

Secretly The Billionaire Boss

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 21-The wedding certificate

Emma was quick to pull out of the trance and tell Grey that there was nothing he could do for Avery especially because her right as the heir to her grandfather's properties have been taken away from her.

Benjamin was still in shock and although he had little trust in Grey, wished he could actually help out.

"Let's go," Grey turned towards Avery and noticed a drop of tears on Avery's cheek.

Avery went silent for a moment as if thinking about something. Then she slowly turned to look at him, her gaze already cold. "Go where? You must be insane!" She spat out, took her bag, and walked angrily out of the room.

Grey rushed after her. "Hey, Avery!" He called, then stopped when she stopped in front of Grey's car and gave it deep scrutiny.

"This is your car?" She asked with confusion.

Grey smiled and walked closer to her. "Yes, it's mine. Do you want me to give you a ride?" Avery scoffed. "In this thing? That looks like something from the bin?" She spoke in a voice that showed how disgusted she was.

"No Avery, this is a great car. Only the exterior decorations are deceiving. You should check the interior and you will be perplexed. Why don't I give you a ride?" Avery observed the car for a while.

"You must have gotten the car from Alfred," she looked up at Grey. "I bet you have no shame if you think this is really your car. This is a company car and it can be taken away from you at any time," she sighed. "I would rather drive mine than go with you. So, thank you," and with that, she turned around and walked to her car.

Grey watched her drive off, unable to defend himself. He knew that Avery must hate him so much especially because he took her virginity. Even Lucy wouldn't have it with her.

Grey got to the office earlier but not after getting insulting treatment from Alfred's secretary. She was so pleased that Alfred took the manager position from her but what she didn't know was that he allowed it.

Grey knew he might have to treat her to a lesson one day but he let that day pass. His schedule was tight that day. He needed to be at the reunion and he also needed to go to the registrar for the wedding,

And he was also going to bring some of his clothes from his house. He thought of getting a suit that he would wear to work. The one he wore to work that morning also attracted some whisperings.

Grey got home earlier because of what Lucy had ordered him and Avery to do.

The garage was barely empty except for three cars and one that was for Avery. It seemed like Lucy, Emma and Benjamin were out. Smith wasn't around and he loved the quietness. The moment he stepped inside the living room, the familiar scent hit his nose. He knew it was Avery and his nose was almost getting accustomed to her particular scent.

Avery was at the bar, drinking. Though, he couldn't tell if it was alcoholic or otherwise.

Grey walked closer and noticed that she had suddenly changed from the clothes she wore that morning. She was in a short white dress now, with a V-shaped that revealed her delicate blossom. Her dress was too short and revealed her flawless thighs.

"I've been waiting for you," she whispered and poured herself some wine. Grey knew she must be devastated and sad.

"I'm ready, we should leave now," Grey suggested.

Avery craned her neck slowly to look at him: "You are definitely not coming with me dressed like that. I won't let you disgrace me to that extent. There's a nice suit on the chair. You should get changed, I will wait for you," she explained and sipped her wine.

Grey smiled." Thank you," he went towards the direction she had indicated and found the new suit on the chair. It was a nice suit and he knew it was

expensive as well. He didn't expect that Avery would get him a suit. Perhaps, she wasn't as he had painted her to be.

He took a quick bath and walked out again, looking handsome in the suit as if it was tailored majorly for him. His tallness and broad shoulders made him look like he was a model. He carefully styled his hair and made him look like he was up for an auction.

His look actually got Avery dazed for a moment. She blinked it away, took her bag, and walked past him angrily. She waited for him in front of the main door.

"We should go out in our cars because I won't even allow you to enter mine. And there's no fucking way I will enter yours. Meet me at the registrar," she stated and didn't wait for him to talk before she entered her car and drove out.

Grey sighed and got into his car as well. He drove after Avery slowly, allowing her sometimes to be alone. Maybe he shouldn't agree to do it. Maybe he should stop the wedding but there was no way he could do so without revealing his identity. Lucy would never let him off if he took off.

Avery parked the car and got out of the car. She waited for Grey to do likewise and they both walked inside.

When they walked out again, Grey was the one holding the certificate because Avery was too pleased to even touch it. She didn't talk to Grey and instead drove off.

It was getting really late now and Grey knew he might not even have the time to return home for a change of the suit. So, he decided to drive to the reunion directly.

Just as Grey walked closer to the door, Philip walked out with Cindy. Cindy was the leader of the female bully while they were still in college and she would pick on him at every moment she got. "Oh, see! It's Grey!" Cindy squealed. Grey smiled and walked closer to them. "Hi," he greeted. "Hey! Nice suit!" She complimented with a sinister smile. "I thought you were not coming over. You know the delivery jobs can be tasking," Philip teased.

Cindy looked at him quickly. "What the fuck! He's a delivery boy?"

Philip gave her a skeptical look. "You didn't know?"

"No! I just came back from Korea. I've been traveling around after college," she said proudly and looked over at Grey." So you ditched your work to be here? Man! You have to grow up!" She laughed, " or you will starve."

Grey stared at her for a moment as he felt a quick surge of anger. Cindy would always make him angry. "I'm not into delivery. I work in an office now," he said through gritted teeth. "Oh seriously," Philip laughed. "I forgot you married Avery Robinson. She must have employed you in her office," Philip stated. He and Cindy burst into laughter.

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Grey decided to stay as cool as he could. It was going to be a long night anyway and he didn't want to make Avery sad the more that night. "Well, I'm not working in Avery's company. Can we go inside? Or is this what the reunion is all about?" He asked softly.

Philip cleared his throat meaningfully, and nudge Cindy by her arm." Let's go inside. Kevin is here already. We were waiting for him," he looked past Grey." Hi, Kevin!" Grey turned to look at Kevin. Kevin was actually the student that got all the fame and looks when they were in college. "Hi, guys!" Kevin greeted with a smile, then he looked at Grey. "I didn't know you would be here."

Grey had seemed out Kevin's help when he was still in school but the latter disgraced him in front of his friends and Grey became the talk of the Town as usual.

Grey nodded. "Nice meeting you as well."

"Well!" Philip clapped." Let's get inside. The students have arrived already."

They walked inside the apartment that was big enough to contain 25students. Grey didn't remember all of them but there were faces he could never forget because of the insults they passed across to him. Since it was always glued to him, there was no way he would forget about them.

"We weren't able to reach half of us," Philip said happily." But we are glad this happened, at least. All thanks to Kevin."

"Yes! He volunteered to get this VIP room. Do you know how much it costs?" Cindy hyped and smiled."

Kevin smiled shyly. "Thank you," he moved to sit beside Cindy. He whispered into her ears and she giggled.

Grey sat beside a lady who he didn't even remember back in his days as a student. "I heard you've been traveling all around the country?" Mitchell directed at Cindy. Cindy nodded, pleased at herself. "Yes, I've gone to ten countries in total and I'm currently planning my trip to Paris in a few days." "Yes, I'm going with her this time. My family is calling over to me," Philip explained and laughed.

"And what about you Kevin," Cindy turned to look at Kevin. "Well," Kevin shrugged slightly. "I'm here to stay. Oh, you guys should make an order, the bills will be on me."

Grey smirked. He knew that Kevin was showing off as usual. "I'm sure he's here to head one of his father's companies," Derek said.

"Do you guys know that Kevin's father was ranked as being among the top richest men in the city?"

Some girls giggled.

"He's automatically a trillionaire. He's the richest," Cindy remarked. There seemed to be some sort of chemistry going on between her and Kevin.

"Well, Hercules was ranked as the first. He's not the richest," Paul muttered and adjusted his glass to look at the menu. Paul was one of those guys that think moderately even though they were rich.

"Hercules was?" Philip exclaimed softly.

"Yes, he has a lot of assets equivalent to Giovanni but his company was the ranked the first, followed by Giovanni," Charlotte explained. "Well, Kevin is the richest here, isn't he?" Cindy required. Everyone mumbled but didn't say anything

Grey chuckled slightly. No one knew he was Hercules. He wondered how they would react when they get to find out. It could take a long time but they would eventually find out the truth. And he won't hesitate to tell him how it feels to be rich.

"What's Grey laughing about?" Charlotte directed at Grey, her gaze showing her disagreement with him. "Why the fuck was he here in the first place?" "I called him over. He used to be our classmates after all," Philip pointed out. "But he's not of our caliber! He's a disgrace. I heard he got a job as a delivery," Charlotte pestered.

"Yes, I ordered pizza and he was the one that showed up. I gave him 5 stars anyways," David laughed.

"You shouldn't have done that and let him come back severally. It would have been funny," Charlotte laughed.

"I guess you are all checking through your menu. I think you should proceed with that," Grey said, with an expression that showed he wasn't bothered with their insults which were weird.

"Hey! Are you kidding! Are you telling us you are going to let Kevin order for you? You were never his friend!" Cindy dragged. "Yes! You should pay for your food!" Charlotte added quickly. "Yes! Do so," Ava chimed in.

Kevin waved it off with his hand. "Don't worry. I will pay for it. It's a reunion, we should all enjoy ourselves," he smiled.

"He's so sweet," Cindy smiled. "No, let him pay. He should show us that his life hasn't been so miserable," Linda laughed. "I sincerely don't think all that is necessary," Giana said suddenly. Ok, Giana was defending him which was so weird. Giana has never insulted Grey but she doesn't defend him either.

Grey stared at her for a while and their gaze locked for a few minutes before she looked away.

"I think Giana is right. We should make the reunion a great one," he announced. "That if Grey can be grateful to me."

"Of course!" Cindy laughed. "He will be, why won't he? Right, Grey?" Grey took in a deep breath as he contemplated what to do quickly. "You can make your order. I will pay for mine." "Seriously?" Charlotte laughed. "Why don't you pay for ours as well?"

"I will," he said and stood. "I will go and get my credit card."

"Seriously? Is he kidding?" Charlotte laughed again.

“Are you out of your mind? A meal here costs a lot!” Cindy rebuked.

Grey shrugged.” You don’t have to bother about that. I will get my credit card then,” he finished and walked out of the room.

Jayden sent his card to him through Alfred that morning and he kept it in his car.

Walking out, he decided to get himself a bottle of champagne before he proceeded with what he was about to.

Entering the bar, the first person his eyes went to was the lady beside a man in weird clothes. The guy was feeling her off and she was trying to pull him away all to no avail.

What actually made him shocked was that the lady was Avery, his wife.

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 23-Hercules is needed

Grey felt a quick rush of anger as he veered away from his initial path, toward Avery. The guy’s arm was around her waist when he got closer.

“Hey! What do you think you are doing?” Grey yelled at the man. Just as he did this, three men pulled out of the chairs behind him and stood solidly behind him.

“Any problem boy?”

Grey felt another stab of annoyance.” I’m not a boy. That woman you are holding is my wife and I’m warning you to let go of her in this instance or you will face the consequences!” he muttered.

The man holding Avery chuckled and the men came over to Grey and pulled him by his shoulders towards the door.

Grey knew they were taking him outside to deal with him. And he consented to it as well because he didn’t want to fight in the bar. He would rather deal with them outside.

They were so fast as if they couldn’t wait. They threw him on the floor the moment they were out of the bar.

It was pretty dark around them. So, it was easy to get bitten without anyone taking pictures or videos. Though, he knew that Emma exaggerated when she told Lucy that everyone knew who Avery Robinson is. Lucy Robinson is famous anyways since he also entered the top ten lists three years ago. But no one knew what his granddaughter looked like. She wasn't famous, she was just rich.

"Hey, boy. You shouldn't have stayed. You should have turned around and left as fast as your leg could carry you. You are messing with the wrong team, boy," one of the men said.

Grey stood up." Actually, you should be the one to back off!" He launched a punch at the guy that spoke, his blow connecting with his jaw and sending him backward. He turned towards the next and jumped to kick him by the neck. He walked closer to the first one and pulled him up by the collar. "Who the fuck is that guy and what does he want with my wife!" He asked, angrily.

The man shivered as blood came gushing out of his mouth." That's Don, he's our boss. We sincerely don't know she's your wife but Don loved her the moment she walked into the bar and wanted to have a taste of her."

Grey threw him back on the floor and turned around to leave. There are so many mafia groups in the city that it feels like they are in Italy. He bent towards the guy instead. "Who do you guys walk for? Hercules or Giovanni?"

The man groaned his pain as his eyes went shut." I work for Hercules."

Grey went silent for a moment as he watched him. "Is this how Hercules taught you? To rape girls? To vent your pleasure over someone without their consent?"

" Hercules is no more! His men are scattered. There's no coordination! Do you think we are the only ones in this city? Men are creating their groups since Hercules won't stand out. And Giovanni is after Charles, the second in command," he managed to open his eyes as he

explained, with pains in his eyes and sadness in his voice.

How long has Hercules been gone? He must have been gone the moment his father died. They must have looked for Grey but decided to let it be known that there was no Hercules. Even if they wanted to pretend, they wouldn't

have been able to do so because all the elders must be in the meetings. If one elder is missing, it would be easy to see through the lies.

Grey couldn't say a word, he felt his life slip out of him as he watched the guy. He stood after some minutes. "Get up. Treat yourself. Send your name to Alfred, he will foot your bills."

"Wait what!" The man called back quickly, skeptical. "You know Alfred? How?"

Grey went silent as he thought of what to say. It would be bad if he revealed his identity at that moment. "I'm one of the members of Hercules," he said instead and walked away.

His heart was beating madly in his chest. He was busy worrying because of his father but he didn't know that he had a lot of people to worry about. The men in the mafia groups were like his sons and he was their father. And a father should worry about his son.

Grey walked inside the bar and stopped suddenly as his gaze searched around for Avery. She was nowhere to be found and his heart skipped a beat because of it.

Grey saw Don from afar, as he gently stood up. It looked like he was beaten. Grey rushed to him. "Hey, where's the lady you were holding the other time?"

Don looked up at him for a moment with disgust and Grey had to restrain himself from punching him right away.

"Christ took her."

Wait! What! How did he know Christ? Well, Grey had to join the puzzles together to confirm that Christ was the man Emma was talking about at home, the one she would rather he got married to Avery.

"Where did they go?" He muttered thickly.

Don shrugged. "I have no idea. As you can see, I was knocked over," he finished and moved out of the bar.

Grey didn't want to add pressure because of the people in the bar. "Hey! Grey! What the fuck are you doing?" Cindy said suddenly behind him. "Were you planning on escaping so you wouldn't pay?" Grey turned around to look at

Cindy. "I'm not running! I'm not escaping," he said urgently, his mind at where Avery was.

"Then what?" Cindy inclined her head to the other side. "Are you trying to deceive us? You should pay now to show that you aren't because to me, it looks exactly as I have said," she whined.

Grey sighed." Fine then, follow me."

He wanted to prove to them that he wasn't joking.

They both walked to his car and he took the card. Cindy didn't make comments about the car perhaps because she saw that the car wasn't worth it. The exterior decorations have always deceived the public and it was exactly what Grey loved.

They walked back to settle the bills.

The waitress looked up at Grey. "The bill is five million dollars."

Grey went into shock. "How the fuck did they order so much? Were they eating the whole world?"

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"Can't pay? Too much?" Cindy whined. "I bet you don't have more than five hundred dollars in your account," she teased further.

"I'm sure of that. I bet he's regretting his decision right now," Charlotte said from behind him.

Grey turned to look at Charlotte for a moment and saw that Kevin was coming over as well and speaking with Philip. He looked back at Cindy and caught a sly smile on her mouth.

Cindy must have intentionally called out to them so that they could watch his disgrace and he bet that they ordered foods that they couldn't eat. That kind of behavior is typical of Cindy. "Hi, not paying?" Philip said again.

"I can pay if you don't mind. I'm not that hard," Kevin boasted. He wasn't that hard, yet he had refused to help Grey in times of need. These guys only rub salt on wounds.

“Here,” Grey stretched out his card.

Cindy took it and stared down at the black card. “What are you doing with a black card?”

There was Grey Fox on it.

Cindy looked up at Grey.” You aren’t Grey Fox, you are Grey Manson. What type of trick are you using here?”

Grey took the card from her. It’s mine. I’m Fox. Fox is my father’s name while Manson is the name of one of the fathers in the orphanage,” he explained and stretched it out to the waiter.

“But how come? You lost your memory, is it back?” Philip questioned, skeptical.

Grey nodded and took the outstretched card. He looked at Cindy, “Am I free to leave?”

Cindy nodded, too shocked to say a word.

Grey walked out of the place. He stopped before his Rolls Royce and thought of what he should do. Avery’s car wasn’t among the cars in the parking lot which means that she must have gone home. He entered the car and drove straight to his house. He got a few of his clothes and shoes, then drove back to Robinson’s house. The money he took from the bank was still in the car in his back seat.

Stepping out of the car, he noticed that a blue Rolls Royce was in the garage. The particular Rolls Royce wasn’t like Grey’s car in his design. The one he was staring at was a perfect definition of what the rich men would love to ride in because the exterior showed how much rich the owner was unlike his own which was built to deceive the public.

Avery’s car was also parked in the garage and he wondered if caramel was the owner of the Rolls Royce.

He walked inside nevertheless, with a bag of clothes. As he stepped inside, a different deodorant hit his nose.

“Thank you so much, I’m so glad,” Benjamin said.

Grey looked up at a tall and hefty man smiling at Emma. Emma looked so pleased with him and she was not insulting him like she loves to do with Grey.

"I will take my leave now then," the guy announced. He and Emma turned towards Grev.

The smile on Emma's face slowly evolved into a frown. "Here, this is Chris. He is the man that saved Avery while you were out getting drunk," she explained. Grey looked over at Chris. He had always

heard about him but had never seen him in person. His height was the same as Grey and he was a really attractive man and rich as well. He was in a neat tuxedo that looked so well on him.

"How?" Was the only thing that could come out of Grey's mouth because he was actually the one that rescued Avery and not even Chris.

"Is that what you are supposed to ask? Instead of you being grateful! You are asking him how he did it!" Emma snapped.

Grey was dumbfounded. He didn't even know how Chris took Avery and left. It was as if he intentionally avoided him.

"Anyway, here's Chris and he's my future son-in-law," she declared with a smile. Grey looked over at her. "You have only one child. Who is he getting married to?" He asked innocently. "Dumb!" She hissed. "This is Avery's future husband."

Chris giggled and stretched out his hand for a handshake. "Nice meeting you."

Grey took the hand and started to squeeze slightly. "Do you know that she has a husband already? And I'm the husband?" He squeezed harder to the extent that Chris started wincing in pain.

"What! Are you going to kill him?" Emma was quick to him across the face. Grey released Chris immediately and attended to his hurting cheek. "What the fuck are you trying to do to him? Do you think he's anyway like you? He has a nice job and he's wealthy. He's not like you! He's a man but you are not!" She yelled angrily. "But mom, I'm married to her already. She's my wife!" He argued.

"Who's your mom?" Emma fired back." My child is Chris if that's what you want to hear. I will never be your mother." "Emma, calm down," Benjamin pleaded softly. But Emma wasn't ready to accept it." She's not your wife, by the way. You may be her husband now but the situation is temporary. Chris is

Avery's husband," she said adamantly and looked up at Chris." Please, let's go. We shouldn't exchange words with this riff-raff," and she led Chris out of the room. Grey sighed, unable to even think clearly. Why was Emma so held by material things?

"You know, I thought I could trust you a bit with my daughter which was why I do support you sometimes," Benjamin said softly. Grey turned to look at him and wondered what he was on about.

Benjamin slowly craned his neck to look up at Grey. "I don't believe you could run away. How

could you leave my daughter in trouble and run away." Grey froze for some minutes." What are you saying, sir?"

Benjamin stood. "Don't ask me questions, Grey. I know what you did. You saw that Avery was getting harrassed and all you could do was run? Is that all you got? And you have the audacity to claim to be her husband?" He was slowly getting angry and his voice was getting deeper. Grey blinked once, shock kept him motionless and speechless for a moment. "Who the fuck said I ran away? Because I didn't. I was actually the one that rescued Avery," he protested.

Benjamin shook his head. "You should quit lying before I lose it with you," he went silent for a moment. "You know what, I'm disappointed in you and I must tell you that you aren't fit to be my daughter's husband!" He said finally before he walked inside.

Grey watched with eyes that had gone gobsmacked. He didn't need anyone to tell him that it was Chris that twisted the word.

Grey felt a stab of annoyance and the urge of going after Chris to give him a taste of his own medicine was very overwhelming.

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 25-A threat

Angrily, Grey walked inside Avery's room. She was asleep when he walked inside. He stopped slightly to take her features in especially since she was in a transparent night dress. She looked very beautiful and perfect in all places.

Placing the bag in a corner, since he didn't want to disrupt Avery's arrangements while she was asleep, knowing fully well that she would start a ruckus the moment she was up.

He slipped under the blanket beside her. She mumbled something inaudible and turned away from him.

Grey closed his eyes, as the event of the day replayed itself in his head.

A scream and Grey felt something hard push him off the bed until his body painfully collided with the floor. He knew what the commotion was all about before he even turned.

"What did you think you were doing? Why are you on my bed?" She yelled.

Grey groaned and rubbed the back of his head. The blanket was still around him as Avery had pushed him with it.

"Avery, you are going to break my bones," he stressed.

"What the fuck did you think you were doing? What audacity did you have to sleep on my bed?" She yelled. Grey sighed and stood while packing the blanket as well. "I'm your husband, remember?" Avery scoffed. "Husband my foot! You will stop daydreaming!" She huffed and got off the bed. "As far as I'm concerned, you are my enemy and I don't want to have anything to do with you."

Grey turned to look at her. "Will you rather have something to do with Chris? The guy that lies?"

Avery watched him for a moment. "You don't know what you are saying! And never bad mouth Chris because he's way better than you," she started towards the bathroom but stopped suddenly when she realized that Grey was still watching her. "You had better leave this room before I come out or I will kill you!" She threatened. Grey sighed. "Did you get the contract from J.K company?" He asked just as Avery was about to enter the bathroom. She froze on the spot and turned to look at him. "How did you know that?" Her eyes registered shock.

Grey smiled. "I told you that I would_ "

"Stop bluffing!" Avery cut in quickly. "I know you did nothing. It was dad's father that helped me and not you. I wonder who the liar is between you and Chris."

"No, Avery," Grey started again but Avery shut the door with a loud slam, startling him for a moment.

Grey sighed and decided to have his bath in the visitor's room. He took the suit that he would be wearing Fortunately enough, his in-laws were not in the living room.

It was when he came out that he saw that breakfast had been served and Avery was already eating

Lucy was also on the seat and Grey knew better than not to move closer. So, he went to his usual seat.

"I heard that Alfred signed the contract eventually," Lucy started the conversation.

Avery smiled. "Yes, grandpa."

Lucy nodded slightly with approval. "That's good. It seemed like you still know your ways out.

"I will never disappoint you again," she promised.

Grey looked at Avery and saw the desperation on her face. Avery would do anything as far as her grandfather would acknowledge her again.

"I heard you've started working?" Lucy didn't look at Grey but he knew that he was referring to him.

Grey nodded briefly. "Yes, at Alfred's company."

"What position?" Benjamin inquired while Emma hissed, upset at everyone except her daughter.

"Office assistant."

Emma burst into laughter. "A job that suits you well. Chris earns seven figures every month. How much do you earn?"

Grey couldn't talk, didn't even want to because he knew that Emma would abuse him. He wondered what he was supposed to do to have her blessings. "You can't talk? Cat got your talk?" Emma laughed. "It's ok," Lucy stepped in. "We are eating, we should have a nice table etiquette," he ordered and everyone went mute.

Grey hurried out earlier because he didn't want to let Emma continue her insult after Lucy had finished eating. He arrived at the company and moved to his office quickly.

A soft knock soon jolts him out of his reverie. The intruder didn't wait for his welcome speech and instead pulled the door open.

Jane stormed inside. "What the fuck is this?" She yelled.

Grey typically glanced back to see if there was someone behind him that she was referring to. Well, Jane has been acting weird since he resumed yesterday, especially when she discovered he would be the office manager, instead of the manager that he had initially selected.

"I'm talking to you, dummy!" She spat.

Grey stared, shocked. He wondered about the effrontery she had. She wouldn't even be there at that moment if he said the word.

"What is it?" He asked instead while trying his best to be cool. "I'm sure you have manners and you know it was wrong for you to bathe inside the office like that."

Jane rolled her eyes. "Look at who is talking to me about manners? What is this that you have done?" She moved closer and submitted a file in front of him. "See, this customer gave us two stars because of you. What the fuck did you say to her?"

Grey stared down at it for a moment. "Are you kidding me? I didn't pick up female calls yesterday. The four people that called in were all guys," he argued.

“How then, do you explain this? Are you trying to lie? You are trying to run the business as you like? Why? Because the CEO demoted you?”

“You will watch how you talk to me!” Grey hushed at once. “Or what?” Jane smirked.” Do you know that I’m your senior in this place and I earn far better than you do?”

Grey huffed.” Just leave my office, I have no time for this!” “You better explain all this to me or you will be sacked! I’m going to put in a word for Mr. Alfred and you will be sacked!” She threatened.

Grey smiled.” Why don’t you try that and let’s see what will happen. We shall know who will lose this so-called job. You or me.”