

Chapter 113

NOAH

“How?!”

“How did it happen?!”

“Is this a terrible dream?”

As I sat in the back seat of my car, tears pooling in my eyes, I couldn’t stop these thoughts from flitting into my mind.

They were driving me crazy, or maybe that was what I needed. I needed to just let everything go.

I couldn’t believe that Lucy would betray me after everything I’d done for her. How could she?

She was nothing but a fashion designer when she met me. Nothing! I was the important one, the man who had everything I wanted. Who did she think she was?

My pain shifted to anger as I thought about her. She ruined my life, she took everything from me. How could I let her get away with all these? No. I wouldn’t.

I returned home furious. The long drive from the hospital to my house had not done anything whatsoever to calm me down or change my mind about Lucy. My fingers were hooked into claws and twitched spasmodically as the driver brought the car to a stop in front of my house.

I could only hope I would not do something hurtful and irreversible when I eventually got my hands on Lucy. My hands inched to wrap themselves around her throat while I asked, no demanded, for her to tell me why she had lied to me, why she had foisted another man's child on me until it was too late for me to rectify the mess I had made of my life.

Did she even deserve a second more to live? She deserved death and I would kill her with my own hands.

I got out of my car, took a couple of steps forward and froze. Lucy's car was not parked in its spot in the garage. Had she gone out? Where did she go and did she think she could escape me?

I chuckled as my eyes roamed the garage.

I clearly remembered her telling me she couldn't move because she was having contractions, although I believed then as I certainly believed now, that she was lying. There was only one reason she wasn’t home.

I ran to the house, and went straight up to her room. She was not there. The half open door of her wardrobe gave me a sinking feeling inside. I walked up to it, not wanting to, but having to.

All of Lucy's clothes were gone. I checked every drawer, every place she kept stuff and I found that all of her important things were also gone.

And then I was running through the house, opening and shutting doors, calling out for Lucy.

After about five minutes of this, I returned, panting to the living room. She had managed to move out during my visit to the hospital. She had clearly planned this but I had underestimated her because of her condition.

Clearly, she was a clever, manipulative bitch. She was the devil and not even pregnancy could stop her from executing her plans.

I dug my phone out of my pocket, and dialed her number. The network provider's bot kept telling me that she was unreachable.

The phone slipped from my grasp, and fell on the sofa. It was then I finally accepted what I had begun to realize the moment I noticed Lucy's car was not in the garage. She was gone.

She had left me, and from the looks of things, she was never coming back. More than hurt, I was enraged that she would wreck my life and then decide to bail. The moment she came into my life, everything started to go downhill. Yet, she had the guts to leave me to deal with the consequences of her actions.

If she thought she was going to get off that easily, then she clearly underestimated me. I would find her wherever she is and—

At that very moment, a brilliant idea popped into my mind. I knew exactly where Lucy would run to. She would definitely go to the whore house she had been visiting in secret. Yes.

I rose to my feet and picked up my phone.

"Carl," I barked the moment I was out the door of my house.

I opened my mouth to shout his name again just as I heard, "Sir."

I turned to see the driver hurrying towards me.

"Take me to Thompson's house." I said then gave him the directions to the place.

Lucy had nowhere else to go because she would be too ashamed to return to her parents. She would be trying all she could now to make Jason accept the child. But she wouldn’t succeed.

If I was going down, I would bring her with me. There was certainly no escape for her.

Before the driver brought the car to a stop in front of Thompson's residence, I was out of the vehicle. My intention was to barrel my way into the house, get Lucy and drag her out by the hairs on her head if she put up any form of resistance. I found my way blocked by three security personnel in uniform who seemed to appear out of nowhere, but must have been keeping a close watch on the gate.

I thought it best to ignore them, to act like they weren't there and like I had business with Thompson. I was popular in this city. They must have seen pictures and videos of me in the news. They could not deny me access into the house.

But as I moved, they moved also, ensuring I wasn't able to approach the gate. Their eyes glimmered with authority and the stubborn look on their faces told me all I needed to know.

I addressed the biggest and tallest guard. "Get out of my way, all of you! I am here to see Thompson."

"I'm afraid we can't let you in, sir. Mr Thompson didn't tell us he was expecting anyone." The guard looked at the others for confirmation. They gave identical nods.

I looked from one to the other. Putting on my most menacing air, I drew myself up to my full height. These bastards must not know who they are talking to.

"Do you know who I am? I am Noah Allen. If I say I want to go in there, I will go in. You understand? Now move!"

The biggest of the guards, a stony faced brute who looked like his features were chipped out of wood or concrete, inclined his head in acknowledgement of my words.

"I'm afraid it doesn't matter who you are, sir. You can't go in."

And that was apparently that, as all three stared straight ahead with an air of finality. With a cry of rage, I let out a string of curses, ordering them to let me in and calling for Thompson as loudly as I could.

His guards made no reaction and I considered pushing my way past them and into the house. I made my move but it was stopped before it even began by the guards holding me.

A hatefully familiar voice pierced the air, "And what is going on here?"

Thompson, within the safety of his gates, came out, adjusted his glasses and peered at me.

"Noah!" he exclaimed. "Is that- What are you doing here?" To the guards, he yelled at them, "Let him go."

They let me go at once and I straightened my rumpled shirt.

"I'll get you and them for this," I threatened.

Thompson motioned for his hovering guards to take a few steps backwards.

"What do you think you're doing, creating a scene in front of my house?" He demanded angrily. "If you wished to see me, why didn't you place a call through my secretary? What is wrong with you?"

"I want to see Lucy. Tell her I'm here so she'll come out or let me go in there and get her out." I swallowed. “I know she can hear me!”

"Lucy? I don't understand. Why would you be looking for Lucy at my house?"

"Oh. Don't play dumb with me! I know everything. I know that Lucy had been coming to see you regularly. So don't pretend like you don't know where she is."

"Oh that." The man's lips twisted into a half smile. "I'm not Lucy's keeper, Noah. She has been visiting because of my brother, Jason. I have been trying my best to get them back together especially since Lucy is pregnant for him. I thought—thought you knew about that.”

Fury tasted like hot lava on my tongue.

"You knew," I said in a choked sort of voice. "You knew Lucy was pregnant for him, not me and yet you kept quiet all this time. All this time you let me cater for her while she carried another man's child. How could you be so heartless?! How?"

Thompson raised a brow. "I honestly can't imagine what you think I have to do with your er-personal issues, but I'll say this. I had no idea Lucy told you that the pregnancy was yours. In fact, she told me she was living with you because you were married to her best friend. She said you took her in after your divorce and you were just helping her out. I mean, you didn’t publicly and officially marry her. Did you?"

"What? Did you just hear yourself? How did that kind of explanation even make sense to you?"

He shrugged. "She told me that in your magnanimity, you decided to take her in. Who was I to question your supposed decisions?"

"LIES!" I bellowed, my eyes narrowing suspiciously at him. "All lies! She told you what to say, didn't she? Because she is in there. I want to see get now!"

"For the last time, Noah, Lucy is not in my house. In fact, I have not seen her in about three days."

Of course I didn't believe him. Lucy was in there and he had every reason to shield her. He was lying to me because of his brother.

I made up my mind on what to do and mentally prepared myself.

At the count of three, I dashed at the gates, at the point where it was open. But someone grabbed me around the waist as I tried to push myself in. I hit out blindly. The guard's grip slackened and then I was wrestled to the ground immediately.

With every ounce of strength in me, I rolled over and lashed out, my arms and legs flailing. I was trying to hit someone or anything at all.

"Noah! Get a hold of yourself!" I heard Thompson yell from somewhere above me or was it beside me now?

The guards had me almost pinned to the ground and I had no idea which way was up or down. But somehow, I managed to get to my feet. I aimed a punch at one of them. He dodged the blow and for the second time that day, I was floored. I landed painfully on my right arm, and heard a sickening crack as it broke.

The pain that followed made me feel sick enough to vomit. I couldn't stand up, couldn't even move. I lay there, groaning and clutching my broken arm which though excruciatingly painful was not as painful as my broken heart. I heard clearly the sound of retreating footsteps and then the sound of the gate being shut and locked.

I don't know how long I lay there nursing my broken arm and crying out in anger. But I was trying to summon up the courage to get to my feet.

"Sir, can you stand?"

It was Carl, my driver. He had conveniently come to my rescue when my arm was broken.

I shook my head and told him I couldn’t move. Even the little movement managed to send sharp stabs of pain through my hurt arm. He carefully helped me up, and lead me to the car.

“I will get you to a clinic, Sir. Please hold on.” I closed my eyes and nodded. I didn’t have a choice, did I?