

Wild Night 381

Chapter 381 Dr. Hottie

Lucas opened his eyes when he felt someone's lips pressed to his temple, and he wasn't surprised to see that it was Miley. As a matter of fact he felt relieved and kind of happy to see her looking into his face with a bright smile on her face, and her eyes gleaming with excitement as usual.

"Good morning, handsome. Thanks for not leaving," she greeted cheerfully as she watched him sit up on the couch, and then she sat next to him.

Lucas let his gaze travel over her, from her sleep tousled hair to the skimpy nightdress she was wearing and he realized that she had changed out of the clothes she had worn the previous night.

Or did Amy undress her? He doubted that Amy would have dressed her up in such a flimsy night dress when she knew there was a man in the apartment with them.

"How are you feeling now?" Lucas asked, choosing to focus on her face, and she smiled at him.

"I feel fine. I'm sorry you had to sleep on the couch for the second night in a row," she said apologetically, but Lucas shrugged it off dismissively.

"I'm fine. Now that your friend is here, I should be on my way now," Lucas said as he picked up his phone to check the time.

"Isn't it too early to leave?" Miley asked just as he saw that it was just past six in the morning. And then he clicked on a text message notification on his screen, and saw it was a text from Lucy explaining why she had missed his call and letting him know she would call back in the morning.

"It's not too early. Take care of yourself, Miley," Lucas said as he stood and then pocketed his phone.

"What's your plan? Are you really not going to return to Dr. Drew's hospital?" Miley asked without standing up, and Lucas spared her a glance, knowing she was trying to stall as usual.

"No, I'm not returning there," Lucas said as he headed for the door.

"Why not? What are you going to do now? Get a new job? Or you no longer want to practice?" She asked quickly once his hands touched the doorknob, and Lucas

cursed himself silently as he turned to look at her, knowing he was playing into her trap.

"Instead of worrying your head about me, go home and get treatment," Lucas advised.

"Why is it important to you that I go home?" Miley asked, standing from the couch and approaching him.

"I know what you're doing, Miley. It's not going to work," Lucas said just as she stopped in front of him, and she smiled at him.

"What do you think I'm doing? And what makes you believe it's not going to work?" She asked with a pretty pout.

"Stop playing games with me, Miley. I don't want to remain here with you this way, and I don't want to be friends with you either. I have enough to worry about, and I don't want to have to worry about you too," Lucas said, and he felt a stab of guilt in his heart when hurt flickered in her eyes for a brief moment before she smiled at him.

"Alright. I'm sorry to have been such a bother. You can leave," she said as she turned her back to him and returned to the couch, leaving Lucas standing by the door.

"Miley..."

"That's the door, Lucas. You can use it," she said flatly, and Lucas sighed as he opened the door and walked out of the house.

Once he shut the door behind him, Amy stepped out of the bedroom, "Don't take it to heart. I think he cares about you a lot, and that's what bothers him," Amy said as she sat down on the couch beside Miley, and she looked at her.

"I thought you were sound asleep?" Miley asked, and Amy grinned.

"Nah. I woke up when you did, but pretended to be asleep when I saw you changing into such a sexy nightdress. I wanted to see if you were sneaking to the living room to make out with Dr. hottie," Amy said with a wink, and Miley giggled.

"Why would you think such a dirty thing you slut," Miley said, and Amy laughed.

"Because I wouldn't put it past you. I haven't forgotten how you tried to seduce your tutor and made the poor guy lose his job," Amy said with a grin, and Miley laughed at the memory.

"I still don't know who was more mortified between me and my mom who walked in on me unbuttoning my dress. I sure had an earful," Miley said, and Amy doubled over with laughter.

"I remember how hard it was to hold back my laughter as I cleaned up the mess your mom had made after dropping the tray of cookies she was coming to serve you, while she scolded you," Amy said amidst her laughter and raised a hand to wipe the tears that were now falling from her eyes.

"And then we had a good laugh afterwards. Those were really fun times," Miley said with an amused smile as she gazed at Amy who had begun to feel emotional.

"What are you doing here, Amy? Aren't you suppose to be at work?" Miley asked, and Amy sniffled as she met her gaze.

"Would you be at work if the situation was reversed?"

"I can afford to take a break from work, it's my family's business. But yours isn't," Miley pointed out, and Amy snorted.

"Don't worry, I took a sick leave. I'm not leaving your side, so don't even think about telling me otherwise," Amy warned, and Miley sighed.

"Suit yourself. But I should let you know that nothing fun is going on here. You're going to be bored shitless and..."

"Shut up, Miley. I've had my fair share of fun with you. I'm not here for fun," Amy said as she moved closer to Miley and gathered her close to herself.

"How do you feel?" Amy asked as she patted Miley's hair, and she chuckled dryly.

"How do you think I feel?" Miley asked.

"I don't know. You tell me. I want to know how you feel. Tell me everything," Amy said, and Miley pulled away from her so she could look into her face.

"I've been feeling a lot of things for the past couple of weeks, but seeing you now, I'm terrified," Miley confessed in a shaky voice, her eyes glistening with tears.

"I don't know what to expect. For the first time I will be in a place where I can't even talk to you," she said, and Amy raised a hand to her lips to stifle her sob.

"Oh, Miley!" Amy cried softly as she embraced Miley, and they clung to each other as they both cried.

After crying for sometime, Miley was the first to compose herself and then she patted Amy's back, "Don't be such a baby," she said jokingly.

"How can you even joke right now?" Amy asked with a sniffle as she pulled back to look at Miley.

"That's all I can do, else I might be forced to take my own life before the universe takes it from me," Miley said as she wiped away Amy's tears.

"You won't do such a thing," Amy said as she held on to Miley's hand on her cheek, and Miley nodded.

"Yeah, I won't. That's why I have to keep doing my best to stay cheerful. You know, low-key I'm still hoping to receive a call from my doctor telling me it was all a prank or a mistake and I'm not really dying. But the call is taking so long to come," Miley said with a crooked smile.

"What did you do when you first got the news? Why didn't you call?" Amy asked, and Miley sighed.

"It took a while for it to actually sink in. I don't think I've completely come to terms with it yet either. So how do you expect me to tell anyone else about it when I'm yet to believe it myself?" Miley asked, not really expecting an answer.

"You remember all those headaches I was always complaining about?" She asked, and when Amy gave her a nod she continued, "Well, apparently they weren't mere headaches. And then one day I was in the middle of a meeting with this lovely couple who wanted to have their wedding reception at the hotel, and I almost passed out because of the intensity of the pain. My usual pain relief medication was no longer effective, and it was at that point I realized I needed to visit my doctor," Miley said, and Amy listened without interrupting her.

"You can't imagine how hard I laughed when he told me I had a tumor growing in my brain. At first I thought it was a sick joke, but then I was the only one laughing in the room. I asked if it wasn't a joke, and he looked me dead in the eyes and said he wished it was. And then I felt goose pimples all over my body. It was summer, the weather was very hot, but I was suddenly feeling very cold. I didn't say another word to him. I picked up my handbag and I left his office," Miley said, a distant look in her eyes even though she was looking right at Amy.

"You know what I did? I went straight to the penthouse suite from there and I crawled under my sheets and slept. Hoping that by the time I wake up I would realize it was just a nightmare or maybe something miraculous would have happened. I'm twenty-five, Amy. For fuck's sake, I'm fucking twenty-five! Why do I have to die now?" Miley asked, and Amy swiped at the tears running down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Miley. I'm so sorry this is happening. You don't deserve any of this," Amy said, her lips trembling as she spoke.

"I know I don't deserve this, so why is it happening to me? I don't want to die, Amy. I don't want to die!" Miley asked as tears flowed freely down her cheeks, and Amy embraced her.

"I can't promise that I will make you feel better, but I can promise to be here for you in anyway you want me to. I've got you, Miley. Now and always," Amy promised as she consoled Miley who was crying hysterically now.

After crying for what felt like an hour, Miley managed to pull herself together and Amy excused herself and went into the bedroom to get them both a box of tissues.

"I swear I haven't cried this way since I received the news. Thanks for coming even when I asked you not to come," Miley said as she took some tissues and blew her nose loudly.

"Are you only grateful I'm here now because Dr. Hottie left?" Amy asked with a teasing smile, and Miley laughed.

"What do you think about him?" Miley asked, and Amy raised a brow.

"What am I supposed to think? He's handsome and looks pretty decent too. But I'm not surprised about that, his family is decent," Amy said, and Miley nodded thoughtfully, making Amy narrow her eyes at him.

"Why did you bring a stranger to your place?" Amy asked, watching her closely.

"Do you know he was engaged to Rachel?" Miley asked, and Amy's eyes widened in surprise.

"Rachel? Crazy Rachel?" She asked in disbelief, and Miley bobbed her head.

"As a matter of fact she was here yesterday," Miley said with an amused smile when she recalled how enraged Rachel had been.

"She was here? Like you mean inside this place? What happened?" Amy asked, and listened as Miley explained it all to her.

"It's a small world, isn't it?" Miley asked, and Amy nodded.

"A very small world indeed. I wasn't going to bring this up first until you do, but Dr. Hottie mentioned something about you wanting to get married and having a kid," Amy said, and Miley rolled her eyes.

"I suppose he wanted you to change my mind?" She asked, and Amy nodded.

"Don't waste your breath. My mind is made up. All I need to do right now is find a suitable surrogate and..."

"Nah. You don't need to find a surrogate when I'm here. I will be delighted to carry your baby. That way we get to share every moment together," Amy said, but Miley shook her head.

"No way. There is no way I'm letting you do that. You've not even had sex because you want your first time to be special and you are talking about doing this. Your mom is going to throw a fit if she hears of it," Miley said with a shake of her head.

"My best friend doesn't have the luxury of time, and you think my virginity is of importance here? If this is the only thing I can do in this short time to show you how much I love you, and how your existence has been a blessing to me, then it's nothing," Amy said, and tears gathered in Miley's eyes.

"You would really do this for me?" Miley asked, and Amy smiled as she kissed away Miley's tears.

"You have no idea how much I can do for you. If I could produce sperm, I would have impregnated you or..." She stopped talking when Miley burst into a fit of laughter.

"You are so silly, Amy. Gosh! I've missed you so much," Miley said, and Amy smiled.

"You don't have to miss me anymore. I'm here and I'm not going anywhere. Now that we have a surrogate, let's talk about how to find you a husband. Do you have a selection process in mind?" Amy asked, and Miley smiled.

"You are really not going to talk me out of this?"

"I want you to be happy. I want you to only do things that will make you happy whether or not it makes sense to me. As long as you are happy, than I'm fine," Amy said and Miley looked into her eyes lovingly.

"Oh, Amy! Why aren't you a guy?"

Amy giggled, "I could become a lesbian and marry you if you want me to," Amy said with a seductive smile as she leaned closer to Miley, making her shriek with laughter as she pushed her away.

"Ew! No! I want a real man," Miley said, and Amy nodded as she stood and went to her handbag to take her journal and a pen.

"What are the qualities you are looking out for in a man? Let's start from there, and then we can decide on how to go about finding him," Amy suggested, and Miley pursed her lips thoughtfully as she considered it.

"He has to be a kind person with a nice personality. He must be from a decent home. Very intelligent, with a good sense of humor. He has to be taller than me. He should have dimples and gray eyes preferably, a really charming smile, and..."

"And his name should be Lucas Perry I suppose? You do realize you are describing Lucas, right? Don't tell me you were going to ask him to marry you?" Amy asked dryly, and Miley sighed.

"Is there a reason I can't like or want someone like him?" She asked, and Amy shook her head.

"Forget about him. He's not interested in being a part of this. He doesn't even want you to do this. We will find you a good husband. Someone better than him. And then we can talk about how to break the news to your parents," Amy said, and Miley smiled at her.

"That sounds like a plan."

Chapter 382 Overthinking

Harry had woken up as early as 5 AM as he usually did on work days, and although it was almost 7 AM, he was still lying on his bed looking up at the ceiling.

He knew he needed to get off the bed and get ready to leave for the office if he wanted to get to work on time as he usually did, but he just couldn't bring himself to do so.

He didn't know what was bothering him and try as he might to figure it out, he couldn't place a finger on it. At first, he had thought he was thinking about Jade, but once he focused his thoughts on her, he realized almost immediately that she wasn't what was bothering him.

After over an hour of thinking about it, he had come to the conclusion that this was just one of those mornings where he was low on morale, and he feared that he was going to end up firing anyone who didn't do what was expected of them.

At least now that Tom had revealed his identity, he could call in sick and have Tom attend to everything in his stead while he took the day off to just rest as he was really not in the mood to face anyone.

He groaned inwardly and glanced at his door when his father knocked on it, wishing his father hadn't chosen to come visiting at a time like this when he wanted nothing more than to be left alone.

"Harry? Can I come in?" Aaron asked as he turned the doorknob.

"I didn't say you could come in," Harry said with a scowl when his father walked in.

"You didn't say I couldn't come in either. Why are you still on your bed? Are you fine?" Aaron asked with concern as he went to sit on the edge of the bed.

"I'm okay. Did you want something?" Harry asked as he rolled off the bed, and Aaron followed him with his eyes.

"Yes. About the lady you talked about yesterday..."

"Not now, Dad. Please," Harry said stiffly as he walked into his closet to take out the clothes he would be wearing to the office, and Aaron stood up to follow him.

"When is it going to be then? Give me a suitable time you'd be comfortable having the conversation, and then we can discuss it," Aaron said, feeling pressed for time as he needed to push Harry to make a move before his mother did anything.

He had been unable to sleep all night because he had been too worried about the call he had received from her and her threat to approach Harry if he failed to talk to tell Harry about her. He had thought long and hard about the pros and cons of telling Harry the truth, and he wasn't sure he could do it.

"Why? Can't we just have a normal conversation anymore without it being about me being in a relationship?..."

"I just want to see you in a happy relationship."

"What's the rush for? It's not like there is a time limit to being in a happy relationship..."

"What if I was dying?" Aaron cut in, fed up with Harry's continuous stubbornness.

"DAD!" Harry yelled angrily as he turned to glare at his father, who was standing at the closet door.

"Just listen to me, okay? I want to meet this girl you talked about before I travel back," Aaron said, a note of urgency in his tone.

"Why? Why is it so important to you? Is there something you are not telling me about? Are you ill?" Harry asked, watching his father suspiciously, but Aaron shook his head.

"Do I have to be ill in order to see your girlfriend? I'm just fed up with your excuses! I want to see you in a relationship!" Aaron yelled in frustration.

"And what if I don't want to be in a relationship? Or does what I want not matter to you anymore?" Harry yelled back irritably.

Seeing how annoyed Harry was beginning to get, Aaron sighed and dropped both hands to his side, "What you want matters. It will always matter. Your happiness matters to me, so I'm begging you not to waste any more time," Aaron pleaded, his shoulders drooped.

Hearing the resignation in his father's voice, Harry took a closer look at him, and only then did he notice how old his father looked that morning. It seemed like he had aged overnight.

"Dad? Are you okay? Is there something you are not telling me?" Harry asked, going to stand in front of his father.

Aaron tried to blink back his tears of guilt and fear before looking at Harry. He shook his head, and without saying another word, he headed for the door.

Harry had a frown on his face as he watched his father leave. His father wasn't usually the type to act up in such a dramatic manner, so what could be wrong? He wondered as he spread out his work clothes on the bed before going on to shower.

Once he was ready to leave for work, he went to the living room, but he didn't find his father there as he expected, and so he walked over to his father's bedroom to check on him.

Immediately he raised his hand to knock on the door, he heard his father groaning and panting as though he was struggling to breathe, and immediately he pushed the door open and hurried into the bedroom, "Dad? Are you okay?" He asked in alarm when he saw his father sitting at the edge of the bed, bent forward with his hand clutching his chest tightly as though he was in pain.

Aaron shook his head, "My... ch.. est. It hurts," he managed breathlessly.

"Whatever this is about, dad, you can talk to me. If it's about getting a girlfriend, you don't have to worry. I told you already that I'm on it. I'm not making any excuses this time, I promise," Harry said, thinking his father was putting up a show for him, but upon taking a closer look at the beads of sweat coating his father's brows and

seeing how pale he looked, Harry wasn't so sure anymore, so immediately he took out his phone and called his doctor.

Following the doctor's instructions, Harry helped his father to sit up on the bed in a way that his back was resting on the headboard of the bed while he answered the doctor's question about his father's state.

"I was on my way to my office, but I will stop at your place to check on him. I will join you in ten minutes," the doctor said before hanging up.

"What is going on, dad? Why are you being this way? You can't get sick or let anything of the sort happen to you! You shouldn't! You are all I have!" Harry pleaded desperately, beads of sweat coating his brows as he watched his father, unable to stand seeing his usually lively father looking so dull and pale.

Although Aaron's eyes were closed, tears slid down his cheeks as he listened to Harry. He wanted to talk to Harry and tell him the truth. Several times over the night, he had stood in front of Harry's door wanting to go in and tell Harry the truth, but he had been unable to bring himself to do so.

He hadn't slept a wink all through the night, and he knew that both guilt, fear, and worry were weighing heavily on him, but he couldn't help it. The more he looked at Harry or listened to his voice, the bigger the weight on his conscience. He was more scared of hurting Harry with the truth than he was of Harry's anger.

If all he was going to face was Harry's anger, then he could live with that, but seeing Harry hurt when confronted with the truth that his mother had not wanted him and that all those love stories had all been a lie... He couldn't. As manly as Harry portrayed himself, he was always going to be his little boy to him, and he didn't want to see his boy hurt.

"Try to take a deep breath, dad. Slowly," Harry suggested while praying that the doctor would arrive there sooner than ten minutes.

Harry quickly picked up his phone when it started to ring, thinking it was a phone call from the doctor saying he had arrived, but when he saw that it was Jade who was calling, he declined the call without thinking twice as he didn't want any other call on his line at that moment until the doctor was present there with them.

Jade called two more times, and he continued to decline her call until he heard the sound of the doorbell, and he spared his father a worried glance before hurrying out of the room to see if it was the doctor and let him in.

Relieved to see the doctor at the door, Harry led him to the bedroom and stood by his father's bedside anxiously as the doctor checked his blood pressure and did other vital tests.

"Your father seems to be very stressed. His blood pressure is too high. For a moment there, I was worried he was having a heart attack when you called me," the doctor said to Harry before focusing on Aaron.

"Have you been worrying a lot lately, sir?"

"It's nothing serious," Aaron said, feeling slightly embarrassed now that his symptoms had disappeared.

"Talk to him, dad. It could have been worse than this. What if I had left for work when this happened to you?" Harry said with a worried frown.

"I would have been fine. I feel okay now, as you can see. Don't keep the doctor waiting anymore. You should go to work too," Aaron said, but Harry didn't budge as he exchanged a look with the doctor.

"Aren't you going to give him any medication?" Harry asked, and the doctor smiled.

"I've never seen you this disorganized. Relax, Harry, else you will also be needing medication. I came here directly on my way to work. I don't drive around with medications in my car. But don't worry, I will write you a prescription, and then you can get him the medication," the doctor said as he slapped Harry's back lightly before taking out his pen and prescription notepad from his backpack to scribble on it.

"Are you having difficulty sleeping?" He asked Aaron and seeing the worried look on Harry's face, Aaron shook his head.

"Dad, do you need me to excuse you so you can be honest with the doctor?" Harry asked, and the doctor nodded.

"I think you should excuse us," he suggested, and Harry nodded before walking away from the bedroom.

A moment later, the doctor stepped out of the bedroom to join Harry, who was waiting outside the door, "Your father needs to rest and stop overthinking. He will be fine," the doctor said as he handed Harry the prescription note.

"Thank you for coming as soon as I called," Harry said as he saw the doctor off to the door, and he gave Harry a nod.

"It's part of your membership package. Try not to worry too much. Your father will be okay," he assured Harry as he shook hands with him before leaving.

Once the doctor left, Harry returned to his father's bedroom, and immediately Aaron heard his footsteps, he pretended to be asleep. Harry sighed as he looked down at his father, knowing he was only pretending to sleep but not understanding what was happening with the man.

"I'm heading out to get you the medicine for your blood pressure," Harry said before picking up his phone and walking away.

Once he got into the car and turned on the ignition, he dialed Tom's number and connected it to his phone's Bluetooth speaker as he drove off.

"Good morning, sunshine. Why are you calling me when we can talk at the office? Don't tell me you are missing me that badly," Tom, who was in the car with Lucy, joked even though he had been about to call Harry too, to find out if he was okay since he had just finished speaking with Jade, who called to find out what the problem was because Harry was rejecting her call.

"You wish. I won't be coming to the office today. My dad isn't feeling well, so I have to stay back to look after him," Harry explained.

"What? What's wrong with him?" Tom asked while Lucy's brows pulled together in concern as she listened to the conversation since Tom's phone was connected to the car's speaker.

"The doctor said his blood pressure is high. I'm heading out to get him the prescribed medication. I will take care of the business I can handle from home, so I hope you don't mind standing in for me..."

"Are you crazy? Do you even need to ask me something like that? Don't worry. I will meet with your secretary and find out all you have on your schedule for today, and then we will find a way to blend it with mine. Focus on your dad, and tell him we will stop by to see him after work. Try not to worry too much, alright?"

"Sure. Give my love to Lucy."

"No, I won't! Are you out of your mind? Why would I give your love to my Jewel when she has all my love?" Tom asked, wanting to make Harry loosen up a bit, and to his relief, Harry chuckled.

"You're such a fool," Harry hissed at him.

"Don't worry too much, HaHa. He's going to be fine," Tom assured him once again.

"Yeah. Talk to you later," Harry said as he hung up the call, and then he glanced at his phone for only a moment before dialing Jade's number.

Chapter 383 Looking For Trouble

Jade paced around the room as she thought of Harry, while wondering what was going on with him and why he was rejecting her calls.

Had she overdone it with her last phone call to him the previous day? Was that why he was avoiding her call now? That had been the first thought that came to mind, and then she had discarded that thought, thinking Harry wasn't the type to avoid things that way.

Was he sick? That had been her second thought, until she called Tom to find out if he was okay, and after hearing from Tom that they had all met for dinner the previous evening and he had been fine, she had returned to her first conclusion that he was probably avoiding her. If he was ill, Tom would definitely know about it, so that wasn't it.

Or what else could it be? If he was busy, all he needed to do was receive her call and tell her it wasn't convenient. If he was in a noisy place all he needed to do was send a text saying he would call back. So why wasn't he doing either?

She stopped in her track when her phone started ringing and quickly picked it up from the bed when she saw Harry's name displayed on the screen.

"Why were you rejecting my call?" She asked immediately she received the call.

"I'm sorry. I was in the middle of something when you called. Is there a problem?" Harry asked calmly.

"Is everything okay?" Jade asked when she heard his dispassionate tone.

"Yeah. My dad wasn't feeling too well and I was expecting a call from the doctor. That was why I rejected your call," Harry explained, and Jade's brows pulled together.

"Your dad? What is wrong with him? How is he feeling now?" She asked with concern.

"He will be fine. I just arrived at the pharmacy where I want to get some antihypertensive medication for him. Why did you call earlier? Is there something you want to say?" Harry asked, and Jade sighed.

She had been calling just to hear his voice and to flirt with him as usual, but she could hardly say that. Not when he had more important things to worry about, "I just wanted to hear from you, and let you know that Jero will be leading us to the cartel lords tonight," Jade said, and Harry nodded.

"You are not the one to make the arrest so you shouldn't go there. Ask Jero to lead the police to them. You have done your part, so stay out of trouble and let the police do their job," Harry advised.

"I wouldn't need to be there if the system wasn't so corrupt. But you have nothing to worry about, I will only observe from a safe distance to make sure there are no foul plays," Jade promised.

"Are you sure you will be fine on your own?" Harry asked, and she smiled when she heard the worry in his voice.

"It's not like you can come here to babysit me. Just take care of yourself and your dad, and once I've wrapped up things here I will take you up on your offer. You should run along now. Call me when you are bored or you feel like talking to me," Jade said before hanging up.

Harry sighed as he dropped the phone on his lap but he made no move to get out of the car. Was his father's worry about his relationship status the reason for his sudden health challenge? Or was his health challenge the reason he was suddenly bugging him about being in a relationship? Harry wondered.

After thinking about it for a minute Harry got out of the car and went into the pharmacy to purchase the medicine. Once he was done, he drove home and by the time he arrived, his father was fast asleep.

He dropped the medicine by his father's bedside and just as he turned to leave, his father's phone started vibrating with a phone call. Not wanting it to disturb his father's sleep, Harry picked the phone quickly and walked out of the bedroom.

Harry noticed that the caller's number was saved as 'Sara' but not being the type to receive his father's call, he ignored the phone call as he walked into his bedroom to change out of his work clothes.

Once he was more comfortably dressed, he picked up his laptop and returned to his father's bedroom to work while also keeping an eye on his father.

After he settled down on the other side of the bed, he opened his laptop and started going through his emails. Once he saw the date, he realized what it was that had been bothering him, and why he had woken up upset. It was his mother's death

anniversary. He glanced at his father's sleeping form, wondering if that was why he was feeling so emotional as well.

Aaron's phone started ringing for the fifth time and this time Harry received the call when he saw that it was from the same caller. Who was this Sara lady and why did she keep calling? Harry wondered.

"Aaron..."

"Hello!" Harry spoke at the same time as his mother making her keep quiet when she heard his voice, "This is not Aaron. I'm Harry, his son. I'm sorry my father is not.." before Harry could finish speaking Aaron who had been asleep jolted awake and snatched the phone from Harry, his eyes looking wild as he glanced at the callers identity.

Harry looked at his father with a frown, and noticed how his face paled immediately he saw the name displayed on the screen before smashing the phone against the wall.

"Why are you answering my call?" Aaron bellowed at Harry, more out of fear than annoyance.

"Calm down, dad. You shouldn't raise your voice that way when you are not feeling well," Harry said, trying not to read too much meaning to his father's behavior since he was ill.

"I want to go home. I don't want to stay here anymore," Aaron said, his heart beating really fast as he got off the bed.

"What home? You are not in any shape to go home. And even if you were, you said you were going to stay here for a while. Why the sudden rush?" Harry asked without getting off the bed as he watched his father pack his bags.

"I've changed my mind. I want to go home. You don't have to worry about me, I will take care of my health," Aaron said, not looking Harry in his eyes as he packed his bag.

"Why? Are you going to meet that Sara lady? Who is she and why has she been calling your line non-stop? She was the same person calling you during dinner, wasn't she?" Harry asked, and the shirt Aaron was folding fell from his hands which were now trembling.

This would have been a good way to break the news to Harry, but it wasn't the right time. He wasn't prepared for it, "You don't have to worry about who she is," Aaron said without meeting Harry's gaze.

"Are you upset because of mom? Because today is her anniversary?" Harry asked, and Aaron's heart skipped a beat.

Aaron suddenly felt faint, and he went to sit on the edge of the bed. Oh, God! He feared he might have a heart attack if he continued to be around Harry. He had thought coming to be with Harry would help him keep watch and make sure Sara doesn't come anywhere near him, but now that he was here, he wasn't so sure.

"Dad, talk to me. What is going on with you? You know you can tell me anything, right?" Harry asked, feeling very worried.

Aaron shook his head, "Not now. Maybe later. Please leave, I want to be alone," Aaron said, and Harry sighed as he got off the bed.

"That's the medicine the doctor asked me to get you. Don't forget to take them. I will be in the living room, call me if you need me," Harry said before walking out of the bedroom.

"He seemed very fine last night. I hope he will be fine," Lucy said after Tom hung up his call with Jade who had called to inform him she had just heard from Harry.

"He will be fine," Tom said as he parked the car in front of the company.

"From the looks of things I might be very busy today, so you might not hear from me," Tom explained apologetically, and Lucy smiled.

"Don't worry about me and just focus on all you have to do. I have a lot on my desk too," Lucy said, thinking of all the work she would have to do now that Amy was absent.

First she needed to give Lucas and Sonia a call, and then she would check on Amy, before giving Priscilla a call to discuss her contract signing with her.

"I will have Adolf deliver lunch to your office. Make sure you eat," Tom said as he unbuckled his seatbelt and then leaned over to her and kissed her lips lightly, "Have a lovely day, Jewel. And try to stay out of trouble. I love you," he said, and Lucy smiled as she unbuckled her seatbelt.

She had no intention of staying out of trouble. As a matter of fact, she woke up that morning with the decision to go looking for trouble instead of expecting it to come to her. She needed to start taking control of her life and the things happening around her.

"Have a lovely day, Ace. I love you," Lucy said with a wave as she got out of the car and headed inside the building, while Tom drove off to his private parking lot.

As Lucy headed for the elevator, she noticed Cora walking ahead of her and she smiled. Just the right person she wanted to start her troubles with. She knew that Cora was going to be trouble if she didn't squash her in time, so she quickened her pace to meet up with her.

Cora turned when she noticed someone step into the elevator with her, and Lucy flashed her a pleasant smile, "Good morning," Lucy greeted cheerfully making Cora's brows pull together.

"Good morning," she greeted as she tried to walk past Lucy and get out of the elevator since she didn't want to talk with her.

"You should stay! I think we should have a brief conversation, don't you think so? I'd hate to have this conversation with you in the presence of others," Lucy asked, stopping her.

"I don't understand," Cora said as she turned to look at Lucy, but Lucy said nothing as she pressed the button for the fourth floor.

"You were dying to have a conversation with me two days ago, weren't you?" Lucy asked, reminding her of their conversation in the boardroom.

Cora blinked at her, surprised that Lucy could actually confront her on that. She cleared her throat, "I don't know what you're talking about. I was only talking to you as a colleague."

"Good. That means you don't mind me talking to you as a colleague either. Do you, Cora?" Lucy asked, and Cora raised a brow.

"Director Anderson," she corrected, making it clear she didn't want Lucy to address her so informally.

Lucy's lips twitched with a smile just as the elevator stopped at the fourth floor and opened, "Oh, I'm sorry. My bad. I heard MY MAN call you Cora, so I assumed everyone was allowed to do so," Lucy said, not making any move to step out of the elevator.

Cora was quiet as she looked at Lucy, not knowing what to say to her, "What do you want?"

"I have a little advice for you, Director Anderson. Girl to girl, and colleague to colleague. I'm not interested in having problems with you. God knows I have more

than enough problems to deal with already, so don't play any games with me, and don't pull any silly stunts on me. It's fine that you admire Tom. I have no problem with that since I'm sure a lot of ladies do too. But if you ever disrespect me the way you did again, I don't know what I might do. Unless it's work related, when I'm with my man, please keep your distance. Are we clear?" Lucy asked, and Cora gave her a nod.

"Thank you. Have a pleasant day," Lucy said with a wave as she got off the elevator.

Chapter 384 Girls Talk

Lucy had a satisfied smile on her face as she settled down behind her desk. Who would have thought she would derive such level of satisfaction from a confrontation?

She had woken up feeling very happy, enthusiastic, and optimistic. Perhaps it was because she had woken up much earlier than Tom and had spent some time watching him sleep so peacefully while calling her name in his sleep and unconsciously reaching for her with his arms, or maybe it was because of the way his eyes had lit up and he had smiled at her so lovingly when he opened his eyes and saw her watching him sleep.

She had started her day feeling very loved, and in love with not just Tom, but with her life too. And because she intended for it to remain that way she had decided to tackle all of her problems by confronting them head on instead of waiting for them.

She couldn't tell what was happening or why she was changing so much in such a short period, but she knew one thing for sure, she loved it.

Without wasting any more time than was necessary dwelling on it, she decided to return Lucas' call so that she could also give Sonia a call to find out how she was feeling that morning and continue their conversation from where they stopped the previous evening, before facing her job for the day.

Just as she was about to dial Lucas' line, Sonia's video call came in, and she smiled as she received the call, "Good morning, sunshine! I was going to give you a call after speaking with Lucas, but it seems like you don't like being number two," Lucy greeted with a wide smile happy to see Sonia's bright face.

Sonia smirked, "It is first come, first serve, my love. If it's not a matter of life and death, you will have to give Lucas a call after speaking with me. C'mon! It was all I could do not to call you as early as 5 AM to get all that juicy gist you promised me," Sonia said, and Lucy giggled, glad that Sonia was sounding more like her normal self now.

"You sound and look better today. How are you feeling?" Lucy asked curiously.

"If she sounds and looks better, then she is probably feeling better, right? Let's not waste time with all that small talk. Tell me about the showdown with your colleagues, why you grabbed Tom's butt in public, what Candace did, and how your dinner with Harry's dad went," Sonia listed, reminding her of all the things she had said she was going to tell her about.

Lucy grinned, "Well, that's a lot. But there is something else to tell you about too. I just confronted one of Tom's admirers this morning," Lucy said, and she giggled when Sonia's eyes widened with disbelief.

"You? You confronted someone?" Sonia asked in disbelief, her insides bubbling with excitement at the news, and Lucy bobbed her head.

"Remember the lady I told you about? The one who is a director, and was trying to hit on Tom in front of me after the boardmeeting?" Lucy reminded her, and Sonia's eyes lit up when she remembered Lucy telling her about it two days ago.

"Oh, yes! I remember. She is the person you confronted?" Sonia asked, and Lucy grinned as she went on to tell her how she approached had Cora.

"Oh, my baby is all grown up! I'm so proud of the lady you are becoming!" Sonia cooed, her eyes gleaming with tears of excitement and happiness.

Lucy laughed, "Me too. It felt so satisfying! I only wish I was like this with Anita from the start," Lucy said with a scowl as she took off her glasses.

"Well, it's not too late. If the bitch shows up anywhere around you, make sure you give it to her," Sonia encouraged.

"I intend to. I'm hoping she won't show up anywhere near me though, but if she does, I don't think I will let her be. Especially not when I know she was behind the scandal," Lucy said with a determined glint in her eyes, and Sonia nodded in approval.

"Good girl. Now give me the other gists," Sonia urged her.

"Not so fast. Are you alone there? Where is Bryan?" Lucy asked when she remembered that Sonia was still with Bryan and his parents.

"He is busy working out with his best friend, Matt. So we have all the privacy we need," Sonia said with a wide smile.

"What about Evelyn and Desmond? How are they doing?" Lucy asked, and Sonia remembered she wanted to ask Lucy about Desmond.

"They're fine. Evelyn is preparing breakfast, and Desmond is with her in the kitchen. They insisted I shouldn't leave the bed even after I told them I was feeling better. By the way, I was going to ask you, what did you and Desmond talk about that night I saw you two together?" Sonia asked, and Lucy smiled as she thought of Desmond.

"He told me about his relationship with Evelyn, and asked me to forgive my mom. Why?" Lucy asked curiously.

"Did he tell you Evelyn's younger sister died after being molested by their father, and she almost killed her father?" Sonia asked in a low voice, and Lucy's eyes widened in surprise.

"She did? No! He didn't tell me that. He only told me that she didn't want to get married because of her dysfunctional family background, and it took him four years to convince her," Lucy said, and this time it was Sonia's eyes that widened.

"Four years?" Sonia asked, surprised.

Both friends swapped information they had received from Desmond about his wife, and by the time they were done they sighed, "Desmond is awesome," Sonia said, and Lucy smiled.

"Yes, he is. He is so patient, thoughtful, and kind. I can't imagine deciding to study a course just to help my partner. But then again, I can imagine Tom doing something like that. Tom took after his father. I'm not so sure about Bryan though," Lucy joked, and Sonia giggled.

"I don't think Bryan is that patient. Thoughtful and kind, he is. But patient? Not at all. I think Tom inherited all the patience and left none to Bryan and Jade. God probably knew Tom would need all the patience he could get to deal with a blockhead girlfriend like you," Sonia joked, and Lucy giggled.

"Yeah, and God knew Bryan wouldn't require any patience at all to deal with a bad bitch like you since you would be the one throwing yourself at him," Lucy said, and Sonia laughed.

"Yeah, you are right. I have the patience to deal with Bryan. And I think Harry has the patience to deal with Jade so they don't need it," Sonia said thoughtfully.

"That reminds me, about Harry and Jade..." Lucy went on to tell her about the dinner and what Aaron had said about helping Jade and Harry come together.

"Interesting. They seem to have a lot of supporters. That ship must sail," Sonia said, and Lucy nodded.

"So I guess dinner was fun?" Sonia asked, and Lucy nodded as she told all she had learnt about Aaron and Harry.

"That's nice. You haven't told me about your colleagues yet," Sonia reminded her.

Sonia laughed as Lucy told her about the colleagues who had been badmouthing her in the restroom. And then about how she had kissed Tom in the lobby to pass a message across to everyone not to mess with her.

"You must have Tom wrapped around your fingers for him to let you do all that with him in the company. The once invisible CEO now playing around the whole place with his girlfriend," Sonia observed in amusement.

"He is the one that has me wrapped around his fingers for me to be doing all of that in the first place. You know I don't like drama, and if I didn't love him, I wouldn't be putting up with all of this," Lucy said with a sigh, and then she looked at Sonia with a serious expression.

"I was staring at him as he slept this morning, and you know what I thought?" Lucy asked, and Sonia shook her head.

"I could die if anything happens to him," Lucy said, and Sonia blinked in surprise.

"It feels like I have merely been existing before meeting him, and now I feel alive. I thought my life was good and I was happy being alone, but I feel like my life is better now. I still love my career and I'm committed to my growth, but it all feels different having Tom beside me. You won't believe he even offered that I could return to my apartment if I needed space, but I didn't want to leave his side," Lucy said with a lost look in her eyes, and Sonia smiled as she watched Lucy pour out her feelings.

Even though Sonia knew that Lucy loved Tom, she hadn't expected such intense emotion or an heartfelt confession like that. Lucy wasn't usually such an expressive person. She wasn't sure about it yet, but something told her that Lucy was going to be changing her mind about marriage before everything was over.

"Love looks good on you, Lu," Sonia said as she watched Lucy, and Lucy smiled.

"It looks good on you too."

"I spoke with Tom about you," Sonia said, biting her lower lip since she knew she shouldn't be telling Lucy about what Tom had told her in confidence. But then Lucy was her best friend, and she felt Lucy deserved to know just how deeply Tom truly felt about her as it would help boost her self-confidence.

"About me? When? What did you both talk about?" Lucy asked curiously.

"You can't tell him I told you about it, promise me," Sonia said, and Lucy nodded.

"It will remain between us," she promised, and Sonia smiled.

"Well, it was that time after your fight with your mom, and Tom and I excused you two to talk at the balcony. Tom said it was love at first sight for him. From the moment he saw you at the door of the club he thought you were his soulmate. He took notice of you from the moment you stepped into the club and was watching you even before you sat beside him," Sonia said, and Lucy's brows pulled together as she tried to remember the first night she met him.

"He thought I was his soul mate even before talking to me?" She asked, unable to understand how anybody would fall in love with someone they barely know. Attraction, yeah. But love? That was too much.

Sonia nodded, "He said he was going to propose to you the next morning before he confirmed you were his staff, so he decided to take his time to get to know you," Sonia said, and Lucy's eyes rounded.

"Propose? To me? But it was only a fling," she said, and Sonia smiled.

"It was a fling to you, not to him. That man worships you, Lu," Sonia said, and Lucy's entire expression softened.

"Yeah, I know," she said with a smile, thinking of how he was always showing her he loved her, "Sonia, if he wanted to propose to me the first time we met that means marriage must be very important to him..."

"Getting married to you is important to him, not marriage to just anyone. I didn't tell you this to make you worry. I only told you so you would know that Tom doesn't love you because of anything special you did. He loves you because of you. He loves you because deep down he believes you are the one for him. So you have to protect what you have with him fiercely, and don't let anyone come between you both. It is one thing to have a man, and it is another thing to keep him. If you are going to keep a man like Tom, you can't afford to be weak or timid," Sonia said, and Lucy gave her a nod.

"Yeah. I know. By the way, you said you wanted to talk to me about your career," Lucy reminded Sonia.

"Yes, about that. About what we discussed the last time about getting an office space. I was thinking of doing something bigger. What do you think about owning a writing app where I publish my stories as well as those of other authors? And people pay to read?" Sonia asked, and Lucy smiled.

"Are you sure it should be just a writing app? Why not something like a website or something where people would get more than just stories? You could do a bit of blogging too. Since you will be dating Bryan, you'd be meeting lots of celebrities. You can use this to your advantage," Lucy said, and Sonia's eyes lit up.

"I think that is a very good idea. I will have to think more on it. By the way I'm not going to be working with my editor anymore. I can't work with someone that doesn't trust me and can't vouch for me," Sonia said, and Lucy nodded.

"Yeah, I understand."

Sonia looked at Lucy without saying a word for a moment and then she took a deep breath, "Lu?"

"Hm-hm?"

"I miss my mom," she said, watching Lucy's face closely to see her reaction.

"Me too. I particularly miss her special pancakes. I was going to ask you for some of her recipes, but since you never talk about her, I couldn't bring myself to ask for it," Lucy said with a small smile, and Sonia's brow pulled together.

"You are not angry with her?"

Lucy shook her head, "No, I'm not. She was always nice to me, remember? She even bought us similar clothes a couple of times, don't you remember? She's your mom, I love you too much to hold grudges against her," Lucy said, and tears dropped from Sonia's eyes.

"I always wondered why you never talked about her, but I didn't want to upset you by asking. I'm glad you can talk about her now," Lucy said, and Sonia sniffled.

"I didn't want to upset you by talking about her," Sonia confessed.

"And now you want to upset me?" Lucy asked with a grin, and Sonia smiled back as she wiped her tear with the back of her hand.

"I figured you are my best friend, and I should be able to tell you how I feel. I really wish things didn't end that way," Sonia, and Lucy looked at her apologetically.

"I'm sorry. I should have convinced you to go with them or visit them. I'm sorry," Lucy said feeling sad.

"Don't apologize, Lu. I never would have left your side for anything. I still haven't forgiven her, but I miss her. I want to visit her graveside, Lu. I want to take flowers to her graveside," Sonia said, and Lucy nodded.

"Do you want me to accompany you?" Lucy asked, and Sonia smiled.

"She would probably turn over in her grave if we go there together," Sonia joked, and Lucy smiled.

"You can go first then. And maybe when next you go I will accompany you," Lucy promised, and Sonia let out a sigh.

"Lu, have you ever regretted our friendship? I mean if we weren't friends you wouldn't have had such an experience. Don't you blame me sometimes?" Sonia asked the one question that had been on her mind for years.

"Blame you? No. I can't blame you for something that is not your fault. I blame Jamie not you. At first I did regret our friendship. I figured, he would never have had those nude photos of me if I wasn't spending so much time at your place to begin with. But now I'm just grateful I have you. I think of the incident separately from you. When I think of you, you are just Sonia Smith, my best friend and soul sister, not Jamie's half-sister" Lucy said, and Sonia sighed in relief, grateful for Lucy's honesty.

"I should disown him," Sonia said, and Lucy bobbed her head.

"I already disowned him on your behalf."

"So back to our gist. What did Candace do?" Sonia asked, making Lucy giggle.

"You still haven't forgotten about that?"

"Nah, I haven't. Tell me what she did."

Chapter 385 Let Him Go

Sonia felt quite differently towards Desmond and Evelyn as she sat across from them to eat breakfast that morning. Perhaps it was because of her conversation with Desmond the previous evening, or her conversation with Lucy concerning them that morning, but she suddenly felt very endeared to them, and comfortable in their presence.

She had a bright smile on her face as she watched them, "Evelyn, is it true that you can't sleep if Desmond is not there to cuddle you?" She asked, making both Desmond, Bryan, and Matt to chuckle, while Evelyn glared at her husband.

"Where did you hear that?" Evelyn asked with a slightly raised brow.

"There is no need to deny it, mom. Everyone knows about it, even Matt knows about it," Bryan said in his father's defense.

"I think it's cute that even someone as strong as you loves being babied," Sonia said, and Desmond grinned at his wife.

"It's not a big deal. It's more out of habit for me than necessity," Evelyn said in embarrassment, and Desmond raised a brow.

"Really? Then I guess it's time for us to break out of that habit. Matt are you spending the night today?" Desmond asked, and Matt shook his head.

"Nah. Got a night scene to shoot," Matt said, and Desmond nodded.

"I guess I will be using the guest bedroom then," Desmond said, and Evelyn frowned at him.

"Why? Can't you share a bed with me without cuddling me?"

"No, I can't. It's a bad habit I need to break. I can't seem to fall asleep without cuddling you," Desmond said, and the others grinned as they watched them.

"I never complained about it. Why do you need to break the habit?" Evelyn asked her husband with displeasure.

"It seems to embarrass you, and you know how much I hate to make you feel embarrassed. So let's just stop sharing a room, okay? We are too old for all that anyway," Desmond said, and Evelyn hissed at him.

"Stop saying nonsense. Nobody is sleeping on a different bed. Since you can't fall asleep without cuddling me, you should just keep cuddling me," Evelyn said with a slight blush, and they all laughed.

"What have you been up to lately, Matt? Are you dating anyone now? Or are you still busy being a playboy like Bryan used to be?" Evelyn asked, wanting to change the subject.

"And who said Bryan is no longer a playboy?" Matt asked with a snort.

"He has Sonia now. So definitely he has changed," Evelyn said confidently.

"How do you know it's not a fake relationship 2.0? You shouldn't trust your son or Sonia so much. Once a crook is always a crook, you know? And I can assure you that these two are crooks," Matt said, and they all laughed.

"It can't be a fake relationship. I can tell a real relationship when I see one," Evelyn said, and Matt scoffed.

"Yet you couldn't tell their engagement was fake," Matt said dryly.

"We would have known had we stayed with them before their confession," Desmond assured Matt, and Sonia nodded in agreement. She believed that Desmond was the type to see through people, and he definitely would have been hard to deceive.

"Don't get your hopes up. Don't say I didn't warn you," Matt said as he took a bite from his pancake.

"That's why Candace rejected you," Bryan said, and Matt glared at him.

"Candace? Are you talking about our Candace? Matt knows her too?" Evelyn asked curiously.

"Don't listen to Bryan. We used to be friends, but not anymore," Matt said dismissively, and Evelyn looked at him with interest.

"Why not? She's such a sweet girl. That girl always looks like she has the weight of the world on her shoulders. I think you both would make a good pair," Evelyn said thoughtfully.

"Why? Because you love Jamal?" Bryan asked suspiciously, and Evelyn smiled.

"There is that too," Evelyn said with a fond smile as she thought of the kid.

"If you really do like her, don't let her go. She seems like a really decent girl," Desmond advised, but before Matt could respond, the doorbell rang and they all glanced at the door.

"I think it's Simon. I should get the door," Bryan said as he stood up and went to the door.

Once Bryan opened the door, he saw Simon standing there with a cheerful smile on his face, "Good morning, Bryan!" He greeted, and Bryan felt a stab of hurt in his heart as he looked into the face of the thirty-three years old man he had come to think of as family.

"Good morning, Simon. It's been a while. How have you been?" Bryan asked as he stepped aside for Simon to get into the house before shutting the door behind him.

"Not bad. I was surprised to receive your call last night. I wasn't aware you were back from your trip else I would have come to clean..." His words trailed off when he saw the others at the dining.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hank, Mr. Hank. I didn't realize you were both visiting," Simon greeted cheerfully before turning to greet Matt and Sonia.

"It's been a while, Simon. How have you been?" Evelyn asked with a cool smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"I've been well. You both look very healthy. I think you look younger than the last time I saw you Mr. Hank," Simon noted with a wide smile.

"I've been taking my yoga classes seriously," Desmond said with a small smile as he observed the traitor.

"Join us for breakfast, Simon. I hope you haven't had breakfast? I reserved those pancakes for you," Evelyn said, jerking her head to a set of pancakes in front of the only empty seat on the table.

Simon smiled as he sat down to eat, while the others watched him as they continued to eat. Once he took the third bite of the pancake Evelyn cleared her throat, "I hope Bryan is treating you well?" She asked, and Simon bobbed his head as he beamed a wide smile at her.

"Yes, he is. He treats me very well," Simon said, and Evelyn smiled back.

"I'm glad to hear that. You know you are family to us. And it is important that family take care of one another," Evelyn said, and he nodded.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Hank. I and my family will forever be grateful to you and your family for your help," Simon said, and Evelyn nodded once again.

"You know, I have always wondered how Jesus felt, sitting down on the same table with Judas and sharing a meal with him despite knowing he was going to be betrayed by him. Have you ever thought about it?" She asked, making Simon's smile falter.

Desmond and the others on the table said nothing as they all let Evelyn handle it while they watched the drama.

"What do you mean?" He asked as he struggled to swallow the food which was now stuck in his throat.

"If you were told I poisoned those pancakes in front of you, what would be the first reason for my action that would come to your mind?" Evelyn asked, causing Simon to choke.

"Here, drink," Desmond said, offering him a glass of water.

Simon took the glass from him and sipped from it, unable to look any of them in the face as he drank.

"How many times have you sold information regarding Bryan's private life to the press?" Evelyn asked, and this time the glass slipped from Simon's hand and shattered on the floor while he choked on the water he had just swallowed.

"Something must be wrong with the food. You keep choking," Desmond murmured sympathetically, glad that he wasn't the one on the receiving end of his wife's anger.

"I have never done that," Simon said in a shaky voice, and Sonia noticed as Bryan's hand balled into a fist. She reached out a hand and covered his fist.

Evelyn said nothing as she rose from her seat and approached Simon's seat, "Never? So we are to assume that the cameras you planted was a one time thing?" Evelyn asked once she stopped in front of him, towering above him in an intimidating manner.

Simon didn't know whether to remain seated, to go on his knees or stand up, but his entire body was shaking now and he couldn't raise his head to look at Evelyn.

"Since you seem to have trouble answering all my other questions, how about you answer this one? Who is Anita Miller, and what is your relationship with her?"

"I... I don't know who that is," Simon said, his hands shaking as he pushed away from the table.

"Simon," Evelyn called calmly, "I'm trying hard not to hurt you. If you are truly thankful for everything I have done for your family, then you will be honest with me. We know how much she paid you. We have evidence of it. We also have evidence of you placing cameras in the house to spy on Bryan. Whether or not you tell me the truth, you will be punished, but your punishment will be determined by how remorseful and honest you are," Evelyn said, and immediately Simon fell on his knees.

"Please, Mrs. Hank, I'm sorry. I was greedy, please forgive me, Bryan!" Simon cried, and Bryan stood up and walked away from there to the living room, putting some distance between him and Simon since he was trying his best to hold back his temper and not beat him to a pulp. He felt more pained than angry by Simon's action and he knew he now that he wouldn't feel better even if he hurt Simon.

Sonia rose and ran after Bryan, and Matt rose too, "I'm very disappointed in you, man," Matt said with a shake of his head as he walked away.

"As you can see, no one is interested in your apology, Simon. What I want is honesty. Was that amount of money worth it? Could you not have asked me or Bryan

for money? Have we not given you more than that amount? Who took care of your mother's hospital bills? Who got your brother a lawyer and took care of the legal fee? Who was there for you when you got married and had your child?" Evelyn asked, her voice and temper rising with each word.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Hank. I had a lot of debts I needed to take care of and I couldn't..."

"Debts? Didn't I take care of your debts already? Don't Tell me you are back to gambling," Evelyn cut in before he could finish, and she shook her head in disappointment when he couldn't respond to her question.

"It is one thing to be greedy and sell information to the press to cater to your gambling addiction, but to side with an enemy against Bryan? To know that someone means Bryan harm, yet you go along with it? That is something I will not forgive!"

"Please forgive me. I was wrong. I shouldn't have done that. She promised to help us get Chris out of prison, and to set up a business for us. I shouldn't have been greedy. Please I'm sorry," Simon pleaded tearfully, and Evelyn raised a brow.

"She said she was going to get Chris out of prison?" Evelyn asked calmly, and Simon nodded.

"That was what she said when she approached me. She said no harm would come to Bryan since he was a celebrity and she was after Sonia not Bryan. I didn't know they were in a real relationship. I would never do anything to hurt Bryan deliberately," Simon pleaded, and Evelyn exchanged a look with her husband who simply shrugged.

"Do you have any evidence of your conversation with her and her promises to you?" Evelyn asked, and Simon nodded.

"Yes, I do."

Evelyn walked away from there and went to meet Bryan in the living room, "You are free to do whatever you want to him. You can hit him if it will help you feel better. We can also get him arrested too if that's what you want," Evelyn offered, but Bryan shook his head.

"Neither of that will make me feel better, and I know you won't feel better either. He did what he did for his brother. I probably would do the same for Tom. Let him go."

"He also sold information to the press, remember? That wasn't for his brother," Matt reminded Bryan, not wanting him to let Simon go just like that.

"Just ask him to get his stuff and leave. I no longer want anything to do with him. I need to leave for Golden Star now," Bryan said as he walked away to the bedroom with Sonia, who was holding on to his hand.

Matt sighed, and Evelyn frowned as she returned to join Simon, "We are not going to forgive you for this. Needless to say, you are fired. I and my family will have nothing to do with you anymore. And because we once considered you as family, and for the sake of your mother and your wife, I won't do to you what I had in mind. I want every detail of your conversation with Anita, and every evidence you have that can be used against her. After that, you can get lost," Evelyn said, and gasped in shock when Matt suddenly appeared by her side and viciously kicked Simon's side making him fall to his side as he cried out in pain.

"That is for hurting Bryan who has been nothing but kind to you. You don't deserve my fists," Matt spat out.

Chapter 386 Time Is Money

Lucas, who was sipping from a hot cup of espresso in a cafe not too far from Miley's hotel, combed his fingers through his hair in frustration as he tried not to worry about Miley or feel guilty over the way he had left her. He knew he had hurt her feelings by saying he didn't want to be friends with her, but he believed it was better for him that he left when he still could.

He couldn't afford to worry about someone else right now. Especially not when he had problems of his own to take care of, and one of them involved thinking about what next he wanted to do with his life.

He glanced at his phone when he received an Instagram notification, and he saw that it was a notification that Miley was doing a live video. He was very tempted to check to see what she was up to, but he stifled the urge.

Instead, he went straight to her page and unfollowed her. He didn't want to get involved with her any more than he already was. His sixth sense told him that she was going to be wanting more than friendship from him, and he was worried that he might offer her what she wanted if he remained around her.

He shook his head to discard thoughts of her. At least he was grateful to her for one thing. He wasn't going to be spending any more time sulking over Rachel and her betrayal. No, he wasn't going to do that. If there was one thing he had learned from his brief interaction with Miley and Amy, it was the value of life.

Perhaps it was because he was a doctor and was used to seeing terminal patients die. He had never really thought of life or the implication of death so deeply

until he saw how much Miley loved her life. Or maybe he had always known but had never taken it seriously, and it had taken him to be in his heartbroken state to understand it.

This reminded him of the saying, "When you're happy, you enjoy the music. When you're sad, you understand the lyrics."

Well, he had learned a lot of things in this short duration, and even though he hated that he had to learn his lessons in such a hurtful and harsh manner, he was grateful for the lessons learned.

With that thought in mind, he took out Rachel's phone, which he had seized earlier and which was in his pocket, and started to go through her texts and call log to see if he would find anything he could use against her.

He gave up when he came up with nothing after going through it for a while. Of course, it made sense that she wouldn't have let him hold on to her phone for that long if she had something to hide. He dumped the phone in the trashcan closest to him as he stood up to leave.

The only reason he had held back from confronting Rachel was because of the plans he was sure Tom and Lucy had for Anita. Rachel was a small fish in the river. The best thing he could do to her now was to move on with his life like she never existed in the first place. There was nothing else he knew that would hurt her more than that.

He hesitated outside the cafe door for a moment before returning inside to pick up the phone he had discarded, thinking that it might come in handy. He dipped the phone in his pocket as he walked out of the cafe and flagged down a cab.

Once he was seated in the cafe, his phone started vibrating with a phone call, and he received it when he saw it was a call from Lucy.

"Good morning, Lu," he greeted in a cheerful tone, not paying any attention to the driver who was staring at him like he was waiting for him to say something.

"Good morning, Kiddo! How are you feeling today?" Lucy asked as she took off the stiletto she was wearing and stretched out her toes.

"Kiddo?" Lucas asked with a scoff. He could tell she was calling him that to get a rise out of him since she knew how much he hated her calling him that.

"Should I have just called you kid bro then, kiddo?" Lucy asked, and Lucas chuckled, making Lucy smile.

"I won't give you the satisfaction of annoying me today, big sis. I feel much better now than I was feeling yesterday. How are you?" Lucas asked, not paying any attention to the cab driver as he turned on his car's ignition and drove off.

"I'm fine. I'm sorry I wasn't close to my phone when you called last night. Is everything alright with you?"

"Yeah. Everything is great. I can't even recall why I called. I probably called to check in and let you know that I'm alright and you shouldn't worry," Lucas lied.

"You have no idea how relieved I am to hear that. Let's leave the whole of that unpleasant incident behind us now, okay?"

"Are you sure about that, Lu? Or are you just saying this for my sake?" Lucas asked, and Lucy smiled.

"I'm done pretending to be okay when I'm not, I promise. So believe me when I say I'm fine. I just need you to focus on getting over her. I understand what it means to be stuck in a particular phase for too long, and I don't want you to waste so much time dwelling in regrets," Lucy advised, and Lucas sighed.

"Yeah. Sure. I don't want to do that either. You don't have to worry about me. I will be fine. By the way, how are things going over there at the office? And how is that secretary of yours? The one that came over to the house," Lucas asked, wanting to know how Amy had managed to get excused from work and be there with Miley and how long she was going to stay beside Miley.

Lucy's brows arched at the unexpected question as she wondered why Lucas was asking about Amy, "You mean Amy? She took sick leave. Apart from that, everything else is fine over here."

"Why? Is she ill?"

"No, Lucas. She is not ill. Her best friend is ill, so she has to be with her. Why?"

"You let her go on leave for a sick friend? Are your superiors aware of this?" Lucas asked, impressed that Amy had been honest with Lucy.

"Yes, the CEO is aware. Amy is not just my secretary. She is my friend. She was the only one in my team who stood by me, so I have to also support her when she needs me to..."

"How long will she be away for?" Lucas asked, interrupting Lucy.

"You don't really expect me to tell you that, do you? Are you going to tell me why you are asking questions about her or not?"

"No reason. I'm just very concerned about my big sister, and I wanted to know how her secretary turned friend was doing. That's all."

"We both know you are not the type to just pick interest in random people. Did you meet Amy or something?" Lucy asked curiously, and Lucas smiled.

"Are you sure you want to know?" Lucas asked, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

"Yes. Tell me," Lucy said with a crooked smile, knowing that he was going to say something silly.

"Well, since you insist, I guess I have to tell you then. It so happened in my dream. I was walking along the seashore, and then this beautiful lady dressed in a white dress appeared from nowhere and walked up to me. And she said, 'Hello! I'm your twin's secretary, and I need you to show concern for my wellbeing and ask her how I'm doing,' and then before I could respond, she disappeared. Hence..."

"Hence you are asking me about her," Lucy finished dryly, and Lucas chuckled.

"It has been a while since we did that, hasn't it?" Lucas asked with a nostalgic sigh, remembering how he and Lucy used to joke over everything and come up with silly made-up dreams and tales.

All that had changed when Rachel came into the picture. After Rachel they only talked when it was necessary or important and hardly had time to hang around with each other because Rachel was always stuck to him like his shadow, and then thanks to Sonia, Lucy didn't really mind.

"Let's not dwell on any of that. So you're seriously not going to tell me why you asked about Amy?" Lucy asked curiously.

"Well, I just happen to know her best friend. The one who is ill," Lucas said, knowing that one way or the other, Lucy would eventually get to know about it.

"You do? How? Don't tell me she is one of your patients?" Lucy said with disbelief, thinking that she no longer believed in coincidences.

"She is not. It's a long story. Maybe I will tell you about that some other time. What's the plan for Anita? Have you guys come up with something?" Lucas asked, and then he listened as Lucy brought him to speed with all they had found out and their plan.

"That's cool. Let me know if there is any way I can help. I tried to see if I could find anything useful in Rachel's phone, but I couldn't."

"Rachel's phone? You have her phone?" Lucy asked, surprised.

"Yeah. She came to find me yesterday. I didn't know she had a tracker on my phone this whole time. I seized her phone," Lucas explained without mentioning Miley.

"And you're still with the phone?" Lucy asked as an evil idea began to form in her head.

"Yes. Why?" Lucas asked when he heard the excitement in her voice.

"I think I just figured out a way to make Rachel pay for everything," Lucy said thoughtfully.

"Really? How?" Lucas asked curiously.

"Don't worry. I will tell you more about it after I've given it much thought. Have you made up your mind on what you want to do now?" Lucy asked, changing the subject.

Lucas paused when he remembered Miley asking him that same question. He shook his head. He wasn't going to think about her.

"I will start by going home to see mom and dad, and once I've been able to convince them that I'm fine, I will go on a vacation. I need a change of environment. After I'm well rested, I can decide on what next to do about my career," Lucas said, thinking about the offer Tom had made him.

"Alright. Do whatever you need to do to make sure you're fine. I've got your back," Lucy assured him.

"Yeah, I know that. I will do a better job at having your back going forward, I promise."

"Why don't you start by telling me about what you discussed with Tom?" Lucy asked hopefully, and Lucas chuckled.

"Nice try. That's between Tom and me. Sorry, I can't tell you. I need to go now, Lu. My regards to Tom. Love you," Lucas said before hanging up.

Once he hung up, he looked outside the window to see where they were, "Where did I tell you we were going to?" He asked, and the driver smiled at him sheepishly.

"You didn't say, so I've just been driving around," the driver said, making Lucas look at him incredulously.

"I suppose I'm expected to pay for this directionless ride?" Lucas asked, and he nodded.

"Yes. You got into the car and sat there without saying anything. I couldn't just stay there waiting for you to tell me where you were going when you were so busy on the phone. Time is money, you know? Every moment lost can not be recovered," He said, and for some reason, his words evoked a feeling of sadness in Lucas.

Time was money, yet there were people like Miley who had money but didn't have time. No. He wasn't supposed to be thinking of her.

Forget about her, Lucas. You've got to forget about her.

"Nice one. Let's go then," Lucas said as he called out his parents' address to the driver.

He was confident that once he traveled to somewhere far away, he would forget all about Rachel and Miley. They were both distractions that he needed to get rid of in order to move past this chapter of his life.

Chapter 387 Mothers' Chat

"Is there any need to take his pair of their matching outfits?" Janet asked her husband as she stared at a pair of matching shoes belonging to both Lucas and Rachel on their shoe rack.

"Yes, let's take whatever belongs to him. If he feels the need to discard or destroy them, then doing so should give him a level of satisfaction. Let's not leave anything behind that belongs to him," Andrew called from the other side of the closet where he was sorting through the clothes.

They both worked in silence for some time as they gathered all that belonged to Lucas into separate boxes, and once they were done with the closet, they looked at each other, and Janet let out a sigh.

"Do you think he's going to be okay, Drew?" Janet asked, and Andrew gave her a nod.

"Sure, he will. All he needs right now is time. See how well Lucy turned out? Lucas will be fine too," Andrew assured her, and before she could respond, her phone, which was on the bedstand, rang out.

She reached for it and smiled when she saw that it was a call from Evelyn, "It's Evelyn," she told her husband as she received the call.

"Hello, Eve! Good morning," Janet greeted cheerfully, and Andrew mouthed to her that she should sort through the drawers for all the documents belonging to Lucas while he took the boxes to the car, and she gave him a nod as she moved the padded stool in front of the dressing table to the front of the nightstand.

"I'm sorry we didn't call to find out if you've arrived or settled in well," Evelyn said apologetically as she poured herself a glass of lemonade while she sat by the poolside, trying to get some alone time for herself.

"Oh, never mind that! I wasn't in the frame of mind to receive phone calls either, especially when we couldn't find Lucas upon our arrival..."

"Oh, dear! Have you seen or heard from him now?" Evelyn asked with concern.

"Yes, we have heard from him," Janet said as she lowered herself on the stool before pulling out the drawers on the nightstand.

"That's such a relief. How is he doing? I hope he's not too hard on himself?" Evelyn asked hopefully.

"I honestly can't answer that, Eve. I'm yet to see him. You know how these kids can be. He claims he is okay, but I'm not sure. I really don't know how he is feeling or what to do to help," Janet said with a weary sigh as she looked through the documents and took out whichever one had Lucas' name on it.

"You can start by not worrying too much about it. You won't do him or yourself any good if you fall sick because you're worrying too much. I know how difficult this must be for you as a mother, but just let him be. Try to be cheerful whenever you speak with him. He needs only positive energy right now. You know, when my daughter lost her boyfriend, I was very worried about her too. It was all I could do not to move in with her because I was scared she might attempt to take her life or harm herself. Desmond advised I let her be. And whenever we spoke with her, we never really bugged her by trying to know how she was doing. It wasn't easy, but Desmond insisted we let her deal with her grief the best way she could. Although it took a lot of time, but she's fine now. You can also ask him to let you know if there's anything you can help him do," Evelyn suggested before taking a sip from her glass of lemonade.

"I'm trying to do that. As a matter of fact, we are at the apartment he shared with that brat. We are helping him move his stuff."

"That's fine. That should help keep you distracted for a while. You can also just soak all her fancy clothes in the bathtub and stuff her shoes in the toilet too," Evelyn suggested, and Janet laughed.

"I think I will take that advice. How are you? I learned you left Ludus yesterday. How was your trip? Have you settled in? How is Desmond?" Janet asked, and Evelyn smiled.

"Everything is alright over here. We had to stop by Sogal to handle some family business at Bryan's end. Although Sonia isn't feeling very well, so we will be here until the weekend before leaving for Heden. We hope to meet you both when we get there," Evelyn said, and Janet smiled.

"Sure, you will. What's wrong with Sonia? I hope it isn't too serious?" Janet asked with concern as she opened a file to confirm whose it was, and she flung it across the room when she saw it belonged to Rachel.

"She was down with flu, but I think she's feeling much better today. Desmond and I just want to hang around to make sure she's okay before leaving," Evelyn explained, and Janet was glad that both her girls had people like Evelyn and Desmond in their lives.

"That's so nice of you. Thank you. I will give her a call later. Hopefully, by the time you get back, things will have settled a bit with the kids, and we can all relax without having to worry too much," Janet said as she watched her husband return to the bedroom to pick up two more boxes.

"Sure. By the way, I was thinking. How about we sign up at the same yoga school? We can be partners and attend the classes together. I've been inconsistent with my classes because Desmond is always reluctant to go with me. He claims it's for women, not men," Evelyn said, and Janet laughed softly.

"Andrew shares that sentiment too. Perhaps they can both sign up at the same gym. That way, they can also work out together," Janet suggested, and Evelyn bobbed her head.

"Yeah, I thought of that. If the distance is too much, we can just find one between our place and yours. That way, neither of us has to travel a long distance," Evelyn said, and Janet nodded in agreement.

"I agree with you. Let's decide on that after you get back," Janet suggested when Andrew came in to get the last set of boxes.

"Alright, say hello to Andrew. And don't forget to dump the brat's clothes in water. If possible, you can leave the taps running. I don't know about you, but doing that would make me feel better," Evelyn advised, and Janet laughed out loud.

"I should get to it now before Andrew tries to stop me. Thanks for calling, Eve. I feel much better," Janet said, and Evelyn smiled as she hung up the call and turned to Desmond, who had just joined her.

Janet had an evil smile on her face as she dropped her phone on the dressing table and went to fill the bathtub with water.

"What are you doing?" Andrew asked when he returned to the room and saw her sorting through Rachel's clothes.

"Are you done?" Janet asked without answering his question.

"Yes. So what are you doing?" Andrew asked once again.

"I will tell you about it later. Why don't you go around the house one more time and see if we are leaving anything behind while I finish up here?" Janet asked as she escorted Andrew to the door while he eyed her suspiciously.

"Jane?" Andrew asked, but she shoved him out.

"It's best you don't know until I'm done. Don't worry. It's a woman thing," she assured him with a broad smile before shutting the door in his face.

Although she knew it was a petty thing to do, but that was the best she could do for now. Merely thinking about the look on Rachel's face when she finds all of Lucas' stuff gone, and sees her things in a mess, was enough to lift her spirit.

Janet picked all the major designer brands, and once she was sure the tub was filled with water, she stuffed both clothes, shoes, and hand bags into the tub and then poured all the items in Rachel's jewelry box into the toilet.

If the jewelry were very important to her, then she should dip her filthy hands into the toilet and get them out. Once she was done, she smiled in satisfaction and returned to the dressing table. She took out Rachel's red lipstick and returned to the bathroom, where she wrote on the full-length mirror that covered one side of the bathroom.

"THIS IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT YOU DESERVE FOR TRYING TO COME BETWEEN MY CHILDREN."

Satisfied, she returned to organize all of Lucas' documents into an empty box, and then she picked up her phone before opening the door to let Andrew, who was still waiting by the door, into the bedroom.

"What did you do?" Andrew asked as he walked past her to see what she had done.

Janet followed behind as he went straight to the closet, and when he couldn't find the clothes she had been packing a moment ago, he went to the bathroom, and he blinked in surprise when he saw the disaster his wife had done.

He looked back at her, and he saw the satisfied sparkle in her eyes, "Does this make you feel better?" He asked, and she gave him a nod.

"For now, yes."

Andrew took out his phone and snapped a couple of photos, "When you start feeling upset again, you should look at these pictures," he said before turning on the tap at the sink, making Janet laugh happily as she let him lead her out of the bathroom. He stopped by the nightstand to pick up the box containing the documents before leading her out of the apartment.

By the time they arrived at their home and Janet opened the door, she was pleasantly surprised to see Lucas standing by the door.

"Oh, Luc!" She exclaimed as she went to embrace him, "I'm so happy to see you. How are you feeling now? You've lost so much weight," She observed, and Lucas smiled as he embraced her back.

"I'm alright. I've been waiting for a while. Where are you coming from?" Lucas asked curiously.

"We went to get your stuff from the apartment as you requested," Janet explained just as Andrew walked in carrying two boxes.

"Let me take that from you," Lucas offered as he rose to take the box from his father.

"If you feel that strong, why not get the other boxes from the car?" Andrew asked, and Lucas chuckled as he went out to get the other boxes.

Both Andrew and Janet had agreed to take Evelyn's advice and act normally towards him. If they all behaved like it all wasn't a big deal, then he would also believe so and wouldn't dwell too much on it.

While Andrew and Lucas brought in the remaining boxes, Janet quickly fixed something for them to eat, and by the time both men were done and had freshened up, the table was set for lunch.

"So, are you back for good now?" Janet asked hopefully as they ate.

"No, I'm not. I came to see you and to let you know that I'm fine so you don't have to worry about me. I also wanted to pick some of the stuff I would need. I'm going on a vacation," Lucas said, and his parents nodded.

"A vacation is a good idea. There is nothing like a change of environment to clear your head. Do you have any particular destination in mind?" Andrew asked, and when Lucas shook his head.

"I think I will start by stopping at Ludus to see Lucy for a moment before leaving," Lucas rushed to say before his parents could start suggesting different places he could visit.

"Oh, that's very good. I'm sure Lu would love that very much," Janet said with a pleased smile.

Lucas cleared his throat as he looked at them with a serious expression in his eyes, "I'm deeply sorry for all the pain and heartache that my wrong choice of a girlfriend has caused us all," Lucas said, and Janet waved it off dismissively.

"Oh, c'mon! None of that is your fault. You don't have to apologize for it. When the time is right, Rachel will be sorry for messing with us, I promise you," she said, and Andrew chuckled as he scrolled through his phone before handing it to Lucas.

"Look what your mom did to her stuff," he said, and Lucas' eyes rounded in surprise when he saw Rachel's favorite limited edition handbag soaking in the bathtub alongside her very expensive clothes.

"Mom! You shouldn't have done this. She's going to be very mad when she sees this," Lucas observed with concern even though for some reason, the thought of Rachel being mad and pained made his lips twitch.

"Definitely not as mad as I am at her, I assure you. She must know better than to do anything stupid. Don't worry about us. We can take care of ourselves. Just focus on yourself, okay?" Janet said, and Lucas gave her a nod.

"Listen to your mom, and don't worry about anything, okay? Do everything healthy you need to do to heal, and we'll be here waiting for you when you get back," Andrew said as he slapped Lucas' back fondly.

"I will. Thank you very much. I have already booked my flight. I'll be leaving for Ludus tonight, and if for any reason I change my line, I will let you know first," he promised.

Apart from the fact that he wanted to hand Rachel's phone to Lucy before leaving, he also wanted to apologize to her properly before leaving. A phone conversation wasn't good enough. He needed to look into her eyes as he apologized to her. He needed to be sure she was as fine as she claimed. That was the only way he would be okay enough to forgive himself and put it all behind him.

Author's Note:

I couldn't skip to the next week as planned because I realized there are certain things I need to take care of. I will let you know when I skip, so I don't leave you confused. Much love.

Chapter 388 Not So Bad

"Was that Janet on the phone with you just now?" Desmond asked Evelyn since he had overheard her mention Andrew's name.

"Yes. Why are you out here? What about Sonia?" Evelyn asked because he had been with Sonia when she left them to come sit by the poolside.

"She is busy working on her novel. I didn't want to distract her so I decided to come distract you instead," Desmond said with a grin, and Evelyn laughed in amusement as she looked down at his abdomen which was bulging from his unbuttoned shirt.

"You should sign up in a gym when we get back. Perhaps Andrew could become your workout buddy. He might be a good influence on your fitness goals," Evelyn said, and Desmond scowled at her.

"Are you comparing me to him? I'm older than he is, you know? Just wait until he gets to sixty and see if he's more charming than I am," Desmond said, and Evelyn laughed as she patted his abdomen fondly.

"You're only older than him by barely five years. If you'd take your exercises more seriously, I'm sure you'd make a more charming older man than Andrew," Evelyn said, and Desmond squared his shoulders.

"Of course, he wouldn't stand a chance. Fortunately for him, I'm not big on abs and all of that. I don't want my sons to feel intimidated by me," Desmond joked, and Evelyn laughed.

"Yeah, right."

"That's beside the point. How are they doing? How's Lucas? And what was that you were telling Janet about dumping someone's clothes in water?" Desmond asked, and Evelyn explained the situation to him.

"You're not that petty," Desmond said, and Evelyn smiled. It was true that she preferred to handle things differently, but that didn't mean she wouldn't bring herself that low for her children if the need arose.

"That doesn't mean she won't derive pleasure from being petty. She sounded really unhappy, and that's the best she can do right now," Evelyn said, and Desmond shook his head.

"Women," Desmond muttered as he picked up Evelyn's glass of lemonade and drank from it.

"By the way, do you honestly think we handled Simon as we should? I feel we were too easy on him," Evelyn said, trying not to sound too worried.

"Even if Simon disappointed us, and we are mad at him, he's someone we once considered family and we can't throw the baby out with the bathwater. We can punish him by cutting him off, but we can't hurt him. We are better than that, and I'm glad both you and Bryan remembered that," Desmond said, and Evelyn sighed.

"I guess you're right."

"Of course, I am right. Consider the bright side, We got all the evidence Tom can use against Anita from him, and Matt at least attacked him," Desmond said, and Evelyn's lips curved.

"I didn't expect that from Matt. Although I suspect Matt had some bottled up anger inside him and just needed to let it out. Unfortunately for Simon he was at the receiving end," Evelyn said, and Desmond chuckled.

"You're getting better at reading people," he observed.

"When you have been married to a man that reads people like a book for as long as I have, it begins to rub off on you," Evelyn said, and Desmond smiled.

"I hope Matt is okay, though. I wonder what the situation is between he and Candace," Evelyn said thoughtfully.

"Whatever it is, as long as the feeling is mutual I'm sure they will find a way to make it work, like Jade and Harry," Desmond said confidently as he took off his shirt.

"I feel hot, I need to take a dip in the pool," Desmond said as he moved closer to the water.

Evelyn rose from her seat, "You do that, while I check on Sonia," Evelyn said as she walked away from there back to the house.

She stopped by the dining when she saw Sonia seated there, tapping away on her keyboard, "I see you're busy. Can you spare me five minutes?" She asked, and Sonia looked up at her with a cheerful smile.

"You can have more than five minutes. This can wait," Sonia said as she saved her work and closed her laptop while Evelyn sat across from her.

"First of all, I don't want it to seem like I'm prying or anything of the sort. You can choose not to answer my question and I assure you I won't feel offended. I would also love it to be between us..." Evelyn started, and Sonia gave her a nod.

"Your relationship with Bryan is real, right? Not that I doubt that it's real. What I mean is, you're both not just having fun, right? You both have intention to settle down with each other eventually, don't you?" Evelyn asked, and Sonia smiled knowingly.

"We both know you know the answer to that. What you really want to know is how soon before we settle down, am I wrong?"

"No, you're not. I also want to be sure you love Bryan as much as he loves you. I can see he's in love with you, but I don't know about you," Evelyn said, and Sonia laughed softly.

"Trust me, I love Bryan even more than he loves me. I wouldn't have let our fake engagement drag on for as long as it did if I wasn't interested in him. As for your other question, I can't give you any specific time. We want to spend some more time getting to know and understand each other more before getting married. We could choose to get married in a matter of months, or years, like you and Desmond did," Sonia added with a shrug, wanting to let Evelyn know she knew how long it took her to accept Desmond so she wouldn't think of pressuring them.

"Our case was different," Evelyn protested.

"No, it isn't. We all have our different backstories that influence our decisions," Sonia said, thinking about Lucy.

"You don't want a situation where we hurriedly get married only to get divorced shortly after, do you? I believe your desire is to see your children settled and happy with their partners like you are. If that is what you want, don't you think it's best you let them take their time to get there? You raised such capable men, you should trust their decision," Sonia said, and reached out to cover Evelyn's hand with hers when she sighed wearily.

"Maybe you're right," Evelyn said after a moment.

"I don't think there's anything for you to worry about. You should be glad that Bryan is in a committed relationship now. Don't worry, when we are ready, you'll be the first to know about it," Sonia assured her, and Evelyn sighed.

"Alright. I will find something else to calm my grandbaby fever," Evelyn said, and Sonia smiled.

"Don't worry, I'm going to be the one to give you your first grandchild," Sonia promised, and Evelyn smiled.

"You're going to beat Lucy to it?" Evelyn asked, and Sonia nodded.

There was no need to tell her that Lucy wasn't interested in having kids. And judging by how Jade and Harry were behaving, she doubted they would get to that point before her.

"Yes. I'm going to beat Lucy and Jade to it. So you should be good to me, and care for me more specially," Sonia said, and Evelyn laughed softly.

"I will keep that in mind. Speaking of Jade, what do you think about her and Harry? I know you were both discussing it the other night," Evelyn said, and Sonia's eyes sparkled with interest, knowing she was about to hear Evelyn's perspective about Jade and Harry.

"I think they will make a beautiful pair. I'm waiting for Jade to resume at I-Global so we can watch the fireworks. She told you Harry offered her the job, right? I think he probably did so to keep her close, don't you think so?" Sonia asked, and Evelyn's brows arched.

"No, she didn't mention that. Now I understand why she considered going there in the first place," Evelyn said with an amused smile, "You might be right about him wanting to keep her close to him this time, considering how he couldn't do so four years ago," Evelyn said, and Sonia leaned forward in her seat.

"What happened four years ago?" She asked, pretending not to have heard of it from Jade.

She listened excitedly as Evelyn recounted how Harry's eyes had been glued to Jade as she ran down the stairs when he first met her, and how he had followed her around with his eyes during most of his stay there until he left abruptly.

"I think the poor boy couldn't stand being under the same roof with Jade's then boyfriend. I always wished he made a move though. Desmond and I noticed how Jade tried too hard to avoid him, and when I told her he left, she looked really disappointed," Evelyn said in amusement, and Sonia nodded.

"If you liked Harry that much, why didn't you do anything about them?" Sonia asked curiously.

"Desmond doesn't believe in matchmaking people. He prefers we trust our kids to make their decision and only guide them when they ask for help. If it was up to me, Tom would be a pilot, and Bryan would be a medical doctor," Evelyn said, and Sonia giggled at the thought of Bryan being a doctor.

"He's such an amazing father," Sonia said, and Evelyn smiled.

"And a wonderful husband too. I'm glad he always makes me listen to him, else I would have ruined Tom's relationship without even getting to know how wonderful Lucy is," she said, and Sonia smiled.

"What about Bryan's relationship with me? You had your reservations too before you realized I'm amazing too, right?" Sonia asked, making a cute face that made Evelyn laugh softly.

"I did think you were wild when I met you, but Desmond and Jade thought you were exactly what Bryan needed. And yes, I think you're not as bad as I thought," Evelyn said, and Sonia's brows pulled together.

"Not as bad?"

Evelyn smiled, "I still think you're very wild. But you're also a sweet child, so I don't mind," Evelyn assured her.

"I guess I have to make do with that since I also thought you were too strict and old-fashioned, but you're not as bad as I thought either," Sonia said with a silly smile, and Evelyn laughed.

"I can live with that. I should let you get back to work now," Evelyn said as she pulled back her seat and stood.

Sonia stood up too, making Evelyn look at her curiously, and to her surprise Sonia embraced her, "Thank you for accepting me as part of your family, and caring for me yesterday," Sonia said, and Evelyn smiled as she embraced her back.

"Maybe you're not so bad after all," Evelyn said, and Sonia laughed as she pulled away, and watched the woman walk away.

Every member of the Hank family seemed to make her feel lighthearted. And now she was sure that Bryan wasn't just her home. He had given her his family too, and thanks to Desmond's wisdom, she could also see Lucy's family as hers now, and face them without feeling guilty for Jamie's crime or feeling out of place anymore.

Chapter 389 I Will Destroy Your Career!

Bryan was still very much in a foul mood as he walked into the Golden Star Agency building with Jeff and Mia, who were tailing behind him.

He had insisted that Sonia stay back at home and rest in the company of his parents because he didn't want his mood to affect hers, and also since he didn't know how things were going to go between him and Paul at the company, he didn't want anything to upset her.

Some of the other celebrities that worked in the agency and were in the building came out to say hello to him, but Bryan ignored them all as he headed straight for the CEO's office.

"Did you really have to dress this way?" Jeff asked under his breath as he eyed Mia, who was dressed in an all-black outfit. A black turtleneck shirt, black trousers, black ankle boots, and worse of all, she hung a black cloak over her shoulder, and her lips were also coated with black lipstick.

"What's wrong with my outfit?" She asked with a sweet smile, not completely ignorant of the weird stares they were receiving because of her.

"Nothing. Never mind," Jeff said as he hurried to meet up with Bryan, who had just stepped into Paul's outer office.

Paul's assistant stood up immediately she saw them, "Good morning, Bryan..."

Bryan walked past her before she could finish greeting him and barged straight into Paul's office.

"Bryan," Paul greeted with a pleasant smile which quickly transformed into a scowl when he saw Jeff and Mia.

"What are you both doing in my office?" He growled at them.

"They're with me. We are here to tie up loose ends. In case you didn't get my message because you failed to watch the interview, my business with you is over. I want out," Bryan said, daring Paul with his eyes to make things difficult.

"Sit down, Bryan. We can always talk things over. We are not enemies after all, or are we?" Paul asked calmly.

"You became my enemy the day you decided to interfere in my life that way," Bryan responded coldly.

"C'mon, Bryan! Don't say that. You of all people know how entertainment works. Celebrities can lose their fame in the blink of an eye, and I did what I thought was best to protect you when everyone else was against you."

"You did that to protect me? You defamed the woman I love to protect me? Are you out of your mind?" Bryan roared at him.

"I never knew you were in love with her..."

"You did. I personally told you about it before you did what you did," Mia chipped in, and Jeff stifled the urge to chuckle when Paul glared at her as though he wanted to pounce on her.

"You are lucky I promised Sonia I wouldn't do anything rash here, else you'd be talking to my fist," Bryan snarled.

"Can we at least speak privately? For old time sake, please," Paul pleaded, and Bryan turned to Jeff and Mia.

"Jeff, assist Mia in moving my personal effects out of the office," Bryan instructed, and they both quickly left the office.

"Bryan, you can't possibly mean to end things this way," Paul said in disbelief as cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

"For the sake of how far we've come, and because of the respect I had for you, I'm trying to stay calm. Get out the necessary documents and let's terminate our contract," Bryan insisted.

"Fine, I admit that I was wrong. I'm sorry for doing that. I was doing what I thought was best for your career. I will apologize to Sonia if you want me to, please," Paul pleaded, but Bryan remained unmoved by his apology.

"That is exactly why I no longer want to be managed by you or this fucked up agency! You only care about our damned career and the money we bring you. You don't give a fuck about us. Let's assume you didn't know I was in love with Sonia

initially. What about after I called? I specifically asked you to take down the article after you released it, but you didn't listen to me, did you? My opinion or what I want doesn't matter to you, does it? Everything has to be your way, and I'm done with all of that! Bring out the fucking documents, and let's get this done with!"

"I can't let you go. I won't let you go this way, Bryan! Not after all I've done for you. You owe me, Bryan! There's no Bryan Hank in the entertainment industry without me! I made you!" Paul growled.

"Do you honestly think so? Well, I also want you to know that there's no fucking Golden Star Entertainment without Bryan Hank! You are the big shot you are in the industry because of me! I named this fucking place, so don't tell me shit about owing you! I paid my dues in full! I'm leaving this damned place, and my mind is made up on this. There is nothing you or anyone else can do to stop me. Take me to court or do whatever you want to do about this. I don't give a flying fuck. But it would be in your best interest to know that whatever you do, I have I-Global's backing, and I hope you have enough money to spend in taking me to court cause by the time we are done, I will make sure Sonia sues you for every damn penny you are worth for the defamation of her character. Try me," Bryan promised before storming to the door.

"I will make sure you regret this, Bryan! I will destroy your career!" Paul called after him, hitting the table angrily, but Bryan didn't bother turning back.

Bryan paused when he pulled the door open and some of his colleagues, who had been eavesdropping on their conversation, quickly assumed different positions on the couch and around the outer office as though they were busy.

"I wish you all good luck," Bryan said before walking away.

Once he stepped out of the elevator, he saw Jeff and Mia in the lobby speaking with Sophia, the nineteen years old actress he had been involved in a scandal with which had made him propose to Sonia.

"Bryan! I was just asking about you," she said when she saw him approaching and hurried over to embrace him.

Bryan pulled away when she kissed his cheek, wondering why she had felt the need to embrace him and kiss his cheeks in such a manner when she was usually cautious around him because of her jealous boyfriend.

"Hi!" Bryan greeted awkwardly as he took a step back from her.

"I'm sorry, I was just so glad to see you," she said with an apologetic smile, "Is it true that you are ending your contract with Golden Star?" She asked curiously.

"Yeah," Bryan said with a nod.

"I'm sorry this whole stuff happened because of me. If I hadn't asked you to do something about the scandal, none of this would have happened," she said apologetically as she held his hand.

"It's not your fault. Don't let it bother you," Bryan said as he subtly released his hand from her hold, not knowing how to feel about her unusual display of affection.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" He asked, and she raised a brow.

"I'm here to meet with my manager. I'm one of the actors who Paul recently signed. Don't tell me you didn't know that?" She asked, and Bryan shook his head.

"I didn't. I guess it's hello, and goodbye for us here," Bryan said, and she flashed him a wistful smile.

"I wish you weren't leaving just when I joined the agency," she said with a sad sigh.

"It's probably for the best. Your boyfriend won't have to worry about you working with me in the same agency," Bryan said as he glanced at his wristwatch, thinking it was almost time for Sonia to take the next dose of her medication.

"See you around then. Take care of yourself, and good luck," Bryan said, and before she could respond, he walked away to join Jeff and Mia, who was still waiting for him.

"How did it go?" Jeff asked curiously, and Bryan sucked air through his teeth.

"He went from being sorry to being mad. He threatened to destroy my career," Bryan said nonchalantly as they all headed for the car.

"You should probably be careful," Mia said, concerned.

"He can't do anything to me, don't worry about it. Did you get everything into the car?" Bryan asked as he turned to take one more look at the building where he had signed his very first contract.

"Yeah," Jeff said as he also looked back at the building, "I'm going to miss this place," Jeff murmured.

"I won't be missing this place one bit. I'm looking forward to the move already. I have a feeling that I'm about to live my best life," Mia said with a wide smile, thinking of the new life that awaited her in Ludus.

Jeff glanced at her and shook his head without saying a word. Mia was always too impulsive and adventurous for his liking. Unfortunately, those were part of her charm too.

"I'm done here. You both can use the next couple of days to tie up your loose ends. By Monday, you should be ready to meet with Harry Jonas," Bryan said as he held out his hand for his car key.

"You don't have to drive me home. I can drive myself," Bryan said, and Jeff handed him the car key.

"I will let you know when I'm set to move," Jeff said as Bryan got into the car.

"Me too. We will let you know," Mia said with a wave as they both watched Bryan drive away.

Inside Paul's office, Sophia sat across from him and watched him curiously as he looked at the intimate photos of her and Bryan, which Paul had planted someone to capture.

He was a man that always had an alternative plan for everything, and from the moment Bryan had informed his assistant to let him know he was coming over to see him, he had prepared everything.

"These are good, but not enough," Paul said as he opened his drawer and dropped the phone inside.

"If I may ask, what do you plan to do with that, sir?" Sophia asked, wanting to know his plan.

"I intend to find out just how strong and special their relationship is to make him do something like this to me after all I've done for him. Don't worry. This won't get you in trouble. Just make sure you always do as I tell you, and I will make you an A-list star in no time, I promise you," Paul said, and Sophia nodded eagerly.

"Thank you for giving me this opportunity, sir. I promise not to let you down," Sophia said with a smile of gratitude as she rose to leave.

Although she liked and admired Bryan very much, advancing in her career was more important to her. So if this were the only way she could make it to the top and become an A-list actress like some others who made their way to the top by sleeping with movie producers and directors to get special roles in movies, then she would do it, Sophia thought as she walked out of the office.

Once she left, Paul rang the intercom of his assistant, and almost immediately, she joined him in his office, "You called."

"I want you to dig up all of Bryan's past scandals. I want the names of every single female celebrity he has ever been involved in a scandal with, whether it was mere speculation or an actual fling. Make sure to highlight the names of those of them that are golden star celebrities," Paul instructed, making her look at him with a slight frown.

"Can I ask what you want to do with the list?" She asked carefully.

Although she wasn't ignorant of what had transpired between Paul and Bryan, she was curious to know what he was up to. Paul often allowed her to share her thoughts, and she felt there was a need to dissuade him from doing anything stupid that might cause harm to Bryan. He didn't have to completely ruin his relationship with Bryan simply because he no longer wanted to be managed by him. She believed they should part ways on good terms.

"I was the one who took care of those scandals in the past because he was my golden star, wasn't I?" Paul asked, and her frown deepened.

"So you want to bring the scandals back to light now because he's no longer your golden star?" She asked in confusion, looking at him like he had lost his mind.

"Instead of standing there and asking me questions like you're my employer, why don't you go and get your damn job done? Do I pay you to ask me questions? Or do you want to quit as well?" Paul snapped at her, and immediately she hurried out of the office.

Paul had a scowl on his face as he watched her leave. Bryan Hank. He wasn't going to be hasty in dealing with him. He intended to exercise patience and see just how far Bryan could go without him. He would make sure to not only destroy Bryan's career but he would also destroy that relationship that seemed to be so precious to him.

He had made him a star, and he would also make him a nobody. That would teach every other star in the agency not to go against him or mess with him. Bryan, who was his most treasured star, would become the scapegoat for others to learn from.

Chapter 390 Missing Daughter

Bryan's foul mood evaporated the moment he walked into his bedroom and saw Sonia standing by the bathroom door, wearing nothing but a black G-string.

"Took you long enough to get here," she said with a sultry smile as she motioned to him to come to her, with her forefinger.

"What if my mom had been the one who came in?" Bryan asked in amusement as he shut the door behind him, and took off his shirt.

"Then I would have asked her to join me in the shower. I told you I dig girls too, right?" Sonia asked with a wink, and Bryan chuckled.

"And if it was my dad?" Bryan asked as he took off his wristwatch and dropped it alongside his phone on the dressing table.

"Surely you know I have a thing for older men, don't you?" Sonia joked, and Bryan eyed her with disapproval.

"Is there anyone you don't have a thing for? You probably have a thing for kids too," Bryan said, and Sonia giggled.

"Why else do you think I'm with you, baby?" She asked with a sweet smile as she fluttered her lashes at him, making him chuckle.

"How did it go over there? Are you okay?" She asked with concern as she walked over to where he stood and helped him take off his belt, before unzipping his jeans, and helping him take it off so that he was left in just his briefs.

"I don't know. I'm not sure. What about you? How are you feeling? Have you taken your medication for the afternoon?" Bryan asked, watching her suspiciously since he had called to remind her to take it while driving back home.

"If I say I haven't, are you going to punish me for being a naughty girl?" She asked in a sultry voice and wiggled her ass at him like she wanted to be spanked.

Bryan chuckled as he pulled her to himself and kissed her forehead, "You can be so silly at times. Thanks for brightening up my mood."

"I guess it's working?" She asked hopefully as she pulled him to the bed and made him sit on it.

"Sure, it is. I was in a really foul mood earlier," Bryan confessed.

"I know. Why don't you tell me all about it?" She asked as she sat down beside him on the bed.

Bryan told her everything that had transpired between him and Paul, and how Paul had threatened to destroy his career, "I'm not worried about his threat, though," Bryan assured her, but his brows pulled together when he remembered Sophia.

"What is it?" Sonia asked when she noticed the change in his disposition.

"I don't know. Something weird happened on my way out of the agency. Do you know the teenage actress, Sophia Reed?" He asked, and Sonia gave him a nod.

"Wasn't your scandal with her the reason you proposed to me?" Sonia asked, and Bryan gave her a nod.

"Yeah. I ran into her at the agency, and she said Paul recently signed her," Bryan said, and Sonia nodded.

"So? What's weird about that? Do you have a problem with her being signed by Paul?" She asked, wanting to know why it bothered him.

"Not exactly. But she was unusually touchy-feely with me today. She embraced me, pecked me, and she even held my hand," Bryan said thoughtfully.

"Is that supposed to be a big deal? You both have been on set together and you've even kissed her," Sonia said, and Bryan shook his head.

"It's different. Maybe I'm overreacting, but I have a weird feeling about it. Also, I'm letting you know about it just in case someone captured us together. I don't want you misunderstanding me because of stuff like that," Bryan said, and Sonia grinned.

"So are you going to tell me every time another lady gets too close to you or touches you off your movie sets?"

"You don't want me to?" Bryan asked, and Sonia shrugged.

"I don't mind you telling me about it, as long as you remember to tell me their names and give me their home address so I can fuck them up afterwards," Sonia said with a grin, and Bryan chuckled.

He paused when his phone started ringing, and he went to pick it up from the dressing table. It was a call from Jeff.

"Are you calling because you miss me?" Bryan asked dryly once he received the call.

"I just received a call from Paul's assistant. She said Paul asked her to dig up all your past scandals, and she asked me to tell you to be careful," Jeff said, and Bryan felt a tinge of guilt concerning the manner he had ignored the lady earlier.

She deserved better than he had treated her, especially as she wasn't merely Paul's assistant, but she was also like family to him. She had become Paul's assistant shortly after he rose to fame, and had been with them ever since.

"He is free to do whatever he likes," Bryan said dismissively.

"Do you want me to interfere? I could make some phonecalls..."

"Don't bother yourself with something as insignificant as that. We have more important things to focus on. If we must give our attention to Paul, be prepared to purchase more shares for us. The moment it becomes public knowledge that I've abandoned Golden Star agency for real, the shares are going to drop. Once this happens, buy as much shares as you can get. Let's see who ruins who first," Bryan said before hanging up, and he dropped the phone on the bed.

"Who was that?" Sonia asked, and Bryan explained the situation to her.

"You didn't tell him you're going to work with your brother, did you?" She asked, and Bryan shook his head.

"Nah. I only told him I have I-Global's backing."

"Yet he chose to tow this path?" Sonia asked incredulously, and Bryan chuckled.

"If he doesn't take care Golden Star might be the next company Tom takes over. Enough about Paul. You didn't answer my question earlier. How are you feeling now?" He asked, and she lay on the bed and spread out both legs.

"Don't worry, I took my medication when you called. And now I'm strong enough to go three rounds with you," Sonia said seductively, and Bryan shook his head.

"There's no way I'm making love to you until I'm completely sure you're fine. You wanted to take a shower, let's do that before you catch a cold," Bryan said as he stood up and offered her his hand to help her get off the bed.

"I just told you I'm fine, how else do you need to confirm it?" Sonia complained as she let him pull her out of the bed.

"When you complete the dose of your medication," Bryan answered sweetly as he pulled her with him to the bathroom.

For some inexplicable reason, Jade felt really unsettled as she drove into the parking of the law firm where she worked.

Seated in her car, she looked at the familiar building in front of her which now felt sort of strange and unwelcoming to her now.

Although it was only a week since she last set foot in the building, she felt like it had been ages already, and the most surprising part of it all was that she didn't feel at home there anymore like she used to.

The sight of the building no longer calmed her or gave her a sense of pride and accomplishment as it used to in the past.

She couldn't count the number times in the past years, and even in the past week that she had looked forward to coming to work every day and burying herself in the pile of paperwork and documents that was always littered her desk, but now she wanted nothing more than to quickly finish up with what she had come for and leave.

She was there to let her boss in on some part of her plans before carrying on with it, as it would not only be against the firm's policy, but it would also be very disrespectful if he were to find out about it through the press or television, when it was an assignment he had given her.

She couldn't wait to wrap up the case and hand in her resignation letter. Thinking about handing in her resignation letter, the corners of her lips curved in a smile.

A week ago, if anyone had told her she would be thinking of resigning from such a prestigious law firm where she was highly valued and respected, she would have called the person a comedian, but then, Harry had walked through her door, and had changed all her plans. Now she couldn't wait to leave here and go claim her man.

She smiled as she let down her visor mirror to check her face, and her smile widened when she saw her reflection. He had obviously changed more than just her plans.

The face that was reflected on the mirror looked completely different from the face that had looked back at her a week ago before Harry showed up. Now her dark circles were gone, her face no longer looked very thin or pale either. She looked really healthy, and she had Harry to thank for it.

She hummed a happy tune under her breath as she picked up her handbag and got out of the car. She adjusted her blazer and pants before heading for the building.

She was in such a jolly mood that it was all she could do not to moonwalk or glide across the floor. That fine gentleman was good for her, Jade thought with a happy smile as she confidently walked into the building.

Just as she walked through the revolving door into the building, a middle-aged lady who was dressed in expensive designer clothes and a sunshade stepped outside, but Jade didn't pay any attention to the lady who was leaving because at that same

moment she saw her boss hurrying towards her while looking in the direction of the lady who had just disappeared through the door.

"Sara! Jade, help me stop the lady," He called out to Jade urgently since she was closest to the door, and immediately Jade hurried after her.

"Excuse me," Jade called to Sara once she caught up with her, just before she could get into the passenger seat of her car which was already waiting in front of the building.

Sara took off her shades as she turned to look at Jade, "Is there a problem?" She asked with a polite smile, thinking that Jade was probably a fan, who had recognized her.

Jade smiled at her, "Not at all. Mr. Amos asked me to stop you," Jade said, jerking her head in the direction of her boss who just stepped out of the door, and Sara gave her a nod.

"Alright. Thanks," Sara said as she looked at Amos with interest, while Jade stepped away from them to give them privacy.

"Do you want something?" Sara asked Amos.

"You forgot your chequebook," Amos said as he waved it at her, and she smiled at him as she received it from him.

"Oh, thank you! I'm becoming more forgetful lately," she complained as she got into her car, "I hope to hear something good from you soon," she said before giving her driver the go-ahead to leave.

Once the car drove off, Jade hurried after her boss, "Good morning, sir," she greeted, and the sixty-five years old man with receding hairline turned to her.

"I was almost beginning to worry about you. It's good to see that you're back to work. Have you been able to make any progress on the case?" He asked as they both returned inside the building.

"Yes, sir. That's what I came to report to you. By the way, the lady just now. She looked kind of familiar," Jade said, and Amos nodded.

"She is my client. You must have seen her around here before... oh, wait! I'm sure of it. You've met her before. Did you forget already that you met her in my office two weeks ago? The lady, who used to be a famous model in Paris in her prime?" Amos reminded her.

"Oh, yeah! The one you said was a one time Bella Donna spokeswoman," Jade said with a nod when she remembered her. That explained why she had thought that the lady looked very familiar. But was it really two weeks ago? Something about the lady was nagging at her mind, but she couldn't tell what it was.

"That's the one," Amos said as they both got into the elevator, and he pressed the button for his floor.

"She looked sort of sickly. Is she okay?" Jade asked curiously, and Amos shook his head.

"No. She's ill and desperate. She needs me to help her find her daughter before her condition gets worse."

"Her daughter is missing?" Jade asked in confusion, but Amos sighed.

"That's an unpleasant story I'd rather not get into."

"You're a lawyer. Why didn't she get a private investigator instead?" Jade asked in confusion.

"Because she wants it to be done discreetly, and I'm the only one she can trust to keep her secrets," Amos said as he eyed her contemplatively, wondering whether or not to tell her that her elder brother's best friend was Sara's first child.

"Does that mean it is a secret that she has a daughter? Did she by chance abandon her daughter? If so why is she looking for her now?" Jade asked curiously.

"Why don't you stop concerning yourself with my client's business, and tell me what I need to know about your case?" He asked, deciding to keep Sara's secret to himself.

No good would come out of sharing such a sensitive information with Jade, especially since Sara had said Harry was yet to know about her existence. The best he could do for Sara was find her daughter so she could be reunited with her kids before her condition became worse.