

## **Secretly TBB 361**

### **Chapter 361: Intruder**

The afternoon came so fast and it was eventually time for the billionaire party. Aphrodite left earlier to get ready after they both finished eating.

Grey's suit arrived thirty minutes later, accompanied by a message from Charles. Charles was the one that chose the suit and he chose the best and most expensive suit ever.

Grey got dressed in no time.

Alfred's car pulled into his garage approximately an hour before the party. He got down and moved closer to him.

"Are you using your face mask?" It was the first question that Alfred could ask him, seeing that something was missing from his appearance.

Grey reasoned it for a moment. "I will," he decided. It still wasn't the time that he hoped to reveal his identity. If he went to the party, exposed, then he would surely risk exposing his identity.

Reporters or paparazzi could be around. That aside, he couldn't trust the billionaires from other clubs.

"I have it in the car. I will wear it before we arrive at the party," he assured.

Alfred nodded once. "Gregory and Aphrodite are on their way already. We should move too," he announced and moved towards his car.

A dozen men hurried to the car that Grey was taking. Some entered the back seat of the first car, Jimmy took the passenger seat of the car that Grey was in. Alfred entered the car beside him

While Grey's cars pulled out, Alfred's car drove right behind them.

"So, this party is mainly about getting to know each other. Though, there would be some activities present,' Alfred started.

'Though, I've prepared some important personalities that you should meet and perhaps exchange more than pleasantries," he Suggested.

Grey nodded once. "No problem but you will have to show them to me because I don't recognize them by their names."

Alfred smiled. "That's not a problem. It's the least I can do."

Grey nodded again, a smile etched at the corner of his face before he turned to look out through the window. For some reason, he couldn't stop thinking of Caramel. He would have taken her along if she wasn't being adamant about him for no reason.

Well, she does have a reason. Only God knew what Richard or whatever he was called must have fed her with. Caramel may not have talked about it but there was more to what she had said.

And it hurt Grey greatly to realise it. He couldn't wait to find out the truth but there was nothing he could do when it was taking a while. He just had to hope that Alfred would find Richard very quickly. It was the only way out at that moment. His phone rang suddenly, jerking Grey out of his thoughts. He stared down at the screen and realised it was one of his men that was staying watch of Caramel.

He picked it up immediately. "Yes, is everything alright?"

"Yes, boss but we have good news for you. You said we could message you if Miss Caramel recovers her memories, " the man explained.

"Yes,' Grey eyes twitched. "What is happening?"

"She has. I actually thought she was only acting weird this morning but she said something and desperately wants to see you," the man revealed.

"Are you saying she has eventually recovered her memories? " The excitement in his voice knew no bounds.

"Yes, boss. She has. She's currently in the living room, waiting for you. I mean what do you want us to do?"

"Let her stay, I will come.,' Grey pulled to a sudden stop and looked at Alfred who was watching him with curiosity now.

"We can't afford to be late for the party," Alfred advised.

Grey nodded once and reasoned it. He desperately wanted to see Caramel, and have a chat with her. Damn, he has missed her so much.

But there was no way he would return home. Well, there was always a way out.

"You know what, let her dress up. I will contact Aphrodite's manager to send a fashion designer and a make-up artist over. Let her dress up and bring her to the venue of the party, " he ordered.

"Alright boss."

"Give her whatever she wants and make sure she arrives as early as possible."

"Yes, boss!"

Grey nodded once, as he felt a surge of happiness slips into him. He hung up and met Alfred's curious gaze.

"Is something happening?"

Grey nodded once. "Caramel has finally regained her memory," he revealed with excitement.

Alfred smiled, pleased as well. "That's a piece of great news. I mean that's going to make everything easier for us."

Grey nodded once. At least, he would be able to know what had actually happened to her and Beatrice and probably where to find Richard. That aside, he had really missed Caramel.

"So, she's coming to the party?"

Grey nodded once. "Anything about it?"

Alfred had his face squeezed for a moment as if in deep thought, then he slowly shook his head.

"Nothing. I'm actually done with the list," he stretched out the paper.

Grey took it and perused it for a moment.

"Does the billionaire party happen outside our region as well?"

"Yes, and host nations are usually the ones that cater to the foods and drinks to be used. The whole club would determine the hall of their choice and well, also pay for it as well," Alfred explained.

Grey was actually glad that it was Jacksonville that the party was happening or there was no way he wouldn't miss it for

Caramel's sake. He had to see her as soon as possible.

Soon enough, the cars pulled into the hotel and suite's garage. Grey glanced back as if to see Caramel's car appear. He didn't know what was taking them so long and thought of calling the man in charge.

He took his face mask, and gently placed it on his face. He got down and realised that Alfred was doing the same.

They walked towards the entrance. Just as he pulled out his phone, a strange yet familiar voice laughed behind him.

He turned around, almost at the same time as Alfred. It turned out that he wasn't the only one that found the voice familiar. It was Giovanni after all.

"Hello President," Giovanni teased as he walked closer to them. "This is a coincidence," he laughed.

Grey clenched his fist beside him angrily. "What are you doing here? I clearly gave you a temporary suspension. You are not supposed to be here?"

Giovanni had this teasing smile on his face. "Sure but there's something you didn't do."

"Hercules!" A feminine voice said suddenly, with excitement. Grey gave her confused brows and looked over at Alfred for help.

"Miss Sirleaf," Alfred introduced.

"Yes, I'm Ellen Sirleaf from Liberia," she stretched out her hand for a handshake.

Grey took it. "Pleased to meet you."

Ellen smiled. "I didn't really realise until I saw the mask," she laughed.

As they both let go of their hands, Ellen glanced at Giovanni. "Oh, I told him to come around. He told me about the club suspension but then, I have the gold card, so I can invite him over," she explained.

Grey was not only shocked but confused.

## Chapter 362: Poisoned

What does having a gold card have to do with the type of situation that they were in? Giovanni wasn't supposed to be at the party but somehow, he was and he was even feeling happy about it.

"The party is about to start. We should go inside," Giovanni muttered and walked inside with Ellen, a wide smile on his face. Grey looked at Alfred. "What does that mean? Why is Giovanni at this party after the order I made at the meeting the other time?"

"It's a gold card and it belongs to special members of the billionaire club from worldwide. It's exclusive and can only last for two years," Alfred explained.

"So, Ellen has the exclusive power to let him inside the hall like that?" Grey was still surprised.

Alfred nodded once. "Giovanni used to possess this kind of card. In fact, it expired right before you showed up."

Grey felt even angrier. Aphrodite was right when she said that Giovanni had connections everywhere. It was easy for him to find a way out no matter how much he tried.

"I think you would need to find another way. Giovanni has a lot of connections and friends from all over," Alfred added quickly.

Grey nodded once. "Let's go inside then," he said and didn't wait for a response before he walked inside. Alfred walked inside behind them.

The hall was seething with people of different caliber and different styles of dressing. And with a glance at them, one would discover they were all of the high personality.

Jamal started toward Grey the moment he saw him from where he was discussing with one of the billionaires from other countries.

Aphrodite and Gregory have also seen him from afar and were advancing closer as well.

"Hi Hercules," Jamal greeted with a smile as he stretched out his hand for a handshake.

Grey accepted it. "How have you been? I'm sorry for not helping out with all these."

Jamal's smile got even wider. "No problem. I appreciate your gesture," he hesitated as he looked over at Giovanni. " Seems like someone got inside with the use of a gold card."

Grey followed the path of his gaze toward Giovanni then back at Jamal. "How does one get one of those cards?"

"Only Five people do get the cards every two years. And they are selected from people that have once been the Queen or King of the world," he explained.

Grey nodded once. No wonder. Giovanni definitely know what he was doing.

"Enjoy the party, Hercules. I will see you soon," Jamal said with a smile and walked out.

Gregory and Aphrodite got nearer.

"I love your suit, Hercules," Gregory complimented.

Grey smiled slightly and looked up to realise that people were watching him because of the facemask he was wearing.

"The real party will start soon but I don't believe Giovanni would be around," Aphrodite muttered.

Grey nodded once and remembered that Caramel still hasn't arrived yet and it was taking time already. Where were they?

"There should be more plans for Giovanni. He really does have connection everywhere," Gregory voiced out.

Aphrodite nodded once. "I will get us some drinks," she looked at Grey. "Do you want? And you?" she turned to Gregory.

Gregory shook his head briefly. "I'm fine for now."

"Get me one," Grey responded.

Aphrodite nodded and walked away. =

"We still have some members in the billionaire club that works for Giovanni."

"Yes and I'm watching out for them," Grey muttered as one of the attendants stopped in front of him. He grabbed one of the fruit juices absent-mindedly.

"Giovanni is going to get hit soon as well. I'm going to prepare a nice plan very soon and he wouldn't even know what hit him," he sipped the juice.

He hesitated as he realised that the attendant didn't move and didn't even plan to. He looked over at Gregory. "Did you tell her to stay? Do you want one?"

Gregory shook his head briefly. "No, I'm fine for now."

Grey sipped more of the juice and finally look at the attendant again. "Is there a reason why you are still here?"



The lady hesitated for a moment before she looked up. Grey was shocked for a moment as he stared at Caramel. Then, a smile spread across his face.

"You are here? I've been waiting for you."

Gregory smiled briefly. "I will leave you two to talk while I grab something." he didn't wait for Grey to talk before he started walking away.

"But why are you dressed like this?" Grey eyes roamed around her in disbelief. He clearly told the men to get her hair and makeup done and she was supposed to dress nice.

Caramel didn't say anything but continued to look at him.

Grey squeezed his brows at her. "Where are the men? Where are they? Why did they leave you alone? And why are you serving juice at a party that I invited you to as one of the guests?" it was starting to look suspicious.

"You are going to pay for what you did, Grey in hundred folds," she threatened.

Grey felt a stab of pain in his stomach the moment the word left her mouth. He tried to hold it in. "What are you talking about? Do you want us to talk now? One of my men said you've regained your memory."

Caramel shook her head briefly. "I don't remember anything, I lied."

Grey felt another stab of pain and squeezed harder at it. His eyes moved to the cup still filled with juice and his eyes widened with shock as realisation dawned on him.

"What did you put into this juice?"

Caramel smiled softly. "Poison."

The cup dropped from his hand and scattered on the floor as the pain intensified.

“That's for killing my mother!” she muttered thickly.

Grey felt dizzy and dropped to the floor. The pain intensified.

"Hercules!" Aphrodite yelled from afar as she raced closer.

The music playing went dead as everyone turned towards Grey. But Caramel couldn't move as images went through her eyes suddenly.

Chapter 363: Staged

"What the fuck! Hercules!" Gregory's deep voice yelled from behind. Everyone rushed forward.

Aphrodite shook Grey violently.

Grey's eyes were still open as he coughed out blood and he was looking right at Caramel.

A hand went to his face as if to rip the mask off but Aphrodite blocked it even though she didn't look up to see who it was. She was too occupied with Grey himself but she was sure that she would never let anyone pulled down his face mask.

Some healthcare men rushed inside and helped Grey out of the hall.

Caramel still couldn't leave the spot that she was. The image that was flashing in front of her eyes made her speechless.

Caramel saw herself in a dark room with Beatrice. And Richard was standing in front of them. He was asking some questions but Caramel wasn't responding to him.

Caramel didn't see more than that before she jerked out of it. Grey was actually telling the truth. What has she done? How could she poison him? How could she work with the enemy?

"You are coming with me. Caramel," Alfred said behind her suddenly.

The party was in ruin already but they wanted it to proceed so it won't be in history that it was Hercules that destroyed the party. Jamal moved to Alfred. "You can be with Hercules. I will make sure everything is fine here," he assured him.

Alfred nodded briefly. "Thank you."

Jamal nodded once and walked to the stage to address everyone.

Alfred turned to Caramel. "Come with me" he ordered in a thick voice and a facial expression that scared Caramel.

Alfred walked out with Caramel. He hesitated beside one of Grey's cars. 'We need to talk. Get inside the car,' he muttered and got inside the back seat as there was already a man in the front seat.

Caramel got inside beside him, with tears streaming down her face. She felt regretful and pained. Even though she was yet to remember all but the little she does remember showed that Richard was supposed to be her enemy and the one she should be running away from while Grey was the one she should have been close with and not poisoned.

"Drive!" Alfred ordered and the car pulled out of the garage.

'What do you want now?' Alfred asked suddenly.

Caramel sobbed quietly. "I'm so sorry. I didn't know. I didn't know what I was doing. I was bent on revenge!" she sobbed the more, feeling miserable.

Alfred let out a sigh. "How much do you remember now?"

Caramel concentrated for a moment, and then, she started to see images again. Her heartbeat increased as the images flashed through her eyes.

"I remember everything that happened in Seattle," she voiced out and looked at Alfred. "And not anything beyond that. And I'm ready to do anything you ask of me."

Alfred looked at her. "Fine because you are going to tell me everything."

Caramel nodded several times. "I'm ready to."

"Drive straight home," he ordered the driver, only to look at Caramel.

"Tell me who Richard is and where to find him first. Others can follow."

"I don't know where to find him but I do remember where he took me and my mother after he kidnapped us," she explained.

Alfred nodded briefly and pulled out his phone. He dialed one of his men in Seattle that had been looking for Richard all day and hadn't been able to get to him.

He stretched out the phone to Caramel.

"Tell them where they can find him."

Caramel nodded once and took the phone.

"But is Grey going to be alright? Is he going to die? Have I killed him?"

Alfred shook his head briefly.

"No, you haven't. We have it under control and in fact, he's healthy."

Caramel eyes went wide with surprise. "How?"

Aphrodite couldn't stop pacing. It has been up to thirty minutes since Grey was wheeled inside. It even took them five minutes to prepare trusted doctors to attend to him because they would have to pull down the face mask.

Though, the doctor that was currently attending to him was Alfred trusted physician. In fact, he had been the best one serving

Alfred and Rio all these years.

"Calm down, Novia, I'm sure he will be fine," Gregory consoled.

Actually, Aphrodite had to hold back the tears with every ounce of her strength. What would she do if Grey dies?

Aside from the fact that the mafia group would crumble, she would definitely be affected as well.

Even though Grey could never be hers, she still enjoys seeing him every time.

Gregory's phone rang suddenly. He stared down at the screen and realised it was Alfred. He picked it up immediately.

‘Yes, Alfred. Is anything the matter over there?’

"Yes actually. It's under control." Alfred responded.

"I'm going to kill that Caramel if I ever lay my hands on her!" he swore angrily.

"Calm down, Gregory. Don't be so tense. Nothing is going to happen to Grey."

Gregory groaned inwardly. "How are you sure of that? He has been indoors for thirty minutes and we haven't heard anything. I'm beginning to get curious. Hercules is the life of this mafia group. If he dies, we are all gone!"

"Calm down, Gregory. As I said, nothing will happen to Grey. We had it planned already. We knew something like this might happen again," he revealed.

Gregory sat well and looked at Aphrodite. "Come over," he beckoned her forward.

Aphrodite moved closer with raised brows. "What's it?"

"Come and hear this. Alfred is telling me something about Grey," he mouthed to her. "Ok, Alfred. Please, explain this better."

"Grey and I planned the whole thing. So, we accessed the poison that Caramel initially gave Grey. The one Grey gave to the dog. And guess what, we found the antidote to it.

Grey has taken some of it before we arrive at the party. So, he's going to be alright," he explained.

"What! You mean Grey is fine?" Aphrodite was shocked.

"Yes, Novia. He's fine."

'Then what's taking the doctor so long in the operating room?' Gregory stressed in a strained voice.

"It's part of the plan, Gregory. The doctor has to extract the remaining poison anyways but they also had to make it look as though he was in a critical condition. We needed to find who had killed Beatrice as the Hercules wanted," he revealed.

Aphrodite and Gregory were left in shock.

#### Chapter 364: Caught

'Richard kidnapped us on our way out of Seattle,' Caramel started. She felt really good after she heard that Grey was actually doing fine.

She would not have been able to forgive herself if something bad happens to Grey.

"Why were you trying to leave Seattle?" Alfred demanded.

Caramel regarded him for a moment. "I don't know. My memory isn't clear enough. I will let you know whenever I remember," she assured.

Alfred nodded once. "Continue," he ordered.

"He asked us several questions which I refused to answer. My mother was taken away from me and I was beaten through the night," she looked away as if trying to remember everything very well. "When I woke up the next morning, my mother's corpse was lying beside me. Her face was battered and there was blood everywhere," she almost choked on her words.

Tears stung her eyes but she didn't want to cry, not yet.

"I cried severally only to discover I don't even remember anything, not even my name. When Richard came in and discovered. He probably decided to use it against me. So, he told me some lies about Grey."

"What were the questions he asked you? Can you remember one or two of them?"

"He asked me if Grey was Hercules but I refused to reply," Caramel responded as she flashed back to that exact moment when she felt like talking but she knew how much that would cost Grey. Grey was

going to die but she loved him too much to let him die. Eventhough\_ there was something that was making her hesitate. But the more she tried to think about it, the more headache she got.

Alfred nodded briefly. "Thank you for not talking."

Caramel looked at him and nodded once. "They demanded his contact but I didn't give it out. They searched through my phone but it was already deleted. There was no email or anything that could lead to him," she looked away. "I made sure of that."

Alfred squeezed his face in concentration but he didn't want to go into what wasn't his concern. So, he decided to let it go.

"Please, proceed."

Caramel reasoned for another moment. "He told me that it was Grey that killed my mother. He told me that they just rescued me from the men he sent to kill us. So, they were going to help me take revenge on him," he revealed.

"Does Richard have someone he works for or does he work independently?"

Caramel squeezed her face as she tried to remember something. "I heard him call someone boss, just once."

"You scared me, Grey. Why didn't you tell me this was all planned?" Aphrodite mumbled in anger.



Grey smiled softly. "I was going to discuss it with you guys after the party. I wasn't even expecting it to happen at the party."

Gregory stretched a cup of coffee to him. 'Well, that was brilliant but how did you even think of something like that?"

Grey smiled softly, took the cup, and sipped the coffee. ' After I dropped the call, Alfred told me it was kind of weird that she would tell the men to call me and tell me she has regained her lost memory, exactly the moment when I had a party to attend. So, Alfred called his doctor."

"That's actually great. I didn't know you guys could plan it out so quickly." Gregory muttered in surprise.

"Well, all thanks to Alfred's doctor. Though, I desperately thought Caramel had actually regained her memories. How is the party by the way?"

"Well, ongoing. Jamal decided to take it up. It would all be fine." Aphrodite responded.

Grey groaned.

"Not really. I was really expecting to meet some people at the party. Maybe I would take a personal trip to meet them some other day."

"And well, it turns out that Caramel has eventually regained some of her memory,' Gregory informed him.

Grey looked at him quickly, shocked for a moment.

" Seriously?"

"Yes," Gregory affirmed while Aphrodite looked away.

Aphrodite was a bit furious. Grey was still happy and eager to be with someone that almost killed him twice.

Grey stood. "I'm seeing her immediately. Where is she?"

"Do you think you should do that?" Gregory rushed the question out, skeptical at Grey's action. It only showed that he had really missed her so much.

"Well, people thought Hercules was brought here and they don't even know what I look like. I would just dress as Grey and leave. I can assign some men to stay watch so that people would still think I'm here," he explained.

Gregory nodded briefly. "I think you are right but you will have to wait for clothes. I will get someone to bring you a different type of clothes that you can change into."

Aphrodite stood up and walked out of the room without another word to both men.

"If the person was asking you if Grey was Hercules, then that only means they don't know the truth. Then, it's not Giovanni. Someone else must have been behind it," Alfred voiced out and looked at Caramel. "You don't have an idea of who the person can be?"

Caramel shook her head. "The only thing I know is that Richard's boss was willing to sponsor me to wherever I want to be after killing Grey. This was where I was going to the other day before Aphrodite caught me," she explained.

Alfred nodded once. There was no point asking her anything anyways since there was Richard. He brought out his phone and placed a call to Grey.

Grey picked it up immediately. "Hello, Alfred."

"Where are you? Can you come over to my house?"

"Sure, I'm on my way. I will be there in. jiffy," Grey assured.

Alfred shook his head briefly in disbelief. His phone rang almost immediately and he thought it was Grey. But it wasn't, it was one of his men that he sent to Seattle.

"Hello boss, there's a good news.'

"What's it all about?"

"We have Richard already but we will need a private plane." Alfred smiled softly. "On it."

#### Chapter 365: Fueled

Grey walked inside the living room and hesitated as he watched Caramel who was the only one in the room. Alfred seemed to have gone somewhere.

Caramel was in deep thought and didn't notice that Grey was inside.

"Caramel?" Grey called softly.

Caramel went into a sudden shock at the sound of her name. She turned around slowly and her eyes went wide with shock at the sight of him. She stood up slowly as her body shivered.

Grey smiled softly and spread out his hands as a means to beckon her closer.

Caramel rushed into his arms. "I'm so sorry, I really am. I didn't mean to do that to you."

Grey stroked her back slowly. "It's ok. Everything is going to be fine."

Caramel pulled back slowly and looked at him. "You don't hate me? You don't hate me for trying to kill you?"

Grey shook his head briefly and wiped the tears off her face. "I don't. I will never hate you. Besides, you will never hurt me. It was because you lost your memory," he explained on her behalf.

Caramel hugged him even tighter, still sobbing quietly. Her heart felt very heavy and her head was reeling.

Grey felt a surge of happiness slipped into him once again. Caramel was eventually back with him. Though, he had a lot to ask her, especially about the baby but there was going to be time for it. He just wanted to enjoy the moment while it lasted. At least, there would be no poisoning anymore.

"Richard is on his way here," a voice said suddenly.

Grey looked back, his arm still around Caramel as if he was scared of leaving her. "Seriously?"

Alfredo nodded once. "Yes. And when he gets here, we will be able to go on with our interrogation. Caramel has told me what she knows."

Grey pulled Caramel apart to look at her. "Is Beatrice really dead?"

Caramel couldn't talk as the words were stuck in her throat. Instead, she nodded her head briefly as she burst into another round of sobs.

Grey felt the pain deep down in her heart. It felt like thousands of nails were thrust into him. He patted Caramel as she cried the more against his chest, dampening his shirt.

He gently led her to the chair and pulled her into a close hug while Caramel continued to sob.

"It's ok, darling," he whispered as he continued to stroke her back.

There was a sudden knock on the door. It opened almost immediately and a man walked inside.

"Boss, the men have arrived," he announced.

"Let them in," Alfred ordered.

The man bowed slightly and walked out.

Alfred looked at Grey.

"That's definitely Richard," he informed him.

Grey nodded briefly. "I need to find out what really happened."

The door opened after some minutes and two men walked inside while pulling a man who was blindfolded.

They stopped in front of Grey and Alfred. "We've brought Richard," one of them announced and dropped Richard on the floor with a loud slam.

"Put off the blindfold," Grey ordered and the man complied. Grey looked at Caramel.

"Look up, Caramel, and identify him."

Caramel sniffed back tears and looked up. She stared at Richard for a moment and slowly nodded.

"He was the one that kidnapped me. You got him!" she admitted.

Grey nodded briefly and looked at Richard. "Do you know where you are?"

Richard looked at Grey for a moment with a squeezed expression.

"No, I don't. I should be the one asking you that question. Where did you bring me? And" he looked at Caramel.

"And I don't know that lady! I don't know what she told you but I don't know her."

Grey smirked. "You don't know her?" Richard nodded briefly.

"Do you have his phone?" Alfred demanded.

One of the men nodded briefly and stretched out the phone. "We were able to stop him from smashing it on the floor."

Alfred took the phone. "Great."

"Now, I will tell you who I am because I want fast answers to my question. I have no time for nonsense," Grey stated. "I am Hercules."

Richard jerked back in shock. "Y-you are H-Hercules?" He looked at Caramel and saw how close she sat with Grey. His heart made a sudden thud in his chest.

"Yes, and I'm also Grey. Who do you work for?"

Richard swallowed harder. "I don't work for anyone."

"You should be able to find a contact saved as Boss on his phone," Caramel said quickly.

"I thought you don't remember anything? What are you saying?" Richard yelled at Caramel. "I'm sorry, can you just let me go?"

Grey stood. "I'm going to ask you a question soon. When you delay me or try to act smart, a finger of yours will be cut off," he threatened and looked up at the men standing behind Richard. "Get me a knife. He would see that I'm not joking."

One of the men rushed inside.

"I will tell you everything you want. And yes, I work for Seth. He's the one that sent me all these messages." He revealed.

Grey gathered his forehead for a moment as if he didn't hear it right. "What did you just say?"

"Seth. Actually, we heard about the multi-million dollar deal from Protos Pubblicita. Seth needed money to run his new company and your deal was the only way out. And we heard that Grey was the supervisor. Though, Seth thinks you are both Grey and Hercules."

Grey remembered vividly what had transpired between them a long time ago before he left the city. He must have linked the parts together.

"Continue," he ordered.

"So-so," Richard stammered as the other guy walked inside with a knife in hand. Richard looked up at him and fear took all over him. He looked at Grey again. "He wanted us to kidnap Caramel and threaten you to award us the contract. But we needed to find out if what he thinks about you is true. But she lost her memory in the process, while we were beating her," he explained.

Grey felt a stab of annoyance as he rushed forward and grabbed Richard. He pulled him up and punched his face.

"How dare you lay your hands on her!" He yelled in a thick voice, anger fueling his action.

## Chapter 366: Fear

"I'm so sorry- please, forgive me, Hercules," Richard stuttered while vibrating as well.

Grey released him suddenly and he fell to the floor with a thud. "Are there more? Start talking before I get even angrier!" He yelled.

Richard nodded briefly. "I will say everything, I promise!"

"Then start talking!" He yelled again in a deep and frightening voice that Caramel and Richard jerked backward. Grey was too distracted to notice Caramel.

"Since she lost her memory, we couldn't follow his plan. We had to think of something else. So, I came up with this plan. We decided to let Caramel kill you," he explained. "It was the best plan anyways. Since she was closer to you, she could kill you. We thought that when you are dead, you wouldn't be able to stop US from getting the deal. You are the only one that can stop it anyways," he explained.

Grey regarded him for a moment as a lot of thought went through his mind. "What deal is that?"

"From the Protos Publicita. It's the newly released deal worth millions," he revealed.

Grey remembered it clearly. He had just been too busy to supervise it very well.

"What are we going to do now?" Alfred asked suddenly.

Grey watched Richard for a moment while thinking about what they were supposed to do.

"We will call Seth and inform him that Hercules is really dead. And Richard would be the one to do that," Grey explained.

Alfred nodded once and looked at Richard. "What did you save Seth as on your phone?"



"Boss Seth," he responded.

Alfred searched through the call history and found him. He signalled one of the men closer. They took the phone from him and moved closer to Richard.

Alfred had already placed it on speaker. So, they could all hear the phone ring. It didn't take a while when a deep voice coughed suddenly.

"Hello, Richard. What has been happening to your phone all this while? I've been trying it."

"I'm sorry, boss but," Richard hesitated as he looked at Grey. "I had to make sure I was safe before making this call. That aside, I'm currently with Caramel and she confirmed that Hercules is dead," he revealed

"Seriously?" Seth inquired. "Are you sure about this? I thought you said he wasn't?"

Richard swallowed harder. "Yes but Caramel just got to my place. She said she found it difficult to call me back as she.," he hesitated as he thought of what to say.

"Lost her phone," Alfred mouthed the word for him quickly.

"Lost her phone. Yeah, she's here. You can speak to her."

Grey looked at Caramel and nodded slightly, with a nice smile. Caramel stood up and moved closer to Richard.

"Yes, let her speak. Put her on the phone," Seth ordered, still not believing what Richard had said.

Caramel stopped in front of Richard and took the phone from him. "Hello boss, I want to inform you that Hercules is dead. He was poisoned in the billionaire party. I've avenged my mother's death," she muttered.

Seth felt a feeling of happiness overwhelm him at the announcement. "Good job. Now, give the phone to Richard."

Caramel stretched it out to Richard. He took it. "Yes boss, it's Richard."

"Good job Richard, your plan worked. But are you sure that Caramel doesn't remember anything?"

Richard looked up at Caramel. "Yes, she doesn't."

Seth released a sigh. "Nice. Then, you should stop paying for the oxygen. Leave her mother to die. I have no plan of wasting more money on something I won't benefit from."

Grey's eyes went wide with shock. "What," he muttered in a low voice so that Seth wouldn't hear him.

"Alright boss, bye for now," Richard finished and hung up.

"What did you just say? Does it mean my mother is alive?" Caramel questioned.

Richard sighed, as he didn't even know how to start explaining.

"You had better start now before you get me angry!" Grey yelled at him.

Richard shivered. "I will tell you everything," he swallowed harder. "Your mother," he looked at her. "Is not really alive but she's not dead either."

"What do you mean?" Caramel's voice shook with tremors.

"We drugged her to let US do what we must with you, Caramel. But we might have given her an overdose because she's refusing to wake up," he revealed.

"What?" Caramel collapsed.

"What do you mean by she's refusing to wake up? What did you give her?" Grey demanded in a thick voice.

"I'm sorry but she has been hospitalised. But she wouldn't wake up. The doctors guaranteed she might never wake up." He confessed.

Grey's blood boiled with anger at the thought of it. He looked at Alfred." You need to send your men to get Beatrice here. She will get treated by your doctor."

Alfred nodded briefly and looked at the two men standing behind Richard." You just heard what Hercules said. You guys should get prepared to leave immediately."

The men nodded briefly and pulled Richard up.

"You will tell us where she is," one of the men warned and dragged him out of the room.

Grey looked at Alfred. "Richard is going to die for even tampering with Caramel and Beatrice. Tell them to kill him the moment Beatrice is on the plane," he ordered.

Alfred nodded briefly and pulled out his phone. He moved aside to call one of the men. Grey on the other hand moved closer to Caramel and pulled her up slowly. He patted her back while Caramel cried again.

"My mom might never wake up again," she sobbed even harder.

"She will be fine, I promise. I will do all in my power to make sure she wakes up and I will make sure you don't come to any harm again. This, I promise."

Caramel cried the more, against his chest. It breaks Grey's heart to see her cry so he hugged her even tighter.

At one point, after Alfred had gone out, Grey pulled Caramel back to kiss her.

Caramel didn't respond at first but she didn't push him away.

And then, she started to see the images again. She started to remember things that she didn't. It started with the kiss she got from Grey.

And, she remembered the pregnancy and what had happened to it. And why she had been trying to stay away from Grey. She jerked backward suddenly and her eyes went wide with shock as the images continued to flash through her eyes.

#### Chapter 367: Scheme

Kissing Caramel was what Grey had wanted to do all this while. He missed her so much but Caramel was suddenly pulling back as if he touched some vital points on her.

Her face mirrored surprise or maybe it was fear. But why would she fear him?

"What? Is everything alright? Did I hurt you?" Grey wasn't sure but he still needed to ask.

Caramel shook her head briefly, with a smile. "I just-/ she stopped and swallowed harder. "I just remember some things from the past. I remember everything now," her smile got even wider.

Grey smiled, overjoyed by the news. 'That's good news. I'm so glad! I'm so happy about that. Come here," he spread his arms wider again for Caramel to hug him.

Caramel hugged him, even though she had a lot going on in her head. There was no telling what she would do again.

But she knew what she wanted already. She wasn't ready to be with Grey, not anymore. But it wasn't what she could do at that moment.

Grey pulled her back slowly again. "You should get some rest. I have some things to do. You can stay here till you are ready to come back home."

"Home?" Caramel raised a brow as if she couldn't believe the word being used. "Your place?"

Grey nodded once. "I will send one of the maids to take you to the guest room."

Caramel nodded once and tried to look cheerful.

The door opened and Alfred walked inside with a maid as if he one Grey was going to be needing one of them.

Grey looked at him. "Tell your maid to take Caramel to the guest room. You and I need to talk."

Alfred nodded once and looked at the maid. He didn't need to talk because the maid understood him quickly. She had been working with Alfred for a very time anyways. She was as old as Beatrice.

She bowed slightly and moved to Caramel. "Follow me."

Caramel looked at Grey for a moment, their eyes locked for almost eternity before she turned around and left. Though, Grey didn't know if she was being reluctant because she would miss him or perhaps she was only scared.

But Caramel was being hesitant because of what she had seen.

Grey looked at Alfred. "I'm going to ruin Seth eventually and I'm going to kill him if Beatrice dies. But I need to make sure he doesn't tell Smith that I'm Hercules. He needs to be sure that Grey isn't Hercules. I need to make sure he's like that."

He didn't want to think about the fact that Avery would know he was Hercules if Smith knows. Though, he had nothing to do with Avery anymore but\_ it still felt weird for her to know. And many more people could get to know about him through Smith. If Smith already knows, then Seth had to change the perspective.

"I understand but do you have any plan?"

Grey nodded once. "I do but I need your help."

Seth was still confused. What was really happening? Richard had called him earlier to inform him that Hercules wasn't dead and he was being followed.

He had even forgotten to ask him if he was alright at that moment. But he should be. If he wasn't, he would have told him.

But Caramel verified it. Then, maybe it was true. But Seth was still doubtful about it. And he wouldn't believe it until he has successfully verified it.

So, he waited till morning because Richard called him so late at night.

So, he got a dress that morning and left for Protos Pubblicita. He didn't call Smith yet as he wanted to confirm what Richard had told him.

He tried to call Richard's number again but it wasn't available and he wondered why. Maybe he would need to go to Seattle as well. That is if it turns out that Hercules was alive.

If Hercules was alive, his company would be removed from the deal and well, his secretary wouldn't even let him have a voice call with him.

These two pieces of evidence would confirm if he was really dead like Richard had informed him.

He arrived at Protos Pubblicità and nothing seemed weird. There should have been something that would indicate that the CEO was dead. Also, he totally forgot to ask Caramel what the Hercules looks like. He was supposed to ask her if it was really Hercules or Grey.

The whole thing was suddenly confusing him. He was initially sure that Grey was Hercules but not anymore.

He walked inside the company and moved towards a lady in the lobby. "I'm Seth Robert. I want to speak with the Miss Maria."

The lady sent him a smile. "Good day sir, do you have an appointment with her?"

"No, but my company is on the list of those to be awarded the million dollars of order. You can call her and inform her," he suggested.

The lady nodded and took her telephone. "Hello ma'am, Mr. Robert Seth would like to speak with you. What should I do?" She hesitated.

"Alright ma'am," she dropped the call and looked at Seth. "You can go in. She's waiting in her office."

Seth bowed slightly and walked to the elevator. He knew where Maria's office was because he had been in the company several times even when Jane was still the general secretary.

Speaking of that, he heard the news of her departure and was a bit pained by it. Who knew that Giovanni's son could do something like that? Perhaps it was even Giovanni that sent his son to commit such atrocity.

He exited the elevator and moved closer to Maria's door. He knocked on the door briefly but no one answered.

A feminine voice cleared her throat at the intercom beside him. "Come in."

Seth opened the door and walked inside.

The room was a big one especially because Maria handled a lot of work and has a lot of secretaries working under her.

"Mr. Seth!" Maria stood up and extended her hand for a handshake. There was a huge smile on her face that amazed Seth. He wasn't expecting that.

Seth shook her hand. "How have you been, Miss Maria?"

"Very fine and you?"

"Well, fine as well but I'm here to meet with Hercules. Even if it's a voice call, anything would be appreciated."

Maria fidgeted for a moment as if caught unaware. 'Hercules isn't here but\_', she hesitated. "I have good news for you," the smile that spread across her face was contagious. "I was going to contact you. You actually beat me to it."

Seth raised confused brows at her. "What are you talking about?"

Maria smiled. "We've been going through the list of companies that we would like to award the millions worth of orders," she paused as her smile broadened.

"We have shed off other companies, except for two. This means you only have a competitor,' she announced.

Seth stood still, shocked. The last time he knew, they had over 20 companies that were ready to take the order from him which was why he had to find a way through Caramel.

Chapter 368: Competitor



"What! Are you for real?" Seth couldn't believe his ears. The million-dollar deal was almost on his hands. He couldn't believe it.

Maria nodded briefly. "Exactly. Your new competitor is Diamond base company. So, by the end of this month, Protos Pubblicita will know who to actually award the contract to depending on certain data. We will be going through both companies to make our final decision. I hope for the best."

Seth nodded once. "What did you call the company name again? I've never heard of it."

"Oh yes," Maria smiled. "It's a new company with a nice future. Well, just as yours is a new company as well."

Seth cleared his throat meaningfully. "I understand. Thank you so much for the news, by the way. I appreciate it," he smiled. "But may I have that company name again?"

Maria nodded once. "Sure. It's Diamond base company."

Seth nodded once and stood. "Thank you so much for this. I really appreciate it."

Maria stood as well. "You are welcome, Mr. Seth. I sincerely hope you get this deal. Your company is pretty impressive," she complimented.

Seth felt overjoyed by this but a question lingered on. Does that mean Grey isn't Hercules? If he was the one, he wouldn't have allowed him to reach the final.

That means Richard and Caramel were right. Hercules was dead already and he was different from Grey. Though, he still decided he had to see Grey to be sure that they weren't the same person. If they

were, it would be good. At least, that means that Hercules and Grey would be gone from his life. But if Hercules was the one that was killed, it still wouldn't be that difficult.

Grey only works in Protos Pubblicita. Hercules owns the place. So, Grey doesn't have a say in the company.

What had happened the day he left the country might just be a coincidence.

As he walked out of Protos Pubblicita, he placed a call to Smith. He didn't pick up until the third ring.

"Hello, Smith!" Seth laughed. He got inside the car but didn't drive. "I have a piece of good news for you. Where are you currently?"

"Hi, Seth. I'm on my way to Russia. What is the good news?"

"Well, the contract I told you about, it looked as though I am going to get it. I am at Protos Pubblicita and Maria just informed me that my company is among the final list of companies they are going to review and award the order for."

"Seriously?" Smith sounded really happy. "Who are your competitors now?"

"One actually and it's a new company like that. It's Diamond base company."

Smith thought for a moment. "Whose company is that?"

"Well, I have no idea but we are just two. And we must do everything that we can to make sure I get this order!"

"Then I think we need to find out who owns the company and make sure it goes through hell. It's either it pulled out of the race on its own or we let Maria reject it. Either way will Favour US," he explained.

Seth smiled from ear to ear. "I was thinking of that as well. But why are you going back to Russia?"

‘There’s someone I need to meet but I will be back as quickly as I can. We need to work hard for the order. In fact, we need to meet and I also need to come to your company.’

"Yes, I was thinking of that as well. But before you come back, I will make sure to find everything I can about Diamond base. Then, we can continue the others when you get here," Seth suggested.

"Nice then. I will be snappy here and I promise to come up with ideas that would make US worthy of the order," he assured.

"Oh, that reminds me, when you get here, you have a position in my company already. You wouldn’t have to worry about your salary every month. I assure you that everything will go smoothly the moment I get the order,” he promised.

Smith smiled. He was so happy. He doesn't have any business anyways and was still thinking of how to do everything. With Arnold's help, it wasn’t supposed to be much work but the fact that he can find them anywhere bothered the hell out of him. He needed to find them. If they were indeed in Russia as their properties were missing, then they needed to tell him why they left him without a word and when they had the mind to carry out the plan.

‘Thank you, Seth. Let's talk later,’ he finished and hung up.

Seth was still smiling. The happiness and excitement he was feeling has never been felt before.

But he started to reason how he was supposed to find out about Diamond base company. Since it was a new company, it wouldn't be on the internet. He doubted if its site would be on the internet as well.

Unlike his, whose website can already be accessed on social media.

Just as he was about to start the car, an idea brainwaves him. Since Protos Publicita would definitely know about the address of the company, he could find a way to get it. When he gets to the location, he

would be able to know more about it.

It was a nice idea and Seth was sure that it would work. So, he went back inside Protos Publicita.

He walked to the secretary, with an anxious smile. "I'm sorry for disturbing you again but Miss Maria wanted me to collect something from Miss Violet but it slipped my mind because I was overjoyed by the news."

The lady reciprocated his smile. "Alright."

"You don't believe my company is among the finalist?" He announced.

"Wow, that's so great. Congratulations Mr. Seth, but what can I do for you?"

"I need to see Miss Violet."

The lady nodded once. "No problem, I can place a call to her."

"Oh no!" Seth said suddenly, that the lady jerked back in shock. "I will rather go inside." He didn't wait for the lady's response before he started inside.

He entered the elevator. Just as the elevator door opened again on the third floor, a lady was walking close to him and it was Violet.

"Miss Violet! I need to speak with you!" Seth said quickly with a nice smile.

Violet held a confused look as she stopped so that Seth would step out of the elevator and stop in front of her.

"How may I help you?"

"Oh, I need your help. I want to know the address of Diamond base company. I heard it's one of the final companies you will be reviewing."

Violet nodded once. "Is there a reason for that?"

"Not really but I like to partner with a lot of companies. Isn't that how companies would progress?"

Violet nodded once. "That's right anyways. I can get the address for you but the company belongs to Mr. Grey." She revealed and left Seth staring right at her in shock.

Chapter 369: Turn back

Wait, it was all so confusing to him. Grey has founded a new company and he was in fact competing with him.

It was at that moment that Seth realised that Grey and Hercules were two different personalities. Hercules was dead and Grey was competing with Seth. It all made sense to him.

Also, if they were of the same person, the deal would have been off. The order would have been awarded to Grey and there wouldn't even be anything as Maria had mentioned.

Seth couldn't wait to tell Smith about the news. Thank goddess, the three have an issue to fix initially. It would make him really happy if they beat Grey in business.

Smith arrived in Russia in no time but it all felt weird. Arnold and David's men were always at some point around the place but suddenly, they weren't.

Smith had to stop and searched around for Arnold's men. It might really be difficult if he doesn't do that because he wouldn't be able to know where Arnold really was.

After several searches, he couldn't find them or maybe they left when they saw him. He couldn't really understand. Or why would Arnold be hiding from him?

He lodged into a room at a popular hotel. He still had some money on him which he got in Russia before moving over to Jacksonville.

A soft knock sounded on his door. "Hotel services," the voice reached out.

Smith sighed and got up. He walked to the door and opened it.

I brought what you ordered but you can come over to our bar," the attendant supplied.

Smith nodded once and that was when he remembered that there was a particular bar in town that he and Arnold loved to go to when he was still in Russia. There was eighty percent certain that he would definitely show up that evening.

Smith took the tray from the attendant. "Thank you so much," he closed the door and placed the tray safely on the table. He entered the bathroom for a quick shower and got changed into black trousers and a white t-shirt.

He didn't have dinner as he rushed towards the popular bar in town.

Music was blaring out from every corner of the bar as he walked inside. His gaze searched around quickly for a trace of Arnold's men.

He barely walked a few feet when he saw one of them in a corner. His gaze searched even further until it rested on a few men standing around Arnold. Arnold was indeed in Russia.

Smith walked closer. Just when he was a few steps away, two men moved forward, obstructing him from moving forward.

"Why are you doing this? Don't you know me? I'm Smith. I'm your boss' friend and I demand to see him immediately!" He stressed in a thick voice.

The men didn't bulge and they were bigger than Smith. So, he couldn't even push them away.

Smith looked up at them. "Don't you recognize me? I used to dine with your boss. We even went to Jacksonville together. Don't you remember me again?" He explained.

The men ignored him and wouldn't even bulge.

Smith has never felt so frustrated in his entire life. He looked over at Arnold, having discussions with David. There were a lot of ladies around as well as wines and champagnes on the table in front of them. Smith begged silently for him to look in his direction.

"You have to leave," one of the men said suddenly, a dark frown on his face but Smith was being reluctant.

"You have to let me meet with Arnold or he's not going to take it easy with you if he finds out later on that you pushed me away," he threatened as he didn't even know what else he was supposed to do or say.

Suddenly, Arnold looked over at him. He hesitated as his gaze lingered on him. There was a teasing smile on his face as he beckoned one of his men closer to him and whispered into his ears.

Smith watched as he gestured at him. And then, the man started towards him. Arnold turned towards David and then, suddenly,

David was also looking at him. There was something about their expression that scared Smith. Did they ditch him already?

"Boss wants you to let him through," the man voiced out.

The two men blocking Smith's way nodded briefly and moved apart.

"I told you!" Smith yelled at their faces before he moved closer to Arnold. He pulled out the chair to sit but one of the men stopped him. "What are you doing?"

Arnold raised his hand in a bit to stop his man. The man shook his head briefly and stepped backward.

Smith sat and looked at Arnold. "We need to talk," he yelled out, angrily.

Arnold inclined his head aside. "What do you want US to talk about?"

"A lot!" Smith sighed. "Why did you leave Jacksonville without telling me about it? You didn't even tell me about the outcome of the plan I had concerning Grey."

"You did this first, Smith. Where did you go when we were supposed to be carrying out your plan?"

"Yes, you ditched us first, Smith," David added quickly.

Smith groaned inwardly. They were right actually. He should have been present at the moment they were supposed to carry out the plan but he had to meet with Seth. Well, he could have called and informed them but he forgot to. Well, which was very bad of him. But he expected at least a call from them. If he wasn't going to call, they could have.

"I know but that doesn't mean you should leave Jacksonville without a word. I was worried when I returned home and couldn't find you. I couldn't even find anything that belonged to you. You took everything as if you already made up your mind to leave forever," he explained.

Arnold smacked his lips. "Well, we have decided to do that."

Smith blinked once. "What do you mean?"

"We will stay in Russia. You should also stay in Jacksonville," David stated.

Smith blinked once, then twice. "What are you talking about? We had a plan. There was something we wanted to do before leaving Russia. Why are you saying this now?"



"We have decided, Smith. We have nothing to do with you. You should go back."

Smith couldn't believe his ears. Why were they hesitant? Was there something going on that he doesn't know?

"Is everything alright?"

Arnold sat up. "We are mafia bosses, Smith. You are not the boss of US. We decide what we want to do and no one can change that."

Arnold was still a bit scared. Why would Smith think of causing them so much harm after he had told him to make sure his facts were straight?

Though Hercules might have been hiding from Smith for a reason best known to him, they wouldn't risk their lives for someone they barely know.

Hercules was a big boss and almost everyone knows about him. They could be mafia bosses but they were nothing in comparison with Hercules.

Chapter 370: Into plan

"You promised me!" Smith stressed. He felt disappointed and angered. "You promised to make Grey pay for everything he had done to me. Why are you suddenly changing your mind? Besides, you were supposed to go with the plan," he had never been frustrated.

"There's something you don't understand, Smith," Arnold started suddenly. "We decided to help you out and now, we've decided not to anymore."

"There's nothing you can do about it," he smiled slightly. "Except to leave."

"Exactly, Smith. This isn't something to discuss. And we are not asking for your opinion," David said.

Smith clenched his fists beside him. "Don't do this to me, Arnold! Why are you so scared?"

Arnold's expression changed immediately. "That's none of your concern! Leave now before I force you out!" He threatened in a thick voice to scare Smith away.

Smith didn't know what was happening and why they were suddenly being stubborn. He knew there was something to it but what could it have been?

"Now!" David yelled at a once that Smith jerked backward.

Smith got up quickly as Arnold's men were already moving closer to him. He walked out of the bar very fast. He wasn't needed in Russia anyways. So, he had to return to Jacksonville. And well, there was Seth there that was going to help him. He had better take up the opportunity till he was able to find out what actually happened with David and Arnold and perhaps find out how to get back with them.

Grey's phone rang suddenly. It was Alfred. He pulled up in the garage of Protos Pubblicita to answer the call.

"Hello, Alfred."

"Hi, Grey. Good news. I got the building you wanted. Everything is set and I think you only need to worry about the pieces of furniture," he supplied.

Grey nodded once. "I will send someone over to get everything in place. Just make sure you are there to supervise them."

"I understand Hercules but what should we do about the news currently circulating about Hercules?"

Grey raised skeptical brows. "What news?"

"News about you collapsing at the billionaire party. Do you think we should let the public know that you are alright?"

Grey reasoned about it for a moment. "Sure. I will do that with Maria. We've served our reason already."

"Alright, that's cool then. I will discuss this with Jamal. He's so worried about you. And I think you should check up on Aphrodite."

Grey got out of the car. "Why did you say so? Is anything wrong?"

Alfred hesitated. "One of her maids just called to tell me she has been out since and hasn't returned. I tried to call her but she wouldn't pick up. I just thought you should call her," he suggested.

"Well, she could have been busy at work or anything. I'm sure she would return soon and if she doesn't by midnight, I would see what to do about it," he assured.

"Alright, talk to you later."

"Alright, later then," Grey finished and hung up. He hesitated as he thought about what Alfred told him concerning Aphrodite. Nothing can happen to Aphrodite anyways. She was one of the strongest women he had ever known. 1

He walked inside Protos Pubblicita and went straight to Maria's office. He knocked on the door slightly but didn't wait for a reply before he walked inside.

Maria had already seen him before he walked inside. She stood up to meet him. "Boss, are you alright?"

Grey nodded briefly, "I'm fine."

"But I heard the news. Is everything alright? You collapsed during the party. Are you really alright?"

Grey nodded briefly. "It was all a plan. I'm alright but I'm here to ask for your help."

"Yes, what's it all about? I will do anything you want."

Grey nodded once. "Has Seth been here?"

Maria nodded briefly. "He has and I did what you told me to. He was so overjoyed and Violet told me he asked him where Diamond base company was," she informed.

Grey nodded. "That's cool."

"But is the Diamond base going to be under your signature as the Hercules?"

"Not yet. I'm going to show Seth how much of an idiot he is," he responded.

Maria nodded once. "So, what do you want me to do for you now?"

"I just got a better place, you know, Alfred should have sent you the address. But I still need some furniture. That aside, I would need to employ workers. So, I have a lot of work to do there and I can't ask Linda for help because she's occupied with Victoria skincare. So, until I get a new secretary for Diamond base, you will need to serve as one," he explained.

"But what about Seth? What if he discovers that I'm working with you? Won't that disrupt your plan of dealing with him?" She inquired.

Grey thought for a moment and nodded. "You are right. This is why you need to get me a competent secretary at once, at least by tomorrow so that you can be free."

Maria nodded once, finally understanding him. "I will get back to work immediately."

"Also, I want the furniture to be taken care of today. You can suspend all other activities for today till tomorrow when you are done with this."

Maria nodded again. "Alright boss. But are you going to stay? Do you need me to get something for you?"

Grey nodded briefly. "That aside, I need you to add something to the front page of our new magazine. It is concerning my health issue. Everyone needs to know I'm not dead."

Seth smiled at the screen. The news was making him happy. At least he had eventually seen the evidence that showed that Hercules really collapsed.

It was all over the news. Seth brought a magazine that afternoon and Hercules was on the front page. Hercules collapsed and no one knows if he was still fine. Kidnapping Caramel and Beatrice were really helpful.

Seth laughed out so loud. He was proud of himself. He could eventually continue with his plan. Everything was getting into place.

Though, it doesn't really matter if Hercules doesn't die. Why? Because Grey wasn't Hercules. But he was happy that everything went according to plan. In fact, he decided to go to the bar that night.