

Wild Night 901

Chapter 901 Incredibly Brave

Lucy eyes fluttered open to the soft morning light filtering through the bedroom curtains. She smiled when she felt Tom's arms wrapped around her waist and she turned to look at him.

She smiled at the peaceful expression on his face, his tousled hair and the gentle rise and fall of his chest. She felt a surge of affection for him and decided that this was the perfect moment to start their day with some light-hearted fun.

She leaned over and began showering Tom's face with soft kisses, starting from his forehead and working her way down to his cheeks, nose, and finally his lips. Tom stirred, a sleepy smile spreading across his face as he opened his eyes, chuckling softly.

"Good morning," he said, his voice still husky with sleep. "What's all this about?"

"Good morning, my love," Lucy replied, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I just thought we should start our day with a little bit of love. We have a long day ahead of us, and I wanted to spend some time together before we face it all."

Tom chuckled, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "That's usually my line."

"I see no reason why I can't make it mine, do you?" Lucy asked and he grinned.

"I don't. You're right, we do have a long day. But you know, you're making it a lot better already as you almost always do."

"Almost?" She asked with a scowl and he chuckled.

"Some days you can be annoying. But that doesn't mean I love you any less," Tom assured her with a grin.

"Like you're always sweet yourself," she said with an eye roll.

"We both know I am," Tom said and Lucy snorted.

"You know what? Let's just focus on having a nice morning," she suggested and Tom chuckled.

"I thought we were doing that already," Tom pointed out.

"What's nice about saying your girlfriend is annoying? Perhaps your annoying girlfriend should pack up her bags and leave," Lucy said and Tom laughed.

"If you do that, I'd just pack up and leave with you. You know I can't live without my annoying girlfriend," Tom said, kissing her neck and Lucy pressed her lips together to keep from smiling.

"I think we need a break," Lucy said with her nose raised in the air.

"You forgot to add fast to it," Tom said and she raised a brow.

"You think we need a break fast?" She asked and he chuckled.

"Yes. The only kind of break we need is breakfast," he said with a wink and Lucy laughed.

"So, tell me," she said, settling down beside him and resting her head on his shoulder. "What was your phone call with Barry about last night? You were away for so long that I fell asleep before you came back to bed."

Tom's expression grew serious, and he sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Barry found evidence that Henry was responsible for all that happened to Mia's family. There is more. Henry is planning to divorce Mia."

"Divorce? That's great. I guess he must love Diana a lot and wants to marry her," Lucy said with a happy smile, glad that everything would be resolved easily.

"Knowing Henry, I'm not sure it is so great. Especially as he's been making some suspicious moves lately," Tom said with another sigh.

Lucy's eyes widened with concern. "What kind of moves?" She asked, turning to look up into his face.

Tom hesitated, then looked at her with a grim expression. "He recently acquired an abandoned property. The place used to be an asylum. It seems like he is making plans to have Mia locked up there secretly."

Lucy shuddered, fear creeping into her heart. "That's horrifying!" She exclaimed, and Tom nodded as he took her hand and squeezed it reassuringly.

"Yes, it is. Don't worry, we won't let that happen. We're going to make sure Mia is safe," he promised.

"How can one human be so evil? How can he be so cruel?" Lucy asked, unable to understand how Henry would want to do something like that to Mia.

"I wish I could answer that. But I can't. Anyway, there's something else. Last night, I spoke to Diana."

Lucy looked at him with a mix of surprise and curiosity. "Diana? Why? Did you reveal your identity to her? What did you talk about?"

"No, I didn't reveal my identity to her. I wanted to know her exact plans for Henry seeing as he is willing to divorce Mia so he can have her," Tom explained, recalling the conversation between him and Diana the night before.

Barry had called from a burner phone and connected the calls so that Diana wouldn't be able to trace it back to him.

"Tom, it's Barry. I'm going to call Diana now."

"Thanks, Bar. I will take it from here."

There was a brief pause before Diana's voice came on the line, cool and composed. "Who is this? And what do you want?"

"You don't need to know who I am. I want to talk to you about Henry."

"Why? You want to blackmail me some more? What do you want?" Diana asked in a harsh whisper.

"I need to know why you're marrying Henry. What is your plan?"

"Like I'm going to tell you. You must think me a fool..."

"You can either tell me or tell Henry about it. It's your choice. I'm your friend..."

"You're no friend of mine!" Diana hissed.

"Yes, I am. Henry is both our enemies. That makes us friends, doesn't it? It means we need each other. It would be easier if we worked together. That way we won't interfere with each other's plans," Tom said calmly.

Diana sighed, a weary sound. "Why is he your enemy? What did he do to you?"

"I can't tell you that.."

"Then how are we friends? How can you expect me to trust you when you don't even trust me enough to tell me who you are?" Diana asked in disbelief.

"You can trust me seeing as I haven't told Henry all I know about you including about your fake pregnancy. If you answer my questions, then I will answer yours," Tom said and she sighed again.

"What is your question?"

"What do you plan to do to Henry?"

"I plan to kill him."

"Then why are you marrying him?" Tom asked curiously.

"Why are you asking me these questions? Are you recording our conversation right now so you can take it to Henry?" She asked suspiciously.

"What can I do to prove to you that whatever you tell me won't get to Henry?" Tom asked and Diana considered it for a moment.

"Answer my questions," Diana said and Tom nodded.

"Alright. You can ask me whatever you want apart from my name. I won't give you that."

"Tell me honestly. Is the new chef working for you?" She asked curiously.

"How can he work for me when you have an agency for that?" Tom asked back.

"Then why did you ask me to fire the previous chef?" She asked suspiciously.

"I wanted to see how much power you wield in that place and how obedient you can be as it would determine your usefulness to me," Tom said easily.

"Usefulness?" She repeated.

"Yes. I thought you were going to be in my way and was going to get rid of you until I found out your true identity. It's easier to do what I want with you in there. Your being there serves my purpose."

"What did Henry do to you?" She asked curiously.

"He hurt someone close to me. He hurt her deeply, and then he crossed a line he shouldn't have crossed by disrespecting someone dear to me. Listen, I need to be sure that we won't be in each

other's way, so I want to know what you plan to do. Maybe you can help me and I can be of help to you."

"I don't need your help to ruin him. I can do it all on my own," Diana said simply, "I'm going to get married to him. By that I will have access to everything he owns, and then I can dismantle his empire piece by piece. I will expose him for the monster he is, destroy his legacy and all he has labored for and then I will kill him."

"And his wife?" Tom asked curiously.

"Vanessa is innocent. I'm going to get him to divorce her so she doesn't have to suffer in all of this. I hope whatever you plan to do, you will leave her out of it. She has suffered enough already in his hands. She doesn't have to suffer more because of him," Diana said and Tom nodded.

"You believe so? Why? Did Henry say anything to you?" He asked, wanting to know how much she knew.

"He didn't have to. I plan to look after her," she said simply.

"You will be putting yourself at great risk. Why don't you stand back and let me do this?" Tom offered.

"I know the risks. And I'm willing to take them. Henry has hurt too many people, and it's time he pays for it."

As Tom recounted the conversation to Lucy, she listened intently, her concern for Diana growing with each passing moment.

"But what if he finds out what she's doing?" Lucy asked thoughtfully

"We are making sure he won't. And if he does, we will be a step ahead of him and make sure she doesn't get hurt."

Lucy nodded with approval. "She is incredibly brave."

Tom agreed. "Yes, she is. But we need to be smart about this. Henry is dangerous and cunning. We can't underestimate him."

They sat in silence for a moment, the weight of the situation heavy on their minds. Then, Lucy spoke again. "So, what's next?"

"We are going to reveal everything to Mia's parents anonymously. They need to know that Henry is their enemy. That way he won't be able to use them against her again," Tom said and Lucy frowned.

"Don't you think her father might confront Henry? Won't that make him know that someone is on to him? He might even suspect Mia. And from there he could connect the dots," Lucy said thoughtfully.

Tom nodded, "I thought about that too. I will discuss it further with Harry and we will decide on whether to go ahead with it or not," Tom said and Lucy nodded.

"Alright. Let's go freshen up and have breakfast. By the way, Sonia will be coming over tonight. We agreed to have a sleepover with Jade," Lucy said and Tom sighed.

"That's a good idea. I will leave her with you both and go spend the night with Harry."

Chapter 902 FaceTime And Selfies

The soft glow of the television cast flickering shadows across the room as Tyler and Lucas sat side by side, the sound of their favorite series, House MD, filling the comfortable silence.

Tyler, with his legs stretched out on the ottoman, glanced sideways at Lucas, and his lips curled into an amused smile when he noticed that Lucas was once again glancing at the wall clock and his phone as though he was waiting for something. Or rather someone.

"Are you going somewhere?" Tyler asked with mock curiosity.

"No. Where would I be going at this time?" Lucas asked with a frown.

"Then are you waiting for a delivery? Perhaps pizza?" Tyler asked and Lucas scowled at him.

"Why are you asking me that?"

Tyler grinned, "You seem to be waiting for something. I've noticed you glancing at your phone and the clock a couple of times now. Wait. Are you waiting for Amy to text or call?" he teased lightly and chuckled when Lucas glared at him, his cheeks flushing slightly.

"No," he muttered defensively, turning his attention back to the television.

But his lie was betrayed almost instantly as his phone buzzed, and he quickly picked it up to check it while Tyler kept watching him.

Lucas' face fell when he saw it was just a spam message, and he dropped the phone with a hiss of annoyance.

Tyler chuckled, the sound rich with amusement. "Sure, you're not waiting for Amy to wake up," he said, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

Lucas shot him a dark look, feeling the need to defend himself. "How are you so sure it's not Lucy I'm waiting for? Or my parents? Besides, Amy is just my friend."

"Of course, she is," Tyler replied, raising his hands in mock surrender. "I never said she was anything more," he said, deliberately ignoring his reference to Lucy and his parents.

Lucas's expression softened slightly, but he still felt the need to clarify. "Really, she's just a friend." Tyler nodded, a knowing smile playing on his lips. "Really, I know. By the way, I've noticed you seem more relaxed and happier now than you did when you first got here," he said, changing the subject slightly but keeping the conversation light.

"It's not because of Amy," Lucas said quickly.

Tyler's smile widened. "I never said it was because of Amy. I'm just glad to see you happy. I don't care if it's because of Amy or not. But if Amy is behind it, you should tell me so I can thank her for reviving my best friend."

Lucas scoffed, trying to mask his embarrassment. "You sound like an old man right now."

Tyler laughed. "I am old. We are not getting any younger, you know?" Tyler said and they both returned their attention to the television.

"If you were a character in House MD, do you know who you would be?" Tyler asked after some time and Lucas shrugged.

"Foreman maybe or Wilson. I love how they both like to stick to the rules..."

"I think you'd be Dr House. You both have a way of denying your feelings. Like you, he keeps hiding his feelings for Cuddy behind the friendship and their very interesting banter," Tyler said and Lucas sighed, exasperated.

"I thought we were done with that subject?" Lucas asked and Tyler chuckled.

"I wasn't done. I will ask you one question, then I'm done," Tyler said and Lucas raised a brow.

"What?"

"Are you going to make Amy your best friend with benefits when you get back to Ludus?" Tyler asked with a grin.

Lucas was taken aback by the question. "Why would you ask me that?"

Tyler leaned back, looking relaxed and slightly mischievous. "You mentioned before that you were thinking about having a friend with benefits, remember? Now that you have a female friend, I'm just curious if she fits the bill."

"No! Of course, not. Besides, Amy's not that kind of girl," Lucas said, shaking his head.

"What kind of girl is she?" Tyler asked, curious to know what Lucas thought of Amy.

"She's innocent and emotional. She's the kind of girl you date for the long term," he said dismissively.

Tyler resisted the urge to grin, "So you're just going to stay friends with her?"

"Yes," Lucas affirmed, his voice firm.

"You're not going to date her for the long term?" Tyler asked again.

"No," Lucas said and Tyler nodded.

"Well, good luck with that," he said, a hint of skepticism in his voice. "I'm heading to bed." He said, standing up and stretching.

"Goodnight," Lucas said, relieved that Tyler was leaving and he didn't have to continue with the conversation.

As Tyler walked away, Lucas rose and turned off the television before heading to his bedroom too.

After getting ready for bed, he decided that he has waited long enough and picked up his phone to send Amy a text.

Away from there, Amy woke up to the soft chime of her phone. She reached for it groggily, and a smile spread across her face when she saw the message was from Lucas.

[Knock Knock] it read.

She quickly typed back a response. [Who's there?]

[Ion] he replied.

[Ion who?] she texted back.

[I don't know if you're awake, but since you answered I guess you are, so I'm going to call now. Good morning.]

Amy giggled as she read his text, [Sure.] Amy texted back and rose to stretch as she waited for his call.

It was three weeks now since they became weekend buddies and Lucas never failed to wake her up on Saturdays or talk to her in the morning before she went about her day.

Saturday mornings had become the highlight of her weeks, and she loved her weekends more now because of their discussions.

Amy received Lucas' call the moment it came in, and she smiled as his voice filled her speaker.

"Hey, buddy! Slept well?" He asked, and she grinned.

"Yup. I did. How was your day? And how did the presentation go?" Amy asked since Lucas had told her he had a presentation that week, when they spoke over the last weekend.

"It was alright, I guess," Lucas said and Amy raised a brow.

"You guess?" She asked, wondering what happened.

"Yeah. I don't want to talk about it," he said, and something in his tone told Amy that he was embarrassed about whatever it was that had happened.

She giggled, "Why not? What did you do?"

"I didn't say I did anything," Lucas said and Amy grinned.

"But something happened. What happened? Tell me," she urged him.

"No," he said, and Amy laughed.

"You're going to make me imagine all sorts of things if you don't tell me what happened," she said and Lucas' lips twitched.

"Your imagination is yours. Feel free to imagine whatever you want," Lucas said, since there was no way he was going to tell her that he had done the presentation the whole time without knowing his zipper was open, and it wasn't until it was time for questions that one of the ladies in his class had pointed it out to him.

"Are you going out for your games as usual?" he asked, changing the subject.

Seeing as he really didn't want to tell her about it, she decided not to press, "Yeah. I'm also going to the spa later," she mentioned.

"Alright. Don't forget to send me a picture when you're done." Lucas requested.

"I'm always sending you pictures, but you never send me any," she pointed out.

"You've never asked for any," he said, and she rolled her eyes.

"Alright. Send one now," she said and Lucas chuckled.

Lucas pulled the phone back and made a silly face as he took a selfie. When he was done, he sent it to her.

"I just sent it," Lucas said, and he grinned when Amy laughed after seeing the picture.

"Can we FaceTime? I'd love to see your face as we talk," she said and Lucas raised a brow.

"Are you not in a hurry to leave for your sports?"

"Seeing your face is worth going late," she assured him, and he chuckled.

"Alright. Are you decent?" He asked, since he knew she just woke up from sleep.

Amy smiled, "Yes. But give me a minute," she said and quickly hung up.

While Amy ran into the bathroom to wash her face and put on a bra, Lucas walked over to the mirror to check himself, making sure he looked presentable.

Satisfied, he returned to his phone and called her back but this time on video call.

The moment the call connected, they both looked at each other with silly grins on their faces.

"You look fine to me," Lucas said, admiring her through the screen. "Why do you need to go to the spa?"

"I need to get my facials, a massage, and do my pedicure and manicure," Amy explained.

Lucas shook his head, remembering that Rachel always did all of that too. "I've never seen the need for all of that. Guys don't do it, and we look just fine."

Amy laughed. "Guys do it. You just don't do it. And don't worry, you will see the need when you see my before and after pictures."

Lucas grinned, recalling the makeover Amy and Miley had done before their date the last time.

"You know what I just remembered?" Lucas asked and Amy shook her head, a smile tugging her lips.

"No. What?"

"The date with You and Miley. You both went to the spa before coming for that date, didn't you?" He asked and Amy laughed.

"Yes. It was Miley's idea. I really don't do this whole spa stuff. Miley is the one always making me do it. This will be my first time doing it without her," she admitted.

"Will you be okay? Want me to stay awake and keep you company?" He asked, and she smiled at his thoughtfulness.

"I will be fine. Thanks for offering," she said, and Lucas nodded.

"Alright. Have fun, okay?" He said and Amy nodded.

"Sure. I will."

"And don't forget to send me pictures," Lucas reminded her.

"I won't. Goodnight, Lucas," Amy said, her voice warm. "Talk to you later."

They hung up, both feeling a sense of satisfaction from the call. Lucas put his phone down, a smile still lingering on his face as he dozed off.

Chapter 903 Self-help

The flight back to Ludus was uneventful, but it felt like the longest flight of Harry's life. Every time he glanced at Jade, she was either looking out the window or had her eyes closed, her face set in an expression of quiet determination.

When they finally landed and disembarked, Harry felt a sense of relief mixed with sadness since this wasn't the way he had envisioned their return to be.

They collected their bags and as they made their way to the exit, Jade sighted Tom and Bryan, and she couldn't help feeling an overwhelming flood of relieve, glad that she didn't need to be in Harry's presence any longer.

She watched Tom say something to Bryan as they met them halfway, and Bryan nodded before looking her way and flashing her a smile, "Hey, baby! I missed you," Bryan said, holding out his arms to her, and Jade walked into his arms and sighed deeply as she embraced him.

"Ready to go home?" He asked, and she bobbed her head, unable to say anything, and Bryan took her luggage.

Tom on the other hand shook hands with Harry, "Your car is parked here, right? How about I drive you?" He offered, but Harry shook his head and instead of responding, he turned to look at Jade who was about to leave with Bryan.

"Take care of yourself, Jade," he called softly, and Jade who had been avoiding looking at him, looked at him, and forced a smile. "You too," she said, before walking away.

"Go with her. I'm fine," Harry said and Tom shook his head.

"You're not. Besides, Bryan, Sonia, and Lucy will be home with her. I'm sure this is not how you planned your return trip," Tom said and Harry sighed deeply.

"I really want to be alone. At least for today. Maybe we can talk tomorrow. For now, I just want to be alone," Harry said, and Tom looked at him for a moment before giving him a nod.

They both followed Bryan and Jade silently, neither of them saying a word, and when they got outside, Harry watched as Jade climbed into the car along with Tom and Bryan.

He stood there for a moment, watching as the car pulled away, feeling as though a piece of his heart was being carried away with it.

As Harry walked to his car, he couldn't shake the feeling of emptiness that had settled over him. He knew that this break was necessary, but it didn't make it any easier.

He could only hope that, in time, they would both find the clarity they needed to find their way back to each other.

The drive home was a blur. Harry's mind kept replaying the events of the previous day over and over again. He wondered what Jade was thinking and how she was feeling.

As he pulled up to his apartment building and made his way to his apartment with his bags, he sighed deeply. The familiar surroundings now felt strangely foreign. Everything reminded him of Jade, of the life they had shared, and of the uncertainty that now lay ahead.

Once again he felt the unwelcome claw of regret nip at him. He wished he had not jumped the process. He wished he had remained logical and not allowed himself to be too blinded by his emotions. He wished he had gotten her help that night after their discussion about her insecurities,

before going ahead to date her. He wished he had kept to his principles about not living together and not having sex before marriage.

As much as he enjoyed all the time he had spent with her, he wished he believed that if he had done things the right way, something like this would never have happened, and they wouldn't have to deal with these feelings of hurt right now.

The moment he walked into his apartment, he dropped his bags by the door and collapsed onto the couch, feeling utterly drained. He closed his eyes, letting the silence of the apartment wash over him.

For the first time in a long while, he was alone in his apartment, and the reality of the situation hit him hard.

Not wanting to be idle, he rose and got busy with unpacking his bags, trying to keep his mind occupied. He found the ring and the gowns Jade had packed, and his heart ached at the sight. He placed the ring in a drawer and hung the gowns in the closet, hoping that some time in the future, he would see her in them.

Away from there, all through the drive to Tom's house, Jade remained silent in the backseat, and at first Bryan had wanted to engage her in a discussion, but when she kept nodding and grunting and not saying anything, he decided to let her be.

The moment they arrived at Tom's house, Jade got out of the car, and headed inside, and Tom and Bryan exchanged a look.

"I thought you wanted to go with Harry?" Bryan asked, and Tom sighed.

"He said he wants to be alone," Tom said and Bryan shook his head.

"Jade won't say anything, and Harry wants to be alone. They didn't even break up and they are both being like this. What happens if they break up? I'm so glad I'm not you right now," Bryan said with a shake of his head.

Inside the house, Lucy and Sonia who were at balcony headed downstairs the moment one of the domestic staff informed them that Tom and Bryan were back.

As they walked down the stairs, they met Jade coming up, "Hey, Jade," Sonia greeted while Lucy stood back cautiously, looking at Jade.

"Hey, Sonia. Hello, Lucy," Jade greeted, forcing a smile.

"How are you doing? We heard about what happened. We are here for you and if you're up for it, we can have a booze party..."

"You are pregnant," Lucy reminded Sonia, and then looked at Jade, "We can have a sleepover. Let's chat, watch movies or do whatever you want all night," Lucy offered and Jade shook her head.

"No one died. And we didn't even break up. You both don't need to do any of that. And I'm not feeling up for it either. So, thanks. But I just really want to be alone," Jade said, and both Lucy and Sonia exchanged a look.

"We know that no one died and you didn't break up. But we also know that you're sad and we just want to help you feel better however we can. Is there something we can do?" Lucy asked and this time Jade's smile was more genuine.

"Thanks for worrying about me, but it will help if you all don't look at me and treat me so pitifully. It will only make me feel worse. Carry on with all you do as usual. I just need to be alone and figure out some stuff. I will be fine. I didn't die when my ex boyfriend died or when I found out he was cheating and planning to get married to someone else without my knowledge. I'm not going to die now," Jade said, and both Lucy and Sonia exchanged a glance before giving her a nod.

"Okay. But if you change your mind and you want to talk, let us know," Sonia said, and Jade gave her a nod before walking past them and continuing upstairs to her bedroom.

"She is right. Maybe we are all overreacting. Let's let her be," Sonia said and Lucy nodded.

"If I were in her shoes I'd most likely want to be left alone too," Lucy said and they both walked outside to meet Tom and Bryan who were walking in.

"Have you seen her?" Tom asked them, and they nodded.

"Yeah. She wants to be left alone. She will be fine. Let's let her be," Sonia said and Bryan frowned.

"We left her alone when that bastard died. We let her be, and where did that get her? I'm not letting her be," Bryan said but before he could walk away, Sonia held his hand.

"The situation is different this time. They are taking a break, and we all know it's for good reason. I'm sure she knows it too. Jade is smart. Let's give her time to clear her head," Sonia said calmly.

Bryan looked at Tom, and Tom gave him a nod, "If she wants to be alone, let's let her be. At least she knows she doesn't have to be alone and we are all here. It's not the same as when she was in Varis all alone and we couldn't really be there for her," Tom said and Bryan sighed.

"Don't worry too much. She will be okay," Lucy said softly.

"I will take her bags to her," Bryan said before walking away.

Inside Jade's bedroom, the moment she walked in, she got on her bed and curled up in it.

All through the duration of the flight, she had been unable to think because she had been painfully aware of his presence next to her and all she had been able to do was to keep herself from crying or reaching for his hand.

But all through the drive home from the airport, she had been deep in thought about the whole situation. As much as her heart ached, she was trying to be logical about what was going on.

She knew that this break was painful, but she also knew that it was necessary. She needed time to heal, to overcome her insecurities and fears.

She believed that the time apart would help her grow, and she would find the strength to face her problems and come out stronger on the other side. And most of all, she hoped that one day, they would be able to look back on this time and see it as a turning point, a moment when they chose to fight for their love rather than let it slip away through the cracks of insecurity.

For now, she would take things one day at a time, focusing on her own healing and growth. She knew that Harry loved her and she believed that he would be waiting for her, and that thought gave him a small measure of comfort.

She was strong, and she would get through this, no matter how difficult it might be, taking a deep sigh, Jade sat up and picked up her phone.

If she was going to heal, she needed to start working on herself now so she wouldn't keep Harry waiting for too long.

She went on the internet and googled self-help books. A couple of them popped up and just as she was reading the reviews on them, Bryan knocked on her door, announcing that he was with her bag.

"Come in," Jade called out, and Bryan walked in.

"You okay?" He asked, his eyes brimming with concern.

"Trying to be," she said, and he nodded as he kept her bags beside the bed and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"What are you doing right now?" Bryan asked curiously.

"Shopping for self help books," she said, and he nodded with approval.

"You know, I didn't like books much until Sonia. I'd rather watch a self help movie," he said, and she smiled.

"I don't think that's a thing," she said, and seeing how she was responding he decided to talk to her some more.

"You know, I wasn't really cool with the idea of you and Harry at first," he started, and Jade shook her head.

"Harry didn't do anything wrong. It was me..."

"I'm not trying to blame him. What I'm saying is, at first I didn't like the idea of someone I know being with you. You're my precious little sister after all and I didn't think anyone I know is good enough for you. That was until Tom assured me that Harry was cool. I saw it for myself too. Harry is a great guy. If Mom, Dad and Tom thinks so, I believe it too. You're a great lady too. One of the smartest and most beautiful lady I know. Second only to my Sony of course, and third to my daughter if our Ryso is a girl," he joked, and Jade laughed softly to his relief.

"What I'm trying to say is that you both deserve to be in love and to be happy together. Quit letting your bastard ex get in the way of your happiness. Stop letting him interfere in your life else I'm going to go dig up his grave and give his corpse a good beating," Bryan said and Jade laughed again.

"And just so you know, you're so lucky to have a brother like me," Bryan said and Jade raised an eyebrow.

"Am I?"

"Yes. You should be thankful I'm not vengeful. I'd love to yell at you right now and snap at you like you did to me when I had issues with Sony but I'm too sweet and love you too much," he said and she laughed.

"I guess I'm lucky," she said and Bryan smiled.

"You are. You'll be fine, Jady," Bryan said as he rose to leave, "I will let you get back to your books. Everyone said I should leave you alone."

"Thanks," she said, and Bryan gave her a thumbs up before walking away.

Chapter 904 Fix It

As the day turned into night, Harry found himself sitting on the couch, a statue sculpted from worry. If the misunderstanding hadn't happened yesterday, by now they would have been busy celebrating their engagement, Harry thought as he stared at his phone.

He wanted to call Jade, to reassure her that they would get through this. And he yearned to hear her voice, the melody that had become the soundtrack of his life, but logic reminded him that space was needed to prevent further damage to their relationship, and rushing things wouldn't help.

Heaving a sigh that seemed to carry the weight of the world, Harry placed the phone face down on the couch since the glowing screen kept taunting him with its potential to bridge the chasm that had opened between him and Jade.

He used to be a very principled, logical, and practical man, but ever since his relationship with Jade began, all of that had flown out the door and window and now he couldn't even recognize himself anymore.

He needed an escape, a way to clear the tangled mess of emotions churning in his gut. Pushing himself to his feet, he decided to take a walk to clear his mind. He grabbed a light jacket and turned off the lights before heading out the door.

The night air, cool and fragrant with the scent of blooming jasmine from a nearby park, greeted him like a balm as he walked out of his building.

Stepping onto the sidewalk, he began to walk, his pace brisk, mirroring the agitation within. Street-lamps cast a warm glow, illuminating his path as he wandered through the quiet streets.

The solitude was a double-edged sword. While it offered a respite from the emotional turmoil within, it also amplified the silence that echoed within the vast emptiness of his apartment.

After what felt like an eternity, Harry turned a corner and found himself back near his building. The walk had done little to alleviate the knot of tension in his stomach.

Reaching his apartment, he trudged inside, a sense of weary resignation settling over him. As he switched on the lights, his phone on the couch caught his eye and he picked it up.

A quick glance at the screen revealed a string of missed calls. Curiosity piqued, Harry scrolled through his call history.

There were two missed calls from Tom, one from Candace, and another from his father.

Harry stared at his phone for a moment, debating who to call back first. His finger hovered over Tom's number. Was Jade alright? With a deep breath, he pressed the call button, wanting to know how Jade was doing.

It didn't take long for Tom to pick up. "Hey!" Tom's voice crackled through the receiver, laced with a hint of relief. "I was starting to worry."

"Sorry I missed your calls. I stepped out to clear my head. Is everything alright?" Harry asked, trying to mask his concern.

"Yeah. Sure. I just wanted to check in on you. How are you holding up?" Tom asked, his concern evident.

Harry let out a sigh. "I'm fine, I guess. Considering I brought all these upon myself. How's Jade doing?" Harry inquired, his voice dropping a notch.

A beat of silence followed. "Seems to be holding up," Tom said finally. "Haven't seen any tears, but she's really quiet and withdrawn."

Harry felt a wave of relief wash over him. That simple statement, the absence of tears, brought a strange sense of comfort. It wasn't happiness, not by a long shot, but it wasn't despair either.

"That's good to hear. I was worried about her," Harry said, forcing a lightness into his voice that he didn't quite feel. "Keep me updated, will you? And remind her, she's to resume at the office on Monday."

"Sure. I'll stop by to visit you tomorrow," Tom offered.

"Alright. Thanks, Tom. And I'm sorry things are this..."

"Shut up. Be good," Tom said and hung up abruptly.

Harry sighed as he dialed his father's number, knowing that he had probably heard from Candace and wanted to find out what had happened.

It took a few rings before his father picked up. "Harry," Aaron's deep voice came through the phone. "How are you doing, son?"

"I'm fine," Harry said. "I guess you heard from Candace that I didn't go on with the proposal as planned."

Aaron sighed deeply. "Yes, she told me. I was waiting to hear it directly from you, and since it's been twenty-four hours already and you haven't called, I decided to call you. What really happened? Why did you change your mind?" Aaron asked with concern.

He knew Harry well enough to know he always thought things through before taking any action, so he couldn't understand why Harry would change his mind about proposing to Jade at the last minute.

"I don't think she is ready for that step yet. She still has some emotional baggage she needs to deal with," Harry said and Aaron raised a brow.

"And I take it you just found out about the emotional baggage during the vacation?" He asked and Harry sighed.

"Not exactly. I've always known," Harry admitted, bracing himself for the inevitable lecture.

"So, you've always known yet you wanted to propose to her," Aaron said, his tone disapproving.

"I thought we had it under control. I thought I had it all under control. I thought I could manage and deal with it," Harry said, his voice tinged with frustration.

"But you thought wrong," his father said flatly.

Harry winced. The truth, delivered with the bluntness of a hammer blow. "Yes. I thought wrong."

"What exactly happened?" Aaron demanded, his tone sharp.

Harry explained the misunderstanding, recounting the events that had led to the canceled proposal. He also told his father about the first misunderstanding when she had seen them having coffee and

how he had asked her to hang around whenever he was discussing with the event planner. Aaron listened quietly, and when Harry finished, he sighed again.

"Once again, let me ask. Didn't you know about Jade's insecurities before you started dating her?" Aaron asked.

"I already told you that I did. We discussed it. I assured her I was going to help her get over it." Harry admitted. "But I didn't expect her not to trust me, especially since I've never given her a reason to doubt me."

Aaron's tone was gentle but firm. "You gave her plenty of reasons to doubt you, Harry. What made you believe your words alone would be enough assure someone with deep insecurities? Do you think feelings of insecurity is something you can just turn on and off simply because someone gives you their word?" Aaron asked, and Harry sighed but said nothing.

"While you were making plans to surprise her with your proposal did it occur to you to put her feelings of insecurity into consideration? You mentioned that you both first had a misunderstanding about your meetings with the lady, why didn't you ask the lady in question to assign a male staff to discuss the plans with you, knowing your girlfriend wasn't comfortable with your interaction with her?" Aaron asked again.

"Am I going to have to cut off communication with all females even those I have business with at work just to make her understand? Why can't she trust me?" Harry asked and this time Aaron sighed.

"I know Jade. I may not have known her as long as you have, but I know her well enough to know she isn't unreasonable, and I'm sure you know that too. If she knew the exact business you had with this lady she wouldn't have reacted the way she did. You were keeping secrets and that would naturally make her imagination be on overdrive. I'm not saying she was right to react the way she did, but I'm saying you knew she had such a problem yet you didn't protect her from it. You got carried away with your plans and forgot to factor in her feelings of insecurity. You have your share of the blame. I'd say you have the lions share," Aaron said firmly.

Harry was silent for a moment, realizing the validity of his father's points. He knew she harbored insecurities, yet, in his eagerness to create a perfect moment, he had failed to consider her fragile emotional state.

"I thought I was doing the right thing. I didn't mean to make her feel insecure, but I see now that I didn't handle it well."

Aaron's voice softened. "Your intention might have been good, but you weren't thoughtful enough. And asking for a break wasn't the best decision. Maybe you could have been more supportive. You mentioned that you promised her from the beginning that you'd help her, right?"

"How can I help her when she doesn't even trust me? Besides the break is meant to make her be more serious about working on herself," Harry said weakly.

"I don't think so. I think showing her how her reaction ruined the surprise engagement would have been enough to make her realize she had misunderstood you. You could have told her you wouldn't propose to her or get married until she was better. You didn't have to ask for a break. Now you both will feel miserable unnecessarily."

"You're right," Harry said quietly. "But the deed is done. What can I do now?"

"You should apologize to Jade," Aaron said firmly. "As much as she was wrong and hurt your feelings, you were wrong in the way you handled everything. You should fix things, Harry. I raised you better than that. Make up with her. Drive her to and from her therapy sessions and hold her hand through it all. If you're going to eventually get married to her of what use is the break? Why are you pulling out and being absent at such an important moment in her life?"

Harry felt a pang of guilt. "You're right. I don't know what I'm doing. I guess I'm not thinking straight. I'm going to fix it. I haven't been myself since it all happened, and she is sad too."

Aaron seemed satisfied with that response. "Good. You do that."

"Thanks for the advise, Dad."

"Anytime, son," Aaron said warmly.

"By the way, how was your visit to the prison? We haven't really talked much since then," Harry said, changing the subject.

"It was okay," Aaron said, his tone lighter.

"I was told you didn't stay at my place but in a hotel."

"Yeah. I ran into an old friend, and she offered to accommodate me all through my stay in Ludus. There was no need to return to your empty apartment," Aaron said with a smile in his voice.

Harry's curiosity was piqued. "An old friend? She? You stayed with a lady? You have to tell me more. Who is she?" Harry asked, pleasantly surprised.

"Mind your business, Harry," Aaron said with a chuckle. "Focus on fixing things with Jade."

"C'mon, Dad!"

"Goodnight," Aaron said with a chuckle and hung up the call before Harry could say anything else.

Harry smiled as he put his phone down, and he replayed his father's words in his head, realizing just how much he had to make up for.

He needed to apologize sincerely and show Jade that he was committed to helping her overcome her insecurities.

Chapter 905 Morning Run

Lucas woke up to the gentle light of the morning sun streaming through his curtains. He was feeling more rested than he had in a long time, and his eyes adjusted to the light, his first thought was of Amy.

The conversation with Amy had left him with a warm feeling, and he found himself looking forward to their next chat.

He grabbed his phone from the nightstand and unlocked it, eager to see if she had sent him the pictures she promised. A grin spread across his face as he saw her name at the top of his notifications.

Opening the message, he was greeted by a series of pictures and videos. The first few were of Amy at the tennis court, dressed in a white tennis skirt and a fitted top, her hair tied back in a ponytail.

She looked radiant, her smile wide as she held her tennis racket with confidence. There was a picture of her mid-swing, eyes focused on the ball, showcasing her athletic prowess. Another picture showed her laughing with her partner, her joy infectious even through the screen.

The next set of photos was from the spa. In one, Amy was sitting in a plush robe, her hair wrapped in a towel, her face glowing from a recent facial. There was a short video of her receiving a manicure and in the video she was showing him the various arrays of colors and the one she had chosen.

Another video showed her in the salon getting her hair done, and she was telling him how she had been there with Miley the last time and that the seat she was seated on was where Miley had sat then.

Lucas couldn't help but smile wider as he watched the pictures and videos, feeling a warmth spread through his chest.

He quickly typed a response: [Looks like you had an amazing time. Seeing the result, I guess a little spa time isn't so bad.]

Amy, who was lying in bed watching a romcom, picked up her phone as soon as it buzzed. Seeing Lucas's name, she felt a flutter in her chest and a smile spread across her face. Without hesitation, she called him.

"Good morning, Doc Luca!" she greeted cheerfully when the call connected. "How was your night?"

"I slept well," Lucas replied, a hint of amusement in his voice. "And just so you know, I dreamt of you."

Amy's surprised laughter rang through the phone. "Oh really? What did you dream about?" She asked, curious.

"Well, we were playing basketball," Lucas said, chuckling at the memory. "And I kept winning until you started crying profusely and pleading with me to have mercy on you."

Amy laughed even harder. "That's never going to happen! Good thing you woke up from that dream and returned to reality."

Their laughter filled their ears, creating a comfortable, warm atmosphere between them.

"What were you doing before I texted?" Lucas asked once their laughter subsided.

"I was watching a movie. A romcom," Amy replied. "What about you? What kind of movies do you like?"

"I like interesting movies, it doesn't matter the genre as long as the movie is interesting, I'm in," Lucas said.

"Sounds fair. I don't do horror no matter how interesting, and I'm not a fan of violence and gore," Amy said and Lucas chuckled.

"Why not? Don't tell me such movies scare you and give you nightmares?" He teased.

"I'm not ashamed to admit it," she said and Lucas chuckled.

"What else are you scared of?" Lucas asked with interest.

"Are you asking so you can tease me or because you just want to know?" She asked suspiciously.

"Both. But don't you think it's better I know? I mean now, I won't get a horror movie ticket if I decide to take you to see a movie," Lucas said and Amy grinned.

"Is that your way of saying you want to go see a movie with me?" Amy asked in a teasing tone and Lucas chuckled.

If it were before they began to talk, he would have withdrawn, or assumed she was hitting on him and being too direct, but he had come to understand that Amy loved to joke around with stuff.

"Nah. My way of asking you to see a movie with me would be more direct than that," Lucas said and Amy raised a brow.

"Really? How direct would it be?" Amy asked curiously, a smile tugging on her lips.

"Amy, get dressed. I'm coming over to pick you. Let's go see a really cool movie," Lucas said and Amy giggled.

"Hmm. Macho. I like," she drawled and Lucas chuckled.

"So, if I said that would you get dressed and come with me?" He asked and she laughed.

"Of course. I will," she said, and Lucas grinned.

"Alright. Noted. So, how did your day go?"

"You know how it went..."

"I'm sure you didn't spend all day at the spa," he cut in.

"Alright. It was great," Amy replied. "I had a nice time at the spa and even met someone."

"Really? Who did you meet?" He asked with interest.

"So, on my way out of the spa, I bumped into this guy who was dropping off his mother at the spa. It was really funny. His mother asked if I drove and when I said I didn't, she asked that he take me home. And then she subtly excused herself," Amy said with a soft laugh.

Lucas felt a twinge of jealousy but kept his tone neutral. "So, did he drop you off?"

"Nah. He offered me a lift but I didn't go with him. I had booked my ride already and the cab was already waiting. But we did exchange numbers though, and he asked me out for a drink. So, tomorrow I'm going to hang out with him," Amy explained.

Lucas felt an uncomfortable knot form in his stomach. "You seem to like him already," Lucas observed.

Not knowing how Lucas felt, she giggled, "Not necessarily. I mean, he seemed pretty cool and all though. I don't mind getting to know him. And look on the bright side, if I eventually meet someone nice and start dating or even have a new friend, I wouldn't be such a bother to you anymore. You've been pretty accommodating going to bed late and waking up so early so you can talk to me despite the time difference," Amy said with a note of gratitude in her voice.

Sensing the shift in his mood, Lucas decided to end the conversation. "You should get back to your movie. I have to start my day," he said, struggling to keep his voice even.

"Alright," Amy said, slightly disappointed. "What are your plans for today?"

"Nothing specific," Lucas said. "I've got to go now. Talk to you later, Amy."

"Okay, talk to you later," Amy replied, ending the call.

Alone now, Lucas couldn't shake the feeling of discomfort that lingered after their conversation.

Why did the thought of Amy going out with someone else bother him? He wasn't even interested in her other than platonic friendship... was he?

Determined to prove to himself that he wasn't interested in Amy, he decided to hang out with one of the girls from his class who had been making subtle advances at him.

He grabbed his phone and sent her a message, informing her he will be at the library and she could join him if she wanted. He knew he wasn't using her since she had told him she wasn't interested in a relationship or marriage and she just liked to have a good time with friends.

Not wanting to dwell on whatever unpleasant feeling he was having, Lucas got up and deciding to make the most of his day, he went for a run.

There was nothing like a good morning run to clear his head. Hopefully by the time he got back, she would have responded to his message.

The cool morning air felt refreshing against his skin, and as he ran through the park, he allowed his mind to wander.

He thought about the conversations he'd had with both Lucy and Tyler, about the feelings they believed he had for Amy.

When he returned home, he found Tyler in the kitchen, making coffee. "Morning," Lucas greeted him.

"Morning," Tyler replied with a smile as he looked Lucas over.

In the last couple of weeks since Lucas moved in with him, he had come to understand that Lucas only ran in the morning when he needed to clear his head, and something told him this morning's run had to do with Amy.

"How was your run?" Tyler asked with interest.

"Good," Lucas said, grabbing a mug and pouring himself some coffee. "Cleared my head a bit."

"That's good," Tyler said, amused at how obvious Lucas's feelings for Amy were, even if Lucas himself wasn't ready to admit it.

He had seen the way Lucas lit up when he talked about her, the way he checked his phone eagerly whenever it buzzed. It was clear to Tyler that Amy meant more to Lucas than just a friend even if he didn't know it yet.

"Any calls or messages from Amy today?" He asked with a grin.

Deciding not to let Tyler get under his skin, Lucas gave him a nod. "Yeah. Why? Do you have a message for her?" He asked and Tyler chuckled.

"I figured. I'd like to ask her what she did to put you in a mood," Tyler said and Lucas scowled.

"My mood has nothing to do with her. Stop talking her into my head," Lucas glared at him and Tyler nodded, taking a sip of his coffee.

He hoped that Lucas would eventually realize his true feelings and act on them. Life was too short to hold back, especially when it came to matters of the heart.

"So, what's the plan for today?" Tyler asked easily, changing the subject.

Lucas shrugged. "I'm heading out. I have a date," he said, and Tyler raised a brow.

"A date?" He asked in disbelief, and Lucas smiled.

"Yeah. I'm hanging out with one of the ladies in my class. We will study together at the library, and I will probably catch a movie at her place after that," Lucas said, liking the fact that he had succeeded in shutting Tyler's mouth for the first time.

"The girl you said has been making passes at you?" Tyler asked and Lucas nodded.

"Precisely. I'm going to get ready," Lucas said with a smug smile and headed for his room.

The moment he walked into his room, the smile slid off his face and he picked up his phone. He was relieved to see a text from Sam.

She suggested they meet up at her place instead of the library, since she lived alone and she had most of the books related to their program at her home.

Lucas felt a flicker of relief, hoping that spending time with someone else would help clear his mind.

Responding to her text, he asked her to text him her address details and then pushing thoughts of Amy aside, he tried to focus on his morning routine.

He showered, dressed, and made himself a light breakfast, but his thoughts kept drifting back to Amy.

He replayed their conversation in his mind, the sound of her laughter, the way she smiled in the pictures she sent. The thought of her meeting someone else gnawed at him, and he hated how much it bothered him.

Just as he finished having breakfast, his phone buzzed and he picked it up expecting a text from Sam but surprisingly it was a text from Amy who he had expected to be asleep.

[By the way, I lied about meeting someone at the spa. The idea was borrowed from a scene in the romcom. I wanted to see your reaction. I'm going to bed now.]

Lucas' jaw dropped as he read the text and while he was yet to recover Sam's text came in, making him scowl at Amy's text.

How could she even joke about something like that?

Chapter 906 Yoga Studio

It was barely five in the morning when Jade roused from her restless sleep the next day. She woke up with a heavy heart and a deep feeling of emptiness. She missed Harry. She missed him very much and she missed waking up next to him.

Although she was thankful for the support she was receiving from her family and friends, they weren't the ones she wanted. It wasn't their support she desperately needed. It was Harry's, and it hurt that the one person she needed most wasn't willing to be there for her.

As much as she regretted her action and she understood his reaction, she couldn't help feeling disappointed.

This wasn't what Harry had promised her. He was her man and he was meant to be with her. He was supposed to help her with this not abandon her this way.

Wasn't that what love was supposed to be about? She knew for a fact that if the situation was reversed she would never have left Harry to deal with his mess alone.

Well, she couldn't always expect others to treat her as she would treat them, she was fast learning this, and if anything, it made her determined to focus on herself. Going forward she was going to put herself first. Not Harry or anyone else. She was going to find a way to heal and grow, even if it meant doing it alone. Jade thought as pushed herself out of bed.

A glance at her phone showed no new messages from Harry, just as she had expected. Resolutely, she set the phone aside, deciding that today would be about her. No distractions, no interruptions.

After a quick shower, Jade dressed in a fitted, plain white t-shirt, and a high-waisted jeans trouser. She pulled her short hair back into a ponytail and didn't bother with any makeup.

Hungry, she headed downstairs with her purse. The house was quiet, since the others were still asleep, and she was grateful for it. The last thing she wanted was for them to fuss over her.

She met Samantha in the kitchen, preparing the dough for whatever it was she was making for breakfast, and Samantha smiled when she saw her, "Good morning, Jade. You're up early."

"Good morning, Samantha. Can I get something to eat?" She asked politely, and Samantha nodded.

"Sure. You can wait at the dining while I quickly fix you something," Samantha said, sensing that Jade wasn't interested in making conversation.

Jade gave her a nod before going to sit at the dining. Samantha followed shortly with a tray containing a mug of freshly brewed coffee, sugar, and a jar of cream. "You can drink this while you wait."

"Thank you," Jade said as she proceeded to mix the coffee to her taste.

As she sipped from the coffee, she thought about her resumption at the office the next day, and also about her accommodation issue.

Now that she was going to be prioritizing herself, she decided that she was going to get her own place and move out of Tom's place.

It didn't matter whether Tom and Bryan had rooms for her at their place. She would visit them and sleep over when she wanted to, but she wanted her own place where she could live.

And even after her issue with Harry was resolved, she was going to retain her place and only visit him when necessary. She was not going to allow anyone have a say in her life anymore.

Before she moved to Ludus she had been handling her affairs herself, and she was going to resume doing just that.

She made a mental note to reach out to Aurora later in the day to ask how she moved her stuff down to Ludus, so she could also move hers since she had delayed for long enough.

Samantha returned with a tray of French toasts, pancakes, and scrambled eggs for her, and after thanking Samantha, she went on to eat.

As she ate, she took her phone out of her purse and unlocked it. She downloaded the Craig Realty App where she could find available accommodation for rent.

She scrolled through the app, looking at their various apartments and the rate for the houses.

After copying out the number of the agent in charge of some of the properties, she booked a cab ride, deciding to start her self-help journey by starting her yoga class. She hoped it would help clear her mind.

Finishing her breakfast, she headed toward the front door when she received a notification from that her cab had arrived.

Adolf walked in through the front door just as Jade got to it, and his eyes widened slightly in surprise at seeing her up and about so early on a Sunday morning.

"Good morning, Jade. Heading out?"

"Yes," Jade replied, with a polite smile. "I'm stepping out for a while. Could you let Tom and the others know that they won't be able to reach me since I'll be turning off my phone? Tell them not to worry and I'll be back later in the day."

Adolf looked concerned but nodded. "Of course. Do you need a ride? I can take you wherever you need to go."

"Thank you, Adolf, but I've already called a cab. It's waiting outside the gate. I'll be fine."

With that, she stepped outside, the cool morning air hitting her face as she jogged down to the gate where the cab was waiting.

Once she got into the cab, she took out her phone to put it on flight mode, but hesitated for a brief moment, wondering if Harry might try to reach her.

She quickly dismissed the thought and put it on flight mode, reminding herself that he was the one who asked for a break and so he had no reason to call her.

The cab ride was quiet. Jade watched the buildings and trees pass by, her mind drifting to the yoga class she had signed up for. She hoped it would provide some much-needed distraction.

By the time the cab pulled up to the yoga studio it was 6 A.M., and she was right in time for the first class of the day. Jade thanked the driver and stepped out, feeling a mix of nerves and anticipation.

The building was a serene, modern structure with large windows that let in plenty of natural light. A sign above the entrance read "Revamp Yoga Studio."

Inside, the reception area was welcoming, with potted plants and soft music playing in the background. Jade approached the front desk, where a friendly-looking young lady greeted her.

"Good morning! How can I help you today?" the woman asked.

"Hi, I'm Jade Hank. I registered for the beginner's yoga class," Jade replied.

"You're welcome, ma'am. Let me just check you in," the receptionist said, typing on her computer. "You're all set," she said, and then opened a drawer and gave Jade a card and a key.

"This is your membership card. With your payment plan you're entitled to fifty classes. Your teacher will sign it off at the end of each class and you can bring it back to me. This key is for your locker in the changing room. You can keep the key until your subscription expires. You can head to the changing room. You will find it at the end of the hall, to your right. The beginners class has a sign at the entrance," the receptionist said politely.

"I paid for some outfits," Jade said and the lady nodded.

"You will find them in your locker," she explained and Jade gave her a nod before walking away.

Jade made her way to the changing room and when she opened her locker she found the matching set of soft lavender leggings and a tank top, which she had paid for online. The fabric was smooth and stretchy, perfect for the morning's activities.

After changing, Jade entered the yoga studio, where a few other early risers were already setting up their mats. The room was spacious and filled with natural light, creating a calming atmosphere. She laid out her mat and took a deep breath, feeling a sense of peace wash over her.

The class started with gentle stretches and breathing exercises, gradually moving into more challenging poses. Jade found herself getting lost in the flow of the movements, her mind quieting as she focused on her breath and posture.

The instructor, a calm and composed young lady, with a warm presence guided them through the session with a soothing voice.

Her instructions were clear and encouraging, making even the difficult poses feel achievable. Jade appreciated Sharon's attentiveness and gentle corrections, which helped her improve her form.

As the class came to an end, Sharon led them through a final relaxation pose, encouraging everyone to let go of any lingering tension. Jade felt a sense of release, the stress of the past two days melting away.

After class, Sharon approached Jade with a friendly smile after signing off the others' cards. "You did great today. It was your first time here, right?" She asked as she took the card from Jade and signed on it.

"Yes, it was," Jade replied, feeling more relaxed than she had when she woke up. "Thank you for the wonderful class."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. I'm Sharon by the way. Sharon Jacobs. I'm the founder here."

"Oh, you are?" Jade asked, pleasantly surprised.

Sharon smiled, "I particularly love to take the beginner class. I enjoy getting to know my new clients and helping them get grounded."

"Well, that sounds nice. I'm Jade. Jade Hank," she said, shaking hands with Sharon.

"If you have time, I'd love to grab a coffee and chat," Sharon offered.

Jade hesitated for a moment, "You grab coffee with all your new clients?" Jade asked and Sharon laughed.

"No. Only the ones that interest me. When you walked in, my brain was like, I'd like her to be my pal," Sharon said and Jade smiled.

"So, can I buy you coffee?" She asked and Jade nodded.

"Sure. I don't see why not," Jade said, since she was open to having new friend and she wasn't in a hurry to be anywhere.

After dropping off her card at the reception, they walked to a nearby café, where the aroma of freshly brewed coffee and baked goods greeted them.

Settling into a cozy corner table, they ordered their drinks and began to talk, "So, what brought you to yoga?" Sharon asked, genuinely curious.

Jade took a sip of her latte, "I thought it would be a nice pastime activity. And I read yoga might help me clear my mind."

Sharon nodded, her expression understanding. "Yoga has a way of doing that. It's not just about the physical exercise but also about finding inner peace."

Jade smiled. "Exactly. I've been feeling really lost lately, and this class was the first time in a while that I felt somewhat grounded."

"Life can be overwhelming," Sharon agreed. "I started practicing yoga after I lost my mom eight years ago. It helped me find balance and strength when I needed it the most."

As they continued to talk, sharing more about their lives, Jade found Sharon's openness refreshing and comforting.

Jade felt lighter after their conversation, and she felt a sense of clarity she hadn't felt in days.

"Thank you for this, Sharon. I really needed it," Jade said as they stood to leave, grateful for the unexpected friendship.

"Anytime, Jade. And remember, you're always welcome at the studio. Yoga is a journey, not just a class," Sharon replied with a warm smile.

Jade nodded, feeling a renewed sense of determination. She promised herself that she would continue to work on herself, to find her own strength and happiness.

Instead of heading back home, Jade took a cab and headed for the cinema. She planned to spend the day doing fun things and enjoying her own company.

Chapter 907 Welcome Back

Harry woke up that morning with a sense of purpose. He knew he had to make things right with Jade and he had to do it immediately.

Ordinarily he would have called her first so they could talk over the phone, but he figured that going over to see her was best.

That way he could apologize in person and they could discuss how to work on everything else.

After a quick shower, he dressed up, picked up the engagement ring box and headed out to buy a bouquet of her favorite flowers— sunflowers. They were bright and cheerful, much like Jade herself.

Harry drove to Tom's place, his mind racing with thoughts of what he would say to Jade. He knew he had handled things poorly and was determined to apologize and show her that he was committed to working through their issues together.

When he arrived, he walked into the house with the flowers in hand, and found Tom, Lucy, Sonia, and Bryan gathered at the dining, having breakfast, but there was no sign of Jade.

The smell of freshly brewed coffee and cooked eggs filled the air. He hesitated for a moment, then stepped inside.

"Good morning, everyone," Harry greeted, hiding the bouquet behind him.

"Harry?" Tom called, surprised, "What are you doing here? I was going to come over after having breakfast."

"I'm here to see Jade. Is she upstairs?" Harry asked, and Lucy exchanged a glance with Sonia, noting the flowers in his hand.

"Jade left the house earlier this morning. None of us saw her leave." Tom said, setting down his coffee.

Harry's heart sank. "Do you know where she went?"

Tom shook his head. "I don't. But she left a message with Adolf before leaving. Let me call him in."

A moment later, Adolf appeared. "Good morning, Harry."

"Good morning, Adolf. I understand you saw Jade this morning?"

"Yes, I did. She told me to let everyone know that she was fine and would be turning off her phone. She said to not worry and she would be back later in the day," Adolf said and Harry's frown deepened.

"Her phone is off too?" He asked, pulling out his phone to try her line.

"Yes, it's off," Bryan said as they all took note of the flower he was holding since he was no longer hiding his hands behind him.

When Harry was unable to reach her, he looked at Adolf again, "What time did she leave? How was she dressed when she left? Did she look okay?"

Adolf nodded, "She around 5:30 a.m. or there about. She looked pretty okay. She was dressed in a tshirt and jeans. She had breakfast and then left."

Harry's worry deepened. "I should have come over last night."

"Sit down, Harry. Have some breakfast," Tom said, gesturing to an empty chair. "You look like you could use it."

"I'm not hungry," Harry said, though he took the offered seat, feeling a mixture of frustration and helplessness.

Lucy leaned forward, her voice gentle. "How are you doing, Harry?"

"Honestly, not very well," Harry admitted, running a hand through his hair. "I realized I made a mistake. I shouldn't have handled things the way I did."

Sonia looked at Harry, humbled by his open confession and admittance of wrong. She never would have imagined that such confession would come easy from a man like Harry.

It was Bryan who spoke first. "You did the only logical thing, Harry."

Harry shook his head. "No, the logical thing would have been to be there for my girl, to help her through this. Instead, I left her to handle it on her own. I handled it poorly. She hurt me with her actions, but I shouldn't have let my emotions get in the way," Harry said, and Lucy and Sonia shared a look.

"Regardless, the decision you took made Jade determined to help herself. And that's what matters most," Bryan said and Tom nodded in agreement.

"That's true, Harry. But you also need to understand that sometimes stepping back can give someone the space they need to find their own strength. Don't beat yourself over this," Tom said calmly.

Harry sighed, appreciating their support and grateful for the understanding and advice from them, but still feeling the weight of his decisions. He knew he had to find Jade and make things right.

"I take it none of you know where she might be," Harry asked, looking from Lucy to Sonia, and they both shook their heads.

"Maybe you should give Aurora a call to find out if she's with her?" Sonia suggested.

"You're right," Harry said, and dialed Aurora's line.

Almost immediately, Aurora received the call, "Hello, Harry. Phil and I were just talking about calling you guys. Are you back from your vacation?" Aurora asked pleasantly.

Harry sighed as he deduced that Jade was not with Aurora and neither had she contacted her. "Yes, we are. How are your wedding plans going?" He asked politely.

"Great! We were just making plans about the couple fishing trip. Do you think you guys will be up for it in two weeks? The wedding is in six weeks time, and we would like to go camping and fishing with you all before then," Aurora said and Harry looked at Tom.

"I will find out from the others and get back to Philip."

"Great! By the way, did you call for something?" Aurora asked pleasantly.

"Yeah. But I already got it. Take care, Aurora. My regards to Philip," Harry said before hanging up.

"She doesn't even know we are back," Harry said with a sigh as he rose.

"Are you leaving?" Lucy asked and he nodded.

"Yeah. The only place I think she would have gone at that time is the yoga studio where she registered before our trip. I should go check for her there," Harry said, and Tom rose.

"I will come with you," Tom offered.

"You don't have to. I will come back here to wait for her if I don't find her there. Enjoy your breakfast," Harry said and Tom gave him a nod.

"Harry is such a sweet guy," Sonia said as they watched him leave.

"Yes, he is," Lucy said, her voice resonating with the same admiration in Sonia's tone.

"You know I'm sweet too, right?" Bryan asked, and Sonia giggled.

"Of course. You did something similar, remember? After saying we should break up, you came to find me at Lucy's," Sonia reminded him.

"He didn't exactly come to find you. He came over to my place to talk to me," Lucy said, and both Sonia and Bryan glared at her while Tom chuckled.

"No one asked you," Sonia hissed at her, and Bryan nodded.

"My heart led me to your place because it knew Sonia would be there," Bryan said, and Sonia smiled at him while Lucy rolled her eyes.

"You're deceiving yourselves. You both can keep telling yourselves that if it makes you happy. With time you will believe your lies," Lucy said and Tom laughed.

"Babe, since Harry is about to makeup with Jade, I think we can go back home now. Lucy is hating on our love," Sonia said and Lucy giggled.

"I'm not hating. I was only stating facts," Lucy said, but Bryan ignored her as he rose.

"Let's go home, baby. Let's leave the delinquent and the hater," Bryan said and Tom frowned.

"Why are you dragging me into this when I didn't even say a word?" Tom asked and Sonia giggled.

"So, you're the delinquent?" She asked in amusement and Lucy laughed when Tom scowled at her.

"Sony, are you sure you want to leave without first seeing Harry and Jade make up? I won't be giving you any updates later," Lucy warned.

"Is that your way of saying you will miss me and I shouldn't leave?" Sonia asked with a pout and Lucy laughed.

"I'm not your husband. Leave with him if you want to, but don't expect any gossip from me," Lucy said and Sonia rolled her eyes.

"I guess I will stay," Sonia said as she returned to her seat and Bryan shook his head.

"I should have known better than to believe you'd leave so easily," Bryan said and both Lucy and Tom laughed as Sonia turned to scowl at him.

"Let's leave the confused guy and his gossip wife alone," Tom said and Lucy rose up to follow him.

After breakfast they all sat in the Den seeing a movie when Harry returned.

"She was at the yoga studio earlier but she left shortly before I got there and her phone is still off," Harry informed them with a sigh as he sat down.

"I guess you'll have to wait patiently for her to get back then," Lucy said and Harry nodded.

"I don't have much of a choice," he said in a resigned tone.

"Why don't we catch up on business while you wait? That should keep you distracted and busy," Tom suggested, and Harry nodded.

"Sure. Let's do that," he said, and they both excused themselves from the others and headed for Tom's study.

Tom spent the next couple of hours bringing him up to speed with all that was going on at the office, and after they were done with work related issues, they talked about the situation with Mia.

"I still believe our plan is better and takes less time. I don't have the patience to wait for Mia's three months plan. It's been three weeks already since she got there and honestly if we hadn't come up with our own plan, hers would have been useless. Let's get Diana and Mia's parents involved in our plans. I believe she has enough evidence already. If you ask me, I suggest we do to him what we did to Sara and the others," Harry said, and Tom smiled.

"You mean the public humiliation?"

"Yes. Mia said the media houses there won't carry negative news about him, but we've purchased two news houses there. Let's patiently wait for him to make his move and try to move Mia to the asylum. We will make everything happen at once and get it done with," Harry suggested.

"Nah. I don't think we should take that risk," Tom said and Harry raised a brow.

"What do you mean?"

"We don't know the full extent of his influence. Let's not underestimate him. The last thing I want is for us to expose him that way and get him arrested only for him to be released. What do you think will happen if that happens?" Tom said thoughtfully as he walked over to stand by the window of his study with his back to Harry.

"So, what do you think we should do?" Harry asked, knowing that Tom had said that because he had a plan already.

Tom was the planner after all, and he was the executor of the plans.

"I prefer we crush him completely. Henry is nothing like Sara, Rebekah, or Wilson. I don't think I can trust the law this time. Not when it involves Henry Rosewood."

"Are you suggesting we kill him?" Harry asked bluntly and Tom turned to face him.

"Diana wants to kill him. We will let her kill him. That way she gets her revenge, Mia gets her freedom, and we don't have to stain our hands. It's a win for everyone. Henry is scum anyway and he doesn't deserve to live. We will make him disappear without a trace," Tom said, and Harry nodded thoughtfully.

"I can't tell Jade about this," Harry said, and Tom nodded.

"Yeah. I'm not telling Lucy or Bryan either. Even Mia and Jeff doesn't have to know about this. Let's protect them from it," Tom said, and Harry smiled.

"It's been a while since I saw you in this form. He must have really pissed you off," Harry said and Tom smirked.

"He disrespected me and he spoke rudely of you," Tom reminded him.

Harry chuckled, "Alright. Let's do it then. Are we telling Diana directly?"

"I will speak with her again. And I will have Barry send some proof of Henry's deeds to Mia's parents, and you can speak to them anonymously to ask them not to confront Henry yet. We will make our move when Henry makes his move on Mia," Tom said and Harry nodded.

"Alright. Let's do that."

"I missed you. Welcome back," Tom said, and Harry smiled.

"I missed work. It's good to be back," Harry said and Tom chuckled.

Chapter 908 I Do Need A Break

Jade was in a much better mood by the time her cab pulled up in front of Tom's gate later in the evening. She walked down the distance from the gate to the house, and as she drew closer, her heart skipped a beat, when she saw one of Harry's cars parked in front of the house.

What was he doing here? Was he here to see Tom? She mused.

Deciding not to let his presence affect her mood or composure, she headed inside, prepared to go directly to her bedroom so she wouldn't cross paths with him.

It wasn't like she had anything against him, but if they were taking a break she didn't want to see him too often.

As she approached the stairs, ready to retreat to the sanctuary of her room, Sonia and Lucy emerged from the den, their faces lighting up at the sight of her.

"Jade, hey!" Sonia called out, a gentle smile on her face.

"Hi," Jade responded, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Harry's been waiting for you all day," Lucy said, her eyes flickering with a mix of curiosity and concern.

Jade frowned slightly, her steps faltering. "What for?"

Both women shrugged, almost in unison. "Why don't you find out? He's in the den," Lucy added, gesturing with her head.

Taking a deep breath, Jade turned and walked towards the den, while Lucy and Sonia continued to the kitchen since Sonia needed a snack.

As she entered, Harry's eyes lit up when he saw her, and he stood up immediately, holding the bouquet of sunflowers awkwardly in his hands.

Jade's heart skipped a beat, a rush of emotions flooding through her. She was still not sure what he was doing there or if she was ready to face him.

Tom and Bryan, who had been sitting with him, nodded to her before slipping out, giving Jade and Harry some privacy. Jade walked further into the den.

"Jade," Harry said, his voice gentle and filled with remorse. "Can we talk?"

Jade took a deep breath, forcing herself to remain calm. "Alright."

Harry handed her the bouquet. "These are for you."

Jade took the flowers, their cheerful appearance contrasting with her conflicted emotions. "Thank you. They're beautiful."

Harry sat down on the couch, gesturing for Jade to join him. She hesitated for a moment, then took a seat, clutching the bouquet as if it were a lifeline.

Harry's gaze softened as he looked at her, but Jade remained guarded. "I heard you were here to see me," she said, her tone neutral.

"Yes," Harry replied, his voice earnest. "Where have you been all day?"

"I went to yoga, saw a movie, and had an appointment with a house agent," she said matter-of-factly, watching his reaction closely.

His brow furrowed in confusion. "A house agent? Why?"

"Because I'm moving out of here. I'm getting my own place," she said simply.

Harry's brow shot up. "But we agreed—"

"I don't need your permission to move, Harry," she interrupted, her voice firm but not harsh.

He sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I know you don't. And you know that's not what I mean. But why move so suddenly?"

"Because I need it," she said, crossing her arms, the sunflowers between them a bright spot in the tense atmosphere. "I need my own space, away from everyone and everything. I want to be alone as I was in Varis before you showed up."

"C'mon, Jade. We didn't break up," Harry said, reaching out to touch her, but she instinctively pulled back, maintaining the distance between them.

Harry sighed, "I came to apologize for the way I handled everything," he began quietly, his voice earnest. "I'm sorry. I realize now that I handled everything wrong. I shouldn't have left you to deal with this alone," he said softly.

Jade looked down at the sunflowers, her eyes stinging with unshed tears but she blinked fast, willing herself not to cry. "It's fine," she replied, not looking up. "I know I deserved it. I'm sorry for ruining all your efforts and for doubting you. I'm also sorry for acting the way I did."

"No, you didn't deserve it," Harry insisted, a pained expression on his face. "I was wrong to hurt you that way regardless of what happened."

Jade blinked away her tears before looking at him, her gaze unwavering. "I do not hold it against you, Harry. You did what you thought was right for yourself. And it taught me a lot— to also do what is right for myself. For that, I'm grateful."

Harry's heart ached at her words and he dipped his hand into his pocket and took out the engagement ring, "We can work on this together, Jade, we don't need a break. Let's do it all together. The therapy..."

She shook her head slowly. "I do need a break. I didn't think so before now, and maybe if you had come last night or earlier this morning I would have been overjoyed, but I've had enough time to think. I've been thinking all day, and I realize that I need this time, Harry. For myself. I have my own issues to work through. So, let's stick to the break."

"Jade, are you really going to hold this against me? My feelings were hurt, emotions were high. I am human, Jade, am I not allowed to make mistakes? And even while we were there, didn't I try to talk to you but wouldn't even look at me?" Harry asked, sounding hurt.

"I'm not holding anything against you. I understand everything. Really I do. But yes, I felt abandoned by you. Your words hurt me, Harry. You said you regretted all the time we spent together...."

"I was upset," Harry cut in.

"I know. I get it. And honestly, I'm not doing this because I have anything against you. I'm doing this for my own sake. I realize that I should have healed first before trying to move on. I assumed that being single all this time meant it was okay to go into a new relationship, but that was a mistake. I need to take care of myself. All that clinginess, all that immaturity and insecurity, I don't want to be that person. I don't care if you don't mind me being that way. I don't care if you love me that way. I don't love myself that way. I don't want myself that way. That is not who I want to be. So, I think we should stay apart until I achieve my goal," Jade said firmly.

Harry wanted to reach out, to hold her and make everything right, but he could see the resolve in her eyes. "I understand," he said softly, though the words tasted bitter on his tongue. "But know that I will be here for you. I'm here for you. Always."

"Thank you," she whispered, her voice barely audible.

Jade rose, "I need to go freshen up now, it's been a long day and I have to prepare for tomorrow," Jade said and Harry rose.

"Here. Hold on to this," he said, giving her the engagement ring, but she shook her head.

"I think you should hold on to it. Who knows? You might not want to marry me after I'm done working on myself," she said with a small smile.

"Don't say that, Jade," Harry said with a frown.

"And if you'd still want to marry me after I'm done, I'd still want a proper proposal regardless of the fact that I ruined this one," she said, and Harry nodded.

"Alright. But even if we don't get back together right now, can I drive you to your therapy sessions and back? I'd like to do something. Anything. And maybe we can also attend couple counseling together over the weekends. Please," Harry said, and Jade looked at him for a moment.

"I'd like that," she said, very much to his relief, and Harry nodded.

"Thanks," Harry said, and Jade shook her head.

"No, thank you, Harry. Thanks for looking past how I reacted and coming to apologize even when you didn't have to," she said softly.

Harry gave her a nod, and they both stood there for a moment, staring at each other, "I spoke with Aurora earlier. I thought you might be with her so I called," Harry said and Jade raised a brow.

"Oh. How is she doing?" She asked, and Harry told her about their discussion.

"I will give her a call later," Jade said and Harry nodded.

"I was also at the yoga studio earlier to find you. I figured you might have gone there," Harry said and Jade smiled.

"You must have been worried," she said, and Harry nodded.

"I was worried," Harry admitted.

"I almost feel sorry for turning off my phone," she said and he raised a brow.

"Almost? You don't feel sorry?" He asked, and she shook her head.

"No. I turned it off because I didn't want to be bothered by anyone and I didn't want to keep staring at my phone hoping you'd call like I did for most of last night and the night before. I'll be off now. Drive safely," Jade said, and without waiting for Harry to say anything else, she walked away carrying the flower with her to her bedroom.

As Harry watched her leave, he couldn't help but miss her and wonder just how much she was going to change since she seemed to be changing already. He hoped she wouldn't change too much, cause he really did love her as she was, apart from the insecure part.

Tom and Bryan who had been at the dining returned to the den, "How did it go?" Tom asked as they joined him.

"Did she tell you where she went?" Bryan asked at the same time.

"She says she doesn't want to get back together yet until she works on herself. And she wants to move to her own place," Harry explained as he dipped the ring back into his pocket.

"Jade said that?" Tom asked, surprised, and Harry nodded.

"What are you going to do now?" Bryan asked curiously and Harry shrugged.

"I will let her do her thing and cheer her on while supporting her however I can. She agreed to attend couple counseling with me, and she also said I can drive her to therapy," Harry said and Tom nodded.

"That's good enough, I guess," Tom said and Harry nodded in agreement.

"Yeah."

Outside the den, as Jade made her way upstairs, Sonia and Lucy who had been hanging around with Tom and Bryan followed her.

"So, have you both made up?" Sonia asked curiously.

"We are still taking a break," Jade said simply.

Lucy frowned, "I thought he came to make up..."

"He did. But I want the break. It's me asking for a break now, not Harry," Jade said, and Lucy exchanged a look with Sonia.

Hadn't she been the one who was upset about the break? Why was she asking for a break now? They both mused.

"Why?" Sonia asked in confusion.

"Because I need it. As much as I'd like to chat, I'm really tired and I need to freshen up and get some rest. Maybe we can chat later after dinner," Jade said, flashing them a smile and they both nodded and watched as she walked away to her bedroom.

"Is it just me or does she seem like a different person?" Sonia asked, and Lucy nodded.

"Yeah. I expected that she would be laughing happily and be all over Harry. I was actually looking forward to seeing the joy on her face," Lucy said, equally bemused.

"Me too. I wonder what happened," Sonia said with a sigh.

"Well, the most important thing is that they are both okay with their decision. I hope it all works out fine for them," Lucy said, and Sonia nodded in agreement.

Chapter 909 I Can't Do This

As Amy saw a movie on her laptop, her eyes kept moving from the screen to her phone, wondering why Lucas had not responded to her texts or called since they last spoke.

Was he mad at her? She mused, wondering why he would be mad when she had only been joking to see his reaction, and he had not even shown the least interest.

She had waited for his call in the morning and when he didn't call, she had called but he had not even bothered taking her call or returning it all day.

After thinking for a while, she paused her movie and decided to reach out to him once again. She made up her mind that if he didn't respond she was just going to let him be.

Picking up her phone, she typed, [Hey, weekend Buddy. The weekend is almost up and I'm about to go to bed. Are you there?]

Away from there, Lucas who was in the cab returning home in the morning, glanced at his phone when it buzzed with a text notification from Amy and he sighed as he ignored the text, not bothering to read it.

After receiving the text from Amy the previous day, Lucas had felt a wave of frustration wash over him and he couldn't stop wondering why she had lied about that in the first place.

Saying she had met someone had taken him by surprise and thrown him off balance, stirring feelings he had been both consciously and unconsciously trying to suppress.

Determined to prove to himself that he wasn't interested in Amy, he had gone ahead with his plans to visit Sam since he had set it up already. He needed to convince himself that Amy was only a friend to him.

Unfortunately, the visit didn't go as he planned, Lucas thought, recalling what had happened at Sam's.

When he arrived at Sam's apartment, she greeted him warmly, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. They chatted for a while about their program and the coming test, exchanging light banter and sharing stories.

Lucas tried to immerse himself in the moment, to lose himself in the company of a beautiful woman who seemed genuinely interested in him. However, as the evening progressed and their interaction grew more intimate, Lucas's mind betrayed him.

In the heat of the moment, as their lips met and their hands roamed, he found himself thinking of Amy. Her smile, her laugh, the way she had grinned during their video call— all of it flooded back, unbidden and unwelcome.

He found himself wondering what Amy's lips would taste like and how she would feel in his arms. He tried to push the thoughts away, to focus on Sam and the present moment. But it was no use. Amy was there, a ghost in the room, haunting his every move.

Then, the slip happened. In a moment of passion, he called Sam by Amy's name. The words had barely left his lips before he realized his mistake.

Sam paused, her expression unreadable. For a moment, Lucas feared the worst, that she would be offended or hurt. But instead, she surprised him.

"It's okay," she said softly, a smile playing on her lips. "I don't mind. Feels like a role play," she said with a wink.

Her reaction only made Lucas feel worse. How could he have let this happen? How could he have let Amy invade this moment? He pulled back, running a hand through his hair, his mind racing.

"I'm sorry," he said, shaking his head.

Sam watched him, her eyes filled with curiosity and a hint of amusement. "I really don't mind."

"I just... I can't do this. I thought I could, but I'm not cut out for stuff like this."

Sam reached out, placing a hand on his arm. "It's okay, really. We can just talk if you want."

Relieved and grateful, Lucas nodded. They moved to the couch, and for the next few hours, they talked. It started with small talk about their lives and interests, but gradually, the conversation deepened.

Sam shared stories about her childhood, her dreams, and her fears. She told him how she had lost the love of her life after their engagement and why the hurt had made her determined never to fall in love or be in a relationship ever again.

Lucas found himself opening up as well, sharing things he hadn't told anyone in a long time. He told her all about Rachel, and when she asked who Amy was, he told her all about their friendship.

"You do realize that if you're thinking about her while making out, then she isn't just a friend to you, right?" Sam asked with a small smile.

"But that's all I want her to be. A friend," Lucas said and Sam shook her head.

"It doesn't always work that way, darling. I think it's too late for you to reverse. And if she pulled such a prank, it's possible she wanted to see your reaction because she likes you too. Just saying," Sam said with a wink.

After their conversations, they had gone ahead to play games and study together until he slept off, and when he woke up, it was morning.

As Lucas walked into the house a short while later, Tyler, who was comfortably settled on the couch in the living room with a steaming mug of coffee, glanced up from the morning news and raised an eyebrow.

"Morning," Lucas greeted as he sank into the couch opposite Tyler, looking somewhat disheveled.

Lucas had left the house shortly after noon the previous day to meet up with Sam. Tyler had been surprised when Lucas texted to say he wouldn't be coming back that night. Now, seeing Lucas, he couldn't help but wonder what had transpired.

"Good morning. How was your night?" Tyler asked, trying to gauge Lucas's mood.

"It was... fine," Lucas replied, though his weary expression betrayed his words.

His curiosity piqued, Tyler's eyes narrowed slightly as he studied Lucas. "I can see that," he said.

"Would you like some coffee?"

Without shifting his gaze from the screen, Lucas nodded. Tyler got up, setting his mug down on the table. The soft clink of porcelain echoed through the quiet room as he headed to the kitchen. He returned moments later with a fresh mug of coffee for Lucas, handing it to him with a small smile.

"Thanks," Lucas murmured, taking a sip.

Tyler settled back into his seat. "So, did you have lots of fun yesterday?" he asked casually.

"Yep. Loads of it," Lucas responded, but his voice lacked enthusiasm.

Tyler watched Lucas carefully, noticing the lack of excitement in his demeanor. "Why don't you look it though?" he probed.

Lucas finally looked at him, a hint of irritation in his eyes. "What are you talking about?"

"For someone who had loads of fun, you don't seem all that excited," Tyler observed.

Lucas shrugged. "Well, that's because I am too exhausted from all the activities of the night to be hyper."

Tyler chuckled. "So, what is she like?"

Lucas gave him an incredulous look. "Do you really expect me to answer that? I don't kiss and tell."

"I wasn't asking you to kiss and tell. Is she nice? Is she cool? What kind of a person is she?" Tyler asked easily.

"She's okay," Lucas said, not wanting to think about it.

"If you say so," Tyler said, and pretended to focus on the television but kept sneaking glances at Lucas.

"I guess the Minister will be released soon," Tyler said after a while, testing Lucas's attentiveness.

"Huh?" Lucas turned to Tyler, clearly not following.

"The Minister they just talked about. I guess he will be released soon," Tyler repeated nodding towards the TV.

Lucas nodded absently. "Yeah. I guess so."

Tyler chuckled, shaking his head. "What are you talking about? They didn't talk about any minister."

Realization dawned on Lucas, and he glared at Tyler. "I'm going to my room," he said, rising from the couch with his mug in his hand.

"Hold on. Let's talk before you go," Tyler said, raising a hand to stop him.

"About what?" Lucas asked, scowling.

"About you. What's going on with you? Are you really going to do this friends with benefits thing with this Sam girl? That's not your thing, Lucas. I don't think you should—"

"Tyler, can you please let me be? How do you know what's my thing or what's not? What is it to you if I decide that I want it to be my thing? Stop talking to me about Amy or anyone else. Just stay out of my personal business, okay?" Lucas cut in irritably.

"I wish I could, but I don't want you to—"

"You can. Do all you can to stay out of it. Living under your roof doesn't mean I have to answer to you, does it?" Lucas demanded, his tone sharp.

Tyler sighed, shaking his head. "No, it doesn't," he agreed reluctantly.

"Great. So, please let me be. I'm not in the mood for any of this. Thank you," Lucas said, turning and walking towards his bedroom.

Tyler watched him go, his heart heavy with concern. He could only hope that Lucas wouldn't do anything he would regret.

As Lucas walked into his bedroom, he shut the door behind him, and after dropping the mug on the nightstand, he slumped on the bed.

He knew that he had been unnecessarily harsh to Tyler, but at the moment his head was banging and all he wanted was to be left alone so he could figure out what to do about his growing feelings for Amy.

Chapter 910 Stay Put

After Henry and Diana had freshened up in the morning, ready to go to the dining for breakfast, Diana perched on the edge of the luxurious four-poster bed, watching him as he pulled out a suit from his closet.

"Are you going somewhere today?" She asked, since he had not mentioned any meeting to him and it was Sunday.

Henry turned to her, a rare, almost tender smile playing on his lips. "Diana, my dear," he began, his voice smooth and authoritative, "I have a surprise for you."

Diana's eyes sparkled with anticipation. She straightened up, her elegant silk robe falling in perfect folds around her. "What is it?" she asked, her voice barely concealing her excitement.

Henry gestured towards the nightstand in his corner of the room. "Open the top drawer and take out the envelope inside," he instructed.

Diana rose gracefully and glided across the plush carpet to the nightstand. Her heart pounded with expectation.

She pulled open the drawer and retrieved an envelope. Turning back to Henry, she met his gaze, his smile now more pronounced, filled with a rare warmth.

"Open it," he urged her softly.

Diana opened the envelope and pulled out the document within. Her breath caught in her throat, and a gasp of pure joy escaped her lips as she realized what she was holding. "Henry! These are... divorce papers?"

Henry nodded, his smile never wavering. "Just as I promised, Diana. I'm divorcing Vanessa. We will be able to marry soon."

Henry smiled as Diana's eyes filled with tears of happiness for Mia, and she crossed the room in swift strides and threw her arms around Henry, holding him tightly. "Oh, Henry, you don't know how happy this makes me!" She said, delighted for Mia that she would finally get her freedom and be free from Henry.

Over the last weeks since her discussion with Mia during their shopping, they had continued to chat as friends whenever they left the house, but indoors she did her best to remain stern and unwelcoming to Mia as she knew Henry wanted her to be.

Thankfully, with the pregnancy as an excuse, she had been able to keep Henry from leaving her side at any time of the night or day to pay attention to Mia or bother her.

She had also gotten him to remove the security cameras in Mia's room saying she was feeling jealous that he had put the cameras there because he was still in love with Mia and wanted to be seeing her at all times.

Henry held her close, his expression one of satisfaction. "I'm glad I could make you this happy. I love you and I want you and our baby to be happy. Bring the document along," he said softly, "We'll have Vanessa sign them after breakfast."

With the divorce papers clutched in her hand, Diana felt a surge of triumph. She had succeeded in helping Vanessa get a divorce, and she couldn't wait to see the look of relief on Vanessa's face. Together, she and Henry made their way to the dining room.

As they entered the dining room, the aroma of freshly brewed coffee and baked pastries filled the air as Jeff set out the breakfast dishes with practiced efficiency.

Mia, sitting at her usual place stole glances at Jeff discreetly while she pretended to be reading a magazine. She looked up as Henry and Diana walked in.

Henry took his seat at the head of the table, his gaze immediately falling on Jeff. "Be snappy and get lost," he barked, his tone laced with disgust.

Jeff's jaw tightened, but he nodded curtly and turned to leave. As he walked away, he heard Henry's next words, which caused his steps to falter. "Vanessa, you wanted a divorce. I'm granting you one now."

Jeff's heart skipped a beat, but he continued walking, careful not to attract suspicion. He knew better than to react openly in front of Henry.

Mia looked stunned, her gaze flicking to Diana, who wore a triumphant smile. "You have to leave the house," Diana said, her voice sweet but firm. "I want to have my baby in peace, and I don't want to have a child outside of wedlock."

She pushed the divorce document across the table to Mia, who took it with a small smile. "Thank you, Henry, Diana. This is a relief."

"Sign the papers. There's a pen inside the envelope," Henry asked and Mia took out the pen and signed the papers with a steady hand, her expression one of calm resignation. She handed them back to Diana, who accepted them with a gracious nod.

Henry cleared his throat. "Vanessa, after breakfast we will be going out together. Pack your bags and get ready."

Diana's brow furrowed slightly. "Where are you taking her?" she asked, suspicion tinging her voice.

Henry turned to Diana with a smile. "We have to see the lawyer. I want the process to go smoothly and quietly. And after that I need to take her back to her parents and hand her over to them. I don't think she should remain under my roof when she's no longer my wife."

A shadow of doubt crossed Diana's face, but she chose not to press further. Mia, however, felt a pang of worry.

She fumbled with her napkin, deliberately knocking over her water glass. It spilled across the table, the liquid spreading quickly as the glass shattered on the floor.

Henry's eyes flashed with anger, and he made a move to rise, but Diana placed a calming hand on his arm. "Leave it, Henry."

Henry's eyes narrowed in annoyance. "Clumsy as ever," he muttered.

Diana intervened smoothly. "It's just water, Henry. I will get Margaret to come clean..."

"I'm sorry. I will get something to clean that up," Mia said before Diana could finish, and hurried out of the dining to the kitchen.

Henry's gaze followed Mia's retreating form before he turned back to his breakfast, a satisfied smirk playing on his lips.

Mia made her way to the kitchen, her mind racing. "Margaret please get me something to clean the mess I made at the dining. There are glass shards on the floor," Mia said softly as she walked into the kitchen, and the moment Margaret hurried away, she went to the sink, turning her back to the camera as she pretended to wash her hand.

She took a deep breath, trying to steady herself before speaking. "I don't know what is going on. Henry is divorcing me and claims he is taking me back to my family," she said, her voice low but urgent.

Without waiting for a response, she dried her hands and returned to the dining just as Margaret returned.

Understanding why she had come to tell him that, Jeff set down the tray he was holding and slipped out of the kitchen, his mind racing. He needed to tell Tom about what was happening and find out if he should discreetly follow them or stay put.

Jeff had managed to find a secluded spot where he could make a quick phone call, and he dialed Tom's number immediately, feeling sorry that he would be disturbing Tom's sleep since it was night time in Ludus.

Tom, who was still awake after a long phone call with Barry, received the call immediately.

Before Tom could say anything, Jeff spoke in a low, urgent voice. "There's trouble brewing here. Henry is divorcing Mia and says he is taking her back to her family, but we don't know that for sure. Should I go with them or stay put?" He asked, and Tom smiled, pleased that Jeff was not letting his emotions control him at the moment.

"Stay put. He's not taking her to her home. We know where he is taking her, and you don't have to worry. She will be okay. Ask her not to worry. We will get her out soon," Tom said calmly.

"Where is he taking her?" Jeff asked, his mind racing.

Tom knew if he told Jeff that it was an asylum, Jeff would want to jump in and save Mia, and he couldn't let Jeff do that, "A building he got to lock her up."

"He wants to lock her away? Is her family aware of this?" Jeff asked in disbelief.

"Don't worry. We have everything under control," Tom assured him, and hung up the call.

As Jeff returned inside, he couldn't shake the feeling that something terrible was about to happen, despite Tom's assurance. But he was determined to do everything in his power to protect Mia and ensure that Henry's plans didn't come to fruition.

Meanwhile, at the dining, Mia's mind was a whirlwind of thoughts as she cleaned up the broken glass.

"Clean it up quickly," Henry snapped impatiently.

Mia nodded her hands moving swiftly. As she cleaned, she stole a glance at Henry. His eyes were cold and calculating, a stark reminder of the danger she faced. But she refused to let fear control her. She finished cleaning and returned to the kitchen.

She handed the glass shards, brush and napkin to Margaret. As Margaret took the items away to the storage room out back, Jeff stood by the sink with his back to the camera, "Tom says you shouldn't worry and that they've got everything under control."

Hearing that, Mia felt relieved since she had come to trust Tom and Harry. If they could easily get Jeff into the house and find out about Diana, it meant they were keeping their eyes on things.

Mia returned to the dining, her expression composed but her mind still racing with plans as she wondered what Henry was up to and what Tom and Harry had planned out.

She took her seat and picked at her food, her appetite gone, and breakfast continued with an air of forced normalcy.

Henry glanced at her as he rose after breakfast, his expression unreadable. "Go get ready. We will be leaving in thirty minutes," he said, his tone brooking no argument.

Mia nodded, her heart pounding and she glanced at Diana as she rose. "I can't say I'm sorry to see you go, Vanessa. But I wish you the best and I hope you stay safe," she said, her sincerity clear in her eyes.

Mia nodded and forced a smile, "Thank you," Vanessa said as she watched Diana walk away with Henry, and she headed for her bedroom to go get ready.