

Wild Night 141

Chapter 141 - Familiar

Lucy let out a sigh of relief once she took out her contact lens and tied her hair in a ponytail. She was so glad that she was back home and could finally get her hair off her neck, and also get the lenses out. Her eyes could finally breathe.

Once she was done she walked into the bathroom to shower while thinking of Tom. She realized that he had been on her mind for most of the day even when she was talking with her boss. She wondered how he had spent his day and if he had eaten all day or had been too busy with his work. She was certain that he would be very tired after spending the day doing physical labor. Perhaps she should prepare something for him to eat? That was the duty of a girlfriend, wasn't it? Besides, he deserved that much since he had been the one making sure that she had something to eat since she got to Ludus.

Once she stepped out of the bathroom, she toweled her body dry before she picked up her phone from her dressing table and went to sit on her bed, as she used the Google search engine.

"How to help your partner deal with stress," she typed, and soon many articles popped up on her screen. Sitting on the edge of her bed, she went through the articles one after the other. She noticed that most of the articles had several things in common, and they were; listening to your partner talk about their day, preparing a nice meal for your partner, offering them a foot or body massage, and sex.

She decided to do the easy ones that were within her control. She couldn't initiate sex between them. Or could she? Her cheeks flushed a bright red at the thought of doing something as brazen as that, but she felt her toes curl as a tingling feeling spread over her lower abdomen. She wished she had half the guts that Sonia had. Maybe if she did, she could have attempted something that daring. Even the one time in her life that she had decided to do something daring she had ended up too drunk to not know that she had remained untouched... Or was it undicked? Seeing as he had touched her but had only failed to penetrate. Perhaps unpenetrated would be better? Or unpenalized? She giggled at the silly thoughts in her head. This was the side effect of having a crazy and corrupt friend like Sonia.

"Focus, Lu," She cautioned herself, but her mind returned to the thought of having sex with Tom. She almost jumped out of her skin in surprise when she heard the sound of her doorbell, and her eyes darted to the door guiltily. Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she looked like she had been caught red-handed thinking something she wasn't supposed to be thinking.

Her heart skipped a beat when it occurred to her that it was likely Tom who was at the door, and she quickly stood up from the bed and moved to her closet where she contemplated dressing up. When the doorbell rang again, she decided to get the door covered in just her towel. Where the boldness was coming from she didn't know, but somehow she just wanted him to see her in just her towel as she had seen him in his the other night.

"Hold on," she called out as she quickly put on her glasses and hurried to the door. She took in a deep breath before pulling the door open.

Tom who was standing there and had been about to dial her line, did a double-take when he saw her standing in front of him wrapped in just her towel. He noticed the blush that stained her cheek as his eyes moved over her body, and he couldn't help wondering what she was thinking about.

"Wow!" Tom exclaimed with an appreciative grin. He made no move to step into the house or retreat as he stood there staring at her. Even though he had spent the whole day with her at work, and in the restaurant, he realized that he had missed her. He missed this version of her with her hair packed up and her glasses on. He missed this unguarded part of her.

"Hi!" Lucy said with a shy smile.

"I missed you," Tom murmured as he took a step forward, and to his surprise, Lucy looked away from him shyly.

"I kind of missed you too," she said, surprising him even more.

"You want to come in?" She asked, stepping away from the door so that he could get in.

"You missed me?" Tom asked in disbelief as he walked through the door. He definitely had not been expecting her to admit that she missed him even if she did.

"Yeah. Give me a moment to dress up and I'll join you," Lucy said as she turned to leave, expecting Tom to stop her as he usually did, but he just remained where he was staring at her as she left.

Although he was very tempted to stop her as he suspected she wanted him to, he was still too stunned by the fact that she had just admitted that she missed him. To think she had missed him even when she was with 'another' man was something significant for him. They were certainly making progress.

Once Lucy got to her bedroom she sighed in disappointment. It seemed like he really wasn't interested in touching her yet. Not that she wanted sex or anything, but she had thought answering the door covered with just her towel was going to be provocative.

'I guess I don't know much about men and their desires,' she muttered with a sigh as she picked out a pair of jeans, a short and a gray-colored tee-shirt from her closet. Once she was dressed she looked at her reflection in the mirror and adjusted the glasses on the bridge of her nose as she contemplated how she was going to offer him a massage. That wasn't supposed to be a big deal, was it?

As she walked out of the bedroom she paused, hesitated by the door and returned to add a touch of lipgloss to her lips, and then adjusted her tee-shirt before walking out of the bedroom, "I hope I didn't keep you waiting?" She asked as she joined him in the living room, and Tom raised his head from his phone to look at her.

He smiled when he noticed the lipgloss on her lips, and held out his hand to her, "No, you didn't. Although I don't mind waiting for you," he said, making Lucy smile shyly as she took his hand and Tom brought her to sit on the couch next to him.

"How was your day?" They both asked in unison and then smiled at each other.

"You go first," they said in unison again, and this time they laughed.

"Have you had something to eat?" Lucy asked instead.

"Yes, I ate something earlier, what about you?" Tom asked, even though he knew they had had lunch together earlier.

"Oh!" Lucy said with a sigh. Now that preparing him a meal was out of it, all that was left was listening to him, and offering to give him a foot rub or a massage. Sex was certainly not part of it.

"I had lunch with the CEO earlier," Lucy explained.

"Oh! That reminds me, how did it go with the CEO today?" Tom asked, turning to look at Lucy curiously since he really wanted to know what she thought about him.

"Not bad. He's not as bad as I thought he was. I think I enjoyed conversing with him," Lucy said with a shrug, and then her eyes lit up when she suddenly remembered Anita.

"Guess what?" She asked excitedly, making Tom wonder what was making her so excited.

"The CEO said he likes you?" Tom asked, making her roll her eyes.

"Why would he like me? Anyway, I think I finally figured out why Anita has been coming so close to me. She is interested in the CEO," Lucy said in a conspiratorial whisper, making Tom raise a brow.

"She told you that?" Tom asked in surprise even though he had suspected that.

"Not exactly. But I realized that she has been asking me a lot of questions concerning my job and the CEO. And the dress she wore to the meeting today was exactly the same dress she made me go shopping with her for. She said it was for a special occasion. I guess the CEO is the special occasion," Lucy said with a small giggle when she remembered how the CEO had made her go get them drinks in her special dress.

"I guess she must have swept the CEO off his feet then?" Tom asked disinterestedly.

"You wish. You won't believe how he treated her today," Lucy said with a wicked glint in her eyes as she told Tom all that had happened at Ocean Airlines.

"Wow! The CEO must be a very mean person," Tom said with a slight frown.

"I thought so at first, but after speaking with the CEO, I don't think so anymore. I think he saw through her and treated her that way to put her in her place. Don't feel sorry for her, she deserved it," Lucy assured Tom when she noticed the frown on his face. He was too soft and kindhearted for his own good, Lucy thought.

"Seeing how you speak so highly of the CEO, I guess he must have made quite an impression on you," Tom observed, feeling slightly relieved that she didn't think he was mean.

"Yes, he did," Lucy said, nodding her head in agreement.

"Enough about them, tell me more about how much you missed me," Tom said as he moved closer to her.

"Hmm. Now I know why," Lucy said thoughtfully as she looked at Tom with narrowed eyes.

"Why what?" Tom asked in confusion as he looked at her.

"Why I kept thinking there was something familiar about the CEO.. He kept reminding me of you," Lucy said, making Tom's heart skip a beat.

Chapter 142 - Mood Swings

"Alright! Cut! That's it for today," the producer called out to the camera crew, as he clapped his hands, "Perfect! You are both perfect!" He said with a satisfied smile.

Once the lights went off, Sonia who was still feeling upset over what she had overheard him say to Jeff, sprang up to her feet and put some distance between her and Bryan, "Where are you going to?" Bryan asked curiously.

"I need to use the bathroom," Sonia lied with a stiff smile, but he noticed that she didn't meet his gaze as she walked away. This was the damned thing she hated about getting involved with anyone. How was she supposed to stop the ache she was feeling in her chest. It wasn't like she didn't know that he didn't like her before now, so why was her goddamn heart overreacting?

Sonia walked into the bathroom in her bedroom and shut the door behind her before turning on the tap. She stood, facing the mirror while staring at nothing in particular. She had tried to act as though nothing had happened, but she had been too hurt by what he had said to pretend. Even her smile was stiff. What had she gotten herself involved in? How could she have fallen in love with him before succeeding in sweeping him off his feet?

She remained in the bathroom until she heard a knock on the door. She took in a deep breath as she flushed the toilet and sprinkled some water on her face, and then she opened the door.

"Are you okay?" Mia asked with a concerned frown as she looked at Sonia.

Sonia gave her a forced smile, "Of course, I am."

"I don't think so. What is wrong? Did Bryan say or do something?" Mia asked as she took Sonia's hand and led her to the bed to sit down.

"He didn't. I guess I'm just tired. You know I'm not used to being in front of the cameras," Sonia said with a shrug while Mia narrowed her eyes at her.

She had noticed that the chemistry between Bryan and Mia during the reality shoot was different compared to how strong it was during the interview. It almost seemed like Sonia had been avoiding looking in Bryan's direction this time as though she couldn't bear to see his face.

"I'm not sure I believe you, but I'm not going to push, okay? Just let me know whenever you need to talk and I will be here to listen to you, okay?" Mia said, and Sonia smiled at her in gratitude.

"I'm leaving with Jeff now so that he can drop me off at my place. We will see tomorrow," Mia said as she stood up.

"Thank you so much, Mia," Sonia said as she stood up and embraced the young lady who was taking on the role of a big sister.

"Sure. Just try to get as much rest as you need, tomorrow is going to be even more hectic than today as you will both be shooting an ad," Mia informed her as they broke the hug and walked out of the bedroom.

By the time they got to the living room, Bryan was outside with Jeff while they watched the production team drive off, "I'm ready to leave," Mia told Jeff who turned back to look at her.

"Get in the car then. See you tomorrow Sonia," Jeff said with a knowing smile as he headed for the car, leaving Sonia who tried not to look too embarrassed.

Jeff was the only one who knew how she had made a fool of herself earlier by throwing herself at Bryan who felt nothing for her. He was probably going to tell Mia about what he had seen as well as what Bryan had told him. Sonia waved at them and walked back into the house without waiting for Bryan to return inside with her.

Once she walked into the house she went directly to the bar and poured herself a finger of scotch which she emptied down her throat. She winced as she closed her eyes which glistened with tears due to the stinging effect of the scotch on her throat. Or was it because of the pain in her chest?

She was pouring herself another finger when Bryan returned inside the house to meet her. He watched her curiously as she poured herself another finger of scotch, and he couldn't help wondering what was making her crave alcohol all of a sudden.

"Would you like to see a movie with me?" He asked curiously, wanting to spend some more time in her company now that they had the house to themselves.

Why would he want to see a movie with someone he didn't care about? "No, thanks," she said as she took a sip from the glass without turning to look at him. Although she knew he had done nothing wrong, she couldn't help being mad at him for saying something like that to Harry.

"What about we go to the poolside and play some games? Maybe chess or scrabble?" Bryan ventured again.

"Thanks, but I need to catch up with my story, so feel free to enjoy yourself," Sonia said as she emptied the content of the glass once again and dropped it on the bar surface with a loud noise.

"Are you okay?" Bryan asked when he could no longer ignore the change in Sonia's attitude toward him. He had noticed the slight change in her attitude towards him ever since they resumed shooting. Initially, he had thought it was because she felt embarrassed that Jeff had walked in on them while they were kissing, but soon he realized that she was actually being distant when she stopped touching him so much and gazing into his eyes as she had done earlier during the interview. And now he noticed that she was avoiding his gaze again.

"Sure."

"Why do I find that so hard to believe?" Bryan asked as he watched her closely while trying to figure out what he could have done wrong. This was the thing he hated about women and relationships. If he had done something wrong why couldn't she just come outright and say it rather than give him such a silly attitude?

"I don't know. I will be in my bedroom," Sonia said as she walked away, leaving Bryan who had a frown on his face as he watched her leave.

She was upset. He didn't know how he knew it, or why he was so sure about it, but somehow he could tell that she was very upset. He had unknowingly done something to offend her but he didn't know what it was. What had he done wrong? And why in God's name were they having relationship issues right now in a fake relationship? Or perhaps she was having mood swings? Was she on her period or ovulation?

"I can't do this," Bryan muttered with a sigh as he directed his wheelchair to her bedroom.

He tried unlocking the door but realized that it was locked from the inside so he knocked on it, "Sonia? Open the door, I want to have a word with you," he called out.

Sonia who was staring at her laptop with a blank expression on her face raised her head when she heard the knock as well as his voice, "I'm busy. Let's talk later," Sonia said as she started tapping noisily on her laptop.

Bryan sighed, "Can you at least tell me what I did to get you upset?" Bryan asked with a frown.

"I never said I was upset. I just told you that I'm busy, let's talk later," Sonia insisted.

"Come on babe, I know you better than that, talk to me," Bryan pleaded, and then his eyes widened slightly when he realized that he had just referred to her as babe.

Babe? Was he trying to toy with her emotions? Sonia wondered and decided to just ignore him instead, despite the fact that she kept feeling a tug in her heart to open the door.

"Sonia? Okay, whatever it is, I'm sorry. Can we at least talk?" Bryan pleaded and cringed when it occurred to him that he was beginning to sound like a simp. He could only pray that this would remain a secret and none of his friends would ever find out that he had just broken the bad boy's code by apologizing for an offense he had no idea about.

Sonia reluctantly gave in to the tug in her heart and walked over to the door, "What do you want?" She asked as she unlocked the door and looked at him.

Bryan sighed as he looked at her. What did he really want? "I want to talk to you."

"Fine. Go on and talk. I'm listening," Sonia urged him as she crossed both hands over her chest and looked at him.

"Can we talk by the poolside? Or in the living room?" Bryan asked, feeling uncomfortable by the way she was looking down at him while towering above him who was still seated on the wheelchair.

"Bryan, if you have something to say to me, then go on and do so. I need to return to my work," she said impatiently.

"Are you having a mood swing? Perhaps you are on your period or ovulation?"

Chapter 143 - I Want You

Tom looked at Lucy, not knowing what to say for a moment. What did she mean by the CEO had reminded her of him? He had tried to ensure that he didn't act like himself in any way. He had ensured to follow the five rules of disguise which relied on the basic human senses.

Do not look or dress like yourself; His outfit as Thomas Hank was completely different from how she knew Tom Handy. His eyes, hair, beards, glasses, and clothes had all been different.

Do not smell like yourself; He had used a different cologne and deodorant just so that he smelled entirely different from what she was used to.

Do not sound like yourself; He had tried to make sure his voice sounded completely different too, even though his throat was feeling funny now because he had spent more time talking than he had planned to.

Do not taste or feel like yourself; Thankfully both of these had been avoided as they both did not get involved in any activity that involved kissing or touching each other.

So what was she talking about? Tom wondered, his heart beating very fast at the thought of being discovered when he was just beginning to find his way into her heart.

"Why do you look so startled?" Lucy asked with a curious smile as she looked into his face.

"I don't know. I guess I'm just feeling kind of flattered and confused at the same time. What exactly about the CEO reminded you of me?" Tom asked with a shaky smile, as he looked at her with interest. He needed to know if it was something he could work on so that he could correct it the next time he meets her.

"Well, you both have the same physique and similar complexion. I swear if you were to be disguised as the CEO, you could easily pass for the CEO," Lucy said with a nod and pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose as she looked at his face like she was searching for other similarities.

"That is interesting," Tom said with a small smile, "Maybe I should consider disguising myself as the CEO one of these days. What do you think?" Tom asked with a grin, and Lucy chuckled.

"You wouldn't dare. Believe me when I say the CEO can be ruthless when he wants to be, and you don't want to get on his bad side," Lucy warned.

"Whatever. Enough about your charming CEO, I want to hear about something fun," Tom said as he took one of her hand in his and patted it.

"Something more fun, like?"

"Like how much you missed me?" Tom asked playfully, wanting to change the subject to one that was of interest to him.

"Hmm... I don't know. I suppose you were just on my mind all through the day," Lucy said thoughtfully, adjusting her glasses once again.

"And what were you thinking about me?" Tom asked, leaning forward in his seat such that his face was only a few inches away from hers while he still held her tiny hands in his.

"I was just wondering about you. What you were doing, if you have eaten, how the work was going, bla bla," Lucy said with a shrug that told him she didn't think it was a big deal.

"And do you often think about your twin, or Sonia all day that way?" Tom asked, wanting to know if she often thought of her loved ones generally like that, or if this was special.

Lucy considered the question for a moment, and her heart skipped a beat when she realized what he was driving at. It wasn't normal for her to think about him that way, "I guess I'm taking this temporary girlfriend thing a little too seriously," she said with a burst of awkward laughter while Tom stared at her in amusement.

"I think you are doing just fine. So tell me. Do you?" Tom asked as he reached out to pat the side of her face.

Lucy blinked at him, and it was all she could do not to lean into his touch. She cleared her throat and leaned back in her seat, "I don't. So tell me about your day. Was it very stressful? Do you need a foot rub or a massage?" She asked, wanting to change the subject once again as she didn't feel very comfortable with the idea that she was beginning to care more than she was supposed to.

"Did something happen?" He asked, wanting to know the reason for the sudden change. Not that he was complaining, but why was she being so open and caring all of a sudden? Perhaps she was beginning to fall in love with him for real? He really hoped that was the case. The sooner she fell in love with him, the earlier he could put a stop to all the lies and live happily with her as he wanted to.

"Something like what?" Lucy asked with a slight frown as she self-consciously reached out to adjust her glasses.

"You are acting so differently, so I'm just curious to know what prompted the change," Tom explained, making Lucy look at him thoughtfully for a moment.

"Is it good different or bad different?" Although he had said that she was doing just fine and had insinuated that she do not change a thing, she still needed to know if she was overstepping her boundaries this time so that she could get back on track.

Tom's eyes lit up at her question and he smiled at her, "Excellent different! You are actually behaving like my girlfriend," Tom said, making her relax a bit.

"And you like it?" She asked cautiously.

"I love it," Tom said with a nod, and she gave him a bright smile, feeling relieved that she wasn't doing too much.

"I'm glad to know that I'm learning fast. So tell me, what is it going to be? Foot or body massage?" Lucy asked again.

Tom looked at her for a moment, "You don't have to worry about giving me a massage, I'm fine. All I need is a good night's rest, and I will be good," Tom assured her.

"You are sure your body doesn't ache anywhere?" Lucy asked with a concerned frown, and this time Tom pulled her closer to himself. Butterflies fluttered in Lucy's belly as she allowed him to pull her to himself.

"I love how you are so concerned about me, but you should know that even if my body aches, I feel better merely by talking to you and being close to you like this. You are medicine to me," Tom said in a husky voice as he gazed into her eyes, while she looked back at him, her heart pounding in her chest.

Medicine? What were they doing? What were these words he was saying to her? Lucy mused as she watched him, unable to break away from his gaze.

Tom reached out carefully and took off her glasses, and without breaking eye contact with her, he dropped it on the table near them, "Have I told you that your eyes remind me of beautiful jewels?" Tom whispered as he brought his head forward, making Lucy's heartbeat skyrocket.

Still holding her gaze, he slowly moved his hands up her arm and used his thumb to caress her skin. Lucy swallowed, as she tried not to let her eyes dart to his lips. Right now she wanted to be kissed by him. She had no idea why, but she just wanted to lock lips with his, and have his hand all over her.

Tom watched as her tongue darted out of her mouth to wet her lips which suddenly felt dry, despite the lipgloss on them, and his eyes stayed on her lips, "I'm trying not to go further than this, but you make it hard when you do that," Tom confessed as he looked into her eyes.

"What if I want you to go further than this?" Lucy asked in an unfamiliar voice, surprising them both with her unexpected question.

Tom looked at her face with searching eyes as though trying to know what she was thinking, "Do you want us to take things further?"

Lucy gave him a tentative nod as her heart kept beating wildly in her chest. She was certain he could hear her heartbeat if he listened closely enough.

"What do you want me to do?" Tom asked as he leaned forward and placed his head in the crook of her neck as though he wanted to whisper something into her ears, "Tell me what you want."

Hearing him whisper that way into her ears in his husky voice, and his breath fanning her neck, Lucy felt warmth spread all over her body to her toes which curled at the silent promise she could hear in his voice.

"Don't hold back anything, Lu. It's just the both of us in here," Tom assured her.

Lucy's heart beat fast in her chest as she tried to make up her mind on what she wanted. Did she want him? Yes, she did. She didn't want to lie to herself anymore or deny what she wanted. She was undeniably attracted to him, and the sooner she acted on the attraction, the better for them both.

Their relationship was temporary anyway, so it was best she made the most of this opportunity to do all she wanted before he moved on to the lady he... No. She wasn't going to think of him being with any other lady right now. At the moment he was hers, and hers alone, and that was all that mattered.

Throwing all caution to the wind, Lucy summoned courage and cleared her throat, "How about I show you instead?" she asked as she held his shoulder and pushed him back slightly so that she could look into his face.

Show him? Tom mused, but before her words could register in his brain Lucy grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him down on her before crushing her lips to his.

Although she wasn't an experienced kisser, Lucy tried to take the lead this time as she kissed his lips and nibbled on the edges. She pushed him back on the seat once again and straddled him this time as she continued to kiss him.

Tom felt his heart tumble wildly in his chest as he let his shy girlfriend take control of the situation. Tom kissed her back passionately while also trying to match her pace so as not to scare her. His fingers moved to her hair and he took off the hairband which held her hair in a ponytail, causing her curly long hair to fall in cascades over her shoulder as he buried his fingers in her silky soft hair. This was one thing his fingers had always itched to do.

Combing the fingers of his right hand through her hair, Tom let his left hand find its way under her shirt and he caressed her abdomen with his warm hands as he slowly made his way to her boobs.

Lucy moaned softly when his fingers connected with one of her nipples and she deepened the kiss while letting her hands move freely over his body.

"Are you sure you want this?" Tom asked against her lips as he teased her nipples, making her struggle to open her eyes so she could meet his gaze.

Looking into his eyes with her desire glazed eyes, Lucy let out a shaky breath as she broke the kiss, "I want you."

Chapter 144 - Just Getting Started

Hearing her say she wanted him, sent his desire for her on overdrive. Although he was a gentleman to the core, but there was only so much that a man could take, especially when it involved the object of his desires.

"I don't just want you, I need you," he breathed as he took her lips once again in a heated kiss, this time taking control of the situation as he was the more experienced one. He knew that she must have wanted him so much to have really stepped in as she did earlier.

The meeting of their lips and tongues sent torrents of electric waves through her entire body, and she shivered as she moaned softly when his thumb and forefinger teased her nipple as his hand massaged her boobs.

Sweet God! She wanted his lips and tongue there.

The first time she had felt his hands on her, he had been a mere stranger to her, and she had been too drunk so everything was not really clear to her. But knowing him right now, and wanting him as she did, with her senses intact, it felt like her entire body was extra sensitive to his touch, and everywhere he touched made her hot and heady with desire.

Tom moved his lips away from hers as he kissed her cheeks, her brows, and then grazed her chin with his teeth, making her suck in a breath as the feel of his teeth and lips against that sensitive zone sent heat waves down to her core.

"You're so beautiful, Lu," Tom breathed in a whisper as he pulled away from her to look into her face with his beautiful hazel eyes.

Looking into his face at that moment, Lucy decided that Tom was the most beautiful man she had ever crossed paths with. His eyes drew her to him. They beckoned on her to travel down a sinful path with him, and she could honestly say there was nowhere she didn't want to go with him at that moment.

Still looking into her eyes, Tom slowly raised her shirt until her boobs were staring directly into his face, and Lucy swallowed when she saw the need in his eyes as he stared at her body.

"This is the final chance to back out, Princess. You can stop me now if you don't want me to go on," Tom said in a husky voice as he continued caressing her back with one hand, while the other hand held her shirt in place.

Lucy grabbed the front of his shirt to pull him back to her, but Tom didn't budge, "Your word, baby. I want you to give me your word," Tom insisted.

"What do you want me to say?" Lucy asked impatiently.

"Give me your word that you won't regret this come morning, and you won't withdraw from me after now. If you're going to want to avoid me after doing this, I'd rather not go on with it," Tom said, making Lucy look at him as she tried to think despite the fact that her brain was shrouded in a thick blanket of sexual fog.

Lucy could tell that even her word wasn't going to be enough for Tom, so instead, she pulled away from him and stood up, while Tom simply followed her movement with his eyes.

Looking down at him, she could see the bulge in his trousers as he sat there like he didn't have a care in the world. She felt hot merely by looking at it, and she wondered if he was truly going to stop now if she asked him to.

Although she was shy, Lucy decided that it was time to stop being a blushing virgin. Sex relieved stress too, and heavens knew she needed to relieve them both of their stress.

She reached for the hem of her shirt to take it off, but Tom shot out of his seat immediately and placed his hand on hers to stop her.

Lucy looked into his eyes in confusion, wondering if her delayed response had probably made him lose interest and now he had changed his mind about doing it with her.

"All I want is your word, Lu. I'd rather undress you myself," Tom said huskily as he looked into her eyes, still holding her hand. His voice mesmerized her.

She could only hope that she wouldn't have any reason to regret the words she was about to say. Lucy swallowed. "I won't regret this as long as you don't give me any reason to," Lucy said, making it clear that her reaction to everything was solely dependent on him.

"I promise to try my best not to give you any reason to regret it," Tom said as he pulled her forward, and placed his other hand on her lower back.

Lucy gave him a nod, "Let's go to the bedroom then," she suggested, as she had no intention of doing it for the first time on either the floor or her couch.

"Lead the way," Tom said as he let go of her hand, and Lucy headed for the bedroom, while he followed her.

She had no idea why he was taking his time with all of this, but whatever the reason was, tension was building inside her. The whole anticipation of what was about to happen between them was killing her.

Once she opened the bedroom door and stepped through it, Tom's hands went around her to grab her boobs, making her gasp softly at the sudden move and the dizzying effect it had on her.

Standing behind her, Tom slowly lifted the bottom of her dress, in a way that allowed his hands to brush her skin as her shirt rose gradually. He lifted it above her head, and Lucy shivered.

Standing with her back to him, clad in just her bum short now, Lucy didn't know what was next to come. Tom trailed his fingertip along her collarbone before letting it move down to the swell of her breasts, as he lowered his head to the crook of her neck and kissed her.

Lucy shivered again, and her eyelids closed as she let herself feel everything all at once. With her eyes closed, she moaned as she felt his lips on the crook of her neck, one hand on her breasts, and the other hand moving to the waistband of her bum short.

Tom fumbled with the button only for a second and once he undid it, without taking off the bum short he slid his hands inside. She wasn't wearing any underwear, so he touched her cleanly shaven pubic area.

Lucy's knees felt weak at the various assaults on her senses. Before her mind could process what he wanted to do, his other hand tweaked her nipples making her gasp, and the hand between her legs slid to her clit, and she sucked in a shaky breath, "Ohhh!"

"You love that, don't you?" He whispered into her ear as he found her wetness with his fingers, and spread it over her clit, rubbing and teasing as he continued to play with her nipples.

Tom kissed her ear and nibbled on it as he kept working on her with his fingers while she moaned ecstatically, as her head fell back, giving him access to nibble at the curve of her throat.

Lucy was certain that if she stood any longer, her knees were going to give out on her, as they were beginning to turn to jelly, "Can I... Ohhh!"

"Were you saying something, baby?" Tom asked as he moved his lips to the crook of her neck once again, while he increased the pace of his fingers between her legs as he rubbed on her clit faster.

"I was sayin... Oh, Tom! Can we... sit on the bed?" She asked desperately as she felt her entire body begin to quiver.

"Not just yet honey," Tom said as he moved to stand in front of her, pushing her back against the closed door, he lowered his head to her nipples and sucked on it with his feverishly hot lips. He sucked slowly at first, and then really quickly. And then he started teasing her nipples. He nibbled and bit them softly, and then he licked around the edges of her nipples before sucking quickly again.

Lucy gave out a throaty moan as she grabbed his shoulder for support, her legs shaking uncontrollably now, "Oh, God!" Lucy prayed as she moved her hands to the back of his head, wanting to push him away, but ended up pulling him closer instead as he moved his attention to her second nipple.

Still sucking her boobs, Tom moved his other hand to the waistband of her bum short and tugged on it to slide it off of her waist while his other finger remained working on her clit.

"Pleeeaaase," Lucy pleaded as she rocked her hips to the rhythm of his fingers between her legs. Her breath was beginning to come in small gasps.

"Not just yet, love. Step out," Tom ordered softly, and Lucy moved her legs, stepping out of the bum short. Now she was completely naked.

Without another word, Tom slowly kissed his way down from her nipples, to her abdomen as he went on his knees. He kissed her navel and then moved to her pubic region until he stopped at her feminine core and breathed in the scent of her arousal.

Lucy closed her eyes when she felt his hot breath fanning the area between her thighs. Her eyes snapped open when she felt his moist tongue on her clit.

Tom circled her clit with his tongue, and then he lapped up all the juice around it with one flick of his tongue before sucking on her clit.

Lucy's knees gave way and she slithered to the floor weakly, making Tom meet her gaze with a smirk. What was that stuff Bryan had said the other day?

"Sex is always a good start. Get into her bed, and if you do a good job you can sneak into her heart."

Well, they were just getting started.

Chapter 145 - Sexercise

"Tom..." Lucy moaned his name in a needy plea as he kissed her inner thighs and moved his way up to her slit once again.

"Want something, baby?" Tom asked with his mouth buried in her slit as he lapped her juice with his tongue while rubbing her clit with one finger.

Lucy's body vibrated with pleasure when he used his other hand to play with her rock-hard nipples, "I can't... I... I think... Ahhh!"

She moaned when Tom flicked his tongue over the entire length of her slit and lapped the juice once more. Her entire body started shaking with a blast of release and she tried to push him away as she felt the tingling sensation spread all over her.

"Stop! Oh, please stop," she gasped with her eyes closed as she writhed and moaned in pleasure, but Tom continued to lap up the juice as it flowed out from her making her cry out in pleasure as her body shook.

She continued to moan softly, as Tom pulled away from her and lifted her off the floor, carrying her to her bed.

Once he gently placed her on the bed, he started sucking her nipples which were still very sensitive because of her orgasm, and this time she moaned loudly, burying her fingers in his hair and raising his lips to meet hers in a feverish kiss.

Judging by how much she kissed him, Tom could tell how she needed him, so he deepened the kiss and moved his fingers to her honeypot once again as they kissed, making Lucy moan against his lips.

"Tom..."

"Mmmm?" He hummed dipping his tongue into her mouth, as he sucked on hers.

Lucy broke the kiss as she looked into his eyes with wild eyes, "Please do it," she pleaded against his lips when she could no longer bear the growing ache between her thighs. She felt like she wanted something more than his fingers inside her. She needed to feel him inside her.

"Do what?" Tom asked, seductively grazing his teeth over her lower lips which were now red and swollen because of the intensity of the kiss.

"I want you inside me," Lucy said in a needy voice, and to her relief, Tom pulled away from her without breaking eye contact.

Lucy felt a lump grow in her throat as she looked into his beautiful eyes, and then her eyes moved to his body, "You are still dressed," she whispered as she reached out to undo the buttons of his shirt.

"You want to help me undress?" He asked, and Lucy gave him a nod as she sat up on the bed.

Tom watched as she took off his shirt, and then his white sleeveless singlet followed suit. Lucy admired his torso, especially his neatly shaven chest, and ran her fingers over it curiously. She raised her eyes to his, and her breath caught in her throat when she noticed the passion in his eyes as he kept watching her with hungry eyes.

Lucy's hands shyly skittered to the waistband of his trousers, and she fumbled with the buckle of his belt. Her heart raced when her fingers mistakenly brushed his erect rod.

"Let me help with that," Tom said as he reached for his buckle and undid it in one move.

He watched her as she looked at the bulge in his trousers, "Changing your mind now?" Tom asked, and she raised her eyes to meet his.

This time it was Tom who swallowed when he saw the longing in her eyes, "I already said I want you," Lucy reminded him as she reached for his zipper and slowly unzipped his trousers, "Can you take this off?" She asked, and Tom stood up to take off his trousers and boxers.

Standing completely naked in front of her now, Tom smiled as he watched the blush that crept up her cheeks. He returned to the bed and sat down beside her, while her eyes remained fixed on his erect rod.

"Can I touch it?" She asked curiously as she met his gaze.

"Sure," Tom said with a nod, and Lucy's right hand tentatively moved forward while Tom lay back on the bed, giving her room to get accustomed to his rod.

"Is it always this big?" She asked, looking into his face.

"Only when I'm aroused this way," Tom said as he admired the beautiful glow of the light on her skin.

Tom sucked in a breath when Lucy's warm hand wrapped around his rod, while Lucy felt something, she was soon realizing to be lust, stir inside her when she touched the hard rod which was yet warm and smooth. She moved her hand up and down the length, making Tom groan softly as his rod twitched in her hand.

Her eyes moved to his face to see if he was enjoying it or not, and when she saw that his eyes were closed, she moved her hand up and down again, with her eyes still on his face, and this time Tom opened his eyes to meet hers, "I'm not a very patient person, Lu. Don't test the level of my self-control," Tom warned in a husky voice that made butterflies flutter in her abdomen.

"Maybe it's time you learn to be patient," Lucy said with a small smile.

Thinking about all the things she had learned from Sonia over the years that she could do to him, She leaned forward and kissed his inner thighs as he had done hers earlier. She kissed his inner thighs, and when she got to his groin, his rod twitched in anticipation making her grin as she bypassed it, to his abdomen and started kissing her way upward to his nipples.

Tom gritted his teeth in frustration, knowing that she had deliberately teased him. He tried to hold on to his self-control but groaned loudly when her lips covered his sensitive nipple. She licked around it before sucking on it as he had done hers, while her other hand rubbed the entire length of his rod.

Grabbing the back of her head, he brought her lips to his, and kissed her as he pushed her on her back, "I'm sorry pretty, but I don't think I can hold back anymore," Tom said as he took both her hands and pinned them over her head.

"I never asked you to," Lucy said, even though her heart was pounding in her chest now.

"Good."

Still holding her hands above her head, Tom's lips kissed their way down her neck to the mound of her boobs once again, and he kissed her nipples as he positioned himself on top of her, and between her legs.

"It's going to hurt," he warned her.

"I know. Just do it," Lucy assured him with her eyes closed. Although she was feeling very nervous, she wanted to believe that once they were done with this, she would finally be able to get him off her mind, and he would also stop bothering her.

Tom edged his rod to rest between her thighs, and using his hand he moved the rod over the entire length of her slit, spreading her wetness while also further arousing her.

"Look at me," Tom urged her in a whisper, making her eyes flutter open as she met his gaze, "Don't close your eyes," he told her softly as he lowered his lips to hers while still looking into her eyes and arousing her with his rod.

Lucy's heart lodged in her throat as they kissed while staring at each other. For some reason, this felt more intimate than kissing with her eyes closed. Lucy moaned out his name as she felt his warm, hard rod move over her clit, giving her a tingling sensation that spread over her body.

With their eyes and lips locked on each other's, as though he wanted to make sure he wasn't hurting her any more than was necessary, Tom gently thrust through the natural proof of her innocence.

Lucy shut her eyes tightly and bit his lower lip as she let out a whimper of pain.

Tom remained still on top of her, leaning his right elbow on the other side of the bed so that his entire weight wouldn't be on her, while he stared at her.

He had finally done it. He was her first, and he hoped to remain her only too. He wanted this breathtakingly beautiful woman all for himself. He wanted her, heart, body, and soul. He wanted so badly to be joined to her in every way possible.

Lucy opened her eyes to look into his, revealing the tears that had gathered in her eyes, "Sorry," he murmured as he kissed her eyebrows and her eyes as though wanting to kiss away the tears.

"It's not your fault. Sorry, I bit you," Lucy whispered, letting her eyes move to his lips where a little spot of blood had formed.

"At least we both bled tonight, and I shared in your pain," Tom said with a grin as he licked away the spot of blood on his lip, and Lucy's lips curved in a smile.

She moved her waist to the side, indirectly asking him to go on with the sexercise.

Taking her cue, Tom began to move his hip very slowly. Thrusting in and out as gently as he could muster.

Lucy gasped as she tried to get accustomed to the uncomfortable feeling. Although the barrier had been broken, it still felt like she was too tight. Her fingers reflexively moved to his back and dug in as she bit back the urge to cry.

Tom fought for control as he was very tempted to quicken his pace, but he knew that he would only hurt her if he did. This was her first time, and he needed to make it as pleasurable as possible. He needed to make the experience worthwhile for her.

Lucy bit her lower lips in an attempt to hold back the burning pain she was feeling in her slit, and a tear dropped from her eyes.

"Perhaps I should stop," Tom said with a concerned frown as he kissed away her tear, but Lucy quickly shook her head.

"Don't stop. I'm sure the pleasure will come. I'm sorry," she said in a slightly cracked voice.

She couldn't help feeling slightly embarrassed. She had read so many novels in the past that always led her to believe that after the first wave of pain came the pleasure, so what was happening? She wondered.

"Why are you sorry?" Tom asked with a frown when he noticed the slight blush on her face.

Lucy cleared her throat and looked away, "I'm sure you've had better..."

Tom covered her lips with his before she could complete her sentence, "I don't want better when I could have you," he assured her and before she could respond he thrust deeper and quickened his pace inside her, making her gasp at the sudden spurt of pleasure that shot through her.

Lucy closed her eyes in pleasure as she tried to move her hips in sync to his. Soon the pain she had felt earlier gradually began to fade, not entirely gone but overshadowed by the pleasure she was feeling inside.

She rode her legs up and wrapped them around his back as she had read in her novels, making him groan in pleasure.

Tom positioned himself in a way that every time he thrust him and out, his rod glided down her clit, thus arousing her even more as he pleased her.

Soon the room was filled with sounds of Lucy's moan as she writhed in pleasure, while Tom played with her nipples.

"I want to look into your eyes, love," Tom said in a husky voice, making her eyes flutter open.

Seeing that the tears in her eyes had been replaced by a glaze of pleasure, he could tell that she was very near the edge, so he lowered his lips to hers as he let himself go off the edge with her.

Their cries of pleasure were muffled in a passionate kiss as they let themselves give in to the wave of pleasure that hit them.

Tom turned over on the bed, rolling her over so that she was still lying on top of him as he tried to catch his breath.

Lucy rolled off him and lay on her side of the bed, her eyes closed as she tried to make sense of all she was feeling.

Tom was the first to recover from the pleasure, so he lay on his side as he looked down at Lucy whose eyes were still closed while her long hair was splayed on the pillow. Lucy opened her eyes when she felt his gaze on her.

"You're so beautiful. You could be standing in the center of a sky filled with stars and still be all I see," Tom whispered as he brushed his lips against her collarbone.

Lucy felt warmth spread all over her, and she couldn't tell if it was an aftereffect of the sex, or if it was because of his words.. Fuck it! Even though she knew she wasn't supposed to be feeling this way, this feeling wasn't something she wanted to experience just once in her life.

Chapter 146 - A Date?

Women! He could never really understand them, Bryan sighed as he returned to his room. What did he say wrong now? He had just been trying to make peace with her and to find out and resolve whatever had gotten her upset, so why was she mad at him. She hadn't even responded to his question before slamming the door in his face. How rude! He thought with a scowl.

Maybe it was best he just remained single and saved himself from the stress of getting involved with women. He was sure that single men often outlived men who were married or were involved in serious romantic relationships with women.

He glanced at his phone on the bed when it started ringing, and he moved to where it was by the bed to pick it up. He smiled when he noticed that it was his mother, "Hey, mom!" He greeted excitedly.

"Don't sound like you're so happy to speak with me when I'm the one calling you," his mother responded dryly.

"Come on, mom. You know I've just been really busy, but that doesn't mean I'm not happy to hear from you whenever you call," Bryan said apologetically.

"Same old story. I'm not calling to talk to you. Where is Sonia? Hand the phone over to her," His mother said, making Bryan frown.

"You haven't heard from me in almost a week, and it's Sonia you called to speak with?"

"If you cared so much about not hearing from me, then you should have called. Now don't waste my time and hand the phone to my soon-to-be daughter-in-law," his mother ordered.

"Well, I can't give her the phone. She isn't talking to me and has locked herself up in one of the bedrooms," Bryan explained with a sigh.

"What did you do?" His mother asked with a concerned frown.

"What do you mean what did I do? Don't you think it is possible she is the one at fault?" Bryan asked with a frown of his own.

"If she was, you would be the one not talking to her, not the other way round. So what did you do?" His mother repeated, making Bryan's brows furrow as he tried to think about what he could possibly have done wrong.

"I didn't do anything wrong. She was acting up earlier and I tried to find out why she was in a bad mood, so I assumed she was probably having a mood swing because..."

"You didn't happen to ask her if she was on her period or something, did you?" His mother cut in before he could finish.

"Well, I did. She slammed the door in my face rudely, can you believe that?" Bryan asked angrily, making his mother sigh.

"She must be a very calm person. You are lucky all she did was slam the door in your face," his mother said with a shake of her head.

"But it was just a harmless question," Bryan insisted.

"You don't ask a lady such questions. Ask your father what I did to him the last time he asked me such a question. You should just apologize to her," his mother advised him.

"Apologize for what, mom? I didn't even do or say anything to her! One minute we were kissing and the next she's angry!" Bryan closed his eyes when he realized he had just given his mother too much information.

"You were kissing and then she became angry? Did nothing happen in between? You didn't say anything?" His mother asked, acting like they were having the most natural discussion in the world between mother and son.

"Well, Jeff interrupted us, and then..." Bryan let his words trail off, and his brows creased with a frown when he remembered his conversation with Jeff. Sonia couldn't have overheard their conversation, could she? And even if she had overheard their conversation, why would she be upset over what he had said? It wasn't like they were in a relationship, or that she had feelings for him or anything.

"You just realized what you did wrong, didn't you?" His mother asked when Bryan abruptly stopped talking.

"I still don't know what I did wrong. Maybe she is just having a mood swing and wants to take it out on me for no reason," Bryan said, even though the seed of doubt was growing in his mind now.

"Well, I'm sure you will figure it out on your own. Now it's either you go give her the phone or you text me her number so that I can call her myself," his mother insisted.

"What do you want to talk to her about?" Bryan asked with a scowl.

"I don't think you should concern yourself with my discussion with my soon-to-be daughter-in-law. Now hurry, I don't have all night," his mother urged him on.

Bryan contemplated texting his mother Sonia's number but decided against it since he still needed an excuse to see her and talk to her. He was going to be upset for the rest of the evening if he didn't resolve whatever was going on between them now.

Bryan sighed, "Hold on," he told his mother as he moved his wheelchair out of the room and returned once again to Sonia's bedroom.

Sonia fumed in anger as she lay on the bed, glaring at the door. Of all stupidly idiotic and annoying things to say, he had actually asked her that? If she was on her period or ovulating? The nerve of the baboon! Sonia thought angrily as she sat up on her bed once again.

"Babe?" Bryan called out for the benefit of his mother as he knocked on her bedroom door, "My mom is on the phone, she wants to speak with you."

"..." Sonia who had opened her mouth to yell at him, snapped her mouth shut when she heard what he said. His mom? Was he trying to trick her?

"I told you she's upset, she isn't going to open the do...." Bryan stopped speaking when the door was pulled open, and an angry Sonia stood there glaring down at him.

"I'm not here to talk to you. My mom asked me to bring you the phone," Bryan said with a scowl of his own as he handed her the phone.

Sonia snatched the phone from him, and returned inside the bedroom without closing the door, leaving Bryan to decide whether he wanted to leave or wait for her to finish with the phone call so that he could take his phone.

"Good evening ma'am," Sonia greeted politely.

"Just call me Evelyn, my darling. How have you been? I hope Bryan taking good care of you, and he isn't too annoying?"

Sonia sighed, "Well, I guess he is trying," Sonia said as she glanced at Bryan who was still by the doorway watching her curiously as he tried to figure her out, "How are you? And Mr. Hank?" Sonia asked curiously as she turned away from Bryan.

"We are both very fine, although we are going to the hospital for our monthly check-up tomorrow. What about you? Are you okay? Bryan is very worried that you are upset with him. Did he do something to upset you? You can talk to me," Bryan's mother said, making Sonia sigh.

What could she tell the lady? That she was upset because Bryan didn't feel anything for her? "No, he didn't. I was just busy with work and he assumed I was upset. I'm fine," Sonia assured the lady.

Although she could tell it was more than that, she decided not to push Sonia, "So, I was wondering, what plans have you both put in place concerning your wedding? Have you picked a date yet?" She asked, switching to the reason for her call, and Sonia's gaze darted to Bryan immediately.

"A date?" She asked, making Bryan raise a questioning brow as he moved into the room.

"Yes. I don't suppose you both plan to just be engaged and live together without getting married, do you?" She asked again, making Sonia glance at Bryan.

"What is she saying?" He mouthed to her.

"Uhm... Well, we have both been too busy to talk about it. Maybe we can all plan for the wedding when we visit you," Sonia said still looking at Bryan.

Bryan's heart skipped a beat when he realized what Sonia was talking about. Wedding? What wedding? His mother was asking about their wedding? Bryan thought in alarm.

"Bryan wants to speak with you," Sonia informed her when Bryan stretched out his hand for her to give the phone back to him.

"Okay, my darling. Make sure to take my number from him, and give me a call, alright?"

"I will do that. Have a lovely evening," Sonia said before handing the phone to Bryan.

"Mom, I will call you some other time. I love you," Bryan said and hung up before his mother could say anything else.

Once he was done, he looked at Sonia who returned to where she lay on the bed and picked up her laptop like she was busy.

"Were you eavesdropping on my conversation with Jeff?" Bryan asked, making Sonia snap her head up from the laptop to look at him guiltily.

"Is that why you are being cold?" Bryan asked, looking at her with interest when she looked away guiltily like a little girl who had just been caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

She didn't have feelings for him, did she?

"I don't know what you are talking about," Sonia said in a small voice without meeting his gaze.

Bryan sighed as he moved closer to the bed and took her hands, "What exactly do you want from me?"

Chapter 147 - Mutual Feeling

What did she want from him? Love? Companionship? Friendship? She definitely couldn't tell him she wanted any of those. Why was he asking anyway? It wasn't like he was going to offer it to her just because she says she wants that. He might even make fun of her if she told him she was beginning to develop feelings for him, she thought with a sigh when she remembered the discussion they had some days back about who was going to fall in love with the other first.

"I don't want anything from you. I'm just busy with work," Sonia said, trying to pull her hand away from his grip, but Bryan kept a firm grip on her hand as he got on the bed.

"What are you doing?" Sonia asked, wondering why he was acting like he cared about her when he already told Jeff that he didn't feel anything for her.

Bryan tried to put himself in her shoes by thinking about how he would have felt or reacted had he been the one who had overheard her saying what he had said to Jeff. He decided that the only reason he would feel upset was if he was interested in her. So why did she seem so upset? Was she really interested in him? He hoped so.

"Why don't I sit next to you and watch you while you work? I promise not to disturb you," He said as he moved closer to her.

"Suit yourself," Sonia muttered as she moved away from him, even though her heart was beating really fast because of his proximity.

Sonia tried to focus on the words she had previously typed which were displayed on her laptop's screen, but she couldn't make sense of the words or concentrate on anything, as she was distracted by Bryan's thumb which was lightly rubbing over her arm as he scooted closer to her.

When she couldn't bear it anymore Sonia cleared her throat, "Do you mind excusing me? I can't concentrate on my work while you are here like this," Sonia told him quietly.

"You asked me to suit myself. Besides, I can't concentrate out there while you are in here like this either. So, what do you suggest we do? Do you want us to talk about it now?" He asked, looking at her face with searching eyes, as though trying to discern her thoughts.

Sonia felt a painful lump in her throat when she recalled the words he had said to Jeff, and tears welled up in her eyes, causing her to look away from him, "Talk about what?" She asked, pretending not to know what he was talking about as the thought of what he had said still made her heart ache.

"Talk about the reason you are so upset," Bryan answered patiently.

"I already told you I'm not upset," Sonia insisted.

"Can you stop acting like you don't know what I'm talking about? I'm trying my best here, so you should at least help me too. I really didn't mean what I said to Jeff. I only said that to get him out of my face," Bryan confessed with a sigh even though he knew she still wouldn't believe him. He just didn't want her to keep feeling hurt or upset because of what he had said.

Sonia turned to look at him. She wanted to ask him what he meant by that. Did that mean he had feelings for her? But she was too scared to bring herself to ask him that question. She didn't want him to say something that might hurt her even more, and she didn't want him to have the impression that he could hurt her either, so she shook her head, "I really don't know what you are talking about. I didn't hear anything," Sonia stubbornly insisted.

It was apparent to Bryan that she was lying to him, but he couldn't understand why, "I have no idea why you are being so stubborn or denying this, but if you're feeling upset because of what you heard, you really shouldn't be," Bryan said as he raised her hand to his lips, and kissed her palm, making Sonia blink at him as heat spread from her hand to the other parts of her body, and her heart fluttered in her chest.

"What are you doing?" She asked in a small voice.

"Trying to make you feel better? I don't like you like this. I like you better when you are happy and acting like a witch," Bryan said with a small smile even though he couldn't understand why he was saying things like this, or trying so hard to cheer her up when he had decided that he didn't want her to know about his feelings.

"Acting like a witch?" Sonia asked with a scowl even though she somehow found his words amusing and comforting.

"Are women generally fault finders, or is it just a Sonia Bardi thing? How come you skipped the part where I said I like you better when you are happy?" Bryan asked, making Sonia roll her eyes.

"Are you here to pick a fight or to apologize?"

"Ah! So finally you agree that I did something to make you upset?" Bryan asked with a grin, and Sonia picked up the pillow to hit him, but Bryan quickly caught hold of it.

"What did I do?"

"How could you ask me such a stupid question?" Sonia asked with a slightly raised brow.

"Well, you kept insisting that you weren't upset, yet you kept giving me that silly attitude like you were having a mood swing. What was I to think? I was only trying to understand what was up with you," Bryan pointed out as he placed one hand over her shoulder and pulled her close to himself.

"I never gave you any silly attitude," Sonia said defensively.

"Yes, you did. Your smile was fake, and you weren't even looking at me like you did during the interview earlier. And please stop denying it, it's not cool," Bryan said with a scowl.

"Whatever!" Sonia muttered as she turned her face away from him.

"Ever heard the saying that eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves?" Bryan asked as he lifted her laptop off her lap, and dropped it on top of his wheelchair, before placing a finger under her chin.

Sonia swallowed as she reluctantly turned to look into his face, but she couldn't raise her eyes to meet his gaze. She feared that her eyes might reveal her emotions to him.

"I'm sorry you heard that."

"You didn't say anything that wasn't true. It's not like we are in a real relationship anyway, so I had no reason to be upset," Sonia pointed out with a sigh.

"Yet you were upset, weren't you?" Bryan asked hopefully as he looked into her face.

"Maybe a little?" Sonia asked, making the corners of Bryan's lips twitch.

"Now you sound cute," Bryan murmured in amusement as he brushed his lips against her forehead.

They both adjusted in a way that they were seated on the bed with their backs resting against the headboard and Sonia's head rested on his shoulder, while Bryan's left hand was around her shoulders, and their right hands were intertwined.

Neither of them said another word to each other for some seconds as they both remained in that position. After a while, Bryan sighed, "I don't know what to say to you, but I can honestly assure you that within the last couple of days I've stopped seeing you as a nuisance. I enjoy your company and love having you around me," Bryan said, making Sonia lift her head to look at him as butterflies fluttered in her belly.

"You are not just saying that to make me feel better, are you?" She asked hesitantly.

"Why would I try so hard to make you feel better if I didn't care about your feelings?" Bryan asked dryly, and Sonia gave him a nod.

Although that wasn't a declaration of love from him, she was happy to know that he cared about her feelings, and he liked having her around. That was way better than him not feeling anything for her. It gave her hope.

"The feeling is mutual," she rushed to assure Bryan, who grinned at her.

"Of course, it is. Why else would you be so upset over what I said if the feeling isn't mutual?" Bryan asked as he looked into her eyes.

Even though he wasn't exactly sure what she was feeling for him yet or what she wanted from him, he was relieved to know that she cared enough to be hurt because of what he had said. That gave him hope.

Because I'm falling in love with you, Sonia thought, "Perhaps because my ego was bruised?" She said with a teasing smile.

"Then I'm doing this because my ego is bruised too," Bryan said, making Sonia giggle.

"Can you do me a favor?" Bryan asked now that she seemed less upset.

"What?" Sonia asked curiously as she looked at their intertwined fingers.

"I don't have telepathic abilities. I can't tell why you are upset if you don't tell me. So I think it will be best for our arrangement if you can always tell me whenever I do something wrong instead of acting up. I really don't like having misunderstandings like this," Bryan pleaded.

Sonia sighed to herself. Without a doubt, she knew that in days to come he was probably going to ignorantly say a lot of things that would upset her, and she wouldn't be able to tell him about them. Maybe if she wasn't already developing feelings for him, she would have been less sensitive to some of these things, but she liked him, so even some of his 'harmless' words might easily get to her.

"I can't promise, but I will try. You should also try not to say things that you don't mean," Sonia said with a yawn.

"I will try. It has been a long day, you should rest," Bryan suggested as he sat upon the bed, even though he didn't really want to leave her.

"Yeah," Sonia said as she also sat up on the bed, wishing he wouldn't leave.

"Uhm, I should return to my bedroom then," Bryan said with a nod as he started to get off the bed.

He reached into the wheelchair and picked up her laptop which he returned to the bed, before getting on the wheelchair, "See you in the morning. Goodnight," he told Sonia who was still staring at him.

She gave him a nod but said nothing for fear that if she opened her mouth she might end up asking him not to leave. She watched as he made his way to the door.

"Sonia?"

"Bryan?" They called in unison as Bryan turned around in his chair to look at her.

"Yes?" Each asked, looking at the other hopefully.

"Ladies first," Bryan urged her.

"You go first," Sonia urged him.

"Uhm, if you're not feeling too tired, would you like to see a movie with me? And maybe we can plan on what to do for tomorrow's show?" Bryan asked, and a happy smile split Sonia's face as she rolled off the bed.

"I was going to suggest that too!" Sonia lied, and Bryan smiled at her as she followed him out of the bedroom.

Chapter 148 - Nightmare

Tom's eyes snapped open when he heard Lucy making whimpering sounds in her sleep. He quickly reached out to turn on the bedside lamp when he felt her shudder in her sleep. He was surprised to see the beads of sweat that coated her forehead despite the coolness of the bedroom.

"Lu?" He called out softly as he tapped her, trying to wake her up, but Lucy shook her head and raised her hands to her face in a protective gesture that made Tom's brows pull together in a concerned frown. What was she dreaming about?

"You're having a nightmare, Lu. Wake up," Tom said as he placed a hand on her shoulder and shook her.

"Don't touch me," Lucy cried out fearfully as she opened her eyes and roughly pushed Tom's hands off her, before scampering off the bed while looking around the room frantically as though she needed to find an escape route out of there.

"Lu? It's Tom. You are having a nightmare," Tom said reasonably as he slowly got off the bed with both hands raised while watching her with a concerned frown. He could tell that she was not completely awake yet, and he didn't want to spook her more than was necessary.

Lucy looked around the bedroom in confusion, and then slowly her gaze shifted to Tom and focused on him before she let out a long breath.

Oh, God! It was that damned nightmare again! It had seemed so real like the day it happened.

She had only just begun to believe that she had overcome the feeling, and was past dreaming of it, but it seemed like she had only taken a break from it, Lucy thought as she weakly reached out to the chair by her dressing table and collapsed on it.

"Are you okay?" Tom asked as he slowly approached her.

Lucy raised her head to look at him and her eyes widened in surprise when she realized that he was naked, and she looked down at her body. Only then did she realize that she was also naked and her long hair was the only thing that was covering her breasts from his view.

Seeing how surprised she looked, Tom picked up his boxers from the foot of the bed, and once he put it on, he picked up the tee-shirt she had been wearing earlier and her jean bum short before approaching her.

Lucy looked down at her hands which were still trembling and clasped them together on her lap. She didn't want him to see her this way. She already felt embarrassed enough that he had watched her act like a crazy person a moment ago.

Lucy drew in a deep breath to steady herself when he stopped in front of her "Could you excuse me?" She asked in a cool voice, without meeting his gaze since she could tell he was probably very curious about what had just happened and would want to know what she had dreamt about.

Was she already regretting it? Or was she just feeling embarrassed? "By excuse you, do you mean you want me to leave?" Tom asked in a soft tone as he squatted in front of her so that she wouldn't have to crane her neck, and he reached out to tenderly tuck her hair away from her face.

"Uhm... I need to shower," Lucy said, turning her face away from him.

"That doesn't answer my question, Lu. Do you want me to leave? Or you just want me to wait in the living room while you shower?" Tom asked, making her sigh.

Hearing his tone, she could tell that he was probably thinking that she regretted their night together. But that wasn't it. All she needed was to sit under the shower for the cold water to pour down her body and calm her nerves.

If she had been alone, and if Sonia wasn't with Bryan, she would have called Sonia to talk to her, but she couldn't do so now since Tom was here, and she didn't know if Bryan and Sonia were sharing a room, and she didn't want to disturb their sleep.

"Are you okay?" Tom asked when she didn't say anything after a while, and he took one of her hands in his own. He was very tempted to ask her what her nightmare had been about, but he knew that he needed to set aside his curiosity at the moment and make sure she was okay.

"I'm okay. You can wait in the living room while I refreshen up," Lucy said as she met his gaze.

Tom looked at her face with searching eyes before giving her a nod, "Alright. Do you want me to get you anything?" He asked, and she gave him a nod.

"I need a drink."

Tom looked at her in concern and gave her a nod before standing up. He walked over to the edge of the bed and dropped her tee-shirt and bum shorts before picking up his shirt and walking out of the bedroom.

Once Tom was out of the bedroom, Lucy stood up and headed straight for the bathroom. Once she walked in, she turned the shower on full blast and shut her eyes as she let the water flow down her body.

How much longer was she going to be haunted by the past? It was over eight years already, so why was she still living this way? Why was she still letting Jamie haunt her? Lucy asked herself as she broke into a sob.

She didn't know how long she stood under the shower crying, but she raised a hand to her lips to muffle her sob when she heard Tom knock on the door, "Lu? Are you alright in there? I've been waiting for you for over forty minutes already," Tom said in concern.

"I'm okay. I'm sorry I kept you waiting, I'll be out in a moment," Lucy said in a falsely cheerful tone that made Tom frown. Why was she acting like she was okay?

He had gotten tired of waiting in the living room and had returned to the bedroom to see if she was okay, only to hear her sobbing in the shower. Now he wished he hadn't listened to her and had stayed back in the bedroom.

"I'm coming in now," he announced, and without waiting for her to give her consent or object, he pushed open the door and stepped into the bathroom.

Lucy's hair was plastered on both sides of her face as she looked at him with miserable eyes as she tried to blink back the tears that were still gathered in her eyes.

Taking one look at her eyes which looked red and puffy, and the tip of her nose which looked red, Tom walked into the shower and turned it off before embracing her.

"You don't have to pretend like you are fine around me," Tom said, and as though she had been waiting for the go-ahead to cry, Lucy broke into a heart-wrenching sob, and held on to his shirt as she cried, while he patted the back of her head.

Tom stood still, letting her cry as much as she wanted, while he murmured encouraging words to her, "You're beginning to catch a cold," Tom observed when she shivered in his arms, and he quickly grabbed the towel from the rail and wrapped it around her.

"I'm fine," she told him weakly, but Tom didn't listen to her as he swept her off her feet and carried her out of the bathroom. Taking her to the bedroom, he gently put her down on the edge of the bed and started to dry her body with the towel.

"Tom, I'm okay," Lucy tried to assure him, feeling embarrassed that he was not only seeing her in her emotionally vulnerable state but also her naked state.

"People that are okay do not cry in the shower," Tom said as he walked away from her and went back to her dressing table to pick up her hairdryer.

"You don't need to do this. I can do that myself," Lucy said, reaching out to take the dryer from him, but Tom moved it away from her reach.

"I want to do it. Do you remember what I am to you? I am your boyfriend, and it is my pleasure to care for you whether or not you can do anything for yourself, so stay still," he ordered, making Lucy drop her hands to the side as she allowed him to take care of her.

Once he was sure that her hair was dry, he walked over to her closet and looked through it before pulling out a sweatshirt and a sweatpant.

"You're not going to dress me up too, are you?" Lucy asked dryly, as she was beginning to feel better after all the fussing Tom was doing.

"I am. Get used to this," Tom said as he walked over to where she was and slipped the sweatshirt over her head, "Your hands," he ordered, and Lucy sighed as she slipped her hands in. Once he was done wearing her the sweatshirt she stood up and slipped her legs into the sweatpants as well.

"Good. So do you still want that drink?" Tom asked with a slightly raised brow, and she gave him a nod.

"What's the time anyway?" She asked as she turned around to glance at the bedside alarm clock, but she couldn't see the time displayed on it because she wasn't wearing her glasses.

"It's past four," Tom informed her as he placed her flip-flop in front of her, and she stepped into it.

"Already? You are supposed to be resting," Lucy said, looking up at him apologetically.

"I'm not complaining. Now let's get you that drink," Tom said, jerking his head towards the door for her to walk ahead of him. Lucy found it amusing that it was her apartment, yet he was ordering her around as though he owned the place.

"Sit," Tom ordered her as they both walked into the living room, while he walked over to her refrigerator to take out the wine and a glass.

"You are not drinking?" She asked when he handed her the glass and sat down beside her.

"We both can't get drunk," Tom said, reminding her that it was a workday and she needed to be at the office in a few hours.

"That's true. I shouldn't drink," Lucy said with a sigh as she dropped the wineglass on the table while looking at it wistfully.

Tom was tempted to ask her to drink the wine if it would make her feel better, but he knew he couldn't do that. She had to be at the office, and if she was drunk, she wouldn't be able to do that. What excuse could he come up with as the CEO to give her the day off?

"Are you feeling better now?" Tom asked instead as he gathered her close to himself so that her head was resting on his shoulder.

"I guess. You're not going to ask me what I dreamt about?" Lucy asked, sitting up to look into his face.

"I want to ask, but since I'm not sure you would want to talk about it, I don't want to ask," Tom confessed, making her smile sadly.

It was ironic that she had been avoiding talking or thinking about the past for quite some time because she feared that her thoughts often triggered the nightmares, yet the nightmares had come to haunt her even without her thinking about the past.

"I killed someone when I was seventeen," Lucy blurted out without letting herself think about it.

Chapter 149 - Creepy

Tom tried not to let his surprise show on his face on hearing her sudden confession. She killed someone? Bryan had said Sonia's half-brother had committed suicide because of Lucy, he hadn't mentioned anything about Lucy murdering anyone, so what was she talking about? On second thought he realized that it was possible for Sonia to withhold such information from Bryan. There was no way she could have possibly told Bryan that her best friend had murdered her half-brother. It wouldn't make sense. Or perhaps it was just her guilt speaking? That was most likely as he couldn't imagine a person like Lucy hurting a fly.

Lucy looked at Tom's face, but she couldn't tell what he was thinking as his expression was blank, so she sighed, "You don't believe me, do you?" She asked, looking at Tom.

"I can't exactly tell whether I believe you or not when I don't know the details," Tom explained, and Lucy's lips twitched in a crooked smile as she gave him a small nod, and then picked up the glass of wine.

She took a long sip from the glass, and Tom did not attempt to stop her. He was glad that he was her boss and could find a way to get her to take the day off.

Lucy sighed as she returned the glass to the table and looked at Tom. She took in a deep breath and let the air out through her lips, "His name was Jamie... And he was Sonia's half-brother," Lucy said, and tears gathered in her eyes once again as though she was struggling with the memory.

"Older or younger?" Tom asked curiously, trying to ease her into the subject gradually, while also wanting to find out if it was a case of mere childish infatuation that wasn't handled properly or something more serious than that.

"Older. He was a college student, while I and Sonia were both in grade twelve," Lucy explained making Tom's brow crease in a frown.

"Older?" That meant it was more serious than he had thought.

"Yeah. Sonia's mother had Jamie for her high school sweetheart during their first year in college. I don't know the exact details of all that happened, but she later got married to Sonia's dad, and when he died some years later, she got back with Jamie's dad," Lucy explained, and Tom gave her a nod.

"Sonia must have been very close to him then," Tom guessed, since he assumed Sonia had grown up under the same roof as Jamie, and he needed to understand how Sonia could have remained friends without someone who had caused her brother's death.

"On the contrary, they didn't get along so well. Somehow Jamie seemed to believe that he was denied of his mother's love and affection in the early years of his life because she got married to Sonia's father, so as a result he always tried to make things difficult for Sonia," Lucy explained without looking at Tom.

She still remembered how she and Sonia used to tiptoe around the house when they were younger, and how they both preferred to stay back at her house instead of Sonia's house because they didn't want to run into either Jamie or his father who always glared at them like their mere presence around the house was a nuisance.

"Do you still want to talk about what happened?" Tom asked when she remained silent for a while just staring ahead of her like she was lost in her thoughts. Although he didn't want to pressure her to share her story with him, he was itching to hear what she had to say.

Lucy who had a distant look in her eyes as she tried to gather her thoughts, turned to look at Tom. No matter how much she thought about all that happened that day, she couldn't come up with a different way that she could have handled things. Bracing herself, she gave him a nod, "I don't even know what to say or where to start from," Lucy said with a weary sigh, "I don't know when or how it started, but somehow Jamie had some sort of twisted feelings for me," Lucy said as she looked away from him once again.

"Twisted feelings?" Tom asked, and Lucy gave him a nod.

"Very twisted. Although he never talked to me when I was around the house, little did I know that he was always watching me. He was always taking photos of me without my knowledge... Can you believe that he even had a camera set up in Sonia's bedroom?" Lucy rubbed her arms as a shudder passed through her at the thought of it.

A stalker? This wasn't good, "Didn't you say he was a college student?" Tom cut in.

"He was. He claimed that he didn't want to be separated from his parents, so he chose a school close to the house where he could go to school from home," Lucy explained.

"He was always locked up in his bedroom, playing games or working with his system when he wasn't attending classes in school. Little did we know that he was actually busy monitoring me and listening to my conversations with Sonia. In the past, I used to wonder why most of the guys who asked me out on a date both in school and around the neighborhood kept their distance from me after confessing their feelings to me. I had no idea that after eavesdropping on my conversations with Sonia during our sleepovers, he would find the guys and harass them. Asking them to stay away from his girlfriend," Lucy said, and then paused as she reached out to take the wineglass again, but Tom picked it and handed it to her.

"That must have been very creepy," Tom said as he watched her drink from the wineglass.

"Creepy is an understatement," Lucy said as she tried to return the glass but once again Tom took it from her and dropped it on the table. Having nothing to do with her hands now, Lucy rubbed her palms together as she let out a sigh.

"The most spine-chilling thing about it all was the fact that he never acted like he cared about me. Not even for one moment did he ever give me the impression that he cared about me. The couple of times I encountered him in the house, he would look at me blankly and just walk past me. He barely even responded to my greetings," Lucy said with a slight frown as she thought about it.

"And none of those guys ever told you that they were being threatened by him?" Tom asked, and she shook her head.

"None of them stood still long enough to talk to me after he threatened them."

"So how did you find out he was behind it?" Tom asked, looking at her curiously.

Lucy sighed and reached out to tuck her hair behind both ears, "Well, there was this guy I liked, and I told Sonia about him as usual. So whenever I would visit, we would spend the night talking about him and giggling. And then one Friday afternoon, just before the close of school, I received a note from him, asking me to be his prom date. I was crazy with excitement that day, but I didn't give him a response immediately as I was trying to be careful, considering my past with the other guys who had previously asked me out but suddenly started avoiding me afterward," she paused to catch her breath.

Tom said nothing as he watched her while waiting for her to go ahead with the story.

"After deliberating over it during the weekend, I walked up to him on Monday after classes to give him my response, but he seemed to be avoiding me too. At that point, I couldn't take it anymore, so I demanded that he tell me what was going on. That was when he told me that my boyfriend had warned him off me. He apologized for asking me to be his prom date when I was in a relationship," Lucy said, sounding like she was still surprised by his apology.

"You can't imagine how surprised I was to hear that. I told him I didn't have a boyfriend, but he wouldn't believe me no matter what I said. And then he unbuttoned his shirt and showed me the bruise on the side of his stomach where Jamie had hit him. I couldn't believe him. None of that made any sense to me, so I went around asking all the other guys I could find why they lost interest

in me, and each of them told me how my boyfriend had harassed them. Not only was I shocked, but I was also beyond pissed. I couldn't understand why Jamie who never bothered to talk to me would go around scaring all the guys off me," Lucy poured out her story, hardly pausing for breath.

"What about your twin brother? I noticed that you haven't mentioned him in all this," Tom cut, wanting to interrupt her so she would catch her breath.

"His girlfriend was always hovering around him, and she was always in the house with him, as she didn't want me to be closer to my brother than she was. So I was closer to Sonia at the time all of this was happening," Lucy explained, and Tom gave her a nod.

"Go on," he urged her.

Chapter 150 - Creepy Psycho

Lucy had a distant look in her eyes as she continued her story. She sat with her legs drawn up on the couch in a way that the soles of her feet were balanced on the couch while both knees were drawn up to almost her chin level as she wrapped both arms around her legs in a protective gesture.

"At first I wanted to confront him immediately I heard from the guys, but Sonia stopped me. She thought there was more to it all, and that something wasn't right about the whole story. So she tried to calm me, and insisted that we give it some more thought before taking any action."

"Sonia must be a very smart lady," Tom observed, and Lucy's lips curved in a smile as she thought of her best friend.

"She actually is very wise," Lucy said with a nod.

"So what happened?" Tom asked, urging her to go on with the story.

"So we started trying to figure out how he could have known about all the guys who had shown any interest in me. It took us a couple of days, and during that time we stayed at my house so that I wouldn't be tempted to confront him if I run into him at their home," Lucy explained.

Tom said nothing as he waited for her to go on with her story. Even though the more she spoke, the more he realized that this wasn't going to look good for him at the end of the day. He knew without a doubt that she was going to freak out when she eventually finds out the truth about how he ended up becoming her next-door neighbor and driver.

Although he hated to admit it, he could imagine that she was going to think that he was no different from Jamie. Like Jamie, he was pretending like he didn't have feelings for her when he knew he had approached her a second time because he was interested in her. And like Jamie who had been observing her from the room next door, he had moved into her neighborhood and had even become her driver just to be closer to her.

Shit! How was he going to fix this mess? He feared that he was going to end up scaring her and pushing her away with the lies, instead of getting her to love him and be with him, and it was all because of that dumb psycho.

"Are you okay?" Lucy asked with a concerned frown when she noticed the scowl on Tom's face, and how his fists were clenched.

"Yeah. Nevermind me. Go on with the story," Tom said with a forced smile.

Lucy looked at him as though she didn't believe him, but let out a sigh before continuing with her story, "So after a couple of days we put two and two together, and concluded that he had likely been eavesdropping on our conversations. Thinking about how that was possible, we figured that since he was tech-savvy he probably had something set up in Sonia's bedroom, so we decided to check his bedroom to find out what he was doing." Lucy paused and drew in a deep breath, and Tom picked up the wineglass and poured some more wine into it before handing it to her, but Lucy shook her head.

"If I keep drinking, I'm going to get drunk before dawn, and we both know I have to be at the office," Lucy said as she stretched out her legs, before reaching out to pick up her glasses from the spot on the table where Tom had dropped it earlier before they started their romance earlier.

"Well, you could call in sick," Tom suggested.

"I have never called in sick," Lucy said with a yawn as she checked the time on her wall clock. She couldn't believe that it was almost six already.

"Then I will call in sick on your behalf. Don't worry. I could just tell Mr. Harry that I came over to pick you up but you were too sick to leave your bed," Tom assured her, making Lucy narrow her eyes at him.

"Why do I feel like you don't want to go to work today?" She asked suspiciously, making Tom grin as he raised both hands in mock surrender.

"You caught me. I just want to remain here with you like this," Tom said with a grin, making Lucy sigh.

"I prefer to go to work. It helps me keep my mind occupied," Lucy said, and Tom felt a tug in his heart.

So this was the reason she was always working?

"Okay, go on with the story. Maybe talking about it will help you clear your head," Tom said, taking a sip from the wineglass instead, and Lucy gave him a nod.

"One day, we waited until we were sure he must have left for school and both their parents must have left for work too, and then we skipped school and went to Sonia's house. We went into his bedroom and at first glance, it looked like the bedroom of a normal college student, until Sonia managed to get access into his computer and then we saw a file containing different pictures and videos of both me and Sonia, but mostly pictures of me," Lucy closed her eyes and shuddered at the awful memory.

"How could he leave such sensitive files where anyone could easily find them?" Tom asked in confusion.

"I guess he wasn't expecting anyone to snoop around his bedroom or his system. Or perhaps he just wasn't scared and didn't care as his parents always let him have his way, so he could get away with anything," Lucy said with a shrug.

"There were several nude pictures of me dressing up in Sonia's bedroom after having my shower, there were some of me sleeping on the bed with Sonia, but with the focus on me. There were even

pictures of me going about my normal daily activities outside the house. He had been watching me for God knows how long, and I didn't even know it." Lucy looked at Tom when she felt his hand behind her back, and only then did she realize that her entire body was trembling.

"I can't imagine how you must have felt," Tom said sympathetically.

"We were both stunned. Neither of us could believe what we were seeing. I could barely move from where I was standing. Somehow, Sonia managed to turn off the system and return everything to how it was before dragging me out of the house. I felt so violated," Lucy said, hugging herself with both hands.

"Sonia kept apologizing to me over and over again on our way to my house, and although I was not exactly mad at her, I just couldn't bring myself to look her in the face either. I was in shock for days, and Sonia remained by my side. Neither of us knew what to do about it. I couldn't even bring myself to confront him as I had initially planned because I felt creeped out by all I had seen in his computer. I couldn't stand to look him in the face as I didn't even know the extent of his madness, and I honestly didn't want to find out. I was scared to my bones," Lucy confessed, and somehow Tom could understand what she meant.

At seventeen, something like that would definitely scare her, as it would scare any adult, "So what did you do?"