

Secretly The Billionaire Boss

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 16-Twists

Grey chuckled. He couldn't just control it. The ladies were talking about him and they didn't even know. So hilarious!

The ladies turned towards him like he was a joker. "Why did you laugh?"

"I didn't laugh, I chuckled," Grey corrected with sarcasm.

The first lady gave him a dirty stare. "Whatever! All I want to know is why you did that thing you just did. What is so funny in what we are discussing?"

Grey scoffed." You are discussing seducing someone when you should be discussing prospering. That's gold-digging!"

The lady placed her hands over her waist." Hey, cut it! We are discussing one of your fellow mates. Isn't Grey Fox a man like you? He can afford what you can't. He can buy your kind of man a hundredfold."

Grey laughed again." No, he can't," he shook his head slightly. Just as he was about to tell them who he was, a car pulled up in the parking space and a man in Gucci clothes got down. "It's Steve, the manager!" The first lady squealed and maneuvered around the desk to meet the man midway. Grey looked over at the man and let him get closer.

"Has Grey Fox been here?" He asked immediately as he flipped through his phone in a business-like way. "No, he_" the woman started but Grey cut him off. "He's here already. I've been waiting for you."

Steve looked up at him, merely glancing over his choice of clothes. He didn't look surprised. It was like Gregory had hinted at what to expect of him. "You are Grey Fox?" The lady questioned, shocked.

Grey nodded briefly." And I would like to leave Here's as soon as possible."

"Please, follow me," Steve invited, dipped his phone into his pocket, and started walking away. The ladies couldn't leave the spot as they stared unbelievably at Grey. Grey smiled again, very pleased at himself. They walked through the neatly arranged cars and stopped before a path. Someone drove out a car from the garage. It was a Rolls-Royce Boat Tail.

The inside of the Rolls–Royce Boat Tail just screams opulence, the owner will have every reason to drive it in alfresco mode to show off the car's grandiosity. The color scheme matches the exterior two–tone paintwork with wood and metallic finishes here and there. The leather used to upholster the interior is blemish–free and is sourced from the hides of 'stress free Alpine cows in the cold Bavaria region (Germany).

Front seats have a darker blue while rear seats have a lighter shade of blue stitched with more intense blue. The wood finishes in the lower cabin, deck, and floor look like the hull of a ship, and the whole floor structure has been designed to be a resonance chamber for the car's 15–speaker system.

The Boat Tail has a 6.75–liter twin–turbo V12 engine capable of 563 horsepower. And only three of them have been made. Gregory got this at the auction. "I will go prepare the documents while you check out your car," Steve said and walked away

"Hello there!" A sweet tiny voice said behind Grey. He turned around to look at Caramel.

Actually, Caramel was one of Avery's friends that he saw at the party. Even though they didn't talk since she was rich and obviously distancing herself, she couldn't stop staring at him till the party was done. Caramel walked closer with a curious smile. "What is this?" She stared down at the car for a moment, giving it deep scrutiny. Then she looked up at him. "Who the fuck are you?" "What do you want?"

She smiled again, this time so brightly. "A meal. Why don't you treat me to a meal?" Grey opened his mouth to decline but she beat him to it. "I'm your wife's friend, I don't think you should reject me."

Grey sighed, a bit frustrated, and watched Caramel move to the other side of the car. She opened the door of his car and gasped.

Steve came out just at the right time and gave him the documents.

He took the documents and got inside the driver's seat. Caramel was very wealthy. so, he decided to take her to one of Alfred's restaurants, "Have you seen the movie 'not all that glitters is gold?" Caramel Boomer suddenly. Grey pulled up in front of Alfred's restaurant since it was closer.

"No, but be what's it all about?" He asked innocently.

Caramel sighed and looked away.

His phone rang the moment he got out of the car. It was Alfred's calling. He picked it up immediately.

"Hi Alfred," he moved away from the car so that Caramel wouldn't hear his conversation.

"I just saw that you came down from the car. Are you here to see me?"

Grey looked back, then up as if he would see Alfred. "No, I'm here to have lunch with someone.

"Oh, can you come upstairs? To my office? I won't waste your time. I will give you a VIP card so that you can enjoy all the food for free," he explained. "I don't want you using your money for food," he added as an afterthought.

Grey nodded. "That's cool. I will get there right away," he hung up and moved closer to the

caramel because she was already out of the car.

"Anything is the problem?" She raised her brows at him. Grey shook his head. "Sorted. Can you give me a moment while I get something sorted out? I will join you soon, you should choose a convenient location in my absence," he informed.

Caramel nodded briefly. "That's actually nice."

Grey entered the restaurant and walked towards the office which he had asked, from one of the waiters. He stopped by the door and knocked lightly. The door opened before he could and Alfred stared back at him. "Here," Alfred stretched out a card. "Go enjoy your lunch," he propelled.

Grey took the card and smiled. "Thanks."

He returned downstairs and his gaze searched briefly for where Caramel was. He found her and moved closer, the card now in his pocket.

"Hey, is everything alright?" Caramel regarded him for a moment. "Do you work here?"

Grey shook his head briefly. "You should order," he advised and picked the menu.

The waiter came to pick up their orders almost immediately. "Tell me, Grey, what are you hiding?" She stared at him much longer, the intensity in it caused Grey to look up at her.

"What? I'm not hiding anything," he argued.

Caramel had an argument at the tip of her tongue but she couldn't talk as the waiter walked back to them with what they had ordered.

Caramel got occupied. "So, what do you do?"

"Just got a job at P.K company," he explained briefly, uninterested in elaborating.

Caramel looked up again. "That's Alfred's company." Grey nodded and met her eyes for a few minutes of silent communication. "Its_"

"Hey, gorgeous!" A deep accentuated voice interrupted Grey of the words he was about to say. He looked up at a guy in a tuxedo. He was tall and built.

Caramel waved at him.

"You are so beautiful, how about I treat you nice?" the man said, with a teasing smile hanging on the side of his mouth. Grey felt a stab of annoyance. "Hey, do you have eyes? You do see she's here with a date?"

The guy turned to look at Grey. "Seriously?" He laughed. "I thought you were her guardians," he laughed the more. Grey's fist clenched beside him slowly. "Get out while I'm still asking nicely," he threatened in a deep voice. "Ok," the guy waved him off. "See, I'm rich and not some low life like him." Caramel sighed.

"I'm going to take very good care of you," he continued. "This guy doesn't deserve you a bit," he glanced at Grey. "He looked like a loser, and losers shouldn't be with girls as prettier as you," he explained proudly.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Grey was already boiling in rage. The man turned to look at him. "You are not worthy of her and you know that. Perhaps you only want to snatch off her.

"Fine! That was the height of it!" Grey muttered as he stood up.

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 17-Hercules' fan

Before the man could blink, Grey's fist collided with his face and sent him reeling backward,

"What the fuck!" Everyone gasped around him, however, Grey wasn't done. He was fuming with rage as he moved nearer and pulled him up by his collar. There was blood on his nose already.

"What the fuck did you say I was? The likes of you need to be punished!" He muttered and ducked a blow in his stomach.

The man puffed out blood.

"What the fuck! He's going to kill him!" A voice yelled from the crowd and Grey finally let him go. Actually, he regretted his actions but knew it had to be done. If he hadn't done anything, the man would have taken Caramel away which was like a disgrace to him.

He turned around to look at Caramel that had a satisfied grin on her face. She doesn't look frightened like he expected her to be. A figure was suddenly lurking behind him. A hand caught Grey's neck immediately and tightened the grip around him.

Grey moved his head in and hit it against the man's forehead. The grip loosened as a cry of wail escaped the man.

Everyone was taking pictures and recording now that Grey was starting to feel uneasy.

"What the fuck is going on in here?" A deep voice yelled suddenly, startling everyone." This is a restaurant and not a place of a fight!" He scolded angrily.

"It's the manager," someone whispered.

"Fuck! This insolent brat punched me! Can't you see I'm bleeding?" The man ranted, his palm over his broken nose.

The manager looked from the man to Grey. Then, he slowly regarded his attire. "What? You had the audacity to hit one of our VIP customers here?" His anger was vivid on his face.

"This guy!" Grey yelled and pointed at the man. "Insulted me and I gave him what he deserved."

The manager scoffed. "seriously? You should kneel and beg him." " He should be the one apologizing!" He informed everyone that didn't hear what had transpired between the man and Grey.

"You idiot! If you don't kneel and beg me, you will pay for your life!" The man boasted. Grey raked a finger through his head in frustration. "Actually, this man really embarrassed him," Caramel came through and looked up at the manager." I was with Grey when this man came and asked me out, while also insulting him. Which is very wrong." The manager regarded her for a moment." Is that true? Even though it is, well, he still needs to kneel and apologize."

Grey brought out the card that Alfred had given him and stretched it out for the manager to see. "Do you know who gave me this card? Then you will know that no one should be treated partially. And no offender should go unpunished."

"Seriously? I think he's telling the truth!" Someone said.

The manager's eyes went wide with shock. He moved closer before he could stop himself. He took the card from Grey and gave it deep scrutiny. His eyes went wide in shock as he stared up at Grey again.

The card was a special one that was authorized by Alfred and only a few were made. Owning a card like it only means that the person was closer to Alfred.

The manager tried to speak but nothing came out. He was transfixed to the spot as he thought of what he had said to Grey. Alfred could sack him if he learned of it.

"Damn, that won't do. I'm so upset right now. Deal with the aftermath," Grey muttered and turned to look at Caramel. "Let's go."

They drove through the street, each deep in thought. Grey didn't know what was going through in Caramel's head but he didn't want to ask. Caramel had been so curious from the onset. He wondered if his little mistake would expose his identity. He finally pulled up at a popular bar on Third Street. It was getting real late now and Grey was feeling too hungry. Though, he wasn't at all bothered about it. There were years of his life when he couldn't afford three

square meals. In fact, when he was in the orphanage, he had bullies who would snatch his food and leave him to starve. Those years were the worst for him and he felt he was actually going to die.

“Are you alright?” Caramel asked suddenly, noticing the unfamiliar expression on his face.

Grey looked at her and smiled. “I’m alright. I’m sorry I ruined our meal. Can I buy you another?”

Caramel smiled. “Sure, I don’t have anything to do this afternoon,” she opened the door and got out before Grey would. They both walked into the bar. Before he walked inside, Grey noticed the name displayed on the billboard. He had heard of Atomic Liquors. This bar was owned by Giovanni, a boss of one of the mafia groups in the city. Actually, he was like Hercules. Grey heard that they have almost similar assets, companies, and bars. In fact, they were rivals in so many areas.

He wondered if he would meet him in the bar. Perhaps he would see the popular Giovanni.

“So, are you not going to tell me anything?” Caramel questioned as she sipped the wine slowly. Grey had some barbecue already and was slowly sipping the alcohol. He smirked. “About what?” He acted innocent.

“Strangely, the silence is stretching too long,” a voice reached his ears suddenly. “Giovanni rules the world now,” another deep voice blurted in. There was a long silence.” It’s a pity that Hercules is gone forever.”

Grey turned around quickly, out of reflexes before he could stop himself. He stared at the men and wondered why they were talking about Hercules.

Caramel sat up and regarded him for a moment. Tell me, Grey, what are you biding?”

“No,” a younger man boomed. “Hercules isn’t gone. I just said that” he said drunkenly.

“Damn James! I told you not to get drunk,” another man warned, James laughed. “Hercules isn’t gone. He’s coming back. Do you actually think Giovanni is a match to Hercules?”

Caramel looked at the men now. She smirked.” The audacity of them to talk about Hercules in Giovanni, These guys are bold,” she relaxed back in her chair and sipped more. She looked at Grey now, wondering what he was hiding. She couldn’t help but think Grey could be an heir of a big family or perhaps he was working under pretense. She however decided to enjoy her drink.

“Hercules is the best, all his products are. Giovanni is really no match for him,” James stuttered.

One of the men placed his palm over James’s mouth quickly to shut him up.” Your love for Hercules will kill you before your time,” he warned sternly and Grey couldn’t help the smile that came to his lips. “Damn! James is really going to implicate us,” the other man whispered, though Grey heard.

” I think we should get out of here.” Grey looked to his side at the man in Black designer wear and noted the strange look he was giving the three men. Just as they hurried out of the bar, Grey watched him stand and followed after quickly. As he walked past Grey, he was able to see the gun that was dangling in his hand. Damn! He was really Giovanni’s man..

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 18-First declaration

Grey made a quick contemplation in his head. He needed no one to tell him what would happen to the guys that went out of the bar a few minutes ago. “Grey!” Caramel yelled suddenly, jerking Grey out of his thoughts.

He blinked once and stared up at her. “Yes, what were you saying?”

Caramel sighed. “Are you lying to my friend?” Grey shook his head. “No, but I think I have a place to be now. And don’t forget that I’m your friend’s husband and I need to hurry home now or she might still I’m cheating.”

Caramel chuckled.” Why would she think like that? She doesn’t even like you.”

Grey sighed and got up.” I know but I have to leave right now. Can I drop you off?”

Caramel managed a nod and finally stood up after much hesitation.” We should meet some other time.”

Grey took the opposite street and glanced back at the men running in the background. "Where's your house?" He asked his eyes on the road ahead of him, as well as the rear mirror. "Just drop me off over there," he gestured forward." I also have a business to settle off here," she explained and Grey heaved a relieved sigh.

He pulled the car to a stop at a popular hotel. "Thanks for agreeing to have this meal with me, "he said almost honestly.

Caramel nodded, with a smile. " I will see you later," she waved and walked inside the hotel. Grey looked ahead at the street and realized that he had to drive some miles to take a u-turn back to Atomic Liquors. The guys he wanted to rescue might be dead before he even got there. He looked back at the

cars driving at fast speed and sighed but he knew that he had to reverse the car at the point that he was if he wanted his mission to be successful.

He actually remembered all the lessons that his father had forced him to go through. It got to a point that Grey almost thought his father didn't love him. It seemed now that he was merely preparing him for the future, for the next Hercules. He adjusted his seat so that he could still press the brake and gas, even while his body was turned around slightly to back up.

With a leg holding the brake, he maneuvered the gear shifter down and into reverse gear and looked back at the cars fast approaching. He furrowed his brows in concentration. He had to do it and it must be done immediately. He pressed the accelerator and the car drove backward. A car was coming in his direction, and he changed position quickly to the other side.

It was late and the cars on the street weren't so many which made it easier.

When he noticed that no car was coming over from his lane, he pressed the clutches until he got to the street and turned the car around so quickly. The tires screeched as he maneuvered the gear from the reverse and into the drive gear.

He spotted dozens of men even in the darkness, in a street a bit far away from the bar.He pulled over in front of the guys, intentionally as they were already beating the guys from the club.

The men turned around to look at him the moment he got out of the car.

“What do you think you guys are doing to those innocent guys?” Grey asked innocently. “This is none of your business, you should leave while we are still asking you nicely,” one of the men barked. Grey smirked. “Actually, I should be the one to use that line. Why did you steal it?” His response made the leader growled in anger.

“Leave now! You don’t want to die for saving lives, do you?” The leader said and turned around towards the guys. “Just finish them off. In fact, kill them! I’m so sick of seeing their faces,” he spat angrily.

Grey’s fist clenched beside him as he moved closer to them.

“Hey!” He called out to their leader again. He was already walking away as if Grey was a piece of shit. “Get back here. You have an unfinished mission!” He took on a race towards him and jumped to land a blow at his jaw the moment he turned.

The leader fell to the floor. “What the fuck!” His face registered shock as he saw the blood on his palm. “Damn! Get him! Now!” He yelled angrily and moved backward.

The guys walked to surround him within a twinkle of an eye, Grey gave them quick scrutiny and realized they were only fifty men. He could handle them. His father taught him how to handle lions.

When he was eleven, he was thrown into the lion’s den after several months of training. He was supposed to kill the lion if he wanted to survive. His father had John monitor him, in case he couldn’t survive. So that he could help him.

He failed for days until he decided to let his father know what he was capable of.

The men launched an attack at the same time, Grey caught a fist of a man and squeezed it even harder. He kicked another one coming from behind him.

And sent two men reeling back at once with his punch. His punch was dealing and calculative. Within minutes, every man was lying down, groaning. Grey looked back at the leader and watched his horror face for a moment before he jumped towards him and gave him another punch in his diaphragm. The leader coughed out blood.

"W_ who are you?" He stammered and fell back on the floor. His eyes went shut and he stopped moving. It seemed like he was dead. Grey turned towards the men from the club. James was watching him with curiosity. He stood nevertheless and moved closer to Grey.

Grey noted the bruises on his face and his already tattered clothes. If he hadn't come earlier, he might be dead.

"Who are you? And why did you save us?" James wondered aloud, unable to place it. His friends were still groaning on the floor and coughing out blood already.

Grey regarded him for a moment. "Will you keep a secret if I ask you to?" James nodded quickly. Grey saved his life, why wouldn't he keep a secret? Grey smiled and took a step closer so that he could lean against his ear.

"I am Hercules," he declared and stepped back while James' eyes went wide in shock.

Chapter 19: Tarnish in the image The drive back to Lucy's house was slow and quiet. Grey still felt pains in his hands from having to beat fifty men. It was something he hadn't done for a long time. He pulled up in front of the house and inhaled a deep breath before he got down. He walked inside the house, slowly.

"I don't know if there's anything we can do about it then. Hopefully, we should wish that Ken would talk to Alfred, perhaps he could help," Benjamin muttered.

"We need to have the King's Corp support if we want to do this. Perhaps, we should ask the help of foxgreen holdings," Emma suggested.

"No mom! There's no fucking way we will try to meet Hercules. No one has ever seen him," Avery argued.

"Perhaps Chris would help us then," Emma said finally, with a hint of defeat. "Well, I will gladly finalize your marriage. What has Grey done for us anyway?" She sneered.

Grey walked inside, wondering what was really happening. From what he heard, it seemed like Avery's company was having issues.

“Greetings,” he greeted and everyone’s gaze turned towards him. “Oh seriously!” Emma barked. “Greetings to you too Grey!” She yelled.” Right timing!”

Grey looked over to Avery for a hint of what was happening. Avery sighed and looked away.

“Did I do something wrong?” Grey asked, skeptical. Benjamin took his phone from the table and pressed some buttons before he stretched it out. Grey moved closer and took the phone from him. He stared with eyes gone gobsmacked. The video was about him in the restaurant while he was beating the other man for disgracing him.

Realization dawned on him. It was at that time that he knew why they were being hostile to him again. “I can explain_,” he started but Emma cut him off. “Explain what? That you couldn’t pay for the meal and you had to embarrass the young man to get away with it?” She raised known brows at him and dared for him to argue. “Why did you even go there in the first place? I thought you said you wanted to look for a job?” Avery asked suddenly, pained.

The video didn’t capture Caramel and he didn’t want to talk about her. He didn’t want anything that would upset Avery the more. “I don’t believe we allowed you into this house, only to disgrace us,” Benjamin said sadly.” How could the husband of Avery Robinson be caught behaving like thugs!” He spat with disgust.

“This video didn’t capture it all. This man embarrassed me, I was with a_,” he stopped suddenly as he remembered that he didn’t want to talk about Caramel. He didn’t want to add salt to injury.

“With who?” Avery required and held his gaze.

He sighed, unable to proceed. “I knew it! This guy is a filthy liar!” Emma yelled again. “He came here to brag and bluff but went ahead to steal from this young man. He’s so incorrigible!” She contended and looked over at Benjamin.” Is this seriously who we want our daughter to spend her life with? When are there more prominent men out there?” She shook her head in disgrace.

“Damn! This video has gone viral! What are you going to do about it?” Benjamin required.

Grey sighed but didn't say a word, he didn't even know what he was supposed to say.

"I'm sorry but he deserved it."

Emma lurched forward quickly and slapped him. "You better shut up while I'm still asking you nicely. You better do it! You went ahead to disgrace the whole of Robinson and you want to tell me you are right in what you did?" She raised a questioning brow. "And we are supposed to welcome you with hugs in congrat on the achievement?" She was fuming in rage.

"You don't have a job and you have never thought of helping this family. What you could think of was bringing disgrace here?" She barked.

"Emma, please stop," Benjamin called her to a stop. Emma turned towards Benjamin again. "I need to talk to my father. He wouldn't do this to me! Thank goddess the two aren't really married. We are going to stop it!"

Benjamin sighed, frustrated. "You do know how your father can be. He might not want to back off."

Emma shook slightly. "I'm going to convince him that this Grey isn't the right one for her. Chris is and he will be the one to marry my daughter."

Avery looked up quickly at her mother. "Mom! I haven't given my permission for that!" She protested.

Emma looked at her and shrugged slightly. "You don't need to do it. I'm your mother and I know what's best for you. There's nothing Grey will give you in this marriage except pains and I'm sure you don't want that. That aside, you need to help your company. Without Chris, you won't be able to revive your company." "But mom, I will speak with Alfred. He should be able to help me," Avery pleaded with optimism. "But I don't want to be with Chris."

Emma held her hands around her waist. "So, would you rather be with Grey?"

"No!" Avery said quickly. "I don't want any of them." "What do you need Alfred's help for?" Grey asked out of nowhere, curious about what the problem was.

"Avery needs help in terms of money to revive her company. Most of the shareholders have backed up," Benjamin explained.

"Why are you explaining to him! Is there anything he can do other than fight like he did in the video?" Emma insulted him further and walked closer to him. "Just know that your days as my daughter's husband is numbered. You won't get your deal with her! She will be getting married to Steve!" She yelled finally before she stormed inside. Benjamin took his phone from Grey and walked after her. Grey sighed and looked at Avery. "How much do you need?" "Partnering with P.K would be just fine but Alfred doesn't want that because it wouldn't really benefit him."

Grey sighed. "I will help you." Avery looked up slowly. "Do you know that I hate you so very much? Now, you've tarnished my image in front of my friends and I hate you even more!" She stood. "And stop bluffing! Stop pretending you can do anything because you can't. You couldn't even afford a suit before I met you. And I want right now for you to leave my life." "But_," Grey started again. "Say more words and I will call thugs to deal with you!" She threatened. "Since fighting is your hobby, I might help you tonight."

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 19-Tarnish in the image The drive back to Lucy's house was slow and quiet. Grey still felt pains in his hands from having to beat fifty men. It was something he hadn't done for a long time. He pulled up in front of the house and inhaled a deep breath before he got down. He walked inside the house, slowly.

"I don't know if there's anything we can do about it then. Hopefully, we should wish that Ken would talk to Alfred, perhaps he could help," Benjamin muttered.

"We need to have the King's Corp support if we want to do this. Perhaps, we should ask the help of foxgreen holdings," Emma suggested.

"No mom! There's no fucking way we will try to meet Hercules. No one has ever seen him," Avery argued.

"Perhaps Chris would help us then," Emma said finally, with a hint of defeat.

"Well, I will gladly finalize your marriage. What has Grey done for us anyway?" She sneered.

Grey walked inside, wondering what was really happening. From what he heard, it seemed like Avery's company was having issues.

"Greetings," he greeted and everyone's gaze turned towards him. "Oh seriously!" Emma barked. "Greetings to you too Grey!" She yelled. "Right timing!" Grey looked over to Avery for a hint of what was happening. Avery sighed and looked away.

"Did I do something wrong?" Grey asked, skeptical. Benjamin took his phone from the table and pressed some buttons before he stretched it out. Grey moved closer and took the phone from him. He stared with eyes gone gobsmacked.

The video was about him in the restaurant while he was beating the other man for disgracing him.

Realization dawned on him. It was at that time that he knew why they were being hostile to him again.

"I can explain_," he started but Emma cut him off.

"Explain what? That you couldn't pay for the meal and you had to embarrass the young man to get away with it?" She raised known brows at him and dared for him to argue.

"Why did you even go there in the first place? I thought you said you wanted to look for a job?" Avery asked suddenly, pained.

The video didn't capture Caramel and he didn't want to talk about her. He didn't want anything that would upset Avery the more. "I don't believe we allowed you into this house, only to disgrace us," Benjamin said sadly. "How could the husband of Avery Robinson be caught behaving like thugs!" He spat with disgust.

"This video didn't capture it all. This man embarrassed me, I was with a_," he stopped suddenly as he remembered that he didn't want to talk about Caramel.

He didn't want to add salt to injury.

"With who?" Avery required and held his gaze.

He sighed, unable to proceed. "I knew it! This guy is a filthy liar!" Emma yelled again. "He came here to brag and bluff but went ahead to steal from this young man. He's so incorrigible!"

"She contended and looked over at Benjamin." Is this seriously who we want our daughter to spend her life with? When are there more prominent men out there?" She shook her head in disgrace.

"Damn! This video has gone viral! What are you going to do about it?" Benjamin required.

Grey sighed but didn't say a word, he didn't even know what he was supposed to say.

"I'm sorry but he deserved it." Emma lurched forward quickly and slapped him. "You better shut up while I'm still asking you nicely. You better do it! You went ahead to disgrace the whole of Robinson and you want to tell me you are right in what you did?" She raised a questioning brow. "And we are supposed to welcome you with hugs in congrat on the achievement?" She was fuming in rage.

"You don't have a job and you have never thought of helping this family. What you could think of was bringing disgrace here?" She barked.

"Emma, please stop," Benjamin called her to a stop. Emma turned towards Benjamin again. "I need to talk to my father. He wouldn't do this to me! Thank goddess the two aren't really married. We are going to stop it!" Benjamin sighed, frustrated. "You do know how your father can be. He might not want to back off."

Emma shook slightly. "I'm going to convince him that this Grey isn't the right one for her. Chris is and he will be the one to marry my daughter." Avery looked up quickly at her mother. "Mom! I haven't given my permission for that!" She protested.

Emma looked at her and shrugged slightly. "You don't need to do it. I'm your mother and I know what's best for you. There's nothing Grey will give you in this marriage except pains and I'm sure you don't want that. That aside, you need to help your company. Without Chris, you won't be able to revive your company." "But mom, I will speak with Alfred. He should be able to help me," Avery pleaded with optimism. "But I don't want to be with Chris." Emma held her hands around her waist. "So, would you rather be with Grey?" "No!" Avery said quickly. "I don't want any of them." "What do you need Alfred's help for?" Grey asked out of nowhere, curious about what the problem was.

"Avery needs help in terms of money to revive her company. Most of the shareholders have backed up," Benjamin explained.

"Why are you explaining to him! Is there anything he can do other than fight like he did in the video?" Emma insulted him further and walked closer to him. "Just know that your days as my daughter's husband is numbered. You won't get your deal with her! She will be getting married to Steve!" She yelled finally before she stormed inside. Benjamin took his phone from Grey and walked after her. Grey sighed and looked at Avery. "How much do you need?" "Partnering with P.K would be just fine but Alfred doesn't want that because it wouldn't really benefit him." Grey sighed. "I will help you." Avery looked up slowly. "Do you know that I hate you so very much? Now, you've tarnished my image in front of my friends and I hate you even more!" She stood. "And stop bluffing! Stop pretending you can do anything because you can't. You couldn't even afford a suit before I met you."

"And I want right now for you to leave my life." "But_", Grey started again. "Say more words and I will call thugs to deal with you!" She threatened. "Since fighting is your hobby, I might help you tonight."

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 20-unbelievable

Avery's eyes showed how angry she was, in fact, it looked as though she was in a rage, with eyes almost turning red. She picked up her phone and turned to leave the living room.

Grey walked after her. "I can help you with the problem you are facing," he blurted out but quickly regretted it.

Avery turned to look at him again, with eyes filled hatred. "Stop saying nonsense, Grey. There's absolutely nothing you can do."

"But I have a job now. I'm now a manager in Alfred's company," he declared.

"Oh," she smirked. "Do you think that shows your position is permanent? Alfred might treat you well today but he might get fed up with you tomorrow. He might discard you like trash! Don't you get it?" She explained.

Grey regarded her for a moment. "He can't," he pointed out. Avery sighed. "How the heck did I end up with you Grey? How did you get inside my room? How did you ruin my life?" She screamed the last part. "You are useless, you don't have a family, no parents, and nothing. Damn! What the fuck can you

seriously do with Alfred?" She expressed sadly." I'm not going to do this," she finished up and walked away.

Grey stared behind her for a moment, shocked but not angry. Well, he had initially thought he was nobody with everything he went to. Most times, he wanted to die.

But who would have thought that the orphan was the next Hercules?

Grey's phone made a vibration and a message popped up on his phone. The sender was Philip, one of his classmates in college.

He had been an object of ridicule even in college because he had to work per time to sponsor himself. He worked as a barman, as a delivery man, and almost every dirty work. And his course-mates ridiculed him for it.

The message read; 'There's a reunion tomorrow evening. Make sure you are there.' Grey knew they wanted to ridicule him, as they have always been doing. Just that, he would disappoint them soon. He walked into one of the maids' quarters since he was sure that Avery wouldn't let him enter her room. Grey's phone rang suddenly as he lay on the bed. It was Alfred.

"Hello."

"Hi Grey, I got feedback from my secretary and I will proceed as you've said. That aside, I saw the video of you on the internet and I've paid who I had to so that it could be brought down."

Grey nodded briefly. "Thank you Alfred. Also, I have changed my mind, Alfred. Give me a position lower than a manager." Alfred went quiet for a moment. "Why?"

"I need your help, Alfred. And I don't want to let Robinson know my worth. So, I'm going to tell them that I traded my position to help them," he explained

"That's great actually. You can keep hiding your identity with that. That aside, there's an auction coming soon. It's the best time to see Aphrodite, your last elder" Alfred suggested,

Grey thought for a moment." Alright."

The morning came earlier than Alex imagined. When he walked out of the maids' quarter, he saw Avery walk out of her room as well. She was in a short blue shirt that matched her yellow top so well. Avery was a beautiful girl, no doubt about it.

"Avery," Emma called and that was when Grey saw that Emma was also around. "The breakfast is ready."

Grey stared at Avery for a moment and watched her move to the table. Benjamin was on there already and eating "Are you going to watch from there?" Lucy said suddenly and came out of his room as well.

Grey looked up at him, "Good morning"

"What's so special in the morning?" Emma spoke and hissed.

Grey moved closer and pulled out a chair beside Avery. "Thank you so much for this meal," he said truthfully.

It would be trouble for him if he would have to cook before going to work.

Though, he knew he might have to get to his house that day as well.

"Avery, Where did Grey sleep last night?" Lucy asked suddenly as he poured himself a glass of water.

Avery shuddered slightly. "I don't know," she whispered.

"Does it matter, dad? They aren't even married!" Emma cut in quickly.

"Grey will be having a court wedding with Avery today. These two should be ready for it," he stated with seriousness.

"Grandfather," Avery called helplessly. "Please, I didn't want to marry him."

"Oh, well, you should have thought about that before you slept with him. Do you remember the 'Will' of my father? You shouldn't forget since that actually got effective when your mother met Benjamin."

"But dad, these rules are old. We shouldn't make this our family custom. We should let her marry who she wants," Emma argued.

Lucy went silent for a moment. "Grey should bring his stuff to this house and the court wedding should proceed. And they shall stay in the same room as a couple," he affirmed in a solid voice,

"Then, I have to show you what your son-in-law really is," Emma blurted in suddenly. She reached for her phone and pressed some buttons. "There is a video of your so-called son in law fighting in public. Since you've painted him as hers at the party, your granddaughter's

name is also in mud,' she found the video and played it for Lucy. Apparently, she had saved it before Alfred did his work.

"I didn't_, "Grey started to defend himself but Lucy cut through his word.

"Shut it there, Grey!" He yelled and watched the video for another moment." I knew this was the kind of guy that he was from the beginning. I just don't understand why Avery would link up with someone like him."

Grey stared at the food and he suddenly didn't even want to eat.

"But, I don't care," Lucy continued. "This rule was made by my father and I won't go against it. And that should also remind you about all I have said!" He looked over at Avery." The two companies under you will be withdrawn and given to Smith. You can handle the one you've been handling because that will be your only inheritance," Lucy finished up, got up, and walked out.

Avery burst into fresh tears.

"No! He can't take everything away from my daughter and still expect her to marry this good for- nothing son of a pauper. What will my daughter eat? How would she grow well?" Emma lamented.

Grey looked up again." I can actually take care of her. Also, I've spoken with Alfred and he's ready to help you. Though, I ended up exchanging the favor with a manager's position," he revealed.

"Lies!" Emma spurted out. "How can you even let go of the manager's position when the salary can't even take care of my daughter?" She yelled at him.

Benjamin instead looked at him." What do you mean? You got employed at Alfred's company?

Grey nodded slightly. "That's very impossible!" Emma shouted at him, her angry blinding her. Avery sobbed quietly." Well, Grey is the grandson of Alfred's friend," she said softly. Though, she doubted he could help her.

Emma and Benjamin looked shocked at the news, "What! Alfred knows this orphan?" Emma asked surprisingly.