

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 8

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 8-frustration

“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?

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Gregory was a tall and sturdy man like Grey. He was just slightly taller and with a face that could be described as being handsome.

He was dressed in a Dormeuil Vanquish ii suit worth \$95,319. Everything about him actually speaks rich. Grey had also heard about him but it was the first time he would be seeing him.

“What the fuck is happening here?” Alfred asked the moment he was closed enough. Gregory stood by the car and he seemed to be on a call.

“I’m sorry sir but the only thing going on here is about this man. I refused his entry because he was a thief.

“What!” Alfred yelled angrily and slapped the waiter on the face. “How dare you call him a thief? And why the fuck will you refuse him entry. Is this your restaurant or my restaurant?” He boomed. “Anyways, I invited him here and for treating my guest in such a way, you are fired!”

“Oh my!” The waiter went down on his knees immediately. “Please don’t fire me!” He pleaded.

Grey looked up at Seth and Nora. There was a surprised look on their face as they hurried into the restaurant.

Grey smiled, feeling happy in himself.

“Please, I’m so sorry! Please! I’m so sorry for looking down at you!” The waiter screamed desperately, his gaze on Grey as he was led out.

Grey watched him for a moment until he was out of sight.

“Please, do come in,” Alfred urged and walked ahead while Grey followed quickly. He noticed that Gregory was also walking behind him but he was careful to keep his pace.

That was actually the number one characteristic of being proud.

They took another route by their left and walked out to various rooms by the left. Before they could step inside, a waiter hurried closer to them.

“Welcome boss, can I get you something?” He said with respect. His eyes darted at Grey, then back at Alfred.

Alfred nodded. ” Yes, wines will do. Can I get the list of wines that you have currently? I mean top-notch.”

The waiter smiled. ” I have it memorized already. So, we have Tequila Ley which costs \$3.5 Million, Billionaire Vodka which cost \$3.7 Million, Isabella Islay Whisky which costs \$6.2 Million, and Armand de Brignac Midas which costs \$265,0000,” he replied with a bright smile, feeling proud of himself.

Grey exclaimed softly. Wines that cost a lot of money. Who would have thought he would be able to drink wines like that?

Alfred thought for a moment. "I have special guests with me today. So, I think I will be going with the highest. Isabella Islay Whisky is best. I want three in the VIP room right now."

"Understood boss," he took a short bow and turned around quickly.

"Why must your Waiter mention the price of your wines before you choose the one you want?" Gregory said suddenly, with a teasing voice, yet his voice was deep and with a strange aura.

"Because I don't follow the taste of wines, I go with the event of the day. And the prices of the wine would determine what event it would go with."

Gregory chuckled. "Weird equation."

Alfred moved to the first door and unlocked it. He stopped to look back at Greg. "There's privacy here, You won't have to worry about anyone revealing your identity."

Grey nodded and followed him inside the exquisite room. It was a big room with a small round table and six comfortable chairs around it. There were two bouquets at each side of the room, close to the table.

There was a big chandelier hanging over the table that almost looked as though it would come down at any moment.

They all moved to sit. Grey used the opportunity to give Gregory a deep scrutiny. Nice cheekbone, well-carved eyebrows that could move at intervals, and a mouth that played quickly.

The way he sat, Grey realized that it showed power. He commands power and he wouldn't be someone that would easily be ordered around. And Grey might have a problem with that. Though, it was nothing that couldn't be settled that night.

"so," Alfred turned slightly towards Gregory. "I found Hercules's grandson but he's currently undercover which is why I had to call him here."

There was a soft knock on the door. It opened almost immediately and two waiters walked inside. One was with two buckets of wine while the other was with a bucket of wine and three glass cups.

"Anything else, boss," the guy stepped aside while Gregory helped himself by pouring the wine into the cup.

"No, I will call you if I ever need to," Alfred assured and the waiters walked out.

” I supposed he is Hercules?” Gregory moved the cup to his mouth and watched Greg through the transparent glass.

“Yes. I wanted him to meet with the elders. I think he should do that before he would come to the group to address the members.”

” There’s something that amuses me,” Gregory scoffed suddenly and looked down at the wines on the table. “I wonder why you are the one doing the talk. Is the Hercules dumb?”

” You will not speak like that to Hercules!” Alfred said at once.

Grey laughed and looked up at Gregory for a moment. “I like your boldness. No wonder you are the boss but you should accept who you are. I am Hercules and I am here to take my position.”

Gregory laughed. ” Seriously? You were absent for so long!” He snapped. ” You can’t just come back one day and start claiming the position.”

” Right,” Grey nodded briefly, ” I know I have been absent for so long but I’m back and I will try all I can to prove to everyone how much of Hercules that I am.”

Alfred smiled. ” That’s what I wanted to hear.”

Gregory scoffed suddenly and forced Grey’s gaze towards him. He wasn’t really expecting him to accept him immediately.

Gregory was known for his stubbornness. That aside, who would let a kid like him control him?

But what was he supposed to do?

