

Chapter 48: A shoulder to cry on

"You're angry but it's not because of me." Harriet said as soon as Damien returned to his room.

He was shocked to see that she was still there after what happened between them an hour ago.

He wondered why she waited for him to return.

Damien entered his room huffing and puffing in anger after what his conversation with his father.

"Go to your room, Harriett." He walked to his closet, completely ignoring her presence.

"I'm sorry but, do you think I came here because I want to spend time with your parents? Do you think I felt it was time to bond with your family so I decided to leave mine and be with yours?" Harriett was not happy with his behavior and she was not going to hide her feelings.

"Isn't that why you're here?" Damien chuckled dryly from the closet as he took off his clothes and changed into something more comfortable.

"Bullshit, Damien." She got up and walked into the closet, not even bothering that he was changing his clothes.

In this case, she would say he used to be her husband so it wasn't something she hadn't seen before but for her, it was different. Even though they were married for four years, she had never seen him half naked. Not even while he was asleep.

The night they slept together, he did it fully clothed due to his drunken state.

So, as Harriet's eyes caught sight of his bare chest which was ripped and arms that had swells in the right places, a blush slowly made it's way to her face but she was quick to shake it off. His chest was still wrapped in a bandage from his wound but it did nothing to hide his body.

Harriett cleared her throat and shifted her gaze to his face.

"If I wanted to do that, I would've come some other time. This is their

house after all, not yours." She said, almost raising her voice at him out of annoyance and frustration.

"What are you trying to say, Harriet? As you can see, I am not in the mood for this." Damien said, referring to his foul mood. He knew that he would regret using this tone with her later but in that moment, his mind was clouded.

"I came here for you, Damien! How can you even ask me that?! You have been the one wanting to mend our broken relationship and now that I want to give it a try, you do this?" She was almost screaming as she voiced out her feelings to him.

Damien felt a sharp pain in his heart at her words. In all honesty, he thought she was here for his parents. He didn't expect that she'd agree to mending their relationship so quickly.

"I want to give us a chance again, Damien. Why do you think I came in here after you stormed off? I would have just let you be and no one would have seen anything wrong with it but, I followed you here, tried to calm you down and even agreed to a fucking kiss from you. Why do you think I am doing all of this?" By this time, tears were already welling up in her eyes.

She stood there waiting for Damien to speak up but the guilt in his heart stopped him from doing so. He knew that whatever he said would sound like an excuse so, he kept quiet.

"Fuck you, Damien." Harriett shook her head in pain and stormed out of his room, closing the door with a loud bang.

As soon as she left, Damien punched the wall with his bare hands out of frustration, not even bothering about the pain he would feel. He had caused Harriett more pain.

'You're an asshole.' He muttered to himself as he continued to hurt himself by hitting his hand on the hard wall.

Adrian, Damien's brother, knew that something wasn't right with the two. His room was beside Damien's room and even with the sound proof, he could still hear them clearly as he had installed a listening device in Damien's room a few hours before he returned with Harriett and the kids.

He gave himself a pat on the back for thinking that far. He knew it would come in handy.

This was the perfect time to come in and win Harriet over. Now that she was on bad terms with his brother, she would need a shoulder to cry on and a friend to talk to.

That's where he comes in.

Adrian quickly dropped his air pods and went to Harriet's room. It was perfect for him because the children were with his parents.

He placed a light knock on the door and a few seconds later, the door opened to reveal Harriett whose face was wet with tears.

"Harriett? Is everything alright? Why on earth are you crying?" He asked with a worried expression as though he didn't just eavesdrop on her conversation with Damien.

"Hey.. it's nothing. What's up?" She sniffed, cleaning her tears but Adrian wasn't going to give up that easily.

"You don't look okay, Harri. Come here." He said and pulled her in for a hug. Initially, Harriett wanted to pull out of the hug but she gave up. To her, Adrian was her good friend and she needed a friend at that moment.

It didn't matter if that friend was her ex-husband's brother.

She kept her hands on his back and let out the tears she was holding in while Adrian continued to mutter comforting words to her.

She didn't know how but when she opened her eyes after almost two minutes of crying, she was seated on the bed with Adrian.

"It's my brother, isn't it" He asked, putting away the loose strands of her hair that were around her face.

"I don't know what to do, Adrian. I think coming here was a big mistake." Harriet confessed. She hadn't even spent a full day at the house and she was already crying. She was really pathetic.

"What if I am just trying to restore what can't be restored? What if there's no hope for I and Damien?" She asked but not to anyone in particular.

"You don't know that. There might still be hope for you both." Adrian said, trying to look like the good guy and from the look on Harriet's face, it was working.

Harriett couldn't hide the shock on her face when she heard Adrian vouch for her and Damien. She certainly didn't expect that as she thought that he had romantic feelings for her and wanted to be with her.

Harriett thought that there was a chance she was wrong. Maybe Adrian just wanted to be her good friend all along.

"With everything going on right now, I highly doubt that. Maybe we weren't meant to be." She whispered the last part but Adrian heard her nonetheless. A smile flashed on his face but he quickly masked it and carried on with his act.

"Do you love him, Harriett?" He asked, not because he wanted her to be sure of her feelings but because he wanted to know how much work he had to put in.

If she still had those silly feelings for him then he would need to put in a lot of work in order to make her fall in love with him. But, if she had no romantic feelings for him and was only trying to mend their relationship because of the twins, his work would be less.

Harriet stared at an empty space, having conflictions about that matter. She wondered why she had never asked herself that question.

Now that she thought about it, she never actually stopped loving him. Not even when they divorced or when she saw him with Evelyn at Eric's wedding or when she saw them at the restaurant together. Not even when he announced to be in a relationship with Evelyn.

As hard as it was to believe, she had always loved Damien.

But, she wasn't going to admit it to his brother. Not when the man in question wasn't even aware.

Keeping her gaze on nothing in particular, she sighed and answered his question.

"Not after everything he has done, Adrian. If I am to love him, he'll need to try harder." She lied and Adrian nodded with a smile.

He saw through her.

'I guess I have more work then.'