

Wild Night 661

Chapter 661 Stupid Prank

Before Lucy arrived at Tom's office, Eric was given strict instructions by Tom to hold his calls and not to let anyone in apart from Lucy and Harry until he was instructed otherwise.

Lucy now stood behind Tom, with her hands on his shoulder as she leaned forward, both holding their breaths to see what the result was after he had downloaded it.

They both felt like students awaiting an admission result into a school of their choice or someone being handed the prognosis of a terminal disease.

"It won't click on itself. Go on and click on it, let's see," Lucy urged Tom, and he shut his eyes as he tapped on the document.

When Lucy gasped softly, he opened his eyes and felt like his heart was going to explode when he saw the test result.

Dawn was not his daughter.

Even though they had both been hoping for it, they still were stunned by the result, and neither of them said a word.

Lucy remained silent until she felt Tom's shoulder trembling under her hand, and to her surprise she realized he was crying silently.

Forgetting everything else on her mind, she swiveled his seat around so that he would face her and she pulled him close and embraced as she fought back her own tears.

Tom didn't make a sound but his body shook as he wept, and he didn't mind that Lucy was there to see him like that.

All he could think about was the fact that he was relieved. He was so relieved the kid was not his that he was almost ashamed of himself for that.

Lucy didn't say a word to him as he wept. As relieved and thankful as she was that the kid was not his, all she could think of was the fact that he must be sad and disappointed.

Despite his doubts about being ready for fatherhood, he must have been hoping that the kid would be his, Lucy thought with a sniffle as tears fell from her eyes, and she patted his back and his hair to calm him.

Neither of them had any idea how long they remained there that way until the office door opened and Harry walked in.

One look at the couple and their position, Harry's steps faltered. He could guess the reason for Tom's emotional state, and without thinking twice he walked out of the office, choosing to leave them alone. He could always talk to Tom later.

Once he shut the door behind him, Tom pulled away from Lucy and rose. He didn't say a word to her as he headed for the bathroom and once he was inside he left the water running at the wash basin as he washed his face.

After drying his face he walked out to face Lucy who was standing in the bedroom.

From the look on her face, Tom could tell that she had no idea what to say to him but wanted to just be by him and comfort him, so he held out his hand to her and she embraced him.

"I'm sorry," Lucy said finally in a choked voice and he pulled away to look at her.

"What for?" He asked, and she shook her head.

"I know you must be really disappointed that she isn't yours..." Lucy said but Tom cut her off with a shake of his head.

"I'm not. I'm relieved. I feel too relieved and ashamed to be disappointed," Tom said as he gazed at her.

"Ashamed? Of what? Why?" Lucy asked in confusion.

"The magnitude of my relief makes me wonder if I would have been disappointed had she turned out to be mine. Wouldn't that have made me a bad father?" He asked and Lucy shook her head.

"I don't think so. Sonia crying when her pregnancy test came back positive didn't mean she didn't love her baby," Lucy countered as Tom took her hand and led her back into the office.

They were both silent for some time until Lucy looked at Tom, "What next?" She asked, and he shrugged.

"I will have to give Kimberly a call and ask her to go find the father of her daughter elsewhere. I can't believe she was so confident to pin it on me," Tom said, annoyed now as he thought about it.

"We had all been some what confident too, hadn't we? I mean, the resemblance between the kid and you was really strong, and knowing you have been with her the past..."

"I didn't do so without protection," Tom said with a scowl.

"Well, now you're sounding so sure. You didn't sound so sure some time ago," Lucy reminded him.

"All of this doesn't make sense. What did she stand to gain by doing this when she knew the result would come back negative?" Tom asked with a frown.

"Maybe she didn't know it would come back negative," Lucy countered but Tom shook his head.

"No. I think there is more to it. Harry looked into it. He would definitely have found something if she was hiding something. If I'm not the father then she was with someone else, and she has denied being with anyone else," Tom said as he picked up his phone and dialed Harry's line.

"Are you done weeping like a sissy?" Harry asked dryly the moment he received the call.

"Can you come over to my office now?" Tom asked, and Harry sighed.

"I was waiting for your call anyway. I have something to tell you," Harry said as he hung up the call, picked up an envelope and headed for Tom's office.

Once he got into the office, he raised a brow, "I thought you'd both be sharing a glass of wine in jubilation right now?" Harry asked and Tom narrowed his eyes.

"Jubilation over what?" Tom asked since he was yet to tell Harry about the result.

"Were you not just bawling your eyes out because the result came back negative? You have me to thank for that by the way," Harry said as he sat down.

"Why is he thanking you for it? Did you tamper with the result?" Lucy asked with a frown.

"No. I prevented it from being tampered with. I was coming to tell you about it earlier but seeing how you were bawling..."

"Can you stop saying that?!" Tom hissed at Harry, making him laugh.

"Was Kimberly going to tamper with the result?" Lucy asked in confusion.

"No. Not Kimberly. The mastermind behind the whole prank," Harry said, making Tom glare at him.

Tom could tell Harry was slowly dragging out the details to get on his nerves, "Spill it, will you?"

"Alright. Where do I start from?" Harry asked thoughtfully as he placed both legs on Tom's desk and crossed them at the ankle.

Lucy's lips twitched when she saw the murderous glint in Tom's eyes as he eyed Harry. Harry was pushing his luck by testing their patience right now.

"Do you want the details or do you want to know who was behind it? Choose wisely," Harry said, and seeing that Harry was in a mood to annoy him, Tom sighed.

He wasn't going to give Harry the satisfaction of seeing him lose his temper, "Everything. I want the details."

"Good. Now to the details. I received a distress call yesterday from the director at the lab..."

"Yesterday? Why didn't you tell me about it last night?" Tom cut in.

"Because I don't think that was the right place for such a conversation. Now back to what I was saying. The director was at some sort of crossroad and didn't know what to do. He didn't want to lie to you or go against the ethics of his profession, and he didn't want to offend the mastermind either. So, he wanted my help," Harry explained, and watched as Tom exchanged a look with Lucy.

"I suppose even if I ask you're not going to tell me who the mastermind is yet?" Tom asked, and Harry shook his head.

"It's not fun if I tell you. So back to my story. Upon hearing from the lab director that the DNA result was negative, I took another look at the file I received on Kimberly to see if I had missed something in the kid's record. All signs had been pointing to you as the father before now, so seeing that the result said otherwise, I decided that I had to have missed something. So, I called the nurse who took care of my dad, and asked her to help me with the calculation of the kid's conception. Judging from her birthday to the day we opened the hotel where you met her. The kid was born exactly forty-six weeks after you were with her mother," Harry said, and Lucy shook her head.

"Forty-six weeks? How is that possible? Besides, she stated in the instagram picture she posted of Dawn as a new born that she had her at exactly thirty-nine weeks," Lucy said with a frown as she fished out her phone from her handbag to search for the picture.

She remembered the exact length of pregnancy because she remembered wondering why it was thirty-nine weeks instead of thirty-six weeks which stood for nine months, since people always said nine months was the duration for pregnancy.

"Yes. You are right. It's in the record," Harry said so she wouldn't bother with her phone.

"That means she must know that there is no way the kid is mine," Tom said thoughtfully.

"Yeah. Unless she believes your sperm took a really long time to fertilize her eggs. No offense, Lulu," Harry said, and Tom sighed.

"So if she knows for a fact that the kid isn't Tom's and she wasn't mistaken, how could she have come up with this ruse then?" Lucy asked thoughtfully.

"Are you sure she is not the mastermind trying to tamper with the result?" Tom asked and Harry nodded.

"She is not the one. But that doesn't mean she is not involved," Harry said and Tom scowled.

"So who was the bastard or bitch behind this that tried to tamper with the result?" Tom asked impatiently.

Harry chuckled, "Your grandfather is the bastard," Harry said, and watched as Lucy's lips fell open and Tom blinked in surprise.

"My grandfather? My grandfather wanted the result tampered with? Why? This doesn't make any sense. There is no connection here. How does he even know Kimberly and Dawn?" Tom asked in disbelief, unable to believe that his grandfather would do something as juvenile and irresponsible as this.

"Well, I was curious too, so I looked into it. I've been busy since last night and all morning. I've barely had enough sleep on your account. I think I need a raise," Harry said with a sigh while Tom waited patiently for Harry to say what it was about.

"The relationship between your grandfather and her father seems to go back a long way to before your grandfather became president. I also found out your grandfather was with her family on the morning of your encounter with Kimberly. So, I'm guessing that was when he came up with the plan," Harry said, and Tom frowned while Lucy merely took in all the information.

"He was there before Tom's trip? Is it possible that he knew Tom had a meeting with Kimberly's uncle?" Lucy asked thoughtfully.

"That's very possible. The hotel was having issues so it would only be natural for Tom to want to meet with the person in charge of hotel management and hospitality regulations," Harry said with a nod.

"If you think about it, it sort of makes sense. I don't think if Tom were really the father of the girl Kimberly would have waited weeks to reach out to him after identifying him. It was probably convenient for them that you showed up when you did," Lucy said thoughtfully.

"This doesn't make any sense. What is the purpose of all this? Are you sure it was my grandfather?" Tom asked unable to make sense of it.

"I wouldn't be reporting it to you if I wasn't sure," Harry said, and Tom rose from his seat and went to look out of his office window.

"So, what do we do now? Pretend we don't know anything and play along to see how far this goes? Or do you want to confront them?" Lucy asked not sure what was next.

"We have had more than enough drama already. I don't need more. I'm going to give my grandfather a call and give him a piece of my mind before calling Kimberly. I'm not going to stand for this nonsense!" Tom said, beginning to feel really annoyed by it all.

He couldn't believe he had been so worked up and unable to sleep or think straight for the last couple of days over such a stupid prank.

Even Lucy had cried because of it.

His grandfather should have known better than to do something as stupid as this. There was no way he was going to let it slide!

Chapter 662 Explanations

After Lucy returned to her office to meet with a designer who she had an appointment with, Harry remained with Tom in his office.

Tom raised a brow when he noticed how Harry was staring at him instead of leaving too, "What? Why are you not leaving too?" Tom asked, and Harry scoffed.

"Did you think I wouldn't find out?" Harry asked with a raised brow, and Tom looked back at him blankly.

"Find out about what?" Tom asked and Harry gave him a pointed look.

"That you had given a call to most of the branch directors outside the country to know if your attention was needed anywhere. And then you made them call me to lay a complaint so that I would ask you, and you could in turn offer to travel in my stead because you knew I wouldn't be able to travel right now," Harry said, and Tom shrugged.

"So?"

"So don't tell me that was the grand plan you had to win Lucy's heart? Distance? Really? Sometimes I can't believe you!" Harry said with a shake of his head.

"Well, it worked. Or at least it was working before this whole stupid Kimberly and Dawn stuff put an end to it," Tom said, annoyed that he had fallen for the stupid prank.

He should have insisted that the kid wasn't his especially since he knew for a fact that he had used a condom. And now that he was thinking straight he recalled that he hardly ever released inside any of the ladies despite wearing a condom and he always made sure to flush the condoms.

How could he have lost his head over Kimberly's claims so easily? Had he been that desperate for a child?

Harry shook his head, "Well, it's a good thing this happened to bring you back to your senses. Staying away for weeks or months would have done nothing good for your relationship. Some times I doubt your brain works so well when you think about your relationship with Lucy. That is assuming you have a brain to begin with," Harry said and Tom scowled.

"Now you're a relationship expert?" Tom asked dryly.

"Yes, I am. So, take my advice and stop coming up with stupid plans to make her change her mind or anything. By the way, I think your grandfather visited them immediately after he left Ludus. Did something happen during your family dinner to make him think he needed to prank you with something like this?" Harry asked, and Tom frowned as he thought about it.

Harry was right. He had traveled the very next day after dinner with their grandfather. Now that he thought about it his grandfather had left Ludus that night after the family dinner saying he had to make a stop to visit an old friend before leaving for his next humanity saving adventure. While he on the other hand had left the next evening after the close of work.

"I'm not sure. He did ask about our marital plans and I made it clear it's not in my plan. He didn't seem bothered by that. I see no reason why he should be or why that should prompt him to do something like this," Tom said, and Harry sighed as he glanced at his wristwatch.

It would be noon soon. He wondered if Mia was going to show up or not.

"You Hanks are a handful. I guess you all got your meddling character from your grandfather. It's good to see that you're at the receiving end of the meddling of a Hank," Harry said with a shake of his head as he rose.

"Too bad you're romantically involved with one now so you should get ready for a life time of having your affairs being needles upon," Tom said with a scowl and Harry grinned.

"Too bad I'm drawn to you Hanks. But it's a little price to pay for having your sister. I can live with that. I'm sure it's not too late to congratulate you on not being a dad. Maybe when you stop being so pissed we can toast to that. I'm going to take care of company business now while I leave you to take care of your meddling family business," Harry said as he headed for the door.

Once Harry left, Tom took a deep breath and paced around his office to work off some steam before dialing his grandfather's line.

As angry as he was, he didn't want to end up saying stuff he might regret later. He would rather have this serious conversation with a clear head, not one clouded with anger.

"Hello, Thomas! To what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?" Lawrence Hank greeted the moment he received Tom's call and Tom scowled.

"We both know why I am calling. And I'd appreciate it if you don't insult my intelligence any further and go straight to the point by telling me why you felt the need to do something so unwarranted and annoying," Tom said, and Lawrence Hank sighed.

"Think of it as a harmless prank..."

"DID YOU JUST CALL THAT A HARMLESS PRANK?" Tom yelled angrily and Lawrence had to pull the phone away from his ear a bit.

Tom shut his eyes and took a deep breath to calm himself, "In what world is something like that a harmless prank? I can't believe you got that little girl involved in your act. What are you thinking?" Tom asked in a gruff voice.

"You are upset. I get it. I'm sorry. If you can't think of it as a stupid prank from your bored old grandfather..."

"NO! I can't! I won't. I need an explanation. What exactly was your plan? If the plan director had done what you wanted and given me a fake result what else would you have pulled? What did you stand to gain by making your own grandson believe something like that?" Tom asked irritably.

"Alright. Calm down. Okay? You were going to be told the truth eventually..."

"Eventually when? After I must have bonded with the kid? Or after my relationship might have been ruined?" Tom asked and his grandfather raised a brow.

"Was something like this capable of ruining your relationship?" Lawrence asked and Tom paused when something occurred to him.

"Is that it? Was it your plan to make this come between Lucy and I so that we would break up and then I would get married to Kimberly thinking the kid is mine?" Tom asked, and to his surprise Lawrence chuckled.

"Your imagination is quite funny. It's not as serious as that, okay? Besides, Kim would never have wanted something like that to happen. Although there was a time when I hoped you would get married to Kimberly, but that was so long ago. I thought you would make a good pair and wanted to matchmake you two but your parents wouldn't hear of it. Especially your father. You know how he behaves when I try to get involved in your lives..."

"Rightfully so. After what you just did, I can't blame him," Tom muttered, but then became curious about the former part of his statement.

"Did you say you wanted to matchmake us? When?" Tom asked, and his grandfather sighed.

"A long time ago while you were still in college. Don't you remember Kimberly? I've mentioned her a couple of times in the past. I even showed you her picture once. Besides, I was the one who invited her to the hotel opening. She was having a hard time after her fiancé deserted her so I and her parents encouraged her to go out," Lawrence said, and Tom frowned.

"Does that mean she knew who I was even then?" Tom asked in confusion.

"No, she didn't. She had seen pictures of you as a child on my phone but none of your adult self. I doubt she could have recognized you. Maybe if you told her your name she would have known. She called me a couple of weeks ago after she watched the interview to tell me she met you at the night of the hotel opening," Lawrence explained.

"You both must be very close for her to tell you something like that," Tom observed.

"Yes, we are. She is just like a daughter to me. I would have said granddaughter, but Jade wouldn't like that," Lawrence said with a smile.

"But that still doesn't explain why you both did what you did," Tom said, bringing them back to the conversation.

"Well, when she called to say she had met you, but she didn't tell me anything happened between you two. We joked about it and made thought nothing more out of it. And then after my dinner with the family some days ago, I stopped over to visit her family since I haven't seen them in a couple of years. I was stunned when I saw her kid. The little girl looked so much like you and I thought she was actually yours. Especially since she told me she had crossed paths with you..."

"If she is like a daughter to you shouldn't you have seen the kid all this while or known who the father was?" Tom asked, and Lawrence sighed.

"Being like a daughter to me doesn't make her my daughter, does it? I keep tabs on you because you're my family. It would be weird to do the same with her, don't you think? Besides, she had the child through artificial insemination. Got the sperm from a sperm bank..."

"So, the child doesn't really have a father?" Tom asked with a frown, thinking that must have been the reason she had easily played along with her mother's act.

"Yes. She decided she never wanted to get involved with any man after that experience."

"So, when do we get to the part where you tell me why you decided to do something like this?" Tom asked impatiently and his grandfather sighed.

"While I was visiting with them your mother called me..."

"My mother?" Tom asked with a frown wondering why his mother was being mentioned in this.

"Yes. She was very worried about what you said during dinner. She said she couldn't sleep all through the night and since your father was not bothered by your decision I was the only one she could talk to. She was scared you really might not want to get married anymore and she wanted me to maybe talk you out of ruining your life by doing something you might regret," Lawrence explained.

Tom's brows pulled together as he tried to make the calculations in his head to know if she had talked to Lawrence before coming to see him in his office with the pregnancy kit or after.

It would make more sense that she had spoken to his grandfather before he told her about Lucy.

"She wanted you to talk me out of it? Am I missing something or did she forget that you are not family oriented?" Tom asked incredulously.

Lawrence was silent for a moment, "Your mother knows me best. Don't you think the world would have been very lonely for me at this age if I didn't have you all in my life, even if I only visit every once in a while? I wasn't a good father to your father, and it wasn't because I didn't want to. I just didn't know how to be. The only reason I often say if I had known better I would never have gotten married is because I hate to see how my actions and inactions has affected my relationship with my only son. However, the truth is if I had the chance to go back in the past and correct something, I would try better at being a father to him while also doing my best for humanity. Both can coexist. My son doesn't have to suffer in order for me to save the world," Lawrence said thoughtfully, and even though Tom was tempted to ask him to tell that to Desmond and not to him, Tom decided to focus on the part that concerned him instead.

"So you decided to prank me in order to convince me not to tow your path and to get married?" Tom asked, wanting to understand his grandfather's logic.

"Not exactly. It was more about your girlfriend than about you. Your mother and I figured your girlfriend was the reason for your decision. I saw how you both acted during the board meeting and during dinner. If you noticed, I didn't comment on your decision during dinner because I was too busy assessing her reaction," Lawrence continued.

"Hold on. Does my mother know about this? Did you tell her about using Kimberly?" Tom asked with a frown, thinking he would be more pissed at his mother than anyone else if she knew.

"No, she doesn't. I'm sure she would never have agreed to it," Lawrence said, and Tom relaxed.

"After the call with your mother, I was watching the kid and it suddenly occurred to me that she could pass for your daughter. Then I started to think, what if. I told Kimberly about it and she laughed it off. I asked her to play along with me, and she decided to indulge this old man in playing such an expensive prank on his grandson. Don't blame her. She doesn't know how to say no to me, especially after I helped her track down her fiancé who jilted her and taught him a lesson. And then as though the universe was in support of it, her uncle's wife who just joined us received a call from her husband informing her he had invited you to join them at the club. Kimberly did what she did as a favor to me. So, please don't be mad at her," Lawrence said, and Tom frowned.

He didn't know what to make of all this. It was just messed up and crazy, "I have no idea what to say to you right now." Tom confessed.

"Listen, you are like your father in a lot of ways. I know this might be hard for you to believe, but I did it with your best interest in mind. I thought your girlfriend might feel threatened at the thought of another lady coming into your life and would want to sit up or act fast to claim you if she truly loves you. I did something similar for your parents," Lawrence said, and chuckled when he remembered all he had done without Desmond's or Evelyn's knowledge.

"My parents?"

"Yes. But that's a story for another time. I'm getting older by the day. So if the only thing I could do for you before I die is help you fix your relationship, I wanted to do it. I can assure you that Kimberly wouldn't have caused any problems for you. We would have told you the truth after seeing the effect of the DNA result on your relationship. Kimberly meant no harm. That was more reason I asked her to chat with Lucy. I wanted to know what Lucy was thinking," Lawrence said, and Tom sighed.

"I can't say I'm not annoyed. I'm still very much annoyed. I couldn't sleep or think straight," Tom said irritably.

"I'm sorry about that. I will apologize to Lucy too if you want me to," Lawrence offered.

"I told my parents about this already. They are going to be really pissed when they find out you were behind it," Tom said with a frown.

"You told them already? Why?" Lawrence asked, sounding so alarmed that Tom almost laughed.

"I had to. If she turned out to be mine it would have been a family issue," Tom said, and Lawrence frowned, thinking of how he would face another confrontation with his son. He knew Desmond would be pissed.

As annoyed as Tom was by it all, deep down he knew that this might have had its own perks. Even though he hadn't created the drama, somehow he knew it had helped strengthen his relationship with Lucy. It had somehow made her focus shift from herself to him.

She had become more attentive to him in the last couple of days and had focused on being there for him because she believed he needed her.

Tom sighed, "Don't worry. This will just be between us. I will tell them the result came back negative and that will be the end of it," Tom said, and Lawrence sighed in relief.

"And Kimberly? Will you forgive her?" He asked hopefully.

"I don't think I have a choice seeing how she was only following your instructions. If I can forgive you, I should as well forgive her," Tom said, and Lawrence relaxed.

"That's a relief..."

"You have to stay out of my relationship going forward. I don't want you meddling in my business. Thanks for your help, but I don't need it. If and when we are ready to settle down, we will let you know. But until then, don't come up with any more pranks or whatever. I won't forgive you if you meddle in my relationship one more time," Tom said and Lawrence nodded.

"I won't. I promise," Lawrence said before hanging up.

Although he had wanted to know if his plan had worked even a little, but he knew better than to ask Tom about it.

He hadn't really thought about the fact that Tom would be very worried and upset about having a child, all he had thought about was rushing things up so they would get married.

His heart was very weak now, and his doctor had said if he suffered another heart attack he might die. He had wanted to tell them that during the family dinner but had been unable to.

He sighed as he looked at the picture of Bryan's engagement which was displayed on his laptop screen.

He was at least glad that even if he didn't witness Tom getting married, he would most likely watch Bryan walk down the aisle with Sonia and possibly hang around long enough to see his first greatgrand child. That would have to do.

Chapter 663 My Man

Sonia had a happy smile on her face as she watched Bryan walk into their bedroom carrying a tray of breakfast which he had ordered in.

They were still in their new home and since their bedroom was the only part of the house that had been fixed, they couldn't use the kitchen yet.

They had agreed to wait to meet with the interior decorators before leaving so that Sonia could tell them what she wanted specifically.

It had been from one phone call to the other all morning since Evelyn's phone call woke them up, as a lot of people wanted to confirm the news of their engagement.

The longest phone call had been from Evelyn who had been over the moon with joy, and equally pissed that Bryan had waited for them to leave before popping the question in their absence.

Evelyn had wanted to know the sort of wedding that Sonia wanted so she could organize it all, but Sonia and Bryan had politely asked her to let them handle it and if they needed her help they would let her know.

"I'm glad we turned off the phones," Sonia said as Bryan joined her in bed and placed the tray at the middle.

"Me too. Last night was so wonderful, Bryan. Thank you," Sonia said as she looked at him with earnest eyes, and Bryan smiled as he raised a piece of toast to her lips and she took a bite.

"And thank you for saying yes to marry me. I promise to cherish you and our baby or babies as the case may be," Bryan said as he took her hand and kissed her palm.

"If this were my novel, I'll be ending our story right here, you know?" Sonia asked as she ate, and Bryan shook his head.

"I've always wondered why some authors end books that way or why movies end that way," Bryan said and Sonia shrugged.

"Because the rest should be left to the imagination of the reader. They can think about the happily ever after from there. Why ruin it by writing about marriage and the ups and downs that come with it when you can end it at such a good point?" Sonia asked and even though Bryan understood he still didn't agree.

"Well, wait until our baby comes and then you can end the story if you must," Bryan said and Sonia grinned.

"I was on the phone with my editor a while ago. He thinks now might be the best time to release the novel on our story. It might sell faster as everyone would be interested in us right now because of the news of our engagement. What do you think?" She asked and Bryan raised a brow.

"But you are not done with the story yet, are you? Wouldn't it be stressful for you to try to hurry it along? Besides, do you plan to include the pregnancy in it and not the baby?" Bryan asked, and Sonia pursed her lips.

"What do you suggest I do?"

"I think you can wait until our baby comes. The news of the birth would be a trending subject as well and I'm sure your book would sell just as well. That way you can take your time to write without stressing yourself and you can end the story with our baby's arrival," Bryan said and Sonia nodded.

"Alright. I think that works just fine," she said, and they ate in silence for some time before Bryan spoke again.

"I was thinking. How about we find time to travel over to see your parents as we planned to the last time?" Bryan asked and Sonia nodded.

"Yeah. We should. I should introduce you to them and let them know I'm getting married," Sonia said and then glanced at her other phone when it started ringing.

"I thought we turned off our phones?" Bryan asked, and she gave him a sheepish smile.

"You know only Lucy can reach me through this phone. I couldn't turn it off," she said and Bryan shook his head.

"Maybe I should get one for family too," he muttered as he focused on his meal while Sonia received Lucy's call.

"Good morning, baby!" She greeted cheerfully.

"Can you talk now? Are you busy?" Lucy asked and immediately Sonia remembered it was Monday and they had probably received the DNA result.

"Sure," she said and rose.

"Babe, I need to speak with Lucy in private. I will be back," Sonia told Bryan before walking out of the bedroom.

"What's up?" Sonia asked as she headed down the hall and into an empty bedroom.

"It's negative! The kid is not his," Lucy announced and Sonia felt like dancing for joy.

"Thank goodness! How do you feel about that?" Sonia asked curiously.

"Mostly relieved. Even though I had made up my mind to stick with Tom, I wasn't looking forward to the whole Babymama drama. God, I'm so happy, Sony," Lucy said as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

After she left Tom's office she had been occupied by a brief meeting with a designer and after the designer had left she had taken her time to think about it all and had just needed to talk to Sonia about it.

"And Tom? He must be disappointed, I suppose," Sonia said thoughtfully.

"He is not. He was more relieved than disappointed," Lucy said with a sigh as she recalled how he had wept.

"Really?" Sonia asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yeah."

"I can't understand something though. Why did Kimberly do such a thing? Has he called her yet? I mean, she should have known Tom wasn't the father..."

"You won't believe Tom's grandfather was behind it," Lucy cut in, and Sonia gasped in disbelief.

"You're kidding, right?"

"I wish I was. I can't even imagine what he was thinking. But I'm glad it was all just a really bad prank," Lucy said before going on to tell Sonia how Harry had found out the truth.

"Tom was so pissed."

"I would be pissed too if I were in his shoes. So, what now?" Sonia asked, wondering what Lucy was thinking.

"I don't know. As annoying as this whole stuff might have been, it has got me thinking though," Lucy said, and Sonia raised a brow.

"About what?" Sonia asked and Lucy bit her lower lip as she thought about how to say it.

"It made me wonder what having Tom's kid would feel like. It made me imagine what our kid would look like," Lucy confessed and tears gathered in Sonia's eyes.

It was the damned pregnancy hormone always making her feel weepy.

"Lucy," Sonia whispered.

"I'm not sure about it yet, but I'm still thinking. I think I am sort of becoming more open to the idea of marrying Tom," Lucy said, and Sonia grinned.

Although she had already figured that out during their last discussion, she chose to act surprised, "Really? Oh, my God! That's so great Lu!" She exclaimed.

"Relax! I didn't say I've made up my mind yet. I said I'm more open to it and I'm still thinking about it," Lucy said, but she was laughing even as she said it.

"What happened? Why are you changing your mind?" Sonia asked curiously.

"After our conversation the other day I suppose I figured out that marriage was never the problem. Love was. Love is rather. Everything I'm scared of about marriage can as well happen even in our relationship. I'd be just as heartbroken now that we are just dating as I would be in marriage if I lost Tom or if anything happened to him. If I'm ever going to do marriage and all of it I'd rather it's with Tom. I love him, Sonia. With every part of my heart," Lucy said and Sonia smiled.

"You don't want to be like Oprah anymore?" Sonia asked dryly, reminding her of what she had said some time back about Oprah not being married yet in a committed relationship for years.

"Well, the difference between Oprah and me is that her partner shares her views. Tom doesn't share mine. And now that I think about it, my view isn't really good enough to stand against his," Lucy confessed and tears gathered in Sonia's eyes once again.

"Oh, Lucy!" Sonia cried and Lucy took a deep breath.

"I'm not going to say a word of this to him. Not until I'm done with my therapy. When I feel confident enough, I will tell him," Lucy said and Sonia grinned.

"I guess I'm coming to the end of your story too," Sonia said and Lucy raised a brow.

"What do you mean?"

"My novel. I think I can see the end already," Sonia explained and Lucy smiled.

"I guess you can. I should get back to work now. I've slacked off for long enough. I called because I really needed to talk to you and get these thoughts out of the way by saying them out loud," Lucy said, feeling lighter and happier now that she had been able to organize her thoughts by sharing them with Sonia.

"Feel free to call me whenever you need to get anything out of your head," Sonia said and Lucy giggled.

"How are you feeling today by the way? What does it feel like being engaged?" Lucy asked and Sonia beamed a happy smile.

"I feel like the happiest and luckiest l girl alive," Sonia said and Lucy giggled.

"That's good to know. Are you both going back to Tom's anytime soon?" Lucy asked curiously.

"Yeah. We will go back today and stay there until the house is ready for us," Sonia said and Lucy nodded.

"In that case I will ask Tom so we spend the night at his house. That way we can start making the plans for your wedding. I'm very sure you'd want to get it done quickly before your baby bump appears," Lucy said and Sonia grinned.

"You bet. Come with every idea you have. I will ask Jade and Candace to be present too as they will be my bridesmaids. This is going to be fun!" Sonia said happily and Lucy giggled.

"Got to go now. Love you," Lucy said before hanging up.

She had a wide smile on her face as she dropped her phone and it occurred to her that she was happy. She was unbelievably happy right now.

For the first time in years she was more than content. She was satisfied with her life, with her job, with her relationship with Tom.

She felt like everything was taking shape and for the first time since she moved to Ludus and met Tom, she felt like she had a handle on things and knew exactly what she wanted and what she was doing.

She was going to give her best to everything in her life. She would give her best to her job as she could. Give her best to her relationship with Tom and her friendships and relationship with her family, and she would give her best to therapy as well.

If she was still feeling this way or even better six months from now, that would be all the confirmation she would need to know that she was on the right track.

She grinned as she thought about Tom and how he would react if he knew she was now really thinking of being his wife and possibly having his kid. She knew without a doubt that he would be over the moon with joy.

That was what she wanted for him and for herself. She wanted them both to be happy and satisfied with their life. She wanted them to have everything they wanted from each other and with each other.

She glanced down at her phone when it vibrated with a message notification and she sighed when she picked it up and saw it was from Kimberly.

[I'm sorry. Please don't be too mad.]

[As long as you're not interested in my man, I'm not mad.] Lucy texted back.

My man. Yes, that was right. Tom was her man and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

Chapter 664 I Thought You Were Dead

After Tom's phone call he contemplated giving Kimberly a call but decided not to. He had no business with her and he definitely had nothing to say to her either.

His grandfather could relay whatever information to her, since they were both partners in crime.

If she was decent enough, she would give him a call to apologize to him, and if she didn't, that was not going to be his problem.

Instead of giving Kimberly a call, he dialed his mother's line instead, and after the fourth ring she received the call.

"I've been waiting to hear from you all morning," Evelyn said excitedly.

"Good morning, mom! Is dad there with you?" Tom asked as Desmond went to sit beside his wife so he could hear what Tom had to say.

"Sure, I am. How are you?" Desmond asked before Evelyn could respond.

"I'm alright. Good morning, dad. I'm calling to inform you I received the DNA result and it was negative. The kid is not mine," Tom said, and both Evelyn and Desmond sighed in relief.

"That's good to know," Desmond said and Evelyn raised a brow.

"I thought you were hoping the kid was his?" Evelyn asked and Desmond shook his head.

"When did I ever say that?"

"You were willing to take the kid's side over Lucy's..."

"I wasn't taking sides. I was stating facts. I hoped the kid wasn't his, but I said what I thought should be the case if the kid turned out to be his. Now can we not argue any more and focus?" Desmond asked and Evelyn scowled at him.

"Well, what do we do about the girl? We definitely can't let her get away with this. How could she try to pin her baby on you?" Evelyn asked, annoyed.

"We are not doing anything. She made a mistake, and now she will have to find the person responsible for her pregnancy since it's not me," Tom said, not wanting to tell them it had all been a prank.

"But..."

"You heard him. Let it go. There is no need to add to all the drama going on already. Besides, what do you expect him to do? Sue her?" Desmond cut in.

"How do you feel? I hope you're not disappointed?" Desmond asked returning his attention to Tom.

"Why would he feel disappointed?" Evelyn asked and Tom sighed.

He wasn't in the mood to listen to their endless arguments. Some days were like that with them. He wondered what must have set them off today.

"I should get back to work now. Talk to you later," Tom said and hung up, leaving them to bicker for as long as they liked.

Almost as soon as he hung up, his phone started ringing and he received the call from Kimberly.

"I know you must think I'm a bitch or something..."

"On the contrary I don't think anything. I haven't bothered enough to waste my time thinking about you," Tom cut in, and Kimberly nodded.

"That's fair. I get it. I'm just calling to say I'm sorry. I heard from Lawrence. I have no excuse for agreeing to go along with his plan, but if you let me I will make it up to you," Kimberly said, and Tom raised a brow wondering what she was up to.

"Make it up to me? Do you think that is something you can do?"

"Yes. We are both business people. So I will rather come to you from that angle. Why don't I help you resolve the issues you're having over here? My uncle told me about it. I can help you take care of it so you don't have to fly down, and in exchange you could forgive me," Kimberly offered.

"I can handle my business myself," Tom said and Kimberly smiled.

"I'm sure you can. But I can handle it faster and better. I live here. I'm well known here. Doors would open up for me faster than they would for you. I will meet with everyone you were supposed to meet with on your behalf and straighten out all ruffled feathers. It's the least I can do for making you leave without completely handling your business down here," Kimberly said and Tom thought about it for a moment.

Even though he was still very much annoyed, he couldn't just throw out her offer without taking it into consideration.

"You can think about it and have anyone get back to me," Kimberly said before hanging up.

Away from there in Harry's office, a minute before the clock struck noon, his secretary walked in to inform him that Mia was there to see him.

"Let her in," Harry said, and a moment later Mia walked inside.

"I thought you were not going to show up," Harry said as he jerked his head to one of the chairs for her to sit.

"You didn't leave me with much of a choice, did you?" she asked with a raised brow as she took the seat across from him.

"I wouldn't bother you if you weren't acting so suspiciously by avoiding me," Harry said, and Mia looked at him in confusion.

"Avoiding you? Why would you think that?" Mia asked, and Harry did not miss the fact that she wasn't acting timid or speaking very politely.

"For starters, you didn't attend the anniversary dinner party," Harry said, and Mia scoffed.

"And you assumed that was because I was avoiding you? Did it occur to you that there might be other people present there who I didn't want to see me?" Mia asked and Harry raised a brow.

"Who would those be?" he asked, wondering if he had made a mistake and should have just gone ahead to hire a detective to look into her.

Mia sighed, "I don't think that is your business. However, I will tell you what I think you want to know. Mia is not my real name. And yes, we met some years ago at my husband's office while I was still married to one of your foreign business partners," Mia said, and Harry's eyes widened ever so slightly as he finally figured out who she was.

"I thought you were dead?" he asked, recalling the news about her unfortunate accident shortly after their meeting.

Mia sighed, "I am and would like to remain so. I am not here to cause any trouble. I'm keeping my head down and just doing what I can to survive. So, I will appreciate it if you don't cause any

problems for me by stirring things up. And I wasn't avoiding you. I only avoid gatherings that might put me in public view," she said and Harry looked at her for a moment.

"Are you saying you weren't avoiding me during the engagement party?" he asked, and she nodded.

"Alicia was taking a lot of pictures of the group. The only way I could avoid being in her pictures was by staying by her side and away from the line of her camera. I had to make her delete the picture she took of me speaking with Sonia. You can confirm from her," Mia said and Harry frowned.

"Why?" he asked, and Mia raised a brow.

"Why what? Why did I fake my death? Why did I leave my husband? Why am I working for Bryan when I'm wealthy enough to live my life without working for a day?" she asked and Harry nodded.

"I wanted to be free. I've lived all my life under my parents being the dutiful daughter and doing everything they wanted me to without any thoughts to myself. They made me get married to him when I was twenty-one without any thought to what I wanted. Every day of that marriage was a horrible nightmare. There was nothing I didn't endure in his hands. Every day was an emotional torture. Physical, verbal, emotional, and sexual abuse were the order of the day. I had two miscarriages. He beat me to unconsciousness once, yet my parents wouldn't hear of a divorce as it would ruin the merger of both companies and affect the company stocks," Mia paused and took in a deep breath as she swiped angrily at the tears on her cheeks.

As much as she was trying to sound detached from all she was saying, the thought of it was upsetting her again.

"They cared about their fucking stocks more than they cared about my life. Do you know how that feels? It was either I remained in that fiery pit and continue putting up with that bastard or I left. It was either I killed him with my own hands and spend the rest of my life in jail or I take my own life. What would you have had me do? Fake my death or take my life for real? Cause I would have done that," Mia said, meeting Harry's gaze now.

She had told him a lot more than she planned to, and seeing the apology and sympathy in his eyes, she felt slightly embarrassed.

"I'm sorry you went through all of that," Harry said softly as he released his hand which had been balled in a fist the whole time she was talking.

Mia laughed humorlessly, "I am too. I am sorry I endured all of that because I was too scared to walk away. I'm just trying to live a normal life now, Harry. Is that too much to ask? All I want is a life that isn't controlled by my family or him. I'd rather they keep believing I'm dead. I can't let them find me. I can't go back to that life, Harry. I can't. I'd rather die," Mia said as she swiped at the tears in her eyes.

"Now that you know this, if you have a problem with me working with Bryan, say so and I will disappear," Mia said and Harry shook his head.

"I won't do anything. Your secret is safe with me," Harry promised, and Mia looked at him for a moment before rising from her seat.

"Thank you," she said and walked out of the office.

Harry sighed as he watched her leave. That wasn't what he had been expecting.

Chapter 665 Falling Out

Although her long awaited interview with Eric Howell was just twenty four hours away, Rebekah couldn't feel much excitement over it because she was troubled.

For the first time in a very long time she had dark circles under her eyes and she looked pale and drawn because she had not been able to sleep.

This weekend had to have been the longest in her life, and even right now as she sat in her car on her way to see Mr Bateman, she was anxious.

Everything was a mess. She was worrying about a lot of things that she couldn't seem to control.

She was not only worried about Anita who had decided to cut off the family, she was worried over the inability of the guys she had sent to find her brother, Wyatt.

Initially she had only wanted to find him and get him locked away in a psychiatric away from everyone else, but now she wanted to get rid of him. After what he told Anita, she knew he was a risk she couldn't afford. Wyatt had become a liability and whether or not he was her brother it was time for him to disappear. But first she needed them to find him.

Another thing that bothered her was Jade Hank. She wasn't sure what to do, whether to continue to wait for Jade to make a move and call her or to do something again.

Did Jade really have evidence or was she just bluffing? If she had evidence why wait this long to request for her arrest? What was Jade up to? How did she even get her hands on that long list and forgotten phone? How much information was in it? Or perhaps she was mistaken and the phone with Jade that day was not her lost phone?

She kept worrying that the police might show up with her hitman in any moment to arrest her. If they had her hitman then it was over for her, because he knew about every single dirty thing she had ever done.

She needed to speak with Bateman and let him know that there was trouble and maybe he would join heads with her to come up with a way to take care of Jade whether or not she was his son's lawyer.

He could always find another capable lawyer for his son. One that wouldn't dig so deep as Jade to cause any problems for them.

She frowned when her phone started ringing and she picked it up to see that it was her cousin, Rachel's mom.

What did she want? Rebekah mused impatiently as she received the call and placed it on speaker.

"Rebekah, have you seen the news?" Rachel's mother asked anxiously making Rebekah's heart skip a beat.

"What news? Am I on the news?" Rebekah asked in alarm as she found a spot to park the car so she could pay attention.

"No, it's Wilson. We are ruined, Rebekah! Everything we have worked so hard to build is about to crash! His political...."

"Stop! Stop it, okay? What makes you think I am interested in any of this?" Rebekah cut in angrily, pissed that her cousin was adding to her stress.

Rachel's mom broke into a sob, "You're the only one I can talk to, Rebekah. Everyone else is avoiding us. The ladies at my club wouldn't even talk to me. Everyone has been whispering about us since the rumors about Wilson's elder brother's death surfaced. We can't even go out because there are reporters everywhere," she cried and Rebekah rolled her eyes.

"I have my own problems, Emilia! You don't see me calling you to weep, do you? If you have a problem, fix it! Instead of bothering other people about them..."

"Please don't hang up, Rebekah! I really need your help. Wilson thinks that Thomas Hank might be behind this. Rachel said..."

"Thomas Hank?" Rebekah asked with a puzzled frown, wondering what Thomas Hank had to do with her cousin's family.

"Yes. Rachel said Anita is sort of connected to him and his girlfriend. I have been trying to reach Anita all to no avail. Can you help me? Maybe she can speak to him on our behalf and make all of this go away," Rachel's mom pleaded desperately.

"Why would Thomas Hank do anything to your husband? Why do you think he is behind it and not your husband's political opponents?" Rebekah asked in confusion.

"Did Anita not tell you that Rachel's ex fiancé is Thomas's girlfriend's twin brother? After he called things off, Rachel went berserk and got his parents arrested. Tom called my husband and threatened to ruin his political ambition. He also mentioned the demise of Wilson's brother in his threats. It can't be coincidence that he made such a threat and this happened, can it?" Rachel's mom asked and Rebekah frowned as she began to arrange the puzzle pieces in her head.

If he could attack Wilson Peterson merely because Rachel got his girlfriend's parents arrested, then that must mean he was targeting her too, right?

Thomas Hank must have listened to Anita's confession, and must be aware that she had plotted against his girlfriend.

Now it was begining to make sense. Was it possible that Jade Hank had taken up Jack's case because of her? Just so she could get close to their family?

Even if Thomas Hank had not sent his sister from the beginning for plotting against Lucy, Rebekah had no doubt now that he would be coming after her now for attempting to hurt Jade. What had she gotten herself involved in?

"Rebekah are you still there?" Rachel's mom called when she had been quiet for some time.

"Emilia I don't think I can..."

"You have to help me, Rebekah! Remember that it was all your idea! You made me make Wilson do all of that. You can't abandon me now..."

"I made you? You realize now that I made you do all of that and become who you are today, yet all this while you've been acting like you were bigger than I am? Deal with your mess yourself. If I were you, I'd find the girl to see if she is still alive before anyone else gets to her. I have no doubt

that Thomas Hank might be on it already if truly he is the one behind this," Rebekah said before hanging up.

Even though she partially believed that it was possible that Thomas Hank was not coming for her, another part of her didn't believe much in coincidences.

What was their plan? Were they after her or was it her and her daughters? Thinking about how Tiffany and Anita had clashed with Jade and Evelyn at the spa, Rebekah couldn't even begin to imagine how Tiffany could be so stupid as to let Jade come close to her.

Her hands shook as she held on tightly to the steering wheel, wondering what she could do now to get herself and her daughters out of this.

Once she arrived at Bateman Corp, she headed straight for Mr Bateman's office but before she could walk past his secretary as she usually did whenever she came over to see him, the secretary stopped her.

"I'm sorry, you can't go in," he said as he quickly went to stand in front of her.

Rebekah frowned as she looked behind her to see if there was someone else standing there who he was referring to.

"Me? I can't go in? Do you have an eye defect or did you hit your head somewhere?" She hissed, annoyed that he was treating her that way.

She was having a bad day already and the last thing she wanted was to be treated in such a disrespectful manner.

"I'm sorry, Mrs Miller, but you can't go in. Apart from the fact that he's with someone right now, you do not have an appointment..."

"And since when did I need an appointment to see your boss? If you don't want to lose your job, get out of my way this moment," Rebekah snapped at him as she tried to push him out of her way but he did not budge.

"You can either call to inform him you're here or you will have to book an appointment and leave. I am only following his orders," the secretary said calmly, and Rebekah raised a brow.

"He ordered you not to let me, Rebekah Miller, into his office?" She asked in disbelief as she took out her phone to dial his line, but before she could do so his office door opened and Jade stepped out of it.

Rebekah took a step back, startled to see Jade there, and even though Jade's blood boiled at the sight of Rebekah she plastered a smile on her face.

"Hello, ma'am!" Jade greeted pleasantly when she noticed that Rebekah seemed nervous.

"He—ello?" Rebekah asked hesitantly, not sure what was going on or what to say. Seeing that Rebekah was distracted at the moment, the secretary quickly went in to inform Mr Bateman that his son's mother-in-law was there to see him.

"I guess you're here to meet with your in-law. I will be on my way then," Jade said with a polite bow as she started to walk away.

She didn't seem like anything was wrong, Rebekah mused as she quickly stopped her, "Miss Hank?" She called, and Jade stopped to look at her.

"My daughters told me you were attacked," she said, and Jade nodded.

"Yes, I was. Luckily, my men got to him before he got to me," Jade said holding Rebekah's curious gaze.

"I'm glad. I can't imagine what would have happened had you been hurt. You know that we are all relying on you for Jackson's freedom. I hope you got the criminal arrested?" Rebekah asked and Jade shook her head.

After what Rebekah had attempted the last time she couldn't be so stupid as to repeat the same mistake she had made before.

"Unfortunately he's dead. The impact of the car on his killed him," Jade said, wanting Rebekah to relax.

"Oh, dear! That's sad. I was hoping you would have been able to find out who sent him."

"I was hoping so too, but unfortunately we couldn't find anything. I reported to the police so they're trying to find out where he lives to see if they can find his phone and anything that would point us to the person who sent him. I need to go now," Jade said with a polite smile as she walked away, leaving Rebekah who wasn't sure whether to be relaxed or not yet.

Once Jade left, Rebekah started for Bateman's office but the door opened before she could get to it and Bateman stepped out with his secretary behind him.

After watching the video which Jade had just showed him of Rebekah's hitman confessing to setting Jackson up, he was more than ready to end every tie he had with the evil woman and damn the consequence.

The only reason he was not descending on Rebekah was that he didn't want to ruin Jade's plan. Jade had assured him that by the next day Rebekah Miller would be arrested and Jackson would be set free.

That was all he wanted. He didn't mind paying for his crimes as Jade wanted him to.

His only crimes were duping Rebekah's late husband as Rebekah had suggested he do, and he had also sort of been an accomplice in his murder. He wouldn't be sentenced to jail for life. Only some years.

He didn't mind going to jail for some years if that would mean that Jackson wouldn't spend the rest of his life in jail as he knew he might be sentenced if the chief judge set his mind on it.

"What were you doing with that lawyer? Do you know who she is? And what is this nonsense your secretary was saying about me needing an appointment to see you?" She asked with displeasure as she approached her long time lover.

"What do you want Rebekah?" He asked gruffly, stopping her before she could touch him.

"What do I want? What is with that tone? Don't tell me you're mad because I haven't shown up to see you since Jackson got arrested?" Rebekah asked, concerned that he was acting up.

"As you can see, I'm on my way out. I will give you five minutes to say what you want and leave," Bateman told Rebekah as he turned to return to his office.

"You can get the car ready," he told his secretary who quickly excused himself as Rebekah and Bateman returned into the office.

"C'mon, tell me what's wrong," Rebekah said with a concerned frown as she shut the door behind her.

"You have less than five minutes now to state the reason for your visit," Bateman said and Rebekah paused for a moment before smiling at him.

"I get it. You're upset. Why don't I make it up to you and then you can tell me what I did wrong?" Rebekah said as she started to unbutton her jacket.

Bateman looked at her with disgust, "That's all you know to do, isn't? It's always about sex for you. My son is locked up for a crime he didn't commit and you somehow think that sex is what I need right now?" he asked with a shake of his head as he headed for his door.

"What is wrong with you?" Rebekah asked, feeling both irritated, annoyed, and desperate now.

"Am I the reason your son is locked up? Why was he at the crime scene if he is so innocent? Here I am trying to cheer you up and you're lashing at me! Instead of you to sit in your office consulting with that suspicious lawyer who has nothing good up her sleeves, why don't you go out and find your son a better lawyer and stop trying to transfer your aggression to me! I'm not your wife!" Rebekah hissed angrily.

Bateman almost laughed as he watched her in disbelief. If Jade had not told him all that Rebekah had done he would have fallen for her tirade just now.

He couldn't believe he had been involved with the shedi for so long. He just couldn't believe it.

"Well, thanks for trying to cheer me up. I'd rather be cheered up by my wife, so maybe you should go and cheer your daughter up," Bateman said as he held out his office door for her to leave.

"What does this mean?" Rebekah asked, eyeing him angrily.

"Exactly what you think it means. Whatever we both had between us is over. You can leave," He said and Rebekah laughed harshly.

"Over? It can't be over. We can't ever be over, you hear me? I could ruin you..."

"Go on and ruin me, but do so outside my office. Get out!" Bateman roared at her, shocking her.

Rebekah glared at him for a moment before straightening her shoulder and raising her chin. As she walked out of the office with what little pride she had left, all she could ask herself was if this was the end for her.

She couldn't add falling out with Bateman to the list of things bothering her right now. She couldn't even afford to fall out with him.

Perhaps she could go to her other in-law, the chief judge. If the police was coming for her soon as she suspected then she would need all the immunity she can get from him.

Or maybe she should run away and go into hiding until things settled down?

Chapter 666 Mother/Daughter Reunion

While Rebekah Miller was having a hard time trying to figure out how to get out of the possible mess she had put herself into with the Hanks, Sara was equally having a tough time.

Her day had started on a bad note and had successively progressed from one bad phone call to another.

It had all started with Crystal's phone call to her, she thought, but then changed her mind.

She wasn't sure that was where things had begun to go wrong. Maybe it had started from the moment where she reached out to Aaron.

Crystal had called earlier to say she had seen an article about Sara having a son, and wanted to know if it was true.

She should have focused on finding her daughter first before ever reaching out to Aaron. Maybe if she had been a little more patient she wouldn't have had any need to meet with either Aaron or Harry who was now acting up.

She didn't exactly care that Harry was mad at her and wanted to cut off. That didn't mean anything to her. Not when she was pretty sure that Crystal was her biological daughter and she could get what she wanted from Crystal and get rid of the insolent girl without any trouble.

Now she wasn't so sure she could easily get what she wanted or get rid of the girl without any trouble. Not when everyone was beginning to ask questions.

She had done her best to convince Crystal that it was all a misunderstanding by the press and she had only met with Harry because she was his late mother's best friend.

And then shortly after her conversation with Crystal she had received a call from the stupid lawyer Amos, telling her that Wilson Peterson was trying to find his late brother's adopted daughter.

What was wrong with everyone? Why couldn't they just let things be? She knew that if for any reason Wilson finds Crystal, then she could say goodbye to her hopes of harvesting the girl's liver and disposing of her.

She needed to act fast and get out of the country before things got any more complicated than it already was.

What if Lucy had already told Aaron and Harry that the other twin had been sold and did not die as she made them believe? What if they believed Lucy?

Sara stopped pacing her room to dial Amos's line. Immediately he received the call she instructed him to return to the orphanage home and donate a large amount which would shut them up so they wouldn't disclose the identity of Crystal to anyone else.

After a he had done that, she left to visit the lab where the DNA test was being done. If the result was not out yet, she was just going to pay them to give her a positive result then she would convince Crystal to travel with her while she waited for the real result.

She needed to get Crystal far away from here as soon as possible.

It seemed like luck was on her side as it didn't take long for her to find someone at the lab who was willing to give her the positive DNA result she wanted for the right amount.

Taking the result she headed straight for Crystal's apartment. The girl wanted a DNA result to prove they were related, well, she was going to get it, Sara thought as she knocked on Crystal's door.

Crystal raised a brow when she opened the door and saw Sara standing there, "You don't give people a call before you visit them?" Crystal asked with a scowl.

Sara gave her a winning smile, "I'm sorry. I was too excited when I saw the result and I had to hurry over to see you," Sara said as she took out the envelope and held it out to Crystal.

"What result?" Crystal asked as she eyed the envelope which was in Sara's hand without taking it.

"The DNA result, of course. Do I have to stand out here? Can't I come in?" Sara asked as she looked down both sides of the hallway.

"The result is out already? I thought that would take a couple of weeks?" Crystal asked as she hesitantly took the result from Sara and stepped aside for Sara to get into the house.

"I paid extra so they would treat it as urgent," Sara said with a shrug. Now that she thought about it, she wondered why she hadn't done exactly that when she submitted the samples the previous week.

Sara watched Crystal as she opened the envelope and took out the result with trembling hands.

A tear dropped from Crystal's eyes to the result and her lips wobbled as she raised her head to look at Sara.

"So, it's true? This is not a prank?" Crystal asked, looking devastatingly hopeful.

Sara summoned all the tears she could muster as she nodded eagerly and took a step towards Crystal, "It's true. You're my daughter. I'm your mother and I finally found you my dearest," Sara cried as she embraced Crystal.

Each of them put on their best act as they wept, holding on to each other tightly. Neither of them wanted the other to outcry them.

They both cried for some time until Sara got exhausted and pulled away from Crystal, "I'm sorry it took so long to find you," Sara said as she brushed away Crystal's tears from her face.

If her plan was going to work then she needed to be every bit the doting mother for Crystal to love her and want to leave with her.

"It doesn't matter. All that matters is that you're here now. Nothing else matters," Crystal said as she sniffled.

"I promise to make it up to you. I will make it up to you, starting now," Sara said as she looked around the apartment.

"Will you let me take care of you? I don't want you living away from me in such a place anymore. Will you come with me?" Sara asked hopefully, and Crystal looked around her apartment.

As much as she liked the place, she desired a better life for herself. And that was what she planned to get from Sara. She couldn't do that by living apart from Sara.

She would do Harry's job as he wanted, but she also had plans of taking as much as she could from Sara too. She would start by figuring out Sara's signatures and mobile bank codes. Stealing Sara's money would be Sara's little punishment for being so deceptive.

The fact that Sara had denied being Harry's mother and Harry had not made his connection with her public knowledge yet, made it all easy for her.

Seeing how Crystal was looking around the apartment without saying a word, Sara assumed it was because she was reluctant to leave the place, so Sara took Crystal's hand.

"I really want you to be with me, Crystal. Please don't say no," Sara pleaded and Crystal heaved a deep dramatic sigh.

"Alright. When do you want me to move in with you?" Crystal asked and Sara held her gaze.

"Immediately. Right now," Sara said and Crystal gasped in disbelief.

"Now? I can't! I need to pack..."

"You don't have to pack anything. I can get you new clothes and everything else you might need. I have no idea how you have survived living here this whole time, but I don't want you to struggle anymore," Sara said, holding her gaze earnestly and Crystal tried to look distressed.

"Even though you're my mom, I don't want to be a burden to you. I can't leave right now. There's a loan I'm trying to pay. I have debts I need to take care of. Maybe I can," Crystal said as she looked away from Sara.

"A loan? What debts?" Sara asked with a frown.

"Just a couple of people I've borrowed money from. You don't have to worry. I will take care of the debts myself. I just need some time to resolve it before I move in with you," Crystal said and Sara nodded.

"You don't have to worry. I will take care of your debts. Just come with me," Sara said and Crystal shook her head.

"No, you don't understand. You don't even know how much I'm talking about. The money is huge..."

"I'm sure it's something I can handle. Don't worry and just say you will come with me," Sara urged her and when Crystal remained silent, Sara took out her phone and opened her bank app before handing the phone to Crystal to input her account details so she would know she wasn't joking.

Crystal's brows furrowed as she hesitantly put in her account details, and once she was done, Sara sent her a huge sum of money that made her mouth drop open in shock.

Even though she had planned to con Sara, she had not planned to request for such an outrageous sum of money. Seeing how easily Sara had given her such a huge sum of money, she decided that going forward she was going to capitalize on Sara's desperation even more.

"Does that cover your debts?" Sara asked as she watched Crystal whose mouth was still agape.

She was wealthy enough to take care of the girl's debts as long as the girl followed her. Letting the girl keep living here was only going to delay her plans and complicate things for her.

"It is. Thank you so much, Sara!" Crystal cried as she embraced Sara, and some how Sara felt relieved that unlike Harry, Crystal was referring to her as Sara.

Crystal paused and pulled away from Sara, "I hope you don't mind me calling you Sara? I don't think I can call you mom just yet," Crystal said, and Sara almost scoffed.

"I understand. And to be honest with you, I prefer it this way too. It would feel really weird for me as well if you called me mom," Sara said and Crystal nodded.

"I also hope you don't plan to introduce me to everyone as your daughter? I don't want or need the attention," Crystal said, and Sara smiled genuinely for the first time.

She was beginning to like the girl. The girl was saying all the right things, Sara thought happily.

"It's fine if you don't want any of that," Sara said, and Crystal nodded.

"Where do you live? Is it here in Ludus?" Crystal asked and Sara shook her head.

"No. I came here only to find you. Now that I've found you, we can leave the country together," Sara said and Crystal paused only for a moment before letting out a sigh.

"It's going to be hard to relocate and leave behind everything I know and love," she said wistfully.

"I understand how you feel. But trust me, you won't miss any of this when you leave. I will make sure of it," Sara trying not to sound irritated or impatient.

After a short moment Crystal nodded, "Alright. I will come with you," Crystal said, and Sara smiled happily as she embraced Crystal.

At least one thing had finally gone right today, she thought happily. She was a step closer to getting what she wanted now.

As Crystal hugged Sara she smiled as well. She had hit the jackpot. She was going to retire from a life of cheap con after this business with Sara.

A moment later Sara asked Emma, her assistant, over to come carry the designer items she had gotten Crystal some days ago as those were the only items in the room she could let Crystal take with her.

As Sara and Crystal got into the car to leave, Sara's phone beeped with a message notification and she clicked on it when she saw the email was from the head doctor at the research institute.

[Hello, Sara! I thought I should let you know that here at the institute we also specialize in liver transplants as you must have seen on our website page. You mentioned in your last email that there is a possibility of you getting a transplant soon. If you have a donor ready, we would be glad to offer our service to you as you're now one of our sponsors. I think it would be best we do it here so we can monitor your progress and take better care of your health until we can get the medicine right. It's only a suggestion and you are free to keep working with your personal doctor. I will be waiting to hear from you. And you should know that we are ready when you are.]

She smiled as she read the message. This had to be a sign, she thought with a contented sigh.

The doctor at the research institute seemed like a greedy person, and she had no doubt that for the right amount he wouldn't mind operating on Crystal whether or not she was a willing donor.

Everything was gradually falling in place now. All she had to do was leave Ludus with Crystal, and she would never have to worry about Harry or Lucy ever again.

Chapter 668 No More Interference

After her chat with Kimberly, Lucy returned to Tom's office to have lunch with him and to find out how he was doing now and if he had spoken with his grandfather and Kimberly.

"You're letting him off the hook just like that?" Lucy asked incredulously after Tom had told her about his conversation with his grandfather and Kimberly.

She could understand him not wanting to do anything to Kimberly since Kimberly was not exactly family and had only done his grandfather's bidding, but she couldn't quite understand why he would leave it just at scolding his grandfather and keep the truth away from his parents.

"What do you suggest I do to him? I can't possibly tell my parents about it. Dad would be furious. Things are bad enough between them, and this might only widen the gap between them," Tom said, and Lucy took a deep breath.

"And your mom? Shouldn't she know the result of her meddling? Shouldn't she know that this whole thing happened because of her?" Lucy asked, and even though Tom wanted to defend his mother, he knew that Lucy was right.

If his mother had stayed put and not asked his grandfather for help, his grandfather would most likely have not had a reason for this.

"I just think you're making this too easy for him. What is to stop him from doing something else next time when he knows that all he has to say is that he is sorry and all will be forgiven?" Lucy asked calmly.

"But you easily forgave Kimberly," Tom said, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Kimberly doesn't mean anything to me. Or to you. As annoying as what she did is, she is a stranger to us. It is your grandfather who needs to be handled," Lucy said, and Tom sighed.

"You know what? I'm just going to ask him to apologize to you. When he calls, feel free to do or say whatever to him. Handle it as you would have wanted me to," Tom said, and Lucy shrugged.

"Just don't regret it later," she warned.

"I will try not to. Let's talk about something else. This conversation is getting me worked up," Tom said and Lucy nodded.

"So, how about we spend the night at your place? Maybe we can spend the rest of the week at your place and go back to mine at weekend? That way I can spend time with Sonia to plan for their wedding," Lucy said, and Tom shrugged.

"That's fine by me," he said as he glanced at his wristwatch.

"That's my cue to leave. I suppose you are expecting someone," Lucy said as packed up the dishes into the lunch bag and Tom nodded.

"Yeah," he said as they both rose.

Once Lucy returned to her office, she settled down to focus on her tasks for the day.

Although, she was still very excited that things had been resolved and she didn't have to worry about someone else having Tom's child, she did her best to focus on what she had to do.

She worked without distraction for a while and raised her head when her phone started ringing.

She arched a brow when she saw it was from an unknown caller and she received the call thinking it was Tom's grandfather, "Hello! This is Lucinda Perry..."

"Lucy, it's Rachel. Please don't hang up," Rachel pleaded desperately, and immediately Lucy scowled as she hung up the call.

Her phone rang three more times but she ignored it and blocked Rachel's line from reaching instead.

The last thing she wanted was to hear from Rachel or to speak to her. Not after all she had put her and Lucas through.

She wouldn't have taken the call had she known it was Rachel. She wondered why Rachel had used a different line to reach her, and then recalled that Rachel's old phone which Lucas had seized was still in their custody.

Just as she returned her attention to the documents in front of her, her phone started ringing again and she glared at it, thinking it was Rachel.

Her brows pulled together when she saw it was Lucas and she received the call immediately, "Don't tell me she tried calling you too?" Lucy asked, and Lucy frowned.

"Who tried calling me?" Lucas asked in confusion.

"If no one tried calling you, then you shouldn't mind me," Lucy said, not wanting to discuss Rachel with Lucas.

The last thing she wanted was for him to be upset. "How are you doing? Were you missing me?" She asked before Lucas could press her to tell him who she had been referring to.

"Yeah. I just got off the phone with mom and dad and wanted to check on you. I saw the news of Sonia's engagement. I called to congratulate her earlier. I still can't believe she is getting married," Lucas said and Lucy laughed softly.

"She has changed a lot. If you were here, it would be easier for you to believe it. It was so beautiful last night," Lucy said softly.

"I could see that from the clips," Lucas said, and they were both silent for some time.

"A lot has changed in such a short time, hasn't it?" Lucy asked when she heard Lucas' sigh and could guess he was thinking about his canceled wedding with Rachel.

"Yeah. I called off my engagement, you got a boyfriend, and Sonia is getting married. Who would have guessed that any of these would happen?" Lucas asked thoughtfully.

"It all happened for the best, don't you think? I mean, they're good changes if you think about it. It could have been worse. Can you imagine finding out everything about her after your wedding and then being a divorcee?" Lucy said and he nodded.

"Sure. I know that," Lucas said and Lucy heaved a deep sigh.

"How are you doing? Are you really okay?" She asked with concern.

Lucas smiled, "I'm fine. I didn't call for you to worry about me. I wanted to know how you're doing now that Tom is back," Lucas said and Lucy smiled.

Even though Lucy was tempted to share her recent thoughts with him, she decided not to rush it and wait until her mind was completely made up.

"I'm doing great! Everything is going perfectly. We are finding our balance gradually," Lucy said happily, and Lucas raised a brow when he heard the excitement in her voice.

"I guess everything is good then. That's nice to know," Lucas said, feeling genuinely relieved to hear that.

Lucy pulled the phone away from her ear to look at the screen when she got an incoming call notification, and she scowled when she saw that it was an unknown number.

Was Rachel trying to reach her again with another line? She mused as she ignored the call.

"Luke?" She called hesitantly, thinking that she should at least tell Lucas about it.

"Yeah?"

"Rachel called me earlier."

"I figured she was the one you were referring to when you received the call," Lucas said in an even tone.

"I don't know why she was calling. I didn't listen to her. I hung up when I realized she was the one. She called several times but I blocked her line," Lucy explained but Lucas said nothing.

He thought he was best to remain silence rather than say what was on his mind. He knew that Lucy would be mad at him if he asked her to take Rachel's call and hear her out.

It annoyed him that as mad as he was at Rachel, he was still concerned about her and felt sorry for her. He had seen the news about her father, and he knew without a doubt that Tom had a hand in it.

"Are you okay? Why are you so quiet?" Lucy asked with a frown.

"I'm fine. How are our newly found cousins and evil aunt?" Lucas asked, changing the subject.

She frowned when she heard the ding of a text notification from the same line and she clicked on on it.

[Hello, Lucy. This is Lawrence Hank. Please return my call.]

"Uhm, they're fine. I mean the cousins. I'm sure you saw them in the party photos. As for the evil aunt, I hope she rots in hell. I just received a text from Tom's grandfather now. I need to give him a call," Lucy said and Lucas sighed.

"Sure. Let's talk some other time. Give my regards to Tom. Love you," Lucas said before hanging up.

Lucy dialed Lawrence's line immediately, and he received her call on the second ring.

"Hello, sir!" Lucy greeted politely as she rose from her desk to move around the office. It was difficult to sit still while speaking with him.

"Hello, Lucy! How are you doing today?"

"I'm alright, sir. And you?" She asked cautiously, hoping they would be done with the exchange of pleasantries so he would get to the purpose of his call soon.

She knew he probably wanted to apologize for what he had done.

"I'm fine. I called because I know I owe you an apology for what I did," Lawrence said, and Lucy raised a brow.

"What exactly did you do?" She asked, surprising Lawrence who had not expected the question.

"I beg your pardon?" Lawrence asked and Lucy smirked.

Did he really think she was going to make this easy for him when he had not made it easy for Tom or her? No way.

"I think I should know what you're apologizing for," Lucy said, and Lawrence frowned.

"Well, if you don't know then maybe there's no need to apologize to you..."

"Sure. I'm sure Evelyn and Desmond would be pleased to know what's going on," Lucy said, and Lawrence raised a brow.

"Are you threatening me?"

"It depends on how you interpret it, sir. Tom might be willing to let you off the hook so easily, but I'm not," Lucy said firmly and Lawrence chuckled.

"So what are you going to do about it then?" He asked, and Lucy narrowed her eyes.

"I should tell the family about it. I'm sure they would all be amused and delighted to know the kind of prank their grandfather played," Lucy said, and Lawrence frowned.

"For someone that couldn't meet my gaze the last time we met, you sound quite bold right now," he muttered.

"I was very cautious and respectful until you crossed the line. You had no right doing what you did," Lucy said and Lawrence smiled.

"Alright. Fine. I'm sorry. I accept that I shouldn't have asked Kimberly to lie to Tom about her daughter's paternity. I was wrong. What now?"

"Why did you do that?" She asked, and Lawrence shook his head.

"It was to prank Tom, and I also wanted to shake your relationship with Tom a bit to see how you would react," he said, and Lucy nodded.

"I see. Well, you will have to report yourself to Desmond and Evelyn and tell them exactly what you did...."

"What? I can't possibly do that!" Lawrence protested vehemently and Lucy smiled deciding it was the ideal punishment for him.

"Why not?"

"This will cause more problems between Desmond and I," Lawrence complained.

"I believe you will find a way to resolve it. You can either tell them or I will."

"Tom promised that he would keep it to himself and won't tell," Lawrence pointed out.

"Thankfully, I'm not Tom, and I don't remember making such a promise to you."

"I'm an old man and..."

"And you should have remembered that before playing such an expensive prank," Lucy cut in, and Lawrence took a deep breath.

He had not expected Lucy to be so tough. He had thought reasoning with her would be easier than it had been with Tom, especially since Kimberly had told him Lucy had forgiven her easily.

Who knew she could be so tough?

"Alright. I will tell them I was behind it," Lawrence said with a defeated sigh.

"Can I trust that this would end here and you won't interfere in our relationship anymore? I respect you a lot, but I won't tolerate any more interference," Lucy said firmly.

"I won't," he promised before hanging up.

Lucy sighed as she returned to her desk. She knew she had been sort of harsh, but that couldn't be helped.

She needed to start drawing the lines and putting people in their rightful places so that everyone would know they were not allowed to interfere in her relationship with Tom anymore.

Chapter 669 Sleepover

"Are you not going out today?" Aaron asked as he eyed Candace curiously, wondering if she had no plans for visiting Matt as she had been doing consistently since Matt brought her home the other day.

"Is there somewhere you want me to go?" Candace asked with a slightly raised brow as she turned her attention from the movie they were seeing to meet his gaze.

"You've been going out a lot lately. I just thought you'd do the same today," he said with a sweet smile.

"No, I'm not going anywhere. I want to stay indoors with you," Candace said, choosing not to indulge her father since she knew what he was driving at.

"You can go out if you want to. You don't need to keep me company," he assured her.

"Why don't we return to Sogal by weekend?" Candace asked, changing the subject.

"You read my mind. I was going to suggest that myself. I think I've had my fill of Ludus and I'm ready to get back to work. I can't wait to show you and Jamal around the company," Aaron said with a happy smile just as Jamal joined them.

"Is your company as big as Tom's company?" Jamal asked curiously as he handed his book to his mother for her to check his spellings.

"Tom's company is that big because he deals in a lot of businesses. But my company specializes in photography..."

"I guess it's not as big as Tom's then," Jamal said thoughtfully, cutting Aaron off.

"Jamal! That was rude!" Candace scolded while Aaron chuckled.

"I'm sorry, grandpa," Jamal said with his head hung in shame.

"That's alright. If you want it to be as big as Tom's some day then you will have to run it when you grow up and make it that way. Can you do that?" Aaron asked with interest.

"Uncle Harry and Tom can help me do it," Jamal said confidently, and Aaron laughed again.

"I can't wait to teach you all about Jamal," Aaron said as he looked at his grandson with a proud smile.

"Don't worry grandpa. I will make it really big," Jamal promised.

Seeing how much Jamal admired Tom and wanted to be like him, he had no doubt that Jamal had all it would take to expand HAJ studios into an even bigger company in the future.

He had never been interested in doing more than photography himself. He was content leaving it as it was, but didn't mind if Jamal would have other plans for it.

Aaron watched as Candace corrected Jamal's spelling errors and gave him another assignment to go do in the bedroom so he wouldn't be distracted by the television.

They've been doing their best to homeschool him so he would be able to catch up easily when he returns to school.

"Don't you want to date again?" Candace suddenly asked, startling Aaron who frowned.

"What?" Aaron asked as he wondered where the question had come from.

"From what I've heard from Harry he has never seen you with any lady or heard of you having a relationship. Why?" Candace asked, and Aaron shook his head.

"Because I don't want to," Aaron said, and Candace raised a brow.

"Because you got married to a bitch and she hurt your feelings?" Candace asked flatly.

"You shouldn't talk about your mother that way," Aaron said with a shake of his head.

"You can choose not to see her in that light, but you can't tell me how to see her or how to talk about her," Candace said, annoyed that even now Aaron was defending Sara.

"Candace..."

"How can you be so calm and forgiving? Don't tell me you still love her?" Candace cut it, feeling very much annoyed at him.

"This has nothing to do with loving her..."

"Sure it does. Don't you regret meeting her? Don't you wasting a part of your life with her?"

"No, I don't. That would mean I regret having you and Harry, and I could never regret that. I will always be grateful to her because it's thanks to her that I have you both. I expect you to understand this better than Harry, Candace. Do you regret being with Jamal's father?" Aaron asked, and Candace frowned.

As much as she hated Jero and all he had put them through, she could never bring herself to regret meeting with him. Not when she had gotten the best gift of her life from him.

"Candace," Aaron called softly, and she met his gaze.

"I have never thought about getting involved with anyone after Sara. Maybe it's because I haven't healed completely after all this time, or maybe it's because I am a coward and I'm scared. I don't know which it is. But it has nothing to do with loving Sara," Aaron said, and Candace sighed.

"Don't you get lonely?" She asked, remembering the reason she had asked him the question in the first place.

"How can I be lonely when there is so much to keep busy with? I gave myself to raising Harry when he was younger, and after he left for college I developed other interests. All I have looked forward to was him getting married and having a family of his own so I would have grandkids to dote on. Now I have you and Jamal. I'm not lonely. I'm happy," Aaron assured her and then sat up straighter to look at her.

"And I want you to be happy too..."

"Don't you dare try to talk about Matt," Candace cut in before Aaron could finish and he chuckled.

"How did you know I wanted to talk about him?" Aaron asked, and Candace smiled.

"You adjusted your posture and your eyes began to gleam," Candace said, and Aaron laughed again.

"Alright. Fine. I won't say anything else. How about we leave this weekend?" Aaron suggested.

"That's fine by me," Candace said, and then picked up her phone when it beeped with a message notification.

Candace clicked on it when she saw it was a message from Sonia on their girls group, [Hello, single ladies! Are you here? This is my first message to you as an engaged lady.]

Candace giggled and shook her head in amusement as she started to type a response, but stopped when Jade's response entered.

[Hello, engaged lady! What do you want from us?]

[Candace could you come over today and spend the night here? I would like us to spend some time together discussing my wedding plans. Lucy will be here, so will be Jade, since she can't sleep over at her boyfriend's] Sonia added with a grin, deliberately wanting to annoy Jade with the last line.

[Sure, I can come over.] Candace responded.

[Sonia, keep this up, and on your wedding day I will be the reason why you both can't be wedded.] Jade threatened, and Candace giggled.

[Have you guys picked a date yet?] Candace asked curiously.

[We haven't picked the exact date yet. But it's going to be in month's time.] Sonia responded.

[Alright. See you girls later then.] Candace said as she dropped her phone to focus on the movie, but it beeped almost immediately and she picked it up again thinking Sonia had left another message.

She smiled when she saw that the text was from Matt this time. They had not spoken all day. He had not called nor texted and she had also chosen not to call or text him even though he had been on her mind, especially the words he had said to her during the engagement party about waiting for her to be ready.

His text read, [Hey, sexy!]

[Hey, hottie!] Candace texted back.

[I was changing the bedsheets on my bed and I couldn't help missing you because it smelt like you. So, I decided to leave it until the next time you come, so the new sheets can smell of you too.] Matt texted and Candace eyed the text.

Why did that sound like a crafty invitation?

[Thats fine.] Candace texted back, and Matt scowled at her response.

[What's fine? The fact that I miss you or the fact that I'm leaving the very dirty bedsheet on because they smell like you?] Matt texted back and she giggled.

[Both are fine. I'm sure if the bedsheet was so dirty you wouldn't leave it on just because it smells like me.]

[Why don't you come over and see just how dirty the bedsheet is?] Matt suggested, and Candace shook her head in amusement.

[Nah. I don't think I want to drive down there just to see your dirty bedsheet.] Candace said, and Matt sighed.

[How about you come over to see me then? Just because I miss you. Don't you miss me?] he asked, and Candace grinned. Now he was stating what he wanted.

[Sorry, I can't come over. I've seen you for days in a row already so I'm taking a break.] Candace said, and Matt's brows pulled together.

[Are you getting tired of me already?] he asked, and she giggled.

"You seem to be smiling and giggling a lot," Aaron who had been watching her observed.

"It's just Sonia and Jade. Sonia wants me to come over so we can all talk about the details of the wedding," Candace lied easily and Aaron looked at her doubtfully.

"I'm serious. I'm not lying this time. Do you want to see the message?" Candace asked as she rose to go show him, and Aaron chuckled.

"I never said you were lying," he said, and she scowled at him.

"But you thought so. I will send you a picture of me in my pyjamas with the girls!" She promised as she walked away from the living room making Aaron chuckle.

As Candace walked into her room, her phone beeped again and she clicked on Matt's messages.

[Why are you not saying anything?]

[Are you dumping me already?]

[If you dump me I'm going to do a drunken live Instagram video and tell the world how mean you are.]

[Okay. So, what are you wearing?]

[Want to see the color of my brief? Come over and take a look.]

Candace rolled her eyes and giggled at his messages.

[I'm spending the night at Tom's place with Sonia and the girls. Maybe I will see you tomorrow on my way back home from there.] she texted back.

Matt pursed his lips as she read her text. She was spending the night at Tom's place? To the best of his knowledge Tom had a lot of rooms to accommodate his guests. He was very sure he could pay them a visit tonight and sleep over.

Bryan would need to plan his coming wedding with his best friend too, after all, Matt thought with a grin.

Chapter 670 Ice Cream Date

After work, Tom picked Lucy in front of the company as usual and they both headed for his house instead of Lucy's.

"My grandfather said you asked him to report himself to my parents?" Tom asked as he drove and Lucy nodded.

"Yes. He should do that much. Why? Do you have a problem with it?" Lucy asked with a raised brow and Tom shook his head.

"No. I asked you to handle it. So whatever you say is fine," Tom said quickly.

"Good," Lucy said as she looked away from him to her window.

It seemed to her that when it came to other people interfering in his life or their relationship Tom knew how to draw the line and was usually harsh and unforgiving, but when it came to his family he was lenient.

She was just going to step in and do what he couldn't do himself.

It was one thing to seek their opinion on his problems but it was another to have them interfere directly one way or the other.

Her family knew better than to interfere. They could talk all they wanted, but that was all they were allowed to do. And all the talking was to be directed at her and not at Tom.

Neither of them said a word to each other as they were both lost in their own thoughts, until they both sighed simultaneously and turned to look at each other.

"What is in your head?" Tom asked curiously.

"I'm just thinking, what now?" Lucy said, and Tom smiled since that was sort of what he had been thinking too.

As happy as he was that this whole drama with Kimberly was a ruse, he felt like some how they were back to where they were before it all came up.

Yes, there have been improvements in their relationship, but now he had no idea of what was next.

Would they be stuck in the same pattern? Would things change for them?

"What do you want now?" Tom asked, and Lucy grinned.

"A bowl of chocolate Ice cream," she said, and Tom chuckled.

"Let's find somewhere to get it for you then."

"What about you? What were you thinking?" Lucy asked as she looked at him with interest.

"Nothing serious," he said with a shake of his head as he kept his attention on the road.

They drove in silence for a moment until they sighted an ice cream parlor ahead of them and pulled over to get some for Lucy.

"Want to stay in the car while I get it?" Tom asked, and she shook her head.

"Why don't we just sit out there for a moment? There's no hurry in getting home, is there?" Lucy asked as she took off her blazers so that she was wearing just her spaghetti strapped top on her slacks.

Tom watched as she took the band off her hair and shook it out so it would fall down her shoulders.

"What are you doing?" He asked, and she smiled at him.

"Consider it an Ice cream date," she said as she opened the door and got out of the car.

Tom chuckled as he did the same, "Why do you suddenly want an ice cream date?" He asked curiously as they both headed inside.

"Because you seem tense. I want you to relax," Lucy said, surprising Tom who had not expected that.

"I'm not tense," he said, even though he appreciated her gesture.

"You are. You have been unusually quiet. So I want us to get some ice cream, relax, and pretend we are two people who are not Thomas Hank and Lucinda Perry," Lucy said, and his lips twitched.

"Want me to be Handy Tom?" He asked, wiggling his brows and she giggled.

"We can make it more fun instead. How about you are Lucy, and I am Tom?" She asked as they went to the ice cream stand to place their orders.

Tom laughed at that, "You want me to be you?" He asked, and she nodded.

"Why? Can't do that?" She asked, and Tom shrugged, feeling really amused.

"I don't see why not. I don't think it's so hard to be you. All I have to do is sit quietly, smile when I need to and make as little contribution as I can muster to any subject," Tom said, and Lucy scowled.

"That's not me!"

"How would you know that?" He asked with a grin as they stopped in front of the show glass and placed their order.

Because they now had an audience, Lucy decided not to respond.

Instead of ordering the chocolate ice cream Lucy had said she wanted, they ordered for flavors which were mixed together into a large bowl with waffles inside.

After they found a comfortable spot and sat down, Lucy scowled at Tom, "You just described me as boring," she said, and he chuckled.

"I thought we've gotten past that already?" He asked, and she raised a brow.

"How can we?"

"Alright. That wasn't to say you were boring. It just meant you don't talk much unless you absolutely need to or you are drunk. Now can we focus on switching roles?" Tom asked as he pushed up an imaginary glass on his nose bridge as Lucy often did, making Lucy giggle.

"Alright then," she said as she ate a half spoonful of ice cream.

"Action!" Lucy said, once she had swallowed her ice cream, and while Tom smiled, she kept a blank face.

Tom watched her with amused eyes, curious to see exactly how she would behave like him. Maybe it wasn't such a bad way to destress after all.

Lucy cleared her throat, "Are you okay, Jewel?" Lucy asked in a deep voice, while she tried to maintain a soft gaze as she looked at Tom.

Tom grinned, "Sure, I am. Why do you ask?" Tom asked in a tiny voice that made Lucy howl with laughter, attracting the attention of others in the ice cream parlor.

Lucy raised a hand to cover her lips, embarrassed, "Sorry about that," she said, and Tom raised a brow.

"You are breaking out of character," he said in a tiny voice that made her giggle again.

"I don't think this will work. Let's just forget about it," she said in her normal voice with a shake of her head.

"Why not?" Tom asked as he took his first spoonful of ice cream.

"Because you sound funny," Lucy said with a grin and then watched Tom with serious eyes for a moment.

"So, are you feeling better now?" she asked, and he nodded.

"Yeah. Sure. Thanks," he said, but she continued to watch him.

"What now?" Tom asked, wondering what she was thinking.

"Have I ever told you how handsome you are?" Lucy asked, and Tom chuckled as he looked away from her, feeling unexpectedly embarrassed by the compliment.

What was up with her? He mused.

"Aww! Don't tell me you are shy," Lucy said in amusement and Tom looked at her.

"Did you have some alcohol at work when no one was looking?" He asked, and she giggled.

"No, I didn't. Why?" She asked with a grin.

"If you didn't, why are you acting so unlike yourself?" Tom asked, and she smiled as she shrugged.

"I don't know. I guess I'm just happy and I want you to be too," she said, and Tom raised a brow.

"You must be really relieved that Dawn isn't mine," Tom said, and Lucy nodded.

"Yes, I am," she said, not bothering to expand on the fact that she felt that relieved because she wanted to be the only one to bear his kids if at all.

"But that's not the only reason I'm happy. I'm also glad that Anita is out and I'm excited that tomorrow Rebekah would be taken care of tomorrow. I think everything will finally be normal for us. I'm sort of feeling relaxed and contented," she said, and Tom smiled.

"That's good. I'm happy to know you feel that way," Tom said as he watched her take a spoonful of ice cream.

"Sonia said their wedding is set to be in a month's time," Lucy said, changing the subject.

"Oh, really? That's nice. I wonder what I should get them. If they didn't get a house already, I would have done that," Tom said thoughtfully, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Wow! I keep forgetting that you're that wealthy," she said, and Tom chuckled.

"What should I do to make you not forget?" Tom asked, and Lucy smiled at him.

"I love you, Tom," she said, causing his heart to flutter at the unexpected confession.

"I love you too, but what's up with you today?" Tom asked, and Lucy smiled.

"Nothing is up. I'm just thankful I have you in my life and I'm expressing that. What's so strange about it?" Lucy asked, and Tom gazed at her for a moment without saying a word.

It sort of felt like they were reversing roles and Lucy was doing what he usually did.

"It's strange because I'm not used to being at the receiving end of such open affection from you," he said, and Lucy's heart broke a little for him at that.

Where he had always been one to express his love and feelings for her at every point so effortlessly, she had been more reserved.

"Well, I guess I will have to do it more often so you get used to it," she said as she took a scoop of ice cream and brought it to his lips.

Tom opened his mouth and let her feed him, and they both held each other's gaze as he ate slowly.

"Thank you," Tom said, and she raised a brow.

"What for?" Lucy asked curiously.

"For being in my life. And for not leaving even when you thought Dawn might be mine," Tom said, and Lucy smiled.

"I'm never leaving you for anything. I love you. I want to be with you. And that's that. Even you can't make me leave you now. So you better get prepared, because going forward, I'm going to stick to you like a tick on animal skin," she threatened, and Tom laughed softly.

"I'd like that," Tom said with a happy smile.