

Wild Night 121

Chapter 121 - Simple Dinner

Lucy stood in front of her closet wondering what she could wear to the dinner. The only reason she wasn't changing her mind at the last minute was because Tom was going for the dinner too, else she would have come up with an excuse to skip it. She really despised dressing up and leaving her house, especially because of the time it took to make up her mind on what to wear.

She didn't know which she hated more between being overdressed and underdressed to an occasion. Being overdressed would make you stand out too much and cause others to assume you are showing off while being underdressed would make you feel small and unable to move around freely because you don't want to be noticed.

After spending several minutes looking at the closet which was made up of corporate wear, a few sexy gowns, a couple of dinner gowns, and her causal wears such as jeans and joggers, she walked out of her bedroom dressed in bum shorts and spaghetti tops. Without thinking much about it, she walked out of her apartment and found herself standing in front of Tom's door.

She knocked on the door and moved from one foot to the other as she waited patiently for Tom to open the door. Since he was closer to them, she was sure he would know the right outfit that she could wear.

Soon the door opened, "Are you okay?" He asked, looking at her with concern as his eyes scanned her clothes while he tried to figure out why she was in front of his apartment when she should be getting ready for the dinner.

She flashed him an apologetic smile, "I'm okay. Sorry to bother you, but..."

"You are not bothering me. You are my girlfriend," Tom quickly corrected her.

"Oh!" Lucy exclaimed when she realized that she had once again forgotten about their relationship. It seemed like she could never get used to this relationship thing, even though she noticed that she had become more relaxed around him now, "Okay, I'm having a hard time making up my mind on what to wear... What are you wearing to the dinner?" She asked, looking him over to see if he had changed out of his clothes already.

"Oh!" She exclaimed when she realized for the first time that his shirt was unbuttoned and a towel was tied around his waist like he had been about to step into the shower before she knocked on his door.

Tom followed her gaze to his chest, but before he could say anything, she spoke.

"You shaved," she murmured in a distant voice as though she was lost in thoughts as she kept looking at his once hairy chest, now cleanly shaven. Although she liked hairy men but seeing his hairless chest still affected her as much as his hairy chest had done. Her fingers itched to touch him and feel those muscles, but instead, she rubbed her hands together.

"You want to touch me?" Tom asked when he noticed how she kept rubbing her hands together.

"Yes," Lucy's face immediately heated up in embarrassment once she realized what she had just admitted, "What? No!" She denied, hiding her hands behind her, as she shook her head vigorously without meeting his gaze.

Tom grinned at her, "You don't have to deny it or be embarrassed about it. I'm your boyfriend, after all, so you are free to touch me whenever and however you want to, the same way I am free to touch you," Tom said as he reached out a hand to grab her arm.

"You are not..." Lucy's words trailed off, and her heart skipped a beat when he suddenly pulled her into his house. What was he doing?

"I am not what?" Tom asked curiously as he held on to her arm while looking at her face with interest and waiting for her to finish what she had to say.

Lucy shook her head as if to clear it from whatever thoughts were entering it, "You are not free to touch me."

"I'm not? Are you sure about that?" Tom asked as he pulled her closer to himself with force such that she had to place her hand on his chest for support, "You just touched me, didn't you?" Tom asked with a wicked glint in his eyes as both their eyes fell on her hand which was now resting on his chest.

"It wasn't on purpose," Lucy said as she snatched her hand away from him quickly, and took a step backward.

"Are you sure it wasn't on purpose?" Tom asked with a smirk.

Lucy cleared her throat and lifted her chin defensively, "I only came to ask you what you are wearing to the dinner as I didn't want to look out of place," Lucy said, wanting to clear whatever doubt he was having that she had deliberately come to him because she wanted to touch him.

"Have you showered yet?" He asked as he looked her over.

"Not yet. I was going to pick out my clothes before stepping into the shower," Lucy said without meeting his gaze or looking directly at him. She seemed to be looking over his shoulder as though he was Medusa, Tom thought with satisfaction.

"Want to share the shower with me then?" He asked, wiggling his brows suggestively, and then chuckled when her eyes flickered to his face and she blushed a deep shade of red, "Relax. I'm just pulling your legs," he said in amusement before turning serious.

"You could wear something simple since it is just dinner with the neighbors," he said making her focus on him now, since she believed he had stopped teasing her, until he said, "You don't have to wear something sexy like you did last night unless it's just dinner between us both," He added with a wink.

Was he ever serious? "What exactly are you wearing?" Lucy asked with a sigh.

"Ah! You want us to wear matching outfits? That's definitely a perfect way to announce to the neighbors that we are an item now, and maybe they would stop ogling me. Why didn't I think about that?" Tom asked humorously and Lucy laughed despite the awkwardness she had been feeling only a minute ago.

"Don't be silly."

"Lucy, stop trying to be a perfectionist else you might end up being exactly like Anita, no offense," Tom said, making her brows crease.

"What do you mean by that? Why would you compare me to your ex-girlfriend?" She asked with displeasure.

"That wasn't a comparison. You implied that she paid too much attention to details, in an extreme manner. Maybe you haven't noticed, but you do that too. It's just a dinner, put on a pair of jeans trousers or a simple gown. You don't have to overthink it. And I'm sure regardless of what you wear, you will look better than anyone else in there," Tom assured her with a wink as he rubbed her arms affectionately.

"You sure are a good boyfriend," Lucy murmured as she turned to leave his house.

An hour later Tom and Lucy exchanged a look as they sat on the couch in Jasmine's living room. Tom gave her an apologetic smile since it seemed she was actually underdressed in her casual jeans outfit, whereas both Jasmine and Alicia were dressed in lovely evening gowns.

"I thought it was supposed to be a simple dinner?" Tom asked as he looked from Alicia to Jasmine.

"It is a simple dinner. Why do you ask?" Alicia asked with a curious smile as she looked at Tom with her shiny eyes.

"You are both dressed up, whereas we are..." Tom let the rest of his words trail off as he shrugged.

"Oh! It isn't a big deal, trust me. We both always look for every opportunity to dress up whether or not it's a family dinner," Jasmine assured them, but Lucy remained quiet as she listened to the conversations going on around her.

"It just feels good to have new neighbors around and..."

New neighbors? Someone else was joining them for dinner, or was Tom the other neighbor? Lucy wondered, and then frowned when something occurred to her and she looked around the living room. Initially, when Jasmine had walked up to Tom the first time to introduce herself, she had assumed it was because Jasmine was new to the area, but seeing how homely the place looked, and the paint didn't look fresh either, it didn't seem like they had moved in recently. If that was the case how come they didn't know Tom? Was this one of the lies Tom had talked about?

"I guess you've been living here for a long time?" Lucy asked, looking at Alicia since she looked more innocent and charming than Jasmine.

"Depends on how you define long. We have been here for about two years now," Alicia said, looking at Jasmine with a soft smile since the question reminded them of how they had moved in together despite her family's objection.

"That's nice. What about you, Tom? How long have you been in this neighborhood? I just realized I never asked," Lucy said, turning her attention to Tom, who tried not to look alarmed by her question as he wondered what was going on in her head and why she was suddenly asking him that.

Jasmine and Alicia exchanged a look before turning to look at Tom since they remembered that he had asked them not to mention to Lucy that he was new to the neighborhood.

Chapter 122 - Too Many Coincidences

Although Tom had seen this coming since he received the dinner invitation, and that was the reason he had asked both Jasmine and Alicia to not tell Lucy that he was new to the neighborhood, but he hadn't imagined Lucy would ask the question so soon. He tried to think of the conversation from the start to figure out what could have prompted her to ask such a question, but he couldn't come up with anything.

Seeing how he remained silent, Alicia stepped in to save her potential sperm donor, "We should head to the dining since I served dinner already, and we don't want it to get cold," Alicia suggested with an awkward smile, wanting to give Tom enough time to come up with an appropriate response.

"Yes. We should," Jasmine said, motioning for Tom and Lucy to follow them to the dining.

Although Lucy was gullible and naive, she wasn't stupid enough to not realize what was going on. Tom was yet to answer her question, and both ladies were trying to distract her, leaving her to wonder what was going on. If they thought she was going to let the question slide, then they had another thought coming.

Once Tom pulled out a seat for her, and they were all seated around the dining table, Alicia busied herself with dishing out the meal.

Lucy turned to Tom, "I suppose I have given you enough time to come up with a response, haven't I?" She asked with a sweet smile, surprising all three of them who had thought they were done with the subject.

Thankfully Tom had been able to come up with a response, so he didn't hesitate to respond this time.

"I've been here for about a year if I'm not mistaken. Why do you ask?" Tom asked innocently when Lucy kept staring at him like she was suspecting him of something.

"How long have you all known each other?" Lucy asked, looking from Tom to Alicia to Jasmine, and then to Tom curiously.

Tom suddenly realized what was going on in her head. If he had been living in the neighborhood for as long as he claimed, and both Jasmine and Alicia had also been in the neighborhood for two years, then it wouldn't make sense that Jasmine had chosen to introduce herself to him just the other day in front of her. How was he going to fix this?

At that same moment, Jasmine and Alicia realized their error. Jasmine had mentioned to Lucy just some days ago that they had only just met Tom, hence they were trying to get to know him before asking him to be their sperm donor. How were they going to fix this?

Lucy waited patiently to hear what they would say. She half expected them to try to lie to her by claiming to have known each other for a long time. That way she could remind them of the conversation Tom and Jasmine had in front of her, and also remind Jasmine of the discussion they had both had in her apartment concerning Tom.

Tom cleared his throat so that neither Jasmine nor Alicia would blurt out any wrong response while he was talking at the same time, "Actually, I'm barely ever around because of the nature of my job, so I've never really met them until recently, and that is only because I got a new job and my boss

happens to live in the same building too," Tom explained, making Alicia and Jasmine stifle the urge to sigh in relief. His explanation made lots of sense.

"That's true! Remember how surprised we were the other night when he told us that he has been living here for some time?" Jasmine asked Alicia who quickly nodded.

"Yeah! You are right," Alicia said with a burst of awkward laughter, which made Lucy's brow arch slightly.

Were they all telling her the truth or was this a lie? Sonia had said she was too naive and gullible, and right now she wasn't sure she believed what they were telling her. Something about their initial silence told her that they weren't exactly being straight with her.

Deciding to act like she bought their explanation, Lucy flashed them a smile, "Ah! I see. I'm like that too...I mean, I could stay indoors without people knowing about my existence," she said with a peal of small laughter, meant to diffuse the tension her question had caused, and as expected the others laughed with her.

"I guess we are all like that sometimes," Alicia said, feeling relieved that all was well again, "Let's eat please, I didn't cook just so we can talk over the food," she said as she picked up her cutlery and started eating.

Going forward she was just going to pay more attention to everything going on around her. She was going to question everything she saw and heard, Lucy thought as she ate.

"Hm, this is delicious," Tom said giving Alicia a polite smile, and she preened with pleasure at his compliment.

"I've been very curious about something. If you don't mind me asking, how come he is your driver?" Jasmine asked, directing her question to Lucy instead of Tom since she had just witnessed firsthand how Tom could make a lie sound like it was the truth.

"Coincidence. It just happened," Lucy said with an indifferent shrug.

"You mean he just happened to be your next-door neighbor and driver?" Alicia asked curiously as she exchanged a look with Jasmine.

Before Tom and Lucy arrived earlier, they had both been discussing what the relationship was between Tom and Lucy, since it seemed to them like there was something more going on between the two. Hearing Lucy say it was a coincidence now, they confirmed one of their suspicions, and that was the fact that Tom liked Lucy and had moved into the next flat because he wanted to live closer to her. The only reasonable explanation was that he was her driver, but was in love with her, hence he had moved to where she lived so that he could monitor her. Although Jasmine liked Tom, she wasn't very comfortable with the idea that Tom was stalking a lady who wasn't interested in him... Or maybe she was? Whether she was interested in him or not, there was a thin line between love and obsession, and Tom was dancing near that line. Was that the kind of person whose sperm they needed?

"It's funny, isn't it? I moved here and he was the first person that came to greet me, and then the next day I'm at work and my boss introduces my official driver who just happens to be him too," Lucy said with a small smile while she tried to read the expression on Alicia and Jasmine's face.

"Oh! You found out he was your neighbor before he became your driver?" Jasmine asked with a confused frown. What was going on? None of it made sense. She would easily have believed it was a coincidence had Tom not asked them not to let Lucy know that he had only just recently moved in. What was Tom hiding?

"It's complicated," Tom said with a small smile directed at Jasmine who was beginning to ask too many questions for his liking.

"Oh! Okay. It's just that you both don't seem like you just met..."

"We actually met at the club the first night I arrived here," Lucy said, not seeing the need to hide it from them since she believed they were likely going to find out eventually. All she needed to do was to leave out the details of all that had happened between her and Tom.

"The first night?" Alicia asked, wondering why there seemed to be so many coincidences. There was no way this was natural.

Tom turned to look at Lucy curiously as he wondered just how much she intended to tell them about their first meeting.

"Yes. I sat next to him at the club, and then the next day I was surprised to see that he was my neighbor, and the next thing I know was him being my driver. Unbelievable, right?" Lucy asked with a smile when she saw the disbelief displayed on both Alicia's and Jasmine's faces. She remembered how she had also thought that he was stalking her because of how he kept turning up everywhere she was.

"And you got a job the next day at her company?" Alicia asked Tom, feeling like none of it was adding up.

"You didn't think the coincidence was just a bit too much?" Jasmine asked Lucy, making Tom sigh.

They were beginning to make him feel like he was being sneaky, and he didn't like that. What was so wrong with him wanting to know the lady he wanted to commit himself to? Was it so wrong? Or was he going about it in a bad way? How else could he get to know her true nature without her knowledge of who he was?

"I thought you said you didn't prepare the meal just so we can talk over it? Or perhaps we are here to be interrogated?" He asked Alicia with a polite smile when it seemed like nobody was eating, instead everyone was talking.

"Why are you so touchy all of a sudden? I guess they were just trying to know their neighbors better," Lucy scolded Tom before turning to flash Alicia an apologetic smile as she sipped from her glass.

From the questions they were asking it was quite clear to Lucy that the lesbian couple didn't believe everything was coincidence, maybe they knew something she didn't know? She couldn't help wondering what they knew, and why it had seemed to her a moment ago that both ladies were helping Tom hide something.

"He is hiding something," Jasmine said as they watched Tom and Lucy leave after dinner.

"Yeah. I think so too. But what do you think he is hiding?" Alicia asked her partner.

"I have no idea.. Let's just wait and see before asking for his sperm, okay?" Jasmine said, and Alicia nodded.

Chapter 123 - Skinny Dip

Bryan lay on his bed unable to sleep, while also trying to find other things to keep his mind busy so that his thoughts wouldn't drift to the green-eyed witch in the other room down the hall. Dinner had been very quiet since he had been sulking while expecting her to feel guilty and apologize to him, but she had entirely ignored him and focused on her laptop instead as she ate. Once they were done with dinner she had taken the dishes to the kitchen, washed and dried them before leaving for her bedroom after calling out a casual goodnight to him from the doorway.

He could tell that she was probably busy with work on her laptop now that he has returned it to her. He couldn't help but wonder why he was always troubled by thoughts of her whether she was present with him or not.

He sat up on the bed and reached out to open the bedside drawer where some of Sonia's novels that Mia had bought him but he was yet to read were kept. Just as he picked up one of the novels, his phone started ringing, so he dropped the novel on the space beside him on the bed and picked up his phone to see that the caller was Matt, "Hey, man! Sup?"

"Sorry I haven't called to check on you all day, I was busy with stuff. How are you feeling now? How are you able to move around?" Matt asked as he stared into the glass of wine he was holding. He had been too busy thinking about Candace that he had completely forgotten about Bryan's injury until a moment ago.

Bryan sighed as he raised his left hand to wipe his face, "Jeff got me a wheelchair so I've been making use of that to move around the house. Why do you sound so tired? Did something happen?" Bryan asked since he had noticed the weariness in Matt's tone.

"I'm okay, just tired."

"I guess you must have been very busy. So how did it go with the girl from the other night? Still seeing her?" Bryan asked, referring to Candace, as he wanted to know if Candace had told Matt about what she did to earn a living.

Matt who had almost forgotten about Bryan's knowledge of Candy's job, sighed, "Not exactly." He found it amusing that he was the one who had asked Candy to play along with him and make a fool of Bryan by pretending to not have told him about her job, yet she was the one pushing him away like this.

"Not exactly? What happened?" Bryan asked, wondering if perhaps Candy had told Matt about her job, and he was no longer interested in her.

"She said she doesn't like my best friend's face," Matt joked, making Bryan chuckle.

"You wish. Go on and tell me what's up," Bryan urged him.

"She doesn't like that I'm a celebrity, so she doesn't want to be with me," Matt said in a resigned tone.

"What?" Bryan asked in surprise. Here he was thinking Matt no longer liked her because of her job, yet he was saying she rejected him? Because of his career?

When Matt heard the surprise in Bryan's voice he sighed as he said, "Yeah, you heard me right."

"What does she do for a living?" Bryan asked, wanting to know if Candy had told Matt the truth, or if she possibly didn't want a relationship with him because she was ashamed of her own job and wanted to push him away before he finds out.

"Are you asking if I know that she is a stripper? Yes, I know that already."

Bryan was somehow relieved that he wasn't the one to tell Matt about it since the last thing he wanted was to have any fight with his fiancée over... What was that? Why was he referring to her as his fiancée? Bryan thought in alarm.

"Are you listening to me?" Matt asked when Bryan didn't respond to anything he had said.

Bryan's brows creased in a frown as he tried to understand what was happening, "Yeah, sure. I can hear you. You don't happen to have fallen for her, have you?"

"I don't know. She didn't even give me a chance to make up my mind on how I feel about her before telling me it was nice while it lasted," Matt said before taking a long sip from his glass of wine.

"Did she give you any particular reason?" Bryan asked, pressing for answers, and then he listened as Matt told him everything that had transpired between himself and Candace.

Bryan couldn't help being amused by the thought that he, Tom, and Matt were all having women issues of varying degrees at the same time. Why were women such crazy creatures?

"Don't let it bother you too much," Bryan said, not knowing how else to comfort or advise his friend. If the lady said she didn't want him, even though it was clear that she was attracted to him, then there was little or nothing else that could be done about it.

"Sure. So how is your fiancée? How are things going with her?" Matt asked, wanting to stop talking or thinking about Candace.

"I'm sure she is doing beautifully well as she is frustrating me as usual. That's what she does best after all," Bryan muttered under his breath making Matt chuckle.

"Why doesn't that sound like a complaint? She is beginning to get to you, isn't she?" Matt asked in amusement.

"I honestly wish I could deny that, but she is so damn fine and attractive. She even did a makeover and bought only sex gowns," Bryan complained with a groan which made Matt laugh out loud, despite his own problems.

"I guess you will be cutting off your dick soon," Matt said, reminding him of what he had said about preferring to cut off his dick than having sex with Sonia.

"I need help bro. Consider this an SOS cry," Bryan said making Matt laugh even more.

"I told you that you were going to fall for her. Sonia is sexy, she is beautiful, she is intelligent, she is smart, she is fun to be around. What more do you need in a lady?" Matt asked curiously.

"You forgot to add that she is crazy! That girl is crazy I swear," Bryan added.

"Perhaps she is only crazy about you?" Matt pointed out.

"I don't think so. One minute she's acting like she wants me, the next minute she's treating me like I mean nothing to her," Bryan said.

"All I see is a lady using your technique on you. You both are a perfect fit, so maybe you should be more open-minded about her," Matt advised since it was easier to advise someone else than one's self.

After that Bryan told Matt about the reality show before they finally called it a night.

In the room down the hall from where he was, Sonia sat on her bed with a thoughtful expression on her face as she tried to put the events of the past couple of days down on her jotter and her laptop which was resting on the pillow on top of her thighs.

She placed her pen behind her ear as she stared at her laptop's screen. While it seemed like she and Bryan were making progress in the story, she couldn't say the same for Lucy, as Lucy was her second female lead. She couldn't shake off the feeling that something very vital was missing in Lucy's story, even though she couldn't place her fingers on what it was that was missing.

All she knew was that she needed to bring Lucy's character alive. What could she do? Write about Lucy's past? Add something exciting? Or bring in a new character that would help awaken Lucy? Her eyes lit up when she was struck by an idea. Why hadn't she thought of it this whole time?

She could say Lucy's driver was the same person as her boss who was Bryan's older brother! Why hadn't she thought of that plot? It made perfect sense even if it wasn't the case in reality. She would just make Lucy's story more of fiction, while hers and Bryan's could be of their everyday life. That would be perfect! Sonia thought as she quickly jotted down the new idea before shutting down her laptop and lifting it from her lap to place it on the space beside her on the bed.

She had done enough thinking for one day and was feeling both physically and mentally exhausted already. All she needed now was a skinny dip in the pool, to enjoy the cool evening breeze on her skin, she thought as she yawned and stretched out on the bed.

After that, she got off the bed and took off her clothes before putting on a short sexy bathrobe she had gotten here during the shopping earlier. Once she was done she walked out of the bedroom and stopped outside Bryan's bedroom to be sure he was asleep.. When she didn't hear any sound from him, and she noticed that the light in the bedroom had been turned off, she smiled goofily, happy that she could swim and have fun in private.

Chapter 124 - Invading Privacy

After Bryan's phone conversation with Matt, he tried to read the novel he had picked up earlier, but he was unable to read it because his mind was clouded with thoughts of Sonia and he kept staring at her picture which was behind the novel. He rolled over on the bed but all he could perceive on his sheets was her scent, so he decided to go out to the poolside as usual to have a nightcap and enjoy the cool evening breeze.

While sitting there, enjoying the cool evening breeze he remembered the last time he had been there, and how Sonia had come out to join him and offer him a deal. It seemed like everything and everywhere in his house was beginning to remind him a lot of Sonia, and he didn't like it one bit. He

especially did not like the fact that he was beginning to like having her around because of their unnecessary conversations and arguments. He didn't want her invading his space or being around him. Not here in his house and definitely not inside his head either.

He picked up his wine glass and moved his wheelchair from the spot where he usually sat and turned off the light before going to the other end of the pool where he wouldn't be easily noticed. He didn't want Sonia to find him if for any reason she decided to come looking for him at the pool.

Once he was at the other end of the pool, he looked longingly at the water which beckoned to him to take a dip. It had been a while since he last took a dip in the pool, so he was very tempted by the calmness of the water. He glanced at his ankle which was still bound by an ankle brace and then decided he was just going to sit in the water for a few minutes to clear his head without doing any vigorous swimming exercise that would hurt his ankle.

Bearing that thought in mind, he took off his shirt, leaving just the boxer shorts he was wearing, and he directed the wheelchair to the edge of the pool before gently getting out of it.

Holding the handle of the pool, he pushed back his wheelchair so that it wouldn't be too close to the pool, before slowly climbing into the water using the pool stairs. He moved away from the shallow part and buried himself under the water.

Bryan shut his eyes as he tried to clear his head from thoughts of Sonia, but Matt's words about Sonia being perfectly suitable for him kept coming back to him. He shook his head to discard the thoughts.

That girl was crazy, and he couldn't do crazy. He wanted a girl who was as sane, gentle, and calm as his mother and sister. Even Tom had managed to get himself Lucy, so why did he have to be attracted to someone as wild as Sonia?

Just as he raised his head to the surface of the water to draw in air, he saw the patio door open, and because of the light which was reflecting from inside the house, he could see Sonia without her knowing of his presence inside the water.

He held his breath as he watched her stand there with her back to the door. He couldn't see her face since she was backing the light, but her long braided hair had been twisted into a knot on top of her head, and the skimpy bathrobe which was the same as the color of her eyes revealed those damn long legs of hers that always caught his eyes. A white towel was hanging on her neck, and she was holding her phone in one hand and a glass of wine in the other hand.

He watched as Sonia surveyed the surrounding in one quick glance as if she was looking for something before she gently shut the patio door with the hand holding her phone as if she was trying to not make any noise that would rouse him from sleep. With the patio door closed, the place was dark once again, so he had to squint his eyes to adjust them to the darkness as he watched her, and waited to see what she was up to.

Once Sonia was sure that the door was locked, she set both her phone and the glass of wine on the table, before quickly throwing the towel on one of the seats beside the pool, where Bryan had sat the last time they had been there.

Bryan watched her curiously. Did she want to swim? Why was she doing it with such cautiousness in the dark as though she was about to do something she shouldn't be doing? Should he make his presence known to her now or just until he sees what she wants to do? Or maybe he could scare her when she enters the water? Bryan thought with a mischievous glitter in his eyes as he remained at the other end of the pool with his body submerged in water, and only the upper part of his head above the water as he watched her.

His mouth dropped open when her hand moved to the belt of her robe and he snapped his mouth shut when water rushed inside. Surely she had a swimsuit on, right? Bryan thought in alarm. Was this the time to make his presence known to her? Or was he supposed to just stay still and let her do her thing? Why did he feel like he was invading her privacy when she was the one invading his privacy in his own home.

He should say something. He should do something. He should stop her from taking off her robe, Bryan thought, but his mouth refused to cooperate with him, as his eyes remained glued to her body waiting for the robe to drop so he could see what she was wearing beneath it.

'Traitor!' He cursed himself when he felt his body reacting to the sight of Sonia trying to undress. His body was his problem. Why was his body always reacting this way to her even when she was yet to take off the robe?

Sonia who was ignorant of the solo audience she was entertaining, stood there with her hands on her belt as she got ready to take off the robe. Halfway through untying her belt, she paused when she remembered that her glass of wine was too far away from the pool, and she was yet to turn on the music.

She stopped, and without taking off the robe she dragged the chair which was holding her towel closer to the pool, and placed the wineglass on the floor, close to the pool before picking up her phone.

Chapter 125 - Drowning

Sonia turned towards the door, wondering if the sound of the music would be loud enough to get to Bryan's room, but she shook her head. Bryan was fast asleep, and the doors were closed, so he definitely wouldn't hear the music, she concluded as she scrolled through the albums on her phone until she stopped at Cardi B's album.

She was definitely in the mood for some Cardio B music, Sonia thought as she tapped on Cardi B's 'I Like It', and soon the sound of music flooded the place.

Bryan watched in amusement as she started rapping alongside the music and swaying her body to the rhythm of the song.

"I like texts from my exes when they want a second chance (What?)

I like proving niggas wrong, I do what they say I can't (She can't)

They call me Sonia Bardi, banging body, spicy mami, hot tamale

Hotter than a Somali, fur coat, Ferrari," Sonia sang on, and Bryan chuckled to himself when he noticed that Sonia had replaced Cardi Bardi, with Sonia Bardi. This girl was not just crazy. She was a very crazy nutcase.

Still unaware of her audience, Sonia undid her belt and let the robe fall to her feet while she continued singing and swaying her hips. Bryan who had been watching her with a smile on his face, felt all the blood in his body move to the point between his groin as he watched her beautiful body.

Now that she was stark naked, there was no going back. If he came out now, she was going to say he was a pervert for not making his presence known to her until she had stripped. At the same time, Bryan reminded himself that the lady in front of him was Sonia. There was nothing normal about her, and she was likely just going to wink at him if she finds out that he had been enjoying the private show she had been putting up.

Sonia dove into the water and screeched excitedly when the cold evening water hit her naked body. Soon she disappeared under the water, and Bryan held his breath, since he didn't know the direction she was swimming to, and she was likely going to discover that there was another creature in the pool with her if she came anywhere near his edge of the pool.

Maybe this was the time to also scare her, that way she would think he had remained quiet because he wanted to pull a prank on her, and not because he was enjoying her show.

With that thought in mind, Bryan dipped his head into the water, and although his eyes stung, he tried to keep his eyes open so he would see her position in the water.

He raised his head when he heard her gasp as she came to the surface of the water. And he watched as she cleaned the water from her eyes and continued to rap alongside the next song that had started playing on her playlist.

With half his head still submerged in water, he gradually headed in her direction, trying not to use his injured foot, and also trying to avoid getting discovered by Sonia who had moved to the edge of the pool to take a sip from her wine glass.

Once he was close to her, he realized that he didn't even have a plan on how to scare her. He let his body relax under the water and shut his eyes as though he was unconscious before letting his leg brush hers.

Sonia's heart skipped a beat and she held her breath when she felt the touch on her leg. What was that? Was there someone in the water? She wondered in alarm. Choosing to ignore it, she tried to move away, but when she felt the brush once more that felt like a human touch, she decided to see what it was.

She reached for her phone which was water-resistant and pointed the light into the water to see what it was, and her heartbeat doubled when she saw Bryan in the water with his eyes closed.

"Bryan?" She yelled, her voice a mixture of shock and fear as she quickly went under the water to where he was.

"Oh my God! Bryan? Bryan?" She called in a alarm as she dropped her phone and wrapped her arms around his waist.

Bryan cursed himself internally when his member hardened at the feel of her boobs on his chest as she pulled him towards the stairs of the pool.

"Bryan, please be fine," He heard her plead in a terrified voice that sounded like she was crying as she gently made him sit on the second stair of the pool. It would be awkward now to open his eyes and say it was a prank, so what could he do? He hadn't expected her to cry or be terrified. Why was she always acting in the opposite?

Sonia looked at him, not knowing what to do or how to lift him out of the pool. Perhaps she should dial the emergency number? Or call his manager? What could she do? One thing she knew for sure was that she couldn't do anything in her current state of panic so she breathed in and out a couple of times to calm herself so that could come up with something.

Once she was reasonably calm she checked for his pulse, and when she saw that it was okay, a wave of relief washed over her.

"I'm going to try to help you the best way I can," Sonia promised calmly as she pulled his head backward and pinched his nose before lowering her mouth to his.

Bryan decided to just let her do her thing before pretending to wake up. That wouldn't be so difficult to do, since he was a good actor and had played a similar role in a movie before.

Once she lowered her lips to his, and her nipples grazed his chest, he felt his rod twitch, and Sonia who felt something poke her thighs, pulled away as she looked at him. Was it possible for a drowning man to have an erection? Sonia wondered as she looked down at his rod which looked very hard through his wet boxer shorts.

She leaned in again but instead of repeating the process, this time she made sure to let her entire boobs press into his chest while she let her other hand remain close to his thighs.

When she felt his rod twitch again, she narrowed her eyes at him, and as she lowered her lips to his, she bit him hard, making Bryan's eyes shoot open as he cried out in pain.

"Ouch!" He yelled as he glared at Sonia who was equally glaring at him as she used the back of her hand to wipe the tears from her face.

"Why would you do something like that?" Sonia asked angrily, but without responding to her question, Bryan pulled her to himself and crushed his lips to hers. He would think of the consequence of his action later.. All he wanted at that moment was the taste of her lips, and the feel of her body rubbing against his.

Chapter 126 - Overreaction

Sonia roughly pushed Bryan away from her and her eyes flashed at him angrily, "What do you think you are doing?" She asked with a glare in her eyes.

"Kissing you," Bryan said in a matter-of-fact tone as though it was something she was supposed to know already.

"And who said you are allowed to do that after the stunt you just pulled?" Sonia snapped at him.

"When did it become an offense to play a prank on my fiancée? Or kiss her?" Bryan asked with a slightly raised brow.

"How can you call that a prank? What if something had happened to you in the process of playing your stupid prank?" Sonia asked, her eyes shimmering with tears as she stepped on the pool stairs trying to get out of the pool.

Bryan's brows creased with a frown, and he grabbed her arm when he noticed how upset she was, "You are overreacting. Nothing could have happened to me. I am an excellent swimmer," he said, trying to reassure her, but Sonia was having none of that as she slapped his hands off her.

"Even the best of swimmers have been known to lose their lives in water!" She yelled at him angrily as she swiped at another tear that had escaped from her eyes.

Seeing how emotional she was, Bryan reasoned that she was probably reacting from a past experience and not just because of him, so he grabbed both her arms this time, "What is wrong? This isn't about me, is it?" He asked in a concerned voice as he wasn't comfortable with seeing the usually mischievous and insane Sonia acting so irrationally.

"I want to return to my room," Sonia said, staring at his hands so that he would let go of her.

Bryan considered her for a moment before letting go of her hand. Once he did, he swam to the other side of the pool, causing Sonia who had been about to get out of the pool turn in his direction so she could see what he was doing.

If she hadn't been upset before, she was even more upset now as she watched him get out of the pool and favoring of his foot as he got to where he had left his wheelchair. She had totally forgotten that one of his feet was hurt

How could he have done something so risky with a bad foot?

She got out of the pool and marched over to where he was, and looked down at him angrily, "You got into the pool with your hurt leg? Do you realize that you could have easily hurt your leg the more and probably drowned?" She asked in a growl, making Bryan sigh as he looked her over.

"In as much as I love to argue with you, it is difficult to argue with the completely naked version of you. So unless you intend to end the night doing something with me that doesn't involve talking much, I suggest you go and get covered," Bryan said as his eyes moved over her body, reminding her that she was still completely naked.

Sonia looked down at herself and huffed angrily before walking away from him while giving Bryan a perfect view of her ass.

As Bryan watched her leave, he felt something funny stir in the part of his chest where his heart was located, and he knew that he was in for more trouble with Sonia than he had bargained for.

Sonia on the other hand picked up her bathrobe from where she had dropped it, and once she wore it and tied the belt at the waist, she wrapped the towel around her wet hair before returning to join Bryan who was putting on his shirt.

"You..."

Bryan raised both hands in surrender as he interrupted her, "I'm sorry for playing such a prank. It won't happen again," he said as a meek child being scolded by his mother. He wasn't in the mood to argue, and if there was one thing he had learned from his parent's marriage, it was the fact that a simple apology from his father to his mother was always quick to quell a brewing fight.

"Are you trying to shut me up right now?" Sonia asked with narrowed eyes since she wasn't done with her argument yet.

Bryan growled to himself. What had he been thinking, assuming that Sonia would be as calm as his mother? "Of course, not. I can't shut you up. How can I? I'm just saying I understand what you are saying, and I'm sorry for making you worried," Bryan explained as calmly as he could.

Now that he had apologized, Sonia didn't know what to do with her sadness or her anger anymore. Without saying a word she turned around and walked away, only stopping to pick up her phone and glass of wine before disappearing inside the house.

Bryan had a concerned frown on his face as he watched her leave. He could tell that she was still very upset, and he probably should have let her vent out her anger instead of shutting her up with an apology. He picked up his glass of wine and headed for the house.

Once he was inside, he left his glass of wine at the dining table and moved straight to her bedroom. He stopped by the bedroom door when he heard her snuffle like she was crying.

Why was she still crying when it was obvious that he was fine? A crazy person like her wasn't supposed to have such a soft aspect to her. What was he supposed to do to comfort her now? He didn't like that he was feeling so guilty for upsetting her, and he disliked it even more that he was feeling very worried because she was upset.

Bryan tried to convince himself that he would feel the same way even if the lady in question wasn't Sonia. It was a normal human reaction to be disturbed by the tears of another person.

After convincing himself, he unlocked the bedroom door without knocking and moved his wheelchair inside. He wasn't sure if Sonia knew of his presence in the bedroom since she didn't raise her head from the pillow to look at him but kept sobbing.

He stopped beside her on the bed and looked at her as she wept softly. He sighed before raising his hand to pat her back, "You can yell at me now if you want to," he offered softly as he rubbed her back gently with one hand, and patted her hair with the other hand.

After crying for a while, Sonia raised her head from the pillow to look at him with her tear-stained face, "I'm sorry I overreacted," she apologized, and Bryan gave her a nod as he reached out with his thumb and tenderly brushed the tears off her cheeks.

"Who drowned?" He asked with concern in his eyes when he noticed that she was calm now.

Chapter 127 - Leave It To Me

While sitting there and comforting her it had occurred to Bryan that she had likely been so upset over the prank because she had lost someone that way in the past, and the prank had brought back the painful memory.

Sonia drew in a deep breath, and then cleared her throat, "My biological father. He worked as a lifeguard at a beach," Sonia explained with a distant look in her eyes.

She had been just ten years old when her father died, and although she loved swimming because it reminded her a lot of her father who had taught her to swim, seeing Bryan in the water earlier had made her feel like she was about to lose someone special to her once again to water.

"I'm sorry I brought back such a painful memory," Bryan said apologetically.

"For someone who had saved a countless number of lives, there was no one to save him when he drowned. The autopsy revealed that he suffered a cardiac arrest while swimming," Sonia murmured in a distant voice that told him that she wasn't listening to him.

Sonia shuddered when the image of her father floating in the pool flashed in her mind's eye, and she curled herself into a ball on the bed.

Seeing her that way made Bryan worried. It made him want to protect her.

"You should sleep now," Bryan said, not liking how vulnerable and fragile she looked at that moment. He preferred her crazy self. He would rather face the crazy and mischievous Sonia than this lady on the bed, Bryan thought to himself as he lifted himself from the wheelchair and got on the bed beside her. He cuddled her close to himself so that she was facing him with her head on his chest, and with one hand around her waist patting her back, he used the other hand which was over her head to pat her hair softly until they he heard her snoring softly.

When he tried to pull away from her, she made a whimpering sound in her sleep, and snuggled closer to him, leaving Bryan no choice but to remain there with her.

He looked into her face as she slept while sniffing occasionally, and his heart fluttered in his chest. He hated to admit to himself that what he wanted from her wasn't just sex as he wished it was. He couldn't believe that he had fallen for her charms so easily under such a short duration of time.

The fact that he had been able to set aside his longing for her body earlier, just so he could calm her, was a clear indication that he cared about her. And seeing how he was lying on the bed beside her, and simply comforting her when what he truly wanted was to strip her off the robe that was covering her beautiful naked body and make love to her, was proof that he already cared about her more than he should.

What was he going to do about this new development? He couldn't let her know that he was falling for her. It was best he played safe and just observed her until he was sure she felt the same way and wasn't just toying with him. He would just continue picking fights with her and pretending to be displeased with her.

Still in that position, he kept patting her back and hair while his mind drifted to her nude dance performance at the poolside earlier. His lips twitched with an amused smile as he thought about Sonia and all the crazy things she had done since he met her. With a smile on his face, Bryan dozed off.

Anita stirred in her sleep when the sound of her ringtone woke her up. She blindly reached for her phone which was on the bed beside her without taking off her sleeping mask.

"Anita Miller on the..."

"I just heard from your uncle that the meeting with Thomas Hank is tomorrow, are you prepared?" Her mother cut her off in her usual impatient manner.

Anita sat bolt upright on the bed once she heard her mother's voice and took off the sleeping mask immediately, "Yes, mother,"

"By yes, I suppose you mean you already know all that there is to know about him already?" Her mother asked just to be sure, and Anita bit her lower lip anxiously.

She didn't like disappointing her mother, and somehow she knew that her perfectionist of a mother was going to be disappointed by her response, "I wasn't able to gather much since he stays well hidden..."

"If that is so, how dare you say you are prepared for tomorrow?"

"I..."

"Why can't you be more like your sisters? Do you have to keep disappointing me by behaving like your incompetent father?" Her mother asked harshly.

"I'm sorry..."

"Did you at least get a competent private investigator? Or have you learned nothing from me in all this time?" Her mother asked without giving her room to speak.

"I will do so immediately," Anita promised, even though the first private investigator she had gotten had been unable to find anything.

Her mother was a powerful woman who wanted to have close ties and connections with only the richest and most famous people in the society, and all three of her sisters had married into influential families making their mother proud by bringing her desire to reality.

She had found the perfect opportunity to follow in the footsteps of her sisters when her uncle announced during a family meeting that he was contemplating selling off his airline to i-Global. He had told them how wealthy the CEO was, and upon further inquiry, he had informed them that the CEO was young and single. That had been the moment her mother decided that she wanted the CEO as her son in-law.

"Leave it to me. I can't trust you to not mess up this opportunity, so I will have my investigator gather all he can on him." With that, the line went dead.

The phone remained in Anita's hand long after her mother hung up the call. She knew she couldn't afford to mess this up no matter what it takes, as she very well knew that her mother wouldn't hesitate to cut her off if things didn't go as she planned.. Her mother was always quick to remind them that she never associates herself with failures, and cutting off their father when he lost his wealth to a bad business deal had always been her reference point.

Chapter 128 - Can I Trust You?

Tom lay on his bed, unable to sleep as he thought about what he was doing with Lucy and questioned his actions. Was he supposed to feel sorry that he was lying to her? He wasn't doing any of this to hurt her. Maybe if she had been more open to the idea of being in a relationship he would have been able to handle things more differently... Perhaps.

His mind drifted to the conversation they had both had after they left Jasmine's home. Lucy had insisted they sit on the trunk of the car to receive the cool evening breeze before heading for their various apartments.

Sitting on the trunk of the car with their back rested on the back windscreen of the car and looking at the stars that decorated the night sky, Lucy had turned to look at him, "Can I trust you?" She had asked looking at him with hopeful eyes. She was beginning to trust him already, so she needed to know if she could go on trusting him, or if she needed to keep away from him.

"I believe you already know the answer to your question," Tom had said without turning to look at her. He couldn't bear to look into her face right now as he feared that with all the conflicting emotions he was having he might just open up to her and confess everything at once, and he wasn't ready to do any of that yet. Not until he was sure beyond reasonable doubt that she loved him. He wanted her to love him.

"Do I? Why did you tell me that you have been lying to me?" Lucy had asked further, wanting to see if she could make him tell her everything she needed to know about him.

"I didn't say I have been lying to you. Although I have not been entirely honest with you, I haven't entirely lied to you either. I won't hurt you if that is what you want to know," Tom had assured her, but Lucy wasn't satisfied.

"How bad are the secrets you are keeping from me? And why can't you just be entirely honest with me?" Lucy had asked thoughtfully.

"I guess it depends on the perspective you view it. To me, the secrets are not bad, but you might not exactly appreciate them. And I can't be entirely honest with you until I'm sure about how you feel about me," Tom had said, but Lucy had interpreted it to mean that he wanted her to earn his trust before he could divulge his secrets to her.

"I guess you are entitled to hold back on telling me certain things about yourself until we have fully established trust between us," Lucy had concluded logically, and Tom nodded his head.

Now that he was alone in his bedroom, he couldn't help but wonder if she would be that understanding of his reasons when he finally tells her everything. What would happen and how would she react when she eventually finds out about his true identity? He knew that she was likely going to be very upset considering the fact that he had deceived her, and she was big on trust. Tom dozed off with a worried frown on his brow as he thought of what he could do to reduce Lucy's anger when she eventually finds out the truth.

"Good morning, Miss Perry," Tom greeted politely the next morning as Lucy walked up to the car to join him as usual.

This morning she was dressed in a fitted sky blue shirt which was tucked into a gray-colored high waist knee-length skirt that had two pleats in the front of it. On her feet was a biro blue stiletto which matched the handbag she was carrying.

"What's that?" Lucy asked with a slight frown. Although she had thought it would be awkward to have Tom driving her to work as her driver considering all that had transpired between them over the weekend, she realized that it was even more awkward having her temporary boyfriend referring to her so formally.

"What is what?" Tom asked innocently as he patiently waited for her to get into the car.

"We are not at the office yet. So save the formality for when other people are around us," Lucy muttered as she got into the front seat of the car.

"Whatever you say, boss," Tom murmured as he got into the driver's seat and turned on the car.

"Did you sleep well?" Tom asked as he drove the car.

"I did. What about you?" Lucy asked, turning to look at him.

"Same."

Neither of them said a word to each other after that as they were both occupied by thoughts of their own. While Lucy was wondering if the CEO was going to want to talk to her about her relationship with his soon-to-be sister-in-law, Tom was thinking about the meeting he had to attend at Ocean Airlines later that morning.

"Uhm, I might not be available until later in the evening. I have a job I need to attend to, I hope you don't mind?" Tom asked once he parked the car.

"Will it take all day?" Lucy asked, wondering if he was going to be back in time to bring her lunch.

"I will be back in time to take you home, you don't have to worry about that," Tom assured her as he extended the car key to her.

"You should go with the car so that your movement will be faster and less stressful" Lucy offered with a small smile.

"I can't do that. I don't want to get in trouble with Mr. Harry. For some reason I feel like he has something against me and won't hesitate to fire me for the slightest excuse," Tom said, but Lucy shook her head.

"Don't worry about him. I will just tell him I sent you on an errand. You really should go in the car. See you later in the day," Lucy said as she reached out to open the door.

"By the way, I just realized that I don't know your surname," Lucy said turning to look at him with her hand still on the door.

"Handy. Tom Handy," Tom said making Lucy's lips twitch in amusement.

"I thought it was just a nickname because of your job?" she asked.

"I suppose my surname gave me my life's purpose," he said with a grin, and Lucy giggled.

"Well, it's good to meet you, Tom Handy," Lucy said in an amused tone as she got out of the car and waved at him before walking away.

Tom sighed as he looked at the car key in his hand. He had no need for her car since he would be leaving for the meeting in his own car. He got out of the car, and after locking it he headed for his office.. He was just going to have Harry take the car somewhere else so that she would think he had left with the car as planned.

Chapter 129 - Ridiculous Conversation

Sonia opened her eyes in the morning and the first sight that greeted her was Bryan's face directly opposite hers, with his hands still on her waist.

Without making a sound she just looked at him as he slept peacefully with his lips slightly apart. Her mind drifted to all that had happened the previous night and she winced in embarrassment at the thought that he had watched her dancing and making a fool of herself. Her heart fluttered when she remembered how he had kissed her in the pool like his life depended on it. She had been too upset to think all that had happened, but now that she was calm, her lips twitched in amusement at the knowledge of how his body reacted to hers.

Wanting to see if his body would react the same way this time, she moved an inch away from him and undid the belt of the bathrobe which she was still wearing, and without taking off the gown she leaned forward so that her bare breast was rubbing against one of his hands.

She watched as Bryan stirred in his sleep, but didn't wake up. So she leaned forward as if to kiss him, but just as her lip connected with his, her phone started ringing and Bryan's eyes fluttered open.

Sonia cursed under her breath and tried to pull away, but Bryan's hand which was still on her waist automatically held her in place as he looked into her eyes and bit her lower lip.

"Ouch! What was that for?" Sonia glared at him as she raised a finger to touch her lip.

"Who said you are allowed to do that?" Bryan asked, repeating what she had told him the previous night.

"Do what?" Sonia asked innocently.

"Kiss me?" Bryan asked with a slightly raised brow even though he was very glad that Sonia was back to her usual self.

"And who said I was going to kiss you?" Sonia retorted.

"I guess you wanted to give me a Cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) then?" Bryan asked sarcastically making Sonia roll her eyes.

"Whatever."

"And why are you always naked around me now?" Bryan asked when he felt her warm mound pressing into his arm.

"Do you have a problem with me being naked around you?" Sonia asked, wondering what sort of ridiculous conversation they were both having at the moment.

"This is ridiculous," Bryan thought out loud echoing her thought as he withdrew his hand from her back, "Let's start afresh, okay? Good morning baby, did you sleep well?" He asked with a bright smile, not wanting to go on with the ridiculous argument they were having.

Sonia narrowed her eyes at him, but before she could say anything her phone started ringing again so she turned to pick it up from the other side of the bed while Bryan got out of the bed and got into his wheelchair, and left the bedroom.

She glanced at the phone with a scowl when she picked it up and saw that it was a call from her Editor-cum-manager. The man always seemed to know just the right worst moment to call her, Sonia thought with a weary sigh as she received the call.

"I'm surprised you haven't called me in days," Sonia said without bothering with pleasantries.

"Well, like everyone else I'm aware that you traveled to be with your fiance, so I didn't want to intrude on your personal time," he said politely.

"How nice of you," Sonia muttered under her breath with an eye roll. If he really didn't want to intrude on her personal time, then he wouldn't have been calling so early in the morning when she could have easily been sleeping in with her fiance or having sex with him.

"Thanks. So, how is the new story coming up?" He asked, jumping straight to the reason he had called her.

"I'm still on it..."

"The last time we talked, you promised you were going to send me the first couple of chapters," he reminded her with disapproval.

"Well, I'm still working on it. I need this story to be a bestselling masterpiece... So if you want something good, you will have to give me time," Sonia said flatly.

"Well, your other books are already selling out so quickly that the publishers are having a hard time making new copies on a daily basis... Not that they are complaining though. So I think you should hurry up with this new one as well," he suggested.

He wanted to make the best use of Sonia's relationship with Bryan since he didn't know what was going to be the outcome of their engagement. He was very well aware that like other celebrities, Bryan could easily wake up one morning and decide to call off his engagement with Sonia at any time, especially as he was known to be a very irresponsible playboy. He wanted Sonia to get as much as she could from the relationship for both their sakes before Bryan calls things off.

"Yes, sir!" Sonia said in a salute style like she was speaking to a military personnel.

"Also..." The editor started, and then cleared his throat as if he was trying to find a way to get the words to come out, "Could you ask your fiance to appear with you at your next book signing event?" He asked hopefully.

"Another book signing event?" Sonia asked in confusion since no book signing event was scheduled for the remainder of the year as it was something she usually did once a year, and she had already done it for the year.

"I know we already did one this year. I was just thinking that maybe we should hold another one in Sogal since we have only been hosting the event in Heden," the editor suggested, making Sonia narrow her eyes.

"Are you trying to use my fiance?" Sonia asked suspiciously.

"Why would I do something like that? I just think it would be a good idea for the both of you to be seen together by your fans," her editor rushed to explain.

"That would mean more books to sign as a lot of people would want to be there just to see Bryan," Sonia thought with displeasure.

"The idea is for the both of you to do the signing as a couple. What is most important is that everyone there buys a copy of your book. I'm sure your fiance would love to support your career," he suggested, and Sonia sighed.

"Although I don't like the idea, I will see what I can do about it. How is the deal coming with the movie producer?" Sonia asked curiously.

"I'm handling it. I will let you know when you need to come down to sign the contract," he assured her.

"I will leave everything in your capable hands then. Thank you," Sonia said before hanging up and throwing the phone on the bed.

She rolled off the bed and walked straight to the bathroom to freshen up. Once she was done she changed into a red short and a pink crop top that showed off her belly button ring before walking out of the bedroom.

"So, where were we?" Sonia asked as she walked into Bryan's bedroom, letting him know that she was ready to continue their argument from where she stopped.

Chapter 130 - Private Investigator

As Tom walked into his private parking lot at the underground part of the company which led to his private elevator, he didn't see the middle-aged man who was hiding in the background watching him with a camera in his hand.

The middle-aged man who had spent over twenty years of his life as a private investigator clicked his camera as he watched Tom get into the elevator.

He had arrived at the company very early that morning after he received a call from Melinda Miller, the previous night, giving him the job of finding out all he could about the CEO of I-Global. The first thing he did when he arrived at the company that morning was talk to the cleaners, since they were the ones who had access into the offices that no one else could get into.

It was from one of the cleaners that he had learned that the CEO's office had a private elevator through which he came in and left unnoticed. Watching the young man as he got into the elevator now, there was nothing about him that looked like he was a CEO. Although he was handsome, but he didn't look like what one would expect of such a well respected CEO that liked to stay hidden. The person before him was wearing an earring and his hair had been dyed... These weren't the sort of things that a person who didn't want to be known would do, the private investigator reasoned as he looked through the photos he had just captured.

He was sure whoever had gone into the office was very close to the CEO, and likely had a meeting with the CEO. He decided that he was just going to wait there until the CEO came, or the person returned. Perhaps if he could tail this person, as well as the vice president of the company who he had heard, was the CEO's right-hand man, he would be able to find the CEO, and once he knew what the CEO looked like, tailing him and finding out all he could about him would be easy peasy.

Meanwhile, by the time Tom stepped inside his office, Harry was already there waiting for him, "Good morning boss," Harry greeted without standing up from his seat or looking up from the game he was playing on his phone.

"What time are we leaving for the meeting?" Tom asked as he headed directly inside his mini bedroom and straight to the closet to change out of the clothes he was wearing into something more formal for the meeting.

"The meeting was scheduled for 10 AM, so we should be leaving by 9," Harry informed him as he raised his head to look at Tom and followed his movement with his eyes, "So, how did your

weekend go? And how is it going with the charming lady?" Harry asked curiously before returning his attention to the game he had been playing.

"You won't believe that Anita was trying to matchmake me with Lucy. We all went out to see a movie," Tom called out from the closet, making Harry chuckle.

"You've got to be kidding me," Harry said as he dropped his phone on the desk, and stood up, "What happened?" He asked as he stood by the door of the bedroom.

Tom quickly recapped all that happened at the Cinema between the three of them, and by the time he was done Harry was howling with laughter, "Well, you asked for all of this when you decided to do something crazy," Harry said unapologetically.

"Did I tell you that Lucy happens to be the best friend of my brother's fiancée?" Tom asked as he adjusted the wig on his head, and Harry's mouth dropped open in disbelief.

"That can't be right!"

"But it is," Tom assured him as he checked the mirror to be sure the wig was in place before picking up the mustache and beards.

"How long have you known about this? How did you find out? Is she aware?" Harry asked curiously and waited patiently for Tom to finish fixing his mustache and beard so that he could answer him. Harry listened attentively as Tom explained it all to him.

"Wow! At this point I'm no longer sure that all of this is mere coincidence," Harry said thoughtfully.

"I know, right? I think Lucy is the one for me. And that reminds me, she is dating me now... Although temporarily," Tom confided with a grin.

"So soon? Maybe I should start taking dating lessons from you? What should I do first, go get a makeover? Piercings?" Harry asked with a slight frown, and Tom chuckled.

"Start by helping me hide my girlfriend's car," Tom said as he threw the key at Harry who quickly caught it.

"Why am I hiding it?" Harry asked curiously as he looked at the key.

"I told her I was going for a job and she wanted me to take the car. Just keep it somewhere she won't find it until we are back from the meeting," Tom instructed him, and Harry gave him a nod.

"She must like you already to be offering you her car, when less than a week ago she had been trying to get you fired," Harry said in amazement as he turned to leave the office.

"I hope so. Have you been able to find anything on Jade's witness?" Tom asked before Harry could get to the door.

Harry turned around to look at him, "I was wondering if I could get Jade's contact number? I need to ask her a couple of questions," Harry explained.

"Sure. I will just ask her to give you a call," Tom said as he stepped out of the mini bedroom. He cleared his throat and spread his arms as he looked at Harry "So, how do I look?" He asked in a broad voice that was different from his.

"Exactly like the weird CEO everyone thinks you are. Maybe you should spend some time working on that voice," Harry said before walking away.

Once he walked out of Tom's office, he stopped by Lucy's desk when he saw her arranging some files on her desk, "Good morning Miss Perry," he greeted with a straight face.

"Good morning sir," Lucy stood up as she greeted him.

"How was your weekend? I hope you did some sightseeing?" He asked, looking at her with interest as he thought of the best way to mess with her that morning. What better way to bond with his best friend's love interest, than this?

"It was fine. I was indoor for most of the time," Lucy said with a polite smile. It seemed to her like Mr. Harry was fond of asking her questions that automatically made her want to tell him lies.

"That is nice. About your driver, I have found a replacement for him. Ask him to meet me..."

"What replacement?" Lucy asked, interrupting him.

"You asked me to get you another driver the last time, didn't you? I've gotten someone else to take over from him, so ask him to meet me in my office," Harry said, making Lucy's brow pull together in a frown.

"I thought the CEO said..."

"I know what the CEO said, but you don't have to worry about it, I will handle it. Ask your driver to meet me, okay?" Harry said, wanting to see if she would want to let go of her boyfriend now.

Lucy frowned. Although this was what she had wanted a while ago, but things were different between them now, and she didn't want it anymore. She was okay with him being her driver, and he also needed to keep working for her as that was the only way he could have the liberty he needed to handle his personal business.

"Thank you for your help sir, but I don't need a new driver anymore," Lucy called out politely before Harry could leave the office.

"Why? You are scared that you might lose your job?" Harry asked curiously, and Lucy shook her head.

"No sir. It's just that I'm beginning to get along with him now," Lucy said politely.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked with a slightly raised brow, and she gave him a nod.

"Let me know if you change your mind," Harry said before walking away to do what Tom had directed him to do.