

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 9

Secretly The Billionaire Boss by Debbie chocolate Chapter 9-face smacking?

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?

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” Not mine!” Gregory snickered. ” I haven’t accepted you as my boss! And I’m going to challenge you!”

Alfred turned to Gregory. ” Stop this Gregory!” He snapped.

“Let’s fight. If you lose, you will forget about being Hercules and take some money to make a life elsewhere.”

” What the fuck is this! That’s not happening!” Alfred screamed at Gregory.

Grey stared at him for a moment and took the wine in front of him. He didn't use the cup and instead gulped it down. In the process, some of the alcohol poured all over his body but he didn't care.

He hit the bottle on the table forcefully and looked over at Gregory. "I accept the duel."

"What?" Alfred turned to look at Grey. "You will not do this." He opined.

"No, Alfred," Grey said. "I think this is exactly what we have to do."

Alfred let out a defeated sigh when he realized that the two were bent on having a duel.

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Within an hour, Gregory had found a perfect boxing club. Actually, it was one that Gregory loved going to.

He made sure that there was no one around to witness the fight, except for Alfred who would be the living witness.

Gregory took off his wristwatch and gave it to one of the workers who walked out immediately. "Maybe you should have a rethink because I won't go easy on you," he threatened.

Grey smiled. "I was going to say that to you."

Gregory scoffed and looked up at Alfred. "Who are you placing your bet on? Me or Grey?"

Alfred stared at Gregory for a moment. "Hercules obviously. He has hidden skills you might be surprised by."

Gregory laughed. "You are going to regret this!" He promised and moved to the ring."

Grey nodded briefly and pulled the ropes away to get inside the ring. He watched Gregory for a moment and made a quick assessment of him.

The way he threw his punches, showed that he was fast but well, Grey had trained to be faster than the lion. He knew how much he spent to be the best. Though, at that time, he didn't know exactly why his father wanted him to train.

Grey took two steps closer and watched him for another moment. He went on his stance, with one foot space between his legs, while his eyes were moving with Gregory's movement.

Gregory punched the air again and then turned towards Grey quickly, catching him unaware but he knew his every move before he started.

Grey dodged quickly, only missing Gregory's punch with only a hair breadth.

Gregory launched another punch at his stomach but Grey made a quick curve and punched Gregory on his shoulders instead.

Gregory got pushed away but he soon regained his stance and advanced toward Grey again.

“You should give up Gregory!” Alfred yelled happily.

And at that moment, Grey decided to end the fight once and for all.

Gregory launched an uppercut attack at Grey but he dodged it and turned clockwise quickly towards Gregory’s back. He hit Gregory’s neck slightly. He slumped and started gasping for air.

“What the fuck have you done to him?” Alfred moved nearer with curiosity.

Grey smiled at him, then hit Gregory’s neck again. Gregory coughed out and his breathing was suddenly returning to him.

Alfred laughed. “He’s our Hercules after all!”

“Fuck!” Gregory cursed. “What the fuck did you do to me?”

Grey stretched out his arm to him which he caught and he pulled him up with it. “It’s a secret,” he laughed.

Gregory laughed. “We should get drunk and catch up with each other.”

Alfred laughed. ” I told you he’s Hercules.”

Gregory turned to him. ” And I’ve just accepted that. He’s really fit to be our boss.”

Grey smiled, amazed by the sudden change in Gregory. He made to talk but his phone rang suddenly. He picked it up and discovered it was Avery.

He looked over at the two men before he pressed the receiver. “Yes, hello.”

“My parents are back and they already knew what had happened. They want to see you. You are supposed to come to my grandfather’s family house now.” Avery’s voice was as cold as ice.

Grey eyes went wide. ” What? Now?”

” Now Grey! You ruined my life, remember?” And the line went off.

“Is anything wrong?” Gregory questioned as he walked out of the ring.

“Yes, new trouble

Gregory raised skeptical brows at him. "Trouble? Who dares disturb Hercules?"

Alfred laughed. "Now, you are acting too forward. Have you forgotten that Hercules is going undercover?"

Gregory threw him a glance. "Now that Hercules is back, we will be off the hook soon."

"Yes," Grey came in. "But I would like to keep a clean identity until the coast is clear. Though, I will need someone to hint me on the current of things."

"Charles is in the best position to do that but he's out of the city currently," Alfred complained.

Gregory turned around to pick up his shirt. "Call him and let him know that Hercules wishes to see him."

"No," Grey said immediately. Though he didn't want them to know about who had really killed his father. He was treading cautiously. "We don't want to arouse suspicion from the opposition. We will wait for him to get back," Grey decided and walked out of the ring. "And it's not really a problem that you can handle. My in-laws are back."

Gregory laughed and turned around to look at Grey. "I would like to see you some other time."

Grey looked at Alfred and realized he was already walking out of the boxing club. "Through Alfred, I will be working at his company for cover. It will be a perfect way for us to see without anyone suspecting anything."

Gregory nodded. "Farewell then," he said and turned around. "I wonder who isn't lucky to be married to Hercules," he teased and eventually walked out of the place.

Grey sighed and looked down at his phone. He was a bit anxious about how his meeting with his in-laws would be.

When he walked out, he sighted Alfred already waiting for him by the car. Though, he knew that he wouldn't be going in his car.

His heart took on a slow pounding in anticipation of how meeting his in-laws would be.

