.

“I will be the manager,” he said finally and placed the file on the table to look up at the secretary.

“But,” she started, with a dark frown on her face. “You saw that it was occupied already.”

“Yes, I did. I asked you,” he said softly.

” So, why occupy a position that has been occupied? Are you going to demote the employee?”

Grey watched her for a moment and stared down at the list, then back at her. “Were you the one that handed me this list right now? I seemed to have forgotten.”

Jane studied him for a moment. ” I have you the list but_,” she was cut off by Grey.

“Miss position_,” he started innocently.

“Jane,” she corrected quickly, angry at his lack of hindsight.

Grey nodded quickly, not really interested in her name. He knew that she doesn’t love him and he doesn’t even love her ass.

“You brought the list. There must be a reason why you did. I sincerely don’t want to know the reason,” he stood up. ” I’ve just selected what I wanted.”

Jane regarded him for a moment. “Very well then Mr. Grey. I will need to collect some of your information. And your office will be ready tomorrow,” she gave his clothes a deep scrutiny but she didn’t dare talk.

Grey nodded again and finally left the company. Smith wanted outside when he got out. Though, he wondered what he was doing there at that moment.

Exhaling a relief sigh outside the company, Grey knew that he needed some things as the new manager. He would need to get some suits and perhaps change his phone as well.

And that would also mean touching the money that Alfred had given him.

He got home in no time and took the cheque. His in-laws were around. So, Grey knew he would have to sleep over at Robinson's house that night as well. The sad thing was that he might have to sleep at the servant quarter again.

Well, he needed to prove to his in-laws that he was the best son-in-law ever.

The bank wasn't far away. In fact, everyone at the bank knew him very well because he was always making deliveries for them.

Aside from that, the next thing he realized was that they were used to being partial. And they would always talk down to him at any time they desired to.

It was something Grey had to get used to, to survive of course.

"Look who we've got here," Peter teased. He was actually the number one nemesis of Grey. He was a banker and well, the main man around here. He wasn't a millionaire but he was rich on average and of good looks.

Though, he was still no match for Grey's handsomeness. What Grey needed was money.

"Hi," Grey reciprocated and walked closer with the cheque in his hand.

"Why aren't you with your uniform today?" Jessica teased and glanced up at him.

Grey tried not to waver as he walked closer to Peter. "I need to withdraw some money."

"On the counter?" Peter raised skeptical brows. Grey stared and didn't even reply. "Do you know that only a huge amount of money is withdrawn on the counter?"

"I'm not withdrawing here_," he stated but was immediately cut off by Jessica's shriek of laughter.

"Grey is always funny, are you just aware?" She looked back at the customer in front of her.

Grey looked at Jessica, then back at Peter. "I'm demanding to see your manager because my money is too huge to be settled on the counter," he muttered.

"Is this Walt Disney?" Peter laughed again. "You are fucking making me laugh. I haven't really laughed this morning," he teased even harder.

Grey felt another stab of annoyance. People were always downgrading him wherever he went. It was like they never saw anything good in him.

No, they were just too blind to see that he was Hercules.

"Peter, get me to the manager's office or I will find my way right there!" He threatened lightly.

“No need. Just let me check your cheque, I don’t want to get myself trouble if you’re playing with us.” Peter sartized.

“Go ahead. Just keep your mouth shut.” Grey responded.

Peter took the cheque to his position, although he knew it was impossible that Grey had such big amount of money, he should check it.

“Ah Ha! An account can’t be found? Definitely a fake one!” Peter shouted, it was impossible that he had no authority to find this account, so the only possibility was the cheque was fake.

He knew Grey was a loser since the day that he started working as a delivery man. He even heard that he was an orphan. So, Peter could never think high of him for a bit.

“Now, is there anything to say, loser?” Peter smirked, waited for a moment and tore the cheque into pieces.

Grey’s eyes nearly went out of their socket. “What the fuck did you just do?” He yelled at him.

He didn’t believe the cheque was a fake one, he trusted Alfred.

But why was the cheque invalid? Would Alfred have given him a fake cheque? Was he supposed to doubt him?

Well, his father’s friend had betrayed his father. What’s there to know? Though, the fear of it was more than finding it out.

