

## Chapter One-hundred-Eleven

When the early light of the sunrise beamed on Catherine's face, she turned to the right, resting her head on Rome's chest.

Then she slowly raised her lashes and deeply sighed, feeling a bit overwhelmed.

At that moment, she felt Rome's fingers caressing her hair as his voice echoed into her ear, "What's troubling you?"

"Today is the board meeting, and I just feel like I should let Richard have the position," Catherine mumbled, snuggling further into Rome's arm.

"I see. You have allowed Jeff to get in your head."

"Umm..."

Shifting in another position, Catherine rested her chin on Rome's chest and met his eyes.

Then she pouted and mumbled, "What do you mean?"

"It's called mind game. He is playing on your emotions to get you to willingly lose." Rome softly said.

"I know, but..."

"You are so close to gaining it all. Do you really want to quit?"

"No,"

Smiling, he tapped his finger on Catherine's nose and said, "That's what I thought. So go today and be great."

"Thanks, babe. I needed to hear this." Catherine said, exhaling softly.

At seven o'clock, the table was set for breakfast, and everyone was already

seated, except for Catherine and Rome.

However, a few seconds later, they walked into the dining room, and when Catherine locked eyes with Jeff, she raised her chin and maintained eye contact with him for a moment before sitting down.

Afterward, Rome took his seat, and they ate in silence.

"So, you found someone to replace us," William mumbled, frowning at his food.

"Yes, and if I could switch you for a better son, I would. I can't believe I have been living under the same roof with wolves!" Mr. Barlow lashed out in anger, feeling his rage from yesterday resurfacing.

"Honey, you know what Doctor Len advised. You can't get worked up anymore. It's not good for your health." Madam Rosey gently said.

"Maybe if I didn't have disgraceful children, I wouldn't be in a poor health condition!"

"Are you blaming me for not birthing good sons! Your blood runs through their veins, so maybe you should be pointing your finger at yourself!"

The sudden rise in Madam Rosey's voice immediately made the dining room fall silent.

Clearing his throat, Mr. Barlow stared away from his wife and focused on his food.

After breakfast was over, one after the other, everyone left the dining hall and headed out of the mansion.

A while later, Mr. Barlow's car came to a stopped in front of the DreamTeam building, and it didn't take long for Richard's vehicle to arrive in the parking lot.

Then a few seconds later, Rome slowed down Catherine's sedan a few distances away from Jeff's car and brought it to a stop. ①

Within a few minutes later, they all arrived inside the building, and since there was only a few minutes left for the board meeting to start, Catherine, Jeff, and Mr. Barlow went to the board room while Rome waited patiently in Catherine's office. ①

After taking their seats around the oval table, a lady came into the room and served everyone a drink. Then she rolled the trolley out of the room and shut the door behind her.

Feeling overwhelmed by nervousness, Catherine picked up her coffee and since it was lukewarm she drank it all in one go.

There was a salty taste on her tongue afterward. But not wanting to

complain, Catherine set the mug down and took in a deep breath.

However, when the meeting began, she started feeling dizzy and lightheaded.

Striving to stay awake, she gently shook her head and sat up straight.

About five minutes into the meeting, Catherine slowly started losing herself, and she could barely keep her eyes open.

But unlike her, Richard was extremely active in the meeting, and quick to respond to question thrown at him.

"Miss, Catherine," A lady called out to Catherine after addressing a question to her and she didn't respond.

"Catherine!" Mr. Barlow shouted, glaring at his granddaughter.

Finally, she forced her eyelids opened and looked at him. Then she smiled and giggled softly before squeezing her eyes

shut for a moment.

"I think I need to take a nap," Catherine mumbled, resting her head on the table.

"What is this! You must be kidding me!

" A fellow lashed out with a frown.

Raising her head, Catherine scowled at him and harshly said, "Can you shut up! I need to rest, okay! So keep your lips sealed!"

"Wow, unbelievable!" The fellow shouted as he watched Catherine rested her head back on the table.

The board members looked extremely displeased by Catherine's behavior, and one of them stared at Mr. Barlow and firmly intoned, "It seems like your granddaughter doesn't take this position seriously!"

"Right! She knew she had such an important meeting today, and she didn't use last night to sleep!" A lady

said, sneering.

"And how can she turn the conference room into a bedroom!" An elderly-looking man stated.

Putting her brows together in a frown, Catherine stood up and shouted, "Can you all just shut up!"

When the room became quiet as everyone stared at her, Catherine smiled widely and mumbled, "Thank you!"

Then she sat back down, yawned, and laid her head back on the table.

A stunning elderly-looking woman gazed at Mr. Barlow and softly intoned, "Your granddaughter's behavior is unacceptable."

"This is not like her." Mr. Barlow mumbled, glaring at Richard.

For a few minutes, he stared at him



with one thought on his mind, 'Did he do something to make Catherine act this way?'

After staring at his grandson for another few two minutes and seeing no reaction of fear or nervousness from him, he swayed his attention to Catherine, and a frown crossed his face.

'Or is she acting this way to make me think Richard did something to her so I can give the position to her?' Mr. Barlow thought with a trace of anger in his eyes.

Then he stared at Catherine for a brief while with only one question on his mind, 'Is she playing us as Jeff said?'

After wandering in his head for a while, he snapped out of his thoughts and realized that the board members were staring intensely at him.

"Catherine!" Mr. Barlow shouted, slapping the table.

When she didn't respond or get up, he frowned and said, "You guys can go ahead and vote!"

Suddenly feeling uneasy and a bit nervous, Rome texted Catherine, "How're things going?"

When she didn't answer after a few minutes had gone by, he felt his awful gut feeling getting stronger.

So without any hesitation, he woke from the couch and left the office, heading straight for the conference room. ①

It took a while for all the board members to place in their votes, and realizing that Catherine had zero votes, Mr. Barlow stood to his feet and said, "My grandson will ascend to his uncle position."

Then he looked at Catherine and said, "Your cousin has gotten the position so

you can stop the act now."

But when she didn't respond, Mr. Barlow assumed that she was overwhelmed with shame and that's why she wasn't replying. So he turned to leave, but the room door suddenly opened and Rome walked inside.

When he saw Catherine's head resting on the table, he scowled at Mr. Barlow and coldly asked, "Why is my wife like that!"

"Because she still playing her role. Maybe after we leave she will have the face to get up." Mr. Barlow sarcastically said.

Ignoring his response, Rome rushed over to Catherine, tapped her on the arm, and mumbled, "Are you feeling under the weather?"

When Catherine didn't reply, he stared back at Mr. Barlow and frowned. Then he placed his finger to her nose and

realized that she was still breathing.

At that moment, Catherine slowly raised her eyelids halfway, stared at him, and mumbled, "I don't feel good."

Even though the anger Rome felt was causing his heart to pound, he kept it together and immediately lifted Catherine from the chair, securing his grips on her legs and arms.

Afterward, Rome carried her to the door. Then he stopped looked at Mr. Barlow and said, "Catherine was fine this morning. She didn't look sick or anything, and now she's like this, and you think she's what, acting! Are you sick in the head!"

"Who do you think you are talking to, you useless fool!" Mr. Barlow shouted, feeling a bit afraid that he might have read into things wrongly.

With his icy gaze fixed directly on Mr. Barlow's eyes, Rome coldly uttered, "

Pray that nothing happens to her, or else..."

Then he turned around and walked out of the room, striving to restrain all of his emotions.

But when Catherine suddenly clutched onto his shirt and whispered, "I feel drowsy," Rome's eyes got wet, and he mumbled, "I shouldn't have let you walk into that room alone."

The conference room was silent for a while since everyone was shocked about how Rome had talked to Mr. Barlow, but no one was more surprised than him.

"Why did I feel like a lower being just now when he spoke?" Mr. Barlow mumbled beneath his breath.

Then he glanced at Richard and thought, 'Could it be Catherine wasn't acting?' ③

## Chapter One-Hundred-Twelve

When the realization that Catherine might not be faking settled in, Mr. Barlow rushed out of the room.

A look of worry clouded Richard's eyes as he watched the door shut closed behind his grandfather. Then he swayed his attention to the coffee mug, sitting on the table.

A sense of relief coursed through Mr. Barlow when he caught up with Rome and Catherine at the elevator.

"We should take her home, and I will call doctor Len to attend to her." Mr. Barlow said as the door opened.

Ignoring him, Rome walked into the elevator, and even though he was annoyed by Rome's attitude, Mr. Barlow followed him inside.

After the door closed, Rome looked at

him and said, "I'm taking my wife to the hospital."

"What's wrong with doctor Len?" Mr. Barlow asked, striving not to lose his temper.

"Nothing. But I don't trust my wife in the care of anyone close to you people!"

"What! We are her family!"

"Sure! But even strangers treat her better than you all do. I have been in that household for two years, and you guys have not once treated her like she is one of your!"

Silence followed after his remark. Then Rome stared down at Catherine and said, "But that's a good thing because she's nothing like any of you,"

"What nonsense are you spitting out now!" Mr. Barlow lashed out.

"She's the only one with a warm heart."

"And we don't?"

"Exactly."

A frown settled upon Mr. Barlow's face. But he kept silent, realizing that he couldn't come up with a reply to Rome's statement.

A few minutes later, they got outside of the building, and as Rome was about to carry Catherine to her vehicle, Mr. Barlow said, "Let's take my car. You are in no state to drive."

Just for a second, Rome hesitated. Then he walked over to the black limousine, and after the driver had opened the door, he rested Catherine on the car seat before entering the vehicle.

Finally, after Mr. Barlow had gotten into the front seat, the driver took his place behind the steering wheel and drove off.



It took a brief while for them to get to the nearest hospital, and fifteen minutes after they arrived, Catherine was rushed into a medical room while Mr. Barlow and Rome waited patiently in the waiting room.

Staring at the hands on the wall clock, Rome was slowly losing his grips on his emotions, and he was becoming desperate for answers about his wife. ①

Even though it had been only ten minutes since Catherine was taken into the medical room, he felt restless, and as that feeling grew, he stood from the bench and started pacing back and forth.

Seeing the stress in Rome's expression, Mr. Barlow hesitated for a moment and said, "You truly love her."

Out of anger, Rome frowned and harshly stated, "Of course. What do you think!"

"That you only wanted to be with my granddaughter because of our family money."

"Your wealth is nothing to me."

"What is that supposed to mean!"

At that moment, the doctor approached them, disrupting their conversation.

"How's my wife?" Rome hastily inquired with worry in his eyes.

"Can we talk in my office?" The doctor gently asked.

"Yes,"

"Good, please come this way."

Without any hesitation, Mr. Barlow and Rome walked after the doctor, and a few minutes later, they arrived at his office.

Closing the door behind him, Rome took a deep breath to calm himself.

Then he turned to the doctor and waited for him to take a seat behind his desk before asking, "Is my wife okay?"

"Yes, she's fine now. But I want to ask if ... well if she is a drug user." The doctor said, staring at Rome and Mr. Barlow.

"No!" Rome firmly uttered as anger spiked in his eyes.

Frowning, Mr. Barlow looked directly at the doctor and asked, "What are you saying?"

"Well, we found a trace of GHB in her blood, and from her reaction, she might have consumed a bit much because a slightly higher dose makes you act like you are drunk and feel drowsy and dizzy, and that's the symptoms she had." The doctor calmly explained.

Drunk with rage, Rome clutched his fists so tightly that he felt his nails in the skin of his palms.

It took a while for him to get a grip on his anger. After he got in control of his emotions again, Rome looked at Mr. Barlow and asked, "Did Catherine drink or eat anything in the conference room?"

In annoyance, Mr. Barlow firmly uttered, "What?"

"Did she!"

"A coffee. That's what she drank!"

The force Rome spoke with and the authority in his tone had Mr. Barlow feeling inferior, and for some reason, he couldn't snap out of it.

"Catherine didn't eat anything after breakfast and she left the house fine. So that means someone mess with her coffee!" Rome mumbled, feeling a vortex of anger swelling in him.

"That is possible since GHB looks like

water and it has no smell." The doctor explained, hoping to aid in the situation.

Feeling confused, Mr. Barlow frowned and angrily uttered, "But who could do something like this?"

"That's for you to find out," Rome said, glaring at him.

Although he wanted so desperately to call Mr. Orlando and have him figure it out, he also wish for Mr. Barlow to be the one to find out the truth on his own, so he could finally see things clearly for Catherine's sake.

"Right, I will call Greg to send me the security cameras footage from the conference room, so I can get an image of the lady who served us our drinks. Then we can get the police to question her." Mr. Barlow said, pulling his phone from his pocket.

When he was on the phone with the

head of security from the company, the doctor gazed at Rome and asked, "Do you want to see your wife. She should be awake by now."

"Yes," Rome replied.

The doctor then picked up his phone and made a call.

A few minutes later, the door opened, and a nurse walked into the room. She was then ordered by the doctor to take Rome and Mr. Barlow to see Catherine.

With a friendly smile on her face, the nurse look at both of them and said, "Please follow me."

Then she walked out of the room with Mr. Barlow and Rome following her.

When they got to the medical room, a smile curved on Catherine's lip when she and Rome locked eyes.

At that moment, a feeling of relief

washed over him as he sniffed to stopped himself from crying. But his tears rebelled against him, and a few drops rolled from the corner of his eyes.

Then he walked over to the bed, sat beside Catherine, took her hands in his, and softly uttered, "Do you still feel dizzy? Does anywhere on your body hurt?"

"Not really. I'm feeling like myself again." Catherine said, slowly rubbing her fingers against his.

After Mr. Barlow got off the phone with Greg, he gazed at Catherine and felt ashamed to stare her in the eyes.

"I'm sorry. I have no excuse for the way that I acted in there." Mr. Barlow said with his focus on the floor.

"It's fine, grandfather. " Catherine mumbled with a sad smile on her lips.

After a few minutes had gone by, Mr.

Barlow's phone buzzed in his pocket. So he took it out and click on the message he got.

In his message inbox, there was a video sent to him from Greg, and without any hesitation, he clicked on it.

Even though he watched the part about the worker serving them drinks, he was curious about what happened after he left the conference room, so he kept skipping through the video until he reached the part when he walked out the door.

For a moment, Mr. Barlow stared blankly at the screen. Then a frown crossed his face, and anger glowed in his eyes.



## Chapter One-Hundred-Thirteen

At six o'clock, Mr. Barlow's limousine drove into the yard, and just a few distances behind it was Catherine's Sedan.

Both cars came to a stop in the garage, and Rome got down from the Sedan. Then Mr. Barlow and Catherine got out of his limousine.

Afterward, they headed into the mansion, and Mr. Barlow went into the living room while Rome escorted Catherine upstairs to their bedroom.

When Richard's gaze met with his grandfather's eyes, he felt his heart missed a beat as Mr. Barlow walked directly to him, and then he stopped a step away from Richard.

"Why did you take the mug?" Mr. Barlow coldly asked in a fit of anger.

"What mug?" Richard nervously mumbled.

"Don't play stupid with me!"

"I don't know what you are talking about grandfather!"

Everyone else in the room looked confused about Mr. Barlow's words, and giving in to her curiosity, Madam Rosey asked, "What are you talking about?"

"Catherine got drugged today, and the coffee mug that she drank from, Richard took it out of the conference room. So now, what I want to know is, 'why!'" Mr. Barlow asked, glaring at his grandson.

A frown swept across Jeff's face, realizing that his brother had messed up.

Overwhelmed with anger, Edward

looked at Richard and lashed out, "Can't you guys just let my daughter be! What has she done to have you all attacking her from every angle!"

"I didn't pay someone to drug Catherine," Richard boldly said, standing from the couch.

Sighing softly, Jeff slightly shook his head, feeling disappointed in his brother's reckless choice of words.

"I did not say you paid someone to drug her." Mr. Barlow coldly uttered.

At this point, everyone's eyes were on him, and Richard felt pressure by all the stares, but he wasn't willing to crack just yet.

Keeping a straight face, Richard walked past Mr. Barlow and then said, "I assumed that that is what you were speculating."

"That was a precise assumption. Don't

you think?" Mr. Barlow angrily asked, turning around to face him.

"Look. I feel bad that Catherine got drugged. But I didn't do what you are clearly accusing me of."

"Why take the mug then!"

"It was pretty, and I liked it. So I took it."  
"

The fact that his grandson was making a fool out of him was enraging Mr. Barlow, and yet he couldn't do a thing because the employee that served them that morning was nowhere to be found.

Also, since his family had suffered such tragic humiliations in the past, he didn't want to get the police involved, knowing that it would just damage their family reputation even further.

"Do not take me as a fool, Richard!" Mr. Barlow lashed out.

"I could never! What I say is the truth, grandfather. I'm not the one behind Catherine getting drugged." Richard casually said.

Even though he acted with a carefree attitude, he was feeling tense from all the questions, and he knew he had to get out of there, or else he would crack.

So, he ignored his grandfather's angry eyes and headed for the doorway. But as he was about to walk out of the living room, his way was blocked by Rome.

A half-smile surface on Richard's face, and he moved his lips to speak. But his words got stuck in his head when suddenly, Rome's fist viciously met with his right cheek, sending him a few steps back into the living room.

With rage burning in his eyes, Rome rushed for Richard's shirt, collared him, and dragged him toward the wall before slamming his back into the solid

concrete.

"How dare you hurt my wife!" Rome roared in his face.

Everyone else looked afraid as they watched Rome pressed Richard against the wall before landing a blow in his stomach.

"Ha...ve you lo-st yo... mind..." Richard mumbled, coughing aggressively as he tried to pushed Rome off him.

In a fit of rage, Jeff got off the couch and approached Rome from the back. But when he was only two steps away, Rome let go of Richard and turned around.

Then without holding back, he swung his foot at Jeff, stepping him in his stomach and causing him to lose his balance and dropped to the floor, landing hard on his butt.

"My wife is not to be tempered with!"

Rome shouted, clutching his fist.

With pride in his eyes, Edward smiled as he stared at Rome, feeling a bit glad that Catherine was married to someone who could stand up for her.

As fear beamed in her eyes, Madam Rosey whispered to her husband, "He has finally lost his mind. What should we do?"

"Nothing," Mr. Barlow mumbled.

"What, but..."

"He did exactly what I wanted to do to Richard."

"Honey..."

"It's time to see the truth, Rosey. There's no honest soul in this house other than our granddaughter, Catherine."

"What do you mean?"

After picking himself off the floor, Jeff scowled at Rome and lashed out, "You will regret this!"

Staring Jeff dead in his eyes, Rome glowered and said, "The only one who will have regrets is anyone of you who doesn't stay the hell away from my wife!"

Then he glared at Richard for a moment before storming out of the room.

"Who does he think he is to threaten us!" Anthony shouted in anger.

"Don't you think his behavior is strange?" His wife mumbled as she stared at him with worry in her eyes.

"There is nothing strange about his behavior! He's just a mad fool who has forgotten his place in this family!"

"But..."

Ignoring his wife, Anthony stared at his



father and angrily uttered, "Did you see what your useless grandson-in-law has done to my son and the bruises that he left on him! How do you plan to deal with that loser!"

"I will be doing nothing of such!" Mr. Barlow said, frowning at Anthony.

"This is unacceptable! He is supposed to sleep in prison!"

"So does your son. But, he's lucky that our family reputation is at stake, or else I would have tossed him in a filthy cell, so he can pound on his wrongdoings!"

The living room fell silent after Mr. Barlow's remark. Then he took in a deep breath and said, "I have an announcement to make at dinner. So I need everyone at the table by nine."

Afterward, Mr. Barlow walked out of the room, and even though he didn't state why he needed everyone at dinner, they knew what he was going to

say.

The bathroom door opened, and Catherine walked into the bedroom. When she saw the state Rome was in, she walked over to the bed, sat down, and asked, "What's troubling your mind?"

"How do you feel about us moving out of here and getting a place of our own?" Rome asked, raising his head to meet her eyes.

"What?"

"I don't want what happened today to repeat itself, and I'm worried that it might happen again."

Not knowing what to say, Catherine kept quiet, and Rome waited for a while, then when a few minutes passed without her answering, he realized that that wasn't what she wanted.

So he sighed and mumbled, "Forget

what I said."

Finally getting over her shock, a look of excitement sparkled in Catherine's eyes, but as she was about to speak, the sound of a gentle knock echoed into the room, so she left the bed.

When Catherine opened the door, she stared at the maid and softly uttered, "What is it?"

"Your grandfather request your presence at the dining table." The maid humbly replied.

"Tell him we will be down soon."

"Okay,"

After the maid left, Catherine stared at Rome and said, "How about dinner, and then we can talk afterward."

"Sure," Rome mumbled, waking from the bed.

A few minutes later, he and Catherine

walked into the dining hall and took their seat at the table.

When Catherine saw Richard's bruised face, she looked at Rome for a moment before looking at her grandfather.

"Now that you all are here, I want to make an announcement!" Mr. Barlow said, standing to his feet.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

## Chapter One-Hundred-Fourteen

After gazing at everyone's faces, Mr. Barlow firmly said, "I have finally come to the decision that Catherine will be the family's top inheritor."

The dining room fell silent, and even though no one was shocked about Mr. Barlow's announcement, only a few people felt happy about the news, and that was Madam Rosey, Edward, Catherine's mother, Mr. Barlow, and Rome.

Although Catherine wanted to feel happy, she was still processing the reality that she had just gotten what she always wanted.

"Richard will be revoked from Elijah's position, and Catherine will take his seat among the board of directors." Mr. Barlow calmly uttered, glaring at his grandson.

After a few seconds of staring coldly at Richard, he looked at Catherine and said, "I will call Mr. Quincy tonight and have him get all the legal documents ready. Hopefully by tomorrow we can make it official."

Finally, reality settled in, and Catherine felt an overwhelming feeling of excitement coursing through her.

Then she looked at Rome for a moment before doubtfully staring back at her grandfather and saying, "To make it clear, I'm not divorcing my husband. So if there is any weird requir..."

"I personally still think that you could do better than him." Mr. Barlow said in annoyance.

"Grandfather,"

"But since you are the only one among your cousins who still has a conscience and is competent to my expectation, I

can overlook that you are married to a nobody."

Without uttering a word, Jeff suddenly stood up. Then he glowered at Catherine before walking out of the dining room, and hastily leaving his seat, Richard followed his brother.

When both brothers got upstairs and arrived in Jeff's room, Jeff turned around, scowled at Richard, and lashed out, "Catherine wasn't supposed to go to the hospital! She should have been fine within four to twenty minutes, and everyone would have assumed that she was just acting!"

"I instructed Berta to put only a small amount in the coffee as you told me to," Richard mumbled beneath his breath.

"Well, clearly she didn't and messed up the plan! Also, what were you thinking, taking the damn mug!"

"I didn't want to leave evidence behind!"

"

Staring at his brother in disbelief, Jeff sighed and said, "This is what I get for allowing an amateur to do something important."

There was a brief pause. Then Richard asked, "What now?"

"I will handle things myself." Jeff absentmindedly said.

"What does that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing. Now get out!"

A hint of fear spiked in Richard's eyes as he stared at his brother for a moment before walking out of the room.

Even though Rome tried not to get bothered by how Jeff and Richard left the table, he couldn't, and every time he looked at Catherine, he felt even more worried.

Resting her fork on the plate, Catherine



raised her brows and mumbled, "Can we do the document signing in the evening? I have to attend the conference with Mr. Ford tomorrow morning."

"Sure," Mr. Barlow said, feeling a sense of relief again as he realized that Catherine was definitely the right choice.

After smiling softly at her grandfather, Catherine unintentionally gazed at her grandmother, and Madam Rosey thought it was time to speak what was on her mind.

"I'm proud of you, dear. Your grandfather is not wrong for giving you the position as this family's top inheritor because you work for it and deserve it." Madam Rosey said, grinning at her granddaughter.

Those words brought tears to Catherine's eyes because at the end of

the day all she ever wanted was for her grandparents to see her potential.

Swaying her attention off Madam Rosey, Catherine stared at Rome and softly smiled.

Although it didn't show in his expression as he gazed at her, he felt nervous that the time had come for him to be honest with her and tell her the truth.

After dinner was over and they went back to their room, Catherine shut the door. Then she gazed at Rome and when he noticed her staring, he mumbled, "What is it?"

"I saw the bruises. Richard was responsible for what happened to me today, right?" Catherine asked without taking her eyes off him.

"Yes,"

"And that's why you want us to move

because you are worry about my safety."

When Rome nodded, Catherine softly smiled as she walked away from the door. Then she sat down beside Rome, looked him in his eyes, and said, "Having a place of our own without any drama sounds amazing."

"Are you saying what I think you are saying?" Rome said with a sparkle of excitement in his eyes.

"Yes. Let's move out. But we can break the news to the family the day after tomorrow."

"Okay,"

With a look of hesitation in his eyes, Rome took a deep breath, and was about to tell her who his true identity was when Catherine suddenly said, "We could tell them tomorrow..."

Then she slightly frowned and mumbled, "But it's going to bring up

contradicting feelings, and I just don't want anything ruining my mood because I want to wholeheartedly feel happy tomorrow for accomplishing what I have always dreamt of."

Pausing for a moment, Rome calmly stared at her and thought, 'Then I will tell you the day after tomorrow.'

With her eyes fixed on his, Catherine slightly giggled with tears in her eyes and said, "I have you to thank for me getting this far."

"Umm?" Rome mumbled, snapping out of his head.

"Thanks for being a supportive partner and for not allowing me to give up."

"Of course, you are my wife. I'm always going to be there for you through thick and thin."

By eleven o'clock, Catherine was sound asleep in Rome's arm, but he couldn't

find sleep because still feeling troubled about what had happened to her.

So after listening to the silence in the room for a while, Rome reached for his phone and texted his father, "Can you send someone to pick up Catherine tomorrow and have securities detailing her car."

After a few minutes had passed, his phone buzzed, and when he gazed at the text, "Sure," on his screen, he finally felt sleep overtaking him. <sup>3</sup>

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

## Chapter One-Hundred-Fifteen

There was a knock on the front door of the Barlow's mansion, and when Susanna opened it, she questionably stared at an older-looking gentleman standing on the balcony.

"Good morning, I'm here to pick up Miss Catherine." The fellow said with a gentle smile.

"Okay, but how should I address you when I'm passing the message on?" Susanna asked.

"Tell her that I'm Romney, one of Mr. Ford drivers, and he sent me to pick her up and take her to the conference."

"Okay, please wait here."

After shutting the door, Susanna walked away, heading upstairs, and when she got to the last stair, she bumped into Jeff.

"I am so sorry," Susanna hastily said.

"Why are you in a rush!" Jeff lashed out in annoyance.

"Well, Mr. Ford sent someone to pick Miss Catherine up, and I'm on my way to tell her. I'm sorry again."

"Hmm,"

Walking past her, Jeff frowned as he thought, 'Catherine isn't taking her Sedan,' Then he pulled his phone out of his pocket as he continued heading down the stairs.

"Babe, professional workwear, smart casual, work-appropriate attire, or formal?" Catherine asked, staring at Rome.

For a moment, he gazed at all the clothes she had placed on the bed, and he knew she would look great in all of them.

But he also understood that she wasn't going to decide even if he told her she would look great in any one of them because he could see how indecisive she looked, so he smiled and said, "Formal, "

Withdrawing her focus off Rome, Catherine gazed at her black suit with a grey silk tank top, smiled, and said, "I guess we got a winner."

At that moment, Susanna knocked twice on the door and then waited.

"I will get it," Rome said, getting off the bed.

Then he walked over to the door, opened it, and asked, "What's up, Sus?"

"There's a guy name, 'Romney,' who claimed that Mr. Ford sent him to pick up, Miss Catherine." Susanna gently uttered. ⓘ



Overhearing their discussion, Catherine stared at Rome's broad back and mumbled, "Mr. Ford did what?"

"He sends someone to pick you up," Rome said, feeling relief as he stared back at her. ①

With a look of hesitation in her eyes, Catherine mumbled, "Oh, but I was planning on driving my car..."

"Well, we can't send the driver back, can we?"

"It will be rude to do so, but are you okay with it?"

"Yes, I am."

In that instant, Catherine's phone buzzed, and she hastily picked it up, seeing that it was Mr. Ford calling. ①

After answering, his voice flowed into her ear, "Good morning, I apologize for the sudd..."

"It's nothing to apologize for, and it's truly fine." Catherine calmly intoned.

"That's good then. See you a few minutes from now."

"Okay, and thank you."

Once Mr. Ford had ended the call, Catherine gazed at Rome and said, "I should get ready."

A few minutes later, Catherine came downstairs, fully dressed, and two steps behind her was Rome.

As they were walking past the living room, Mr. Barlow's voice caused them to stop in their tracks, "Good morning, dear!"

With a blank expression on her face, Catherine walked into the living room, feeling completely shocked that her grandfather greeted her first.

"Good morning, grandfather and

grandmother," Catherine said, staring at the gentle smile on Madam Rosey's lip.

"So Mr. Ford sent someone to pick you up," Mr. Barlow said with pride in his eyes.

"Yes,"

"That's amazing!"

Hearing the excitement in her grandfather's voice, Catherine looked at him, and when their eyes met, Mr. Barlow said, "Don't forget that you are a Barlow, and you will be representing the family today at that conference, so be at your best behavior."

"Of course," Catherine said, trying not to sound annoyed.

Silence followed after her remark, and Rome saw it as an opportunity to greet Mr. Barlow and Madam Rosey, so he gently said, "Good morning..."

"Mr. Ford is really generous to our dear Catherine. Imagine if he had a son, won't that be perfect for our granddaughter." Madam Rosey boldly uttered, giving Rome an icy stare.

Widening his eyes, Rome slowly scratched behind his ear before looking the other way.

"Grandma," Catherine mumbled in annoyance.

"Your grandfather might have given in to your idea of you staying married to him, but I can't stand his rebellious attitude."

"Grandmother..."

"How can he be so arrogant when he's worth nothing! Did you see what he did to your cousin?"

"Don't you know what my cousin did to me!"

Frowning, Madam Rosey glared at Rome and mumbled, "I have no excuse for what Richard did. But your husband's attitude was barbarian! It's just proof of how much class he lacks, and I'm worried that he wouldn't be able to represent you in public."

"You don't have to worry about me, grandmother. I'm capable of making a sound decision."

After her remark, Catherine looked at Rome. Then both of them walked away, leaving Madam Rosey staring furiously behind them.

When Rome and Catherine arrived outside, a frown crossed his face when he saw Jeff waiting by the front door.

"Good luck on your conference, cousin," Jeff said, reaching out to pat Catherine on her shoulder.

But Rome gently pulled Catherine to his

left, securing her in his arm, and walked away with her.

"Good morning, Si... Miss." Romney hastily said as he stared away from Rome and focus on Catherine.

Then she softly smiled at him and said, "Good morning."

Without any hesitation, Romney opened the back door of the SUV for Catherine.

But as she was about to get into the backseat of the car, she turned around, looked into Rome's eyes, and tiptoed to reached his height before resting her lips against his and kissing him gently.

After their lips parted, she smiled and said, "I love you."

Then she got into the car, and Romney shut the door behind her.

"Get her to that conference safely,"

Rome mumbled beneath his breath.

"Yes, sir!" Romney whispered before rushing to the driver's door and getting behind the steering wheel.

With his eyes focused on the black SUV, Rome watched it drive away. Afterward, he walked back to the mansion, and when he got to the door, he stopped and stared at Jeff.

For a moment, both men coldly stared at each other. Then Rome walked into the house, slamming the door close.

It was exactly eleven-thirty when the noise from his ringtone cause Rome to pick his phone from off the bed. Then he smiled as he stared at the screen, answered the call, and silently listen.

After a few seconds had gone by, the smile on Rome's face faded, and fear clouded his eyes.

Then he jumped off the bed, hastily

wore his shoes, and ran out of the room.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K)





## Chapter One-Hundred-Sixteen

When Rome got downstairs, he saw Edward walking towards him, but he marched straight past him without uttering a word and left the mansion.

Puzzled by Rome's behavior, Edward headed into the living room, and when he saw Mr. Barlow and Madam Rosey, he couldn't stop himself from asking, "Did something happen?"

"No," Mr. Barlow mumbled with his focus on his newspaper.

When Madam Rosey saw her son staring at her, she calmly uttered, "Why did you ask?"

"Well, I just saw Rome. He looked stressed and was leaving in a rush." Edward mumbled, recalling the look of distress he saw in Rome's eyes.

"I don't concern myself with matters of

someone who doesn't matter."

"Right,"

Still feeling uneasy about Rome's appearance, Edward took a seat on the couch.

It took a while. Then Mr. Barlow's phone buzzed on the couch, so he rested his newspaper on the table, picked up his phone, and answered the call.

After listening in silence for a few minutes, Mr. Barlow's eyes grew dull, and he immediately stood from his seat, causing his wife and son's attention to draw to him.

They both impatiently waited for him to get off the line, and when he finally did, Madam Rosey asked, "What happened?"

"We need to get the entire family down to Silver Crest hospital." Mr. Barlow

anxiously said.

"Wait, what? Why?"

"Because Catherine is there!

Apparently, the SUV she was in got run over by a micro truck."

Immediately, Edward stood to his feet with a look of fear in his eyes. Then his trembling hand covered his mouth as he tried to get controlled over his emotions.

With moist eyes, Madam Rosey stood to her feet, took out her phone, and made a call to Chloe.

When her granddaughter answered, she said, "You and Dash need to get to Silver Chest Hospital now."

"Why? Is my grandfather ill?" Chloe's voice echoed in her ear.

"No, Catherine was involved in an accident."

"Oh. Okay, we will be there."

The lack of emotion in Chloe's voice totally shocked Madam Rosey. But she ignored it and ended the call.

At that moment, William came into the living room, and he immediately froze, seeing the look of devastation on everyone's faces.

"What's going on?" William asked, staring at his father.

"Catherine was involved in an accident."  
"Mr. Barlow answered as he strolled through his phone for Elijah's number.

"Catherine was involved in a what?"  
Anthony asked from the doorway before walking into the living room.

Swaying his attention away from his mother, William looked at his brother and said, "An accident."

With a deadpan expression, Anthony

asked, "How bad is it?"

"I don't know. One of the staff from the hospital called me to inform me about the accident, but they didn't include the state she's in." Mr. Barlow hastily uttered as he dialed Elijah's number.

Then when his call got answered, he said, "You and your wife need to get to Silver Chest Hospital."

"Why?" Elijah's cold voice echoed from the speakers.

"Catherine was involved in an accident, and she's there!"

"So!"

"She's your niece..."

"Was,"

Frowning, Mr. Barlow lashed out, "If words get out about her accident, the press is going to get involved, and after ruining our image in the public eyes so

many time, it's time to act like family. And this will help our image!" 2

"I'm not a Barlow, remember." Elijah casually said from the other end of the call.

"I don't care! Just get to the hospital and act like one! We can't afford more rumors spreading about us! "

"That seems like your problem."

With a touch of rage in his eyes, Mr. Barlow lashed out, "I haven't cut Chloe ties with the family name yet. Push me, and I will!"

"Fine, I and Dina are on our way!"  
Elijah's harsh voice echoed into his father's ears.

After Mr. Barlow had hung off the call, Richard and Jeff entered the living room, and noticing the sadness in Edward's eyes, Jeff calmly asked, "What's going on?"

"Catherine was involved in an accident,  
" Anthony said, questionably staring at  
his son.

Staring in shock at his father, Richard  
asked, "What! How?"

"A truck ran into their SUV." Mr.  
Barlow said, putting his phone into his  
pocket.

With a shaky smile on her lips,  
Catherine's mother walked into the  
living room and nervously asked, "Who  
car got hit by a truck?"

"The SUV that Catherine was in." Jeff  
casually said.

Seeing the tears swelling in his wife's  
eyes, Edward said, "Let's not think the  
worst, okay. We should get to the  
hospital first."

"A truck ran into their car, Edward, and  
I'm supposed to stay calm!"

Catherine's mother lashed out as her body trembled.

At this point, her face was wet with tears, and she had lost control of her breathing. Then with hate in her eyes, she looked at Jeff and Richard before focusing on William, Elijah, and Anthony.

Their only thought on her mind was that one of them made that accident happen, knowing that eliminating Catherine would open the way for someone else to become the family's top inheritor.

"We should get going." Mr. Barlow finally said, taking in a deep breath.

"Where are we going?" Charles asked, walking into the living room.

"To the hospital?"

"Who's sick?"



"No one. Catherine was involved in an accident."

Keeping his silence, Charles sneered and thought, 'I guess another opportunity has opened up.'

A few minutes later, all of them had got into their separate vehicles and drove out of the yard.

An hour later, their cars came to a stop one after the other in the parking lot of Silver Crest hospital.

Then they got down from their vehicles, and a look of satisfaction clouded Mr. Barlow's eyes as he stared at Dash, Chloe, Elijah, and Dana getting out of their cars.

Without saying a word to each other, they all headed into the hospital.

Pacing back and forth in the Silver Crest hospital private waiting room, Rome

rubbed the back of his hand against his nose and sniffed.

Then he stared at his phone, and at that moment, it began to ring, and he immediately answered the call, resting the phone on his ear.

"Father," Rome mumbled, sensing the restless feeling he felt growing stronger.

"He talked," Mr. Ford said from the other end of the call.

Swaying his attention towards the waiting room door, Rome watched it open, and as he silently listened to his father speaking, his expression hardened as he watched members of the Barlow family walk into the room.

After all of them entered and the door shut, Rome said, "I will call you back, father."

Then he ended the call, put the phone in the back pocket of his jeans, and

clenched his fists with rage blazing in his eyes. <sup>1</sup>

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) <sup>?</sup>

## Chapter One-Hundred-Seventeen

With his eyes fixed solely on Jeff, Rome walked directly up to him and coldly said, "Didn't I tell you to stay the hell away from my wife!"

"What are you talking about?" Jeff asked with a naive expression.

Staring coldly at him, Rome let out a bitter laugh. Then he turned his back to Jeff for a second before suddenly turning around and striking him in the nose.

"I told you Catherine was not to be tempered with!" Rome lashed out.

Feeling a warm liquid rolling from his nostril, down his mouth, Jeff felt infuriated, and giving in to his anger, he threw a punch, but Rome caught his fist before blowing the left side of his nose.

"Stop!" Madam Rosey cried in fear as she watched blood dripped from Jeff's nostril.

Ignoring her, Rome forcefully twisted Jeff's fist as he was trying to get over his nose pain, and with hurt in his eyes, Jeff screamed, hearing the sound of his bone crack.

"I don't like repeating myself!" Rome coldly uttered as the anger in his eyes glowed brighter.

Then he let go of Jeff's hand, and even though he still felt like beating the crap out of him, he tried to get his emotions under control, and let him be.

However, Jeff felt too humiliated to back down, so he rushed for Rome, formed a fist with his left hand, and threw it at Rome's jaw, knocking him in the cheekbone.

Without holding back, Rome grabbed

him by his shirt, almost tearing the collar, and swung him to the floor, forcefully knocking him down on the cold tiles.

Then he clenched his fingers into a fist and raised his arm, pausing for a moment as he stared coldly into Jeff's eyes.

"Don't you understand the word 'stop,' you fool!" Mr. Barlow lashed out.

"What! Have you lose your damn mind, you worthless idiot!" William shouted.

Scowling, Chloe rudely uttered, "Get your filthy hands off him, loser!"

"Did you become stupider than before!" Charles yelled in a fit of rage.

With a touch of anger in his eyes, Richard coldly uttered, "You are eager to sleep in jail, ain't you!"

Playing deaf to their remark, Rome

viciously landed his fist in Jeff's cheek and coldly uttered, "Stay down, or else I will hurt you really bad, and nothing will come out of it!"

"Who do you think you are to threaten my son!" Anthony lashed out.

Keeping his distance and silence, Dash frowned and thought, 'If only you all knew,'

Taking in a deep breath, Rome stood up. Then he stared at Anthony and coldly said, "I'm Rome, Rome Ford."

The waiting room fell silent, and everyone looked at Rome like he had just said something dumb.

"Right, and I'm Santa Claus!" Charles rudely uttered with a frown.

In annoyance, Madam Rosey scowled and angrily intoned, "I'm calling the police. Your rebellious attitude has gone too far."

In that instant, Mr. Orlando and K walked into the waiting room, and it suddenly grew quiet.

"What are you guys doing here?" Rome calmly uttered.

"Are you okay?" Orlando humbly asked, noticing the bloodstain on Rome's knuckles.

A look of disbelief crossed everyone's faces because they knew Mr. Orlando to be Mr. Ford's right-hand man, and the humble manner in which he spoke to Rome sent chills down their spines.

"I'm fine. But why you are both here?" Rome asked, staring at his bruised knuckles.

"Well, umm..." K mumbled, pausing when he saw Mr. Ford walking into the room.

Raising his brows, Mr. Ford stared at



the faces in the room. Then he gazed at Rome and said, "I thought you were alone."

At that moment, his gaze rested on the cut on Rome's cheek, and he subconsciously asked, "What happened to your face?"

"It's nothing, Father," Rome said, brushing his palm over his cheek.

Wrinkles formed on Mr. Ford's forehead as he stared at Rome, feeling shocked that his son finally acknowledged him in front of the Barlows.

Then he smiled and said, "That's good to hear."

Speechless, Madam Rosey's eyes frozen open as the reality finally settled in that Rome was Mr. Ford's son, and she forgot how to breathe for a moment.

"Wait a minute! He's a Ford?" Chloe

asked as her face became pale.

Narrowing his eyes at Chloe, Mr. Ford glared at her and said, "Yes, he's my only son and my sole heir."

A nervous laugh escaped her lip when she realized that her cousin was actually married to the son of the wealthiest man in the country.

But then tears suddenly welled up in her eyes, knowing that she wasn't the one married to Rome but Catherine was.

When his gaze unintentionally met Rome's eyes, Anthony gave a rictus grin. Then he stared down at the floor, feeling even more intimidated by Rome's presence, now that he knew who he was.

"I can't believe how stupid I was for being so close and yet so far from the truth!" Jeff mumbled as severe pain ripped through him while he tried to get off the floor.

After balancing himself on his feet, he gave a bitter laugh and said, "It's been you all along! You are the one behind the disasters in our family!"

Understanding what his nephew meant, Elijah felt consumed with rage, and giving in to his emotions, he clenched his fist, and shouted, "You bastard!" Then he swung his fist at Rome.

But K hastily caught Elijah's wrist in his grip, and then spun him around, and tightly locked his hand behind his back.

"Keep your paws to yourself and off my boss!" K coldly whispered into his ear.

With anger burning in his eyes, Mr. Ford glowered at Elijah and coldly uttered, "Watch what you say to my son! He's the only reason all of you are not beggars on the street because if it was up to me, I would have sunk you all to the bottom of the pit."

As a sense of fear overtook him, Elijah felt beads of sweat on his face. Then he squeezed his eyes shut.

"You were the one who made me lose everything!" Elijah mumbled while crying because he knew that he had been messing with the wrong person all this while.

"You all dug your own grave, I simply buried you guys in it." Rome casually said without any remorse in his eyes.

Silence followed his remark. Then Edward slightly shook his head, trying to come to terms with the fact that his son-in-law is someone with great power.

'No one is more right for your daughter than me. You should keep that in mind.' Rome's words echoed into Edward's head, making him finally understand what Rome meant that morning of Chloe's wedding.

'I have been against my daughter's success this entire time.' Edward thought, feeling overwhelmed with shame.

Then he gazed at Rome and doubtfully mumbled, "Why my daughter?"

"Because my wife is pretty amazing, and like I told you before, as her husband I'm going to support her."

Hearing Rome call Catherine his wife, Mr. Barlow finally understood that his granddaughter was married to a Ford, and she was actually the daughter-in-law of Mr. Ford.

When that realization settled in completely, Mr. Barlow felt discomfort in his stomach, chest pain, and out of breath. ①

Then before he could utter a word, he lost consciousness and fainted. As he was about to fall to the ground, Rome

caught him in his arms.

Looking at Mr. Orlando, Rome said, "Get medical help,"

"Honey," Madam Rosey shouted, awaking from her shock.

Finally snapping out of her thoughts and getting control of her emotions, Catherine's mother hastily said, "Which room is my daughter in?"

"Oh, my wife is at 'Golddust Hotel,' attending the conference." Rome calmly uttered with a faint smirk on his face. <sup>1</sup>

A look of shock took over the faces of all the Barlows, and with a trace of confusion in their eyes, they stared at him speechlessly. <sup>6</sup>

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## Chapter One-Hundred-Eighteen

The Barlows were still recovering from their shock when the nurses entered the room with a stretcher.

After they had attended to Mr. Barlow and rolled him out of the room with Madam Rosey following them, Catherine's mother finally found the courage to ask, "My daughter wasn't involved in an accident?"

"No, she got to the conference safely," Rome replied, coldly eyeing Jeff.

"But then the call from the hospital, and how devastated you looked when you were leaving the house..." Edward mumbled in confusion.

Focusing his gaze on his father-in-law, Rome said in annoyance, "Catherine wasn't involved in an accident. But that doesn't mean an accident didn't

happen."

Then he threw Jeff a dirty look and said, "Romney was in the SUV when the truck hit. Luckily the driver ran into the car from the back door side, and Romney only sustained a few head bruises."

Puzzled by Rome's remark, Jeff frowned and mumbled beneath his breath, "But didn't Catherine leave with this Romney guy?"

With anger in his eyes, Mr. Ford sent his text to Mr. Brown before calmly walking up to Jeff.

Then he met his eyes and aggressively patted his jaw continuously as he coldly uttered, "Stay out of this conversation, boy, or else you would need critical medical attention before the police take you from here. Got it?"

When Mr. Ford gave Jeff the last hard pat on his red cheek, he immediately



nodded with fear glowing in his eyes.

'Like father like son. I now see where Rome gets his hot temper from.'

Anthony thought without looking at Mr. Ford.

For a moment, Rome stared Jeff dead in his eyes and then he said, "Do you take me as a fool?"

Swallowing hard, Jeff shook his head and obediently mumbled, "No,"

"Well, it's only now that you don't because if you didn't take me to be stupid before you wouldn't have attempted to hurt my wife right after your brother's attempt." Rome coldly uttered, feeling a sense of rage resurfacing again.

"But how did Catherine get to the conference if the accident happened?" Elijah mumbled out loud in confusion.

Swaying his gaze to Elijah, Rome

scowled and said, "Five identical SUVs were detailing the vehicle Catherine was in, and Jeff's stupid farewell greeting to her before she left, alert me."

Striving not to fold his fingers into a fist, Rome angrily continued, "I made a call to Romney right after he and Catherine left the mansion and asked him to allow her to ride with Ted."

Not shocked about what Rome said, Dash eyed Jeff and thought, 'Your first mistake was underestimating Rome.'

Noticing the confused look in Jeff's eyes, Rome coldly uttered, "Then I informed Ted to take another road while the other four SUVs continued on the same route."

Silence took over the room as Rome strived to suppress the rage he felt just by thinking about what would have happened if he didn't make those

changes.

Then he paused for a moment before saying, "I knew that something was going to happen, but I didn't know what it was until I got a call from my father that Romney was involved in an accident. That's when I realized what your plans were for my wife."

With anger in her eyes, Catherine's mother glared at Jeff and said, "You really tried to hurt my daughter!"

"He didn't try to hurt my daughter-in-law, he wanted her dead!" Mr. Ford firmly uttered.

Feeling desperate and afraid, Jeff mumbled, "None of this is my doing! I swear, I would never try to kill Catherine. We are blood after all!"

Pulling his brows together, Mr. Ford looked at Jeff and coldly asked, "What did I tell you?"

"To keep quiet," Jeff mumbled, feeling weak in his knees.

"Right! And even if you do waste your energy on talking, you are not getting out of this one on your lies since the truck driver is in the custody of the police."

Staring dumbfoundedly at Mr. Ford, Jeff mumbled beneath his breath, "What!"

"Why do you think five cars were detailing Catherine's car? My men were able to catch him after he caused the accident." Mr. Ford said, narrowing his eyes at him.

A look of pure frustration crossed Jeff's face, realizing that there was no window of escape for him.

Hardening his face, Mr. Ford looked at his knuckles and mumbled, "I made him talk before sending him to the

police."

Then he locked eyes with Jeff and said, "So spare us the rubbish you are planning on saying."

Suddenly, Rome's phone buzzed, so he pulled it from his pocket, stared at the screen, and smiled.

Then he turned his back to the Barlows, answered the call, and said, "Hey, wife. How's the conference going?"

Pouting, Chloe felt her heart skip a beat, hearing Rome talk so gently to Catherine, and she felt envious, knowing that the man that she had always wanted has been in front of her all along.

"In the beginning, it was a little weird because I had to swap cars and Mr. Ford left a few minutes after I got here. But It's going well now." Catherine's voice echoed into Rome's ear.

Then he softly smiled and mumbled, "That's good to hear,"

"What are you up to?"

"Well, nothing."

Suddenly, the door of the waiting room opened, and Mr. Brown walked into the room with a few cops behind him.

When Rome saw them, he said, "Can I call you back later?"

"Sure," Catherine mumbled before Rome ended the call.

After waiting for Rome to put his phone away, Mr. Brown approached him and humbly said, "Good day, young Ford."

'The chief of police is here himself. My son has messed with a blazing fire, and he is going to burn badly if I don't do something.' Anthony thought with a look of fear in his eyes.

Then he stared at Rome, swallowed his pride, and calmly uttered, "I know what Jeff did was wrong, but since Catherine wasn't hurt, can you please forgive him."  
"

Ignoring him, Rome stared at Mr. Brown and said, "Make the arrest."

Without thinking for a second, Anthony dropped on his knee and cried, "Please spare my son!" 🕒

Frowning, Rome looked at Dash and asked, "What did I tell you when you got down on your knees before me?"

Immediately Chloe stared at her husband, scowling at him as she waited for him to say something.

But Dash ignored hers and the rest of the Barlows' stares and said, "You asked me if I would have felt regretful if I didn't know who you were?"

Focusing his attention on Anthony, Rome coldly said, "Can you sincerely answer that question?"

With a blank expression on his face, Anthony stared at the anger in Rome's eyes and knew that Rome wasn't falling for his act. So he stood to his feet, keeping his silence.

"You knew that Rome was Mr. Ford's son?" Chloe lashed out at Dash with rage in her eyes.

Noticing how angry she looked, Dash calmly uttered, "Yes,"

A frown crossed Elijah, William, Anthony's faces as they stared at Dash, and trying to avoid their gaze, he looked at Chloe.

But she scowled and frustratingly uttered, "Why didn't you tell me!"

"What!" Dash mumbled, feeling



confused.

In frustration, Chloe pushed her hair back and thought, 'If I knew the truth I wouldn't have stayed married to a fool like you, but would have been working to take him from Catherine.'

Swaying his attention away from Chloe, Mr. Brown gazed at one of his officers and said, "Arrest him!"

Without any hesitation, the officer walked over to Jeff and grabbed his wrist.

Even though he wanted to put up a fight, his body was too sour to do anything, so he allowed her to cuff his wrists.

Then he obediently followed along with the officer as she led him to the door while the other policemen and Mr. Brown walked after them.

However, when they were a few steps

away from the door, Madam Rosey walked into the room.

Immediately, she stopped, stared sadly at the handcuffs on Jeff's hands, and asked, "What happened?"

"Your grandson is under arrest for attempted murder." Mr. Brown calmly uttered.

For a moment, Madam Rosey stared at Jeff and pitifully asked, "So you did it?"

"Grandma, I..." Jeff said, pausing when he saw the look of disappointment in her eyes.

In that instant, Jeff felt upset, not because he regretted what he did, but because he got caught.

"Take him away," Madam Rosey said, walking past Jeff.

After the police had left the room with Jeff, Rome's expression hardened as he

stared at the rest of the Barlows and said, "I'm not playing cat and mouse game with you guys anymore."

Then he eyed Richard and coldly uttered, "Things just got real, and my first warning to this family is, 'Don't cross me!' Rule number two, 'Don't mess with my wife.' Is that Clear?" <sup>3</sup>

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) <sup>?</sup>

## Chapter One-Hundred-Nineteen

At first, no one spoke. Then Richard saw the way Rome gazed at him, and he half-heartedly mumbled, "Crystal clear."

After his remark, Elijah downheartedly uttered, "Sure."

"Those are rules that I'm willing to follow," William hastily said, feeling humiliated and filled with anger, and yet he knew he couldn't do anything about it.

When the room got silent, Rome looked at Charles, and for a moment both men glared at each other, then Charles took in a deep breath and half-heartedly uttered, "I can play by that rule."

Smiling suddenly, Chloe looked at Rome and sweetly said, "Brother Rome, I promise not to do anything to offend

you."

Staring at his wife, Dash slightly shook his head, knowing exactly what she was doing, and he wasn't the only one who did, everyone else knew what she was up to.

"Never call me such a title again! I felt disgusted when you did." Rome coldly uttered with a deadpan expression.

Glancing away from him, Chloe pouted and mumbled, "If that is what you want."  
"

Then she unintentionally gazed at Mr. Ford, and when he threw her a hard look, she hastily stared down at the tile.

Finally acknowledging Madam Rosey's presence, Rome asked, "How's your husband?"

With a gentle expression and calm eyes, she humbly uttered, "He suffered a mild heart attack. But it's not critical. H

e would be discharged today and would receive treatment from home."

Feeling relief that Catherine didn't have to get the bad news that her grandfather was hospitalized, Rome said, "That's good to hear. Don't worry about the hospital bill. I will cover it."

"Thank you so much!" Madam Rosey said, sounding extremely grateful.

Staring away from her, Rome gazed at Mr. Ford and asked, "When does the conference end?"

"Three o'clock," Mr. Ford mumbled, feeling confused by his son's question.

"Can you give me a lift there?"

"Sure,"

Focusing back on the Barlows, Rome coldly uttered, "What happened here, stays here."

Then he and Mr. Ford walked out of the

room with K and Mr. Orlando following them.

"Do you think he's going to tell her?" Edward mumbled to his wife.

With a touch of doubt in her eyes, she said, "I think so."

"What do you think she is going to say?"

"I don't know. But I hope divorce wouldn't be something she would bring up."

By two-fifty Mr. Orlando brought the car to a stop in the parking lot of the Golddust hotel.

As they sat silently in the vehicle, Rome stared at his father with a look of nervousness in his eyes.

"Good luck, son." Mr. Ford said, smiling faintly at Rome when he saw Catherine walking into the parking lot.

"Thanks," Rome mumbled, staring

away from his father.

Then as he tried to open the door, Mr. Ford said, "Now that your identity is out there. How about taking over from your old man and running the business."  
"

"Sure," Rome calmly uttered.

After hesitating for a moment, Rome pushed the car door open and walked up to Catherine.

When their eyes met, she gently scratched her cheek as she waited for him to get closer, and when he did, she mumbled, "I was just about to call you. What are you doing here?"

"I have something to say to you," Rome said, staring at the look of curiosity in her eyes.

"Okay, what is it?"

"Not here."



At that moment Ted approached them, and Rome looked at him and then said, "Give me the key."

Without any hesitation, Ted handed him the car key, and even though Catherine was shocked by that, she said nothing.

"Can we go somewhere private?" Rome asked without looking at her.

"Umm... sure," Catherine mumbled, feeling even more curious now.

But she followed Rome to the SUV, and both of them got into it. Then Rome drove out of the parking lot.

The entire ride was silent, and finally, Rome drove the car on the beach. Then he turned the engine off and took a deep breath.

"What is this about?" Catherine asked, staring at him.

For a moment, he gazed at the ocean. Then he focused on her eyes and said, "My real name isn't Rome Miller, but Rome Ford."

"I don't understand," Catherine mumbled, even though she knew what he meant.

"My father is Mr. Ford, and Mr. Miller is the man who raised me after I got separated from my father when I was eight and had suffered from amnesia because of an accident."

"You suffer from amnesia?"

Seeing the look of concern in her eyes, Rome mumbled, "yes,"

"So when did you find out about your real identity?" Catherine softly asked without looking away from his eyes.

It fell silent between them, and Rome took her hands in his, but her eyes

remained center on him. Then with a straight face, he said, "The day of our wedding."

At first, Catherine faintly smiled for a moment as she darted her eyes while staring into his.

Then when his words finally sunk in, she frowned with a touch of hurt in her eyes.

"But we have been married for a year and ten months," Catherine mumbled, slowly pulling her hands out of his.

"I know. But..." Rome said, pausing as he stared at her slack expression.

"Why did you wait for so long to tell me the truth?"

"Because..."

Glancing away from her, Rome tried to figure out how to put his thoughts into words.

At that moment a thought crossed her mind, and she felt a tightness in her chest as she stared at him.

"It's you, isn't it?" Catherine angrily uttered with a frown.

"What?" Rome mumbled, looking at her.

"The things Jeff said I did, you are the one who's doing it."

"Catherine..."

Seeing how angry she looked, Rome paused for a moment and said, "Yes."

Keeping silent, she took a long look at him and mumbled, "It's been a lie all along, and I didn't accomplish anything on my own."

Then she stared at the window and muttered, "This is annoying."

"All I did was shield you from your

family's bad intentions, but how far you have reached in your career has everything to do with you." Rome calmly uttered, hoping she would understand.

"We both know that's a lie. Your father literally just took me to a conference, and now I'm asking you, if I wasn't married to you would he have?"

"Maybe, no. But that doesn't change the fact that he loves your work, and every client that I have made you get is also impressed by your work. That's not my doing, that's yours!"

Taking in a deep breath, Catherine turned around and gazed at him, and when their eyes met, Rome said, "I might have mentioned your name in a room full of opportunities, but you were the one who prove your worth and potential, not me. So don't make me take credit for that."

"Okay, but that doesn't change the fact that you have been lying and making a fool out of me for this long..." Catherine mumbled beneath her breath.

"Catherine, the only thing different, is my last name and my status."

"Right, but is that all you have been lying about? I guess your work at the construction site is also a lie."

Pausing for a second, Rome took in a deep breath and then mumbled, "Yes."

"So what else have you been lying about? Is our love even real?" Catherine mumbled, crossing her arms.

It got silent, and when she stared at Rome, she saw that he looked a bit annoyed.

"Don't do that!" Rome calmly uttered.

"Do what?" Catherine whispered.

"Don't question my love for you."

"I'm..."

Hesitating for a moment, Catherine stared back at the window and mumbled, "I want to go home."

After a brief moment of hesitation, Rome started the car engine and stepped on the accelerator pedal.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K)



## Chapter One-Hundred-Twenty

As they all stared at Mr. Barlow, Elijah got sick of the silence in the study and asked, "Father, what is this meeting about?"

"I was told Rome gave us two rules to follow, not to offend him or Catherine." Mr. Barlow said with a straight face.

A look of annoyance crossed Anthony's face as he mumbled, "Yes,"

"Well, if that's the case, then it seems like Catherine is the only one keeping us away from total destruction." Mr. Barlow mumbled with a hint of worry in his eyes.

Taking in a deep breath, Madam Rosey sighed and worriedly uttered, "What are we going to do? This family has done and said so much to Rome. Do you really think Catherine can save us from



his wrath?"

"If Rome really wanted to ruin our family, he could have done that within a blink of an eye," Edward boldly said.

Narrowing his eyes at his uncle, Charles frowned and coldly uttered, "He did ruin our family!"

"Right, he has brought nothing but chaos since he arrived in this house!" Richard mumbled, clutching his fist.

"Both of you need to shut up!" Mr. Barlow lashed out.

Then he frowned and said, "The fact that he could have caused this much damage to us without even trying to ruin us, imagine what he could do if he did want to!"

The study grew quiet for a while, and after a few minutes had gone by in silence, Mr. Barlow said, "The only key to this family's success now is Catherine.

"

"What are you saying?" William asked.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door, and Mr. Barlow shouted, "Come in!"

Within a split second, the door opened and the family lawyer walked into the study.

"It's good that you are here, Mr. Quincy. Please have a seat. Catherine is not back home yet." Mr. Barlow said.

Although the family knew why Mr. Quincy were there, except for Mr. Barlow, Edward, his wife, and Madam Rosey, the others couldn't help but frown at the idea that Catherine was about to have it all.

The moment Mr. Quincy took his seat on the couch, the door suddenly opened, and Catherine walked into the room followed by Rome.

Seeing the stiff expression on both their faces, Catherine's mother whispered to her husband, "I don't think their talk went well."

"So it seems," Edward mumbled, feeling a bit worried.

Even though he noticed the tension between Catherine and Rome, Mr. Barlow jumped to his feet and happily said, "You both are back. That's great. Now that you are here, Catherine, we can start the paperwork."

"I won't be signing the documents," Catherine mumbled with a straight face.

A look of fear clouded Mr. Barlow's eyes, and he eyed Rome for a moment before gazing at his granddaughter, "Why?"

"I just don't feel like I've earned it, so you can give it to any of the others. I'm withdrawing myself from the

inheritance list." Catherine said without looking at Rome, even though he was staring at her.

Feeling desperate and afraid, Mr. Barlow hastily uttered, "I had a heart attack today!"

His remark shocked everybody, and they were curious about what he was going to say next, except for Rome.

Staring at the old man, he faintly smirked with calmness in his eyes.

"What? Are you okay, grandfather?" Catherine asked, suddenly feeling worried instead of angry.

"No, I'm getting old, dear, and my health is degrading. That's why I am resigning from the company." Mr. Barlow pitifully said, knowing that turning everything over to Catherine was the only way to save his family reputation and wealth.

"What..."

"I need you to take over my position as the Chairwoman of DreamTeam and oversee our family possessions."

Anger spiked in Elijah's eyes, and a sense of rage coursed through William while a feeling of pure hate consumed Anthony, and yet none of them spoke.

"You must be kidding me," Chloe whispered beneath her breath.

Glaring at Catherine, Charles sneered and thought, 'Unbelievable,'

As he strived to suppress his anger, Richard kept his eyes on the floor, knowing that he was powerless to do something about his grandfather's remark.

Finally getting over her shock, Catherine mumbled, "Grandpa, I can't..."

"

"Please, Catherine. It is the only wish of this ill old man. Your uncles and cousins have caused so much damage to the company. I can't trust no one else except you." Mr. Barlow pleadingly said.

Biting down gently on her bottom lip, Catherine paused for a moment. Then she sighed and mumbled, "Actually..."

Although she was about to tell her grandfather about who Rome was and that what Jeff had said had some truth in it, something clicked to her.

'Rome didn't do anything except expose my uncles and cousins for who they really were. So technically, they brought disaster on themselves, not him.' Catherine thought, finally looking at her husband.

Seeing how hesitant his granddaughter looked, Mr. Barlow let out a sigh and said, "I'm sorry for my ignorance in the past. But to be honest with you

Catherine, I see a lot of my young self in you." ①

Then he faintly smiled when Catherine met his eyes and said, "Your love for DreamTeam and how passionate you are about your work, is just how I was and still am. So what do you say?"

For a moment, Catherine looked at her father and he slightly nodded. Then she stared back at her grandfather and said, "Sure, I would love to."

'Checkmate.' Rome thought, smiling slightly as he realized that his last plan had become successful. ①

Then without uttering a word, he shoved his hand into his coat pocket and then walked out of the room.

With a trace of sadness in her eyes, Catherine stared at the door and took a deep breath.

A few minutes later, Catherine, Mr.

Barlow, and Mr. Quincy got done with the paperwork, and afterward, the lawyer left the room.

Still striving to come to terms with the fact that she was now the family top inheritor, Catherine gazed around the room, and that's when she realized something wasn't right.

"Where's Jeff?" Catherine asked, staring at her grandmother.

"He's in prison." Madam Rosey mumbled.

"What! Why?"

"The car that you left the mansion in this morning was involved in an accident. Jeff was the one behind it. The police arrested him this afternoon."

For a moment, Catherine blankly stared at her grandmother. Then she mumbled, "The cars switch,"



With tears beaming in her eyes, Catherine rushed out of the room. Then she pulled out her phone and called Rome.

When he answered, she sniffed and mumbled, "Where are you?"

"In our room," Rome said, staring out the window.

"Stay there. I'm coming to you."

"Okay,"

A few minutes later, Catherine walked into the bedroom, and when Rome turned his focus away from the window and placed it on her, Catherine sniffed aggressively and walked towards him.

Then she rushed into his arms and silently cried, hugging him tightly.

"I'm sorry," Catherine muttered, tightening her grips on his coat.

"Me too," Rome mumbled, wrapping his hands around her waist.

After crying her eyes out and calming down, Catherine lifted her head, met his eyes, and softly asked, "Do you really love me?"

Unable to hold in his laugh, Rome giggled faintly and calmly intoned, "Of course, I love you."

Then he raised her chin, leaned in closer towards her lip, and kissed her passionate. <sup>5</sup>

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

## Epilogue

Two days later, a knock on their bedroom door made Rome forget about wearing his tie and laid it on the bed. Then he walked over to the door and opened it.

When he and the maid's eyes met, she humbly uttered, "Sir, your fathers are here."

"Both of them?" Rome asked.

"Yes,"

"Tell them I will be down in a couple of minutes."

After Rome had shut the door, he turned around to see Catherine out of bed.

"I thought you were asleep," Rome mumbled, as he watched her wear her robe.

"Nope," Catherine softly intoned, staring at him.

Then she walked past Rome, headed for the door, and said, "I'm going downstairs."

Once she left the room, Rome took in a deep breath and smiled.

A few minutes later, he came downstairs, walked into the dining room, and saw Mr. Ford and Mr. Miller at the dining table, having breakfast.

"Don't you two have a place of your own?" Rome calmly asked, walking over to the table.

"You finally bought and moved to a house of your own. There's no way I'm not going to be the first to visit." Mr. Ford said without staring at his son.

"Right, I wanted to see the new place." Mr. Miller uttered, taking a sip of his

juice.

Then he smiled at Catherine when his eyes met hers and said, "Do you feel nervous about today?"

"Taking over the family business?"  
Catherine mumbled with a touch of fear in her eyes.

"Yeah,"

"To be honest, I am. I don't know what's waiting ahead for me."

"The fear of the unknown is a great force."

Swaying his gaze away from Catherine and Mr. Miller, Rome looked at Mr. Ford, and he seemed awfully quiet.

Breakfast went on in silence. Then when Rome got done with his food, he stood from his seat, and at that moment, Mr. Ford also rose to his feet.

Then he looked at Rome and said, "We

should ride together."

Seeing how serious his father's expression was, Rome didn't utter a word. Instead, he stared at Catherine and said, "Text me when you are done at work, so I can pick you up."

"But isn't Ted supposed to bring me home since he's the one taking me to the office?" Catherine asked, feeling a little bit confused.

"Yeah, but I have somewhere to take you later on."

"Oh, okay."

A sense of excitement coursed through her as she smiled at Rome. Then she watched as he left the dining room with his father.

A few minutes later, Rome and Mr. Ford were seated in the backseat of the vehicle as Mr. Orlando drove them out of the yard of Rome's \$1.6 billion

mansion he bought.

For a few minutes, the ride was silent. Then Mr. Ford sighed and said, "I know I have been behind you to take over from me, but are you ready?"

"Well, I don't think so. But I'm willing to work until I get it." Rome said, sounding a bit hesitant.

"Do you remember what I told you?"

"You have said a lot of things to me in the past, father."

For a few seconds, Mr. Ford said nothing. Then he took a deep breath and calmly uttered, "A life of great wealth gives you a lifetime of dangerous enemies." That's what I said. "

"I remember," Rome mumbled.

The car fell silent for a couple of seconds before Mr. Ford said, "Good.

You have already made a few enemies with the Barlows, and now that you are about to become known, there's no telling how many more you will have to deal with."

Then he looked at Rome and calmly uttered, "Life at the top is bittersweet, and you got to play your cards right if you want to keep standing your ground."  
"

"I understand," Rome mumbled with a feeling of tension in his neck.

"Great, now, when you walk into that board room, you are taken control of what have been destined for you all along. But remember that with great wealth comes a lot of responsibility."

"I will keep that in mind."

After getting dressed, Catherine came downstairs, met Mr. Miller at the bottom of the stair, and said, "I am leaving, father."



"Okay, once I'm done making a few homemade dishes for you guys, I will take my leave."

For a moment, Catherine smiled at her father-in-law. Then she walked away and left the house.

After getting in the backseat of the black limousine, Ted drove her out of the yard.

A while later, he brought the car to a stop in the DreamTeam parking lot, and security guards got down from the three SUVs that were following her limousine.

Then they rushed over to the vehicle, and one of them opened the door for her.

After Catherine got out of the car, she walked towards the DreamTeam building with ten men, wearing black suits, following after her.

The moment she arrived in the lobby, she saw her grandfather and father standing a few distances away from her.

Smiling faintly, Catherine walked over to them, and when she was only a step away from Mr. Barlow, he grin and said, "Are you ready?"

"As ready as I would ever be," Catherine mumbled, holding in her breath for a moment before exhaling.

Afterward, she followed Edward and Mr. Barlow into the elevator, and a few minutes later, its door opened.

Then she, Mr. Barlow, and Edward walked into the hallway, heading for the conference room.

When they arrived inside, all the board members were already seated, so Catherine walked alongside her father and grandfather, and they took a seat at the head of the table.


The room fell silent as Mr. Barlow took a deep breath. Then he calmly uttered, "The meeting for the change in leadership of this company has commenced."

There was a lot of mumbling going on in the room, but when the door opened and Mr. Ford walked in with Rome a few steps behind him, it suddenly became quiet.

Both father and son walked over to the head of the table and took their seat.

Then when Mr. Ford looked at Rome and slowly nodded, he stood to his feet, gazed at the faces around the table, and said, "Good morning. For the sake of introduction, I'm Rome Ford."

Suddenly, at the sounds of whispering started to arouse.

But then Mr. Ford calmly uttered, "Silence," and immediately it grew quiet. 

"To answer the question you all are thinking, yes, he's my son, and he's now the one in charge."

The day went on naturally, and by six Catherine was seated in her grandfather's office, which was finally officially hers, and she was texting Rome when the door opened.

"Chloe," Catherine mumbled with a frown before sending her message to Rome.

"Congratulations, cousin! I'm so happy for you." Chloe lively said as she took a seat.

"Ok-ay..."

"I know this visit is unexpected. But we are the only two ladies among all the men, maybe it's time we started working on our relationship."

"Oka...y,"

At that moment, the door opened and Rome walked in with a bouquet in his hand. Then the smile on his face faded.

"You are here already," Catherine mumbled as she stood to her feet.

"Yeah, I was already on my way up when you texted me," Rome calmly uttered, taking his icy gaze off Chloe and smiling at Catherine.

Then he watched her grab her purse and her phone and walked up to him.

Smiling at the flowers, Catherine reached her hands for them, and Rome handed them to her.

As her smile widened, she fixed her eyes on his and mumbled, "Thank you."

"Hello, brother-in-law," Chloe cheerfully said.

Ignoring her, Rome took Catherine's hands in his and led her out of the

office.

A few minutes later, she and he arrived in the parking lot and got into his car. Then Rome drove off.

After sitting in silence for a while, Rome mumbled, "Can you keep your distance from Chloe?"

"It's not like I wanted her in my office. She just showed up." Catherine softly uttered, smelling the flowers.

Swaying his attention off the road for a second, Rome stared at her and thought, 'I wish you can realized how dangerous your family is and cut ties with them. But you are not going to do that, are you?' Then he focused back on the road without saying a word.

At seven fifteenth they arrived on a bridge and Rome stepped on the brake pedal. Then he got down from the car, walked around the vehicle, and opened the door for Catherine.

Afterward, he waited for her to get out of the car before both of them walked over a few distances towards the edge.

"The night looks amazing," Catherine said, stopping while she stared at the sky.

But Rome didn't reply as he focused on his screen and sent a message.

A few seconds after his text, the sky was suddenly light up with fireworks.

Widening her eyes, Catherine smiled brightly, staring in adoration at the lit sky. Then she turned around and immediately froze as she watched Rome on one knee with a box in his palm.

"There are many ways to be happy in this life, but all I really need is you. So would you make me a complete man and take a place by my side as Mrs. Catherine Ford as I start this new

Epilogue

chapter of my life?" Rome softly asked.

"Yes, yes!" Catherine excitedly shouted as she sniffed back her tears.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 





Mysterious writer

## Announcement

A big thank you to everyone who read this novel and gave it a gem.

I'm grateful for the fact that you guys took interest in this novel and for every single coin you all spent reading it.

"A Billionaire In Disguise" wouldn't have become successful without such readers like you all, and for that I say, "Thank you."

Secondly, I'm not a big fan of writing one long book so, "A Billionaire In Disguise" got divided and will have a book two. <sup>2</sup>

So if that something you would want to read, please keep a "A Billionaire In Disguise" bookmark because I will be writing an author note to notify you all

when I'm about to publish book two on Goodnovel. <sup>1</sup>

I don't have an actual release date because I am still working on the plots, but once I'm ready, the announcement will be made.

That's all for now, and I hope you guys enjoyed reading book one as much as I enjoy writing it.

Also, I had a lot of self doubts why writing this novel, and I'm grateful for all the reviews, it kept me pushing myself to continue writing, and I will appreciate any future reviews.

P.s. I apologize again for all the late updates and making you all wait so long for the chapters. <sup>5</sup>

Sincerely, <sup>5</sup>

Author Rever.

