

Wild Night 681

Chapter 681 Resolving Things

The moment Jade walked into her bedroom, she picked up her phone, which was lying on the bed, and just as she had expected, she saw that she had missed two calls from Harry.

She decided to first return Harry's call before speaking with her mother.

The phone rang for some time before Harry received the call, making her raise a brow, "What took you so long?"

"I just got out of the shower. I'm surprised you called back. For a moment there, I thought you were deliberately ignoring my call because you were mad at me," Harry said as he towel-dried his hair.

Jade rolled her eyes, "What happened is hardly enough reason for me not to want to talk to you," She said with a pout as she sat on the bed as if Harry could see her.

"Yet you didn't deem it fit to say you love me or bid me goodnight," Harry pointed out.

"That was because you left the way you did. You made me feel like I was nagging, and you couldn't wait to leave," She said, and Harry sighed.

"That wasn't my intention. You seemed like you wanted to fight..."

"We are saying the same thing, are we not? I wasn't fighting with you, but you made it look like that was what I was doing. And then you left just like that," Jade cut in.

"I was really exhausted, esquire. I barely slept last night, and I've been busy all day. I could have gone home directly after work, but I wanted to see beautiful you, and then we ran into Sara, and my mood almost got ruined, but you fixed it. It has been a really long day for me, and all I wanted was to end it on a pleasant note with you, but you wanted to fight over something unnecessary," Harry said, and Jade scowled.

"I didn't want to fight, and my annoyance wasn't unnecessary. But fine. I've heard you. Let's not stress you anymore by arguing over it. It's past now," Jade said, and Harry smiled.

"Thanks for being understanding. So, now that we have gotten that out of the way, what are you up to? Are you ready for bed?" Harry asked, changing the subject.

"I'm not sure. I plan to give my mom a call after speaking with you. A lot has happened in just one night. By the way, did you know about Lucy not wanting to marry Tom?" She asked, and Harry raised a brow.

"Why?" He asked, wondering how she had found out about that.

"Why what?" Jade asked in confusion since that wasn't the response she had been expecting.

Was he asking her why she was asking him that, or he was asking her why Lucy didn't want to get married to Tom?

"Why are you asking me that? And where did you hear that from?" Harry asked, and Jade nodded as she crossed her legs.

It was obvious that Harry knew about it, as she had expected, "Mom told Bryan. Everyone knows about it now," Jade said and went on to tell him how Lucy had yelled at them when they asked her about it.

"Why didn't you tell me about it this whole time?" Jade said with displeasure, and Harry shook his head.

Were they about to argue over this too?

"Because it is not your business. If either Lucy or Tom wanted your opinion or interference, they would have told you themselves. I guess none of them told you about it because they knew if they did, it would become public knowledge. Besides, if I had told you about it, what would you have done to help the situation?" Harry demanded.

"What do you mean if they had told me about it, it would have become public knowledge?" Jade asked, feeling very offended by that.

Harry took a deep breath, "Do you remember one of the reasons I didn't want to get involved with you?" Harry asked, and she sat up, wondering what that had to do with her question.

"Other than the fact that you didn't think I was interested in you?" Jade asked with a frown.

"My friendship with your brother. I told you before, and I'm going to say it again. I don't want our relationship to affect my friendship with Tom or vice versa. I love you as my girlfriend, and I cherish Tom as my best friend. I would like to keep my relationship with you both separate. The last thing I would want is for us to have issues over my loyalty to Tom. Don't expect me to share the personal details of his life, which he told me in confidence. Tom's business is his business, and our business is ours."

"Alright. Fine. Make sure you don't get mad when I keep stuff about Candace away from you, too," She warned.

"That's fine by me."

"That's fine by me, too," Jade hissed, and his lips twitched.

"Esquire, I'm sorry if I sounded harsh, but I just had to tell you the truth. I really think you need to stop being so interested in other people's business. It's this same trait in your mom that has caused all this mess tonight," Harry said, and Jade sighed.

"Fine. I won't ask you any personal stuff relating to Tom and Lucy anymore," Jade said grudgingly, and Harry smiled.

"And you won't pry or interfere in issues that concern the others as well unless you are called upon, right?" Harry asked, and Jade scowled.

"Well, I don't think the others mind..."

"C'mon, sugar," Harry coaxed.

"How can I not interfere? What's the point in having family and friends if I can't be involved in their personal life and business? It's boring," Jade complained, and Harry smiled.

"It's not boring. It is called respecting boundaries. You should only interfere in people's business when you are asked to get involved. Every human relationship needs healthy boundaries, esquire. And you need to start having your own boundaries, too," Harry said patiently, like he was talking to a kid.

"So, we can't gossip about our family and friends as normal couples do?" Jade asked with a frown.

"Sure, we can, only on issues that concern us. We can't pry into their business," Harry said, and Jade sighed.

"I didn't bargain to make so many changes when I decided to date you," Jade said, and Harry chuckled.

"I will never ask you to make any character adjustment that isn't for your own good, sugar. I don't want Lucy or anyone else speaking harshly to you again because of this," Harry said, and Jade sighed.

"Alright. Fine. I will try. But you also need to work on being less blunt and harsh. I'm your girlfriend, for crying out loud. You should do your best to be romantic and talk sweetly to me even when I'm upset or being unreasonable instead of leaving the way you did earlier," Jade said, and Harry smiled.

"Alright. I promise to work on it. I'm sorry I hurt your feelings. It wasn't my intention. I love you too much to ever want to deliberately hurt your feelings," He said, and Jade smiled.

"Alright. I've heard you. I'm sorry for adding to your stress as well. I should let you go to bed now. I have to give my mom a call before she goes to bed."

"Alright, love. Sleep well when you do. I love you," Harry said, and she smiled.

"I love you more. Make sure you go to bed now and don't open your eyes until morning. Sleep as much as you can and get rid of all that stress, okay?" Jade said, making him chuckle.

"Yes, milady. Goodnight," Harry said before hanging up.

Jade smiled, glad that her conversation with Harry had ended well, and then she rose and braced herself as she dialed her mom's line.

The call connected almost immediately, but Evelyn said nothing, making Jade's brows pull together.

"Mom?" She called when she heard a snuffle.

"Are you mad at me too?" Evelyn asked pitifully, making Jade feel sorry for her.

Jade sighed, "You should have known better than to call Tom and try to blame Lucy..."

"I was only trying to make him see reasons why he should have handled things himself instead of letting Lucy get involved, but he hung up. What did I do that was so wrong? I didn't ask your grandfather to do such a thing, so why is everyone blaming me? Why is no one seeing reasons with me?" Evelyn asked as she broke into a sob.

"Mom, as much as I feel sorry for you right now, I have to tell you that you brought this upon yourself. You were wrong to make this about Lucy. All you had to do was sincerely apologize for the role you played, and all would have been forgiven and forgotten. Why did you have to question

Tom about letting his girlfriend handle things? Have you considered what would have happened had she broken up with Tom over it, only for them to find out it was all a prank? Do you think Tom would have forgiven you or grandfather?" She asked, and Evelyn sniffled.

"We were only looking out for him..."

"That is still not the point! You are missing the point. Right now, it doesn't matter why grandfather did what he did. The point right now is that you made everything worse. I came back home to see Tom enjoying dinner with Lucy. They both looked happy until you called Tom and ruined his evening. You ruined the evening for all of us, not just for Tom. Why couldn't you have just called to apologize?" Jade enquired impatiently.

"I wasn't thinking straight. I was upset because your father got mad," She said as she sobbed softly. It wasn't every day one received a scolding from her husband and all her kids in one evening.

"It's okay. I'm sure Dad will let it go after he cools off. He never stays mad at you..."

"No, Jade. He's really mad this time. I've never seen him so angry. He raised his voice, and he has locked himself up in the guest room. He had never done that before," Evelyn cried, and Jade sighed.

"Don't you think instead of making things worse, you should be doing all you can to resolve things so he can stop being mad? How do you think he is going to feel when he finds out you are blaming Lucy instead of taking responsibility for your action?" Jade asked, and Evelyn's lips wobbled.

"What should I do? Tom turned off his phone already," Evelyn said, and Jade shook her head.

It was funny that the only time their mother acted like a clueless child was whenever something involved her husband.

"I'm sure Lucy's phone is on. You should call her and apologize to her directly. That way, she can calm Tom on your behalf, and they both can calm Dad on your behalf," Jade suggested.

"Apologize to her? She knows I blamed her?" Evelyn asked, feeling a surge of shame at her action.

"Of course, she does. She was pretty upset earlier and even yelled at Bryan and I when we asked her about not wanting to get married to Tom..."

"Bryan told her I told him about it?" Evelyn asked in alarm.

"Of course. If you didn't want him to say it, why did you tell him?" Jade asked and then winced when she remembered what Harry had said about Tom and Lucy keeping things from her so it wouldn't become public knowledge.

"I was wrong. I made everything worse," Evelyn said, and Jade smiled.

"Yes, mom. You were wrong. That's why Dad always says we are bound to make mistakes whenever we react emotionally to things instead of logically," Jade said, and Evelyn sighed.

"Thanks, Jade. I will call her now. I hope she doesn't reject my call," Evelyn said before hanging up.

Chapter 682 Apology

As Lucy walked out of the bedroom, she decided to stop by Jade's room first since there was every possibility that Jade might not want to speak with her or come out to join them after she had yelled at her that way earlier. She needed to clear the air with Jade.

She knew that there would be no problem with getting Candace to come out since that was the reason she was here, and she was also sure that Sonia wouldn't mind them going ahead with their plan for the evening since it was for her after all.

She knocked on Jade's bedroom door, and Jade, who had just ended her phone call with her mother, opened the door and was a bit taken aback to see Lucy standing there.

After what had happened earlier, Lucy was the last person she had been expecting to see at her door. Not because she was mad at Lucy but because she thought Lucy was still very mad.

She knew they shouldn't have confronted Lucy the way they did. If anything, they should have asked Tom who was their brother instead of asking Lucy about it that way and putting her on the spot.

"Lucy?" Jade asked, unsure of what to expect from her.

Was she here to yell some more? Jade mused.

"I was hoping we could talk. Can I come in?" Lucy asked uncertainly since she wasn't sure Jade would want to talk to her.

"Sure! Come in," Jade said as she made way for Lucy and shut the door behind Lucy after she walked in.

"Before you say anything, I want you to know that I'm sorry about what happened earlier. You were right and had every reason to be mad. Bryan and I had no right to put you on the spot that way," Jade rushed to say the moment she had shut the door, and Lucy looked at her, slightly taken aback by the apology.

"I didn't think you would apologize," Lucy said honestly.

"What? Why not? I was wrong. I know how to take responsibility and apologize when I'm wrong," Jade said, and Lucy sighed as she sat on the edge of Jade's bed.

"I knew you and Bryan were going to eventually find out about it. I just didn't expect it to come out like that at that moment. I'm sorry, I yelled. I could have made my point without yelling at you both that way," Lucy said, and Jade nodded.

"Can you forgive my mom? She isn't usually like this. She is just..."

"You don't have to make any excuses for her, Jade. And there is no reason for me not to forgive her either, as long as she learns from this. All I want is for everyone to stop meddling. Meddling creates more problems than it solves," Lucy said, and Jade nodded.

"Yeah. I get your point," Jade said as she sat down.

"Will you consider it meddling if I ask why you don't want to marry Tom?" Jade asked hopefully.

"That is a personal matter between me and Tom," Lucy said with a small smile, and Jade sighed.

"Fine. I don't want to know," Jade said, making Lucy's lips twitch since she knew that Jade was dying to know.

"I'm seeing a therapist," Lucy told Jade, wanting to at least share something personal with her. She wanted them to be friends, and she wanted to make an effort, no matter how little it was.

"Seeing as in dating? Or seeing as in receiving therapy?" Jade asked with a raised brow, making Lucy giggle.

"How can you ask me that?" Lucy asked, and Jade shrugged.

"I asked why you didn't want to marry Tom, and you said that out of the blue. So, I'm trying to connect both. Maybe you don't want to marry him because you are dating a therapist," Jade said with a silly smile that made Lucy laugh.

"I meant to say I'm receiving therapy."

"What for? Since when?" Jade asked with a concerned frown, and Lucy shrugged.

"Why do people go for therapy? I guess I'm yet to entirely heal from my trauma. Last week was my first time," Lucy said, and Jade nodded.

"Why are you telling me this, though?" Jade asked curiously, and Lucy shrugged.

"Because it is something I want you to know. I will always tell you the things I think you should know, and in exchange, you have to promise not to pry into my relationship with Tom..."

"To be honest with you, Lu, I'm not sure I understand what you all mean by prying and meddling. What is so wrong with asking questions or wanting to know more about what is going on in the life of my loved ones?" Jade asked with a slight frown.

"Asking questions is not wrong, as long as you drop it when the other person makes it clear they don't want to talk about it. And you shouldn't ask questions that make people uncomfortable. You do that a lot to Candace. There is a very thin line between asking questions and prying. Knowing when not to cross that line is very important," Lucy explained.

"I see. I guess I tend to pry and interfere a lot, and it has become a habit. So, please don't be mad when I do it. I would appreciate it if you point it out to me whenever I do so without thinking. That would make me more conscious of it," Jade said, and Lucy nodded.

"Sure, I will," Lucy said, and before she could speak further, her phone started ringing, and she pursed her lips when she saw that it was a call from Evelyn.

"Excuse me for a moment. I need to take this call," Lucy said as she rose and quickly walked out of the bedroom.

She cleared her throat as she received the call and walked down the hall so she could speak freely on the balcony with no one around to eavesdrop on the phone call.

"Lucy?" Evelyn called tentatively when the call connected.

"Were you expecting someone else to receive the call?" Lucy asked, mildly amused.

"I didn't think you would want to talk to me after what I did," Evelyn explained with a sigh.

"Well, I received the call mainly because I was curious to know why you were calling. Are you calling to directly put the blame on me, or am I to expect an apology from you?" Lucy asked as she opened the door to the balcony and stepped outside.

"I'm sorry, Lucy. I shouldn't have done or said all of that. I was wrong to let my emotions get the best of me. Can you find it in you to forgive me?" Evelyn asked, not wanting to make any more excuses.

Lucy sighed as she sat on one of the seats there, "I will forgive you only if you give me your word that you will never interfere in our relationship again. I understand that Tom is your beloved son, but he is also a full-grown man, and you need to trust him to make his own life decisions..."

"I trust him. I swear to God, Lu, I do. I never would have talked to Lawrence had I heard from Tom first or had that conversation with you at the porch the other day. I meant every word I said to you on the porch. I had no idea Lawrence would go this far to prove a point to Tom," Evelyn said, and Lucy sighed.

"I'm sorry I told Bryan about you not wanting to get married, Lucy. And I'm sorry I put the blame on you instead of taking responsibility for my actions," Evelyn said when Lucy remained silent.

"I forgive you. But this can't happen again, Evelyn, especially for Tom's sake. You got him really upset," Lucy said with a frown as she realized that she had been more upset for Tom's sake.

"It won't ever happen again, Lucy. Can you help me plead with Tom to forgive me too? And if possible, call me so I can apologize to him properly as I should have done before," Evelyn asked hopefully.

"I don't think he would want to speak with you again tonight. Maybe by morning..."

"Morning is still a long time away, Lucy. Please help me. I don't want Desmond to sleep in the guest room tonight," Evelyn pleaded.

"Alright. I will see what I can do," Lucy said before hanging up.

Away from there, in Tom's bedroom, he sat on the balcony as he spoke with his father over the phone.

"Yes. I was quite surprised when I found out grandfather was behind it too," Tom told his father.

"You should cut him off. He must think he can do whatever he likes simply because we let him walk in and out of our lives whenever he pleases. I've told him to stay away from every one of you!" Desmond said angrily.

"Please calm down, Dad," Tom said calmly.

"How can I be calm? Your mom is to blame for all of this! If she weren't always reporting everything about you kids to him, he wouldn't have pulled such crap! She doesn't listen. She seems to think she knows it all, now see the mess she has caused," Desmond said, and Tom sighed.

Tom was sort of glad that he did not bother to tell his dad how his mom was pushing the blame on Lucy. That would make him even more angry than he already was, and Tom did not want that.

"I'm sure both Grandpa and Mom have learned their lessons. Please forgive them," Tom said, and Desmond frowned.

"How do you know they have learned their lessons? They are never going to learn their lessons unless there is a drastic consequence for their actions. Why should you forgive them so easily?" Desmond asked, and Tom smiled.

"Because you have always taught us that if there is one thing we must never postpone in life, it is forgiveness. Do you remember how you used to make us kiss and makeup whenever we fought as kids? Do you think the magnitude of offence should determine when we offer forgiveness?" Tom asked reasonably and turned when he heard the door open, and Lucy joined him.

"Is that your dad?" Lucy asked, and Tom gave her a nod while wondering why she had returned to the bedroom. She didn't come to take out the egg, did she?

"I would love to speak with him too," Lucy said, and Tom relayed the information to Desmond before passing the phone to Lucy.

"Hello, Desmond!" Lucy greeted him after she had taken the phone.

"Hello, Lucy! How are you doing? I'm really sorry about everything..."

"You don't have to apologize. I'm the one who is sorry for stirring things up the way I did," Lucy cut in.

"It's a good thing you did. If you didn't, everyone would have joked it off, and they wouldn't have realized the magnitude of damage their interference could have caused," Desmond said, and Lucy nodded in agreement.

"I'm sure they have learned their lessons. Can we all forgive them now and put this behind us?" Lucy asked hopefully.

"You can forgive them if you want to. I have to make sure something like this doesn't repeat itself. I won't let my wife or father cause such troubles for my kids," Desmond said, still blowing hot.

"Evelyn is very sorry. She didn't expect that he would take things that far when she complained to him. Please forgive her," Lucy said, and Tom raised a brow, wondering why Lucy was defending his mom and whether she had spoken to her already.

"Don't worry about us. We will resolve things when we will," Desmond assured her.

"Please, Desmond..."

"Don't let it bother you, Lucy. This is not your fault, and it is not for you to fix. Evelyn needs to learn, and I know best how to teach her. I think I've let her have her way for too long," Desmond said, and Lucy sighed.

"Alright. I will give the phone back to Tom now. Goodnight," Lucy said as she returned the phone to Tom.

Tom said goodnight to his father, and after he ended the call, he looked at Lucy with a slightly raised brow, "Are you done planning with the girls already, or did you change your mind?"

"Your mom called, so I had to resolve things with her. I wanted to ask you and your dad to forgive her," Lucy said, and Tom looked at her with serious eyes.

"Did she apologize?" He asked, and Lucy nodded.

"Yes, she did. I won't be here pleading on her behalf if she didn't," Lucy assured him.

"Have you forgiven her?" Tom asked, and Lucy gave him a nod which made him sigh.

"I have forgiven her, and you should forgive her. I believe everyone has gotten the message and will think twice before interfering in our relationship from now on. They must know now that even if you don't do anything about it, I won't sit back and tolerate it," Lucy said as she leaned down and kissed his cheek.

"Alright. I've heard you. If you're okay, then I'm fine too," Tom said, and Lucy smiled.

"I should get back to gathering the girls now. You can meet us in the Den," Lucy said before walking away.

Chapter 683 Wedding Planning

After picking up her pen and journal, Lucy returned to Jade's bedroom and knocked on the door softly, and once Jade opened it Lucy smiled at her hopefully, "I was hoping we could go ahead with our plan for tonight? Candace is leaving by weekend, and since she is here already, we shouldn't waste the opportunity," Lucy said and Jade nodded in agreement.

"I don't mind. But do you think Sonia would want to? She didn't look too pleased earlier," Jade said, remembering her brief altercation with Sonia.

"Sure, she will. This is for her after all. I will get the others. You can wait at the Den," Lucy said and Jade shrugged.

"Alright. See you downstairs in a bit," Jade said before shutting the door as Lucy went to get Candace.

Candace, who lay on her bed fuming as she wondered what Matt was up to at the moment, looked to the door when she heard the knock. Even though she wasn't pleased with Matt's decision to come over here tonight, a part of her wished it was Matt who was at the door.

Maybe if he apologized for showing up the way he did, they could make up and who knows what else could happen?

She went to open the door and tried not to show her disappointment when she saw Lucy standing outside her door.

"Hey," Candace greeted with a surprised smile.

"I guess I wasn't the one you were expecting, right?" Lucy asked with a small smile not missing the disappointment in Candace's eyes.

"You weren't, but doesn't mean I'm not pleased to see you. Are you alright now? Come in," Candace said as she held open the door for Lucy thinking that maybe Lucy needed someone to talk to.

After Lucy walked in, she shut the door behind her, "I'm okay. I came to inform you that we will all be meeting in the Den to go ahead with the wedding plans. We can't miss such an opportunity when you came over tonight for it," Lucy said and Candace raised a brow.

"That's nice, but are you sure you're okay with planning a wedding after what happened earlier?" Candace asked and Lucy smiled.

"I resolved things with Jade already. We shouldn't let such minor misunderstandings ruin our plans. Tonight is about Sonia not me, so please go down to the Den. I will get Sonia and join you there," Lucy said as she headed for the door.

"Alright then. I will be down in a jiffy," Candace promised, and Lucy walked away, heading to Sonia and Bryan's bedroom.

"Sony?" Lucy called as she knocked on the door and Sonia opened the door almost immediately.

"What's wrong? You want to come in?" Sonia asked with a frown, wondering if Lucy had fought with Tom.

"What could be wrong?" Lucy asked with a smile and then looked past Sonia into the bedroom.

"Is Bryan not inside?" She asked, wondering why Sonia was asking her to come in.

Sonia shook her head, "He is probably downstairs with Matt. Why are you here? Did you fight with Tom? Did he overhear all I said?" Sonia asked with concern and Lucy smiled as she walked into the bedroom.

"Of course, he didn't. Tom isn't the type to eavesdrop. I'm sure he opened the door the moment he got there. Anyway, I came to get you so we go down to the Den..."

"What for?" Sonia asked in confusion.

"We have a wedding to plan, remember? Jade and Candace will be there waiting," Lucy said, and Sonia beamed her a smile.

"Really? I didn't think we would make wedding plans after..."

"It's your wedding, Sony. There is no way I would let my issues get in the way of our plans," Lucy assured her, and Sonia hugged her.

"Thank you. Although I'm surprised Jade agreed to come down for it. I thought she would be sulking or mad," Sonia said as she pulled back.

"I thought she might be too, but I was surprised when she apologized to me," Lucy said and Sonia smiled.

"That's nice. I guess Tom scolded her," Sonia said and Lucy shrugged.

"Maybe. Let's get going. We don't want to keep them waiting," Lucy said, and they headed for the door.

They both walked out of the room to see Candace walking out of her room, so they all walked together.

The moment they got to the Den, they saw Bryan and Matt seated there already playing PS.

"Hey, babe!" Bryan called to Sonia as he paused the game, and she went to him.

"You didn't tell me you will be down here playing games with Matt," Sonia said with a scowl and Bryan pulled her down on his lap.

"I thought you'd still be busy with Lucy. And I wasn't sure if you'd be mad at me or not," Bryan said before glancing at Lucy who was already seated.

"I'm sorry about earlier, Lucy. I didn't mean to question you that way," Bryan said, knowing if he resolved things with Lucy, Sonia would be less mad.

"All is forgiven. I hope you don't mind releasing your fiancée to us, we have a wedding to plan and we don't have all night," Lucy said and Bryan grinned.

"Sure. You can have her. Thanks for not being mad," Bryan told Lucy before looking at Sonia.

"Since Lucy is not mad, I hope you are not mad at me too? I didn't take sides with my mom, I promise," Bryan said and Sonia kissed him.

"I'm not mad. I don't want us to fight over this anyway," Sonia said and Bryan nodded.

"Me too. So, why don't you go and plan the wedding with the girls, and we can go up together when you're done?" Bryan suggested and Sonia nodded as she kissed him again before rising.

"Sorry you came over when everything is so shitty," Sonia told Matt whose gaze had been fixed on the screen since Candace walked in and he waved it off.

"It's fine. Been a while I beat Bryan's ass anyway," Matt assured her and she smiled as she went to join Lucy and Candace.

"I hope you don't rush off in the morning, let's have breakfast together and chill," Sonia said while Bryan raised a brow.

"Is Jade not joining you?" He asked, wondering why Jade wasn't there yet.

"Why won't I be joining them?" Jade asked as she walked into the Den with her journal and a pen and went to join the ladies.

"Shouldn't you guys excuse us? It's going to be distracting having you in here," Jade said and Bryan shook his head.

"We were here first. And there's a lot of other places you girls can go to," Bryan said and Sonia smiled.

"I'd rather be here and keep my eyes on him. Besides, I might need his opinion on a couple of things. So it's good he is here," Sonia said and Bryan blew her a kiss which she returned, before he resumed his game with Matt.

It didn't take a genius to know that something was wrong between Candace and Matt seeing how he was not even looking in her direction and she was trying her best to not look affected by it.

"So, let's get down to it! What kind of wedding do you want, Sony? Tell us what your dream wedding is, and we will do all we can to make it a reality," Lucy said, jumping right into it since she didn't want them to waste anymore time. It was getting late already.

Sonia pursed her lips as she considered Lucy's question while Lucy and Jade opened their journals to write.

"Wait, why am I the only one who didn't come with a jotter and pen?" Candace asked as she looked from Lucy to journal, "Lucy you didn't say anything about jotting down stuff," Candace said, making the rest of them giggle.

"I'm not with a jotter myself," Sonia pointed out.

"You are the bride. You don't count. We do the planning while you relax," Candace said dismissively.

"Goes to show you are not organized," Jade said with a sweet smile that made Candace scowl at her.

"I don't think I can stand having you as a sister-in-law. I should probably hook Harry up..."

"You wouldn't dare," Jade growled, making them laugh.

Lucy clapped to get them back to focus, "We don't have all night, ladies. And Candace, it's not compulsory you jot anything down. Jade and I will have that covered," Lucy said kindly.

"Sure. Thanks," Candace said with a nod.

"Sony?" Lucy called, reminding her that she was yet to answer her question.

"I think it's best you ask me specific questions," Sonia said and Lucy nodded.

"Alright, first of all do you want a big wedding or something intimate?" Lucy asked, and Sonia turned to ask Bryan but before she could, Jade stopped her.

"Let's know what you want first. You are the bride," Jade said, and Sonia shrugged.

"I think I would prefer an intimate wedding. It's not like I have lots of people I would want to invite anyway. I don't know about Bryan. He might want his celebrity friends to be present," Sonia said reasonably.

"Bryan, do you want a big wedding party or something intimate?" Jade called out to Bryan.

"Whatever Sonia wants is fine by me as long as I'm not expected to show up in a pink Tuxedo," Bryan said making them laugh.

"Intimate wedding it is then. We will work on the guest list later," Jade said as both her and Lucy jotted it down.

Candace couldn't help but steal glances at Matt. She had noticed that he hadn't bothered to spare her a glance since she walked into the den, and it was agitating her.

How could he say he was here to spend time with her when he had his eyes glued to the stupid game he was playing? She mused irritably as she tried not to let her annoyance show.

From there they moved to other aspects of their plan, talking about vendors and companies to patronize.

"I've received a couple of messages from various vendors on Instagram, begging to offer their services for the wedding. How about we check them out? If they're not good enough, we could look elsewhere," Sonia suggested.

"That's a nice idea. Let's see what they got," Lucy said, and they all gathered around Sonia.

"Why don't we connect Sonia's phone to the television instead of crowding Sonia this way," Candace suggested not only because it would be easier to view the screen that way, but so that Matt would stop playing the stupid game.

"But the guys..." before Lucy could protest on behalf of Bryan and Matt, Jade walked over to where the guys were and picked up the remote control of the television.

"Sorry guys. Some things are more important than others, and right now we need to make use of the television," Jade said and without waiting for them to protest she switched the channel so that Sonia could cast her phone to the tv.

"So, what are we supposed to do now?" Bryan asked with a scowl.

"Sit with us and share your opinion since it's our wedding," Sonia said sweetly as she connected her phone to the tv.

"Yes. You too, Matt, since I'm sure you're going to be Bryan's best man," Jade said so that Matt wouldn't leave.

"It was a good idea to connect the phone to the... ahh!" Lucy gasped when she suddenly felt the vibration between her thighs.

"What? Are you okay?" Sonia asked as all eyes turned to Lucy with concern.

Lucy tried not to blush or look embarrassed as she nodded. "Yeah, I'm alright," she said as she crossed her legs and while the others focused on the screen she looked at the door in time to see Tom who was grinning at her.

"What took you so long?" She asked, making the others look at Tom as he strolled into the Den.

"Missed me? I had to give Harry a call considering how I left him earlier," Tom explained as he looked around and then looked at the screen.

"How are the plans coming along?" He asked as he sat with Bryan and Matt.

All the others looked at Tom, surprised that he didn't sound any bit upset as he had sounded earlier. He sounded normal like his usual self.

If anyone had taken a closer look they would have realized that he was even looking happy now. Happier than he had been before the whole family drama started.

"Everything is under control," Jade informed him and they all returned their gaze to the screen.

While the others fixed their gaze on the screen and were busy talking about whether or not to patronize one of the vendors, Tom's gaze was fixed on Lucy.

From the way she sat, he could tell she was bracing herself for the next vibration so he relaxed as he watched her, enjoying himself.

Each time she glanced at him, he winked at her and she smiled as she returned her gaze to the screen.

When he was sure she was distracted enough and was in the middle of an argument with Jade over why one vendor was better than the other, he discreetly pressed the button again.

"C'mon, Jade! Take a look at ahhh!" Lucy exclaimed as she shot out of her seat and Tom strangled a chuckle as everyone looked at her again.

"Are you alright, Jewel?" Tom asked before anyone else could, and as Lucy opened her mouth to speak Tom pressed the plus button increasing the vibration frequency.

"Babe?" Tom asked when Lucy closed her eyes as she tried not to moan.

To the others, Tom sounded worried and concerned, but Lucy could hear the laughter in his voice.

Why was he not turning off the vibrator already? Did he plan to make her orgasm right here under the watchful gaze of everyone? Lucy thought as she choked on a moan.

Seeing how Tom was still seated and watching Lucy who was bent forward with her eyes shut, Sonia put two and two together and an amused smile twitched her lips when she realized what was happening.

"I don't think Lucy is feeling well. Maybe we should continue later. Tom, maybe you should take her upstairs," Candace suggested as she went to stand beside Lucy and patted Lucy's back which was trembling.

Lucy gritted her teeth as she looked up, not minding that her face was red, "I'm alright. I can manage," she assured them breathlessly as she held Tom's gaze.

Tom, who was struggling not to smile, pressed the power button on the vibrator so she could catch her breath.

"Are you sure you're alright? We can go upstairs..."

"Ye--s. I'm fine," Lucy said with a sigh, determined not to give in so easily, even though she knew she was horny as hell and the tingling in her clit was not going to stop anytime soon.

She was soaking wet down there, and any slight movement caused her clit to tingle.

She sat down and crossed her legs tightly together while Tom licked his teeth as he watched her, "I'm sorry for the interruption. So, as we were saying... ohhh!" She rose abruptly when Tom discreetly pressed the button again while trying not to laugh.

"Jade, please continue. I need to use the restroom," She said as she hurriedly left the Den and Tom rose with his hands tucked in his pocket.

"I should go check on her," he said with a straight face before walking away.

Immediately they left, Sonia, Bryan and Matt who had caught on to what was going on with Lucy burst into peal of laughter while Candace and Jade looked at them, wondering what was amusing about Lucy's discomfort.

"What is funny?" Jade asked in confusion.

"I don't think Lucy will be coming back any time soon. Let's just continue with the meeting some other time when she doesn't have to use the restroom," Sonia said with a grin.

Chapter 684 Not A Sex Robot

Tom kept grinning to himself as he slowly made his way to the bedroom to join Lucy.

He wasn't in a hurry. She had asked for it, and she had gotten exactly what she asked for, he thought with a chuckle.

The moment he walked into the bedroom, Lucy who had taken off her clothes already leaving only her pant on, shut the door behind him and pounced on him as she snuffed out his chuckle with her lips.

Although Tom was already very aroused merely by watching her reaction earlier, but seeing how she was naked and in a hurry to the extent of ripping his pyjamas shirt, he became even more aroused.

With their lips still locked, he reached for the waistband of her pant and he groaned when he touched just how wet she was as he took out the egg.

"Lucy..."

"Shut up, and fuck me," Lucy ordered against his lips as she pulled his trousers and briefs down his thighs so that his erection slapped her abdomen.

As Tom stepped out of his clothes and let the egg fall to the ground, Lucy took off her pant, and without wasting another moment he lifted her off her feet and as her legs came around his waist, he thrust into her making her moan loudly as she buried her face in his neck and bit him.

"Go faster, Tom," she breathed urgently as she tried to rock against him while kissing his ears.

Tom turned around so that her back was pressed against the door as he pumped in and out of her while his hands kneaded her ass.

Tom's blood was pounding in his ears as he rammed in and out of her. The deeper his thrusts the louder her cries of harder and faster.

As much as he worried for her that the others might hear her voice, she didn't care since she had decided to throw caution to the wind the moment she suggested they use the egg.

It didn't take long before Lucy's body began to spasm as she climaxed, and Tom kept thrusting in and out as she cried out loud following the waves of passion coursing through her body.

Tom pulled out of her as usual as he ejaculated, and adjusted her so that his cock would be between them, and the sperm wouldn't fall on the ground but would rather stain them both.

Seeing how she was yet to stop shaking, he carried her in his arms as he headed for the bathroom.

Once Lucy was stable, she giggled as Tom set her on her feet, "That was crazy," she said making him chuckle.

"The sex or the episode in the Den?" Tom asked with a grin.

"Both. Do you think they caught on?" Lucy asked, and Tom laughed softly when he saw the blush on her cheeks.

"It's too late to feel embarrassed. I'm sure one or two person must have guessed what was happening. And even if they didn't, the way you were screaming a short while ago is enough to tell them you weren't exactly using the restroom," Tom said and she laughed in embarrassment.

"Well, it's not like I'm the first person to do any of this, anyway. And there's no kid in the house. They are all adults so they should deal with it," she said, putting up a brave front.

"Yeah. They should deal with it," Tom said as he kissed her cheek.

Lucy looked down at the sperm which was smeared on her pelvis and part of her abdomen and then she looked up at Tom with a mischievous smile.

"You crushed little Toms all over me," she said jokingly and Tom looked at her for a moment before doubling over with laughter when he got what she meant.

"They would swim inside you if you wanted them," he joked both, keeping his tone light.

"Yeah, right," Lucy said with a grin as she turned on the shower, "Let's freshen up and go to bed. It's been a long day," she said and Tom smiled as he joined her.

He was hopeful. Very hopeful that some day Lucy would carry his babies. Their babies, inside her.

Long after everyone else had gone to bed, Candace remained awake in her bedroom, pacing to and fro as she wondered why Matt was yet to text or call her or even make any attempt to come into her bedroom.

She had left the door slightly open after coming upstairs earlier, but the longer she waited for him to show up, the more restless and impatient she became.

Why was he not coming? Was he mad at her? Was that why he had ignored her all evening and not said a word to her since their exchange?

She had wanted to assume he had deliberately ignored her because he didn't want to give the others any reason to talk about them or look at them with interest, but it was past midnight now and everyone was in their bedrooms, so what was keeping him?

Maybe she had been a bit too harsh, but what did he expect when he chose to spring such a surprise on her? She mused as she bit her lower lip.

Or maybe he was not coming to her because did not know which of the bedrooms was hers? That had to be it, Candace decided as she went to look at her reflection in the mirror, making up her mind to go to him since she knew his bedroom.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she wished she had know Matt would be there and had chosen a sexier nightie instead of the plain pajamas she was wearing.

She added a little color to her lips and ran her fingers through her hair to make it look a bit tousled.

Once she was certain she looked okay, she headed for the door deciding that if anyone saw her she was just going to tell them she was going to get herself a glass of water or something.

Never mind the glossiness of her lips. She loved to sleep with a bit of makeup on.

Picking up her phone, she opened her door quietly and stepped into the hallway. The last thing she wanted was to knock on Matt's door and alert the others that something was happening.

Once she got to Matt's door, she texted him, [Hey! I'm at standing outside your door. Open up.]

She waited for a while and when she didn't hear any movement inside the bedroom and neither did she receive a text, she frowned.

Was he ignoring her or what? She mused as she turned the knob, hoping he hadn't locked it from inside.

Thankfully, the door opened and she walked into the dimly lit bedroom. Candace's mouth hung open in disbelief when she saw him sprawled on the bed sound asleep and snoring softly.

He had been sleeping? Matt had been asleep while she was busy waiting for him to show up in her bedroom? She thought with annoyance as she shut the door behind her.

She went over to where he lay and pulled the duvet off him in annoyance, rousing him from sleep.

"Candace?" Matt asked in confusion as he sat up and turned on his bedside lamp.

"I can't believe you are sleeping," she hissed at him irritably trying to keep her voice low.

"Why? Is something wrong?" He asked as he rubbed his eyes, not understanding what she was doing in his bedroom or why she seemed so upset.

"Didn't you claim you came here because you wanted to see me?" She asked in disbelief.

"That was until you made it clear you didn't want to see me," Matt said as he adjusted his pillows behind him and sat up so he was facing her.

Now that he was no longer feeling sleepy, he could see her clearly, and his annoyance at how she had spoken to him earlier had returned.

"So you decided to go to sleep without talking to me? I can't believe you could sleep so soundly," she said as she looked down at him.

Matt drew a deep breath as he stared at her with hard eyes, "Make up your mind, Candace. It's either you want me in your life or you don't. I came here to see you and you made it clear you were not happy with my decision. I see no reason you are sneaking around in the middle of the night to my bedroom and getting mad about me being asleep. As cute as these sneaky meetings are, they're childish and getting tiring," Matt said irritably, and Candace drew back.

"So, what are you trying to say?" She asked, feeling like an idiot for coming to his bedroom.

"I'm saying you should make up your mind on what you want. I won't come and go as you please. I'm not your sex robot, I'm your lover. I'm not going to let you keep treating me like sex is the only thing I'm good enough for," Matt said and Candace frowned.

"I never said you were my sex robot and I've never treated you that way," she said defensively.

"Really? Maybe you just don't know how to treat a lover then. You said some stuff earlier that I do not appreciate..."

"What did I say?" Candace cut in.

"I'm not going to go into that. You can return to your bedroom and try to remember every word you said to me earlier. If you don't mind, I'd love to go back to sleep," Matt said, and Candace felt her heart break.

"Are you asking me to leave?" She asked, and Matt nodded.

"Yes. I want you to leave. I don't want to be... what did you call it earlier? Impulsive. Yes. I don't want to act impulsively anymore around you. How do you expect to explain being in my bedroom at this time of the night if someone sees you? You want me to stay put and for things to remain

private. I got it. I will do so going forward. You complained that they found out about us because I kept asking to see you every day. Well, guess what? You don't have to come by to my place tomorrow. I'm leaving Ludus tomorrow. So, you got your wish...."

"You are leaving Ludus tomorrow?" Candace asked in disbelief.

She had thought they still had a couple of days together before she had to leave during the weekend.

"How does it feel hearing it from me this way?" Matt asked and Candace glared at him.

"When were you going to tell me you were leaving tomorrow?" She asked, ignoring what he had said.

"You don't have to know. You can't eat your cake and have it, Candace. I hope you have a safe trip when you go back to Sogal. Give me a call when you have made up your mind on whether or not you want me in your life," Matt said, and tears stung Candace's eyes as she looked at him.

"You said you were going to wait..."

"Yes! I said that, and I meant every word of it. I am willing to wait for you to make up your mind and come around to wanting a real public relationship with me, but that doesn't mean I will put up with you throwing my love in my face every damned time or being treated like a sex robot without emotions when we are alone. I'm not asking to announce to everyone that we are doing anything. You can act aloof all you want when we are with others, but you should at least acknowledge my love and feelings for you. How can I be the only one who is considerate towards you and you are not willing to think about me? Am I asking for too much?" Matt asked, and Candace took a deep breath.

"So, what are you saying? Are you implying that we end things between us?" Candace asked and Matt dragged his fingers through his hair.

"I'm asking you to think about all I've said and let me know whether we are going to move forward or end things," Matt said, and Candace held his gaze for a moment.

"Have a safe trip when you leave," Candace said before walking out of the bedroom.

Matt sighed as the door shut behind her and he shook off the feeling of guilt that came over him because of how he had spoken to her.

He wasn't going to feel bad. He was doing the right thing both for himself and for her.

Chapter 685 Because I Love You

The moment Lucy opened her eyes, she smiled when she saw Tom staring at her with a wide smile.

"Why do you always do that?" She asked as she turned away from him so he wouldn't perceive her morning breath.

"I've told you it's my favorite way to begin my day. No matter the number of times I see your face in the morning, you look more beautiful each day," Tom said, and she giggled as she tried to sit up when he plucked her nipple.

"I guess you slept well," Lucy said as she folded her hands in front of her to shield her boobs while looking at him.

She noted that unlike the previous day and the couple of days since he got back from his trip, he looked more relaxed now and well-rested.

"Yeah, I did. Did you?" Tom asked, and Lucy gave him a nod.

"I dreamt of the kid. Dawn," Lucy said with a yawn as she stretched out.

"You dreamt of a kid you have not seen and not me who slept beside you?" Tom asked with a mock scowl.

"Of course, you were in the dream too," Lucy assured him, not bothering to tell him that in her dream, they were married, and Dawn was their daughter.

That would sound so ridiculous, especially considering the fact that Dawn was not even his child, to begin with.

"Well, it's funny that I dreamt of the kid too," Tom said with a sigh, and Lucy raised a brow.

"What was the dream about?" She asked with interest, and Tom shrugged.

"She was visiting. I guess this whole stuff got to us too much," Tom said, and Lucy nodded.

"Yeah, it did. I wonder if your parents made up last night," Lucy said thoughtfully.

"Don't worry about them. Let them handle their issue themselves. I don't want to think about last night," Tom said, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Are you sure you don't want to think about last night? Is there no part of it you want to remember?" She asked suggestively, and Tom chuckled.

"You know that's not what I meant. When next would you like to give it a try?" Tom asked, and Lucy giggled.

"I need to work on my self-control first," she said as she got off the bed.

"It's not fun if you are able to control yourself. I liked how you kept ahhing," Tom said with a chuckle, and Lucy giggled.

"Yeah, you liked it because you won't be the one to face the others. Perhaps we should find a similar toy for you. Let's see how well you will like it then," Lucy said as she walked over to the dressing table, not minding that she was completely naked.

She turned to look at Tom when she noticed how silent he was and giggled when she saw that he was trying to sneak up on her.

"We should get ready for work. Today is the show day," she said, reminding Tom about Eric's show with Rebekah.

"Yeah. I also spoke with Barry and Eric last night before joining you at the Den. Everything is in place for today," Tom said as he stood behind her and grabbed her boobs from behind so they were staring at their naked forms.

Lucy's nipples hardened involuntarily when she felt his erection poke into her back, and she moaned softly as Tom's thumb played with her nipples.

"You are turning me into something I don't recognize," she said as she leaned against him and shut her eyes

"Open your eyes and look into the mirror," Tom urged her softly as his other hand slowly caressed all the way down from her boobs to her abdomen, down to the spot between her thighs.

Lucy opened her gray eyes, which were heavy with desire already, and her breath quickened as she watched Tom in the mirror. Lucy could feel herself getting well already as she held his gaze.

"See how good we look together?" Tom whispered in a husky voice as he hunched a bit so that his lips were at the same level as her ear.

"Don't we look good together?" Tom asked, urging her to answer his question as his finger made contact with her clit, and she gasped softly.

"We do," she said breathlessly.

"Have you ever imagined what our kids would look like?" Tom asked as he slipped two fingers inside her already juicy slit, and Lucy moaned as she arched her back to give him access.

"Have you?" He asked as he kissed her nape.

"Yes," Lucy moaned as she tried to turn to face him, but he held her in place as he continued thrusting in and out of her with his fingers.

"Look at me, Jewel. We are having a conversation," Tom whispered as he licked her ear, and Lucy's legs trembled.

"How am I supposed to think?" Lucy struggled to ask past the fog of lust that had settled on her brain.

"I don't want either of us to think. We think too much. I like this conversation this way," Tom said as he rubbed his cock against her, and Lucy moaned as she rubbed back against him.

"You've imagined what our kids would look like?" He asked again, and she gave him a nod, unable to speak.

"Did you like what you saw?" He asked as he thrust in deeper with his fingers bent upward so he could locate her G-spot.

"Yaaaah," Lucy cried as he made a come gesture inside her.

"So, why do you want to deprive us both of that?" He asked as his other hand went to work on her clit while he kept thrusting inside her with his other fingers.

"Tom..." Lucy cried as her legs began to shake.

"Tell me why, Jewel," Tom said as he held her gaze and watched as she slowly toppled over the edge of pleasure with a loud cry.

As her whole body trembled with the force of her orgasm, Tom slipped his fingers out of her and bent her over so that her elbows rested on the dressing table as he thrust into her from behind.

Lucy cried out loudly as she felt him thrust into her, and it was obvious he was not making love to her this time. They were fucking, and she loved every bit of it.

It didn't take long before she felt another orgasm rack through her body, and as she came, Tom pulled out of her as he also ejaculated, letting the sperm spill on her ass.

Tom leaned over her body as they both panted hard, trying to catch their breath and once they did, Lucy looked at Tom.

"What was that about?" She asked, and Tom grinned.

"Wanted us to start the day on a sexy note," he said with a wink.

"I mean the questions," Lucy said, and Tom shrugged as he kissed her shoulder and stepped away.

"Giving you something to think about. You did say you'd think about it yesterday. Just reminding you not to forget to think about it," Tom said casually, even though it was a topic he really wanted them to have.

Now that he knew she was gradually changing her mind about getting married to him, he wanted to know if that also applied to having kids with him or if she had been joking.

Lucy turned to face him, "I see," she said as she watched him.

"What do you see?" Tom asked, and she shrugged.

"I will think about it, okay?" She said, but Tom eyed her doubtfully.

"For real?" He asked, and she nodded.

"Yeah. Let's not talk about it now, okay? We agreed not to have this discussion until next year, remember?" Lucy said, and Tom nodded.

"Yeah, we did. Sorry. Just wanted to make sure I got a favorable response when the time comes," Tom said, and Lucy smiled.

"I guess this whole stuff has increased your longing for a child," she joked.

"Not just any child. A love child with you. I've always longed for that," Tom said, and Lucy raised a brow.

"A love child? Doesn't that mean a child born to parents who are not married?" She asked, and Tom frowned.

"Well, since you wouldn't marry me, I've decided to settle for that, at least that," Tom said, and she scowled.

"Let's get ready for work so we don't run late," Lucy said, changing the topic since she didn't want to have to tell him all she was thinking now until she was entirely sure.

She glared at Tom when she felt his sperm dripping down her ass, "Why did you do that?" She asked as she tried to turn around to look at it.

"We are going to shower anyway. It's easier to wash it off you than to clean the ground or leave it to the cleaner," Tom said with a wink and whistled happily as he headed for the bathroom, leaving her to follow him.

Even though she was not saying the exact words he wanted to hear yet, it was apparent that she was gradually getting there. That was all that mattered. A year, two years, he could give her all that to make up her mind as long as it yielded the desired result.

"What about Sara? How much longer before she is taken care of?" Lucy asked as she walked into the bathroom, where Tom was already pressing the toothpaste onto their toothbrushes.

"Your plastic aunt, you mean?" Tom asked with a taunting smile, and Lucy giggled.

"Your best friend's mom," Lucy said, and Tom chuckled as he watched her sit on the toilet seat to ease herself.

"Soon enough. Harry wants to be done with her as quickly as he can," Tom said as he began to brush his teeth.

"Yeah, I got that from the way he spoke about her last night," Lucy said as she eased herself, and she blushed in embarrassment when she farted in the process.

"You are so cute," Tom said with a chuckle as she cleaned up and rose to join him after flushing the toilet.

"You are probably the only guy on the planet who thinks watching his girlfriend fart is cute," Lucy said dryly as she took her toothbrush from him and started brushing too.

"Maybe I think so because you're the only girl on the planet who looks cute when she farts. We would never know if other girls look cute because I don't care about them. I only have my eyes on you," Tom said, and Lucy rolled her eyes as she giggled.

"After we've taken care of everything and Harry is back from his vacation, you should apply for leave so we can go on one too," Tom suggested, and Lucy raised a brow.

"Where would you want to go?" She asked, and he shrugged.

"Any place of your choice. Somewhere romantic where I can make love to you under the sunset or at a private beachfront..." Tom said as he trailed a finger down her back, and Lucy giggled.

"Keep doing that, and you are going to turn me into a sex maniac," Lucy threatened.

"Wouldn't be a bad idea. We need to catch up on all the years of sex you missed," Tom said with a wink, and she giggled.

"That's very thoughtful of you. For now, let's just hurry up and get out of the house before the others wake up. I am not ready to face any of them on our way out," Lucy said, and Tom grinned as he cleaned his toothbrush and replaced it on the stand.

He had no doubt that he was going to have a beautiful day today. And even if anything happened to try to upset him, all he would need to do was remember how he had started the day with his Jewel.

"Why are you smiling to yourself?" Lucy asked, and Tom grinned.

"Because I love you."

Chapter 686 Torch

Jade was woken up by Harry's phone call, and she smiled as she received the call and heard Harry's voice.

"Good morning, beautiful."

"Good morning, handsome," she greeted with a yawn.

"You're still in bed? I thought you'd be up and bubbling with excitement ready to go kick ass,," Harry said and Jade giggled.

"I decided to enjoy my sleep first. The show won't be on until 10 A.M., so there is still enough time to bubble with excitement," Jade said and Harry smiled as he sipped from his mug of coffee.

"Everything is set then, I suppose?" He asked, and listened as she made some funny sounds while stretching.

"Sure. Did you sleep well?" Jade asked as she got out of bed.

"Yeah. I did. You?" He asked and she scowled.

"I would have slept better if you were beside me," she said and Harry chuckled.

"Make no mistake, esquire. You wouldn't have had much of a sleep if you were on the same bed with me," Harry said, and Jade grinned.

"Really? What would we have been doing then?" She asked in a flirty tone and Harry chuckled.

"You will find out when the time comes," Harry said and Jade scowled.

"You're not fun," she complained with a pout.

"So, you've told me. I'm still boring old uncle Harry, remember?" He asked, and she giggled.

"I thought you were over that already," she said in amusement, thinking how it seemed like ages ago since she called him boring.

"How can I be over it when you reminded me just now?" He asked dryly.

"Anyway, I apologized to Lucy last night," Jade said, and Harry raised a brow.

"You did?" He asked, since he had not expected that.

"Yeah. I was going to do so in the morning but she came over to my bedroom so we talked a bit," Jade explained the details of her conversation with Lucy.

"That's sweet of you, esquire. I'm very pleased with you. I should reward you. Tell me what you want," he said, and Jade smiled, feeling like a little girl.

"Anything?" Jade asked, and Harry chuckled when he heard the excitement in her voice.

"Sure," he said and Jade grinned.

"Can I spend the weekend with you after your family leaves?" She asked hopefully, and Harry chuckled.

Why was he not surprised, "The weekend? You don't want me to get you something?" He asked and she shook her head.

"No. I just want to have a normal weekend alone with my boyfriend in his apartment," Jade said and Harry smiled.

"Sure. We can do that," Harry said, and chuckled when he heard her screech happily.

"Really? We can?" Jade asked making him laugh.

"I don't see why not. It's just for the weekend. You're not moving in. And mind you, this doesn't mean I will make love to you or..."

"Don't say something you might have to take back or regret, baby," Jade cut in, thinking about all the sexy clothes and undies she was going to take with her for the weekend. She planned to make it very hard for him to resist her.

Who cared the number of ladies he had resisted in the past? She was Jade Hank, his girlfriend. Those ladies had meant nothing to him, but she was his girlfriend and she knew without a doubt that she would find a way to crack him.

Even though Harry was not there with her he could imagine all that was running through her mind already, and it made him want to take back what he had said about letting her spend the weekend alone with him.

Could he really resist her if she came to spend the weekend with him, prepared?

"You have to play fair, esquire..."

"All is fair in love and war, darling," Jade drawled dramatically, giddy with excitement now that she could tell he wasn't so confident.

Harry sighed, "Alright. I need to get ready for work now. I love you. Have a beautiful day, and don't hesitate to give me a call or text whenever you can. I will do the same," Harry promised.

"I love you more. Muahh!" Jade blew a kiss into the speaker before hanging up.

Now that she had started the day on such a pleasant note with Harry, she was ready to step out.

First she needed her morning dose of coffee, she thought as she walked into the bathroom to brush her teeth and when she was done, she decided to check in on Candace if she was awake so they could go downstairs together.

Once she knocked on Candace's door, it didn't take long before Candace opened the door, and she raised a brow when she noticed Candace's disheveled appearance.

She didn't look like she had slept well, and her eyes were sort of red around the edges.

This was not what she had expected when she knocked on Candace's door. Although she had thought Candace might still be in bed because she was too tired from all the sexercise with Matt over the night.

She had expected a flushed and gleaming-eyed Candace glowing from the after effect of a night well spent in the arms of Matt, not this.

"Are you okay?" Jade asked with concern.

"Yeah. Good morning," Candace said, and even though Jade wanted to probe some more, she held herself from doing that.

"Want to sleep some more or are you up for breakfast? You are coming with me to the show remember?" Jade said, and Candace sighed.

"Give me a couple of minutes to freshen up and I will join you," Candace said as she turned to return into her bedroom and Jade followed her inside.

"Are you feeling sick?" Jade asked and Candace shook her head.

"No. I couldn't sleep much. I spent the night binge watching a movie on Netflix," Candace said as she walked into the bathroom while Jade sat on the bed.

"I thought you would spend the night with Matt. Are you both really not talking?" Jade asked despite her decision not to pry.

"Yeah. We are not talking," Candace said flatly as she busied with brushing her teeth and washing her face.

The exchange with Matt had disturbed and upset her a lot to the point that she had been unable to go to sleep.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Jade asked, and Candace turned to look at her in disbelief.

"Am I dreaming or is Jade Hank really asking me such a question?" Candace asked, and Jade giggled.

"Don't sound so shocked. I'm learning not to pry or meddle anymore. So? Do you want to talk about it or not?" She asked and Candace raised a brow.

"Will you let me be if I say I don't want to talk about it?" Candace asked and Jade shrugged.

"Sure. It will be hard, but I will drop it," she promised.

"Good. I don't want to talk about it. Thanks for asking though," Candace said and Jade sighed.

"This is so boring," she complained with a pout and Candace giggled.

"Keep practicing. You will get used to minding your business soon enough. I'm ready. Let's go downstairs," Candace said and they both walked out of the bedroom together.

"Last night was funny though. I googled the vibrator stuff. Can't believe Tom and Lucy did that. I'm surprised you didn't figure it out like the others," Jade said, and Candace giggled.

"If it were someone else I would have easily suspected that was what was happening, but because it was Lucy I just didn't think in that direction. I wonder whose idea it was. Must be Tom's. Lucy is much too reserved to want to do something like that," Candace said and Jade had to agree.

Lucy did not seem like the type who would want to experience such pleasure in public.

"They must have had a really nice time afterwards," Jade said with a giggle.

"They definitely did," Candace said, and Jade smiled thoughtfully.

"I wonder what Harry would think about me owning a vibrator," Jade said as she imagined teasing Harry with it.

"If he is as old-fashioned as you claim he might not like the idea. Some guys hate the thought of sharing their partners with anything else. It's like saying he isn't doing a good job," Candace said and Jade smiled.

She was just going to take one to Harry's place for the weekend. It was either he did the job or watch her use the vibrator to get the job done.

"Have you ever used one? A vibrator?" Jade asked curiously and Candace giggled.

"Yeah. Until Jamal somehow discovered it one day and we had to tell him it was a torch which had gone bad, and I disposed it in front of him," Candace said and Jade doubled over with laughter.

"A torch? Seriously?" Jade asked as they both walked down the stairs.

"What other explanation could we give to him? I was too flustered by the sight of him holding it up and wanting to put it in his mouth..."

"In his mouth? Oh, my God! Where did he even find it?" Jade asked, unable to control her laughter.

"I was using it, and when I heard him approaching the room I quickly took it out and left it under my pillow to attend to him. I guess I forgot all about it because the next time I saw it, it was in his hands," Candace said and Jade hooted with laughter.

"Oh, my God! That's so funny!"

"Thankfully Andy was quick to snatch it from him. You had to see how serious she looked as she told him how dangerous it was for kids to play with spoilt torches," Candace said with a grin.

"And he bought that?" Jade asked in amusement.

"Why not? He was just five years old. And I'm sure he would buy it even now. He even asked us to get a similar torch so he would see how it works," Candace said and Jade giggled.

"I can't imagine what he would think of you when he grows up and find out what that was," Jade said as they got to the dining.

"I pray he never remembers," Candace said as she sat down while Samantha came to join them.

"Ready for breakfast or you just want coffee? I had a hard time convincing Matt to have breakfast before he hurried off after taking just a cup of coffee. Seeing you all last night I was happy there was a full house and the dining would be lively, but I guessed wrong," Samantha complained after they were done with the pleasantries and small talk.

"Matt left already?" Jade asked, surprised to hear that.

"Yes. He said he had a flight to catch and had to hurry off," Samantha explained.

"I will have breakfast if it's ready," Candace said, wanting to change the subject.

"Me too," Jade said, and waited until Samantha had disappeared before facing Candace.

"Did you both have a serious fight?" Jade asked with concern.

"We didn't fight. By the way, I thought you were practising how to mind your business?" Candace reminded her.

"I just wanted to be sure you are okay," Jade said, and Candace flashed her a smile.

"Why wouldn't I be? Thanks for your concern, but I think it's time to change the topic. Let's talk about the live show," Candace suggested, and they both looked up when they heard Lucy and Tom's laughter as they approached.

Lucy stopped laughing when she saw Candace and Jade seated at the dining, and a blush stole up her cheeks when she noticed the amusement on their faces.

"Good morning to you both," Candace greeted with a pleasant smile while Jade grinned as she eyed Lucy with interest.

"Good morning. I hope you both slept well," Tom said and after the pleasantries he excused himself to go give Samantha instructions on the meal he wanted delivered to him at the office.

"I'm sorry I couldn't wait until the end of the discussions last night. How did it go?" Lucy asked with interest.

"Sonia decided we meet some other time since you were indisposed," Candace said and Lucy tried not to blush.

So much for assuring Sonia she wouldn't let her personal business get in the way of Sonia's wedding plan.

"So, how are you feeling this morning?" Jade asked with a wink.

Lucy raised a chin as she met Jade's gaze, "Thanks to Tom, I feel much better," Lucy said with a sweet smile that made them laugh.

"You keep surprising me, Lucy. I wouldn't have figured you for the type to do something so wild," Jade said, and Lucy shrugged.

"What can I say? More surprises await you," she said as she turned to Candace who was grinning at her.

"Uhm, did you guys agree on another time to meet then?" she asked curiously.

"Not yet. Maybe we can do that on the group chat later," Jade said just as Tom returned.

"Alright. Sure," Lucy said as she turned to Tom.

"Are you ready to leave now," Tom asked as he took Lucy's hand and she gave him a nod.

"Have a lovely day," Lucy called to them as she let Tom pull her away.

Chapter 687 Show Time

Although it was supposed to be her big day, Rebekah wasn't feeling excited about it in any way.

It was less than two hours before the show, and she was still seated in front of her dressing table, staring into the mirror.

The makeup artist she had contacted and the hair stylist would arrive soon, and she couldn't even work up the motivation to freshen up before their arrival.

She had no idea why the thought of being on a live show suddenly made her feel very nervous, like she was a trapped mouse.

Thomas Hank and Lucinda Perry would probably watch the show, and if they had so much as forgotten about her existence, seeing her on their screen would draw their attention back to her.

It did not help that despite driving the long distance to the chief judge's office the previous day; he had refused to see her.

She had waited for hours, but all to no avail. It seemed like everyone, and everything was working against her right now, and she had no idea why.

She had even gone to her hitman's place once again, and after looking around to be sure no one suspicious was lurking around, she had gone in to search his place to see if she would find anything that could tie him to her.

She turned to the door when a knock sounded on it, and before she could say anything, the door opened, and both Bernice and Tiffany walked into the bedroom.

They were both dressed in the outfits they had picked when they all went shopping for the show together the last time.

"Don't tell me you haven't had your bath, Mother?" Tiffany asked in disbelief as she looked at her mother, who was still dressed in her sleeping gown.

"Are you ill?" Bernice asked as they both went to her side.

They both looked so radially dressed and excited that she began to feel uncomfortable, "I'm not ill. I was just going to the bathroom now," She said as she rose.

"You don't look so healthy, Mother. And you look like you haven't been sleeping well. You have circles under..."

"I said I'm fine!" Rebekah snapped at Tiffany irritably.

"Why are you both here anyway?" she asked with a frown.

"Well, we figured we all leave together like in a convoy. We came with our most expensive cars. We should make a statement with our arrival, you know?" Tiffany said excitedly, and Rebekah smiled reluctantly.

"Yeah. Sure. I should freshen up before my makeup artist and hairstylist gets here," Rebekah said, wanting them to excuse her.

"By the way, have you seen the news about Wilson?" Bernice asked as they headed for the door.

"Yes. I received a call from Emilia yesterday," Rebekah said, and both Bernice and Tiffany looked at her with interest.

"Is the news true?" Tiffany asked, and Rebekah shrugged.

"They did what they had to do to get to where they are now. You can wait for me in the dressing room," she said dismissively as she walked into the bathroom, leaving her daughters to excuse her.

"What does she mean by that?" Tiffany asked Bernice as they headed downstairs to the dressing room.

"She means exactly what she said. We come from a family of horrible people who would do anything to get to where they want to be," Bernice said, not exactly surprised.

"I wonder where the poor girl is," Tiffany said with a sigh.

"That is if she is still alive. Anyway, what do you think is wrong with her? Is she suddenly having cold feet about the show?" Bernice asked, and Tiffany shook her head.

"Looks that way to me. Well, it's our duty to make sure she gets there. She wouldn't dare back out of a show like that. Especially not when Eric already announced us to be the next guests on the show," Tiffany said, and Bernice smiled.

"Hopefully, everything will go well. She would be arrested, and Jack would be released," Tiffany said as they walked into the dressing room where the makeup artist and hairstylist were going to doll up Rebekah.

"I wonder what Jade Hank has up her sleeves for the show," Bernice said thoughtfully.

"We will find out soon enough. I can't wait to see her escorted out by the police," Tiffany said as she touched up her makeup.

"That would be a sight to behold," Bernice said as she also touched up her makeup.

"I've been thinking," Tiffany said after a while, and Bernice turned to her.

"About what?"

"About Jack and I. I'm going to ask for a divorce after things settle down," Tiffany said, and Bernice's eyes widened.

"For real? I thought you were kidding when you mentioned it the last time," she asked, feeling guilty.

She knew it would be hard for Tiffany to forgive and forget what she did with her husband.

"I thought about it and decided it was time to be true to myself. Lisa is so happy in her home. I want that for myself. A partner who is crazy about me and who I feel the same about. Look at Anita. Although she almost ruined things for herself, she is set to change her life now. The life I'm living right now is what mother chose for me. I didn't choose it. I want to live for myself now. I think you should too," Tiffany said, and Bernice shrugged.

"I get what you mean. It's not like I have a choice anyway. With Adam gone now, I don't have to worry about a messy divorce," Bernice said, and Tiffany nodded in agreement.

"Talking about messy stuff, Mother's arrest is going to bring a lot of ugly attention to us. Maybe we should travel to somewhere with the kids and lie low until things settle," Tiffany suggested.

"I'm not sure I can do that. I'm yet to see Adam's body, remember? And I know nothing about the funeral arrangement either. The boys and I can't be absent at his funeral," Bernice said, and they both stopped talking abruptly when they heard footsteps approaching.

It was the make-up artist and hairstylist who had arrived to get Rebekah ready.

Rebekah joined them twenty minutes later, and as they busied with dolling her up while her daughters talked about Lisa's beautiful baby, Rebekah remembered what Emilia had said about Thomas.

"Are you both aware that Rachel's ex-fiance happened to be Lucinda Perry's twin brother?" she asked, and they both turned to her in surprise.

"Really?" Tiffany asked in surprise.

"I guess that's how Anita knew about Lucinda's past?" Bernice said thoughtfully.

"I guess so. I didn't think about that. Emilia and her husband believe that Thomas Hank might be behind their problem," Rebekah said, and both sisters frowned.

"Why would he do that? I thought Anita mentioned that it was the guy that called off the engagement?" Bernice asked curiously, and Rebekah explained the details to them since it was easier to dwell and focus on other people's problems than hers.

"If Thomas Hank is truly behind this, then I must say he is scary," Tiffany said with a false shudder.

"That is why you shouldn't have employed the service of his sister. What makes you think she would judge the case in your favour? What if she is just trying to find something to use against us?" Rebekah asked, and Tiffany rolled her eyes.

"We didn't do anything wrong..."

"You of all people who encountered her at the spa, shouldn't be saying that. And after that video Anita made, it would do us good to avoid them completely," Rebekah said, and Bernice smiled.

"You sound scared, mother. That is so unlike you," Bernice taunted, and as she expected, Rebekah raised a chin.

"Scared? Of who? I am not scared. I have no reason to be. It would be foolish not to be careful. That's all I'm saying," Rebekah said haughtily.

"If you're so concerned about it, maybe we should pay Thomas Hank a visit and apologise for all misunderstanding so he doesn't target us," Tiffany suggested, even though she knew it was too late for their mother already.

"I agree with you. Anita has mentioned you already..."

"Or maybe I could take a moment to address that during the show?" Rebekah suggested, and both her daughters clapped in agreement.

"That would be perfect!" Tiffany said, and Rebekah smiled.

She was going to do just that. She was not so stupid to want to go against Thomas Hank, especially not now when she didn't have the backing of her inlaws.

An hour later, Rebekah Miller was all glammed up and strutting like a peacock as she walked into Eric Howell's office with her daughter behind her.

It was her first time meeting him in person, and thanks to her daughters, all the jitters she had been having earlier had been replaced with excitement.

She was Rebekah Miller, after all.

"Hello, Mrs Miller! It's a pleasure to have you in our studio today," Eric greeted pleasantly as he rose to shake hands with the woman he had become so curious about.

He was dying to know just what secrets she had that Thomas Hank wanted to expose.

"The pleasure is all mine, Mr Howell..."

"Eric. Call me, Eric, please. I love to be on a friendly basis with my guests. And these beauties are your lovely daughters, I suppose," Eric said as his gaze shifted from Rebekah to Tiffany and Bernice.

"Yes, they are. This is Bernice, my eldest daughter. She was married to the late Adam Washington, and this is Tiffany, my second daughter. She is married to Jackson Bateman of Bateman Corp," Rebekah said proudly, making her daughters cringe at her tactlessness.

How could she talk about Adam's death so dismissively, like it happened ages ago, and mention Jackson like he was some superstar when in reality, he was locked up for a crime they believed she committed?

"My condolences. I read about both of your husbands. As a matter of fact, I didn't expect that either of you would make it here today," Eric said, and Tiffany smiled.

"We couldn't leave our mother to be here alone, seeing as you requested an interview with her and her daughters. Our other sisters can't be here because the youngest is out of town, and the other put to birth a couple of days ago. So, we just had to be here to support our mother," Bernice explained with a polite smile.

"I see. I wouldn't like to put you both in a tough spot considering how things are right now for both of your families. I don't mind interviewing your mother alone if this is going to be stressful for you," Eric said, and before Rebekah could speak both, Bernice responded.

"No, it's fine. We are okay. We need the distraction," Bernice said, and Tiffany nodded in agreement, leaving Eric to wonder about the manner of people they were.

How could they show up for a live television show at a time like this? He mused.

He still couldn't wrap his head around what was going on, especially after the visit from Jade Hank that left him with the impression that the daughters were working together with the Hanks against their mother.

"Then you won't mind answering some questions while on the show? I'm sure the viewers would be curious," Eric said, and Rebekah tried not to look displeased by the idea that her daughters were going to steal the show from her.

"I don't think that's a good idea..."

"Sure. We don't mind answering some questions. We have nothing to hide after all," Tiffany said, and Bernice nodded in agreement while Rebekah forced a smile.

"As long as we don't make the show all about their marital woes," she said with awkward laughter and her daughters joined in her laughter, surprising Eric, who expected them to be offended by their mother's word.

"We wouldn't dare steal your show, mother! You are the star of the day," Bernice assured her with a bright smile.

They all turned to the door when a knock sounded before the door was cracked open a bit to reveal Eric's assistant.

"The stage is set, and the audience is ready for the show," she informed them so they could leave.

"I guess it's show time, ladies!" Eric announced before leading them out of his office to the stage where Alicia was already seated waiting for them.

Bernice's phone beeped with a text notification as she followed them, and her heart skipped a beat when she paused to click on it and saw it was from Jade.

[Your husband is not dead.]

Chapter 688 Talk Show (1)

As Rebekah Miller got on the stage with Eric and her daughters, the first person her eyes fell on in the audience was Jade, who was seated in front, and the moment their gaze met, Jade waved at her with a grin, and Candace who was sitting beside Jade giggled.

If she wasn't already feeling uncomfortable by Jade's presence there, the fact that Jade was holding a box of popcorn as though she was getting ready to enjoy herself made all her earlier anxiety return.

Her feeling of unease only got worse when her gaze shifted from Jade to scan the rest of the audience, and her heart skipped several beats when she made eye contact with familiar faces.

Most of them were her lovers, both past and present.

What was going on?

"Mrs Miller?" Eric Howells called since she was the only one still standing while everyone else was seated.

Rebekah turned to Eric with confused eyes and looked back at the audience, wondering if her brain was making up things or if these people were indeed here.

"Mother? Are you alright?" Tiffany whispered when she noticed that her mother had gone pale and beads of sweat coated her forehead.

Tiffany couldn't understand why her mother was suddenly looking like a deer caught in the headlight of a car. It definitely couldn't be merely because she saw Jade.

Tiffany turned to look at Bernice, who was silent, and she noticed that Bernice had a distant look in her eyes as she stared ahead of her.

What was going on? Tiffany mused.

"Mrs Miller? It is now or never. We are going live in less than two minutes," Eric informed Rebekah impatiently before facing the audience.

10 A.M was show time, and the show was going to start whether or not she was ready to compose herself. He could guess that her reaction was because of someone in the audience. He had no idea who they were or why Thomas Hank had chosen these people.

Tiffany rose from her seat and took her mother's hand, "You are embarrassing us. Are you ill?" Tiffany asked as she pulled her onto her seat.

Rebekah shook her head, "I'm fine. What is she doing here? Did you invite her?" she asked as she sat down.

"Who?" Tiffany asked in mock confusion.

"Jade Hank," Rebekah hissed.

"No, I didn't. Maybe it's coincidence..."

"It's not! I think she is up to something..."

"Mother, you're being paranoid. The show is about to start. Please pull yourself together and don't embarrass us any further," Tiffany said impatiently, and even though Rebekah still had her concerns about the chosen audience, she decided to let it rest.

There was no way Eric could have known that most of the men present there were her lovers. That was something only she knew. So maybe this was all a coincidence.

She was going to make sure to publicly apologize to Thomas Hank and his girlfriend during the show so that she could stop feeling so anxious.

She was Rebekah Miller, and she knew she was more than capable of handling whatever came her way today.

"Benny? Are you alright?" Tiffany whispered to Bernice, and she looked at her with distant eyes as she gave her a nod.

She was alright. What she couldn't wrap her head around was the fact that Adam was still alive.

It made sense that he was alive, seeing how she was yet to see his body, and his parents weren't exactly acting like they were mourning him.

What she couldn't understand was why it was all over the news that Adam was Dead and how Jade had managed to find out that he was alive despite the news.

If he wasn't dead, where was he? And what was he doing? Did that mean their mother was innocent and had not killed Adam as they had thought?

Or was it that her mother and Adam had come up with this plan together?

Most importantly, why did Jade send another text asking her to make the announcement during the interview? What did she stand to gain?

She couldn't understand all that was going on, and the thought of it was beginning to make her head ache.

"Good morning, and welcome to your favourite television show, Live with Eric Howells! As you already know, I'm your host Eric Howells," he said with a wink, and the audience applauded as expected.

"Thank you. With me, here is my cohost, Alicia Hagin," Eric introduced, and Alicia smiled at the camera.

"Good morning, and welcome to Live with Eric Howells," Alicia said with a relaxed smile.

"As you can see, we have some very special guests with us on today's show. At first glance, you'd think they are three sisters. I'm sure you think so, right? I thought so myself, but they are not," Eric said with a grin, and Rebekah preened with pleasure at the compliment.

"With us on the show today is the ever-young and beautiful Rebekah Miller and her gorgeous daughters, Tiffany Bateman and Bernice Washington," Eric introduced, and the audience cheered.

"I'm curious about something, Mrs Miller..."

"Call me Rebekah, please," Rebekah cut in with a pleasant smile.

"Rebekah, it is then. Do you mind sharing the secret of your ageless beauty with us," Eric asked, and Rebekah flushed with pleasure.

"I was going to ask her that myself. Your beauty is so radiantly youthful," Alicia said, and Rebekah giggled, loving the attention she was receiving.

"Well, there is not much secret. I eat a healthy diet, I exercise regularly, and I don't miss my facials and spa sessions..."

"And thanks to the science of plastic surgery," Bernice added dryly, and everyone laughed while Rebekah forced a smile as she tried not to glare or look offended.

"Plastic surgery? You've gone under the knife? I never would have guessed," Alicia lied, and Rebekah smiled.

"Well, I did have a breast mastopexy, and I did a bit of body sculpting some years ago," Rebekah said, and Alicia smiled.

"Your cosmetic surgeon must be really good. You should share their details with me after the show. I'd like to look as young and beautiful as you do when I get to your age," Alicia said, bent on feeding Rebekah's ego.

"Sure, I will," Rebekah said as she slowly relaxed.

Of course, they didn't know anything. It was all coincidence. The show would go on perfectly, and she would be beautiful in it.

"Your family has been involved in a couple of dramas since we invited you on the show. Would you like to answer a couple of questions about it?" Eric asked, and Rebekah decided that was the perfect opportunity she needed to get her apology across to Thomas Hank.

"Well, it would depend on what drama you're talking about," Rebekah said, not wanting to be too direct.

She would let him set the pace and mention the names himself, and then she would take that as her cue to apologize.

"Well, maybe for a start, we can talk about the video your youngest daughter released some days ago," Eric said and signaled to his media team to play the video of Anita on the screen for everyone.

Rebekah folded her hands together as she watched the video, and she tried to keep her smile in place as she watched it alongside others.

"This video. Did you know about it?" Eric asked, pausing the video after Anita had mentioned her mother.

"About her making the video or her claims in the video?" Rebekah asked with a fixed smile.

"Claims? Are you saying she wasn't being honest?" Alicia asked curiously.

"Although she made me sound like a horrible mother and a villain, it was not all a lie," Rebekah said as she sat up.

"Does that mean some of the things she said were a lie?" Alicia asked as she also leaned forward in her seat.

"What I mean is, things did not exactly happen as she painted them," Rebekah said, and Eric raised a brow.

"Do you care to elaborate on that? I'm sure the viewers are dying to know. We received a lot of questions on our social media page after we made the announcement that you were the guest on today's show," Eric said, and Rebekah nodded.

"I would love to. I'd probably never get this sort of opportunity to clear the air again, so I should seize it," Rebekah said, all the while avoiding looking at the audience.

"Please do," Alicia urged her with a polite smile.

"First of all, I'd love to apologize to Thomas Hank and his lovely girlfriend, Lucinda Perry. I'm very sorry for all of this misunderstanding. The truth is, I had no idea about Anita being behind that scandal. I had absolutely no idea. And about making Lucinda Perry the face of my foundation, it wasn't my idea. I am not directly involved in running the foundation. I have employed people to do that. When the idea came up to make her the face of the foundation, I couldn't object to it simply because my daughter had a problem with her," Rebekah said, and both Tiffany and Bernice exchanged a look.

"So, you are saying you were not in support of what your daughter did? And you have no ill intentions towards Lucinda Perry, as your daughter claimed in her video?" Alicia asked, wanting to leave no room for misinterpretation of facts.

"That's right. There is no reason for me to do any of that. I can't blame my own daughter for misunderstanding and judging me so unfairly or throwing me under the bus just so she wouldn't face the consequence of her actions," Rebekah said with a rueful smile.

"I see," Alicia said before turning to look at Tiffany and Bernice.

"How about the both of you? Were you aware of your sister's actions?" She asked, and they both shook their heads.

"Not at first. We had no idea she was behind the scandal. But she did tell us about it afterwards. And I'm ashamed to admit that I encouraged and supported her," Tiffany confessed shamefacedly.

"We all encouraged her, including our mother. As a matter of fact, contrary to what our mother just said, she pushed Anita the most. She even threatened to cut her off if she failed to win Thomas Hank's heart." Bernice, who had been boiling with anger over the way their mother was talking about Anita, decided that she had had enough.

Rebekah's mouth dropped open in shock at what Bernice had just said. She had not expected that her own daughter would do something like that to her on a live show.

"What?" Alicia and Eric asked in unison, pretending to be just as surprised as Rebekah was.

"You heard me. The only person who was against it all from the beginning was our third sister, Lisa Steel. She discouraged Anita at every given opportunity. She is the only reason Anita was able to break free from the yoke of this spiteful bitch we call our mother," Bernice said, stunning everyone, including Tiffany, who hadn't expected such an outburst from her.

"Are you out of your mind?" Rebekah asked in a controlled voice, trying hard not to lose her cool in front of the camera.

Eric and Alicia exchanged a look and decided to sit it out and let the mother and daughter entertain both them and the guests.

"This is going to be more interesting than I thought," Jade murmured to Candace with a grin as she chewed her popcorn.

She had been hoping for some drama, and here it was. She couldn't believe they had only asked the first question on Sonia's list, and the show was this hot already.

"Don't you think this is going to ruin things? What if she storms off the stage before the police get here?" Candace asked without taking her gaze off the stage.

"They won't let her leave so easily. Her daughters will keep her on the stage even if it means tying her to it," Jade said with a confident smile as she returned her gaze to the stage.

"You are the one who is out of your mind, coming here on a live show to spit out lies about your own daughter. What for? Cheap fame? Is it not enough that you almost ruined her life, and she had to pack up and leave? Even Anita is more mature than you are. She was smart enough to come out publicly to confess and apologize but look at you. Why can't you own up to your shit for once?" Bernice asked angrily.

"Are you going to sit there and listen to your sister lie against me in front of the camera?" Rebekah asked, hoping that Tiffany would come to her aid.

"The only person who has told lies in front of the camera is you, Mother. Not Bernice, and definitely not Anita," Tiffany said, shocking Rebekah even more.

What was going on? What was happening here? She mused as she looked at the audience, and Jade raised her can of soda in a silent toast to her.

Unable to stand the embarrassment or whatever was to come next, Rebekah turned to Eric, "I guess the show is over..."

"No, it's not. Can we move to the next question, please?" Tiffany asked Alicia with a polite smile, not wanting to give her mother any excuse to leave.

No. There was no way she was going to let her leave the stage without the cuffs on her wrist or the police escorting her out.

She had promised Lisa and Jade that she would see to it, and by God, after seeing how their mother so easily turned against Anita, she was more than ready to see the woman locked away for life.

Chapter 689 Shame On You Both!

Rebekah Miller couldn't help the feeling of dread that had come over her now. If she weren't so sure of her consciousness, she would have thought she was having a bad dream, but she knew that wasn't the case.

She was actually living a nightmare right now. Her daughters, who were supposed to make her stand out and shine brilliantly on the show, were turning against her in front of millions of viewers.

What was happening? Was this Jade's plan? Did she poison their heart against her so that she would be humiliated this way? Had her apology come too late, and she was already being punished by the Hank family?

Were Eric and Alicia a part of this, or were they oblivious to what was going on?

Was it wise to remain here? Or perhaps she should leave before she was embarrassed further by her traitorous daughters? Rebekah mused.

Away from there, inside Tom's office, his large television screen, which was rarely turned on, was on now as he watched the live show with Harry and Lucy.

They couldn't help their laughter as they watched the scene before them. The show was yet to start, and Rebekah was fidgeting already.

They couldn't wait to see how everything would play out or how she would react when everything she had done finally came to light.

"At this rate, I fear she might leave before the show is over," Lucy said without taking her eyes off Rebekah on the screen.

"No, she wouldn't. The police are waiting right outside already while also watching the show. They will move in at the right time. It's a show, after all. Relax and enjoy it," Tom said with a grin.

"The police are there already? Is Jade aware?" Harry asked since Tom had not shared that part of the plan with them.

"I don't think she is aware. I decided to cover all the bases. I don't want any mistakes or flops. This is my show, after all, and I should make sure it comes to a perfect end," Tom said, and Harry chuckled.

"Wouldn't it be fun to organize something like this for Sara as well? I love the idea of watching her downfall with a glass of wine in hand as I'm entertained," Harry said, and Tom grinned.

"I'd love to see that too," Tom said, and they all returned their attention to the television in time to hear Eric speak.

"That was sort of awkward. Why don't we leave this subject since it seems like a sort of topic for your family," Eric suggested, and Rebekah relaxed a bit as he wanted her to.

"Yes. Let's move to safer topics. Well, before the whole drama surrounding your daughters started, we were going to talk about you, Rebekah. If you don't mind, we'd like to talk about your marriage to your late husband," Alicia said, and Rebekah's brows pulled together.

What did her late husband have to do with this interview? Why were they bringing this up? Was this Jade's doing? It couldn't be a coincidence that she had seen her lost phone with Jade a couple of days ago, after which Jade had brought up her late husband, and now she was being asked about him on a live show.

"What about our marriage?" She asked, trying to smoothen her brows for the camera even though this interview was beginning to stress her and beads of sweat were now rolling down her back.

"You both were separated for about eight years before his death four years ago, am I right?" Alicia asked, and Rebekah nodded as she clasped her hands together.

"Yes, we were estranged for years," Rebekah answered, hoping this would be the last of the questions regarding her husband.

"Why estranged? Why didn't you get a divorce? I mean, eight years is a long time, right? And you're such an attractive and beautiful lady. You could have easily divorced him and remarried. Why didn't you?" Alicia asked, and Rebekah smiled as she shook her head.

It seemed like she had been mistaken. The question was easy enough and expected.

"Well, apart from the fact that I'm old-fashioned and do not believe in divorce, I never stopped loving my husband. Although I was disappointed by most of his life choices, and he also knew I couldn't forgive him for some of his mistakes, so we settled for a separation. It was the best I could do. My mama raised me to be a till death do us part kind of wife..."

"Really? Was that why you murdered him? So you would be free of him?" Tiffany asked, cutting off her mother, and both Alicia and Eric turned to her while the audience went completely silent.

"I beg your pardon?" Rebekah asked, her heart thudding fast in her chest now. She could almost feel the walls closing over her. She needed to leave. She needed to find a graceful way out of here.

"Murder? What are you talking about? Your father took his life...."

"Our father didn't take his life. He was murdered," Bernice said emphatically, cutting off Eric.

"What do you mean he was murdered? I remember it was all over the news that he took his life, and your mother here was the first person to see his body," Alicia said, trying not to sound as excited as she actually felt.

"Isn't it just too convenient that the first person who saw his corpse happened to be his estranged wife?" Bernice asked, her eyes burning with hatred for her mother as she looked at her.

"Are you accusing me of murdering my own husband? Your father, because I was the first to see his body?" Rebekah asked with a chagrined expression, momentarily forgetting about the camera as she faced her daughter.

"Your husband? The same man you kicked out after he lost all he had, and you never let him come close to any of us? You didn't even let him attend our weddings. Tell us. What were you doing at his place when you found his body? What did you go to check on him for on the day of his death?" Bernice asked, and Rebekah's eyes hardened.

"You can't be asking me such a question in a live show..."

"Why not? It's called a live show for a reason. If you didn't want your business to be public business, you wouldn't be sitting here right now. Or what did you expect to discuss here? Your beauty products?" Bernice asked harshly.

"Your father asked to see me!" Rebekah yelled at her, losing her cool.

"I can't believe you are asking me such a question in such a place simply because your drunk of an uncle put ideas in your head," Rebekah said, and Tiffany, who had been silent, shook her head.

"Uncle Wyatt may have put the idea in our heads that you murdered our father, but we have also been doing some digging, and everything points to you," Tiffany said, drawing their mother's attention to herself.

Alicia exchanged a look with Eric, wanting to know if she should step in now, but Eric shook his head.

Although this wasn't the sort of show usually aired on Live with Eric Howells, but no one could accuse him of setting the family up.

They were asking pretty decent and straightforward questions, but it was clear the family obviously had a lot of dirty linens to wash before the camera.

He could imagine the scandal that this interview would generate. He could picture the headlines on blogs and news outlets.

Everyone would want to watch the show and see what had transpired for themselves, and it would be awesome because he would make the rerun available based on popular demand.

This was undoubtedly going to make his ratings blow up and give his show even more publicity than it already had.

He had no doubt that his team handling the social media page were working already! He owed Thomas Hank and Harry Jonas big time for granting him such an opportunity.

Although Rebekah wanted nothing more than to stand up and walk out of the show, her ego wouldn't let her. She wouldn't give her daughters the satisfaction of shaming her or calling her a murderer on a live show. She would leave only after silencing her daughters.

"What exactly points to me? Because as far as I can see, the only crime I seem to have committed before you two is finding your father's corpse! And I won't have you both speak to me like this in public!" Rebekah responded hotly.

"The only crime? Did this horrible bitch just say the only crime she committed?" Bernice asked Tiffany in disbelief as she rose from her seat.

"You duped him! You kept fucking around with different men, both young and old, and when he wanted a divorce, you conned him! You and your lover conned him and took all he had!" Bernice yelled at her mother angrily.

"These are some serious accusations without evidence, you know? Would you all like to calm down and talk it out? I'm sure this is all one big misunderstanding," Alicia said with a polite smile, but neither of them was paying any attention to her.

Tiffany opened her handbag and took out the documents which Jade had given them to prove that it was Rebekah and Mr Bateman who jointly owned the business which had duped their father.

She flung it at Rebekah, who was yet to recover from her shock at what Bernice had just said about conning their father. How did she find out about that? How much did they know? And how did they manage to lay their hands on the evidence?

"Can you deny this?" Tiffany asked while Eric picked up the documents and glanced at them.

"Isn't this your father-in-law?" Eric asked Tiffany after reading out what was written on it, and she nodded.

"Yes. And this woman here has been having an affair with him for years," Tiffany said, and it was all Eric could do not to whistle.

Since they wanted to play dirty, she would stoop low and play dirty with them so that they all would be affected. She wouldn't go down alone! Never!

"How can you both do this? How can you do this to me after all I've done for you?" Rebekah asked, struggling between her disbelief, anger, embarrassment, and pain of betrayal.

"And what have you done for us? What exactly did you do other than try to ruin our lives?" Bernice retorted angrily.

"Do you want to know what is more disgusting than her having an affair with my father-in-law? She has been having an affair with Benny's late husband on the side as well!" Tiffany announced before Rebekah could say anything, and both Alicia and Eric's jaws dropped in surprise.

"Adam is not late. He is alive," Bernice corrected, and this time they all watched as Rebekah, whose face had been a bright red, suddenly blanched.

No! This wasn't happening. It was all a nightmare. She was going to wake up at any moment and realize she had been sleeping all along and was having a bad dream simply because of her anxiety, Rebekah assured herself.

"What are you talking about, Benny?" Tiffany asked in confusion, and Alicia and Eric also looked at her equally confused.

"I found out before we got on stage that he is alive. He is not dead," Bernice said, and as though on cue, Eric looked up at the screen with a frown when his media team suddenly switched the channel.

"She is right," Eric said as he jerked his head to the screen, and they all looked up to see Jackson Bateman standing outside the police station with the Chief judge while they were being interviewed.

The headline on the screen read, [ADAM WASHINGTON ALIVE: JACKSON BATEMAN SET FREE BASED ON NEW EVIDENCE PROVING HIS INNOCENCE]

Jade giggled as she watched the confusion on their faces and the panic on Rebekah's face. This felt like she was watching a play in a drama theater.

Although the sisters had suspected that Adam was alive because of the way his parents had remained hushed about the issue, but seeing the official news now, they exchanged a look, wondering what exactly was going on.

Rebekah shut her eyes as she tried to think. If Adam was still alive and there was evidence to prove that Jackson was innocent, then it meant they were coming for her. This was the wrong place to be right now. It was time to leave. She was going to just get off the stage and go into hiding.

"I won't stand here and take any more of all these insults and accusations from you both! You stand there and judge me for having an affair with your sister's husband, but you have no problem with her fucking your husband. And what about you fucking all the helps in your house! You are both

hypocrites, and it is needless to say, you are no longer my daughters! Eric, I hope you had a nice show," Rebekah said spitefully, wanting to have the last word as she left.

Before she could walk out of the stage, Tiffany grabbed her hair and pulled her right back, "Yes, I'm bisexual, so what? Jackson and I have an open marriage, and we are free to do whatever we want with whomever! You have no excuse for doing all you did to our father, and we are going to make you pay!" Tiffany screeched angrily as she shook her mother while Eric and Alicia quickly went to rescue Rebekah from Tiffany's grip.

As they scuffled on the stage, the police walked into the hall, and all eyes turned to them. Tiffany let go of Rebekah immediately since the police were there and her mission was accomplished.

Taking that as her cue, Jade stood up and escorted them to the stage while Candace remained seated.

"You put them up to this! This is your doing, isn't it?" Rebekah said coldly.

She knew there was no way out of this now, but she was not going to let them see her fear.

"Yes, it is. It's good to know that you are smart and can arrange the puzzle pieces," Jade said with a pleasant smile.

"How does it feel, having your lovers as your audience?" Jade asked surprising everyone who had thought they knew it all.

"Lovers? What? These men are her lovers?" Bernice asked in disbelief while Tiffany looked at the audience with disgust.

The men in the audience all looked at each other, surprised to realize that they were in the midst of their fellow colleagues.

"Yes, they are," Jade said with a cheerful smile, but her eyes were cold as she looked at Rebekah.

"I'm not part of them!" Candace announced as she quickly stepped away when she noticed the way all eyes were on the audience now.

"In case you are wondering why these detectives are here, I will spell it out to you before they read your rights. You are going to jail for a lot of reasons, and guess what? No lawyer is going to save you. Needless to say, you are going to jail for duping and murdering your late husband. You are going to jail for the attempted murder of Adam Washington and for deliberately trying to make my client, Mr. Jackson Bateman, the culprit, you are going to jail for your illegal business dealings and using your foundation for money laundering, and most importantly, you are going to jail for making an attempt on my life," Jade said and watched to her satisfaction as Rebekah staggered on her feet despite her false bravado.

"You can read her rights and take her away," Jade said before stepping back.

"You let her use you. How could you let her use you?" Rebekah cried, pointing at her children as the detectives read her rights.

"How could you murder our father? How could you dupe him and murder him?" Tiffany asked, feeling tears burn behind her eyes as the detectives cuffed her.

"You are no daughter of mine, Tiffany. You betrayed me for a man who isn't even your biological father. You think you ruined me? You are all ruined as well! She used you to ruin us all. Shame on you both!" Rebekah spat at her daughters as the detectives led her away.

And just like that, the live show was over.

Chapter 690 Choices

As the police led Rebekah away, Jade didn't wait to see the reaction of either Tiffany or Bernice to what their mother had just said about their paternity.

Instead, she signaled to Candace so they would leave since she had to be at the station, too, when Rebekah was brought in.

"Good show," Candace told Jade as they both walked outside, and Jade smiled when she sighted the swarm of reporters who had gathered in front of the building and were now throwing questions at Rebekah Miller, who was in cuffs.

"I know, right? All we have to make sure of now is that the bitch spends the rest of her miserable life behind bars," Jade said as they headed for their car.

"She's cruel to have revealed the truth to her daughters in that manner. I wonder what they are going to do now," Candace said, and Jade shook her head.

"They were bound to find out sooner or later. What they do with that information is their business. As far as I'm concerned, my business with that family is over," Jade said as she unlocked the car, and they both got in.

"I feel bad for them. In trying to ruin their mother, they've also left their own reputation in tatters," Candace said with a sigh.

"I don't feel sorry for them. That is their punishment for choosing to tread on that path. I wanted them to also suffer the consequence of their action; hence I asked them to be on that stage," Jade said with a shrug as she started the car.

"But they had no choice in the manner they lived. They did all they did because of their mother," Candace said in their defense, and Jade shook her head.

"I disagree with you. We all have choices in life, Candace. As much as we would love to blame others for the choices we have made, at some point, we also will need to take responsibility for our choices. If their sister Lisa had lived like the rest of them, then I might have agreed with you that they had no choice. But by virtue of the fact that one of them turned out differently regardless of their mother's influence, I can't agree with you. They all grew up in the same environment, and they all made their life choices," Jade said, and Candace's brows pulled together as she thought about what Jade had just said.

Yes, she agreed that Jade had a point. So, did that mean she was wrong to blame Sara for how her life turned out? Yes, getting involved with Jero and eventually becoming a stripper had been her choice, but hadn't she made those choices because of all life threw at her, thanks to her mother who abandoned her?

Perhaps someone else in her shoes might have made different choices and ended up better or worse than she had, she thought with a sigh as she glanced out of the window.

Thinking about choices, her thoughts drifted to Matt, and she sighed once again. She was grateful for this distraction. Thanks to all this drama, she didn't have to think about Matt and their last conversation.

"Sonia is definitely going to regret not being here with us," Jade said as she drove.

"Well, she was obviously not feeling well. There was no way she could have left the house in that state," Candace said, thinking about Sonia, who had been feeling really nauseous that morning.

"Yeah. I have never seen Bryan look so worried," Jade said with a sigh.

She glanced at her phone when it started ringing and received the call when she saw it was from Harry.

"Hello, boyfriend!" She greeted excitedly.

"Hey, girlfriend! You did a good job. We enjoyed the show," Harry said with a proud smile, and Jade giggled.

"The show wasn't exactly my idea. We all had our roles to play in executing it. Besides, it was your idea to get me involved," Jade reminded him, even though she was pleased by the compliment.

"That is true. But it went smoothly, thanks to your brilliance. So, how about we have dinner together later in the day to celebrate?" Harry suggested as he gazed outside his office window.

He had left Tom and Lucy immediately after the show ended just so he could give Jade a call. His first impulse had been to drive down there to pick her up, but he knew she would probably be busy hence had settled for a phone call.

"Why don't we hold off the celebration until everything is finalized? The chief judge wants her to be prosecuted as soon as possible, and he wants me to take care of it," Jade said thoughtfully.

"Are you turning down my dinner invitation?" Harry asked, and Jade giggled.

"Yes, I am. Sorry about that. I'm on my way to the station with Candace right now. I have no idea when I will be done, and I know I'm going to be exhausted," Jade explained apologetically.

"I guess it can't be helped then. That's what I get for falling in love with a brilliant and hardworking lady," Harry said, and she grinned.

"Yes. I don't want any mess up. Who knows if she probably had an affair with the chief of police too?" Jade said jokingly, and both Harry and Candace chuckled at that.

"Alright. I will let you get to it. Don't stress yourself too much. I love you," Harry said before hanging up.

Back at the studio, Tiffany and Bernice exchanged a look as they both collapsed on the couch, and neither of them said a word to each other for the first couple of minutes.

Guessing that they needed time to pull themselves together, Eric signaled to Alicia and the rest of the team to pack up and excuse them.

"I can't believe she said that. How could she be so callous?" Tiffany asked aloud, not asking anyone in particular.

Bernice, who was more stunned by the fact that all those men in the hall had been Rebekah's lovers than by what Rebekah had said at their paternity, looked at Tiffany.

"Why does that surprise you? That is exactly who she is," Bernice said as she looked around them.

Now that the show was over, it dawned on her that in a bid to expose their mother, they had also exposed themselves. And there was going to be a heavy backlash on them too.

Before Tiffany could respond, her phone began to vibrate, and she reached inside her handbag for it, "Lisa is calling," she informed Bernice before receiving the call.

"Where are you both now?" Lisa asked with a concerned frown. She was still very much shaken by what their mother had said, which confirmed their suspicion.

She had watched the show, and it had been worse than she imagined. She couldn't say she enjoyed watching her family tear each other apart in public view. They were her family, and she felt ashamed by all the disgusting revelations.

Even though nothing ill had been spoken about her, she knew she was going to be just as affected by it as everyone else.

She knew the past scandal about her snatching Ron from his ex-fiancée was going to resurrect again, as people would want to find even the slightest dirt on her to make it seem like she was just like the rest of her family.

"We are still at the studio," Tiffany murmured as she placed the call on speaker for Bernice to hear.

"I'm sure reporters will be waiting and searching all over for you. You both can come over here..."

"No, Lisa. I don't think that's a good idea. The last thing we want is for you to be tainted by any of this. We will take care of ourselves. Focus on yourself and the baby," Bernice said, and Lisa frowned.

"Benny? How are you feeling? Have you heard from Adam? Was Mother really behind it?" Lisa asked, reminding Bernice about her husband.

Bernice had forgotten about Adam, and now that she remembered, it occurred to her that she needed to find out where he was and probably go see him.

There was no doubt about the fact that she was going to divorce him regardless of whatever threats he made, but first, she needed to see him.

"Benny?" Lisa called when Bernice didn't say anything.

"No, I haven't heard from him. I should probably pay his parents a visit," Bernice said as she rose.

"Let's talk later, Lisa. We have to leave now," Tiffany said as she hung up the call and rose as well.

"Who told you about Adam being alive?" Tiffany asked curiously since she had not been able to ask earlier.

"Jade," Bernice said, and Tiffany frowned.

"How did she know about that?" Tiffany asked, wondering if Jade had known that Adam was alive all along and if that was the reason she had so confidently taken up the case when everyone else had been reluctant to do so.

"I have no idea. That's not important right now. I'm leaving to go see Adam's parents. You should probably go see Jackson too," Bernice said, reminding Tiffany about her husband.

"Oh! You're right. Let's go, then. I will give him a call on my way," Tiffany said, and they both headed outside.

The moment they stepped outside, reporters who were still waiting around for them approached them, but neither of them said a word as they made their way past the group to get into their cars.

Different thoughts ran through Bernice's mind as she drove to the house of her in-laws.

She knew they were going to be mad about the damage the interview would do to their family reputation, but she didn't care.

All she wanted was to confront them about hiding her husband's state from her and see Adam before going ahead with her plans.

She was going to get a really good divorce lawyer, and she will fight with all she had to make sure she got as much money as she could get from Adam, and she would also get custody of their boys.

She would resort to blackmail if need be since she still had the evidence of his infidelity, whereas he didn't have any to prove hers other than hearsay.

After she was done with that, she would go far away with her kids. She had no doubt that after the interview today, her children would also suffer from it. She understood how high society reacted to scandalous things like this.

The last thing she wanted was for her children to be looked down on or bullied because of her.

While Bernice was thinking that, Tiffany was having similar thoughts as she dialed Jack's line.

Jack received the call almost immediately, "I was just about to give you a call. My mother just told me about the interview..."

"Where are you?" Tiffany asked, cutting him off.

"I'm at the family house. Hold on," Jack said, and Tiffany heard some noise in the background.

"I will join you at home later. The police just came for my dad," Jackson said and hung up immediately.

Tiffany drew in a deep breath as she dropped her phone on the seat next to her and headed for her house instead.

So many thoughts were running through her mind, and she didn't even know where to start from.

This whole time it had not really dawned on her that the man who had joined hands with her mother to destroy their father was the father of the man she was married to.

She had been too centered on her anger and grief over the unfairness of her father's death to think about it.

And now her mother had confirmed their suspicion that Richard Miller wasn't their biological father.

What was she to do with that information? She asked herself and then shook her head. Nothing. There was nothing she was going to do about it. Just as she and her sisters had agreed, it didn't matter to them whether or not they had Richard Miller's DNA.

He was the father they knew, regardless of whatever the spiteful bitch they called their mother claimed.

Any man who would have an affair with a married woman to the extent of impregnating her wasn't worthy to be her father.

She paused, and her heart skipped a beat when she thought about her mother's affair with her father-in-law.

He couldn't be their father, could he? There was no way even a bitch like Rebekah would let her own daughter get married to her half-brother, right? Tiffany asked herself as a shudder ran through her.

No. Jackson couldn't be her half-brother. It was too ridiculous to imagine. She wasn't even going to give it another thought.

She was just going to get home, see Jackson and discuss things with him reasonably, and then they would get a quiet divorce.

After that, she would do exactly what Anita had done. She would pack and leave. Thankfully, she didn't have any kids to hold her back like Bernice.

She would love to put all this drama behind her and forget all about her mother.