

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 7

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 7-steel he's made of

Avery refused to talk with Grey until the end of the party and they were heading towards the car.

Avery stopped walking and turned to look at Grey. "I hope you know there's no fucking way I will come home with you. I can't live in a house like that," she snapped.

Grey watched her for a moment. "I'm your husband after all, why can't you?" He teased.

Avery scoffed. "Seriously? Is this because my grandfather gave me to you on a platter of gold? I'm sure you know my worth."

"But we are married now. Should there still be any barrier?" Grey probed deeper.

"How the fuck did you get on my bed in the first place?" She asked angrily.

Grey sighed. "I wanted to ask you the same thing."

"Well, I don't care. You should find something to do with that. I'm out of here," she said tiredly. One of her guardians opened the door for her and she entered.

Grey watched her until she was out of sight. He sighed and looked down at his ring.

What if he hadn't worn the ring to the party?

The alarm rang and jotted Grey out of his trances. He turned on the bed and eventually collided with the floor with a sudden thud.

He sat up and rubbed his arm slightly. He had dreams about himself, John and his father.. And it still pained him to realize that they were gone and he would never be able to see them again.

But he was somehow grateful for Alfred for he did all he could to make sure that the business empire did excellently and the mafia group didn't break. And now that he was back, it was his turn to continue the work they had started.

Though, he still wonder why his father would keep the mafia group away from him. Maybe if he hadn't, he might still be alive.

But as Alfred had said, he would still need to keep a low profile. He had a job as a delivery man which would be the best cover for his identity.

Who would imagine that the famous Hercules'son is a delivery man? It was very impossible.

Grey did all he could to get ready for work. He still had the cheque that Alfred wrote for him but he had no idea how to make use of it just yet. He was going to wait for the right time.

Within an hour, Grey was already driving to the delivery company on his bike. He arrived on time as his house was near.

“Hey delivery man,” Chris teased with a smirk the moment he walked to the lobby.

Grey sighed. Actually, Chris was part of the workers that was always embarrassing him at any free chance that they got. And seeing that Chris was a full worker that earned more than he does, he didn’t blame him.

“I’m here for work,” he muttered thickly.

Chris laughed again as if he just joked about something. “Anyway, the boss will like to see you. But where the fuck did you go yesterday?”

Grey ignored him and walked towards the boss’s office. Replying to Chris would be a waste of time.

He moved to the door and knocked slowly. “Good morning boss,” he whispered with his head placed on the door.

” You had better enter right now before I force you to,” Philip boomed from the office.

Grey pushed the door open to review a robust man in his sixties, staring at him with such intensity that could make him vanish.

“Good morning boss. Chris said you wanted to see me,” Grey tried his best to pretend he didn’t know anything.

Philip intertwined his hands in front of him. “What is good about the morning, Grey? Why were you absent from work yesterday?”

Grey kept quiet. He hadn’t really thought of an excuse to say.

” No, you don’t even need to!” Philip said the moment Grey opened his mouth to say something. ” I’ve always known that you were this good-for-nothing pauper. How dare you do business as if you own this company!” He snarled.

” I have no use for your baubles! Just leave this company, Grey. You are fired!” He barked.

Grey felt a surge of anger at his words. He was actually expecting him to fire him because he heard of his closeness with Seth.

And since he had some scores to settle with Seth, he would always find a way to humiliate him wherever he went. He knew that Seth must have been the one that talked Philip into making such a decision.

Though, it was also his fault. If he wasn't absent the day before, then Philip wouldn't have used it against him.

He nodded briefly. "It's alright. I am going to leave your company but you are going to give me my payment for this month."

Philip scoffed. "You must be dreaming if you think that would happen. You don't deserve a penny and you won't get it!"

"What! Are you kidding right now? I worked for this! It's my payment!" Grey protested.

"Let's see about that," Philip hissed and picked up the telephone. He pressed some buttons. "Hey! Get your men inside my office right now!"

He almost didn't finish talking when the door burst open and eight men walked in.

Philip pointed at Grey. "Hit him as hard as you can and drop him out of my company!" He ordered.

Grey stared at Philip for a moment. He felt another surge of anger coupled with amazement. He looked back at the men and watched them move closer to him.

The first man launched an attack at Grey but he dodged it and punched him in the nose. The man yelled and backed off.

Two men rushed to him at once. He dodged the first attack and kicked the second man away.

"Get him, you idiots!" Philip yelled with frustration.

Grey smiled at the remaining five men and beckoned them over. Grey grabbed one that was near and turned him around quickly. He did a flying kick toward the other four men. He turned back to the one he was holding and hit him across the face.

Grey turned towards Philip with a bright smile plastered across his face. He launched forward and caught his hand, then he twisted it back.

Philip screamed out in pain.

"My salary or you can as well die."

"Please," Philip beseech softly. "I will write you a cheque now."

Grey squeezed it the more.

“I’m sorry,” Philip screamed again. “I will give it to you.”

Grey let go of him and watched him move to his desk. He retrieved an envelope filled with money and stretched it out to Grey.

Grey smiled and took it from him. His phone rang suddenly as he stepped out of the office. It was an unknown number but he picked it up.

“Yes, hello.”

“Yes Hercules, this is Alfred. I would like to introduce you to someone, he’s also a mafia boss in the city and very trustworthy. How about dinner? A dinner at Weathervane Restaurant.”

And Weathervane Restaurant is top-notch, a place where Grey had never imagined he would go.

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“Pizza man! Delivery!” a man yelled from outside of Grey’s house.

Grey smiled and picked a hundred-dollar bill. He opened the door and stretched out the money.

“Thank you for ordering. It’s \$15.”

“Keep the money!” He replied immediately and took the pizza from him. He closed the door before the man would say anything else.

He stared at the pizza and remembered he hadn’t ordered pizza in forever because he was saving money for Nora’s birthday gift.

Grey remembered what Alfred had told him and wondered how he was supposed to keep a low profile after losing his job.

But at least, he could afford nice delicacies now unlike before.

After eating, Grey decided to take a long rest as he could still feel some pains from the beating he got from waking up beside Avery on the bed.

When Grey woke up, it was almost six and he decided to get ready for dinner.

He had a quick shower and wore a grey shirt with black trousers. Actually, it was one of his best clothes.

He was going to Weathervane, even though he knew that his kind of attire didn’t fit a place like that.

He took a cab instead and soon arrived at the restaurant. He stood outside the building for a moment, admiring the outer setting.

The weathervane was among the top five luxurious restaurants in the city. People rated it high for a lot of things. And it's mostly patronized by people of high class and their dishes are expensive. In one word, whoever can afford Weathervane is a rich man.

He let out a sigh and moved towards the entrance.

"Hey!" A voice stopped him suddenly and the speaker ran to block him from entering the restaurant. "What the fuck are you doing?"

With his attire, one could guess he was a waiter.

Grey blinked once, then twice. "I'm trying to enter the restaurant. Why are you questioning me and why are you in my way?"

The waiter stared at him for a moment and suddenly burst into laughter. "Are you kidding me? You seriously think I was going to let you enter?"

Grey gave him a confused look. "And why won't you do that?"

The waiter gave him another scrutiny.

Grey followed the path of his gaze and realized he was looking at the clothes he was wearing.

"I'm very familiar with people of your caliber. I will never let you constitute a nuisance here. You will never enter!" He stated firmly.

Grey stared at him, confused. "What is really happening here? Why can't I enter the restaurant? Do you know me from somewhere?"

"Well, I don't need to know you before I can guess what you are here to do. And I'm here to stop you!" He snarled at him. "I don't know why all these poor people think you can steal meals at every restaurant. Weathervane isn't your kind," he sprouted out.

Grey felt a surge of anger at his words but he decided to stay cool about it as he didn't want to act a nuisance at such a nice restaurant.

He took his phone instead and dialed Alfred's number. He picked up immediately.

"Yes Hercules, where are you?"

Grey stared at the waiter for a mom. "I'm in front of Weathervane. Have you booked a seat?"

“No, why do I have to do that when I’m the boss? Just enter and you will be well attended to. Also, I will be at Weathervane soon,” Alfred explained.

“Well,” Grey started and realized that the waiter was watching him intensely with dirty glares. “I couldn’t enter because a waiter wouldn’t let me,” he reported. “I was even mocked by him and he had kept me standing for some minutes now.”

“What the fuck! What stupid waiter could that be?” He boomed angrily. “Just give me ten minutes, I will be in Weathervane soon. Please, don’t be offended,” he apologized.

Grey nodded. “Alright, I will be expecting,” he finished up and hung up.

The waiter scoffed again. “Very funny. Are you trying to play games here? I’m definitely not going to let you in,” his eyes hardened on him. “And you are only bluffing. You didn’t call anyone and there’s no fucking way you’d afford Weathervane expensive meals,” he insulted.

Grey opened his mouth to counter his insult but a deep voice from behind him stopped him.

“Look at your poor ex-boyfriend,” Seth mocked further as he and Nora walked to view.

Nora giggled. “He’s never my boyfriend. He is just some struggling guy. And I think he should struggle and get some money before he thinks he could have a girlfriend.”

“You should never look down on someone like that,” Grey warned.

Seth and Nora laughed harder.

“That’s so funny. By the way, what the fuck are you doing here because I know there’s no way you can afford the expensive meals here?”

Grey shrugged with a little smile. “Well, Alfred invited me here.”

“Oh,” Seth nodded and looked over at Nora. “I didn’t tell you that Mr. Alfred claimed he was a grandson to one of his friends. He must be here to ask for his help.”

Nora nodded briefly. “That mean he didn’t invite him here?”

“Of course!” Seth boomed.

“You heard me well,” Grey said quickly. “I just said he invited me here.” He opined with a serious expression.

The waiter laughed again. “I knew it! I knew you were a joker.”

Seth, Nora, and the Waiter burst into laughter.

Grey felt a slight stab of annoyance but he decided not to say any word. Seth was always used to twisting his words.

Suddenly, a Bugatti Centodieci pulled up in the parking lot. Grey and the rest looked back as Alfred got out of the car. He was however accompanied by another man.

This man was Gregory, the CEO of the popular clothing line in the city. He was also a boss of a big mafia in the city.

Grey eyes widened. He'd heard a lot about Gregory. He just didn't believe that the person he was supposed to meet was Gregory.

No, the real question was why would Gregory want to see him? Was it trouble or not?

