

## **Secretly TBB 121**

Chapter 121: What's there? Lucy stepped inside his room to get ready for work. He wasn't the CEO now but he still felt the need to go to work and sometimes supervise.

His eyes went to the stainless steel wristwatch that he placed carelessly by the lampstand.

He disregarded it because it was an imitation.

When he got home on his birthday, he saw the watch on the table and took it inside.

Grey must have intentionally dropped it so he could take it.

Well, Lucy wanted to be accommodating for once and decided to accept the gift even though it wasn't worth it.

Well, he never expected anything from him seeing that he was just striving in the business world.

Just as Lucy turned to leave, he hesitated and decided to take the watch over to his friend's store.

His friend was a large wholesaler and retailer in all forms of wristwatches.

Since Grey argued that the watch was real.

He was going to prove it to him.

And if it turned out to be an imitation, Grey would be punished for lying.

So, Lucy took the wristwatch and walked out of the house.

He arrived at the store.

The door opened almost immediately and Henry stepped out.

"Going somewhere?" Lucy said suddenly.

Henry looked up and saw him, " Lucy!" A smile spread across his face.

Lucy reciprocated the smile.

"I came here for you, you can't leave now." Henry chuckled.

"Let's go inside my office," he led Lucy across the spacious outlet, and into his office.

" What should I offer you? Are you here to stay a while or what?" He asked eagerly.

Henry and Lucy have been friends for a long time.

They went to the same college but somehow, they haven't been able to see each other recently as Henry went out of the country.

He was a businessman now and was always going from one country to another.

Lucy thought for a moment.

"I will stay for a few hours.

You may get me anything." Henry took the telephone and made an order.

"What do I owe for such a pleasant visit?" Lucy smiled.

"Well, you missed my birthday, Henry." Henry hit his head slightly.

"I'm so sorry.

I'm going to get you a gift," he stood up quickly Lucy watched him." It doesn't have to be in a rush," he advised.

Henry smiled.

"I know but I don't want to forget," he responded and moved to the telephone again.

"Hello, bring me the two expensive wristwatches on sale," and he dropped the phone to look at Lucy." You can select your gift by yourself." Lucy shook his head slightly.

"You will never change, will you?"

Henry smiled.

"Not at all," and he moved to sit in front of him." I was going to visit you anyways.

My daughter is coming back from Paris and what's to work in your company.

Perhaps, there's a vacancy."

Lucy nodded once." It's ok.

She can come, and I will fix something for her," he assured.

Henry nodded briefly. "Thank you." Lucy remembered the wristwatch. "Also, I want you to do something for me.

I," the door opened suddenly, interrupting him of the word he was about to say.

One of the salesperson moved closer.

"Here sir.

I brought the Patek Philippe Ref 1527 and a Hublot Big bang." "Patek Philippe?" Lucy repeated as he remembered that the watch Grey gave him was also Patek Philippe.

Surely, it would be easy to identify the fake.

"Take it to him.

Let him choose the one that he wants," Henry ordered the salesperson Lucy looked at Henry. "I have a wristwatch here and I want to know if it's an imitation or the real one." "Alright, I can do that," Henry affirmed.

Lucy brought out the wristwatch and Henry took it.

His eyes went wide as he observed the watch.

He sat up and checked every side of the watch.

Alas! It was Patek Philippe Ref 1518 in stainless steel.

Patek Philippe was very expensive and so only a few of it were always ordered in stores.

In fact, he just sold the last one the day before.

Despite how much he would love to own one, Henry has to consider the amount.

Eventually, he was able to afford it and has been treating it like a treasure.

"Is everything alright?" Lucy jolted Henry out of his reverie.

"Yes," Henry mumbled and looked at Lucy. "This is Patek Philippe," he announced and got up to retrieve his wristwatch from the desk.

"A fake or original?" Lucy asked.

Henry took his wristwatch and compared it with the one that Lucy brought.

It was the same, in color length and fact in some inscriptions on the back.

He looked up at Lucy eventually.

"It's the real one.

Where did you get this? You could have gotten it from me," he revealed with a tone that showed his disappointment.

If Lucy had brought it from him, he would have gained something from it.

"I didn't buy it, Henry.

It was a gift.” “Oh, it’s the original.

In fact, we sell it for 13 million dollars here.

Lucy felt moved immediately.

Grey won a lottery and spent such an amount as a gift for him? He could have used the money for something else but he didn't.

Yet, he had disregarded his gift.

Nora has been thinking for a while and she didn't know what option she should really go for.

She didn't know if the money was worth betraying Grey the second time.

So, she called Tracy over.

Even though she was mad at her, she was in fact always smarter than she was.

"So, Nora, are you going to listen to me? Are you sincerely going to take my advice?" Tracy questioned, her gaze fixed on her.

Nora nodded slowly.

She had no choice anyways.

She needed her to proffer her an excellent solution.

“Alright, then.

I think you should go with Mrs Robinson." "But that means betraying Grey again," Nora reminded her.

"Yes," Tracy nodded briefly.

"But there's no assurance that Grey would forgive you and employ you.

You are just going to wallow yourself in pity.

Aside from that, you have to think of your expenses," she explained convincingly.

Nora thought about it for a moment and sighed with frustration.

"But how do I go about it?" Tracy smiled.

"I have a very good idea.

Chapter 122: Priority Grey couldn't stop fidgeting. Gregory hadn't gotten back to him and he had started panicking His phone rang suddenly and he reached for it.

It was Don.

"Hello, any news?" He probed.

"No, Boss but we are ready to leave.

Where should we meet? Should we come over to your place or will you come here?" Don bombarded.

"I will meet you wherever you are, just send me the address," he hurried out of the office.

Tina rushed to him.

"Boss, you have an appointment soon," she reminded him.

Grey waved it off.

"Cancel it!" He placed a call to Gregory immediately as he entered the elevator.

Gregory didn't pick up again.

He decided to forget about him for that moment and instead rushed out of the company.

His phone beeped and the address popped up on the phone.

He drove the car out of the company at full speed.

He drove towards the address that Don had sent and he soon arrived at his destination.

He hurried out and saw Don and Richard in front of the car, already waiting for him.

They were in a secluded area and out of the prying eyes.

"Hi boss, we got dozens of men.

You will be fine," Don assured.

Grey nodded once.

"I don't need that.



I only need to get Naomi and Lan alive," he moved to Don's car, leaving his car behind.

Richard drove, followed closely by three cars that were filled with men to protect the Hercules.

When they got to the area, it was eerily empty with no trace of humans.

"Check around.

I'm sure Lan and Naomi are here somewhere.

You must find them!" Grey ordered.

The car split and each took a different direction.

Only Richard didn't drive.

Grey looked at him for a moment.

"Why aren't you driving?" "We can't do that, Boss.

Your safety is our main priority.

Mr.

Alfred warned me not to let you get into trouble," he revealed.

Grey raised skeptical brows." Alfred? How did he know? Did you tell him?" Don shook his head.

"I told him nothing.

He said he knew you would try something so silly," he responded and turned to look at Richard." You must never leave his side." "Alright," Richard nodded.

Grey looked away.

He knew what he was going to do anyway.

Somehow, Grey couldn't stop thinking of the fact that Audrey must have watched Lan the other day that he picked him up.

Who knows, Lan and Naomi might be close to the area.

Where they currently were was an extension.

Don got out of the car as one of the cars returned.

He ended up speaking with the driver.

Another car pulled up and Don signaled for Richard to move closer.

Just as Richard got down, Grey took the gun out of the car save and got down, unnoticed by the others.

He walked faster towards the bush side so that the others wouldn't notice him in time.

And when they did, he was gone.

Grey cocked the gun and moved faster towards the clearing.

Fortunately, there was a building in front of him.

Don showed up behind him, with the others.

They were already frustrated.

They split themselves around while some, including Richard, moved behind Grey.

Grey entered a spacious room.

His eyes darted around and went wide when he saw Lan unconscious on the floor at one side.

His heart skipped a beat at the fact that he might be dead already.

Just as Grey took a step forward, several men came from hiding.

Apparently, they were waiting for him.

The men had guns on and were pointing them at Grey.

Richard walked in just in time, with the other men.

"Put your gun down and I might spare you," Grey stated.

One of the men scoffed." You are no match against us.

It's six against dozens.

There's no way you will miss so many shoots.

Are you the Hercules?" Grey went silent for a moment as he observed the men and started to think of a way to deal with them.

One of the men pointed the gun at Lan.

"Someone will answer me now or I will pull the trigger," he threatened thickly.

Grey swallowed harder as he weighed both decisions.

At first, he didn't know how to feel.

Was he supposed to be happy that Lan was alive or sad that he would soon be dead? He didn't want Belle to lose her father and he didn't want to die just yet.

Though, he knew that Audrey only wanted to hand him over to Giovanni.

He wouldn't kill him immediately.

Maybe his elders would be able to save him before that happens.

"You want to know who Hercules is?" Richard said suddenly, as Grey opened his mouth to say something.

Grey looked at him and wondered what he was up to.

But then, Richard was always the one revealing his identity.

He was going to do exactly as he had done at Audrey's house.

Well, it was the best option, for Grey and Lan.

So, he didn't try to stop him this time.

"Yes, I'm listening.

His life depends on your response," one of the men repeated.

Richard took a step closer." Let the others leave then, including Lan because I'm the one you are looking for," he declared.

Grey's eyes shot out and he looked back at Richard.

"What is \_," he started but Richard cut him off.

"You should leave now!" He yelled in a thick voice as if he didn't care about lying or the consequences that might follow.

Though deep down he was frightened but his priority was keeping Hercules saved as Don had instructed.

One of the men smiled and slowly, the gun moved from Lan and towards Richard.

"A weak lion is better than a strong one," he remarked and aimed at Richard's leg.

Grey saw images flash across his face.

He saw Leo again, pointing a gun at his father, while he watched from where he stood.

Perspiration broke down from his forehead at the fact that he couldn't save his father but he could save Richard.

Because he knew that the men wouldn't spare anyone in the room.

It would be pointless.

"And well, I lied," the man said suddenly.

"No one leaves this room alive, except Hercules.

Well, he would leave this room on one leg," he revealed.

Chapter 123: Anniversary Just as Grey opened his mouth to say something, something dropped from above, a smoking device, and soon, everywhere was getting filled with smoke.

Grey took the opportunity to rush at the man still pointing the gun at Richard and about to shoot.

He hit him by the hand, then squeezed it hard so that the gun would drop from his hand.

Soon, the smoke was increasing and it was getting difficult to see anything from afar.

Grey knew the side that Lan was on.

So, he followed his instinct and found him.

Richard was beside him already, straining to see in the smoke.

Fire came down suddenly, and Grey heard Don's voice, calling out to him.

Instead, he looked at Richard.

"Take him.

I'm going to look for Naomi," he muttered and went towards the door by the right.

He saw Naomi on the bed, looking unconscious as well.

She was only in her underwear and he wondered what they had done to her as well.

A man came out of the bathroom, clad in only trousers but he was without a gun.

Grey pointed the gun at him and this frightened the other man.

Grey observed him for a moment, wondering where he was supposed to target.

Well, Grey was too young and maybe his father died too soon but he never taught him how to handle a gun.

The only thing his father focused on was martial arts.

Grey pulled the trigger for the first time.

The bullet disappointedly went through the wall behind the man.

The man let out a smile.

"You can't shoot," he was so happy as if he'd won a lottery.

Grey scoffed.

"I don't need a fucking gun to finish you off," and he threw the gun away.

The man, seeing this as an opportunity launched an attack at Grey but he caught him so quickly and punched him by his jaw.

The man sauntered back for a moment and soon launched another punch at Grey's face.

Grey dodged it and gave him its own, sending him reeling backward and spitting blood.

Grey moved closer to him quickly before he would stand and held him by the neck while punching him so hard with punches fueled with anger.

When he dropped him, he was stained with his blood and barely moving.

Grey spat on him angrily before he moved to Naomi.

By now, the shooting had stopped.

He checked her breathing and was pleased to find out that she was still alive.

Finally, he fulfilled his promise.

Grey scooped Naomi up and rushed towards the door.

Don showed up suddenly, with eyes wide with shock.

"Take her!" He yelled the order and one of the men moved closer to take Naomi from Grey.



When Grey and the rest walked out, Gregory was waiting for them.

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"Damn, Grey.

You shouldn't have entered," Alfred scolded.

Grey smiled." I had to and I don't regret it.

But anyways, I didn't lose any of my men today, thanks to you and the elders." Gregory smiled and looked at Grey." Hercules has finally shown what it takes to be our leader.

I've always been scared that a coward would be our leader.

A cowardly leader means the fall of the group," he explained, with a bright smile on his face.

Charles hurried towards them." Grey, are you alright?" Grey regarded him for a moment.

He didn't know that Charles would show up.

In fact, he didn't want to have anything to do with him, just yet.

Grey nodded briefly.

"I'm fine.

Where's Audrey?"

"Dead, we killed him.

He knows too much already," Charles responded.

Grey nodded.

"We should leave then," he turned to Don.

"Get Naomi and Lan to the hospital quickly," he ordered.

Don took a short bow.

"Yes, Boss," and he hurried to the car where Naomi and Lan were already.

"Where are the other elders?" Charles asked suddenly.

"Everyone went home.

We will see when Aphrodite comes back as we've decided on the other time," Gregory responded.

Alfred looked at Grey. "I will take you since you didn't bring your car.

Also, you need to change your suit.

I can arrange that for you," he assured as he led Grey to his car Grey let out a sigh and eventually entered the car.

He was happy that none of his men died.

It would have been sorrowful for him.

When Alfred took a turn, Grey realized that it wasn't the way to work or to Alfred's house.

"Where are we going?" He asked, with raised brows.

Alfred let out a sigh." It's her anniversary.

I knew you wouldn't remember," he said softly, though the sad tone laced his voice.

Grey was still confused.

"Who?" Alfred glanced at him.

"Your mother.

It's her anniversary and I'm driving you over to her tombstone," he revealed.

Grey felt pain crash at him, wall of it.

"I couldn't buy a flower," he whispered with a shaky voice.

LU Alfred nodded once." I have them in the car.

I knew you would want them so I got some for you," he explained.

Grey smiled gratitude at him." Thank you so much," he felt moved to tears.

He didn't know that Alfred would remember his mother's death anniversary.

"What killed her?" Grey wondered aloud.

Alfred took a turn.

"She died, naturally but your father suspected more of it.

Though, your father didn't allow autopsy." Grey regarded him for a moment." Why? Is there a reason to think like that?" Alfred nodded once.

"One of her maids disappeared the night that she died.

This was why your father refused to show you to the world.

He was scared of losing you.

And well, he didn't want your mother to go through the process of autopsy so he skipped it," he expressed.

Grey watched him for a moment and remembered the fact that he was hiding something from him.

"He planned to show you to the world when you were of age but unfortunately, that day didn't come," his voice dropped to near a whisper." If only he didn't have the accident," he trailed off as he pulled up suddenly by the roadside.

"We are here," he announced sadly.

"My father didn't die because of the accident," he started suddenly.

Alfred wiped his face towards Grey, confused.

Chapter 124: Young Master Grey nodded briefly and turned away, as he felt a sick feeling overtake him. He didn't want to talk about it.

He didn't want to give the elders unnecessary reasons to worry.

Leo was dead anyways, They just needed to find the spy and make life easier for him.

"Who? Do you know who it was?" Alfred probed in.

Rio had an accident that led to the explosion of the car.

They had to bury him with the car.

So, there was no way to track anything, not even go for his autopsy.

That aside, the elders wouldn't want it.

Why? Because even Rio forbade it for Victoria.

Doing it for Rio would mean they disrespected him.

Grey sighed.

"I didn't see his face," he lied.

Well, he believed it was the best at that time.

It wasn't the best time to get everyone on edge.

He would tell them at the right time.

Alfred released a sigh.

"This is surprising.

Why didn't I think to that extent?" He looked over at Grey, noticing the change in his attitude." Are you ok? Will you come down now?" Grey looked at him and nodded severally.

"Let's go." They got down from the car and Alfred retrieved some flowers from behind the car.

They walked through the path until they entered the cemetery, however, they still had to walk some miles.

Victoria and Rio weren't buried together, as they died in different cities.

Though, the elders thought Grey might be back soon to decide how he wants it to be.

Alfred stopped in front of a grave and dropped the flower beside it.

He started at it for a while.

"So, Victoria.

I brought your son," he smiled softly as if he was really speaking with her.

Then, he turned to look at Grey who hesitated before he moved closer.

"I will leave you for as long as you can manage." He hit him slightly by the shoulder before he walked away.

Grey walked closer and regarded the names on the tombstone.

Victoria was his mother's name and he didn't even know.

There was so much that he didn't know about his mother because she died earlier.

And as the enemy would have it, he lost both his parents before he even reached fifteen.

The pain would have been very worse for him if he didn't suffer memory loss.

Perhaps, he would have died.

Well, memory loss could also be a result of the shock.

The shock of seeing his father's friend kill his father and also shoot him.

Grey closed his eyes against the tears that threatened to fall from his eyes.

He blinked it back successfully.

Instead, he knelt in front of the tomb and slowly placed the flower on it.

He smacked his lips and got up eventually.

"Young master?" A soft voice reached his ears suddenly but he didn't reply, thinking it was probably directed at someone else.

"Young master," the voice sound nearer now.

Suddenly, a hand whirled him until he was looking down at a woman in her late thirties.

There was a confused look on her face as she beheld Grey.

"Young master," the word came out again, and her eyes went wide with shock that Grey wondered what was really happening.

"Is it really you?" She stared down at him as if taking in his personality.

"Who are you?" Grey was more than shocked.

A stranger screaming 'young master' all of a sudden was very weird.

The woman smiled so brightly and it looked like she hadn't done so in years.

She reached for his hand and engulfed it in hers.

"I'm Beatrice, your mother's closest maid," she introduced herself softly. "I thought I would never see you again.

I've always come here for the past ten years.

I thought I would never see you again.

I was going to die for not fulfilling my promise," she sobbed quietly.



Grey's head made a flip.

"Wait, you are my mother's maid? The one closer to her? You were the one that went away the night she died? You killed her?" Beatrice shook her head slightly as the tears streamed down her face.

"I didn't.

I would never hurt her or you or even anyone related to Hercules.

She told me to leave and never come back unless you are ready to continue her project," she explained.

Grey was still shocked.

"What do you mean? I don't understand you." Beatrice sniffed.

"I will tell you everything.

Well, I must do so." Grey regarded the woman for a moment and realized the weird dressing." You said you were waiting for me?" Beatrice nodded quickly.

"I've almost turned this place into my home but I knew that you would come.

I was going to wait until you came.

I didn't know you would have grown into this handsome young man.

I'm so shocked, I'm sure your mother would be happy," she started sobbing afresh."I'm so happy." Grey came to his mother's grave and should have been the one crying but he ended up consoling Beatrice.

He got a bottled water for her.

"Are you alright?" Grey asked as he sat beside her.

Beatrice nodded once." I used to be your babysitter.

I mean I was very close with your mother and we moved closer," she stated and stared into space, with a smiling face as if she was looking at someone.

"What did you want to give me? Why are you always waiting for me?" Grey asked, skeptical.

Beatrice looked at Grey." Your mother was killed.

She was poisoned.

She had been taking the poison without even realizing about it.

She found it recently but it was too late.

She didn't want to trouble you and well, she planned on telling Hercules that night.

But the poison took effect even that night." LUL Grey's heart made a sudden thud." What? But why? Who?"

Beatrice sighed.

"Smooth Therapy was launching their products and Victoria had always wanted to create a cream company.

She had workers and she did a great job in securing nice perfumed cream.

Hattie wants this.

She either has it or Victoria wouldn't be able to use it," she revealed.

Chapter 125: A revenge Grey stared for a moment, shocked. "Wait, I don't understand this. Do you mean that Hattie killed my mother?" Beatrice nodded once.

"I believe so.

But she has someone working for her somewhere around us, we just didn't notice.

This was the only mistake that we made," she sobbed quietly.

Grey couldn't think it through for a moment.

It felt like a heavy load had descended on him.

He couldn't believe it.

That his mother was indeed poisoned? Someone killed her and she didn't die a natural death? "So, I had to leave that night, with everything about your mother's cream." ULIL Grey observed Beatrice for a moment.

"Cream?" Beatrice nodded once.

"Your mother has some recipe for it but she wasn't able to create a company for it before she died.

She didn't want anyone to steal the recipe.

So, she told me to take everything away and keep it safe," she explained.

Greg released a sigh and looked away.

There was a lot he didn't know and was already discovering.

He wondered however how much he would still learn.

Well, something like why Rio killed his father.

He didn't even know if he was ready for the revelation.

"You don't know how happy I am to see you today, young master." Grey looked at Beatrice and smiled.

"How did you escape the claw of Hattie all these years?" Beatrice released a sigh slowly.

"I've been staying everywhere and recently I moved to this church.

Well, Hattie gave up the search years back.

It hasn't been easy for me as I couldn't find a decent job," she expressed.

"Alfred and my father thought you killed my mother." Beatrice shook her head.

"I didn't do it, I swear."

Grey nodded once.

Like usual, his instinct was kicking in.

It was just as he had trusted Lan.

He stood suddenly, in a bid to escape that place at that moment.

He felt very exhausted already Beatrice stood up hurriedly.

"Where are you going?" Grey regarded her for a moment, "home, I need to leave here as soon as possible." "But I need to give you the box." she started urgently.

Grey shook his head.

"I'm not interested in it.

I will rather leave." "But-" she started again but Grey cut her off abruptly.

"I don't want to hear anything, I will leave now," he walked away and left Beatrice staring right behind him.

Grey had barely left the pathway when his muscle contracted and he felt a tear evade his eyes.

He gazed heavenward as he tried to push the tears back in.

His fist clenched beside him involuntarily.

"Grey?" a deep voice entered his voice when nothing else could..

Grey looked back at Alfred and eventually succeeded in stopping the tears.

"Are you alright? Should I get you something?" Grey shook his head.

"No, I will be fine.

I will get changed and perhaps go to the gym.

I need to think about something," he said instead, not willing to talk more about anything.

The pent-up feelings were almost suffocating him.

He needed fresh air, he needed a place where he would be able to think afresh.

Grey got inside the car and Alfred drove to his house.

He was ushered into the guest room where he showered and changed into something casual.

"How do you feel now?" Alfred inquired as Grey walked out of the room.

Grey nodded briefly.

"I'm getting better, I only need to get somewhere and think about everything through," he responded.

Alfred nodded once.

"Are you ready to leave now? I can tell Saint to drop you off." "I will leave now then," he announced and Alfred stood up to walk him to the door.

"I will call you at night to ask about your welfare." Grey sent him a faint smile.

"Alright, thanks." The drive to Grey's car was silent as he had a lot of thoughts squeezed inside of him.

There were things he wanted to know.

Perhaps he was going to research it.

Who was Hattie? And what was Smooth therapy really about? And what type of poison did she even use for his mother? He had forgotten to ask this from Beatrice.

But maybe just later.

He needed to get some fresh air.

Alex's gym would do the trick.

Grey drove his car to the gym and found a perfect place to park.

He had already been thinking of how to input gym into his schedule.

He needed it, anyway.

The machines have been arranged in a different way than it was the last time and Grey felt relaxed by it.

Alex spotted him from afar and moved nearer to him.

"I didn't know you were going to keep to your promise so soon," he initiated with a smile.

Grey reciprocated the smile.

"I think I would start daily work on this." Alex nodded once.

"It's really good to be fit and considering your natural stature, you would nail it completely." Grey laughed at this, finally feeling light-headed.

"So, what would you like to try first? A weight lifting?" Grey thought about it for a moment and nodded quickly." I will rather start with something else.

I'm just here for a quick exercise, I will be off soon," he revealed.

Alex nodded once, pleased.

"Alright, suit yourself."

Grey walked over to the Treadmill.

He needed to think anyway.

The exercise gave him what he had always wanted - concentration.

The fact that he was able to keep up with the race and still think was like a gift.

No matter who Hattie was it was time to get revenge for what she did to his mother.

He was going to crush Smooth Therapy no matter what it takes.

And he was going to bring her mother's cream to light.

Fortunately for him, he just bought a company and he had nothing to do with it yet.



He would just make it after his mother's name.

And he would thrive to make sure his mother's effort doesn't go to waste.

It was the best option at that moment.

Revenge was the best option.

Chapter 126: A New production Grey eventually left the gym after some more exercises. He felt more cool and relaxed now. The first thing on his mind was to speak with Beatrice.

He blamed himself for not asking for her number or where he could find her.

Well, he drove right back to the graveyard.

Hopefully that he would meet her again.

There was no one around the graveyard.

So, he walked back to the place where they sat previously.

He saw Beatrice on the chair, sobbing silently.

She must have been devastated or perhaps confused, especially because Grey accused her of murder.

Grey walked closer, only stopping a few inches away.

"Hi, Beatrice." Beatrice stopped at once and craned her neck towards Grey, a smile appeared on her face and she stood up.

"Grey, you came back?" She seemed happy.

Grey nodded once.

"Can we leave here? I need to have a chat with you." Beatrice nodded quickly and wiped off the tears.  
It's ok then." Grey led her to his car.

He pulled out of the graveyard, towards nowhere in particular.

He finally found the right spot and parked.

"What have you been doing all these years? Where are your children?" He bombarded.

He also wanted to ask her why she looked so unkempt but that might come as an insult.

So, he decided against it quickly.

Beatrice swallowed harder and looked out through the window.

"Your mother wasn't the only precious thing that I lost that night.

I lost my mentality as well," she finally looked at Grey and he saw a drop of tears from her left cheek.

"I lost my only son, Victor.

He died before I got home.

I couldn't stay long, I had to leave because I knew they were after the recipe.

He was of your age, i\_i\_," she Stuttered." I couldn't protect him," and she burst into another round of sobs.

Grey felt moved to tears and it took him every ounce of his strength not to cry.

The woman before him had suffered so much and she was loyal.

Imagine her living such a useless life and wearing dirty clothes just because she wanted to keep her promise to her mother.

Maybe, there were still good friends on earth.

Beatrice was the definition of a great friend.

Grey leaned closer and pulled her into a hug, not mindful of how dirty she was.

Well, he was once so dirty.

"I'm so sorry, Young master," Beatrice noded even harder.

"No, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry for everything that had happened to you," he hesitated, "Mother," he called softly Beatrice nearly chokes on the word.

She gently pulled back and shock mirrored her face.

"Mother?"

Grey smiled and smoothed her hair.

"I have no parents, well they died already, And you lost your son.

And well, you will always be my mummy.

You used to be my nanny Beatrice tried to smile but the tears dropped again.

"You will refer to me as your mother? Grey wiped the tears away.

"No, you are my mother.

Is there any other person perfect for the position?" "Grey," Beatrice cried even harder and pulled him into another hug.

"You've grown into a remarkable man.

I'm so happy that you are Hale and healthy," she stroked his back "Don't cry," he consoled her.

"I'm here for you now.

I'm going to give you everything that Victor couldn't give you." Beatrice pulled back again, with the same surprised expression." You are?" Grey smiled and nodded slightly.

"You lost your son because of my mother.

But you've just gained two things today.

You've gained a son and a new status." Beatrice was still confused." What? Have you taken over your father's asset?" Grey nodded once.

"Yes but I'm still liding.

But, there's something we must do instead.

You said that you kept the secret to my mother's cream recipe?" "Yes, I did." Grey smiled." Why don't we start on that journey already? I have a company and I would make you the manager.

We will go back to production.

Everything would come up nice.

We will get avenge your son and my mother.

We will rule out Smooth Therapy and create a world of Victoria, my mother.

How is that?" Shock kept Beatrice speechless and motionless for a moment.

"Are you saying! would be a manager in your new company?"

Grey smiled again." Don't forget, you are my mother." Beatrice laughed." I will gladly do this, I will gladly avenge my son's death.

I will revenge Victoria's death by making the company first ranked in nice perfumed cream," she said with determination, "Yes, that's the spirit." Beatrice smiled.

"I will get the box from the church then.

I kept it here because I was scared of losing it." "That's ok.

I will wait for you in the car then." Beatrice opened the door and walked back to the church.

Grey watched her for a moment until she was out of sight.

He took his phone and dialed Alfred's line.

He picked up immediately.

"Grey, are you alright now?" "Yes, guess who I found? Beatrice, my mother's maid." "What? She's alive?" Alfred was shocked and well, angry.

"Yes but it's not as you have thought.

I will bring her over to your house and you can interrogate her as your wish.

But I'm taking my mother's cream recipe and developing it, with her," he informed.

Alfred was lost." What? I didn't get that." "Well, my mother was working creams but was killed.

Well, she was poisoned and killed by someone working for Hattie.

And it's definitely not Beatrice." He hinted.

"Are you sure about this?" "Yes, as sure as the day," Grey let out a sigh.

"My instinct has always been correct, Alfred.

Anyways, I'm driving her over to your place so that you can speak with her.

But then, I need a house very quickly."

"No problem, I will do that and wait for you.

I don't plan on returning to the company anyways," he jibed.

Grey smiled even though Alfred couldn't see him.

Chapter 127: New resolve Grey left Beatrice with Alfred in the living room and decided to walk through Alfred's garden.

A lot of thoughts were curling in his mind in some sort of crazy confusion. But one thing was clear already.

He picked up his phone and dialed Don's line. He picked up after the third ring.

"Hello, Boss," Don boomed. "How are Lan and Naomi doing?"

"They are fine. The doctor said they would survive but they are asleep currently," he revealed.

Grey let out a sigh. "That's good. Let me know whenever Lan wakes up. That aside, make sure he's always guarded. I don't want the men to leave his room," he ordered. "Yes, boss. I will do just that." Grey nodded once. "Goodbye for now." "Wait," Don said suddenly before Grey would hang up. "There are some people here that would like to meet you." Grey raised a brow. "Who are they?" Don went silent for a moment. "It would be best if you meet them personally." "No problem. I will be there soon," he finished and hung up. He walked back to the main door. Alfred walked out just in time with Beatrice. Grey moved closer to them. "Where are you going now?" Alfred inquired. Grey darted at his watch. "I will need to go home and change. Then, I would go to work," he remembered something crucial. "Where is the suit I was wearing? I hope you've not disregarded it?"

Alfred shook his head briefly. "I did already. I could get you a new suit."

"No, you can't. That suit was a gift. Please, retrieve it for me and get it over to a dry cleaner. I will get it on my way home."

"Fine by me. I will order the men now," he affirmed and looked over at Beatrice. "I'm sorry once again, Beatrice. You can always come to me if you need anything." Beatrice nodded briefly. "Thank you so

much, sir."

Grey regarded them for a moment. "Can I get someone else to show Beatrice the house? I'm kind of occupied."

Alfred thought for a moment. "I will arrange something, don't worry about it." Grey nodded once. "Thanks," he looked over at Beatrice. "I will take you shopping in a few hours. Wait for me," and with that, he turned around and walked out of the building. He felt lightheaded now as he pulled out into the street. The gym did wonderful work. What he needed to do at that moment was find a perfect name for the new company and go

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through the process of changing the names. That aside, he would need new employees. It was at that moment that he remembered Linda. He could actually use Linda as well. He flipped his phone into contact and strolled through the names until it got to Linda. He dialed her number immediately. Linda picked up after the second ring. "Hi." "I have a job for you, meet me in SU world in less than two hours." He muttered. "Alright, sir," Linda responded and Grey hung up. Grey soon pulled up in front of the hospital. He wanted to wait till Lan regained consciousness but he wondered who wanted to speak with him in the hospital.

Don's call came in suddenly. "Hello, Don. I was about to call you. What room number where they placed in." "I'm coming outside. Actually, I wanted to tell you that Lan had woken up. Though Naomi is still unconscious the doctor assured us that she would wake sooner as well," he explained.

Grey felt a surge of relief. "I'm so glad to hear that."

Just immediately, Don stepped out of the hospital and waved over at Grey from where he stood. Grey walked closer to him.

"Have the bills been sorted out?" He asked as they walked inside.



"Not yet," Don responded and led Grey into a spacious room. There was Lan on one side and Naomi on the other side.

Grey hesitated as he regarded Lan for a moment. Lan had a bandage around his head, neck, and arms. In fact, it looked like he had a car accident.

Lan had turned towards the door and was looking at Grey. "Hercules," he called softly.

Grey walked closer, with a smile on his face. "How do you feel now?"

"I feel better. Thank you for saving my wife but," he went quiet as if he was scared of talking.

Grey knew what he was going to ask anyways. "Your daughter is safe," he assured.

Lan smiled. "Thank you so much, Hercules. I will be loyal to you for the rest of my life." Grey smiled at this. "I know, and well, you should get well soon so that you can see her. Belle missed you."

Lan was moved to tears. "I've missed her too. It's been so long. I thought I was not going to see her again. Thank you so much." Grey patted his shoulder slightly. "Whenever you recover, I will find a nice job for you. And you will be fine."

Lan's smile broadened. "I don't even know how to appreciate you. I'm so happy."

"Boss, one of the men is here. I mean the people that wanted to speak with you," Don said suddenly.

"Alright, let him in. Meanwhile, you should get the bill and retrieve the money from my car," he stretched out the car keys which Don accepted with a short bow and walked out of the

room. "The doctor said your wife is very fine now. So, you don't need to worry." Lan closed his eyes suddenly, as pain engulfed him. "I watched the guys rape my wife in front of me and there was nothing I could do. Audrey is really a bastard and I will stop at nothing unless he dies," he complained in deep sad tones. "It's ok, Lan. I've avenged you already. Audrey is dead."

Lan's eyes went wide with surprise." He's dead?"

Grey nodded briefly." Just forget about the past, and move on with your life. I will always be here for you anyways." He assured him and watched him release a sigh." Also, you told me something days back. And then when I went searching for Bella, I found some children as well. Who are those?" Lam sighed. "As I've said earlier, it wasn't only my family that Audrey kidnapped. He did a lot of bad things for the other men as well. We had no choice but to follow his instructions," he explained. "Yes, we had no choice. Whether we want it or not, my son's life was hanging on the line," a deep voice joined them, suddenly.

Grey craned his head slightly to look at the man by the door. He recognized him instantly, it was undoubtedly one of Audrey's mien.

Chapter 128: The Start Grey regarded the man for a moment. Though, he didn't ask the elders if they killed Audrey's men, yet, he thought they were dead. "Why are you here? What do you want?" "I'm Jimmy and I want you to hear me out," he pleaded softly. Grey let out a sigh." Alright, go on."

Jimmy hesitated for a moment and suddenly went on one knee. "I've offended you, I know but I've come to ask for your forgiveness. Audrey took my son as well, there was nothing I could do but obey each of his orders." Grey observed him for a moment." It's ok. You can leave your life. I will release your son to

you."

Jimmy hesitated again." I need something else from you, Hercules."

"What do you want then?" Grey was skeptical.

Jimmy regarded him for a moment." I want to work for you, Hercules. I promise to be trustworthy and would even serve you with my life," he pledged truthfully. "Please, Hercules," Lan added quickly, in a strained voice. Grey swallowed harder, as he gave it a quick thought. He looked down at Jimmy. "Get up." Jimmy shook his head. "No, I will like to stay like this till you decide my fate."

On second thought." Can you work as a security?"

Jimmy didn't think about it deeply and quickly nodded. "I can do that. If I can get that, I would be able to take care of my family."

Grey smiled slightly. "I guess you aren't the only one in this but I will put you in charge. Write out the names of the men and get back to me on their education status and their talents. I will find something to give them." Jimmy's eyes sparked up. "What!" He jumped up in joy. "You will employ us all?" Grey cleared his throat meaningfully. "That is if they are qualified," he smiled softly. "Do you have other skills

anyways?" Jimmy nodded once. "I'm good with computers and I'm a content writer. I just couldn't get a good job." "Then you will get a job in my company. Speak to Don and he would let you know how you can get to me. You will resume tomorrow and well, luckily, you are the first employee." Jimmy was so happy. "Thank you so much, Hercules." Grey turned to look at him quickly. "Don't call me that, especially in public," he warned softly. Jimmy nodded quickly, the excitement still in his eyes. "Thank you so much. I appreciate it," he said truthfully. Grey nodded once, glad he could help. "I will call someone and the children will arrive later in the day," he revealed.

Jimmy nodded severally. "Thank you so much, Master."

An idea struck Grey as Jimmy was about to leave. "Wait," he pulled him to a sudden stop. "I have a job for you," he looked up at him for a moment and saw the eagerness in his eyes. "Your first assignment will be for you to make all the research that you can about Smooth Therapy, with Hattie as the CEO."

"I will get to work immediately. Thank you so much, Boss."

Grey signaled for him to leave, then watch him walk out happily. "Thank you so much, Hercules. You've done a lot for us and we will serve you till the end of the world," Lan said.

Grey smiled and patted him slightly by the arm. "Get well soon, so that you can resume work as well. I will leave now. We can talk later then," he stood and looked over at Naomi. "She will be fine, don't worry and I will tell them to bring Belle over," he informed.

Lan nodded briefly. "Thank you," he whispered.

Grey smiled again before he walked out of the room. Just as he picked up his phone to call Alfred, an unknown call came through. "Yes, hello. Who is this?" He asked as he got inside his car. "It's Beatrice. Mr. Alfred got me a new phone. I had none anyways," she laughed. "Now, you are laughing. I like that," Grey complimented and drove out. "Where are you? I'm coming over to take you out," he informed. "I

will send you the address but I don't have any dresses to change to. The one I have on me isn't really fit to enter the boutique with you," she hinted in a low voice.

Grey smiled at this. Little did she know that he had worn worse clothes than she was wearing. "I will pick you up. You are going out with me, so you don't have to worry about anything. I will see you soon."

The phone went off and a message came in quickly.

He drove for some minutes until he pulled up in front of Beatrice's new house. The door opened and Beatrice walked out. "Grey," she called excitedly as he entered the passenger's seat. "Are you sure it's ok?"

"Yes, we are going to Novia's boutique. You don't need to worry about anything," he assured her and pulled out into the street.

Beatrice's heart was filled with gladness. Even though she had always waited for Grey to return, she held deep feelings of anguish and regret at the death of her son. She just couldn't stop thinking about it and life hasn't really been good to her since fifteen years ago. "I dropped the box at home. We could have a look at it when we get home," she hinted. Grey smiled softly. "We have a lot of time for that. For now, we are going shopping and you are going to enjoy it," he assured her. Beatrice smiled again. Her thoughts strayed away. She thought of how stubborn Grey had been when he was still young. But he was nice, always nice and he still had that attribute. It was

something he took from his mother. And well, his stubbornness was from his father.

Whenever Rio set his mind to do something, nothing would change it. He wasn't easily convinced.

"Now! We are here!" Grey announced suddenly, jerking Beatrice out of her thoughts. Novia's boutique was ranked two in the city at that moment, because of her beautiful stores and the sales and quality.

And there was a huge possibility that she would be the first soon. They walked inside the store, beside each other. One of the salespeople stepped out. "Welcome, what would you like to buy?" Grey inclined his head aside as if he was thinking about it. "Anything she wants," he said simply. The salesperson turned to Beatrice. "What would you like to get?" Beatrice thought for another Moment. "I will just look around." "Ok, come to this side," the salesperson walked her away. Grey decided to look around. Perhaps there was something that would keep him busy. Then, he decided to get a nice wristwatch for Beatrice. Another salesperson walked to Grey. "Do you want another thing?" "Yes, sure. I want an iPhone watch. How much do you sell it?"

"It depends on the one that you want. Here, I will show you," she led him over to the watch store." We have Apple watch series 7{GPS 45mm} with a red aluminum case for \$419, apple watch series 4(GPS + Cellular, 44mm) for \$259, apple watch series 5 (GPS, 44mm) for \$199.

There are discounts on the series 4 and 5."

"Alright, I will go for series 7." Noise erupted from somewhere around them suddenly. "Madam! You have to leave now!" The salesperson's voice was so loud. Grey had that deep gut feeling that it might be Beatrice and so, following the path of the voice. His fist clenched involuntarily by his side when he saw David embarrassing Beatrice.

Chapter 129: Recognition "What the fuck is happening here?" Grey yelled as he moved closer, and stood in front of Beatrice whose head was bowed in shame. "Women like this shouldn't be allowed to shop while we are shopping," the lady with David sneered.

David regarded Grey for a moment and suddenly laughed. "What the fuck! It's Grey! And," he trailed off as he looked over at Beatrice again." Is this woman your mother?" " Yes, do you have any problem with that?" Grey declared, not even thinking for a moment before replying.

David laughed again, "I said it! I knew you displayed a fake membership card that day. There was no way you would get a Hercules membership card. You couldn't cater for yourself when you were in school. You had to beg almost every student for inoney. You were so poor and you still are. Look at how your mother is dressed so poorly?" "I seriously can't be shopping in here with her," the lady beside David said annoyingly. "This boutique belongs to everyone. I don't know why some people have to leave for you. Why don't you get a boutique of your own before you start blabbering?" He muttered.

" You must be so overjoyed, your mother left you for so long, didn't she? And I'm sure you came here to see the clothes and not actually buy them," he looked at one of the salespeople." This person is very

poor. He wouldn't buy anything here. He's just here to disturb your day that's how he had been doing," he instigated.

Grey smiled softly, restraining himself from attacking him. He felt so angry.

"Send him out or I will leave," David said at once.

The salesperson looked so confused as she stared at Grey. David was one of their regulars and had earned her a lot of commission. In fact, there were days when he would compensate all the Salespeople on duty whenever he came. He couldn't trade David for someone like Grey. So, she made up her mind immediately. Well, it doesn't look like Grey has the money anyways, as David has said.

"Please, you have to leave now." Grey head wiped towards the salesperson. "What? That's wrong! You don't favor one of your pundits over another. Everyone should be treated with equal respect here!" He raised his voice slightly above normal.

David smiled. "Not a customer that doesn't have the money." "Please, leave," the salesperson urged. "Or I will call the security on you," she threatened. Beatrice tugged at Grey's clothes. "Let's leave, Grey." Grey shook his head stubbornly. "Why should I? I'm staying right here! And I'm going to get all I want from this store!"

The salesperson moved to grab the telephone and call security but a man stepped inside suddenly.

"What is happening here?" "Sir, it's great that you arrived earlier. This man has been constituting a nuisance," the salesperson pointed an accusing finger at Grey. "And he wouldn't leave when I asked him to." The manager followed his path of description and looked at Grey. He recognized him immediately. How could he forget the man that got the most expensive wristwatch from their store a few days back? That aside, Aphrodite called him specifically about it. This means Grey knew who Aphrodite was. Any mistake would mean the loss of his job.

"That's not how to explain, you are intentionally siding with him. Well, you have been doing that before he walked in," Grey complained.

The manager looked at the salesperson. "Are you out of your mind? What do you think you are doing?" He moved closer to Grey and bowed slightly. "I didn't know you were coming over. If you had told me or made Aphrodite call me, I would have prepared for you," he said with respect.

David stared with eyes gone wide and dark with shock. "How come?" Grey nodded briefly. "You should train your Salespeople. They are being very disrespectful." The manager regarded the salesperson for a while who had been fidgeting in fear. After seeing that her boss bowed for Grey, she knew there was going to be trouble already.

"You are hereby fired!" The manager announced it suddenly and the salesperson fell to her knees in tears. "For the rest of the salespersons here that couldn't intervene and proffer a solution to this before I walked in, you will all be suspended for two weeks."

"Please, don't dismiss me!" The salesperson begged.

Shock kept David motionless and speechless for a while. He couldn't believe the card that Grey displayed at the 5star restaurant. And well, Grey had been very poor when they were in school.

In fact, he had thought that the money he paid at the reunion was one of his lotteries. But the fact that the Manager could bow to him was something out of ordinary. The manager has never bowed to him after all this while patronizing the store.

"And for you, you are hereby blacklisted from shopping at our malls and stores and all our various branches nationwide, till further notice," the manager revealed.

"What!" David was more than shocked. "You can't do this to me! You can't blacklist me! I'm one of your regulars! And I pay huge money!" David yelled in anger. "I will call security if you don't leave," The manager said softly. David huffed and looked at Grey. "I don't know what you did here but I will definitely show you the steel I'm made up of," and he stormed out of the store with the lady he came with.

Grey wondered if the lady was liis new girlfriend. Cindy used to be his girlfriend.

"Boss, please have mercy on me. Don't dismiss me," the salesperson beseeched softly.

"The security will escort you out if you don't do it yourself," the manager warned in a thick voice. The salesperson stood and eventually walked out of the store.

The manager turned to look at Grey again. "I'm very sorry for all the embarrassment. I will specifically be the one to attend to you whenever you come around. Just request for me, please,

" he said with a smile. Grey nodded briefly. "That's fine. But I'm not the one you should apologize to. You should apologize to this woman," he gestured at Beatrice.

The manager turned to look at Beatrice. "We are very sorry, Ma'am."

Grey turned to look at Beatrice. "Are you alright, mother?" Beatrice had a tear on her face already and it slowly dropped. She nodded slightly and smiled now. "I'm fine."

Grey turned to the manager again. "I will get every piece of clothing she wants and everyone that looks good on her," he ordered.

The manager smiled softly, "I will do just that, sir." He signaled for another salesperson to assist.

Chapter 130: Pride When Grey drove into the front yard, Beatrice was smiling. She was so happy and somehow, her lips were getting used to it. Grey wondered what Beatrice must have gone through all the years, especially with the loss of her son. Nothing could replace his place in her heart but he would try his best. He owed her for keeping his mother's recipe saved anyways. "I should hand over the box to you," Beatrice started. Grey nodded briefly and assisted her with bags of clothes. "We will talk about the new company while at it."

Beatrice smiled. "I will make us something."

"Yes, change into something nice and make us something nice," Grey teased. Beatrice laughed. "Now you have a sense of humor. You were always so serious then," she commented and took a bag of clothes before she walked inside. Grey hesitated for a moment as the word sank in. He wondered if his mother knew that his father was a mafia Lord. He was so young, maybe that was why he didn't know about it. Instead, he had almost hated his father for not attending any of the school gatherings. He was always finding excuses to avoid it.



Grey took as many bags inside as he could carry at once. He placed them in the living room and walked out to get the rest until he was done. They brought a lot of clothes and well, it was nothing to Grey as there was lots of money with him already.

Just as he stepped inside, he remembered his father's safety. Maybe he could move the box over to Beatrice's house. Beatrice could give him a room here. It would in fact keep the documents saved.

Beatrice walked out, clad in a long baggy gown. "Thank you! I will make us something now," she announced. "Alright but I want to get something now. I will be back soon," he declared suddenly. Beatrice nodded briefly. "The food would be ready by the time you come back," she assured and moved to the kitchen. Grey walked back to his car. He drove over to his previous house. He took the box and hurried into his car. His phone rang suddenly, it was Gregory. "Hi, the children have arrived.

One of the children, Belle, wants to speak with you actually," he hinted. "Where is she currently?" "She's in the room with her father. But I've left already, I just had to inform you." "Thank you, Gregory. You've done enough, someone else will take it from you. Have fun." "Alright, Boss. Let's talk later," he announced and the phone went off.

Grey smiled at this. He knew that Belle would have been so happy. Well, he would visit the hospital the next day. With someone like Beatrice, Grey would be assured that his box of documents would be saved. Helias been feeling uneasy initially. What is thieves broke in?

He would employ some securities for Beatrice and none would suspect a thing. But if he employed security to guard an empty room, people would easily think he was harboring a treasure, When he arrived at Beatrice's house again, the scent of waffles drifted into his nose. "What are you making?" He dropped the box on the table and moved closer to Beatrice. Beatrice looked up. "I've made pancakes and here are some waffles." Grey nodded. "I got something and I want a room to keep it in. Perhaps, I can get a room in your house."

"You don't need to ask me. This house is yours already."

Grey smiled. "Thank you so much. I'm going to choose one now," he announced and moved back to the living room. He grabbed the box and selected a room across from Beatrice's room. He locked the door and took the keys with him.

When he walked out again, Beatrice had the box already by the table.

"I thought we are supposed to eat before going through the box."

Beatrice smiled." I just wanted you to see some of the things here. Lest I forget, there's a wildflower we need to look for. It's an essential ingredient in this," she revealed. Grey nodded once and took his seat in front of her. "We are starting this as soon as possible. I will be there tomorrow as I need to change

the name of the company and I want production to start immediately. We will also go ahead with employing, though I have few people on the team already," he announced.

Beatrice nodded once." This is why I want us to be snappy about it. I need to prepare the ingredients in time but I also need you to check through." She brought out a new note and it looked like she brought it recently.

"I got the new note recently and copied the recipe. That was the only thing I could do. I didn't even have the money to get gadgets," she announced. Grey nodded once and flipped through the pages." Nice. I will say you should rest today. You can go ahead with the ingredients tomorrow. I will inform some men to go with you. So, it doesn't matter where you want to go. You will be fine," he assured her. -" Thank you so much," she smiled in gratitude. "I'm so happy about the change of things and

I can't even thank you enough." Grey reciprocated her smile." I owe you a lot, anyways. So, I will tell Gregory to get you a ride. As the manager of our new company, you should have a nice ride." Beatrice laughed. "Alright, I get it. I'm going to do all in my power to make sure the company turns out to be the best!"

Grey nodded briefly." I trust you to do that."

Beatrice went silent for a moment. "So, what name have you decided on?"

Grey did as if he was thinking about it, even though he had thought a lot about it at the gym. 11 Victoria skincare company. I wanted something that would bring out my mother's name. She made the cream anyways."

Beatrice nodded once." She would have been so proud of you if she was alive because I'm proud of you."