

Wild Night 611

Chapter 611 Marriage And Proposals

"So, tell me all about your date," Candace said excitedly as she got on Jade's bed, while Jade packed up the documents she had been studying.

"Where should I begin? The flower petals that decorated the floor? Or the romantic candle lit dinner on a rooftop? Or the sweetest chocolate written proposal to be his girlfriend? Or the fireworks?" Jade asked and Candace giggled.

"Okay. I believe now that Harry outdid himself. But details. Tell me all about it," Candace said with a grin and Jade was more than happy to oblige.

"Woaw! Six months?" Candace asked in surprise when Jade mentioned Harry's future marriage proposal.

"Yeah," Jade said with twinkling eyes.

"Told you I was going to be your twin sister in-law, didn't I?" Jade asked, and Candace giggled as the door opened and Sonia walked in without knocking since the door was slightly open.

"Yeah, you did say so," Candace said, and exchanged a look with Jade as Sonia joined them on the bed.

"Are you sure you want to get married to him, though?" Candace asked, switching to the purpose of her being there, since they needed information for Bryan.

"Of course! You needed to see how smitten she looked last night. If he had proposed last night, she would have said yes without blinking," Sonia said as she sipped from her glass of juice, and Jade laughed.

"Of course! And it's thanks to you that I got to realize there was something between us," Jade said, and Sonia smiled happily.

"You're always welcome."

"And it is thanks to me you made a move, remember?" Candace pointed out, reminding her of how much she had insisted Jade open up to Harry.

"Well, I was pretty much going to do that. But thanks to you too. That's why you are going to be my maid of honor when we get married," Jade said, and Candace giggled.

"Really? I get to choose my own color and style, right?" Candace asked, excited at the idea of being a maid of honor.

"Of course."

"Good. Talking about marriage, congrats Sony. I heard the wonderful news," Candace said, and Sonia gave her a wide smile.

"Thanks. Maybe you can give me some pregnancy and motherhood tips," Sonia said hopefully.

"Sure. All you have to do is ask what you want to know. And you do know there are pregnancy apps you can download now, right?" Candace asked, and Sonia nodded.

"Yeah. Bryan downloaded a couple of them already," Sonia said with a grin.

"He seems more excited about the pregnancy than you are," Jade said, and Sonia giggled.

"Yeah. It's hard to believe I was so scared he wouldn't want us to keep the baby. I almost had an abortion without his knowledge," Sonia confided, and both Jade and Candace gasped in surprise.

"Why would you ever think of doing something like that?" Jade asked in disbelief.

"That would have been really cruel to Bryan," Candace said, and Sonia sighed.

"Yeah. I was all up in my head. I just didn't think he would want us to keep the baby and I didn't want to put him in a difficult position of suggesting an abortion," Sonia explained.

"Some times we tend to magnify our problems in our head when they're really not as serious as we think. Effective communication and time are all you need to resolve most problems. Talk about it, and then give it time," Candace said, and Sonia considered it for a moment.

"That actually makes a lot of sense," Sonia said thoughtfully as she made a mental note to jot that down somewhere.

"Of course it does. I know what I'm talking about," Candace said with a smile.

"Yeah, right!" Jade said with a roll of eyes.

"What do you mean by that?" Candace asked with a slightly raised brow.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing," Jade said with a sweet smile.

If she said what she meant by that, they might end up deviating from the topic and miss the opportunity to get the needed information from Sonia, so she would leave that for later.

"Well, I'm glad you didn't go along with your plan, Sony," Jade said and Sonia nodded.

"Yeah. Me too. Bryan seems so happy," Sonia said with a small smile.

"Who knows? He just might pop the question soon," Candace said with a wink, and Jade giggled while Sonia shook her head.

"Nah! I don't think so."

"Why not? Don't you want to get married?" Jade asked curiously.

"Of course, I want to. But I'm not sure Bryan is ready for that. You know, having a baby is one thing. Celebrities do that all the time. I mean having baby mamas and stuff. Marriage is an entirely different ball game, and I don't think Bryan is ready for that yet," Sonia said with a shrug.

"But you are, aren't you?" Candace asked, and Sonia grinned.

"Of course. I hope to spend the rest of my life with Bryan," Sonia said, and Jade smiled to hide her relief.

"That means if he pops the question now you will say yes?" Jade asked just to be sure.

"Of course! What would be better than having our baby in the safe confines of marriage? Don't tell Bryan I said that, though. I mean, having our baby is great, marriage or not. But I also think it would be beautiful to be married and have the baby," Sonia said with a shrug.

"Sure. I get what you mean," Jade said with a nod, and Candace turned to Jade.

"So, now that Harry has gone to such lengths for just your first date, what would you like him to do for your marriage proposal?" Candace asked, and Jade raised a brow.

"Did he ask you to ask me this?" Jade asked with a teasing smile and both Candace and Sonia laughed.

"We both know, he didn't. Besides, I haven't really spoken with him since he left to pick you up for the date. He got back really late and was in a hurry to leave for the office this morning. There wasn't really anytime to talk," Candace said, and Jade smiled.

"Well, I trust Harry. I know whichever way he chooses to propose will be perfect. What about you, Sony?" Jade asked, and Sonia frowned.

"What about me what?" She asked in confusion.

"How would you like Bryan to pop the question? Would you prefer a private proposal or a public proposal? Want drama? I never really believed your fake engagement because I thought the proposal seemed too basic," Jade said, not wanting Sonia to detect anything suspicious about the questions.

Sonia giggled, "You won't believe I've almost forgotten all about that proposal. It seems like all that happened a lifetime ago," Sonia said with a wide smile.

"I would prefer a private proposal myself," Candace said, and Jade rolled her eyes.

"Of course. Anyone who knows you can tell," Jade said dryly.

"What do you mean by that?" Candace asked with a scowl.

Sonia giggled, "It means everyone knows you're a person private," Sonia said easily, "Well, I don't really care whether it is a private or public proposal as long as it's a diamond ring. And from Bryan, of course," Sonia said with a wink, and both Jade and Candace giggled.

"By the way, are you aware that Matt is downstairs?" Sonia asked Candace when she remembered she had mentioned it yet.

Candace's heart skipped a beat, "Really?" She asked, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Yup. I asked him about the model. He said he didn't kiss the model. She kissed him," Sonia said as she exchanged a look with Jade who grinned.

Jade liked that she was the one pairing with people to get something out of them and not the one in the dark.

"Does that matter?" Oblivious to the look exchanged, Candace asked. Choosing to act as natural as anyone else would act. It wasn't a big deal.

"Yes, it does. That means nothing is going on between them," Jade said easily but Candace said nothing.

"She used to be his ex, you know?" Sonia said, watching Candace closely while she pretended to be busy with her phone.

"Really?" Jade asked with interest, her gaze on Candace as well.

"Yeah. Bryan said things ended really badly between them since she tried to use Matt. So, I guess she is the one trying to get Matt not the other way around," Sonia continued.

"She must have realized what an amazing guy he is. Can't blame her for trying to get him back," Jade said, and this time Candace dropped her phone and glared at them both.

"Will you both cut it out? I'm not dense, you know? I know exactly what you're doing," Candace said, and Sonia looked at her innocently.

"What are we doing other than gossiping?" Sonia asked, and Jade shrugged.

"I guess we can gossip about anything but Matt," Jade said, and Candace rolled her eyes.

"Where is everyone else by the way? I didn't say hello to them because the house seemed really quiet," Candace asked to change the subject.

"Lucy's parents moved to her apartment since she isn't here right now. And my parents went to hang out with them," Jade explained, letting her change the subject.

"What about Samantha and the others?" Candace asked.

"Today is their off day. So they all went about their businesses. How is Jamal doing? How is Aaron?" Jade asked, and Candace was relieved that her plan had worked.

"They're good. Getting along really well. They're so taken with each other. It's going to be so much easier to move back to Sogal now with Aaron," Candace said with a happy smile.

"Harry is going to miss you all when you leave," Jade said, feeling bad for Harry.

"But that would give you more room to visit and stay over," Sonia pointed out, and Jade laughed softly.

"As much as I love spending more time with him, they are his family. He's going to feel lonely," Jade said with a shrug.

"Harry will be alright. And you can always make him feel less lonely," Candace said as she patted Jade's hand.

Jade glanced at her phone when it started ringing and she smiled when she saw that it was a call from Mr. Bateman, Jack's father.

"Excuse me," she told them as she picked up her phone and moved away from them before receiving the call.

"Can we meet?" He asked immediately she received the call.

"Is it about the case?" Candace asked curiously and Jade gave her the details.

"Alright. I need to leave now anyway. Let me know how it goes," Candace said as she rose to leave "Sure. Where do you have in mind?" She asked, not minding that there was no introduction or exchange of pleasantries. She liked it this way. Straight to business.

"My office? Do you know where it is located?"

"I have never been there, but I'm certain I can locate it if you give me the direction," Jade said and hung up the call after he promised to text her the location and they agreed to meet in an hour.

"I'm sorry, ladies. This meeting will have to be adjourned. I have to get ready to leave for a meeting," Jade said as she faced Sonia and Candace.

"Is it about the case?" Candace asked curiously and Jade gave her the details.

"Alright. I need to leave now anyway. Let me know how it goes," Candace said as she rose to leave the room and Sonia did the same.

"Sure."

"You want to leave already? Why don't we join Bryan and Matt in the Den?" Sonia asked as she walked out of the room with Candace, shutting the door behind her.

"Sonia, do us all a favor and quit matchmaking. It's not going to work," Candace said, giving her a pointed look.

"Well, since you're both so sure it's not going to work, why spend so much time trying to avoid each other? If you believe you're over him, you should have no problem spending some time with me in his company," Sonia said with a shrug as they approached the stairs.

"I'm not avoiding him...."

"Then what are you doing?" Sonia cut in.

"Back off, will you?" Candace snapped at her.

"Do you know you're being very annoying right now? And I really don't appreciate it," Candace said with a scowl as they descended the stairs.

Sonia sighed, "Fine. I'm sorry. But I really think you both will make a very good couple...."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, alright? But please stop. And don't badger Matt like this either. It's really not cool. If anything is ever going to happen between us again it's going to be because we both want it, and not because of your matchmaking skills," Candace said, and almost immediately the words left her lips she regretted it when she saw Matt standing some feet away from the stairs staring at her.

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Candace had hoped she would be able to leave without running into Matt since Sonia had said he was at the Den with Bryan, but now that she had seen him, she flashed him a smile.

"Hey, Matt! We run into each other yet again," she said in a cheerful tone that rang false even to her.

"Yeah. What a coincidence," Matt said as he remained where he stood staring at the one woman who was driving him crazy.

"Where is Bryan?" Sonia cut in, looking at Matt curiously.

"He went to the bedroom to change into his swimming trunk. Said he wanted to go to the pool after seeing me off," Matt explained without taking his gaze off Candace who stood rooted to the same spot she had been when she caught sight of him.

"Oh, you're leaving already? So is Candace. I should probably go change into my swimming trunk too so I can join him. Excuse me," Sonia said as she quickly turned around and returned upstairs, leaving them alone.

Candace shifted uncomfortably, not sure what to do or say, considering the way Matt was staring at her as though he had something to say.

"So, how are you?" She asked with a bright smile.

"I'm alright. Are you going to Harry's right now?" Matt asked as he dipped his hands in his pocket.

"Yeah," she said with a nod.

"Did you drive?" Matt asked, and she shook her head, wondering why he was asking.

"No. Thanks for reminding me. I need to order a ride...."

"You don't have to. I could give you a lift. I want to see Jamal," Matt added when he observed the confusion on her face.

"Oh!"

"Yeah. So?" He asked, and she flashed him a smile.

"Sure. Why not? It's not a big deal. Just two old friends sharing a ride to..." She let the rest of her words trail off when it occurred to her that she was blabbering.

If sitting in an open cafe together for less than ten minutes hadn't been awkward enough, she was certain sharing a car with him for over twenty minutes would drive her crazy.

If Matt had noticed her blabber, he showed no sign of it as he remained where he stood, staring at her as though he was trying to figure out something.

"Jamal will be really thrilled to see you," Candace said, and this time Matt smiled.

"As I am to see him," Matt said, and Candace nodded stiffly.

"I came to see Jade," she explained when they both remained where they stood in awkward silence, waiting for Sonia and Bryan to join them.

"I figured," Matt said, and Candace nodded.

"There is no reason for things to be so awkward between us, you know? I mean, we might be running into each other a lot more often," Matt said, and Candace flashed him a smile.

"Yeah. Sure."

A couple of minutes later, Sonia and Bryan stood outside dressed in their swimming trunks as they waved at Matt's retreating car.

"I can't believe they ran into each other while trying to get away before the other," Sonia said with a giggle.

"That's probably going to be the most awkward drive of their lives," Bryan said with a chuckle as he pulled Sonia with him to the poolside.

Inside the car, neither Candace nor Matt said a word to each other as he drove, despite their agreement to not be awkward.

Candace made sure her face was turned to her window, and she did her best to focus on everything they drove past so she wouldn't have to think about the fact that she was alone in a car with Matt.

"Why are you so uncomfortable?" Matt asked breaking the silence in the car.

Candace snapped her head in his direction as she turned to look at him, "I'm not," she said defensively.

"You are. Your whole body is turned away from me and pressed against the door," Matt said jerking his beard towards the empty space on her seat, and she adjusted.

"I was just enjoying the scenery," Candace said as she turned back to look at the window.

"Really? I find it funny that you are so uncomfortable," Matt said, but Candace said nothing.

She already said she wasn't uncomfortable, and if he was insisting she was, she had nothing else to say to him. All she wanted was for them to arrive at Harry's as soon as possible.

"What can I get him?" Matt asked, and Candace turned to look at him in confusion.

"Who? What?"

"Jamal. I can't possibly show up empty handed. I would like to get him something. What do you think he will like?" Matt asked, and Candace shook her head.

"You don't have to...."

"I do. You and I may not exactly get along with each other, but Jamal and I are cool...."

"I do get along with you. What do you mean?" She asked with a slight frown.

"Really? There is no need for the pretense, Candace...."

"There is no pretense. We are cool. We had great sex. We moved on. You are meeting other ladies again. Everything is great," Candace said with a careless shrug.

"I am meeting other ladies again? What does that mean? What does it have to do with this?" Matt asked irritably.

"I'm just saying, you are alright——what? Why did you stop?" Candace asked when Matt abruptly pulled over by the roadside.

"I'm alright? What do you term alright, Candace?" Matt asked, unable to contain his annoyance.

"I may have hurt your feelings, but you already got the closure you needed and you have moved on ——"

"Moved on? Who are you to determine whether or not I'm alright or have moved on? I spent last night conjuring thoughts of you just to get a hard on to fuck someone I've never had a problem fucking in the past, and while she was riding me all I was thinking about was you. Can you tell me what part of that says I've moved on?" Matt snapped at her.

Candace blinked, taken aback by his blunt honesty, "Oh! Wow!"

"Oh? wow? Oh, wow!?" He asked angrily.

Candace swallowed, "I don't know what you expect me to say."

"It's easy for you to sit there and say whatever you like however you like, isn't it? How dare you say we had sex and moved on as though that was all there was between us? We spent several months

chatting and talking over the phone before we ever met! Before we ever had sex! So, how can you keep implying it was just sex?" Matt asked, and Candace took a deep breath.

"Alright. I'm sorry. I never meant to offend you——"

"What about you? Are you alright? Have you moved on?" Matt asked without letting her finish.

"Matt..."

"Have you?" He asked before she could protest.

"I'm alright. And yes. I've moved on," Candace said without meeting his gaze.

"Really? So, who are you seeing now?" Matt asked, and she shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

"I can move on without needing to see anyone, can't I? Now, can we just drop the subject and go?" Candace asked wearily.

"Why? It's okay for you to know about all that is going on in my life and who I'm seeing or not, but I can't know about you?" He asked, and she shook her head.

"I never asked to know anything about your life. In case you did not notice, the Hanks have a Candace said, and Matt nodded.

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problem with minding their business and keeping their opinions to themselves," Candace said while Matt continued to stare at her.

"What you said on the staircase earlier means there's still a chance of things working out between us, right?" Matt asked with a raised brow.

"What did I say?" Candace asked, completely at a loss.

"What you told Sonia about the possibility of things happening between us only if we both want it," Matt said, and Candace's heart skipped a beat.

She swallowed, "I only said that so that she would stop trying so hard to hook us up together," Candace said, and Matt nodded.

"I see. Are you certain you are over me and have no more feelings whatsoever for me?" He asked again, and Candace bobbed her head as she drew in a shaky breath.

"Sure," she said as she turned away from him again.

"Damn it, Candace!"

Candace jolted when Matt suddenly grabbed her chin and turned her face to him, and before she could ask what he was doing, he crushed his lips to hers, and tossed them back to that night not so long ago when they had devoured each other on the bed in Bryan's guest room.

At first Candace was shocked by the kiss, but before she could will herself not to react, she was already kissing him back.

Matt's lips tasted of both anger and hunger and as he kissed her, his frustration at her poured into her.

She felt a tingle skim along her spine. And longing like a flame she'd never been able to put out shot through her. She hated herself for it, yet that did not stop her burying her fingers in his hair and kissing him for all she was worth.

She would think about the rightness or wrongness of her action later, but for now all she wanted was to feel. To feel him.

Later she would come up with a good excuse to explain why she was doing something contrary to everything she had told herself just the previous day.

Later she could assure herself that the only reason she had given in to this longing was because she was lonely and because Matt was the only other man apart from Jero who had ever touched her. But for now....

Candace moaned softly as Matt fondled her boobs, and without thinking her hands moved from his hair to his groin, eliciting a groan from him as she rubbed the his erection.

At first he had kissed her only to see how she would react to it so he would know if there was still any attraction on her part, but the moment she returned his kiss, he forgot everything else.

"Your body always betrays your lies," he whispered against her lips as his hand moved from her boobs down to the waistband of her trousers, and he unbuttoned and unzipped it effortlessly with one hand and slipped his hands into her panties between her legs.

"You're wet for me," Matt said in a husky voice as his lips move to her neck and he planted soft kisses down to her chest.

Candace's breath came out in gasps as his middle finger thrust in and out of her while his thumb played with her clits, as his lips continued to do their wonders.

"Matt, please," she moaned loudly as she felt herself teetering on the edge of an intense orgasm.

"Do you want me to stop?" Matt asked as he continued to finger fuck her.

"Yes. No. I want you," Candace cried, certain that if he stopped now she was going to die.

Matt stopped moving his fingers, but they remained where they were, "Then say it, Candace. Tell me you want me as desperately as I want you," Matt said looking into her face.

"Say it," he ordered her as he brushed his thumb over her clit to remind her of what she was depriving herself.

Candace swallowed a moan, "I want you desperately," she said in a voice that didn't sound anything like hers, but that was all Matt needed to hear.

He crushed his lips to hers once again, and finger fucked her until the only sound in the car was that of Candace's muffled cries of pleasure.

"Cum for me," Matt said as he felt her legs tremble and her insides clench and unclench.

Matt didn't stop until he felt her body relax, and then he pulled away from her, while Candace looked away from him, feeling embarrassed.

Matt said nothing as he took a tissue from the tissue box in the car and handed some to Candace for her to clean up, and then took some with him as he stepped out of the car to give her room to clean up and organize her clothes.

Despite how stiff his erection felt at that moment, Matt felt very pleased with himself as he wiped her juice off his fingers. This wasn't about satisfying himself. It was about proving to her that she wanted him, and proving to himself that he wasn't just pining away for someone who didn't want him.

Candace tapped on the window when she was done to let him know he could come back, and Matt took a deep breath as he got back in.

"Matt..."

"You still want me, Candace. You can deny it all you want but your body says otherwise," Matt said quietly.

"Physical attraction has never been an issue between us," Candace pointed out.

"So, what is the issue this time? First you said Jero was dangerous and you were scared he would hurt me. Now Jero is out of the picture. Next you said I was a celebrity and being with me might expose you and what you do. Now you are related to Harry Jonas and connected with the Hanks. They're equally celebrities. Will you cut them off too?" Matt asked, and Candace took a deep breath.

"I still have a lot going on with me and I need to figure out stuff and make something meaningful and worthwhile out of my life," Candace said, and Matt nodded.

"And you can't do that with me by your side?" Matt asked, and shook her head.

"Matt..."

"I'm not asking you to marry me, Candace. I'm only asking you to be my girlfriend," Matt said reasonably.

"I'm sorry...."

"Okay. I get it. You don't want emotional entanglements. How about we be friends with benefits? It makes it easier for us both. No more awkwardness. No commitments if you don't want it. And the best part, no one has to know anything is going on between us. Especially not the Hanks. It will be just two friends who are sexually attracted to each other having great discreet sex together," Matt offered, and Candace looked at him with a slight frown.

"You don't have to give me an answer right now. Just think about it. I have only one more rejection from you left in me. If you insist you don't want anything, this is the last time I will ask," Matt said as he started the car.

Candace's heart raced, and she folded both hands on her thighs as she looked straight ahead of her, wondering what she had just done, and trying to make sense of his offer.

"So, you haven't answered my question. What can I get Jamal?" Matt asked, acting like nothing had happened between them and he had not just asked the woman he knew he was in love with to be his fuckbuddy.

613 Therapy Session

By the time it was noon, Lucy left the office to go for her first therapy session. She was to meet with the therapist by 1 p.m., and it was about forty five minutes drive from I-Global to the hospital.

Thankfully, Tom had made arrangements so that she could get off work early on the days she needed to go for her sessions, so she didn't need to worry about being out of the office for personal business during office hours.

Although she was plagued by many thoughts as she drove, she had her mind set on this therapy.

Amongst the two therapists the doctor had recommended to her, she had decided to settle for the female, or rather, she had decided to begin with her, and if it didn't go well, then she would seek the service of the male therapist.

Perhaps Lucy had chosen Julia Andrews because apart from the fact that she was female, she had found out that the lady had experienced sexual abuse and had been the victim of a stalker herself, and so unlike other therapists, she specialized in dealing with patients who were victims of stalkers and sexual abuse.

This made Lucy feel like since they had similar experience, she could relate better.

Lucy had spent some time checking out the website of the therapist and reading a lot of reviews about her before their meeting, and almost all of them had been positive. She would have been worried had she not seen any negative reviews. Seeing those in the magnitude of positive reviews made her feel comfortable.

For the first time in her life she prayed that she had been wrong about therapies and desperately hoped that she would get the help she now so much believed she needed.

"Doctor Julia's One O'clock appointment?" The secretary asked with a polite smile the moment Lucy walked into the psychotherapy section of the hospital, and Lucy gave her a nod.

"Yes, please," Lucy said, as the secretary approached her.

"You're welcome, Miss Lucinda Perry. Please come with me," the secretary said as she led Lucy down the hallway that led to the office of the therapist.

The secretary knocked once on the door before turning the knob, "Your one o'clock is here, ma'am," She announced and stood aside to let Lucy in.

"Miss Lucinda Perry!" Julia greeted with a bright smile as she rose from her desk, "Would it bother you if I say it's nice to meet you?" She asked as she went around her desk to take Lucy's hand in a warm handshake.

The secretary shut the door behind her as she excused them, while Lucy couldn't help but wonder why the therapist seemed so friendly and sounded like she knew her.

"Do you welcome all your first time clients with that line, doctor?" Lucy asked with a confused smile as she looked at the beautiful plump lady who looked like she was in her late forties.

"Please call me Julia. And no, I don't. As a matter of fact I've never said that to any patient of mine. Have you had lunch yet?" Julia asked curiously not bothering to offer Lucy a seat.

"No. I had a late breakfast. Why say that to me then?" Lucy asked, getting back to her question.

"Because I feel like I know you. It's not every time you get the opportunity to meet your patient first on TV before meeting them in person, is it?" she asked, still smiling and Lucy nodded as she finally understood.

"You saw my interview," she stated simply.

"As did thousands of people all over the world. Since you're not hungry I suppose we can take a walk?" Julia asked, and Lucy arched a brow.

"Are we not supposed to sit here and talk about why I'm here?" Lucy asked, and Julia shook her head.

"We are not supposed to do anything. There is no one right way to therapy. I prefer to interact with my patients outside the office on our first day. You know, build a friendly rapport that would help us to become intimate," Julia explained as she shrugged out of her white coat.

"I see. Do you mind referring to me as your client instead of a patient?" Lucy asked as she followed Julia out of her office.

"I see you're in that class," Julia said with a soft smile as she turned to give Lucy an assessing smile before they got into the elevator.

"What class is that?"

"The class of those who feel insulted by the idea of receiving therapy," Julia said as she pressed the button for the rooftop.

Lucy took a deep breath, "I'm just not comfortable with being referred to as a patient."

"Alright then, client," Julia said with a friendly smile.

"Thanks. So, if you saw my interview, that means you know why I'm here, right?" Lucy asked as the elevator door opened, and they stepped out of it.

"I can't say I do. I'd rather you tell me," Julia said as they stepped into the beautiful rooftop garden filled with artificial flowers.

"You're not allergic to flowers, are you?" Julia asked and Lucy shook her head.

"No, I'm not. Why do you ask? Aren't these artificial flowers?" Lucy asked as she examined them.

"There is a garden of natural flowers ahead of us. I'd love us to sit over there," Julia explained as she led Lucy further down.

"So, what do you want, Lucy? I hope you don't mind me calling you that? I prefer to be on a first name basis with my clients," Julia said when they got to the end and found a lovers seat.

Lucy shrugged, "It's fine. My loved ones believe I need therapy...."

"But you don't think you do?" Julia cut in curiously.

"I'm beginning to think so. For the first time in my life I'm doubting a lot of things, and then two days ago I reacted in a disturbing manner to a statement that shouldn't ordinarily have warranted such a response. I honestly do not see how talking about my life will make anything better, but if they say it works, I'm willing to give it my best shot to see if there is even the slightest chance that I might gain more clarity and feel better," Lucy explained, and Julia nodded.

"Interesting. What sort of games do you like? Favorite Sports?" Julia asked, and Lucy frowned.

"How is that in any way related to all I just said?"

"Calm down, Lucy. Do not get ahead of yourself. You can't breeze in and out of therapy. As I told you earlier, this first appointment is to build a rapport...."

"You are charging me to build a rapport," Lucy cut in.

"Yes, I am. There are hundreds of therapists in the country. I believe someone capable referred me to you, and you decided to come to me for a reason. If you don't like my method, you are free to go somewhere else where you can dictate to your doctor how best to treat you. But if you are going to be my patient...."

"Client," Lucy corrected.

"If you're going to be my PATIENT, you will let me do my job how best I know to do it. That's the only way your mind can be cured from whatever ails it," Julia said sternly, but her eyes remained warm as they held Lucy's gaze.

"I'm not much into games or sports. I do more of solo activities. Reading novels mostly," Lucy said after a short while and Julia smiled.

Julia took Lucy's hand and squeezed softly, "I understand that this must not be easy for you. But I will like it very much if you could put aside your reservations concerning therapy and trust me. While money is important and takes care of my bills, my job is every bit as important and personal to me. I consider my clients family," Julia said, and then pointed to a peony.

"That's my granddaughter's favorite flower," Julia said with a bright smile as she took out her phone to take a picture.

"You have a granddaughter?" Lucy asked, and Julia bobbed her head as she opened her phone's gallery and showed Lucy pictures of her granddaughter.

"Yeah. I have four kids. A girl and three boys. I had my daughter when I was eighteen. She is married now with two kids of her own," Julia said as she showed her a picture of all her kids and grandkids together at her last son's high school graduation.

"What about you?" Julia asked, and Lucy shook her head.

"I don't have grandkids," Lucy said with a small smile, and Julia laughed softly.

"Of course, you don't. Would you love to have kids?" Julia asked, and Lucy shook her head.

"No. I'm not sure about that. Why do you ask?"

"Well, usually when I show young ladies pictures of my grandkids, they usually have this dreamy look on their face, as though they're picturing their kids, but you don't have that look," she observed, and Lucy shrugged.

"Is it weird that I don't have it?" Lucy asked, and Julia shook her head.

love and lose out on career? Or why settle for your career and lose out on love when you can have it
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all? I don't want to settle for one and lose out on the other. I want to live a balanced out life. I want
"Of course not. We all want different things for ourselves. While some desire a family, some want a good career, and there are others who want to find a balance between both and just be happy," Julia said easily.

"Like you?" Lucy asked, and Julia laughed softly.

"Yes, like me. I believe there is so much worth having in life, so why settle for less? Why settle for love and lose out on career? Or why settle for your career and lose out on love when you can have it all? I don't want to settle for one and lose out on the other. I want to live a balanced out life. I want to live doing what I love and having the people I love with me to cheer me on both in good days and bad days," Julia said, and Lucy sighed.

"That sounds nice," Lucy said, and Julia nodded.

"It is nice. I can imagine nothing better than going home to my husband at the end of a very fulfilling day at work and sharing with him my high and low moments while listening to our boys squabble," Julia said with a grin.

A balanced out life. Lucy mused, "You make it sound so easy," Lucy said, and Julia laughed.

"Really? That was not my intention, believe me. It's anything but easy. But what I can tell you, is that I find fulfillment in all of it. It's all worth it for me," Julia said with a sigh of contentment.

"So, how is Sonia doing? What does she think about your receiving therapy?" Julia asked curiously and Lucy raised a brow.

"You know Sonia?" She asked, and Julia laughed.

"Of course, I do. I watched your interview, remember? I had to rewatch it a couple of times after I saw you were going to be my client. So, I can say I know your best friend. I know you have a twin brother. I know your boyfriend too," Julia said, and Lucy nodded.

"Well, all three of them you mentioned seem to be in agreement that I should get therapy."

"You never received one before now, right?" Julia asked, and Lucy nodded.

"And I take it your boyfriend is the major reason you're more willing to get help now?" Julia asked, and Lucy looked at her questioningly.

"Why do you assume so?"

"Because your twin brother and best friend have been in your life all these years, yet you never bothered with getting help. Your boyfriend is the new person in the picture," Julia said with a shrug as though it was obvious.

"You could say that," Lucy said with a nod.

"You must love him a lot," Julia said with a knowing smile, and this time she noticed that Lucy's smile was different.

"I do. I read about your trauma...."

"Ah! I see. I suppose that's why you chose to come to me," Julia said with a small smile.

"Yeah. That was part of it. I thought you could relate better to what happened to me," Lucy said, and Julia nodded.

"Can you tell me about it? I mean, since you know my story, would you mind sharing yours?" Lucy asked curiously.

"It was different from yours. I knew I was being stalked. He didn't make it a secret. I accosted him twice, and he said he loved following me. He loved watching me. I couldn't report him to the police because I had no way to prove it. And then one night on my way back from a friend's birthday party, he attacked me. Raped me. And that was the last time I ever saw him," Julia said with a shrug.

"He raped you? Did you receive therapy? How did what happen to you affect or change your life?" Lucy asked with interest.

"Not at first. How was I supposed to afford therapy when we barely had enough to feed?" Julia asked, and Lucy blinked at her in surprise.

"I guess you missed the part of my story that talked about being from a humble background. As a matter of fact it was a miracle that we were able to keep a roof over our heads. My parents were as poor as could be. So, to answer your question, no. I didn't receive therapy. Not that I even knew what it was at the time. All I knew was that life hit me hard at eighteen. I was raped and ended up pregnant, and I needed to find a way to survive for both myself and my baby. That is how it changed that just after an hour with Julia she felt she had made the right decision in agreeing to receive

therapy.

my life. It made me more responsible," Julia said with a shrug.

"My parents were very supportive even though they had no money. I had to work as hard as I could. I worked several jobs at the same time. Saved away what little I could while sharing the rest with my family and taking care of my little girl. When my girl was four, I met my husband, Tim. We fell in love and he married me. It was thanks to his support that I was able to go to college. And today we have three handsome boys together," Julia finished, and smiled when she noticed Lucy brushing off tears.

"Although, you make it sound like it was easy, but I know you must have had a hard time," Lucy said with a sniffle.

"I didn't have the time to have a hard time, Lucy. I was too busy working my ass off to have a hard time, and when I was opportune to lay my head on the floor, I sleep was that of an exhausted man. Dreamless," Julia said with an assuring smile.

"So, it never bothered you? The memories?" Lucy asked with a frown.

"Make no mistake, Lucy. It did. When I met Tim, it all came back to haunt me. In fact that was how we met. My wallet had fallen off my pocket and I had no idea. Tim was trying to get my attention but I had a earphone on and couldn't hear him. So, he touched me, and I attacked him involuntarily. Gave him a bloody nose," She said with a rueful smile.

"Eventually, I had to receive therapy after much encouragement from Tim. And it was while receiving therapy I decided I wanted to be a therapist myself. I wanted to be able to offer help to girls like myself who might not be able to afford it because they're too easy trying to survive. So, I render pro bono services to such girls over the weekends," Julia explained as she glanced at her wristwatch.

"It's safe to say as bad as it was, what happened to me helped me find my purpose. Our time is up, Lucy. I need to meet my next client now," Julia said as she rose, and Lucy rose as well.

"Thanks for sharing your story with me," Lucy said, and Julia smiled.

"I hope I see you again, Lucy. I really like you a lot, and I would love nothing more than to be able to help you heal your mind," Julia said as they returned inside.

As Lucy got into her car, she felt more optimistic now than she had felt earlier. It was nice to know that just after an hour with Julia she felt she had made the right decision in agreeing to receive therapy.

Lucy decided that therapy might really not be as bad as she had thought. Or perhaps it was Julia that she liked. She couldn't wait to see how their next session would go.

Chapter 614 No Right To Be Jealous

While Matt was in high spirits after what happened between them in the car, Candace was quieter now.

Matt seemed to have found the solution to his problem, while Candace on the hand seemed to be in a worst state of confusion now.

How did being friends with benefits with Matt differ from being in a relationship with him? Candace mused.

Considering her strong reaction to him, was she really going to be fine if Matt moved on and never asked her to be with him again?

She considered herself a lot of things but foolish. She wasn't foolish enough not to know she wanted Matt. She could deny it to everyone else but herself.

"I suppose you're so quiet because you're thinking about my proposal?" Matt asked as they approached Harry's apartment.

"No," Candace quickly denied.

"No? Is that a no to my proposal or...."

"I mean that's not the reason why I'm quiet," Candace said, and then bit her lower lip when Matt grinned.

"I suppose it's a good thing you aren't rejecting it then," Matt said, and Candace looked at him.

"Go on," Matt said, and Candace raised a brow.

"What?"

"Go on and ask your question. I'm guessing you have a question for me, don't you?" Matt asked, and Candace nodded.

"Assuming I agree to this arrangement. Assuming. We won't be seen in public together, right? And our meetings would be as discreet as possible? No visits to my home and you won't expect me to visit yours either, right?" Candace asked, and even though that wasn't exactly what Matt wanted, he knew he was going to have to let her have her way if he wanted her.

"Right. For as long as you want," Matt promised.

"The penthouse over there is where Harry lives," Candace pointed since there were a couple of other magnificent buildings in the area.

"Where you live," Matt corrected as he drove to the gate and once the security men recognized him and Candace they let him drive in.

"So, do you have any other questions for me?" Matt asked as he found a spot to park his car.

"Not at the moment," Candace said as she unfastened her seatbelt, but Matt held her hand to stop her before she could get out of the car.

"What?" She asked, and Matt smiled.

"Seeing as I don't know when I might be with you alone this way again, I don't feel it's right to just let you go," Matt said, and Candace looked all around them self consciously.

Matt chuckled, "I'm not going to do anything inappropriate to you here. I just wanted to know how it's going with your family. Are you comfortable? Are you happy?" Matt asked, and Candace's lips curved in an involuntary smile.

"With a father like Aaron and a brother like Harry, it's hard not to be," Candace said, and Matt smiled.

"That's good to know. So, do you plan on staying here in Ludus now?" Matt asked, and Candace shook her head.

"No. We have been away for long enough. We are leaving soon. Thankfully, Aaron lives in Sogal," Candace explained, and Matt nodded.

Matt's phone rang before he could say anything else and he picked up the phone, "Excuse me," he told Candace as he received Gemima's call.

"Sup? What are you up to? Are you up for a party tonight?" Gemima asked, and Matt smiled. A relationship might not have worked between them, but Gemima was a cool friend to have.

"No, I'm not. But don't let me stop you. I'm okay now, so you don't need to babysit," Matt said, and Candace looked away, guessing he was talking with the lady he had said he fucked.

"Are you sure? You know I really don't mind," Gemima assured him.

"Yes, I am. Thanks for last night," Matt said, and Candace felt jealousy like bile rise inside her.

'I have no right to feel jealous' Candace reminded herself as she tried to zone out so she wouldn't hear the rest of the discussion.

"You don't have to thank me. I won't keep you for longer than necessary then. Let me know if you get bored or lonely," Gemima said before hanging up.

"Sorry. That was my friend...."

"The girl you fucked," Candace heard herself say.

"Yeah. The girl I spent the night with. Do you have a problem with that?" Matt asked, trying not to sound as amused as he felt but the tightness he saw around her lips.

"Of course not. It just doesn't tell well of you to spend the night on top of one lady and spend the next day finger fucking another," Candace said, and Matt's lips twitched.

"I was actually under not on top," Matt corrected.

"I didn't ask for the details," Candace hissed.

"Besides, I didn't spend the entire day finger fucking you either. Not that I wouldn't have loved to. Or maybe I'd rather spend the day on top of you than...." Matt chuckled when Candace got out of the car before he could finish and started walking away.

So, she didn't like the idea of him being with other ladies? Nice! Who could have guessed things would turn out this way today? Matt mused as he quickly got out of the car and picked up the gift bag he had gotten for Jamal before running after Candace.

He caught up with her as she got into the elevator, "You really were going to leave me behind when you know I don't even know the apartment number?" Matt asked in disbelief as he joined her and the door closed.

"You should have thought of that before deciding to..." the rest of her words were lost when Matt suddenly crushed his lips to hers.

Just as hungrily as she had returned his kiss in the car earlier, Candace found herself doing so once again, with her back pressed against the wall of the elevator and Matt's hand which was holding the gift bag was snaked around her in support.

Matt abruptly broke the kiss and stepped away from her, "If you have a problem with me having sex with someone else, don't you think you should accept my proposal and be the only one having sex with me?" Matt asked as the elevator stopped on Harry's floor and the door opened.

"I want you. I know you want me too. We are both adults and I know we can make this work if you want it to," Matt said as they both got out of the elevator.

Candace drew a deep breath as she combed her fingers through her hair just to be sure she looked okay. Last thing she wanted was for Aaron to suspect anything.

"I accept your proposal, but on the condition that you can't see anyone else while you're with me. I won't see anyone else. Let's go in," Candace said very quickly, and without waiting to see his reaction or hear his response, she walked over to Harry's door and entered the passcode.

A smile lit up her face as she walked in and saw Jamal and Aaron seated on the couch watching a cartoon.

"Can you guess who is here to see you, Jam?" Candace asked as she walked in but Matt came up behind her before Jamal could guess.

"MATT!" Jamal screeched happily as he jumped off the couch to go meet Matt, while Matt chuckled as he caught him halfway and swept him up, throwing him up.

Jamal cackled happily, while Aaron who was still seated, swept an amused gaze over Candace who was watching the exchange with a reluctant smile before returning his attention to Matt.

"How have you been, man?" Matt asked as he finally set Jamal on his feet.

"I thought you forgot all about me," Jamal said as he grinned up at Matt.

"How could I ever do such a thing? I've been busy with work, you know? Some of us don't have hardworking mothers like your mom or wealthy uncles," Matt said dryly, and Jamal laughed.

Matt straightened when his eyes fell on Aaron, "Good day, sir!" He greeted politely.

"Dad, this is Matt. Matt Swift. He's... uhm, he's a friend. Matt, my father. Aaron Jonas," Candace said, giving Aaron a pointed look that asked him not to say anything untoward.

Between the Hanks, including Sonia who she considered a Hank, and Aaron, she wasn't sure who was worse.

"It's nice to meet you, sir," Matt said as he stepped forward to shake Aaron's hand while wondering why he looked sort of familiar.

"The pleasure is all mine, I assure you. I've heard so much about you," Aaron said with a grin, ignoring the glare Candace was shooting at him.

"You have? Good things I hope?" Matt asked as his gaze shifted to Candace before returning to Aaron.

"Sure. Please sit down and make yourself comfortable. I hope you are not in a hurry?" Aaron asked, and once again Matt looked at Candace who, Aaron noticed seemed to be avoiding his gaze.

"I don't think I am. Jamal, here. This is for you," Matt said as he sat down and extended a gift bag to Jamal.

"For me?" Jamal asked with wide eyes as he looked at his mother for approval, and when she gave him a nod he quickly received it from Matt.

Jamal opened the bag and took out a game box handheld console, "Thank you. I love it," Jamal said his voice awe-filled.

Jamal looked so touched by the gift that it almost brought tears to Candace's eyes. She had asked Matt to get him snacks but Matt had insisted that Jamal was a little boy, and little boys loved to play games. He seemed to have picked just the right gift for Jamal.

"Offer our guest a drink? Or is there something you find fascinating about standing there?" Aaron asked in amusement, and Candace scowled at him before turning to Matt.

"What can I get you?" She asked without looking directly into his face.

She still couldn't bring herself to do so. Not after embarrassing herself twice in one day, and especially not when she was wondering if agreeing to be his friend with benefit was a smart move.

"A glass of water will be fine. Thanks," Matt said, and Candace gave him a nod before walking away.

"I'm curious to know how you both happened to come in together," Aaron said with a curious smile.

"We met at Tom's, and he offered to drop me off since he wanted to come see Jamal," Candace called back from the dining before Matt could respond.

"Ah! I see!" Aaron said with a straight face.

"Do you know Lucy?" Jamal asked curiously, and Aaron chuckled, while Matt raised a brow.

"Tom's girlfriend?" He guessed, since that had to be the only Lucy Jamal could be asking him about.

Jamal scowled at that description of Lucy, "Sort of. She is...."

"Jamal, you can tell him all about your love for Lucy later. Why don't you go to the room to check out your new game while I chat with Matt for a bit?" Aaron said with a chuckle, and Jamal flushed in embarrassment while Matt grinned.

"You won't leave without saying goodbye to me, right?" Jamal asked hopefully.

"I wouldn't dare. Besides, we still have to catch up on all that has been going on with you, don't we?" Matt asked, and Jamal nodded before walking away.

"He has a crush on Tom's girlfriend?" Matt asked in amusement.

"A major one it seems," Aaron said with a grin as Candace returned with a glass of water for Matt.

"Have you had lunch and taken your medication?" Candace asked her father.

"Yes. Wouldn't you like to go in and freshen up?" Aaron suggested before Candace could sit, and she flushed when she met her father's gaze and saw the amusement dancing in his eyes.

She didn't know how he knew it, but something told her that he knew something had happened between her and Matt. Nosy old man, Candace mused irritably as she walked away.

"I won't ask what happened on your way here. It's not my business. But I take it whatever is between the both of you is not over yet, and you still intend to do what you can you get her, am I right?" Aaron asked, fixing Matt with a look that told him he expected a direct response to his question.

"Right," Matt said, and Aaron smiled.

"Good. I heard about how much you helped her, and I thought it would be a shame for things to end between you both just like that. If you ever need my help, do well to let me know," Aaron said, and Matt smiled.

"I will keep that in mind. Thank you, sir."

Even though he didn't like or want any interference in his relationship with Candace, he was glad to know that everyone around them was so willing to push them together, including Candace's father.

"Aaron. You can call me Aaron. Can you tell me more about yourself? I mean something that isn't already written on the internet," Aaron said with a smile that told Matt that the old man had done some digging into him.

"Sure."

Chapter 615 Girls Hangout

Instead of returning to the office, Lucy decided to just drive around and find somewhere to relax since she wasn't mandated to return to work after her therapy.

After driving for some time, she found a quiet spot with lots of trees around and parked the car under one of the trees.

First, she texted Tom to let him know she was done with her session for the day and that it had not be bad. And then she sent him pictures of herself and her environment.

Done with that, she took out her journal and a pen and adjusted her seat to a comfortable position as she wrote down all her thoughts concerning her discussion with Dr Julia.

While she was still in the middle of doing that, her phone started ringing and she quickly picked it up, thinking it was Tom, but sighed when she realized it was Lucas.

Hearing from Lucas was good too, she reminded herself as she received the call, "Hey!" She greeted cheerfully.

"Hey, you! How are you doing?" Lucas asked curiously.

"I'm good. Ended my first therapy session a while ago," Lucy announced.

"Therapy? You started one already?" Lucas asked sounding delightfully surprised.

"Yeah. I decided to give it a shot so you all would stop nagging me so much," Lucy said dismissively, even though she wanted Lucas to ask her how it went.

"So? What do you think about it? Was it good or bad?" Lucas asked with interest.

"Well, it was honestly better than I expected. We didn't talk so much about me, though. She said today was for us to build a rapport so we spent the time getting to know each other. She is a lovely lady, and I believe she is terrific at her job," Lucy said and Lucas smiled happily.

"I'm glad to hear that. Perhaps I could use her service too?"

"Not unless you were a victim of a stalker or have been sexually abused before. She specializes in such cases," Lucy explained.

"Well, Rachel did stuck me, didn't she? I mean through my phone," Lucas joked, and Lucy giggled.

"It's good to know you can now joke about her," she said with a smile in her voice.

"Tyler is always making jokes about her, so it's either I learn to laugh about it or I murder my host," Lucas said, and Lucy laughed softly.

"How is Ty doing? I guess you're enjoying your break?" Lucy asked curiously.

"He's good. And yes, I love being here. It's refreshing. Tyler recommended me for a six months advanced medical training course. So, I will be here for a while," Lucas said, and Lucy sighed.

"You're not planning to stay back there permanently, are you?" Lucy asked with a slight frown.

"Why? You're missing me already?" Lucas asked in a teasing tone.

"Of course! It's too far away. We will all definitely miss you," Lucy said and Lucy chuckled.

"Don't worry, it's not a permanent move. I will be back after the training and ready to get back to work," Lucas assured her.

"So, how is Tom? And how are things going between the two of you now?" Lucas asked curiously.

"Not bad. He's out of the country at the moment taking care of business. But everything is alright. I've decided not to let breaking up with him be an option. I think if I keep thinking things might end eventually I might not put my best into making things work. So, I'll just try to forget anything else and work on those things I can work on," Lucy said, and Lucas smiled.

"One therapy session and you already sound this way. I'm more than impressed," Lucas said, and Lucy rolled her eyes.

"It has nothing to do with the therapy. I just figured I need to do what I can to make things work since Tom is doing his best too," Lucy said, and went on to tell Lucas about the notes Tom had left her.

"He's a great guy. I wish you both all the best. By the way, mom told me about Sonia and Bryan. Don't let her put any pressure on you," Lucas said and Lucy told him about the little exchange between their parents the previous evening.

"It's good dad is putting his foot down on it. Anyway, I called to find out how you're doing. I'm glad you're good," Lucas said, but before he could hang up, Lucy stopped him.

"Lucas?" She called hesitantly.

"Yeah? Is there something else?" He asked, and she sighed.

"I'm sorry to bring this up. I spoke with Amy last night," Lucy explained, and Lucas paused.

"I already told you I want nothing...."

"Yeah. Sure. I'm in support of your decision. She wanted me to let you know she is very sorry. That's all," Lucy rushed to assure him.

"It really doesn't change anything, Lu. I'm not upset nor mad. I'm indifferent right now. I wish them all the best in their endeavour. Whatever you do, just make sure you do not give them Tyler's number," Lucas warned.

"Sure. I won't," Lucy said, and then glanced at her phone when it beeped with an incoming call notification.

"Alright then. Talk to you later. Be good. Love you," Lucas called, and hung up after Lucy responded.

Immediately, Lucy received Sonia's call. She had been expecting Sonia's call since the previous day, but had been too preoccupied to give her a call.

"Hey, baby!" Sonia greeted in her usual chirpy tone, and Lucy grinned, happy that Sonia was back to being her happy and carefree self.

"You seem to be in a good mood," Lucy said, and Sonia giggled.

"Well, I am. That's not why I called. How are you? And how are things between you and Tom?" Sonia asked curiously, and Lucy repeated all she had told Lucas to Sonia.

"But something strange happened today," Lucy said, and then went on to tell Sonia about Cora's visit to her office, the picture, and Tom's response.

"Hmm! What? You think he's lying to you?" Sonia asked, and Lucy sighed.

"I don't know. I don't want to doubt him or think about it, but I'm bothered by it. I mean, it doesn't make sense that a business meeting would be held at such a place. And then he said he met with a man, but the picture said otherwise," Lucy said with a sigh.

"If you ask me, I think you should take Tom's word for it. If you're still in doubt by the time he gets back tomorrow, you can just ask him in person. Tell him what you heard and saw, and ask for an explanation," Sonia advised.

"Yeah. I think I will do that. I'm hoping he gets back tomorrow in time for the dinner party. You're coming, right?" Lucy asked hopefully.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything. Bryan is going to be there after all, and so is Matt. You haven't met Matt, right? Did I tell you about Matt and Candace?" Sonia asked excitedly, and before Lucy could respond she started telling her all about their coincidental meeting the previous day and that morning as well.

"Sounds like one of your romance stories. I hope everything works out well for Candace. She deserves to be happy," Lucy said thoughtfully.

"Yeah. Matt too," Sonia said, "I was thinking, it's been a while since we hung out together. You know? Just us besties chilling. No boyfriend drama. I was hoping you would make out time this weekend so that all four of us can hangout. By four, I'm talking about us girls. Us two, Jade and Candace. What do you think?" Sonia asked, and Lucy smiled.

Even though she expected Tom to be around, she wasn't sure how her weekend would be now that she was no longer living with him. He might as well have made his own plans for the weekend.

She couldn't let her life and plans all revolve around Tom's availability, and she couldn't sit still waiting for him to make plans for them. Taking a couple of hours to spend time with friends wouldn't hurt anyone.

"Sure! That should be fun," Lucy said, and Sonia smiled happily.

"Good! I wanted to check with you before suggesting it to the others. I will bring it up in the group and then we can decide on when and where to hangout," Sonia said excitedly.

"That's fine."

"I should get back into the pool and join Bryan. Love ya," Sonia said before hanging up.

Away from there, sitting across from Mr. Bateman, Jade watched the man silently as she waited for him to speak.

She believed he had called her over because he was ready to make some sort of deal, and she wasn't going to say anything until he said what he had in mind.

"Before I say anything, I will like to know what you have against Rebekah Miller," Mr. Bateman said, and Jade raised a brow.

"That's not how this works, Mr. Bateman. It is my job to ask questions and get information from you. It is your duty to answer my question and tell me all I need to know if you care about your son and want to save him. I heard your company stocks are dropping really fast. This scandal is not good for you or your company," Jade said, and Mr. Bateman shook his head.

"Even if I tell you what you want to know, I'm sure the company will still be affected in the long run," he pointed out.

"The truth is, whether you tell me what you think I want to know or not, I'm going to find it and prove how you and Rebekah murdered Mr. Richard Miller. You can take my offer and save your son, or I can do it myself, and then both you, your son, and your company will suffer. I'm giving you an opportunity to at least save your son," Jade said as she picked up her phone and scrolled through her gallery.

She turned the phone's screen to him to reveal a screenshot picture of Adam fucking Rebekah from behind, "You aren't the only family relation warming Rebekah's bed, you know? And neither are you both the only men warming her bed. You have no idea what she is capable of. I'm telling you about her affair with Adam in confidence. The chief judge doesn't want me to reveal this information to the public," Jade said, and Mr. Bateman frowned in confusion.

"I don't understand. What exactly is going on?" He asked, and Jade smiled.

"In order to prove that your son isn't responsible for Adam's murder, I will have to bring up the issue of Rebekah's affair with Adam. If I'm unable to do so, your son will be found guilty," Jade said, and he narrowed his eyes.

"Are you trying to say Rebekah is behind all of this?" He asked, and Jade shrugged.

"I've revealed enough. Are you willing to give me what I want or not?" Jade asked, and watched as he pinched his nose.

"I had no hand in Richard's death. Yes, I may have defrauded him, but that was as far as I went. Murdering him was Rebekah's idea. She was the mastermind behind his death. I had nothing to do with it," Mr. Bateman said.

"Evidence. What I want is evidence. If Rebekah is behind it as you claim, then provide me with evidence," Jade said impatiently.

"Can you give me your word that you will save my son?" He asked, and Jade met his gaze squarely.

"If you provide me with evidence that Rebekah is behind her husband's death, I will make sure I prove that Jackson is not responsible for Adam's murder," Jade promised.

Mr. Bateman took a deep breath as he opened his drawer and took out an old phone with a damaged screen, "Alright. I believe you will find the evidence you need in here. This used to be Rebekah's phone. She lost it on the night Richard was murdered. She doesn't know I have it. I'm giving you this because after she lost her phone, she made me wipe out my phone's memory so I wouldn't have any record of our past implicating conversations," Mr. Bateman explained.

"So, why did you keep it this whole time?" Jade asked as she took the phone from him and he shrugged.

"One thing you learn as you grow old is that even your best friends can become your worst enemies. I had it this whole time and had forgotten all about it until we met yesterday. I don't know what Rebekah has to do with this case, but if she is deliberately trying to make him take the fall for a crime he did not commit, then she has become an enemy," Mr. Bateman said, and Jade nodded.

"Can I ask a question?" He asked, and when Jade shrugged, he looked at her curiously.

"Why are you trying to prove that she murdered her husband? What is it to you?"

"She messed with someone she shouldn't have messed with, and now they will stop at nothing to bring her down from her high horse and expose her," Jade said, and he nodded.

"I don't suppose there is a way I can convince you to expose her without involving me?" He asked, and Jade shook her head.

"I'm afraid not. Thanks for this piece of evidence. I will do what I can for your son," Jade promised as she rose and he rose as well.

"Thank you very much for your time," Jade said politely before walking away.

The next person she was going to visit was Rebekah. She was yet to meet the woman in person and she was very curious to see her.

She had no doubt that for Mr. Bateman to have given her Rebekah's old phone, he must have deleted everything that connected him from it. She was going to get it from Rebekah.

"Has any of you heard from Anita today? I've been trying to reach her all day," Rebekah said as she joined her daughters, who were gathered in Lisa's house.

Lisa had been discharged some hours ago, and both Bernice and Tiffany had offered to keep her company since they didn't want to be alone at the moment either.

"She left last night. Would you like something to drink?" Lisa asked as she breastfed her baby.

"Left? What do you mean?" Rebekah asked with a confused frown.

"She moved away. She decided she didn't want to be part of the family drama anymore and wanted to start afresh, so she left Ludus," Lisa explained, and Rebekah looked at all three of them as though they had lost their minds.

"She told you so? You all knew, and yet you allowed her to do that?" Rebekah asked harshly, and Bernice eyed her with displeasure.

"Allow? Anita is an adult, mother! Were we supposed to tie her down with something and wait for you to approve before letting her go?" Lisa asked in amusement.

"This isn't funny! How can you be so irresponsible? She is your younger sister and you are all supposed to..."

"You are in no position to yell at us or talk down to us. You don't have any right to talk about irresponsibility either! We may have forgiven you, but that doesn't mean you still have the right to play mother to us. Anita is an adult, and if what she wants is to have nothing to do with you and this family, then it's good," Bernice hissed at her.

Even though all three sisters had agreed to keep a close watch on Rebekah by pretending to let go of everything she had done, Bernice couldn't hide her resentment.

And thankfully, neither Tiffany nor Lisa expected her to. That was the only way the forgiveness would appear to be real. If she forgave all and chose to act like nothing had happened, that would be too suspicious.

Rebekah took a deep breath to calm herself before sitting down, "Anita is ruining her life and...."

"It's her life to ruin!" Bernice snapped at Rebekah.

"Calm down, Benny. Mother has every right to be worried about Anita," Tiffany cut in, acting the role of mummy's girl as was expected.

"And Anita doesn't have a right to choose what to do with her life? If mother wants to remain a part of our lives, she needs to stop trying to tell us what to do or how to live. She should be supporting us not controlling us," Bernice insisted.

"I agree with Benny. Mother, give Anita a break. She needs it after everything that has happened lately. I'm pretty sure she will come back to her senses soon once she figures out that she has taken things too far," Lisa said what she believed Rebekah would want to hear, and Rebekah sighed.

"Listen, I'm sorry for everything. I know I haven't exactly been the best mother, but all I want is for you girls to succeed," Rebekah said, and Bernice snorted.

"By fucking my husband under my roof?" She asked, and Lisa glared at her.

"Watch your language, Benny. I have an impressionable child with me," Lisa warned.

"Oh, c'mon Lisa! She's just a baby and can't even make out what is being said," Tiffany said with a roll of her eyes.

"You can say whatever you want around your baby when you have one, but I insist that you all watch your language around mine," Lisa repeated firmly, grateful that Ron wasn't around to witness the scene in the living room.

"By the way, are you still going for the live show with Eric Howells next week?" Lisa asked, changing the subject.

"Of course! I wouldn't miss that for anything. This is one of those once in a lifetime opportunity you know?" Rebekah asked, and the sisters exchanged a look.

"You do realize it doesn't make sense for you to do that right now, don't you? I mean, considering one of your sons-in-law is dead, and the other is being held as the suspect," Lisa pointed out.

"Lisa is right," Tiffany said, and Rebekah shook her head.

"I don't think one has anything to do with the other. Besides, I received the invitation before any of these came up. It's fine if you girls can't be on the show with me. I can give Eric a call to let him know I will be on the show alone. I'm pretty sure he will understand," Rebekah said, and neither of her daughters were surprised by her selfish insistence on going on the show in such a trying time.

Before any of them could say a word, Rebekah's phone rang, and she frowned when she saw the call was from Priscilla, "What?" She asked once she received the call, annoyed by the interruption.

"I was asking to know what your plans are concerning the Lucinda Perry. Tomorrow is Friday. Should I go on with the plan?" Priscilla asked, and Rebekah scowled with disapproval.

"Are you stupid? How do you expect us to go on with it after the nonsense Anita spewed on social media? Cancel it! Cancel everything! Put an end to the contract with her!" Rebekah snapped angrily while her daughters watched her.

"I don't think that's wise. The contract terms clearly stated that anyone who breached the terms would pay...."

"So, what do you expect me to do?" Rebekah cut in angrily.

"Well, it would be wiser to go on like nothing happened. I mean, keep Lucinda Perry as the face of the foundation and...."

"I should keep my daughter's rival as the face of my foundation?" Rebekah asked in disbelief.

"You have to. Canceling the contract with her will cost you much more than it will cost you to keep her on the job. And doing that will also make everyone believe Anita was telling the truth," Priscilla said, and Rebekah drew a deep breath.

"Just handle the business with her as you deem fit and keep me out of it. I'm not interested in her anymore. Or at least not at the moment, until Anita returns to her senses and claims what is hers," Rebekah said, and without waiting for Priscilla to say another word, she hung up the call.

"I suppose that was about Thomas Hank's girlfriend?" Lisa asked and Rebekah sighed.

"Everything is a mess. All my carefully arranged plans is a mess right now! Where the heck did Anita go to? Did she say where she was going?" Rebekah asked without answering Lisa's question.

"She didn't," Tiffany said, and Rebekah rose.

"I'm worried about her. I need to try to find her," Rebekah said as she headed for the door.

"Mother, maybe you should let her be. At least for the time being," Lisa called, stopping Rebekah.

Rebekah turned to her daughters, "I just need to be sure she is alright and knows what she is doing. I know you must all think me to be a bad mother. But that doesn't mean I would ever want to see anyone of you hurt," Rebekah said and opened her handbag when her phone started ringing.

She frowned when she saw the unfamiliar number and reluctantly received the call, "Hello! This is Rebekah Miller. How may I help you?" She asked very politely.

"Hello! I'm Jade Hank. The lawyer representing your son-in-law. I would love to see you now if you're not very busy," Jade said, and Rebekah frowned.

"Why? What for?" She asked, while her daughters looked at her curiously.

"I was told your late son-in-law was with you before he met with my client. I would love to hear more about your meeting with him. Where can I meet you?" Jade asked again.

"Now?" Rebekah asked.

"If you're not very busy, it would be best we meet now. The earlier we meet, the sooner I can find the real culprit. I'm sure you're as eager as I am to find out who truly murdered your son-in-law," Jade said, and Rebekah's frown deepened.

Something about Jade, put her on edge and made her uneasy. She felt as though every statement was calculated to elicit a certain response from her.

"I will be happy to assist you in anyway I can. Instead of coming to me, you can tell me where to meet you," Rebekah said, and Jade told her where to meet her.

Once she hung up the call, Rebekah looked at Tiffany, "Who is representing your husband?"

"Jade Hank...."

"Hank? Is she related to Thomas? Hold on! Isn't that the name of his younger sister?" Rebekah asked, and Tiffany nodded.

"Yeah. She showed up and volunteered to help," Tiffany said, and Rebekah looked at her as if she had lost her mind.

"Are you crazy? Why would you let his sister represent your husband? Especially after what transpired between you all at the spa! Have you no sense?" Rebekah shrieked angrily.

Although Tiffany felt her temper snap, she tried to remain calm. She couldn't let her temper ruin her plan, "No one else was willing to go against Adam's father to represent Jack. How was I supposed to turn down her offer? Anita already apologized to them for what she did. And so did I. I have no problem with Jade Hank. She is a pretty good lawyer and I'm sure she will be able to prove Jack's innocence," Tiffany said, and Rebekah drew a deep breath.

"How are you sure she is not doing this to get back at you somehow?" Rebekah asked, and Bernice raised a brow.

"You think she would deliberately lose the case to punish Tiffany? Well, shouldn't that make you happy then? After all that was what you wanted. For Jack to go to jail so that Tiffany can get a divorce and take as much as she can from him," Bernice said, and Rebekah pursed her lips.

"For your sakes, I hope you're not making a mistake by letting her handle this case," Rebekah said before walking away. She wasn't going to take any chances with Jade Hank. She was going to find out what the girl was up to, and take care of her if need be.

Once they were certain she had left, Bernice stood, "God! I hate that woman! I never knew I could hate anyone this way!" Bernice said passionately.

"She seems worried about Jade Hank. I think letting her take the case was a good idea. Anything that worries Rebekah Miller is good," Lisa said, and Tiffany nodded.

"I think so too. For a moment I thought I was going to blow up," Tiffany said with a sigh and then looked at her sisters.

"I've been thinking. Perhaps we should do a DNA test," Bernice said, and Tiffany raised a brow.

"What for?" Lisa asked in surprise.

"Well, have you considered the fact that we may all not have the same fathers? If she was cheating on father, seducing your husband, and having sex with my husband, I wonder how many others she has been with, and how long she has been so promiscuous," Bernice said reasonably.

"I don't know. I don't care. I don't want a DNA test. Dad remains my father. He is the only father I want to know," Lisa said stubbornly.

"What if...."

"No what ifs Benny. You can both carry out a test if you so desire, but I'd rather not know. It would be too painful to even consider that she did such wickedness to a man who did nothing but love her," Lisa said, and Tiffany nodded.

"What will we do with the knowledge anyway? Go look for our biological fathers if it turns out true? I don't think so. This is one of those things I'd rather not know as well. You all are my sisters, and Richard Miller is our father whether or not mother had sexual relations with anyone else," Tiffany said, and Bernice sighed.

"You do have a point. Alright. Let's not do it. I will just..." the rest of her words trailed off when her phone started ringing and she frowned when she saw the caller was her father-in-law.

They both hardly ever had any reason to call each other. He had made it clear from the start that he didn't approve of her marriage to his son. Especially as she had gotten married to him by getting pregnant.

Bernice rose as she received the call, "Where are you?" He asked without so much as a hello.

"I'm at my sister's. She put to bed and...."

"Shouldn't you be at home with the kids at a time like this instead of moving about?" He growled angrily.

"The kids are fine. They have several activities lined up for the day. I will be with them before they miss me. By the way, I was going to visit you. I went to the morgue to see my husband's body but I was told you instructed them not to let anyone go near his body until the case was over," Bernice said, while her sisters watched her.

"Yes, I did. I can't trust anyone not to tamper with evidence...."

"I am his wife!" Bernice protested.

"This is not why I called. It will be in your best interest not to let anyone else know about whatever Adam had going on with your mother. If you so much as tarnish my son's reputation, I will make sure you never see the kids anymore, and I will destroy you," he threatened, leaving Bernice speechless.

"You called to threaten me?" She asked in disbelief.

"I called to ask you to keep shut! I don't care what was going on in your marriage. If you love the kids, you will do well to heed to my warning. I love my son as much as I believe you love your boys, and I will do whatever I can to protect him, dead or alive." With that he hung up, and Bernice turned to look at her sisters in disbelief.

"Can you believe he called to threaten me?" She asked as she told them all about the conversation.

"Did he always know about mother and Adam?" Tiffany asked thoughtfully.

"He would rather cover his son's immorality then focus on finding his son's murderer?" Lisa asked with a frown.

"And what was his reason for not letting you see Adam's corpse?" Lisa asked and Bernice shrugged.

"He said he didn't trust anyone not to tamper with evidence," Bernice explained and Tiffany frowned.

"What evidence? That doesn't make any sense. Are they conducting an autopsy or what?" Tiffany asked and Bernice shook her head.

"I have no idea. Honestly, if Jack wasn't currently behind bars, I wouldn't believe Adam is dead," Bernice said with a sigh.

"What is he isn't?" Lisa asked, and both Tiffany and Bernice exchanged a look.

"Jack wouldn't be behind bars if he wasn't. Jack saw the body, remember?" Tiffany pointed out.

"True. Okay. What if they're actually hiding something else? What if there is evidence on him to prove that Jack is innocent? Jack's lawyer is allowed access to the body, right?" Lisa asked, and Tiffany tried not to roll her eyes.

"Why would Adam's father want to hide the evidence that would prove Jack is innocent? Do you think if he knows the real culprit he won't release Jack right away?" Bernice pointed out.

"What if there is evidence on the body that mother was responsible? What if that's how he knows about mother and Adam? Seeing how he just threatened you, don't you think he might be willing to keep the truth hidden and blame everything on someone innocent just so he wouldn't tarnish his son's reputation? I mean, it's not like the Washington's are honest in their dealings after all," Lisa explained, and Tiffany narrowed her eyes thoughtfully.

"You may be right. Maybe I should meet with Jade...."

"Let's invite her over. We should all meet with her. And maybe we can also have her look into father's murder. I believe if there is anyone who can look into what happened to father and get results, she can," Lisa said, and both Tiffany and Bernice nodded in agreement.

Sara's secretary, Emma, stood to the side as she watched Sara point out different designer items to the sales person attending to them in the boutique.

"Hmm. I'm not sure about her shoe size," Sara said thoughtfully to no one in particular as she walked over to the shoe section and eyed the shoes in display.

As far as Emma was concerned, Sara was buying too much. But she couldn't voice her concerns. She was of the opinion that if Sara wanted to build a relationship with Crystal, the best way to go about it was to talk with her not buy her love.

"Well? Why aren't you saying anything?" Sara asked as she turned disapproving eyes to Emma.

"I don't know her shoe size either. I've not met her yet," Emma said politely.

Sara pursed her lips for a moment, "Well, I can always bring her here next time. For now, these bags and clothes are more than enough. Let's go," Sara said and both the sales person and Emma followed her to the counter to conclude the transaction.

Sara had spent most of the night thinking about Crystal, and she wanted to handle things with her very quickly. She didn't have the time to waste, especially not now that she had arranged a meeting with the head doctor at the research center.

"Do you think she is going to like the gifts?" Sara asked Emma after they got into the car and were on their way to see Crystal.

Emma smiled as she knew Sara expected, "Of course, she would. Who wouldn't?" Emma asked, knowing that was exactly what Sara expected her to say.

"I thought so too," Sara said with a satisfied nod as she glanced outside the window.

Emma had worked with Sara long enough to know when she asked for your opinion, you were only supposed to say what she wanted to hear and not what you thought. Your opinion meant nothing to her. You were being paid to massage her ego not voice your thoughts. No one knew better than Sara. No one was wiser than her.

If Sara was someone who listened to anyone else other than herself, she would have suggested that Sara slows down so they could look deeper into the girl first, but what did she know?

Once the car stopped outside Crystal's residence, both Sara and Emma got out, and Emma carried most of the shopping bags, while Sara took one and led the way.

Thankfully, there was no gathering of people in front of the place today, and the first person they saw directed them to Crystal's apartment.

Once they got there, Sara knocked on the door and waited for some seconds before the door was opened.

Crystal scowled when she saw Sara and Emma. She tried not to let her eyes betray her excitement at the sight of the shopping bags.

"What do you want?" She asked impatiently even though she had been waiting all day for Sara to show up.

"I know we didn't start off on the right foot yesterday. But I'd love to make up for it. I brought you some gifts. Can I come in?" Sara asked with a hopeful smile, and Crystal looked at the bags with false disinterest as she stepped aside for them to go in.

Her apartment was cramped inside, but there was no denying that it was a bit stylish. Trinkets and some keepsakes she had stolen at different points in her life decorated her little abode.

Crystal watched as the bags were dropped on top of her coffee table, and she looked at Emma, "Who is she? Your daughter?"

"No. This is my assistant, Emma. Emma, you can wait in the car," Sara said, and Emma excused herself immediately.

"Don't expect me to offer you anything. Why are you here again after all I told you yesterday?" Crystal asked with a scowl.

"Are you not curious to see your gifts? You should check the things I got you," Sara suggested with a bright smile even though she hated the guts of the little brat. Not even a word of thanks for the expensive gifts.

"I didn't ask you to get me anything, and I don't think you should be the one to tell me when to check them out. Are you trying to buy my affections? Do you have ulterior motives for approaching me?" Crystal asked, and the smile faltered on Sara's face.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why are you here, old woman?" Crystal cut in, and Sara stiffened.

How dare the lowlife refer to her as old? She would relish the idea of killing this girl now, Sara thought. She wouldn't feel any guilt when it was time to take out this mannerless and uncouth girl.

"You are being rude, you know? I'm here to get to know you. Aren't you curious to know if I'm truly your mother?" Sara asked, and Crystal took an exaggerated breath as she went into her room, took out a pair of scissors and clipped her nails in front of Sara. Then she returned into the bedroom, picked up Candace's nail clippings which was wrapped in a tissue.

"Have these. I'm scared of needles, and I love my hair too much to take out a strand. Take these to a lab and get them tested. You can come back to me after you get the results," Crystal offered and Sara took the nail clippings from her.

"Shouldn't I be the one more concerned with conducting a DNA test?" Sara asked curiously, wondering why the brat wasn't grateful that someone as wealthy as her was claiming to be her mother.

"Why? Did you expect me to open my arms in welcome to you a total stranger because I'm broke and you're wealthy? I've lived most of my life as an orphan and the last thing I want is for someone random to show up claiming to be my family and then disappear on me later. I want proof that we are related. Only then will I listen to whatever you have to say," Crystal insisted, and Sara sighed.

"And if we are? Will you accept me as your mother?"

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves ma'am. If you don't mind, I need to get back to what I was doing before you came in," Crystal said, and Sara looked at her incredulously as she rose.

"Are you asking me to leave?" Sara asked, unable to believe the manners of the girl. She really hated the girl. It would have served her best if Harry had this attitude and the girl had Harry's attitude.

"Wasn't I being polite enough?" Crystal asked, and Sara headed for the door without another word.

Once Sara shut the door behind her, Crystal smiled greedily at the shopping bags as she picked them up and turned out all the contents.

At least she had good taste, Crystal thought happily as she checked out the brands and price tags on the clothes.

Silly old woman thought the world revolves around her and she could buy everything with money. By the time she was done with her, she would learn that some things were more important in life than others.

Away from there Andy was roused from her midday sleep when a knock sounded on her door, and she reluctantly sat up with a frown.

"You can come in," Andy called, believing it was the cook, since that was the only person who came in to serve her meal.

After her exchange with Cassidy the last time they had not crossed paths. She had remained in her room, and Cassidy on the other hand had ceased coming to check on her or bring her meals as he used to.

Her brows pulled together when Cassidy walked in and before he could say anything she raised a brow, "You sure made yourself scarce. For a moment I thought you fell off the ship and drowned to death," Andy said, and Cassidy nodded.

"I'm sure you would have liked that very much. I'm sorry I'm still alive. I'm not here to fight with you, okay?" Cassidy said, and Andy raised a brow.

"What do you want?"

"We will be arriving on the Island shortly. Get ready to get off the ship," Cassidy announced and Andy rose involuntarily.

Although a part of her was relieved that she could finally be on land, another part was apprehensive. She had no idea what was she awaiting her on the Island. It made her very nervous.

"I thought we had two more days?" Andy asked as she rose.

"It was estimated that way because we expected a turbulence, but thus far everything has been good," Cassidy explained before turning to leave.

"So, what am I supposed to do?" Andy asked uncertainly, stopping him before he could leave.

"I just told you. Take care of whatever you need to, and join me on the deck," Cassidy said impatiently.

"There is nothing I need to take care of. It's not like I came here willingly or with a luggage, did I?" Andy asked, and Cassidy sighed.

"Alright. Come with me if you please," he said, and walked away, leaving her to follow him.

"I suppose I can get feminine clothes on this Island? You don't expect me to keep dressing up in male clothings, do you?" Andy asked as she followed him.

"I didn't think that would be the most important thing you'd worry about. But you don't have to worry. There is a closet full of whatever feminine clothes you'd like to wear," Cassidy assured her without sparing her a glance.

"What did you think would be the most important thing I'd worry about?" Andy asked, but Cassidy said nothing as he led her through a door to the deck so she could view the Island from the distance.

After their little fight the other day, he had decided to stay out of her way. He had done so many things he wasn't proud of in his life, but none of them tormented him as much as hurting her did. He knew nothing he said or did was going to change her opinion of him, so the best thing to do was keep his distance. Both physical and emotional.

"Did you move your family here already? What business do you plan to do here?" Andy asked, wanting to know whatever she could before they got off the ship but again Cassidy said nothing and neither did he spare her a glance.

As Andy followed closely behind him, she tried not to let his cool attitude upset her. If anyone was supposed to act coldly towards the other, the coldness was supposed to be coming from her, so why was he acting like she was being a bother?

She admitted that she had been stubborn and unwilling to listen to whatever he had to say this whole time on the ship, but after spending the last three days thinking about whatever fate awaited her on the Island, she decided that perhaps it would have been wiser for her to be on his good side and listen to him when he was willing to talk about himself.

She needed to get more information from Cassidy about the Island and what he wanted from her. That was the only way she could find a means of escape. She had to know all she could about her enemy. His strength, his weakness, and whatever else she could use against him.

"I'm sorry for all the hurtful things I said the last time," Andy started, and Cassidy turned to her.

"I don't think you are. And even if that was true, I really do not need your apology. I'm a rapist, a beast and a murderer like you said," Cassidy assured her as he resumed walking.

It was a good thing he knew he was all of that, Andy mused.

"Still, I'm sorry."

"Let it go, Andy. Now, there is the Island," Cassidy said as they rounded the corner and he pointed to their destination and waited to see Andy's reaction.

Chapter 618 Maribel

"Oh, my!" Andy whispered in awe as she got her first view of the Island.

The beauty and serenity she could sense even from a distance took her breath away, and Cassidy spied her from the corner of his eyes as she moved closer to the rail to have a better look.

Andy was very certain that the sight before her was the garden of Eden which the sisters of the orphanage had so well taught them as children.

In front of her was land filled with endless grains of golden sand, which made her want to jump off the ship just to dip her feet in the sand.

It was as though the whole island itself was made from the purest of gold. And the evening sun cast a golden orange hue in the background which reflected off the surface of the shimmering blue waters.

Green plants spread out all around the island, dotted with a variety of coloured flowers that grew among the bushes, and from the distance she could almost hear the singing voices of different species of birds.

She could see several buildings scattered around the place in between, and there were people too. Some were standing close to the shore. The whole scenery was so beautiful it made her speechless.

Cassidy almost felt his lips twitch as he watched her, and he was glad that she at least seemed to like the place. He really hoped she would like it enough to want to stay.

"It's so beautiful," Andy allowed herself say as she turned to look at Cassidy who managed to look indifferent as he stared ahead of him with a blank expression.

"Good thing you think so. Should be easier for you to stay then, since it would be hard for you to run off anyway, seeing as you can't even swim," he pointed out and whatever pleasure Andy had derived from seeing the Island vanished and she glared at him but managed to hold back her tongue from saying anything.

If she was going to escape from Cassidy, she needed to befriend him and find out as much as she could from him. Losing her temper wouldn't help her in anyway.

Cassidy didn't miss the quick flicker of annoyance in her eyes before her glare transformed to an easy smile, "I'm certain if I'm a good girl you won't hold me captive forever," she said, making him raise a brow.

He knew when someone was up to something, and he could tell she was planning something. She was acting so out of character by being so agreeable and it made him wary. He intended to find out what she was planning. Not that she would be able to escape even if she tried. She would come to learn that soon enough.

By the time they both got out of the ship a while later, a small crowd had gathered by the shore and were clapping cheerfully in welcome of Cassidy.

"You're welcome back, Alex! It's good to have you back finally," the leader of the group announced.

"No dramas here, Andy. Try to be good," Cassidy warned under his breath as he stepped forward with a warm smile to embrace and shake hands with them, while Andy watched the scene before her in confusion.

Alex? Who were these people? Did these people really know him? Why were they out here to welcome him this way like they were long time friends? What was this place? The amazing thing was that none of the people gathered around look poor.

"Everyone, meet my friend, Andy. Anderson Roberts," Cassidy announced as he placed a hand on her lower back and brought her forward as he introduced her to everyone.

Andy managed to smile as she shook hands with people whose names and faces she was very certain she wouldn't remember after now.

"You must be pretty exhausted. We will let you get home to Mari now. But you should know that there will be a party in your honor on Sunday night," the leader of the group announced, and the others cheered happily as they dispersed, while Cassidy took Andy's hand and led her away.

"Why do they call you Alex?" Andy asked when she noticed everyone they walked past called him Alex as they waved welcome to him.

"Because that's my name."

"Who is Mari?" Andy asked as they walked through a gate into what seemed like an estate. The place and its residents made her think of Wisteria lane in her favorite soap opera, Desperate Housewives.

"You will see for yourself soon enough," Cassidy answered as they kept walking.

"What is this place? Are there no cars in this place? How much farther do we need to walk?" Andy asked as she tried to keep up with his pace.

"Do you realize you've said more words to me today than you did in all twelve days we spent on the ship?" Cassidy asked, and turned when she noticed that Andy had stopped walking.

"You need to tell me what...."

"Need? No. I don't need to do or tell you anything. You had your chances on the ship but you were not interested in hearing anything I had to say. And now, I'm no longer interested in saying anything either. So you can either move your ass, or I'd...."

"Or what? What would you do?" Andy snapped at him.

"Andy... I'd rather not fight with you. All I want is to go home and get some rest. Unlike you who have spent the last twelve days resting in your cabin, I've barely had up to twenty hours of sleep..."

"And how is that my fault? You shouldn't have brought me here in the first place! Do you really think I'm going to give you any moment of peace? I plan to frustrate you until you get tired of me and send me on my way," Andy said, and Cassidy raised a brow.

"Aren't you forgetting the other option? I could just as easily kill you and throw you in the middle of the water for some human-eating animal to feed off you, and no one would know what happened to you," Cassidy threatened, and Andy scoffed as she arched a brow.

"Am I supposed to be surprised by such a threat? Or was that expected to scare me? I expect nothing different from a creature like you," she said, and Cassidy nodded.

"That is fine by me...." Cassidy broke off when he sighted a little girl running towards him, and the frown on his face gave way to a splitting smile as he ran down and swept her off her feet, while Andy watched in puzzlement.

"Daddy!" Five years old Mari cried happily as she embraced her father.

"Why are you out here alone? Where is Susan?" Cassidy asked with a concerned frown as he looked around for any sign of the old housekeeper.

"She dozed off. I tried waking her so we could come see you, but she was sound asleep," Mari explained.

"Daddy?" Andy asked aloud in confusion, and Mari pushed up the glasses on the bridge of her nose as she turned to look at Andy.

"Andy, this is Maribel, my daughter. Angel, this is Andy. She is daddy's friend and will be responsible for you going forward," Cassidy said, giving Andy a warning look not to argue with him in front of his daughter.

"Hello, Andy!" Maribel greeted with a shy smile, and even though Andy was very pissed at Cassidy and wanted nothing more than to hit his head against the wall, she couldn't be mad at the innocent child.

"You are so pretty, Mari," Andy said with a warm smile as she extended a hand for handshake and Maribel shyly placed her hand in Andy's while still being held in her father's arms.

"You are pretty too," Maribel said, and Andy smiled.

"I hope we both get along," Andy said, and Maribel nodded.

They all looked up when they heard a distressed cry and saw a lady who looked like she was in her mid sixties running in their direction breathlessly.

"Sir Alex! I'm so sorry!" Susan cried as tried to catch her breath.

"I swear by God, I only closed my eyes for a second and opened them to find the young one gone," she said, looking very distressed, and although Cassidy did not like that his daughter had been moving around unattended he smiled at her.

"It's my fault. I know you have had too much work on your hands. But you have nothing to worry. I brought someone with me to assist you in taking care of Mari now. Her name is Andy. Andy, this is Susan, my home keeper," Cassidy said, and Susan's gaze shifted to Andy.

"You're welcome, Miss Andy," Susan said with a welcoming smile even though she looked somewhat doubtful of Andy's ability to care for Mari.

"Thank you," Andy said with a polite smile and they all continued down to the house while Susan and Cassidy made small conversation.

Andy was surprised when they got to the house and she saw how simple it looked with a picket fence around it. This was not the kind of house she expected someone like Cassidy to live in. Here looked like the home of a normal man, and she knew Cassidy was far from normal.

"Why don't you go in with Mari, while I explain Andy's duties to her," Cassidy suggested as he set Mari down.

Without saying a word Susan took Mari's hand and scolded her for running off on her own, as she led her into the house while Cassidy led Andy to what she assumed to be his storage room but turned out to be a mini study.

"I can't believe your nerves, Cassidy!" Andy hissed the moment the door closed behind them.

"Alex. You have to call me Alex like everyone else..."

"I do not care what everyone else calls you! How dare you? How dare you drag me away from my family and bring me here to care for yours? What were you thinking?" She asked angrily.

"Apart from Susan, you're the only one I trust. The only one I can trust," Cassidy said, and Andy blinked at him in surprise.

"What?" she asked incredulously.

"I was going to explain things to you on the ship, but you refused to listen. I need you, Andy," Cassidy said quietly as he went to sit on the edge of the table.

"You need me? You have a really funny way of showing it. When you need someone, you beg them and do all you can to convince them. You don't kidnap or threaten to kill someone you need," Andy hissed at him.

Cassidy sighed, "Alright. I wasn't thinking. But then again if you really think about, there was no way I could outrightly risk my plans by telling you anything...."

"Yet you say you trust me?" Andy cut in.

"Yes, I do trust you. But the plan was set. I had to make sure anyone watching me wouldn't suspect a thing. If I had approached you from the moment I knew you worked at the club and told you everything, someone could have noticed something, and that would jeopardize everything. That is why I did my best to talk to you on the ship but you shut me up every time I wanted to tell you," Cassidy said with a weary sigh.

"You expect me to believe all this? You're a very wealthy man. If you wanted a nanny for your girl you could hire anyone you wanted...."

"Are you listening to me? I can't trust just anyone!"

"So why do you trust me? What makes you think I won't hurt you or your daughter the first chance I get?" Andy asked, and he shook his head.

"Because I know you. And that's not the kind of person you are. I'm really tired Andy. Please, could we talk about this later? Maybe in the morning? I really really need to get some rest. This is the only place I don't have to watch my back and can rest," Cassidy pleaded.

"Then maybe you shouldn't have committed crimes that would make you watch your back all the time or have no one to trust!" She snapped at him.

"Do you think I wanted any of this? Do you think this is the life I planned for myself? Or for my daughter? Do you think so? I did what I had to do! I'm not proud of any of it, but it is what I needed to do!" Cassidy snapped back, and then took a deep breath to calm himself as he massaged his temple.

"Let's talk in the morning," Cassidy repeated calmly.

"When can I reach out to my sister to let her know I'm okay?" Andy asked, since she could tell he was really exhausted.

"I will let you know when it's time. I promise. I won't hurt you. I won't touch you or make any advances at you either. And...."

"Save your promises," Andy muttered as she walked out of the study.

She needed to think.

Chapter 619 Get Rid Of Her

As Rebekah made her way to the restaurant where Jade had asked her to meet her, she called her hit man and asked him to stay on standby around the location in case she wanted him to take care of Jade after their meeting.

He had been working with her for years and taking care of all her dirty work and not once had he made any mistake. And as such, she trusted him.

She doubted he had made any mistakes in taking care of Adam's body and making it look like Jack was behind it. But just in case Jade had found something to connect her to it, she needed him to take care of it quickly before it became a problem.

Once she got to the restaurant, Jade who was already seated sipping from a wineglass rose with a welcoming smile on her face.

"Mrs Miller?" Jade asked politely, and Rebekah smiled back as she gave her a nod and joined her on the table.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting for too long?" Rebekah asked as they sat.

"Not at all. I'm grateful you agreed to meet with me on such short notice," Jade said as she signalled to the waiter to attend to Rebekah.

"Of course, I was curious to know why you would want to speak with me. Am I a suspect?" Rebekah joked, and Jade laughed softly.

"I've noticed that most times the guilty ones tend to ask such questions," Jade said with a grin, and watched as Rebekah stiffened.

"I can't imagine that being the case here. I mean, you would have no reason to murder your own son-in-law, would you? It's not like you were lovers or anything," Jade joked, but Rebekah did not smile.

"I beg your pardon?" Rebekah asked, and Jade pursed her lips.

"I'm just kidding. It wouldn't make sense for you to be the culprit. I wanted to know what your late son-in-law discussed with you during his visit," Jade said as she took out her journal and a pen.

"I would have expected such a visit from the police and not a lawyer," Rebekah said thoughtfully.

"I have no idea why the police is yet to pay you a visit. They probably don't know the whole story yet and...."

"What do you mean the whole story?" Rebekah asked with a slight frown.

"Jack told me stuff I think he wouldn't mention to the police. Your daughter did the same. So did Mr. Bateman and the chief judge. Between what every one of them told me in confidence I believe I might know some things the police do not know," Jade said and watched as Rebekah's gaze sharpened.

"What are you driving at?" Rebekah asked, and Jade shook her head.

"Nothing. You asked a question and I answered. I want to know what you know as well before I speak with the wife of the deceased," Jade said, and Rebekah watched her, unsure of what to make out of any of this.

"What did Tiffany and Jackson say?" Rebekah asked wanting to know if anything about her affair with Adam was mentioned.

"You do know I can't tell you that, don't you? I don't want whatever they said to influence your own statement," Jade said with a polite smile.

Knowing how protective Tiffany was of Bernice, Rebekah doubted they would have told Jade about Bernice's affair with Jackson or her attempted suicide. And she believed no matter how upset her daughters were, they would never spread their family's dirty linens in public by talking about her affair with Adam.

"Well, Adam was upset. He was having marital problems with his wife. He needed me to step in and help him go to the hospital to plead with her. I noticed his bruises and asked what happened and he said he got into a fight with Jackson. He wouldn't say why. I assumed it had to do with business. You know the Washington law firm takes care of the legal affairs of Bateman Corp. So while we were speaking he received a call from Jackson. Told me he had to leave to meet with Jackson," Rebekah explained.

"A meeting with Jackson? Not a witness?" Jade asked, and Rebekah frowned thoughtfully for a moment.

"I don't know. Perhaps he was to meet with a witness first and then Jackson," Rebekah said with a shrug.

"I see. How would you describe their relationship? I mean, I know they're both your sons-in-law, but were they close?" Jade asked, and Rebekah pursed her lips for a moment.

She shook her head, "I really can't say. You will have to ask their wives."

Before Jade could ask her next question, her phone vibrated in her handbag giving her the opening she needed for the next phase of her plan.

Even though she touched her phone, she brought out the phone Mr Bateman had given her and placed it on the table for Rebekah to see before taking out her own phone and returning Rebekah's old phone into the bag.

"Excuse me, please. It's my boyfriend," she said with a bright smile when she noticed the call was from Harry.

"Hey, baby!" she greeted cheerfully.

"Move away from where you are seated," Harry said in a tight voice.

"Please give me a moment," Jade said as she moved away from the table to a corner she could speak comfortably without being overheard.

"Is everything alright?" Jade asked with a worried frown.

"What the hell do you think you're doing meeting with Rebekah Miller without telling me about it?" Harry snapped at her angrily.

"Hey! Don't you dare raise your voice at me! I might be your girlfriend now, but this is my job, and you have no right to be spying on me..."

"You are doing a job I asked you to do! A dangerous job with dangerous people involved! I specifically asked you to inform me about your every movement," Harry said angrily.

"I'm supposed to take permission from you before meeting with anyone? Don't be ridiculous! I'm meeting with her in a public place. What could be so dangerous? Besides, I..."

"Can you be reasonable for once? If you're not going to be cooperative and would rather work on your own then maybe it's best if you don't get involved anymore in this..."

"Don't you dare, Jonas!" Jade warned.

Harry took a deep breath. He wasn't one to lose his cool easily, but hearing that Rebekah's hitman was outside the restaurant where Jade was had sent a chill down his spine. For a minute he had wondered what could have happened had he not asked his men to follow her about.

He couldn't believe that she had barely been his girlfriend for a day and she was risking her life this way already by being so damned stubborn. The last thing he wanted was to lose her because of her pigheadedness.

"The man in the video. The one with Adam's body. He is outside the restaurant right now. Why do you think he is outside there waiting while you are having a meeting with Rebekah Miller?" Harry asked, and Jade felt her blood run cold.

"What? Do you think I'm the one he is waiting for?" she asked in a choked voice, feeling sick all of a sudden, and Harry forgot all about his anger and frowned.

"It's good to know that you still have the good sense to be scared. I don't think he is waiting just to have a meeting with Rebekah. Don't worry. She can't hurt you. Did you say anything to Rebekah to make her believe you know something?" Harry asked instead, not bothering to mention that he was already on his way there.

"I was just going to mess with her and get her to say something she's not supposed to say," Jade said, and Harry sighed.

"Stick to your plan and just act normal, alright? Soon we will know if he's waiting for you or not. Don't worry, my men will keep watch," Harry promised.

"Why didn't you tell me you had people following me?" Jade asked after a moment.

"Your safety is paramount to me. I was upset because you did something like this without telling me. How do you think I'm going to feel if anything happens to you while you're doing this? Trust me, okay?"

"I do," Jade murmured.

"Good girl. Now when you leave, take the longer route to Tom's house. The road is more secluded and I'd rather if anything is going to happen there should be no witnesses or cops involved. Do you understand what I'm saying?" Harry asked, and Jade swallowed as she nodded.

"Yes. I do," she said since he couldn't see her nod.

"Good girl. You can go back to her then. I love you," Harry said, and hung up before she could respond.

Once the initial chill had worn off, Jade felt angry now. She hoped for Rebekah's sake that she wasn't the one the man outside was waiting for, cause if she was, then she just succeeded in making this mission a lot more personal.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting. I had a sort of misunderstanding with my boyfriend," Jade said with an apologetic smile.

"It's not a problem. Do you have any other questions?" Rebekah asked, and Jade nodded.

"Yes, please. Aside from Adam being your son-in-law do you have any special relationship with him?" Jade asked, and Rebekah looked at her with a stiff smile.

"What sort of special relationship am I supposed to have with my son-in-law?"

"Well. I have no idea. I heard you both are very close," Jade said, and Rebekah nodded.

"I try to get along with all my son-in-law. Adam is more friendly than the others hence we are closer. By the way, I couldn't help but notice you have two phones," Rebekah observed with a curious smile.

"Two?" Jade asked, feigning confusion.

"The other phone you brought out," Rebekah said, and Jade smiled.

"Oh! That isn't really mine. It's a gift from a friend who is in need of a favour. He said I might find the content helpful," Jade said with a polite smile.

"Ah! I see," Rebekah said with a stiff smile. The phone she had seen looked very much like her lost phone. She could almost swear it was, but she couldn't be so sure.

The phone had been missing for years now. It wouldn't make sense for it to turn up suddenly in the hands of Jade Hank, would it? Rebekah mused.

"By the way, I heard your husband's death might have been ruled as suicide too quickly," Jade said, and immediately Rebekah's eyes hardened.

That was it! Jade Hank knew something and her big mouth was going to lead to her death, Rebekah decided.

"Really? I wouldn't know. We were sort of estranged before his death. I believe I have answered every question you have for me. I need to go home now. It has been a long day," Rebekah said as she rose and Jade did the same.

"Thank you very much for your time," Jade said as they both headed for the door.

Jade tried not to look around her anxiously as she stepped out of the restaurant. Instead, she headed for her car, trusting that Harry wouldn't let any harm come to her.

Once Rebekah got into her car, she texted her hit man, [Get rid of the lady who just stepped out of the car with me and bring me her phones.] before driving away.

As Jade drove away, she glanced at her rearview mirror and saw a black saloon car follow her, and another black saloon car follow as well.

Did this mean that Rebekah had really asked her man to follow her? What was the plan? To tail her? Hurt her? Threaten her? Or kill her? What exactly could be Rebekah's reason for doing this?

She could only hope that whatever Rebekah's man planned to do to her, Harry's men would be much faster.

Chapter 620 Switching Sides

As Jade drove out of the congested part of the city and got on the private route leading to Tom's house, she noticed that the car driving behind her sped up, and just as he tried to get in front of her car and block her, she instinctively stepped on her brake pedal, and before she could guess what was happening, Harry's car appeared from nowhere and hit the car, shocking both Jade and Rebekah's hitman.

Without waiting for anything, Harry's men who were still behind Jade as instructed, got out of their car and hurried to check on the hitman, while Harry got out of his car to check on Jade.

"Are you alright?" he asked as he tried to open her door when he saw how pale and dazed she looked.

Jade's gaze shifted from the cars in front of her to Harry, and Harry tapped on her window, reminding her that her door was still locked.

Immediately she unlocked the door, Harry unfastened her seatbelt and pulled her out of the car into his arms as a tremor passed through him.

"You look too pale and shaken for someone as stubborn as you," Harry said, feeling the same tug on his heart that he had felt when he showed up on her doorstep weeks ago and saw her looking like a shadow of herself.

She was once again looking all too fragile for his liking, and it made him want to carry her home and tuck her into his bed.

"It's not every day a lawyer watches her boyfriend try to murder someone," Jade said weakly as she pulled away to look into Harry's face.

"I wasn't trying to kill him. If I was, he would be dead by now for so much as thinking of hurting you," Harry assured her fiercely, his eyes hard and angry.

"Was he going to kill me?" Jade asked in a shaky voice, ignoring the sound coming from the direction where Harry's men were ruffling up Rebekah's hit man who was already injured from the accident.

"That's what the text Rebekah sent to him implied. How many phones do you have and why does she want them? Did you record your conversation with her?" Harry asked with a concerned frown as he took out his phone to show her the text Barry had sent to him while he had been on his way to meet Jade.

"The phone was what she wanted? But he was already waiting outside before I brought out the phone," Jade murmured to herself as she looked away from Harry to Rebekah's hitman who now had a bloodied face.

"You whaven't answered my question, esquire," Harry reminded her.

"I will. Let's finish with him first. We might have use for him," Jade said as she stepped away from Harry to go meet the other men and Harry followed her.

Rebekah's hitman was writhing on the ground and spurting blood from his mouth. Harry's men stopped hitting him once they saw them approaching.

Before any of the men could say anything, Jade spoke first, "I know Rebekah wanted you to get rid of him, but I can't let you do that," Jade told Harry's men and all the men looked at her in shock.

Harry's men turned to look at Harry, and even though Harry wasn't exactly sure what Jade was playing at, he decided to trust her and gave them a nod to play along.

"We are only following the instruction..."

"Yes, I know. I was there when she told you the plan, remember?" Jade said as she forced a smile and then squatted in front of Rebekah's hitman.

"Rebekah set you up. After doing all her dirty work and helping her get rid of her son-in-law's body, this is how she repays you," Jade said, and the man lifted his face to look at her.

"I don't know what you are talking about," The hitman denied.

"Do you really not know? Her plan was to have you killed and then take the blame for the death of her son-in-law," Jade said as she took out her phone and showed the hitman the video of him with Adam's body in the fake crime scene.

The hitman shook his head, "Rebekah would never do this to me," he protested.

"Do you really believe that? I'm sure her dead son-in-law thought the same thing. He would never have expected Rebekah who was his lover to murder him either. But where is he now?" Jade asked, and watched the hurt surprise in the man's face.

"Don't tell me you are one of her lovers," Jade said in disbelief.

"It's none of your business," he said as he spat out blood from his mouth and used the back of his hand to wipe his bleeding nose.

"Believe it or not, Rebekah wants you dead. How do you think we all knew about your plan to murder me? These men were waiting outside the restaurant long before you arrived. Today was about you, not me. You can either work with me to take her down so you don't go down alone, or I

will do as she wants. Let them kill you and make you take the blame for everything," Jade said, holding the man's gaze.

"What are you going to do to me?" he asked Jade uncertainly.

"Keep you safe and hidden so she believes you are dead. You will provide me with all the information I need about her crimes, and testify against her when I need you to. That's all," Jade said while Harry watched her in admiration as what she was planning dawned on him.

"If I refuse?"

"Whether or not you play along, it doesn't change anything for me. But it will be in your best interest to play along. It could earn you a shorter amount of time in jail," Jade said, and he sighed.

"Alright. I will work with you," he said, and Jade smiled.

"Smart decision," she said as she straightened.

"Do you know how to play dead? Lay still like you're dead. Rebekah will need proof," Jade said, and the man lay down and shut his eyes while Jade took snapshots of him.

"What do you plan to do with him?" Harry asked, wondering what her plan was.

"Keep him hidden," she said, and before Harry could ask her any other question she dialled the number of the chief judge.

"The case just got a bit more interesting. Do you have a safe place where a culprit can be kept?" Jade asked the moment the judge received the call.

"The safest place for a culprit is the prison where he deserves to be," the chief judge said gruffly.

"Not if he is going to be a witness. I'm trying to use him get the main culprit. Do you have somewhere?" Jade asked impatiently.

"Yeah. I do. I will text you the location," the chief judge said, and Jade nodded.

"Alright. Thanks. I will give you the details when next I meet you," Jade promised before hanging up.

"Who was that?" Harry asked with a frown.

"The Chief judge. I have no time to waste keeping an eye on a criminal. The chief judge however wouldn't mind doing what he can to have his hands on the real culprit," Jade explained, and Harry nodded.

"So, are you going to let him in on our plans?" Harry asked and Jade shook her head.

"Not at all. All he needs to know is that the young man hear works for Rebekah Miller, and she asked him to get rid of me because of the case," Jade said, and Harry nodded.

As they turned to return to where the men stood, Jade's phone started ringing and she raised a brow when she noticed it was an unknown number.

"Hello! This is Jade Hank. How may I help you?" she asked briskly immediately she received the call.

"Hello! You may not know me. I'm Lisa. Lisa Steel. Sister to Anita Miller," Lisa explained, and Jade raised a brow.

"I see. How may I help you?" she asked, curious to know why the only sane member of the Miller family was calling her.

"It's not something I think we should discuss over the phone. I would love to meet with you, but coming to you would be impossible right now because I recently put to bed and have been placed on bed rest. Can I invite you over for lunch?" Lisa asked hopefully.

"Lunch?" Jade asked thoughtfully.

"Yes. Is Tomorrow fine?" Lisa asked, and Jade pursed her lips.

"Can I at least know what the meeting is about?" Jade asked curiously.

"Well, it's about my late father's death," Lisa said, catching Jade's interest.

"Alright. Tomorrow is fine. You can text me the time and location," Jade said before hanging up.

"Who was that and what do they want?" Harry asked, and Jade explained to him.

"You can't go there alone. I don't care if she is the good one or not," Harry said, and Jade raised a brow.

"It would be rude for a guest to show up with..."

"I don't care about you being rude, esquire. It's your safety I care about. Have Candace accompany you. She mentioned something about being your intern. Let her go with you," Harry said, and Jade shook her head.

"You're so protective...."

"And possessive too," Harry added, and Jade giggled.

"Are you certain you can deal with my job? You can't have people following me everywhere and..."

"You now work for I-Global, remember? Why do you think I wanted you to work with us?"

"To keep me close?" Jade asked with a grin.

"And to make sure you don't take on jobs that put you at risk. I'm glad you look and sound like yourself now," Harry said as he leaned forward and pressed a kiss on her lips.

Jade glanced down at her phone when it beeped with a text notification and saw it was from the chief judge, "He has sent the safe house address."

"Good. My men will take him there while I escort you home," Harry said as he took her phone while Jade rolled her eyes.

"I can go home alone."

"You can. But you don't have to," Harry said, and without another word to her he headed back to join his men.

"Who are you?" the hitman asked Harry curiously.

He could understand why the others were there, but he couldn't understand who Harry was or why
"Then you shouldn't really bother about escorting me..."

"Let's go," Harry cut her off as he led her to her car.

he had hit his car that way.

"He is my boyfriend," Jade said, knowing Harry wouldn't respond.

"You have some nerve asking me questions. You have no idea how lucky you are that she wasn't hurt," Harry said with a sneer before turning to his men.

"Take him to this address and then come back to get rid of his car," Harry said after reading out the address to his men.

Harry and Jade stood as they watched his men take the hitman away, and once they had driven off Harry pulled Jade to himself and embraced her.

Jade smiled as she held him, "I'm fine."

"I know you are. The hug is for me not you," Harry said and Jade smiled.

"You want to hang out?" she asked, and Harry glanced at his wristwatch.

"I can't. I had to reschedule two very important meetings so I could be here. I have to go back to the office now even if it's past office hours," Harry said, and Jade nodded.

"Then you shouldn't really bother about escorting me..."

"Let's go," Harry cut her off as he led her to her car.

"I will drive behind you. After I see you go through the gate I will be on my way," Harry insisted as he held open her car door and with a sigh Jade got into her car.

"Thank you, Jonas," Jade said as Harry shut the door and he raised a brow.

"What for?"

"For showing up," Jade said as she held his gaze. She would have been pretty shaken up had he not been present. His presence had given her the confidence to go on fearlessly.

"Knowing what a scaredy cat you are, I couldn't possibly leave you alone," Harry joked and chuckled when she glared at him.

"Don't think I didn't notice you shaking when you embraced me after I got out of the car," she hissed and he grinned.

"A man is allowed to worry about the love of his life," Harry said with a wink before walking away, and Jade sighed as she watched him get into his dented car.

Was it possible to love him any more than she did already? She wasn't sure.