

Wild Night 551

Chapter 551 To Resign Or Keep Working?

Anita stood by her office window lost in thoughts. At the moment she was torn between turning in her resignation letter as she had planned to do and continuing with her job at I-Global Airline.

Although the name might have been changed from Ocean Airline to I-Global airline, the place still held a special spot in her heart.

The airline had belonged to her maternal family, and her late grandfather had taken her there often when she a child, since she was the only grandchild who had shown any interest in planes.

He had taught her all he could teach a little girl of her age about the airline. She had fallen in love with the place and that had been the sole reason she had wanted to work in the airline.

Quitting her job here and going to work in another airline would feel like a betrayal to her late grandfather. She was emotionally attached to the airline and all the memories in it in the same manner as she was attached to her house.

Remaining here did not make sense either. There was too much bad blood between her, Lucy, and Tom, and she would be uncomfortable every time she had to run into either of them in the company.

Why didn't Tom fire her anyway? Perhaps if he had done so this whole time it would have been better for her, Anita thought with a sigh as she returned to her desk and looked at her laptop screen on which the resignation letter, she had composed the previous week, was displayed.

Why was she having second thoughts about submitting her resignation letter? She had been okay with betraying her grandfather's memories last week or whatever it was her conscience chose to call it, so why was it such a big deal now? Was it because of all Lisa had said?

Lisa had asked her to apologize and she knew she needed to apologize to Lucy for everything, but she did not know where to start from.

Was she being reluctant to resign now because she thought there would be no need to leave the company she loved if she apologized and groveled?

She glanced at her phone when it started ringing, and she rejected the call when she saw it was her mother calling once again as she had done the previous night, and this time she blacklisted the number. She didn't want to hear from her or see her.

Hearing from Lisa about how their mother had cheated on their father, had brought back some memories she had not really read much meaning to in the past, and it made her realize how selfish and wicked their mother was, but she had been too blinded by love and respect to see it.

She had always thought her mother was perfect, but after hearing all she heard at Bernice's house, every of such illusion had been completely shattered.

To think she had threatened to cut her off, Anita thought with a snort. As far as she was concerned, Rebekah Miller ceased to be her mother the moment she saw past all her pretense.

All she could see now was a shameless, and immoral adulteress. Someone who didn't even have the decency to be ashamed or be apologetic to her daughter for sleeping with her daughter's husband.

Someone who could blackmail her own daughter to shut her up. Nah. That woman wasn't her mother.

Anita's gaze moved to the landline on her desk when it rang, and she picked up the receiver, "Mr. Hilton wants to know if you are available to accompany him to I-Global," the airline's president's secretary informed her, and Anita's heart skipped a beat and her throat constricted.

"What for?" She asked in a voice that wasn't her own.

"This is the Anniversary week. The airline has to be represented at the meeting of all I-Global directors and shareholders. The manager wants you to go with him," the secretary explained patiently, even though she couldn't understand the panic in Anita's voice.

"Please let him know I'm not feeling too well...."

She had always jumped on every opportunity to go to I-Global on behalf of the airline so why was she being reluctant to go there now? The secretary mused.

"I'm sorry, but it wasn't exactly a question. In his words 'Inform Director Miller that we will be leaving for I-Global by 10 AM'. I was only trying to pass the message politely," the secretary said, letting Anita know she couldn't back out of it.

Anita sighed as she replaced the receiver. It was still too soon to face Tom and Lucy. Besides, she was yet to come up with a way apologize to them.

Not wanting to face them, she quickly printed out her resignation letter before walking out of her office to meet with the director who Harry had appointed as the president of the airline.

"Is he in? I want to speak with him," Anita said once she walked in, and from the determined look on her face, the secretary knew better than to stop her.

The secretary gave her a nod and she knocked on the door briskly before pushing it open and walking inside, "I'm sorry, I can't go with you," Anita said as soon as she walked into the office and placed the letter in front of him.

"What is that?" He asked without picking it up.

"My resignation. I will no longer continue to work here, so you can get someone else to accompany you there," Anita said, and he looked from the letter to her.

"You are quitting your job because you do not want to go to I-Global?" He asked incredulously.

"I don't owe you any explanation," Anita said tersely.

"Alright. You don't have to come with me to I-Global if you don't want to. I don't understand why you want to leave but unless it is life threatening, I won't accept this letter yet. I will give you two weeks to think about it. If you change your mind before then, you can keep your job. If you don't, you are free to leave," he said as he shoved the letter towards her.

Although, she was intolerable at times and he wasn't exactly fond of her, he couldn't deny that she was very to good at her job, that was the only reason he was doing this for her, also the fact that her uncle had asked him to look out for her after he sold off the airline to I-Global.

"I won't come to the office until I make up my mind," she said without reaching for the letter.

Although he couldn't understand what was wrong, he gave her a nod, "I will come up with an excuse to explain your absence if I'm asked," he said, gesturing to the resignation letter for her to pick it up.

"You should hold on to the letter. You don't have to worry, I will work from home until my mind is made up," Anita said, and once he gave her a nod, she headed for the door.

She hesitated at the door and turned to him, "Thank you, sir," she said before leaving the office.

She returned to her office and picked up her laptop and every other important file she needed before leaving the office. As she drove home she tried to figure out the best way to go about apologizing to them.

When she remembered her mother's plan to make sure Lucy was absent from the anniversary party, she made a U-turn and headed for the foundation to meet with Priscilla instead.

As she drove, she reached for her phone when it started ringing and received the call when she saw that it was from Lisa, "Hey! I'm driving...."

"You're not at the office?" Lisa cut in.

"No. Is there a problem?" She asked when she noted the slight concern in Lisa's voice.

"I've been trying to reach Bernice but her line isn't connecting. I'm worried about her. I was hoping you would go check on her," Lisa said, and Anita scowled.

"And then what? I really don't think you should worry about her. She has her husband and Jackson to comfort her," Anita said dryly.

"Anita! You shouldn't say such a thing. She wasn't okay yesterday. We need to check on her," Lisa said calmly.

"Well, I have other important things to attend to. You can check on her if you are that worried," Anita said, and Lisa shook her head.

"I can't. I wasn't feeling so well when I woke up this morning so the doctor asked me to stay in bed, and you know how protective Ron can be," Lisa complained.

Anita sighed, "Alright. I have to go now, but I promise to stop by her house and take a selfie with her if possible just to put your mind at ease," Anita promised before hanging up.

Few minutes later she arrived at the She Can Heal Foundation building, and headed directly for Priscilla's office.

Immediately Priscilla was informed of Anita's presence she set her phone on sound recording and placed the phone on the table before Anita walked into the office.

"Did Rebekah send you? She didn't mentioned that you were coming," Priscilla said after she had exchanged pleasantries with Anita.

"She is not aware that I'm here, and I'd rather it remains so," Anita said, and Priscilla raised a brow.

"Is everything alright?" She asked curiously.

"It depends. I'm here to discuss my mother's plan with you concerning Lucinda Perry. I believe you know who she is?" Anita asked, and Priscilla gave her a nod.

"Yeah. Sure."

"She claims she is doing all that because of me, but I don't want you to go through with her instructions," Anita said, and Priscilla's brows pulled together.

"I beg your pardon?" Priscilla said, and Anita explained the situation to her.

"... so I want to know if there is something I can do to make sure her plan won't pull through, so that Lucy can be at the anniversary party. I won't be there myself, so there is no reason for her not to be with her man,"

"If you no longer want Thomas Hank why don't you tell that to your mother instead of dragging me into this? I work for your mother. What do you think she is going to do to me if she finds out I joined hands with you to ruin her plans?" Priscilla asked with a frown.

"She won't listen to me if I tell her I'm not interested in him. She is only going to try to convince me not to give up by coming up with more ridiculous plans. I will prefer we work together to make sure none of her plans work. She doesn't have to know I'm involved. And I will pay you for it," Anita said, knowing how much Priscilla loved money.

"Why don't you tell Lucy about it and have her cancel the contract?" Priscilla asked, and Anita shook her head.

"No! I can't be the one to tell. Besides, if she does, mother will just find another way to do what she wants, and either of us might not know it."

"This doesn't make sense. Did your mother ask you to test my loyalty?" Priscilla asked suspiciously since that was the only way this could make sense to her.

"Like I don't have better things to do with my time?" Anita asked irritated by the question.

Priscilla sighed, "I need to think about it. I will let you know after I think about it," she said, and Anita rose.

"Call me when you come up with an idea. And do not forget to keep this to yourself," Anita said before walking away.

Once she left there she drove to Bernice's house to fulfil her promise to Lisa, not necessarily because she cared about Bernice. She deserved whatever she got for sleeping with Tiffany's husband. If only she had not done that, she would have been able to confront their mother squarely instead of being forced to shut up.

As she drove into the compound, she met Tiffany who had also just driven in and they eyed each other for a moment, "Did you get a text from Bernice too?" Tiffany asked, wondering if that was the reason Anita was there.

"What text?" Anita asked in confusion.

"Never mind," Tiffany said before walking ahead of Anita into the house since she was still mad at Anita for being rude to her the previous day.

"Where is Bernice?" Tiffany asked the housekeeper who came out to greet them.

"She is in her bedroom. She has refused to step out of her bedroom or let anyone in since she went in there yesterday afternoon," the housekeeper said, and Tiffany's brows pulled together as she turned to look at Anita who was also frowning.

"What about Adam and the boys?" Tiffany asked, since she knew how much Bernice cared for her kids.

"He left for the office and the kids have gone to school. She refused to see them as well," The housekeeper said, and almost immediately Tiffany flung her handbag on the couch and hurried up the stairs while Anita followed her in confusion.

"Benny? Benny, it's Tiffany. Open the door!" Tiffany called as she knocked on the bedroom door, but there was no response.

"Benny? Open the door, I'm not mad I promise," Tiffany called, but there was still no response.

"Mad at what? What text did she send to you?" Anita asked when she remembered that Tiffany had mentioned receiving a text. Could it be that Bernice had told Tiffany the truth?

"It's personal," Tiffany said, not wanting to give such an information to Anita.

Although Anita wanted to ask if the details of the text was about Bernice's affair with Jack, she held back from doing. She couldn't say it. What if that wasn't it? She mused as she watched Tiffany continue to knock on the door frantically.

"Benny, open the door damnit! If you don't open the door I'm going to call mother!" Tiffany threatened as she beat the door.

Anita who was beginning to have a bad feeling about this turned to the housekeeper, "Do you know where the spare keys are kept?" She asked, and the lady gave her a nod.

"Yes, but she said...."

"GET IT!" Anita snapped at the housekeeper without letting her finish, and immediately she scurried away.

"Where are you going?" Anita asked when Tiffany turned to go downstairs.

"To get my phone. I should inform mother...."

"Don't! For all you know, mother is the reason she has locked herself in there, so stand still and wait for the housekeeper to get the keys!"

"Don't be ridiculous! Why would she lock herself up because of mother? I don't care what your problem with mother is but...."

"Can you make use of your brain for a second or is your brain just for fancy?" Anita snapped at her and before Tiffany could respond, the housekeeper hurried back in quick steps, bring a bunch of keys with her.

Anita and Tiffany stepped aside to give her room to try out the keys and unlock the door.

The moment she opened the door, Tiffany roughly pushed her out of the way and hurried inside.

They all gasped in unison when they saw her lying motionless on the floor with pills scattered on the floor and two empty bottles of medication. They were all smart enough to know what had happened.

"Benny!" Tiffany cried as she and Anita rushed to her side.

Chapter 552 Not A Control Freak

Inside Lucy's office, she sat with her seat backing her desk and the door as she fumed over Tom's words. She had tried to channel her annoyance to the files in front of her but she had given up when Tom's words kept coming back to her.

Why did he have to make her feel bad because she had been honest with him about her emotion? How could he call her a control freak when she never even tried to control him or anyone else around her? What was so wrong about wanting to be in control of things that happened in her life? What was bad in wanting to be in charge of her own life? She wasn't a bad person, but his words made her feel that way.

What did she need therapy for? Yes, in the past she had been unable to think about that experience or talk about it, but that was not the case now. Now she could even mention Jamie's name without hyperventilating or freezing. So why was he trying to make it seem like she was yet to move past it? Why was he making her present about her past?

Seeing how he was yet to call her, that must mean he didn't see anything wrong in what he said, right? Was she being unreasonable by reacting this way?

She swiveled her seat when her phone started ringing and she picked it up and received the call when she saw Tyler's name displayed on the screen, "Hey, Doctor Ty!" She greeted, trying to sound cheerful.

"My name is Doctor Lucas, not Tyler," Lucas said easily, and Lucy's lips pulled up in a smile when she heard his voice.

"Who would have thought I would miss hearing your voice?" She asked dryly, and Lucas chuckled.

"Obviously not you," Lucas said, and Lucy's smile widened as she sighed.

"When did you get there? How are you? And why are you calling with Tyler's phone?" She asked curiously.

"I'm fine. I got here a while ago. You can reach me through Tyler's line. Are you free to talk right now or will you call me back later?" Lucas asked, knowing that she was most likely busy with work in the office.

Lucy glanced at the wall clock, it was just 9 AM. There was still enough time before the meeting which was slated to start by 11 AM.

"We can talk now. Is everything okay?" She asked wondering what he wanted to talk about.

"Yeah. How are you? What is going on over there? Mom told me they are back in Ludus. Is everything alright?" Lucas asked, and Lucy sighed.

"Yeah. Everything is fine. Do you remember that Mom has a twin sister?" Lucy asked, and Lucas tried not to roll his eyes.

"Was I supposed to forget something like that?" Lucas asked dryly.

"What has that got to do with anything? Is she in Ludus?" Lucas asked reasonably.

"Well, not exactly. We found out she got married and gave birth to twins. A boy and a girl. She abandoned them. And you won't believe who the twins are," Lucy said, and Lucas grinned.

"Me and you?" He asked jokingly, and Lucy tittered with laughter.

"Don't be silly!"

"But you said I won't believe it. And of course, I don't believe it's us," Lucas said, and Lucy grinned.

"Well, the girl is Candace. Remember her? Jamal's mom? The lady and her son at Tom's house?" Lucy asked, and Lucas's eyes twitched in surprise.

"Holy shit! You are kidding, right? I mean, if I wasn't in such a bad emotional state then and had met her at a time when I was single I could have hit on her!" Lucas said, and Lucy grinned.

"You sound like you are feeling much better already," She observed.

"There is nothing like a change of environment to make one feel better. I mean I've met and interacted with different people in the past forty-eight hours. I'm not there yet, but I can assure you I feel much better," Lucas assured her.

"So are you going to tell me about your date with Miley and why...."

"Don't digress, Lu. You are yet to finish your story, and I have lots of questions. Do you mean to tell me that beautiful lady is our cousin? How did you find out? And what was she doing at Tom's house anyway? Did mom meet her twin sister? Have they reconciled? Have you met her? Is she cool? What about her son? What is he like? Have you met him?" Lucas asked, and Lucy sighed. There was so much to tell him and she had no idea where to begin.

"So much has happened in the short time you left. I don't even know where to begin," Lucy confessed.

"Well, you can start by answering my questions. That makes it easier," Lucas said as though it was the obvious logical thing to do.

"Alright. Take it one question at a time and I will see what I can do," Lucy said, and she answered Lucas' questions as he asked them one after the other.

By the time she finished answering all his major questions, Lucas was stunned, "WOW! I'm still trying to wrap my head around the fact that our cousin's adoptive parents were related to Rachel," Lucas said, and Lucy nodded.

"Yeah. No matter how much time I talk about this, I get goosebumps each time I think about all the connections."

"It's mind-blowing, isn't it? Do you know how they say it's a small world? You never really believe it until stuff like this happens to you, and then you realize just how small the world really is," Lucas said, and Lucy had to agree with him.

Hadn't she learned that since she met Tom? How somehow they all ended up knowing each other or being related to each other? It really was mind-blowing.

"Well, it's all good. Seeing how you like this Harry guy, I'm sure I'm going to get along with him," Lucas said, and Lucy grinned.

"I think you are both going to get along pretty well."

"I will take my time to heal properly, that way I can be in the best frame of mind when I meet our cousins. I'm already looking into talking to a therapist...."

"A therapist? Why?" She asked in confusion. As far as she was concerned, Lucas was very fine.

"Well, I didn't realize how toxic Rachel was until I ended things. I don't know how the relationship must have affected me psychologically. I wouldn't want to move around with such emotional baggage, so it's best I talk to a professional about it and get it all out of me," Lucas said reasonably.

"I don't think there is anything wrong with you. People leave relationships every day for even worse reasons and they don't go to therapy, yet they are fine. All you need to do is move on," Lucy said, not wanting to hear anything related to therapy since she was still pissed by Tom's words.

"I beg to differ. Most people move on, but they do not heal. Sometimes you never know how much your last relationship messed you up until you meet someone new and you start projecting the hurt, fears, insecurities, and distrust onto them. I don't just want to move on from Rachel, I want to heal from her," Lucas said, and Lucy sighed.

"Alright. If that is what you want. But if you ask me, it's a waste of good money. Those people charge so much only to listen to you talk. People might think you're crazy if they hear you're visiting a shrink," Lucy muttered, and Lucas chuckled.

"Well, it's my money, and I'd rather waste it on a shrink than on alcohol. And stop sounding ignorant. Therapy is good for the soul. You should try it sometime," Lucas advised.

Although on different occasions in the past he had offered to pay for her to get therapy, she had turned down all his offers telling him she was fine.

"Thanks, but I will pass. By the way, do you think I'm a control freak?" She asked, and Lucas's brow shot up as he wondered where that was coming from.

"A control freak?" He asked cautiously.

"Yeah. Would you say I'm a control freak?" She asked again, not wanting to mention that Tom had told her that.

"Well, it depends on...."

"It's a yes or no question," She hissed at him impatiently.

"You are my sister so I'm probably not the best person to ask. You should probably ask Tom who is your partner...."

"Why should I ask Tom and not you?" She asked in annoyance.

"Well, he is your boyfriend. He knows you more intimately...."

"Than my twin brother? We grew up under the same roof. It shouldn't be so hard for you to answer. Do you think I control others or push them around and always try to have things done my way?" she asked, and Lucas sighed.

"Okay. You don't exactly try to control others, although you can be very critical of others. And what I do know is that you love to be in control of your life too much, and that is not unusual for someone with your traumatic experience...."

"So you are saying I'm a control freak?" She cut in.

"The fact that you are obsessing over this should tell you something about yourself. Control freaks hardly know they are one. Stop making a big deal out of it," Lucas advised.

"How can I not make a big deal of it?" Lucy asked with a frown.

"Listen, I don't know who said that to you, but instead of sitting in your office obsessing over it, you should try to understand what the person was trying to say. Ask your team members what they think about you. Ask Tom or Sonia for their opinion. Go on google and check for the signs."

Lucy sighed, "Alright. I will. Thanks."

"You're welcome. So, how is Tom doing? What's up with you both? Seeing the way the families are bonding, you might get married before you know it. Just make sure you wait until I get back," Lucas joked, but Lucy did not laugh.

"Tom is fine. So are you going to tell me about your date with her or not? Was it that terrible?" Lucy asked, wanting to change the subject.

Lucas sighed, "Can you believe they wanted me to marry her and donate my sperm to Amy so she would be a surrogate and carry Miley's child?" He asked, angry as he recalled the conversation with Amy.

"They did that? That's crazy! How could they possibly ask you to do something like that?" Lucy asked incredulously.

"Exactly! I wish them the best of luck with their crazy plans. I want no part in it," Lucas said, and Lucy nodded in agreement.

"I'm sorry about that. That wouldn't have happened had I not pressured you into meeting with her," Lucy said apologetically.

"It's alright. I should let you get back to work. I called because I was worried that something was wrong after hearing from mom that they were in Ludus. Say hello to Tom, our cousins, and Sony."

"Give my love to, Tyler, and take care of yourself," Lucy said before the call was disconnected.

She sighed as she dropped her phone on the desk and then picked it up almost immediately when she remembered what Lucas had said about checking google for some signs that might tell her whether or not she was a control freak.

She took out her journal and a pen from the drawer before imputing her question on her google engine.

She had no idea how long she spent poring over various articles written on the subject, and by the time she was done, she sighed as she looked at her journal.

Okay, maybe she had SOME of the traits associated with control freaks but that didn't mean she was one. She didn't believe she was one. Compared to her, Sonia was more likely to be called a control freak, yet she knew Sonia wasn't one either.

She sighed when her phone started ringing and she picked it up when she saw it was a video call from Sonia, "Hey!" She greeted with a forced smile.

"You have become a difficult person to see. Do I need to make an appointment to see you now?" Sonia asked jokingly, and this time Lucy's smile was genuine.

"Perhaps you should. What's up?" Lucy asked as she watched Sonia who seemed to be busy with her makeup.

"Bryan and Jade are going over to the company so I thought I should come with them so I can spend some time with you. Please tell me you are not very busy," Sonia pleaded.

"Well, I will be soon. Shouldn't you be busy working on your story?" Lucy asked and Sonia shrugged.

"Yeah. Candace and Jamal left a while ago to be with Aaron, so I'm going to be alone with the old folks and as much as I love them, it won't be fun."

"Alright, you can come over. But you should bring your laptop and writing materials along with you. That way you can stay back in my office and keep busy doing your stuff when I step out," Lucy suggested, and Sonia flashed her a smile.

"That is perfect. And then you can tell me all about the incident at the spa," Sonia said with a wink, and Lucy shook her head in amusement.

"I should have known that was the reason you wanted to see me."

"I want to see you because I miss your company and then I want to hear the story," Sonia said with a wink, and Lucy giggled as her eyes moved to the clock.

The time seemed to have moved very fast during her conversation with Lucas and google search. It was past 10 AM already and she had less than forty-five minutes to get ready for the meeting.

"Alright. Seeing how you haven't left the house yet, there is every likelihood that I might not be in my office when you get here so I will let my team members know you are coming," Lucy said before hanging up.

Lucy sighed when she remembered how she had angrily left Tom that morning, and the fact that she was going to be seeing him at the meeting.

Chapter 553 Grandfather

As Tom, Harry, and Eric concluded their meeting in readiness to leave for the general conference hall which would accommodate all the shareholders and directors of I-Global, Tom's phone beeped and he scowled when he saw it was a multimedia message from Barry.

"What is wrong?" Harry asked when he noticed the reluctance on Tom's face to check the message.

As curious as Tom was to know what was going on, he wasn't very keen to find out about it in that moment. He could do so after the meeting.

"Barry just sent a recording," Tom informed him.

Harry turned to Eric, "You can go ahead of us to the conference hall and make sure everything is in order. We will join you shortly," Harry said, dismissing Eric.

They waited until he had left, and Harry jerked his head towards Tom's phone, "Let's hear what he sent," Harry said, and Tom shook his head.

"We can always listen to it after the meeting."

"Like hell. Why would I stay in suspense trying to guess what he sent when I can just listen to it right now?" Harry asked as he reached to snatch Tom's phone from him but before he could do that, Priscilla called.

"It's the foundation lady," Tom told Harry with a resigned sigh. It seemed like whether or not he was in the mood to hear anything about the Millers, he did not have much of a voice.

"Perhaps something is up?" Harry asked, and Tom shrugged as he reluctantly received the call and placed it on speaker for Harry to hear since he didn't want to go through the stress of recounting the conversation to him.

"Good morning. Did something new come up?" Tom asked impatiently without waiting for Priscilla to greet him first.

Priscilla was slightly taken aback by the impatience she heard in his tone, but she tried not to let it bother her. If she could tolerate a nobody like Rebekah in order to earn a living, she could tolerate a person like Thomas Hank. He was her ticket to the life of luxury she desired after all.

"Anita Miller left my office a while ago," she told him, and rushed to explain the detail of their conversation, conveniently leaving out the part where Anita had offered to pay her.

"She said all that? Do you think she was being genuine?" Tom asked in confusion, wondering what was going on. Had she been affected so much by Lucy's slap, or was she suspecting something already?

"With the Millers you can never tell. But there was defiance in her eyes like she really wanted to go against her mother. I may not trust her words, but I trust the disgust I saw in her eyes each time she mentioned her mother," Priscilla said, and Tom sighed.

"What should I tell her?" She asked when Tom didn't say anything.

"You don't have to tell her anything yet. I'm busy at the moment. I will get back to you some time later," Tom said before hanging up.

"Lucy's hands must be magical to elicit such personality-altering effect," Harry said in amusement.

"It's either that or Anita is backing down because Lucy confronted her and she now knows we are aware she was behind the scandal," Tom said thoughtfully.

"That could be true. And perhaps she also found out about her mother's affair with her brother-in-law seeing as one of the sisters knows already," Harry suggested, and then gestured to Tom's phone.

"Let's see if Barry has the answer," Harry suggested, and Tom clicked on the audio file Barry had sent.

They exchanged a look when they listened to the voice recording, and it dawned on them that it was Anita's phone call to the emergency line requesting for an ambulance to transport her unconscious sister, who had attempted suicide, to the hospital.

Neither of them said a word for a minute after the phone call ended, and Harry sighed while Tom massaged his temple, "There is so much unpleasant drama within that family," Harry murmured, not sure whether to feel sorry for Bernice or not.

Without saying a word Tom rose from his seat and walked around his desk to his tiny office room to find medicine for his headache.

The throb in his head had grown into a full blown headache and he doubted he would be able to function at the meeting without relieving it.

After taking aspirin, Tom stepped out of the room in time to hear Harry's phone ring, and he watched as Harry received the call.

"Is there a problem?" Harry asked, and listened for some seconds before standing up and turning to face Tom.

"Are you sure?" He asked, and listened for some seconds before hanging up.

"That was Eric. He called to inform us that your grandfather just arrived," Harry said, and Tom raised a brow.

"My grandfather?" He asked in disbelief, and Harry nodded.

"Lawrence Hank...."

Without waiting for Harry to finish speaking, Tom quickly walked out of the office, leaving Harry to follow him.

Was it really his grandfather? Why did the old man choose to show up on a day such as this when he wasn't in his best element?

Even as he stepped out of the elevator, he confirmed it. He could see some of the shareholders who had arrived earlier hurrying in the direction of the lobby. He could tell they were going to say hello to the one time president. He may have left the position for years, but he was still very much a force to be reckoned with.

The major question bothering him was why today? Was he ill? Did something happen? Tom asked himself as he got close enough to see the eighty-seven years old man was seated in a wheelchair.

As Harry followed behind Tom, he spotted some of the staff huddled together gossiping, and he decided to join them.

"I heard he owns the company and put his grandson in charge." Harry heard the one who seemed to be leading the group tell the others.

"I don't think so. I heard this is the first time he is stepping foot in I-Global since it's existence," another said.

"Really? Why is that?" Another asked.

"Why don't you come with me to my office and I will answer your questions over your sack letters?" Harry offered, and they all froze when they heard his voice, and gasped in shock when he came to stand in front of them.

"If you will only spend the day gossiping and not do your jobs, you should turn in your resignation letters," Harry advised reasonably and immediately they murmured their apologies as they dispersed.

Harry could never understand the reason employees would decide to leave what they were paid to do, to indulge in unnecessary gossip.

Lawrence Hank smiled when he sighted Tom approaching. He would have been in the conference room already, had he not been intercepted by the small crowd that had gathered around him to pay obeisance.

"If you don't mind, I need to receive the CEO's greeting," Lawrence Hank told them politely, and they made way for Tom.

"Grandfather," Tom greeted with a bow.

"When did you arrive? You could have called to inform me you were in Ludus. Are you fine?" Tom asked, and Lawrence waved off his concerns.

"I'm not here as your grandfather. I'm here in my capacity as the third largest shareholder of I-Global. We can have lunch as grandfather and grandson after the meeting if you are not too busy to sit with an old man," Lawrence said in a quiet voice.

"You didn't have to bother yourself to come down here. I could have sent you the report as usual...."

"I wanted to be here for a change and see first hand what you have accomplished," Lawrence said and shifted his attention to Harry who had joined them.

"You've done a good job taking care of him," Lawrence commended Harry who bowed politely.

Lawrence glanced at his wristwatch, "I believe it's time for the meeting. Let's not keep everyone waiting. We can talk after. Lead the way," Lawrence ordered softly.

Tom exchanged a look with Harry signaling him to lead the way and everyone else followed Harry, while Tom slowly walked behind them to match the pace of the grandfather's wheelchair.

"I saw the press release. It's a good thing your siblings are joining the company. You need the extra pair of trusted eyes around here. I don't suppose they are within the building right now, are they?" Lawrence asked, and Tom raised a brow.

"Are you asking as my grandfather or as a shareholder?" Tom asked dryly, and the old man's body shook with laughter.

"I'm asking as a grandfather who would love to have lunch with his grand children," Lawrence answered.

"Yes, they are. Our parents are also in Ludus," Tom informed him since there was every possibility that he wasn't aware that his son was around.

"Ah! I guess it's a good thing I decided to stop over then. Let's make it dinner," Lawrence said with a pleased smile.

"Why are you really here, grandfather?" Tom asked with concern.

"I already told you my reason, boy. You don't have to worry about my presence. Carry on as you would if I weren't here," Lawrence assured him.

"I suppose that young lady is Lucinda Perry? Your girlfriend, huh?" Lawrence asked when they saw Lucy coming from the opposite direction and her steps faltered when she saw them.

Tom met her gaze and he didn't miss the tension in her eyes. They watched her hesitate for a moment as she tried to decide whether or not to go over and say hello, and then she acknowledged them with a polite nod as any other person would and joined Harry and the others as they walked inside the conference hall.

"Yeah. She is the one. I guess you are up to date with news concerning my life as usual," Tom said, and the corners of Lawrence's eyes crinkled.

"Of course. What else would I do for fun? She seems like she would be a handful. Ask her to join us for dinner. I would love to meet her," he said, and Tom raised a brow.

"Why?"

"Because I want to meet my grandson's girlfriend, why else?" Lawrence asked with a shake of his head as they entered the conference hall for the meeting.

Away from there, Bryan, Sonia, and Jade made their way to I-Global. Jade was practically bubbling with excitement at the thought of seeing Harry, who had sent her a good morning text very early in the morning.

"Are you that happy?" Bryan asked with a scowl when he caught the smile on her face through the rearview mirror, and Jade giggled while Sonia turned in her seat to look at Jade.

"Yes, I am. You would be too if you were in my shoes," Jade said, and Bryan snorted, but Sonia could tell he was only putting up a front. She knew best just how happy he was that Jade had opened herself to love again.

"So, do you have any new detail for my book? Maybe you could tell me what happened last night when you both drove off into the night," She suggested with a wink, and Jade grimaced when she remembered what Harry had said.

"I may have let it slip that you are writing a book. Harry doesn't want us to be a part of it. I'm sorry," Jade said, and Sonia's brows pulled together slightly.

"Could I convince him otherwise?" Sonia asked, and Jade shook her head.

"I'm not so sure about that. Harry can be pretty stubborn and adamant when he wants to be. Maybe if you could ask Tom or Lucy to convince him," Jade said with a shrug.

"Tom or Lucy can persuade your boyfriend and you can't?" Sonia asked in amusement.

"Well, I'm not exactly his girlfriend yet. We are still getting to know and understand each other so I don't think I'm in a position to try to make him change his mind on the subject. He trusts Lucy's

judgement a great deal, and Tom is his best friend, so you should ask for their help," Jade said, not feeling the least bit embarrassed to say that.

Sonia sighed, "I guess I have to talk to Lucy about it then. Perhaps she could convince Tom to convince Harry," Sonia said, while Bryan listened to them without saying anything.

He glanced at his phone when it started ringing and he received the call and placed it on speaker when he saw it was Jeff calling. Jeff and Mia had gone ahead of them to I-Global.

"We are almost there," Bryan said immediately he received the call.

"I thought I should let you know the entire place is abuzz with news of your grandfather's presence," Jeff informed him.

"My grandfather?" Bryan asked in surprise, and immediately Jade sat up to pay more attention to what was being said.

"Yes. I hear he is in the conference room for the board meeting," Jeff said, and Bryan met Jade's questioning gaze.

"Alright. Thanks for the heads up," Bryan said before hanging up.

"Did something happen to grandfather?" Jade asked with a concern while Sonia also looked at Bryan curiously.

"You can ask him when you get to the company," Bryan said with a grin, and Jade's eyes lit up.

"Really? Is he in Ludus?" She asked excitedly, and Bryan gave her a nod.

"Wow! It's been years since I last set eyes on him. I can't wait!" Jade said excitedly while Sonia looked from Bryan to Jade contemplatively.

She was becoming very curious about their grandfather.

Chapter 554 Right Or Left?

Candace didn't know it but tears rolled down her cheeks as she watched Aaron and Jamal argue over a move false Jamal had made as they played a game of cards.

It warmed her heart each time she saw her precious little boy interact with either Aaron, Harry, or Tom. It gave her so much joy to see that he was surrounded by such wonderful men who didn't merely tolerate his presence like his own father had done but actually embraced and welcomed it because they loved him.

The joy and admiration on Jamal's face right now told her she had made the right decision by coming to Ludus to connect with Aaron and Harry. She only wished that Andy was with them to share in all these joy and love of family.

She had been plagued with dreams of Andy all through the night and the first thought on her mind when she woke up in the early hours of the morning had been Andy.

She had found herself crying and longing for her sister. She was both worried and concerned since it was ten days already and there was no word from Andy. Where was she? What state was she in? Was she okay? Was Cassidy treating her well? When would she hear from her or see her again?

"Are you okay, darling?" Aaron asked when he noticed how Candace was staring at them with tears in her eyes.

Candace blinked rapidly, and then she let out an awkward laugh, "I'm fine."

"You have tears in your eyes," Jamal said, and Candace raised a hand to her face and smiled as she brushed away the tears.

"They're the good ones," she assured Jamal who had risen from his seat beside his grandfather to go wipe her tears.

"Happy tears?" Jamal asked, and Candace bobbed her head, while Aaron considered her thoughtfully.

"Jamal, go get your mom the box of tissues in my bedroom," Aaron said, and even though Jamal thought there was no need for it since his mom wasn't exactly weeping, he left to get it.

"Come sit beside me," Aaron said as he adjusted on the couch so that it would accommodate her.

"I'm fine. Really," Candace assured him, but still went to sit beside him.

Knowing he wasn't convinced, she faced him, "I just got emotional seeing Jamal with you that way. I mean, he never really had a good male figure in his life, and now he has three. He has a grandfath...." Her voice hitched as fresh tears pooled in her eyes, and Aaron embraced her.

"A part of me still feels like it's all a dream and I'm going to wake up and find that it's not real," Candace confessed.

"Ow!" She exclaimed when Aaron pinched her arm.

"See? You felt that. It's not a dream," Aaron said, and Candace sighed.

"I've decided that Jamal and I will be going back to Sogal," Candace said, and Aaron looked at her with a slight frown.

"How soon?" He asked, since that was what bothered him. He was fine with them moving to Sogal since he also lived there, but if they returned back to their own place and life so soon, he would never really get the opportunity to bond with them as he wanted to.

Candace smiled as though she could read his mind, "I suppose we can hang around until you are healthy enough and ready to travel back," she explained, and Aaron beamed a smile at her.

"It's good to know you are returning to Sogal. You know, I still find it surprising that I lived in Sogal all these years and not once did we cross paths," Aaron said, and Candace smiled.

"Sogal isn't a little city, it's almost as populated as Ludus. I'm sure you haven't crossed path with everyone in Sogal," Candace pointed out, besides, they didn't exactly roll in the same circles. Maybe if he was the type to visit strip clubs, they could have crossed paths.

"I guess even if we had crossed path we would never have known. We were not meant to meet until now," Aaron said and Candace nodded in agreement.

"Do you have an extra room in your house?" Candace asked after some seconds, not sure how Aaron would feel about her question but trusting that he would be happy to know she planned to maintain their relationship.

"It's not...."

"There is no tissue box," Jamal complained as he returned to join them, interrupting whatever Aaron had planned to say.

"Oh! There is none? I thought I had one," Aaron said, while Jamal looked from Aaron to his mother who had changed her position.

"Should I check Uncle Harry's bedroom?" He offered, thinking they were probably discussing and needed privacy.

"You don't have to. Come seat with us," Candace said, and Jamal sat on the arm rest beside his mother.

"Jam, we will be traveling back home soon," Candace said, bringing him into the conversation.

"Home?" He asked, not liking the sound of that.

"Yes. Sogal. We both have to return to school," Candace said, and immediately Jamal shook his head.

"I don't want to go back there. Let's stay here," Jamal argues just as Candace had known he would.

"We have to...."

"Why do we have to? Why can't we just stay here with Tom, and Lucy, and uncle Harry, and grandpa, and grandmum Janet and everyone else?"

"I will be going back to Sogal too," Aaron informed him.

"But Lucy won't be coming. And Tom and uncle Harry too. It's going to be just us like before," Jamal pointed out.

"No. It won't be just like before. Now you have your grandfather, and we can visit Lucy, and uncle Harry from time to time," Candace explained patiently.

"I don't want to visit, I want to stay. I like it here. Why do you want to go back? Is aunt Andy back? I don't want to go back if she is not there," Jamal said, looking for another excuse.

"She is not back yet, but we have to be home when she comes back so she doesn't start worrying and searching all over for us," Candace said.

"But Tom promised to give you a job and..."

"Your mom can work at HAJ studios. Don't you want to know where I live and know where I work too?" Aaron cut in when he noticed that Candace was beginning to lose her patience with Jamal.

"Is your house as big as Tom's house?" Jamal asked contemplatively.

"I have never been to Tom's house, so I don't know how big it is. But I can tell you a secret, there are lots of fun stuff for little boys your age in one of the bedrooms," Aaron assured Jamal.

"Fun stuff? Like toys?" He asked with eyes gleaming with interest, and Aaron grinned.

"Lots of solid toys I got Harry when he was a kid. And they are still in a good shape too. I could get you some more toys too if that's what you want."

"But what about Lucy?" Jamal asked sadly.

"You can always speak with her over the phone and we can visit her whenever we want to," Aaron promised, and Jamal sighed.

"Will you take me to your company? Is it like Tom's company?" Jamal asked, and Aaron smiled.

"No, it's not the same as Tom's. But you might love it when you see it," Aaron said, counting on that.

He planned to leave HAJ studios to Jamal in the future, and he hoped Jamal would love it as much as he did.

"Alright," Jamal said with a resigned sigh.

Aaron turned to Candace, "My house is yours, and you don't have to move in with me if you don't want to, but you should know that there is more than enough room for you, Jamal, and Andy."

Away from there, in a certain cabin room in a ship, Andy took her time to wash her hair, shower and dress up in front of the dressing mirror in the cabin.

She had no idea why Cassidy had chosen oversized male clothes for a vain female as herself, but she had tried to make do with it by leaving the top buttons open. She didn't work on her boobs just so they could stay hidden.

She had rolled up the sleeves a bit, and then tied a knot at the front to expose her belly button ring. There wasn't much she could do about the trouser so she would manage it, but the shirt? She had to look sexy, she thought as she sent a wink at her reflection.

After spending the last ten days in the godforsaken cabin which still had the stench of vomit, Andy wanted nothing more than to get a breath of fresh air even if it meant defying Cassidy who had specifically asked her not to step out of her cabin.

Screw him! No one told her what to do! The only reason she had not left the cabin in those ten days was not because she took his words seriously. But rather because she had been unconscious within the first five days after barely surviving drowning, and had been sick in the following days.

Now that she was strong enough to move about on her own, she would be damned if she let him tell her what to do. She wouldn't let the fucker order her around or control her like she was his prisoner. He didn't own her. She didn't give two fucks about his claim to have paid Jero a huge amount of money to have her to himself. She wasn't a dog and Jero wasn't her owner. As far as she was concerned, he had kidnapped her, and the moment they got to somewhere safe she would find a way to leave.

She needed to find a way to reach Candace who she knew would be worried sick about her. She missed Candace and her sweet little Jamal. This was the longest she had been away from them. Away from her family. Her only consolation was in the fact that Candace had Matt to look out for her and Jamal. Knowing that Matt was there made her feel less anxious, she thought with a sigh as she took one final look at her reflection before stepping out of the cabin.

She looked down the corridor, wondering whether to go in the left or right direction. Not knowing where to go, she decided to go right, since right was the generally accepted right, and left was... well, left just sounded so wrong, Andy thought, amused by her own thought.

It was her first time in a cargo ship and she had no idea what to expect. Hopefully she would find someone who she could talk to or who might be of help to her.

The only person she had set eyes on since she got on the ship was Cassidy. She was yet to see anyone else. She some times heard voices when they walked past the door, but no one had come into her room apart from Cassidy who always brought in her meals or came to check on her despite the fact that she was still not talking to him. He came in whenever he liked, and always talked to her until he was exhausted of speaking without getting a response.

As she walked down the corridor her eyes took in everything, and she only stopped when a door some feet away from her opened and a man who looked to be in his early forties stepped out.

"Did you lose your way, pretty miss?" He asked with a polite smile when he saw her.

Andy paused as she contemplated whether or not it was safe to tell him she was trying to find her way outside. Preferably somewhere she could get a breath of fresh air.

Before she could respond he spoke again, "For your safety I think it's best you cover up properly if you don't want the boys ogling," he said, and Andy shrugged.

"I don't mind them ogling," Andy assured him, and he gave her a nod.

She had spent a good number of years being on display for men to drool over her, so it wasn't a big deal for her if some sexstarved boys wanted to feast on her with their eyes.

"If it wouldn't be too much of a bother, could you escort me to somewhere I can get a bit of privacy and fresh air?" she asked, reasoning that he was harmless.

"That's not a problem," he said as he took her back in the left direction.

"So the left is the right direction to go?" She asked in amusement.

"I figured the right side is always right, or the right is always the ride side," Andy said, and he chuckled at her humor but didn't correct her. There was no need to.

"So how long have you been working on water?" Andy asked conversationally.

"This ship? Four years. Ships in general? Almost twenty years," he said with a proud smile.

"So where is this ship headed?" She asked wanting to know if the ship was stopping at the island Cassidy had mentioned or if they were just dropping them off and continuing on their way.

They still had about five days to get to the island, and she needed to begin to find a means of escape before then. If she was going to escape from Cassidy, she needed to start working out her escape plan now.

Pete didn't respond to her question as he stepped forward and opened a door for her to go in, and Andy swore under her breath when she saw Cassidy standing inside the room staring outside a wide window with a cigar between his lips.

She should have followed her instincts and continued in the right direction. See where the left direction led her!

"I said to take me to somewhere private where I can get fresh air!" She hissed at Pete angrily as she tried to walk out of the room but Pete didn't budge from the door.

"I met her on the corridor," Pete informed Cassidy.

"Thanks for bringing her to me. You can leave us," Cassidy said as he turned to look at her.

Andy turned to leave after Pete moved away from the door and left, but she stopped when Cassidy spoke.

"You don't listen, do you?" He asked, and Andy turned back to face him but before she could speak, Cassidy spoke again.

"Why are you wearing that? Are you that desperate for male attention?" He asked with disapproval as he gazed at her boobs which were fully in public display.

"Yes, I am! So what? What are you going to do about it?" She asked, her green eyes burning furiously.

A vein worked in Cassidy's temple but he managed to keep his face blank as he slowly made his way to where she stood defiantly staring at him and daring him with her eyes to do his worst.

Chapter 555 Murderer And Beast

As Cassidy stopped in front of Andy, she eyed him, watching and waiting to see what he was going to do while also preparing herself to pounce on him if he so much as made the wrong move.

In a sudden but calculated move that took Andy unaware, Cassidy ripped her shirt in two to expose her twin mounds.

"You bastard!" Andy gasped in shock and outrage as her hands shot out to strike him, but again he was quicker than her.

He pushed her against the door roughly and before she could regain her balance, he pinned her to the door with his left leg pressed between her legs and his left hand holding both of hers firmly above her head.

"What am I going to do about it?" Cassidy asked as his right hand moved unrestricted over her body.

Andy tried to put into practice all the self-defense lessons she had learned over the years to free herself from him, but there was nothing she could do. Her hands were restricted, as were her legs, or else she would have rammed her knee into his crotch to teach him a lesson.

Cassidy held her firmly in place and while she swore at him, his roving right hand grabbed and squeezed her left breast, "Your body still responds very much to me," he noted with much satisfaction as his gaze moved over the face that had haunted him for a long time and his fingers trailed over one hardened nipple.

"You are so full of shit!" Andy spat out with annoyance and she cried out involuntarily when he pinched her nipple.

"Did that hurt? Is that how you like it now? Was this the sort of attention you craved?" Cassidy asked in a cold tone as he glared at her, "I hope you enjoy it because I can assure you, this is the sort you are going to receive when you step out of here."

"That is not your business, you first-class jerk!" She spat at him angrily.

"My business? You may not know it yet, but you are my business. Everything you do is my business and I'm not going to allow you to carry yourself about like some dumbass whore," he said, and Andy's green eyes flashed angrily as she tried to headbutt him, but Cassidy merely stared at her like she was a recalcitrant kid.

"ALLOW ME? Who the fuck do you think you are to allow me to do anything you disgusting bastard? If I choose to parade myself naked in front of every guy on this ship like a dumbass whore or fuck every guy on this ship, it's my call to make, not yours! So don't make the mistake of thinking that I need your permission, you stupid fool!" Andy hissed at him.

"Choose? Do you think you have the liberty of choice in a ship filled with sex-starved men who want nothing more than to sink their cocks in a woman's warmth? Perhaps I should let you do as you please," Cassidy said as he let her go abruptly.

"Go on out and prostitute yourself, just make sure you don't come back to me after you have been violated," he said, jerking his head to the door for her to leave before turning away from her.

As soon as he turned, Andy attacked him, ready to pull out his hair and gouge his eyes out, and as she had hoped Cassidy turned in time for her knee to shoot up between his legs.

Cassidy's breath exploded and even as he doubled over in pain, she slammed her fist into his chin. He let out a grunt of surprise as he fell to the floor.

"Come back to you? Why would I come back to an animal like you if I'm violated by them when you are just the same as them? For all I know they may even be more decent people than you," Andy said as she kicked him and she watched with satisfaction as he groaned in pain. How she had longed to see him in pain.

Although he was mad at himself that he had allowed himself for a split second to be distracted by his thoughts long enough for her to attack him, he was impressed by her quickness and strength.

Standing over him, with hands on her hips and no care about the fact that her breast was still fully exposed, she looked down at him with a sneer, "You are a filthy bastard, you know that? Acting like you have my best interest in mind here. Calling me names and behaving like a saint, when all you are underneath all this front is a dirty bastard! You brought me here against my will and for all I know you are just like Jero...."

"Andy." He called in a warning tone as he spat out blood.

"What? You don't like being told the truth? You don't want me to be violated yet you are the first person who violated me, so what does that make you? I will tell you what. A hypocritical scumbag. I believe you took me hostage so you could escape, didn't you? We can part ways now. That's the only way I won't be tempted to slash your throat in your sleep," Andy said and turned on her heel, ready to leave.

She let out a shriek when Cassidy grabbed her ankle and pulled her down causing her to fall back on her ass, "Fuck!" She swore as the pain shot through her entire body.

"Damn, you bastard!" She swore as Cassidy rolled over her despite the fact that he was still reeling in pain, and she reached out to scratch his face.

"Stay still!" Cassidy hissed at her as he grabbed a fistful of her hair to stop her from scratching out his eyes.

"Get the fuck off me! I don't want you touching me or talking to...."

The rest of her words were lost when Cassidy covered her lips with his bloodied lips.

"Damn it! When did you become such a hellcat?" Cassidy yelled as he pulled away from her when she bit his lips.

Andy spat out his blood that had stained her lips, "If you don't want to die, get off me, and stay away!" Andy snapped at him as she pushed him away from her and tried to rise.

Cassidy rubbed his chin as he hefted himself up, "You are so damned stubborn and annoying," Cassidy said with disapproval as he rose.

"You wanted to get a breath of fresh air and privacy. You can do both here without subjecting yourself to being ogled at. It's safer," Cassidy said as he offered her a hand.

Andy ignored his hand as she rose on her own, "I'm not interested in sharing the same space with you," Andy said as she headed for the door.

"You can have the space. I will leave," Cassidy said as he brushed past her and headed for the door, while Andy remained where she stood, watching with guarded eyes as she waited for him to leave.

"Do you truly despise me so much?" Cassidy asked, and Andy's nose wrinkled with disgust.

"Am I supposed to like a man that raped me? A man that had his men murder an innocent girl who was trying to earn a living? A man that kidnapped me and separated me from my family? A man that almost got me killed because he did not have the common sense to ask if I could swim or not before blowing up a ship and killing everyone he claimed to be his men? You tell me. Is there anything worth liking about you?" Andy asked with disgust.

"The girl was a collateral damage. Those were not my men. They were my father's men. And I would never have touched you if I had known it was your first time," Cassidy said with a sigh, at least grateful that she was talking to him now even if she was expressing her dislike and anger.

"So it would have been okay to force yourself on me as long as I'm not a virgin?" She sniped at him angrily.

"No, Andy! Damn it! That is not what I meant...."

"So, what did you mean?" She asked coldly with her hand on her waist looking at him and waiting for him to give her a response.

"I was angry that night, alright? I was bitter and sad! I was drunk and I wasn't in my right mind. I'm not proud of my action...."

"Yet, you repeated it," she said, reminding him of the subsequent times he had her.

"Alright. I admit it, I went about it all the wrong way. I felt responsible for you and...."

Andy scoffed in disbelief, "It's astounding how you can look so smart yet manage to come up with something so ridiculously foolish. You felt responsible for me? And the way to express that was by making me your personal whore?"

"I was drawn to you, Andy. And I thought it was mutual since I made sure to give back as much pleasure as I took," Cassidy said, and Andy shook her head.

"You are mistaken if you think it was ever about the pleasure for me. I only tried to find what pleasure I could get out of the whole exercise because that was the only way I could endure it. Do you have any idea how humiliating each experience was? How much I would scrub my body after each experience and sit under the shower to cry because I felt ashamed and disgusted with myself? I may have let you have your way with me, but I loathed you every bit as much as I loathed every person that Jero passed me to. You are no different from them or Jero," Andy said, and Cassidy nodded.

"I despise you more than you can ever imagine Do not be deceived, Cassidy. You are nothing but a rapist, a beast, and a murderer."

Cassidy ignored the insults. He couldn't get mad at her for calling him those names. He had forced himself on her. And thanks to his father he had become a beast and a murderer, so she had every reason to see him in that light.

"That is fair. I deserve all of that," he said and without another word to her, he turned around and walked away from there, giving her the space she needed.

She could hate him all she wanted, she had every right to do so considering what he had done, but he wasn't going to let her leave. At least not yet. He needed her help. He was going to keep his hands to himself and stay away from her if that was what she wanted, but he was not going to let her go.

Chapter 556 Annoyingly Nosy

While Bryan, Mia, and Jeff met with Harry's secretary to discuss Harry's plan for their office space, Sonia and Jade decided to stay back in Lucy's office.

Once they walked into Lucy's office, Sonia took Lucy's seat behind the desk and arranged her stuff on the desk while Jade sat opposite her.

"So, your grandfather, what is he like?" Sonia asked conversationally.

"What is my grandfather like?" Jade asked herself with a thoughtful smile.

"I'm not sure I can exactly describe him. He is loving. I mean, in his own way. He is just one of those people that believe he is made for a greater purpose. And maybe if he didn't marry my late grandmother when he did, he probably would never have gotten married. What am I saying? Not probably. He would never have gotten married had he 'discovered himself' as he likes to call it, earlier," Jade said, while Sonia looked at her, not sure she understood what Jade meant.

"What do you mean?"

"He lives for people. He doesn't believe he was made to merely be a family man. He is a good man, well-loved by all as you must know already. His only shortcoming as far as my dad is concerned is that he is there for everyone but his own son," Jade explained.

"Oh! I think I get it now," Sonia said with a nod when she remembered what Bryan had told her about Desmond being resentful of his father's office.

"Bryan told me about your dad's awkward relationship with him. So where does he live and how come you haven't seen him in years?" Sonia asked as she opened Lucy's drawers and snooped through them.

"Despite his age, he does a lot of traveling. As you must know he is a travel writer. He advocates through writing about the places he has been to and the needs of the people in those places. He draws the attention of philanthropists and the government of those places to them. So it's hard to see him. We barely have the time to visit our parents who are within the country how much more our grandfather who is always traveling about," Jade said reasonably.

"He is cool and can be annoyingly nosy when he wants to be, so brace yourself. I'm sure he knows a lot about you already," Jade said, and Sonia raised a brow.

"Bryan told him about me?"

"We don't have to tell him anything for him to know. I just mentioned that he can be annoyingly nosy remember?" Jade reminded her.

"I will keep that in mind," Sonia said distractedly as she took out Lucy's journal which was on top of the other documents in her top drawer.

"I just realized I haven't gotten Lucy a gift for her birthday this year. I got Lucy a set of this pocket-sized journal for her birthday last year. She has a thing for pretty journals," Sonia said with a small smile as she opened the journal.

"Are you allowed to look into her journal? I mean, isn't it sort of like invading her privacy?" Jade asked with a slightly raised brow.

"She lets me read her journals. She doesn't write her thoughts, it mostly contains her plans and schedules and this," Sonia said with a grin as she flashed Jade the to-do list Lucy had made on her birthday.

"This was the night she met Tom," Sonia explained, and Jade raised a brow as she took a closer look at the list.

"Are these items on the list supposed to be a big deal?" Jade asked in confused amusement.

Dressing sexily, wearing contact lenses, going to a club, having a double martini, and even a one-night stand didn't seem like a big deal to her.

Maybe the one-night stand was, but every other thing there was something people did every day.

Sonia smiled, "For Lucy? Yep. Every item on this list is a big deal for Lucy. You have no idea how excited I was when she told me about it."

"How can wearing a sexy dress or contact lenses be a big deal?" Jade asked incredulously.

"She was always so decently dressed after the incident with Jamie. It was almost as though she was ashamed to reveal her body. She said stepping out without her glasses made her feel exposed like she was naked and everyone could see her. She hides behind her glasses."

"Okay. I get that. But what about the alcohol? I mean how can she have never had alcohol or been to a club at her age?"

Sonia shook her head, "Lucy has had alcohol, not just a double martini. Before the incident with Jamie, she used to be so much fun to be with, and very outgoing. We had a lot of plans for college. You know; boys, parties, clubs, and all that stuff teenage girls like to imagine. But after that incident, she sort of closed up. She hardly ever wanted to step out of the house. At first, she would sometimes have panic attacks in public, scared that someone was watching her or stalking her. And to make matters worse, she didn't talk much. Not about what happened or anything else. I could be with her chattering all day but she would only say a word or two. I could say that incident sort of rewired her," Sonia said with a shake of her head and smiled as she blinked back the tears that had gathered in her eyes.

"As it would anyone," Jade said, feeling teary herself.

"That must have been tough on you. Watching your best friend change into a different person,"

"Tough? That is an understatement. That had to be the worst period of my life. It was like I lost my family and best friend at the same time. All I had was her after my parents left, but she wasn't really present. She was like an empty shell. Physically present, but her eyes were empty. I was lonely. That was how I resorted to writing," Sonia said with a sigh.

"Anyway, going to a club was a big deal because it meant she had to summon the courage to be in a room full of strangers she did not know. Going home with a stranger was a huge risk considering her experience. Do you understand?" Sonia asked, and Jade frowned.

"Sounds more like craziness to me. I mean that was reckless and irresponsible. She should never have gone to a club for the first time alone. What if Tom was a serial killer, a rapist, or something?" Jade asked, and Sonia shrugged.

"Doing something crazy was the idea. She wanted to do something irrational, call it irresponsible. She had spent the years following the incident behaving very rationally and she wanted to do something out of the ordinary. Thankfully, it had a happy ending since that was how she met your brother," Sonia said with a happy smile as she flipped through the journal.

"Did she receive therapy?" Jade asked with interest.

"I told you she never talked about it. The interview was the first time I got the details. All attempts to make her speak with a therapist were futile. The last therapist suggested we let her be. She needed to be willing to confront what had happened and talk for therapy to work. They wouldn't know how to help her if they have no idea of what is wrong or how she feels," Sonia explained and Jade sighed.

She had forgotten that Lucy was the same person who had faced such a traumatic experience. Perhaps if she remembered this often, she would be less judgemental of Lucy's attitude of moral superiority.

Sonia paused and narrowed her eyes when she stopped at the page Lucy had written on that morning. She had scribbled a lot of things. More like thoughts and questions.

"What?" Jade asked when she noticed the concentration on Sonia's face.

Sonia shook her head as she flashed her a smile, "I was just thinking of something," Sonia said as she shut the journal and returned it to the drawer, not wanting to talk to Jade about it until she was able to talk to Lucy and find out why she had scribbled control freak and therapy all over her journal.

"So about going to crash Harry's date...."

"Nope. I'm not doing that anymore," Jade said, and Sonia raised a brow.

"You're not? Why? Because Harry said so?"

"Not just because Harry said so. Because it would have been a terrible idea. I really don't think I should be taking advice from you," Jade said in amusement and Sonia scowled.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Candace and Lucy were against the idea, but you weren't. If I had gone ahead with it I could have caused unnecessary problems between me and Aurora, and also me and Harry," Jade said reasonably.

"Well, it wasn't my idea. It was yours. I was only being a supportive friend," Sonia said with displeasure.

"Thanks. But I would rather you discourage me from doing silly things than support me next time. Take for instance, the way you encouraged me to give Harry a call yesterday. You got a point for that," Jade said with a pleasant smile and Sonia rolled her eyes.

"Whatever. It's your relationship. Don't ask for my input next time," Sonia muttered and picked up her phone when it beeped with a notification.

She raised a brow when she realized the notification was from her menstrual tracker app and clicked on it. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw that her period was two days late.

Chapter 557 Exposing It All

Outside the emergency room where Bernice was being treated, Tiffany and Anita paced to and fro as they waited to receive word from either of the doctors who were attending to her.

Anita was yet to return Lisa's call to inform her of what was going on. She didn't want to alarm her and get her worried until she was sure that Bernice was alright.

How could Bernice attempt to take her life? Was any of this worth it? If she was feeling so frustrated couldn't she have just walked out of the marriage or something? Why do something like this to herself?

"I'm never going to forgive Benny if she dies! Never!" Tiffany blurted out as she stopped outside the door fighting back her tears.

"Why would she do something so stupid? It's stupid! It's all stupid! So, what if she slept with Jackson? I would have been mad, but I would have forgiven her for it. I never would have held it against her!" Tiffany cried as she covered her face with her palm and sobbed into it.

"She told you she had sex with your husband?" Anita asked, turning to look at Tiffany.

"Don't judge her, okay? You may not understand Benny, but I do. I knew how unhappy she was. I know it's crazy for me to be defending her when she slept with my husband, but I'd rather have her

alive than dead. She is my best friend!" Tiffany cried, and Anita looked at her not knowing what to say.

"Did you go to her house to see her because you knew she was going to try to take her life?" Anita asked, and Tiffany shook her head as she sniffled.

"No. I was actually going to yell at her and pull out her hair for doing something like that," Tiffany said as she wiped her face with her hands.

"I wasn't going to do it because I'm still in love with Jackson or because I'm jealous. I was going to do it because she deserves better than Jackson. Why run from Adam into the arms of a scum like Jackson when she can do better?" Tiffany asked, and Anita sighed inwardly wondering what madness had possessed everyone in her family. Well, excluding Lisa thankfully.

Anita waited until some people who were heading in their direction had passed before she spoke again, "Seeing how you don't have a problem with her having an affair with your scum of a husband, I guess you are also cheating on Jackson?" Anita asked, and Tiffany eyed her with displeasure for a moment.

"You can judge us all you want, but you would never understand what it means to walk in our shoes," Tiffany said, and Anita scoffed.

"Your shoes? Why aren't you taking off the damn shoes if it hurts so much?" Anita asked, feeling both disgusted and disappointed.

She wasn't sure she could judge or blame Tiffany and Bernice since she might have ended up exactly like them if she had not paid heed to Lisa's words or overheard the conversation between their mother and Bernice.

"Easy for you to say. Why don't you wait until you are married? And then you can find the answer for yourself?"

"Married? I'd rather die single than end up like the lot of you," Anita spat out with disgust, but Tiffany ignored her and glanced at her wristwatch instead.

"Why isn't mother or Adam here yet?" Tiffany murmured with a sigh as she looked around for somewhere to sit since her feet were beginning to ache and she was tired of talking with Anita.

"You called them?" Anita asked, and Tiffany looked at her like she was being ridiculous.

"I texted them on our way to the hospital. Am I not supposed to let her husband know where she is? And shouldn't mother know...."

"No! You shouldn't have! Why would you tell her stupid husband anything? Does he look like he cares about her? I told you not to get mother involved either! Are you just dumb or stupid?!" Anita snapped at her.

"Watch your tone, Anita! You are the one being stupid right now. Both mother and Adam has every right to know...."

"NO, THEY DON'T! Not when they are the reason she almost took her life!" Anita hissed at her.

"Don't be ridiculous!"

"What do you mean by that?" Rebekah, who had just arrived asked, and Anita turned to look at her.

"You don't know? Do you really not know what I mean? You have to be even more shameless than I thought for you to show your face here," Anita said, shocking both Rebekah and Tiffany.

"Don't you dare speak to mother in such a disrespectful tone! What has got into you?" Tiffany asked in dismay.

"I see you have spent too much time in Lisa's company and you have completely lost your manners," Rebekah said with disapproval.

"Lisa is definitely the one influencing her negatively," Tiffany said, and Anita snorted.

"I'd rather be influenced by Lisa, than either of you," Anita said, and Rebekah looked away from her to Tiffany.

"Did Bernice tell you why she tried to take her life? Did she leave a note?" Rebekah asked ignoring Anita.

"Don't you know why already? Or are you asking merely because you are scared she must have tried to expose you?" Anita asked, and Tiffany glared at her, while Rebekah looked at her, wondering if she knew anything and how much she knew.

"What is your problem? Why do you keep attacking mother? Is it because she said you are no longer welcome on Eric's show?" Tiffany asked angrily.

"Why don't you ask your mother why Bernice attempted to take her life?" Anita asked, and Tiffany looked at her like she was mad.

"Are you stupid? What has that got to do with mother? I already told you the reason...."

"What reason?" Rebekah cut in before Tiffany could finish.

"Go on and tell her," Anita urged Tiffany.

Tiffany glared at Anita, not wanting to tell their mother about Bernice's mistake. Their mother would be mad and disappointed with Bernice if she found out that Bernice had done something so immoral, especially with her husband.

Thankfully, Tiffany didn't have to answer because her phone started ringing and she received the call when she saw it was her husband.

Tiffany moved away from her mother and Anita, "Hey, babe!" She greeted, sounding completely normal like nothing was wrong.

There was no reason for her to fight with her husband because he had slept with her sister. That would be unnecessary since Bernice wasn't the first woman neither would she be the last woman Jackson was having an affair with since they got married. She was past caring now.

She wasn't mad at Jackson in the same way she wasn't mad at Bernice. As far as she was concerned they were both in an open marriage now and were free to do whatever they pleased to whoever they pleased.

"I stopped by the house to pick up some documents and I was told you left to visit Bernice. Is she alright?" Jackson asked, trying not to sound very worried since he had been worried about Bernice

all night and all morning because her number was not connecting and she wasn't responding to his tests.

"No, she is not fine. She attempted to take her life and is in the hospital right now," Tiffany said, and Jackson's heart skipped a beat.

"She did what? What is the name of the hospital?" He asked, sounding very worried now, and Tiffany tried not to be affected by how worried he was sounding as she gave him the direction to the hospital.

Rebekah on the other hand who had moved away from Anita, dialed Adam's line, "Why are you not in the hospital?" She hissed at him immediately after he received her call.

"I have work to do," Adam said quietly.

"What work could be more important than your wife's life? Set aside whatever you're doing and come here...."

"Is that necessary? She knows now that I'm in love with you and not her. There is no reason for me to pretend to be a doting husband. Bernice is just doing this to get our attention. She is an attention seeker, and if she really meant to take her life she would never have been found until she was dead," Adam said reasonably and Rebekah gritted her teeth.

"Quit speaking like a fool and come here right away, else whatever is between us is over! You hear me?" Rebekah threatened and hung up.

She was slightly startled when she turned and saw Anita standing beside her, "What are you doing? Were you eavesdropping on my call?" She asked, trying not to look flustered.

"Yes, I was. I suppose that was Adam?" Anita asked even if she already knew.

"What has gotten over you?" Rebekah asked Anita just as Tiffany joined them.

Anita shook her head, "Nothing. I've just seen you for what you are. A shameless old slut," Anita said and caught Rebekah's hand before she could hit her.

"Don't you dare!" Anita warned as she held on firmly to Rebekah's arm.

"What are you both doing? People are watching," Tiffany muttered under her breath when she noticed the curious gazes being directed at them, and Anita let go of her mother's hand.

"Don't you ever try to raise your filthy hand on me again," Anita warned her harshly.

"Anita, I think you should leave. I will stay back to make sure Bernice is fine," Tiffany suggested, wanting Anita to leave so she wouldn't keep picking a fight with her and their mother.

"No. I think you and mother should leave instead," Anita said, and Tiffany scowled.

"Don't be ridiculous. You have to be at the office," Tiffany reminded her.

"No, I don't. I submitted my resignation letter already...."

"You did what?" Rebekah asked angrily.

"....I'm not leaving. I can't trust her not to try to hurt Bernice," Anita said, and Rebekah glared at her.

"What do you mean by that? You have made quite a number of insinuations in the last couple of minutes. Do you care to share what you mean?" Tiffany asked with a displeased frown.

"Bernice confessed to Tiffany that she has been having an affair with her husband," Anita informed Rebekah and didn't miss the surprise that flickered through her eyes.

"Is that true?" Rebekah asked Tiffany who was glaring at Anita for being a loudmouth.

"Mother, please don't be mad. Don't be too hard on Bernice...." Tiffany stopped talking when Anita suddenly laughed dryly.

"Oh, Tiffany! You don't have to explain to mother. She is aware of it already and she understands perfectly what Bernice did," Anita said, and Tiffany looked from Anita to their mother in confusion.

"How can you say mother is aware? That doesn't make any sense," Tiffany said with a shake of her head, not believing Anita.

"Anita," Rebekah called in a warning tone, but Anita ignored her.

"Oh, yes! She is aware, and she sees nothing wrong with it because she is also having an affair with Adam, Bernice's husband," Anita revealed, shocking Tiffany whose lips fell open in surprise, while Rebekah tried to maintain a blank expression.

"What are you talking about? Mother, what is she talking about?" Tiffany asked Rebekah who was looking at Anita with so much anger in her eyes.

"Don't ask me such senseless questions, and quit listening to the nonsense she is saying. She doesn't know what she is talking about...."

"Is it really nonsense? Are you sure I don't know what I'm talking about? Cause Bernice may not have left a suicide letter but I did overhear your conversation in the guest room yesterday," Anita revealed, and Rebekah's brows pulled together.

"What conversation are you talking about?" Tiffany asked Anita, unable to wrap her head around the fact that their mother was having an affair with Adam.

"Your precious Mother is Adam's lover. Bernice confronted her, and she threatened and blackmailed Bernice into not doing anything about her affair with Adam, that was the reason Bernice was out of sorts yesterday, and that is the reason she tried to kill herself after telling you the truth!" Anita informed Tiffany before turning to their mother.

"The truth is out in the open now, you have nothing more to use against Bernice. You almost killed her, but I won't let you have your way anymore. You've done enough harm to us in the name of wanting what's best for us," Anita said, while Tiffany remained where she stood lost for words as she stared from Anita to their mother.

Chapter 558 Take Your Own Advice

The moment the general meeting came to an end, Lucy stood up and quickly headed for the door with her stuff. This had to be the longest meeting she had ever attended in her entire life.

She had felt awkward for most of it since even though she had kept her head down she had met Tom's gaze each time she looked up, and had once caught Tom's grandfather staring at her, and when their eyes met, he had grinned.

"Why are you in so much of a hurry to leave, cousin?" Harry asked as he blocked Lucy's path.

"Who are you running from?" Harry asked, giving her a knowing look. He had hurried after her the moment he saw her head for the door.

Lucy flashed him a quick smile, "Sonia is waiting in my office," she said, wanting to be out of there before Tom and his grandfather would get to the door.

"So, you are in a hurry to go meet Sonia and it's not just because you are avoiding me or your boyfriend?" Harry asked, and Lucy looked at him, wondering if Tom had told him anything.

"Why will I avoid either of you?" Lucy asked, choosing to play the innocent card.

Harry grinned, choosing to indulge her, "Well, I will speak for myself. After your drunken drama last night...." Harry let the rest of his words trail off when Lucy blushed.

"About that. I'm sorry," she said, and Harry chuckled.

"It's fine. Don't you want to say hello to Tom's grandfather? I think you should do so before leaving," Harry suggested, and Lucy looked at him, unsure if it was okay to do so.

"Even strangers are saying hello to him, shouldn't his grandson's girlfriend do the same? You would embarrass Tom and give everyone the wrong idea if you don't greet him. Come say hello to him. I'm sure Sonia can wait or you both can just meet up at home," Harry said, and before Lucy could protest he took her hand and led her back into the hall where some of the shareholders were still gathered around Tom and his grandfather.

Once Tom saw the both of them at the door, Harry signaled to him to come over, and Tom excused himself from his grandfather's side and went to meet them.

"Your boyfriend is here, he should do the honors of taking you to his grandfather while I return an important phone call," Harry said as he let go of Lucy's arm and winked at Tom before walking away.

Standing alone now, Tom looked at Lucy while she looked everywhere else but at him, "Let's go," Tom said and started to walk away when he noticed she seemed to be maintaining her earlier annoyed stance, while Lucy looked at him.

"Are you mad at me?" Lucy asked with a frown as she followed him, but Tom said nothing.

"Tom, why...."

Tom turned to look at her, "Not now, Lucy. I'm really not in the mood to argue with you. I will introduce you to my grandfather and you can go back to your office as you were in a hurry to do earlier," Tom said, and Lucy sighed inwardly as she followed him.

Cora who had been standing with the other directors who had gathered around Tom's grandfather, to introduce themselves to him and snap pictures with him, didn't miss the awkward tension between Tom and Lucy as they approached.

As a matter of fact, she had noticed that there was no form of communication between them during the meeting and Lucy had kept her head down for most of the time, and had only spoken when she gave the report on her department. It seemed like there was trouble in paradise, she mused. She hoped so.

"At last! The beautiful lady whose greeting I've been waiting for this whole time. Were you going to leave without saying hello to me?" Lawrence exclaimed when he sighted Lucy, and he beamed a smile at her.

Lucy tried not to stiffen visibly when all eyes turned to her, and she forced a smile, "I'm sorry. I noticed the crowd and didn't want to be a bother," she said apologetically as she stopped in front of him, and he waved off her excuse.

"When did a simple hello become a bother? Since it's still work hours I won't bother you. We can get to know each other better during dinner," He suggested, and Lucy looked at Tom.

"Dinner?"

"Yes. I'm having dinner with the family tonight. I should leave now so you both can get back to work. Why don't you both see me off," Lawrence answered before Tom could, and Tom led him out of the conference hall while Lucy followed behind.

Once they had seen the old man off to his car and he had left, Tom turned to return inside without saying a word to Lucy and she followed him.

Tom pretended not to notice she was following him until they both got into the elevator and she pressed the button for his floor.

"I think we need to talk."

"Do we?" Tom asked with disinterest.

"I'm not a control freak...."

"I'm busy, Lucy. I have a lot of things to take care of. I can't talk about that right now," Tom cut in simply, making it clear he was no longer interested in the subject.

Lucy frowned, "Why are you mad at me? You are the one who called me names. I'm the one who should be upset not you," Lucy said defensively.

"I don't remember saying I'm mad at you or stopping you from being upset, did I?" Tom asked, feeling both annoyed and irritated by the fact that she was holding on to the claim that he called her names.

"But you...."

"You should go back to your office, Lucy. I'm busy," Tom said when the elevator stopped at his floor and he walked out without looking back.

Lucy stepped out with him, "Tom...."

"Can you just let me be?" Tom snapped at her as he turned to look at her, startling her.

"I want to be left alone. Please, let me be. It doesn't always have to be about you, does it? I was trying to have a reasonable conversation with you this morning and you picked offense. That is fine by me, but don't expect that I will put a long list of things I'm supposed to attend to right now on hold just to entertain whatever tantrum you want to throw. I'm sure you have stuff to do in your office, get to it while I take care of mine," Tom said, and walked away, leaving behind a stunned Lucy.

As much as he did not like to talk to her in such a harsh manner, his head was throbbing and he was short on temper. He knew without a doubt that they were going to argue some more if he entertained the discussion right now, and he really wasn't in the mood for it. He had a lot on his plate that he needed to take care of.

As he walked into his office, he was surprised to find Bryan seated there, "Where is grandfather?" Bryan asked when Tom shut the door behind him.

"He just left. When did you get here?" Tom asked, but Bryan was frowning.

"He left already? I expected...."

"He will be having dinner with the rest of the family tonight," Tom informed him.

"Oh! That's great then. Much better than meeting him in such a formal setting. How did he look? Is he okay? Why did he decide to come here all of a sudden? Did he inform you before coming?" Bryan asked curiously.

"He looked okay, but I don't know. You can direct the rest of your questions to him when you meet him. I should probably call Mom to inform dad and Samantha about dinner," Tom said as he took out his phone and dialed his mother's line.

Once he was done with the phone call he sat behind his desk and faced Bryan who was watching him speculatively, "Why are you staring at me in that manner?"

"Are you okay? Did the meeting not go as planned? You look and sound pissed," Bryan observed as he watched Tom.

"I'm just having a bad day I guess," Tom said with a sigh as he wiped his face with his hands.

"Sorry about that. Do you want to talk about it?" Bryan asked, and Tom shook his head.

"I can handle it. What are you here for?" He asked as he rose to go take another pain relief for his throbbing headache.

"I came in with Jeff and Mia to check out our office space...."

Tom stopped by the doorway of the office bedroom, "About that, You can make do with whatever little space you get for the time being. There should be no major move until I'm done with Golden Star," Tom said, and Bryan raised a brow.

"What do you mean?"

"The space left within this building wouldn't be large enough to house an entertainment agency. I was going to purchase another building, but I don't think it will be a bad idea to take over Golden Star Entertainment instead," Tom said, confident in his ability to take over the agency.

Bryan smiled, "I was hoping you would make such a move. I got some shares," Bryan said, and Tom nodded, impressed with his smart thinking.

"Good. I will let you know when I need them," Tom said before walking into the bedroom to get himself medicine for his head.

"How is the plan for Anita and her family coming? I heard about the incident that took place at the spa yesterday," Bryan said when Tom joined him again.

Tom sighed, "I thought it was all under control, but now I'm not so sure," Tom admitted as he told Bryan about his plans and the recent developments in the Miller family.

"Wow! That's a lot," Bryan said, and neither of them said anything for a minute until the door opened and Jade walked in.

She had left Lucy's office the moment Lucy returned and said the meeting was over. At first, she had been in a hurry to go see her grandfather but after Lucy informed her the old man had left, she decided to go see Harry instead.

"Lucy says we are having dinner with grandfather?" Jade asked, and Bryan gave her a nod.

"Yeah. Where is Sonia?" Bryan asked curiously.

"I left her with Lucy. Why is Harry not in his office? Did he leave for another meeting?" Jade asked Tom.

"Shouldn't you have asked his secretary?" Tom asked, and Jade raised a brow at Tom's terse tone.

"Well, his secretary asked me to check your office. I will just give him a call," Jade said, and looked at Bryan with questioning eyes, wanting to know if everything was fine, and when he gave her a nod she sashayed away.

Away from there inside Lucy's office, Sonia tried to put aside what was bothering her and faced Lucy, "Is everything alright?" Sonia asked, and Lucy sighed.

"I don't know. Tom is acting weird," She said with a frown.

"Weird? In what way?" Sonia asked, and she shrugged.

"I was trying to speak with him just now and he snapped at me. He asked me to leave him alone," Lucy said with a worried frown, and Sonia raised a brow.

"Why? Did something happen at the meeting to annoy him?" Sonia asked with concern.

"It's not that. We sought of had a misunderstanding earlier this morning and I got mad at him for calling me a control freak and saying I needed therapy," Lucy explained, and Sonia nodded thoughtfully.

That at least explained what she had read in Lucy's journal, "I see. And I suppose you don't agree with him?" Sonia asked, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Do you?"

"This is not about me. It's about you," Sonia pointed out defensively.

"And I'm asking you. Do you agree with Tom? Do you also think I'm a control freak?" Lucy asked, and Sonia licked her upper lip as she tried to find the right words to answer the question.

"Well, it depends on what you think being a control freak means," Sonia said, and Lucy looked at her, trying to fight her annoyance. She could tell that Sonia was trying to evade the question in the same way Lucas had tried.

"If I remember correctly. Just two days ago, you asked me this same question and I gave you a direct answer without beating around the bush," Lucy said stiffly, and Sonia sighed.

"Alright. If by control freak you mean hating change and always wanting things to go your way, then yes. You are like that most of the time. Although you don't do it so aggressively and I don't think you do it deliberately sometimes, but you do it. You get upset when you are criticized or told a bitter truth, but you have no problem with criticizing others or telling them the truth. You love to stick to your principles and expect everyone to do the same. You prefer to do things yourself because you believe no one can do what you do better than you. You get visibly upset when you feel like things are not going your way or everything is changing."

"So you also think I'm a control freak," Lucy murmured as tears gathered in her eyes.

"That doesn't mean you are a bad person," Sonia assured her.

"How do any of these character flaws you listed not make me a bad person?" She asked, and Sonia's brows pulled together.

"You see why I didn't want to answer your question? Now you are upset," Sonia said, and Lucy shook her head.

"I'm not."

"Yes, you are. I think you need to give yourself a break. You are not perfect, Lucy. You can't be, even if you try," Sonia said as she rose from her seat to go sit on the edge of the desk beside Lucy.

"Why didn't you ever say anything?" Lucy asked with a frown.

"The same reason I'm sure you were tolerating my attitude all these years too I guess? I suppose we were able to stand each other's attitude because we love each other and it wasn't toxic or harmful to us and we both respected each other's boundaries well enough. But things are different now that we have these men in our lives," Sonia said with a shrug and Lucy sighed.

"Do you think Tom is right, and maybe that is why I'm scared to get married? Do you think it's all related to what happened?" Lucy asked with a frown.

"Why don't you tell me about your conversation and exactly what led to Tom saying that and I can give you my honest opinion?" Sonia suggested.

Sonia listened as Lucy gave her every single detail of her conversation with Tom, and when she was done Sonia sighed. She could see Tom's point, but she knew better than to jump on it and say she agreed with Tom.

"How do you really feel whenever you think about getting married and having kids?" Sonia asked, and Lucy shook her head.

"Anxious? The thought of it is like a weight on my chest and I can't breathe," Lucy said, and Sonia nodded.

"Was that the way you felt before? I mean before the incident?" Sonia asked, and Lucy considered it for a moment.

"If I remember correctly, the last time we had this conversation right here in your office

you mentioned that what happened contributed greatly to your conviction of not wanting a man in your life. I think it might all be related. Your need for control, your fear of marriage and kids. Let's look at it this way. You had no control over what happened to you. It was a very terrible and traumatizing experience, and so now you desperately crave control over your life because that is the

only way you can ensure that nothing goes wrong for you ever again. You don't want anything that might threaten what little control you have over your life and that includes getting married and having kids. Maybe you are scared that you haven't got your life in order and the last thing you want is to bring anything unpredictable into the picture. And maybe a part of you sympathizes with your parents and you don't want to ever have to go through what they did as parents seeing their daughter that way," Sonia said reasonably.

"I don't know," Lucy said with a shake of her head.

"True. And we would never know for sure if you don't go for therapy...."

"But I don't need...."

"No, but Lu. We've had this conversation several times over the years, and I know Lucas has tried to convince you about therapy too. Maybe you should take your own advice. Put yourself and your fears aside and think about everything from Tom's perspective this time. Think about your relationship with Tom and how much effort he has put into chasing you from the very beginning and trying to make things work between you both, and then compare it with how much effort you have put in. Is he really asking for too much? Is asking you to do this for yourself such a big deal? You told me that if I value what I have with Bryan, I would learn to make some changes and be the kind of person he wants me to be for him. You said there was no harm in learning to be the kind of person my partner wants. You said you love Tom and you are learning different ways to show him that. It seems to me that you are not learning the really important things he needs you to learn. So maybe this time you need to think about everything from Tom's perspective and really hear what he is saying instead of trying to pick a fight with him for telling you the truth. Tom loves you, of that I'm sure. If you love him and value your relationship, you would do what he is asking. It's for you. And I would love nothing better than for you to receive therapy. I'm sure your parents and Lucas would love that too. If you won't do it for yourself, at least do it for the sake of those of us who really care about you," Sonia pleaded, and Lucy sighed in resignation.

Chapter 559 Professional Distraction

"Jonas!" Jade called out in a loud voice when she sighted Harry from afar off heading for the cafeteria, causing heads to turn in both hers and Harry's direction.

Harry turned when he heard her voice, and even though he didn't like that she called him in such a manner within the company, thereby drawing attention to them both, he didn't let it show on his face.

His heart fluttered when he saw the wide smile on her face as she hurried to catch up with him, and he smiled at her, remembering the last time she had been there and how she had bothered him.

She was dressed simply in a red shirt that was tucked into blue jeans, and she had on a white pair of low flats, "I've been searching all over for you," Jade said breathlessly when she stopped in front of him.

"You could have just called," Harry pointed out as he looked at her, his gaze softening as he watched her.

"Well, I did, but your line was busy. So I decided to ask around if anyone had seen you leaving," Jade said as she beamed a smile at him. Although she wanted to embrace him and touch him, she knew Harry wouldn't want her to do that. At least not here. Not yet.

"You look lovely," Harry observed, and her face glowed with pleasure.

"Thanks."

"You managed to draw the attention of everyone to us," Harry said, and she smiled apologetically when she noticed that most of the people around were trying hard not to stare directly at them.

"Sorry. But I'm sure looking from the side, they would most likely think of me more like a stubborn kid sister that likes to follow you about. You know, your best friend's kid sister is your kid sister kind of thought," Jade said, and Harry scowled.

"You are not my kid sister. And thankfully there is nothing brotherly about my feelings for you," Harry said, and Jade grinned.

"According to Tom, you claimed I was," Jade teased him as she poked his arm playfully.

"You were the one who first said you had motherly and sisterly instincts towards me "

Harry reminded her, and she frowned.

"I did? When?" Jade asked, and Harry raised a brow.

"You can't remember saying that to me at the suite? While we were watching Lucy's interview?" Harry reminded her, and she giggled when she remembered.

"Well, you were the one who showed up at my door and asked me to assume you are my brother " she reminded him.

"I asked you to ASSUME so if it would make you feel better not take me as one. And just so you know hearing you talk about your motherly and sisterly instinct towards me was very annoying," Harry said, and Jade giggled.

"The same way introducing me as your little friend was annoying," Jade said, and Harry chuckled.

"Alright, I guess we are even. Let's just agree from here on out that there is nothing motherly or sisterly about your feelings for me," Harry said, and Jade extended a hand.

"As long as there is nothing unclely or brotherly about yours for me too, we have a deal. Cause that would make the thoughts I have of you incestous," Jade said with a wink and Harry chuckled as he shook her hand.

"What are you here to do anyway? Want to grab something to eat?" Jade asked curiously as she looked behind him into the cafeteria.

"Oh, right!" Harry said as he turned back to look into the cafeteria. For a moment he had almost forgotten he was there to find someone.

That was exactly the kind of effect Jade had on him. She made him forget everything and everyone else. Having her working with him in the same building would be trouble for him, Harry thought, and then reminded himself that he had offered her the job himself.

He missed her whenever she wasn't with him and was distracted by her whenever he was in her company. He was just going to have to learn to live with the knowledge that having Jade in his life was going to come with a lot of professional distractions, and he needed to discipline himself not to entirely forget himself especially within the company.

"I wanted to see the President of the airline. He is having lunch here. Are you in a hurry?" Harry asked, and Jade shook her head.

"Not at all."

He gave her a nod, "Good. Why don't you wait in my office?" Harry asked as he glanced at his wristwatch, "I will join you soon," he said, and Jade flashed him a smile.

"Sure," she said with a wave before walking away.

Harry smiled as he watched her back knowing she was most likely going to turn before taking the bend, and just as he expected, she did, and he winked at her, making her giggle.

Harry caught himself smiling and sighed to himself. He couldn't even control his emotion in public anymore. He was certain that anyone with eyes could guess something was up between them. He only needed to look at the surprised look on the faces of some of the staff who had seen him wink at Jade to know that the whole building would be buzzing with news of their relationship soon.

Harry sent them a glare and immediately they turned away their faces. Harry maintained a straight face as he walked into the cafeteria, and stopped at the man's table, who he had come to see, "Can we talk?"

The man rose, "I would have come to your office if you had sent for me," He said, feeling uncomfortable that Harry had come there for his sake.

"It's more a personal matter than an official one," Harry said as he gestured to the man's seat for him to sit down, before sitting down as well.

"I won't take too much of your time. I was expecting you to come with Director Anita Miller. Why did you come with a different director?" Harry asked curiously.

"She wasn't feeling well, so she asked that I go with someone else," the man said, and Harry looked at him thoughtfully.

"She did? I guess it's for the best. I want to know more about her. How has been her performance lately? And what are your observations?" Harry asked, startling the man who had been expecting anything else but that.

"I beg your pardon?" he asked, wondering if Anita might have said or done anything to show Harry that she was no longer interested in the airline.

"I want her fired, but unlike me, Mr. Hank doesn't want to fire her based on personal reasons. He wants her to quit on her own. She gets on my nerves and I'm not sure I can wait for her to do so. I need a professional reason to fire her," Harry said honestly, having no problem with admitting that he was willing to do something Tom wasn't willing to do.

"She actually submitted her resignation letter this morning but I turned it down," the man confessed, wondering what Anita could have done to offend Harry.

Although he wanted to look out for Anita, he couldn't do that at the expense of his position. The last thing he wanted was to get on the bad side of his new employers because of someone who didn't really care about him.

"She did?" Harry asked rhetorically, and the man nodded.

"What was her reason?" Harry asked with interest. He had decided to speak with the man because he wanted to better understand what Anita was playing at, but it was beginning to look like she was really backing away.

"She didn't give me any. She is very competent and I honestly think it would be a shame to lose such a dedicated staff as her," the man said, feeling the need to add the last part. And he explained what he had told Anita about taking some time to rethink her decision.

Harry nodded, "Alright then," he said as he rose, and the man looked at him in confusion wondering if that was all.

"Alright? Do you want me to accept her resignation?" he asked, and Harry raised a brow.

"Didn't you say you rejected her resignation already? Let me know what she decides after now. Enjoy your meal," Harry said briskly before walking away.

Why did it seem like Anita was having a change of heart suddenly when they were so close to punishing her already? He wasn't sure whether to feel relieved about this new development or not. How were Tom and Lucy going to feel about it? Were they going to be willing to forgive her just like that and let it go? Well, that was dependent on whether or not she was willing to humble herself and apologize to Lucy. That would definitely determine their next course of action, Harry thought as he got into the elevator and headed for his office to meet Jade.

Once he stepped out of the elevator, his phone started ringing and he glanced at it expecting that the call was from the person who was coming over to see him, but he smirked when he noticed that the call was from Sara.

It was great that she was calling first. Thankfully, one of his men had called to inform him that they had seen a young lady that fit the description he had asked for. Everything was falling into place.

"Hello, mother!" Harry greeted pleasantly as he walked past his secretary into his office.

Jade who had been seated on his seat behind his desk, rose once he walked into the office but Harry pressed a finger to his lips asking her to keep mute as he walked over to stand beside the window in his office instead of sitting.

Sara tried not to wince at the way he called her mother. It made her feel old and she didn't like it. Unfortunately, she couldn't ask him not to call her that. At least not yet.

"Hello! I'm not calling at the wrong time, am I?" she asked politely.

"Not at all, mother. No time could ever be wrong to hear from you," Harry assured her sweetly.

Mother? Why was he calling her that? Jade mused with a raised brow when she realized he was on the phone with Sara.

"I have been able to clear my schedule. We can meet tomorrow if you are not very busy...."

"I could never be too busy for you, mother. Text me the time and venue and I will be there," Harry assured her.

It gave Sara so much joy to know that Harry was just as gullible as his father. The only good thing about him was that he was wealthy and wasn't going to be dependent on her hard-earned wealth.

"I will have my assistant text the details to you after the reservation has been made," she assured Harry before hanging up.

"Really? Mother?" Jade asked with displeasure once Harry turned back to face her. As far as she was concerned, Sara didn't deserve to be called that.

"Yeah. Mother," Harry said with a nod.

He did not call her mother because he loved to call her that, but rather he did so because he felt that was the best way to mock her. He intended to keep throwing the name in her face until he was done with her.

"I didn't imagine you would call her that," Jade said with disapproval, and Harry grinned.

"I'm sure she doesn't want me to call her that either. She wouldn't know what hit her when I'm done. Enough about her, how is your day going? When did you get here?" Harry asked as he watched her.

"We got here while you were in the conference room. And the day was just crawling slowly until you showed up," Jade said with a shrug.

"I guess you are bored?" Harry asked knowingly, and Jade smiled as she gave him a nod.

"It's the first time I've been so idle in years," Jade confessed, and Harry nodded in understanding as he held out a hand to her, and she walked around the desk to go to him.

"I think being bored is only a small price to pay for looking so well-rested, relaxed, and breathtakingly beautiful, don't you think so?" Harry asked as he took her hand and raised it to his lips making her smile.

"Well, if you say it that way, I guess so," Jade said as Harry pulled her to himself easily and embraced her.

"I will be meeting with Sara sometime tomorrow. And I also plan to see Aurora tomorrow. I think the sooner I resolve the stuff with Aurora the earlier I can go out on a date with you," Harry said and he kissed the top of her head, making Jade sigh with contentment.

"I guess I won't be seeing you tomorrow then," Jade said after she pulled away from him, and Harry smiled.

"Don't worry, I'll text you each time I pick up my phone," Harry promised and Jade smiled.

"Did you see my grandfather?" Jade asked, and Harry gave her a nod before leading her to the desk.

"Yes. He is still as formidable as ever," Harry said as he made her sit at the edge of the table and stood in front of her.

"That's good to know," Jade said with a small smile as she wrapped both arms around Harry's waist and looked up at him.

"So, about that vacation you talked about," Jade reminded Harry.

"Yeah? What about it?" Harry asked with a grin.

"Well, the last time we were discussing it you were saying something about leaving Virgin Harry behind. You said and we can both... Then you were interrupted. What were you going to say?" Jade asked, and Harry chuckled.

"Well, I was going to say maybe we can both...." Harry stopped when a knock sounded on the door, and he laughed out loud when Jade swore loudly as she glared at the door.

"I guess it's not something I'm meant to tell you then. I think my guests have arrived," Harry said with a grin as he stepped away from Jade and called out to his secretary to come inside.

"I will just take my leave," Jade said grudgingly when the door opened and the secretary informed him that his guests had arrived.

"Nah. You should stay," Harry said before giving his secretary the go-ahead to let them in.

Chapter 560 A Fresh Start

"Mother, I think you should leave," Tiffany said quietly, still feeling shaken by all that Anita had revealed.

What shocked Tiffany most was the fact that their mother had known about Bernice's affair with her husband, and didn't do anything to stop it, but instead had used the information to blackmail Bernice into staying silent.

Thinking of her mother as such a person sent chills down her spine. It was scary. She couldn't imagine how Bernice must have felt not only being betrayed by her own mother but being blackmailed by her too, and being unable to do anything. The thought of it brought angry and sad tears to her eyes.

"Don't be ridicu...."

"Leave!" Tiffany snapped at her. What annoyed Tiffany most was the fact that their mother still didn't look shame-faced or remorseful about her actions.

"You are both making a mistake. I have always only wanted the best for you. And I know you might be confused and shaken right now, and may not exactly understand...." the rest of Rebekah's words were cut off when Tiffany shoved her away roughly.

"Leave this moment or I won't be held responsible for whatever happens to you. I can tolerate and forgive anything else you do, but hurting Benny to this point. To the point that she imagined that taking her own life was better than living, I don't think I can forgive you. I will never forgive you if anything happens to her." Tiffany broke into a sob.

"We don't need you! Leave!" Anita spat out angrily.

"What is going on here? Why are you treating your mother so disrespectfully?" Adam asked as he joined them, and both sisters turned to him with angry eyes.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Adam. I'm both disappointed and disgusted," Tiffany said as she swiped at the tears on her face.

"I beg your pardon?" Adam asked, looking at Rebekah to explain the situation to him.

"You wouldn't have come to see your wife had your lover not threatened to cut ties with you, would you?" Anita asked, and surprise flickered in Adam's eyes.

"You should leave with your lover you shameless fool. I never should have advised Benny to go back home to you. At least Jack is a dog, but I know he would never stoop to the level of having sex with my mother...."

"You should keep your voices down," Rebekah hissed irritably.

"Why? Are you ashamed now? Are you concerned about your reputation? Did you think of that before indulging in such a shameful and immoral...."

"Do not speak to your mother in that manner," Adam cut in angrily, placing a protective arm around Rebekah which she immediately shrugged off.

"We are in love with each other and...."

"Shut up!" Rebekah hissed under her breath, and without wasting any more time trying to talk to her daughters or Adam, she walked away from there.

They were her daughters. They might all be upset right now but soon they would realize that they needed her more than she needed them. It was thanks to her after all that they were who they were in society and were living so comfortably. They would come back and she would make them take back their words and apologize to her.

As Adam chased after Rebekah, he ran past Jack who immediately called to him, "Adam? How is Benny doing?" Jack asked with concern.

"You can ask your wife," Adam said as he continued to hurry after Rebekah, leaving Jack to go into the hospital.

"Rebekah!" Adam called as he caught up with her in front of the hospital.

"Go back in there and stay by your wife," Rebekah hissed at him as she kept walking towards her car.

"Don't be ridiculous! You know I don't care about her. Besides, now that the secret is out in the open we don't have to hide our feelings for each other anymore," Adam said reasonably and Rebekah eyed him with annoyance, disgusted by his stupidity and clinginess.

"And what is that supposed to mean?" Rebekah asked irritably.

"I can divorce Benny and...."

"And then what? Marry me? Are you that senseless? What makes you think I will ever do such a foolish thing? Now that everyone knows about it, the fun is out of it. It's over between us," Rebekah said, leaving Adam stunned.

"What do you mean over?" Adam asked in confusion.

"I believe you do not expect me to break it down to you," Rebekah said as she unlocked her car but before she could open the door, Adam blocked her path.

"It can't be over between us, Rebekah. I won't accept it. I would never have married Bernice in the first place had you not gotten me drunk and made me have sex with her. I only got married to her because she got pregnant and you insisted I marry her. You are the one I've always been in love

with, and I'm not going to let you dump me in this manner," Adam said angrily and Rebekah scoffed.

"I am Rebekah Miller. When I say it is over, it is over. Quit making a fool of yourself, Adam," Rebekah advised as she sidestepped him and got into her car.

Adam stepped away from the car and watched as she drove off. Once her car disappeared from sight he returned inside the hospital to confront Tiffany and Anita who he believed were responsible for Rebekah's behavior.

As he drew closer to them, his steps faltered when he heard Anita's words, "So, what are you here for? Are you here as Benny's lover or as her brother-in-law?"

"Anita, please don't do that," Tiffany said in a pleading tone while Jack looked surprised to know that Anita knew about his affair with Bernice.

"What? You don't want to confront him? I'm pretty sure he seduced Benny and not the other way around," Anita said, looking at Tiffany.

"What are you talking about?" Adam asked Anita as he joined them, and Anita eyed him with disgust.

Seeing that Anita had no intention of talking to him, he turned to Jack, "Did you screw my wife?" Adam asked Jack, wanting to believe he had heard wrong.

"Let's not do this here," Tiffany suggested, and Adam looked at Tiffany in disbelief.

"You knew about it? You knew your husband was fucking my wife?" Adam asked in a slightly raised voice, and Tiffany glared at him.

"In the same way you were having sex with our mother, so what?" Tiffany asked, annoyed that Adam was trying to create a scene when he was just as guilty as Bernice and Jack.

"You were cheating on Benny with her mother? C'mon, man! That's gross," Jack said in disgust, and Adam swung a punch at him.

"You bastard! How dare you lay your filthy hands on my wife?" Adam growled angrily, and a fight broke out between them.

"Please don't do this! You both need to stop!" Tiffany yelled, her face burning with embarrassment when she noticed they had gathered a small audience.

Anita shook her head as she walked away in the same Tiffany had done to her the previous day, to find a quiet corner where she could relax and put some distance between her and them.

She didn't want to deal with either Jack or Adam who was embarrassing themselves. After now she was cutting them off completely.

Anita stopped by the reception desk to ask for directions to the hospital cafeteria or somewhere she could get something to drink. After this, she informed the nurse that some men were fighting outside the emergency theater and that security operatives should be asked to throw them out.

After she had been able to get a cup of coffee and somewhere to sit, she decided to return Lisa's call to inform her of all that was going on.

She made a mental note not to make Bernice's situation sound very bad since she knew how Lisa could be. Although Lisa didn't like their lifestyles or get along with them, she cared about every one of them genuinely and could get really upset if she heard that Bernice had attempted to take her life.

"Hey, Annie! I've been waiting for your call. Have you been able to check on Benny?" Lisa asked the moment she received the call.

"Yes. She is fine," Anita lied and Lisa frowned.

"She is fine? Why did she turn off her phone? Are you still there? Let me speak with her," Lisa said, and Anita sighed.

Knowing Lisa she was going to find out the truth sooner than later anyway. She knew Lisa would not rest until she spoke with Bernice.

"She isn't feeling well so we brought her to the hospital. Tiffany and I," Anita said instead.

"She is ill? What state was she in when you got there? What did the doctors say? What hospital? I'm sure Ron wouldn't mind me going to see...."

"No. That won't be necessary. You need to rest. Don't worry, I won't leave her side until I'm sure she is fine. Besides, Tiffany is here, and so are Jack and Adam. Mother just left," Anita said and Lisa's frown deepened.

"If everyone is there, then it must be a very serious situation. I have to be there...."

"Stay put, Lisa. There is nothing you can do here aside from worrying. Don't stress the baby. You are better off at home, trust me," Anita said but Lisa still wasn't convinced.

"Are you telling me the truth, Annie? Tell me the truth. Did Adam attack her? Is she alright?" Lisa asked, unable to shake off the feeling in her gut that something was very wrong.

"Is she conscious? The only way I will stay put is if you let me talk to her or at least send me a video," Lisa insisted stubbornly and Anita sighed. She had never been able to tell lies to Lisa successfully, why did she think she could start now?

"She attempted to take her life," Anita said quietly and Lisa gasped loudly.

"She did what?" Lisa asked as she immediately got off the bed.

"Lisa, calm down. The doctors are attending to her right now. You don't need to be here...."

"Calm down? How can you say that when our Benny attempted suicide and is in the hospital? I have to be there! I knew it! I knew I should have tried talking to her yesterday. We shouldn't have left that way. Oh, God! What if something happens to her? What if she dies? I'm never going to forgive myself if she doesn't make it," Lisa cried, and Anita sighed.

"She is not going to die. You need to stay positive and calm down, Lisa! Think about yourself and your baby. I'm here. I will make sure that everything is fine. I promise," Anita assured her.

"And you should probably know that I confronted mother, Adam, and Jack. Mother was unremorseful. She left. Adam and Jack were fighting a moment ago," Anita told Lisa, trying to distract her from worrying about Bernice.

"Fighting why?" Lisa asked, and Anita explained the situation to her.

"You shouldn't have done that in such a public place, Annie. What if blogs get wind of it? Benny doesn't need any of this right now. She is only going to get more upset when she finds out it's all out in the open," Lisa said with concern.

"No. She is going to be relieved to know that she doesn't have to be weighed down by such a burden anymore. She can divorce Adam now if she wants to. She doesn't have to tolerate his bullshit anymore," Anita said in annoyance.

"What about Tiffany? How is she taking it all?" Lisa asked in concern.

"She is worried about Benny. Benny sent her a text to tell her about her affair with Jack before trying to take her life. Tiffany is mad at mother right now. Although I'm surprised and disappointed that she isn't mad at Jack," Anita said and Lisa sighed.

"She has probably resigned herself to having an open marriage. I will try to talk to her if she will listen. Listen, Annie. Let me know the moment you hear from the doctors, okay? I need to inform Ron about the developments and see if he can have someone come over to drive me down to the hospital since he doesn't want me to take a cab," Lisa said before hanging up.

Anita sighed as she sipped from her cup of coffee. She had always thought her life was perfect and all that was missing was a man but now she had no idea what her life was about anymore.

Everything was out of place and it was glaring now that she needed to unlearn a lot of things, but she didn't even know where to start or how to go about setting her life on the right path.

She had a long way to go, but she was going to start by finding a way to seek Lucy's forgiveness. She would seek Lucy's forgiveness and then leave Ludus as she had planned. She couldn't stay in Ludus anymore. She needed a fresh start.