

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 5

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 5-Pained memories

Grey narrowed his eyes on him and wondered if he knew the strange man but his face was not at all familiar to him.

His eyes went wide when Alfred went to his knees. "Greetings, Hercules. It's my pleasure to see you and even talk to you," he smiled and finally stood up.

Grey was still skeptical, unable to believe a thing. It was a wonder that Alfred was referring to him as a master but he found it difficult to believe someone as rich as Alfred knew someone like him.

Then, that brought him to the fact that something was really amiss somewhere. There was something about his past that seemed to be connected to something very much important. No one could explain to him how his life was before he was found by the sisters at the orphanage. And he didn't remember anything as well. It still felt like there was a fog in his memory.

"Where have you been?" Alfred was all smiles as he asked.

"For ten years, we've been searching, finally I found the successor of Hercules! Who would have thought I would find you, son?" He laughed. "You must be Hercules's son, did your father tell you about us before he died?"

Grey blinked once, "I have a father? And he's dead?" Just as he was done talking, he saw a flash of an image. He saw an older man walking side by side with a boy whose features looks similar to Grey.

"Tell them, it's Hercules," the man's thick voice frightened everyone in the room except the young boy. Then he turned to look at him. "We are going to the party together, Grey."

Then, he jerked out again and the image was gone and Grey was looking back at Alfred. It seemed like he was finally getting something out of his memory. Though, he wondered why it took so long.

"What are you talking about?" Grey still had a skeptical look on his face and he wasn't really understanding it all. All he could remember were images and not entirely the whole lost page of his life.

"No one has told you about Hercules? He's the best friend of the founder of our business empire Leo, we built a tremendous business empire, just to find you, The Hercules, our Big Boss" Alfred raised a brow. "I, Leo, and your father."

Grey stared back at him and a realization hit him quickly that he almost fell. He could see more images suddenly and it seemed like his heart was racing as he went through some trances.

Grey turned around and gripped the desk harder as he saw everything. Actually, something happened after his father and Leo had created the mafia group. The enemies turned up one day and tried to eliminate them. Grey and his father were on their way to the party when they showed up. It turned out actually that Leo betrayed his father. His father was killed right before him but he couldn't reach him because the car accident had thrown him over to the other side.

He tried to crawl nearer and plead with Leo but his father was killed. One of the men also shot Grey.

Grey opened his eyes with a gasp. His heart pounded madly in his chest and a sudden headache set in. He had been trying so hard to remember his life before he was found by the sisters in the orphanage. But now that he has, he feels so terrible about it. And he only wanted to see Leo and ask him why he betrayed his father.

He turned to Alfred immediately. Looking at Alfred now and he could remember the name of someone he knew so well, "Do you know one eye, John? Where is he?"

Alfred's eyes went wide with shock for a moment. "Yes! You do remember?" He sighed and looked sober. "John was killed in the attack. We found your father's corpse but we couldn't find you and we have been looking for you since then."

Grey closed his eyes for another instant and dragged his breath. He felt so terrible. "My father was killed, I saw it."

Alfred opened his mouth as shock took over him. "What? Where were you? I thought you didn't follow Hercules to the party since we couldn't find your body as well. Actually," his eyes thinned and sadness mirrored it. "We thought you were dead."

Grey furrowed his brows. "I was dead! Three bullets to my rib and chest! I was fucking dead!" He yelled, angrily. He doesn't want to think about it but fuck! How else was he supposed to admit to you the fact that his father got betrayed by one of his best friends?

Alfred moved to his desk, unlocked it, and brought out a picture. He walked back to Grey and stretched it out. "This is the three friends; Leo, Rio, and I."

Grey took the picture from him and stared down at the pictures. He recognized Alfred as he was still wearing the same face. His father was in the middle and then, there was Leo.

Grey still remembered the grin on Leo's face as he shot his father in the head. He couldn't scream, he couldn't walk. The only thing he could do was yell in his head and cry out as the life was being sucked out of his father.

"Something is wrong somewhere," he hinted and went to sit. He was still holding the picture and staring at it with such intensity that could frighten anyone. Why did Leo betray his father? Why did he kill him? The answers to these questions eluded him. Though, at that moment, he would like to snap Leo's head off his neck and avenge his father's death.

“What happened?” Alfred moved nearer. “Where have you been living all these years?”

Grey looked up at him, with pain in his eyes. ” I was living at the orphanage. I got out years later and started working hard to send myself to college.”

Alfred blinked once. ” I must inform Charles about this. Everyone will be happy to see you.”

Grey remembered something, “Who’s Charles, and What’s all this stuff about Hercules? I know it’s my father’s name but what’s so special about it?”

” Well, Leo, Rio and I built a business empire and a mafia group with over 20,000 members from all over the world. And Charles is the son of Leo, he took over ten years ago. Leo died while saving your father. He was burnt beyond recognition.”

Grey eyes went wide with shock. Leo killed his father. He was trying to save him. What the fuck was happening?

“But something is currently happening and we are currently keeping a low profile. And it will be best if you do the same,” Alfred hinted.

Alfred continued. “If they knew you were Hercules, they would definitely come to kill you, you will have to face tons of killers and assassins. I know you’re the best at fighting, but you can’t protect yourself every minute.”

Grey looked up at him with confusion written all over him. ” What can this problem be about?”

” I think you will need to speak with Charles about it. Though, I don’t think you guys can see at this moment as he’s being watched. It will only complicate you.”

Grey clenched his teeth. He didn’t want to see Charles. He didn’t want to speak with the traitor’s son.

“But why should I have to see Charles? And my father didn’t tell me anything about the mafia group. If he has one, he would let me in on it.”

Alfred sighed. ” Maybe he was just trying to protect you. And Charles is second in command to Hercules, which is you.”

Grey closed his eyes as bitterness swam into him like bees. How could the son of the traitor be in his father’s business? Also, why would Charles lie?

Alfred stared at him for a moment before he moved to his desk. He took a cheque and wrote some amount on it. Then, he walked back to Grey and stretched it out.

Grey opened his eyes and stared down at the amount on the cheque. It was a 100million dollars.

“I think you should have this. Till you can return to your position as the Hercules, you might need it.”

Grey stared at the paper longer than expected. It seemed like his life was about to make drastic changes. Though, there were lots of mysteries left to unfold.

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Avery looked over at the direction from where Grey went with worries written all over her. She wondered what was happening inside and why Grey was taking a while before he came out.

Seth laughed suddenly. “Seemed like the small boy was getting a taste of his medicine already.”

Smith joined in. ” It’s just a pity he wasn’t even able to enjoy his wife before his death,” Smith teased.

Avery’s heart skipped a beat at their words. Well, it was something Alfred could do.

“Come on! Mr Alfred doesn’t tolerate rags like him. He’s not going to be left alive,” Seth suddenly took a glass of juice. He sipped it and laughed again. ” Somehow the weather is good.”

“Come on!” Smith feigned seriousness. “It’s bad weather afterall. A dog would die!”

They both burst into laughter while Avery felt her feet gone cold. Her body shuddered at the fact that she was turning into a widow just a day after she was proclaimed married.

“Don’t call my husband a dog!” Avery retaliated. She couldn’t take it anymore.

Smith looked over at her. “What is he then? I bet dogs are even better than him. And Alfred can recognize that from miles away.”

“Yes,” Seth supported. “Who doesn’t know that Alfred doesn’t take nonsense! Grey was a criminal anyways and deserved to die,” he made a little smile, feeling pride in himself.

The door opened suddenly and every direction turned towards it.

Amazingly, Grey walked out with Alfred, unharmed.

Shock kept Seth and Smith speechless and motionless for a while as they watched Alfred and Grey advance towards them.

Seth’s eyes went wide. “What the fuck!” he muttered thickly while his grip on the cup hardened. “Why didn’t Mr After kill him? It looked to me that he didn’t even touch him.”

Smith raised skeptical brows.” I’m as shocked as you are. Why will they spend such a long time in the room and his nose hasn’t even been broken?” He complained.

“Here,” Alfred started when he was closer to them, with a bright smile on his face. Actually, one can say he was happy. The only thing they didn’t understand was what he was happy about. “Here’s Grey, a son of one of my friends.”

” What the fuck!” Seth almost yelled out loud but he quickly comported himself. He knew who Alfred was and would never offend him. He looked at Smith quickly. “How did the low life become the son of someone that Alfred knows?”

Avery was also shocked by the revelation and somewhat relieved that her husband wasn’t entirely a pauper. Though, it was still surprising that Grey was living in the kind of house that he was.

She later concluded it could be that he went bankrupt. Even if that was the case, it only showed that Grey’s father wasn’t as rich as the Robinson family. And certainly, not as rich as Alfred.

“And yes,” Alfredo continued. “You should all enjoy the party,” he announced happily and walked away.

” What the fuck just happened? Mr Alfred isn’t even sending him out again! Has he forgotten I told him that Grey was a criminal? He broke my fucking nose!” He spoke angrily, then looked at Smith. ” What’s going to happen to us now though?” He complained fearfully.

” Hey, come on!” Smith nudged Seth by his shoulder. “Grey isn’t that intimate with Alfred. There’s no possible way he could be. Who knows, he could have been an adoptedson.”

Seth nodded as well and the shock was suddenly gone from his face. He drank his wine comfortably now. He watched as Alfred disappeared through the crowds.

“Don’t you think something is wrong?” Smith said again, suddenly. ” Alfred is walking away. That means he’s not interested in him.”

Seth raised a brow at him and looked over at Alfred and the suit he was wearing. It was one of the lowest suits in the party.

“How did they get connected? How could that idiot be someone that Alfred knows?” Seth was still skeptical.

Smith shrugged. ” Like I said earlier, I don’t think he’s really that related. If he was, do you think Alfred wouldn’t have kicked us out?” He ascertained.

Seth gulped down the whole content from the cup with him. “Yes, you are right.”

“Also, it seemed like Alfred doesn’t even like him a bit. Perhaps he hated him to start with. If Grey was truly someone he loved, he wouldn’t have left like that. He would have tried to get familiar with him.

Seth nodded finally. "You were right. This is proof that Alfred doesn't even like Grey that much."

Grey remembered everything now. infact, more images of himself were entering his head. He remembered how much he knew in combat. But the situation at hand only allows him to stay hidden again.

But he couldn't stop thinking about the loss of his father and John. Grey missed them so very much. He wondered how he survived. He got shot three times but he survived? It felt like a miracle.

Seeing that he was alright, Avery went cold again. She tried to act like she doesn't even care and plastered a dark frown on her face.

"I thought you were not going to come out again," Avery said coldly.

Grey smiled. "Were you worried about me?"

Avery picked a glass of water. "Not a bit! You should be careful anyways if you love your life," she muttered.

Seth and Smith moved nearer again." Seems like the son isn't getting the desired treatment," Seth teased.

"I bet he wasn't a beloved!" Smith laughed.

Seth laughed and his gaze searched around him quickly. "What the fuck were you two discussing inside?" He asked anxiously.

Grey didn't reply and took a cup of wine. He sipped it slowly with a heavy heart.

He didn't even have the time to exchange words with them. What was on his mind were the people he had lost.

"Fuck!" Seth cussed. "He's such an idiot."

Grey turned towards him suddenly, with a stab of annoyance. He could actually break more of his nose at that moment.

