

Secretly TBB 161

Chapter 161: Always the boss Grey hung up and sipped more of his fruit juice. He decided to speak with Aphrodite as he knew that he would be so frustrated.

He took a sip of the fruit juice before he walked out of the room.

He walked to the changing room where he knew that Aphrodite would be.

"Grey, what the fuck was that?" Aphrodite yelled suddenly at one of the makeup artists. She sounded so angry.

"I'm so sorry!" The makeup artist uttered, confusingly.

Aphrodite was taking the frustration out of her.

Grey sighed. "Novia," he called softly.

Aphrodite turned back, and on seeing Grey, a smile appeared on her face. "Grey!" She called, exhausted.

Grey smiled and looked at the make-up artist. "Leave us," he uttered. The makeup artist bowed slightly and walked out. "How the fuck did the photos disappear?" She complained.

Grey moved closer to him. "I'm sorry, Novia. It's all my fault. I'm so sorry for disturbing you," he said softly and moved to sit in front of her.

"I'm so frustrated. Would I have to do the shoot again? It's tiring already!" She complained again.

"There's a short break, do you want me to take you for a drive?"

Aphrodite thought about it for a moment. "Where would you drive to?"

"Around but we would get something to eat. But in this situation, I think you need a fresh breeze. That will actually do the trick. How about that?"

A smile curved on her lips." Let's do that."

Grey stood up and stretched out a hand towards her, "let's go then."

Aphrodite took his hand and he pulled her up with it.

He led her out of the dressing room.

David emerged suddenly, with a dark frown on his face. "Hi Miss Aphrodite, I would like to apologize for everything that has happened today. And to Grey_"

"Mr. Grey," Grey corrected quickly David hesitated, as he watched him. If looks could kill, Grey would be dead already.

"Do you have anything to say to him or not?" Aphrodite spoke suddenly

"Sure. Mr. Grey, I'm very sorry for everything I hope this will settle our differences."

"We will see about that," Grey responded and turned to look at Aphrodite." Can we leave

then?" "Sure," Aphrodite nodded. They both walked out of the hall.

David stared behind them for a while, anger boiling inside him. He had to suppress the urge to punch him. But, his job was on the line.

He would be patient until it was the right time Grey opened the door for Aphrodite and closed it after she had gotten in He rounded the car to enter the driver's seat.

"How was the auction?" Aphrodite asked as Grey pulled the car out of the street. "Was Hattie around?"

Grey nodded once. "Yes, and I saw Giovanni as well."

Aphrodite turned to look at Grey, alerted. "Did he recognize you?"

Grey glanced at her. "Why would he?" "Come on, Grey. You went there bidding as you liked. I'm sure you went as high as 8 million dollars."

Grey smiled softly. "Yes, I did but I didn't buy anything. Giovanni raised it to 100million. Damn, I felt pity for him. It was something like 5 million. I'm sure the auctioneer would be so grateful to me," he joked. Aphrodite laughed. "You aren't serious sometimes. It was just how you have always been when we were young."

"Seriously? Is there anything you remember about me?"

"Let me see," Aphrodite thought for a moment. "Oh, I remember the day you found a gun in your father's closet. You brought it to me and while you were trying to explain, the gun was directed at me. I was so scared that I screamed for you to pull it away."

Grey smiled as the memories rushed in. He had really missed them all.

"But the fun was cut short when your father came in. Did you later learn how to use a gun?"

Grey shook his head briefly. "I suck at it but I have someone to help me now. Can you believe I wanted to shoot someone but it went into the wall beside him?"

Aphrodite laughed so hard that her knuckles nearly turned white. "Are you kidding me?"

“Come on, don’t laugh. It’s not funny, Novia!” He feigns seriousness. “No, it is. I just imagine you trying to target the heart but you got the eye. Well, it’s the same, isn’t it? At least you knew how to pull the trigger,” she teased.

Grey joined her.” Come on! Stop laughing! You are making me laugh as well.” Aphrodite became sober and turned to look at him.” Should I be your teacher before I go back? I can teach you how to use a gun real fast.” Grey smiled.” That’s so kind of you. Where would it be?”

“My house of course. It’s safe and secured, never worry,” she assured,

Grey pressed on the accelerator that Aphrodite almost knocked her head against the mirror if it wasn’t for the support of the seatbelt.

“What the fuck did you just do?” Aphrodite yelled and feigned anger.

Grey smiled again.” It’s my turn to tease you. Have you ever seen me drive?” He made a turn so sudden that Aphrodite moved to her left.

“Who the fuck drives like this?” Aphrodite laughed.

“Hercules, obviously!” Grey pulled the car to a sudden stop as if he changed his mind, then he reversed. The car was moving so fast, and even though Aphrodite didn’t like it, she enjoyed it.

“You are one notorious person, sincerely,” Aphrodite laughed as Grey got into the road again. “After this rendezvous, should we go back to the shoot? The earlier, the better.”

Aphrodite nodded quickly.” I feel very energized, even without any intake. And yes, I can’t wait for you to deal with Hattie. We need to take the medal from her.”

Grey pulled to a sudden stop.” Yes, that’s our plan. That’s why you need to help me.”

Aphrodite nodded again.” Yes, let’s do that.”

Grey flashed a smile. "Stay here while I get ice cream to cool you down. How about that?"

"You sure know how to calm a girl."

Grey smiled. He would have accepted the compliment if Avery hadn't been playing so hard to get. Avery felt like the hardest woman he had ever come across.

Chapter 162: Complicated The shoot was going well.

Grey decided to stay throughout the session.

David kept throwing daggers at Grey. "That's cool! Let's stop for a few minutes while the Aphrodite changes into something else, " Maria announced.

Some of the attendants hurried to give Aphrodite a bottle of water.

Grey flashed her a smile before she walked inside.

Maria walked to Grey. "Here, I got a very nice one that revealed her face as well as the product. You should use this on the bus," she stretched out his phone. Grey took it and stared down at the picture. An approval smile showed on his face. "Yes, this is great. What about the one that would be on our polo?"

"I found one for that as well. Let me have the phone," she took the phone from him and flipped through, then she stretched it back to Grey. Grey took it and nodded. "I love this. Will I have them as hard copies by tomorrow? We will need to place some in the company." Maria nodded. "I understand and I will arrange for that. You don't have to worry."

Grey nodded in approval. "Send this to me, asap."

"Alright, boss. And after this round, we will move on with Emily," she revealed.

"Keep up with the work."

Linda walked nearer." Boss, Miss Beatrice said that they have exhausted the ingredients. Wait, you should speak to her," she dialed Beatrice's line and stretched it out to Grey.

Grey took it. "Hello, mother. Linda said you need to speak with me?" "Yes," Beatrice's voice came on the line." We have exhausted the ingredients in the warehouse."

"You have? Did you order for little?"

"Yes, I did. I initially thought we should take it slowly since we've just started production and most of these ingredients are perishable. But after I heard about the open sale, I've been doubting if we would still have products to sell afterward," she explained. Grey thought for a moment." Do you have money left in the debit card I gave you?" "Yes, there are."

"Then, use it. We need as many creams as possible. In fact, we have customers already requesting it. We won't want the situation whereby we wouldn't be able to make a sale because we've sold it all out."

"I understand. I will order some more so that we can start making them by tomorrow."

"Alright. You should go out for lunch now. Don't stress yourself too much." Beatrice laughed. "I will when we are done with this. Take care and bye." She finished and the phone went off.

Grey gave the phone back to Linda. "Order some food for the workers. They are working too much with no space for rest."

Linda smiled." That's so wonderful of you boss, I will order something for them," she uttered and walked away.

Avery has been thinking for a while but I've been unable to decide what she was supposed to do.

The fact that Smith was suddenly supporting Chris was another evidence that things between her and Grey would never work. Smith doesn't even like Grey, to begin with.

But somehow, he liked Chris.

That aside, she had to think of other things that Chris had done for her. He got her millions dollar gift for her birthday and even helped her when an issue arose at her company. Who was she supposed to choose between Grey and Chris? Well, Grey had nothing but Chris had everything.

It has always been a dream of hers to be with someone who had something or perhaps, the world. It wasn't because she was materialistic but because of the standard.

She felt she was meant for a guy who would appreciate her beauty and intelligence and even take care of her, not what Grey was doing. And to even think that he had a dirty attitude always managed to turn Avery off.

"Why aren't you talking?" Avery directed the question to Chloe. She called Chloe over during lunchtime to discuss the issue with her.

Avery didn't know why she was currently hesitating. She had always wanted a divorce and would always request it at every opportunity that she got. But recently, she felt hesitant and wondered what was really happening with her.

Maybe it was just pity. Chris had everything but Grey had nothing, not even a parent or a family member.

Chloe sighed as she stared at Avery. "What was your question again?" "Do you sincerely think I should divorce Grey now and marry Chris?" "What! Why will you do that?" She yelled, startling Avery for a moment.

"What? Who are you really supporting?" Chloe squeezed her forehead she didn't even know what she was supposed to say. "Don't leave Grey. You guys have been together for a while now. Why should you divorce him now?" Avery blinked once as if she didn't hear her clearly. "What? Were you not the one

fighting for Chris a few days ago? Why are you suddenly on Grey's side?" Chloe was just so lost. She didn't know if she was supposed to take sides with Chris or Grey

Chris was rich and influential but it looked like Grey was more influential and wealthy. Though, she wondered why he was hiding it. Five influential people called him 'young master'. Chloe didn't even know who they were except for Aphrodite but she asked Kanye. Alfred, Jayden, Gregory, Luciano, and Aphrodite. These five figures were eminent people in society.

If Chloe was friends with any of them, she would never beg for jobs.

So, if people like them could call Grey 'young master' then who was Grey? Obviously, he would be so rich.

"Chloe!" Avery called softly, pulling her back to the mundane world. "Is the question so hard that got you thinking? I mean what's there to think about Grey? He's poor and useless."

1L

LE

Chloe sighed again." At this point, I would just say you should follow your mind but do not let physical things judge you. Sometimes, not all we see is the truth," she expressed while trying to avoid spilling the milk. Avery smiled softly. "I will go with Chris then. He's the only one that can take care of me." Chloe sat up. Somehow, she didn't want Avery to miss the opportunity of being with Grey. Should she tell her the truth?

She could inform her not to let Grey be aware that she knew the truth. At least, it would stop Avery from thinking of divorcing him.

Chapter 163: Matters Avery watched Chloe's expression. "Is there anything you want to tell me?" Chloe sighed." Nothing. But I just think you should sit and think about it deeply. This isn't something you can just decide on without proper thoughts." Avery shrugged slightly." What difference does it make anyways? We all know who Grey is and how rich Chris is."

Chloe moved closer as if she was scared of other people hearing what she was about to say." Have you ever thought of the possibility of Grey being rich?"

Avery stared at her, confused." What do you mean?"

"Like maybe Grey is rich but he's hiding it from you. Do you think it could be possible? Like he's someone wealthy and influential, you know anything can happen." Avery burst into laughter." That's the funniest thing I have ever heard. Of course not! Why would I think to such an extent? Grey is wretched, poor but maybe he's managing now. It's not a day job to be influential, he has a long way to go."

It was getting even late into the night. Avery entered the kitchen to get a cup of water. A figure suddenly materialized in front of her and she jumped up in fear before she realized it was Smith.

"Hey, at least, you will whistle so that I would know you were there instead of scaring the wit out of me," she complained. Smith smiled." You should be scared of your future with Grey, instead of being scared of who is in the kitchen," he teased.

Avery hissed and moved to grab some beer, instead of the water she initially wanted. "I don't have time for your babbles."

"Yes, but you should think about what Grey is always doing so late in the night that he always comes home at odd hours. Maybe, that isn't such a babble." Avery rolled her eyes." Will you please stop?" "I won't, Avery until you see sense in all this. Why do you think I do pick up on Grey or you if it wasn't for the stupid son-in-law you brought home," he insinuated.

Avery huffed." Am I hearing right?" she turned to be able to look at Smith. "You've been treating me badly even before I got married. What the fuck are you now talking about?" Smith gulped down the water in his hand. "That's because you didn't get the message I was trying to pass across, Chris fell in love with you years back but you wouldn't even look in his direction, instead, you found yourself occupied with something else. I had to make you feel threatened at work so that you would feel the need to fall in love," he explained and shook his head briefly." You sincerely didn't think I meant everything I said back then?" Avery found herself laughing, "Are you kidding me? You sincerely want me to believe all that?"

Smith nodded briefly." Sure, it's the truth," he affirmed.

Avery sipped out of the beer. "Then explain what you did after you found Grey and me on the bed? You could have kept mute about it. You sincerely didn't need to tell grandfather about it! You did that and you want me to believe all these explanations?" She accused him. Smith shrugged slightly. "It's your choice to believe or not. Just know that Grey isn't the best one for you. You had better accept Chris before it's too late. That aside, he would really help the company. Imagine all these?" He revealed.

Avery thought for a moment. "Do you sincerely know what Grey does every night?" Smith smiled. "Why should I? At least I'm not as irresponsible as he is."

Avery sighed and walked out of the kitchen. She was already getting frustrated. Her phone rang suddenly, jerking her out of her thoughts. "Hi, Smith?"

"Are you free? I just woke up and I wanted to go for dinner. Are you about to sleep? If you are, then you shouldn't bother," he expressed in a low voice that showed he sincerely just woke up. Well, Avery was starting to feel bored and she couldn't even bring herself to sleep. Chloe was strangely reluctant to chat with her. In fact, she left home quickly. And Smith was disturbing her at home. Being with Chris would be the best. She didn't even want to think of Grey at that moment. "I will be on my way now." "Should I pick you up?" "Can you do that?" "Sure, I will be there right now!" Chris assured and the phone went

off. Avery went into the bedroom for a quick shower. She got dressed in a blue dress that fitted her so well, like a second skin.

When she walked out, Smith was in the living room.

"I thought you went to sleep." "Don't tell me I would have to inform you of where I want to go?" Avery gave him a dirty look. "Now what, Avery? You will not give me such a look. I'm your brother!" Smith scolded softly while reigning slight anger. "Then you should learn to mind your business at times. And also, you are not my brother. I have no brother," she muttered and walked out of the room.

Smith followed her quickly. "Hey, that's not how to talk, Avery. You are being very disrespectful," he held her hand to stop her from moving

Avery turned to look at him again. "Let me go, Smith."

"Or what? Are you going to do something? Do you have anything to do? I didn't even deserve an insult you just allocated to me today. I only asked about you shouldn't I know where you went or what should I tell Grey if he comes in?" He explained

Avery huffed." When do you start talking with Grey? Just why do you always make things hard?"

Smith sighed and slowly released Avery. "I'm only trying to b nice," he said softly. "Please, don't be. It doesn't even fit you," she hissed and walked out.

Smith watched her for a moment before a smile formed on his face. His plan was working already. Fortunately for them, Grey decided to come late.

Avery walked out of the yard and spotted Chris's car from afar. A smile evaded her face as she walked closer. Though, she wondered why Grey didn't park in front of the house. She stopped suddenly when she saw four men hovering over Chris who was on the floor and in their midst. At first, she didn't know

it was Chris as she couldn't see the person's face. But almost immediately, he turned in her direction, thereby revealing his face.

What was happening?

Avery didn't even think much about it before she rushed forward. "Hey! What's happening? Why are you over him?" she yelled. "Stand up!" One of the men yelled suddenly. Chris managed to get up." What is happening here? Why are you assaulting me?" he fired back

One of the men smiled devilishly. "You still don't know? Get inside your car and leave now!" he ordered.

"I am waiting for someone. I can't leave until I see her." Avery met up with him." What's happening here?"

"Who are you? You must be Avery?" One of the men stated. Avery blinked once, then twice. "How did you know my name?" She was shocked and wondered if they had been stalking her.

Chapter 164: Traps “Stay out of it!” One of the men yelled at Avery. “We are not here for you.” Avery was more than confused. “How did you know my name? What are you doing with him? What do you want with him? We are together.” “The only thing we want is for him to leave this place right now and he should stop disturbing you. You are married.”

Avery was shocked by the bone marrow. How did the men know she was married?

One of the men turned to the others. “If he doesn’t want to leave, force him to. If he struggled with you, then deal with him,” he ordered.

Avery’s heart took on fast breathing.” You can’t do this. Who are you? And why must you threaten him? Who sent you?” She bombarded them.

The man regarded Avery for a moment.” Why should we tell you? You are going to do what we want or you will face the consequences,” he warned in a thick voice.

“Don’t worry, I will leave but tell me who sent you.” Chris urged softly.

The men went silent and the only thing Avery could do was observe them, perhaps there was something on them that would give them away.

“I will give you some money,” Chris said to Audrey.

Avery looked at Chris.” Is this alright?”

Chris nodded once, “it is.”

.

“I’m not saying!” The man said defiantly. “You! Leave now! If you don’t walk away, we will be forced to lay our hands on you as well.”

"No," one of the men corrected. "We wouldn't touch her. She's the wife!"

The other man shrugged slightly. "Yes, but he did say we should touch her if she was being stubborn."

Avery's heart made a sudden thud in her chest at the revelation. "Wait, is the person that sent you Grey?" The men turned to look at her at the same time with surprised looks on their faces. Avery couldn't believe her ears. It felt like she zoomed out of the world for a moment. "Hey! Who are you? I've called the police and they are on their way!" Smith yelled from afar and held out his phone in the air so that the men would see and believe. "What the fuck! He really called the police, we have to leave," one of them said and hurried away.

The others raced behind him until they were out of their sight.

Shock kept Avery speechless and motionless for a moment. Did Grey really order someone to harm her? She had warned Grey several times about the dirty tricks and yet, he was doing it. She had always thought it was Smith that thinks that way.

But Grey was wicked enough to tell the men to lay hands on her if she refused to listen to them? It was at that point that Avery realized that Grey doesn't even place her as someone important.

"Are you alright?" Chris' arm went around her, pulling her closer to him.

Avery stared down at his arm before she nodded.

"Thank you, Smith," Chris said, above Avery's head, a smile on his face. It was all a plan anyways to make Avery hate Grey the more that she wouldn't have a choice but to divorce Grey.

And the plan would keep coming until Avery decided to divorce Grey.

Meanwhile, Grey was at Beatrice's place. After work that afternoon, she invited him for dinner again. Grey couldn't refuse again. After eating, they sat in the lounge. "Was the production stressful?" Grey started.

Beatrice shook her head briefly. "But the recipe was kind of confusing. It wouldn't have been easy for me if I hadn't watched your mother make it," she revealed.

Grey smiled." That was why she let you keep it. She knew that I would need you."

Beatrice nodded once, and let out a sigh. "You are right. I just wish she was alive to see her dream come true," she lamented.

Grey pulled her closer to himself." I wished he was alive too." Beatrice looked at Grey. "Who?"

"Your son," Grey smashed his lips together and imagined the pain she would have gone through If it was another person, she might have betrayed his mother, thinking she was the reason why her son was killed.

But Beatrice waited with the recipe.

"What are you saying?" Beatrice pulled away and instead pulled Grey to herself." You are my son and I'm glad you are alive. I have some dessert. Should I bring it over?"

Grey nodded quickly." Yes, let's have it."

"I will be right back then," Beatrice announced and walked inside the house.

Grey pulled out his phone at that moment and dialed Gregory's line.

"Hi boss," Gregory boomed.

"Hi, I'm sorry for disturbing your sleep."

Gregory laughed. "Who told you I was sleeping? I'm just here having fun." Grey smiled at this. "Alright, I want to ask if you have a bus or any fancy car that we can take to the open sale. Actually, I would prefer the bus because it would be a permanent asset for us."

Gregory thought for a moment. "I have the perfect one for you. You can send someone to pick it up tomorrow." Grey smiled. "That's great. Thanks. I will need a small car as well." "No problem. Just send two people over, and I will sort it out with them." "Alright, I will tell them to bring one of my cards as the Hercules. I've almost exhausted my normal card." Gregory chuckled. "Don't worry. I will give you a receipt under Grey Fox. So, you can claim the car as Grey and as Hercules," he assured. "Great then, let's talk later."

Avery couldn't stop thinking about the incident from earlier. She didn't know she had become a target for Grey. "Are you alright?" Chris inquired suddenly. He was driving towards 5star for them to have dinner together.

"Yes," she lied.

"Alright, I have something for you anyways," he retrieved a file from the save and stretched it out to Avery. "Check them out."

12

Avery took the file and pulled out some pictures from it. Her eyes went wide with shock as she stared at Grey smiling with another lady. There was another of her sitting so close to him and another of them eating together. There was one of her helping Grey with his tie. And one of him standing in front of her and touching her hair. "I don't know if you are aware but Grey cheats on you with that lady. They go almost everywhere together. I found out that she's Maria, the new secretary of Protos Publicita. Maybe he's trying to reach higher with her," he explained.

Avery felt pained at the news. She couldn't stop looking at the pictures,

Chapter 165. Let's divorce The open day came so fast. Grey couldn't return home the day before. He slept off at Beatrice's place and even went to work from there. But when he got home last night, Avery still refused to speak to him and Grey decided she was still angry at him. Though, he wondered how long she would stay angry. And he wondered the kind of lies Chris had made to her recently. In fact, Avery

didn't let him talk It wasn't just ignoring, it felt like a deep resentment. It was the open day and Grey didn't want Avery to ruin it for him. Though, he planned on having breakfast that morning. "Seems like the boss decided to have breakfast at home today," Smith teased. Grey looked up at him. "Should that be an issue?"

Smith grinned. "I was only saying. Just you take everything the wrong way?"

Avery was strangely quiet, different thoughts going through her mind in a whirling confusion. "He's working extra, perhaps he wants to buy us a house," Emma said suddenly.

Avery looked up at her mother and opened her mouth to defend Grey. She stopped almost immediately and sighed instead.

Smith laughed. "Seriously? That will be very great. At least, we will be able to point at something reasonable that he has done."

"You guys should stop it!" Lucy boomed. "" Yes, it's not funny. Emma, you should stop it," Benjamin scolded.

"I want a divorce!" Avery said suddenly, startling everyone in the room.

Even Grey was shocked. He turned to look at Avery, with confused brows. "What did you just

Say?"

Avery ignored him, her gaze directed at Lucy. "Grandpa, you said would do anything I want. Now I'm saying that I want a divorce. Can you please accept it?"

"Avery, what are you doing?" Avery looked at him eventually. "What does it look like I'm doing? Divorcing of course." Lucy sighed. "Yes, I did say I would go by what you want. But it's not going to be you alone. Grey, do you agree with the divorce?" Avery's eyes went wide with shock. Lucy was doing it again, siding with Grey. "Grandpa, that was what you said!"

“Grey will have to decide or I won’t consent to it.”

Avery released a sigh Emma stared at Lucy, with anticipation

Smith smiled softly, his plan with Chris actually worked perfectly

“I don’t want a divorce!” Grey announced suddenly and turned to look at Lucy.” I don’t want a divorce.” He repeated though he didn’t know if it was because he was slowly getting familiar with Avery or because he still wanted to use her as a cover.

“Are you out of your mind? What are you still waiting for?” Avery yelled in anger. Grey regarded her for a moment. “You are just angry, it shouldn’t lead to this way,” he said

softly

Avery felt angrier.” Grey, accept it right now. We are going to divorce. You know about it already. So why are you stopping it?” She stressed, disappointed.

Grey sighed and stood up.” We can’t talk now. Let’s talk when I get back home.”

“No!” Avery stood as well.” We will settle this matter before you leave, Grey,” she muttered.

“No, you are so angry. Let’s discuss it later,” he finished and hurried out of the room before Avery would say more.

Avery could only call his name before he vanished out of the house.

“I always knew that Grey was a stupid and selfish man. He must have been using Avery as a pass in some areas. I’m sure that’s why he’s reluctant to let go,” Emma opined.

Lucy looked at her, throwing her a dirty stare that shut her up immediately. He looked at Avery. "Talk it over with Grey. If he doesn't accept, then I won't consent to it."

Avery released an exasperated sigh. She didn't know if she was supposed to be grateful that his grandfather was finally going to let her divorce Grey or if she was supposed to be sad at his new rule of divorce.

Grey drove out into the street, with a heavy heart. He didn't know why but somehow, he didn't want to divorce Avery. He actually thought things would get better between them. But the opposite was happening. And he wondered if he should have agreed to it the other time.

His phone rang suddenly, forcefully pulling him out of his thought. It was Beatrice.

"Hi, Grey! Where are you? We have an issue with the man that was supposed to make the polo. Also, we can't find the man that was supposed to provide us with the space but Linda had gone to settle that." She sounded so anxious.

Grey smiled." You are so anxious. Can you calm down?" Beatrice laughed. "I'm just so surprised that Victoria cream is coming out today! I can't believe it's happening while I'm still alive."

"It is, Mother and it will definitely be a huge success. I will be there soon, I just need to eat before coming I'm starving" "No, don't eat out. There is food here!" She announced suddenly "What? How? I

thought you are at work already?" Beatrice laughed again." Of course I am but it's an open sale. So, I prepare a sumptuous meal for all the workers. We are currently celebrating," she declared.

Grey laughed. "I will be right there! You must not finish the food."

"Hurry up or it would be a sorry case," she teased and hung up. Grey decided to speak with Avery and give her the consent that she wanted. So, he made a U turn and drove back home. Avery doesn't trust him anyways. And besides, it doesn't look like they would get along. That aside, it doesn't matter if he was a son-in-law or not, he would still be able to hide his identity as Hercules.

And Avery doesn't even like him a bit. What was the essence of staying with her? It was just problem upon problem.

When he pulled up in front of the house, was when Avery was about to enter her car.

Grey hurried down and moved closer to her.

She actually knew he was the one because she whirled around to look at him. "What now? What do you want?" "A divorce," he announced suddenly. "Let's get the divorce that you want."

Chapter 166: The truth

Avery blinked once. "What?"

"You wanted a divorce, and I'm giving it to you," he muttered.

Avery nodded briefly. "I'm glad. I will tell Grandpa about it but you should also see him and explain so it wouldn't look like a lie," she explained. Grey nodded once, with a straight face. "No problem," he turned around and left. Avery noticed a change in Grey's facial expression but she didn't care, she was supposed to be fast about it before Grey would initiate the divorce and make her look like a fool. That aside, Grey must have thought that she wouldn't find out about the assault issue and she was very much disappointed in him.

Avery arrived at work and couldn't wait to talk to Chloe about it. She wanted to know how she felt about the decision she had just made. Sure, she knew she would be happy. She has always advised her to divorce. It was recently that she started speaking in parables. Maybe she didn't want Avery to use her as an example.

Avery dialed her number. It rang severally but she didn't pick up. Though, at a point. It felt like Avery had rushed in her decision. She wanted someone to reassure her that it was very fine.

It didn't take up to thirty minutes when the door jerked open suddenly. "Avery!" A thick voice boomed.

Avery looked up, somewhat surprised " Is something wrong?"

"Have you seen the magazine?" He asked, with a magazine dangling in his hand.

"What is it about?"

Smith placed the magazine on the table and flipped through the pages. He stretched it out for Avery to see.

"Why would Protos Publicita do this to us? We signed a contract with them. Why would he promote another cream production? Why would he promote Grey's company," he announced. Actually, he had announced it before he e knew what he said. Avery looked up at him, shocked. "Grey's company?"

Smith sighed and leaned back. "Yes, you didn't know that Grey has a company now?"

Avery shook her head quickly." When did he start? How?"

Smith shrugged, "Perhaps you should ask him."

Avery flared up." How can you say that when you knew I had already requested a divorce?"

Smith shrugged slightly." But he didn't agree to it, right? Though, he amazed me these days. He had always been submissive. But, if you leave it to me, I will definitely help you out. He would be forced to agree like the first time." Avery blinked once, lost." He has already agreed. What are you talking about? What first time?

And why didn't you tell me that Grey has a company and what company is that?"

Smith regarded her for a moment before he slowly let out a sigh." He got the company from Seth. He just started today and in fact, the open day is today," he announced. Avery blinked once." You knew this and you didn't tell me about it?" "What difference does it makes? He's not the best for you after all."

Avery smirked." You sure know the best for me, Smith," she expressed sarcastically.

Smith laughed. "Of course, I do. Anyways, you need to inform Protos Pubblicita. The new secretary is being stupid. I mean why would she sign a long-term contract with us when she would be promoting

another company?" Avery sighed." Are you saying they shouldn't promote other companies? Is that even possible?"

" Then, they shouldn't place it beside ours. With the way they did it, it was like they were telling the public to go for Grey's company instead of ours. It shouldn't be," he complained.

"I'm sincerely not going to do anything about it. I think you should leave it this way. I'm happy that Grey is doing something with his life anyways. We should be happy for him." Smith stared for a moment, shocked before he burst into laughter." What did you just say? Do you think Grey has a good future?" "Don't underestimate him!" "Pot calling kettle black," he fired back." You underestimated him too. What's the difference between you and me?"

Actually, Avery felt a twist in her heart at his words. He was right anyways. But for an unknown reason, Avery couldn't stop thinking about Grey.

"Though, he had nothing when you married him," he hinted and sat. "Though he's trying now doesn't mean he would succeed, he would definitely fail. Do you know that?"

Avery blinked, confused. "What are you talking about? What trick is up your sleeves again." She knew that her brother was at it again.

Smith laughed again." Why don't you leave that for me?" He stood up to leave.

"I didn't underestimate him when we married," she said suddenly, stopping Smith in his track. "I was annoyed because of the circumstances involving how we married," she looked up at Smith." It was his fault anyways that I had to get married at such time." Avery blamed everything on Grey

Smith grinned. "It doesn't matter, Avery. You hated him from day one. I actually knew you were not going to change your mind about him, I know how your mind works Avery," he said, reassuring, then he

turned again to look at Avery." You should accept Chris' request in time. He would make you liappy."

Avery sighed." If you really know how my mind works, then you should know that I'm being hesitant with Chris."

Avery had been thinking about it all day, she had been comparing Chris with Grey and finally realized that aside from the money, Avery had no reason for staying with Chris. Somehow, it looked like Avery liked Grey more than Chris The cheating news she heard was what

eventually made her think of divorcing Grey.

Smith felt alarmed." Why?" "I'm just not feeling right with him. And I'm starting to see this in a different direction. For an unknown reason, I don't feel it was right for breaking up. Perhaps our meeting was a coincidence, perhaps we were met to be." She wanted Grey to accept the divorce but she didn't want it so soon. It felt as though Grey was really cheating on her. If not, he shouldn't have agreed to it so fast. No matter how much Avery thought about it, she couldn't comprehend it. Though she wasn't angry she was just sad over it which doesn't even make any sense. She should be glad that Grey was out of her life already. "Seriously?" Smith was amused." Are you kidding me? Is that meeting a coincidence? I arranged the meeting and made you guys marry. I don't see anything strange in it except the fact that you are starting to think greedily." "Greedy? Wait what! You arranged our meeting? How?"

Smith's mouth made a twist as a tactical acknowledgment of an error. "I arranged how Grey got to be in your room, Avery. Did you think Grey loved you or did you think you guys had something special? It was arranged."

Avery blinked, as shock took over her. "What did you just say?"

Smith shrugged slightly. "it's over anyways. You might as well know about it." He knew that Avery doesn't really like apologizing. She was really stubborn. There was no way she would do anything concerning it, no matter how annoyed she was.

Chapter 167: Missed! Avery stood up unconsciously. "What did you just say, Smith? Did you set me up with Grey? What do you mean?" Smith stared at her for a moment. "Yes but it's over now. You should focus more on Chris."

Avery felt a stab of annoyance at his words. "You set me up with Grey and you want me to forget about it? Why would you even do that? What was your purpose?"

Smith sighed. "You needed to get a husband, and you were being stubborn."

"This was your reason for forcing me into a relationship. Was I so young that I had no choice in a relationship and you had to choose for me?" She yelled angrily.

Smith sighed. "Well, it's really over now. Just forget it, and start thinking of a new life with Chris. At least, we all know that nothing actually happened between you and Grey. You wouldn't even let him touch you. And well, it wasn't a public marriage. So, there's nothing to agree about. I will be going to LX corporation then," he announced suddenly and went out of the office before Avery would say another word.

Shock kept Avery motionless for a moment. Smith was right anyways. There was nothing to be angry about as she didn't even allow Grey to touch her. In fact, it wasn't even considered a marriage, it was more like bondage.

But Avery was suddenly feeling even sadder. She had always accused Grey and made him feel bad at every opportunity that she got, over the fact that she thought it was his fault that they were forced to get married.

And it turned out that it was over one of Smith's tricks. Avery felt very bad about this. What was she supposed to do at that moment?

"So, the open sale would be for three hours. We all know the rules already, right?" Linda initiated.

"Yes, we do!" The workers chorused.

Everyone was dressed in the vest they made especially for the open sale. In fact, workers that wouldn't be leaving the company also wore their uniforms.

Grey made sure it reached every one of them.

"Common rule is that whoever got three products, either differently or the same, would get a cap. Whoever got five products would get a Vest. Whoever got ten products would get a Vest and a cap."

Everyone whipped in delight. Everyone was prepared and excited about the sale.

"And there are other tips. We have a lot of discounts at the open sale. Well, a 50% discount for the first customer and the others would stay at a 30% discount," Linda announced and looked over at Grey as if seeing for permission. Grey smiled and nodded at her briefly "Any worker with great convincing skill would win a MacBook with his or her name on it."

Everyone whopped in delight, and workers screamed excitedly.

Grey looked up and saw Maria walk inside, with one of the best on. He raised skeptical brows at her as she walked nearer.

"Maria, what are you doing here?"

Maria laughed. "You don't think I would miss this open sale?" "But you should be at Protos Publicita. You are the secretary." Maria laughed. "I am but importantly, I work for Hercules," she whispered. "I'm ready to win a MacBook Should we get going?" She said excitedly.

Grey laughed at her energetic behavior." Great. You should win."

The car and bus were in the parking space. Grey, Linda, Beatrice, and Maria took the car while the other workers took the bus.

Linda found a nice neighborhood to use the day before. It was Linda's neighborhood and the neighbors happily invited Victoria Skincare to come over for the open sale.

The moment they pulled over, it looked as though the neighbors were already waiting for open sales. They started to question Linda about the offers and discounts.

While the others made tents, Linda took her time to explain to everyone.

Grey and Beatrice left them and walked to the tree nearby. Actually, Grey felt stuffed.

Beatrice regarded him for a moment. "Are you alright?" Grey nodded briefly. "I'm fine. I was excited about the open sale but it just seemed to have drained all my energy." Beatrice laughed. "We will get over it."

Emily walked closer. "Boss, I think you should come now."

Grey nodded and looked at Beatrice. "Let's go," he helped her up and they all walked back to the clustered group of people.

Grey walked to stand beside Linda.

"So, here's our CEO, Mr. Grey." "Mr Grey! Is Aphrodite really your ambassador?" One of the people asked. Grey nodded briefly "She is and it didn't take us much hard work to let her be our face. She Saw the product and she had massive trust in it. And as our motto goes, your beauty is our priority. We have prepared our products to make you glow as much as you can." "So, can she come personally?"

Grey nodded once. "She can do that as well. We could have another open sale another time. I'm sure she would be glad to be here," he assured them.

"Give me one of that cream!" One of the men yelled. "No, I'm buying first! And I'm getting three I'm going to have that cap!" "We shouldn't stress or push ourselves. We are spending three hours with you guys and you

should be assured that we came prepared. We in fact have gifts for the best buyers as well," Grey announced.

A smile broke off at every mouth as Grey walked out from the group.

Smith waited patiently. He knew when the open sale would start and he had sent some men over. It doesn't matter if Grey was present. What they would do was simple. They were supposed to chase the people away and cause destruction in one way or the other so that the open sale won't be successful. His phone rang suddenly, jerking Smith out of his thoughts. It was Chris. "Hi, Smith. Any good news for me?" Smith grinned. "Avery accepted the divorce and, well, Grey had no choice as well. So, Avery is now yours. You should know how to convince her to be with you," he advised.

Chris was so happy." That's a minor thing. What about the other plan?" Just as Smith opened his mouth to say something, his other phone rang suddenly. "Hi, can I call you back? I have a call now. I will let you in on the situation later." "Alright," Chris responded and the phone went off. Smith picked up his second phone. "Hello." "Hello, we've been here for an hour now but we can't find anyone anywhere. This place is as dry as something else. Is there something you aren't telling us?"

"What do you mean?" Smith was shocked." There should be a bus or a car somewhere. There should be tents or something. I told you that it was an open sale." "Well, we are telling you that there's nothing like that. There's nothing here. We've scouted everywhere and waited for over an hour," the voice stressed, frustrated. Smith went into shock. What happened and where was Grey?

Chapter 168: success!

Grey walked to Linda. The open sale had ended and everyone had already packed to leave. "The Open sale seemed to be very successful." Linda smiled up at him." Very, I never expected it. We only had a few left. We exhausted all the vests and the caps, it was like they were all waiting for us," she explained happily. Grey nodded once." It's all due to our hard work and we will be paid for it. So, call the workers together, there's a little announcement." Linda looked very excited. You could tell she was very tired, yet there was this happy vibe she was giving

Within minutes, the workers had all gathered together and looked at Grey for whatever he was about to say.

“So, I’m going to arrange with Miss Linda to send you something as an encouragement for being part of this wonderful company,” he announced.

Everyone yelled suddenly, while some people clapped excitedly.

Grey raised his hand in order to silence them. “The open sale was a success which was a huge thanks to you. But we must not relent as this isn’t what we actually want. We must reach the top in this area. So, we will go back to producing by Monday, seeing that today is Saturday. So, let us all work hard,” he studied their faces for a while.” But for now, we will enjoy our afternoon. There will be a treat for us at 5stars restaurant. All bills on me!” He announced.

The revelation shocked everyone and they screamed in response, while also whooping in delight. The happiness was too much to handle, in fact, some of them jumped up. Who wouldn’t be happy about 5star restaurant? Grey turned to Linda. “I will leave the rest to you.”

Linda raised confused brows. “Aren’t you going with us?”

Grey shook his head briefly. “No, I’m not. I have something urgent to take care of. You guys can have fun without me.”

Linda bowed slightly.” Alright.” Just as Grey walked away from the workers’ side, his eyes went wide in shock at who was staring at him. Grey had forgotten about his plan with Caramel. Well, he also forgot about the gym session that he planned with Richard.

Grey moved closer to Caramel. “Hi, how did you know I was here?”

“Well, I called you several times but you didn’t pick up. So, I went to your company and I was informed about the open sale,” she explained.

Grey raised his brows at her. “Wait, how did you know about my new company?” Caramel smiled. “There’s a magazine and TV promotion already. I thought you knew about it?”

Grey let out a sigh.” Yes, I do. I just didn’t expect it to be so popular within a few days.”

"Well, it looked like Protos Pubblicita held you in high esteem. I'm really impressed as well. It's only a matter of time before you actually get to the top." Grey smiled at this. "Caramel, I'm so sorry for not informing you about the open sale. It actually slipped my mind. Meanwhile, I planned on going to Alex's Gym today with you."

Caramel eyes brightened up. "Should we go tomorrow then?" Grey thought for a while. "That's cool. Yes, let's do that." Caramel regarded him for a moment. "So, are you free now? Are you going home?" Grey hesitated at the mention of 'home'. The name actually reminded him of the fact that he would be signing the divorce soon. And well, he wouldn't be able to return to Robinson's house.

"No, I'm not going home. I just want to hang around somewhere," he stated.

"Then, let's drive around. After that, we could go to the bar or the club," she suggested.

Grey nodded. "I think a club would do but I will need to change my attire."

"I will take you or did you come in your car?"

"No," Grey thought for a moment and smiled as he remembered something. "Come, I need to show you to my mother." "Your mother?" Caramel raised skeptical brows. "I thought you were an orphan?" Grey smiled. "Yes, I got adopted," he led her towards the car where Beatrice was speaking to Emily. "Mother," he called and Beatrice turned to look at him.

"Grey, how are you doing?"

"Tired," He said truthfully.

Beatrice regarded him for a moment. "I was coming to you. I heard from Linda that you wouldn't be joining us. Why?"

Grey sighed, creating a sad face. "Nothing. Oh," he smiled suddenly, turning Beatrice slightly. "Meet Caramel, a wonderful friend."

Caramel stepped forward with a smile on her face." Hi, ma'am."

Beatrice's smile widened suddenly, as happiness slipped into her. She pulled Caramel into a sudden hug

"Mom, your clothes are dirty. She's clean!" Grey protested and attempted to pull her back but Caramel was hugging her as well, her arms around her and a smile plastered across her face. Grey regarded the two for a moment, with a shake and a smile on his face.

Beatrice finally pulled back. "How are you doing?" She didn't wait for her to respond before she spoke again. "You are so beautiful." Caramel blushed slightly, "Thank you so much, ma'am." "Will you come

for dinner at my place tonight?" Beatrice said quickly. Grey turned to look at Beatrice, amazed by her weird attitude. "Mom, stop it. We are leaving. Let's talk later," Grey rushed to Caramel's side, turned her around, and walked with her.

Caramel was still smiling, "But you should know that I would love to have dinner at her place." Grey laughed. "Seriously?" Then he remembered something. "Sorry, wait here. I need to get the password from Mom," and he hurried over to Beatrice again. "Grey, who is she? Your girlfriend or your crush?" Beatrice sounded so anxious. "Just my friend, Beatrice," Grey stressed.

Beatrice released a sigh. "I'm sure your parents would want you to get married soon," she said suddenly. "I mean you need to have someone in your life like your father had your mother," she looked over at Caramel. "Let her come to my place tomorrow."

Grey stared at Beatrice for a while and wondered if he should tell her about Avery. Well, they are already divorce. So, he shouldn't rush it.

And he didn't really want to discuss it yet.

Chapter 169: A game After Grey had gotten the password to enter the house and had dropped his membership card with Beatrice, he went with Caramel to her car.

“Since Mom has ruined your dress. I think you should change it as well. We’ve been in the sun for more than three hours. So, the sweats and others,” he explained.

Caramel smiled.” I will just get some clothing at any nearby boutique. I will watch out for and stop you.”

Grey nodded and pulled out into the street. “I really like your mother. She’s friendly and fun to be with.” “Don’t mind her. She thought you were my girlfriend. She wanted me to introduce her to someone. She believes I should have someone at this stage.”

Caramel laughed out so loud.” What the fuck? Do we still have parents that are excited over something like that?” Grey smiled. “Well, it depends. Maybe all mothers are like then but they try to curb that attitude.”

Caramel became sober all of a sudden.” Maybe you are right. There’s no way I would know since I lost my mother a long time ago,” she expressed in a sad filled voice.

“It’s ok, It will be fine,” Grey consoled. Caramel nodded severally.” But didn’t you tell your mother about Avery? I mean you guys are married.”

Grey gathered his forehead.” We are divorcing,” he announced.

Caramels stared at him for a moment, shocked. “What!”

Actually, she didn’t know if she was supposed to be happy or sad about it. She had always loved Grey, starting from day one when she set her eyes on him. Well, it was because of him that she lost her relationship with Avery and she didn’t even regret it.

Even then, she had always comforted herself that Grey and Avery’s marriage was fake. Avery didn’t even love him a bit and they don’t even act like a couple. So, Caramel always thought it wasn’t a cheat whenever Grey was with her. But now that they would be divorcing, it would actually pave a way for her.

“So, I didn’t want to go into it. I will tell her, definitely but it would be later,” he informed as he pulled to a sudden stop. He looked at Caramel. “We are at a boutique. Do you want me to get it for you or would you do it?” Caramel smiled. “I will do it myself. Are you getting anything for yourself?”

Grey nodded briefly. “It’s a new house, so I don’t have my things there yet. So, yes. I should get some clothes.”

They got out of the car and entered the boutique together,

“Seriously Caramel?” A deep voice said from behind them.

Caramel and Grey turned around to see who the speaker was.

Caramel sighed. “Liam, What do you want now?” Liam laughed. “I know the truth, Caramel. I know that you two aren’t in any relationship, you are just faking it. I mean there was no way you would be in a relationship with this poor boy.” He looked at Caramel. “There’s still time to come back and leave this wretched soul alone.”

“Liam, stop it! Just stop. I don’t know where you heard all these from ok? Maybe we broke up but we used to date. Or what exactly are you planning to hear? Because it doesn’t matter, I will never come back to you.” She stated defiantly.

Two salespeople moved near.

“Seriously? So you will leave me for this poor boy? Someone that can’t even take you out shopping? I’m sure you are the one that’s going to pay for the clothes and perhaps still buy for him.”

Liam was a billionaire anyways. Though he wasn’t popular with the whole world, he was known throughout all the stores for he was a shopping man.

Liam turned toward one of the salespeople. “Send this man out. He doesn’t have any money to pay. I’m sure he can’t buy a dress from here.”

"Liam, stop!" Caramel yelled at him.

Grey smiled suddenly, his hands in his pockets as he watched Liam. "So, should we make a deal?

Liam whipped his head towards him." What are you talking about?"

"Whoever gets the highest thing from this store wins."

Caramel looked at Grey, with this firm look as if she was certain that Grey could handle it. She had always thought he was someone very important secretly. As if he was hiding.

Liam laughed again. "Seriously? This guy doesn't know anything. Are you trying to play games with the king of Shopping?"

Grey huffed. "As I said earlier, it's a fair game. And you have to wait until the end of the game before you know your scores," he stated. "If you aren't so scared, you can let us start."

Liam smirked. "I love games like this, especially if it's what I enjoy doing. But, I will add something to it. If I win, you will leave Caramel for me." Grey thought for a moment, then looked at Caramel as he watched him silently. "Caramel, do you trust me?"

Caramel nodded slowly

Grey smiled. "Then, just trust me," he turned to look at Liam. "But if I win, you will leave Caramel for me is that a deal?

"Sure. In fact, I will call you my godfather," Liam laughed. "I'm seriously going to enjoy this

"You, follow me," Liam signaled to the salesperson beside him before he walked away, with pride.

Grey regarded him for a moment before he took Caramel's hand. "Let's do some shopping," he didn't wait for a reply and instead led her towards some display of clothes while the other salesperson followed after them.

LFI

Caramel couldn't stop looking at Grey. She knew however that Grey wouldn't do something he wasn't certain of.

She didn't know why but she just trusted him. And she knew that she would at least get a hint of how wealthy he was after the end of that game. If Grey wins, it would mean he was a Billionaire. And she was anxious to find out.

Chapter 170: The Trillionaire They walked to a rack filled with clothes.

The salespeople were exceptionally very happy. They knew that they would have a lot of commission. To them, it doesn't matter who wins as long as they get a lot of clothes from them.

Grey turned to look at the salesperson. "Are there special designs? Designer clothes?" "Yes sir, we do have. Come, I will show you," the salesperson urged and walked away. Grey and Caramel moved behind her. Caramel was even shocked at what Grey requested. He was requesting designers that could cost more. Grey was actually waiting for Caramel to ask questions but she did none. Most of the girls he had seen would be shocked as to how Grey was going to make it happen but Caramels was usually quiet and silently trusting him.

If it was Avery, she would have been annoyed at his claim and even forced him out of the store. But Caramel was different.

Well, Grey knew that anyway. He needed no one to tell him that Caramel wasn't only inquisitive but she possessed some qualities that actually differentiate her from a lot of women.

They entered a smaller room with a lot of mannequins.

“Here for the female clothes, we have other rooms for the male ones.”

Grey moved to the first mannequins that had a red dress on. It was a long dress that flowed from the knees downward. It was parted at the chest, which meant it would expose some cleavages.

Just looking at it and Grey knew it would look well on Caramel.

“How much is this? Or should I say what’s the most expensive here and how much is it?”

“We have the high Slit Ruffle which cost \$10,000 and a long Velvet dress which cost \$10,390. Apart from that, we have an extremely expensive edition.”

“Yes, bring it on,” Grey urged softly. “There’s the seven year itch subway dress that cost \$4.6 million. And there’s the Chartreuse Dior Dress that cost \$2 million. And lastly,” she hesitated. “There’s one that hasn’t been allowed to see the light. It’s the most expensive dress we have in this store and only one is available.”

Caramel stared at the salesperson with shock written all over her face. She looked up at Grey and noticed that he wasn’t affected by the price. He was rather too calm which wasn’t weird but surprising

What was Grey? A Billionaire or trillionaire?

“Why? Why is there only one?” Grey inquired. He wasn’t bothered by the price but by the words that the salesperson had uttered.

“Well, sir. It’s one of a kind and it’s primarily expensive due to its incredible number of high quality diamonds. Additionally, there’s currently just one that has been made. There’s currently a piece of news that the second one will be released soon. But for now, it’s just one,” she explained.

Grey nodded briefly. “So, can we see that?”

The salesperson regarded Grey for a moment. She thought Grey was going to buy random clothes and call it a day and she could have her commission. But Grey was busy requesting expensive clothes and she couldn't help but wonder if Grey was really going to buy anything from the store. With a vest that displayed the picture of Aphrodite, She didn't see anything that showed he was as wealthy as Liam. She was suddenly scared of losing and has been regretting not going with Liam instead. "Sorry? Is something wrong?" Grey snapped. "No, it's alright," she managed to smile. "Let's go then," she turned away and led the two up a stair. They entered a similarly small room with shades of colors. The store really kept the dress hidden, maybe it was because it was the most expensive. The salesperson

stepped aside and gestured towards the crimson silk and taffeta dress on the mannequin. There were diamonds on it as the salesperson had explained earlier.

e

"Caramel, do you like it?"

Caramel let go of Grey and moved closer to the dress. She felt the material off and marveled at the diamonds. The diamonds spread across the gown, resembling a series of constellations.

The color of the gown ensures that it pairs well with many of the world's most expensive lipstick It was worth the price.

Caramel turned towards Grey again, with a bright smile on her face. "I like it! It's so perfect!"

Grey reciprocated her smile and looked at the tired-looking salesperson. "How much is this?"

"The Nightingale of Kuala Lumpur costs \$ 30 million," she announced.

Caramel's smile evolved into a dark frown. She was rich but there was no way she would be able to afford such a costly dress unless she was ready to sell all her estates. Such a dress was for trillionaires and not even billionaires like Caramel. Caramel shook her head quickly. "It's too expensive, Grey! There's no way we are buying it." Grey shrugged briefly. "Too late, Caramel. I will take care of it." Caramel stared at him, confused. "What will you do?"

Thank goodness that Grey took a card from his room at Beatrice's house two days ago or he wouldn't be able to make payment. "I will buy it," he declared and Caramel felt her feet waver under her. Who the fuck was Grey?

Grey dipped into his pocket for one for his card. Thankfully, it was his name that was on it. Though, there was a card that held 'Hercules'.

Caramel couldn't move or speak Shock kept her frozen on the spot as the salesperson took the card and walked to the desk where the machine was.

Caramel recognized the card instantly. It was a golden card from the Gold and history bank. Caramel's father's friend had the same card and when she browsed it. She discovered that only a customer having over \$50 million in the account could actually be given a golden card. Relatively, there was a silver card that allowed for \$20 million. Who was really Grey? Liam showed up from behind them. He must have heard about the most expensive dress as well. And like Grey, he didn't ask for the price and instead ordered the salesperson to take him to where the dress was. "What are you doing here?" He laughed. "Don't tell me you are on an excursion." "Why don't you mind your business? The game is going to end soon anyways," Grey muttered. Liam smirked. "How much is that dress?" "30 million dollars," the salesperson responded. Liam entered shock immediately. He couldn't even imagine spending \$30 million on a dress. There was no way he would spend more than \$20 million on shopping at a go. The highest he had always gone was \$10 million and \$15 million when he got some shoes for \$1 million. Liam coughed to clear his throat and looked at Grey. "Hey, let's go. We all know you can't afford it."

Grey looked at him with a smile on his face. "Who told you that?"

"Paid!" The salesperson announced with a big smile on her face. Liam turned toward the Salespeople. "What do you mean by paid?" "Mr_," she started and looked over at Grey. "Grey," Grey completed for her. The salesperson smiled at him before she turned towards Liam. "Mr. Grey has paid for the Nightingale of Kuala Lumpur," she revealed and gestured towards the dress on the mannequin.