

Chapter 110

A hundred different thoughts, not one of them pleasant, whirled in Noah's mind as he paced the living room and waited impatiently for Lucy to return home.

About forty-five minutes had passed since he had left Thompson's residence. If Thompson and Lucy still found something to keep chatting about all this time, then they were very close indeed.

A storm of rage brewed inside him as he thought about how long Lucy had been lying to him. He knew it was impossible that she had bonded with Thompson recently, especially given how close they looked.

As he pictured the sight of Thompson and Lucy talking, it frustrated him that he had not been close enough to hear what they were saying.

He wished he had because he instinctively felt that Lucy would lie through her teeth about their relationship.

Although he rather thought the sight of him should be enough to startle her enough to say the truth as he had given very strict instructions to Lucy's driver not to tell her he was home.

Noah sat up suddenly, his ears perking up. Was that the sound of a car approaching?

A moment later, he was sure it was. He sat down on the sofa and waited for Lucy to make an appearance. Soon, she walked in. The moment she saw him, the pleased expression on her face changed to shock.

Noah felt his eyes narrow suspiciously. He figured she wouldn't react like that if she didn't have some guilty secret.

"Y-you're back," Lucy stuttered when he kept staring at her but said nothing.

"Yes... I suppose I am."

She tried to regain her composure but failed. "I-I did not expect you back home so soon."

"Obviously," Noah said through gritted teeth. Before she could stop herself, Lucy recoiled as though the word had struck her. Noah chuckled. "Just as you did not expect to see me back home so soon, I didn't expect to see you returning from... somewhere, especially since you claim you can't move about like you used to. You are supposed to be on bed rest, aren't you?"

"Oh, that." She slowly lowered herself into a sofa. "I actually didn't plan on going out today. I just decided to make a quick stop at the hospital to see my doctor. He told me to see him if I felt I needed to."

"Your doctor, you say?" Noah let out a bitter laugh. "Lucy, I know you are lying." He stopped laughing at once and fixed her with a level stare. "Now tell me the truth. Where exactly are you coming from?"

She bit her lip and blurted out, "The salon." Then, hastened to add, "I knew you would be upset if I told you that was where I had gone instead of staying home to rest. My hair was a mess, and I needed to fix it up. I've been lying lazily in bed for days, and I thought it would be a great way to —"

"Lucy!" Noah's voice rang out, startling her into silence. "Where the bloody hell have you been? Don't fucking lie to me again!"

"I told you, I went to the salon to get my hair done. I know I should have told you, but I didn't want to bother you at work." Lucy could barely hide her nervousness while waiting to see if Noah had bought her lies.

Noah shook his head, and his eyes darkened with anger. "I'm only going to ask you one more time. You better choose your next words wisely."

And Lucy went off on a spiel about how she had suddenly had pregnancy cravings and had decided to go eat at a restaurant. At Noah's look of disbelief, she swore she had gone to meet with a prospective model for her clothing line. With each word out of her mouth, it was obvious that she was lying and would continue to do so.

Noah shut his eyes tightly, the rage he felt at Lucy's lies as well as everything else that had happened almost choking him to death. In five minutes, Lucy had told him more than five different versions of a lie. He wondered if she'd ever told him the truth or she had been lying to him throughout.

Before Lucy knew what was happening, Noah was on his feet. He closed up the distance between them in seconds, and she staggered back out of fear.

"Noah—"

Before she could form words, his hands shot out, and he slapped her. Hard. As she opened her mouth to scream, he held her by the neck.

"This is your last chance to tell me the truth," he threatened. "Or I swear I'm going to do something both of us will regret."

"I—I went to see Thompson!" Lucy cried out, her face pale and eyes brimming with tears.

Noah's hand on her neck tightened for a few seconds, and then he suddenly let her go when she started to choke.

"Why did you go to see him?" Noah demanded hotly.

Lucy said nothing. She buried her face in her hands and wept.

"Stop snivelling and tell me why the hell you went to see him!" Noah roared with anger. "What were you doing at his house for two bloody hours? Are you cheating on me with him? Huh? Is that it?"

Noah took a threatening step towards her. She quickly looked up and shook her head.

"I'm not cheating on you," she wailed. "I'm not."

"You're a liar."

"I'm not-"

"Shut up! Within the past few minutes, you have already told me a truckload of lies. Now tell me what you want with Thompson. If you don't, I'll kick you in the stomach until you start talking."

Lucy gasped, suddenly forgetting to cry.

"You wouldn't!" she hissed.

"Try me," he said. "I give you ten seconds to tell me the truth!"

But Lucy was no more moved. Something fundamentally shifted in her after Noah's threat to kick her tummy.

"Answer me!" Noah yelled again.

"Go to hell, Noah," Lucy suddenly shrieked. "I went to see Thompson because of his brother, Jason. Happy now?"

Noah blinked in confusion. "Jason? Who is Jason?"

Something steely and ugly crept onto Lucy's face as she sneered and said, "Yes, Jason. You must be the world's biggest fool to think that you're the only one I've been fucking this whole time."

Now, it was Noah's turn to react as though he had been slapped.

"What do you mean?" he finally asked when he had found his voice.

Lucy wiped her previously teary face. "I should have thought it was fairly obvious. While you were busy cheating on Amelia with me, I was also seeing other men. I never owed you my loyalty, and I never will," she finished with a venomous glare at him.

Noah felt a chill crawl up his spine as he realized that Lucy was going somewhere with this confession. Something told Noah that he would not like the eventual outcome of this, but he had to know, however bad it was.

"Tell me," he took a step closer to her. "Has Thompson been sleeping with you?"

Lucy gave him a look of the utmost contempt before answering. "Is that what has got you so worked up? The thought that one of the men who denied the contract is screwing the younger? Well, if you must know, I am not sleeping with him. I was dating Jason, Thompson's younger brother, but no thanks to you, he dumped me the moment he found out about us."

A shocked Noah knew there was more to the story. He muttered, "And then?"

"And then, just two days after Jason broke up with me, I discovered I was pregnant. I told Jason about the pregnancy, but he kept insisting that the pregnancy was not his... because of you." She lifted her shoulder in a shrug. "Since you were so desperate to have a child, it was pretty convenient for me to claim you as the one responsible for my pregnancy, even if I didn't know who the father was."

Noah was completely tongue-tied as he struggled to make sense of what Lucy had just told him. "Who is the father of the baby?" he finally managed to ask.

"Didn't you hear a word I said? I told you that I don't know, but I'm certainly not going to stick around until you finally go bankrupt to find out."

It then dawned on Noah that Lucy had been going frequently to see Thompson in the hopes of getting him to convince his brother to accept the pregnancy.

With his eyes blazing with anger, Noah pointed to her stomach and said, "That baby is mine. There is no way in hell that I divorced Amelia for nothing. That child you're carrying belongs to me. Hear me?"

"The baby is not yours," Lucy returned. "Besides, what do you want for now? You will soon be too poor to provide for the child and even me. Look at Amelia. She is rich, enjoying everything money can buy while I'm here, suffering with you. Listen, Jason is the father of my child. Since I'm about to give birth, I'm sure I'll be able to convince him to come back from London and claim the child."

Noah shook his head, unwilling to even consider the possibility that Lucy was pregnant for someone else. If that were the case, then he would be forced to reconsider all the decisions he had made these last few months. His mind balked from doing that.

"Oh no!" Noah yelled. "You won't get your way this time, you gold digging bitch! I don't care where you go, but the baby is mine. Jason, or whatever his name is, won't get his hands on you. Never!"

Lucy pointed at him furiously, yelling and telling him that as long as she lived, he would never claim her child, as it was not his. Noah could no longer offer her the luxury she desired, so Jason was her next option.

"Next time, you better choose the women you fuck with. This baby is not yours, and you had better accept it. Jason will be the father, and he will take care of me!" Lucy spat.

"There is only one way to find out," Noah responded after deliberation. He could no longer wait for her to dish out speculations. He would find out the truth once and for all.

Before Lucy knew what was happening, Noah grabbed her hand and began to drag her out the door. Despite her protest, he hauled her toward the garage. Lucy's driver, who was cleaning the car's interior, quickly got out, his eyes bulging with surprise at the scene playing out before him.

Noah motioned to him. "Take us to the hospital. Now!"