

Chapter Ninety-One

A look of anger crossed Mr. Davis's face and within a split second, he forgot who he was in.

“What!” Mr. Davis shouted before getting a grip on his tongue.

Pulling his brows into a frown, Rome gave him an icy stare without uttering a word.

There was a long pause. Then Mr. Davis suppressed his anger and mumbled, “Of course. Anything you say, I will not object. You can keep the photos until you feel ready to give them to me.”

After taking a moment to fight his urge to tighten his fist, he pitifully gazed at Rome, bent his back lower, resting his palms against his kneecaps, and pleaded, “I beg you not to send them to my wife. It will ruin my family and my

image. I will do anything you say!”

“Good, because I still have use for you,” Rome mumbled, dropping his phone on the couch.

Even though he felt hesitant to ask, Mr. Davis swallowed hard and mumbled, “What is it?”

“I'm not going to say what it is now. But I will inform you when I have a use for you.”

After keeping silent for a while, Mr. Davis nodded and said, “Okay. I will await your command.”

Then he stood up straight. But when he turned around to leave, Rome said, “One word to the Barlows about my identity, and these photos will make headlines along with the news about the sudden decline in your company process. Clear?”

“Crystal,” Mr. Davis said before

walking out of the room.

It became silent for a while. Then Mr. Ford cleared his throat and said, "That went well."

"Yeah," Rome mumbled, staring away from the door.

Then he gazed at his father as Mr. Ford opened a bottle of wine and pulled some in two separate glasses.

Afterward, he handed Rome one of the glasses, and the moment his son took a sip of the wine, Mr. Ford slyly smiled and asked, "Did I tell you that one of my friends is having a cruise party?"

Frowning, Rome set the glass down and said, "No, you did not."

"Well, he's having his fifty-five birthday celebration on a ship, and he invited me. Then he gave me another invitation to bring a plus one."

“Breakfast was a trap, wasn't it?”

With an innocent expression on his face, Mr. Ford chuckled and softly intoned, “Why would I feed you, just to trap you. I'm just letting you know that I have a separate invitation if you want to tag along with your lonely old man.”

“See, you are doing it again!” Rome said in disbelief.

“Doing what?”

“Trying to manipulate me!”

“I'm not!”

Smirking, Rome gave his father a side-eye and said, “That's good to hear because I'm not accompanying you.”

“Fine, I'm going to go alone. If I get drunk or ill, and someone asks if I have my family with me, I can tell them that I lost the love of my life, and my son doesn't care about me.” Mr. Ford

lashed out as he stood to his feet.

Smiling at his father, Rome thought, ‘What a sly fox?’

Then he sighed and said, “Fine. When is this party?”

“Next week Saturday,” Mr. Ford said with a sudden smile on his lips.

“I will be there.”

The corners of Mr. Ford's eyes crinkled as he smiled and said, “Great, I will call Jerry and get him working on your suit.”

“Okay,” Rome said.

For a moment, Mr. Ford stared at him before saying, “See you around son.”

Afterward, he walked out of the room, and Rome stared at the door for a few seconds, then his ringtone distracted him.

When Rome picked up his phone for the

couch and saw "My Wife" blinking on the screen, he hastily answered the call.

"Morning, wife," Rome said.

"I woke up, and you were gone without leaving a note or anything. Is there a problem?" Catherine mumbled as she took her car key from the dresser.

"No, not at all. I just had to get to work early."

"So you missed breakfast?"

"Yeah, but I will grab something to eat later with my workmates."

There was a brief pause as Catherine got a hold of her purse. Then she sighed and said, "I'm going to stop by at a cafe, get you some food, and then I'm going over to your worksite."

"It's fine. You don't have to stress yourself like that." Rome said, hastily waking up from the couch.

“I know. But I really want to, okay?”

“Okay, I will be waiting for you.”

After Catherine ended the call, Rome shoved his phone into his coat pocket. Then he rushed out of the room.

When he arrived outside, he hurried to the jeep, got in, and said, “Drive as if your life depends on it!”

Not asking any questions, Mr. Orlando stepped on the accelerator pedal and drove off at full speed why K was still struggling to wear his seatbelt.

“How long would it take to get to the construction site?” Rome asked, staring down at his phone screen.

“An hour and a few minutes.” Mr. Orlando said as he overtook another car.

“Catherine is going to be there in less than that. I should have told her something else.”

“What? Miss is going to the construction site?”

“Yes,”

“Ahh, this is not good. Do you know what to say to her if she gets there before us!”

“I don't, so make sure that she doesn't reach there first!”

Suddenly a look of horror spiked in Mr. Orlando's eyes as he stepped on the brake pedal and shouted, “Traffic!”

Then he looked at Rome's reflection in the V mirror and nervously asked, “Have you thought about telling her the truth? I mean, now looks like the perfect time?”

“How do you think that's going to turn out!” Rome angrily inquired while anxiously staring at his phone screen.

“Maybe she will appreciate your efforts

and be okay with you helping her to get to the top!”

“Wrong! When it comes to her family, Catherine has conscious towards them, but I don't! I don't care which one of them I get to drag in the mud, but she will because she soft.”

“True.”

“That's why she can't know the truth, not when I am so close to dragging the rest of her competition in the dust and making her the family top inheritor.”

Joy glowed in Mr. Orlando's eyes when the cars ahead of him started moving again.

“We just lost ten minutes because of this traffic. I hate this!” Rome mumbled, resting his palm against his forehead.

Chapter Ninety-Two

A black sedan came to a stop a few distances away from the construction site. Then Catherine got down from the car and walked towards the unfinished building.

A smile surfaced on her lips when her eyes caught a glimpse of a familiar face and she called out, "Pablo."

Even though that wasn't his name, he remember Catherine immediately and said, "Good morning, ma'am."

"Good morning. Is my husband here?" Catherine asked with a friendly smile.

"Yes, he's in the back, doing the last of his work. I will get him."

"It's fine. I will wait here for him."

After a few minutes had gone by, Catherine gazed down at her toes as she

pouted because Rome was taking long. ①

Then she heard, “Hey, wife,” and immediately, she lifted her head and chuckled as she stared at Rome, gazing back at her.

Unable to stop smiling, she walked over to him and used her thumb to slowly wiped the dirt off his face.

“Sorry that I came a bit late. The line in the cafe was long, and I had to wait for a while before getting my order.”

Catherine said, withdrawing her hand from his face.

“It's fine,” Rome mumbled, feeling quite relief.

Then he removed her hair from her face, tugged it behind her ear, and thought, ‘ I'm glad I got here before you. Orlando is a mad driver.’

“You must be hungry,” Catherine said, realizing that she was still holding onto

the bag.

“I am done with my shift. So, I'm going to clean up a bit, get changed, and then we can leave.” Rome said, avoiding her eyes.

Staring at the filthy-looking clothes on him, Catherine slightly nodded, feeling baffled about the fact that she didn't recognize those clothes. Then she watched Rome head back in the direction he came from.

A sigh of relief escape his lips as he stared at one of the employees, who was wearing only his boxer.

After getting changed out of the guy's clothes, Rome pulled out his wallet and took out a stack of hundred bills.

“Here's your two thousand dollars that I promise,” Rome said, handing the money over.

When he accepted the cash from Rome,

he took his time to check them and then said, “You must be crazy or rich to spend two grams on those rags. You are both, ain’t you.”

Without replying, Rome got dressed in his own clothes, took the guy's bag, and stuff his clothes into it before zipping the bag.

‘The things I do,’ Rome thought as he walked away.

When he reached outside, he walked over to Catherine, looked back, and said, “See you tomorrow, Pablo.”

Not saying a word, he watched Catherine and Rome walked away. Then after they got into her sedan, he took out a roll of money, smiled, and muttered, “You are welcome back anytime, Rome.” ①

After throwing the guy’s bag in the backseat. Rome focus on Catherine as she handed him the plastic bag.

Then she started the car and drove off, passing by the White jeep that was parked on the side of the road. ①

“Did you buy a few new items that I don't know about?” Catherine mumbled, keeping her gaze fixed on the road.

“Umm... Yes. But I won't say new. I have had them for a while.” Rome said, feeling a sense of nervousness.

“I don't remember them.”

“Hum, Really?”

It grew silent for a few minutes. Then Catherine smiled and said, “You have gotten a lot of things over the period of time, and I don't think I remember them all. So, yeah.”

A moment later, Catherine drove into the "DreamTeam" parking lot, and then she and Rome got down from the

vehicle.

When he and Catherine arrived in her office a few minutes later, it took a few seconds, then her secretary entered the room.

Afterward, she stared at Catherine and said, “Boss, the chairman just called, and he said that you should go to his office.”

“Okay, thanks,” Catherine mumbled, dropping her bag on the desk.

After her secretary left, Rome gazed at Catherine and said, “I should come with you.”

“Don't you want to eat?” Catherine asked, staring at the bag in Rome's hand.

“You haven't eaten either, have you?”

“Well, no.”

“Then we can both go to your

grandfather, and afterward, we can eat together.”

Feeling a bit hesitant, Catherine stared at Rome for a while. Then she let out a soft breath and said, “Sure.”

A moment later, Catherine and Rome arrived in Mr. Barlow's office, and they felt a bit shock to see, Anthony, William, and Charles there.

“Good, you are here. We can begin.” Mr. Barlow said with his gazed focus on Catherine.

Then he waited for her and Rome to sit down before saying, “Are called you four here because you guys have proofing yourself to be competent.”

Keeping his focus on Catherine, Mr. Barlow continued, “Some of you are quite capable than others. That's why I want to declare today that anyone of you who can get Elijah's clients to stay with our company, will get his

position.”

The room was quiet, but the tension in the atmosphere was high.

A frown plastered on Charles' face when he saw how intensely his grandfather was staring at Catherine.

After a few seconds had gone by in silence, Mr. Barlow cleared his throat and said, “That's all I called you all here to say.”

Even though William and Anthony wanted Elijah's position so desperately, they knew what would befall them if they ascended to that position, and yet they didn't want to make their father feel suspicious of them.

So William stood to his feet and said, “I will try my best father.”

Following his brother's lead, Anthony got off the couch and said, “Me too.”

“Don't worry, grandfather. I will work my hardest to make sure uncle doesn't take what rightfully belongs to this family!” Charles boastfully stated.

But Mr. Barlow didn't grab what he had said because he was focusing on his granddaughter.

“Catherine?” Mr. Barlow called out, seeing that she looked hesitant to speak.

“I will see what I can do, grandfather.” Catherine mumbled with uncertainty in her tone.

However, Rome slightly frowned and thought, ‘She's not getting those accounts.’

Chapter Ninety-Three

As Catherine and Rome left Mr. Barlow's office, she kept staring at Rome because he was silent the entire time, even after they arrived in her office.

After staring at him for a while and he didn't recognize her presence, she gently pulled onto his coat sleeve, and Rome finally turned his focus on her. ①

“What's on your mind?” Catherine asked.

“Mmmm, I was thinking about how stressful this is going to be for you,” Rome said with concern in his eyes.

Although that wasn't the thoughts that crowded his mind, it was still how he truly felt.

“It is going to be. But getting those accounts would help to stabilize

DreamTeam, and I wouldn't mind working hard to get them.” Catherine said, smiling faintly.

Staring directly into her calm eyes, Rome rested his palms on both her cheeks and thought, ‘I'm sorry. But keeping those accounts away from you is for your own good.’

When Catherine noticed the hint of hesitation in Rome's expression, she nervously smiled and said, “What is it?”

“Nothing,” Rome said, pulling his hands to his sides.

Then he walked over to the bag and started taking out the packages.

When he realized that Catherine forgot to buy water, he saw it as the perfect opportunity to do what he had in mind.

“There's no water. I should get us two bottles.” Rome mumbled, fixing his gaze on her.

“Okay,” Catherine calmly uttered.

After leaving the office, Rome left the building and headed to a local cafe.

Then he took a seat in the back, away from the window, and made a call.

“Hello, sir.” Mr. Davis humbly said from the other end of the line.

“I need you to call an emergency meeting among all Elijah’s clients,” Rome commanded, feeling disgusted by Mr. Davis’ sudden respect for him.

“But...”

“Don't give me an excuse. I need it done before five o'clock this afternoon.”

The line grew silent for a moment, then Mr. Davis’ voice echoed into Rome's ear, “Count it done, and be expecting my call before five.”

“Good,” Rome said.

Then he ended the call, got up from his seat, and walked over to the counter.

A few minutes later, Rome left the cafe, holding a bag with two bottles of water in it.

By four-fifteen, Catherine was sitting behind her desk, working on some papers, and Rome was laying on the couch, playing a game on his phone, when his ringtone disturbed both of them.

Seeing that it was Mr. Davis calling, Rome answered the call and without speaking, he listened, "I have gathered them. We are awaiting you at the Dallas hotel."

"Okay, I'm on my way," Rome said before ending the call.

Then he sat up, gazed at Catherine, and said, "I got to go. But I will meet you at home."

Although there was this long list of questions circling in her head about where he was going, Catherine restrained herself and said, “Okay.”

One hour later, after Rome left DreamTeam, a cab stopped him in front of Dollas hotel.

Then he paid the driver, got down from the taxi, and headed into the building.

When he got to the desk, the hostess gave him a friendly smile and asked, “How can I help you, sir?”

“I got a meeting to attend in this hotel,” Rome stated.

“Name,”

“Rome Miller.”

After focusing on her computer for a brief while, she stared back at Rome, and said, “Please follow me.”

Then she escorted Rome out of the lobby, and a few minutes later, Rome and she arrived at a huge door.

“This is my stop,” The hostess gently intoned before walking away.

The other clients seemed impatient as they looked at Mr. Davis, but since he was Elijah's biggest client and someone influential than them, they thought it best not to express their frustration and wait.

When the door to the conference room opened and Rome walked in, Mr. Davis jumped to his feet and rushed over to him.

Then he hastily said, “I hope it wasn't difficult to get here. I left a special message with the hostess at the desk and tipped her to bring you here the moment you arrive.”

One of the fellows gazed at Mr. Davis as

though he was going insane and then asked, “Why are you kissing up to the Barlows useless...”

“Rouge, Don't you dare finish your sentence!” Mr. Davis said as he glared at him.

“What?”

“Trust me. It's for your sake.”

Even though Rouge still thought that Mr. Davis was acting nut, he smirked and mockingly said, “Okay,”

Ignoring his remark, Mr. Davis focused on Rome and gently intoned, “Please take your seat.”

Then he rushed to the head of the table and pulled out a chair.

At this point, everyone had the same thought as Rouge since they were shocked that a wealthy man like Mr. Davis would lower himself to treat a

nobody with so much respect.

After taking his seat at the table and Mr. Davis had done the same, Rome slightly gazed at their faces, and then said, “For the sake of introduction, I’m Rome Ford. I called you all here to...”

Suddenly whispers arose in the room, and he didn't feel like wasting his breath, so he relaxed back in his seat and watched them mumble among themselves while keeping his silence.

“Is he really a Ford?” A lady whispered to Mr. Davis.

Without hesitation, he nodded and mumbled, “Yes! I saw him and his father together with my own two eyes. The Barlows family's good-for-nothing son-in-law is actually the only child to the wealthiest man in the country and beyond.”

“Oh, mine! How screwed they are!”

“Very screwed.”

The noise kept increasing until the clients noticed Rome coldly gazing at them while he slowly hit his fingertips against the table.

In a sense of panic, they all immediately quiet down and give him their full attention.

“Thank you. Now, as I was saying, I'm here to let you know that my uncle-in-law Elijah is a traitor to the Barlow family, and for that reason, he has automatically become an enemy to the Ford family.” Rome firmly said with dominance in his voice.

Then he paused as he watched fear clouded the eyes of the clients.

After waiting for a few more seconds, Rome said, “Also, DBA is not a company I plan on seeing flourishing. Do my words make sense to you all?”

“Of course. That's why I intend to keep working with DreamTeam.” Mr. Davis blurted out with a nervous smile.

Within a split second, the other clients were announcing their agreement with his remarks.

“Great! Now that we all are in agreement, I will like to suggest that you guys sign your projects over to William. After all, he is the second oldest, and he's as capable as his older brother.” Rome casually said.

At first, everyone felt a bit confused that he was vouching for William and not Catherine since she was his wife.

But they kept their questions to themselves and echoed out that they were willing to work with William.

After it became quiet again, Rome said, “Of course my wife, Charles, and Anthony are going to try and contact

you guys to get your projects. But I see William as the most suitable person.”

Now, everyone was thinking the same thing and that was, ‘Why William?’

But Mr. Davis ignored his thought and said, “Me, too. William is definitely the more suitable person for my project. Which is why I'm only going to work with him.”

Seeing that the others were looking a bit hesitant, Rome said, “I know this might be a bit of a setback for your projects, but I'm willing to compensate you guys for any delay my suggestion will cause you all.”

Not even a minute had gone by when the other clients started making similar remarks to that of Mr. Davis.

A while later after the meeting was over and the others had left, Mr. Davis looked at Rome and asked, “So is this what you needed me to do?”

“No, it's just a part of it,” Rome said as he stood from his seat.

Then he walked out of the room, leaving Mr. Davis helplessly staring at the shut door.

 Comments

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Chapter Ninety-Four

Just like the morning before, breakfast felt awkward for members of the Barlow family because Chloe, Elijah, and Dana weren't at the table.

However, Rome really didn't care, and he seemed to be the only one who had the appetite to eat.

His behavior was annoying a few people, but the one who seemed quite annoyed by Rome's carefree attitude was Charles.

Yet, he didn't want to upset Mr. Barlow anymore than his grandfather was because he was trying to keep up a reputable image in front of his grandparents.

After a few minutes of staring at his food, Mr. Barlow looked at Catherine and asked, "Do you have any plans on

how to get Elijah's clients back?"

I'm planning on making a few calls today and see where it goes from there." Catherine mumbled, feeling a bit overwhelmed by the sudden attention her grandfather had drawn to her.

Seeing that his grandfather was smiling at Catherine, Charles screwed his face into a frown, and so did Richard.

The fact that he wasn't even considered competent enough to help in getting Elijah clients made him realize that he was the last on the inheritance list.

But he wasn't the only one who noticed that. Jeff also had the same thought and so did Anthony.

Although neither of them felt happy to know that, they kept their silence.

"Anthony, William, how about you two?" Mr. Barlow asked, swaying his

gaze to his two sons.

“Well, I'm working on a strategy too,” William said, striving to hide his nervousness behind a smile because he knew he wasn't planning on making any advancement on Elijah's clients.

Since he had the same intention as his brother, Anthony faked a smile and calmly uttered, “It's the same for me, father.”

After waiting for a while and Mr. Barlow didn't talk to him, Charles looked at his grandfather and said, “I am working towards hosting a meeting with all the clients.”

“That's good, Charles.” Mr. Barlow halfheartedly mumbled without even gazing at his grandson.

Even though he felt enraged by his grandfather's attitude towards him, Charles suppressed it all in and focused on his food.

“Babe,” Catherine whispered, staring at Rome as he took a bite into his toast.

It took a moment. Then he gazed back at her and Catherine said, “I should get going to the office.”

“Okay. I'm coming with you.” Rome said, standing to his feet.

After Catherine and Rome had left their seats and walked out of the dining room, Charles got up from the chair, and said, “I should get going too.”

At nine o'clock, Catherine and Rome arrived at the DreamTeam building, and the moment she and he got into her office, she rushed behind her desk and took a seat.

Afterward, Catherine called her secretary, and then after a few minutes of waiting, she said, “Can you please get me the file of all Elijah's clients?”

In silence, Rome stared at his wife talking on the phone and felt a bit remorseful that he couldn't tell her not to waste her efforts.

A few minutes later, Catherine's secretary entered the office with a bunch of folders and settled them on her desk before she left the office.

Feeling frustrated in himself, Rome watched Catherine call the first number, and after she had talked on the phone for a brief while, he saw the look of disappointment in her eyes as she dropped the call.

After a few minutes of seeing her go through several calls and how disappointed she became each time, he knew he needed to get some air because the touch of sadness in her eyes was torturing him.

“Do you want something to eat?” Rome asked, standing to his feet.

“Uh,” Catherine absentmindedly mumbled with her focus still on the papers before her.

“I'm going out to get us some coffee.”

“Okay,”

As Rome watched her dial another number, he frowned. Then he walked out of the office and shut the door behind him.

After leaving the building, he walked a few distances, and then stopped at the sunset cafe, and headed inside.

When Rome got to the counter, he had just pulled out his wallet when he heard a familiar voice say, “Father, you can't be serious! This is my time to prove myself to my grandfather and you want me to give it up!”

There was a long pause. Then the voice echoed again, “So we are just going to

allow her to have the accounts, and then what?!”

Feeling a bit impatient, the cashier said, “Sir, what are you ordering?”

“Two cups of americanos,” Rome said, taking a few bills from his wallet.

A frown swept across Charles' face when he realized that Rome was the one in front of him.

Then he mumbled, “Okay, I understand, father,” before ending the call.

Afterward, he leaned his head to the left and gazed into Rome's wallet. Then Charles scowled and said, “That's a lot of money you got there.”

At that moment, Rome turned around, and his face hardened when he saw Charles doubtfully gazing at him.

“How does it feel living off my cousin's

money?” Charles loudly said.

“It feels really good.” Rome sarcastically uttered, putting his wallet into his back pocket.

Then he gave a smug smile as he stared at the look of shock on Charles’ face before focusing back on the cashier.

“You just wait! When I become the family top inheritor, I will make sure to slap that stupid smirk off your face!” Charles lashed out.

After accepting the bag, Rome turned around, looked Charles dead in his eyes, and then walked past him without uttering a word.

His silence enraged Charles to the extent that his veins were bulging on his hands as he tightened his fists.

At that moment, he got a phone call and he took a few seconds to calm himself down before answering the call.

A few minutes after talking on the phone, Charles smiled with a look of satisfaction in his eyes as he thought, 'You will regret your disrespect! When I am at the top of my family wealth you will be at my mercy, and your life will be mine to make miserable.'

When Rome got back to Catherine's office, he stopped a few distances away from the door and asked, "Are you good?"

"No!" Catherine mumbled, pacing back and front.

"What happened?"

"None of the clients wants to agree to schedule a meeting with me! Not a single one of them. They all got some excuse! This is frustrating!"

Seeing that she was on the verge of tears, he dropped the plastic on the table and calmly intoned, "Come here,"

Stopping in her tracks, Catherine gazed at him. Then she walked over to Rome, stood still, and pouted.

“You already have your hands full. How about you let your uncles handle this one, um?” Rome gently asked, taking her hand in his.

“Should I?” Catherine mumbled, feeling a bit uncertain.

“You should.”

“Okay. I was thinking the same thing. I just need a second opinion. So thank you.”

Pulling Catherine into his arms, Rome hugged her tightly and thought, I‘m glad you feel that way. Because I was just about to change my entire plan since you looked affected by this one.’

Chapter Ninety-Five

Although Rome wanted so desperately to ignore it, when Catherine tossed on the bed for the sixth time, he turned to face her.

Then he stared at her blinking lashes, chuckled, and mumbled, “This is the Seventh-day you’ve been doing this in the morning. What’s going on?”

It took a while. Then Catherine raised her eyelid, rolled on her side, gazing into his eyes, and said, “I get stressed knowing that I have woken up to another day and I haven't told grandfather that I have quit on getting the clients.”

“Then tell him if it's bugging you this much. We are in a new week, and you are carrying the same energy from last week. It's not healthy.”

“I know. But I don't want to get into an argument with my grandfather. Telling him that I quit will lead to that.”

Pausing for a moment, Catherine took a deep breath.

Then she got out of bed and said, “I'm just going to wait until one of my uncles or Charles gets the accounts, and then I wouldn't have to hear my grandfather telling me how disappointed he is.”

Trying not to sigh, Rome sat up and thought, ‘No one is trying to get in touch with Elijah's clients. Your uncles are headstrong about staying away from the accounts. I have to come up with a way to force some hands to get things moving.’

The sound of a gentle knock echoed into the room, so Catherine walked over to the door and opened it.

“What is it, Rosa?” Catherine asked as

she stared at one of the maids.

“Miss, your grandfather said that you should meet him in the study,” Rosa said.

A sense of panic rose in Catherine. Then she softly smiled and said, “Okay.”

After shutting the door, Catherine gazed at Rome and mumbled, “Do you think he's calling me to ask about the accounts?”

“You want me to come with you?”

Rome asked as he rested his feet on the cold tiles.

“Yes!”

“Okay,”

A few minutes later, Rome and Catherine arrived at the study door, and at that moment, her foot felt like they were frozen to the floor.

Then she gazed up at Rome's face, and

when he saw a look of hesitation in her eyes, he laced his fingers with hers and pushed the door open.

When they walked into the study, it wasn't shocking to them to see Edward and Anthony already there. 📖

After shutting the door, Rome led Catherine to a couch and both of them sat down.

“It's been a week plus and I haven't asked any questions because I wanted to give you guys sometime to work! But up till now, I haven't gotten any report from any of you.” Mr. Barlow said, feeling like he was about to lose the last of his patience.

Although Catherine wasn't planning on speaking first, when her grandfather stared at her, she cracked and blurted out, “None of Elijah's clients desires to work with me! I literally called all of them and neither of them wanted to

meet up with me.”

Hearing those words, Anthony and William seemed anxious and a bit shocked because they were sure that Catherine was going to get those accounts and Elijah's wrath was going to fall on her.

Although Mr. Barlow didn't appreciate his granddaughter's response, he uttered no further words to her and focused his attention on his sons.

“Anthony?” Mr. Barlow called out.

In that instant, Anthony felt his heart skip a beat, and he didn't know what to say because he had been doing absolutely nothing concerning getting the accounts.

“I'm working towards it.” Anthony finally said with his sight glued to the floor.

Sighing out his frustration, Mr. Barlow

glared at William and asked, “And you?”

Without any hesitation, William blurted out, “I have been running over a few better offers to present to the clients that would definitely beats Elijah’s offer, and once I'm done with it, I will host a meeting.”

In a fit of anger, Mr. Barlow lashed out, “Do you all think Elijah’s clients are going to be waiting around for you guys to finish whatever nonsense you all are up to!”

The room grew silent, and Rome thought, ‘Well, yes. Because I'm paying them to do so.’

“The future of DreamTeam is at risk and you all are acting recklessly!” Mr. Barlow shouted, losing his patience.

Then he gazed around the room and shouted, “Where the hell is Charles!”

Suddenly the door opened, and his grandson walked into the room, and he was all smiling.

“What report do you have concerning Elijah clients!” Mr. Barlow shouted as he watched him close the door.

“None,” Charles casually said.

Losing it completely, Mr. Barlow violently pushed a few folders off his desk, and as they hit against the floor, everyone quietly stared at him.

A few minutes went by in silence. Then Charles cleared his throat and said, “I may not have gotten uncle Elijah clients, but I did get the company a project that's worth a hundred million dollars.”

A look of excitement spiked in Mr. Barlow's eyes as he stared at his grandson, and it didn't take long for a smile to appear on his lips.

“Are you serious?” Mr. Barlow asked, feeling a bit doubtful, and yet overwhelmed with joy.

“Yes, I got the call last week that Lady Estelle wanted to sign her project with DreamTeam. After we had a little chit-chat, she found me extremely competent for the job.” Charles boastfully said with a touch of pride in his eyes.

Feeling bewildered by his grandson’s remark, Mr. Barlow mumbled, “Lady Estelle, the queen of fashion and the fourth wealthiest person in the country?”

“Exactly!” Charles said with great ego.

“You! You, my boy, are a lifesaver! Having Lady Estelle sign with us will boost business immensely!”

“I’m just doing my job as a faithful grandson.”

Raising his chin, Charles smirked and said, "That's not all the good news that I have."

A look of confusion settled on Mr. Barlow's face as he stared at his grandson. Then he asked, "What else could be more exciting than this?"

"The news that Lady Estelle and I are dating, and she wants to have dinner here with us tonight." Charles declared, widening his smile.

A feeling of worry overtook William as he stared at his father, noticing that he was deep into his thoughts.

Even though Charles could see that his grandfather looked hesitant, he wasn't stressed because he knew his grandfather couldn't protest against his announcement.

Stuck in a state of dilemma, Mr. Barlow felt like he needed to go against the fact

that Lady Estelle and Charles was dating because there's a "No romantic relationship with the clients" policy because it could damage the company image greatly.

But then again, his grandson was dating someone at the top of the social ladder, and the benefits that could give their family was huge.

At last, Mr. Barlow grinned and said, "Of course, you can bring her by for dinner this evening!"

Seeing how excited his grandfather was, Charles smirked and thought, 'A powerful partner and a multi-million dollar project is equivalent to the position of the family top inheritor.'

Chapter Ninety-Six

There were a lot of mixed emotions circling in the study, and everyone had some kind of feeling towards Charles's news, except for Rome since he felt like he had better things to think about than Charles' romantic affair.

Although Edward felt like his son should have given him a heads up before doing something this risky, he still felt like a proud father, and his hope of Charles becoming the family top inheritor was growing stronger again. ①

The only one who had a bad feeling towards Charles news was Anthony, and unable to keep up the act of a supportive uncle, he stood to his feet.

“Congratulations, Charles,” Anthony half-heartedly uttered.

Then he walked away from the couch and left the study.

Watching the door shut behind his uncle, Charles smirked, feeling like he was at the edge of victory.

“If grandfather has nothing else to say, then I will like to take my leave.”

Catherine calmly intoned as she stood from the couch.

“Everyone else can leave, except you. We need to talk.” Mr. Barlow said, staring at his granddaughter.

Even though Catherine didn't care about Charles's news, she feared what his news meant, and the moment her grandfather said those words, she guessed that her fear was about to come true.

Both Charles and William were curious about what the old man had to say to Catherine, and yet, they quietly left the

room.

It was now only Rome, Mr. Barlow, and Catherine in the room, and Rome didn't intend to leave even though Mr. Barlow threw him a dirty look.

However, when Catherine stared at him and faintly smiled, he knew she wanted him to leave and was telling him that she was going to be fine.

So he got up from the couch, walked out of the study, and shut the door behind him. Then he leaned against the wall and waited.

Now that it was just Catherine and her grandfather in the room, she felt a bit nervous and cold.

“Charles is proving himself to be capable again.” Mr. Barlow mumbled with his gaze fixed on his granddaughter.

Not knowing how to reply to his

statement, Catherine remained silent as she darted her eyes away from her grandfather.

“You know what that means, don't you?” Mr. Barlow asked, growing frustrated about his granddaughter's silence.

“Is it supposed to mean something?” Catherine asked, swaying her focus back on her grandfather's mad eyes.

“Don't play dumb with me, Catherine!”

“I'm not. I'm simply confused about where this conversation is heading.”

Knowing that her words were lies, Catherine strived to keep her face straight, so her grandfather wouldn't catch onto her lie.

“When do you plan to divorce that lowlife and marry a reputable man that will be worthy to stand beside you as this family's top inheritor!” Mr. Barlow

lashed out.

Frowning, Catherine took in a deep breath and thought, 'There it is.'

After a minute had gone by without her replying, Mr. Barlow huffed and sluggishly relaxed in his seat.

Then he scowled and mumbled, "Why do you have to be this headstrong?"

"And why can't you understand that I love Rome enough to give it all up." Catherine softly intoned with a sad smile.

Her reply enraged Mr. Barlow to the extent that he beat the desk and shouted, "There you go again with that stupid love remark! Love is not going to get you anywhere in life! Can't you see that!"

"No. I can't." Catherine mumbled without having a second thought.

“Then you must be blind!”

“I guess I am.”

At this point, Mr. Barlow was furious and he had had enough of their discussion since he realized that he couldn't get through to Catherine when it came to Rome.

“If Charles can get engaged to Lady Estelle, I will declare him as the family top inheritor on their engagement ceremony. You have till then to snap out of your stupidity!”

Without uttering a word, Catherine woke from the couch, stared at her grandfather for a moment, and then she walked out of the study.

After closing the door, she gazed at Rome, and he knew not to say anything because he could tell what she was feeling from the look in her eyes.

“Don't you have work today?”

Catherine calmly asked as she strived to act casual.

Since Rome had few things he wanted to do, he replied with a, “Yes.”

For a while, they walked down the hallway without talking.

Then Catherine turned around, gazed at Rome with a mischievous smile on her lips, and excitedly uttered, “I want to skip work and go somewhere fun.”

“Lets do it together!” Rome said without any hesitation.

“Just like that? Don't you have work?”

“We are partners in crime for life. If you skip work, I will do so too.”

As Catherine beamed at him, Rome smiled and thought, ‘I can still take down your uncle some other day.’

By eight o'clock, Catherine and Rome were dressed in casual clothes, and when they came downstairs and walked into the living room to greet Madam Rosey, she seemed too occupied with chatting with Charles to acknowledge their presence.

However, out of respect, Catherine approached her and said, "Good morning, grandmother."

Ignoring her granddaughter, Madam Rosey cheerfully asked Charles, "What kind of food do you think lady Estelle likes?"

It hurt Catherine's feelings to get ignored by her grandmother. But she kept her cool, gazed at Rome, and said, "Let's go."

However, when both of them turned to leave, Madam Rosey frowned and lashed out, "Have your husband lost his manner, or did he become dumb

overnight and forgot how to greet his elders!”

Although he was pissed, Rome was about to turn around and greet, when Catherine grabbed his wrist and pulled him along with her.

With a smile on his lips, Rome calmly followed her, feeling proud of how much his wife had grown.

Even when she heard Madam Rosey cursing at them, Catherine remained silent and kept walking until they reached the garage.

Then she let go of Rome’s hand, and he stared at her blank expression, wondering what was going on in her head.

But after a minute had gone by, Catherine faced him and smiled before chuckling.

Then she giggled and said, “I can't

believe I did that!”

“Me either,” Rome mumbled, lowering his brows.

“Your attitude has rubbed off on me in a good way.”

“What?”

“I don't care anymore.”

Smiling softly, Catherine took a deep breath and asked, “Where are we heading first?”

“Anywhere you want us to go,” Rome mumbled, feeling confused about what Catherine had said.

Then he saw the calmness in her eyes and realized that his wife was becoming less affected by her family's ill attitude to both of them, and it was finally clear to him that his carefree behavior was affecting her.

The time drifted by naturally, and by

nine o'clock, Catherine and Rome came back to the Barlows mansion after spending the daylight having the time of their lives.

They were both exhausted, and the only thought on their minds was to get upstairs to their bedroom and go to sleep.

But as both of them walked in the hallway, a gorgeous-looking lady with blond hair and hot red lipstick on her lips approached them from the opposite direction.

When she got closer to Catherine and Rome, she stood still, causing them to stop in their tracks.

Then with her gaze solely on Rome's eyes, she slowly put a lock of her hair behind her ear and mumbled, "Hi, I'm Lady Estelle. But you can call me, 'Estelle.'"

Chapter Ninety-Seven

From the moment Catherine set her eyes on Estelle, she wasn't a fan of hers. But the lustful look in Estelle's eyes as she stared at Rome was getting on Catherine's nerve and making her really despise her.

With a cold expression, Rome gazed at Estelle for a moment. Then he narrowed his eyes and tried to walk past her, but she hastily rested her palm against his chest, causing him to stop.

“What do you think you are doing?” Catherine coldly uttered, glaring at her.

However, Estelle ignored her, fluttered her lashes as she drew her hand to her side, and sweetly said, “I'm sorry. I just want to ask where the bathroom was.”

“Estelle,” Charles called out as he

walked over to them.

When he came closer, she immediately looked away from Rome and stared at him with a sweet smile on her lips.

“Why are you here? I thought you were heading to the bathroom?” Charles asked as he rested his hand around her waist.

“I'm sorry, love. I lost my way, and I was just asking for direction.” Estelle softly uttered with a naive expression.

Feeling a bit weird out, Catherine frowned and thought, ‘Love? How long have they been dating for her to be so bold to call him such a name?’

Swaying her gaze away from Charles, Estelle focused her gaze back on Rome's eyes, and her lips curved into a gentle smile.

But Rome took Catherine's hand in his, coldly gazed at Estelle, and firmly said,

“Don't you dare touch me again!”

As he was about to walk away with Catherine, Charles lashed out, “What do you think you are telling my guest! Do you know who you are speaking to!”

“I don't give a damn who she is. What I do know is that I don't want her putting her hands on me, so keep her in line!” Rome harshly said.

Consumed by rage, Charles shouted, “You, good-for-nothing fool! Who the hell do you take yourself as!”

With rage glowing in his eyes, Rome let go of Catherine's hand and took a step toward him.

Out of fear, Charles wanted to take a step back, but in an effort to maintain his image, he stood his ground.

When Rome was just a step away from Charles, he fixed his icy gaze and said, “I will humiliate you if you don't get a

grip on your tongue.”

Then he swayed his gaze to Estelle and glowered at her before taking Catherine by the hand and leading her away from Charles and Estelle.

However, they didn't walk a far distance when the rest of the family came rushing into the hallway.

“What is going on here? We heard Charles scream.” Madam Rosey asked with a hint of worry in her eyes.

Then she frowned when her gaze rested on Rome, assuming that he might be the reason behind Charles's anger.

Now that he had backup, Charles was about to blurt out his complaints against Rome, when Estelle cut him off and softly said, “It's not something I want to see turn into an issue, so I'm hoping that we can all ignore it and get back to dinner.”

Knowing that she was someone of great importance, Madam Rosey swallowed down her anger and said, “Of course, and I apologize if Rome did something to offend you. He's useless in every aspect of his life except when it comes to causing problems for our family!”

With a half-smile on her lips, Estella gazed at Rome, and when Catherine glanced at her, she knew exactly what her stare meant.

So Catherine held on to Rome's hand and pulled him along with her as she walked away from the crowd.

Keeping her focus on Rome, Estelle slightly bit her lip and thought, ‘Good-for-nothing, useless, I don't think so.’

“We should get back to our dinner.” Madam Rosey said, still feeling quite annoyed, and yet she masked anger with a smile as she gazed at Estelle.

It took a few seconds for Estelle to stop looking at Rome. Then she gazed at Madam Rosey and said, "Sure,"

"Don't you want to use the restroom?" Charles said, striving to keep his rage under control.

"Oh, yes. Silly me."

"I will show you the way."

For a moment, Charles hatefully watched Catherine and Rome walked up the stairs. Then he rested his palm on Estelle's back and led her away.

Everyone else left for the dining hall, except Edward because he followed after his daughter.

When they arrived in their bedroom, Catherine slammed the door shut and angrily uttered, "Who does she think she is acting in such an absurd manner?"

Focusing on his sneaker, Rome tried to get his string untied. But then Catherine harshly said, “Did you see the way she looked at you!”

“Uh?” Rome mumbled, pausing as he lifted his head.

When he saw the anger in Catherine's eyes, he calmly said, “I didn't notice the way she was looking at me because there's only one woman that can catch my attention and that is you.”

The anger in Catherine's eyes slowly died down and she felt her face get hot as she tried not to smile.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door, and although they tried to ignore it when Catherine heard her father call out her name, she sighed out her frustration.

Then she walked over to the door, opened it, and blankly stared at him.

“You should come downstairs. We have a guest, and you know how your grandfather is when it comes to keeping the family image in front of strangers.” Edward calmly said, knowing that he had to watch his tone because Catherine wasn't the same as before, and the wrong word could trigger her to rebel.

“Father, Rome and I are exhausted, and all we want to do now is sleep,” Catherine said with less patience in her tone.

“Please,”

“Father, I...”

“I know you don't care about what happens to you in this family, but your mother and I are still a part of this family. What happened to Elijah and Dana isn't something I wish to see happen to both of us.”

“Dad,”

“Please, just come downstairs and behave like a member of this family. If you keep pushing your grandfather, you might just force his hands to act against us.”

Seeing the look of fear in her father's eyes, Catherine hesitated for a moment. Then she glanced back at Rome before staring at her father.

“Don't push your luck Catherine and come downstairs,” Edward calmly uttered before walking away from the door.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

Chapter Ninety-Eight

Against her better judgment, Catherine came downstairs along with Rome, and the instant they entered the dining room, the laughing and the chatting ceased.

Ignoring the hateful stares, Rome walked up to the table and pulled out a chair for Catherine.

After she sat down, he took his seat, and at that moment, his gaze swayed to the right, and he saw Estelle gazing at him.

Then she winked at him, and Rome felt like leaving the table at that exact moment.

But the fact that Catherine was trying to obey her father, he didn't want to ruin that for her, so he turned his attention to his plate.

“So, Estelle, that's your name, right?”
Jeff rudely uttered with a carefree
attitude.

“Jeff!” Anthony coldly said as he glared
at his son.

Although he wasn't happy about the
entire dinner and the sudden attention
Charles was getting, he didn't want to
belittle himself by showing any sign of
jealousy.

“It's fine.” Estelle gently said, “Yes,
that's my name.”

“What do you see in Charles?” Jeff
blurted out.

Without any hesitation, Estelle boldly
said, “He's good-looking.”

Chuckling softly, Jeff looked at Charles,
and then he said, “If you do like him for
his good looks, does that mean that any
handsome man has a chance with you?”

“Jeff!” Mr. Barlow called out, striving to keep his tone calm, even though his anger was off the charts.

“What? It's just a harmless question.” Jeff said with a half-smile.

“You can excuse yourself from the table!”

“Whatever,”

Frowning, Jeff stood from his seat, picked up his plate of pasta, and walked away.

“I swear, since I removed him from the inheritance list, he's becoming bolder than ever.” Mr. Barlow mumbled beneath his breath.

Then he smiled at Estelle and said, “I'm sorry, dear.”

With calmness in her eyes, Estelle smiled and mumbled, “It's okay.”

A few minutes went by, and everyone seemed to have let go of what Jeff had said, but not Catherine.

Her woman instincts were telling her that Estelle meant trouble, and seeing how she had been staring at Rome, Catherine believed that Jeff might have been rude, but his words carried truth in it.

After ten minutes had gone by, Rome's phone buzzed, and he pulled it out of his pocket.

Seeing that it was his father, he stood from his seat, gazed down at Catherine, and said, "I need to take this."

After she slightly nodded, he walked out of the dining room, heading out of the mansion.

For a moment, Estelle gazed at Charles and frowned. Afterward, she looked down at her phone, strolled to her

ringtone setting, clicked on a sound, and allowed it to play for a while.

Then she looked at Charles, staring at her, and said, “Excuse me.”

Standing from her seat, Estelle accidentally gazed at Catherine. But she ignored Catherine's icy stare and left the dining room.

“Dad, seriously. I don't need to do a suit fitting together with you since Jerry already knows both of our measurements.” Rome said with his back turned to the front door.

“Well, if you weren't so headstrong on keeping your identity a secret and not getting seen with me, I wouldn't be looking for excuses to hang out with you.” Mr. Ford said from the other end of the line.

“The party is a few days from now.”

“Yes, but I'm going to be lonely until

then. You see, life is a downer without your mother.”

“You are not manipulating me again.”

“Okay, fine! That was worth the try. But how do you feel about attending a conf...”

“Bye, Fath...”

A smile surfaced on Rome's lip when he felt a soft feminine hand grabbed onto his arm.

Then he turned around, and that smile instantly shifted to a scowled.

“Get your hand off me!” Rome coldly said as he gave Estelle an icy stare.

“Did you drink something strong? How can I touch you if we are miles apart? Wait! Are you speaking in metaphor!” Mr. Ford's harsh voice echoed into Rome's ear.

Pulling his hand from Estelle's grip,

Rome sneered and said, “Let me call you back.”

After canceling the call, Rome gazed at Estelle and asked, “What's your name?”

Toying with her hair, she simpered, looking him in the eyes, and said, “Este ...”

“I don't care!”

“Rude.”

Losing the cute appearance, Estelle's expression hardened as she stared at Rome and said, “Do you know how many men will die for my attention. You are just a no-good son-in-law and you are acting up.”

“If you have so many people dying for your attention, then give it to them, and stay the hell away from me,” Rome said, walking past her.

But Estelle grabbed his hand and said, “

A man like yourself with such an amazing physique is a trophy to treasure. Be mine and I will make the Barlows family envy the sand that your shoe touch.”

Yanking his hand from her grip, Rome snickered and said, “A woman like you is not worthy to be mine!”

In anger, Estelle raised a hand to slap him, but he grabbed her wrist, and said, “Count yourself lucky that the man that raised me will kill me if he finds out I hit a woman.”

The moment Rome let go of her wrist and turned around, his gaze rested on Catherine, and he froze.

Without uttering a word to Rome, Catherine walked past him and approached Estelle.

Seeing the anger in her eyes, Estelle gave a conceited smile.

But before she could get the chance to react, Catherine smacked her hard in the cheek, and as she was about to utter a word, Catherine landed another slap in her ear.

“Don't you know how to keep your hands off someone else's man!”

Catherine coldly said.

“What is wrong with you!” Estelle shouted, feeling too stunned to do a thing.

“What do you think you are doing hitting my girlfriend!” Charles shouted as he stormed towards them.

When he reached his cousin, he shouted, “Am I not speaking to a human! Did you become deaf a second ago! Or have you lost your damn mind!”

Not thinking for a second, Rome rushed over to Charles and knocked him to the ground.

Then Rome pressed his knee on Charles's back while pushing his head against the filthy grass as he violently pulling his hand behind his back.

“Didn't you get my warning, or do you really want to be humiliated!” Rome coldly said with anger glowing in his eyes.

Feeling his lips touching the dirt, Charles struggled to break loose, but his effort was meaningless.

“Rome,” Catherine mumbled when she heard Charles moan in pain.

Although Rome was hesitant, he let go of Charles's arm. Then he stopped pressing his left knee on Charles's back and stood up.

Afterward, Rome took Catherine's hand and led her back inside, carrying her straight to their room.

When they got into their bedroom, Rome took a moment to calm his fast beating heart.

Then he gazed at Catherine and asked, “Are you okay?”

“I'm worried about what my grandfather will do if he finds out what happened. We are screwed.” Catherine mumbled, covering her mouth with her shaking hand.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K) 

Chapter Ninety-Nine

For a long time Catherine laid wide awake with her eyes closed.

The event from yesterday night kept troubling her mind and each time she gazed at Rome, she was amazed and baffled at how he could sleep so soundly.

After staring at him for a while, she sat up, rested her feet on the tiles, and buried her face in her palms.

“Can't sleep?” Rome asked as he raised his lashes and gazed at her.

Shocked by the sound of his voice, Catherine looked back. Then she tried to smile, but her lips rebelled against her, and she was left with a stiff expression.

“I don't know...” Catherine muttered, pausing as she tried to figure out how

she felt at that moment and how to express it.

“Don't know what?” Rome calmly asked as he sat up.

Then he yawned, and at that exact moment, there was a knock on the door.

Seeing that Catherine was hesitant, Rome got off the bed, and headed to the door.

After opening it, he gazed at the maid and asked, “What is it?”

A minute went by in silence. Then she said, “Mr. Barlow is requesting you and Miss Catherine's presence in the living room.”

“Tell him we will be down soon.”

“Okay,”

When the maid walked away from the door, Rome closed it and gazed at Catherine.

Then she suddenly stared back at him, softly smiled, and mumbled, "It's time to face the music."

A few minutes later, Catherine and Rome came downstairs, and the instant they entered the living room, a frown immediately crossed her face.

"What is she doing here!" Catherine coldly uttered as she glared at Estelle.

Trying not to lose his grip on his anger, Mr. Barlow took a deep breath, and said, "I was infuriated last night, so I pleaded to Estelle for us to do this this morning because I want to be of sound mind to make my judgment."

Then he glared at Catherine and said, "So, I'm going to ask you this once. Did you slap lady Estelle?"

Without taking her icy gaze off Estelle, Catherine boldly replied, "I did."

Even though she was trying to keep it together, the smirk on Estelle's face was making it harder for her to do so.

“Catherine, this is not like you!”

Edward said, shocked by his daughter's response.

“Right. What has gotten into you?”

Catherine's mother asked with a frown.

Swaying her attention away from Estelle, Catherine stared at her parents, and straightforwardly inquired, “Did you ask her why I slapped her?”

The response she gave sent Madam Rosey's anger off the charts and she shouted, “Whatever stupid reason is there, you shouldn't have laid a hand on such an important guest!”

“Then she should have kept her hands off my husband, and maybe, I would have kept my hands to myself.”

Catherine blurted out in a fit of rage,

and even though she didn't mean to say it out loud, she wasn't planning on taking those words back.

“It's about your worthless husband again! Child, do you not know that some things are not worth fighting for, especially a thing that is of no value!”

“Grandma,”

With a touch of hurt in her eyes, Catherine scowled at Madam Rosey.

Then she stared at Rome to see if he was affected by her grandmother's remark, but his face bore no expression, and she couldn't tell what he was thinking or how he felt.

Taking in another deep breath, Mr. Barlow frowned and firmly said, “Apologize to Estelle for your assault on her.”

“What!” Catherine shouted in anger.

“You should be happy that Estelle is generous, and she's not going to keep last night's event at heart if you apologize.”

“What?”

With his eyes fixed on Rome, Charles scowled and mockingly intoned, “And her husband can also plead for my forgiveness, and I might reconsider not locking him up for what he did to me last night.”

“That's not going to happen.” Rome casually said.

Filled with hate, Charles was about to speak ill of Rome when Catherine interrupted him and said, “Yeah, I'm not apologizing to her either. She got what she deserved, and I don't feel remorseful for what I did.”

Both of their replies left Mr. Barlow, Estelle, Charles, Madam Rosey,

Edward, and his wife stunned and speechless.

It became quiet for a while since everyone in the room maintained their silence.

“I really didn't want to do this, but you have forced my hands!” Mr. Barlow uttered with anger burning in his eyes.

Knowing that his daughter had pushed her luck too far, Edward sighed out his frustration, fearing the words that his father was about to say next.

“Choose this family by apologizing to Estelle or rebel along with your husband and bear the consequences.” Mr Barlow said with no patience in his tone.

“That's not fair.” Catherine calmly intoned, striving to suppress her anger.

“Catherine, this is the last time I'm going to say this! It's either Rome or

this family, choose!”

“I did nothing wrong.”

Shutting his eyes for a moment, Mr. Barlow deeply inhaled. Then he stood to his feet and said, “Catherine’s name has been removed from the inheritance list!”

“Grandfather!” Catherine harshly uttered, lowering her brows.

“Your name will be placed back after your divorce with Rome is legal. Till you can leave him, your name stays off the list. My words are final!”

“What!”

Seeing that Mr. Barlow was serious, Rome was ready to blurt out his identity and forget about everything else.

But then Catherine shouted, “Does my hard work not count anymore. Why does my position as the family top

inheritor have to be secure by a man! If that's the case, I don't want it!"

Not wanting to let them see her tears, Catherine turned around and ran out of the living room.

'I can't believe that she gave it all up for a loser. What a fool!' Charles thought with a slight smirk on his lips.

Staring at her husband, Catherine's mother sadly shook her head and said, "I knew her marrying Rome was a mistake from the very beginning."

"This can't be happening." Edward mumbled, feeling a tightness in his chest.

With his gaze fixed on Rome, Mr. Barlow stood from his seat and walked over to him.

Then he stopped and said, "This is all your fault."

“We both know that's not true.” Rome uttered, keeping his cold gaze on Mr. Barlow's eyes.

Then he turned away from him and headed out of the living room.

When Rome got to their bedroom door, he turned the knob and realized that the door was locked.

“I want to be alone, please.” Catherine said from under the comforter.

“Okay, I'm not going to force you to talk. But can you open the door so I can get my phone and wallets?” Rome calmly intoned.

There was a long pause. Then he heard the knob turn, and the door opened a few seconds later.

Staring at Rome, Catherine pouted, took his hand and placed his phone and wallet on his palm before saying, “Here

you go.”

“Are you sure you don't want to cuddle and talk about this, or we can go out to ‘Sweets and pie’ and eat what we want?” Rome softly asked without taking his eyes off her.

After staring at him for a while, Catherine sniffed before closing the door slowly in his face.

Then she leaned against its wooden surface, wept her tears, and said, “Babe,”

“Yes,” Rome mumbled, resting his palm flat on the door.

“You know I love you right.”

“Mm, I know.”

“That's not going to change. I just want to be alone right now.”

“I understand.”

For a while, Rome stood at the door, wondering about his next move.

Then a thought crossed his mind, and he turned away from the door and headed down the hallway.

 Comments

 Vote (17.0K)



Chapter Hundred

The cab came to a stop in front of a huge fence, and Rome stepped down from the vehicle after paying the driver.

Then he walked over to the fence, rang the bell, and faced the camera.

When the light beamed from in the scanner, it flashed against his left eye for a few seconds, and then it went off.

It took a matter of seconds for the gate to open, and Rome headed inside.

After walking a few distances into the yard, he saw a golf cart approaching him so he stopped and waited.

“Good morning, young master,” Butler Hobson said as he brought the golf cart to a stop near Rome.

After getting into it, Rome glanced at Butler Hobson before turning his focus

ahead of him and saying, "Morning,"

Ten minutes later, Butler Hobson stepped on the brake pedal.

The moment the golf cart ceased movement, Rome got down and headed into the mansion.

"Where is my father?" He asked one of the maids.

"Master is in his bedroom." She humbly replied.

Without any hesitation, Rome ran upstairs, and after walking for while, he came to a stop in front of a huge door.

Suddenly, it automatically opened, and he headed inside. Then he stood still as he stared at his father.

"What happened?" Mr. Ford asked when he noticed the rage in his son's eyes.

"Morning, father," Rome said, walking

over to the king-size bed.

Then he sat on the mattress and gazed at Mr. Ford without talking.

Seeing the disturbed look on Rome's face, Mr. Ford firmly intoned, "What have the Barlows done!"

"Father," Rome mumbled, striving to calm down the rage consuming him from inside.

"Yes,"

"How about you take Catherine under your wing in the business circle? If she have a backing like you, her family wouldn't dare bully her."

"What, they bully my daughter-in-law! Give me a name, and I will have them on their knees and at her mercy in just a day."

"I can handle the Barlow, I just need Catherine secure and standing firm in

that house.”

There was a long pause. Then Mr. Barlow sighed and asked, “Are they still forcing her to get married to someone wealthy?”

A look of shock crossed Rome’s face, but within a second, he wasn’t surprised that his father knew things he wasn’t supposed to know.

“Yes,” Rome said, clutching his fist.

“You know you can bring that to a stop by telling them who you are, right?” Mr. Barlow calmly intoned. †

“Mmm, I know. But Catherine wouldn’t be happy knowing that she got to such a position because of her husband and not her hard work.”

“Rome,”

“I don’t want to have her doubting herself and her capability because of me.”

e. She's amazing with or without me, and if her family could just allow her to be great, she would fly high!”

The anger he had been holding in was slowly slipping out of his grip the more he talked about the Barlows, and his thirst to make them pay was becoming stronger.

“I can't be of much help with my current status in that household. That's why I need you to intervene.” Rome mumbled as he unclenched his hand.

Silence fell between them. Then a beaming smile surfaced on Mr. Barlow's face as he asked, “So you are giving me your permission to hang out with my daughter-in-law?” 2

Because of the look of joy in his father's eyes, Rome's anger started fading slowly, and he said, “Sure.”

“Yes!” Mr. Ford excitedly uttered.

“Father, what are you up to?”

“Well, I was about to ask you to go to this grand business conference with me. But now, I don't need you. I am going to ask my daughter-in-law instead!”

A sense of relief swept through Rome as he faintly grinned at his father.

Then he stood to his feet and said, “I got to get back to the mansion. I don't want Catherine to be alone for too long with her current state.”

“Of course.” Mr. Barlow said with a slight smile.

After staring at his father for a moment, Rome turned to leave. Then he stopped, turned back, and asked, “Can you blacklist DBA INC. in the business circle. I could do it, but it will be a bit of work.”

“Sure, I will make a few calls today. By

next week, DBA will make headlines.” Mr. Ford said with a please expression on his face.

Turning away from his father, Rome smirked and thought, ‘Good. Then next week, I will strike.’

After Rome left, it took a few minutes, then a maid walked into the room and stood still with her eyes fixed on Mr. Ford.

“Master, you sent for me?” She asked, slightly bowing her head.

“I won't be having dinner here, so tell the kitchen staff to not prepare anything for me tonight.”

A few hours later, Rome arrived back at the Barlow mansion, and as he headed inside, he met Catherine's mother in the hallway.

When their eyes locked, she scowled and walked up to Rome.

Then she stopped a step away from him and said, "Why can't you leave my daughter alone?"

Not wanting to offend her, Rome kept his silence, even though he was angry.

But that only seem to enrage her, and she raised her voice and said, "I know how it feels to be the outcast of a family because of your background! But..."

"Why did you stay married to Edward?" Rome humbly asked.

"Because..."

"You loved him so you endured it all, right?"

A got silent. Then Catherine's mother sighed and said, "Yes,"

"Will you make a different decision if the chance was given to you to start over again?" Rome asked without taking his eyes off her.

“No,”

“Then don't ask me to stay away from your daughter. You wouldn't be acting fair to us.”

For a moment, Rome stared at Catherine's mother. Then he walked past her and headed upstairs.

When Rome got to their bedroom door, he turned the knob and felt relieved that it wasn't lock.

After pushing the door open, he walked into the room and saw that Catherine was asleep. So he took off his shoe and laid down on the bed, beside her.

For a moment, he stared at Catherine. Then he closed his eyelids, and at that instant, he felt the bed move and a weight upon his chest.

Without opening his eyes, he wrapped Catherine in his arms and smiled.

The daylight when by naturally, and by eight o'clock, members of the Barlow family came into the dining hall, except for Catherine and Rome. ①

However, when everyone had taken their seat, both of them walked into the room, and even though they got a few stares, the two of them took their seats at the table.

Smiling, Jeff pulled some wine into his glass, picked it up from the table, and mockingly said, "I want to raise a toast to Catherine for joining us that have been removed from the inheritance list. How does it feel to be on the other side?"

Ignoring her cousin's remark, Catherine reached for her fork, and at that moment, a maid came rushing into the dining room.

"Sir, we have a guest!" She said with fear in her eyes.

In a fit of anger, Mr. Barlow lashed out, “Who could be so rude and less busy to visit someone's house at such an hour! Don't they know when to show up at other's homes!”

“That will be me.” Mr. Ford said as he stepped into the dining room with four of his bodyguards following closely behind him.

The entire room fell silent, and Rome's fork slipped out of his hand and down onto his plate as he stared at his father.

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