

Secretly TBB 351

Chapter 351: Deepest Desire

Emily got down from the car, still in the dress that she wore to Grey's house. She was actually the one that handpicked it. The only thing Grey did was place an order for it and it got delivered. And she still wanted to roam the town the more in it. So, she decided to get something from the supermarket.

She walked into the spacious supermarket elegantly. She pulled to a sudden stop almost immediately as she walked inside the store. She started ahead of her, at her mother staring right at her in the same way that she was.

Linda didn't know that she was back in Jacksonville and she didn't even bother to inform her.

The expression on Linda's face showed how angry she was. Just as Emily decided to turn around and walk out of the store, Linda hurried closer and pulled her out of the store forcefully. She suddenly dragged her over to her car before Emily could wrench free from her. "What are you doing here?"

Emily blinked once as if she didn't understand the question.

"Enter the car, Emily," Linda muttered as she opened the door and hesitated for Emily to comply.

"But mom-," Emily started but was cut off abruptly.

"No buts, Emily. Get inside the car now before I change my mind!" she yelled in anger.

Emily moaned and eventually slipped into the car. She thought of the Uber that drove her there. Perhaps the young man would leave after some minute if she doesn't show up or perhaps her mother would be so kind enough to let her go quickly.

"Mom, I came with an Uber driver. You can't just take me away from here," she complained as Linda started the ignition.

Linda ignored her and took a turn out of the store.

Emily decided to relax. There was no use in doing otherwise. "Where are you taking me?"

"Somewhere we can talk," she glanced at her and huffed. "You have a lot of explanations to make."

Emily groaned inwardly. "I don't want to talk, mom. I just want to leave here. I have things I'm doing anyways," she grumbled.

Linda ignored her and took a turn. She drove for more minutes before she eventually pulled the car to a sudden stop. "Now, we can talk. Tell me why you are still in Jacksonville?"

Emily smacked her lips together as she thought of what to say. "I-," she started but stopped almost immediately and her voice trailed off.

"What?" Linda yelled at her. "Why are you stammering? I just asked you a simple question. What are you still doing in

Jacksonville? Why are you still here? I just don't understand! And I need you to start explaining before I lose it," Linda warned her.

"I couldn't leave," Emily muttered and looked away.

Linda was shocked for a moment. She knew that Emily was up to no good recently. She had been acting like it but she didn't know that it would take it too far.

"You couldn't leave?" Linda repeated. "You care to tell me what that means? Because I got you the ticket and you didn't see it fit to leave? Why?"

Emily went quiet for a moment as she thought about the answer to give. "I'm working for Grey. So, I can't leave."

Linda's eyes went wide with shock as she concentrated on Emily. 'You did what? After I've told you not to do anything? After I told you to leave? Where have you been anyways?'"

"Working! Grey needed my help so much these days. Well, I can ignore Hercules. Leaving means disrespecting him. Besides, I enjoy everything I do for him," she whispered.

Linda scoffed. "You must think you can play me. How could you tell me you are still staying behind because you didn't want to disrespect him? I told him that you were gone and he said nothing. If you had told him that you weren't available, nothing would have happened," Linda was so angry and it was vivid in her voice.

She couldn't even contain it. She couldn't even think it through that her daughter was interested in Hercules and would do anything to achieve her aims. Hercules wasn't a child's play and Emily was definitely playing with fire. And Linda didn't want her to get burned.

"You think that I don't know why you've decided to stay? Did you think you could hide it from me for that long?" Linda demanded angrily.

Emily murmured inaudibly. "Well, yes. It doesn't matter, since you already know, I might as well say it out loud. I love Grey and I'm going to have sex with him even if it's just once."

Emily had fallen in love with Grey since the first day she set her eyes on him but she had been keeping it cool. But the moment she discovered who he really was, the desire to have him multiplied. Though she didn't know how Linda got to find out, it was exactly what she wanted.

Linda was too shocked to speak for some seconds. "What? Do you know who Hercules is? I mean how dare you plan such a thing with him? Do you not fear?"

The moment Linda knew who Grey really was, she told Emily and brought a ticket for her to fly out of the country. She didn't expect Emily to have such in mind. It was something that could ruin them actually. Grey wasn't someone to be joked with.

"Well, it's not a crime to want someone and besides, Grey is a man. He would definitely fall for this. And it wouldn't do anything to him. He's going to have fun as well," she said stubbornly.

Linda regarded her for a moment. "Seriously? Then I will tell Grey what you have in mind," she threatened.

Emily looked at her. "You will do that to your only daughter?" there was a smirk on the corner of her mouth. "Fine then, no problem but it won't stop me from fulfilling my desire!" She opened the door and walked out of the car.

Chapter 352: Not love!

The driver adjusted on the seat and glanced at the front mirror. He hesitated as he continued to study something that Caramel didn't notice.

"It looks like we are being followed," he announced suddenly.

Caramel looked up, a bit startled. "What do you mean?"

"That black benz has been following us everywhere for a while now. I think we are being watched," he concluded.

Caramel looked backward toward the black Benz that was a car away. Her heart made a sudden thud at what the driver had said. If the car was indeed following them, does that mean that Alfred knows about something already?

No, there was no way that could have happened. The autopsy result would not get ready so quickly. So, that could only mean that Alfred was only suspecting her.

Definitely, that was what was happening and that was the worst. Though, without an autopsy, it would be easy to know that Caramel had done something wrong somewhere. She was running away. That aside, she didn't know if the lady from the other time hadn't spilled the milk.

She looked back at the driver. "You have to drive very fast! You have to lose them. They must never get to me!" She said with urgency in her voice.

The driver made a nod of the head and increased the accelerator.

Caramel glanced back again, as they got lost between cars. "You have to drive even faster!" She snapped.

"Well, I can't drive faster than this, Caramel or we will have an accident."

Caramel shrugged slightly. "I don't care. I will rather get involved in an accident than let Alfred catch me."

The driver chuckled. "It's all the same anyways. If you get involved in an accident, Alfred would be the one to choose the hospital you would be admitted to. In Fact, he would be the one to pay for the hospital bills."

Caramel felt offended by his words. "What are you doing? This isn't a joking matter!" She snarled.

The driver nodded briefly again, a smile dancing on his face. He finally took another turn and Caramel looked back to realise that they'd lost the car.

She looked at the driver again. "Where are we going now?"

"The airport like you wanted. The boss has arranged everything. In Fact, he booked two flights for you today in case you miss one," he explained and while his left hand was on the steering wheel, his other hand rummaged through the glove box and Even Though pulled out a passport. He threw it at Caramel. "As I said earlier, everything is well prepared for. Just make sure you enter the plane and it will be the end of your struggles."

Though, the driver knew more than Caramel does. His instructions were clear. In fact, he received the new order not quite long and it was for the elimination of Caramel.

Caramel would die the moment she lands. Caramel thought they were helping her but that wasn't the case, she was actually the one helping them.

The driver pulled to a sudden stop at the airport. "We are here. I will retrieve your luggage," he opened the door quickly but he was soon shoved inside as Aphrodite appeared from nowhere and stood beside the car.

Caramel's heart skipped a beat even though she doesn't even remember who Aphrodite was except seeing that she was a very popular personality.

"Who are you?" She demanded in a shaky voice.

The door of the passenger's seat opened suddenly and a guy entered.

Aphrodite regarded Caramel for a moment with disgusting features. She moved closer to reveal the gun attached to her trouser.

Caramel made a move for the door faster. When she opened the door, a tall hefty man was waiting for her. She swallowed harder and closed back the door.

Aphrodite opened the door beside her and got inside. "Drive," she ordered.

"What are you doing?" Caramel was still very much shocked.

Aphrodite smirked. "I like the question and it was better than what you asked the other time. You will," she looked at her. "You will not pretend not to know me."

Caramel was confused for a moment. Does Aphrodite mean generally or privately? Because almost everyone in the city knows who Aphrodite was. But if she was familiar with Grey, does that mean she could have been close to Aphrodite as well?

"See, Aphrodite, I don't really Caramel started only to be cut off by Aphrodite.

"I didn't ask you to speak, Caramel. I'm seriously not in a good mood," she muttered and groaned at the same time like a very hungry lion.

Aphrodite loved Grey so much. And if she would be ready to pull aside the love she had for Grey so that Caramel would have her space with him, then why would Caramel want Grey to die? That was what she would never tolerate.

"Someone needs to see you," Aphrodite muttered.

"I sincerely don't know why you are doing this. Did Alfred send you?"

Aphrodite tried very hard to suppress the anger she was having in her. "How can you try to kill Grey? How dare you?" Aphrodite yelled in anger.

Caramel blinked once as if she didn't hear her. Or maybe it was her ears that were playing tricks on her because, with the way Aphrodite expressed her words, it was as if Grey was still alive which wasn't possible and would never be. Grey was dead and he would stay like that.

Aphrodite was only angry that she killed Grey. Well, the news had it that the two were in a relationship. So, she could fight for him anyhow she seemed fit.

"You heard me, Caramel!" Aphrodite yelled suddenly and caused Caramel to jerk back. She was looking at her now with a glare that could kill. If looks could kill, Caramel would be dead already. "After all Grey had ever done for you? After all the love he had shown you. How could you even think of killing him?" Aphrodite was shocked at her level of betrayal.

"Well, Grey doesn't love me," Caramel stated suddenly.

Chapter 353: Lost memory

"What did you just say?" It felt as though Aphrodite didn't hear correctly. There was no way Caramel would be saying that when she actually knew how much Grey loved her.

"I just said he never did. If he did, he wouldn't have killed my mother!' She yelled out in frustration. 'Is that what you call love?"

Aphrodite was struck with shock over and over again. What was really happening?

Grey was standing in the garage when Aphrodite's car drove inside. His emotions were mixed. He felt very annoyed at Caramel but at the same time, he felt very sad. Would Caramel really plan to kill him? She might not like the fact that he was Hercules and yes, she had been pulling away after she discovered the truth. But would she really conspire against the enemy to kill him?

No, somehow, he didn't believe it. He needed to hear from the horse's mouth.

Alfred was standing beside him as the door of the car opened and Caramel walked out with an unknown man.

Aphrodite followed behind them.

Grey marvelled at Aphrodite's skill. He thought he had lost Caramel until he got a call from Aphrodite saying otherwise.

"Caramel?' Grey called softly.

Caramel was forced to a stop in front of Grey and the look she gave him wasn't one he was associated with.

"What do you want from me now? Kill me too?" Caramel muttered.

Grey regarded her for a moment, "why did you decide to kill me'? What have I done to deserve such a treatment?"

Caramel huffed as if she couldn't believe the question that was being asked. All she felt for Grey at that moment was indifference. Even though she didn't hate Grey. In fact, she couldn't even bring herself to do so but she was still angry at him for all he had done.

"You deserve everything that has ever happened to you. It's how bad you are!" Caramel yelled at him.

"What's happening? What are you saying?" Grey gave her skeptical brows. He didn't even understand what she was talking about. All he had ever done was protect her and he had never done otherwise.

"Mind telling me what you mean? Because I don't understand any of this.'

Caramel looked at Aphrodite as if passing across hidden information.

Aphrodite sighed and looked at Grey. "Caramel thinks that you killed her mother.'

"Think?" Caramel smirked. "He fucking killed her and I just came back here to have my revenge," she confessed. 'I just wonder why you aren't dead already."

Grey was struck to the ground for some minutes in total shock. "I didn't kill Beatrice, Caramel,' he found his voice at last. "Why would I even do that? I've protected her, I've protected you. After all, we've been together all this while."

Caramel scoffed. "I knew you would say that. I was expecting it. You will always have your way around words, around everything. You pretend to be doing me good but you were just after my life!" She accused him.

Grey cooled down now. There was something else that he needed to iron out and without getting to the root of the matter, he had no cause to be angry.

Grey took a step closer. "How did you know I killed Beatrice? I mean there must be evidence that you so dearly believed in."

Caramel didn't talk for a moment as if she was thinking about it.

"Or did you see him do it?" Alfred inquired.

"No!" Caramel snapped. "Well, that's not an excuse enough because men like him don't even need to do dirty work themselves. He would send people to do it for him, which was what happened in my case."

"So, you didn't see him do it? How then were you so sure he was the man that killed your mother? Grey had always loved your mother like his own. Why would he do that?"

Caramel shrugged briefly. "I have absolutely no idea what he's thinking of. So, don't ask me. Anyways, the man that rescued me told me everything."

Aphrodite was flabbergasted. "You believed a stranger's word over your boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend?" Caramel repeated softly as if she was tasting the sound of it. Her eyes went wide as she regarded Aphrodite for a moment, then her gaze shifted to Grey. "What are you talking about?"

Aphrodite sighed and walked out of the vicinity. She understood what was happening already but she couldn't even bear to finish the session. She loved Grey, alright and well, she wanted him for himself too. But maybe that would never happen. Grey would never look at her when there was Caramel.

And she would never do anything to harm anyone that Hercules loves. She would rather protect them than kill them. But although she tried to act as though she doesn't care, it hurts her so much sometimes. So, she drove out of the garage, into nowhere in particular.

"Who is the man that rescued you?" Grey inquired.

Caramel kept shut as she continued to look from Alfred to Grey. She still found Aphrodite's words surprising to her. Richard never told her something of that. He only told her that Grey favoured her and she didn't even remember anything.

"Who is that man, Caramel," Grey asked again, in a deeper voice.

Caramel swallowed harder. "Richard. He rescued me and told me everything."

Grey released a sigh and moved closer to her. "But he didn't tell you that we were in a relationship?"

Caramel shook her head briefly. "Is that supposed to be a joke?"

"What are those things that happened before he rescued you?" He questioned, ignoring her remark.

Caramel reasoned for a moment. "I don't know. I don't remember."

"You've lost your memory?" Alfred inquired.

Caramel nodded briefly. "I did after the men beat me to a pulp."

Alfred looked at Grey. "This is serious. They used that against her, to turn her against us."

Grey regarded her for a moment. "Return her to my house. Find a room there for her to stay. Lock her in but provide her with anything she wants. And it will be like that until I change my mind."

Chapter 354: Smith's way

Grey watched Caramel until she was being led away in a car. He turned to look at Alfred. "Any information?"

Alfred shook his head briefly. "How are you even sure that Caramel really lost her memory? She could be playing you."

Grey nodded once, "she could but there's also the probability that she could have really lost her memory for real."

Which was the only explanation that Grey could make. He couldn't think about it now, that Caramel would really try to kill him in her sane mind.

Alfred nodded briefly. Tonight is the meeting for the mafia, don't forget about it," he reminded him.

Grey nodded once and walked to his car. He hesitated before he pulled out of the garage.

Since Caramel would be staying in his house, he thought of getting her some clothes. So, he pulled off in front of a boutique close by.

He hesitated again, his heart filled with terror. He doesn't want to think about it but whenever he does, he always feels a tightness in his heart. Why does Caramel do this?

He let out a sigh and eventually got out of the car. He walked into the store only for three salespeople to appear before him. He regarded them for a moment. "Is anything the matter?"

"We are sorry sir but you are not allowed entrance," one of them revealed.

Grey raised skeptical brows at them. "What do you mean? Is there a limitation on who should shop in this store?"

"Yes," a deep voice responded suddenly and a man walked out from behind the shelves. He hesitated, a smile appeared on his face before he walked nearer. It was Smith.

Grey had even forgotten about him and the fact that he received his call days back. Well, Grey had a lot on him to even bother himself with him.

"What? Is this your store?" Grey demanded.

Smith chuckled. "Seriously? As if Victoria Skincare was yours, to begin with, and you made all of us think it was really yours. But it turned out that you weren't just poor but you were also a pathetic loser!" He mocked.

Smith didn't own the store, in fact, he promised to pay the salespeople if they would stop Grey from entering the store. Smith still recognized Grey's car and had already seen him while he was still hesitating.

"Seriously?' Grey was shocked for a moment. "You are going to stop someone from entering your store because of the money you would be getting?"

"You need to leave this place now before we involve the security," one of the salespeople warned.

Grey shook his head briefly. "I'm not going to leave. This store is for everyone and you guys aren't going to stop me. I will like to speak with the manager," he stated boldly.

Smith laughed. He was actually enjoying the scene. "A poor man with pride.' He teased.

"You have to leave now or you will be forced out," another salesperson threatened Grey.

"I'm not leaving here until I see the manager. He's the only one that can take me out of here.'

"Security!" One of the salespeople screamed.

Grey clenched his fists beside him, ready for a battle if the security try nonsense with him because he wouldn't leave without seeing the manager. He would make sure to disgrace Smith Robinson. He wasn't in any relationship with Avery anyways.

Three hefty men moved closer. They were as tall as Grey and maybe a bit thicker than he was. They all wore a dark frowns as if they already knew they were going to fight or maybe they were there mainly for escorting stubborn customers out of the stores and not actually welcoming them.

"Is everything alright here?" One of the security guards demanded in a thick voice as if to scare Grey.

"Yes. We have a very stubborn customer. Could you please escort them out? In a hard way,' the salesperson added quickly.

The three security guards turned to look at Grey.

"Leave now while we are still asking you nicely," one of them warned Grey.

Grey huffed. "As I said earlier, I won't leave this very spot unless you let me see the manager."

The security guards saw that he was really stubborn and were ready to do it violently. They took a step at a time closer to Grey but he wouldn't bulge.

One of the security guards held Grey by his arms and pulled him. Yet, Grey wouldn't bulge. It was as if he was a rock. He pulled again nevertheless, unable to believe that Grey wasn't actually leaving his spot. It was suddenly as if he was glued to the ground. Even Though he was, at least his upper body could have moved. But that wasn't the case.

"Push him off or drag him to the street!" Smith ordered.

Another security guard moved closer to help the first one. Grey gave him an uppercut the moment he raised his hands to support the first one.

The man reeled backward as a sharp pain coursed through him.

At this, the first one decided to deal with Grey in the worst way ever by punching him in the face.

Grey dodged it and gave him one on his nose.

He sauntered backward and his hand flew up to his nose. When he brought down his hand, his nose was covered with his blood.

The salespeople jerked back in fear. Smith's eyes opened wide with shock. He knew that Grey was skilled in martial arts but he had even improved over the time that he had left home. And somehow, he amazed him.

"I said it! He's a very dangerous man. We need to call the cops!"

The last security man hurried towards Grey quickly.

"What the fuck is happening here?" A baritone voice inquired, which pulled a stop to what the last security guard was trying to do.

"Don't you worry about it, Mr. Dave. We will get this foo! out of this store immediately," one of the salespeople told him.

Dave looked up at who the salesperson was referring to. His eyes went wide with shock. It was the billionaire boss.

"Grey?" His voice shook briefly. "Her_" he started.

Chapter 355: A taste

"I will leave if that's what you want," Grey said quickly before Dave would call his full name. Dave squeezed his face in concentration.

'What's going on? Why would he leave?'

"Mr. Dave, I would say you shouldn't worry about it. The security guards will do the job of riding us off the nuisance.' One of the salespeople responded. Dave almost saw red.

"What? Was that the question I asked you? This place belonged to my friend and I'm seriously going to tell him to fire the three of you!" He yelled in anger.

"B_but," one of the salespeople started but Dave cut her off.

"But what?" He looked at the security guards.

"Are you still blocking his way?"

He dipped into his pocket for his phone and placed a call to his friend. He took some steps apart to talk so that no one else would hear him.

'Can you believe what just happened in your store? Your salespeople and security guards just harassed someone they aren't supposed to," he confessed.

"What do you mean?" Samson was Dave's close friend but he doesn't live in Which was why he wasn't in the billionaire club.

"They just harassed our billionaire boss," he informed.

"Wait, isn't that Hercules?" Samson had the news. In fact, it was a piece of flash news in almost all of the country. Hercules was a big name.

"Yes, so you should know that he's also a mafia lord. You had better find something to do before he closes down this store."

The salespeople on the other hand were confused after what Dave had said. They knew how close Dave was to the CEO

"What are you doing?" Smith was angry.

"Send him out! What are you still waiting for?*" He yelled in frustration. The salesperson looked at themselves.

"I will triple your money and I will also give the security guards tips if they can send out this fool!" He stressed and gestured at Grey that was now staring at all of them. Well, Grey recognized Dave the moment he walked nearer and he wanted to see how it would all end.

"Yes sir," one of the salespeople that looked like the oldest said suddenly. She had started to think of the money that age would get from Smith. That aside, she could get the security guards to send Grey out quickly before Mr. Dave would come back.

"Get him out now!" She ordered the security. The security men hesitated, they were still in pain. This actually got them angrier and they secretly promised to make Grey pay the hardest way. So, they looked at themselves, nodded, and advanced toward Grey at the same time.

The last one who had escaped the first punch took a step backward.

'Guys, I think we need to wait for Mr. Dave to get back. I don't think we should force him out.'" The other two security guards ignored him and pulled at Grey. This time, Grey freed himself and let them drag

him toward the entrance.

"Stop the bullshit immediately!"

Another deep but strange voice ordered suddenly. It was the manager. The security guards stopped suddenly at the Manager's voice.

"What do you think you are doing?" The manager yelled in anger. Dave walked out again.

"Are you still holding him?" The security guards finally let Grey go and they turned to look at the manager.

"We are only doing what the salespeople wanted. I mean we are just here to uphold justice."

"Nonsense! And what did you do after Mr. Dave had warned you to let him go?" Smith was standing in shock. "Do you even know who this guy is? He's the most useless and poor man ever to live on this earth."

Dave looked at Smith, "Can you get this idiot out of this store first?" The manager nodded briefly at Dave.

"Get him out, security!" He yelled out. One of the security guards moved closer to him.

"What are you doing? Do you know who I am or how many clothes I buy? You all literally earn from me!" He was fueled with rage at that moment.

"That aside, you are never to step feet inside this store again. The moment you do, we will have to meet in court," the manager explained as the security man dragged Smith out of the store. Dave hurried to Grey.

"Are you alright, boss?" The salespeople exchanged glances at the fact that Dave was referring to Grey as a Boss. Grey nodded briefly.

"I'm fine." The manager moved closer to Grey.

"We are so sorry for any inconvenience sir and it would never happen again," he apologised.

He looked over at the salespeople.

"You all are fired!" He yelled out. "Boss, please don't fire us," one of the salespeople pleaded on their behalf. The third security guard walked back inside after successfully walking Smith out of the store vicinity.

"And you_," the manager looked at the security guards. "For not listening to Me Dave, you are also fired."

"Except him," Grey said quickly and pointed to one who was initially explaining to the others not to touch Grey until Dave returned.

"Yes, except him!" The manager concluded. Three security guards walked out and moved closer to them.

"Take them out and if they try to fight you, call the police!" The manager ordered before he looked at Grey again.

"I will get another salesperson to help you out. Or would you want three?" Grey shook his head briefly.

"One is enough." The manager made a nod of his head before he disappeared from the shelf.

"I didn't expect to see you alone and like this,' Dave muttered.

"I nearly didn't recognize you." Grey nodded and paused to look at Dave.

"I didn't expect you to," he smiled briefly.

"But you did and I will be rewarding you with a VIP next to me at the billionaire party,' he revealed before he walked away, leaving Dave in shock and yet happy manner. It was his lucky time. He could get close to Hercules and his life would change for the best.

Chapter 356: A delay

Grey walked through the shelves and stopped suddenly as one of the salespeople walked closer to him.

"What would you like to get? I can help you out," the salesperson expressed with a short bow.

Grey reasoned it for a moment. "I will like anything that can fit on a size 8. Any dresses and skirts that are good," he responded.

The salesperson nodded briefly. "Follow me, sir," she turned around and walked away.

Grey followed after and they moved towards shelves arranged with beautiful dresses. "Make them twenty each. I want the best."

The salesperson stopped to give him a short bow before she walked to grab what Grey wanted.

Smith had never felt so embarrassed after he came back to Jacksonville or after he left. He just didn't know how it all turned up on him.

It was a bit suspicious. Why would the manager side with a nobody like Grey and neglect him that has been patronising them since day one?

Could it be because Grey was the CEO of Victoria Skincare? But Hercules already claimed ownership. So, it doesn't belong to him anymore. And yet, they still honour him. Something was really happening somewhere but Smith wasn't ready to find out.

What he was going to do was plan a nice comeback for Grey. He was going to involve his friends at that moment. They were going to do it the mafia ways.

Smith drove very fast towards the house. He was fueled with raw anger that could have evaporated a whole house. He couldn't even bring himself to forget the embarrassment he was forced to go through because of Grey.

"Is everything alright?" Arnold demanded suddenly, startling Smith for a moment because he hadn't seen him on the sofa." You looked he hesitated as he studied him the more.

"Angry" he completed for himself.

"Angry is an understatement," Smith blew out.

'I'm done with Grey. I can't wait to plan this out the mafia way. He has to suffer for all the disgrace I just went through!' He voiced out.

Arnold regarded him for another moment. "What do you want us to do?"

"We are getting Grey this night and we are treating his fuck up life!" He stressed angrily.

Arnold stood. 'Do you have a plan?"

Smith hesitated as he thought about it for a moment. "I do. I'm going to have men watching out for Grey. I should be able to get where he lives. He will be kidnapped tonight."

Arnold nodded once. 'Call the rest and inform them.'

When Grey returned home, it was very late and only four hours to the start of the mafia meeting.

Grey got out of the car and picked the Bags of clothes he got for Caramel. Three men walked closer to them. They bowed shortly before they stretched out to take the bag from him.

Grey shook his head briefly. 'I can handle it. Just get prepared to depart," he reminded them before he walked inside the living room with bags.

The men returned to the house the moment Caramel was taken away.

Grey walked to the door of the room where Caramel was. He hesitated in front of it and looked at the two security guards standing in front of the door.

"Open the door," he ordered.

One of the men complied and Grey walked inside.

Caramel was on the bed, snuggled together. Her legs were pulled up together, and her hands were around them while her head thoughtfully rested on her knee.

"Caramel," Grey called softly.

Caramel looked up slowly, with eyes filled with hatred or maybe it was just anger.

"I brought you some clothes. I don't have a female staff here. So, you might need to do things on your own?"

"So, you are going to leave me at the mercy of your boys?' She yelled. 'No girls?' She sounded even more frustrated.

Grey sighed. "Don't worry. They aren't going to harm you, you can trust me on that.'

Caramel eyes twitched. "I don't sincerely."

Grey let out another sigh. "That's because you lost your memory. When you regain them, you will remember how close we've gotten."

Caramel smiled slightly. "Seriously?*

Grey dropped the clothes. "Call me if you are ready to speak because it looks like you are still angry. And getting angry at something you aren't even sure of can be so frustrating sometimes."

He regarded Caramel for another moment and when she didn't talk, he walked out of the room. It wasn't like he expected her to remember something very fast but he hoped that something good would

happen so soon. He couldn't bear to think that Caramel would even see him as someone who was capable of harming her.

He walked over to his room. He had a meeting to be in anyways. So, he went for a quick shower.

He didn't know however if he was supposed to call Aphrodite. He remembered her leaving so upset the other time. Though, he knew why she would be so upset.

But he didn't even know what he was supposed to do about it.

And he needed her beside him, especially at the meeting.

Clad in designer trousers and a shirt, he walked into the living room. He picked up his phone and realised that it had been ringing.

The phone rang again. It was Aphrodite.

"Hello Aphrodite, how are you doing?"

"Fine. Am I supposed to meet you at home or would you pick me up?"

"I will pick you up, Aphrodite. I will be at your place in an hour." He promised.

He walked out to the garage and saw that the men were all lined up already and were waiting for him.

Three cars were prepared for the occasion. Three expensive but different cars. A Ford F, Chevy Silverado, and a Lamborghini.

Jimmy walked closer to Grey. 'We are ready to depart. Boss.'

Grey nodded briefly. 'Let's go then.'

One of the men rushed forward to open the back door of the Lamborghini. Grey got inside and the men got into position.

The cars drove out of the house in a line. The second one followed the first one and till the last one. The first car stopped moving suddenly, and then the other cars stopped as well.

There were suddenly two cars in front of them, blocking their path. The doors of the cars opened and some men hurried out of the cars.

Chapter 357: The bosses

The men came down from both cars and stood in the way of Grey's cars. Suddenly, a car drove over to them. The driver got down and moved to open the back door. Arnold and David got out.

They hesitated as they stared ahead of them. They wondered why Grey was in three cars. And they were even more worried at the fact that Smith hasn't shown up.

They were supposed to meet at home in less than thirty minutes but Smith was suddenly nowhere to be found. Arnold and David decided to go on with the plan.

"Where's Grey?" Arnold inquired.

The door of all three Grey's cars opened suddenly and several men rushed out.

Arnold and David were shocked for a moment because the men that got out were twice as much as they were.

"Why are you looking for him?" Jimmy asked them.

Arnold regarded him for a moment. "Who are you?" He asked, disregarding his question.

Jimmy smiled briefly and stepped aside. The men parted a little space in the middle for Grey to walk out.

Earlier, the moment the cars stopped in front of Grey's cars, was when Jimmy walked to the front to see what was happening and came back to report to Grey. Grey decided to teach them a lesson they would never forget.

"Were you looking for me?" Grey demanded suddenly, startling Arnold and David for a moment. Grey was with no mask. He doesn't need one anyways since all his men knew his face now.

Arnold gathered his brows. What are you doing here?" He was more than shocked. He has seen Grey severally on the news and in the magazine but what was shocking was the fact that he was surrounded by so many men.

It was as if he was the mafia lord.

"How dare you question Hercules!" Jimmy yelled at them in anger.

David and Arnold almost fell in shock. The Hercules? Shock actually kept them motionless and speechless for a while. They could only stare while their thoughts rumbled on.

"Cats got your tongues?" One of Grey's men yelled at them.

"But....we are looking for Grey." Arnold stammered.

Grey walked closer to them. He regarded David for a moment before he looked over at Arnold. "Why don't you tell me who you are because I'm curious."

"Are you really Hercules?" It was David that asked.

Grey looked at David. "You all know me as Grey and I'm sure someone sent you over here, was it Giovanni?"

David shook his head briefly in fear. In fact, he was already shivering. "Smith sent us here and we are supposed to kidnap Grey and not Hercules. We didn't know you were the same person," he explained.

"I'm Arnold and he's David. We came from Russia," Arnold revealed.

Grey had his head inclined in a very funny way. "So, you are mafia bosses?"

Arnold hesitated before he nodded briefly. 'I'm so sorry, Hercules. We respect you a lot and we wouldn't in our wildest dreams desire to be your opponent. We wouldn't be here if we had known you were Hercules," he explained.

David nodded quickly at what Arnold had said.

"Not everyone knows. So, I'm going to forgive you for that. But you are going to do me a favour here. Not really a favour actually but you will have to die if you don't," he warned, his voice getting deeper.

"We will do anything you want,' they chorused.

Grey nodded once. "You are going to leave Jacksonville immediately. Don't inform Smith and don't even let him know that you have. You are never to message him or speak to him about tonight. If you do, I'm going to be aware and I will come for you," he swore.

Arnold and David nodded briefly.

"I swear that we will never contact Smith ever again and we will never even let him get across to us," Arnold affirmed.

Grey nodded briefly. "And no one must know I'm Hercules, for now, or that might be your death as well," he didn't wait for a reply before he walked back to his car.

His men moved to their previous position as well.

David was shocked and couldn't even say a word. He actually warned his friend about going against Hercules. It was a battle that they would never win. Going against the popular and one of the strongest mafia bosses ever was impossible. Hercules was invincible.

Arnold turned to the men. "Get your ass back inside!" He yelled at the men. They mustn't offend Hercules or it might be the end of them.

Their men complied, rushing into the car as if their lives depended on it. The moment Arnold and David entered the car, they drove off, leaving behind two men that weren't quick enough.

Smith was actually with Seth. His eyes were wide open in shock as he concentrated on Seth.

Smith was hurrying to join Arnold and David when he received a letter from an anonymous person. Actually, it turned out that it was a letter from Seth.

He wanted them to see very urgently. Since Smith didn't know when they would meet again and the fact that he doesn't even have his number anymore, he decided to see him. Even though it was going to affect the plan he had with Arnold and David.

Though, he was sure that David and Arnold would soon call him to inform him of the success of the plan.

"Why did you leave? What happened?" Smith inquired.

Seth took the cup of wine on the table and sipped it." There's something you don't know. Smith."

"About Grey? I missed your calls but I couldn't get back to you. And then in the morning, you were gone. Did something happen that day?"

Seth nodded once. "I came back with a purpose. Smith and yes, it's about Grey. He's not who you think he is."

Smith smiled. "Don't you worry about him? I have it all planned out already. There's no way he would escape it today." Seth moved a bit nearer. "What did you do?"

"Grey will be in my house soon. I'm going to have him kidnapped."

Seth shook his head briefly. "You can't, he's Hercules."

Chapter 358: No answer

Smith had this confused look on his face as he took in the information. He burst out laughing suddenly. "What are you talking about?" he took his cup of wine and sipped.

"You are so funny. How can you even compare the two? There's no way he's both. I mean Grey is just one poor boy struggling to achieve. Fine, he could have gotten closer to some important people in the society but he's nothing."

Seth nodded briefly, with a smile on his face. "Sure, I was just kidding with you."

Seth actually found out before he went. No, the first thing that happened was the fact that he was confused about him and then, he suspected he could be Hercules. And it turned out to be so eventually.

"I'm here for a deal with Hercules," he announced instead.

Seth had wanted to let Smith know who Grey really was but that could actually be dangerous at that time. Figures, he doesn't even believe him. Come to think of it, who would? He found it difficult to believe as well until the facts were staring right at him.

"That is what you should have said initially instead of what you started with. Even Hercules would be angry at you with such a comparison," Smith laughed.

Seth shrugged briefly. "Just saying. Anyways, let's talk about the deal because I figure you might need it as well. It's worth twelve billion dollars," he announced.

"I will let you have four billion dollars."

Smith sat up, a smile forming on his lips very fast. He reasoned it quickly at the fact that he seriously needed money for the business. Although he came back to Jacksonville with some money, it wasn't enough to start a business of his choice. That was why he had to focus on Grey alone. If there was money, he would start a company and surprise his uncle, Lucy.

Smith nodded once. "I like that idea. Tell me about it?"

"Protos Publicita is the one with the deal and I'm working towards making sure that the deal becomes ours. And I must assure you that the plan is working perfectly fine. I came back this afternoon before I got to find out that the plan had actually worked," he revealed. "And that's why I must tell you that Grey is dead."

Smith furrowed his brows. "That's not true. I saw him in the afternoon yesterday when I went to the store to get some clothes."

Seth hesitated for a moment. "That's not right."

Smith smiled. "That's it, Seth but he will be no more after tonight."

Seth and eyes twitched slightly. There was something wrong somewhere. Richard called to inform him that Caramel had killed Grey. There was no way he would still be alive.

Yes, it was Seth that was behind it all. He seriously needed a raise to help with his company. Since Grey succeeded in taking his company, he had come up with another but he needed funds to put it forward. And that fund was with Protos Publicita.

But Grey would never let him have the order because of their unsettled issue. So, he decided to get it the other way. Well, he was ready to give it all it takes as long as the order would be given to him.

If Grey dies, Protos Pubblicita won't have anything against him or his company. And Caramel was just a tool in his work.

"May I have your contact? I will give you a call and we will be able to talk more about it. Whatever you do, don't forget to let me on with them. Who knows, you might need my help as well. As you know, I'm with two mafia lords and it would make things easier for me," Smith explained.

Seth nodded once, though his mind wasn't with him. All he wanted to do at that moment was confirm the authenticity of what Smith had just said. There was no way Richard would lie to him.

Grey knew that Smith had a hidden agenda for his appearance in Jacksonville. And after what had happened that afternoon, he was just angry.

But Grey didn't know that his fame had spread all around, including Russia. He didn't expect the mafia bosses from Russia to fear him.

"Don't forget that we are going to pick Aphrodite up." Grey reminded Jimmy.

Jimmy nodded and dialled a number on his phone to pass on the information.

Soon enough, they were in front of Aphrodite's house. Just as Grey got out of the car, Aphrodite walked out of the house in a red long gown that matched her skin colour so well and complimented her ruby hair.

Grey studied her expression as he led her to the car. The men stepped aside. "Are you alright?"

Aphrodite nodded once and got inside. "I am fine, why do you ask?"

Grey got inside beside her. "Because you left Alfred's house without a goodbye the other time."

Aphrodite smiled briefly. "It's nothing, actually. Where is Caramel?"

Grey sat well. "Home. I still don't know if I'm supposed to believe all she said about losing her memory."

Caramel looked at him. "What if she was just lying? Why would you do if she tried to kill you of her own volition?"

The question stuck at Grey's throat as he watched Aphrodite. Aphrodite could be a bit jealous but her questions were always directed at the truth.

But Grey had no answer to her question.

Seth had been calling Richard's number since Smith left but he didn't pick up. It was the fourth time that he decided to retry. He was getting really frustrated when he picked it up.

"Where the fuck have you been?" Seth yelled with anger.

"I'm sorry boss. I wasn't with my phone until now and I have something to tell you," he informed him.

Set released a sigh to keep him calm. "What's it all about?"

"Boss, Hercules is alive and there are some men here looking for me," he dropped.

Chapter 359: Nice choice

Caramel couldn't stop thinking about what Grey told her. She knew it was possible. Well, Richard did tell her that she used to be close to Grey. And well, Grey could have been lying about them dating.

What if Grey was lying about everything? What if there weren't even them in the first place? What if Grey was just trying to use Caramel like Richard said he would?

If Beatrice didn't kill her mother, then who did?

After Grey walked out of her room, she had been thinking of a perfect way to escape Grey and she found it eventually.

The men were talking about the party that Grey would be having the second night. It was the billionaire party and well, almost everyone would attend. It was a perfect time for her to escape and maybe even make sure she did what she had wanted to do initially with Grey.

She was going to try and kill Grey again and she was going to make sure she succeeded that time.

The car pulled to a stop suddenly beside the shore. The meeting was going to happen on the other ship like the previous one because they didn't want anyone to disturb them.

Just as Grey and Aphrodite got down from the car, Alfred moved closer to Grey.

"I just received some messages from Jamal. He wants you guys to talk about the locations of the party. Actually, it has been decided but he wants you to see the places. And don't forget that the party is tomorrow evening," he revealed.

Grey reasoned it for a moment. "No problem. Just tell him to go ahead with it. I won't be available to tour the place with him before the party."

"Yes, I think he's right," Aphrodite said quickly as she walked to stand beside Grey.

"I've been thinking about that as well. I just wanted to tell you about it," Alfred informed him. 'I will just call Jamal and inform him of what you have said,' he said with a smile, hesitating a bit before he walked away.

Grey looked at Aphrodite with a little smile. "Can we?"

Aphrodite nodded briefly. "Of course, we can.'

They walked inside the ship hand in hand. There were a lot of men waiting already. Just as Grey and Aphrodite entered, the ship started moving.

Grey and Aphrodite stepped inside the meeting hall. The men were having fun and chatting. There were elderly seats at the front with a big chair for Grey. Grey's chair was one of the biggest and it was designed in a way that it was possible for outsiders to know whose chair it was.

"Hercules is in," a deep voice announced suddenly. The men stood still immediately, and then slowly parted ways for

Grey and Aphrodite to pass through.

Whenever Grey walked past them, they would bow in respect.

Grey hesitated, with a calmer expression on him. It felt good to be a boss anyways. He looked up at the seats and realised that Charles was present. A smile escaped him at this. He was so glad that Charles was alive.

"Is everything alright?" Aphrodite asked, with confused brows raised at him.

Grey nodded once. "Let's go," he stressed and they both walked to their seats. He looked back at Charles and sent him a smile.

Charles reciprocated it. He was so happy anyways that Grey doesn't hate his father and he wasn't going to kill him either. He might want to punish him but even showing him in the meeting shows that he wasn't going to abandon him. That was enough for him, even though his father was going to suffer humiliation for the things he had done. Well, it was for the best.

"Leo should enter. Hercules would decide his punishment," one of the men announced suddenly

Leo was led inside by two men. All the men looked over at him as if they couldn't believe their eyes. Everyone really thought that Leo was dead.

Alfred looked at Grey. "Hercules will announce his crimes and the punishment he would like to mete out to him."

Grey looked at Alfred and made a nod of the head before he stood. "Leo's offence was a terrible one," he started.

Everywhere went silent, as they all concentrated on Grey.

Grey had been thinking a lot about it. He forgave Leo already and well, he didn't want to make things more complicated for him and not for Charles as well.

The meeting had to happen for Leo's sake or the members of the mafia group wouldn't know that he was alive.

But then knowing he would have to explain what he did wasn't going well with him. Though he owed no one any explanation, he wanted to make it look natural.

"Leo abandoned me for years. He was alive but he couldn't show up as he was battling a serious illness. This is his offence," he announced much to the elders' surprise.

Leo was more than shocked. He hadn't expected Grey to say something like that and he made her feel more regrets at what he did years back.

"For this reason, Leo will try to earn his position by staying as a member for four good meeting days.'

Well, that was the worst punishment to receive as an elder but to Leo, it was the best. He couldn't hide the tears at the fact that Grey was even treating him so nicely. He didn't deserve it anyways.

"But he will be recognized as part of the elders and when he's done with his punishment, he will be claimed back as one."

The men went on one knee in response as they chanted, then went up again all at the same time.

Leo wept as he was taken away. He couldn't stop looking at Grey and wondering how he could take after his father with a good heart.

"Thank you. Grey," Aphrodite whispered beside him, a smile on her face.

When Grey looked at the other members, he noted the satisfied expression on their faces. They were all so happy at his judgment. He was just like his father_no, he was better than his father.

Chapter 360: The King's award

Smith placed a call to Arnold again and cursed mentally when he didn't pick up. He didn't know what was happening but he had been calling nonstop and no one was picking up. And it was starting to annoy him.

No one was even informing him about the feedback. He didn't know what had happened to Grey.

Smith walked inside the living room of the house they got before coming to Jacksonville. Everywhere was empty and eerily silent. And a question lingered in his mind. Where are they?

Smith's phone rang suddenly, jerking him out of his thoughts. He called Seth earlier and they were supposed to discuss business later.

He picked it up. "Hello, Seth."

Seth hesitated. "I think we have a problem and that's why I wanted to ask you about Grey. When can we meet?"

"Tomorrow is fine. I will text you, we can think of the location."

"Alright, till then."

Smith knew something has happened but he needed to find out. Which was why he was going to Russia that morning. He would find Arnold and demand an explanation from him. There must be a reason why he left Jacksonville without a word. He didn't even inform him if their plan was successful.

Smith booked a flight immediately.

Grey regarded Caramel for a moment. "How are you doing?"

"Fine, I think. Why are you here?*

Grey smiled and moved to sit on the only chair in the room." You should try and regain your memory. There are a lot of things you need to remember. That aside, I really need to know what happened to Beatrice. What really happened?'

"She died, what else do you want to know?"

"And you believed I did it? Well, I just what you to know that there's no way I would do such. Beatrice is like my mother and I will never kill her,' he said truthfully.

And yet. Caramel didn't believe him. In fact, she was already starting to think of a way to escape the house that evening and attend the billionaire's party. It would be easy to poison Grey at a such party. All she had to do was find a way to get inside the hall.

Grey waited for her reply and when he got none, he stood up. "I will leave you now. You can call on me whenever you remember anything.

Caramel continued to stare at him until he walked out of the room.

Grey didn't go to work that day because he had the billionaire party to prepare for. His phone rang suddenly, it was Alfred. Grey picked it up immediately.

"Hello, Alfred. Is everything going fine with the upcoming party?"

"Yes, everything is fine. Aphrodite would come over to your place with the invite. We will move in approximately an hour before the program would start, how is that with you?"

"Fine," Grey responded. 'But is that why you called?"

"No, I've actually found out who Richard is,* he announced.

"Tell me," Grey muttered.

"He's one of the thugs in Seattle. Though, I'm unable to find out if he has a boss or if he's working independently. My men are on the verge of apprehending him. We would be able to question him very well by the," he explained.

Grey nodded once. "Good. Tell them to double up on their work. I want to see Richard as soon as possible in Jacksonville."

"Yes boss," Alfred said and the line went off.

Grey let out a sigh. He couldn't wait to find out who was behind those atrocities. He couldn't wait to avenge Beatrice. He would definitely kill whoever has killed her.

The door opened and Aphrodite walked inside. 'Hi, Grey.'

Grey looked up at her. "Are you attending the billionaire party?"

Aphrodite squeezed her face for a moment and walked past Grey to the kitchen. 'I'm not. I will be at home. Alfred and Gregory are attending, that's enough.'

Grey smiled slightly. 'It's mandatory for you to attend. I will be attending as well. Where is your place?' He teased.

Aphrodite laughed. "I'm making something delicious. Would you be interested?"

Grey nodded quickly. "Sure. I will never miss your food for anything. Did you bring the invite?"

Aphrodite nodded and moved to the refrigerator. "Do you have vegetables? Besides, is Caramel staying in this house?"

Grey nodded once. "I don't know about the vegetable but it's a yes for Caramel. She hasn't remembered a thing. So, I don't even know what really happened to Beatrice."

Aphrodite regarded him for a moment. "Should I make her dish as well? I would like to have a word with her," she announced.

Grey raised a brow at her. "What for?"

Aphrodite burst into laughter. "Don't give me that face. I'm only trying to help but it's ok if you don't need my help."

Grey shook his head slightly. "It's ok, Aphrodite. I was only kidding. You know that you are always welcome everywhere and anywhere."

Aphrodite smiled slightly and turned around to whatever she planned on cooking.

"The billionaire clubs from all the parts of the countries are into giving out an award to two people from the clubs every year," She started suddenly but she didn't turn to look at Grey.

"What's it all about?"

"The king and Queen of the world. Giovanni was the king last two years and last year was from Italy, I think. I was too busy to attend or even note them. But one thing I am sure of is that the Queen and King are not selected from the same state or club."

Grey nodded once. "So, that's why it was painful to Giovanni for making him leave the group. He's using it for his selfish gains."

"Yes," Aphrodite admitted and eventually turned around to look at him. "He has been growing so big before you show up. I mean isn't that why it's so difficult to bring him down? He has root in some places," she revealed.

Grey smiled softly. "But he has failed this time because the crown belongs to me. I will cut off his arms and root until it's easy for me to kill him," Grey swore.

Aphrodite smiled. "I look forward to the day Giovanni would die. Though I know it won't be an easy battle but I believe you can do it."