

Wild Night 891

Chapter 891 Two Screens

Alone in the living room, Sonia leaned forward as she grinned at Lucy, "So, that was the look you fell for, huh?" She teased and Lucy rolled her eyes.

"The look? No. You know I'm not a fan of such looks. Honestly, I have no idea how or why I fell for him when he even looked that way. I guess I looked past all of that," Lucy said and Sonia giggled.

"But he doesn't look so bad," Sonia said and Lucy nodded.

"When next I'm coming I will get some ear and nose rings. I'd like to see them on Bryan," Lucy said with a sweet smile and Sonia laughed.

"I don't mind. He could even get a piercing on his tongue. I'd like that one very much. I heard it does wonders down there when using the tongue," she said with a wink, and Lucy wrinkled her nose in mild disgust.

"I thought you've changed but no, you haven't. You still say the dirtiest things. Your mouth is so dirty it needs to be washed with bleach," she said and Sonia giggled.

"I say them, and you do them," Sonia pointed out, "I guess your pussy should be bleached," Sonia said and laughed when Lucy scowled.

"So, what's up with your proposal plan?" Sonia asked, dropping her voice to a whisper, "You know you have to get the plans started since it's a big party," Sonia said and Lucy smiled.

"Yeah. About that, I've spoken with the event planner who planned the anniversary party. I didn't tell her about the proposal. I'm thinking that for the proposal, maybe I should propose privately...."

"No, way! C'mon! Why would you do that?" Sonia asked with a frown.

"You know, in case Tom feels embarrassed. A lot of people would be there and I don't know how he might feel. I've been thinking about it..."

"You know what? I've also been thinking about it, and I have a wonderful idea," Sonia said and Lucy's brows pulled together.

"I'm always weary of your ideas." She confessed and Sonia giggled.

"Don't worry. You will love this one, I promise," Sonia said and Lucy sighed.

"Let's hear it then," Lucy said and Sonia grinned.

"So, how about we set up a screen? And make sure Tom has his back to the screen when we display the proposal? That way you can ask him to look at it? You won't have to kneel or say too much," Sonia suggested, and Lucy pursed her lips as she considered it.

"Hmm. I don't think that's a bad idea," she said after a while and Sonia flashed her a wide smile.

"I told you so," Sonia said, excited that her plan was going to work.

"But will the screen be solely to display the proposal? Is there no other purpose for it?" Lucy asked thoughtfully, since Tom might ask her what it was meant for.

"We could as well display Christmas wishes for the guests," Sonia suggested and Lucy nodded.

"Alright. I will talk to the event planner about getting a large screen..."

"Make it two screens in opposite directions," Sonia suggested with a grin.

"Why two?" Lucy asked with a confused frown.

"That way whichever direction the guests are facing, they can always see the screen," Sonia said easily even though that wasn't her true intention.

"Okay. Two screens then," Lucy said and then glanced at the wall clock.

"Are you going somewhere?" Sonia asked and Lucy nodded.

"Yeah. Today is Friday. We are going on a date. We haven't been able to do that all week because of Tom's busy schedule," Lucy said and Sonia nodded in understanding.

"That's nice. By the way, you are resuming your cooking classes tomorrow, right?" She asked and Lucy smiled.

"Yeah. I wish we could go for it together. It would be so much fun to do it with you," Lucy said and Sonia nodded.

"I know, right? But Mr Husband won't even let me lift a glass of water. How am I supposed to tell him I want to sign up for cooking class?" Sonia asked dryly and Lucy laughed.

"I must say I'm both impressed and shocked by how seriously Bryan is taking his role," Lucy said and Sonia grinned.

"I know, right? Some times I want to get upset that he's doing too much, but then I just feel grateful that I have someone who cares so much about me," Sonia said happily.

"And I know Tom is going to be even more so," Sonia said with a wink and Lucy laughed softly.

"Let's go see what the guys are up to. I think Tom is forgetting that we need to get home and freshen up before leaving for our date," Lucy said and they both rose and headed for the game room.

In the game room, Tom checked his watch and then glanced at Bryan who was beating him at the ping pong game, "I think you've won enough," Tom said just as Lucy and Sonia joined them.

"We should probably get going if we want to make it home and get ready for our date," Lucy told Tom and he nodded in agreement.

"Yeah. I was just thinking that too," Tom said and Bryan grinned.

"I thought you said that only because you were trying to take the chicken way out of the game," Bryan teased.

"Is that your way of telling the ladies that I'm a loser?" Tom retorted and Bryan shrugged.

"You're lucky I have to leave else I would have made you regret that statement," Tom said and Bryan made chicken sounds, causing everyone to laugh.

Sonia looked at Bryan, a playful pout on her face. "See? Tom is taking Lucy on a date. When are you going to take me on a date too?"

Bryan smiled, kissing her forehead. "Next weekend, after I'm sure you've gotten enough rest," he promised.

Sonia rolled her eyes affectionately. "Always the protective one," she said and together they escorted Tom and Lucy outside.

Tom and Lucy said their goodbyes and left Sonia and Bryan's place, promising to catch up again soon.

They arrived at Lucy's apartment, chatting about their plans for the evening, and as they got out of the car and walked towards the building, Alicia called out to them with a wave as she hurried to meet them.

"Hey, Tom, Lucy!" Alicia called out, jogging over.

She grinned when she took in Tom's piercings, "It's good to see you looking again like the Tom Jasmine and I were hitting on," she said, and Lucy giggled while Tom winced at the memory.

"Hey, Alicia!" Lucy greeted, wondering what Alicia wanted to say, since they've been saying hello to each other all week.

On Monday evening after she got back from the office without Tom, Alicia had approached her, expressing her shock upon realizing that Mia was Vanessa Rosewood and not really Mia, and although in her usual way she had wanted to get more information about it from Lucy, Lucy had politely changed the subject.

"Eric asked me to find out when you two will be coming in for that interview," Alicia said, looking at Tom.

Tom exchanged a glance with Lucy, and she smiled. "How about after Christmas? We can be his last guests for the year," Lucy suggested.

Tom nodded in agreement. "Yeah, that sounds perfect," he said, thinking that by the time they made it to the show, Lucy would likely be there with him as his fiancée. The thought of it alone made him look forward to the show.

Alicia nodded, making a note on her phone. "Great, I will let him know. Have a wonderful evening!" Alicia said before walking away, while Tom and Lucy continued inside.

"Why did you wince when she talked about your appearance?" Lucy asked with a giggle.

"Thanks for the reminder," Tom said as he took off the nose ring and flung it away, making Lucy laugh.

"Anyway, why did you choose to wait until after Christmas?" Tom asked Lucy curiously.

"I figured there would be a lot of buzz about us after we host such a first of its kind party. I'd rather we just get both done all at once and let the air settle since we both don't love public attention," she said, and Tom nodded.

"It's a good idea," Tom said, feeling a sense of contentment wash over him as they entered Lucy's apartment. Everything was falling into place.

"So, you up for our club date?" Tom asked and Lucy grinned.

"I am as ready as I'd ever be. Just keep in mind that I'm getting drunk tonight. No ulcer bullshit," she said and Tom shook his head.

"You can have a glass or two, and after that we will have a late dinner. You can't be careless with your health simply because you want to have fun," he said, and Lucy rolled her eyes as she before proceeding to freshen up and get dressed.

Tom and Lucy spent extra time getting ready for their date, each wanting to look their best for the night out.

Lucy chose a stunning red mini dress that hugged her curves and flared out slightly at the hips, giving it a playful swing as she walked. The dress had a deep V-neckline that was both elegant and alluring, showing just enough skin to be tantalizing without being too revealing.

She paired the dress with gold strappy heels that elongated her legs and added a few extra inches to her height. And on her ears were a pair of delicate gold earrings that framed her face and a matching bracelet that sparkled with every movement— gifts from Tom.

Lucy's hair was styled in loose waves that cascaded over her shoulders, and her makeup was mild save for the bold red lipstick that perfectly matched her dress.

Tom opted for a stylish, casual look that exuded confidence and ease. He wore a fitted black leather jacket over a dark grey V-neck t-shirt that clung to his toned torso. The jacket had subtle silver zippers and a sleek design that added an edgy vibe to his appearance. He paired the jacket with dark denim jeans that fit him perfectly, emphasizing his lean build. His choice of footwear was a pair of black Chelsea boots, polished yet casual enough for a night out.

When they saw each other, their eyes lit up with appreciation. Tom couldn't help but smile as he took in Lucy's radiant appearance, while Lucy felt her heart skip a beat at how dashing Tom looked.

"You look incredible," Tom said, his voice filled with admiration as he reached out to take her hand.

"Thank you," Lucy replied with a warm smile, her eyes shining. "You don't look so bad yourself, now that you have lost the nose ring," she said with a grin.

Since they had agreed not to take the car, and had also decided to try a new upscale club that had just opened downtown, instead of going to the club where they had met, Tom ordered a cab, and the moment it arrived they left.

The ride to the club was filled with playful banter and laughter, and by the time they arrived, they were both in high spirits.

As they stepped into the club a moment later, they turned heads, a striking couple exuding confidence and charm. Their outfits complemented each other perfectly, making them look like they had just stepped out of a fashion magazine. The night was theirs, and they intended to make the most of it.

The club was buzzing with energy, a mix of flashing lights, pulsating music, and a lively crowd. They made their way to the bar and ordered drinks, enjoying the ambiance and each other's company.

After having their first glass of drinks, Tom took Lucy's hand and pulled her onto the dance floor, "Remember our first dance at the club?" He asked and she giggled.

"No, I don't," she said and laughed as she watched dance make some smooth dance moves and then she joined him.

They danced together, lost in the rhythm and the moment. And after a few songs, they took a break and returned to the bar. They found a quieter corner and sat down, their hands intertwined.

Looking at Lucy, her face glistening with sweat, a smile on her lips and her eyes gleaming with excitement, Tom couldn't help but feel a surge of gratitude for having such a wonderful person like her in his life.

Lucy met his gaze and grinned, "What are you thinking about?"

Tom smiled, "Just about how lucky I am to have you."

Lucy blushed, her heart swelling with love. "Me too, Tom. Me too."

"You know, I always look forward to our dates. It's like a little escape from everything else. I forget about everything and everyone else when I'm with you," Tom said and Lucy smiled.

She looked down at their hands for a moment and then smiled as she looked back into his face before leaning in to kiss him softly. "I love you so much. I can't wait to see what the future holds for us."

"I love you too, Jewel. And I look forward to my future with you," he whispered back, raising her hand to his lips.

They spent the rest of the night enjoying each other's company, talking, dancing, and laughing. By the time they left the club, they were feeling closer than ever.

Once they arrived home after midnight, they changed into more comfortable clothes and snuggled up on the bed, watching a Romcom.

And as they drifted off to sleep in each other's arms, Tom couldn't help but feel that it was the perfect end to a wonderful evening.

Chapter 892 I Had No Idea

Mia woke up early, the first rays of sunlight filtering through the curtains of her room. Her heart fluttered with excitement but she didn't smile for fear that Henry was watching her.

Jeff was under the same roof with her now, and the thought of seeing him first thing in the morning filled her with an almost childlike anticipation.

She freshened up quickly, splashing cold water on her face to shake off the remnants of sleep, and brushed her hair until it fell in soft waves around her shoulders.

She made her way downstairs, the house still quiet in the early morning hush. Her destination was the kitchen, ostensibly to get a glass of water, but in reality, she was hoping to catch a glimpse of Jeff.

The kitchen was a bustling scene, despite the early hour. Jeff was there, as she had hoped, standing at the stove preparing breakfast. Unfortunately, he wasn't alone; the housekeeper, Margaret, and the cleaner, Mika, were also there, moving about with practiced efficiency.

"Good morning, Madam," Margaret and Mika greeted simultaneously when they saw her.

"Good morning Margaret. Mika," Mia replied, her voice soft but cheerful.

The moment Jeff heard her voice, he looked up and his heart skipped a beat when he saw her. He managed a polite smile, though his eyes betrayed his joy at seeing her. "Good morning, Mrs Rosewood," he greeted warmly and she gave him a polite nod.

"I hope you're finding the kitchen to your taste?" She asked, and he nodded.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did you want something? What can I get for you, ma'am?" Margaret asked, her tone respectful and kind.

"Just a glass of water, please," Mia said, trying to keep her voice steady. She didn't want to seem too eager.

"I can get it for you," Margaret offered, already reaching for a glass.

"No need, I can get it myself. Thanks," Mia insisted, stepping towards the sink. She filled a glass with water, her hands steady despite the slight tremor of excitement. She took a sip, savoring the cold water as it slid down her throat, and then turned to leave.

Jeff tried not to let his gaze linger on her even though he knew she had come into the kitchen just to see him and say good morning in her own indirect way. The thought made his heart warm.

As soon as Mia left the kitchen, Mika remarked, "It's strange that she came in here to get the water herself. She could have easily asked for it."

Margaret nodded, a thoughtful expression on her face. "Yes, it is. But it's nice to see her taking an interest in the house again. I hope she stays. It would be good to have the rightful lady of the house back."

"I can't wait for the shameless lady to leave. She goes about giving orders like she owns the place. How can she remain here even when Mrs Rosewood is back? It irks me to see her talking to Mrs Rosewood rudely," Mika said, and Margaret nodded in agreement.

Jeff, overhearing the conversation, couldn't help but hide a smile. He was happy that even though Mia didn't know it yet, she had the support of the domestic staff.

As Mia sat down to breakfast with Henry and Diana a short while later, the atmosphere was tense but outwardly calm. Diana, ever the picture of composed elegance, was already seated, a delicate hand resting on her belly. Henry was his usual domineering self, his presence filling the room with an oppressive air.

"Vanessa," Diana said, her tone cordial, "after breakfast, we need to go shopping for the charity gala coming up next week. I had my outfit already, thinking I'd be escorting Henry, but since you are here, you need to get the right outfit, while I change mine. You should get ready."

Mia nodded, her expression neutral. "Of course."

Henry barely looked in Mia's direction, his attention focused entirely on Diana. He reached over to touch her hand tenderly. "How are you feeling this morning, darling?" he asked, his voice uncharacteristically gentle.

Diana gave a small smile, though it looked strained. "A bit nauseous. The sausage isn't sitting well with me."

Henry's eyes lit up with concern. "Perhaps you shouldn't eat it, then. You need to take care of yourself and our baby."

Diana turned to Mia with a small smile. "Yes, Mia, I suppose I should tell you. I'm pregnant."

Mia's heart clenched painfully. She forced a smile, though it felt like her face might crack under the strain. "Congratulations," she said, her voice barely above a whisper as she glanced at Henry, who was gazing at Diana with a look of adoration that made her stomach turn.

His face was a mask of joy, a look Mia had never seen directed at her during their marriage. She felt a wave of bitterness wash over her. She had suffered two miscarriages, each one more devastating than the last, and had almost lost her life after Henry's violent outburst during her last pregnancy. Now, here he was, expecting a child with his mistress.

It wasn't jealousy. Nah. She wasn't jealous of Diana one bit. Even though a part of her was glad that she didn't have the child of a monster like Henry, the pain of her losses was still raw.

What he had done to her still pained her deeply and seeing him this happy made her bitter.

She felt a deep, aching bitterness. And the injustice of it all made her want to scream, but she kept her composure, her smile fixed in place.

"Thank you, Vanessa," Diana said pleasantly, "I hope you understand how important this is for Henry and me. And I hope you wouldn't stress me too much now that you know about my condition."

"Of course," Mia said again, her voice hollow.

Breakfast continued in strained silence. Mia picked at her food, her appetite gone. She felt trapped, suffocated by the oppressive atmosphere and the weight of her own emotions. Finally, she pushed her plate away, unable to eat another bite.

"I'm going to get ready for the shopping trip," she announced, standing up.

"Good idea," Henry said dismissively, not even looking up from his conversation with Diana.

Mia left the dining room, her heart heavy. She made her way back to her room, her mind racing. She needed to clear her head, to find a way to navigate the tangled mess of her emotions. She couldn't let Henry and Diana see how much the news of the pregnancy was getting to her.

Once in her room, she closed the door and leaned against it, taking a deep breath.

What did this new development mean for her plans? Could she bring herself to harm Henry if he was expecting a child? Could she render an innocent child fatherless?

Walking over to the mirror, she took off her clothes and turned so she could see the scars on her back, and then she straightened.

She wouldn't waver in her plans. Although the wicked part of her hoped that Diana would lose the pregnancy so that Henry would understand the loss of one's baby, she didn't wish such pain on anyone, especially not on Diana whose only fault was falling in love with a monster like Henry Rosewood.

She sat down at her vanity, staring at her reflection. Her eyes looked tired, haunted by memories of the past and fears for the future. But there was also a spark of determination there, a flicker of resilience that refused to be extinguished.

Mia took a deep breath. She had to stay strong. For herself, and for the future she hoped to build. With Jeff under the same roof, she knew that everything was going to be alright.

As she rose and began to get ready for the day, her thoughts remained on Jeff. She was glad now that Jeff that insisted on living here with her.

Things would have been much harder for her if he wasn't here to reassure her with his presence. His presence in the house was a comfort, a reminder that she wasn't alone. She could face whatever challenges lay ahead, as long as she had him by her side. And one day, she hoped, she would be free of Henry's control, free to live her life on her own terms.

Mia finished getting ready and took a moment to collect herself before heading to the living room. She had a long day ahead of her, and she needed to stay focused.

As she approached the living room, she reminded herself that she was stronger than she felt, and that no matter what happened, she would find a way to survive.

When she reached the living room, she found Diana waiting for her, looking impatient. "Ready?" Diana asked, her tone brisk.

"Yes," Mia replied, forcing a smile. "Let's go."

The two women left the house, the tension between them was tangible. As they got into the car and drove away, Mia looked out the window, her thoughts far away. She was determined to get out of this nightmare, to reclaim her life and her happiness. And with Jeff by her side, she knew she could do it.

A short while later, Mia and Diana made their way through the upscale boutiques, their shopping trip for the charity gala underway.

The atmosphere between them was tense, the air thick with unspoken words. As they browsed through racks of designer dresses, Diana couldn't help but notice that Mia kept picking clothes that covered her entire body, opting for long sleeves and high necklines.

She could guess it was because of the scars on her back. She vividly remembered the scars she had seen on Mia's back but had been unable to ask her about it because of the cameras in the bedroom.

Deciding to see if Mia would be open to talk about her, she asked, "Vanessa, why do you keep choosing such conservative dresses that cover you up completely? You have a beautiful figure. You should show it off."

Mia looked at her, her eyes steady. "I prefer to keep certain things covered," she replied simply.

"You mean the scars on your back, don't you? Were they from the accident?" Diana asked and Mia's gaze hardened.

She felt a surge of defiance as she met Diana's gaze. "No, Diana. Henry gave me those scars."

Diana's eyes widened in shock. She had known Henry to be ruthless and wicked, but a woman beater? That was a side she hadn't seen. "Are you expecting me to believe that Henry Rosewood, the man who dotes on me, is a woman beater?" she asked, her voice tinged with disbelief as she looked around to make sure they didn't have an audience.

Mia shrugged, her expression cold. "Believe whatever you please. It doesn't change the truth."

Diana took a deep breath, trying to process what she had just heard. She glanced around the boutique, ensuring no one was within earshot. "What happened?" she asked, her voice softer, more tentative.

Mia raised a brow, "Are you asking so you can report back to Henry and have him beat me some more? Or worse still lock me away in a mental house, so you can have him to yourself?" Mia asked, unable to keep the suspicion and disdain from her voice.

Diana shook her head, her eyes sincere. "No, Vanessa. I chose to ask you here, away from the house, because of the cameras. I genuinely do want to know. Not for Henry, but for myself. Please tell me."

Mia studied Diana's face, looking for any sign of deceit, but found none. "Has Henry never hit you?" she asked, her tone curious.

Diana shook her head again. "Never. He has never raised his voice either, that is why I find it hard to believe what you're telling me right now," Diana said and Mia's brows pulled together.

"How did you meet Henry?" She asked curiously, not bothering to answer Diana's question since she was more curious now.

Diana shrugged. "It was love at first sight. Our eyes met and locked at a party. I approached Henry myself," Diana said with a small smile at the memory.

"I told him he looked like a king and asked if I could be his queen. He said he liked my pick up line. After that we had a drink together, he invited me on a date. And the rest is history," Diana said with a shrug.

Mia was surprised but inwardly amused. The idea that a man like Henry Rosewood could fall in love was almost laughable.

"And he never told you about me?" Mia asked, and Diana shrugged.

"He said he was a widower. He told me how much he loved you and how broken he was when he lost you. When he found out you were alive and had eloped with a lover..."

"Eloped?" Mia cut in.

"Yeah. That was what he said. You reached out to him telling him you were alive and wanted a divorce and he found out you faked your death so you could be with your lover. He was quite hurt. He even shed tears..." Diana trailed off when Mia suddenly let out a humorless laugh.

"I'm happy for you, Diana," Mia said, her voice laced with a hint of bitterness. "I really am. And I'm grateful he has you. Thanks to you he doesn't pay me any attention. I hope you never have to experience the side of Henry that I have. I really do."

Diana remained silent, her mind racing with the implications of Mia's words. She had seen Henry's cruel side in his business dealings. Even her brother had been a victim, but she had never imagined he could be so violent at home.

"I'm sorry he did that to you. I had no idea..." Diana trailed off when Mia shook her head.

"Don't worry about my scars, Diana. The emotional ones run deeper than the physical ones you can see. If you truly feel sorry for me, convince Henry to divorce me and marry you," Mia said, her tone somber.

Diana's heart ached with a mixture of sympathy and guilt. She had never considered the full extent of Mia's suffering, but now that she knew, she couldn't ignore it. "You know he believes in the sanctity..."

"Just give it a try," Mia cut in, uninterested in that excuse, "At least for the sake of your unborn baby," Mia suggested, looking at Diana's abdomen.

Diana nodded slowly, her mind made up. "I will see what I can do," she said quietly.

Chapter 893 Unexpected Ally

After Mia and Diana had spent most of the morning shopping, Diana suggested that they have lunch together before going home, and Mia reluctantly agreed, since she had been looking forward to eating the meal prepared by Jeff.

As they made their way to the restaurant, which was within the mall where they were shopping, Diana looked at Mia, wondering if she could really trust her.

The last thing she wanted was for all of this to be a set up, and for Mia to expose her to Henry if she so much as confided in her.

But thinking about it again, she had been observing both Henry and Mia since she returned, and they didn't seem close in anyway. The fact that Henry had put her in charge of Mia told her that much.

As shocking as Mia's revelation had been, it sort of made sense and explained why she would fake her death and run away from Henry for the past three years, if she really didn't go to be with her lover.

Her instincts told her that Mia was telling the truth, and could be trusted. Deciding to go with her instinct, as they sat down to have lunch, Diana asked for a wine and Mia looked at her with frown.

"You know you shouldn't be having that in your state, right?" Mia asked and Diana nodded.

"Yeah. Can you tell me more about your marriage with Henry?" She asked and before Mia could decline she continued, "If I'm going to convince him to divorce you and marry me, I should know what kind of person he is. I wouldn't want to marry a man, who would give me such scars," Diana said and Mia shook her head.

"I don't think you have anything to worry about. I doubt Henry would ever treat you that way. He had his reasons for doing this to me. Reasons I only just recently realized," Mia said and Diana frowned.

"I don't think any reason justifies this act. This is a Barbaric act. No one, not even an animal deserves any such inhumane treatment that would leave such scars on their skin. And you shouldn't

make any excuse for him, regardless of what you think you did to deserve it," Diana said fiercely, and Mia looked at her for a moment, taken aback by the anger and passion in her voice.

"I wasn't making excuses for him. I know I didn't deserve it. I'm only trying to say Henry loves you. I've seen it in the way he looks at you and speaks to you. He has never looked at me that way. He wouldn't even let me have his baby. He beat his babies out of me both times I was pregnant, yet here you are pregnant for him, and he is ecstatic," Mia said, and blood drained from Diana's face.

"He did that to you?" Diana asked, and Mia blinked back the tears that gathered in her eyes as she forced a smile and nodded.

Without thinking, Diana reached across the table and touched Mia's hand, "Oh, Vanessa," she whispered softly.

"This is weird," Mia said with a shaky breath as she pulled her hand away from Diana's reach.

"You're the last person I expect sympathy from. I'm not telling you these to feel sorry for me or so you can leave Henry..."

"He will never know we had this conversation," Diana promised, holding Mia's gaze, and then Mia looked away as the waiter brought their drinks.

Seeing that she needed to also gain Mia's trust, Diana took a deep breath, deciding to take the risk, "I'm not pregnant," she whispered after the waiter left, and Mia blinding surprise.

"What?" Mia asked, and Diana smiled and nodded.

"But you said..."

"I lied," Diana said calmly and Mia frowned.

"Why? Henry would kill you if he finds out you deceived him," Mia said, her voice filled with fear and concern for Diana.

Diana smiled, "I know."

"You do? Why then did you lie? And why are you telling me this?"

"I'm telling you my secret so you can trust me," Diana said and Mia's frown deepened.

"Why? Why do you want me to trust you? What do you want?" Mia asked suspiciously and Diana shook her head.

"Nothing. You're a young lady like me. I feel bad for you. But most importantly, I figured that you might hate Henry almost as much as I do," she said and paused when the waiter brought their lunch.

"Hate? You hate him? Why?" Mia asked curiously after the waiter left again.

Diana took a deep breath, the aroma of the freshly served dishes mingling with her rising emotions. She glanced at the spread in front of them.

Mia had chosen a light salad with grilled chicken, avocado, and a tangy lemon vinaigrette, while Diana opted for a hearty bowl of pasta, creamy with Alfredo sauce and sprinkled generously with Parmesan.

Cutting a piece of chicken from her salad, Mia looked at Diana, her curiosity barely contained. Diana stirred her pasta absentmindedly before speaking.

"I hate him because he's a monster," Diana said quietly, her voice barely above a whisper. "Not just because of what he's done to you, though that's more than enough reason. He manipulates, controls, and destroys everything in his path."

Mia paused, fork in mid-air, and watched Diana intently. The raw emotion in Diana's voice was unmistakable, and it resonated deeply with her own experiences.

Diana continued, her eyes fixed on her plate. "Henry is charming to those he wants to charm, but behind closed doors, he's a ruthless man. He uses people until they're no longer of value to him. I've seen it happen to others, and I know it's only a matter of time before he turns on me."

"And yet you are with him?" Mia said, more as a statement than a question.

Diana merely nodded.

"Did you approach him knowing these? Or did you fall in love with him and later got to know the kind of person he is?" Mia asked as she took a bite of her salad, chewing slowly.

The crisp lettuce and creamy avocado tasted bland compared to the bitterness of their conversation.

A sad smile played on Diana's lips. "I told you I approached him. It was a calculated move. I have my reasons. For now, I need to stay close to him, to gather as much information as I can to destroy him. Believe me, I want nothing more than to see Henry Rosewood crumble. I want to see him on his knees. I want to see him weep. He needs to be taught that he is human and not some immortal."

Hearing the hatred and bitterness in her voice, Mia was curious to know Diana's story. She wanted to know what Diana had against Henry, but she was also too cautious to ask any questions or seem too interested, lest she fell into a trap, if this was one.

Mia reached for her glass of water, taking a sip before speaking. "I hope whatever you're planning works."

"I hope so too," Diana said, finally looking up to meet Mia's eyes. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears.

Mia's gaze softened, "Whatever you're planning, be careful. Henry is dangerous, and he won't hesitate to hurt you if he feels threatened," Mia warned.

Diana nodded. "I know."

They ate in silence for a few moments, the clinking of cutlery against plates the only sound between them.

"Can I ask you a question?" Mia asked curiously, since she had been wondering about it since Jeff arrived.

"Yeah."

"Why did you ask the last chef to leave? Is this new chef your person?" Mia asked, wanting to know if Diana was working with Tom or something.

Diana paused, fork in mid air as she met Mia's gaze, "No. I don't know him. Why do you ask?"

Mia shrugged, "I'm just curious."

"Actually, it wasn't my idea. I'm being blackmailed," she confessed to Mia.

"Blackmailed?" Mia asked in surprise, and Diana nodded.

"I don't know who is blackmailing me or how they found out about my identity and reason for being with Henry, but they asked me to fire the last chef. I'm not sure why they asked me to do that either or if the new chef can be trusted," Diana said, but Mia could guess it was Tom and Harry.

How did they know about Diana? Was it Tyler? Mia mused. Perhaps she had underestimated them and what they were capable of.

"I need to use the restroom," Mia said abruptly, "Want to come?" She asked, since Diana was always following her about.

Diana shook her head, "I don't think there is any reason to do so anymore when we are alone," Diana said and Mia smiled.

"Thanks. I will be right back," Mia said, and headed for the restroom, leaving her purse behind.

As she walked, she tried to decide on the right person to call. She had memorized the numbers of Tom, Harry, Sonia, and Jeff, but now that Jeff was here, she didn't know his new number and had no way of reaching him.

As Mia walked into the female restroom, she decided to call Sonia since it was late at night, and it would be easier to bother Bryan and Sonia than to bother Tom and Harry. Looking around, she saw some ladies in the restroom and approached them.

"Hello! I seem to have left my phone at home, and I need to make an important call. Mind if I borrow your phone for a moment? It won't take a minute please," she said politely.

As the ladies looked her over, they took in her appearance and immediately recognized her as Mrs Rosewood who had been all over the news a week ago.

"Sure. You can use mine," one of the ladies offered, and Mia smiled at her as she stepped to the side and dialed Sonia's line.

The phone rang for a few moments before Bryan's sleepy voice answered. "Hello?"

"Bryan, it's Mia," she whispered urgently.

Bryan immediately sounded more alert. "Mia?" Bryan asked, and Sonia who had been stirred from sleep by her ringing tone sat up.

"It's Mia?" She asked, reaching for the phone as Bryan placed it on speaker.

"Hey, Mia! Are you safe right now? Is this your..."

"Listen, this isn't my phone. I'm using someone's phone in a public restroom and I need to be quick. I just need to know what's happening. Do you guys know about Diana? And is Tom blackmailing her? Is that how he got Jeff to be employed?" She asked urgently, needing to confirm that she could trust Diana.

"Yes to all your questions. Why? Did something happen?" Bryan asked curiously.

"No. She was telling me about it and I needed to be sure I could trust her. I have to go now. I will call you again whenever I can. Take care of yourself and the baby. Don't call back," Mia said quickly and hung up before Sonia could say anything.

She deleted Sonia's number from the phone and turned to see the ladies staring at her. She flashed them a smile of gratitude as she handed the phone back to the woman. "Thank you so much."

The woman nodded, watching Mia with concern since they all knew about her mental illness.

Mia walked into one of the toilet stalls, and pretended to ease herself. She flushed the toilet and then washed her hands before going out to meet Diana again.

She was sort of relieved to know that Diana wasn't lying to her. Now that she knew she could trust Diana, she felt a flicker of hope.

Although Diana was an unexpected ally, Mia made up her mind that she wasn't going to tell Diana about her own plans. She wasn't going to tell Diana either that Jeff was her own person.

She was just going to let everything play out, and see how it goes, while silently supporting Diana. She didn't want to be caught in the middle of anything went wrong with Diana's plan. She needed to have her own revenge.

Chapter 894 Divorce Her

As Mia and Diana returned to the house, Diana's mind was still reeling from the revelations of the morning.

After Mia returned from the restroom earlier, Mia had told her how she met Henry and how Henry had ruined her family's business just so they would be indebted to him and he could marry her.

Diana had always known Henry was a monster, but she had never imagined the depth of his cruelty.

She glanced at Mia, who was staring out the window, her expression distant and she sighed inwardly wishing there was a way she could really help Mia, since she couldn't even begin to imagine how Mia was feeling under the same roof as Henry.

Without thinking she reached for Mia's hand and squeezed it, "Stay strong. I will do all I can to help you," Diana said softly as they pulled up to the house.

Mia turned to her. "Thank you."

She had been thinking about her life and wondering what her life would have been like if she had never crossed path with Henry.

She had once been a vibrant, hopeful young woman with dreams and aspirations. But Henry had shattered those dreams, leaving her a shell of her former self. And even though she had tried to break free, she had spent the past three years in hiding and not living her life to the fullest because she was still haunted by the ghosts of Henry's wickedness.

They exited the car and headed inside, each lost in their own thoughts. As they entered the house, Henry was waiting for them in the foyer, his eyes lighting up when he saw Diana.

"How was the shopping trip, darling?" he asked, pulling her into a hug.

"It was fine," Diana replied, flashing him an effortless smile, and Mia couldn't help but inwardly commend Diana's acting skills.

"You must be exhausted. Come in, and I will massage your feet," Henry said and Diana smiled at him before turning to Mia.

"Vanessa, you can ask Mika to get the bags out of the car..."

"She can do that herself. I'm sure you must have learned how to carry stuff yourself these last three years," Henry said with disdain and Mia returned to the car to get the bags while Henry led Diana inside.

"Did you find something suitable for the gala?" Henry asked as they walked and Diana nodded.

"Yes. We found the perfect wears. How have you been, my king?" Diana asked as they walked into the living room and sat down.

"I've been missing you. I returned earlier than planned so I could spend some more time with you," Henry said, ignoring Mia as she returned with Diana's bag.

"You can take my bag to my room," Diana ordered.

"I don't want her inside our bedroom. Give me the bags. I will take them up myself," Henry said dismissively, and after taking the bag from Mia he turned his attention back to Diana. "I have a surprise for you, my love. Come with me."

"Really? What's that?" Diana asked excitedly as she rose.

"You will see," Henry said, and Mia watched as Henry led Diana away.

She couldn't help but feel amused by this aspect of Henry. She turned when she noticed a movement and saw Jeff standing at the edge of the dining watching her.

"Do you need something, ma'am?" Jeff asked politely as she approached him.

"Where is Margaret and Mika?" She asked and Jeff looked behind him.

"They both went grocery shopping," he said and Mia raised a brow.

"Does that mean you're alone in the kitchen?" She asked hopefully, and he nodded.

"Fruits. I'd like a plate of fruit salad. I will join you after I drop my shopping bags and put on something more comfortable," Mia said and Jeff gave her a polite nod as he watched her go.

Mia was glad that she didn't have to worry about either Henry or Diana watching her, especially Henry, since he would be too engrossed in whatever he wanted to show or do to Diana to pay any attention to the cctv.

Once in her room, Mia set down the bags and quickly took off her clothes. She walked into the bathroom and let the water run down her body.

She wondered how Diana was able to stand Henry's touch if she hated him as much as she had said. How could she kiss him or let him make love to her? Didn't she feel disgusted? How was she able to hide her true feelings?

After freshening up, she returned to the dining and when she didn't see Jeff there with the fruit, she went into the kitchen.

Jeff stood there, dicing the fruits carefully, and Mia watched him without saying a word for some time.

"Thank you," Mia said softly, breaking the silence and Jeff turned to look at her.

He smiled when he saw her, and then moved closer to her and pulled her close to him for a warm hug.

"Jeff! The camera," she said in alarm, pushing him away as she looked at the CCTV positioned in the kitchen, not for her sake but to monitor the staff in case of food poisoning.

"Don't worry. It's not working..."

"It is. Can't you see the light blinking?" Mia argued and Jeff smiled.

"I told Tom that I need a safe place to talk to you so he connected me with someone who tampers with cameras. I asked him to tamper with the cameras for the next couple of minutes,," Jeff assured her.

"Really?" She asked, uncertainly and Jeff gave her a nod.

"Sure."

"All the cameras? Wouldn't that be suspicious?" She asked and she shook his head.

"It will look like a system glitch or something. Don't worry too much. How have you been?" Jeff asked and now that Mia knew that the cameras were not working, she embraced him.

"I'm better now that you are here. Are you okay? I've missed you so much," Mia said and Jeff smiled as he looked down at her.

"You know, you seem really different, ma'am," Jeff said and Mia hit his arm playfully.

"You don't look like the Jeff I know either," Mia said and they both grinned at each other.

"Have you been sleeping well?" Jeff asked with concern and she nodded.

"Yes. Surprisingly well. I guess now that I'm living my nightmare again, I can sleep well," she said with a small smile.

"I spoke with Bryan and Sonia earlier," she said and Jeff raised a brow.

"When? How? Did you get a phone?" Jeff asked and Mia shook her head and quickly explained what had happened during their shopping to him.

Jeff shook his head in amusement, "Tom didn't want you to know about Diana. You didn't tell her anything about our plan, did you?" He asked and Mia shook her head.

"No, I didn't. I don't plan to," Mia said and Jeff nodded with approval.

"Hang in there, okay? And whenever you want us to talk in private you can give me a signal so I can ask for the cameras to be tampered with," Jeff said and Mia smiled.

"I'd really love that. I should leave before Henry suspects anything," Mia said and Jeff nodded as he picked up the bowl of fruit salad and handed it to her.

"Whenever you want us to talk, you can request for a bowl of fruit salad," Jeff said and Mia nodded before walking away.

In Henry's bedroom, Diana lay on the bed with her legs on Henry's thighs as he massaged her feet.

"So? What is the surprise?" She asked, and Henry gently put down her legs and rose from the bed. He went to the drawer on his side of the bed and took out an envelope.

"What is this?" Diana asked as he handed it to her.

"Open it," he said with a smile and she did.

"A car and a house?" She asked in confusion.

"Yes. I figured that now that you're pregnant, you might not be comfortable living here. Especially now that Vanessa is here...."

"No! I'm not leaving," Diana said flatly before he could finish, and he looked at her, shocked by her reaction.

"Are you trying to subtly let go of me now that your wife is back? Is this your way of saying you no longer need me?" Diana asked, and Henry shook his head.

"Of course, not! I will visit you often and spend all my time with you..."

"Divorce her," Diana said, and Henry raised a brow.

"What?"

"You asked me what I wanted the other night, right? That is what I want. I want to be your wife. Divorce her and make me your wife," she said, and a flicker of annoyance crossed his eyes.

"You know I can't do that," Henry said and Diana frowned.

"Can't or won't? You are secretly in love with her, are you not?" She asked in an accusatory tone.

"You know very well that it is your that I love..."

"Then prove it! This is the time to prove to me that you love me! I spent the last two years living and serving you after she abandoned you, yet you won't leave her and marry me. I thought you always said you reward loyalty? What right does she have to be Mrs Rosewood? Do you have any idea how hard it is to walk beside her while other treats her with respect as your wife and I'm looked down on? Do you think your family would want you to remain married to her when they find out the kind of woman she is?" Diana asked with displeasure.

"Will you really be okay with having your precious child out of wedlock? The Rosewood bastard? What will people say? Will you keep our child hidden? Maybe all of this is a mistake. Don't worry yourself. I will get an abortion..."

"Stop!" Henry ordered but Diana got off the bed and continued.

"Why should I? Maybe I should just leave. I can't keep so this. I understand you don't want a broken home, but I also can't stand you breaking my heart! So, why don't you let me leave if you can't let your wife go?" she asked, and Henry took a deep breath as he walked over to her and placed both hands on her shoulders.

"You're not going anywhere, Diana. I can't let you go. I will see what I can do about Vanessa," Henry promised as he brushed away a tear drop from her cheek.

"Don't over exert yourself and the baby. I will come up with a solution," he promised.

"The only solution is for you to divorce her, that way we can live together. Will you divorce her?" Diana asked hopefully.

"Sure. If that's what you want. I will begin the process tomorrow," he promised once again as he kissed her forehead.

"Thank you my king," Diana said as she leaned into him and Henry sighed deeply.

Although he didn't want to get rid of Vanessa anytime soon, but perhaps Diana was right. He didn't have to keep her so close as his wife to punish her. He could make her disappear— have her locked away in an asylum for the rest of her life, and live the rest of his life with Diana as his wife, and their kids.

Chapter 895 Weekend Buddies

Lucas leaned back into the plush cushions of the couch, the final whistle of the football game still echoing in his ears.

The living room was now silent, save for the low hum of the television as it flickered to a sports recap.

Rubbing his eyes, he considered his options. He could keep watching the television and wait for Tyler, or go straight to bed.

He glanced at the wall clock: 10:15 P.M.

Nah. He couldn't wait up for Tyler, he decided as he pushed himself off the couch and made his way to the bedroom.

Inside the bedroom he changed into more comfortable sleeping clothes and got on the bed, ready to call it a night.

He lay on the bed for some time, and when sleep wasn't forthcoming, it occurred to him that he could seize the opportunity to talk to Amy before going to bed, since it was morning over there in Ludus and she was most likely awake now.

Since they had agreed to be weekend buddies and to restrict their conversations to the weekends, they hadn't chatted or spoken all week.

Lucas thought there was no better way to start the weekend as weekend buddies than with a phone conversation. With that in mind, he picked up his phone and dialed her number.

The line rang once, twice, three times. By the fourth ring, he was almost ready to hang up when he heard a sleepy voice on the other end.

"Hello?" Amy's voice was thick with sleep, a little disoriented.

"Hey, Amy," Lucas started tentatively, "Did I wake you? We can talk some other time."

There was a brief pause before she responded, more alert now, "Lucas! Oh, it's you. No, it's fine," she rushed to say.

The sleep evaporated instantly, replaced by a bright, warm sound of surprise. Lucas could practically picture the smile blooming on her face. "I don't mind. I'm actually glad you called."

Lucas could hear the genuine pleasure in her tone, and it made him smile. "Sorry for waking you. I just figured I'd talk to you before going to bed."

"I'm glad you did since I have to get my lazy ass out of bed and start my day anyway," Amy said, her voice genuinely warm.

Lucas chuckled, imagining her sitting up in bed, a sleepy smile on her face. "Start your day? What do you plan to do today?" He asked with interest.

"I'm resuming my weekend sports. I haven't played any sports in a long time. Since I found out about Miley's condition. I'm thinking about going back to it and playing some tennis today," Amy said, a hint of excitement in her voice.

Lucas's eyebrows shot up. "Tennis, huh? Interesting."

"What's interesting about it?" Amy challenged, a playful note creeping in.

"Well," Lucas said, drawing out the word, "it just so happens I remember you wearing tennis shorts the first time I saw you at Lucy's" Lucas said, the memory vivid in his mind.

He could practically hear the stunned silence on the other end. Then, a flustered laugh. "Oh my god," Amy finally choked out. "You actually noticed? I can't believe you remember what I was wearing when we barely said a word to each other."

"Yeah. I notice things. And I don't only notice them, I also remember them," he confirmed with a smug grin.

"Why does it sound like you're bragging right now?" Amy asked with amusement.

"Because I am," Lucas said simply, and they both laughed.

"I actually played tennis with Miley that morning before I was called to the office. I didn't even know she was ill then," Amy said with a wistful sigh.

"It was a pink and white pleated skirt and a white polo," Lucas said, trying to distract her from thoughts of Miley.

"What?" Amy asked in confusion.

"What you were wearing. pink and white pleated skirt and a white polo," he repeated.

"You're bragging again," she said, and Lucas chuckled.

"Yes, I am."

"So, what was your first impression of me?" Amy asked curiously.

"I thought you were pretty smart and loyal," Lucas said easily.

"You think I'm pretty?" Amy joked, even though she knew he had said pretty smart.

Knowing what she was doing, he chuckled. If it was in the past he would have been worried, but now that he knew how she liked to pull his legs and tease him, he didn't read any meaning into her question.

"Yeah. Very pretty smart," he said, and Amy laughed.

"And, yes I do think you're pretty," he said, making her heart skip a beat.

"Gee! Thanks, Buddy," she said, making light of it, and Lucas smiled.

"So, is tennis the only sport you play? Or is there anything else you'd like to confess about your athletic side?" Lucas asked, changing the subject.

"Well, there's volleyball too. And basketball."

Now it was Lucas's turn to be surprised. "Basketball? Really?"

"Yup," she said, a hint of pride in her voice.

"Impressive. If you love sports so much, why are you working as a secretary instead of pursuing a career as a sportswoman?" He asked curiously.

"Hmm," Amy sighed deeply, making Lucas realize that there seemed to be a long story there.

"I guess it's complicated," he said, letting her know she didn't need to answer his question.

"Yeah. It's a story for another day. What about you, Luca? Did you ever play any sports?" She asked, changing the subject.

"Yeah," he admitted, a tinge of regret in his voice. "I actually used to love basketball. I still do. I Wanted to be on the school team and all that."

"So why didn't you? What stopped you?" Amy asked, curiosity piqued.

Lucas hesitated. This was a conversation he hadn't had with anyone. "It's... embarrassing to say."

"Come on, Luca," Amy coaxed. "We're weekend buddies, remember? Tell me. I promise not to laugh." She pressed softly.

"If you tell me why you didn't pursue a career in sports, I will tell you," Lucas said and Amy smiled.

"Sure. My mom didn't let me. My dad was a sportsman. There was nothing to show for it. He let the fame get to his head and at the end he had nothing," Amy said simply.

"And you couldn't just say this before? Why?" Lucas asked with a slight frown, and Amy stuck her tongue in her cheek to keep from laughing.

"To make you more curious. Your turn, doc. Tell me what stopped you from playing with your school team if you loved basketball so much," she urged him.

He took a deep breath. "Rachel didn't want me to," Lucas confessed. "She was scared I'd get too much attention from other girls and she couldn't stand it."

Amy paused. Although she wanted to laugh, but she didn't. "It must have been tough to give up the things you loved because of the insecurities of the person you loved."

"Yeah," Lucas agreed with a sigh. "I didn't think too much of it or make a big deal out of it until she wanted me to stay away from Lucy during the scandal. That's when I realized I'd had enough," Lucas said, surprised that he was easily talking to her about Rachel.

"Guess what?" Amy asked, and he raised a brow.

"What?"

"You can play basketball now if you want to. There's nothing stopping you anymore," Amy said softly.

"Yes, I can," Lucas said, a smile in his voice.

"Maybe when you come around, I can take you to where I play," Amy suggested. "We can go against each other. I promise not to go easy on you," she said, and Lucas laughed, the sound warm and genuine.

"So, how was your week?" he asked, settling into his bed, the phone pressed to his ear.

"Pretty boring, actually. Just the usual wake-up, work, sleep, wake up, work, repeat. Nothing exciting," Amy sighed.

"No eating in between? Wow! You must be a robot," He joked, and she laughed.

"What about you?" She asked curiously.

"Same here, except swap work with classes and training. And I did eat," Lucas said, feeling a comfortable rhythm settling into their conversation.

Amy chuckled softly. "I've been curious about something," she admitted.

Lucas' curiosity piqued, "Oh, what is it?" he prompted.

"What did you tell Miley's parents when you visited them?" Amy asked, her voice suddenly serious.

Lucas exhaled, the weight of the memory settling on his chest. "Hmm. Why do you want to know?"

"It's been on my mind since I was invited to the funeral. I really want to know how you got them to change their mind," Amy explained.

"I don't think I changed their mind. I think they merely lashed out at you because they wanted to blame someone for their pain, and since they couldn't blame Miley, you were the next best person. I don't think they really believed that you tried to con Miley," Lucas said quietly.

"And if you must know, I told them the truth. That I thought it was a foolish decision for you to be Miley's surrogate or to even encourage her to do all she wanted because of your blind loyalty. I told them that we had a misunderstanding after she proposed I marry her, and that was when I left the country."

Amy was silent for a moment, processing his words. "Why would you do something like that for me? Why would you go all that way just to clear the air for me? I wasn't nice to you and I was mean and..."

Lucas cut in before she could finish, "I don't like seeing people suffer if I can help it. Whether or not they deserve it, I try to do my best for everyone. Even if it's just a stray dog."

Amy laughed softly, "Are you comparing me to a stray dog right now?"

Lucas laughed too, the sound warm and rich. "Not exactly. But I'm sure you get the point."

"Yeah. I do. Thanks. I suppose I should let you go to bed now," Amy said, and Lucas glanced at his phone screen to check the time.

"Yeah. And I should let you go do your sports thing," he said, and Amy smiled.

"Thanks for calling, Lucas. I've been looking forward to talking with you all week. I will call you before I go to bed," she said, and Lucas smiled.

"Sure. Have fun."

"Have fun in your sleep too," she said with a grin, and Lucas chuckled as he hung up.

Chapter 896 Let's Break Up

Harry laughed when Jade tickled his foot and he tried to pull his leg away, but Jade held on to his leg.

"Why are you doing that?" Harry asked, and Jade grinned.

"Because I like to hear you laugh," she said, and Harry laughed as he grabbed her hand and pulled her close to him so they lay on the bed, side by side.

The past three weeks had been a whirlwind, a much-needed vacation that had started a little rocky, because of Harry's workaholic tendencies, but gradually smoothed out after their heartfelt conversation.

Now, their three-week vacation was coming to an end, and the weekend loomed like an impending shadow of reality.

Jade sighed, her fingers tracing invisible patterns on Harry's chest. "Can you believe it's almost over?" she asked, her voice tinged with sadness.

Harry turned his head to look at her, a small smile playing on his lips. "Time flies, doesn't it? I'm ready to get back to work, though. I've got a lot to catch up on."

Jade bit her lip, her heart sinking. "Can you try not to look so happy about it?" She asked, and Harry looked at her.

"Why do you look so sad? It's not like you're not going to see me again. We are only leaving this place with us. We have made more than enough memories here," he said softly and she nodded.

"Yeah, I know. But... I just wish we could stay here a little longer. It's been nice, hasn't it?"

Harry nodded, his eyes softening. "It has. I have to admit I needed this break and this time with you more than I realized."

"Don't you need more break?" She asked, batting her lashes at him playfully and he laughed.

"I've had more than enough," he said, and she sighed.

"So, what happens when we get back? I move back to Tom's and we see at the office daily and maybe hangout over the weekends?" She asked, and Harry raised a brow.

"Is that what you want?" He asked, and she let out a deep breath and shrugged.

"I don't know. You tell me," she said, and Harry smiled, but before he could say a word, his phone vibrated with a text notification and he picked it up.

Jade watched as he moved his body ever so slightly away from her as he read the text, and then he quickly typed something before looking at her again.

He hesitated for a moment, "Why don't we continue this conversation later. I need to freshen up and step out for a minute," Harry said and Jade's brows pulled together.

"Where are you going to?" She asked and Harry considered lying to her.

"I need to check something out really quick. I will be back..."

"What are you checking out? Can I come too?" She asked, and he shook his head.

"No, you can't come. Think of it as a surprise. Trust me, okay?" He said, and she sighed as she watched him get up and walk into the bathroom.

Lately, he had been more secretive, carrying his phone everywhere, even hiding to take calls when he thought she wasn't looking. It was unlike him, and it had sparked a tiny flame of doubt in her mind again. She pushed the thought away, trying to trust him, but the nagging suspicion lingered.

Jade lay on the bed, wanting to sleep so she wouldn't dwell on any negative thoughts, but just as she closed her eyes, Harry's phone vibrated again, and she realized he had not taken the phone with him into the bathroom.

Her heart pounded in her chest as curiosity got the better of her. She reached over and picked it up.

Her brows pulled together when she saw a text displayed on the screen from an unsaved number.

[I forgot to tell you, I didn't know which dress you'd prefer so I got two. A red and a black.]

Jade's breath hitched when she read the message, and since she knew Harry's password, she unlocked his phone and checked his message history with that number.

The last message there was from Harry: [I will be there in ten minutes.]

Her frown deepened when she checked the time the message was sent, and saw that it was a couple of minutes ago. It meant Harry had deleted the lady's text.

Why did he do that if he had nothing to hide?

She quickly checked his call history and saw numerous calls to the same number since their arrival. Her stomach churned with a mix of fear and anger.

Who was this person? She mused as she quickly picked up her phone, her fingers trembling slightly as she copied the number onto her phone.

Just as the bathroom door opened, Jade quickly put Harry's phone back and composed herself, trying to appear nonchalant.

Harry walked over, toweling his hair dry. "I will be back in about thirty minutes or less. Don't miss me too much," he said, leaning down to kiss her.

"Take your time," she replied, managing a smile.

As soon as the door closed behind him, she dialed the number with shaking hands, her heart racing.

A feminine voice, bright and cheerful answered, "Hello?"

Jade didn't speak. The carefully constructed image of nonchalance she'd presented to Harry shattered into a million pieces.

The phone pressed against Jade's ear felt like a live wire, buzzing with the electricity of betrayal.

Harry's playful goodbye echoed in her head, a cruel mockery of the truth she now held in her trembling hand.

"Hello? Who's this?" The feminine voice on the phone, laced with confusion, finally cut through the fog.

Jade's breath hitched, a choked gasp that devolved into a series of ragged breaths. Tears welled up in her eyes, blurring the world around her.

Jade clenched her jaw, and squeezed her eyes shut, willing back the tears that threatened to spill over. A primal scream clawed at her throat, begging to be released.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" The voice, oblivious to the storm raging within Jade, persisted.

Without saying a word, Jade hung up the call. A stunned silence followed, broken only by Jade's ragged breaths. Shame washed over her again, a wave of self-loathing for trusting so blindly.

A strangled sob escaped her lips, hot and wet, as the weight of reality settled on her chest, suffocating her.

The room which was once a haven of stolen moments and whispered promises, morphed into a suffocating cage.

Shame burned through her. How could she have been so blind? The nagging doubts she'd pushed aside, the secretive phone calls, all came rushing back, forming a horrifying picture of betrayal. Anger, hot and molten, bubbled up alongside the hurt.

She couldn't believe that she had trusted Harry only to be betrayed this way. She had no doubt about the identity of the lady on the phone, since she had watched Harry talk to her on different occasions.

How stupid she must have looked to them both, Jade thought as tears streamed down her face.

Harry had been deceiving her. The thought of him lying, betraying her trust, was unbearable. She felt a surge of anger and sadness, the emotions overwhelming her.

There was no way she could remain here. She couldn't bear to look into Harry's face again or listen to any more of his lies. She had to get away and escape the pain that threatened to consume her.

Without giving it another thought, she rose from the bed and walked over to the closet. Although her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions but her hands moved with purpose as she began packing her bags.

As she stuffed clothes into her suitcase, memories of their vacation flashed before her eyes; the laughter, the tender moments, the promises whispered to each other.

How could it all have been a lie? How could Harry have deceived her this way for so long? How could he have brought another lady with him on their vacation?

Tears blurred Jade's vision and she took a break from packing and sat on the edge of the bed as she wept.

She felt a hollow ache in her chest, a deep sense of betrayal. How could Harry do this to her? Had everything between them been a facade? She mused as she wept.

Just as she finished packing her bags a few minutes later, the sound of the door opening jolted her from her thoughts and Harry walked in, a casual smile on his face. "Hey, I'm back," he announced, oblivious to the storm brewing inside her.

Harry took one look at her face and the packed bags, and he frowned, "What's wrong? Did something happen?" He asked, sounding both confused and concerned.

She took a deep breath, trying to keep her voice from trembling. "I'm done with this relationship, Harry. I don't want to keep doing this with you. You can go to her."

Harry's frown deepened, "Go to who? What are you talking about?"

"I was expecting that. I knew you were going to lie to me again. But save it, Harry. Save your lies. I don't want to hear them. I checked your phone. I saw the text she sent you about the dress you prefer. I know you went out just now to meet her. I know you've been communicating with her over the phone since we got here," she said, her voice rising. "You've been lying to me, and I can't stay here anymore. I'm leaving."

"Jade, listen," Harry reached out, but she stepped back, her eyes filled with hurt and anger.

"I trusted you," she said, her voice breaking. "And you betrayed me. I opened up to you about everything, Harry. I told you everything about my last relationship but you just turned out to be the same as Todd. I can't do this anymore. I don't want to do it."

"For Christ's sake, will you just shut the fuck up and listen to me?" Harry yelled at her, losing his temper, and she jumped back in surprise, since she had never seen him mad.

"What is wrong with you? What the hell is wrong with you? I get it that you are still very much affected by your past, but for how long are you going to have such an emotional reaction to everything? If we were married, would you walk out of our marriage this way because of mere suspicions? Don't you think I might also be dealing with trust issues myself seeing as I was abandoned by my own mother and my father was betrayed by the only woman he ever loved? Have I ever allowed that affect our relationship?" Harry asked angrily while Jade watched in confusion, wondering why he was mad when she was the one supposed to be mad.

Was he trying to act like Todd and turn the tables on her so she would feel guilty and apologize? She mused.

Harry flung two shopping bags on the bed which she had not seen him holding, and a jewelry box fell out from one of the bags.

"Yes, I went to see her only because I wanted to get the stuff I asked her to help me get for YOU! The lady you claim I'm having an affair with, is an event planner. She was planning my surprise engagement to you, and that is the reason I was being so secretive about it. Those are the dresses I was going to ask you to choose from for our last date here tomorrow," Harry said, and Jade's heart skipped a beat as she looked from the bags and jewelry box to Harry.

"You want to leave? You don't want to see me again? Fine! Let's break up," Harry said, and without another word to her, he turned around and walked out of the suite, leaving her standing where she was.

Jade's tears flowed freely as she walked over to the bed and opened both bags. Sure enough, the dresses inside were a red and black with a pair of high heeled gold strappy sandals.

She opened the jewelry box, and raised a hand to her lips to stifle a sob when she saw the most beautiful diamond engagement ring, she had ever seen, seated pretty in the box.

Chapter 897 I Will Get Help

After walking away from the suite he shared with Jade, Harry went over to the resort lounge, and he sat there, agonizing silently over what had just happened.

He sat there, staring blankly at ornate designs on the wall as he replayed the entire event in his head. The more he thought about it, the more frustrated he felt, and the heavier the weight in his chest.

Everything had been meticulously planned, down to the last detail. But now, it was all in shambles because of a misunderstanding. Jade's reaction had left him reeling, and he couldn't stop the anger and disappointment from bubbling up within him.

How could she think so little of him? How could she look him in the face and say all that to him?

If he had not returned when he did, would she have left just like that and let him return to an empty room?

Did he mean so little to her that he didn't deserve a benefit of doubt regardless of what she had seen or understood from what she had seen?

He was angry that she would pack up to leave that way without even hearing from him and confirming whether or not her suspicions was correct. He was angry that she had called him a liar and a cheat so easily.

Although a part of him was feeling guilty that he shouldn't have left her that way, but he quickly shrugged it off.

He couldn't always pamper her. No, he wouldn't, else she wouldn't learn. If he had hugged her and assured her softly that he had only been planning a surprise engagement, and that all will be well, she would most likely repeat her actions again.

He needed her to know that as much as he understood her insecurities, her actions had consequences and they also had effects on him. He wanted her to know that he was human and his emotions could also be hurt by her words and actions, and he had every right to react to them.

After being there for a while, he decided to retire for the night since he was going to have to call Tom and the others and ask them not to get on the plane in the morning as they had planned.

Instead of going back to the suite which he shared with Jade, he went to the suite which had been reserved for Tom and Lucy, and after he settled down at the balcony, he picked up his phone, dreading the calls he had to make.

With a heavy sigh, he dialed Tom's number, and Tom, who had been in the middle of packing his bag with Lucy, answered on the second ring. "Hey, Harry! What's up? We are just packing our bags now," he said cheerfully.

"It's off, Tom. The engagement is off. Don't bother coming tomorrow," Harry said, his voice flat and devoid of emotion.

There was a pause on Tom's end, "Wait, let me step out of here," Tom said to Harry, meeting Lucy's gaze, and when she gave him a nod, he walked out of the room to the balcony outside.

Harry waited, as Tom moved to a quieter place. Finally, Tom's voice came through, filled with concern. "Alright, what's going on? Did something happen again?"

Harry took a deep breath, trying to keep his composure. "I stepped out briefly to get the ring and Jade's clothes for tomorrow, which I asked the event planner to help me pick up. I got back to find

her packing her bags. No, she wasn't packing. She was done packing, and I think if I had not returned when I did, I would have returned to an empty room. You won't believe she packed up to leave me there because she saw a text from the event planner and jumped to conclusions."

Tom let out a low whistle. "Wow. That's... that's rough. So, what did you do? Where are you now? Where is she?"

"I was really upset so I left her in the suite. I'm at your reserved suite. I told her we should break up," Harry said, and Tom sighed.

"Are you really breaking up with her?"

Harry shook his head, even though Tom couldn't see him. "No," Harry replied, his voice firm.

"I don't plan to break up with her. I love Jade. But I need her to see how her past is affecting us. I need her to get over the trust issues she has. I can't move forward with her until she deals with that. I just need her to realize that she can't go on like this. I feel insulted that she would think so little of me and accuse me of doing something so disgusting."

"I get it, Harry. I really do," Tom said softly. "Take it easy, okay? Give her some time to process everything. I will speak with her and get her a therapist so she can start getting help the moment she returns," Tom said and Harry sighed deeply.

"Thanks, Tom. I already looked up a couple of therapists. I will send you the number of one of them so you can give it to her," Harry said and after talking some more for a minute, they hung up the call.

Harry leaned back in the chair, running a hand through his hair as he dialed Candace's number next.

Candace answered almost immediately, her voice cheerful. "Hey! How's it going over there?"

Harry took a deep breath. "Candace, the engagement is off. Don't bother flying down anymore," Harry said, going straight to the point.

Candace was silent for a moment, then asked, "Why? What is wrong? Did something happen? Is everything okay?"

"Yeah. I just I changed my mind. I think it's still too soon," Harry said, not wanting to give Candace the details.

Although Candace could tell that there was more to the change of plans than he was letting on, since she didn't see Harry as the type to do anything without giving it some thought, she chose not to press.

"That's such a shame. Andy and I were looking forward to this weekend getaway. Give my love to Jade then. And be good," Candace said easily.

"Sure. Thanks. I will call you when we return," Harry said before hanging up.

He dropped the phone on the table and buried his face in his hands. The suite felt unbearably quiet, the ticking of the clock echoing in the stillness. His thoughts were a chaotic jumble, frustration and hurt warring within him.

He raised his head when he heard a knock on the door, and he rose to go see who was at the door. When he opened it and saw Jade standing there, he turned and walked back into the suite without a word, leaving the door open for her to follow.

Jade stepped inside, her heart pounding as she shut the door behind her and followed him.

Once they got to the living room, Harry turned to face her, and although his heart ached for her when he saw her swollen eyes and red nose, he didn't let it show, "What are you doing here, Jade?" He asked with a blank expression.

She took a shaky breath. "I'm sorry I misunderstood the situation. I know I messed up, but you didn't have to pay for another suite just to stay away from me."

Harry's expression didn't change. "This suite was supposed to be for Tom and Lucy, and the next one for Candace and Andy. They were supposed to fly in for the engagement tomorrow."

Jade felt a pang of guilt and shame. She looked down, unable to meet his gaze. "I'm sorry I jumped to conclusions. I let my past get the best of me again and I reacted emotionally. I'm ashamed of myself and I'm sorry. I don't want to break up with you. Please, Harry."

Harry crossed his arms, his posture rigid. "I can't get married to someone who thinks so little of me, Jade. I don't want to continue with this relationship."

Tears welled up in Jade's eyes. "Please, Harry. Don't say that. I'm sorry. I will work on myself, I promise. This will be the last time ever that something like this would come up between us. I promise to do better."

He shook his head. "You need to do that first. I made a mistake in trying to rush things. I should have known better than to try to skip the process. I thought loving you would be enough to undo all that trauma but I was wrong. I don't want to keep going back and forth with you over this. We shouldn't see each other anymore until you've gotten help and worked on yourself."

Jade's heart broke at his words. "But you promised to help me through it," she pleaded.

Harry's eyes softened slightly, but his resolve remained. "How am I supposed to help you if you don't even trust me? If you think so little of me? You insulted me, Jade. You called me a liar and a cheat. Nothing I do will be enough until you get rid of all that baggage you're carrying emotionally."

"But you acted suspiciously," she pointed out, her voice trembling. "How was I supposed to know what you were planning? Any normal person would have had the same thoughts as I did."

He sighed, a weary sound. "Maybe. But do you think I would have reacted the same way if the tables were turned? You couldn't even give me the benefit of doubt. You need professional help, Jade. Maybe we can talk about our relationship again after you get it."

Jade felt her world crumbling around her. She had pushed him away with her insecurities and now she was paying the price. She was feeling a rush of emotions—shame, regret, and a deep sense of loss.

"I don't want to lose you, Harry. Please, give me another chance."

Harry looked at her, his expression pained. "You're not losing me, Jade. I love you, but I can't continue this way with you. Not until you've dealt with your issues. I need to protect myself too. Do you have any idea how I felt walking in to see you there with your bags packed?"

"I'm sorry," Jade pleaded as tears ran down her cheeks.

"I was going to propose to you and then wait for you to heal fully before we get married, but I don't want to do that anymore. I do not like to regret things, but right now I regret not sticking to my principles and having sex with you. And I regret planning this surprise engagement and not waiting for six months as I told you. Maybe if I had kept to my words, you'd trust me more and none of these would have happened. I take responsibility for my role in all of this."

The weight of his words crushed her. She nodded, tears streaming down her face. "I understand. I will get help. I promise."

Harry nodded, a sad smile on his lips. "I hope you do, Jade. For both our sakes."

As Jade turned to leave, and Harry stopped her, "You don't have to worry about losing me, Jade. I will wait for you however long it will take. I need you to focus on feeling better. The earlier you get help, the sooner we can be together again. And maybe after you receive therapy, we can go for couple counseling together," he suggested, and she nodded and forced a smile.

"Thank you," she said, her smile wobbly.

"Let's leave in the morning instead of waiting until Sunday," Harry said, and she gave him a nod once again before walking out of the suite, her heart heavy with the weight of her mistakes.

This wasn't the way she had imagined their vacation to end, but she was relieved at least that Harry was not ending things entirely with her.

She knew she had a long road ahead of her, but she was determined to make things right.

Chapter 898 Everyone Makes Mistakes

Tom remained on the balcony after his phone call with Harry, his mind a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions. The conversation with Harry left him heavy-hearted and worried about Jade.

Instead of heading back inside, he leaned against the railing of the balcony, the cool night air brushing against his skin as he pulled out his phone again.

He stared at it for a moment before dialing Jade's number. He needed to hear from her and know how she was doing, and to also understand what had driven her to such a drastic misunderstanding.

The phone rang several times before Jade answered, her voice shaky and filled with sorrow. "Tom?"

"Hey," Tom began softly, trying to keep his voice steady. "I just spoke with Harry. He told me what happened. I wanted to hear from you, to know how you're doing."

At his words, Jade broke down, her sobs echoing through the phone. "I'm so sorry, Tom. I messed everything up. I was so stupid. I messed up so badly."

Tom's heart ached for her. "Jade, it's okay. You don't have to be sorry to me. It's going to be okay. Stop crying," he said softly.

"I was so stupid," Jade cried. "I let my insecurities get the best of me. I saw that text from the event planner and jumped to conclusions. I didn't even give Harry a chance to explain. I ruined all his plans and efforts without even knowing. I ruined our vacation."

Tom's heart ached for his sister. He wished he could be there to comfort her in person. "It's okay, Jade. It's going to be okay. Take a deep breath. You didn't mess up beyond repair. These things

happen. We can work through this together. Why didn't you tell me what was going on earlier? I could have helped."

"I just wasn't thinking straight. I couldn't think past my suspicions and fear. I don't know what is wrong with me. God knows I'm trying, but it's just like my brain ceases to function when it's most important, and now I hurt Harry. I can't imagine how disappointed and hurt he must be," she cried.

Tom sighed, feeling a mix of frustration and sympathy. "Jade, we all have our moments. But you need to talk to someone about this. You can't keep letting your past control your present. It's affecting your relationship and your happiness."

Jade sniffled, trying to compose herself. "I know, Tom. I need help. I know it. I just don't know where to start."

"We'll figure it out together," Tom assured her. "Come back home. We'll find a therapist and start working on this. You don't have to go through this alone."

Jade's voice wavered with gratitude and despair. "I don't know what to do, Tom. I'm so scared."

Tom's voice softened, filled with brotherly love and concern. "I know you are, Jade. But you're not alone. We're here for you."

"What if I end up losing him? What if he decides he no longer wants me after all of this?" Jade asked fearfully.

"You won't. Harry loves you and he will always want you. And that is why you need to focus on getting help. You're smart, Jade. One of the smartest women I know. All you need is a little professional help, and you will be fine," Tom said softly.

"Okay," Jade said, her voice trembling. "I'll be back tomorrow. He wants us to leave tomorrow instead of next."

"That's okay. I will pick you up from the airport tomorrow. Just focus on getting through tonight. Try to get some rest," Tom said gently. "We'll handle everything else when you get here," Tom promised.

"Thank you, Tom. Thank you. And I'm sorry," Jade cried.

"You'll be fine. And don't forget that I am here for you, and I love you. Never forget it," Tom said softly before hanging up.

After hanging up with Jade, Tom immediately dialed Bryan's number. Bryan picked up on the third ring. "Hey, Tom. What's up?"

"I just talked to Harry and Jade. The engagement is off," Tom said, his voice heavy with the weight of the situation.

Bryan's tone shifted to one of concern. "What happened? Did something happen again? I thought everything was going smoothly between them now?"

"Not really," Tom admitted. He proceeded to explain the entire situation of Jade's misunderstanding and the resulting fallout.

Bryan listened intently, his voice filled with worry when he spoke again. "That's rough. Poor Jade. I hate seeing her go through this. And Harry too. They both must be feeling terrible."

"They are," Tom said, running a hand through his hair. "Jade's a mess. She knows she needs help, and Harry's willing to wait for her, but this is a huge wake-up call."

"Yeah, it sounds like it," Bryan agreed. "What can we do to help?"

"Harry mentioned a therapist," Tom said. "I will check them out and see if they're a good fit for Jade. She needs to start therapy as soon as possible. And they are returning tomorrow. I will go over to pick her up..."

"I will come with you. Maybe you can come over to pick me up. Lucy can stay with Sonia while we go get Jade together," Bryan suggested and Tom nodded.

"Yeah. I think that's a good idea."

"Do you think we should tell mom and dad about this? You know Dad has his way of talking to someone. He might help," Bryan suggested.

"That's for Jade to decide. She can reach out to Dad if she wants to talk to him," Tom said and Bryan sighed.

"Yeah. You're right. Alright. Do you think that maybe I should give her a call?" Bryan asked, wanting to talk to Jade.

"You should if you want to," Tom said and Bryan nodded.

"I will. Thanks for keeping me updated, Tom," Bryan said before hanging up.

After ending the call with Bryan, Tom returned to the bedroom. Lucy looked up from where she was sitting on the bed, her eyes filled with concern. "I just heard from Candace and Andy. The engagement is off? What happened?" She asked, since Candace had called to ask her if she knew why Harry had called off the engagement.

Tom sighed as he sat down beside her before explaining the situation, detailing Jade's misunderstanding and Harry's reaction. Lucy listened quietly, her heart going out to both Harry and Jade.

"I can't imagine how Jade must feel," Lucy said softly. "It's easy to see how she could have misunderstood, but it's still so sad," she said, feeling sorry for both Jade and Harry.

"Yeah, she's devastated," Tom said. "And they will be back tomorrow. Bryan and I will be going to get her, so you can stay with Sonia," Tom said and Lucy nodded.

"What about Harry? How is he doing?" She asked and Tom sighed deeply as he shook his head.

"He feels pretty hurt. And I'm sure he must feel frustrated too," Tom said, thinking about how Harry had sounded earlier.

Lucy nodded, "He would need you too," Lucy said, and then reached for his hand, "This must be tough for you too, considering how close you're to them both," she said with understanding.

Tom pinched the bridge of his nose with his other hand, "Maybe after talking to Jade, I will go spend some time with Harry," he said and Lucy nodded.

"Yeah. Let's do all we can for them. If there's anything I can do to help, let me know," she said, and Tom smiled, grateful for Lucy's support.

"Thank you. Let's unpack our bags since we won't be traveling anymore," Tom said and they both rose to do just that's

As they unpacked, Tom looked at Lucy, "If you were in Jade's shoes and you saw such a text on my phone, what would you have done?" He asked curiously.

Lucy paused, folding one of Tom's shirts thoughtfully. "Honestly," she said, "I'd probably react similarly. But I think the key is communication. I'd hope that I'd talk to you before jumping to conclusions."

Tom nodded, feeling a sense of relief at her understanding. "I hope you do, Jewel. And I hope you will always give me the benefit of doubt, and trust that I would never deliberately do anything to hurt you."

Lucy gave him a nod, "I will keep that in mind. But you should know that if Harry had said this to Jade, she would have had this same response too. I'm just saying some times it's possible to forget in the heat of the moment. Emotions can be overpowering, especially when insecurities are involved."

"I wish she had confided in me or someone before it got to this point. I really want her to be happy and find peace. I want the same for Harry too. They both don't deserve this."

Lucy smiled gently, setting down the shirt. "They are both lucky to have you. You're doing everything you can to support them as best as you can, and that's what matters most."

Tom sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I hope it's enough."

Lucy walked over to him, wrapping her arms around his waist. "With your support and love, she will be fine. And we'll all be here for her, every step of the way."

Tom hugged her back, feeling a wave of gratitude. "Thanks, Jewel. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Lucy looked up at him, her eyes filled with warmth. "Hopefully, you will never have to find out."

Away from there, Bryan sat on his bed, his phone pressed to his ear, waiting anxiously for Jade to pick up, while Sonia watched him.

He had spent the last couple of minutes telling Sonia about what was going on, and she was surprised and displeased that they had all kept the surprise engagement away from her.

The phone rang several times before he heard the faint, trembling sound of his sister's voice. "Bryan?" Jade's voice was thick with emotion.

"Hey, love," Bryan said softly, trying to keep his voice steady. "How are you holding up?"

Jade broke down, her sobs pouring through the phone. "I messed up, Bryan. I hurt Harry and ruined everything."

Bryan's heart ached at the sound of her distress. "Hey, it's okay. I'm sure you didn't ruin everything."

"I did, Bryan. I acted so foolishly," Jade continued, her voice cracking. "I let my insecurities take over, now, I've ruined everything. Our vacation, our engagement, our relationship, everything."

Bryan sighed deeply, feeling the weight of her words. "Jade, everyone makes mistakes. What's important now is how we move forward from here. You're not alone in this. We're all here for you."

Jade sniffled, trying to regain her composure. "I don't know what to do, Bryan. I feel so lost and scared."

"You don't have to figure it all out right now. And why do you feel lost and scared when you have two big brothers? We will find you if you're lost, and we will protect you from whatever you're scared of," Bryan said gently.

"When you get back, we will figure out everything together. So, can you stop crying?"

Jade took a shaky breath. "I'll try. Thank you, Bryan," Jade whispered.

"You don't have to thank me," Bryan said. "We're family. We're here for each other, no matter what. And Jade, would you like to talk to Dad? Sometimes he has a way of making things clearer."

Jade hesitated for a moment. "Yes, I think that might help. But how can I reach him? I don't even know where they are right now."

"I will text you the number they sent me in case of emergencies," Bryan said, and after hanging up, he quickly sent Jade the number, feeling a sense of relief that she was willing to talk to their dad.

He hoped their father's wisdom and straightforward nature would help Jade find some clarity and peace.

Jade stared at the number on her phone for a moment before dialing the number. After a few rings, she heard her mother's voice.

"Hello?" Evelyn answered, her tone cautious.

"Mom," Jade said, her voice breaking. "It's Jade."

Evelyn's voice immediately filled with concern. "Jade, what's wrong? Why do you sound like you've been crying?"

Jade took a deep breath, trying to steady herself. "I need to talk to Dad. Please, can you put him on the phone?"

Evelyn hesitated, clearly worried, but she didn't press for more information. "Of course, sweetheart. Hold on."

There was a brief pause, and then Jade heard her father's voice. "Hey, baby, what's going on? Have you been crying?" He asked, since he had heard Evelyn say she sounded like she was crying.

The sound of her father's voice broke something inside her, and she began to cry uncontrollably. "Daddy!" She cried.

Desmond's voice was calm and steady. "Baby, take a deep breath. Tell me what happened."

Through her sobs, Jade recounted the entire story. Seeing them at the lounge, the text message, her insecurities, her confrontation with Harry, and the devastating fallout. She poured out her heart, her tears flowing freely.

When she finished, Desmond's voice was gentle but firm. "Harry is right to react the way he did and to put an end to things for the time being. You're not ready yet to be in a healthy relationship. You can't move into a new relationship while carrying all the baggage from the last. The baggage will take up all the room the relationship and make it toxic," Desmond said, and when Jade kept crying, he paused.

"Darling, are your tears going to fix this situation?" He asked calmly as though he was talking to a little girl.

Jade hiccuped, trying to catch her breath. "No, they won't."

"What is going to fix it?" Desmond asked, his tone insistent but compassionate.

Jade sniffled, "Getting help and changing for the better."

"That's right," Desmond said. "So, wipe those tears and focus on getting the help you need. You're smart, Jade. Push emotions aside and deal with this logically."

Jade nodded, even though he couldn't see her. "I will, Dad. I promise."

Desmond's voice softened. "Good. We all make mistakes, Jade. What matters is how we rise from them. You're strong, and you can get through this."

"Thank you, Dad," Jade whispered, feeling a sense of calm wash over her. "I'll do my best."

"I know you will," Desmond said. "Now, stop crying and put on your big girl pants."

"Okay," Jade said, feeling a renewed sense of determination as she brushed her tears away.

"I will put your mom on now," Desmond said before handing the phone to Evelyn who had been listening with concern.

"Your dad has said everything. Stop crying, alright? Everything will be fine. It will all work out eventually as long as you play your role. But don't do any of this for Harry's sake. Do it for yourself. For your peace and happiness, and for your self-confidence," she said, and after talking for some time they hung up.

After hanging up, Jade sat quietly for a moment, absorbing the conversations with her family.

She couldn't help but feel grateful for the unwavering support of her family. She was happy that she had them.

Chapter 899 Club S & G

After unpacking their bags, Tom excused himself to go take Barry's call, while Lucy decided to see if Kimberly had responded to the congratulatory message she sent her earlier that morning since she was married now.

Lucy's brows pulled together when she noticed that Kimberly had seen the message but did not respond to it.

As she sat on the bed contemplating on what to do and whether to send a message to Dawn's account, her phone started to ring with a video call.

Seeing Sonia's name flash on the screen, she received the call with a smile, and propped the phone up on the backrest of the bed.

"Hey, Sony! How's it going?"

Sonia's face appeared on the screen, looking concerned. "Lu, did you know about Jade's engagement?" Sonia asked, her eyes narrowed suspiciously.

Lucy hesitated, sensing the tension in Sonia's tone. "Yeah, I knew."

There was a brief silence before Sonia spoke again, her voice tight with disappointment. "And you didn't tell me? Why would you all keep that from me, Lucy?"

Lucy sighed, sitting down on the bed. "Sonia, it wasn't personal. Harry only wanted a handful of people to know. It wasn't my place to share."

Sonia huffed, clearly upset. "I just wish you'd told me. I feel so out of the loop. I can't believe Bryan would have let us miss it. I mean, Jade is my girl. If she's getting engaged I should be there. She planned mine after all."

"I understand," Lucy said softly. "But please don't be mad. It wasn't about keeping you in the dark. We're all just trying to respect Harry's wishes."

Sonia sighed, looking away from the camera for a moment. "Yeah, I guess. It's just hard. I hate feeling like I'm the last to know."

"I know," Lucy said sympathetically. "But now that you know, what do you think we can do to help when Jade gets back? Tom is so worried about her, and I'm sure Bryan is too. How can we help?"

Sonia paused, thinking. "Honestly, I have no idea. Maybe we could plan a girl's sleepover and spend time with her. Just to cheer her up."

"That is if she wants company," Lucy said thoughtfully.

"At least we have to try something. If she says she wants to be alone, we will let her be. We just need her to know she doesn't have to be alone if she doesn't want to," Sonia explained.

"Yeah. That's right," Lucy agreed. "But it depends on where she will be staying. Do you think Bryan would let you come over here for a sleepover if she decides to stay here?" Lucy asked Sonia rolled her eyes.

"It's been two weeks already. I need to get out of the house. I will tell him that we should visit you," Sonia said and Lucy nodded.

"That sounds great. I will have your room ready then. Just in case," Lucy said and Sonia nodded.

"Yeah. I feel so sad for her. She was crying so much when Bryan spoke with her. I can't begin to imagine how she feels," Sonia said and they both sighed.

"By the way, have you texted Kimberly yet? I spent most of the day looking at her wedding photos. Dawn looked so happy in the pictures," Sonia said and Lucy smiled.

"Yeah. I saw the pictures too. I texted her but she is yet to respond even though I can see that she saw my text already," Lucy said, and Sonia raised a brow.

"Why? Do you think maybe she is upset and doesn't want to talk to you anymore?" Sonia asked and Lucy rolled her eyes.

"Upset? With who? Me? If anyone should be upset between us, it should be me. She has no right to be upset. If she doesn't respond to my message I'm just going to let her be. If it weren't for Dawn's sake, I wouldn't be reaching out to her in the first place," Lucy said, sounding annoyed, and Sonia grinned.

"Good. I like that you feel this way about it," Sonia said, and just then Lucy's phone buzzed again.

It was Candace. "Hold on, Sony. Candace is calling. Let me add her to the call. I think she wants to find out if I've found out about the reason Harry changed his mind about the proposal," Lucy said before receiving Candace's call.

Lucy quickly merged the call, and soon Candace's cheerful face appeared on the screen. "Hey, Sony! What's up?"

"Sony, baby! How are you? And how's the little bun doing?" Andy's face suddenly popped into the video call, her expression enthusiastic.

Sonia smiled, "I'm okay. And the bun is cooking perfectly. How are you two doing?"

"We are good. Wanted to find out if Lucy got the details about what happened yet. I wanted to call Jade, but I wasn't sure I should do that. You know, in case Harry never mentioned it to her," Candace said and Sonia raised a brow.

"How did you know about what is going on if you don't know that Harry mentioned it to her?" Sonia asked curiously.

"Harry called to say he changed his mind about the proposal and we shouldn't bother coming over anymore. He didn't give any other details. That sort of left us confused and worried," Andy explained.

Sonia exchanged a look with Lucy, and Lucy sighed. "From what I gathered, they had a misunderstanding. Jade got upset and reacted wrongly by packing up to leave, and that got Harry upset," Lucy said, not wanting to divulge the entire details since she had no idea why Harry didn't tell Candace everything.

"Just like that? What kind of misunderstanding would make her want to leave? And Harry isn't the type to get upset so easily," Candace said thoughtfully.

"Well, the issue right now is that he didn't only change his mind about the proposal, he asked for a break too," Sonia explained and watched as Candace's and Andy's jaws dropped and they exchanged a look.

"No way Harry would that. He adores Jade!" Candace said in disbelief.

"Just what was the misunderstanding about to have made Harry ask for a break?" Andy asked at the same time.

"It must have been quite serious," Candace said and Lucy nodded.

"Poor Jade. She's going to be so devastated," Andy said with a worried frown.

"Yeah. We were just discussing how to help her when she gets back tomorrow," Lucy explained. "Sonia suggested a girl's sleepover."

"That sounds like a good idea," Candace said.

"Yeah. That's the least we can do, since I'm not sure what else we can do for her

"If I was there, I'd take her clubbing. Sometimes you just need to let loose and forget your troubles for a bit."

As soon as Andy finished her sentence, she exclaimed loudly. "Oh my God! That's it!"

Everyone fell silent for a moment before Candace spoke. "Andy, what's going on? Why did you just yell?"

"I need to go clubbing," Andy said, excitement in her voice.

"All of a sudden? Why?" Candace sounded confused.

Andy grinned, "I just remembered that Cassidy owns Club Sodom & Gomorrah. That could be my way to reach him."

"Cassidy?"

"Why are you trying to reach out to Cassidy?" Lucy and Sonia asked in unison as they looked at her in confusion.

"Because we have unfinished business," Andy explained. "I need to see him and talk to him."

Candace's voice was firm. "Andy, we both know it's a bad idea for you to go there now. You don't know who you might run into there. We can't even go to our apartment for security reasons, what makes you think it's okay to go to the club where we worked?"

"I know, but I have to try. You know how important this is to me. There's a branch of S&G in Ludus, so maybe I can go there instead. Plus, I need to talk to Harry and Tom in person about managing my music career," Andy said thoughtfully.

There was a brief silence as everyone processed what Andy had said. Then Candace spoke. "Let's talk about it some more first."

"Sure. For now, let's focus on Jade and Harry. Harry is most likely not fine either," Andy said and Candace sighed.

"You're right. Maybe I will try talking to Harry again. And then I will reach out to Jade."

Sonia's voice softened. "I'm glad we're all on the same page."

Lucy ended the call with a thoughtful expression. The idea of a girl's sleepover seemed perfect for Jade, who had always found solace in their shared moments of laughter and camaraderie.

She put her phone down, feeling a sense of satisfaction. They were going to make sure Jade knew just how much she was loved.

They would all stand by her side and help her through this tough time.

As for Harry, Lucy didn't know how she could be of help to him, but she was going to find a way to cheer him too. Harry had been there for her each time she had problems with Tom, and this was her chance to return the favor.

Chapter 900 Immature And Lacking

Harry tossed and turned all night, unable to find even a moment of peace. His mind was a relentless storm, churning with thoughts of Jade and the state of their relationship.

Every time he closed his eyes, he saw her face, her tear-streaked cheeks, and her eyes filled with pain, and guilt gnawed at him, making sleep impossible.

He still felt guilty about treating her this way despite the fact that he knew and believed deep down that he had taken the best decision for them both as individuals and for their relationship.

He finally gave up on trying to rest and lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. The room was dark, save for the faint glow of the digital clock on the nightstand.

It was just past dawn, and he knew he had to face Jade soon, since they would need to travel back together.

As much as he wanted to check on her and see how she was doing, a part of him didn't want to her see. He was worried that if he saw her in the same state as she had been the previous day when she came to find him, his resolve would weaken and he would be forced to give in and beg that they forgot all that happened yesterday and just continue their relationship.

Harry wasn't the only one who had spent a sleepless night. In the suite they shared, Jade had been just as restless. She had tossed and turned, her mind racing with anxiety and sorrow.

The reality of their situation weighed heavily on her, and every time she tried to close her eyes, she was haunted by memories of how she had spoken so harshly to him.

She looked down at the engagement ring which was on her finger. It was not just a perfect fit for her, it looked perfect and it made her imagine how perfect the proposal could have been had she not ruined things.

The sight of it made her heart ache, and she took it off, since she knew she couldn't keep it, and placed it back in its box.

She didn't deserve it right now. Maybe some day when she had left her baggage behind and was more worthy of a man like Harry, she would wear the ring again.

Unable to sleep, she got up in the early hours of the morning and began packing. She needed something to do, something to occupy her mind and hands.

She packed her own bags first, neatly folding her clothes and placing them in her suitcase. When she was done, she turned her attention to Harry's things.

It felt strange to be packing for him, like she was invading his space, but she couldn't just sit idly by. She needed to keep busy.

As she packed, she came across the red and black dresses and she scowled at them since the text from the event planner about the dresses had been one of the problems.

She hesitated, her fingers brushing the soft fabric. They were beautiful, a symbol of Harry's thoughtful gestures. She decided to pack them in his suitcase, not knowing what else to do with them. She also tucked the small jewelry box into his luggage.

By the time she finished packing, the sun was rising, casting a soft golden glow over the room. She felt exhausted, both physically and emotionally. She wanted to cry again but knew it wouldn't change anything. Instead, she went in to freshen up and dress up.

When she was done, she sat on the edge of the bed, waiting for Harry to return so they could be on their way, since she believed he would want them to leave early.

A heavy-hearted Harry finally dragged himself out of bed to the bathroom, and he splashed cold water on his face in an attempt to clear his mind.

He knew he couldn't avoid this any longer. He had to face Jade and deal with the reality of their situation.

Harry walked slowly back to the suite he shared with Jade, the early morning sun casting a soft glow on the resort's picturesque surroundings.

When he opened the door and walked into the suite, he was surprised to see Jade already dressed like she was ready to leave. Her bags were packed and sitting neatly by the door, alongside his own.

She looked up briefly when he entered, but quickly looked away, unable to meet his gaze. Her face was carefully made up, but he could see the redness around her eyes and nose, the telltale signs of a sleepless, tear-filled night.

"Good morning," Jade said softly, not meeting his gaze. "I decided to help you pack your stuff since I had nothing else to do after packing mine," she said quietly, her voice barely above a whisper.

Harry forced a smile, though his heart ached at the awkwardness between them. He wanted to reach out to her, to comfort her, but he didn't think that would help. The distance between them felt insurmountable.

"Thanks. That was thoughtful of you," he said simply, his voice heavy with emotion.

She nodded, still avoiding eye contact. "I will wait outside while you get ready," Jade said, her voice trembling slightly.

He wanted to stop her, to tell her that everything would be alright, but the words wouldn't come.

Without another word, Jade picked up her handbag and slipped past him and out the door, leaving Harry standing in the middle of the room, feeling a pang of guilt.

He sighed deeply as he watched the door close behind her. Instead of going to the bathroom first, he placed a call to the resort's management to get a car ready to take them to the airport, and after doing that he went to the bathroom to freshen up.

As Harry freshened up, he couldn't shake the feeling of sadness that hung over him like a dark cloud. He loved Jade deeply, and seeing her so sad was tearing him apart. He quickly changed into a fresh set of clothes and then checked his bags to make sure everything was in place.

When he opened his suitcase, he saw the dresses and the jewelry box with the engagement ring. His heart clenched at the sight. He closed the suitcase, feeling a lump form in his throat.

Taking a deep breath, he picked up their bags and walked out of the suite. Jade was standing close to the water, looking out into the ocean while the resort's car was parked in front of the suite.

The moment the driver saw him, he came out to help him with his bags and together they loaded them into the trunk.

When they were done, Harry walked up to Jade. "The car is here. Are you ready to leave?" He asked, and she turned, startled by his voice.

"Yes," she said, and when she saw that the car was waiting, she walked past Harry and headed for the car, and Harry followed her quietly.

The drive to the airport was painfully silent. They sat side by side in the back seat, but it felt like they were worlds apart. Harry wanted to say something, anything, to break the silence, but he wasn't sure what to say.

Every time he looked at Jade, her face was turned away from him and he could tell it was because she didn't want him to see the sadness on her face and the pain in her eyes.

As they pulled up to the airport, Harry finally broke the silence. "Jade, things don't have to be awkward between us. Taking a break from our relationship doesn't mean we're enemies. We will be seeing each other a lot, and I don't think it should be this way."

Jade turned to look at him, her eyes filled with unshed tears. She nodded, her lips pressed into a thin line. "I know," she said softly. "It's just... it's hard."

Harry reached out to touch her hand but hesitated and pulled back. "I'm sorry," he said quietly. "I am not doing this to hurt you. I strongly believe this is what's best for us if we really want a long-standing and healthy relationship."

Jade nodded again, "Yes, I know. You're right. I'm sorry for all the hurtful things I said to you yesterday. And I'm sorry for ruining your plans. I'm still immature and lacking in more ways than I can imagine..."

"Jade..."

Jade shook her head to stop him, "I am book smart but still lacking in emotional intelligence. I will take some time to work on myself, and if the time comes when I believe I am secure enough in myself to be in a relationship, I will let you know. Until then, don't expect me to act like we are very close friends. It would be too hard for me," she said, and before Harry could say anything else she quickly got out of the car.

Harry followed her and they walked into the airport, side by side but still feeling the distance between them.

They went through the motions of checking in and going through security in silence. Harry kept glancing at Jade, wishing he could find the right words to make things better. But he knew it wasn't that simple. They had both been hurt, and it would take time to heal.

Once they were on the plane, they settled into their seats, still not speaking. Harry could see Jade's hands trembling slightly as she buckled her seatbelt. He wanted to reach out and hold her, to tell her everything would be okay, but after what she said earlier, he doubted she would want him to do that.

As the plane took off, Harry leaned back in his seat and turned to look at Jade. She was staring out the window, her expression blank.

Harry sighed, feeling a deep sense of loss. He knew they had a long journey ahead of them, both physically and emotionally. And he could only hope that they would find their way back to each other someday. He hoped it wouldn't take Jade too long to find herself and come back to him.