

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 13

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 13-Fake cheque

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 smirked.

"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.

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Peter scoffed and turned towards Jessica. “Call the securities right now and get this guy out of this place!”

“Using a fake check, I’ll call the police and charge you with fraud!” Peter laughed. The door behind them opened quickly and Grey bent to pack the pieces of the cheque. His hands shuddered beside him as he clenched his fist in anger.

The securities moved nearer to him and he contemplated quickly on what to do.

The door opened before he could do anything and a familiar deodorant filled the air. Grey was very angry now and all he wanted to do was punch Peter in the face, even though he might have to return to Alfred for another cheque.

“What the fuck is happening here!” Gregory roared suddenly. He seemed to have recognized Grey from his stance,

Grey let out several breaths to steady himself. Maybe, he wouldn’t need to disturb himself at all now that Gregory was around.

Peter turned towards him with a calmer expression. "I'm so sorry you have to see this. There was only a bug and it shall be taken care of."

"Can we move now please! I need to see the manager," the rich man behind Peter reminded again, annoyingly. Gregory sent him a dirty stare and his eyes went wide with shock. "I'm meeting the manager instead," he ordered, his eyes still on the rich man. And it seemed like he knew who Gregory really was.

Mafia men would always recognize themselves. "Oh, alright," he turned back to the rich man and realized he had backed off already. "Should we go now?"

Actually, Gregory seemed like a no-nonsense mafia boss.

"Ask me that again and you won't like the aftermath," his voice was thick and spoke authority.

"He's coming with me and so are you," Gregory finished up in a voice that left no room for more conversation. He started up the stairs while Grey followed quietly. Peter was also quiet while wondering what was really happening. Gregory stopped before the office and glanced back at Peter. "You stay here while he follows me."

"But he's just a delivery boy," Peter argued. "and he used a fake cheque. I've already call the police."

Gregory turned towards him sharply, "say one more word and your tongue will go with it!" He sneered.

Peter stared at him as if he was a joker. But he knew how close he was with Jayden, the manager. And anything that upset the manager, could lead to him kissing his job goodbye.

Peter took a short bow. "Sure, I will do just that sir." Gregory made a little smile. "Good boy," he moved towards the door and stole a glance at Grey that had been watching everything in silence. Actually, Grey was anxiously watching how the situation would end. As far as he was concerned, Gregory was one of his men and he was reasonably working undercover. So, Gregory would never let someone humiliate his boss. Not someone like Gregory that hated mess.

Gregory and Grey walked into a big room with desks and chairs. There was a pile of documents on the desk and by the shelf.

A man in his probable fifties was by the computer, typing hard on the keyboard. But the moment Gregory closed the door with a loud slam, he looked up. Seeing who it was, he stood up which amazed

Grey.

He walked out of his seat to meet Gregory halfway. "Gregory, what do I owe this pleasant visit to?"

Gregory watched him for a moment, with clenched teeth. "Jayden, I've come for a business deal but I met something more important. Do you know who this is?" He gestured at Grey.

Jayden craned his neck in the direction of his finger. He stared at Grey for a moment and his eyes went wide with shock.

"What the fuck!" He exclaimed softly and moved closer to Grey.

Grey was also watching him, wondering what he was up to.

"Is he Hercules?" The words came flying out of his mouth with a strangeness that Grey had never heard before.

"Who is this?" Grey inquired as Gregory turned to look at the both of them.

"That's the sixth and the last elders of the mafia world in which you are the boss, Hercules," he introduced.

The fuck! The manager where Peter was working actually does work for him? Interesting as well.

Gregory took to his feet immediately.

"It has been a while, Hercules. What brought you here?" Hercules sighed.

"I'm here undercover. Please, get up," he urged and finally watched Jayden get up.

"I'm not going to show up until later." Jayden nodded quickly.

"I'm so happy that you are alive. I'm sure we will get through with this tragedy together," he assured. Gregory nodded.

"He will. Though, before that, I would like for you to treat the disrespect that your workers are giving to Hercules because I won't have it!" He boomed. Grey didn't say a word. There was nothing he could say when his subordinates were already fighting for him. Jayden turned to look at Gregory, then back at Grey with confused brows.

"Which of my workers?"

Grey opened his palm and let the pieces of the cheque fly to the floor. "Peter did this to my cheque," he explained briefly. Jayden took in a deep breath as if he was trying not to get angry. He moved towards the door and opened it to look at Peter.

"Enter!" He said at once and walked back inside.

Peter came to stand beside Grey while still giving him a dirty glare.

"Why did you tear this gentleman's cheque?" Jayden asked softly.

Peter blinked once. "But he's the delivery man and his cheque was fake! I can't find information in our system!"

"Seriously?" Jayden was more than surprised.

Grey chuckled. "He's a stubborn one."

Peter looked up at Grey as he was shorter by one inch. "What did you just say?"

"Pick the damn papers and stick them together. If you don't succeed, then see it as that you've lost your job already," Jayden contended.

"Do you know whose cheque it is? It was Mr. Alfred who wrote it! Do you think you have authority to check the information on this cheque?"

Peter looked up at him as if he couldn't quite believe the word coming out of his mouth. "What did you just say I should do?"

"I don't like repeating myself Peter and you know it!" Jayden said strongly.

"If you are unable to make it as whole and new as it's always been, then you will be sacked," Gregory moved to sit but still looked up at him." I'm going to give you an hour."

Grey stared at them, surprised. Actually, he wondered how many workers he actually had. And wondered how many he was still supposed to meet as the elders.

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Peter looked over at Gregory as if he still couldn't believe what was happening. Then, back at Jayden, with a blank expression. But he knew with Jayden's facial expression that he meant business.

He wondered however why they were helping the delivery man. Slowly, he bent down to pick the pieces. He turned to leave but stopped slightly to look at Grey, wondering why the manager and the strange rich man were protecting him. He held his anger in check and walked out. Not that he could help it anyway. He might really lose his job for real.

"Where the fuck have you been all this while?" Jayden was very happy. Grey sighed. "who are you to my father?" He asked instead, ignoring his question. "One of the elders," he replied.

"Hercules is back," Gregory said from behind. "But no one is supposed to know yet until we see Charles," he suggested.

Jayden nodded briefly. "Yes, we have a spy amidst us. We can't risk Hercules's life."

Grey raised skeptical brows. "Spy?" Gregory nodded. "Charles will tell you in detail. But I guess you will have to keep on a low profile for a while. I have no idea when Charles will be back," he mumbled and moved to get himself some coffee. "whoever killed Grey's father is who we need to find. Who knows, perhaps the spy is someone very close to us."

Grey thought for a moment. Perhaps, Charles was a betrayal like his father. He didn't want to trust him at all. That aside, it seemed like no one knew that Leo was a betrayal and the man that killed his father. And he was also the one that shot him

“How many elders do I have in this mafia business and what are their names?” Grey asked suddenly.

Jayden turned to be able to look at him.” Charles, Alfred, Gregory, Luciano, 1, and Aphrodite.” “Wait what?” Grey stared, shocked. “A female is part of the elders?”

Jayden nodded. “She is and she’s the only one. Her mother died one year ago and Aphrodite has taken over.”

“Don’t underestimate her, Hercules,” Gregory blurted in quickly.” She’s the strongest woman I have ever seen. She’s calculative and pretty but she’s one hell of a woman.” Grey raised a brow.” What do you mean by that?” Gregory stood and moved closer with two cups of coffee. He stretched out one to Grey which he accepted.

“Stubborn. If you ever know me, then you will know hers is twice mine. And she’s not easily brought.”

Grey understood what he meant. If Gregory had refused to accept her initially, he wondered what Aphrodite’s behavior would be.

“I guess you should meet with her soon. She’s not easily convinced. She’s stiff-necked,” Jayden explained with a smirk.

Gregory smiled.” I don’t think it will be an issue for Hercules. He wasn’t the kind of man I ought him to be,” he walked back to the chair.

Jayden turned to look at him with skeptical brows. “Don’t tell me Hercules defeated you?”

Gregory laughed. “Because he’s Hercules.”.. Grey smiled. “I need to get going. We will meet later. I will arrange a meeting when I’m done meeting all the elders,” he decided. Jayden nodded briefly.” How much are you supposed to get? I will settle it out with Peter later on.”

“I want just one million. The remaining 99 millions should be credited into a new account of mine. I don’t want to arouse suspicion. And this money is supposed to be from Alfred’s account.”

Jayden nodded again.” Stay here, I will be back,” he didn’t wait for a reply before he rushed out.

Grey moved closer to Gregory and gently placed his empty cup of coffee. "Is there something about Aphrodite that you know?"

Gregory inclined his head aside as he thought about it. "Don't get on her nerves, she hates it so much. Don't flatter her and don't try to be funny. Ridiculous right?" Gregory laughed.

"Not really, I got you," Grey said and the door opened again. Jayden walked in with a black bag.

"I think you need a car, Hercules," Gregory looked up at Grey again. "I'm going to call my manager now. You should go to Globe motors, a car will be waiting for you there," he made a little smile. "You can pay me back twice the money when you finally assume your position."

"You are too business when it comes to money. Why will you collect twice the money from Hercules?" Jayden moved closer to Grey and stretched the bag out.

"Well, he has the money," Gregory smiled mischievously. "Do you know his net worth?" "I don't believe I'm here and you are all discussing how rich I am," Grey sounded confused but his eyes showed he was teasing. "I'm leaving now to your company then," he said with finality and waved them bye. Then he walked out of the bank. Peter was nowhere to be found when he walked out and Jessica was busy attending to customers.

Grey took a taxi right to Globe motors. He wanted to get home since he was tired already. And maybe, get the suit the next day. But he knew that Gregory was right with the fact that he needed a car.

He walked inside Globe motors and marveled at the kinds of cars on display but he forgot to ask Gregory the type of car he was getting. He moved towards two ladies chatting non-stop in the lobby. "Hi," she greeted.

The ladies didn't answer him and continued to talk.

Grey banged at the table. "Hello! I just said hi."

"Hey! careful!" One of the ladies reprimanded. "You don't bang desk like that. Don't you know it's one of its kind? This desk is the best."

Grey gave her a confused look and decided to let it slide." I'm here to get a car. I got an appointment with your manager"

The lady stared down at Grey and thought he was a fool. Grey was dressed casually and wouldn't be able to afford any car from Globe motors. Globe motors were known to deal with expensive cars.

"Like seriously? Is he kidding?" The lady laughed. "I just said I want a car. I'm the one getting it and not you!" Grey was losing it already. He'd had it all already. He wondered why his appearance must matter wherever he went.

Couldn't people stop judging him for the clothes he was wearing?

"Did you know a car was brought here last night?" The lady turned to the other one and continued to talk, leaving Grey stranded as if he doesn't matter.

"This car is a scarce one and well, it is worth millions. Only three exist in the whole world." "What the fuck?" The other lady exclaimed softly. "And one was brought here?" The first lady nodded briefly. "And the manager just called me to inform me that someone was coming over to take it."

The second lady blushed." He must be very rich. I am sure he's handsome as well." The first lady giggled." Of course, he's very wealthy. What kind of man can afford a \$28 million car?" She laughed." The man will be here soon, you know. I was actually able to get his name."

Grey sighed, somehow tired already. He reached for his phone to call Alfred since he doesn't even have Gregory's number.

"Tell me," the second lady squealed.

"His name is Grey Fox." Grey whipped his head towards the ladies. Didn't they just mention his name?