

Wild Night 21

Chapter 21 - Stalker

Lucy couldn't help thinking about her new driver as she worked. What was she going to do about all of this? It really didn't make sense to her that of all people in the city that could have been employed, it just happened to be him. Why? She wondered as she stood up from her seat and started pacing her office.

She needed to talk to Sonia about it before she would explode, so she paused long enough to pick up her phone and dial Sonia's number before she started pacing again.

"Baby..." Sonia greeted with a yawn as she stretched out on her bed.

"Don't tell me you just woke up. Wait! Did you sleep with Bryan Hanks?" Lucy asked excitedly.

"Who says 'sleep with' these days? Come on love, you should summon up courage to use the appropriate words. Keep up with the trends. You should try saying words like fuck, smash, shag, score, screw, bone, nail, pound, bang etc. There is just so much I need to teach you." Sonia said with another yawn.

"WOW! Is that all you ever think about?" Lucy asked in amusement. She hadn't realized there was this much words to describe something as simple as sex.

"Well, that's how I came into the world after all." Sonia said with a giggle as she sat up on her bed. She hadn't realized she had slept for so long.

"Whatever. So did you shag or bone him?" Lucy asked, deciding she preferred the sound of shag to fuck. Fuck sounded too raw and unrefined... She closed her eyes when a picture of herself yelling 'fuck' as Tom ate her honeypot crossed her mind, 'Shit!' she muttered when she felt the fingers of lust gnaw at her lower abdomen.

"No I didn't. As a matter of fact I jilted my darling fiance." Sonia said with a giggle. She couldn't help wondering what he must be thinking. She could bet her last cash that he was relieved that she had left him in peace. He was in for real surprise if he thought she was that easy to shake off.

"Jilted? How? Why?" Lucy asked in confusion, momentarily distracted from her own dilemma.

"Well, I think he's going to make a good muse for my next bestseller. Besides, I figured I need to put him in check, and tame him. So I'm just going to write about us. What do you think?" Sonia asked with a grin as she picked up a pen and started scribbling down some ideas as it came to her.

"Write about the both of you? Do you think he's going to like that?" Lucy asked curiously.

"Did he think I was going to like a random stranger walking up to me and proposing to me out of the blues and bringing unwanted spotlight on me? Well, I'm sure he was too selfish to think about that because he is handsome, wealthy and famous, and believes he can get away with whatever. So I'm not going to worry about what he likes either. Enough about my fiance, I'm sure that wasn't why you called, or was it?" Sonia asked curiously as she closed her journal and looked around her room which looked like the home of a lunatic.

"No. Well, I'm in a mess." Lucy cried as her mind went back to her predicament.

"What is the problem?" Sonia asked as she placed the phone on loud speaker and headed for the bathroom. She dropped the phone by her bathtub and lowered herself to the toilet seat to ease herself.

"Well, I got an official car and a driver..."

"Yay! Good news! Congratulation to us!" Sonia said excitedly.

"And the driver happens to be Tom, my one night stand who is also my next door neighbor." Lucy concluded.

"Double Yaay!" Sonia exclaimed with a giggle.

"Double Yaay?"

"Yeah. Like Yay! Yay! I'm super excited on your behalf! The days of your boring lifestyle is about to end." Sonia said as she cleaned up and flushed the toilet.

"Come on Sony! I'm being serious. How am I going to face him?"

"Well, you don't have to face him. You can have it from behind." Sonia laughed at her own joke, "But seriously Lu, you're damn lucky girl! Now you can have sex everywhere you go. In the house, on your way to work, and even in your god-damned office. I really want to be you right now. Can you send me a picture of his looks? I really want to know how hot he is." Sonia said dreamily.

"You're not being helpful." Lucy complained.

"Okay, come on. What do you want me to say or do? Go on, I'm listening." Sonia said as she picked up her toothbrush, applied the apple mint foavored paste on it and started to brush her mouth.

"What if he is stalking me? I don't think any of this is coincident. How can I just keep running into him everywhere I go?" Lucy complained.

Sonia paused her brush halfway and spat out the foam in her mouth, "Well, technically, from what you said yesterday, I would say he should be the one thinking you're stalking him, and not the other way around. Now let me explain. First of all, Ludus is his City, and you moved over there. Secondly, you met him at the club... I mean, he was there before you got there, and your seat was placed right next to his, right?"

"Right."

"And then you moved into the apartment next to his. You went to his apartment last night, right? Did it seem like he just moved in?" Sonia asked logically.

"No." Lucy said, beginning to feel stupid for being suspicious of an innocent man.

"Now if he has the power to get any position in your company, why would he want to be your driver when he can easily be your boss, or work in your office with you? Why would he want to work beneath you as your driver?" Sonia concluded.

"I guess I'm overreacting."

"Yes you are. So just take in a deep breath, and relax. I think you feel this way because you're attracted to him and you're trying to run from it. Maybe another dose of his penisilin would make you alright." Sonia said with a giggle making Lucy roll her eyes.

"You're just too corrupt."

"Whatever. You better put your driver into good use Lu. If I were you, I'd have him driving me off the edge of my bed with his rod.." Sonia said with a grin, and laughed out loud when she heard the disconnect tone.

Chapter 22 - Fate

At twenty-six, Sonia was five feet six inches tall, and had the body of a senior highschool baseball team cheerleader. Her honey colored skin was flawlessly smooth, and her long curly blonde hair framed her beautiful heart shaped face. Her eyes which were large on her small face were a beautiful green, and gave her an innocent look which belied her mischievous nature.

Sonia had a small smile on her face as she admired her reflection on the mirror after her phone call with Lucy, "Not bad for a celebrity's fiancée, huh?" She murmured as she checked out herself. She had actually been feeling quite low on morale lately until the incident with Bryan last night, and now she felt vitalized.

Soon the sound of Ed Sheeran's "Shape of you" could be heard drifting through her open window as she set about cleaning her room while dancing and singing on the top of her lungs.

She paused when her eyes fell on the engagement ring which was on the table, and she picked it up and looked it over before sliding it down her finger, "Perfect size, huh? Coincidence or Fate?" She asked herself with a crooked smile, and raised a hand to her lips when she remembered that they had actually kissed... The kiss had even been good enough to elicit a moan from her... But she would be damned if she was going to tell him how electrifying and sactisfying the kiss had been. She wasn't going to be the one to feed his oversized ego.

"I'd settle for fate. I'm going to get him to fall in love with me, and then we are going to get married and have two kids. A boy who looks just like him, and a mini version of me." Sonia told herself with a dreamy smile.

As a writer, she had wanted to make their meeting more memorable by leaving without a trace. She knew better than most, that you often remembered people who leave without saying goodbye, more than those who do. And that was what she wanted. For him to think about her, wonder about her and then worry about her.

She searched around the room for her other phone which she had turned off because of all the calls she had kept receiving regarding the engagement. When she picked it up and turned it on she saw different text message notifications, but only opened the one from her Editor.

"Been trying to reach you, but I guess you're busy with your fiance. The movie producer is even more interested in your story now that he has seen you're in a relationship with Mr Hanks. Let's talk about it over lunch or whenever you're ready." Sonia rolled her eyes as she read it out.

"How typical." She muttered before scrolling to the sound recorder icon and tapping on the recording she had made of their conversation the previous night. She lay down on the floor of her

apartment as she listened to their voices through her phone while the music kept playing in the background. After a while she sat up and jotted down her thoughts before dialing the line of her editor.

"I suppose you just turned on your phone and saw my text. So when are we..."

"Throw out the first chapter of the new story. I want to start working on something different." Sonia said, cutting him off before he could finish.

"What? Why? But the story is good. I only asked you to do some additional work on the second and third chapters." He complained.

"Of course I know it's good. But I want to work on an entirely different story line. My new story is going to be about a stubborn and determined young lady who wins the heart of a playboy celebrity after fate throws them together." Sonia said thoughtfully. She wasn't going to write it in a way that would tell her editor or the world the true story between her and Bryan of course. She was just going to change the manner in which they meet, but leave other things the same.

"Is it going to be about you and Mr Hanks?" He asked in excitement.

"Not exactly. I will work on the first three chapters and send it to you via email. Read it and tell me what you think."

"Okay... But we are still meeting, right? Remember you're supposed to meet with the movie producer." He reminded her making her roll her eyes.

"Just conclude with him. I'll be okay with whatever you both agree on. I need to focus on my writing so I'm turning off my phone." Sonia said, and hung up before he could say anything else.

She was just going to get right to work and distract herself for the time being.. She would give her darling fiance a week to miss her before reaching out to him again, Sonia decided with a smile.

Chapter 23 - Unfair

Tom checked his wristwatch impatiently, trying to figure out why almost every other person had closed for the day, apart from Lucy. It was almost two hours past closing hours already, yet there was no trace of her anywhere. Was she doing that deliberately to annoy him, or was she just trying to avoid him? Or perhaps she had taken a cab and snuck off without his knowledge? He dialed Harry's line when he couldn't bear it anymore.

"Sup? Have you dropped off your boss?" Harry asked in a teasing tone.

"That's the exact reason I called. Did you assign something to her that is keeping her in her office for this long? I've been waiting here for almost two hours and she is still not out yet." Tom complained, making Harry chuckle.

"She is probably still busy in the office. I learnt she is a workaholic. Maybe you should check on her and remind her she has a driver who is waiting... Or better still you could remain there like a good driver would until she is ready to leave." Harry suggested.

"Well, I'm not a good driver. I'm going up there." Tom said, and hung up immediately.

Workaholic? Why was she working so hard? She was the head of her unit, so why was she doing all this when her subordinates had all gone home? He wondered as he locked the car and headed for the building. He flashed the security personnel by the door his driver's identity card before heading for the elevator. It wasn't until the elevator bell dinged that he paused to ask himself what he was going to say to her.

He scratched the back of his head as he slowly made his way to her office. He was just going to tell her he was lonely and bored outside. And ask if she could take the work home or finish it the next day. He walked into her department office and stopped in front of her see through door before tapping on it gently.

"Hm?" She asked distractedly as she continued with the documents in front of her.

He knocked again insistently since he hadn't heard her, and waited until she had raised her head from the document and made eye contact with him through the glass, before opening the door. He saw the surprise on her face and then watched as her gaze shifted to the wall clock hanging on the other side of the wall before she returned her attention to him once again.

Lucy felt uncomfortable with the way he towered above her while she was seated. Despite the fact that he was standing by the door far away from her seat, his stance made her feel small especially since she was wearing just a camisole which was tucked into her pant, so she reached behind her for her blazers which she had hung behind her chair, and put it on before standing up.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, but it's past closing hours already and..."

Lucy cleared her throat, "I got carried away with work, and I forgot about you. You should have left." She said without looking at him as she looked down at her laptop and saved the file she had been working on before picking up the flash drive.

"You didn't ask me to leave. Besides, it's my job to bring you to work and take you home safely. I also have to take you around on..."

"I guess I failed to mention it to you earlier. But I almost always leave the office late. So if you're going to have to always come up to interrupt my work this way, then it will be best we don't work together." Lucy said, cutting him off.

"Why?" Tom asked with a slightly raised brow.

"Why what?" She asked, looking at him with genuine confusion.

"Why are you implying I quit? Is this about me not being able to wait for you while you put in extra time at work? Or is it simply because you're uncomfortable around me?" Tom asked feeling slightly offended that she wasn't even apologizing for keeping him waiting.

Lucy took in a deep breath to control her temper, "Mr...?"

Tom's jaw hardened, "Tom is good enough."

"Alright. Mr Tom, if I remember correctly, I told you, I was going to inform you when I'm done with work and ready to leave. And as you can see, I'm not done yet. Secondly I offered you the option of going about your usual business and letting me drive myself around, while you pick up

your paycheck at the end of every month, but you turned it down. Finally, I asked you not to make any reference to our... Our Fling."

"I didn't do that." Tom pointed out.

"You did a moment ago."

"I didn't. I only asked if you were asking me to quit because you were uncomfortable around me." Tom pointed out making Lucy take in a deep breath. She mentally counted from one to ten before looking at him again.

"Fine. Let's just go." She said as she picked up her hand bag and walked out of the office leaving him to follow behind.

Tom followed her, and immediately they got to the elevator she moved to the far end of the elevator.

"Let me ask you a question. Would you be acting this way had we not known each other before now?" Tom asked without turning to look at her since she was standing at the far end behind him, while he was standing directly in front of the door.

Lucy paused to consider the question for a moment, "And how am I acting?"

"Asking me to quit on my first day on the job? Do you consider that as being fair?" Tom asked as the elevator door opened and they both stepped out.

Lucy said nothing as they both walked out of the building. Maybe she wasn't being fair, but she couldn't pretend to be comfortable around him. He had seen her naked for crying out loud!

"What would you have done had you been in my shoes? How would you react if the situation was reversed?" Lucy asked after a while as they both stopped by the car at the parking lot.

"I would have done what every other person would do. I would go with the flow.." Tom said as he unlocked the car and got into his seat, leaving her to decide whether she wanted to sit at the back or ride in front with him.

Chapter 24 - Challenge

Lucy said nothing as she got into the backseat of the car. She needed to set the boundaries between them if they were going to work together. He was her driver at work, and her neighbor at home. She had asked him to forget whatever had happened between them, and she needed to forget it too. Truly had he not been her one night stand, she would have found it amusing that her handsome next door neighbor was her driver, and they would have gotten along quite well as friends, but now she just couldn't help being extra cautious around him.

Tom on the other hand said nothing as he drove the car. He knew she was being cautious because of what she believed had happened between them, and he couldn't exactly blame her. He just didn't like that she didn't seem to think she owed him an apology for keeping him waiting without giving him prior notice. And he also didn't like that she kept trying to ask him to quit every little opportunity she got.

"I'm sorry." Lucy said after fidgeting in her seat for sometime. Even if he resigned from her job, there was no way she could ask him to move out of the apartment next to hers. She was going to have to face him everyday, and if that was going to be the case, it was better they run into each other as friends rather than enemies.

Tom met her gaze through the rearview mirror, wondering why she was apologizing all of a sudden when she had been acting like a boss lady just a moment ago in her office.

She wasn't the type of person to delay the inevitable, so it was best she did this and got it out of the way, "I know you must think I'm a mean bitch." Lucy said with a self deprecating smile, and waited for him to assure her he didn't think so.

But when he said nothing after a sometime, she decided to continue, "I actually do close late most of the time. I get carried away with work, and since I don't have friends around to hang out with or better put, since I just don't like hanging out I try to spend the time working so that I will be exhausted by the time I get home, and then sleep off." Lucy explained.

"I'm not saying this as an excuse. I'm just trying to say I didn't keep you waiting intentionally."

"How boring." Tom murmured.

"What? I beg your pardon?" Lucy asked, sounding partially confused and offended at the same time.

"I mean your life. It must be very boring."

"It isn't. That is just how I love it." Lucy said defensively.

"Or maybe that is because that is the only way you know to live." Tom suggested in a challenging tone.

"I can have fun when I want to." Lucy snapped at him.

"Really? Like your little checklist?" Tom asked dryly.

A rosy blush flushed her cheeks at that, "Do you always have to keep referring to the past?"

"There is no future without the past. We have to make reference to it at some point." Tom said in a matter of fact tone, without taking his eyes off the road.

Lucy took in a deep breath, "Anyway, that wasn't the point I was trying to make. I was trying to say maybe I've not been fair. It was a two way thing after all, and you were kind enough to offer yourself, so I shouldn't..."

"Really? One minute you don't want me to talk about our fling and then the next you bring it up? You can bring it up at will whenever you like but I can't?" Tom asked incredulously making Lucy grit her teeth.

Why was she beginning to feel like he was in charge of the conversation? Sitting at the back seat now was making her feel like she was a child being scolded by her father, "I was only trying to make a point." Lucy defended weakly.

"Which is?" Tom asked cocking a brow at her through the rearview mirror.

"Let's just start all over." Lucy suggested.

Tom resisted the urge to chuckle, "Do you realize that would mean it's the fourth time we've met for the first time?"

"Huh?" Lucy asked in confusion.

"The first was at the club. The second was at your apartment while you were pretending not to know who I was because you somehow happened to believe I won't recognize you because of your glasses, and the third was you pretending not to know me when your boss was introducing me to you earlier. All within a space of forty-eight hours." Tom said sounding amused.

Lucy didn't miss the humor in his tone, so she smiled, "I know you must think I'm weird." And a little scatterbrained, she added to herself.

"Weird doesn't even cut it." Tom said honestly making her giggle.

What lady doesn't like a fine looking man with a good sense of humor? "The fourth time could be the charm."

"That was supposed to be the third time. But are you sure you want us to start afresh for the fourth time?"

"Yes. That's the only way this can work. Let's start all over. But as friends this time." Lucy offered.

"If I'm your friend I'm going to want to hang out with you every chance I get. I'm going to break every wall you set up and be in your space until you want to spend all your spare time with me. Are you sure you still want us to be friends?" Tom asked as he parked the car in front of the apartment block and turned to look at her.

"I don't think you or anyone else can make me do that. Even my best friend who is very outgoing couldn't accomplish that." Lucy said with a confident air as she opened the door and got out of the car with her hand bag in one hand.

"Is that a challenge I hear in your tone?" Tom asked as he got out of the car and locked it.

"Make of it what you will.." Lucy called out with a shrug as she turned around and started heading for her apartment.

Chapter 25 - Bad Boy

Contrary to popular opinion, Tom didn't become the CEO of such a powerful first-class multinational company like I-Global by chance nor by luck. Several times he had read articles where people tried to guess his business secrets and strategies and he smiled each time they failed.

All his life he had been guided by four basic character traits. He liked to believe his success was a product of all four in equal percents. Twenty-five percent impatience, twenty-five percent decisiveness, twenty-five percent planning, and twenty-five percent had to do with his appearance.

These were the secrets to his success. He didn't believe in wasting time thinking about things when he should be working hard at it to get it done and over with, so his impatience always spurred him to look for every possible ways to get things done quickly.

Right from when he was a kid, he had always been known as someone who always knew what he wanted. Once he saw what he wanted, he threw everything he had into getting it, unless he didn't really want it.

Once he saw what he wanted, he never pursued it without thinking it through. He always spent his time making plans and writing out every possible way he could achieve his goals. And finally

because he was good looking he always found his way around. Everyone loved a good looking person of course.

Lying down on the recliner in his new apartment, Tom tapped a pen on his forehead as he tried to come up with ways to get Lucy. He was very certain she expected him to make his first move on her tonight, but he wasn't going to do that. He needed to come up with a good plan on how to get under her skin without her even knowing it. He wanted her to feel so relaxed around him that she would let her guard down without knowing what was happening.

She was a virgin so there was no need trying to seduce her... Not that he wouldn't do that later though, but right now he wanted to become a close friend and confidant first... But he didn't intend to remain in the friend zone for too long either.

He sat up and picked up his phone, this was one of those times he needed his sister's wit, so he dialed Jade's number. A moment later he heard his sister's voice, "To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure twice within twenty-four hours?" She asked checking the time on her wristwatch. He had called quite late the previous evening but it was kind of early now.

"I just wanted to know how you were doing." Tom lied.

"Although that is awfully sweet of you, but I'm very sure that isn't the reason you called." She said in amusement.

"Why would you..."

"Really, Tom? Go on, I'm listening." She said cutting him off as she stood up from her desk and rubbed her eyes.

Tom sighed wearily. He couldn't help feeling embarrassed that she had seen through him as usual, "Fine. There is this girl..."

"A girl?" Jade asked with a giggle since that was the last thing she had expected him to talk about. Tom was all about his business and money, and though he had had different girlfriends over the years, but she doubted he had ever given them much thought.

"Why is it funny?" Tom asked in confusion.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Just go on. I'm sure she must be very interesting if you're thinking about her." Jade said thoughtfully.

"Well, she works for me..."

"When did you start mixing business with pleasure?" She interrupted again.

"I suppose there is always a first time. Now can you listen without cutting me off?" He pleaded.

"Sure. Sorry. I think I'm still in lawyer mode." She apologized with a giggle

"I really like her and I want her, but she is so damn stubborn and self-sufficient. How do I get her?" Tom asked curiously.

"She knows who you are and doesn't want you?" Jade asked in disbelief.

"No she doesn't but..."

"Sorry to cut you off bro, but if I'm going to be of any help to you, then you have to give me details. How did you meet her? Why do you want her? What is she like?" Jade asked as she picked up a jotter and a pen. Call it habit, but she liked organizing her thoughts.

"I met her the club..." Tom started.

"...So that is it." He finished.

"Holy shit! You mean you actually bought the apartment she is living in just because you wanted to be her next door neighbor?" She asked incredulously.

"Well, let's just see it as a real estate investment. I could always sell the house if things don't go as planned, right?" He asked logically, and Jade had to admit there was sense in what he said.

"But then the money you paid to the occupants of the house..."

"We both know it's nothing to me. Let's just think of it as the price I'm paying to pursue what I want." Tom said making her sigh.

"So is it that you love her?"

"I honestly don't know what I feel for her yet. I don't know her well enough to be in love with her, but what I do know is that I'm interested in her and I want her."

"Wow!" Jade exclaimed with a giggle as she tried to process everything Tom had just told her.

"So what do you think?" Tom asked curiously.

"Well, from all you've said, she is a good girl... And good girls like bad boys, even though they won't easily admit that. So maybe instead of taking the gentleman approach which I'm sure she must be used to already, you should be more fun. Be the bad boy next door." Jade suggested.

"A bad boy?" Tom asked out loud as he thought about it. A bad boy would probably have fucked her silly that night, but he had acted the gentleman... Perhaps that was why ladies kept trying to use him? Because he seemed too kind and gentlemanly?

"Yes. You should probably ask Byran for tips. I'm sure he is the baddest boy in the whole of the country." Jade said with a giggle, and then remembered she was yet to give him a call. She made a mental note to do that immediately she was done with the phone call.

"Maybe I will do that. Now back to you, how was your day and how is the case going?" He asked, sounding concerned now.

"I'm holding up. Things are becoming pretty intense and my only witness has gone into hiding." She said with a sigh.

"The case is that bad?"

"Really bad. But if I'm able to do this, I think I will quit from this firm and start my own." She confided.

"Just let me know if you need anything. You know you can always count on me." He said, and she smiled.

"Sure. I need to get back to work now. Love you." With that she hung up and sighed.. It seemed like both her brothers were getting all the romance and she was just here working like a maniac, Jade thought to herself.

Chapter 26 - Bad Boy Vs Good Friend

Lucy yawned as she lay on her sofa reading Sonia's last published novel and jotting down areas she felt Sonia needed to work on. She took off her glasses and walked over to her refrigerator to find something to chew on, but remembered she had nothing yet. She was yet to stock her house, and she doubted she would be able to do that until weekend.

She suddenly realized she had had nothing to eat all day when her stomach rumbled. She had been about leaving for lunch earlier when her boss had shown up in her office to show her her official car and driver. After that she had been too surprised to remember her hunger, and had later buried herself with work until he came to tell her it was getting late.

She knew without doubt that if she didn't get something to eat now, she would be at a risk of severe ulcer pains, and that she wouldn't be able to bear. She had to get something to eat, and also get some medicine in case the ulcer pain came as she knew it would when she finally eats.

She didn't really know anywhere around the neighborhood yet, since she was yet to move around. She had spent the first night at that mansion with Tom, and then yesterday she had eaten the apple cobbler Tom had brought as a good welcoming neighbor, unfortunately he seemed like the only good neighbor in the neighborhood since nobody else had been over to say hello. Or maybe they had come while she was away at work, she would never know.

She stood up and walked over to her closet to get something comfortable she could wear. She picked up a gray colored sweatpant and an equally gray colored hoodie since the weather was sort of cold outside, and then she walked over to her dressing table and packed her hair in a ponytail before putting on her glasses. She looked at her appearance in the mirror and noticed her face was completely plain, although her face was almost always plain apart from the powder and lipgloss she often used, but it was extra plain now since she had showered and was ready to go to bed.

'Who cares?' she asked herself as she headed for the door, and on second thought returned to apply a touch of lipgloss on her lips. 'Of course I'm not doing this to impress anyone, I just don't want to look too plain.' she assured herself as she strolled out of her house with her wallet and locked the door behind her, before walking over to the apartment next door.

She stopped by the door and couldn't help wondering why she had decided to come there. She had tried not to think of their little exchange in the car earlier but standing here now, she wondered why he hadn't come over after claiming he was going to bring her out of her shell.

'What are you doing standing here like this? Why not just go and buy what you want?' a voice in her head asked, interrupting her thought.

'First of all I'm not familiar with the neighborhood and so I need someone who is, to accompany me.' She mentally responded.

'So what if it was a different person that lived next door and not him?' the voice asked again to her frustration.

'It's just not safe for a lady to go out all by herself when it's dark in an environment she isn't familiar with. My safety is paramount to me.' Lucy mentally responded again.

'Excuses! That's why you applied the lipgloss.' the voice accused.

'Fine! I will go alone.' Lucy responded in irritation but just then the door opened and she came face to face with Tom who looked surprised to see her standing in front of his door.

Lucy felt her cheeks burn in embarrassment at being caught like this, and she cleared her throat when he only raised a brow, "I need to go out."

"Okay?" He asked, wondering what that had to do with him.

"I haven't eaten all day, so I need to get food and also medicine for ulcer." She explained nervously.

Although he was glad she was here, but he was already trying to be everything a gentleman wasn't, "Okay?" Tom asked again, wondering what it had to do with him

"Okay what?" She asked in confusion.

"What is stopping you from going where you need to go? Is the car not coming on?" He asked as he walked out and shut the door behind him. Looking at him now, his outfit showed he was on his way out. He was wearing a three-quarter short and a polo shirt, and a baseball cap covered his short mop of black hair.

"I was sort of hoping you could take me there?" She said, making it sound like an explanation and a question at the same time. Of course there was no way he could turn her down, right?

"First of all, it's past work hours. I'm not your driver until 7 AM." He said sounding flippant, and Lucy couldn't help wondering if he had multiple personalities. Why was he sounding so cold all of a sudden? Or was he still mad about earlier? She thought they were past that now?

She swallowed, "I wasn't asking you as my driver. I'm asking as a neighbor." She offered with a small smile.

"I see. Unfortunately, as you can see I have plans."

Her smile wavered, "Oh! Sorry for being a bother."

Tom couldn't help feeling guilty, "Why not just order for something with your phone? That's what everyone does these days." He suggested.

"Sure. I will do that. Thanks." She said without looking at him as she turned to leave. She was just going to walk around the neighborhood and get acquainted with it now so she wouldn't need him or anyone else to accompany her next time.

Tom stood there with a frown on his face as he watched her leave. She had offered for them to be friends earlier and he had accepted, so his attitude was uncalled for. Friends could ask their friends to accompany them somewhere. He could be a bad boy and a friend to her at the same time, right? That shouldn't be very difficult, he decided.

"Wait up." He called out, and she turned to look at him as he hurried up to her.

"I think I could spare a few minutes. Let's get you what you want and then I will be on my way.." Tom said with an easy smile making her decide he had multiple personalities.

Chapter 27 - Quick Tempered

Neither Tom nor Lucy said a word as Tom drove the car out of the garage and down the street. He had no idea where he was driving to since he wasn't very familiar with the environment, so he just kept his eyes on the road so he wouldn't miss either a pharmacy shop or a grocery store.

"So why haven't you eaten all day?" Tom asked, trying to break the silence in the car.

"I got carried away with work at the office. Only just realized now that I was yet to even have anything apart from coffee," Lucy explained, grateful that he was talking now. She couldn't deny that the silence had made her very uncomfortable and nervous.

"Have you always had such a poor eating habit or is it because you're new here and at the job?" He asked with disapproval.

She didn't know why she was stung by the disapproval or was it criticism she heard in his voice? She was tempted to respond rudely, but had to control her quick temper, "Certainly you must have forgotten to eat at some point too while working, haven't you?" She asked, turning to look at him.

Sure he had. But then he was a businessman building an empire and that was normal. He had people working for him whose duty was to make sure he didn't forget to eat, so he always had his meal whenever he was supposed to eat. But she on the other hand was just an employee, and in as much as he appreciated the effort she was putting into the job, he felt she was overworking herself.

"I work for myself so I can afford to do that. But you're doing too much harm to your body while working for someone else." Tom pointed out.

"Yeah right. You wouldn't be complaining had you been the owner of the company." Lucy countered.

"And what makes you think your boss wouldn't complain about this if he finds out one of his staff was living like you with such an unhealthy eating habit?" He asked, turning to spare her a glance.

"Even my boss at my former branch who isn't the owner of the company, loved how I put everything into my job. So I'm sure the owner of the company would be even more impressed. But I don't expect you to understand that, since you don't own your own company, and you're a blue-collar worker for that matter. So maybe we should have this conversation again after you've established your own successful company." Lucy said with a stiff smile. She knew that was low even for her, but that was what he deserved for being so critical of her eating habit.

"Ouch! That hurts!" Tom exclaimed with an amused glint in his eyes that she couldn't see. It seemed like she was very sensitive to criticism, and she had a quick temper. Very nice.

"You don't see to be very familiar with the area," Lucy observed, changing the subject since she had said her piece.

"That's because I hardly come out here to get things. I have whatever I need delivered to me or I travel out for outside jobs," He explained easily.

"Including food?" She asked, since she could guess he wasn't the type to cook.

He gave a nod as he answered, "Including food"

"Right there!" She exclaimed, pointing at a pharmacy ahead of them.

Tom found a spot to park the car, "You can go get what you need, and then I will drop you off at home once you're done." He suggested, and she got out of the car quickly. She knew he still had to go to wherever he had been headed before she sought his help, so she needed to hurry.

Tom took out his phone and dialed Harry's line, "I'm sorry I'm running late. Something came up," he explained immediately Harry received the call.

"I thought as much. I suppose your beautiful workaholic neighbor came up?" Harry asked in a teasing tone. They always met once a week outside work environment to just drink and have fun.

"Just give me thirty minutes and I will join you. Remind me when I come that I want to discuss something important concerning the well-being of the staff at the company." Tom said, and hung up immediately he saw Lucy hurrying out of the pharmacy with a paper bag in hand.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting for too long?" Lucy asked as she got into the car.

"You didn't show this much concern about keeping me waiting at work... Or sorry, I forgot I was your driver then, and now I'm just your neighbor." Tom said, wanting to see her response.

"Well, the Bible did say love your neighbor as yourself. Nothing was written there concerning drivers." Lucy retorted, making him chuckle. She also had a good sense of humor. The day wasn't wasted after all. He had learnt a couple things about her sooner than he expected.

"We should find a grocery shop..."

"No. I'd hate to take up any more of your time, so I got snacks. Maybe tomorrow I will do that whole delivery stuff you spoke about, or maybe I could just go grocery shopping during lunch break." She assured him, and he just looked at her for a while before giving a brief nod.

Immediately he parked the car in front of the house he handed her the car key, but she quickly declined, "You should go out in it so you meet up with your date. There is no point in leaving it parked here while you wait for a cab. Thanks for your help. Goodnight. Enjoy your date." She added with a wave as she headed for her apartment leaving him staring at her.

Date? Was she thinking he was going out to meet with a lady? If he remembered correctly he had only said he has 'Plans'. When did plans become synonymous with date? He was tempted to call her back and correct the impression, but decided against it.. Good girls liked bad boys.

Chapter 28 - Human Lie Detector

Bryan had never felt so irritated or ill-tempered as he felt right now as he sat by his penthouse balcony, with a glass of whiskey in his hand while he just looked ahead of him. They had returned from Heden after his shoot earlier that day, so he was back to his home in Sogal, another part of the country. He couldn't understand why Sonia had disappeared without a trace, without even giving him a chance to end things officially.

He couldn't believe the number of congratulatory calls he had received already from most of his colleagues in the industry. A crazy fan had gone ahead to upload the engagement photo on the comment session of his fan page, and by the time they arrived at the airport, they had met some of

his fans who were upset, protesting at the airport, while some others stood there bearing congratulatory gifts.

How was he supposed to get out of this mess without her? He couldn't even step out of his house at the moment because journalists were gathered at the front of his house waiting to see him and ask questions about his engagement and supposed scandal with Sophia.

He rubbed his hand over his face and gritted his teeth in annoyance when his phone started ringing again. If he so much as laid his eyes on Sonia, he was going to strangle the life out of her for putting him in such a difficult position.

He picked up his phone, ready to snap at the next person to congratulate him, and groaned when he realized it was Jade his baby sister. It was difficult lying to her because she was like a human lie detector. How she managed to always spot a lie be it in person or over the phone was still a mystery to him. He contemplated ignoring the call, but decided to just talk to her and get it over with, so he accepted it.

"Hey!"

"Hey? Why don't you don't sound like a man who just got engaged to the love of his life as the gossip articles say?" She asked as he knew she would.

"I'm just exhausted. It's been a long week, and an even longer day."

"So shouldn't my soon to be sister-in-law be massaging you or something?" Jade asked in amusement.

"She isn't here. I already traveled back to Sogal. She lives and works in Heden, and couldn't leave her job..."

"Cut the crap Bryan. We both know that's bullshit. Tell me what's honestly up with you and why you did something like that," Jade said, cutting him off.

"Something like what? What is so wrong in wanting to settle down?" Bryan asked with a scowl.

"That's something someone like Tom does and I won't be surprised. Not someone like you. Last time we spoke you weren't even ready to have a serious girlfriend, so how come you flew from being the mingling single not wanting a committed relationship, to being the lover boy who suddenly wants forever?" Jade asked in a tone he suspected she used a lot in the courtroom.

"Well, things change. People change." Bryan insisted.

"To the best of my knowledge people like you don't change so easily. Anyway, I can see you're bent on carrying on with the lie. I will let you be and get back to work." Jade said in a resigned tone.

"You're always so busy with work. Don't you ever do anything else?" Bryan asked with a worried frown.

"Maybe I will do other things after I start my own law firm. I'm counting on you and Tom as my first major clients."

"No boyfriend yet?" Bryan asked curiously.

"Nope."

"Still mourning Todd?" He asked even though he knew she probably was going to deny it.

"I don't have time to think about anything outside work." She said with a sharp edge in her voice which told him it was still very much a sore subject.

"Take things easy on yourself. I love you."

"I love you too. Goodnight." Jade said before disconnecting the call.

Done with the call now Bryan thought about what Jade had said about people like him being unable to change easily, and he remembered Sonia saying he was shallow. Am I really shallow? He wondered.

Sitting down across from Harry at the lounge bar, Tom nursed a glass of wine as he listened to his friend talk about the stock market and cryptocurrency.

"By the way what was it you said you wanted to tell me about the staff?" Harry asked, changing the subject.

"First of all I want all the offices closed and the building shut down once it is closing hours. And no one is permitted to take any paperwork home." Tom said, making Harry raise a brow.

"Why?"

"I don't want them overworking themselves when I'm not."

Harry looked like he was going to argue, but he gave a nod, "I will do that tomorrow."

"Thanks. Also, I'm thinking about providing lunch for the staff in all the branches." Tom explained.

"We are already doing that. Isn't that why there is a canteen where they can easily get their free lunch?" Harry pointed out.

"I forgot about that. Okay then, just have someone go around the offices tomorrow and find out the number of those who might be interested in having their lunch delivered directly to them." Tom explained.

"Why do I feel like this about your neighbor? Or maybe I should call her your boss?" Harry asked, narrowing his eyes at him suspiciously.

"Can you just do as I asked?"

"No. Everyone is going to figure out something is off since most of the staff are already aware that they can easily order their preferred meal up to their office. The only person who doesn't know this is obviously you and your boss."

"Really?" Tom asked curiously. He had never really been interested in how his staff spent their lunch hour, so he had no idea they usually had their food delivered to them.

"Yes. So you can make the suggestion to her, or if you want to soften her up even faster, you can become her lunch delivery man." Harry suggested with a grin.

"You think that would soften her up? I'm trying to be a bad boy, and I don't want to ruin it."

"Bad boy?" Harry asked with a slightly raised brow wondering what had come over his friend.

"Yeah. Jade says good girls like bad boys, so I'm taking the bad boy approach." Tom explained.

"You mean your younger sister Jade? You told her about this madness and she actually supported you and is even giving you tips on how to go about it?" Harry asked with a shake of his head.

"Yeah. I don't see why not."

"Well, you could be a bad boy lunch delivery man then. How about I get you hair dye, earrings and nose rings to suit the title?" Harry asked sarcastically, and then one look at Tom's thoughtful expression he shook his head, "No! Don't even think about it. I was just kidding!"

But it was too late, Tom was smiling already with a determined look in his eyes, "I don't think that would look bad on me."

"For crying out loud you're thirty years old not eighteen!" Harry reminded him in alarm when he saw Tom considering his offer.

"Well, since I spent my teenage years being a genius and trying to make money, I can as well spend this time living like a teenager. Thanks for the suggestion, I think I'm going to try that out." Tom said with a grin, tapping his friend's back lightly.

He was going to get a bad boy makeover.

Chapter 29 - Job Description

Lucy was surprised to see Tom already standing by the car the next morning. He had his left hand in his pocket, while leaning on the car with the right side of his body, and his right elbow was resting on top of the car. Seeing the way he was standing by the car, one would assume that he was the owner of the car, Lucy thought dryly.

She noticed he was smiling and followed his gaze to see what was giving him so much pleasure, and sighed when she noticed two young girls who looked like they were in their late teens, smiling flirtatiously and using a sprinkler to wet their tops, making their crop tops transparent enough to reveal their well defined boobs. How typical!

Tom winked at the girls, and turned around when he heard someone sigh, "Good morning ma'am!" He greeted with a polite bow and straightened himself as she approached the car.

That was when Lucy noticed what he was wearing. He was wearing a white floral print short sleeve button down shirt tucked into a gray colored pant with a black belt and shoe to go with it. But it wasn't just his choice of clothes that got her attention, rather it was the fact that he had left about three or so of the top buttons of his shirt undone, revealing a bit of his chest which was just as hairy as his exposed arms.

Did she notice his hairy chest that night? Did she touch it? She was a sucker for hairy men... And though she had never really had anything to do with any one, she loved reading about them and seeing them on movies.

Tom noticed her eyes were fixed on his chest and suppressed the urge to smile. "Ahem!" He cleared his throat as he moved closer to her, and extended his hand to take her handbag.

Lucy flashed him an awkward smile, pretending like she had been lost in thought as she tried to recall if he had said anything. As he got closer to her she perceived the scent of his cologne. It was

really masculine and distracting. Not very strong, but strong enough to make her want to bury her nose on his chest and sniff his body like a dog.

"Good morning ma'am! May I have your bag?" Tom repeated when he noticed she still seemed lost.

'Get a hold on yourself Lucy!' She chided herself as she mentally shook her head to get rid of those unreasonable thoughts, "Sorry, did you say something? I zoned out thinking about an article I'm working on," she said with a forced smile.

Tom looked at her with an amused smile but simply nodded, "It's fine ma'am. I asked if I may have your bag,"

"Lucy is fine, and you don't have to worry about my bag. I got it, thank you," She said as she walked over to the car and got into the backseat and attached her seatbelt.

She had planned on riding in the front with him today, but seeing as he was dressed, and his chest was distracting her, she didn't want to sit in front with him and have to keep staring at him as she knew she would.

"I hope you had a good night rest?" Tom asked as he got into the car, looking at her through the rearview mirror.

"Yes I did. How did your date go? I hope she wasn't too mad at you for showing up late?" Lucy asked as she wind down the window before taking out her phone from her handbag, and then she busied herself by checking her mails and messages.

"She was really cool," Tom assured her as he drove off, and waited for more questions about his date, but when he heard nothing, he looked through the rearview mirror and noticed that Lucy was already busy with her phone.

"Nice," Lucy muttered after sometime, but Tom wasn't sure if she was saying that in response to what he had said or to what she had seen on her phone, so he decided to mind his business since it was obvious they were in work mode right now, and there was no need acting too friendly with his boss.

The rest of the drive to the office was silent until he drove into the company's parking lot, and then he cleared his throat to get her attention before she could get down, "I was thinking... What would you like to have for lunch? I could have it delivered to your office during lunchtime. That way you don't have to skip lunch because you're too busy," Tom suggested.

"That isn't part of your job description," she pointed out.

"I never said it was. I just don't want to have to be work extra time, past work hours again like last night. And don't worry, I learnt the company offers free lunch to the staff, so I'm not spending money I don't have. I'm only going to bring it to you since I'm your driver and have nothing doing at that time," Tom said in a cool tone which made her feel like he was angry over helping her the previous evening.

"If this is about last night, I can assure you that you don't have to worry. I won't disturb you ever again," she promised.

"Miss Perry..."

"I said Lucy is fine!"

"Yes you did, sorry. So what did you say I am getting you for lunch? Or would you rather I get you anything I think is nice?" Tom asked as though every other thing she had said since he asked the question was irrelevant and out of point.

"I just said, don't worry about it," Lucy said with a hint of irritation in her voice as she got out of the car and started heading for the building.

"I will get a bit of everything then," Tom called after her, and chuckled when she turned around to glare at him before she disappeared.

"So cute and stubborn," Tom murmured to himself with a grin.

Chapter 30 - The Driver

Lucy tapped her pen on her desk impatiently as she tried to figure out what was bothering her and why she was unable to focus on the work in front of her. Thankfully, she didn't have to try too hard. The answer jumped at her, Tom. Of course it had to be Tom, and her reaction to his scent and exposed chest.

Now that she knew the problem she had to figure out why she had reacted that way to him, as well as why she was feeling so unsettled by her reaction to him. This was of course the curse of an overthinker.

Even though Lucy knew she had a thing for hairy guys, she was hardly one to get carried away when looking at one in real life. She had been to the beach on a few occasions and had seen hairy guys, but never had she ogled at them that way, or been caught staring, so why was this different? Because he had been standing very close to her? Maybe. And maybe she had felt like sniffing his body too because she liked people who smelt good generally, so it definitely wasn't really about Tom, or was it? She wondered with a sigh. Maybe it was, since even though she liked people smelling nice, she had never really thought of sniffing anyone like a dog before now.

Perhaps she had reacted that way with Tom and not with others because she didn't know them, the way she knew Tom. Like she knew him in the biblical sense of the word. She hadn't slept with the others, but she had slept with Tom, and that made all the difference. That had to explain why she kept wondering what it must have felt like running her hands over his hairy chest, or how he must have smelt like as they lay together on the bed.

Why couldn't she remember other details of their night apart from him eating her honeypot? You can't be thinking of the right now. You shouldn't be thinking of it, she reminded herself desperately.

"Why? Why did he have to be my neighbor and my driver?" Lucy groaned out loud in frustration as she rested her head on her desk.

She sat up when she remembered how he had threatened to bring lunch, and narrowed her eyes. Maybe she could ask Mr Harry to give her a different driver? She could ask them not to fire him, but instead just give her someone else, or even offer to drive herself around. That would be a win-win for them both, since she was sure he wouldn't be very comfortable with the idea of being her driver anyway.

Having come to that decision she stood up and straightened her blazers as she walked out of her office. She stopped by the desk of her secretary, "Amy, right?"

"Yes," The young lady said with a pleased smile, glad that Lucy had remembered her name.

"How can I get to Mr Harry's office?"

Amy looked at her, wondering if she should tell her staff was not usually allowed to go to the president's floor, but then again, directors usually went there, and Lucy was a director.

"Do you want to submit something? I could take it to the receptionist and have someone deliver it to him at once," she offered as she quickly stood up, but Lucy shook her head.

"I need to speak to him about something, and I don't want to talk over the phone," she added, knowing that Amy might suggest she give him a call.

"It's on the left wing of the seventh floor, the second to last office," Amy said with a polite smile, and Lucy thanked her before heading for the elevator.

Now that she had this plan to get rid of him as her driver, she would need to come up with a plan to get rid of him as her neighbor too, she thought as she got into the elevator.

For the time being she would endure living next to him and avoid running into him as much as she could, until she could find someone else who would possibly be willing to swap houses with her... that was possible, right?

She thought as the elevator stopped and she stepped out of it. Following the description Amy had given her, she stopped in front of Harry's office. There was a tag on the door, "Vice Chairman, Harry Jonas"

Before she could lift her hand to knock on the door, a door opened. It was the door to the last office which she suspected belonged to the president.

Harry stepped out of the office.

Immediately he saw her standing in front of his door, he raised a finger asking her to hold on, and then returned inside the office, "She is standing in front of my office," Harry told Tom.

"By she I suppose you mean Lucy?" Tom asked, looking at him with a slightly raised brow.

"Yes."

"So why are you still standing in my office when you should be attending to her? Leave. I'm busy." Tom said before returning his head attention to his laptop.

"Would you like to listen in on the conversation?" Harry offered.

"I wouldn't mind the noise. And don't forget to tell her about the new rule concerning closing hours," Tom reminded him.

Harry gave a nod before returning to join her, "Good morning Miss Perry. Sorry about that, I just remembered something I needed to tell the CEO." Harry explained as he approached her, making Lucy wonder why he was explaining to her.

"It's not a problem sir. Good morning sir," Lucy greeted politely.

"Come with me," Harry said as he walked into his office, and Lucy followed him. Lucy greeted Harry's secretary as she walked past her desk.

"Have a seat, and tell me what brings you all the way here," Harry said, looking at her curiously as he sat down behind his desk, and picked up his phone. He dialed Tom's number, and as usual Tom received the call, and placed his phone on mute, so there would be no sound from his end.

Lucy wished he would give her a moment to look around his office and admire the decor, but quickly reminded herself that she was here for more important business and would have other times to admire his office.

She cleared her throat, "It's about the driver."

"Yeah? What about him?"

"I'm very thankful to you for being considerate enough to offer me a company car and driver, but I'm afraid I do not need the driver," Lucy said, taking the straightforward approach.

"You don't? And why is that? You don't like your driver? Did he do or say something wrong?" Harry asked as he watched her with interest.

"No he didn't. I'm just not comfortable with being driven around. I think I can manage well on my own, so if you don't mind..."

"Are you saying we should fire him?"

"No! Of course not. I'm sure he needs the job, and I wouldn't be so mean as to deny him his means of livelihood because of my personal reservations," Lucy quickly explained.

"So if we can't fire him, what do you expect us to do with him?"

"Assign him to someone else? Or fix him in a different position?" She asked with a frown.

"Everyone else who needs a driver has one, and this is the only position he is qualified for."

"Then maybe someone might be willing to swap with me?" Lucy asked without thinking.

"I thought the problem wasn't with him? Why are you asking for a swap?"

"Oh! It's just... I.... I'd be more comfortable with someone older," Lucy explained with an embarrassed smile.