

Wild Night 161

Chapter 161 - What Happened To You?

Jade lay on her bed, curled up in a ball with her blanket over her head as she tried to stop the shudders that were going through her body. She had called in sick at work as she was still too shaken to step out of her house.

Since the police left a while ago, she had become scared and jumpy over every little sound she heard, despite the fact that they had assured her that the blood she had seen was pig blood.

She had received a call from an unknown line just some minutes after the police left, and the caller had asked her in a robotic voice if she liked the gift she had received.

Going to get a massage and makeover was the last thing on her mind now. Funny how the state of her physical appearance didn't matter to her anymore now that she felt like her life was in danger. A person needed to be alive to look beautiful.

She knew that she needed to brace up herself and be stronger as threats of even worse nature awaited her if she was set to continue in this career path. There were always going to be displeased defendants, and the nature of the threats would vary depending on the nature of the cases she chose to handle.

She didn't feel safe in her home anymore. Where else could she go to? The home of either of her female colleagues? Nah. She shook her head to discard the thought. She didn't want them to know just how scared she was. They thought she was the bravest amongst them, so she didn't want them to see her in this state and make fun of her even after she eventually gets over this. Perhaps she could go lodge in a hotel? Nah. She shook her head once again. That was also out of the question. She didn't want to give them the satisfaction of knowing that their threat had invoked fear in her. It was never good to show fear to the enemy.

Jade's heart almost jumped out of her chest when she heard the sound of her doorbell. She threw the blanket off her, and her eyes frantically moved around the bedroom in her bid to find a defense weapon. When the doorbell rang again, Jade quickly rolled off her bed and picked up a baseball bat that was hanging on one end of the bedroom wall.

With the baseball bat raised slightly above her head, Jade took very slow and deliberate steps towards the door. She was still dressed in her bathrobe as she had been unable to summon up the needed courage to go into the bathroom to have her shower. What if someone comes in when her eyes are closed? What if that someone does something to her and makes it appear like a home accident?

The doorbell rang once again as she stopped by her door. She discreetly peeped through the peephole on her door, and her eyes rounded as large as saucers when she saw Harry standing there with a worried frown on his face, while one hand was raised to ring the doorbell again. Harry Jonas? What was he doing here? She wondered as she quickly ran to the bedroom to replace the baseball bat, and ran a hand through her rough-looking mop of hair in a bid to organize it before returning to open the door.

"Esquire?" Harry asked, looking at her like he couldn't recognize the person standing in front of him.

"What are you doing here?" Jade asked with an awkward smile as she motioned for him to get inside the house. She looked outside her door and noticed the black sedan car parked behind hers before shutting the door and turning to face Harry.

The lady standing in front of him sure did sound like Jade Hank, but she didn't look anything like the beautiful and lively Jade he has met four years ago. Her hair was different, her complexion was dull. She was looking too pale and thin, and very scared too. If he didn't know better he would think she was some sort of crackhead, and not the intelligent lawyer she was.

"What happened to you?" Harry blurted out before he could stop himself. He knew this wasn't the right time to ask, and this definitely wasn't a good conversation starter, but somehow he felt like he needed to know why she had changed so much in the space of just four years. Was it because of her fiancé's death?

Jade's gaze moved away from him for only a brief moment as one hand moved to comb her hair, while the other hand held the lapels of her bathrobe together self-consciously. She couldn't help feeling slightly embarrassed that he was seeing her in such a state. All of a sudden the makeover didn't sound not-so-important anymore.

Jade gave him a forced smile, "Nothing happened. What are you doing here? We were on the phone just a while ago..." Her words drifted off when her eyes fell on the wall clock and she realized that it had been about four hours already since the last time they spoke. That meant he had probably come over because of what he heard.

"Don't tell me you came here because of that," Jade asked Harry who was just standing there staring at her like she was a stranger.

"I did," Harry said without pretense.

"You didn't have to. I'm completely fine," Jade said with an assuring smile, and Harry scoffed.

"You look the complete opposite of fine. You look like a complete mess right now," Harry said and winced once the words left his mouth. He was honest to a fault and was used to being brutally blunt. Tom was right. This was probably one of the reasons he didn't have a girlfriend.

"You didn't just scoff at me or call me a mess when you turned up in my house uninvited, did you?" Jade asked, glaring at him.

"Yeah, I didn't. Forget whatever you heard," Harry said with a sigh as he walked over to her lone couch which was covered with different books and materials, and made room for himself to sit, while Jade watched him, wondering what he was doing.

Did he just ask her to forget what she heard? Like he was some sort of vampire and was trying to compel her or something? Jade asked herself in disbelief, "I don't remember asking you to sit. As you can see, I'm fine. You can leave now," Jade said in a tight voice, gesturing to the door for him to leave.

She knew she was being rude, considering the fact that he had come all the way here to make sure she was okay, but she hated that he was here seeing her in this state. The damned man had even said she looked like a complete mess, so now she was feeling even more self-conscious. She possibly couldn't beg him to leave, as that would embarrass her even more than her present physical state.

Harry sat with both legs apart and both hands spread on the armrest of the couch as he stared at her as though he was a king looking at his subject, "How many bedrooms do you have?" He asked as though he hadn't heard her rude remark as he looked around the tiny living room.

"I beg your pardon?" Jade asked with a frown.

"I asked, how many bedrooms does this apartment consist of?" Harry asked again.

"Just one. Why?" Jade asked, letting her curiosity get the best of her.

"Too bad. I will take the couch then. You can move your books to your bedroom," Harry instructed her, making Jade look at him dumbstruck.

What happened to him? The Harry she remembered was a really polite gentleman, not this ill-mannered man she was talking to. How could he barge into her home and try to order her around? He wanted to sleep on her couch? What for?

"Look, I appreciate your concern. I really do. But I'm sorry, you are not welcome here," Jade told him once she finally found her tongue.

Harry sighed as he sat up with his elbows resting on his knees and both hands folded under his chin as though he was getting ready to talk sense into a stubborn child, "See it this way, I'm here in the stead of both your brothers to ensure that you are okay and everything is going on well with this case. I'm not going anywhere, so let's not argue over this," Harry said in a tone that brooked no argument.

Was he perhaps going about it differently? What would either Tom or Bryan had done if they were here? Perhaps offer her a hug and tell her everything would be fine? Harry wondered.

"I don't remember asking for your help," Jade pointed out.

"You don't have to. Now unless you want me to inform your entire family about what is going on with you, I suggest you don't give me a hard time over this," Harry threatened, knowing that if he so much as informed her mother about it, both her parents would move in with her.

Although Jade wanted to argue some more, she knew deep down that she was less scared now that she had someone in the house with her. Not just anyone, but Harry who was very reliable judging by how much Tom esteemed him.

Jade's resistance was mostly due to the fact that she was feeling too embarrassed that he was seeing her in the state, and also because of the way he was ordering her around. However, her pride wouldn't let her just accept the offer without putting up a fight, "How do you expect that we both can stay under this roof together? In case you haven't noticed, I'm a woman, and you are a man who is unrelated to me," Jade said matter of factly.

"Well, just assume I'm one of your brothers then. A recently adopted brother, if that will make you feel better. Also, you have nothing to worry about me touching you," Harry assured her, looking her over like he was unimpressed by what he was seeing.

"When last did you have a proper sleep anyway? Have you even had your bath today?" He asked looking at the black circles under her eyes which reminded him of a panda. An amused smile

twitched his lips at that thought, and one look at the scowl on her face, the smile widened into a grin.

At least they were getting somewhere. A scowl on her face was way better than the fear he had seen in her eyes earlier.

"I beg your pardon?" Jade asked with a slightly raised brow as she glared at him.

"You should go and get out of that ugly robe. Freshen up while at it, and let's talk about our living arrangements when you look normal," Harry instructed her as he stood up and adjusted his suit, "I will be outside making a couple of phone calls," Harry said as he walked to the door.

Placing his hand on the doorknob he turned around to look at Jade who was still glaring at him, and he narrowed his eyes suspiciously, "Sorry, I have trust issues," he said as he removed the key from the lock and held it up, "I will hold on to this, just in case you choose not to let me back in," Harry said before stepping out of the house.

Chapter 162 - Tired

The moment Lucy stepped into her bedroom, she collapsed on her bed and shut her eyes. She was exhausted. Perhaps it was because of the time she had spent in the company of her boss, or maybe she was just mentally exhausted after revisiting her past and sharing part of her experience with Tom.

She needed to confront the past that she had tried so hard to keep locked up for years. She needed to face everything that had happened. That way she wouldn't have to faint or go into shock merely by thinking about it. Perhaps she should consider the doctor's suggestion and ask him to get her a psychotherapist? It wouldn't hurt to give it a try.

Once Lucy made up her mind to give the doctor a call the next day, she sat up on the bed and picked up her phone once again to check if there was a text or call from Tom, and then she recalled that she had missed a call from Lucas earlier. She dialed his line and connected her earpiece to her phone before plugging it to her ears and resting her back on the headrest of the bed with both eyes closed.

"Hey, Lu!" Lucas greeted in his usual distracted tone once he received her call.

"I missed your call earlier. What's up?" Lucy asked unable to hide the tiredness in her voice.

"Are you okay?" Lucas asked with a concerned frown and dropped his pen to give her his undivided attention when he heard her voice.

"Yeah. I guess I'm just exhausted. Had a really busy day at work today," Lucy explained with a yawn.

"Then you should rest," Lucas suggested.

"Sure, I will. Why did you call earlier?" Lucy asked, reminding him once again that he had called her earlier.

Lucas narrowed his eyes as he tried to recall why he had called, "Oh, yes! You will never guess who walked into my office today," Lucas said excitedly, making Lucy open her eyes.

"Who did?" Lucy asked curiously when she heard the excitement in his voice.

"Your boss's parents! I was so surprised by the coincidence of it all," he said, making Lucy's brows furrow in surprise.

"Really? Why were they at your office?" Lucy asked, and listened as Lucas explained it all to her, only leaving out the fact that he had given them an invite to his wedding. He wanted it to be a surprise to both her and Sonia.

"Wow! It's a small world, I guess," Lucy said when he was done telling her about it.

"Yeah, it is. I should leave you to rest right now," Lucas said, and Lucy smiled.

"How is Rachel doing?"

"She's okay. Just busy with wedding preparations. I will tell her you sent your love. Let's talk some other time, okay? I love you," Lucas said.

"Sure. I love you too," Lucy responded before hanging up the call.

Once she hung up and dropped the phone on her bed. She stood up to take off her clothes, but the phone started ringing once again. She quickly picked it up. Her heart skipped a beat when she noticed that it was a call from Tom, and she quickly received it.

"Hey, baby!" Tom greeted, feeling really guilty about what he was doing.

"Where have you been? Where are you?" Lucy asked, sounding both relieved and upset at the same time.

"Something urgent came up and I had to go out of town. I'm sorry I wasn't there when you woke up. How are you feeling now?" Tom asked, feeling even more worried about her now that he could hear the tiredness in her voice.

Lucy's heart squeezed in her chest, and she closed her eyes against the tears that had gathered in her eyes, "I don't know. I'm just tired," she confessed in a shaky voice which broke Tom's heart.

Tom remained silent for a while as he tried to come up with a reasonable and helpful response, "Do you want to tell me about it?" Tom asked.

"I... I only want to see you," Lucy said as she raised a hand to her face to wipe the tears which had slipped from her eyes.

Hearing her request, Tom's heart fluttered in his chest. How was he going to be able to stay away from her when she say words like this? He couldn't. "How about you rest for today, and then I can send someone to pick you up tomorrow so that we could meet somewhere?" Tom suggested.

"You won't be back home tomorrow?" Lucy asked with a worried frown.

Tom raised his hand to scratch the back of his head, "Uhm... I quit working as your driver today. And I'm moving out of the apartment too," Tom said, and her heart skipped a beat.

"Wait, what? Why? You said you were only going to quit after getting the lady you want. Have you talked to her already?" Lucy asked, hoping he hadn't done so yet, as she still needed him.

Tom cleared his throat. Maybe it was time to start clearing up the lies one after the other. She was going to get angry with each lie he confessed to, but it was better than her being confronted by them all at the same time, "I lied."

"You lied? About what?" Lucy asked with a confused frown, her heart beating really fast in her chest. Although he had told her he hadn't been completely honest with her on some things, she felt nervous hearing this.

"There is no lady. I only said that so you would relax and stop putting up your defenses so much around me," Tom confessed.

"I'm not sure I understand what you are saying," Lucy said, feeling even more confused now.

"I'm not interested in any lady," apart from you, he silently added to himself.

"Then why did you get the driving job at the company? You said you wanted the job just to get close to her. Why did you quit without talking to me first? And now you want to move out all of a sudden? Are you doing all of this because of what I told you? Are you scared of me and trying to avoid me?" Lucy asked the last question in a very small voice, wiping the tears that were rolling down her cheeks.

She didn't know what else to think about it, as that was the only reasonable conclusion she could come to. Things had been going smoothly between them, and all of a sudden he wanted to move out of her life after she told him about her past. What else could be the reason?

"Scared of you? That is far from it, Lu. I promise, I'm not avoiding you. It's just that I have feelings for you, and I'm afraid that my feelings for you might scare you away from me, especially after all what you've been through," Tom explained, and paused to let his words sink in.

"And you couldn't talk to me about it before deciding to move away?" Lucy asked, and then paused when the meaning of what he had just dawned on her. Tom had feelings for her?

Chapter 163 - Preceding Reputation

The private investigator opened his eyes and moaned when he felt a piercing pain on the right side of his head. He shut his eyes to block the pain as he tried to remember what had happened. The last thing he remembered was talking to Mrs. Miller on the phone, and then going to check who was knocking on his door.

His eyes snapped open, and he gasped in surprise when someone poured water on his face, "You weren't brought here to sleep," A cold deep male voice growled at him.

"Who are you? What do you want from me? Who sent you to me?" The private investigator asked, looking around the warehouse which was filled with various cartons nervously before returning his gaze to the huge man who was standing next to him with an empty bottle of water in one hand.

"You don't need to know who sent me. Your service is required. We have a job for you," the man with the deep voice said.

"A job? And you couldn't talk things through? You had to harass me this way?" The private investigator asked, feeling annoyed as he looked down at his leg which was tied to a chair, as well as his hands which were also tied to his upper torso and the chair.

"This is a warning to let you know that you can disappear from the face of the earth if you so much as cross us or do a bad job," he warned.

"What do you want?"

"Your reputation precedes you. We have learned that you are the best there is around here when it comes to digging up information and finding people who do not want to be found. We need you to find someone."

"We?" The private investigator asked, wondering why he kept saying 'We' when he was the only one in the room.

"That's to let you know that there are many of us out there. You don't need to bother about who the others are. This file contains the details and pictures of the person we need you to find," he said dropping a flash drive in the front pocket of the investigator's shirt before taking out a dagger from his boot to cut off the ropes which were holding the private investigator.

"We expect you to find her in three days."

The private investigator who had just been cut loose, and who was stretching out his hands and legs which were feeling cramped, paused to look at him, "Three days?"

"As I said, your reputation precedes you. We know you work fast, so do a good job."

The private investigator straightened his back and squared his shoulders before giving his captor a nod, "How do I get the information to you when I'm done?" He asked, sensing that the man before him was very dangerous and it would be a risk to ask him to make any sort of payment for the job.

"I will come for it myself. And if I don't, someone else will. You are free to leave now. Someone will be waiting outside to take you back," the man said, jerking his head to the door for the private investigator to leave.

Two hours later the private investigator walked into his apartment and almost died of shock when he saw a man in a black suit seated on the single couch in his tiny studio apartment. What was it this time?

He took a step back, and bumped into the door which had just been pushed open by another man in a black suit, "Who are you?" He asked nervously. It seemed like it was time for him to finally quit this line of business.

"Go in!" The one standing behind him ordered as he pushed him further into the apartment and shut the door behind him.

"Have you given the Millers any information concerning Mr. Hank?" The man sitting on the couch asked as he raised the documents and pictures of Tom which the private investigator had carefully arranged before his abduction.

"How did you..." The remaining words were lost in a loud cry when the man standing behind him slapped his back.

"We ask the questions, and you give the answers. There will be consequences if you do otherwise," the man on the couch told him with cold eyes.

"I haven't," the private investigator answered with a shake of his head when he noticed that his phone was also on the table. They had probably gone through his call log.

"Good. We will keep all of these since it doesn't concern you or your client. Just to be fair, we will double whatever has been paid, and in return, you will give Mrs. Miller a call this moment and decline the job," the man on the couch said, making the private investigator's eyes widen in surprise.

"Are we clear?" the man asked in a very calm voice, and the private investigator gave him a quick nod even though this went against the ethics of his job. He was smart enough to know that he would be in a very difficult situation if he went against their instructions.

"And don't try to play smart," the man warned before using the private investigator's phone to dial Mrs. Miller's number.

Once the call connected, he placed it on speaker and gave the private investigator a nod to speak.

"Why are you calling when you are yet to deliver the information you mentioned to me? Your money has been sent, and I'm yet to see what I paid for," Mrs. Miller hissed in displeasure.

"I'm sorry about that, but I can't go on with the job. Your money will be refunded," the private investigator said apologetically.

"What do you mean by that nonsense? I have paid in full and I expect the information here at once, else I'm going to ruin your career!" She yelled at him angrily.

"You heard him. He won't be doing your job anymore. I have a message for you from Mr. Hank; If you want your family to remain relevant, stop digging your nose in places they don't belong," The man in suit warned, and hung up without waiting to hear her response.

He gathered all the materials on the table and handed them to his partner who was still standing behind the investigator, "We will keep your laptop, camera, and phone, if you don't mind," he said before picking the listed items.

The private investigator opened his mouth to protest but clamped it shut when the man raised a questioning brow, "You will receive a package within the next hour," he said before heading for the door.

He hesitated by the door and turned around to look at the investigator, "What did the gang who took you earlier want?" He asked, returning his attention to the investigator.

The investigator looked slightly startled by the question. He was tempted to ask how they knew he had been abducted, but decided against it once he recalled the warning the mean one had given him, "They want me to help them find someone," he confessed, already feeling tired of the whole thing. Once he got this job done, he was going to quit forever.

"Who?" The man asked once again.

"I'm sorry, but I can't tell you that," the investigator said with a shake of his head. As far as he was concerned, his business with them was over.

The man looked at him for a moment as if he wanted to say something, and then gave him a nod before walking out of the studio apartment with his partner.

Chapter 164 - Trust Issues

Listening to the silence at the other end of the line, Tom could tell that she had finally processed what he had said, "Lu? Are you still there?" He called softly, as he waited to hear her thoughts on his confession.

Lucy cleared her throat and licked her lips which were suddenly feeling very dry now, "Yeah. I'm still here," she said, gulping softly while her heart continued to race wildly. What was she going to say to him?

This whole thing was very confusing for her. She loved seeing him, talking to him, and having him around, and now she knew she also enjoyed having sex with him too. But did she want a committed relationship with him? Was she capable of something like that? She had always said she didn't want a companion, but now that Sonia was busy with Bryan most of the time, and Lucas was also too busy with the hospital and his fiancée, who else did she have to turn to apart from Tom? Was this relationship thing something that she could do? And if what he said was true, and he really wasn't interested in any lady, then why had he convinced her into being in a temporary relationship with him? Had he done that because he really wanted to be in a relationship with her?

Seeing that she still wasn't saying anything, Tom decided to find out what she was thinking, "What is in..."

Lucy cleared her throat, "I want to see you before I say anything else," she said before Tom could complete his question.

"You want to see me?" Tom asked in confusion. That wasn't the response he had been expecting. He had expected more questions, perhaps anger, or any other thing, but certainly not a request to see him.

"Yes. I want to look you in the face while I talk to you," Lucy repeated, sounding a bit more confident now than she had been a moment ago.

"Can we FaceTime?" Tom asked hopefully since he was yet to hear from Harry about the situation with the private investigator, and he didn't want to make any move until he was certain that it had been sorted out.

"No. I want to see you here," Lucy repeated. "Call me when you get here," Lucy said and hung up before Tom could say anything else.

Once she hung up the call, she blinked in surprise when she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror and noticed that she was smiling broadly. Why was she grinning? She asked herself, raising both hands to her cheeks.

All of a sudden she no longer felt exhausted anymore. It felt like all her tiredness had disappeared, and was now replaced with newly found energy. How was it possible that a single phone call could change both her physical state and mood entirely?

With her newfound strength, Lucy got off the bed and pulled off the bedspread which had some bloodstains on it. She had taken note of the bloodstain when she returned from the hospital in the morning, and also a couple of minutes after she returned from the office, but she had been feeling too tired to do anything about it.

Now she took the bedspread to her laundry basket, and once she dropped it, she walked over to the bathroom to wash her hands before returning to take off her contacts which she was yet to remove from her eyes. Sitting in front of her dressing mirror, she combed her hair and tied it in a ponytail. Her heart fluttered in her chest as she recalled Tom's words to her. He really had feelings for her, and not anyone else?

Although she knew that she should be feeling angry that he had lied to her about being interested in a lady at the company, and for deceiving her into becoming his temporary girlfriend, she just felt relieved in a way, knowing that there was no one else in his life, and she wanted to see him.

Once she was done with her hair, she picked up a clean bedsheet and lay it over her bed, tucking it neatly around the edges. After that, she showered and put on a mini jeans skirt and a sports bralette before returning to lie on her bed.

She checked the time and sighed when she noticed that it was just past 2 pm. After their outing earlier, the CEO had dropped her off in front of the company and had insisted that she spend the rest of the day at home since there was nothing to be done at the office until the following day. Hence, she had to leave the office earlier than usual.

Having no one else to call and with nowhere else to go, she picked up a novel from one of her bedside drawers and settled on her bed to read it. Just when she started becoming engrossed in the book, she heard the sound of her doorbell. Thinking it was Tom, she sprang up from her bed and raced to her door barefooted.

Once she pulled the door open, she frowned in disappointment when she realized that it wasn't Tom.

"I guess you were expecting someone else. Sorry to disappoint you," Alicia said, flashing her an apologetic smile.

"It is fine. You want something?" Lucy asked with a polite smile.

"I noticed your car was parked outside, so I stopped by to see if you were in, and to also make sure you're fine. I noticed someone else drove you home earlier and you didn't look like you were feeling fine," Alicia said holding up a mini tray of cookies.

Lucy smiled at the kind gesture, "Thanks. That's very nice of you," Lucy said, stepping aside for Alicia to enter the house.

"It's what neighbors do," Alicia said with a smile as she walked in with her tray of cookies and set it on the table before sitting down.

"What would you like to have? Tea to go with the cookies? Or perhaps a can of drink?" Lucy asked, and Alicia smiled up at her.

"A can of soda is just perfect," Alicia said, and Lucy gave her a nod before going to get it from her refrigerator.

"By the way, did something happen?" Alicia asked the moment Lucy returned with two cans of soft drink and handed her one.

"Something like what?" Lucy asked as she settled down on the same couch, but turned in the seat so that she was facing Alicia, before opening her can of drink and taking a long sip.

"I noticed that someone came to look around Tom's house earlier. Is he moving out? Does it have anything to do with what we talked about during dinner on Sunday?" Alicia asked with curiosity in her eyes as she opened her can of drink.

"Someone came to check the house today?" Already? Lucy wondered with a frown. When Alicia bobbed her head, Lucy sighed.

He had said he wasn't moving away because he was scared of her or avoiding her. Perhaps he was doing this because she had implied at the initial time that he was stalking her? And so had decided to move out after hearing about how she had been stalked as a teenager? But she didn't think he was a stalker anymore, so there was no reason for him to leave. She was just going to have to talk to him about it.

"He didn't happen to mention anything to you about moving, did he?" Alicia asked, breaking into her thoughts.

Not wanting to think about Tom at the moment, or what would become of their relationship if he stopped being her next-door neighbor and driver, she tried to focus on Alicia.

"He did. I just didn't expect it to be this soon. Do you both still plan on asking him to be your sperm donor?" Lucy asked curiously, hoping they had changed their mind. For some reason, it didn't sit well with her anymore to have any other lady around Tom, talk more of having another woman carry his child.

Alicia cleared her throat, as that was another reason she had actually come to see Lucy, "Well, Jas wants us to hold on for a while until we are sure about Tom's personality. But seeing how he is moving out soon, I don't think we have the luxury of time to wait," Alicia said, making Lucy look at her with patient curiosity as she waited to hear what Alicia wanted to say.

"What do you think about him?" Alicia asked, watching Lucy closely.

"What do I think about Tom?" Lucy repeated, imagining herself telling Alicia that she thought it would be a very terrible idea to have Tom father their child, "Well, Tom is a very nice guy," Lucy said with a shrug.

Alicia pursed her lips as she contemplated whether or not she should tell Lucy the truth about the real occupants of the building where Tom was living and when Tom moved in there. Jas would probably be very upset if she told got herself involved in this.

"You don't think that perhaps Tom is stalking you?" Alicia asked after a little pause, making Lucy raise a brow.

"What do you mean, stalking me?"

"Showing up at the club, and then at your house, as well as the company where you work? Don't you think there is something fishy about it?" Alicia pointed out.

Lucy didn't like the direction the conversation was going. She had enough trust issues already that she was still trying to clear, and she didn't need Alicia or anyone else fueling her doubts, "He applied for the job before I arrived unless you are saying he applied for the job on the day I resumed and got it that same day, which we both know doesn't make any sense. And according to you and

Jas, he has been living here long before I got here. I even met him at the club, not the other way around. So who would you say is stalking the other between us both?" Lucy asked matter of factly.

Alicia shrugged, "Well, I'm all for women looking out for women. I just think perhaps you should be more careful around him. Things might not always be as they seem."

"Is there something you're trying to say to me?" Lucy asked, remembering that she had thought they were keeping something from her that night during dinner.

"I'm just saying that maybe there is more to Tom than we all know. Jas thinks so too. He seems to be hiding something, and that is why Jasmine wants us to hold off talking to him about the sperm donation. So you should be careful too, and not trust him too much."

"Is there a particular reason you feel this way?" Lucy asked, remembering Tom's outburst during dinner that night.

"You can't tell Tom or Jas that you heard this from me, okay? The other night, Tom asked us not to tell you that he is new to the neighborhood.. An older couple used to live in that apartment, and we only saw Tom for the first time after you moved in."

Chapter 165 - Ungrateful Bastard

Standing by the window of his office, Tom waited for Lucy to come in so that he could finally reveal the truth to her about who he truly was. He didn't want to keep lying to her or feeling guilty about it anymore.

"What are you doing here?" Lucy asked in alarm when she walked into the CEO's office and saw Tom standing by the window.

"Who let you in here? Come with me, you should leave now before he comes in and sees you here. He can be really mean," Lucy said reaching out to grab his hand, but Tom made no move to reach for her hand, and just kept staring at her with a slightly amused expression.

"I came to fulfill your fantasy," Tom said in a teasing tone while looking into her eyes with an unreadable expression.

"Fantasy? What fantasy?" She asked with a frown as she glanced at the private elevator entrance in the office before hurrying to the door to shut it so that neither her boss nor Harry would walk in on them.

"You have forgotten already? You said you would love to have sex with me on the CEO's desk, I want to make it happen," Tom said as he took a step towards her.

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?" She half yelled as she took his hands and tried to drag him to the door, "I could lose my job if my boss finds you in here," She snapped at him.

"Nevermind about that. Tell me the thought of this doesn't turn you on? I'm here, you're here, and the table is right here. I could have you on your back in a second and you'd be crying out my name..." Before Tom could finish, the office door was pushed open.

"Sup, Tom? Can I talk to you for a sec?" Harry asked as he walked in, his eyes on the documents in his hand. He stopped when he raised his head and realized Lucy was in the office. He almost kicked himself when he saw the frown on Lucy's face.

"Shit!" Harry muttered and gave Tom an apologetic glance when he realized he had just screwed up.

"I thought you had closed for the day?" he asked her with an awkward smile.

"Sup Tom? You know him? I mean... other than him being my driver?" She asked both men, looking from one to the other.

"Handy Tom and Thomas Hank are the same person, aren't they?" Lucy asked again in a dangerously low voice, and when neither of them made any move to deny it, she turned around and walked out of the office.

"Lucy!" Tom called out and sat up on his bed his eyes wide open and his heart beating really fast.

Thank goodness it was a dream. It was just a bad dream. He sighed and used a hand to wipe his face, feeling very relieved that it was only a dream.

What sort of a stupid dream was that anyway? He asked himself, cringing at all the silly things he had said in the dream. One minute he had been waiting for her to tell her, the truth, and the next minute he was stalling, and teasing her unnecessarily, Tom thought with a shake of his head.

After his phone call with Lucy earlier, he had dialed Harry's line, and when he couldn't reach Harry, he had tried to get some rest and dozed off while thinking about the entire situation with Lucy and how to get out of it. He could guess that was what had prompted the dream.

He picked up his phone now to check the time and sighed when he noticed that he had only been asleep for less than twenty minutes.

What was he going to do about all of this? She wanted to see him, and he also wanted to go to her. He missed being in her company as Tom. He missed teasing her. He wanted to listen to her tell him about how she had spent her day. But he knew that he needed to start being honest with her before his dream becomes reality.

He glanced at his phone when it started ringing and quickly received the call when he realized that it was Harry. The bastard who had blown his cover in the dream.

"You bastard!" Tom cursed, making Harry pull the phone away from his ear to check his phone's screen just to be sure he was talking to Tom.

"Now I'm beginning to get really worried about you. The doctor needs to check your brain, you ungrateful jerk," Harry hissed at him, and Tom chuckled.

"I've been trying to reach you all day. What have you been up to?" Tom asked as he stretched out his legs.

"I was busy making some phone calls and trying to take care of your loose ends," Harry explained while keeping an eye on Jade's door. He was seated in one of the company's cars which he had asked the branch manager over there to deliver to him upon his arrival at the airport.

"You arrived safely, I suppose?" Tom asked as he stood up from the bed in his mini office room and walked into the office.

"Did I? I think the jet crashed, and you're currently speaking with my ghost. Please find my body and take it home to my dad. Tell him I love him," Harry said dryly, making Tom chuckle.

Yeah, he had asked a stupid question, Tom admitted to himself. "You're such an idiot," Tom cursed Harry as he sat on his office chair.

"I'm sure we both know who the idiot is between the both of us. And you had better watch your tongue and be extra nice to me, else your sister is going to pay for whatever you say," Harry threatened.

"You've seen her? How is she?" Tom asked curiously.

How was she? Harry asked himself, thinking about the stubborn lady he had met earlier, "When last did you see her?" Harry asked without answering Tom's question.

"Hmm, sometime last year I suppose? Why do you ask?"

"Well, she looks awful. I don't think she has been eating or resting enough. And I think what happened earlier, spooked her bad," Harry said with a slight frown as he shared his findings with Tom. Even though she was pretending not to be scared, he could tell that she was very frightened. He had asked a couple of her neighbors about what had happened, and although most of them had been tight-lipped, the elderly man leaving across the street from her had told him what had happened.

Tom sighed, "I know you're going to make sure she's fine. Thank you. I feel better now than I know that you're there with her," Tom said with gratitude.

"I don't think she likes that I'm here though. Working at the office is going to be much easier than taking care of that stubborn sister of yours," Harry complained making Tom's lips twitch in an amused smile. He hadn't expected any different from Harry, as he was a workaholic, and Tom knew that official assignments were easier than anything else as far as Harry was concerned.

"I'm sure she is happy to have you with her, but she's just too proud to admit it. Please be patient with her, okay?"

"Not making any promises, but I will try. About the issue with the private investigator, it has been taken care of. Also, I've asked them to put the house up for sale, you still want that, right?"

"Yeah. Sure. How did you resolve the issue with the private investigator?" Tom asked, feeling guilty that he was overworking Harry. Harry was just too competent and efficient for his own good, hence it was difficult not to leave everything to him.

"I had the guys pay him off, and I also had them deliver a message from you to Anita's family..."

"Anita's family?" Tom asked in surprise as he hadn't been expecting that.

"Yeah. Sorry. I thought I mentioned it to you already. I suppose her family is pissed, considering the way you treated Mr. Wyatt and Anita the other day. But not to worry, I'm sure they won't try anything stupid anymore," Harry said, and then raised a brow when he noticed the movement of the window blind in Jade's apartment. It was obvious that she was trying to see if he was still outside as he had been out for almost two hours now.

"Let's talk later. Got to go now. Your sister is missing me already. She just gave me the signal," Harry said with a chuckle and hung up before Tom could respond.

Harry reached into the backseat of the car to pick his suitcase before getting out of the car. He took in a deep breath as he headed for the door. He really wasn't looking forward to having another argument with the stubborn woman.

Harry raised his hand to ring the doorbell, but put it down, reminding himself that he was going to be living here for the next couple of days, and as a result, he didn't need her to open the door.

Once he turned the doorknob and stepped into the house, he did a double-take when he noticed that the house had been cleaned, and all the books which had been in the living room had been cleared, but more than that, it was Jade who was seated on the lone couch, looking the exact opposite of what he had seen earlier that got his attention.

Chapter 166 - I Missed You

Mrs. Miller remained still as she gazed at her phone which was on the dining table. Never had she felt as insulted or humiliated as she was feeling at the moment. She had been humiliated in the presence of her brother and daughter, both of who she had invited over to show them how efficient she was at getting results.

They had all been gathered together having lunch while awaiting the package from the private investigator before the last call came in.

"There is no need to be furious. I told you before now that he is a very arrogant young man. Let's just forget about him," Mr. Wyatt told his sister with a shake of his head.

"I'm sorry, mother. It's all my fault. Don't worry, I will take care of it," Anita assured her mother and uncle.

"And how do you intend to do that?" Mrs. Miller asked, turning to look at her daughter. As twisted as it may sound, after what had just happened, she became even more determined to have Thomas Hank as her son-in-law. She needed someone as wealthy, smart, and capable as he was in her family.

Anita leaned forward in her seat, "I have a plan. I am friends with his personal assistant and..."

"The same lady he is fond of?" Her uncle cut in, making Mrs. Miller raise a brow.

"There is a lady he is fond of?" She asked curiously.

"Yes. That's the lady I told you about. The one who was with him at the meeting and sat on Anita's seat. He seemed quite fond of her," Mr. Wyatt explained to his sister who pursed her lips which were coated in pink lipstick as she listened to him.

"Is something going on between them?" Mrs. Miller asked, turning to look at Anita who shook her head.

"You're sure about that?" She asked again, and Anita gave her a nod. Even if anything was going on between them, she wasn't going to let a person like Lucy get in her way.

"Good. You say you are close to her?" She asked, turning to look at Anita.

Anita gave her mother a quick nod, "Yes, mother."

"Then maybe you can get her to set up an appointment with him. Apologize to him on behalf of the family, and let him know that your mother was only trying to look out for you, and make sure your new boss is a good person," Mrs. Miller suggested, and her brother shook his head.

"If you ask me, I say we forget about him. If I had known he was this arrogant I never would have sold the airline to him," Mr. Wyatt spat out angrily still feeling very upset over the way Tom had treated him.

"Oh, shut it! You sold the airline to him because he was willing to pay much more than every other person did, so quit whining," she hissed at her brother condescendingly as she gave Anita her complete attention.

"The private investigator did a lousy job and got caught, I believe I can trust you to get close to him enough to seduce him, right?"

"Yes, mother. I can do that," Anita said confidently.

"You should return to your office then. I'm sure you have work to get back to," her mother said dismissively, and Anita quickly stood up and picked up her bag.

"Thank you mother," she said politely and gave her uncle a nod before walking away.

Immediately she stepped out of the house she let out a sigh of relief as she walked over to where her car was parked and got inside. It was time to set everything in motion and get her man. She was just going to give Lucy a call once she got back to her office.

Meanwhile, Lucy lay on her bed staring at her novel with unseeing eyes. No matter how much she tried to focus on the novel long after Alicia left, she just couldn't bring herself to get past a single paragraph. Alicia's words kept replaying in her head over and over again.

Why did Tom lie about moving into the neighborhood a year ago when he had moved in recently? Did that mean he had moved in after their meeting at the club? How was that possible on such short notice? How did he even find out where she lived if that was the case? Was it possible that he was moving out now because he felt guilty after hearing her story? None of it made sense, Lucy thought in frustration as she dropped the novel on her bed and stood up to pace around her bedroom.

The only reason she wasn't freaking out as she probably would have done, was because he had informed her some days back that he had lied to her about certain things. Still, she couldn't help the questions that were running through her mind now. Who was this man? And what was he keeping from her? She asked herself as she moved back and forth in her bedroom barefooted. She was feeling very tempted to pick up her phone and demand to see him, or better still go over to where ever he was to meet him, but she didn't want to do that. Something told her that he was probably going to lie to her, and she wanted to figure things out on her own before confronting him.

She glanced at her bedside clock, and when she saw that it was just 4 PM, she sighed to herself, wondering how much longer she had to wait before she would hear from Sonia. She needed to talk to someone. She felt like her head was going to explode if she didn't at least speak to someone.

She picked up a polo shirt from her closet which she wore over her sports bralette, and then put on her glasses and slippers, before walking out of her apartment with her phone in hand. She needed to take a walk and clear her head.

Immediately she stepped out of her apartment, her eyes moved to Tom's apartment, and she walked over to stand in front of the building, and simply stood there staring at it as though all the answers she needed were displayed there.

She probably would have doubted Alicia's words if she didn't already find it strange that he had admitted to having feelings for her today, and also confessed that the lady he had told her about was nonexistent. After hearing from both him and Alicia today, she had to wonder what other lies he was keeping from her.

She couldn't help the feeling that she was missing something very important. It felt like there was something in her brain that she needed to connect the dots and find her answers, but she couldn't seem to access that part of her brain.

She glanced at her phone when it suddenly started ringing and raised a brow when she realized that the call was from Anita. Anita... At least this was someone who knew Tom before she did. Perhaps Anita would have some of the answers she needed? Lucy wondered as she kept staring at her phone which was ringing.

She pursed her lips when she recalled that Tom had asked her not to inform Anita that she was aware of the nature of their past relationship. If truly Anita was trying to matchmake her with Tom, then Anita would probably be willing to tell her whatever she needed to know about Tom, right? Lucy received the call at the last moment.

"Hello, Lu. I've missed you," Anita said with a pleasant voice, and Lucy rolled her eyes.

"Hello!" Lucy said in an equally pleasant voice, ignoring the obvious lie Anita had just told.

"I guess you're done for the day? Do you have time this evening? I'd love us to hang out together," Anita said hopefully.

"Uhhh... I'm not sure. I have plans," Lucy said, thinking that Tom might decide to drop by later, and she wanted to be at home when he did. Even though she had so many doubts concerning him at the moment, she still wanted to see him. That wasn't strange, was it?

"What about tomorrow then?" Anita asked, tapping her pen against her desk impatiently.

Although Lucy wanted to ask her about Tom, she wasn't very sure hanging out with Anita was a good idea, "I will have to..." The rest of her words trailed off when a cab came to a stop some feet away from where she was standing, and Tom stepped out of it.

"I have to go now. I will give you a call tomorrow to let you know if I can meet you," Lucy said as she quickly hung up the call.

Seeing her standing there, in front of his apartment as though she had been waiting for him to get back, Tom's heart skipped a beat as he approached her. How was he going to tell her the truth? Now that he wanted to open up to her, he didn't know how to go about it, "Hey, babe!" He greeted with a smile that let her know that he really had not been avoiding her, and neither was he scared of her.

Seeing the smile on his face, Lucy's heart fluttered in her chest, and her lips curved of their own volition. What could this handsome man possibly be lying to her about? She wondered as she watched him approach her, his earrings glittering in the sunlight.

Tom stopped in front of her, "I missed you so much, Lu," he said as he spread his arms for her to embrace him.

Lucy was very tempted to ask him about his lies, as she wanted to clear off all her doubts. But at the same time, she didn't want to bring it up. Maybe not at that moment. Nothing else seemed to matter to her now, more than the man who was standing in front of her. She felt so relieved merely by seeing him. Although it had been only some hours since she last saw him, it felt like it had been such a long time.

"I missed you too," Lucy said with a bright smile as she walked into his open arms and embraced him tightly, surprising them both.

Deep down, she knew that going forward she was going to watch him more closely, and would definitely find out the truth eventually. She only prayed that he would tell her whatever it was before she finds it out on her own.. And more than that she prayed it wouldn't be an unforgivable lie.

Chapter 167 - Hungry

Jade felt a sense of pride and satisfaction in herself when she saw the surprise which briefly flickered on Harry's face before it was replaced by something else. Primeval male appreciation.

Although she had felt very insulted by all he had said earlier, she had also admitted to herself that she looked a mess, and needed to clean up. Hence, she had taken her time to wash her hair and thoroughly look through her closet for something nice to wear before having her bath. After dressing up she had taken her time to apply make-up on her face, covering up all the blemish, and giving her face the color she had lacked earlier. Seeing his reaction now, she felt like gloating.

How dare he look at her like she was undesirable and ask her not to worry about him touching her? How dare he try to hurt her feminine pride? Well, seeing the way he was staring now, she felt triumphant.

"Are you going to just stand there and stare?" Jade asked with a smirk when Harry remained by the door staring at her.

Realizing that he had just been caught staring, and seeing the smirk on her face, Harry raised a brow, "I guess make-up can cover up just about anything," he said in an easy voice as he walked in and dropped his suitcase beside the couch.

Jade who had been expecting at least a compliment, and not such a subtle insult narrowed her eyes, "The wonders of makeup," she said with a saccharine smile as she crossed one leg over the other and watched him. If he was trying to get on her nerves, she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of seeing her mad.

"Isn't that the dress you wore that night?" Harry asked thoughtfully as he eyed her short zip-up floral outfit which looked very familiar to him.

On hearing that, the side of Jade's lip pulled up. So he still remembered what she had worn the first night they met? Impressive.

"It's called a romper, Harry. And yes, you are right. You must have a really good memory," she said, standing up and swirling around so that he would have a proper look at her.

"So what do you think, big brother?" She added the last part with a trace of sarcasm in her voice as she looked at him. Who had he been kidding asking her to take him as an adopted big brother? Her brothers would never stare at her the way he had done some minutes ago.

"I think it looked better on you four years ago. Change into something else let's go get something to eat," Harry said with a bored expression on his face as he dropped on the couch and took out his phone.

"Do you have a problem?" Jade asked with one hand positioned on her waist, and a glare in her eyes. She knew she had told herself a moment ago that she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of seeing her riled up, but she couldn't stop herself. Here she was trying to act nice and be accommodating considering how far he had come just to make sure she was okay, yet he was set on being rude.

"Yeah. I'm hungry," he said without glancing up to look at her as he could guess from the tone of her voice that her hazel eyes which were very much like her brother's own was probably blazing with anger.

Why was he being this way? Although he was usually brutally honest, he knew he was being mean, and he didn't understand why he was being mean to her. Maybe it was because he didn't know how else to treat her. Being nice wasn't exactly his thing, and he felt things were going to be awkward between them if he tried acting nice. He wasn't her brother, he wasn't her friend, he wasn't her colleague or anything. He was just here to make sure she was fine like a bodyguard or a babysitter, so how was he supposed to treat her? He shouldn't have agreed to Tom's request. This was going to be really awkward.

"I mean, do you have a problem with me?" Jade asked, wondering why he had bothered to come to stay with her if he was going to give her such attitude.

"None that I can remember. Why do you ask?" Harry asked, still pretending to be busy with his phone since he didn't want to look at her.

"If you're not going to be polite to me then you had better use the door! You're not going to stay under my roof and talk to me like I'm some damned employee under your payroll," Jade hissed at him, and Harry's lips curved in a smile as he raised his head to look at her.

"I suppose you've come to terms with the fact that I'm staying under your roof, then?" Harry asked with a slightly raised brow.

"I haven't said that," Jade said defensively.

"You don't have to. Get dressed, Esquire. Let's argue about it over lunch. I'm usually very mean when I'm hungry," Harry said as he returned his attention to his phone.

"I don't know why you bothered coming over here if you're going to be busy with your damned phone," Jade muttered under her breath loud enough for him to hear before walking away.

Harry raised his head to watch her as she walked away, and he couldn't help wondering the same thing. Why had he agreed to Tom's request despite knowing that it wasn't going to be easy watching over a full-grown woman like Jade? He wasn't sure if he was doing the right thing by living here with her.

He could have just lodged in one of the company's hotels. But then again he couldn't leave her here all by herself... Or maybe he didn't have to leave her here, Harry thought and sat up on the couch when an idea hit him. He could move her to the hotel and get her a nice suite over there, then hire a bodyguard to watch over her. That way he could easily travel back and return to his job. Why hadn't he thought of that?

He raised his head when Jade returned to the living room, this time dressed in a brown-colored short-sleeved bodycon turtle neck top which was tucked into faded jeans shorts, with her handbag white sling bag in one hand, and a pair of white sneakers in another hand.

Without sparing him a glance she sat down on the couch beside him to wear her white sneakers, "Are we taking my car, or yours?" She asked in a flat and emotionless voice.

"Mine," Harry said as he watched her get off the couch and straighten up.

"Alright. Let's go," she said, turning her back to him and leading the way to the door.

"Esquire?" Harry called hesitantly before she could open the door, and she turned to look at him, expecting an apology or something close to it.

"You should probably zip up your shorts before stepping out," he said, jerking his head to the front side of her jean shorts.

Chapter 168 - Crazy Woman

"I need a massage," Sonia complained to Bryan as they both returned inside the house after seeing off the production team.

"I could give you that," Bryan offered, glancing up at her with a naughty grin, which made Sonia chuckle.

"Why do I get the feeling that you're thinking about something else?" Sonia asked as she dropped on the couch, while Bryan got off the wheelchair to sit beside her.

"I don't know. Maybe it's because you're thinking about something naughty" Bryan said with a teasing smile, happy to finally have some time to be alone with her.

It seemed like the more he enjoyed spending time with her, the less he enjoyed having others around them. He just wanted to be alone with her all the time, Bryan thought as he pulled her close to himself such that her head was resting on his chest. Sonia smiled to herself as she sat with her body pressed against his.

"Why are you smiling?" Bryan asked suspiciously as he looked into her face curiously.

"I'm just thinking that I never expected you to be so clingy," Sonia confessed with a wide smile as raised her face to meet his gaze.

"Oh! So you think I am clingy?" Bryan asked with a slight frown, looking into her pair of enchanting green eyes.

Sonia looked into his eyes, trying to see whether or not he felt offended by what she had said, "Well, what I mean is..."

He could tell that she had thought he was offended when he noticed the cautiousness that had crept into her eyes, "Wait until my ankle is all better, and you would know what clingy means," Bryan promised with a grin

"I'm looking forward to that," Sonia said with a small laugh as she raised a hand to his head and ran her fingers through his hair.

"I bet you are," Bryan said with a sigh of contentment as he closed his eyes and he let himself enjoy the feel of Sonia's fingers massaging his scalp. Sonia watched his face with a tender smile as his eyes fluttered close, and his long eyelashes fanned his face.

She briefly wondered how she was going to bring up the subject they had been discussing earlier, "Uhm... Bryan?"

"Yeah?" Bryan asked without opening his eyes even though he was curious to hear what she had to say. He could hear the note of uncertainty in her voice, and he wondered why.

"Concerning our discussion in the bedroom earlier today..." She started, trying to remind him that he had said they could continue later.

"Which of them?" Bryan asked, struggling not to smile since he knew what she was talking about.

Sonia pursed her lips as she looked down at him, and then pressed her lips together, choosing not to say anything. How could he forget such an important conversation?

Bryan opened one eye to look at her and chuckled when he noticed the annoyance on her face, "Just tell me you want to hear me say I'm falling for you again," Bryan said with a teasing smile, and Sonia hit his arm playfully.

"If you remembered, why then did you act like you didn't?" Sonia asked with mild annoyance.

"So that's what you want to hear? Why couldn't you just be direct with your question? Women!" Bryan muttered with a shake of his head as he sat up to give her his full attention.

"If you knew that was it, why did you not just say it? Men!" Sonia muttered, mimicking his action, "Anyway... You talked about wanting to be sure of exactly how you feel..."

"Before we get to that, first tell me something; How do you feel about me? About us?" Bryan asked, interrupting Sonia. He didn't want them to make it all about him, and he also didn't want to do anything based on assumptions.

"I like you, Bryan. I also think I'm falling for you," Sonia said, looking directly into his brilliant blue eyes.

"Falling? You mean to tell me that you still haven't fallen despite all I've been doing to sweep you off your feet?" Bryan asked with mock surprise, and Sonia poked his side with a finger making him laugh.

"I don't remember you doing anything special," Sonia said with a shake of her head, as she wondered what could have possibly made her fall for him.

"I can remember you doing everything. You annoyed me so much that I constantly thought about you, so I guess I went from thinking about how to kill you to how to keep you around me," Bryan said, and Sonia's heart fluttered as she blinked at him.

"I thought you said you weren't sure of your feelings yet?"

"Yeah. Sort of," Bryan said with a nod.

Sonia pursed her lips thoughtfully as she looked at him, "Okay. Let's do as you said before. We can just keep getting along without attaching any title to our relationship. I also need to be sure about my feelings for you, so when we are both convinced about our feelings, we can name what we have, okay?" Sonia suggested, and Bryan narrowed his eyes at her. He knew that what he had to was be with other girls to be sure of his feelings. What did she have to do?

"So what are you going to do? I mean what is going to convince you of your feelings for me?" Bryan asked curiously.

"Well, I'm going to go out with other ridiculously handsome guys to see if I will still find them interesting, or if I'm going to keep wanting to leave them just to get back to you," Sonia said, making Bryan sigh. He should have known that she was a crazy chick.

"And what happens if you find them interesting?" Bryan asked with a scowl, not liking the idea.

Sonia grinned at that, "I guess I will just have to take things further to see if I'm as sexually attracted to them as I am to you," Sonia said playfully.

"You're going to let them touch you?" Bryan asked, not bothering to hide his annoyance anymore, and this time Sonia giggled.

"Yes, I am. Don't worry, you are free to do the same. When your ankle feels better, we can both go out to the club together and pick the people we want to be with, how about that?" Sonia suggested, making Bryan shake his head. She was crazier than he had thought if she really thought he was going to let another man come an inch near her.

"You were going to call your best friend, weren't you?" He asked, reminding Sonia that she had mentioned it earlier.

"Oh, shit!" Sonia exclaimed with wide eyes as she quickly got off the couch, and Bryan grinned at her, glad that he had managed to distract her from the nonsense she was spewing.

"I guess I make you forget everything else," Bryan called after her with a smirk as she ran off in search of her phone.

He had a smile on his face as he watched her run from one end of the living room to the other trying to find her phone. He was falling helplessly for the exact opposite of the kind of woman he wanted.. A crazy woman, he thought with a shake of his head.

Chapter 169 - Annoying

Harry glanced at Jade who was looking out of the window as he drove the car. It seemed like she was upset with him, as she was yet to say a word to him since he asked her to zip up her shorts. What did he do wrong? He had only pointed out that she had failed to zip up.

"How are you?" Harry asked after a long while when he could no longer stand the silent treatment.

Pretending not to have heard him, Jade searched through her handbag for her earpod and blocked both ears with them before returning her attention to the window once again.

Okay! She was making it clear without using words that she was pissed at him. He must have really provoked her, Harry thought with a sigh. It looked like the only thing he seemed to be good at around women was annoying them. Maybe it was best if he just shut up and not speak unless it was absolutely necessary.

Once he returned his attention to the road, Jade sat up on her seat and turned to look at him, "Do you perhaps suffer from DID?"

"DID?" Harry asked in confusion, turning to spare her a glance as he wondered why she suddenly decided to talk to him.

"Yes. Dissociative identity disorder. I've been trying to figure out how you could sound so pleasant like a normal person over the phone just hours ago, yet have been acting like an A-list jerk since you walked through my door," Jade said, looking at him with undisguised confusion.

Okay, maybe he deserved that, Harry thought with a sigh. "I'm sorry," He murmured.

Jade looked at him, slightly taken aback by the apology which surprisingly sounded sincere, "I don't care much for your apology, I just want to know if something happened between the time we spoke on the phone and the time it took you to get here," Jade said flatly.

Harry paused to think about the best way to answer her question, and then he sighed, "Nothing happened. I was just very surprised to see you in that state. I wasn't happy about it. And maybe I was cursed with the misfortune of being blunt, seeing as it is a hassle not to say things exactly the way I see them, no matter how unpleasant," Harry explained, and Jade nodded, as though she was getting what he was saying.

"So it's not like you are angry with me for making you come down here? You just have a problem with sugar-coating your words as most men do," she said thoughtfully, and Harry turned to look at her once again.

This was one thing he admired about her the first time they talked back then. She was very practical and always leaned more towards logic than her emotions, "Something like that. Besides, this whole thing is awkward so I don't really know how to act around you," Harry confessed, making Jade raise a brow.

Although she was tempted to ask him to act like the big brother he had claimed he was, but that wasn't the most important argument at the moment, "By this whole thing, I assume you mean living with me?"

Without looking at her he gave her a nod, "Yeah."

"I don't remember asking you to come here. You came here of your own volition, and you can decide to leave now that you have seen that I'm okay," Jade pointed out, sounding harsher than she had intended to.

"Well, you may not have asked me to, but your brother did," Harry confessed once again, making Jade narrow her eyes at him this time.

"Don't tell me you told him," Jade said, and then her hazel eyes flared angrily when Harry didn't deny it, "Didn't I specifically ask you not to tell him about it?" She hissed at him in annoyance.

Here we go again, Harry thought to himself. For a moment he had thought the conversation was going really well and they were going to start getting along, he should have known that like most women, Jade was bent on fighting with him.

"Listen, you may have asked me not to tell him, but I never agreed to do that. I'm not going to lie to you or apologize for going against your wish just to make you happy. I hate lies and I don't want to get caught up in them. I'm not going to lie to your elder brother who happens to be my best friend about your wellbeing simply because you asked me not to. I was on the phone with you, and something happened. Your brother deserved to know! I'm not going to apologize for it, so it's best you suck it up," Harry said as he turned to look at her briefly.

"Yeah, right. You should probably be awarded the best friend of the year award! So what are you here as? My babysitter? My bodyguard?" Jade asked in a mocking tone.

"Isn't it obvious, considering how you're acting like a child right now?" Harry fired back, and Jade curled her slender fingers into a fist.

"You are very annoying, do you know that?" Jade asked, and Harry snorted.

"In case you haven't gotten the memo yet, I'm not here to please you or make you happy. Keeping you safe and making sure your case goes smoothly is my priority, not your happiness. So I'll suggest you get over your hormones and get your head straight," Harry said in a stiff voice.

"I never asked for your damn help you jerk, so get lost!" Jade yelled at him angrily.

"Well, your elder brother did, Princess," Harry informed her calmly, sounding completely unaffected by her outburst.

Jade huffed angrily on seeing how unaffected he was, and how he had a ready response for everything she said. Choosing not to bother with him anymore, she rested her head on the headrest and shut her eyes, not wanting to talk to him anymore.

Harry on the other hand shook his head as he kept driving with his eyes on the road.. What did he say this time? He had not even called her ugly or said anything terrible about her appearance, so why was she mad? Was it a crime to be honest? He had only been trying to straighten out things with her, yet she had managed to make it seem like he was a jerk. Women!

Chapter 170 - Too Soon

Tom gazed into Lucy's eyes through her glasses as they both stood there in the open street staring at each other, without a care in the world. Nothing mattered more at that moment to either of them than the person who was standing in front of them.

Tom could see the questions swimming in her cloudy gray eyes. He knew that she needed him to give her answers that would clear whatever doubts she was having about him. How was he going to do that? Where was he going to start from? "What were you doing out here?" He asked curiously as he moved his gaze away from her to look at the apartment he had just asked them to put up for sale.

Lucy shrugged her shoulders, "I was bored. Needed to think, so I was taking a walk and found myself here," she said with a small smile, "Why are you moving, Tom?" She asked, looking at him with serious eyes. She had a lot of questions, but she decided to take it one at a time.

'No more lies. Don't lie to her' Tom said to himself in his head, as he tried to figure out the best way to say what needed to be said. He cleared his throat, "We should probably go in and talk," Tom suggested as he patted the back of her head like she was a little girl.

Lucy gave him a nod and turned to leave in the direction of her home, but Tom held her hand before she could walk ahead of him, "Let's walk together," he said, as he stepped in line with her.

Without saying a word they both walked over to her apartment together hand in hand while Alicia watched them from behind her curtains, wondering what Lucy was doing just after everything she had told her a moment ago. Alicia pursed her lips in disappointment and she shook her head, Lucy was too trusting for her own good.

Once they got to Lucy's apartment, Tom took the keys from her and unlocked the door. Once they walked inside Lucy's apartment, Tom sat down on the couch and pulled Lucy down to sit beside him, and they both turned in their seat to face each other, "Can you tell me about your day while I try to gather my thoughts?" Tom asked hopefully.

Lucy looked at him for a brief moment, wondering if he was planning on telling her what he was hiding from her now. She partially hoped so. Lucy gave him a nod and then pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose as she started to tell him about her day.

Tom watched Lucy as she spoke, telling him all about her day after she woke up at the hospital, and she also told him about the time she had spent with the CEO, only leaving out the details of her conversation with the CEO, as well as Alicia's visit.

He had come, planning to tell her the truth about everything, but seeing how happy and excited she had been to see him, he became nervous. What if she pushed him away angrily after hearing the truth? What if she refused to understand things from his perspective? Although he knew that she was beginning to fall in love with him, he knew she wasn't all the way there yet, and he didn't want to take chances. But wouldn't keeping the truth away from her much longer cause even more trouble later?

"You're not going to say anything?" Lucy asked, feeling awkward when she finished speaking, but Tom just kept staring at her without making any contribution or asking her any question.

"Let's just say I enjoy watching and listening to you speak," Tom said with a crooked smile which Lucy returned, "I hope the CEO didn't bother you much?" Tom asked, wanting to know how she felt about all that had happened between them earlier.

Lucy wrinkled her nose in distaste, "He is so full of himself. I think a person like him deserves a person like Anita," Lucy said with a shake of her head, making Tom raise a brow.

He realized that he must have really pissed her off for her to be wishing him a person like Anita. "Why? Did he do or say something harsh to you?"

"Not exactly. I guess I'm just disappointed in him. I realized that he happens to be one of those people who believe that money is everything. It's pitiful," Lucy said, shaking her head in disappointment.

So he was right. Tom was glad to know that he was right about her, and she wasn't like Anita and the others who thought money and power were everything. He wanted this woman for himself, and the only way to do that was to first be honest with her.

"Enough about him. So you tell me, what came up earlier this morning that you had to leave me that way?" Lucy asked, looking at him with curious eyes as she adjusted her glasses once again.

Tom swallowed hard, his heart beating really fast as he looked at her. Never had he felt so nervous in his life. Not even a meeting with possible investors or his board members made him feel this way. 'No more lies' he reminded himself.

"Uhm... I was confused, worried, and scared," Tom confessed.

Lucy could understand him being confused and worried about her because of the way she had fainted, but she couldn't understand why he would leave her because of any of that. Besides, hadn't he said he wasn't scared of her? Lucy frowned, "You left because of that? But you said you were not scared earlier," she reminded him, sounding a bit hurt.

"Yeah. I'm kind of scared, but you're not exactly the reason I'm scared..."

"If not me then what are you scared of? And is that the reason you want to move out and quit your job?" Lucy asked in confusion as what he was saying wasn't making any sense to her.

Tom swallowed hard as he gave her a nod, "I told you how I lied to you about certain things..." He reminded her without meeting her gaze, and Lucy's heart skipped a beat.

Was he going to open up to her about what he was hiding now? What if they were things she couldn't forgive him for? What if the truth he was about to tell her was something that would make her no longer want to look him in the eyes? What could be so bad that he would do that she couldn't forgive? It wasn't like he had killed someone and was hiding here, right? Why was she feeling more nervous than the person who had lied to her? Lucy wondered as she looked into his face, her heart beating fast.

She knew that she had prayed for him to tell her the truth before she finds out on her own, but now that she was faced with it, she realized that she wasn't really ready to hear it. It was too soon. She still needed some time.

"Tom, I don't..."

"I'm not who you think I am," Tom confessed, cutting her off.

"..." Lucy opened her mouth to speak again, but her phone started ringing at that moment. Grateful for the distraction, she picked it up wanting to receive the call which was from Sonia.

"Lu, can the call wait? I really need to get it out now," Tom pleaded, thinking that if he didn't tell her now, he might not be able to bring himself to do so later.

Lucy looked at her phone, and then glanced at Tom as she contemplated whether to take Sonia's call or hear what he had to say.