

Wild Night 291

Chapter 291 My Jewel

Lucy sighed contentedly as she lay naked on the bed beside an equally naked Tom, with her head snuggled on his chest.

Tom's eyes were closed, and he rubbed her back as they enjoyed the comfortable silence, "Jewel?" Tom asked.

"Huh?" Lucy asked, wondering what he was asking.

"Do you like the name? I want to call you that. My jewel," Tom said, and Lucy grinned as she raised her head to look at him.

"That sounds sweet. Why did you choose that?" She asked curiously, and her eyes widened slightly as Tom drew her close so that she was lying on his body.

"Are you sure you'll be comfortable this way?" Lucy asked, looking down at him with concern as she was now lying on top of him, and she feared that she was pressing on his abdomen and chest.

"I'm fine," Tom assured her as he held her gaze.

"I love the name Jewel. You're more precious to me than gold and diamond," Tom said, and Lucy's lips curved in a wide smile that made her eyes twinkle.

"I love your smile. I love it when you smile," Tom said, and she turned her face away in embarrassment as she giggled, making him chuckle, "Now you're being cute."

"So, are you okay with the name?" Tom asked again, and she returned her gaze to him.

"Yes. I love it. You'll call me that only when we are alone, right?" Lucy asked, and Tom's brow shot up.

"No."

"You will call me that in front of the others?" She asked curiously.

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"Isn't that the point?" He asked in amusement, wondering why she was asking such a question.

"Oh," Lucy said with a slight blush, and he chuckled.

"You'll get used to it eventually, don't worry," Tom assured her as he kissed her lightly, knowing that she still wasn't entirely used to the whole relationship stuff.

"So, what would you like me to call you?" Lucy asked, and Tom shrugged.

"You should come up with a name you're comfortable with. Something you wouldn't mind to call me when we are in the company of others," Tom said, and Lucy grinned.

"What about Hanky?" Lucy asked, sticking her tongue in her cheek, and Tom's body shook with the force of his laughter as he rolled her over.

"Then should I just call you panky instead? And then we can do some hanky-panky stuff," Tom asked with a naughty smile, and Lucy giggled as she rolled off the bed, taking the bedsheet along with her as she moved away from him to the other side of the bed.

"I was just kidding," she said amidst her laughter.

"I'm not kidding, panky," Tom said with a wink, and Lucy giggled at how ridiculous he looked making such a joke while he was stark naked.

"Stop being naughty," she chided as she adjusted the bedsheet on her body to cover herself as she headed for the closet to put on some clothes.

"I was thinking... Would you like to go shopping within the week?" Tom asked as he put on his boxers and followed her into the closet.

"Shopping?" She asked without turning to look at him as the hem of the bedsheet trailed behind her sweeping the floor.

"Yeah. You forgot you wanted to go shopping this weekend?" He reminded her, and Lucy sighed as she turned to look at him.

"I actually forgot about it," she said, and Tom smiled.

"You would be weird to remember something like that considering all that has happened between then and now. It feels like a week has passed already," Tom said as he went to where she was standing and embraced her in a comforting manner.

"It would be weird, yet you remembered," she murmured as she pulled away from him before he had the chance to snatch the bedsheet away from her body, as she suspected he wanted to do.

Tom grinned at her, knowing that he had been caught, "I only remembered because it concerns you." Tom stopped there, choosing not to add that it was also because he wanted to see more of her stuff in his closet. He reasoned that it would make her feel rushed, and he didn't want her to feel that way; hence he was taking things slowly.

"That's sweet of you. I will go shopping after we've sorted things out. Let's deal with Anita first," Lucy suggested, and Tom gave her a nod.

"Sonia mentioned that Anita is responsible for their scandal too," Lucy said, watching Tom closely. She had been waiting for him to mention it all day, but it seemed like he didn't want to talk about it.

"Yes, she is."

"You didn't mention it to me," Lucy pointed out.

"Because I didn't want to waste the little time we share away from the family talking about her like we are doing now," Tom explained, still not wanting to think of Anita. The mere mention of her name annoyed him and ruined her mood.

"What are we going to do about her?" Lucy asked, wondering if he was going to fire Anita.

Despite the positive feedback she had gotten from the netizens following her confession, she still felt nervous about going to work the next day. And somehow, she couldn't shake off the feeling that this wasn't all that Anita had up her sleeve. She needed some sort of reassurance from Tom so that she wouldn't have to worry so much about Anita.

"Can we please not talk about her yet? At least just for today? Tomorrow we can talk about how to deal with her. I just want to enjoy this weekend with you and our family without either of us thinking about her. Please," Tom pleaded.

"Okay."

Tom watched as she turned around and started rummaging through her bag for something to wear, and he could tell that she didn't like his response.

"Jewel Panky?"

Despite her annoyance, Lucy's lips twitched in amusement, but she didn't turn to look at him. She sighed when he hugged her from behind, and she turned in his arm to face him.

"Are you that worried about her?" Tom asked as he placed a hand under her chin, and lifted her head so that he could look into her eyes.

"We can talk about it tomorrow," Lucy said, and Tom shook his head.

"I'm sorry I dismissed your concerns that way. It wasn't my intention. I just didn't want to ruin our mood by talking about her."

"It's fine. I understand."

"It's not fine. Since it bothers you so much, let's discuss with Bryan and Sonia about what to do. She didn't just mess with us. She messed with them too," Tom said, and Lucy smiled at him.

"Thank you."

"I got you always," he promised as he kissed the tip of her nose and then stepped away from her so that they would both dress up.

Inside the car, Jade kept stealing glances at Harry as he drove, and when he couldn't take it anymore, he sighed, "Is there something you want to say to me?" Harry asked, turning to spare her a glance.

Jade shook her head, "Pull the car over. I want to get down."

"Here? Why?" Harry asked with a slight frown.

"I told you I was going out, didn't I? Don't worry, I'll find my way back to the house when I'm done," she assured him, and Harry sighed as he pulled the car over by the side of the road for her to get down.

"Are you sure you will be fine on your own?" Harry asked with concern as she opened the door.

Jade hesitated as she turned to look at him, "Are you going to come with me if I say I won't be fine on my own?"

"No. I'll rather stop you from leaving," Harry said, and Jade rolled her eyes.

"I'll be fine on my own. See you when I see you. Goodnight," she called to him as she got out of the car and shut the door.

Harry didn't drive off immediately. Instead, he watched her through his rearview mirror as she walked away from the car and flagged down a cab.

He waited until she got into the cab, and just as the cab drove past his car, she blew him a kiss, and Harry chuckled as he drove off.

Inside the cab, Jade turned in her seat to look at Harry's car, and she watched as he took the next bend while her cab drove straight ahead.

Harry. He had surprised her a lot in one day, and even more surprising for her was the realization that she was beginning to find him intriguing. Initially, she had just wanted to know him mainly because he was Tom's best friend, but now she was curious about him on a different level.

Once she was done taking care of Jero and the cartel, she would revisit her newfound interest in Harry.

Chapter 292 Sleeplessness

No matter how much Harry tried to get the much needed sleep he craved, he couldn't seem to find it. He turned and tossed on his bed for over an hour until he finally gave up and got off the bed in frustration as he tried to figure out what was bothering him.

He picked up his cellphone from his nightstand as he walked out of the bedroom to the living room. Once he got there, his eyes fell on Jade's duffel bag which he had dropped on the couch earlier when he brought it from the car.

It was Jade. She was the reason he couldn't sleep. He was worried about her. How was he supposed to get any sleep when he didn't even know where she had gone to or what she was doing? What if something happens to her? How would he explain to Tom that he didn't even know the whereabouts of his sister, who he had entrusted to him? Maybe he shouldn't have let her go out all by herself. Or he should have just convinced her to return to the house with him and go have fun after she joins her family the next day.

If he had known he wasn't going to be able to get any sleep, he would have just gone with her to wherever she had gone to, especially as she kept making it so obvious that she wanted him to go with her.

He picked up the duffel bag and carried it over to the guest bedroom she had used the previous night. Immediately he walked through the door, he was greeted by the floral fragrance he had begun to associate with her, and he held his breath involuntarily.

Realizing what he was doing, he released his breath and carefully placed the duffel bag on the bed before walking out of the bedroom as fast as he could.

Immediately he returned to the living room, he headed straight for his minibar and poured himself a glass of wine. Just as he took the first sip of wine, his cell phone rang out, and he almost jumped out of his skin in shock.

He quickly grabbed the phone thinking it was Jade, and he sighed when he saw that the call was from his father. He was surprised that his father had not called him back since the last time they spoke, and he embarrassed him in the presence of Jade.

"Hey, dad!"

"Hey, you! You no longer care about your old man, do you?" His father asked, and Harry frowned as he dropped his wine glass.

Somehow hearing his father ask that made his heart ache. They were both everything to each other so he didn't understand where that was coming from, "You know I do. I always will. Why would you even say that?"

"Yet you haven't called in days? Why? Are you that pissed because I embarrassed you in front of your girlfriend?"

"Dad, I told you already. Jade isn't my girlfriend..."

"Why not? Is she in a relationship?"

"No, she is not. I am..."

"Then ask her out," his father cut in again, making Harry sigh.

"Dad, can you at least let me finish what I'm saying?" Harry asked in exasperation.

"Not unless whatever you wanted to say was going to end on a positive note. That's the only thing I'm interested in hearing," his father said, and Harry shook his head.

"Anyway, I was not pissed. I didn't call because I have been really busy these last couple of days. I've barely had a good night's sleep. I'm sorry. I will do better."

"Sure, I know you love me half as much as I love you. And I also know you were busy, hence I didn't call you either. I was only pulling your legs. By the way, I saw the news about Tom. He even has a girlfriend now, yet you don't."

Harry groaned inwardly, "I miss you, dad. I should visit you soon. Or maybe you can pay me a visit," Harry suggested, wanting to change the subject.

"Perhaps I should. And then we can go clubbing. Who knows? Maybe I can find you a girlfriend this time," he suggested, and Harry chuckled.

"I'm never going clubbing with you. Not after what you did the last time," Harry said, recalling how his father had walked up to a couple of the ladies at the club and tried to get them to talk to him. That had to be the most embarrassing night of his life.

"Alright. I give up. You don't have to get married if you don't want to. You can stay married to your job if that's what you want. Why don't we adopt a kid then? Maybe a little girl? Or you don't like kids too?"

"Dad, I love kids, and I'm definitely going to get a girlfriend and get married eventually. I just want something special like what you shared with mom. You of all people should understand that. So can you please give me some time?" Harry asked, and his father sighed.

"It's not like I have a choice, do I?"

"You don't," Harry said and glanced at his phone's screen when it beeped with an incoming call notification from Aurora.

"I have to go now, dad. I will give you a call tomorrow, okay?"

"Alright. Take care of yourself. And my regards to Tom's sister," his father said, and Harry heard the disconnect tone before he could protest.

Harry hesitantly received Aurora's call, "Hey!" He greeted and waited for her to scold him or complain that he had failed to call despite the fact that she had set reminders on his phone.

"Hello, Harry! How have you been?" Aurora asked in her usual easygoing tone, which made Harry's conscience prick him

"I'm alright. You?"

"I'm fine. I was just thinking about you and wanted to hear from you. You're haven't returned to Ludus yet, have you? You still owe me a date," she reminded Harry, and he shut his eyes.

He had completely forgotten about that. He cleared his throat, "I'm very sorry I didn't reach out to you earlier. Something came up, so I had to leave sooner than planned," Harry explained apologetically.

"Oh, no! I hope everything is alright?" She asked in a concerned tone.

"Yes. Everything is okay. I'm resuming work tomorrow, and as such, I won't be able to return to Varis anytime soon. I'm sorry," Harry apologized once again.

"That's fine. I can come to you if you can't come to me. Is that okay with you?" Aurora asked, and Harry didn't have the heart to turn her down, considering the fact that he had disappointed her so many times already, yet she had remained calm and understanding.

"You can visit, but I'll have to arrange for you to lodge in a hotel..."

Aurora laughed softly, "There won't be any need for that. I can handle the details of my accommodation myself. All I need is for you to make yourself available for the date," she said, and Harry let out a sigh of relief. He had been worried that she would want to stay at his apartment during her visit.

"Alright. Let me know when you are ready, and I'll keep the day open," Harry promised.

"That's good to know. What about Jade? How is she?"

Harry groaned inwardly once he remembered once again that he had no idea how she was doing. He was going to have to call her and find out where she had gone to. It was obvious he wouldn't be having any sleep until she left his house, so it was as well he continued to keep his eyes on her.

"She is fine. I need to go now. It was nice hearing from you," Harry said before hanging up.

He dialed Jade's line immediately he hung up, and it rang for some time, but there was no response. Why wasn't she receiving her call? He wondered as he hurried to the room and took off his pajamas.

Now he wished he had asked her where she was going to before letting her leave, or at least he should have insisted on dropping her off. Why didn't he think of that before now?

He quickly dressed in a red polo t-shirt and jean trousers before putting on the white sneakers he had worn earlier. Although he didn't know where he was going, he wanted to at least be out of the house while he continued to try to reach her. That way, he could get to her faster once the call connected.

He connected his earbud to his phone and placed it in his ear before walking out of the house. Once he got into his car, he threw his wallet on the front passenger seat, and just as he took out his phone from his pocket to dial her number, Jade returned his call.

"Where are..." His words trailed off when she squealed with excitement.

"Hey, uncle Harry! Missing me already?" She asked drunkenly, making Harry sigh as he moved the phone away from his ear.

"Where are you?" He asked calmly.

"Having fun somewhere you didn't want to come to," Jade said and then screamed when a different song started playing in the background.

"Tell me where that is. I'm coming to get you now," Harry said, not liking that she was drunk and alone wherever she was.

"You're coming over?" Jade asked excitedly.

"Yes. I'm coming to take you home."

"No, I'm not going home yet. I want to have fun," Jade protested.

"What's the name of the place?" Harry asked impatiently.

"Club Edge. Come quickly, let's have fun," Jade said happily as she dropped the call and returned to the dancefloor.

Chapter 293 Sounds Like A Plan

"What was so important that you had to call us out here?" Bryan asked with a scowl as he and Sonia joined Lucy and Tom in the bar room. They had just finished making love and were almost drifting off to sleep when Tom's call came in, asking them to join him at the bar.

Sonia walked over to where Lucy was seated with her back to the door, laughing at something Tom had said, and she hugged her from behind, "My bestest girl," she said as she kissed Lucy's cheek.

"Get off me," Lucy said grudgingly as she tried to shrug her hands off.

"What? You can forgive Tom who got you the dress and was making you moan that way in the presence of everybody, but not me who was scolded in your place?" Sonia asked incredulously as she let go of Lucy and then pulled Lucy's hair.

She stuck out her tongue when Lucy turned to glare at her, and both brothers laughed in amusement as Bryan pulled Sonia away from Lucy who looked like she was going to pull Sonia's hair out the next moment, "Stop being a troublemaker," Bryan chided as he made her sit on the couch opposite Lucy.

Tom turned in his seat to look at Lucy, "My jewel, you should let it go. Sonia did nothing wrong. It was my fault after all," Tom said, and a blush stained Lucy's cheeks as she looked at Tom, and Sonia exchanged an amused look with Bryan.

"Can you do that for me?" Tom asked as he lifted her left hand to his lips and kissed her palm, causing warmth to spread from Lucy's palm to the rest of her body, and her toes curled in response as she gave him a nod.

"Seriously, Lu? You only just met Tom some weeks ago, yet you're doing this to me? Now I'm the one who is pissed. I've been your boyfriend for all these years, and now the moment you got a real boyfriend, you dumped me," Sonia complained, and this time it was Lucy who stuck out her tongue, and the brothers laughed.

"There is no need to be pissed. Lucy had every right to be mad at you but not at Tom. So don't take it personally, okay?" Bryan said, kissing Sonia's neck, and she pushed him away.

"You are taking Lucy's side too," Sonia complained with a pout, and Lucy rolled her eyes when Bryan placed both hands on Sonia's cheeks and kissed her face until she started to giggle.

Tom cleared his throat, "If we are done now, can we go on with the reason I called you here? It will be time for dinner soon, and I'm sure we all have stuff to do before then."

"Yeah. So tell us. What is the agenda for this meeting?"

"I want us to talk about how to deal with Anita," Tom said, and Sonia sat up as she pulled away from Bryan.

"Yes, we should definitely talk about that," Sonia said with a scowl once she remembered that someone like Anita was still in existence.

"The question here is; what should we do?" Lucy asked with a sigh.

"Maybe you should start by firing the bitch," Sonia suggested spitefully.

"No. I don't think firing her cuts what she did. And if I fire her, she will know that we are on to her. I don't want her to know that either," Tom said as his gaze moved from Bryan to Sonia and them back again.

"What about we repay her in like manner? Let's use all the evidence we have to expose her publicly," Sonia suggested thoughtfully.

"Or Lucy can get close to her and get more personal information..."

"No. Lucy is not going anywhere near her," Tom interrupted before Bryan could continue.

"I don't know how far she is willing to go to get what she wants, and I honestly do not care. But I'm not going to let Lucy act as bait to get her. I'm not taking any risk with Lucy's physical or emotional wellbeing," Tom said, and Bryan gave him a nod.

"So what do you suggest we do? I take it you have something in mind already?" Bryan asked curiously.

"Yes. I already asked Alicia to look into every member of her family and dig up all their dirty dealings. I think she is being so audacious because she has them behind her. So we are going to do the same thing she tried to do to Lucy by discrediting Sonia. We will remove everyone she has around her from the picture before dealing with her. It is only until she watches her family lose everything they have because of her that she would realize that she messed with the wrong person," Tom said, and Sonia rubbed her hands together gleefully.

"That sounds like a plan."

"Cool. What about Simon? What should we do about him? We should let mom know, right?" Bryan asked with a concerned frown.

"Don't tell her until we find out why he did it. We should at least know the kind of offer that she made to make him turn his back on you," Tom said with a sigh.

"He has always been a snitch. He only just got a better offer this time. There's nothing else to it," Bryan said bitterly, and Sonia placed her hand over his to calm him.

"Still, you should confront him. Maybe she blackmailed him," Sonia insisted while Tom yawned in boredom since he really didn't like the topic being discussed.

"Or maybe you could tell your mom about it, and she can ask him why he did it. It would be best if you trusted her enough to let her handle it since she brought him to you in the first place," Lucy suggested.

"I think I agree with Lucy," Sonia said with a nod.

"We should talk to her about it together," Bryan told Tom, and he gave him a nod.

"Hey! Sorry to interrupt your conversation, but your mom wanted me to let you know that dinner is being served," Candace announced from the doorway, and they all turned to look at her.

"Sure. Jade said to tell you that she is coming over tomorrow. You can't let our parents know about it, though. It's supposed to be a surprise visit," Bryan told her, and she gave him a nod of acknowledgment before walking away.

"We should freshen up before we join them," Tom suggested to Lucy as he stood up.

"Freshen up? But what I'm wearing is fine," she said as she looked down at the sweatpants she was wearing with Tom's polo t-shirt, which looked really big on her.

Tom grinned, "You're missing just one little thing. Let's go. I'll show you," Tom said as he offered her his hand and then pulled her up, "See you soon," Tom told Sonia and Bryan with a wave as he led Lucy out of the bar room.

Just as they left, Sonia's phone started ringing, and Bryan took it out of his pocket and handed it to her without looking at it.

"It's Mia," Sonia informed Bryan as she received the call.

"Hey, Mia!"

"I hope I'm not calling at a bad time?" Mia asked politely.

"No, you're not. How are you?" Sonia asked, genuinely happy to hear from Mia.

"I'm fine. I would have called before now, but I didn't know how you would react after all that has happened, so I decided to keep my distance," Mia explained apologetically.

"Come on, Mia. You're like a sister to me. There's no reason to be awkward around me. I know that none of what happened was your fault," Sonia assured her.

"I'm relieved to hear that. And I'm happy to know that you resolved your difference with Bryan. From the moment he proposed to you, I kinda knew that you would be the one to tame him," Mia said, and Sonia giggled as she adjusted so that she was sitting on Bryan's thighs.

"I'm not sure he is fully tamed yet. Time will tell," Sonia said as she touched Bryan's lips, and he cocked a brow.

"I'm confident that you can do that. Thanks for keeping your promise and not hurting him," Mia said, and Sonia smiled.

"And thank you for helping me and believing in me."

"It's nothing... By the way, Uhm... I quit my job. I stopped working with the agency that Bryan worked for," Mia said, and Sonia pretended to be surprised.

"Oh! You did? Why?"

"I can't work there anymore, not after seeing how they were willing to tarnish your image just to protect Bryan's career. Besides, since Bryan canceled his contract with them, there's no reason for me to be there," Mia said with a shake of her head.

Sonia sighed, "I understand. Did you get a new job yet?"

"No. Not yet. It's still weekend, after all. I'm still just checking out different job vacancies on the internet."

"Why haven't you given Bryan a call yet?" Sonia asked curiously, "Maybe you should give him a call and find out if he would still need your service before you start applying for other jobs," Sonia suggested as she looked at Bryan who was playing with her hair.

"You think he might?" Mia asked hopefully.

"Sure. Bryan likes and respects you a lot, even if he doesn't show it. I'm sure he will want to keep working with you. I would like that too," Sonia said, making Mia smile in relief.

"Alright, I will give him a call right away..."

"You don't have to. He's here with me. I'll just pass him the phone," Sonia said and held out the phone to Bryan.

"Will you like to move to Ludus?" Bryan asked once he took the phone from Sonia.

"Huh?" Mia asked in confusion.

"I may have to spend more time over here in Ludus because I will be signing with an agency over here. If you don't mind moving, you can retain your job as my assistant," Bryan offered.

"With a salary raise?" Mia bargained.

"What?"

"Not everyone is blessed to have a loyal assistant like me. And from experience, not everyone can stand you either. So if I'm relocating to Ludus for your sake, I should at least get a better salary than I was receiving before. And there have to be nice offers too," Mia said reasonably.

"Alright. I will add that to my terms when I sign the contract," Bryan said with a sigh.

"If I may ask, what agency are you signing with?" Mia asked curiously.

"Let that be a surprise. The moment everything is set, I will let you know," Bryan said before hanging up the call.

"I guess you've made up your mind to take Tom's offer?" Sonia asked, and Bryan shrugged.

"I don't see why not."

Chapter 294 Pervert Uncle

Once Harry walked through the door of the club, it didn't take him more than a minute to spot her. To his amazement, she was standing right there on the stage with another girl in a twerking contest while the crowd cheered them on.

What did she think she was doing up there? Harry mused as he walked further into the club, which was gradually getting filled with people even though it was just past eight in the evening.

Judging by how excited she had been over the phone and what she was doing right now, he could tell that she was more than a little tipsy. Else, what was she doing up there? How many glasses of alcoholic drink did she drink to be acting this way already? He wondered as he slowly made his way towards the bar to find out exactly what she had been up to from the barman.

Up on the stage, oblivious to Harry's presence Jade had her booty to the crowd in a squat position as she danced and twerked to the rhythm of the music the DJ was playing, and the crowd went wild with excitement when she did a split.

Seeing how most of the crowd were throwing dollar notes at her, Harry could tell that she was a pretty good dancer. An even better dancer than the other lady. And that was very surprising since he would never have guessed that she was that kind of person.

He knew that if half the people in the hall were to know that not only was she Thomas Hank's kid sister but also a very successful lawyer, they would all be very shocked as nothing about her gave away who she was.

"Hello!" The barman greeted when Harry stopped in front of him.

"Hello!" Harry said distractedly as his gaze returned to the stage.

"She's a fine one, isn't she?" The barman asked as he followed Harry's gaze.

"Yes, she is. Huh?" Harry asked, turning to look at the young barman when he realized that he was answering a question he didn't understand.

The barman chuckled, "What will you like to have?" He asked, and Harry shook his head.

"Can't drink. I'm driving. I came to pick up someone," Harry explained, and the barman gave him a nod.

"I suppose that someone is the pretty lady with the pixie style haircut," the barman said, and Harry gave him a nod, "Is she your girlfriend?"

"No."

"You don't look at her like she is not your girlfriend," the barman noted as he followed Harry's gaze.

"I don't look at her like she is anything. What exactly did she drink? And how many glasses did she have?" Harry asked, making that barman chuckle.

"The question should be, what exactly did she not drink? She wanted to try a shot of everything on this list," the barman said, waving a paper at Harry.

"And you let her do that?" Harry asked, turning to glare at the barman.

"I don't see why not. She is not underage, is she?" The barman asked, and Harry shook his head as he returned his gaze to the stage, his brows creased with concern.

"Good news is she hasn't tried everything yet, so maybe you can stop her before she does," the barman said, just as the music stopped.

Jade, who had just finished dancing, turned her head in time to meet Harry's gaze, and his concerned expression turned into a glare when she flashed him a smile and raised both hands above her head to wave at him.

"Uncle Harry!" Jade screeched from the stage, and he closed his eyes in utter mortification and lifted a hand to cover his face when so many eyes turned in his direction.

"Uncle? You are her uncle?" The barman asked, eyeing Harry as though he was a pervert who had incestuous thoughts.

"We are not related. It's just a nickname," Harry found himself explaining under his breath.

Jade quickly bent down and picked up all the money that had been thrown at her before getting off the stage, "You are here!" she exclaimed with a wide smile as she approached him, her blue eyes gleaming brilliantly.

She didn't seem as drunk as he had thought she was, so why was she so hyper? "You've had enough fun for the evening. Let's go," Harry said, but Jade wasn't listening to him as she took her handbag from the barman who had been holding on to it for her.

"Thanks," she called to him as she linked her arms with Harry's and pulled him with her to find an empty seat since hers had been taken, "So what made you come to find me? Were you missing me so badly that you couldn't sleep?" She asked in a teasing tone.

"No. I was worried about your safety. I'm still responsible for you. Now, you've had enough fun for tonight. Let's go home. I need to rest," Harry repeated when she finally let go of his arm and sat down on an unoccupied black leather couch.

"Barely. It's not even nine yet," she said as she glanced at her wristwatch before adding, "I let you go home to rest, yet you came here to find me. So please do not ruin my fun." she said as she dropped all the dollar notes on the couch.

"Why did you even pick that? You don't need the money," Harry said with a slight frown.

"Says who? Speak for yourself, please," Jade said as she arranged the dollar notes and counted them, "You should sit down."

"What do you need it for?" Harry asked curiously as he reluctantly sat down beside her so that they were both facing the dancefloor.

Jade grinned at him as she played with the little bundle of money, "This could pay for our drinks. I told you, bills on me, remember?" she asked with a wink as she placed the money in her handbag, and then signaled a waiter over.

Harry sighed as he looked at her. "I just told you that we should leave," he said weakly, even though between the both of them, he knew that he had lost to her.

"You came all this way, yet you've not even had a drink. Let's drink, and then we can dance a little before we leave. That's fair enough, isn't it?" Jade asked with a wide smile, and Harry sighed once again as he turned away from her.

Why was she smiling so much? And why wasn't he even saying no? He knew that he should say no, "I can't drink. I am driving," he reminded her instead.

"That's fine. You don't have to get drunk if you don't want to. But if you want to get drunk, we could get a substitute driver to take us home. However, knowing you, I know that you are too responsible to do that. So just sip your drink and dance with me, okay?" Jade said before looking at the waiter who had joined them.

"Get me more cocktail shots. Tell the barman that I want something different from what I've tasted. And then get my uncle something nice but mild. He's driving," Jade said before dismissing the waiter.

Once the waiter had left, Harry raised a brow, "Your uncle?" He didn't mind her calling him his uncle until he had gotten that look from the waiter, and now he was no longer comfortable with the title.

Jade turned in her seat so that she was facing Harry as she grinned at him, "Your little friend?"

Harry chuckled, "How else would you have preferred I introduce you?"

"You're handsome, but you look even more so whenever you smile or laugh," Jade said as she gazed at him, and Harry cleared his throat.

"Thank you."

They both lapsed into silence, but Harry from the corners of his eyes, Harry could see Jade staring at him with a knowing smile which made him uncomfortable.

"I didn't know that you could dance," Harry said, not comfortable with the silence anymore or how she kept staring at him.

Jade smiled, "If I didn't become a lawyer, I would probably have been a video vixen," Jade said, and Harry's brows shot up in disbelief as he turned to look at her again.

"You? A video vixen?" He asked, unable to wrap his head around it, and she laughed softly.

"Yes. I love dancing. Always have. When I was in high school, I used to be a member of a dance group. We called ourselves the Saucy six," Jade said with a grin.

Harry smiled, "Let me guess, you were the leader of the group?" He asked, and she shook her head.

"Nope. I wasn't. Just one among the rest. Dancing was something I used to really enjoy a lot," she said with a wide smile, which Harry involuntarily returned.

"So why then did you choose to study law?" Harry asked curiously.

Jade shrugged, "I love justice. I doubt I can get justice for people merely by dancing. Why did you choose to work with Tom when you could easily have started your own company?" Jade asked in return, just as the waiter returned with a tray carrying about six shots of different cocktails and a tall glass of mocktail for Harry.

Harry shrugged, "We had similar ambitions. We both wanted to be very wealthy and influential. Tom seemed to know exactly what he was doing. He had very good ideas, and while he was good at making plans, I was better at executing those plans."

"So you don't mind working under him?" Jade asked curiously.

"I've never felt like I was working under him. I am working with him," Harry corrected.

"Interesting. You are interesting, Harry," Jade said as she picked up one of the glasses of shot, making him raise a brow.

"Harry?"

"Isn't that your name?" Jade asked as she raised the glass to her lips and gulped it down. She winced when it burned her throat and caused her eyes to tear up, "Wow! That's hot!" She exclaimed while Harry simply watched her.

"You're not drinking all of that, are you?" Harry asked with a concerned frown as he watched her take another shot.

"Of course, I am," Jade said with a giggle as she gulped it down.

"You're going to get drunk."

"That's the point. I want to get drunk," Jade said as she picked another shot and gulped it down once again.

"At the rate you're going, you won't be able to walk out of this place," Harry pointed out.

"And I can bet that's why you're here. You'll carry me out if I can't walk. I trust you," she said with a confident smile as she raised her empty shot glass in a silent toast to him.

Harry wanted to ask her not to trust him, but he said nothing as he watched her.

"I've not had this much fun in four years. Shit! I've not been to a club in four years," she said with a small bark of laughter.

"Because you are mourning your boyfriend? You haven't recovered from it yet?" Harry asked as he observed her while nursing his glass of drink.

Jade sighed, "You can dance, right?" She asked, ignoring his question as she reached out to pick the fourth glass.

Harry shook his head as he dropped his glass and grabbed her hand to stop her before she could pick up the glass, "Don't do that."

Jade's heart skipped a beat when his large warm hand covered her delicate hand, "Don't do what?" Jade asked as she blinked up at him.

"Don't deflect. I answered your questions before, and I'm entitled to some answers," Harry said as he looked into her face.

Jade swallowed as she let out a sigh, "Okay. Yes. I was mourning him at first, but then I stopped when I found out that he was planning to get married to someone else," Jade said with a dry laugh, and Harry raised a brow.

"He was?"

Jade smiled when she heard the surprise and confusion in his voice, "I've answered your question, but you're still holding on to my hand," she pointed out, and Harry who hadn't realized that he was still holding her hand, quickly let go of it making her giggle.

"You're beginning to make me think that you like me. Do you?" Jade asked with a teasing smile as she moved closer to him.

Harry said nothing as he picked up his glass of mocktail and drank from it.

Chapter 295 Inside You

"What are you thinking about? Is something bothering you?" Tom asked when he noticed that Lucy had a slight frown on her face as they both walked into the bedroom.

Lucy's brows creased as she turned to look at him, "Kind of."

"Is it still about Anita? Or is this something else?" He asked curiously.

"No. Not her," Lucy quickly assured him.

"So what is it then? Do you want to tell me about it?" He asked as he took her hand in his own and guided her to the couch in the bedroom, where they both sat down.

Lucy cleared her throat, "Uhm, do not take this the wrong way..." She started, and Tom gave her a nod to go ahead.

"I love you, and I love being intimate with you, but can we not do anything sexual for some time?" Lucy asked, and Tom watched her closely before giving her a nod.

"What do you mean by anything sexual?"

"You know... Like, no sex," Lucy swallowed as she said it, her heart beating fast.

"Okay. How much time do you need?" Tom asked curiously.

"Maybe a couple of days?"

"That's fine."

"That's fine? Just like that?" She asked with a slight frown. She had expected him to ask a lot of questions.

"Yeah. Do you want me to say something else?" He asked, and her frown deepened.

"Don't you want to know why I don't want anything sexual?" She asked, and Tom shrugged.

"Love, I'm sure you will tell me why if and when you want to. I don't want you to feel pressured..."

Lucy shook her head, cutting him off, "I don't feel pressured. Last night, you said it was my right to demand an answer when I need to be clear on something. It's your right to do that too," she reminded him, and Tom smiled.

"Yes, I'm aware of that. But then again, I wasn't worried about your request. Our relationship shouldn't be all about sex. I find you irresistible, and so it's possible I'm overdoing it. I understand if you find it overwhelming and need..."

"No. It's not overwhelming. I actually enjoy all of it. Maybe a lot more than I want to," Lucy cut in and let out a little sigh.

"So, what's the problem?" Tom asked, curious now.

"Look, I know that this might not make much sense to you, but I just need to be able to feel normal around you, especially when you touch me. We are going to be working together at the company, and I don't want to be worried about feeling hot and flustered every time you touch me in public," Lucy explained, and Tom grinned as he watched her babble on.

He wanted to tell her that she wasn't supposed to feel normal around him, but he couldn't do that. As much as he didn't like it, she was someone that lived for her job, and he knew that she wouldn't like to hear that he was going to be a distraction to her around the office even though he was her boss.

"Will it help if I tell you that you don't need to touch me to make me feel hot and flustered too?" He asked as he raised her palm to his lips, and Lucy smiled weakly when she felt the liquid heat wash over her body. This was the exact thing she was talking about.

"At least that isn't intentional on my part. That is your problem to solve, the same way I'm trying to solve mine," Lucy said with a shrug.

"My problem to solve? Maybe I should avoid you while at the office. That should solve the problem," Tom suggested.

"If that will help, we should do it," Lucy said with a nod, and Tom groaned in frustration.

"No, Love. I'm just trying to say that none of that will help. I can promise not to touch you or have sex with you unless you beg me to. But I can also assure you that I don't need to touch you to make you feel hot and flustered either. So if that's the reason you want to stay off sex, you will have to find your way around it."

"And what makes you think I will beg you to touch me?" Lucy asked suspiciously, and Tom shrugged. He doubted that she knew that physical contact was one of her love languages.

"Listen, I will do my best to keep my distance and keep my hands to myself until you want them on you," he promised as he walked away from her, putting some distance between them.

"That doesn't mean you won't do what I want for the week as planned," Tom reminded her with a smirk, "Now let's get ready to join the others."

Lucy cleared her throat, "There is something else I want to talk about," she said, and Tom raised a brow.

"Okay, I'm listening," he said as he sat down on the edge of the bed opposite her and looked at her.

"I'd like to move back to my office tomorrow," she said, and Tom frowned.

"Why?"

"Because it is my office. I was transferred here as a director, not your personal assistant. And if you will agree with me, your decision to make a director your personal assistant wasn't exactly a logical one. I'm sure by now everyone thinks you used that as an excuse to have an office romance with your girlfriend, and it doesn't tell well of you," Lucy pointed out as she stood up and walked over to where he was.

"Don't come close. I can't keep my hands away if you do," Tom warned, and Lucy frowned as she stopped in her track.

"I said we should avoid sexual stuff, not stop physical contact altogether," Lucy complained.

"Yeah. And you also said that every time I touch you, you feel warm and fuzzy..."

"I said, flustered, not fuzzy," Lucy corrected.

"Same difference."

"But I can touch you, can't I?" Lucy asked, and Tom chuckled.

"No, you can't. If you touch me, I'd want to touch you too, and when I touch you, you feel warm, fuzzy, and flustered, and you don't want that. So it would be best if you kept your hands to yourself," Tom said, making her scowl.

"You easily agreed to what I said because you don't think I can keep my hands from you, didn't you?" Lucy asked suspiciously, and Tom smirked.

"It's not about what I think. It's about what you want," Tom said as he continued to watch her, wondering how he was going to be able to keep his hands off her much longer when he was already itching to hold her.

"Whatever. So about returning to my office..."

"I asked Harry to become my Co-CEO," Tom said, and Lucy smiled.

"That is great. He has been doing a great job, and the title suits him more. You know, when I first started working at I-Global, I thought he was the CEO," Lucy said, and Tom gave her a nod.

"Yeah. When he agrees to fill the position, I will require a real assistant," Tom pointed out.

"Oh!"

"Yes," Tom said as he watched her.

"But I'm a director. I can't."

"I wasn't asking you to be my assistant. I'm just saying that it's fine if you want to return to your team since someone else will be occupying that office soon. Although I don't like most of the people on your team, you can return to your office tomorrow. I'm sure they know better than to say or do anything that would cost them their job," Tom said with a disapproving scowl when he recalled the conversation he had overheard the other day.

"So you're going to get an assistant? Is it going to be a male or female?" Lucy asked, not sure she liked the idea of a female assistant who would be going everywhere with Tom.

Tom chuckled when he saw the slight crease on her brow, "I take it you want a male assistant for me. A male it is then."

Oh! He wanted a female assistant? "Don't mind me and just do what you want. You can get a female if that's what you want." Lucy said, and Tom chuckled as he shook his head.

"I don't want a female assistant, Lu. Both for your sake and mine," he assured her, and Lucy looked away, embarrassed that he had seen through her.

"Would you like to sit in during the interview process just to make sure that the male candidates are straight and there are no females amongst them disguising to be male?" Tom asked in a teasing tone, and Lucy giggled.

"Should I just do that then? I could even pat them down before the interview just to be sure," Lucy joked, and Tom chuckled as he watched her.

"I'm going to miss having you next to me in my office," Tom said, and Lucy smiled.

"I still can't believe you pulled that stunt, and I fell for it. What was I thinking? A CEO choosing to punish a director because she doesn't like her driver?" Lucy asked, facepalming herself, and Tom laughed, making her glare at him.

"I'm sorry. You were just desperate to keep your job. Else, you probably would have caught on."

"Thinking about it now, you did do a lot of ridiculous stuff. Having the company shut down at closing hours because I worked overtime and kept you waiting, restricting employees from leaving the company's premises with extra work just so that I wouldn't take work home and be bored, making me wear my hair down and take off my glasses, and then that hideous costume. I can't believe that Harry actually let you do all of that around the office just to woo a lady," Lucy said with a shake of her head.

"To woo you, you mean? Nothing stops you from saying, 'I can't believe Harry let you do all of that just to woo me.' I did all of that to get close to you, to know you, and to win your heart. I'm sorry for all the silly things I did and said back then," Tom said apologetically, and Lucy smiled.

"Yeah, even though you were trying so hard to be a bad boy, I saw through you. You're one lucky man, you know?" Lucy asked as she moved closer to him.

"Yeah. I'm very lucky to still have you in my life despite my screw-up. If you take a step closer, I'll take it that you agree to take back what you said earlier, and I'm not going to keep my hands to myself anymore," Tom warned when she stopped just an arm's length away from him.

"Okay, how about you only keep your hands to yourself when we are in public? When we are alone, we don't have to keep our hands to ourselves. I want to hug you now, please?" Lucy asked, making a cute face, and Tom shook his head.

"I don't think I can ever say no to you," Tom said, making Lucy grin as she went to where he was seated and placed both arms around his neck.

"You shouldn't ever say no," she said as she embraced him, and Tom rested his head on her chest as his hands automatically moved to her waist and ran up her back, making her sigh.

"Jewel?" Tom called softly as he broke the hug and pulled away to look into her face.

"Hm?"

"I still feel really guilty about how I deceived you. I'm very sorry I did that to you," Tom said apologetically, and Lucy smiled.

"Then you should make it up to me by never lying to me again," she said as she lowered her lips to his.

Although she still felt very embarrassed by how she had fallen for it all, she tried to see things from his perspective. She knew that even though he was sorry, he didn't regret it. And somehow, even though she did not like what he had done, she also did not regret it because she knew that there was no way she would have ever let him get that close to her if he had walked up to her directly.

Tom held himself back as she kissed him softly, and he groaned when she deepened the kiss by pushing her tongue into his mouth. Tom pushed her away from him gently, "We have to join the others for dinner. We won't be able to do that if I let you keep that up," Tom said in a husky voice as he stood up.

Laughter gleamed in Lucy's eyes when she saw the bulge in his sweatpants, and she stuck her tongue in her cheek as she put some distance between them. Good thing that his arousal was more visible than hers. That was what he got for making her uncomfortable earlier.

"By the way, what was it you wanted me to wear?"

"Yeah, about that. Come over here," Tom said as he walked into the closet, and Lucy followed him into the closet.

She watched as he brought out a box from the top of his shoe shelf, and when he opened it, her eyes rounded in surprise when she saw different sex toys inside.

"Here, these are some of the receipts. Should put your mind at ease," Tom said, wanting her to confirm the day of purchase.

"I don't think I need to see that to know you were telling me the truth. What did you get all these for?" Lucy asked as she looked at the box's content, most of which she had never seen nor had any idea what they were used for.

"To pleasure you, of course," Tom said as he picked out an egg-shaped vibrator from the box, "This is it. I want you to insert this inside," Tom said, making Lucy's eyes round in surprise.

"Inside? Insert this inside where?" She asked as she looked from the egg-shaped vibrator to Tom.

"Inside you."

Chapter 296 On One Condition

"Tell me, do you?" Jade asked, leaning closer to Harry, who drew back as he set down his glass before meeting her gaze.

"Do I what?"

"Do you like me?" Jade asked after a moment as though she was trying to recall what the question was.

"Am I supposed to not like you?" Harry asked in return, and she giggled.

"That's not what I'm asking, and you know it. Don't shy away from the question," Jade said as she placed a hand on his chest, and Harry's eyes fell on her perfectly manicured nails.

"The only thing I know is that you are drunk, and it's time to go home before you embarrass either of us," Harry said as he tried to get away from her, but Jade pushed herself forward and settled on his body, with her head resting on his chest.

"Hold on, I need to finish up my drink first," she said as she patted his chest, and once again, Harry found himself holding his breath. This time he wasn't just holding his breath. He sat as still as possible, as though he was scared to move or do anything.

Harry mentally counted to ten, scared that if she didn't move anytime soon, he might collapse from lack of oxygen to his brain, and just when he counted up to eight, she sat up with a sigh, much to his relief.

"You are already tipsy. Drinking that might knock you out, and I..."

Oblivious to what she was doing to Harry, Jade reached for the remaining three shot glasses and gulped down their content before turning to look into Harry's honey brown eyes.

"It won't, don't worry. And even if it did, I already gave you the permission to carry me home. I won't sue for harassment come morning," she assured him, but Harry noticed her speech was starting to slur.

"Did you know that the first time I met you, I thought you had the most beautiful pair of brown eyes I'd ever seen?" Jade asked, making Harry's lips twitch in amusement.

"You did say you liked my eyes," he said, recalling how he had thought that she was just being nice that night.

"I did? But I guess you didn't believe me, did you?" Jade asked with a giggle.

"Yeah, I didn't."

"Too bad you didn't. That was actually one of the reasons I stayed up that late talking to you. I just wanted to keep staring into your eyes under the night sky," Jade said with a wide smile as she struggled to keep her eyes on his.

"And here I was thinking that it was because you actually enjoyed our conversation," Harry said dryly, making her giggle.

"I did enjoy our conversation that night. I doubt that there has ever been a time when I didn't enjoy a conversation with you," Jade confessed as she leaned on Harry once again.

Harry feared that if they remained there and she continued resting on his body this way at intervals, he might suffer brain damage due to lack of oxygen to his brain, so he cleared his throat.

"We should leave now," Harry said when she remained silent for some time and he assumed that she had dozed off, but Jade grabbed the front of his shirt as she shook her head and raised her face to look up at him such that her forehead was on the same level as his chin.

"Why are you in so much of a rush to get back to your apartment? It's not like the place is on fire, or it's running," she complained with a pout, and Harry turned his face away from her.

How in heaven's name was he supposed to talk to her when she was this close, and he was holding his breath? This woman was going to be the death of him.

Harry sat up and held her away from himself at arm's length, "You wanted to get drunk. Now you are drunk. What more do you want to do?" Harry asked with a weary sigh as he thought about how he would have to carry her from there to the car if she got knocked out. He would rather escort her out now that she was still conscious than carrying her.

"Let's talk. I want to talk with you. I enjoy talking with you. And then we can dance," Jade suggested as she looked into his eyes, with blue eyes that made it difficult for him to say no.

"If you want us to talk, then you have to keep your distance. Don't come too close," Harry bargained.

"Why? You're scared that I might take your virginity?" She asked with a teasing smile, and Harry glared at her, making her giggle drunkenly.

"I was just pulling your legs. Don't worry, though. I'll keep my distance, virgin uncle Harry," Jade said tauntingly as she moved away from him.

"Remind me never to tell you anything personal about me next time," Harry hissed with a scowl.

"C'mon, don't be like that. I won't call you that anymore. I'm sorry."

Looking at her, Harry had to admit that her alcohol tolerance level must be pretty high for her to be still able to converse this way despite all the shots she had consumed.

"What do you want to talk about?" Harry asked as he watched her, curious to know what she wanted to talk about. What he was even more curious about was why he was willing to have a conversation with a drunk lady when he should drag her home and let her sleep it off.

Unable to keep her gaze focused on him, Jade shut her eyes, "I'm sorry I didn't get to show you around the neighborhood as I promised you I would," Jade said, surprising Harry, who hadn't expected her to remember that she had made the promise in the first place, or even bring it up at that moment.

"It's fine. I guess you were too busy to remember," Harry said dismissively, not wanting her to know that he knew the reason she had failed to keep her promise to him.

"No, that wasn't the reason. I would have shown you around if not for that cheating bastard. To think he was jealous of you, yet he was the cheat," Jade hissed in annoyance as she opened her eyes to gaze at him.

"I'm sorry about that," Harry said politely, noting that she seemed to still have a lot of resentment for her late boyfriend.

"You don't have to be sorry. You didn't do anything wrong other than being too interesting and cute for your own good," Jade said with a grin, and Harry chuckled.

"You think I'm interesting?" Harry asked, even though he knew that he should probably stop her from saying anything since she was speaking under the influence of alcohol and was most likely going to regret whatever she said by morning.

"Yep. Very interesting," she said as she closed her eyes once again.

"Yet you also think I'm annoying," Harry pointed out, unable to stop himself.

"Yeah, you can be annoying sometimes. But being annoying doesn't make you any less interesting than you are. Now that I think about it, it is funny that no one annoys me as much as you," she said with a yawn as she opened her eyes to look into his face.

"Have I told you that you're very handsome?" She asked as she stretched her arm and raised a finger to his face to touch the tip of his nose, and Harry's eyes followed her fingers, making her giggle when his eyes crossed as he looked at the tip of his nose.

"Usually, I think of Captain America whenever I look at you," she added with a small smile.

"Chris Evans?" Harry asked in disbelief, and Jade bobbed her head.

"Yep. You look a lot like him, but I prefer your eyes to his. I think you're cuter than he is, too," Jade said, and Harry just stared at her.

Did she really think so, or was she just saying it because she was drunk? How could she compare him to someone as good-looking as Chris Evans and even say he was cuter? Or did cute mean something else to her?

"Is cute the same as good-looking?" Harry asked as he reached for her finger, which was still sitting on his nose, but before he could get a hold of it, she moved her hand to his hair and buried it in his short mop of black hair.

"No. I don't think they mean the same thing. Good-looking means you are pleasant to my eyes, and cute means looking at you makes my heart flutter. Your hair is softer than I imagined. I've always imagined what it would feel like to comb my fingers through your hair this way," Jade said as she massaged Harry's temple, making his eyelids feel heavy.

"You should stop doing that," Harry said in a slightly husky voice as he grabbed her hand and gently lifted it from his hair.

Her lips pouted sulkily as she looked at him, "Why?"

Harry cleared his throat, "Because it makes me uncomfortable when you touch me that way," he said with a slight frown, not wanting to think about why she was imagining her hand buried in his hair.

"If you want to dance, you should go do so now. We are leaving in twenty minutes," Harry said as he glanced at his wristwatch. He didn't want to hear her say anything else. He had heard more than enough for one night.

"Let's dance together," Jade suggested as she tried to stand up, but she staggered, and Harry's hand automatically reached for her waist to steady her.

"I guess I'm tipsier than I thought," she slurred with a giggle.

"You're very drunk, not tipsy. Let's go home now. No more dancing," Harry said as he got off his seat while still holding her.

"Fine. I'll go without dancing on one condition," Jade said with a gleam in her eyes making Harry's brows arch.

"Earlier, I bargained with you, so you get to do that with me too," she reminded him.

Harry looked at her with a slight frown, wondering just how drunk she was to be able to remember things and still sound this way, "And what makes you think I can't throw you over my shoulder right now and just take you home?"

"Because you're too much of a gentleman to do something like that," Jade said with a grin as she looked into his eyes, and her right hand went to rest on his chest.

"Okay, as long as you're not going to ask for something as ridiculous as another shot, let's hear it. What is your condition?" Harry asked with a sigh of resignation, curious to know what it was she wanted this time.

"I want to kiss you. Just once. And then we can leave."

Chapter 297 Peacemaker

"No," Lucy said with a shake of her head.

"No, what?" Tom asked, watching her closely.

"No, I'm not inserting that thing inside me. I can't go down to have dinner with the others while having that inside me. I just can't," Lucy said with a shake of her head, looking repulsed by the mere thought of it.

"Okay," Tom said with a nod as he returned the egg-shaped vibrator into the box.

"Okay?" Lucy asked, wondering if he was saying so because he was angry or saying it because he understood her.

"Yes. It's okay. You don't want to do it, and it's okay. You don't possibly expect me to force you to do something that you don't want to do," Tom said as he carried the box and placed it on top of the shoe shelf where he had taken it from.

"I said I can't. I didn't say I don't want to. Ask me to do something else that doesn't involve inserting any inanimate object inside me."

"Let's go down for dinner," Tom said as he walked out of the closet.

"Are you mad at me?" Lucy asked with a slight frown as she followed him out of the closet, and this time Tom turned around to look at her.

"Why would you think that? I'm not mad at you. You have every right to decide what you want and do not want inside..."

"But you're not happy about my decision," she pointed out.

"I'm not upset about your decision either. I don't have to be happy about everything, love. The world does not revolve around me and my emotions."

"Tom, I can see that you are upset, and I don't want you to be upset," Lucy said with a slight frown, feeling guilty.

"I told you, Lu. I'm not mad at you. I doubt I can ever be mad at you. It's myself that I'm upset with right now, not you. I like to believe that I know you a lot, yet it seems like I don't think straight when it involves you, and that is what upsets me. I should have known that something like this wouldn't sit well with you, but I didn't think it through, and I ended up asking you to do it, and it made you uncomfortable. The same way I should have thought about it last night before restraining you..."

"You are overthinking this," Lucy cut in with a frown.

"No. I'm not thinking at all, and that's the problem. I keep making mistakes because I'm allowing my feelings and desire for you to cloud every rational thought I should be having. I need to do better. What if restraining you last night had triggered another episode..."

"But it didn't."

"But I didn't know that it wouldn't," Tom countered.

"What is wrong with you? You did what you did because you wanted to replace my awful memories with pleasurable ones. Why are you beating yourself over that right now?" Lucy asked incredulously.

"Because it was a risk I shouldn't have taken with you. I'm someone that always thinks things through. I am deliberate about every step I take. And I don't think I've been doing much of that lately, and I'm sorry," Tom said with a shake of his head as he headed for the door.

"Let's join the others for dinner," he called to her, letting her know he didn't want to talk about it anymore.

Lucy looked at him, her heart feeling heavy, "I'm sorry you..."

"I don't want you to be sorry, love. You didn't do anything wrong. I'm acting out of character, and I just need to get my act together. Don't worry your head about me. I love you and always will. I just need to sort out myself," Tom assured her as he held out his hand to her and led her out to join the others.

Conversations around the table ceased as they approached. Everyone was curious why they joined them late since even Bryan and Sonia, who were fond of making a late appearance, had come down before them.

"Sorry we are late," Tom murmured as he held out Lucy's seat for her before sitting down next to her.

Maybe it was because they both seemed lost in their thoughts, but there was no smart comment from either of their fathers as they watched them pick up their cutlery to eat.

The rest of them on the table looked at each other, and as if by unanimous agreement, conversations resumed once again.

"Do you think they fought?" Bryan whispered to Sonia as they both watched Tom and Lucy, who were being weird.

"Lucy isn't the type. She is a peacemaker who hates confrontations. Why do you think she forgave Tom so easily after that deception?" Sonia whispered back while she also wondered what was going on.

"Okay, I can't ignore you two anymore. You both don't seem so lovey-dovey tonight. Did you fight?" Tom's father asked after some time as he looked from Tom to Lucy, both of whom were quiet despite all the conversations and jokes going on around the dining.

"No, we didn't," Tom said as he ate quietly.

"So what is wrong? Did something happen again? You both have barely eaten or said anything since you got here," Tom's mother asked in concern.

"Nothing is wrong. Everything is fine," Tom said in a cool tone.

"It doesn't look like everything is fine," his mother observed, and Tom dropped his cutlery noisily as he let out a sigh.

"Maybe I need to rest. I've had a very busy weekend, and I'm going to work tomorrow. Goodnight," Tom said to everyone as he pushed away from the table and walked away, leaving them staring at his back.

"Is everything alright, darling?" Lucy's mother asked with concern, and Lucy forced a smile as she bobbed her head and stood up.

"I should check on him. Goodnight," she said as she hurried after Tom.

Lucy didn't say a word to him until they walked through the bedroom door and shut the door behind them, "If I thought restraining me with cuffs was going to trigger me, I would have stopped you from doing that. I didn't stop you because it was YOU. Although I wasn't comfortable with it, I trusted you. I trust you, Tom. I'm just not sure I'm completely comfortable with the idea of having anything else inside me yet that's why I said I couldn't do it," Lucy explained as she grabbed Tom's arm, her gray eyes pleading with him to understand her.

Tom sighed as he turned to her and cupped her cheeks in his hand, "You trust me, and that is why I need to be even more careful. You are my baby, and I don't want to make any mistake that might hurt you. You are still new to all of these, and I know that one little mistake on my part can make you run back into your shell, and I need to avoid that. So if you trust me, believe me when I say my mood right now is about me, not you," Tom pleaded as he kissed her forehead.

Lucy sighed, "Is there something I can do to improve your mood?" Lucy asked hopefully.

"Yeah. You should cheer up and stop worrying about my mood," Tom suggested as he kissed both sides of her cheeks before letting her go.

"And you shouldn't have left without eating," Tom chided.

"How did you expect me to eat when you were being like that? You didn't eat much either," Lucy pointed out with a pout, and this time Tom's lips twitched.

"My mood affects you that much?"

"Of course it does," she complained with a frown.

"I'm sorry."

"You should be 'cause I'm hungry yet couldn't eat because of you," Lucy said with a scowl.

"You should return to the dining..."

"No. I don't want to unless you're coming with me," Lucy said, making him sigh.

"Can I get you something to eat when the others go to bed? I'm not in the mood to talk to anyone else," Tom said, and just as Lucy opened her mouth to protest, her phone started ringing.

"Give me a moment. It's Lucas," she informed Tom as she walked away from him and over to the bed to sit down.

"I will get busy with work to clear my head. Let me know when you're done," Tom said as he picked up his laptop from the nightstand and went to sit on the balcony.

"Hey! You arrived safely?"

"Yep. I just got home. I tried reaching mom and dad, but they're not taking their call," Lucas informed her.

"That's probably because they left their phones in the bedroom and are having dinner," Lucy explained. Their parents didn't like the idea of receiving phone calls while eating.

"Oh, sure. Let everyone know I arrived safely. And I'm fine," Lucas said, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Are you really okay? Are you meeting Rachel?"

"No. She doesn't have to know I'm back. I'm not going anywhere near my apartment until I'm sure she's not there. I'm at home. I'm sure she won't think to come here," Lucas explained.

"You are avoiding her. Why not just face her once and for all?" Lucy asked thoughtfully.

"I don't want to. She's just going to cry and beg or throw a tantrum. I'm not interested," Lucas said dismissively, "How did the games go? Who won?" Lucas asked, changing the subject.

Lucy told him about it, and Lucas laughed at the hilarity of it all, "I can't believe they agreed to do that. I wish I were there to witness it."

"Don't worry. I will forward the clips to you tomorrow," Lucy promised.

"That will be nice. You should be having dinner right now. Let me not hold you back. My regards to everyone. Talk to you later," Lucas said before hanging up.

Once she dropped her phone, Lucy looked in the direction of the balcony with a sigh. She could see Tom tapping away at his laptop even though she had no idea what he was working on.

She needed to do something to cheer him up. She remained where she was as she racked her brain for every possible non-sexual way to cheer him up. When she came up with nothing reasonable after a while, she picked up her phone and connected the Bluetooth device to the bedroom's home theater before scrolling through her music player until she settled for Keri Hilson's 'Knock You Down'.

Tom, who was busy tapping away on his laptop, turned to look inside the bedroom when he heard the sound of the music, and he chuckled when he saw her jumping on the bed in the name of dancing while holding her phone to her lips like a mic and lip-syncing as she pointed at him.

What was this woman doing? He wondered as he set aside his laptop and stood up. Lucy gestured to him with her finger to come inside as she jumped down from the bed and continued to dance around in a silly manner while singing at the top of her lungs.

Tom just grinned as he watched her. Whatever it was that she had hoped to achieve by doing something as silly as this, she had definitely achieved it because he loved her even more at that moment than he had the moment before, and he would have sworn that was impossible.

Chapter 298 First Kiss

"What?" Harry asked in surprise, wondering where the request had come from.

Jade giggled, "You heard me. I want to kiss you," Jade said, puckering her lips, while Harry drew back from her.

"Jade, you are drunk. I can't let you do that," Harry said reasonably as he let go of her and picked up her handbag from the chair. He took out all the dollar notes she had picked up from the stage and dropped them on the tray containing the now empty shot glasses. Immediately the waiter who had served them rushed down to clear the table and take the money.

"I want to kiss you, Harry. Harry, I want to kiss you. I want to kiss you, Harry," Jade protested loud enough for anyone who wasn't paying attention to the music to hear her as she grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him to herself.

"Fine. It's okay. I will let you do so when we get out of here," Harry pleaded, not liking the attention she was drawing to their direction, especially the barman who was still staring at him like he was a pervert Uncle thanks to Jade.

"Promise?" Jade asked, flashing him a wide smile, and Harry gave her a nod.

"Yeah. So let's go," he said as he placed one arm around her waist to escort her outside while he held her bag with his other hand.

He tried to use his body to clear the way and shield her so that she wouldn't bump into anyone as they walked outside, while Jade held on to him with both hands around him as he led her outside.

Once they stepped outside the club and got to the car, Jade turned to him before he could open the car door for her to get in, "Not so fast. Can I kiss you now?"

Harry looked down at her suspiciously. For someone drunk, she seemed to be pretty clear on what she wanted, "Are you sure you're drunk?"

Jade giggled drunkenly as she rested her back on the car door while looking up at him, "Why? You won't let me kiss you if I'm not drunk?" She asked, biting her lower lips in a pretty disturbing manner that made Harry look away.

The only evidence of her drunkenness was her slurred speech and the fact that she was swaying lightly on her feet. "Let's just go home and then you can..."

"No," Jade said with a shake of her head, "I'm kissing you here and now or we are going back in there," she said stubbornly and Harry sighed as he kissed her cheek.

"I'm drunk, not stupid. I said a kiss not a peck," Jade said with a roll of her eyes.

"I said I want to kiss you, I didn't ask you to kiss me. Would you even know how to if you wanted to?" She asked dryly, and Harry let out a sigh.

"Fine. Just a kiss, right? Do it and let's go," he said impatiently as he stood still to let her have her way with him.

Jade grinned as she looked up at him, and then slid both arms around his neck causing her breasts to press against his ribs in a manner that was very comfortable, yet made him feel very uncomfortable. He wasn't sure he had ever been aware of any lady as much as he was aware of her at that moment.

Harry held his breath as he waited patiently for the kiss, but instead of kissing him Jade just continued to stare at him with a wide smile on her face as though she was waiting for something.

"What now?" Harry asked impatiently.

"You're eager to be kissed by me, are you not?" She asked in a teasing tone, and just as Harry opened his mouth to refute her statement, she raised herself on her toes and covered his lips with hers.

Jade didn't give him any moment to recover from his surprise as she kissed him. She ran her tongue over his lower lip and nibbled on it lightly before plunging for his tongue.

Harry felt like his heart was going to jump out of his chest as he had been expecting just a casual light kiss on the lips, but instead, her tongue was in his mouth and he could taste the different flavors of cocktails she had drunk on her lips and tongue.

He was heady with the scent and taste of her, and he was feeling a whole lot of different emotions at the same time, as he tried to make up his mind on whether to indulge himself and kiss her back or not.

He knew that he would never allow himself to do something like this if they were both in their right states of mind whether or not he knew that Tom wouldn't have a problem with him getting involved with his little sister.

Kiss her back, or not kiss her? He asked himself when he knew deep down that the most logical thing to do would be to break the kiss if he didn't want it as it had gone on long enough.

He also knew that it wouldn't be like he was taking advantage of her by kissing her back since she had asked for the kiss in the first place. Although he had to also remind himself that she had asked for the kiss under the influence of alcohol, and it was also possible that she wasn't kissing him because she liked him, but because he was the available guy at that moment hence he had become desirable to her.

He snapped back to the present when he felt her fingers in his hair once again, while the other hand in front of his shirt pulled him closer to herself since she got tired of stretching. Shutting down every other thought, he let himself kiss her back, and he was surprised when she made a low sound of approval in her throat.

"Finally," Jade murmured against his lips before claiming his tongue once again and sucking on it, "You taste so good," she whispered.

"It's the wine," Harry whispered back, feeling like he needed to give a response, and Jade giggled as she let her hands run down his chest.

Sensing that things were going to escalate pretty quickly if he didn't stop her, Harry grabbed her wrist as he broke the kiss, and she looked at him with eyes that looked like troubled clouds as they both tried to catch their breath.

"You wanted a kiss, you got one. Now get into the car let's go home," he said as he opened the door, and Jade bit her lower lip as she watched him, struggling to hide her smile.

"Okay. Let's go home. A deal is a deal," she said as she got into the car, and Harry leaned inside to help her fix the seatbelt while holding his breath.

Once he shut the door, he let out the breath he had been holding and inhaled fresh air into his lungs to get rid of Jade's scent.

By the time he went around the car and got into the seat, he noticed that Jade had drifted off to sleep and he let out a sigh of relief as he drove her home while she snored softly in her sleep.

Thankfully the car was quiet enough so he could hear his thoughts without having her distract him as she always did.

He knew that he shouldn't have done that. He shouldn't have let himself indulge in that kiss. Things like these only complicated friendships and relationships and he didn't want that no matter how much he liked her, or how attractive he thought she was.

He enjoyed his banters with her, and he liked the dynamics of their relationship just the way it was. He couldn't say they were friends or define their relationship outside their relations to Tom, yet they understood each other enough to enjoy each other's company, and that was just how he liked relating with her. This kiss was going to ruin things.

She was still fast asleep by the time he drove into the parking lot of his apartment, and because he didn't want to risk waking her up since he didn't know what other crazy desire a drunk Jade might have, he went around the car and lifted her into his arms as he carried to his apartment.

He wished there was someone he could talk to about what had happened, but there was no one he could tell. There was no way he could discuss this with Tom. Not when the lady in question was his sister. This was a good reason why it was a bad idea to get involved with one's best friend's sister. He could talk with his dad, but he didn't want to because then the old man would become excited and start becoming creative with his imagination and he didn't want to get the man's hopes up either. Who else was there to talk to?

Once Harry managed to open the door to his apartment he carried her straight to her bedroom and dropped her gently on the bed while she continued to sleep soundly.

Just as he turned to leave, his eyes fell on her feet, so he returned to the bedside to help her take off her sneakers, and this time his gaze fell on her lips which were pulled in a smile as she slept.

He briefly wondered what she was dreaming of as he took off her shoes and socks, and then placed them at the edge of the bed, before heading for the door.

He turned, startled, when she suddenly giggled in her sleep, "Uncle Harry," she murmured softly, making him look at her with a slightly raised brow.

She was dreaming of him? He mused with a shake of his head as he turned off the light and gently shut the door behind him.

He walked around the house aimlessly as he tried to clear his head. He walked over to his bar and poured himself a glass of wine, but the moment he took a sip from it, he was reminded of the assorted taste of Jade's tongue, so he dropped the glass and walked away from the bar.

Thinking about the kiss made him feel hot all over so took off his clothes as he walked into his bedroom and dropped them in the laundry basket before walking into the bathroom. Yeah, a cold shower should cool him down a bit, he reasoned.

After bathing, he put on a pair of gray-colored pajamas and lay on the bed staring at the ceiling as he prayed for sleep to come. He groaned in frustration when he noticed that the ceiling was beginning to take the shape of Jade's smiling face, and he quickly turned his face into his pillow and closed his eyes.

He knew it. Kissing her had been a bad idea. He should never have returned that kiss. All he could hope for now was that she wouldn't remember the kiss come morning. The only problem left was that even if she didn't remember it, he would remember the kiss every single time he looked at her. He would remember the taste of her lips everything they curved in a smile. He knew without a

doubt that he wouldn't be able to forget it. It was his first kiss after all, so how was he supposed to forget that he had gotten it from a drunk Jade Hank?

Now he was certain that he was not going to be able to get his much-desired rest. The little demon had made it impossible for him to sleep earlier, and now she was sleeping comfortably while he was here being tormented by a kiss she had initiated. He wished he could go to her bedroom and drag her off the damned bed.

Chapter 299 Hypocrites

"Good morning, love of my life," Tom greeted as he kissed all over Lucy's face until her eyes slowly opened and a smile split her face.

"Please don't tell me it's morning already," She said sleepily as she tried to turn around so that she could drift off to sleep once again, but Tom spanked her ass.

"Yep, it's past six. That's the reason you should have listened to me and retired early when I asked you to," Tom said, making her groan as she tried to keep her eyes open long enough to focus her gaze on him.

"But I still need to sleep," Lucy groaned, making Tom pull away from her.

He sat on the bed and watched her without saying a word, and just when she started to drift off once again he spoke, "You want to call in sick? I'm sure everyone would understand if you don't show up at work today," he suggested, and as expected every trace of sleepiness left her eyes and she sat upright.

"There is no way I can call in sick. Especially not today, and you know it, you trickster," she added with a scowl when she noticed his grin and hit his arm.

Of course, he knew that she wouldn't call in sick. Although she loved to spend time with him, she was still someone devoted to her job, and the last thing an overthinker like her would want is for people to start thinking that she was slacking off her duty because of her relationship with the CEO.

"Since you're not going to skip work, there is no reason for us to be late either. Let's get ready for work," he said as he rolled off the bed, and then took her hand when she held it out to him to help her up.

"This has to have been the longest weekend of my life," Lucy said as she got off the bed, and Tom reached to help her take off his t-shirt.

"Don't I just know that?" He asked since he felt the exact same way. It seemed like ages ago since they both walked out of his house on Friday morning to get her clothes for work. He was certain that while it seemed like the longest weekend of their life, for some others it was probably the shortest weekend ever.

"How do you feel about going to work today? Do you feel nervous now that everyone knows who you are?" Lucy asked curiously and raised her arms when Tom raised the hem of the oversized polo t-shirt she was wearing to reveal her naked body.

She was still quite surprised that Tom had been able to abide by the no-sex rule all through the night despite his obvious arousal which she had felt as he cuddled her to sleep.

After dancing, he had called Samantha to have one of the helps deliver their dinner to the bedroom, and then he fed her and allowed her to feed him in return. After eating he had led her to the bathroom and to her amusement he had insisted on bathing her.

After bathing her, he had taken her back into the bedroom where he towed her dry and helped her get into his oversized shirt before tucking her in and asking her to go to bed.

Of course, she had been unable to sleep, not while he was away from her and on the balcony. She had whimpered and made enough sounds to get his attention until he dropped his laptop and came to join her in bed. And then they had talked about everything and nothing, ranging from pleasant childhood memories to their parents, to the weird people they've met in their lives, to work until Lucy had drifted off to sleep.

"I don't feel anyhow. That they now know what I look like doesn't mean they're going to be seeing me often. What about you? Are you ready to face everyone? Friday was pretty tough," Tom said with a concerned expression and Lucy shrugged.

"I have you with me, so I'm sure I'll be fine," she assured him, and Tom gave her a nod before throwing the t-shirt on the bed.

He looked down at Lucy who was now standing before him naked, while he was still wearing his boxers, "Take it off," he told her quietly, referring to his boxers.

"Going forward I will be the one to undress you, and you'll do the same to me until you're comfortable enough to look at my body without averting your gaze every time I'm naked," he said, and Lucy eyed him skeptically.

She wasn't sure she could ever get used to seeing him naked. "You think that will work?"

"I know it will," he assured her with a grin as she reached for the waistband of his boxers and pulled it down his thighs.

She looked down at his morning erection which was pointing at her in all its glory and she swallowed as she tried to stifle the urge to touch it.

She cleared her throat as she glanced at him, "You're aroused."

"Don't worry about it. Whatever goes up must surely come down. Isaac Newton said so," he assured her with a wink, and Lucy giggled.

"I'm sure he wasn't thinking of that when he said so."

"Don't be so sure, Jewel," Tom said as he took her hand and led her into the bathroom.

Once inside the bathroom, he took their respective toothbrushes and applied toothpaste on them before handing Lucy hers. They both stood in front of the mirror staring at their reflections as they brushed their teeth. Neither of them said a word to each other until they were done.

"I'm sorry about my mood last night," Tom apologized after returning their toothbrushes to the holder.

Lucy smiled, "It's fine. I understand that it wasn't within your control, else you would easily have snapped out of it when you saw how it affected me," Lucy said, and Tom gave her a nod.

"I'm glad you know that. Now let's hurry up and leave before the gang gathers," Tom suggested, referring to their parents, and Lucy giggled.

Forty minutes later they both sneaked out of the house as quietly as they could, and this time they didn't have to leave for the office in Lucy's car.

"You don't have to walk in with me. You can go in through your private elevator as usual," Lucy told Tom thirty minutes later when they arrived at the company and she noticed that he was about to park the car in front of the company instead of just letting her get down and taking the car to his private parking lot.

"I will rather go in with you and be sure everything is okay. I can return to the usual routine tomorrow," he said as he got out of the car, and Lucy did the same.

Although they were both early as usual, they both noticed that many other staff had also arrived early, seeing as the parking lot was half-filled with cars already.

Tom handed the car key to the valet and instructed him to take the car to his private parking lot before walking into the building with Lucy.

The moment they stepped through the door, they stopped in their track and Lucy's breath caught when she saw that most of the staff were standing in two parallel lines as though they were waiting for them, and at the end of the line was a large banner that read, "WE ARE SORRY DIRECTOR PERRY"

Lucy glanced at Tom to see if he had any idea that they were going to do something like this, but although he had his poker face on, she knew him well enough to know that he was just as surprised as she was.

This was awkward. What did they expect her to do or say? She didn't even trust their motive since it was most likely that they were doing this because she was dating Tom, and they were scared that some of them would lose their job.

She watched as the members of her team came forward, all looking shamefaced apart from Amy who had a happy smile on her face.

"Good morning sir," Amy greeted Tom before turning to Lucy, "Good morning ma'am. I'm glad everything was resolved," Amy said as she stepped forward to take Lucy's handbag, and Lucy smiled at her as she let her have her bag.

She was relieved to know that she had at least one person she could count on here, "Thank you, Amy."

"You're welcome. I'll just take the bag to your office now," Amy said with a polite bow as she walked away with Lucy's handbag, leaving them to face the rest of her team.

"We are sorry, director Perry. We shouldn't have said what we said," one of the male members of Lucy's team apologized while avoiding Tom's gaze since he was the person who had insulted Tom when he came looking for Lucy at the office.

"And what exactly did you say?" Tom asked coldly before Lucy could respond, and she grabbed his hand to stop him.

The man quickly fell to his knees, "I'm sorry, sir. I shouldn't have said that about her, and I shouldn't have insulted you either. Please forgive me," he pleaded, and Tom merely stared at him with disinterest before turning to look at Lucy with a softened gaze.

"Do you want to forgive them or should I just fire them all?" Tom asked, and Lucy had to hold herself back from giggling.

"We are sorry, director Perry," Harry read from behind them, and both Tom and Lucy turned to look at him, ignoring the man who was still on his knees.

"Good morning, Lulu. I can call you that now, right?" Harry asked with a grin, and Lucy smiled back.

"Sure. Good morning, Haha, I can call you that now, right?" Lucy asked with a grin, and Tom chuckled when Harry mildly glared at her.

"Haha. Very funny. I told you she has a good sense of humor, didn't I?" Harry told Tom dryly.

"Haha? Why didn't I think of calling you that? Haha," Tom said with a grin, and Harry scowled at him before returning his attention to the employees who were still waiting for either Tom or Lucy to say something.

"Do you have anything to say to them?" Harry asked Lucy, guessing that she was uncomfortable and didn't know how to handle the situation was why they were all still standing by the doorway.

Lucy shook her head. Harry gave her a nod, and turned to Tom, "What do you want to do about them?"

"Can I leave that to you?" Tom asked, and Harry rolled his eyes.

"As if I can say no? You always leave everything to me apart from your girlfriend," Harry pointed out as he slapped Tom's back playfully, "You both can go in and continue with your office romance. I will dismiss the hypocrites," he assured them.

Tom started to leave, but stopped to look at Harry once again, "Are you okay?"

"Sure. Why wouldn't I be okay?" Harry asked, and Tom shrugged.

"How is Jade?"

On hearing Jade's name, Harry's heart skipped a beat, and he shifted his gaze away from Tom before clearing his throat, "She was still sleeping when I left the house," he said, praying that Tom wouldn't ask any more Jade related questions.

Tom looked at him suspiciously, and although he wanted to ask why Harry was looking guilty, he said nothing as he walked away with Lucy.

"Now that you have appeased your conscience, can you clear up this place and return to your office? I'm sure director Perry and the CEO were impressed by the gesture," Harry said, and immediately the man who was kneeling stood up and joined the others to take down the banner.

Without waiting for them to finish Harry walked away, wanting to get busy with work and distract himself from thinking about anything that had to do with Tom's kid sister.

Chapter 300 Morning-after Reaction

"Are you sure you don't need me to help you carry your stuff to your office?" Tom offered, and Lucy rolled her eyes as she arranged her stuff in a box.

"Why will I need the CEO to help me carry my stuff when I can have my secretary help out? I'm sure you have a lot of things to attend to. Don't mind me and go about your business. Let's meet after work..."

"After work? Nah. We are having lunch together," Tom objected, and Lucy laughed softly.

"Oh, yeah. I forgot that I broke up with my broke driver boyfriend who usually delivers my lunch," Lucy said, and Tom grinned.

"And in exchange you got me," Tom said, spreading his arms.

"Yeah. I couldn't have asked for a better replacement. Now excuse me," Lucy said as she returned her attention to the box.

"But I'm missing you already," Tom said, sticking out his lower lip and making a cute face.

"I'm only going to another floor within the same building. We will meet during the lunch break, and..."

"How about I include a breakfast break and a brunch break before lunch?" Tom interjected, and Lucy giggled.

"Can you be any more obvious?"

"I could be actually. I could choose to shorten the working hours of the fashion unit to maybe two hours a day. That way you have more than enough time to spare."

"That's why I'm thankful you have someone like Harry to stop you..."

"Did I just hear my name?" Harry asked as he completely opened the partially open door and walked into the office, "Where are you going to Lulu? Did you both break up already because you recently discovered how boring Tom is?"

"Very funny," Tom said with a toothy smile, and Lucy giggled.

"I'm returning to my office now that I know you both fooled me into coming here. Or are you going to threaten to fire me if I don't stay here?" Lucy asked Harry with a slightly raised brow.

"I'm actually on your side. From the beginning I told him that his entire plan was stupid, believe me," Harry said with an earnest expression as he picked up the box.

"What are you doing with that?" Tom asked with a scowl.

"Helping Lulu take her stuff back to her office, while you get back into your office and do all the stuff that CEOs do. Your playtime is over," Harry said, and Lucy flashed him a smile as she picked up her handbag which Amy had helped her drop here earlier.

"Haha!" Tom exclaimed, and Lucy giggled.

"Very funny," Harry muttered as he walked out of the office, and Lucy kissed Tom's cheek before walking away with Harry.

"Thank you," Lucy told Harry as they walked into the elevator and she pressed the button for the third floor where her unit was located.

"What for?" Harry asked, turning to spare her a glance.

"For stepping in earlier at the lobby. I didn't know what to do with them," Lucy confessed.

"Did they all give you a hard time last week?" Harry asked curiously since he had not really considered that the employees would be harsh on her over a piece of unconfirmed news. He had thought that the lady whom Tom had fired was an exception.

Lucy bobbed her head before letting out a sigh, "Yeah. It was terrible having to walk around with everyone whispering. So thank you for handling it,"

"It's nothing, Lulu. Don't hesitate to let me know if you need me to handle anything else you can't deal with," Harry offered as the elevator bell dinged and they both got out.

"Thanks," Lucy said with a small smile as they walked down to her office.

"I mean it. I'm hoping we will get along since we both will be sharing Tom," Harry said, just in case she thought he was making an idle offer, and she giggled as she glanced at him, wondering how he could be such a sweet person to those he considered his friends yet so cold to employees that everyone was scared when his name was mentioned.

"So you knew that I was lying about my fiance that first day, huh?" A blush stained her cheeks as she asked, and Harry chuckled as he turned to look at her.

"I wouldn't have known had Tom not told me beforehand that you would be late. You are a pretty good liar, you know? I should take lessons from you," Harry said, and Lucy giggled.

"Did you possibly expect me to tell my mean boss who has the reputation of firing employees that I was drunk the previous night and woke up late?" She asked, and Harry shook his head.

"I'm curious about something though. Did you come up with the lie at that moment, or you rehearsed it beforehand?"

Lucy laughed softly, "It was a spur of the moment tale. I had other stuff I had planned to say, but the moment you mentioned my name it all evaporated from my brain," Lucy confessed, and Harry laughed as they both stopped outside her office door.

"Thank you for forgiving Tom, and being with him. I was very worried that everything would blow up in our faces once you found out the truth," Harry said, and Lucy gave him a nod.

"You must like him a lot to be so loyal to him," Lucy observed.

"Sure. I'm not just saying this because he's my best friend. He's a great guy. Just don't tell him I said so," Harry pleaded, and Lucy grinned.

"Thank you for helping me bring the box," Lucy said as she extended her hands to take the box from him.

"Can I ask you a question?" Harry asked hopefully, still holding on to the box.

"Sure."

"Do you usually remember everything you say or do when you were drunk?"

Lucy cocked her head to the side as she considered the question, and then she shook her head, "I still don't remember most of the things that happened between Tom and me that first night we met. I

think there are people like me who do not remember stuff," Lucy said remembering how she had even thought they had sex when they didn't.

Harry gave her a nod, "Alright. Thank you. Don't forget to let me know if anyone gives you a hard time," Harry said as he returned the box to her, and Lucy smiled at him.

"Thanks, Haha," she said, and Harry chuckled as he watched her go into her office.

Once he turned around the smile disappeared from his face and he sighed as he returned to his office. A part of him hoped that Jade wouldn't remember the kiss, especially since he didn't know if she had done it under the influence of alcohol or because she wanted to. He didn't want things to become awkward between them. He had left the house without waking her up because he was avoiding her and didn't want to face her. He hoped that she would leave before he returned from work, and he wouldn't have to face her until she travels back.

While Harry agonized over their kiss, Jade opened her eyes that morning, and she smiled to herself as she sat up on the bed. Unlike most people, she wasn't one to suffer from severe hangovers apart from the feeling of lightheadedness and dehydration she had once in a while.

She slowly got off the bed, and the first thing she noticed was her shoes which he had taken off. Although she had been asleep when he took off the shoes, she had known the moment he held her ankles to take off the shoes.

She had a wide smile on her face as she walked out of the room, curious to see how he would react to seeing her this morning.

The smile soon disappeared from her face when she walked into the living room and she didn't see any sign of him. She walked over to the kitchen and although she could perceive the light aroma of coffee, there was no sign of him either.

Thinking that he was probably in his bedroom, she turned to leave but her eyes fell on a packet of ibuprofen, and a sticky note on the dining table so she paused to pick it up.

'Good morning. I've left for the office and I might be too busy to see you before you leave. Take the medicine for your handover and you can help yourself with anything in the kitchen or refrigerator. Take care of yourself. Bye'

Jade scoffed as she read the note. So this was his morning after reaction to the kiss? He was going to start avoiding her? She couldn't believe that he thought she would leave without seeing him with or without the kiss.

The kiss had mostly been for her to test the chemistry between them and to see if he would respond to it, and she had gotten the confirmation she needed. Seeing how he was backing away from her, she had to admit that pretending to be that drunk had been a very good idea. At least now she could pretend like she didn't remember anything and things would go back to the way it was until she is done with her case and is ready for him. With that thought in mind, Jade smiled to herself as she returned to her bedroom to prepare for the day ahead. She needed to stop by I-Global and have a good look at the place she might be working soon.