

Wild Night 581

Chapter 581 You Are Cute

"Are you throwing a party?" Mia asked when she walked out of her bedroom and saw Jeff setting the dining table.

She had stayed locked up in her bedroom all morning since she had no reason to leave the house.

"No. I was just going to call you after setting the table. You haven't had anything to eat all day, have you?" Jeff asked, without looking at her.

He had overheard her crying in the middle of the night, and he suspected it was because the pregnancy test had turned out positive.

For someone who was pregnant, she wasn't taking care of herself at all. He wondered if she was deliberately starving because she didn't want to keep the baby.

"No, I haven't. Don't tell me you prepared all this," Mia set as she dropped her phone on the table and picked up a chicken wing.

"I did. Sit down and eat," Jeff ordered as he drew out a chair for himself and sat down, while Mia looked at him through narrowed eyes.

"Hm. This tastes nice. Why are you being nice to me all of a sudden?" she asked suspiciously as she ate.

"Has there ever been a time I wasn't nice to you?" Jeff retorted, and she paused as she thought about it.

"I guess not," Mia said as she sat down.

Mia watched in puzzlement as Jeff set a glass of fruit juice in front of her, "What is going on? It's not my birthday," she said as she picked up the glass and took a sip.

"It doesn't have to be your birthday for you to eat healthily, does it? Enough of all that junk. I will do the cooking," Jeff offered, and Mia frowned.

"You won't have the time for that when Bryan resumes, and you know it. We can just find someone to do the cooking for us," Mia said as she watched Jeff, and then paused when it occurred to her that he had not once stared at her since she joined him in the living room.

"I don't like other people preparing my food," Jeff said as he sat down, and then he paused when he glanced at her and noticed she was staring at him with interest.

"What?" he asked, suddenly feeling uncomfortable.

"What what?" Mia asked, slightly amused as he looked away from her.

"Why are you staring at me that way?" Jeff asked, looking down at his plate as he focused on his meal.

"I don't quite understand how you can talk to someone without looking at them. So let's just say I'm staring for two. You and me," she said with a grin and then glanced at her phone when it vibrated with a message notification.

She picked it up, and smiled once she read the message, "Great! I have a blind date tonight. I might not come back early. It's fifty-fifty," she said as she continued to eat, and Jeff looked at her but said nothing.

"I never knew you were such a terrific cook," Mia said between mouthfuls.

"There are lots of things you don't know," Jeff said quietly.

"Huh?" Mia asked, wondering what he had said.

"Thanks," Jeff said, and Mia smiled.

"I should be thanking you. It's been over two years since I last had any home-cooked meal," she said casually as she sipped from the juice.

"I suppose you don't visit your family often?" Jeff asked, and Mia hesitated a bit before shaking her head.

"I don't. What about you? Do you visit your family often?" She asked, subtly shifting the subject to him.

"I do when I have the chance. Why don't you visit your family often? Are you on bad terms with them?" Jeff asked, and Mia sighed as she pushed away from the table, losing her appetite.

"Something like that. Thanks for the meal. I need to get ready for my date," Mia said as she picked up her dish, and without waiting for him she headed for the kitchen while Jeff followed her with his gaze, wondering why she always had her defenses up whenever her family was brought up.

He stood up and followed her into the kitchen, wanting to know exactly what her plan was for her pregnancy since they were housemates.

"Mia?" he called from the doorway, and she turned around surprised to see him standing in the middle of the kitchen by the little island.

"Yeah? Don't tell me you're done eating already," she asked with an easy smile.

Jeff shifted awkwardly on his feet, "Yesterday while searching for the key in your handbag I saw something... A pregnancy test kit," Jeff explained, and Mia sighed inwardly.

"I wondered if you saw that," she said, looking at him with interest as she waited to hear what he had to say and why he had brought it up.

"I'm not going to ask you how it happened or judge you. You are an adult and I'm sure you're perfectly capable of making your own decisions, but since we live together, I will like to know what you plan to do. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to tell me," he rushed to add and then frowned when Mia tittered with laughter.

"What's funny?" Jeff asked in confusion.

"You, Jeff. You are cute. Your face is burning," Mia said with a grin.

"Don't tell me you assumed I'm pregnant simply because you saw an unused pregnancy kit?" Mia asked, and Jeff shrugged.

"Well, I'm not pregnant...."

"I heard you crying at night," Jeff said, and Mia winced as she dried her hands.

"Okay, I get the picture, Jeff. But I cried because of something entirely different which I can't tell you about. Trust me, I'm not pregnant. Is that why you prepared all that food?" she asked, and Jeff scratched the back of his ear awkwardly making her giggle.

"You're so sweet, Jeff. I'm happy to know if I ever become pregnant I have such a wonderful person like you to look out for me. Thanks," Mia said as she walked towards him and kissed his cheek.

"If that's the reason you offered to do the cooking, you don't have to," Mia said as she walked past him back and Jeff followed her out.

"No. That's not it."

"Alright then. I can take care of grocery shopping if you give me a list of the things you need and I will do my best to assist you in the kitchen whenever I can. By that I don't mean I'm going to cook," she rushed to add, and Jeff smiled.

"I know."

"Thanks, Jeff. You are such a lifesaver. I need to get ready for my date now," Mia said, blowing him a kiss as she headed for her bedroom, and Jeff returned to the dining to finish his meal, relieved that she wasn't pregnant, but now curious to know the reason she had cried.

Away from there, at the cinema, Bryan tried to fight back his irritation as he glanced at Sonia for what seemed like the tenth time and noticed as usual that she still wasn't staring at the screen.

After picking her up from the company he had asked her if she still wanted to see a movie or go home, and she had insisted on seeing the movie.

She had been quiet and distracted all through the drive and he had asked her several times if she was okay and what the problem was, but each time he asked she had said the same damn thing.

"Nothing serious. Just a slight headache. I'm fine."

He had suggested they postpone seeing the movie and just go back home instead so she could get some rest, but she had insisted they see the movie as planned, so why was she not even paying attention to the movie?

What was the point of coming to see a movie with her if she was just going to zone out that way? They could have as well just stayed back at home.

"Let's go home," Bryan said, and Sonia looked at the screen before turning to him with a slight frown.

"Why? The movie is not over yet," she pointed out.

"I'm no longer interested in seeing the movie. Let's leave," Bryan said and stood up before she could protest and walked away, letting the popcorn spill on the floor.

Sonia rose and hurried after him, "Are you okay?" she asked, but before he could respond someone recognized him.

"Bryan Hank? Oh, my God! Look, it's Bryan and Sonia!"

And just like that they were surrounded by fans wanting to get pictures of them and with them and get autographs from both of them.

Bryan tried to fight back his irritation as he obliged his fans until they were able to get away from the crowd.

Immediately they got into the car, Sonia turned to Bryan, "I'm sorry," she murmured, knowing he was pissed.

She couldn't blame him for being pissed. She was at fault. She was yet to take the pills and was already feeling guilty not just about the abortion but also about keeping it from him.

The thought of taking the pills and terminating the life that was growing inside her was breaking her heart. What if the baby was a girl like she has always wanted? Even if it was a boy, killing the baby was just wrong. She felt like folding up on her bed and just crying.

"If you're just going to apologize without telling me what the problem is, I'd rather you don't," Bryan said quietly and waited a bit for her to say something.

When she said nothing, he started the car and drove off.

"I don't understand you, Sonia. I really don't. I'm doing my best to be understanding right now but you're not helping. What exactly do you want?" Bryan asked irritably after driving for a while.

"I don't know," Sonia cried, and just like that she broke into a sob, startling Bryan.

Bryan turned to look at her in confusion wondering where the tears came from as he quickly found a spot to pull over by the roadside, "What is wrong?" he asked in confusion as he watched her cry, not knowing what to do.

"Did I do or say something to upset you?" he asked feeling both worried and confused as he reached out to comfort her.

"No, it's not you. You didn't do anything," Sonia said amidst her tears.

"Give me a minute, okay? I need a minute," Sonia said, and got out of the car, needing to breathe.

Her heart kept beating very fast, and being with Bryan wasn't making it any less easy on her.

Bryan sighed as he watched her get out of the car. He thought about giving Lucy a call to find out if she knew what was up with Sonia, but before he could do that, Sonia's phone vibrated and he took it out of her handbag.

She had three missed call notifications and two texts. Without considering whether or not he was doing the right thing he checked to see who had called, and his brows pulled together when he saw they were all from Lucy.

Why was she calling Sonia when Sonia had left her office less than two hours ago? Bryan mused as he clicked on the texts. One was a spam message and the other was from Lucy.

[I hope you haven't done anything. I love you, Sony. I'm sorry I'm going back on my words, but I can't let you do something you are going to regret. You either tell Bryan about it or I will tell him myself.]

Bryan's brows pulled together as he read the text, trying to understand what it meant. It was obvious there was something he needed to know about, but why did Lucy start the text with those words?

What was Sonia planning to do? Bryan mused and turned to the door as Sonia opened it and got into the car.

"You missed Lucy's call. And you have a text from her," Bryan said as he handed her the phone.

She didn't bother to ask him why he had her phone since they both did not make a big deal out of respecting each other's privacy. That was the reason they both could access each other's phones after all.

Sonia sighed as she read Lucy's text and then she met Bryan's burning gaze. Sonia's heart skipped a beat when it occurred to her that Bryan might have read the text.

"What are you keeping from me, Sonia? What is Lucy talking about?" Bryan asked, making it clear he had read her text and was unapologetic about it.

Chapter 582 Are You Pregnant?

What was wrong with Lucy? This was supposed to be a secret between them, so why did she have to send such a stupid text? What was she supposed to tell Bryan now? Sonia mused as she wrung her hands together and looked everywhere else but at Bryan, who was watching her and waiting for an answer.

"Let's go to Tom's house. I will tell you about it when we get...."

"No. I want to hear about whatever this is right here and now. You could have told me at the house last night or this morning, but you didn't, so you don't get to choose where or when to tell me anymore. Spill it, Sonia! What are you hiding from me? What is Lucy talking about?" Bryan asked, fighting back his impatience at her attitude.

Sonia took a deep breath as she braced herself to tell him the truth, "Okay. You're right. I'm sorry," she said quietly as she folded both hands on her lap and then looked out of the window, unable to meet his gaze.

"Do you remember our conversation in Sogal? You know, the one we had on the night I told you about my conversation with your mom? You said you didn't want us to have babies immediately, and last night you said we weren't thinking of getting married...."

"I know all I said, Sonia. What I don't know is what that has to do with what you're hiding from me. Can you stop beating around the subject and just tell me directly what it is?" Bryan cut in impatiently.

Sonia's lips quivered, "I didn't mean for any of this to happen, and I was going to take care of it without bothering you...."

"Take care of what?" Bryan asked in confusion, and then his eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Are you pregnant?" He asked and watched in disbelief as Sonia raised both hands to her face and broke into an uncontrollable sob once again.

"You are pregnant?" He asked again, even though her cry already told him that was what the problem was.

"I'm sorry...."

Without letting her finish, Bryan swore under his breath as he got out of the car and went around to her side of the car, and opened the door.

He pulled her out of the car gently and embraced her while she cried. He said nothing and just patted her back while he tried to quench the flame of anger that was kindling within him.

He was mad. He was very mad at her and disappointed, but he knew that this was probably not the best time to tell her that. Not when she was crying this way.

How could she try to keep something like that away from him? What was her plan? And why was she apologizing for being pregnant when they both knew he was also at fault? If he hadn't been careless this whole time, it wouldn't have happened, so why was she taking the blame for it?

Once she had calmed a bit, Bryan made her get into the car and went around to get into his seat. He didn't say a word to her as he started the car.

Sonia looked at him, and she could tell that he was mad. His teeth were clenched, a vein was throbbing on his temple, and his grip on the wheel was very firm. He was struggling not to show just how mad he was.

"Bryan...."

"When did you find out about it?" He asked quietly.

"Last night. I got the notification from my period tracker while we were at the company yesterday but confirmed it last night," she said, and Bryan nodded.

That explained the change in her mood from the moment they left the company. That explained why she had been so distracted and acting out of sorts.

"Say something," Sonia pleaded when Bryan remained silent after some time.

Bryan smiled wryly, "It took you almost twenty-four hours to say anything to me, and you expect me to just say something a few minutes after you inform me that you are pregnant but had no plan of telling me about it?" Bryan asked without looking at her.

"I didn't know what to say to you," Sonia said as she looked down at her hands.

"How about a simple, I AM PREGNANT?" Bryan snapped at her.

"I didn't know how you would react to it. You made it clear you were ready...."

"For Christ's sake, Sonia! For Christ's bloody sake, can you stop? This has absolutely nothing to do with what I said! This has everything to do with you thinking you have everything figured out for both of us! I have every right to know that you are carrying my baby! Our baby! What were you going to do? Terminate it without my knowledge? If Lucy had been in support of your action, would you have gone along with it, not minding me?" He asked angrily, and when he couldn't hold himself back anymore, he pulled the car over by the roadside and turned to her.

"I'm sorry...."

"My opinion doesn't matter to you, right? What I want does not count, does it? You know what? Do whatever you want with the pregnancy. It's your body anyway, isn't it? Let's break up! I can't keep doing this with you. I can't keep guessing to know what's wrong with you," Bryan said angrily.

"Are you breaking up with me because I'm pregnant or because I failed to tell you I'm pregnant?" Sonia asked with quivering lips as tears fell from her eyes.

"Damn you, Sonia! I'm breaking up with you because you are not ready to be in a relationship with me! I told you the last time you can't make decisions for me! If it involves us and our relationship, we both need to have a say! You don't seem to agree with me on that, so what's the point?"

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Bryan! I just didn't want us to fight over it, and I didn't want to resent you...."

"What do you mean resent me?" Bryan cut in irritably.

"I didn't want to have to hear you ask me to terminate it yourself. I'm not sure I would forgive you if I heard you say that," Sonia cried, and Bryan frowned.

"Weren't you going to terminate it?"

"Yes, I was going to do so because I'm sure that's what you would want us to do...."

"But you don't want to terminate it?" Bryan asked in confusion, but Sonia only cried harder.

"I don't understand you, Sony," Bryan said with a sigh while Sonia unfastened her seatbelt.

"Where are you going?" Bryan asked with a frown as she reached for the door.

"We just broke up, didn't we? And you asked me to do whatever I wanted."

He had only said all of that to her because he was mad, and he wanted her to know how mad he was, but that wasn't the point right now.

"I didn't mean that. And we are still talking...."

"I can't talk right now. Let's talk later. Now that you know I'm pregnant, I will go ahead and terminate it as I know you would want me to...."

"What the fuck is wrong with you? At what point in our conversation did I say anything about you terminating the pregnancy?" Bryan asked in frustration, but even as he was still talking, Sonia got out of the car.

Bryan frowned in confusion as he watched her get out of the car and flag down a cab.

When did he say he wanted her to terminate the pregnancy? Why was she so hardheaded and stubborn? What was he going to do with her? Bryan mused as he watched her get into a cab.

How was she the one that was mad now when she was obviously the one that was wrong? Did he handle everything wrongly?

Maybe Sonia needed some time to figure out what she wanted, but one thing he knew he didn't want was her making decisions that affected the both of them without his consent.

Bryan sighed as he started the car again and headed home. He had no idea where she had gone off to, but whenever she came back, he was going to sit her down, and then they would come up with a solid plan together on what to do.

If she didn't want to keep the baby, that was okay by him since she was the one carrying the pregnancy. There was no way he was going to force her to keep a baby she didn't want to have.

All he wanted was to be a part of whatever her decision was. If she was terminating it, he wanted to be with her through it. If possible, he wanted them to see a doctor and discuss the pros and cons together.

If what she wanted was to have the baby, he saw no reason for her to abort it. Of course, he had not planned for them to have a baby yet, but if the baby was here already, they could always find a way to make it work. Together.

She could move in with him, and he could employ a couple of nannies to assist her in taking care of their baby while she also went about her writing and they did their stuff. He loved kids, so he didn't think it was a big deal.

No, that wasn't well worded, he decided when his stomach did a flip-flop.

Having a baby with Sonia was a very big deal. He had never really given much thought to being a father since he had not been planning to start a family so soon, and now he was going to be a father.

Okay. He needed a drink.

Chapter 583 Suspicious Text

After Lisa left her sisters in the hospital, Tiffany and Bernice sat in silence, both filled with thoughts of their own, until Bernice sighed.

"Why did you bring Jack here? How can you stand seeing us together after what we did to you?" Bernice asked in confusion.

"Jack might have his flaws, Benny, but he isn't a bad person. I know he is nothing like Ron, but I can't blame him. I'm sure Ron would have been just like Jack had he been forced to marry someone he knew nothing about...."

"I never said he was a bad person, Tiff. And now that you mentioned it, this makes me wonder why he was forced to marry you. I mean, what did his father stand to gain from the marriage?" Bernice asked, and Tiffany's eyes narrowed.

"I don't know. I never thought about it or asked mother. Do you think mother blackmailed Jack's father into making Jack marry me?" Tiffany asked with a worried frown, and Bernice shook her head.

"Those two are very close. If she blackmailed him, he doesn't look it. Not with how well they get along with each other. That is difficult to fake," Bernice pointed out, and Tiffany nodded.

"You're right. By the way, if you don't mind me asking. What was he like when you two were together? I mean the affair," Tiffany asked, and Bernice frowned.

"I don't think that is something I should be talking to you about," Bernice said with a shake of her head. It was weird enough that Tiffany wasn't pulling her hair out as she had expected her to. But wanting the details of her affair with Jack was out of it.

"Why not?" Tiffany asked.

"Why not? Why would you want to put yourself through that? Does it make any sense to you?" Bernice asked, beginning to feel upset, not for herself but for Tiffany.

"Benny, let me worry about that. I'm asking you to tell me," Tiffany insisted. "Do you know how I felt seeing mother and Adam? Do you know what I thought about while trying to take my life? How much pain you would be in knowing I did that with your husband! Why would I want to hurt you more by telling you about it?"

"Was he happy? Did he make you happy, however briefly?" Tiffany asked, ignoring everything else Bernice had said.

"Tiff...."

"I need to know, Benny! He told you he is in love with you, didn't he?" Tiffany asked, and Bernice shook her head quickly.

"No, he didn't! Why would he tell me something as ridiculous as that? It was just lust! You know how Jack is, come on," Bernice rushed to assure Tiffany, and Tiffany laughed dryly.

"How many times did you meet with him?" Tiffany asked, and Bernice looked away guiltily.

"Tell me the truth, Benny. Once? Twice? A couple of times?" Tiffany asked impatiently.

"I'm sorry, Benny! I was so lonely, and...."

"Was it once or twice?" Tiffany snapped at her.

"A couple of times! A couple of times, I'm sorry. The last time I was going to tell him it was over, but...."

"Jack doesn't have sex with the same woman twice," Tiffany said flatly.

"What?" Bernice asked with wide, confused eyes.

"Jack is in love with you. He told me so himself. He said he had always been in love with you before you married Adam," Tiffany said, and Bernice turned away from her.

"It doesn't make sense. That can't be true...."

"It's true. I know, Jack. I had someone follow Jack for a long time when we first got married. The fact that he told me how he feels about you and didn't bother to say a word of it to you tells me a lot," Tiffany said with a sigh.

Bernice frowned as she tried to remember if he had ever given her a hint of his feelings for her. She had always avoided visiting Tiffany's house because she had noticed how Jack always looked at her like he wanted to eat her. She had always known he desired her but she had thought that was just him being his normal immoral self. Her heart skipped a beat when she remembered what he had said about her being the only lady he wanted to see

Jackson was in love with her? He had always been in love with her? How? Why?

"Oh, God!" Bernice cried as she covered her face in her hands.

She had thought it was just sex. Had she known he was in love with her and it wasn't just lust, she wouldn't have gotten involved with him. Or would she?

Tiffany sighed as she looked at Bernice, "It's funny, you know? I didn't realize how much I loved Jack until he told me he was in love with you," Tiffany said as she stood up from her seat and went to sit beside Bernice.

"And the funny thing about this whole thing is that I'm not even interested in him sexually. So, why did my heart break a little when he said he was in love with you?"

"I'm so sorry, Tiff. I had no idea he felt that way about me. I would never want to hurt you this way," Bernice cried.

"You may not know this, but I'm a lesbian, Benny," Tiffany said, and Bernice's head snapped up as she looked at her sister in disbelief.

"All those girls in my home? The housekeepers? They are my partners," Tiffany said, and Bernice blinked in surprise. Bernice listened as Tiffany told her how she had struggled with her sexuality initially and how difficult it had been to open up to their mother.

"Oh, Tiffany! Is Jack aware?"

"No, he isn't. I don't think he knows. You know, at first, when we got married, I thought I was bisexual. I thought maybe I could bring myself to enjoy sex with him, but he didn't seem all that sexually attracted to me. At first, I thought maybe I had a problem, or maybe he was avoiding me because he perceived I was not sexually attracted to him or something. I also thought he probably wasn't attracted to me because he was forced to marry me, but after he told me about his feelings for you, I figured that he probably couldn't bring himself to do it with me because I was your sister," Tiffany said, and Bernice sighed.

"This is all messed up, isn't it?" Tiffany asked, and Bernice nodded.

"How did our lives become this messed up?" Bernice asked sadly.

"We both know how. Maybe if mother hadn't chosen Adam for you...."

"Her lover. How could she do that to me? How could she make me marry her lover?" Bernice asked, her heart aching at the thought.

Tiffany shrugged, "Who knows what her plan was? Anyway, maybe you would have been married to Jack had you not married Adam. Jack said he didn't have the courage to approach you until it was too late," Tiffany said, and Bernice looked at her.

"And what about you?"

"Me? Maybe if I didn't listen to mother and let her control my life, I would probably be living freely, or who knows? Maybe I would have fallen in love and been married to some wealthy lady somewhere?" Tiffany asked with a rueful smile, and Bernice sighed.

"Well, we will be fine. I'm happy Lisa is doing okay for herself. And I'm glad it's not too late for Anita to find her own path," Bernice said, and Tiffany embraced her.

"I'm sure we will find ours too. As long as we are alive, it's never too late for us either," Tiffany assured her.

"Tiff?" Bernice called softly, and Tiffany pulled away to look into her face.

"Hm?"

"Were you able to forgive me because... Because you were not sexually attracted to Jack?" Bernice asked, and Tiffany paused for a moment to consider the question.

"In a way, yes. I think I might have been more hurt if I was really in love and interested in my husband. When I saw the text, I was a bit pissed but more disappointed that you'd choose someone like Jack. I mean, I didn't know he was in love with you then. But I didn't like the idea of moving from a scum like Adam to a dog like Jackson for comfort."

Bernice sighed softly as she looked down at her hands, "I didn't think about that. I was just lonely, and all I needed was someone to remind me of how beautiful I was. I'm sorry Jack happened to be that someone," Bernice said and then met Tiffany's gaze.

"Although it was wrong, but those few days with Jack made me feel alive and desired," Bernice confessed.

Tiffany smiled sadly, "How long have you been suspicious of mother and Adam?" Tiffany asked, changing the subject. "Since I saw her wearing that diamond necklace," Bernice said, and Tiffany's eyes widened in surprise.

"The diamond was from Adam? How did you know?"

"I saw the receipt at home and went to the shop to check out the picture. Can you imagine how shocked I was to see it on mother and hear her say it was a gift from an admirer?" Bernice asked, and Tiffany reached for her hand.

"I'm sorry, Benny," Tiffany whispered.

"I don't know what to do with you, Tiff. You must love me too much, or you must not love Jack enough. You shouldn't feel sorry for me. You should tell me I deserve that for having an affair with your husband. How am I supposed to feel if you don't express any real anger?" Bernice asked, and Tiffany smiled.

"We are all full of shit, so you'd have to find a way to live with your own shit," Tiffany said, and then stood up to pick up her phone when it started ringing.

"It's Jack," she told Bernice as she received the call.

"Hey! Sorry I'm calling you. I was trying to reach Adam over the phone, but he didn't receive his call. He sent me a weird text...."

"What do you mean weird?" Tiffany asked, thinking it was weird that Jackson was telling her this.

"The text was too detailed. I mean, considering what happened between us yesterday, the text was too detailed. He wants me to meet with him somewhere, so I'm going to forward the text to you," Jack said, and Tiffany frowned.

"Why?"

"I just don't have a very good feeling about this. And you're my wife, right? So you should know, just in case anything happens...."

"If you think something is going to happen, then you shouldn't go," Tiffany said while Bernice watched her with interest wondering what was going on.

"I'm not saying anything is going to happen. I'm saying this in case anything happens," Jackson said, and Tiffany sighed.

"Alright. Just don't fight with him, okay?"

"Sure. I don't intend to. I'm about to leave to meet with him now," Jackson said before hanging up.

"What's going on?" Bernice asked when Tiffany remained where she stood, frowning down at her phone. "Jack is going to meet with Adam. Although I don't think it's necessary for him to see Adam. He says he has a bad feeling about it...." Tiffany stopped talking and frowned when she clicked on the text she had just received.

"Jack is right. Something doesn't seem right," Tiffany murmured as she read the text. Why was it necessary for Adam to state he was leaving their mother's house in the text? The tone of the text didn't sound angry as Adam had been the previous day.

For someone who had been so pissed, the text seemed more like he was keeping his friend informed on his movements. That wasn't right.

"What is wrong?" Bernice asked again.

"I have no idea," Tiffany said as she showed the text to Bernice.

"Why would Adam want to meet with Jack at the rooftop of an incomplete building? I mean, I get what he said about meeting a witness there, but that doesn't mean Jack has to meet him there, does it? Besides, he could easily return Jack's call while driving to meet with his witness. Why does he have to meet Jack? No. It's not a good idea. Call Jack and ask him not to go," Bernice said with a worried frown.

Immediately, Tiffany dialed Jack's line. Jack picked it up to receive her call, but almost immediately, his phone went off, reminding him that he had forgotten to charge it all through the previous day because he had been worried about Bernice.

"What?" Bernice asked when Tiffany frowned as she dialed the number again.

"I think his phone is off," Tiffany said, and Bernice frowned.

"Why don't you call Adam?" Bernice suggested, and Tiffany dialed Adam's line, but the call didn't connect.

"It's not connecting," Tiffany said with a worried frown.

"Why don't you call Agnes and find out what Adam's meeting with mother was about? The housekeepers would know, right? They're always eavesdropping, after all," Bernice suggested, and Tiffany nodded as she scrolled through her phone for the head housekeeper's number and dialed it.

Thankfully, Agnes received the call almost immediately, "Agnes? Was Adam in the house today? My sister's husband?" Tiffany asked, going straight to the point.

"Yes. He was in the house when I left...."

"When you left? Are you back at the house now? Who else was in the house?" Tiffany asked.

"No one. The others went grocery shopping, and madam sent me on an errand. She asked us not to come back for some time since she had an important meeting. We are not home yet," Agnes explained, and this made Tiffany narrow her eyes.

"Alright. You don't have to tell her I called, alright?" Tiffany said before hanging up.

"What did she say?" Bernice asked, and once Tiffany relayed the information to her, Bernice frowned.

"Do you think mother sent them away so she could spend time alone with Adam?" Tiffany asked, and Bernice shook her head.

"I don't know. I have no idea what is going on."

"There is no way Adam would be planning to hurt Jack, right? Besides, their families are sort of close. He wouldn't be that careless, right?" Tiffany asked with a worried frown. "I see no reason why Adam should attempt to hurt Jack. Adam is a lawyer after all. Maybe we are overthinking this. Let's relax."

Chapter 584 Righting Wrongs

Anita stood in the middle of her bedroom looking down at her luggage which she had packed, ready to travel.

Although she didn't have all her plans figured out yet, she was ready to leave and put a distance between her and her family.

Lisa had sent her a text to let her know Bernice was conscious and recovering well. That was good enough for her. All she wanted was to be out of the house before Bernice moved in.

As much as she understood Bernice's situation, she couldn't stop herself from being angry and disappointed in Bernice. She had held Bernice in such high esteem and had looked up to her in a way.

She sighed when her gaze fell on Snow, her dog teddy bear, which she was yet to pack. After the death of her dog, she had made a teddy bear replica of him.

Looking at Snow, she remembered Tom. She remembered how surprised and pleased she had been when he showed up on their first date with a couple of dog treats.

Even though Tom had never seen the Poddle, he had bought her a couple of snacks for the dog, saying he wanted to bribe his way into the poddle's heart.

She had been surprised and pleased that he remembered such detail and had cared enough to come bearing gifts for snow. Her joy had been like that of a single mother, glad to see her new partner make efforts to get along with her kid.

All that had been before he lied to her about his identity. She had really liked him and was on the verge of falling in love with him. As a matter of fact, she had planned to invite him into her house after the date that night until he told her he was a nobody.

Hearing that had made goosebumps rise all over her body. She could picture the disdain on her mother's face had she dared to introduce a nobody to the family as her boyfriend.

Even Lisa, who was known as the family rebel, had not brought a nobody home, so why should she?

Because she liked Tom, she had been unable to end things with him directly and had decided to ghost him instead.

She remembered all the times she stood him up and all the times he kept calling to find out if she was fine and what was wrong.

She remembered the day Snow died and how broken she had been. Tom had been the first person she told about it, and he had offered to come over to be with her, but she had turned down his offer.

Tom may have lied to her about his identity, but he had done his best to make their relationship work. Tom was a good guy, and he deserved to be with a woman that loved him and made him happy.

She doubted she would have fallen for him as Lucy had done had he been her driver. She would never have looked his way because she wasn't raised to look in such a direction. She was raised to be shallow-minded, just like her mother. She was raised to judge people by how much money they had.

Lisa was right. Tom and Lucy deserved better. She had been foolishly feeling entitled and wronged when she was the one who had wronged them. She was going to do better, Anita decided as she picked up her phone. She would start by apologizing to them properly.

Away from there, Harry walked into Tom's office after his meeting.

"So? How did it go? Have you been able to resolve things with Lucy?" Harry asked as he took the seat opposite Tom.

"Pretty much. She is moving back to her apartment while I am away...."

"Is that a good idea?" Harry asked, and Tom raised a brow.

"I thought you do not support cohabitation? Did getting involved with Jade make you change your mind on that already?" Tom asked as he shut down his laptop, and Harry rolled his eyes.

"This has nothing to do with Jade. Every human relationship is different. Your relationship with Lucy started differently, and her moving out of your house seems like you both are stepping away from each other instead of stepping towards each other. I thought you said you were going to come up with a plan to make her your wife. Is this the plan?" Harry asked incredulously.

"It is part of the plan. And no, we are not stepping away from each other...."

"That might be what you think. Are you sure Lucy thinks the same? I'm not trying to encourage cohabiting here, but I think one reason Lucy has been able to improve so much is that you both have been living together. Do you think things would have gotten to this point between you both had you been living separately?" Harry asked, and Tom sighed.

"It's not like I don't get what you're saying, Harry. I do. But this is a risk I'm willing to take. I want her to understand that marriage might not be as bad as she actually thinks it is. It's all about getting a certificate to live with one person for the rest of your life unless you decide you've had enough and want to move on. I think living together as we have been doing is pretty much what married people do. If she doesn't want to get married, she shouldn't be living with me," Tom said, and Harry shook his head.

"For everyone's sake, I sincerely hope you know what you're doing, and you both are not making a mistake. I hope your plan works out," Harry said, and Tom nodded.

"It will. You will see. How was the meeting?" Tom asked and listened as Harry filled him in on the details of the meeting.

"That's good," Tom said as he glanced at his wristwatch.

"We should leave now," Tom said as he picked up his phone and rose from his seat.

"Before you leave, I have a question for you," Harry said, and Tom raised a brow.

"What?"

"Are you sure you're okay with me going out with Jade? This is your last chance to object," Harry said, and Tom grinned.

"What if I object?"

"Then I will also object to your relationship with my cousin," Harry said, and Tom chuckled.

"That doesn't make any sense...."

"Why don't you go ahead and object? Then we will find out if it makes sense or not?" Harry asked sweetly.

"And for your information, I'm going on a dinner date with Jade tomorrow. I'm going to be asking her to be my girlfriend officially. I was only being polite by seeking your permission," Harry said, and Tom grinned.

"Look how much you have grown in such a short time. I feel like a proud father," Tom said as he slapped Harry's back playfully.

"Fuck off. Now that we've gotten that out of the way, we can leave now," Harry said as he picked up Tom's laptop while Tom picked up his suitcase.

"By the way, are you sure you don't want your assistant to go with you?" Harry asked, and Tom shook his head.

"I'm sure. He is new. I don't think he should be traveling with me on his second day on the job. Besides, I'm not comfortable with the idea of traveling with someone I don't know so well yet. He should stay back and get the hang of things. You can observe him some more," Tom said as they headed for the elevator.

"Is Lucy not coming with us?" Harry asked curiously when they stepped into the elevator.

"She is. I'm calling her already," Tom said as he raised the phone to his ear.

Immediately after the call connected, Tom informed Lucy that they were on their way to the parking lot and they would pick her up in front of the building.

"You haven't told me how your meeting with Sara went," Tom reminded Harry.

Harry chuckled, "It was fun. She was quite entertaining. I think I got my acting skills from her," Harry said in amusement, and Tom scoffed.

"You don't have any acting skills," Tom said as they stepped out of the elevator and approached his car.

"Too bad we didn't bet on it earlier. You would have lost your money had you seen how I clung to her. I shed a couple of tears too," Harry said with a grin, and Tom eyed him in disbelief.

"No, you didn't," Tom said with a grin, and Harry chuckled.

"I did. The cameras caught it from a nice angle too," Harry said as he took out his phone from his pocket to show Tom the pictures.

Once they got into the car with Harry behind the wheel, he handed his phone to Tom to see the pictures while he started the car and drove off.

"I can't believe you did this," Tom said with a chuckle as he went through the pictures.

"I can't believe I pulled it off either. She was so uncomfortable I felt like bawling just to embarrass her further," Harry said, and Tom laughed heartily.

"What did she say?" Tom asked, and Harry smiled as he pulled the car to a stop in front of the building for Lucy to get inside the car.

"Hey, Lulu! How was work today?" Harry asked in a friendly tone.

"It was okay. You've met with Sara and Aurora, right? How did both meetings go?" Lucy asked with interest.

"It was interesting. I was stalling until you joined us. Didn't want to entertain Tom alone," Harry said as he took his phone from Tom, connected it to the car's Bluetooth, and played his conversation with Sara before driving off.

"You recorded the conversation?" Lucy asked with a delighted smile.

"Of course. I love to keep receipts," Harry said with a wink, and Lucy giggled as she paid attention to the conversation.

Tom chuckled, rolled his eyes, and cringed at different points as he listened to the conversation, while Lucy's eyes seemed to grow wider the more she listened to Sara.

"Wow! I can't believe her," Lucy murmured, and Harry grinned.

"You should try to find the humor in it, LuLu. By tomorrow she will be on the top of most searched people on the internet. I would love to see how she explains having a son when she has claimed to be childless this whole time," Harry said, and Lucy shook her head.

"Are you fine? If I feel this awful about this, I can only imagine how you feel," Lucy said, and Harry waved it off.

"I'm alright. As far as my dad and Candace are okay, I'm alright. All I want is to make her lose everything. I want her to lose everything she sold Candace to achieve. I want her to pay, Lucy. That's what is driving me," Harry assured her.

"You've changed," Tom observed.

"If you found out someone like that was your mom, you would change too," Harry said, and Tom sighed.

"Yeah. You're right. I would probably go crazy!" Tom agreed.

"Now, enough about me! Why are you both not talking to each other? You're going to be away from each other for some time. You should focus on each other. Don't mind me. Just pretend I'm not in the car and say whatever mushy stuff you want to say," Harry suggested, making both Tom and Lucy laugh.

"You can't argue that he is related to Jamal," Lucy said to Tom when he turned to look at her.

"I was going to say that. I'm going to miss Jamal when they leave," Tom said with a sigh.

"Yeah, me too."

"I promised to get them a car. If they're ready to leave before I come back, give Jamal any car of his choice when he makes up his mind," Tom told Harry.

"Any?" Harry asked with a mischievous smile.

"You had better not influence his choice. I can't afford your taste," Tom warned, making both Harry and Lucy laugh.

"What about your meeting with Aurora?" Lucy asked, and Harry filled them in on the details.

"Aww! That's lovely. I hope something sweet and genuine develops between them," Lucy said with a hopeful smile.

"Now that I think about it, I think Philip and the lady have similar personalities," Tom said, and Harry nodded in agreement.

"Yeah. I realized how great a matchmaker I was when they started chatting nonstop," Harry said, and Tom snorted.

"Yeah. Right," Tom said dryly.

"Watch it, Tom. If you're not careful, I might just decide to hook LuLu up with someone else before you get back just to show you how good my matchmaking skills are," Harry threatened.

"You wouldn't dare!" Tom retorted.

"What do you say, LuLu? I could get you a partner for the anniversary dinner if Tom isn't back by then," Harry suggested.

"That would be great," Lucy said with a grin, and Tom turned to look at her.

"Really? That would be great?" Tom asked, but Lucy merely shrugged.

"If you so much as bring any guy an inch close to her, I'm going to kill him, and you will be held responsible for...."

"Lucy, are you okay?" Harry asked in concern cutting off the rest of Tom's words as he pulled over by the roadside while Tom turned to look at Lucy, who had suddenly turned white as a sheet and was gasping for air.

"What is wrong?" Tom asked, but Lucy merely shook her head as she tried to regulate her breathing.

Once Harry parked the car, Tom got out of the front seat and opened the backdoor to join Lucy, "What is wrong, Jewel?" Tom asked as he took Lucy's hand while Harry stepped out of the car and put some distance between him and the car to give them space to talk.

"I'm okay," Lucy managed, but the haunted look in her eyes, her quivering lips, and her trembling hands told Tom otherwise.

"You don't look or sound fine," Tom said as he embraced her and patted her back to calm her.

When he felt she was calm enough, he pulled back to look into her face, "What is wrong? Did I do or say something...." Tom paused as his brows pulled together.

"Was it what I said about killing anyone that comes an inch close to you? I didn't mean that," he asked when he recalled what he had been saying before her reaction.

"I know you didn't mean that," Lucy cried.

"I don't know what happened. One moment I was smiling, and the next moment, it was like I was flung back into the past. I'm sorry. I'm sorry," Lucy cried, and Tom sighed as he embraced her.

"You don't have to apologize. I'm the one who is sorry," Tom murmured as he kissed the top of her head.

"I should have been more careful with my choice of words," Tom said as he pulled away once again and looked into her face.

"I'm nothing like him, Lucy...."

"I know," Lucy cried, "I thought I was over it after that interview. I even let you cuff my hands, remember? I don't know where that came from," Lucy said with tears in her eyes.

"Don't worry. It's alright. You will be fine," Tom assured her as he kissed her temple.

They both looked up when Harry walked towards them in hurried steps, "Is she settled now?" Harry asked Tom, and when he nodded, Harry handed Tom his phone.

"You need to see this. It's all over the internet. Anita released a video of herself confessing to what she did and apologizing to you and Lucy."

Chapter 585 Murder Not Suicide

Without being told, Anita knew that what she was about to do was going to affect her in more ways than one, and she would never be able to move around freely anywhere in Ludus with her head held high after doing this. But she also knew that she needed to go through such extreme measures to get both Tom's and Lucy's attention and seek their forgiveness.

How else could she speak to them? She couldn't show up at their home or office. That would be too much. She doubted they would want to see her let alone give her the chance to speak. Not after the stunt she had pulled at the spa.

No matter how long she spent thinking about it, doing this was the only way she could really prove that she was sorry, and by so doing, she could also make a statement to her mother to leave them alone.

Thinking about Rebekah, she knew her mother was going to be livid if she found out about this. How were her sisters going to react? She mused as she adjusted her phone stand on a stool.

Looking at the phone stand, she was reminded once again of one more thing her mother had deprived her of. She had purchased the phone stand some years ago because she had wanted to start a personal vlogging YouTube channel, but her mother had forbidden her from doing so.

"Don't put your business out there, darling. People are drawn to the mysterious. You'd be like everyone else if you did something like that. And I can't stand any daughter of mine doing something so... ordinary. I won't have it," Rebekah had said, and as the foolish daughter she was, she had obeyed.

Anita smiled, wishing she could see the look on Rebekah's face when she saw the video she was about to make. The mere thought of going against her mother so publicly made the embarrassment she was about to face worth it.

Seated on one of the couches in her living room, Anita took a deep breath before tapping the record button.

"Hello, there! My name is Anita Miller, but I have no doubt that by the end of this video, many of you are going to forget my name and probably stick to calling me a bitch. I deserve it. Only a mean bitch would dig into someone's past and use their pain against them. Mr Thomas Hank, and Ms Lucinda Perry, I hope you both get to see this. I wasn't sure you'd be willing to meet with me or listen to me, so I had to resort to this open confession and apology to get your attention...." Anita started before going on to talk about how she had been behind the scandal involving Lucy's past as well as Bryan and Sonia's scandal.

From there, she progressed to explain why she had done that by talking about her relationship with Tom and how she had ruined it because her mother raised her to always go for money and not love.

"..... I had to go into details for the benefit of the public. Tom and Lucy, I'm sorry for everything. You both did not deserve the lies and evil schemes. You have something amazing going on between you, and I'm ashamed of myself for ever trying to come between you both. You don't have to forgive me if you can't, Lucy. I know how much my actions must have hurt you, and I'm deeply sorry. Tom, you're a wonderful guy, and Lucy is so lucky to have you. Thanks for remaining professional and not letting our personal issues get in the way of my job this whole time. I've submitted my resignation letter. Kindly honor it. Lucy, please end whatever contract you have going on with the She Can Heal Foundation. My mother is behind it, and she is looking for ways to tear you and Tom apart. I'm not a party to that. At least not anymore. I hope you both have a beautiful life together."

Without saying another word, Anita ended the video and posted it on all her social media handles, tagging Tom and Lucy's social media handles to the videos. It was only after doing that that she allowed herself to give in to her tears. Her entire body shook as she wept.

She couldn't believe she was such an awful person. How could she have stooped to such a level and do such terrible things to someone just to get a man? There was no iota of pride or class in her actions.

Just as she tried to compose herself, she heard the sound of her doorbell, and her brows pulled together as she hurried to the bathroom to run some water over her face while wondering who could be visiting.

Was it Lisa? Their mother? Or was Bernice out of the hospital earlier than planned? She didn't really have friends who could show up at her house unannounced, and she wasn't all that friendly with her elderly neighbors either.

She spied through the window and was more than a little bit surprised to see her uncle. Dressed in funny-looking clothes that she supposed were meant to be a sort of disguise.

"Uncle Wyatt!" She exclaimed as she opened the door, and the man walked in immediately with a wild look in his bloodshot eyes. He smelt of sweat and alcohol, but he seemed sober.

Immediately she shut the door behind him; he went to the window and spied outside to be sure no one was coming.

"You can't tell your mother that I'm here, okay? You can do so after I'm out of here. I will be quick, and then I will leave, so listen," Wyatt said urgently, and Anita frowned.

"I'm not on talking terms with her, so you don't have to worry. Are you okay? You look like you've not been feeding well. I should get you something to eat," She offered with a concerned frown.

"There is no time for that. Your mother is after my life," he said, and Anita looked at him incredulously.

"Yes, mother is searching for you, but she is not out to harm you...."

"You don't know your mother so well, Annie. You don't know her or half of what she is capable of. She has some dangerous people looking all over for me. I want to know why. What did she hear? Did she find out about the gambling, or did she get to know I told Thomas Hank about what you did?" He asked, and Anita paused.

"What are you talking about? What did you tell Thomas Hank?" She asked in confusion.

He raked his fingers through his thinning hair, "Remember our last phone call? He made me call you. He knows you are behind the scandal. Thomas Hank has to be the reason your mother is looking for me. Damn him! He threatened me. He blackmailed me, and even after I did what he wanted, I can't believe he told your mother the truth," Wyatt swore, making Anita's eyes widen in shock.

She remembered her uncle's last phone call and the way he had kept asking her to know if she was behind the scandal. That explained how Lucy knew she was behind it. But if they had known for that long, how come they did not do anything about it? Were they waiting for something or planning something?

"Are you listening to me?" Wyatt asked impatiently, and Anita tried to refocus on him.

"What did you say?" She asked as he took her hands in his sweaty palms.

"I'm sorry I betrayed you. I just couldn't let him tell your mother about my gambling. If Rebekah gets me, she is going to kill me. I know it. And I can't let that happen. You know you're like a daughter to me, right? You're the only one I could think of coming to. I don't have enough money to leave the country, and even if I did, I don't want to leave.," Wyatt said, his lips set with determination.

"You're not making much sense. Besides, she might be a lot of things, but she is definitely not a murderer. I don't think she will do that. Why did you come here? Why do you think I can be of any help to you? What do you want me to do for you? Is it money you want?" Anita asked with a frown.

"No. No. I can't take money from you, Annie. I already feel embarrassed showing up before you like this. I came here because you are the only person I can trust. I want you to pass a message to her. I don't want to speak with her. She terrifies me, your mother, I swear. Always have. Tell her to call off the men she has searching for me, or else I'm going to expose her secrets," Wyatt said, confusing Anita even more.

"What secrets are you talking about? If I'm going to deliver such a message, I should at least know what you know," Anita added when he hesitated, and Wyatt took a deep breath.

"She is not the only one keeping an eye on me, you see. I also made it my business to keep an eye on her business when I had the money to do that. Tell her I know about her numerous affairs, and tell her I know she killed your father. Tell her to stay away from me, or else I'm going to expose her before killing myself. I'd rather take my life than die by her hands," Wyatt said while Anita looked at him in stunned disbelief.

She wasn't exactly sure if her uncle was making things up or saying what he knew, "What do you mean she killed my father? It was suicide. Everyone knows he took his life. So what are you talking about?" Anita asked in confusion.

"I can't get into that right now, Annie. But trust me it's the truth. Your father never killed himself. Your mother made it look that way. I never planned to use any of it against her. She is my sister, after all, and I was going to take her secrets to my grave and accept her flaws, but now I can't do that anymore, can I? Not when she is refusing to be understanding of my flaws. Not when she is after my life. Tell her to leave me alone else I will ruin her life before she gets the chance to kill me. I won't die quietly like your father!" Wyatt said, and with that, he walked away, leaving behind a stunned Anita.

Anita collapsed on the couch, her face pale even as a shudder ran through her. There was no way that could be true. Rebekah might be immoral and controlling, but she wasn't a murderer. She couldn't possibly have killed her own husband, could she?

Even as she asked herself the question, she answered it within herself. As much as she hated to admit it, Rebekah Miller was capable of anything.

Anita's gaze shifted to her phone when it started ringing and she shuddered when she saw the call was from her mother. It was an Instagram call.

Since she had blacklisted her mother's phone number it made sense that she would find an alternative means to reach her.

Anita declined the call, and decided to check her DM for messages and sure enough she saw that her mother had left her several messages, the last one being a voice note.

She took a deep breath before playing it. She winced involuntarily when her mother started by yelling.

"HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? ARE YOU CRAZY? WHY DID YOU DO SOMETHING SO STUPID AND ANNOYING? I was going to give you a couple of days to get over whatever you're feeling, but seeing how stupid you have acted, I don't think I should. No daughter of mine is going to ruin everything I've worked hard for!"

Anita took a deep breath as she pushed her phone away from her, and almost immediately it started ringing again and this time she received the call when she saw it was from Lisa.

"Are you okay, darling? Mother just drew my attention to the video you made. That was a huge step you took, sweetie. I'm so proud of you," Lisa said, and Anita took a deep breath.

"Uncle Wyatt was here a short while ago. He said father was murdered. It wasn't suicide," Anita informed her quietly.

Chapter 586 Super Interesting

Lucy remained silent even after the twenty minutes long video of Anita's confession ended, and Tom exchanged a look with Harry before looking at Lucy again.

"Are you okay?" Tom asked as he took both her hands in his, and Lucy sighed.

"I suppose I am. Did she have to go this far, though? This will put her in a difficult position," Lucy said with a slight frown.

"It's not your place to worry about her or feel sorry for her. She put herself in this mess," Tom said, and Harry nodded in agreement.

"Well, it's not her I'm worried about. This also draws attention to me in a way," Lucy complained.

"Don't let it bother you, Lulu. I think it's good she did this. This is pretty much what Tom intended to do to her and her family at the Eric Howel live interview after all," Harry pointed out.

"Did she really have a change of heart just because she found out about her mother's affair with her brother-in-law?" Lucy asked thoughtfully.

"It's possible. Who knows how crazy people think? By the way, why hasn't Barry called to report this?" Harry asked, bringing Tom's attention to the fact that he was yet to hear from Barry.

"I should call him. I'm running pretty late already," Tom said with a slight frown as he glanced at his wristwatch.

"Let's get moving. And you can call him on the way," Harry suggested, and they all got into the car.

Tom dialled Barry's line, and it took some time before Barry received the call, "Hey, pal! I'm in the middle of something really important right now. Why don't I call you back? I will tell you all about it after I'm done. And just so you know, you're going to have to triple whatever you're paying me. Things just got super interesting," Barry said before hanging up.

"What did he say?" Harry asked when he noticed the frown on Tom's face as he dropped his phone.

"He seems to be busy with something. I think something happened," Tom said thoughtfully.

"Don't worry, I will give him a call and find out what's up," Harry said as he looked at Lucy through the rearview mirror.

He couldn't help wondering what was on Lucy's mind. She seemed sort of distant for someone whose boyfriend was travelling. He knew without a doubt that if he were the one travelling, Jade wouldn't be seated so quietly. He chuckled at the thought of Jade's clinginess and how much he loved it.

"What is amusing you?" Tom asked with a scowl, and Harry grinned.

"Nothing that should concern you. I can approve Anita's resignation, right?" Harry asked, and Tom shook his head.

"No. Don't," Tom said, surprising both Lucy and Harry.

"Why not?" Harry asked in confusion.

"She is just going to run away to somewhere else so she won't have to face the consequences of her action. Since she has taken away the satisfaction I would have gotten from the live show, I should as well punish her in a different way. She shouldn't leave. Let her know that if she quits, I will press charges for all she did. She should stay back here and experience the same degree of embarrassment Lucy did after having her news all over the internet. She should face the embarrassment of working for me and facing both Lucy and me at meetings where everyone knows what she did. That's the only punishment we can give her, don't you think?" Tom asked, and Harry winced as he drove into the airstrip.

"Isn't that too much?" Lucy asked quietly.

"After the pain she caused you, I don't think that is punishment enough," Tom said as he looked out the window.

"We will let her family off the hook then?" Harry asked, and Tom shrugged.

"I guess we will have to see how that goes. If their mother still decides to show up on the live show despite all this drama, Eric will have to go on with it," Tom said dispassionately as Harry parked the car.

"You both can kiss and cuddle while I make sure the jet is ready to fly," Harry said as he got out of the car, excusing them.

Tom got out of the car and joined Lucy in the back seat, "Is everything alright?" he asked softly, and she nodded.

"Yeah. Sonia wasn't picking up, so I sent her a text. When I get home, I will talk to her. You don't have to say anything to Bryan," Lucy said, and Tom sighed.

"I'm sorry I reacted that way earlier. I could have made my point without being so harsh," Tom said, and Lucy nodded.

"That is true."

Tom sighed, "I really wish things would be better between us. I want us to be better," Tom said as he took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"I want that too. I understand that you've been patient with me this whole time, and you've been doing all of the giving. I'm sorry. I will spend the time while you're away working on myself," Lucy said, and Tom pulled her to himself.

"While you're at it, you can let me know whatever you think I need to work on as well. I'm not arrogant enough to believe I'm perfect. I'm pretty sure I have my flaws too. So let me know whatever you're not comfortable with. I want to be good for you, Jewel," Tom said, and Lucy nodded.

"I will."

"Earlier, you sounded like you wanted me to let Anita go," Tom said, and Lucy nodded.

"Yes. I will be more comfortable if I don't have to see her again. I don't think I will be fine with having to run into her at work. What I want is for her to get out of our lives so that we can be done with her and her family," Lucy said, and Tom sighed.

"Why didn't you just say so?" He asked, and Lucy looked at him blankly.

"You didn't seek my opinion. You said it like your mind was made up. So I didn't think my opinion was needed," Lucy said, and Tom winced.

"I'm sorry. If that is what you want, then I will let her go. But if her mother insists on showing up at Eric's live show, I won't put a halt to that," Tom said, and Lucy nodded.

"That is fine by me."

"Alright. Your therapy. You will take it seriously, right?" He asked, and she nodded.

"Yeah. I have to."

After what she experienced a short while ago, she didn't need anyone to tell her it was post-traumatic stress disorder. If there were any chance that therapy would make her function better in any way, then she would give it her best shot.

Harry knocked on the door, "It's time to leave," Harry announced, and Tom kissed Lucy's forehead.

"Be good, alright? I will call you after I arrive, and every chance I get, I will call or text," Tom promised, and Lucy nodded as they both got out of the car.

"You can approve Anita's resignation," Tom told Harry as they all headed for the plane.

"Why the sudden change of heart?" Harry asked, and Tom shrugged.

"Lucy doesn't want Anita around. Lucy's comfort is more important to me than teaching Anita a lesson," Tom said, and Lucy, who was quietly walking between them, looked at Tom.

"Don't you think you should have asked Lucy's opinion first before rambling about it earlier? Stop confusing me," Harry hissed, and Lucy giggled while Tom glared at Harry.

"Aww, LuLu is laughing now. I was beginning to worry about you. I think she likes it when I scold you, don't you, Lulu?" Harry asked as he looked at Lucy.

"Yeah. I do," Lucy said, and Harry placed his arm around her neck and pulled her to himself.

"I got you then. I will scold Tom every chance I get," Harry promised and chuckled when Tom slapped his hand off Lucy's shoulder.

"Take good care of her, okay?" Tom said as they stopped by the plane, and he turned to Lucy and embraced her.

"I don't feel comfortable leaving this way. I feel like we haven't resolved things properly...."

"It's fine," Lucy murmured.

"We will be fine," Tom promised as he kissed her lips lightly.

"I love you," he said, and Lucy smiled.

"I know. I love you too," Lucy said as she watched Tom walk away.

"Really, Tom? I don't get a goodbye hug and kiss," Harry called to Tom, and Lucy giggled when Tom sent him the middle finger without turning back.

"I love you too, Tom!" Harry called out, making Lucy laugh.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked as they got into the car after watching the plane take off.

Neither of them had said a word to the other as they walked back to the car together, and he had noticed Lucy brushing off her tears.

"Yeah."

"Are you telling the truth?" Harry asked, and Lucy looked at him as she gestured helplessly with her hands.

"I don't know, Harry. I just don't think things will be the same between us again. I don't know why, but I think everything is going to change, and I don't know how I feel about that," Lucy said as another tear dropped from her eyes.

"What if it's a good kind of change?" Harry asked, and she sighed.

"I don't know," she said with trembling lips.

Harry could see what Tom meant when he said Lucy was scared of change.

"Lucy, I don't know much about anything else, but one thing I know for a fact is that Tom loves you, and he isn't letting go," Harry assured her.

"Are you thinking of letting go?" Harry asked, and Lucy shrugged.

"If I can't give him what he wants, I will have to, won't I?" Lucy asked, and Harry patted her shoulder in a friendly manner.

"I think instead of you to spend time worrying about the changes or what to do if you're unable to give Tom what he wants, you can make an effort to make sure the changes are positive changes," Harry suggested.

"How?"

"By healing. Why not focus on your therapy? Try focusing on yourself and becoming better. While you're on that you can also read books on relationships. I understand you don't exactly have much experience in the relationship field. Why not read up on relationships? You can't imagine the magnitude of knowledge you can get from such books. I could lend you a couple of mine. Maybe you feel this way because you're not exactly sure yet about what you want or what you're doing. You want Tom in your life, don't you?" Harry asked, and Lucy nodded.

"Of course I do."

"Good. He wants you too. That is something you both have in common. You might not yet have reached an agreement on the terms on which you both want each other, but I think this is a good starting point. Forget everything else and focus on healing and building your mind. I think that is

what you need the most right now. Don't worry. Everything will be fine. Give it time," Harry said, and Lucy sighed.

"What if after the therapy, I still don't want to get married?" Lucy asked, and Harry smiled.

"That doesn't matter. If you don't want to, you don't have to do it just to please Tom or anyone else. By the end of the therapy, I believe you will be in a better mental space and perfectly able to know and choose what you want. Whatever you will choose to do, I will support you," Harry promised, and this time Lucy smiled, grateful for his understanding.

"Thank you."

"Just don't tell Tom I said that. He will kill me. Let this be a secret between us cousins," Harry said with a wink, and Lucy giggled.

"Sure."

"I will drop you off at Tom's...."

"No. I'd rather go to my apartment. You can drop me off at a convenient spot where I can get a cab," Lucy said, and Harry shook his head.

"Can't do that. I will drop you off at your apartment then," Harry said as he started the car and drove off.

Chapter 587 Murder

The car was silent until Lucy's phone rang, breaking the silence in the car. She received the call when she saw it was from Bryan.

"Bryan?" She asked cautiously since Bryan wasn't the type to call her. Perhaps it was Sonia calling her back with Bryan's phone.

"Yeah, it's Bryan. Are you busy? Can we talk?" Bryan asked, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Is everything alright?" She asked with a frown.

"I don't know. I saw the text you sent to Sonia, and she told me about the pregnancy. Can we talk?" Bryan asked hopefully.

"Over the phone? I'm not coming to the house tonight," Lucy explained.

"I'd prefer we meet instead. Tell me where to meet you, and I will come over," Bryan suggested, and hearing the worry in his voice, Lucy sighed inwardly.

All she wanted was to go into her apartment and have the night to herself, but she could hardly turn down Bryan's request. Not when she knew that Sonia's well-being was involved.

"Alright. You can meet me at my apartment," Lucy offered before hanging up.

"Is everything okay?" Harry asked, and she nodded.

"Yeah. Bryan wants us to talk," Lucy said with a shrug.

"Do you both get along really well?" Harry asked, and Lucy smiled wryly.

"I'm not sure. I have a problem with getting close to people...."

"You didn't seem to have that problem with me," Harry said, and Lucy grinned.

"I wonder why I feel relaxed and comfortable around you," Lucy said, and Harry raised a cocky brow.

"C'mon! How can you wonder that? It's me," Harry said, and Lucy giggled.

"You weren't so relaxed initially, though," he pointed out.

"How could I be relaxed when you kept picking on me?" Lucy asked, and Harry chuckled.

"You should hold Tom responsible for that. How was dinner with the old man last night?" Harry asked when he remembered he had failed to ask Tom about it.

Lucy shrugged, "It was sort of awkward."

Harry expected nothing less. A gathering of the Hanks was bound to make any normal person around them feel awkward or out of place.

"I know the Hank family can be a handful. Sometimes they just don't know when to stop. And what's worse is that whatever annoying things they do, they do it with the best intentions...."

"I wonder how you ended up falling for one if you know all this. I wish someone had warned me beforehand," Lucy muttered, and Harry chuckled.

"I don't think it would have made any difference. As controlling as they can be, they are amazing. You just have to know when and to draw the line so they don't cross it. They may be annoyingly controlling, but they do listen when you make your stance known. I'm sure you've noticed that in Tom. In the same way you were clearheaded in handling the issue between my dad and me without letting Tom and Jade do as they pleased, you should handle your relationship with Tom and the Hank family that way too. Speak out when you're not comfortable with something, and demand to be treated better if you think you're not being treated right. I know I'm rambling. I don't know why. I guess what I'm trying to say is that you shouldn't just let Tom make decisions or do whatever he likes. Be actively involved in your relationship if you want it to work," Harry said, and Lucy smiled.

"I get what you mean. Thanks," Lucy said as Harry pulled the car to a stop in front of her apartment.

"Be good, Lulu," Harry called after her as she unfastened her seatbelt and opened the door.

"You too. Give my love to Aaron," Lucy said as she got out of the car and waved at him.

As Harry pulled out of the driveway, he dialled Barry's line, wanting to get that phone call out of the way before he got to the house since he wanted to spend uninterrupted time with his family.

His family, Harry thought with a grin as he connected his phone to the car's Bluetooth device.

"Hey! It's good you called. I was trying to reach Tom, but his line isn't connecting," Barry said immediately after he received the call.

"He is on his way out of the country to handle some business. You can talk to me. That's why I called."

"Well, it has been a really busy day for my boys and me. That woman Rebekah Miller is cold! You won't believe she attempted to murder her lover and frame her son-in-law for it," Barry said, and immediately Harry pulled the car over by the roadside.

"She did what?"

"You heard me. She tried to frame her other son-in-law for the murder of the son-in-law she was screwing," Barry explained.

"Do you have any evidence?" Harry asked, and Barry grinned.

"Plenty. You have no idea the length I went to get this done, so you're going to have to really pay a lot. I'm not talking about just me. I had to involve other people in this...."

"Can you tell me exactly what happened and what you did?" Harry asked, wanting to slow down Barry, who was speaking in an excited rush.

"Sure."

Harry listened patiently as Barry told him all that had transpired that day and what he had done, and by the time Barry was done, Harry was grinning.

There was no way Rebekah Miller wasn't going to pay for her crimes this time, and it was going to be thrilling.

"You did well. And just because I hate that woman's guts, I'm going to double whatever Tom pays you," Harry promised before hanging up.

Away from there, at the hospital, Bernice and Tiffany had progressed from mild worry to full-blown worry when they still couldn't reach either Jack or Adam after a couple of hours.

Tiffany had called Benny's housekeeper, and she had informed her that Adam had not returned to the house since he left that morning. Tiffany had also called her housekeepers, and they told her Jack wasn't home yet.

"Something is wrong, Benny. I can feel it," Tiffany said as she started to pace across the room.

"Maybe you should call the police?" Bernice suggested.

"And tell them what? That I'm worried because my husband went out to meet with my brother-in-law, and I'm unable to reach either of them?" Tiffany asked, and Bernice sighed as she adjusted on the bed.

They both looked up when the door opened, and their mother walked in. Her worries forgotten, Tiffany faced Rebekah with a scowl, "What are you doing here?"

"Seeing how you are still here, I take it you don't know your husband has been arrested for the murder of Adam," Rebekah said, throwing both her daughters off.

"What are you talking about?"

"Adam is dead?" Tiffany and Bernice asked in unison.

"I have no idea what transpired between them, but the news is everywhere. I rushed over the moment I saw the news," Rebekah said flatly as she looked at them both and took in their stunned expressions.

"It's not true. That doesn't make sense. Adam can't be dead. Jack wouldn't do something like that," Tiffany said as she quickly picked up her phone to check for the news on the internet and just as Rebekah had said, it was boldly written all over the place.

JACKSON BATEMAN, SOLE HEIR TO BATEMAN CORP, MURDERS ADAM WASHINGTON JUNIOR, THE ONLY SON OF THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

"What's wrong, Tiff? Is it true?" Bernice asked apprehensively as she watched Tiffany go pale.

Tiffany staggered in disbelief as she looked at the pictures of Jackson in cuffs as he was escorted into the police vehicle, and she collapsed on the couch because her knees were too weak to hold her.

Seeing Tiffany's reaction, Bernice could tell that it was true, so she raised a hand to her lips, "Oh, my God!"

The Washington family law firm was responsible for handling the legal matters of the Bateman family. Who was going to represent Jackson and prove his innocence if the person he was accused of murdering was Adam Washington, the only son of the chief judge? Tiffany mused.

"Jack is innocent," Tiffany whispered after a moment of stunned silence as she raised her head to meet Bernice's equally dazed gaze.

"Don't be so sure, darling. You weren't there," Rebekah pointed out.

"Neither were you. Or were you?" Bernice asked, and Rebekah looked at her with disapproval while Tiffany busied herself by looking at the news.

"What do you mean by that?" Rebekah asked, annoyed by Bernice's attitude.

"You tell me! As much as we know, Adam was with you before Jack went to him," Bernice said matter-of-factly, and Rebekah tried to hide her surprise at the fact that they knew Adam had been to her house.

Rebekah took a deep breath, "Don't be ridiculous. I'm not here to fight with you girls, alright? I'm here to render my support. Your husband is dead, and Tiffany's is going to jail. I know things have not been so good between us lately, but we should be able to put it behind us in these trying times. I believe we can all work things out, can't we? I mean, if Tiffany here can forgive you for having an affair with her husband, then you can as well be more understanding of my situation. It wasn't like I was having an affair with your husband. Out of the goodness of my heart as your mother, I let you marry my lover...."

"You disgust me!" Bernice spat out as she removed the cannula from her hand and began to rise from the bed.

"What are you doing?" Rebekah asked, watching her.

Tiffany's gaze moved to Bernice, "Benny...."

"We need to leave. I need to go home to my kids. I can't leave them alone, not with this news. And you need to go to Jack to find out what happened and how you can help. I know you will be too worried to leave me here," Bernice said as she picked up the bag of clothes Tiffany had brought earlier.

"Listen, before you go, we should get something straight. Jack and Adam did not get into a fight because you had an affair with Jack, okay? We can't let that get out. Else they're going to make you an accomplice, and you know how brutal Adam's family can be. The reason they fought was that Jack got to know that Adam beats you up, and they had a fight over it. That's the only way to make you the victim here, and Maybe Tiffany can convince Jackson to...."

"Can you stop?!" Tiffany yelled.

"This is my husband you are talking about! Why do you think it is okay to come here and say such things? We have no idea what happened between them, so why do you think it is fine to assume Jack is guilty?" Tiffany asked hotly.

"I'm trying to look out for the both of you...."

"Don't! No one asked for your help. Shouldn't you be at home mourning your late lover? Why did you come here where you are not needed?" Tiffany asked angrily.

"Let's leave, Tiffany. We can stop by the doctor's office on our way out," Bernice said after she had changed into new clothes.

"You are both allowing your emotions to cloud your sense of judgement. Can you just think for a moment? Why are you worried about Jack, who doesn't care about you or respect you? Adam treated you poorly, and he deserved...."

"He deserved what? To die?" Bernice asked before Rebekah could finish.

"Think of it this way, with Adam dead, you don't have to worry about being divorced. You become his wealthy widow who inherits all he owns, and you're free to do whatever you want with whoever you choose. And you, Tiffany, with Jack in jail, you can divorce him and take half of all he owns. You both get the chance to start afresh," Rebekah said reasonably, hoping they would understand and appreciate what she was doing for them.

Tiffany and Bernice exchanged a look, and without another word, Tiffany picked up her bag, and they both walked out of the room, leaving a disappointed Rebekah.

After they signed the discharge paper and left the hospital, Tiffany took a cab and headed for the station while Bernice headed home.

As Bernice sat in the cab, all she could think about was Adam's weird detailed text to Jack and the fact that Rebekah had sent everyone out of the house during Adam's visit.

Why did she do that? What happened during Adam's visit? Adam couldn't have visited just to make out with her, and Rebekah wouldn't have been so careless to allow such a thing either.

None of it made sense—especially their mother's composure. She didn't seem upset by any of it, and that was disturbing. Her lover was dead and her son-in-law was going to be thrown into jail for it yet all she could think about was the monetary benefit. It was cold. Too cold, even for someone like Rebekah Miller.

Chapter 588 Pretty Emotional

Lucy's brow creased with a frown when she checked the spot her apartment key was supposed to be but didn't find it.

She knew without a doubt that she did not take it to Tom's house since she remembered leaving it there just the previous evening, so where could it be? She mused as she headed for her apartment.

Apart from her, only Tom, Lucas, and Sonia knew where she kept the key, and seeing as neither Tom nor Lucas was around, that left Sonia.

Was Sonia in her apartment? But Bryan did not mention anything about that when she asked him to meet her there. Lucy mused as she pressed the doorbell.

"Sony? Are you in there?" She asked, trying not to be too loud so she wouldn't attract any attention. The last thing she wanted right now was for anyone to know she was here.

All she wanted was to be alone in the comfort of her apartment. She didn't want any intrusion.

She almost sighed in relief when she heard footsteps inside, followed by the door being opened from inside.

She did not doubt that Sonia would be pissed at her, but she didn't mind. She believed she had done the right thing. Advising Sonia to tell Bryan the truth was the best thing for Sonia, and maybe if Sonia told her how the conversation had gone, she would know what to expect when Bryan showed up.

Once Sonia opened the door, she walked back inside, and Lucy followed her after shutting the door behind her.

"Sony, I know you are pissed...."

"I'm not," Sonia said flatly.

"You are not?" Lucy asked, surprised.

"I've been thinking about it. I should have told him about it from the moment I began to suspect it," Sonia said as she walked into the bedroom and got on the bed, pulling the duvet over her.

"What happened? What did Bryan say when you told him?" Lucy asked as she sat down on the bed beside Sonia.

"I never said I told him...."

"Bryan told me you did," Lucy cut in, and Sonia sat up.

"What else did he say? Was he very mad?" She asked with a worried frown.

"He didn't sound mad. He wants to see me. He wants us to talk. Does he know you are here? I asked him to meet me here," Lucy explained.

"I should leave before he gets here," Sonia said, rising from the bed, but Lucy placed a hand on her shoulder to stop her.

"Where would you go? Back to Tom's? Just stay calm. I could talk with him outside. He doesn't have to know you are here, and you don't have to see him if you don't want to, but first, I have to know what he said. How did he react to the news? Does he want an abortion?" Lucy asked with concern.

"I don't know. He was mad I was keeping it away from him...."

"Rightfully so. He has every right to be mad. You can't blame him for that," Lucy said, and Sonia sighed.

"He broke up with me," Sonia said, and Lucy looked at her in disbelief.

"No, he didn't."

"He did! He said I could do whatever I wanted with the pregnancy," Sonia said, tears dropping from her eyes, but Lucy merely stared at her.

"What? You don't believe me?" Sonia asked, and Lucy shook her head.

"It's not that I don't believe you. It's just that what you're saying doesn't make sense. So, you said, Bryan, I'm pregnant. And then he said, do whatever you want with the pregnancy. I'm done with this relationship? Or what?" Lucy asked in confusion.

Lucy sighed when Sonia began to cry again, and she embraced her, "Whatever it is, I'm sure Bryan is going to fix it. That must be the reason he wants to talk to me. You haven't taken the pill, have you?" Lucy asked, and Sonia shook her head.

"Good. Let's hear what Bryan has to say first, alright? I'm certain he reacted the way he did only because he was upset. Bryan isn't unreasonable. Stop crying and try to get some rest while I change out of these clothes," Lucy said as she kissed Sonia's head before standing up.

Wanting to distract Sonia from her problems, Lucy looked at her as she undressed, "Have you been on social media today?"

"No. I'm not interested in anything," Sonia said, and Lucy nodded.

"Anita did a live apology video," Lucy said and almost smiled when Sonia's eyes widened in surprise.

"Apology? To you?" Sonia asked, and Lucy nodded.

"She stated all her crimes...." The rest of Lucy's words were lost in a giggle when Sonia got off the bed in search of her phone. Nothing worked at distracting Sonia from her problem more than other people's problems.

As Lucy headed for the bathroom, her phone started ringing, and she picked it up when she saw it was Bryan, "You're here already?" Lucy asked.

"Yeah," Bryan said as the cab stopped in front of Lucy's apartment.

"I will be out in two minutes," Lucy promised as she hurried to her closet and pulled out a random pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt which she hurriedly put on.

"Bryan is here," Lucy informed Sonia as she hurried into the living room, where Sonia was seated on the couch watching Anita's video.

Immediately she heard that Sonia stood up, "Can you bring him in? I will be in the bedroom. I want to hear what he has to say," Sonia said, and Lucy frowned.

"Sony...."

"Please, Lu. It's not like you're going to hide anything he says from me anyway. He doesn't have to know I'm here," Sonia pleaded.

Lucy considered it for a moment. She trusted Bryan. She knew he loved Sonia. And because she trusted his love for Sonia, she believed that whatever he was going to say to her was going to help their relationship. That would work better in convincing Sonia of his intentions than anything Bryan was going to say to her.

"Alright," Lucy agreed, and Sonia hurried into the bedroom while Lucy went outside.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," Lucy said apologetically once she met him standing by her car.

"I didn't wait for long. It was an impromptu arrangement, after all," Bryan said as he followed Lucy, who led him inside her apartment.

"There is not much to offer since I've not stayed here in a while. Can I get you a glass of water?" She asked, and Bryan shook his head.

"That is not necessary, Lucy. I hope I'm not making you feel uncomfortable?" Bryan asked when he noticed how she was standing awkwardly.

Lucy smiled, "Not at all. Please make yourself comfortable," she said as she took the seat adjacent to him.

Bryan cleared his throat, "I'm sorry I called you out of the blue...."

"You don't have to apologize for that, Bryan. I'm actually glad you did," Lucy rushed to assure him.

Bryan nodded, "Did Sonia tell you one of the reasons for our last misunderstanding? Did she tell you I was upset because I thought you were more important to her than I am?" Bryan asked, and Lucy nodded.

"She mentioned something in that line. But I don't hold it against you," Lucy said with a small smile.

"I'm sorry to ask this, but if you were pregnant, would you tell Sonia about it before telling Tom about it?" Bryan asked, and Lucy shrugged.

"It depends on the circumstance. And you should know that Sonia only told me about it because I helped her deliver the test kit, and I was there when she took the test," Lucy said in Sonia's defense.

"Do you think she would have ever told me about it had you not asked her to?" Bryan asked, and Lucy sighed.

"I'm sure she did not tell you about it simply because I asked her to. She would have eventually gotten around to it," Lucy said confidently, and Bryan sat up in his seat.

"Am I asking for too much, Lucy? Is it too much to ask the woman I love to involve me in whatever concerns her? In whatever concerns us? How could she have been planning to have an abortion without even telling me first?" Bryan asked, still unable to wrap his head around it.

"Do you want the baby? According to Sonia, you said you didn't want any of that...."

"I said I didn't want?" Bryan cut in.

"I thought she was in agreement with me on that! I thought she wanted the same thing! She was the one who suggested not living together some time ago, wasn't she? Why is she holding what I said against me when we were in agreement about wanting to take things slowly and know more about each other? Our relationship isn't all about what I want! What she wants matters to me too! Yes, I'd prefer to have her to myself and spend a lot of time getting to know and love her better, but that doesn't change the fact that I want her to be in my life for the long run. I love Sonia. I'm crazy about her! But what I can't stand is her making decisions without talking to me," Bryan complained.

"Maybe she was in agreement with you on that, and when this came up, she figured she should take care of it so it doesn't become a problem for the both of you...."

"How can something we both did become a problem for us? I am just as responsible for the pregnancy as she is if not more. It's not in her place to worry about it by herself! This shows she doesn't trust me, and it not only annoys me, but it also hurts me too!" Bryan cried out in frustration.

"I understand how you feel, Bryan. I really do. I have also addressed the same issue with her before now. But one thing I try to remind myself often is that Sonia has been living on her own terms since she was eighteen. She has been making decisions involving her alone for the past seven years. Have you considered the fact that it might not be deliberate?" Lucy asked, and Bryan sighed.

"Yes. I've thought about that. That doesn't mean I can't get upset when she does stuff like this, does it? I mean, what if she had gone ahead and aborted our baby without discussing it with me first? Do you think I would have forgiven her for that? Do you think that excuse about it not being deliberate would have made sense to me?" Bryan asked incredulously.

"What do you want, Bryan? Do you want the baby or not?" Lucy asked, and Bryan sighed as he raked his fingers through his hair.

"That's why I'm here, Lucy. I want to know what she wants."

"I think it's best I know what you want first," Lucy insisted.

"I told you already. I love Sonia. Whether we start a family in the next ten years or now, it doesn't make a difference to me since she is the one I know I want to spend my life with. Yes, having a baby now is going to affect us both in a lot of ways, but I know we can make it work if that is what she wants. I have been thinking about it since she told me about it, and I can't stop wondering if it's a girl or a boy and who the baby is going to look like or behave like. I don't want to imagine us terminating our first pregnancy. I need to be sure that is what she wants too. I can't force her to keep our baby if she doesn't want to. But I will be really happy if she decides to keep the baby. We can find a way to make it work. We can get as many Nannies as she wants so it doesn't affect her career. I'm sure my mom wouldn't mind babysitting when we go out on dates. We can make it work," Bryan said, and they both turned towards Lucy's bedroom when they heard a snuffle behind the door.

Lucy couldn't blame Sonia for blowing her cover. Not when she was feeling pretty emotional herself and wanted to cry and embrace Bryan for saying all the right things.

"Is Sonia in there?" Bryan asked in surprise, and without waiting for Lucy to respond, he headed for Lucy's bedroom.

"Babe?" He called, and Sonia stepped out from behind the door.

"I was wrong. I'm sorry," Sonia said as tears ran down her cheeks.

Without saying a word, Bryan pulled Sonia to himself and embraced her, "I did not mean what I said about breaking up. I was mad at you. I still am. But I don't want to break up with you," Bryan murmured as he kissed her wet cheeks.

"Me too," Sonia cried.

"I will wait outside," Lucy said as she opened the door and excused herself, but neither of them looked at her.

Lucy sighed as she took her car keys from where it was hidden by the tire and got into her car.

She was glad that Bryan and Sonia wanted the same thing. She smiled at the thought of Sonia having a baby. Evelyn would definitely be over the moon. Thinking of Evelyn, Lucy sat up as she remembered that she needed to clear the misunderstanding with her. Telling Evelyn that the kit wasn't hers wouldn't be enough for the woman. She knew it. She had to tell Bryan and Sonia about it so they would join her in informing Evelyn that the kit she had seen belonged to Sonia. Evelyn would be just as excited since she was going to be a grandmother

Chapter 589 I Will Expose Her!

Lucy had almost dozed off in her car by the time she heard the knock on the window, and she opened her eyes to see Sonia flashing her phone's flashlight inside the car.

Lucy smiled as she opened the door and got down to meet Sonia and Bryan, whose arms were linked as though they were scared to let go of each other.

"Sorry we chased you out of your apartment," Bryan said, and Lucy waved the apology off with a smile.

"I don't mind. You both resolved things, huh?" Lucy asked, looking at Sonia, whose eyes were gleaming happily.

Sonia bobbed her head, "I guess you're going to be a godmother after all," Sonia said, and Lucy smiled happily as she embraced her.

"Thank you so much, Lucy. Thanks for convincing your stubborn best friend to talk to me," Bryan said and chuckled when Sonia pinched his side.

Lucy pressed her lips together and looked from Bryan to Sonia, "It was actually Tom's idea. He threatened to tell you himself if I didn't make Sonia tell you," Lucy confessed with a wince, and Sonia looked at her in surprise.

"You told Tom about it? Why would you do that?" Sonia asked angrily.

"Calm down, babe. I don't think anger is not good for our baby," Bryan said, patting her back, and Sonia turned to look at him in disbelief before throwing back her head to laugh, and Lucy joined her.

"What's funny?" Bryan asked with a confused smile.

"What do you mean anger is not good for our baby? You barely found out about the pregnancy hours ago, and you know what's good for it?" Sonia asked in amusement, and Bryan grinned.

"Just don't get too worked up emotionally. That's my point," Bryan said, and Sonia returned her attention to Lucy.

"You've got some explaining to do, Lucinda Perry," Sonia hissed.

"Why don't we go inside, and I will tell you all you need to know? Or are you in a hurry to leave?" Lucy asked, and Sonia shook her head before turning to look at Bryan.

"Are we?"

"Not at all. Let's go in," Bryan said, and all three of them returned inside with Bryan's arm possessively wrapped around Sonia.

As Sonia made to sit on the couch, Bryan quickly gently helped her sit down, and she grinned up at him in amusement, "Calm down, Bryan. Isn't it too early for all this?" She asked, and he grinned.

"It's never too early," Bryan said as he sat down beside her, and Lucy shook her head in amusement as she watched them.

She would never understand the dynamics of relationships. One minute two people would be hurting so much and on the verge of a breakup, and the next, they were all loved up. How did the human mind work? Why was human emotion so complicated? Lucy mused.

"We are waiting, Lu," Sonia reminded her, and Lucy nodded.

"Evelyn happened to go into Tom's closet, and she found my handbag with the positive pregnancy test kit...."

"And she assumed it was yours?" Sonia asked in surprise.

"Exactly! And she asked Tom about it. We almost had a major misunderstanding about me being pregnant. So to clear all doubt, and also because I wanted to be sure I was doing the right thing for you, I told him about it. And he was very pissed," Lucy concluded, and Sonia looked at her apologetically.

"I can imagine how awkward that conversation must have been for the both of you. I'm sorry. It's my fault...."

"There is no need to pass blame. All you have to do now is to explain to Evelyn that the kit she saw belonged to you and not me," Lucy said, and Sonia looked at Bryan.

"We can do that, right?" She asked, and he gave her a nod.

"Sure. But I had hoped we would find a more dramatic way to share the news with the family," Bryan said sadly.

"I'm sure we have had enough drama. Let's just skip any more drama and tell the family," Sonia said, and Bryan nodded.

"Now that we have gotten that out of the way, let's talk about Anita. Did Tom see the video before he left? What are we going to do about her now?" Sonia asked Lucy before facing Bryan.

"Did you see Anita's video? She confessed to being behind our scandal," Sonia said, and Bryan raised a brow.

"When?" Bryan asked, and Sonia took out her phone to show Bryan the video since she was not done watching it herself.

"Tom wanted to reject her resignation, but I asked him to approve it and let her be. I want her to disappear from our lives completely," Lucy said after they had finished watching it, and Sonia nodded in agreement.

"I agree with you. No good will come from keeping her close. Who knows what she is planning or when she might decide to strike again?" Sonia said thoughtfully.

"Maybe I should write about something like this? I villain who pretends to turn a new leaf and then does something even worse?" Sonia asked no one in particular as she narrowed her eyes and started thinking about it.

Bryan exchanged a look with Lucy, and she shook her head, "Don't jinx it. I prefer to believe she has turned a new leaf and won't be pulling any more stunts," Lucy said, and Sonia flashed her a smile.

"Sure. Doesn't mean I can't use that as a plot in one of my stories," Sonia said with a yawn.

"I'm hungry," she announced.

"It's time to go home. We can find you something to munch on, and then we can have dinner when we get home," Bryan said as he quickly picked up his phone to book a ride.

Although Sonia rolled her eyes when she met Lucy's amused gaze, Lucy could tell that she was more than pleased with Bryan's behavior.

"By the way, have you moved back here already?" Sonia asked when it occurred to her that Lucy did not seem like she was going home with them.

"Moved back? What are you talking about?" Bryan asked in confusion.

"I told you I don't want to spend the night in Tom's bedroom without him. I'd rather spend the night here. I will be here for some time," Lucy rushed to explain before Sonia could say anything.

"I see," Bryan said with an easy smile.

"Our ride is here," Bryan announced when his phone started ringing, and he quickly stood up to help her up, and Sonia smiled as she rose.

"Take care of yourself, Lu. We will talk over the phone," Sonia said, giving Lucy a pointed look.

"Sure. You take care of yourself and our baby," Lucy said as she escorted them to the door.

"I will take care of them, you don't have to worry," Bryan promised, and Lucy giggled when Sonia rolled her eyes once again.

"I'm sure you will."

"Are we not saying hi to Mia and Jeff?" Sonia asked as they approached the cab.

"We already said hi to them earlier in the day. We need to get my babies something to eat," Bryan said as he led her into the cab.

Lucy was beginning to think her jaw was going to ache all night, judging by how much time she had spent smiling and laughing over Bryan's doting behavior.

A smile remained on her face as she waved them goodbye and returned to her apartment.

Alone in her apartment now, Lucy sighed as she locked the door and returned to her bedroom. She was going to have a hot relaxing bath with music playing in the background, and then she was going to lay cuddled up on her bed reading a novel until she dozed up.

Yes. That was what she was going to do. It was going to be just like old times.

Away from there, Tiffany walked into the police station, and the first people she saw were Jackson's parents speaking with one of the detectives.

"Gabe, Angela," Tiffany greeted as she hurried over to join Jackson's parents.

"Why didn't you call me?" She asked her in-laws when she got to where they stood.

"You're here. I was going to call, but Jack asked us not to bother you because you were at the hospital taking care of your sister," Angela said, looking flustered as she embraced Tiffany.

"What is the situation of things? Can I see Jack?" Tiffany asked hopefully as she pulled away from her to look at her father-in-law.

"It's terrible! It's all so terrible, Tiffany! Jack swears he did not lay a finger on Adam," Jack's mother informed her.

"It's a tricky situation. I'm doing all I can, but seeing how this involves the Washington family, it is tough. Jack had no reason to fight Adam, did he? I keep telling them it must have been a friendly fight. One of those stuff guys do, but no one is willing to believe me. Can you explain what happened between them?" Jack's father asked Tiffany with a worried frown.

What was she to say? She couldn't exactly tell his parents that their son not only had an affair with her sister, who was married to Adam but was actually in love with her. That would make even his parents look at him suspiciously, and she knew deep down that Jack was innocent.

"Can I have a few minutes with my husband? Please?" Tiffany asked the detective, who was still standing beside them.

"Please. She is my daughter-in-law. She should at least be allowed to see her husband," Jackson's father pleaded, and the detective asked Tiffany to follow him and led her to the room where Jackson was being kept for questioning.

"You have five minutes. No physical contact. No whispers either," The detective warned before excusing them.

Immediately she walked into the room, Jackson, whose head was bowed, raised his head to look at her, "Tiff? What are you doing here? You didn't have to come...."

"Shut up! How are you doing? What happened?" Tiffany asked as she took the seat across from him, and Jack shook his head.

"I have no idea. I arrived at the location where Adam asked me to meet him. His car was parked there, but my phone's battery was flat, and I left my charger in the other car. Since I couldn't reach him over the phone, I went into the building to search for him. I saw him lying on the ground by one of the stairs, and I panicked. While I was trying to call the emergency number, I heard the

sound of sirens, and I was surrounded by the police. I don't know what happened. I swear, Tiff. I didn't lay a finger on him," Jack said, and Tiffany nodded.

"I believe you. Did you explain to them how you felt when you received the text from Adam? You thought it was weird, remember?" Tiffany asked, and Jack nodded.

"I tried to. But someone seemed to have told them about the fight we had at the hospital yesterday. I have no idea how they got to know about it. They've been asking me to tell them what happened, but I can't. You know I can't do that," Jack said, holding her gaze.

Tiffany could tell he was withholding the information for the sake of Bernice's reputation. If he so much as said the truth, the Washington family would get wind of it, and they would throw Bernice out with nothing. Not even her kids.

"It's a setup. Someone set you up," Tiffany said without thinking, and Jack nodded.

"Yeah. I figured out that much. The question now is, who could be behind this?" Jack asked, and Tiffany pressed a finger to her temple as she tried to think.

Apart from the members of their family, no one else had gotten the detail of the fight at the hospital. Yes, there had been onlookers, but they had not been standing close enough to hear what was being said, and she doubted that any of those people were interested in their family business enough to murder Adam or frame Jack. Whoever had reported Jack to the police must have known the reason for the fight, but had deliberately withheld that piece of information from the police.

It couldn't be Anita. She knew that Anita hated both Adam and Jackson, but she was a little miss perfect and wouldn't get her hands soiled with blood out of love or devotion for her sisters. It definitely was not Lisa, either. That left their mother.

According to Adam's supposed text, he had been in their mother's house when he sent the text. The housekeeper had said their mother sent them away during Adam's visit.

Did something happen?

Tiffany's eyes narrowed as she thought of their mother's visit to the hospital, her cool attitude and all she had suggested.

Rebekah Miller. Was this her doing? Did she do this thinking she was doing them a favor? Tiffany mused as she met Jack's gaze.

"What was Adam's state? Can you remember the exact injury on him?" Tiffany asked, and Jack narrowed his eyes.

"He seemed like he had fallen down the stairs, so I suppose the injury was behind his head? But now that I think about it, there was no pool of blood," Jack said, and Tiffany nodded.

"Don't worry. I will do everything I can to get you out of here," Tiffany promised.

"Can you tell Benny that I didn't do it? Tell her I'm sorry about Adam, and I didn't do it," Jack pleaded, and Tiffany nodded.

"Don't worry. Neither of us believes it anyway. We will do what we can to prove your innocence," Tiffany promised as she rose.

"Take care of yourself, Jack. Don't break," she said with a small smile before walking out of the room, her eyes gleaming with determination.

If Rebekah Miller was responsible for this, she was going to answer to her. She could tolerate almost anything but murder. She had not only almost made Bernice take her life, but she also murdered Adam and tried to make Jack take the blame for it? No! If her mother was guilty, she was not going to have that. She was going to make sure Rebekah Miller faced the law.

Tiffany dialed Bernice's line as she got into her car, and Bernice received the call almost immediately, "I was just about to dial your line. Did you see Jack? How is he? What did he say?" Bernice asked with concern and Tiffany quickly explained the situation to her.

"Is there a way we can check Adam's body?" Tiffany asked hopefully.

"I don't think so. I don't think it's a good idea for either of us to go anywhere close to it," Bernice said, and then took a deep breath.

"Listen, Tiff. I know you're probably going to call me crazy, but I've been thinking about it, and I think mother is behind this," Bernice said, and Tiffany raised a brow.

"How did you come to that conclusion?" Tiffany asked, and listened as Bernice repeated all she had thought about a moment ago.

The only part Bernice missed was that someone had informed the police beforehand about the fight between Adam and Jack. And that someone had to be someone within their family who knew they had fought. And most likely someone who knew the reason for the fight but didn't want to say it because they were protecting Bernice.

"I'm heading to her house. I think she is behind this too...."

"I will meet you...."

"No, Benny! You lost your husband. You should be home with your kids. I will handle this."

"And what if she is behind it as we suspect?" Bernice asked skeptically.

"I don't want to believe mother is that sort of person, but if she is, then I will expose her, Benny! I will! I won't let Jack be imprisoned for a crime he did not commit. Someone has to stop her, and it's going to have to be one of us. Take care, Benny! I will deal with this," Tiffany said before hanging up, and Bernice sighed.

She never would have thought Tiffany had it in her to stand up to their mother. So much was changing in such a short time. How did they all get here?

Chapter 590 Murder Case

"Are you sure you want to walk this distance?" Bryan asked Sonia as the cab pulled to a stop outside Tom's gate.

"Sure. It's been a while since I last exercised too," Sonia assured him, and they both got out of the cab after Bryan paid the driver.

As the cab driver reversed the car and drove off, Bryan and Sonia turned to leave but paused when they noticed an unfamiliar car approaching.

The car stopped close to them, and Jade got out of the front passenger seat while the driver rolled down her window.

"Why did you both get down here?" Jade asked curiously.

"Because we wanted to. Where are you coming from?" Bryan asked as his gaze shifted to Aurora.

"I'm coming from outside. This is my friend, Aurora. Aura, meet my annoying brother and his lovely girlfriend," Jade said, and Sonia's eyes lit up.

"Aurora! I've heard a lot of wonderful things about you, especially how you saved my best friend at the spa. Thank you," Sonia said with a friendly smile, and Aurora smiled back.

"It was nothing. It's nice to meet you. I love your novels. I hope to get an autograph."

"You will surely get one," Sonia assured her.

"Why don't you get in so I drop you off inside?" Aurora offered, and Bryan shook his head.

"Thanks. We want to take a stroll."

"Yeah. Thanks for the offer. I hope to see you again," Sonia said, and Aurora smiled.

"Can I join you? Or is it a couple thing?" Jade asked, looking from Bryan to Sonia.

"Sure. You can tag along," Sonia said while Bryan scowled.

"You don't have to drop me off inside. You can't be late for your date," Jade said with a wink, and Aurora giggled.

"Thanks for letting me off the hook," Aurora said pleasantly.

"I will just get my bags then," Jade said as she opened the backdoor and took out two shopping bags while Aurora helped her get her handbag.

"Don't expect me to help you with those bags," Bryan warned, making the ladies laugh.

"Of what use are you to me as my brother if you can't do this for me?" Jade asked as she pressed one of the shopping bags against his arm until he took it from her.

"It was nice meeting you both," Aurora said to Bryan and Sonia as she turned on her car's ignition.

"Same here," they responded.

"Have lots of fun," Jade called out to Aurora as she reversed the car and drove off with a wave.

"She is beautiful! I thought you were jealous of her. What changed?" Sonia asked curiously as they all walked inside the compound, and Jade told them about Harry's date with Aurora and how she had let them off the hook and hooked up with Harry's friend instead.

"Wow! That's beautiful," Sonia said with a wide smile.

"Yeah. To make it up to her, I had to go shopping with her for her date. And we still owe her a kind of couple date fishing trip," Jade said, and Sonia's eyes lit up with interest.

"Really? Tom and Lucy will be going too?" Sonia asked with interest, and Jade nodded.

"That's the plan...."

"Can we come too?" Sonia asked hopefully.

"Why would you want to go fishing with them when it's obviously their punishment for deceiving her?" Bryan asked incredulously.

"It will be fun to experience such a group couple hangout," Sonia said with a shrug.

"Well, I guess we could join them if you want us to. But first, we have to be sure it will be safe for you and the baby...."

"Why wouldn't it be safe?" Jade asked and then stopped walking abruptly when she replayed his statement in her head.

"Sonia is pregnant? Sonia, are you pregnant?" Jade asked, and both Sonia and Bryan turned to look at her, wide smiles plastered on their faces.

"Oh, my God! You are pregnant? For real? I'm going to be an aunt?" Jade asked excitedly as she walked over to where they stood and embraced Sonia.

"This is so wonderful! It's beautiful! Congrats! Oh, my God! I'm so emotional right now. Bryan is going to be a daddy," Jade said, her eyes glistening with tears as she embraced Bryan.

"Is mom and dad aware? Have you told them yet? What about Tom and Lucy?" She asked, unable to contain her excitement, and Sonia laughed happily, pleased by Jade's reaction.

"Tom and Lucy are aware of it. We haven't told anyone else yet. We will make the announcement when we get in," Bryan said and then puffed his chest a bit.

"You have to respect me...."

"Oh, please shut up!" Jade hissed, and Sonia laughed as they continued walking to the house.

"By the way, did you see the news about Anita?" Sonia asked, and Jade raised a brow.

"You mean the bitch that tried to mess with Tom and Lucy? No. What news?" Jade asked, and Sonia told her about the video and Lucy's decision to let her go.

"She is so lucky," Jade said irritably.

"Lucky?" Sonia asked in confusion.

"Yeah. Doing this saves her from the humiliation Tom had planned for her. As far as she made this confession on her own, she will not only gain some sympathizers, but people will also believe she has turned a new leaf and will forgive her. Now she can rise again. Had she not done this, and the interview had gone on as planned, Tom would have crushed whatever hope she had at ever walking with her head raised again in public," Jade said thoughtfully, and Sonia nodded.

"Why are you so silent?" Jade asked, turning to look at Bryan.

"I'm trying to figure out if I want a girl or a boy. I'd have to get private guards or security dogs to keep scoundrels away from my daughter cause I know she would be so beautiful they would flock around her. I'm stressed out merely by thinking about her beauty," Bryan complained, making both Sonia and Jade laugh.

Jade stopped laughing as she reached into her handbag to take out her phone when it started ringing. She smiled when she noticed that the call was from Harry, and she received it immediately, "Hey, Jonas!"

"You are good, right?" Harry asked as he got out of his car.

"Yeah. I just got back from my hangout with Aurora. We went shopping for her date with your friend. I think she is completely smitten by him," Jade said happily.

"That's good. Have you seen the news?" Harry asked, and Jade raised a brow.

"What news? Do you mean Anita's confession? Sonia just..."

"No. Not that. It's about the Millers, but not Anita's confession. It's a murder case, and I want you to represent Jackson Bateman."

Away from there, classical music from Lucy's phone played in the background as Lucy settled herself in her bathtub, which was filled with hot water containing sea salt and a bubble bath.

She sighed contentedly as she let her head fall back and closed her eyes. The moment she shut her eyes, a memory surfaced. The first time she shared a bath with Tom

Tears gathered in her eyes as she recalled all they had talked about in the bathroom that night. He had promised that he would always be hers, but here they were. Here she was, afraid that she was losing him.

It seemed like things had been much better between them in the beginning than it was now. All they seemed to do now was talk about other people and misunderstand each other.

It would have been much better had she not brought up the issue of not wanting to get married. She should never have raised that subject. Everything had been fine between them until she raised the subject because she saw him with a jewel box. Lucy thought with a soft sigh as she opened her eyes and wiped off the tears on her cheeks.

It was stupid, Lucy thought with a dry laugh. It was stupid of her to assume that the problem was in bringing up the subject when she did.

What difference would it have made had she told him a year or two later that she never planned to marry him? It would probably have been worse then cause knowing Tom, he might have arranged a public proposal only to be rejected by her.

No. She was in the bath to relax, not to think about Tom or their relationship. It was strictly a time for herself. Lucy time. She needed to focus on herself. Lucy thought as she closed her eyes once again.

Lucy opened her eyes when the classical music suddenly stopped playing and was replaced by the sound of her ringtone.

She reached for her phone and received the call when she saw it was from Sonia, "I guess you've told everyone?" Lucy asked with a wide smile.

"Lu, I think you should check the evening news. It's about Anita's family."