

## Wild Night 441

### Chapter 441: Butterflies

"Good morning, Jewel," Tom greeted with a twinkle in his eyes as he watched Lucy's eyes slowly flutter open when her bedside alarm bell went off.

Lucy smiled when she opened her eyes and saw Tom's face hovering above hers. He was lying on his right side with his body propped up on his elbow.

Tom kissed her eyes making her laugh as she weakly pushed him away, "Good morning, Ace. How long have you been up? Why didn't you wake me up?" She asked, turning her mouth away from his face so that he won't be disturbed by her morning breath.

Tom smiled when he noticed what she was doing, and turned her face towards him. He wanted them to be completely comfortable with each other in every state they found themselves in.

"I've been awake for some time now. I didn't wake you up because I didn't want to rush my favorite morning ritual," Tom said, and Lucy looked at him with confused eyes.

"What ritual?"

"My favorite way to begin my day is to watch you wake up. It's like watching the rise of the morning sun. It gives me the same kick," Tom said making Lucy's heart flutter, and a blush stained her cheeks.

"I wonder where you get those cheesy lines," Lucy said, and Tom wiggled his brows.

"You won't believe me if I told you," Tom said, his eyes twinkling with both amusement and mischief, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Try me," she challenged, and Tom grinned.

"Your eyes. When I look into those beautiful diamond-like gray eyes of yours, I'm like a lost man. I'm devoid of every rational thought, and the only words that come to me are expressions of your beauty, virtue, and worth. I could say you are my romantic muse," Tom said, and this time Lucy giggled.

"Now you're being too much. Let's go get ready for work," Lucy said as she tried to get off the bed, but Tom held her back.

"What's the rush for? I'm not in a hurry to face reality. The moment we get off this bed and walk out the door we are going to be faced once again with all the unpleasant things we pushed aside yesterday. So let's just give ourselves this few minutes," Tom pleaded as he sat up on the bed and pulled her back to himself.

He was right. Who knew what other problems they would have to face today? These days they barely spent enough time talking about themselves. It was always about other people and how to take care of problems.

"We are going to be late to work," she reminded him lazily in her last attempt to maintain her workaholic reputation.

"No one is going to query you, I assure you," Tom said, and Lucy sighed, not wanting to tell him it was an abuse of power. If everyone stayed in bed that way with their partners no one would show up at work.

"Besides, it won't be the first time you will be late because of me," Tom reminded her, and Lucy smiled as she sat between his legs and let her back relax against his body.

"So what do you want us to do?" Lucy asked, and Tom shrugged.

"Let's talk about us. Pleasant things. Tell me about the fun places you would love to visit, and those things you have always wanted to do but haven't been able to do," Tom said as he nuzzled her neck, making Lucy's eyes feel heavy.

"I can't think when you are doing that," she said, and Tom chuckled as he paused to give her room to think.

Lucy narrowed her eyes as she thought about it, "I would love to visit Paris and Maldives," Lucy said with a soft sigh when Tom kissed the spot behind her ear.

"For someone who didn't want to be in a romantic relationship, what did you plan to do at such romantic getaway spots?" Tom asked in a teasing tone, not wanting to mention that those were his ideal honeymoon destinations.

Lucy grinned, "I'm sure there is not a single law that states that those places are only meant for romantic getaways," Lucy said defensively as she turned to look at him.

"Who knows? Perhaps going there would have been all you needed to change your mind. You would have been swarmed by lovers everywhere you turned, and would have no other choice than to find yourself one," Tom said, and Lucy looked at him for a moment.

"That would have happened only if you were there. I'm sure it was going to be you or no one else," Lucy said, and this time it was Tom's heart that skipped a beat.

"Is it normal for a man to have butterflies in his belly? Cause I can swear I feel so many butterflies fluttering in my belly right now," Tom said as he raised a hand to his abdomen, and Lucy laughed out loud.

"I suppose you're allowed to have butterflies. You are human just like the rest of us after all," Lucy said with a teasing smile.

"Damn, Lu! You made my heart skip a beat," Tom said, still feeling very touched by her declaration.

"You do that to me all the time," Lucy said with a wide smile on her face as she watched the man she had come to absolutely adore.

"So now that I'm in a relationship with a big shot like you, there is no reason why I shouldn't go there. I will flaunt you and throw our love in all their faces," Lucy said with a wide smile, and Tom found himself smiling back.

"Sure. I'd love that very much. Let's do that after everything is over. Let's go on a vacation alone..."

"What about the family vacation your mom talked about? We can't go separately for ours and then go for that too..."

"Sure, we can," Tom countered.

"Mr. CEO, we can't take leave from work twice in a year," Lucy reminded him, and Tom groaned.

"C'mon, Jewel. Please don't ruin this moment with your workaholic tendencies," Tom pleaded.

"I'm just trying to be realistic..."

Tom sighed, "As the CEO I could suspend you indefinitely for a month if you commit the perfect offense, what do you think?" Tom asked, and Lucy giggled.

"I've worked too long and hard to get here, I won't taint my reputation for a vacation. It might interest you to know that I have received offers from other rival fashion firms trying to poach me," Lucy said, and Tom raised a brow.

"Are we bragging now?" He asked, and Lucy wiggled her brows at him making him chuckle.

He knew how much she loved her job and how much pride she had in her work, so there was little or nothing he could do right now. He had promised to support her in pursuing her career and he had to do his best.

"So do you plan to give up our personal vacation for the family vacation?" Tom asked, and Lucy shook her head.

"No. We are only postponing it. For this year we have to go on a vacation with the family as planned. If Paris or Maldives were places we could go on a weekend getaway we could have done that. So since we may not be able to travel that far out now, we can go for private weekend getaways to nearby locations when we can. And leave the other places for some other time," Lucy suggested, and Tom gave her a nod.

"Okay, that works," Tom said as he reached out to play with her hair.

"I wish today was Sunday," Tom said, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Why Sunday and not Saturday?"

"Because you'd be busy on Saturday, but on Sunday you have nothing doing so we can just stay in bed all morning like..." The rest of his words trailed off when someone knocked on the door.

"Lucy?" Jamal called, making Tom groan.

"That goes our moment of sweetness," Tom said, and Lucy giggled as she got out of bed to go see Jamal.

"Good morning, Jamy Jam," Lucy greeted when she opened the door and saw the bright-eyed kid.

"Good morning, Lucy. Are you not going to the office today?" He asked when he noticed that she was not dressed for work yet.

"What do you want from my girlfriend?" Tom asked as he joined Lucy by the door.

"Good morning to you too," Jamal greeted with a pleasant smile, and Tom narrowed his eyes at him wondering what he was up to.

"We are going to work soon. Are you okay? Did you sleep well?" Lucy asked, and Jamal gave her a nod.

"Can I come to work with you? Please?" Jamal asked, looking at them both with puppy eyes.

"Jam, the office is no place for a child, and..."

"I will be lonely. Samantha and the others are going grocery shopping today. I don't want to go with them it's boring," Jamal explained, and unable to say no to him when he was looking at her that way, Lucy turned to Tom.

"There is no place for him to stay at the company," Tom said when he noticed the way Lucy was blinking at him now with puppy eyes of her own.

"I heard Adolf saying you have a room in your office. I could stay in there quietly. Please. I want to see what your office looks like," Jamal pleaded still looking at him with puppy eyes as he tugged on Tom's pyjamas and Tom sighed.

"Yes, he does. You can take him in through the private elevator. No one is going to see him," Lucy said, and Jamal bobbed his head.

"I promise not to cause any troubles. Cross my heart," Jamal said as he placed both hands front of his chest.

How was he supposed to say no to them both when they were both staring at him that way? It wasn't his fault that he was a sucker for the woman, and had a soft spot for the kid who was fast growing on him, Tom mused, "If you are not ready by the time we come downstairs, I won't wait for you," Tom said, and immediately Jamal embraced Lucy and ran off to fetch Samantha.

"I should go get his mom's DNA sample now," Lucy said when she remembered that she was yet to do that.

Tom gave her a nod, "I will give them a call to prepare them to receive it," Tom said, and just as Lucy headed for Jamal's room, she hesitated and looked back at Tom when she remembered something.

"Jade is working on something related to Sara. I don't know what it is. Did you tell her anything? Or do you think Harry did?" Lucy asked, and Tom's brows pulled together as he shook his head.

"I didn't say anything to her, and I'm not sure Harry did. What did she say about Sara?" Tom asked curiously.

"I will find out the details from Sonia later. I need to hurry so we can get ready for work," Lucy said before walking away, and Tom sighed as he returned inside.

They were back to reality where they had enemies to put down, and friends to raise.

He was glad that he had been able to spend those few minutes laughing and making future plans with Lucy. That precious moment was what he was going to hold on to, to see him through the craziness of the day ahead.

#### Chapter 442: Upset

Harry lay on his bed staring at the ceiling, unsure whether or not he was in the mood to get out of bed. He sighed when his bedside alarm went off and it dawned on him that he had stayed awake all through the night.

All through the night he had tossed and turned restlessly as he tried to make sense of the situation, but no matter how hard he thought about it or how much time he spent thinking about it he couldn't figure out what was going on.

What did it mean that Sara Walker looked exactly like his mother? Did it mean that his father had lied to him about the identity of his mother? Was Sara probably his mom's twin sister and his father had lied to him that she was an orphan? What could have prompted him to want to keep him away from Sara? Why did her calls upset him so much? Why had Tom been equally upset and dragged him off that way? What were they all hiding?

During dinner, he had barely been able to concentrate on anything else, as the only thing on his head had been the name 'Sara Walker' and the question of how she was related to his late mother.

He had been very tempted to ask his father about it, but he had decided not to as he listened to his father singing praises of Lucy and talking about how Tom was lucky to have her in his life, and how he hoped Harry would find a woman like her too.

He was going to wait for the person he had assigned to dig into her life to call back with information on Sara. Even after knowing about it, he wasn't going to say a word of it to his father or anyone else until they opened up to him first. He wanted to see just how long they planned to hide whatever they were hiding.

He reluctantly sat up as he rubbed his eyes which were feeling heavy. Never in his life had he felt so sleep-deprived. The day was yet to start but he was sure it was going to be anything but pleasant. He was already in a foul mood and he felt sorry for anyone that would dare to default at work today.

Once he got off his bed, he changed into his workout clothes before walking out of his bedroom to his exercise room. As he walked past his father's bedroom, he hesitated at the door for only a moment before moving on.

Not feeling motivated to do any serious exercise, he turned on the music player in the room before mounting the treadmill.

He had no idea how long he had been running on the treadmill until the music abruptly stopped playing and the only sound he could hear was his panting.

He stopped running and turned off the treadmill when he saw Aaron standing behind him and watching him with a puzzled frown.

"Good morning, dad. I hope you had a good night's rest," He said without meeting his father's gaze as he moved away from the treadmill and went to the refrigerator at the distal end of the room to pick up a bottle of water.

"What is wrong with you? Why are you running like you are preparing for the Olympics?" Aaron asked with a concerned frown as he moved closer to him, with a towel in hand.

Harry said nothing until he was done drinking the water, and then he took the towel from Aaron, "Thank you," Harry said as he wiped the sweat from his body, and Aaron watched him closely.

"Is everything alright? You have been acting strangely since you returned from work yesterday. Did something happen at work?" Aaron asked as he continued to watch Harry dry his sweat.

"Everything is fine. I'm just preoccupied with some thoughts," Harry said dismissively as he sat on his workout bench and undid the laces of his running shoes.

"Do you want to tell me about it?" Aaron asked and Harry shook his head.

"No."

"Why not?" Aaron asked, and Harry raised a brow, unable to hide his annoyance and bitterness.

"Why should I? thought we are keeping secrets now? Or are we back to telling each other about the things that bother us?" Harry asked, and without waiting for Aaron to respond he headed for the door.

"Harry," Aaron called, surprised by Harry's harsh tone.

Harry opened the door before turning to look at him, "I trust you feel better now and don't need me or Lucy to stay with you. I'm going to prepare for work now. I don't want to be late," Harry said as he walked out of the room, ignoring the pang of guilt in his heart at having talked to his father in that way.

Aaron had a confused frown on his face as he watched him leave, wondering what had come over Harry and why he had spoken to him in that tone.

Forty minutes later as Harry stepped out of his bedroom ready to leave for the office, he saw Aaron waiting for him by the passageway.

While he prepared for work he had called himself all sorts of names and berated himself for being a bad son by speaking to his father in that manner, but he couldn't help feeling angry at his father.

His father was responsible for his sleeplessness and mood. If he wasn't keeping secrets from him he wouldn't have to stay awake all night trying to figure out anything.

"Do you have a moment? Let's talk," Aaron suggested, but Harry glanced at his wristwatch.

"No, I don't. I'm running late for work," Harry said, and Aaron nodded.

"I thought you would say so. How about I see you off to the office and we talk in the car? I will take a cab back home," Aaron suggested, and Harry snorted.

"It's not bring your parents to work day," Harry said, reminding him of what he had said the previous day.

"I'm sorry I have not been able to tell you about what is bothering me," Aaron said apologetically.

"Are you going to tell me about it now?" Harry asked with interest, and Aaron shook his head.

"Monday. Give me until Monday, and then I will tell you about it," Aaron said, and Harry frowned.

"Monday? Why Monday? Why not today? What is happening on Monday that I don't know about?"

"Nothing. I just want to spend the weekend with you normally..."

"HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?" Harry yelled at him, and then he took a deep breath to calm himself.

"Do you think that makes any sense? How can you think that we can spend a normal weekend together when I know you are keeping secrets from me? When I know that you are lying to me?" Harry asked in a slightly raised voice, and Aaron watched him in surprise wondering what Harry knew.

"You know what? Do whatever you want. I don't care," Harry said before walking away.

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Away from there, Tom was stuck in traffic and Lucy kept glancing at her wristwatch and tapping her feet impatiently as she waited for the cars to move.

They had driven to a different part of the city to drop off the DNA specimens that they wanted to be tested at the lab, and on their way to the office, they ran into a traffic jam.

"Calm down," Tom said softly when he noticed how tense she was and how she was rubbing her hands together.

"How can I be calm? At this rate, we are going to get to the office very late..."

"And it's okay," Tom cut in.

"No, it's not!" Lucy snapped at him.

"Stop getting worked up over nothing. You are with me. Nobody is going to scold you," Tom assured her.

"Isn't that the point? I'm with you, and that is why I am even more worried because no one is going to scold me. Everyone is going to have an opinion in their head but no one is going to voice it out. Why do you sound like you don't know what everyone is going to say about my being late?" Lucy asked in a slightly raised voice.

"I don't know. Maybe you should tell me," Tom said, trying not to get upset that she was bringing up the 'What people are going to say' line again.

"They are going to say I come and go as I please because I'm dating the CEO. I am my team's leader! What kind of pace would I be setting for them if I get to the office this late?" Lucy asked, and Tom took in a deep breath to calm himself.

"They are not going to say any such thing. And even if they do, you should ignore them. We have never been this late to work before now, have we? It's not like this was planned," Tom explained as patiently as he could.

"That doesn't mean I should be comfortable with the situation! Maybe if we hadn't spent so much time in bed this morning we wouldn't be running late," Lucy said sounding very upset, and Tom raised a brow as he turned to look at her.

"Really? You are going to bring that into this?" Tom asked angrily, surprising Lucy, and causing Jamal who was sleeping in the backseat to wake up.

"How is your worrying going to help the situation right now? Do you have any idea the number of meetings I have on my schedule for this morning? Do you think I spend my time with you because I don't have work to do?" Tom asked unable to keep calm anymore, and Jamal who was seated in the backseat immediately raised a hand to cover his ears.

Tom caught the movement in the rearview mirror, and turned to look at him, "Are you okay?"

Jamal shook his head, "You are fighting. I don't want to hear you," Jamal said in a fearful voice, and immediately, Lucy turned around in her seat when she realized that he was awake.

"We are not fighting, Jam," Lucy said, flashing him a smile as she reached out to pat his hair.

"We are not fighting. We were just talking," Tom said, but Jamal looked at him with teary eyes.

"You raised your voice. You yelled," Jamal said, and Tom sighed.

"I was upset. I raised my voice because I was upset," Tom explained with a sigh and he reached out to touch Jamal but he flinched and suddenly started crying.

"Please don't hit me," Jamal cried, making Tom frown as he exchanged a confused look with Lucy.

"I wasn't going to hit you," Tom said, wondering why he would think he was going to hit him.

#### Chapter 443: Terrible Father

Jero opened his eyes slowly and was surprised when he saw Candace sitting by his bedside.

He removed the oxygen mask on his nose, "You came back?" He asked weakly, and Candace who had been reading a novel on her phone looked at him before glancing at her wristwatch.

"You have been sleeping for about eighteen hours now. How are you feeling? Should I get the doctor?" Candace asked as she stood up and dropped her phone on the chair.

"Eighteen hours? Have you been here for that long?" Jero asked in a weak but surprised voice.

"Don't sound so surprised. I'm not here because I care about you," she said in a flat tone.

"Then why are you here? To kill me?" Jero asked, and Candace scoffed.

"If I wanted to kill you, we wouldn't be having this conversation by now. You'd be on your way to hell by now," Candace assured him, and Jero looked at her with apologetic eyes.

"I'm sorry for everything..."

"I don't need your apology, Jero. There is nothing you are going to say that is going to make me forgive you. Your apology won't fix anything. It won't change anything you did to Andy or Jamal or me. So save your last few breaths," Candace advised before heading for the door to inform the guards that Jero was awake and they could get the doctor.

After doing that, she returned to her seat and picked up her phone while Jero watched her, "I wanted you to myself," Jero said, and Candace looked at him as he held the oxygen mask away from his face.

"All my life I never had anyone who loved me or cared about me until I met you. My family never cared about me because I wasn't as smart as my siblings. When I saw how you loved me, I wanted to have all your love to myself. I didn't want to share your love with anyone else. Not Andy. Not Jamal either," Jero said, making Candace look at him like he was crazy.

"Love? I don't think that was what you wanted from me. You didn't love me or want my love. If you did, you wouldn't have done any of those things you did. Andy is my sister. Jamal is your own son. They were not in any competition with you! How could you treat them that way?" she asked him incredulously.

"I wanted your undivided attention. You were the only one I cared about. I never cared about Andy. I never really cared about Jamal either. I didn't want him. I never wanted to be a father..."

"You didn't want to be a father? Why did you get me pregnant if you didn't want him? Why did you let me keep him if you were going to treat him like that?" Candace yelled as tears dropped from her eyes and she stood from her seat.



Jero closed his eyes as he tried to breathe before speaking again, "You wanted a child. You said you wanted one. All I wanted was to be loved by you. I wanted you to be happy, so I let you keep him. But when he came you barely gave me your attention..."

"You are sick! So disgustingly sick! And listening to you right now is making me sick!" Candace hissed at him as the door and the two guards at the door walked in.

From the look on their faces, she could tell that they had heard some parts of their conversation if not all, and had come in to make sure she doesn't hurt Jero.

"I know. I realized it when I was in prison. And seeing Jamal's picture made me realize how terrible I was as a father, and that's why I'm begging you," Jero pleaded weakly.

"It took you long enough. Terrible? You think you were terrible? If there is a word worse than that, then that is what you are. You were not only terrible as a father. You were terrible as a human being. Do you have any idea how traumatized they both were because of you? Do you have any idea how many times Andy cried herself to sleep because of you? Do you know the number of times Jamal suffered from nightmares because of you? Or how hard it was for him at school because he was always scared of his male teachers? Do you know how hard it was for me to watch them both suffer because of you?" Candace yelled angrily not concerned about the fact that they had audience.

She watched as tears of regret dropped from Jero's eyes and his ECG heart monitor began to beep, "I'm sorry..." Jero said with a gasp.

"Sorry? Who is the apology meant for? Me? Jamal? Andy?" Candace asked with a shake of her head as she picked up her bag, wondering what had possessed her to think she could stay by his side or care for him in the first place.

"Please tell them I'm sorry," Jero said weakly as his ECG monitor continued to beep loudly, and Candace turned to the door when it opened and the doctor hurried to his bedside with two nurses following him.

"I'm done here. Please let me know when he dies," Candace said as she headed for the door, but before she could walk through the door, the sound of the monitor changed and she looked back when she saw the flatlines displayed on the monitor.

"Time of death, 08:15 AM," the doctor announced before turning to look at Candace.

Away from there, seeing Jamal's reaction, Lucy quickly opened the door and got out of the passenger seat, and went to join Jamal in the backseat, "No one is going to hit you," Lucy said as she embraced him.

"He is going to hit me," Jamal cried as he hid his face from Lucy.

"Tom would never hit you. You know that, don't you?" Lucy asked as she held him close and kissed his forehead while patting his back.

Tom said nothing as he looked away from both Lucy and Jamal, directing his attention to the cars in front of them.

Why did he feel like Jamal was reacting to something someone had done to him? Was it possible he had been physically abused? Tom wondered with a frown, not wanting to believe that his father

could have done something like that to such a little boy. He hoped not else he was going to make the bastard pay.

Soon Jamal relaxed in the back as Lucy hummed a tune to him, while Tom looked at them through the rearview mirror.

Tom sighed when he glanced at his wristwatch and saw that it was 08:15 already. He had a meeting scheduled for 09:00 AM, and from the looks of things, he doubted that they would get to the office in time for his meeting so he dialed Harry's line.

"Good morning, Harry. Are you at the office already?" Tom asked immediately after the call connected.

"Am I not supposed to be at the office by past eight?" Harry asked irritably, causing Tom to frown.

"Are you okay? Is there a problem?" Tom asked with concern.

"I woke up on the wrong side of the bed. Why are you calling?" Harry asked impatiently.

"We are running late. I'm stuck in a traffic jam and I don't think I can get to the office in time for our meeting with Mr. Willoughby, so you may have to start without me," Tom explained, and Harry raised a brow.

"A traffic jam? We both know there is hardly ever traffic on the route from your place to work. Is Lucy with you? Are you both running late on purpose? I told you I wasn't going to condone it if you were making me Co-CEO just so you could slack off..."

"Cut the crap, Harry! What is wrong with you?" Tom snapped at him irritably, and without waiting for Harry to say another word he hung up.

Once again, Jamal started crying, while Lucy looked at Tom in confusion, wondering why he was yelling at Harry.

Tom took a deep breath, feeling annoyed at everyone. Why did the day which had started so beautifully have to take such an ugly turn?

"I'm sorry, Jamal," Tom said as he met Jamal's gaze in the rearview mirror, and Tom looked at him for a moment before taking out his handkerchief from his pocket and extending it to him.

"You shouldn't cry too much. You look even more ugly when you cry and I doubt Lucy is going to like you very much when she sees your crying face," he said, making a funny face at Jamal as he turned to look at him, and Jamal forced a smile as he took the handkerchief from him.

Lucy smiled as she helped Jamal dry his tears before looking at Tom, "What is the problem? Why did you yell at Harry?" Lucy asked Tom, and he shook his head.

"It's nothing," Tom said without looking at her, but she could tell that he was upset, and she felt sorry because she knew that she had contributed to his current mood.

"I'm sorry I ruined your mood. I shouldn't have said what I said about wasting time in bed. I was upset and I took it out on you unfairly. I love you and..."

Tom sighed, "I love you too, and I'm sorry I raised my voice."

"My job is important to me. I know that you may not understand..."

"I understand you, Lu. I get you more than you think. I don't have a problem with you loving your job. My only problem right now is that you seem to believe you are the only one making sacrifices for our relationship. I don't think you realize that I also face criticism. I am criticized in the same manner. Do you think it's different simply because I'm the boss and you are the lady?" Tom asked, and Lucy's brows pulled together as she thought about it.

Tom sighed as he watched her, "Let's leave it at that. Don't you think you should give your teammates a call to inform them that you will be late?" He reminded her, and Lucy held his gaze for some seconds before taking out her phone from her handbag to do as he had suggested.

Tom winked at Jamal when he caught the kid staring at him through the rearview mirror, and made a funny face at him causing Jamal to laugh. Tom made a mental note to ask Jade about Jamal's relationship with his father.

As Lucy returned the phone to her handbag after putting a call across to her office, it beeped with a message notification and she took it out to see that it was a text from Sonia.

[I just spoke with Jade. I can't call because I'm in the car with Bryan and his parents. Jade said her boss is trying to help your aunt find her lost daughter, but it has to be kept a secret. Do you know anything about your aunt having a missing daughter? Don't you think you should tell Jade about it?]

Lucy sighed as she read the text. Knowing how smart Jade was, Lucy did not doubt that it wouldn't take a long time before Jade would put everything together.

All she needed was Sara's pre-surgery photos, and once she was able to figure out that Sara was the same person in the photo in Harry's bedroom, she would put all the pieces together.

She was beginning to doubt that Aaron's secret would stay secret for much longer, she thought with a sigh and looked up to see Tom staring at her through the rearview mirror.

"Jade's boss is trying to help Sara find her missing daughter," she informed Tom with a worried frown.

"Let's not talk about that right now," Tom said as he looked from her to Jamal who was still staring at Tom.

Following his gaze, Lucy understood what he meant and gave him a nod, "Alright."

Tom returned his attention to the road when the car behind him honked, and he sighed in relief when he realized that the cars were moving again, and it seemed like whatever had blocked the road had been taken care of.

Now that he had resolved his issue with Lucy, and Jamal seemed fine, his thoughts drifted to Harry. Why did Harry sound so upset? It wasn't like Harry to speak to him in that manner, so what was wrong? Was it about yesterday? Tom mused.

He wasn't looking forward to spending the day with a grumpy Harry. He had a feeling that this was going to be another long day.

Chapter 444: Lucy Versus Car

Immediately after they arrived at the company, Tom pulled the car to a stop in front of the building for Lucy to get down before turning to Jamal, "Do you want to go with her? Or can you stay alone in my office?" Tom asked, and Jamal looked at Tom for a brief moment before shaking his head.

"I want to see your office," he said quietly, and Tom gave him a nod before looking at Lucy.

Although they had apologized to each other, there was still some tension between them, and Tom could tell that Lucy wasn't comfortable.

"I will give you a call after my meeting," he promised, and she gave him a nod before kissing Jamal's forehead and getting out of the car.

"Have a nice day," Lucy called out to him before walking away while Tom and Jamal watched her until she disappeared from view.

"It's just the both of us now, boy," Tom said with a wink as he drove away from there to his private parking lot.

"Who owns all these cars?" Jamal asked as he looked around the parking lot after Tom parked the car.

"They're mine," Tom said, and Jamal's eyes bulged out as he looked at him.

"But you have some at home. You can't drive them all, can you?" Jamal asked, and Tom chuckled.

"Yeah, I can't."

"So why do you have so many if you can't drive them all? Isn't it a waste?" Jamal asked curiously, and Tom shook his head, enjoying the conversation.

"Not really. I love to look at them. Cars are my favorite toys," Tom said, and Jamal watched him with interest.

"Can you let me have one?" Jamal asked, and Tom chuckled.

"You are too young to drive," Tom pointed out.

"My mom isn't too young. She can drive me," Jamal said, and Tom laughed softly.

"That makes sense. We could arrange for that," Tom said as he led Jamal to his private elevator.

Neither of them said a word to each other until they were in Tom's private elevator and Jamal looked up at him, "So you are like the boss around here, huh?" Jamal asked, and Tom smiled.

"You could say that," Tom said, and Jamal frowned not understanding his response.

"Are you the boss or not?" Jamal asked, and Tom looked down at him.

"What if I say I am?" He asked, and Jamal shrugged.

"Do you think you could give my mom and aunt Andy a job?" Jamal asked, and Tom raised a brow.

"Don't your mom have a job?" Tom asked, and Jamal shook his head.

"She doesn't like her job. She comes back late at night and she is always tired. Sometimes when they think I'm sleeping I hear them talking about how some man touched them rudely. There are no rude men here, right?" Jamal asked, and Tom looked at him, marveling at how thoughtful he was at his age.

"I don't think so," Tom said, and Jamal nodded with approval.

"I want her to work during the day when I go to school and stay with me at night," Jamal explained reasonably.

"That's fine. I will give them a job. Is that all you want?" Tom asked, and he watched in amusement as Jamal's eyes lit up with mischief.

"There is one more thing I want," Jamal said, and Tom chuckled.

"No."

"How can you say no when you don't even know what I'm going to say?" Jamal asked with a frown, and Tom laughed.

"Who says I don't know what you were going to say?" Tom asked, and Jamal looked at him doubtfully.

"What was I going to say?" He asked curiously.

"It was about Lucy, wasn't it?" Tom asked, and Jamal grinned.

"How did you know?"

"You don't have to know how I knew. The answer remains the same!" Tom said, and Jamal scowled.

"I won't get upset or yell at her," Jamal said with a sigh, and Tom shook his head, amused by Jamal's personality.

"Yeah, right. Save that promise for your future girlfriend," Tom muttered as they walked out of the elevator.

"I don't want a future girlfriend. I want Lucy," Jamal said stubbornly.

"You can only get one. Lucy or the car?" Tom asked, and Jamal looked up at him with a frown.

"Why can't I have both?" Jamal asked, and Tom chuckled.

"You've got guts, young man. How can you expect me to give you a car and my girlfriend too?" Tom asked, and Jamal narrowed his eyes thoughtfully.

"Does Lucy have a car?" Jamal asked, and Tom gave him a nod.

"Yeah."

"I choose Lucy then. We can both use her car," Jamal said with a grin, making Tom double over with laughter.

He really liked this kid, Tom thought as he led Jamal into his office.

"Wow! This is awesome!" Jamal exclaimed in awe as he looked around the office, and Tom smiled as he watched him.

"What is that?" Jamal asked, pointing at the 3D architectural design of the resort Tom was working on.

"It's an architectural design. You can leave the rest of your questions for later. I have to leave for a meeting now. Make sure you don't touch any documents on my desk. I will ask someone to check on you and get you whatever you need," Tom said and Jamal distractedly gave him a nod as he headed towards the architectural design.

"Don't touch that either," Tom called out to him, and Jamal turned to look at him again.

"You are not joking about giving my mom a job, right?" Jamal asked, and Tom gave him a nod

"I'm not. Got to go now," Tom assured him before hurrying out of the office and heading to the conference hall where they were meeting for a contract renewal with the security agency in charge of I-Global.

Harry raised his head from the file he was looking at when the door opened and Tom walked into the conference hall.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Tom said apologetically to everyone in the hall, but Harry said nothing as he returned his attention to the document in front of him.

"It's fine. Mr. Jonas explained that you were running late. You're not the type to show up late for such an important meeting. I hope there is no problem?" Mr. Willoughby inquired politely as he shook hands with Tom.

"I had to run an errand and got stuck in traffic on my way. Once again I apologize for my tardiness," Tom said, and Mr. Willoughby gave him a nod.

"I'm glad you could join us. We were discussing the renewal of our contract with your company, and we were just showing Mr. Jonas here, our new terms and conditions," Mr. Willoughby said as his assistant passed one of the files to Tom, and he glanced at Harry as he waited for him to speak and bring him up to speed with their discussion.

Not letting his annoyance show, Harry gave Tom a breakdown of all they had discussed, and even though it was not obvious to the others that Harry was upset, Tom could tell.

He had no idea what bee had gotten into Harry's bonnet, and as much as he understood that Harry wasn't the type to be upset without a tangible reason, he didn't appreciate Harry's cold attitude towards him.

On one hand, he knew that Harry was probably acting up because he felt he was keeping secrets from him, but he also expected Harry to understand that he wouldn't be doing that if it wasn't necessary.

Besides, he wouldn't have arrived late for the meeting if he hadn't taken Aaron's and Candace's DNA samples to the lab, and he had done that because he wanted to know if Candace was Harry's missing sister and present that to Harry and Aaron to help them resolve their misunderstanding faster.

After the meeting was over and the others walked away from the hall, neither Tom nor Harry left their seats as was their usual habit.

"What's wrong? Why are you acting up?" Tom asked, and Harry raised a brow.

"I'm acting up because I questioned your tardiness?" Harry asked, and Tom tried to put a rein on his temper. He suspected that Harry was spoiling for a fight and looking for a way to let out his anger.

There was no need to be upset when Harry was upset too. He tried to put himself in Harry's shoes and told himself that he would probably act this way too if he felt Harry was hiding something from him.

"Is this about yesterday? Or did I do something I don't know about?" Tom asked patiently.

"I already told you I woke up on the wrong side of the bed, I don't know what else you want me to say," Harry said as he stood up, and Tom sighed.

"You know I wouldn't do anything without putting your well-being into consideration, right?" Tom asked, and Harry met his gaze.

It annoyed Harry that he wasn't the type to keep secrets or hide how he was feeling from Tom. And no matter how much he didn't want to talk about what he had discovered last night, he couldn't help it.

"I found out the identity of the lady we met outside the restaurant yesterday," Harry said, making Tom's heart skip a beat.

"How? Did she call you?" Tom asked with a worried frown, not wanting to believe that Sara had ignored Lucy's warning.

"Why would she call me? And shouldn't you be asking me who she is, instead of asking me how I found out her identity? Or am I to assume that you know who she is already?" Harry asked with a slightly raised brow.

#### Chapter 445: Jero's Package

Jade had been on her way to visit the orphanage home Amos had told her about when she received the news of Jero's death, so she had rushed down to the hospital first.

"How do you feel?" Jade asked after she returned from the doctor's office to meet Candace.

"Exhausted," Candace confessed as she embraced her and just held on to her.

All the fight had left her the moment the doctor had declared Jero dead. Although she still had so much anger and resentment left in her, but what was the point of being bitter at a dead man?

"Why don't I take you back to the hotel, and then I will make some calls to discuss what is to be done with the body?" Jade asked, and Candace gave her a nod.

"Let's do that," Candace said weakly as she let her lead her out of the hospital and to the parking lot.

"You know, I realized how futile it was to have stayed back here with him. Imagine yelling at a dying man. They must have all thought I was crazy," Candace said with humorless laughter after they were seated in the car.

"Did staying back with him make you feel better or worse?" Jade asked as she started the car and drove out of the parking lot.

"I don't know. I'm indifferent. Maybe I stayed back because a part of me wanted to watch him suffer. Or maybe it was because I wanted answers. I wanted to know why he was that way. I don't think I feel better or worse," Candace said, and Jade sighed.

"Everything will be okay. And you can return to Jamal now that Jero is dead," Jade said with a small smile, but Candace shook her head.

"I can't do that until I'm sure everything is over. I want to see the cartel lords go to jail. I want to be able to start afresh with Jamal and Andy without worrying about them showing up," Candace said, and even though Jade didn't exactly agree with her decision, she decided not to say anything about it for the time being.

"How did it go with Matt yesterday?" Jade asked, wanting to change the subject, and to her surprise and relief Candace smiled.

"He was quite the gentleman as always. Did you invite him here?" Candace asked, and Jade shrugged.

"That was two days before Jero was hospitalized. I wanted him to talk you out of your dangerous plan," Jade explained, and Candace smiled sadly.

"You must have been very worried about that," Candace said, and Jade gave her a nod.

"Yes. I was. Look how things turned out. I guess we were both just worried about things that were never going to happen," Jade said with a smile, and Candace smiled back at her.

"Thank you for being here, Jade. You have no idea how much it means to me," Candace said, and Jade gave her a nod.

"It's fine. By the way, do you know anything about the orphanage being run at Sacred Heart Catholic Church at Westside?" Jade asked, and Candace looked at her curiously.

"Yes. That is the orphanage home where I was raised. Why do you ask?" Candace asked curiously, but before Jade could respond, Candace's phone started to ring and she hesitantly received the call when she saw that it was from an unsaved number.

"Hello! Am I on to Candace?" The male voice at the other end of the line asked, and Candace turned to Jade as she placed the call on speaker.

"Yes, this is Candace. May I know who I'm speaking with?" Candace asked without responding to the question.

"It's Bill. I left you a package at the hotel. It's from Jero."

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Lucy had just concluded a meeting with the members of her team and was dishing out some instructions to one of the ladies when the main office door opened and Aaron walked in.

"Aaron!" Lucy exclaimed in surprise when she turned to see who had walked in and saw him.

"Are you okay? Is everything alright?" She asked as she hurried to him when she noticed how pale he looked, and took his hand as she led him into her office, away from the curious eyes of her team members.

"Why are you here? Did something happen? Did Sara bother you again?" Lucy asked immediately she closed the door behind them.

"No, she didn't. I don't think I can wait until Monday as I planned. I have to talk to Harry today. I think he knows something," Aaron said as Lucy made him sit down on one of the chairs in the office.

"What happened? Did he say anything?" Lucy asked with concern as she took the seat beside him and held his hands.

"He didn't, but I know he is upset. I wanted to talk to you about it before going to his office," Aaron said, and Lucy sighed.



"Did he tell you why he is upset?" She asked, and Aaron shook his head.

"He said we can't have a normal weekend when he knows that I'm lying to him," Aaron said, and Lucy sighed.

"That is true. I think you should go with your gut and tell him now. At the rate everything is going, I don't think you will have another chance to do so after now," Lucy said, and Aaron gave her a nod.

"I think so too. But what if he gets more upset?" Aaron asked with a worried frown, and Lucy shook her head.

"Just trust him, Aaron. Harry is a reasonable man. The longer you keep this away from him the worse it will get. You won't be doing either of you any good by keeping it away from him much longer considering how upset he is already," Lucy said quietly, and Aaron sighed.

"I guess you are right. Keeping secrets from him is upsetting him already," Aaron said, and Lucy squeezed his hands reassuringly.

"Everything is going to be fine. Maybe not immediately, but eventually. I could escort you to his office and wait outside until you're done speaking with him if it would make you feel better," Lucy offered, and Aaron gave her a weak smile.

"You would do that?" He asked, and she gave him a nod.

"Sure. I will give Tom a call to find out if they are done with their meeting and if Harry is in his office, then we can leave," Lucy said as she reached for her phone which was on the table, and dialed Tom's line.

Away from there, Tom pinched the bridge of his nose as he stood from his seat and met Harry's questioning gaze, "I don't know who..."

"Don't. Do us both a favor and don't lie to me, Tom. I'm tired of hearing you lie to me. Please be straight with me," Harry pleaded, and Tom sighed.

"I can't," Tom said weakly, and Harry shook his head.

"So you admit that you have been lying to me since yesterday morning?" Harry asked with a mirthless smile.

"You know that I won't lie to you if it wasn't necessary. Whatever I'm doing is because I care about you," Tom said, and Harry shook his head.

"I would never lie to you whether or not it was necessary. You know that" Harry said, and Tom ran a finger through his hair.

"I wish I could tell you what's up, Harry. But I can't. I promised that I wasn't going to say a word to you. You have to hear whatever it is directly from your dad. Please try to understand me," Tom pleaded, and Harry held his gaze for a moment, but before Harry could say anything Tom's phone began to ring and he received the call when he saw that it was from Lucy.

"I hope I'm not interrupting your meeting?" Lucy asked immediately after the call connected.

"You are not. The meeting is over. Is there a problem?" Tom asked as he looked away from Harry who was still staring at him.

"Not exactly. Do you think Harry is in his office? Aaron is here to see him," Lucy said, and Tom raised a brow.

"Aaron is here to see him?" Tom asked, and immediately Harry heard his father's name, he raised a brow.

"Yes. He wants to tell him about Sara. Can I escort him to Harry's office now? Or is Harry busy?" Lucy asked, and Tom shook his head.

"I'm sure he would want to see him. You can take him to his office," Tom said and returned his attention to Harry after Lucy hung up.

"My dad is here?" Harry asked, and Tom gave him a nod.

"You should go to your office. He is here to tell you everything you want to know," Tom said, and before he could finish speaking Harry headed for the door.

"Harry?" Tom called, and Harry paused and turned to look at him.

"Try not to be too hard on yourself or Aaron," Tom said, and Harry walked away without saying a word.

Tom sighed, not sure if he should follow Harry to his office or just let the father and son take care of their business.

He was worried. Very worried. But at the same time, he was relieved that Aaron had decided to finally open up to Harry and not keep things to himself anymore. It was better for them all this way, he thought as he walked out of the conference room and headed for his office to go check on Jamal before his next meeting.

#### Chapter 446: Your Mother

By the time Lucy and Aaron arrived at Harry's office, Harry was already inside his office, standing by the window and looking outside as he waited for his father to arrive.

He had informed his secretary that his father was coming, and she was to let him in immediately.

"Good morning. This is Aaron Jonas. Please can you let Mr. Jonas know that his father is here to meet him," Lucy informed Harry's secretary immediately they walked into the office and she stood up at once.

"Good morning, sir. You're welcome, please come with me," she said with a polite smile as she stepped away from her seat.

"I will be waiting out here. Don't worry, everything will be fine," Lucy assured Aaron with a bright smile as she squeezed his hand assuringly even though her stomach was churning with anxiety and her heart was beating really fast.

Although Aaron was feeling very anxious and he was scared to go in, he gave Lucy a nod before following Harry's secretary to the office.

Harry's secretary had observed the exchange between Lucy and Aaron, and she couldn't help but be curious about the relationship between them and why Lucy wanted to wait outside. What were they going to talk about? She wondered as she knocked on Harry's door.

Harry turned his attention from the window when his secretary knocked on the door just once before pushing it open, "Your father is here, Mr. Jonas," Harry's secretary announced with a bright smile as she held the door open for Aaron to walk in.

"Thank you," Harry said with a curt nod before looking at his father with a blank expression as he walked into the office.

"What would you like me to serve?" She asked Harry and Aaron curiously, but they both shook their head.

"Thank you. We are fine," Harry said, and somehow the secretary could sense the tension in the office so she excused herself.

Before she could return to her desk, Lucy cleared her throat to get her attention, "Please, if you don't mind could you go over to Mr. Hank's office to wait for a bit? I will call you when they are done," Lucy said with a polite smile.

She didn't know how Harry was going to react to it, and in case he yelled or something, she didn't want anyone to get wind of what was happening between father and son. That was always how rumors started.

Harry's secretary frowned at her, "But..."

"Please do as she said," Tom said as he walked into the office.

"I was coming to get you anyway. There's a kid in my office I want to introduce you to. I need you to help me babysit him after I leave for my next meeting if you don't mind. You could take whatever you need with you to my office," Tom said, and the secretary gave Tom a nod as she gathered the things on her desk before heading for the door to join Tom.

"I will be out here waiting for Aaron," Lucy said when Tom gave her a questioning look.

Tom gave her a nod, "I will join you after I've introduced her to Jamal," Tom assured Lucy before walking away.

Immediately after Tom left with Harry's secretary, Lucy went to stand by the door, and she pressed her ear against it so that she could hear what they were talking about, but it seemed like Harry's office was soundproof just like Tom's office and she couldn't hear anything. With a dejected sigh, she lowered herself to one of the seats in the office while silently praying that things would go smoothly.

Inside the office, Harry remained standing and didn't bother to sit down even as Aaron moved further into the office. His heart ached when he recognized the worry lines on Aaron's face. It seemed like his father had gotten older in the last couple of days. What secret could make his usually bold and carefree father look so anxious and insecure?

"I'm sorry I came here without calling you first," Aaron said apologetically as he stood by the desk looking at him uncertainly.

"You don't have to apologize for coming to your son's office. Did you have breakfast and take your medication before leaving the house?" Harry asked grudgingly as he watched his father, wishing that things didn't have to be so awkward between them.

Aaron shook his head, "How do you expect me to eat after you left the way you did? But you don't have to worry, I took my medication," Aaron assured him, and Harry gave him a nod.

"Why did you come?" Harry asked quietly before glancing at his wristwatch. He was supposed to be leaving for his next appointment at the airline.

"I want to talk with you. Can you talk right now? I could wait if you are busy right now," Aaron offered, and Harry's heart ached as he looked at his father's.

As important as the meeting at the airline was, hearing his father out was more important to him. He wanted everything to be out in the open so he could go back to having a pleasant relationship with his father and friends. More importantly, he wanted his father to get over whatever it was and be fine.

"Give me a minute," he said as he dialed his secretary's line.

"Place all my appointments on hold until I tell you otherwise, and put a call to that effect across to everyone I'm supposed to meet," Harry instructed, and then he hung up the call and looked at his father.

"We can talk now," Harry said as he went to sit on one of the sofas in the office. He didn't want to make his father uncomfortable by sitting behind his desk like it was an official meeting.

Aaron had never felt more anxious in his life than he did at that moment as he walked over to where Harry was seated and sat down on the sofa opposite him.

Aaron's eyes were filled with tears as he looked down at his hands which were trembling, and Harry had a frown on his face as he looked at his father wondering just how bad his secret was.

All of Harry's anger and resentment were forgotten the moment he saw a tear fall from his father's eyes. He rose from his seat immediately and went to sit beside his father.

"What is the problem, dad?" Harry asked with a concerned frown, hating that his father was this way.

"I'm sorry, Harry. I never planned for things to happen this way. I'm so sorry," Aaron cried, unable to control himself or his emotions as his whole body shuddered with a sob.

Although Aaron had always taught him that expressing emotions wasn't a gender thing, and a man had as much right as a woman to cry and express himself in any way he felt comfortable doing so, Harry had never seen his father cry, and seeing him this way bothered him a lot more than he could say.

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me," Aaron cried, and Harry felt his heart break for his father as he placed his arms around him.

"Stop crying, dad. Calm down. Whatever it is you can tell me about it. We will figure it out together," Harry murmured as he embraced him.

Aaron remained silent for some time as he tried to pull himself together, and Harry handed him his handkerchief, "You can talk to me," Harry assured him, and Aaron looked up at him with teary eyes.

"I'm sorry," Aaron said as he shut his eyes.

"Quit apologizing and just tell me what it is," Harry said calmly, and Aaron gave him a nod as he opened his eyes.

"The person who has been calling... I mean the person who called the last time you received my phone call. Her name is Sara," Aaron said, and Harry gave him a nod, urging him to go on.

There was no need to tell him that he knew her name and about their meeting at the restaurant or the fact that he knew she looked identical to his mother and he had asked someone to investigate her. It was better this way. He preferred to hear everything directly from his father.

"Who is she to you?" Harry asked quietly.

"Sara is--- she is---," unable to bring himself to say the words, Aaron closed his eyes tightly, and raised a trembling hand to his chest.

His heart was beating fast as though it would burst, and at the same time, his heart ached for fear of what would come after now.

"Who is she?" Harry asked again calmly as he took his father's trembling hands and held them firmly to calm him.

"Your mother," Aaron said, and immediately Harry stiffened.

"She is your mother. She is not dead as I told you. I lied to you," Aaron said, and even though Harry's first instinct was to stand up and move away from Aaron, he didn't.

"I'm sorry," Aaron said, and even though his heart was beating fast as he waited for Harry to react or speak, he felt like a load had been lifted off his shoulders.

#### Chapter 447: Deeply Hurt

Harry sighed as he buried his face in his hands. Perhaps it was because he had been so tense for the last two days wanting to know what his father was hiding from him, but now that he heard it he didn't even know how to react. He just felt numb.

Seeing how his father had cried earlier and how tough things had been for him in the last couple of days to the point that he had been sick, Harry couldn't bring himself to react harshly to his father's revelation.

He just sat there. He didn't say a word or let any emotion show on his face as he tried to make sense of what his father had just said.

He couldn't say he was exactly surprised. The thought had crossed his mind but he had pushed it away because he didn't believe that his father would lie to him about something like that for so long, but hearing this from his father now? He didn't know what to think.

"Please say something," Aaron said anxiously when Harry remained silent after some time.

"My mother?" Harry asked slowly as he looked at Aaron when it suddenly clicked in his head that Aaron was telling him that the woman he had met in front of the restaurant the previous day was actually his biological mother.

That woman? There had been nothing in her words or attitude to show that he was her son. She had called his name. Didn't that mean that she knew who he was? If she was aware that he was her son

why had she talked to him as though such a relationship did not exist between them? What kind of mother spoke with a son who knew next to nothing about her existence that way?

Tears gathered in Aaron's eyes, "I'm sor..."

"Why? Why did you lie that she was dead?" Harry asked in a weary voice as he looked at his father who seemed like he was going to start crying in another moment.

He had never known his father to be so emotional. What could that woman have done to make him this way?

If he was going to be mad at his father, he needed to at least know what had spurred his usually reasonable father into making the decision to keep something like that away from him.

He knew his father. He loved his father. And as much as his father's lie hurt him, he didn't want to get angry without hearing him out. His father who had played both roles of father and mother deserved that much from him.

"What happened between you both? Were you married to her?" Harry asked once again, and Aaron gathered all the courage he could muster to tell him the truth.

He told him everything he had told Lucy. How he had met Sara, and how they ended up getting married when she was pregnant.

"She left us. Some days after you were born, I got back home from work one day and she was gone. You were alone in your cot and all she left behind was this note," Aaron concluded as he reached inside his coat pocket and took out the letter that he had kept over these years hoping to never have any reason to show it to Harry.

Harry took the letter from him. It read;

[Aaron, I can't do this with you anymore. I thought I could be content with living only as the woman you loved, but after having your child I realized that I can't be content with this lifestyle. I'm not cut out for marriage or raising a baby. There is more out there for me, and I'm leaving to find it. I'm leaving for Italy. I'm going to pursue my dreams. If you love me as you claim you do, then do not try to find me. I need to forge ahead and put this phase of my life behind me. PS: You must have realized by now that I took all the money. I deserve that much for carrying your child, don't I?]

Harry's blood sizzled with anger and he clenched his teeth as he read the note. When he was done he shut his eyes against the anger and pain he was feeling in his heart as he crumpled the paper in his hands.

He didn't know whether it was for himself or Aaron he was hurting, but his chest was feeling very tight, and breathing was almost difficult.

He didn't want to imagine how his father must have felt to come back home to such a letter after losing one child. She had not only abandoned them, but she had also stolen from him. She had taken his father's money as compensation for birthing him.

"I'm sorry," Aaron pleaded when Harry stood up from the couch and moved away from him.

Regardless of how hurt Harry felt on behalf of Aaron, he was angry at him too. He was mad at his father for not just hiding something like this from him, but for making him think of his mother as an angel when in reality she was an awful and selfish person.

Aaron stood up, "I couldn't tell you the truth."

"This isn't about being unable to tell me the truth. You made me believe in a lie. You made me love a person that never existed," Harry said, trying not to raise his voice.

Aaron shook his head this time, "I'm not trying to make any excuses for lying to you, but after what I experienced growing up I didn't want you to grow up feeling like I did..."

"You could have stopped at saying she is dead. You didn't have to make her out to be a saint," Harry said with tears in his eyes as he tried not to sound as upset as he actually felt.

How many times had he stayed up at night talking to the picture of his mother and telling her everything that was going on in his life? How many times had he longed for her while he was ill and even dreamt of her? How could that kind of person be the mother he had been longing for? How? Harry mused angrily.

"I'm sorry. I never expected her to show up again. I never thought we would have to face her. I did what I thought was best for you. For us," Aaron cried as he staggered on his feet, and Harry quickly hurried to his side to steady him.

One look at his father and seeing how pale and old he looked, Harry's heart ached, and he sighed as he placed both hands on his father's shoulder before making him sit down.

"I know. I trust you enough to know that you did whatever you did with my best interest at heart. But I wish you trusted me enough to tell me about it. You didn't have to let things get to this stage first," Harry said, tears dropping from his eyes as he looked at his father.

"I'm sorry," Aaron apologized weakly.

"What does she want now? And why did you meet with her yesterday?" Harry asked, and Aaron's heart skipped a beat as he looked at Harry in shock, wondering how he knew about the meeting with Sara.

"I didn't hear it from Tom or Lucy. They kept your secret," Harry assured him, knowing that Aaron probably thought he had heard it from them.

"I want to hear everything from you. The truth, please," Harry added, and Aaron sighed as he looked at Harry who gave him an encouraging nod, urging him to go on.

Harry listened patiently as Aaron told him how Sara had suddenly reached out to him some weeks ago, saying she wanted to meet with their son. Aaron told him how he had refused initially and how she had kept pressuring him to do so and threatened to meet with Harry herself if he didn't do as she said.

"You mean this was the reason you were so anxious and almost had a heart attack? You could easily have told me about this and I would have handled it. Why didn't you tell me about it?" Harry asked with a shake of his head.

"I was scared," Aaron admitted and Harry frowned.

"Scared of what?" Harry asked in confusion.

"I thought you would be mad at me and cut me off if you found out that I lied to you," Aaron said, and Harry looked at him incredulously.

"Cut you off? Why would I ever do that to you over something like this?"

"I know better than anyone else how much you hate being lied to. I lied to you, and I'm sorry," Aaron said with tears in his eyes, and Harry shook his head.

"Dad, I may hate lies, but I also love you much more than I hate being lied to. I don't think you understand your place in my life. You are all the family I have. You have been both my mom, my dad, and my brother. I could never have asked for a better parent than you. We have been through so much together, and I expect you to trust me enough to know that I would NEVER cut you off over something like this," Harry paused for his words to sink in.

"I'm not saying that I'm not mad at you. I am angry. I am deeply hurt and disappointed that you kept this from me. I will need some time to put my thoughts together, but I want you to know that I can't push you away from me over this or anything else. Don't ever let something like that bother you," Harry promised calmly as he continued to look at Aaron until Aaron gave him a nod.

"I understand," Aaron said quietly, feeling deeply relieved that Harry was handling the situation much better than he had expected.

"What did you discuss with her yesterday? Why did Lucy go with you?" Harry asked, and Aaron glanced at the door when he remembered that Lucy had promised to wait outside until they were done.

"I don't know what Lucy said to her. I couldn't stand being there with her so I left for some time to catch my breath, but before I returned to join them they were done speaking. Perhaps you should ask Lucy about it."

#### Chapter 448: Girl In The Picture

"What do you think is in the package Jero left you? Did you ask him about it when you were alone with him?" Jade asked curiously after Candace was done with the phone call with Bill, but Candace shook her head.

"I don't know what he left. It didn't occur to me to ask him about that. I'm not sure I care about it either," Candace said with a dismissive shrug.

"Perhaps he left you and Jamal some money," Jade said as she turned her gaze away from the road to look at Candace who was staring at her with curious eyes.

"I don't think so. And even if that were the case, I wouldn't touch a dime from it. I'm not interested in his ill-gotten wealth," Candace said dismissively.

However, she was more interested in something else; the discussion they had been having before Bill's phone call came in, "By the way, you were talking about the orphanage home at Sacred Heart Catholic Church. Did something happen? Is there a problem there?" Candace asked with concern.

It had been two years since she last visited the orphanage home, even though she and Andy tried their best to send money to them whenever they could. That was their home, and she intended to visit there before returning to Ludus to get Jamal.

"Oh, that!" Jade said, making a mental note to inform Tom about the name of the orphanage home where Candace was raised so he could look into her past as planned.



"There is no problem. It's just a case I'm working on. I'm trying to help someone find her missing daughter. I was going to drive down to the orphanage home before I received the news of Jero's death," Jade explained, and although, Candace was relieved that everything was fine at the orphanage, she pursed her lips thoughtfully when she heard that Jade was trying to help someone find their missing child.

"And you were told the child is at the orphanage home?" Candace asked, wondering which of the kids at the orphanage home could be the missing child since she was familiar with most of them and often visited them with Andy before they had to run away and go into hiding after Jero's arrest.

"Most likely was. Not is. That is what I'm trying to find out. That was the last known location they have of the child," Jade said, and Candace's brows pulled together.

"Why would she be trying to find her missing daughter in an orphanage home? Did she abandon her daughter there?" Candace asked in confusion, and Jade sighed as she stopped at the traffic light and turned to Candace.

"Honestly, I don't know. I don't have the exact details of the story. I'm looking into it as a favor to my boss," Jade said, and Candace gave her a nod.

"How old is the child by the way? And how long has this been? I know most of the kids at the orphanage home. Perhaps I could accompany you there and help you speak with the sisters. I'm sure they would be more receptive if I'm there with you," Candace offered.

"That would be cool. I'm not sure how long the child stayed at the orphanage home, but this happened a long time ago and by my calculations, the missing daughter should be around twenty-eight years old by now," Jade said, and Candace frowned.

"If she is that old that means she is no longer at the orphanage home. Wait, twenty-eight years? That means we are age mates. If she is the same age as me, I must have met her at some point since we would have been at the orphanage home around the same time, unless she was there before me, and was adopted before I got there," Candace said thoughtfully, and Jade nodded as she resumed driving.

"You said you were taken there when you were three years old, right?" Jade asked when she remembered what Candace had told her about being abandoned by her supposed uncle.

"Yes. If you don't mind me asking, how did the child end up at the orphanage home? And why are they suddenly looking for her now when there is every likelihood that she must have settled down and has a family of her own?" Candace asked curiously, and Jade pursed her lips for a moment wondering whether or not she should disregard Amos' confidentiality plea and just tell Candace all about it.

Fuck it! She didn't sign any confidentiality agreement and Candace was most likely going to be able to help her so there was no reason she couldn't confide in Candace. It wasn't like Candace was ever going to cross paths with Amos or Sara after all. She was just going to tell Candace about the case without mentioning Sara's name.

Candace listened patiently as Jade told her everything Amos had said about the case and when Jade finished, Candace frowned, "Your boss bought that shitty story? Or did he cook it up himself?" Candace asked, and Jade giggled.

"It doesn't make sense, right?" Jade asked, and Candace snorted.

"Calling it nonsense would be a compliment. There is no iota of sense in this," Candace said, and Jade nodded in agreement.

"It doesn't make sense to me either. I'm trying to find out what the lady is hiding, and why my boss is the one helping her find her missing child instead of the police or a private investigator," Jade said with a sigh.

"She has to be hiding something. No sane mother would abandon her newborn baby because she lost the twin. She abandoned her husband and newborn son and despite her grief, she moved on and became a model? And now she claims she heard from someone that her daughter is alive when she claimed she was shown the corpse of her dead baby? It doesn't make sense either that someone would go to that length to steal a newborn baby only to drop the baby off at an orphanage home. No. Take it from me, it's bullshit," Candace said with a shake of her head.

"I agree. Still, there is no harm in going to the orphanage home to see if we can find out where the girl is now. After we pick up Jero's package, we can go there if you don't mind," Jade said as she drove into the hotel premise, and Candace scoffed.

"What exactly are we going to ask the sisters? It's not like you know the name of the child or what she looks like," Candace said, and Jade smiled.

"I may not know her name, but my boss gave me a picture of the kid when she was four years old or thereabout. Check the envelope in the backseat, you will see her picture. Who knows? You just might know who she is," Jade said hoping that Candace would know who the little girl is.

Candace reached into the backseat, and took the envelope, as Jade pulled the car into the parking lot and turned off the ignition.

Once Candace took out the kid's picture, her heart skipped a beat when she recognized the face of the child in the picture, and she looked at Jade with a slight frown.

Was this some sort of prank? What was Jade up to? Candace mused.

"Please tell me you are looking at me that way because you know who the kid is," Jade said as she looked at Candace hopefully.

"Are you asking because you don't know?" Candace asked, and Jade raised a brow.

"Because I don't know what?" Jade asked in confusion.

"Are you saying you don't see the resemblance? You don't know that I'm the kid in this photo?" Candace asked, and Jade's heart skipped a beat as she snatched the photograph from Candace and looked from the kid's face to Candace and then back again.

She remembered that it had crossed her mind the previous night that the kid in the picture sort of reminded her of Candace but she had dismissed the thought thinking that it did not make sense that she was seeing Candace in everyone. But thinking about it now it all made sense.

The similarity in age, the dimpled smile and brown eyes, the issue of a man stealing a baby from the hospital, and Candace's own case of being abandoned at the orphanage by a man. It all made sense that the little girl in the picture was Candace so why hadn't she given it much thought?

Did that mean that her boss and Sara had not been lying, and Candace had been stolen from her at birth and abandoned at an orphanage home? Who was the man? Why did he kidnap Candace? And why did he choose to abandon her at an orphanage home? Jade mused as she continued to look at the picture with a frown.

"How did you get that picture? Did you make up this story of someone looking for her missing child? Or did you really not know it was me?" Candace asked with a confused frown as she looked at Jade who seemed genuinely surprised by this revelation.

The whole thing seemed too organized to be coincident. How could it be that of all the persons in the world who could have been searching for the missing child, it was Jade who had been given the task? And she just happened to be right next to her.

"Why would I make up such a story? Do you want me to give my boss a call right now and inform him that I've found you?"

#### Chapter 449: Puzzle Pieces

Candace shook her head, "No. Don't. I don't want them to know about me until I'm able to make sense of everything. This doesn't change my opinion about her," Candace said, and Jade pursed her lips.

"But the story is beginning to add up, don't you think? She said you were stolen from her by a man, and the sisters said a man brought you to the orphanage home," Jade said thoughtfully.

"If you think about it, it still doesn't add up. If I'm to go by what you said you were told, then I was stolen from her at birth. On the other hand, the man who left me at the orphanage home did so when I was three years old. What happened in between? I'm not sure it's the same person who stole me from her as she claims," Candace said with a shake of her head, and Jade's brow pulled together as she thought about it too.

"You have a point. You do not remember anything about your life before you got to the orphanage home, do you?" Jade asked curiously, and Candace shook her head once again.

"I don't. Also, how did she suddenly know about my existence? And why is she so convinced that I am her daughter when she saw her baby's corpse? How can she be putting so much effort into trying to find her supposed dead child when she abandoned the one who is alive?" Candace asked, and then she paused and her heart skipped a beat as it suddenly occurred to her that they were actually talking about her and not a stranger.

She had a mother who was searching for her. If this was true, that meant she had a twin brother and a father.

A father? A twin brother? A mother? That was a whole family. Were her father and brother still alive? Had she lived this whole time as an orphan when she had a whole family existing somewhere? People who might have actually cared about her but didn't know she was existing?

Unaware of what Candace was thinking about, Jade's brows pulled together, "Perhaps she has made up with her husband and son, and wants to..."

"A while ago you admitted that something was fishy about the whole story, right? I don't think you should give them a call. I need some time to think. Let's talk about this later. At least now you don't

have to go to the orphanage home anymore," Candace cut in as she unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car, leaving Jade to do the same.

She needed to be alone. She needed to rest her head and then think about this whole thing slowly and decide whether or not she wanted to meet this family.

Her life was already messed up enough, and she was trying to fix things for herself and Jamal, she didn't want them to be thrown into a whole new family drama.

If her so-called mother was a celebrity as Jade had said, that must mean her reputation was very important to her. What would they think about her when they find out about the life she had led?

Wouldn't they all be ashamed of her if they learned she had been with someone like Jero, had a son out of wedlock with him, and had even been a stripper? Did she want to be subjected to their judgments and disappointment?

Jade watched as Candace walked in quick steps ahead of her, and she couldn't help but wonder what was going on in her head as she hurried to catch up with her.

At first, she had thought that Candace was in a hurry to pick up the package which Bill had left her, but she was surprised when Candace walked past the reception area without stopping, even when they beckoned to her.

Jade had a concerned frown on her face as she went to the reception desk to pick up the fat envelope which Bill had left for Candace before hurrying up to catch up with Candace since she was with the key to the suite.

"Are you okay?" Jade asked in concern once she caught up with her in front of the elevator.

"Do you think you will be okay if you were in my shoes and you suddenly found out that after over twenty-five years of living as an orphan and living the kind of rough life I have lived you might have a family out there?" Candace asked in a defeated voice, and Jade's brow pulled together in a concerned frown as she reached out and took Candace's hand and squeezed it softly.

"Everything will be fine. We will figure it out," she assured her as the elevator door opened and they waited for those inside to step out before going in.

"What is the name of your client? I mean the woman looking for her missing child?" Candace asked, and Jade did not miss how she detached herself from it like she was not the missing child in question.

Jade figured that there was no harm in telling Candace about it now that she knew Candace was the person Sara was searching for, "Sara. Her name is Sara Walker," Jade said, and Candace gave her a nod.

"Don't you think we should still go to the orphanage home? Now that you know you were not abandoned by your parents and your mother is searching for you, we should find out the identity of the person who left you there in the first place, and why," Jade suggested, but Candace merely stared at her blankly.

Seeing that Candace didn't want to be engaged in any more discussion at the moment, Jade decided to be quiet, so they rode the elevator up to their floor in silence.

Once they got inside their suite, Candace headed straight for her bedroom but Jade stopped her, "This is your package. I took it from the reception desk," Jade said as she handed it to Candace.

Candace looked down at the envelope blankly for some time as though she was trying to figure out what it was, and then she sighed when she remembered that Bill had left her Jero's package. She had completely forgotten about it in the heat of this new revelation.

"Thank you," Candace murmured distractedly, and without bothering to open it to see what was inside she headed for her bedroom.

"Don't forget to let me know what is inside," Jade called after Candace just before she shut the bedroom door behind her.

Jade sighed as she kicked off her shoes and went to the bar to pour herself a large tot of whiskey. She needed it, and she wished she could share it with Candace who she believed also needed a drink.

Unfortunately, she didn't want to bother Candace by knocking on her door. She knew that Candace probably needed to rest after spending the night caring for Jero, watching him die that morning, and now learning that she wasn't an orphan and her family had thought she was dead at birth. It was all too much for one person to take in such a short time. Not to talk about worrying about Andy and not even knowing where she was.

Jade sighed as she raised the glass to her lips and took a gulp before remembering that she had to give Tom a call to let him know that there would be no need to look into Candace's background anymore since she had found Candace's mom.

The person she was interested in looking into right now was Sara since even Candace had agreed that something was off about her.

She suspected that if they looked into Sara they would find the true story behind Candace's disappearance after birth. They also needed to know the identity of Candace's father and twin brother, and see if Sara had informed them that Candace was alive.

She doubted that Sonia would find anything related to it on the internet since her boss had said Sara wanted the whole thing to be hushed up. That had to mean that everything related to her past before her modeling career was a secret and it wasn't on the internet.

She was still going to need Tom's help on this. Who knows? Perhaps Tom's contact could help them look into Sara to find out all they needed to know so that Candace would make up her mind whether or not she wanted to meet her family.

Without wasting any more time thinking about it, Jade took out her phone from her handbag. She paused when she unlocked her screen and saw that she had some unread message notification on her screen and she clicked on it.

The messages were from Sonia, and they contained a short text, [The information on the internet is limited, but here is what I found] followed by a summary of all she had found concerning Sara Walker on the internet, and some pictures both from her early modeling days to the more recent ones.

Jade absently scrolled through the messages, and then she paused when she came across a younger picture of Sara Walker. Her heart skipped a beat when she took another look at the picture and she recognized the face on the screen.

Was this not the same person she had seen in the photo frame on Harry's bedside? Harry's mom?

Aaron was a single father and Harry was his only son. Harry's mom looked exactly like Sara Walker who had abandoned her husband and son after losing her daughter. Candace often reminded her of Harry.

If she thought about it this way, and put all these pieces together it made sense, but Aaron had said Harry's mom was an orphan and she was dead.

There was no way all of this could be a coincident, could it? Was it possible that Aaron had lied to her about Harry's mom? Did Aaron lie to Harry? Jade's heart skipped a beat as the thought crossed her mind.

Without wasting any more time thinking about it, she dialed Lucy's line when she remembered that Lucy had said she had the picture of Harry's mom on her phone now and had offered to send it to her the previous day.

Once she took another look at the picture and confirmed that it was the same person, she was going to have to tell Tom about everything.

#### Chapter 450: The Petersons

Lucy paced to and fro the length of Harry's office door as she waited for the father and son to finish their discussion inside the office.

She wasn't sure she had ever felt as anxious or restless in her life as she did at that moment. She wished she could at least hear what they were saying.

With each step she took she prayed that Harry would react as reasonably as she believed him to be and wouldn't be too harsh at Aaron.

"Calm down, Lu," Tom, who was seated on the waiting chair, called out to her when he got tired of watching her pace to and fro. Watching her one would think she was standing outside a delivery room and waiting for a pregnant woman to put to birth or something.

Even though he had a series of meetings on his schedule which he needed to go for, he had asked Harry's secretary to reschedule them as this was more important.

He needed to be here for Harry and Aaron. Although he trusted Harry enough to know that he wouldn't be too hard on his father, he knew Harry well enough to know that he would be hard on himself.

"I'm calm. I just can't sit still," Lucy said, and fearing that if Lucy remained there much longer she was going to suffer a nervous breakdown, Tom rose from his seat and went to her.

"You are not calm, and you're beginning to make me feel anxious too. One of us has to be calm," Tom said as he ran his hands down her arm.

"I'm sorry. I just can't help it. I'm worried," she said with a worried frown, and Tom kissed her forehead.

"I understand. Maybe you need to take a break. Check on Jamal and see if he is okay. I'm sure he will be happy to see you and he will help you relax for a bit and take your mind off this. I will be here until Aaron comes out," Tom suggested as he led her to the door despite her protest.

"I can't leave. I promised Aaron..."

"I will call you immediately he steps out of the office," Tom promised as he paused to pick up Lucy's handbag before escorting her to the door.

Lucy sighed wearily as she took the handbag from him, "I won't be long," she said before walking away from there and heading for Tom's office to check on Jamal as he had suggested.

She was going to spend only a couple of minutes to relax and then she would return. She needed to be there for Aaron.

Just as she got to Tom's office and was about to open the door, her phone started ringing and she paused to take it out. She raised a brow when she saw that the call was from Jade, and the first thought that crossed her mind was whether Jade had found out about her relationship with Sara.

"Hello, Jade! Good morning," Lucy greeted once she received the call.

"Good morning, Lucy. I'm sorry I'm calling so often lately," Jade said apologetically.

"There is no reason to be sorry. It's not like we are strangers to each other. What's up?" Lucy asked curiously without going into Tom's office since she didn't know what Jade wanted to discuss and she didn't want Harry's secretary to overhear their conversation.

"I hope I'm not calling at a bad time. I was hoping your offer is still open and you wouldn't mind sending me the picture of Harry's mom," Jade said hopefully, and Lucy's brows pulled together as she tried to figure out why she was asking for it now.

Had she changed her mind from thinking it was a coincidence that Candace looked like Harry's mom or... Lucy's eyes widened in surprise when it occurred to her that Jade might have put the puzzle pieces together now that Sara was in the picture.

"Lucy?" Jade called, breaking into her thoughts.

"Yeah? Oh, sure! Sorry, I got distracted. I will send it to you at once," Lucy said, and Jade thanked her before hanging up.

Immediately, Lucy returned to meet Tom in Harry's office, and Tom looked at her incredulously when she walked in, "You can't possibly tell me you've seen Jamal already."

"I just received a call from Jade. She wants me to send her a picture of the photo frame. I think she knows now," Lucy said as she went to sit beside Tom.

"She didn't ask you any other question, did she?" Tom asked, and Lucy shook her head.

"Then send it to her. I'm sure she will give me a call if truly she has figured things out," Tom said, and Lucy gave him a nod as she did as he had said and sent the picture to Jade.

Less than two minutes after Lucy sent it, Tom's phone started ringing, and they both exchanged a look when they saw that the call was from Jade.

"Are you busy right now, or can you talk?" Jade asked in a tone that was somewhere between excited and urgent.

Tom glanced at Harry's office door and then at Lucy, "I will be back," he mouthed to her as he stood to leave, and Lucy wasn't sure whether she wanted to follow him and hear what Jade had to say or wait there for Aaron.

Lucy sighed as she watched Tom leave, and thankfully she didn't have to spend too much time worrying about Tom's conversation with Jade as the office door opened at that moment and Harry's gaze settled on her.

Lucy looked at him curiously, trying to figure out what he was thinking or what was going on as she looked past him into the office to see if she could catch a glimpse of Aaron.

"Lucy, please join us," Harry said with a blank expression on his face and he held the door open for her to go in.

Lucy stood up, and without saying a word to him she walked into his office, and Harry closed the door behind him.

Immediately after she got into the office, Lucy's gaze moved to Aaron, and she relaxed briefly when she saw that he looked okay.

Not sure why she was asked to join them, Lucy went to sit beside Aaron, "Have you told him everything? Why am I here?" Lucy asked in a whisper, and Aaron smiled as he gave her a nod.

"Harry wants to know about your discussion with Sara," Aaron explained as Harry joined them.

"Before you say anything, I want to apologize for lying to you yesterday. I hope this doesn't affect our friendship or your friendship with Tom. I think you should know that it wasn't our intention to lie to you or keep secrets from you. It just wasn't in our place to tell you anything. And I hope you won't stay mad at Aaron either. Keeping the secret from you wasn't easy on him either," Lucy said apologetically, and Harry noticed how his father gazed at her with pure adoration.

Ignoring all she had just said, Harry continued to look at her with a blank expression, "Why did you decide to go with him to see her? And what did you discuss with her?" Harry asked calmly.

Hearing his question, Lucy looked from Harry to Aaron as she wondered if this was the right time to tell them about her relationship with Sara and whether or not she could raise the issue of the missing daughter now. She wished Tom was in here with her.

Away from there, in Candace's bedroom, she couldn't help feeling restless as she thought about everything Jade had told her while she scrolled through the internet pictures of Sara on her phone.

This woman was her mother? Candace mused with disbelief as she eyed Sara's pictures.

During her early teenage years at the orphanage, she had always wondered what her birth mother looked like. She had been more curious about who her mother was and what she looked like than she had been about her father.

That had been what prompted her to ask the sisters about how she ended up at the orphanage home, and then after she was told that her supposed uncle had left her there in their care, she had felt so heartbroken and sad by it that she had given up every thought of wanting to know her family background.



Seeing Sara's pictures now, she didn't feel anything special for the woman despite the similarities she could see in their features. She was just not drawn to her in any way, and there was no longing to meet with her as she had thought she would feel if ever such a time came in her life.

If she didn't already doubt the credibility of the story, she would have begun to doubt it after seeing Sara's pictures.

Candace had been around fake people long enough during her time as a stripper to recognize one when she saw her, and as far as she was concerned, Sara was as fake as they came.

Perhaps it was her own maternal instincts at play, but somehow the woman just didn't seem like someone capable of being anyone's mother. There was no warmth in her eyes, and Candace couldn't imagine introducing someone like that to Jamal as his grandmother.

She wondered if her father and twin brother were anything like Sara. She was just going to make up her mind on whether or not she wanted to meet with them after finding out who they were.

Or better still she could use Sara's money and influence to find Andy. If Sara was desperate enough to find her daughter, then she probably wouldn't mind going any length to find Andy if she was told her daughter was kidnapped, would she? Candace mused.

As she got off the bed wanting to go and discuss her plan with Jade, the envelope Jade had given her fell off the bed, and she sighed as she picked it up.

Even though she had no interest in whatever Jero had possibly left her, Candace tore the top of the envelope open, and then poured out the content of the envelope onto the bed as she sat on the bed once again.

Her brows pulled together when she saw different pictures, newspaper clippings, and documents.

She picked up a folded white piece of paper that looked like a letter and her brows pulled together as she read it.

[My Precious. My love. My priceless treasure. My obsession. If you're reading this right now, I'm sure it's because I'm no more.

I know you may never forgive me for all I did, but I hope this gift makes life easier for you.

I started working on this some weeks before my arrest, and although I was unable to complete it, I hope you will be able to continue from where I stopped and get all the answers you need, and find the happiness you truly deserve.

Jero. Your fallen angel.]

Candace's brows pulled together as she wondered what he was talking about. Dropping the note, she began to look through the newspaper clippings.

Her brows furrowed even more when she saw the headline on one of them "Tragedy Hits As Gregory Peterson Dies In Auto crash With Wife And Only Child."

Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the picture beside the headline. It was a picture of a distinguished couple and a little girl seated on the man's thighs with a teddy bear in hand.

She recognized the teddy bear even before she recognized herself. She had given the teddy bear out to one of the kids at the orphanage after she turned fifteen and decided she was too grown to keep it.

What was this? Jero had been looking into her past? Candace mused as she dropped that newspaper clipping and started scrolling through all the others.

From all she could see, the couple was her adopted parents, and they seemed to have been very wealthy and influential. According to the news, the child had died weeks after the accident.

Candace frowned when she noticed that Jero had scribbled some things behind some of the photos on the bed, and she picked up one of the pictures which were scattered on the bed.

It was the picture of a man who looked like he was in his mid-sixties. On the back of the photo, Jero had written, [Wilson Peterson. Gregory's only brother. Abandoned Candace at the orphanage home and stole everything from her claiming she was dead].

The crease between Candace's brows deepened. So this was the man who had abandoned her at the orphanage home? That meant she had been right, and he wasn't the same person who had stolen her from Sara had birth.

Did this mean that her adoptive parents had stolen Sara's baby? They were wealthy so that didn't make any sense. So what exactly happened? And how did Jero even find all of this information? She mused as she picked up another photo.

It was a picture of a young lady who looked like she was in her early twenties and a young man around the same age. They were both smiling at the camera and her arms were wrapped around him possessively.

Just as she started turning the photo to see what Jero had scribbled behind it, she paused when she recognized the young man in the picture. Who was she? And what was Lucy's twin brother doing with her?

Although she didn't know his name because they had not really interacted much, she was good with faces and had shared the same space with him once or twice in Tom's home to remember him.

She turned the photo around, and her brow arched as she read Jero's note, [Daughter of Wilson Peterson, Rachel Peterson, and her boyfriend.]