

Wild Night 31

Chapter 31 - The CEO's Personal Assistant

"Someone older?" Tom repeated as he listened to her. What did she mean by someone older? Was she that uncomfortable around him? Without wasting more time, he quickly picked up his office phone and dialed Harry's office line.

Harry glanced at his office phone when it started ringing, and he didn't need anyone to tell him it was Tom calling, "Give me a moment, it's the CEO," he explained before picking up the phone.

"Hello sir!"

"Hand her the phone, I want to speak with her," Tom said without wasting any time.

"Miss Perry says she doesn't need the driver assigned to her," Harry explained for Lucy's benefit, since it would seem weird that he was just handing her the phone to speak with the CEO concerning an issue he was supposedly not aware of.

"Just hand her the phone," Tom instructed.

"Are you sure you want to do that?" Harry asked, making Lucy wonder what they were discussing. Perhaps the CEO was considering her request?

"The CEO wants to speak with you," Harry said as he extended the phone to her.

"Me?" She asked perplexed, as she pushed her glasses up her nose.

"Is there someone else in here with us?" Harry asked with a slightly raised brow, and lowered his gaze to the phone he was still holding out to her, indirectly telling her she was leaving his hand hanging.

She had heard rumors that the CEO wasn't the type to be seen or even talk to anyone, so why did he want to speak with her? Perhaps she had crossed a line by making such a request? Lucy wondered as she took the phone from him, "No sir. Sorry sir,"

Tom picked up his handkerchief and placed it over the mouthpiece of the phone, "Miss Perry?"

"Y..yes sir. Go...od good morning sir!" She stuttered, standing up quickly from her seat, while Harry tried not to let his amusement show on his face.

"I hear you do not want your driver. What problem do you have with the driver I chose for you?" Tom asked in his formal intimidating tone.

Hearing how cold he sounded, Lucy concluded that he was angry, and the last thing Lucy wanted was to tell her boss that she didn't want her driver, and then have him fire her. She knew her plan could easily backfire, and then she would only have herself to blame. So now she had to think carefully before giving him an answer.

"Are you there?" Tom asked when she didn't say anything after sometime.

"Yes sir," she quickly answered, trying hard not to stutter.

"So? Your driver, why do you want to fire him?" Tom asked again..

"No sir! I'm not asking to have the driver fired. I'm just..."

"If you say you don't need someone, what does it mean?" Tom asked, cutting her off before she could explain herself, "Or better put, if I say I no longer need your services, what do I mean?" Tom asked, making beads of sweat coat her forehead now.

"I... Sir... I..." Lucy stuttered, and turned to Harry who was looking at her with a laid back expression.

"Go on. I'm listening," Tom urged her on. She seemed like a 'boss pleaser', and maybe he could use that to his own advantage.

"I'm sorry sir. I didn't mean to question your choice of a driver for me. The driver is okay. I will work with him," Lucy pleaded anxiously. She really loved her job, and didn't want to lose it simply because of one night of madness. She made a mental note to remain a good girl, and never to do crazy stuff ever again,

"And why do you keep referring to him as 'the driver' instead of 'my driver'?" Tom asked curiously.

"I'm sorry sir. It won't happen ever again. I'm sorry I complained about him. I will keep working with him," Lucy promised.

"Hand the phone to him," Tom said dismissively, and Lucy quickly did as she was told, since talking with the boss made her feel very nervous.

"What should I do sir?" Harry asked immediately he took the phone from her.

"Tell her if the driver goes, she goes too, so she needs to be extra careful and make sure he doesn't leave. And if she decides to keep the driver, inform her she is going to be working as my personal assistant henceforth..."

"What?" Harry half yelled, before he could stop himself, startling Lucy who looked at him anxiously, as she waited to know her fate.

"Don't worry, just trust me and do as I say," Tom said before hanging up.

Harry glanced at Lucy who was looking at him with a worried frown, and he could literally see the question in her eyes. He wished he had an idea as to what Tom was up to. Tom had never had a personal assistant since the first lady who had occupied that position had tried to seduce him, and when she failed she had accused him of harassing her and had almost succeeded in creating a scandal for him and the company. After that incident, Harry had been acting as his personal assistant even though he was known as the vice chairman of the company. So why Tom was suddenly asking Lucy to be his personal assistant when he was busy trying to keep his identity from her, was a mystery to him.

Harry cleared his throat, "If your driver leaves, you leave too. Regardless of the reason. So you have to be kind to him," Harry announced making Lucy's eyes widen in dismay.

This didn't make any sense! Why would a director like herself be fired because of a mere driver? Lucy asked herself in disbelief. She swallowed, and then nodded her head, "Okay sir."

"He also wants you to become his personal assistant..."

"What?" Lucy asked, shooting out of her seat without thinking.

"You are going to resume as the CEO's personal assistant," Harry repeated.

Chapter 32 - Tips From A Pro

Tom chuckled quietly, and mentally patted his back for coming up with such a brilliant idea. Why hadn't he thought of it earlier? Having her work as his personal assistant would enable him control her activities in his favour. That way 'Tom' would have the chance to take her out whenever he wanted to. He was sure both his siblings would be very proud of him if he told them about this new development.

"Time to get my bad boy makeover!" Tom said, rubbing his hands together in excitement.

He had spent most part of the night browsing out colors he wanted to try out on his hair, and he had settled on copper brown. He wanted to look like a hot yet responsible bad boy. That way not only would she find him attractive, but she would have a hard time deciding whether he was a bad boy or not. 'Keep her guessing' was his new motto.

He had made a mental note to expose his body around her more often now, since it was obvious that she was the type to be attracted by things like that. His conversation with Bryan the previous evening had paid off after all.

[The Previous Evening]

After his conversation with Jade, he had checked the internet for tips on how to be a bad boy, and after sometime he had given up on everything he was seeing online, and decided to give Bryan a call as Jade had suggested, and ask him for tips on how to be a bad boy.

"You've called twice within twenty-four hours, are you ill?" Bryan had asked the moment he had received the call.

"No, I'm not. However, I need your advise. Since you're about to hang your bad boy boots, can you pass it on to me?" He had asked, making Bryan raise a brow.

"Bad boy boots?"

"Yep! Since you're getting married, maybe I can carry on the bad boy legacy for the Hank family," Tom said making Bryan frown. He didn't want to remember the whole engagement thing.

"Why would you want to do that now?"

"There is a girl I'm interested in, and she seems like a really good girl. Jade says good girls like bad boys, so I want to win her by being the bad boy. I want tips." Tom had said in his usual straight fashion manner making Bryan sit up.

"You talked to Jade about her already, and you're just telling me?" Bryan asked enviously.

"I figured since she is a girl, she would better understand what girls want," Tom explained, making Bryan relax. He had always felt like himself and Tom weren't very close because they had different personalities, but he was glad that Tom was asking him this now.

His always focused gentleman brother wanting to be a bad boy wasn't something one got to see everyday. This was definitely a worthy welcome distraction from the evil Sonia, "Well, it is pretty

easy. Don't be a gentleman. Gentlemen are boring and they pretend too much," Bryan stated like a pro.

"Don't ladies like being treated specially?"

"They like to think they do, but they actually don't. Why do you think they always fall for the guys who don't treat them so specially. That is simply because they like the idea of taming a bad boy. Good guys are like a bland dish, but bad guys are like a spicy dish." Bryan continued excitedly, almost like he had been waiting all his life to give his elder brother the lecture.

"But being a rich good guy should account for something, right? Women love money," Tom pointed out.

"True. But they could stick with you for your money while giving their heart and body to broke bad boys. Women fall flat for rich bad boys!"

"You want to know what women want? Women want a man that would make their heart race and their blood pump in their ears. They want someone that is comfortable with showing off his good looks and attractive body. A confident guy who would wink at them across the room as he checks them out, rather than the one that would hold out a chair for her and offer a polite smile. But, I think someone like you could be pull off being both though," Bryan added as an afterthought.

"I see." Hearing this now, Tom was beginning to think that his problem with ladies wasn't merely because he didn't give them enough time, or because he had pretended to not be rich. He had merely been a boring good guy, but all that was about to change.

"If you want to be a bad boy, you have to be real. By real I mean, brutally honest. If she isn't looking good, say so. If she smells bad, say it. If her dress sense is drab, let her know. Don't try to sugarcoat words. Also when..."

Tom who was been busy jotting down all Bryan was saying, paused. "Can we take the lessons a day at a time? I'd like to practice and give you feedback daily. That way I can know if I'm on the right track," Tom had suggested.

"That would be cool!" Bryan had said with a grin. He was so looking forward to bonding with his brother and seeing him transform into a bad boy.

"Alright, thank you..."

"Hold on! I have to give you an assignment first. You're seeing her tomorrow, right?"

"Sure. We live next door and I'm her driver."

"Waow! What is going on? You have to fill me in on everything if I'm going to help!" Bryan said excitedly.

Tom didn't like having people in his business, but he was also trying to use this medium to bond with his siblings, so he told Bryan everything he had told Jade, and also left out Lucy's checklist as well as the intimate part of their meeting.

"So she works for you?"

"Yes."

"But now you work for her?" Bryan asked with a chuckle.

"Yeah."

"Good then. Your assignment tomorrow, wear a button down shirt and leave the top buttons open so she gets a view of your chest. See if her eyes stay glued to your chest," Bryan instructed.

"And what happens if it does?"

"Then you have to make sure you keep wearing stuff like that to build the sexual tension until she can't hold it in anymore. She's either going to ask you to start covering up properly, or she is going to rip off your shirt one day,"

"Bryan, I don't want just sex."

"Sex is always a good start. Get into her bed, and if you do a good job you can sneak into her heart.. It's that easy," Bryan said confidently.

Chapter 33 - Boss Versus Driver

"Are you okay?" Harry asked, looking at Tom as though he was doubting his sanity.

"Never felt better," Tom said with a grin as he stood up from his seat and walked over to the window to admire the beautiful view of the sea beyond.

"Why do I find that so difficult to believe? You have been acting so out of character that I'm beginning to wonder if I need to call you a doctor," Harry said, making Tom's smile widen even more as he turned to look at his friend.

"I have, haven't I?"

"Come on Tom! This isn't you. What are you doing? Why are you doing all this? First it was wanting to become a driver and own a small town apartment. Next it was talking about changing your looks, which I'm glad you didn't..."

"Haven't, not didn't. I am getting it done today. I just need to take care of something first," Tom corrected.

"And now you want to make her your personal assistant? You want her to see your face and find out who you are?" Harry continued, choosing to ignore what Tom had just said.

"If your worry is about her seeing my face, then you really don't have to bother yourself. I have it all figured out. She isn't going to see this face. And the few times she might get to see me, I will make sure I am beyond recognizable," Tom assured Harry.

Harry ran his right fingers through his hair in frustration, "Beyond recognizable? What does that even mean? What has come over you for crying out loud? Where is Thomas Hank?"

Tom chuckled, and then tried to keep a straight face when Harry glared at him, "I'm right here," Tom said, tapping his chest, "Look, this whole idea is not as crazy as you think. Just see this as me trying to have fun and relax. I'm trying to take that leave you have been badgering me to take for eons,"

"The only thing I see you taking leave of, is your senses. Don't you think you're doing too much for a lady you don't even know much about?" Harry asked with a concerned frown.

"Isn't that the point of everything? How am I expected to know much about her if I don't get close to her? And how can I get close to her when she keeps trying to get me fired as her driver? I'm just doing this to secure my spot by her side," Tom said as he returned to his desk and sat down by the edge, making Harry narrow his eyes at him.

"What is so wrong with meeting her as Thomas Hank?"

"Do you really need me to answer that question? You ask like you don't know how women pretend around a wealthy man. We have been through this whole discussion already, just stop boring me with your questions. Please stop! You're beginning to sound like my mother!" Tom said with a shake of his head.

"Why her? What is so special about her?" Harry asked in resignation.

"I already told you. She intrigues me,"

Harry paused for sometime, and then his eyes lit up when something else occurred to him, "You lied to me about how you met her, right? Something happened between the both of you other than what you told me, didn't it?" Harry asked suspiciously.

"I didn't lie. I chose to withhold some information, but I definitely didn't lie," Tom corrected.

"Why? What are you hiding?" Harry asked, curiously. He knew whatever Tom was keeping from him was probably the reason he was hell-bent on getting close to Lucy, and that was also the reason Lucy wasn't comfortable with him being her driver.

"It is personal, so I can't tell you anything." Tom said with a grin.

"Come on! I thought I was your best friend?" Harry asked, making a cute face.

"No you're not. And you shouldn't do that with your face, you look awful," Tom scowled at him, making Harry sigh.

"Okay. I get it. You don't want to tell me whatever happened between yourself and Miss Perry at the club. But can you at least tell me your plan? What is her job description now? What am I supposed to do? How do you hope on avoiding her so she doesn't see you? How do you shuffle between being the CEO and being her driver at the same time?" Harry asked, looking at him expectantly as he waited for the answers to his questions.

"Like I said, she will be my personal assistant. I will communicate with her via my office line as give her instructions daily. She doesn't have to do much paper work, but we will give her something just to make her think she is really working. I want her to be at my beck and call. All you have to do, is be around to keep her on her toes." Tom said with a wink.

"And you? What do you want to do about your appearance?"

"My brother is an actor, remember? I can easily get bears and wigs to disguise myself. That shouldn't be too difficult. I will drop her off at the office as Tom her driver, and meet her in the office as Mr Hank, her boss." Tom said with an excited twinkle in his eyes.

"You're insane!" Harry said with a shake of his head.

"Yeah, you've been saying that all week." Tom said as his eyes fell on the wall clock, "It's time to serve my lady her lunch. Got to go. Let's talk later," Tom said as he stood up and headed for his private elevator, and Harry followed him.

"Tom?" Harry called for the last time before he could get into the elevator, hoping Tom would let him talk some sense into him.

"You know me. And I believe you've always trusted my judgement, right?" Tom asked, and Harry sighed, "Just trust me as you have always done, okay?" Tom said before getting into the elevator.. He smiled once the door closed, and couldn't help feeling sorry for Harry who he knew was really trying hard to be a good friend.

Chapter 34 - Devil

"Oh my God! Did I just worsen everything?" Lucy cried as she collapsed on her seat and took off her glasses before resting her head on the table. She was really trying hard not to sob.

What the heck had happened in there? She had gone to see Mr Harry, not the CEO, so why had the CEO chosen to get involved in her business? Why had she allowed her big mouth put her in trouble? "Oh God! Please just rewind the time back to yesterday, I won't complain ever again, I promise." she prayed silently.

She stood up from her seat and put on her glasses once again before she started pacing around the office. Mr Harry had asked her to clear her desk today and resume as the CEO's personal assistant the next day. Why? Why were they taking things too far? She hadn't meant to challenge their authority. Why did they even have to say she had to be extra nice to Tom? Lucy raised a hand to her temple which was beginning to throb, and cursed Tom for bringing so much trouble to her.

Yes. This was all because of Tom. He was the cause of her current predicament. If only he had been minding his business and had not caught a glimpse of her to do list or even offered to be her one night stand that night, she wouldn't have been in this mess.

"What am I going to do?" Lucy groaned pitifully.

"Ma'am?"

She looked up when she heard her secretary's voice, "Yeah?"

"A message is going around that the CEO has asked that henceforth every staff must leave the company premises at closing hour, and no one is to carry any work home," She said, trying hard not to sound too excited about it.

"What? Why?" Lucy asked with a frown.

"I have no idea,"

"You can leave. Thank you," Lucy said, and the secretary gave a curt nod before leaving.

"Why are they doing this to me?" Lucy asked, at the verge of tears now. She lived for her job. She loved taking work home, since it took up most of her time and kept her busy. What else could she do if there was no work?

"Maybe I can invite Sonia over," She thought before picking up her phone and dialing Sonia's line.

Sonia who was seated in the middle of her apartment which was littered with balls of discarded sheets of papers, picked up her phone distractedly when she saw it was Lucy calling, "Hey girlfriend!"

"You should come down here at once. I think I'm about to die," Lucy cried, making Sonia snap her head up from her laptop.

"Huh? What is wrong?"

"Sonia my life is about to end," Lucy cried pitifully.

"What is wrong? Did your one night stand neighbor blackmail you or release your nude photos to the press?" Sonia asked, making Lucy close her eyes.

"He seems to be the bane of my life right now."

"Did he do something? Go on, tell me what is wrong," Sonia said with a yawn, and then stood up from the floor and headed for her refrigerator in search of something to eat.

Lucy quickly summarized the detail of all that had happened, making Sonia screech in excitement. Lucy pulled the phone away from her ear, "Why do you sound excited?" Lucy asked in confusion.

"You are going to be working directly with the CEO of one of the biggest company in the country. And the best part is that I heard he is still single. Come on! This is an opportunity of a lifetime!" Sonia said as she munched on the bounty chocolate she had been able to find in the refrigerator.

"I don't want to work so close to him. I'm okay working here in my office," Lucy protested.

"Well, unfortunately you don't have a choice. And you had better be kind to the hot one night stand-cum-neighbor-cum-driver. He is bringing you so much good luck," Sonia said as she returned to where she had left her pen and notebook, and then scribbled down something on her journal.

"What good luck?" Lucy asked with a snort, "Sonia please come over. I think I might die if I don't take any work home," Lucy pleaded.

"Can't. Sorry. I'm working a new book, and you know how I like to be alone when doing that. Good thing you have your handsome neighbor to keep you company, so better take advantage of it." Sonia suggested.

"Why are you so confused? One minute you want me to get with my boss, and the next you want Tom." Lucy asked in confusion making Sonia giggle.

"You can get with the driver off work hours, and get with your boss during work hours. I would totally do that if I was you," Sonia said with a giggle.

Before Lucy could respond to that, she sighted Tom approaching her office through the see through glasses, "Oh shit! The devil is here! I will call you back." Lucy said before hanging up.

She took in a deep breath, and pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose. Her first thought was to snap at him for bringing her lunch despite her objection that morning. But once she remembered what Mr Harry had told her, she decided against it. Instead she pulled both sides of her lips up in a stiff smile.

"I brought your lunch as promised. I got you a bit of everything," Tom said as he carried the lunch pack over to her desk, while he looked around the office.

Lucy didn't bother to look at his clothes. She kept her gaze on his face, "Thank you," she said, still maintaining a stiff smile, making Tom want to chuckle.

"You're welcome ma'am. See you later." Tom said, and then winked at her before turning around to leave.

Lucy looked at his back in disbelief as he closed the door behind him, "Did he just wink at me? Did that damned devil of a man really just wink at me? Oh sweet Jesus!" Lucy cried as she lowered herself on to her chair and buried her face in her hands.

There was nothing she could do to him since she had been asked to be nice to him.. She couldn't afford to lose her job because he had winked at her, "Lucy, you have to be nice," Lucy murmured to herself as she massaged her temple, and tried to calm herself.

Chapter 35 - I Meant It

"You want to do what?" Tom's hairstylist asked in surprise the moment Tom told him what he wanted.

"You heard me. I want a more daring haircut. Something that gives off a bad boy vibe. And I also want you to dye my hair to a copper brown color," Tom repeated, making the man look at him as though he had gone crazy. Tom was probably the most gentleman he had ever worked for, and he had been barbing Tom's hair for more than ten years. Never in those ten years had Tom ever asked for something so outrageous.

If Tom had been older he would have thought Tom was probably going through a midlife crisis, but he knew that wasn't the case, so what was wrong? "Why?"

"Because I want to look different. Hurry up, I need to get back to work," Tom said as he dropped on his usual seat while the hairstylist and the few others who knew him kept staring at him in surprise.

"You heard the man, be fast about it!" The owner of the Salon who was attending to someone else instructed the barber.

The fact that they all seemed so surprised only reinforced his decision to do something daring. He glanced at his phone when it started ringing and was surprised to see the call was from Bryan, "Hey!"

"I'm just calling to be sure you remember your assignment," Bryan said as he roamed around his apartment aimlessly. He was bored but couldn't leave his house because of the journalists who were still gathered outside. Now he had to look for other ways to keep himself busy. He was tired of watching the television already.

"Sure. I did it," Tom said with a grin.

"You did?" Bryan asked in surprise. He had thought Tom would find a way to shy away from doing it, so he was genuinely surprised that Tom was really going ahead with it.

"So? How did it go? What was her reaction?" Bryan asked excitedly.

"She was hooked. She kept trying not to stare, but I noticed it was a struggle," Tom said with a chuckle making Bryan laugh.

"Wow! It seems you're a natural bad boy," Bryan commented.

"I guess so. Anyway, I..." As though remembering that he was in public, he looked around and noticed the other men around seemed to be paying attention to his conversation so he stood up, "Hold on," he said to Bryan as he headed outside, "I'll be right back," he called out to his hairstylist who was busy arranging everything he needed to dye the hair.

"You were busy?" Bryan asked, feeling sorry for interrupting his work.

"Not really. I'm just here to change my haircut," Tom explained as he walked away from the shop to a more private area.

"You want to change your haircut?"

"Yes. As I was saying before, there has been a new development. She is going to be working in my office now as my personal assistant," Tom said making Bryan stop mid-stride.

"What? You want to reveal your identity to her already?"

"No. I figured that it would seem suspicious trying to control her time when she works in a different unit and floor. So I changed it. Call it an abuse of power but I want her where I can control her," Tom said, and Bryan's lips curved in a proud smile. Was this really the brother he knew? He wished Tom had always been this way.

"I suppose you're going to want to disguise yourself?" Bryan asked in amusement.

"Exactly! So I was hoping you could help me get whatever you think I might need. You know, things like fake beards and mustache, good wigs and whatever else you think I would need," Tom suggested.

"You are sure you can pull that off?" Bryan asked doubtfully.

"Sure," Tom assured him.

"Okay, I will have my assistant help you get all you need and send them over to you," Bryan assured him.

"Alright then, I should go in now,"

"Don't forget to send me a picture. I'm curious about this new haircut," Bryan said before hanging up.

He couldn't believe that Tom was having so much fun while he was here stuck in his house because of that crazy lady, Bryan thought with a sigh as he walked over to his bar to pour himself a glass of wine.

He picked up his phone when it started ringing again and was going to ignore the call when he noticed it wasn't a familiar number, but accepted the call at the last minute, "Hello, this is Bryan Hank," he said, ready to bark at whatever journalist who was calling.

"And this is your fiancée," Sonia said with a smile, making Bryan sit up.

She had planned on waiting for a week before reaching out to him, but when she heard he had returned to his City, she decided to reach out. Plus she needed something for her next chapter, and to do that she needed to talk to him.

Bryan was speechless for a moment and then cleared his throat, "Hi!" He managed to say for lack of anything better to say to her. What he wanted was to yell at her and tell her how evil she was for running off without a word, but he didn't want to say anything to annoy her else she goes off again.

"How have you been, babez?" Sonia asked in a friendly tone.

"Where are you? Why did you leave like that?" Bryan asked, ignoring her question.

"You wanted me gone, didn't you?" She reminded him.

"Yes, but not that way. We were supposed to first end things between us officially," He explained to her politely.

"I already told you I don't want to end things with you. When I said yes to you, I meant it," Sonia said with a smirk.

"But we both know I didn't mean it when I proposed to you," Bryan said in frustration.

"That's too bad because I meant it when I accepted your proposal. So what do you want me to do? Should I go on social media and announce to the world that you just wanted to make a fool out of me? Are you willing to admit that you're that much of a jerk?" Sonia asked curiously.

"Why are you even doing this when you don't even love me?" Bryan asked in frustration.

"Because I'm pretty shallow and pretentious like you said the other night. Maybe I want to ride on your coattail," Sonia said, reminding him of their conversation before he dozed off.

"Sonia, can you please stop?" Bryan asked, trying hard not to snap at her.

"Okay. I saw a payphone on my way out and decided to call to know how you're doing. Let's talk some other time. Be good fiance."

"Hold on,"

It wasn't until he heard the disconnect tone that he realized he hadn't even bothered to ask her how she had gotten his number. What was he going to do about this crazy lady?

Chapter 36 - Dangerous

Unlike the others who were happily exiting the company premises the moment it was closing hour, Lucy felt like a kid who had been separated from her favorite toy. She didn't like that she was leaving the building without any document to work on at home. How was she supposed to pass her spare time? Maybe she needed to find a bookstore and get herself some books to read, and maybe she could also stop by a grocery store and stock her refrigerator, Lucy thought as she stepped out of the building and looked around the parking lot for her official car and driver.

Almost immediately, she saw the car drive in her direction at full speed, and then it screeched to a stop right in front of her. She frowned as she wondered what was wrong with Tom since almost everyone else was looking in their direction now.

Her eyes rounded in surprise and her mouth almost dropped open when Tom stepped out of the car looking like he had just stepped out of the front cover of a Playgirl magazine. Who was this mouth-

watering, butterfly-giving, toes-curling handsome hunk in front of her? Where was her driver? Although her driver had been very attractive in a manly way, the person before her looked attractive in a very boyish and dangerous way. His previously black hair which used to be slicked back was now a curly copper brown short mid-skin fade. He had a silver nose ring on the right part of his nose, and two diamond earrings on both his ears. Although her driver had made her feel uncomfortable, he had been 'safe' unlike the person in front of her now, she thought, as she listened to the collective appreciative gasp which came from some of the other ladies around.

"Who is this hottie?" One of the ladies asked.

"Is he her boyfriend?" Someone else asked.

"Isn't this the guy at the cafeteria earlier today?" Another lady asked.

"Is he? He looks so different and handsome!" The second lady said.

Tom winked at the ladies who were hurled in a corner staring at him, before turning to look at Lucy, "Are you ready to leave ma'am?" He drawled with a crooked smile.

"Did he just ma'am her? Don't tell me he is her driver?" The first lady asked.

"It seems so. He doesn't look like a driver," The second lady said in a loud whisper.

Jade had been right, although women did not like to admit it, they were naturally attracted to bad boys as an ant was drawn to sugar. From the moment the hairstylist had finished dying and styling his hair, and he had gotten his nose and ear piercings, he had noticed that almost every lady he walked past turned to look at him. It hadn't helped that his stylist had suggested he roll up his sleeve and undo a few more buttons if he wanted to really play the bad boy. Seeing the appreciative glint in Lucy's eyes now, he knew he was on the right track, Tom mused.

"Ma'am?" He drawled, leaning closer to Lucy so she would focus.

Lucy snapped out of her daze as her eyes focused on his face, and she regretted it immediately she met his beautiful hazel eyes looking at her with a glint of amusement in them. She felt her mouth go dry and blinked at him in confusion.

"We should leave," she suggested as she quickly reached for the doorknob at the same time as him. She withdrew her hand immediately their fingers touched, and it was all Tom could do not to chuckle as he held open the door for her to get in.

Lucy hurried inside the backseat of the car and sat down. She took off her glasses and fanned her face with her hands as she tried to compose herself before he would join her in the car. Was she really attracted to him? Perhaps it was because he was the first person she had slept with? Maybe it was time to get that dildo as planned.

"You finished early today," Tom observed as he got into his seat.

Lucy cleared her throat, "Yeah," she said without bothering to offer any explanation.

She reached into her handbag and took out her glass case, and then used the microfiber cloth to clean the lens of her glass before wearing it again, "If you don't mind, I would like us to stop at a

bookstore or a grocery store. I'd like to shop for sometime before going home, so you can just drop me off and leave," she said without looking at the rearview mirror which she knew he was using to watch her.

"Perfect then! I need to shop for groceries too, so maybe we can shop together," Tom said with a grin as he turned on the car ignition, and reversed.

Lucy noticed that he waved at the ladies who were still standing there as he drove away. Did he always give every lady his attention? He had also been looking at the twins earlier this morning, and thinking back now she remembered he had also been the one to offer to be her one-night stand. Perhaps he was a philanderer? Had he used a condom when they had sex? Did she need to go and run tests for sexually transmitted infections or diseases? She wondered with a frown. How could she bring herself to ask him if he had used protection? What if he had cum inside her? Lucy thought in alarm as she suddenly sat up on her seat. Why hadn't she thought of that before? She hadn't even bothered to get herself any pill.

"Is there a problem?" Tom asked when he noticed her sudden movement through the rearview mirror and saw how pale she looked.

"I'm okay," She said with a shake of her head as she quickly fished her phone out of her bag and clicked on her period tracker app to see if she was safe.. She sighed in relief when she realized that her ovulation day had passed over five days ago, "Of course, I wouldn't have been that careless," she murmured to herself as she dropped the phone on the empty seat beside her and relaxed her back against the seat before closing her eyes.

Chapter 37 - Tyler

Lucy was startled by the sudden vibration and sound of her ringtone. She picked it up and smiled when she realized it was her dad, "Hey handsome!" She greeted with a wide smile, making Tom look at her through the rearview mirror. Handsome? He mused.

"How is my princess doing?" Her father asked with a grin.

"It's barely two days and I miss you already," Lucy complained with a pout.

"We miss you too, but we are glad you're on your own now. Maybe you'd finally meet a decent young man out there and stop being such a workaholic!" Her father said, making her roll her eyes.

"Here I was thinking you were proud of me for not bringing you any trouble," She said dryly.

"Of course we are proud of you, but we also want you to get a man. By the way, I saw a picture of your bestie and Bryan Hanks. I had no idea she was going out with a celebrity," Her mother responded before her father could say anything.

"It's a recent development," Lucy said, not wanting to give her parents the details since it was Sonia's private business.

"I see. So what about you? Have you met anyone?" Her mother asked curiously.

"She barely got there two days ago, how is she supposed to meet anyone in such a short time?" Her father asked, and Lucy smiled as she pictured the frown on his face.

"Have you met your neighbors? Do you have good neighbors? What about your colleagues at the office? I hope they are nice?" Her father asked in concern, making Lucy glance at the rearview mirror to see Tom looking at her with interest.

"It is still too early to tell. But don't worry, I'm okay," she assured them.

"Alright pumpkin. We love you. Call us if you need anything, okay?" her father said.

"Sure I will. love you too."

"And make sure you get a boyfriend, I want..." Lucy giggled when she heard the disconnect tone. She was sure they were going to bicker now since her father had deliberately hung up before her mother could complete what she wanted to say.

"Boyfriend?" Tom asked curiously.

"What?" Lucy asked in confusion, and then replayed her entire conversation with her parents in her head, and realized it had sounded like she had been talking with her boyfriend. She was almost tempted to answer in the affirmative, but she knew she was a bad liar and wouldn't be able to keep up so she shook her head instead, "I'm not interested in guys. That was my father," she said, making him raise a brow.

Although Tom was relieved that the person she had just spoken with was her father, he was sidetracked by the first statement, "You prefer girls?" He asked with a slightly raised brow making her lips curve in amusement.

"No. I prefer my own company," she pointed out.

The first question that entered his mind was to ask her if she meant she preferred to masturbate, but because she was a virgin and he knew she was a good girl, that didn't seem appropriate to him, "Does that mean you are sexually attracted to men but you just don't want a relationship?" Tom asked casually.

"Why are you asking?" Lucy asked cautiously.

"Because we are friends, and I'm trying to know you," He reminded her, making her look away guiltily. If he found out she had almost cost him his job, he wouldn't refer to her as a friend, Lucy thought.

"Yeah, I'm just not interested in a relationship," she said with a sigh.

"Why not?"

"Do I need to have a reason? I'm content with being alone. I just want to be a career lady," she said with a shrug.

"That's okay then. We are here," Tom said, making her look through the window as he drove into the parking lot of a grocery shop and parked the car.

"It's past work hours now, so you don't have to wait for me. You can leave," Lucy told him.

"That means I've switched from being your driver to your friend. So you have to treat me as a friend now," Tom said with a wink, making her wonder if he truly had personality problems. How could he easily switch from one personality to another? Had he forgotten that they were friends last night before he talked to her so rudely?

"Come on Lu, let's go," Tom said with a grin as he held out his arm for her to take it, making her decide that he truly had personality problems. What did he really want from her? Or perhaps she was thinking too much about it?

Without waiting for her to make up her mind, Tom grabbed her arm and placed it in the crook of his arm before leading her towards the grocery shop, "So aside from your father and twin brother, are there any other very important male figures in your life?" Tom asked in a casual tone as he led her inside the grocery shop.

Although Lucy still wasn't comfortable with the whole thing yet, she decided to play along with him, "Sure. I have a really close childhood friend called Tyler," she said as she observed the way other ladies were looking in their direction. She wasn't one to like unnecessary attention, and Tom was really drawing a lot of attention to her.

"Can I ask you a question?" Lucy asked as they both stopped at the place they were to pick up the shopping basket or trolley they wanted.

"Shoot," Tom gave her go-ahead as he picked a trolley, and then she picked one too.

"Why did you decide to change your style?" She asked, looking him over this time since she had been avoiding staring at him since they got out of the car.

Tom thought about it for a moment, "You want to know the truth?"

"Were you supposed to lie?"

"There is this girl I'm really into. My sister thinks she might be into this sort of thing, so I'm trying to get her attention," Tom said with a grin as he started pushing the trolley. What better way to confuse her than this?

Lucy was very tempted to ask him who the girl was and if she was the girl. But she knew that would be a very presumptuous thing to do, and she didn't want to embarrass herself by thinking too highly of herself, so she simply nodded, "I see."

"So as a friend, tell me something.... Which do you prefer? My former looks, or this one?"

Chapter 38 - Deal

Lucy pursed her lips as she considered his question. He really seemed easygoing, and it was obvious he was trying to make her relax and be friendly towards him. She didn't want to seem stand-offish or appear as though she was looking down on him, so for that reason, she decided to play along.

"Well, I can't exactly tell which I prefer, since both seem to pass a different message. I think it basically depends on who you are on the inside," she said, tapping the left side of her chest to demonstrate that she meant his heart.

Tom could guess she was trying to avoid giving a direct answer, "Who do you think I am on the inside?" He asked her curiously.

Lucy shrugged, "I'm not sure about that yet. Once I'm sure I will let you know," she promised as she rolled her basket trolley to the chocolate section ahead of them and started picking some Bounty chocolates and dropping them into her basket.

Tom followed suit, but he picked only a couple of Bounty chocolates and more of Twix, Snickers, Dairy milk, and Mars chocolates, "Okay. Tell me something though, what kind of guy is your ideal guy? A bad boy or a gentleman?" He asked making her brow pull together in a frown as she adjusted her glasses on the bridge of her nose.

"No offense, but I don't happen to be the girl you are trying to impress, am I?"

Tom raised a brow arrogantly, "Why would you think that? No offense, but you're not my type. I mean you're pretty and seem smart alright, but..." He let his words trail off as he looked at her from head to toe and then shook his head.

Lucy tried not to wince at the sound of that. Of course, she could understand him. Maybe the Lucy he had met at the club that first night was his type, but not this one. He probably wouldn't have spared her a second glance or even offered to be her one night stand had she gone there in her real state. What had she been thinking? She could hear the sound her deflated ego was making like a punctured balloon, "Fair enough, since you're not my type either," she said with a stiff smile as she pushed her trolley away from him, in the direction of fruits and vegetables.

Tom hurried after her, ignoring the ladies who were looking at him like he was a walking meal, "I didn't ask whether or not I was your type. I only asked what your type is. Bad boy or gentleman?" He asked, much to her irritation.

"Neither. I don't have a type. I already told you I'm not interested in men," Lucy said through gritted teeth.

Tom tried not to smile as he stood beside her and picked fresh vegetables, "Aha! So you don't have a type? Now I wonder why you were so keen on pointing out that I wasn't your type when you don't even have a type," Tom said making her turn to look at him irritably.

"I prefer to shop quietly. You're distracting me," she said and started to move away from him.

Tom sighed, "You know what? I'm no longer going to try to be friendly with you since you keep making it clear that you don't want me around you. First thing tomorrow morning I'm going to submit my resignation letter at the office and give you the space you so much desire," Tom promised in a flat tone which made her heart skip multiple beats as she turned around to look at him. She stiffened when she remembered what Harry had said about being nice to her driver.

She noticed he was really moving his trolley away from her. Where was he going to? Was he mad at her? Was he going to quit being her driver because she wanted to shop quietly? If this had happened yesterday she would have been over the moon, but him quitting his job now would mean she was going to lose hers, and she couldn't let that happen.

"Wait! I'm sorry," she called out as he knew she would, but Tom didn't respond but instead, he kept moving his trolley away from her.

"What?" Tom asked when Lucy hurried after him and stepped in front of him blocking his path with her trolley.

"I'm sorry. I was not trying to be rude," she said with an awkward apologetic smile.

"It's okay. I'm not mad. I just think it's best if I don't work for you anymore. We can just remain good neighbors," Tom assured her with a stiff smile and started to reverse his trolley when she grabbed on to it.

"No! Please, I need you!" She yelled and then winced when the other people around glanced in their direction curiously.

She lowered her voice, "I don't mean I need you in that way. I mean I want you to keep working for me. You need the job, remember? I'm not sure I would be able to sleep well at night knowing I cost a man his job," she said earnestly making him almost believe her.

He would have believed her completely had he not known she was actually trying to save her own job. This woman was a really good liar after all. Maybe she ought to be in the marketing unit instead of the fashion unit.

"You don't have to worry or feel guilty. I already made up my mind that driving isn't really what I want to do. I'd just return to my handyman job instead," he assured her but she didn't budge.

"If you quit this way I would really be sad. I promise to be nice, polite, and even friendly henceforth. So please don't go. Please?" She said as she let go of his trolley and grabbed his arm instead, giving him puppy eyes through her glasses.

"I don't think..."

"You know what I think? That girl you like is going to fall flat for you whoever she is!" Lucy said, knowing he would be distracted by that.

"You think so?" Tom asked with a grin since she was referring to herself even though she didn't know it yet.

"Of course! And as your friend, neighbor, and boss, it is my duty to help you win her heart! You have nothing to worry about. I may not be very experienced when it comes to relationships, but I can definitely give you tips on how to win a lady's heart," she said with a grin which he returned, "So will you keep working for me? I promise to be good to you henceforth!"

"No more being rude and unfriendly?"

"No more!" She crossed both hands in front of her chest.

"You would come out with me whenever I'm bored?" He asked, wanting to drive a hard bargain since he had the chance to do so.

"N..." Lucy paused to ponder on it when she remembered that she would be having a lot of spare time on her hand now that her boss had brought that crazy policy about not taking work home, "Can't we just chill indoor?"

"We could do that sometimes and go out at other times," Tom said, and she nodded.

"You promise to help me get the girl?" He asked, and she bobbed her head.

"The day you go back on your word I'm going to quit my job, agreed?" He asked, and she nodded in agreement.

"Deal," she said as she let go of his arm and extended her hand for a handshake.

"Deal," Tom said as he shook her hand. This was going to be really easy and interesting. And maybe she didn't know it yet, but he just won the challenge about getting her to leave the house, he thought as he flashed her a smile.

As long as he was interested in someone else and not her, this was going to be as easy as a stroll in a park.. Being friendly and hanging out with a friend once in a while wasn't a big deal, right? Lucy mused as she returned his smile.

Chapter 39 - Her Name?

Lucy stared at Tom with a slightly raised brow when she opened her door and saw him standing there, dressed in a pair of blue jeans trousers and a black polo t-shirt that showed off his muscled arms, "You're going somewhere?"

"Not just me. We are going out. I want us to hang out," Tom said with a harmless smile as he let his eyes roam over her body. She was barefooted, and unlike most ladies he knew, her toenails were not painted. She was wearing an oversized long-sleeved top on black leggings trousers. And as usual, her hair was tied in a bun and her glasses were sitting on the bridge of her nose.

Seeing the way he was looking at her now, Lucy was glad she was properly dressed. She made a mental note to always put on decent clothes so he wouldn't have to catch her unaware.

"But we only just got in two hours ago. Why do you want to go out again?" Lucy asked wearily as she adjusted her glasses. She didn't want to leave the comfort of her bed or drop the book she just started reading.

"Because I'm bored, and I want to hang out with you. Come on, go in and get dressed so we can leave. Remember you promised to hang out with me and give me tips on how to win my lady's heart?" Tom asked, cocking his head to the side.

"Can't we just do that tomorrow?" She asked, and when she saw his frown she shook her head quickly, "How about you just come in instead, and we talk? We don't have to go out. You could tell me everything I need to know about her and then I can give you every tip you need to win her. Let's just stay indoors, okay? I even have snacks and beer," Lucy offered.

"No. Besides, you need to go out. You are new around here and don't know many places around so I think it's best I take you out so you can see some cool places. That is what a nice friend and neighbor should do. So go inside and get dressed. Don't keep me waiting," Tom said using his fingers to indicate for her to go ahead.

Lucy felt like stomping her feet and yelling in frustration, but she knew she couldn't afford to do that in front of him since she had given him her word earlier, and they had an agreement. Instead, she gave him a stiff smile before holding out her door for him to get inside, "Make yourself comfortable. I will join you soon," she said after shutting the door and then headed for her bedroom.

Tom lowered himself on one of the sofas as he looked around the house with interest. He noticed how neat and organized everything was. Even the books on her bookshelf were well arranged in such a way that none was sticking out. The black wooden center table was shining, and the china

flower vase on it was sparkling. She seemed like a very meticulous person and judging by all he had seen thus far, he could tell her personality trait was melancholy.

"I'm ready," Lucy announced without enthusiasm as she stepped out of her bedroom, dressed in a red turtleneck shirt and a pair of blue jeans trouser, with black loafers.

"I'm not sure. You should let down your hair. You look more beautiful when you wear it down," Tom said as he looked her over.

"I prefer it this way," Lucy said with a stiff smile.

Tom sighed as he stood up from where he was seated on the couch and walked towards her. Lucy raised a curious brow as she watched him, and her heartbeat doubled when he stopped in front of her.

Tom looked at her for a while as though he was contemplating something, "Is there a reason you love wearing glasses instead of contact lenses?" He asked as he held on to both edges of her glasses and slowly took them off so he could look into her face.

"I suppose I'm used to them. I feel more comfortable wearing glasses," Lucy said with a self-conscious smile as she extended her hand for him to hand over her glasses.

Tom let his eyes linger on her face for a while, "I see," Tom said with a nod as he handed the glasses to her. He had wanted to tamper with her hair and let it loose but had changed his mind at the last minute.

Rushing things wouldn't work with someone like her, and using force would not work either. He needed to take things slow and easy while also finding the right strategy to get her to do the things he wanted, and he knew just how to go about it now.

"Let's leave then," Tom said as he headed for the door, leaving her to follow him.

Lucy let out the breath she hadn't realized she was holding, as she put on her glasses. He had been standing too close for comfort, and for a moment she had thought he was going to do something...

She shook her head to get rid of the silly thought and quickly picked up her phone, purse, and house keys from the table. She locked the door before quickening her pace to catch up with him. She needed to get started on helping him win his lady. The earlier she helped him get this lady in question, the better for her. At least he would pay her less attention once he got a girlfriend. That would make things between them less awkward, and she would finally be able to breathe freely around him.

"So what is her name?" Lucy asked when she caught up with him close to the car.

"Her name? Whose name?" He asked in false confusion as he tried to come up with a fancy name.

"The lady you like of course. Or don't you know her name?" Lucy asked, looking at him suspiciously.

He cleared his throat awkwardly, "Well, I don't know her name yet..." Tom gave her a sheepish smile like he had just been caught. Maybe it was better this way. She would believe him more if she thought he was clueless about the lady he had feelings for.

Lucy gave him a look of disbelief, "You don't? How can you be doing all this to impress a lady whose name you don't even know? Do you even know if she is married or single?" She asked incredulously. "Wait, how did you even meet her if you don't know her name? Does she even know you exist?" Lucy asked as she stood by the front passenger door and placed her elbows on the roof of the car so she could look at him.

Tom took in a deep breath, "Let's just stop talking about it," Tom suggested as he opened the car and got in. He needed time to think and come up with something reasonable.

Lucy got into the car and looked at him, "You don't want to talk about it? How can I help you if you don't tell me all the basic things I need to know? Go on, tell me how you met her," Lucy urged him, making the corners of his lips twitch in amusement.

She seemed more relaxed and talkative with him now that she believed he was interested in someone else. He knew he would have to come up with a really good and believable story.. Tom reasoned as he turned on the car's ignition and drove off.

Chapter 40 - More Lies

"I'm still waiting," Lucy reminded him after some time.

Tom turned to spare her a glance before clearing his throat, "Okay. About two weeks ago someone referred me to her for a plumbing job. That was how I met her for the first time. I helped her fix her kitchen sink which was clogged. I don't think she is married," Tom said confidently.

"Oh! But shouldn't you know her name if you visited her home and worked for her?" Lucy asked thoughtfully.

"I suppose I was too smitten by her beauty to remember to ask for her name... Or maybe she mentioned it, but I wasn't listening. I know where she works though," Tom added, making Lucy's ears perk up.

"You do?" She asked with interest, and then cocked her head to one side as she narrowed her eyes at him suspiciously, "Don't tell me you have been stalking her."

"Not exactly. Although, she was the reason I applied for a job at the company. She works there, but I don't know what department she works in so..." Tom let the rest of his words trail off and shrugged.

"Really?" Lucy asked, clearly surprised.

So he had taken a job at the company because of a woman after all, but not because of her. It made sense. Why would he want to work as her driver if he was interested in her? And there was no way he could have applied for the job of a driver overnight in such a firm. Sonia was right. She had been too full of herself to the point of paranoia. His being her neighbor and driver was all coincidence, and he was just being good to her, while she on the other hand was being a stuck-up bitch. She not only needed to be more open-minded, but she also needed to relax around him and accept his friendship.

"I feel so embarrassed telling you this right now. You can't tell anyone else about it though. This has to remain between the both of us," Tom said, turning to flash her what looked like an embarrassed smile.

"It's not like I have anyone to tell anyway," she muttered as she glanced outside the window.

If he liked his mystery lady enough to seek employment in her place of work, how come he had had sex with a random stranger? Why couldn't she seem to figure him out, anyway? Was he a good guy or a bad guy? Lucy wondered as she turned to look at him. She remembered the way he had been flirting with those girls earlier that morning, and then with the ladies at work that evening. He was definitely a bad boy! Maybe he just wanted a fling with the lady?

"You don't have any more questions for me? Why are you so quiet?" Tom asked when she said nothing after some time and turned to spare her a glance.

There was no way she could tell him what she was thinking anyway. Neither of them was to mention what had happened between them, so she couldn't even ask him why he had slept with her when he had someone else he was interested in.

"What does she look like? What do you like about her? Have you run into her at the company since you started working there?" Lucy asked, not wanting to think about the things in her head. It was none of her business what he chose to do or who he chose to sleep with.

"She looks very pretty. I don't know what I like about her yet, but that is what I intend to find out after I get the chance to be close to her. I've seen her twice at the company."

"Really? And you still don't know her name or her department? Tell me what she looks like and maybe I can help you find out," Lucy offered.

"No! I don't want you to know her," Tom said apologetically.

"What? Why?"

"That would be too awkward. Just help me get her, and maybe after that, I will introduce her to you," Tom suggested instead as he drove into the parking lot of a cafe bar.

Tom reasoned that as long as he doesn't show her any lady, in particular, he could always tell Lucy the lady got married, quit her job, and moved to a different city or country, and that would be the end of his interest in this mystery lady.

"But if you say you have seen her at the company twice, didn't she see you? Wouldn't it be natural to engage her in a conversation?" Lucy asked thoughtfully.

"Well, I'm not sure she recognized me when I walked past her," Tom said with a shrug as he turned off the car's ignition.

"Come on, how would anyone not recognize someone that looks like you?" Lucy asked incredulously.

"Someone that looks like me?" Tom asked with a boyish grin which caught her off guard.

Lucy blinked at him rapidly, "I mean, you look... That is... What I mean is that your face is distinct," Lucy rushed to explain, looking all flustered, and quickly got out of the car before Tom could say anything. Tom stifled the urge to chuckle as he got out of the car. He decided that there was no need to tease her further since she already looked so flustered.

"Do you think maybe she ignored me because she thinks I'm beneath her? I mean, we are not friends, and someone who works in a company like that has no reason to say hello to a mere plumber, right?" Tom asked as they both headed for the cafe bar.

"Maybe if you had greeted her first, she would have responded, and then you could have gotten the chance to ask her out for a drink or something,"

"Tell me something, would you have talked to your plumber if you ran into him at your place of work?" Tom asked as he held the door open for her to get into the bar ahead of him.

"I don't see why not," Lucy said with a shrug as she looked around the bar.

"Assuming you were interested in men, do you think you could date your plumber?" Tom asked, making her turn to look at him.

"No," she said, before turning away from him.