

Chapter Sixty Three: Letting Go of the Past

"I have been arrested, Adrian. Those fuckers put me behind bars. You have to get me out, baby." Evelyn cried as soon as she heard Adrian's. Meanwhile, Adrian shut his eyes and gripped his hair as he internally cursed Evelyn. He quickly cut the call and switched of his phone.

"I fucking new that she would mess things up," He screamed, throwing his phone across the room. He knew how the police operated, so he knew that they were going to track him using his number.

'That fucking stupid bitch!'

"Now that she has been caught, she wants to implicate me too? No fucking way." He said and grabbed his keys, but a call from his second phone stopped him. He only used the previous phone to communicate with Evelyn and handle matters regarding his slush phone.

Thinking it might be an important call, he picked up.

"You fucking Traitor! You think you can abandon me? Huh, Adrian? You're wrong if you think I'll go down alone!" He heard Evelyn threaten, her words laced with venom.

"How the fuck did you get this number?" He growled into the phone, and he heard her hiss.'

"Does that even matter right now? You better get me out of here, or you're going down with me." She threatened and Adrian groaned angrily.

"Me getting you out of there is as good as exposing myself. I'm sorry, but I am not about to ruin my good image because of you. It's your problem, handle it!" He yelled, but Evelyn chuckled under her breath, something she only did when she was about to become a psychopath and do something stupid.

"You must think that I am a fool, Adrian. After all these years, you still do not know what I am capable of doing." She laughed, and she heard an officer tell her that her time was up, and it was time to go.

"One more minute," She said, and turned her attention back to him.

"I'll only say this once, Adrian. Get me out of here in twenty-four hours, or you can kiss your good boy image goodbye." She threatened and ended the call.

If there was one thing Adrian knew about Evelyn, it was that she wasn't one to bluff. He also didn't know what card she had up her sleeve for her to sound so confident.

He had to find a way to get her out without getting involved. He couldn't risk letting his parents find out about his involvement with Evelyn, or he would be done for.

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Back at Harriet and Damien's house, everyone was in high spirits as Evelyn had finally been apprehended. They were filled with great relief when they heard the news from Damien. As much as they didn't want to admit it, they were living in fear with her on the loose as they didn't know when she would strike.

But, everything is fine now.

Damien offered to drive Harriet home, promising her that her car would be home before the next day. She happily agreed as she also wanted to spend some time with him. After their little win, she felt that they should celebrate, but she was unable to bring herself to tell him.

How was she to tell her ex-husband that she wanted to share a drink with him and sleep in his arms?

She just couldn't. Instead, she decided to think of something else to talk about. She was about to tell him about her experiences at the office when she suddenly remembered vital information. Immediately, a smile spread across her face.

"You might not know this but, Addison and Aiden's birthday is coming up next week." Harriet was grinning from ear to ear as she broke the news to Damien. She couldn't believe that so much time had passed, and her kids would finally turn five.

"I had no idea you gave birth to them in July." The look of surprise on his face was exactly what she was going for.

"Five years, huh?" It was a rhetorical question. He chuckled dryly, the years reminding him of how much of their lives he had missed out on. He couldn't blame Harriet, he took it upon himself.

"Hey." He felt her hand on his right arm as he struggled with his other arm on the steering wheel.

"I didn't tell you that for you to sulk like a baby. Whatever happened in the past has already happened, it cannot be changed. We have no control over that. You know what we have control over? Our present and our future." She said with an assuring smile, caressing his arm lightly,

"So, instead of sitting here and crying over your mistakes in the past, why don't you enjoy this beautiful present we have and plan for a better future? Hmm?" Damien took a quick glance at her and his heart melted right there as he saw the angelic grin on her face.

He couldn't believe how lucky he was to have been given a second chance with a woman as wonderful and selfless as Harriett.

He turned his attention back to the road and grabbed her hand softly with his free hand.

"Thank you." He said without looking at her, and before she could reply, he spoke again, lightening up the mood.

"And, I wasn't crying. Men don't cry." He said, making Harriett burst into loud laughter, her eyes glowing as she threw her head back. Another glance at her and Damien knew that there was no way he was taking her to her parent's house that night.

Stepping on the brakes abruptly, he grabbed her and pulled her in, kissing her passionately. It took Harriet a few seconds to recollect herself and when she did, she kissed him back with the same vigor, matching his pace.

When the two pulled out of the kiss, they were both breathing harshly, staring deep into their souls. There was a red tint on Harriet's cheeks, showing how flushed she was, her hair was disheveled and her already plump lips had swollen.

Damien had never seen her looking like that, and he had to admit, she

looked heavenly.

"You're coming home with me tonight." He said, and she nodded immediately, thanking her stars for helping her get what she wanted without her having to do anything.

As Damien placed his hands on the steering wheel, he turned the car around and drove to his house.

When they arrived, Harriet stood at the front door for a few seconds, unable to move as memories of her time in the house up until the day she left with tears in her eyes flooded in. Her feet were glued to the floor and her breathing became ragged.

Funny how she was telling Damien to let go of the past and move on, yet, here she was, unable to let go of her own past.

She felt a hand slip around her waist and she leaned on him, shutting the painful memories out.

"Remember, it is all in the past." He whispered, caressing her hair softly. When he was sure that she was ready to go in, he held her hand and guided her in.

As she entered the house, the first thing she noticed was the center table. The same table he had slammed the fabricated pictures of her and Adrian cheating on.

Damien noticed her fixed gaze on the table, and he immediately knew what she was reminded of. He stepped in and blocked her view, only letting her see his face.

"The present is all that matters, Harriet." He said and kissed her again, more passionately this time.