

Chapter Fifty Two: Best Friends

Tony stared at his phone with bloodshot eyes, gripping it tightly. He lifted his eyes to look at the building and all he could see was Harriett and Damien entangled in white sheets, making love. His heart tightened at that imagination and jealousy filled him.

"Sir? Do I notify Mrs Daniels if your presence?" The middle aged man said and Tony turned to him, his body shaking with anger.

"Miss Edward." He corrected through gritted teeth, making the poor man writhe in fear.

"She isn't married to that man." Tony said, contemplating on his decisions. A few seconds later, he came to a conclusion.

"I'll be waiting in the living room. Let Harriett know that I am here." He said and walked into the building, being led by the middle aged man.

Meanwhile, Harriett and her ex-husband, Damien were having their moment and had moved from the wine bar to Damien's room, both lost in each other's arms.

Harriet's heart was thumping loudly as she anticipated their first real sex.

As Damien laid her on the bed, ready to take off her clothes, there was a knock on the door making the both of them hiss in frustration.

"Ignore it." Damien hummed in a throaty tone as he continued kissing her neck and fumbling with her breasts through the material of her dress. The knock came the second time and Harriet couldn't ignore it any longer.

"It could be something serious. What if your parents are back?" Harriett said, pulling out of the kiss which earned a groan of disapproval from Damien.

He knew it wasn't his parents. They had left the house for this exact reason, for him and Harriet to be left alone and sort things out. There was no way they would be back already. It hadn't even been up to an hour since they left.

Or has it?

"Urgh." Damien whined but eventually got up to check who it was.

"What is it, Sir Bradley?" He couldn't show his annoyance at the man as he was a bit older than him but the crease on his forehead and sour look in his eyes made Bradley realize that he had knocked at the wrong time. To confirm his suspicion, he caught a glimpse of Harriett sitting on his head.

A corky smile appeared on his face but he quickly lowered his head to hide it. "There's someone here to see Miss Harriett. He said he's a friend." Bradley said, deciding not to make it seem like he noticed anything as it would make it awkward for Damien.

"A friend?" Damien wondered what friend would pay Harriett a visit while she was spending the weekend at his house. Concluding that she might have told someone about it, he turned to Bradley.

"Thank you, Bradley. She'll be down shortly." He said and shut the door.

"Are you expecting anyone?" He leaned on the door with his brows raised. Harriett who barely had any friends in New York wondered why he would ask that. She didn't even have visitors at her parent's house so how would she expect anyone here?

"No, why?" She asked, adjusting her dress which has been rumpled by his hands earlier.

"There's someone here to see you." He revealed and Harriett stared at him out of shock. Deciding to see for herself who it was, she hurried out of the room.

When she got to the living room, the person had their face turned away from her but she could recognize that figure anywhere.

"Tony?" Her heart sunk and guilt washed over her.

She was a terrible person.

If she didn't already feel bad, the look on Tony's face when he turned around made her feel worse.

Tony stared at her without saying anything, betrayal and hurt evident in his expression. After a short while, a short laugh left his lips.

"And there I was thinking something terrible had happened to you. For someone who was kidnapped, you look pretty fine to me." He said, referring to the redness of her cheek and her disheveled hair.

He didn't need a sorcerer to tell him that she and Damien were having a moment before he arrived.

"I didn't interrupt anything, did I? I'm sorry if I did. I was just worried about my 'best friend' who ghosted me for two weeks." His voice held so much pain that Harriett couldn't even say a word in her defense.

After the kidnap, she discovered that her phone had been smashed and she immediately got a new one but for safety reasons, she had to get a new number. The new number didn't have Tony's number and when she tried getting it from her mother, she was advised not to as it would be distracting him from his work in Paris.

'He'll return to New York soon. Let's not bother him with our problems.' Her father said.

But as he stood before her, she realized how unreasonable she had been. She should have never listened to her father.

"I'm sorry." Those were the only words that left her lips as she lowered her head in shame.

"Come on, Harriett. At least, say something in your defense. Tell me you tried reaching out to me. Tell me you thought about me during those weeks. Just say something." He raised his voice slightly, getting the attention of Damien who stood outside his room, waiting for Harriet.

"I-I'm sorry." A tear rolled down her cheek and her lips trembled. It felt like she was being scolded by an older brother. All she could do was apologize as she was in the wrong.

"I didn't want to say this but, how could you? Do I not mean anything to you? I get that you do not have romantic feelings for me but I am also your best friend, Harriett. Or, am I just being delusional?" He chuckled bitterly and Harriet immediately rose her head, shaking it in disapproval.

"Don't say that, Tony. You are my best friend. You're my only friend."

She said but Tony raised his hand.

"No, Harriett. No! Friends don't keep things from each other." He said, his heart aching.

"You were kidnapped and almost killed. Addison and Adrian were also kidnapped and abandoned on the street but you didn't even bother to tell me. Am I that insignificant to you?" He said and Harriett moved closer to where he stood and touched his arm.

"I wanted to tell you, Tony. I swear. The only reason I didn't was because I didn't want you to worry. I know you, Tony. The second you hear about me being in danger, you'll leave whatever it is you're with, regardless of how important it is and run to me. That was exactly why I didn't want to tell you. I needed you to focus on what you went to Paris for." She explained.

Damien stood by the staircase, where he couldn't be seen and listened to their conversation. He didn't like that Tony was making his Harriett cry but from their conversation, he understood that Tony had a special place in Harriett's heart. It wasn't different for Tony as it always been obvious to Damien that the man was hopelessly in love with his ex-wife.

"I would never abandon you, Tony. You should know that already." Harriett assured and Tony immediately pulled her in for a hug.

"I was worried about you, Harri. Don't ever leave me again, please."