

Chapter Eighty-One

As Mr. Barlow gazed at him, Rome uttered no words and his expression remained calm.

After a few minutes had past, he looked the old man dead in his eyes for a while before walking past him and heading into the living room.

Shock took over Mr. Barlow's expression as he stared back at the living room entrance and mumbled, “You can act tough all you want, but the one who's in control is me, and what I say goes!”

When Catherine saw Rome approaching her, she sniffed and then faked a smile.

But he frowned at her and said, “Don't do that.”

“Uh?” Catherine mumbled, striving to look calm.

“I'm your husband. You don't have to fake your emotions in front of me.”

“I'm really oka...”

Unable to end her remark, Catherine rushed over to Rome, hugged onto his body, and cried in silence with her head resting against his chest.

‘I wish I could tell you that your grandfather is ignorant, and his words carried no weight as mine does. But hold on a bit. You won't be in the dark for too long.’ Rome thought as he gently patted her back.

At ten o'clock, Rome left the Barlow mansion after Catherine had gone to work.

When the uber came to a stop, he paid the driver before getting out of the vehicle.

Then Rome approached the black Audi,

opened the back door, and got in.

“Good morning, young master.” Mr. Orlando mumbled, gazing in the V-mirror at Rome's reflection.

“Find out where Albert is this morning,” Rome said.

Then he gazed at K before focusing his attention on the windshield.

“The chairman of Global group?” Mr. Orlando asked with uncertainty in his tone.

“Yeah,” Rome mumbled.

Swaying his gaze away from the V-mirror, Mr. Orlando picked up his phone and made a call.

After talking on the phone for a few minutes, he canceled the call and looked back at the V-mirror.

“Albert is having breakfast at ‘Chiv’ restaurant, in Quill's private room.” M

r. Orlando said.

“Take me there,” Rome replied.

Not wasting another second, Mr. Orlando started the car and drove off.

A while later, he brought the vehicle to a stop in front of a dark green building.

“Do you want me to come in with you?” Mr. Orlando asked as he watched his young master wear his cap.

“No. You two should stay back. I won't be in for too long.” Rome mumbled, pushing the car door open.

Then he stepped down and headed into the building.

When he got to the counter, the hostess sized him with her eyes and asked, “What can I do for you?”

“I am here to meet Albert. He's in Quill's private room. Can you take me to him?” Rome calmly asked.

“Those rooms are reserved for wealthy and influential people only, and judging from your casual appearance, you aren't either of those. So you would have to wait out here for him.” The hostess rudely intoned as she narrowed her eyes at him.

For a moment, Rome stared down at his pale white sweater, his black sweatpants, and his sneakers.

Then he scratched the back of his head and mumbled, “Is there a policy at this restaurant about dress code?”

“Can you step aside? There's a customer I need to attend to.” The hostess sharply uttered.

With calmness in his eyes, Rome glanced behind at the fancy dress lady two steps away from him. Then he stared back at the hostess and said, “I'm a customer too.”

“Can you step aside and allow me to attend to a real customer?”

“I will be out of your way if you can take me to Quill's private room.”

“Don't make me call security on you!”

Even though her tone was harsh, and she was giving him dirty looks, Rome's expression bore no emotions.

“What's going on here?” An elderly-looking fellow asked as he approached the desk.

When Rome stared at him, he smirked, remembering that he and this guy met at the cocktail party his father took him on.

“Boss, this man is obstructing the line. But I was just about to call security to escort him out.” The hostess humbly said.

Taking in a deep breath, Rome removed

his mask, took out his shade, and said, “Good morning, George.”

“Young... young For...” George hastily mumbled before getting a hold of his tongue.

Then he stared at his employee and coldly asked, “Do you know who he is!”

The anger in her boss's voice made her scared, and she quickly shook her head.

“Calling security on who? Him! You must have lost your mind!” George lashed out.

“Sir, I'm sorry. I wasn't aware that he was someone powerful.” The hostess cried.

“You didn't need to know who he was for you to treat him with respect!”

“Boss...”

“You know, there have been a lot of reports concerning your rude attitude

towards customers. But this! This is the straw that breaks the camel's back!"

Fear clouded the hostess's expression and tears settled in her eyes as she mumbled, "Sir, please."

"You are fired!" George straightforwardly said. ①

"Sir..."

"Get to Jermie for your paid and leave my restaurant."

With a pleading expression on her face, she gazed at Rome, but he ignored her as he wore his mask, then his shade.

"Why are you here?" George humbly inquired.

"Can you direct me to Quill's private room?" Rome asked as he stared away from the hostess and focused on George.

"Of course. I will take you there."

“Okay,”

A few minutes later, Rome and George arrived at a white door. Then George looked at him and said, “This is Quill's private room.”

“Thanks.” Rome mumbled.

Then he pushed the door open and headed inside.

After shutting the door behind him, he stared at Albert, gazing back at him with a frown on his face.

“Who are you?” Albert asked as he eyed his phone.

Without replying, Rome took out his hat and his shade. Then he removed his mask and said, “I'm Rome, Rome Ford.”

“Ford, why does that name sounds familiar?” Albert asked, wondering in his head for a second.

Then his eyes widened as he mumbled,
“Mr. Ford. You and him...”

“Are related? Yes, we are. To be specific, he's my father.” Rome casually said.

A look of disbelief mixed with fear swept across Albert's face as he looked away from Rome and said, “But you are ... you are the Barlow family's useless son-in-law.”

“If I had a nickel for every time I heard those words, I would have made a fortune.” Rome sarcastically said.

After getting over his shock, a thought crossed his mind, and Albert looked back at Rome and asked, “Are you here because of my son? I can assure...”

“Don't forget,”

“What?”

Keeping his silence, Rome walked over t

o the table, pulled himself a chair, and sat down.

Afterward, he looked directly into Albert's eyes and coldly said, “Remember my name and identity the next time we meet. If you forget, I will have to remind you, and I won't be this calm then.”

Then he slightly smirked and stood from his chair. But as he was about to walk away, Albert asked, “Does Barlow know about who you truly are?”

“What do you think?” Rome asked as he gazed back at Albert.

“He doesn't. If he did, he wouldn't be pushing for my son to marry your wife.”

“True. And I like to keep it that way.”

When Rome saw the look of hesitation in Albert's eyes, he frowned and asked, “Do you think you are the only one who knows who I am?”

“Am I?” Albert subconsciously mumbled.

“You are not. And like every who does, I hope you make the right choice because your silence will do you more good.”

“I understand.”

“Good.”

After taking one last look at the fear in Albert's expression, Rome walked out of the room.

Then he stopped a few distances away from the door to wear his cap when his phone suddenly buzzed in his pocket. So he took it out and answered the call.

“What is it?” Rome asked, wearing his cap.

“You might need to get to the casino for this one, boss.” Brook's voice echoed into his ear.

“I'm on my way.”

“Okay. We are waiting on you, boss.”

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

Chapter Eighty-Two

When Rome arrived in the lobby, he gazed at the counter and saw that there was a new hostess there.

Then he looked ahead of him and walked out of the building.

After getting into the car, he stared at the windshield and mumbled, "Take me to the casino."

Asking no question, Mr. Orlando put the car in gear and drove out of the parking lot and onto the main road.

The drive took about an hour, and then Mr. Orlando stepped on the brake pedal and said, "Young master, we are here."

Taking in a deep breath, Rome pushed the car door open and got down. Then he headed into the building with K walking alongside him.

When Rome and his bodyguard got upstairs, K pushed the door open, and Rome walked into the room before K followed him in and shut the door behind him.

The moment Brook, Scar, and Blaze saw Rome, they hastily stood to their feet.

“I'm here. What is it.” Rome mumbled as he took a seat on the couch.

“It's Elijah,” Brook said, walking over to Rome.

Then he laid a file on the desk and calmly uttered, “Take a look at this.”

Pausing for a second, Rome gazed at him. Then he opened the folder and looked at the first sheet.

“What is this?” Rome asked, staring at Scar.

“That's the list of shareholders in DBA

INC.” Blaze said with his eyes focused on the sheet.

Then Scar smirked and said, “Take a look at the name at number two.”

“Elijah Barlow,” Rome mumbled as a smile surfaced on his lips.

Then he stared back at the first page and said, “That sly bastard. He's double-crossing his own father.”

“That's not all,” Brook stated as he watched Rome skip to the second page.

“He's an equity shareholder making him a part of the owners of DBA INC. But his identity is low-key in the company, and only other equity shareholders know this.” Blaze said when Rome gazed at him.

“It took a lot of hacking and invasion of Elijah's privacy to get this information.” Scar mumbled

Looking back at the sheet, Rome turned the paper over and uttered, “He's playing smart. Acting like a faithful son to get access to his father's connection and build his own empire while stabbing him in the back.”

Once Rome got done scanning through the page, he sneered and said, “It's no wonder DBA INC. is DreamTeam's biggest competition.”

Jamming his hands in his front pockets, Brook frowned and said, “True. We were able to find out that every client that DreamTeam had ever lost ended up signing with DBA INC.”

“What I don't get is why he's staying in DreamTeam when DBA INC. is also powerful?” Scar blurted out.

“Isn't it obvious? His father will disown him for such a betrayal.”

“True.”

As Rome shoved his hair back away from his face, he abruptly said, “Greed is the reason he's still playing the double cards of a faithful son and a competitor.”

“What?” Scar subconsciously asked out loud.

“He want them both. The combination of DreamTeam and DBA will step his game up and put him at a higher position.”

After a brief pause, Rome slowly tapped the table and mumbled, “I wondered what he's going to do now that Chloe will not be inheriting DreamTeam?”

A touch of excitement sparkled in Scar's eyes as he gazed at Rome and said, “We know what he's going to do.”

“At first, we weren't sure why he was holding a meeting with the clients he has with DreamTeam. But your

question makes it clear that he's going to pursue them to transfer their accounts to DBA INC.” Brook mumbled.

“Elijah has one of the highest numbers of clients in DreamTeam. If he pulls them out, the company will be affected to a great extent.” Blaze stated as he gazed at Rome.

But Rome kept silent and stood to his feet. Then he gazed at Brook, Scar, and Blaze before walking past them.

“What do you think he's going to do?” Scar mumbled.

“I don't know. But I can't wait to find out.” Blaze whispered as he watched Rome walk out the door.

The words her grandfather had said to her kept playing on Catherine's mind, so she drowned herself into work all morning, hoping that it would help her get over the bad feeling.

When it was three o'clock, her office door opened, and she didn't even realize Rome walking inside until he said, "Hey, wife."

When Catherine heard his voice, she paused for a moment before lifting her head and gazing at him.

"What are you doing here?" Catherine mumbled, smiling faintly.

"Have you eaten?" Rome mumbled, lifting the plastic bags in his hands.

Dropping her pen on the desk, Catherine woke from her seat and walked over to Rome. ①

Then she took one of the plastic, looked into it, and mumbled, "You brought them from the food truck?"

"Yeah. I wanted to invite you along but I figured you were going to be busy and I didn't want to pull you away from

work.”

“Thank you!”

The look of excitement in Catherine's eyes as she stared at him made Rome feel a bit better because he felt down about the event that took place that morning.

Suddenly without his knowledge, Catherine took the other plastic from him. Then she walked towards the couch, sat down, and started taking out items from the bag and setting them on the table.

Afterward, she patted the space beside her as she gazed at Rome.

He then walked over to the couch and sat down next to her.

Without even realizing it, Catherine had completely forgotten about her worries and was busy opening the lid of the bowl.

“How much does DreamTeam mean to you?” Rome asked as he focused solely on her.

“Dearly. When I was little I used to admire my grandfather a lot.”

Catherine subconsciously mumbled, staring eagerly at the sandwich.

“Really?”

“Mmm umm. He is well respected and successful. Back then, I wanted to be just like him, and I still do. That's why I want to be the family's top inheritor because it will mean that I am walking in his footsteps.”

After taking a bite into her sandwich, Catherine paused for a moment. Then she gazed at Rome with sadness in her eyes and mumbled, “Why did you ask?”

“Nothing,” Rome said as he softly smiled at her.

“I heard what grandfather told you. You are not thinking about being the one to divorce me, right? Because all that I said just now doesn't mean anything when it comes to our marriage.”

“I'm not leaving you.”

There was a trace of doubt in Catherine's eyes as she gazed at Rome.

When he noticed that she was still doubtful, he rested his right hand on her cheek and did the same with his left hand.

Then he pressed his lips into her lips, kissing her gently.

After a few minutes, he pulled back, looked directly into her eyes, and softly said, “Till death do us part, right?”

“Yeah,” Catherine mumbled, feeling reassured.

Then she went back to eating her

sandwich with a sense of relief.

‘The only reason I'm going to intervene in this matter is because of you.’ Rome thought as he stared at Catherine.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K)



Chapter Eighty-Three

Early that Saturday morning, Catherine was still asleep, and Rome's phone laid just an inch away from her.

Suddenly it started vibrating on the blanket, and in between sleep and awake, Catherine swept her hand against the bed for a while before getting a hold of his phone.

Then she opened her eyes and gazed at the name on the screen.

"Rome, your dad is calling," Catherine called out when she noticed that he wasn't in bed with her.

After waiting for a while without getting a reply, she answered the call and said, "Good morning, Mr. Miller."

The other end of the line grew silent, and Catherine waited for about two minutes before saying, "Hello,"

At that moment, the door opened, and Rome walked into the room.

Then he gazed at her with calmness in his eyes, then at his phone, and asked, “Who's on the line?”

“Your dad. But I think something is wrong with the network.” Catherine mumbled, feeling nervous as she withdrew the phone from her ear and handed the phone to Rome.

After he took it out of her hand, Rome pressed the phone against his ear and said, “Hey, dad. If you can hear me, then know that I'm going to cancel the call and dial you back because there's something wrong with the network.”

“Okay,” Mr. Ford's voice flowed into his ear before he ended the call.

Once a minute had passed, Rome dialed his father's number, and it took less than a minute for Mr. Ford to answer

and say, “Do you have plans for today.”

“Yes,” Rome mumbled while gazing at Catherine as she stared at him.

There was a brief silence. Then Mr. Ford asked from the other end of the line, “Is it concerning that Elijah fellow?”

“Yeah,” Rome said, wanting to say more, and yet he didn't want to answer questions from Catherine that would make her feel suspicious of him.

“Okay, then we can schedule breakfast for another time.”

“That sounds nice.”

Feeling anxious to talk to her father-in-law, Catherine mumbled, “Can I say, ‘Hey?’”

However, Rome immediately ended the call, faintly smiled, and said, “He's already gone off.”

Even though she felt a little sad,

Catherine mumbled beneath her breath, "It's fine."

Staring at her, he could see that she was a bit bother about it. But he knew he couldn't do anything about it, so he shoved his phone into his trouser pocket and said, "I'm heading out for a while."

"Okay, let me walk you out," Catherine mumbled as she got out of bed.

A few minutes later, she and Rome came downstairs, and as they headed for the front door, Catherine frowned when she saw her grandfather coming from the other direction.

When Mr. Barlow was only a foot away from them, he said, "Don't forget. Zayn's party is this evening at nine o'clock."

"Grandpa, I..." Catherine mumbled, pausing when Rome caught her off and said, "We will be there."

Keeping his silence, Mr. Barlow scowled and marched past them.

“But you got somewhere to be,” Catherine whispered as she continued to walk along with Rome.

Fixing his gaze on her for a second, he smirked and said, “I will be back before nine. That's a promise.”

Those words seemed to calm her worries about the party, and Catherine didn't seem to mind going since her husband would be there with her.

When they got to the front door, Catherine stopped and watched Rome walkout. Then she waited for about five minutes with her eyes on him before shutting the door.

Thirty minutes later, Rome was seated in the backseat of a black SUV with Mr. Orlando behind the steering wheel and K in the front seat.

“Where are we heading?” Mr. Orlando asked.

“Give me a sec,” Rome mumbled with his attention on his phone screen as he scrolled through his call log.

Then he stopped at Brook's number, dialed it, and put the call on loudspeaker.

After a few seconds had gone by, Brook answered and said, “Morning, boss.”

“I need you to send me the name of any of Elijah's clients and their current location at this moment,” Rome replied.

“You will have it in five minutes.”

“Okay,”

After ending the call, Rome relaxed and shut his eyes. However, three minutes later, his phone buzzed, causing him to raise his lashes.

Then he gazed at the screen for a while before looking at Mr. Orlando.

“He booked the entire Greenfield country club,” Rome said, dropping his phone on the seat.

Focusing back on the road, Mr. Orlando put the car in gear and drove off.

It took about two hours for them to arrive in the parking lot of “Greenfield Country club, and once Mr. Orlando stepped on the brake pedal, Rome pushed the car door open.

“Should I come along?” Mr. Orlando asked as he watched his young master get down from the vehicle.

“Nah. This dude is connected with Elijah and I don't want him putting two to two together and finding out the truth on his own.” Rome said. ①

Then he looked at K and commanded, “

Let's go.”

Without any hesitation, K followed Rome and they both walked into the clubhouse.

When K and he arrived in the lobby, they saw a group of men dressed in black, standing guard.

At that moment, one of the men gazed their way, and he looked angry.

But Rome stayed calmed even when he started walking towards them.

After he was only a step from Rome and K, he frowned and said, “This entire area has been booked, so I will advise you to turn around and get out.”

“I'm here to see Davis.” Rome casually uttered with an unbothered expression.

“My boss didn't inform us that he was expecting a guest.”

“That's because I am an uninvited

guest who needs to speak with your boss, so can you get him for me?”

At this point, the fellow looked pissed and he glared at Rome and said, “Get out!”

“Not until I have a little chat with your boss.”

“I hate repeating myself.”

“So do I.”

The tension between Rome and him had intensified and it didn't take long for the other men's attention to get drawn to them.


“Get out now, or I will make you leave with a sore body!” He harshly said.

“Give it your best shot.” Rome calmly uttered, standing his ground.



Rever  Author

" I got a test tomorrow so I wouldn't be updating more chapters today because I got to study. But I will definitely be putting out more chapters after my test tomorrow. "

 23

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

Chapter Eighty-Four

The moment the fellow noticed his colleagues were staring at him and Rome, he faced them, smirked, and mockingly said, “This fool doesn't know who he's messing with.”

His buddies giggled faintly, and anger spiked in K's eyes as he tightened his fist and waited on Rome's command.

But surprisingly to both of them, the guy hastily turned around and swung a punch directly at Rome, and before he could dodge, the dude's fist had already slammed against his bottom lip, leaving a deep cut in his skin.

Then he tried attempting a second hit. But at that point, Rome was already pissed, and before he could strike a punch, Rome viciously kicked him in the stomach, causing him to lose his balance and drop to the floor.

“I will advise you to stay down!” Rome coldly uttered as he watched him cough out blood.

Not listening to Rome’s warning, he tried to stand up, but without any hesitation, Rome side-kicked him in the knee, fracturing his kneecap.

A look of fear crossed his face when he and Rome's eyes locked, and even though Rome could do more damage to him, he restrained himself and sighed.

“Where did you leave your brain? At home! I said, stay down!” Rome harshly intoned.

Then he turned to K and mumbled, “Is it bad?”

“Yeah, your lip is bruised and bleeding,” K said, staring at Rome.

Then he looked ahead of him and noticed that the other men seemed

angry and were walking towards them.

Licking his bottom lip, Rome frowned when the taste of blood settled on his tongue.

Then he sighed and angrily mumbled, “Great, now I have to explain to my wife why I have a cut on my lip.”

“Sir, let me handle these guys.” K hastily said with his cold gaze fixed on the men.

“Go ahead.”

“Good!”

Not wasting a second, K rushed towards them, and without giving one of the guys a chance to act, he banged his foot in the guy’s jaw, breaking a bone.

The others grew alert, and they rushed to K all at once, and although he sustained a few cuts from their hits, he remained balanced as he attacked back,

elbowing a guy in his nose before landing a punch on another dude's eye.

Then K took a step back and blocked his face with his hand when the fist of one of the men swung towards him.

However, when K withdrew his arm from his face, he got a blow to his cheek.

As the pain ripped through him from his jaw towards his head, K sput out his bloody saliva onto the floor, and then he attacked again.

The fight lasted for about a couple of minutes, and the only man standing, at last, was K.

It took him a moment to stabilize his breathing. Then he turned around, gazed at Rome, and said, "I'm done, boss."

As Rome gazed back at K, it all finally became cleared to him while his father assigned only K as his bodyguard.

“What the hell is going on here!” A mid-age-looking fellow shouted as he stared at Rome, then at K.

Judging him from his appearance, Rome awkwardly smiled and said, “You are Mr. Davis, right?”

At first, Davis blankly stared at Rome. Then he furrowed his brow and shouted, “You!”

“Can we talk?”

“Talk! You useless piece of sh...”

“Watch your language. Your men are like this because they couldn't do that, so I will advise you to be smart and not take the same route as them.”

“Damn you! Who the hell do you think you are, walking in here, beating my guards up, and trying to order me around.”

“Look...”

“No, you listen up! If you don't leave here now, I will sue your broke ass, and not even the Balows will be able to Bill you out!”

Keeping a straight face, Rome walked up to Davis and stopped when he was just a step away from him.

“I don't like people calling me names!” Rome coldly stated with his icy gaze fixed on him.

Smirking, Davis knitted his brows and mockingly said, “What are you going to do about it, you rascal, useless, low-life, son-of-a-bitc...”

However, Davis' words got cut short when Rome smacked him hard on his cheek before folding his fingers into a fist and banging it into his nose.

“If you are stupid enough to end your sentence, I promise you that you wouldn't be leaving here on your own!”

Rome said with a look of hurt on his face and anger clouding his eyes.

For a moment, Davis said nothing as he touched beneath his nose, moaned from the pain, and then gazed at the bloodstain on his finger.

“Are you ready to talk like a civil man?” Rome asked, striving to hold on to the last patience he had left.

“I will sue your dum...” Mr. Davis said, pausing when he remembered that Rome warned him not to call him names.

“I don't have time for your nonsense!” Rome stated in annoyance.

At that moment, two ladies walked into the lobby, wearing very revealing clothes, and they walked up to Mr. Davis. Then both of them held onto his arm, and one of the ladies mumbled, “Honey, what's going on?”

Immediately, Mr. Davis' expression shifted, and he became extremely nervous as he gazed at K and Rome.

But Rome remained silent as he pulled out his phone from his pocket. Then he smirked and said, "Say cheese."

"You!" Mr. Davis shouted with worried in his eyes.

At first, Rome wasn't sure that he was having a marital affair, and he just wanted to use the photos to threaten him with ruining his image if he didn't comply.

However, after Rome saw how anxious Mr. Davis had become, he didn't need rocket a scientist to tell him that Davis had a wife, and he was cheating on her.

"Delete those photos now!" Mr. Davis shouted, violently pushing the ladies off him.

"No!"

"If you dare sent those photos to my wife, I will make you wish you were never conceived by your mother!"

Seeing how carefree Rome looked even after his threat, Mr. Davis frowned and walked towards Rome.

"Take another step closer, and I will make your nose leak more blood."

Rome firmly said as he shoved his phone in his back pocket.

Feeling desperate, Mr. Davis pause for a second. Then he heavily sighed and mumbled, "What do you want from me?"

"I just need to talk to you concerning the meeting Elijah had invited you to."

Rome casually uttered.

"How did you know?"

"I have my ways. Now, Are you ready to

talk?”

It became silent as Mr. Davis stared intensely at Rome. Then his expression softened, and he said, “Okay, let's talk.”

A couple of minutes when by, and finally, Mr. Orlando's eyes lit up when he saw Rome and K walking towards the vehicle.

However, the moment they got closer, he became concerned as he gazed at their bruises.

“What happened in there?” Mr. Orlando blurted out after Rome and K had gotten into the vehicle.

“We had a bit of a confrontation with Davis' bodyguards,” K said, shutting the door.

As he laid back against the seat, Rome's eyes cut a glance of the bruise on his bottom lip, and he glowered at his reflection. ①

“My wife is going to freak out,” Rome mumbled, feeling a bit anxious.

“What are you going to tell her?” Mr. Orlando asked, staring back to gaze at the cut on his young’s master lip.

“I don't know.”

“Whatever you say, it got to be extremely convincing because that bruise looks pretty questionable.” ³

“I know.”

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) [?]

Chapter Eighty-Five

The room was silent as Catherine laid on the bed, scrolling through her news feed. But then she raised her head and stared at the door.

“You are back,” Catherine mumbled, dropping her phone on the sheet as she stared at Rome.

Then her brows lowered when her gaze rested on his mouth and the deep cut on his lip.

“What happened?” Catherine whispered, stepping down from the bed.

Not knowing what to say, Rome watched her approach him. Then he smiled, but her expression remained cold.

“Why is your lip this bruised?” Catherine asked, sounding concerned.

It took Rome a moment for him to pick a random thought from his head and then said, "I got punched by a workmate."

"What?"

"You know how us men are."

"No, I don't know because I'm not a man, so why is your workmate hitting you?"

Silence fell between them, and when Rome didn't answer after a couple of seconds had gone by, Catherine took in a deep breath and mumbled, "Are you getting bullied at work?"

"No," Rome said without looking at her.

"You are lying. You can't even stare me in the eyes and answer."

"It's not like that. Plus, It is nothing that I can't handle."

“Like the way you handle things my family does to you! It's not okay that you let people walk all over you!”

Seeing the hurt in her eyes, Rome mumbled, “Catherine,”

“I'm sorry. I don't like seeing you get hurt, emotionally or physically!”

Catherine lashed out, aggressively wiping her face while sniffing aggressively.

Smiling softly, Rome held her hand, pulled her against his chest, and embraced her.

Then he leaned towards her ear and whispered, “I know.”

After holding her in his arms for a while, he mumbled, “It's almost eight. Are we still going to the party?”

“If we don't, we will know no peace tomorrow,” Catherine said.

“True.”

“We should get ready.”

By eight o'clock, Rome came downstairs with Catherine holding onto his arm.

When both of them were walking past the dining room, Madam Rosey called out, “Are you two just gonna leave without telling anyone?”

Stopping in their tracks, Rome and Catherine stared at the living room entrance. Then they both took in a deep breath almost at the same time before entering the living room.

“Who messed your face up?” Jeff mockingly said the moment his eyes caught a glimpse of the cut on Rome's lip.

“It's none of your business.” Catherine angrily uttered as she glared at her

cousin.

Then she gazed back at her grandmother, and Madam Rosey frowned, then said, “Is it also none of my business because I have the same question.”

“I got punched in the face by a colleague,” Rome said, cutting Catherine off as she was about to speak.

Anger spiked in Mr. Barlow's eyes when he looked at his granddaughter and asked, “And you love him because?”

“The party will soon start. Rome and I should get going.” Catherine calmly said.

Then she and Rome turned to leave, but he stopped, realizing that he almost bumped into Elijah.

For a moment, both men stared at each other for a while, and Rome was becoming unsure that Mr. Davis didn't

double-cross him.

But then Elijah said nothing to him as he walked past him and headed for the couch.

‘I guess he is planning on keeping his word.’ Rome thought as he followed Catherine out of the living room.

At nine o'clock, they walked into the ballroom of the Grand hotel, and Catherine immediately became uncomfortable, realizing that everyone at the party was nothing but strangers to her.

“Should we get out of here?” Catherine asked as she looked up at Rome.

“But the party is just starting,” Zayn said as he approached her and Rome.

When he was just an inch away from her, he extended his hand towards Catherine.

But she blankly stared at him without making any movement.

“It's lovely that you grace me with your presence,” Zayn said with a half-smile as he drew his hand to his side.

Then he stared at Rome and rudely said, “I don't remember sending you an invitation!”

The raise in his voice made others to turn their heads in their direction and stare at them.

“I don't need one, especially since my wife got invited.” Rome calmly uttered even though he was enraged by the mere sight of Zayn.

“Well, that's because I wanted your wife here and not you!” Zayn firmly said.

“Do you know how stupid you sound!”

“What?”

“I'm not a fan of explaining myself to idiots.”

Swaying his attention off Zayn's angry expression, Rome stared at Catherine and said, “Do you want to get out of here?”

“Yes,” Catherine excitedly uttered.

Then she and Rome turned to leave, but Zayn grabbed onto her arm and said, “Your grandfather promised me that you were going to show up.”

Pressing her lips, Catherine deeply inhaled to calm herself down. Then she turned around, yanked her arm out of his grip as she frowned at him, and said, “I showed up, didn't I?”

“But...” Zayn mumbled in disbelief.

“Now, I'm leaving because I have done what my grandfather wanted, and that was for me to show up.”

“You can't leave now.”

For a moment, Rome's expression bored anger. Then he faintly smiled as he watched Albert walk up to them.

When their eyes locked, Albert cleared his throat as Rome's words crossed his mind, "Remember my name and identity the next time we meet. If you forget, I will have to remind you, and I won't be this calm then."

A feeling of panic coursed through Albert as he thought, 'So this is what he meant. He wants me to act now or he will take action against me later.'

Then he gazed at his son and lashed out, “What do you think you are doing?”

“Father,” Zayn mumbled as he stared wide-eyed at Albert.

It shocked him to see anger in his

father's eyes when he gazed at him since Albert seemed to have interest in him and Catherine getting together.

“If Mrs. Miller wants to leave the party with her husband, I don't see anything wrong with that. He's her husband, after all.” Albert said as he avoided looking at Rome.

Feeling angry that his father was embarrassing him in front of all of his guests, Zayn scowled and coldly said, “Her husband? That loser is nowhere near worthy to represent Catherine as her husband!”

Without holding back, Albert viciously slapped his son before getting a grip of his anger.

“You hit me because I spoke the truth! What is wrong with you!” Zayn shouted, feeling more enraged, than embarrassed.

“You don't know how much garbage

you are spitting out right now!” Albert said as his hand trembled from guilt because it was the first time he had hit his son.

“Garbage! What has come over you!”

“You better shut up before I make my lawyers rewrite my will without mentioning you in it!”

Even though his anger was off the charts, Zayn sealed his lips and walked away.

After gazing behind his son for a while, Albert faintly smiled at Rome, then at Catherine, and said, “I'm sorry about my son's behavior. I can promise you that tonight is going to be the last time he's going to talk to you.”

“That's good because my wife is not fond of your son, and I appreciate the fact that you are going to keep him away from her.” Rome calmly uttered, gazing directly at Albert's eyes.

Then he held Catherine by her waist and escorted her out of the hall.

When she and Rome arrived in the parking lot, Catherine stared at him and said, "I'm amazed at how Mr. Dank stood up to his son. He's a good man and father."

"Sure, he is," Rome mumbled as he opened the car door for her.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K)



Chapter Eighty-Six

The Saturday when by naturally along with time, and Sunday arrived.

That morning, Mr. Barlow entered the dining hall to see everyone already seated except for Elijah.

After taking his place at the table, he stared at Dana and asked, "Where's your husband?"

"He didn't say where he was going before he left." Dana nervously replied with her head bowed.

For a second, Mr. Barlow frowned at his daughter-in-law. Then he darted his eyes around, and then his gaze fell on Catherine.

"What did you do yesterday?" Mr. Barlow asked, sounding annoyed.

"Like what?" Catherine mumbled as

she rested her fork on the plate and stared back at him.

“Albert called me and said that Zayn wouldn't be involved with you anymore.”

“As it should be.”

Staring at his daughter, Edward sighed out his frustration and shooked his head in disappointment.

“Do you understand that what I'm doing is for your benefit!” Mr. Barlow shouted, losing his temper for a moment.

With a sad smile on her lips, Catherine looked at her grandfather's mad eyes and thought, ‘No, you are doing it for our family's name and glory. Because if you are interested in what benefits me, you wouldn't be trying to get me to marry when I already have a husband.’

“Just because Albert said those words,

that doesn't mean that I feel any different. You still have a few months to fix the mess that you created last night!" Mr. Barlow said, a bit calmer this time.

"I did nothing wrong yesterday, so I don't have anything to fix." Catherine boldly said.

As Madam Rosey eyed Rome, she sneered and uttered, "I bet her husband has something to do with what happened last night.

"You are such a good guesser," Rome mumbled, lifting his chin as he stared at her.

"What are you talking about?" Catherine whispered, glancing at him.

Ignoring her words, Rome relaxed back in his seat and said, "Who wouldn't intervene if another man is hitting on his wife?"

“What are you doing?” Catherine mumbled beneath her breath.

Leaning towards her ear, Rome whispered, “I'm standing up for us as you want me to do.”

Then he smirked as he turned his focus on Mr. Barlow and asked, “You know there are other men richer than you right? So would you be okay if a man wealthier than you tried to take Madam Rosey from you?”

When Mr. Barlow didn't answer him, Rome gave a smug smile and turned his head to Edward and cunningly intoned, “How about you, father-in-law? Will you be willing to give my mother-in-law to a fellow with more wealth than you because it will benefit her and her family?”

The room became quiet, and after a few seconds had gone by in silence, Rome sighed and said, “You guys wouldn't,

would you? So why do I have to do the same?”

No one spoke for a while, but there was tension in the atmosphere, and finally, after a few minutes had gone by, Chloe frowned and rudely said, “Why are you ruining breakfast for others!”

Then she tossed her spoon on the plate and angrily mumbled, “If I knew that you were planning on ruining everyone's appetite, I would have stayed at my husband's house instead of having breakfast here!”

Ignoring her reply, Rome met Dash's eyes and asked, “How about you? Are you willing to divorce Chloe if a better woman than her approached you?”

When a few seconds went by, and Dash didn't answer, Chloe looked enraged as she stared at him and said, “Why are you answering! Will you want to leave me if a rich woman wants you?”

“ I don't see why you are mad. You will do the same thing to Dash within a heartbeat!” Jeff casually said before biting into his grape.

“Shut up! No one asked for your opinion in this matter.”

“But it's fact.”

Playing deaf to her cousin's remark, Chloe stared back at Dash. But he kept gazing at Rome as he wondered why Rome had to drag him into such a sensitive matter.

“Can you answer the damn question!” Chloe lashed out.

“Isn't his silence already the answer. You are replaceable!” Charles mockingly said.

“What!”

“You value Dash because of his wealth, shouldn't that be the same for him.”

Deciding that he didn't want to hear any more of the discussion, Mr. Barlow slapped the table and shouted, “Enough!”

Then he looked at Rome and said, “You have made your point! But that doesn't change my mind because a family glory is worth more than love.”

“So what you are saying is that you would divorce Madam Rosey if the opportunity of marrying a wealthier woman is presented to you since that will bring more glory to the family?”

A look of hesitation crossed Mr. Barlow's face as he avoided staring at his wife. Then he noticed how anxiously Catherine was staring at him, and not wanting to give her more reason to be with Rome, he said, “Yes.”

A smirk appeared on Rome's lip as he stared at the hurt in Madam Rosey's eyes when Mr. Barlow said those words.

“I don't think your wife takes kindly to what you had just said.” Rome casually uttered.

When Mr. Barlow gazed at her, Madam Rosey hid her hurt behind her smile and lashed out, “Don't speak for me!”

“So I'm guessing it's the same for you?” Rome slyly said with a look of satisfaction in his eyes.

Feeling a bit hesitant to reply, Madam Rosey held in her breath for a moment before saying, “Why wouldn't it be.”

Then she picked up her glass, drank every drop of water from it, and angrily intoned, “That's how it should be!”

“That's not the same for me.”

Catherine blurted out, feeling like she needed to say something so Rome wouldn't get the wrong idea.

Frowning, Edward gazed at his

daughter and said, "Well, it should be."

"Honey," Catherine's mother mumbled, staring at him in disbelief.

Silence settled in the room, and no one spoke for a while. Then Mr. Barlow's phone suddenly buzzed, and he cleared his throat as he picked it up.

After reading the message that had popped out on his screen, Mr. Barlow frowned.

"What happened?" Madam Rosey asked, noticing the anger in his eyes.

"Some unknown number just sent me a text that says, 'I should put my call on loudspeaker when they call me because it is something that the entire family needs to hear.'" Mr. Barlow absentmindedly mumbled.

"What,"

At that moment, Mr. Barlow's phone

started ringing, and he seemed hesitant to accept the call.

“Answer it and do as the message says. It might be important.” Madam Rosey calmly said.

Sighing heavily, Mr. Barlow accepted the call and then placed it on speaker.

“I'm glad you all are here, and I apologize for arriving a bit late,” Elijah stated as he took his seat at the table.

Then he gazed at everyone one at the time, and the last person his sight rested on was Davis, and they both exchanged smiles.

When Elijah gazed away from him, Davis stared down at the ongoing call display on his phone screen and softly sighed.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

Chapter Eighty-Seven

The dining hall was silent as everyone listened attentively to Elijah's voice echoing from the phone speaker.

Every client in the room quietly stared at Elijah while he rested his elbows on the desk and said, "I know you all are wondering why you guys are here."

"Well, yes. I mean that's the only reason we all came." A fellow said, sounding a bit annoyed.

"Right, then I will get to it."

"Okay,"

It was quiet for a few seconds. Then Elijah took a deep breath and said, "I will be resigning from DreamTeam by tomorrow."

Everyone at the dining table looked shocked, including Rome because

Catherine had stared wide-eyed at him, and he didn't want to be the only one not surprised.

“What!” Mr. Barlow shouted.

Swaying his gaze away from Elijah, Davis stared down at the table and let out a sigh of relief, knowing that he had low the call to the last volume on his phone.

“What? Why?” A lady asked in dismay as she stared at Elijah.

“Every fledgling has to fly out of their nest one day, and for me, tomorrow is my day,” Elijah said with a look of hesitation in his eyes.

Then he pondered on his thoughts for a while. Afterward, he fixed his gaze on his clients and boastfully uttered, “To be honest, this fledgling had spread his wings a long time ago and flew from its nest.”

“Can you speak more clearly?” A gentleman said as he slowly tapped his hand on the table.

In anger, Mr. Barlow frowned and harshly mumbled, “Right, talk clearly!”

Feeling confident, Elijah stood to his feet, bent over, resting his palms flat on the table glass surface, and said with pride, “I'm the co-founder of DBA INC!”

Immediately, Mr. Barlow jumped to his feet, knocking the chair to the floor, and then he shouted, “What nonsense did I just hear?! What did this fool just said?!” ①

Seeing how workout her husband was, Madam Rosey reached for his hand and softly intoned, “Honey, please calm down.”

But Mr. Barlow smacked her hand away from him and yelled, “Calm down! You

want me to do what! Calm down! Your son dared to stab me right in the heart, and you want me to calm down!”

In an effort to clear her name before things escalate, Chloe pouted and said, “Grandfather, I didn't know about this ...”

“Shut up!”

“I...”

Staring at William and Anthony, Rome could see that they were more nervous than shocked, and he guessed that they knew about this from the beginning.

‘But why didn't both of them blow an alarm on Elijah?’ Rome thought, zooming into his head for a moment.

Then after a few seconds had gone by, Rome's lips curved into a smirk as a thought crossed his mind, ‘Maybe it's because he holds a dirt on both of them.’

There was mumbling coming from every angle of the room as the clients stared at each other and whispered.

Then Elijah tapped his palms on the table and said, “Please speak one at a time.”

“Okay, you own DBA INC. But what does that have to do with us?” A classic-looking lady asked.

“You guys are my clients, and since I'm leaving DreamTeam, I want you all to sign over to DBA INC,” Elijah said with a straight face.

Resting his hands on his hips, Mr. Barlow let out a bitter laugh, and yet there was a touch of hurt in his eyes.

“The audacity!” He mumbled, striving to get a grip on his anger.

Then he took in a few deep breaths and said, “Unbelievable. Just unbelievable. I

can't believe I have a son like him.”

After wallowing in his feelings for a moment, he blurted out, “No, I don't have a son like this. It's impossible to see him as my child after today.”

“Honey,” Madam Rosey cried, knowing exactly where her husband's statement was heading.

The other family members kept silent since none of them desired to mistakenly anger Mr. Barlow and get dragged into a storm that they have no business getting involved in.

“Can we take turns to speak?” Elijah asked as he watched his clients mumble among themselves.

“Personally, I handed my project over to DreamTeam because of your father, and I don't feel comfortable joining another company.” One of the fellows said.

“I know who my father is in this industry and how much he is well respected. But if you all think about it, I am the one overseeing you guys’ projects. So clearly, it is not my father who deserve your recognition, but me.”

“That makes sense.”

Smiling, Elijah raised his chest and said, “Right!”

Then he watched the hesitation in his clients’ faces fade slowly, and then he decided to use the last card he had been saving.

“As you guys can see, there's a folder in front of you all.” Elijah calmly uttered.

Then he waited for everyone to open their folders before saying, “Inside each of them are documents that outline how DBA INC. will handle your project, and it is way better and effective than what you have at

DreamTeam.”

At this point, Mr. Barlow had lost control of his anger completely, and he was pacing back and forth, struggling to take control back.

“Elijah, what have you done?” Madam Rosey mumbled beneath her breath.

With fear in his eyes, Dash looked at Rome and thought, ‘You are a dangerous man.’

At that moment, Rome met his eyes, and Dash hastily gazed away as goosebumps covered his skin.

“This is not good,” Anthony whispered to William.

Then his brother gazed at him and mumbled, “I know. It's like karma is coming for all of us, and she's not playing.”

After staring through the document, M

r. Davis gazed at Elijah and mumbled, “These are ready good offers.”

“Right? You guys can consider them as a welcome package if you all decide to join DBA INC.” Elijah said with a look of satisfaction in his eyes.

There was a brief pause. Then an elderly gentleman said, “Well, I can work with this, and I don't mind transferring to another company since I will be getting the same services for a cheaper price.”

It took a while, but finally, the other clients started nodding their heads and agreeing with his statement.

“I am going to disown him! I swear, there's no more painful disappointment than this!” Mr. Barlow shouted, abandoning his phone and storming out of the dining room.

“Honey, please.” Madam Rosey called out as she followed her husband.

The second her grandmother left the living room, Chloe hastily picked up the phone and dialed her father.

The smile on Elijah's lips widened when his phone buzzed, and he saw his daughter's name blinking on the screen.

The moment he answered the call, Chloe's voice echoed into his ear, "Come home now and be prepared to kneel until grandfather forgive you because you, mom, and I are about to lose the right to the Barlow name."

"What! What happened?" Elijah blurted out with a touch of fear in his eyes as his smile instantly disappear.

"Grandfather heard everything, and he knows it all. So get home now!"

"I'm on my way!"

After ending the call, Elijah frowned as he stared at the faces of his clients and h

e wondered which one of them ratted him out.

Then he rushed out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

‘Sorry, pal. But your nephew-in-law gave me two options with one choice. You or my family, and there's no way I'm giving up my marriage for you.’ Mr. Davis thought. ①

Then he ended the call, picked his phone off the table, and walked out of the room.

“Are you good?” Rome asked as he stared at Catherine and noticed that she was pinching tightly onto his t-shirt that she was wearing.

“Yeah, it's just sad that uncle would do something like this to grandfather,” Catherine mumbled, gazing into his eyes.

Frowning, Chloe shouted, “Who do you

think you are to judge my dad!
Compared to him, your father is just an underdog! My father might have messed up a bit, but Edward had been useless to this family for a long time?!”

“Dash, get your wife under control!”
Rome shouted in a fit of rage.

Everyone, including Catherine, seemed shocked by the power and force in his tone.

For a moment, Catherine could see the side of her husband that was of dominance and authority.

Keeping her gaze solely on Rome, Catherine found herself fallen harder for him by the seconds.

“Isn't it funny how a random person just decided to expose uncle Elijah? I don't know, but nothing about it sit right with me.” Jeff said out loud with his focus on Rome.



Rever Author

" This chapter took place in two separate locations, and I was going back and forth between them because I wanted to show that everyone in the dining room was hearing what Elijah was saying on the other side. So the phone call is the link between these two places. I hope it wasn't confusing to read.

"

22

Comments

Vote (17.0K)



Chapter Eighty-Eight

For a while, Jeff gazed solely at Rome, then his eyes shifted to Catherine, and he thought, 'Bingo.'

Feeling enrage that Rome had yelled at Dash, Chloe stood to her feet, rested her palms flat against the table as she coldly stared at Rome and harshly intoned, "Who the hell do you think you are to order my husband around when you are a lesser being than him!"

"Chloe, sit back down and shut up!" Dash said as he glared at her with a hint of annoyance in his eyes.

"What?"

"Sit down. We should be worrying about your father and not be causing more problems for ourselves!"

Feeling embarrassed, Chloe remained standing as she threw Dash a dirty look.

“Your husband is right,” Dana said, gazing at her daughter with a touch of worry in her eyes.

“Mother!” Chloe angrily mumbled.

“Chloe, your father is not on good terms with your grandfather right now, so this is not the time to be putting up a n attitude!”

“I know, but...”

Seeing the spike of anger in her mother's eyes, Chloe slowly sat down and crossed her arms.

The dining room grew silent for a few seconds. Then Anthony stared at his son and uttered, “What you said a while back makes a whole lot of sense. But my question is, ‘Who could have had the ability and power to pull something like this off?’”

Without replying to his father's

statement, Jeff looked directly at Catherine and thought, 'My guess is her since everything that had happened so far had worked in her favor.'

Then unknown to himself, Jeff mumbled out loud, "It can't be a coincidence."

"What can't be a coincidence?" Richard asked as he gazed at his brother.

Afterward, he followed his brother's gaze and stared at Catherine. ①

"Nothing," Jeff said without taking his focus off his cousin.

"Is there a problem?" Catherine asked when she noticed both brothers staring intensely at her.

Keeping his silence, Jeff frowned and thought, 'I won't be shocked if you benefit from this mess too.'

At that moment, he realized that Rome

was staring at him, and his focus shifted from Catherine, and he fixed his gaze on Rome.

'If I didn't know any better, I would assume that you are the one behind the chaos. But you are just a lowlife. There's no way you could have pulled off something like this.' Jeff thought, gazing away from Rome.

Even though Edward had been quiet the whole time, he kept staring at Rome, and when his son-in-law finally looked his way, Edward smiled.

A look of shock crossed Rome's face since that was the first time his father-in-law had ever shown some type of kindness towards him.

Suddenly, everyone's attention got drawn to the entrance when they heard footsteps approaching the dining room.

After a few seconds had gone by, Elijah walked into the room, and then he

stopped as he stared at their faces.

“Where is father?” Elijah asked, striving to look calm even though his heart was pounding in his chest.

“How could you do something this stupid!” Madam Rosey coldly intoned as she stood at the entrance of the dining room, gazing at her son's back.

Immediately, Elijah turned around. Then he rushed over to Madam Rosey, held her hands, and said, “Mother, I can explain!”

But Madam Rosey yanked her hands from his grips and viciously slapped him.

Then she scoffed and coldly uttered, “Explain what! How you betray your father!”

“Mother, I...” Elijah mumbled, pausing when he saw Mr. Barlow walking towards them.

Then he took a step back, dropped on his knees, and shouted, “Father, your son has failed you!”

A look of pure discontent settled on Mr. Barlow's face as he said, “Stop the act. You are a snake, sly and poisonous.”

With his gaze fixed on Rome, Dash thought, ‘If Elijah is a sly and poisonous snake, then I wondered how you would describe the man who's causing the storms in your family?’

Hanging his head low, Elijah faked a sniff and mumbled, “I know that this might look wrong, but I did it all for you, father.”

For a moment, Rome frowned as he stared at Elijah. Then he slightly smirked and thought, ‘Where is this going?’

As Mr. Barlow doubtfully stared at his son, he faintly chuckled and asked, “

What are you talking about?”

“Imagine DBA INC. merging with DreamTeam. If both companies combine and become one, the Barlow family will have an empire to their name!” Elijah said, lifting his head to meet his father's eyes.

“You lying bastard!”

“Father,”

“After such a betrayal, you still have it in you to try to trick me!”

As fear clouded his eyes, Elijah shouted, “Of course not father. I wanted to give DBA INC. to you on your Seventy-Two birthday anniversary!”

Although his remark was somewhat a lie, there was also some kind of truth in it because he actually wanted to use this strategy to force his father's hands and make him choose Chloe as the top inheritor.

The plan was to offer DBA INC. to his father after causing some serious damage to DreamTeam with one condition, which was to make his daughter the family top inheritor.

Then Mr. Barlow will have no choice, but to agree with him because the merger would save DreamTeam from collapsing.

However, when he saw the rage in his father's eyes, he knew those words had not worked like he had expected them to.

But he wasn't surprised since only the beginning of his plan was in motion when it got ruined.

“Shut up! I heard everything that you said in the meeting!” Mr. Barlow lashed out.

“What?” Elijah asked out loud, feeling his anger ripping through him.

“Yes. Someone in the meeting called me, and everything that you told your clients, all of us in this room heard it! So who do you think you are trying to deceive, you ungrateful bastard!”

“I'm sorry, father.”

“Sorry!”

Bowing his head, Elijah pulled his brows in a frown and thought, ‘This betrayal is not going to go unpunished. If I find out who set me up, I swear, I will make them pay!’

“I want you and your wife out of my house!” Mr. Barlow coldly said with a deadpan expression.

“Father-in-law, please.” Dana cried, rushing from her seat.

Then she knelt beside her husband and pitifully stared at Mr. Barlow.

However, Chloe remained seated as she

watched both her parents on their knees and the only thought that crossed her mind was, 'How did we get to this point of humiliation?'

Although Elijah could afford to leave the mansion, he knew that his father's words meant that he was getting exiled from the family tree.

"Father, please don't do this!" Elijah begged.

A sense of fear overwhelmed Anthony and William's hearts as they gazed at their brother.

Everything was falling apart for Elijah right before their very eyes and they couldn't help but fear that a day like this was coming for them too.

"Honey, don't you think you are being too harsh." Madam Rosey pleadingly said as she stared at her husband.

But Mr. Barlow frowned at her and said,

“These words I'm about to speak are final! From this day onward, Elijah's name will be removed from everything relating to this family.”

“Father, don't do this!” Elijah shouted, realizing that his perfect plan that he had been carving for years was about to go to waste within a blink of an eye.

“You will be scrapped of my last name for I denounce you as my son!”

“No!”

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K)



Chapter Eighty-Nine

The room became quiet as everyone, except Rome, stared in shock at Mr. Barlow.

As a sense of desperation overcame him, Elijah reached for his father's feet, held it, and pretentiously cried, "Have mercy, Father."

But Mr. Barlow pulled his feet from Elijah's grip and said, "It is you who deserves their recognition, right! Then go and get it on your own! From now onward, you will not use my last name to your advantage!"

Consumed by rage, Mr. Barlow loudly stated, "Elijah's position on the board of directors is revoked!"

Feeling speechless, Chloe watched her grandfather stormed out of the room. Then she frowned and mumbled, "This

can't be happening."

It took Elijah a moment to suppress his urge to scream out his anger, and after getting a bit of grip on his rage, he stood to his feet.

When Dana saw that he husband had stood up, she quickly woke up from the floor and frowned as she realized that she had just lost the position of the first daughter-in-law of the Barlow family. 1

"Mother," Elijah mumbled as he stared at Madam Rosey.

With a touch of pity in her eyes, she softly said, "Don't worry, I'm going to talk with your father. Wait here."

After watching Madam Rosey leave the dining room, Elijah gazed at his brothers.

When William saw the way he was glaring at them, he could guess what his brother was thinking, and he knew

that the storm was only going to get bigger from here.

With calmness in his eyes, Rome looked at Elijah. Then he reached into his pocket when he felt his phone buzzing.

After taking it out, he gazed at the screen and realized that Mr. Davis was the one calling him.

‘Good. Just the man I need to talk to.’ Rome thought, shoving the phone back into his pocket.

When he stood from his seat, Catherine stared at him, and he gazed down at her and mumbled, “I will be back in a sec.”

Afterward, Rome casually walked away from the table, and as he walked past Elijah, he smirked.

The moment Elijah noticed the smile on Rome's lip, he tightly collared him, and shouted, “What's so funny!”

Leaning closer toward him, Rome whispered, “The fact that you are now the underdog.”

Even though Dash couldn't hear what Rome had said, he knew that it was going to add gas to a fire that was already blazing.

In a fit of rage, Elijah pushed Rome in his chest and threw a punch at him.

“Don't,” Catherine shouted with fear in her eyes.

Then she let out a sigh of relief when she watched, her husband grabbed Elijah's wrist.

“Don't try to act tough because you will end up hurting yourself. After all, your bite is now nothing more than that of a puppy.” Rome mumbled beneath his breath as he let go of Elijah's hand.

Then when his eyes rested on Mr.

Barlow walking towards the doorway of the dining room, he smirked and whispered, "You are beneath me."

"I am the Co-founder of a company worth millions of dollars, while you are nothing more than a useless son-in-law of this family. I don't need anyone to sustain myself, but you are just a beggar leeching of others!" Elijah lashed out in anger.

Frowning, Mr. Barlow stood still and said, "Since that's the case, I want you out of my house today, Mr. Co-founder of a million dollars company!" 2

Immediately, Elijah turned around, gazed at Mr. Barlow, and firmly said, "Father, that's not what I meant."

Ignoring his son's remark, Mr. Barlow walked past Madam Rosey and headed back upstairs.

Forgetting about Rome, Elijah rushed over to his mother and said, "I didn't..."

But she slowly shook her head and mumbled, "I'm afraid to say, but there's no coming back from this. Your father is not going to change his mind."

"What?"

"I don't know what you were thinking when you did this, but I can tell you that I'm truly disappointed."

For a moment, Madam Barlow looked at Elijah. Then she turned away and walked back upstairs.

'This can't be the end. I worked too hard on my plan to get it all, and now, this is the result!' Elijah angrily thought with a frown.

With a trace of satisfaction in his eyes, Rome walked past Elijah and left the dining hall.

When he arrived outside, he called Mr. Davis back and rested the phone

against his ear.

“I did what you asked me to do. When am I going to get the photos?” Mr. Davis' voice echoed into his ear.

“I will send you an address today. Meet me there by eight tomorrow.” Rome said.

Then he ended the call, even though Mr. Davis was still talking.

After Rome placed his phone back into his back pocket, he was about to head inside when the front door opened, and Edward walked out. So he stopped in his tracks and waited on him.

When Edward was closer to Rome, he stood still, hesitated for a moment, and then he said, “Well, you did something in there that might have made me feel a bit different about you.”

“Ok-ay, and what is that?” Rome doubtfully asked.

“Well, you stood up for me against Chloe, and...”

“I didn't do that for you.”

Silence fell between them as Edward stared down at the ground, feeling a bit embarrassed.

“I stood up for you because of my wife, so technically, I did it for her.” Rome casually said.

“Well, thanks anyway.” Edward mumbled.

Then he turned around to leave, but he stopped when Rome said, “I love your daughter, and there's nothing I wouldn't do for her.”

“Nothing?” Edward asked with a hint of doubt in his eyes.

Nodding slightly, Rome smiled and answered, “Yes, nothing.”

Realizing that Rome was being honest, Edward sighed and thought, “Those words would be worth a lot if you had the ability to do something for her. But with your current status, your remark is nothing but empty promises.’

The fact that her father had walked out of the dining room only a few minutes after Rome left had Catherine feeling nervous, and she kept looking at the doorway, wondering if she should check on them.

Finally, she saw Rome walking into the dining hall. Then it took a few seconds for Edward to follow him in.

The moment Rome took his seat beside Catherine, she leaned towards him and whispered, “Is everything okay?”

“Yes, everything is great,” Rome said, smiling at her.

Chapter Ninety

On Monday morning, the first light of dawn met Rome already dressed.

After he had put his phone into his coat pocket, he walked over to Catherine and kissed her on her forehead before leaving the room.

When Rome arrived in the hallway, he met Jeff, leaning against the wall.

However, Rome walked past him. But he rushed after Rome and violently grabbed onto his arm.

It took only one look from Rome to make Jeff let go of his hand.

Then he frowned at Rome and said, “I saw how you treated uncle Elijah yesterday. You are in on what Catherine is doing, right?”

Without replying, Rome narrowed his

eyes at him and then walked away.

“I know who's going to have the last laugh, and it's not going to be you two.” Jeff said as he watched Rome's back fade down the stairs.

After arriving at his and Mr. Orlando's normal meet-up spot, Rome paid the driver and got out of the cab.

Then he walked over to the White jeep and got into the backseat.

“Your face looks better, boss.” K mumbled as he stared back at Rome.

“What did you tell, miss, when you got home on Saturday?” Mr. Orlando asked out of curiosity.

“She assumed something different, and I just flowed along with it. Now can you drive to the casino? I have a meeting with Davis in a few minutes from now.” Rome said with a deadpan expression.

Keeping silent, Mr. Orlando quickly started the car and drove off.

A while later, the jeep came to a stop, and once Mr. Orlando had turned the engine off, Rome stepped down from the vehicle.

Then he saw Blaze, Scar, and Brook awaiting him in front of the building.

The nervous look on their faces made Rome frowned, and the moment he reached them, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"You should come and see for yourself?" Scar mumbled.

Although he didn't appreciate the suspend, Rome followed them inside, and when they arrived upstairs, in the private room, Rome's eyes widened.

Then he sighed and asked, "What do you think you are doing?"

“You broke your promise on Saturday, so I'm here to make you make it up to me.” Mr. Ford said with an unbothered expression.

Trying his hardest to look mad even though he wanted to laugh, Rome gazed back at K, Scar, Brook, and Blaze and mumbled, “Which one of you told him that I was going to be here this morning?”

“None of them knew that I was coming. Those four are loyal to you. But I have my ways to get my informations. Now come sit down.” Mr. Ford casually said as he dished a spoonful of soup in a white bowl.

Realizing that he had no other option, Rome walked over to his father and sat down on the couch.

'What is he up to?' Rome thought, staring intensely at Mr. Ford.



Then he gazing down at the bowl as his father placed it on the table, in front of him.

At that moment, the sound of a gentle knock echoed into the room, and Brook opened the door.

Then he stared at a built fellow and asked, “What is it, Tio?”

“A guy named Davis is here to see, boss,” Tio mumbled.

At that moment, his eyes caught a glimpse of Mr. Ford and Rome.

Immediately, Tio slightly bowed and shouted, “Good morning, big boss and boss!”

“Let him in,” Mr. Ford said, placing some shrimps on a plate before setting it down in front of Rome.

Standing up straight, Tio humbly said, “Yes, big boss.”

Then he rushed back downstairs, and Brook shut the door.

A frown crossed Mr. Ford's face when he noticed that Rome was simply staring at him, and he hadn't touched his food.

"The soup will get cold if you don't eat faster." Mr. Ford mumbled as he reached for the rice bowl.

But Rome gently grabbed his wrist and said, "I should be the one serving you."

"If your mother was here, she would be doing this. Since she's not, I will. I don't want to feel ashamed when I meet her again because I didn't take care of you." Mr. Ford pitifully said.

With a touch of sadness in his eyes, Rome slowly let go of his father's hand and calmly intoned, "Stop talking like you are on your deathbed. It's annoying."

At that moment, the door opened, and Mr. Davis walked inside. Then he froze as he stared at Mr. Ford with fear in his eyes.

Ignoring him, Mr. Ford looked at Rome while he dished some rice into the bowl, set it on the table, and said, "Go ahead and eat."

For a moment Rome stared at his father in disbelief. Then he picked up the spoon and took a sip of the soup.

"What's going on here?" Mr. Davis mumbled in shock.

"I'm having breakfast with my son. What does it look like?" Mr. Ford coldly said with his icy gaze fixed on him.

"Yo-ur... so-n?"

"Yes."

As a sense of fear took over him, Mr. Davis felt his hand trembling while he

thought, 'I called him names, and threatened him. What grave have I dug for myself?'

After a minute had gone by without Rome saying a word to him, he felt his heartbeat increasing.

"I should leave, and give you guys some privacy." Mr. Davis said, feeling his palms getting sweaty.

"Stay," Rome commanded, eating a spoonful of rice.

Without any hesitation, Mr. Davis stood still, striving his best not to breathe too loud or make any sound.

Taking his time, Rome ate in silence along with his father, and Mr. Davis had to stand there and watch while fearing what fate both father and son had in store for him.

Then he turned his head to the left and saw K and Brook glaring at him.

In fear, he swayed his gaze to the right and noticed that Scar and Blaze were coldly staring him.

Suddenly the room felt hot, and Mr. Davis found himself desperately wishing that the ground would open and swallow him whole.

Finally, Rome felt full, and he laid his spoon down. Then he deeply inhaled and mumbled, "This was a good breakfast."

"Right? I hired chef Weyerhaeuser to cook them." Mr. Ford said, resting his spoon on the plate.

With his mouth slightly opened, Mr. Davis stared wide-eyed at Mr. Ford and thought, 'He hired such a five-star chef just to make breakfast for his son? He's this willing to spoil his child, and I dare to call him names! I'm screwed!'

With his gaze on his father, Rome

grinned. Then he turned to Mr. Davis and that smile immediately faded, leaving him with a cold expression.

“I'm sorry! I was an idiot! A fool! I'm just an ignorant loser who doesn't know his right from his wrong! Please forgive my stupidity!” Mr. Davis blurted out as sweats dripped down his forehead.

“Ok-ay...” Rome mumbled without care.

Then he took out his phone, and when Mr. Davis saw it, he felt a sense of desperation and relief at the same time.

“You are not getting the photos today.” Rome casually said, lying back on the couch.