

Chapter One-Hundred-One

It took a while for everyone to get over their shock, and when Mr. Barlow did, he immediately stood to his feet and said, "I'm sorry. Those words were said out of ignorance."

Without mentioning a word to him, Mr. Ford looked at Catherine and calmly intoned, "I called your office, and you weren't there. Since what I have to say is important, I decided to stop by. I hope it's not a problem."

Waking from her shock, Catherine slightly shook her head and uttered, "Of course not."

When Mrs. Barlow snapped back to reality, she stared at the maid and said, "What are you standing around here for! Tell everyone in the kitchen that we have an extremely important guest and they should prepare a few more dishes."

Afterward, she looked at Mr. Ford and gently intoned, "I hope you can grace this family by having dinner with us."

Swaying his focus off Madam Rosey, Mr. Ford stared at Rome, and even though he shook his head to signal his father not to stay, Mr. Ford replied, "Of course."

Then he walked over to the table, pulled himself a chair, and sat down.

It was quiet for a while. Then Catherine softly smiled and calmly asked, "What do you have to tell me?"

Her questions drew everyone's attention to Mr. Ford, except Rome since he was trying to make less interaction with his father to avoid any awkwardness.

"There's an international conference being held here, and I was hoping you could attend with me." Mr. Ford said,

eyeing his son.

Excitement immediately glowed in Mr. Barlow's eyes because he knew that his granddaughter had just gotten invited to one of the most prestigious conferences that happen once in three years.

Feeling honor and confused at the same time, Catherine unintentionally mumbled, "Why me?"

The happiness in Mr. Barlow's eyes shifted to anger because he expected Catherine to agree without any hesitation.

"I have seen how hardworking and dedicated you are to your job, and I admire youngsters who have passions for what they do. This conference will do me no good since I'm already at the top." Mr. Ford said, focusing on Catherine.

Then he smiled at her and said, "But if

you attend, it might help to expand your network in the business world if you interact with the right people, and you might just get your name out there if you get involved in the right conversation.”

Glowing with joy, Catherine reached for Rome's hand, entangled her fingers with his, and squeezed his hand as she tried not to scream.

Finally, Rome lifted his head and slightly smiled at his father before focusing on Catherine's gentle eyes.

As she looked solely at him, her smile widened, and she silently giggled.

‘Now that's pure love right there. I'm proud of you, son. You chose the right one.’ Mr. Ford thought with his gaze on Catherine and Rome.

Feeling impatient and fed-up with his granddaughter's silence, Mr. Barlow said, “Of course, Mr. Ford. Catherine

will be honor to go to this conference.”

As anger clouded his eyes, Mr. Ford stared at him and said, “I don't remember your name being, ‘Catherine.”

A look of embarrassment crossed Mr. Barlow's face as he awkwardly smiled and mumbled, “Of course not. I apologize for meddling in something that doesn't involve me.”

Narrowing his eyes at him, Mr. Ford frowned. Then he focused back on Catherine and Rome, and his frown shifted to a smile.

Noticing the change in Mr. Ford's expression, Mr. Barlow thought, ‘The only Barlow Mr. Ford does care about is Catherine, and it seems like he has taken a liking to her work.’

Then he stared at his granddaughter and thought, ‘If you have grabbed Mr. Ford's attention, it's worth more than

you marrying a wealthy man because you can bring way more glory to this family with just a word from him.'

Noticing the way his grandfather was staring at Catherine, Charles felt his anger rising.

But he kept it in because he knew his grandfather would not take lightly to anyone who ruin the family image before Mr. Ford, and he wasn't the only one who felt that way.

With his gaze on his father, William could feel his hope of Charles becoming the family top inheritor slowly fading.

Although Anthony was glad to see the look of despair in Charles' eye, he too hated the fact that Catherine was effortlessly coming back to the spotlight.

The person who hated what was happening more than anyone else was Jeff, but not even he had the guts to say

something in Mr. Ford's presence.

After getting over her excitement, Catherine looked at Mr. Ford and said, “It will be my honor to accompanying you to the conference.”

“Good. I look forward to next week then.” Mr. Ford said, smiling at her before swaying his gaze to Rome.

At that moment, the maids entered the room, and one after the other, the set plates of food before Mr. Ford.

Staring at the dishes, Rome shook his head, knowing that that would be the same manner they would treat him if they only knew who he was and it made him feel even more disgusted with them.

Dinner was peaceful, and no one other than Mr. Ford and Catherine spoke since he kept making small conversation with her.

A few minutes later, when Mr. Ford gazed at his watch and saw that it was ten o'clock, he gently laid down his fork along with the knife, stood to his feet, and said, "I should take my leave."

Then he gazed at Catherine and sincerely uttered, "Thank you for the work you have done so far on my project, and out of gratitude, if you ever need my help, don't feel shy to ask."

"I understand, and thank you too," Catherine said, feeling like she was dreaming since she felt like the moment was too wonderful to be reality.

Staring away from Catherine, Mr. Ford glanced at Rome. Then he walked away from the table and left the dining room with his bodyguards following closely behind him.

No one spoke for a while. Then Mr. Barlow stared at Catherine, smiled, and said, "You were right."

Feeling confused, Catherine gazed at him and asked, "About what?"

"Your work should speak for you and not who you are with. That's why I'm revoking my remark from this morning."

"What?"

A sense of shock overcame Madam Rosey as she stared wide-eyed at her husband since it was very rare of him to go back on his words.

"You must be kidding me!" Jeff shouted, standing to his feet.

"Sit down!" Mr. Barlow lashed out.

"She gets a slap on the wrist for her misdeeds, while we remain punished!"

"You burned a warehouse worth millions of dollars, and she slap someone in the face. Do you think I'm being unfair here!"

Unable to answer his grandfather's question, Jeff stormed out of the dining hall.

Suppressing his anger, Anthony calmly said, "Father, I think what my son is trying to say is that, Catherine didn't just slap anyone. She hit lady Estelle, the fourth richest person in the country ..."


"And she just got invited to a conference with the first wealthiest man in the country."

"But father..."

"Catherine had redeemed herself and has proving herself to be competent, time in and time out. It's time she gets the credit she deserves."

Finally realizing that his father's mind was made up, Anthony stared at Madam Rosey, but she had nothing to say.

With a smile on his face, Mr. Barlow stared at his granddaughter and said, “Your name is back on the inheritance list.”

Then he stood to his feet and firmly stated, “I feel like I'm close to being ready to announce the family top inheritor. So I want all things positive from the three of you from now on.” 

 Comments

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Chapter One-Hundred-Two

The days went by naturally, and on Saturday, Rome left the Barlow mansion early that morning even before Catherine could wake up.

By seven-fifteen, Mr. Orlando drove the vehicle into the yard, and when he turned off the engine, Rome got out and headed inside.

It took him a while, but he finally arrived in the living room. Then he walked over to the couch, sat down, and said, "Good morning, Father."

"You are early." Mr. Ford mumbled, closing his newspaper.

Staring at his watch, Rome sighed and said, "I know. But if I had waited for the actual meet-up time, I would have to lie to Catherine. So I left a note instead."

There was a brief moment of silence.

Then Mr. Ford rested his newspaper on the couch as he stood up and said “Well since you are here. How about breakfast?”

“Sure,” Rome mumbled, standing to his feet.

When the daylight had faded a bit at five o'clock, Rome lay in bed, in this huge majestic room that his father had spent a lot of money on interior designs, even though he wasn't using it.

The silence in his room was suddenly disrupted by a buzzing noise, and Rome picked up his phone.

Then he stared at the message on his screen, “Have you eaten?”

Smiling with his eyes, Rome text Catherine back, “Yes. Have you?”

At that moment his door opened, and Butler Hobson walked inside. Then he gazed at Rome and said, “Young

master, I got your suit.”

“You can put it on the rack,” Rome mumbled with his focus on his phone as he typed.

“Your father said that I should remind you that both of you leave by six.”

“Okay,”

After Butler Hobson had left the room, Rome looked at the black and gold three-piece suit and smiled slightly before putting his attention back to his screen.

The sky had darkened a bit by six o'clock, and when Rome came downstairs, Mr. Ford was already awaiting him at the bottom of the stairs.

Then both father and son left the mansion and got into a black limousine.

“Good afternoon Master and young master. Are we ready to leave?” Mr. Orlando said with his gaze fixed on the

V-mirror.

“Drive,” Mr. Ford commanded.

Without any hesitation, Mr. Orlando put the limousine in gear and drove off with five SUVs driving closely behind them. ①

At seven-fifty, the vehicles came to a stop, and the doors to the SUVs opened.

Several men, wearing black suits, got down and rushed over to the limousine, and one of them opened its door.

The first person to get out was Rome, and then Mr. Ford stepped down from the vehicle.

“That's a huge yacht,” Rome mumbled, gazing straight ahead of him.

“Well, if you like it, you can get one bigger than that.” Mr. Ford said, feeling a bit annoyed that his son wasn't spending his money like he wanted him

to.

“What would I do with a yacht?”

“Whatever everyone else does.”

Giggling faintly, Rome stared at his father and gave him a you-are-unbelievable look.

Then Mr. Ford smirked and said, “Are you ready to head in?”

“Yes,” Rome mumbled, letting out a harsh breath.

A few minutes later, Mr. Ford and Rome got on the yacht, and even though for a brief while, Rome felt nervous, he quickly blended in.

Everything was going smoothly, and Rome was having the time of his life until his eyes caught a glimpse of someone he didn't like.

For a moment, he stared at lady Estelle. Then he hastily turned around when

she looked his way, causing her to not see him.

“What's wrong?” Mr. Ford mumbled, noticing the change in his son's mood.

“The lady in the red dress with the gold necklace is Charles' girlfriend,” Rome whispered with his back still turned to her.

“Are you talking about Estelle?”

“Yes,”

A chuckle escaped Mr. Ford's lips as he said, “Well, Stony would be piss if he hears that.”

“Who's Stony?” Rome asked, feeling a bit lost.

“The older gentleman whose arm she is clutching on to. He's also the host of this party and her husband.”

“What!”

The raise in Rome's tone caused others attention to get drawn to him, so Mr. Barlow put his arm around his shoulder and said, "Walk with me, son." ⑤

Without any hesitation, Rome obediently followed his father, and both of them strolled for a while before Mr. Ford stood still and gazed at the water.

"Estelle is married?" Rome asked as his brows pulled together in a frown.

"Yes. But it's a secret marriage because of the age gap between them, and also, it's what Estelle wants."

"It's not strange that she would want to hide that."

"Stony wanted to make their marriage public. But whatever Estelle desire, Stony gives. She has his aging mind wrapped around her fingers. That's why she's the fourth richest person in the

country because her husband is the third.”

For a moment, Rome didn't speak. Instead, he listened to the melody from the music playing.

Then he turned his focus to where Estelle was standing and saw that Mr. Stony was by himself.

“How angry do you think he would get if he knew about her and Charles' so-called relationship?” Rome mumbled with a smirk.

“Very angry. Stony is crazy jealous. Although he doesn't do anything to Estelle, the last young fellow he caught her with is still in the hospital, and countless others suffered terrible fate by his hands.” Mr. Ford said, staring at the mischievous look in his son's eyes.

“Good,”

“What are you up to?”

“I'm going to greet the host.”

“Let's go together since I haven't introduced you to him yet.”

“There's no need.”

After walking away from Mr. Ford, Rome approached Mr. Stony. Then he smiled and said, “Hey. You must be Estelle's father. I just one to say, it's lovely to meet the dad of my cousin-in-law's girlfriend.”

“Whose girlfriend!” Mr. Stony harshly uttered with a spike of anger in his eyes.

“Charles Barlow. He's dating your daughter. Didn't you know?”

“Estelle is not my daughter, she's my wife!”

Seeing how enraged Mr. Stony was, Rome felt satisfied with himself. Then he cunningly said, “I'm sorry. I thought ...”

“Save your sorry for your cousin-in-law because he will need to hear that word when I'm done with him!” Mr. Stony said, striving not to lose his temper in front of his guest.

Without uttering a word, Rome walked away, and he had only taken a few steps when Estelle approached Mr. Stony.

“Honey, sorry that I took so long. The lady's room was a bit crowded.” Estelle said, grabbing onto his arm.

But Mr. Stony pulled his hand from her grip and asked, “Are you seeing Charles?”

With a look of fear in her eyes, Estelle nervously asked, “Who?”

“Don't play dumb with me! You know who I'm talking about. Charles Barlow!” Mr. Stony coldly stated as a sense of anger raised in him.

“Honey...”

“I swear if you lie to me, I will do the unthinkable! So choose your words wisely!”

Feeling desperate, Estelle hugged Stony's arm and cried out, “Yes, but he's just a toyboy. It's you that I love!”

“He's like every other good-looking fool you ever cheated on me with, is that what you are telling me!”

“Yes, I swear. You are the only man who holds a place in my heart!”

“Good.”


Knowing what her husband was capable of, Estelle swallowed hard and softly asked, “What are you going to do to him?”

“Ask me that question again, and I will double his punishment.” Mr. Stony angrily said before pushing her hand

off him and storming off.

A smirk surfaced on Rome's lips as he thought, 'Perfect.'

Then he walked back to his father, and when he was a step away from him, Mr. Ford asked, "What did you say to Stony? He looked like he's about to kill someone."

"I told him the truth. Now, all have to do is wait and see how he use the information to my advantage." Rome calmly said, taking a glass of wine off the tray as the waiter walked past him. 

 Comments

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Chapter One-Hundred-There

Early Monday morning, the Barlow mansion was peaceful, and Mr. Barlow was seated in the living room waiting for the maids to get done with breakfast.

A few seconds when by in silence. Then Mr. Barlow's phone began to buzzed and he picked it off the couch.

Realizing that it was one of Charles' clients, Mr. Barlow answered the call.

Before he could have the chance to speak, an angry male voice echoed into his ear, "I want to cancel my contract with your grandson!"

"Wait, What! Why?" Mr. Barlow asked, sitting up straight.

"Your grandson has no moral!"

"What are you talking about?"

“Haven't you seen the news! Anyways, I want my contract terminated!”

Without replying, Mr. Barlow ended the call. Then he scrolled through his news feed, and his anger spiked immediately.

“Where is Charles!” Mr. Barlow screamed, hastily standing to his feet.

The sound of Rome's ringtone made him open his eyes, although he had been awake for a while.

When he got a hold of his phone, he answered the call, and said, “Morning, Dad.”

“Checked the news. I kept my word.” Mr. Ford said from the other end of the line.

“Uh?”

“Just check your newsletter and thank me later.”

After his father ended the call, Rome took a moment to fully awaken before going through his phone.

At first, he looked pleased by the news that DBA INC. was suddenly losing clients fast than a tree in autumn, and shareholders were marketing their shares at an extremely low price. ①

However, when he saw the second news headline, Rome couldn't hold back his desire to smile.

“What are you excited about?”

Catherine asked, as she dizzily stared at him grinning

“Umm, I just have a good feeling that this week is going to be pleasant,”

Rome said, feeling a sense of relief.

With a hint of fear mixed with confusion in his expression, Charles walked into the living room, and the cold stare his grandfather gave him

wasn't helping his anxiety.

At that moment, Madam Rosey came into the living room, and when she read the atmosphere between Mr. Barlow and his grandson, she couldn't help asking, "Honey, what's the matter?"

However, in that instant, Anthony walked into the room with his wife alongside him, and seeing the anger in his father's eyes, he gazed at his mother and asked, "Is there a problem?"

With a frown plastered on her face, Madam Rosey mumbled, "That's what I'm want to find ou..."

Pausing, Madam Rosey watched as William walked into the room, and a few distances behind him was his wife.

When William saw how stress his son looked, he asked, "Is something wrong?"

“I don't know,” Charles mumbled, staring at his grandfather.

A few seconds later, Jeff walked into the room with Richard following closely beside him.

When Jeff and Charles's eyes met, he burst into a mythless laugh and then cunningly said, “I didn't know you dig married women.”

“What nonsense are you talking about?” Charles asked in annoyance.

Finally getting a grip on his anger, Mr. Barlow scowled and lashed out, “Whose wife are you in a relationship with!”

“What?” Charles mumbled with a frown.

“Don't play stupid with me. There's a whole article on how you are involve with a married client, and how because of you, her marriage is now ruined and

her husband had a heart attack after finding out the truth!”

“What!”

Trying not to burst into another laugh, Jeff said, “It's even said that he is in a critical condition and is fighting for his dear life!”

“Uh?” Charles mumbled, striving to get over his shock.

At this point, he was struggling to figure which one of his girlfriends could the media be talking about. Then he realized that all the other girls he was in a relationship with were not his client of his except...

“Estelle!” Charles shouted, clutching his fists.

Furrowing her brow, Madam Rosey glared at her grandson and asked, “Lady Estelle is married?”

With his gaze focused on the floor, Charles mumbled, “I don't know. But she is the only one who...”

“You fool! Do you know what your reckless act have caused us!” Mr. Barlow shouted in a fit of rage.

“Grandfather, I swear to you that I didn't know that she was married.”

“Does that change the fact that every single one of your client's ones to cancel their contracts with you!” 2

“What! But...”

Resting his forehead against his palm, Mr. Barlow sighed and firmly uttered, “I said that I wanted all things positive from you three! Didn't you understand those words!”

A sense of fear coursed through William when he realized where the conversation was heading.

In an effort to ease the tension in the room, he pleadingly gazed at Mr. Barlow and said, "Father, I know that this looks bad..."

"It's doesn't looks, it is bad!" Mr. Barlow shouted, throwing his hand in the air.

"I understand. But this can't be Charles's fault since he didn't know that Estelle was married."

"So who's a fault it is!"

"No. It's Estelle. That's why we are going to use the information that Charles didn't know she was married to our advantage and inform the media today since the news is still fresh."

A was a brief moment of silence. Then Mr. Barlow sighed and said, "That's not a terrible idea. I will get Ella on the line and tell her to schedule a conference with the press."

“Thank you, grandfather,” Charles mumbled, feeling his rapid heartbeat slowly decreasing.

“Don't thank me just yet because if this goes south, you are on your own!”

“Grandpa.”

Ignoring his grandson, Mr. Barlow went through his call log for a minute, and then he called his secretary number.

When Ella answered, Mr. Barlow, said, “I need you to schedule a press conference for five o'clock today.”

“Okay, Boss,” Ella's voice echoed into his ears before he could end the call.

A few minutes went by in awkward silence. Then Mr. Barlow got a message from Ella.

For a moment, he stared at the screen, and afterward, he gazed at his grandson and said, “All big media

platforms are going to be there, so make your story convincing, so the public can take pity on you, or else everything will blow up in our faces.”

Nodding slightly, Charles moved his lips to speak. But then he froze when the maid walked in with a built fellow beside her and multiple men in black suits following behind him.

“Mr. Stony?” Mr. Barlow mumbled out loud with a look of confusion in his eyes.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

Chapter One-Hundred-Four

Staring coldly at everyone's faces in the living room, Mr. Stony clutched his fist and harshly inquired, "Who is Charles Barlow?"

"Is there a problem?" Charles asked as he glared at Mr. Stony.

"Are you him?"

"Yes,"

In shock, the rest of the family watched as Mr. Stony charged at Charles, grabbed him by the neck, and body-slammed him to the floor.

"What is wrong with you?" William shouted as he watched Mr. Stony's fist slammed into his son's left cheek.

Then he tried to rush over to them, but Mr. Stony's bodyguards shot him a warning look, causing William to stop i

n his tracks.

With tears in her eyes, William's wife clutched onto his arm and cried, "Honey, do something."

But he was too much of a coward to do anything, and his feet felt frozen to the floor as he watched as his son got beat up.

"You are the punk that my wife is cheating on me with!" Mr. Stony angrily intoned before landing another vicious punch on Charles' face.

Everyone was shocked to learn that he was Estelle's husband since the article stated that he was in the hospital and fighting to survive.

In a fit of rage, Charles struggled to get his hands beneath Mr. Stony's chest. Then he forcefully pushed him off him and hastily stood to his feet.

It took a moment for Mr. Stony to get

off the floor, and when he finally got back on his feet, he stared at his bodyguards, knowing that they were waiting on his order to beat up Charles.

However, he didn't utter a word since he felt calmer after unleashing his anger on Charles.

“You are the one behind the article?” Mr. Barlow asked, realizing that things had become more complicated.

“Yes,” Mr. Stony casually said as he wiped his hand with a handkerchief.

Out of anger, Charles sneered and shouted, “Do you know what your lies have cost me!”

“Shut up!” Mr. Barlow lashed out as he glared at his grandson.

Although Charles felt more enraged by his grandfather's remark, he could see fear in his eyes and he knew that something wasn't right, so he kept

silent.

Staring away from Charles, Mr. Barlow gazed at Stony and pleadingly said, “I am sorry for my grandson's ignorance. He's still a...”

“I don't care about your apologies, Franco! Your grandson decided to get involved with my wife even though there's a, ‘No relationship with clients policy’ at your company! Why?” Mr. Stony calmly uttered, and yet his tone was cold.

The answer to his question was something Mr. Barlow knew not to say, so he kept quiet, and lowered his head.

“You so-called rich folks are always trying to leech off us wealthy people. That's why you were okay with your grandson breaking your company rules because Estelle is loaded with money. Am I right?” Mr. Stony shouted as he glowered at Mr. Barlow.

Then he turned his focus on Charles and coldly uttered, “ Estelle’s money is mine money, and that so-called one hundred million dollar project is also being funded with mine cash!” ①

Hearing those words, the reality of his situation suddenly became clear to Charles and he finally understood that he was about to sink faster than someone caught in a quicksand.

“Mr. Stony, I didn't know Estelle was your wife. I swear!” Charles humbly intoned, striving to suppress his pride.

“Read my lips.” Mr. Stony coldly said, “ I don't care!”

A look of shock crossed Charles' face, and yet he kept silent, seeing how coldly Mr. Stony was staring at him.

After glaring at Charles for a while, he turned his focus on Mr. Barlow and said, “Your grandson is on my hate list,

and that news is just half of the punishment that I have in-store for him. Attempt to do something about it, and I will rain terror on DreamTeam INC!”

Then he tossed his stained handkerchief to the ground and said, “Don't test my patients because I'm not the guy you would want to mess with!”

None of the Barlow spoke as they watched Mr. Stony walked out of the living room with his bodyguards.

It took a few minutes for everyone to come to the realization of what had just happened, and when Mr. Barlow did, he tightened his fist as he tried not to lose control of his rage.

“How much chaos and disgrace are you all going to bring to this family!” Mr. Barlow roared as his anger broke loose.

At that moment, Catherine walked into the living room, fully dressed for work.

Then she froze when she saw the bruises on Charles' face.

Afterward, she stared at her grandfather's mad eyes, and for a well-known reason, she didn't ask any questions.

“Grandfather, I can fix this! Give me a chance to do so, please!” Charles desperately cried.

“There's no fixing anything! Stony is not a man to cross. You can't be a part of DreamTeam. I will have to fire you!” Mr. Barlow said, a bit calmer this time.

Those words left Charles dumbfounded for a moment. Then he slightly shook his head and mumbled, “Give me a second chance.”

“With an enemy like Stony, I don't trust you with the company and the family wealth.” Mr. Barlow firmly uttered.

“Grandfather!”

“You are not on the listing for the family top inheritor, and you will never be. I can't take such a risk!”

Feeling a sense of anger overwhelming him, William shouted, “Father, you can't do this!”

“I just did, and my words are final.” Mr. Barlow straightforwardly intoned without any hesitation.

Even though he heard those words, Rome's face bore no expression as he walked into the living room and stood beside Catherine.

But unlike him, the others seem rather shocked by Charles' sudden downfall.

‘So it is just Catherine, and me now?’ Richard thought with a touch of uncertainty in his eyes.

“I should get to the office, and see what

I can do to calm the situation down.” Mr. Barlow said, taking a deep breath.

“What about the press conference?” Madam Rosey asked with a worried expression.

“I will get Ella to cancel it.”

“Will that work?”


“I don't know. But if it doesn't, we can figure out something.”

With anger pumping through his veins, Charles stormed out of the living room.

It didn't take long after he left, for the others to leave too, except for Catherine and Rome.

There was silence in the room for a while. Then Catherine looked at Rome and said, “I don't understand.”

“Understand what?” Rome calmly asked.

There was a long pause. Then Catherine frowned with her eyes fixed on his and said, “What's going on? It's like everything is falling apart for everyone else in my family, except for me. It doesn't make sense.” 

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

Chapter One-Hundred-Five

There was a moment of hesitation as Rome gazed at Catherine.

Then he second-guessed his words for a brief while before saying, “Jeff burned down your family warehouse, Charles got involved with someone's wife, Elijah betray your grandfather, and Chloe, well she messed with Mr. Ford. What have you done?”

“Uh?” Catherine asked, raising a brow.

“What wrong have you done?”

“Well...”

Feeling a bit uncertain, Catherine mumbled, “Ummm... Nothing?”

“Right, nothing. So why do you want things to fall apart for you?” Rome asked with a straight face.

With her eyes fixed on his, Catherine slowly rubbed her thumb against her other finger as she mumbled beneath her breath, “I don't know. I thought maybe...”

“The quote, ‘Bad things happen to good people is not right because it shouldn't be that way, and you shouldn't be thinking in such a manner.’” Rome firmly said.

“I know. It feels a bit weird that I am still succeeding against it all. It wasn't like that before I marr...”

“Before you married me?”

Silence fell between them as Catherine stared deep into Rome's eyes. Then she faintly smiled and mumbled, “Yes,”

“I guess I'm your lucky charm then,” Rome said with a straight face.

“I guess you are.”

“Right, I am.”

There was a brief pause, and Rome wanted so desperately to tell her his real identity as he intensely stared at her.

But Jeff suddenly entered the room, and Catherine swayed her attention off Rome.

“I can't believe you two have time for romance when the Barlow name is up in flames!” Jeff rudely uttered as he walked past them.

Then he sluggishly sat on the couch and mumbled, “Well, it shouldn't bug you though since you are the one who set it on fire.”

Frowning, Catherine stared at him and asked, “What are you talking about!”

“We both know what is going on here,” Jeff said, narrowing his eyes at her.

“You might, but I don't.”

“The innocent act. I'm not buying that crap!”

For a while, Catherine stared at her cousin. Then she looked away from him and said, “I have no time for your mind games. I have to get to the office.”

“I will tag along with you,” Rome said.

Resting his feet on the table, Jeff smirked and slyly uttered, “You both are a perfect match! The hypocrite and her loyal dog!”

Anger glowed in Rome's eyes as he stared at Jeff. But then he took a deep breath and coldly uttered, “Only a fool spits out garbage and takes pride in it.”

Those words raised Jeff's anger to the roof. But before he could think about a response, Rome had already led Catherine out of the living room.

Fighting against his urge to scream, Jeff hatefully stared at the living room entrance as he allowed his anger to devour him from the inside.

At ten o'clock, Rome brought Catherine Sedan into the parking lot of DreamTeam Inc. and got out of the car.

Then he gazed at Catherine when she asked, "Are you coming in?"

"I'm hungry. We didn't have breakfast. Should we go somewhere and grab a quick bite?" Rome replied.

Feeling indecisive, Catherine anxiously said, "We could go to a restaurant. But to be honest, it's going to be hectic here for grandfather and my uncles to handle alone, so..."

"I will get us takeout. You can go in first, and I will join you later." Rome gently said.

A sense of relief coursed through Catherine as she smiled and mumbled, “Thanks for understanding.”

Replying with a smile, Rome felt a bit relieved since her response was actually what he was going for.

For a brief while, Rome watched Catherine as she headed into the building. Then he waited a few more minutes before getting into the car.

Afterward, he pulled out his phone, scrolled through his contact, and stopped at Mr. Davis' number.

After dialing it, it took a few seconds, then Mr. Davis' voice flowed into his ear, “Good morning, sir.”

“Tell everyone to come to DreamTeam today before three, and there are a few things I need you to tell Mr. Barlow when you get here,” Rome said, looking out the car window as he stared at the

entrance of the building.

The line went silent for a while. Then Mr. Davis' voice flowed out of the speakers, "What do you want me to say?"

The call lasted for a few minutes before Rome could end it. Afterward, he started the car engine and drove off.

It was a few minutes after ten when Rome walked into the office, carrying bags in both hands.

"Are we eating with others?" Catherine asked when she gazed at him walking through the doorway with the bags.

"Nope, these are just ours," Rome said, setting the items on the table.

Then he watched Catherine leave from behind her desk and approached him.

When she reached him, she didn't say a word as she dug into the bags. It took a

while, but Catherine got everything out, and after she did, she gazed at Rome and pouted.

“These are foods that I love,” Catherine mumbled, sniffing back tears.

“Yeah, I thought it would cheer you up. Did it?” Rome asked, staring into her watery eyes.

Nodding slightly, Catherine wept her cheek and mumbled, “Yes.”

“I'm glad then,” Rome said, knowing that things was about to escalate.

By two o'clock, Mr. Barlow was seated in his office with his head resting back on his chair, when a knock on his door made him sit up straight.

“Who is it?” Mr. Barlow asked.

“Ella.” His secretary called out from the other side of the door.

After sighing heavily, Mr. Barlow said, “

Come in!”

The door opened, and Ella walked into the office with an anxious look on her face.

Then she stopped a few distances away from the desk and said, “Boss, the media platforms are threatening lawsuits if we cancel the press conference.”

“What! Why?” Mr. Barlow angrily uttered.

“Because they canceled most of their other activities because of this conference. Therefore they are asking for compensation.”

“At such a troubling time I can't afford to waste money on them!”

“What are we going to do then?”

In annoyance, Mr. Barlow slowly tapped his fingers against the desk and

said, "I don't know. We will just have to make up a story and sell it to them."

Feeling hesitant, Ella slightly frowned and mumbled, "But, sir..."

"Let me handle this, okay?"

"Yes, sir."

Even though she wasn't fine with what he had said, Ella left the office.

However, it took a couple of minutes for Mr. Barlow to get another knock on his door.

"Who is it?" Mr. Barlow shouted, feeling out of patience.

"It's Ella." His secretary said from the other end of the door.

"What is it!"

"You got a few guests. They are clients of Elijahs."

Chapter One-Hundred-Six

The office door opened, and all of Elijah's clients walked into the room. Then they took a seat on the leather couches and focused on Mr. Barlow.

"Excuse me," Ella said before walking out of the room and shutting the door closed.

For a few seconds, it was silent. Then Mr. Barlow cleared his throat and gently asked, "Why are you all here?"

"It's no secret that DBA INC. is failing immensely." Mr. Davis carefully said, striving to remember Rome's every word correctly.

"So I heard."

"That is why we are here to tell you that we want to keep our projects with DreamTeam, and since Elijah is not a part of this company, we will like to

sign under William.”

Although Mr. Barlow kept a straight face, he was extremely excited inside, knowing that this was something that could help DreamTeam.

Without any second thought, he looked at Davis and said, “If that's the case, then I will call William up here so we can get the paperwork started.”

“Wonderful!” Mr. Davis said, feeling relief that things went easier than he expected.

The silence in William's office was suddenly disrupted by his ringtone. So he dropped his pen and picked up his phone.

When he answered the call, Mr. Barlow's voice echoed into his ear, “Come to my office now.”

“What is it!” William asked, still feeling enraged about the morning event.

“Just get here!”

“I'm on my way.”

After ending the call, William stood from his seat and grabbed his coat off the rack before walking out of his office.

A few minutes later, he arrived in Mr. Barlow's office, and the moment he recognized those that were in the room, he froze.

“I'm here,” William said with his focus on his father.

“Elijah's clients are willing to sign with you.” Mr. Barlow said.

“What!”

“Is there a problem?”

The first thought that crossed his mind was to refuse. But then that would make his father suspicious of him, and since Charles had already angered Mr.

Barlow, William knew not to add to that anger.

Against his better judgment, he gave a half-smile and said, “Of course not. When do we start the paperwork?”

“Now,” Mr. Barlow replied.

By three o'clock, all the documents were complete, and William's signature was on all of them.

After the clients had left, it was just Mr. Barlow and William in the room.

Feeling uncomfortable by the silence, he stood to his feet to leave, but Mr. Barlow looked at him and said, “According to my promise you would ascend to your brother's position, and we are going to announce that at the press conference.”

“What!” William intoned, staring at his father in disbelief.

“Since we can't clear Charles' name, you taking Elijah's role on the board of directors is the perfect news that could shadow your son's rumor!”

“But, father...”

Although he so desperately wanted to protest against the idea, William knew going against his father at such a critical time was more dangerous than offending his brother, so he took a deep breath and said, “Sure.”

When Rome's phone rang, he felt glad that Catherine wasn't in the office seeing that it was Davis' number blinking on his screen.

After answering the call, he heard Davis say, “It's done. All our projects have gotten signed under William.”

“Good. I just need one last thing from you.” Rome said with his focus on the office door.

There was a long pause. Then Mr. Davis sighed and asked, "What is it?"

"Call Elijah and tell him exactly what you just told me."

"That William got our projects?"

"Yes."

It got awfully silence on the other end of the call, and Rome patiently waited without care.

"You are trying to put both brothers against each other," Mr. Davis' voice flowed out of the speakers.

"They were against each other from the very start!" Rome coldly said. "Now, would you make the call or will your wife be receiving the pictures?"

Silence followed his question. Then Mr. Davis said from the other side of the line, "I will make the call."

“Good. I'm glad we are on the same page.” Rome said before ending the call.

At that moment, Catherine walked into the office, and when she and Rome's eyes met, he softly smiled and asked, “What did your grandfather call you about?”

“He said that William got all of Elijah's clients.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah. And to uphold his promise, he will be ascending William to the position and will be announcing it today at the press conference, so we all should be in the conference hall before five o'clock.”

“Are we going?”

“Yeah, we are.”

By four-thirty in the afternoon, Catherine and Rome arrived in the

conference hall, and so did the rest of the Barlows, except for Chloe, Jeff, Charles, Elijah, and Dana.

Although it wasn't five o'clock yet, reporters and various representatives from several news platforms had started arriving in the hall.

By five-fifteen, most of the chairs were occupied, and the Barlow family was seated on stage.

The press conference was about to start when suddenly the huge wooden door opened, and Elijah walked into the hall.

His sudden appearance drew everyone's attention to him. But the only person Elijah was focused on was William, and with a look of pure hate in his eyes, he marched over to his brother.

At this point, all the reporters had their cameras directly at him as they eagerly waited to see what he was about to do.

It was no news that Elijah was a part of DBA since he had made it known to the public when he left DreamTeam, and it wasn't a secret that DBA INC. was failing.

Now everyone was interested in his sudden attendance at the conference, except for Rome since this was actually what he calculated would happen if Elijah got the news about William.

The hall was quite silent as Elijah marched on stage. Then he walked directly to William.

Seeing the rage in his brother's eyes, William stood to his feet and hastily said, "I know what you are thinking, but it's not what it is. I swear, even though it does look like it, it's not!"

But like a deaf and angry bull, Elijah threw his left fist out in a curved punch, hitting William in his temple.

Within a matter of seconds, flashes of camera lights beamed in the hall and a loud commotion arose.

“Elijah!” Madam Rosey shouted, hastily standing to her feet as she watched him swing another punch at William.

“You disgraceful child!” Mr. Barlow lashed out.

Hearing his father's words, Elijah stopped his fist at the tip of William's nose. Then he gazed at his father and asked, “I'm disgraceful?” ②

Then he stared at Anthony before glaring at William and shouting, “Are we all not scandalous and dishonorable?”

Chapter One-Hundred-Seven

Knowing that his brother was about to ruin them all, Anthony stood to his feet and said, "Elijah, how about we do this at home?"

"Home, Nah. We are going to do this here so that everyone can know the kind of hypocrites and betrayals I have as brothers!" Elijah coldly said before sneering.

A slight smirk surfaced on Rome's face, but his expression quickly became straight when Catherine took his hand in hers.

Staring at her, Rome saw a touch of anxiety in her eyes, and he squeezed her hand and mumbled, "It's going to be fine."

Although Catherine was nervous about what her uncle's behavior was going to

cost their family, she smiled faintly, trying to find comfort in his words.

"Look, Elijah! I wasn't the one who set you up!" William calmly said, taking a step back as he tried to create a distance between his brother and him, just in case he became violent again. ①

"Am I supposed to believe that bullcrap! You suddenly got all my clients when my company begin to struggle for unknown reasons!" Elijah said, tightening his fist.

When Madam Rosey finally realized how many cameras were focused on them, she stared at Elijah and said, "Your brother is right! Let's do this at home!"

"Home? I was kicked out, remember! And it's all your precious William's fault!"

"Stop being stubborn and quit this nonsense!"

"I will, but after I tell you all what kind of people my brothers are!"

It was clear to Anthony that Elijah was about to drag him down too, and he grew desperate, so he calmly said, "William has kept it all in for years! Do you think he would betray you now! It doesn't make sense."

Those words confused Mr. Barlow for a while. Then he frowned and shouted, "You both knew from the very beginning that Elijah owns DBA INC!"

A smirk crept on Elijah's lips as he stared at his father's mad eyes. Then he slyly said, "Not only that. They have been embezzling the company funds, clients' project moneys, and other cash earned by the business for personal use!"

Widening his eyes, Mr. Barlow clutched his chest as his breathing got shallow, and his heartbeat increased.

But Elijah showed no sign of remorse and said, "William is addicted to gambling, and Anthony, well, he's involved in underground dealings! That's where they have been wasting the company money for years."

"Shut up!" William lashed out at his brother, feeling overwhelmed with shame and fear of what his father would do to him now that he knows the truth.

Ignoring his brother words, Elijah coldly gazed at his father and said, "Congratulations! Your sons are disgraceful!"

"Father, I can explain!" Anthony said, staring at Mr. Barlow's blank expression.

But when his father didn't showed any interest in what he said, he gazed at Madam Rosey, but she slightly shook her head with hurt in her expression.

With his eyes watery, Mr. Barlow dropped back and sluggishly landed in his seat. Then a single teardrop rolled from the corner of his eye.

"Honey," Madam Rosey cried as she rushed to his side.

"Take me home." Mr. Barlow mumbled, squeezing his eyelids shut for a moment.

A few minutes later, the commotion in the hall grew louder as the company securities tried to fight back reporters while they shoved their cameras and mics at Mr. Barlow as Madam Rosey and Edward tried to get him out of the conference hall.

Not thinking straight, Catherine left her chair and followed them, leaving Rome seated on stage.

But he didn't go after her. Instead, Rome remained seated as he texted Mr.

Orlando, "I need you to silent all media platforms about today's news concerning the DreamTeam INC and the Barlow family."

"What? But why? I thought this was what you wanted?" Mr. Orlando messaged back.

"This news will damage DreamTeam INC, and my wife can't inherit a broken company."

"True. I will get on it right away."

With a look of concern in her eyes, Catherine stood by the car door as her grandfather was about to get into the car.

But instead of Mr. Barlow getting into the vehicle, he turned to her and said, "Can you ask Mr. Ford to make this nightmare go away?"

Feeling shocked and nervous, Catherine mumbled, "Grandfather, I don't think..."

"

"I know you don't think that it's okay to bug Mr. Ford with our family matters. But DreamTeam is about to drown, and this is a desperate time. You heard him that night. I'm sure he will be okay with helping us."

"But..."

"You just need to ask him to help us bury today news."

Still feeling overwhelmed by the sense of discomfort, Catherine moved her lips to speak, but Mr. Barlow grabbed her hands and said, "I'm begging you, Catherine. This is the only way to revive us."

For a moment, she speechlessly stared at her grandfather while wondering how she advance from being looked down on all the time to getting to a place where her grandfather could swallow his ego and beg her.

"I will see what I can do," Catherine said, even though she still felt hesitant.

"Thank you." Mr. Barlow gently uttered before letting go of her hand and getting into the car.

As Madam Rosey walked past Catherine, she stopped for a moment, smiled at her, and then she got into the vehicle.

With her gaze fixed on the black limousine, Catherine watched as it drove off. Then she turned around and saw Rome staring at her.

A sense of comfort took over Catherine when he smiled at her, and without any hesitation, she rushed towards him.

"Are you okay?" Rome gently inquired.

"I don't know. Grandpa wants me to ask Mr. Ford for his help to bury the news. But..." Catherine said, pausing for

a second as she tried to figure out how to put the rest of her thoughts into words.

"That's a great idea."

"What!"

With a straight face, Catherine looked Rome directly in his eyes and asked, "You agree with him."

"Well, I see the logic in why your grandfather would want Mr. Ford help," Rome explained, realizing that his father taking credit for what he's already doing wouldn't raise questions among the Barlows.

"But..."

"What happened in there wasn't pretty, and if it gets released to the public, DreamTeam will crash badly."

Silence fell between them, and when he saw the look of hesitation in

Catherine's eyes, he calmly asked, "What is it?"

"I just feel uncomfortable that's all," Catherine mumbled.

"You are not forced to do what you don't feel like doing, okay? So if you are not comfortable..."

"I should call him first, right?"

"What?"

"Mr. Ford. I should give him a call first before meeting him."

Pausing for a moment, Rome couldn't help, but feel relieved, seeing that she was lighting up a bit.

Then he gave her a half-smile and said, "Sure."

Afterward, he and Catherine got into her car, and she sat silently in the passenger seat and blankly stared at the windshield for a moment to pull herself

together.

Then she took out her phone, scrolled through her contact and dial Mr. Ford's number.

The conference room was quite peaceful until the sound of a ringtone drew everyone's attention towards Mr. Ford.

But his focus was on his phone as he stared at the words, "My Daughter-in-law," blinking on his screen.

With excitement in his eyes, he answered the call, rested the phone against his ear, and said, "Good day, miss Catherine."

Taking in a deep breath, Catherine stared at Rome. Then she gently exhaled and said, "Hello, Mr. Ford. Are you busy right now?"

After taking a second to stare at the faces in the room, Mr. Ford smiled and

replied, "No, I'm not. What is it?"

"Can we meet up? I have something I want to ask you."

"Sure, where?"

"Anywhere that is convenient to you would be fine."

"How about we talk over lunch at SkyHigh restaurant?"

For a moment, Catherine was silent as she gazed at Rome. Then she said, "Okay, but I'm coming with my husband."

The smile on Mr. Ford's lips widened, and striving to sound calm, he casually uttered, "Sure. I'm on my way there."

Afterward, he ended the call and stood from the chair. Then he stared at everyone's faces and said, "This meeting is adjourned."

Staring at Catherine, Rome asked, "

What did he say?"

"We are invited to have lunch with him at Skyhigh restaurant. Hopefully, he will be in a generous mood to help us."

Catherine mumbled, wearing her seatbelt. ¹

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) [?]

Chapter One-Hundred-Eight

A while later, Rome drove the car into the parking lot of Skyhigh restaurant. Then he and Catherine got down from the vehicle.

Afterward, they headed into the skyscraper in front of them, and when Rome and Catherine got into the lobby, they approached the counter.

After the hostess had given them her full attention, Catherine gently uttered, "Hello, we are suppose to meet up with Mr. Ford here. Has he arrived?"

"Of course. Please, please come with me." The hostess humbly said, leaving from behind the counter.

Then she escorted Rome and Catherine into the elevator and pressed button eighteen.

A few minutes later, the elevator came t

o a stop, and its door opened. Then Catherine, the hostess, and Rome walked out into the hallway.

It took a while, but they finally arrived in a room with a transparent roof which caused the place to be filled with natural light.

"Excuse me." The hostess said before turning around and walking out of the room.

Striving to stay calm, Catherine walked alongside Rome to the table, and then both of them took their seats.

For a moment, Rome stared calmly at his father, smiling faintly.

Finally getting a hold of her emotions, Catherine exhaled and said, "Mr. Ford, I ..."

"Should we eat first? We can circle back to business talk afterward." Mr. Ford softly uttered, hoping that Catherine

would say yes because he had been dreaming about such a day like this for a long time.

"Of course,"

"Great!"

The sunlight had faded a bit by six o'clock, and the bulbs came on, brightening the room.

By now, Catherine felt relaxed after she, Rome, and Mr. Ford had indulged in a small conversation while they were eating.

"You are a good man than what the media paint you to be," Catherine mumbled out loud even though she meant to say it in her head.

Seeing how embarrassed she looked after her remark, Mr. Ford chuckled and said, "Thanks for the compliment."

Finally feeling comfortable enough,

Catherine stared down at her plate and said, "I'm hoping that you wouldn't take this the wrong way or think that I'm taking advantage of you..."

"Okay, I wouldn't." Mr. Ford said, smiling to reassure her.

"My family needs your help. We held a press conference today, but it turned into a disaster, and DreamTeam could suffer a lot because of that. That's why..."

"You want me to bury the news."

With a look of hesitation in her eyes, Catherine lifted her head and calmly uttered, "Yes, please."

"Sure." Mr. Ford said, even though he already knew Rome had everything under control.

"Really!"

"Of course. You are helping me with my

project. This is the least I can do for the incredible job you have done so far."

"Thank you so much."

As all the fear that she felt slowly faded, Catherine met Rome's eyes and beamed.

Swaying his gaze from her for a second, he stared at Mr. Ford and said, "Thank you."

At nine o'clock, Catherine and Rome arrived in the Barlow mansion, and the moment they walked into the living room, the atmosphere was awkward.

For a moment, Rome stared at William and Anthony and both brothers looked extremely worried and restless.

"Where is grandfather?" Catherine gently asked.

But all she got was silence as a reply from her uncles, their wives, Charles, Jeff, and Richard.

After a few seconds had gone by in silence, Catherine was about to turn around to leave when her father and mother arrived in the living room.

"What's going on?" Edward asked, staring at his daughter's annoyed expression.

"Do you know where grandfather is?" Catherine mumbled as she focused on her father.

"When we came home, he went straight to his room and hasn't come downstairs since then."

"Thanks,"

As Catherine was about to head upstairs to her grandparents' bedroom, Mr. Barlow and Madam Rosey suddenly walked into the living room.

"Father," William hastily said, standing to his feet.

But Mr. Barlow glared at him and harshly uttered, "Keep your lies to yourself! I only came down because Susanna told me Catherine was home!"

Striving to make up a cover-up story, Anthony hastily uttered, "Father, I know what Elijah said, and it's..."

"It's all true! You two have been lavishing my hard-earned money on rubbish! Fools!"

No one spoke after his remark. Then Mr. Barlow shook his fist and lashed out, "I can't believe that you all were just wolves in sheep's clothing and stabbing me in the back while eating at the same table with me!"

With a look of concern in her eyes, Madam Rosey calmly uttered, "Honey, your health..."

"I have thieves for sons!" Mr. Barlow angrily mumbled beneath his breath.

Afterward, he scowled at William and Anthony and shouted, "You both are rogues!"

Then he finally realized something that suddenly sent his anger off the chart, and he frowned and harshly intoned, "The fact that you both got away with stealing from me for so long means you guys have corrupted my company!"

Fear clouded Charles' eyes because he was also involved in the illegal taking of company funds.

But then he realized that he had nothing left to lose since he wasn't working with DreamTeam Inc any longer and his name was off the family inheritance listing, and he felt enraged rather than relieved.

"Now I have to cleanse my company, and I will start by firing you two! And William, you can forget about ascending to Elijah's position!" Mr.

Barlow firmly said, staring coldly at his sons.

"But Father..." William mumbled, pausing when he saw the anger in his father's eyes.

Swaying his attention off his sons, Mr. Barlow looked at Catherine and angrily uttered, "Either Richard or Catherine will be given the position since they are the only two who haven't totally humiliated this family and disgrace our reputation yet!"

After a few minutes had gone by in silence, Mr. Barlow finally felt calmer. Then he looked at Catherine and asked, "Did you speak with Mr. Ford?"

"Yes," Catherine mumbled.

Then she frowned when she noticed the hostile stare she was getting from Jeff.

"And what did he say?!" Mr. Barlow eagerly asked.

"He agreed to help us," Catherine replied, snapping out of the awful feeling her cousin's look gave her.

Feeling a sense of relief, Mr. Barlow heavily sighed and said, "Great. That must be why we haven't heard any news by now about the conference."

At that moment, the sound of a ringtone disrupted their conversation, and when Rome saw everyone staring at him, he gently uttered, "Excuse me,"

Then he left the living room and headed out of the mansion.

After he had walked a few distances away from the house, he stopped and pulled out his phone, and then answered the call.

"When am I going to get the pictures!" Mr. Davis' harsh voice echoed into Rome's ear.

"Where did you leave your manners, Davis?" Rome casually asked, frowning slightly.

The other side of the line grew quiet for a moment. Then Mr. Davis' voice echoed from the speakers, "I'm sorry. But I am also getting restless."

"Meet me at Bluelight cafe tomorrow," Rome said, ending the call immediately after his remark.

Afterward, he dialed Brook's number, and when his call got answered, he said, "Leak the information to Elijah that Davis was the one in the meeting who exposed him."

"Yes, boss," Brook said from the other end of the call. ③

Chapter One-Hundred-Nine

At seven o'clock the next morning, Catherine and Rome came downstairs, and the moment, they walked into the dining room, Madam Rosey rushed over to her granddaughter and hugged her affectionately.

After letting Catherine go, she smiled brightly and said, "Thank you, dear."

Feeling shocked, Catherine stared at her grandfather, and when he smiled at her, she felt even more confused.

"No news about the event that took place at yesterday's conference has been published. It's like nothing happened." Mr. Barlow said as he stood from his seat.

Then he approached Catherine, showed her his phone screen, and said, "But apparently, a reporter spotted you,

Rome, and Mr. Ford leaving Skyhigh restaurant together. A photo of you guys was taken, and now, it's all every media is reporting on."

"The amazing last granddaughter of the Barlow family is spreading her wings in the business world, and she was spotted along with her husband, leaving Skyhigh restaurant with Mr. Ford, the big gun in the business circle." Catherine read as she stared at the first paragraph of the article.

At first, Rome was confused since he didn't know Mr. Ford had a plan of his own. Then he faintly smiled and thought, 'Thank you, Father.'

The grin on Mr. Barlow's face slowly faded, and he sighed with remorse in his eyes.

"I can't believe it has been you all along," Mr. Barlow said, smiling at Catherine.

But out of confusion, she mumbled, "U

h?"

"What do you say about taking your uncle's place at the company and becoming second to me?"

"What?"

"I want you to take Elijah's seat on the board."

At that moment, Anthony and William walked into the room along with Jeff, Richard, and Charles.

"At last, it all worked in favor for you just as I suspected!" Jeff coldly said as he rested his back against the wall and crossed his right leg over the other.

Then when everyone gazed at him, he sighed and said, "Don't you see that she has been playing all of us all along, and we all willingly participated in her game!"

"What nonsense are you talking about!

" Mr. Barlow lashed out.

"Your granddaughter is the devil that has been raining down hell on all of us!"

"Catherine has done nothing wrong!"

"Tell me, who is still standing after we all have fallen?"

Even though he was considering Jeff's words, Mr. Barlow shouted, "Catherine is succeeding because her hands are not dirty like you all!"

"Right, our hands have been dirty from the very start, but we didn't fall like ants as we are doing now! Doesn't no one find it strange that she's the only one gaining from our failure!" Jeff said, withdrawing from the wall. ①

Pulling his brows together into a frown, Edward narrowed his eyes at Jeff.

But ignoring the look his uncle give him, he walked further into the living

room and boldly intoned, "First, she ascends to Charles position, and..."

"Charles tried to sabotage my hard work and frame me! I didn't get to that position on my own. Grandfather was the one who put me there! I did nothing wrong!" Catherine straightforwardly uttered.

If it was in the past, she would have felt hesitant to defend herself, but after her little talk with Rome the morning before, she realized that she deserved to be where she was at in life.

"And why I got promoted to your position, that's because your ill action scared your clients away from you, and they wanted to sign with me!"

Catherine continued with a straight face.

"They could have gone to anybody else, but they chose you! Why!" Jeff angrily intoned, standing his ground.

"Why not me! As you said, they could have chosen anybody, and if they decided on me, I don't see the problem in it!"

"Haha, you have an answer for everything, don't you!"

Frowning, Jeff smirked and said, "I wondered if your closeness with Mr. Ford is the reason Chloe got cut of the family inheritance listing."

"What?" Catherine asked, raising a brow.

"If you could make Mr. Ford bury such a huge news, it's not hard for you to damage Chloe's name to him and have him hate her, so you can get rid of one less competitor."

"That's crazy! I would never do something like that!"

Sneering, Jeff furrowed his brows and

firmly said, "Says the one who is closed to a powerful person that recently declared to all of us that there's nothing he wouldn't do for you if you asked him!"

Frowning, Rome realized at Jeff was actually onto something that could cause problems for Catherine. But he didn't utter a word since he wanted to see where the conversation was heading.

Speechless from her cousin's absurd assumptions, Catherine blankly stared at him, unable to wrap her head around how wide his imagination was becoming.

"Catherine, don't act innocent. You are just as dirty as all of us, and just because you keep your skeletons well hidden in your closet, that doesn't mean you are a saint." Jeff coldly intoned, feeling satisfied with his conclusion.

At first, his words didn't get to Catherine because she knew it wasn't true. But when she saw how her grandfather and grandmother looked at her, she knew that they were considering Jeff's word and that broke her heart.

"Your plans to get all four of us eliminated out of the inheritance list has cost our family a lot!" Jeff coldly said. "You have damaged this family reputation more than any of us has done!"

"Did she tell you to burn your grandfather's warehouse or your father to embezzled the company money? You two are full-grown men who acted on your own free will." Rome suddenly said, staring directly at Jeff.

Then he scowled and said, "Chloe, Elijah, William, Anthony, Charles, and you all made up your bed, so laid on it,

and stop blaming my wife for your failures."

After keeping his silence throughout the conversation, Mr. Barlow finally said, "I will host a board meeting tomorrow, and the board member will be the one to decide between Catherine and Richard who's competent for Elijah's position."

Swaying his attention to William and Anthony, he frowned and said, "We could do it today, but I have to find reputable people for my two dishonorable sons' position on the board."

The fact that their father had removed them from among the board members was enraging them.

But William and Anthony felt even more furious that they couldn't do anything about it because they have fallen to the bottom with no chance and

hope of getting back to the top again.

Staring at Catherine, Mr. Barlow gently said, "I hope you don't take this differently. I just want to give your cousin a fair chance as you."

"Of course," Catherine said, striving to stay calm even though she was mad that they were accusing her of something she had no idea about.

After glancing at her grandfather, she walked out of the dining room, and without any hesitation, Rome followed her.

Within a matter of seconds, the others started leaving the dining room, and Richard and Jeff were the last people in the room.

As he was about to walk past his brother, Jeff grabbed his arm and whispered, "You have been given a second chance. What are you going to do with it?"

"Should I be doing something?"

Richard mumbled, realizing that his response was dumb, and yet he meant it because he was confused.

"Yes, you should. There is no way you are going to beat Catherine fairly." ¹

"Then what should I do?"

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) [?]

Chapter One-Hundred-Ten

By ten o'clock, a gold duster came to a stop in front of Bluelight restaurant, and Rome got down from the car.

Then he adjusted his cap before heading into the building with K walking a few distances behind him.

When Rome arrived inside, the only ones there were the staffs, Brook, Scar, and Blaze since he had booked the entire restaurant.

"Good morning, boss!" The three of them said in unison when he came closer to them.

After Rome took a seat at the table, it didn't take long for the restaurant door to open and Mr. Davis walked inside.

Noticing the hostile atmosphere, Mr. Davis humbly approached the table, avoiding meeting K, Scar, Brook, and

Blaze's eyes.

Then he took a seat, looked at Rome, and said, "I came as you asked."

Without uttering a word, Rome took out his phone from his pocket, rested it flat on the table, and clicked on his gallery icon.

As he scrolled through his photos, Mr. Davis kept his eyes focused solely on the screen, and when Rome arrived at the pictures of him, he felt his heart skip a beat.

In silence, Rome selected all the photos. Then he glanced at Mr. Davis before deleting them.

Afterward, he took the phone, dropped it to the floor, and stepped the heel of his shoe into it.

A look of shock clouded Mr. Davis's eyes as he watched Rome repeatedly step on his phone, damaging the screen

entirely.

"Evidence destroyed." Rome coldly uttered, after picking up the broken phone from the floor and dropping it in a glass of water on the table.

A sigh of relief escaped Mr. Davis' lip as he rested back in his seat and smiled.

Narrowing his eyes at Mr. Davis, Rome showed his hand to Brook, and hastily, Brook put a brand-new phone on Rome's palm.

"How do I know that you didn't back up the photos on that phone!" Mr. Davis asked with a hint of worry in his eyes as he sat up straight.

Keeping silent, Rome unlocked the phone screen, laid it on the table, and went into his gallery.

"I did back-up my data from that phone to this one. But I don't have any use for you, Davis, so your photos have

no reason being in my phone." Rome said, coldly staring at him.

For a moment, Mr. Davis gazed at the empty gallery. Then he nervously giggled, feeling relieved again.

"Well, I should get going then." Mr. Davis said, wanting to desperately get out of Rome's sight because he found his presence intimidating.

After waiting for a few minutes, and Rome said nothing, he stood to his feet and walked away, heading for the door.

But it suddenly opened and his wife walked in, causing him to stop in his tracks.

"Hellan, what are you doing here?" Mr. Davis asked, noticing a look of rage in her eyes.

Not saying a word, Hellan walked over to him and swung her hand towards his face, smacking him hard in the cheek

before shouting, "I followed you, you cheating bastard!"

For a moment, Rome stared at the couple. Then his eyes darted towards the ceiling when Hellan looked at him and coldly uttered, "I thought you came to meet one of the women you are cheating on me with!"

Immediately, Mr. Davis threw Rome a dirty look, assuming that he was the one who told on him to his wife.

But then she took out an envelope, slapped it against his chest, and shouted, "Is this why you came home late!"

Feeling speechless, Mr. Davis opened the envelope and realized that it wasn't the photos Rome had of him, but photos of him leaving a brothel at three a.m.

However, he still assumed that Rome was behind it until his phone buzzed,

and he stared at the screen and saw a text from Elijah saying, "An eye for an eye. I hope your wife is not as forgiving as my father."

Clutching his fist, Mr. Davis gazed at his wife and said, "I can explain."

"Well then, whatever you have to say, you can tell it to my lawyer!" Hellan shouted before walking out of the restaurant.

Swaying his gaze away from the door, Mr. Davis glared at Rome's causal expression. Then he ran after his wife.

"Two birds, one stone," Rome mumbled with a half-smile. ①

Then he stood from the chair, picked up his phone from the table, and walked out of the restaurant.

A few minutes later, as Mr. Orlando was driving the vehicle out of the parking lot, Rome's phone buzzed. He then

gazed at the screen, smiled, and answered the call.

"Stop at the store and let's have a meal together." Mr. Miller's voice echoed into his ear.

"Okay, I'm on my way," Rome said, feeling a sense of joy coursing through him.

By noon, the Duster pulled up in front of Mr. Miller's shop, and then Mr. Orlando stepped on the brake pedal. ①

After getting down from the vehicle, Rome headed inside.

When he walked into the kitchen, he stopped, and his lips curved into a smile as he stared at his father.

"You are here," Mr. Miller mumbled, placing the bowl of hot noodles on the table.

Then he frowned, staring at Rome for a

while before asking, "Why are you dressed like that?"

"Uh?" Rome absentmindedly mumbled.

"The cap, mask, and glasses, why are you wearing them?"

"Well..."

Seeing the look of hesitation in Rome's eyes, Mr. Miller scowled and angrily said, "You haven't told her yet! Are you kidding me, Rome!"

"I'm going to, soon." Rome gently uttered, removing his cap before taking off his shade and mask.

"How soon is soon?"

"I have already told you this before, father. After Catherine becomes her family's top inheritor."

Silence fell between them as Mr. Miller ignored him, walked over to the counter, and got the chopsticks. Then h

e walked back to the table, took a deep breath, and said, "I say forget everything and tell her the truth!"

"Dad, Catherine is so close to haven't what she always wanted. I can't ruin that for her." Rome calmly intoned. ²

Sighing heavily, Mr. Miller rested the chopsticks on the table and said, "Have you thought about how she's going to feel after she finds out that you've been lying to her for years, or what she's going to do!" ¹

"No, I haven't thought about it. I don't want to think about it." Rome said, feeling a tightness in his chest. ³

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