

Secretly TBB 241

Chapter 241: Husband

"You have been so busy all these days, and I haven't been able to speak with you," Beatrice said suddenly as Grey was about to walk up the stairs.

He stopped and looked over to the kitchen where Beatrice was. He smiled and moved closer.

"Your color doesn't look good. Are you feeling well?" She observed.

Grey nodded once. "I'm just tired," he decided not to go and see Jimmy again until he got back from Italy. He was so tired from the trip already!

"You should eat and rest well. Is there something you want me to make for you?"

Grey thought for a moment. "I'm just too tired to eat. I will rather go to bed like that. Maybe we will see tomorrow morning," he whirled to leave but pulled to a sudden stop as he watched Caramel walk closer to him.

"You are definitely eating something, Caramel. That aside, I have something to tell you."

Grey smiled and pulled her for a slight kiss on the forehead. "I'm too tired to eat. All I need is a shower and some rest."

Caramel walked past him. "You will have to add food to that list because we are eating."

Grey turned to look at her. "We?"

"Yes, I'm leaving tomorrow morning," she announced.

"B_but," Grey started and looked at Beatrice.

"You should get a house soon, Grey," Beatrice muttered.

Grey sighed. "Or were you going to say we should get married soon?"

Caramel eyes went wide with shock. "Mom!"

Beatrice laughed. "As if you two don't want it," and she went to get some sauce. "We are having spaghetti."

"And Grey is eating with us, then we can go and discuss," she looked at Grey, and smiled softly.

Grey reciprocated it and looked over at Beatrice. "I told Linda some things and she said she would discuss it with you tomorrow."

"Alright. So, Caramel," Beatrice looked at Caramel. "How was your interview with Hercules?"

"Incredible mom. I was so happy when he told me I could resume tomorrow. I'm going to be the new project manager of Protos Pubblicita," she announced happily.

Beatrice smiled widely. "I'm so happy. Well, I know that you deserve it."

"Congratulations, Caramel. I'm so happy for you," Grey said.

A car was waiting for Grey when he walked out of the house. Caramel and Beatrice had left for work that morning but Grey had to wait.

"We are taking your private jet to conceal your identity," Charles explained.

Grey nodded briefly and entered the car. "I'm going to speak with Alfred soon."

"Why? Did something happen?"

Grey nodded briefly. He was about to speak when his phone rang suddenly. It was Jimmy. It was at that moment that he remembered that he had forgotten to call Jimmy and give him feedback.

"Hello, Boss."

"Hi Jimmy, I will call you when I get back. I will be busy for two days now. So, till then," he informed.

"Alright boss, I will be on my way to work then."

Grey nodded briefly and hung up, just in time to get down. They entered the plane.

"Do you believe that someone attacked me yesterday? The person wanted a strand of my hair," Grey looked over at Charles from the other side. "Why do you think that happened? And what did you think they wanted to use it for?"

Charles gathered his forehead. He was shocked. "Seriously? Was the person successful?"

Grey smiled. "That can never happen. Though, I know whoever had done that would still try again. So, what if they are suspecting me to be Hercules already?"

Charles let out a sigh. "You are right. That could actually be the case but, your plan sucks. I don't know what we are supposed to expect from it. I'm not feeling too good about it. But who do you think it is?"

"Well, Giovanni probably," Grey looked away. "I don't think there's another option. Though, I'm going to speak with Alfred about it. But all these must happen before he finds out who I really am."

Alright,” Charles nodded briefly. “Let’s get settled with Italy, then we can call an emergency meeting among the elders.”

“Alright. Are you sure Fred has no way of escaping?”

“Yes, he’s secured,” He promised.

Avery didn’t go to work that morning. She kept on thinking of what to do. Meanwhile, sooner than later, LN would have to announce bankruptcy.

Lucy was still in the hospital and hadn’t opened his eyes. The doctor said he had a heart attack and high blood pressure.

The whole family of Robinson has been shattered.

Smith was nowhere to be found. Avery wasn’t even bothered about him because he has a separate house.

Emma has been staying in the hospital since the night before. It was only Benjamin that went to the company, to manage some things.

The door opened suddenly and Emma walked inside. She regarded Avery for a moment before she moved closer. She looked very tired and worn out.

Chapter 242: A man in suit

Charles had already arranged everything before they got off the plane.

They got lodged into a nice suite in Italy. While Charles went over to make an appointment with the CEO of the Disegno shoe company, Grey waited in the room.

His phone rang suddenly, the moment he switched it on. It was Alfred.

“Hello, Hercules. Are you in Italy now?”

“Yes, I am,” Grey hesitated. How is Leo?”

He’s fine. Though, he still doesn’t remember anything. The doctor is yet to release the result. But from the look of things, the doctor doesn’t think he’s suffering from dementia. Instead, he thinks it can either be temporary or permanent memory loss,” he explained.

Grey nodded briefly. “ Alright, I was going to talk to you when I get back. I’ve found my last card and I might be revealing my identity to the public after it,” he revealed.

“Seriously? I will tell the others about it. We can discuss it at my house. I can’t wait for you to show yourself to the world as well,” he said with a hint of happiness.

Grey smiled. “Yes, it’s time anyways. I have to decide because of my men. That aside, Giovanni sent someone to get a strand of my hair. He must be thinking toward me. If I don’t act fast, it would be my loss.

He expressed.

“What! When did that happen?”

“Yesterday. But don’t you worry, we will definitely talk more about it.”

Alright, Boss. I will inform others. Bye then,” and the phone went off.

The door opened and Charles walked inside.” Boss, Francesco wants to have a chat with you immediately.”

Grey raised skeptical brows." Now?"

Charles nodded briefly. "I don't know why but he was bent on seeing you today. Initially, he wasn't really interested but when he heard you were Hercules, he suddenly changed his mind. I don't know what the problem is but I think you should settle it today," he uttered.

Grey nodded slightly." Then, we should get prepared. Where are we meeting?"

"One of Francesco's clubs in town. And he's on the way there as well."

Grey stood." Then, we have to be snappy as well."

Alex gave the man another punch in the stomach that sent him reeling backward. He vomited blood.

"How dare you lose him! Grey isn't even a fighter! How could you not be able to get a strand of his hair? That's like the simplest thing to do!" He yelled in anger.

He regarded the man rolling on the floor with pain and made to move towards him again but he was pulled to a stop by his guard.

"Sir, please, calm down."

'I'm supposed to kill this man!" Alex cursed.

"It's not Marcus' fault," Paul said quickly.

Alex looked over at his side, at Paul, so, what's your excuse for failing?"

Paul was the man that aided Marcus before Grey would make him spill the milk.

“Grey isn’t the man you painted him to be. He’s not only skilled in a martial art but he has some skills off his sleeve. It was so impossible to touch his head, talkless of getting a strand of the hair. I don’t think you got the person you sent us to,” he announced.

Alex regarded him for a moment, shocked. Grey told him that he couldn’t fight. There was no way that Grey would be skilled in martial arts. Something was going on somewhere. Unless he was really hiding something.

“What if Grey is hiding something? I mean he shouldn’t have lied to you if he wasn’t.”

And the realization hit Alex so hard. What if Grey was Hercules? Then that would explain how his identity. got revealed. Well, he showed Grey who he was.

And it was starting to make sense. If Grey was Hercules, it would make sense since he was the one that attacked him and also the only one close by. There was no other way out and Alex had to pull off the mask in front of him.

Alex shook his head briefly. It couldn’t be. If it was, he would be the one to kill Grey himself.

“I think we need to send a very skilled martial Lord to retrieve what we want. We shouldn’t underestimate Grey’s strength.”

Alex nodded briefly.

“Boss!” Someone yelled from afar just as Alex opened his mouth to say something.

Alex looked over at the man approaching closer. “What’s it?”

“We got this parcel from Miss Caramel,” the man announced.

Alex took it hurriedly and broke the seal. He brought out a sealed nylon. In the nylon was a strand of hair.

Alex smiled. He didn't know that Caramel was actually going to work for him. Maybe she was curious as to who Grey really was.

"Boss, is everything alright?"

Alex nodded briefly. "We don't need any skilled martial Lord. We have what we need already. I will meet with my father right now. You should all get prepared."

The men bowed slightly before they walked away.

Grey walked inside the club with Charles. The arrangements were far different from the ones he was used

to in the city.

There were games everywhere. Some men were involved in card games. There was a rumble of laughter. and deep stares as Grey entered.

"Grey!" A deep voice called out suddenly.

Grey turned around towards the path from where the voice came. A man had this wide smile on his face.

He had a beard but he was still very handsome.

Charles sighed. That's Francesco," he revealed.

Grey nodded briefly and moved nearer, while Charles tagged behind.

Charles had sent out a message to Hercules' Men in Italy but it would take a while to assemble them. This was why Charles was worried about meeting with Francesco. Francesco was also a mafia Lord and a dangerous one at that. He was part of the five mafia's Lords that ruled Italy. They were called the Cassano family.

Chapter 243: Deep Resent

"Do you know him?" Charles asked as he sensed that Grey was shocked.

Grey nodded briefly. "I do. I mean someone that looks like him at Jacksonville. In fact, I've met him twice, or have I been seeing him wrong?"

Francesco laughed. "No, it's the same person. Mattee told me a lot about you and I couldn't help but wonder who you have really turned out to be."

Grey stared at James, still confused.

James moved nearer and sat beside Francesco. "Hi Grey, I'm Mattee," he stretched out his hand for a handshake which Grey caught with raised brows. "Also known as James in your city and by you obviously," he revealed.

So, Grey was right. It really was James but Grey just couldn't believe it. How was James able to do it? There was no attachment at all.

Three barmen walked nearer with a bucket of ice.

"Let's drink!" Francisco announced happily.

Charles regarded him for a moment before he moved a bit closer to Grey. "Francesco looked happy today. Are you sure we shouldn't have brought the men? Or suspended the meeting?" he was bothered

about the weird attitude. Everyone knows how dangerous Francesco was and how he doesn't really go deep into smiling so much with people.

"No, never mind. It's really under control. I'm sure we will be able to find the reason why he's sounding this way," Grey assured.

Charles nodded briefly and picked up his glass of wine.

"So, tell me. What brought you here," Francesco inquired.

"Well, I thought we could talk about that tomorrow. I don't think it's ideal to talk about business on a day like this," Grey smiled and picked up his cup of wine.

Francisco laughed. "I love that attitude!"

"Are you spending the night?" James was a bit shocked. He looked excited anyways.

Grey nodded briefly and regarded him for a moment. "I'm sure you have a lot to say to me."

"Well, it was an important mission and Mattee came back with a nice result. Hercules has been missing since ten years ago when your father died. Actually, we thought you died as well," he sighed. "Even though your father used to be my friend, there was nothing we could do about it when it came to supporting another mafia lord," Francesco explained.

Charles blinked in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"Giovanni sent me a letter a year ago to support him as I have always been doing every year. I'm one of the mafia lords that Italy rests on. With my influence, it's very easy to win the necessary awards," Francesco explained further.

Grey looked away for a moment as the explanation sank in. "Wait, are you saying that you have been supporting Giovanni?"

"Well, yes," Francesco admitted.

"My father has no choice, especially when the fact that you were dead was staring right at us," James

Hesent

chimed in. "We knew the group would collapse soon without the Hercules so there was no need in supporting you," he further explained.

Grey nodded briefly. "I understand."

"What took you so long?" Mattee asked, interested.

Grey smiled. "It's a long story."

Mattee nodded briefly. "Maybe when I come to Jacksonville, then you can tell me about it.

Grey smiled. "I sure will."

"So, why haven't you accepted Giovanni's request this year?"

Francisco drank more wine. "I received a message from one of our spies that told me Giovanni thinks Hercules has returned. If that was so, we knew you could be back for real. So, we decided to see it for

ourselves," he informed.

Grey looked at Francisco. "But well, that was recent. Why did you reject him one year ago?"

Francisco laughed again..

“Because I intercepted the letter. Giovanni came with his son a year and some days back to introduce Alex as his heir. Then, I discovered he was the man I’d been looking for.” James revealed.

Grey gathered his forehead at him. “Alex offended you?”

“The story I told you about my friend was actually true, But she was Betty. The only thing here is that she died and Alex killed her,” he announced.

Charles’s eyes went wide for a moment. “He killed your girlfriend?”

James nodded briefly, his hand clenched around the glass cup as if to break it. “I’ve been finding a way to take revenge but I couldn’t do it because my father was in support of him,” he explained further. “There was no way I would disgrace my father. So, I had to wait patiently until he sent the letter. I hijacked it and refused to tell my father about it. The moment I heard the news of your arrival, I decided to see who you. were and if you were worth supporting.” he added.

Grey blinked once, shocked again. “You did that to get close and see who I really was?”

James smiled and took the wine bottle to pour himself some content. “I was shocked at what I saw. I didn’t expect a mafia boss to be intelligent, patient, and well, you were all I needed to get back at Giovanni. You were the perfect boss to pair with. When I was done, I came back home to report to my dad and we were already planning on sending you letters secretly because we know how badly you wanted to .keep your identity.”

Chapter 244: Beneath the lies

Grey looked away and smiled. “I’m still unable to confirm who the murderer is,” he looked up at Mattee. But I will give you feedback when I find out about the truth.”

James nodded briefly. ” Anyways, I will be ready for you.”

Charles let out a sigh as his hand around the glass of wine faltered but the others barely noticed

“So, you are waiting to take revenge on Alex?”

James nodded briefly. “Yes, but Giovanni will react. You know how much he’s protective about his son. So, well this fight will involve them all. I’m planning on relocating to Jacksonville for now. I will send you a message when I’m around,” he informed.

Grey nodded once. “Alright, I will be waiting.”

“Hercules needs to be back,” Francesco uttered suddenly as gazes turned on him. “Grey, you need to take up your father’s position openly. A Mafia boss needs to be answerable to his men. I’m sure your men are wondering. You need to reassure them or they might lose trust in you,” he advised.

Grey nodded once. “I support that but Giovanni has some spies among my men. So, I’m currently planning a huge surprise for them because I would like to show everyone who Hercules is. It’s high time anyways and I don’t want to prolong matters.”

Francesco clasped his hands, a wide smile spread across his face. “I’m waiting! I will surely attend the party! You can count me in for anything that involves you.”

Grey smiled at this. “But the news might be shocking. Don’t bother about it and wait for the result,” he hinted.

They both nodded.

“So,” Grey smiled and relaxed in his chair. “May we talk about the reason I’m here? I need to hurry back home if you don’t mind.”

James laughed. “Sure, right. Though, I’m still looking forward to having another drink with you when I get to Jacksonville.”

Grey laughed. " Sure, I will be expecting you."

James drank his wine." Caramel is your girlfriend, right?"

Grey eyes went wide for a moment. " You sure know so much."

James laughed and placed the cup on the table. " Yes, I do and I also know that she has been

communicating with Alex recently."

"What!" It was Charles' turn to be shocked." What do you mean?"

James regarded the two men in front of him for a moment. " Alex met with Caramel at Digital World. And she sent him something that I was unable to find out. I think you should speak with Caramel or either stay away from her."

Grey gathered his forehead, as he watch James." That's not possible."

"Well, I'm sorry to burst your bubble but I'm sure about it," James confirmed.

Well, Mattee is very skilled as I've mentioned earlier. He's very swift and he investigates very fast. He doesn't say what he doesn't know. He tells the truth and I think you should really act fast on Caramel as

he had suggested," Francesco advised.

Grey couldn't think clearly. What was James saying exactly? Was he trying to say that he had been betrayed by Caramel? But it was very difficult to conclude because Caramel has always trusted him. In fact, no one in the world has trusted him like how Caramel does. There was no fucking way she would

betray him.

She doesn't even know who he was or does she right now?

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"Alright, thanks. I'm here because I would like for you to employ someone in the shoe company.

Francesco nodded briefly." You are free to do this, even without my consultant but may I know who is coming?"

"Blaze, Jamal's son. He's challenged and I do hope you can help him out. Although he's challenged and slow but he is quite talented in shoemaking. I will be glad if he can be encouraged at all times," he explained.

Francesco nodded again. "I've heard of Jamal but not his son. Tell him to come over to Italy, the job is his already but I will inform someone to monitor him so that he doesn't get into trouble with the managers

and the rest of the team."

Grey smiled. "I will appreciate that. Thank you so much." He expressed.

Francesco smiled. "I'm glad I could help. That being said, I've moved you into one of the best and big suites in Italy. Your safety is my main priority," he laughed.

Grey joined in, even though it was almost fake. Grey was worried, disappointed, and confused.

Was Mattee right? Maybe he was because everything he had said about him that night was all true. But what could Caramel have given Alex?

“Do you want some hot girls!” Francesco asked suddenly, laughing.

Grey smiled and shook his head briefly. “I have to retire. I have a long journey, tomorrow.”

Since the matter has been resolved amicably, he planned to return the next day, especially because of Caramel and because he wants to discuss with the elders about the plan.

“Right. When next you come here, I will treat you even better,” Francesco promised and stood.

Grey stood as well and they shook hands. Then, he shook hands with Mattee too.

“Safe journey, Hercules.”

“Thank you.”

“My man will take you to the suite. You can drive after him.”

Charles and Grey nodded at the same time. Meanwhile, the same thing was running through their mind.

“What are you thinking of?” Charles asked suddenly while they were driving behind one of Francesco’s men.

Grey sighed and looked away, through the window. “Are you thinking of something as well?”

Charles sighed, perturbed. “You aren’t going to talk about your girlfriend?”

“I don’t believe what James said. Caramel would never work with Alex. She trusts me,” she expressed.

“Well, anything could have happened. It could actually be a setup in the first place. Caramel must have gotten close to you in the first place while working with Alex. It’s the only explanation for this thing,” Charles explained.

Grey looked at him quickly, his face hardened all of a sudden. “Don’t talk about her like that!”

“Well, we can’t overlook certain things, right?”

“Not her!” Grey yelled. “She can’t do such a thing! She can’t betray me. I trust her!”

Charles went silent for a moment as if he was thinking about something. “My father betrayed your father. Is there something more than that kind of relationship? And_,” he hesitated for a moment. “You told me that a man was trying to get a strand of your hair. What if what Caramel sent to Alex was a strand of your

hair?”

Grey looked over at Charles, with eyes gone wide with shock

Chapter 245: A comeback

“That’s not possible!” Grey said quickly.

Charles pulled to a stop in accordance with the traffic light. He looked back at Grey. “I sincerely don’t know what to tell you, Grey. It could happen and well, it might not be but we shouldn’t rule out what Mattee told us. We should treat this case as if it’s what it is.”

”

Grey grunted. “It can never happen, Charles. Caramel might be inquisitive about who I am but she would never work with Alex behind my back,” he argued.

Charles let out a sigh. " Alright, but why didn't she tell you that she met with Alex?"

Grey couldn't answer. It was right, and Caramel could have done that. In fact, the other day that she said she wanted to discuss with Grey, he thought there was a matter they needed to resolve but they ended up having sex.

Grey loved Caramel, no doubt about it. In fact, he was starting to trust her so much. Was he wrong to have done that?

The rest of the drive to the suite was done in silence. Grey couldn't stop thinking of what Charles had told him. But if he was to do as Charles had said, then he has to be thinking of what to do immediately because Alex would already know he was Hercules.

And his recent plan would fail even before it starts.

"Caramel should be taken. We should interrogate her, Charles said suddenly as they stepped inside the living room.

Grey stopped in his tracks and turned to look at Charles. "What?"

Charles nodded briefly. "We need to find out how much Alex knows. We need to know what Caramel has really done."

"You won't do anything to her, Charles," Grey stressed.

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Yes, I won't. I will just interrogate her."

"I said you won't do anything to her!" Grey yelled in anger. " Don't touch her, I will handle this!"

Charles felt even more annoyed. "Are you sure you can? It feels like you are getting your personal matters into business. And it shouldn't be meddled with. I'm going to call the elders and we can plan something," he pulled to a sudden stop as Grey squeezed his shirt slightly.

"You heard me, Charles!" His voice was deep and his expression darker. "Don't you dare touch her because I will kill you if you do!" He let go of him. "Are you saying I mix personal matters with business? Then, I should have killed you when I discovered the truth. I should have killed your father! Would that show how much of an upright I am?" He yelled.

Charles couldn't talk, he felt confused, and well, Grey was right. If Grey had killed him, he wouldn't be in front of him advising him.

"I told you I got this! I will handle Caramel, just meet with the elders and let them know about Mattee and Francesco. As I said, I will handle Caramel."

Charles let out a sigh. "Alright boss, I understand."

"Good," Grey turned away and entered the bedroom, bothered.

What if Caramel had really betrayed him? Does he have the mind to do something bad to her?

1/3

"Where's Smith?" Lucy asked the moment he sat.

Emma sighed. "I sent your stupid nephew out of the house. He was the one that caused all these anyways.

Lucy grunted. "How are the companies?"

Emma looked at Benjamin for answers. She didn't even know what to say. She was afraid that her father would collapse again.

“Did anyone not go to work? Avery?” Lucy looked over at Avery.

Avery shook her head briefly. “I resigned.”

“What!” Emma exclaimed.

Avery nodded briefly. “I’m going to look for my way. And I hope you get well soon, grandfather.”

Lucy started coughing and Emma rushed to give him a glass of water.

“Dad, be careful. Don’t stress it too much!” She patted her back slightly until Lucy was relaxed.

Benjamin turned to give Avery a scolding. “Why would you say that?”

Avery shrugged slightly. “Because that’s the truth. Was I supposed to keep lying about it?”

“So, what’s the situation of things at LX?”

“Dad, I suggest you finish eating before we go into business. It’s really not nice seeing you cough like you did the other time,” Emma expressed and went to sit.

Lucy nodded briefly. “It looks like you guys are avoiding the main issue. The company would definitely go bankrupt at this stage,” he lamented.

“No, father. That wouldn’t happen because Avery is getting married soon?”

Avery’s head spun so fast. “What? Mom! I didn’t plan on doing that!” She protested.

Emma nodded quickly. "Sorry, I didn't tell you about it. I was thinking you should get back to Grey. You guys should remarry."

Everyone was shocked for a moment. Emma had always been against Grey but somehow, she was the one currently suggesting the idea.

Benjamin regarded her wife for a moment. "Are you alright?"

Emma nodded quickly. "Do you know that Victoria Skincare is almost on the same chart as Smooth Therapy? I'm sure he would be getting the Clean and Clear Skin award (CCS)."

"Seriously?" Benjamin smiled. "Well, I knew Grey had some luck in store. You were just away against him in every way."

"

Emma pouted. "Not really. I was just concerned. I would like our daughter to marry a successful man."

Mom, are you serious? You made me divorce Grey and you want me to remarry him?"

Emma cleared her throat meaningfully. "We need to protect the family from bankruptcy. And you are the only one that can help us."

Avery shook her head briefly. "This is outrageous! I don't believe you can say this! Is this supposed to be an arranged marriage? You guys won't even listen to what I want?" She felt a stab of annoyance. She looked over at Lucy. "Is this what you want as well, grandpa?"

Lucy cleared his throat. "No. Emma should leave the girl to make her decision. This was all my fault anyways. The company was running fine before I decided to collect it from Avery and give it to Smith."

"So, what do you decide on?" Benjamin asked. Well, I'm not going to do it! I'm not going to marry Grey!"

Chapter 246: Kidding?

Charles and Grey got home in the afternoon the next day. Charles pulled up at the garage. While Grey absentmindedly got down and went inside, Charles followed after.

It was work hour and Grey knew that Caramel would be at work. So, he was going to wait.

“Boss, I forgot to tell you something,” Charles said suddenly, dragging Grey out of his thought.

Grey nodded briefly and moved to retrieve a bottle of champagne.

Charles followed after. “Mattee gave you something last night but I forgot to tell you about it due to the issue on the ground,” He explained.

Grey nodded briefly and turned to look at him. “What’s all this about?”

“Mattee sent a jacket, it’s bulletproof and one of its kind,” he explained and pulled out the jacket to show it to Grey. “You could wear it as a normal jacket and no one would notice it is bullet-proof,” he smiled softly. “This is the best gift you’ve ever received.” He complimented.

Grey regarded it for a moment before he moved nearer to check it out. He was shocked that Mattee liked

him so much to have gifted him such a rare item.

“Now I see how much Mattee trusts and admires you,” he stated.

Grey nodded once. “Take this inside my room. We will discuss this later. I will probably call you,” he announced.

Charles nodded briefly and walked away.

Grey was still watching him when his phone rang suddenly. It was Jane. Grey was a bit confused. Why was Jane calling him? And that was when he remembered that she was calling him through his line as

Hercules.

“Good day sir,” she started.

“Yes, is everything alright?” Grey demanded.

“Yes, boss but I have something to discuss with you. I mean I received a letter about it,” she hesitated. “SU received a letter this morning from Spinfluence. Spinfluence is an old company that supplies CCTV cameras to other big companies. So, it says there’s an order ongoing and they would like to tender it before us. In fact, they are selling the contract to us,” she explained.

Grey nodded once. “So, you want us to buy it?”

“Yes, boss but we aren’t the last competitor. There’s someone else dragging this with us because the order is worth a lot of money. If SU company can receive this order, it would improve our business and can even increase the position of SU on the chart,” she declared.

Grey thought about it for a moment. “I will send Grey to you. You guys should discuss it in person. Meanwhile, we are buying it,” he announced.

“That’s cool, boss. I will be waiting.”

Grey hung up and stared down at his phone. Jane was becoming a bit obedient.

“So, I will see you later. I will visit Alfred tomorrow,” Charles announced suddenly.

Grey looked up at him and nodded briefly. "Alright, bye."

Grey moved to pour himself a glass of wine. His phone rang again, almost immediately. He sighed and reached for it. It was Linda this time.

"Good day boss."

"Yes, how are you doing, Linda?"

"I'm fine but we have a visitor waiting for you at the office. I told her you weren't around but she insisted on staying. So, I had to call you," she spoke.

Grey released a sigh. "Who is it? Or just tell the person to come back, I'm not available to come at this moment," he declared.

"Alright, I will inform her but it's Hattie.

"

Grey raised skeptical brows. "Hattie? Of Smooth Therapy?"

"Yes, boss, she insisted on seeing you today. She's a very stubborn woman."

Grey nodded once, a smile sticking out of his mouth. "A very stubborn one," he admitted with a hint of sarcasm that made Linda laugh. "Alright, tell her I will be there soon. I will be on my way now and I will be as fast as I can," he informed.

Alright boss, I will be waiting," and the line went off.

Grey doesn't know what Hattie was looking for again after the last encounter. Was she going to try to kidnap someone again or was she going to threaten him this time? He couldn't guess but he knew that

Hattie meant trouble.

Or maybe Charles was right and Hattie now knows who he really was.

His heart took on a sudden breath. Grey still wouldn't believe it until he has confirmed it. There was no way Caramel would betray him. She doesn't ask him questions anymore, which means she has stopped being inquisitive around him or maybe she was curious as well as to who Grey really was.

But if that was the case, then it means that Caramel had betrayed him. He didn't even want to think about it because it was difficult. He was still battling with the betrayal from his father's best friend, he just didn't

want more.

Grey got dressed in a different attire before he set out to the street.

He arrived at Victoria Skincare soon enough. When he entered the lobby, Linda walked up to him.

"Welcome Boss. Beatrice told me you went out and I didn't want to call you so that you could rest but Hattie was just being stubborn," she revealed.

Grey smiled as they entered the elevator. "It's on, I will handle it. Where's my mother by the way?"

"In the production room," she responded. "It's all secured, so there's nothing to be worried about." She informed him.

Grey nodded once. " Alright," and stepped out of the elevator, with Linda.

They entered the office where Hattie sat, waiting for Grey.

"Why are you here?" Grey demanded immediately.

Hattie scoffed. "Is that how to greet a colleague and elder in this line of business? Well, I'm here to discuss with you."

Grey regarded her for a moment before he moved to sit, with Linda beside him.

"What is this all about?"

Hattie regarded him for a moment. "CCS is on the way, I want you to pull out."

Grey stared at her for a moment. "What?" He was shocked.

Pull out of the Clear and Clean Skin award? Who was Hattie kidding?

Chapter 247: Trust

Grey huffed, unable to believe what was coming out of Hattie's mouth. He knew that Hattie was fed up with the progress of Victoria Skincare and would like to hasten things up before the CCS award.

And well, despite her tries, she couldn't get the recipe or win against Victoria Skincare. So, now, she's trying to make Grey give up on his own.

"Don't pretend as if you didn't hear what I've just said, " Hattie muttered with a dark frown on her face.

Grey scoffed. "Because it sounded funny to the ears. Are you scared of losing? Because I don't know why you would utter such ridiculous things from your mouth," he taunted.

Linda nodded briefly, in a supportive way. "Yes, Mrs. Hattie. It's not in our hands to pull out. Every individual is expected to participate in the award-winning program. Pulling out is a crime.

Hattie sent her a dirty stare that Linda adjusted. "Well, I'm not asking you about people's opinions. I'm telling you what would benefit you. You had better follow this," she warned in a low voice.

Grey smiled softly. "I'm sorry Miss Hattie but we can't pull back," he stood immediately. "If you don't have anything else to say, I would like for us to end this impromptu meeting," he remarked.

Hattie regarded him for a moment in anger before she got up. "I know what to do, Grey. Just pull out now when you still have the time to do so," she made the final warning before she stepped out with the entourage.

Linda looked at Grey. "What are you going to do?"

"We will never pull out, don't worry about that. You guys can continue working, I know what to do about it," he assured and walked out of the office with Linda.

Hattie was trying him and he was going to find a way for her. He would find something to disturb her with so that she wouldn't be able to disturb any of Grey's workers until the CCS award.

Alex wasn't sure about the information he received on the phone. The DNA result he conducted on Grey was out but something was unclear about it.

So, Alex took a drive to the hospital to retrieve the result and read it himself before he would present it to his father. Though his father doubted his claim, he was readily waiting for the result.

Alex took the result and perused it quickly.

A sigh escaped him quickly.

"Boss, is something wrong? " one of the men asked.

Alex hesitated for a moment before he looked up at the man for a moment. "The DNA doesn't match. Grey isn't Hercules, " he announced and the men released a sigh of relief.

"But If he's not Hercules, who then is Hercules?"

Grey had to return home immediately, coupled with the fact that he was very tired. He knew Caramel would be at Protos Pubblicita which means they wouldn't be able to talk until after work.

Though, he was still anxious to ask her about things.

He placed a call to Don immediately after he stepped inside the house.

"Good day boss," Don boomed from the other side

Grey moved to the bar to get a bottle of champagne. "I need you to do something for me Can you say your hands on hard drugs?"

Don hesitated. "Is something wrong boss?"

Grey took a glass cup and the bottle of champagne before he headed up to his room. I'm planning something for Hattie and it must happen before the CCS day, I mean as soon as possible," he muttered.

He was already thinking of what to do with Hattie before he came up with another way that would Affect him. And fortunately for him, he came up with a nice plan.

"What?"

“Get me the hard drugs and I will explain the rest to you. Meanwhile, make sure you are extra careful with it,” he advised.

“Alright boss, I will get back to you later about it,” he assured.

Grey nodded briefly and hung up.

He drank out of the wine before he was able to take a shower and sleep.

A soft hand caressing his bare chest woke him up. He was so tired that he didn’t even know when the door opened or when someone entered.

Grey opened his eyes and focused them on Caramel. At first, he thought he was dreaming as he thought about Caramel a lot before he was able to sleep.

“How are you doing? You look tired,” Caramel caressed his right cheek slowly, a faint smile curving at her lips.

Grey gathered his brows. “Caramel?”

Caramel nodded briefly. “Did I scare you?”

“Why are you here?” he asked, ignoring her question.

Caramel smiled again and retrieved her hand. “It felt like you were avoiding me. I’ve seen you since two days ago. So, I decided to check up after work today,” she explained, standing up and taking some steps away.

Grey regarded her for a moment, as he thought of how he was supposed to ask her about what Mattee and Charles told him. He didn't want her to see him as a stalker and he didn't want her to suspect him.

"Beatrice told me you went out on a business trip and I found out that you are the new supervisor of Protos Pubblicita," she turned to look at him, with a wide smile plastered on her face. "I'm so happy about that. Though, I waited for your call but," her face failed. "You never did."

Grey felt sadness slip into him at the expression on her face. "I'm sorry Caramel. I didn't mean to do that. I was just busy," he explained.

Well, he was. In fact, he was so busy.

Grey stood, his gaze still on Caramel even though she wasn't looking at him again. "Caramel, do you still trust me?"

Caramel went mute for a moment and Grey suddenly feared what he was going to hear. He had always experienced disappointment from ladies and it wouldn't really shock him if it happens again.

"I do," Caramel sucked in her breath. "I still do," and she turned to look at Grey. "This was why I didn't give

Alex what he wanted."

Chapter 248: A game

Grey blinked once, then twice. He didn't believe what he was hearing. "You saw Alex?" He had to act as though he was shocked. "And you gave him something? What could that be?"

Caramel looked away for some moment. "Alex asked me who your father was," she said softly. "And he wanted me to get your strand of hair. Though, I have no idea what he was going to use it for." She explained.

Grey raised skeptical brows and waited. "What? You didn't give my hair to Alex? Whose hair is with him then?"

"One of my entourage," she confessed.

Grey was shocked. "But why? Aren't you as curious as Alex was?"

Caramel smiled softly. "I used to be but not anymore. Well, I know you will tell me everything when it's time to."

Grey smoothed her hair slowly, with a smile dancing on his face. "Thanks for trusting me, it really means a lot to me." Be expressed deeply and tilted his head to kiss her.

David was still angry. He could t stop thinking about the embarrassment that Grey had cost him. If Grey hadn't done what he did, Hercules wouldn't have fired him.

He still planned to humiliate Grey with whatever he was able to do. He resumed the new branch that day and he was more than annoying. He wasn't even able to concentrate.

He was going to think of a better way to get back at Grey.

Charles walked inside the living room. Grey was with Beatrice as Caramel left an hour ago. Grey had to force her to leave or she might decide to stay the night.

"Beatrice, good day," he greeted as he moved nearer to them.

"Good day, Charles," Beatrice responded with a smile before she walked out.

They were having wine.

Grey regarded him for a moment. "Is something wrong? You could have called me before coming over but you didn't. Why?"

Charles hesitated to pull out his phone. He went through it for a moment before he walked closer and stretched it out. "I've found Todd's best space," he said.

Grey stared down at the picture of a fairly old man. He had a smile on his face and he looked a bit older than Giovanni. Though he was more handsome and he had this nice smile on his face.

"And he's in here already. I thought you might want to see him in person. He's a funny man that knows nothing but playing games," Charles explained.

Grey raised his brows at him. "Games?"

Charles nodded briefly. "Card games. He's familiar with card games and he never loses."

Grey sighed. "I can't play card games."

Charles laughed. "You don't need to be able to play it. You can just use it to speak with him. He loves having new people to play the game with."

Grey regarded him for a moment. "Alright. I will get dressed. I will leave with Richard, call him over."

"Alright, I will watch you from afar."

Grey nodded once. He gulped down the remaining content of his wine before he stood, "Call Jimmy over and tell him to bring everything I told him to do," he finished and walked inside the room to change.

He had a quick shower and found one of the designer clothes to wear. He had slept and rested enough anyways, it was time to resume business.

Grey doesn't even know all of Giovanni's elders and he was going to dive into the details. He needed to know them and everything about them.

Grey walked down the stairs with a pair of black glasses on his face.

Richard was waiting for him in the room already.

"I will be taking my car. Richard and Jimmy should go with you in your car," Charles suggested.

Grey nodded and looked at Jimmy. "What about the information I asked of you?"

Jimmy extended a file to him as they both walked inside the car.

Grey flipped through the file as the car moved toward the destination. He saw the information about Tiana was true. He was right. Tiana was telling him the truth and it was right that she believed her and let her go. She was going to be a nice asset to him.

"Fred is closer to Todd?"

Jimmy nodded briefly, he was in the passenger's seat. "He used to be his right man. Then, something happened and he was on his own again. In fact, Todd had a huge argument with Fred and it almost resulted in a court case," he explained.

Grey huffed. "Seriously? So, what was true? That Fred was spying on Grey because he wanted to be on Todd's good side or because they didn't even fight in the first place?"

There was something there that Grey didn't really know about. But if he was really going to put his plan into use, then, he would definitely make use of him.

Fred would spread the news about him to his enemies. Eventually, he would be able to show up as Hercules and not in disguise.

Grey remembered something suddenly as the car pulled off in the garage. He looked at Richard. "Call Don, Richard, and ask him about Samson Katz. He would understand what I mean."

Richard nodded briefly. "Alright, boss."

Grey walked inside the club with Jimmy while Charles gave them space.

Grey's gaze searched around quickly and found him. Todd was around the table with three men and yes, he was playing the card game.

There was a huge smile on his face as he pulled over the money he had won.

"That's Todd?" Jimmy said suddenly.

Grey nodded briefly. "Do you know him?"

Jimmy nodded briefly. "Yes, he used to be one of Aubrey's clients," he revealed.

Grey nodded again and continued to watch Todd. He wasn't surprised anyways because he knew how dirty Giovanni was. And well, it was only cool that his men were also like that.

"So, who is ready to play with me?" Todd asked suddenly, excitedly. "I will give the person two million dollars if he wins!" He laughed.

Grey smiled softly. He might not know how to play but he knows some tricks.

Chapter 249: The shooter

Grey walked closer, with a big smile plastered across his face. "Let's see."

Todd looked up, with a pleasing smile. "Are you sure young man? You will be losing money just like the rest of the men here." He boasted.

Grey nodded once. "Let's see how it goes," he took a seat between the men. The other men were wearing this uncomfortable look and it showed how much they were disappointed.

"How much are you playing with?"

Grey thought for a moment. "Three hundred dollars. I'm obviously not as rich as you are."

Todd laughed out loud. "That's fine, young man because you will definitely be losing them all." He sounded so sure of himself.

Well, Grey didn't even have the time to learn games because he was too busy working to earn a living.

"So, who's going first?" Grey asked as he counted the cards to know it was 52.

There was a smile on Todd's face. "You first, boy. I'm sure these two men will be willing to participate with us," a look of satisfaction marred his face.

Grey nodded and shuffled the card to his satisfaction. He glanced at the men before he started dealing them out to each player, including himself.

Grey picked up his cards and looked up at Todd. A red dot was suddenly on his red chest. Well, it wasn't noticeable at first until he concentrated harder. It was really hard to distinguish but there was no

fucking way that wasn't from a gun. It was a coincidence or the person knew he was wearing a red shirt.

Grey turned backward, but there was no one around. Everyone was busy doing one thing or the others. There were other games around like pools and the rest. There were laughs and chats.

Who was trying to kill Todd? And why?

Grey's phone vibrated suddenly and a message popped up on his phone from Charles. It read, 'Boss, are you alright?'

Grey was unable to answer as he jumped over at Todd, knocking him off the chair. The bullet ran faster and hit a guy behind that was speaking with a lady.

The lady yelled suddenly and the whole place scattered.

"What the fuck just happened?" Todd yelled.

Grey regarded him for a moment. "You need to hide," he advised.

Just as he stood up, several men emerged from around and moved closer to Todd. They formed a shell around him as some people helped him up. The whole place was destroyed already as everyone was running Helter skelter out of the place.

"Find the shooter!" Todd ordered and some men hurried out of the club.

Charles moved closer to Grey. "How did you know the bullet was coming towards him? I seriously didn't expect you to be so swift," he complimented with a slight smile.

Grey wasn't really interested, his gaze was forward. "Charles, dispersed. We are looking for the shooter. Tell Jimmy and Richard too."

A frown flickered across Charles' face. "Do you even know the kind of gun the shooter used? Todd would

t have survived it. In fact, I don't think the shooter is anywhere around here. He or she must be outside. What if he shoots again but is aimed at you for disrupting his plan?"

Greg looked at Charles. "Do you think Giovanni would send someone to kill Todd?" And he hurried out of the club without waiting for Charles' reply.

Grey hesitated outside before he looked at the door by the right. Some men were entering it and he recognized them as Todd's men.

Grey shook his head slightly and tried to think. The shooter might already be on his or her way since he missed the target and didn't want to get caught.

Then, he went to the back of the building, there was no one around. It was getting really late and the moon was the source of light around.

Someone in black attire jumped from the building close by. Grey looked back and followed its retreating steps.

The man was running so fast that Grey had to increase his steps as well.

He pulled to a stop suddenly as he stared up at Charles from afar.

"Stay where you are!" Charles boomed.

The shooter regarded him for a moment before he took the adjacent direction. Grey nearly caught him. "Why does it concern you, I don't think you love Todd so much?" Charles muttered.

"No, I don't," Grey affirmed. "But it can either be from me or Giovanni. Though, I doubt it's from Giovanni. Why would Giovanni send someone to kill Todd?"

“Well,” Charles shrugged slightly. “A lot of reasons. He could be angry at him and Todd could have done something to upset him.”

“Right,” Grey smiled. “And I’m going to find the damn reason why that is.”

The shooter was putting in an overall black, a saggy one that it was impossible to judge if it was a he or she.

“I will take the other way,” Charles said suddenly and veered away from where they were running to. Grey continued to pursue the shooter until he suddenly pulled to a stop on his own.

Grey stopped as well, though finding it weird that the shooter stopped running suddenly. Was he going to fight with him? He must be so certain of his skill because Grey was sure that he would beat him mercilessly.

“Why?” That tiny voice asked. Somehow, it sounded familiar and yet so strange. Grey couldn’t place it. “Why what? Who are you?” Grey took three long strides closer, to cover up the space a bit and be able to access the shooter very well.

“Why did you save him? Why did you save Todd?” The voice yelled, and it was strained. It felt cracked as well. It sounded like someone who had cried several times or who was suffering from the flu.

“Who are you?” Grey asked again, with a deep voice.

There was no reply for a moment as the hand went over to the black mask that was covering the face. It seems to hesitate or maybe the world stopped for a moment and then it was off.

Grey’s eyes went wide with shock as he regarded Tiana for a moment.

“What the fuck are you doing here? Why are you here?”

Tiana broke down in tears. "You shouldn't have to save Todd, He deserved it!" She muttered as she cried the more.

"What happened? Why are you doing things I didn't permit you to? Why can't you just stay with your son. and see that he's fit again? You should have left it all for me!" Grey was getting annoyed.

Tiana shook her head slowly. "I can't. Samson is dead!" She dropped the bombshell. "And Todd killed him! "She cried the more.

Grey's head almost flew off. Tiana's son is dead? And Todd killed him?

Chapter 250: An eye for an eye

Tiana couldn't stop crying.

Charles showed up from behind and hesitated when he saw Tiana. "Wait, Tiana is the murderer, or has he

escaped?"

"She is," Grey responded as his gaze searched around quickly. "We need to leave here immediately. Todd's men are all around looking for you," he explained.

Charles nodded once. "I saw them when I was coming here."

Grey regarded Charles for a moment. "Take her to the car, I will meet you guys there soon," he finished and walked ahead, just as three men showed from afar.

Charles led Tiana away quickly to the car.

Grey hesitated in front of the men. "you won't find him here. He got away quickly," he lied.

The men regarded him for a moment.

"How are you so sure?" One of them asked.

"Well, as you can see, I'm just coming from that direction. I've searched everywhere but he's not around here. So, I thought he left already," he explained.

"Who are you by the way?" One of the men asked.

"Well, he's the man that saved Boss from the bullet. He deserved some respect," another scolded before he looked at Grey. "Let's go, Boss will be waiting for you."

And they led him to Todd's car. The bar had scattered already as people had run for their dear life. So, Todd already decided to leave as well.

"How did you know the gun was aimed at me?" Was the first question that Todd asked when Grey got to him. There was this blank expression on his face that made it hard to judge if he was pleased or not.

"I saw the red dot and I found it weird. That was why I pushed you off. And it turned out that it was a bullet," Grey explained.

Todd nodded briefly, a smile etching up. "Nice work, young man. Here's my business card," he stretched out the small ID. "Come and see me when you are free. I will be waiting for you. I will give you something for what you did for me back there," he hinted.

Grey took the ID, with a smile and watched him enter the car. The car pulled out into the street before Grey walked to his car. By then, Jimmy and Richard were also in the car as well.

Tiana was still sobbing quietly, and the gun was beside her.

"What do you think, boss?" Charles asked.

Grey regarded Tiana for a moment. "Charles, call Beatrice and ask her if Caramel is at home."

Charles nodded briefly and picked up his phone to do exactly what Grey had said.

Grey's phone rang suddenly and it was Don. He sighed and picked it up.

"Hi, boss. I have some bad news. Samson is dead already," he announced.

Grey nodded briefly. "I'm aware. I will talk to you later," he finished and hung up.

Charles turned to look at Grey. "She's not around."

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"Alright, let's go to my house then," he announced. Richard started the ignition and drove out of the bar.

Grey wanted to wait in the first place but there was no way he could do it anymore. Tiana has been filled with revenge already and it wouldn't stop until she kills Todd.

And he had to give her permission to do so. So, he needed to hurry up with his plan. He needed Todd in his plan.

Tiana was escorted inside the living room.

Beatrice was waiting in the living room. "Grey, is everything alright?"

Grey nodded briefly. "I only need to speak with Tiana. Everything will be fine," he assured her and turned to look at Charles. "You can leave but inform the elders that we are having a meeting very soon."

Charles nodded briefly. "Alright."

Grey glanced at Jimmy. "You can leave. Only Richard is allowed to stay because he would be dropping Tiana off."

Jimmy bowed and walked out with Charles.

Grey walked to Tiana and sat beside her. "Are you angry at me?"

Tiana hesitated before she shook her head briefly. "I don't just understand why you would want to spare the enemy's life. Todd deserves to die a thousand deaths."

Grey let out a sigh. "How did you know Todd was the one that killed your son?" He asked softly.

Tiana sucked in her breath at the question. "The operation was successful. So, I decided to get something for Samson at home. Had I known I wouldn't have left him," she started crying again. "I forgot my purse and went back to retrieve it. Then I saw Ross, the man Fred does send to me sometimes. I knew they were in it together and they serve Todd," she choked on her word. "They shot him in the heart!"

Grey regarded her for a moment. "How did you survive?"

Tiana looked up at Grey for a moment and slowly pulled down the sleeve of her shirt. There was a bandage around her arm, in fact, it was drawing blood already.

"I got shot and they just thought I was dead as well. That's why I need to kill Todd and Ross. I need to shoot a gun to their heart. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth!" She said with determination.

Grey took her hands into his. "I understand your pain, Tiana but I need Todd currently. I need him to help me clear off the spies around me so that I can officially claim Hercules's position but I promise that you will be taking this revenge by yourself. I will let you shoot him in the heart for your son. Will you do this for me?"

Tiana nodded briefly. "As long as he would die and I would be opportune to grant the oath I swore for my son. I will."

Grey smiled softly. "You can have Ross now. I do not need him. But you will need to take very good care of yourself," he let her go. "I will tell one of my men to guard you. In fact, he can help you with Ross." Tiana bowed with tears still streaming down her face. "Thank you so much, boss! Thank you!"