

## Wild Night 361

### Chapter 361 Full-blown Anger

Rebekah had a satisfied smile on her face as she lay naked in Adam's arms, "I missed you so much that I couldn't concentrate on work since yesterday. I just kept thinking about our meeting," he said as he pressed a kiss on her shoulder.

Rebekah smiled, "Just make sure you don't make any mistakes because you're distracted," she advised.

"I won't. We've managed to keep our affair a secret for years. I won't jeopardize that," he promised, and she sighed in contentment.

"Can't we increase the number of days we meet? Seeing you twice a week isn't enough," Adam complained after a while, and Rebekah sat up as she looked down at him in disapproval.

"It's either you are satisfied with that, or we end things completely," Rebekah warned.

She had a tight schedule for all her lovers, and she couldn't risk any of them becoming greedy for more. She liked that they all believed that each of them was the only one she was involved with. She didn't want any unnecessary jealousy.

She was a woman with a ravenous appetite for sex like she had for power and influence, and she had organized her life in such a way that she had both without fear of ruining her reputation.

All her lovers had something to lose if their relationship became exposed to the public, so she enjoyed discreet sex with them while also benefiting from their influence.

"It's fine. Having you this way is better than not having you at all," Adam assured her, and she smiled at him.

"Good. And Bernice? How is she?" Rebekah asked, and Adam's nose wrinkled in displeasure at the mention of his wife.

"How are you able to talk about her when we are in bed? It ruins the mood," he said, and she laughed softly.

"I told you before. It always turns me on to know that you find me more sexually appealing than my daughter. It makes me feel sexy and horny to know that you chose me over her," Rebekah said as she ran a finger down his torso.

"You realize that you are the only reason I am married to her, right?" He asked, and she nodded.

"Yeah, I know so."

"I will divorce her and get married to you in the blink of an eye if I'm sure that you'll accept my proposal," he said, and she stopped the movement of her finger.

"Never say something silly as that again. It's one thing to have my daughter marry my lover. What kind of a mother would I be to get married to my daughter's husband after he divorces her?" She asked in disapproval.

"I was just stating a fact, not proposing to you," Adam said, and Rebekah held his gaze for a moment.

"If you want us to continue meeting this way, remain married to my daughter and take good care of her and your kids even if you don't touch her," Rebekah instructed.

Adam sighed, "I will."

"Good. How about you show me how much you missed me once again before we leave?" Rebekah asked as she pulled his head to her silicone boobs and moved one of his hands down to her slit so that he would feel the wetness there.

Feeling the wetness between her thighs, Adam became excited once again, but before he could take any action, Rebekah's phone started ringing, and she picked it up from the nightstand.

She smiled when she saw that the call was from Bernice, and she shoved Adam down so that he was positioned between her legs. She didn't need to say a word for him to know what was expected, and he happily buried his face at the point where her legs joined.

Rebekah's eyes fluttered shut in pleasure, and she cleared her throat as she received the call from Bernice, "Hey, darling!" She greeted cheerfully.

"Where are you? I'm coming over. I need to speak with you," Bernice said with a note of urgency in her voice, and from her hoarse voice, Rebekah could tell that she had been crying.

"Have you been crying? What is the problem?" Rebekah asked, not bothering to answer her daughter's question about where she was.

"I think Adam is cheating on me. I don't know what to do. I want to divorce him. I'm fed up with his indifference and everything!" Bernice complained.

"Calm down. Take in a deep breath, and talk to me. Why would you think he is cheating? What did he do?" She asked in a high-pitched voice, more surprised by what Adam was doing down there than by her daughter's complaints.

"I just saw the receipt of a diamond necklace he bought a month ago. It wasn't for me, so who else could he have gifted such an expensive gift to? I'm fed up, mom. I need a divorce. I just wanted to let you know that I'm moving out of his house tonight," She said with a snuffle.

"Don't be silly! What kind of example will you be setting for your sisters if you do something like this?" She asked harshly as she dug her fingers into Adam's hair to hold him off so that she could focus on the conversation.

Tears slid down Bernice's cheek as she listened to her mother, "But I'm not happy! I'm feeling more frustrated with each passing day. I'm depressed. I don't feel love or wanted! I don't even remember the last time we slept together on the same bed. If he wants another woman, then maybe I should divorce him. I will get half his wealth and..."

"Keep shut! Your husband works with a lot of women, and I'm sure he probably got the gift for one of his clients. How many times will I tell you to focus on being a good mother to your kids? Don't go snooping around unnecessarily if you don't want to find something that might hurt your feelings. Your petty jealousy won't get you anywhere. Now I'm busy. Let's talk later," Rebekah said as she hung up the call and threw her phone away from her before pulling Adam up with his hair. She crushed her lips to his.

"That was Bernice, I guess? What was she complaining about this time?" Adam asked as he broke the kiss and looked at her.

"Don't ruin the mood, darling. Show me how much you want me, and then we can talk about my daughter later," she ordered as she guided him inside her.

Away from there, and now alone in her office, Anita's face burned with anger as she paced her office, recalling every word Tom had Harry had said to her.

Why were they mad at her when it was all Tom's fault? At least he had admitted it and had apologized to her, so why couldn't he see that he was responsible for their relationship not working?

What was so wrong with knowing what she wanted and going for it? Would he have approached her if she wasn't beautiful? What was the big deal about not wanting to date a broke guy? It was all a matter of choice, and things wouldn't have

happened that way between them had he been honest! He had deceived her, so how did it make sense that he was now blaming her for not wanting the part of him that he showed her?

She had wanted his true identity, not the false one, and as far as she was concerned, there was absolutely nothing wrong with that.

The more she thought about it now, the angrier she became. What had been shame and regret earlier was now full-blown anger and dislike.

He didn't like her? Fine! He didn't want her? That was just fine too. She didn't want a guy with such a poor sense of judgment and poor taste in women too. Any guy that would choose a tramp like Lucy over her didn't deserve her.

Nothing he said had been more insulting than telling her that she had helped him find true love. That had been a slap on her face. He even had the effrontery to thank her for it.

Well, then. Since she had helped him find true love, she was just as well going to snatch that true love away from him, not because she wanted him anymore. Nah, far from it. She no longer wanted Tom.

What was it that Harry said about having some pride? Now she was going to show some pride. She wasn't going to grovel or try to make him love her anymore. All she wanted now was to hurt him for insulting her and hurting her pride.

Surely she could always find another wealthy man, but she would make sure to ruin Tom's happiness. He preferred to spend every moment of his day with her? Anita mused with a smirk. She would see about that.

She would let her mother believe she still wanted Tom and allow her to do whatever she wanted with Lucy, and if that failed, she would do what needed to be done once and for all.

Chapter 362 Talkshow Host

"Thomas Hank, it's a pleasure to meet you in person finally," Eric Howells, producer and host of the number one television talk show in the country, rose from his seat as Tom and Harry walked into his office.

"Thanks for agreeing to meet with us on such short notice," Tom said as he extended his hand to the middle-aged man.

He had asked Harry to put a call across to Eric on their way to his office, asking if he would be able to meet with them on short notice, and he had agreed without a moment's hesitation.

"Are you kidding me? For years now, I've been pleading with Mr. Jonas here to help me get an audience with you, and now you reach out to me first? Even if I were on the verge of ejaculation, I would have pulled out just to meet with you," He said with a grin, and Tom laughed as he shook hands with him.

"I can see why your show is so successful," Tom said as he withdrew his hand while Harry and Eric exchanged pleasantries.

"Please sit comfortably. What can I offer you? Name it, and I will have it served," he promised excitedly.

"Your time. I need you to do something for me. Something I believe will be of benefit to you and your show. And in return, I will grant you an exclusive interview," Tom said, and Eric's eyes shone with delight.

"An exclusive interview? With your girlfriend?" He asked hopefully, "Everyone is curious about her and your relationship with her. I am too," Eric said, and Tom paused.

"I'm afraid that won't be possible. My Jewel doesn't like to be under public scrutiny. An interview with just me will be enough. I can answer your questions, so you don't need her there," Tom assured him.

Eric looked slightly disappointed, but having Tom volunteer to appear on his show was already more than he had hoped for, so he nodded, "Okay. What is it that you want me to do for you?" Eric asked curiously, and Tom turned to Harry, giving him a nod to speak.

"There is a family we want you to feature on your show," Harry said, making Eric's brows pull together.

"Who are they? And why do you need me to invite them? You do realize that not just anyone can appear in Live With Eric Howells, right?" Eric asked, not happy that he was going to miss a chance to feature Tom on his show.

"Oh, don't worry about that! They are not nobodies. We are talking about Rebekah Miller and her daughters. You know who she is, don't you?" Harry asked, and Eric nodded.

"Of course. I know who she is. But there is hardly anything interesting about her life outside the fact that she's a socialite and her daughters are married to influential men. What could she possibly be doing on my show?" Eric asked, and Harry smirked.

"Trust us, she is one verrrrrry interesting woman. Emphasis on very. There is a lot of exclusive juicy gossip that would remind everyone why you are still number one in the talkshow business," Harry said, and Eric's eyes twitched greedily.

"Juicy gossip?" He asked, and Harry nodded.

"Very juicy gossip. And we will make the show worth your while, trust us," Harry said, and Eric watched Tom curiously.

This whole time he had been looking for every means to have Tom feature in his show, and here was Tom offering himself voluntarily. Why? What could the family have done to make Tom want to get involved in something like this?

"May I ask why?" He asked, and Tom nodded.

"You deserve to know that much. They were behind the scandal involving my girlfriend and my brother. I want to give them a taste of their own medicine, but on live television, especially on a show as popular as yours. They seem to want fame, so I would love to turn their moment of pride and fame into the most disgraceful moment of their life," Tom explained, and surprise flickered in Eric's eyes.

"They were behind that? Why would they do that? How do you know they are responsible for that?" Eric asked, and Tom held his gaze.

"I can trust that you won't try to play a smart one, right?" Tom asked, and Eric gave him a nod.

"I pick my enemies wisely. You are not an enemy I would want to have. Besides, I'm sure you know you can trust me, else you wouldn't have said anything until you asked that question in the first place," Eric said, and Tom gave Harry a nod.

Harry placed an iPad on the desk and showed Eric the receipts and evidence they had gathered to prove that Anita had paid the people who started Lucy's scandal, as well as Simon, who sold the news of Bryan's false engagement to the press.

"Wow! You guys work really fast," Eric said with undisguised admiration.

"Will you do it?" Harry asked as he recovered his phone from Eric.

"Are you kidding me? How can I let such an opportunity pass me by?" He asked and then paused when something else occurred to him, "What about their in-laws?"

Those families are powerful, and they could try to cover it up and make things difficult for me," Eric said, and Tom waved his concerns away.

"I've got it covered too. By the time I'm done, they will be too busy trying to cover their own ass to care about the Millers. They won't want to be associated with this, don't worry," Tom promised, and Eric nodded.

"Count me in."

"Thank you. I will send across the questions you are to ask them during the show. All you have to do is send Rebekah an invite, telling her you want her and her daughters on your show. I'm sure she would be delighted to appear on your show. Let's take it from there," Tom suggested, and Eric grinned as he rubbed his hands together.

"I'm looking forward to this show and seeing the questions you are going to send," Eric said, and Tom smiled.

"I'm looking forward to it too. Things might likely get very heated on that day, so I'll advise you to keep your precious pieces of equipment far from the scene," Harry said with a grin of his own, and Eric chuckled.

"I'll do just that. We can discuss your interview after I set up a date for theirs and send the invite to them. Will you like me to reserve a sit in the audience?" Eric asked, and Harry looked at Tom.

"Please do. I want my Jewel to be here to witness their first show of shame," Tom said, and Harry rolled his eyes at Tom's reference to Lucy as his Jewel for the second time. The man always looked for the slightest excuse to flaunt Lucy. No, he wasn't jealous.

"We would prefer to remain anonymous until we are done with them," Tom said as he stood up, and Eric nodded as he followed suit.

"Thank you very much for giving us your time. I look forward to working with you," Tom said as he extended his hand to Eric once again for a handshake.

"By the way, I would like to meet the lady who interviewed you. Her name is Alicia Hagin, am I right? How do you know her?" Eric asked, and Tom looked at him curiously.

"She is one of my people. I hope there is no problem?"

"Not at all. She handled the show so well, and for a moment, it felt like I was watching an Oprah show. I would love to speak with her and find out if she is

interested in working with me," Eric said, and Tom smiled proudly, wondering what Alicia's reaction to the offer would be.

"Why don't I give her a call and let's find out?" Tom asked as he took out his phone and dialed Alicia's line.

"Hey, Tom! I was going to call you," Alicia said, reminding Tom that he was yet to get back to her about their discussion regarding him telling Lucy about the foundation.

"I beat you to it. I'm with Eric Howells at the moment, and he would like to have a word with you, do you mind?"

"Eric? Do you mean Eric Howells of Live With Eric Howells?" Alicia asked in disbelief.

"Yes, that Eric Howells," Tom said with a smile.

"And he wants to speak with me?" She asked, not sure she had heard him correctly.

"Yes. You."

"What are you waiting for? Pass him the phone already!" She screeched excitedly, and Tom chuckled as he passed the phone to Eric before sitting down.

"Hello! This is Eric Howells," Eric greeted politely.

"Hello! I'm Alicia. Alicia Hagin. I'm a huge fan of yours and an ardent follower of your show," Alicia said, and he smiled.

"Then you don't mind giving me your contact number so I can contact you, do you? I would love to discuss business with you over lunch at your convenience," he offered, and Alicia's insides almost burst with joy.

"No, I don't. I don't mind at all. I'll just ask Tom to do so now. And I won't mind having yours either."

He didn't miss the informal way in which Tom had spoken to her just now or how she referred to Tom like a casual friend. Apart from the fact that she would make a perfect supporting show host, he was curious about the relationship they had. How did someone like Thomas Hank become friends with a food blogger?

"That's fine. I'll return the phone to him now," Eric said before handing the phone to Tom.



"It's Tom," he said and listened to Alicia as she asked him to give Eric her contact number and take his too.

"We still have to talk, remember?" She asked, not forgetting the reason she had wanted to call him earlier.

"I already told her about it. I will give you the details later, or you can just hear it from her. I've got to go now," Tom said as he hung up.

After doing as she had requested, Tom and Harry left the office with a feeling of immense satisfaction. They were getting closer to their goal. Soon Rebekah Miller and her daughters would realize that not everyone was to be messed with.

#### Chapter 363 Erratic

Sonia raised both hands to her head as she sat up to sneeze. She moaned softly because her head which was still aching terribly, while Bryan, who had been cuddling her, also sat up to pat her back.

"Your body is still burning very much," Bryan complained as he pulled her close, but she pulled away from him as she sneezed two more times.

"I think it's flu. My throat is beginning to feel sore and itchy," Sonia complained weakly as she used the back of her hand to wipe the tears that stung her eyes.

"Whatever it is, stay still," Bryan said calmly as he gently pushed her back on the reclined chair.

"It won't help if we both fall sick," Sonia said weakly, and Bryan frowned.

"You are ill because of me, so it's only right that I look after you," Bryan said, voicing his guilt.

"That's nonsense. This has nothing to do with last night," Sonia said with disapproval, annoyed that he was only caring for her because he blamed himself for making her ill.

"If I hadn't made you skinnydip with me last night, you wouldn't have caught a cold," Bryan insisted just as Evelyn joined them with a bowl of water and a small towel.

"Move, Bryan. I need to keep her temperature down," Evelyn said, and Bryan shook his head.

"Hand it over. I'll take care of her myself," Bryan said stubbornly as he reached out a hand to take the bowl from Evelyn.

"Relax. I'm your mother, and I nursed you through different bouts of fever. I'll take care of her. Just move," Evelyn insisted, but Bryan was having none of it.

"It's not that I don't trust you, mom. I just want to take care of her myself," Bryan insisted, and Evelyn shared a look with her husband, who gave her a nod, silently asking her to let him have his way.

Evelyn handed the bowl and towel to Bryan and went to sit beside her husband while watching Bryan as he dipped the napkin into the water and squeezed it before placing it over Sonia's head.

Her face was pale, and she was unusually quiet as he held her hand. After a moment, she opened her eyes and looked at Bryan, "Are you only taking care of me because you feel guilty for taking me to the pool last night?" Sonia asked, and Bryan glared at her.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"That's what you implied a moment ago," Sonia pointed out.

"That is what you chose to understand. Of course, I feel terrible that I exposed you to whatever might have ever caused this, but I'm looking after you because you are mine to look after. Now stop trying to pick a fight and rest," Bryan ordered, and Sonia sighed in relief and shut her eyes.

Bryan watched her tired face, thinking about how fragile his crazy witch looked at the moment. He lay on his sides as he watched her face, and just when he started to believe that she was asleep, she opened her eyes.

"Do you remember how you made me stay up all night when you hurt your ankle?" She asked with a weak smile, and Bryan smiled as he played with her hair.

"How can I forget that?" He asked, knowing that she was bringing that up to make him worry less.

"I plan to repay you for that tonight," she promised, and Bryan smiled.

"I don't mind as long as it'll help you feel better," he assured her.

"Have you ever nursed a sick person before?" She asked, and Bryan shook his head.

"Only in movies. But don't worry, I can take care of you," Bryan assured her.

"Bryan, it's time you change the napkin. I'm sure it's hot and dry already," Evelyn scolded, and Sonia looked in Evelyn's direction. She smiled weakly at Evelyn when she

met her worried eyes while Bryan quickly sat up and repeated the process of dipping the napkin into the bowl and squeezing it dry before placing it on Sonia's forehead again.

"Have you been nursed by a boyfriend before?" Bryan asked, and she shook her head.

"I barely fall ill, and whenever I feel ill for any reason, I try to overcome it myself," Sonia said, and Bryan reached out to pat her hair.

"You don't have to overcome it yourself anymore. I will always take care of you," Bryan promised, and Sonia smiled at him weakly as she gave him a nod.

"Bryan has become quite responsible," Desmond said casually as he followed his wife's line of vision to see Bryan squeezing the towel once again.

Evelyn sighed, "As much as I like to see him fuss over somebody else in this manner, I don't like to see Sonia looking that way either way. She looks too fragile," Evelyn complained with a frown, and Desmond patted her hand in reassurance.

"Even the strongest of persons have their moments of break down too. The way I see it, I think she has been trying to stay strong for too long, and now it is taking its toll on her," Desmond observed.

He had noticed how even though she was part of the room, she never really behaved as if she belonged there. At first, he had thought it was because she was shy around Andrew, but then he had realized that wasn't it. She just seemed to feel awkward around parents and was always in a rush to exit a room if she had to be there alone with them without either Bryan or Lucy.

He had particularly noticed how she had sat stiffly in her seat, looking so lost and unsure when Lucy and her parents had stood to leave for their private discussion the previous evening.

Her bold exterior was just a facade. Underneath that beautiful and seemingly bold young lady was actually a frightened and lonely young girl.

He wondered how things had been with her following her half-brother's death, her estrangement with her parents, and their subsequent death.

He could bet that she had locked all of that emotion somewhere inside her while trying to be there for Lucy. And nobody else had bothered to really find out how she was doing.

Knowing Sonia, he was certain that even if Lucy had asked, Sonia would probably never really tell her how she felt because she wouldn't want to put such a burden on her.

It was clear that what happened to Lucy had also broken Sonia in other ways. He was going to have to find the time to converse with her before leaving.

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Candace sat with her eyes closed as she thought about Jamal, who she had left behind. Even though it wasn't even up to twenty-four hours, and they were yet to arrive at their destination, she missed him sorely already.

She didn't know why, but she had a very strange feeling about all of this. Something told her that everything was going to change. What she didn't know yet was if it was going to be a good change or a bad change.

She opened her eyes when she felt Jade's hand cover hers and turned to look at Jade, who gave her a reassuring smile, "Your hands are trembling," Jade said calmly.

Candace glanced at their now joined hands without saying a word, and Jade squeezed softly, "Don't worry, everything will be fine."

"You don't know that," Candace said as she returned her eyes to meet Jade's.

"Why? You think something might go wrong?" Jade asked, and Candace smiled.

"How well do you know Jero? Do you think you know him better than I do?" Candace asked, and Jade frowned slightly.

"I don't know. You tell me," Jade said, and Candace sighed.

"Jero is erratic. I advise you to prepare yourself for worst-case scenarios," Candace said, and Jade nodded.

"Why did you agree to meet with him? I know you could have refused," Jade said, and Candace smiled.

"I want to put an end to this ill-fated relationship with him. If I don't meet with him, I will have to keep running with Jamal, scared that some how he might show up someday. That is not the way I want my son to live. That is not the way I want to live either," she said, thinking about Matt, who had not bothered to call her or show up since the last time they spoke.

She did not doubt that she lost his friendship along with whatever else he had felt for her. She deserved it. It was one of the prices she had to pay for making the

bad decision of getting involved with a person like Jero and not doing everything she could to leave while she could.

"Just how do you intend to put an end to your ill-fated relationship with him?" Jade asked thoughtfully, and Candace looked at her square in the eyes.

"If he tries to do anything stupid with me, I'm going to kill him if I have to."

#### Chapter 364 Devastated

Amy sat in front of her laptop, browsing through every article she could find on glioblastoma. The more she searched, the more hopeless she felt as she knew Miley must have also done this. Miley wasn't one to easily give up without giving something a lot of thought.

She broke into a sob as flashes of Miley at different stages of their life ran through her mind. Images of them as children, playing with Miley's dolls, feeding birds at the parks. Miley running into her little bedroom in the servant's quarter's to announce she had started seeing her menstruation.

Miley prancing around her bedroom in her first bra with a proud smile on her face.

Miley crying and begging Amy's mother to allow Amy to attend the same high school with her, but her mother had refused, insisting that even though the girls were friends, she couldn't accept charity. It was her duty to raise her children herself, and she couldn't afford to send Amy to such an expensive school.

Miley handing a shopping bag to her after every shopping trip with her parents.

Miley holding her and crying with her when the news of her elder sister's suicide came to them.

Miley dolling her up for her first date and dressing up too, claiming they were both attending a school party so that Amy's mother would let them. Miley watching from a discreet distance to be sure that she was okay, and Miley breaking the nose of her so-called boyfriend when he tried to grope her without her consent and had insulted her by calling her a mere servant's daughter.

Miley, her best friend and sister who after the cruelty she had faced at the hands of Rachel, had insisted that her parents create a foundation for bullied children to help them fight against oppression from oppressors like Rachel who because of their parent's status in the society might get away with their crimes.

It was Miley who had sent her a ticket and everything she needed to go to school with her in the same college abroad and had funded it all from the pocket money she had been saving, making it seem like it was a scholarship to Amy's unsuspecting mother.

Miley polished, beautiful, and confident, who she had talked to almost every day of her life since she was a kid. Even the distance between them when Miley left the country had not stopped their communication or friendship.

Miley, who had sent down a half bottle of wine wrapped in a white towel to celebrate her job at I-Global, laughing as she told her over the phone that they needed to drink from the same bottle for it to be a celebration.

Miley teaching her how to apply makeup and play tennis, saying it was a classy game. Miley who was always willing to lend a helping hand to those in need. Miley who always tried to find the best in people and found humor in every situation.

Amy sobbed as she thought of the Miley who was dying. Why? Why Miley? This was not fair. Miley didn't deserve that. She didn't deserve to lose her best friend in this manner.

She had hoped that Miley would deny it and tell her it was nonsense or maybe a prank or misunderstanding. She hadn't wanted to hear that it was true.

How could she live knowing that she wouldn't be able to talk to Miley anymore? She wouldn't be able to spend her leave traveling around with her?

She sat up when it suddenly occurred to her that she was thinking of herself, not Miley. If she was feeling this way, how must Miley be feeling? Miley had so many dreams and aspirations, and now she was going to die?

It must be difficult, seeing as she had not been able to bring herself to tell her parents about it. She needed to pull herself together and be strong for Miley. Crying wasn't going to help either her or Miley.

Amy stood up and walked to the bathroom to run some water over her face. Standing by the mirror, she took a deep breath to calm herself as she looked back at her puffy face, her eyes red and swollen.

With a sigh, she returned to her living room and paced the entire length of her little apartment as she thought about what she could do to help Miley. One thing was sure, regardless of whatever Miley said, she couldn't let Miley be alone at a time like this.

If Miley had just six months left, then by God, she would spend that time with her doing whatever she wanted to do and making their remaining time together memorable for her.

Having made up her mind on that, she returned to her laptop, and this time she had a determined expression on her face as she typed her resignation letter. She loved her job and was very proud of it, but she wasn't going to let it get in her way of being there for Miley.

Even though it was sudden, she was going to beg Lucy to let her resign, and if Lucy refused, she was just going to have to provoke Lucy into firing her.

After typing the letter and going through it, she sent it as a mail to her computer in the office, and then she picked up her car key and walked out of her apartment without bothering to fix her appearance.

Once she got to the company, she didn't care about the weird looks she received from other staff as she walked past them and headed for her department office.

Immediately she got there, she ignored her colleagues who were looking at her curiously as she headed straight to her desk. She printed out her resignation letter quickly and went to Lucy's office.

Lucy, who was on the phone with the head of the design unit at the factory, glanced at the door when Amy knocked, "Please, hold on," she said to the man before calling out to who was at the door to come in.

She was surprised when Amy walked into her office, looking completely unlike herself and in a worse state than she had been that morning, "Please, I will call you back. I have to attend to someone right now," Lucy said apologetically before hanging up.

"What is wrong?" She asked as she walked around her desk to go to Amy.

"I'm here to submit my resignation letter," Amy said, making Lucy's brows draw together in concern.

"Resignation? Why that all of a sudden?"

"It's nothing. I just don't want to work here anymore," Amy said, and her lips quivered as she spoke, shaming her.

"Did something happen? Amy, you know you can talk to me, right? There is no way I'm letting you leave my office without knowing what's wrong with you," Lucy

said as she placed a hand around Amy's shoulders and guided her to sit on one of the chairs in the office.

Tears gathered in Amy's eyes as she looked at Lucy, and somehow she believed Lucy would understand. She had a best friend, after all. One who had dropped everything and had even broken up with her boyfriend in public just to run over to her. Lucy would definitely understand.

"I just found out that my best friend is dying. She has cancer," Amy cried, and Lucy teared up immediately.

"Oh, dear!" Lucy murmured as she embraced Amy.

Although she couldn't exactly call Amy her friend yet, Amy wasn't entirely just an employee to her either. Amy had remained by her side and stayed loyal to the point of challenging her colleagues who she had known way longer before her. Amy had given her the pep talk she needed just the previous day to act like the team leader she was rather than looking down on her ability.

Amy's body shook as she cried once again. Saying the words out loud seemed to tear down the dam that had been preventing her tears from falling for the last hour. Admitting that her best friend was dying shattered her heart.

She held on to Lucy as she cried while Lucy patted her back, not knowing anything to say to her. What could she say? She couldn't even imagine how devastated she would be if anything happened to Sonia. No. She didn't even want to imagine it.

Although she didn't know just how close Amy must be to her best friend, but she knew that whatever they had must be very special if Amy was choosing to resign because of it.

As Amy struggled to pull herself together, Lucy handed her the box of tissues on her desk, and Amy drew out a few pieces as she blew her nose into it and wiped the tears from her face.

"I'm sorry I'm a mess," she said apologetically, and Lucy waved off her apology as she wiped her own face.

"I'm sorry about your best friend. I wish I knew what to say to make you feel better, but I don't. I don't think anything would make you feel better. I actually don't think anyone should feel okay after hearing such news," Lucy said, and Amy nodded in agreement.

"What is your plan?" Lucy asked, and Amy shrugged.



"I just want to spend what little time she has left with her doing whatever she wants and taking care of her," Amy said, tearing up again, and she looked up to blink back her tears.

"Do you think you might want to come back to work after? I could get a temporary replacement for you until then," Lucy suggested, and Amy looked at her, surprised that Lucy would make such an offer.

"You will do that? For me?" She asked, and Lucy smiled when she saw the hope in Amy's eyes.

"We are a team, remember? Apart from the fact that I like you, you are good at your job, and I would rather work with you than anyone else. Instead of a resignation letter, you can email me an official letter requesting sick leave. I will print it out myself and put it in your file. I will talk to the CEOs. So feel free to do whatever you need to do for your best friend. Your job will be waiting for you when you get back," Lucy promised, and Amy's heart swelled with gratitude.

"Thank you so much, Director Perry," Amy greeted, deeply touched by Lucy's kindness.

"Please call me Lucy. I will like to believe that you see me as not just your superior in the office. I'll call you from time to time to check on you and know how your best friend is doing," Lucy said as they both stood, and Amy embraced her.

"Thank you," Amy said once again before leaving the office.

It wasn't until she had gotten into her car and was on her way home that she remembered that Miley had said she was with Lucy's twin brother.

How did she know him? She remembered Miley saying she had run into him by coincidence and that she would talk to her after he left. After he leaves where? The Hotel? What were they doing together? Should she have mentioned it to Lucy? She shook her head.

Miley's relationship with Lucy's twin brother wasn't her business. She was just going to go home, type the letter Lucy had asked her to send, and then book the next available flight to go be with Miley.

Chapter 365 When? Not If?

Matt sat in the dressing room with his script in hand as the make-up artist powdered his face. This was unlike him. He was unable to focus, and he was struggling with his lines.

Over the last couple of days, all he had been focused on was Candace and trying to come up with a solution for her problem, hoping that she would reconsider a relationship with him after she was settled. And then after realizing that he had been lied to that night, he had kept his lines off and had been disinterested in everyone and everything.

He wasn't usually one to brood, but he had wanted to be left alone. And then after staying alone for most of the day on Sunday, he had invited some girls over to have a good time with him in the evening, getting wasted. He had hoped they would help him get Candace out of his system, but that didn't seem to work.

As annoying as it was, he hated to admit to himself that even now, he was still as worried about the well-being of her and her son as he had been from the beginning. He still wanted to know if they were doing okay even though it wasn't supposed to be his business. He wanted to know if they had gone to see Jero even though he didn't want to talk to her.

It wasn't like he didn't understand Candace's claim that she was trying to protect him. Of course, he did. But what was he going to do for a woman that didn't even trust him to be able to protect her and her son?

He had chosen to put himself at risk because he cared about her, but she had thrown it at his face. She kept coming up with reasons why they couldn't be together and couldn't seem to find any reason why she would need him in her life. It hurt him deeply to know that she had resorted to such a horrible story just to get him to leave her alone.

Well, he had left her alone now, no matter how much it hurt. She and her son were not his business anymore. He had done his bit by handing them to Jade. She was going to make sure she resolved everything for them, and that was good enough for him.

She didn't want to be in a relationship with him, and he didn't want to be just friends with her, so there was no need to get involved in her business anymore.

"Sup, Matt? I heard you've been unusually quiet since you arrived. Are you alright?" An actor, who had just walked into the dressing room, asked as he sat on the empty seat beside him and slapped his back in greeting.

Jolted out of his thoughts, Matt glanced at him. He was surprised that he hadn't even realized that the make-up artist had left, and he was alone now. Pathetic. He was being annoyingly pathetic right now. There were lots of single uncomplicated

women who wanted him, so why was he stuck on this one woman who didn't want him?

He focused on the guy in front of him when he realized he was zoning out again, "I didn't know you were starring in the movie."

"I'm not. I'm just hanging around for Lena's sake. She likes it when I drop by movie sets for her sake," the actor said, referring to his girlfriend, who was playing the female lead in the movie Matt was shooting in.

Matt chuckled, "I take it you are here to warn me not to get too close to her?" Matt asked since it was no news that the actor was fond of going to different movie sets and warning the male actors starring with his girlfriend not to touch her too intimately.

"You can't blame me, can you? She does the same to me," He said, looking slightly embarrassed, and Matt laughed softly.

"You have nothing to worry about," Matt assured him, and he smiled as he extended a knuckle to Matt.

"I knew I could count on you," he said as he fist-bumped with Matt.

"By the way, what's up with you? Is it about Bryan? What's his plan now that he no longer wants to be in Golden Star? Are you leaving with him?" The actor asked, and Matt raised a brow.

"What do you mean?"

The actor looked at him, confused, "What do you mean what do I mean?"

"I mean, when did Bryan talk to you about wanting to leave Golden Star?" Matt asked, and the actor looked at Matt to see if he was joking or serious.

"You are serious? You really didn't watch the interview that was all over the internet last weekend?" He asked when Matt just stared at him in confusion.

He remembered his assistant persistently trying to talk to him, but he had told him if it wasn't a matter of life and death, he didn't want to hear about it. Was that what his assistant had been trying to tell him?

"What have you been up to? Something must really be wrong if you didn't know about Bryan's latest scandal. Did you guys have a fight or something? Did you even know that his engagement to that novel writer was faux?"

Wow! That was out in the open already? He didn't need to wonder why he didn't know about it. He knew the answer. He had been too engrossed in himself thinking about a woman that was probably not even thinking about him. Matt reasoned with a sigh as he took out his phone to find the interview the actor was referring to.

"I should go and check on Lena," the actor said and walked out of the dressing room when it was clear that Matt wasn't very interested in the conversation.

Once Matt was left alone, he searched online until he came across all the news articles concerning Bryan and Sonia which had been posted over the weekend.

Saying he was shocked was an understatement, especially since he remembered speaking with Bryan sometime in the early hours of Sunday after he left Jade and Harry, and Bryan hadn't mentioned anything about the scandal to him then.

He sighed when he remembered that he hadn't exactly been in the mood to talk with Bryan either and had told him he would return his call when he was feeling better.

He had a frown on his face as he read through all the articles, including those written about Bryan's announcement during the live YouTube interview that he was terminating his contract with Golden Star Agency.

He decided to search for the video and watched it for some time before deciding he had seen enough. If he hadn't read already that Bryan and Sonia were in Ludus, he probably would have driven straight to Bryan's house to see him.

He dialed Bryan's line instead, but it wasn't connecting. He tried Sonia's line as well and started to worry when he couldn't reach either of them after trying a couple of times.

Why were their lines not going through? He wondered as he tried to figure out how to reach them. Before now, he would have called either Jeff or Mia to find out what was happening with Bryan, but since Bryan had terminated his contract with the agency, Matt wasn't sure if either Jeff or Mia would know about his whereabouts.

He sat up when it suddenly occurred to him to give Jade a call. Hopefully, she would know where Bryan was and why he couldn't reach him, or at least tell him an alternative way he could reach Bryan.

Jade, who had just gotten out of a cab with Candace and was headed inside the hotel where she had stayed with Harry just a few days ago, paused when her phone started ringing, and she reached into her handbag to take it out.

"Hey, Matt! Thought you were never going to call again," She greeted, as she let one of the Porters by the door take her duffel bag from her, and Candace, who was coming behind her, faltered in her steps when she heard Matt's name.

"Hey! I just saw the stuff about Bryan and Sonia online. Were you already aware of it the last time we met?" He asked, and Jade raised a brow.

"Of course. Didn't you?" She asked as she headed for the reception desk.

Matt sighed, "I didn't," he didn't need to explain why. Jade could tell he had been too busy worrying about Candace and her family to follow other unrelated news.

"I've been trying to reach Bryan unsuccessfully for the past twenty minutes. Do you have any idea where he is or how I can reach him? Sonia's line isn't connecting either," Matt said, surprising Jade, who had thought he was calling because of Candace.

"They are on their way to Sogal. They are flying with my parents, and mom prefers we don't leave our phones on while flying," Jade explained.

"Oh! That's fine then. Thanks for your help," Matt said, planning to finish the shoot early enough so he would stop by Bryan's place since he was in Sogal at the moment.

"Candace is here with me," Jade hurried to inform him when she sensed he was about to hang up.

Matt's heart skipped a beat at the mention of her name, but he ignored it. He reminded himself that she didn't want him, and no matter how much it hurt his heart and ego, he needed to move on.

"Cool. I've got to go now. I still have a couple of lines I need to memorize," Matt said and hung up without waiting for her to say anything else.

That was cold! Jade thought with a wince as she returned her phone to her handbag.

"Was that Matt?" Candace asked from behind her, but Jade didn't turn.

"Yes," she said as she stopped in front of the reception desk, and it seemed like the receptionist recognized her because immediately, she took out the key card to the suite and handed it to Jade.

"You recognize me?" Jade asked with a bright smile.

"You are the CEO's sister," the receptionist reminded her with a polite smile, wondering why she looked so surprised about being recognized when she had spent a couple of days sharing a suite with Harry.

"Oh!" Jade almost facepalmed.

"And Mr. Jonas instructed us to give you the key to his suite when you show up," she added.

When? Not if? Jade mused, "When did he give that instruction?" She asked curiously since she particularly remembered telling him she was returning to her apartment and didn't want to return to the hotel.

"I don't know about that, but the manager announced this morning that you would be coming in today," she explained, and Jade nodded.

"Thanks for your help," she said before walking away while wondering why Harry had been so sure that she would return to the hotel.

She had actually wanted to go home but had changed her mind just before getting off the plane. She had remembered that the cartel knew where she lived, and so she couldn't risk taking Candace home with her as she knew they might come for Candace. It was one thing to threaten her to drop the case, but they wouldn't hesitate to hurt Candace.

"What did Matt call to say?" Candace asked as casually as she could muster as they both stepped into the elevator that would take them to the suite.

A part of her was tempted to lie and tell Candace that he had asked her to say 'hello' to her, but she couldn't bring herself to do that since she didn't really know what had transpired between them. For all she knew, Matt cared about Candace a great deal and had been hurt by her.

"He couldn't reach Bryan, so he called to find out why," Jade said and watched the barely noticeable flicker of disappointment on Candace's face as she digested the information.

"Oh! I hope he's fine?" She asked, trying to stifle her disappointment at the thought that he hadn't called to check on her or find out if she was okay.

She had no right to feel disappointment when this was what she had wanted this whole time.

She should be glad that he had finally decided to give up. Perhaps Bryan talked to him? She couldn't blame him. She would give up too after being treated that way

## Chapter 366 Restroom Gossips

One part of Lucy's menstrual cycle that she hated the most was the part that involved her having to use the restroom more often than was necessary because of her diarrhea.

As a result of this, twenty minutes before the close of work for the day, Lucy was seated in the toilet in the last stall of the restroom for the fifth time that day, trying to relieve her bowel before leaving.

Lucy smiled in satisfaction as she watched the video which Harry had sent her earlier. It was the recording of Tom and Anita's conversation, and attached to it were four simple words. For your eyes only.

From the looks of it, she could say that Tom had handled it perfectly. She would never have imagined that Anita was capable of looking so embarrassed.

She replayed the video and giggled each time Harry made a funny sound, especially when she listened to his closing statement about people learning to have some pride. She forwarded the video to Sonia with a message reminding her once again not to forget to call her the moment she got home.

She had tried to reach Sonia after Amy left her office earlier, but her number had been unreachable, so she had sent a long text telling her how much she loved her and how happy she was that Sonia would be moving down to Ludus soon. She also told her that she would be forever thankful that she had an amazing and loyal friend like her.

Deciding that she had spent too much time in the restroom, she put away her phone and quickly cleaned up. After flushing the toilet, she began to adjust her clothes, ready to leave, when she heard the sound of feminine laughter followed by a statement she suspected was related to her, "Did you see the way she grabbed his butt yesterday?"

Okay, maybe it wasn't time to leave yet, Lucy decided as she silently returned to her toilet seat. Although she knew the saying that eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves, she liked to believe that it was rude to interrupt an ongoing conversation by announcing her presence. Nah. She owed it to them to hear what they had to say about her, especially as they had come to her. She hadn't gone to them.

"Who didn't see that? She must think she owns the man now simply because he announced their relationship to the world," another said, sounding more annoyed than Lucy thought was necessary.

Yeah, I own him! Care to know what I named him too? Lucy mused with a smirk.

"I wonder what she's going to do today. I want to be outside to see them leave together," the first lady said with a giggle.

I guess I'll have to give you a show. I shouldn't disappoint my fans.

"What for? Please don't give them any attention. That relationship won't last, trust me," the second lady said with a scoff.

Don't bet on it!

"C'mon! Don't say something like that. She's lucky, though. I can't believe she came here barely a month ago, and she hijacked the CEO from us who have been here," the first lady said.

Yes, I am. Lucy nodded in agreement.

"Luck? Do you really believe that luck has anything to do with it? I heard that she asked to be made the CEO's assistant, and that was how she seduced him," the second lady said maliciously.

Asked who to be an assistant? Seduced who? I wish you knew half of it! Lucy thought with a roll of her eyes.

"I don't think that's what happened. Didn't you watch the interview? They met at a club before she even knew his true identity. And she even said she didn't know that her boyfriend was her boss." the first lady reminded the second lady, who seemed eager to say only the worst things about Lucy.

Tell it to her, gurl! Lucy nodded in approval.

"Do you really expect them to tell the world the truth that she seduced him? Of course, they came up with that story! What is this? A fairytale movie or a romance novel? How naive can you be to believe that you would be in a relationship with a man and not know he is your boss? There will always be signs," The second lady countered.

Dumb ass thinks she's smart! Yes, bitch, it's my fairytale! Lucy thought and almost giggled when she realized she had thought of that in Sonia's voice. Sonia was such a terrible influence.

"Not if he is pretending to be your driver and you've never seen your boss' face," the first lady reminded her partner.

That's a smart girl! Lucy wished she could see the face of this wise lady.



"You can buy that cock and bull story all you want. I'm not buying that shit!"

Nobody wants to sell shit to you either, and that's why you're so bitter!

"What is there not to buy? We all saw 'Tom', her driver, drop her off at work and pick her up daily. I even winked at him once, not knowing he was the CEO," the first lady said with a giggle.

You should stop being friends with her. She's going to infect you with her foolishness.

"As I said, I'm not buying it. I think they both acted a well-written script for the public. Did you see her this morning with Mr. Jonas? They seemed so friendly. It's possible this whole thing was a plan between her and Mr. Jonas to seduce the CEO, and now that they have succeeded, she convinced the CEO to make Mr. Jonas a Co-CEO."

Lucy, whose legs were beginning to feel cramped because of the extra time she spent sitting there and listening to their gossip, decided that she had heard enough.

Talking about her was something she could ignore, even though Sonia had advised her to face head-on anyone that so much as spewed nonsense concerning her relationship with Tom after she told her about Cora's nonsense the previous day. But talking about Harry like that? Nah. She wasn't going to stay still.

She wasn't one to calmly listen to anyone talk about her loved ones or friends in that manner. Harry was her friend. A very good friend at that who had even become a videographer for her sake.

"What is this? Please don't start spreading such baseless rumors around the company if you don't want to lose your job. Why do you seem so bitter about it anyway? Loosen up. She is lucky!" The first lady scolded her friend as Lucy opened the door and stepped out of the toilet stall.

The first lady gasped in surprise since she was the first to see Lucy, and her partner looked equally stunned when she saw Lucy, as it occurred to them that not only had they had an audience, but that the audience had been the subject of their gossip.

Lucy approached them with slow yet deliberate steps, not bothering to pretend like she hadn't overheard their conversation or like she wasn't affected by what they had said. Being an introvert and liking to keep to herself didn't mean she didn't have a quick temper or know how to confront annoying people.

Lucy had a smirk on her face as she ignored them and went to stand in front of the mirror. She hung her handbag beside the mirror as she washed her hands while both ladies hurriedly packed their make-up into the bag, wanting to leave quickly.

Lucy waited until they had gotten to the door before speaking, "I hope you will be able to defend everything you just said before Mr. Jonas? I made sure to record every single statement." she lied as she watched them through the mirror, and to her satisfaction, their face paled, and they gasped in unison as they turned to look at her.

"I... We didn't mean any of that," the lady who had been badmouthing her rushed to say.

"I'm sorry." The other pleaded, scared that she would lose her job like their colleague who, Tom had fired the previous weekend.

Lucy took her time to clean her hands with tissue paper and then dumped it in the trashcan before picking up her handbag from where she had hung it. And then she slowly turned to look at them, "You called one of the CEOs a liar, and you accused the other CEO of using the CEO's girlfriend to get a promotion," she said with a cool smile, but both ladies shook their head.

"We didn't mean that," the first lady pleaded.

"I will let the CEOs be the judge of that," Lucy said as she brushed past the both of them, making sure to push her way through the tiny space between them.

"Please forgive us. Please, I have a sick mother to care for. I can't afford to lose my job," the second lady pleaded, beads of sweat already coating her forehead as they rushed after Lucy.

"You should have thought of her before speaking so boldly about something you know about," Lucy said as she reached for the doorknob.

Once she turned it, she glanced over the shoulder at the second lady who had said her relationship wouldn't last, since from their voices, she was able to tell them apart, "Did you say my relationship won't last? I will have to make sure it lasts longer than your job," Lucy threatened before walking away while both ladies ran after her, begging for their jobs.

While they were doing that, Tom drove into the company premises and parked the car in front of the office building.

Harry turned to Tom as he unbuckled his seatbelt, ready to get out of the car, "I will meet you in your office after I..."

"Nah, I'm not going in," Tom cut in before Harry could finish.

He didn't see any need to return to his office since it was just a few minutes before the close of work, so he sat back, relaxed in his seat as he waited for Lucy to finish up and join him.

"Why not?" Harry asked curiously, and Tom grinned, knowing that his response was going to irritate Harry.

"It's almost closing hours, and my Jewel would be down soon. I'm waiting to take my Jewel home. I don't want to keep my Jewel waiting by going inside," Tom said, deliberately repeating his pet name for Lucy since he had noticed that Harry eyed him distastefully every time he did that.

As expected, Harry scowled, "You sure know how to overdo things. Do you know this is the twentieth time you've said 'My Jewel' in the last two hours?" Harry asked with a hiss, and Tom chuckled.

"I didn't realize you were keeping count. That means I mention her every..." He paused and closed his eyes briefly before opening them again, "Every six minutes? That's not enough. I should say it more often than," Tom said, and Harry eyed him distastefully, suspecting that Tom was doing it deliberately to make him envious so he would start seriously thinking about being in a relationship too.

"Nonsense. You deserve Anita," Harry hissed, and Tom laughed.

"We both know you don't mean that," he said as he slapped Harry's shoulder, but Harry slapped his hand off.

"I do."

"Don't hate on me, bro! It comes naturally with being in a satisfying relationship, but you wouldn't know now, would you?" Tom asked with a grin, and Harry hissed as he got out of the car and banged the door shut, making Tom roar with laughter.

"You have become very annoying since you started dating Lucy." Harry glared at Tom, who also got out of the car and looked at him over the car's roof.

"I hope to see you become this annoying sometime in the nearest future, my friend," Tom said with a chuckle.

Harry ignored him as he turned to leave but stopped when he remembered something, "You remember dinner by 7 PM, right?" Harry asked grudgingly.

"I'm still thinking about it," Tom said with a grin, and Harry snorted as he walked away.

## Chapter 367 Jealous

After waiting for some time, Tom decided to give Lucy a call to inform her that he was back and waiting for her in front of the building just in case she was still awaiting his call.

Lucy, who was ready to leave but was contemplating giving Tom a call to find out if she should go home without him since she wasn't sure he was back to his office yet, smiled when she received his call.

"I was going to call you."

"Now you don't have to. I'm waiting outside."

"Good. Can you wait at the lobby instead?" Lucy asked as she picked up her handbag and walked out of her office quickly, not wanting to keep him waiting much longer.

"Why the Lobby?" Tom asked curiously, but Lucy had hung up already, so he got out of the car and went inside the building to do as she had asked.

Once he got to the lobby, he stood there looking around and wondering why she wanted him to wait there when she very well knew that he preferred not to have any interaction with the staff.

The lobby seemed busy as most of the staff were already heading for the door, and when they saw him, they decided to hang around and see why he was just standing there.

"ACE!" Lucy called in a loud voice when she got out of the elevator and saw him standing there.

She raised one hand above her head to wave at Tom while smiling happily at him as she approached him, causing all eyes to turn in her direction.

Tom had a wide smile on his face as he met her halfway while wondering what had prompted her to behave in such a surprising manner.

"I missed you," Lucy said as she embraced him and then pulled back to kiss his lips.

Most of the staff who had been hanging around before Lucy got their attention watched the scene with varying degrees of emotion. The elderly ones amongst them smiled fondly as the duo reminded them of their younger days. The single ladies sighed enviously, thinking about how lucky Lucy was to have gotten a man like Tom,

while the guys tried not to envy Tom, who had not just the money but the looks to make all the women want him too.

"What are you doing?" Tom asked with an amused smile as he held on to her before she could pull away and kissed her in a way that made butterflies flutter in her belly before letting go.

Lucy tried to blink back the mist of desire from her eyes and focus on him, "Kissing my boyfriend, and getting kissed by my boyfriend."

"I thought you didn't like such public displays of affection," Tom said as he continued to look down at her like she was his favorite dish.

She cleared her throat, "I didn't, but I haven't seen you for the past eight hours. I missed you," Lucy said, but Tom didn't believe her. He could tell there was more to it than she was saying.

Seeing how he continued to stare at her like he was waiting for the truth, she shrugged, "I also heard some ladies talking about me, so I decided to give them something more entertaining to talk about," Lucy said, and Tom chuckled.

"I thought as much. I can't complain. I like this form of entertainment," Tom said as he took her hand, ready to leave, but he stopped and looked at her again when it occurred to him that he didn't even know what they had said, "What did they say, though?"

"Nothing the CEO should worry about. Just silly stuff that jealous colleagues gossip about. And don't worry, I handled them well," she assured him with a bright smile, and Tom looked at her curiously as they headed for the door.

Everyone who had been watching them quickly went about their own business, pretending to be busy as the couple walked away.

"How did you handle them?" Tom asked, and she told him how she had threatened to report to the CEOs and get them fired, and Tom laughed.

"You should keep good your threat. What are their names?" Tom asked, and Lucy waved off the question.

"I didn't see any need to get their names. I didn't really mean the threat. I just wanted to let them know I heard them in a dramatic manner," she said with a grin, and Tom chuckled as he held out the passenger door for her to get into the car.

"I'm still curious to know what they said to make you behave this way," Tom said as he shut the door and went around the car to get into his seat.

Lucy shrugged, "They didn't believe the story of how we met, and one of them said Harry probably sent me to seduce you so you would fall in love with me and make him the Co-CEO," Lucy said, and Tom turned to her in disbelief.

"I can't believe we still have employees that reason that way," Tom said with a shake of his head.

"Don't worry about them. I'm sure they will avoid me for some time while also having sleepless nights about losing their jobs. Every time your name is mentioned, their hearts will race, thinking it's about the termination of their employment," Lucy said with satisfaction, and Tom smiled.

"I've never seen this wicked part of you before," Tom said, and Lucy smirked.

"There are many parts you haven't seen, trust me," she said with a wink making Tom chuckle.

"I look forward to seeing them all. Let's go home. We have to prepare for dinner with Harry and his dad," Tom said as he turned on the car's ignition.

"What's his dad like?" Lucy asked curiously.

"He's witty, funny, and easygoing. You will like him," Tom said, and Lucy smiled.

"That sounds like you are describing Harry. What about his mother?" Lucy asked curiously.

"She died while giving birth to Harry," Tom said, and Lucy's face fell.

"That's sad."

"Yeah, it is. How was work today?" Tom asked, wanting to change the subject.

"Work was okay. By the way, Amy needs to be away for some time. Will it be okay if I get a temporary replacement for her? I plan to get Harry's approval too," Lucy said, and Tom glanced at her.

"Why? Is something wrong with her?" Tom asked and listened quietly as Lucy explained the situation to him.

Tom sighed when she finished. Amy was the only member of Lucy's team who he liked anyway. "That's sad. You can do as you please. Just make sure whoever the replacement is, is female," Tom said, and Lucy laughed softly.

"Sure, I will. Thank you. So what about you? How was work today? Were you able to meet with those ladies as planned?" Lucy asked curiously.

"Yes, I met with the CEO. She was more receptive than I expected," Tom said as he told her about his meeting with Priscilla.

"That sounds too easy. It's almost like she was waiting to backstab Anita's mother. Could it be their plan to make us relax?" Lucy asked thoughtfully.

"Even if it is, we can make them believe we fell for it while executing our plan. Don't worry, I won't let anything happen to you," Tom said, and Lucy smiled.

"I know."

"Did I tell you I got to learn some pretty interesting things about Anita's family today?" Tom asked, and when she shook her head, he went on to tell her about Barry's call earlier that morning.

"You can't be serious!" Lucy said, her nose wrinkling with disgust as she tried to get rid of the image of Anita's mother having an affair with her son-in-law and daughter's father-in-law.

"Fortunately, I am. Now all I want is to find evidence that she was involved in her husband's death," Tom said with an evil smirk.

"You think she murdered her husband?" Lucy asked, wondering when she would stop being shocked by the magnitude of evil Anita's mother was capable of.

"Barry thinks so, and he is good at sniffing out suspicious stuff. I trust his instincts," Tom said, and Lucy sighed.

"I hope we can handle things before it gets messy. I don't want anything to happen to you," Lucy said, and Tom glanced at her.

"Nothing is going to happen. How come you haven't asked about my meeting at the airline?" Tom asked curiously since he had expected that to be the first question she would ask.

Lucy grinned, "I was saving it for the last."

"Nah, you wouldn't be so relaxed if you were. You seem like you already know about it. Wait, don't tell me Harry told you about it already?" Tom asked suspiciously, trying to figure out when Harry could possibly have had the time to talk to her when they had been together all through until they arrived at the company. Or had he gone to Lucy's office immediately after he went inside? Tom mused.

Lucy giggled, "He didn't tell me anything... He actually recorded a video and sent it to me," Lucy said, and Tom turned to her in surprise.

"Harry made a video?" He asked in disbelief, and she bobbed her head as she took out her phone and played it so that Tom would hear his voice.

"The bastard! I can't believe I call someone like that my best friend. How can he do something like that without informing me?" Tom asked with a scowl.

"He could become my best friend if you don't want him anymore..."

"Never! Sonia is more than enough. If you want a male best friend, you have Lucas or me. You don't need Harry or any other male who is not family to you," Tom said, and she laughed softly.

"You are jealous," Lucy pointed out in amusement.

"Yes, I am. I'm not sharing you," Tom insisted, and Lucy smiled.

"I don't plan on being shared or on sharing you either," she assured him, and Tom nodded.

"Good. As long as we are on the same page on that, we are good."

#### Chapter 368 Guardians

Neither Tom nor Lucy said another word for some time as he drove, until something occurred to him, and he turned to Lucy, "Are you okay with staying here, or do you want to return to your apartment now that everyone else has left?" He asked, and Lucy frowned, wondering why he was asking her that.

Was it because she was on her menstruation, and he wasn't comfortable with having her around since he couldn't do anything with her? Or was he asking because he needed space... She stopped herself. Assumptions were never good.

"Why?" She asked as she watched his face intently, wanting to hear it from him directly.

Tom shrugged, "I just want to be sure that you are comfortable and not just living with me because you don't want to hurt my feelings by returning to your apartment. In as much as I love waking up to the sight of you beside me, I don't want you to do things you're not comfortable with," Tom said, and she smiled.

"So you are not asking because you need space?" Lucy asked, and Tom turned to look at her incredulously.

"Are you kidding me? Why would I need space from you when I've only just found you after searching for you all my life?" Tom asked, and she blushed.



"You could have easily said yes or no. Why do you always have to use such words?" She asked with a shy smile, and he chuckled.

"Because it's the way I feel about you. I told you already, Jewel. I want you beside me every moment of every day," Tom said as he drove through the gate to his mansion.

"You still haven't answered my question. Are you okay with being here with me, or do you want to return to your apartment?" Tom asked again, and Lucy pursed her lips as she thought about it.

"I'm happy being here with you. If I need to be alone for some time, I will go to my apartment," she said, and Tom gave her a nod as he pulled the car to a stop in front of the house and parked it.

"I'm glad. Let's go in then," he said as he got out of the car, and she did the same.

Once they walked into the house, the first sight that greeted them was Samantha, trying to console Jamal, who was bawling by the staircase.

"I almost forgot about the kid," Tom murmured under his breath as he started to go take the kid from Samantha, but he slowed down when he noticed Lucy's quick strides.

"What is wrong?" Lucy asked as she approached them with concern in her eyes, and Jamal ran over to her and embraced her legs.

"He wouldn't say. He has been crying non-stop since he woke up from his siesta almost an hour ago and remembered that his mother and your mothers had left," Samantha complained helplessly as she looked at Tom apologetically.

She had assured him that she could take care of the kid, but she was already failing at it.

"It's fine. We will continue from here," Tom said as he went to stand beside Lucy while standing back to observe how she would handle the kid.

"His mother left a message for you," Samantha informed Tom before going to get the envelope, while Tom watched Lucy with interest as she squatted in front of the kid who had stopped crying.

"You miss your mom and everyone else, don't you?" She asked as she took out her handkerchief from her handbag and wiped his tears before cleaning his running nose, and he gave her a slight nod.

"Yeah, I understand. I miss my mom and the others too. So until we see them again, why don't we keep each other company?" She asked as she extended an open palm to him, and he placed his tiny palm on hers trustingly.

Tom tried not to smile as he watched Lucy straighten up while holding on to the kid's hand, and he wondered how she could be so good with kids and not know if she wanted to have kids or not.

"She asked me to give this to you," Samantha said as she joined them, holding the envelope in one hand.

Tom's face was carefully blank as he took it from her and opened it to see the contents. There were three white papers inside. One was a list of the dos and don'ts for Jamal, which he had asked that she write out before leaving.

The other was... He frowned slightly as his gaze swept through the details of the letter, and then he glanced at the kid before reading the letter again. It was a temporary caregiver affidavit stating that she wanted him and Lucy to be Jamal's guardian in her absence no matter the duration of time she was away.

Of course, he had agreed to have the kid live with him. But this was different. This made it feel sort of official, and it filled him with a sense of dread. He suspected that the only reason she would have thought about drafting such a letter was that she thought her life might be in danger, and she wasn't so sure of returning. What was Lucy going to think of it?

Why hadn't Candace discussed it with him? And why did she choose him and Lucy? He wondered as he took out the third paper.

"What is wrong?" Lucy asked when she noticed the different expressions that crossed his face.

"Let's talk about it upstairs," Tom said, and she could tell he didn't want to talk about it in front of the kid.

"Why don't you keep Samantha company while we go upstairs to freshen up?" Lucy suggested to Jamal, who was still holding on to her hand, and he reluctantly let go of her hand.

"No more tears, alright? We will get you a gift if you don't cry," Lucy said, and Jamal gave her a nod as he used the back of his hand to wipe his face.

"Good boy," Lucy said with a smile of approval as she ruffled his hair, and then she dug into her handbag when she remembered she had a wrap of chocolate which she was yet to eat, and she handed it to him before turning to Tom who was still

staring at the kid, "Let's go upstairs," she said as she took his hand, and led him away from there, curious to know why he looked so worried.

"Did something happen?" Lucy asked in a low voice.

"His mother named us as his temporary guardians," Tom said, and Lucy looked at him, wondering what the problem was.

"You already agreed that he could stay under your roof. That makes you his temporary guardian already," she pointed out as she paused to take off her heels. She picked them up before following him barefooted.

Tom didn't say a word until they got into the bedroom, and then he handed the letter to her, knowing that she would get a better understanding of his reaction when she read through it and saw her name on the letter.

Lucy sat on the edge of the bed as she skimmed through the letter, and her heart skipped a beat when she came across the line bearing both hers and Tom's names, "In the event that something happens to her, she wants us both to be his guardians? Why would anything happen to her?" She asked, glancing at Tom, who simply shrugged as he lowered himself on the couch and looked down at the short note which he was yet to read but addressed to them.

"Nothing is going to happen to her, right? Why would she leave such an affidavit? Is Jade aware of this?" Lucy asked in concern. It was one thing to console a weeping child or play with the kid, but it was utterly different from being entirely responsible for the kid. That was like having an adopted kid. Being responsible for another life when she didn't even completely understand herself yet.

"I will have to give Jade a call after reading the letter," Tom said, and Lucy stood up from where she was and went to sit beside him to join him as they both read the letter.

"To Tom and Lucy,

I understand that you are both probably shocked that I named you both to be Jamal's guardians, but trust me, I only did so after giving it a lot of consideration over the past two sleepless nights.

There is no better couple I would comfortably entrust Jamal's wellbeing to than the both of you, especially after seeing your families together in the last couple of days. I'm very sorry that I'm springing this on you both out of the blue, but it's the best I can do for my son, so please help me look after him."

They both sighed once they finished reading and looked at each other, "What should we do?" Tom asked Lucy, leaving the decision up to her since they had both been listed as the kid's guardians, and she was the one who had a problem with having kids.

"What can we do? She is not here, so it's not like we can reject her request. Let's just take care of the kid the best way we can until she gets back, or we can do so until her sister shows up," Lucy suggested, and Tom raised a brow.

Jade had said she was an orphan and didn't have any family; hence she wanted the kid to remain in his house, so what sister was Lucy talking about? "She has a sister?"

"Yes. I remember Sonia talking about her sister..."

"Sonia knows her too? If she has a sister, why not ask her sister to be her son's guardian?" Tom asked, making a mental note to confront Jade for lying to him later.

"Yes, Sonia and Bryan know both her and her sister. I don't know why she didn't ask her sister. Maybe it has something to do with her sister being a stripper... I'm not sure," Lucy said, and Tom looked at her.

"Her sister is a stripper? You seem to know a lot about her," Tom observed, and she shrugged.

"She taught Sonia and me a few things about stripteasing and lap-dancing," Lucy said with a playful wink, and Tom chuckled.

"When are you going to put the lessons into practice then?"

"I'm going to surprise you one day," Lucy said, and Tom smiled.

"Are you sure you're okay with the kid? You said..."

"I understand your concern. Don't worry about me. Let's focus on Jamal. You promised you would care for him until her return. Let's stick to the plan. That's just a piece of document," Lucy said as she stood up to pick up the shoes which she had dropped beside the bed while Tom folded the letters and replaced them in the envelope.

"Okay, let's do that," Tom said with a nod as he stood up to freshen up so that they could get ready to leave for dinner with Harry and his father.

A part of him hoped that by the end of their stay with the kid, she would change her mind about having a family of her own.

## Chapter 369 Flirting

The moment Jade and Candace got to the suite, Jade led Candace to the bedroom she had stayed in during her stay with Harry before going to Harry's bedroom. The moment she entered the room and shut the door behind her, she closed her eyes for only a second as she inhaled the residual of Harry's scent, which still hung in the air.

She knew that the bedsheets had been changed, but knowing that Harry had laid on that bed was enough to make her heart flutter. And so, even though she knew she was behaving like a lovesick teenager, she couldn't help herself as she ran to the bed and jumped on it face down.

She giggled as she tried to imagine the shocked expression that would be on Harry's face if he happened to see her acting in this manner right now.

When did she start feeling this way about him? When did she start being this lighthearted and lightheaded at the thought of him? She wasn't sure it was merely because of how he had talked to that Tanya something girl that night.

Or was it possibly the moment he talked about not getting sexually involved with just anyone? She wasn't sure that was it either. As thrilling as that knowledge had been, that hadn't been it either.

Perhaps she started feeling that way about him because of the way he always reacted whenever she complimented him or teased him about being boring? Or was it because of the way he kept feeling uncomfortable whenever she was too close to him?

Or maybe, as Sonia had implied, the feelings had always been there, buried just beneath the surface from the moment she first gazed into his eyes but had been ignored because of her relationship, and she had needed to meet him again and spend some time with him to resurrect them.

It hadn't helped either that her brothers, Sonia, and even her mother seemed to all think Harry was also into her, and in their own way, they all seemed very okay with the idea of her being with Harry, especially Tom, who was shipping them.

Her feelings for Harry had crept up on her like a thief, taking her unawares, and now it consumed her. Her heart felt like it was going to explode if she didn't tell him how she felt, but she knew she couldn't do so. At least not yet. She needed to make him feel the exact way she was feeling too, so that he would open up about his feelings and be more receptive to hers too.

How had he known she would come to the hotel anyway? She wondered as she rolled off the bed and went to the closet, which he had not let her go close to the last time. She giggled at the memory.

The closet was empty save for a navy blue t-shirt with a white design on the front, which was hanging on a hanger. She hadn't expected the closet to be so empty as she had assumed he had some clothes here. So if there was nothing here, what had he been protecting so seriously?

The t-shirt was good enough for her, Jade thought as she took it out from the hanger and raised it to her nose.

She closed her eyes as she sniffed the t-shirt, which still smelled of Harry's cologne, reminding her of how she had sniffed his body that night while he held her and led her out of the club that night.

"I would never have thought you were such a pervert, Jady," she scolded herself as she opened her eyes, but her lips were curved in a smile.

Deciding to give him a call, she walked out of the bedroom and went to pick up her handbag, which she had left on the couch in the living room. Once she got there, she took out her phone from the handbag and dialed Harry's line.

Meanwhile, in Harry's home, he lay on the bed, which still smelt of Jade, in the room which she had slept in during her brief stay there, as different thoughts ran through his mind.

Thankfully he had been able to distract himself all day by keeping his mind busy, but now that he didn't really have any pressing job to keep him occupied at the moment, his thoughts returned to her phone call to him earlier.

Did she desire him? Was that why she had kissed him? If that was the case, what did she want from him? A relationship? Or was she just physically attracted to him?

Try as he might to think straight, he couldn't get past the words she had said about them kissing and doing a bit more than that in her dream. How was he going to be able to keep a clear head and think straight when she was saying things like that to him?

It was as if he didn't own his brain anymore, and to prove it immediately after he got home from work, he had gone straight to the bedroom without even realizing where he was headed until he found himself struggling to breathe freely. The woman seemed to overwhelm him in every way, whether or not she was present.

As if to prove how much control she had over him, his phone started ringing, and the moment he saw Esquire displayed on the screen, his breath hitched as he sat bolt upright, and his heartbeat doubled as he continued to stare at his screen.

He closed his eyes for a second as he tried to bring his thoughts under control, but then again, he could hardly think straight when Jade was involved. From the first time he had met her, he had found himself doing things he wouldn't ordinarily do, such as flirting with her.

Whether or not either of them was willing to admit it, that night, he had been flirting with her, and if her boyfriend hadn't shown up when he did, he knew he would have kissed her, especially when she kept staring at him in a way that made him feel like she had also been feeling what he was feeling.

Back then, he wasn't as worried or concerned about having anything to do with Tom's younger sister as he now was. And leaving Tom's home when he did and staying away from Jade for the last four years had helped him put himself together and give himself all the reasons why desiring her or wanting to have anything with her was a bad idea. That had helped him not to think about her... Until now.

She was making things difficult for him, and he was beginning to fear that he might be unable to hold on to his resolve not to get involved with her much longer. More than that, he didn't want to be disappointed by her again.

How a distinguished man like himself, who could silence even the most difficult of men in the boardroom with a single look, could become such a scaredy-cat around a young girl like Jade was something he couldn't bring himself to understand.

Before the call could disconnect, he cleared his throat and received it, "Hey!"

"I'm not interrupting work, am I?" Jade asked as she returned to the bedroom.

"Not at the moment. How was your flight? And when did you arrive?" Harry asked, wanting to keep the discussion light and easy.

"The flight was okay. Thanks for arranging it. We arrived at the hotel a while ago. I learned you informed them I was coming. Why were you so sure I was going to return to the hotel?" Jade asked as she walked into the bedroom and shut the door behind her.

"You are a practical person. You are not the type to take Candace to the apartment where you know you could be easily attacked. The hotel would be the safest place for you to stay with her," Harry said matter of factly, and Jade smiled as she got on the bed.

"You seem to know me well enough to predict my actions," Jade observed.

"I just thought you would return there, so I thought it best to inform them just in case you showed up. I'm sorry if you feel..."

"Don't be sorry. I'm glad to know you thought ahead of me," Jade said, and Harry felt himself relax.

For a moment there, he had been worried that she might jump to the conclusion that he was being too forward or trying to control her life in a way.

"Where are you at the moment?" Jade asked curiously as she connected the phone to her airpod, and Harry stood up immediately as he looked around the bedroom.

There was no way he could tell her that he was in the bedroom where she had slept. How would he explain his reason for being there?

If he chose to walk out of the room before responding, that also would be suspicious, "I'm in my bedroom," Harry said after a slight pause, reminding himself that he wasn't exactly telling a lie. Whether it was the guest bedroom she had stayed in or any other bedroom under his roof, they were all his bedrooms.

"Good. Do you want to know where I am?" She teased him as she got off the bed and took off the shirt and trousers she was wearing, leaving just her undies.

Harry raised a brow, "Where are you?"

"I'm lying on your bed. The room still reeks of your scent," Jade said as she took off her undies, and Harry felt something lodge in his throat.

He cleared his throat, "That's probably because no one has been in there since I left," Harry explained, while Jade busied herself with wearing the t-shirt over her naked body.

"What are you putting on?" Jade asked curiously as she returned to lie on the bed.

Harry looked down at his office clothes, which he was still wearing apart from his jacket and tie, which he had taken off and were lying down beside him on the bed, as he wondered why she was asking him such an intimate question which he knew was usually an opening for phone sex.

"My work clothes," Harry said, curious to know what she was going to say next.



"That means you just came in from work," Jade deduced, "Do you want to know what I'm wearing?" She asked, and Harry closed his eyes as he drew a deep breath.

"..."

"I'm putting on just your t-shirt. The one you left in your closet. It smells just like you," Jade said, and Harry tried to block whatever image was flashing in his brain.

Did she just say 'just'? Did that mean she wasn't wearing any undies? He shut his eyes tightly as he tried to get rid of the different images of her that were coming up in his brain.

As if knowing the effect her words were having on him, Jade stretched out on the bed and moaned softly, "My whole body aches. I think I need a deep tissue massage," Jade said, and Harry could bet she was out to get him. But what was her plan? To seduce him?

"Do you have any plans for the evening?" Jade asked when he remained silent after some time.

"Yes. I have a dinner reservation for 7 PM," he said, making Jade's heart skip a beat.

"Dinner reservation? Aura is there already?" She asked, trying not to sound too concerned about it even if it troubled her greatly.

"Aura?" Harry asked with a slight frown before remembering who she was talking about, "No. Not Aurora. My dad and I are having dinner with Tom and his Jewel by 7 pm," he explained, and Jade let out the breath she had been holding.

"And you couldn't just say it was with Tom and Lucy? You made it sound like you were going on a date," Jade complained in a pouty tone, which Harry did not miss.

"Why does it sound like you are worried about who I'm having dinner with?" Harry asked curiously.

Chapter 370 Delaying The Inevitable

"Wouldn't you be concerned if you heard I was having a dinner date with someone?" Jade responded to Harry's question with a question instead, making his brows pull together.

"Am I supposed to be? Do you want me to be concerned about who you go out with?" Harry asked, and Jade laughed softly when she realized that neither of them was willing to answer the other's question directly.

"Well, I don't know about you, but I am concerned. I suddenly feel jealous at the thought of you having a dinner date with another female. Maybe it's because of the dream I had," Jade said on a light note, but Harry's heart skipped a beat at the mention of the dream.

"I haven't given you the details of the dream yet, have I?" Jade asked, and Harry cleared his throat.

He didn't want to know. "Jade..."

"Yeah, that was how you called my name in my dream before you kissed me," Jade said, and Harry was sure he was going to have a heart attack if he didn't stop her from speaking any further.

"So in my dream, we were back at my home. It was almost exactly as it was four years ago when we first met," Jade went on without letting him say anything or interrupt her.

"The only difference this time is I wasn't wearing a sweater or jeans trouser. I was putting on a red sexy see-through lace satin nightgown..." Jade said in a sultry voice and paused as she waited for her words to sink in and for him to get a clear mental image of it.

"I was only wearing a pair of black g-strings underneath it, without a bra..."

After having seen her in various stages of undress, it was so easy for this image to form in his head. And this made all blood in his veins that should be flowing to his brain with oxygen go in the opposite direction to somewhere between his legs.

Harry took a deep breath. "Jade, this conversation is inappropriate," he complained weakly even though his voice had sounded stern in his brain before he uttered them.

"I'm only narrating what happened in my dream. We both acted very inappropriately and immorally in my dream, and maybe after hearing the details, you'll understand why I don't like the thought of you having dinner with another female," Jade said, and he could hear the smile in her voice. She was actually having fun.

"Why are you telling me all this?" Harry asked, even though he had already figured out that she was messing with him.

"You are the only person I can talk to about it since it involves us both. Who else should I tell about this? Tom?" She asked innocently, and Harry cringed at the

thought of Jade telling Tom something like this. Even though it was just a dream, he couldn't help feeling embarrassed.

When he didn't respond, she took that as a sign to go ahead, so she continued, "You were putting on just your pajamas pant without a shirt, and we were both relaxed on the loveseat seeing a late-night movie alone in the living room while sipping from our mug of chocolate."

"What movie were we seeing?" Harry asked, wanting to see if she was making it up.

"I can't exactly remember what movie it was since I spent most of the time staring at you than I did gazing at the television," Jade said, and a sigh escaped Harry's lips since he could imagine just how she had been staring at him.

"Halfway through it, you turned to me abruptly and said... You have chocolate stains around your lips," Jade said in a breathless voice.

"I tried to lick it off, but you stopped me and said... Let me help you," Jade whispered, and Harry closed his eyes as he wondered why he was yet to hang up the call.

It was quite glaring that she was tempting him or trying to seduce him or do something with the phone call, so why couldn't he hang up?

He didn't want to hear what she was saying, but at the same time, he was curious to hear everything she was saying. With Jade, it was a constant battle of wanting and not wanting to want her because there had never been a time when he didn't want her.

"You leaned towards me and brushed it off with your thumb while gazing deeply into my eyes, and then I took your hand, lifted it to my lips, and slowly sucked on your thumb," Jade said, her voice was as soft as a whisper now, caressing and washing over Harry.

Harry sucked in a breath, "Jade..."

"Yeah, that was how you called my name huskily when you pulled your thumb away and replaced it with your lips..."

Harry groaned inwardly, "Why are you doing this? What do you want from me, Jade?" Harry asked, and Jade smiled.

"I want to live rent-free in your head, and your..."

"What are you doing in here?" Aaron asked as he opened the door and stood in the doorway.

"Talk to you later," Harry said as he quickly hung up the call before she could say anything else, relieved that his father had come in when he did.

"Nothing. I was just taking a look at all the bedrooms," Harry said without meeting his father's gaze.

"You weren't home when I got in. Where were you?" Harry asked as he picked up his jacket and tie from the bed before heading for the door.

Aaron hid his smile when his eyes fell on the bed that had been lain on, and he walked further into the bedroom, walking past Harry, who seemed very flustered, "I was taking a stroll around the neighborhood. By the way, why does this place smell like a lady was in here recently?" Aaron observed as he sniffed the air dramatically, and Harry, who had gotten to the door, stiffened as he turned to look at his father.

"A lady?" He asked, feigning ignorance.

"Yes. Did you have a female visitor?" Aaron asked as he walked over to the bathroom and looked around.

Harry pretended to contemplate it only for a second before nodding, "Oh, yeah! Tom's younger sister crashed here for a couple of days," Harry said casually as though he had only just remembered it, and his father chuckled in amusement.

"Harry, my boy."

Knowing that tone, Harry looked at his father wearily, "Go on and just say whatever you want to say."

"You know I can see through you, right? This isn't a phone conversation where you can deceive me. I'm looking right at you," Aaron said as he watched him with eyes which were crinkled at the corners with life and laughter.

"What are you trying to say?" Harry asked dryly.

"She was the one on the phone with you just now, wasn't she? I heard you mention her name," Aaron said, and Harry scowled.

"You eavesdrop on my conversations now?"

"If that were my intention, I wouldn't have made my presence known at the point when you asked such an interesting question, would I?" Aaron asked with an easy smile, and Harry sighed.

"Just get ready, dad. We are leaving for dinner by 6:30. The reservation is for 7 PM," Harry said as he walked away, making it clear that he didn't want to have that conversation with him anymore.

Unfortunately, his father was just warming up, and from the looks of him, the man was just as determined to talk about it as he was not to talk about it, so he followed him.

"It's just 5 PM. There is still time. Let's talk," Aaron insisted.

"Dad, don't nag me about being in a relationship. I am really not in the mood for that right now," Harry informed him through gritted teeth as he walked into his bedroom, and Aaron followed him in before he could shut the door.

"Sure, I won't. I'm just curious about something. You are still very much interested in her, aren't you?" Aaron asked as he sat on Harry's bed while Harry dropped his jacket and tie beside him on the bed before proceeding to unbutton his shirt.

"Interested in who?" Harry asked disinterestedly, and when his father didn't respond after a few seconds, he turned to see him staring at him with a slightly raised brow.

"I already told you I'm over her," Harry hissed in frustration, annoyed with his father for pushing the subject when he really didn't want to talk about it, especially not when Jade had just succeeded in messing up his head.

"Do you remember the first thing you said to me the first time you met her?" Aaron asked, carrying on as though he couldn't hear the annoyance in his son's voice.

"I have a feeling that you are going to remind me of it whether or not I say I remember. So just go on and say it so that we can finish this awkward discussion on time and get ready for dinner," Harry said as he sat on the padded stool beside his dressing table.

"You said, 'Dad, I think I've met her. The one woman for me' that's what you said. And you sounded so happy. So confident and excited," Aaron said with a rueful smile.

"I was just twenty-four.."

"And you have not talked about another lady since then. I know she hurt your feelings without even knowing it, but that was over four years ago, and a lot must have changed in that time. If you still feel strongly about her, why not just talk to her about your feelings?" Aaron said, and Harry sighed.

"That was in the past, dad. And as you rightly said, a lot has changed since then. Let's not talk about this anymore. I'm going to start seeing someone else soon. So forget about whatever I told you about Jade," Harry said stubbornly. He wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of getting him so easily.

"Do you love this new person?" Aaron asked as he watched his son with knowing eyes, and Harry shrugged.

"I won't know if I don't try, will I?" Harry asked, and his father gave him a nod as he got off the bed.

"Although I think you are just delaying the inevitable by going around in circles, do whatever you must and find out where your heart truly lies," Aaron suggested before leaving the bedroom.

Once Aaron left, Harry sighed and buried his face in his hands. Damn both his father and Tom for making things even more difficult for him. He didn't care that they were doing it because they cared about him, their interference was only going to end up making him more impatient with both himself and Jade, and he didn't care much for that.

His father was only partially right. He knew he was going around in circles and delaying the inevitable. But his father was wrong about one thing. He already knew where his heart was, but he wasn't sure she knew where hers was yet, and that was why he was still doing his best to hold himself back.

He had tried his best not to think about her for the past four years and had held back from contacting her this whole time even after he heard of her boyfriend's death, but fate had brought them together again in the form of his nosy best friend, and seeing her again had brought back all his long-suppressed feelings to the surface.

He wanted Jade, but for once in his life, he didn't mind going around in circles if it was going to get him what he wanted without any disappointment.

Just a week ago, she had been the one trying to set him up on a date with someone else despite all his attempts to stop her, and all of a sudden she no longer wanted to think of him with someone else? Had it only been a game for her, or was she really only just beginning to realize that she was interested in him?

He was going to honor his date with Aurora whether or not he had any interest in her, and he was going to wait and see how Jade reacts to that.

She wanted to live rent-free in his head? Well, too bad for her that he wasn't going to make it so easy for her. He wasn't going to let her have her way so easily with him as she had the first time.

If she really wanted him as he was beginning to think she did, she was going to have to prove herself and do more than just create sexual fantasies in his head. As stimulating as the thought of doing all of that with her was, that wasn't what he wanted from her.

If it were just physical intimacy she wanted, then they would be wasting both their time as that wouldn't be good for him or his relationship with Tom.

He wasn't usually the type to play games, but it seemed like she enjoyed playing games, so he was going to continue to indulge her and play her games with her until she got tired of it and was sure of what she wanted.