

Wild Night 421

Chapter 421: Rotten Family

Sara paced around her hotel room with a bottle of wine in her hand which she slugged from at intervals.

Her blood boiled with anger each time she remembered how Lucy had played her for a fool and she had totally fallen for it. She wished more than anything that she could deal with Lucy and teach her a lesson, but unfortunately, she couldn't do anything about it right now.

She was ill not stupid. And as much as she hated Lucy and wanted to make her pay for the silly stunt she had pulled earlier, she had come too far up in her life to lose everything because of Janet's daughter.

It wasn't a surprise that she hated Janet's daughter as much as she hated Janet. The only surprise was that she hated them for entirely different reasons. While Janet was a miss goody two shoes, her daughter, Lucy, had proved to be a sly little devil.

Sara would have been impressed by Lucy if her stunt wasn't at her expense and costing her a possible lobe of liver.

How could she have allowed herself fall into such a trap because of her desperation? How could she have made such a stupid confession? She was smarter than this for chrissake!

It was her genius brain that had brought her this far, not just her beauty, so how could she have been tricked by such a silly little girl? Sara asked herself, more disappointed and angry at her action than Lucy's.

There was no way she could ignore Lucy's threat and reach out to Harry now. She didn't want to risk Lucy making good her threat to expose her with the recording which she had.

But what if Lucy had lied about recording their conversation? She mused, but shook her head at the same time. She couldn't call Lucy's bluff. Something about the bold manner with which Lucy had spoken told her that she wasn't bluffing.

Lucy had come there with a complete knowledge of who she was, and had been prepared to take her on, but she on the other hand had been taken completely unaware by Lucy.

As much as she would have loved to deal with Lucy, she couldn't. She knew that doing that meant she was going to also have to face her man, Thomas Hank. And as much as she also didn't like the way he had acted earlier towards her, she was smart enough to choose her enemies wisely. Thomas Hank was an influential man, and he wasn't a foe she wanted.

What was she supposed to do now that her plans had been ruined? From the look of things Harry wouldn't listen to her or buy the story she had been preparing for him anymore about leaving because she had been devastated by the death of his twin sister and had been facing postpartum depression.

It was also clear that Janet wouldn't be willing to help her either, seeing how she had sent her daughter to embarrass her in that manner.

Why did she have to suffer from such a rare and incurable disease? And why did she have such a rare blood type that required her to seek their help? If not for her stupid ailment she wouldn't have

to face any of them. Her life was perfect enough as it was until her PSC condition which she thought had been cured following her last transplant recurred again some years ago.

The hospitals were refusing to place her name on the top of the transplant list regardless of the amount of money she was willing to pay, and she was beginning to run out of patience as her condition was slowly getting worse.

Her only hope now was finding her missing daughter. She needed to do so urgently before Lucy informs Aaron about it and they also start searching for her. The sooner she found her daughter the better for her.

After she must have found her daughter or any other means to take care of her health then she could find another way to deal with Lucy and Janet.

She picked up her phone and dialed the lawyer's line, "Amos, any good news yet?" She asked immediately he received her call.

"Sara, you have to be a little more patient. I have..."

"More patient?" She snapped at him, "Do you know what is at stake here? Aaron is at the verge of finding out the truth about what really happened to his daughter. What do you think would happen if everything becomes exposed? Do you think I will be the only one who would take the fall? Your boss may have died, but you and that law firm of yours will suffer too. So you better find her before they get to her first," Sara warned.

"You told Aaron?" Mr. Amos asked, and Sara sighed.

"Let's not go into that right now. Just make sure you find her before he does," Sara said impatiently.

"Well, I was going to tell you that I have been able to get in contact with his brother," Amos said, referring to the brother of the man they had sold the baby to.

"He finally agreed to speak with you? I thought you said he didn't want to speak with you about it because he was scared he might say something that his opponents might use against him in the coming elections?" Sara asked curiously.

"I had to blackmail him, and after much convincing he admitted that took her to an orphanage home after the death of his brother and sister in-law. He gave me the location of the place, but they have moved from there so I'm trying to find the new place," Amos explained.

"What do you have against him that made him tell you everything?" Sara asked curiously.

"Don't worry about that," Amos said, not wanting to trust Sara with such an information.

"Fine. Just make sure you do everything you can to find her, okay?" Sara said, and turned to the door when she heard a single knock on it, "Come in," she said, knowing it was her assistant.

"Let's talk some other time," she said as she hung up.

"When is the flight leaving for Sogal?" She asked immediately her assistant walked in.

"In an hour. You shouldn't be drinking that," the secretary said with a slight frown when she saw the bottle of alcoholic wine in her hand.

"I don't pay you to tell me what I should or should not do. Get lost," she hissed at her assistant who gave her a polite bow before walking out of the room.

Sara sighed as she went to sit on a couch. Her last stop was at Janet's apartment. She should at least pay her a surprise visit since she blacklisted her line and stopped her from reaching her.

Away from there, in Tom's office, he received the call from Barry, "It's been a while. I was going to give you a call," Tom said immediately after he received the call.

"I think I just may have found the evidence we need to prove that Rebekah Miller and her lover murdered her husband," Barry announced excitedly.

"You have?" Tom asked, sounding both surprised and excited. Although he had suspected that Rebekah was capable of something like that, he had not expected it to be true.

"Yes. I will forward everything to you. Also, something pretty funny happened this morning," Barry said, his amusement clear in his voice.

"What's that?"

"It seems like one of the sisters just started having an affair with another sister's husband. They were exchanging some pretty interesting texts about what happened between them last night."

"Which sisters?"

"Bernice the eldest is screwing Tiffany's husband. And Tiffany is screwing her maids or whoever they are that are living with her in her home. There are different texts on her phone to different people asking them to come to her room. That entire family is rotten, man," Barry said with disgust.

"Or maybe not everyone. Lisa seems like a pretty decent person. She has a really good relationship with her husband. Some times I even feel guilty for snooping through their conversations," Barry admitted. .

"What about Anita? What is she up to lately?"

"Yes, about her. I noticed she has a recorded conversation on her phone with your girlfriend I think. Something about her telling Lucy she is in love with you. I only took note of it because she made a phone call to a blog. I think she plans to use it to prove that her friend snatched her man or something," Barry said, and Tom sighed as he wiped his face with a hand.

Why did they all have to keep being intertwined with crazy people?

"I could delete it from all her devices if you want me to?"

"Don't worry yourself about that. Let her do what she wants to do. It won't hinder any of my plans," Tom assured him.

"Alright then. I will send everything to you by the end of today. It should be enough to bury them. I only feel sorry for the decent sister who has to face the shame of being related to that entire family," Barry said, and Tom silently agreed.

It was true that she didn't deserve what was coming to her, and he hoped for her sake that she wouldn't attend that interview with the rest.

He had almost all he needed now, all that was left was to meet with Alicia and have her organize just the kind of questions he needed to deliver trouble to the camp of his enemies.

Chapter 422: Conflict

Sonia had a thoughtful look in her eyes as she looked at her laptop screen, contemplating on what to write in her next chapter.

If it was mere fiction, then she probably wouldn't have been at such a loss. She couldn't seem to figure out what to write since she was mixing up both real and imaginary events, and she wasn't sure if she should call Lucy or Jade to get ideas from them for her next chapter.

As much as she loved writing about her and Bryan, their romance story seemed to be at a standstill at this point since things were going smoothly for them and romance stories mostly thrived more on conflict.

It was no news that they were crazy about each other and were happy spending every moment together, even at moments like this when she was busy working on her story with both legs resting on Bryan's ass while he was sprawled on the bed shirtless, playing a video game.

Writing about them at this point would seem like a filler chapter, unless she was able to come up with an imaginary conflict, and that was something she really didn't want to do.

Lucy on the other hand had enough conflict in her relationship to last an entire book, so maybe it was time to reconsider who her main characters in her novel were going to be. As much as she loved the novel to be about her and Bryan, Lucy's and Tom's story seemed more like appealing.

She sighed as she closed her laptop, and Bryan turned to her, "Are you alright? Is the writing not flowing?"

"I don't know," she said as she pushed her laptop away and raised her legs off his back so that she could lie down beside him.

"Tell me, what do you want? Inspiration? Motivation? Attention?" He asked as he set aside his pad console and leaned forward to steal a kiss, making her giggle.

"All of those I suppose," she said, and Bryan raised a brow.

"Okay, do you need me to give you ideas? You could tell me where you're stuck and maybe I can help," Bryan offered as he sat up.

"Our story. It's sort of like a whirlwind romance. Everything happened so quickly and now I have nothing else to write about us," Sonia complained, and Bryan narrowed his eyes as he thought about it.

"And that's not a good thing?" Bryan asked, and she nodded.

"It's not. Besides, whirlwind romance doesn't last. It ends almost as soon as it starts," Sonia pointed out, and Bryan shook his head.

"I don't think that's always the case. I know some relationships like that..."

"Romance stories thrive on conflict. Not just romance, stories generally. And right now our story is lacking in that regard," Sonia pointed out.

"What do you mean there is no conflict? What then do you call that scandal?" Bryan asked with a slightly raised brow.

"We resolved that too quickly," Sonia said with a frown, and Bryan looked skyward, praying for patience to deal with his girlfriend who was being unreasonable.

"Says the same person that became upset when I didn't accept her apology immediately," Bryan said, and Sonia giggled.

"You can't blame me for not wanting to be on bad terms with you," she said, and Bryan nodded.

"Okay. So why not make it a short story?" Bryan suggested.

"Well, our story is not over yet. It's a mix of fiction and non-fiction, remember?" Sonia asked, and Bryan sighed.

"So, what do you want? Should we create conflict? Perhaps if I cheat on..."

"You wouldn't dare!" Sonia cut in with a glare, and Bryan chuckled.

"What if I cheat on you instead?" Sonia asked with a sweet smile, and this time Bryan glared at her.

"So what kind of conflict do you want? Should I ask my family to disapprove of you? And then you can spend some time trying to make them accept you," Bryan suggested, and she giggled.

"I already promised Evelyn I was going to birth her first grandchild, she isn't going to disapprove of me so easily," she said, and Bryan raised a brow.

"When did you promise her that? That must have made her really happy," Bryan said, watching Sonia with interest.

"Yesterday. She was happy," Sonia said with a wide smile.

"Unfortunately, you may not be able to keep that promise as that won't be happening any time soon," Bryan said, and the smile faded from her face.

"Why not?"

"Because we are not having kids any time soon. There is no reason to rush into it. I still want to have you to myself. And as you said, everything is happening so quickly so I think we should take it slowly," Bryan suggested, making Sonia's brows pull together, but before she could say anything a knock sounded on the door and they both turned to it.

"Is anyone naked in there?" Desmond asked, eliciting laughter from both Bryan and Sonia.

"You can come in," Sonia called out, and he opened the door.

"Where are you off to?" Bryan asked when both his parents walked into the room, dressed as though they were going out.

"We are going on a date," Desmond announced, and Sonia grinned, while Bryan looked from Evelyn to Desmond with a strange look on his face.

"A date?"

"Yes. Do you have a problem with that?" Evelyn asked, and Bryan shook his head.

"Not at all. I hope you enjoy yourselves."

"We plan to. Sony girl, do you need us to get you anything on our way back?" Desmond asked, but she shook her head as she snuggled closer to Bryan.

"I'm okay. All I want is right here. Have lots of fun," she said, and giggled when Desmond leaned forward to kiss her cheek.

"Alright, take care of yourself and don't let Bryan stress you. Call me if you need us to get you anything," Desmond said before leading Evelyn away.

"Your parents are so cute together," Sonia cooed as they watched Desmond hold the door for Evelyn.

"I hope we can be even more cute together when we get to that age," Bryan said, looking at her with serious eyes, and Sonia giggled.

"I don't think cute is a word that describes us. We are both crazy," Sonia pointed out jokingly.

"That wasn't what I meant," Bryan said, with the same serious gaze, and Sonia blinked at him as she replayed what he had said in her head, and then she smiled.

"Oh! You mean you want us to grow old together, right?" She asked, and Bryan gave her a nod.

"Yes. I want it all with you, babe. A home. Kids. Family. Everything. But I'd rather we don't rush into it. We both have our careers to build right now, and I would love us to give it our best shot," Bryan said, and Sonia sighed.

"I guess you're right. Let's focus on building our careers and our relationship," Sonia said, and Bryan nodded.

"So back to your story and the conflict..."

"I was just thinking that if I'm unable to come up with something I might have to rewrite the first couple of chapters and make Tom and Lucy the main characters instead of us," Sonia said, and Bryan rubbed the bridge of his nose thoughtfully.

"Focus on the other characters, while I try to work out some conflict for our story," Bryan said, and Sonia looked at him suspiciously.

"What kind of conflict? Don't try anything crazy," Sonia warned, making him chuckle.

"If it's not crazy it's not us, you know that, don't you?" Bryan asked as he leaned forward and kissed the sensitive spot on the crook of her neck.

Sonia moaned softly as she reached for the back of his head, but Bryan was quick to roll away from her, and she glared at him while he laughed, "You want conflict? I'm going to give you lots of it," Bryan promised, and Sonia nodded.

"Alright. There's something else I want to talk to you about," Sonia said when she remembered that she was yet to tell him about terminating her contract with her editor and her new plans for her career.

"Okay. Tell me," Bryan said as he returned to sit on the bed, and he watched her curiously.

"I have decided that I'm no longer going to work with my editor. His action hurt me, and it showed that he doesn't trust me. I see no reason why I should work with a person who can't vouch for me. I feel hurt that someone I worked with for years could easily believe everything he read, whereas

Lucy's secretary who barely started working with her trusted her enough to stand by her," Sonia said, and Bryan nodded.

"Okay. I think I understand how you feel. Have you discussed this with him yet?" Bryan asked, and she shook her head.

"I intend to tell him that when we go over there for me to sign the contract with the movie producer," Sonia said, and Bryan gave her a nod.

"So what is your plan? Do you want me to find you a new editor and manager?" Bryan asked, and Sonia shook her head.

"No. I want something even better now. I want to start my own writing brand. I will start by creating a writing site where I post chapters of my stories daily, and I will also employ other writers to publish their stories on my site, and depending on how that goes, I will create a writing app, and own a publishing company eventually. What do you think?" Sonia asked, her eyes gleaming with excitement as she told him her plans.

Bryan grinned, "I think it's a good idea. I could be your partner. I'm sure Tom wouldn't mind investing in it and being a shareholder," Bryan said, and Sonia grinned.

"You can both invest in the future. For now I have more than enough money to start up on my own," Sonia said, and Bryan nodded.

"One more thing," Sonia said, and Bryan looked at her curiously.

"I want to visit my mom. I didn't attend her funeral," Sonia said quietly, and Bryan moved closer to her and embraced her.

"That's good. I will go with you," Bryan promised as he kissed her forehead.

"Thanks," Sonia said, glad that he had offered to go with her.

"Any other thing you want to talk about?" Bryan asked, and she shook her head.

"Good. Since I'm done with Paul, tomorrow we will leave with my parents, so we can settle things at your end, and then after that we visit your mom's graveside, and then we can return to Ludus," Bryan said, and Sonia nodded.

"We will both be starting over in our career," Sonia said with a small smile.

"Do you want us to get our own place or live with Tom?" Bryan asked, and Sonia shrugged.

"We could live with him for the time being. That way I get to always see Lucy too," Sonia said, and Bryan smiled.

"That's settled then."

"I can't wait for us to return so I can watch that witch and her family burn. I hope they let me write the questions for the interview for myself. I want them to take a lie detector test too. They wouldn't know what hit them.," Sonia said, and Bryan chuckled.

He couldn't say he felt sorry for the Miller family.

Chapter 423: Seducing Dr. Hottie

Amy rolled her eyes as she watched Miley give instructions to the girl who was styling her hair. If anyone walked into the salon, they would think Miley was a professional hairstylist or something.

"No. Not there. Yes, right there. Good. I look better from that angle," Miley explained as the girl parted one side of her hair and rolled it up with Brazilian rollers so that when she let down the hair, some of it would fall in curls and cover the right part of her face.

"Can you just let her do her job?" Amy asked, and Miley shook her head.

"No, I can't. I'm paying her to make me look irresistible so I have to get my money's worth. Don't I, sweetie?" Miley asked the hairstylist who giggled.

"Absolutely," the girl agreed, and Amy rolled her eyes.

"You are so annoying. If I were your stylist I would leave you to fix your hair yourself," Amy said, making both Miley and the stylists laugh.

"Good thing you're not my stylist. They're more good-natured and well-mannered than you," Miley said with a sweet smile.

"Whatever. But on a serious note, I see no reason why you're dolling up or having me do the same when it's just dinner. It's not like you're going on a real date with your boyfriend or anything. We should be at home having a good rest instead of doing this," Amy complained.

"That is why you are still single and untouched. If you dress up and go out more often, you'd have men standing outside your door and waiting to eat out of your hand," Miley said with a superior air.

"I'm single and untouched because I chose to be so, and not because I lack opportunity," Amy said defensively, and Miley snorted.

"And I don't want men standing outside my door and eating out of my hand. Unlike you, I'd rather be in a committed relationship with just one man, than have casual sex with just any man," Amy added, and Miley shrugged.

"I don't regret having fun. If I had been keeping myself like you and something like this happened to me I would have been even more devastated, don't you think so?" Miley asked, and Amy nodded in agreement.

"You have a point. Still, I think all of this fuss over our look is unnecessary."

"It is not unnecessary. When you're going into a battle you have to put on your whole armor..."

"I didn't know we were going into a battlefield," Amy said dryly.

"We are. Our weapons for this battle are our beauty and brain. We have to first knock him off balance with our appearance, and then while he is trying to recover we make the proposition," Miley said with a wide smile, and Amy rolled her eyes.

"Do you think Dr. Hottie is the type who would say yes in place of a no simply because he's staring at exposed cleavage?"

"Still, it's better to be ready. Failing to plan is planning to fail, have you never heard of that? We should look our best. This strategy has always helped in the corporate world," Miley said, before glancing at her hairstylist who had stepped away from her after she was done rolling up her hair.

"Please inform the make-up artist that you're done and she can take over," she said, before glancing at Amy once again.

"You promised to be by me and do whatever makes me happy, remember? This makes me happy so do it without complaining. I won't always be around to do this with you, so please let me enjoy this as I have always done, okay?" Miley pleaded, and Amy sighed.

"Must you keep doing that?" Amy asked, mildly annoyed with Miley for reminding her of her limited time frame.

"Yes. I have to keep reminding you so that you don't forget. I don't want you to take these last precious moments of ours for granted," she said as she glanced at Amy who was also having her hair styled.

"Can you give her a more sexy and feminine look? That hairstyle of hers is too practical and formal," Miley said, and the hairstylist gave her a nod.

"I love my hair just the way it is," Amy insisted making the hairstylist pause as she waited for them to make up their mind.

"I know. I've seen you with that hairstyle for as long as I can remember. I want to see you in something different now. When I'm gone you can go back to it," Miley said, and Amy sighed.

She couldn't believe that Miley was really taking advantage of her illness to get everything she wanted.

"Go on. Do it. Give me a more feminine look. Do whatever she wants," Amy said, and Miley clapped happily.

"That's the spirit!"

"So what do you plan to do if he says no?" Amy asked after a while, and Miley shrugged.

"Then I guess I will find other ways to get what I want. But I'm not going to think about that right now. I'd rather focus on what to do when he says yes," she said with a happy smile.

"Of course. You are still as optimistic as ever," Amy murmured.

"It's almost 4 PM. Please try to be fast," Miley said as the make-up artist joined them.

Amy sighed as she watched Miley through the mirror. As much as she liked that Miley was excited about something despite her condition, she was worried that Miley might be setting herself up for possible rejection and heartbreak.

From what she had observed about Lucas, he seemed like a principled person and she doubted he was going to give up his principles and agree to do something like that no matter the amount of money they were going to offer him.

What could she do for Miley if Lucas rejected the offer?

"You know what I think? Maybe either of us can seduce him," as though she just read her thoughts, Miley suggested with a wide smile and flashed the makeup artist an apologetic smile.

"What?" Amy asked, looking completely lost since she didn't understand where Miley was coming from with that statement or where she was headed.

"You heard me. If he refuses to do it after we both have tried to convince him, then you can seduce him. I doubt he would agree to be intimate with me. He will remain suspicious of me, but not of you," Miley suggested with a wide smile as though she had just come up with a brilliant suggestion.

"Me?" Amy asked in disbelief and shook her head when Miley bobbed her head enthusiastically.

"No. I don't think that is a good idea," Amy said, but Miley was still smiling widely, as the more she thought about it, the more appealing it became.

"Scratch that, not I don't think. I know it is a very terrible idea. Of all things how can you expect ME to seduce him?" Amy asked in disbelief.

"You called him Dr. Hottie, didn't you? Doesn't that mean you find him attractive too?" Miley asked, and Amy blinked at her in confusion.

Was she sexually attracted to Lucas? Thinking he looked nice and attractive didn't mean there was any sexual attraction, did it? "No. That's not what..."

"So you don't think he is attractive?" Miley cut in and narrowed her eyes at Amy.

Amy sighed when she noticed the look of mild annoyance and amusement that passed between the makeup artist and her hairstylist. "Finding him attractive has nothing to do with this," Amy protested weakly.

"If you're done with her hair please get the other make-up artist," Miley said to Amy's hairstylist before looking at Amy again.

"He is good-looking and really decent. You also find him attractive. I like him and I approve of him. So even if he rejects my offer, I'd want you to be with him. I think you both would be great together," Miley said, and Amy looked at her incredulously.

"Are you crazy? What are you talking about right now? I don't think I understand what is going on in your head. He is a person, not a possession that any of us can decide to have or not have. Besides, didn't you say he just broke off his engagement with that crazy girl, and he was devastated? Going into a new relationship is probably the last thing on his mind. So if he says no, we should let him be and forget about him," Amy said, and Miley's lips pouted sulkily.

"But I like him."

"If you like him then you shouldn't be selfish. You should also consider what he wants even if it means staying away from him," Amy said, and Miley sighed.

"I'm beginning to wonder if you're my best friend or his," Miley said, and Amy smiled.

"I'm sure you know I'm telling you this only because you're my best friend. If he says no, accept it maturely and move on," Amy advised.

"Alright. I've heard you. Let's hope he doesn't say no then," Miley said as she looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Okay. No more talking. I need to let her do her job. Your makeup artist is here too," Miley said as she flashed an apologetic look at the makeup artist who was waiting for her to finish talking before resuming.

Although, neither of them said another word to each other as they let their makeup artists work on their faces, but they both had the same thought on their minds.

Seducing Dr. Hottie.

Asking Amy to seduce Lucas if he turned down her proposal had little or nothing to do with wanting his sperm for her baby. Even if she wasn't going to be getting any romance in her life as she wanted, seeing Amy get some would bring joy to her and would make her last days memorable. Especially if it was with someone like Lucas.

She was going to find a way to convince Amy to seduce Lucas. She knew that Amy would do it as long as she thought she was doing it for her. That was going to be her plan B. If Lucas refused to be beside her as her man, then she was going to find a way to keep him as Amy's man.

They would both be good for each other, Lucas and Amy. Also, there would always be that satisfaction of knowing that either she or Amy was with Rachel's man.

Amy on the other hand wondered what had possessed Miley to come up with such a suggestion. Seducing Lucy's brother? What ever made Miley think she was capable of something like that? The thought of it alone made her want to laugh out loud.

"This is perfect," Miley said, once her makeup artist finished and she looked at her reflection in the mirror.

She stood from her seat and faced Amy, "Now you look irresistible," she cooed as she touched Amy's chin, making Amy smile.

"I think we are almost done here. I will go sort out the bills at the cashier's desk, while you finish up," Miley said before walking away.

Once Amy was done, she joined Miley, and as they walked out of the mall together, heads turned to stare at them, "You see that? Lucas is not going to be able to say no to both of us."

Chapter 424: Someone's Boyfriend

Although it was almost closing hour, Harry remained seated behind his desk with a puzzled frown on his face as he stared at his laptop screen blankly.

He had been busy all day, moving from one meeting to another immediately after they returned to the office, so he had been unable to give some thought to what had happened earlier in the day.

Now that he had some time to himself alone in his office, he was able to think about Tom's strange behavior as he recalled their meeting with the investors and the strange exchange with the lady in front of the restaurant.

What could be so serious that Tom couldn't tell him about? Did it involve him? The more he thought about it, the more he couldn't shake off the strange feeling that whatever had happened there was about him.

One minute Tom had been smiling at something one of the investors had said, and the next minute he was busy on his phone and asking that they leave because he needed to help Lucy with something at the office.

What struck him as odd the most was the urgency with which he had said they should leave, only to later explain that what he wanted to do at the office was help Lucy talk to the human resource department to put out an ad for a part-time secretary.

Something was up, and his only relief was that it had nothing to do with his father, since he had just gotten off the phone with Lucy a moment ago, and she assured him that his father was sleeping in his bedroom.

Harry sighed as he rose from his seat and paced around his office. So if it wasn't about his father what else could Tom be hiding from him?

What worried him more was the fact that he had called the head of the human resource department and the man told him Tom did not ask him to put out any ad, and there was no need for it since Lucy had already requested he do so the previous day.

To the best of his knowledge, the people he cared most about were his father and Jade, and those were the only two persons that he believed something could happen to and Tom would try to hide it from him, even if it didn't completely make sense that Tom would hide something like that from him if that were the case. Still, he couldn't be too sure.

After thinking about it for a while, he arrived at two conclusions. If he called Jade and she was fine, that meant whatever Tom was hiding was related to him, and the only thing he could conclude was that Tom had wanted to get him out of that restaurant quickly.

But what could be Tom's reason for wanting him to leave there? It wasn't like Jade was going there on a date with anyone and he was trying to stop him from seeing her, was it?

His mind returned to the woman they had met in front of the restaurant and how Tom had behaved and dragged him away from there. It wouldn't make sense to think that Tom knew the lady and she was the reason Tom was in a hurry to leave.

Harry thought about it for a moment before picking up his phone, deciding to give Jade a call to find out if everything was okay at her end. If everything was okay at that end, then he would have to find out who that woman was to know if she was the reason Tom had dragged him away from there.

If she was fine, as he hoped she was, then he could just tell her he was calling to find out what she had heard from the police about the arrest, and maybe if she had the time to talk, then maybe they could continue their conversation from where he stopped that morning asking her what she meant by wanting to leave rent-free in his head.

He held his breath as he dialed her line and waited for her to receive the call. He frowned when he heard the disconnect tone after she failed to receive her call, and he dialed her line again. This time it rang again but she didn't receive the call. He tried three more times, and when she still didn't receive her call, his heart began to race.

Did something happen to her? Was that really what Tom was hiding from him? But there was no way Tom would be in his office if something was wrong with Jade, was there? Harry wondered as he began to pack up his stuff, planning to fly down to Varis, but paused when he remembered that he couldn't leave just like that. His father needed him.

But what if something had happened to Jade? He wondered anxiously as he tried to think of anyone he could call to check on her. If only he had Candace's phone number then he would have called her, but unfortunately, he didn't. And he couldn't ask Tom for it either.

After worrying about it for some time he dialed the line of the hotel manager.

"Hello, sir!" The hotel manager greeted nervously, wondering why Harry was calling him.

"Please go over to my suite and check on Jade. Find out if she's in there or not," Harry instructed urgently, and the man raised a brow wondering why Harry couldn't just call the telephone in the suite instead.

Unfortunately, Harry wasn't the type of man he could question, "Yes, sir. I will call you back..."

"No. Stay on the line. I want to speak with her if she's in the suite," Harry cut in sharply, and the man glanced at his phone when he heard the worry in Harry's voice.

He couldn't help but wonder what the relationship was between Harry and the CEO's sister.

"Yes, sir. I'm heading over there now," he said as he rushed out of his office. There was no greater pressure than knowing that Harry Jonas was still on the line waiting for a response.

By the time he got to the suite, he was panting for breath as he pressed the bell on the door. Thankfully, because each room was soundproofed, only the occupant of the suite would be disturbed by the sound of the bell.

Jade who had been struggling to stay awake or move because of the sleep paralysis she was suffering at the moment, groaned at the persistent sound of the doorbell as she tried to keep her eyes open. She felt very weak and lazy, and the sound of the doorbell worsened her headache.

"Miss Hank, are you in there?" The man called out even if he knew he would likely not hear her if she responded.

Curious to know who was at the door, Jade slowly tried to move her hand and her leg until she was able to sit up. Despite the air conditioner in the bedroom sweat trickled down her back and forehead and she managed to stand up.

She quickly headed for the door while wondering who was at the door. Thanks to the person's disturbance with the doorbell she had managed to overcome the sleep paralysis.

Once she opened the door, she raised a brow when she saw the manager, "Is there a problem?" She asked with a slight frown.

"I'm not sure," the manager said with an apologetic smile when he noticed how she looked. He could tell she had been sleeping.

"Mr. Jonas sent me," he said as he raised his phone.

"Harry?" Jade asked as she looked at the phone curiously and then took it from him.

"Uncle Harry?" She asked, and Harry let out the breath he hadn't realized he was holding when he heard her voice.

"What were you doing? Are you okay? I've been trying to reach you but you were not receiving my call," Harry said, and Jade's lips twitched in amusement.

"Were you worried about me?" She asked, and then when she noticed the way the manager stood there staring at her she cleared her throat.

"I'm giving his phone back to him now. I will call you back with mine," Jade said and before Harry could respond she returned the phone to the manager.

"Thank you," she said with a polite smile before shutting the door.

She quickly hurried to where her phone was and picked it up. She smiled when she saw the five missed calls notification on her screen and they were all from Harry. She had heard the sound of her phone's vibration but she had been unable to reach for it because of sleep paralysis.

She dialed Harry's line and received the call immediately, "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah. I couldn't sleep for most of last night, so I was having a nap. And then I couldn't wake up because I was having sleep paralysis. Thanks to the persistent sound of the doorbell I was able to stay awake long enough to snap out of it," Jade explained with a yawn, and Harry sighed.

"Sleep paralysis? Are you okay now?" He asked with concern.

"Yes, I am. Sleep paralysis is not a stranger to me," she assured him, and Harry made a mental note to read on it later and find out how serious it was.

"Is Candace not with you? She could have answered the door. Perhaps you should send me her number so I can reach her when next I'm unable to reach you," Harry said, and once again the resemblance between Harry's mom and Candace flashed through her mind.

She contemplated whether or not she should tell Harry about it, and sighed when she remembered how upset Aaron had been over the phone, "She is not here right now, but I will text her number to you after the call," Jade said, thinking that it wouldn't be a bad idea of Harry to know Candace.

"Where is she? Is she okay?" Harry asked, feeling weirdly concerned about her.

"She is fine. Jero is hospitalized so she's taking care of him," Jade said, reminding him that she was yet to fill him in on the arrest details.

"Hospitalized? What happened? How did the arrest go? You didn't call back after you heard from them," Harry reminded her.

"Oh, sorry about that! It must have slipped my mind," Jade said, making Harry's brows pull together.

Wasn't she the same person who had promised she was going to call him every day? How could returning his call have slipped her mind, especially considering what they had been discussing before she hung up?

"Slipped your mind?" Harry asked, and Jade bobbed her head as though he could see her.

"Maybe not. I remember I was going to call at first, but then I thought about it and changed my mind when I decided it was a bad idea," she said honestly.

"A bad idea? Why?" Harry asked in confusion.

"Well, I didn't think I should be talking to someone else's boyfriend so often. You know how jealous ladies can be," Jade said, and Harry's frown deepened, and he glanced at his phone's screen when he received an awaiting call notification. It was Philip. Why was Philip calling him?

What was she talking about? "Someone else's boyfriend?" He asked, and this time Jade rolled her eyes.

"Why do you keep parroting everything I say?" She asked, and Harry sighed as he massaged his temple.

"What are you talking about, esquire?" Harry asked, thinking that between Tom and Jade he didn't know who was stressing him more at the moment.

Here he was, trying to figure out what Tom was hiding from him, and Jade was also at the side playing games with him. Between dealing with his father's secret, Tom's secret, and Jade's games, he was feeling mentally exhausted.

"Well, I received your message from Aurora. She sounded so jolly that she could be mistaken for a newlywed bride. So I figured since you're in a relationship now, I should keep my distance. I would hate to be the cause of any misunderstanding in your relationship," Jade said with a shrug even though her heart ached as she said the words.

Harry sighed as he rubbed a hand over his face. Seriously? This was the best she could do.

"Listen, esquire. I'm tired of the back-and-forth games. Are you interested in..." His words trailed off when his office door was suddenly pushed open and Tom walked in.

He hung up without finishing his sentence.

Chapter 425: Can't, Not Won't?

"Did I interrupt something? I thought you were on the phone?" Tom asked when he noticed the way Harry abruptly stopped speaking and pocketed his phone.

"It's not important. Are you ready to leave?" Harry asked, choosing to take Tom's interruption as a sign that he shouldn't proceed with that yet. Perhaps he still needed to tread with caution.

It seemed like every time they were close to making a breakthrough in their communication someone always interrupted. First, it had been his father who barged into the guest bedroom just when Jade was telling him how she wanted to live rent-free in his head. Next, it had been the important call that entered her phone just when he was about to ask her what she had meant the last time, and now it was Tom interrupting just when he was about to ask her out. This had to be a sign.

"Yes. Are you not?" Tom asked as he glanced at Harry's desk where his laptop was still lying open.

"I am. Let's leave," Harry said as he shut down his laptop and placed it in his laptop bag before heading for the door with the bag.

He had something else on his mind apart from Tom's interruption of his phone call with Jade. Now that he knew for a fact that Jade was fine, that left him with the other option. Tom had lied to him because he wanted him out of that restaurant. Why? Or was he perhaps overthinking this? Harry asked as they both stepped into the elevator.

Tom glanced at Harry curiously, wondering who he had been talking to and why he hung up so abruptly. Although he wanted to ask but he stifled the urge since the last thing he wanted was for Harry to start asking him about what happened earlier.

He had done his best to avoid being alone with Harry all day because he feared he might make a blunder and say something he wasn't supposed to say. Now he just couldn't wait to drop Harry off at

his apartment and pick up Lucy so they could go home together. He was mentally exhausted from all that worrying, and he needed to see Lucy so he could relax.

"Why are you in a haste?" Harry who had been lost in his own thoughts, asked when he suddenly noticed how Tom was walking ahead of him towards the car.

"I want to see Lucy. I've missed her," Tom called back, making Harry scoff.

"Whatever. Just hand over the car key and I will drive. I don't want you driving me to my death in your haste to see her," Harry said once they got to the car and Tom threw the key at Harry who caught it at once.

"So were you able to talk to the head of the human resource department about putting out the ad for Lucy?" Harry asked, immediately after they were settled in the car and he turned on the car's ignition.

He wanted to see if Tom was going to lie to him again.

"Yes. I did that immediately we returned to the office," Tom looked away as he spoke, and Harry's frown deepened.

He not only hated that Tom was lying to him, but it also bothered him too. If it was someone else he would have been angry at being lied to, but he wouldn't have bothered about it this much nor given it so much thought, but this was Tom.

He knew that whatever would make Tom lie to him this much was a serious issue, and the more he thought about it the more anxious he became.

"Are you alright?" Tom asked when he noticed how quiet Harry was.

"If I say I'm not, will you tell me what I want to know?" Harry asked, and Tom's brows pulled together since he understood what Harry was saying.

"No. I can't," Tom said honestly, and Harry turned to him.

"Can't, not won't?" Harry asked, and Tom gave him a nod.

"You know I care about you, and if it was in my place to say this I won't keep it from you. So please trust me as you have always done and don't put me in a more difficult position by asking me about it," Tom said, and Harry looked at him for a moment before giving him a nod.

So it wasn't his place to say anything? Whose place was it then? Jade? His dad? He paused when something suddenly occurred to him and he remembered his conversation with Tom the previous evening. Was this about that? Did Tom find out something about this Sara person? Harry reasoned.

He took out his phone from his pocket and glanced at the screen when it started ringing. And he sighed in relief when he saw that it was Philip who was calling.

He was relieved that it was Philip and not Jade since he was not sure what to say to Jade, especially in Tom's presence, but he was also wondering why Philip kept calling him when they had met earlier in the day at the restaurant.

Instead of connecting the phone to the car's Bluetooth device as he ordinarily would have done if he was alone, Harry turned to Tom, "Can you help me take out my AirPods from the laptop bag?" He asked, and Tom reached into the backseat where Harry had dropped the bag and did as he was told.

By the time Harry placed one of the AirPods in his ear, the call had been disconnected so he dialed Philip's line

"Sup, Harry!" Philip greeted immediately after he received the call.

"Is everything alright, Phil? I'm driving," Harry explained.

"Sure. We were all supposed to hang out after your meeting. Why did you guys leave without seeing me?" Philip asked in displeasure.

"You were at your workplace, yet you expect us to leave ours to hang out with you during work hours?" Harry asked with a scoff, and Philip chuckled.

"Anyway, that wasn't why I called. I was just wondering if your dad is around."

"Yes. Why?" Harry asked, wondering why Philip was suddenly asking about his dad.

"I saw someone who looked very much like him earlier at the restaurant, and he didn't look very well," Philip said, and Harry's heart skipped a beat as he turned to look at Tom.

"What time?" He asked in an easy tone, not wanting Tom to know what he was talking about.

"Not long after you guys left, I think. I came out to look for you and I saw him heading for the restroom," Philip said, and Harry frowned.

His dad had been at the restaurant? Was that why Tom had been in a haste to get him out of there? Did that mean the secret Tom said he couldn't tell him about was his father's secret?

"Why don't I call you back after I get home? And then we can talk about a suitable time to hang out," Harry suggested, and Philip easily agreed.

"Philip wants to hang out?" Tom asked curiously.

"Yeah," Harry said with a noncommittal shrug as he thought about what Philip had just said.

Of course, he had more questions for Philip, but if he was to go by what he had just heard, it made sense if his father had been at the restaurant.

The woman at the restaurant had known him, and she had said she was there to meet an old friend, someone he also knew. Tom had dragged him away from there after receiving a phone call.

Was his father the old friend the woman had been talking about? How did she know who he was? Why didn't they want him to meet her? Was that the Sara lady who had been calling his dad? Harry wondered with a slight frown as he continued to drive.

He wondered if Lucy had gone there with his dad. He was certain she had since she couldn't have left his father alone. Perhaps he should ask her about it? If he did so, Tom would know he knew what was going on, and he didn't want any of them to know he was aware.

Tom sighed when he saw the thoughtful look on Harry's face, and although he wanted to ask him what he was thinking about, he didn't.

As they approached Harry's apartment, Tom dialed Lucy's line, informing her they were close to the apartment and asking her to get ready so they could go home.

Neither Harry nor Tom said a word until they arrived at Harry's apartment, and immediately, Tom got out of the car first and hurried inside.

He met Lucy and Aaron seated in the living room, watching a show on television, and immediately he sent Lucy a discreet but questioning look. When she also gave him a discreet nod, he turned to Aaron.

"How are you doing, old man?" Tom asked in an easy tone,

Aaron smiled at him, "Thanks to our Jewel, I'm feeling much better," Aaron said as he patted Lucy's hand fondly.

"Our Jewel? Nah. I'm not sharing her with you," Tom said as he took Lucy's hand and pulled her away from Aaron making both Lucy and Aaron laugh.

Harry joined them at that moment, and he looked at all three of them before focusing on his father, "How are you, dad? How was your day?" He asked, hoping that Aaron would mention that he had left the house.

Aaron shrugged, "I'm fine. Lucy made sure I ate, took my medication, and had enough rest as you wanted me to," Aaron said, and Harry glanced at Lucy.

"I hope you didn't let him go out of the house. He can barely stay indoors all day," Harry said, and Lucy smiled without directly meeting his gaze.

"Don't worry. We were indoor," she assured him, and Harry gave her a nod and flashed her a smile of gratitude.

Although Harry had said he was going to give his father time to tell him about what he was hiding, he wasn't so sure anymore. If Tom and Lucy already knew about it, and they were willing to lie to him just so they wouldn't be the ones to tell him what his father was hiding, then he was sure it was something very important, and it was time for him to look into it and find out what was going on.

Chapter 426: Sara Walker

After seeing Tom and Lucy off, Harry excused himself and went into his bedroom to change out of his work clothes, while Aaron went to the kitchen to fix dinner.

Immediately Harry walked inside his bedroom and took off his jacket and tie, he dialed Philip's line, and the call connected almost immediately.

"Oh! I wasn't expecting you to call back so soon," Philip said with a pleased smile.

Right from their days in college he had always wanted to be a part of Harry's and Tom's friendship, but the duo had been too close that tagging with them made anyone else feel like an extra.

"If it's not a good time we can talk later..."

"No. It's fine. So have you decided on a suitable time for us to hangout? I was thinking we could go on a boat cruise. You both could come with your partners. It would be nice to meet the ladies my friends are dating. What do you think?" Philip asked eagerly.

"I haven't decided. I would need to agree with Tom on that first. I actually called because I was wondering if you saw my dad with anyone at the restaurant," Harry asked curiously.

"Yes. I saw him standing by a table with two ladies, and he left with a younger lady," Philip said, and Harry nodded.

"Can you help me find out who the other lady is?" Harry asked, and Philip chuckled.

"Why do you sound like your dad is having an affair and you're trying to find out who he is seeing?" Philip asked in amusement, and Harry laughed dryly.

"I should know if I'm going to be having a stepmom soon, don't you think so?" Harry asked, and Philip laughed.

"Alright. I will find out if a reservation was made. That way I can know who she is. If not, I will get a photo from the CCTV footage and send to you," Philip promised.

"If it wouldn't be too much of a bother, can you do it right now?" Harry asked hopefully, and even though Philip had been on his way out of the restaurant, he turned around.

"Sure. I'll call you back," Philip said before hanging up the call.

Done with the phone call, Harry took off his clothes as he contemplated on what to do with whatever information Philip would give him. Confront his father? Or keep it to himself and look into it? Why did his father confide in Tom and Lucy, but not him?

He ran his fingers through his hair and sighed as he walked into the bathroom for a quick shower. While in the shower, he heard his phone ring and quickly washed the soap off his face and ran out, thinking it was Philip, and hissed irritably when he saw that it was Aurora.

Why was she calling again when they had spoken the previous day? He mused as he ignored the call and returned to the bathroom to finish up.

Just as he finished dressing up, Philip called back, "Sup?"

"The lady's name is Sara. Sara Walker. Her assistant made the reservation. I guess your dad has a thing for models," Philip said in a teasing tone, and Harry raised a brow.

"She is a model?"

"Was. She was an international model, and a one time Belladonna spokesperson, according to my assistant."

An international model? He was aware that his father had been a photographer in his youth, and he was acquainted with so many models, but what was the deal with them? And why did she keep calling? Harry wondered.

"Thanks for the information. I will talk to Tom about our hangout and get back to you," Harry promised before hanging up.

Sara Walker. He could bet his last dime that she was the lady he had met in front of the restaurant. It couldn't be a coincidence that he had met that lady while leaving the restaurant and his father had met Sara there. That lady had to be the Sara bothering his father.

Wanting to confirm if they were the same person, he sat on the edge of his bed as he entered Sara's name on Google.

Immediately her name came up amongst the top search, and he narrowed his eyes when he saw that it was the same lady.

The more photos he saw the more familiar she looked, and then it struck him that he probably thought she looked familiar because he had seen a photo of her somewhere in his father's studio.

If she was this mature now, then his father probably has known her when she was younger, Harry mused as he typed on the search engine, "Young photos of Sara Walker" and his heart skipped a beat when he saw a familiar face displayed on the screen.

He turned to the photo frame by his bedside and then looked back to his phone's screen.

Without saying another word, he dialed a number on his phone, "I want you to help me look into someone. Her name is Sara Walker. This is urgent. Drop everything else you're doing and look into it immediately. Find out everything you can about her," Harry ordered, before throwing his phone on the bed.

Just what was going on? He wondered as he stared at his mother's picture for some time before leaving the bedroom to join his father in the living room.

Away from there, Jade stared at her phone speechlessly for some time as she replayed the conversation she had just had with Harry in her head.

She still couldn't come to terms with the way he had abruptly ended the call mid-sentence. Should she call him back and ask him to finish what he had been saying? She wondered as she continued to stare at her phone.

"Are you interested in..." what? Had he been about to ask if she was interested in being in a relationship with him? That was most likely it seeing as he had started by saying he was tired of the back and forth games. Jade reasoned with a wide smile.

But if that was it why didn't he complete his question? She wondered in frustration as she got off the bed and started pacing the bedroom.

She was trying to be careful this time and not do anything that she would regret. With Harry she didn't know what she was doing, and she couldn't predict what she would say if she called him back.

The same way she had not planned on talking about his relationship with Aurora, but had ended up doing so. She had been unable to ignore the pang of displeasure and jealousy that kept nagging at her as she spoke with him.

After thinking about it for some time she picked up her phone and dialed his line. She called twice and when he didn't take the call she sighed in resignation and threw her phone on the bed before walking out of the bedroom to the bar to pour herself a glass of wine.

She sighed when she remembered that her plan to have a girls' night out with Candace was no longer going to work. She would have appreciated the distraction right now seeing how she was worrying so much over relationship with Harry or rather, the lack of it, when she was supposed to be preparing for her court case.

Perhaps it was best she let nature take its course. What would be would be, she thought as she sipped from the glass.

Her ears perked up when she heard her phone ringing, and she dropped the glass and quickly hurried to the room to get her phone, thinking it was Harry.

Her brows pulled together when she saw that the call was from her boss, "Hello, Amos!" She greeted, wondering why he was calling after work hours.

"I was meaning to call you all day but I have been busy. I was informed you got them this time. Congratulations. I'm proud of you," Amos said, and Jade smiled.

"Thank you, Amos."

"Why didn't you come in to the office? The guys were all waiting to congratulate you," he said, and Jade smiled.

"I'm sorry about that. I had to rest since I couldn't sleep a wink last night," Jade explained.

"I understand. Now that you're almost done with this case, I'd like you to assist me with something I'm working on," Amos said, and Jade raised a brow.

"Did you forget what I told you yesterday?" She asked with a frown since she had made it clear to him that she was leaving after closing this case.

"I haven't forgotten. I will definitely let you go when you're done, but right now I need you to do me this favor," Amos said, and Jade sighed.

"What is it about? And why are you not asking one of the guys to do it?"

"Because you're a lady, and this requires that. Also because I believe I can trust you," Amos added.

"Alright. I'm all ears."

"It's not something I would like to discuss over the phone. I'd rather we meet in person for this discussion," Amos said, and Jade narrowed her eyes.

"I need to at least know what it is about before I decide if I want to help or not," Jade insisted, and Amos sighed.

"It's about Sara. The lady you met yesterday. The one who is searching for her lost daughter. I need you to assist me in finding her."

Jade thought about it for a moment, "Alright. Where am I meeting you?"

Chapter 427: Unsubtle Matchmaking Attempt

Lucas had a lot on his mind as he sat in the restaurant, waiting for Miley to arrive. He didn't know what to expect from her, especially as she had said she was coming with Amy.

He was yet to make up his mind concerning his discussion with Lucy earlier. Even though he understood everything Lucy had said, and as much as she was right, he also wanted to look out for himself.

It was wrong timing. He had met Miley at the wrong time. If he hadn't just experienced this crazy relationship with Rachel, maybe he would have been open to getting to know Miley and being friends with her, but he was yet to heal emotionally, and the worse thing he could do to himself was to get involved with someone who would leave him devastated soon.

As much as he liked her and enjoyed her company, and how she seemed to make him forget his problems, he knew that it was all temporary. She might make him forget all about Rachel and her problems right now, but in the next couple of months, Rachel won't be his problem. Losing her would be.

He would rather go through the regret of not getting involved with her, than going ahead to set himself up for such heartbreak.

Lucas stood from his seat when he saw Miley and Amy approaching the table. He had to admit to himself that both ladies were dazzlingly beautiful in their individual ways.

While Miley was dressed in a revealing skimpy red dress that showed off her feminine curves and cleavage, Amy was dressed in a partially decent white dress, which gave off some sort of shy femininity vibe.

Upon closer appraisal, he noticed that something seemed different about Amy. Although he could not entirely understand why he thought so, but Amy looked sort of more beautiful and feminine.

What changed? He wondered as he continued to look at her for a moment before he realized it, and then his gaze shifted to Miley for confirmation.

It wasn't just Amy. It was the both of them. Looking at them, he could bet that they had a makeover. He had noticed the change in Amy because unlike her, Miley had looked strikingly beautiful and sexy to him from the first time he opened his eyes in her apartment, so seeing her this way wasn't surprising.

But seeing Amy that way was surprising. He couldn't exactly remember her face the first time he met her at Lucy's, but he could remember thinking that she was smart, and something else he remembered clearly was wondering why she was visiting dressed in tennis outfits.

He couldn't help but wonder if they had gone for the makeover just for this meeting. He hoped not.

"Hello, handsome!" Miley greeted with a cheerful smile that lit up her beautiful blue eyes as they got to where he stood.

Before Lucas could respond to her greeting, she embraced him, "You smell so nice," she said with a wide smile as she pulled away from him.

"You smell nice, and look nice too," Lucas said in return, and she raised a brow.

"Look nice?" Miley asked with displeasure, while Amy tried not to giggle since she knew 'nice' wasn't the word Miley had been aiming for when she dolled up.

"Yeah. You look nice. Why? You don't like looking nice?" Lucas asked innocently as he pulled out a chair for her.

"Really, Lucas? Nice?" She asked again without taking her seat, while Amy pulled out a seat for herself and sat down to enjoy the show.

This time Lucas looked at Miley in confusion, wondering what was wrong, before glancing at Amy who was obviously struggling not to laugh when she met his gaze.

"Say stunning," Amy mouthed to him, and Lucas frowned as he tried to make out what she was saying.

"STUNNING!" Amy mouthed again, and Lucas sighed inwardly when Miley turned to know why he was staring at Amy while she was talking to him.

Stunning? That was what she wanted him to say? Lucas thought with a scoff. Too bad for her that he was only going to say what he wanted to say, and not what she wanted to hear.

"Yes. You look very nice. And cute too. Now sit down. We are the only people standing in here," Lucas instructed as he returned to his seat.

Amy's lips twitched in amusement at Lucas' attitude. Too bad Miley was ill. They would have made quite a fine pair, Amy thought sadly.

Miley's lips pouted sulkily as she lowered herself on the seat he had pulled out. Nice and cute? She had never been complimented that way before. How could he say she was cute? Cute was meant for describing babies and guys not a gorgeous lady like herself.

"Hello, Amy! I can call you that, right? I don't know your last name else I would have used that instead," Lucas greeted, and Amy smiled at him.

"Amy is fine," she assured him.

There was no reason to address her so formally since she was certain this was not going to be the last she would be seeing or hearing of him even if things didn't go well between him and Miley. He was Lucy's twin brother after all, and she was going to continue working for Lucy.

"He should also know your last name. Her last name is Grant. Amy Grant," Miley supplied just as a waiter approached their table to take their orders.

After the waiter left, Lucas looked at both ladies without saying a word, and Miley flashed him a cute smile which made him smile since it seemed like she had gotten over her annoyance at being referred to as nice and cute.

"It's good to see you again. How have you been?" She asked, and Lucas shrugged.

"As you can see, I'm fine. What about you? How are you feeling? And why are you in Ludus?" Lucas asked, and she shrugged.

"Why else do you think I'm here if not to see you?" Miley asked, and Lucas glanced at Amy who was looking everywhere else but at him.

"To see me?"

"I told you I missed you. When I called Lucy and she said you were in Ludus, I decided to come down here too," Miley explained, and Lucas frowned.

"You shouldn't have made the trip. I'm not sure how long I'm going to be here. I might decide to leave this night or tomorrow morning," Lucas asked, and Miley smiled.

"Then it's good we are here. At least I get to see you before your next trip," Miley said cheerfully, but Lucas continued to frown.

Something told him that there was more to the trip than just coming to see his face, but he didn't want to dwell too much on it, "Have you decided to start receiving treatment and inform your family about your health?" Lucas asked, and Miley shook her head.

"Not yet. Let's not talk about my health or family until we are done. Let's talk about fun things," Miley suggested as she looked at him curiously, "Did you miss me?"

"No," Lucas said without thinking twice, and Amy watched him with interest.

"You answered too quickly. You are supposed to take your time to think about it before responding," Miley pointed out with mild annoyance.

"I don't need to think about it. If I missed you, I would know. I didn't," Lucas said thinking that would discourage her but Miley shrugged.

"It's fine. I missed you enough for two," Miley said, and Lucas glanced at Amy in time to see her roll her eyes, and his lips twitched in amusement. He felt partially relieved to see that she had pulled herself together and had stopped crying so much like she had been doing the previous day.

Miley glanced at Amy, "Why are you not saying anything?" She asked the same question that had been on Lucas' mind, and Amy shrugged.

"I have nothing to say. I'd rather listen to the both of you. You are both fun to watch," she said with an easy smile.

"I'm sure Lucas would like to know one or two things about you, won't you Lucas?" Miley asked, and both Lucas and Amy glanced at her with a curious look on their faces as they wondered what she was up to, before they looked at each other.

Amy flashed Lucas an awkward smile, and judging by the innocent look in her clear amber eyes, he could tell that she had no idea what Miley was up to, "I don't mind," Lucas said after a while, surprising Amy who had expected him to say no.

Why didn't he say no? She wondered as she glanced at Miley. She soon realized that she was in trouble when Miley winked at her. She should have known that it was a bad idea to tag along with Miley. She should have sat at a different table, she thought as she returned her agent to Lucas who was still looking at her.

"There isn't much to tell. You know my name. You are aware I work with your sister. Miley here is more like a sister to me than my best friend, and I would marry her if she was interested in girls," Amy finished, making Miley giggle, while Lucas looked at her with interest.

"Are you into girls?"

"Nope. I'm into Miley alone," Amy said with a grin which made the corners of Lucas' lips twitch with an amused smile.

He had to say he sort of envied the friendship and love between both ladies, "I see."

"She is single by the way. And she is very much into guys like you," Miley chipped in, startling both Lucas and Amy who had not been expecting such an unsubtle matchmaking attempt.

Thankfully, they were both saved from the embarrassment and awkwardness of that moment by the arrival of the waiter who brought their orders.

Amy eyed Miley with displeasure as she wordlessly scolded her with her eyes, but Miley winked at her.

Lucas didn't know what to say or do, so he picked up his wineglass and sipped from it, without looking at either of them.

"Why don't I move to the next table so that you can both interact comfortably?" Amy suggested when she noticed that Lucas seemed uncomfortable, but Miley shook her head.

"We both know you won't be comfortable sitting there by yourself," Miley said, and Amy raised a brow.

"Says who?"

"Says me. I know you, remember? I'm probably going to end up getting into a fight for your sake before the night is over," Miley said with a giggle, and Amy laughed.

"I'd rather you don't do that. Your dad gave me an earful the last time," Amy said, while Lucas listened to their interaction with interest.

Miley turned to him when she noticed the interest on his face and told him how she had been in the habit of fighting guys off Amy because of her sharp tongue.

"I'm sure that's one reason she's still single," Miley said and Amy rolled her eyes.

"Don't worry, you won't get into a fight, and I'm perfectly capable of turning away guys politely now," Amy assured her, but Miley still shook her head.

"Your presence here doesn't make us uncomfortable, or does it affect you, Lucas?" Miley asked, and Lucas who was feeling like they were putting him on the spot, gave them a nod.

"Yes, it does," he said, and Amy smiled, while Miley raised a brow.

"Why? Would you rather have dinner privately with me?" She asked with a hopeful smile, but Lucas shook his head.

"It's not that. It just feels weird for me to be having dinner with the both of you. Maybe if there was another guy..."

"You mean a double date, don't you?" Miley asked with an excited smile, and Amy giggled when Lucas sighed wearily. Miley was obviously wearing him out.

"This isn't a date," Lucas corrected.

"Do you have a friend here in Ludus? You could invite him to hang out with us tomorrow," she offered, and Lucas raised a brow.

"Who said I'm hanging out with you tomorrow?" He asked, and Miley grinned at him.

"I was hoping we could all hang out together if you don't travel tomorrow. It would be fun," Miley said with a bright smile, and Amy decided that it was time to step in and save Lucas when he looked at her with weary eyes.

"Let's just eat. One date at a time," Amy suggested, and Lucas flashed her a smile of gratitude before focusing on his food.

Even though he wasn't feeling hungry, giving his food attention was the escape he needed from facing Miley.

Chapter 428: Fishy Request

"Why are you so quiet?" Lucy asked as she turned to look at Tom who had been quiet since he started driving.

She had been expecting him to badger her with so many questions the minute they were alone, but he had been unusually quiet for some time.

Tom sighed, "I don't know. I guess I'm just trying to process some things in my head one more time before asking you any question," Tom said, and Lucy nodded in understanding.

"How was work today?" She asked after some time, and Tom glanced at her.

"It was going alright until you told me about it, and after that time I could barely think about anything else," Tom said, and Lucy smiled sadly.

"I understand," she murmured.

"What about you? How are you?" Tom asked, and Lucy shrugged.

"It's just one of those days I want to come to an end quickly," Lucy said before looking at him with a serious expression.

"Harry didn't suspect anything, did he?" Lucy asked, and Tom shrugged.

"He would be an idiot not to. And we both know he is far from being one. Thankfully, he didn't press me to say anything. By the way, you didn't send me your recorded conversation with Sara as promised," Tom reminded her.

"Oh! Sorry. It completely slipped my mind. I will do so now," Lucy said as she took out her phone from her handbag.

"Instead of sending it, why don't you connect your phone to the car's Bluetooth speaker and we can just listen to it together as I drive?" Tom asked, but Lucy shook her head.

"I'm not sure about that. You are driving and the conversation might upset you," Lucy said, and Tom turned to spare a glance at her.

"You think I'm not already upset? What could I hear now that you haven't already told me? Connect it and let's listen to it together. Don't worry, I'm okay," Tom assured her, and Lucy looked at him for a moment before hesitantly doing as he had requested.

Tom said nothing as he listened to the conversation between Lucy and Sara, and Lucy was startled when he suddenly chuckled at the end, "What's funny?" She asked in confusion since that was the least reaction she had expected to see.

Tom looked at her with a proud smile, "You sounded really tough and sexy. I was just wondering why I'm never around when you show off all that hotness," Tom said as he stopped the car when the traffic light blinked red.

Lucy laughed softly, feeling embarrassed, "You're exaggerating. I'm sure either Sonia or Jade could have handled her better," Lucy said, and Tom shook his head.

"I think you handled her perfectly. You amaze me, Jewel. And I'm so lucky to have you in my life," Tom said as he gazed at her with a soft smile, and she smiled in embarrassment as she turned her face away from him briefly.

"I'm happy to have you in my life too. And you should know that I was that confident only because I know I have you behind me," Lucy said with a soft smile.

Tom smiled as he reached for her hand and kissed the inside of her palm, "I've got your back, Lu. All day, every day," he promised as he returned his attention to the road and started driving again.

"I know," Lucy said confidently, "That reminds me. What did she say to Harry in front of the restaurant?" She asked, referring to Sara as 'she' since she didn't want to utter her name or refer to her as Harry's mother either.

Lucy sighed after Tom told her about their exchange with Sara in front of the restaurant, "She is obviously self-centered and doesn't care about Harry. I doubt that she would be acting this shamelessly if her intentions were pure. There is no iota of remorse in her attitude. Shouldn't she be feeling too embarrassed and ashamed of herself to show her face in front of a son she abandoned?" Lucy asked, and Tom nodded in agreement.

"Yesh. Good thing Harry could see through her pretty face and make-up to see how shallow she and fake she truly is," Tom said, thinking how strange it was that Harry didn't think that way when he looked at his 'mom's' photograph, but felt that way when he saw her in person.

"By the way, is she really the same person in the photograph Harry has? Harry thought she looked familiar, but I could barely recognize her," Tom said, and Lucy explained what Aaron had said about her going under the knife several times.

"I guess Harry was right about her," Tom said, remembering how Harry had said he was certain she had undergone surgery to look the way she did.

Lucy arched a brow, "What did he say about her?" She asked, and sighed when Tom told her everything Harry had said about Sara.

"As sad as it is that he thinks of his mother that way, it's a good thing he already has that opinion of her. I only hope he doesn't feel too hurt when he hears everything."

"Are you certain Aaron is going to tell Harry everything after this weekend? I'm not sure how much longer I can avoid answering Harry's question," Tom said with a slight frown.

"You will have to keep avoiding his questions until Aaron is ready. You know how sensitive the situation is. Harry has to hear the truth from Aaron himself," Lucy said firmly, and Tom nodded.

"Yeah. I know. Can you give me her full name or phone number? Or anything I can use to look into her," Tom suggested, and Lucy gave him a nod.

"I have her phone number, but I don't think there will be any need to waste our time on that. We already know who she is and we have evidence we can use against her. What we need to focus on is finding Aaron's daughter and making sure Harry isn't too affected by any of this. If Harry is fine, Aaron would be fine too," Lucy said reasonably, and Tom turned to her with a soft gaze.

"I don't know what I would have done in this situation without you," Tom said, and Lucy sighed.

"Perhaps things wouldn't have happened this way if I wasn't in your life. By the way, I got some strands of hair from Aaron's hairbrush. When can you get the DNA test done?" She asked, returning to the subject.

"I could send it to them tomorrow, and by Saturday we would have the result," Tom said, and Lucy nodded.

"Let's do that."

"What are the chances that Candace might really be Harry's twin sister or related to him?" Tom asked, and Lucy pursed her lips thoughtfully.

"We both know that anything is possible," Lucy said after a while.

"If it turns out to be true, that would mean Jamal is your what? Second cousin?" Tom asked, and Lucy smiled at the thought that cute little Jamal might be related to her.

"No. That would make him my first cousin once removed," Lucy explained, and Tom's brows pulled together.

"First cousin once removed from what?" Tom asked in confusion, and Lucy giggled.

"It means we are separated by one generation," Lucy explained, and when it looked like Tom was going to ask more questions she shook her head.

"Let's not worry about any titles or tags yet. That's the least of the problem we have on our plate right now," Lucy said, and immediately Tom remembered his conversation with Barry.

"Yeah. You are right. Remember I spoke with Barry earlier?" Tom asked, and Lucy gave him a nod when she recalled that he had told her Barry was calling during their conversation earlier in the day.

Tom told her what Barry had said about Anita having recorded their conversation to make her look like the bad person who had snatched her friend's boyfriend, and Lucy shook her head.

"Too bad for her that I also recorded my conversation with her at the bar. She has nothing on me," Lucy assured Tom as he drove through his gate.

"Even if she has something on you, I doubt any major news agency would want to publish it. After the last incident, Harry sent out a circular to the CEOs of all the major news agencies, informing them that anyone who dares to carry any unverified news about you or our relationship again would have I-Global to contend with. They know better than to do something like that again," Tom said confidently.

"I'm relieved to know I don't have to be on the media for the wrong reason again. I don't want to add that to everything else I have to worry about right now," Lucy said with a sigh as Tom parked the car in front of the house and she gazed at the building in front of them.

"I feel anxious about the coming weekend and the week to come," Lucy murmured, and Tom took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"One day at a time, Jewel. Today has enough problems already. Let's leave tomorrow's worries for tomorrow. Now let's leave all the craziness of the day in the car before going inside. I need to have a normal evening with you to be able to face tomorrow," Tom said, and they both smiled when the door opened and they watched as Jamal stepped out of the house and ran in the direction of the car.

"Yeah. Let's do that," Lucy said. And putting on her most cheerful smile, she got out of the car to embrace the kid, who she was beginning to believe that her meeting with him wasn't a coincidence.

Away from there, at the restaurant section of the hotel where she was lodged, Jade sipped from her glass of wine as she watched her boss who was seated opposite her while waiting for him to tell her about the case and what he wanted from her.

Although, Amos was aware that he was taking a major risk by involving Jade in this case considering her brother's relationship with Sara's son, but he planned to use her as his and Sara's lifeline.

He would involve her in the case to the extent that if Harry and his father decided to expose Sara or him, it would also affect Jade, and for her sake, they wouldn't want to go too far.

"I believe I don't need to tell you how sensitive this case is, or how important it is that you keep whatever we discuss to yourself. You can't tell anyone else about it. Not even your family," Amos said, and Jade rolled her eyes.

"Why do you sound like I'm the one who asked you to involve me in this when you called me to do you a favor?" Jade asked, feeling slightly offended.

Amos cleared his throat, "I'm sorry, that is not what I meant. All I was trying to say is that you have to keep this between us. No one must know she has a daughter. You will be signing a confidentiality agreement before we begin. And you don't have to worry, you will be well rewarded," Amos assured her as he leaned forward in his seat and placed a cheque note in front of her.

Jade frowned at him without looking at the cheque, "Does that mean that she is going to keep hiding the fact that she has a daughter from the public even after she finds her? Why is she searching for her daughter if it has to be done so secretly?" Jade asked in confusion.

"It's a long story. She was married before going into modeling. She had twin children but lost the girl during childbirth. Devastated by the loss she abandoned her husband and son, and moved to another country. That was where she became a model. After all these years, she just recently learned that her daughter is alive, so she is doing all she can to find her. What do you expect her to do? Announce it to the world? What if she doesn't find her after everything?" Amos asked, and Jade's brows pulled together in a slight frown.

The story didn't make sense to her. "Didn't she see her daughter's body? How can you say she lost the girl during childbirth, and now you're saying she just found out the girl is alive?" Jade asked in confusion. How could a mother abandon one baby because she lost the other?

"The doctor gave her a dead baby," Amos explained, but Jade still wasn't convinced.

"So how did she learn that her daughter is alive? Shouldn't the same source lead her to her daughter?" Jade asked, and even though Amos wanted to swear at her for asking so many questions, he forced a smile.

"That is what we are doing. Our source informed me that the man who stole her baby abandoned the baby at an orphanage home. I need you to go there and find out what you can about the child. Here is a picture of the child and some information about her and the orphanage home," Amos said as he slid an envelope toward Jade, and she opened it and took out a picture of a four-year-old brown-eyed girl, dressed in a red dungaree and white turtleneck top, smiling at the camera.

"What about her father and brother? Are they aware..."

"Jade, take the cheque and quit asking so many unnecessary questions! Your business is with me and Sara, not the child's father," Amos snapped at her, and Jade raised a brow.

"Unnecessary questions? I'm sorry, Amos, but I don't think I want to get involved in something like this. We are lawyers for crying out loud! How can you come to me with such a half-baked story and

expect me to buy it? Is this what she told you? And you believed her without questions because she paid you handsomely?" Jade asked, disappointment ringing clearly in her tone.

"You won't speak to me in that manner. I'm still your boss..."

"Have you forgotten that my resignation letter is ready?" Jade cut in angrily.

"You are still my employee until your current case is over and I can as well fire you if you disrespect me any further," Amos threatened.

"Then do so," Jade hissed as she stood up.

Realizing that he had gone too far and was about to lose his lifeline he quickly stopped her, "I'm sorry," Amos said before she could walk away.

"Please, Jade. I really need your help on this. You see how smart you are and how you asked questions I failed to ask Sara? That's why I need you on this case. Please help me," Amos pleaded, and Jade reluctantly returned to her seat.

She pushed the cheque back to him, "This is a favor to you, so I don't need any money. Also, I'm not signing any confidentiality agreement. It's either you need my help or not," Jade said, and even though Amos did not like that, he gave her a nod.

"Fine. Help me whichever way you can," Amos said, and Jade held his gaze for a moment before giving him a nod.

"I will let you know what I find," Jade said as she stood from her seat, picked up the envelope, and walked out of the restaurant.

She wasn't going to do it just because she wanted to do him a favor. Something smelt fishy about both his request and the whole story, and she intended to find out what it was.

Chapter 429: Go After Her

"Is something wrong?" Lucas asked when he could no longer ignore the way Miley was watching him with a wide smile on her face as he ate.

Both her elbows were resting on the table, and her chin was resting in the cup of both hands as she smiled at him, "No."

"So why do you keep staring at me?"

"Is it a crime to stare at you?" She asked with an innocent smile as she blinked at him prettily.

"It might not be a crime, but it's awkward and uncomfortable. Instead of watching me you should focus on your food too," Lucas said, but Miley shook her head.

"I feel full merely by watching you eat," Miley said, and Amy shook her head, while Lucas sighed.

"Besides, there will always be time to eat after now, but there won't always be time to watch you eat since I might not see you again after today. I need to have my fill of your face," Miley said, and Lucas set aside his cutlery and faced her.

"Why do you need to have your fill of my face?" Lucas asked, and shrugged.

"Isn't it obvious? Because you're cute and like you. I like you very much," Miley confessed, and Lucas felt his cheeks flush red when he glanced at Amy and noticed the amusement on her face as she ate.

"You shouldn't say things like that out loud," Lucas chided her in a quiet voice.

"Things like what?" Miley asked, blinking at him innocently.

Lucas shifted uncomfortably in his seat "Things about liking me," Lucas said without meeting her gaze, and Amy's lips twitched in amusement as she watched him.

He was really cute. It was easy to see why Miley liked him, Amy mused.

"Why not? You asked a question and I responded. Should I have lied to you?" Miley asked with an arched brow.

"If other people hear you they might misunderstand what you mean..."

"Other people? The only person here with us is Amy, and she can't misunderstand. She already knows how much I like you. Don't you, Amy?" Miley asked.

"I do," Amy said and flashed Lucas an apologetic smile. She hated to be in his shoes right now.

"You see? No one is going to misunderstand anything. Besides, why do you feel uncomfortable when I watch you? I'm sure people look at you a lot," Miley said, and Lucas shook his head.

"Not the way you do. It's scary. Especially with that creepy smile on your face," Lucas said, and Miley glared at him while Amy giggled.

Seeing the mild annoyance on her face, Lucas smiled, "I'm just kidding. Your smile isn't creepy. It's actually pretty. But I'm not comfortable. I'm sure you wouldn't be either if I look at you that way," Lucas said, and Miley smiled at him.

"Says who? I would love you to look at me that way," Miley said, and when Lucas watched her without saying a word, she giggled.

"Okay, I promise not to look at you that way if you agree to go out with us tomorrow," Miley offered, and Lucas almost laughed out loud.

"Give it up Miley. I'm not going anywhere with you."

"Why not? Do you hate me that much?" She asked with a pout.

"Hate you? It's actually because I like you. If I didn't like you I wouldn't mind hanging out with you, and watching you waste what little time you have left. But because I care about you, I'm annoyed that you are doing this to yourself," Lucas said honestly, and Amy who was the only one still eating looked from Lucas to Miley.

"I see that we are back to that," Miley said with a sigh as she leaned back in her seat.

"Go ahead and eat. I won't look at you that way until you're done." she urged him, but Lucas shook his head.

He could tell that it was her attempt to change the subject, "I can't eat anymore. I already lost my appetite, so let's talk instead," Lucas suggested, and both Amy and Miley looked at him curiously.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"Let's talk about you. Shouldn't you be busy planning on how to tell your parents about your health? How much longer are you going to keep it from..." Lucas paused and his eyes narrowed suspiciously when something suddenly occurred to him and he glanced at Amy.

"Did you come to Ludus to interview men who would be willing to marry you?" Lucas asked, thinking that was probably why they had gotten a makeover, to look more attractive for the prospective candidates.

Miley exchanged a look with Amy and took a deep breath. It was time.

"About that..."

"Miley? You're Miley Garwood, right?" A lady who was walking past their table asked when she saw Miley, and Miley excused herself to talk with the lady who she recognized as an active Instagram follower.

Once she left, Amy turned to see Lucas staring at her, and she flashed him an awkward smile, "Miley can be too much to handle sometimes. Please don't be too harsh on her," Amy said apologetically.

"Is she still going ahead with the marriage and surrogacy plan?" Lucas asked, and Amy gave him a nod.

"Of course."

"You did not try to talk her out of that ridiculous plan?" Lucas asked, and Amy frowned.

"I never said I was going to do that, did I? And who said her plan is ridiculous?" Amy asked defensively, and Lucas looked at her incredulously.

"I understand that she is too distraught and out of her mind to think straight, but shouldn't you be a little more reasonable?"

Amy raised a brow, "I beg your pardon?"

"I was hoping you would change her mind after having enough time to think about the situation, but instead of doing that you are encouraging her with your blind devotion and loyalty," Lucas scolded, his eyes glaring at her accusingly.

"What is so wrong about her wanting to be married and have a child? And what is wrong in supporting my best friend to get what she wants?" Amy asked, feeling annoyed by Lucas' words.

Lucas shook his head, "It is wrong because it is not logical. Her action is being fueled by emotions and so is yours! Have you stopped to think about what your boyfriend would say about you being a surrogate?" Lucas asked, and Amy raised a brow.

"I don't have a boyfriend, so I don't think..."

"And you have no plans of having one either, I suppose? Do you think it makes sense that you are going to be carrying another person's child..."

"What I choose to do with my body has nothing to do with you or any damned person!" Amy cut in coldly.

"Sure. It is not my business. The point here is that you are both not being logical. You are just thinking about the present. I can excuse Miley's lack of objectivity, but not yours. You are not

thinking about your future or that of the child, are you? How do you think the child would feel to know that he or she was conceived on the whim of a dying woman? How would you feel if you found out you were conceived based on a bucket list and not out of love?" Lucas asked angrily.

"I'm sorry, but I'm missing your point. I believe you're not naive enough to believe that every child was conceived out of love. Miley's child would definitely understand when the time comes. And I see no reason why we are even arguing about this when it has nothing to do with you. Miley has a right to do what she wants, and so do I. If you're not going to help her then maybe you should stay out of it..."

"Are you sure you are doing this just because you care about her?" Lucas cut in before Amy could finish speaking, and Amy's eyes narrowed into slits.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

Lucas shrugged, "For all I know, you could be doing this because you want her to reward your loyalty by leaving you all she has when..." The rest of his sentence was forgotten when Amy picked up her glass of water and threw the sparkling water on his face.

"HOW DARE YOU?" She snarled as she stood, her amber eyes blazing with fury at the insult.

Miley who had been talking with the lady some tables away from there, turned around in surprise when she heard Amy's voice, and immediately she excused herself and returned to the table.

"Do you think you care about her more than I do? Who do you think you are to say something like that to me?" Amy was asking just as Miley joined them.

"Amy? What is going on?" She asked, but instead of responding Amy picked up her handbag.

"Let's leave, Miley," Amy said, her eyes glistening with unshed tears as she grabbed Miley's hand wanting to drag her away, but Miley didn't budge.

"What is wrong? Lucas?" Miley asked, glancing at Lucas who was staring at Amy.

"If you are not coming with me, you can meet me at home," Amy said as she let go of her hand and walked away without waiting for Miley to say another word.

Miley's frown deepened as she watched Amy leave, and then she turned to Lucas, "What did you say to make her so angry?" Miley asked in confusion.

She had thought Amy liked Lucas, and everything had been going smoothly to the best of her knowledge, so what could have changed between them in the short time she was away to make Amy so mad?

Lucas sighed, "You should go after your friend," he said, feeling embarrassed by the words he had spoken.

He knew he shouldn't have said that. He shouldn't have agreed to this dinner in the first place. Why was he so interested in what either of them chose to do? None of it was his business, so why couldn't he just mind his business and keep his opinion to himself?

"Lucas..."

"Go after her. We can talk some other time. Tell her I'm sorry," Lucas said, but Miley shook her head.

"If you said something hurtful to her then you should apologize yourself. Go after her and tell her you're sorry yourself," Miley said as she picked up her handbag.

"But I don't know where she is going to..."

Miley picked up her phone and texted Amy's home address and phone number to Lucas, "I just texted her details to you. I will be hanging out with that lady and her friends over there. Please make sure she gets home safely," Miley said, and walked away before Lucas could say another word.

Chapter 430: Ahhhh

Lucas called himself all manner of names in his head as he hurried outside the restaurant, after settling their bill, hoping to catch Amy before she went too far.

Once he stepped outside, he looked around but there was no trace of her anywhere. He could see different cars driving in and out of the premise, but there was no trace of Amy around.

He ran down the road to see if he would find her walking, but he didn't.

He took out his phone from his pocket to check the text which Miley had sent him, and he dialed Amy's line.

He frowned when he was unable to reach her, and after trying a couple of times he gave up.

He made up his mind to return to Lucy's apartment and call it a night since he couldn't find her or reach her on phone.

After he was well rested he would send her a proper apology text, Lucas decided, and just as he headed for the parking lot where he had parked Lucy's car, he saw Miley standing in front of the restaurant and looking around like she was trying to find someone.

He stopped when he noticed the way she smiled when she saw him and quickly hurried over to where he stood.

"Oh, Lucas! Thank goodness you are still here," Miley said with a relieved smile.

"You changed your mind about hanging out with your friends?" Lucas asked, but Miley wasn't listening to him, instead, she continued to look around.

"Where is Amy? Didn't you find her?" Miley asked as she returned her attention to him.

"No. She was gone by the time I got out. Did she drive?" Lucas asked, and Miley's brows pulled together as she shook her head.

"That means she probably took a cab or something. That is not good," Miley murmured as she looked down at the wallet and key in her hand.

"Since she is not here, I will go home now. Please let her know that I'm sorry, and I will text her or call her tomorrow to apologize properly," Lucas said, but Miley shook her head.

"Did you come with a car? Please can you go after her? Maybe you can catch up with her before she gets to her apartment," Miley suggested, but Lucas shook his head.

"No. I can't do that. I already told you I will give her a call. Her number is not going through right now else I would have done so already..."

"I already tried to call her too. Her number is not going through because her battery is dead. I just recalled her complaining about it on our way here," Miley said with a concerned frown.

"In that case, I will make sure my text is the first notification she receives when she turns her phone on," Lucas promised, but Miley shook her head.

"It's not just about the apology. I want to be sure she gets home safe..."

"She is not a kid, Miley. And she is not drunk either. I'm sure she can find her way home. She won't miss her way simply because she is upset," Lucas said reasonably.

"It's not that either. I was the one who locked the door on our way out so I'm with the key," Miley said as she raised the single key she was holding for him to see, "I just found it in my handbag," Miley said, and Lucas raised a brow.

"I'm sure she has a spare tucked away under her doormat or flowerpot somewhere..."

"That's not all. She will be stranded. She doesn't have any money on her. I'm with her wallet," Miley said as she raised the wallet in her other hand.

"How can you be with her wallet when she left with her handbag?" Lucas asked in disbelief, as he looked at her incredulously.

"We have a matching pair. I thought this was mine and I picked it from the table while leaving the apartment. I was startled to find both wallets in my handbag," Miley explained with an embarrassed smile.

"And she didn't notice that she left the house without her wallet?" Lucas asked, thinking that it didn't make sense.

"I'm sure she thinks it's in her handbag," Miley said with a concerned frown.

"Then you should go after before she gets there."

"That won't work. I can't go home right now. I already promised the lady inside that I would join her party before remembering that I was with the key," Miley said with a pout, and Lucas frowned.

"So? You'd rather your best friend is stranded than disappoint a stranger?" He asked incredulously.

"She is not a stranger. She is an ardent follower," Miley explained patiently.

"Too bad you will have to disappoint her. Why did you let Amy leave when you..."

"Seriously? Did she leave on my account?" Miley snapped at him, startling Lucas who hadn't been expecting that.

"I already said I was sorry," Lucas said defensively when Miley glared at him.

"I'm not the one you should apologize to. She will get even more mad at you when she ends up getting embarrassed because she can't pay for her cab, and stranded because she can't get into her apartment," Miley said as she extended the wallet and key to Lucas.

"Are you going to take it to her or not?" Miley asked, and Lucas silently swore at himself before taking the key and wallet from her.

Miley smiled at him, "You have her home address. I'm sure it won't be difficult for you to locate. Goodnight, Lucas," she said as she leaned forward and kissed his cheek before walking away.

Left with no choice, Lucas got into Lucy's car and dropped Amy's wallet and key on the passenger seat before checking for Amy's address.

Although he wasn't too familiar with the environment, he relied on Google assistant to give him the right direction to Amy's apartment.

Unfortunately, he realized that Google Maps wasn't always reliable when he ended up getting lost twice. He couldn't tell if he was the one who didn't understand the direction, or if it was his google assistant who didn't know the direction.

As Lucas tried to find the way he took turns cursing himself and everyone else who had a role to play in his present predicament.

Why did he let Lucy talk him into going out with Miley? Of all people to take such advice from, why did he listen to Lucy, who had only just recently started to mix up with people? It wasn't like she had any real relationship experience with people before now, outside of their immediate family, Sonia and Tyler. So why did he listen to her?

Why did he leave Lucy's apartment where he had been spending the day watching movies and playing games on his phone to meet with Miley?

Why did Amy come out with Miley? He was sure things wouldn't have happened this way had he met with just Miley alone.

Why did Amy have to get so angry that she had to leave that way? Shouldn't she have just calmed down after emptying her glass of water on him and yelling at him like that in public?

Sure, he was wrong. He was a jerk for saying what he said when he knew just how much she had cried when she arrived that night. He had realized how badly he fucked up the moment the words left his mouth, but she had also reacted too quickly, and before he had a chance to recover from his shock and apologize, she had walked away.

Why didn't Miley stop her? If she had stopped her from leaving or gone with her he wouldn't have to be on this blasted road trying to find his way to her apartment.

Why did that damned Instagram follower have to show up and take Miley away from the table? If she hadn't appeared from nowhere Miley wouldn't have left and he wouldn't have talked to Amy at all or argued with her, and even if that had happened, Miley would have been the one going after Amy right now not him.

Why did Amy's battery have to be dead right now? Why did she have to leave her wallet and key behind? And why did she leave so fast like she was being chased? Why couldn't she have just walked away so he would chase after her and find her instead of...

He stepped on his brake pedal abruptly when he drove past someone dressed in a white dress, and the car came to a screeching halt.

He looked through the rearview mirror, and sure enough, there was Amy walking down the road barefooted with her sandals in hand.

She was walking in the opposite direction and didn't take note of the car that has driven past her or the fact that the car had stopped.

Immediately, he picked up the wallet and car key from the passenger seat and got out of the car. He walked after her in quick steps, wanting to call out to her, but he slowed down when he realized she was speaking to herself.

"Lucas? Sounds more like Look Ass to me," Amy hissed to herself angrily, not caring about the fact that she would look like a crazy person to anyone who saw her talking to herself.

"What an ass! Dr. Hottie my ass! What ever nonsense made me think he was cute or calm? I must have been out of my mind!" She said with a humorless chuckle.

"Senseless idiot! Little wonder he ended up with a stupid bitch like Rachel!" Amy hissed to herself angrily as she continued to walk.

"Water is too good for him. I should have poured the spicy sauce on him instead," Amy said muttered angrily, and then suddenly stopped walking when she noticed another shadow beside hers and realized that she wasn't alone.

She clutched her handbag tighter and swirled around immediately using her handbag to hit him right in the face before she could make out his face.

"Ahhhh!" Lucas cried out as he raised a hand to his face.