

A Billionaire In Disguise

Rever

Chapter one

“Run, Rome! Run, and don’t look back!”

“Honk!!!!!!”

Rome’s eyes suddenly opened with fear glowing in them as he jumped from his sleep with sweat dripping down his skin.

Then he struggled to catch his breath while his heart pounded violently in his chest.

He could feel his hands trembling as he suspiciously gazed around before stroking his fingers through his dark silky hair and then gently rubbing his face to awaken himself.

“I can’t believe that I had this dream again,” Rome mumbled. ①

Still feeling traumatized by his dream, he got out of bed and walked over to the fan seated in the corner of his tiny room and inspected it. 2

“It broke in the middle of this killer heat weather, seriously?” Rome mumbled as he stared at the fan with frustration in his eyes.

At that moment, a loud noise drew his attention toward his door, and his ears attentively listened to the voices echoing into his room.

“Hey!! Old fool. Where is my damn money!” 1

“Mr. Orlando, but the deadline for the loan has not been reached yet.”

“Shut up! Your shop seems to be doing well, so why can't I ask for my money early!!” 1

“But... but I don't have any money now.

I spent it all on goods. How about waiting for the fifth of next month as we have discussed.”

“Haha! An old thing like you have guts! If you don't give my money today, I will have to take whatever valuables I can find to pay for your debt!” 1

“You can't do that, and this is illegal!”

“Get out of my way!”

“Ah!”

With rage devouring him from the inside, Rome marched outside of his room.

When he entered the store, he stopped and stared with burning rage glowing in his eyes.

“Dad!” Rome shouted, looking down at a man with winter-white hair, then he focused his sight on his timeworn face and stared into his watery eyes.

“Go back inside your room, Rome. I don't want you getting into trouble because of me. I will handle this.” Mr. Miller cried.

Mr. Orlando walked over to the old man and squatted. Then he held onto both of Mr. Miller's cheeks and violently squeezed it.

“How are you going to handle this, Oldman?” Mr. Orlando rudely said.

Just by listening to the tremble in his father's voice and the arrogance in Mr. Orlando's tone had Rome shivering from the anger pumping through his rapidly beating heart.

“I give you guys one minute to get your asses out of our store!” Rome shouted.

Within a split second, the room got filled with noise as Mr. Orlando and his men burst into a peal of laughter.

"Boy, that's some filthy mouth you have there!" Mr. Orlando mockingly stated, standing to his feet.

Then he gazed at one of his men and winked at him, and immediately the guy started walking towards Rome.

"No, please. Let my son be!" Mr. Miller shouted.

"Shut your hole up!" Mr. Orlando yelled with a smirk on his lips.

Rome remained still even when he and the guy were facing each other at a close range.

"You shouldn't have offended my boss." The man slyly said, rudely patting Rome on his shoulder.

At that exact instant, Rome grabbed him by the wrist and pulled it away from his shoulder.

While the guy struggled to get his hand

out of Rome's grip, he held onto it tightly and then popped his bones apart.

“Argh! You son of a...!” The guy shouted.

But he couldn't end his statement because Rome had brutally hit his kneecap against the guy's windpipe, knocking him unconscious to the floor. 1

“Who's next!” Rome coldly mumbled as his dark eyes coldly stared at the remaining seven robust men.

Mr. Orlando winked his eye, and the other men rushed towards Rome with deadly expressions plastered on their faces.

Rome stepped back to create a distance. Then he coldly smiled as they all strike at once.

Mr. Orlando's eyes kept rapidly changing direction while watching his men fall to the floor one after another. 1

Rome sneered when the last man standing rushed towards him. Then he giggled before hook-kicking the guy in his face, sending him five steps backward before he hit the floor. 1

“Where are you going?” Rome provokingly shouted, staring at Mr. Orlando running out of the store.

Rome then burst into laughter as he watched Mr. Orlando tripped on a rock and fell face flat to the ground.

“Hey, take your idiots along with you too. We don't want to dirty our store with garbage!” Rome yelled.

“I will be back! And once I do, you will understand who's going to have the last laugh!” Mr. Orlando shouted, cleaning the dirt off him.

Rome kept laughing until his eyes met with Mr. Miller's angry gaze, and in that instant, his voice got lower and

lower till he was silent.

“You trouble child!” Mr. Miller shouted, approaching Rome.

He then grabbed onto his son’s ear and pulled it hard till it turned red.

“Ah, ah! Father, I just saved you, so why am I getting punished.” Rome childishly cried.

“Because Mr. Orlando is not only a money loaner, but he is also in a gang, and his boss is an evil man. We need to leave now.” Mr. Miller said in fear.

“But why?”

“He's going to kill you. I can't protect you because I am filthy poor, and because of that, you are also penniless!”

“Hey! That's not fair. You've been doing your best.”

“Yet it's not enough. Since I found you on that fateful night, laying in a pool of

blood, I haven't done much for you then, and now, that your life is in danger because of me, there's only one thing I can do.”

“Dad...”

“I know what you are about to say, and I appreciate the fact that you are striving to spare my feelings from getting hurt. But I know that I am not capable of protecting you, so I am taking you somewhere that you will be safe.”

“Do I get a saying in this?”

“No! Now hurry up and go pack your things.”

Rome stared at his father, trembling hands and terrified eyes for a moment before running into the back of the store, where his room was.

A few seconds later, he returned with a worn-out bag hanging on his shoulder

and met with Mr. Miller.

“What’s that?” Rome mumbled as he stared at the paper in his father's hand.

“This is your ticket to getting into a wealthy family.” Mr. Miller mumbled.

 Comments

 Vote (14.7K) 

Chapter Two

"What does that mean?" Rome asked, feeling stunned by his father's words.

"Stop talking, and let's go. These guys will soon wake up from the nap you put them in!" Miller mumbled. ¹

Rome didn't move an inch as he stared at his father in shock. But then Mr. Miller slowly walked behind him and aggressively shoved him out the door.

"Hey! How come the older you get, the more violent you become." Rome mumbled after he had balanced himself.

"Stop talking and walk!" Mr. Miller said while forcefully pushing Rome since he stubbornly refused to take a step forward.

Everyone that walked past them kept awkwardly staring as Mr. Miller continued shoving Rome from the back.



“Fine! Stop hitting me! I will walk by myself. But you have to tell me about where we are going.” Rome mumbled while questionably staring at his father.

“All you need to know is that where I’m taking you is the safest place for you right now. So promise me that you wouldn’t cause any trouble once you are there and always keep your head low.” Mr. Miller said.

“Ah, it sounds awful already.” ①

“Rome! It’s not the time to crack jokes. Promise me!”

“Yeah. Sure, whatever.”

After a while, Mr. Miller and Rome got into a Cab.

They both did not speak a word to each other the entire drive.

When the taxi stopped in front of an enormous fancy fence, Rome and Mr.



Miller got down and approached the gate. Then Mr. Miller rang the doorbell and waited.

After a few minutes, a guard came out of the fence and walked up to them. He then gazed at Mr. Miller first before, staring at Rome.

“I don’t have any money to give you guys. Now leave!” He rudely said as he stared at them with disgust on his face.

The one thing Rome found hard to control was his anger. But as he folded his fingers into a fist, Mr. Miller grabbed his hand and calmly said, “I am sorry about the misunderstanding, but we are not beggars. My son and I would like to speak to Madam Rosey.”

The guard's lips curve into a mocking grin before he burst into laughter. He laughed so hard that tears rolled down the corner of his eyes.

“Not beggars. You guys can’t fool me. I



have seen countless people like you, and they always say that they are not beggars. But in the end, I have to forcefully remove them from madam Rosey's sight because they turn out to be beggars." The guard provokingly stated, trying not to burst into another laughter.

Rome's fist got even tighter as he coldly stared at the mocking expression on the guard's face.

Then he let out a deep sigh and calmly said, "Look, my dad and I are not looking for trouble. We need to speak with this Madam Rosey."

A frown settled on the guard's face as he angrily stared at Rome.

Then he lifted the baton in his hand and swung it at Rome, but Mr. Mille rushed in front of it, and it banged against his arm.

Rome was about to let his rage get the



better of him when his sight caught a glance of a stunning woman approaching them.

Immediately, his attention got drawn to her, and his anger slowly subsided as he stared at her glossy skin, slender eyebrows, velvety eyelashes, and ebony-black hair.

“I don’t think my grandmother is paying you to assault the elderly.” The lady soothingly said while approaching Rome, Mr. Miller, and the guard.

“Miss Catherine,” The guard said in fear as the baton dropped from his hand to the ground.

In annoyance, she rolled her eyes before walking past him. Then she stopped when she got closer to Mr. Miller.

“Hello, I am Catherine. The youngest granddaughter of the Balow household, and I sincerely apologize for what our



security guard did. Please give me your account number so that I can be able to compensate you.” Catherine gracefully said.

However, Mr. Miller fiercely shook his head as he grabbed onto her hand and said, “I don’t need money.”

“Oh, then what is it you want?”
Catherine asked in shock.

Mr. Miller hastily let go of her hand, held Rome by his arm, and pulled him closer.

He then looked back at Catherine's curious blue eyes and gently uttered, “I have a letter with the Barlow family stamp on it, and I think it’s time Madam Rosey receives it.”

“If that’s the case, then please follow me.” Catherine softly said.

The guard hastily stepped aside, and Rome and Mr. Miller walked past him,



following closely behind Catherine as she led them into the fence.

“The old lady is not going to be happy about this. But why should I care when it was Miss Cathrine who allow those beggars inside after all.” He mumbled while picking up his baton from the floor.

When they got into the living room, Cathrine offered Rome and Mr. Miller a seat.

Then as she turned around to leave, an elderly lady walked into the room with a frown on her face.

“Catherine, why are the two homeless people sitting on my ascetic couch.” The elderly lady harshly said as she distastefully stared at Mr. Miller and Rome.

When Catherine gazed at her grandma’s angry expression, all she felt was fear because she knew that she

was about to get scolded again.

Among her three uncles and her father, Cathrine knew that her dad was her grandmother's least favorite child, and everyone in the family knew it. That's why she got scolded a lot.

However, her heart sank knowing that she had disappointed her grandmother again because she had been working on proving herself to her grandparents that she's capable of being the family top heritor.

The anger that had subsided in Rome rapidly awaking in him. But he held it in and remained calm, remembering the promise he had made to his father.

“I apologize for any discomfort our presence may cause you, Madam Rosey. But I think these two are supposed to get married, according to the paper I have in my possession.” Mr. Miller said with a straight face.

Chapter three

All the members of the Barlow family got an emergency text from Madam Rosey, and within less than an hour, the living room got crowded with every one of them.

They all took turns staring at the paper, and Mr. Barlow was the last one to hold it.

Then the room became silent as everyone waited for him to say something.

In the household, two individuals held all the power, and that was Madam Rosey and her husband, Mr. Barlow.

Everyone else was in a power struggle among themselves, and it was a vicious circle with Cathrine and her parents at the bottom of the survival chain.

Mr. Barlow cleared his throat, and



everyone's faces became serious except for Rome. He kept staring at Mr. Miller, but his father bore no expression on his face. ¹

“This is my father’s signature, and the Barlow family stamp on this paper is real. My last granddaughter got promised to get wed to Mr. Miller's grandson once she turns eighteen.” Mr. Barlow loudly declared.

"But..." Catherine father mumbled.

"The contract got signed between my father and Mr. Miller, and I shall honor it. Catherine is to get married to Rome within four weeks, and that is final. From today onward, Rome Miller is the son-in-law of this family.”

Upon hearing her father-in-law's words, Cathrine’s mother let out a loud cry of disappointment as tears welled up in her eyes.

“Control yourself, woman! How dare



you behave in such a manner before father!” Cathrine’s father lashed out in anger.

Mr. Barlow's face hardened as he clenched his fist while glaring at his son.

Suddenly, he stood to his feet and said, “Handle your wife, and let this be the last time she disgraced this family with such a behavior!”

With pity in her eyes, Cathrine stared at her father while he bowed his head in shame. Then she gazed at her mother's grieving face as her heart ached in pain.

After waiting patiently for her husband to leave, it was Madam Rosey's turn to speak, and everyone else maintained their silence. She calmly stared around the room until her sight landed on Rome. Then with absolutely no respect in her tone, she asked, “What quality are you bring into the Barlow family?”

Rome was about to answer when Mr. Miller dropped to his knees, rested his forehead against the floor, and cried, “It is my fault! I did not give him a better life. So please do not hold it against him.”

There was a faint chuckling sound echoing in the room.

When Rome looked to his right, he could see a young lady with dark violet hair struggling to hold back her laughter.

At that moment, he desperately wanted to drag his father out of there. But he knew that it was not what Mr. Miller wanted, so he restrained his anger and maintained a calm expression.

“How annoying! You can’t afford to support your son, so you decided to make him a burden to our family. What a scamming old man you are.” Madam Rosey straightforwardly said as she

stood to her feet.

“I beg for pardon,” Miller mumbled.

“Your lack of shame is just disgusting. Stand to your feet. I don’t want rumors spreading that I bully a poor man.”

“Thank you.”

Rome felt like a sore loser as he watched Mr. Miller get off the ground and sat back on the couch. ¹

When madam Rosey's gaze fell on him, she sized up Rome for a while and firmly said, “I don’t like worthless people, so try to make yourself useful while living here. Oh, and Cathrine, since he will be your soon-to-be husband, he’s your problem. Make sure you keep him out of trouble.”

The living room was silent for a moment as Madam Rosey left the room.

Once the sound of her footsteps faded



down the hall, a noise rose in every corner of the room.

“Honey, our daughter can’t marry a loser. She is our only child. We can not hand her over to a nobody, especially at such a time.” Cathrine’s mother cried out to her husband.

He then held her in the comfort of his arm and whispered, “Don’t you worry. I will speak to my father. I am sure he too will agree that giving his granddaughter to a valueless man is a terrible decision.”

As her lips curved into a smirk, Chloe approached Catherine, and the moment she saw her cousin walking to her, Catherine’s face darkened, knowing that whatever her cousin had to say was going to be unpleasant.

“So, an underdog for a husband. How ironic! As the saying goes, 'like mother, like daughter.’” Chloe teased in a low



voice, making sure that only Cathrine could hear those words.

However, Rome was onto her, and even though he didn't understand what she had said, Cathrine's sad expression was all he needed to know that Chloe had bad-mouthed her.

"My work here is done." Mr. Miller said, and those words drew Rome's attention away from the two cousins and onto his father.

"Are you joking? I am not staying here." Rome mumbled with the utmost seriousness in his voice.

"Stop being stubborn, son. I am in debt, I can't take care of you. Plus, Mr. Orlando has threatened your life." Mr. Miller firmly said.

"Dad,"

"Becoming the son-in-law to one of the wealthiest families in the country is



the only way you can survive. Count it a s luck and stop being proud.”

After letting out a deep sigh, Mr. Miller stood to his feet and walked out of the room, leaving Rome staring behind him.

Hey, you! Let’s go.” Catherine called out, angrily staring at Rome.

It took a second for Rome to snap out of his thoughts and realize that she was speaking to him.

When he noticed that everyone was gazing at him in disgust, he quietly stood to his feet and followed Catherine.

When they arrived in an enormous and elegantly decorated bedroom, Rome shut the door behind him since he was the last to enter before staring at Catherine's cold expression.

“How much will it cost for you to tell m y grandfather that your father lied and that the marriage contract is fake?”



Catherine boldly asked.

 Comments

 Vote (14.7K)



Chapter four

“My father is not a liar. So you can keep your money,” Rome replied, hiding his anger behind his calm eyes.

A long sigh came from Catherine's lip as she crossed her arms, shrugged her shoulders, and looked the other way.

As his hand tightened around his bag ropes, Rome subconsciously gazed around the room. Then a baby photo of Catherine caught his eyes. Then he faintly giggled and said, “cute.”

His comment drew her attention to where he was looking. She looked at the photo for a brief while before staring at Rome, then Cathrine furrowed her eyebrows and rolled her eyes at him.

“We may get married. However, I don't see you as my husband. You can sleep in my room, but not on my bed. Put your



belongings in the left closet since I have no use for that space. Also, if you can't help me, then do not meddle in my business." Catherine harshly said.

However, Rome made no reply since her remark annoyed him. Instead, he walked past her, approached the left closet, and opened it. Then he tossed his bag in the corner and slammed the door shut.

"Father, this is insane. Catherine is my only child! You can not expect me to marry her to tha-that nobody!"

Catherine's father said with humbleness in his voice.

In a fate of rage, Mr. Barlow slammed his palms against the desk and shouted, "You ungrateful, son! Do you want your grandfather to become a liar? His direct words were 'my last granddaughter will be married to the grandson of Mr. Miller.'"

"But..."

"Cathrine is my youngest grandchild. Therefore it is only right that she fulfilled her great-grandfather's promise!"

The room grew silent. Then Mr. Barlow rested back in his seat and slightly waved his hand, gesturing to his son to leave the room.

"What did father say?" Cathrine's mother cried out to her husband when he came out of the study.

"There's nothing we can do. Our daughter is going to marry a sore loser." Catherine's father mumbled beneath his breath. Then he hung his head and walked away, dragging his feet.

In the east wing of the Balow mansion, the four cousins, Charles, Richard, Jeff, and Chloe, had gathered in their



meeting room, which was an old fashion chamber that no one uses in the house. ¹

“Hahaha, this is great! I thought we would have to lift a finger to get Catherine removed from the heritage list. But it seems like fate has done it for us!” Jeff said before sipping his wine. ¹

“He looks like a servant! Did you see his clothes? How dare him have the guts to be a son-in-law when he looked like that!” Charles angrily said, clutching onto his wine glass with burning rage in his eyes.

Chloe rolled her eyes at her cousins and slyly intoned, “Let's make him one then.”

“What?” Richard asked in confusion.

With a devious smile on Chloe's lips, she stood from her seat, and as her fingertip traced around the glass, she shyly smiled and said, “Let's make him



our personal slave.”

It took less than a second for Charles, Richard, Jeff to burst into a pearl of evil laughter.

“You should remind me not to mess with you in the future,” Richard said, making a toast to Chloe before drinking his wine. ¹

However, he excitement only lasted for a moment, and then silence befell the room.

“Since it's your idea, Chloe, why don't you start, and we will follow your lead.” Charles cunning said, knowing that the was a thirst for power in the mansion and the slightest deal you make with anyone could be a trap.

“Coward,” Chloe mumbled beneath her breath.

Then she sat down her wine glass on the table and loudly said, “Fine. I will



show you, ladies, how to get the job done.”

Charles and the others were not happy about the name Chloe called them. But they maintained a bright smile on their faces. ¹

Rome had just finished arranging the things from his backpack into the closet when Catherine’s room door suddenly flew opened.

He then took a deep breath before turning around to face Chloe as she gave him a dirty look.

“I need you to wash my clothes,” Chloe demanded with a mocking smile on her face.

Rome wanted to refuse. But at that moment, Catherine walked out of the bathroom and asked, “What’s going on here?”

“I am just trying to be generous by



making your husband useful. We all heard what grandma said, and it will be a shame if he is worthless to this household. That's why I asked him to wash for me.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes.”

As a sigh escaped her lips, Catherine coldly stared at Rome and said, “Do as she says.” ¹

For a moment, Rome stood still, clenching his fist as he stared at both of them. Then he inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly.

“Fine. Where's your clothes?” Rome mumbled, holding in his anger.

“Follow me!” Chloe said, smirking at him.

She walked out of the room, and Rome eyed Catherine for a second before

following her cousin.

When they got to Chloe's room, she headed inside while Rome waited for her out the door.

A few seconds later, she came out with a basket, and when Rome reached to take it out of her hands, she dropped the basket on the floor.

“Oop! Are you going to pick them up?”
Chloe mockingly said.

Rome gazed down at her bra and underwear scattered on the floor. Then he glared at her, bent down, and started putting them back into the basket.

“Wow, Chloe! You are amazing.”
Charles said as he, Richard, and Jeff approached Chloe and Rome.

“What? I am just teaching our useless brother-in-law how to be useful.”
Chloe said with a hint of arrogance in her tone.



“Haha, true. Our dear brother-in-law can use a lesson or two from us. How about after you finish here, you can go wash my car.” Richard intoned. ¹

“Yeah, and afterward, you can polish my shoes,” Jeff said with a smirk.

Although Rome said nothing, his blood was boiling with rage and thirst for revenge.

 Comments

 Vote (14.7K) 



Chapter five

Four weeks went by naturally, and it was finally Rome and Catherine's wedding day.

As Rome stood before the mirror, staring at his reflection, he felt like the past weeks had been the worst days of his life.

The Barlow family had turned him into their personal slave and had belittled him so much that even the servant had control over him.

As Rome stared at his reflection, thinking about the hard labor he had done for them, he balled his hand into a fist and swung it at the mirror, stopping his punch only an inch away from the glass.

“I can't break my promise to my father,” Rome mumbled, staring at his

veins bulging on his neck.

Suddenly his room door opened, and Charles walked inside.

When his gaze met with Rome's angry eyes, he smirked and shut the door behind him before walking towards Rome.

“This old thing suits you,” Charles said, pulling the tail of Rome’s coat.

“What do you want?” Rome mumbled with anger burning deep within his eyes.

“Is that how you talk to the one who gives you what you are wearing? If it wasn't for me, you would be walking down the aisle in a boxer.”

“I worked for what I am wearing.”

“Do you know how much I spent when I bought this suit? You being my driver for a few weeks isn't equivalent to the



price of this suit!”

The room fell silent as Rome tightened his fist and held in his breath. Then he slowly exhaled to relieve the tension building up in him.

“Why are you here?” Rome calmly asked.

“The wedding is about to start,” Charles replied.

Without saying a word, Rome walked out and slammed the door.

“Putting up an attitude? I will let you be for now since grandfather told us not to do anything to cause shame to the family name. But once we get home, you will feel my wrath.” Charles mumbled.

The moment Rome walked into the wedding venue, the mumbling started.

“Isn't he the scoundrel whose father



tricked Mr. Barlow into marrying his granddaughter to him?”

“Yeah, he and his father are both thieves and shameless.”

“Such a gold digger. Doesn't he feel disgusted in himself?”

These words echoed into Rome's ears as he walked down the aisle. But he kept walking, squeezing his fists every step he took.

A few minutes after Rome had arrived at the wedding arch, the door opened, and Catherine walked in, and as she marched down the aisle, he could feel his anger slowly melting.

‘She is beautiful.’ Rome thought with a half-smile.

Once Catherine had joined him at the aisle, the ceremony began.

Everything went on peacefully for a



moment, but when Rome and Catherine said, “I do,” the door suddenly flew open, and Orlando and his gang marched into the hall.

A loud noise roused among the guests, and everyone was in total shock except Rome.

“Mr. Ford needs a word with the groom,” Orlando shouted with his hands resting on his waist.

Madam Rosey turned to her husband, squeezed his hand, and cried, “Honey, what have we done. It seems like Mr. Ford has a problem with Rome. We can not afford to offend Mr. Ford.”

“What do you expect from me, woman? They are already a married couple.” Mr. Barlow mumbled, feeling sweat dripping down his forehead.

Fear ceased everyone in their seats as they stared at Rome. But he was not bothered a bit about Orlando and his



men.

“What have you done?” Catherine asked, sounding annoyed.

“I'll be back,” Rome said.

Then he gazed away from her and walked to Orlando and his men.

“You have guts using the Barlow family as a shield. Why did you belittle my boss with such a nonsense act? Now he is mad, and he wants a word with you.” Orlando said, smirking with a murderous gaze.

“Stop chirping like some dumb bird and lead the way.” Rome casually said.

“You brat! Are you counting death!”

“You can either stop talking and take me to see your boss, or you can leave here and allow me to get married in peace.” ¹

The rage in Orlando's eyes burned, yet he didn't act on it. Instead, he forcefully



locked Rome's hands behind his back and carried him out with his men following closely behind the both of them.

When they got to a parking lot, Orlando shoved Rome into the backseat of a black car. Then he got in and shut the door.

As the driver pulled off with the car and a bunch of black cars followed closely behind their vehicle, the feeling of worry was far from Rome's heart, but what he felt was pure rage and excitement.

A few minutes later, the cars came to a stop, and Orlando got out. Then Rome willingly stepped out of the vehicle.

When Orlando and his men led him into a warehouse, Rome's sight rested on a man as he stood in the dark, a faraway distance from them.

“The boss is watching. Make him



suffer.” Orlando abruptly said.

Within a split second, Rome saw a punch heading in his direction, but he used his palm to block the hit.

Then his fingers clutched onto the guy's fist, and he popped the wrist bones from their joints.

Then he balled his fingers into a fist and drove them towards the guy's cheek, slamming it against his jaw and breaking three teeth.

Suddenly every one of Orlando's men came rushing towards Rome, and in less than ten minutes, the warehouse was noisy with the echoes of grown men's cries.

“Thank you for helping me let out the rage that I have been holding in for four weeks. Ah, this is nice.” Rome said, taking in a deep breath with a smirk on his lips.



“Rome?”

He heard a voice call out of the dark, and immediately an agonizing pain ripped through his head while he screamed out the pain.

“Run, Rome! Run, and don’t look back!”

Those words became to echo loud in his ears as the pain grew intense.

“Who are you!” Rome screamed, falling to his knees.

Everything slowly became blurry in his eyes as flashes of images crossed his mind.

“Show yourself!” Rome mumbled.

But in a matter of seconds, he dropped to the floor and lost consciousness.

 Comments

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Chapter Six

When Rome regained consciousness, he kept his eyes closed for a minute and waited for the headache to subside before raising his eyelids.

“Where am I?” Rome mumbled, staring around the room, then his sight rested on an elderly-looking man with smoky-grey hair and a white goatee.

With calmness in his eyes, he smiled at Rome and said, “You are at my house. I'm Mr. Ford by the way.”

“Mr... Fo-rd. I...”

“It's okay, kid. You don't have to fear me.”

Doubt clouded Rome's feature when he stared at Mr. Ford and thought, 'Don't fear you! You order your men to beat the crap out of me! Do you take me as a fool!'



For a second, Mr. Ford took his gaze off Rome and placed his focus on a picture frame. Then he took it off the dresser and showed it to Rome.

“Do you know the person in this photo?” Mr. Ford asked.

“Why do you have a picture of me as a kid?” Rome mumbled, feeling goosebumps on his skin.

“My son!”

“Your what?”

Thinking Mr. Ford had gone mad, Rome began running over escape plans in his head.

“You don't remember your father?” Mr. Ford asked, smiling brightly with tears in his eyes.

“I have a father, and he's not you. Now with that said, I will be on my way.”

Rome intoned, throwing the blanket off



him.

“How come you remember your name and not me?”

“Because of a stupid recurring nightmare that I have every night from the time I was a boy till now.”

“What nightmare?”

“Everything is fuzzy in the dream except the person's voice, and I think they were talking to me. They kept shouting, ‘Run, Rome! Run, and don't look back! So I decided to call myself Rome.’”

Watching Mr. Ford burst into tears, Rome felt awkward seeing a grown man cry, and he didn't know if he should comfort him or take the chance and run. But he didn't have the guts to do either of those things, so he sat there, waiting for Mr. Ford to stop crying.

“That was me! I was the one telling you



to run, Rome. On an unfortunate night, my enemies storm this very place and murder your mother.” Mr. Ford said, clutching his fists.

For an unknown reason, Rome felt his heartache when he heard those words, and even though he still had no memory about Mr. Ford and this mansion, he sensed a feeling of familiarity. ¹

“Your wife is dead. I am so sorry.” Rome mumbled.

“She's not only my wife. She's your mother. We fought a great fight that night, but your life would have gotten endangered if you had stayed in this place that night, so I told you to run away.” Mr. Ford said, staring Rome in his eyes. ¹

Yet he could tell that Rome was still in doubt about the words he had said, but Mr. Ford was sure that he had found his



long-lost son.

“This father that you speak of is he your biological father?” Mr. Ford asked.

“No, he found me after I got hit by a car, and the driver drove off, leaving me there to die,” Rome said, realizing that there's a possibility that he could be Mr. Ford's son.

“This is all my fault. I have failed you as a father. I tried finding you after I had destroyed the ones who took your mother's life, but my search was in vain. Son, let me make it up to you!”

“DNA test,”

“Huh?”

“I want a test done to clear my doubts since I still don't have memories of you and everything you just said.” ¹

There was an awkward pause, then Mr. Ford burst into a peal of laughter.



“Yes, I will go call Dr. Lincoln right now!” Mr. Ford shouted.

Then he patted Rome on his arm and ran out of the room.

“What a cocky old man. One minute he's trying to get me killed, and the next, I am his son!” Rome mumbled, getting off the bed. ¹

Feeling a bit curious, he went around the room, searching the drawers and cabinets, then he came across a picture frame hidden in one of the dresser drawers.

“Who is she?” Rome mumbled, staring at the lady in the photo.

Then the frame dropped from his hands and smashed onto the tiles.

Tears began to roll down Rome's eyes, and his hands started to tremble uncontrollably.



When Mr. Ford returned to the room, he met Rome sitting in the corner, crying bitterly. Then he looked away from the picture and stared at Mr. Ford.

“Mom has died. I saw it all that night. She laid in a pool of blood. Why did I have to remember? I don't want to remember her in that state!” Rome mumbled, hugging himself tightly.

A while later, Dr. Lincoln came to the mansion and did a thorough checkup on Rome. ¹

“He suffered from Dissociative amnesia. Rome's brain blocked out the memory of his mother's death, leaving him unable to remember important personal information.” Dr. Lincoln said, staring at Mr. Ford. ¹

“You must have suffered so much. I am a terrible father.” Mr. Ford said, tearing up again.



‘Why does he love crying so much? It's so weird. I don't remember him being this pathetic when I was little.’ Rome thought, darting his eyes around the room.

After Mr. Lincoln had taken a sample of Mr. Ford and Rome salivas, he left the room, leaving them alone.

“My son is finally back! I have an heir again. I think it's time for me to retire.” Mr. Ford said.

“What?” Rome asked.

“Well, you don't expect this old man to continue running the companies at such an age. I want you to take your rightful place as my heir and manage my multi-billionaire dollars businesses.”

“I..”

“I know you still have a lot to catch up on. But you are a fast learner. I can't



believe you still know the moves that I taught you. Takeover from your father, huh.”

After an awkward silence, Rome glanced up at Mr. Ford with a mischievous smile.

“Okay, but under one condition,” Rome mumbled.

“Anything. Name it.” Mr. Ford said.

“Do not make my identity public.”

“But why? I have hoped for this day for so long. Why can't I tell the world that you are my son?”

A sly smile crept upon Rome's lips as he stared at his father and said, “I still have a few scores to settle.” ¹



Chapter Seven

The car was silent as Orlando drove Rome back to the Barlow mansion.

A few distances away from the fence, Rome tapped Orlando on his shoulder, and he jumped in fear.

“How can I help you, young master?” Orlando shouted, hunching his shoulders.

“Stop me here,” Rome mumbled, leaning back on his seat.

Without any hesitation, Orlando stepped on the brake and turned the car off.

When Rome got down, Orlando pushed the car door open and rushed out. Then he got down on both knees and rested his forehead against the ground.

“Young master, forgive me. I was

stupid for attacking you in the past. This humble servant needs to be punished!” Orlando cried out loud.

“Punch me and we can call it even,” Rome said, staring down at him.

When Orlando lifted his head and saw in Rome's expression that he wasn't kidding, he felt even more afraid.

“Young master, I can never lay a hand on you. I will lose my life if I did. Please, any other punishment will be fine, but not this one, please!” Orlando said, trembling as sweats rolled down his face.

“This is not a punishment, but an order. I need you to hit me so hard that it will leave a cut.” Rome intoned.

Seeing that Rome was serious, Orlando slowly got up from the ground, balled his fist, and viciously punched him.

“Great,” Rome mumbled, gently

touching the cut above his brow.

“No hard feelings, right, young master?” Orlando said, taking a step back as he stared at the smirk on Rome's face.

But before he could get a chance to react, Rome had swung his fist at him, hitting his nose, then the second punch slammed against his cheek.

“No hard feelings. Now we are even.” Rome mumbled. ¹

“Tha-nk y-ou, master, for showing me mercy,” Orlando shouted, spitting his broken tooth into his palm.

Then he watched Rome walk towards the gate and enter the fence before he got into the Mercedes and drove off. ¹

The moment Rome arrived in the living room, the entire members of the Barlow family were waiting for him.

“There's our good for nothing son-in-law who has brought nothing but shame onto this household.” Madame Rosey said, scowling at Rome.

She met his calm gaze with an icy stare and then turned to her husband.

“What did you do to Mr. Ford to get on his bad side?” Mr. Balow asked, taking his sight off his wife and placing it on Rome.

“My father and I owe him a debt.” Rome mumbled.

As he stared at the faces in the room, all he saw in their expression was anger, hate, and disgust.

“That sly old fox. Is that why he used such a dirty trick to get you into this family? That old goat and you are nothing but leeches.” William, the third son of the Barlow family screamed.

“Why would you cause trouble with Mr. Ford and use our family as a shield? You are really disgusting!” Andrew, the third son of the Barlow family shouted. 1

Inside, Rome was burning with anger, hearing them speak about Mr. Miller in such a manner, yet he held it all in.

“Do you want to drag this family in the mud with you!” Elijah, the first son of the Barlow family screamed.

When Rome didn't answer, an awkward silence dragged on for a while, yet Rome could tell what they were thinking from their faces without them uttering a word.

“Honey, we can't keep Catherine married to a man who has issues with Mr. Ford.” Catherine's mother whispered to her husband.

Then Catherine's father took a deep breath and said, “Father, I think

Catherine should divorce him, so our family wouldn't offend Mr. Ford any further.”

It grew quiet and Rome saw it in Mr. Barlow's expression that he might give into his son's suggestion.

“I have paid my debt with Mr. Ford.” Rome hastily said, wiping the blood rolling down his face with his shirt sleeve.

“Why should we believe a scoundrel! First, your father lied to us and hid the truth about your debt with Mr. Ford! So why would anyone trust your word!” Madame Rosey lashed out.

Her cold gaze was piercing that Rome had to stare at the floor to avoid her eyes. ²

“Also, you are a broke loser. How did you pay Mr. Ford's debt?” Elijah shouted.

“With my blood. I survived his men's attack, so I wouldn't owe him anything. Afterward, Mr. Ford told me that my debt has been settled.” Rome mumbled.

Silence fell in the living room, and no one spoke for a while as they all focused on the wound on Rome's head.

“Well. If that's the case, then there's no need to break my father's promise to Mr. Miller.” Mr. Barlow said.

“But...!” Catherine's father shouted.

“My word is final! Since the situation with Mr. Ford has been settled. Catherine and Rome will remain married.”

“Yes, father.”

Sighing, Mr. Barlow stood from the couch and walked out of the living room.

“Catherine, please keep your husband o

n a leash. We don't need a situation like this repeating itself.” Madame said.

“Yes, grandmother. I'm sorry for my husband's behavior.” Catherine humbly replied.

After coldly staring at Rome, Madame Rosey got up from her seat and followed her husband.

When Rome glanced up, his gaze met Catherine's eyes and she frowned.

Then she walked up to him and said, “Follow me.”

Without saying a word, Rome walked after Catherine as she led him out of the living room and into their bedroom.

“What did I tell you when you first came?” Catherine mumbled, approaching the dresser.

Staring at her go through the things in the drawer, Rome shut the door and

walked further into the room.

“If you can’t help me, then do not meddle in my business.’ That's what you said.” Rome said.

“Sit on the bed,” Catherine mumbled, turning away from the dresser.

A look of confusion crossed Rome's face. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed and waited on her.

“We are now husband and wife. Whatever you do affects me, so please conduct yourself properly as my husband.” Catherine said, cleaning Rome’s wound.

Then she put a bandage on it and scowled at him before heading out of the room.

“Don't worry. From now on. I'm going to be the husband you deserve.” Rome mumbled, rubbing the bandage with a smile on his face. 1

Chapter Eight

Early that morning as the Barlow family sat at the dining table, having breakfast, Roland remained standing like always.

He wasn't allowed to eat with them since Madame Rosey considered him to be a worthless son-in-law that didn't deserve to eat expensive meals that he had not work for.

“Catherine,” Mr. Barlow said, gently laying his fork down on the plate.

“Yes, grandfather,” Catherine mumbled, looking away from her food and focusing on his eyes.

“Take your husband to the company and find something useful for him to do. It will diminish the Barlow family reputation if people find out that your husband is nothing but a house help.”

“Yes, grandfather.”

Suddenly, madam Rosey put down her fork and glared at Rome before she calmly stared at her husband.

“Do you think it's wise to have him meddling in the company? He's a fool with no educational background. It will be troublesome if he goes there and becomes a burden.” Madame Rosey said, sounding annoyed.

“What can we do? He can't keep on doing house chores for the rest of his life. We have to make him worth something to this family.” Mr. Barlow said, sighing heavily.

Hearing them speak about him in such a manner had Roland desperately wanting to laugh, yet he kept a straight face and listen.

“Grandmother, don't stress yourself. We will make sure to keep our dear

brother-in-law in check, right Charles, Jeff, and Richard?” Chloe said, smirking at her cousins.

‘Why is she getting us involved?’ The three of them thought, staring at her with a frown on their faces.

“Well, Chloe, darling, that's so thoughtful of you. Grandma can feel a bit at ease now.” Madame Rosey said.

Suddenly, Charles put his meat on the plate and said, “Grandmother, you don't have to worry. I will make sure that Rome does not cause any trouble for the company.”

“Me too, grandma. You can count on me to keep Rome in order.” Jeff hastily uttered, setting his teacup down.

“Yes, grandmother. I will make certain that the company's reputation remains intact.” Richard mumbled, eyeing his cousins.

“Well, that's great.” Madame Rosey said.

Then her gaze swayed towards Rome and she scowled at him.

“Don't you dare make trouble for this family again!” Madame Rosey lashed out.

“I won't dare,” Rome mumbled, hanging his head low.

After breakfast was over, the family dismissed, and Rome and Catherine got into her car and she drove out of the fence.

Then she stopped at a nearby cafe and headed inside.

A few minutes later, she returned to the car with a box of donuts and handed it to Rome along with a cup of coffee.

“You should eat something. Knowing Chloe, Charles, and Jeff, they are not

going to make today easy for you. So don't let them get to you and make you cause trouble for both of us.” Catherine mumbled.

“I wouldn't,” Rome said, smiling at her.

But she rolled her eyes at him and stepped on the accelerator, driving off.

When they arrived at the company and entered the building, Rome and Catherine met her cousins in the lobby.

For a moment, Charles, Jeff, and Richard gazed at Rome and then they turned their focus on Chloe.

“Cowards,” she mumbled, glaring at them.

Then she walked over to Catherine, and Rome with a smirk on her lips.

“Catherine, you don't have any use for your husband, right?” Chloe said, smiling with her eyes.

“No, why?” Catherine asked with a calmness in her expression.

“Well then, can you lend him to me? I am having a meeting and need an extra set of hands in the conference room.”

“Sure.”

For a moment, Catherine hesitated as she stared at Rome. Then she walked away, leaving him with her cousins.

The entire six hours, Rome spent it serving tea to Chloe and her colleagues, printing several papers for Charles, getting lunch for Jeff and every one of his employees, carrying documents back and forth from Richard's office to different departments in the company.

After being their errands boy for half of the day, they finally sent him back to Catherine and when she saw him, her heart sank.

“What happened to your coat?”

Catherine asked, staring at the dark stain on Rome's jacket.

“Oh, Chloe said that I made her coffee too hot, so she spilled it on me,” Rome mumbled.

“Oh my, are you okay? Did you sustain any burns?”

“No. But my only coat is ruin. I hope when I dry clean it the stain will be removed.”

Noticing the bandages around all ten of Rome's fingers, Catherine let out a soft sigh.

“What happened to your hands?” She asked.

“Umm... Charles made me remove all the staple pins off the papers after I had already clipped them together. Then he asked me to staple them again.” Rome

said, rubbing his neck as he faintly smiled at her.

A look of disbelief crossed Catherine's face, then she shut her eyes and took in a deep breath.

At that moment, Blake, her secretary, walked into the office.

“Boss, I just spoke with Mr. Jeffrey, and he said that you should meet him at Oscar's restaurant at seven o'clock to sign the contract.” He said.

“Thank you, Blake,” Catherine replied, faintly smiling at him.

After he left the room, she stared at her watch and sigh heavily.

“It's six already. We should get going. Getting this contract will help me win points with grandma and grandfather.” Catherine mumbled.

“Is this project that important to you?”

Roland asked, noticing the sadness in her eyes.

“Yes. Now let's leave before we arrive late.”

“Okay.”

A while later, Catherine and Rome arrived at Oscar hotel, and he sat at a separate table while she took a seat at table seven.

The waiter approached her and said, “welcome, Miss Catherine, how can I assist you tonight.”

“Give me a glass of water, and please ask the man at table ten what he will be taking. Whatever his order is, I will pay.” Catherine said, eyeing Rome.

“Gosh, you are so generous to your employees?”

“He's my husband.”

“Oh, my bad. Judging from the way he's

dressed, I thought... My humble apologies. Excuse me.”

After the waiter left and approached Rome, Catherine softly sighed while staring at her husband. She still couldn't believe that she had married such a pitiful man.

“Good for you, marrying the beautiful lady Catherine. What trick did you use?” The waiter said, giving Rome a dirty look.

Ignoring his remark, Rome took his sight of Catherine and coldly stared at him.

“I will have what she's having.” He said without breaking eye contact with the Waiter.

‘What such a dominant aroma he has. If I haven't heard the rumors that Lady Catherine married a nobody, I would think that he's someone influential.’ The waiter thought, avoiding Rome’s

stare.

Then he gazed at the tiles and hastily walked away.

After Catherine got served her glass of water, she noticed that Rome was served the same, and she frowned.

“He barely has anything to eat at home, so why is he being headstrong?”

Catherine mumbled, staring at Rome drinking his water with an unbothered expression.

Time flew by and after waiting for hours without seeing Mr. Jeffrey, she took out her phone and made a call to him.

“Hello, Miss Catherine. You dare to call me after you stood me up?” Mr. Jeffrey's angry voice flowed into her ear.

“What? I am at the Oscar hotel.”

Catherine said as panic rose through her.

“I see. I told your secretary that I was going to be waiting for you at the Refine restaurant, and he told me that you had a date with your husband at Oscar hotel, but he was going to pass the information onto you.”

“Huh?”

The colors drained from Catherine's face, and she felt speechless from shock.

“After begging me to hand this project to you, you chose your loser husband over my contract. Well then, I don't think you deserve such an opportunity.” Mr. Jeffrey's voice echoed from the phone speaker, sounding enraged.

“Th-at not tru...” Catherine mumbled, struggling to get the words out as tears settled in her eyes.

“Goodbye and have a nice date, Miss Catherine. I hope it was worth it.” ¹

“But...”

The call got canceled, and Catherine laid her head on the table and shut her eyes while sobbing silently.

“What's wrong with her?” Roland mumbled, staring at Catherine with worry in his eyes.

 Comments

 Vote (14.8K) 

Chapter Nine

Although Rome wanted to walk over to Catherine, he remained in his seat and patiently waited without taking his sight off her.

After crying in silence for a while, she wiped her face, grabbed her purse, and approached Rome.

“Let's go,” Catherine said, softly sniffing.

"Are we not waiting for Mr. Jeffrey?" Rome asked, staring into her watery eyes.

“No,”

“What about the contract?”

“I didn't get it, okay! Can we just go home?”

Inside, Rome felt annoyed that

Catherine was hurting, but he kept a calm expression and slightly nodded his head.

Then he left his seat and both of them walked out of the hotel.

When they got to the car, Rome offered to drive, and even though Catherine felt skeptical, she allowed him to.

They drove in silence the entire ride, and when they finally reached the Barlow mansion and the car came to a stopped, Catherine suddenly covered her face with her hand and bent over.

“Grandma and grandpa are going to be so disappointed in me. I can never seem to do anything right and keep messing up.” She cried, sobbing softly.

This was the first time a woman had cried in front of him, and Rome didn't know what to do for a while. Then he rested his hand on her back.

“You did well.” Rome mumbled, gently patting her.

For the first time since they got married, Catherine felt her heart skip a beat because of him, and when she lifted her head, her eyes met his worried gaze, and she faintly smiled.

“Let's go in,” Catherine mumbled beneath her breath.

“Okay,” Rome said, withdrawing his hand away from her.

A few minutes later, they entered the house, and the moment they walked into the living room, all eyes were on them.

“Good evening,” Catherine said.

The cold gaze from everyone had her panicking inside, so she stared at the floor and held in her breath.

“Save your greeting! How dare you

abandon your meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, so you can go on a date with your worthless husband.” Madame Rosey lashed out.

Suddenly, Catherine was not afraid anymore but confused and angry.

This was not the first time a situation like this had happened, and it was becoming too obvious for Catherine to see it as anything other than one of her cousins doing.

Feeling enraged, she raised her head, stared at her grandmother, and said, “I didn't abandoned the meeting with Mr. Jeffrey to go on a date with Rome. I was set up and given the wrong address.”

“How dare you talk back to me!”

Madame Rosey shouted, swinging her hand towards Catherine's face, but Rome pulled her aside and the slap hit his cheek.

The living room became quiet and

shock took over the faces of everyone.

“How dare you stand in the way of me disciplining my grandchild!” Madame Rosey shouted, scowling at Rome.

“Please forgive my wife. As her husband, I will bear her punishment. I'm useless to her, so this is the least I can do.” Rome mumbled, bowing his head.

For some time he stood quietly, waiting for Madam Rosey to hit him or say something diminishing.

But she didn't. Instead, she frowned and sat back on the couch.

“How shameless! Catherine, I guess you married the right man. He is just as worthless to this family as you are.” Elijah said, frowning when his gaze met Rome's eyes.

Anger crawled inside of him, and the tension Rome felt made it hard for him t

o breathe. Yet he suppressed his rage and remained expressionless.

“How dare you speak of my daughter in such a manner and compare her to this loser!” Catherine's father shouted, clutching his fists.

“Am I wrong, Edward? All your daughter has ever done is fail. If we can't trust her to handle signing a contract. How can we entrust her with the inheritance?” Elijah intoned.

Silence fell in the room, and it dragged on for about a minute, then Andrew cleared his throat and said, “Edward, I know Elijah's words may sound harsh, but it's the truth. Catherine can never seem to do something right.”

“Yes, she is always messing up something and the family has to be the ones to suffer for it,” William uttered, staring at their father.

Unable to keep himself out of the

matter any longer, Mr. Barlow sighed deeply and said, “Catherine, why can't you be more like your cousins? Why do you always have to be the one to humiliate the family name?”

“Grandfather, I can fix this. Please give me another chance.” Catherine said, feeling her tears roll down her cheeks.

“Do you know how ashamed I was when Mr. Jeffrey called me to tell me that my granddaughter didn't meet with him because she was on a date with her husband?”

“I..”

“Enough, Catherine! Chloe will take over the project as she had been doing every time you fail.”

Staring at her grandfather, Catherine heart ached when she heard those words, but she didn't have the guts to speak any further.

“And as for you, Rome, you should just stay home and do chores if you plan to be a distraction to my granddaughter.” Mr. Barlow said with a frown.

“I'm sorry. Please let me continue working. I assure you that this is the last time something like this will happen.” Rome mumbled.

A sigh escaped his lips as Mr. Barlow got up from his seat. Then he left the living room without uttering a word.

When Catherine gazed at her cousins, she could see the mockery in their expression, and even though they didn't utter a word, she could tell that they were celebrating inside.

“I couldn't be disappointed in you, Catherine.” Madame Rosey said, glaring at her granddaughter.

After a short silence, Catherine stared away from her grandmother's eyes and

focused on her parents' sad expression before she ran out of the living room and headed to upstairs.

Nothing about what had just happened felt right to Rome, yet he kept his peace and walked out of the living room, and then walked out the front door and into the yard.

As the wind blew gently against his face, he pulled out his phone and made a call.

“Young master, what can I do for you?” Orlando's voice echoed into his ear.

“I need you to capture a man named Blake. He's Catherine's secretary.” Rome said, admiring the night sky.

“Yes, young master. How do you want me to handle him?”

“Just capture Blake, and make sure you don't leave a mark on him because I need him intact for his confession.”

Chapter Ten

The morning breeze blew the leaves of the sidewalk as Blake walked to the bus stop.

The moment he sat down on the bench, three black Limousines drove towards the bus stop and stopped in front of him.

Then Mr. Orlando got out of one of the first cars and approached him.

“You are Blake, right?” He asked, sitting down on the bench.

“Yes, is there a problem? Did I offend Mr. Ford?” Blake mumbled, hugging his bag tightly.

“Why would you think that?”

“Because there are rumors that say, ‘if Mr. Orlando visits you then you are in trouble with Mr. Ford.’”

“Well, that's true. But I am not here because of my master.”

“Huh?”

The color drained from his face as he stared wide-eyed at Mr. Orlando and saw that he had a smirk on his lips.

“My young master wants a word with you.” Mr. Orlando said, with a straight face.

“Who? Mr. Ford has a son?” Blake asked, sounding more afraid than shocked.

“Yes. This meeting would have taken a whole other route if my young master didn't order me not to leave a scar on you. So can you get into the car on your own?”

“But I don't even know Mr. Ford's son, how did I offend him?”

“I don't know. Are you going to get in

the car or not?”

After a slight moment of hesitation, Blake stood to his feet, walked over to the limousine, and got in the back seat.

“Wise choice.” Mr. Orlando mumbled, standing from the bench.

Then he got in the front seat of the limousine and the cars drove off.

A minute later, Mr. Orlando took out his phone and made a call.

The event from last night caused Catherine to have a sleepless night, and as she laid in bed, wild awake, Rome's phone ringtone echoed in the room.

She waited for a few seconds, and when he didn't wake up, she got down from the bed and walked over to where he was sleeping on an air mattress.

Then she squatted and stared at his peaceful resting face before gazing at

his phone screen.

“Unknown number? I wondered who's calling?” Catherine whispered, reaching for the phone.

But before she could get a hold of it, Rome suddenly raised his eyelids, and she paused, staring into his eyes with a n awkward smile on her face.

“What are you doing?” He asked without blinking.

“Your phone is ringing,” Catherine mumbled, withdrawing her hand to her side.

A yawn escaped Rome's lips as he sat up and did a little stretch. Then his head shifted in her direction, and he flashed her a grin before grabbing his phone and answering the call.

“Good morning,” Rome said, staring at Catherine's curious expression.

“I got him, young master.” Mr. Orlando’s voice echoed into his ear.

“Location,”

“23 street. Warehouse number 7.”

“I will be there in a short while.”

After Rome ended the call, he beamed at Catherine, scratching the back of his hair.

“Wife, can I be excused from work today. I applied for a part-time job and got accepted.” Rome said.

“Is the allowance that I give you not sufficient?” Catherine mumbled.

“I can't live on your money forever. I want to make a name for myself, so I can be the man that you deserve. I want you to be proud to call me your husband.”

“Fine, you can go.”

Although Catherine tried not to show it in her expression, she was moved by Rome's determination and somewhat impressed by it.

At nine o'clock, Rome arrived at the warehouse and walked inside.

The moment Blake saw him, he furrowed his brows and frowned.

“Why is my boss’s useless husband here? Is she the one who offended Mr. Ford's son, and now he's taking it out on the people close to her?” Blake shouted.

Then he stared at Mr. Orlando with a pleading expression and said, “I'm not close to Lady Catherine! In fact, the only reason I work for her is that Miss Chloe pays me to. So please let me go.”

“How dare you call my young master useless! Are you counting death!” Mr. Orlando shouted, balling his fists.

“Huh? He's who?”

“You are looking at Mr. Ford's only heir.”

A look of confusion settled on Blake's face. Then he gave a nervous chuckle as he stared at Rome.

“You are not useless, but the only child to the wealthiest man in the country?” Blake asked, feeling the hair stand on his neck.

“Yes,” Rome mumbled, sitting down in the chair with a cold expression on his face.

“Rome. No, I mean, boss. It was not my idea to give Lady Catherine the wrong address. Miss Chloe paid me to do it. Please don't hurt me! I have a wife and kid.”

“Well, I'm not going to, if you are willing to confess those exact words to

the Barlow family and Mr. Jeffrey.”

An awkward silence fell in the room. Then Rome noticed the hesitation in Blake’s eyes, and he gazed at Mr. Orlando.

“Young master, he isn't married and neither does he have a kid. Instead, he lives with his mother in a tiny house on Roside street.” Mr. Orlando said.

Rome's gaze swayed towards Blake and sweat dripped down Blake’s forehead as he stared back at him.

“I don't like people lying to me. When they do, I get mad, and you don't want me to get mad, right, Blake?” Rome firmly said, slamming his fist into his palm.

“No! I will confess. I will do whatever you want me to do. Please don't hurt my mother! She is sick.” Blake said, dropping to the ground on both knees with tears in his eyes.

When Rome gazed back at Mr. Orlando, he slightly nodded his head and said, “Yes, young master. His mother suffered from kidney failure.”

“Do what I asked of you and your mother will be fine. Is that clear?”

Rome said, giving Blake an icy stare.

Without a single hesitation, he shook his head and slowly stood up to his feet.

“Give me your order, and I will follow it to the letter,” Blake said.

“Good. We have an appointment with Mr. Jeffrey.” Rome said with a smirk.

 Comments

 Vote (14.8K)

