

## **Secretly TBB 421**

Chapter 421: Mess with him

"You heard me!" Enzo yelled again.

He was so angry now, blinded by it.

At first, he wanted to keep Grey beside him but he was too angry at his choice of words to do that.

So, he changed his mind.

He was currently after letting Grey get what he deserved.

"Mr.Enzo.Killing the secretary is a bit too much.Please, forgive her.You can punish her but don't kill her," the woman who seemed to be the secretary to Maximo said.

She was shocked and scared.

Enzo could have just punished the receptionist.

Killing her was out of it.

"What!"

Enzo roared as he turned his heavy gaze on her.

"Do you wish to join them?"

The receptionist's hands that were holding Enzo by the feet dropped, with every last hope of her. She didn't even know why she stepped in for Grey when she had an ongoing issue beforehand.

Now, she was going to die. She didn't even have a boyfriend or a child.

And she was the only child her parents had.

They would eventually die of depression if anything happens to her.

The receptionist saw her life flash across her eyes and she cried even more.

The secretary saw this slowly.

Well, Enzo wasn't scared of killing anyone and wouldn't hesitate to kill her as well.

So, she realised it was best for her to step aside.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Enzo."

"Better!"

He muttered thickly.

Two guys moved towards the receptionist and she didn't even run.

Well, there was nowhere to run.

Even if she was able to escape at that moment, it wouldn't guarantee her safety.

Enzo would find her even if she entered the hole.

Just as they both grabbed her by the arms, Grey turned his gaze away from Enzo and regarded the receptionist for a moment before his gaze searched around quickly. He didn't see anything he could use as a weapon close by.

So, he took off his shoes immediately.

Just as the men led the receptionist away, Grey aimed at their heads with the shoes in his hands.

He was so fast with the action that no one saw it coming.

Like magic, the shoes only hit the two men by the receptionist's side.

The impact caused the men to let go of her immediately and winced in pain.

The receptionist looked at Grey and realised what he had done.

Her expression was blank as she continued to look at him.

Grey wasn't allowed to stare too much as the men attacked at the same time.

One aimed a blow to his jaw but he dodged it easily and bent to give him an uppercut.

He jumped up to kick two of the men.

He used his inner strength at once whenever he hit these men.

So, it prevented the injured men from standing and joining the fight again.

Whenever he punched or kicked them, they would be out of the game.

Enzo was fascinated by Grey's impeccable skills.

He could not talk as he continued to look at him.

There was suddenly something so strange about him but Enzo couldn't get it at that moment.

No one moved closer to the receptionist now as they were focused on bringing Grey down.

He was the stubborn one anyways.

Grey caught one of the blows so easily that the opponent's eyes went wide with shock.

Grey was displaying the strong strength of someone that had been trained his entire life for a fight.

He looked very professional and skilled.

He was fast too and tactical.

Somehow, as all gaze and attention were focused on Grey, the receptionist crawled away slowly.

She remembered that Grey requested to see the CEO.

Just maybe, he was even acquainted with him.

Maybe he was the only one that could save her.

She couldn't use the telephone as the others would quickly know what she was up to.

She stood up suddenly and started walking towards the elevator.

The men caught her.

The receptionist had no choice but to race ahead, and two men hurried after her.

Grey was so caught in his fight that he didn't know this.

The receptionist entered the elevator and clicked on the 3rd floor.

She silently prayed that the men don't meet up with her before the door shut.

They would just kill her in the elevator.

Her heart was in her mouth as she watched the door close up eventually.

She let out a relieved sigh, tears building up in her eyes.

She didn't even know what was making her so teary.

Was it the fact that she was going to die or the fact that Grey rescued her? She never thought that the strange man would do anything for her, even though she tried to make Enzo reduce his punishment.

The door opened again and the receptionist raced out.

She soon arrived in front of Maximo's office.

She knocked once, "Boss?"

She called and when there was no reply, pushed the door and entered.

Maximo, who was initially engrossed in his work, looked up at the receptionist, with an angry expression. "What is it?"

"I'm sorry boss!"

She shivered at Maximo's sight.

"There's a man that wants to see you actually."

Maximo's eyes squeezed together. "Who?"

The receptionist shook her head briefly. "I don't know, boss but he wouldn't leave if he doesn't see you. And he currently has an issue to settle with Mr. Enzo. In fact, he is currently fighting off Mr. Enzo's men," she explained.

Maximo regarded her for a moment.

"And you don't know his name?"

"He is supposed to be Andy but I don't know. I don't think he's one of our newly employed security guards. He acted weird and kept saying he needed to see you." Maximo sighed.

"Let's go."

Two men were holding Grey aside as one delivered a blow into his stomach.

Grey coughed and he felt a flash of annoyance.

Just as the man in front of him tried to give him another blow, Grey kicked him away and pulled with every strength of him at the two men holding him apart. The two men hit each other and fell in front of him.

And just like that, he was done with dealing with Enzo's men.

He looked at Enzo with a satisfied grin on his face.

"Any more?"

Enzo was still looking at him, very much confused.

There was something weird about Grey but Enzo couldn't place it, just yet anyways.

The martial art skills he performed weren't ones associated with the Italians.

"What the fuck is going on here?"

Maximo yelled suddenly as he looked down at the men still groaning in pain and holding onto a part on their bodies that was obviously the source of the pain.

Grey turned to look at Maximo.

Their gaze held and locked for a moment.

Chapter 422: Respect

Grey smiled at Maximo.

"Your men are quite weak," he muttered.

"What the fuck!" Maximo gasped.

"Grey!"

Enzo and the rest concentrated on Maximo.

They were shocked that he even knew who the stranger was.

The receptionist was behind Maximo, with fear still in her eyes.

"You know who he is?"

Enzo inquired.

"Fuck! Enzo! This is the man you are supposed to see!"

He revealed.

Enzo was shocked, in fact, had never been so shocked in his entire life.

The man in front of him was Hercules.

Grey, on the other hand, was surprised as well.

He was supposed to meet with Maximo alone.



Maximo didn't even tell him about Enzo.

Maybe it was the decision he made later on.

Well, he would still need to meet with every mafia lord in Italy if he would be staying in Italy.

"I," the secretary started but stopped almost immediately.

She swallowed harder and started again.

"But he's one of our newly employed security guards."

The word upset Maximo. "Are you out of your mind? Are you trying to teach me what I know?"

Grey moved closer to Maximo.

"Your workers are very disrespectful. They wouldn't even call you to inform you that I'm here waiting for you," he explained.

"I'm really sorry. I clearly gave her the word that someone was coming for me. I'm very sorry. It won't happen again," he looked at his secretary.

"Ann, did or did I not tell you I was expecting someone?"

The secretary looked up at Maximo for a moment, then at Grey and back at Maximo.

"You did but I thought it was Mr. Enzo. Besides, the receptionist confirmed that he was Andy, the new security guard," she explained.

The receptionist stiffed, as fear overtook her.

Actually, she played a lot and didn't take Grey very seriously when he walked to her. She wasn't even supposed to interrupt people. Her mother has warned her severally against it. She knew it was going to cause her a lot of trouble someday and it has.

Maximo turned to the receptionist with rage almost overtaking him.

"Seriously?" The receptionist went on her knees again.

"I'm so sorry boss, I didn't know," she pleaded softly.

How was she supposed to know that the man could really be acquainted with Maximo? "Fine! You are fired! And you Ann," he looked at Ann.

"For not trying to contact me and see what is really happening, you will have two months' suspension with no salary." The receptionist started crying afresh.

Though, she was grateful that she didn't lose her life.

She could get a new job at any time.

Though, it was still going to affect her.

Ann on the other hand was filled with regret.

Enzo was looking at Grey with awe now.

No wonder his skills weren't to be compared.

Grey was really Hercules.

He was so bold too, just as he was supposed to be.

"Grey," he called softly and took a step forward.

"I'm sorry for the embarrassment. I apologize." Grey nodded once.

"Apology accepted."

"You heard me! Leave now!"

Maximo yelled at once.

The secretary and the receptionist rushed out of the lobby and everyone was back to doing what they were doing before Enzo came in.

Alfred and Gregory walked inside immediately. They hesitated at the scene.

"Is everything alright here?" Gregory asked.

"Everything is just fine," Maximo said with a smile.

"We will discuss the rest in my office. Let's go in."

He turned around and started towards the elevator, the rest followed.

"Who would have thought that Hercules would be in Italy? I found it hard to believe until now," Enzo started.

"His skills were neat! If he had been a little respectful, I would have thought of making him one of my security guards." Maximo laughed.

"Me too.His courage is out of this world."

Grey turned to Enzo.

"For stressing me, Enzo.You own me one."

Enzo laughed.

"Yes, I won't forget.I promise."

Gregory looked at Grey.

"Is everything alright?" He looked at Maximo.

"Where's Mattee."

"Mattee is in my house currently. I'm going to let him go like I've promised Grey yesterday."

Gregory looked at Grey with surprise on his features.He was surprised that Maximo and Grey settled it so fast.

When Alfred told him that, he didn't believe it initially.

He was pretty amazed now that he was here and has seen how close Grey and Maximo have become.

The door of the elevator opened, and the men walked out.

Maximo led them inside the luxurious office after apologizing to him for Enzo's behavior, yet again.

There were several men standing guard along the hallway.

The men bowed for them as they entered Maximo's office.

"What would you like me to get for you, guys?" Maximo inquired.

"Anything but we have to discuss the shares," Gregory said quickly.

"Calm down Gregory. The shares are safe. You don't have to worry about that."

He picked up the telephone and made a phone call. He dropped it after giving out some instructions before he turned towards Gregory again.

Gregory nodded.

"That means our work here is done."

"Not yet. Where are my men?" Alfred asked suddenly.

"Safe as well. I will ask one of my men to show you where they are and you can leave with them. This fight is done!"

Maximo revealed, with a smile.

Alfred nodded once and looked at Gregory.

"Everything came faster than we'd hoped." Maximo turned to Grey.

"There's someone else you need to meet. He's on his way already."

Grey nodded briefly.

The door opened and a woman walked inside with cups of coffee. She served them and walked out.

Alfre sipped the coffee slowly.

"We will take our leave then. We will show up again if we have anything for you."

Maximo nodded briefly and stood to shake hands with Alfred and Gregory.

"I will speak to one of men out there. He will show you where your men are. Grey turned to Maximo.

"I will still be around but I think I should have your contact." He took out his phone and extended it toward him.

"Sure!"

Maximo moved closer and took the phone. He inputted his phone numbers and extended the back to him.

Grey took it with a smile and turned to Alfred.

"Let's go."

They walked out of the office and Maximo turned to Enzo.

"What have I told you about this behavior? There will be a day you will mess with who you aren't supposed to mess with!"

Maximo muttered in anger.

"Do you even know how strong Hercules is? If anything happens to him, every mafia lord here will suffer the consequences. He has a lot of men and a lot of elders!"

Enzo let out an exasperated sigh.

"I didn't expect him to be dressed casually. So, it's partially not my fault but I'm grateful he has forgiven me already. As he said, I own him and I will try to do something helpful to him so that he won't ever forget about me."

"Good," Maximo released a sigh.

"Now tell me, how did you and Grey meet? Besides, I didn't know that Hercules was stronger than you. Though, I commend he fights so well." Maximo nodded once.

"He is..."

Chapter 423: New billionaire president

Linda was worried sick after hearing the news that Hercules had been killed. She had trouble sleeping the night before. She had even tried Grey's number but it wasn't reachable.

Could it be true? Could Grey really be dead? Linda couldn't believe what she had heard, and she prayed that it was just a rumor.

She knew that Hercules was a powerful man, but he was also a target for many of his enemies.

As she thought about the possibility of losing him, she couldn't help but worry about her daughter, Emily, who had fallen in love with Hercules.

Linda knew that Emily was aware of Hercules' status as a mafia lord, and she didn't want her to be involved in any of it.

She had tried to warn her daughter about the dangers of being with someone like Hercules, but Emily was head over heels in love with him.

Just as Linda was about to break down in tears, Emily rushed into the room, "Mom, are you alright?"

She hesitated as she read through Linda's expression.

Linda let out an exasperated sigh.

"I'm only thinking about Grey. How could he die like that? I don't feel good about it."

Her face beamed with excitement.

"Mom, guess what? Hercules isn't dead!"

Linda was stunned by this revelation, "What are you talking about, Emily? The news is all over the place. Grey was burnt to death! His car exploded! Why would you say he's not dead?"

Emily sat and looked at Linda.

"He's not, I'm telling you, mom. I know what I'm talking about. Grey would have died, alright but I saved him," she explained, "



"How did it happen? Tell me about it. Where is Grey at this moment."

"I don't know but the last time I saw him, he was at his house. Aphrodite and the rest of the elders even came to see him. Actually, this is what happened," she adjusted and waited for Linda to get prepared.

"I saw that some men were spying on him. So, I called him to tell him. I wanted him to fall in love with me after rescuing me. So, I planned to have some guys harass me and Grey was supposed to rescue me. Just as he walked out of the car, it exploded.

"Are you for real?"

Linda's eyes went wide with shock.

"You did what? Plan some men to harass you so that Grey would fall in love with you? That's not ok! How could you think like that?"

Emily rolled her eyes.

"Well, thanks to it, Grey is still alive. Were you not the one worried about him just now?"

Linda was relieved to hear that Hercules was alive and well, but she was also worried about Emily's involvement in all this.

She couldn't imagine what could have happened if Emily had been caught, but she also knew that her daughter was brave and resourceful.

For the first time, Linda was proud of her daughter and even though she hated what she did, she couldn't help but acknowledge her.

If she hadn't done that, Grey would be dead already.

Linda hugged Emily tightly, "I'm so proud of you, Emily. But please promise me that you won't get involved in any more of this. You could have been hurt, or worse."

Emily nodded, "I promise, Mom. I won't do anything like this again. But I just couldn't stand the thought of anything happening to Hercules. He's important to me too."

Linda smiled, feeling grateful for her daughter's bravery and loyalty, "I know, Emily. He's important to all of us."

Emily has been thinking about it a lot. She even discovered that Aphrodite loved Grey.

Who knows, Grey could love her as well.

There was no need to get in between them.

Asides, it could actually cause her death because Aphrodite was very powerful.

And what position would she leave her mom if she died? So, she has decided to let Grey go.

He was beyond her reach anyways.

It was time for the billionaire meeting and Giovanni was very happy.

He would be able to be the new billionaire boss that day.

Jamal wouldn't be able to stop him, considering the fact that Grey was dead.

The driver pulled to a stop at the venue of the meeting.

One of Giovanni's men opened the door and Giovanni walked out.

He entered the hall and noticed that almost everyone was around already.

Only a few members like Jamal, Gregory, and Alfred were missing.

There were different expressions on their faces but Giovanni didn't care.

He went to his seat, calmly.

One of his men informed him that morning that Gregory and Alfred were in Italy.

They must be trying to get one of the mafia lords to side with them since Hercules was dead.

It doesn't matter, Giovanni would be waiting for them.

He would have devised plans to tackle them.

And after he became the billionaire boss, he would find a way to release Alex.

Once again, he would rule the city of Jacksonville.

A moment later, Jamal walked inside.

He didn't look at him as he moved to his seat.

"The meeting will start," someone announced.

Jamal turned to Giovanni.

"You called this emergency meeting. Could you start by telling us why you did that?" Giovanni nodded briefly.

"I understand. Though, I'm not expecting you to wait this long before you call this emergency meeting. We all know about the demise of our billionaire president. Are we supposed to stay without a president?"

"But it's not in your position to discuss it. You were banned from attending meetings until further notice," Jamal attacked.

Giovanni chuckled softly.

"Nice of you to say that but don't forget the key fact. The president is dead. So, whatever the president has decided is invalid the moment he dies. We are all living. We should discuss the way forward of this club and not otherwise or do you want us to still be headed by the dead?"

"That doesn't even make any sense!" Martin said at once.

"We need to move forward. The king of the world has to be elected from Jacksonville, from this club. We must work towards it."

"But Grey hasn't been gone for a few days. Why aren't we even giving it space?"

"Well, everything has to happen accordingly. We can't risk stopping this club because the president is dead," Gary muttered.

Giovanni smiled softly, glad that his plan was working well.

"Well, Jamal. I don't think you should stress yourself with anything. The majority has always carried the vote here. Why don't you start the vote and let's see what the members think."

Jamal knew he was lost at that moment.

He initially thought he could change everything but when it came to voting, he knew that Giovanni would win. He let out a sigh.

"Alright, we will carry a vote to determine the next decision of this club," he hesitated as he looked around.

The expression on the faces of the men spoke a lot of languages.

They might not even be satisfied by Giovanni's decision but there was nothing they could do about it unless Grey showed up at that moment.

Well, that can't happen because he was dead.

"If you want us to choose a new president, please signify," he muttered.

The men didn't wait for him to finish before they raised their hands.

Only a few people didn't signify.

Those few people weren't present at the meeting.

"See?" Giovanni laughed.

"You need to proceed."

Jamal looked at Giovanni.

"And who do you think should be the next president?"

"Who? Me of course? I should be the new president."

"Yes! He's right!" Gary said quickly.

"He's the new president."

"We should vote again," Giovanni said quickly.

"That will determine what we are to do, right Jamal?"

Jamal didn't respond.

"If you want Giovanni to be the next president of this billionaire club, signify."

Everyone's hands were raised in the air.

Chapter 424: Partial

Grey returned inside the office after Alfred and Gregory had left.

Though, they didn't leave until they had asked him how he did it.

And he took his time to explain everything.

They were so happy that he didn't encounter much trouble.

Who actually knew that Grey getting lost was going to be a blessing? At least it was because of that he was able to help Maximo.

But if he hasn't helped him, Maximo might have died and he wouldn't be revenging at that moment.

It just wasn't fair enough.

Maximo had lived his life as Grey did.

He deserves to enjoy, like Grey.

When Grey walked inside the office again, Grey was surprised to see several other mafia lords gathered there.

They all turned to look at Grey as he entered the room, and there was a moment of silence as they evaluated him.

He raised skeptical brows at Maximo.

"What's happening here?" Maximo smiled.

"It's normal for other mafia lords to greet a fellow one. We should all get to know each other, isn't that right?"

"As I said earlier, I was here because of you,"

Enzo started.

"And what I did was unforgivable. I just hope you will forget it all and see the honesty in the word that Maximo has told you."

Finally, one of the lords stepped forward and spoke, "Welcome, Grey. We've been expecting you," there was a nice smile on his face.

"I heard of your father's popularity when I was in Jacksonville years back. It's so nice to see his son." Grey smiled.

"Thank you, I appreciate it. Thank you once again, it's an honor to be here."

He nodded.

"I'm Leonardo. This is Dante," he pointed at him.

"This is Romeo and here is Enzo but I assume you've met him already." Grey smiled.

"Yes, I have. Thanks."

The other lords nodded in agreement, and Grey realized that they all knew who he was.

He felt a sense of satisfaction at this realization.

The gathering was a show of respect for Grey, and he was grateful for it.

It was a reminder that, even though he was a powerful mafia lord, he was still part of a larger community.

And with that thought, Grey settled on the chair close by.

"What do you say to a night get-together among the mafia lords? Just see it as a way of welcoming you to our midst," Dante said suddenly.

Grey thought for a moment.



"I won't be available tonight."

"It doesn't have to be tonight," Enzo uttered.

"It can be tomorrow night. How about that? What do you say to it?"

Grey smiled widely.

"That's ok then.Tomorrow's night then."

"It's at Ex-Maximo right?"

Leonardo inquired.

"Yes, Ex-Maximo is suitable for it,"

Enzo supported.

Grey pulled out of the company a few minutes later.

He drove along the way while watching out for any boutique close by.He pulled to a stop in front of the Luxurious boutique and got down.He watched the outer decorations and was pleased by them.He

entered the boutique with excitement, eager to browse the latest fashion trends and pick out some new clothes for himself.

One of the salespeople walked to him.

"Hi sir, welcome to Luxurious boutique.How can I help you?"

"I need to pick some nice clothes.I also want a tuxedo suit.Do you have it?"

The salesperson flashed a smile at him.

"Of course we do.I can show you over to whatever you want.What will you like to go for first?"

Grey reasoned it for a moment.

"Can we go to the suit section? I will like to select the tuxedo first."

"Ok, please come with me," the salesperson turned around and started walking away while Grey followed her.

They walked for a while and turned left before they entered the suit section.

'We have a lot of suits that you can select from if you don't want a tuxedo," she gestured toward some suits.

"What do you think?"

As he made his way through the racks, he noticed a man striding confidently towards him.

With the way he was dressed, his shoe and the way he carried himself, one would know that he was one of the billionaires in the city, and he seemed to be on a mission.

Maybe he wanted to have a suits as well.

Just as Grey grabbed a tuxedo, the man was beside him.

"I want this," he said suddenly.

Grey looked up at him.

"I took the suit first, please. So, it's mine. Besides, there are a lot of tuxedo here. You can choose."

The billionaire looked back at the salespeople behind him, who were eagerly waiting to assist him with his every need.

"I don't want this man in here," he declared, pointing at Grey.

Drive him out of here, and I'll make it worth your while."

Grey stared for a moment, shocked.

"What the fuck are you doing? I took the suit first. It's mine and why would they drive me out when I'm here to do exactly what you are also doing? "Do you even know who I am?" He asked proudly.

Grey sighed.

He had heard that statement a lot that day that it was suddenly causing him to feel nauseated. The salespeople hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to do.

Skeptical at the fact that no one was responding to him, the billionaire yelled "What are you doing? Can't you see him? Can't you see the way he's dressed? How can someone like him afford that tuxedo? He's very poor and he's touching the clothes with those filthy hands. You should send him out this instant!"

One of the salespeople that looked older stepped forward and looked at Grey.

"He took the suit first.You should return it.Asides, we have different suits based on your financial size.You could even pay in installments."

The other salespeople laughed at this except the one with Grey.

"I don't think we should do this.He wouldn't be here if he can't afford it," the salesperson with Grey defended him.

"Hey!"

The older salesperson yelled at the one with Grey.

"Shut up, Alice.You are new here.So, you don't know how we run this place.This prominent figure right here," he pointed at the billionaire man.

"Is the president's son."

"And so what? Does that give him the audacity to prevent me from buying what I want or for insulting me?"

Grey muttered in disgust.

"If you won't listen to me, perhaps you will listen to the security.Leave now before I call security on you!" She warned.

Grey couldn't believe it.

"What did you just say?"

"You heard me clearly, Mr.man.You are to leave now of your own volition or you will be disgraced," the older salesperson further warned.

"Fine, I want to see the manager because I have no plan on walking out of this store without buying what I want. This is partial. I didn't know that this happens in Italy as well."

The older salesperson regarded him for a moment.

"Even the manager recognizes the president's son. Only you don't. You must think we are a fool like you."

"Tell him!" The billionaire laughed.

My father funds this place! Without us, would you even be able to enter this place to shop?"

Grey scoffed.

"Sincerely?" He laughed.

"You mean to say you are living on your father's money and not yet a billionaire? Then you must be as poor as I am."

Anger flashed across the billionaire's face.

"How dare you! My father owns the money but that makes me a rich man as well. I own everything that he owns. I will be in charge after his death."

"Wait then, for him to die before you claim to be a billionaire."

Chapter 425: Nor meant to be

"I'm not leaving. Call the manager. If he wants me to leave, then I will,"

Grey said stubbornly "You don't want to leave? Then, face the security."

The salesperson with Grey saw that everything was going bad. So, she rushed to the telephone and placed a call to the manager. He picked it up immediately.

"Yes, hello Manager. There's an issue here and I will like you to intervene. Thank you so much," she finished and hung up.

What she didn't know was that the Manager had already seen Grey and planned to come downstairs already.

Two security stepped forward, "What's happening here?"

"Make him leave!" The older salesperson ordered.

"Step aside!"

A deep voice muttered suddenly stopping the security guards on their way to Grey.

The manager stepped forward. He hesitated to look at Grey.

Actually, the manager was part of the mafia lord in Italy.

He had a very important appointment was why he wasn't at Maximo's company.

But he promised to show up at the get-together.

But Enzo did him the favor of taking his picture and sending it to him so he wouldn't make the mistake that he made.

And to even think Grey was still wearing the same clothes made it all easier for him.

"You want to drive out a customer because he wants the same clothes as you?" the manager asked the billionaire incredulously.

"That's not how we do things here."

The billionaire sneered and reached for his wallet, pulling out a wad of cash.

"I'll make it worth your while," he repeated.

But the manager was not swayed. "I'm sorry, but we can't do business with someone who would treat another customer this way. You're going to have to leave."

Enraged, the billionaire refused to budge.

"You can't do this to me," he shouted.

"I'll have you all fired! My father sponsors this place! You can't chase me out!"

But the manager stood his ground. He felt very annoyed.

The president and he has a deal actually. So, there was nothing his son would do to him. He moved closer to the president's son angrily and slapped him.

The sound echoed through the boutique, and everyone froze.

The billionaire recoiled in shock, his hand flying to his cheek. He looked at the manager with disbelief, unsure of what had just happened.

The manager remained calm and composed, but his eyes burned with anger.

"You're leaving now," he said firmly.

"And don't ever come back."

With that, the billionaire stormed out of the boutique, his head held low in shame.

The salespeople looked at each other in awe, amazed by what they had just witnessed.

Grey, who had been watching the whole scene unfold, couldn't believe what he had just seen.

As the billionaire disappeared out the door, the manager turned to Grey with a smile.

"Now, let's get you fitted for some new clothes, " he said, leading Grey back to the racks.

He hesitated and looked at the older salesperson.

"And you are fired!"

Grey was surprised.

Why would the manager take his side? As Aurora and Charles sat under the starry night sky, they felt a deep connection that seemed to transcend time.

They had only met less than 24 hours ago, but it felt like they had known each other for years.

Aurora couldn't help but feel a strong attraction to Charles, but she also sensed that he was still unsure about his feelings.



Or maybe he doesn't even love him.

They stayed together the previous night actually and everything was fine.

It was very late into the night and Aurora found a secluded place for them to be.

Charles was able to kiss Aurora yesterday but he hadn't further it or even tried it again. He was still trying to find out what he was feeling. He wasn't sure, especially because he had always loved Aphrodite all his life. He had always thought it would get better between them but it never did.

Charles turned to Aurora, his eyes searching hers, "I'm still confused. I don't know what to think of this. How can I be feeling this way about someone I've just met?"

Aurora smiled softly, "I know it sounds crazy, but I feel the same way too. There's just something about you that draws me in. It's like we've been waiting for each other all our lives, and now we've finally found each other."

"So, you said you would love to be a baker," he waited for Aurora to respond before he continued.

Aurora nodded briefly.

"But would that also be in Italy? Or would you come to Jacksonville?"

Aurora looked away for a moment as different thoughts collide in her mind in some sort of crazy confusion.

It was her dream but there was no way she could leave without Maximo's order.

If she runs away, Maximo would hunt her down.

"Yes, I will go to Jacksonville," she looked away to hide the tears on her cheeks.

"I've missed my parent so much. So, if I would be going to school or do anything. I would like it to be in Jacksonville."

Charles nodded once.

"That's actually nice. I'm sure you will do perfectly well."

Aurora wiped the tears off quickly.

"You haven't gone home since yesterday. Is that fine? I mean," she hesitated and try to swallow the large lump in her throat.

"I might be seeing Maximo tonight." Charles huffed.

"No, you are not."

Aurora looked up at him.

"I can't defy his order."

"You will be defying his order by showing up." Aurora raised confused brows at him.

"What do you mean?"

Charles smiled.

"Maximo has granted your freedom. You are free to go anywhere you want. You are free to even go to Jacksonville."

At first, Aurora found it difficult to believe.

"What, are you sure? Is this supposed to be a joke?" Charles laughed.

"I'm afraid it's not. Hercules demanded your freedom yesterday. This was what Aphrodite told me last night," he explained.

"What!"

Aurora jumped up in joy and happiness.

"Oh My! I'm so happy!"

She hugged Charles before she could think of what she had done. She pulled away immediately after she realized it.

"Sorry about that. I was just so happy."

Though they kissed yesterday, Aurora still felt uncomfortable doing things with Charles.

She didn't want to forget the fact that Charles knew he was Maximo's mistress. He might not get interested in her because of that. She didn't want to stress it.

"So, tell me more about your life in Jacksonville," Charles asked again, his gaze on her.

Aurora took a deep breath and started talking.

As they talked, the distance between them seemed to shrink, until they were sitting so close that their bodies were touching.

Aurora's heart raced as she felt the warmth of Charles' body.

Without a word, Charles leaned in and kissed Aurora gently on the lips.

The kiss was tentative at first as if testing the waters, but it quickly deepened into something more passionate.

As they pulled away, Aurora looked at Charles with love and adoration in her eyes, "I know it's crazy, but I think I'm falling in love with you."

Charles smiled, "Really?"

He stroked her hair slowly.

Aurora smiled softly and stood up, a bit anxious.

"I have to be somewhere. There's a place I have to be at this moment."

She saw the change in Charles' expression and it saddened her.

Maybe something wasn't meant to be no matter what.

Chapter 426: Love matters or not

Grey sat nervously at the dinner table, trying his best to maintain a sense of composure despite the fact that he was sharing a meal with the goddess of love herself.

Aphrodite sat across from him, her radiant beauty and overwhelming presence filling the room.

Grey had always known that she had a fondness for him, but he wasn't quite sure how to handle her affections.

In fact, he had always feared Aphrodite talking about it and when she did, he didn't quite know where to turn to.

"Hello, here's the menu," the waiter extended one menu each to them.

Aphrodite perused the menu quickly but she knew what she wanted already. She has always frequented the La Porchetta and there was a particular meal that she had always enjoyed.

The waiter soon walked back to them.

"Sir, ma'am, are you ready to make your order?" They nodded at the same time.

"I want pasta," Aphrodite started.

"And Aperitivo. And the desert should be \_," she thought about it for a moment.

"Chocolate and pistachio Biscotti."

"Alright, ma'am, and you?" The waiter looked over at Grey.

"I would like lasagna and yes, Aperitivo sounds enticing. Make the dessert chocolate and pistachio Biscotti."

"VA bene, sto arrivando," the waiter said in Italian and hurried away.

"What did he say?"

Aphrodite was confused.

Grey laughed.

"He probably said, 'on the way or I'm coming.'"

Aphrodite laughed.

"I think I might need a translator on my phone. Or maybe I would try to learn some Italian. Aurora could teach me."

It didn't take up to thirty minutes when their order arrived.

As the meal began, Aphrodite leaned in closer to Grey, her hand gently resting on his arm.

"You know, Grey," she said, her voice low and seductive, "I've always wanted this type of thing but you were always too busy for me."

Grey shifted uncomfortably in his seat, unsure of how to respond.

He knew that getting involved with a goddess, especially one as powerful as Aphrodite, could have serious consequences especially when his heart hasn't even healed.

But at the same time, he couldn't deny the thrill of being the object of her affection.

Somehow, after the kiss, he started to see Aphrodite in a new light.

He smiled.

"Don't you worry, I will take you out frequently now," he promised.

For the rest of the meal, Aphrodite continued to shower Grey with attention, laughing at his jokes and touching his arm whenever she had the chance.

Grey played along, enjoying the attention but still hesitant to take things any further.

As the night wore on, Aphrodite's advances became more and more overt.

She leaned in to whisper in Grey's ear, her breath hot against his skin. She trailed her fingers across his chest, sending shivers down his spine.

Grey knew that he should put a stop to this, that he should tell Aphrodite that he wasn't ready for a relationship.

But he couldn't bring himself to do it.

He was too afraid of hurting her, of rejecting her and causing her pain.

For how long would he say no to her advances? Everyone deserves to be happy, don't they? And so he played along, allowing Aphrodite to continue her seduction.

He laughed at her jokes and touched her hand when she reached for his.

As the evening drew to a close, Grey felt both relieved and disappointed.

He was glad to have made it through the night without upsetting Aphrodite, but he couldn't help but wonder what might have happened if he had been more forthcoming about his feelings.

He knew that he couldn't continue to play this game forever, that eventually, he would have to choose whether or not to pursue a relationship with Aphrodite.

But for now, he was content to bask in the glow of her affection, even if it was only for one night or maybe there will be more in the future.

As Grey and Aphrodite left the La Porchetta restaurant, the cool night air greeted them, and Grey couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement.

He had just spent the evening with Aphrodite and somehow, he loved it.

"We should come out often. You shouldn't forget your promise, Grey!"

He was driving his Audi R8 Spyder to their luxurious villa. He wondered if Charles was at home at that moment.

As they pulled up to the villa, Aphrodite said her goodnights and headed to her room.

Grey watched her go, feeling a sense of longing as she disappeared down the hallway.

But as he turned to head to his room, he was surprised to see Charles walking into the living room.

"Charles!" Grey exclaimed.

"I haven't seen you in more than 24 hours. Where have you been? Were you planning on staying away forever?"

Charles laughed and shrugged.

"Just hanging out with a female friend," he said, his eyes sparkling mischievously.

Grey raised an eyebrow but decided not to pry.



Instead, he suggested that they spend some time together before retiring for the night.

"Let's go to a club and have some fun," Grey said, grabbing his jacket from the coat rack "I could use a drink."

Charles grinned and nodded, and soon they were both stepping out into the cool night air once again.

Charles' mind was filled. He couldn't stop thinking about Aurora and felt perhaps he should tell Grey about it.

The club was only a short drive away, and soon they were walking through the doors, the pounding bass and flashing lights assaulting their senses.

As they ordered their drinks and made their way to the dance floor, Charles couldn't help but feel a sense of joy and excitement.

He was surrounded by people, the music thumping in his chest, and he knew that he was been exactly where he needed to be. He needed something to stop him from thinking about Aurora at that moment and he found it.

"Do you know that I kissed Aurora last night?"

Charles started suddenly, anxious to get it off his mind.

Grey was his best friend anyways.

"Yes, I know!" Grey nodded briefly.

Charles squeezed his face at him.

"You seem to know more."

Grey huffed and gulped down his drink.

"What are you worried about? Do you still want to continue loving Aphrodite?"

Charles clenched his teeth and looked away. He has always loved Aphrodite.

Was that why he was being hesitant?

"Or is it because Aurora used to be Maximo's mistress?" Grey said suddenly and Charles' heart made a thud.

Could it be?

Chapter 427: Luck Wasn't

Aurora the woman you were with last night?"

Charles let out a sigh.

"She was. It looks like you do know a lot. Was that why you asked Maximo for her freedom?"

Grey didn't answer immediately.

Instead, he took the wine from Charles.

"You are going to get drunk at this rate," he cautioned.

Charles sighed.

"But I'm not yet drunk.Besides, I know how to keep myself from getting drunk."

Grey grinned widely like a sly cat.

"Are you kidding me? Seriously? With the rate at which you are going? I doubt that."

Charles let out an exasperated sigh.

"No problem then.I'm not offended." Grey smiled.

"So, what's this all about? We came here to have fun and not to get drunk.Why are you drinking?"

Charles went still for a moment as if thinking about the reply to give Grey.

"I can't stop thinking about her," he said suddenly.

"No matter how much I tried, I couldn't stop.I might have been drinking but it doesn't even look like that to me."

Grey watched him.

"And you don't want to think about her? I mean would you deny the fact that you like her? Even if it's just a little.Would you throw that away because she's not like Aphrodite?"

Charles shook his head briefly.

"Don't say it like that.I'm not even supposed to feel for Aurora.When did I meet her? Could it be counted as a feeling? What if it's all lust?"

Grey sighed.

"See, I'm not saying that's not possible. It's very possible to lust after someone like that. And, it's equally possible for it to be love. Why don't you give her a chance to get to find out what you really feel for her? If it doesn't work out, fine. Then you guys can go your separate ways."

Charles raised skeptical brows.

You think?"

"I mean, isn't that better than hurting yourself this way?" He hesitated as he watched him.

"Or there's something else you aren't saying. Perhaps it's what I said earlier. It's probably because she used to be Maximo's mistress."

Charles looked away and released another sigh.

Grey was right actually.

"Come on, Charles. Let's leave. getting too late," he informed him.

"No problem but buy me a drink I can take home. At least, I'm free to get wasted and drunk in my room."

"Sure"" Grey laughed and stood up just as Charles did the same.

But as they made their way through the crowded dance floor, they noticed a group of big Italian men staring at them.

At first, Grey and Charles tried to ignore them, thinking they were just being paranoid. But as they made their way to the bar, one of the Italian men called out to them.

"Hey, you guys are new here, right?" the man sneered.

Grey and Charles exchanged a look.

They knew that being new in certain parts of Italy could draw unwanted attention, but they weren't expecting trouble.

"Yeah, we are," Grey replied cautiously.

The Italian men laughed and exchanged a few words in their native language before turning back to Grey and Charles.

"Well, this is a club for Italians. Maybe you should find somewhere else to go," the man said.

Grey bristled at the implication that they weren't welcome.

"We are just here to have a good time like everyone else," he said, trying to diffuse the situation.

But the Italian men weren't interested in backing down.

"Hey, security!" one of the Italian men shouted, motioning to the bouncers.

"Get these men out of here!"

The security guards approached Grey and Charles, but before they could escort them out of the club, another man stepped in.

It was Leonardo, a well-known and feared mafia lord in Italy. He was surrounded by a group of men who looked just as intimidating as the Italian bullies who were harassing Grey and Charles.

Aside from the fact that he was well known, Leonardo was the owner of the bar.

Leonardo looked at the Italian men with a cold, steely gaze.

"What seems to be the problem here?" he asked in a low voice.

Charles looked at Grey.

"He seemed to be the boss around here. Are we still in trouble or not."

"We are not, Charles," Grey assured.

His luck was enormous that day. He has been saved severally that day.

The Italian men hesitated, looking nervously at Leonardo and his crew.

"These new men don't belong here," one of them said, trying to explain.

"Yes, they don't.

They shouldn't be here!"

Leonardo raised an eyebrow.

"And who decided that?" he asked, his voice dripping with disdain.

"I am the owner of this bar but did I lay any rule like that."

The Italian men shifted uncomfortably, they knew that they were no match for Leonardo and his men.

Leonardo might have them locked in prison and there's nothing anyone would do about it.

"Leave now, while I'm still acting nice. These are my visitors. And you will accord them the respect you so give me. Besides, these men are also Maximo's visitors and I wonder what he would do to you if anything happens to these men." Their hearts made a sudden thud at what Leonardo had just said.

They knew they had to leave before they cause trouble that they might not be able to resolve.

"Che Cazzo" they muttered something in Italian and backed away, disappearing into the crowd.

Leonardo turned to Grey and Charles, giving them a curt nod.

"You're welcome to stay," he said, his voice gruff but not unkind.

Grey and Charles were both relieved and a little intimidated by the encounter.

"Thank you so much, Leonardo. I really appreciate it. Oh, that reminds me. This is Charles, he's my right man,"

Grey introduced.

Leonardo turned to Charles.

"Nice meeting you. Are you coming to the gathering?"

Charles nodded once, even though his brows were still raised at Grey in a confused manner.

Leonardo smiled.

"Alright then, till the gathering. Grey sent him another bright smile and watched him walk away before he made his way to the bar. Charles followed behind.

"What gathering is that?"

"Yes, while you were kissing Aurora this morning, I met with some of the mafia lords and we planned to have a get-together," he revealed.

Charles laughed.

"I'm definitely not missing it."

Chapter 428: Deal

Giovanni laughed out so loud.

"Drink on!"

He muttered. He was having a feast at his house after the coronation day have been fixed. He invited interested members and everyone have been enjoying themselves.

"Congratulations on becoming the billionaire boss once again!"

Martin congratulated openly while laughing.

One of Giovanni's men walked inside, bowed, and moved closer to him.

"Alfred and Gregory are back in Jacksonville," he whispered.



The smile on his face disappeared and got replaced with a blank expression.He stood up suddenly.

"You all should continue enjoying yourself.I will be back very soon," he promised and walked out.

The man followed him.He stopped in the hallway.

"Did they come with anyone?"

"They came with no one." Giovanni thought for a moment.

"That can't happen actually.Alfred is brilliant.He must know that I'm watching him.He wouldn't make things n.ovelebook so clear but I'm sure he's planning something.What else have you found out?" The man shook his head briefly.

"Nothing boss.We are unable to get what they are planning.We haven't been able to penetrate the after the new tattoo that the men now have," he revealed.

Giovanni clenched his teeth in thought.

"I will think of something. Is the police here?"

The man bowed slightly.

"He is.He's waiting for you in the other room.We led him there the moment he arrived, just as you've informed us."

Giovanni nodded briefly, satisfied."Lead the way then.I will meet with him immediately."

The man turned around and started to walk away, and Giovanni followed.

They walked for a moment before the man stopped in front of a door. He opened the door and stepped aside for Giovanni to enter.

Truly, a man was inside but he was dressed casually.

"Giovanni," he called and stood to shake his hand.

Giovanni had a nice smile on his face.

"How have you been?"

The other man stayed by the door as if to prevent anyone from coming inside.

"Fine, Giovanni. You wanted to see me for something very important?"

Giovanni nodded briefly.

But before that, would you like to take something? I'm celebrating something very special, so there are a lot of eatable things in the house. Would you be able to attend my coronation?"

The man raised a brow.

"What coronation, Giovanni?"

"What coronation do you know about? I'm going to be the new billionaire president. Grey is dead, isn't he?"

The man released a sigh.

"Anything you offer me, Giovanni is acceptable."

Giovanni smiled and looked back at one of his men, the one that had been led him to the room previously. He communicated with him silently and watched him walk out before he looked back at the man in front of him.

"Let's make a deal."

"What deal?"

"Release Alex and I will make you the second in command of the billionaire club."

The man laughed.

"You must be kidding, Giovanni. The judge places your son in the prison, not me. I don't think it's me you should be talking to when you can easily talk to the judge that was in charge of the case."

"Sam, I know the reason why I'm asking you. I know and you know. I mean you've done this type of thing before. It shouldn't be difficult for you to do now. I mean there's even a nice prize attached to it. Do you think the billionaire club would let you be the second in charge? But you can do it with my help."

Sam clicked his lips as he thought about it.

"What do you want me to do exactly?" Giovanni smiled softly.

"Very simple. Just help me escape him. I know you can do it. That's why I'm here. If this can happen before the coronation, you will stay beside me as the new second man in charge that day."

Sam smiled. He has actually longed to be in a nice position in the billionaire club but it hasn't been possible for him.

Now that opportunity has shown itself, he didn't want to miss it. He couldn't even afford to.

"Alright," Sam said eventually after some minutes of thinking deeply about it.

"I will do it but you have to remember the necessary thing. Alex isn't supposed to show his face until I tell you to. He should learn to stay low for now."

Giovanni nodded once.

"I understand. I will do that. Thanks," he stood.

"My men will bring you some delicacy. I need to go now. I don't want to keep my members waiting."

Sam grinned.

"I understand. I should be there too if it wasn't because I didn't want anyone to suspect." Giovanni chuckled.

"It's for the greater good."

Sam nodded once, feeling satisfied with the decision he had made.

Giovanni walked out of the room, feeling equally satisfied. He got everything he wanted so quickly and faster. He even thought it would be harder.

Well, since Grey was gone, everything has been coming easily to him. He walked out but one of his men raced closer to him.

"Boss, there's someone that wants to speak with you."

"And who can that be?"

"He said his name is David."

"David?" Giovanni called as if tasting the sound of it.

He tried to remember him but he eventually realized that he didn't know anyone by that name.

"Send him away.I'm sure he's here for the food.You can give it to him but don't let him in."

"Alright boss," the man bowed slightly and started away.

Giovanni barely took four steps forward when he stopped.

He didn't remember anyone bearing the name of David but he could be important to him.

But what If it was a spy sent by Alfred? Well, only one way to find out.

Or was he supposed to throw away things because he was suspicious? Grey was dead anyways.

If the man doesn't have anything that will favor him, he would send him away.But there was no harm in hearing him out.

He turned towards the receding steps of the man from earlier.

"Wait!"

He ordered suddenly.

The man turned towards Giovanni again.

"Yes, boss."

"Let him in. I will like to speak with him."

In the next few minutes, Giovanni was sitting in front of David. He didn't even look any familiar to him.

So, Giovanni concluded that he had never seen him.

"Why are you here? What do you want to discuss with me and who are you?" He asked in a deep voice.

David took a slight bow.

"I'm sorry for disturbing you, sir but my name is David and I work in one of Hercules's companies," he revealed.

Giovanni's eyes tightened on him.

"Why are you here? What do you want?" David released a sigh.

"To plea loyalty."

Chapter 429: Not really

Grey yawned lazily. It was morning again. His hand searched the lampstand for his phone. He had no missed calls and it was almost eight in the morning. He went for his bath and remembered that he left Charles drinking in his room before he went to his.

Perhaps, he would still be sleeping.

Though, what he told Charles seemed to be applying to him.

In some sense, it wanted to look like his story was the same as Charles'.

Charles has always loved Aphrodite and now when he met someone else, he's not really interested in moving close to her.

He thinks it could be lust.

No, he was just being doubtful.

And him? He had always loved Caramel but he had been rejected.

Was he really supposed to deny himself the chance to be loved because his relationship failed twice? Maybe or maybe not.

Grey couldn't really make the decision.

He couldn't really even think it deeply. He walked out of the room and as usual, Aphrodite was in the kitchen. He hesitated behind her and continued to watch her for what looked like forever.

It was when she turned to take something that she caught him staring.

"Grey!"

She called softly and happily. She was in short loungewear.

The only difference was that she had her makeup on.

Grey moved closer to her.

"Good morning, Novia."

"Morning, Grey.How was your night?"

"Cool actually.How was your?"

Aphrodite turned around to pick the vegetables.

"Splendid.I'm trying to make pot roast," she revealed.

Grey regarded her for a moment.

"Have you seen Charles this morning?"

"Did he come home?" Grey laughed.

He knew it! That Charles was too wasted and had a hangover.

"Of course he did, I will check him in the room," he announced and disappeared along the hallway without waiting for Aphrodite to talk.He opened the door, not interested in knocking.

Charles opened his eyes slowly.He was on the floor and with the position that Grey has met him, he was certain that he slept on the floor.

"Charles!"

Grey called and a rumble of laughter escaped him."What are you doing on the floor?"



Charles yawned and straightened up.

"Don't tease me, Grey. I'm not interested in it," he held a straight face and got up.

He entered the bathroom without a second glance. Grey laughed and walked out of the room. He entered the living room again and noticed the letter on the table.

"What's this for?"

He inquired from Aphrodite as he moved closer again.

"What?"

Aphrodite turned slightly and looked at the letter in Grey's hands.

"Oh, it's for Charles. Aurora sent it."

Grey nodded and walked interested the living room. He safely placed it on the table.

Charles could still be doubting the feeling he has for the girl but kissing her already sent a different message to Aurora.

The letter could be her love letter to him.

Grey's phone rang suddenly. It was Maria. "Good morning, boss."

"Good morning, Maria. How are you doing? And how is the running of the business?"

"It's all fine. I just wanted to remind you of something."

"Yes, what's that?"

"It's about David. He seems to be getting worst," she revealed.

"Did you see him? Did you speak to him?"

"No, but I've been getting feedback. If we allow him to continue, he could actually ruin everything you have. Though, I'm not sure we will be able to revive the company you gave him to monitor at this moment." She explained.

Grey nodded once.

"I will do something about it immediately. I was actually not able to do anything before I leave for Italy but I will find a way out now," he assured.

Maria released a relieved sigh.

"Thank you, boss. I wish you would come back to Jacksonville soon." Grey smiled. When I'm done, I will. Don't miss me too much."

Maria laughed out loud.

"Alright boss. Thank you."

Grey hung up and thought about what age had said.

What could David be up to? He dialed Luciano's number immediately. He picked it up after the second ring.

"Hello boss, how have you been?"

"Good, thanks Luciano but I have something for you."

"Anything, boss. Just name it."

Grey smiled.

"Thank you. Can you get someone to spy on one of my workers? I will have someone send you the details of the person."

"Alright, I will be waiting."

Grey nodded once.

"Alright, take care," he finished and hung up.

He placed a call to Maria again.

Maria picked it up immediately.

"Hello, boss."

"I want you to send every detail of David to the number I will send over to you."

"Alright boss, I will do everything."

"Alright, just make sure you don't leave behind any details."

"I won't, boss. I will start compiling immediately," she assured.

Grey smiled and hung up.

The door opened behind him. He turned around to see who was at the door. He felt a bit shocked when Aphrodite stepped aside and allowed a man to walk inside. The man was of the same height as Aphrodite, thick and handsome.

He was dressed in Louis Vuitton wear which showed he was equally rich as Aphrodite.

"Come, I will introduce you to my friends,"

Aphrodite said excitedly and led the man over to where he was.

"Grey, meet Thomas. Thomas, meet Grey."

Thomas stretched out his hand for a handshake and Grey shook it with a nice smile.

"You are welcome."

"Yes! We are having breakfast together. Only Charles isn't here but I will get him immediately. You guys should wait for us,"

Aphrodite said quickly and hurried towards Charles' room.

Thomas was still looking around.

"This place is beautiful. I love the interior decorations."

"Thank you," Grey tried to smile as he walked to the dining room.

Sometimes, he didn't understand what his friends were up to. He expected Aphrodite to tell him that someone was going to join them.

When Grey walked to the dining room, he marveled at the large quantities of food that Aphrodite had prepared, because of Thomas.

But then, who was Thomas then? They had their seats.

"So, how did you get to know Aphrodite?" Grey probed.

Thomas smiled.

"Because you are Aphrodite's friend, I think you should know everything." Grey raised a brow at him.

"Everything? I thought you guys met recently?"

"No!"

Thomas shook his head briefly.

"I've known Aphrodite since when I was in high school. We even dated."

Grey went into shock for a moment.

"What? So, that makes you her ex-boyfriend?"

"Yes," Thomas laughed nervously.

"Though, I'm planning on asking her out soon." He revealed suddenly.

Grey felt even shocked.

"What!"

He opened his mouth to say something but Charles and Aphrodite showed up.

"You should read your letter before coming here. It might be important,"

Aphrodite told him before she moved to sit beside Thomas.

"When did this letter come in?" Charles asked suddenly, now looking up at them again.

Aphrodite thought for a moment.

"Very early this morning. I think it was 6."

"What!"

Charles exclaimed softly and ran out.

Alarmed, Grey hurried behind him.

"Wait! What happened? Where are you going!"

But before he could ask more, Charles pulled out of the vicinity.

What the fuck was happening?

## Chapter 430: Missed Opportunity

"What do you think could have happened to Charles? Why did he tun out like that?" Aphrodite asked from behind, with concern in her voice.

Grey shook his head briefly.

"I have no idea.I hope nothing has happened to Aurora because he was asking when the letter came in." Aphrodite nodded briefly.

"You are right."

When Grey turned around, he was shocked for a moment, Thomas had his arm around Aphrodite's waist, as if he was trying to console her.

Console her for what? It wasn't as if something bad had happened to Charles.

Grey cleared his throat meaningfully and walked back to the dining room.It took a while before Thomas and Aphrodite would join him.

"Can we just eat? I'm tired!" Grey groaned.

Aphrodite and Thomas eventually sat, not after Thomas had pulled out the chair for her.

Grey groaned inwardly, anger building up in him.

"Can we please just eat? Because I have a place to go." Aphrodite sighed.

"The last time I checked, you are supposed to be home. It's Saturday after all."

Grey murmured some inaudible and waited.

Eventually, they started eating.

"Aphrodite, why didn't you tell me that Thomas was your ex- boyfriend?"

"Oh," Aphrodite chuckled.

"Because it has been a long time.I don't think it's something I should tell you about."

Grey nodded briefly and looked at Thomas.

"Oh, you don't know that he planned to."

"Can I have wine?" Thomas said quickly, cutting him off.

"Yes, sure," Aphrodite got up to retrieve the wine.

Thomas looked at Grey.

Please, don't say that.It's supposed to be a surprise." Grey scoffed.

"Why can't you tell her now? Is it because you are scared? I'm sure you know that Aphrodite has someone she loves."

Thomas regarded him for a moment.



"I don't think that matters. What matters is that she's getting even closer to me and then, she knows I can take care of her," he explained with so much strength as if he was so sure of himself.

"I'm sure you know that Aphrodite has no intention of dating," Grey said suddenly, remembering what Aphrodite had said in Jacksonville.

"No, that's not right."

"Grey laughed at him mockingly.

"You can ask her when she gets back. You shouldn't let it surprise you actually," he laughed.

Aphrodite returned with a bottle of champagne.

"Here, I'm sorry for keeping you waiting," she said and poured a little of the content into Thomas's cup.

"I have something to ask you, Aphrodite," Thomas said suddenly as Aphrodite goes to her seat.

Aphrodite looked at him.

"And what can that be?"

"If there's someone that loves you, and asked you out. Would you accept? Or is it true that you have no intention of dating?"

"That's not true. I mean why won't I have no intention of dating? I will date the person if he loves me," Aphrodite replied, shocking Grey.

Thomas looked at Grey with a funny expression.

Grey knew that he was mocking him.

"But the person needs to have a nice skin color and a good height," Grey said quickly.

"Yes, like me," Thomas added.

"My skin is very nice and I'm tall." Grey scoffed.

"Not as tall as I am. I'm taller than Aphrodite. That's how it should be. Besides, my skin is very nice. In fact, it's better than yours."

Thomas's face fell.

"You guys are friends. She isn't supposed to date based on your perfection." Grey laughed.

"Oh, so you believe I'm perfect?"

"Not perfect, Grey," Aphrodite cautioned.

"No one is perfect."

Grey cleared his throat meaningfully, his expression changing as well. He didn't know if he was supposed to be happy about Aphrodite or not.

Charles increased the accelerator. His mind was clouded.

Just maybe he would still be able to meet up with Aurora.

The message that Aurora sent him was telling him that she wanted to speak to him for the last time before leaving Italy.

Charles didn't expect it.

While they were talking the night before, she didn't even mention it.

Why would she want to leave so fast? Charles didn't want her to go.

No! He wanted to see her and let her stay.

It broke his heart to see that he was late already. It was eight already and the letter had been sent since six that morning.

But Charles still wanted to try his luck.

Aurora might still be around.

She might have delayed her flight because of him. She loved him.

So, it was something she could do.

Charles' heart was beating heavily as he pulled up and raced inside the train station. He didn't even know where Aurora was going. He had no idea where she could be staying.

There was no way to look for her.

Charles felt a wall of pain rush into him.

It was his fault anyways.

He should have taken Grey's advice. He shouldn't have drunk so much. No, he should have called Aurora and informed her of his heart desire yesterday night.

But it was too late at that moment. He had lost the second chance to be loved.

With a heavy heart, he returned to his car and sobbed quietly.

He had a lot of regrets in his heart.

If only he could turn back the time, he would make a nice decision.

If only he could be given a second chance.

Then, he would make a correction.

His phone rang suddenly.

It was Aurora.

Charles picked it up immediately.

"Hello, Aurora!"

Actually, he had tried her line severally but she wouldn't pick it up.

"Where are you Aurora? I just got your letter. Tell me where you are and I will come for you."

"This isn't Aurora. This is sissy," the voice said suddenly and Charles' felt like he had been stabbed.

"Aurora left her phone for me and she left already." Charles swallowed harder.

"Did she tell you where she was going?"

"No, she only told me she wanted to start a new life. Actually, I called you so you wouldn't call this line again. It's now mine," the voice on the phone uttered and the line went off.

Alex flexed his muscles before he entered the black car in front of him.

"Welcome back, boss," the driver greeted.

Alex's smile widened. It felt good to be out of prison. He had stayed so long in the prison that it now felt like the breeze differs.

Who would think he would come out at that moment? "We all miss you, boss."

"I didn't know that father was going to plan my escape. I thought he was going to abandon me here. No, I thought he had especially what the message he sent to me the last time," he explained.

The driver smiled. He didn't. He was just secretly looking for a way to let you out without implications. He would never abandon you.

Alex nodded once.

"I heard he succeeded and Grey is dead."

"Yes, boss. He's dead and your father is the new billionaire boss."

"Wow! So, it's now our world. It's Montego's world!" He announced happily.