

Wild Night 81

Chapter 81 - Ultimate Plan

Once it was lunchtime Tom took Lucy's lunch pack to her office and opened the door, "I brought your lunch," he told her politely as he dropped it on the table, while Lucy avoided meeting his gaze.

"Thank you," Lucy murmured. She couldn't bring herself to look at his face or into his eyes at the moment. He knew the color of the undies she was wearing at the moment! He unsettled her!

"You are welcome. Enjoy your meal," Tom said, looking at her and observing how she kept looking at the laptop in front of her instead of looking at him, "I will be heading out now," Tom said, and Lucy gave him a nod as he left the office.

Once he had left she let out the breath she had been holding. Maybe it was best she asked her secretary to get her lunch going forward instead of having Tom bring it. She wasn't sure seeing him three times a day, in the morning when coming to work, during lunchtime, and in the evening that after the close of work, like a medication prescription was good for her heart and mental wellbeing.

She raised a hand to her chest and tried to calm her heart. When she moved to Ludus, she hadn't planned on getting caught up in such a drama. How could everything change because of just one night? How long would she be able to keep up with this?

Lucy tried to push the thoughts out of her mind as she ate. She focused on her lunch and when she was done, she tried to return her complete attention to the work on her desk. She wasn't the type to be distracted from work or have divided attention when working because of personal issues, but since Tom came into her life, concentrating on her job was becoming more difficult by the day, and she feared that if she didn't do something about it soon, she would make a mistake that might cost her her job.

Lucy's eyes flew to the door and her heart missed a beat when her office door opened again. She tensed thinking it was Tom but relaxed a bit when she realized it was Harry. Thinking he was there to meet the boss in his office since she knew whether the CEO was in only when Harry was going into the office, Lucy returned her attention to her laptop.

She tensed and raised her head when she noticed he had stopped in front of her desk. What did he want? She asked herself as she looked at him in confusion.

"When are you getting married, Miss Perry?" Harry asked, looking at her with a very strange expression in his eyes.

"I beg your pardon?" Lucy asked in confusion, wondering where the question was coming from.

"You are engaged, are you not?" Harry asked, his eyes falling on her ringless finger.

Engaged? What made him think that? Why was he asking her such a personal question all of a sudden? Lucy wondered.

Seeing the confusion on her face, Harry decided to follow a different approach, "I suppose you're traveling for the weekend? Would you need Monday off? Or perhaps you'd be coming in late?" Harry asked, watching her closely.

Lucy's brow was creased in a deep frown as she tried to figure out what he was driving at, "No, I'm not," Lucy said politely, and it was all Harry could do to keep himself from lying. She was a good actress but not a very good liar after all.

"Sorry. My bad. I assumed you would be eager to travel over the weekend to spend some time with your fiance who was fighting for his life just last weekend," Harry said, making Lucy's mouth drop open in surprise, and then she quickly snapped her mouth shut.

How could she have forgotten such an important detail? "We broke up," she blurted out before she could think things through, and Harry's right eyebrow shot up.

"You broke up with your wounded fiance?" He asked in disbelief, and Lucy shook her head.

"He broke up with me rather," Lucy said with a sad sigh, "He wasn't happy that I left him on his hospital bed to resume work. He said I loved my job more than I loved him, so he called off our engagement," Lucy said, making a sniffing sound which left Harry in awe of her.

Wow! Seeing how she was, he could almost understand why Tom was acting crazy now. He hoped she would remember this lie in the coming week. She seemed to have the ability to come up with lies on the spot, without needing to think it through, or had she thought this one through before today? Harry wondered, "I'm sorry about that," Harry said, and she nodded.

"Thank you."

"Alright then, I just came in to see if you would be traveling so I can relate the information to the CEO. Have a lovely weekend then," Harry said with a wave as he walked out of the office.

Lucy raised a hand to her chest. This office was going to be the death of her. Why was it always from one problem to the other? Why did she have to keep looking over her shoulder? She feared if she had to keep looking over her shoulders like this, she might trip in the process and make a mess of things.

If only Tom hadn't been nosy enough to read her journal, he wouldn't have even talked to her in the first place. And if only she had known he was her neighbor beforehand, she wouldn't have taken Tom up on his offer at the club to be her one-night stand. If she had rejected his offer, she wouldn't have been in all this mess. She was the primary cause of all her problems, and Tom was the secondary cause.

Thinking about everything now she did a mental reverse on how her life here would have been like had she not even gone to the club in the first place. Placing both hands under her chin, with her elbow resting on the desk, she traveled down her imagination lane.

She would have moved into her apartment, spent her time arranging her stuff, and resting. She would have woken up early and refreshed and resumed at the office earlier before the normal time on her first day at work. She would have met Mr. Harry who would have been very impressed by her punctuality and her devotion to her job, and she wouldn't have had to lie about a fiance who had been involved in an accident.

She would have been pleasantly surprised later that evening to see her next-door neighbor, Tom at her door with a tray of apple cobbler, welcoming her to the neighborhood. She would have gladly accepted his offer to help her move and arrange her stuff. Then they would have had a normal

conversation like neighbors, and maybe eat the apple cobbler together while he told her all about the city and neighborhood.

The next day at work she would have laughed at the coincidence of having Tom, her next-door neighbor as her driver. It wouldn't have been a big deal because he hadn't seen her naked or done unholy things to her body! And then she wouldn't have had to go and complain to Mr. Harry that she wanted her driver to be changed. That way she wouldn't be working in the CEO's office as his personal assistant when she had her own office.

Now everyone was a problem to her, Tom, the CEO, and now Mr. Harry who she suspected was suspecting her of lying to him. All of this was Tom's fault!

"Okay, enough of the blame game, Lu, snap out of it. Now that you know the cause of your problems, what is the solution?" Lucy asked herself out loud as she took out her journal.

Of course, she couldn't go back in time to change anything or undo what had been done with Tom, but going forward she could try to resolve things to the best of her ability.

It was clear that she wouldn't be able to get rid of Tom, since he was not just her driver but also her neighbor. Although quitting her job and leaving here would have solved all her problems, but it wasn't reasonable. She loved her job, and the salary was very attractive.

She needed to find an easy way to solve her problems. Maybe if she could find out why the CEO was the way he was, she would know the best way to approach him and be friendly towards him? She winced at the thought. The CEO was a weirdo.

Although the CEO was a weirdo, she knew that if she was able to befriend the CEO and serve him to the best of her ability, she would eventually be able to have him transfer Tom to another department, without losing her job. She would ask him to promote Tom to a different department, not fire him.

As long as Tom wasn't her driver, then everything would be okay. She could always avoid him at home by leaving the house very early and returning late, that way they won't have to see each other very much, at least until he got Anita.

Lucy nodded her head. This was a good plan. She needed Sonia's help now. Although she had asked Sonia to help her find out what she could about the CEO, she had also asked Sonia not to tell Bryan that she worked for his brother. Who knew how close the brothers were? Maybe if she asked Sonia to tell Bryan about her connection with his brother, Bryan would put in a good word about her to his brother, and then the CEO would treat her more nicely?

She wasn't really one who believed in using connections like this, and she didn't want to be misunderstood by others, but she also needed to solve her problems, and this seemed like the only way.

Lucy groaned and raised a hand to her head which was beginning to ache. She had too many in her head at the moment, and her thoughts were all over the place.

She looked down at the journal which was open in front of her, and the first thing on the list which she had written the previous night was to have sex with Tom and get that out of the way. She was going to make it happen soon.

The next one on the list was to befriend Anita. That plan was also already in motion since she would be spending the weekend with Anita.

Now she added the third item on the list, "Get close to the CEO."

This would complete everything. Having sex with Tom would get him off her back concerning the sex talk. Befriending Anita would help her matchmake the two, that way once Tom was in a relationship he would stop showing up around her too much. Finally getting close to the CEO would help her get him to transfer Tom to a different unit without making her lose her job.

Seeing how organized the plans were, Lucy nodded her head. She was going to start working on these ultimate plans now. By this time next month, she would be rid of Tom, and finally return to being herself, Lucy thought with a satisfied smile.

Chapter 82 - Taming The Playboy Actor

Bryan laughed out loud as he watched Sonia yell in frustration each time the shooting game ended and she lost. He had to admit that although he didn't want a relationship with her, she was fun to be around and entertaining to watch. She wasn't pretending to be a proper lady or anything like other ladies did around him. She was just herself, and that made her fun to be around.

He had learned several things about her within the hour since they started playing, and one of them was that she was a sore loser. She really hated to lose and reacted badly each time she lost a game. Another thing he had also learned was that she loved cussing a lot. She knew a lot of colorful cuss words, and that was probably because she was a writer, so her vocabulary was vast.

"This machine is fucking stupid! I swear they tampered with it to make players lose so they can spend more money trying to win!" Sonia told Bryan who laughed as he raised his hand checked his wristwatch.

"You don't have good sportsmanship. You're a really bad loser," Bryan told her with a shake of his head and she glared at him.

"I'm serious. It's more like you win one game and lose three games in a row. It's a pattern. Haven't you noticed it?" Sonia asked, her annoyance obvious in her tone.

"The only thing I've noticed is that you hate to admit that you lost," Bryan said with a playful smile.

"Yes, I hate to lose. But at least I won more rounds than you did," Sonia pointed out with a smirk.

"At least, I lost graciously. I didn't yell or cuss or accuse the machine," Bryan said with an easy smile, "The movie is about to begin. We should start heading in now," Bryan suggested before she could complain further, and Sonia grudgingly stood up with a scowl on her face.

Bryan placed both hands on her shoulders and turned her so she was facing him, "You played well, you don't have to feel too bad about losing a couple of games," Bryan said in an encouraging tone, and he kissed her forehead lightly, making Sonia look around to see if he was doing this because someone was watching them or taking pictures of them.

When she didn't find anyone looking at them, she looked at him, "No one is watching," she assured him, and Bryan's lips curved upwards.

"I didn't think anyone was watching. I don't need anyone to be present before I treat my beautiful fiancée right, do I?" Bryan asked, patting the side of her face in a loving gesture.

Seeing how he had been acting all morning, she could almost believe that their relationship was real. She knew anyone else watching would think so too, "Wow! Your acting skills are top-notch. Now I know why you have so many awards," Sonia whispered with a wide smile, as she gave him a thumbs up.

Bryan slid his arm around her waist and drew her closer to himself as he could whisper for her ear only, "I don't like it when you do that. Are we going to stick to the deal or do you intend to call it off?" Bryan asked in a slightly irritated tone.

"You don't like it when I do what? What do you mean?" Sonia asked in confusion, wondering why he sounded upset.

"You asked me to treat you as I would my fiancée, and I have been doing just that. So why do you keep looking around to see if anyone is watching, every time I say or do something nice? My fiancée wouldn't do that. You should work on being a real fiancée too for the next six months instead of looking out for cameras or making jokes about my acting skills. Or are you just doing this for the fame you would get by being seen with me? Is that what you want? If that is it, we don't have to go through all of this stress when I can easily make you famous without having you live under my roof and pretend to be my fiancée," Bryan said, gritting his teeth in annoyance.

Sonia looked into his face with serious eyes, "Why are you getting so worked up over nothing? You want me to act as a real fiancée?" She asked thoughtfully.

"It would be pointless for me to treat you as I would treat my fiancée if you don't act like you're really my fiancée, don't you think?" Bryan asked, reaching out to touch the hair on the side of her face so that anyone watching them at that moment would think they were two lovers having an intimate conversation.

Sonia raised her beautifully manicured hand to touch his ear as she looked into his eyes, "I don't think so. It's my deal after all, and I call the shots," she reminded him with a smile.

"You had no intention of treating me as your fiancée? Then what is all this about?" Bryan asked in confusion. No matter how much he tried, he couldn't seem to figure her out. What did she really want? Why did she want him to treat her as his fiancée if she had no intention of treating him as her fiancée? What sort of a deal was this?

"I won't treat you as I would treat my fiancée, as doing that would mean I have to be very possessive of you, and we both might not really like that. However, I've heard what you said. I will stop acting so surprised about your romantic gestures, and I won't refer to your sweet gestures as acting skills anymore." Sonia promised and brushed the front of his shirt before pulling away, "We should go in now, I don't want to miss any scene," Sonia said as she intertwined their hands and they returned to the Cinema area.

Bryan had a slight frown on his face as he followed her. He still couldn't understand the purpose of the whole thing. None of it made any sense to him. All she wanted was for him to treat her right, while she let him do anything he wanted? Did that also mean she could do anything she wanted? Accepting her deal as it was would mean letting her call all the shots and act whatever way she liked while leaving under his roof. Why hadn't he thought of that before accepting her deal?

If he was going to treat her as his fiancée as he was already doing, then there was no way he could cheat freely, or let her do anything she wanted either, since he had no intention of being in an open relationship with whoever he decides to get married to in the future. Bryan stopped in his track and held her hand to stop her too.

Sonia turned to look at him with questioning eyes, "What is wrong?"

"I want you to also act like I am your fiancée for the next six months," Bryan said, making one perfectly carved eyebrow arch quizzically.

"Did you hear anything I said earlier?" Sonia enquired, and Bryan gave her a nod.

"Thinking about our deal in the light of day, I don't think it makes much sense. I won't really be benefitting anything from you within the next six months apart from you leaving on your own volition once the time is over. So it would only be fair if you also reciprocate the actions within this period," Bryan suggested.

Sonia doubted he knew the implication of what he was asking. He was playing right into the trap she had set for him, but he just didn't know it yet, "It's my deal not yours. You don't have to benefit anything. Plus, we already signed the agreement," she reminded him with a small shrug.

"Then let's sign another one," Bryan suggested.

Accepting too soon, would seem suspicious, Sonia reasoned, "Is the agreement a joke to you? You should have thought of all this before accepting my deal last night. How valid is the agreement, if we can just cancel and sign another one any time you want us to?" Sonia asked with a slightly raised brow and walked away before Bryan could say anything else.

This was going really well, Sonia thought as she Bryan followed her. Once they got to the spot where they were to pick up their popcorn and drinks, Bryan picked up the large-sized popcorn, while Sonia grabbed the drinks before he could, and they walked into the cinema hall. The lights in the hall had been turned off already since people were already seated and the movie was just about to start.

"Let's sit at the end of the hall," Sonia suggested in a whisper as she took out her phone and turned on the flashlight so they could find their way in the dark.

There weren't many people in the hall, probably because it was still working hours, so it was just the both of them sitting in the back row with an empty row in front of them which separated them from the next couple.

Once the movie started, Sonia kept reaching into the popcorn box which was on Bryan's lap, to throw some into her mouth absentmindedly, while her full attention was on the screen. She only turned to look at Bryan once when she felt his gaze on her. She flashed him a smile when she caught him staring at her, and returned her attention to the screen without asking him why he was looking at her.

Bryan on the other hand watched Sonia with a puzzled expression all the while. She had said she had a crush on him last night, but none of her actions supported her words. She wasn't making any attempt to seduce him, and she treated him like he wasn't anything special. She had even said there

was nothing special about his kiss. She had also prepared breakfast the previous day for herself without giving him any. He had even seized her laptop just to make her go out with him.

Thus far, she hadn't made any attempt to make him like her, so how could she say she had a crush on him? Even in their agreement, she had stated that he treat her as his fiancée but was free to do anything he liked. Now he had asked her to treat him like her fiancé and she had refused. Why? What kind of a weird crush was it? What did she really stand to gain apart from fame?

Now he realized that he was no longer very worried about her leaving since she had promised to leave after six months. What worried him most now was trying to figure out what was in her head, and what she really wanted from him within the six months. Something told him he was falling into a trap, but he couldn't understand what kind of trap it was yet.

"I think we should talk about our agreement again," Bryan whispered to Sonia.

Sonia turned to look at him, raising a hand to her lips, "Sssh, I don't want to miss any dialogue," Sonia whispered with a small smile before returning her attention to the screen.

"I could fill you in on whatever dialogue you miss," Bryan offered, wanting to talk about it now.

"We can always talk after now. So allow me enjoy the movie," Sonia said without sparing him a glance.

She knew he was used to ladies throwing themselves at him and giving him all their attention. She was going to be doing the exact opposite.

She had decided on the name of her story earlier on, it would be "Taming The Playboy Actor."

Chapter 83 - Weekend

Lucy's eyes kept moving to the wall clock in her office as the time approached the closing hour. She was going to face Tom again. The thought of that made her almost panic, but she quickly raised her chin, and straightened her spine, reminding herself that she already had a good plan to take care of things.

There was nothing to be anxious or nervous about. The worst he could do was flirt with her and talk dirty, and she was just going to act unaffected by it. That was how bullies behaved. Once they see that you are affected by their words, they keep on bullying you. But when you act like you don't care, they move on to someone else. She would try not to let his words get to her anymore, and then once they finally get down to sex, he would get over her and move his attention to someone else.

With that thought in mind, once it was time to leave, she stood up confidently and headed for the parking lot. Tom was standing beside the car talking to a lady, as she approached them.

Lucy almost rolled her eyes when she heard the lady say, "How about Monday night?"

"I'm sorry, but I have plans too on Monday night and every other night as well. Thanks for asking, anyway," Tom said with a polite smile, and looked over her shoulder when he saw Lucy, "I have to go now, my boss is here," Tom said with a polite bow, relieved that Lucy had come to save him from the persistent lady who wanted to go out with him.

"Oh! Okay," the lady said with an embarrassed smile and waved at Tom as she walked away without looking at Lucy.

"You seem to have many admirers," Lucy observed as she got into the car and buckled her seatbelt.

"Does that bother you?" Tom asked as he did the same, before turning on the car's ignition.

"Not in the slightest bit," she assured him with a polite smile.

"Good."

Tom noticed that she was acting all bold once again, and he couldn't help but admire her resilience. He could bet she had come up with a plan to get rid of him. Or maybe she thought having sex with him was going to take care of everything and get him off her case. He looked forward to seeing what she had up her sleeves.

"So what is your plan for the weekend?" Tom asked, hoping he could get her to go out with him and spend some time together.

"I will be going out with a friend tomorrow," Lucy said, making him turn to spare her a glance.

"A friend? What friend? I thought you didn't know anyone here apart from me?" Tom asked, sounding very surprised and somewhat disappointed.

"I didn't, but I do now. I should have other friends apart from you, shouldn't I?" Lucy asked, giving him a friendly smile before he returned his attention to the road.

He wasn't sure he liked the sound of that, "Who is this friend? Male or female?" Tom asked, trying not to sound too concerned.

Lucy was almost tempted to say 'male' just so she could see his reaction, but she wasn't interested in any drama so she simply said, "A beautiful young lady."

Tom let himself relax. He had no problem with her having friends and hanging out with other ladies of course. He only wished they were hanging out together so he could get to know her better, "That's nice. What about Sunday?" He asked, hoping she had no plans of meeting anyone else on Sunday.

"I think I will just be indoor reading and resting," she said, wondering why he was asking. Or was he trying to find out when she would be available so they could do the deed? She wondered, and then cleared her throat, "If you're not too busy tomorrow evening you could come over," Lucy suggested without looking at him, and the corners of Tom's lips twitched.

Was that a sexual invitation? "Why not tonight?" Tom asked curiously.

"You said you had something to do, didn't you?" She reminded him.

"Oh! Yeah," Tom said with a nod, even though he had nothing to do. He couldn't just say he canceled his plans now since he didn't want anything that would make her suspicious of him.

"Why don't you come over to my apartment instead, tomorrow? We could have dinner together," Tom suggested.

Was he trying to make it a romantic evening? Lucy mused, wondering why he was inviting her over to his house for dinner. She didn't want any romantic gesture. All she wanted was to get it done with and move on.

"What do you say?" Tom asked when she said nothing and seemed like she was lost in her thoughts.

Maybe it was best they do it at his place after all. The last thing she wanted was for her apartment to be desecrated. She didn't want to have to be reminded about the sex every time she walked into her home. She didn't want to create such memories with anyone in her apartment. So she gave him a nod, "Okay. I will be at yours by 7 PM," she said with a nod.

"Okay then. It's a date," Tom said with a grin, looking forward to Saturday evening already. Seeing how well he was doing on his own, he had failed to give Bryan a call that day, and seeing as Bryan had also not called yet, he could tell Bryan was also busy either with work or with Sonia. Maybe it was best he handled this himself, and only call Bryan when necessary.

He quickly reminded himself that he still needed Bryan's help to find out all he could concerning Lucy from Sonia. So he made a mental note to give Bryan a call once he got home, so he would find out if Bryan had been able to get any information from Sonia. He needed some background information to work with over the weekend.

Lucy on the other was also thinking of giving Sonia a call once she gets home to find out what she had been able to learn about the CEO. She needed to make active plans over the weekend, and put those plans concerning the CEO in motion by Monday.

Meanwhile, seated across from Bryan at a cafe, Sonia played with her straw as she drank from her milkshake while she waited for him to say what she knew he wanted to say. Men! So predictable! Sonia thought with a mental shake of her head.

"What do you want from me?" Bryan who was yet to touch the iced tea in front of him asked Sonia curiously.

"I already stated everything I wanted last night. Why are you asking me that again?" Sonia asked with a slightly raised brow as her mischievous green eyes met his intelligent blue eyes.

"It doesn't make sense," Bryan pointed out.

"It doesn't have to make sense to you for it to be what I want, does it? Your proposal to a random stranger doesn't make sense either, does it?" Sonia asked Bryan who sighed in frustration.

"This whole thing is actually simple. You proposed to me, and I said yes. Now you want me out of your life, and I'm saying all you have to do is treat me as you would if I was really your fiancée for six months and after that, I will break up with you and leave voluntarily. How difficult can that be?" Sonia asked, making Bryan frown.

When she put it that way, it actually sounded very reasonable and simple. He had proposed to her, and now she wanted to experience what it felt like to be his fiancée before returning his ring, easy-peasy. Unless that he knew it wasn't as simple as she was making it sound. It couldn't be that easy. Sonia had other plans for him and he knew it.

"And what will you be doing within that time?" He asked, making Sonia giggle.

"Why are you so worried about me? I already told you I won't bother you if that is what you are worried about. Just do what you need to do, and I will get out of your hair," she assured him, reaching over the table to pat his hand which was resting beside his glass, but instead of relaxing him, that gesture only seemed to unsettle him the more.

What was the problem? What was it about her that made him so restless and edgy? Bryan wondered as he watched Sonia who was looking at him with a sweet smile as she sipped from her milkshake. She looked like she was having the time of her life. He didn't trust her one bit. Everything about her told him she was mischievous. From her eyes which were always gleaming like a thief's flashlight to her smile and laughter, and down to her personality. Everything.

"What if I don't want to do that? What if I decide to break the deal?" Bryan asked, and Sonia raised her head to meet his gaze.

"You won't," she said with a confident smirk.

"..." Bryan opened his mouth to say something, but before he could respond both their phones started ringing. Once Sonia saw that the call was from Lucy, she excused herself and walked to the ladies' room, leaving Bryan to take his call there.

"Hey!" Bryan greeted Tom once he accepted the call, grateful that their table was at the end of the cafe, and he had all the privacy he needed to talk.

"Can you talk? Or are you busy at the moment?" Tom asked as he sat on the trunk of the car. Lucy had gone to her apartment the moment he parked the car and handed her the car keys. So he had decided to give Bryan a call before heading inside.

Seeing how Sonia had disappeared to take the call, he could guess the call was from Lucy, and as such she might not be coming out immediately, "Sure. I can talk. What's up?" Bryan asked curiously.

"I just wanted to know if you have been able to find out anything about Lucy from your fiancée."

Bryan raised a finger to tap his forehead thoughtful, "Hm... I think I got something. But what do I get in exchange for the information?" Bryan asked, making Tom raise a brow.

"What do you want?" Tom asked curiously since he knew it couldn't be money.

"Well, for starters you can return the favor by helping me find out what you can about Sonia from Lucy since she doesn't know that we are connected," Bryan said, making Tom pause.

"I should help you find out more about your fiancée? The lady you proposed to? What more do you want to know about her that you can't ask her directly?" Tom asked in confusion.

Maybe it was time to tell him the truth about his relationship with Sonia "Okay, the truth is that..." He stopped when he remembered his agreement with Sonia. He wasn't supposed to tell anyone else. He had told Matt, and she had told Lucy. He shouldn't tell anyone else about it as Sonia had assured him that Lucy wasn't going to tell anyone the truth about their engagement. That meant their secret was safe.

"Yes?" Tom asked when he paused.

"The truth is that my fiancée isn't very chatty, and she doesn't really like to talk much about herself. So I will like to find out what I can about her from her best friend," Bryan said with a sigh. Although he already knew what a terrible and crazy person she was, he still wanted to know the extent of her craziness and be sure she really had no mental issues.

"Then you should ask her to introduce you to Lucy. That way you can ask Lucy all you need to know," Tom suggested making Bryan roll his eyes.

"Don't tell me you don't know how best friends lie to cover up for each other? Lucy won't tell me the truth since I'm engaged to her best friend. You, on the other hand, can just get the truth from her. So?" Bryan asked, and Tom sighed.

"Okay. I will see what I can do. But you have to first tell me what you got from Sonia," He asked, and Bryan narrowed his eyes thoughtfully as he tried to remember what Sonia had said earlier.

"I think this is very important in understanding her. Although Sonia didn't give me the exact details, from what she said, her half-brother kind of had feelings for Lucy and committed suicide because of her..."

"What the fuck?" Tom asked in surprise. He hadn't been expecting something like that.

"Yeah. I don't think Sonia likes to talk about the subject much, since it involves her family, but I will find out what I can and let you know. That aside though, Sonia says Lucy is pretty cool and calm. And Sonia also kept trying to get information about you," Bryan informed him, but before Tom could respond, he spotted Sonia returning to the table so he quickly said, "Got to go. Let's talk later," and he hung up immediately.

Chapter 84 – Candace Candy

"Hey, babe!" Sonia responded the moment she received the call, making Lucy smile.

"I hope I didn't interrupt anything? Were you writing?" She asked as usual, and Sonia rolled her eyes.

"Far from that. I'm out on a date with my darling fiance. So tell me, what's up?" Sonia asked curiously.

"You're out on a date with Bryan?" Lucy asked, wanting to ask Sonia exactly what was happening between her and Bryan and if it was a real date or she had bullied the poor guy into taking her out. But she figured it wasn't the time to ask such questions. She would have to keep her questions for later, "You shouldn't be on the phone when you're out on a date unless it's an emergency. Let's just talk later," Lucy suggested, wanting to hang up.

"Don't worry about that. I'm in the ladies' room so it's not a problem. Go on and tell me why you called," Sonia rushed to assure her as she walked further into the ladies' room, and went into one of the toilet stalls, and sat on a toilet seat.

"Let's just talk later. Call me when you get home and you're free," Lucy said, not feeling comfortable with the idea of Sonia talking to her while Bryan was out there waiting.

"He won't mind waiting, trust me. Besides, he is on a call too," Sonia assured Lucy who sighed wearily, "Go on, talk to momma. Why is my baby calling?" Sonia asked playfully.

"Well, a lot of things. First of all, I finally told Tom that we could have sex," Lucy said in a small voice as though she didn't want even the ant in the apartment to hear her secret.

Sonia's mouth dropped open, and then a happy smile split her face, "Awww! My innocent baby is becoming all grown up," Sonia said emotionally, "Tell me, how did you say it? What did he say? How did he react?" Sonia asked excitedly.

"Slow down with the questions," Lucy said with an embarrassed smile.

"Slow down? How can I? Hold on, let's switch to video call. I want to see your face," Sonia said, and without waiting for Lucy to say anything she switched the call to video call and waited for Lucy to approve it on her end.

"I can't believe you're doing this while you're out on a date," Lucy said, looking at Sonia in disbelief.

"You don't have to believe it. Tell me what I want to hear. How did you say it? What did he say?" Sonia asked, waiting eagerly to hear something exciting since Lucy was one of the side characters in her novel.

Sonia listened attentively as Lucy narrated everything that had happened from the moment she told Tom about them doing the sex thing, to their episode on the elevator, to his dirty texts, while Sonia awwed and laughed when necessary. She smiled so much that her cheeks hurt from it, and it wasn't until Sonia stopped laughing, but heard someone still laughing outside the door, that she remembered the call was on loudspeaker so anyone in the ladies' room could listen in on their conversation.

"Uhm... Lu? Why don't I call you later?" Sonia asked, and Lucy rolled her eyes.

"Didn't I say that before now? Can't believe you let me go on and on only to stop me now. Just let me know when you are home," Lucy said irritably and hung up without waiting for Sonia to say anything else.

Sonia flushed the toilet and once she stepped out of the toilet stall she saw a beautiful lady who looked like she was in her early sixties standing in front of the mirror, and adding a touch of red lipstick to her lips, "Your friend is cute. I like her," the lady said conversationally, and Sonia smiled.

It was funny that she wasn't even pretending not to have eavesdropped on Sonia's phone call. It was Sonia's fault after all. She had been the one receiving such a phone call in a public place and indirectly inviting everyone that cared to listen, "Thanks," Sonia told the lady politely as she washed her hands.

"A word of advice for your friend though. I have a feeling that before this is all over she might fall in love with the young man, so if I were her I wouldn't try hooking him up with anyone until I have completely ruled out the chances of anything happening between us," the lady said with a wink before walking out of the ladies' room.

Sonia partially agreed with the lady since she felt the same way. But on the other hand, knowing how stubborn and determined Lucy was, she wasn't so sure about the chances of Lucy allowing herself to develop any feelings for Tom. She had gone through college without even letting any guy close to her, so she couldn't really predict anything when it comes to Lucy.

Sonia walked out of the ladies' room, and made eye contact with Bryan who quickly spoke into the phone and hung up Tom's call before she got close to the table, "I hope I didn't keep you waiting for too long?" Sonia asked politely as she returned to her seat.

"Not at all. I was busy talking to my brother over the phone," Bryan said, making Sonia's ears perk up.

What questions could she possibly ask Bryan about his brother that would give Lucy the kind of information she wanted? "Your brother? You speak with him often?" Sonia asked curiously.

"Yeah. He was just telling me about his new personal assistant," Bryan said, watching Sonia closely as he waited to see what she would say. This was going to be a good way to get her to talk about her friend.

Oh! Wow! Lucy's boss was curious about her? "He was? Is the personal assistant male or female?" Sonia asked, pretending not to know who it was, and Bryan gave her thumbs up mentally.

The lady was very smart. He had to give her that, "Female," Bryan said, not wanting to give her too much information so she would remain curious and ask questions. He glanced at his wristwatch, the time was past 6 PM already, "Would you like to hang out at an amusement park? Maybe you and Mia could go shopping tomorrow," Bryan suggested.

Although he still wanted to talk about their deal, he knew it was pointless. Sonia was a wicked witch, and she was still going to do whatever she liked. He was going to stick to his original plan. Treat her nicely and focus on his job. Soon the six months would be over.

"Let's go home. I'm exhausted already. Maybe we can go to the amusement park tomorrow?" Sonia asked with a radiant smile, and Bryan nodded as he dropped some money notes on the table and stood up.

Once they got home, they met Matt in the living room, seeing a movie with a beautiful lady, "Hi! You guys are back?" Matt asked with a grin.

"Hm," Bryan hummed as he glanced at the young lady beside Matt with a slightly raised brow and turned to exchange a look with Sonia.

"Meet my friend Candace. Candace, my best friend, Bryan. I'm sure you know him," Matt introduced with a wide smile, and Candace gave Bryan and Sonia an awkward smile, while Bryan looked at her in silence.

Although she had a short crop of black hair now, Bryan and Sonia recognized her. She was the stripper they had met at the club, Candy, "Hello! It's nice to meet you," Sonia said with a bright smile as she embraced Candy.

"Oh! Your friend. How did you meet her?" Bryan asked as he looked from Candy to Matt. It wasn't like he had a problem with whoever Matt decided to hang with. He only hoped Matt really KNEW who he was hanging out with.

"Remember that dating app I told you about? I met her there. We decided to meet up today for the first time, and we clicked instantly. I didn't want the day to end yet, so I brought her with me. I hope you don't mind?" Matt asked while Candy moved from one foot to the other uncomfortably.

She hadn't even known who Matt was before they met, and that was because he had used a false photo and name on the dating app. She had been very surprised to see that her blind date was an actor. He had also not mentioned anything about Bryan being his best friend. He had only said they were going to his best friend's place. Had she known she would have saved herself this embarrassment by calling it an early night and leaving him the fuck alone.

"Of course, I don't mind. You're welcome to my home, please make yourself comfortable," Bryan said with an easy smile before excusing himself, while flashed Candy a smile before following Bryan.

"You recognize her from the club, don't you?" Bryan asked Sonia once they walked into his bedroom.

"Yes. I thought she was a pretty blonde, but I think this hair suits her even better. She's really pretty," Sonia said as she walks over to Bryan's dressing table and took off her earrings.

"I don't think she told Matt that she is a stripper," Bryan said thoughtfully.

"I don't think it is your business," Sonia said, making Bryan raise a brow.

"Really?"

"They are two adults. You weren't there when they met, so you shouldn't interfere in their relationship. If things go well between them, she might tell him about it. If they decide to part ways after tonight, there would be no need to. Either way, stay out of it," Sonia warned.

"What if Matt was your best friend? If you found out your best friend is dating someone who is hiding something from her, you won't tell her the truth?" Bryan asked Sonia curiously since that was likely going to be what would play out between her and Lucy.

"I will let him tell her the truth himself," Sonia said, and Bryan gave her a nod.

"I hope when that day comes, you maintain this stance. As for me, I'm not like you, and I'm going to tell Matt the truth," Bryan said and headed for the door.

"You shouldn't do that," Sonia said, rushing to the door to stop him. Maybe she was being selfish, but the storyteller in her wanted to watch things play out between Matt and Candace.

Chapter 85 - The Key!

In the living room, Matt noticed the sudden change in Candace and raised a brow, "Are you okay? Why do you suddenly seem uncomfortable?" He asked, touching her shoulder slightly.

"I think I should probably leave now that your friends are here," Candace said, wanting to stand up, but Matt pulled her down.

"Why? What is the problem? We were having a good time a moment ago, and now you just want to leave?" He asked in confusion.

Candace looked away from him in embarrassment, "Your best friend and his fiancée, they know me," Candace confessed without meeting his gaze.

"Know you? Like from the club where you work?" He asked, looking at her with interest, and she nodded her head.

"They were at the club two nights ago, and I attended to them," she said, still looking very embarrassed.

So Bryan and Sonia knew who she was? That explained the few seconds of awkward silence when they just came in. He was curious to hear what Bryan would have to say once he got the chance, but for now, he was more concerned about the lady in front of him.

"So what?" He asked, making her raise her head to look at him in surprise.

"You are not embarrassed?" She asked in confusion, and the corners of his lips curved in a knowing smile.

"Why should I be? From what I can see here, you are the only one who is embarrassed, and I wonder why."

He had particularly picked interest in Candace because she had stated on her profile that she was a stripper. He had been curious to meet the lady who had been bold enough to tell others that she stripped for a living, and that was why her sudden embarrassment seemed strange to him.

"It is one thing for you to know what I do, but it is another thing for your friends to know. I assume you brought me here because you like me. I don't want to be an embarrassment..."

"Look, I told you this before, but I'm going to tell you again. I'm someone that likes to think that every legal job is honorable. You were proud of your job enough to add it to your profile on the dating app, so why are we having this discussion?" Matt asked, and Candace relaxed a bit.

"Besides, they patronized you, so they can't judge you. Relax, Bryan is not like that," Matt assured her.

"I just don't want you to be an embarrassment to you or anyone else. You know people can be hypocritical," She said with a little frown, and Matt gave her a reassuring smile.

"It's not a big deal. I only feel jealous that Bryan got to see your body before I did," Matt said with a pout, which made the dimples on Candace's face wink.

"Can you do me a favor though?" Matt asked, his eyes glinting with mischief.

"What favor?"

"Let's act like I don't know anything, okay?" Matt asked, making her brows pull together in confusion.

"Why?"

"Let's just say I want to mess around with Bryan and see what he's going to do. So let's act like you didn't tell me anything," Matt said, and Candace gave him a nod.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom, Sonia stood by the door glaring at Bryan, "Leave them alone."

"I was just going to meet them, come on! You don't expect me to go out there while they are together and tell Matt that his girlfriend is a stripper, do you?" Bryan asked incredulously.

Sonia looked at him doubtfully, "So where were you going to then?" She asked narrowing her eyes at him suspiciously.

"I just want to get a glass of water, I'm thirsty," Bryan said, waiting for her to get out of his way.

"I will get you the glass of water myself. Don't step out of the room. I still don't trust you," Sonia said with a shake of her head, making Bryan want to scoff

See who was talking about trust. Who said he trusted her either? Bryan returned to the bed and sat down, "You can go and get the water. I'm waiting."

"Good boy," Sonia said with a smile as she removed the single key from the door's keyhole before stepping out of the bedroom, making sure to lock Bryan inside as she left.

Bryan looked at the door in disbelief and shook his head. What a crazy woman! She really locked him in his bedroom? In his own house? He couldn't believe he was in this situation. He just couldn't believe that of all the sane people in that hotel's lobby that night, he had the misfortune of choosing the one lady that behaved as she had recently escaped from an asylum. God help him.

Once Sonia fetched his glass of water, she returned to the bedroom and locked the door using the key, "Here is your glass of water," She announced as she approached the bed and handed it to him with a bright smile on her face.

Bryan watched in disbelief as she dipped the key into her jacket like she was safekeeping it where he wouldn't touch, "Can I ask you a question?" Bryan asked after taking a sip from the water while she bent down to take off her sneakers.

Sonia straightened up before answering him, "Sure," Sonia said as she walked to the front of the bedroom mirror and pulled her hair back into a messy bun.

"No offense. But are you mentally stable?"

She glanced at him over her shoulder and tried not to laugh out loud at his funny question. Most times she asked herself if she was mentally stable too.

"I don't think I am. Why? Want to take me to a psychiatrist?" she asked with a mocking smile as she turned in his direction and took off her jean jacket, leaving only her crop top. She paused long enough to drop the jacket on the table next to her, and then slowly took off her trousers while waiting for him to answer her question.

Bryan watched as she took off her clothes and he felt something stir within him. He had seen her in a semi-naked state the previous day when she had been dressed in just the red bikini, but that hadn't prepared him for this.

Seeing her now, dressed in just her olive green crop top and a black lace pant, he felt his mouth go dry. He could tell she wasn't wearing a bra under the crop top, because of the outline of her boobs. She had the face of a mischievous angel but the body of a temptress.

Her body looked so smooth and taut that he had to ball his hands in a fist to keep himself from wanting to touch her. His eyes moved from the swell of her boobs down to her taut abdomen and he noticed for the first time that she had a piercing on her belly button.

So sexy. He wondered why she had bothered to wear the jacket all day instead of flaunting her sexy abdomen to the world.

His eyes continued their journey from her tiny waist, down to her slim hip, and then down to her long legs which seemed to have no end. He didn't like this woman, and seeing how his body reacted to her, he knew she was going to be a problem.

Sonia cleared her throat to get his attention, "You are doing that staring thing again," she said in an amused tone, and when Bryan met her mocking gaze he could swear that she had stripped in front of him intentionally to get a reaction.

"You can't put on a show and expect me not to watch," he said in a lazy tone, deciding he wasn't going to feel embarrassed about being caught staring. She could easily have undressed in the bathroom but had chosen to do that in front of him. He wasn't gentlemanly enough to look away from a body like hers. No sir!

"Fair enough," Sonia said with a satisfied smile. She was going to keep revealing her body to him little by little and make him lust over her. Lust was a good enough start for her.

She walked over to the drawers in the closet and took out her night wears which consisted of a matching set of a sexy silk bralette crop top and silk boxer shorts with lace trims, "I'll use the bathroom first," she informed him before walking into the bathroom with her phone, and the night wears.

Once inside the bathroom, she hung the night wears by the towel railing before turning on the shower to let it run so that Bryan wouldn't hear anything. After that she dialed Lucy's line, "Hey love! I'm home now," she said apologetically as she sat down to ease herself, after dropping the Lucy who had been busy reading a novel stretched out on the bed, "Yeah? So how was your date?" She asked, wanting to talk about Sonia for a change since their conversations always seemed to be all about her.

"Not bad at all. Went really well for a first date," Sonia said with a happy smile.

"You bullied him into taking you out on the date, didn't you?" Lucy asked suspiciously.

Sonia giggled, "He actually bullied me into going out on a date with him. He seized my laptop and writing materials," Sonia said with a smug smile.

"He did? How come? What happened? Don't tell me he is into you now?" Lucy asked in surprise. Although she wouldn't doubt it since Sonia always had her way with guys.

"Well, he is gradually working his way there. I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Enough about me. Tell me about you," Sonia said, reminding Lucy about their conversation.

"Well, I've come up with a plan to solve all my problems. I'm starting by hanging out with Anita tomorrow," Lucy said and explained who Anita was.

"Hm. You are sure you want to do that?" Sonia asked uncertainly, remembering what the old lady had said earlier.

"Yes. He likes her after all, so I'm just doing us all a favor. I need your help though. Have you been able to find out anything about my boss?" Lucy asked hopefully.

"Just that he is very good-looking, and he is an introvert who prefers to be alone," Sonia said, and lowered her voice again, "While we were at the restaurant he called Bryan and was talking to him about you,"

Lucy's heart skipped a beat, and she sat up, "About me? Really? What did he say?" She asked curiously.

"I am yet to get the details from Bryan. I didn't want it to look too suspicious that I am showing so much interest in his brother," Sonia explained.

"But can you help me find out more? You can tell Bryan about my relationship with his brother, I don't mind. I would like to get close to him," Lucy said, making Sonia raise a brow.

"You don't mind? Why the sudden change of heart? I thought I was the mentally unstable one between us both, why are you competing with me?" Sonia asked in an amused tone.

"I figured if I become close to him, I might be able to convince him to transfer Tom to a different unit without having to lose my job," Lucy explained, and Sonia rolled her eyes at the logic.

"Hm. Are you sure you want me to do that?" Sonia asked curiously. She really didn't mind doing it though, since that meant Lucy would be interacting with two guys, Tom and Thomas Hank... She almost giggled when it occurred to her that both guys were actually bearing the same name. Tom. Or was Tom's name Thompson? Sonia wondered.

"Yes. He is making me very uncomfortable and I just don't want to have to see him everywhere all the time," Lucy explained.

"Alright then. I will see what I can do and get back to you tomorrow." Sonia promised as she raised her other hand to scratch the back of her head where she felt a itch. She heard a clinking sound but thought nothing of it as she stood up and flushed the toilet.

"What's that sound I'm hearing in the background?" Lucy asked, referring to the sound of the running water.

"It's the shower. He is in the bedroom so I'm in the bathroom," Sonia explained making Lucy sigh.

"Let's talk tomorrow then. I love you, goodnight."

"I love you more pumpkin, goodnight." Sonia said as she hung up and dropped her phone by the basin sink.

She started taking off her crop top and paused midway when she remembered the key. The Key! Her heart skipped a beat and her eyes flew to the toilet when she remembered the clinking sound she had heard a moment ago. She shook her head in denial when it clicked in her head that the sound she had heard was that of the key falling into the toilet when she raised her arm. No!

Chapter 86 - Just Stop!

Oh, God! What could she do now? Bryan had to have a spare key right? Yes! He definitely did have a spare key. There was nothing to worry about. It was an accident after all. It wasn't like she had deliberately decided to flush the key down the toilet. Bearing these thoughts in mind, Sonia proceeded to shower, and once she was done she changed into her sexy nightwear before joining Bryan in the bedroom.

Bryan raised his gaze from his phone and looked at her when she walked in. There was no denying that this crazy green-eyed witch was sexy as fuck. Keeping his hands to himself for the next couple of months would be a major issue.

His brows shot up when he noticed that she didn't have the usual mischievous glint in her eyes as she stopped at the edge of the bed. She almost looked like something was wrong. What could be wrong? He wondered as he looked at her, "Is there a problem?" He asked a second later when she remained standing by the edge of the bed like a kid who had done something wrong and was awaiting punishment.

Sonia flashed him a smile that was somewhere between nervous and apologetic, and that set off his internal alarm system, making him sit up on the bed, "What did you do?" He asked, knowing she had done something wrong.

"It's not like it was deliberate..." Before she could finish he stood up and headed for the bathroom to see if she had destroyed something.

Sonia ran after him, "Actually, I wanted to ask you something," she said from behind him as his eyes roamed around the bathroom.

When Bryan didn't find anything out of place, he turned to look at her, "Go on."

"The bedroom door... You have a spare key right?" Sonia asked with an awkward smile.

Spare key? Why was she asking? Did she... No. She couldn't lose it. There was no way, "I don't. Why? You want to seize it too?"

Sonia bit her lower lip nervously, "It kind of fell into the toilet," she said in a barely audible voice, and Bryan had to strain his ears to hear her.

Kind of fell into the toilet? Kind of? What did that even mean? "Huh? What did you say?" Bryan asked, hoping he was mistaken and hadn't heard what she said correctly.

Sonia took a step back and swallowed hard as she tried to summon the courage to repeat what she had just said, "I said the key..."

"Yes? What about it?" Bryan cut in quickly.

"Well... The thing is, it fell into the toilet while I was easing myself and I flushed it without knowing," Sonia said, counting her words very slowly so she wouldn't stutter. She had never seen him angry before now, so she didn't know how he was going to react.

Bryan took one look at how humble she looked, and decided that it was best she remained that way for a while. He doubted that the key had been flushed since it was a metal. If at all it had fallen into the toilet, it would still be inside. And even if it has been flushed he had a spare key in his drawer and two others in his study. Not that he had any intention of telling her that.

Bryan sighed deeply as he returned to the bed without saying a word to her, making Sonia hurry after him, "You have a spare key, right?"

"I don't," Bryan said flatly and turned to his side so she wouldn't see the smirk on his face.

"You don't? What are we going to do then?" Sonia asked with a worried frown.

"What do you mean WE? You locked the door. You lost the key, not WE. So I suggest you figure out a way to get us out of here," Bryan said without turning to look at her, but he had a silly grin on his face.

"You are sure you don't have a spare key?" She asked once more time as she started trying to come up with ideas on what to do.

"I don't," Bryan snapped at her, hoping that would scare her and make her even more humble.

"You are the only person I know who doesn't have a spare key. How can a person be so careless," Sonia muttered under her breath as she walked away from him, making Bryan turn to look at her in disbelief. She still had the nerves to talk back after what she had done? To think she was actually calling him careless when she was the person who had just flushed the key in the toilet. Crazy witch. Bryan mused with a snort as he stood up.

He picked up his phone and walked past Sonia who was sitting by the dressing table looking around the room like she was searching for something. Once inside the bathroom, he shut the door and turned on the shower before bending down beside the toilet. He didn't see any sign or shadow inside to show that the key had sunk there, so he decided to check the floor. Reason being that he wasn't sure she had seen the key fall into the toilet. If she had, she wouldn't have flushed. So that meant it was possible she had misplaced it in the bathroom but assumed it had fallen into the toilet.

He didn't have to look around much before he saw the single key on the floor beside the toilet. He chuckled to himself as he picked it up. And she had called him careless? He asked himself with a snort as he dropped the key by the basin sink, and undressed so he could shower.

Midway through his shower he heard a loud bang and turned off the shower so he could figure out where the sound was coming from.

"Fuck!" He cursed when he heard the sound a second time, and it occurred to him that Sonia was hitting something, probably the door. He quickly turned off the shower and just as he tried to reach for his robe which was hanging by the towel rail, he slipped, and his ankle twisted as he fell to the ground. He groaned in pain when the ankle of his right leg connected with the edge of the wall.

Bryan hissed painfully as he tried to stand up. Grateful that he hadn't hit his head on the floor. He knew very well, how easy it was for people to slip and crack their heads while bathing. He winced when he tried to stand erect, and his right foot hurt as he tried to stand on it. He ignored the pain as he reached for his robe, and limped out of the bathroom.

"What do you think you are doing?" He growled angrily, the corners of his eyes red when he saw Sonia raise something above her head to hit the door one more time.

"Trying to open the door," She said in a tone that suggested that his question was ridiculous. But once she turned to look at him and saw how red his eyes were, and how his face was twisted in pain as he took a step forward, she assumed he was mad at her for losing the key, "Don't worry, I will try to be quick," she said raising it again.

Bryan's eyes flashed angrily, "STOP!" Bryan snapped, startling her. His leg was hurting him and it was all her fault! If only she wasn't so stubborn and annoying, "Just stop!" He hissed angrily and threw the key at her, his face red, and veins standing out on his temple.

He had planned on holding on to the key and making her worry at least until morning. Who knew the crazy green-eyed witch was going to look for something to break down his door?

"The key? Where did you find it?" She asked happily as she quickly picked it up without taking note of the painful expression on his face. She pursed her lips as she looked at the door which she had dented.

Bryan drew in a shaky breath before limping towards the bed. When she heard him groan, she hurried to his side to look at him, "Did you hurt yourself?" She asked with a concerned frown when she noticed how he favored one leg as he fell on the bed. The frown deeper when she noticed the veins on his temple and how red his eyes were.

"Just leave me alone! Please!" He snapped at her, pushing off the hand she had come to place on his leg.

Sonia withdrew her hand but didn't leave. Instead, she kept staring at him and waiting for him to tell her what was wrong. When he didn't say anything but pulled his right knee towards himself to touch his ankle, she realized it was his ankle, so she brushed his hand away so she could take a look.

"Can you just leave me alone?" Bryan asked between gritted teeth and sucked in a breath when she touched a painful spot.

"No. I won't. If you are hurt I should help you," Sonia said as she kept looking at his ankle which seemed like he had dislocated it, "I think you sprained your ankle. What happened? Did you slip in the bathroom?" She asked with a concerned frown, "Hold on, I will get an ice pack so we can stop it from swelling," Sonia said as she quickly stood up and unlocked the door.

Bryan hissed angrily as he waited for her to get back while wondering where Matt had gone to, and why he hadn't come over to find out why Sonia had been trying to break down his door.. What sort of crazy lady was she? Bryan wondered, feeling sorry for himself and the bad luck that had made him propose to someone like her.

Chapter 87 - Dinner Invitation

Tom lay on the couch as he thought about what Bryan had told him earlier. Sonia's brother had committed suicide because of Lucy? What sort of relationship did they have for him to have done that? Was that why she wasn't interested in guys? Was she still mourning him? He couldn't help feeling very concerned and curious. He really wanted to know more about her.

He picked up his phone when it started ringing, and sighed when he saw Harry's name displayed on the screen, "Don't you have something better to do with your time?" Tom asked dryly once he received the call.

Harry scoffed at that, "You hurt my feelings," he said in a mocking tone as he paced around his living room aimlessly, "What are you doing right now? Let's hand out," Harry suggested, since he was very bored and in need of company.

"I know you don't know much about ladies, but that is a line you reserve for ladies, not me. You need to go out more and..."

"I learnt something new about Miss Perry today," Harry said, interrupting Tom whose ears perked up immediately at the mention of Lucy.

"What is that?" Tom asked eagerly, unable to hide his curiosity.

Gotcha! Harry thought with a smirk, "If you come over to my place within the next thirty minutes, I will tell you," Harry offered, making a scowl appear on Tom's face.

"Why can't you just say it over the phone?"

"Because I'm bored and I'd rather tell it to you over a game of Soccer or Mortal Kombat. It's been long we did that," Harry suggested with a grin.

"I'm not in the mood for games."

"Then let's have a nightcap and maybe you can sleepover. How about that?" Harry asked making Tom narrow his eyes suspiciously.

"Why do I feel like you have nothing important to say to me and I'm just going to waste my time by visiting you?"

"You will never know if you don't come, will you?" Harry asked, hoping Tom would bite the bait and come keep him company, "Plus we need to talk about some other important work stuff as well," Harry added, knowing that was the extra motivation Tom would need to be on his way.

"Work? What work stuff?"

"Don't you think you are asking me too many questions? Do I even need to give you reasons to come over to my house when I want to see you? You know what? If you're going to come, then be on your way. If not, then goodnight!" Harry snapped at him impatiently and hung up before Tom could say anything else.

Tom glanced at his phone in surprise wondering why Harry was acting up all of a sudden. He contemplated Harry's invitation for only a minute before ordering for a taxi ride. He walked into the bedroom and picked up a t-shirt and three-quarter shorts from his luggage which he was yet to unpack. Once he changed into the clothes he walked out of the house.

He stopped in front of Lucy's door and briefly contemplated checking on her before leaving. He raised his hand to the door, and dropped it at the last minute, deciding it was best to let her be for the evening. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Maybe she would think about him more if he didn't bother her for some time. He wouldn't text, call, nor show up in front of her until it was time for their dinner date. With that thought in mind, he walked away.

"Hey!"

Tom turned around when he heard Jasmine's voice, and saw her smiling and waving at him as she walked up to him with Alicia beside her, "Hey!" He greeted back awkwardly.

"Looks like you're going out," Alicia observed as she looked at him with gleaming eyes.

"Yeah. Need to meet up with a friend," Tom said, not knowing what else to say to the ladies. It seemed like he never really had much to say to ladies unless it was Lucy. He had realized that he seemed to always have something to say only to her.

"Cool. Alicia and I were planning to bring some pies over to your house to welcome you to the neighborhood officially. I'm so glad the other couple moved out. They were never really friendly and always looked down on us," Jasmine said, wrinkling her nose distastefully as she thought about the previous occupants of Tom's apartment who were homophobic.

Tom's heart skipped a beat when he realized that they could blow his cover if Lucy so much as found out that she had even moved into the neighborhood before him. How was he going to explain to her that it was mere coincidence that he had moved into not just the same neighborhood, but the

same building with her the next day after their one-night stand? Or how he had also gotten a job as her driver two days later? Lucy seemed to be a very deep thinker, and he wasn't sure she would buy whatever story he would give her.

"There won't be any need for that. And I will appreciate it if you don't let Lucy... I mean my boss. Don't let her know I recently moved into the neighborhood," Tom said with a pleading smile, and both ladies exchanged a look.

"Why not?" Alicia asked curiously, and Jasmine giggled in embarrassment as she jabbed Alicia's side with her elbow to stop her from asking him such a personal question.

"Sure. We won't say a word to her," Jasmine said much to Tom's relief, as he wasn't sure what excuse he would have given.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. So how about we invite you over for dinner?" Jasmine asked hopefully.

Tom scratched the back of his ear, "Sorry. I'm not sure I will be coming back tonight," Tom said with an apologetic smile.

"No. Definitely not tonight. We are asking about tomorrow. Will you be available?" Alicia asked hopefully.

"I already have dinner arrangements for tomorrow," Tom said with a wince.

"Oh-oh!" Alicia exclaimed sadly and her face fell in disappointment, thinking Tom didn't want to have dinner with them.

"What about Sunday night?" Jasmine asked, looking at him with hopeful eyes as she didn't want Alicia who was looking forward to the dinner to be disappointed.

"Sunday? Can I think about it?" Tom asked thoughtfully.

"Sure you can. But it really isn't a big deal. Just dinner between us neighbors," Alicia assured him with a small smile. It really was going to be a simple dinner since all they wanted was to get to know him better so they could see if he was good enough to father their child. He has the physical qualities they needed. But now they wanted to know about his intellectual qualities as well as his background.

"Alright. I hope you don't mind if I bring my boss with me?" Tom asked hopefully since he didn't want to be alone with these ladies that looked like they wanted to devour him. He realized that he didn't even know what the relationship was between both ladies, but he assumed they were either sisters or friends, and he wasn't curious enough to ask them anything. The only person he wanted to know anything about was Lucy, and maybe during the dinner, he could observe how well she interacted with others.

Alicia and Jasmine exchanged a look again, and Alicia shrugged her shoulders, giving Jasmine the go-ahead she needed, "If that would make you more comfortable, I don't see why not. You can bring her along," Jasmine said with a cheerful smile, and Tom nodded.

"We could also invite her over that way it would make better sense for you both to come together. How about that?" Alicia asked, and Tom flashed her a smile.

"I will appreciate that. Thank you."

"You're welcome. I suppose that's your cab over there?" Jasmine asked, pointing to the cab that just drove into the street.

"Yeah. I have to run now so I don't keep my friend waiting," Tom said with a wave as he hurried away in quick steps.

"Something is going on between them, don't you think?" Alicia asked thoughtfully as they both watched Tom get into the cab.

"Yeah. I wonder what it is though," Jasmine said, pursing her lips thoughtfully.

"I guess we can find out on Sunday. It's not too late to invite her for dinner, is it?" Alicia asked, staring in the direction of Lucy's apartment.

"Let's see if she will answer her doorbell," Jasmine suggested as she slid her arm across Alicia's waist and they walked over to Lucy's house.

Lucy who had been about to doze off while reading was jolted awake by the sound of her doorbell. She glanced towards the living room anxiously, wondering why Tom was there. Did he perhaps change his mind about what he had to do, and wanted them to have sex tonight? She wondered with a yawn as she looked down at the oversized top she was wearing.

She was just going to see what he wanted and tell him to come back tomorrow night as planned. She was feeling too sleepy and was in no way ready for sex or any company tonight. With that thought in mind, she stood up and headed for the door. Her brows shot up in surprise when she opened the door and saw Jasmine and Alicia standing there with a smile on their faces, "Hi!"

"Hi!" She responded without stepping back to let them in. It was late and the last thing she wanted was anyone's company.

"Hi! I'm Alicia. We are your neighbors," Alicia said conversationally.

"I know," Lucy replied curtly.

"We were hoping if you will be kind enough to have dinner with us on Sunday night?" Alicia asked, looking at her hopefully.

Lucy looked from one to the other before saying, "Okay.." Surprising both ladies.

Chapter 88 - Goodbye!

Bryan had a glare in his eyes as he watched Sonia hold an ice pack against his ankle which was slightly elevated above his body using pillows. He was feeling very angry and he wanted nothing more than to yell at her, but he couldn't even find the strength to do so. He felt like it would be a waste of time doing that since he was dealing with a stubborn witch.

His doctor had arrived a while ago and after taking a look at his ankle had told him he needed to stay off his feet for at least a week so that his ankle could heal properly. That meant he was stuck in his house with this stubborn, crazy witch.

"Why are you so quiet?" Sonia asked curiously when she noticed how he kept glaring at her but didn't say anything. Why was he still angry with her when they had seen the key?

"Can you please, not talk to me? I don't even want to hear your voice," Bryan growled at her. Thankfully the doctor had given him medicine for the pain, so all he was feeling was a dull ache now. Still, he was mad at her and the sound of her voice grated on his nerves.

"And why is that? You were angry over the key I lost, and now we have seen it. Everything is fine," she said, making him want to bare his teeth at her.

How could she say everything was fine? Was she blind or deaf? Hadn't she heard what the doctor said? Didn't she understand what that meant? He wasn't even in the mood to start explaining any of that to her, so he lay back on the bed and shut his eyes, while she kept rubbing his ankle with the ice pack. The doctor had said they should do that for twenty minutes every two hours. His only consolation was that Sonia wasn't going to be getting a good night's sleep since she would have to wake up every two hours to apply the ice pack.

"By the way, where did you keep my laptop and jotter?" Sonia asked as she stood up from the bed, getting ready to walk away with the ice pack and keep it for the next round.

Bryan slowly opened his eyes to look at her. She wasn't thinking he was going to let her work when he wasn't going to be able to work for the next couple of days, was she? As long as he had to stay off his feet for the next couple of weeks, she would also have to stay away from her laptop. No writing or touching her laptop. As long as he was incapacitated because of her, she was also automatically incapacitated.

"Huh?" Sonia asked as she waited for Bryan to respond to her question.

"Why do you ask?" Bryan asked, switching from angry to polite now.

"Because I need to get back to my work," Sonia said in a matter-of-fact tone, and Bryan snorted derisively.

"Sorry babes, you won't be getting back to your writing anytime soon until I am fully recovered," Bryan said, making Sonia's brow arch.

"Meaning?"

"Meaning as long as your darling fiance is unable to move, you can't do anything either. You have to take care of me, especially because you put me in this condition!" Bryan said with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

How could he blame her for his own carelessness? Sonia wondered as her mouth dropped open in disbelief, before she quickly recovered, "Put you in you in this condition? Me? You have got to be fucking kidding me! Do I look like the bathroom tile? Or did you hit your head when you fell? When did I ever put you in that condition?" Sonia snapped at him, her green eyes blazing angrily.

She was mad at him? Like seriously? Bryan mused in disbelief. Choosing not to engage in any argument with her, he adjusted the pillows under him and shut his eyes. It wasn't like she had any idea where he had hidden her laptop anyway. Even if she went into his study to search for it, he knew she wasn't going to find it, so he wasn't bothered.

He opened his eyes when he heard her storm out of the room and shut the door angrily, and then he let out a soft sigh. How would he be able to cope with being under the same roof with her even for a

week? It was even more annoying now, knowing that he would have to rely on her to move around the house.

Now where the fuck was Matt when you needed him? Bryan wondered as he picked up his phone to dial Matt's line again. He had tried to reach him several times over the phone before the doctor arrived, but Matt had either not been close to his phone, or wasn't willing to answer his call. Or was he in his bedroom with Candy? Bryan reasoned with a thoughtful frown.

He quickly shut his eyes when he heard Sonia returning to the bedroom. She stopped beside the bed and looked down at him, while he pretended to be fast asleep.

Sonia glared at him, briefly considering whether or not to drag him off the bed so he would tell her where he had kept her laptop. She had gone in search of her laptop but had been unable to find it.

She doubted that he was really sleeping. She leaned forward to look into his face, but when he didn't move, she sighed as she straightened herself and stepped back. Knowing there was nothing else she could do about the situation at that moment, she walked over to the other side of the bed, and lay down, while facing him.

She set her alarm to wake her up in two hours and moved closer to him so that there was only a small space between them. Maybe he was just upset about his leg. Hopefully, he will be in a better mood by morning, and return her laptop to her, Sonia thought as she drifted off to sleep.

Bryan remained there with his eyes closed and waited for some time until he heard the soft snores coming from her before he opened his eyes. He was surprised to see that she was lying down so close to him.

Looking into her beautiful angelic face, with her mischievous eyes closed, and her mouth shut, she looked very innocent and normal. His eyes remained on her face, taking in the shape of her large eyes and her long lashes. His gaze moved to her small pointed nose, and then her lips. His eyes lingered on her pink bow-shaped lips for some time, before moving to her chest which kept rising and falling as she slept. He could make out the outline of her nipple through the light material. Once he felt a stir in his groin, he quickly returned his gaze to her face before looking away from her. The last thing he wanted was to be sexually attracted to someone like her.

What was he going to do with her for a week? He had never had a lady with him for such a long duration. What were they going to talk about? What were they going to do? Now that he had to stay off his feet, it meant that there was no way he could leave the house. He did not doubt that the next couple of days were going to be very frustrating for him. He intended to frustrate her just as much anyway. There will be no writing for her, and she definitely won't be going anywhere without him either. They were going to be stuck with each other. She wanted a fiancee? She had gotten one. Hopefully, if he played his cards right, she would want to call off everything and leave even before the end of the first week.

Meanwhile, in another room down the hall, Matt was lying down naked on the bed beside Candace, "Wow! You are something!" He said breathlessly as they both tried to catch their breath.

"You aren't so bad yourself," Candace said with a playful smile as she sat up on the bed.

"Not so bad, huh? How about I show you how good I can be?" Matt asked with a naughty smile as he reached out to grab her, but she quickly moved away.

"You should probably check your phone while I dress up. Maybe it's urgent," She suggested as she started picking up her clothes which were strewn across the floor.

"If it was important either Bryan or Sonia would have come looking for me already. Why are you in a hurry to leave?" Matt asked as he sat up on the bed, watching her walk over to the bathroom with her clothes to clean up.

"I have to pick up my son from the babysitter's place. I'm late already," She said without turning to look at him.

Matt who had completely forgotten that she had mentioned being a single mother during one of their chats quickly got out of the bed and walked over to the bathroom door, "I thought you were joking when you mentioned being a single mother," he said as from the doorway, not wanting to go inside since he knew that even though they had just had sex, she still needed her privacy.

"Now why would I joke about something like that?" Candace asked dryly as she dressed up.

"I don't know. I just didn't think you were serious," Matt said with a slight frown.

"Well, now you know. It doesn't matter whether or not you're cool with it anyway, since I'm sure we won't be seeing each other after tonight," Candace said as she walked out of the bathroom, completely dressed.

"And why is that?" Matt asked in confusion.

"Because I don't think I like the idea of getting mixed up with celebrities. If I had known from the onset that you were an actor I never would have agreed to go on a date with you. Having something to do with you would mean my business becomes public business. I don't want my son finding out what his mother does for a living from other people," Candace said matter of factly as she walked over to the bedside drawer and picked up her handbag.

Matt grabbed her arm before she could pick up her handbag, "So why did you leave the restaurant with me? Why did you have sex with me?" Matt asked in confusion.

Candace shrugged, "I just thought that it would be a waste of all that spark between us if we don't get down to it. It shouldn't be a big deal to you anyway, I'm sure someone like you wasn't thinking of dating someone like me anyway," She said with a wry smile as she placed her other hand over his hand which was holding her arm, and gently detached it.

"I need to hurry.. Goodbye," Candace said as she picked up her handbag and quickly walked away, leaving Matt who was staring after her in disbelief.

Chapter 89 - So Many Lies.

Harry who was sipping from a glass of wine while watching a movie and waiting for sleep to come, looked at the door when he heard the sound of his doorbell. He let out a sigh as he wondered why Tom preferred to use the doorbell even when he knew the door's passcode. He decided to ignore him, hoping he would get the drift and open the door himself, but Tom kept ringing the doorbell.

When Harry got tired of the disturbing sound, he dropped the wineglass on the table and stood up. Once he got to the door he confirmed that his visitor was Tom through the security monitor, before unlocking the door. He returned to the living room without waiting for Tom.

"What took you so long to open the door?" Tom asked with a scowl.

"What stopped you from opening the damn door yourself when you already know the passcode?" Harry fired back, returning his scowl.

"Looks like someone is in a foul mood," Tom commented before glancing at the television screen, "You must have been very bored to be seeing a movie. No wonder you were begging me to visit," Tom observed. Harry wasn't really a fan of movies, as he preferred playing games when he wasn't busy with work, and only watched movies when he wanted to fall asleep.

"I don't remember begging you. Why are you here, anyway?" Harry asked grudgingly without looking at him, even though they both knew that deep down he was glad that Tom had shown up.

"What other reason could I have for coming here other than to keep your bored ass company?" Tom asked dryly as he sat on the couch next to Harry, and picked up one of the pads on the table.

Taking that as his cue, Harry stood up and walked over to set up the play station, "Mortal Kombat or Soccer?" He asked as he picked up the game discs.

"Mortal Kombat. I'm in the mood to beat up your ass," Tom said good-naturedly, making Harry snort as he inserted the disc before picking up the other pad, and returning to his seat.

Neither of them said a word to each other as they selected their players. Tom picked Scorpion, while Harry picked Sub-Zero. They played in silence for a while, and when Harry noticed that Tom was about to win him at the second game, he said, "So I spoke with Miss Perry earlier on at the office."

On hearing Lucy's name, Tom turned to look at Harry with a slightly raised brow, "About?"

Harry kept his gaze on the screen and made sure to hit Tom's player hard while he was distracted, "About the fiance she talked about the last time, remember?" Harry asked turning to look at Tom with a grin after he won that round.

"You deliberately said that to distract me, didn't you?" Tom asked with a chuckle, "It's funny that you had to rely on such cheap tricks to win the game. Loser," Tom said, shaking his head as he dropped his pad.

"Whatever. Anyway, I think you should talk to your brother about getting her a role in the movie industry. She is a very good actress, believe me," Harry said, making Tom chuckle as he reached out to pick up Harry's wineglass.

"What did she say this time?" Tom asked as he took a sip from the glass while waiting curiously to hear the lie Lucy had spawned. Tom listened attentively as Harry gave him the details of his conversation with Lucy, and by the time Harry finished, Tom's body was shaking with laughter.

"She is impressive, don't you think?" Tom asked Harry who shook his head.

"She is just as crazy as you are," Harry countered.

"Well, I'm beginning to think that crazy isn't so bad," Tom said making Harry sigh as he looked him over.

"Talking about crazy, when are you going to restore your hair to its original shape, and take off those godforsaken earrings?" Harry asked with a scowl.

"What do you mean original shape? There is nothing wrong with the way I look now. Don't you want to change your appearance too?" Tom asked with a grin, tapping Harry's shoulder playfully.

"I'm being serious here."

"And I'm being serious too. Do you know something I've come to realize in the past couple of days? I don't think I am the gentleman I thought I was all these years. I have some naughtiness to me," Tom said with a grin and chuckled when Harry raised both hands to cover his ears.

"Don't worry, I will be giving you lessons soon," Tom said, making Harry raise his eyes upward in disbelief.

"How far have you gone with her to make you so confident in your abilities?" Harry asked as he dropped his pad on the couch between them.

"I'm slowly making progress. I'm having a dinner date with her tomorrow. In my apartment," Tom said with a wink.

Harry snorted, "You can't even cook to save your life."

"Well, she doesn't know that. At least not yet. Besides, I didn't tell her I was going to do the cooking."

"Don't you think the lies are becoming too much and too complex? You are supposed to keep things simple. It's bad enough that you're hiding your identity already, but all these lies?" Harry asked with disapproval.

"Don't worry, I don't intend to lie about something as simple as that. I will be there with the chef when he prepares the meal, and I will let her know I was there but didn't do the cooking. Besides, I haven't told her a lie that wasn't vital to my plan. Everything will be cleared up once I reveal my identity to her," Tom said, and Harry shrugged.

"By the way, what do you intend to do about the meeting we have next week with the retained executive staff of Oceans airline? Remember the plan is for you to attend the meeting and let Mr. Wyatt officially introduce you to them as the new CEO?" Harry asked, reminding him of the initial plans they had before they found out about Anita.

"I can't reveal my identity to them now that we know Anita is there, can I?" Tom asked with a slightly raised brow.

"Why not? I don't see any reason why you need to change your plans or hide your identity from her. She has lost her chance already, you don't have to hide from her," Harry said with a serious frown.

"I know all of that. But I don't think it would be a good idea to let her know who I am yet. I will rather reveal my identity to everyone at once after revealing it to Lucy. I don't want her to find out about me before I get the chance to work things out with her," Tom said thoughtfully.

"So what are you going to do? We both know you have to be at that meeting since Mr. Wyatt would be there. Unless of course, you'd rather go there in your disguise," Harry said with a trace of sarcasm in his voice. He groaned when Tom's eyes lit up at the idea.

"I can do that, can't I?" Tom asked, both corners of his lips curving upwards in a smile.

Harry sighed wearily, "Why do I feel like I always end up giving you bad advice without even meaning to?"

"The idea is perfect. We will attend the meeting and I will let you do all the talking as usual. I will only speak once or twice when necessary," Tom said, and Harry shrugged.

"Whatever you say, boss. Let's get back to the game.. I'm ready to kick your ass," Harry said, returning his attention to the game now that they had gotten every other subject out of the way.

Chapter 90 - Friends Hangout (1)

Lucy decided to sleep in on Saturday morning, since she wasn't going to the office and as such didn't see any reason to rush out. Once she finally woke up around 10 AM, she picked up her phone and the first thing she saw was a text message from Anita which contained her home address details.

Now that it was the day to go out, she wasn't really feeling much like stepping out of the house. All she wanted to do was curl up on her bed and read a novel, or surf the net. Anything that didn't involve dressing up and leaving her house. This was the reason she didn't like having friends since friendships always involved visits, and that was something she wasn't cut out for.

She encouraged herself by reminding herself that it was just a temporary friendship, and it was for the greater good. Once she managed to connect Anita and Tom, she would step back and let them both do their thing.

Lucy decided to clean up her house and fix breakfast for herself before leaving for Anita's place. Looking around the apartment, there wasn't really much to clean since she always kept everything in place. Still, she picked up a napkin and started to clean her already clean furniture.

As she got busy with cleaning her thoughts drifted to her conversation with Sonia the previous evening, and from there to Tom. She briefly wondered what he was up to, and why she hadn't heard from him all morning. Or perhaps he wasn't reaching out to her because she had said she would be busy? Lucy mused, and then quickly discarded the thought once she realized what she was doing. He wasn't her business. He was just her neighbor, and driver, and as such there was no reason for him to reach out to her during the weekends.

Soon she got very busy with tidying up the place and tried not to think of anything concerning Tom. After ensuring that everywhere was clean and there was no speck of dust on any furniture, she settled down to eat a bowl of cereal.

Now that she was idle, thoughts of Tom came back to her, and with it came the reminder that they were having dinner that evening. Her heart skipped a beat when she remembered her dinner date with Tom. The thought of the evening ahead made her feel increasingly anxious with each passing second. When she couldn't bear it anymore, she pushed away from the table, disposed of the cereals, and washed the bowl before leaving the kitchen.

Once inside her bedroom, she walked to the closet to pick out the clothes she was going to wear out. She opened the drawer containing her undies, and her face flushed a deep shade of red when she remembered the texts Tom had sent to her the previous day.

"Look at you getting all flustered, and he isn't even here," She chided herself as she raised both hands to her cheeks.

Had he looked through her drawer? Maybe not. He acted a lot like a bad boy, but something told her he wasn't the type to do something as creepy as looking through her drawers.

Walking over to the bathroom, she stopped when she noticed her pant hanger on the towel railing. Those must have been the undies he saw, Lucy thought to herself as she took out the dry undies from the hanger and folded them before returning them to the bedroom.

As she arranged the undies in her drawer, she tried to face a subject she had been avoiding all morning. The issue of sex with Tom later that evening. Even though she had been the one who had suggested it, she was feeling very nervous thinking about it now that the time for it was drawing near.

She swallowed as she looked at the undies. Since they were going to be having sex that evening, she was going to have to sort through her clothes for not just a sexy dress to wear to their dinner date, but sexy undies as well.

She picked out a new pair of matching lace oxblood-colored pant and strapless push-up bra which she was yet to wear since she purchased them. She decided that she was going to wear that for the occasion. It wasn't every time that a girl lost her virginity twice was it?

After that, she looked through her closet trying to find a sexy gown she could wear and smiled when she sighted a mini dress her mother had gotten her during the last year's Christmas, but she had never gotten the chance to wear it. It was a strapless blue sequin dress with a deep V-neck. She was sure her mother would be proud of her if she found out she was wearing it to a dinner date.

Now that she had gotten everything she needed ready for their dinner date, she focused on getting ready to visit Anita, since it was almost noon already.

Forty-five minutes later her car rolled to a stop in front of the address Anita had sent her, thanks to Google map, and she got out of it. She looked around the fancy neighborhood with interest before walking to the door and ringing the doorbell.

"Coming!" She heard Anita's voice before the door was pulled open the next second. Within those few seconds, both ladies sized each other up. Anita noticed that, unlike most ladies she knew, Lucy was dressed comfortably rather than to impress. Lucy wore simple black jean trousers with a brown cashmere, and black pair of sneakers. Her face was bare save for the lipgloss she had applied as an afterthought, and her hair was packed in a ponytail as usual, with her glasses in place. Not a competition at all, Anita thought with satisfaction.

In contrast to Lucy's clothes, Anita was dressed in a stylish blue-colored knee-length gown, her face was well made up, and her long hair fell around her shoulders in cascades. Lucy could see why Tom would be attracted to someone like her. Anita was picture perfect!

"I thought you changed your mind," Anita said with a welcoming smile as she held the door for Lucy to get in.

"I was tempted to. But here I am," Lucy said spreading out her arms with an awkward smile on her face as she walked into the house.

Anita giggled, assuming that Lucy was joking, "You're welcome. Please make yourself at home," Anita said as she walked over to the kitchen to get them something to munch on, while Lucy looked around the apartment. She had to admit that Anita's taste showed not just in her appearance and clothes but also the decor of her apartment. Now she worried if Tom would be able to afford to be with someone like Anita. She quickly reminded herself that Tom had been to Anita's apartment before, and if he thought he had a chance with her, then she had no say in the matter. All she was here to do, after all, was matchmake and increase his chances of helping him get the lady he desired.. He didn't have to know that she was helping him smoothen his path in the background.