

## **Secretly TBB 381**

### Chapter 381: Falsified

Seth nodded briefly. 'That's actually cool, isn't it, Smith?'"

Smith smiled. "Very cool,' he admitted..

"That aside, we will be letting you shoot with our face of the year. With this, it would release to the massive public that you are managing Here and that it can't be found anywhere,' Maria explained.

Smith smiled at the arrangements. "I love that, actually."

"Like I said, you won't have any problem. If this works up, you will always get hit up whenever we have any new order."

"Seriously?' Smith's eyes sparkled at this.

Maria nodded once. 'We will always get new designs for our Here. So, you will always be informed and as usual, the public would see that you are in charge," she reminded.

Seth nodded briefly. 'Great. I love this."

"Yes, we know you would. It's a new added features. And it's not finished yet. Your company will get featured in our magazine. We will be promoting it so much."

"This is great," Seth said and looked at Smith. "Right?"

"Right, thank you for doing this,' Smith said honestly.

Maria nodded once with a nice smile. "That's all for now and the winner will be announced soon," she stood up. Smith and Seth stood as well.

"Thank you so much for coming over, we really appreciate it, " Seth said and stretched out his hand for another handshake.

Maria took it with a big smile. "Thank you for accepting me."

The man stood up as well and bowed slightly. He and Maria walked out of the office.

Smith looked at Seth. "That was what I was talking about initially. She has just confirmed it for us but this is a big order.'

Seth smiled. "I told you, didn't I? This is a jackpot. The moment we hit this, we are both going to get richer and our company will improve greatly. This is a life changer.'

Smith laughed aloud. "Exactly! And we must do everything to make sure that Grey doesn't get something like this. And concerning that, I just got more ideas as Maria was talking the other time," he sat. "Sit and let's talk it out.'

Seth sat. "What's it all about?'

"I told you earlier that we should stock the store with a lot of designers. And now that Maria has mentioned it, we need to step up. We will stock more designers and invite Maria over. She would definitely be shocked and impressed. This will make our job easier. At least, Maria is part of the committee that will be deciding the result," he acknowledged.

Seth nodded in agreement. "So, how much is currently with you?"

"I have five hundred dollars with me."

Seth regarded him for a moment. "Are you for real? What can that do over here?" He laughed. "It can't even get us any designer brand."

"But it's going to support us. Isn't it going a long way like that?" Smith fired with a dark frown.

Seth cleared his throat. "Sorry about that. Of course, it would go a long way."

"Good. I will make a list of what we need to get and the total amount but since we are getting loans, I think you should come up with the bank we are supposed to go for the loan because we need to get this done very fast," he declared.

Seth nodded once. "I understand and I will do just that."

Smith had started to think of what he would do with his share of the money. He couldn't wait which was why he would work very hard for the order to be theirs.

"Before we go ahead with what we planned to do, we should be discussing what to do with Grey?" Seth asked suddenly.

Smith thought for a moment. "I will definitely think of something and when I do, I will let you know," he assured.

Seth nodded once. "Alright then. Let's go on with what we have discussed then."

"I was supposed to give you feedback concerning it but I forgot," Aphrodite confessed. "It was the auction that Jimmy found out about days back. Right, Jimmy?"

"Yes boss. I forgot to tell you about it eventually. Well, the date was prosponed to this evening," Jimmy explained.

Aphrodite pulled off in front of Diamond base company that afternoon.

So, Jimmy had to drop her at home before going over to his house.

"But are you truly going to the auction this evening?" Aphrodite was shocked for a moment.

"Well, you did tell me that it was a special one. I would love to see just how special it is." Grey muttered.

Aphrodite laughed. 'You cant be serious, right Grey?"

Grey looked at her and smiled. "Have I ever not been serious?"

"I know actually but we all know who Giovanni is. He could be planning something."

"I'm not going alone. I can get my men to come with me."

"Well, that's the problem,' Aphrodite let out a sigh. "Because of peace, a rule was made. Entourages or security guards are meant to enter the bidding hall. Though, the idea was cool because if there hadn't been that rule, things might have gotten messier. People would come with guardians and entourages and disturb the peace of the others but this rule has it's bad effect," she complained.

"She's right, boss. It's dangerous. It could be a trap." Jimmy said suddenly.

"Yes, who knows? Giovanni could be planning something. He's the most dangerous man at this moment."

Jimmy pulled to a sudden stop in front of Aphrodite's house. "I'm here," he announced when he noticed that the two were getting deep in conversation.

Grey sighed. "I really need to go but if you are so worried about my safety, then there's a way out."

Aphrodite looked at him. "Really?"

Grey nodded briefly. "I can get some of my men to come inside as part of the bidders. And if anything is about to happen, they can all protect me."

Aphrodite smiled. "That's actually nice."

"Well, I mean protect us because Alfred wants us to go together," he laughed.

Aphrodite laughed. 'Alright, whatever you say. You are Hercules anyways."

Grey regarded her for a moment, "Then I will need to call Alfred and tell him to get more invites. How many would I be needing then?"

"It's limited. Grey. I don't think we can get more than 5 per person."

Grey smirked and looked away. "Then it can be falsified."

Chapter 382: Sorry?

"Seriously? Are you for real?" Aphrodite laughed.

Grey joined in, his head calculating how it was supposed to be.

"What if they see through it?" Aphrodite questioned.

"It doesn't matter. But we would have served our purpose before they did. Right, Jimmy?"

Jimmy hesitated. "I'm not fully sure about it. Boss. I hope we can really make a copy."

"I and Aphrodite will hold the photocopy actually. They won't really look at it because of who we are in society. Anyways,' he sat up. 'I only need a few men. I can handle myself."

"You really want to attend," Aphrodite let out a sigh. "Alright then, I will get prepared for it. You will come and pick me up right?"

Grey released a long sigh as he sat up "Sure, why won't I?"

Aphrodite smiled. "Good then. I will go and get prepared. I will be waiting for you."

Grey nodded briefly. 'Alright, wear a nice dress that will bring out your shape." He joked.

"As if it's a party," Aphrodite smirked and opened the door, and got down. She hesitated, a smile on her face before she started towards her door.

He watched her for a moment until she entered the house." Drive to Alfred's house," he ordered.

"Yes boss,' he responded and started the ignition.

Grey rested against the door as Jimmy drove. 'Will you be able to handle it alone or do you want me to be with you for the copy?"

"You don't have to be with me, boss. I will do my best. I just hope it won't go bad.'

"Well, trust me, Jimmy. I'm your boss and I should be the one you should trust.'

Jimmy smiled and bowed slightly. "I trust you, boss."

Grey looked aside. "You can take a cab to your house then. You don't need to take me home."

"Oh no, boss!" He said hurriedly. 'I will drive you home before going to my house."

"You have something to do for me. So, it's understandable."

"But what would I do if something bad happens to you? I have to be sure that everything is alright," Jimmy tried to change his mind.

"I insist, Jimmy. Besides, you aren't skilled in martial arts like I am. I can handle myself. And I could have one of Alfred's men drive me over."

Jimmy released a sigh. "Alright boss.'

Grey took his phone to book a rider.

Jimmy pulled up in Alfred's garage within some minutes.

Grey got down and turned to him. "Let's go inside so I can give you the invite so you can be able to imitate it. I've already

ordered an Uber for you. It would be here anytime,' he informed.

Jimmy nodded briefly and they both walked inside.

Grey placed a call to Alfred as they entered the living room. 'I am in your living room. Come out with the invites,'" he uttered and hung up.

It didn't take up to a few minutes when Alfred walked out. 'Hercules,'" he muttered and stretched out the invites. 'Is this why you ate here?"

"Yes," Grey responded and gave out one to Jimmy. "Call me when you are done."

"Alright boss," Jimmy bowed slightly before he walked out.

Alfred observed them for a moment. "Is everything alright?"

Grey smiled at him. "Sure, everything is alright. I just need Jimmy to imitate the invites for me. I heard that Giovanni would be there and he might want to try something funny," he explained.

Alfred's brows were raised in a confused manner. "So, what's your plan? Would you rather not go?"

"I'm going, Alfred. That can't change but I can snuggle my men inside like as if they were there for the same reason as me," he revealed.

Alfred nodded briefly. "That's actually cool."

Grey smiled. "I know. I have to leave now," he hesitated. "Have you been able to find a nice house for Caramel?"

Alfred's mouth took on a wry line as in acknowledgment of a tactical error. "Not really. Today has really been hectic. I found one actually but I haven't been able to check it."

Grey squeezed his face. Would he have to see Caramel that night?

"Is everything alright? I'm sorry, alright. I will make sure to conclude on it tomorrow," he assured.

"Alright, no problem. See you tomorrow then," he finished and walked out of the living room.

He didn't actually know if he should avoid Caramel or not. The mere thought of her brought sadness to his heart, talkless of seeing her.



Well, she would definitely be in her room. Grey wouldn't have to see her that evening. And by morning, he would be up before she even thought of doing so.

He tried to concentrate on the auction that would be coming up that evening. It would definitely be interesting.

He entered the car and drove out of the garage. In almost an hour, he was getting out of the car.

Just as he drove inside, two of his men moved closer to help him park. So, he decided to get down and leave it for them.

He walked inside the living room and realised that Caramel wasn't inside. He didn't even ask his men if she was even at home. She could have left if it was very uncomfortable for her.

He turned around to walk out of the living room but stopped when someone walked inside from behind him.

"Grey," the soft voice called. It was Caramel. It looked like she was actually waiting for him.

Oh, he forgot about Beatrice already. She has been waiting to ask about her health. He planned to tell her the hospital that Beatrice was but it skipped his mind. At least with that, she wouldn't have to be waiting on him before she knew what was happening with her mother.

"Can I speak with you for a moment?" She asked softly.

Grey released a sigh and turned towards her. "Your mother's condition isn't stable but the doctor has found the problem. He's currently working his ass out to proffer a solution. So, don't you worry," he explained and turned around to walk inside his room.

"I'm sorry," a soft voice reached his ears suddenly.

At first, he thought his ears were playing tricks on him until the voice came again.

With furrowed brows, Grey turned towards Caramel again." Sorry for what?" He didn't understand. Had she tried to kill him again?"

"For everything. I didn't mean to say all I did yesterday and make you feel sad. I'm so sorry," she beseeched softly.

Grey had that urge to move closer to her, and hug her or probably kiss her and tell her that everything would be alright.

### Chapter 383: Goodbyes

Grey stepped back instead and smiled. "It's ok, actually. I understand you perfectly, so you don't need to explain. If you can be ready tomorrow morning, I will show you where your mother is. Also, I'm already working with Alfred to get you a nice house so you can leave here and wait elsewhere for your mother," he explained.

Caramel regarded him for a moment. 'Can I stay here?'"

Grey raised skeptical brows at her. "What?"

"I want to be here until my mother is alright. Then we can leave.'

Grey smirked. "Why would you want to do that? You've already made your thoughts known to me. There's no reason to pull back. We will do as I have said.\*

Caramel sighed. 'I'm sorry for hurting you. Grey and I don't want you to continue to think of it."

"It doesn't work like that, Caramel. You can't just dish out what you want at any time. It has been finalised. You will get your house and leave here. There are no more options,' he stated strongly.

Caramel shook her head briefly. Alright but I'm sorry. I hope you can forgive me."

Grey smiled at this. "I have Caramel, a long time ago. Now, if you will excuse me. I have a place to prepare for," he said casually and walked inside.

Caramel looked at him until he was out of sight and sobbed quietly. The fact that she loved him so much and it hurt her so much to see them part that way.

But she didn't even know what she was supposed to do at that moment. Everything felt so dizzy to her. She was almost losing the meaning of life itself. With Grey and her mother gone, she felt unlike herself.

Grey had decided and there was no way she would be able to change his mind. But instead of making him spend more money on her, she would rather go back to her father's house.

She rushed inside as the tears streamed down her face, almost blinding her. She didn't even know exactly why she was crying so hard or why she felt so heartbroken.

She was the one that sent Grey away. She was the one that yelled at him and told him that she didn't want to have anything to do with him. So, why does it hurt so much? Was it because she desperately wanted to stay with him?

Yes, she would have if she wasn't so scared of what the future held for them. She didn't want to lose her mother and she couldn't bear to be in danger again. Staying with Grey was dancing on a canoe in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. Having a ship on the

Atlantic ocean can be risky on its own, talkless of a canoe. So, it doesn't matter if Grey could protect her or would always come to her rescue. The danger would never subside, it would never stop.

And this was what she feared the most.

She packed a few of the dresses that Grey got for her and walked out of the room.

When she entered the living room, Grey wasn't in and she was grateful for that because she wasn't ready to see him at that moment, not when she couldn't even stop crying no matter how hard she tried.

She tends to move out but one of Grey's was suddenly blocking her path.

"What are you doing? Let me go,' she begged them.

The man regarded her for a moment with a suspicious gaze. It was as if he was suspecting that something had happened inside.

Well, something had happened but it wasn't what he was thinking.

"I'm just leaving. I didn't do anything to Grey, I swear!" She yelled in frustration but the man wouldn't let her pass through.

"I have to inform the boss first," he voiced out eventually and before Caramel could blink, another man was speaking to Grey through the telephone.

The front door opened within minutes and Grey ran towards Caramel.

"Is something wrong? Where are you going?' Grey sounded so concerned.

Caramel didn't even know how she was supposed to start talking. And a lump suddenly appeared in her throat.

When Grey saw that Caramel had been crying and instead of talking, the tears were streaming down the more, he pulled her into a bear hug.

Caramel cried aloud and hugged him back.

The men turned aside quickly and moved away to give them privacy.

"Did something happen, Caramel?" He asked again and pulled back slightly to look at her. He slowly wiped away her tears.

She shook her head briefly. "Nothing but I'm going to my father."

Grey gathered his forehead at her. "What?"

"I know you've done a lot but I won't let you do more than you have done. I'm going to my father's house. He has been calling me home anyways. I will stay with my father till Beatrice is ready to leave with me again," she explained.

Grey regarded her for a moment. "Call me if you need anything. Caramel. I will respond as fast as I can."

Caramel managed a smile. "Thank you. Grey, but as you have said, I've made a decision and I'm not going to turn away from it. That's not how things work."

Grey tried to smile but failed. He nodded instead. "I understand but are we seeing tomorrow morning? I can drive you to Beatrice."

Caramel shook her head briefly. "No, I will speak with Alfred. He would help me out. You don't need to disturb yourself and\_" she swallowed harder to pull down the lump that had suddenly appeared in her throat. "We may never see each other again. I will avoid you as much as I can." She declared.

Grey managed a nod. 'Just take care of yourself."

Caramel's smile widened. 'Goodbye Grey, goodbye Hercules, " she muttered and walked past him.

Grey stood still for a moment as if it wasn't happening. What was he supposed to do?

Something is not meant to be. There was no need to go back. And he had an auction to prepare for.

He walked back inside and placed a call to Alfred. Alfred picked up after the second ring.

"Hello Hercules," he dragged.

"I'm sorry for disturbing you but I just want to tell you that you shouldn't bother with the house anymore. It's all settled."

"All settled? What happened?"

"Well, as I said, it's for the betterment. Just show Caramel to her mother's room tomorrow. We will talk later then." Alfred sighed but he knew more than press the matter. Alright, goodnight Hercules."

#### Chapter 384: Surprise

Grey got dressed in Dormeuil Vanquish Suit and regarded himself in the mirror. He smiled at who was staring back at him in the mirror.

His phone rang suddenly and he moved away to grab it. It was Aphrodite but it stopped ringing before he could pick it up. He was thinking of calling her back when a loud knock sounded on his door.

Grey turned towards the door with raised brows and angry features. Who would be knocking at his door at that moment?

"Are you going to open this door or should I burst it out!" A deep familiar voice said suddenly.

Before Grey could react, the door opened and Charles stick his head inside with a smile.

Grey smiled. "Charles!"

"What! Were you expecting someone else?" Charles joked and stepped inside.

Grey ignored his remark and moved forward to hug him. Charles was in Brioni Vanquish li Suit, a suit that looked as though it was tailored for him.

"I've missed you so much, man!" Grey hit his back slightly. Charles laughed. "Same here," he pulled back and looked at Grey with twinkling eyes. "What are you doing?"

Grey gave him skeptical brows. "What do you mean?"

"I thought you were ready for the auction already."

"Auction?" Grey was confused a bit. "You know about it?"

"Sure, why do you think I'm here and in this wonderful suit," he looked down at his suit. "Don't you think I look more handsome than you when I'm in this suit?" He teased.

Grey laughed. "Maybe or maybe not. I will always be the most handsome, right from childhood!" He teased back.

Charles laughed. "Yes, I heard about the auction two weeks ago. I knew you might be interested. I told Alfred about you and he promised to let you know and even get your invite," he explained.

"But what about your invite? Alfred only gave me two," he demanded but didn't wait for Charles to answer before he spoke again.

"Though, I planned on entering with a fake one. Maybe we can find one for you as well," he wondered aloud.

Charles moved away. "Didn't you think I would come prepared? I have my invite and Jimmy is waiting for us in the car already."

Grey laughed. "You seem so serious this time. But," he paused slightly. "Where have you been all these while? You just did as if you didn't want to be my brother again," he said as he walked out of the room.

Charles followed after him." had to find myself. I'm sorry if I make you think in such a way."

Grey waved it off with a smile. "Not really actually. A lot of things have happened but you will know about them later. All the same. I'm glad you are back now."

"Me too and," Charles stopped walking and looked at Grey. ' Thank you so much for what you did to my father. I really appreciate it."

Grey smiled. "You are always welcome, Charles. Let's go and see what is happening at the auction."

"Sure! But this type of auction is very risky and fun anyways. Do you know that someone has been killed at this auction?\*

"Seriously?" Grey was a bit surprised.

They walk towards the car. Jimmy was leaning on the car while waiting for them.

"So, it's always so risky. But I'm sure you know this and have a plan in place or we might be walking into a death trap."

Grey laughed casually. "Maybe I don't, are you scared of death," he joked.

Charles feigned terror. "Sure! Who isn't scared of death? But I'm not ready to die just yet, I don't even have a wife yet.How am I supposed to die without a wife or a child?"

Grey laughed again.



Jimmy bowed slightly when they were close enough. "Here's the imitation," he stretched out an invite. "And here's the original." he stretched out another invite.

Grey took both and tried to compare, "only a few errors. This is cool," he smiled. "It's almost the same."

"Yes, there's barely any difference unless you study them closely," Jimmy muttered.

Grey looked at Charles. "What do you think about it?"

Charles nodded as he took the invites. "Great, actually! I'm sure they are going to fall for it!"

Grey smiled. "Let's go then. We still need to pick Novia up." He hesitated. "I should handle this first so that it won't look like I came with them."

Charles hurried to the car in between. It was the car that Jimmy would be driving. Since they weren't allowed to go inside with their guardians, Grey decided not to go with any.

"Yes sir, that was what I was about to say as well. We should arrange the men now before leaving. They should arrive later after we have and even mingle among the crowds," Jimmy suggested.

"You guys have something up your sleeve and it's sounding interesting," Charles joked.

"How many invites were you able to produce?"

"Ten, sir."

Grey reasoned it for a moment and slowly nodded. "Select ten men now," He ordered.

Jimmy nodded briefly, bowed slightly, and walked away.

"Is everything under control?" Charles inquired.

Grey nodded briefly. "Yes, it is. I'm just trying to create a way to ensure our safety in the auction hall," he hinted.

Charles nodded briefly.

Jimmy returned with ten men.

Grey looked at Jimmy again. "Distribute the invites and have them dress up great. There are suits they could try. And you are all not supposed to come inside at once."

Jimmy raised his head. "Aren't I driving you, sir?"

"No," Grey shook his head briefly. "You should tell the men all they needed to know."

Jimmy nodded briefly.

"Good," Grey muttered and looked at Charles. "Charles, you will have to drive."

"No problem! When last have I followed you out like this? It looked like forever!" Charles joked.

Grey looked at him and smiled. "How is your wound?"

"Almost healed up. Are you still going to wear your face mask?"

Grey nodded briefly. "Like I said it's not yet time."

Charles nodded briefly. "I understand." He entered the driver's seat just as Grey entered the back seat.

The car soon pulled to a stop in front of Aphrodite's house. Aphrodite soon walked out, clad in a red leather jumpsuit. "You were taking a while. So, I called."

Grey nodded briefly. "There's someone you should see. He's in the one driving."

Aphrodite gathered her brows as she watched Grey. "Who?" She didn't wait for a reply as she rounded the car and looked at Charles. "Charles!" She yelled with excitement. 'OMG! I'm so happy to meet you!"

Charles reciprocated the smile. "You've grown more beautiful. Is Grey really taking care of you?"

Aphrodite giggled. "Actually, I'm the one doing that."

"Get inside before I leave you behind!" Grey feigned annoyance.

"There's no way you can do that!" Aphrodite yelled back and laughed before she got inside.

"You are right, Novia. He can't do that. He loves you too much to do that. That aside. I'm the one driving. I decide."

Grey laughed. He felt happier with Novia and Charles as if they were his family.

Chapter 385: Funny

Grey, Charles, and Aphrodite got down from the car. Grey put on his face mask before getting down.

They walked towards the entrance which was guarded by two hefty and strong-looking men.

"There were men before them. So, they had to wait as the security guards took the invites before they allowed them inside.

Grey brought out the two invites and stretched them out to one of the men. Charles gave out his as well.

One of the men regarded Grey for a moment. "Who are you and why do you use a nose mask?"

"He's Hercules," Charles revealed.

The guy's eyes twitched but they were gone from his eyes as quickly as they had started. Instead, he stepped aside for them to enter.

Grey, Aphrodite, and Charles entered the spacious hall and realised that it was almost filled up. And the auction has already started.

Aphrodite did tell him that only a few do attend the auction but seeing how many people were, Grey was shocked.

They walked to their seat, and though Charles turned away he soon returned with a bidder card for Grey.

"The Artemis and the Stag go to Giovanni!" The auctioneer announced.

"Giovanni is always an early bird," Aphrodite muttered in annoyance.

"I bet he's the only one that has been bidding," Charles whispered.

Charles was sitting on the left side of Grey while Aphrodite was on the left side. So, Grey was in the middle.

Grey looked at Charles. "What do you mean?"

"Giovanni has always been the only one bidding in places like this. No other people had the boldness to go against him unless he let go of the antiques from his heart," he confessed.

"That's nonsense. Isn't this place supposed to be for everyone?"

"I don't think so. If it is, then why do we need an invite?" Aphrodite wondered aloud.

Grey reasoned it for a moment. "So, why are there so many here if they wouldn't be bidding?"

Charles shrugged slightly. "Maybe they hoped that Giovanni wouldn't show up. But the moment they are inside, there's no going back," he explained. "It's the rule of the place."

Grey groaned inwardly. "Why are there so many rules?"

Charles laughed softly. "I bet Giovanni is stacking the antiques for the future."

Grey looked at Charles again. "I don't understand that. Why would he spend his money on antiques?"

"Well, that's why there's an auction. Giovanni could always make a lot of money on it later on. He's obviously stacking them up Incase disaster occurs," he muttered.

"Just like the one we went to weeks ago. Giovanni wouldn't have expected to see me here but I will spoil plans for him this time as well," he said with determination.

"This Persian Rug will go for 20 million dollars," the auctioneer started. "Who's going for it?"

"Are you getting this?" Charles inquired.

Grey nodded once. "Yes but not yet."

Silence descended for a few minutes.

Aman raised his bidder card. "I will take it for 21 million dollars."

"Alright. Is there anyone? Or the Persian rug will go with Mr. Parker!" The auctioneer stated.

"Giovanni isn't saying anything again. Does he know you are around?" Aphrodite observed.

"30 million dollars," Giovanni said suddenly and raised his bidder card.

"I knew he was going to," Charles laughed.

"40 million dollars!" Grey announced suddenly, shocking everyone as they didn't expect anyone else to talk the moment Giovanni had spoken.

Charles raised Grey's bidder card in the air.

The auctioneer cleared his throat. "Does anyone has another day?" He waited for a few minutes. "Good! The Persian Rug goes to the Hercules!"

The name sparked murmurs immediately as people turn around to look at him. Whenever they see the mask, they would release an exasperated sigh.

But they didn't expect Hercules to be at the auction at all.

"The next antique is a white porcelain moonflash. And this is going for 10 million dollars."

"20 million dollars," Giovanni stressed and looked backward toward Grey. His gaze locked with Grey for a moment before he looked away.

"30 million dollars!" Grey yelled out.

Everyone gasped.

The auctioneer smiled. "The White Porcelain Moonflash goes to Hercules," he announced.

"The next item is the Patel Philippe Super complication Pocket Watch," the watch was pulled out as he spoke.

The watch was a nice one and Grey loved it for himself immediately.

"It's going for\_" the auctioneer started but was cut off by Giovanni.

"30 million dollars!" He announced and raised his bidder card.

"35 million dollars!" Grey said quickly.

Giovanni looked backward and one could see the angry look on his face. If looks could kill, Grey might have been dead at that moment.

"Right! Patel Philippe Super complication Pocket Watch goes to Hercules!"

Four men stood up at once, they were all clad in black suits and wearing a difficult look like the security guards at the entrance.

They walked slowly towards the door but turned suddenly and moved towards Grey.

"What are they doing?" Aphrodite inquired.

Aman got up and moved closer to the auctioneer. He whispered in his ears and the auctioneer's eyes went wide with shock.

Grey was able to read his expression before he rushed out of the hall.

"Why does it look like something is going to happen?" Charles uttered while still observing what was going on around them.

"It looks like Giovanni is planning something," Grey whispered.

Five men stood from the congregation at the same time and moved back towards where Grey was.

Grey saw Giovanni whisper something into a man's ear. The man stood upright and brought out his gun. He shot it in the air and everyone jerked up in shock.

There was a sudden scream as some people rushed towards the entrance.

"What just happened? One of Giovanni's men just shot in the air," Aphrodite noticed.

"Are you guys seeing what I'm seeing?" Charles looked at Grey. "It looked like Giovanni planned it. Maybe he has been doing that for so long."

Giovanni stood suddenly, and five men stood up with him.

"Leave now, if you can or you will be gone forever," Giovanni yelled in anger.

Chapter 386: Narrow escape

Some of the people inside rushed out of the room at once.



"Giovanni planned this. He tricked US," Grey muttered.

Aphrodite looked at Grey. "What!" She was more than shocked because she didn't even know that Grey had a plan in place already. She did know that he was going to do something but she had forgotten to ask him. That aside, no one followed them inside. So, she thought it was the end already.

Giovanni looked at Grey with a dirty smirk on his face.

The people were still trying to get out while there were a few men on the floor.

Giovanni wasn't even concentrating on them as he walked out from the confines of the chairs.

A bullet was suddenly being pointed at Grey from behind. "Get up and move out from where you are," the strange voice ordered.

"What should we do?" Aphrodite asked anxiously as fear set in.

Grey stood without a word, a smile on his face. "You amaze me, Giovanni."

"Remove your mask!" Giovanni ignored his remark and instead yelled at him. He wanted to see that it was really Grey. Anyone could put on the mask and pretend to be Grey. He needed to be sure.

Grey chuckled inwardly. "Alright, I will," his hand slowly travelled to his face. He hesitated for a moment before he pulled it slowly.

When the mask would almost leave his face, he was fast and threw it right at where the auctioneer used to be.

The men followed the path of the mask. It was only Giovanni that didn't waiver.

During the state of confusion, the men lying on the floor stood up and pointed their guns at Giovanni and his men.

Just before Giovanni's men would look at Grey again, Jimmy threw a nose mask at him. Grey caught it and bent to fix it on himself.

He kicked the one holding the gun against him by the leg. He punched his face and took the gun before he took it up again. He was so fast.

Giovanni's eyes went wide with shock as he looked at the men. "What the fuck are you doing?" He yelled with frustration. Grey had ridiculed him everywhere and he got the perfect plan to pay him back.

Giovanni was the one that spread the news about the Auction. He knew he was going to show up. Though, at first, when he didn't see him, he thought his plan had failed.

But he didn't lose all the same. No one was allowed to bid whenever he was in the hall. So, if Grey hadn't shown up, he wouldn't have lost anything.

And when he saw him, he was sure that his plan would work perfectly. How could it fail?

"Your men are with guns, my men are with guns as well. If we start shooting, we will both get injured. But we can both call it quit, but that depends on what you want," Grey voiced out.

Grey would have loved to kill Giovanni but it was going to affect him there. So, it was better he postponed the death day of Giovanni.

Giovanni regarded him for a moment with an icy stare. 'I will pull back.' Real Bog Oak products

No one has ever been so desperate as Giovanni. He desperately wanted to kill Grey but there was nothing he could do at that moment.

"I will leave first," Grey announced. He couldn't let Giovanni leave first or he might plan the unthinkable before he would be able to go out.

Grey looked at Charles and signalled for them to move closer. They all moved out from the ring of guns. Two guards followed them while still making sure the gun was still raised at Giovanni in case they suddenly changed their minds.

And like that, Grey's men moved out until it was only Giovanni and Giovanni's men in the hall.

Jimmy and the men brought two cars. Jimmy hurried to Grey's car to drive it. Charles sat on the passenger side while Grey and Caramel sat in the back seat.

They soon drove out of the vicinity.

"That was close," Aphrodite muttered.

Grey smiled. "It seems like I've eventually annoyed Giovanni. He would be thinking of how to deal with me now."

Charles laughed. "Tonight was a bit fun. I love the look of surprise on Giovanni's face when he discovered that we actually came prepared for him."

Aphrodite let out a sigh. "I don't think it's the right time to laugh. This is very important but you are here laughing."

Charles shrugged slightly. "What am I supposed to do? Just don't let Giovanni ruin your night."

Aphrodite stared out into the dark street. "I'm tired. I just want to sleep at this moment but Grey," she looked at Grey. "You have to promise not to go to any auction ever again. It's so dangerous," she stressed in a worried- filled tone.

"There's no way I can stop doing that but I promise to be more careful," he promised her instead.

"We should tell Alfred about it. He should know that Giovanni has grown desperate. Maybe there can be a plan to use that against him," Charles suggested.

Grey nodded once. "You should tell him. Oh, that reminds me," he looked at Charles. 'I want you to stop Seth from shopping at any of my stores ever again.

Charles nodded briefly. "Alright, boss."

Smith has been working overnight. He was busy thinking of the brands they should spend money on. Since they had little money on them, and would still need to take a loan from the bank, he decided it was best to focus on some specific designers.

"So, I've decided we should focus on Gucci and Louis Vuitton. These two are very popular brands. If Maria sees this. I'm sure she would be impressed," Smith explained.

Seth nodded in agreement. "I support that. Let's do that then"

"Also, I've compiled a list of things we will have to buy to make this company presentable. And looking at it, we will have to borrow a lot of money. I hope we can be able to do that."

Seth sighed. "I have a limitation on the amount I can borrow."

Smith thought for a moment. 'I think I can also take loans from the bank."

Chapter 387: Story

"Are you going home directly? Can we grab a cup of wine? It has been a while since I've drank with you,' Charles said suddenly as he took a turn towards Grey's house.

Grey reasoned it for a moment. "I'm not really in the mood to go anywhere but we could drink at my house."

Charles brightened. "You could tell me about things I've missed as well because it seems like I've been gone forever."

Grey smiled. 'No problem. I don't know where to start but I will pick up from anywhere. Is that clear?'

Charles made a rumble of laughter. "Alright. Why don't you start by telling me what is going on with you and Aphrodite? It looked like you two had grown together over a few weeks." He observed. Though, he heard some news about them.

Grey huffed. "Aren't we supposed to be?"

Charles smiled softly. "Of course but you should understand what I'm talking about already."

Grey looked at him and feigned a confused look. "I sincerely don't understand."

Charles grunted inwardly. "I'm talking about something more sensitive. Don't tell me that nothing is really happening between you and Aphrodite. Are you still dating Caramel?"

Grey released a frustrated sign. "Can we not talk about it?"

Charles looked at him in the front mirror, hesitated, before he responded. ' Sure," he accepted. "You are eventually going to have to say everything or I would ask from Aphrodite.

Grey shook his head softly. "Alright, I will do that but not today."

Charles smiled widely.

"So, are you leaving Jacksonville anytime soon?"

Charles shook his head. "I am here to stay and help you in any way that I can.

Grey smiled at this.

Alfred walked inside the room and waited, Caramel walked inside after a while. There were traces of tears on her cheeks.

It was early the next morning and according to Grey, he was supposed to show Caramel to her mom which was what he was currently doing.

She hesitated as she stared at her mother on the bed. "Mom," she whispered and almost choked on the word. Pain rushed into her and the tears rushed out the more, almost blinding her vision.

Alfred regarded her for a moment. "I will see the doctor now," He announced.

Caramel didn't talk but continued to sob.

Alfred saw her silence as a positive indication and walked out of the room.

Caramel regarded Beatrice for a moment, a smile actually exploded on her face. "I thought you were dead," the tears increased.

"I thought I was never going to see you again."

She touched Beatrice in places that were visible for her to touch, and her heart ached the more.

"Please, wake up," she cried even harder until after some minutes and it felt like she had no tears left in her eyes. "I don't think you can ever forgive me for what I did to Grey," she started in a low and cracked voice. ' Someone you have always protected. But I've tried to poison him twice," she released a sigh. "Also, I've finally cut off ties with him, even though it was the opposite of what you wanted. But what could I do? I'm just so tired, " she released a sigh just as the door opened from behind her. It was Alfred.

"I will discuss with the men to let you in whenever you come around but I think we need to talk."

Caramel turned to look at him. Her face was all swollen, reddish, and dried up. 'What is it all about? Is something wrong?"

"Let's talk in the car and well, it's about Grey," he hinted and walked out of the room before she would ask him anymore question.

Caramel followed after a few seconds of deliberating on it. Alfred was speaking with two of the men that were keeping watch of the room when she walked out. Alfred pointed at her severally before he moved away and headed outside. Caramel followed him.

They entered the car together.

"Is something going on with you and Grey?"

Caramel let out a sigh. "He didn't tell you anything?"

"Yes except for the little red flags. I'm sure something is happening between you two. But what can that be? I thought you had regained your memory."

"I have but there's nothing it can do to the matter on ground. I and Grey already broke up."

Alfred regarded her for a moment in shock. "Why?' He knew that Grey loved her so much and the fact that Caramel didn't tell Richard that Grey was Hercules means she loved him as well. So, what could have gone wrong?

"You don't love him again?" Alfred inquired when Caramel didn't answer his first question.

"I love him so much," she whispered.

"Then what happened?" Realisation suddenly dawned on him. 'Was it Grey that broke up with you?"

Though Grey has been sad and unnecessarily drawn back recently, he didn't doubt the fact that it could be something he has to do.

Caramel looked at him and gently shook her head. "It's nothing like that. I actually broke up with him. It's for the betterment of our lives and there's currently nothing any of US can do about it." She smiled slightly. "We will be fine"

Alfred released a sigh. If Grey didn't tell him about it, it only meant that he was planning on moving forward already or maybe he has. He looked at Caramel. "Would you still like to stay with your mother for today?"

Caramel nodded once. "Yes, please.

"No problem. I have discussed this with them and you will always be let inside the room whenever you come around. So, you can go now if you want to." he finished.

Caramel nodded once. "Thank you," she opened the door and walked back inside the hospital.

Alfred's phone rang suddenly, jerking him out of his thoughts. It was Charles. He hadn't seen Charles actually after the meeting. He suddenly disappeared.

"Hello, Charles. Is everything alright?"

"Sure but I'm just reporting to you what happened at the auction like Grey wanted me to."

Alfred sat up. "Did something happen?"

"Well, yes. Grey was ambushed by Giovanni. Fortunately for US, Grey had it prepared already," he explained. "So, I had to let you know. Who knows what Giovanni is planning next."



## Chapter 388: Gone for good

A soft knock sounded on Grey's door. He had already fixed a specific office for himself as the CEO.

"Yes, come in," he called out.

The door opened and Rose walked inside. "I'm done with the interview, sir. You can have their files," she stretched out the files. Grey nodded once. "Sure. I will get back to you concerning this. It's just that you will have to send the messages before the end of today because I want them all to fully start work tomorrow."

"I understand boss," she bowed slightly and walked out of the room.

Grey opened the files to peruse them but his phone rang suddenly, he stared down at the screen and realised it was Charles. He picked it up before it would stop ringing. "Hello, Charles. Is everything alright?"

"Yes but a letter just dropped at your place. One of the men called to inform me," Charles revealed.

Grey raised skeptical brows. "What? Is it with you? Where is it from and what is it all about?"

"Well, it's not with me unless I go home right now but it's from Italy. Do you want me to get it and come over to your place?"

"No," Grey said quickly. "Don't come here. Seth and Smith might come back here and I wouldn't want them to see you with me, not yet anyways. Let's see each other later today. You can come over to my house or I can come over to yours." He suggested.

Charles thought for a moment. I will come over to yours. We will talk when I get there then."

"Alright," Grey accepted. "See you later," he finished and hung up.

On second thought, Grey knew he was right. Smith and Seth could come back. They could even be planning something huge at that moment. With camera surveillance, he would be able to place Seth in a bad position with the police. He wouldn't have to disturb himself too much. With that, Seth wouldn't be able to get away again. There was no way he would miss it again.

But he still needed to be careful so that Seth and Smith didn't do more than they were supposed to. He placed a call to Jimmy. He might forget to tell him what he had to do that day.

Jimmy picked it up immediately. "Hello, boss."

"Come inside my office, I have something to tell you," he finished and hung up.

It didn't take more than a few minutes when a soft knock sounded on the door. "It's Jimmy, boss," the voice announced.

"You can come in."

Jimmy walked inside and bowed. "Here I am, boss. Is there anything wrong?"

Grey looked up at him. "I need you to get some of the men to watch this place at night. Seth and Smith would definitely show up again. Though, I'm not sure when that would happen," he explained.

Jimmy nodded once. "I just got a call that you have a letter from Italy."

Grey nodded once. "Yes, Charles already told me about it. I will check it out later. Just make sure you tell the men to inform me the moment Smith or Seth show up. They should hide because we are going to make them commit an unforgivable offence before you guys can show up," he added.

"Alright, can I be here to supervise that?"

"Sure. I think I will like that. It means everything will go accordingly."

Jimmy smiled softly. "Alright boss, I will do that."

The plan will be the last one on Seth. And Seth will be gone for good. He trusted in it.

Giovanni was fuming. He couldn't stop the anger boiling in him. Grey was growing wings, in fact, he was growing metal wings. He was flapping so proudly in the sky and he was hurting Giovanni.

How could someone like Grey be the one to see through his plan? His plan the night before was supposed to go perfectly and it has never failed.

He hit his hand against the desk angrily. For how long would he keep failing? He needed a big and strong plan. He needed to plan it very well seeing that Grey has shown he's of great intelligence and he was smart as well.

The door opened suddenly and one of his men walked inside. He bowed slightly. "Boss," he called softly but Giovanni was deep in thought that he didn't hear him.

"Boss," he called again and Giovanni finally looked up.

"What is it all about?" He growled, totally annoyed, and his eyes almost turned red.

"Master Alex would like to have a word with you, Boss," the man announced.

Giovanni watched him for a moment. "He will have to wait. I have a more pressing matter. And it was his fault in the first place!"

He yelled so loud that the man shuddered and bowed immediately.

"Call me one of the fastest and smart men we have in the group."

The man bowed again. "Alright boss," he said and walked out of the room.

Giovanni clenched his teeth harder as he thought of something. He couldn't even attend the billionaire meeting because of Grey. He was already trying to cut him off socially. Though, it won't be easy to do so. But Grey was slowly succeeding at that.

Anyways, Giovanni was able to get two important men's support at the party. Actually, he wished Grey had died at that party. He couldn't even wait to show him to the world. He didn't even know how it was going to happen but Grey had to die and it had to be very fast.

The door opened again and the man from earlier walked inside. He was accompanied by another man.

"Boss, I got someone. He's good," the man announced.

Giovanni looked up, with a furious gaze. "Are you sure he's really good?"

"Yes boss," he admitted. "He's really good."

Giovanni nodded once. "Move closer," he ordered.

The man complied but his head was still bowed.

"There's something you must do. I want you to spy on Grey."

Chapter 389: Unyielding

Grey got home early that day. He rounded everything off so he could attend to the letter from Italy.

Grey opened the door and hesitated. Charles was already inside, waiting for him.

"I quit work earlier for you. I couldn't wait to read the letter from Italy. I wonder where it came from," he smiled softly and raised the letter. It was already in his hand. "I think you should freshen up. I will read this and get back to you."

Grey smirked. "Alright, give me some minutes," he said and walked to his room. Before he disappeared, he caught Charles opening the letter.

He walked inside the bathroom for a quick shower. He felt new after it. He got dressed in a trouser and a black t-shirt.

When he stepped out again, Charles was having a drink at the bar.

"So, what's in it for me?" Grey walked to him and sat in front of him.

Charles nodded once. "I don't understand it. I think you would if you read it," he placed the letter in front of him and continued to sip his wine.

Grey regarded Charles for a moment before he took the letter and perused it. It read. 'Come to Italy and save me'.

His forehead was gathered together after he was done. He didn't understand the letter at first. Could someone need his help from Italy? And who could that be?

"I don't even have an idea who it can be," Charles muttered. "Maybe you can talk to Alfred about it. He should definitely know about it."

Grey nodded once. "You are right," he pulled his phone out but hesitated. "But could it be James?" He placed a call to Alfred nonetheless. He picked it up after the second ring. "Hello, Alfred."

"How are you doing, Hercules?"

"Fine but I got a letter from Italy. Someone wants me to help out but he or she didn't make any indication of who it was. Do you have an idea?

Though, I'm thinking it could be James. I just don't know why he would need my help."

"I knew this was going to happen, Hercules and it's definitely James. I told you, remember? I told you earlier that James wouldn't be able to control the other mafia bosses in Italy. He's not strong enough, not like his father anyways," he revealed.

Grey released a sigh. "But he could have called and discussed it with me instead of sending me this letter. This is quite suspicious."

Alfred went quiet for a moment. "You are right. I will send someone to Italy to see what is really happening. I will get back to you concerning it," he promised.

Grey nodded once. "Alright. How is Beatrice by the way?"

"She has started to respond to treatment but she hasn't yet woken up."

Grey released a sigh. "Alright. Take care then." he dropped the call and looked at Charles. "Alfred thinks it's James but I still find it weird. So, he's going to check it out for me," he explained.

Charles nodded once. "Alright. So, are you going to join me tonight? We should drink."

Grey chuckled. "No problem actually."

Charles pushed a cup to him. "You can't escape it this time," he muttered and poured some wine into Grey's cup.

Grey took it and gulped the content down at once. Charles laughed and poured more wine into the cup.

"So, can we talk right now? About Aphrodite?" Charles said suddenly just as Grey had placed the cup in his mouth. He hesitated before he gulped down the wine again.

"What do you want to know about her anyways."

Charles laughed. "For being so shaken. Well, you won't be able to escape it this time around," he joked.

Grey laughed. "Alright. I'm with you this time. I will answer whatever question you throw at me."

Charles smiled. "I saw the way you were looking at Aphrodite. Is there really nothing happening between you?"

Grey chuckled. "What do you mean by that? Explain so I can understand."

Charles held his gaze for a moment. "You two should be in a relationship."

"No Charles, Nothing like that happened. Well, you know I adore Novia but that's all. There's not going to be anything like that between US actually."

"Why can't it happen? Is there something already happening that I don't know about?"

Grey smacked his lips and sipped the wine slowly while remembering the conversation that had gone between him and

Aphrodite previous days ago.

"Nothing," he muttered, not willing to say anything else.

"Novia loves you so much, Grey," Charles said suddenly.

Grey looked at him. "What? How did you know?"

Charles went silent for a moment, as he grabbed another bottle of champagne. "While Novia loved you, I loved Novia," he revealed.

Shock kept Grey motionless for a moment. "What?"

Charles nodded once. "You might not have noticed since the incident happened so quickly and well, during those times of your disappearance, Novia refused to yield," he explained.

Grey took the bottle of champagne from Charles.

"I confessed my feelings for her but she wouldn't accept me because she already loves you. And guess what, she wasn't even ready to let another man into her heart even though she thought you were dead," he added with sarcasm.

Grey looked away. "Novia confessed her feelings for me recently but-," he hesitated. "I declined her." he completed.

Charles looked at him. "Why can't you love her? Novia doesn't deserve to be alone. She doesn't deserve to be treated like you are doing to her."

Grey sighed. "I'm sure she would consider you now that I've declined her," he drank more of the wine.

Charles chuckled. "We both know that Aphrodite is one of the most stubborn ladies on earth," he laughed. "She's not only adamant but unyielding. She would not change her mind so easily."

Grey looked away as he thought about it. Charles was right. Novia was really stubborn but Grey wasn't in the mood to get into another relationship. He didn't even know if he wanted to have another girl after what had happened between him and Caramel. The future will tell anyways.

Chapter 390: Scare him



Seth gathered a lot of thugs at Smith's plan. He was certain that the plan would be a great success. They would be able to pull Grey out of the list with the final straw and the order would finally be his.

Smith couldn't come along as he got a lot of things to handle as well.

Seth hesitated in front of Diamond base for a few seconds before he beckoned the men over with a wave of his hand.

They both entered the unguarded company with harmful instruments in their hands. Though the thugs planned to kill or harm any security guards they lay their eyes on.

Meanwhile, Grey's men were watching them from the corner where they stood.

Seth and the men entered the building, each scattering around.

"What are we supposed to do?" One of the men asked suddenly.

Seth's gaze roamed around interestingly. "Destroy anything that's worth it, especially the clothes. I'm sure Grey would be down if he saw that happen," he responded and entered an office by the left.

He opened the door and walked inside. A laptop was on the desk. He hesitated in front of it. Grey could have received reports or messages from Protos Pubbilicita. In fact, there could be something that would show the ground that he was.

Aside from that, there would also be messages that Grey had sent to Maria in anticipation that the order would finally be his. He needed to check and see them.

He moved swiftly forward, his middle finger dropped on the power button and the computer went on.

A dirty smirk appeared on his face but it soon disappeared when he saw the password.

He took the laptop with a grunt, anger boiling in him. He raised it into the sky before he dropped it to the floor with a thud.

It is better to be destroyed than to be accessible.

A smile appeared on his face and he moved to the desk to see if he could see anything useful.

A scream erupted from everywhere around him. He hesitated as he listened, only to realise that it was coming from the lobby.

It was so late in the night that the scream felt so loud. He wondered what was happening and rushed out of the office.

He hurried into the lobby but hesitated, with a confused look at what was happening.

It was darker everywhere as it seemed like the circuit had been cut off. Before he went inside, everything was still fine. Was there a power failure?

The light went on suddenly and Seth met the shock of his life. His men were on the floor, groaning in pain.

There were also men in black, and with masks looking up at him as if to swallow him whole.

"Who are you?" He yelled.

There was no reply from the men. They just continue to stare as if they couldn't speak.

Instead, one of them moved closer to Seth.

"I asked you a question! Why aren't you replying?"

The man stopped suddenly. "I should be the one asking you the question. Or does this place belong to you? We are here to get whatever we can lay our hands on, but you are here already to get the same thing that we want?"

Seth swallowed harder. He saw the hardness on their faces and knew they were thugs or even more, maybe a cult. He had nothing to do in Diamond base anyways and would really be grateful if they could ruin everything. "No! " He said quickly. "I don't own here and I'm not here to disturb you. We will leave now," he rushed the word and looked down at his thugs. "Let's go now!"

Seth didn't wait for them to say anything before he rushed out of Diamond base and the men rushed out behind them.

""But\_," one of the men said suddenly as he caught up with Seth. "Are we going to leave like that?"

Seth hesitated to look at him. "Sure, is there anything else you would like to do? You guys couldn't even fight them. Besides, they are doing exactly what I want."

Grey placed the memory card on the table in front of the police. "Here is what you need. I hope you do the right thing."

The police looked at Grey for a moment, shocked before he took the memory card. "Are you serious?"

Grey nodded briefly. "I'm positive. Aren't I, Charles?" He glanced at Charles who was sitting beside him.

Charles nodded once. "You don't ask Hercules if he's positive. If Hercules was here, you wouldn't do that. But you can check it out if you find it unbelievable. But that is the video of when Seth tried to kill Grey and when he went to his new office to destroy things there," he explained.

Grey and Charles went to the police station the next day with evidence that would ruin Seth forever. Seth walked into Diamond's base company and destroyed their property. And then, he had already

taken loans from the bank with the hope of paying them back when he got the order but he was going to lose it.

And Seth already made an attempt on his life once. If Seth runs at that moment, he wouldn't be able to set feet inside Jacksonville ever again.

"I understand but you did say that you don't want to press charges," the head of police was terrified. Grey showed him that Hercules had sent him and Charles over and well, he knew how mighty Hercules was.

Grey nodded once." Because we don't need you to apprehend him. We want you to scare him. We will update you later," he stood and Charles did the same.

The police nodded briefly, with a smile tugging at his lips. "Alright, thank you," he stood as well. "Please extend my greetings to Hercules."

Charles smiled and looked at Grey. "We will."

Grey nodded as well. "Thank you."

And like that, Seth's case was sealed.