

Chapter Sixty Five: An eye opener

Damien felt a movement beside him and when he opened his eyes, he was met with Harriet's sleeping figure, her body snuggled up against him. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer as a faint smile appeared on his lips.

Taking a peek at the window, he could tell that it was already morning. A groan left his lips and he shut his eyes, pretending not to have noticed the bright morning sun.

He didn't want his moment with Harriet to end just yet.

Ten minutes later, Harriet's eyes fluttered open but was met by Damien's bare chest, which was directly in front of her. A blush crept up to her face as she remembered all that happened last time. As a matter of fact, her insides still ached, and she could still feel him inside her.

It felt like it was her first time and she found the pain pleasurable. If she didn't have to go to the office that morning, she would definitely be up for a second round.

She managed to raise her head from his chest and was immediately met with a bright light that was emitted from the windows, causing her to squint.

She quickly reached for her phone, which was beside the bed, and when the screen came on, a shriek left her lips as she saw that it was.

She quickly reached for her phone which was beside the bed and when the screen came on, a shriek left her lips as she saw that it was already 8:30am.

"Shit, shit, shit." She muttered as she struggled to get out of bed. In the process, she shook Damien, who was half asleep, causing him to wake up completely.

"How did I sleep for so long? I'm so fucked." She lamented as she managed to finally get out of bed, only to realize that she was completely naked. With her mouth wide open, she quickly grabbed the bedsheet and wrapped it around her naked body.

Damien raised a brow at her as he stared at her with a smirk on his

face. "I already saw it all last night, you know." He chuckled and Harriet rolled her eyes at him, trying to ignore his husky morning voice and alluring eyes.

"Doesn't matter, Damien." She cleared her throat and was about to go into the bathroom when she remembered that she had no underwear or clothes in his house that she could wear to the office.

"Can you drive me home right now?" She bit her lips as she asked, checking her phone from time to time.

A text from Collin came in, asking her if she would be coming in late today, and she immediately sent him a reply, saying that she would be there in an hour.

"Right now?" Damien stood up to grab his pants, giving Harriet a full view of his perfectly round buttocks. Harriet felt her cheeks burn, and she immediately took her eyes off him until she was sure he was done.

"I have to be at the office, and I am already an hour and thirty minutes late," she explained.

"Skip today then. It's almost the weekend anyway, so it won't make that much of a difference. Plus, you're the CEO," Damien said suggestively. In truth, all he wanted was for her to spend the day with him.

"I can't." Harriet shook her head. "I am already being criticized at the office for being lazy at my work because my 'daddy' is the chairman. They call me a nepo baby, Damien." She chuckled sadly and Damien's brows furrowed.

"That's not true. You work really hard...harder than you should." He walked up to her and kissed her forehead.

"They don't know that, Damien, and the last thing I want is to give them another reason to criticize me." She said and he nodded.

"Take a shower here and change into one of my clothes while I get you some clothes and underwear." Damien said, and she thanked him before running into the bathroom.

When she returned, she was met with different luxury bags, containing dresses, underwear, shoes, bags, jewelry and perfumes.

"I didn't know what you would like, so I got a few for you to choose

from." He said, scratching the back of his head as he laughed nervously.

"A few? You call this a few?" Harriet pointed at the bags that were over ten with wide eyes. She shook her head and wore the first thing she set her eyes on, as she didn't have the time to scold him.

She was going to do that later.

Soon, she was fully dressed and made her way to the office.

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Tony paced around the sitting room restlessly. He had been trying to reach Evelyn through the number she had been using to call, but for some reason, it was unreachable. He had a weird feeling that there was more to it.

"Don't you think that this is a sign?" Rachael asked, packing her son's bags as they prepared to leave for his school.

"What sign?" He asked, giving his nephew a kiss before turning his attention back to his sister.

"I mean, you've been trying to reach this Evelyn lady, who might be Bethany, for a while now, but to no avail. Don't you think that the heavens are trying to stop you from making a big mistake?" Rachael said and Tony cocked his head to the side, wondering where she was going with that.

"What I'm trying to say is that you should call Harriet first and warn her about that Adrian guy. Tell her about everything...who Evelyn is and the messy past you had with her." Rachael explained, and Tony leaned on the arm of the chair that was beside him.

"I thought you didn't like Harriet." He smirked but Rachael rolled her eyes at him.

"I didn't like her because I thought she was a slut. Turns out, she isn't. Plus, I cannot turn away from the truth and watch evil win." She huffed and flipped her hair dramatically.

"The reason I wanted to see Evelyn first is to confirm that she is

Bethany. Yes, those pictures look exactly like her and all but, what if we are wrong? We have met on various occasions, but she didn't seem to remember me, I just wanted to meet her and see if she is just pretending to not know me." He said with a heavy sigh and Rachael looked at him like he had grown two heads.

"What happens if we are right and she is Bethany? I'll tell you, you'll make her remember who you really are because you're an idiot. She'll call Adrian and tell him everything, and he is going to have you killed because you might expose his true identity to Harriet and Damien. Do you get it now?" Rachael rapped, snapping her fingers in his face.

"Call Harriet..now!" She said and stormed out of the house with her son.

After giving what Rachael said some thought, he concluded that it would be better to warn Harriet first. So, he dialed her number and on the third ring she picked up.

"Tony! How have you been?" She asked in a cheerful tone, the type that made Tony know that someone was making her happy. He didn't need to ask as he already knew who it was. Jealousy immediately filled his heart and he found himself disliking Damien even more and, for a brief moment, he thought of how nice it would be if he disappeared.

He immediately shook his head to get rid of the evil thought and replied Harriet.

"Pretty good. Can I visit tomorrow? There's something serious I need to discuss with you."