

## **Secretly TBB 201**

### Chapter 201: Preamble

“You have a company already, a big one at that, what do you want to use the recipe for?” Beatrice asked, still unable to wrap her head around the fact that she was being forced to choose between her daughter and her boss.

Hattie smiled slightly. “Not enough, and this recipe should have been mine. You cheated nature but that’s over. You will get me the recipe because I promise to do all I can to achieve my aim,” she swore.

” You will not get away with this, Hattie.” Don expressed with hatred.

Hattie looked at Don. ” Or what? Are you going to involve Grey?”

One of the men rushed inside and moved to whisper into Hattie’s ear.

Hattie looked up at him, with a shocked look on her face. “Escort our guests out, Henry,” she ordered and one of the men bowed in response.

Hattie stood and followed the guy out of the room.

Actually, Don wasn’t able to mobilize the guys to check around Hattie’s house because her security

men caught them the moment they parked.

Beatrice looked at Don. "Do you think Richard has found his way inside?"

Don looked at her, disturbed. "Why would you think so?"

"Don't you think that something is up somewhere? That's why Hattie left hurriedly. We need to get back to the car," she suggested.

Don nodded quickly. "Yes, let's move."

They both walked out of the place. Some men were moving towards the back of the house as they walked to the car.

Richard was standing in front of the other car with the men at alert beside it.

"Did you smell it? It smelt like something was burning," Don observed.

Beatrice nodded briefly. "I thought it was Richard."

Richard shook his head quickly. "No, not me. I didn't do anything. I didn't even leave this place, what's happening inside?"

Don didn't answer and instead looked ahead. The two followed the path of his gaze.

"Is that not Jimmy?" Richard voiced out.

"Jimmy?" Don was skeptical for a moment. "You know him?"

"Yes," Richard nodded briefly. "He used to be Audrey's man but he now works

for Hercules," he explained.

Don looked at Richard as realization hit in. "Does that mean Hercules is here?

Or is he the one inside the building?" he reasoned.

Beatrice shook her head slightly. "That's not possible." she took out her phone

to dial Grey's number while Don and Richard moved closer to Jimmy.

Jimmy sensed that they'd not seen him, so he quickly move back to the car, and

picked up his phone to call Grey. He did say that Jimmy was supposed to call

him after Beatrice and Don had walked out of the building.

Jimmy dialed the number several times but he didn't pick up.

"What are you doing here?" a voice jolted him out of his thoughts and he whirled

around to look at Don and Richard.

Jimmy swallowed harder. "I-i'm s-supposed-," his voice faded away.

Richard took his phone forcefully and looked down at the dialed number, "why are you calling Hercules? Is he really here?"

Jimmy sighed in defeat. "He told me to call him."

Don raised skeptical brows, "who?"

Jimmy regarded him for a moment. "Hercules."

Beatrice moved closer, "where is he?"

Jimmy pointed at the building. "There."

"What!" Don yelled, "You let him inside alone?"

Jimmy kept mute.

"You fool! " Don launched towards Jimmy quickly and caught him by the collar.

"How dare you!"

"There I-is nothing I could have done. I don't have the power to stop Hercules after all." he expressed and Don reluctantly let him go. Though, he was still

boiling with rage.

“He must have been the one causing the havoc,” Richard supplied.

“We have to do something, what if he’s unable to escape?” Beatrice panicked.

Grey took one of the bags, which was burning already, and threw it outside the window.

His phone couldn’t stop vibrating but Grey didn’t want to pickup. He didn’t have the time to anyways. He needed to get out as soon as possible.

There was sudden noise coming from outside and he knew that the guys had gathered together and were coming towards the room.

Grey raced back towards the dead men and fell flat in their midst.

The door opened suddenly and some men rushed inside. Some stopped around the burning bags.

“What the fuck! Do something!” he yelled in anger.

“Where is he? Where is the intruder?”

And Grey felt soft footsteps advance towards him.

“He’s here,” the voice responded. “But I think he’s dead,” the voice added and continued to move

closer.

Grey opened his eyes slightly and saw that the man was pointing a gun at him and was still moving

closer.

The other men were by the bag of drugs and trying to quench the fire.

“He has a face mask the other time. Is the mask still there?” someone asked from behind.

“He’s still with the mask,” he responded. “I’m going to pull it over to look at his face,” he revealed

and his hand touched the mask.

Grey opened his eyes and stared up at the man. He went into shock and the hand on the mask

froze.

Grey held his hand and squeezed it quickly so that the gun would drop from his hand forcefully. He

took it and realized that the others were pointing at him.

He pulled the guy closer to him as the guy fired the shot at him. They were with shotguns, so Grey

knew it wouldn’t be able to penetrate one body.

“Kill him! ” someone yelled with frustration.

Grey let them shoot again before he pushed the man over and shot at the guy next to him. The

bullet hit the side, piercing through the skin and the man let out a loud cry.

He used the opportunity to make a run for it.

He climbed over the wall, just as Hattie showed up behind him. she looked up at Grey as if she could see through the mask.

Grey smiled, mocking her slightly. He knew how pained she would be by what he did.

Well, it was the preamble and he would do more if she laid a hand on caramel

Chapter 202: caught

Grey jumped down and brought out his phone. There were several calls from Beatrice, Don, and

Jimmy. And, Grey sensed that Don must have seen Jimmy.

He ignored it, placing the phone in the safety of his pocket before moving towards the car.

"I'm going to mobilize the men eventually. We will have to penetrate the building," Don expressed.

"What for?" Grey asked suddenly, startling them for a moment.

They all turned to look at him and relief washed them.

"I'm so glad you are safe," Beatrice cried softly.

Grey sighed and pulled the mask off. "Let's leave. We can discuss this in a safe place," he started

and moved towards the car.

Beatrice entered the back seat, beside Grey while Don and Richard went back to their cars.

They all drove out of Hattie's street. The other cars followed Grey to his house since Grey didn't let

Jimmy stop until they got back home.

"Boss, we were so scared. You shouldn't have entered the building alone. You could have informed me," Don said quickly the moment he entered the living room.

Grey looked at Don. "I had to see it firsthand. Did you get anything about Caramel's whereabouts?"

Don shook his head briefly and moved to sit, meanwhile, Beatrice was by the door, lost in thoughts.

"Hattie caught US immediately. I and the others had to stay in the car," Richard explained.

Grey nodded briefly, "Caramel isn't there anyways. What did you guys talk about by the way? Does

Hattie still want the recipe?"

"Yes, you guess right," Beatrice walked to Grey slowly. "Caramel is really my daughter."

Grey looked up at her, shocked for a moment, "she is?"

Beatrice nodded briefly, she felt so exhausted and fed up. "Here's the DNA



result," she stretched out the file to him.

Grey took it and looked through it. He still couldn't believe it. How could Caramel

be the daughter of Beatrice?

"Hattie wants the recipe before tomorrow night or we will lose Caramel," Don

explained.

Grey's hand tightened around the paper, as different thoughts went through his

mind in a sort of fuzzy confusion. "We are giving her the recipe then."

"What! " Don was shocked. "You will?"

Grey nodded briefly, "I'm not going to lose Caramel."

"But," Don started. "This cream recipe belongs to your mother, Boss. It would be

very bad if you lose it to the person that killed your mother," he explained.

Grey stared down at the tiles for a moment, his teeth clenched in anger. Don

was saying the truth but he couldn't help it. He couldn't even help the fact that

his body boiled with rage at the fact that Caramel wasn't in the safety of her

house. She has been kidnapped! He couldn't sit still.

“But Boss, this isn’t right,” Richard added quickly.

Grey looked up, with a glare. “I will not let anything happen to Caramel,” he repeated in a thick voice that kept everyone shut.

Grey stared at them for a while before he got up slowly. “I’m not going to wait for Hattie to kill Caramel like she killed my mom,” he moved away from them and moved toward the wall. “And I’m going to do everything to get her out. No one can change my mind. So, don’t even try to.”

Don let out a sigh, slowly. He understood anyways who Caramel was to him. In fact, he used to think Caramel was his girlfriend. “So, what’s your plan?”

“I’m meeting Gregory tomorrow at 5star. You should come along. I will let you know of my plans,” he revealed.

Smith stared at the screen of the laptop for some minutes which felt like an eternity. His head was calculated at the same time.

The door opened suddenly and Mia walked in. “Boss!” she called urgently.

Smith looked up, a bit angry. "What happened to your manner, Mia?" he asked, half yelling.

Mia pulled to a stop as confusion clouded her face. "I'm sorry, Boss. I didn't mean to barge in like that," she apologized.

Smith sent her a chilly look before he focused his attention right back on the laptop. "What is this all about?"

"We have failed sales," she revealed.

Smith didn't reply, his gaze still focusing on whatever was on the screen.

"I mean sales are declining, boss. We only had a little rise on some days but they are not enough to cater for all we have lost," she explained further.

Smith sighed but didn't look at her. "So?"

"I-i." she stammered as she unlocked her iPad. "I will advise that we stop this currently. We need to sit and think about this before embarking on this journey."

"It's too late to go back," Smith whispered.

"No," Mia said quickly. "The advertising company is here. We can still stop this.

We wouldn't have to lose more than we have already lost. If we keep doing this

and it doesn't yield results, we might go bankrupt," she announced.

Smith looked up at her, with eyes emanating rage. "Are you saying we will fail

eventually? Do you mean the advertisement won't work as well?"

Mia shook her head quickly, a bit scared of his hard stare. "I didn't mean that. I

was just-," her voice faded off. "I just want us to look at the possibility," she

whispered.

Smith regarded her for another moment. "What if it becomes a success?"

Mia sighed, reasoning it as well. Smith was right. The product might actually do well after the

advertisement. What if it skyrocketed? But there was also the possibility that it might not

and Mia was scared of bankruptcy.

"But-," Mia started but Smith cut her off.

"No, but, Mia. Let them in. I'm going to proceed no matter what. Don't worry, success is guaranteed

this time," he assured.

Mia accepted defeat eventually and bowed slightly before walking out.

The door opened almost immediately, and Avery walked inside.

Smith sighed, angry. He thought it was Mia again, “what is it again, Mia?” he asked as he looked up

and realized it was Avery. He signed instead. “What are you doing here?”

“Did you take the fund behind my back?” was the question that slipped out of Avery’s mouth, she

recently discovered that there were barely any funds in the LN company and she discovered that

Smith had something to do with it.

“Is that why you are here?”

“Yes! And I deserve an explanation! I’m the president of LN! I deserve to know why you took the

funds and what you used them for?” his voice went higher than normal, she was so angry. In fact,

the accountant and the financial manager have been fired for not informing her about it. she was the

CEO after all.

Smith stood, “To beat Grey. I took the fund to beat Grey and I’m on my way towards it. But you will

stop talking to me in such matters!” he yelled out the last part

“How dare you then mess with my company fund, without my permission?” she retaliated.

"I told you about it, Avery. I told you about it. You were just being

stubborn. So, I decided to go for the company interest," he explained in a calm voice.

Avery huffed. "Company interest? Do you know that there's barely any funds in LX?"

"I will return it," Smith said stubbornly.

"How? Your company is even declining."

Smith shook his head briefly. "Yes but not for long. It will definitely take a good turn. That I promise

and I'm going to return the money when I'm done with it all."

Avery regarded him for a moment. "If you don't do that, we will go bankrupt and I will see the kind of

explanation you will give grandpa," she finished off and walked out of the office angrily

Chapter 203: Fake recipe

After the meeting with the advertising company, Smith returned to his office with Mia.

Smith stopped in front of the desk, with his hands over it for a moment in a thoughtful manner. "We

need more funds."

"Yes sir. Do you think we should ask LN for it?" Mia suggested.

Smith thought about it for some minutes and turned around to look at Mia. "That won't work this

time. Avery wouldn't allow me but I have to pay for this advertising company. I'm very positive about this. It will surely work out."

Mia sighed. "Do you think we should meet with Hercules for promotion? We will be able to pay later."

"No," Smith shook his head briefly. "I'm going to take a bank loan. It's the best way in this case."

Mia sighed. "Alright, boss." She turned to leave but stopped almost immediately. Somehow, she knew it was a bad idea to borrow from the bank because it was going to have a great effect on them if something happened afterward.

But Smith was being stubborn and there was nothing to do but to listen to him.

Grey walked to the living room with a glass of wine. His phone rang suddenly, the noise dragged him out of his thoughts. It was Maria.

"Hi, Maria."

Maria took a deep breath. "Is something wrong? You are not at work," she observed. Though, there was another thing in her voice that Grey couldn't get.

"Something came up. I will discuss it in person. Is everything alright at work?"

Maria took another deep breath. "David has called an emergency meeting because of you. He's going to have another one tomorrow as well," she revealed.

Grey raised skeptical brows. "Why?"

"Irregularities and he didn't hesitate to let everyone know that you guys went to the same school. He even told them how lazy and dangerous you were," she sighed. "He's trying to gather the board against you and have them remove you," she explained.

Grey smiled. "Seriously?"

"Yes, boss. As of now, I'm the only one supporting you. I don't know what he had fed the other executives with but they are also behind him," she revealed.

"Let it be but keep me posted on whatever happens," he expressed.

"Alright, sir. I will do that but do you need my help in any case? It's unlike you to stay at home unless something important comes up."

Grey went silent for a moment. "You are quite brilliant. Well, Hattie kidnapped

Caramel and wanted the recipe before she would release her."



“What! ” Maria exclaimed softly. “What are you going to do now?

Give her the recipe?”

“Yes, that’s what I plan on doing. I will talk to you later then,” he said in a voice

that left no room for other words.

“Alright boss, later,” she said and the line went off.

Grey dropped the call and stared into space. David was really passing his

boundary and he was just being nice to have left him at Protos Pubblicita.

Well, he had no time for him at that moment as he had to meet with Gregory

very soon.

Chloe felt a bit pained at the fact that she couldn’t tell the truth. She wished she

could stop Avery from divorcing Grey but it was too late. Who would have

thought that Grey was someone of great importance?

And she wondered why he kept it a secret.

Chloe hadn’t gone to Protos Pubblicita as Grey had told her to. Instead, she got

herself a phone with her money. She just couldn't go, she was scared to.

Chloe was at a 5star hotel in one of the VIPs and she couldn't stop thinking about Avery and Grey, she felt it was her fault that they divorced. She has always given her stupid advises.

A soft knock sounded on her door and she stood to unlock the door.

One of the attendants appeared in front of her with a serving tray.

Chloe blinked her eyes, "what? I didn't order anything," she was confused.

"Yes," the lady affirmed. "But someone asked US to bring it over. That aside, he told US to refund you. He has paid for everything, " she revealed.

Chloe was a bit shocked and her mind strayed toward Grey. Could it be him?

"Oh yes," the attendant remembered something. "He asked me to give you this," she expressed and stretched out a card which Chloe accepted.

The attendant pushed the serving tray inside just as Chloe read through the word on it.

It goes, 'I don't like owning. That should be enough for the phone.'

Chloe looked up, still shocked. It was definitely from Grey and it meant that

Grey was around.

Grey entered the room and sat. Gregory and Don were around already.

"I had to come as early as I could. Is everything alright?" Gregory required.

Don nodded briefly. "Caramel has been kidnapped. Hattie requires the cream recipe or Caramel

dies and we don't even know where Caramel is currently."

Gregory raised skeptical brows. "What? Caramel? Who's she?"

"Beatrice's daughter," Grey revealed.

Gregory's eyes went wider. "Beatrice has a daughter? I thought her son was the one killed years

back when your mother died?"

Grey nodded briefly. "That's how it turns out to be. But that doesn't matter now. We need to plan her

escape because I'm not going to let anything happen to her," he stated.

Gregory nodded briefly. "Do you have a plan already?"

"The boss plans to give Hattie the cream recipe," Don revealed.

Gregory got another shock of his life. " what? You can't give out the cream recipe like that," he complained.

Grey regarded Gregory for a moment. " I'm not going to let Caramel die, Gregory. I don't care what happens but I must get Caramel back and I've only got till tonight to figure it out."

Gregory looked at Grey. " Does this only have to do with Beatrice or is there more you aren't telling US?"

Grey smiled softly. " Are we going to talk about our plan or what?"

Gregory made a rumble of a laugh. " Great, let it out."

Greg regarded Gregory for a moment, then Don before he relaxed in his chair.

"I don't plan on giving Hattie the real cream recipe but we need to find out where Caramel is. why?

Because Hattie might want to try out the recipe before she would release Caramel. Giving out the fake recipe would be to buy US time," he explained.

Chapter 204: Anonymous

"So, Hattie told me she had my baby changed. So, I buried the other dead child," Beatrice explained.

It was afternoon and Grey was writing down the list of the Recipe. " So, Caramel's mother had a deal with Hattie?" He inquired.

Beatrice nodded briefly. "I don't know what eventually transpired between them but Hattie was the one that killed her," she revealed.

Grey's movement on the paper pulled to a sudden stop. He remembered clearly when Caramel told him that the mafia killed her mother. She was so sad and Grey wondered how it would be if she learned the truth.

"Would you tell her the truth?" He asked and resumed writing the Recipe.

Beatrice went silent for a moment, in a thoughtful manner, she slowly let out a sigh. "I don't think I can do it. It's ok if she continues to be by my side. That's sufficient for me. I won't separate her from her real family," she explained.

Grey nodded briefly," You should get prepared. I will soon be done with this recipe," he expressed.

Beatrice nodded once and walked up the stairs.

Grey changed five ingredients and eventually added them to the steps. He stopped writing and released a relieved sigh.

Gregory was already scouting the areas for Caramel and it was almost time. Grey doesn't even

know if they could do it. But he was optimistic about it.

And he would rather drop the real recipe than let Caramel die.

The doorbell rang suddenly, jerking him out of his thoughts. He got up and moved closer to the front

door. Opening it, he stared at the security guard.

"Good afternoon sir but a woman wants me to give this to you," he explained.

Grey furrowed his brows as he took it. Could it be from Hattie? Was there something else that she

wanted?

Grey entered the house and broke the seal. It was a handwritten letter and

anonymous.

And there were only two paragraphs on them.

The first paragraph was, 'I'm sorry but I couldn't help but do this.'

And the second paragraph went like this. 'Hattie's company is where Caramel

is.'

There was no more information, especially who the sender was. Grey rushed out of the living room, towards the security guard.

“Who gave you this letter?”

“A lady but she was wearing sunglasses. She wouldn’t say her name but it looked like someone you will know,” he explained.

Grey regarded the letter for another moment. Sure, if it was someone he didn’t know, they would have dropped their names but who could it be?

Only a few people knew about Caramel’s disappearance.

It was at that moment that Grey remembered he told Maria about it. Though, he wondered why she would give him such details and still hide her identity. Maria was becoming his left hand.

But well, it doesn’t matter. Grey would have the time to speak to her later about it.

At that moment, they would need to move on with their plan as fast as possible.

Grey hurried inside to grab his phone. He placed a call to Gregory. He picked up

after the second ring.

“Boss, we are still on it. There’s no sign of Caramel anywhere.

We’ve been watching every Hattie’s hideout unless there’s more that we don’t

know,” Gregory informed.

Grey nodded briefly. ” But you didn’t check Smooth Therapy, right? It

Gregory went silent for a few seconds. ” I don’t think she would keep her there.”

Grey smiled and nodded his head slightly. Hattie intentionally did it. She knew

they wouldn’t think of Smooth Therapy.

“Well, that’s what she wants US to think. So, that’s why she kept her there.

Caramel is in Smooth Therapy,” he dropped the bombshell.

” She’s crafty,” Gregory reasoned aloud.

“Yes but we will still proceed with our plan. Beatrice will be giving her the cream

recipe to whirl away time while we will penetrate her company. It will be when

the workers have already left, so it will be easy for US,” he declared.



" What do you mean by US?"

" Because I'm joining you guys. Withdraw, Gregory, and get ready. I'm going to

get ready too. We have just an hour to go," he finished and hung up.

Beatrice was already behind him. " Is that true?"

Grey turned to look at her, with a smile on his face. "Yes, true. We will get Caramel into safety soon.

I just need to rewrite this cream recipe. I'm not going to allow Hattie to even have a clue about my mom's recipe," he pointed out and moved to the table, took the written paper, and tore it to pieces.

Beatrice laughed slightly. "I like this," she stated." But how did you find out?"

"Maria," Grey wondered aloud. Well, she was the only one that Grey told the situation on hand.

They didn't even inform the police. So, there was no way anyone else would know about it.

"Wow! I love that girl!" Beatrice smiled, happiness flooding into her.

The doorbell rang again as Grey started to rewrite the cream recipe.

"I will get it," Beatrice said quickly and advanced towards the front door. She opened the door and stared at Maria for a moment before she pulled her into a bear hug. "Thank you so much, Maria.

Thank you! I'm really grateful for this."

When she pulled back, Maria had this confused look on her face.

“Alright, but how is Caramel? Is the Boss really going to give out the cream recipe?” she inquired.

Beatrice’s smile evolved into a dark frown as she watched Maria. ” It wasn’t you?”

Maria blinked once, then twice in confusion, “what?”

Beatrice sighed and closed the door. “Come,” she led Maria towards Grey.

Grey looked up at Maria, with a smile. He couldn’t stop smiling with appreciation for what Maria had done. Though, he was a bit curious and wanted to ask her how she did it.

“But Grey, it wasn’t her,” Beatrice revealed.

Maria watched the look on their faces. ” what are you talking about?”

Grey regarded Maria for a moment, picked the letter from the table, and stretched it towards Maria.

“You didn’t write this?”

Maria took it and read through it. she gathered brows on her forehead. “I didn’t! I’m just coming from

Protos Pubblicita and thought I should check if you’ve made progress concerning Caramel. I didn’t

send this. This is not even my handwriting.” she revealed.

Then, who did?

Chapter 205: Rescued

Grey couldn't really think about it. Well, they had no time to.

"We will discuss this later. I need to finish up with this cream recipe," Grey said urgently and

resumed what he was writing.

"Do you think we should involve the police?" Maria inquired.

Beatrice looked at her. "I don't think it's ideal. Anyways, we will go by what Grey wants. I mean we

could call the police and Hattie might hurt Caramel."

Maria thought about it for a moment and nodded briefly. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

Grey finally finished up. "No, it's ok. You can go home so you can go to work earlier tomorrow. I

leave Protos Pubblicita in your care and I might come to work late tomorrow," he expressed.

Maria nodded once, "when have you been able to check su? I can check tomorrow before I go to

Protos Pubblicita," she suggested.

Grey nodded briefly. "You are my left hand anyways. You can do as you see fit. I will check it all out

later," he informed.

Maria smiled and bowed slightly. "Alright boss. I will leave then. Goodnight."

"Good night, Maria," Grey stressed and watched Maria walk out of the room.

Grey's phone rang suddenly. It was Gregory.

"We are prepared and awaiting your order, when is Beatrice meeting with Hattie?"

Grey stood up and walked into his room. "Soon, I will be there in a jiffy. Then, the plan can start," he informed and hung up.

He went very fast with changing his clothes. It wasn't even up to ten minutes.

Grey rushed downstairs and met Beatrice, holding the cream recipe firmly in her hands. She was quite anxious. For a mother who was scared of seeing her daughter for the last time.

Grey wondered how his mother must have felt while she was dying.

"Is everything set?" she inquired.

Grey nodded and grabbed his car keys. "I'm leaving now but I will call you when it's time to go and see Hattie," he said and walked out of the house.

He drove over to Megaphone where Gregory would be with the men as well.

The moment he walked inside, he took his phone and placed a call to Beatrice.

She picked it up immediately.

“Yes, Grey?”

“Go now. I’ve sent Don over with you so that you wouldn’t be held hostage. The

only thing she can do is to tell you she would like to try the cream out before she

releases Caramel,” he explained.

“Alright, I will do that.”

Grey saw Gregory from where he sat. Their eyes met and locked for some

minutes before Grey turned away and walked out of the club.

Gregory already got what he meant by what he did. So, he followed Grey out of

the club.

“Are we ready to proceed?” Gregory asked as he met up with Grey.

Grey nodded, “let’s go,” he ordered and entered the car.

Gregory gave the men signals and they all fit into two cars. Gregory got into

Grey’s car.

“I don’t feel it’s ok for you to come along,” Gregory stated, trying if he could still change Grey’s mind.

“You know I wouldn’t change my mind, ” was the reply he gave as he pulled out into the street.

Gregory nodded briefly. “I know, you are the son of your father after all,” he teased.

Grey smiled softly as he pressed hard on the accelerator, impatient getting the best of him.

When they arrived in front of the big company, Grey took his mask and the chain he used the other time.

“Alfred told me that you can’t handle a gun,” Gregory inquired, skeptical.

Grey nodded briefly. “Just for a little time, I’m starting my practice by Saturday.”

Alfred sighed as the men got down and rushed to the company’s wall. “The billionaire party is this Saturday. How would you cope?”

Grey opened the door. “I will squeeze it all in. I’m a fast learner after all. If it will

give me a problem, then I will leave for my estate tomorrow to do the

necessary," he revealed and got out.

Gregory nodded briefly and got out of the car as well. "He's quite brilliant."

The men had climbed inside and were battling with the security guards. Grey

didn't worry himself and waited in front of the gate.

It didn't take long when it opened and Grey walked inside with Gregory.

"Destroy the surveillance cameras!" Gregory ordered and the men scampered.

Grey walked to one of the security guards that was lying on the floor forcefully,

"where is your basement?"

The security guard went quiet for a moment until a gun was probing him by his

back.

"Answer him or this bullet might penetrate! I'm swift with guns," one of the men

bellowed.

The security guard shivered. "I will show you," he confessed.

“You guys should follow me,” Gregory pointed at the men as the security guard walked inside slowly.

Gregory, Grey, and the other men followed behind.

They walked for some minutes before the security guard unlocked the door, when they stepped

inside, it was darker inside but they could hear muffled sounds.

It felt like someone was being gagged.

“Where’s the switch?” Grey yelled in anger, his blood boiling with anger that he might even tear apart that building at that moment.

The security guard hesitated but someone was already pointing a gun at him. He eventually forced himself to the other side and switched the light on. His eyes went wide with shock when he saw a woman on the chair, tied to it.

Grey hit the security guard by the neck and she slumped and fell into a deep slumber. Then, he rushed towards the woman on the chair and his eyes widened when he realized it was Caramel.

There was a blind around her eyes and a gag on her mouth. She was crying, a silent cry of horror and fear.

Grey looked back at Gregory. “Dispersed,” he mouthed the word and they pulled back.



Grey stared back at Caramel and lowered the gag.

“Please, don’t hurt me!” Caramel begged, while still crying.

Grey sighed. “It’s me, Caramel.”

Caramel went mute for a moment, as realization dawned on her. “ Grey?”

“Do you trust me, Caramel?”

Caramel nodded quickly, tiredly. “I do.”

“Home?” Caramel was still shocked.

“Yes, home Caramel.” He affirmed in a thick voice.

Chapter 206: Leaked

Grey unloose the ropes around her. It took some minutes but Caramel was as patient as she had promised.

“Are the police outside?” she asked softly.

“No, but you will be fine, ” Grey promised and scooped her off the chair.

Caramel’s heart stopped for a moment. Along with the fact that she was feeling dirty and she was in unbearable pain, she was still able to recognize what Grey’s closeness was doing to her. she didn’t

want to think of anything or why Grey didn't want to remove the blindfold but she trusted him.

Grey moved between the men, m waiting outside for him. No one uttered a word since they got to find out from Gregory that Grey didn't want Caramel to recognize him with Gregory or with the men in general.

Just as he moved towards his car, Richard came from behind and opened his mouth to say a word.

Grey slowly shook his head and looked down at Caramel.

Richard stepped back and opened the back door instead.

Grey carefully placed Caramel inside, closed the door, and moved to the driver's seat.

Gregory was walking out when he switched on the ignition. He placed a finger beside his ear, made a phone sign and mouthed the word, 'I will give you a call?

Gregory nodded quickly, showing he understood him.

Grey pulled out into the street. He barely drove past Smooth Therapy when he suddenly pulled the car to a sudden stop. He got down and moved to open the back seat.

He loosened the blindfold and stared at Caramel. Her eyes were red with tears and there was

evidence of dried ones on her cheeks.

“Thank you,” she whispered and looked away.

Her body had traces of the ropes that were strongly tied around her. She pulled her legs closer to

herself like a shield, her mind still in a fuzzy manner about why she was kidnapped.

“Are you alright?”

Caramel nodded briefly but Grey knew it was the worst question to ask

someone that had just been kidnapped.

Grey sighed, “come here,” he said softly, and the intensity in his voice made

Caramel look at him. The tears dropped slowly as she ended up in his embrace

quickly before Grey would see the tears but he already did.

“You don’t need to hide from me, Caramel. Cry and complain if that will make

you feel better but I promise that it will be the last for you. I will not let this

happen to you again,” his voice went deeper with emotions and he knew how

much Caramel’s disappearance had affected him.

“I was so scared,” she whispered. “I thought I was going to die like my mother,”

she sobbed quietly.

Grey stroked her back slowly. What if she knew that Beatrice was her real mother? Well, Beatrice doesn't want that. He had to respect her decision.

"Thank you, Grey, for coming to my rescue," she sobbed further.

"You can always count on me, Caramel and I won't let you down. Just trust me."

Caramel pulled back slowly. "I trust you, Grey."

Grey smiled and wiped off the tears that streamed down her face. "Are you starving? Beatrice can make you something."

Caramel regarded him for a moment. "You are taking me to your house?"

Grey nodded briefly. "We have enough rooms. So, you can even sleep over. I'm sure Beatrice will be so happy to know you are back."

Caramel made a genuine smile and it melted Grey's heart. "I will love that. I miss seeing Beatrice and having conversations with her," she acknowledged.

Grey smiled as well. "Let's hurry up then."

Caramel nodded and pulled back so that Grey could close the door and move to the driver's seat.

For some unknown reasons, Caramel couldn't help but think her kidnapping might have to do with Alex but if that was the case, how did Grey get her out?

She didn't want to ask since Grey doesn't want to say anything. Maybe he would, with time or maybe he's still trying to keep her from something. Caramel doesn't care anyways because she knows that Grey wouldn't hurt her. He was still the best friend she had ever had.

The front door opened when Grey and Caramel got down from the car.

Beatrice was waiting with this big smile on her face. "Come and give me a hug, Caramel."

Caramel walked closer, happy about it. she still felt dirty but Beatrice gave her a bear hug.

"I hope they didn't hurt you so much?" she inquired as she led her to the living room, forgetting about Grey.

Grey smiled at how easily they caught up on things. It wasn't really hard to

believe they were related by blood.

"Take this, it's for energy. You should have it before you go in for a bath,"

Beatrice suggested.

Caramel nodded briefly as she took the juice from her and drank.

"Good, now go and have your bath. I will get some clothes for you," she said

and disappeared up the stairs.

When Caramel looked back, she caught Grey staring, she smiled and moved closer.

"Beatrice didn't show me the way to the room."

Grey smiled. "Use the one you used the last time."

Caramel flushed and turned to climb up the stairs. Beatrice walked down a few minutes later.

"Caramel is currently under the shower. We can talk right now," she expressed and walked to the

kitchen.

Grey nodded once and followed behind. "What did Hattie say?"

“Well, it was as you predicted, she said she would only release Caramel after the recipe has been proven. According to her, that would happen very soon,” she explained.

“That means we outsmart her,” Grey smiled softly. “I wonder what the look on her face would be when she realized the truth.”

Beatrice smiled, overjoyed. “This all happened with your help. Thank you so very much,” she appreciated deeply.

Grey watched her for a moment, as she turned to pick some carrots for chopping. “Caramel was scared, she thought she was going to die as her mother did. why don’t you just let her know the truth?”

Beatrice sighed. “Do you think I should?”

“Well, she deserves to know the truth. It’s left to her if she would accept it or not.”

“But knowing the truth would mean telling her you are not my son.”

Grey didn’t reason it that way but it was the fact. There was no way he would allow Caramel to call him a brother when they aren’t even related by blood.

“Is that true?” A feminine voice suddenly added to the conversation.

Grey and Beatrice turned to look at Caramel

Chapter 207: More than a kiss

Grey blinked once. He didn't even know what Caramel heard. Though, she knew that Grey was an orphan.

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Caramel inquired, while confusion clouded her expression.

"What-," Beatrice started but Grey cut in quickly.

"She knows already. She knows I'm an orphan," Grey revealed. There was a lot that Beatrice still doesn't know that had happened in his life during those years he had been away. She was slowly learning about them.

"Yes, I'm aware. But what do you mean by the other thing you said?" Her voice was getting harsh and loud.

"How much have you heard?" Grey asked.

Caramel gave a dark frown as she folded her arms in front of her chest. "I think its everything. I just came downstairs to ask for creams I could use and I met you guys talking. Though, I'm still confused. What truth are you talking about? And why does it have to do with my dead mother?" She bombarded, clearly confused.

Grey sighed and looked at Beatrice. "Why don't you let the cat out of the bag?"

Beatrice took a deep breath, scared of what the outcome would be. She took a step forward. "I- I," she stammered. She hadn't thought it would be very difficult. Well, it was considering the years Caramel had spent with her fake mother, without knowing she wasn't her mother.

"Should I give you space?"



"No! You stay right there! And tell Beatrice to start talking before I die of curiosity!" Caramel yelled.  
"What's going on here?"

"Caramel," Beatrice started. "I am your mother!" She said at a go.

Caramel blinked once, then twice, confused. Then, she burst into laughter. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"Does this look like a cinema to you? We are being serious here," Grey interceded with concealed expression.

Caramel became sober as she sensed the seriousness in Grey's words. She looked at Grey, then slowly at Beatrice.

"No way! My mother died a long time ago!" She protested.

Beatrice nodded briefly. "I know but I'm your real mother. I gave birth to you. You are my daughter."

Caramel went into shock, her mouth slightly open as evidence. She slowly moved backward, her steps going as slowly as they could before she turned around and ran out of the room.

Beatrice felt dejected and sadness slipped into her and she collapsed.

Grey looked at her. "Don't worry, everything will be fine. I will go after her," he assured and hurried towards the door.

"Grey!" Beatrice called softly and Grey whirled around to look at her. "Bring her home, please," she whispered.

Grey nodded with assurance. "I will," he promised before he walked out of the room.

Caramel went out of the house and into the street. Grey dialed her number but it rang severally without her picking it up.

Grey decided to look around just down the street. She didn't use a car and so, he was sure that she wouldn't go far.

He was however bothered that Hattie's men might be lurking around. He couldn't bear anything happening to her, not again.

He stopped in front of a stall to ask. "Hello, have you seen a young lady? Short and pretty? With red hair?"

The man shook his head in response.

Grey walked some steps and stopped a lady as well. "Have you seen a lady with red and probably messy hair? Short and very beautiful?"

The lady hesitated and suddenly nodded. Then, she pointed ahead before she walked away.

It suddenly started raining and everyone rushed to leave the rain. Grey eyes continued to search around for Caramel. He was in the rain and getting wet already but his main priority was to see her. He followed the direction that the lady from earlier gave him.

Just as he turned away, he saw her in a corner, behind the flowers.

Caramel bent, with her hands hugging her legs and her head on her knees.

"Caramel," Grey called softly and she looked up.

"What are you doing here?" She asked, half surprised. "How did you find me?"

Grey smiled. "I will always find you."

Caramel nodded once and looked away. Memories flashed in. She remembered when Grey came just in time to rescue her from her violent boyfriend. He was always right in time like a hero.

"I want to be alone," she whispered. "Something isn't right."

Grey sighed. "What are you doubting? I can assure you that Beatrice is telling the truth."

Caramel shook her head and stood. "That's not it. I need to be alone to think it through," just as she turned to leave, Grey caught her hand suddenly, stopping her.

"Unless I go with you. I can't leave you alone," Grey stated in a thick voice. "Share with me. what is disturbing you?"

They were still in the rain and no one was bothered about it.

Caramel swallowed harder on an empty throat. She felt tired all of a sudden and a sick feeling had suddenly developed in her. "My existence has all been a lie. There's nothing about me that's not suspicious. There's nothing about me that's normal! What other things would I discover?" she asked, as tears streamed down her face, colliding with the rain to make her feel very miserable.

Grey watched her closely, unable to know how to come in. "Let's discuss this at home."

"You want me to discuss the fact that the woman I've always known for years as my mother isn't the real one? That I've been living on false hopes, I've been carrying the burden and the hatred? What more!" She yelled suddenly. "What more isn't suspicious? You tell me, Grey!" It felt like she had gone insane. Her movements were swift and she was angry at herself. "Tell me! That I like my friend's husband? That I have failed relationships! That my parents aren't my parents? That-"

She pulled to a sudden stop as Grey lips landed on hers, rubbing her completely of the remaining semblance of sense in her.

The rain beat even harder on them as if it was trying to pass across a piece of information. Actually, both couldn't deny the feelings that passed through them.

Chapter 208: Nursed

Grey pulled back a bit, a bit skeptical as to why he kissed her. Was it because he wanted to stop her from speaking? Caramel was getting too upset and it was not good at that moment. So, Grey had to shut her

Though, he couldn't yet deny how he felt for her at that moment even though he had tried his best not to show any feelings. It felt weird that he just kissed his ex-wife's friend but well, he was only human.

"I divorced Avery, remember?"

"Maybe I made you do it," she said stubbornly, catching Grey off guard.

"Heck no, Caramel. You are not the reason I broke up with Avery. It just happened because we weren't compatible. It would have been better if we had started as nothing. The relationship was something that could have been avoided," he explained.

Caramel blinked once, then twice. "What?"

Grey stepped back, his hair already damp with rain water. "Just forget it. Let's stay out of the rain before you catch a cold."

"Why did you kiss me?" She asked, stopping him in his steps. "You only complicated matters! How am I supposed to stop nursing the feeling?" She yelled.

If it wasn't raining, half of the citizens might have heard her. Caramel was having outbursts that she doesn't even have before. Grey was surprised and then worried.

"Let me go. I will get back to you when I'm done settling my feelings," she expressed and turned away to leave. "I have a lot to think about anyways."

Grey felt like he was going to start having complicated feelings as well. He had to decide quickly and he knew it. Was he supposed to deny his feelings because of the circumstances?

Or was he supposed to man up eventually?

It seemed like the most difficult decision to make. Harder than becoming Hercules but Grey knew he would run mad if Caramel entered a relationship that doesn't entail him.

If Caramel got past it by dating, the stuff would greatly affect him. So, it was better like this or being late generally.

Caramel barely took steps away from him. So with heavy steps, it was easy for him to catch up with her.

He turned her towards himself abruptly, as the rain beats even harder on them.

"I didn't tell you to stop nursing the feelings for me," he shook his head slightly. "I don't even permit you to."

Caramel stared at him, too shocked to say a word. It felt like she was dreaming.

Grey pulled back the hair that was sticking over her face. "Your existence isn't confusing, it just seems like it," he remembered the days when he thought he was nothing. Days where committing suicide were thoughts that always went through his mind. "Beatrice loves you so much and you don't even need anyone to tell you that. You know how she acts whenever she's

around you and well, everything that had happened wasn't her fault. You were switched at birth and she cried, thinking her daughter had died. She would have looked everywhere for you if she knew you weren't, trust me."

Unconsciously, she started to cry. "My mother died when I was very young. When I was in school, I wished I could wake her and make her go to events with me. So-," she pulled to a sudden stop, almost choking on her words. "You mean to say I still have a mother?"

Grey smiled at how cute she looked. "Beatrice is waiting for you at home, just as she has always waited for you when she didn't even know you were her daughter," he expressed. "Will you go home with me?"

Caramel nodded slightly.

Grey pulled her into a hug and stroked her back slightly. "Don't worry, you will be fine."

Caramel's smile widened as her arms snaked around Grey. Though Grey was yet to profess his love for her, she felt good with his permission and his actions towards it. It was sufficient for

her.

"Come, let's go home before you catch a cold," he proposed, as he held her firmly by the hand and walked her towards the house.

Beatrice was waiting for them by the door. When she saw them from afar, she hurried to meet them.

"Violet," she called softly as she met with them but she was looking directly at Caramel. "It was the name I gave you in the hospital."

Caramel smiled. "I love the name."

Beatrice smiled as well and they both ended up in a bear hug. Beatrice was overjoyed. She gave Grey a grateful smile. Who would have thought she would have a child of her own?

"You guys need to enter the house before you fall sick," Grey reminded them suddenly.

Beatrice pulled back and the two laughed before they entered the house while Grey followed. them behind.

Not all stories end happily. Grey was upset and sad that he was unable to meet his parents alive but he was grateful for the fact that Beatrice met at least one of her children. She knew that she would be fine.

“So, who is my father?” Caramel asked suddenly.

“He died years back but I wouldn’t want you to disown your current father. For now, I don’t think it’s advisable to claim mother and daughter relationship in public,” Beatrice explained.

“You guys should make a change of clothes before you start having a conversation. It’s very important,” Grey reminded.

They didn’t say anything to him and instead went up the stairs.

Grey walked to his room as well. He placed a call to Don and he picked up immediately. He seemed to be in the club judging by the loud music but he soon moved to a silent place.

“Hello, boss.”

prepare some tonight? I will be busy tomorrow morning.”

“Yes boss, I can do that. I will definitely make some arrangements but what if they arrive early tomorrow morning?” He inquired.

Grey thought about it for a moment, “No problem then. I will be waiting for them.”

Chapter 209: Who the Boss is

Smith regarded Avery for a moment, daring her to start a conversation about the company’s

funds.

Avery didn't want to say anything anyways because she had no time for it. She was going to wait according to Smith's promise.

"I made some investigations and I'm intrigued to discover that Grey actually owns Victoria skincare," Emma stated, with a hint of surprise.

"You mean the company that is making heads already?" Benjamin asked, confused.

"Yes, I'm telling you!" Emma affirmed. "You can ask Avery. She knows more than I do! I just don't know why she didn't tell us anything before the divorce."

Lucy looked up, a bit shocked. He hadn't expected Grey to succeed so much but he suddenly knew he had the potential.

"Don't be so optimistic about it. He's going down soon. LX will always top," Smith expressed.

Avery groaned but didn't answer. She was just tired of everything. On second thought, she stood. "I'm leaving for work," she took her bag and walked out of the room without another word.

Grey woke up late that morning. In fact, he felt very tired and just had to stay in bed until eight that morning.

He placed a call to Richard and he picked it up immediately.

"Good morning Boss."

"Good morning. I hope you haven't forgotten about today. I will be ready soon. You should come to Beatrice's house."

"Alright boss. I will be there soon," He responded and the line went off.



Grey stretched again before he walked into the bathroom to brush his teeth. He had initially called Richard for the change in plan. Since that Saturday was for the billionaire club, he would be using Friday to learn how to shoot at his estate. Then, he could go to work on Monday. He would have David's time by then.

He selected a black plain hoodie and a pair of blue Jeans.

When he walked downstairs, Beatrice and Caramel were having breakfast. Caramel was in a short peach dress that matched the color of her lips. She wasn't wearing any makeup but she looked more beautiful.

"I can actually create a space for you here. You can sleep over here if you wish to. I'm sure Grey wouldn't mind," Beatrice expressed.

"You sure I won't," Grey said suddenly, startling the two women for a moment as they turned

to look at him.

Grey moved closer. "Good morning. You all look so happy today."

"Good morning, mom made some pancakes. Should I dish yours out?" Caramel asked, with a smile plastered across her face. She was used to Beatrice anyways. So, it would be easy for them to catch up with each other.

"Sure, thanks," Grey responded and watched Caramel walk away to retrieve some of the pancakes.

"Will you mind if she does? I mean can she stay with us? She could spend some nights here, then leave. It wouldn't happen every time." Beatrice inquired.

Grey shrugged slightly. "I don't mind sincerely. It's your house anyways. So, you can let anyone in."

Beatrice was so happy. "I'm going shopping with Caramel after work today. Is that fine?" Grey nodded briefly. "Everything is fine as long as you don't let the guardians out of sight." Beatrice smiled, glad at Grey's response. "Are you going to work today?"

Grey shook his head briefly. "No, but I have more important things to do. I will speak with you later concerning it."

The doorbell rang suddenly and Grey looked at Beatrice. "That should be Don. I called him for security guards."

Caramel placed a plate of pancakes in front of Grey. "I will get the door."

A message popped out on Beatrice's phone. She took the phone and stretched it out to Grey. From Hattie."

Grey took it and read through it, a smile appeared on his face.

"Boss!" Mia yelled and rushed inside the office without remembering to knock. "There's good news boss."

Smith looked up slowly, already frustrated by her constant yelling and lack of company manners sometimes. "What is this all about?"

Mia placed the MacBook with her in front of him. "This," she gestured at the chart, happily.

Smith stared at it for a moment before he realized what Mia was trying to say. He jumped up suddenly, as happiness surged into him.

"This is a total hit!" He yelled.

Mia nodded briefly. "Our products seemed to be rising rapidly. We are getting special demands all of a sudden," she explained.

Smith smiled. "This was what I was talking about! This was why I was adamant about hiring the advertising company."

Mia was so pleased. She didn't expect it to have been a success. She was just scared anyways that things might go wry but the opposite seemed to have happened. It was only a matter of time before they rose even higher than Victoria Skincare.

"I need another appointment with the advertising company. We must rush the peak of the advertisement so that we can see more nice results," he explained.

Mia nodded briefly. "I will do the necessary."

"Also, I think it's the best time to try more open sales," he said suddenly as Mia was about to

leave.

Mia reasoned it for a moment and her smile suddenly curved into a frown. "I don't think that's necessary now. I mean we should watch the current growth before we try something like that," she suggested.

Smith shook his head slightly. He wasn't angry as usual, maybe it was because of the good news. "I think rushing everything would provide us with good results. We shouldn't misuse this opportunity. We

shouldn't even miss it or we will forever regret it," he expressed.

Mia felt very strange about it but she didn't want to anger Smith. Also, it might work well as Smith had suggested. He was actually the one who brought forth the earlier plan that seemed to be doing well.

She took a short bow. "I will discuss it with the others," she surrendered.

Smith nodded briefly. "Be snappy about it. Open sales should commence from tomorrow." "That's just too early," Mia protested.

"Well, I have a bank to pay. I have loans to pay, and I can't wait. You know what? Just gather the executives. I will be doing this on my own and we will be prepared to take off the next day."

Mia reluctantly bowed her head before walking out of the office.

"Let's see, Grey who the boss really is," he muttered.

Chapter 210: Schemes

Grey left the house some minutes after Beatrice and Caramel had left the house.

"I was thinking of getting some guns but Don said you should have some at home," Richard said as he sped off.

Grey nodded briefly. "I should. I will ask Charles about it."

He hasn't even seen him in days and it felt like he had been avoiding him.

Charles picked up immediately. "Hello, Grey. Are you alright?"

"Yes, is there a reason not to be?" Grey inquired, surprised at his question.

"Oh not really but Gregory told me about your girlfriend that was kidnapped by Hattie. I sincerely think it's time to show yourself to the world," he revealed.

Grey stared ahead for a moment. "It's not yet time, Charles. I will let you know when we should be discussing this." He stated.

Charles let out a sigh. "Alright. So, why did you call?"

"I wanted to ask if I could get some guns at the estate. Did you leave any?"

"Sure, there are guns. You have a store full of it. As the Hercules' estate, it has always been like that. Are you going there? Should I meet you over there?" He asked excitedly.

"Yes, I'm on my way. But you can meet me there."

"Alright, see you soon," he finished and Grey hung up.

He regarded Richard for a moment in silent communication. A thought went through his mind. "What's your height?"

"6ft, why?"

Grey looked away, thinking and nodding his head briefly. "Have you ever been to a big gathering? Can you withstand the stare?"

"Not really but I'm really bold. There's nothing I can't really do."

Grey nodded again. He didn't know why he didn't think to the extent of it all this while. He

was busy looking for answers but it was right in front of him. "Stop the car," he said suddenly.

Richard looked at him, confused for a moment but he continued to drive. "Is something wrong? Have I done something to upset you? We will soon arrive at the private port," he explained.

Grey sighed. "Just stop the damn car, Richard," he stressed, frustrated.

Richard nodded quickly and found a perfect place to park the car. His heart hammered wildly in his chest at what was happening. He thought he had offended Grey in any way.

“Good,” Grey opened the door and got down. He walked towards the boutique by his right.

Richard watched him in shock at what he was doing but he couldn’t ask questions.

Grey returned again but with a bag of clothes. He placed them in the back seat and entered the

car. “Drive,” he ordered and Richard pulled out into the street again. “There’s a party tomorrow and you will be entering the hall as Hercules,” he announced.

Richard’s hands around the steer faltered as he looked at Grey. “What! As Hercules?”

“I thought you said you were brave? This is the best time to prove it to me and you will be greatly awarded,” he revealed.

Richard’s head spun. Grey was giving him a hard job and he couldn’t even reject it. What he could do was try to make him reason about the fact that he could spoil his plan. “B-but-,” he started but Grey cut him off.

“I’ve brought all I need to get. We will have a lot of time to practice because I must give Giovanni a show,” he said with determination, a smile on his face. He had the best plan and he couldn’t wait to show it to Giovanni. Gio would be the most shocked at the Billionaire club

party.

Richard released a sigh and pulled over in front of the port. “Alright, I will do anything for you,” he agreed.

Grey smiled and the door opened. He got down and walked towards the airplane. Richard took the bag of clothes from the back of the car and followed Grey.

“Welcome sir, I got the information that Hercules would be driving. Are we supposed to wait for him?”  
The attendant questioned.

Richard gave her a dirty stare. “What sort of question is this?” he snarled.

Grey smiled softly. “No, he changed his mind. He’s not coming,” he replied.

The attendant nodded briefly and bowed slightly before she left.

Grey looked at Richard. “We will not discuss any business till we get to the estate,” he expressed and relaxed in his chair while the attendant returned with a bottle of wine.

The drive was faster. Grey and Richard got off the plane, and they entered another car that was supposed to take them to the main door of the estate because it was a spacious one.

Grey went to the driver’s seat. “Get out, I will drive,” he told the driver.

The driver looked up, confused. “But the boss said I could drive it.”

“Well, maybe when Hercules gets here but I will be driving now,” he said in a thick voice that was supposed to scare the driver.

The driver reluctantly got down and Grey entered.

“What’s happening, Boss?” Richard was more than shocked. Grey was exhibiting different characteristics.

“Do you know that the attendant is a spy?” Grey revealed.

Richard furrowed his brows in concentration. He found it hard to believe even though he believed whatever Hercules said, "What! How?"

Grey smiled. "The first time I went to my estate, I met an attendant and I spoke with Caramel about it. She told me I had three of them. And they were changed on occasion. The last time the plane took some of the children over, I saw another one. So, I went through the files for the faces of the attendants. I knew Giovanni might try every trick to get who Hercules really

is," he paused slightly. "So, I noted the three faces and I must tell you that the attendant we just met wasn't among them."

Richard's eyes went wide with shock. "What! But why didn't you say it earlier so she could be captured and tortured."

Grey smiled softly. "We will do that, very soon and she will be the one to implicate herself." Richard nodded briefly. "What about the driver?"

my mom

"I suspect him as well but I don't have any evidence. So, I'm going to find out. I'm going to find out who is mine and who is working for me. There's no time to lazy around like did. She knew she had spies among her maids but she didn't act on it. And if I wish to show myself very soon, then I need to start from within."

Richard looked away for a moment as a thought entered his mind. Then, he looked over at Grey. "Why don't you use me now?"

Grey glanced at him with a confused expression. "What do you mean?"

"We can get the maids now and well, every one of them if I pretend to be Hercules now."