

\*A night with  
him(novelsrepublic)

Compiled by  
NovelsRepublic

\*Dear readers,

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Author Zee is back with her intriguing series

What could this new story be all about?

Well you can satisfy your curiosity here

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Zeemah writes

Title\*\*: A NIGHT WITH HIM.

Irene Noris, a beautiful young lady who once had a blissful easy childhood in the lush peaceful settings of San Francisco, now ventured into an impure job for survival means.

Of course everything always have a reason and tragedy happens when least expected.

Irene, a university dropout spends nights with different men just to gather money for her younger brother fees and take care of her ailing stepmother but what happens when a single night changes her life.

A night with Harold Marshall!!!

Who is he?

Well...Read on as events unfolds..

I shouldn't go into details so you'll enjoy reading it but you should know this isn't just any novel and it's nothing like i've written before.

It's totally different and intriguing.

Fascinating to the very end

There are happy moments as there are sad moments.

You'll almost crack your ribs with laughter as you'll almost cry out your eyes in tears.

Hmm

Meet our main characters;

Irene Noris.

Harold Marshall.

This novel will melt hearts and as usual there's a deep lesson to learn at the end.

Please invite your friends and families, i know you

won't want to enjoy this hot cake alone

And please famz, try to encourage me with your likes, comments and shares.

The story is starting officially tomorrow.

Just tune in by 4pm tomorrow to read the fifth mind blowing story strictly written by author Zee.

~~ A night with him is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, incidents are just author Zee's imagination. Any resemblance to actual events is entirely coincidental.

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## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 1

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"Gosh!

Was there anything less dignified than searching for your underwear" Irene cursed under her breath.

She picked the man's pants and gave it a little shake.

Nothing!

She dropped to her knees and looked under the bed.

No sign of her underwear.

She was beginning to sweat and couldn't look up to the man seated on the bed.

He's so different from the other guys she had spent the night with.

He gave her more than her normal pay and the sex was just too good.

Is it because he's so good looking?

She never enjoyed having sex with different men

and sometimes cry while they were at it but this is just different.

"If you're looking for these?" Irene heard the handsome man said.

She looked up to see him dangling her panties from one finger to the other.

"Like seriously!" She bit her lower lip and shot him a glare.

She jerked it from his hand and he gave an annoying chuckle.

"He didn't smile nor grin yesternight and now he just chuckled.

Even if he looked more cute while chuckling, to hell with him for mocking me" Irene thought as she got on her feet.

She tightened her hold on the towel around her body and started walking towards the bathroom.

"Wait" She heard the man said.

She stopped and turned to look at him.

"Take this" He said stretching what seems like a business card to her.

She walked to him but didn't take it.

"You want me to be your personal sex partner?  
No!" Irene shook her head.

"Don't think I'm doing this cause i enjoy doing it.  
It's just because i don't have a choice!" She  
added,tears building up in her eyes.

She always hate the fact that she cries easily.

"Hey! You should listen to what i have for you  
before jumping into conclusion" The man said  
calmly.

"I don't want anything from you, i know you paid  
me more than you're supposed to but i..." Irene  
was saying but stopped when she heard the man's

next word.

"I need a nanny for my daughter and i want you to apply for it" He said leaving her in three seconds shock.

A nanny?

For his daughter?

He has a child already?

Wow!

Who would want a sex worker as a nanny for his daughter?

This sounds crazy!

"I..i why do you want me as your daughter's nanny?" Irene asked not sure of the shock she's recovering from.

Is it the shock that he already has a child or the shock of him wanting a sex worker as his daughter's nanny.



"I just want you as my daughter's nanny" He shrugged like it's nothing but she know deeply that there's something behind it.

What if he wants to harm her.

"I'm not interested!" She said sternly before walking into the bathroom.

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Irene walked out of the bathroom fully dressed and was not surprised when she found the creepy man gone.

He must have figured out that she know of his plan.

"What if i had fell for it" She said shuddering at the thought..

Well..Madam Persephone would not give her to a dangerous man.

She picked her bag and hurried out of the room

without looking back.

She got downstairs where the bar was situated and sighted Madam Perse from afar.

She walked towards the pretty woman who was in her early fifties, her short curly hair was dyed gold and her face was all made up, her lips shone with the red lip gloss she applied.

Her tight gown was made of leather which has tiny sparkle all over it, her shoes blinked also.

She dresses that way every single day and if you don't know her well enough, you'll never know she's a fifty plus woman.

She looks far younger than her age.

Every step she took brought attention to her and everyone drinking in the bar knew she was the owner of the bar and brothel.

With her appearance, one will think she's a stern woman but she's so nice and down to earth.

She treats her customers right which always make her bar full to the brim.

"Irene" She smiled widely as she saw Irene approaching her.

Among her sex workers, she has a special liking for Irene, she knows Irene doesn't like the job but she needs all the financial help she can get and that's why she only calls for Irene when there are influential people around.

"Madam Perse" Irene said.

"Do you need a drink?" Madam Perse asked.

"No"

" So..how was it?" She asked with a little smile, knowing the lady is always unhappy after the job.

If only she has the degree to get a more decent job.

"He gave me much more than my pay" Irene said.

"I knew it! Harold Marshall is an influential man and i felt so honored to have him in my bar last night. He also gave me more than we bargained" Madam Perse laughed happily.

"Harold Marshall?" Irene thought, knowing the name ring a bell but she shrugged it off .

"But, he's kind of creepy" Irene thought.

"No he's not. You only think so" Madam Perse assured Irene who still wore a worried look.

"Is anything wrong? Did he do something to you?" Madam Perse asked.

"No..but," Irene was saying but was interrupted when Madam Perse was called.

"We'll talk over the phone honey" Madam Perse said before hurrying away.

Irene sighed and started walking out of the bar ignoring the men hungry gaze on her body.

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Irene alighted from the cab in front of her house and paid the cabman.

She opened the gate and walked into the compound.

She started heading to her apartment but stopped when she saw a teenage girl walk out of her door, slamming it hard.

She knew the girl is a student in her younger brother's school.

The girl walked past her and it was then Irene noticed the pretty girl was in tears.

"Again!" Irene thought furiously knowing her younger brother was a Playboy.

"What the hell is wrong with Damien!" Irene thought furiously and turned to comfort the girl but she already walked out of the gate.

She rubbed her forehead and bit her lips angrily before walking into the house.

"Hey sis" Damien said bending to pick his sis on the cheeks.

"Fuck off" Irene said walking to the kitchen to get a glass cup of water.

"Ouch" Damien groaned.

"Irene what was that huh?" He asked also walking to the kitchen.

Irene opened the fridge and brought out a chilled bottle of water.

"Irene!" Damien pout.

She grabbed a glass cup and poured herself some water still ignoring him.

She gulped it down her throat while Damien watched her.

He knew the job she was doing and knew she was

doing it just for his sake and their stepmother's.

Anytime she comes back looking tired, he pities her and feels pure rage for himself.

If it wasn't for him, his sis wouldn't engage in such job.

But she wouldn't even allow him to work, even if it's a part time job.

She insists on providing everything and he knows it's not easy.

If only their parents aren't dead.

If only their stepmother never had that accident while she was doing different jobs just to feed them.

Now everything is on Irene alone.

"Hey Dam!" Irene called.

"I thought you were ignoring me " Damien said.

"I was until i saw you were lost in thought" Irene

rolled her eyes.

"Ohh" Damien scratched his hair.

"Are you probably thinking about the girl that left here in tears?" Irene asked.

"Ohh...you mean reiya?" Damien asked.

"I don't care what her name is. Dam! This will be the thirtieth time a girl will walk out of this apartment in tears!"

"Thirtieth? C'mon sis. You exaggerate so much. It's not even up to twenty times. It should be the eighteenth time or so" Damien said.

"You think it's a good thing to make a girl cry? Damien! I knew what you did to Harris when he made me cry. You almost killed him"

"Well that guy was a motherfucker" Damien said remembering the incidence which made him feel like punching Harris all over again.



"And you're?" Irene asked.

"Okay sis, I'll change" Damien said.

"You're always saying that and you keep repeating the same thing"

"I also want to change! But they keep coming to me! And..i can't resist" Damien said putting in place the strand of hair that fell on his forehead.

Irene stared at her younger brother and wished he wasn't this good looking.

He's right!

They keep coming to him.

Girls flock around Damien like flies,even those older than him.

His beautifully crafted face is just so perfect,he has a narrow straight nose and his huge eyes were so blue against his smooth chocolate skin,he has chiseled features and he's tall and powerfully built

for a seventeen years old high school student.

He always stood out among others.

And most of all he's freaking intelligent, always getting a gold medal at the end of each term.

No one has been able to beat his intelligence and that brought more eyes on him.

Irene is determined he won't drop out of school just like she did.

She made a promise to herself to make sure Damien completes his education and get his degree.

She loves her younger brother so much.

"Dam! You're still young for all these" Irene said .

"I'm seventeen!"

"But still an high school student and you clocked seventeen two days ago"

"That doesn't make me less seventeen. I'm

seventeen Irene."

"Whatever! Where's mum?" Irene asked.

"She's taking a nap"

"Okay" Irene picked her bag on the kitchen counter and also the half bottle of water before walking out of the kitchen.

"C'mon sis, are you pissed?" Damien called after her.

"Of course" Irene answered.

"Okay, i promise to change" Damien said.

"I've heard that more than a hundred times"

"I will this time. I promise"

"Whatever" Irene said opening the door to her room.

"I got you some chocolate chip cookies" Damien said.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yeah" Damien smiled knowing how much his sister likes them.

"Okay, I'm not pissed with you any longer, come into my room when you're done putting the glass cup in place"

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Irene walked into her room and dropped her bag on the bed before searching her drawer for contraceptive.

She took two pills and gulped it down with water.

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"Don't think you can keep making girls cry and then bribe me with chocolate chip cookies so i won't reprimand you " Irene said with her mouth full of the cookies.

Damien laughed.

"Irene no one can can bribe you into doing what

you don't want to. I know you that well"

"Good for you" Irene said still chewing her cookies with delight.

"So what did you got for me?" Damien said searching her bag.

"I wasn't really in my right frame of mind when coming home" Irene said.

"Why? And what's this? Who owns this?" Damien asked making Irene turn to him.

"What's that?" She asked not clearly seeing what's in his hand.

"It's a card, i found it in your bag" Damien said.

"Card? Wait...you mean card?" Irene eyes widened as she grabbed the card from him.

What!

That creepy man slipped the card in her bag.

What the hell!

Now he seems more creepy.

"What's wrong?" Damien asked..

"T..his creepy man just asked me to be his daughter's nanny out of the blue" Irene said reading the information on the card.

Just his name and contact with email address.

" A nanny? Who is he? I don't really understand"

"Well...i spent the night with him"

"Ohh but being a nanny is more decent than..."

"I know" Irene interrupted him.

"So why don't you opt for it or is the pay little?"

"No but who would want a..who would want me as their daughter's nanny?"

"Is that why you said he's creepy?"

"Well..yes and slipping the card in my bag when i clearly rejected his offer made him more creepy"

"You should gather information first about whomever you want to be spending the night with. What's his name"

"It's here, didn't you see it?" Irene said stretching the card back to Damien.

"You grabbed the card from me before i could comprehend what's on it." Damien said taking the card from Irene.

"Harold Marshall!!" He suddenly screamed, startling Irene who immediately got on her feet.

"Is he a serial killer?" She asked starting to tremble in fear while Damien started laughing hard.

"This guy is a billionaire and a great philanthropist. He's my role model." Damien finally said after much laughter.

"What!" Irene exclaimed .

"Yes, don't you know him?" Damien asked.

"I also thought the name rang a bell" Irene said, breathing out in relief.

She sat back on the bed.

"Like, he's the one you spent the night with?"

"Yes "

"Wow! You're so lucky nowadays. Didn't you spent the night with Ethan Weston two days ago?"

Damien asked.

Ethan Weston is another billionaire but she knew him immediately she saw him cause he's always on the papers flaunting his money and doing things that attract attention.

Almost everyone knows Ethan Weston.

He had treated her like a mere sex worker.

Well... isn't that was she is?

But Harold Marshall had treated her so differently.

Why?



"Harold Marshall asked you to be his daughter's nanny and you refused. Well..I'm sure you don't know him well enough. Where's your laptop?"

"On the drawer" Irene said.

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BILLIONAIRE HAROLD MARSHALL PERSONAL INFORMATION :::

NAME~~Harold Marshall...

CITY~~San Francisco.

AGE~~ 29.

PARENTS~~Harold, Caroline.

~~Harold, Travis (retired business mogul)

GPA~~4.0

DEGREE~~Bachelor of science in finance accounting, Washington University.

JOB~~CEO in all Marshall companies.

HOBBIES~~Working, reading beside the fireplace.

MARITAL STATUS~~Divorced.

"Ohh..he's divorced and that's why he wants a nanny for his daughter" Irene said aloud staring at the hot pics of Harold beneath the personal information.

He's incredibly dashing.

"Of course,so i guess you'll consider his offer. You're really lucky Irene. So many people are looking for this opportunity" Damien said.

" And that's exactly why I'll turn down the offer. He's a billionaire who can get whatever he wants, he can get the best nanny in the country yet he chose me. A sex worker? Why? Don't you think there's a motive behind it"

"He just wants to help you Irene"

"Help me? He already helped me by paying thrice my normal pay"

"C'mon Irene just go for it"

"No!"

"Please"

"I'll not! Now go thrash the card" Irene said putting off her laptop.

"Ire.."

"No further argument!" Irene half yelled.

"Okay" Damien said slowly before walking out of the room with the card in his hand.

Irene pulled the blanket over her body and sighed.

\_\_\_\_\_ Next morning \_\_\_\_\_

It's a Saturday!

Irene and Damien move about the house cleaning and washing after serving their stepmother breakfast.

Irene cleaned the living room while Damien cleaned the kitchen.

The doorbell rang twice and Irene quickly walked to the door to get it, thinking it was one of their neighbors.

She opened the door and was a bit surprised to see two huge men putting on a well tailored suit with black eye glass.

They looked scary.

"Good morning" Their thick voices echoed.

Irene shifted back a bit.

"Wrong address" She said about closing the door.

"Are you Miss Irene Noris?" One of the guys asked.

"Y..yes" She replied.

"Okay, are you ready to leave now?"

"Leave? To where" Irene asked puzzled.

"Mr Harold Marshall's building, you called yesterday to accept the job offer and said you'll be ready before 10am in the morning. This is 10:01am

already" one of the guys said and the second guy also spoke up before Irene could comprehend what the first guy had said.

" And you gave Mr Harold your home address"

"What the hell are you saying? I never called! I never said I'll be ready before any freaking 10am in the morning! I never gave Mr Harold my home address! I never did any of that, i even thrashed the ca..." Irene was yelling when she realised she didn't thrash the card herself.

Could Damien...

"Damien!!!" She yelled so loud that her throat hurt before rushing back into the house.

Zeemah

How was the start?

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 2

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NAME~~Irene Noris.

ADDRESS~~Apartment 102 Cobitthan building, San Francisco.

AGE~~24.

PARENTS~~Noris Elizabeth- Fashion designer for Daire fashions.

~~Noris Natalie- Owner of of Daire fashions.

GPA~~(None)

DEGREE ~~(None)

JOB~~Model for Daire fashions.

HOBBIES~~Cooking, reading and sewing.

MARITAL STATUS~~Single.

Harold Marshall sigh softly after reading Irene's information.

He couldn't believe he's just reading her information now, something he should have done before even suggesting the nanny job to her.

"I'm such a bad father" Harold said aloud and sipped his favorite wine.

The reason he wanted her to apply as his daughter's nanny is well known to him.

Or who would want a sex worker for a nanny without having a solid reason.

The lady seems calm, beautiful and most of all natural.

She hadn't applied make up yet she looked stunning.

He knew the reason she was doing such work and he's prepared to help her.

He should have just given her money to solve her life issues but she had even wanted to return the extra pay on the money if he hadn't insisted and he knew if he give her a huge amount of money,she's definitely gonna reject it.

He should have offered her a job in one of his companies but she doesn't have a degree and he doesn't know why he wants to keep seeing her everyday.

He wondered why she called him back to accept his offer after clearly rejecting. She didn't even sound pissed knowing he slipped the card in her bag.

"Dad can i come in?" Harold heard his little angel asked.

He smiled broadly.

"Come in princess" He said and his beautiful eight year old daughter jumped in.



He laughed as she rushed to hug him.

He gently held her little frame against his huge body, pecked her all over the face and finally her hair.

"I miss you" She giggled dropping the leftover strawberry cake she had for breakfast in her father's mouth.

"Yummy" Harold smiled.

"You miss me? But i was with you yesternight" He said to his daughter who was now seated on his bed.

"But you weren't with me the night before. I kept asking you where you went to and you kept ignoring my question" She said pouting her little lips.

"C'mon Ivory. I told you i went for a business meeting and it was too late to drive home. I ended up spending the night in the hotel"

"I don't believe you" Ivory furrowed her brows.

"Is it obvious that i just told a lie?" Harold asked.

"Of course but it's fine, i know you'll tell me what happened when you're ready to" Ivory said, knowing her father deeply.

Harold smiled proudly at his little gem.

So smart and beautiful,she has her mother's smooth brown hair while she took his golden eyes and his caramel skin tone.

She's all he's got.

She has been his joy since she was a day old.

He had fought so hard for her custody when Cathy divorced him and his greatest joy in life is that he won the custody of his daughter.

"Dad, i told you severally not to consume wine before breakfast. It's not healthy" Ivory said.

"Okay,I'll call Nora to take it away now" Harold

said.

"But you already drank half of it" Ivory said, a little pissed.

"I'm sorry, i won't take wine before breakfast anymore" Harold said.

"Okay Harold Marshall" She said and they both laughed.

She calls his full name when she wants them to laugh.

"Ivory i have great news" He said and she quickly sat up on the bed.

Harold chuckled.

"I got a new nanny for you and she should be on her way here now" Harold announced.

"Yaaaaay" she jumped excitedly, her ponytail bouncing .

Harold smiled seeing his daughter so happy.

She had wanted a new nanny since he fired the last one.

She loves having people around her, people to care for her.

"But i hope she's nothing like Betty" Ivory said worriedly.

Betty had been her a very mean nanny to her and Harold had fired her and sued her immediately he found out.

"Hell no! You'll see for yourself when she gets here"

"Really?" Ivory beamed.

"Yes"

He doesn't know why he trust the lady, he doesn't even know her well enough.

Well... he'll still need to monitor her around his daughter for some days.

"I can't wait. Thanks Dad" She said happily, engulfing her dad in another hug.

He smiled and kissed her hair.

"But dad you've not had breakfast" She said.

"Yeah, I'm still busy h..."

"No! Come with me to the dining"

"I'm not ready to eat now Ivory" Harold said.

"Please Dad" Ivory said knowing her father's Breakfast might turn lunch.

He can stay in his room all day without eating but just sipping wine and working on his laptop..

"Breakfast,lunch and dinner is very essential to the body and one shouldn't miss any" Ivory persisted holding her Father's hand.

Harold not able to hurt his daughter's feelings nodded approvingly.

"Okay let's go" He said switching off his laptop.

"How about a piggy back ride to the dining?"  
Harold suggested knowing his daughter can't trade that for anything.

"Yaaaaay" Ivory laughed excitedly before jumping on her father's back.

---

"Damien!!!" Irene yelled so loud that her throat hurt before rushing back into the house.

Damien having sensed what was going on walked out of the kitchen wiping his hands off a napkin.

He knew what he did and he knew his sis will be so pissed but he just had to do it. He does not want her to continue that dirty job.

"What the hell did you do to the card i told you to thrash?" Irene asked furiously.

"Ire.."

"Speak up!" She yelled, her anger growing furiously.

"Okay, i called Mr Harold Marshall in your voice and..and told him i already accept the job offer and will like to resume today and i also gave him.. our home address".

"Y..you did what?" Irene asked dimming her eyes. Something she does whenever she's so angry.

"Look Irene, I'm sorry" Damien said.

"Why did you do that, you knew i did not want to accept that job offer. Why the hell did you go against my wish ?"

"I just had to do it. I'm sorry"

"There's nothing to be sorry for! You called the man to accept the job offer right? then go ahead and do it!" Irene scoffed, about to walk away but Damien pulled her back.

"Irene I'm sorry but i don't want you doing that job any longer. You don't know how hurt and guilty i feel seeing you come back looking all tired and

used, i always feel angry at myself cause i know you're doing it for me. Irene it's time you stopped. Go for a more decent job please or you'll keep hurting me and making me feel guilty. Please, stop making me think about mum or dad cause i know if they were alive..." Damien who rarely cry had unshed tears in his eyes.

"I'm sorry" Irene who was blowing hot minutes ago said calmly.

She was starting to sniff back tears too.

She hates seeing her brother cry and knowing she caused it hurt her so much.

"Don't cry okay? I stopped already" Damien said knowing how emotional his sister is.

She nods.

"But you shouldn't have gone behind me and do what i clearly don't want" Irene said.

"I'm sorry, i just wanted something better for you.



You deserve something far better than what you're doing." Damien said tucking his sister's long black hair behind her ears.

"But wh..what if he has another motive, who would want a sex worker for his daughter nanny?" Irene said.

"No, he has no other motive than to help you and even if he does, i have a smart sister and she'll figure it out in no time" Damien smiled.

Irene sighed and pressed her lips together.

"He would have told his daughter of a new nanny and i know you won't want to hurt and disappoint the little girl" Damien said hoping that'll make Irene reconsider and it did!

She's a lover of kids and she so much hate hurting or disappointing little kids.

"Okay" She finally said after a long silence.

"Okay what?" Damien asked, his stomach starting

to dance in excitement.

"I'll go for the nanny job" Irene said rolling her eyes.

"Oh my God! Really?" Damien asked.

"Yeah turtle" Irene said and Damien laughed.

"I love you sis" He said almost sweeping her off her feet with his tight hug.

Irene laughed and pushed him away playfully.

"But what of mum?" Irene asked worriedly.

"Don't worry about mum, I'll take care of her. Now let's go get you dressed, you've wasted those guys time enough" Damien said pulling his sis to her room.

"I already picked out an official outfit while you were sleeping yesternight"

"What!" Irene exclaimed while Damien laughed.

---

Irene and Damien walked out of Irene's room after

she's fully dressed.

She's putting on a black and gold patterned skirt with a striking pattern and a plaid shirt.

She wore minimal black sandals and carried a plain black handbag.

Her black hair was pulled in a messy bun with tendrils framing her face.

She wore no make up but still looked great.

They are in need of financial help but not definitely in need of wears.

Their parents were great fashion designers and the children had beautiful clothes that'd make people doubt if they are really poor.

"You mean you had to make your voice so tiny while you were talking to Harold Marshall" Irene said still laughing.

"Yes and he didn't even suspect a thing, though it

was so hard and i was almost close to talking with my real voice when i quickly gave him our home address and disconnected the call. My throat itched throughout the night" Damien faked a frown and Irene laughed hard.

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"We're so sorry for keeping you guys waiting" Damien said to the guys when they got to the door. They both nodded without saying a word.

"Do you think it's safe to go with them?" Irene whispered to Damien.

"Of course" He whispered back.

"I'll copy their car plate number so don't worry okay?" He assured her.

"Okay" Irene said pecking her brother on both cheeks, he hugged her before the men led her to the car.

Even when her parents were alive, she never drove in this type of car.

The outer part is so cool that she longed to see the inner part.

"Oh..my! It's a Porsche" Irene realised.

One of the guys open the car door for her and she smiled secretly feeling like a queen.

Damien laughed, watching her from the window.

He knew how his sister was feeling at the moment.

He's glad she finally accepted this better offer.

She's gonna get more pay and the job is far decent.

She won't come back looking tired again, she'll also be happy.

Damien smiled and got up when the car drove off.

He walked to the kitchen to complete his chores, totally forgetting about the car plate number.

---

The car had felt like heaven to Irene and she was almost dozing off when they arrived at Harold Marshall mansion.

The car came to a halt inside the compound and the guys alighted to open the car door for Irene.

"What's with the special treatment?" She thought as she stepped down from the Porsche.

She raised up her head to take a full look at the building and her mouth was left hanging.

The house blinked of riches, the structure alone made her swallow hard.

The tall building stood proud, beautiful and erected .

The perfectly made structures looked beautiful and most of all was the cool gold colour used to paint the whole house.

Once you take a glance at the house, you'll know the owner is swims in wealth.

"Miss Irene Noris, can you please come with me"

One of the guys said to Irene who felt embarrassed they had caught her admiring and gaping at the building.

"Okay" She said slowly and started walking behind him.

She counted the body guards outside and they were up to fifteen.

Really??

---

Irene was seated on the couch taking in the lush appearance of the living room.

The inner part of the house smelled more riches. It's more beautiful than the outer part.

The shiny furnitures are beautifully arranged and the settings is just too great.

The whole living room is far bigger than her entire

compound.

She watched the workers move about the house and wondered how many people works in the house.

She stared at the untouched drink in front of her. She's too nervous to take anything right now.

"Why aren't you taking your drink?" She heard behind her and her nervousness rose knowing she can't mistake that cool voice for anyone else.

She didn't turn but stood on her feet.

Harold stood in front of her and it was then their eyes met.

He looked so cool and comfortable in his white t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans.

His hair was rich and full in black curls and the tip glinted like gold.

His golden eyes which was heavily fringed with



black lashes stood out proudly against his smooth caramel skin and his nose and mouth just looks perfect.

Other than the faint scar on his jaw, his skin was unmarred.

His perfectly built body is very obvious and Irene couldn't help but admire the perfection of his looks.

She wondered why he had to look more handsome now and less creepy.

"Good morning" Harold spoke up wondering how many minutes they had wasted in staring at each other.

He's impressed by her appearance, looks like she's really ready to work.

He loves it when a lady still look attractive even when she goes all natural.

She's of average height, honey-skinned with satiny

black hair and her eyes the color of liquid honey peered into his.

"Good morning Mr Harold Marshall" Irene bowed a little in respect.

"Please do not bow to me. I'm not your god" He said.

"Huh?" Irene asked in complete surprise.

"Yeah" Harold said.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said biting her inner lip in nervousness.

Harold dismissed the workers in the living room and then turned to Irene.

"I'm sorry to have slipped my card into your bag" Harold said.

"Why did you do that when i clearly rejected your offer" Irene asked.

"But you accepted the offer already" Harold

shrugged.

"I didn't! Damien freaking did" Irene thought furiously.

"Yes i did but you've not answered my question" Irene said.

"I did that cause i want to help you"

"Why do you want to help me and do i look like i need help?" Irene asked determined to make the man know she's not an easy bait.

"Do you probably think I'm a dangerous person?" Harold asked.

"Maybe" Irene shrugged.

"Then why did you accept to work for me?" He asked.

"I didn't!" Irene screamed in her inner mind.

"And i hope you don't have the plan to have sex with me, that would never happen again! I'm here

to work only as your daughter's nanny and nothing else" Irene said clearly.

"Hey! Excuse me,i didn't had sex for five good years and the only reason i crossed your path last two night was because the urge got irresistible. I'm not a sex monger! I'm only focused on helping you and if you don't appreciate my help or you think i have any other bad motive you can kindly leave." Harold said, the lady is starting to get on his nerves.

"Now i finally know where you were two nights ago but that's not a problem. Hello Miss Irene Noris, I'm Ivory and i guess you're my nanny" Ivory said,climbing down from the stairs with her glossy brown hair bouncing and Irene could swear she fell in love with the girl immediately.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 3.

---

"Now i finally know where you were two nights ago but that's not a problem. Hello Miss Irene Noris, I'm Ivory and i guess you're my nanny" Ivory said,climbing down from the stairs with her glossy brown hair bouncing and Irene could swear she fell in love with the girl immediately.

"Yes I'm your nanny" Irene smiled at the little girl. She's naturally in love with kids..

But what Harold just said sound unbelievable to her ears.

"He has been celibate for five years!

Has he been divorced with ivory's mother for so long?

He and his daughter must have had a hard time"

Irene thought pitifully.

She's beginning to think the man has no ulterior motive but again, who just select a whore as his daughter's nanny and he's not just any man.

A billionaire!

Billionaires always want the best for their families and she's nowhere near the best and he knows that.

She doesn't even have the experience.

"You almost got on my dad's nerves" Ivory said, interrupting Irene's thoughts.

"Hu..h?" Irene raised a brow up and glanced at Harold whose expression was unreadable.

"Please try not to get on his nerves, you won't find it funny when he get totally angry" Ivory said.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said, amazed at the little girl's smartness.

"So, I'm Ivory Marshall and you are?" Ivory said, making an attempt at introduction.

She always sees her father do that whenever she goes with him to his companies.

Harold smiled knowingly at his daughter who winked back at him.

Irene who watched the exchange admired the daughter and father's bond.

She remembered the days she was also very close to father, they would stay together all night thinking of new designs, most times she'd sleep off without completing her designs and her father would complete it and show it to her the next morning.

Some days, they'll both laugh over her ugly drawings.

Irene put an end to the memories knowing how emotional she could be.

She breathed in and finally replied Ivory.

"I'm Irene Noris, your new nanny"

"You look beautiful and...natural" Ivory said.

"Thank you. You look beautiful too" Irene smiled.

"But i hope you're nothing like Betty" Ivory said worriedly.

"Betty?" Irene asked, confused.

"I'll fill you in on that later" Harold said.

"Ohh..okay" Irene said, wondering who Betty could be and why the little girl could wear such worried look while mentioning her name.

"Ivory,you can return to the library" Harold said.

"With Irene right?" Ivory asked expectantly.

"No. She's to resume tomorrow" Harold said.

"Huh?" Irene and Ivory chorused coincidentally.

"Yeah" Harold nodded.



"But why?" Ivory pouted.

"Ivory, you know she has to go through your rules booklet" Harold said.

"Ohh" Ivory sighed.

" But she can do that now" Ivory persisted.

"No and I've not even discussed with her yet"  
Harold said.

"You've not discussed with her yet? How come she's here as my new nanny?" Ivory asked.

"I mean I've not discussed the pay with her yet"  
Harold said.

"Ohh" Ivory said, slowly retreating to the stairs .

"Bye Irene and i hope you don't back off after reading my rules booklet" Ivory said before disappearing up the stairs, leaving Irene to wonder.

Harold cleared his throat noticing Irene's confused state.

"What does she mean?" Irene asked.

"Come with me" He said and noticed her hesitation .

"I'm not going to kill you" He added, a little pissed.

"I never said that" Irene said.

Harold didn't respond,he walked on leaving her to follow him or not.

He's so pissed that she doesn't even have an iota of trust for him.

Maybe he shouldn't have stretched out a helping hand to her but he can't just leave her after knowing such a thing!

He turned to see if she's following him and Irene who was staring at his broad back quickly switched her gaze to her feet.

Harold finally led her to the garden where they could have a peaceful discussion without

interruption.

Irene stood really amazed.

Every part of the house looks like it's made of gold.

How can a garden be this beautiful?

"Oh..my... Are those beautiful butterflies real"

Irene thought.

She was still taking in the splendor of the garden when Harold pointed to the iron bench.

"Sit" He said and she did.

"You have a beautiful garden" Irene said.

"Thanks" Harold said.

This is his personal place,he enjoys the serene.

"Ivory has her rules booklet, you'll receive it before you leave"

"Ohh...what then did she mean by..." Irene was saying.

"Ivory rules are kind of ... Well, you'll know after you go through her booklet. Most applicant find her rules too difficult to follow so they quit before they even start" Harold said.

"Really?"

"Yeah".

"She made the rules herself?" Irene asked.

"Of course and it's a must follow and that's why i want you to go through it before you resume"

"Ohh okay, so who's Betty?" Irene asked.

"Ivory's nanny. I fired her recently"

"Why?"

"I never knew she was so mean to my daughter, she acts all nice and pleasant whenever I'm around. I never knew she was a snake. She made Ivory cry so many times" Harold explained, still pained by the incidence.

"Really!" Irene exclaimed.

"Yeah but i already put her behind bars. She even hit Ivory once and threatened to do more if she ever tell me"

"Oh..my! Who would do that to a little girl, she deserves more than that" Irene said, frowning.

"It's my fault for not been observant, i was always busy with work and all. If i hadn't caught her yelling at Ivory that night,then my daughter will still be in that devil's hands" Harold said.

"But Ivory seems smart, she should have told you when it all started"

"Betty threatened to take her father far away from her if she ever voice out and Ivory can't do away without me,even for a week. I take her with me on business trips most time.

"Wow" Irene said aloud.

"Yeah"

"But why did you choose me to be your daughter's nanny after the Betty's incidence, you should have gone for someone you could trust with your daughter."

"I feel i can trust you with Ivory"

"Why? You don't even know me! What if i turn out to be like Betty" Irene said.

"I know you can't. I trust you that much" Harold said still impressed with the smile that had lit up her face when she saw Ivory.

"You shouldn't trust someone you don't know at all" Irene said.

"Let's leave that aside and discuss your pay"

"Okay"

"There's an official payment for nannies" Harold said.

"Okay"

"You'll be paid one million weekly which amounts to thirty million monthly" Harold said.

He had lied, that's not the official payment for nannies, he does not pay them as much as that.

But he knows the money will go a long way in Irene's life.

Irene who looked dumbfounded for a moment finally spoke up.

"What!" She screamed.

"What?" Harold asked, he had expected that expression.

"Is it little?" He teased.

"That's way too much" Irene said, still surprised.

"Thirty million monthly!

For a nanny?

That's half of her stepmum's surgery money!"

Irene's inner mind screamed.

"Is that really the amount you pay?" Irene asked.

"Yes and it's fixed, it can't be changed" Harold said.

"How do you... never mind" Irene said.

She had wanted to ask how he copes with the payment forgetting he's a billionaire and a philanthropist.

"I think that'll be the end of our conversation.

You're to resume tomorrow" Harold said and Irene nodded.

"You'll be given the rules booklet once you get to the living room" Harold added, getting on his feet.

Irene wasted no time in standing up too.

"I guess you can find your way back to the living room" Harold said.

"Of course" Irene said.

"Okay bye" Harold said walking far into the garden.

Irene shrugged and started walking back in the



same direction Harold led her in.

She gazed admiringly at the garden once more before finally leaving.

Her mind was so occupied that she didn't even know when she got to the edge of a passageway.

There were two doors and she stood wondering which was the door to the living room.

"Irene you deserve some heavy whip!" She said biting her own lip.

She had been staring at his broad back all the way to the garden and now she's lost in the middle of two doors .

How could she not even know which door.

Is she that dumb?

Or distracted.

She sighed and made to turn the knob of the door on her left.

"That's the door to my room" Harold suddenly said, startling the hell out of Irene.

She breathed in and out before turning to face him.

"You said you knew the way back to the living room" Harold said.

"Well..it got confusing" Irene said, embarrassed.

How long has he been behind her?

He must have been entertained by her stupidity" Irene thought, almost cursing at herself.

"You can use the door on your right " Harold said and walked into his room.

"Thank you" Irene murmured and hoped he heard through the thick door.

---

"Thirty million?" Damien asked in disbelief.

"Yes,i was shocked"

"Oh..my..God! That's half of mum's surgery bill"

Damien blinked rapidly.

"Yes!" Irene exclaimed in smiles.

"Why didn't you start immediately" Damien said and Irene laughed.

"I wanted to but im to resume after going through the little girl's rules booklet"

"Rules booklet?" Damien asked..

"Yeah, it's right here in my bag" Irene said searching her bag.

She brought out the little book.

"The girl made the rules herself?" Damien asked.

"Of course and the little girl said she wish i won't back off after reading her rules booklet"

"Really? Are her rules that hard to keep?" Damien wondered aloud.

"Everyone has rules but you know rich kids rules are far different, they set their rules with some kind

of level, but i know i won't find the rules difficult"  
Irene said.

"Does she appear like a spoilt girl?" Damien asked.

"Not at all, She's so smart and a bit of a talkative, i really like her" Irene smiled.

"You like all kids" Damien stated.

"Yes" Irene said.

"There were more of those guys that came to pick me in the morning?"

"Really?" Damien laughed.

"Yeah, the workers in the house are quite much but the mansion is wide enough to accommodate hundreds of people.

The living room alone is wider than our entire compound" Irene said, chewing on the cheese she got on the way.

"Wow!" Damien said interestingly.

"I hope the man was nice to you?" He asked.

"Yes he was and i think he's less creepy today"  
Irene said and they both laughed.

"Is his behavior different from other billionares?"  
Damien asked, raising a brow up.

"Totally! He's humble. Can you believe he told me  
not to bow to him. Something most wealthy  
people want"

"I knew i didn't made a bad choice in choosing that  
man as my role model. I admire everything about  
him and the fact that he's a philanthropist made  
me admire him more." Damien said.

"But you never told me about him" Irene said.

"Really? I do mention him,to mum though"  
Damien said.

"Ohh" Irene said, slapping his hand off her cheese.

"Sis!" Damien whined.

"Bro!" Irene mimicked.

"Fine! No one should expect chocolate chip cookies in this house anymore" Damien said.

"Aaarrgh..you know how much i like that cookies and you decided to use it against me huh?" Irene asked and Damien shrugged.

"You can have it" She said slapping the cheese against his ear.

"Ouch!" Damien pouted.

"I need to go check on mum" Irene stood up, sliding her feet into her flip flops.

Damien nodded,busy with the cheese.

Irene shook her head and muttered 'food monger' under her breath before heading to her stepmum's room.

Her stepmother was very different from others.

The woman had broken her legs while trying to get

them what to eat.

She acts exactly like their mother, she never for once maltreated them.

Their mother had died long ago before their father and Irene and Damien had forced their father to remarry, they needed a mother in their lives and their father hadn't made a bad choice.

They loved her from the beginning, till now.

She cared for them so much and would sacrifice anything for them.

Most people mistake her for their biological mum.

"Damien, take my bag to my room okay?" Irene said loudly before opening the door to her stepmum's room.

She walked in and met the woman seated on her wheelchair, knitting.

That's actually what she loves doing most.

"Mum" Irene smiled pecking her on both cheeks.

"Rene" Mrs Neave smiled.

"How are you? Have you eaten?" Irene asked.

"Yes, i have."

"Mum,there's something i want to tell you" Irene said, sitting on the bed.

"Rene.." Mrs Neave paused. "Damien told me everything already" She said.

"Really?"

"Yes and I'm okay with whatever decision you take." Mrs Neave said.

"Thanks mum. I love you" Irene hugged her.

"Look, I'm making a new sweater for you" Mrs Neave said, she had wanted to make it a surprise but it slipped out of her mouth.

"Yaaaaay" Irene squealed excitedly like a little kid.

---



"You mean Harold is about to employ a slut as my daughter's nanny" Carrle shouted, pacing her living room.

"Yes" Her husband confirmed.

He just received the information from their spy, who's one of Harold's bodyguards but secretly works for them.

"Get me my car key!!!" Carrle screamed.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

### Chapter 4

Zeemah writes

---

\*Do not touch my hair without my permission.

\*Do not eat before taking me to bed, i hate the smell of food on someone.

- \*Do not dress me up, i can do it myself.
- \*Do not touch me without washing your hands.
- \*Do not yell at me.
- \*You must read me interesting bedtime stories.
- \*Please be neat, dirty people makes me puke.
- \*You have to be nice, sweet and intelligent.
- \*You'll read to me everyday for four hours in my library .
- \*You must make sure i have my fruits before and after my nap.
- \*You should be able to answer any question i pose.
- \*Be Courteous.

Irene sighed,the rules are quite challenging but it shouldn't be difficult to keep.

"Oh.. my! There are more rules" She exclaimed opening another page.

"And not just that, there are much more rules"  
Irene said tiredly, laying on her bed.

Damien who was helping her select her outfit for tomorrow turned to her.

"Are the rules tedious? You can quit now if you find them difficult"

"Com'on" Irene laughed.

"The rules are quite challenging though but i should be able to cope" She said.

"Are you sure?" Damien asked.

"Of course, I'll be fine" Irene assured him.

"If it gets to a period where you can no longer cope, you can always quit okay? We can always get money elsewhere for mum's surgery" Damien said worriedly, starting to feel bad he pushed her into this.

"Damien I'll be fine" Irene said and he nodded.

" I'm sorry i pushed you into this Irene" Damien said soberly.

She stood up from the bed and held his hands.

"I swear,I'll be fine" She assured him.

"Okay" He said.

"So,have you found me a suitable wear?" Irene asked, trying to lighten his mood.

"Almost, trust me" Damien winked.

"Fashionist" Irene hailed, trying to lighten up his mood.

They both laughed.

She's good at fashion too but Damien is great.

"Go ahead with the reading, you know you have to know the rules before you resume tomorrow"

"Okay" Irene said jumping back on her bed.

She picked Ivory's rules booklet and sighed.

She continued reading the rules, sighing and exclaiming at interval.

The little girl does not look like she'll be a pain in the ass but her rules are.

---

"You mean Harold is about to employ a slut as my daughter's nanny" Carrle shouted, pacing her living room.

"Yes" Her husband confirmed.

He just received the information from their spy, who's one of Harold's bodyguards but secretly works for them.

"Get me my car key!!!" Carrle screamed.

"Is she not the same slut he slept with?" Ethan Weston thought as Carrle was screaming all over the house.

That bastard likes taking everything that is his!

If he had not lured Carrle with money, then he would have lost her to him.

He hates the fact that there's another bastard billionaire people love much more than him.

Harold Marshall keep getting everything on a platter of gold while he struggles to even get a deal done.

He had devised several means to bring Harold down but the motherfucker kept going up, he had to quit since none of his plan worked.

And he took Carrle from him just to hurt him, he doesn't love Carrle and he knows Carrle doesn't love him too, she only loves his money but so far, their marriage has been good but he still can't do without cheating, he loves to taste different women.

He knows Carrle would leave him just as she left Harold when she finds another great billionaire but

Harold and him are the top billionaires in the city.

"Ethan I'll be right back" Carrle said rushing out of the house with two bodyguards.

"Yeah, go deal with him" Ethan laughed.

"Get me my laptop" Ethan said to one of his workers who bowed before scurrying up the stairs.

"He should have just gotten rid of the damn ivory, that will really bring down Harold, everyone knows how much he loves and cherish his daughter.

Taking his wife was not painful enough, now he would go for his daughter" Ethan thought, smiling and wondering why he never had that thought.

His laptop was brought to him and he quickly made a background check on Irene Noris.

"Ohh, her parents owns Daire fashions" He thought aloud.

Seems he had some history with the downfall of Daire fashions but that's none of his business now.

Harold knows this lady is a slut! Yet he employed her.

He knows Harold would never employ an indecent person as his daughter nanny and now he went for a slut.

What could be his plan?

"Get me a drink" He ordered and a worker who was holding the drink quickly poured some into the glass cup.

He handed it to him, forgetting to bow.

"You're fired" Ethan said simply.

"Please I'm so s..." The guy was pleading.

"Take him out this moment and send his luggage after him" He ordered the two bodyguards standing behind him.

They bowed before carrying out his order.

He picked his phone and placed a call across Alex.



Boss" Alex voice broke through the phone.

Alex, there's another person you need to keep a close watch on.

Who? boss.

The nanny resuming tomorrow.

Okay boss, i'll make sure i fill you in on every information i get"

Okay, Bye.

Ethan got on his feet and turned to one of his bodyguards.

"Call madam Perse that I'll be coming tonight"  
Ethan said and grabbed his drink before heading upstairs.

---

"How dare you do such a dirty thing Harold!"  
Carrle yelled barging into Harold living room even when the guards tried to stop her.

"The only dirty thing in this room is you. What the hell are you doing in my house?" Harold asked, equally pissed.

"How dare you try to employ a slut as my daughter's nanny!"

"Should that bother you? A slut gave birth to her remember" Harold taunted.

Carrle swallowed hard, the words getting deep to her.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group. .

"Nola, don't make Ivory come to the living room" Harold said to the cook who was serving him juice when Carrle entered.

"Okay" Nola said, rushing up the stairs, knowing Ivory can come down any moment.

"She's my daughter and i have the right to decide

who i want as her nanny. That lady isn't gonna be my daughter's nanny! What morals will she teach Ivory" Carrle asked.

"Perhaps if your mum had taught you morals, you won't have ended up in another man's house" Harold said, sipping his drink.

"Are you crazy?" Carrle asked angrily.

"I'm not but i think you sound like the crazy one" Harold said.

"If you insist to have that lady as Ivory's nanny. I promise to take this to court" Carrle threatened and Harold laughed loud.

"Court? Have you forgotten you lost the right over Ivory five years ago. Do you even care about her? Remember you chose money over her in court. You chose 30.3 million dollars over your daughter Carrle, are you even a mother?" Harold said, still angered over the past incident.

Carrle swallowed hard again, glaring at Harold.

She won't deny the fact that she still loves him.

He keeps growing handsome each passing day.

She missed him and she suddenly feel like hugging him.

She missed his hug.

She missed being in his arms.

"I'm ready if you wanna take it to court but you know I'll always win ,you'll only stain your reputation" Harold said.

"Har.." Carrle was saying.

"Leave my house this minute, i don't want to see you in my house except on your visitation days okay?" Harold said clearly.

"Should i order my bodyguards to push you out the way you ordered your bodyguards to push me out five years ago ?" Harold asked.

Carrle took one last glance at him before slowly walking out of the house.

"Dad" Ivory called loudly from upstairs.

"Yes princess" Harold replied.

"Nola doesn't want me to come to the living room"  
She whined.

"Nola, she's free to come now" Harold said and sighed knowing Ivory is coming to bombard him with questions.

Her nanny should resume already.

\*\*Next morning.

"How do i look mum?" Irene asked her stepmum.

"You always look nice Rene" Mrs Neave smiled.

She was ready to resume, all she had to do now was just to get into the car Harold sent to her.

She wondered if he'll keep sending cars to pick her every morning.

"I selected the outfit" Damien boasted.

"There he goes again" Irene rolled her eyes.

"Of course i knew he did" their mum laughed.

Irene was putting on a simple blue shirt tucked into a black pencil skirt, with blue shoes and black handbag.

Her hair was packed in her favorite style, a simple ponytail with tendrils framing her face.

She was wearing no make up as usual and all she had in her bag was ivory rules booklet,her phone,her diary and some cash.

"I should go now mother" Irene said, kissing her on both cheeks.

"Okay Rene." Mrs Neave said.

"Sis, I'll give you a call" Damien said.

"Alright and please select the outfit I'll be putting on tomorrow" Irene said.

"With all pleasure" Damien grinned.

"Bye" Irene said, walking to the door.

"And help me get those cheese please" Damien called after her..

"Okay dam"

---

Irene arrived at Harold mansion and she still marveled at the sight even if she saw it just yesterday.

She was led in by one of the workers and her heart beat nervously as she stepped into the living room.

She met Harold and his daughter's gaze fixed on the wall clock.

"Good morning" She said about to bow but quickly got hold of her head.

"Dad! She's here" Ivory smiled, happily sliding her feet into her bunny footwear.

"Ohh ... Good morning" Harold replied.

"We thought you weren't coming anymore" Ivory said.

"I'm sorry i delayed the driver" Irene said.

"It's fine" Harold said .

"Have you gone through my rules booklet?" Ivory asked.

"Yes"

"And?" She asked eagerly.

"I can cope with your rules" Irene said..

"And that means?" Ivory asked expectantly.

"I'm now officially your nanny" Irene said and didn't notice how Harold's face lit up.

"Yay!" Ivory giggled and Irene smiled.

She really like the kid.

"Welcome to my world Irene" Ivory said excitedly.



"Thank you" Irene smiled.

"So, you've officially resumed as Ivory's nanny. You're to stay here on weekdays, you'll be free to go home on weekends, i know you're not aware of it and that's why you didn't bring anything with you. By tomorrow, you should move into your room here" Harold said.

"Huh?.. Okay" Irene said, trying to digest the news.

"What I'm about to say is already in Ivory's booklet but I'll say it anyways ... You're not allowed to yell at her, hit her or make her cry. Once you do any of that, just know you're fired" Harold said even though he knows deeply that she can't do such but he needs to follow the normal routine.

"I won't do that" Irene said.

"Okay. And please try as much as possible to keep to her rules, she doesn't like her rules being disregarded" Harold said.

"Okay" Irene said.

"And i don't think there'll be problem between you two, you seem to like each other already" Harold said.

His daughter had never been this excited when a new nanny resumes.

She had been talking about Irene since she left yesterday.

The lady is beautiful plus she dresses nicely and decently too.

"So, I'll leave you guys to do your thing" Harold said, picking his phone.

He got on his feet and was about heading to his room when one of his workers walked in, stopping him.

"What?" Harold asked.

"Mrs Carrle is here" The worker said.

"What the f.." Harold was saying but remembered ivory is there.

"And she's trying to force her way in" The worker said.

"Tell Alex to fucking throw her out!" Harold yelled in anger.

Irene blinked severally in confusion and quickly bent to console ivory when she saw the little girl had started crying.

Harold cursed at Carrle before finally going out to meet her.

Ivory cry grew louder and the confused Irene was about to hold her when she remembered her fourth rule.

\*Do not touch me without washing your hands\*

Damn!

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 5

---

Ivory cry grew louder and the confused Irene was about to hold her when she remembered her fourth rule.

\*Do not touch me without washing your hands\*

Damn!

Irene sighed in confusion, looking around.

She doesn't know the way to the kitchen where she can quickly wash her hands.

"Hello" Irene heard and turned go see a woman in a white apron.

The woman had given her Ivory's booklet yesterday and she remembered Harold had called

her Nola.

"Please where can i wa.." Irene was saying..

"Wash your hands" Nola completed it for her, smiling.

Nola knew the young lady had just resumed as ivory's nanny.

"Go through that doorway, you'll find the kitchen" Nola said.

"Thanks" Irene dropped her bag and hurried ahead, disturbed by the fact that Ivory is still crying...

She found the kitchen and quickly walked to the sink to wash her hands.

The kitchen looked amazing but she didn't have the time to properly look around.

She wiped her hands on one of the clean napkins before hurrying back to the living room.

She pulled the still crying girl into her arms and rocked her back, wishing she'll quiet down soon.

She doesn't like seeing kids cry, it sometimes want to make her cry too.

Irene gently sat on the couch with Ivory in her arms, patting her back and singing quietly to her.

Her cry had quieted down and she was just sniffing now.

"Who's Carrle? and why did Ivory started crying all of a sudden" Irene thought.

And why did all this had to happen the day she resumed.

Irene glanced at Ivory and noticed she had start to doze.

She positioned her neck properly and stared admiringly at the little girl.

She was almost tempted to touch her glossy

brown hair but then she remembered her number one rule.

\*Do not touch my hair without my permission\*

Aarrgh, so much rules, but she did a good job in memorising them, she had made sure she memorised the key rules, she'll go for the rest later.

Ivory had slept off completely in her arms.

She never knew the smart and talkative Ivory could cry that much and Harold also looked pissed when he walked out of the door.

She hoped something has not gone wrong.

Harold walked back into the living room, still looking quite angry.

He already made Carrle go away.

The lady is just a pain in the ass, she pisses him off so much.

His anger melted immediately at the sight in front

of him.

Ivory is being held so perfectly in irene's arm that he can boldly say after him, this is the next person that holds Ivory so perfectly.

Even Carrle doesn't hold her daughter this way.

Irene is unaware of Harold's presence, she was still staring admiringly at Ivory.

Harold smiled, glad he finally has a nanny that loves his daughter genuinely.

He'll make sure he do everything he can to take her family out of the problem they are facing.

Irene glanced up nonchalantly and was startled to see Harold standing before her.

Geez!

This man is sure creepy.

Harold cleared his throat, lost for words.

"Hmm, did you wash your hands before touching



her?" He finally asked.

"Yes i did, Nola showed me to the kitchen" Irene answered.

"Okay" Harold said.

"I think i should drop her in her room,so she'll be more comfortable" Irene said after a long moment of stealing glances at each other.

"That'll be okay. come with me" Harold said.

Irene who stood up with Ivory in her arms staggered back over the weight of the little girl.

Wow!

Harold quickly took ivory from her.

"I'm so sorry" Irene said.

"Sorry for what? You did nothing. It's normal for you not to be able to carry ivory, ivory has weighed a lot since birth" Harold said.

"Ohh,no wonder my hands were starting to ache"

Irene laughed but quickly got hold of herself.

"You're free to laugh Irene" Harold said and Irene blushed at how smoothly her name moved out of his mouth.

"Okay, we should drop her in her room. Your hands must be aching" Irene said.

"No, I'm used to it but I'm just worried" Harold said.

"Over what?" Irene asked worriedly, noticing the hint of sadness on Harold's face.

"Ivory falls sick whenever she cries to sleep, she starts burning up and all" Harold said, staring pitifully at his daughter.

"Ohh...I'm so sorry about that. What can we do to prevent it?" Irene asked, blinking severally.

She does that whenever she's confused, worried or surprised.

"Nothing, I'll just call the doctor once she wakes

up" Harold said.

"But we can just rub her body with wet cloth or she should

just take a cold bath" Irene thought, not daring to say it out..

Maybe the rich call the doctor for everything.

"Let's take her to her room first for a comfortable sleep" Irene said.

"Ohh..yeah" Harold said and started leading the way.

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Harold placed Ivory on her bed and then kissed her forehead.

He pulled her blanket over her and then turned to Irene.

He found her staring all over Ivory's room.

He isn't surprised cause he made his daughter

room more like a princess's room.

She's his princess.

"Wow!" Irene finally exclaimed.

The girl's room looks like a queen's.

Purple and white color dominated the whole room.

Ivory's shoe rack amazed Irene...the shoes are damn much and they're all beautiful, her wardrobe size is like an adult's.

There was a giant crystal chandelier hanging from the center of the white painted ceiling.

The room was so wide that it occupied three two seater couch and a sparkling glass table in the middle.

There was a TV plastered on the wall.

The floor was tiled with sparkling white marble tiles and Irene could see her reflection.

She even had a mini freezer in her room.

If Irene had not seen ivory's world boldly written on the wall in white and purple, she would have asked Harold if it was really Ivory's room.

Irene almost cried at the amount of money that would have been used to set up this room alone.

"Irene" Harold called, bringing her back to reality.

"Hu..h?" She stuttered.

"I'm sorry..i was a little bit lost " She said.

"It's fine, what happened earlier...the lady called Carrle is Ivory's mother" Harold paused.

"Ohh" Irene blinked, now getting everything.

"But we divorced five years ago" Harold continued.

"I'm so sorry about that " Irene said and Harold shrugged.

It has been five years and he got over her already.

"I don't allow her in my house except on her visitation rights which is twice a month for 24

hours. She comes every second week of the month to check on Ivory and please whenever she's around ,do not hesitate to call me immediately cause i might be at work and i don't leave her alone with my daughter." Harold said.

"Okay" Irene nodded.

Ivory shifted a bit in her sleep and the blanket fell off her shoulder. Both irene and Harold quickly made to draw the blanket back at the same time but Irene reached it first.

She pulled it properly over Ivory and then realized she had beaten Harold to it.

She smiled to herself but Harold caught her.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group.

"Why are you smiling?" He asked.

"I beat you to it" She suddenly laughed.

"Damn!

What did she just do?" She thought.

She's only this playful whenever she's around her stepmum and Damien.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to laugh" She quickly apologized.

"It's fine" Harold smiled.

He had loved the way she laughed playfully.

This will be the first time he'll see her laugh and she looked more beautiful at it.

"You don't have to be sorry cause you laughed, you are free to laugh anytime you please" Harold said and she nodded.

"I need to get in my room now and start preparing for work tomorrow, you can go meet Nola so she'll enlighten you more about the happenings around here but please you need to check on Ivory every

fifteen minutes"

"Okay, i will do just that" Irene said.

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"Do you care for anything?" Nola asked Irene as she entered the kitchen.

"No, ivory is asleep and Mr Harold said i can come spend some time with you" Irene said..

"Ohh, you're welcome" Nola smiled, motioning her to sit opposite her.

They both sat on the breakfast bar in the kitchen.

"So, you are?" Nola asked.

"I'm Irene, Ivory's nanny"

"Okay, I'm Nola, the cook. Nice to meet you"

"Nice to meet you too" Irene said.

"I'm gonna introduce you to the other workers later and i'll show you around later" Nola said.



"Okay" Irene smiled, glad at the woman's friendliness.

"You're welcome here and i know you're really gonna enjoy your stay here. Mr Harold is a very nice person, he treats every of his worker like his family" Nola said.

"That's so obvious and Ivory is also a nice kid, though her rules are not very nice" Irene said and Nola laughed.

"Ivory can be eccentric at times. But, once she really likes you, she'll be the one to break the rules she made for herself" Nola said.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yes"

"You must have been working for Mr Harold for long" Irene said.

"Yes, I've worked here for sixteen years, i was 24 then and i had just given birth,i had no job and my

husband died the day i gave birth to Allysia, my daughter " Nola said.

"I'm so sorry about that Nola" Irene said sadly.

"It's fine. So, Harold was just Eleven then and what made me met him was because i found his favourite lost puppy at my doorstep. I returned it to the address i found on the puppy's chain and Harold who loved the puppy so much thanked me profusely. We became close and he loved playing with my daughter. He learned of my condition and begged his parents to take me in with my daughter. Harold has been benevolent right from time, he really love helping people that are in need. He's the only child of his parents and they did everything he wanted. His parents took me in with my daughter and they took care of Allysia like she was theirs, anyone would think she was Harold younger sister, she attended the best school in the city and wore the best clothes. Right now Allysia is

with Harold's parents in Spain. She comes here every summer" Nola said.

"Wow!" Irene exclaimed.

"So then, i do assist their cook in the kitchen and suddenly she left. I volunteered to be the cook and i clearly told them not to pay me but they didn't heed, they paid me every month and still took care of my daughter. I watched the tiny Harold grow into the huge man he is today" Nola smiled.

"That's interesting" Irene smiled too.

"Oh..my, i need to go check on Ivory" Irene said glancing at the wall clock.

She stood up and quickly walked out of the kitchen.

Nola smiled, she like the lady and this is actually the first time she would tell someone this story.

Ivory's past nannies were always interested in checking out the whole house, rather than sit and

talk with her.

Most of them do ask her what Harold likes and dislikes, they concentrate more on Harold than Ivory whom they were here for .

But this lady is different.

Anyone can tell she genuinely cares for Ivory even if she just resumed today.

Nola had watched her from the kitchen while Ivory was still in her arms and she had seen how Irene badly wanted to touch Ivory's hair but she didn't. Ivory was asleep and wouldn't have known if anyone touched her hair but Irene didn't use that advantage to disregard her rules. She kept strictly to the rules.

Nola had been impressed and happy they finally had a different nanny.

"She's not awake yet" Irene said, walking back into the kitchen.

"Ohh" Nola smiled.

Irene took her seat opposite Nola.

She found the woman interesting, she's sharing so much with her even if she just resumed today.

"Can i ask you something?" Irene asked.

"What?"

"Does Mr Harold pay his workers close to one million dollars a week?" Irene asked.

"One million dollars a week?" Nola nearly screamed.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 6

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"Does Mr Harold pay his workers close to one million dollars a week?" Irene asked.

"One million dollars a week?" Nola nearly screamed.

If Harold pays his workers one million dollars a week, it's possible cause his family originated from wealth, they are billionaires plus the fact that Harold is a billionaire on his own even without his family's money, he had worked very hard regardless of his family status but even with how generous Harold is, she has never heard he pay his employees close to one million dollars a week!

A week!

Not even a month!

"Why did you ask? Is Harold paying you that amount?" Nola asked Irene and she hesitated before answering.

She feel she can trust the woman.

Nola had told her so much without even considering the fact that she just resumed today.

"Yeah" Irene replied slowly.

"Wow!" Nola exclaimed inwardly.

For Harold to pay a nanny that amount, then there's something behind it.

He definitely wants to help her.

Is the lady probably suffering from a problem?

Harold should have just sent his philanthropy company to do the job instead of that huge pay.

It'll of course raise eyebrows.

She'll need to call him and discuss with him later.

Nola cleared her throat.

"Irene, to be sincere, i don't think Harold pays his workers close to that amount but he's someone who can do anything he wants. Harold always have a reason for everything. He definitely have a

reason for wanting to pay you that amount. He wants to help you" Nola said.

"Help me? I never told him i needed help." Irene said.

She really needs all the financial help she can get but she never mentioned it to Harold, how did he found out?

"You never told him you needed help?" Nola asked.

"Yes" Irene answered.

"Well.. Harold has his way of doing things, just go along with him" Nola said.

"I will" Irene said.

"Fifteen minutes elapsed already" Irene stood up and quickly walked out of the kitchen.

Nola smiled, she hoped Irene won't stop this diligent act as time goes on.

Irene got to Ivory's room and found the little girl



trying to open her eyes.

She quickly moved close to her and bent over her.

"Ivory, are you okay?" She asked before touching her body.

What the ..!

She's burning up!

Ivory finally opened her eyes and placed her tiny palm on her forehead.

"Dad" She whimpered.

"Ivory, it's your nanny" Irene said, blinking severally.

She's so lost right now.

"My head aches. Get me my dad" Ivory cried.

"Okay" Irene said, feeling her temperature once again.

Damn! It has increased.

She turned to walk out of the room and was so grateful when Harold walked in.

"She's calling for you" Irene said worriedly and Harold almost ran towards his daughter.

"Ivory, I'm here" He said, kissing her forehead.

"Dad" Ivory held firmly to his hand.

"My head is aching" She cried.

"You'll be fine princess, i called the doctor already" Harold said and Irene could see his attractive face wrinkled with worry.

She stood there, not knowing what to do or say.

She moved close to Ivory and felt her temperature again before suddenly walking out of the room.

Harold wondered why she did that but he knew she doesn't have a nanny experience before employing her.

Moreover he's so worried about his daughter right

now.

He so much hates seeing her in pains and knowing he made her sick saddens him more.

And he knows he'll still have to force her to take medication, Ivory hates drugs.

If that freaking Carrle hadn't appeared.

This wouldn't have happened.

"The doctor will be here soon okay?" Harold said to his daughter and she nodded slowly.

She didn't let go of his hand and he let her be.

She's always that way whenever she's ill.

Harold sighed and was about picking his phone to call the doctor again when he saw Irene walked into the room with water in a bowl and a piece of clean cloth.

He watched as she moved close to Ivory and then bent before her.

"This will help in keeping her temperature cool till the doctor arrives" Irene said as she dipped the cloth into the water.

Ivory glanced at her dad and he gave her a reassuring look.

Irene squeezed the wet cloth and started by dabbing Ivory's forehead with it.

She moved to her body after a while and that went on for a completely long and silent moment.

Harold found himself staring at her while she tend for his daughter.

She had packed her hair uptight and the tendrils framing her face were no longer there .

She was looking so serious and worried.

She looked just like a worried mother.

A beautiful one at that.

He's so glad he made her stop that dirty job, and

he's more glad he made her work in his house, he'll get to see her everyday.

He doesn't know why he wants to keep seeing her face.

Knowing so many man had had her because of money hurt him so much cause she acts and looks so responsible that he know if it wasn't for money,she wouldn't have involved herself in such impure job.

He wish he had found her earlier.

He has money at his beck and call,he would have gladly helped her.

How he knew she needed help is still deeply buried into him and he's not ready to disclose it.

"Mr Harold,seems her body temperature is starting to get cool" Irene said, interrupting his thoughts.

"Huh?" He asked,not quite getting what she just said.

"I mean, Ivory's body temperature is almost back to normal" Irene said.

"Ohh.. really?" Harold asked and felt his daughter's body temperature.

"Oh..my! It's not almost back to normal, it is back to normal" Harold said in surprise.

He grinned happily which made Irene smiled too.

"Ivory, how do you feel now?" Harold asked.

"I feel better dad but the headache is not completely gone" Ivory said,like her real self.

"Do you have some pain reliever? She can just use a pill and she'll be fine" Irene said and Ivory frowned.

Irene smiled, knowing how most kids dislike drugs.

"A doctor shouldn't always be called for everything" She added.

"Just Imagine! He's not even here yet, my

daughter would still be in that pitiful state if not for you. He's definitely gonna have some tongue lashing from me when he comes" Harold asked.

"And was it magic you performed?" Harold asked, amazed as his daughter sat up on the bed.

"I want some candy" Ivory said and Irene smiled.

"Wow!" Harold exclaimed.

Ivory do take a day or two to recover from her sickness but it's just hours and she already sat up herself asking for candy.

"Y.. you want candy?" Harold asked.

"Yes daddy"

"I'll call Nola to get it for you right away" Harold said, unlocking his phone.

"Hold on" Irene stopped him.

"Ivory, I'm so glad your temperature is back to normal but you know you still complained of

headache. So for you to be completely fine, you have to please promise me you'll take some pain reliever" Irene said and Ivory who hated taking medication nodded almost immediately.

"Good! And i promise you're gonna have your candy immediately you take the medication" Irene smiled.

"Okay Irene." Ivory smiled back at her.

Harold watched the both of them in awe.

He's always having difficulties in making Ivory take drugs but Irene just..she just spoke to her and she agreed almost immediately.

This little girl can be so surprising.

And he noticed she kinda changed the moment she set her eyes on Irene.

She had almost cried this morning thinking Irene won't be resuming after reading her rules booklet.



"I should call Nola to get the pain reliever and candy" Harold said.

"No, I'll go get it myself and when I'm back, I'll tell you the magic I did" Irene shrugged and then chuckled.

Harold smiled as she walked out of the door.

"I'm so glad you're fine now" Harold said arranging his daughter's hair scattered hair.

She allows only her father and Nola to touch her hair, she just doesn't like other people touching her body or her hair.

"I'm surprised you agreed to take your medication that easily, you were always begged to take it and you'd end up whining and crying but you just listened to Irene without hesitation"

"I just felt like it dad" Ivory said..

"You felt like it? Or just because it's Irene?" Harold asked.

"Maybe" Ivory shrugged.

"Do you really like her that much? She just resumed today" Harold said.

"Yes, i like her, she seems so nice. And she really tried her best in making me feel okay,i like her more" Ivory said.

Harold smiled, this is the first time his daughter will really like a nanny.

Like, the first time she'll really be satisfied with a nanny.

"Here i come" Irene said walking in with a glass cup of water and the pain reliever with some candy too.

She made ivory took the pain reliever and told her to lay on her back,she covered her properly with her blanket and then handed her her candy which the girl took delightedly.

Irene turned to Harold...

"I didn't performed any magic, that was just a common act. " She said, finally sitting on the couch.

"A common act? If it was so common,i would have been doing that anytime her temperature is high instead of calling the doctor" Harold said.

"Well...it's so common where i live, my parents do that to us anytime we have high temperature,they rarely call the doctor"

"We?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, i have a younger brother" Irene said.

"Really?" Harold asked.

"Yes" Irene said proudly and Harold noticed that beautiful light in her eyes, she must really love her younger brother.

"His name?" Harold asked.

Irene smiled, knowing how happy Damien would

be so happy if she tells him Harold knew about him and even asked for his name.

"Damien" Irene said.

"Still in high school?" Harold asked.

"Yeah"

"Okay, send my regards to him" Harold said.

Wow!

Damien would nearly pee in his pants.

"Alright, i will" Irene said and there was an awkward silence.

Ivory concentrated more on her candy while Harold and Irene caught themselves severally stealing glances.

"I should return the glass cup" Irene said as an excuse to leave the room.

The silence was just so awkward and she can't stop stealing glances at the man.

"No, someone would come clear it" ivory said as she clicked a switch beside her bed, it sounded like a bell and Irene was wondering what was happening until a maid came rushing in seconds later.

"What do you need Ivory?" The young lady asked and it was then Irene knew she had used that switch to summon her.

Wow!

She had thought it was just a normal switch.

"She wants you to clear the glass cup" Harold said and the maid did so without hesitation.

She walked out of the room almost immediately while Irene sat there, blinking.

"Whenever Ivory presses the switch,you should tell the maid whatever she wants. I don't allow her order people who are old enough to birth her around,so you speak for her instead" Harold said

to Irene who nodded numbly.

These people keep surprising her every minute.

She's so impressed that Harold is bringing up his daughter in a good way.

She had thought the girl can order anyone around as she wishes, she never knew she's restricted from doing so.

It'll really help her grow into a well mannered lady.

"He's such a good father" Irene thought smiling admiringly at Harold who was tickling his daughter.

They were both laughing and her heart melted at the scene.

She took her time in looking round the room.

There are two doors in the room, she knows one is definitely the bathroom door but she wondered which was the second one.

A knock on the door stopped every movement.

"Who's there?" Harold asked.

"Doctor Fernando is here Mr Harold" Someone said through the door.

"Let him in" Harold said and the door opened to reveal a chubby man,neatly dressed in a blue shirt tucked into white pants, black shiny shoes and nice haircut.

"Good day Mr Harold" Doctor... greeted.

Good day doctor Fern" Harold replied.

"I thought you said she's..."

"Well she's fine now" Harold interrupted him.

"Really?" The doctor asked moving to touch Ivory who scampered away from his touch.

"Don't touch me!" She said, rolling her eyes.

"Ohh...I'll go wash my hands right away..." The doctor said dropping his bag.

"You don't have to do so, as you can see,she's fine

already so there'll be no need to examine her. I wonder what took you so long! What if she was dying!" Harold flared up.

"Mr Harold, I'm so sorry about that, an emergency came up at the hospital and i really had to attend to it"

"An emergency came up? And you couldn't send another doctor to attend to her, what if she's still burning up till this moment, do you think her little brain can handle such pain. If anything had happened to her, I swear i would jail you for life! This isn't the first time you'll do such, when next it happens, I'll withdraw you as my personal doctor" Harold said with a very angry tone.

"I'm so sorry Mr Harold, please forgive me. I promise it won't repeat itself" The doctor pleaded.

"You can leave, my manager sent some money into your account already" Harold said.



"For doing nothing?" Irene wondered, almost aloud.

"I'm so sorry Mr Harold" the doctor said, picking his bag.

"It's fine, you can leave now" Harold said with a more calm tone.

"I'm so sorry" The doctor said one last time before finally walking out of the door.

Irene sighed.

Ivory continued licking her now slim candy, looking unconcerned.

"I hope the headache has relieved you?" Harold asked her and she nodded.

"I'm fine now, i only need more candy and maybe a slice of strawberry cake" She said.

"Okay, I'll call Nola to get it ready for you" Harold said and quickly placed a call to Nola.

A maid came in minutes later, Irene noticed she wasn't the one who came in earlier.

She wondered how many maids were in the house.

She gently placed the tray containing more candies and a slice of strawberry cake on ivory's bedside table and then turned to walk out.

"You'll be able to go to school tomorrow right?" Harold asked.

"Of course" Ivory replied picking another candy.

"Irene will be here early tomorrow to prepare you for school" Harold said.

"Isn't she sleeping over?" Ivory asked.

"She's yet to get her wears" Harold said.

"Ohh" Ivory nodded.

"Irene, your room is adjoining mine" Ivory announced.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yes, can you see that door?" Ivory pointed to one of the doors in her room.

"Yeah" Irene nodded.

"That's the link to your room, you can come into my room without having to go through the normal doorway and i can also easily come into your room if i need anything" Ivory smiled.

"Wow! That's nice" Irene smiled.

She had seen the two doors in the room and she had been wondering which door is the second one.

Now she know.

"I did it that way so she can always have easy access to her nannies" Harold said.

"That's fine" Irene said.

"You'll get to see your room tomorrow when you move in" Harold said.

"Okay" Irene said,still not used to the fact that

she'll be spending most days of the week here and just weekends with her family.

"Ohh...it's time for lunch already, no wonder my stomach has been rumbling" Harold said glancing at his expensive looking wristwatch.

"Time flies, was it not just now she arrived" Irene thought.

"Let's go have lunch, I'm starving already" Harold said standing on his feet.

"I'm having my lunch already" ivory said.

"Of course i know. I was referring to Irene" Harold said.

"Ohh...me?" Irene asked quickly getting on her feet.

"Yeah, let's go have lunch" Harold said.

"Okay" She said trailing behind him to the door.

"Ivory,will you be fine?" Harold asked.

"Of course Dad, but help me switch on the TV

please" Ivory said, she's chewing on her strawberry cake and candy at the same time.

"Okay" Harold said and grabbed the remote control. He switched on the TV and scrolled through the channels for his daughter's favorite. He found it and click on it before dropping the remote control.

"Thanks Dad" ivory called after him as he walked out of the door with Irene.

"How old is Ivory?" Irene asked Harold as they approached the dining room.

Harold opened the door and they stepped in.

The table was set already and Irene almost exclaimed at the classic settings.

Just like how she sees it in movies.

She shouldn't be surprised by anything in this house, she knows he's a billionaire who can afford anything.

"Ivory is eight" Harold answered.

"Wow! How come she's so smart?" Irene asked.

"Well...she got the smartness from me" Harold boasted, smiling.

"That's obvious" Irene nodded.

"So, this is my personal dining room, i eat here with my daughter and Nola. The workers have their dining room" Harold said.

"Ohh...okay, I'll go meet Nola to show me the way to the workers dining room" Irene said.

"Chill..." Harold paused and then continued.

"You'll be eating here with us" He finally said.

"Huh?" Irene asked, furrowing her brow.

"Why?" She wondered aloud.

Shouldn't she be happy she'll be eating on the same table with him?

So many people would jump at it.

"I'll be fine at the workers dining room, that's where i belong" Irene said.

"Of course that's where you belong cause you're a worker here" Harold agreed.

"Yeah" Irene said.

"But ivory wants you here" Harold lied. He does, not Ivory.

He just doesn't know why he want to keep seeing her every time.

When did he turn into a liar?

And when did he ever propose this idea to any of his workers? Even those that has been with him for years have never got the chance to eat on the same table with him.

And he even had to lie that ivory want her here just for her to accept.

"Really? Why does ivory want me here?" Irene

asked.

"She needs to be close to her nanny always."

"But the past nannies definitely do not eat on the same table with you guys, why does Ivory suddenly want me to?" Irene asked.

"Well..she told me, starting from you, she's gonna make a change" Harold said, his conscience hitting him hard.

Lies brings more lies.

"Ohh... okay" Irene said, feeling so special she'll be dining with Harold Marshall, the most handsome billionaire in the whole of San Francisco who some people are dying to see.

She had felt special right from when he told her she'll be dining with them and she had almost jumped at the offer but again she had a rethink.

"Let's go eat, enough of the dilly dally" Harold said and they both moved towards the dining table.



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They had almost finished eating and Harold kept hoping Ivory won't pop up anytime soon.

She's gonna be surprised to see Irene dining in their personal dining room and she'll ask what she's doing here.

And then Irene would know he lied.

She'll start seeing him as a liar right from that moment.

Oh.. no.

He stared at Irene who was obviously enjoying the meal, even if he wants to stand up anytime soon, he knew she's not ready at all.

Geez!

She just shifted another bowl of fruits closer to herself.

Nola is done eating, she picked a glass cup of her

favorite fruit juice and started gulping it down her throat.

She had communicated with Harold with her eyes when she saw Irene in the dining room and he had nodded, meaning he'll explain things to her later.

Harold shifted in his seat when he heard tiny footsteps on the step.

He hoped it wasn't Ivory but again who among his workers has such tiny steps.

"Why can't you just stay put in your room, this little girl" He thought, feeling uneasy that his cat is about to be let out of the bag.

"Dad" He heard Ivory called before the dining room door opened.

Hell no!

"Stop her!" He suddenly shouted, scaring everyone out of their chair.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 7

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"Stop her!" He suddenly shouted, scaring everyone out of their chair.

The two bodyguards who stood in the dining room quickly ran towards Ivory to carry out Harold's order, while Irene and Nora watched, open mouthed.

They were both confused without knowing what to say.

"Don't touch me!!" Ivory screamed.

"Don't touch her" Harold shouted, confusing everyone the more.

"Dad! What's up with you?" Ivory whined.

"I'm so sorry everyone, i never knew it was Ivory"  
Harold pleaded.

Another lie!

"I thought as much" Irene said, breathing in relief  
before sitting back on the chair.

Nola shook her head and sighed. "Harold you  
really need a knock for shouting that much. Even if  
it wasn't Ivory,you shouldn't have shouted that  
much"

"You know how much i hate being interrupted  
when I'm eating" Harold said, he wasn't telling a  
lie this time. He truly hates being interrupted when  
eating and his workers respected that.

"Of course i know but we all heard ivory said Dad  
before opening the door" Nola said.

"Really? I didn't hear that" Harold said.

"More lies! Harold!" His inner mind cried.

Nola who knew how sharp Harold ears are, he could hear the tiniest sound not to talk of how loud and clear Ivory's voice was when she shouted daddy.

There's definitely something wrong.

"See me in the kitchen after you're done eating"  
Nola said to Harold who nodded.

She shifted back her chair and started walking to the door.

"You leaving already?" Irene asked after her.

"Yeah, I'm done eating" Nola smiled, she dragged Ivory's cheeks playfully before finally walking out the door.

"Thanks for the meal" Irene shouted after her.

"You're welcome Irene"

"I'm so sorry i scared you out of your chair" Harold

said to Irene.

"It's fine" Irene laughed and Harold should have laughed too but he saw how Ivory looked at Irene.

She's confused that she's seated in their personal dining, she knows her father does not allow any worker.

"Irene you're here, i gat no problem with that though " ivory said and Harold couldn't explain how relieved he felt.

Irene only smiled and bit into her chicken.

" Dad my TV just switched off all of a sudden, dunno what's wrong with it" Ivory whined.

"Really?"

"Yes daddy" ivory said.

"Alex go check it out for her and if it's something you can't handle, call Mr Brian.

"Okay Mr Harold" Alex said and followed Ivory out

of the room.

Irene finally gulped water down her throat after satisfying herself.

"Thanks for the meal Mr Harold" Irene said.

"Its fine" Harold said and Irene stood up to start clearing the table.

She wondered where to start from, cause the table is almost filled to the brim.

"What are you doing?" Harold asked her.

"I want to clear the table" she said.

"No, don't do that. That's not your work." Harold said.

"But i can help" Irene said.

" People that'll do that are waiting by the door already" Harold said.

"Ohh" Irene said.

Harold stood up and they both walked out of the

dining room.

" I should go join Ivory in the library,it's 3pm already" Irene said.

She know she's to join Ivory in the library by 3pm everyday. Ivory had included it in her booklet.

"Ohh...okay but today is Sunday and Ivory prepares for school instead" Harold said.

"Ohh, I'll go join her in her room then" Irene said and started walking to Ivory's room.

She met the bodyguard called Alex by the stairway and their eyes met.

The way he looked made her have a bad feeling about him but she just shrugged it off and proceeded to Ivory's room.

"It might just be misconception" She thought.

She walked into Ivory's room and found her on her laptop.



Wow!

"Ivory" Irene called as she made her way towards her.

Ivory raised up her head and smiled on seeing Irene.

"I've been expecting you" She said.

"Really?"

"Yes, to help me prepare for school tomorrow" Ivory said dropping her laptop and Irene saw that she had been watching animation on it.

Her TV is totally blank and she guessed its something Alex couldn't handle.

" That man's face certainly had something to it" Irene thought worriedly, she does not doubt her feelings.

"Ivory, thanks for making me dine in your personal dining room" Irene said, smiling.

"Me? I don't get" Ivory said, confused.

"Your dad said you're the one who wanted me to dine with you guys" Irene said.

"Me? ohh..yeah!" Ivory said.

She did not remember saying that but maybe she might have said that out of excitement without realising it but it's fine, she wants Irene in their dining room.

"Thank you" Irene smiled.

"Its fine, so my school uniform is already arranged in my wardrobe by the ... You'll just help me revise my notebooks" Ivory said.

"Alright, where are they?" Irene asked.

"In my backpack, which is inside the wardrobe." Ivory said.

Irene saw another slice of strawberry cake in a little plate beside her bed.

"You must really like strawberry" Irene said, walking to Ivory's wardrobe.

"I love it! Everything about that flavour excites me. It's the most delicious flavor you know" Ivory said.

"I don't agree" Irene pressed her lips together.

She loves vanilla more.

"Well i do" Ivory beamed biting softly into the cake.

"Which flavor do you prefer?" Ivory asked Irene, who had placed her hand on the wardrobe handle.

"Vanilla" Irene said.

"Geez! Vanilla tastes sour" Ivory frowned.

"Well...it's the be.." Irene was saying but the content in girl's wardrobe had left her speechless.

It had four floors, the first floor contained sparkly ballerina dresses which almost took Irene's breath away.

These dresses look like it's worth millions.

She won't doubt it if the amount is up to her monthly pay, they are so beautiful it nearly made her cry.

Ivory has everything anyone would ever wish for.

The second floor contained beautiful and expensive-looking home dresses. Different designers, perfect styles, classic look.

Irene had always wanted to own a very big and popular fashion store, her dream was to become a very famous fashionista whom both rich and the poor can afford, she wants to be on the list of famous designers but the dream shattered after she lost her parents.

To own her imaginable fashion store, she knows how much it's gonna cost her and she doesn't even have a quarter of it. She only wants to focus on her stepmother's surgery and her brother

schooling,that's all that matters to her now.

The third floor contained different sort of school wears, neatly ironed and perfectly organized.

"Irene, haven't you found my school bag?" Ivory asked.

"Could i have left it in the library" she said to herself.

"I found it" Irene said, picking up the fancy school bag which had a doll ballerina on the front cover.

"Ohh" ivory smiled, glad she hadn't left it in the library.

Irene closed the wardrobe and walked to Ivory with different thoughts running in her mind and she almost wished she was in ivory's shoes.

"So, I'd love to start from arithmetics" Ivory said.

"Ohh... okay" Irene said, unzipping the school bag.

She placed all of Ivory's notebook on her bedside

stool and then started searching for arithmetics.

-----

"I already called Mr Brian" Alex said to Harold who was on his way to see Nola in the kitchen.

"Ohh, fine" Harold smiled at him.

Alex is his one of his best bodyguards, he has this diligent nature that Harold admire so much.

"You can go have a nice time, I'll be with Nola in the kitchen" Harold said to Alex.

"Okay, Mr Harold" He said and left.

\*

Nola laughed hard in the kitchen after Harold sincerely told her the reason he had scared everyone in the dining room.

"You shouldn't have lied to her" She finally said after her laughter subsided.

"I didn't wanted to lie to her but she was

questioning me and i couldn't find a better answer" Harold said.

"If i may ask, why do you want her in your personal dining, you've never wanted any of Ivory's past nannies in your dining room" Nola said.

"Well...i don't know. I just wanted her there" Harold said and Nola sighed.

She's starting to see something she hadn't seen in Harold for years .

"Why the sigh?" Harold asked.

"There's another thing i want to discuss with you" Nola said.

"What?" Harold asked and sipped his wine.

"The amount you want to be paying her is extremely high!" Nola said.

"She told you?" Harold asked.

"Well...she only asked if you pay your workers

close to that amount. She knows that amount is outrageous and she couldn't keep it to herself" Nola said.

"I want to help her" Harold said.

"You could have sent your company to do that" Nola said...

"I..i want to help her personally" Harold said.

"Really? And how did you know she needs help?" Nola asked.

"That's something i can't tell you now Nola. Not now" Harold said.

"Okay, should i pour you more wine?" Nola asked.

"No,I'll be going back to the living room now, come with me" Harold said.

"I'm fine here" Nola said.

"C'mon Nola, you stay in the kitchen all day like it's your room" Harold complained and Nola laughed.



"It's my room" Nola said.

"I wish you can just allow me employ another cook, you really need to rest after all these years. Please Nola" Harold said.

He had tried to employ more cooks but Nola always make them leave.

"Harold. I love what I'm doing and this is the only way im able repay the help you rendered me years back. Without you, i might still be in the streets struggling with my daughter but you gave us a good life" Nola said.

"Nola, I've told you severally to stop mentioning that. You're my aunt now, you're no longer the stranger i told my parents to help. You've repayed my help enough, please let me employ another cook. I'm not comfortable with the stress you go through everyday" Harold said.

"Cooking is no stress for me, i do enjoy it" Nola

said.

"Please Nola" Harold said.

"Okay, I'll think about it" Nola said and Harold sighed, shaking his head.

they both know she won't.

Harold sighed " I'll be in the living room"

"Aren't you going with your wine?" Nola asked after him.

"No" He answered.

---

Harold was passing by Ivory's door to his to take a nap, he already spent enough time in the living room.

He stopped when his ear caught what Ivory said.

"So now I've told you my dream is to become the most famous ballerina in the world and also have my ballet company. What's your own dream?"

Ivory asked and Harold shifted closer to the door.

He pressed his ear to the door when Irene finally spoke after a long silence.

"My dream is to bring back my parents fashion store, to make it bigger, famous and the best in the city. I also want to become one of the best designers in the country, I want my name to appear in the designers top list but I guess some dream can never be fulfilled." Irene said.

He knew.

He knew her dream and how he found out is best known to him.

"Why did you say that?" Ivory asked.

"Let's go back to your revision" Irene said.

"But you've not answered my question" Ivory said.

"I don't want to" Irene said.

"Okay" Ivory drawled.

Harold left the door and quietly walked to his room.

---

"Please stay for dinner!" Ivory said to Irene.

It's getting late and Irene had to leave.

She needs to pack and all. She hasn't even told Damien and Mrs Neave that she'll be a live-in nanny and only come home on weekends.

"Ivory, she needs to leave now. You know she wasn't aware that she'll be a live-in nanny, we just told her today, she isn't prepared and she also have to be here early tomorrow morning to prepare you for school" Harold said.

"Okay" Ivory pouted.

"Starting from tomorrow, I'll be having dinner here okay?" Irene assured Ivory who nodded.

"I really enjoy the time i spent with you" She said.

"Me too and I'm looking forward to the days we'll be spending together but i have to leave now"  
Irene smiled, picking her bag.

Irene bent to peck her but she suddenly remembered her rules.

\*No pecks! Without my permission\*

She quickly straightened up but what she had tried to do was obvious.

"You can peck me" Ivory said, surprising her.

"Really?"

" Yes!"

Irene smiled and pecked her on both cheeks while Harold stood watching them.

Is the same person that never allowed her nannies to peck her?

But she allowed Irene,the first day!

Their bond surprised him.

"Someone will drive you home" Harold said to Irene.

"Okay, goodnight" She waved.

"Goodnight" They waved back.

She got outside and was led into a car which has obviously been waiting for her.

Minutes later, they were back on the road after she quickly got cheese for Damien.

Irene smiled.

She had enjoyed Ivory's company so much that she can't wait to see her again tomorrow.

Her phone vibrated in her bag.

That must be Damien.

"She still doesn't know how Damien will take the news of coming home only on weekends" She thought as she brought out her phone.

It isn't Damien.

Hi madam Perse" Irene said into the phone after picking up.

Irene, i gat good news for you. Come over to my bar now. There's someone waiting for you.

Madam Perse, I'm sorry i didn't tell you this,i was planning to actually but i...

This person is ready to pay your stepmum's surgical bills and also sponsor your brother!" Madam Perse announced happily.

What!

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 8

---

This person is ready to pay your stepmum's

surgical bills and also sponsor your brother's education!" Madam Perse announced happily.

What!

"Wh..at are you saying?" Irene asked in disbelief.

"I'm serious here, Irene " Madam Perse said.

"Who wants to pay my mum surgical bill and also sponsor my brother's education?" Irene asked, still finding everything confusing.

"You need to come now. Let's discuss"

"Now? Im on my way home" .

"I'll be waiting for you" Madam Perse said and dropped the phone.

Irene sighed.

"Please can you drop me at Persephone Bar?"

Irene asked the driver.

"Mr Harold told me to drop you home" The driver said.



"I know but i really need to get there now and cab might be difficult to get at this time of the night" Irene said.

The driver sighed.

"Please, just drop me off and go. My house is close." Irene said.

"Okay but i don't know the directions" The driver said.

"I'll direct you" Irene said.

---

"Goodnight and thank you" Irene thanked the driver as she alighted from the car, in front of Madam Perse bar.

He only nodded before driving away.

The bar was buzzing as usual when she walked in.

All eyes fell on her but she was less concerned about that.

She sighted Ethan Weston in the VIP section of the bar and quickly removed her gaze.

"She's only here to see Madam Perse not for any other business" She thought as she rushed to Madam Perse office...

She got there and knocked.

"Come in Irene" Madam Perse said and Irene opened the door and walked into the small office..

"Hi madam Perse" She greeted as she took a sit opposite her.

The office is just occupied with three chairs surrounding a middle table, a ceiling fan and a wardrobe.

"So I'm sure you must have been so excited after hearing the news" Madam Perse said.

Funny enough, she had not been excited, she had been confused.

Madam Perse looks like she's the one excited here.

"What's the deal? You got me confused" Irene said.

"Well, this billionaire just came in and offered to solve all of your problem" Madam Perse smiled.

"A billionaire?" She asked and Harold suddenly came to her mind.

It's just been hours and she missed his face already.

"Yes. Ethan Weston" Madam Perse announced happily.

"Ethan Weston? Wants to solve my problem? What brought about that?" Irene asked.

She doesn't like the man, she could vividly remember the night she spent with him, she couldn't wait to leave the next morning.

"Babygirl! Aren't you excited?" Madam Perse asked.

"I can't be yet, cause i don't know what's going on?"

You mean a billionaire suddenly appeared to solve my problem. Why does he want to help me? Did you tell him anything?" Irene asked.

"Well..yes. I did" Madam Perse said.

"Why?" Irene asked.

"He wanted to know more about you and i felt there's nothing wrong in including your problems"

"Why does he suddenly wants to know more about me? And you know how much i hate sharing my problems! Everyone has responsibilities too"

"He's a billionaire! And i feel he can help you. I care about you baby girl and that's why i did that"

"Thanks madam Perse but i don't need his help" Irene said.

"What! What are you saying Irene? Isn't that the reason you're doing this job?" Madam Perse sounded surprise.

She never thought Irene could reject the offer.

She had given Ethan the reassurance that Irene would be so excited.

"Why is he suddenly interested in me? How can he offer to help me without wanting anything in return? And i can't accept that huge amount of money from someone all in the name of help, you know i prefer to work for money" Irene said.

"Then you can be his personal sex worker. That's work too, you know" Madam Perse said.

"That was what he suggested?" Irene asked.

"Not really" Madam Perse said and Irene laughed.

"Even if he wants to give me all the money in the world,i can never be his personal sex toy!" Irene said.

"So, you're rejecting that sumptuous help?" Madam Perse asked.

"It's no longer help if you want something in return. I don't involve myself with such people. Even if he had wanted nothing in return, I still wouldn't have accepted his help"

"Why? But you really need this money Irene"  
Madam Perse said.

"I really need it but I'm not desperate. " Irene said and Madam Perse sighed.

"Irene, every other girl would jump at the offer"  
Madam Perse said.

"I am Irene Noris" Irene licked her lips.

"Irene, this job you're doing would never fetch you the surgical bills and your brother...."

"Well..." Irene smiled.

"I now have a job that can pay my mum's surgical bill and also help with my brother's education "  
Irene said happily, she's glad she accepted Harold's job offer, she can't just wait to get back to

the mansion tomorrow.

"Really?"

"Yes, i now work as a nanny..."

"A nanny?" Madam Perse interrupted with an irritated look.

"Yes, I'm ivory's nanny. Harold Marshall daughter" Irene said proudly.

"Harold Marshall!" Madam Perse exclaimed.

"Yes and my pay for two months already covers my mum's surgery bills"

"Oh .. my, really?" Madam Perse asked with her eyes widely opened.

"Yes, I'm sorry i didn't tell you earlier. I just resumed today"

"No, it's fine" Madam Perse smiled.

" And congratulations on your new job" She added.

"Thanks, i need to go now cause i really have to be

there early tomorrow morning" Irene said.

She got on her feet and glanced at the wall clock.

"Whoa, it's late already" Irene said.

"I'm so happy for you Irene" Madam Perse said, getting on her feet .

"Thank you" Irene smiled.

"And do tell Mr Harold to patronize me more often" Madam Perse said, smiling happily.

She knew Harold Marshall is more wealthy than Ethan Weston.

"I don't think he's the bar going type though" Irene shrugged.

"Well.. thanks for everything Madam Perse, i really appreciate" Irene hugged her.

"It's fine. Gonna miss you around here" Madam Perse said, a bit sadly.

People had liked Irene, the girl was always fetching



money for her. Wealthy people do go for her and Madam Perse always had her huge share.

But she's so happy that she now have a more decent job, she wasn't happy with the job initially but she had to do it since nothing else was working out.

"Bye" Irene waved before walking out of the office.

---

Ethan Weston sat in the VIP section of Persephone's bar, sipping a quite expensive wine with four bodyguards guarding him.

He had seen Irene go in and he was impatiently waiting for her to come out with Madam Perse.

He had made that offer so she could leave Harold's mansion.

Alex had told him it seems Harold has a special liking for Irene.

He had made her dine in his personal dining room and that says a lot cause Harold does not allow his workers in there,he hates being interrupted while eating, according to Alex.

His plans to pull Harold down the mud keeps failing!

So, taking everything he likes should hurt him.

He knows the so called lady would accept his offer, all he needs to do now is aim for Harold's daughter.

Ethan laughed out loud, imagining what Harold's life would be after that.

He so much hate the fact that people love Harold Marshall than him.

Harold Marshall always get the highest vote in everything!

Ethan covered the frown on his face with smile when he saw Irene approaching.

He wondered why Madam Perse was not with her. Well..she looks sumptuously sexy and he's gonna have her tonight.

"Someone is coming to sit on that chair" Ethan said, pointing to a chair opposite him.

One of his bodyguards quickly wiped it clean.

Irene walked past his table without sparing him a glance.

What!

He turned to confirm if she's truly walking out of the door.

"What the fuck!" He cursed standing up.

He headed towards Madam Perse office and his bodyguards trailed behind him.

He was close to her office when Madam Perse walked out..

"What's happening? That lady walked past my

table without even sparing me a glance"

"Well.." Madam Perse sighed.

"She rejected your offer" She said.

"What?" Ethan Weston asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, that lady is not like most ladies. She prefers to work for money" Madam Perse said.

Ethan Weston looked shocked,he hadn't even thought she'll reject that huge offer?

Who rejects such amount of money to continue being a nanny.

"Do you need anything else? If not, I'll be going to attend to other customers" Madam Perse said,waited for few seconds and then walked away.

Ethan stood in awe, he had thought every other lady was like Carrle but...

"Let's move" He said to his bodyguards.

---

"I'm home" Irene announced happily, walking into the living room.

Damien and her mum sighed in relief.

"Hi mum" Irene pecked her mum.

"Welcome Rene" Mrs Neave smiled.

She's so happy to see Irene wearing such a huge smile.

It means the day had gone well..

"What took you so long ? Is this how you'll be returning home late?" Damien asked.

"Hi Damien. My day was good. Thank for asking" Irene rolled her eyes.

"Ohh...I'm sorry but i was so worried and i don't want you returning by this time of the night everyday" Damien said.

"Fine, get me a glass cup of water first, there's something we all need to discuss" Irene said sitting

on the couch.

"Ok sis" Damien stood up and walked to the kitchen.

Irene dropped her bag and removed her shoes, she then made her hair fall down her shoulders.

"I'm surprised you're not asleep yet" She said to her Mum, knowing she sleeps early.

"I can't be asleep knowing you're not back on your first day of work. So how was it?" Her stepmum asked.

"It was perfect mum! I can't wait to go back tomorrow" Irene smiled.

"Really?"

"Yes mum"

" I'm so glad you finally have a job you're happy about."

"Me too Mum" Irene said. She's yet to tell them

about moving in tomorrow.

She doesn't even know how they'll take it.

Who would stand by her mum when Damien is in school.

Irene sighed...she hadn't even thought of that.

Damien served her a chilled glass cup of water and she quickly gulped it down her throat.

"Thanks" She sighed.

"Here, check my bag for your cheese" Irene said passing her bag to him.

"Thanks sis" Damien smiled, bringing out the cheese in an instant.

He tore off the seal and started eating.

"I don't need to ask how your first day was, i can already tell" Damien said.

"Of course it was awesome but..." Irene paused.

"What?" Damien and Mrs Neave chorused.

"I'm gonna be a live-in nanny and I'll only get to be coming home on weekends" Irene announced sadly.

"Huh?" Damien paused.

"Really?" Her stepmum asked.

"Yes mum, I'm not also comfortable with the idea. Who's gonna stay with you?" Irene said worriedly.

They all fell silent for some minutes before Damien finally spoke up.

"You'll be home on weekends right?, there's no problem with that. I'll start coming back early from school to take care of mum. Just go work and raise money for her surgery, leave the rest to me"

Damien said.

"Yeah, go ahead Rene. Don't worry about me, I'm capable of taking care of myself and Damien is also capable of taking care of me " Mrs Neave said.

"Will you guys be fine?" Irene asked,still worried.



"Of course sis. You're talking like you'll be gone for years" Damien said.

"This will be the first time I'll be coming home only on weekends" Irene pouted like a little kid.

"Com'on Rene, we'll be fine" Mrs Neave said.

"Okay mum. Damien do not think you now have the freedom to bring anyone into the house and end up making them cry" Irene glared at him.

"What do you mean?" Damien rolled his eyes.

"Whatever, come with me to my room, you'll need to help me pack but first take mum to bed while i go freshen up" Irene said, picking her shoes as she stood up.

She grabbed her bag too.

"Goodnight Mum" She kissed her mum on the cheeks.

"Night Rene" Mrs Neave said and Damien started

wheeling her to her room.

---

Irene laid on her bed after freshening up.

She was scribbling the day event into her diary while Damien helped her pack.

She gisted him some more before they both went to bed .

---

"Good morning Mr Harold" Irene greeted, she had just alighted from the car he sent to pick her with her luggage.

He looked all dressed up for work.

She never thought he goes to work this early.

"Good morning Mr Harold" Irene greeted again thinking he hadn't heard the first time.

But he just entered his limousine like he hadn't seen her.

Really??

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 9

---

"Good morning Mr Harold" Irene greeted again thinking he hadn't heard the first time.

But he just entered his limousine like he hadn't seen her.

Really??

"What could be wrong?" She thought as she walked towards the door.

She turned and saw that the limo is already out of the compound.

She's so sure he must have heard her, he even glanced at her but she could tell he was pissed by something.

Did one of his workers pissed him off?

"Well..." She shrugged.

She walked into the living room and met Nola.

"Good morning Nola" Irene greeted.

"Irene, good morning" Nola smiled.

"You're finally here. I'm gonna welcome you officially later" Nola said.

"Thank you. But did anyone pissed Mr Harold?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, i think so." Nola said.

"Ohh" Irene nodded slowly.

"He didn't respond to your greetings?" Nola asked.

"Yeah! How did you know ?" Irene asked.

"I just guessed" Nola said, already knowing Irene is the one who pissed him off, Harold won't respond to your greetings when he's pissed with you.

She wondered what Irene did in the space on yesterday night and this morning.

"I should go meet Ivory" Irene said.

"Yeah, your luggage will be taken to your room " Nola said.

"Okay, thanks" Irene said and started walking to ivory's room.

She met some workers on the way and greeted them.

They all responded nicely and she couldn't wait to be introduced to them all.

Nola had said there will be a formal introduction today.

Irene knocked gently when she got to Ivory's door.

"Who's there?" Ivory asked.

"Your nanny" Irene said.

"Irene, Come in" Ivory said and Irene smiled as she opened the door and walked in .

"Good morning to you" She said to Ivory who smiled.

"Good morning Irene" Ivory said, she had just finished taking her bath and she had a towel wrapped around her body.

"Ohh..I'm sorry i wasn't here early enough to bath you" Irene said.

"No, i bath myself. You can only dress me up" Ivory said.

"Really? Is that in your rules booklet?" Irene said.

"Of course, i think you really need to go through it once more. I knew you can't take it in at once. They are way too much" Ivory said.

"You know that too?" Irene asked.

"Of course"

"Then why did you made then that much?" Irene asked.

"Some nannies do pass their bounds and that's why i had to set a boundary" Ivory said, passing Irene her body cream.

"Hmm...I've not washed my hands" Irene said.

"Ohh...Just apply this on my body but please you should always wash your hands before coming into my room" Ivory said.

She have no problem with Irene touching her without washing her hands.

Irene always look neat, just like her dad and Nola.

"Uh? Okay" Irene said.

She took the body cream from Ivory and started applying it smoothly on the girl's skin.

She didn't put pressure on it, ivory skin felt like diamond beneath her touch .

Her skin glowed more after Irene was done.

She proceeded to dressing her up and they were done in a matter of minutes.

Ivory wore her shoes while Irene grabbed one of her hair combs.

"Only Nola and my dad touches my hair" Ivory said.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said dropping the comb disappointedly.

She had wanted to make a very beautiful style for Ivory.

She picked Ivory's school bag and helped her wear it.

"So..we're set" Irene smiled.

"Yeah" Ivory said, glancing at herself in the mirror with a satisfied look .



Irene had dressed her up so nicely.

"Come go have your breakfast" Irene said, glancing at the wall clock.

Ivory nodded and picked a comb before they both walked out of the room.

\*\*

Ivory finished having her breakfast and Nola helped her comb and packed her hair into a simple ponytail.

Yeah!

She was ready for school.

"Bye Nola" She waved as Irene led her to the door .

"Bye Ivory" Nola smiled and watched the both of them walked out of the door.

Irene saw a beautiful purple Benz parked as they stepped out.

Wow!

She hadn't seen this in the compound.

It must have been in the garage.

"Is this your car?" She asked Ivory who nodded.

"It's beautiful" Irene said.

"Yeah it is, thanks" Ivory said.

Irene saw the driver was in the car already, the backseat door was opened by a bodyguard who looked so fierce.

She wondered where Mr Harold found these hard looking men.

They could scare shit out of someone!

"Good morning Ivory" the man greeted in a deep voice.

His voice is just as thick as his face.

"Good morning Tom" Ivory smiled.

She got into the back seat and dropped her school bag beside her .

"Irene aren't you coming?" Ivory asked.

"Huh? Am i supposed to go with you?" Irene asked.

"Of course!" Ivory said.

"You really need to study the rules booklet" She added.

"Yeah" Irene said hoping in beside Ivory.

The bodyguard closed the car door and Irene widened her eyes when he got into the front seat.

The driver drove to the gate which opened automatically.

"Is he supposed to go with us?" Irene whispered to ivory who laughed.

"Yeah, Tom is my personal bodyguard, he goes with me everywhere" ivory whispered back.

"And he doesn't scare you?" Irene asked in a whisper.

"No, he actually has a soft side to him. His heart is

not as fierce as his face, he's so nice and loving"

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yes. Hey Tom, meet Irene, my nanny" Ivory said.

"Hi Irene, i heard all your whispers" He smiled turning to her.

"Huh?" Irene swallowed hard.

Two things surprised her, the fact that he heard all she whispered and the fact that he smiled.

She never pictured him as a smiling man and she must be sincere he looked less fierce now.

"I'm sorry about that, i never meant to say that behind you" Irene said.

"It's fine . So, I'm Tom, Ivory's personal bodyguard" Tom said stretching out his hand effortlessly from the front seat.

"I'm Irene, Ivory's nanny. Nice to meet you" Irene said accepting his outstretched hand.

Damn!

Strong hands!

She's so sure those hands could easily break objects into two.

"Same here" Tom said.

"I know you do a good job in protecting Ivory"  
Irene said.

"I'm trying my best. Ivory is my friend and I'll make sure no harm comes to her" Tom said.

"He has been my personal bodyguard for three years now and has saved me from being kidnapped multiple times" Ivory said.

"Oh..my! Really?" Irene asked.

"Yeah" ivory said and Irene could see why Harold entrusted ivory to him.

She's still worried that Harold hadn't responded to her greetings.

Even if he was pissed by someone,he should have responded to her greetings. She wasn't the one who pissed him of.

"Meet Eric too, my chauffeur" ivory said.

"Hi Eric" Irene said.

"Hi Irene, welcome to Ivory's world" Eric said,focused on driving.

"Thank you" Irene smiled.

"We're almost at my school" Ivory said excitedly.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yeah" ivory said putting her iPad back in her bag.

She slipped on her school bag as the driver drove into a wide opened gate.

Tom got down to open the door for them and they both alighted.

Irene marveled at the sight of Ivory's school.

Looking at it alone would have told you it's a NO!

for the poor.

Students alighted from different posh cars.

Securities were everywhere and the students looked well organized as they walked into a passageway.

The structure is just...

Wow!

The outer part had left her speechless, and she wondered what the inner part would do to her.

"I'm gonna go with you to your class right?" She asked Ivory.

"No, you don't have to. Tom will" Ivory said.

"Ohh..okay" Irene said and sat back in the car as she watched them leave.

She sighed, watching the students admiringly.

Everyone sure has different childhood.

"Hi" Eric jolted her out of her thoughts.

"Hey" she responded.

"You feeling bored?"

"Not really" Irene smiled.

"Should i tune in some beats?" He asked and Irene shrugged.

She's not much of a music person.

Eric started playing a soft music and Irene allowed her mind to wander away.

\*\*

They got home and she and Tom alighted from the car while Eric drove into the garage.

"See you later" Tom said, walking away.

"Yeah" Irene replied, walking to the door.

She missed her Mum.

She wondered what she'll be doing now.

Probably knitting.



"Hey, you're back" Nola said to her as she walked into the living room.

"Yeah"

"Your luggage has been taken to your room already,so come with me,let me show you to your room"

"Ohh... okay" Irene said anxiously, walking behind Nola.

She's gonna accept any room given to her but she loves it when a room is cozy.

After they climbed the stairs, Nola stopped by the door right after ivory's.

"This is your room" She said handing Irene the key.

"Thank you" Irene said, inserting the key into the lock.

The door opened and Irene took in a breath before stepping in..

The coziness of the room embraced her first.

The room was well furnished and the well spread bed looks so soft and inviting, there's a bedside table and a lamp.

The floor is tiled but there's a colourful round rug placed in the middle.

She has a dressing chair and a table! With an oval mirror before it.

The size of the wardrobe looks just so right for the room.

The curtain matched with the color of the center rug and the wall painted with a cool brown totally matched with all the furnitures.

The open window allowed rays of sunshine and everything looks just so beautiful.

"I hope you like your room?" Nola asked.

"I totally love it" Irene grinned.

"Im glad you do, that's the door to the bathroom and that's the door connecting to Ivory's room" Nola said.

"Ohh.. okay"

"Fine then, I'll leave you now and once you're fully settled, come meet me so I'll introduce you to others and also show you round the building" Nola said.

"Okay Nola, thanks so much" Irene said.

Nola smiled as she walked out of the door.

Irene walked towards the door adjoining Ivory's room, she pulled it open and there was ivory's room.

Wow!

---

She hummed happily as she transferred her clothes from the case to the drawer and the closet .

She gathered her toiletries and fresh clothes before heading to the bathroom.

She put on a more comfortable wear before going to meet Nola.

---

Irene returned to her room after she was introduced to other workers and also shown her half of the whole building.

The building is damn huge! Irene had gotten tired and told Nola she'll continue tomorrow.

Though she have to admit that all Nola showed her almost made her cry.

She wondered the amount of money used to set up this place and this isn't the only building Mr Harold has.

Nola had advised her to go take a nap before ivory comes back and that's what she's gonna do .

She laid on the soft silky bed and stared at the sky-coloured ceiling.

She's finally here.

If she had been told she'll be here today, she would never have believed.

Few days ago, she never even pictured herself to be a nanny in a billionaire's house.

It takes just seconds for things to change.

She's so happy to be here but she missed her family. She had told Damien to call her everyday and she was almost moved to tears when she left them this morning.

She doesn't know why she felt so comfortable being here.

She just love it here!

---

Irene helped Nola in the kitchen after she finished

napping.

Nola had insisted on making lunch all by herself and Irene had also insisted on helping her.

They talked and laughed like they've known each other for years.

"Ivory will be back soon" Nola said glancing at the wall clock in the kitchen.

"Yeah" Irene said, knowing Tom already went to pick her.

Lunch is ready and they were starting to dish it out.

Nola called on two maids to take the lunch to their dining room while she started dishing out theirs.

They were setting the dining table when Ivory walked in.

"I'm back" She said.

Irene smiled.

"Welcome girlie" Nola said.

"How was school?" Irene asked.

"Great as usual." Ivory grinned.

"Come, let's go get you changed so you can have your lunch" Irene said holding ivory's wrist.

"I washed my hands already" She added and Ivory smiled.

The both started walking up the stairs.

"You've been shown to your room right?" Ivory asked.

"Yes and i loved it" Irene said.

"Really?"

"Of course! it's lovely" Irene said.

"I'm glad you do"

---

Ivory was in the shower while Irene prepared what she'll wear..

She helped her select a pink blouse and black mini skirt, she picked a pink footwear to match with it.

Ivory stepped out of the bathroom drying her body with towel.

Irene grabbed her body cream.

"I don't use the cream when I'm at home, i use body oil and it's in my drawer" ivory said.

"Ohh" Irene said, she opened Ivory's drawer and pulled out the body oil.

---

They sat in the dining room after ivory was done getting changed.

Nola started dishing out the meal.

"Aren't we gonna wait for Mr Harold?" Irene asked.

"He might return in the night" ivory answered her.

"Yeah, he doesn't have a specific time" Nola added.

"Ohh" irene said and they all started eating in



silence.

The dining room door suddenly opened and Harold stepped in..

Irene couldn't tell why she suddenly felt nervous.

"Daddy!" Ivory called excitedly rushing to hug him.

He smiled and pulled his daughter into a warm embrace, he pecked her cheeks.

"How are you?" He asked.

"I'm fine." Ivory said, shoving a piece of meatloaf in his mouth.

"You're dressed up so nicely" Harold commented.

"Yes, Irene did the job" ivory said.

"Ohh, go continue your lunch" Harold said to Ivory.

"Welcome Harold, you're quite early today" Nola said.

"Yes, how are you Nola?" He asked.

"I'm good and how was work" Nola asked.

"Okay" Harold said.

"Good afternoon Mr Harold" Irene greeted.

"I should go change and join you guys" Harold said, totally ignoring Irene, he walked out of the dining room leaving her confused.

"W.. what did i do to him?" She asked Nola,her appetite gone.

"Sincerely, i don't know" Nola sighed.

Irene swallowed hard, trying hard not to cry.

---

Irene sat on her dressing chair, staring at her reflection in the mirror after putting Ivory to bed.

It's night already and almost everyone has gone to bed but she isn't even feeling a bit sleepy.

Her eyes lit up when she remembered Nola had shown her Harold's library.

She loves reading in the night especially beside the fireplace! and the library has a fireplace.

She quickly slide her feet into her footwear before walking out of her room.

So many thoughts filled her mind as she made her way to the library.

What did she do to Harold to warrant such silent treatment?

He was all nice to her yesterday.

She walked into the library and quietly closed the door after her.

She was startled when she met Harold seated, sipping a red wine with a book in hand.

"What do you want?" He asked without glancing up.

"I..i couldn't sleep so i..." Irene stammered.

"Did i pissed you of?" She asked.

"If you know you're still gonna continue that dirty job! Then quit being my daughter's nanny." Harold yelled angrily and it dawned on Irene.

His driver had obviously told him she dropped off at Madam Perse bar.

"It isn't what you think" Irene said.

"Whatever! I don't care" Harold said, slammed the book closed, picked his wine and walked out of the library.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 10

---

"It isn't what you think" Irene said.

"Whatever! I don't care" Harold said, slammed the

book closed, picked his wine and walked out of the library.

"Mr Harold" Irene called, going after him.

"What?" Harold half yelled. He doesn't know why he's so pissed that she went to that bar ! Again!

It's her life, he shouldn't be concerned with how she lives it but why did it hurt so much.

He just doesn't want her to be a bad influence on Ivory.

"I know i was a..." Irene paused on the verge of tears.

"But, i quit that job the moment i know I'll be working here" She added with a shaky voice and Harold felt bad he had yelled and spoken harshly to her.

He found himself almost apologising.

No, he can't do that.

"But you went to the bar yesternight" Harold stated.

"I think we should just sit and discuss this, please" Irene said..

"Let's go back to the library then" Harold said and irene was surprised at how cool his voice had turned.

They both walked back into the library and Harold sat.

"Sit" He told her but she shook her head.

"Why?"

"I don't just want to, maybe i will,after i clear myself" She said and Harold shrugged.

"So, i went to the bar yesternight cause Madam Perse had something to tell me. I swear,i didn't even spend up to an hour in her office. We discussed and i also got to tell her that i won't be working with her anymore, i told her i already

resumed as your daughter's nanny and the pay is enough for me. It's not like that job was something i enjoyed doing so i can never go back to it,now that i have a more decent job." Irene said.

Harold sighed "Well..im sorry to have had the wrong impression, but who wouldn't have thought the same. " Harold said.

"I should be sorry for upsetting you" Irene said.

"It's fine and you shouldn't blame my driver for telling me everything. I asked him if he dropped you home safely and then he explained to me. He owe me his loyalty" Harold said.

"Of course, every worker should be loyal to their employee. But, you should have told me immediately you saw me in the morning,you made me worried, i kept wondering how i offended you in the space of yesternight and this morning" Irene said.

"I think you should have known a little bit of me by now. When I'm pissed at you, i tend to ignore you to avoid drama" Harold said.

"Wow! I'm glad to know that, I'll try not to upset you another time" Irene said, admiring the fireplace.

She wish she could go closer.

"Well...upsetting one another is bound to happen but what will really upset me is you going back to that job. If you need anything,just tell me, I'm gonna provide it for you"

"Thank you but i won't be needing anything. My pay is more than enough for me to want any other thing. Thanks so much Mr harold for offering me such pay,it's gonna go a long way in my life" Irene said, appreciatively.

Harold smiled.. finally she said thank you instead of questioning him.



"It's fine Irene, im so glad i brought you out of that job, like i knew you weren't happy with it" Harold said.

Irene cheeks suddenly turned red while she remembered the night they had spent together.

"Geez! Irene" She scolded herself inwardly.

Why would she even think about that now but that moment is unforgettable, she must admit it felt so good though, Harold had treated her gently even more than Harris do.

"What's wrong?" Harold asked and Irene realised she had that sad look on.

Her facial expressions is always sad whenever she remeber Harris.

He really broke her.

"Nothing" Irene replied.

"You sure?" Harold insisted.

"Yes"

"So, we're cool now right?" Harold asked.

"Of course" Irene smiled.

"Let's go sit near the fireplace" Harold said, getting on his feet.

Irene followed him excitedly.

She enjoys watching the fireplace.

That special glow and warmth always interest her.

They both sat in front of the fireplace with their legs folded.

Harold noticed the smile on Irene's face.

"You love sitting near the fireplace too?" He asked.

"Totally! Watching the firewoods crack and burn to smaller sizes amuses me. The glow of the fire and the warmth is just so beautiful. And this particular one looks more beautiful than the ones I've seen" Irene said admiringly.

Harold smiled.

Irene is the first person to ever admire the fireplace in his library.

Most people have no interest in even seeing it.

" I love reading novels beside the fireplace too cause it always add a magical touch to it" Irene said, beaming and Harold couldn't help but admire her beauty in the glow of the fire.

"We have that in common, i love reading beside the fireplace too. Like, it's one of my favorite thing" Harold said.

"I know" Irene smiled.

"Really? How?" Harold asked.

"I browsed your personal information and reading beside the fireplace is one of your hobbies"

"Really? You browsed my personal information?"

"Yeah, i had to cause i kept wondering why a

billionaire would want a sex worker for his daughter's nanny" Irene said.

"Like, why?" She asked.

"Cause Y has a tail and two branches" Harold said and Irene laughed.

"I think this is the first time I'll see you laugh so heartily, you look beautiful at it though" Harold said.

"Thank you" Irene said, pressing her lips together. She suddenly feel she shouldn't be here with him. She's only a nanny and the rate she's starting to enjoy his company is too fast.

"Do you have anything against being complimented?" Harold asked, noticing the faraway look in her eyes.

"Huh? No" Irene said.

"You suddenly looked withdrawn" Harold said.

"Well, i think i should leave now" Irene said.

"Why?" Harold asked, worriedly...

He can't believe he cares that she wanna leave.

Is he enjoying her company that much?

"Mr Harold,i shouldn't be here with you. I mean... you're my employee,im just your daughter's nanny, i should not talk so comfortably with you. Like, it's too soon. it doesn't feel right, i don't deserve to be here with you" Irene said, blinking hard.

"You're my daughter's nanny doesn't mean i can't sit or talk with you, I'm a billionaire does not mean you don't deserve to be seated beside me. I'm not a god! I'm a human like you. I know you wouldn't have said that if it was not me you're seated with, i don't want to start seeing you as someone who makes wealthy people feel bad" Harold said, with a raised brow.

"No, but I'm sure you don't sit with your workers like this, staring at the fireplace"

"That's because we don't have that in common, i don't restrict my workers from coming into my library but they never come. I can sit here staring at the fireplace with any of my workers,it's not because it's you. I'm relating with you like i would to any of my workers and i also want you to put my wealthy state aside and relate with me like you would a poor person" Harold said, breathing out. He hates making the less privileged feel unworthy, it makes him feel so bad.

"I..i why are you...so different? You definitely don't act like a billionaire. Most of them love leaving a wide gap between them and the less privileged, It's just so... Thank you for being different" Irene said, deeply touched by Harold personality...

"Promise me you won't feel unworthy whenever you're with me. It makes me feel bad" Harold said.

"I promise" Irene smiled, admiring the way the glow of the fire made his hair glint.

"So...we were talking about?" Harold asked.

"Huh? Yeah you were telling me a story about 'Y' Which has a tail and two branches" Irene said and they both laughed.

"I love your collection of books" Irene said glancing round the library.

One can spend years in reading all of the books here.

"Thank you! But most of the novels here are mystery novels,you might not find them interesting" Harold said.

"Yeah, i saw that when Nola showed me the library" Irene said.

"But there are few romance novels though. I know you'll like them" Harold said.

"How do you know i like romance novels?" Irene asked.

"You look like someone who does" Harold said.

"Really?" Irene laughed.

"No, i only guessed you would. Most ladies love romance novels isn't it?"

"Hmm...i can't speak for them but I'm definitely among the ladies who love romance novels"

"Especially the ones that end with "and they lived happily ever after" isn't that so childish?" Harold rolled his eyes.

"No, it's not. There's nothing more sweet than reading a novel with a beautiful ending" Irene smiled.

"But you have to admit it's childish" Harold said.

"No it's not"

"It is"



"It's not"

"It is!"

"I swear it's not"

"I swear it is"

They both laughed and silence followed.

They stared at the fireplace with different thoughts running in their minds.

\*

"I'm starting to feel sleepy" Irene said.

"Bedtime. We've spent enough time here" Harold said.

They both got on their feet and Irene watched the fire once more while Harold put the book on the table back in its place.

"Ready?" Harold asked.

"Of course" Irene yawned as they both walked out of the library.

Harold closed the door behind them and they headed to their rooms.

"Goodnight" Irene said on getting to her door.

"Night" Harold said and watched her walk into her room.

He checked on Ivory before finally going to his room.

---

"Good morning" Ivory heard from her sleep.

Irene had walked into her room through the adjoining door.

She frowned a little bit in her sleep, knowing the voice does not belong to her father.

He's the one who wakes her up..

She finally opened her eyes after fighting the thought of going back to sleep.

She saw Irene bringing out her school wears.

She placed her polished shoes next to it and then opened the drawer and brought out her body cream with her hair comb.

"Irene" Ivory called with a sleepy voice.

"Ohh...you're finally awake" Irene said turning to her.

"Good morning to you" Irene greeted with a smile.

"Good morning" Ivory said, sitting up on the bed.

The door opened and a maid walked in with a glass cup of water.

"Good morning" the maid greeted.

"Good morning" Irene and Ivory chorused.

"Ivory took the glass cup of water and gulped it down her throat, she placed the empty glass cup back on the tray and the maid left.

"Did you ordered for water in your sleep?" Irene asked curiously.

"Or your dad did for you?" Irene asked.

"No, the helps are aware i drink a glass cup of water every morning before even stepping down from my bed. It's healthy, you should start doing so too" ivory said.

"Ohh..okay, so how did they knew you were awake. Our voices weren't so loud" Irene wondered.

"My lights is on,you switched it on after you walked into my room" Ivory said.

"Ohh..yes! I did" Irene smiled.

The door opened again..

"I already had wate.." Ivory was saying but stopped when she saw it was her father.

"Daddy!" She smiled getting on her feet.

"Hey princess, good morning" Harold said and bent to pull his daughter into a hug,he kissed her forehead.

He hadn't noticed Irene's presence in the room.

"Good morning Dad, how was your night?" Ivory asked.

"Awesome, I slept like baby Ivory" Harold said making Ivory chuckle.

"But you came into my room late, Irene beat you to it today" Ivory pouted.

"Really? Where's she?" Harold asked.

He had enjoyed the time he spent with her last night and he thought about her till he went to sleep.

He just like the fact that her personality is different and they share things in common.

Chatting with her had felt like he was chatting with a friend.

"She's right behind you" Ivory giggled.

"Huh?" Harold asked, turning.

"Oh...my" He said obviously startled when he saw Irene truly standing behind him.

Irene laughed.

"How didn't i see you?" He asked.

"I guess you never thought you'll find me here,that's why your gaze was glued to Ivory's bed when you walked in" Irene said.

"That's true, i was starting to wonder who brought out ivory's school wears" Harold said.

"Good morning Mr Harold" Irene said.

"Good morning, i hope you enjoyed your first night here" Harold asked.

"Totally, thank youso much" Irene smiled.

"I'm glad you did. I should be on my way now"  
Harold said glancing at his golden wristwatch.

Irene admired his simple yet classic dressing.

His golden eyes suited the golden buttons on his

pure black shirt.

The sleeves were rolled to his elbows revealing his smooth caramel skin.

His styled hair really did a good job to his looks.

This man is incredibly good looking.

"Which of your companies are you going to?" Ivory asked.

"Marshall communications" Harold said.

"Won't you have your breakfast?" Ivory asked.

"I will when i get to the office"

"Okay, have a nice day Dad" Ivory said.

"You too. Bye" He waved walking to the door.

He held Irene's gaze for some seconds before finally stepping out.

\*

"Bye Nola" Harold called as he walked past the

kitchen with two bodyguards behind him.

"Bye Harold, have a nice day" Nola said loudly from the kitchen.

"You too, madam cook" Harold said and Nola chuckled.

He walked outside and saw the car parked.

"I'm not going in this one, quickly make the black Lamborghini ready for me" He said and the driver nodded.

---

Irene led ivory to the dining room after she had finished dressing her up.

She handed her hair comb to Nola while she quickly walked to her room to have a quick bath.

She dried her body after she was done and got into a white flowy skirt and yellow blouse.

She packed her hair into simple ponytail and then



slide her feet into her footwear, she grabbed her phone and walked out of the room.

"I hope i didn't took long?" She asked getting to the dinning area.

"No, i just finished eating also" ivory said.

Nola was combing her hair and she packed it into pigtails.

"Ready!" Ivory said, grabbing her backpack.

"Bye Nola" She waved.

"Bye girlie" Nola said.

"I'll be right back" Irene said and Nola nodded.

They both walked out of the door.

Tom and Eric were waiting already.

Irene almost exclaimed seeing a car different from yesterday's. It's in purple color too but totally another shade.

"You own this one too?" Irene asked.

"Yeah" Ivory said.

"Wow!" Irene exclaimed aloud.

"Good morning ivory, Irene" Tom said opening the car door for the both of them.

"Good morning Tom" they chorused getting into the car.

"Good morning" Eric also greeted and they responded.

Tom got in and Eric started driving.

---

"You're different from Ivory's past nannies" Tom said to Irene as they drove back home after dropping Ivory in school.

"Really? How am i different?" Irene asked curiously.

Nola had also mentioned it to her that she's different from Ivory's past nannies .

"Firstly,most of them look like they have plans,like

they have a mission " Tom said.

"How do you know they have plans, what if they just look that way without actually having anything in mind" Irene said.

"I don't know but i think I'm gifted in knowing when someone has a mission. I warned Mr Harold about Betty severally before he finally found out the devil she is." Tom said.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yes" Eric confirmed.

"Wow" Irene said, thinking about Alex.

Should she ask Tom what he thinks of the creepy man?

No. She resumed here two days again and asking what a worker think of another doesn't sound good to her ears.

She shouldn't be bringing this up.

The man might be harmless, it may just be her mind misleading her but her mind never mislead her.

"So what do you think about me?" Irene asked.

"It's obvious you're not here on a mission. I wouldn't have welcomed you if i thought bad of you"

"Wow, I'm relieved" Irene said dramatically and they laughed.

"I must say you're naturally beautiful" Eric said, glancing at Irene in the rear view mirror.

"That got me blushing, thank you" Irene smiled and they all fell silent again.

She was sitting with Tom in the back seat.

"So Eric, for how long have you been with Mr Harold? I know Tom has been with him for three years" Irene said.

"I've been with Mr Harold for five years and I've been Ivory's driver for two years" Eric said.

"Woah,that's quite long" Irene said.

"Yeah, working with Mr Harold is so satisfying that i don't wish to leave anytime soon " Eric said.

"That's obvious, he's one of the few billionaires who treats his workers as family" Irene said.

"Everyone working under Mr Harold now have more than enough money to set up their life but still, no one wants to leave" Tom said.

"Including me" He added.

"Even if i resumed officially two days ago, i can tell the type of person he is" Irene said and couldn't hide her smile, remembering yesternight. It had felt like she was talking to a friend,not her employee.

"We're home" Eric said, driving into the open gate.

Irene sighed and picked her phone which was laying on her skirt.

Eric parked and Tom opened the car door and stepped out, Irene alighted after him.

"Nice talking to you guys, till tomorrow i guess" Irene said.

"No, if you're bored,you can come out and talk to us." Tom said.

"okay. Bye" Irene said walking to the door.

"Hey! I've never seen you so chatty. What's up?" Eric asked Tom and he smiled.

He can boldly say Irene is the only nanny he likes out of Ivory's nannies.

She acts so different from others,so cool and responsible and she doesn't go about asking for how to seduce Mr Harold.

"I feel good about her, that's all" Tom shrugged.

"Really? You sure?" Eric teased.

"C'mon man! I have a fiancée" Tom said with pride.

"I know, i know. Just teasing" Eric said.

"I also feel good about her, i like the fact that she's so different from Betty" Eric said.

"Me too"

"I'll be back" Eric said starting the car, he started driving towards the garage while Tom walked to their quarters.

---

Irene placed dishes in the dishwasher after she was done eating her breakfast.

"Once you're done with that, I'll show you the rest of the building" Nola said.

"Okay" Irene said.

She missed Damien so much, he had called her yesterday and she almost cried when he said he

missed her already.

Even with how comfortable she feels here, she still can't wait to go home.

"I'm done Nola" Irene said wiping her hands off a napkin.

"Okay dear" Nola adjusted her apron as she stood up.

"You so much love staying in the kitchen, don't you?" Irene asked.

"I do.. i don't know when the kitchen became my best friend" Nola said and Irene laughed.

They both walked out of the kitchen to continue their tour of the building.

—

The last place Nola showed her was the pool and Irene had been tempted to swim but she didn't even when Nola told her that Harold have no



problem with his workers in his pool.

The water looked so pure and fine.

"So, that's all" Nola said.

"Really?" Irene asked, they just passed the door of a room and Irene expected Nola to tell her whose room it was.

Though, It doesn't look like anyone is living there and the door looks so different from the ones in the house.

"Yes" Nola said.

"What of that door?" Irene asked.

" That door? Just think of it like it doesn't exist" Nola said.

"Why?" Irene asked curiously and Nola sighed.

"All i know is it's a sacred room and Harold hates anyone going there, he'll sack you immediately he finds you prying. " Nola said.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Do not try to violate his order " Nola warned.

And as Irene trailed behind Nola, she couldn't help but grow so curious.

What could be in that room?

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 11.

---

And as Irene trailed behind Nola, she couldn't help but grow so curious.

What could be in that room?

Nola will definitely know because she has been with Harold for long.

"Nola" Irene called as they stepped into the living

room.

"Huh?"

"What's in the room?" She asked.

"I do not know!" Nola replied bluntly.

"Really?"

"Do not go about prying, it may lead to the end of your work here" Nola warned.

"Okay, just curious" Irene said.

"I'll be up in my room" she said.

"Okay, I'll be in the kitchen" Nola said.

"Okay" Irene said and they both went their separate ways.

Nola sighed as she walked into the kitchen.

Everyone has always been curious about that room, can't they just act like it doesn't exist.

Well...who wouldn't be curious? If she did not also

know about the incidence, she would have been curious too.

"Rest in peace Helena" Nola muttered under her breath.

She sat down and shook her head sadly.

Well..Helena has been gone for years now but her presence still lingers in the house.

She was always in the kitchen with Nola, ready to help. Just like Irene does.

Helena had been Nola close friend, they were always in the kitchen and if they were not cooking, they'll be chatting and laughing at funny things.

She was Harold's godmother and he loved her so much.

He even spends more time with her than his parents.

Their bond was unbreakable then, anyone would

mistake them for mother and son.

She practically raised Harold to be hardworking and independent, she always told Harold not to depend on his father's wealth but work hard for his.

She made sure he didn't grow up as a spoilt brat.

Harold is the only child of his billionaire parents and they were ready to spoil him but Helena prevented that.

Nola could boldly say Harold holds his success to Helena and God.

He was so broken when she died.

She was poisoned right in this house and till date, the culprit have not been apprehended. Detectives tried all they could but they couldn't fish out the person, investigation went on for years until they finally washed their hands off the case.

She died on the same day ivory came into the world and Harold was more sad than happy.

But he believed that she came back to him through Ivory and he had wanted to name Ivory ' Helena' but Carrle had refused.

Even with the love he had for Helena,he still respected his wife's decision.

But he made sure the name 'Helena' was among Ivory's names.

Even after Helena's death, Harold still go to her room.

But suddenly he stopped! and warned everyone not to ever step their feet into the room.

No one knew what happened.

Most people were so curious and they tried finding out what's going on,they tried violating his orders and he had them sacked.

Others learned from it and no one dared go near the room afterwards.

From Helena's death to Harold's sudden warning ... everything sounds so mysterious...

"Helena" Nola sniffed and she realised she had been crying.

She loves staying in the kitchen cause that's where she shared most memories with Helena.

Nola dabbed her tears with her apron and then placed her head on the table feeling so sad.

---

Irene laid on her back staring at her ceiling, completely lost in thought.

"All I know is it's a sacred room and Harold hates anyone going there, he'll sack you immediately he finds you prying." Nola's words echoed in her ears.

Why?

"What happened in the room?"

Whose room is that?" Irene wondered.

C'mon Irene.

It's none of your business.

But her curiosity wouldn't let go of her.

"Remember curiosity killed the cat" her subconsciousness told her.

Why can't she just act like the room is not there like Nola had said.

But why would Harold restrict anyone from going into that room?

Something is definitely up.

"Let it go Irene, everyone has their little secret. Even you!" Her mind screamed at her.

"Okay okay" She rolled her eyes.

She picked her phone and placed a call across her Mum.

She needs to divert her thoughts.

Damien would have gone to school and her Mum



might be feeling bored.

Rene" Her stepmum's voice broke into her thoughts.

Mum, how are you?" Irene smiled.

I'm fine Rene and you?

I'm good mum. I hope Damien left you some food before leaving.

Of course he did, he even made my lunch in advance. My son is so caring and responsible you know" Mrs Neave giggled and Irene laughed.

That's because i am not home. I'm more caring you know" Irene said.

Yes you are, i really miss you.

Me too mum, you must be so bored" Irene said sadly.

Not really, i listen to some music while i knit and Damien arrived early yesterday to keep my

company. He will today too so don't bother.

Okay Mum, but did he bring anyone home yesterday?"

No" Mrs Neave lied.

You sure mum?

Of course Rene" Mrs Neave said.

Damien had begged her not to tell Irene and she wasn't even gonna tell her in the first place.

She know Irene always quarrel with Damien over the girls he brings home.

I hope you're enjoying your work place?" Mrs Neave asked.

Totally Mum, it feels so great and everyone is so nice to me.

I'm so happy to hear that. I'll call you back Rene. My favorite TV programme is about to start.

Ohh...Okay Mum. Bye.

Bye.

Her conversation with her stepmum took her mind off the room she was thinking about.

She yawned and considered taking a nap.

---

"What desert are we having?" Irene asked Nola.

They were both preparing lunch in the kitchen.

"Salad and cherry cobbler" Nola said.

"okay" Irene said and started bringing out the things needed for it.

Nola stirred the boiling soup on the fire and then closed it back.

Irene sniffed the aroma and smiled.

"You really are a great cook" She said to Nola.

"You're one too Irene, we're gonna exchange ideas once we're done making lunch" Nola said and Irene nodded.

She loved cooking.

She had so many recipes in her head, her biological mother had been a great cook and Irene inherited that from her.

"I should allow you to make the meals but Harold doesn't allow anyone else make his meal but me" Nola said.

"I understand,he's someone who need to have a cook he really trusts." Irene said.

"Yes, there are so many maids in the house but i don't even allow them join me in the kitchen. No one is to be trusted" Nola said.

She had stopped trusting the workers after Helena was poisoned.

She knew it was one of them. Definitely one of them but there was no proof and knowing the person who had killed Helena is still in house, terrifies her.

"Anything wrong?" Irene asked Nola.

"No, just thinking about what to make for dinner"  
Nola said.

"Ohh...if it's that, there's a meal i have in mind"  
Irene smiled.

"Really? Which meal is that?" Nola asked.

"Spiky pickle relish" Irene said and Nola eyes  
widened.

"Wow! I've been watching videos on that meal and  
I've never gotten it"

"I'll be glad to teach you" Irene said.

"And I'll be glad to learn" Nola smiled glad that her  
lie had turned out well.

She's gonna learn something!

Some lies do turn out good though.

But it's definitely not good to lie.

---

Irene selected Ivory's house wear while Ivory showered.

She's back from school and she had been so happy to announce to them that she got the highest score in her test.

She boasted to Irene that she had always scored the highest and will make sure it remains that way till she graduated.

Ivory is such an intelligent kid, she's a child any parents would pray to have.

Irene settled for a black leggings and blue tank top, she shut the wardrobe close after picking out Ivory's undies.

She turned to the shoe rack and selected a pair of blue slippers which has white designs on it.

She dropped the clothes on the bed and the slippers slowly to the floor.

She then opened Ivory's drawer and picked her

body oil.

"Ivory are you okay?" She asked after waiting for almost thirty minutes.

"Yes i am. Someone touched me without washing his hands, i have to scrub his filthy hands off my body" Ivory responded from the bathroom.

Irene sighed.

"Who touched you?" She asked..

"A classmate and he always look so unkempt " Ivory breathed out angrily.

"Ohh..but i think you've scrubbed his touch off your body enough. You've spent close to an hour there" Irene said.

"I'll be done soon" Ivory said and she was out of the bathroom five minutes later.

"What!" Irene exclaimed seeing Ivory's skin had gone pink from scrubbing.

"What?" Ivory asked, pouting.

"Ivory, do you hate people touching you that much?" Irene asked.

"Yes, without washing their hands!"

"You shouldn't injure yourself cause someone touched you, look at your skin. So pinkish. Does it hurt?" Irene asked worriedly.

"No, but they know im allergic to people touching me without washing their hands. They did that just to get on my nerves, they were so jealous i had the highest score again" Ivory rolled her eyes, drying her body.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yes, they're all dumbass!"

"Does that means you have no friend?"

"I have few friends who understands my personality but the rest do claim I'm proud" Ivory



said.

"Are you?" Irene teased.

"Of course I'm not. I talk to whoever talks to me, i accept anyone who wants to be my friend,i play with whoever wants to play with me and i never objected to anyone touching me as long as you wash your hands. Does that make me proud?" Ivory asked.

"Umm..no, it doesn't. Everyone actually have something they're allergic to. If they like you,they should respect you and have no problem with that but y'all are still kids. You'll understand yourselves better when you're matured" Irene said.

"I'm gonna tell them that when i get to school tomorrow" ivory said.

"Fine, let's get you dressed and go have lunch" Irene said.

"I love the wears you picked for me" Ivory grinned.

She's glad her nanny has a great fashion sense.

"Why do you allow me dress you up even after stating i should not, in your rules?" Irene asked.

"I own my rules, don't i?" Ivory asked.

"Of course you do" Irene said.

---

Nola, Irene and Ivory ate their lunch quietly in the dining room.

Harold is not back yet.

Irene missed his presence.

Since she resumed, this will be the first time, he'll be absent from the dining room.

But it seems Ivory and Nola are used to it already.

They ate their desert after their meal.

\*

Irene made sure ivory took some fruits before

taking her nap.

She prepared the one she'll be taking after nap and then walked out of the kitchen.

Nola was taking her nap too.

Irene walked towards the door to go spend some time with Tom and Eric.

She needed to ask them about that room too.

It's really bothering her.

She opened the door and stepped out.

She's glad she met them seated in the compound.

Looks like they were enjoying the cool breeze after lunch .

"Hey guys" she called.

"Hi, you're here" Tom said while Eric smiled.

"Sit" Eric pointed to the chair beside him.

"Thank you" Irene said, sitting.

"You finally came to spend some time with us" Eric said.

"Yeah, Ivory and Nola are having their nap"

"Ohh"

"I hope you both enjoyed your lunch?" Irene asked.

"Of course it was great" Eric said.

"Dinner will be more great" Irene said.

"I'm still surprised Nola allowed you to assist her in cooking, she doesn't allow anyone" Tom said.

"I think that's because of Mr Harold" Irene said.

"No , Mr Harold had pleaded with her severally to allow one of the maids help her in the kitchen but she had always refused" Eric said.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yes and she allowed you just a day after you resumed. She must really like you" Tom said.

"I'm glad she does. I wanna ask you guys a

question though" Irene said.

"Go ahead" They both said and Irene hesitated.

She sighed before finally speaking up.

"There's a room in this house that everyone is restricted to. Why is that? Whose room is it?" Irene asked.

"Oh..my, that sacred room?" Eric asked.

"Yeah"

"Well,we were also told we are restricted to that room when we resumed .

But i heard from other workers that the room belonged to Harold's godmother's. She was poisoned to death" Tom said.

"What!" Irene screamed.

---

Irene was unsettled as she read to ivory in her library.

She was a bit scared over what Tom told her.

She should have just kept shut and tame her curiosity.

Now she had to deal with knowing someone was poisoned to death in this house and the culprit is not apprehended yet, probably still lurking in the house.

"Irene!" Ivory called putting an end to her thought.

"Huh?"

"You just skipped a line" Ivory said.

"I'm so sorry" she pleaded and quickly pushed away the thought distracting her.

---

Irene taught Nola how to make spicy pickle relish and Nola was so glad she finally got it.

They had it for dinner and Irene was secretly glad Harold was present.

He had obviously enjoyed the meal as the rest of the workers did.

Ivory finished eating and said goodnight to everyone.

Irene also stood up, knowing she have to read Ivory some bedtime stories.

Irene walked to her room and headed straight to the bathroom.

She brushed her teeth and took her night bath, she got into her nightwear before walking into ivory's room to read her bedtime stories.

Ivory had included it in her rules that she doesn't like the smell of food on her nanny before putting her to bed.

"Hey ivory" Irene said.

"Hi, been expecting you" Ivory said.

She was laying on her bed, changed into her

nightwear, obviously waiting for Irene.

"Sorry i took long" Irene said, sitting on the couch right beside Ivory's bed.

"Once upon a time....." She started.

\*\*

"The princess was turned into a mouse by the wizard..." Irene was narrating the third bedtime story when she noticed Ivory had fallen asleep.

She stood up, she was starting to feel sleepy too.

She covered Ivory properly with her blanket,switched off the lights and then entered her room through the adjoining door.

She laid on her bed and closed her eyes immediately.

\*\*Midnight\*\*

Irene felt taps on her shoulder from her sleep.

The taps grew more fierce and she had to open her



eyes.

"Ivory" she called seeing the little girl in her room.

She rubbed her face with her palm and could see how worried Ivory looked.

"What's wrong?" She asked sitting up on the bed.

"Something...i..s in m..y room" ivory said and the hairs at the back of Irene's neck stood.

"Wh..what is in your room?" She asked,her heart beating fast.

"A ghost." ivory bursted out in tears.

Irene suddenly remembered what Tom had told her.

Her body shook in fear and she screamed hugging Ivory very close to her.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 12

---

"Don't tell me that Carrle!" Ethan barked.

They were in their room, set to sleep when Carrle brought up Harold's matter.

She had overheard him planning for Harold again!

"Ethan it's high time you let go of Harold please!" Carrle half yelled.

"I won't!" Ethan said.

"Why? He didn't offend you in any way and the last time I checked, you offended him instead. You took his wife!" Carrle said.

"Just shut up Carrle, it's not like you've let go of him. you still have feelings for him!" Ethan said angrily, getting up from the bed.

"Harold was my husband for years and i loved him,

he was so good to me" Carrle said.

"If he was so good to you,you wouldn't have come to me"

"I.. i wasn't thinking straight then" Carrle defended.

"You think i don't know you still love Harold, you only came to me for my money!" Ethan said, pouring himself some wine .

"And you think i don't know you married me just to hurt Harold, what the hell did he do to you? I can still remember the bad things you made me do just to hurt him. I stole his most cherished treasure for you" Carrle said, feeling so bad.

"I compensated you for everything you did! It's not like you did those things for nothing. You collected millions of dollars Carrle"

"Well...i did, i needed to boost my business" Carrle claimed.

"It's fair, we did business and i paid you okay?"

Don't talk like you did it cause you loved me, i know you don't love me,you love my money more" Ethan said.

"If it was for money, i would have stuck to Harold,he's richer than you and you know it but he just act too cool, he act almost like a poor person, i needed someone who shows off his wealth,i needed that for my business." Carrle said.

"That's it! And you're still asking me why i hate him so much?" Ethan said, gritting his teeth.

"Ethan! You hate Harold just cause he's richer?"

"He's not only richer, almost everyone prefers him to me! It's just so annoying" Ethan said gulping the whole of the wine in the glass cup.

Carrle sighed. "Ethan, Harold is just someone who carries a special grace, people just love his personality. "

"And what's wrong with my own personality? He's

a philanthropist and I'm one too, i try to do everything he does yet he receives more love!"

"Ethan, you won't always get everything you want. You should be glad you are wealthy enough. People don't have to like you" Carrle said.

"He's always getting the award for the richest man in San Francisco every year and I've never gotten any" Ethan said tightening his grip on the glass cup.

"That's because he's richer than you. Just accept that and move on. Stop hurting him please. It's enough" Carrle said.

"You will want to hurt him more if you were in my shoes"

"No! I'd rather step up my game. Work harder and try to bring the award i so much cherish home" Carrle said.

"Are you saying that to mock me? You know there's no how i try to work hard that I'd be richer

than Harold. He's not only a billionaire. His parents are too!" Ethan said and Carrle nodded, knowing that was true .

"Can you please release your hold on that poor glass cup" Carrle said knowing the cup might break any moment from now.

His grip is too tight on it.

Ethan slowly released his grip,he dropped it on the table and faced Carrle.

"You still love Harold right?" He asked Carrle who folded in her lips and stared at him.

"Be sincere" Ethan urged.

"Maybe" Carrle answered.

"And you still want him back?" Ethan asked.

"Maybe" Carrle said but her heart screamed "yes!"

"I know your maybe means Yes Carrle. You still want Harold back and i can help you get him back"

Ethan said.

"Really?"

"Yes but we will need to work together"

"I'm ready" Carrle said.

"According to Alex feedback, seems Harold is starting to like the new nanny" Ethan said.

"What!" Carrle panicked.

"Yes, the first night she resumed, she spent hours with Harold in his library"

"Really?" Carrle sat up on the bed.

"Yeah, he even made her dine in his personal dining room"

"What the fuck!" Carrle cursed.

She knew damn well that Harold doesn't allow any worker in his dining room except if he really likes the damn person!

Is the nanny more beautiful than she is?

"What's your plan?" Carrle asked.

"If he get to like her more, then you will stand no chance anymore, so what we're gonna do is to stop that from happening" Ethan said.

"How?" Carrle asked anxiously and Ethan smiled inwardly.

Carrle thought he only wants to help her get Harold back but he has his reasons too.

He's glad he now have her cooperation,it'll make things easier.

---

Its past midnight and Harold tossed in his bed.

His eyes are wide opened,glued to the wall.

He couldn't sleep, thoughts of Helena couldn't let him sleep.

The fact that he couldn't get justice for her keeps hunting him.



Yeah...she has been dead for years now but he never stopped thinking about her.

She has died unjustly.

She had been murdered and he couldn't even do anything about it.

She's too good not to get justice but the detectives really tried their best for years and they couldn't even find a clue.

He remembered the agony she had gone through in her last minutes and tears filled his eyes.

Only if they hadn't taken her to the hospital a bit late.

She was poisoned in the night and she had struggled till morning just so she could see him for the last time.

By the time they found her, it was late and she died as soon as she was wheeled into the hospital.

His world shattered at that moment that his wife's delivery hadn't even excited until he saw the beautiful tiny baby girl and fell in love with her immediately.

He knew that Helena had come back to him but her death hurt him so much, even till this moment.

"Harold, do wear this whenever you go into my room, that way you'll feel my presence." She had told him weakly on their way to the hospital and then handed him the necklace she cherished most in the world.

Her grandmother had given it to her mother, her mother had given it to her and it was to be passed that way but she gave it to Harold even when she had a child.

That made the necklace Harold's most cherished treasure, and even after her death, whenever he wore that necklace, he do feel her presence.

And then the necklace was stolen! Or was it misplaced, all he knew was that he was drunk that night and the next morning, he couldn't find it again. He had combed the entire building with his workers and he had cried when he realized it was gone.

Knowing that the only thing that connected him to Helena was gone, knowing Helena had trusted him enough to give him the necklace instead of her daughter, knowing he was so careless made him angry with himself for years.

Ivory was three when the necklace was stolen and till now, he's still angry at himself.

Out of rage, he had ordered everyone to stay away from the room.

He always feels so bad whenever he goes into her room without the necklace.

Her presence was suddenly lost without the

necklace and he stopped going to her room.

He feels so bad until now and if there's anything he ever wish for, it's to find that necklace. He missed Helena presence.

He missed her so much.

Harold got up from his bed, wiping his eyes.

He rarely cry but the tears just flow whenever he remembers Helena.

She brought him up to be hardworking and business minded, to always help the poor and be humble.

"Hustle like you're the poorest man on Earth" She always told him and those words was what made him successful.

Helena always told him not to rely on his parents wealth and struggle to get his own.

Helena words made him a billionaire on his own

even without his parents wealth.

She made him have a life of his own .

She was his backbone,his motivator,his best adviser and he'll forever remain thankful to her.

Harold adjusted his robe and slide his feet into his footwear ,he walked to the small balcony which was outside his bedroom.

He rested his hands on the rails and stared at the sky.

It's a beautiful midnight and the silence is quite overwhelming.

Harold wished Helena had met Ivory.

There would have been no need to even employ any nanny.

Helena had planned on how she would take care of Ivory,she had spent most of her time making tiny dresses for his unborn daughter.

"Bring her up like i brought you up" Helena had told him,like she knew she wasn't going to be there .

He had laughed and told her she'll be the one to bring Ivory up.

He wondered what Helena would think of Irene if she was here.

He had waited for her to show up in the library but she didn't appeared and the library was suddenly boring to him, he couldn't read, he ended up leaving the library.

Helena would have liked Irene, she loved responsible ladies and she hadn't been happy when he married Carrle, she and Carrle quarreled most of the time.

"Harold, you shouldn't trust that lady" She always told him.

"Helena, she's my wife and i love her" He would

reply.

"I shouldn't have trusted her like you said Helena. She left me, with the kid" Harold said, another round of tears building up in his eyes.

He wished Helena was still alive, he wouldn't have been that broken when Carrle left.

He's so glad he has Nola, she was there for him.

Harold furrowed his brow when he thought he heard someone scream.

But he shrugged it off knowing everyone is asleep.

---

"Something...i..s in m..y room" ivory said and the hairs at the back of Irene's neck stood.

"Wh..what is in your room?" She asked,her heart beating fast.

"A ghost." ivory bursted out in tears.

Irene suddenly remembered what Tom had told

her.

Her body shook in fear and she screamed hugging Ivory very close to her.

She quickly put a halt to her scream, knowing it might wake the entire building.

Ivory sobbed quietly in her arms.

Irene calmed her down even if she herself was restless and damn scared.

"But what if it's not a ghost?" She thought.

"Wh.. how did it happen? How did you know it's a ghost?" She asked ivory.

"I..it was knocking at my window" Ivory sniffed.

"Really?" Irene asked and the little girl nodded.

"Did it call out your name?" Irene asked.

"It didn't, you're scaring me!" Ivory cried.

"Ohh...I'm sorry" Irene said.



"Come help me check it out, it was really knocking at my window. What if it's a lost puppy" ivory said.

"But you said it was a ghost!" Irene said.

"Maybe it is" Ivory said.

"And do you really mean what you said that i should come help you check it out?" Irene asked in fear.

"Yes" ivory said.

Irene breathed in and out starting to get really scared.

"Aren't you brave enough? Then come with me,let's go get my dad" Ivory said.

"I'll do it" Irene said not wanting to disturb him,he have to go to work in the morning and he'll be sleeping by now .

She slowly stood up from the bed and held ivory's hand tightly,they both walked to the adjoining

door and Irene swallowed hard, trying not to make her fear obvious.

"Yeah, I'm brave" she said inwardly reassuring herself.

It took so long before she finally opened the door.

They stepped into Ivory's room and Irene's heartbeat almost lost control.

The room was dark and she tried to find the switch with shaky hands, she found it and tried to turn it on but it wasn't working.

She breathed in and tried again with a more stable hand.

The lights weren't coming on! And then she heard the knocking sound on the window..

Her heart jumped in her chest and her feet was rooted to the spot.

She couldn't move and she badly wanted to

scream.

Ivory clung to her legs, crying.

The knock continued and Irene noticed it wasn't sounding like a human knock.

Her fear rose and she started crying too.

They were both stuck to the spot, none of them could move.

She was losing her mind.

"Help" Irene screamed loudly.

"Help us please" Ivory screamed in tears.

Soon, they heard footsteps and the door to Ivory's room opened.

"What happened?" Harold asked rushing in.

"M..my window. A ghost is knocking" Ivory cried.

Harold was so alarmed to see Irene in tears too.

Is it that serious?

"A ghost?" He asked and they both nodded.

He moved to the window and truly heard a knocking sound, he sighed before pulling the curtain.

Ivory and Irene screamed, clinging to each other like their lives depended on it and Harold suddenly started laughing hard..

No ghost was knocking.

It's the midnight breeze making the tree branch hit the window.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 13

---

No ghost was knocking.

It's the midnight breeze making the tree branch hit the window.

Ivory and Irene stopped screaming when they realised it was no ghost.

Their eyes widened in disbelief and they both started laughing hard with tears still on their faces.

Bodyguards already filed into the room in dozens, their guns cocked.

One of them switched on the light.

"It's nothing guys" Harold told them, there was still laughter in his eyes.

He sat on ivory's bed watching the both of them laugh.

They look so beautiful and seeing them in tears earlier had almost broken his heart.

Watching them laugh now made him smile.

He found his eyes trailing down Irene's body and

he must admit he has never seen her in her nightwear, it looks so...sexy on her, almost transparent.

He glanced at his bodyguards and saw their lustful gazes on her body.

Irene was unaware as she was still laughing with Ivory.

Harold quickly handed her his robe and sent his bodyguards a hard glare.

They stared down at their feet knowing he had caught them. They knew they were going to be reprimanded in the morning.

"Ohh...thanks" Irene said embarrassed as she took the robe from Harold.

Damien had helped her pack,else she wouldn't have chosen this nightwear, she's gonna return it when she goes home.

"You guys can leave now" Harold said to his

bodyguards.

They turned and left the room..

Irene tightened the robe around her body and muttered thanks to Harold again.

"It's fine, i still have my shorts anyway" Harold said and Irene found her gaze on his breathtaking body.

She swallowed hard, admiring his masculine chest laced with black curly hair which travelled narrowly down his flat stomach and then into his shorts.

She had seen him shirtless on the night they spent together but she hadn't had a good look at him.

She glanced up at his face and saw his black curly hair looked messy, his eyes were kind of red too like he cried.

No, she's the one who cried, she's the one who

had almost gone crazy cause a tree branch was hitting the window.

"You told me you were brave enough Irene" Ivory said mockingly.

"I thought i was" Irene said and Harold laughed.

"Like seriously? You both cried cause of a ghost that was not even there" Harold laughed harder and Irene bit her lips in embarrassment.

She must really stop this act of crying like a baby.

Gosh! She must have looked so funny while crying and screaming at the same time.

"The tree has overgrown, I'll make sure the branches are mended by the gardener tomorrow" Harold said.

"I can't believe it was just a tree branch" Irene laughed and Ivory joined her.

They were still finding the whole thing funny.



The way they had behaved showed they would have probably fainted if it was a real ghost.

"Okay, now that we know it's just a tree branch, can we all go back to sleep" Harold said even though he wasn't feeling sleepy yet.

He had been thinking of Helena when he heard the scream the second time.

"I'm not feeling sleepy" ivory pout.

"Me too" Irene said, loving the feel of Harold's robe on her body, it feels so warm against her skin, like she was in his arms.

If his robe made her feel this way, how will his bare body make her feel?.

Geez!

What the hell is wrong with her.

She can't believe she's thinking this way.

"I think im not sleepy too, what do we do?" Harold

asked.

"Anything, I'm fine with anything as long as I'm with you both, i can't spend the rest of the night alone" ivory said.

"Why don't we..." Irene paused and both Harold and ivory gazed at her.

"Why don't we what?" Harold ask.

"Why don't we all sit in front of the fireplace" Irene suggested.

"Good idea!" Ivory said.

"Okay, you both should lead the way, i have to go put on something" Harold said.

"Okay dad. Let's go Irene" Ivory said.

Harold is so surprised at how fast Ivory is getting used to Irene.

He wondered what was involved cause ivory don't just get along with her nannies.

He shrugged as he walked out after them.

"I'll join you guys soon" he said as he made for his room.

"Okay" Irene and Ivory chorused.

---

Irene arranged the woods in the fireplace and then lit it.

"Why don't we get some cake and juice in the kitchen while the woods burn" ivory said.

"Will your dad be fine with it?" Irene asked.

"Of course" Ivory said.

They both walked out of the library and then into the kitchen.

Irene switched on the light and almost screamed when she saw Nola seated with her head placed on the table.

Looks like she's asleep.

"Oh..no! Nola fell asleep in the kitchen again" Ivory said.

This isn't the first time she'll do that.

Nola do place her head on the kitchen table after dinner, and end up sleeping off.

So Harold had made it a duty to always check the kitchen before he sleeps but he was so disturbed yesternight.

He didn't even checked on Ivory.

"She sleeps in the kitchen?" Irene asked.

"No,I'm sure she slept off while resting" ivory said.

"Ohh" Irene said.

"My dad do check the kitchen every night to make sure she's in her room, i wonder what went wrong yesternight" Ivory said.

"What's going on? I thought you guys would be in the li.." Harold was saying as he walked into the

kitchen but stopped when he saw Nola.

"Why didn't you check on Nola before going to bed? Now her neck would hurt from sleeping that way" Ivory said, feeling sorry for Nola and a bit pissed at her Dad.

"I'm so sorry about that, i was quite disturbed yesternight" Harold said walking to Nola to wake her up.

"Disturbed? Does that means he truly cried like she suspected" Irene thought.

"By the way, i thought you would be in the library" Harold said.

"I wanted some cake and juice so we came to get it. Irene lit the firewoods already" Ivory said.

"Yeah, i saw that" Harold said, tapping Nola gently on her shoulder.

She yawned, obviously awake. She raised up her head and looked at every one of them.

She was about placing her head back on the table when Harold quickly held her.

He made her stand on her feet and then started leading her to the door.

She looks more like a drunk person.

"I'm gonna take her to her room," Harold said and Irene nodded.

She opened the fridge and saw cakes on display.

"I want the strawberry flavor, cut a slice of chocolate flavor for my dad and i hope there's vanilla flavor there,for you" Ivory said.

"Yes" Irene smiled.

Ivory picked out three dishes and handed it to Irene.

"Ohh...thank you" Irene said, she picked the knife that was already beside the cakes.

She cut out a slice each from the three flavors.

"I want two slices" Ivory said.

"Okay" Irene said and cut one more slice for Ivory.

She brought out a cranberry juice afterwards with three glass cups.

"Dad is gonna take wine" Ivory said.

"Alright, which of them?" Irene asked.

"1945 chateau moutson-rothschild" Ivory said and Irene was impressed.

She knew her father's favorite wine.

"It's always in the freezer though, not the fridge" ivory said placing the glass cups in a tray.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said.

She closed the fridge and moved to the freezer.

---

Irene and ivory sat in front of the fireplace waiting for Harold..

The cakes, juice, wine and glass cups were placed in front of them.

Irene smiled enjoying fireplace view.

So beautiful.

"Do you enjoy staring at the fireplace that much?"

Ivory asked her.

"Yes"

"Why?" Ivory asked.

"I just love it, doesn't it look magical to you?" Irene asked.

"No,it's just a normal burning fire to me" Ivory said.

"Sorry for keeping you waiting" Harold finally walked in, making his presence known.

He had stood by the door for minutes watching the back view of his daughter and her nanny, though he had concentrated more on Irene's back.

He loved how his robe looked on her,even if it



trailed behind her like a wedding gown, it still looked so good on her.

"Finally you're here" Ivory said.

"Wow!" Harold exclaimed, sighting the cake and his favorite wine.

He quickly sat down on the left side of ivory, Irene was on the right.

"I had to make sure Nola is asleep, you know she can just get up and go back to the kitchen to continue her sleep" Harold said.

"True" ivory laughed, cutting into her cake with a fork.

Harold poured himself some wine before eating the cake.

They ate and drank in silence, all staring at the fireplace and by the time they were done eating Ivory and Irene were already feeling sleepy.

Harold returned the dishes to the kitchen and washed them.

when he returned to the library,he found them laying beside each other, asleep.

The way Irene held Ivory in her arms while they sleep,one would think she was protecting her daughter.

She would be so perfect as a mother.

She's not one yet but anyone would think she is whenever she's with ivory.

Harold walked into his room and picked his blanket from his bed, he covered them both with it.

He added more woods in the fire and then sat,staring at them.

He smiled, these two are just so beautiful and adorable,even in their sleep.

Is he still going to deny the fact that he really

admire Irene?

**\*\*Morning\*\***

"Ivory get up. It's late already" Irene said, staring at the wall clock in the library as she tapped Ivory gently.

Looks like they both fell asleep here, she wondered where Harold was and why he didn't wake them.

Ivory stirred awake, yawning loudly.

"Get up Ivory, let's go get you ready for school. There's no much time left" Irene said getting up on her feet.

She pulled Ivory with her and they both walked out of the library.

---

"Bye mum" Damien pecked his step mum.

He already got ready for school and he has helped

her prepare her breakfast and lunch and he made sure everything she'll be needing is close to her.

"Bye Dam" Mrs Neave smiled.

He waved before walking out of her room and then to the door.

He got outside and gently closed the door behind him.

He rushed to the bus station and luckily for him, he caught a bus.

All attention was on him as he walked in, most of the passengers were students and just few were from his school.

The girls stylishly cleared the seat beside them for him while the guys stare daggers at him.

It's not surprising, he always get that reaction.

He took an empty seat at the back and then stared out of the window as the bus moved.

He missed Irene, so much.

He can't wait for weekend,he's already saving chocolate chip cookies for her.

He smiled knowing she'll be so excited.

"Hey" he heard a feminine voice said.

Girls always "hey" him every time.

"Hi" He said turning to the girl.

She's pretty with soft brown eyes,high cheekbones and a proud nose, her blonde hair fell down her shoulders and her small lips were in a smile.

From her uniform,he could tell she wasn't a student of their school.

"I'm Mil" she said.

"Damien" He said, licking his lips and the girl almost went crazy.

"Can i touch you?" She asked and Damien smiled.

"Oh..my, your smile is making my broken heart

come back together" The girl said and Damien laughed.

"Please make me yours already" Mil said, falling completely for him.

Damien is not surprised, it happens all the time.

"Mil!" A guy suddenly shouted, he was in mil's uniform.

He approached the both of them at the back seat with tightened fist.

Everyone turned to them expectantly.

"She's my girlfriend! Stay away from her or i will make your face a punching bag" The guy threatened.

"You're not my boyfriend Allen! We broke up already" Mil shouted.

"You broke up with me just now that this thing entered the bus. If he doesn't get up beside you

now,i swear I'll beat him up" The guy said angrily.

"You'll beat me up?" Damien laughed.

"I swear I'll make you lick your ass! " Damien said calmly, winning the girls heart more.

"Ohh... really? Really? You this nincompoop! really?" Allen said.

"Just shut up already,am not to blame that you share resemblance with a monkey" Damien said and stood up, leaving Allen speechless.

Laughter erupted in the bus and Damien walked to the door.

He's going to alight in the next bus stop.

---

He walked into his class and gazes fall on him as usual.

Sometimes he just get fed up with the whole thing.

He replied to the "hi's" and "hey's" from the girls

as he walked to his seat.

He sat down and dropped his backpack.

Opening his locker, love letters poured out.

"Not again!" He groaned.

---

It's lunch time and Dozens of girls offered to buy him lunch.

Most of them give themselves freely to him and some would just plead to kiss him.

It's just so crazy.

He had no male friend, the guys in the school hated him cause he has the girls attention the most.

Sometimes, he wished all the attention he's always getting would just stop and sometimes he'll wish it never stops.

---



School's over and Damien quickly picked his backpack and sneaked out.

He doesn't want any girl to follow him home, he wants to spend enough time with his Mum.

He got to the gate and the gatekeeper opened it for him. He stepped out and sighed in relief that none of the girls had seen him.

"Hey Damien" he heard as he started walking to catch a bus.

It was no feminine voice, it's definitely a male voice.

He turned and saw the man, he's a huge man clad in a black suit, black eye glass and bald head.

He almost had the same resemblance with the guys that came to pick Irene on her first day of work.

But how did he know his name?

"What?" Damien asked.

"Would you like to come with me?" The man asked.

"No!" Damien replied bluntly and started walking away.

"It's about your sister" The man said and that made Damien stop.

He turned back to the man almost immediately.

"So would you like to come with me now?" The man repeated and Damien nodded.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 14

---

Mrs Neave panicked as she glanced at the wall

clock for the nineteenth time.

Damien is not yet back.

It's several hours past closing time.

He's not someone who stays out late and not now that he knows she's the only one at home.

Even if Damien wants to go out, he doesn't go out in his school wears, he'll come home, get changed, tell everyone of his movement and then leave.

He's not even picking his calls, which made her more worried.

He had promised her that he'll be home early.

She's feeling so pressed, she couldn't help herself to the bathroom.

She had tried to but it was so difficult, she couldn't get her wheelchair across the bathroom.

She was at the bathroom entrance but couldn't go

in, her wheelchair have to be lifted before it enters the bathroom and she couldn't do it herself.

Tears filled her eyes as she remembered the days she could walk perfectly with both legs.

Damien and Irene had cried and blamed themselves when the doctor announced that she could no longer walk again and her kidney was starting to fail.

Irene vowed to get her surgery money by all cost cause she feels responsible for the incident, and that was when she dropped out of the university and started doing what she never wanted to.

"You sacrificed your legs for us so why shouldn't i sacrifice my body just to see you perfect again"  
Irene would tell her whenever she complains about the impure job.

She told Irene severally that she doesn't have to do such just to raise her surgery money and get a

kidney donor but she remained adamant, she and her brother feel they caused everything because she had been striving for what they'll eat when the incidence happened.

They feel indebted to her and she hated to make them feel that way.

They are her children already and she'd do anything for them.

They've been so nice to her and never made her feel she didn't have her own kids.

They called her mum the moment their father introduced her to them.

She never regretted she's in this position just because of them.

They deserve it.

She glanced at the wall clock once more.

"I think I'm going to call irene" She said so

worriedly.

She realized her phone was on the bed.

She had dropped it there when she tried wheeling herself to the bathroom.

She was about wheeling herself towards her bed when she heard the front door opened and closed.

She quickly turned to the door hoping it's Damien.

Who else?

It should be him.

Her room door opened and Damien rushed in.

She couldn't help but feel relieved.

"Mum I'm so sorry " He said.

His face wasn't so bright like always.

"It's fine, take me to be bathroom first" Mrs Neave said.

—

Mrs Nola laughed hard.

She was preparing dinner with Irene and Irene was filling her in on what happened in the midnight...

"My heart almost left my body when Mr Harold yanked the curtain open" Irene said, dicing onions.

Mrs Nola laughed harder and Irene started laughing too.

"Am I missing something?" Harold walked into the kitchen interrupting their laughter.

He wore a white tee-shirt which didn't do a good job in concealing his abs, they showed effortlessly and Irene blushed when her eyes caught with his.

He had caught her staring at him.

Damn! Now he's gonna think she's like those nannies.

She blinked severally and faced the onions she was dicing but he kept appearing in her head.

He wore blue shorts which revealed his perfectly long legs laced with black curly hair.

Harold is drop dead gorgeous and she wouldn't blame anyone for being attracted to him.

Anyone would, but she's here to work not to find anyone attractive.

She's just gonna stop crushing on him, work till her mum's surgery bill is completed and then leave!

"Really? Irene" Her mind taunted her.

"Irene was telling me what happened in the midnight" Nola laughed.

"Ohh...it was such a funny incidence. Irene did you told her the part we met her asleep in the kitchen?" Harold teased and Irene started laughing while Nola sent him a playful glare.

"Silly you! Leave or I'll hit you with this spatula" Nola threatened playfully.



"Okay I'll leave,I'm just here to grab my wine"  
Harold chuckled..

"What's for desert?" He asked opening the freezer.

"Strawberry shortcake " Irene replied.

"Ohh...that's gonna make Ivory so happy" He  
smiled.

"Is she still watching movie?" Irene asked.

"Yeah,she's still at it." Harold said.

He picked his favorite wine and then glass cup.

Irene wondered why he came to pick it himself  
when he could have easily sent a maid.

"My patience is actually running out" Mrs Nola said,  
wearing a look that's mean and funny at the same  
time, she slowly grabbed a spatula.

Harold laughed and quickly headed for the door.

"Chill, I'm leaving already"

"I hope dinner is gonna get ready soon,sleeper

Nola" He teased and quickly ran off laughing before Nola could pounce on him.

Irene smiled, are billionaires always this playful?

Com'on Irene,they are just humans like you and they have blood flowing through their veins.

"If only i had hit him with it last time, he wouldn't have teased me again" Mrs Nola sighed and rolled her eyes.

"He allows you hit him?" Irene asked.

"Why not? You're surprised?" Nola laughed.

"Yeah"

"You don't think a billionaire can be this playful? Well..not Harold, he plays a lot but when he doesn't feel like it, you'd think he's the most boring being on earth "

"Ohh,but you're the only one he can be that playful with" Irene said.

"Not really, he plays with every of his workers but there's a kind of limit to it" Nola said.

"But certainly,there's no limit to yours" Irene said.

"I guess" Nola smiled.

"I'm jealous" Irene admitted playfully and Mrs Nola laughed...

"Com'on, you know I've been with Harold for years"

"Yeah i do, you both are virtually families now" Irene said.

"My daughter will be coming home by summer, i can't wait for you to both to meet each other" Nola said.

"I can't wait too" Irene smiled.

"I can tell she's really gonna like you " Nola said.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, though she was always quarreling with

Ivory nannies but you're not like them" Mrs Nola said.

"I'm glad" Irene grinned .

"I'll continue with the onions, you need to start preparing the desert" Nola said.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said.

—

Harold smiled to himself as he sipped his wine.

Was she really staring at him or he was mistaken.

He was not mistaken!

She was indeed staring at him and he's not surprised about that.

Which lady won't stare at him?

He's Harold Marshall.

But why is he so happy he had caught her staring at him.

This is not the first time ladies would stare at him but he never get excited over it.

What's she doing to him?

---

Irene left Ivory's room after reading her bedtime stories.

She picked Harold's robe and wore it over her nightwear.

She know she should return his robe but she loves the feel on her skin.

She smiled as she slid her feet into her footwear.

She's going to the library to read beside the fireplace, she doesn't feel sleepy yet.

\*

She walked into the library and headed straight for the fireplace..

She arranged logs of woods into it and then lit it.

While the logs were burning up, she headed to the novel section and started searching for a romantic genre.

She found one and then walked back to the fireplace.

The fire had circulated and it made the library brighter.

Irene settled down and started reading.

\*

Harold walked into the library and was surprised to see the fireplace lit up, he saw Irene seated beside it, with a novel in hand and then sighed in relief.

He smiled noticing she was putting on his robe.

Why does she look that amazing even in a robe!

Her hair glowed brightly and lashes moved slowly.

She was obviously enjoying the novel.

He's gonna get more for her.

"Hey!" He said making his presence known.

She glanced up from the novel and saw him.

"Hi Mr Harold. I know i should have returned your robe earlier but I'm sorry" Irene said.

"No, it's fine. You can keep it" Harold said.

"Huh?"

"Yeah,keep it. I have dozens of them and you don't have any, it'll be selfish of me to collect it back from you" Harold said.

"Ohh...Thanks so much Mr Harold" Irene smiled glad she would finally keep it for herself.

She loves the robe.

Harold picked out one of his mystery novels and went to sit beside Irene.

Their gazes were glued to their novels but their minds were glued to each other.

\*

Next Morning

\*

They were returning home after dropping Ivory in school.

"You scared me too the first time i saw you" Irene laughed.

Before they left Ivory's school, a little girl had cried at the sight of Tom.

He's so huge.

"My height actually scares bad people away" Tom boasted.

"You think?" Eric asked.

"Ofc.." Tom was saying when he suddenly saw someone who lifted a high-powered rifle to his shoulder, taking aim at their car.

"Heads down!" He shouted but it was too late.



Gunshots echoed in the car and Tom felt the heat of the bullet graze his cheek.

He heard Irene scream in pain and then knew she had been shot.

Oh..no!

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 15

---

"The other firm is as competent as we are so we have to put in all our best. The contract worth lots of money and y'all know you'll get so many tips off it" Harold said, addressing his staffs in the meeting room.

They sat in a circle corporately dressed, Harold was

seated on a high chair, facing them all.

They listened as he spoke professionally and most of the female employees gushed over him as usual.

Harold manages to avoid their gazes all the time cause they do nothing than cast seductive glances towards him.

"So i hope we all work very hard for this upcoming project" Harold said.

"We will Mr Harold" They chorused.

"Have a great day, I'll fill you in on more informations later" Harold said, dismissing them.

They all left for their offices and Harold sighed.

He loosened the top of his shirt and pulled the knot of his silver-grey tie away from his collar.

He picked the bottle of water on the table and then headed for the door.

He's still gonna drop by Harold's constructions

later in the afternoon.

There's another contract there too.

He exchanged smiles with Thelma, his secretary as he walked past her.

She has been working with him for the past five years, she's one of the females he's sure of that doesn't have eyes on him.

Maybe because she's in her early forties or because she's happily married with four kids.

Aside from not having eyes on him, she has been a great secretary, so diligent. Always ready to work.

The glass door opened automatically and Harold walked into his massively furnished office.

He dropped the bottle of water on the table and then headed for the bathroom.

He rinsed his face in the sink and sighed calmly.

The water refreshed him.

He wiped his hands off a clean napkin before walking back into his office and then sat on his soft leather couch.

He opened his laptop and powered it.

It came into life and he scrolled to his files.

He clicked on it and continued working from where he stopped.

"Coffee!" Thelma announced, walking in.

Harold turned to her and salivated at the sight of the steaming coffee and hamburger.

She had made it a duty to bring that to him whenever he's working and he enjoys it so much.

"Thank you" Harold said as she placed it right in front of him.

"You're welcome" She smiled. "How's Ivory?" She added.

"She's good" Harold smiled.

"My regards to her" Thelma said.

"Alright".

\*

He was still on his hamburger and coffee when the intercom buzzed.

He scowled and pressed the answering button.

"Yeah?" He asked.

"You've got a call Mr Harold" Thelma said.

"From who?" He asked.

"Tom"

'Tom?' Harold wondered.

Tom has never called him on working hours.

"Put him on" He said.

"Yes Mr Harold" Thelma said and the line went dead for a moment and then a voice said 'Hello Mr Harold'

It's truly Tom's voice.

"Tom" Harold said.

"Our car was shot at" He said.

"What!" Harold exclaimed, getting up from the couch.

His legs hit the table in the process and the whole coffee spilled but he was less concerned about that now.

His mind rose over what Tom just told him.

"I hope no one's hurt?" Harold finally asked.

"Irene... is in the hospital" Tom said.

"Oh..my God!" Harold exclaimed slamming the receiver before rushing out.

\*\*

Harold sat in Doc Fern office, he just checked on Irene.

She's asleep.

He had left Tom and Eric at the reception, he's glad they were not hurt.

Tom just had a slight cut on his cheek where the heat of the bullet had grazed him.

"Doctor Fernado, how's her health?" Harold asked his private doctor who was seated in front of him.

He's so worried, guilty and hurt.

What if she had gotten killed?

Gosh!

That's so hard to think now.

"She's fine, the bullet didn't get to her. The shock only made her pass out" Doc Fern said and Harold sighed in complete relief.

"I hope the shock didn't get deep into her" Harold asked.

"It almost did but we controlled it already, she'll be discharged once she's awake"

"Ohh...thanks so much Fern" Harold said.

"You're welcome. How's Ivory?" Doctor Fern asked.

"She's perfectly fine, I'm glad she didn't get to witness the incidence. You know how sensitive she is" Harold said, breathing out loudly.

"Of course, it's gonna be on her mind for so long and it might affect her" Doc Fern said.

Eric and Tom walked into the office.

Of course they both looked unhappy and worried.

"Sit" Doc Fern told them, pointing to the empty chairs but Tom shook his head .

"Why? You should relax even if you refused to allow us admit you " doc Fern said.

"Really?" Harold asked.

"Yes, he refused to be admitted. He just insisted we treat his cheek and leave him alone" Doc Fern said.

Harold nods thoughtfully, he knew Tom to be that



way.

"Should we involve the cops?" Tom asked.

"Of course, how else will i know who shot at my daughter's car" Harold said.

"Tell me, how did it happened? What really happened?" Harold asked.

That's the first thing he should have asked when he came rushing into the hospital but he had headed to Irene's ward instead.

"We were on our way home when i suddenly saw a man point his rifle at the car, looked like, he had been waiting for us. " Tom said while Eric contacted the cop.

Harold sighed and raked unsteady fingers through his hair .

He knows someone is after him and that means they'll hurt people close to him too.

He won't forgive himself if any of his workers get hurt or killed just because of him.

Who the hell is after his life again!

"The cops are on their way with two FBI agents" Eric said.

"Good!" Harold said.

"None of you should spill what happened to Ivory or anyone" Harold said and Eric and Tom nodded.

"Im sure you have other patients to attend to, we'll be at the reception" Harold said, rising to his feet.

"You should stay here, you know you're a public figure. I won't want you causing hullabaloo in the hospital" Doc Fern laughed.

"Eric get my sunglasses and face cap from my car" Harold said and Eric left quickly.

\*

"Tell the cops to hold on. We have to get home

before discussing" Harold said to Tom who came to inform him that the cops were around.

"Okay Mr Harold" Tom said and walked outside.

Harold was seated in the reception disguised in his face cap and sunglasses.

His head was bent and he had told his bodyguards to stay outside.

He's so worried even after knowing she's fine.

He can't just wait for her to be awake so she can tell him she's truly fine.

He has to be super alert now.

Especially with Ivory, if things get worst then she'll be homeschooling.

"She's awake" Harold heard and glanced up.

Doc Fern was smiling in front of him.

"Really?" Harold rose to his feet.

"Yeah, come with me" Doc Fern said.

—  
"Do you recognize the shooter?" An FBI agent asked Tom.

"Damn well! I'd recognize him anywhere" Tom said.

They were now at home and he was discussing with the cops outside.

He was filling them in on the incidence.

Other workers looked on curiously, not knowing what was going on.

Harold walked out, he's changed into house wear.

He had watched Irene sleep in her room before coming to join the cops.

She's still weak and Fern said all she needs is rest.

Harold is so glad she's fine, he had almost hugged her when he saw her awake.

"How is it going?" Harold asked approaching them.

"We sent the bullet to the lab already" A cop said.

"We'll check out the CCTV footage of the street which the incidence happened and we'll get back to you Mr Harold" an FBI agent said.

"Okay, thanks so much" Harold said.

—

Damien sat in class, completely lost.

What happened yesterday kept replaying in his head.

\*Flashback\*

"So would you like to come with me now?" The man repeated and Damien nodded.

He followed the man with his heart beating fast.

"What had happened to Irene?" He thought fearfully.

"Did something happened?" Damien asked but the man didn't respond.

He was almost forced to go back but this is about

his sister..

His sister!

The only one he loves most in the world .

The creepy man turned into a street and Damien followed.

Is he doing the right thing?

Following a stranger cause he mentioned his sister?

And he hadn't even mentioned Irene's name.

Damien suddenly stopped walking and the man noticed that immediately.

He turned to him.

"Why did you stop?" The man asked.

"What's my sister's name?" Damien said, prepared to run if he mentions the wrong name.

"Irene Noris working as a nanny for Harold Marshall daughter " The man said.

It's really his sister!

"Can we go now?" The man asked.

"What happened to her?" Damien asked but again the man ignored him and he had no choice but to keep following him.

\*

He was surprised he was taken to Ethan Weston building.

This will be the first time she'll be seeing him face to face.

"But he doesn't look nice" Damien noticed.

"I offered your sister to sponsor your education and pay for your mum's surgery bills but she refused" Ethan Weston said, toying with his glass cup of wine.

"So?" Damien asked.

"She chose that nanny job over my great offer"

Ethan said and even if Damien was just seeing him for the first time, he can see that cruel look on his face.

"Why did you give her the offer out of the blue?" Damien asked.

The bodyguards surrounding them was almost choking him.

"Cause I want her to leave Marshall's house" Ethan puffed out smoke from his cigarette.

"Why?" Damien asked.

"Quit the foolish questions boy and have your drink" Ethan said.

"I'm fine, why did you want me here?" He asked.

"To convince your sister of course, I found out you guys are quite close" Ethan grinned.

"Well, I can't" Damien said.

"What do you mean you can't? Just convince her



to leave that job and you'll get something in return too" Ethan winked.

" I can't convince Irene cause she can't be forced to do what she doesn't want to" Damien said.

"Really?" Ethan's face grew angry.

"Yes" Damien said.

"That means you can't convince her!"

"Yes"

"Then you should accept the fact that she'll be in danger starting from now!" Ethan threatened and Damien looked lost..

\*

He had cried on his way home knowing he caused all these.

If only he hadn't forced her to accept the nanny job,then she won't be involved in this.

It's quite obvious there's a feud between Harold

and Ethan.

Ethan had looked like a desperate person.

He can do anything.

He had sent Damien out of his house and he had to start trekking.

Knowing Irene is in danger really made him sick.

He caused it all .

She had never wanted to go for that nanny job.

~End of flashback~

"Damien, you haven't answered the question i posed to you" Mrs Maxine, the English teacher said.

"Huh?" Damien asked.

"Did she just asked him something?" He wondered until one of the girls crushing on him whispered the answer to him.

---

"After what happened today, i realised that just one bodyguard is not enough, you guys safety matters a lot. Another bodyguard will be joining you Tom" Harold said.

He was in the living room with Irene, Tom and Eric while Alex and one other bodyguard stood behind him.

"Alex, you'll be the one to join Tom" Harold announced.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 16

---

Alex, you'll be the one to join Tom" Harold announced.

"Huh?" Irene darted her eyes to Harold and everyone turned to her.

"What?" Harold asked.

"Uhm.. nothing" Irene said.

"Are you sure you are fine? Will you go back to rest?" Harold asked.

"I think i will go back" Irene said,her heart suddenly beating fast when she saw the stern look Alex gave her.

She has been right all along.

There's something about him.

"I can go by myself" Irene said when Harold offered to help her.

"You sure?"

"Yeah" Irene said and started walking towards the stairs.

"What's with this lady looking suspiciously at him

every time, does she know he's a spy or what?"  
Alex wondered as Irene walked to her room.

And she had appeared unhappy when Mr Harold announced that he's gonna be the back up bodyguard.

Seems she's starting to suspect him but he has not been acting suspicious. He has been very careful over the years and no one has ever suspected him.

Even Harold trusts him so much.

But this little thing suddenly comes from nowhere and changed everything!

What if Harold notices her behavior towards him, he'll definitely start watching him too.

He must start watching her every move from now on cause he doesn't like the look of things.

Maybe they should eliminate her before Harold.

Cause she might blow his cover.

He's gonna tell Ethan about it.

But he's glad he's now gonna join Tom.

It's gonna make everything much more easier.

The informations will flow freely.

Though he hates Tom, the guy do behave like he's better than anyone else and it hurts to see Harold cherished him too and even Ivory who rarely likes anyone.

There are so many people on his death list and of course Tom is one of them.

"So, Alex. Starting from tomorrow, you'll be joining Tom. Please make sure you and Tom protects everyone." Harold said.

"I'll do my best sir" Alex said.

"I trust you both to do a good job." Harold smiled.

He didn't noticed the look exchange between Tom and Alex.

Tom hated the fact that Alex will be joining him.

They both know they don't like each other .

Tom has always had a bad feeling about him,he wanted to tell Mr Harold several times but he had no proof.

Joining him isn't bad after all, he'll finally get to study him and confirm if his thoughts about Alex are true.

"You can all leave now, i have to go fill Ivory in "  
Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold" they said and left.

Harold sighed and walked towards the stairs.

---

Irene breathed out loudly as she tossed in her bed .

She's yet to fully recover from the shock.

Why Alex?

Did Mr Harold trust him that much?

Why is she finding it so difficult to trust him.

Why's she so bothered even when there's no proof that the guy is actually bad like she thought but the look he had given her before she left the living room almost confirmed her thoughts about him but that's still no proof.

Her mind do seem unsettled whenever he's around and that happens to her whenever someone has a bad aura.

Alex sure does but she doesn't think Harold noticed.

Should she ask Tom what he feels about Alex?

No. She shouldn't do that.

She resumed just few days ago, she shouldn't go about prodding.

Her mind trailed back to the incidence.

She had been so shocked to the bone when



gunshot echoed in the car.

She didn't know when she passed out.

Whatever it is, someone is obviously after them.

Harold had said he's the one they are after and that means everyone around him is not safe.

She's just so glad Ivory hadn't been in the car then.

Why's all these suddenly happening few days she got here.

It's sincerely making her feel bad even after Harold had assured her that she's not responsible for it.

Damien and her mum mustn't hear this or that'll be the end of her work here.

Especially Damien, if he hears she was nearly shot, he'll do everything to get her out of here and her mum's surgery bill isn't even complete yet.

Everything was going fine and this incidence just

have to spoil everything.

Now they're not safe anymore.

Knowing herself, she's gonna start panicking at every little thing .

She hoped the gunshot thing had been a mistake and it wasn't really aimed at their car...

But who was she deceiving?

It had been aimed at their car!

—

"No! No! Dad" Ivory shook her head.

"Com'on princess" Harold said.

He was sitting beside her on the bed.

"I don't want Alex to join Tom. I'm okay with Tom alone" Ivory said.

"Alex needs to . Just allow him please" Harold said.

"Why does he need to join Tom. What's wrong?"

Ivory asked, dropping her candy.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing. I just feel like tightening your security"

"Why? You were satisfied with just Tom alone"  
Ivory said.

"I was but now I'm not" Harold said.

"Is there anything you're hiding from me again?"  
Ivory asked furrowing her brows.

"Well... there's nothing. But having two bodyguards is not bad . So many kidnappers are all over the city now" Harold said.

"Okay but not Alex!" Ivory frowned.

"Why?" Harold asked in surprise.

Ivory never had issue with Alex and she has never complained about him.

"I..do see him with Betty then. They were always together" Ivory said.

"Really?"

"Yes dad" Ivory said.

"Is that why you don't want him?" Harold asked.

"Yes, Betty is a bad person and anyone who associates with her is one also" Ivory scoffed.

"Com'on Ivory, they might be spending time with each other cause they're both bored. That doesn't make Alex a bad person too. He's a very good guy and you know how much i trust him" Harold said and Ivory shrugged.

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"So...?" Harold asked.

"Fine, he can be my second bodyguard" ivory rolled her eyes and picked her candy.

"That's my baby girl! I'm sure you will really enjoy

his presence" Harold smiled.

"I can't, i only said yes to obey you." Ivory said plainly.

"Thank you" Harold sighed.

"I don't want my car getting stuffy and all!" Ivory complained.

"I should change your cars to bigger ones then" Harold said.

"No, it's fine. We're having ballet class tomorrow and i need to practice" Ivory said.

"Ohh...i should leave you to it then" Harold pecked her cheeks and rose to his feet.

"Is Irene still asleep?" Ivory asked.

She was missing her nanny already.

She had selected her wears herself when she got back from school and she didn't feel so excited like she feels whenever Irene selects her wears.

"Yeah, i think she's a bit ill. She needs a lot of rest"  
Harold said.

"Really? But you didn't told me she was ill. You only said she was asleep" Ivory said worriedly, getting to her feet.

"Where to?" Harold asked.

"I need to check on her" ivory said and Harold watched as his daughter hurried through the adjoining door.

---

"What do you want for dinner? will you come downstairs?" Harold asked Irene as he walked into her room.

He saw Ivory with her and sighed,she had refused to leave Irene's room since then and it looks like they were both working on her homework.

"No, i think I'll just have fruits" Irene said.

"You sure? You didn't have lunch too" Harold said worriedly, he doesn't like the new Irene, she looks weak and bothered.

Well...who wouldn't look bothered after what happened.

"Ivory, i think i left my wristwatch in your room" Harold lied.

"Really?" Ivory asked.

"Yeah, go help me search your bed for it"

"Okay dad" ivory said, she got down from Irene's bed before hurrying to her room.

"If you're bothered about what happened earlier then there's nothing to worry about, I'll make sure everyone is safe okay?" Harold said reassuringly and Irene nodded.

"I trust you to do that" She smiled and Harold was glad.

"Now that's what I'm talking about! You just smiled, your face has been sad all along" Harold said, smiling too.

"Yeah" Irene blushed.

The sudden lightness of her mood amazed her.

The weakness she was feeling was slowly diminishing..

She knew it was because of Harold.

He had lightened her mood only with his presence, she had been feeling so down that ivory noticed and the little girl have asked what's wrong severally.

"If you're still feeling weak by tomorrow, then don't bother going with Ivory to school okay?" Harold said.

"No, I'll be fine. Like, I'm fine already" Irene said.

"You sure?"



"Of course Mr Harold, thanks so much for your care" Irene said, deeply touched.

"Com'on you were almost hurt in my possession, and I'm still so sorry about that, I've checked on Tom and Eric too and they seem fine" Harold said.

"I'm glad" Irene said.

"So should we go eat dinner now?" Harold asked.

"Yes" Irene nodded.

"Great!" Harold smiled.

The adjoining door opened and Ivory stepped into Irene's room pouting.

"What?" Harold asked.

"I searched everywhere for your wristwatch but couldn't find it. Definitely it's not in my room" Ivory frowned.

"Ohh..i must have left it in my private living room then" Harold said scratching his head.

Irene smiled knowing he had deceived Ivory.

There was no lost wristwatch anywhere.

He only told her that so she could excuse them.

"Ohh..so should we go to the dining?" Harold asked Ivory.

"No, I'll just have fruits" Ivory said, sitting back on Irene's bed.

"What?" Harold asked.

"Yeah" she confirmed.

"Okay then , sit here alone and have your fruits. Irene and i will go to the dining" Harold said and Irene laughed.

"What! Isn't she also taking fruits?" Ivory frowned.

"I changed my mind Ivory" Irene said.

"Huh?" Ivory asked, glancing at her dad.

"Yes" Irene said.

"Let's all go to the dining room then" Ivory bit her lips.

"You said you're gonna stay here and have your fruits. It's not bad" Harold teased.

"I changed my mind" Ivory rolled her eyes and got down from the bed.

She slide her tiny feet into her slippers and walked out of the room.

"Copy cat" Harold laughed and Irene joined him.

---

Irene walked out of the door with Ivory and saw Tom and...

Damn!

She had even forgotten Alex will be joining them.

Tom stretched his hand to open the car door but Alex beat him to it.

He opened the car door with a fake grin which

annoyed Irene so much.

Ivory entered the car and Irene got beside her, then Tom.

Alex got in the front and Eric started driving.

The car seemed tensed and

Irene noticed no one had said good morning.

Alex presence is such a bad one .

Her mind is starting to get unsettled.

"And why is Tom watching Alex that way?" Irene wondered.

She noticed Ivory doesn't look happy too.

Even Eric that do make them laugh just kept mute.

Ummm.

---

They got to Ivory's school after long minutes of tensed silence..

"I'll take her to her class" Alex offered.

"No! Tom will" Ivory said, grabbing her backpack.

Tom grinned and held Ivory's little hand in his.

He winked mockingly at Alex before leading Ivory to her class.

Irene and Eric saw what happened and Irene couldn't hold her laughter.

Eric did a good job in hiding his though.

Alex wore a visible angry look and Irene could see how cruel those eyes looked at that moment.

Like, that's the real him.

Tom returned, still grinning.

They all got into the car.

Irene and Tom at the back seat.

\*

Irene smiled as she saw Damien's incoming call.

"But, shouldn't he be in class?" She thought.  
They were still in the car, on their way home.

Hey Damien" she said and thought she saw  
Alex shifted in his seat but she shrugged it off.

Sis" Damien said.

How are you? Why's your voice down?  
Shouldn't you be in class? is anything wrong?"  
Irene asked.

One question at a time sis. Okay, i think I'm fine  
Irene. I'm actually on my way to school but i have  
something to tell you.

You have something to tell me?" Irene asked  
and Alex suddenly turned in his seat but Irene had  
not noticed.

She was worried about her brother.

Damien doesn't sound this way except if  
something is extremely wrong.

First, i hope you and mum are fine?" She asked.

Yes we're perfectly fine" Damien said and she sighed in relief.

Okay,so what do you want to tell me?" Irene asked and silence followed.

Dam" She called and noticed the call was suddenly disconnected..

What's going on!

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 17

---

"Why the hell are you stalking me!" Damien yelled at the man who suddenly grabbed his phone while he was speaking to Irene.

It was the same man who had took him to Ethan's building.

Damien jerked his phone back from him.

They were on a busy street so people didn't really noticed what was going on.

His school is right by the corner of the street but he had stopped here to speak to Irene.

That issue had been bothering him and he's not someone to hide something from his sister.

Though he knows she's coming home for the weekend but he can't wait.

He knew he'll feel better after talking to her.

But then this man just appeared..

"Do not ever in your life interrupt my call again!"

Damien yelled, pissed.

"Get into the car" The man ordered calmly.

"You must be insane to think I'll follow you like i



did the other day. " Damien said regretting he followed the man the other day.

"Mind your words boy! It won't take me a second to break your wrist" The man threatened, looking around.

"And it won't take me a second to call the cops. Stay clear of me and my sister! " Damien gritted his teeth.

"We will if she quits that job" The man said.

"Well...she's not quitting that job! She will whenever she wants to" Damien said.

"Whatever! Boss Ethan said to come meet you one more time and confirm if you'll agree to convince your sister or he should carry out his threat"

"I'm not going to convince her, i won't even suggest it to her but tell your boss, a billionaire who behaves like a frustrated poor man. If he dares hurt my sister..."

"You'll call the cops?" The man mocked.

"Cops? Hell no! He definitely have the cops wrapped round his fingers but trust me when i say I'll kill everyone of you with my bare hands if anything should happen to Irene" Damien threatened.

"Really?" The man laughed mockingly.

"You think i can't do it. Then try me" Damien said.

"As i said earlier, i can break your wrist in a second" The man said.

"Ofcourse all foolish people knows best is to throw fist" Damien said.

He didn't know where he got the courage to speak from.

The words just kept flowing from his mouth.

"What!" The man looked pissed.

"What?" Damien asked. "Does that mean you're

foolish, if you're not, then you won't be bothered by my words" Damien said.

"Shut up!" The man barked, looking more pissed.

"Don't take me for a fool cause i followed you the last time, i did that cause you mentioned my sister and that should tell you the length i can go for her. if you hurt her like i said earlier...then be prepared for me. I rarely give threats but once i do, i make sure i carry it out" Damien smiled, slipping his phone back in his pocket.

The man looked at him in awe, he never thought he was this bold.

They had all this he was a weak ass.

"And Guy! You should know life isn't about been bulky, if you go about threatening people with your build, you'll one day meet your match and you won't find it funny" Damien said glancing at his wristwatch.

"I should go to class now and if you're wise enough, you should relay my message to "your boss" "  
Damien said before walking away.

The man stared after him as he left.

"Woah!" He exclaimed.

What a psychopath!

\*

Damien brought out his phone and quickly placed a call across Irene.

She had been ringing him while he was with that man and he had no choice but to keep rejecting the calls.

Hey sis.

Dam! Are you okay?" Irene asked and he could sense the worry in her voice.

Yeah i am, i got interrupted.

By what?

A large mouse" Damien laughed and Irene laughed at the other end too.

I'm glad you're fine, so you wanted to tell me something.

Yeah but that'll be when you come home for the weekend, i have to go to class now"

Ohh..okay, have a nice day.

And you too sis. I love you .

I love you more" Irene smiled before disconnecting the call.

She's glad he's okay, her heart had been in her throat when the call was suddenly interrupted.

"It's my brother" Irene laughed, after noticing Tom's curious look.

They were just arriving home and she can't wait to be out of Alex view.

"Ohh, you have a brother" Tom said.

"Yeah" Irene smiled.

Eric parked the car and they all alighted except Eric who moved to the car to the garage..

"See you later Irene" Tom said.

"Okay bye" Irene said and headed for the door.

She noticed Alex was following her and her heart skipped a beat but then she remembered he's one of the bodyguards meant to be inside the house .

They didn't speak to each other as they walked into the house .

Irene headed to the kitchen while Alex headed to wherever.

"Heyyo!" Irene said entering the kitchen.

"Holla!" Nola smiled, seeing Irene's back.

"I'm hungry" Irene said picking a plate.

She started dishing out her breakfast.

"Of course you should be. So how was the ride

with the new bodyguard?" Nola asked.

"It was okay, even if no one spoke to one another in the car" Irene said, placing her meal on the table.

She walked to the fridge to grab a chilled bottle of water.

"Really?" Nola asked.

"Of course, it was so boring. Though i wouldn't even have joined in the conversation if he had attempted it." Irene shrugged.

"I can clearly see you don't like Alex." Nola noted.

"Maybe" Irene said, taking a seat opposite Nola.

"Why?" Nola asked.

"I don't know but...nevermind" Irene said.

"Alex is actually a good guy, you'll get to like him"  
Nola said.

"Uhhh" Irene said with her mouth full.

"Slow down with the food, it doesn't have legs"

Nola said and Irene laughed.

"Alright" Irene said pouring herself some water.

"I'm just so glad you weren't hurt yesterday" Nola said.

Though Harold had said not to leak what happened to anyone but Nola is an exception.

Harold had narrated the incidence to her himself.

"It was a near-death experience, the shock was...damn!" Irene shook her head.

"So sorry about that, but that incidence wasn't to hurt you but Harold . I'm so worried for him,so many people are after his life" Nola said.

"Really?" Irene dropped her spoon slowly.

"Yes" Nola sighed.

Irene's moist mouth went dry, her heart pounded slowly and she could tell she's starting to get really worried too.



Nothing must happen to him.

"Does he get death threats?" She asked Nola.

"Severally but Harold loves keeping things to himself, I'm sure he wouldn't have been bothered if it was him the incidence had happened to"

"What!, that's not good" Irene said.

She would talk to him when he's back from work.

"Harold just have this special grace, cause the amount of dead threats he receives is enough to have killed him"

"Wow!" Irene blinked.

"I don't know who's so wicked to the extent of trying to kill a man who has been benevolent all his life, Harold doesn't hurt people, and i don't get why people would want to hurt him" Nola said.

"This life is just so fucked up, bad things tend to happen to good people. Mr Harold has been

nothing but nice to me all along. It's ... It's just so, i..i don't want to lose anyone close to me again" Irene said, her bright face turning dark.

"Again?" Nola asked.

"Yes" Irene said, tearing up."

"What happened?" Nola asked.

"I lost my parents years ago" Irene bursted into tears.

"Oh...my" Nola quickly rose to her feet and walked to her.

"I'm so sorry about that dear" she said wiping Irene's tears with her apron.

So sad.

She never knew Irene was an orphan.

She must have gone through a lot.

"What really happened? Was it an accident?" Nola asked, sadly.

"No, my mum died years before my dad, she died of cardiac arrest while my dad..he died when his fashion store crumbled" Irene said.

"That's so sad, I'm so sorry about that Irene, y..you must have gone through a lot" Nola said,close to tears too.

"Ofcourse" Irene smiled sadly. "But thankfully it's a phrase we've passed" Irene cleaned her tears.

"We? You have siblings?" Nola asked.

"Just one, my younger brother. Damien and i have a stepmother too" Irene smiled.

"Really?"

"Yes"

"I hope she isn't mean to you guys" Nola asked.

"Not at all, she's been a great mum to us" Irene said.

"Wow, I'm glad" Nola smiled.

"Com'on stop the tears" She urged Irene who nodded.

"Life has it's ups and downs Irene,one just have to live with what life has to offer. I'm now your big sister Irene and you can confide in me anytime any day okay?" Nola said and Irene nodded.

"Thanks Nola" she sniffed.

"You're most welcome darling" Nola said.

"We should do something about Mr Harold, I'm afraid those people sending death threats might end up carrying it out" Irene said, pushing her food away.

She lost her appetite already.

"So what are we gonna do?" Nola asked.

---

"You mean that little boy said so?!" Ethan thundered.

"Yes boss Ethan" Mark, the bodyguard who had approached Damien said.

"And he was so serious, he's not weak as we thought boss" Mike added.

"Shut up! Are you now afraid of him? Someone you should have killed right on that spot!" Ethan hissed.

"I'm sorry boss" Mike bowed.

"Sorry for yourself! Get the fuck out of my sight!" Ethan said and Mike bowed before scurrying away.

Ethan paced his room with a fierce look.

How can that poor thing threaten him?

Like...what the fuck!

"Now is the time to carry out the real threat" He laughed wickedly.

"About the nanny right?" Carrle asked.

She was fully made up, applying more lip gloss, she permed her lips together and smiled, satisfied

with her look.

Her breast were almost spilling from the scarlet bustier she wore beneath a red mini gown.

She was wearing red heels to match and her dyed blonde hair was well permed.

She looked seductively beautiful.

"Yes the nanny,Alex told me she's not even prepared to leave that job even after we scared her with the gunshot" Ethan said, his body hardening at Carrle's sight.

He felt like having her right now.

"Ohh, fine then" carrle smiled as she selected a little black purse.

She grabbed her phone too.

"How do i look?" She asked Ethan.

"Sexy!" Ethan drawled.

"Don't give me that look, you can't have me now.

Harold is going to first" she giggled.

Yes!

She was going to seduce Harold.

It was their second plan.

"Okay okay, just go" Ethan said, planning to call a sex worker over when she's gone.

"Okay, bye" she grinned.

She glanced at herself for the last time in the mirror.

"Ohh...my! He won't be able to resist me" She thought excitedly.

I'm finally getting him back.

---

"Get the hell out of my office! You wench!!!" Harold yelled, chasing the shocked Carrle out of his office.

Zeemah

Thanks for reading

I should have posted this chapter since two o'clock  
o but your author fell asleep

Chaii so Harold still rejected Carrle even after  
all the breasts on display well, he knows there's  
a more decent lady waiting for him at home

And who is she?

Somebody shout "IRENE!!!!!"

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 18

---

"Get the hell out of my office! You wench!!!"  
Harold yelled, chasing the shocked Carrle out of  
his office.

He wondered who allowed her in.



If it was at his paper company, he's so sure Thelma wouldn't have allowed her in .

But here,they still regarded her as his wife!

"Harold! You're sending me out of your office,after everything we've shared" Carrle's voice trembled.

She still can't believe Harold rejected her after all her efforts..

He hadn't even spared her much glance, her breasts which he had always loved looked worthless to him now.

"I can't believe you to be this cheap! You've actually gotten worst carrle. That guy is doing you no good! " Harold said beating his fingers on his glass table.

"How dare you say I'm cheap!" Carrle said.

"Because you are, it's so obvious that you came here to seduce me. Who the hell seduces the man she divorced" Harold said flatly.

"I..i wasn't in my right senses then" Carrle said, looking down at her feet in fake remorse.

"Well, thank God you gat your senses back, will you kindly leave now or i involve the securities" Harold said.

"Harold I'm sorry" Carrle said, trying desperately for tears to flow.

Harold always fall for her tears. Then, she'd use her tears to get things from him .

"Mrs Weston" Harold mocked and carrle swore under her breath.

She truly regretted her actions.

"Don't try to fake your tears cause i will never fall for it 'again' " Harold said.

Carrle sniffed and pretended to search her purse for an handkerchief, she deliberately made her car key fall and then bent to pick it slowly with all the seductive move she can ever think of.

Harold laughed and punched some numbers in his intercom.

He placed the receiver on his ear.

Hey you! I gat an unwanted person in my office,come lead her out please" He said into the phone and Carrle quickly straightened up from her seductive post.

Okay sir.

Harold dropped the receiver and glanced at Carrle.

"What a waste, you should have tried all these seductive moves when i haven't gotten over you" Harold said, pressing his lips together.

"I wasn't trying to seduce you! " Carrle snapped.

"My car key fell down"

"Well... only a fool would believe that" Harold said.

The door opened and three securities walked in.

"Are you seriously gonna allow them lead me out?"

Carrle asked, embarrassed.

She had completely made a fool of herself.

Now the little pride she had was gone.

She shouldn't have suggested this in the first place but she hadn't known Harold would be able to resist her.

"You better leave gently with them, they have no mercy at all, they'll push you out if you last one more minute" Harold said, settling back on his chair.

Carrle walked out with the securities and the door was shut.

Harold sighed and stared at the files in front of him.

What if she had tried this when he hadn't gotten over her, then he would have fell for it and of course accept her back.

Thank goodness that's in the past now.

He doesn't even want anything to do with her again.

He had planned to make the court completely deny her access to her daughter but that'll be unfair.

No matter how bad she is, she still deserves to see her ivory once in a while.

"But did he seriously resist those breasts?" He thought and laughed.

Those breasts that always made him crazy then.

Well ... He should call Tom and ask how the morning went.

He really hoped nothing unusual happened again.

The FBI agents promised to get back to him tomorrow.

He suddenly smiled, thinking of Irene.

He doubt if he has ever seen a lady as decent and

responsible as she is.

Even the night they spent together, she hadn't dressed like a whore .

She had worn a red vest and black shorts and her hair was simply packed in a ponytail with tendrils framing her face.

"Is she the one?" He had confirmed from Madam Persephone and the woman had nodded, grinning.

Her body hadn't enticed him, her beauty had and her innocent face had.

"Looks like the CEO is deep in thought" Lucy, his secretary at Marshall cosmetics interrupted his thoughts.

"Ohh... Lucy" Harold sat upright.

"Is anything wrong?" She asked.

"Definitely nothing. I'm fine"

"You didn't even stirred when i walked in and you

were so busy staring into space" Lucy said.

"Well... yeah, i was thinking about something"  
Harold finally admitted.

"Ohh" Lucy smiled.

Unlike Thelma, Lucy was unmarried. Engaged though and her fiance do come pick her from work everyday.

Lucy's a beautiful young lady, smart and good at what she does.

He's always so lucky about his employees, they're all so good in their respective fields.

"So, do you need anything?" Harold said.

"Well...you got some letters" Lucy handed three envelopes to him.

"Why didn't you check it out for me?" Harold asked.

"I would have done so but It's highly confidential"  
Lucy said.

"Ohh" Harold said taking the envelopes from her.

"Thanks" He dropped them on his table.

"You need coffee?" Lucy asked as she walked to the door.

"Uhm...no, thanks" Harold said.

"Alright Mr Harold" she said and finally walked out of the door.

Ohh..yes!

He have to call Tom.

---

Irene yawned as she woke up from her nap.

She laid on her bed and stared at the reflection of the sun on her wall.

"It's a bright afternoon" She murmured feeling too lazy to get on her feet.

She know she should go help Nola in the kitchen but she's kinda feeling tired and maybe weak.



She laid still and tried getting more sleep but it wasn't coming.

She stared at the ceiling and started imagining how she wants her future to be, she saw Daire fashions being set up again, she saw everyone happy and fulfilled but then it's just imagination.

Even if she knows the kind of future she wishes for is not possible, she can at least enjoy the imagination.

She smiled as her imaginations went on and on.

"Fairy fairy grant my wish" She sang and laughed.

She remembered she do sing that when she was still a child.

"Enough of the imaginations Irene" She chided herself and then sat up.

Her feet searched for her slippers and she wore it before finally rising to her feet.

She walked into the bathroom and made for the sink.

She turned on the faucet and splashed some water on her face.

She grabbed a clean towel and wiped her face with it before walking back to her room .

She stood in front of the mirror and made her ponytail more tight.

"So sorry i arrived late, chef Nola" Irene joked as she entered the kitchen and met Nola making lunch already.

"It's fine apprentice Irene, i knew you were so enjoying that nap" Nola said and they both chuckled.

"Yeah, i enjoyed it. " Irene said while she washed her hands.

"Thank God you're here, I'm feeling pressed. Please continue with the cooking" Nola said.

"Okay" Irene said grabbing a clean apron.

She wore it over her blue satiny gown while Nola walked out of the kitchen.

Irene took over gladly.

---

Ivory grinned as Irene helped her dress up.

She's back from school and Irene selected her wears for her.

It's a floral jumpsuit which suited ivory's caramel skin.

Irene made her wear pink footwear and then tried comb her hair but then she remembered she's not allowed to.

She gently dropped the comb.

"I don't need to comb my hair, my ponytail is still in place" ivory said.

"Ohh.. yeah" Irene nodded.

"You've been grinning since you arrived from school" Irene noted.

"Yeah, I'll clock nine next month" Ivory said happily.

"Ohh, happy birthday in advance sweetheart" Irene smiled.

"Thank you" Ivory said.

"My younger brother also get excited a month to his birth month" Irene said.

"You have a younger brother?" Ivory asked in surprise.

"Of course" Irene smiled.

"Is he my age mate? Will you bring him over to play with me?" Ivory asked excitedly and Irene laughed.

"No! He's seventeen" Irene said.

"Ohh" Ivory said disappointedly.

"Sorry" Irene smiled.

"How come you never talked about him" Ivory pouted.

"You never asked" Irene said.

"Now I'm asking" Ivory said.

"His name is Damien Noris and he's in high school" Irene said.

"When are you bringing him over?" Ivory asked.

"I'm not bringing him over" Irene said.

"Why not?" Ivory asked.

"This is my workplace Ivory, not some playground" Irene said calmly.

"If you're worried about Dad, I'm sure he won't be against it" Ivory said.

"No, Damien can't come here Ivory, i can't take advantage of the fact that you guys are nice to me and then start inviting every member of my family over" Irene said.

"You don't have to invite your parents" Ivory said and Irene felt a stinging pain in her heart.

She didn't know they were dead or she wouldn't have mentioned them.

"Just your brother" Ivory said and Irene sighed.

"You want to meet him that badly?" Irene asked.

"Yes" Ivory said.

"You will, one day" Irene said.

"By fate" She added inwardly.

"Let's go have lunch" She said taking ivory's tiny hand in hers.

---

Irene packed the leftover fruits on Ivory's bedside stool .

She had had the fruits before taking her nap.

She covered ivory properly before taking the leftover fruits to the kitchen.

They had lunch minutes ago and Ivory and Nola were not taking their nap.

One can see she's bored as she walked out of the kitchen.

She tried to watch the quiz show that was being displayed on the TV but she had no interest.

She stood up from the couch, she doesn't feel like reading too.

Should she go chat with Tom and Eric?

No.

She should go check out the building again then and probably stop by the pool.

—

"Wow!" Irene grinned on sighting the pool.

This isn't the first time she'll be seeing it but it keeps appearing more and more beautiful.

The reflection of the sun even made the water

sparkle brightly.

Irene smiled walking towards it.

She passed the late Helena's room without even noticing, all her mind was on the pool.

She finally stood in front of the water and she was about bending to scoop the water in her palm when she heard a startling sound.

She paused but thought it could be one of the workers, not until she saw a shadow in the water.

Someone was behind her and whomever that was, she could tell it was a woman.

She was about turning to find out who it is when the person grabbed her neck with cold fingers.

Irene screamed but the unknown woman didn't make her scream for long before pushing her into the water.

Zeemah



## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 19

---

Irene screamed but the unknown woman didn't make her scream for long before pushing her into the water.

She was a good swimmer but the shock almost made her drown and when she could finally manage to bring out her head.

All that escaped from her mouth was "Help"

Going unconscious, the last thing she heard was running footsteps.

\*

"Irene, Irene" She heard faintly. It felt like she was in a dark enclosed state and trying to open her

eyes kinda seemed impossible.

"She's breathing" She heard a familiar voice said and then she felt a warm hand touch hers.

Her eyes opened almost instantly and she saw pairs of eyes staring down at her.

What?

The first person she recognized was Harold.

He's wearing such a worried look, same with Nola and then Tom, Eric, Ivory and Alex!

She remembered what had happened in an instant and her mouth went unpleasantly dry.

"Irene!" Ivory called and she realised it was the girl's warm hand that had taken her out of the dark state.

Her eyes were filled with unshed tears and she tried not to hug Ivory.

"Are you okay?" Harold asked her.

She nodded.

He's still clad in his office wears and his tie was the only thing out of place.

She felt bad, knowing she must have worried everyone.

"What happened?" Nola asked, staring down at her in pity.

"Where was she anyway?" Irene wondered as she stared at the ceiling.

This isn't her room ceiling and the bed she was lying on doesn't feel like hers either.

She couldn't get to look around properly cause they were all hovering over her, blocking her view in the process.

She needed space but of course she couldn't tell them that and she was still so confused.

What had happened to her?

Did someone really pushed her or was it just hallucination?

Had she slipped?

She blinked in confusion, not wanting to believe someone had pushed her.

She shuddered at the thought.

"Y'all should leave" Harold said sensing Irene needed time to herself.

"And Alex, give Doc Fern a call not to bother anymore" Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold" Alex said.

They all left but ivory refused to.

"Ivory, including you" Harold said and she pouted.

"C'mon" Harold said.

She hesitated "Will she be fine?"

"Yes she'll be, just go join Nola in the kitchen" Harold said and she walked away.

"I don't know what you did to my daughter"  
Harold said and Irene, even though in a confused  
state, smiled.

She noticed she wasn't laying on a bed after  
all, she was on a couch in the living room.

A thick towel was draped over her and it shifted  
slightly as she sat up.

She was still clad in her wears which clung tightly  
to her body.

Harold sat gently beside her and sighed.

"So, what really happened?" He asked and Irene  
stared at him beneath her lashes.

She hates bothering anyone.

She resumed days ago and she's already keeping  
everyone on their toes.

What the hell is wrong with her?

Was it clumsiness?

No, she was never clumsy.

"I'm sorry to have bothered you, Mr Harold" She said feeling so bad.

"No, don't be sorry over that. I should be glad you're fine" Harold said.

Irene who couldn't ignore how her heart kept beating fast simply because of how close Harold is. Her whole body was at alert and she hated herself for feeling that way.

"Did you..rushed down home because of me?" Irene asked.

"Not really, i was actually done at work when i got the call" Harold said rubbing the back of his neck on sighting how Irene's vest had clung to her breasts.

It's almost turning him on and he secretly cursed himself.

He shouldn't be thinking of this!

This lady just got rescued from drowning!

He sighed and unbuttoned the first button on his shirt.

"Irene, you shouldn't have swim if you're not very good at it . Or you should have called Tom to put you through" Harold said.

He had almost tripped while rushing out of his office after he got Tom's call.

"Im a good swimmer but I..i hadn't even attempted to swim" Irene said.

Harold noticed that was true cause she was brought out of the pool fully clad.

If she had wanted to swim,she would have changed into something else.

"So what happened?" Harold asked and observed Irene had a faraway look in her eyes.

"I..so..i was standing by the edge of the pool..."  
Irene paused still failing to believe someone had actually pushed her.

"And?" Harold prompted.

"I think i slipped and fell into the pool" Irene concluded.

"You think? You're not sure?" Harold asked.

"I am. I'm sure i slipped" Irene said.

"Ohh, I'm glad you're fine now. You have to be extra careful from now on" Harold said and Irene nodded.

"Thanks Mr Harold and I'm sorry for bothering everyone once again" Irene said.

"Com'on, it's cool. " Harold smiled and her heart skipped a beat.

Everything about him is just so desirable.

His smile alone can melt hundreds of heart



including hers even is she's not ready to admit it.

Why hadn't she noticed it before?

She had been trying so hard to ignore how he makes her feel just in a short period of time .

"Go get changed into a dry wear,so you'll feel better" Harold suggested.

"Ohh" Irene stared down at her body.

"Thanks" She said,slowly rising to her feet"

A thick strand of wet hair clung to her forehead and Harold found himself reaching out to tuck it behind her ear.

He smiled at her after she looked at him in surprise.

Did he just tuck her hair behind her ear?

A billionaire had just...

And she had trembled under his touch.

No, she had trembled because of the cold right?

"I'll walk you to your room" Harold offered.

"Never mind Mr Harold, I'll be fine" Irene said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes" She said, hugging the towel tightly.

She's feeling so cold.

"We'll meet over dinner then" Harold said and Irene nodded.

She walked up the stairs with her mind occupied.

Her sudden feelings and what had happened at the pool really puzzled her.

What's going on with her?

She should be able to remember if she had slipped but the thought of someone pushing her kept replaying in her memory.

If someone did pushed her.

Who could it be?

No, no one had pushed her.

She should just leave it that way.

She walked into her room and closed the door behind her.

She dropped the towel and slipped out of her clothes before walking into the bathroom.

\*

She felt incredibly refreshed after taking a warm bath.

She dried her body as she riffled through her wardrobe for a simple wear.

She finally settled for a thick cream sweater her stepmum had made for her and blue shorts.

She stood in front of the oval mirror drying her hair after getting dressed.

It wasn't completely dry so she left it to fall down her waist.

She should rest as she's having signs of headache but she needed to go help Nola with dinner.

She knew Nola wouldn't mind if she doesn't help her but she just want to be with someone and engage in a healthy conversation.

She hates to think about what just happened to her.

It's so weird.

She slide her feet into her footwear and walked out of her room .

---

"Hey there" Nola said as Irene walked into the kitchen.

She was setting down ingredients, about to start preparing dinner.

Irene gave a short smile.

"I hope you're fine now?" Nola said.

"Yes Nola" Irene said.

"You should have just rested, i would have called on you when dinner is ready"

"No, i don't want to be alone" Irene said washing her hands in the sink.

"Ohh. Harold told me you slipped into the pool, please next time, you should be very careful" Nola said.

"Thanks Nola" Irene said as she wiped her hands off a clean napkin.

"So, what are we having for dinner?"

---

"Yummy" Ivory giggled.

They were having dinner and atmosphere seems cool.

"Yeah, i must admit the meal's great" Harold smiled.

"Irene, i love your sweater" Ivory said.

"Ohh... really? Thanks" Irene smiled.

"Dad i want one too" Ivory said.

"Okay. Irene which designer made it?" Harold asked.

"Well...it's handmade. My mum made it" Irene said proudly.

"Wow!"

"She's so talented!" Nola exclaimed.

"Yes, she's extremely good at knitting, she performs wonders with her hands" Irene said.

"Uhhh, that sounds nice" Harold said.

"Can you please tell your mum i want one too" Ivory said.

"Ivory" Harold chided.

"Ohh...never mind Irene" Ivory said, noting the look her father gave her.

"No, it's completely fine Mr Harold, my mum would gladly make it for her" Irene said.

"That'll be stressful, never mind Irene" Harold said.

"No! I want Ivory to have one too" Irene insisted and Harold sighed glancing at his daughter who so much admired the sweater.

"Okay then, you should tell me the price later" Harold said, biting into a spicy chicken.

"How can i possibly charge Ivory for just a sweater? I can't and I'm sure my mum would even scold me for the charges. It's free and my mum would gladly make more for you if you want" Irene said.

"Yaay" Ivory giggled.

"Thanks Irene" She added and Harold sighed in resignation, leaving them to continue their conversation.

---

"Thanks for your care earlier Ivory" Irene said as she tucked Ivory in bed.

Ivory nodded " Dad said you slipped into the pool"

"Yes" Irene said.

"Are you sure?" Ivory asked curiously.

"Huh? "

"No one has ever slipped into the pool, though i have my own pool and can't be so sure but I've never heard anyone slip into dad's pool but there's a first time for everything right?" Ivory smiled and Irene nodded.

She definitely hadn't slipped!

"Someone had pushed her!" Irene breathing hastened as she accepted the cold truth.

"So to our bedtime stories" Ivory grinned.

"Ohh.. yeah" Irene said.

\*



Irene walked into her room slowly.

She's scared.

Those cold hands that gripped her neck..

"Oh no!" She swallowed, quickly sitting on her bed.

Thinking of it alone made her knees weak.

Someone is after her.

That gunshot in the car too...

It hadn't been for Harold, that gunshot had been meant for her.

All these started the moment she resumed here.

No one has ever tried to hurt her or even tried to kill her.

The only time she knew she was threatened was when she still worked for Madam Perse.

Other sex workers had threatened her out of jealousy but that's definitely not the case now.

Who could be after her life?

Is she also gonna die like her parents?

"Who's gonna take care of her Damien and her mum" She thought, tears burning the back of her throat.

She hugged Harold's robe around her body, trying hard not to cry.

"You're strong Irene, you're strong" She whispered to herself.

She sniffed back her tears when she heard a knock on her door.

"Hey Irene it's me" She heard Harold say and she sat upright.

"Huh?"

What does he want?" she thought as she stood up.

She walked to the door and sighed before opening it.

And truly, he was standing there in another cool robe of his .

He's obviously ready to sleep.

"Hey" He said.

"Hi" Irene replied nervously.

"Is Ivory asleep?" Harold asked rubbing the back of his neck.

"Yes she is" Irene said.

"Okay" Harold said, still not knowing how to ask Irene to join him in the library.

He already set the fireplace and placed wines and glass cups.

"Do you want me to do anything for you?" Irene asked.

"Not really but are you ready to go to bed now?" Harold asked.

"I might still stay up for some minutes, I'm not

feeling sleepy yet" Irene said, thinking of going to the library.

Reading will at least take her mind off those thoughts.

"Okay, will you come with me to the library? I lit the fireplace already" Harold said and saw Irene's eyes brightened.

He smiled, knowing she won't refuse him.

"Yes!" Irene said, embarrassed she had allowed her excitement show.

"You should at least have some pride Irene!" She scolded herself inwardly.

"Okay, come with me" Harold said and Irene stepped out of the door and closed it behind her.

She walked side by side with Harold and she have to admit she felt inferior.

Harold is way taller and huger than her, one could

easily feel his presence anywhere.

---

"Wow!" Irene exclaimed as she stepped into the library.

"You never told me there are wines too" She smiled, walking closer to the fireplace.

"Yeah, just to keep us awake while reading" Harold said.

"Thank you" Irene said wondering why he's being so nice to her.

He's nice to other workers too but he's nicer to her.

She searched the collection of books for the one she'll read.

Just so sad Harold adores mystery novels.

She doesn't enjoy them.

"Here, I bought you some romantic novels"  
Harold said behind her.

"Huh?" She said turning in the process.

Her hands flew to her mouth when she saw the novels on the table.

Not one, not two, neither three but more than dozens which she couldn't even count by just standing here and looks like they were all her written by her favorite author.

Lynne Graham.

"Oh...my" she said slowly.

She didn't know what to say or do next.

The next minute she found herself screaming in excitement and flying into his arms.

She heard him laugh and was he hugging her back?

Well...she didn't care at that moment.

She was just too excited to think of any other thing.

"Alex what are you doing here?" Irene heard Harold said and her excitement died down

immediately.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 20.

---

"Alex what are you doing here?" Irene heard Harold said and her excitement died down immediately.

She turned to see Alex standing by the door.

"I was just checking round the house, to make sure everyone's safe" Alex said, faking a smile.

"You don't have to smile if you don't want to. why are you faking it?" Irene wondered in disapproval.

Can't Harold just see this man is fake!

"Ohh" Harold smiled. "You impress me alot Alex and i have something big for you. Just wait for it"

"Thanks so much Mr Harold but it's my duty to ensure everyone's safe, i don't need to be rewarded for it" Alex said calmly,winning Harold's heart the more.

"You're a good person Alex and im really lucky to have you around" Harold said and Irene growled inwardly.

"Thank you Mr Harold" Alex said.

"Wait for what I'm gonna give you. It'll be soon" Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold. Thanks" Alex smiled before walking away.

Irene sighed, disturbed by what Harold has for Alex.

It's definitely a huge thing and she's so bothered someone like Alex is gonna get it.



He doesn't deserve it, she just hope Harold realises soon.

"Alex is such a great guy" Harold said.

"Uh? Ofcourse" Irene said.

"Thanks so much Mr Harold, I'm..im I'm speechless" Irene said still staring at the novels.

"They are way too much. You must have spent a lot" Irene said, almost forgetting he's a billionaire.

"It's nothing." Harold shrugged.

"I'm surprised you could do this" Irene said.

"Why not? I don't want you bored" Harold said.

"H..how did you know my favorite author was Lynne Graham?" Irene asked, knowing she has never discussed that with him.

"Well..i have my way of knowing things" Harold said.

"Really?"

"Yeah, you shouldn't be bothered by that. Check out your novels, I'll be by the fireplace" Harold said.

"Ohh.. okay. Thanks so much" Irene grinned.

---

"I'll be going home tomorrow morning!" Irene thought excitedly.

She really missed Damien and her mum.

She was done with her morning routine, she stood in front of the mirror and pulled a hairband on her hair.

Now she should go get Ivory ready for school.

\*\*

"Bye Nola" Ivory waved.

"Bye Ivory, have a nice day" Nola responded from the kitchen.

"You too" Ivory said.

"Will be right back Nola" Irene said.

"Okay Irene" Nola said.

They walked out of the door and saw Alex and Tom standing by the car.

"Good morning" Tom said.

"Good morning Tom" Ivory and Irene chorused.

"Alex, you only say good morning to me when my dad is around" Ivory complained and Alex's eyes widened.

"Oh..no, i was about saying good morning" He quickly defended.

"That's a lie! you didn't say good morning yesterday too" Ivory said.

Wow!

Irene smiled, loving Ivory more for being observant.

"Hey! Little mug! You shouldn't go about expecting greetings from older ones just because you think your father can buy the world!" Alex said inwardly,

wishing he can spit it out.

He so much wish he can deal with the spoilt brat.

"No one said good morning yesterday" Alex said grimly and Irene immediately noticed that look in his eyes.

This guy is so deceptive!

"You just joined us and you should greet us first and introduce yourself but you did none of that" Ivory said.

"Well...yesterday is gone isn't it?" Alex said smiling,when all he wished was to snap the little girl's neck.

"You'll be the one to always open the car door, Tom will do the job of taking me to class" Ivory said.

"Huh?" Alex asked in hidden contempt.

"Tom does all that when you weren't even here, he

should take a rest too" Ivory said.

"Ofcourse" Alex said tightly.

She really deserved all Betty did to her!

He wish he can do more.

"If you're not comfortable with it , you should lay your complaints to my dad" Ivory said.

"Of course your dumb father will always support you!" Alex thought.

"No need for that...I'm comfortable with it" Alex said and glanced at Irene.

She had a mockery look on.

Damn!

Not only her, but Tom too!

"Fuck y'all" He thought in rage.

"Ivory, you're running late" Irene said.

"Alex, the door" Ivory reminded and he opened the

car door.

They sat in the backseat while Alex took the front.

"Good morning" Eric greeted as he started the car.

"Good morning Eric" Ivory and Irene chorused.

---

"You look so excited cause you're going home tomorrow" Nola said.

"Yes, i really miss my brother and my mum" Irene smiled, eating at the breakfast bar in the kitchen.

Nola sat beside her sipping a pineapple juice. She had her breakfast already.

"Anyone who sees how excited you are now would think you're not happy here and that's why you're so excited to go home" Nola said.

"Nah! I'm more than happy here everyone's treating me right but you know, I've never being separated from my family, this'll be the first time

and I'm missing them badly already, I can't wait to see them" Irene said emptying the whole tea in her mouth.

"I once felt that way too, when Ally was first taken to Spain. I do miss her badly and sometimes i cry secretly" Nola said.

"Really?" Irene asked.

"Yes, when you're always with someone or something and it's suddenly taken away from you, you'll feel the absence" Nola said.

"Exactly!" Irene said.

"Make sure you prepare ivory for the weekend before you leave tomorrow morning. Do everything you should tonight and you can return by Sunday evening or Monday morning. I know you'll want to return by Monday morning though, you've obviously missed your family" Nola said and Irene chuckled.

"So, on Monday morning, you know you have to be very early" Nola said.

"Of course i do. Thanks Nola"

"For what?" Nola asked.

"For being so nice to me...fo..for everything" Irene said.

"Com'on Irene, you've been nice to me too" Nola said.

"Well i should be thankful. Not everyone can be this hospitable. You treated me like a family right from when i resumed" Irene said.

"And what brought about all this talk?" Nola furrowed her brow playfully and Irene laughed.

"Tell me something more interesting girl!" Nola said.

"Okay!" Irene sighed.

"Mr harold bought lots of novels for me!" Irene



said.

"Wow! Really?"

"Yes, that was yesternight and i was so happy. The novels were my favorite genre and the author was also my favorite" Irene said excitedly.

She couldn't wait to be done with breakfast and go resume those novels.

She read three of them yesternight before she went to bed.

She couldn't wait to read more today.

"You were surprised right?" Nola smiled.

"Yeah, it was close to shock cause i couldn't even believe it at first" Irene said.

"You shouldn't be, Harold is so generous, everyone knows that" Nola said.

"Yeah he is"

"You must have told him your favorite genre and

author" Nola said.

"I did told him my favorite genre but i don't know how he found out my favorite author" Irene said.

"Really?"

"Yeah cause asides from my family and...my diary, no one else knows my favorite author"

"You might have mentioned it without even knowing" Nola said.

"You think so?" Irene asked.

"Yes" Nola said and Irene shrugged.

She stood up and placed the dishes in the dishwasher.

"Novels...i don't just find them interesting" Nola said.

"But you definitely find cooking interesting" irene said.

"Of course" Nola smiled.

"That's it!, everyone sure has different interests. How i wish you find reading interesting though,we would have read in the library together whenever we're not cooking" Irene said.

"Ofcourse i can still be in the library with you" Nola said.

"Really?"

"Yes, drumming and singing for you while you read" Nola teased and Irene bursted out laughing.

\*

Ethan Weston residence

\*

"Ethan! You can't hurt my daughter! You can choose to hurt anyone but not my daughter!" Carrle sparked up.

"You were here when Alex called me your little brat is making life difficult for him!" Ethan said.

"And so? You wanna hurt her because of that? "

Carrle asked.

"But you know if she continues to make Alex uncomfortable, then he'll want to quit! And he's the only spy we have in that house!" Ethan half yelled.

"Well...he's not the only spy we have in that house"

Carrle said dropping her cigarette.

"Huh?" Ethan asked.

"Yes, i have a spy too. She has been working for Harold even before i got married to him" Carrle said.

"How come you never told me!" Ethan asked.

"Cause i wasn't making use of her until recently"

Carrle adjusted her hair clip.

"Ohh, great! She goes by the name?" Ethan asked.

"You'll know when she gets here" Carrle smiled.

"Wow! So we now have two spies. We should introduce them to each other" Alex smiled.

"Of course, she's on her way here now. Place a call across Alex to be here too" Carrle said.

"I'll do that now" Ethan said.

"So, our next plan?" Carrle asked.

"I still can't believe Harold rejected you that day. No man in his right senses would do that" Ethan said and Carrle burned with rage.

She's still so pissed she got embarrassed and rejected! She never expected that to happen.

"He's gonna pay for what he did" Carrle said puffing out smoke from her cigarette.

"Of course he will"

"So, next plan?" Carrle asked.

"It will be better to discuss it when our spies are here"

"Yeah but remember. Do not touch my daughter"  
Carrle warned.

"Okayyyy" Ethan drawled.

---

"Irene come to the library after dinner, i have some things to tell you" Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold" Irene said, her whole mind growing curious.

They were having their dinner.

"So you're leaving tomorrow" Ivory sulk.

"Ivory! How many times are you gonna ask that. Don't you want her to be with her family " Harold said.

"Ivory, com'on it's not like I'll be gone forever"  
Irene smiled.

"And i promise to bring your sweater along on Monday morning" she added and ivory's face lit up.

"Yaaaaay" She giggled and Irene smiled.

She already prepared Ivory for the weekend, her homework has been done, her school bag arranged properly, her outfits hanged...

"Thanks Irene and you should help me thank your mum too and say hi to your brother for me" Ivory said.

"Okay" Irene said.

"More meatballs" Ivory grinned and Irene laughed when she saw the surprise look on Harold's face.

---

"The FBI agents got back to me today " Harold said and Irene looked on curiously.

They were seated opposite each other in the library and for once the fireplace wasn't lit.

"The bullet was examined but it doesn't even have a source, that means the gun used was not

licensed" Harold said.

"Wow! That's another crime" Irene said.

"Of course" Harold said. "And the CCTV footage in that street was hacked into, everything that happened by that time was cleared."

"What!" Irene exclaimed.

"Yes but trust our FBI agents, they restored the footage and got the shooter's face even if it isn't so clear" Harold said .

"Thanks goodness" Irene sighed in relief.

Harold brought out his phone and clicked on the picture the agents sent to him.

"Here's the man" He showed Irene.

"What!" Irene exclaimed in shock.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM



Zeemah writes

## Chapter 21

---

"Here's the man" He showed Irene.

"What!" Irene exclaimed in shock.

"What?" Harold asked, startled.

"Do you know him?" He asked, dropping his phone gently.

"I..i" Irene stammered.

She never knew the hate Ethan have for Harold is this much to the extent of hurting those around him.

She recognized that man as one of Ethan's bodyguards the day she had went to see Madam Perse.

But she can't tell Harold, can she?

"No, i don't know him. I'm just so shocked a

responsible looking man can be that callous" Irene lied.

She's just so confused right now.

"Ohh..but he doesn't look responsible to me. He looks cruel" Harold shrugged glancing at the picture all over again.

"Well..i hope the FBI agents promised to find him" Irene said.

"Of course, only that they didn't get his face clearly enough to be scanned"

"Ouch!" Irene shook her head.

"But I'll be having another meeting with them tomorrow, I'll get back to you when you resume on Monday" Harold said.

"Okay, Mr Harold" Irene said.

"Why does that 'Mr' sound odd to my ears?" Harold raised a brow.

"Huh?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, you should stop adding 'mr' to it."

"What? No, i can't do that" Irene swallowed, wondering what Harold is up to.

"Why not?" He asked, smiling like it's no big deal.

"Other workers call you..."

"You're not other workers and it doesn't sound right to my ears when you call me that. I don't just know why but I'm not comfortable with it" Harold said.

"It'll be disrespectful of me to call you...H..arold" Irene said.

"Good! That sounds better"

"I can't call you that" Irene said.

"That's what i want you to call me" Harold insisted.

"You're talking like it's no big deal" Irene said.

"It's not" Harold said.

"Well..i don't think I'll ever get used to calling you that " Irene said.

"You will,the way you got used to calling me Mr Harold" Harold said air quoting the Mr.

"I...i can't, please Mr Harold.."

"C'mon! " Harold interrupted her.

"This is gonna be hard" Irene said, wondering what other workers would think.

She won't deny she loved how the name Harold flowed smoothly out of her mouth but she should consider her work state.

Calling her boss by his name isn't right, what would people think?

Though she's not someone who cares about what others think but...

"I'm your boss, i employed you. You should do what i want regardless of what others think"

Harold said and Irene gave a deep sigh.

"Is it that difficult to do?" He asked.

"Yes" Irene said. "Who would believe nothing is going on.... between...us if i just start calling you by your name "

Harold laughed "Don't you want something to go on between us?"

"Huh?" Irene asked,her cheeks going red and her heart beating fast.

"Just joking" Harold said even though he really meant it.

"Ohh" Irene said deeply embarrassed.

It was a joke and her whole body had responded to it.

She's such a fool and a weak ass, she falls easily and her heart ends up getting broken all the time.

She had made up her mind and promised herself

not to fall for anyone again after Harris broke her heart and she had kept to that promise until...

Until now.

"What's wrong?" Harold asked.

"Uh? Nothing really" Irene said.

"So, do we now agree that you should call me by my name?" Harold asked.

"Yeah" She answered knowing how to go about it.

She'll try not to even call his name in the presence of others but is that possible?

What if she wants to talk to him?

Would she refer to him as flower or grass?

Arrrhh!

"Ohh great!" Harold smiled. " I wanna hear you call Harold now"

"Huh?" Irene asked.

"Didn't we just agreed that you'll call me by my name?"

"Ohh..yes H..Harold" She said.

"Wow. Again" Harold grinned.

"Harold" Irene called.

"Again"

"Harold"

"Again"

"Harold"

"Again"

"Harold"

They both bursted out laughing..

"Shuu.. we're gonna wake others" Irene said, still laughing.

\*\*

"We should go to bed now" Harold said when he

heard Irene yawn .

They were reading in the library in front of the already lit fireplace.

"Yeah" Irene said closing her novel.

They both stood up and put their novels in their respective places...

"You're leaving tomorrow morning right?" Harold asked as they stepped out of the library.

"Yes" Irene said, closing the library door.

"My regards to your family, i might have gone to work before you leave tomorrow" Harold said.

"Why do you still work so hard even when you already have everything,if you don't even work at all, you still have lots of money that'll last you for a lifetime" Irene said and Harold smiled.

They were walking to their room.

"You're not the first person to tell me that but i



think I'm used to work, i can't do without working. It's part of me already all thanks to.. Helena" Harold paused sadly.

"Helena?" Irene thought,she shrugged thinking it's one of his ex's.

" I can't rely on the fact that i have enough money to last me for a lifetime and then stop working. It takes just seconds for things to change. Anything can happen." Harold said.

"Thats true but how do you cope? You have so many companies. Don't you have a personal assistant or something?" Irene asked.

They were close to her door.

"I had several PA's in the past but they all ended up betraying me. I hate betrayals" Harold said with so much emotion that Irene glanced up to look at him.

He looked hurt, like he had been betrayed several

times.

Her heart softened and she found herself holding his hands.

"I don't know why I'm saying this but... I'll never betray you" Irene said and Harold could see the sincerity in her eyes. His feelings for her doubled up and he had to resist himself from pulling her into a tight hug.

"Thank you" He said.

She nodded and slowly pulled her hands from his.

"Goodnight" She said opening her door.

"Harold" She added with a smile before closing the door.

He was full of smiles as he walked to his room.

He doesn't know how he's feeling, but he knows the feeling is definitely a good one and he doesn't want it to stop.

—  
"Irene!" Damien screamed happily as she walked into the living room..

She had deliberately decided not to knock.

She laughed as her brother pulled her into a tight hug.

He kissed her face over and over again while she just giggled.

Damn!

She really missed him.

"Dam" She finally said, grinning.

"I missed you" Damien pouted, he only get to act like a baby whenever he's around his sister or Mum.

"Me too" Irene smiled.

"I hope you haven't been disturbing Mum" she asked dragging his cheeks playfully.

"No, i've been the best Damien so far. " He boasted.

"You can ask mum" He smiled.

"Where's she? In her room?" Irene asked.

"Of course"

"I need to go check on her, i really miss her" Irene said pulling off her shoes, she dropped her handbag too.

"We have a lot to talk about" Damien said and Irene thought he was joking until she glanced up at him.

He looked serious!

He had actually told her he had something to tell her over the phone.

"Okay, go wait for me in my room, I'll be quick with mum" she said.

"Okay sis" Damien said picking her bag and shoes.

—

"Why didn't you told me about Ethan's offer? Have

we started hiding things from each other?" Damien asked.

They were sitting on her bed after Irene was fully settled.

"H..how did you found out?" Irene asked .

"You haven't answered my question Irene" Damien said, he was so pissed Irene had hidden that from him but then he knew she can't keep telling him everything going on in her life.

"Well...Ethan did made that offer but i felt there was no need to tell you since i didn't agree to it" Irene said.

"Ohh"

"Yeah, how did you found out? Madam Perse told you?" Irene asked.

"No, she didn't. Ethan summoned me" Damien said.

"What!" Irene exclaimed, dropping the pack of cookies she was holding.

"Chill sis" Damien said, he picked the pack of cookies and placed it on her bedside table.

"What? How? When?" Irene asked.

"There you go with your questions. Now, sit let me explain it all" Damien said and it took a while before Irene sat back on the bed.

She knew Ethan was a dangerous man!

Why had he summoned her brother!

\*\*

"What the hell!" Irene swore, getting to her feet once more.

Damien just finished narrating the ordeal to her and she could swear she was afraid.

Everything is starting to get clear to her.

They want her out of Harold's life so he could be

sad!

And they had probably scared her with that gunshot so she could leave.

What the hell!

"We need to report him to the police" Irene said and Damien laughed.

"Police? He have them all wrapped around his fingers" Damien said and Irene sighed.

She's yet to tell him about the incidence, she doesn't even want to.

Damien would want her to stop the job cause he'll think her life is being threatened and if she leaves! Ethan's plan will be accomplished.

"Why does he hate Harold Marshall that much?" Damien asked.

"I don't know too, why does he want to hurt his fellow being" Irene said in wonderment.

"What do we do?" Damien asked.

"Do? Well..i think we should make sure i don't leave Marshall's building cause that's obviously what they want"

"Exactly but what about the threat. I don't want anyone hurting you" Damien said worriedly.

"C'mon, it's just a mere threat. The security in Harold's house is damn tight. Do not worry Dam, I'll be fine okay?" Irene said and Damien nodded.

"So how was your stay in the Marshall's building? I hope you weren't treated badly?" Damien asked.

"No. My stay in that Mansion was great! I never expected everyone to treat me that nicely. I learnt not all billionaires are the same. The thing is i can't wait to go back " Irene said, smiling happily.

"I'm glad" Damien said.

"There are still more to tell but that'll be later"  
Irene grinned.



"Can't wait" Damien said.

"Guess what" Irene said.

"What?" Damien asked.

"Ivory and Harold asked of you and they told me to say hi"

"Wow!" Damien screamed.

"Harold Marshall knows about me?" He asked to be sure.

"Yes, he even asked me to say hi" Irene said.

"Yaaaaay!" Damien jumped on the bed excitedly.

"Stop jumping on my bed" Irene laughed..

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 22

---

"Yaaaaay!" Damien jumped on the bed excitedly.

"Stop jumping on my bed" Irene laughed..

His excitement went on and on while Irene just sat eating her cookies and watching him.

She missed this house like, so much, especially her room.

Though she can't compare it to her room at Harold's but this still remains the best for her.

There's no room that can ever make her feel comfortable like this one.

"Dam that's enough" She said.

He was still jumping like a kid.

"Arrrhh!" She shook her head. "C'mon" she prompted and he stopped but he was still grinning hard.

She wondered where the love for Harold came

from.

"Do you get to touch him?" Damien asked .

"Severally" Irene shrugged, memories from the library replaying in her head.

"Wow! You do touch Harold Marshall!"

"Dam! It's no big deal. Mr Harold is a human too" Irene said.

"I know but, he allows you touch him?" Damien asked.

"Of course and do you know what?"

"What?" Dam asked.

"He doesn't like it when one feel inferior around him, he hate it when you think you're not worthy to be close to him. He'll be the one to encourage you to move closer and relate with him like you would another person" Irene said.

"Woah! Like seriously?"

"Yes , i was surprised too. He's so humble,treats his workers like families" Irene said.

"That's so nice of him, it's just so sad there are still some people who wants to hurt him?" Damien said.

"Isn't that how life is? No matter how good you are,not everyone would like you" Irene said.

"That's true but i think people who are bent on seeing the downfall of others should be referred to a psychiatrist" Damien said.

"Of course" Irene said.

"Damn! I almost forgot. Why did you add that nightwear to my luggage!" Irene frowned.

"Why not?" Damien asked.

"Well...you shouldn't have added it"

"Nightwear is meant to be worn in the night when you're about to got to bed and pulled off the next morning, no one would see you put it on"

"Well someone did and not just someone but 'people' " Irene said.

"What!"

"Yeah" Irene rolled her eyes.

"Do you go walk about the house after putting on your nightwear?" Harold asked.

"No! But something happened... on a particular night" Irene said.

"What?" Damien asked anxiously.

"Chill guy, I'm gonna tell you. I need to finish this pack first" Irene said and Damien growled .

\*\*

"Oh...my" Damien laughed out loud after Irene finished narrating the 'ghost-knocking' incidence to him.

"I knew you would mock me" Irene said.

"You get so scared easily, you didn't even confirm

if it was truly a ghost before screaming for help"  
Damien laughed and Irene kicked him.

He laughed more, holding his stomach.

"I shouldn't have told him " Irene sighed, rolling her eyes.

"Thanks for the cookies though" She smiled.

Damien had bought five packs of chocolate chip cookies for her.

He had been saving it up till she return.

"I know you would have been craving for it"

"Badly" Irene said, opening the fourth pack.

"You should keep some for later" Damien said.

"I should but I'm not going to" She said, obviously enjoying the cookies.

"I should have just given you two today and then three tomorrow"

"You should have but you didn't" Irene shrugged.

Damien sighed and shook his head.

"What?" Irene laughed.

"You're so impossible" He breathed before laying on his back.

"Ohh...i almost forgot. I need to tell mum to make a sweater for Ivory" Irene said getting on her feet.

"Really? Have you guys gotten that close?" Damien asked.

"Well...yes" Irene smiled, missing Ivory already.

"Is the little girl spoilt?" Damien asked, he had always heard rich kids are spoilt, rude, proud, this and that .

"She's not actually spoilt, nor rude. Fun to be with. Just a bit of a talkative though" Irene laughed.

"Really?"

"Yeah, you'll really like her when you meet her" Irene said.

"Woah, then what's with those rules of hers?" Dam asked.

"The thing is she doesn't really keep to most of them, Ivory breaks her rules herself"

"Then why did she made them?"

"So her nannies can know their bounds"

"Does she break the rules with the past nannies too?"

"I don't think so" Irene said, wearing her footwear.

"She must really like you then" Damien smiled.

"I guess" Irene said, walking to the door.

"Your phone is in your bag right?" Damien asked.

"Yes" Irene answered as she walked out of the door.

---

"Dad, let's call irene" Ivory said, pulling Harold's hands.



He sighed, he just freshened up after returning from work and she won't even allow him rest..

"Ivo.." He was saying.

"Please Daddy" She interrupted him.

"She left just this morning" He said, though he won't deny he miss her too.

"I know, just want to hear her voice" ivory pouted.

"She has not been with her family for days, give her time to warm up to them" Harold said while ivory frowned and sat on his bed.

She kicked her legs in the air and Harold sighed.

"We're gonna call her tomorrow" Harold said.

"Is that a promise?" Ivory asked.

"Yes, it is. Now will you stop sulking and get on daddy's back" Harold smiled, knowing she can't trade that for anything.

"Yaaaaay" she laughed jumping from the bed to

his back.

\*

"Nola" Harold called as he walked into the kitchen.

He was surprised not to find her there.

That's unusual. Nola is always in the kitchen.

"Well...she might be in the restroom" He thought as he opened the fridge for a drink.

Ivory is taking her nap already and he's just feeling so bored.

Irene would have entertained him.

"Irene again!" His mind scolded.

---

"She'll be here soon" Carrle said.

"Alex will be here soon too" Ethan smiled.

They were seated in the massively furnished living room with bodyguards all over them like flies.

Carrle was busy with her phone, ordering expensive wears online.

"So cheap" She hissed, scrolling through a purple gown worth 450 dollars.

"The designer must be so poor" She laughed to herself, motioning her maid to pass her drink.

Ethan thought of the plan he devised. He can't wait for it to be carried out. It'll really wreck Harold.

Their spies hadn't been here yesterday cause Alex had said the new nanny was suspicious of his movement.

She'll definitely know something was going on if he suddenly leave the building so they had made the meeting today after the nanny had gone..

"Boss Ethan" A bodyguard called, walking into the living room.

He bowed as Ethan glanced up.

"What?" Ethan asked.

"Your guests are here" He said and Ethan sat upright.

Carrle dropped her phone and smiled. "Finally"

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 23

---

"I went to the grocery store" Nola said after Harold asked her where she was.

"You should have sent one of the maids or better still tell me to order whatever you want to buy" Harold said.

"You know how much i like buying things myself. Is Ivory still asleep?" Nola asked.

"I guess. She hasn't come down" Harold said, he was watching a movie in the living room, he already dismissed his bodyguards.

"I should start preparing dinner" Nola said, hurrying to the kitchen"

"Call one of the maids to help you"

"No, I'll be fine by myself" Nola said.

"You're not allowing these maids do their work, they just clean the house and rest" Harold complained.

"But cleaning the house is part of working too. I've been cooking for years without anyone assisting me"

"But you allowed Irene assist you without hesitation. Is it that you don't like the maids or what?" Harold said.

"Ofcourse i like them, i don't just trust any of them. Remember Helena was poisoned and we don't

know the culprit till now" Nola said sadly.

Harold sighed and dropped the remote control, wondering why she brought Helena into this.

"Yet you trust Irene so much" Harold said.

"You trust her too Harold" Nola said.

"Why do we trust her?" Harold asked rubbing the back of his neck.

"I don't know too, maybe it's because she obviously has a clean heart" Nola said.

"Of course, she's worth the trust" Harold said, thinking of Irene yet again.

"I'll be in the kitchen Harold" Nola said.

"Okay"

Harold rose to his feet and walked towards the stairs.

He's going to have a nice time in the garden.

Boredom is killing him already...

Normally he works on his computer, sleeps or take a walk when he's bored but he doesn't feel like doing any of those now.

He just want to be alone and think.

He doesn't even know what to think about but at least being in the garden would give him things to think about.

Looking at the trees and watching the butterflies fly are indeed beautiful.

---

"Beautiful!" Irene grinned as she walked into her mum's room.

She left Damien in the kitchen to check on her and she was so glad she met her knitting Ivory's sweater.

She had described Ivory's size for her and her Mum had been so glad to start knitting it.

The knitting wool is purple and white.

Irene know ivory would love it.

Her favorite color is purple.

"C'mon, I'm not done with it yet" Mrs Neave said.

"I know but it's good looking already, it's gonna be great when you're finally done with it"

"Of course , i was born with this talent" Mrs Neave boasted and Irene laughed.

"You're the architect behind Damien's boasting"  
Irene said.

"Of course my son inherited that from me" Mrs Neave laughed.

"Okay, dinner will be ready soon. You need to put this down"

"But it's not ready yet" Mrs Neave shrugged.

"It will be ready soon"

" I'll put it down once it's ready" Mrs Neave said



and Irene sighed.

She enjoys knitting alot.

"I knew you wouldn't succumb" Irene pressed her lips together...

"Then why did you suggest it to me" Mrs Neave said.

"Mum, you can continue tomorrow, just take a rest before dinner" Irene said.

"I'll take all the rest i want after dinner but for now, i should focus on this. That family has been good to you as you said and i should make sure the little girl's sweater comes out nice. It's a way of appreciation" Mrs Neave said.

"Of course i know mum but you've been on this since.... afternoon, it's evening already" Irene said.

"Rene, go attend to dinner. You know Damien would be on his phone and won't even know when the meal starts burning"

"Oh..my, that's true" Irene said, hurrying out of the room .

Mrs Neave smiled after her and continued knitting.

\*

"Why are you eating so slowly? It's not like the food is not delicious" Damien said, almost done with his own meal.

"That's true, Irene what's wrong?" Mrs Neave asked.

"Uh? Am i really eating slowly?" Irene asked.

"Of course sis" Damien said.

"I will eat normally then" Irene said.

She's really missing Harold's building.

She missed Ivory non stop talk during meal, the laughter they shared at the dining, the...

And she really missed how she secretly glance at Harold and sometimes catch him staring at her too.

Gosh.

"Is there another Harris in the picture?" Damien asked, serving himself another round of meal.

" Uh?" Irene asked.

"You keep smiling to yourself and just now you blushed" Damien said.

"Just shut up and eat" Irene said.

"If there's another Harris in the picture, i won't hesitate to punch him over and over again"  
Damien stated.

"There's no other Harris in the picture okay?" Irene said.

"Ohh Kay" Damien shrugged.

"And, i almost forgot. I hope those tiny teens of yours didn't step their feet into this house" Irene said.

"Well... they didn't" Damien lied.

"Like you would have told the truth" Irene

"I'm telling the truth, you can ask Mum" Damien pushed out his lips.

"Like you don't know she'll cover you up. You both are just....arrrrgh!" Irene rolled her eyes.

"Does that mean I'm not allowed to date. I'm seventeen!" Damien frowned.

"Ofcourse you're allowed to date but not allowed to have tons of girls and keep making them cry" Irene said.

"They keep coming to me and... i don't want to hurt their feelings by refusing them"

"Can't you just choose the one you really like and let the rest of them go!" Irene said.

"Well...i don't really like anyone of them for now"

"Yet you keep having sex with them! That's more like taking advantage of their feelings for you and

Damien, you've not arrived at your legal age yet.  
What you're doing is illegal!"

"I use protection" Damien defended.

"Whatever!" Irene shrugged.

"I'll be sleeping in your room till you leave"  
Damien said.

"Whatever!"

"Are you pissed at me?"

"Whatever!"

"Okay I'm sorry!"

"Whatever!"

"Irene!"

"Whatever!"

Mrs Neave watched their exchange, laughing.

\_\_NEXT DAY\_\_

Hello" Harold's baritone voice pierced into her

ear and her heartbeat increased.

She had been so nervous when she saw his call and it had took seconds before she could answer it.

Is he calling cause he missed her already?

Her cheeks flushed at that thought and she couldn't help but grin.

H..hi" She said calmly.

How have you been?

Fine, thank you.

Well...ivory wants to speak to you" Harold said and she felt disappointed.

He hadn't called cause he missed her, he had,cause ivory wanted to speak to her.

What the hell is she thinking?

Why would he miss her?.

"You're just his daughter's nanny and nothing more!!" Her mind screamed at her.

Harold left Ivory to speak with Irene while he walked to the window, peering out.

Her voice had lit his bored heart.

He hadn't only called her because ivory wanted to speak to her, he had wanted to hear her voice too.

He miss her presence in the library, dining room and all over the place.

Damn! She's only gone for two days,you don't even think of other nannies when they go for a week!

He sighed, watching how people moved about in the street.

Ivory was still on the phone with Irene and she was sounding so excited.

She doesn't even sound this excited when she's speaking with her mother.

Talk of the devil!

He saw Carrle's car parked right in front of the building.

What the hell does she want! It's not time to visit Ivory yet but he was surprised and almost shocked to see Alex step out of the car and not only Alex...

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 24

---

He saw Carrle's car parked right in front of his building.

What the hell does she want! It's not time to visit Ivory yet but he was surprised and almost shocked to see Alex step out of the car and not only Alex...

Marie too, one of his maids too.



"What the hell!" He cursed.

He left Ivory to continue to converse with Irene over the phone while he left the room in a rush.

He got to the living room and Alex and Marie walked in at the same time.

"What was that?" Harold asked harshly and Alex was surprised.

Harold had never spoken to him in that manner.

"Wh..at Mr Harold?" Marie asked hoping the cat hadn't been let out of the bag.

They were just returning from Ethan's building after hatching a new plan.

Carrle had promised her a lot if she could hurt Irene and she's more than pleased to do the job.

First, from the look of things Harold is starting to like Irene and she hated that.

She had loved Harold right from time but he had

been so blind to see that.

She wanted him for herself and she had tried severally to make him see that but no! He doesn't always look her way.

And now she finally get to deal with the lady who has been getting his attention lately!

"Why the hell did Carrle drop you!?" Harold seethe.

"What! He had seen that?" Alex panicked inwardly.

"H..how did you...see that Mr Harold?" Marie asked.

"I was standing by my window! Now, answer my question" Harold said.

"She gave me a lift" Alex said.

"Me too" Marie said.

"How? Like... what are you saying.? A lift? When did you both go out? How could you go out without informing me and even if you wanted to go out, why didn't you take one of the cars" Harold said.

"I.. I was bored, i only took a walk and i didn't even knew i had gone far until i heard the horn of a car. It was Carrle and she offered to drop me at home since she was going through the same route. I refused ofcourse but she insisted. On getting into the car, i saw Marie" Alex said, glad his lie had come out smoothly.

He hoped Harold believes him...

"Ohh...so Marie, what were you doing in Carrle's car?" Harold asked.

She cleared her throat and sighed.

What is she gonna tell him?

What would she say she was doing in Carrle's car?

She should have just declined the offer of Carrle dropping them at home but they were pinpointing ways to execute their plans.

She was glad Harold hadn't seen Ethan who had been in the car too.

"Marie!" Harold half yelled.

"She offered me a ride too Mr Harold" Marie said.

"When did you left the house? You left without informing me?"

"I..i quickly went to say hi to my mum...and Carrle offered to give me a lift" Marie lied.

"I'm not against you checking on your mother but you should inform me first and then why didn't you take one of the cars?" Harold asked.

"I.. didn't want to disturb you, all i planned was just to say hi and return. I'm sorry Mr Harold" Marie said, licking her lips in the process.

"I'm sorry Mr Harold" Alex said.

"It's fine" Harold said calmly.

"But you both should know Carrle isn't welcomed here. Y'all know how she almost destroyed me. I want everyone working for me to stay away from

her . She's dangerous and evil!" Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold" Marie and Alex chorused, including the bodyguards in the living room.

"How come Carrle gave the both of you a ride together, the same day! almost the same time!" Nola said, walking out of the kitchen.

She had heard everything and she knew something was off but she doubted it cause she trusted Alex, he wouldn't lie. But Marie....the lady is hellish! She's one of the maids Nola doesn't trust.

Nola knows almost all the maids have feelings for Harold but she knew Marie's to be extreme.

She had once approached her to help convince Harold to date her!

"Nola, they just explained to me" Harold said.

"I know! I heard it all" Nola said .

"Carrle giving us lift the same day...i guess it's

coincidence" Marie said with a fake smile.

She hated Nola with passion!

Always behaving like the lady of the house.

Harold listens to everything she says! And she had once told Nola to help in making Harold notice her feelings for him but the deranged woman had refused.

"Coincidence? So be it then" Nola shrugged.

"Dad I'm done speaking to Irene" Ivory grinned as she walked down the stairs with Harold's phone in hand.

"What's going on?" She frowned, seeing the gathering.

"Nothing, princess. We're just having a discussion" Harold said bending to his daughter's height.

"Ohh...is that why you left the room in a rush?" Ivory asked.

"Yes" Harold said.

"Aren't you done with the conversation already?" Ivory asked.

"We are" Harold said.

"Dismiss them" she whispered into her dad's ear and he laughed.

"You all can leave" Harold ordered and they all obeyed, excluding Nola though.

"His face sucks!" Ivory rolled her eyes.

"Who?" Harold and Nola asked at the same time.

"A..lex" Ivory said and Harold sighed.

"Alex is a good guy Ivory" Nola said.

"Whatever, have your phone dad" She said and Harold gently took his phone from her.

"Irene said her Mum made the sweater for me already" Ivory said excitedly.

"Really?" Harold asked.

"So fast" Nola said.

"Yeah yeah, i can't wait to put it on" Ivory grinned.

"I miss her already" She added.

"She'll be coming tomorrow morning" Nola said,  
she so much missed Irene in the kitchen.

Though, she had been alone in the kitchen for  
years without feeling lonely but just few days Irene  
left,she was starting to miss her presence.

"What's for lunch?" Harold asked.

"Fried noodles, steamed dumplings,Millet gruel  
and red bean cake" Nola said.

"Ohh okay" Harold said.

"Dad, please tell someone to bring some ice cream  
to my room, my favorite animation is starting  
soon" Ivory said.

"Okay" Harold said.

\*



\_\_\_ Next morning \_\_\_

\*

"Good morning Mr..Harold" Irene smiled delightedly.

She was so happy to have resumed and she was more happy to see the face she missed most.

She was just walking into the living room and she had seen Harold ready to leave for work .

"Mr?" Harold raised a brow.

"Ohh..good morning H..arold" Irene said and the workers around glanced up in surprise.

"Good. How're you Irene?" Harold asked, trying not to show his excitement.

He's so glad to see her again and damn! She looks more beautiful.

She's putting on an aqua silk top and black tight fitting jeans, and her hair is packed in a ponytail

with tendrils framing her smooth face.

No make up! Yet She looked stunning, that made his heart yearn for her more.

"How's Damien?" Harold asked and Irene was surprised he remembered her brother's name.

"He's fine" She said.

"Your mum too?" He asked.

"She's fine too and they both sent their greetings"

"Ohh..okay" Harold said.

"Ivory is in her room" He added.

"Okay, i will go see her now" Irene smiled.

"Bye" Harold said.

"Bye and have a nice day" Irene said.

Harold walked out of the door smiling with two bodyguards behind him.

He know he's gonna have a good day.

\*

Irene exchanged greetings with Nola in the kitchen and they chatted for some minutes before she finally left for ivory's room.

She dropped her bag in her room and then walked in through the adjoining door.

"Ivory, I'm here!" She called happily.

Ivory, who just finished bathing ran into her arms in excitement.

---

Irene sat with Nola in the kitchen, she had just returned from dropping Ivory in school and was having her breakfast, chatting with Nola at the same time.

"How's your brother and mum?" Nola asked.

"They are both fine, they sent their greetings to everyone" Irene said.

"I guess ivory got her sweater already" Nola said.

"Yes, i showed it to her already and she was so excited. She's gonna put it on when she's back from school " Irene smiled.

"She talked about the sweater nonstop" Nola said.

"Really?" Irene laughed.

"Yes"

"And do you know what made her love it more?" Irene asked.

"What?" Nola asked.

"The color. It's her favorite color" Irene said.

"Wow! She'd be completely in love with it" Nola chuckled.

"Yeah, she wo.." Irene was saying but got interrupted by a maid who walked in.

"Hi" Irene said.

The maid nodded in response and Irene wondered

what's with the attitude.

This isn't the first time this particular maid would give her such attitude.

Well...who cares?

"What do you want?" Nola asked Marie.

"Am i not allowed to take a bottle of water?" Marie asked in a mean tone.

"I never said that, i only asked what you want"  
Nola said,in a more mean tone.

Irene wondered why they both sounded mean to each other.

Marie picked a bottle of water from the fridge and then walked out of the kitchen.

"What's with her?" Irene asked.

"I just don't trust her" Nola said.

"Really?" Irene asked and that made her think of Alex.

She wondered why Nola wasn't seeing Alex the way she was.

Maybe he isn't that bad but her mind keep suspecting him.

She's still deliberating on warning Harold about Ethan.

He really needs to be more careful.

---

"I love it!!" Ivory giggled happily after putting on the beautiful sweater.

Mrs Neave had applied some pretty pearl buttons on it.

Irene smiled, the sweater fitted ivory perfectly and the purple color made her caramel skin stand out.

She had made her wear white mini skirt and purple footwear to match.

A white hairband was holding her hair loosely and

irene really felt proud of herself to have made Ivory this beautiful.

She felt like a mother.

The little girl stood in front of her large mirror, checking out herself.

"I need to take some pictures. My iPod please"  
Ivory grinned.

\*

They ended up taking so many beautiful pictures together and they were in smiles as they walked downstairs for lunch.

Ivory showed off her new sweater to everyone while Irene smiled..

To Irene's delight, Harold was early enough to join them for lunch.

He so much loved the sweater on Ivory and he thanked Irene severally.

Everyone admired the sweater and that made Ivory showed it off proudly.

She took more pictures with it.

Harold sat in the library after dinner, waiting for Irene.

He was so nervous, he didn't know how he's gonna tell her to accompany him to a dinner party which he was invited to by one of his business partners.

It's a day after tomorrow.

Normally, he would have taken no one with him but the dinner party is strictly for couples and he doesn't even have a wife.

Should he take one of the maids?

No. He wants Irene.

What if she had not started working with him,



won't he have other choices?

\*

Irene gently walked out of ivory's room after putting her to sleep and headed to the library.

She was in her nightwear, not the one Damien chose for her though, a more decent one.

She hoped to meet Harold in the library.

She really missed how they read together in front of the fireplace.

She was descending the stairs when she noticed how slippery the ground felt beneath her footwear.

The next step she took sent her feet off the ground and her body into the air.

She couldn't scream, and her mind shook at the dreaded thought that any part of her body can get broken.

She resigned to fate waiting for the pain she's

gonna feel once her body hits the hard ground.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 25

---

Harold stepped out of the library after he got tired of waiting.

Seems Irene isn't joining him tonight.

He's gonna tell her about the dinner party tomorrow.

\*

Irene resigned to fate waiting for the pain she's gonna feel once her body hits the hard ground.

She closed her eyes tightly as she felt her body hit

the ground..

It's hard but not as hard as she had thought and she could tell no part of her body is hurt.

She was surprised she could land this safely..and what the fuck!

She felt the ground breathing.

The ground is breathing!!

Was she dreaming?

Her eyes were still closed and they snapped open the moment she heard the voice she didn't even think she could hear at that strange moment.

"Are you okay?" Harold asked.

Irene realised she was in his arms and not on the floor!

No wonder she hadn't sustained any injury.

She sighed in relief still looking into Harold's eyes.

He saved her!

Is it worry she could see in his eyes or he was truly looking intensely at her.

"Thank you" She said as he slowly put her down on her feet.

Her feet weren't stable for a while and she had to hold the stairs rail for support.

"Are you okay?" He asked again and she nodded.

She didn't know if the result of her heart beating so fast is because Harold is so near or the fact that she had nearly broken her bones.

"Come, come have some water to calm your nerves" Harold said.

\*\*

"What really happened?" Harold asked and Irene sighed.

She felt better after she had taken water and was now seated in the library with Harold.

"I..i was coming to the library after i succeeded in putting Ivory to bed...when i.. slipped, but how did you caught me? I never expected someone would come to my rescue" Irene said and Harold smiled proudly, even though his heart had been in his throat when he saw Irene falling and he had made sure he was fast enough to prevent her body from hitting the ground.

"I was returning to my room when i...saw you... i didn't even know where i got that strength and speed from" Harold said .

"Thanks anyway, i can't even imagine what would have happened to me" Irene said deeply bothered.

"My stairs is not always that slippery, i specially made it non slippery because of Ivory. Did you had some.. things beneath your footwear or were you walking so fast on the stairs?"

"No, nothing was beneath my footwear, i think it has something to do with the stairs" Irene said,so

sure of what she's saying.

If something slippery was truly beneath her footwear, she would have slipped the moment she walked out of Ivory's room.

Harold had gone back to the stairs to find what made her slip but he hadn't found anything.

She was also pushed into the pool the other day, who wants her dead in this house?

She should leave but... she haven't even gotten her mum's surgery bills.

"I think someone might have mistakenly spilled water on the stairs" Harold said.

"They should have cleaned it dry knowing it's gonna hurt someone" Irene said.

"Ofcourse, I'm gonna call them together tomorrow but we aren't even sure someone truly spilled water or anything slippery on the stairs " Harold said.

"Just let it go. " Irene sighed.

"Really?"

"Sure" she shrugged.

"Are you feeling better now?" Harold asked and she nodded even if she was still shaken by what happened.

"I actually thought you wouldn't be joining me in the library tonight but...as fate would have it" Harold said completing his statement with a smile.

Irene found herself smiling too.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on whatsapp to get added to our group. .

"I missed reading in front of the fireplace and all" Irene said..

"Ohh...i would be sincere, i actually missed reading with you" Harold said.

"Hmm...I'm flattered" Irene said dramatically and they laughed.

"So, I'm invited to a dinner party strictly for couples and it's a must go for me" Harold said.

"Ohh... don't worry about leaving ivory in my care, i will take good care of her" Irene said.

"Of course i know but the party is.. strictly for couples" Harold said.

"You said that earlier" Irene said,not really getting the picture.

"There's no one to go with me" Harold said.

Normally he would have taken one his staffs but he wants Irene to go with him this time.

"Ohh" Irene pressed her lips together.

"Yeah" Harold said expecting her to offer to go with him. Other ladies would have jumped at the opportunity but she isn't even saying anything.



"So what do we do?" Irene finally asked.

"I don't know" Harold said.

"You can ask one of your workers to go with you" Irene said.

"That's what I'm gonna do" Harold said.

"Ohh... okay then, I'm gonna take good care of..."

"Will you go with me?" Harold cut through her words.

"Please" He added.

"Huh?" She asked, blushing terribly.

"Yes, i want you to go with me" Harold said.

"Who's go..nna...take ca..re of Ivory?" Irene stuttered.

A billionaire is asking her to be his date!

She knows it's just for a night but damn! She's feeling tiny gymnasts dancing in her stomach already.

She's feeling so honored.

Harold had chosen her over hundreds of his female staffs.

"Irene, it's a dinner party and you would have put Ivory to bed before we leave" Harold said.

"O..kay. I will go with you" She said.

"Thank you" Harold smiled, concealing his excitement.

"Yes!.

No lady can refuse him...he's Harold Marshall" He boasted to himself.

"So, input your shoe and dress size in here, and choose the make up artist you'd like to make you up. " Harold said, stretching his phone to her.

"No, i don't need a dress nor shoes. I have lots of them" Irene said.

"Huh?" Harold asked and Irene smiled.

"You're probably thinking they won't be beautiful enough for the party. I know a billionaire date has to appear stunning " Irene said.

"Exactly" Harold said.

"Well.., I've got beautiful dresses i made for myself that even most females would kill to own. I'm a fashion designer and when it comes to dresses...i rock " Irene boasted and Harold stared at her in disbelief.

He was wowed.

He never knew her to be this boastful and for her to have boasted right now, it means she's so sure of what she's saying.

She looked so proud when she mentioned being a fashion designer, that passion showed deeply in her eyes.

"And as for shoes, i have no problem with that too. Do not bother about inviting a make up artist over,

i do my make up myself even if i don't have the best equipment"

"Wow!" Harold smiled. "What of your hair?"

"Leave that to me" Irene smiled and Harold felt like hugging her.

"Thank you" He said.

"For what?" Irene asked.

"For being so different" Harold said and she smiled.

"So,what day is the party?" She asked.

"Wednesday" Harold responded.

"I'll be going home tomorrow" Irene said.

"Why?" He asked.

"To pick the dress,shoes and other necessary things" Irene said.

"You don't have them here?"

"No, who would have thought a billionaire would

ask me to be his date" She said and Harold laughed.

"A billionaire isn't my name though" He said.

"But it's the status you hold" Irene said and he shrugged.

"So you would go home after dropping Ivory inC school"

"Yes"

"I know you would want to spend some time with your mum but please be home before Ivory arrives from school" Harold.

"Ofcourse" Irene said.

"Woah, time is far spent" Harold said glancing at the wall clock.

"Geez! We should go to bed" Irene said.

\_\_\_ \*      \* \_\_\_

"Bye" Irene waved to Ivory as Tom led her to her

class.

"Bye" She waved back.

They sat back in the car in silence, waiting for Tom.

Eric tuned in some music while they waited.

\*

"You don't wanna pass that street? It's a shorter route" Tom said to Eric.

"Mr Harold said to drop Irene in her house after we've dropped Ivory" Eric said.

"Ohh" Tom said.

They were heading home after dropping ivory in school.

"Huh? I don't think there'll be a need for that" Irene said, she had planned to take cab cause she wanted to buy some foodstuffs along with her and Alex is gonna know her home address?

Hell..no.

"Why?" Tom asked.

"I need to pick some things" Irene said.

"Ohh... okay then" Eric said, he reversed the car and took the shorter route.

"Or you're so ashamed of anyone seeing how poor looking your house is" Alex laughed shocking everyone with his words.

"Are you crazy!!" Irene said in a shaky voice, deeply hurt by what he just said.

"Alex! That's not a nice thing to say" Eric said.

"How could you say that! I Never knew you were this bitter" Tom said angrily.

"Keep shut man!" Alex said.

"Like you have a better house" Tom said and that got Alex riled up.

He unbuckled his seat belt and turned to punch Tom in the face.

Tom returned his punch and they started exchanging punches in the car.

Irene whose eyes were laced with tears by what Alex had said, started crying, begging them to stop.

Eric quickly brought the car to a halt and tried separating them but got punched in the face.

Looks like the both of them were unleashing the anger they've had for each other for years.

"I'm going to call Mr Harold!" Irene wiped her tears, grabbing her phone with shaky hands.

Alex snapped it from her hand and tossed it out of the window.

Tom grabbed him by the neck and slapped him in the face.

Another round of fight started. They were both men with huge build and the car couldn't contain them any longer, the door bursted open and they both fought out of the car. Eric was glad they



weren't on the highway, they were in a quiet street.

"Do something Eric!" Irene screamed when she saw Alex bringing out a small knife.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 26.

---

"Do something Eric!" Irene screamed when she saw Alex bringing out a small knife.

Even before Eric could make a move, Tom was fast enough to jerk the knife from Alex's hand. He tossed it far away and Irene sighed in relief.

But They were still fighting!

Eric who was trying to regain his sight from the punch he got, staggered out of the car.

He was determined to separate them this time

even though his sight wasn't balanced, he didn't even know who gave him that punch between Alex and Tom, all he knew was that he went blind for minutes.

Would Tom do that to him?

No!

Alex should be the one who did but what if it's Tom.

Anyone can do anything when annoyed.

Eric pushed himself so hard between the fighting men and they all fell to the ground.

Alex and Tom stood up almost immediately to continue their fight.

They were both bleeding from the lips, with cuts on their faces, Alex appeared more hurt though.

Eric knew Tom is a very good fighter ,this isn't the first time he would see Tom use his fist, he's just afraid Alex might pass out soon with the way he

was panting.

"Stop!" Eric shouted, he was still on the floor.

He couldn't believe Alex and Tom were on their feet already to start another round of fight.

He knew they didn't like each other but is it to this extent?

They were both prepared to give each other more cuts!

"I swear down, if you continue this worthless fight, I'm gonna call Mr Harold and you both know what that means" Eric threatened, getting up slowly.

He wasn't the one fighting but he felt so weak.

His threat made Alex and Tom stop and they both glared at each other, panting heavily.

Irene got out of the car and was glad to see her phone on the floor, not too far from the car.

She had thought Alex had tossed it far away.

She slowly picked it up and realised the front screen is cracked.

She sighed and turned to face the men.

Alex and Tom were still glaring at each other.

To think she caused the fight made her feel so terrible.

Tom got a cut on his cheek and a broken lip just because of her. She felt more terrible.

And to think Alex had brought out a knife to stab Tom...that thought made her shudder

He would have stabbed Tom if Tom wasn't fast enough.

This man is truly dangerous like she thought.

Tom had a pistol in his pocket but he didn't even attempt to bring it out during the fight.

"Both of you should just stop glaring at each other and get into the car" Eric said sternly and they

both refused to move.

"Well... Mr Harold shouldn't be that difficult to call"  
Eric said aloud, bringing out his phone from the  
front pocket.

They all knew the penalty of fight is a sack letter!  
And no one taught the both of them to get into the  
car.

\*\*

"Tom, I'm so sorr.." Irene was saying.

"No ..it's fine" Tom cut her short.

Eric was driving them to the hospital and the car  
had been in total silence until Irene spoke up.

"You don't have to feel it's your fault, I've been  
waiting so long for the day I'll finally get to punch  
his damn face!" Tom said , obviously still angry.

"Ohh" Irene said, she was surprised Alex could be  
this mute.

She had expected a heated reply from him immediately Tom spoke but she hadn't gotten any.

Should she say the fight took a toll on him?

She giggled silently to herself.

Finally!

But she was so worried Tom sustained some cuts.

She knows It's gonna hurt when it's been treated .

"We're not going to Mr Harold personal hospital"  
Eric said.

"Why?" Irene asked.

"Doc Fern is gonna blow the cover and Tom and Alex is gonna leave!" Eric said.

"What?" Irene asked, confused.

"They both know the penalty for fight is a sack letter each!" Eric said.

"Whoa!" Irene exclaimed.

\*

"Sorry" Irene kept mumbling as Tom's cuts were being treated.

Alex's was being treated too and he glared at her as antiseptic was being applied on his cuts.

He has been sending glares her way and she isn't gonna take it any longer!

She glared back at him and hissed as she turned back to Tom.

Alex was surprised by her sudden retaliation but he didn't show it.

"You both should better know the excuse to give Mr Harold concerning your faces and get ready to pay the bills" Eric said, not so nicely.

"Look...i know you're angry or probably disappointed but.." Tom was saying.

"You disappointed me buddy!" Eric cut him short.

"He punched me first!" Tom defended.

"Whatever!" Eric shrugged.

"I can't just sit back and watch him punch me Eric, you know that and I'm sorry to have disappointed you. I never intended to fight" Tom said.

"It's fine buddy, i understand you " Eric said, and patted his back.

Irene was glad,she knew Eric was pissed at Tom and now they just settled it.

"I hope the cuts doesn't hurt so much?" She asked.

"No" Tom smiled .

"I'm sure these little cuts means nothing to Tom, if he goes shirtless you'd see that he had gone through things worst than this"

"He has scars?" Irene asked.

"So many" Eric said and Irene shook her head sadly.



No wonder he hadn't even winced when antiseptic was being applied on the cuts..

She had wondered what sort of being he was...

\*

\_ Ethan Weston building \_

\*

"What are you doing?" Ethan asked walking into the room.

"Watching more seduction tips" Carrle said not glancing up from her laptop.

She was bent on trying the second time.

She felt she hadn't prepared so well and that was why Harold had resisted her! She knows he wouldn't even dare resist after trying out these ones she just watched.

She should have just done this the first time.

"Ohh..i forgot you're planning to try again" Ethan

said.

"Yeah" Carrle murmured.

"Have you ordered the dress you're gonna wear to tomorrow's dinner party? You know we have to look best" Ethan said.

"Ohh...yeah! I will do that once I'm done. You got your tux already?" Carrle asked.

"Of course and i just ordered the most expensive shoes in ' Tanya's fashion store' " Ethan smiled.

Tanya fashion store is the top one in the city, and it's well known that only the rich can afford it.

To top it all, Tanya is Carrle's friend and she's gonna be attending the dinner party with her fiance too.

"Wow! No doubt we'll be the best looking couple in that Dinner party" Carrle chuckled.

"Ofcourse, we are always looking the best in every

party" Ethan said.

"Of course" Carrle said.

She grinned when she saw Marie's incoming call.

"Marie's calling, i guess the plan worked out" She said to Ethan before picking up the call.

Hey Marie"

Hi Mrs Carrle" Marie said from the other end.

I know the plan worked out, she has broken her bones right? Which one? Her spinal cord?" Carrle laughed.

Well ..." Marie drawled.

What?" Carrle asked.

The plan didn't work out" She finally dropped the bomb.

What!" Carrle exclaimed. "Didn't you do everything as planned?"

Mr Harold saved her!" Marie said.

What...the" Carrle groaned.

---

"I need to return to the house before Ivory get back from school" Irene said to her Mum who told her to wait till Damien's back.

He would have loved to see her..

"Ohh...that's true. You'll need to be there before the little girl's back so you can take care of her" Mrs Neave said. She was so glad when Irene told her how much Ivory appreciated the sweater.

"I spent enough time with you right?" Irene said.

"Of course" Mrs Neave smiled.

Irene had cooked,washed the dishes and cleaned the house during the few hours she's been here.

Damien would be so happy when he's back, he was always frowning about doing house chores.

"Are you sure the dress and the shoes are

beautiful?" Irene asked her Mum for the fifth time. She doesn't want to disappoint Harold.

"Ofcourse Irene. That red dinner gown is the most beautiful I've ever seen and the shoes are just too great. Don't feel less about it cause you made it. It's beautiful and if it was on sale,it would be sold out in minutes." Mrs Neave said and Irene beamed like a jolly panda.

"Thanks Mum" she said and grabbed the paper bag that contained the dress and shoes..

"You should tell Damien i made lunch already, he just needs to microwave it and dish it out when he's back" Irene said.

"Ohh, you're leaving now" Mrs Neave said.

She has been enjoying Irene's company all along, she was so bored and Irene had surprised her by her sudden show-up.

"Yes Mum" Irene pecked her on both cheeks.

"Okay, before you leave, get me my jewelry box from the wardrobe"

"Okay mum" Irene said and she quickly fetched the box.

She opened it in front of her Mum and watched her hands roam the box, definitely searching for something.

She wondered what she was looking for.

A grin appeared on Mrs Neave face as she finally found her tiny diamond necklace.

"Wow!" Irene exclaimed.

Next night

Harold stood in the living room all dressed up for the dinner party, he was obviously waiting for Irene who was yet to join him.

He sighed nervously, not that he cares about how she'll look tonight but he's starting to get worried

he hadn't ordered a dress for her.

Though she had said he shouldn't worry about the dress but this isn't just any dinner party.

He won't want the other women at the party to mock her wear.

He breathed out...why was he having this thought in the very last minute.

He heard the click of heels on the stairs and his heartbeat accelerated.

He quickly stared down at his feet.

Damn it!

Why's he being so nervous?

"Com'on Harold!" He said to himself reassuringly and that gave him some courage.

He glanced up and the moment he did, the sight before him took his breath away .

Zeemah

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Is it the same dinner party Ethan and Carrle are talking about?

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 27

---

He glanced up and the moment he did, the sight before him took his breath away .

Irene.

She was dazzling in a beautiful red dinner gown, simple yet with a touch of splendour that only few couturiers in the world can achieve.

He could see why she was being boastful over her wear, this dress is so lovely, it also has a well embroidered v-neck that exposed the swell of her



creamy looking breasts.

He knew if this sort of dress were to be on sale, it'll be sold out in minutes, he doubt if this sort of wear is even in the top one fashion store in the city.

A thin necklace with a diamond necklace laid on her neck elegantly.

She carried a plain black little purse and also wore black heels.

Harold's gaze trailed back to her face.

He has never seen her apply makeup and seeing it on her face now almost made him drool on the spot.

Her face is the most attractive part of her body, the make up was so simple but elegant ,he loved how her small lips shone with lip gloss.

Her hair was packed in a beautiful bun with curly tendrils framing her face, her natural long lashes flipped as she blinked her eyes nervously.

He felt his heartbeat increase merely staring at her.

"Damn!" He cursed when he realized he has been staring for too long and too hard.

"You look..." He paused and sighed.

"I..is the dress not good enough?" Irene asked nervously wishing she hadn't boasted that much but her mum had said the dress was good and she also knew it was good.

"Was it her make up?" She thought, her cheeks flushed already.

She swallowed hard, knowing she really tried hard to impress him.

"No! Your dress is actually the most beautiful I've ever seen" Harold said and her face lit up immediately.

"Thank you" She smiled.

"And you look dashing, I'm surprised you could

look this way. I'm sorry i mean no insult but...I'm just so surprised" Harold said.

"I thought you were not satisfied with my look with the way you stared so hard at me" Irene said.

"Your look rendered me that way" Harold said, making Irene's cheeks go red, her cheeks was almost the same colour with her dress and she tried to prevent herself from grinning hard.

She was so happy he's satisfied with her look.

Her boasting hadn't been in vain after all.

"You look good too" Irene said.

"Good!!?" Irene screamed inwardly.

'Good' did no justice to Harold's look and she knew it.

He was dressed in a neat black tux which didn't hid his perfectly built body. The black curly hair on his broad chest peeped seductively out of the white

shirt cuff.

He wore a pair of well polished black shoes to match and his wrist shone with a diamond wristwatch.

His long, curly black hair was parted at his forehead giving his face a more handsome look and he smelled so nicely.

He looked simple but anyone who sees him will know he emanated from wealth.

The word "riches" was spelt all over him.

Harold licked his already moist lips and Irene's inside coiled.

"Thank you" He said and she nodded.

"Shall we?" He stretched out his hand with a smile.

Her heart danced in her chest and she heaved a sigh before taking his hand.

Her hand already in his gave her another burst of

feelings she can't even explain, but it felt so good.

His hand felt so warm against hers.

She rarely get to hold him this way .

"You guys don't have to go with us" Harold said to his bodyguards and they nodded.

He wanted to be free tonight, he would have told his driver to stay back too but he's not sure he would be able to drive on their way back.

He wished they didn't get to his limo so soon, he doesn't want the feeling her hand gave him to stop.

It was just too good.

+

+

The moment they both walked into the party hand in hand, everything seems to stop, gazes flew in their direction and jaws dropped.

Harold noticed how uneasy Irene is. He tightened his hold on her hand and she glanced up at him.

"Be at ease" He whispered and she nodded.

She loosened up after that even though gazes were still on them.

Everywhere gleamed brightly and there were so much entertainment.

One could tell immediately that the dinner party was filled with influential people, different expensive wears shone from different corners of the room, jewelries sparkled and Irene noted most of the ladies looked overdressed, she was surprised at the heavy make up most of them wore.

The host quickly rushed forward to welcome them.

He led them to a seat and made sure they were well comfortable.

The ladies rushed to their seat immediately the host left them and Irene glanced up, alarmed at the

number of eyes staring down at her.

"Which fashion designer made your dress?"

"I want one"

"It's so beautiful"

"You bought it from Tanya fashion store?"

"Wow! Just look at the Hem"

"Tanya's logo isn't on it!"

"Who's your fashion designer!!!!?"

The ladies bombarded the stunned Irene with more questions flirting with Harold in the process.

"Chill" Harold said to Irene.

"I'll answer them" He added, knowing Irene was too stunned to speak.

She do see most of these ladies in magazine's cover. The are freaking wealthy!

And the surprise of seeing them in reality alone

already made her mute.

Not to talk of the fact that they love her dress.

Her cheap dress!

"She made the dress herself" Harold said.

"Wow!" The ladies chorused.

"She's a great fashion designer, what's the name of her fashion store, we will love to patronize her" one of them spoke.

"Yes" The rest chorused.

Harold cleared his throat and glanced at Irene.

"Daire fashions" He finally said and Irene stared at him in disbelief.

No...

He knew about Daire fashions?

She remembered she told Ivory about it, not him.

Could ivory have told him?



"Daire fashions?" The ladies chorused.

"It doesn't ring a single bell" one of them said and the rest agreed.

"That's because it's located in my house" Harold answered.

"Wow! Really?"

"Yes, you can have her contact and place your orders" Harold said.

"Harold, i don't even have a machine!" Irene whispered to him.

"Let them have your contact, they are willing to pay any amount " Harold whispered back to her.

"But how will i?..." She was saying.

"She's ready to give y'all her contact" Harold interrupted her..

"What!" She exclaimed inwardly.

She glanced up at the waiting faces if the ladies

and sighed.

She shared her contact before the ladies dispersed.

Most of them openly flirt with Harold before leaving.

Irene's so sure each of them are here with their partner yet they flirt openly with another man!

"Harold, you shouldn't have made me give them my contact. It's true my parents once own a fashion store and i should have a machine but...i sold everything already, nothing is left" Irene said.

She had sold their parents machines to pay Damien's fees and some other bills.

"When we get home, we'll know how to go about it. Let's enjoy the party" Harold smiled.

Harold was well respected, different influential people got up from their seats to say hi to him. Most of them proposed business to him, he simply gave them appointments and told them they

couldn't discuss that here. He was so humble about the whole thing that Irene felt so proud of him.

She ignored the jealous gazes casted in their direction and slowly sipped her wine.

Carrle burned with rage in her seat as she stared at Harold and Irene.

She had stood up with Ethan earlier to also glance at the couple whose their entrance caused so many gazes and seeing it was Harold and a lady broke her heart completely.

She wouldn't deny the fact that they both look good. Well.. Harold is always looking good but who the hell was that lady.

She couldn't believe it when Ethan told her it was Ivory nanny.

She once saw the lady's picture but she wasn't this beautiful in it .

Carrle swore under her breath, wishing she and Ethan had dressed up more than this cause it's so obvious that Harold and the wretched nanny won the best dressed couple.

To think the blogs would carry it tomorrow gave her head ache.

She can't just believe this!

The lady's wear look so unique and she was so sure it wasn't from Tanya's store.

Tanya would have showed it to her first before selling it out.

Where the hell was Tanya anyway!

\*

"Hello!" Irene heard a feminine voice said.

She glanced up at the same time with Harold to see a woman whose dress was so tight to the extent that it was almost choking her.

Irene shifted in her seat as she saw Ethan Weston beside the woman.

"Hey Carrle Weston" Harold smiled.

Weston? This Casanova even has a wife!

"Carrle?" Irene thought.

The name rings a bell.

"Irene, meet ivory's mother" Harold said.

What!

She's ivory's mother?

Oh no!

"H.. hi" Irene said and the woman's look almost made her shiver.

Her gaze was so penetrating that Irene felt it.

"Harold, how could you bring a nanny to an influential dinner party. That's an insult to the host" Carrle said.

"That's an insult to the host? Even the host is cool with it, i don't get why you're bothered. You're not the host" Harold said and Irene was glad he put her in her place.

The look on her face was so bitter.

The words really got to her.

"You should leave now, more people will be here to say hi" Harold said.

"I was not staying either. My husband and i have to be on our seats too. So many people have been coming to say hi, i just thought it wouldn't be nice to ignore my baby's father!" Carrle said.

"Ohh...thank you" Harold sipped his juice.

Irene saw the cold glance Ethan directed towards Harold who wasn't even looking at him.

She noticed they didn't even say hi to each other, it shows they both have mutual dislike for each other.

The couple walked away and Harold laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" Irene asked.

"Didn't you see how overdressed they're" He said.

"Ohh... yeah! And Carrle's dress is almost choking her plus her makeup is too heavy" Irene said, shaking her head.

"Carrle has always been like that. She's a party freak, she loves showing off and loves spending money on worthless things. " Harold said.

"Ohh...she looks like it. But...how come she's ...married to Ethan Weston!?" Irene asked.

"That's the path she chose for herself "Harold shrugged.

Irene sighed wondering if Harold knows how dangerous Ethan is.

She should tell him but..

"Let's dance" Harold stretched out his hand and

Irene took it..

They joined the few people on the dance floor and started dancing to the waltz.

They weren't the only ones on the dance floor but they were the only ones people were staring at.

Slowly, couples started joining in and the dancefloor was filled in minutes.

Irene smiled,she was enjoying the dance so much even if she had stepped on Harold shoes severally.

The moment was magical for her as she stared into his eyes...

He was the only one she saw despite the dozens of people on the dancefloor.

He held on to her gaze and it felt like he was feeling the same thing as she was.

Their dancing steps slowed down and the next second,their lips were inches apart.



She wondered how that happened.

She wished she could pull back but her heart didn't agree with her, it pulled her closer.

Damn!

And just when their lips were about to touch, she felt something sharp pierce her by the side.

!!!

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 28

---

And just when their lips were about to touch, she felt something sharp pierce her by the side.

Harold noticed her movement suddenly stopped

and he could hear her groan even through the music.

"What's wrong?" He panicked looking into her dull eyes.

"I..i " She swallowed hard and started breathing fast.

"Irene" Harold jerked her.

He was glad no one seems to notice what was going on.

"I'm fine" Irene said.

"Should we go home?" He asked and she shook her head.

Her eyes were still looking so dull, like she's in pains.

"What happened?" Harold asked worriedly.

He held her tightly, afraid she might fall.

"I..i think someone hit me by the side" Irene lied.

Someone hadn't hit her, she had been to pierced with a very sharp object and now she could feel she was bleeding from the side.

She thanked her stars she was putting on a red gown.

She couldn't let Harold know or he would make them leave the party immediately.

"Let go sit" Harold said and she quickly nodded.

She was starting to feel weak and she held her side tightly as Harold gently led her to their seat.

She wondered if someone had deliberately pierced her side.

Had it been a mistake? Or probably one of the pins on the ladies cloth had struck her by the side.

The piercing had just felt like it was a needle piercing but it affected her badly.

"Can i get water?" She asked Harold, trying to

make her voice steady.

Harold grabbed a glass cup from the tray and poured some water for her.

She gulped it down her throat and the pains relieved her a bit..

She asked for more and Harold gladly poured more for her.

"Are you sure you're fine? We can go home if you're not feeling so well" Harold said.

"No, I'm fine" Irene smiled.

She felt relieved after gulping the water.

She touched her side and almost winced in pain.

It's hurting badly.

"You can return to the dancefloor, any lady would gladly dance with you" Irene said.

She can't deny him of enjoyment just because she was feeling down.

"No, I'm fine here with you" Harold said.

"No, you came to this party to have fun, i can't kill that fun just because I'm not feeling too well. Just go enjoy yourself" Irene said.

"I'm fine here with you Irene" Harold said.

"No, it's making me feel guilty for depriving you of your fun"

"I don't..." Harold was saying.

"You want me to feel guilty?" Irene interrupted him.

"No" Harold said.

"Then go dance, please" Irene insisted.

"And i even wanna visit the restroom" Irene added.

She needed to was off the blood by her side.

"I actually don't feel like dancing anymore, it doesn't mean I'm not having fun. I am, merely looking at those on the dancefloor" Harold said and Irene sighed.

"Don't feel guilty okay?" He said and she nodded.

"So, where's the way to the restroom." Irene wondered looking around.

"I'll come with you" Harold said.

"Huh?" Irene asked.

"I mean I'll show you the way" Harold said.

"Ohh... okay" She said and they both stood up.

"You've been there before?" Irene asked as Harold knowingly led the way.

"Yeah, I've been here for several business meetings" Harold said.

"Ohh..." Irene said, glad Harold was walking ahead of her.

She got the chance to peep at her side and she could see how soaked her dress was.

"Wow" she mumbled to herself.

"Thank you" She said to Harold when he showed

her the restroom.

She walked in and shut the door after her.

Her next move was looking at her reflection in the mirror.

She glanced at her side and shook her head.

She never thought she'll leave this party with a wound.

She slowly pulled her gown and finally had a clear look at her side.

The wound is so tiny, and it looks deep..

Definitely it hadn't been an accident!

If it was, it would have just been a scratch but this is so deep which clearly shows that someone had indeed pierced a sharp object in her side.

Could it have been Ethan's bodyguards?

No, she saw no bodyguard with him.

Could it have been Ethan himself.

And what was she about to do with Harold before the incidence?

Gosh!

What the hell is going on with her?

\*\*

Irene walked out of the restroom after she was done, she glanced around for Harold but couldn't find him.

She saw a lady resting on the wall beside the restroom, she was surprised cause she hadn't even noticed the lady who was standing so close to her.

Her dinner gown was black with silver glitters all over it, her make up looks pretty heavy just like the other ladies in the party.

Their gazes locked and Irene could tell she looks familiar.

Why's she standing here alone?



Well...she might be waiting for someone.

Irene turned to walk away when the lady spoke up.

"Hey!" She said and Irene turned back to her.

"What?" Irene asked.

"I'm Tanya, the owner of the biggest fashion store in the city" The lady said proudly.

"Ohh..." Irene smiled, no wonder her face looked familiar. She had seen her on countless fashion magazines.

Only the rich patronizes her cause her wears are damn expensive.

Irene do hope to have a fashion store as big as Tanya's one day but she'll make sure the less privileged can afford her wears.

"W..what can i do for you?" Irene asked.

"I made most of the dresses the ladies are putting on right now"

"So?" Irene asked.

"How dare you come into this party to show off your cheap wear!" Tanya said furiously.

"Excuse me!" Irene said.

"What are you saying? I should have come to the party naked?" She asked Tanya.

"That isn't what i mean! If you dare attract my customers with this cheap wear of yours, i swear down I'm gonna ruin you. Getting pierced by the side is just a warning" Tanya seethe.

Irene looked shocked as she watched Tanya walk away.

"Oh..no" She mumbled after some seconds.

She was trying to get the words into her head when Harold appeared.

"Are you okay?" He asked and she nodded, still in shock though.

"Ohh..you must have been waiting for me, i also visited the restroom" Harold said.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said slowly.

"Are you okay?" Harold asked again.

"Sure" Irene said.

---

They were on their way home by two am.

Irene relaxed in the limo with Harold beside her.

"Thanks for coming with me" Harold said.

"My pleasure" Irene smiled

"I hope you had fun?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, so much fun" Irene said.

She couldn't tell Harold she was threatened .

And he didn't even know about the wound by her side.

It's hurting terribly, she'll need to visit the hospital

tomorrow.

"Your dress is so beautiful, you're one of the best fashion designer i know. Why didn't you showcase this gift of yours? You would have made huge amounts of money,most Ladies love beautiful things" Harold said.

"Well... since my father's death, i didn't even make any move to continue sewing and designing clothes and i sold the only machine we had. I don't even know how to go about the ladies i gave my contact to" Irene sighed.

Remembering Tanya's words brought a ache to her heart.

"We'll know how to go about it okay, don't bother about that" Harold said, having his plan already.

"Okay"

There was silence afterwards and they both stole glances at each other.

"I'm sorry, couldn't resist anymore" Harold said and the next second, his lips were touching Irene's.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 29

---

They got home waved each other bye as they walked into their rooms.

Irene sighed as she dropped her purse on her dressing table..

She sat on the chair and started pulling her shoes, smiling all to herself as she remembered the kiss moment.

Her heart had almost stopped cause it was just so sudden, she hadn't expected it.

If it had been when they were on the dancing floor, it wouldn't have shocked her like it did in the car.

Never had a kiss been so electrifying.

If any other person had kissed her, she would have pulled away but she didn't even find herself pulling away from Harold.

She had leaned in more.

But why has he kissed her?

Because he couldn't resist like he said?

Or was he drunk?

Even if he was, she wasn't and she could have stopped him.

This is so unlike her, kissing her boss! He had kissed her though but how could she cheaply return the kiss.

Damn it.

She must be drunk too...yeah.

They were both drunk.

She yawned as she rose to her feet.

\*

She fell into bed as soon as she finished cleaning her face and changing into her nightwear .

---

"Good morning ivory" Irene said walking into Ivory's room.

"Good morning Irene" Ivory said.

She just finished bathing and was drying her body with a towel while waiting for Irene to come join her.

She didn't know of the party they attended yesternight.

"How was your night?" Irene asked her as she brought out ivory's body cream.

"It was just fine, thank you" Ivory said.

"Did Alex got attacked?" Ivory suddenly asked.

"Huh? What made you think so?" Irene asked, helping her into her underwear.

"His face looks bruised up and i noticed he's hiding it beneath his face cap. He doesn't want my dad to know?"

"Ohh...well, he got into a fight with Tom" Irene whispered.

"Wow!" Ivory exclaimed.

"You must promise not to tell Har.. Mr Harold, you know the punishment for fighting right? and im sure you don't want neither Alex nor Tom to leave anytime soon" Irene said and Ivory nodded.

"Fighting isn't a good thing" ivory said.

"Of course it isn't." Irene said.

By now Irene was done making ivory put on her



uniform.

She was wearing her shoes when Harold walked in.

"Daddy!" Ivory smiled as he bent to hug her.

"Good morning princess" he kissed her forehead.

Irene was surprised he wasn't dressed for work.

He was still in his nightwear.

She swallowed hard remembering the kiss.

She watched him giggle with Ivory and wonder how she was going to face him.

"You aren't going to work today" Ivory said.

"Yes" Harold said, rising to his feet.

He couldn't meet Irene's eyes cause he knew what he did was wrong.

He had kissed her without her permission. She should have just slapped his stupid ass off and pushed him away.

Was he drunk?

Never for once had he tried to kiss his any of his daughter's nanny.

He just couldn't resist Irene yesternight.

"Will you ride with me to school then?" Ivory asked.

"You want me to?" Harold asked.

"Yes dad, it's been long" ivory pouted.

"Okay i will" Harold said.

"I love you Dad" Ivory said in excitement.

"But, we'll be going in my limousine" Harold said.

"The purple one" Ivory stated and Harold nodded.

"Good morning Mr Harold" Irene said after finally summoning courage.

"Good morning Irene, how was your night?" Harold asked, finally looking at her .

The gazes locked for seconds and they both

quickly looked away.

"It was great, thanks" Irene said as she made to pick Ivory's comb.

"I should go get changed, you guys should be ready by the time I'm done" Harold said before walking out of the door.

---

"Dad, you'll be driving all by yourself?" Ivory asked as

Harold collected his car key from his driver.

"Yeah, y'all should stay back. I'll be dropping ivory in school myself " Harold said.

"Are you sure you'll be fine Mr Harold?" Tom asked.

"Of course" Harold smiled.

"Get in Ivory and... Irene too"

"Huh?" Irene asked.

"What?" Harold asked.

"You..you said everyone should stay back" Irene said, the thought of being alone in the car with him after dropping Ivory made her heart beat faster.

After the kiss last night,she does not think she'll want to be alone with Harold again.

She doesn't trust her feelings.

"I want you to go with us" Ivory said.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said, getting into the backseat beside Ivory.

---

"I'm so sorry about last night" Harold apologised to Irene as they headed back home.

"I.. it's fine" Irene said.

"I never meant to" Harold said.

"You were probably drunk" Irene said.

"No, i wasn't, i guess...i just couldn't resist" Harold said and Irene cleared her throat, blushing hard.

"Ivory seemed so excited about you dropping her in school" Irene said, obviously changing topic, she wasn't comfortable with the 'kiss talk'

"Yeah, i rarely drop my daughter in school and when i decide to, she goes all excited, she loves being in the car with me" Harold smiled.

He loves Ivory so much.

"Ohh...so, you decided not to go to work today. Why??" Irene asked.

"I needed to rest and also apologise to you" Harold said.

"Ohh" Irene drawled.

"Remember those ladies at the party?" She asked.

"Yeah, the ones i made you give your contact to" Harold said.

"Exactly!" Irene sighed.

"I guess they've filled your phone with messages"

Harold laughed.

"Tons of them" Irene said.

"Don't be surprised to find yourself trending after last night, so many other ladies that were not even in the party will want you to make the dress for them,so as I'm speaking now. Your contact is being shared worldwide" Harold said.

"What! Oh..my" Irene exclaimed.

"Yeah,so you should make that a business contact and get a more private one" Harold said.

"But i don't even have a machine!!" Irene nearly screamed.

She's so frustrated by the whole thing.

"We'll sort that out when we get home. I'm sorry if that's making you so upset, i shouldn't have made you give them your contact" Harold said.

"No, it's fine" Irene said.

"You sure?" Harold asked.

"Of course" Irene said.

---

"Really?" Irene asked.

She sat in the kitchen with Nola who just told her almost all the workers were peeping last night when she and Harold left for the party.

"You were looking so stunning alongside Mr Harold too"

"You were peeping too?" Irene asked.

"Of course" Nola laughed.

"Wow" Irene laughed too.

"Don't be surprised most of the female workers will be giving you a kinda new look" Nola said.

"Well i don't care" Irene rolled her eyes.

"That's the spirit girl!" Nola said and they both laughed.

---

Hey sis" Damien called into the phone.

Dam, what's up?" Irene asked, walking out of the kitchen.

She was helping Nola to make lunch when Damien's call came in.

I'm fine and confused as hell" Damien said.

Why?" Irene asked.

Are you the lady beside Harold Marshall last night?" Damien asked.

Yeah, Mum told you right?" Irene smiled.

No! Sis, you're trending. Your picture is everywhere!

What!" Irene exclaimed.

Zeemah



## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 30

---

No! Sis, you're trending. Your picture is everywhere!

What!" Irene exclaimed.

You mean you don't know?" Damien asked.

I don't know anything! I switched off my phone cause of the countless messages i was receiving and i only switched it on few minutes before you called.

Countless messages?" Damien asked.

Damien, right now. I'm stuck!

What's wrong?

I..i gave out my contact to some ladies at the dinner party who admired my dress and want me

to make the same for them" Irene sat worriedly on the couch.

Wow! That's a good thing but Irene, you don't even have equipments anymore. H..how are you gonna do it?

I don't know too!

You shouldn't have shared your contact..

I did already, i don't know what to do.

How about you charge them and receive half of the payment, with everything put together, you can get some equipment and ...

Irene was listening to Damien when she saw two unfamiliar men walked in, going towards the stairs.

Dam, I'm gonna call you later" Irene said, disconnecting the call.

"Hello! Who are you guys?" She asked, rising to her feet.

She walked closer to them and truly she has never seen their faces around here.

"Won't you guys say something?" She asked the bodyguards in the living room and just when one of them was about to speak.

Harold spoke up, slowly descending the stairs.

"I invited them over" he said.

"Ohh...okay" Irene said.

"But..." She was saying when she stopped.

Inviting them over doesn't mean they should just come in and not say hi to anyone and even proceed towards the stairs.

That's unruly!

"I'll be with Nola in the kitchen" Irene said.

"Okay" Harold said.

"Come with me to the garden guys" he added and Irene wondered what was going on.

Harold rarely allow anyone into his garden.

She shrugged and walked into the kitchen.

"I'm so sorry Nola"

"It's fine, i knew you brother was on the phone"

"Yeah" Irene rinsed her hands in the sink.

She continued helping Nola while she gave Damien's advise a thought.

Yeah.

That's what she's gonna do.

Not like she has any other choice.

---

"I want you to repeat the second story to me. It's so interesting" Ivory yawned.

She was laying on her bed with her blanket draped over her while Irene read bedtime stories to her.

"Okay" Irene said, repeating the second story.

She was halfway when she found out Ivory already slept off.

She sighed and slowly rose to her feet.

She walked out of ivory's room into hers and she deliberated if to change into her nightwear or just leave Harold's robe on.

She brought more nightwear from the house but still loves putting on his robe.

It's so comfortable on her body and the blissful dreams she do have while wearing this robe to bed is just so magical.

She shrugged and decided to leave the robe on.

Not like he's gonna question her.

It's hers now, he gave it to her already..

\*

Irene felt so disappointed when she walked into

the library and couldn't find Harold.

The fireplace was not lit and she knew Harold might not be coming into the library tonight.

Is he going to start avoiding her because of the kiss?

"Well.." she shrugged, moving closer to the fireplace.

She arranged some logs of wood into it and then lit it.

Harold might still come, he can't possibly be asleep by this time.

It's not so late.

She's just gonna read while waiting for him.

She selected a novel and went to sit in front of the fireplace.

\*\*

"Wow" Irene yawned.

She was done reading the novel and Harold isn't

here yet.

She stood up and put the novel back to its place before walking out of the library.

"What the..." She said after seeing the two unfamiliar men again.

They were staring at her like she caught them doing something bad.

And why are they looking so dusty.

"Irene, you aren't asleep yet" Harold said behind her and she turned.

She was surprised he was looking dusty as the men.

What's going on?

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 31

---

She was surprised he was looking dusty as the men.

What's going on?

"Yeah..I'm not asleep yet, i was at the library" Irene said.

"Waiting for me?" Harold asked, smiling.

"No" Irene lied.

"Yes" Harold teased.

"Well...why you looking so dusty?" Irene asked.

"That's something i can't tell you for now" Harold said.

"Why?" Irene asked with furrowed brows.

"It's not a bad thing,so don't be worried" Harold said.

"Okay" Irene sighed glancing at the men once



more.

"You should go to bed now, it's so late already"  
Harold said.

"You should too" Irene said.

"Of course i will. Soon" Harold said.

"Goodnight" Irene said.

"Sleep tight" Harold winked so cutely that Irene's  
heart skipped a beat.

"Is she going to keep denying this?" She thought as  
she walked to her room.

"Good morning, good morning, good morning"  
Irene sang, walking into Ivory's room.

She didn't see Ivory but she knew she was bathing  
when she heard the sound of the running shower..

She opened her wardrobe and brought out her  
well ironed school uniform.

It's a wonder that Harold employed someone just to take care of his daughter's wears.

It's a thing she can do alongside her nanny duties.

She doubt if ivory would ever face any hardship in her lifetime.

Her father did already, he worked for her already.

The little girl now has everything at her beck and call .

She doesn't pray her children suffers the same hardship as she did.

She's also gonna make sure she works very hard so her children won't lack anything and live their best lives.

And that starts now !

Once she drops Ivory in school,she's gonna start accepting every order on her phone, she's gonna reply those text messages on her phone and bill

the ladies.

Damien's advise is gonna work for her and that's what she'll follow.

But where will she place her machine and materials after buying them.

There should be space in her room but will Harold accept such?

"I love that determined look" Irene flinched when she heard Harold say behind her.

She turned to look at him and was surprised he was still in his pajamas.

"Good morning" she greeted.

"Good morning, you had that determined look on your face. What were you thinking?" Harold asked.

"Ohh.. about the orders, i think I'm gonna accept them" Irene said.

"Yes! That'll be so nice" Harold smiled.

"I'm gonna collect half payment from each of them and use it in buying a machine and the materials I'll need" Irene said.

"Why don't we discuss that when you're back from dropping Ivory" Harold said.

"Seems you're not going to work today, won't you be the one to drop her?" Irene asked.

"I might go to work, I'm still quite busy for now"

"Ohh" Irene said.

"Doing what?" She asked.

"Never mind" Harold smiled.

"Those men are still around?" Irene asked .

"Yes"

"Daddy!" Ivory called, walking out of the bathroom.

"How are you princess?" Harold asked bending to peck her forehead.

"Fine daddy" she smiled.

"Aren't you going to work today?"

"I might, but I'm still busy for now"

"Busy? Doing what?" Ivory asked.

"Working"

"Working? On your laptop?"

"Ohh" Harold hesitated "Yeah" he quickly added.

"You're telling lies" ivory frowned.

"Yes!" Irene almost said aloud.

"Well...I'm actually working" Harold said.

"What type of work? House chores?" Ivory raised her brow.

"C'mon i'm not ready to tell you yet. You'll see for yourself when you're back from school" Harold grinned.

"Ohh.. okay" Ivory said drying her body.

"Good morning ivory, how was your night?" Irene

asked.

"Ohh..I'm so sorry, my dad's so huge. I didn't see you" Ivory said and Irene let out a short laugh.

"C'mon, you're running late already" Irene said and ivory nodded.

"I will leave you guys to do your thing" Harold said.

"Dad will you drop me in school?" Ivory said.

"No princess, I'm so busy right now" Harold said.

"Okay" She frowned.

"But I'll come pick you" Harold said, hoping that'll soften his daughter's hard look.

"Is that a promise?" Ivory asked me.

"Yes" Harold pecked her cheeks and she smiled.

"These two are so adorable" Irene smiled to herself as she picked ivory shoes.

---

Irene and Nola looked up as one of Harold's bodyguards walked in.

"Irene, Mr Harold wants to see you in his private living room now" He said and turned to leave immediately.

"I'll be right back Nola" Irene said, dropping her pen and notepad.

She was listing the materials she's gonna get.

She walked out of the kitchen door wondering why Harold wants to see her.

Ohh...he might want them to continue the discussion about her getting her materials and all.

She should take the notepad with her then.

She walked back into the kitchen and caught Nola smiling to herself.

"Good memories?" She teased as she picked her notepad.

"Uh? You've returned so quickly?" Nola asked.

"No, i came to pick this" Irene said.

"Ohh.. okay" Nola said.

She watched Irene walk to the door and she smiled to herself again.

She would be so surprised to see what Harold has for her.

—

"Hi Mr Harold" Irene said, walking into his private living room.

"Harold" He corrected and Irene smiled.

"Hi... Harold" She said.

"Good, have your seat" he said, dropping the remote control beside him.

Irene sat gently, wondering what all this is about.

He rarely invite people to his private living room.



"So what are your plans concerning the huge orders you got?" Harold asked.

"I thought as much" Irene smiled.

"Huh?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, i knew you called me because of that. But why are we having this conversation here? " Irene asked.

"That's how i want it, it's my house right?" Harold smiled proudly.

"Yeah, it is" Irene agreed.

"So i decided to get the half payments and..."

"How much will you be billing them?" Harold asked.

"Ohh..well i.. don't know yet" Irene sighed.

She hadn't even thought of it,all she thought was that she won't like to charge them much.

"You don't know the amount to bill them and

you're already thinking of half payment" Harold laughed.

"I won't be charging them much though" Irene said..

"Irene these people are not paupers, don't charge them with a small amount. Most of them would call off the order because the amount you called for them is too small!" Harold said.

"Really?"

"Yes, cause they'll believe you'll be using cheap and fake materials for them. They so much love and prefer expensive stuffs. So you should better know how to bill them" Harold said.

"Ohh...okay. thanks" Irene said.

"Come with me" Harold said, getting up.

"where to?" Irene asked, rising to her feet.

"Just come with me" Harold said and started

heading towards the direction of the garden.

The same way he had led those strange men to yesterday.

She followed him with different thoughts filling her mind.

They walked into the garden and she sighed.

This will be the second time she'll be coming here.

She should visit this beautiful place more often.

Harold led her to a small building which was constructed in the garden.

She saw it the last time and she had wondered who occupied the building.

"Go in" Harold told her.

"Why?" She asked, surprised.

"Just go in" He said and she still remained on that spot.

"Com'on I'm not going to hurt you" Harold

laughed sensing her hesitation.

"I think you should go in first" Irene swallowed hard.

"C'mon" Harold said and she took a step forward, she glanced back at him and caught him smiling to himself just like Nola was.

"What's going on?" She asked.

"You will know after walking into that building" Harold said.

"Okay" Irene said and with a shrug, she opened the door and walked in.

The sight before her left her shocked and if she hadn't held on the armchair beside her, she would have hit the ground.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 32

---

The sight before her left her shocked and if she hadn't held on the armchair beside her, she would have hit the ground.

"Everything in there is yours" Harold said to her and tears filled her eyes.

The little room she thought would probably be an unused place is now set up beautifully.

And the most surprising part is it was set up to be..to be a fashion designing workshop!

She could sight working tools at every corner of the room.

Tape measure, threads, needles, a sketch pad, scissors! A card scissors, lightweight scissors and shear scissors which has always been her

father's favorite, even though she prefers lightweight scissors.

There is a weaving machine, embroidery machine, dress maker dummy and tailors chalk, pear Head pins and a complete set of sewing machine!

The wall paper displayed fashionable items.

Looking at it alone is a great motivation.

Damn!

There's a computer too!

She stood on that spot for so long, dumfounded.

And when she finally got herself, she found herself screaming and jumping into Harold's arm.

She felt speechless for so many seconds and she just stayed in his arms not believing her eyes.

"Thank you so much but..." Irene paused to breath " i can't accept this" she added, pulling away from him slowly.

"W..why?" Harold asked.

"T this is just too much, it's not..like i've done so much to deserve this." Irene said.

"I understand you" Harold smiled " but do you have to do anything for me before i can help you?"

"No..but...!" Irene sighed.

"I don't expect anyone to do anything for me before helping them. I do it cause i want to, i did what i did for you willingly, i wouldn't let you give your contact to those ladies without having a plan. My plan started right from that party. So please,you need to accept it except you want my efforts to go to waste" Harold faked a frown.

"Thank you so much Harold, you've done so much for me. You pay me a lot and now this. I really appreciate your efforts and i promise to pay you back in every little way i can. Thanks so much"  
Irene wiped her tears..

"Aww. Stop" Harold drew her close.

Her head was on his chest as she cried, mumbling thank you..

\*\*\*

"So where do we start from?" Irene smiled, checking out her workshop after some minutes.

Harold had left her to do the tour.

She's so grateful.

Every thing she needs is here! Even more things she knows she can't even buy herself.

She had planned to buy just few necessary things but Harold bought so much.

She's so happy and feels indebted to him .

She chuckled, imagining how shocked her mum and Damien would be when she tells them .

She would have called Damien immediately but he'll be in school.



Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on whatsapp to get added to our group. .

Nola had said she would check on her later on.

She had told her she knew about the whole thing, she helped Harold in the plan.

And Irene now knew why she had caught Nola smiling.

These people are full of surprises.

Okay, first thing is accepting the orders.

She pulled the comfy chair closer to the table, grabbed a pen and a notepad.

She unlocked her phone and started accepting the orders with smiles on her face.

—

"How's Irene?" Ivory asked hoping into Harold's car excitedly.

Harold hopped in after her.

He had come to pick her up like he promised.

"Irene's at home" Harold said, pecking her forehead.

He helped her pull off her backpack and then ordered the driver to start driving.

"Why didn't she come with you?" Ivory asked .

"Well..she's busy" Harold said.

"Ohh...with Nola?" Ivory asked.

"No, I'm sorry i didn't tell you this earlier, i wanted it to be a surprise though"

"Really?" Ivory smiled.

"Yes princess"

"What is it?" She asked curiously.

"You know the little building in the garden that was once used to store flowers?" Harold asked .

"Yes daddy"

" I furnished it into a fashion designing workshop for Irene" Harold said.

"Wow!!!" Ivory screamed in excitement.

Irene had told her how worried she was after giving out her contact to those ladies with no hope but now her dad just gave her hope!

"Thank you daddy" Ivory smiled happily.

Harold grinned, wondering the type of love that exists between Irene and his daughter.

"She was so happy right?" Ivory asked.

"Yes she was" Harold said.

"She's working already" Harold added.

"Really?" Ivory smiled widely.

"Yeah"

"I can't wait to get home" She grinned happily.

---

Irene had went to get the cloth material after accepting the orders.

She jotted down their measurements and started cutting and sewing.

She so much love the sewing machine.

It gave her the perfect stitching.

She sew five dresses already and it just needs to be packaged and delivered.

Yes, she's that fast at sewing.

Though she still have so much more to go but she's up for it.

She smiled while at it.

Sewing again after so long brought so much joy to her.

Nola had brought her coffee while she came to check on her and she had left to prepare lunch.

Irene had offered to help her but she declined, insisting Irene should continue with her work and Irene who has so much to do didn't refused.

This is just like a dream.

Who would have thought she'll be...sewing in her own workshop today!

It's just so unbelievable, she would have argued vehemently if someone had told her that.

She really need to thank Harold over and over again.

He made her life change for better just in few minutes.

Her clients are starting to transfer their bills to her and she knows that's gonna go a long way in her mother's surgery and her brother fees.

She's just so happy right now.

"Irene!!" Ivory called happily rushing into Irene's

little workshops.

"Ivory" Irene beamed happily, stopping what she was doing to hug the little girl.

She feels more happy to see ivory.

---

Ivory and Irene stepped into the dining room after Irene had dressed her up for the afternoon.

Harold loved the way Irene didn't neglect Ivory, despite how busy she is.

He had told her to continue with her work that he's just gonna take care of ivory but she had refused and rushed to take care of ivory before he could persist.

"Looking good" Harold smiled at his daughter who smiled back.

"Where's Nola?" Ivory asked.

"She went to get the meal" Harold said and ivory

nodded.

"So, how's work going?" Harold asked Irene, who had wanted to go help Nola.

"Great, thanks" she smiled, sitting back.

"Thank you so much Harold" Irene added.

"Stop it. You've thanked me more than i can count already" Harold said.

"Harold, Allysia is coming home" Nola said excitedly, walking out of the kitchen.

"With your parents" She added.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 33

---

"Harold, Allysia is coming home" Nola said excitedly, walking out of the kitchen.

"With your parents" She added.

"Yaaaaay" ivory squealed happily while Harold smiled.

"When will they be coming?" He asked.

"Next weekend" Nola said, dropping the tray on the dining table.

"Okay then, we would be gladly expecting them" Harold said.

"I can't wait to see them" Ivory grinned.

Irene smiled, not saying a word..

She can't actually wait to see nola's daughter and Harold's parents too.

"Let's eat" Harold said.

\*\*

Irene made ivory have her nap after eating lunch.



She returned happily to her workshop to continue her work..

She should call Damien that she won't be coming home for the weekend.

There's so much to do here.

She sat on the chair and grabbed her phone.

\*

Why won't you be coming home for the weekend!" Damien frowned over the phone.

Chill Dam, i have a lot to do.

A lot? Is the nanny work that stressful?

Not the nanny work" Irene smiled. "My own work" she added.

Your own?

Yes Dam, I'm going to send you a picture now and make sure you show it to mum too" Irene said before disconnecting the call.

She started taking pictures of her workshop.

\*

Oh..my! Mr Harold did all that for you?" Damien nearly screamed over the phone.

"That's unbelievable..." Irene heard her mum said in the background.

Yes he did.

D..does he want something in return?" Damien asked curiously.

No, he doesn't" Irene said,moved to tears again. "He's just so nice" she added.

Can we come over to thank him?" Irene's stepmum asked.

No Mum, do not bother. I'll just send your greetings to him.

I'm so so grateful to him. I wish i can just see him and thank him profusely" Damien said.

This is so so surprising" Mrs Neave said.

Yeah" Damien conceded.

We should leave you to work now"

Okay, bye.

\*\*

"The scissors is gonna hurt you Ivory" Irene warned for the third time.

They had both returned to her workshop after ivory woke up from her nap and she read to her in the library.

"What do you use this for Irene?" Ivory asked and Irene sighed.

She just can't count the amount of questions Ivory has asked during her stay here.

"Well that's tape measure, it's used to get people's measurements before sewing" Irene said.

"Ohh...so you went to their houses one after the

other to take their measurements?" Ivory asked.

"No, they sent their measurements to me" Irene said.

"Ohh..." Ivory said.

"What should i help you with" She added.

"Absolutely nothing dear" Irene said.

"Are you sure?" Ivory asked.

"Yes, you can just watch me" Irene smiled.

"Okay"

\_\_\_\_

Days flew past and Irene was done with the orders.

She got more orders but she's yet to accept them.

She needed to finish the first set and now she's done.

When she's back from delivering this last one, she might start accepting the new orders.

She's so happy Daire fashions is getting known little by little.

She already opened a page for people to contact her.

She do post samples of her wears and she always got great reviews and recommendation.

Not only that, her bank account is getting fat.

She's just so grateful to God and Harold.

She has been working with him for few weeks now and she can't deny her feelings for him any longer.

She has feelings for Harold and she's afraid to admit it.

She hadn't planned this from the start, she didn't even see it coming, it just came and she can't stop it.

The feeling's good.

It had been so long she felt her heart race, so long she felt this good.

She always look forward to every night with him in the library.

Yeah..they still spent nights in the library and they've gotten so close than she would have ever imagined.

She now feels so comfortable around him,she feels so free to call him Harold.

Other workers do raise eyebrows when she does that but she doesn't care anymore.

She sighed before picking up the last wear she's to deliver.

It's well packed already.

She walked out of her workshop and closed the door behind her.

\*

"I'll be right back Nola" she called out as she walked past the kitchen.

"Going to deliver?" Nola asked.

"Yeah, the last piece" Irene said.

"Ohh.. okay"

---

"Let's go to your workshop" Ivory said to Irene after they were done with lunch.

"No, you'll need to take your nap. Besides I'm done with the orders and I'm gonna rest for few days before accepting the pending ones"

"Uh..huh" ivory pressed her lips together.

"I'll have my nap then" she said and Irene led her to her room.

She tucked her in bed and pecked her forehead before moving into her own room.

It's been long she had a nap and she decided to

do so now.

She sighed softly as she fell on her bed.

She can't wait to go home for the weekend.

She misses Damien and her Mum.

Her mum's surgery bill is almost ready.

She can't wait to see her back on her two feet and her heart working perfectly again.

The huge pay she received from Harold and the money she received from the orders helped in almost completing the surgery bill.

Few months ago, she never believed she'll get more than half of her mum's surgery bills this soon

.

Things are just so unpredictable.

She's so glad to have met Harold.

He's slowly making her dreams come true.

The dream she never thought would even be



fulfilled.

---

They laughed over dinner as Nola cracked jokes.

"Dad...table manners" Ivory reminded even though she had laughed too.

"Ohh...i got carried away i guess" Harold smiled.

Irene gulped water, still feeling the urge to laugh again.

"Such jokes shouldn't be cracked over meals, it almost choked me" Harold laughed and Irene followed.

Ivory also giggled while Nola smiled.

They continued with their meal in silence and they were almost done when a bodyguard came to whisper into Alex's ear.

He nodded and walked up to Harold.

"I apologise for interrupting your dinner Mr Harold

but i was told now that a guy named Damien is here seeking to irene,his sister" Alex said.

"What!" Irene exclaimed rising to her feet.

"I'm so sorry Harold, Damien must be out of his mind to visit me here, I'm so sorry, I'll go chastise him immediately" She said about to make a move when Harold stopped her.

"He could be here to tell you something important" He said.

"That's why i have my phon.." Irene was saying when she realised she left her phone upstairs.

But still ..

"Even if he came on a visit,I'll gladly welcome him. Bring him in Alex" Harold ordered.

"Huh?" Alex asked.

"You heard me" Harold said and Alex quickly carried out his order.

Irene sat down slowly, unsettled.

The dining room door opened and Damien walked in.

Irene stood up quickly seeing the look on his face.

She knew something had gone wrong...

"What happened?" She asked in a shaky voice.

"It's Mum.." Damien said, stopping to catch his breath.

"What happened to mum?" Irene almost screamed.

"She..'s..not.. moving anymore" He bursted out crying.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 34

---

"What happened?" Irene asked in a shaky voice.

"It's Mum.." Damien said, stopping to catch his breath.

"What happened to mum?" Irene almost screamed.

"She's not.. moving anymore" He bursted out crying.

Irene stood rooted to the spot trying to process what he just said.

She screamed loudly when reality dawned on her.

"Let's go home" she cried taking Damien's hand.

Harold stood up dropping his fork in the process.

"You guys should go to sleep, Don't wait up okay?" He said to Nola and Ivory.

They nodded worriedly and watched as Harold rushed out of the door.

He met Irene and Damien at the gate about to

step out.

"Irene" He called loudly and she turned.

His heart broke at how red her eyes looked.

Her cheeks were wet.

He really felt for them.

"Wait, we'll go in my car" He said and his driver quickly got behind the wheels.

He got in and his driver drove to the gate where Damien and Irene were standing.

They hopped in slowly. Irene was sobbing while Damien just stared on.

Even with how red his eyes also looked, Harold could tell he's a handsome guy, he's got the looks.

"Everything will be fine okay? Just keep calm"  
Harold comforted them.

"S..she's the only family we have left, she's the only one who truly cared about us after our

parents death,she's in that state because of us,I'm working so i could pay for her surgery bills. She must not leave...." Irene said in tears and Harold was deeply moved.

Irene had told him about her stepmum during one of their nights in the library.

"It's okay Irene" Damien comforted his sister even though tears was rolling down his own eyes too.

"I..is she really not moving?" Irene asked wiping her tears, hoping Damien would say he's just joking.

"Yes, she's not. I called you severally and i tried hiring a cab to take her to the hospital but i didn't have enough with me" Damien said.

"Please drive fast" Harold urged his driver.

\*

The driver came to a halt in front of Irene's house.

Irene and Damien rushed out of the car and Harold ran after them.

They entered the apartment and truly the woman was laying unconsciously on the couch.

Irene shook her crying loudly.

"Hold on" Harold said and tried to get irene out of the way.

He felt Mrs Neave pulse and sighed in relief.

"She's not dead" He announced.

Irene wiped her tears and sniffed as she moved closer.

She felt Mrs Neave's pulse too and relief ran through her blood.

"But her pulse is getting weak. Let's quickly get her to the hospital" Harold said.

"My private hospital" He added, lifting Mrs Neave.

Irene and Damien hurried after him.

—  
"Her health is deteriorating, what took you so long to get her to do the surgery?" Doc Fern questioned irene.

"I..i was waiting for the mo..ney to complete but now i have more than half of the bills I'll pay it,the surgery can continue while i go look for the rest" She said.

"Mr Harold paid all of the expenses already" Doc Fern said.

"What!" Irene exclaimed, turning to look at Harold who was looking at his feet.

He doesn't want to be seen by people or there'd be a scene.

"No thank you. Please" He said,not raising up his head.

Damien stared at him in disbelief.



"Fern, the surgeries should be as soon as possible please, including her leg's too" Harold said.

"Yeah, the specialists will be flying in tomorrow morning, we've stabilised her now" Doc Fern said.

"Okay, thank you so much. Can we go see her now?" Harold asked.

Irene and Damien were still stunned by Harold's act of kindness.

Her eyes were laced with tears as she felt so grateful to him.

The surgery bill is a whole lot of money and he settled it?

Why is he being so nice to her?

He's a philanthropist, she knows but...this is just too much.

"No, until after the surgeries are done" Doc Fern said.

"Ohh.. okay" Harold said.

"Permit me to go check on other patients Mr Harold" Doc Fern said.

"Alright Doc" Harold said.

"And you insist on not staying in my office" Doc Fern said.

"Yeah, I'm fine here" Harold insisted.

"Mr Harold you're a public figure, as soon as you get figured out, reporters will buzz in like flies" Doc Fern said.

"Don't bother Fern, it's night already" Harold said.

"That doesn't stop people from figuring you out but it's fine if you insist" Doc Fern shrugged before walking away.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you so much Mr Harold" Damien said about going on his knees before Harold stopped him.

"C'mon Damien, it's fine" He said and Damien smiled.

'A billionaire just touched him and called his name and not just a billionaire but his role model, the person he has been aspiring to meet' Damien thought happily.

He's just realising Harold's presence now after confirming his mum's health.

He was completely blind before.

"Harold, not again" Irene said cleaning her tears.

"It's okay Irene" Harold said drawing her close.

'Really?' Damien grinned.

"She can be a cry baby at times" Damien said to Harold and he nodded.

"I know right" He teased her dragging her wet cheeks playfully and she laughed.

"Thank you...so much" She muttered.

"We really appreciate, Mr Harold" Damien added.

"It's fine... enough of the 'thank you' here and there" Harold said.

"Thank you" Irene said.

"Arrgh" Harold groaned playfully and they laughed.

"Do you mind using my face cap, people might actually figure you out as doc Fern said and its gonna cause a huge scene. I know it's...faded bu..." Damien was saying.

"I don't mind" Harold interrupted him and collected the face cap from him without second thought.

Damien stared at him with mouth wide opened as he wore the face cap.

Irene laughed seeing the surprised look on her brother's face.

'Oh..no. Harold Marshall is putting on my face cap'

he screamed inwardly.

He blinked severally still trying to take it in.

He never thought Harold Marshall will accept it, he was ready for his rejection but he surprised him instead.

"Is... that my face cap you're putting on?" Damien asked Harold, he couldn't believe it, he have to be sure.

"You gave it to me" Harold said..

"He's just so shocked you can be putting on his face cap" Irene said.

"Really?" Harold asked.

"Yeah" Irene nodded.

"Thank you" Damien said.

"Enough of the thank you" Harold said.

"I'm not thanking you for settling my mum's bills" Damien said.

"What are you thanking me for?" Harold asked.

"Putting on my face cap" Damien said.

"No..i should thank you instead" Harold said.

"I know my Irene might have not told you how long I've been aspiring to meet you, you're my role model, meeting you physically has always been in my dreams,even before Irene started working for you, I've been looking up to you, i also want to be a great philanthropist, you've being a great inspiration to me Mr Harold Marshall" Damien said and Harold stared at him speechless.

"Wow! Thank you for looking up to me. Come boy, we need to talk" Harold held Damien by the hand and they both walked to the chairs.

Irene watched them and seeing the happy look on her brother's face made her smile.

---

"The girl is alone now,seems her dad and the

nanny won't be coming back home tonight" Marie contacted Ethan Weston secretly.

"Okay, thank you" Ethan smiled wickedly before slowly getting up beside the sleeping carrle.

He then tiptoed out of the room.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 35

---

"The girl is alone now,seems her dad and the nanny won't be coming back home tonight" Marie contacted Ethan Weston secretly.

"Okay, thank you" Ethan smiled wickedly before slowly getting up beside the sleeping carrle.

He then tiptoed out of the room.

\*\*

"You haven't slept?" Nola asked Ivory who walked into the kitchen in her nightwear, hugging her huge teddy bear to her chest.

She shook her head " I can't"

"Why?" Nola asked, almost done with cleaning the kitchen.

She was about to go sleep with Ivory in her bedroom cause every worker here is not to be trusted.

"I'm worried" Ivory said sadly.

"I'm worried too" Nola said, she has been thinking about Irene's mum's health as she cleaned the kitchen.

"Come here" She consoled ivory by putting her in a hug and rubbing her hair.

"Everything will be fine" She muttered.



"I don't want to sleep alone tonight, I'm scared. I miss Irene" Ivory said.

"Of course you won't be sleeping alone, let me finish cleaning the kitchen and we'll both go to my room. I'll read you interesting bedtime stories" Nola said and Ivory nodded with a smile.

"What should i help you with?" She asked.

"I'm almost done ivory, there's nothing left for you to do" Nola said.

"Okay Nola" Ivory said, toying with her teddy bear.

"Go sit in the dining room while i round up" Nola said, knowing she needed time to think about the bedtime stories to tell Ivory.

"Okay" ivory hopped to the dining room.

She dropped her teddy bear on the table and slipped her footwear off her feet.

She stood in the middle of the spacious dining

room and started practicing the ballet they were taught earlier in the day.

It seems more difficult without music but being Ivory, she imagined the music playing in her head and started dancing perfectly.

She so much love dancing, she can't wait to be a grown up so she can show the world how much of a gem ballet is.

"Ivory" Someone called her but she didn't stopped.

She knew it wasn't Nola, Nola would never have disturbed her while she's dancing.

"Ivory" She heard again and groaned before stopping.

She saw it was one of the maids named..Marie through the name tag on her dress.

"What do you want? How dare you interrupt me?" Ivory yelled.

She knew her dad would have reprimanded her if he was here but sometimes these maids needs to be yelled at.

"I'm sorry for yelling but what do you want?" Ivory asked.

"Why haven't you gone to bed? Go to bed now" Marie ordered.

"Excuse me?" Ivory asked wondering why the lady had so much command in her voice. Irene who's her nanny doesn't even speak to her in that manner.

"Hey! You're not my nanny and you don't have the right to order me around, your job here is to take care of the house and not me!" Ivory said.

"Shut up little... Just go to bed" Marie said sternly.  
"Now" She added.

"Are you out of your senses Marie?" Nola asked walking out of the kitchen.

Marie fumed on seeing her, she never knew Nola was in the kitchen.

"How dare you speak to Ivory that way, you're not allowed to do that okay? You're just a common maid here, get that into your head!" Nola warned.

"I was only trying to get her to bed...." Marie was saying.

"By forcing her?" Nola asked.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on whatsapp to get added to our group.

She never liked Marie from the start.

"It's late already" Marie said.

"You're not supposed to order her to go to bed in the first place okay? If you try this again, I'll have to report you to Mr Harold" Nola said and Marie walked away angrily.

"Let's go to bed Ivory" Nola said and took ivory's hand.

\*\*

If you can't do it, just go call on Alex.

Well, it's not like i can't. I'd do anything to hurt the girl,she's so rude and spoilt but the thing is...

What?.. hurry up, Carrle mustn't wake up...

The girl is not in her room anymore, Nola already took her to her room.

What! Why did you allow that happen?" Ethan yelled.

I wa.." Marie was saying.

You know what? You're so dumb! Get the hell off my phone" Ethan disconnected the call angrily.

"Damn!" Marie swore.

\_\_ Next Morning \_\_

"Damien just go prepare for school, I'll be with

Mum" Irene said for the umpteenth time.

"I don't want to leave" Damien said.

"Mum will be fine, she won't be glad you missed classes because of her"

"You should go to school, you'll still get to check on her when you're back, even if you wait, you won't be able to see her till they're done with the surgeries and i guess it'll take more than a day so just go to school, she'll be fine" Harold said.

"Okay" Damien said, stepping down from the bed.

The had slept in an empty ward containing two beds.

Harold slept in one while Irene and Damien shared one.

"Go tell my driver to take you home and drop you in school after you're done preparing" Harold said.

His driver had went home yesternight and came

back this morning.

"Huh? He should drop me in school too?" Damien asked.

"Yeah" Harold said.

Damien glanced at his sister and she shrugged.

"Thank you" Damien grinned, already imagining the look that'll be on his everyone's face when he steps down from the limousine.

"I should leave now" He hugged his sister and waved to.

He beamed as he walked to the door, the conversation he had with Harold yesternight had been awesome.

Harold Marshall is even more intelligent than Damien thought he'd be, he proved himself worthy to be a role model.

He's everything Irene had mentioned and he didn't

regret choosing to look up to him.

"Will i meet you here when I'm back from school?"

Damien asked, holding the door knob.

"Of course" Harold said.

"No, he'll be going to work" Irene said and Harold glanced at her.

"Ohh" Damien said, a bit sadly.

"Bye" He added before walking out of the door.

"I never told you i was going to work" Harold faced Irene.

"You go to work everyday and i wouldn't allow you miss work today because of my mum"

"I own the work you're talking about. I can decide not to go and everything will still be in place"

"I know but please you can't miss work just because of us. You did so much already" Irene said.

"Good morning Mr Harold, Irene" Doc Fern said,



walking into the ward .

"Good morning"

"I know you must have felt so uncomfortable on the bed,you should go home now and have a rest "  
Doc Fern said to Harold..

"No, it's fine" Harold said.

"Ohh...okay, the surgeries will begin once the specialists are here,so I'll want you both to go home,clean up and probably eat before they arrive"

"Ohh..okay, i should call Eric to drive here after he drops Ivory" Harold said and Irene smiled.

They had talked to Ivory and Nola over the phone this morning and she miss the little girl overnight,she missed dressing her up for school too.

Hey Eric.." Harold said into the phone.

Good morning Mr Harold.

Good morning, drive straight to the hospital after you drop Ivory.

I dropped her already, I'll be coming right away.

Ohh... okay.

"Do you need anything before your driver arrive?"  
Doc Fern asked.

"No, we're fine... Irene do you need anything?"  
Harold asked.

"No" Irene shook her head even though she badly wanted to take water.

"I guess the young sir has gone to school" Doc Fern said.

"Yeah" Irene smiled.

"Alright then" Doc Fern said before walking out of the door.

"Eric will get here soon" Harold said to irene who

was repacking her hair.

He smiled as their gazes locked.

"Why..are you being so nice to me?" Irene asked.

"You think there's a reason?" Harold asked.

"I know you're a philanthropist Harold but do you want anything from me... I'll..gladly give you" Irene said.

"You will?" Harold asked.

"Yes" Irene shifted closer to him.

She has feelings for Harold and at this point she doesn't even care if he finds out or not.

What lingers in her mind right now is if he feels the same way for her.

She had caught him stare at her several times....but that doesn't mean he feels the same way for her too.

"What i want from you is not the reason I'm doing

all these, i helped you because i wanted to, nothing attached."

"Okay, I'm glad you really want something from me, I'll gladly do anything for you?" Irene said.

"I like you Irene. I have feelings for you" Harold said and her heart pumped twice faster.

"And i want to know if you trust me enough to put your heart in my care" Harold added and Irene felt her world spin.

She swallowed hard, wondering if this was a dream.

'Yes...yes...yes' Her mind screamed but her eyes and mouth remained pinned.

Her cheeks were almost the same colour as red roses.

"Good morning Mr Harold" The door opened.

Alex, Tom and Eric stepped in and with one glance

at Irene...Alex knew what was going on.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 36

---

"Good morning Mr Harold" The door opened.

Alex, Tom and Eric stepped in and with one glance at Irene...Alex knew what was going on.

"Ohh...i guess we just interrupted something. We're sorry Mr Harold" Alex said.

"Nothing... nothing at all" Harold smiled.

"How's your mum's health?" Tom and Eric asked Irene.

"Ohh..." She said getting herself out of the shock

she was thrown into.

"She's getting better...i mean her surgeries will be performed today. Thanks guys" Irene said.

"surgeries?" Alex asked.

"Yeah" Irene answered reluctantly.

"The specialists are flying in soon" Harold said.

"Ohh" Alex said.

"Let's get moving" Harold said,he felt a bit bad he must have made Irene uncomfortable with his confession.

But he's glad he finally made his feelings known to her, he can't keep it any longer.

He's madly in love with her and he didn't even knew how it happened.

He didn't even regret the fact that he developed feelings for Irene, she's worth it.

After all these years, he's glad his heart's finally

working perfectly.

Not just on anyone but Irene, he has never felt that way around any lady.

Not even Carrle.

He had had something for Irene since he saw her but he didn't just admitted it until recently.

They got outside the hospital and Harold adjusted his face cap.

They all sat in the car waiting for Alex who told them he wanted to pee..

"Why is he taking so long?" Harold asked.

Irene had noticed too but she didn't want to speak up, she suddenly feels so shy around Harold.

" I need to get to work. Tom, go check him" Harold ordered.

"Okay Mr Harold" Tom alighted from the car and walked back into the hospital.

He headed to the restroom area and saw Alex approaching, tucking his phone in his pocket.

"What?" He queried Tom with a stern look.

"Don't ever think I'll be looking out for you, Mr Harold asked me to when you're taking forever like the restroom is your new home" Tom said.

"Just shush or another round of fight will burst now" Alex gritted his teeth.

"I'm always ready to burst your face with punches, thank your stars Mr Harold is outside waiting for us" Tom grinned before walking away.

Alex cursed him under his breath before walking after him .

He had actually called Mr Ethan to inform him about the recent happenings .

\*

"I'm sorry Mr Harold for delaying you, i ne.." Alex



was saying.

"It's okay" Harold cut him short. "Move Eric" He added and Eric turned on the ignition and started driving.

\*\*

"Good news" Ethan said to Carrle as he walked into the swimming area.

Carrle was by the edge of the pool, clad in a pink bikini and sipping wine which she handed to one of the maids standing at her beck and call when she heard Ethan's words.

"Really?" She asked, her eyes lighting up .

She knew the news would center around Harold, she really want him back. Although Ethan is not in any way depriving her of anything but she just wanted Harold again, she missed how he makes her feel, he was so gentle and romantic to the core, a perfect definition of an humble man, one

wouldn't know he's wealthy if one hasn't seen him in the news.

People obviously loved him more than Ethan because of his humble way of life.

"You both should excuse us" Ethan said to the maids as he sat beside Carrle.

They left immediately after bowing.

"So what's up?" Carrle asked, ignoring Ethan's lustful gaze on her body.

Harold doesn't look at her with lust but with love that always make her give herself to him all the time.

His eyes are loving, you get stuck when staring at Harold,he doesn't even know what he does to lots of women with those eyes.

"Why smiling? Do you know what I'm about to say already?" Ethan asked.

"Huh? No, but it's good news right?"

"Yeah, it's about your daughter..."

"What did you do to my daughter!?" Carrle sparked up.

"Chill Carrle, i was about to say your daughter's nanny" Ethan said.

"Ohh" She said more calmly.

"You just keep surprising me with your behavior whenever i mention your daughter" Ethan stated.

"Cause i know what you can do Ethan,you would do anything to hurt Harold and my daughter is his weakness here" Carrle said.

"I won't hurt your daughter cause i know how much you love her too" Ethan said, wishing Ivory was dead already..

"Less i forget,I'll be going to check on her soon" Carrle said.

"Ohh...your visitation. You wouldn't even let me meet her"

"Harold is gonna chop off my head" Carrle laughed.

"Okay, the good news is about Irene. Her mother is hospitalized and her health has deteriorated to the extent that she needs some specialists to fly over"

"Wow..." Carrle raised her brow.

"So where do we come in?" She asked.

"We stop the specialists from getting to the hospital, according to the nurse Alex made enquiry from, the woman would die if she's not attended to as fast as possible and you know if she dies, Irene would be so sad and that's what you've always wanted...to make her sad" .

"Yes! That girl is just so annoying, she pisses me off and do you know she's starting to rob Tanya of her customers?" Carrle asked.

"Really?"

"Yeah... Tanya is so pissed at her too,when i tell her of this plan, she'll be so happy " Carrle smiled.

She hates the fact that Irene got more attention at the party,the ladies focused on her alone and kept ranting on how beautiful she looked.

Some even said she and Harold looked perfect together.

Like what the hell!

"That's cool,we aren't alone in this" Ethan laughed.

"Yeah so when does the plan start?"

"It started already, we found their location and i sent out my boys"

"Wow! You're so keen on this" Carrle laughed.

"Anything to make you happy" Ethan said.

"Thanks" Carrle smiled.

"You look hot" Ethan winked.

"I know right" Carrle said proudly.

"I feel like having you right now" Ethan said.

"Nah" Carrle shook her head motioning one of the maids to bring her wine.

"Ohh...do you know what else Alex told me?"  
Ethan asked.

"What?" Carrle sipped her wine.

"Harold slept over at the hospital with Irene" Alex.

"What!" Carrle exclaimed.

\*\*

Irene returned to the hospital after she was done cleaning up and eating breakfast.

She waved Eric bye as he drove off.

Harold left for work already and till he did, she couldn't even look him in the face .

She's yet to recover from the shock that Harold has feelings for her, it's so unbelievable.

She's just a nobody, his daughter's nanny.

She walked into the hospital and met Doctor Fern coming out of the hallway, the look on his face wasn't so nice, he didn't look like the cheerful Doc Fern.

"Hi Doc" Irene approached him...

"Irene..." He said, sighing.

"The surgeries are going on already right?" Irene asked.

She know it would have been going on though cause they left the hospital by 9am and it's 12pm already, the specialists would have gotten here cause they were almost at the hospital when they left .

"There's a problem" Doc Fern said.

"What is it?" Irene swallowed hard.

"The specialists are not here yet"

"What!" Irene panicked.

"Yes, I've been trying them to contact them for hours now and it's not connecting and the worst thing is your mum's health care shouldn't be delayed or.."

"Or what?" Irene asked, holding her breath.

"We'll lose her"

"Oh..no!" Irene bursted into tears.

\*\*\*

"I can clearly see you've gone insane again" Harold said to Carrle.

He had allowed her into his office thinking she'll be more reasonable this time.

"I can't believe you left your daughter alone to sleep over in a hospital with a slut!" Carrle barked.

"Just shut up Carrle, you're the slut here and last time i checked Ivory didn't complain about it,she



was even glad i stood by her nanny so what the fuck is your problem" Harold said, regretting why he had let her in in the first place.

Carrle boiled in anger breathing loudly....

"I can see you have nothing left to say, that's the door" He said to Carrle.

"My greetings to Ethan" Harold added mockingly.

"Fuck you!" Carrle swore, seething terribly.

His phone started ringing and he picked it up to check the caller's ID.

"Irene" He said aloud and Carrle who was about leaving, stopped.

He accepted the call and Irene's tears broke through his ears.

He stood up immediately.

What happened?" He asked.

Harold, the specialists are nowhere to be found!

Doc Fern said if my mum's health care is delayed any further,he's afraid we might lose her. I don't want to lose her" Irene cried .

Oh..my! I'm on my way" Harold dropped the call, he picked the necessary things.

He has forgotten Carrle was there until she blocked his way.

"Get out of my way Carrle!" He yelled.

"You're going nowhere" She yelled back, dropping her bag.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 37

---

"Get out of my way Carrle!" He yelled.

"You're going nowhere" She yelled back, dropping her bag.

"Move Carrle,i won't want to push you" Harold said threateningly .

"Go ahead, push your daughter's mother out of the way just because of a freaking nanny whose mother is gonna die soon" Carrle said.

"Don't say that Carrle! Don't!" Harold warned.

"Well...i did already" She said.

"Out of my way" Harold said, getting impatient.

"You'll have to push me like you said to get to that door" Carrle said and Harold swore, resisting the urge to push her.

He knew Carrle to be so implicating, she can go file a report that he pushed her and that might get to the media!

He turned and punched some numbers in his

telephone and then placed the receiver on his ear.

"You, get in here now and take two other person with you. There's a wild animal here" Harold said before dropping the call.

He sighed impatiently, deeply regretting why he had allowed Carrle into his office.

"You wanna get your bodyguards to push me out right, you're such a weakling! Do it yourself" Carrle said.

"I'm not as violent as your 'husband' okay?" Harold said and that shut Carrle up.

Few seconds later, the men filed in.

"Get her out of my way first" Harold ordered and they pulled the ranting Carrle away while Harold rushed to the door, he opened it and stepped out.

Get the car ready" He called his driver while hurrying to the parking lot.

Okay Mr Harold.

---

"What's going on?" Harold asked, breathing heavily as he walked to Irene in the hospital reception, her eyes were swollen with tears and his heart felt heavy, seeing her in that condition.

She sniffed and handed him a face cap when she saw how people were starting to gaze at him, he was unaware though, he collected the face cap and wore it.

"Irene..." He called.

"The specialists are nowhere to be found" She said slowly.

"Doc Fern said my mum is gonna die any moment from now" She added bursting into tears again.

"Damn! Come, let's go to his office" Harold said.

"He's not in his office right now" A nurse stopped

them.

"Get the hell out of the way and go get Doc Fern for me anywhere he is now" Harold said sternly and the nurse nodded, moving out of the way.

\*

"Everything is gonna be fine" Harold rubbed Irene's back as they waited for doc Fern in his office.

"I'm so sorry for keeping you waiting Mr Harold" Doc Fern said, walking in.

"Fernando what's going on?" Harold asked.

Doc Fern sighed "Mr Harold, the specialists are nowhere to be found, I've tried contacting them severally, I called the hospital they were coming from in India and was told they left already since yesterday and they even called them hours ago that they've gotten to San Francisco, heading to my hospital"

"So where the fuck are they!" Harold said.

"I don't know too, no one knows and her mum's health is deteriorating, I'm afraid she has little time left"

"Stop saying that, what's the next step?" Harold asked.

"I'll pay anything" He added.

"We'll have to fly her to India, the same hospital those specialists are coming from" Doc Fern said.

"Are you sure they're competent? The act of the specialists already said they're not" Harold said.

"They are, Mr Harold. That hospital is the best in India and 80% of surgeries they perform are always successful"

"Okay then, we should hurry" Harold said.

"The problem is..." Doc Fern paused.

"What?" Irene spoke up.

"I'm not sure she'll be able to survive through the flight, you know she has very limited time left and the flight process might take a lot of time " Doc Fern said sadly.

"Gosh! Isn't there anything you can do to help?" Harold asked.

"Please" Irene pleaded.

"Arrrgh!" Doc Fern sighed, thinking.

"The only thing i can do is to place her on sedatives throughout the flight but her chance of surviving till we get there is 40%"

"Okay, so how much is the bills? I'm gonna pay it" Harold said.

"No, I'll pay it. I still have some money in my bank account" Irene said and Doc Fern smiled, knowing Irene won't be able to afford the money..

"I'm afraid you won't be able to cover the bills Irene" Doc fern said.



"Irene I'll pay it" Harold offered.

"No, you've done more than enough. I won't let you pay the bills again" Irene said.

"Im not complaining about it, I'm perfectly fine with paying the bills"

"No...no, you're not paying it Harold. You spent a lot already, i can't keep making you spend and spend"

"Im fine with it, just let me settle the bills please" Harold said.

"You're not even my family to take such responsibilities, you paid for everything since we got here and I'm so grateful for that but i won't allow you take responsibility anymore. No, please" Irene said.

"Can i see your account balance Miss Irene?" Doc Fern asked.

"Of course" Irene said bringing out her phone, she

imputed some codes and her bank account balance popped up.

"It'll be enough right?" She asked, handing her phone to Doc Fern.

He laughed when he saw her account balance.

"I'm sorry for laughing but this is so so small, it won't even cover quarter of the bills" Doc Fern said.

"What! Really?" Irene asked, she had thought it'd be more than enough.

The pay she has been receiving from Harold plus all the money she received from her customers. It should be more than enough.

"Why is it so costly?" Irene asked.

"Your mum isn't just doing a surgery Irene but two, other expenses too" Doc Fern said.

"Ohh..." Irene sighed and glanced at Harold while rubbing the back of her neck.

"I'll settle the bills Doc Fern, get to work. There's no much time left" Harold said.

"No" Irene said. "You're just gonna borrow me the money and I'll pay back.

"Really? That's not necessary" Harold said.

"It is, Harold. I'll collect more orders, i need to pay you back"

"It's fine then. Fern,talk to my manager about the bills" Harold said.

"Okay, so I'll be flying with Mrs Neave..."

"Won't i come with you?" Irene asked.

"No, no...that might take a lot of process and she needs to be attended to as soon as possible"

"Ohh" Irene said.

"Will you go in my private jet? The stress of starting to book a flight and all. It's gonna take a lot of time" Harold said.

"That'll be great! Mr Harold" Doc Fern smiled.

"Let me contact my aircraft pilot, you should go get ready with the necessary things " Harold said to Doc Fern who nodded and hurried out of the office.

"Thank you,so much" Irene said to Harold tearily.

"It's fine" He pulled her into a side hug while he contacted his pilot.



The car was in complete silence as they headed home after leaving the airport .

Doc Fern and Mrs Neave left in his private jet already.

"She'll be fine" Harold broke the silence in the car after noticing how troubled Irene looks.

"Thank you" Irene said.

"Are you going back to work?" She asked.

"No,I've closed for the day"

"Yeah, you need to rest" Irene said.

"You too" Harold said and Irene nodded, knowing she has to get to work to be able to pay back Harold's money.

"You should stop giving me my pay for now" Irene said.

"Why?" Harold asked.

"I'm gonna be using it to pay for the debt little by little, it'll go a long way in refunding your money"

"Arrrgh" Harold groaned. "Are you serious about paying back?" He asked.

"Of course " Irene said, "And please do not refuse"  
She added.

"I'm gonna keep giving you your pay and you can save it yourself to pay me back when it's complete" Harold said.

"Fine then " Irene said.

"You're making me feel bad for wanting to pay back, i never asked you too" Harold said.

"I know but i want to. Please" Irene said.

"Okay then, anything that makes you feel okay"  
Harold said.

The car fell back into silence and Harold can't help but steal glances at her.

Even in her worried state,she still looked beautiful.

He kinda wished he hadn't confessed his feelings to her at least not in the midst of this problems,cause it seems she's no longer comfortable with him.

\*\*

Dam, do not go to the hospital after leaving school...." Irene said to Damien as she walked up the stairs.

They just arrived home and she know she needed to fill Damien in on the recent happenings.

\*

"Wow! You never can tell what might have happened to those specialists? I don't think they'll deliberately abandon someone who needs urgent medical care without a reason" Nola said after Harold had narrated everything to her.

"I think you're right and i think they are incompetent too, I'll have then sued whenever they appear" Harold said, sipping his favorite wine, he was seated with Nola in the kitchen after eating.

"Com'on Harold,you don't know what might have gone wrong with them. You should be hoping they're fine instead of having this mindset" Nola said and he shrugged.

"I hope they are fine though. Anyways,I'm glad we didn't even wait for them any longer, i just hope

Irene's Mum survive through the flight and then the surgery" Harold said.

"She will, i know. Irene told me she's a strong woman and i believe she'll fight this" Nola said.

"Where's Irene by the way?" She added.

"Probably in her room, i don't want to disturb her,she obviously needs some time to herself" Harold said.

"Yeah, poor girl" Nola shook her head.

"I'm thinking of changing her brother's school,we both had a discussion and damn! He's so intelligent, i don't think the school he attends knows his worth,he needs a better school and I'm gonna do that for him"

"That'll be great and he's gat the looks too, the maids are still talking about him till now"

"Really?" Harold laughed.



"Yeah"

"So, thinking of the best schools here in San Francisco, i think you should choose the one Ally attends whenever she's here for summer" Nola said.

"Yes! That'll be fine. I'll start making moves once all this is over, you know Mrs Neave have to get well first before i can proceed with my plans"

"Yes, of course"

"I need to go have a nap before Ivory comes back" Harold said and Nola chuckled.

"I'll start preparing lunch also" Nola said.

"Okay World best chef" Harold teased and laughed when Nola rolled his eyes at him.

---

"Irene" Harold called walking into her workshop.

"Hi" She smiled. She just left Ivory's room who's

already having her nap.

"I thought you'd be in your room" Harold said, drawing a chair close to her before sitting.

"Nah, i need to work" Irene said.

"Well... Doc Fern just called me now, they arrived India safely and the surgeons already got to work"

"Thank goodness" Irene breathed out a sigh of relief.

Her mum survived the flight!

She had been unsettled, praying her mum would at least survive the flight cause the state she had been in when they left for India was terrible.

Keep fighting mum.. you'll survive the surgeries too.

"I'm so glad" Irene smiled.

"Me too" Harold said.

"Ohh... Doc Fern's calling back" Harold said

picking up the call...

Hi Doc Fern.

Irene picked up her phone to call Damien and tell him about the new piece of news.

What!" Harold's exclamation stopped him.

"What?" Irene asked worriedly.

"Can you believe the specialists that were assigned to San Francisco to take care of your mum, were kidnapped! That was why they couldn't make it to the hospital" Harold said,alarmed.

"What!"

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Chapter 38

Zeemah writes

---

Harold and Irene rushed into Doc Fern's hospital and was led into his office by the two nurses.

"Where are they?" Harold asked, not seeing the specialists they came them for.

"They are cleaning up, they'll be out soon" one of the nurses said before walking out.

"Nola was right when she said we don't know what might have gone wrong with them" Harold said.

"Yeah" Irene nodded, still startled by the fact that the specialists were kidnapped.

"Hii" They heard, and turned to see two ladies walking out of Doc Fern's personal restroom.

Irene never thought the specialists would be ladies and they look so beautiful, she rarely see Indians.

"I'm Sunil"

"I'm Shreedah" The ladies stretched out the hands and Harold and Irene gladly took it.

"We're so sorry about what happened to you both" Irene said and Harold nodded in affirmative.

"Ohh..my. Aren't you Harold Marshall?" The lady called Sunil asked and Harold nodded.

"Can i hug you?" Sunil asked expectantly.

"Yeah" Harold smiled and Sunil pulled him into a hug.

Shreedah smiled and took a seat.

She was tired from the stress and all,they never thought they'd have this experience on their first day in San Francisco.

They had been looking so forward to the surgeries not until they were waylaid and kidnapped. Her ears still hurt from the slaps she had received.

"I like you so much, you're one of the few

billionaires that assists people in every way they can ,if i had known it was your mother we were coming to perform surgery on,i would have fought those kidnappers with all my strength" Sunil said and Harold laughed.

Their English was obviously different from theirs, theirs sounded funny to the ears.

"So...how did it all.. happened?" Irene asked curiously.

"We were just few minutes away from this hospital when a car crossed ours and took over the wheels,we were blindfolded throughout the journey and even when we got to wherever they took us to,we only heard voices without even seeing anyone" Shreedah said.

"Wow!" Harold exclaimed.

"Shreedah was slapped severally cause she refused to cooperate" Sunil said.

"Ohh..my no wonder her cheeks looks so red. Sorry Shreedah" Irene said.

"Sorry Shreedah" Harold said.

"Thank you" Shreedah said.

"We should involve the cops" Harold said.

"No!" They both exclaimed, startling Harold and Irene.

"Why? We should involve the cops" Irene said.

"They threatened to come after us if we do. They know i have a child and they threatened to kill her if we ever go to the cops." Shreedah blinked rapidly.

"Ohhh" Irene and Harold sighed.

" Moreover,they didn't hurt us." Sunil said,still being clingy to Harold and Irene doesn't know why it upsets her so much.

"Do you probably know the reason you both were

kidnapped or could it be mistaken identity?"

Harold asked.

"I don't think so...i remembered what they said when Shreedah said we have a life to save" Sunil said.

"What did they say?" Irene asked curiously.

"They said...we were kidnapped because of the life we want to save..." Shreedah answered.

"What!!" Harold and Irene exclaimed.

"And she'll be confirmed dead before we're released." Sunil said and Irene felt sick to the stomach.

"I guess they released us after knowing the woman had been flown to India" Shreedah said.

"I..m..my mum, they were after my mum" Irene said shockingly..

"Ohh..she's your mum?" Sunil said,kind of



disappointed.

"Yeah" Harold said and turned to Irene.

"W.. why?" Irene frowned.

"Why would anyone want my mum dead?" She added.

"Wow.." Sunil sighed.

"Just chill, we'll get back to it. Let's get Sunil and Shreedah to the hotel,so they can rest and leave by tomorrow morning" Harold said.

"Okay" Irene said, deeply worried.

"I.. don't think we'll be safe at the hotel. Your house would be better" Sunil smiled,hand brushing her long silky hair.

"No, i don't really allow people in my house. You'll be fine at the hotel. It's my hotel actually and you'll have bodyguards surrounding the whole place" Harold said.

"Ohh... that's fine then" Sunil said, slightly embarrassed and Irene would have laughed if not because of the situation.

"We're so sorry about everything. You guys wouldn't have gotten into this mess if we hadn't asked you to come over..." Harold said.

"No, that's our job. To save lives, you're not to blame for it" Sunil said.

"Can we move to the hotel please, my body...is aching and I'll really like to eat" Shreedah said.

"Of course, i messaged the chauffeur already,he would be here soon" Harold said.

'its getting dark' Irene thought after peering out of the window..

'will Damien be fine?' she thought worriedly.

He must be feeling so lonely,she wish she can just go be with him till their mum is back but she can't leave her work,she know Harold will definitely

allow her go but she can't take advantage of that, it's not so fair.

Damien would be fine...

"Hey, what's wrong?" Harold asked Irene, moving beside her..

"Nothing..." She let out a small smile.

"C'mon, i can tell you're very worried about something and i understand cause there's so much going on at the moment but just know and believe everything will be fine okay?" Harold assured and Irene nodded.

"Thank you" She said.

"Okay so, don't you think we should take legal actions,it's so obvious those kidnappers wanted your mum dead! I'm pretty sure that's what you're so bothered about" Harold said.

"No, i was thinking about Damien actually. And yeah, knowing there is someone out there who

wants my mum dead is enough to worry about but right now I'm just so worried about mum's health more than anything." Irene said.

"Of course, you should be. We all are. But don't you think we should involve the cops now so they won't come after her when she's fully well"

"Involving the cops will worsen the situation Harold, I'll make sure I get a new apartment for mum and Damien if she survives"

"Irene, getting a new apartment for her doesn't stop the bad guys from coming after her" Harold said.

"I know but she needs to survive first and we have to consider Shreedah's daughter" Irene said.

Harold's phone beeped and he stared at the screen.

"The chauffeur is here" He said to Sunil and Shreedah who were discussing.

"Ohh.. okay" they both picked their bags.

They all walked out of Doc Fern's office.

"Irene, getting a new apartment for her doesn't stop the bad guys from coming after her" Harold's words rang in her ears as they walked.

Why does she feel it's because of her they want her mum dead and why is her mind pointing at Ethan Weston ?

She blew out a breath and watched Harold talk to the chauffeur, Sunil and Shreedah had gotten into the car already with two bodyguards with them.

Irene was irritated with how Sunil kept touching Harold..

What a clingy thing!

Harold waved them bye and watched the car drive off before joining Irene.

He let out a breath...

Irene opened the limo door and got in, Harold got in after her and ordered his driver to start driving.

"You upset about something?" Harold asked, noticing the frown on her face.

"Uh?..nothing" She said.

'Dont freaking tell me this is jealousy Irene!' her mind scolded her.

\*\*\*

"We've been waiting for ages" Ivory complained as Harold and Irene walked into the dining room.

She and Nola have been waiting for them before having their dinner.

"We're sorry" Irene smiled.

"For ages? Take it easy with the exaggeration V" Harold said and they laughed.

"You both should go wash your hands first before joining us here" ivory said.

"Of course we will" Harold said.

"How's your mum Irene?" Nola asked.

"The surgery's still ongoing,we haven't heard anything yet" Irene said.

"I'm going to pray to God to make her survive because she made me a sweater i love so much" Ivory said and Irene smiled.

"You don't have to read me bedtime stories tonight,you must be so tired from the stress you've gone through today" She added.

"Wow..." Irene laughed.

"Thanks ivory" She said.

"Go wash your hands let's eat please" Nola said.

"Oh..my World best chef is starving seriously" Harold joked and they all laughed.

---

"Good night Ivory" Irene pecked her cheek.

"Goodnight Irene" Ivory said sleepily.

Irene gently left the room and walked towards the stairs.

Harold had told her to come to the living once she's done with ivory.

She descended the stairs slowly.

Her gaze met with Alex's who was standing by the end of the stairs.

She wasn't in the mood to return his glare, she just walked on.

She got to the living room and instead of meeting Harold, she met Damien.

"What!" She exclaimed, walking to him.

"What's wrong? What are you doing here?" She asked.

"I sent a driver to go pick him" Harold said walking into the living.



Irene turned.

"Cause starting from now, he'll be staying here till your mum's return"

"Huh?"

"Yeah" Damien grinned.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

### Chapter 39

Zeemah writes

---

"Cause starting from now, he'll be staying here till your mum's return"

"Huh?"

"Yeah" Damien grinned.

"I know you're so worried about him being alone in

the house, it's not safe" Harold said.

"Yeah, thank you...thank you so much" Irene said.

She feels so relieved, now she won't have to worry anymore about Damien cause she'll be seeing him everyday!

She glanced at her brother who was grinning happily and she smiled too.

"Thank you Mr Harold, I'm so grateful" Damien said.

"It's fine, boy! Have you had dinner?" Harold asked.

"Yes"

"Okay, Marie will show you to your room" Harold said and it was then Damien and Irene noticed Marie was in the living room.

"We can share my room" Irene said.

"No, i already made them prepare his room,there are enough rooms here" Harold said.

"Ohh..okay" Irene said.

"Do not cause any trouble here and just shower and go to bed immediately you get to your room. We'll talk tomorrow" Irene said to Damien as he followed Marie.

"Okay sis" He winked and playfully dragged her cheeks.

She smiled and watched him leave.

"Geez! His luggage made it seem like he'll be spending years here" Irene said and Harold laughed.

"Thank you so much" She said to him again.

"Arrrgh" He groaned..."Enough of that Irene"

"No, allow me thank you. That's the only way that shows how grateful i am"

"Okay fine...I'm going to the library,care to join me?" Harold asked.

"I don't mind, i won't be able to get any sleep if i should return to my room now" Irene said.

---

"No" Harold said when Irene picked a novel to read. They just finished litting the fireplace.

"What?" Irene asked.

"Let's not read, let's just discuss" He said.

"Ohh...fine then" Irene dropped the novel.

They both sat in front of the fireplace, no one spoke up.

"Hey! Aren't you the one supposed to speak up. You wanted to discuss!" Irene said inwardly.

"I'm sure Nola would have told you not to enter the room beside the pool" Harold broke the silence.

"Ohh..yes! She did when she was showing me around the house and i wondered what was in

there"

"Nothing is in there,it's just a normal room that belonged to Helena,who was my godmother...care to listen to some stories?" Harold asked.

"Of course" Irene said eagerly.

"Okay...i loved Helena so much. She topped the list of people who helped me become successful,her words and advises groomed me into the man i am today. She told me not to depend on my parents wealth but work hard for mine, 'Hustle like you're poorest man on Earth' She always told me,our bond was unbreakable and a lot of people do mistake her for my mother"

"Wow" Irene smiled.

"You should know my parents are billionaires and they were ready to spoil me but Helena prevented that. She was nola's close friend and they do stay in the kitchen together. I should tell you this,the

reason Nola never want to leave the kitchen is because that's where most of her memories with Helena are. It's been years now but none of us have gotten over her death"

"I'm so sorry about that" Irene said sadly.

"She died of food poisoning, she was poisoned right in this house and till date, the culprit have not been apprehended. Detectives tried all they could but they couldn't fish out the person, investigations went on for years until they finally washed their hands off the case.

She died on the same day my daughter arrived the world. She didn't get to see Ivory whom she had prepared so much to meet" Harold said.

Irene took his palm in hers, seeing how hard he was restraining his tears.

She wanted to cry too.

She didn't say anything and allowed him go on.

"I was more sad than happy but the belief that Helena came back to me through Ivory consoled me a bit. 'Bring her up like i brought you up" She had told me,like she knew she wasn't going to be there .

She was poisoned in the night and she had struggled till morning just so she could see me for the last time.

By the time we found her, it was late and she died as soon as she was wheeled into the hospital. My world shattered at that moment" Harold finally let out his tears.

Irene felt her throat tighten, she know she's gonna start crying any moment from now knowing how it feels to lose someone so dear and close to you.

"And do you know my worst regret?" Harold asked.

"What?" Irene asked, blinking hard to stop her tears.

"Few minutes before her death..she gave me the necklace she cherished most in the world,her grandmother had given it to her mother,her mother had given it to her and it was to be passed that way but she gave it to me even when she had a daughter and i fucking misplaced it! I was so careless!" Harold said, and Irene wiped his tears with her palm.

She rubbed his back and had to resist the urge of hugging him tightly.

She badly want to, she had never seen him this way and she felt the need to protect and console him.

" -Harold, do wear this whenever you go into my room,that way you'll feel my presence- She had told me and Indeed,after her death,i do feel her presence whenever i wear the necklace, i cherished it so much until one night, i got drunk,i rarely get drunk. I wonder how it happened. Then



the next morning, I'm sure it was stolen cause I had searched every nook and crannies in this house but couldn't find it "

"Who was with you when you got drunk?" Irene asked.

"Carrle" Harold said.

"Ohh"

"She and Helena never got along and she had denied taking the necklace and it was after she got married to Ethan that she told me to my face that she took it. "

"What! What did you do?" Irene asked.

"Nothing, I couldn't do anything cause there was not enough evidence to back it up. Helena warned me about her, she warned me not to trust Carrle but I never listened, if only I had known" Harold said.

"Damn!" Irene shook her head slowly.

"And knowing the only thing that kind of connected me to Helena was gone, knowing i was so careless with what Helena cherished most made me so angry and i ordered everyone to stay away from her room.

I do feel bad when i go into her room without her necklace,i realised i do not feel her presence anymore without the necklace so i stopped going into her room.

If there's anything i ever wish for,it's for me to get the necklace back. I miss Helena so much" Harold smiled sadly.

Irene sighed " What a sad story, Now i understand the reason no one is allowed into that room"

"Yeah,i wonder what Helena would think of you if she had met you" Harold said and Irene smiled.

"I'm planning on visiting her room soon,will you come with me?" Harold asked.

"Of course, just tell me whenever you want to"  
Irene said.

"Okay, i feel so embarrassed to have cried in front of you" Harold said.

"Com'on, I'm glad you trusted me enough to tell me this, thank you"

"I feel relieved, i feel free letting out what has been bottled inside me for years"

"Come here" Irene stretched opened her arms for a hug and Harold happily hugged her.

"Good morning Ivory" Irene said walking into ivory's room through the adjoining door, she just finished bathing and dressing up.

She wondered where ivory was when she couldn't find her on the bed and the shower wasn't running either...

She might be pooping.

She opened ivory's wardrobe and started selecting her school wears.

She had gone to see Damien already,he was getting ready for school and he was so excited when Harold told him he'll be getting dropped in school every morning and he'll be picked up too.

The door opened and she thought it was Harold that walked in,but it was Ivory. She entered the room grinning.

"I thought you were in the bathroom and when i didn't heard the shower running,i decided you were pooping" Irene said.

"Pooping? No" Ivory rolled her eyes.

"You don't poop?" Irene teased.

"I do but...arrrgh,stop this poop talk already. It's embarrassing" ivory said and Irene laughed.

"So where did you go to?" She asked.

"Dad took me to see Damien"

"Huh?"

"Yes" Ivory grinned.

"I'm so glad he'll be with us for a while,he said he'll be helping me with my homework especially arithmetics" Ivory giggled and Irene smiled.

"Well...let's get you ready for school"

\*

"Aren't you guys eating?" Harold asked when he noticed Irene and Damien were not sitting with them for breakfast.

"We'll eat in...the kitchen" Irene said.

"Yeah" Damien said.

"What? Why?" Harold asked.

"Huh.. Irene said it's your private dining room"  
Damien said.

"Irene com'on!" Harold said.

"I..we won't like us to overcrowd the dining room"  
Irene said.

"Overcrowd? You're just two!" Nola said.

"Truly,this is my private dining room but i don't  
mind Damien eating with us, have your seats and  
let's eat" Harold said.

"Thank you" Irene and Damien said and Harold  
groaned.

---

\*

Irene, i totally forgot Carrle will be coming to  
check on Ivory today. Please wherever she wants  
to take Ivory to,make sure you go with her okay?

Okay Harold.

Dress her up nicely, Carrle can be so...  
nevermind. Just take care.

Alright, bye.

\*\*\*

"Carrle is here, i need to go. You should continue with the dress" Irene said to Damien who nodded.

He's back from school and they were both in her workshop, talking and working.

Damien had been so happy so see the workshop,he loved it and wouldn't stop talking about how good Harold is.

"Okay Irene, don't be long" Damien said,he was enjoying his time here and...he had seen several maids eye him.

This is gonna be fun..

\*

"Are you crazy? What do you mean you're coming with us?" Carrle asked, irritated with Irene's sight.

"I'm her nanny and i was ordered to do so by my

employer" Irene said.

"Not in my car!" Carrle said.

"That's fine,I'll go in another car" Irene said and if looks could kill,she would have died by Carrle's glares.

"Mum, i want Irene to come with us please" Ivory said.

Carrle had changed ivory's dress to a more beautiful pink gown and glittery white shoes,her hair was packed in pigtails with pink hair band.

Ivory looked so uncomfortable and Irene was almost forced to tell Carrle.

"Baby girl, we'll be going to an ice cream parlor!" Carrle said to Ivory who didn't seem excited.

"Well...the car you'll be coming with should be trailing behind ours." Carrle scoffed at Irene.

"And is this how you'll be dressed, you'll be coming



with me dressed that way?" Carrle asked, pretending to almost throw up.

The bodyguards and maids with her laughed.

"How do you want me to get dressed?" Irene questioned, refusing to be intimidated.

"Get into a ball gown with feathers because we're going to an ice cream shop? You should better hurry, you're allowed to spend just few hours with her" Irene said and it took all Carrle's might not to slap her in the face.

"Here baby girl, have your ice cream" Carrle said to Ivory stretching a vanilla ice cream to her, Irene sighed inwardly, knowing ivory doesn't take vanilla flavor.

The Ice cream parlor is a big and expensive one and Carrle's entrance had caused stirs.

Carrle is a public figure.

"I can't take this" Ivory said.

"Why?" Carrle asked.

"I don't want this" Ivory said.

"She doesn't take any other flavor asides strawberry" Irene said.

"Will you shut up! And do never interfere in our business!" Carrle said, slamming the vanilla ice cream on Irene's face.

There were loud gasp and the next thing Irene heard was camera clicks.

What!!

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Chapter 40

Zeemah writes

---

There were loud gasp and the next thing Irene heard was camera clicks.

What!!!

"Mum! What have you done!" Ivory screamed.

"Wow!" Irene sighed, she quickly wiped the ice cream off her face, the coldness was painful.

"Irene, I'm so sorry" ivory cried.

Cameras were still on them and Irene tried hard not to cry, the embarrassment was so hard to take.

She stood up slowly and stared at the fuming Carrle.

"Next time, you don't interfere in our conversation. You're just a nanny! You're not worthy to look me in the face not to talk of interfering in my conversation. Hey everyone, this is the CEO of Daire fashions and look how she's

dressed..in rags!" Carrle laughed loud together with her bodyguards.

"Mum! Stop already!" ivory yelled.

"Bye baby girl,see you some other day. Glad to know your favorite flavor is strawberry" Carrle smiled.

"Poor bitch!" Carrle said to Irene's face before walking away with her bodyguards.

Irene stood still, staring on.

"I'm so sorry Irene" Ivory rubbed her hand.

"Will you all drop those freaking phones!?" Tom yelled walking into the ice cream parlor.

He had followed Irene here together with Eric.

Everyone dropped their phones, satisfied they had taken enough pictures and videos.

He led Irene out of the shop, wishing he had been in the parlor with them, Carrle wouldn't have

pulled that stunt.

Now it's all over the internet, he had seen it before coming into the shop, something that happened just few minutes ago!

He felt so sorry for Irene for the bad publicity Carrle had given her.

"I'm so sorry about that Irene" Eric said when they got into the car.

"It's fine" Irene smiled sadly.

"Here" Tom passed her handkerchief.

She took it and bursted into tears, Ivory started crying too and Tom and Eric sighed.

He had actually given her the handkerchief to clean the ice cream on her hair.

"That was so bad of Carrle" Eric fumed as he turned on the ignition.

"It's fine Irene" Tom consoled her.

"Com'on,stop crying" Irene said to Ivory in tears.

"I won't stop if you don't" Ivory sniffed.

Irene wiped her tears "Look, I've stopped"

Ivory's tears came to a halt and she wiped off the ice cream on Irene's hair..

"My hair and face sure needs thorough wash" Irene smiled and Ivory nodded.

"I won't allow her see me anymore" Ivory said.

"What?" Irene asked.

"I won't allow my mum see me anymore, i will stop going out with her" Ivory said.

"No ivory, she's your mum and she doesn't see you every time,you shouldn't do that"

"I will!" Ivory said.

"Com'on..."

"She's so mean" ivory said.

"No! That's disrespectful, do not say that to your mum okay." Irene scolded.

"Okay Irene but i won't allow her see me anymore and won't go out with her again"

"Ivo..."

"Do not try to change my mind" ivory cut her short.

"Ivory, she's your m..."

"Rule number 15! Do not try to make me change my mind once i insist on something" Ivory said and Irene smiled.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group. .

It's been long Ivory read out a rule to her.

—

#Carrle Weston in Dream ice cream parlor!

#Carrle Weston emptied ice cream on daughter's

nanny!

#"Poor bitch!" Carrle blasts daughter's nanny!

#The CEO of Daire fashions is a nanny!

#Trouble between Carrle Weston and daughter's nanny!

#Ivory, billionaire Harold Marshall's daughter defends nanny against mother!

# disagreements in the Marshall's family.

#Carrle slaps daughter's nanny!

#Ivory Marshall's nanny leaves ice cream parlor in embarrassment!

#CEO of Daire fashions dressed in what Carrle Weston referred to as rags!!!

"What!!!" Harold exclaimed.

His secretary had just showed him the ongoing trend.

"Oh...my God!" He picked his blazer.



"You're going?" His secretary asked him.

"Of course, Carrle is going to pay for this" Harold said angrily wondering how irene must be feeling now.

"Damn!" He swore.

---

"Tom, please don't let him out,stop him" Irene said to Tom who blocked Damien way.

They've gotten home and Damien already got wind of the news,he was so angry and he's ready to go confront Carrle.

"How dare she do that to you!" Damien raked his hands through his hair angrily.

"Noooo!" He screamed. "I will fucking kill her!"

"Damien!" Irene yelled at him.

"Get inside your room now!" She ordered.

"I mean now!" She repeated herself when Damien

didn't move.

Ivory moved back a bit, surprised to see Damien this angry.

"Damien please" Irene took his hand in hers.

"How could you allow someone do that to you. Irene, you're all over the social media, people are mocking you, your picture is everywhere! I fucking know where the bitch live, remember her husband once abducted me. Just let me go... fight for you please." Damien said.

"Damien, no! I'm okay. I'm completely fine,let's just let it go, please"

"Ahhh!" Damien bit his lower lip..

"Com'on bro" Irene smiled, hugging him.

"Geez,you're getting taller" She teased him and that made him smile.

He kissed her forehead.

"Anyone that hurts you should get ready to face me..." Damien said and Marie and Alex cringed from where they were watching.

"I'm just letting this go because i do no want to hurt your feelings" Damien said and Irene nodded.

"Come,let's go wash your hair" he took Irene's hand and they both walked in.

The workers left one after the other astonished by the drama..

\*\*

"Irene, I'm so sorry" Harold said walking into her room.

"I'll make Carrle pay for this, i promise. She's gonna get arrested!"

"No!" Irene stood up from her dressing chair, she was blow drying her hair when Harold walked in.

Damien sat on her bed with her phone in hand.

"I'm fine, you don't have to do that Harold" Irene said.

"She freaking embarrassed you, she'll pay for it" Harold insisted.

"I'm fine with whatever she did to me, i don't want anyone to take any action please" Irene said.

"Irene..."

"Mr Harold, just let it go. She won't allow anyone do anything" Damien said.

"Ahhh!" Harold sighed.

"I'm sorry about this Irene, if you hadn't been working for me, you wouldn't have been embarrassed that way"

"It's okay" Irene said.

"You should go change and freshen up, you look kinda funny " Irene laughed and Harold smiled.

\*

"I can't believe people are starting to order for the dress Carrle called rags" Irene smiled, walking into the living room.

"Doc Fern just called" She heard Harold said and glanced at him.

His facial expression changed her mood immediately.

"What happened?" She asked.

"There's a problem" He said.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 41

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"Doc Fern just called" She heard Harold said and glanced at him.

His facial expression changed her mood

immediately.

"What happened?" She asked.

"There's a problem" He said.

"What?" Irene asked calmly but she was losing her mind already.

"Your mum survived the liver surgery!!!" Harold announced happily and Irene screamed, hitting Harold all over his chest.

"You're such a dick!" She laughed and the bodyguards raised their brows.

"Huh!" She exclaimed realising what she just said.

"I'm so sorry, i didn't mean to say that" irene quickly apologized.

"Com'on" Harold laughed.

"I'm a dick" He agreed.

"You're not" Irene said.

"I liked it when you called me that, you don't have

to apologise for it. Look at how cute you are, with your hands on my chest" Harold grinned and Irene's cheek grew hot and pink.

She slowly removed her hands from his chest, swallowing hard.

"Well..." She said.

"My mum's liver surgery was successful" She screamed happily, jumping and shaking the bodyguards one after the other.

Harold laughed hard.

"Damien" She shouted happily, rushing out of the living room.

She climbed the stairs hurriedly, almost tripping in the process but she didn't seem to care.

"Dam" She called, running into his room.

"Ow! You should always knock" Damien said covering his butt from her sight.

"Wow" Irene laughed, holding his dressing chair.

"Like you always knock before coming into my room" She said with a pout.

"Well...i don't but I'm a guy,you shouldn't barge in on me,I'm a matured guy" Damien rolled his eyes .

"Ohh... Mr matured,I'm happy to announce to you that Mum survived her liver surgeryyyy" Irene announced in smiles.

"Yes!" Damien said happily, wrapping his towel properly around his waist before hugging Irene.

They jumped all over the room, shouting happily.

Harold heard them shouting from the living room and smiled to himself.

"Mr Harold, aren't they disturbing the whole house" Alex said to Harold.

"No, let them be" Harold smiled.

"Okay" Alex said through gritted teeth.



"I'm so happy!" Damien said.

They've stopped screaming,they were now sitting on the bed.

"I'm so happy too. Do you know Harold is such a dick" Irene said.

"Huh? Your boss?" Damien asked.

"Oh..my, can you believe i actually called him that in the presence of other employees"

"Geez!" Damien chuckled.

"Yeah and he agreed he's a dick"

"What?" Damien laughed.

"Yeah,i was on my way to tell him people have started ordering for the cloth Carrle referred to as rags! When he told me Doc Fern just called me and there's a problem, only for him to announce that the surgery was successful"

"Wow" Damien laughed.

"But are you serious? People are starting to order for the dress that was called rags?"

"Yes dam! I've started getting orders for it. " Irene smiled happily.

"The dress is beautiful, Carrle is just blinded by hate and envy! She even helped you advertise your product" Damien laughed.

"Yeah, what a foolish lady. I had my reasons when i said no one should take action against her, she's not worth it,she's generally known as a bad bitch so why should we bother ourselves?" Irene said.

"Ohh... yeah! This is the Irene i know" Damien said and Irene laughed.

"And moreover,i was more bothered by mum's health than fighting her" Irene said.

"I hope you've accepted the orders, accept as many as you can. I'm here to help you" Damien said.

"Not yet, but I'm gonna accept them as soon as I've completed the ones in my workshop"

"I'm so grateful to Mr Harold, he's a life changer"  
Damien said.

"Yes Dam, I'll forever be grateful to him"

"If there's any way to repay him,we surely will"  
Damien said.

And isn't she so ready to accept Harold's proposal?

She freaking love him, anyone would think she wants to date him because of the help he rendered to her family but hell no! She fucking loved Harold from the beginning but she had failed to admit it and just when she admitted it, Harold professed his feelings to her!

Isn't that so great.

She hadn't had time to think about it cause of her mum's predicament but now that her mum is okay,thoughts are now welcome!

"Hey!" Damien snapped his finger in front of her face after noticing how deep in thought she is.

"Hey bro" She smiled.

"Welcome back from whatever journey you embarked on" He teased and she laughed.

"With blushes creeping into your cheeks. Who are you thinking about?" He asked.

"Someone of course but I'm not gonna tell you anything yet,till i decide"

"Hmm, I'm fine with that. So good to see you blush, it's been a long time" Damien said.

"Yeah..it's been a long time you saw me blush"  
Irene said, knowing she blushes almost every time she's with Harold.

"So, when is mum returning to San Francisco?"  
Damien asked.

"Dunderhead there's still one more surgery to go"

Irene said.

"Ohh...her leg's?"

"Yeah".

"I pray it comes out successful too " Damien.

"Amen, I'm just so glad the most important surgery is successful, mum won't have to writhe in pain anymore" Irene said and Damien nodded.

He adjusted his towel and Irene glared at him.

"What the fuck are you keeping out of my sight? I do bath you, remember" She groaned.

"That was then, not anymore" Damien grinned, getting to his feet.

And before he could say Jack, Irene pulled his towel away.

"Ahhhhhhhhh" He screamed before running into the bathroom.

Irene's laugh filled his room...

---

"Let's toast to the successful surgery of Mrs Neave" Harold said and they all raised their glasses of wine except Ivory who raised a cone of strawberry ice cream.

They just finished having dinner and Harold wanted them to toast to the success of the surgery before they all go to bed.

"I'm so happy my prayers worked" Ivory smiled, enjoying her ice cream.

Damien sipped his wine beaming like a jolly panda, he has never had a wine so expensive as this.

Irene watched him, glad the wine wasn't alcoholic.

"Ivory, she's gonna have her legs surgery too, pray huh?" Damien said.

"Okay dam, i will" Ivory smiled.

"Dad, i had the highest score in arithmetics" ivory

said.

"Really?"

"Yes Dad, Damien explained an easy method to me and i even had to explain it to my arithmetics teacher, then she made everyone start using it too, we all loved it" Ivory said.

"Wow!" Harold smiled, glancing towards Damien who just smiled.

Ivory told him already.

"Thanks Damien" Harold said.

"For?" Damien asked, still not letting go of the wine.

"For teaching Ivory an easier method"

"That's the least i can do Mr Harold, it can't even be compared to what you've done for us. Thank you so much" Damien said.

"There you go again" Harold said.

"Irene, I'm ready to go to bed" Ivory yawned

slightly.

"Ohh...baby girl" Irene got to her feet and dropped her glass cup of wine.

"Good night everyone" Ivory waved.

"Good night"

"Good night princess" Harold pecked her cheeks.

"Night Dad" Ivory said.

Irene took her hand and they both headed to her room.

"Damien,make sure you go to bed soon okay"

"Okay sis"..

\_\_\_\_

"I don't freaking know why everything isn't working out, I'm just so tired of planning planning planning and at the end,the plan doesn't work out!" Carrle complained bitterly after Alex had called them that Irene's mum surgery was



successful and the whole house is thrown into a celebration mood.

Ethan said they had to make another plan.

"Chill Carrle,we just have to be more strategic this time, i believe this new plan will work out" Ethan assured.

"That's what you say everytime, just look...i can't believe people are starting to like those rags that bastard put on. It's just like i worked in her favour and I'm freaking annoyed about it..arrrgh!" Carrle groaned.

"Who the hell is calling me..." She said picking her phone, staring at the screen,she gasped.

"Harold" She whispered to Ethan who raised a brow.

"What could he want..oh..my! Is he starting to find me attractive again?" Carrle grinned.

She quickly received the call and placed in on her

ear.

Do never! try what you did today again" Harold shouted.

He just finished changing into his pajamas and knew he had to call Carrle to warn her not to do such to Irene again.

What did i freaking do?" Carrle barked.

Slamming an ice cream on someone's face is so inhumane of you, just because she told you the flavor your daughter preferred.

So you called to tell me that huh? You called to tell me a nanny is right to interfere in our conversation huh?

Why do you make the job 'nanny' look like a filthy thing to do. Anyways,i didn't call to batter words with you. I called to warn you. I love Irene and if you dare try to hurt her again,I'll make you pay for it! " Harold warned sternly before

disconnecting the call.

"What!" Carrle exclaimed...

-----

Harold dropped his phone on the table and sighed.

He heard a small knock on his door and wondered who that was.

Ivory has obviously gone to bed.

He walked to the door and pulled it open. He was surprised to see Irene standing there clad in that nightgown that'd make any man loose his mind.

Her skin looked so creamy and smooth and some strands of her wet hair clung to her forehead, her soft looking lips were parted slightly and her incredible eyes stared into his, giving his heart jitters.

He swallowed hard trying not to get carried away with how delicious Irene looked.

She looked like a night fairy.

So naturally beautiful.

Ability to seduce without even moving.

"I can't...sleep, let's go into the library"

"Come in" Harold said.

"Huh?..i mean the lib.." She was saying before  
Harold shut her up with a sizzling kiss.

Zeemah

Awwwn

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 42

---

"I can't...sleep, let's go into the library"

"Come in" Harold said.

"Huh?..i mean the lib.." She was saying before Harold shut her up with a sizzling kiss.

Her eyes widened in surprise and her heart was already beating fast against her chest, almost knocking it off.

She could feel her face heat up and she tried so much not to return the kiss but she couldn't hold herself anymore.

She melted in his arms as she kissed him back and at that moment, all that existed to them was pure love.

Irene gave herself in completely losing control over her mind.

A kiss has never made her feel this way.

The kiss went on and on until they both had to stop to catch their breath.

Irene sighed,not able to look up, she felt so shy that she wished she had magic,she would have just

disappeared to her room cause she can't even look Harold in the face right now and she's so sure her cheeks must have lost it's colour.

They both didn't say anything to each other for a while.

Harold smiled and licked his lips, noticing how shy Irene was.

"Isn't your neck hurting" He said, raising her head with his palms.

He made her look into his eyes and then smiled.

"You look beautiful and I'd do anything to kiss you over and over again" He said.

Irene's stomach curled as he brought his lips closer again.

And she couldn't even stop him!

She didn't see herself stopping him.

She wanted it to!

"Come in" He whispered to her ear.

Ding!

She walked into his room and smiled.

This is not the first time she'll be here but everytime she comes here,she's always impressed with how nice the place looks...

"Your room always looks so neat and beautiful everyday" Irene said.

Harold closed the door behind them.

"Thank you" he said.

"You look so cute when blushing, i almost kissed you again" Harold said.

"Can we not talk about the 'kiss' " Irene said, her cheeks starting to heat up again.

She sat her butt on the bed, inwardly scolding herself over the kiss.

"Fine" Harold said beside her.

"So, you weren't able to sleep?" He asked.

"Yeah, i just kept tossing in bed. Maybe because I'm overjoyed about my mum's health" Irene smiled.

"Ohh,so you wanted us to go into the library"

"Yeah and..." She paused.

"What?" Harold asked.

"I know it must have taken a lot of courage for you to...profess your love to me and I'm sorry for delaying an answer cause i know you deserve one,i just want to put things in place first, I'm so glad you find me attractive or rather im surprised you do..."

"Surprised? Why?"

"I never thought you'd find someone like me attractive"

"Someone like you?"



"I mean...a nanny" Irene said.

"And being a nanny means you're not attractive?  
Do not think that way Irene, you're actually the most beautiful nanny I've ever met, you're the only lady..I've ever had feelings for since Carrle left, love is not based on one's occupation, it's based on oneself" Harold said.

"You're right" Irene smiled.

"Do you want a drink?" Harold asked walking to the freezer."

"I don't mind" Irene said.

"Here" Harold handed a glass cup of chilled orange juice to her.

"Thank you"

"Come" He took her hand and led her to the verandah.

"Wow, what a view" Irene said.

"Yeah,it's a beautiful night" Harold smiled.

"I've never been here, you're so lucky with this great view" Irene sipped her juice.

"And why did you poured juice for me but poured wine for yourself" She pouted.

"I don't want you getting tipsy it might influence whatever you wanna say and you know you get tipsy easily"

"Ohh,how did you got to know so much about me?"

"By studying you of course, and you're so easy to read"

"Really?" Irene frowned.

"Yeah but i guess I'm the only one that find you so easy to read " Harold said.

"I guess so too, you're so different,far different from the people I've met, being with you always

make me feel like I'm in a different world" Irene said.

"Wow... really?" Harold chuckled.

"Yeah"

They both rested their hands on the rails and stared at the sky with different thoughts running through their minds .

"Do you want to see Helena's room?" Harold suddenly asked.

---

"Wow!" Irene exclaimed as she walked into Helena's room with Harold.

They had to brush off cobwebs as they stepped in further.

"For how long have you avoided this room?" Irene asked.

"For...years now" Harold said, feeling so bad.

That guilty feeling is back.

"You shouldn't have come in here without her necklace" Harold's mind hunt him.

"You should have at least make the cleaners clean the room everyday" Irene said.

The room looks so dusty.. dust covered every furniture and cobwebs hanging at every corner of the room, there was a a stale smell in the air.

"You know what? We need to clean up this room first" Irene said.

\*\*

They both set to work after getting cleaning tools.

"I think you should clear the cobwebs while i tend to the dust" Irene said to Harold.

"Ohh...okay" He said.

\*

After so much efforts,they finally made the room

look better, the dusts and cobwebs gone, everything looking so okay now and Irene could see how beautiful the room is.

"I'll make the maids tend to the bathroom tomorrow" Harold said.

"Ohh...okay. Helena had a great taste, her room looks so cool and beautiful" Irene commented, her eyes darting all over the place.

She sighted a picture frame on the wall and moved closer to it.

She wiped it clean with the napkin and stared at the woman in the picture.

She looks pretty in curly golden hair and sharp blue eyes, fine nose and modest lips which held a beautiful smile.

"Is this Helena?" Irene asked Harold and he nodded without looking at the picture.

"And that's...the necklace on her neck" Harold said.

Irene's eyes moved to her neck immediately and she stared at the tiny necklace with held s crystal pendant...

Why does it look so familiar?

Like she has seen it... somewhere?

Well...

"Harold are you okay?" She asked, noticing how uneasy he felt.

"I need to go outside" he said.

"Okay" Irene said and watched him leave, she can understand how he feel right now, she so much wish she can help him get the necklace from Carrle.

Irene sighed and sat on the chair, the picture frame still in her hand.

She was still staring at it when she heard a sound, she raised up her head slowly and saw the bathroom door creaking open.

She sat still in fear, her heart almost jumping out of her chest.

She couldn't explain how she screamed and flew to the door, tossing the picture frame away..

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 43

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She sat still in fear, her heart almost jumping out of her chest.

She couldn't explain how she screamed and flew to the door, tossing the picture frame away..

She opened the door and rushed outside, startling Harold who was in deep thought.

"What?" He asked.

"T.. the the bathroom door suddenly opened itself and it made a scary sound" Irene said, breathing heavily.

"Chill...were you seated when the door started opening?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, I was"

"Ohh...on the dressing chair right?"

"Exactly"

"Well..i don't know how that happens but whenever Helena sits on her dressing chair,her bathroom door automatically opens.

"Wow! That's...that's creepy" Irene said.

"Yeah it is" Harold said.

"Let's leave here" Irene said,still scared.

What got into her?

How could she go into a dead person room in the middle of the night and even sit on the chair!



She know herself to be scared at every slightest thing but the courage she had when entering Helena's room still amazes her.

Harold took her hand and they both walked back into the house.

As they passed the living room, Irene saw a dark image..someone's shadow.

She stopped walking.

"What?" Harold asked.

"There's someone in the living room" She said slowly.

"By this time of the night?" Harold raised his brow, turning and walking back towards the living room.

Irene didn't move, she was still so scared about the Helena thing..

"Alex,what are you doing here?" She heard Harold ask and she turned and walked to join Harold.

Alex's face reeled of shock when he saw Irene with Harold and he just stared at them, not knowing what to say.

"What are you doing here by this time of the night?" Harold repeated.

"I..im just watching out for the whole house" Alex said and Irene could tell he was telling lies.

"By this time of the night?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, by this time of the night?" Irene asked too.

"My job is to protect the house and that's what I'm doing" Alex said.

"Since when have you started doing this?" Harold asked, touched by Alex diligence.

"For so long Mr Harold" Alex said, intentionally looking pitiful.

"Damn!" Irene cursed inwardly....

"Alex, i must commend your efforts, you've been

such a good bodyguard to this house, you're the most hardworking of all. Good job Alex" Harold said.

"Sh\*\*! Is Harold going to believe this brat?!" Irene fumed.

"Thank you Mr Harold" Alex smiled, mocking Irene in the process.

"Motherfucker!" Irene cursed under her breath.

"In as much as you want to protect the house, i don't want you to keep missing your sleep, sleeping goes a long way in one's health okay?"

"Okay Mr Harold" Alex said.

"Go to bed now" Harold said and Alex nodded.

"Such a diligent man" Harold said after Alex left.

"Why do you trust him so much?" Irene asked.

"He proved himself worthy of my trust"

"I personally don't think he should be trusted"

Irene said.

"Really? Why?" Harold asked as they climbed the stairs.

"He seems creepy and i do have a bad feeling about him every time!"

"Ohh wow! I guess that's because you haven't gotten to know him so well.. Alex is a great person" Harold said and Irene shrugged.

She wish she had evidence to back up her intuitions.

"Good night Harold" Irene said, stopping in the middle of the stairs.

"You aren't going to your room?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'm not feeling a bit sleepy yet so i thought it'd be great if i go continue with my sewing"

"Ohh...I'm not also feeling a bit sleepy yet" Harold smiled.

"So... you'll be coming with me?" Irene asked.

"Yeah!" Harold said.

"Great! Let's go" Irene grinned.

\*\*

"This is so much fun" Harold said as he helped Irene cut out cloth pieces while she sew.

She's amazed he could cut so well, she just taught him once and he grabbed it.

"Yeah, sewing is so much fun"

"I'll like to do this more often" Harold grinned.

"Well...new orders will be coming in tomorrow" Irene said.

"Really?"

"Yeah, I'm almost done with this, i don't accept orders when I'm not done with a set. I'm glad Dam is here to help me"

"Dam is gonna help you in the day while i help you

in the night" Harold winked and Irene felt her world spin.

"Does that mean I'll start coming here in the night too" Irene said .

"Thats if you have so much to do.. just call on me whenever you're coming here in the night" Harold said.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said.

Spending time with Harold gives her great joy and makes her forget her worries.

She so much like seeing his handsome face every time,she really count herself lucky to be around Harold.

So many people are dieing for this opportunity.

"These dresses are so beautiful" Harold said admiring the dresses Irene placed on the table.

"Thank you, I'm just gonna pack them and deliver

them tomorrow, then I'll go get materials for the new orders"

"I think I should get you a car of your own" Harold said.

"What! No, I'm okay with Ivory's car"

"You sure?" Harold asked.

"Of course"

"You can take a different car in the garage though, any car of your choice and don't you think you'll be needing a driver? I'll assign Alex to be your driver"

"What! Not in this world" Irene scoffed.

Harold laughed "I was only joking, did you dislike him that much?"

"I don't, I just...there's this bad aura surrounding him, I just don't know" Irene said and Harold sighed.

"I think I'm gonna have to keep a close watch on

him then cause you've never said this to me about any worker" Harold said thoughtfully.

"You should, please" Irene said, getting up to pick her tape measure.

"You should have told me to pick it for you" Harold said.

"I can't order my boss around" Irene said.

"Ohh...but i don't mind" Harold said.

"I don't know why you treat me differently from other workers" Irene said.

"Cause i like you...so much" Harold said and she felt her face heating up.

Damn you face!

You keep embarrassing me every time.

"There's this dress I'll be releasing soon..."

"Really?" Harold's eyes lit up,he's so glad Irene is serious and focused about the whole thing, she's a



real business woman.

"Yes but I'm not done with the drawing yet, I'm gonna make sure it's eye catching and irresistible, I'm glad people are getting to know Daire fashions and I think it's time to prove that skills are not based on the size of one's workshop " Irene said confidently.

"Wow! You've proved that to me already and now it's time for the world to see your unbeatable skills, you sew so well and I'm afraid you're gonna steal so many customers from the top fashion stores in San Francisco" Harold laughed.

"Well..." Irene said and her mind trailed back to Tanya.

The woman had threatened her even before she started getting orders.

"How much do you know about Tanya fashion store?" Irene asked Harold.

"Tanya? Well..i know her wears to be so costly,even at that,her fashion store is the the top in San Francisco,if i should judge, you're far better than her in terms of sewing. And also,she's Carrle's best friend"

"Carrle's best friend?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, is anything wrong?" Harold asked.

"Well.." Irene swallowed hard.

She should tell Harold about it.

"Tanya threatened me at..at the dinner party i accompanied you to."

"What! Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Harold asked.

"I think it's just a threat cause she came to me after seeing people get my contact, she's just scared i might overtake her in the business and that's completely normal"

"Yeah it is but i think she went extra mile with the threat. I'll go to her store tomorrow and just give her a warning"

"No! Please don't, i feel we should let her be..she hasn't come to me the second time,it was just once so it's better to overlook it"

"If she comes to you the second time, promise me you're gonna tell me"

"I promise" Irene smiled.

"You're still gonna receive more threat from others too" Harold said.

"Really?" Irene raised a brow.

"Yeah but we'll put them in their place one after the other" Harold smiled.

"So many people are starting to follow my page and I'm starting to receive lots of messages,orders and enquiries. I think i need a manager" Irene said dramatically and they both laughed.

"Shuu...the whole house is asleep" Harold said and they lowered their voices.

— —

"Ouch!" Irene said from her sleep, she was asleep but she felt a sharp pain in her arm.

She was forced to open her eyes and her eyes went straight to her arm.

She blinked and saw it was a needle.

Damn.

She pushed the needle away and rubbed her arm.

She wonder how needles got into her room.

"Huh!" She gasped when realisation dawned on her.

"What!" She exclaimed loudly, glancing around.

They had slept off in her workshop and worst of all...

It's 10am.

"OMG! Harold" Irene shook him..

He was deeply asleep, sprawled on the chair.

"Harold" Irene called again as she got to her feet.

She shook him and he finally moved, opening his eyes little by little.

"Please wake up. It's 10am!" Irene said.

"Huh?" His eyes sprung open.

"What!" He exclaimed glancing at the wall clock.

"Ivory!" Irene said before running out of the workshop.

Harold got up and ran after her...

"She left for school already?" Irene asked Nola.

"Really?" Harold asked behind her and Nola nodded.

"Of course, she left for school long ago with

Damien. Can't you both see it's 10am already"  
Nola said.

"Who got her ready for school?" Irene asked.

"Damien did when he found out both of you were asleep in the workshop, he got Ivory ready for school and they ate breakfast and left" Nola said and Irene sighed.

"I'm glad he did. Did Ivory got to see me before she left?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, she came to peck you" Nola smiled.

"Ohh...i know she wouldn't leave without seeing me" Harold smiled.

"How could we sleep off in the workshop" Irene laughed and Harold joined her.

"You should go get dressed for work" Irene told Harold.

"Ohh..Yes!"

\*\*

"Madam Tanya. Harold Marshall is here" Tanya's secretary told her.

"What!" Tanya smiled knowing it's a honour for Harold to be in her store.

He has never shopped in her store and she has been looking forward to the day he will and now he's here!

"I hope everything is perfectly arranged? I hope the store is well kept. Order everyone shopping to leave till Harold Marshall is done" Tanya said.

"Okay ma'am" Diane left to carry out Tanya's order.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 44

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"Huh? I'm not actually buying anything, I'm here to see Tanya" Harold said to Diane when his bodyguard told him the customers are being told to leave.

"Call the customers back" Harold urged.

"Ohh..." Diane said, knowing how disappointed Tanya will be.

She quickly ordered the security to make the customers return into the store.

"And even if i was gonna buy something, it's not nice for you to tell the customers to leave" Harold said.

"Uh..we're afraid they might get to see your face and..yunno,start taking pictures"

"I'm disguised in my face cap and sunglass, they can't possibly notice. Is that dirt on your hair" Harold said, removing a piece of dirt he sighted on



Diane's hair.

Diane blushed terribly, she could never have imagined Harold Marshall would talk to her not to talk of touching her hair.

She feels like screaming out loud and hugging him tight.

He's obviously most of the ladies crush and Diane never imagined he'd be more handsome in reality. He looks so cute and fresh.

She wishes to see those breathtaking eyes he's hiding beneath those sunglasses.

"I..i..i...." Diane stammered.

"What? Tanya is not around?" Harold asked.

"She is..of course she is. I'm going to call her now that you want to see her" Diane said.

"Please do" Harold said.

Ma'am, Mr Harold wants to see personally "

Diane said to Tanya on the phone.

Oh..my! Bring him in immediately.

Okay ma'am.

"I'm going to lead you in Mr Harold" Diane licked her lips, different moves running through her head.

'This might be her chance to have him' She thought.

"You guys can take anything you want while i go talk to Tanya. Take anything " Harold said to the two bodyguards that followed him.

"Thank you Mr Harold" they both smiled.

Diane led Harold to Tanya's office shaking her butt terribly.

Harold smiled to himself and he almost laughed.

Why must they always do this around him?

Irene is one of the ladies he can proudly say never performed any stunt to get his attention.

"You can go in sir" Diane smiled, opening Tanya's office door.

"You shouldn't do that again, that was a cheap thing to do, you're beautiful and you don't have to swing your butt for any man to notice you. I'm disappointed" Harold said and Diane stared at her feet in embarrassment.

He walked into Tanya office and closed the door behind him.

"Hello Tanya" Harold removed his sunglasses and Tanya almost melted on her seat.

Damn!

She has been admiring Harold even before her best friend Carrle got married to him.

He used to set her body on fire with just his eyes and it hasn't stopped!

"Hello Harold" She smiled, pointing to the chair opposite hers.

"I don't know if i need to sit, i just want to be quick and leave" Harold said.

"I insist...Have your seat" Tanya said and he shrugged.

"It's an honor to have you here" Tanya said when he sat.

"An honor? Well thank you "

"Do you need any wear? Just describe it and we're gonna make it into reality, we'll make sure you're the only one that have its kind in the whole of San Francisco" Tanya said with a smile.

"Ohh..that's nice but I'm not here to buy anything" Harold said.

"Ohh" Tanya faked a smile in embarrassment.

Well...if he's not here to buy anything, could he be here to???

Oh..my!

She's gonna break up with Ryan immediately.

"I'll do anything for you Harold, anything" Tanya said as romantically as she could.

"Anything you mean?" Harold asked.

"Yes! Whatever it is, I'll gladly do it" Tanya said, slowly removing Ryan's engagement ring from her finger.

"Why are you removing that?" Harold asked.

"Well..it's starting to hurt my finger. It's just a fashion ring, nothing attached" Tanya smiled.

"I thought you were engaged" Harold said.

"Engaged! Hell no, I'm not. I'm as single as a letter 'I' " Tanya said.

"Really?"

"Of course" Tanya said.

"Okay..you said you'll do anything got me right?" Harold asked.

"Anything Harold, anything" Tanya beamed, her heart almost bursting open.

"Leave Irene alone!" Harold said and Tanya's smile faded.

"Huh?" She asked, hoping she heard wrong.

"I'm aware you threatened her, if you carry out that threat then i swear i won't spare you. Though she never wanted me to come warn you but i feel i should cause you might want to strike soon. I know you to be a vicious person " Harold said and Tanya stared at him speechlessly.

"Tanya, you have a fashion store as big as this and yet you threatened someone who doesn't even have a fashion store yet! What exactly made you feel threatened? Yeah i know Irene's far better than you in terms of fashion but did you have to threaten her? That was a petty thing to do" Harold said and Tanya wished the floor can pave way for her to fall in.

She felt so embarrassed and ridiculed.

"Just so you know, Irene means so much to me. I fucking love her and if you dare hurt as much as a strand of her hair then I'll make sure your body decays in jail" Harold said with all seriousness and Tanya almost shook in fear.

He know Tanya to be very cruel,if he didn't threaten her this way, she'll go after irene and hurt her terribly.

"I warned you and it's better you heed, you're a big woman Tanya..you don't need all that, I'm disappointed you could be that petty but anyway i told my guys to pick whatever they want from your store,i don't want to come here without buying a thing, that would be unfair of me" Harold said, getting to his feet.

"Nice office though" He said glancing around "and you have nice wears too".

"Bye" Harold said walking to the door .

"And you better put on your engagement ring back on your finger, Ryan wouldn't like to see it on the table." Harold winked before opening the door and stepping out.

Tanya lips shook in anger,she sent things flying in different direction of her office, screaming.

\_\_\_\_

"Tom, I'm so serious about it" Irene said to Tom.

They were in the car, heading back home after Irene made her deliveries and got some materials.

Eric couldn't accompany them,he was sleeping when they left.

Irene's so glad Tom could drive..

"I always feel there's a thing about Alex" Tom said.

"Exactly! He was so shocked when he saw us, if he was truly protecting the house like he said,he



shouldn't even have delayed an answer. Harold had to ask twice before he could come up with that answer."

"Mr Harold didn't notice that?" Tom asked.

"He didn't, he trusts Alex so much, so freaking much" Irene said and sighed.

"Alex has been working for Mr Harold for quite a long time now" Tom said.

"Whatever" Irene rolled her eyes.

"I think if we can provide an evidence that Alex is not the person everyone thought him to be then Mr Harold can believe us and look deep into him" Tom suggested.

"Exactly,so starting from today, we're gonna be keeping a close watch on him" Irene said.

"Yeah, I'm glad I'm not the only one that sees Alex as weird, i keep telling Eric there's something about Alex but he doesn't believe" Tom said.

"That's because Alex is so fake, he acts all nice and someone without a good intuition will fall for his facade." Irene said.

"Yeah,so that means we both have great intuitions" Tom winked and they laughed.

"So...will you now tell me the reason you didn't go with us to Ivory's school this morning? "

"You won't believe Harold and i slept off in my workshop" Irene laughed.

"Really?" Tom asked in surprise.

"Yes"

"Mmm" He sighed.

"What?" Irene asked.

"What's brewing up between you and Mr Harold?"  
Tom asked.

"Coffee" Irene teased and they laughed.

"Okay, now..on a serious note, what's going on?"

Tom asked.

"Nothing" Irene shrugged.

"The closeness between you two is quite alarming and every worker is starting to talk about it" Tom said..

"Really?"

"Yeah"

"I wonder why people won't stick their noses to their business, they talk about everything going on" Irene furrowed her brows.

"Although they've stopped talking about it since Damien arrived" Tom said.

"Really? Why?"

"The ladies are more focused on Damien now, they want to 'have a taste of his smacking lips' like i heard though" Tom said.

"What!" Irene frowned.

"Yeah"

"But they're all older than him!" Irene said, so tired of females getting attracted to Damien like bees.

"Damien doesn't look like he's seventeen, he's so built and handsome" Tom smiled.

"They should at least see he's still in high school"

"Well..i don't think they care about that. Just warn him to stay away from them" Tom said and Irene sighed, knowing how Damien is.

He won't stay away.

"Uh...We're home already" Irene said as Tom drive into the building, he parked the car and they both alighted.

Irene grabbed the materials she bought from the backseat.

"Can i come with you to your workshop? I'll get so bored here" Tom said.

"Of course!" Irene smiled. "I need all the company i can get, besides i can't get enough of your gist" she said and Tom smiled.

"I'll have the materials then" He collected them from Irene.

"Thank you" Irene smiled.

\*

"He can't go with you!" Alex stood his ground.

"It's my workshop,not yours! You can't tell me who should go there with me and who shouldn't" Irene retorted.

Alex had stopped Tom from following Irene to her workshop.

"And have you forgotten your workshop is in Mr Harold's garden and that garden is so private to him! He doesn't allow assholes in there!" Alex said and Tom bit his lower lip.

He tightened his fist and quickly stopped himself from giving Alex what he deserves.

"Ohh.." irene said, realising her workshop is truly in Harold's garden and the garden is so private to him. He doesn't allow workers in there aside herself though.

"Have this Irene, I'll return back to my quarters" Tom said, stretching the materials to Irene.

"Wait" Irene said.

"I'm gonna call Harold and ask him if it's fine for you to keep my company in the workshop" Irene said, fetching her phone from her pocket.

She placed a call across him.

Alex glared at her, irritated by the way she calls Harold by his name.

He knows it's the foolish man that would have told her to call him by his name.

Heyyo!" Irene said into the phone.

Irene" Harold smiled.

How's work going?

Smoothly..is everything fine?

Well... yeah, i just wanted to ask if it's fine for Tom to keep my company in the workshop. I'll be so bored working alone and he said he'd be so bored at his quarters too.

Ohh..Tom, of course he can" Harold said.

Thank you!" Irene said happily,raising her arm in the air.

Take care okay?

You too. Bye.

Bye.

"He said you can!" Irene said.

"Woah" Tom smiled, he suddenly laughed seeing how Alex looked.

"I know you're a bitter person but you don't have to look bitter, it doesn't suit you a bit" Tom laughed mockingly, sticking out his tongue.

"Ohh.. Tom, you're so childish" Irene laughed.

"Let's go" She said and they both walked away.

Alex fumed seriously that he almost hit Marie who touched him.

"Oh..I'm so sorry, didn't know it was you"

"Well...there's a plan" She whispered.

— —

"Are you out of your senses Damien! What was that!?" Irene yelled at Damien whom she had caught trying to get intimate with a worker.

"Ire.."

"Shut the fuck up" Irene interrupted him.

" I told you to behave yourself! I freaking told you to. Listen, this is not our house, you can't do as you



wish here, Harold gave us lots of chance doesn't mean we should misuse it. How dare you try to kiss her! Damien!"

"She..she came to me!" Damien said.

"And so what?" Irene asked.

"She begged me to kiss her and..."

"What the fuck!" Irene sighed.

"And you couldn't refuse? Can't you stay away from ladies for once in your life time?"

"They always come to meet me!" Damien said.

"Shut up" Irene slammed.

"I'm sorry sis" Damien said.

"Damien, stay away from them! Fucking stay away from them! " Irene said obviously frustrated by the whole thing.

"I'm sorry sister" Damien said, remorseful.

"That's what you say everytime and you keep

going back to do the same thing. If Harold should know about this, he'll be so disappointed in you. You know how much he likes you huh?"

"I promise im going to stay away from them"  
Damien said.

"I can't count the amount of promises you've made!"

"I'm serious this time Irene"

"Whatever!" Irene said and walked out of his room, banging the door after her.

Geez!

"Like i always go to meet them, they keep coming to me!" Damien said to himself,tired of the whole thing.

"Now Irene is so pissed at me" He sighed.

He's gonna go beg her after he's changed into his house wear.

He's just getting home from school and he was about freshening up before the freaking maid came in....

Damien opened the door to Irene's room as he's fond of not knocking.

He walked in and saw a man standing and facing the window, he would have said it was Mr Harold but he's more built than this person.

"Hey, What are you doing in my sister's room?" Damien asked.

The man didn't move.

"Hello" Damien said and it was then the man started turning slowly till he was facing Damien.

Damien moved back a bit, shocked to see the man putting on a mask.

Something about the hair seems familiar though.

'Is this some sort of prank?' Damien thought.

"Hey, is this some sort of prank?" Damien asked the anonymous man and he hadn't even seen the knife the man was holding until it was aimed at him.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 45

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"Hey, is this some sort of prank?" Damien asked the anonymous man and he hadn't even seen the knife the man was holding until it was aimed at him.

He gasped as the man approached him and he didn't know where the strength to open the door

and run out came from.

He just found himself on the stairs.

He was breathing heavily as he ran to Irene's workshop.

"What was that?" He asked himself.

He has never experienced such since he has been here.

"Irene" He called as he rushed into her workshop.

"What's wrong?" Irene asked, startled.

"I..i checked you in your room" Damien said, picking the glass cup on water on the table,he gulped it down his throat and his nerves calmed a bit.

"Dude! I didn't pour that water for you" Irene rolled her eyes.

"Your room...." Damien said, taking a seat.

"Yeah,i wasn't in my room . I went to warn that hell

of a maid to stay away from you before i came to the workshop" Irene said, chewing chips while she resumed her work.

Damien sighed, wondering if it's okay to tell Irene what he just saw.

She might never want to go into that room again and he didn't even want her to.

He should better tell her so she'll be more careful and they have to inform Mr Harold about it too.

"Irene" Damien called.

"Huh? Ohh.. don't give me those puppy eyes, I've forgiven you already" Irene said.

"It's not about that, though I'm glad you've forgiven me"

"What's wrong?" Irene turned to face him, noticing how serious and bothered he looked.

"I went to your room when i was done freshening

up and then i saw a man..."

"A man? Is Harold back?" Irene wondered aloud.

"It's not Mr Harold! I saw a man with his face concealed under a mask" Damien said and Irene's heart skipped a bit.

"I asked him what he was doing in your room and i didn't get a response, he pulled a knife on me ..."

"What!" Irene screamed, getting to her feet.

"Sit Irene" Damien said.

"I'm not sitting" Irene paced her workshop worriedly.

"I hope you aren't hurt?" She asked Harold who shook his head.

"I was able to open the door, i ran all the way here" Damien said.

What if she had been the one, she know she wouldn't even had had the strength to open the

door, not to talk of running out.

Someone is after her life?

She's not safe anymore!

That thought alone made her shiver....

"Let's go to Tom" Irene said and Damien got to his feet.

They both walked out of the workshop, hand in hand.

Damien could feel how shaky her hands were.

"I promise I'm going to protect you with all i have. I won't allow anyone hurt you" Damien reassured her and she nodded but she was still damn scared.

\*

"Really?" Tom asked after Damien narrated the incidence to him.

"Yes Tom, did anyone come into the house? Did you opened the gate for anyone?" Irene asked.



"No, the gate hasn't been opened since Damien and Ivory returned from school and if the fence doesn't have security alarms, I would have said the person came in through the fence" Tom said.

"I'm not safe anymore" Irene said, on the verge of tears.

"C'mon sis" Damien hugged her .

"No one had come in, that means the person is in this house, that makes it more risky. I can just be in the corridor and the person would grab my neck..." Irene bursted into tears .

"Irene, you have to calm down first so we'll be able to work together okay?" Tom said and Irene nodded while Damien helped her clean her tears.

"But who could it be? Who could want to hurt you? In this house? Maybe someone had sneaked right into the gate while our car drove in "

"No and to confirm that, let's go check the CCTV

footage" Tom said.

"Great! Is there a CCTV in Irene's room too? We can know the person if we check her room's" Damien said.

"No, there's no CCTV in any room in this building, rooms are private" Tom said.

"Ohh" Damien said.

"Let's go check the footage and then we'll confirm if the person is in this building or not" Tom said, leading them to another sector of the house.

\*

"I told you no one came in" Tom said to Irene and Damien as they all stepped out of the footage room.

"It's confirmed the crook is in this house!" Damien fumed.

He wishes the person knows how cruel he can be

when it comes to his sister.

"I'm not safe" Irene sniffed.

"Do not cry! Please" Damien said and she nodded.

"We have to inform Mr Harold about this" Tom said.

"Of course" Dam agreed.

"But I'll need to check out your room first though the person would have been long gone but we might be lucky to get some clues" Tom said .

"We shouldn't go alone,let's have more bodyguards with us" Irene said and Tom smiled.

"Trust me to handle it huh?" Tom said and Irene nodded.

—

Tom sighed.. "there's no sign of forced entry, the person had come in through the door which also confirmed that the dude is indeed in this house. You should always lock your door"

"I won't even be sleeping here anymore" Irene said.

"And isn't your room adjoining to ivory's?" Damien asked.

"OMG! Ivory!" Irene exclaimed and they all rushed into her room.

They couldn't express the relief they felt when they found her still peacefully asleep.

"I'm so glad she's fine" Damien said.

"She's a light sleeper, let's get out of here" Irene whispered and they all walked back to her room.

"Surely, you aren't safe anymore and i don't think it's only you, no one is safe in this house anymore cause there's a snitch in the house" Tom said.

"Dam, you should be able to pick out some parts of his body since it's confirmed the person is in this house" Irene said.

"His hair seems weirdly familiar though" Harold

sighed.

"Really?" Tom and Irene asked.

"Yeah but i don't think that will help, you both know how brown spiky hair is common around here, it'll be difficult to get the person" Damien said.

"Ahh!" Tom sighed. "What was he putting on? How built is he?"

"He was in all black, no part of is body was exposed and i initially thought it was Mr Harold but this anonymous person is not as built as Mr Harold is, he's tall though" Damien said.

"That seems more complicated, most of the male workers here are tall and has brown spiky hair" Tom said.

"We'll need to wait till Mr Harold's back" Damien said.

"And we aren't leaving Ivory,we will be here till she

wakes up and then we'll all go downstairs together" Irene said.

"Of course" Tom said.

"Is her main door locked?" Damien asked and Irene nodded.

Different thoughts ran through her mind and she wondered who could be after her life.

In this house!

— —

"What! In my house?" Harold dropped his fork after Damien told him what happened.

He had noticed they were both picking at their meals and had asked what was wrong.

Irene couldn't speak up so Damien did.

"Yes Mr Harold, if i hadn't ran out, i would have been hurt" Damien said.

"Ohh...my! " Harold sighed.

"How was the person able to enter this building?" Harold asked aloud.

"No one came into the building, we went to meet Tom after it happened and he took us to check the CCTV footage, no one came in..the person is in this house!" Irene said.

"Are you sure of what you're saying?" Nola asked.

"I am! No one came in" Irene said.

Harold was glad Ivory has her earphones on, she was moving to the beat of the music she was listening to. She wasn't paying attention to them.

"Go fetch Tom for me" Harold ordered one of the bodyguards standing in the dining room.

"Okay, Mr Harold" The bodyguard left.

"Why didn't you both tell me immediately i arrived from work?" Harold asked.

"You were obviously stressed out and i would want

you to finish your dinner before telling you" Irene said.

"You must be so bothered" Harold said, staring at Irene pitifully.

"Of course i am, knowing someone is after my life is the worst feeling ever" Irene said,tears rushing into her eyes.

Damien passed her tissue and Harold quickly pulled her into a side hug.

She felt suddenly safe in his arm and all her worries relieved her.

She would do anything to be in his arms forever.

"Mr Harold" Tom said, walking into the dining room.

"Tom, i was just told what happened" Harold said.

"Is the person truly in this house?" Nola asked, she had also stopped eating.



"It has been confirmed that the anonymous person is in this house, I'm hundred percent sure Mr Harold" Tom said.

"Woah!" Nola exclaimed.

"We checked the CCTV footage immediately it happened and no one had come in through the gate, the security alarm on the fence would have warned us if someone is trying to come in through the fence. It's confirmed the person is in this building" Tom said.

"Summon Alex for me" Harold ordered.

" Alex should know who it is since he's the head of the bodyguards in the house and he guards the house well,he should notice if someone made a move" Harold said.

"And Damien had seen the person's hair, it's brown and spiky and the person is tall. That made it more complicated cause almost all the male workers

here are tall with brown spiky hair"

"What's going on!" Harold sighed.

"This has never happened" Harold said worriedly.

"There's a snitch in this house and it means everybody is not safe" Tom said.

"I'm here Mr Harold" Alex rushed in.

Damien's eyes caught his hair and height and he stared at Alex, having a feeling he's the one but how sure is he? When almost all the male workers looked the same.

But the hair had been exactly like this... or.. could he be wrong?

Harold told Alex of what happened and asked if he suspected anyone.

"No Mr Harold, i was watching all day and if someone had made a move, i would have known. I don't think the person is in this house,it should be

an outsider"

"It's an insider!" Tom disagreed.

"How sure are you?" Alex asked harshly.

"Hundred percent sure! Everyone can come with me to check the security footage" Tom said.

"Why are you glaring at me huh?" Damien suddenly asked Alex.

"I'm not!" Alex denied.

"You were Alex" Irene said.

"You were glaring at me too" Alex said to Damien.

"I wasn't, i was just staring at you cause you look so much like the anonymous man! Your hair and height" Damien said and everywhere fell silent.

"What do you mean!" Alex yelled.

"Am not the only worker here who has brown spiky hair and this height! Eric does too, so many other workers does too. I know you hate me and would

do anything to implicate me" Alex said angrily.

"You don't have to get so worked up over it if you aren't the one" Tom said.

"Just shut up, i knew you would take sides!" Alex said.

"What's going on?" Ivory removed her headphones.

"We are just having a discussion princess, you can put your headphones back on" Harold said.

"Okay Dad" Ivory said.

"I don't think I'll be able to sleep in my room anymore" Irene said.

"You'll sleep in mine and i wanna see any motherfucker that'll come hurt you, I'm gonna break someone's head into pieces" Damien said.

"No, starting from now. Irene, you'll have your own bodyguards, they'll be staying by your door and ivory's and they'll follow you everywhere you go.

Tom, you'll be among them. I trust you to keep Irene safe" Harold said.

"Yes Mr Harold,I'll do my best" Tom smiled.

"I'll assign three more bodyguards" Harold said, looking around.

"Alex shouldn't be assigned please" Irene said, careless about his presence.

"Ohh.. okay" Harold said, he wouldn't have assigned Alex in the first place cause he know Irene doesn't like him.

Harold assigned three more bodyguards and asked if Irene was okay with them.

She nodded.

"Do you want me employ a female bodyguard that'll be with you in your room?" Harold asked

"No, I'm fine with Tom. I know he's gonna keep me safe" Irene said.

"I trust him to do so too. So Tom, starting from now you'll have a room in the main house" Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold" Tom said.

"Summon all the male workers in the house to the living room now, everyone needs to be questioned" Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold" Alex said.

"Including you Alex" Harold said, shocking Alex to the bone.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 46

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"Summon all the male workers in the house to the

living room now, everyone needs to be questioned" Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold" Alex said.

"Including you Alex" Harold said, shocking Alex to the bone.

He feels so bad that Harold doesn't seem to trust him anymore! And that's gonna make things more difficult cause obviously he'll start questioning his every move.

And he had told Ethan to change the plan but Carrle had insisted on taking Irene out of the way first cause she's being a pain in her ass.

Damien had entered instead of her and he wouldn't have mind to kill him alongside Irene but the boy had been smart enough to run out.

Now it seems Harold lost his trust in him already and obviously Ethan is gonna be mad at him for the plan failure.

Arrrgh!

— \* —

Harold finished addressing the male workers and they all left.

Ivory and Damien went to bed already.

"Do you think the person will come to you?" Irene asked.

Harold had told the workers of the incidence and the perpetrator being in the house, he had threatened the anonymous perpetrator to come to him before he involves the cops.

"I don't know" Harold sighed.

"And involving the cops... everything will be spilled to the press" Irene said.

"Exactly! And i hate being in the news. It really sucks! " Harold said.

"You don't have to involve the cops "



"Your life is at stake here" Harold said.

"And your reputation is as well...if it gets to the news that your daughter's nanny almost got killed by..by an anonymous person who obviously stays in this house,it's gonna soil your reputation and not only that, but also affect your businesses all over the world "

"It's not like loosing business partners would affect me...." Harold shrugged.

He has enough money to last him for his lifetime without even working anymore.

"I know but i won't be the reason for that. Let's just let it go. I'm sure whoever it is would have seen the handwriting on the wall and won't try such again" Irene said.

"You always want to let go of everything, it'll be selfish of me to protect my own business while putting your life at stake" Harold said.

"Mr Harold, involving the cops might truly soil your reputation, I'm going to start protecting Irene from now, the incidence won't repeat itself anymore. I promise" Tom said and Harold sighed deeply.

"It's still hard to believe someone's after your life in this house..." Harold said.

"It's all so confusing, I'm scared out of my wits" Irene said.

"Of course you should be. Im so sorry you're in this mess"

"No, you shouldn't be please. Going through all these is not even enough to pay you for all you've done for me"

"I don't want you to feel okay with everything that happens to you in this house just because you feel indebted to me okay?" Harold said.

Irene nodded.

"Go meet Marie to show you to your room and i

made sure it's opposite Irene's. Have you gotten your luggages?" Harold asked.

"No Mr Harold, i will after i check out my room" Tom said.

"Ohh... okay" Harold said.

\*

"Have you heard from Doc Fern?" Irene asked.

"No, he hasn't called and i called him,he's not picking up neither is he replying to my messages"

"Really?"

"Yeah"

"He.. might be busy but isn't mum's legs surgery..."

"Exactly why i wanted to hear from him, i just hope everything's fine" Harold said.

"Me too" Irene said.

"Let's go to sleep, I'll try to contact him in the morning,I'm sure he would have solved whatever

issue it is and be rest assured, you'll be fine okay?" Harold said and Irene nodded.

---

"Let's get you dressed for school Ivory" Irene said to Ivory who was reluctant.

"What's wrong?" Irene asked knowing Ivory isn't a kid who doesn't like going to school.

She would have been in the bathroom by the time she comes into her room.

"What's going on? Why are there bodyguards suddenly at our door, why?" Ivory asked.

"I just felt we have to strengthen our security " Harold walked in before Irene could answer and she sighed in relief.

"Good morning Dad" Ivory walked up to him.

"Good morning princess" He bent to kiss her forehead.

"Good morning..." Irene said.

"Good morning Irene" Harold smiled.

"Dad, Why do you feel we have to strengthen our security? Did anything happen?" Ivory asked.

"Nothing, believe me princess" Harold said.

"Okay Dad"

"Go get ready for school,time is running fast"  
Harold said.

"Im pissed at Ally and grandma" Ivory frowned.

"Why?"

"They postponed their visit again!" Ivory said.

"Really?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, Nola told me that yesternight. They keep postponing their visit and my birthday is in few days" Ivory groaned.

"Ohh...they might be here before your birthday,  
you know Ally won't miss your birthday for

anything"

"But i..."

"Let's continue this after you're back from school, you're running late already" Harold said.

"Okay Dad" Ivory said and walked into the bathroom.

"How was your night? I hope you had a sound sleep?" Harold asked Irene.

"Yeah, i tried as much as possible not to allow the incidence affect my sleep and knowing Tom is right at my door gave me more relief"

"I'm glad you slept well, i want you to make sure your day goes well too okay?"

"I even have lots of work to do, i won't have the time to think of anything Have you contacted Doc Fern yet?"

"He's still not picking up" Harold said and Irene

sighed .

"Is there any way we can contact Sunil and Shreedah?" Irene asked worriedly .

"No,be rest assured. I'm sure everything is fine."

"I'm sure everything isn't. I just hope Mum is fine"

"I'm going to keep trying to reach Doc Fern, it might be poor service or something, you know India is so far away" Harold said.

"I should bring out Ivory's school wears" Irene said when she heard the shower stopped running.

She moved to Ivory's wardrobe.

"Okay,im going to dress up for work"

"Bye, have a nice day" Irene said.

"You too"

---

"So..this is how it feels to have bodyguards" Irene smiled.

"I must admit Mr Harold really likes you" Tom said.

They were both seated in her workshop while the two other bodyguards offered to stand by the door.

"I must admit the feeling is mutual, i like Harold too" Irene said.

"I knew it!" Tom laughed.

"What? Is it that obvious?" Irene asked, stopping in the middle of her sewing.

"It is. It is all written all over your face" Tom said.

"Really?"

"Of course but its all good, i know the type of lady you are, you're the best lady Mr Harold ever felt attracted to. You're loved by so many people in this house except people who are envious of you"

"Geez! You just flattered me" Irene laughed.

"No, it's just some real facts" Tom said.

"Where's Eric?" Irene asked.



"In the quarters "

"Don't you think he'll be feeling lonely?"

"No, probably sleeping" Tom said.

"He's a sleep freak" Irene laughed.

"Yeah yeah"

"Hi guys, come in. You're not meant to stand "

Irene said.

"Please don't refuse this time" She quickly added  
before they could turn down her offer.

They've been standing and she feels so  
uncomfortable with it.

"Come in guys,sit" Tom said to them and they  
finally walked in and got seated.

"There's no rule that says you mustn't sit right?"  
Irene asked.

"Yeah"

"Then why must you always stand? Your legs

doesn't ache?" Irene asked.

"We've gotten used to it. Have i ever told you the story of when i was a bodyguard for a president?"

"Really? No" Irene said, turning to Tom eagerly .

**\*\*Two days later\*\***

"You mean he said we should start coming to his hospital now?" Irene asked Harold for the third time.

"Yeah, Doc Fern just called me now and told me that"

"They're in San Francisco already?" Damien asked.

"How's mum? Was her legs surgery successful?"

"He didn't tell me anything, he only want us to come to his hospital now" Harold said.

"That mean mum's second surgery was not successful" Irene said sadly.

"I'm glad the most important one was successful,

she won't have to live with the fear of dieing soon anymore, and we aren't tired of pushing her wheelchair,are we?"

"No"

"Mum is alive, that's the biggest grace,any other thing will be tend to later. Let's go, i can't wait to see her" Damien said.

Harold smiled, intrigued by Damien's words.

He knows for sure that Damien is going places and he's gonna help him as much as he can.

"We've been trying to reach you for the past few days but you weren't responding, only to call us suddenly and summon us to the hospital" Irene said,after they walked into the hospital reception and saw Doc Fern.

"Good day to you all" Doc Fern said keeping a straight face.

"Where's mum? " Damien asked.

"Was the surgery successful?" Harold asked.

"I guess you'll have to see for yourself" Doc Fern said.

"Go bring Mrs Neave" He said to a nurse who quickly went to carry out his order.

"Well..i guess she's on her wheelchair but why can't we go to see her?" Irene asked.

"What's going on Fer?" Harold was asking when he saw Mrs Neave...

Walking... on her feet with smiles, right beside the nurse.

Surprise was all written over their faces as she approached them.

"Mummy!!" Damien was the first to snap out of the shock.

He ran right into her arms..

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 47

---

"Mummy!!" Damien was the first to snap out of the shock.

He ran right into her arms..

Irene followed and Harold just stood, smiling happily.

Damn!

This is so great.

Their embrace was so touching and he wouldn't like to interrupt them.

"It must have been so long they saw their mum on

her feet" Doc Fern smiled.

"Of course, I'm so happy but hey, you could have simply picked our calls or reply our messages, we were worried, i was extra worried thinking something had gone wrong" Harold said to Fern.

"I thought a little surprise will help" Fern chuckled.

"It did...it really did" Harold smiled.

"And i shouldn't forget. Doc Sunil and Shreedah sent their greetings" Doc Fern said.

"Ohh...great" Harold smiled.

"Did you inform the cops about their kidnap yet?" Doc Fern asked.

"No"

"Why? You should"

"We can't, Shreedah's daughter life is at stake here, they'll go after her if we dare go to the cops and i definitely don't want that. She can't loose her child

just because we want justice."

"Oh...Damn! Those badass will surely get meet their match soon" Doc Fern said.

"I hope so too"

"Seems they are done" Fern said and Harold walked up to them.

"Good day Mrs Neave" Harold said bowing a bit.

He adjusted his face cap as he raised his head.

"Thank you so much" Was the first word Mrs Neave said to him before pulling him into a hug.

"It's fine" Harold smiled.

"I wouldn't be on my feet if not for you,i won't have to live with the sadness of dieing anytime soon anymore. Thank you so much Mr Harold" Mrs Neave said,still embracing him.

"I'm glad you're fine now, I'm so happy to see you back on your feet looking as energetic as ever"

Harold smiled.

"All thanks to you" Mrs Neave smiled too as she released him from her embrace.

"Enough of the 'thank you' ma'am" Harold said.

"I have to thank you cause im so grateful, you did more than enough to ensure my health is back to normal. We may not have enough to pay you back but i promise we'll do every little thing we can to make you happy too"

"Yes" Irene said.

"We're really grateful" Damien said.

"It's being so long i saw you looking this fit, you look great Mum" Irene smiled.

"I feel great also" Mrs Neave smiled.

"You saw lots of Indians right?" Damien asked.

"Lots of them, i would have loved to go on a tour but i couldn't wait to see you guys"



"Doc Fern had all us worried, we never knew he was cooking up something delicious" Irene said.

"You can now call me world best surprise planner" Doc Fern said and they laughed.

"So, we can go home with her now right?" Damien asked.

"No, she's gonna be in the hospital for some days to complete her treatment" Doc Fern said.

"Really?" Damien asked.

"Yeah"

"That's better then, it's gonna give me more time for the apartment hunting"

"Apartment hunting?" Mrs Neave asked.

"Yeah, we won't be staying in that apartment anymore, we'll be getting a better and safer apartment" Damien grinned and anyone would think he's the one going to pay for the apartment.

"Let's go to your ward to continue our discussion, i don't want cameras on Harold anytime soon" Irene said.

"Ohh...yeah"

---

"This is better and wider!" Damien said to Irene as they both checked pictures of apartment put up for sale on her phone"

They were back home after spending much time their mum.

Ivory and Nola will be going with them tomorrow to check on Mrs Neave.

"Didn't you see the price?" Irene asked.

"Ohh" Damien raised his brow.

"Let's continue searching" Damien said and they did.

\*

"This is so tiring!" Damien laid on Irene's bed.

They were yet to find an apartment they can afford.

"Are you okay Miss Irene?" One of her bodyguards asked through the door.

"Yes i am" Irene shouted and Damien laughed.

"Your bodyguards are so funny" He said.

"Sometimes i do forget i even have bodyguards, i feel so uncomfortable with them" Irene sighed.

"That's because you're not used to having them around" Damien said.

"Wow! Come check this apartment Dam" Irene smiled.

"Great! We finally found a perfect one with a perfect price"

"And the location is not so far from here, we're gonna go check it out tomorrow after leaving the hospital"

"And then we move in when?" Damien asked.

"Let's go check it out first" Irene said.

"I'm so gonna miss this place" Damien said sadly.

"Man! We haven't even paid for the new apartment yet" Irene rolled her eyes.

"I know right" Damien laughed.

"May i come in?" Harold asked through the door.

"Yes" Irene said.

He walked in and closed the door behind him.

"What's up?" He asked, settling on the chair.

"We found an apartment" Damien said.

"Yeah and we'll be checking it out tomorrow" Irene said.

"Ohh...great, i hope the price isn't too high?"

"It isn't and even if it is, i can afford it. Im a wealthy woman yunno" Irene said dramatically and they

laughed.

"The price isn't too high, it's affordable" Irene smiled.

"Ohh..okay" Harold said.

"Damien,how would it feel to resume Ivy Royals high school on Monday?" Harold asked.

"Huh?" Damien asked,sure he had heard wrong.

"What!" Irene exclaimed under her breath.

Ivy Royals?

One of the top schools in San Francisco?

He has only seen the school's picture once and he had skipped after seeing the manificence and the wealth lavished on it, he knew he wouldn't even dare dream being a cleaner in the school not to talk of being a student.

The grandeur is so different from every school's.

They always come first in every freaking thing.

It was also said that their teachers all graduated from the best universities across the states with the highest GPS.

Ivy Royals is a school of the rich, it's not even affordable for middle class, not to mention the poor.

Their school fees isn't revealed to the public but it is said that they do pay huge amount of money.

"I..i don't un.. understand" Damien stammered.

"Well...ive wanted to change your school since the first time we discussed but i felt it'd be better if your mum survives first and I'm glad she did. I'm sorry i didn't informed you beforehand but you'll be resuming Ivy Royals high school on Monday as a student, your school wears will be delivered to you today" Harold said and Damien was left dumbfounded.

He held Irene who was also speechless from the

piece of news to keep him stable.

"Mr Harold..." Damien said tearily before hugging him tight.

"I..i..." Damien was saying.

"You don't have to say anything Damien" Harold smiled, knowing he can't find the right words to say.

He's being so emotional right now and he perfectly understands.

"I'm so grateful" Damien sniffed back tears.

"But..wait...I'll be resuming Ivy Royals?" Damien asked waiting for the last confirmation.

"Yes" Harold nodded and Damien's scream of excitement echoed through the whole building .

\*\*\*Next Day\*\*\*

"You'll be resuming Ivy Royals high school tomorrow? Mrs Neave asked in disbelief.

"Yes Mum" Damien smiled.

"My school wears has been delivered already" He added .

Ivory and Nola left just now and Irene walked them to the car.

Ivory agreed to leave after Mrs Neave promised to knit more beautiful sweaters for her.

She's going to make for Nola too.

They all enjoyed one another's company and they chatted like families.

"The school of the rich...how?" Mrs Neave asked in surprise.

"Mr Harold is going to be sponsoring me" Damien said.

"Oh..my! Wow! I really need to thank him, why isn't he here today though?"

"I think he has an urgent meeting to attend. I



didn't sleep a wink last night, i was up checking more informations about the school online and I'm so amazed, i still can't believe I'll step into that...school tomorrow" Harold sighed happily.

"You're sure gonna miss your friends"

"Friends? You know i don't have a friend in my present school, the guys don't ever want to talk to me cause i can have their girls with just a wink and of course because of my brains" Damien said with pride.

"You don't ever stop talking about girls" Mrs Neave dragged his cheek painfully.

"Ouch.. Mum!" He pouted, rubbing his cheek.

Mrs Neave laughed.. "I'm sorry about that"

"Your apology isn't accepted" Damien frowned.

"I guess you need more cheek dragging then.."

"No...no" Damien stood up from her bed and

walked to the chair.

Mrs Neave laughed heartily "Com'on".

"So..how are you gonna cope there? You know it's far different from your present school" She said.

"I know but trust me I'm gonna cope" Damien said.

"I know you will"

"You need to see the activities performed in that school, their garden.." Damien was saying.

"Enough of the school talk already Mr Ivy Royals" Irene said walking into the ward.

"Have you told mum we've found an apartment?" She asked.

"Really?"

"Yes Mum, we'll be going to check it out after we leave here" Irene said.

"Ohh... okay. And i must say you stay with amazing people, they are as nice as Harold"

"Yes! They are" Irene smiled.

"I would never have believed if i was told I'll ever meet Harold Marshall. Everything happened so fast" Damien said.

"Yes, so fast" Mrs Neave agreed.

"And i wouldn't have believed if i was told I'll attend Ivy Royals high school" Damien grinned.

"Arrrgh!" Irene sighed.

\*\*

"We shouldn't take long in checking out the apartment, i need to go get ready for SCHOOL tomorrow" Damien smiled.

"Geez!" Irene groaned and he laughed.

Zeemah

Who else can't wait to see how Damien's first day at Ivy Royals will go?

Hmmm

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 48

---

Damien stepped out of the car, in awe as he stared at the school building which looked more beautiful than in pictures.

The magnificence made him feel so little and kinda scared.

The school building is as large as a whole street. Students walked past him with their heads held high, some girls spared him a second glance but it seems more of a look of contempt.

He barely had an idea of how rich kids behave cause Ivory had been so humble but seeing kids yell at their drivers for not opening the car door

fast enough, seeing entourage follow students into the school, seeing maids running after some kids with their school bags made him have a rethink.

The girls were extremely hot, they'll make any other guy drool but not him though.

He's sure he's not looking bad either, he had made sure he took extra time to dress up and even Mr Harold had commended his look.

"Are you going to stand there forever?" The driver asked Damien, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"Uh" he sighed and closed his car door.

"I hope you enjoy your first day here" his driver shouted.

"I hope so too, bye" Damien waved.

He walked into the school building after being scrutinized by a camera.

He brought out his map which had been delivered alongside his school wears and started tracing his class room, trying hard not to cry at the sight of the more beautiful interior, he's getting carried away with the beautiful and expensive things he's seeing.

None of the students seemed amazed by it, they just walked past.

Well..they must have been used to it or rather they must have seen tons of more beautiful things at their home to be interested in these.

Almost all the students here are from influential homes .

He continued with tracing his classroom until he almost bumped into someone.

"I'm so sorry" he heard a tiny voice said before looking up.

"It's fine, i should be sorry" Damien said to the girl who looked shy.

She has a stunning beauty and doesn't look as proud and rude as the girls he has been coming across.

She's putting on a pair of pale blue sapphire earrings which was the same color as her eyes.

He smiled seeing she had packed her hair the same way Irene loved packing hers.

Her school uniform signified she's a student of Ivy Royals and in her hand was a map too.

"Are you also looking for your classroom?" Damien asked but got ignored as the girl walked past him.

"What!!" His mind screamed.

"Just when he was starting to think she's different, she can go to hell! He doesn't care" He mumbled to himself angrily.

He finally found his class after roaming the building and asking students who completely snubbed him and few who didn't asked who his

father was before they can talk to him.

He never knew thought the students would be this way.

He sighed as he walked into his classroom.

He got carried away with the beauty of his class that he didn't even noticed how the students stared at him.

The females were mesmerized by his looks while the males were starting to feel threatened.

"Oh..my ." Damien muttered breathlessly, taking in every inch of his classroom.

If it wasn't for the chairs and lockers, he wouldn't have thought this was a classroom, he felt so good, he felt like screaming,he's so happy to be here, to be in a different world entirely, it'd be nice to spend time with these valuables.

This is just so breathtaking, he's gonna cry if he keeps staring.



His eyes are starting to hurt from the beautiful things he's seeing.

"Even the chairs and lockers are .." Damien was saying inwardly when he noticed the dozens of eyes on him.

He stared back at them and they all slowly started withdrawing their gazes, he walked to the locker and dropped his bag, not minding the students.

He already made up his mind to ignore them as much as he can, they won't want to relate with him anyway,he's a son of a nobody.

Damien checked for the number written on his school ID on each desks and he finally found his at the middle row.

"Wow" He smiled, seeing his name customized boldly on his desk.

He was overexcited that if he could jump,he would.

He gently took his seat and waited for what's

coming next.

He know they're gonna be having their first class for the day soon.

He continued feeding his eyes with the splendour of his class.

"Good morning students" A female teacher walked in, smartly dressed and looking good.

"Hi Miss Mitchell" The students chorused.

"Let's begin our class" Miss Mitchell said, placing her laptop on the table. Damien knew she'll be teaching geometry cause that's the first on the timetable.

He was a bit confused as students brought out laptops, seconds later everyone's desk contained a laptop each except his and he sighed starting to get nervous.

He had thought they'll be using notepad and pen!

"Yours is in your desk" A familiar tiny voice said to him and he turned to see .. the shy girl he had bumped into.

Her chair was right beside his, how couldn't he have seen her.

"Uh?" He widened his eyes.

"Your laptop is in your desk" The girl said and Damien tilted his head.

He fetched a brand new laptop from his desk with a smile plastered on his lips.

"Thank you..." He was saying but realized he didn't even know her name.

"Marlene" He added after glancing at her name on her desk.

Her last name isn't on her desk like everyone else and he wondered if she doesn't have a last name.

Well...who doesn't have a last name.

"Thank you Marlene" He repeated and got ignored once again.

"Fuck!" He cursed under his breath before turning to operate on his laptop with the help of the manual.

"Ohh..before we start, there are two new students and I'll urge them to come forward now" Miss Mitchell said.

Damien stood up with Marlene and they both walked to Miss Mitchell and faced the students.

Damien could sense Marlene was nervous and he wanted to hold her hand to reassure her but he stopped himself.

"Introduce yourselves please" Miss Mitchell said.

"I'm Damien Noris, nice to meet y'all" Damien said.

"Well..it's not nice to meet you" A student said and most of them nodded.

"I knew he was a nobody" Another male student said and most of them burst into laughter.

He smiled when he noticed it was mostly male students that mocked him.

He knew they feel threatened by his look.

"And i guess you're a somebody! Just for warning,do not cross my path for any reason or you'll have yourself blamed , I'll be forced to show you how crazy a nobody can be" Damien said and the students gasped in surprise including Miss Mitchell.

No new student had stood up for himself the way Damien had.

She was glad Damien had set them straight, they'll begin to respect him and make sure they don't cross his path like he had said, they're all cowards,their mouths just run.

"Introduce yourself please" Miss Mitchell said to

Marlene.

"I'm Marlene" She said shyly, staring at her feet.

"She must be here on scholarship" A female student said and they all bursted into laughter.

Damien was almost forced to reply them but he just kept mute, wondering why Marlene hadn't mentioned her last name.

"You don't have a last name?" A student posed the question.

"Maybe her dad is one infamous safecracker " A student said and laughter echoed the whole class again.

"It's impolite and rude to say such about her father!" Damien said and the laughter subsided..

"You should caution them" Damien said to Miss Mitchell.

"I won't want to lose my job" She said to Damien

on a low tone.

"Ohh" Damien sighed.

"I'm Miss Mitchell, your geometry teacher. It's nice to meet you both. You can both go back to your seats"

Damien sat in the cafeteria during lunch break, sitting and eating with two girls from his class.

The girls are more nice to him than the guys, he's trying to avoid any close relationship with any of them as much as he can cause they are obviously more nice to him because of his looks.

He doesn't want friends like that, plus they're so proud.

"So, what does your dad do?" One of the girls asked him.

"My dad is dead" Damien replied plainly.

"Ohh...I'm so sorry about that" The girls chorused.

"Your mum?"

"Dead also"

"Oh...my! So sad. So so sorry about that"

"Thank you, it's been long anyway" Damien said, trying not to think about them.

"I'm Annabelle by the way"

"I'm Danielle and Annabelle is my friend. We both want to be friends with you"

"Ohh...fine" Damien said with a little smile.

"The way you answered questions in class today was so mind blowing and you've got great looks too, i don't mind your background,i just want to be friends with you and maybe moree" Danielle smiled and winked.

"Count yourself lucky we want you as our friend " Annabelle said and Damien chuckled.



"Let's observe table manners please" He said, still looking for Marlene in the cafeteria.

Seems she's not here.

\*\*

Marlene appeared after lunch break cause the class prefect was ordered to show them round the school.

She looked reserved as she approached them.

He has never met someone as quiet as Marlene.

She's obviously someone of few words.

He wanted to ask why she wasn't in the cafeteria but he doesn't want to get ignored again.

---

They returned to class after touring the whole building.

There's so much to tell Irene when he get home.

This school is another world entirely on it's own!

Damien sighted an empty seat as he walked to his seat, with Allysia Steels customized boldy on the desk and he wondered if there's another new student.

Why didn't he notice the desk before.

"Damien" Anna and Danielle waved at him and he waved back , smiling.

He had almost forgotten about them.....

"How was school today? I'm sure today is one of your best days" Irene said as she welcomed Damien.

"Arrrgh" He groaned, falling flat on the couch.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 49

---

"How was school today? I'm sure today is one of your best days" Irene said as she welcomed Damien.

"Arrrgh" He groaned, falling flat on the couch.

\*\*

Irene laughed after Damien finished narrating his first day at Ivy Royals.

"I'm just so tired and starved right now" He said, pulling his socks.

"Lunch is ready, Nola and i made pasta"

" I can't wait to devour it, so annoying I'll have to freshen up first" Damien groaned.

"And to think you were so excited to resume the school" Irene laughed.

" I was and still am, the school is great,the teachers

are intellectual, the activities are mind blowing. In short, the school is a world on its own but the students...arrgh!" Damien got on his feet and picked his shoes and socks.

"I'm glad you put them in their place though"

"I had to and the girls...are hot" Damien whispered and ran towards the stairs before Irene could scold him.

"crazy ass!" Irene laughed as she also got up to go dish out Damien's lunch.

Ivory is back from school already, now taking her nap.

Damien thought of Marlene as he climbed the stairs, he wondered why he didn't mention her to Irene.

—

"I've paid for the apartment" Irene said to Damien as he ate his lunch.

"Really?" His face lit up.

"Yes and we can move in anytime we want, i want the house fully set up before mum is discharged, i already hired someone to do it,i gave her some money for new furnitures too, once she's done, we'll just move in our luggages" Irene smiled.

"Thanks so much Irene for catering for us since the death of our parents, you've been a mother and a father to me and you're the strongest lady I've ever seen, I'm so grateful sister and i love you so much" Damien hugged Irene over the table.

She had tears in her eyes as she hugged him back.

"Com'on, i know you're a cry baby but i don't like seeing you cry" Damien said as he wiped her tears.

She smiled and poured more juice for him while he continued eating.

"We're gonna go check on mum after I'm done right?" Damien asked.

"No, i came back from the hospital just few minutes before you arrive from school. We're gonna go check on her tomorrow"

"Ohh" Damien sulked.

"She needs to rest, if we keep going everytime ,she won't have the time to and didn't you told me you have lots of homework to do?"

"Yeah"

"You should get to it after eating" Irene said.

"Okay" Damien said.

"Are you done with your orders?" Damien asked.

"Not at all" Irene sighed.

"Why?" Damien asked, knowing how fast Irene could be with her orders.

"I don't know but i get tired easily this days..."  
Irene said.

"I guess you need rest, you've been through lot of

stress lately" Damien said pitifully.

"Yeah, I'm definitely gonna rest after this set of order" Irene said.

"You should please" Nola said, walking out of the kitchen.

Irene smiled.

"How was school Damien?" She asked.

"Well...great" he pressed his lips together.

"Mm..seems,it didn't go well" Nola said resting her arms on the dining chair.

"It did, the students are just so rude and proud. I guess it's normal considering their status. Asides from that, i so much love the school, everything about it elates me so much. We'll be swim racing tomorrow" Damien grinned.

"I'm glad you like the school, it's actually one of the best..if not the best in San Francisco" Nola said.

"Yeah" Damien nodded as he ate.

"You must be enjoying your pasta" Nola smiled.

"So much" Damien said.

"I think I'll make use of a nap myself" Irene yawned.

She gulped some out of Damien's juice and got on her feet.

"Help me check on Ivory from time to time, she said you'd help her with her homework"

"Ohh... okay" Damien said.

"You don't have to follow me, I'm just going to bed"  
Damien heard Irene saying to her bodyguards.

"We have to follow Mr Harold instructions ma'am"  
They replied her.

"Tom, tell them they don't have to follow me"  
Irene said, obviously frustrated.

"Im so sorry Irene but they have to follow Mr  
Harold instructions" Tom said.



"Arrrgh!" Irene groaned.

"I'm glad Damien likes his new school" Harold said.

He was sitting with Irene in the library, they were both staring at the fireplace with novels on their legs.

Irene had come to join him after she put Ivory to bed.

He initially wanted them to go to her workshop but she seems tired and doesn't have the strength to sew or cut clothes tonight.

"He really likes it and won't stop talking about it" Irene smiled.

"Thank you so much" She added.

"Damien's look is actually an advantage for him in that school, normally..those students do not interact with people whom they feel isn't up to

their standard but Damien got two friends already, on the first day" Harold said.

"And they are girls" Irene rolled her eyes.

"They asked him to be their friend" Harold said.

"I really wish Harold would have a male friend, a close male friend" Irene said worriedly.

"He doesn't?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, he had told me they don't always want to be friends with him just because of his looks, they always feel threatened and inferior to him in looks"

"Wow" Harold sighed.

"He's gonna have male friends in Ivy Royals for sure" He added.

"I don't think so, he said the guys in his class started casting him bad looks already"

"Really?" Harold laughed.

"Yeah"

"And to think he's in Allysia's class where the males are also good looking like Allysia do say. I'm surprised they're feeling threatened by Damien's look"

"Allysia's class?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, Nola's daughter."

"Woah! She attends Ivy Royals?"

"Whenever she's here for summer" Harold smiled.

"And she's in Damien's class?"

"Yeah"

"Ohh... I wish she's here already" Irene smiled.

"She'll be coming home soon" Harold said.

"When is your mum gonna get discharged?" He asked.

"Doc Fern hasn't told us yet"

"Okay and how's the apartment going?"

"I already paid for it and i hired someone for the set up, i bought some new furnitures too so right now...it's in progress and i hope she finishes it before Mum get discharged, i know she will,she's fast and diligent at what she does" Irene said.

"That's nice" Harold said, impressed with Irene going out of her way to make her mum and brother comfortable.

She obviously cares for her family enough.

"We were so lucky with the price of the apartment cause it seems big for the price, it has three bedrooms,a dining room,a kitchen and a spacious living room plus the street is so secure"

"Wow, i should check it out soon" Harold smiled.

"Yeah" Irene smiled.

"And the apartment isn't gonna stop me from paying you back, i will as soon as the money's

complete"

"As you wish..." Harold said, knowing he isn't gonna accept the payback.

Irene seems serious about it and he wondered why.

He's helping her like he would any other person.

Or could she be thinking he helped her cause he has feelings for her?

"Irene, i don't want you to think i helped you cause i have feelings for you..." Harold was saying.

"No! I never thought of the situation as that, i know you're a philanthropist...you help people regardless of what you feel for them"

"Then why are you insisting on paying back?"

"Cause i want to, i have to" Irene said and Harold sighed.

There was silence for a while before Irene finally spoke up.

"I'm in love with you Harold" She said after gathering all the strength in her.

"Uh?" Harold asked, hoping he had not heard wrong.

"Yes, i have feelings for you too, you're not the only one who feels that way,i feel that way too. I've always denied the feelings i have for you but when i finally admitted it,i realised I've liked you for long,from the night at the hotel..." Irene paused.

Harold was speechless but his smile could light up the world.

Irene smiled too as she continued.

"I wouldn't want you to think i admitted loving you because you helped with my mum's bills...no, i loved you from the start"

"Is that why you always steal glances at me ?"  
Harold asked with a grin and Irene nodded.

He pulled her into a hug and she melted in his

arms.

Their embrace tonight feels special, it feels like their hearts connected and they felt it deep down in their souls.

"You do steal glances at me too" Irene said after they slowly pulled away from their embrace.

Harold held the urge to kiss her, he doesn't want to rush things.

"Yes i do, we both caught each other" Harold laughed.

"You don't know how happy i am right now" Harold said, holding Irene's hands.

"Ohh" She sighed.

"What's wrong?"

"I poured out my feelings cause you deserve to know that i care for you too. It doesn't mean i want us to be together" Irene dropped the bombshell.

"Wh..wh.. what?" Harold asked and Irene pulling her hands from his made it worst.

"I'm here to be your daughter's nanny not to catch feelings, moreover we're just like two different worlds" Irene said sadly.

"Ire..." Harold was saying.

"No, enough of the "love is not based on one's status,it's based on oneself " you're my employer, i shouldn't have anything intimate to do with you. I can't stand being labeled as a gold digger, i respect you a lot and i won't want to tarnish your image also."

" \*Billionaire Harold Marshall has started going out with his daughter's nanny\* " that headline will make you lose the respect people have for you and i don't want that,I'm sure you don't want that too"

"I..."

"Good night Harold" Irene cut him short and got to



her feet.

"I hope you have a good night rest" She said before walking out of the library with her eyes laced with tears.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 50

---

"Good night Harold" Irene cut him short and got to her feet.

"I hope you have a good night rest" She said before walking out of the library with her eyes laced with tears.

Two days later

"Wow!" Damien jumped around the living room of

their new apartment.

He was amazed with the work of the house decorator,he smiled happily as he checked out their new furnitures one after the other.

The ceilings were at least ten feet high in the living room and the dining room,the fan was circling lazily on the ceiling, moving little air but the living room was relatively cool.

There's a fireplace too.

The apartment has three rooms and Damien couldn't wait to check his out.

He was so satisfied with the work of the lady. that he already started picturing himself all over the house.

Irene walked in with her luggage and was wowed too.

Although,the decorator had sent the picture to her but the pictures that was sent to her did no

justice to this beautiful apartment.

Everything is exactly the way she wanted it.

Cool and adorable.

"I should go check out my room" Damien said grabbing the cardboard box containing his books.

He really wish there'll be a shelf in his room.

If there isn't, then that's the only thing he'll miss about his old room.

"Your room is the one in the middle, mum's on the left and mine on the right" Irene said.

"Okay sis" Damien grinned, walking towards a passage.

"I'll check out the kitchen" Irene said after him.

"Okay" Damien shouted as he located his room.

He pushed the door open and gently walked in.

"Woah" He beamed.

His bedroom was decorated in shiny brown satin with curtains to match the bedspread and furniture.

He dropped his cardboard box on the bed and perceived the fragrance of exotic flowers, he walked to the window and saw the view of a garden...

"Wow!" He screamed in excitement.

He never knew there was a garden in this house.

He's so excited about it but he doesn't know if the garden belongs to one of their neighbors and they probably won't allow anyone in there.

The caretaker hadn't mentioned they could use the garden, it must belong to someone who doesn't like sharing it..

Well..he's glad he can be seeing it from his window anytime he wants.

He turned around to continue checking out his

room.

Simple and fascinating to look at.

The colour's cool and calm plus the room is quite cozy.

"Yes!" He shouted excitedly when he sighted a shelf.

He quickly started arranging his books in there.

"Damien,let's go get other things" Irene said outside his door.

She was satisfied with how the kitchen looked too.

"Have you checked your room?" Damien asked.

"Not yet, we need to go offload the van,the driver is waiting.

"Ohh... okay" Damien said.

"I love my room! Damn!" He said excitedly to Irene as they walked out of the door.

"I'm glad you do" Irene smiled.

"Thanks for the shelf, thanks for everything "  
Damien said.

"I know you'll definitely need a shelf for your books and i thought of bringing in your old one but you've been using it for years and it's starting to creak even though you never complained"

"What are you going to do with our old furnitures?"  
Damien asked as they packed inside.

The driver helped them this time too.

"I'm going to sell them" Irene said.

"Ohh..that's fine then" Damien said.

"And... don't in any way disclose our new home address to anyone okay?"

"Okay sis" Damien said and they walked outside to pack more luggage.

\*\*\*

"The house is finally set, i can't wait for mum to

see it" Damien smiled as they ate dinner.

They got back to Harold's house in the night,tired.

It was a whole lot of work than they had thought but they were glad everything is set.

"You're sounding so happy like you badly want to leave here and won't miss me when you leave "  
Ivory said sadly to Damien.

Damien's eyes turn somber immediately,he hadn't even thought of that. All he had being excited about was his new home.

Damn! He's freaking gonna miss ivory and this house.

"Ivory, i am going to miss you so much, I'm just so happy because i now have a new home which is lovelier and better than the old one, come here V"  
Damien drew her close and she bursted into tears, hugging him tightly.

Damien looked helpless and all he could do was

gently rub her back.

Harold sighed,he had stopped eating.

He thought Irene was the only one who's in Ivory's good book,he never thought Damien is now involved too.

"What are we gonna do?" Irene asked Harold worriedly.

"And she mustn't cry to sleep or she'll fall sick" Harold said unhappily, pushing his food away.

"Then we need to do something to make her happy before she sleeps" Irene said.

Harold sighed, watching his crying daughter.

"You both will be going to school in the same car and be dropped in your houses when school is over, you'll get to be seeing Damien everyday that way. Eric will be picking Damien at his house and you both will be going to school together okay?"



"Okay Dad" Ivory sniffed and Damien cleaned her tears with tissue.

What Harold said seemed to have consoled her cause she was now smiling and eating her food.

"That means we'll have to change your car to a bigger one" Harold said.

"Yes Dad, color purple" Ivory said with a mouthful of apple pie.

"Of course, i wouldn't have gotten any other color " Harold said.

He had been initially planning to get Damien a car and a driver that'll be picking him up to school and dropping him at home but Ivory changed his plan.

"And we'll get to do your arithmetic homework in the car" Damien smiled to Ivory who nodded.

\*

Irene walked out of Ivory's room after putting her

to sleep.

She should also go to her room through the adjoining door but she's feeling so thirsty after reading ivory four bedtime stories.

She needs to get a glass cup of water from the kitchen before she goes to bed.

Two bodyguards walked behind her, Max and the other bodyguard was on shift.

"Hey!" She heard behind her and turned.

She already knew it was Harold.

She stopped going to the library at night from the day she made things clear to him and it's now like they're avoiding each other.

"What's up? Where to?" Harold asked.

"To get water" Irene said.

"Why aren't you asleep yet?" She added.

"I guess I'm used to staying up late in the library"

Harold said.

"That's where you're headed?" Irene asked.

"No, i came out of my room after i heard Ivory's door open"

"Ohh" Irene said.

"Goodnight" She added as she started walking away.

His eyes does magic to her body and she doesn't want to keep staring at him.

They're not good together or rather,she's not the perfect lady for him.

She was aware he followed her down to the kitchen.

The bodyguards stood by the door of the kitchen while Irene poured water into a glass cup. Harold stood staring at her and she sighed uncomfortably.

Her cheeks were starting to heat up and she was

forced to ask him what he wants.

"I want you to hang out with me tomorrow" He said.

"Hang out? You won't be going to work?"

"Yeah"

"Ohh" She gulped down her water.

"So, why me?"

"I don't know" Harold shrugged. He missed her and he wanted to spend some time with her alone, she has been avoiding him and it's starting to kill him slowly.

"Please, don't refuse. I understand we can't be in a romantic relationship but are you against friendship too?" Harold asked.

"No"

"So...will you go out with me?" Harold asked with pleading eyes.

"Yes" Irene smiled inwardly.

She really wants to be alone with him too, she missed him so much.

Harold parked the car and they both got out.

They are both on their outing without no bodyguard and of course Harold was using his shades and face cap.

She was putting on a sheepskin coat in a cream and brown color and good looking black boots with jeans and sweater.

Harold had told her to dress warm.

She wondered where he was taking her.

He stretched out his hand and she hesitated before placing hers in it.

She was stunned to discover they were walking into an airport.

They walked up to his plane, it was huge.

She stared at the plane before facing him.

"W..wha.. wher.." She stammered.

"Chill" Harold laughed.

"Where are you taking me?" Irene asked.

"I thought we'd go to Vermont for the day, there are some beautiful walks, pretty inns where we can have lunch, we'll be back this afternoon" Harold said.

"Ohh, i hope it's not sooo expensive?" Irene asked.

"Com'on" Harold said.

"Okay" Irene finally smiled...

She's so excited.

She still looked stunned as she walked up the stairway to Harold's plane where a purser and a stewardess waited to welcome them.

The captain and copilot had clearance for take off

and said they'd be leaving in few minutes,as they sat down in the big comfortable seats.

A few minutes later, they took off and the stewardess served them breakfast.

The breakfast was delicious, they both had scrambled eggs, blueberry muffins, cappuccino. Harold had black coffee instead of cappuccino though.

They both chatted on the brief flight and they landed in Vermont two hours later at an airstrip near a tiny village.

"Wow!" Irene exclaimed with a smile.

The leaves were orange and red and yellow.

The pilot had rented a car for them that was waiting when they landed so they could drive around alone.

They got into the car and Harold started driving to where only him knows.

Irene was obviously excited as she squealed like a kid.

Harold felt so happy he made her smile.

He parked the car at edge of a forest, and there was a small lake with swans on it.

Irene smiled as they both got out.

It was chilly, autumn had already come to Vermont, it wasn't as cold yet in San Francisco.

"Let's sit" Harold said, spreading a little mat he had gotten from the car.

"Woah" Allysia smiled as she stepped out of the plane with Mrs Marshall.

They were back in San Francisco!

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM



Zeemah writes

## Chapter 51

---

Harold and Irene laughed at his joke, while they wandered into a bookstore in Vermont.

They had left the swan lake after spending some time and now they were just walking when they sighted the bookstore.

It really struck her how the people are so friendly.

The salespeople were pleasant and anxious to help them.

\*

They left the bookstore two hours later and Harold led her to a hotel.

"We're going to have lunch in a hotel room because.." Harold was saying.

"Because you don't like eating with your

sunshades on and if you should put it off in a restaurant, you'll be figured out and it'll be all over the news in a second" Irene completed his words for him with a smile.

"Thanks for understanding" Harold laughed.

They got to the hotel, booked a room and ordered lunch.

They checked in to their room, it was a beautiful little room with a fireplace and flowered chintz.

There was a large bed with white bedspread and a single chair and table.

A round mirror was facing a dressing chair.

The room looks tidy and small with a pretty nice smell too.

Irene sighed as she laid on the bed on her back.

Harold was seated on the couch, straightening out his long legs.

He removed his sunshade and sighed.

"Our outing has been enjoyable so far" Irene smiled, turning to face Harold.

"I'm glad you found it enjoyable, i just needed to do something to make you stop ignoring me" Harold said.

"Ohh" Irene said remorsefully as she pulled off her boots.

"Im trying so hard not to soil your reputation" She added as she stretched out her legs too.

"You care about what the world will say than your own feelings?" Harold asked with a little frown and the knock on the door saved Irene from answering.

Harold who had completely forgotten he's no longer on his sunshades went to answer the door.

"Ohh.. thank you" he said opening the door for the hotel worker to bring in their lunch.

He heard her gasp and then gazed at her.

"H.. arold Marshall?" The lady nearly screamed.

"Damn!" Irene exclaimed as she quickly climbed out of the bed.

She got to the door and saw how helpless Harold looked.

Irene collected the lunch from the lady before she could pour it away out of excitement.

"Look, can you please keep mute about this? I don't want anyone knowing I'm here" Harold said and the lady nodded, smiling broadly.

Harold fetched some dollar bills from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Oh..my.. God!" The lady exclaimed as she took it.

"Thank you" She smiled.

"I don't want anyone knowing I'm here please" Harold said.

"I promise i won't tell anyone" She said.

Irene could see she's Anna from her name tag.

"Can i touch you please?" Anna asked Harold who nodded.

"Oh...my! Can i just die now" Anna said dramatically after touching Harold.

Harold and Irene glanced at each other and laughed.

"I should go now, before the manager starts screaming"

"Ohh" Harold said, glad she's leaving. His stomach is rumbling and he can't wait to dig into his lunch.

"Yeah he's a mad dog" Anna huffed.

"Uh...uh" Irene and Harold said in unison.

Anna waved at them happily before turning to walk away .

They sighed as they closed the door.

"Do you think she can keep her mouth shut about me being here?" Harold asked as they sat to eat their lunch.

"She looks like someone who stands by her words, i just hope her excitement won't make her spill the beans" Irene said.

"Woah..this is a whole lot" Irene said, opening the varieties of meals.

"We're gonna go sailing after lunch"

"Wow...can't wait" Irene said eagerly.

"You up for it?" Harold asked.

"Of course" She smiled.

"I'm so enjoying this" Harold said,with a mouthful.

"Me too" Irene said.

The turkey wasn't dry,the stuffing was perfect,there was cranberry jelly,an assortment of vegetables, mashed potatoes and pecan and apple

pie for dessert with whipped cream.

They left the hotel almost immediately they finished their lunch and was glad they didn't come across Anna again.

The boatman was waiting at the lake, standing near a beautiful old wooden classic sailboat.

He bowed in greetings to Harold and Irene and they responded.

Irene looked excited and couldn't wait to climb aboard.

The boatman took the tarps off and they all climbed aboard.

He showed them the cabin belowdecks if they got too cold.

"Woah!" Irene shouted excitedly as they pulled away from the dock in the cold air.

They spent the next three hours sailing around the lake.

They were both ecstatic, they had fun and took pictures.

Irene wouldn't stop shouting in excitement and Harold laughed whenever she did so.

They were both sorry to end the great sail after three hours.

They thanked the boatman and Harold handed him a generous tip before they walked back to the car.

"I had so much fun, thank you" Irene grinned as Harold started driving back to the airport.

"I'm glad you had fun" Harold smiled.

"Aren't we going back to the airport?" Irene asked as Harold took a different turn.

"No, we're going shopping!!" Harold said, stunning



Irene once more.

"We don't have to" Irene said.

"Well..we have to" Harold smiled.

"Ivory..."

"Nola is gonna take care of her" Harold winked .

"And you're gonna offend me by not picking anything" Harold added and Irene sighed.

"They've got nice things here,trust me" He said.

They headed to the airport after shopping.

Irene had picked a great jacket with three pairs of shoes, not wanting to offend Harold.



Irene smiled as she checked the pictures they took while sailing.

They were on flight to San Francisco already and

she and Harold was sitting side by side in his plane, sipping wine.

Harold looked like he's engrossed in the magazine he was holding, but he had been stealing glances at Irene all along.

He enjoys watching her smile.

"Ivory's birthday is tomorrow" Irene said, facing Harold. Her cheeks grew hot when she caught him staring at her.

"Yeah" Harold said.

"And she really wants Allysia to be there" Irene said.

"I won't be surprised if Allysia and my mum appears tomorrow"

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"Ohh" Irene smiled, hoping Ivory will like the

purple dress she had sewn for her. Her mum wanted her to give ivory a white sweater too and Damien had bought purple shoes for her.

Damien won't be there to give her tomorrow cause he'll be going to their new house once he's back from school today so she's gonna help him present his gift to ivory.

He might come around tomorrow though.

"I'm glad tomorrow is a Saturday, i want to take my princess to so many beautiful places, I'm gonna buy her lots of things and restock her wardrobe with new ballet dresses, I'll transform her ballet room into a more advanced one and I'll do everything she wants for her, tomorrow" Harold smiled.

Irene was touched deeply by how much he loves his daughter.

The light in his eyes when he said those things was

just so adorable.

The joy of being a parent...

It was dark when they returned to the house.

Irene was all smiles, she really enjoyed her day.

"Thank you, i really enjoyed my day" She said to Harold.

"I'm glad you did" Harold said and she surprisingly gave him a tight hug.

He hugged her back, smiling.

She didn't mind the workers standing around as she stood on her toes and pecked him on both cheeks.

Harold was stunned,he would never have thought Irene would kiss him in front of his workers,she was always careful not to even call him by his name in front of his workers and now she had

kissed him!

It felt so good.

"Goodnight and thank you" She said shyly as she retreated to get room with her shopping bags.

Allysia and Mrs Marshall booked in to Harold's hotel, they wanted to surprise Ivory tomorrow, which was her birthday and they warned the manager not to say a word to Harold that they were here.

They went to bed after eating dinner and Allysia slept after talking to George, her boyfriend.

Marlene stood at her bedroom window, looking down at the hillside in the pouring rain, she was watching her dog soaking wet and digging excitedly in the mud.

She smiled as he wagged his tail and looked up at her, he returned to digging again.

His name was Bes, a name Marlene had given him the moment her father gave it to her, six years ago on her tenth birthday.

Bes was her only best friend and companion.

He keeps her company and prevents her from getting bored to death.

She led an isolated life and always had.

Marlene laughed as she watched Bes chased a rabbit that eluded him and swiftly disappeared.

He barked and splashed happily through the mud again, he was having a great time as Marlene was, watching him.

She laughed again, thinking no one would believe that this muddy brown dog was actually white.

A knock on her door made her turn.

"Come in" Marlene said, adjusting her tiara.

The door opened and a maid walked in.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, your highness. Dinner is ready" The maid bowed.

"Okay Claire, I'll be down in a minute" Marlene said.

Zeemah

So...who is Marlene?

Is she truly the daughter of an infamous safecracker?

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 52

---

" "Happy birthday" " Wishes filled the whole

house as Ivory and Harold stepped into the living room.

The whole workers stood there with different wrapped gifts in their hands.

Nola already made cake and it was sitting prettily on the table..

Harold carried her in his arms as they sang for her.

She was still in her pajamas, she only brushed before coming downstairs with Harold who had been the first person to wish her happy birthday.

He had given her a tiny and expensive necklace as a gift though he still had more gifts for her.

Irene could see the beautiful necklace, laying cutely on ivory's neck and she knew Harold had given it to her.

She hoped ivory would like the dress she made for her.



They finished singing and wished her Happy birthday once more, Harold dropped her gently on her feet to blow off the lit candles on her cake.

She did and everyone clapped happily.

"I'm nine now" She giggled, cutting her cake and eating it.

"Thanks everyone, i love you all" Ivory said with a mouthful of strawberry cake.

Whipped cream was smeared on her cheeks and Harold helped her wipe it off with a smile.

Everyone dropped their gifts for her and she thanked them one after the other.

They all left to go back to work after Harold promised everyone they're gonna have a nice treat today.

They were all happy, knowing how fun today's gonna be.

Irene and Nola were the last people to drop their gifts.

"Damien said i should give you this and Mum said i should give you this" Irene said, handing two wrapped gifts to Ivory who smiled and told her to thank them.

"And this is mine" Irene said, stretching a large box to Ivory, it wasn't wrapped.

"Happy birthday once again" Irene pecked her cheeks and ivory smiled Happily.

Ivory opened Nola's gift first and it was a stunning tiara that Ivory wore on her hair immediately.

She squealed as she hugged Nola.

"Thanks Nola, i love it" ivory grinned.

"I'm glad you do" Nola smiled.

"I'm gonna open yours next" Ivory said as she said down, dragging Irene's gift to her tiny legs.

Harold could see how hopeful Irene looked.

She was obviously hoping Ivory would like the gift and he couldn't wait to see what was in there himself.

They watched Ivory as she opened the box and there laid a stunning purple dress with crystals around the neckline, it's a knee length gown, it was plain down to the waist and was gathered from the waist down to the knee, the bottom was covered with precious pearls.

It looked just like a little princess dress.

It was so elegant and eye catching that they all gasped.

Ivory ran into Irene's arm, deeply astonished by the gift.

She has beautiful dresses but this dress Irene had given her surpassed them all.

It's so simple yet with a touch of royalty which

made Ivory feel so special.

"I'm glad you like it" Irene smiled, relieved.

Harold and Nola also commented on how beautiful the dress is.

"Happy birthday" Unfamiliar voices said and they all turned to the door.

Irene looked confused cause she has never seen them before.

A beautiful teenager and a stunning woman whose outfit screamed 'wealth' .

Ivory jumped up with a scream and ran to them happily.

"That's Allysia and my mother" Harold said to Irene.

"Oh..my!" She gasped.

How couldn't she have known?Harold had said it on the plane that they might appear today and

they did.

Allysia looked more beautiful than Nola always said.

She was in a jumpsuit, red heels and leopard coat, with huge diamond earrings and a silver necklace, her hair was dyed red and packed into a tight ponytail which accentuated her face.

Bright green eyes, pointed nose and thin lips which she had obviously applied red lip gloss on.

She looked like a model, a striking model who can appear in front of a magazine without question.

"V rules" Ally teased Ivory and laughed.

Irene noticed she has a nice voice too.

"I thought you both weren't gonna come, I'll be so pissed" Ivory said in Mrs Marshall's arm.

"Oh..my, you've added so much weight, what has Nola been feeding you with" Mrs Marshall asked as

she gently placed Ivory back to her feet.

Allysia was reuniting with her Mum, hugging her and kissing her all over the face, they both giggled, obviously happy to see each other.

Irene could boldly say Harold got his striking looks from his mum.

She looks far younger than her age and would easily pass for Harold's sister.

She didn't look old enough to have a son his age, she still had a trim figure, Harold once told her she plays golf and tennis with his father on weekends, she was athletic and in good shape.

She was wearing a black channel cocktail dress with small silver earrings. She has warm blue eyes, her straight blonde hair was pulled back and there was this gracefulness hovered around her, just with a look, one would know she's immensely rich!

"You guys should chat outside with others" Mrs Marshall told the four bodyguards standing behind her ,they looked so huge and mean than Harold's bodyguards.

They bowed and left.

Mrs Marshall stretched out her arms and Harold knew what that means.

He pulled his mum into a hug with a broad smile.

"Billionaire Harold Marshall" She teased and they both laughed.

Allysia was still with her mum and Harold was with his too,with Ivory tagging along.

Irene stood alone nervously,she likes them and hope they'll like her in return and she has been wanting to meet Allysia.

Harold kissed his Mum on the cheeks and she did the same.

Allysia jumped on Harold's back after his embrace with his Mum was over.

They both fell on the couch, laughing as they teased each other.

Nola and Mrs Marshall hugged each other too and finally the greetings was over.

Mrs Marshall and Allysia stared at Irene.

They knew who she was after the scandal with Carrle at the Ice cream parlor.

Allysia was staring hard at her and Irene knew immediately that the girl doesn't like her, Mrs Marshall's face was expressionless.

"Meet Irene, she's ivory's nanny and.."

"Blah blah blah" Allysia rolled her eyes.

"That was rude" Harold scolded sternly.

"I'm sorry brother" Allysia said, giving Irene a scornful look.



Mrs Marshall hadn't cast her any bad looks but the looks she was giving her wasn't warm either.

Irene felt like crying.

"Irene is a very good person, i like her so much"  
Ivory said.

"Yes she is" Nola agreed.

"She's a great friend of mine" Harold said.

"That's what you say until she turns out to be another monster again" Allysia said.

She started hating on Ivory nannies cause they are either here to seduce Harold or end up treating Ivory badly and this lady here didn't look different, though she have to admit Irene's very beautiful and she looks calm too but looks can be damn deceiving! The past nannies had looked calmer but they ended up doing something worst.

"I already have your rooms cleaned properly"  
Harold said to his mum and Allysia.

"You knew we'll be coming?" Mrs Marshall asked.

"Of course,you both can't miss Ivory's birthday for anything" Harold said,not happy with the way Irene was treated.

She had been looking forward to meeting them and they ended up doing this to her.

"Wow!" Allysia screamed, startling everyone.

She lifted the dress Irene had gifted Ivory and Mrs Marshall was wowed too.

"This is beautiful" Mrs Marshall mouthed.

"Brother gave this to you?" Allysia asked, admiring the dress greatly.

"No" ivory giggled.

"Irene did" She added.

"Ohh...it must have cost a fortune,i bet she used all of her savings..." Allysia said. "Just to impress Harold" She added inwardly.

Women like doing things for Ivory just to impress Harold and she's not surprised Irene is in that league.

"No" Ivory laughed this time.

"Irene made the dress, she's a fashion designer" Ivory added surprising Mrs Marshall and Allysia further.

They both knew Irene is s fashion designer but they never knew she was this good.

"Well..." Allysia dropped the dress like she hadn't admired it in the first place.

"We will retreat to our rooms" Mrs Marshall said.

"Come for your gift later" Allysia winked at Ivory who nodded and smiled.

They left for their rooms and Nola returned to the kitchen to start cooking.

"I'm so sorry Irene" Harold said.

"It's fine" Irene said, trying to smile.

"I should go dress Ivory up" She said as she took ivory's hand.

Harold sighed, seeing how unhappy Irene looked.

Ivory stepped out after getting dressed in the purple gown Irene gifted her which fitted her so perfectly.

She had asked if Irene took her measurements while she was asleep and Irene said she had used one of her dress for measurement.

Everyone admired the dress on Ivory and they all commented.

On her neatly packed hair was the tiara Nola had gifted her, she wore pretty white shoes and tiny silver earrings with the necklace Harold had given her.

She looked so beautiful like a real princess.

Harold was also dressed up nicely.

They both said goodbye to everyone.

Harold had said they'll be going to Paris first and Ivory was so excited.

They left and the whole house was thrown into full celebration mood.

Everyone was happy, except Irene who slowly walked back to her workshop after bidding Harold and Ivory bye.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 53

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Harold and ivory returned at night and Ivory was so exhausted that Irene had to put her in bed immediately.

She walked out of ivory's room and gently closed the door behind her.

She's damn hungry, she needs to go join others in the dining room for dinner.

They are eating already.

She had had her lunch in her workshop, not feeling comfortable enough to eat with Ally and Mrs Marshall without Harold.

Her bodyguards stood by the door of the dining room while she walked in.

They've all started eating, except Harold who was obviously waiting for her.

She was touched and she felt her heart reach out

to him more.

She didn't notice Ally and Mrs Marshall's gaze on her.

They were wondering what she was doing in Harold's private dining room.

"Thanks for waiting" Irene said to Harold before sitting beside him.

"What!" Mrs Marshall exclaimed startling everyone.

"What do you want?" Ally asked Irene who looked confused.

"Irene dines with us" Mrs Nola said.

"Who gave that rule?" Allysia asked, obviously annoyed.

"I did" Harold said, urging Irene to start eating but she couldn't.

She couldn't even bring herself to dish out the meal.

"This isn't happening! Harold, you want me to dine with a nanny?" Mrs Marshall asked, looking insulted.

Harold sighed..."And what's wrong in being a nanny?"

"This isn't happening!" Mrs Marshall dropped her spoon loudly.

"Brother, It's highly disrespectful of her to eat on the same table with godmother" Allysia said.

"Why is it disrespectful? She didn't bring herself here! I personally told her i want her to always dine with me and she always have and Ivory is fine with it" Harold said as gently as he could.

He doesn't want to yell.

"She needs to get up and leave now, i can't dine on the same table with her" Mrs Marshall said.

"Yeah" Allysia sighed.



Irene's hands trembled as she slowly stood up.

"Sit!" Harold said in a tone she has never heard him use before.

He seems pissed.

"Sit" He said in a calmer tone.

"Please" He added to the surprise of Ally and Mrs Marshall.

"I can just go have dinner in the kitchen,I'll be fine" Irene said.

"No, you're having your dinner here. Sit" Harold said and she finally did.

After all Harold is her boss not Mrs Marshall or Allysia.

"Mum! This is my house,I'm sorry to say this but you're not entitled to oppose to how i treat my staff, i employed her and i want her to always dine with me, even Ivory hadn't complained. I can

invite whomever i want to my dining room. It's my dining room" Harold stated clearly.

Mrs Marshall sighed knowing she can't get Harold to change his mind,she only fumed as she continued eating.

"But she wasn't here for lunch! Why did she suddenly wants to dine with us now. Because you're here?" Allysia rolled her eyes.

"Because she wasn't comfortable with you guys, you've not been nice to her since you arrived and to think she has been looking so forward to meeting you made it worst" Harold said.

"I can't believe you want us to be nice to her despite what Ivory's past nannies have done and why was she looking forward to meet us,is there any motive behind it?" Ally asked, facing Irene who had her eyes glued to the table.

She never expected all these...it's just so much to

take in.

"She's not Ivory's past nannies Allysia! She's different" Harold said.

"And she was looking so forward to meet you cause i told her a lot about you. Stop being rude! Eat! And go to bed!" Nola chastised Ally who frowned as she continued eating her food.

"Dish out your meal Irene and eat up" Harold said.

"Ohh..okay" Irene said.

Harold stroke her hair, hoping that'll make her feel better and it did! she felt incredibly better.

"What!" Ally mouthed while Mrs Marshall just stared.

Nola was not surprised, knowing Irene and Harold felt something for eachother.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get

added to our group.

"And how was your day with Ivory, she seemed tired but happy" Irene smiled, returning to her old self.

Harold's hands really does magic.

"It was totally great, we had a nice time, she said she can't wait to show you the pictures tomorrow" Harold smiled.

"I can't wait too" Irene smiled.

"And you're yet to show her her ballet room.. she'll be so happy" Irene said.

"Yes, and she really likes the dress you made for her. I want you to make more of it for her and let me know the price" Harold said.

Irene nodded, knowing she'll never charge Harold for anything.

He has done so much for her and she'll feel

ungrateful to charge him for just making dresses for Ivory.

"I..." Irene was saying.

"You must be so tired" Allysia said to Harold, cutting in.

"Not really" Harold said.

"But i won't mind some of your massages though" Harold added and Allysia laughed.

She looked like a sweet soul when laughing and Irene wondered why she's being treated this way.

Well...she's starting to understand it's probably because of the way Ivory past nannies had been.

But she's not them.

"Allysia, when i saw you, i thought you were a striking model who'd appear on the cover of a magazine without question,you're so beautiful" Irene said before she could stop herself and Allysia

looked surprised.

She never thought the lady would compliment her beauty despite how mean she has been to her.

She must admit she's a bit touched but that won't make her soften towards her.

it might be part of her strategy.

She's not gonna get her like she got Harold, Ivory and her Mum.

"Of course,I'm beautiful" Ally shrugged.

"There you go again" Harold said and Allysia smiled.

"I can't wait to get to school on Monday" Allysia said.

She's the Queen of Ivy Royals and she's greatly admired.

She's good at almost all the activities, she's so intelligent that no one has been able to beat her

result so far, she stands out among the female students with her unmatched beauty and the male students always cling to her like magnet. She's always the center of attraction and everyone strives hard to be her friend.

Harold decided not to mention Damien to her.

He wants her to see for herself though she wouldn't know who he is.

He's having doubts about who's more brilliant between the both of them.

He knows there's gonna be some real competition between them.

They all finished dinner and everyone returned to their rooms after saying goodnight.

☪MONDAY☪

Damien stepped out of the car and bid the driver bye.

He started walking to his class when someone almost knocked him over.

He turned and his eyes locked with a girl's whose beauty was almost breathtaking..

"Wow" Damien said inwardly.

Her green eyes was captivating and her red hair almost matched with her thin lips.

She's looking so attractive and he couldn't remember seeing her face during the time he's being here.

Well..she might be in another class.

Her school uniform clung to her body like second skin and he must admit every part of her body was attractive.

She rolled her eyes as she walked past him with her head high.

"You should at least apologize" He shouted after



her and she showed him a middle finger before walking away.

"Wow!" Damien sighed.

Different characters in Ivy Royals!

\*\*\*

"OMG!! Allysia is in school! " A student announced to the whole class and everyone looked excited except Damien and Marlene who were confused.

They were waiting for their first class to start.

"Who's Allysia?" Damien asked Marlene.

"I don't know either" She said and he smiled, glad she didn't ignore him this time.

He liked staring at her and talking to her even though she doesn't give him attention.

He really wants to be her friend, but she seems like a very shy and timid person.

So cool and reserved and well mannered, he really

liked that about her.

She's beautiful and pretty intelligent too.

There's this thing about her that keeps drawing him to her.

There's something in those blue eyes of hers, he really want to get to know her.

And she always remind him of Irene.

They do pack their hair the same way.

The class fell silent and he turned to the front of the class, thinking a teacher had entered but he was wrong.

It was the girl that had almost knocked him over.

"Allysia!" The students cheered.

"Ohh" Damien sighed and faced his laptop.

Seems she owns the empty seat that has Allysia written on it.

Damien wondered if he's fated with bumping into

people that'll end up being his classmate.

"She's beautiful" Marlene said and Damien turned to her, surprised to hear her say that. She barely talks.

"Yes she is" Damien said.

And deep inside him, he knows he'll choose Marlene's cool beauty over Allysia's anytime.

Allysia was beginning to hug her classmates one after the other and she rolled her eyes when she got to Damien.

She sighted Marlene too and sighed.

"I guess we have new students" She said, excluding Marlene and Damien from her 'hug session'

"I'm prettier than her anyway" Allysia said to herself, deeply disturbed about Marlene's beauty.

Everyone settled down immediately a teacher

walked in and class started.

Damien and Allysia raised up their hands when the teacher asked a difficult question.

Allysia who thought she was the only one raising her hand wondered why the teacher was taking long to ask her to answer the question, until she saw Damien's hand up too.

"What!" She screamed inwardly..

Zeemah

Well..the competition has just started

We'll be having more of Damien, Marlene and Allysia's part now.

I hope you're all ready for that?

And who do you want for Damien?

Marlene or Allysia ?

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 54

---

Allysia who thought she was the only one raising her hand wondered why the teacher was taking long to ask her to answer the question, until she saw Damien's hand up too.

"What!" She screamed inwardly..

Well...he might just want her to notice him.

She had been so thrilled to find out he was in her class, he's got great looks that almost made her drool, she had intentionally knocked him over just to feel his broad back.

She has never seen a guy as good looking as him, she always thought George is the most good looking guy she has ever seen but Damien proved

her wrong.

She had gave him a middle finger cause she really wanted to fuck him.

She couldn't believe she felt butterflies in her stomach when he looked into her eyes.

He's attracted to her of course, every guy wants her.

She can have him if she wants cause she's so sure no one can resist her beauty, guys always fall at her feet.

But she hadn't caught him stealing glances at her like other guys do, he had concentrated on his laptop. Maybe he had steal glances when she wasn't looking.

Paris and Jane had told her the girls were head over heels with him but couldn't approach him cause he's from a freaking poor home.

And she's afraid that might be the only problem when he asks her out cause she doesn't want to

date someone from a poor home either.

The teacher sighed softly..

"I honestly don't know who to choose" Miss Meg said.

"Ohh" Damien said, seeing Allysia's hand up too.

He slowly brought down his hand and Marlene wondered why he did that.

They can both answer the question.

"Okay... Allysia go ahead" Miss Meg said and Allysia stood up proudly and answered the question.

The whole class clapped and Damien couldn't help but feel kinda bad, they never clap for him whenever he answers a question.

He shouldn't be bothered by it though, it's obvious most of the students do not want to associate with him because his last name doesn't ring a bell.

How petty.

He must admit he's impressed with Allysia, she's not only beautiful, she's intelligent too.

"Well... Allysia, you're correct but you didn't give me a detailed answer, I'd like Damien to try too" Miss Meg said.

"What do you mean my answer wasn't detailed?" Allysia asked the teacher.

"You only made reference to it, you didn't go into details. That was not a satisfactory answer, though you tried. I'd like Damien to make attempt too" Mrs Meg said and even the blind could see Allysia was fuming.

Damien stood on his feet and answered the question, he gave the best explanation he could and with the smile on Miss Meg's face, you could see she's impressed.

"That's it! Exactly the detail I want" Mrs Meg said and Damien was about sitting when he heard



someone clap.

The whole class turned and Damien lifted up his head too.

It was Marlene.

He stared at her in surprise so as the other students.

They all knew Damien did his best with the answer but the fact that he's not in their calibre made it feel horrific to clap for him.

But Marlene had.

"I bet she's as poor as he is" A student whispered to the other.

"Of course, poor people appreciate their kind" Another student responded and they laughed.

"Thank you" Damien smiled, deeply touched.

Marlene nodded and faced her laptop.

She hadn't clapped for Damien out of pity, his

answer was eloquent and impressive and she learnt one or two things from it, it made her understand the subject better.

Although his answers have always been impressive and she has never clapped for him, what prompted her was that she could see how his face was when Allysia was clapped for.

She hadn't clapped for Allysia because she could see her answer wasn't detailed like Mrs Meg had said, she doesn't even clap for anyone regardless of who they are, she's not used to it. Damien had been the first person she would clap for in Ivy Royals.

She feels the students are just being unfair to him because of his status and that's what keeps drawing her to him.

Unlike other students, he always tries to talk to her even if she mostly ignores him.

He doesn't mock her for hiding her last name nor ignore her and he has stood up for her once.

His looks are killer! And she must admit she felt her heart pump the moment she bumped into him.

He has the most beautiful set of eyes she has ever seen and she always steal glances at him when he's not looking.

She freaking likes it when he talks to her and sometimes she was always too stunned and nervous to reply him.

She looks forward to seeing him every morning and whenever he walks into the class, she'll cover her smile with a fake frown.

She has always liked her life without friends but now she wants to have a friend.

"Okay then, let's continue the class" Miss Meg said.

LUNCH BREAK

Damien sat back in class determined to find out why Marlene doesn't go to the cafeteria.

She has never visited the cafeteria.

Students left the class one after the other until they were both alone.

Minutes passed in silence until Marlene stood up and walked to her locker.

She unlocked it and carried her meal from her backpack.

She had waited for Damien to leave but seems he's not leaving anytime soon cause he's obviously busy with his laptop, she couldn't wait anymore, she's starving.

She returned to her seat with her meal and a bottle of water, she started eating.

Damien who had pretended to be working on his laptop turned to her.

"Eating in the classroom is prohibited" He said and Marlene nodded.

"Why don't you ever go the cafeteria?" He asked, thinking she was fearless, any teacher could come in and have her punished for it but again she ignored him.

"Anyone could come in and...have you punished" Damien proceeded.

"The school proprietor wouldn't say a word if he sees me right now" Marlene said, twisting the cap of the water.

"Really?" Damien asked, wondering what that could mean...ohh.

"You have a phobia for eating in the same room with a lot of people?" Damien asked thoughtfully.

"Yes" Marlene lied.

She is Royal and her family tradition forbids her to eat with so many people.

"Ohh..now i know" Damien said..

"And thanks for clapping earlier,it made me feel so happy" Damien smiled.

"Is that why you didn't go to the cafeteria?"  
Marlene asked.

"Not really, i wanted to find out why you don't  
always visit the cafeteria too" Damien said.

"Ohh" Marlene almost smiled,but she quickly  
stopped herself.

"By the way...why did you dropped your hand  
earlier? You could have waited for the teacher to  
choose who to answer the question" Marlene said.

"Well...i felt i should give someone else the chance  
to answer the question" Damien said.

"She could have done the same too, i heard she's  
very intelligent and answers questions in class all  
the time, she could have given you the chance too"

"So, you do listen to gossip" Damien teased.

"No, i overheard one of the students say it"

"I did the best thing by dropping my hand...as a gentleman" Damien said,proud of himself.

"I'm glad you don't ignore me anymore" Damien said.

"I did.. recently" Marlene said.

"It's not as much as you do before... though i understand you're a reserved person and you really appreciate being on your own" Damien said and for once Marlene looked at his eyes directly.

"Thank you" She said, touched.

So many people leave her and even hurl abusive words at her after she has ignored them for some time but Damien never left her, he understands her and never stopped talking to her.

She can't continue ignoring him, it's not fair .

"I'm glad you understand me and I'm sorry for the times I've ignored you" Marlene said and Damien thought he was dreaming.

He blinked like a nervous puppy and Marlene almost laughed.

"I'm..I'm surprised" He finally said.

"You should be" Marlene shrugged.

"But I'm so glad i finally got you to stop ignoring me, talking to you is great"

"Its not my thing to talk to people or make friends, i've been like this for so long" Marlene said.

"Ohh..you must have been lonely"

"No, i have my brother and cousin to always talk to and i have a dog too. His name's Bes" Marlene smiled and she quickly stopped.

"Wow" Damien said, obviously smitten.

She has a beautiful smile and he'd pay his last



penny to see her smile again.

Marlene sighed, thinking she had said too much.

She's not always this open to people but she had told Damien without even thinking.

"I have a sister too" Damien smiled.

"Really?" Marlene asked, knowing he must love his sister so much with the way his face had lit up when he mentioned her.

"Yes, her name is Irene, she's my world, i love her so much and I'll gladly do anything for her and do you know what?" Damien asked.

"What?" Marlene asked interestingly.

"She packs her hair, just the way you do"

"Wow" Marlene said, intrigued.

She rarely see females style their hair the same way she does.

She continued eating and then glanced at Damien.

"Do you care for some?" She asked.

"No, thank you. I'll just go get pasta from the cafeteria" Damien said, getting on his feet.

He's starving already though he doesn't want to stop talking to Marlene.

She's so interesting to talk to.

"You should go quickly before lunch break is over" Marlene said.

"Yeah" Damien said, hurrying to the door with smiles.

If he had turned, he would have seen Marlene smile too.

At that moment, they both knew a new chapter had opened in their lives.

"Why are you looking at the door?" Jane asked Allysia.

She was sitting with Jane and Paris in the cafeteria and she was kinda wondering when Damien would appear, as much as she hates to admit it..she has been waiting for him to walk in.

He walked in just then and Allysia blew out a breath.

Jane and Paris turned,as other girls did.

It's obvious most of the girls find Damien attractive,their gazes followed him down to where he dished some pasta.

"I fell his looks are just wasted cause he's so poor. Chandler should have such looks instead,he's rich"  
Jane rolled his eyes.

"At this point,i don't think i care about his status anymore,he's so good looking and freaking intelligent. I think i love him" Paris said almost breathlessly and Allysia glared at her.

"What do you mean he's so intelligent? Is anyone

more intelligent than i am in this school?" Allysia asked, watching Damien from the corner of her eyes.

He was holding a plate of steaming pasta as he walked towards an empty table but before he got there, Anna and Danielle invited him to their table.

He went to sit with them.

"As much as i hate to admit it, Damien is so intelligent. I don't even know who's more intelligent between you two" Jane sighed and Allysia felt like hitting her head with a fork.

"And what do you mean by you love him?" Allysia asked Paris, biting her upper lip.

"Yes i do" Paris confirmed, staring at Damien.

"You should better back off..." Allysia said.

"He's mine" She added inwardly and groaned when she saw Chandler approaching her with roses.

"Allysia" Nola called.

"Just let me be. Mum!" Allysia yelled, dropping her backpack on the stairs and walking angrily to her room.

Nola sighed as she picked up the backpack wondering who must have pissed her off.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 55

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"Allysia" Nola called.

"Just let me be. Mum!" Allysia yelled, dropping her backpack on the stairs and walking angrily to her room.

Nola sighed as she picked up the backpack wondering who must have pissed her off.

\*\*\*

Marlene grinned as Bes barked at her in greetings.

Two maids collected her backpack as she played with Bes.

He licked her face and she giggled.

"Let's go in" She said to him and he trailed behind her.

Workers bowed as she walked past them and she nodded in greeting.

"Claire, can i have a glass cup of juice please"  
Marlene said to Claire as she sat on the couch.

"Okay, your highness" Claire bowed and hurried into the kitchen.

Claire is her personal maid and they're both quite close.

She understands her more than any of the workers and she always knows what to do at all times.

She has been amazing and diligent and honest.

Marlene rested her head on the couch and smiled when she remembered Damien.

What a sweet soul.

"What's with that smile? Are you up to something naughty?" Marlene heard the voice she would never have mistaken for anyone else.

She hadn't even turned to look at him when she screamed his name.

"Charles!" She flew into her brother's arms and he held her for quite long.

"When did you get back?" She asked after they disengaged from the hug.

She really missed her brother, he's in Oxford and

she's sure they weren't on a break yet, so she hadn't even expected him.

"Hey!" Charles almost yelled at Bes who quickly hid behind Marlene's back.

"Tell your little friend to get away" Charles said to Marlene and she laughed.

Bes and Charles has never gotten along,they were always barking and screaming at each other.

"You should try to get along with Bes...he's a nice dog" Marlene smiled, stroking Bes who scampered away after seeing Charles glare at him.

"Have you forgotten how he almost chopped off my ear?" Charles reminded Marlene and she laughed hard, falling back on the couch.

"That was because you tried to steal my car key" She said, collecting the juice from Claire.

She gulped it down her throat and dropped the glass cup on the table.



A maid cleared it immediately.

"I wasn't gonna steal it, i was gonna take it but that wild dog leaped on me!" Charles groaned.

"You were gonna take it? Without my consent?"  
Marlene rolled her eyes.

"Well...i needed to go out with friends and you know Dad seized my car key" Charles said as he sat beside her.

He has always being naughty and troublesome,he isn't responsible a bit and their father was always yelling at him, scolding him and reminding him he'll one day become the reigning Prince of King City.

Fun was Charles job for now, a full-time career for him.

He loves chasing girls and he's a full time Playboy. Who wouldn't fall for his charm? Charles was even more good looking than their Dad who is

considered the most good looking prince to have ever reigned.

And sometimes Marlene wished he wasn't this handsome, his looks obviously got into his head.

He always looks hot with his spiky black hair and a diamond earring which their father had complained about a million times.

And he even has a tattoo on his chest that their father doesn't know about.

He has big brown eyes just like their Mum.

And he's as tall and built as their Dad, though Charles is only four years older than her but he has an incredible rapid growth.

"Marlene" Charles called gently blinking those big brown eyes that could make a girl melt, not her though and she instantly knew he has gotten into another trouble.

"What happened again?" She sighed.

"I..we are not on a break,i came home because those motherfucker cops seized my car..while i was driving home from a party,they freaking claimed i was driving recklessly and i dragged it out with them for a while,they refused to let go of my car even after i told them I'm the crown prince of King City but they didn't believe and insisted they wanted a letter from Dad that has the Royal signature on it....before they would release my car"

"Damn!" Marlene groaned.

"You didn't show them your Royal ID?" She asked.

"Dad seized it long ago!" Charles threw back his head.

"Because you were always showing off and throwing tantrums in public, causing scandals, you were always on the news for one bad thing or the other " Marlene said.

"Well... yeah, i want you to help me talk to Dad. He

should give me the letter with his signature on it and I'll leave"

"That'll be difficult" Marlene said.

"I know but dad would do anything for you" Charles said, knowing how much their Dad loves Marlene.

"I'll do that on one condition..." Marlene said.

"What?" Charles frowned.

"You'll need to make a promise you won't get into another trouble.."

"I promise" Charles pouted after hesitating for a while.

"Easier said than done" Marlene glared at him. "If you should get into another trouble again,i won't help you!"

"I won't get into another trouble. I promise" Charles said, stroking his sister's hair.

"Claire...is Dad out?" Marlene asked.

"No,he isn't. I just served him soup"

"Ohh" Marlene said.

"Help me with my shoes Charles" Marlene said tiredly "And my socks too"

"Are you going to meet dad now?" Charles asked.

"No,i still have to freshen up. I just hope i won't fall asleep in the shower" she teased Charles.

"Com'on, you need to help me talk to Dad as soon as possible or those cops are gonna do something crazy to my car and you know it's my favorite"  
Charles said, handing Marlene's socks and shoes to a maid.

"Get on my back" Charles crouched before her and she quickly climbed on his back.

He piggybacked her to her room and she almost fell asleep on his smooth broad back.

She kicked her tiny legs in the air before Charles dropped her on her bed.

"What are you so excited about?" Charles asked suspiciously.

"Huh? Is it that obvious?" Marlene asked.

"Of course...is there another Prince Hans in the picture?" Charles teased and Marlene rolled her eyes.

Hans was her ex but she hadn't loved him a bit.

He was the crown prince of Liechtenstein and his father do visit her father from time to time.

He liked her, though she was attracted to his looks too..it was more like she had a little bit of crush on him.

They dated for three weeks and he was always buying expensive things for her,he did not mind spending lavishly on her and she doesn't even enjoy stuffs like that, she prefers reading with him

or watching movies which he always considered 'boring' .

She's not so into shopping cause she has enough in her closet.

He was her first boyfriend.

She broke up with him when he tried to force her into bed with him. Only Charles knew about it.

"Get into my closet and fetch me some simple wears. " Marlene said to Charles as she got on her feet and he frowned.

"Can't you do it?" She asked, smiling secretly knowing she's taking advantage of the fact that she's gonna help him.

She can't tell him to do that on a normal day,he's gonna drag her hair and give her a painful knock.

"I can do it of course" Charles said.

And just then Bes jumped out from under the bed,

startling Charles to the extent that he screamed so loud and scurried to the far end of the bed.

Marlene couldn't hold her laughter, she laughed so hard that she had to quickly hold a chair so she won't collapse on the floor in laughter.

The door opened and bodyguards filed in.

"Crown prince, princess Marlene.. are you okay?"  
They asked.

"Yeah we are" Marlene said still laughing.

Charles glared at Bes and Bes barked at him.

The bodyguards walked out and closed the door behind them.

"Will you stop laughing?" Charles rolled his eyes at Marlene and she laughed harder.

Bes went back under the bed after Marlene stroked him.

"Okay..." She smiled. "I'm going to freshen up now,



help me with my wears"

She walked into the bathroom and peeled off her school wears, she got into the tub and minutes later, she was laughing hard, hearing Bes and Charles bark and scream at each other.

Marlene bounded up the back stairs in black jeans and cream coloured t-shirt that she had selected for herself.

Charles had selected a ball gown for her!

Her hair was still wet so she let it down her waist and it danced as she hurried to her Dad's office.

She walked in and met him poring over a stack of papers with a serious look on his face.

He hadn't heard her come in.

"Papa" Marlene smiled as she walked into his office which had bodyguards at every corner.

He glanced up and smiled as she slipped quietly into the chair beside him.

He was pleased to see her, he always was.

She's his little princess and he loves and adores her so much, she has been well behaved over the years, she has always filled the void of Charles who is so irresponsible that it makes him sick.

He wished women were allowed to reign in King City, he would have handed the reigns to Marlene.

"Have you eaten? Marl" He asked and she shook her head.

"Why?" He asked in concern.

"Are you busy papa?" Marlene asked burying her head in the crook of his neck and he knew she wanted something.

"No..for now but i have a meeting with the finance minister in a few minutes" He said pushing the papers away with a sigh.

He explained his latest endeavors and she listened with interest.

Her father was a man of integrity, compassion and courage, he was regarded with great affection by all the people who knew him.

King City has experienced slow economic growth for the past fifty years but there has been great improvement since her father took over the reigns and that made the people love him more.

Marlene always listen to whatever he says but Charles was far more self-indulgent and paid no affection to his father's wisdom .

She knew how disappointed her father was in Charles and she always felt she had to make it up to him some how.

"What are you bothered about? don't you like your new school?" He asked.

"No! I love it" Marlene quickly said.

"Has your identity been revealed?" He asked, knowing how much Marlene doesn't like exposing her title.

"No" Marlene said, she had left her former school cause her identity was revealed.

She loves it when people have no idea who she was, she loves to be treated like every other person, sometimes she gets tired of been given special treatment.

She loves to be free from restrictions and obligations of the royal palace.

She never told people that her family home was a royal palace in King City..

"It's about Charles Dad" She finally said.

"He got into trouble again?" He asked and she nodded.

Marlene explained everything to him and sighed.

He was not surprised, Charles was always getting into one trouble or the other.

"Please papa, just get him a letter with your signature on it. I made him promise he won't cause trouble again" Marlene said and her father was silent.

"Papa" Marlene held his hand and gave him one of her sad looks.

He hates seeing her sad.

"He should leave the car with the cops,I'll get another one for him."

"Papa,that's his favorite car... please" Marlene pleaded, placing her head in his palms, he smiled as he touched her silky hair.

She's the younger version of her mother and whenever he sees her, his mind wanders to his wife immediately.

"Okay.. I'll get the letter and signature for him

tomorrow"

"Thank you Papa!" Marlene said happily.

"I love you" she kissed him on both cheeks.

"How's mum?" She asked.

"She'll be back by weekend, haven't you called her?"

"I was going to, when i leave here"

Her mum was representing her Dad in a Royal function in England.

Her mother's ancestors were mostly German with cousins in England,her mother's native tongue was German but she speaks Italian, Spanish and English as well.

Marlene is still trying to learn Spanish,she knows French quite well and she was almost fluent in German too.

Her father is French, he's from the two Royal

families of France who had been ruling monarchy before the French revolution.

Marlene descended from Royal families on all sides.

It was less likely that she would marry anyone not of Royal birth,her father would never allow it.

The Bourbons and Orleans were all royal highnesses on her mother's side.

Her mother's father had been a royal highness as well.

The reigning Prince of King City Prince Alexandre Louis who is her father, is a Serene highness.

Marlene was both Royal and Serene highness, her official title was Serene, they were related to the Windsors in England,the queen of England was their second cousin.

Every single one of their relatives and their ancestors were all of Royal birth.

Prince Alexandre Louis's assistant entered the room as they finished the coffee the footman had served them.

He smiled at Marlene and she smiled back at him, he was just like an uncle to her, he had been working for her father even before she was born.

"I'm so sorry to interrupt you Your Highness" Arthur said.

"You have an appointment with the finance minister in ten minutes and we have some new reports that you might have to read before meeting him"

Marlene knew her father would be busy until dinner.

Sometimes she went with him and most times she appears at similar events as the princess that she is.

"Thank you Arthur, I'll be downstairs in a few



minutes" her father said and Arthur bowed to both of them and silently left the room.

Marlene looked at her father and sighed, her chin in her hands.

Her father smiled, he was so proud to have such a pretty daughter and a very good girl.

"Don't you get tired of what you do papa, you barely have time to rest" Marlene complained with a frown, though her father had never complained about it.

"I enjoy what i do though i hated it at first but it's an obligation and my greatest joy is to see my city progress" He said as he got to his feet.

Marlene followed suit.

"Would you like to join me at the meeting with our ambassador to the UN tomorrow? "

"No, i have to cut a ribbon at a hospital" Marlene said.

That's one of her duties as a princess.

She only appeared in the press at state occasions with her father or when opening hospitals or libraries and when she was out with her British cousins, there was one of her in a ballgown too in an article about young Royals.

She loves keeping low profile...

Her father had warned Charles that if keeps appearing in the press for bad reasons, he's gonna cut off his allowance and that was what made Charles to behave.

"I'll see you tonight" He said as he hugged his daughter.

"Okay papa" Marlene said.

"He's going to get you the letter and signature tomorrow" Marlene announced to Charles.

He swept her into his arms like a baby and carried her round the house happily.

She was laughing hard by the time he finally dropped her.

"Bes is saying hi to you" She teased as Bes appeared in the living room.

Charles groaned and Marlene laughed.

Bes barked.

Zeemah

Who will settle Charles and Bes fight like this?

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 56

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"Carrle, cut me out of this" Tanya said to Carrle over the phone.

"Why are you speaking this way? Don't you hate her? You said to inform you when we have a new plan. Why all this?" Carrle asked.

"I'm out of this Carrle, Harold came to my store to warn me not to try to hurt Irene or I'll pay for it!" Tanya sighed.

"What!" Carrle exclaimed.

"Yeah and you know how Harold is right? He is your ex husband and you always told me he keeps to his words, if anything should go wrong with that lady, he'll hold me responsible for it and i might not get out of jail,that's gonna taint my business,i don't want a bad publicity. I'll advise you to stop whatever plans you have for her or you'll have to face Harold's wrath,he seemed so in love with that lady"

"Wh..wow. this is crazy" Carrle loosened her ponytail, not wanting to believe what she just heard.

"He seemed to be in love with her? That's the reason I'm gonna hurt her! I don't fucking care about what Harold's gonna do, at least i would have hurt her before he makes a move" Carrle said wickedly.

"Carrle, Harold has the right to love anyone after all this years. He was alone for six years Carrle. Six! He deserves this. You're married and he seems fine with it,why don't you just leave him alone,even if you stop him from loving this lady which i know will be impossible,he won't come back to you, so why are you doing all these?"

"Because i still love him!"

"Then you should never have left him!"

"And i did, I'm ready to amend things now"

"I'm afraid it's too late, Harold is head over heels with that lady. Didn't you even see how he was all over her at that dinner party? Give up already

Carrle. This is a lost battle"

"It is not a lost battle for me and you should better join us before she have all your customers to herself"

"Do not involve me Carrle, I'm out. " Tanya said with a note of finality in her voice.

"Ethan is gonna protect us if anything happens "

Carrle laughed " There's no way Ethan can protect you from Harold, have you forgotten how he fought for the custody of his daughter? You should know once Harold is determined, nothing is going to stop him from doing what he wants. You know Harold better than i do Carrle and you still wanna go ahead with this plan of yours?"

"Just to get him back of course,I'll do anything to get him back!"

"I personally think you should desist from it, you and Ethan had so many plans for the lady right

from the beginning and none worked out..."

"This one is gonna work out!" Carrle interrupted.

"Good luck Carrle. " Tanya disconnected the call.

"Fuck! " Carrle paced the room angrily.

She felt like...she felt like ruining something.

She was so pissed that her hands shook.

She grabbed the mirror facing her dressing chair and smashed it on the floor with a scream.

\*\*\*

"What's going on brother? Why does she have bodyguards of her own?" Allysia asked over dinner.

"You didn't notice all this while?" Harold gulped water.

"No"

"Dad said it's to strengthen our security" Ivory said, throwing fries into her mouth.

"Well...yeah" Harold agreed.

"To strengthen security? And she has four bodyguards to herself alone! A nanny has four bodyguards to herself alone?" Allysia said and Irene winced in her chair.

Allysia sighed, starting to get really irritated with all the new happenings in Harold's house.

"There's more reason for it than just strengthening security, I'm gonna tell you about it later" Harold said.

"There's no reason for a nanny to have four bodyguards" Allysia dropped her spoon.

"Stop talking about the job 'nanny' like its the filthiest job on Earth. It's a decent job with a decent earning" Harold chided.

"Whatever" Ally rolled her eyes.

"That was rude" Nola said.



"I'm sorry brother" Allysia said.

"I was never rude to my brother until you came along!!" Allysia yelled at Irene who was looking like a lost sheep.

"Allysia!" Harold warned.

"I'm done eating!" She said, pushing her food away. She walked away after giving Irene a heated glare.

"Why did you piss her off?" Mrs Marshall asked facing Harold but indirectly referring to Irene.

She has been silent all the while cause she was still fuming about eating on the same table with a nanny.

It's a blow to her ego.

"I did not piss her off mum! She was rude!" Harold said.

"I wasn't talking to you" Mrs Marshall said and faced Irene who pressed her lips together.

"Why did you piss her off? She rarely gets pissed when you weren't here? Are you a demon?" Mrs Marshall asked Irene.

"Mum, leave Irene out of this" Harold said.

"Of course" Mrs Marshall smiled with just one corner of her mouth lifted.

"Nola, have a maid bring me my dinner." Mrs Marshall stood up.

"Irene, I'm not being mean but I'm not used to eating on the same table with a lowlife " Mrs Marshall said, walking away briskly.

"Grandma, what's a lowlife?" Ivory asked running after Mrs Marshall before Harold could stop her.

Nola quickly ordered a maid to take Mrs Marshall's meal to her.

"I'm so sorry about that Irene" Harold said, disappointed at his Mum.

He's just so glad she wasn't the one who raised him.

"It's fine" Irene smiled, surprising Harold and Nola.

"That was the first time your Mum actually called my name" She laughed.

"Are you okay?" Nola asked.

"I'm fine" Irene nodded, trying hard not to make her tears fall.

She's a low life obviously.

Then why is she being so sad about being called one.

Harold could see she was hurt beneath her smile.

He almost wished his mum and Allysia hadn't come.

"Do you think i should continue eating at the dining?, I'll be fine eating in the kitchen" Irene said.

"NO" Harold disagreed.

"I don't want to be the reason Mrs Marshall won't eat at the dining anymore"

"She will, she's just pissed tonight"

"No,she's truly not comfortable with eating with me,she's not used to it truly,maybe i keep wanting to make her puke" Irene smiled sadly.

"Com'on , don't say that Irene, you know i don't like it when one think low of oneself, I'm fine with you eating with me,that's all that matters" Harold said.

"Allysia and Mrs Marshall are both affected by what ivory's past nannies have done, they are not always this way. They are one of the nicest people you'll ever meet" Nola said and Harold laughed.

"No, they are not nice. Truly, they might be affected by what Ivory's past nannies have done but those ladies are not nice,they are partners in crime,i don't just know why i love them so much"

Harold groaned and Nola and Irene smiled.

"I shouldn't be surprised by Mrs Marshall's behavior,she's a billionaire for God's sake and she always dines with well to do people,she shouldn't be blamed for finding my presence here annoying,that's typical of wealthy women,she sees me at other part of the house and never complain,she's not just used to having people like me eat with her. I perfectly understand her. But Allysia, i don't know why she's treating me that way, if she doesn't care about my feelings,she should at least consider the fact that I'm far older than her" Irene said, blinking back tears.

"I'm so sorry about that" Nola rubbed her shoulder.

"Just give her time Irene, she's gonna get used to you and stop being mean" Harold said.

"It's fine" Irene said.

"She must have met Damien" Harold said, trying to

change the topic.

Irene's face lit up at the mention of her brother's name.

"She came home today, very pissed" Nola said.

" I guess competition has started" Harold laughed.

"Competition?" Nola asked.

"Yeah, i guess you don't know how intelligent Damien is" Harold said.

"I do but you know Allysia is intelligent as well" Nola said.

"Yeah" Harold agreed.

"Don't you think we should tell her about Damien? So they'll work hand in hand in class" Nola smiled.

"No!" Irene said inwardly, not wanting that girl around her brother.

"No, i think we should leave them for now" Harold said.

"You think so?" Nola asked.

"Yeah"

"Will you come with me to my workshop tonight? I have so many work to do" Irene whispered to Harold.

"Yes!" He grinned.

"I hope both of you don't spend the night there again" Nola said and they laughed.

Allysia stood in front of her mirror as she applied make up, she put on her school wears after that and let down her hair.

She brushed it and moved it to one part of her shoulder.

"Perfect" she grinned.

She indeed looked stunning as she walked down the stairs with her backpack.

She met everyone having breakfast, her godmother wasn't there though.

"Good morning everyone" She said making her presence known.

Nola smiled seeing how pretty her daughter looked.

"How was your night?" Harold asked.

"Normal" she pecked him and went to kiss her mum too.

"V rules, how was your night?" Allysia smiled as she kissed Ivory.

She calls Ivory that because Ivory loves giving rules, she owns her own rule booklet and always like to live by her rules.

"Great" Ivory smiled.

There's something familiar about the way Irene packs her hair... Allysia thought.



It seems she has seen the style somewhere...

It's a beautiful style though..

Allysia gulped out of Harold's coffee and took his last toast, he groaned and she laughed.

"Bye" She waved, eating the toast as she walked away.

"Bye"

She doesn't sit to eat breakfast at home, she loves being early to school.

She got outside and the door of her SUV was opened by one of her bodyguards.

She got into her car and two bodyguards got in after her.

The driver turned on the ignition and started driving.

She brought out her phone, still eating the toast.

"Hey wait!" She said before the driver drives out of

the gate.

"Go get me a bottle of water inside before we leave" She said to one of her bodyguards and he quickly carried out her order.

"Your highness..."

"Don't call me that here!" Marlene quickly shut her bodyguard.

"I'm sorry princess Marlene" he quickly apologized.

"Arrrgh! Don't call me princess either! Anyone can hear you. Please" Marlene said.

"Okay, i just wanted to ask if i should help you with your backpack to your class" Bix, one of her personal bodyguards asked.

"Bix, you can only do all that when I'm in the palace,not here please" She picked her backpack.

"Okay pri.." Bix quickly zipped his mouth and

Marlene laughed.

"Bye" she waved at him as she walked into the school.

She's so ashamed she's looking so forward to seeing Damien, they just started talking yesterday and she can't wait to see him today and talk to him.

And she even brought double of her lunch, she's gonna give Damien one so they can both stay in the class and talk during lunch break.

She felt someone's hand at the back of her neck and quickly turned, startled.

She sighed in relief and almost blushed when she saw it was Damien.

"Hey" She said.

"I hope i didn't startle you?" Damien asked.

"Not really"

"How are you?" He asked with a smile as they both

walked to their class.

"I'm great, i can see you are as well"

"Yeah...and i think you look like a princess in some fairytale. You've got a calm and beautiful face"

Damien said...

"Huh?" Marlene widened her eyes.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 57

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"Yeah...and i think you look like a princess in some fairytale. You've got a calm and beautiful face"

Damien said...

"Huh?" Marlene widened her eyes.

"I'm sorry if you aren't okay with that" Damien said.

"No, i am.. absolutely" Marlene sighed softly.

When she heard 'princess' she thought Damien knew her identity already.

The last thing she wants is for anyone to know her identity.

She's not ready for it yet.

"Are you okay?" Damien asked, afraid he must have triggered something in her.

"I'm fine, my mind just wandered off" Marlene smiled and he nodded.

He's always happy to see her smile and he didn't even know when he started grinning.

"Did i said something funny?" Marlene asked.

"Uh?..ohh, no. I can just be stupid at times"

Damien said and she laughed,they were stepping into the class just then and the whole class stared

at them.

They dropped their backpacks and walked towards their seats, ignoring the gazes and murmur, they were used to it anyway, the class is always mocking them.

Danielle and Anna said hi to Damien as he walked past their seats, he returned their greetings and he was surprised to see a girl wave at him.

He do see her face in the class but he doesn't even know her name, he stole a quick glance at her desk and saw that she was Paris.

He waved back at her with a smile and Paris nearly gripped Jane's hand out of excitement.

"What's wrong with you? You should better back off like Allysia said" Jane advised.

"No! I won't let Allysia control me anymore" Paris said, with a voice that told Jane she's damn serious.

"All because of a guy? A poor guy?" Jane asked.

"I don't mind, I'm gonna make him rich, I'm gonna get a car for him and take him on trips" Paris said dreamily and Jane stared at her with her mouth wide opened.

Paris dad was an assemblyman who used to be a judge, he's famous and incredibly wealthy.

He's among the top ten wealthiest in San Francisco.

Harold Marshall is the first and he's Allysia's brother, that earned Allysia more respect.

"Paris back off, Allysia wants him too" Jane said cautiously.

"Let the best girl win" Paris said with a determined look.

"What!" Jane said in surprise, Paris has never been this outspoken.

She was always hiding behind Allysia, doing whatever she wants but she changed suddenly just

because of a guy!

Well..he's not just a guy, a very handsome one at that.

She would have gone for him too if he wasn't so poor.

"Did you see how he smiled at me.. ohh" Paris closed her eyes as she held her chest.

Jane smiled.

She isn't prepared for the storm that's about to brew between her two friends.

She wish Paris can just let go of Damien for Allysia and at the same time,she wants Paris to stand up for what she wants too.

Arrrgh...she's so confused.

Damien and Marlene settled in their seats.

"I think you'll have to explain something to me on the arithmetic homework we were given yesterday.



I couldn't complete mine cause i did not even understand it " Marlene said to Damien.

"Ohh... should we start now?" Damien asked.

"No, during lunch break" Marlene said and Damien nodded.

He had bought a bag of potato chips and water so he could stay with Marlene during lunch break.

"He should just look at me for once!!!" Allysia screamed inwardly.

Damien had seem not to notice her since he walked into the class and that's so painful cause she had gone extra mile to make herself look more pretty today.

She suddenly banged her desk and everyone turned to look at her.

"You piece of shits! Take your eyes off me" She cursed inwardly and was glad what she did made her gain Damien's attention.

He stared at her for a while wondering if she's okay.

"Are you okay babe?" Chandler rushed to her seat and she groaned.

Irene laughed at Tom's joke, the rest of the bodyguards joined in the laughter.

They were all in her workshop and she was packing the dresses she made.

She's done with this set of order and she's gonna accept the next set once she delivers this.

The bodyguards helped her seal it while she packed it.

They've become great friends and they always enjoy their time together.

They talk about lots of things, their childhood, their parents, partners, work. There's never a dull moment with them.

Joel, Cory, Jim and then Tom, Irene actually forced them to stop being so uptight and rigid, they're enjoying it now .

"What! What's going on here?" They heard and they all turned to the door..

Mrs Marshall stood there looking lost, she was strolling in her son's garden when she heard voices and she was so shocked to see that the flower room has been transformed.

She has not been to the garden since she arrived.

And she knows quite well that this is Harold's private garden, no employee is allowed in here.

The bodyguards bowed in greetings.

"Don't give me that look! Explain what this is about?" Mrs Marshall asked.

"T..th..This is my workshop" Irene said slowly, staring at her feet.

"You're joking right?" Mrs Marshall laughed even though what Irene said was clearly true.

There's a sewing machine, mannequin, threads, scissors, clothes materials...

"What gave you the audacity to use this place as your workshop?" Mrs Marshall asked angrily.

"Harold.. Mr Harold..." Irene said.

"Oh..my..God!" Mrs Marshall said before walking away. She's going to call Harold.

She deeply regret to have allowed Helena raise Harold.

\*Ivy Royals high school\*

"Do you want to eat before before we start arithmetics?" Damien asked.

It's lunch break already and students are starting to move out of the class.

"I'm gonna start the arithmetics first and ... i

brought meal for you too" Marlene said.

"Huh?" Damien asked, surprised.

"Yeah"

"I.. Arr... thank you but you shouldn't have done that" Damien said.

"Why? You're not gonna eat it?" Marlene asked and when he didn't answer, she knew he wasn't gonna eat it.

"I thought we were friends" Marlene said, hurt.

By now, no student was remaining in the class except them.

"Yeah, we are friends" Damien said.

"And you're going to let the meal i brought for you go to waste?" Marlene asked.

"I'm going to eat it" Damien said, not wanting to hurt her feelings.

He was touched she could be that generous.

She smiled and her smile hit him like it always does .

"But...don't bring meal for me everytime ,it's gonna make me feel uncomfortable" Damien said and Marlene nodded.

"So, let's start...which part don't you understand?" Damien asked and Marlene switched on her laptop.

"I got the first part right but it got confusing from this part" Marlene pointed to it.

"Ohh...okay"

"Woah...never knew it was that simple" Marlene stretched as Damien finished explaining to her.

She tried it after he explained to her and she got it right.

"Yeah it is" Damien said. Teaching her was fun,they laughed multiple times.

"I'll go get our meal" Marlene got to her feet.

"I'll get it, it's in your backpack right?" Damien asked.

"Yeah,let's go get it together. I'll get the water"

"Okay"

They started eating and it was like they were having a mini feast,there were more than three meals to choose from,the meals were delicious and richly looked,there was even deserts..

Damien suspected Marlene isn't as poor as they portrayed her to be.

"We better finish this quickly before someone comes in and think we're having a mini feast" Damien said and Marlene laughed..

He smiled.

"Geez! I don't laugh this way Damien. You're

funny" Marlene said, smiling.

"I'm not, you just find the things i say funny"  
Damien said.

"Because they are, Charles and Bes are the only ones that make me laugh this way" She said.

"Charles is my brother and Bes is my dog" Marlene said, seeing the confused look on Damien's face.

"Ohh...you have a dog, that's great"

"Yeah" Marlene nodded, feeling she just let her mouth run again.

She hope she isn't gonna reveal her identity one day.

They ate the rest of their meal in silence and Damien thanked her after they were done.

They cleared the desk and went back to their seats.

"Are you with your phone?" Marlene asked and



Damien shook his head.

"No"

"Ohh"

"You wanna use it?"

"I want to see your sister's pictures"

Damien smiled "really?"

Marlene nodded.

"I'm gonna bring it tomorrow then" Damien said.

Lunch break was over and students started returning to the class.

The first two to walk in looked at them suspiciously and Marlene and Damien laughed.

"Hey Mum" Damien smiled as he walked into the living room.

Mrs Neave was knitting and watching TV.

There was a bowl of steaming pizza rolls beside her.

She looked great in a simple chiffon-sleeved dress with white flip flops, her hair was packed in a bun and her face glowed.

She has transformed after her surgeries, she's more happy and relaxed now.

She loved their new house also..

She smiled on seeing Damien.... "How was school?"

"Great Mum" Damien threw one pizza roll in his mouth and it was so hot that his mouth danced.

Mrs Neave laughed.

"Ahhh!" Damien sighed when he finally finished chewing the roll..

He dropped his backpack and sat beside his stepmum.

"You sure love boring shows" He said trying to

change the channel, Mrs Neave slapped his hand painfully.

"Ouch! You're so mean" He groaned.

"I'm gonna hit your mouth next" Mrs Neave threatened and Damien shifted far away.

She laughed..." How's Irene?"

Damien sees her everyday cause she's always in the car with Ivory whenever they come to pick him.

"I don't think she's fine,her face doesn't look happy and i asked her,she said she's okay" Damien said.

"Really?" Mrs Neave asked worriedly.

"Get my phone from my room,let's give her a call"

"Okay Mum"

"Ally, you won't believe this" Mrs Marshall walked into Allysia's room,who was sullen that Damien

hadn't seem to notice her today.

She was back from school, changed into her house wears.

"What?" Allysia sat up on the bed.

"Ivory's nanny has a workshop in Harold's garden!"

"What!" Allysia exclaimed.

"Yeah, the flower room was transformed into a workshop for her!"

"She must have forced brother to do it" Allysia got on her feet and slipped her feet into her slippers.

"I think she enchanted brother" Allysia said.

"Really?"

"Yes, he now does things he normally won't do"

"You're right Ally! He never allows any employee in the dining room but he allowed her! even after i complained" Mrs Marshall said.

"She shouldn't be in this house anymore" Allysia said, walking out of her room.

Mrs Marshall followed her.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 58

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"She shouldn't be in this house anymore" Allysia said, walking out of her room.

Mrs Marshall followed her.

\*

"Where's Irene?" Allysia asked Jim one of her Irene's bodyguards who was standing outside her door.

"She left to deliver her goods" He said.

"Without taking care of Ivory?" Mrs Marshall asked.

"She took care of Ivory already, Ivory is presently taking her nap" Jim said.

"Brother gave her the many chance to do whatever she wants" Ally said and Mrs Marshall nodded in agreement..

"I need to go check out the workshop" Allysia headed to Harold's garden.

\*\*

"I'm sure she didn't spend a dime to buy those things in that workshop,they are way too expensive for someone like her to afford" Allysia sat in the living room with Mrs Marshall.

They were both waiting for Irene to be back while Nola cooked was in the kitchen making dinner.

Irene sure has some explanation to do.

They heard a car came to a halt in the compound.

"She's back" Allysia said, sitting upright.

She planned on how to bombard Irene with questions.

The door opened few minutes later and they were surprised and disappointed to see Harold walk in.

He doesn't return from work this early.

"Hi mum" He pecked Mrs Marshall on both cheeks.

"How was your day brother?" Allysia asked.

"Normal, are you both expecting someone?"

Harold asked curiously.

"I saw the workshop in the garden, you don't have to explain. We know she forced you to do it" Allysia said.

"Forced? Irene never forces me to do anything. She refused when i showed her the workshop and i had to talk her into accepting it and we were both in

there yesternight till she was done sewing" Harold said surprising Allysia and his mum.

"Wait...were you guys waiting for her?" Harold asked.

"Well...yes"

"For what?" He asked.

"We thought she forced you to do it" Allysia said.

"And you're gonna do what to her? It's high time you both stopped all this. Irene is not like Ivory's past nannies! She's different,she's far different. Stop treating her like she means nothing,it's unfair" Harold dropped his blazer on the couch.

"You keep doing things you won't do on a normal day just because of her" Mrs Marshall said.

"Mum, everything i did for Irene,i can do it for any other person..."

"I know you're a philanthropist but.." Allysia was



saying.

"Then why are you so against me helping Irene."  
Harold interrupted her. "Moreover it's my money and i can do whatever i want with it"

"Irene is still the best nanny Ivory ever has, Ivory could testify to that. She has never tried to seduce me or perform any immoral act, she's just like a second mother to Ivory, Ivory loved her right from the start. Irene is a very good person, i don't know where your dislike for her is coming from. You didn't even treat Ivory's past nannies like you do treat her. She's a human too, the fact that she did not get the opportunity to be in our position doesn't mean you should treat her like trash, she wouldn't be here if she saw better opportunities, you both are being unfair to her"  
Harold said and Mrs Marshall looked remorseful, she seemed to be having a change of mind.

"That doesn't mean you should treat her like she's part of us, the fact still remain that she's a nanny and shouldn't get the privileges her employer and his family gets" Allysia said.

"That's up to me to decide,I'm her employer after all, she'll do whatever i say and whatever you see Irene do. I told her to,she doesn't do anything without asking for my permission,she has never taken advantage of my kindness to misbehave,she's still the most well behaved person I've ever seen"

"She might be pretending brother" Ally said.

"Whatever...if you both don't stop being mean to her then im gonna change towards you too"

Harold said.

He picked his blazer and started walking towards the stairs.

He stopped and turned "And i think you both

should know this. I'm in love with Irene"

"What!" Allysia screamed while Mrs Marshall just stared at him..

"Yeah" Harold smiled before disappearing to his room.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group. .

"Arrrgh!" Mrs Marshall sighed.

"What do you think?" Allysia asked in horror.

"I think Irene might just be what Harold said. She looks nice to me.."

"No! She's a pretender! Godmother, I'm sure she's here on a mission. She wants something, that's the reason she's acting all nice and sweet" Allysia said.

"Really.." Mrs Marshall said, reasoning what Allysia just said.

She might be right.

The last thing she wants is for someone to hurt her only son.

"And did brother just said he's in love with her"  
Ally said, burying her face in his palms.

"I've suspected that since we got here..it's quite obvious" Mrs Marshall said.

The door opened and Irene walked in.

She greeted Mrs Marshall and made her way to her room with Tom and Cory.

"She didn't say hi to me!" Allysia whined and Mrs Marshall laughed.

"You wouldn't have answered"

"Well..yeah"

Irene hurried into Ivory's room through the adjoining door and she was just waking up from her nap.

She rubbed her eyes with the back of her palm.

"Hey there" Irene smiled.

"I want to pee" Ivory said, still rubbing her eyes.

Irene led her into the bathroom, she washed her face after peeing.

She was fully awake by the time they walked back into her room.

"Do you want cake?" Irene asked her as she sat her on her couch and switched on the TV.

Ivory nodded.

"I'll be back" Irene said and she went to get two slices of strawberry cake from the kitchen.

Ivory ate her cake while she watched animation on the TV.

"I guess you've done your homework?" Irene asked.

"Yes, Damien and i did it together" Ivory smiled.

"Ohh...is he fine?" Irene asked and Ivory nodded.

"Be quick with your cake so we can go to the library okay?"

"Okay Irene"

They were eating their dinner in silence and Irene was glad Allysia or Mrs Marshall haven't made any taunting remark so far.

"I saw your workshop and it was beautiful" Allysia said to Irene.

Irene was surprised but she muttered thank you .

"It must have cost you a lot" Allysia mocked further.

"Huh...no. Harold did everything for me,the only thing i bought in there was the mannequin, Harold did every other thing" Irene said.

"It must have been so nice to have someone do so

many things for you without you spending a dime, i bet you want that to happen more often" Allysia taunted.

"Allysia!" Harold stopped her from making further remark.

"I'm sorry brother...i was just trying to chat with Irene,you said i should be nice to her" Allysia said.

"If that's the definition of nice to you, you should better go back to your books " Harold said.

"Damien said to greet you dad" Ivory said.

"Ohh" Harold smiled.

'Damien?' Allysia thought,her mind wandering back to the Damien in her class.

"Who's Damien?" Ally asked.

No one has ever mentioned him.

"Irene's brother" Ivory said before Harold could stop her.

Ohh...he can never be the one in her class.

They can't afford her school.

Allysia continued eating..."But how did you meet her brother? Has he been coming here?"

"Yes" Ivory said.

"Tch" Allysia rolled her eyes.

"This place is your workplace Irene, not a public house" Allysia said with a fake smile.

Harold glared at her.

"Am being nice, i smiled!" Allysia said.

"Irene never told her brother to come here, i told him to!" Harold said.

"Why?" Allysia asked.

"Cause Y has a tail and two branches" Harold said and continued eating.

Irene bursted into laughter,she couldn't hold it anymore. Ivory joined her too and Harold smiled.



Allysia seethe quietly.

"Are we going to your workshop tonight?" Harold asked.

"I'm done with the orders and I've had them delivered, i want to rest for tonight and accept the next set of orders tomorrow" Irene said and Mrs Marshall thought she sounded like a competent business woman.

"Ohh..that's fine then" Harold said.

"Damien, she returned my call already" Mrs Neave said, walking into the living room in her nightwear.

She was about to go to bed when Irene returned her call...she hadn't picked when they called earlier.

Damien was watching a movie, he just finished doing the dishes after they had dinner.

"Ohh...what did she say?" He asked.

"She's fine as she said but i think she misses you"  
Mrs Neave said.

"I'll go over to spend some time with her on  
Saturday then " Damien said.

"You should better do. Good night once again and  
make sure you go to bed soon"

"Okay mum, Good night" Damien said.

He's going to bed after watching this movie,he  
held his phone in his hand, planning to throw it in  
his backpack tonight so he won't forget to take it  
to school tomorrow.

Marlene wants to see Irene's pictures...he smiled.

He's gonna tell Irene about Marlene on Saturday  
too.

"Finally" he said as the movie came to an end.

He switched off the lights and went to bed.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 59

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Irene sat in her room with her laptop on her laps.

She was accepting new orders and jotting all she needs to buy.

She's so happy more orders are coming in.

Her sales is increasing and her fashion store is starting to get more publicity.

She's gonna launch a new wear soon and she'll make sure it's eye catching.

She had told Harold about it already and he's also excited.

It's 11am already.

She smiled as new messages popped in on her page.

More orders were coming in, and some were sending feedbacks for the dresses she had delivered, they loved it.

They always love her wears, no one has seem to complain since she started, she always make sure she does everything accurately, get the best fabrics and she doesn't go overboard with her prices.

People loved her for it.

"Come in" Irene said, after hearing a knock on her door.

She didn't raise up her head, she thought it was one of her bodyguards.

"Hey" She heard the steel voice of Mrs Marshall and her head flew up.

"Hi ma, do you want anything?" She asked, dropping her laptop.

She got to her feet nervously, wondering what the woman wants.

Mrs Marshall looked round the room, she was impressed by Irene's neatness and sense of arrangement, nothing was out of place.

"Have your seat ma" Irene said, clearing her laptop from the bed.

She smoothed the bedspread.

Mrs Marshall swung out the dressing chair, and sat down.

Irene swallowed and gently dropped her laptop back on the bed.

"My son said he loves you" Mrs Marshall said, looking less concerned.

"Uhh..yes, and...i..lo...you don't have to be worried

about that ma, I'm not going to be in a relationship with Harold..."

"Why?" Mrs Marshall asked.

"Huh?" Irene looked surprised.

"Answer my question" Mrs Marshall maintained her cold voice.

"Well... we've both agreed to keep been friends, i won't want to taint his reputation" Irene said and Mrs Marshall's eyes narrowed at her words.

"Seems she's truly different like Harold had said." Mrs Marshall thought.

Most ladies wouldn't have cared about Harold's reputation. Irene's selfless and Mrs Marshall is glad that Irene respected the fact that her son's reputation might be blemished.

She doesn't look like a gold digger like Ally always say.

"Well...I'm not here for that" Mrs Marshall said.

"You want something ma'am? " Irene asked.

"My husband is coming here next week Tuesday"  
Mrs Marshall smiled and Irene almost smiled too.

There was so much love in her eyes when she mentioned her husband,she looked like a sixteen year old girl, going on her first date.

"That's nice" Irene said,not knowing what else to say.

She wondered why Mrs Marshall told her that?

"And i want you to make a beautiful dress for me"  
Mrs Marshall said and Irene was stunned.

She stared at Mrs Marshall like she was joking.

"I only picked few dresses when we left Paris and all of them are not suitable enough to welcome my husband"

"Ohh" Irene said reasonably.

"Though i use more expensive and exotic fashion designers but I'm gonna give you the job cause this came on a short notice" Mrs Marshall said, she had actually visited Irene's page earlier and was deeply impressed with what she saw.

The feedbacks from her customers were amazing, Irene makes perfect dresses and she wants one too.

Though she has suitable dresses to welcome her husband but she wants one from Irene, she wants to examine her handwork closely and if she's impressed, she'll make her her personal fashion designer and Mrs Marshall's personal designer gets paid monthly, aside from the money she pays whenever she orders a dress.

"Okay ma'am, do you want me to show you the pictures of some beautiful dresses i made or do you have any one in mind?" Irene asked, sounding professional.

"I have a picture" Mrs Marshall brought out her



phone and showed Irene the dress.

Irene panicked a bit, seeing it was from Tanya's fashion store..

Mrs Marshall can just order it and it'll get delivered by tomorrow.

"Why don't you want to order it from Tanya's fashion store? Ma'am" Irene asked.

"And who are you to tell me where to order my dress from? Sitting here with you must be giving you the audacity to suggest things to me" Mrs Marshall said in an almost harsh voice.

"I'm sorry Mrs Marshall" Irene said.

"Or..you can't make it? Is it too difficult for you to make ? I guess it's more than you can handle. I'll leave then" Mrs Marshall said, making a move to stand up but Irene quickly stopped her.

"No! It's actually a very simple dress to make. I'll finish it in hours once i get the fabrics for it" Irene

said, studying the dress.

It's a pale fishtail Italian dress with a halter neck, it was gathered by the waist, the back was a bit open and crystals graced the edge of the dress, it's a simple dress and yet with a touch of splendour.

The fabrics looked costly and the crystals too.

"Okay so, what's your price?" Mrs Marshall asked.

"Huh?" Irene asked, she hadn't been prepared for that question.

"Your price?"

"I.. I'll get back to you ma" She answered.

"Do that fast cause i want the dress ready by Sunday, i need to buy matching shoes" Mrs Marshall said, getting on her feet.

"Thanks for patronizing ma'am" Irene said.

"I wouldn't have if it hadn't been on short notice, i have my own personal designer. And get back to

me fast on the price" Mrs Marshall said before walking out of the door.

Irene sighed..

She can't possibly give her a huge price,can she?

Of course no.

Well..today is Thursday, she has enough days to make the dress ready she'll make sure it's ready before Sunday.

It's not really a hard dress to make.

And this might be her chance to prove to Mrs Marshall that her talent is far bigger than her cute small workshop.

She had checked Mrs Marshall's posts on Instagram even before she came here and she must say her designer is doing a great job but she knows she's gonna do a better job.

She's glad the lessons she took from her father

about fashion did not go in vain.

"I hope you're fine?" Tom asked as he walked in.

Irene laughed "She didn't kill me, I'm fine"

She wanted to tell him that Mrs Marshall ordered a dress but Harold is the first person she's gonna inform.

Tom walked out of the door and Irene picked her phone.

Heyyo" She grinned as Harold picked up.

Irene, how you doing?" Harold asked, glad to hear her voice.

Great! I hope work's going smoothly?"

Yeah, just sitting and going through some files.

Ohh.. there's a little piece of news"

Really?"

Harold, your mum just patronised me!" Irene squealed.

Huh?" Harold asked in disbelief.

Yeah.

Mrs Veronica Marshall patronised Daire fashions?" Harold asked again .

Yes yes yes"

Wow" Harold smiled.

She wants me to make a dress that'll suitable to welcome your Dad next week.

Ohh..yeah, Dad told me he'll be coming on Tuesday.

There's an issue though..." Irene sighed.

What's that?"

She's asking for price and i don't know...

C'mon. This is business Irene,you need to set familiarity apart for now,besides Mum has not been nice to you so charge her as much as you can" Harold said and Irene laughed.

I can't do that. How much do you think will be okay?

I don't know how costly the fabrics and everything will be...you should calculate it and give her triple of the price.

C'mon" Irene laughed.

The fabrics and everything should be about four thousand dollars.

Good! Tell her your price is twenty thousand dollars.

What!" Irene almost screamed.

What?" Harold asked.

That's too much , i won't even spend half of it to buy everything I'll need.

If you mention a lesser price to Mum,i bet she's gonna cancel the order, she'll think you're gonna be using cheap and fake materials for her.

Really?

Yes.

I think ten thousand dollars is okay, twenty thousand dollars is outrageous for that dress" Irene said.

You think so? Harold asked.

Yeah.

Mum can afford any amount you mention to her. Her personal designer charge more than that amount and she even pay them monthly.

Wow" Irene sighed.

Yeah,i just hope she won't cancel the order because she feels the price is so less. " Harold said.

I hope so too" Irene sighed.

Gotta go. Work hard" Irene said.

Alright,bye" Harold smiled.

Irene smiled as she tuck her phone in her pocket.

She always feel good whenever she speaks to Harold, his cool deep voice has a way of calming her nerves.

\*

"I thought you came to me cause you already have a price?" Mrs Marshall asked Irene,who stood before her, she wouldn't talk.

She had approached Mrs Marshall in the living room where her feet was being massaged.

"Yes ma'am"

"Then speak!" Mrs Marshall said, getting annoyed.

"The price is ten thousand dollars ma'am" Irene said, staring at her slippers and twisting her toes together.

"Why's it so cheap. I'll give you fifty thousand dollars. Use the best of the materials for me. Your account details?" Mrs Marshall asked and Irene stared at her in shock.



"Do you probably suffer from some sort of disease? You keep mopping at me whenever i talk to you, that's annoying! I love immediate response when I'm talking to someone" Mrs Marshall said, pissed.

"Oh..my. I'm so sorry ma, i got carried away."

"By what?"

"By the price you mentioned"

"If you feel it's too small,i can add to it" Mrs Marshall said.

"No! It's too much ma. Let's just stick to the ten thousand dollars " Irene said.

"Are you by any means trying to use cheap fabrics for me?" Mrs Marshall furrowed her brows.

"No, I'm gonna use the best fabric for you ma'am"

"Are you sure?"

"You'll see for yourself when I'm done" Irene said confidently.

"Are you sure that ridiculous price will be okay for you?" Mrs Marshall asked with a demeaning look.

"More than okay ma'am" Irene said.

"Ohh...i hope you didn't do that cause I'm your employer's Mum?"

"No, i don't mix business with familiarity ma'am" Irene said and smiled inwardly. She had just used Harold's words.

"I love that" Mrs Marshall smiled.

"Your measurements ma'am. Are you gonna send it to me or..."

"You're gonna have to take my measurements of course,i add weight everyday"

"Okay ma'am, I'll go bring the tape measurement" Irene said.

"I'll come to your workshop" Mrs Marshall said."After all I'm a customer"

Mrs Marshall keeps surprising her.

"O..okay ma'am" she quickly responded before she pisses her off again.

"You should give me your account details"

"Ohh.. okay"

\*Ivy Royals high School\*

He didn't come to the cafeteria yesterday" Allysia said to Paris and Jane.

They were eating in the cafeteria and Allysia has been staring at the door.

"Yeah,i noticed too" Paris said. She had said hi to him his morning and he had responded with a smile again.

She's thrilled.

"The guys has never bullied him" Allysia said.

Her plan had been to always save him whenever

the guys try to bully him, she knows he's not well to do and he has the looks,the guys are definitely gonna bully him for that and that's where she's gonna come in but surprisingly no one has bullied him so far.

"Bully him? He clearly warned everyone not to try that with him or they'll see the crazy side of him" Jane said.

"Really?" Allysia asked in surprise.

"Yes, he's so bold and fearless" Paris said.

"Wow!" Allysia smiled.

He was winning her heart the more,he should just approach her already.

Lunch break was almost over and Damien wasn't in the cafeteria.

"I want to get something,I'll be back" Allysia said to her friends.

She walked out of the cafeteria and headed for their class.

"Oh...my. She's so pretty" Marlene said, scrolling through Irene's pictures.

She saw how she pulled her hair in a bun with tendrils framing her face, exactly the way she does hers too but it seems Irene is more experienced than her, she would like to take lessons on the hair style from Irene cause it looks so perfect and beautiful on her.

"She's so beautiful" Marlene said admiringly.

She has always wanted a big sister that she would share intimate things with.

Damien doesn't know how lucky he is.

"Her eyes are striking" Marlene said and Damien smiled.

"Thank you but enough of the comments Marl,the meal is getting cold" Damien said.

"Just one more" Marlene grinned,she liked the way Damien had called her Marl,she liked the name and it sounded perfect coming out of his mouth.

"Is this your Mum?" Marl asked, staring at the picture of a pretty woman who was seated on a wheelchair and Irene beside her.

Damien peeped into the picture.

It was a picture Irene took together with mum when she was still on the wheelchair.

"Yes but thankfully she's not on wheelchair anymore" Damien smiled gratefully.

"Ohh..Thank God" Marlene said and she was ready to look at Irene's pictures all over again but Damien slowly collected his phone from her.

She laughed. "I'm sorry,i just couldn't avoid admiring the perfection of her looks"

There's one more thing that drew Marlene to her.  
Her decency.

She dressed decently in all of her pictures and it didn't even hide her great figure.

"I'm gonna tell her that when i see her on Saturday" Damien said.

"She doesn't stay with you?"

"Yes , she's working as a live-in nanny,she only come home on weekends but i don't think she'll be coming home for this weekend so I'm going to meet her. "

"Ohhkay but why isn't she coming home this weekend?" Marlene asked.

They've started eating.

"She's a fashion designer and her employer had set up a work shop for her in his house"

"Wow" Marlene was touched.

"Yeah she works in her workshop whenever she's not taking care of his daughter and i think she's now starting to get more orders,so she'll have to stay there to work" Damien said.

"That's terrific, i love that. Everything about your sister is just so cool. She keeps making me yearn for a big sister" Marlene pouted and Damien smiled.

"She won't mind being your big sister if she meets you.." Damien said.

"Really?" Marlene's eyes widened.

"Yeah"

"When am i..." Marlene was saying.

"What's going on here?" Allysia asked in horror as she walked closer to the them.

"You both are eating in the class?" She almost screamed, blinded with jealousy.



She never thought Marlene was a threat but now she knows better! Marlene always have Damien's attention to herself alone,he doesn't talk to other people like he do to Marlene.

How couldn't she have noticed this!?

"I..i she has a phobia.." Damien said, panicking.

Marlene patted his hand .

"You know this is prohibited in Ivy Royals and yet you went ahead with it? I guess you haven't been punished in Ivy Royals" Allysia laughed. "I'm going to report you both now!"

"Go ahead" Marlene bit into a chicken and Damien stared at her, bewildered.

She looked so relaxed and fearless.

"Go ahead bitch! Why are you still standing there?" Marlene asked.

"You just called me a bitch?" Allysia asked not

wanting to believe what she just heard.

"Hey! I don't give a fuck about you. You're a queen to other students who'll gladly fall at your feet and do everything you want but not me. If anything, I'm the real queen here, i rock with a real crown"

Marlene said and almost slapped her mouth for revealing too much but Allysia and Damien seemed not to notice the truth behind her words.

Allysia stared at Marlene speechlessly.

Part of her was scared she finally found someone that doesn't give a fuck about her and another part of her wanted to tear Marlene into pieces.

"Marl! We should plead with her not to go report, you don't have to do this please" Damien said, he was scared of the punishment looming.

"Plead?" Marlene laughed.

"You daughter of an infamous safecracker" Allysia said angrily and Marlene laughed hard.

"Be ready to receive your punishment in ten folds"  
Allysia said and walked out of the class.

She was so pissed!

She had been worried Damien is gonna be  
punished too but now she doesn't give a fuck!

She can't wait to see Marlene get punished, no  
one get away with speaking to her that way !

"Marlene,the school authorities know you have the  
phobia for eating among so many people,you  
won't get punished but i will be" Damien said  
worriedly.

"You won't, don't worry I'm gonna settle it once  
the proprietor gets here,just don't say anything,I'll  
do the talking" Marlene said.

"You look so fearless..well..you won't be punished  
anyway" Damien said.

"And you won't be too, stop panicking and let's  
continue eating" Marlene said.

"Eat? I can't continue with the meal" Damien said.

"Com'on, you won't get punished"

"I'm gonna continue with the meal after the proprietor says that" Damien said and Marlene sighed.

She covered the meal and they both stared at the door in silence.

Damien's heart pounded in fear, Mr Harold might probably hear about it,he had promised him he isn't gonna disappoint him and go against the school rules.

He would be so disappointed.

Zeemah

Looks like Allysia and Marlene conflict is brewing

And did the almighty Mrs Marshall just patronised

our Irene?

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 60

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She covered the meal and they both stared at the door in silence.

Damien's heart pounded in fear, Mr Harold might probably hear about it,he had promised him he isn't gonna disappoint him and go against the school rules.

He would be so disappointed.

Few minutes later, Allysia walked in with the proprietor.

Damien sighed disappointed she had actually went to call him.

She's not nice a bit,she's a meanie.

"There they are" Allysia said with a triumphant smile as she approached them with Mr Natalie.

Damien got to his feet,so as Marlene.

"Do not say anything" she reminded him.

"Your high..Marlene,i never knew you were the one she came to me for. She only said two students were breaking one of the school rules by eating in the class." Mr Natalie said and Allysia stared on in confusion.

Damien wasn't surprised,he thought Mr Natalie said that cause he knew Marlene has a phobia...

"I know you wouldn't have followed her if you knew it was me, lunch break will be over soon. Can you leave us to continue eating?" Marlene asked.

"Of course but he...has to be punished..." Mr Natalie said.

"For?" Marlene asked.

"You're the only one allowed to eat in the class during lunch break,not him" Mr Natalie said.

"Okay then, if you're gonna punish him,then you have to include me in the punishment " Marlene said.

"No..no..." Mr Natalie sighed, he glanced at Allysia who looked confused by the whole thing.

She knows Mr Natalie as a no-nonsense man who doesn't joke with disciplinary actions.

She had expected him to start with the punishment immediately but here he is, speaking like a ten months old baby.

"I made him eat with me because he's my friend,i feel lonely whenever i eat by myself. He's not going to get punished Mr Natalie or you'll have me punished too" Marlene said.

"Of course I'm not going to punish him, you both can sit and continue your meal,it's just few

minutes left for lunch break to be over" Mr Natalie smiled.

Marlene sat and Damien was still standing in surprise.

He was wondering how Marlene was easily able to convince Mr Natalie.

She did it without stress that he started wondering if they were related in any way.

Marlene pulled his hand and he sat down.

"How did you do that?" He asked her.

"Jazz!" She whispered and they laughed.

"What in the world is going on?" Allysia finally asked.

She hadn't wanted to believe that Mr Natalie was going to spare Marlene but now it seems so.

"Look Allysia, do not think everyone now has the right to eat in the class. Only Marlene does because



she... " Mr Natalie was saying.

"Has a phobia for eating among so many people"  
Marlene completed .

"Ohh... yeah!" Mr Natalie quickly said.

Allysia angrily pulled her hair band off her hair and  
let it down her back.

She was so fucking pissed.

"You're going to spare her?" She asked, almost  
going crazy with anger.

"There's a reason to that Allysia" Mr Natalie said.

"This is... unbelievable!" Allysia glared at Marlene  
who had continued eating.

Damien was picking at the meal.

"Mr Natalie,who in the world has a phobia for  
eating among so many people? This is so crazy  
mehn!" Allysia blew out rasped breath.

"Eat!" Marlene said to Damien.

"I am eating"

"No, you're picking at your meal" Marlene said.

"Ohh" Damien sighed.

"You said you will continue eating after Mr Natalie confirms that you're not gonna be punished"

"I think i lost my appetite all of a sudden"

"Darn. You're such a coward" Marlene rolled her eyes and Damien laughed.

"What? I'm pissed at you" She said, packing the meal.

"I'm sorry about that Marl but this is the first time I'll see you roll your eyes and it's actually funny and cute at the same time" Damien smiled.

"Tch!" Marlene rolled her eyes again and Damien laughed.

She started laughing too,they were both oblivious to the fact that Mr Natalie and Allysia were there.

"Hey!!" Allysia screamed and they turned to her.

"This psycho is still here" Marlene muttered under her breath.

"Mr Natalie, did she bribed you or something? I never knew you were this corrupt" Allysia said rudely.

"Don't talk to me that way Allysia! Or I'll have you punished" Mr Natalie said.

Allysia laughed "Really?"

"Yeah, don't think you can also get away with anything because I'm sparing Marlene,there's a reason i did so. Caution your mouth so it won't get you into trouble" Mr Natalie warned and Allysia stared at him in disbelief.

There's a reason he did so?

She was so sure it wasn't the phobia thing.

There must be a more solid reason.

Mr Natalie almost bowed to Marlene before leaving the class but he quickly cautioned himself.

Allysia banged a desk in anger and stared daggers at Marlene..

"You shouldn't destroy that desk or you're gonna pay for the damage, it's better to hit the wall instead" Marlene said as she walked to her locker.

Allysia restrained herself from dragging her back and giving her the beating of her life.

"I told you Marlene has a phobia for eating among so many people but you still went ahead to report, we're classmates and we're meant to protect one another weaknesses, that was so unfair of you" Damien said and Allysia felt his words deep in her heart.

She stared at him and her anger dissolved almost immediately.

Damien could see that Allysia has a soft and caring

part to her but her fierceness overwhelmed it all.

He stopped staring at her, with the way she stared at him, he could feel she found him attractive.

He would love to have her as a friend though, he would love to bring in her soft and caring part and thrash her ferociousness.

She needs someone to help her pull her acts together.

A loud sound indicated that lunch break was over.

Allysia slowly returned to her seat, she wasn't feeling remorseful, she was enthralled by Damien's charm.

Looking into his eyes had almost stolen her breath away and he had stared at her too.

She glanced at his seat and saw him talking to Marlene, they laughed and she felt pained.

He hadn't looked at her the way he looks at

Marlene, he had looked at her pitifully, not with love.

Who the hell is Marlene?

She's sure as hell that she isn't the daughter of an infamous safecracker like people call her, there's obviously more to her.

Mr Natalie has never acted that way, he acted like he was scared of her.

And who the hell doesn't have a last name?

There's definitely something about her!

"Why didn't you return to the cafeteria Ally?" Jane asked.

She stood in front of Allysia's seat, with Paris.

"I didn't feel like" Allysia responded sullenly.

"Ohh" Jane said.

"Did you meet Damien in the class when you came in?" Paris asked Allysia who glared at her.

"You need to stop rolling those eyes or you're

gonna crack my ribs with laughter" Damien said to Marlene.

"Okay,i will stop but on one condition" she said,all smiles.

"What?" Damien asked curiously.

"I want to view Irene's pictures again.. please" Marlene said.

"Woah...you've also been charmed by my sister" He laughed .

"I'm gonna tell her about you on Saturday, she'll be so happy to see i finally have a close friend" Damien grinned.

"You don't have friends?" Marlene asked and Damien shook his head.

"Girls just wanna have a taste of me and they leave after they get it"

"They leave or you discard them?" Marlene asked.

She knows the game pretty well,her brother is a full time playboy.

"Well..yeah" Damien admitted plainly.

"That's not fair Damien, girls are not objects,we should be treated with respect" Marlene said and Damien blinked in surprise.

She sounds like irene just now, Irene tells him that too.

"I know but i do enjoy it...i don't discard girls though,they leave when they see I'm going out with another person"

"That's more like it" Marlene rolled her eyes and Damien laughed.

"I had so much fun with girls at my old school,they were all over me and some sticks to me even when I'm going out with another person" Damien smiled at the memories.

"That's not hard to believe,your looks says it all"



"Sometimes, i wish im not this good looking, maybe i would have had tons of male friends. I really want one" Damien said sadly.

"Do you know the reason most of the guys don't wanna associate with you?" Marlene asked.

"My looks"

"Exactly! They are scared you might take their girl" Marlene laughed. "Not for any other reason,so you shouldn't be bothered by that,they feel threatened by your looks Damien,you don't have to have a male friend,I'm here for you"

"Thank you" Damien was emotional as he stared at her.

He felt like giving her big hug.

She talks wisely just like Irene, different from other girls he has met, and she's the first girl he genuinely feel something for. He doesn't know what it is and he doesn't even care to know,he just

want to be around her always, everything about her excites him. She makes him remember Irene occasionally.

Their traits are almost the same.

Asides Marlene's beauty, she has a great personality.

"Do i have something on my face?" Marlene teased Damien, her cheeks were almost pink cause Damien has been staring at her.

She was trying hard not to blush.

"I'm just so glad i have you as my friend" Damien said.

"Me too, I'm not lonely anymore, and i look forward to coming to school everyday just because of you" Marlene smiled.

"I'm flattered" Damien blinked dramatically and they laughed.

"I bet you must have heard that severally, girls must have told you they come to school because of you" Marlene said.

"Yeah, severally" Damien said but hearing it from Marlene had hit differently.

He had indeed felt flattered.

"I don't feel like a playboy anymore, girls don't interest me anymore"

"Really?"

"Yeah or i would have made out with almost all the girls in here" Damien said and Marlene covered her ears.

They both laughed loudly and didn't even notice the students staring at them.

"Damn! I've really changed" Damien sighed softly.

"I'm glad you have" Marlene said.

"It's a good thing to treat girls with respect..."

"They keep coming to me though" Damien said.

"Then, you gently refuse them" Marlene said.

"What if they keep coming?"

"Then.. they will have to face me" Marlene said and widened her eyes in a fierce way.

Damien laughed.

"You look so cool that i was surprised you could call someone a bitch" Damien said.

"I didn't mean to, but she needs someone to set her straight , she thinks so highly of herself"  
Marlene said.

" 'If anything, I'm the real queen here, i rock with a real crown' " Damien mimicked Marlene and it was so funny that they both bursted into laughter.

"Did i really say that?" Marlene asked, still laughing.

Damien nodded.

"Shuu...Miss Meg is in class already" Damien said

and they both got serious for class.

Saturday

"I'll be leaving once im done with breakfast"

Damien told Mrs Neave and she nodded.

"I knitted a pink angora sweater for Ivory,come get it when you're about to leave" Mrs Neave said.

"Okay Mum" Damien said.

He smiled as Marlene's call came in.

Hey.

Are you there yet?" She asked.

He had promised to put her on phone with Irene when he gets to her.

You didn't even say hi to me" Damien pouted.

I'm sorry...i guess i want to speak to Irene badly" Marlene smiled.

You will, soon" Damien smiled too.

You eating?" Marlene asked.

Yeah,I'm gonna leave once I'm done.

I should leave you to eat then. Bye.

Bye.

He dropped his phone,smiling broadly.

"Tch! You look like a pumpkin with that smile" Mrs Neave said.

"What!" Damien exclaimed.

\*\*\*

Damien was allowed into Harold's mansion without question,he greeted the workers as he walked into the main house.

"They're at the dining room" Alex told him.

"Thank you" Damien said and walked towards the dining.

He walked into the dining room the moment Allysia was yelling at Irene.

"Do not fucking yell at my sister!!" Damien shouted in anger.

He was so surprised to see it was Allysia but he didn't care about that at the moment.

He dropped the sweater Mrs Neave knitted for Ivory and approached her angrily.

She's Mrs Nola's daughter, the one Ivory had told him about.

"You can be fucking rude to anyone else but not my sister! I can be pretty violent when it comes to her, you better be warned" Damien said through clenched teeth.

He was so angry.

"What...are you doing in my house?" Allysia asked slowly, in shock.

It dawned on her that Damien is Irene's brother.

"I'm not here for you, I'm here for my sister and this

is not your house!" Damien stated clearly.

"Irene how could you allow her to talk to you that way? How could you allow her yell at you!?for how long has this been going on? This is so fucking crazy, i can't believe this!" Damien raked back his hair with an angry hand.

"Mrs Nola!" He yelled and Irene quickly stood up.

"Damie.." She was saying.

"Do not call me! How does it feel to be yelled at?" Damien asked Mrs Nola who was stunned .

"Don't be rude Damien!" Irene chastised.

"She watched her daughter yell at you and didn't say a word! What a nice way to raise a child"

Damien taunted and Mrs Nola was too stunned to speak.

"Do not talk to my mother that way!" Allysia stood up, stabbing her fork into her meal angrily.



"Do not talk to my sister that way either! Whatever you do to Irene, your mum gets the same" Damien said.

Harold watched the exchange silently, he's so glad Ivory is her room, watching animation.

"Get out this minute" Allysia said menacingly.

"The last time i checked, your last name isn't Marshall. It's so funny how people tend to change once given the opportunity to have a taste of wealth. You're an opportunist Allysia! Quit acting like you own it all!" Damien said and Irene wanted to take him out but Harold stopped her.

Allysia shook with anger, Damien's words had hit her badly, her hands trembled as she slowly picked an empty glass cup.

She aimed it at Damien before they could stop her and he luckily dodged it.

Damien picked a glass cup too and aimed it

straight at her,they started throwing things at eachother and the bodyguards quickly stepped in.

Zeemah

Omo see gobe

Damien is not a preacher of love at all...he's a man of war

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 61

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Damien picked a glass cup too and aimed it straight at her,they started throwing things at eachother and the bodyguards quickly stepped in.

Harold ordered them to take Allysia to her room and lock her door.

And she didn't made it easy for them,they had to

take to forcefully take her to her room.

They locked her in and she screamed, banging the door.

She threw things in different directions and shattered the expensive oval mirror.

Her jaw got bruised when she and Damien were throwing things at each other but now the shattered mirror had bruised her palm.

She shouted.

Damien on the other hand almost got slapped by Irene.

But Harold stopped her, she was breathing fast in anger, disappointed at what Damien had done.

He had stood up for her but she felt he went overboard with it.

Blood seeped out of his nose and he had a small cut on his forehead, his whole face was red and he

didn't look remorseful a bit.

"Do not hit him for expressing himself" Harold said to Irene.

The maids were cleaning up the whole place, the dining room is a total mess!

"Take him to his room" Harold said to his bodyguards and Damien was also taken to his room..

He bent to pick the sweater he had been asked to give Ivory before following them.

He was so pissed that he felt like punching someone, he restrained himself and followed the bodyguards quietly.

"Alex, call Doc Fern right now" Harold said and Alex nodded and left to carry out the order.

Irene stood there, not knowing what to do.

"I'm so sorry Mrs Nola, I'm so sorry Damien was

rude to you" She apologized on his behalf and Mrs Nola only nodded, stunned by the whole incidence.

Her cheeks were smeared with jam when Allysia and Damien were throwing things at each other.

"Is your brother always this violent?" Mrs Marshall asked in disgust.

"He's not always violent, Allysia made the violence move first, she threw a glass cup at him!" Irene said, a bit sternly for the first time.

She was defensive of Damien.

She always have her brother's back just like he always have hers.

She might not be able to stand up for herself but she won't watch her brother get insulted.

Mrs Marshall was a bit surprised at the tone of Irene's voice, she had never spoken to her that way.

She always speak like a scared cat.

"Damien should at least have respected the fact that she's a lady! He clearly doesn't have respect for whomever" Mrs Nola said, spitefully.

" Damien loses total control when it comes to me,he doesn't care about gender. If i had know he was coming,i would have warned Allysia beforehand. And he shouldn't be blamed for this,he would never have attempted to hit her if she hadn't hit him first" Irene said.

"He has no manners,he was so rude to me" Mrs Nola said.

"I apologized Mrs Nola,I'm so sorry. He was blinded with fury" Irene said.

"Allysia has always been rude to Irene too. Do you now feel the way Allysia makes Irene feel? " Harold asked, surprising everyone.

"Irene doesn't owe you an apology neither do Damien, you never apologized to Irene whenever

Allysia was rude to her. And Mum, you raised Allysia the perfect way" Harold clapped mockingly.

He got to his feet and told Irene to return to her workshop.

Mrs Marshall and Nola stared at him as he walked to the door.

"Doc Fern will be here to get Damien and Allysia treated and everyone of you should stay out of it. I don't want anyone in either Allysia's room or Damien's,leave them to sort themselves out" Harold said before walking out of the door.

They all knew he was pissed about the whole thing but he was obviously more pissed at his Mum and Mrs Nola.

He walked towards his garden and his bodyguards stayed back.

He loves being alone in there.

Irene was back in her workshop also,she couldn't

do anything, she sat and stared into space.

Her bodyguards were there with her and no one spoke a word, aware of what just happened.

It had spread among the workers.

She wanted to go see Damien but Harold had ordered everyone not to.

Harold walked into Irene's workshop and her bodyguards greeted him.

"You all should leave" He said with a very serious face.

Irene has never seen him look this way.

He looked angry and she panicked, he was probably angry at Damien for causing fuss in his house.

Irene's bodyguards left immediately.

"Tom, get me my laptop from my room" Harold said to Tom before he left.



He paced her workshop without talking to her and then sat when Tom brought his laptop.

She turned to him and blinked like a nervous puppy.

He knew she was staring at him but he didn't raise up his head.

Irene felt sad he didn't look at her lovingly like he always do,she was convinced he's probably angry at her and Damien.

She didn't say a word,she only continued staring, hoping he would look up at her and say something or even kiss her,she isn't gonna refuse this time .

He sat there calmly, busy with his laptop.

He regarded her from beneath his lashes and smiled to himself.

It was hard to stop staring at him.

He was putting on a simple T-shirt that revealed

his powerful muscles that bunched and flexed as he typed fast.

The blue shorts he wore didn't do a good job in hiding his long legs either, he has a great body and she almost drooled staring at him.

Of course this isn't the first time she'll be staring but he looks more appealing to her right now.

Geez!

She can't believe she finds him more appealing when he's pissed.

There's this sexiness to his pissed state.

The way he arched his brow almost made her imagine naughty things.

Her gaze left his body and moved to his face.

His long curly hair was parted at his forehead, his narrow straight nose was perfect and his thin lips...Ohh..God.

Why are you doing this to me Harold?

She kept staring at him, imagining naughty things.

She almost forgot the latest incidence as her mind went back to when they had sex at Mrs Perse's motel.

Geez!

She's so ashamed of herself to be thinking of that now.

"Your eyes might pop out of the socket from staring" Harold finally said and looked at her with his soft golden eyes.

She pouted..."Are you pissed at Damien and I? I'm sorry"

Harold sighed softly and dropped his laptop beside her sewing machine.

He drew her closer to him together with the single chair she was sitting on.

He stared into her eyes and he was lost for a moment, he almost kissed her but restrained himself.

She looked like a scared little thing he suddenly felt the urge to protect her.

Her circled his arm around her waist.

He can't just explain what her eyes does to him.

"Stop looking like that...it's killing me. I might just rape you" He said jokingly and she smiled.

He caught a strand of her silky hair and tucked it gently behind her ear.

"And I'm not pissed at Damien but you. Damien did nothing wrong, you started it all"

"How?" Irene wondered loudly.

"I'm pissed at you cause you gave Allysia the chance to talk to you rudely right from the start, you made her feel it's normal to talk to you

anyhow she likes, i keep mute most times cause i wanted you to stand up for yourself,i wanted you to shut her up,i wanted you to yell back at her, i wanted you to break free from her chain but you never for once reprimanded her,you watch her yell at you all the time without saying a word, you might be respecting her for being Nola's daughter but there are limits to those things. " Harold said and Irene stared at him without saying a word.

She now understands why he's so pissed .

He's pissed at her dumbness.

Maybe it's finally time to break free from Allysia's chain and teach her some lessons.

"I was happy Damien came, i was more happy he met Allysia yelling at you. I knew there was no way he would allow that and he proved me right"

Harold smiled.

"Allysia is my younger sister and i still feel sad till

date that i had allowed my mum raise her,my mum played a huge role in what Allysia became today,she spoilt her. She didn't get to spoil me so i guess Allysia received it all but then i won't blame my mum totally, Allysia is now old enough to know what's right and wrong, she's old enough to change her spoilt behavior,she's rude and she knows it but she has refused to change despite the countless long sessions i've had with her. I'm going to have to send her to Africa to help with the outbreak going on there if she refuses to change" Harold said.

"No! Please, she's still so young for that and besides, helping with the outbreak is voluntary,you can't force her to go there" Irene said.

"I know but I'm gonna threaten her with that to see if she's really gonna turn a new leaf and you need to stop being lenient with her, she needs our help

to become a better person" Harold said and Irene nodded.

"I'm gonna talk to Mrs Nola too and my mum. I won't allow her take her back to Paris. Allysia will be here with us permanently and she'll only get to go to Paris during holidays" Harold said and he looked like he meant it.

"How's your mum gonna take it?" Irene asked.

"I don't care, she spoilt her enough already and I'm ready to step in now" Harold said and Irene smiled.

He's willing to make Allysia a better person,he didn't even care if she isn't his blood,he loves her regardless.

He's a selfless charming man,he's always willing to go out of his way for others,he never gets tired of helping people and he's so hardworking regardless of the amount of wealth he has required,he has a good heart.

Someone like him is rare to come across and she's so glad to have him in her life.

Not only that,he's in love with her as she is with him and their love seems to be increasing at the passing of each moment.

His arms was still circled around her waist and she blushed as he stared at her.

"I guess it's your turn for your eyes to pop out" She said and he grinned.

"I bet Damien must have unnerved you" Harold smiled.

"Yeah" Irene agreed.

She's worried about him though,she has seen blood seep out of his nose and she really hope he'll be fine.

"You're worried about him right?" Harold asked and she nodded.



"He'll be fine,he's as strong as i am" Harold showed off his muscles and Irene laughed.

She touched his muscles and her hand could barely cover it firmly.

"Geez!" She sighed.

"You must be working out real well" She added.

"Not really" Harold shrugged.

"I must look like an ant compared to you" She sighed and rolled her eyes.

Harold laughed..."I love it that way, it makes me feel the urge to protect you"

"Woah" Irene blushed.

"I think I'm gonna be breaking a rule now" Harold said and didn't give Irene to ask what rule it is before placing his lips on hers.

It lingered for a moment,she didn't push him away and she was too stunned to return the kiss.

"I'm sorry, couldn't resist" Harold muttered against her lips and deepened the kiss.

He had wanted to be gentle but his hormones got the better part of him.

Irene kissed him back as fiercely as he did and they both bursted into laughter when they stopped to catch their breath.

Damien's nose already stopped bleeding before Doc Fern walked into his room.

He had washed his face and pulled off his T-shirt to clean and stop the blood from his nose.

"Hi Doc Fern" He said.

"Damien,how are you? I can see you are not fine though. Let's get you treated first" Doc Fern said,he had come with a young nurse who stared at Damien's chest in lust.

He was pissed to have offended Irene but he didn't feel a bit remorse about what had happened between him and Allysia.

"Your cuts are little, compared to that of Allysia, her jaw is bruised and broken glasses had bruised her palm and foot, it's pretty serious, she'll have to limp for a couple of days" Doc Fern said and Damien felt sorry for her.

He hadn't mean to hit her back but he had been so furious, he can't seem to control himself when it comes to Irene.

He knew he was responsible for the bruise on her jaw but definitely not the one on her palm and foot.

He still felt sorry for her though..

Doc Fern didn't waste time in attending to his wounds, he gave him some meds after that and left him to rest.

Allysia was asleep by then and her room has been

cleaned.

Damien laid on his bed and stared at the ceiling.

He hadn't thought any of this would happen.

He hadn't even expected anything close to it , he was still surprised Allysia was the one Ivory always told him about.

Marlene had called and he felt bad he hadn't returned her call,she badly wants to speak to Irene and he's not sure Irene is in the right mood to do that now.

He walked out of his room shirtless and headed to Irene's workshop.

Heads turned as he walked past bodyguards and female workers.

Their jaw literally dropped in wonderment as they stared at him.

He seems not to notice the stir he was causing as

he kept walking.

He walked into Irene's workshop and Harold smiled on seeing him.

"Irene,I'm sorry" Damien said and Irene got to her feet.

"No, You did nothing wrong" She said and pulled him into a tight hug.

"Thanks for standing up for me" She kissed his cheeks.

"But you shouldn't be rude to an older person next time" Irene said.

"I didn't mean to but i was just so pissed she couldn't reprimand her daughter, i saw her when i walked in,she was looking less concerned and even continued eating when Allysia was yelling at you" Damien said,still upset about Nola's behavior.

Irene touched the little plaster on his forehead and he winced in pain.

She felt like crying.

"Does it hurt?" She asked and he nodded.

"I'm so sorry Dam" She said, feeling so bad.

He had gotten hurt because of her.

"Don't be, and i have something to tell you"

Damien smiled.

"Really?" Irene asked eagerly.

"My husband is arriving tomorrow" Mrs Marshall rushed into Irene's workshop, almost breathless.

Everyone turned to her.

"Is my dress ready?" She asked Irene anxiously.

She had expected Irene to say no, because tomorrow was actually the deadline she gave her.

So she had come to hasten her up cause her husband is coming tomorrow.

"Yes ma'am, it's ready" Irene smiled.

"Wow" Mrs Marshall was impressed.

Damien wondered who she was.

"My mum" Harold said to Damien, seeing the confused look on his face..

"Ohh...Hello ma" Damien bowed in greeting while Irene went to get the dress.

Mrs Marshall studied him keenly for few moments.

"You're just like Harold when he was younger" she said and patted his back and even the blind could see that she likes Damien.

"Yeah,he's mini me" Harold said and they laughed.

Irene held out the beautiful dress in front of Mrs Marshall and not only her was stunned, Harold and Damien was too.

No one could explain how Mrs Marshall ended up hugging Irene.

Irene was shocked,so as Harold.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 62

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No one could explain how Mrs Marshall ended up hugging Irene.

Irene was shocked,so as Harold.

"Thank you so much" Mrs Nola squealed like a kid.

"Ohh..my" Irene said, still shocked by the hug.

"This is so beautiful" Mrs Marshall admired the dress and studied it with keen interest.

She never thought Irene would have completed it and not only that,she made it look so neat and beautiful.



She was so impressed and Irene was glad she had impressed her.

"My sister is still the best fashion designer I've ever come across" Damien grinned.

"She just proved that to me too" Mrs Marshall smiled.

"You are so good at what you do Irene, I'm greatly impressed and you even finished it before the deadline, that's a good quality of a business woman."

"Thank you ma'am" Irene bowed.

Her face was full of smiles.

"I need to go order a matching pair of shoes. I won't be surprised if Walker arrives tonight" Mrs Marshall sighed softly and walked out of the workshop after Irene helped her pack the dress.

"Woah!" Irene sighed in relief, dropping on the chair.

Harold laughed.

"I'm so glad she likes it and she hugged me?" Irene was still stunned.

As far as she could remember, Mrs Marshall never liked her.

Maybe she was just so impressed with the dress.

"She's starting to like you Irene" Harold said thoughtfully.

He knew his Mum, she hadn't hugged Irene because of the dress alone.

"I think so too and I'm so jealous of Damien, she liked him almost immediately" Irene said and Damien smiled.

"I'm cute and likeable" Damien boasted and Irene rolled her eyes .

"I hope you've not started causing trouble in Ivy Royals?" She asked.

"Not at all,I've been so cool that i even find it surprising. Lots of girls are eyeing me but I've not bedded any of them yet and that's because i don't feel the urge to anymore and yes...there's one more thing" Damien grinned.

"What?" Irene asked curiously,she remembered he had wanted to tell her something before Mrs Marshall walked in earlier.

"I have a new friend" Damien announced.

"A guy?" Irene asked and was disappointed when Damien shook his head.

"Irene, not having a friend his gender doesn't mean anything" Harold cleared.

"And i would choose Marlene over hundreds of male friends" Damien said.

Harold and Irene stared at him with interest.

'Marlene?' Harold thought.

The name sounded familiar to him.

"She must be one of your numerous girlfriends" Irene said and Harold nodded in agreement.

"Numerous?" Damien groaned. "I told you i've changed!"

"I can't count the number of times you've said that Damien,i just hope you haven't taken any girl to our new apartment" Irene widened her eyes.

"No! " Damien said and Irene arched a brow in disbelief.

"Believe me Irene,you can ask Mum" He said.

"She always cover up for you" Irene said.

"Well.. yeah but sincerely i haven't taken any girl there yet" Damien said.

"Yet? Are you planning to ?" Irene asked.

"No and even if i want to,it's gonna be Marlene" Damien smiled.

"She's your girlfriend!" Irene accused .

"She's not!" Damien denied.

"I believe him, she's not" Harold said and Irene rolled her eyes at the both of them.

"I like her though but she's not my girlfriend yet" Damien said.

"Really? You've not had anything with her?" Irene asked and Damien nodded.

"Surprising" Irene sighed, she's glad Damien is starting to turn a new leaf.

"Marlene is far decent from any girl I've come across, she doesn't cling to me like magnet, she's not so affected by my looks and if she is, she doesn't show it, she's fun to be with and she's so generous with her things..." Damien said and Irene listened to him as he continued.

This is the first time he would talk about a girl this way.

She can clearly see the girl means a lot to him.

"She's so beautiful and calm, funny, sweet, intelligent, humble to the core and she always make me happy" Damien said and Irene and Harold was starting to picture Marlene in their mind.

They both smiled.

Irene is glad he finally has a friend. And with the way he speaks highly of her, she knows Marlene is a great person.

She's the first girl Damien has ever spoken highly of.

"People mock me at school for not being up to their standard but she never joined them and she didn't even mind being my friend despite how most of the students avoided me. The girls chat with me though but that's because of my looks. Marlene is always mocked too for not having a last

name,they do call her father an infamous safecracker"

"That's mean" Irene frowned.

"She doesn't have a last name?" Harold asked, knowing people in the Royal families usually hide their last names in order to keep identity.

"Yeah, I'm going to ask her about it someday"  
Damien said.

"You said her name is Marlene right?" Harold asked and Damien nodded.

Harold was thoughtful for a while knowing the name sounds familiar.

Yes!

She's Princess Marlene of King City, he saw her when Prince Alexandre Louis invited him for dinner in the Royal Palace months ago.

She had sat with them in the dining table including

her mother, brother and some of her father's assistants, she's the apple of her father's eyes, he really cherished her and truly she was calm just like Damien said.

After she had greeted him, she didn't say a word till the dinner was over, she was so quiet not as loud as her brother.

He's so sure she's the one Damien is talking about cause only the royal families hide their last names.

Damien is so lucky to have her as a friend and from the looks of things, their friendship is gonna grow into something more serious soon.

She must be really humble, to have made Damien her friend even after knowing he's not well to do.

He even remembered Marlene had styled her hair just the way Irene style hers.

He really feel sorry for those calling her father an infamous safecracker.



"Do you know her?" Damien asked Harold and he quickly shook his head.

Marlene is gonna reveal her identity to him herself, whenever she feels is right, he isn't gonna intrude.

"I don't know her, i was just thinking of some business plans" Harold smiled.

"Ohh...and Irene, she styles the same style just as you do" Damien continued.

"Really?" Irene asked.

Harold smiled...

"Yes" Damien smiled.

"Wow, i want to meet her" Irene said gleefully.

She was acting the way Marlene had acted when he told her about Irene.

Damien wondered if there's some sort of bond pulling them to each other.

Damien hadn't even told Irene that Marlene is

dying to speak to her.

"She badly wants to meet you too, she has always yearned for a big sister and i told her you won't mind being hers"

"Oh...my" Irene was overjoyed.

"Hey, you haven't even met her yet" Damien said .

"I want a younger sister also! I'm gonna help kick off the asses of those calling her father an infamous safecracker." Irene said and they laughed.

"I told her I'll be coming to you today and she said to put you on the phone,she wants to speak with you" Damien said.

"Really?" Irene was stunned and Harold was too.

"Call her immediately" Irene said and Damien eagerly did so.

If Irene had known Marlene was a princess,it would

have been concluded that that's the reason she's acting this way but she has no knowledge of her at all,yet she's charmed by Marlene.

\*

Marlene sat on her bed, eating the slices of fruits she was served.

She has been checking her phone, waiting for Damien's call,she had even called him,he hadn't picked nor had he returned the call.

Could it be that Irene does not want to speak to her.

Not when she had been so excited about having a big sister.

Bes strutted into her room and proceeded to greet her by licking her face but she stopped him.

"Bes,I'm not in a good mood right now" she said unhappily and told Claire to take the fruits away.

She was about sulking under her blanket when her phone rang, she picked it up immediately and she was filled with joy when she saw it was Damien.

She sat up on the bed and received the call.

Damien, I've..." She was saying.

Hi Marlene, it's Irene" Marlene heard and it took all her might not to scream in joy.

"Don't you think they're siblings that got separated from childhood?" Damien said jokingly to Harold.

"I think so too" Harold said, faking a suspecting brow. Damien laughed.

Irene and Marlene had been talking on the phone for minutes.

Laughing, like they've known each other for ages.

"We should leave them to enjoy their new found

'sistership' have you and Allysia ever spoken to each other in class?" Harold asked.

"Not really but i don't think she likes me,she views me as other students do and not only that,i think she also sees me as a competition" Damien smiled.

"Ohh .. I knew it was gonna happen" Harold said.

"Why didn't anyone tell me about Allysia? and it seems no one told her about me also" Damien said.

"Yeah, we felt there was no need, besides Allysia was rude to Irene so i don't think Irene would have liked you to know about her" Harold said.

"Ohh...I wonder how she's feeling now. Doc Fern said she's pretty hurt" Damien said and Harold sighed.

"She's so stubborn, She must be sleeping now, i'll go check on her when she's awake" He said.

"I need to apologise for hurting her also" Damien

said.

He has been feeling bad about it.

Harold nodded, though he doubted if Allysia would allow him into her room.

"Mum said to give Ivory a sweater, it's in my room"  
Damien said.

"Ohh..." Harold smiled. "Say thank you to her for me and tell her i need one too"

"Okay Mr Harold" Damien smiled,he's glad Harold's now so comfortable with his Mum.

Irene finally returned to Damien and Harold after the long call session ended.

She was grinning as she handed damien's phone back to him.

"She's a sweetheart " Irene said, elated.

"I need to go check on Ivory" She said and quickly headed for the door.

"Won't you tell me what you both talked about?"

Damien shouted after her.

"You don't have to know" Irene shouted back.

"Please" Damien shouted.

"Okay..we talked about your black ass" Irene said and Harold laughed.

"Gross!"

"I think Marlene is gonna take Irene from me soon"

Damien panicked and Harold laughed harder.

Damien returned home late in the night and he wished his Mum would be asleep so she won't have to see his plastered forehead and broken nose but she was fully awake, waiting for him in the living room.

She screamed and rushed to him as he walked in.

"What happened?" She asked, deeply worried and

scared.

"Mum, I'm fine" Damien sighed as she led him to the couch.

She made him sit and quickly went to get Ice cubes.

"Mum, I got treated already" Damien said.

"It'll help to further relieve the pain" She said.

"No, it's gonna hurt. I feel cold already and I just want to sleep" Damien said.

"I demand to know what happened, who hurt you?" Mrs Neave asked and Damien knew he couldn't escape it.

He groaned as he started his explanation...

Allysia didn't allow anyone into her room.

She had locked herself in and only went downstairs for dinner.



Everyone was at the dining table already, waiting for her.

Her jaw was plastered, her palm also and she limped.

"Oh..my.." Nola kissed her as she sat down.

"Are you fine?" She asked and Allysia nodded.

She wouldn't have come downstairs if she wasn't starving.

She hated Damien so much now.

She had tore the apology letter he told a maid to give to her.

Mrs Marshall examined her bruises worriedly, muttering sorry.

"How are you feeling now Ally?" Harold asked.

"I'm fine!" She almost snapped.

"What happened to Allysia?" Ivory asked worriedly.

"Home accident...i guess" Harold said.

"I'm so sorry about that Allysia" Ivory said and Allysia nodded, she has started eating. She wanted to eat fast and get back to her room.

Irene ate quietly, she had wanted to ask how Allysia was feeling but she decided it was better not to.

And if looks could kill, she would have been dead by now with the way Allysia glared at her.

She's glad she had made Damien apologize to Mrs Nola before he left and Mrs Nola seems to be over it, she had patted his back and waved him bye.

"Your father is an asshole, i can't believe he tricked me into believing he's coming home tomorrow" Mrs Marshall said, crossed and Harold laughed.

Mr Marshall had tricked her, he was coming home on Tuesday...

"I'm gonna kick his ass once he arrives in Tuesday" She said.

"Kiss you mean" Harold teased and got stoned

with fries by Mrs Marshall.

Allysia remained in her room the next day, her mum brought her breakfast and lunch.

She was still so pissed, she felt like killing someone.. Damien of course.

She stood up and stood in front of her mirror which had been replaced by Harold.

She examined her plastered jaw.

"Damn! I still can't believe that motherfucker will make me have a scar on my jaw! My face was so perfect!" She groaned in great annoyance.

A knock sounded on her door.

"I don't want to see anyo..." She was saying.

"It's Alex" She heard and wondered what he wants.

He's Harold's personal bodyguard and they have never really had a serious conversation.

She opened the door, thinking Harold must have sent him to her.

"Hi" He said almost breathlessly, looking over his shoulders like he doesn't want anyone to see him here.

"What do you want?" Allysia asked.

"Please let me come in, i have something to tell you" Alex said,still looking over his shoulders.

Allysia was about slamming the door on his face.

"It's about Damien, Irene,their mum. Every freaking thing about them" Alex said and Allysia stared at him for a while before opening her door widely.

She allowed him in and quickly closed the door.

"I knew my brother is the one sponsoring his education,his sister nor his Mum could have afford

Ivy Royals,they are wretched and everyone knows that" Allysia said after Alex told her Mr Harold is the one sponsoring Damien in Ivy Royals.

"And you can just tell the whole school,your brother is the one sponsoring Damien" Alex suggested.

"Ofcourse I'm going to do just that, I'm going to embarrass him so much that he'll regret ever calling me an opportunist" Allysia smiled, she's glad she finally has something to use against Damien .

"There's another thing also" Alex said.

"What?" Allysia asked.

"Remember you promised not to mention to Mr Harold that i came to you. Please do not let Mr Harold know of this." Alex said.

"I won't,trust me" Allysia said.

"Damien and Irene's Mum had liver problem and

her legs were not functioning, she was on wheelchair for years. I think Irene talked Mr Harold into it cause he paid the surgery bills and every other expenses that came along with it and it was a whole lot of money,he also rented a new apartment for them and furnished it immensely" Alex said.

"What!" Allysia screamed as she got to her feet.

"They are the real opportunists here Allysia, you can use those things i told you against them. I felt sorry for you when that opportunist called you an opportunist cause i know you're not, you're Mr Harold's younger sister. You need to do something Ally..." Alex was saying but Allysia already flee out of the room.

He laughed hard "This is gonna be fun"

He quickly got to his feet and walked out of Allysia's room. He needed to go see what drama she'll perform.

Irene descended the stairs, She just left Ivory's room, she was headed to the living room to join Harold when she heard Allysia screamed.

She limped towards her and Irene wondered what was going on.

"You and your brother are the real opportunists here!! You made my brother pay for your mum's surgery bills and also made him rent an apartment for you, you took advantage of his weak spot for y..."

"Shut up!!!" Irene shouted at her for the first time.

Harold and Mrs Marshall who were seated in the living room, rushed towards the stairs and Mrs Nola also left what she was doing in the kitchen to see what's going on.

Allysia looked shocked, she hadn't expected Irene to shut her up.

"I never for once used Harold's weak spot for me

as an advantage, he's here. You can ask him that. And about the surgery bills, I'm working so hard to pay him back, he never rented an apartment for me, I rented it myself, with my money! Allysia you're just a little rude girl who needs serious counselling, I'm done tolerating your insensitive behavior and if you get on my nerves one more time, I'll have to teach you some lessons and trust me my lessons are not as calm as I am, you definitely won't like to taste my venom. Be warned Allysia. " Irene said angrily.

She walked out of the scene and Alex was disappointed from where he was watching.

Zeemah

Irene too have soro soke o

Allysia is so dead in that house from now

A NIGHT WITH HIM



Zeemah writes

## Chapter 63

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Irene walked out of the scene and Alex was disappointed from where he was watching.

"Who told you all that Allysia?" Harold asked angrily.

"Who!" He yelled at her for the first time and she shifted back in fear.

"I..i..." She stammered, her eyes heavy with tears.

She never thought Harold would ever yell at her, she was more furious at Irene cause she had caused this.

"Speak up! Cause there's no way you would ever know that i handled Mrs Neave surgery bills, you weren't even around at the time. Who told you huh?" Harold asked and Allysia kept mute.

She couldn't betray Alex, no matter what.

She had promised him and she won't want him to lose his job.

He told her that because he cared for her.

Alex broke into cold sweat and his legs shook.

The look in Allysia eyes felt like she's ready to say the truth.

Who wouldn't spill the truth with the way Harold was glaring hard at her.

Allysia started crying and looked over to her mum for help and Mrs Nola sighed.

She was fed up with the whole thing!

Things keep sprouting from different directions and it has Allysia involved in it.

"I told her, Harold" Mrs Nola broke the seemingly endless silence.

"And i didn't mean it the way she confronted Irene

over it. It wasn't even today i told her,it was a day after she returned from Paris. I told her how kind you were to pay Mrs Neave's surgery bills." Mrs Nola lied to Harold,for the first time in years.

She won't want her daughter to get into Harold's bad book, she still wondered who told Allysia though .. she's going to find out from her later.

Alex sighed in relief from the top of stairs.

He smiled and wiped out the sweat off his face.

Harold stared at Mrs Nola, searching her eyes.

"You should know this Allysia...it is my money! And i would do whatever i want with it. Do never question whatever i use my money for again!"

Harold warned and also walked out of the scene.

"Allysia,it's time you stopped all these. Do not make your hatred for Irene and her family get you into Harold's bad book, believe me, you're not going to find it funny. Just quit troubling Irene,

she's not who we think she is, she's far different, Allysia" Mrs Marshall said and Allysia stared at her in disbelief .

Mrs Marshall walked back to the living room to continue the movie she was watching with Harold.

Allysia can't believe Mrs Marshall is starting to take Irene's side too.

'She must have enchanted her too' Allysia thought and broke into another round of tears .

She's not as strong as she behaves, she breaks down easily.

"Come with me to the kitchen. Now" Mrs Nola said sternly and Allysia limped after her.

She was still battling with the shock of Irene talking back at her.

She's so gonna humiliate her brother tomorrow.

"There you are! Limping! But causing trouble all

over the house" Mrs Nola obviously in disapproval of Allysia's behavior.

"Sit down and tell me who the hell told you about Mrs Neave" Mrs Nola said and Allysia reluctantly sat down.

The aroma of the soup she was preparing waft through Allysia's nostrils and she sniffed it, with her eyes closed.

"I'm waiting" Mrs Nola said, resting her back on the kitchen counter, with her arms folded beneath her breasts.

Allysia stared at her mum mutely, seeing the determined look on Mrs Nola's face, she knows she can't escape explaining. This is one of the few times Mrs Nola is being strict on her.

"Thank you for covering up for me mummy" Allysia said, her voice sounding like that of a kid .

She totally acts like a baby whenever she's alone

with her Mum.

"If you don't tell me who told you, I'll go back to Harold and tell him I wasn't the one who told you about Mrs Neave and trust me, you'll have so much fun telling him who did" Mrs Nola threatened.

"Mum!" Allysia pouted.

"Speak up Allysia" Mrs Nola said and quickly checked on the soup she was preparing.

She had promised Alex not to tell Harold, so telling her Mum does not mean she broke the promise.

Her mum wasn't Harold after all.

"Alex did" Allysia finally said.

"Harold's personal bodyguard?" Mrs Nola was stunned and Allysia nodded.

"He did that because he cared about me, he was pained when I was called an opportunist cause I'm not, he wanted to make me see they are the real

opportunists,not me" Allysia said.

All she said fell on Nola's deaf ears.

She wondered what was going on.

What is Alex trying to do?

She remembered when Irene told her there's something fishy about Alex but she had denied then.

Now, it seems Irene is right.

Why had he told Allysia that, knowing Allysia and Irene are not in good terms.

He wants to create enmity?

And he almost made Allysia fall into Harold's bad book!

She really needs to keep a close eye on him from now just like Irene had suggested then.

There's definitely something wrong somewhere.

"Do not listen to whatever Alex tell you from now

on okay?" She said to Allysia.

"Okay Mum" Allysia nodded.

"And whatever he tells you, come to me first before doing anything okay?"

Allysia nodded again.

"You should be very careful around him, infact,i want you to stay away from him. He made Harold yell at you for the first time" Mrs Nola said and Allysia's eyes was once again laced with tears.

Mrs Nola sighed and passed her her handkerchief.

She wiped her tears grumpily.

"Is he going to apologise for yelling at me?" Allysia asked her mum, hopefully.

"I can't tell. He seems pissed" Mrs Nola said truthfully.

Allysia blew her nose into the handkerchief. "It's all because of those people, he never yelled at me



when they weren't here. Irene and her family has enchanted you all"

"Com'on! Don't say that. Irene has a natural charm,she's a very nice lady who had looked so forward to meet you,i wonder why you do not like her" Mrs Nola said.

"Because she's a gold digger Mum,she is. I'm so sure. Her niceness and smiles are all facade" Allysia said,like she was so sure of what she was saying.

Mrs Nola sighed softly. " She's not, can't you see Mrs Marshall is starting to like her too. That's because she's a great person. And Irene really likes you, if you had been nice to her,you would have gotten dozens of beautiful dresses"

"I don't want anything from her! She can't win me over with dresses" Allysia said even though she's starting to imagine how terrific she would look in those dresses. Irene's really good at what she does.

Nola smiled, she hopes Allysia would see Irene for who she is soon.

"And how are you feeling?" She asked.

"Terrible! I can't believe that nincompoop scarred my jaw!" Allysia blew out a shaky breath, she was pissed.

"No, your jaw isn't gonna be scarred, the bruise is so little and once it heals, it's gonna peel off. You'll get back your smooth skin in no time" Mrs Nola assured.

"Really?" Allysia was ecstatic.

"Yeah" Mrs Nola said, the soup was ready and she brought it down from the cooker.

"Will you be able to go to school tomorrow?" Nola asked.

"Yeah, i need to get something done" Allysia said and Nola stared at her suspiciously.

"I don't want you to do anything to Damien at school tomorrow, he apologized to you already"  
Mrs Nola said, knowing what Ally is capable of.

Allysia shrugged in response to what her Mum said.

She's gonna do what she has in mind and no one can stop her.

"I want some soup Mum" Allysia said.

"Okay Ally"

Marlene almost jumped into Damien's arms when she saw him approach her.

She was waiting for him in the school hallway just after she alighted from her Roll Royce.

It's Monday morning and she had been excited all weekend because she got to speak to Irene who turned out to be a gem!

They spoke at length and it had felt like they had

known each other for ages.

"Hey" Damien smiled.

"Hi" She blinked warmly at him, his heart melted.

She was looking more beautiful this morning...he noticed.

"How was your weekend" Damien asked as they headed to the class.

He felt happy, just being beside her.

"Great! And Irene is a gem! I totally enjoyed speaking to her" Marlene grinned .

"She had said the same" Damien smiled "And she refused to tell me what you both talked about. She told me you both talked about my black ass."

Damien groaned and Marlene bursted into laughter, she held him for support and Damien smiled while he watched her laugh heartily.

Her beauty trapped him right on the spot, and he

felt like he was on the air by just watching her laugh.

His heart danced to the rhythm of her laughter and he couldn't even explain what he feels for her, he has never felt this way before.

Marlene stopped laughing and she blushed, seeing Damien stare at her.

She got to study his face closely then and gasped when she saw his bruised forehead. She hadn't even noticed it, out of excitement.

Damien wondered what made her have this kind of expression.

"Oh..my..wh.. your forehead!" She exclaimed.

"Ohh" Damien sighed.

"What happened?" Marl asked worriedly, she gently caressed the wound and he tried not to wince in pain but she could tell it hurts.

The plaster had gotten wet this morning while he was taking his bath and he had to remove it and he totally forgot to use another one before leaving the house.

Mrs Neave hadn't seen him leave the house or she would have reminded him.

"What happened?" Marl repeated.

"I don't want to lie to you. I'm not ready to talk about it now" Damien said and Marlene nodded in understanding.

"We're late for class,let's hurry" Damien took her hand and they both couldn't ignore the feeling that swept through them.

It was too blissful to ignore.

They stared lovingly at each other for a while before running to class.

The teacher was not in class when they walked in.

Allysia stared at Damien with hatred as he walked to his seat with the buffoon beside him.

She realised she hadn't loved him after all, she only had a crush on him and now it has ended, she feels raw hate for him now.

She smiled, thinking about her plan.

Damien and Marlene ignored the usual comments from the students as they walked to their seats.

Some of the male students found Marlene attractive too but no one wants to go out with a girl whose father is an 'infamous safecracker'

Damien turned his gaze to Allysia as he sat down and he could see the anger burning in her eyes, he felt disappointed she hasn't forgiven him.

Irene had told him she found his apology letter in the thrash, shredded into pieces.

He's gonna apologise to her again regardless.

Her jaw was still plastered and he felt bad, seeing it.

It's so irresponsible to hurt a lady, he had lost control and he feels so bad now.

Marlene brought out her laptop and realised Damien did not bring out his.

She noticed his gaze was focused on something and she traced it to see he was staring at Allysia!

She noticed the plaster on Allysia's jaw and wondered what it was about though she was mad she had caught Damien staring at her.

Mad?

Jealous should be the right word.

Does he find her attractive?

"I'll be back Marl" Damien said to Marlene and got to his feet.

He headed to Allysia's seat and Marlene couldn't



believe how jealous she felt.

He was just her friend but what the heck is going on!?

"Allysia i'm so sorry to have hurt you, i lose control whenever it comes to Irene,i can't stand anyone hurt her or be rude to her" Damien said apologetically.

"Leave my seat,i don't have anything to say to you" Allysia said, her face emotionless.

"I know it was irresponsible of me to hit you back, i apolo.." Damien was saying.

"Leave me alone!" Allysia yelled loudly, banging her desk.

Everyone turned to them and immediately began whispering and mocking Damien.

I can't believe someone like him wants to date Allysia too" A girl said loudly and the class erupted into laughter.

Damien returned to his seat, greatly embarrassed.

Marlene felt embarrassed for him, she wondered what was going on.

She could tell Damien hadn't gone to ask Allysia out or whatever, something more serious was going on.

"What's going on?" Marlene asked as Damien sat down.

He looked pissed and embarrassed at the same time..

The teacher walked in before he could explain.

"During lunch break..." Damien said to her and she nodded.

"Woah...That's gross!!" Marlene exclaimed after Damien explained the whole incidence to her.

They were on break and the students hadn't left

the class completely, some were still hanging around.

"And that was why i couldn't return your call immediately, the house was heated at that moment" Damien said.

"I can't believe Irene agreed to speak to me after all that and none of it even showed in her voice! She was extremely nice to me" Marlene said, still stunned by what Damien just narrated.

She now understands the whole reason behind Damien going to Ally's seat, the wound on his forehead, her jaw, palm and foot.

Though Damien had omitted Harold's name from the whole thing, he respected the fact that Harold Marshall is a public figure. Marlene doesn't know yet that Harold Marshall is his sister's employer.

"Allysia doesn't deserve any of your apology! Yet, she shredded your apology letter and

embarrassed you in front of everyone, she was defending her Mum and you were defending your sister, that's equal. Besides, she hit you first, she's wrong in every way and she should apologize to you instead" Marlene was upset.

"I know but i feel it's still irresponsible of me to hit a lady" Damien said.

"You didn't hit her! You both were throwing things at each other. Okay, agreed that you feel it's irresponsible of you to retaliate. You apologized already. Twice! you already proved that you're responsible which i feel it was unnecessary though cause i know you are. It's up to her now" Marlene said, irritated with Allysia's behavior.

She never knew Allysia was that mean.

"Don't feel worried about it okay..." Marlene consoled Damien.

"I'm relieved i apologised though, it's up to her to

accept it or not" Damien said.

"Yeah! We shouldn't talk about her. A mean person like her doesn't deserve our precious time, let's eat Damien and discuss better things" Marlene said and he smiled.

Lunch break was over and students walked into the class, Damien and Marlene noticed how they pointed at him,whispered and laughed out loud.

They always mock him but this seems different.

He glanced at Marlene and saw that she was worried too.

"What do you think is going on?" Damien asked.

"I don't know, you should ask those two girls,your friends" Marlene said, referring to Danielle and Anna,she believes they'll know something.

Everyone was in the class by then and the mockery

had gone to the extreme.

Some were even sneering at him.

Damien definitely knew something was wrong.

He called on Anna and Danielle and they were reluctant to go to him at first.

"What's going on?" He asked them.

They were also looking at him like they won't want to associate with him anymore.

"I never thought you were this poor, i thought you might be middle class and that was why i was crushing on you but now it's all over" Anna snorted and Marlene wanted to give her the reply she deserves but Damien stopped her.

"What is she driving at?" He asked Danielle cause it seems Anna is not interested in talking to him anymore.

"Well..." Danielle rolled her eyes.

"Allysia told everyone in the cafeteria that her brother is the reason you're in this school,he's your sponsor and that your sister coaxed him into paying your mother's surgery bills,your sister took advantage of his weak spot for her! That's manipulative and unfair!" Danielle groaned and Damien went numb and pale.

Zeemah

Gosh!

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 64

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"Allysia told everyone in the cafeteria that her brother is the reason you're in this school,he's your sponsor and that your sister coaxed him into

paying your mother's surgery bills, your sister took advantage of his weak spot for her! That's manipulative and unfair!" Danielle groaned and Damien went numb and pale.

Yeah... Mr Harold is sponsoring him but....his sister hadn't coaxed him into paying their mum's surgery bills, Irene would never do such and did this thing just said his sister is manipulative.

"Did you just say my sister is manipulative?" Damien asked, tightening his fist as he got up and he wasn't aware his eyes had turned beast-like.

All he felt was rage.

His head spin as he tried to control himself.

He's yet to digest everything and he's trying to but someone just said his sister is manipulative.

"No..." Danielle shifted back, she has never seen him look this way.

His eyes shone with rage and his muscles



tightened like he's trying to restrain himself from hitting her.

"I didn't say that. Allysia did" She said and quickly headed for her seat.

Damien badly wanted to scream and destroy everything he could lay his hands on.

He needed to vent out his anger.

If only Allysia was a male,he would have punched her till she bleeds.

He wouldn't mind been expelled.

"Breathe in and out" Marlene's said quietly and hearing her small voice soothe his rage a little.

She was fuming herself but she knew Damien was more angry than she was and she could see how he was trying to restrain himself and his eyes ... he has never looked this way.

"Breathe in and out" She repeated,that was the

only thing she could say at the time, she was lost for words.

He had told her he could be pretty violent when it comes to Irene.

She glared at Allysia who wore a triumphant smile.

She's probably thinking she would get away with this, Marlene's patiently waiting for Damien to be calm, then she'll make Allysia regret what she did.

Damien slowly sat down, he had breathed in and out like Marlene said and it helped him a bit.

He never thought Allysia could be this cruel.

At first, he had wanted to tell the whole school that she wasn't even Harold's relative, she's not related to him in any way, her mother was only a classy maid in his house but he wouldn't stoop so low to do that right?

He thought she was someone who needed

people's help to change but now it seems she can never be cured.

Hatred suits her like second skin.

Marlene took his palm in hers, hoping he would look at her and he did.

His eyes were almost back to normal but she could see some traces of hurt in it, it didn't sparkle as it used to, it was dark and grim.

He was indeed hurt by what that beast had said.

He laughed and Marlene's face lit up.

She saw the sparkle in his eyes as quickly as it disappeared.

He had laugh, thinking she looks like a mother comforting her son for not buying him ice cream.

Her eyes looked sorry like she was the one who offended him.

He's so glad there's at least someone who cares

for him in this school.

Someone who didn't turn his back on him even when every other person did .

"Thank you Marl" He smiled sadly.

"I can't believe that he is, smiling and laughing like nothing happened" Allysia thought glancing at Damien and Marl.

She wanted to make him sad like he had made her.

"I won't let her get away with this Damien,she needs someone to speak some senses into her skull" Marlene said to Damien and he didn't bother stopping her.

Allysia's heart skipped a beat when she saw Marlene approaching her .

She can't possibly be scared of this shit..can she?

Though she can't deny Marlene has the biggest guts she has ever seen, she's the only to ever stood

up to her and even called her a bitch to her face.

"Hey!" Marlene banged Allysia's desk, intentionally bringing attention to them .

"If fight wasn't prohibited in this school,i would have scratched out your eyes,grabbed your hair and slam your head on the wall!" Marlene said and everyone gasped.

Allysia glared at her like she would do the same to her if fight wasn't prohibited.

"I once told you this..i don't give a damn about you, you're nothing to me though you just proved what you are, you're a beast Allysia" Marlene said and another round of gasps echoed in the class.

"Time spent trying to diminish someone else's value,does nothing to increase yours" Marlene said and the word hit Allysia deeply.

"And why acting like a nipper? You look more matured than you act. Mocking Damien for not

being up to your standard is not necessary, any sensible person would choose him over you, not in terms of wealth but brains. You claim to be so intelligent yet he crushes you in class with his intelligence, teachers prefer to hear him speak even after you've spoken. That should tell you this so called wealth isn't everything! Everyone claims he's not up to their standard, yet no one is able to surpass him in looks and intelligence, y'all should be ashamed of yourselves," Marlene laughed and truly they felt ashamed.

"He's not up to your standard, yet he answers questions none of you can even attempt..wow. if anyone should be mocked, it should be you all, Damien should be the one to mock everyone of you for being so dumb! He would get a lot of opportunities and there's a wide range of chance that he'll be wealthy, but there's no hope for dumb brains like y'all" Marlene said and they all looked pissed and insulted, yet no one was able to stand

up to her.

They were surprised, they always thought her to be so calm and gentle, someone they could push around.

They always mock her than they mock Damien, she doesn't say anything but here she is putting them all in their places.

Mrs Meg smiled, she has been listening all the while, standing by the door and she isn't even planning to interrupt Marlene until she's done.

Those students have some wakening up to do.

"Y'all call my father an infamous safecracker"

Marlene laughed as she said it.

She was sitting on Allysia's desk by then and Allysia knew she didn't even dare to tell her to get off.

"I feel sorry for you all cause my father might just...he might just crack into your safes and cart

away with every valuable thing you have,My father is not only an infamous safecracker but a wrestler, if anyone of you dare messes with Damien again,I'll call him to kick your asses" Marlene yelled and Damien smiled.

Marlene turned to him and winked. and one can't help but get jealous of their relationship.

"Well..I'm done passing my message across you all" Marlene rolled her eyes and turned to Allysia.

"You really went so low with what you did,that was so petty, i liked you at first, i thought we could probably be friends but your insensitive behavior proved otherwise" Marlene said and Damien was surprised .

He never thought Marlene wanted Allysia to be her friend.

Allysia was surprised also.

"What did you gain from exposing it to everyone?"



Nothing! you only made a fool of yourself, i think you allowed your looks and intelligence get into your head. Allysia, you have to become a better person before it's too late. You're happy to have people surround you, people are ready to worship you but watch them all turn away when you have nothing. You're beautiful, intelligent and of course wealthy, who wouldn't want to associate with you? Excluding me though after watching your behavior. I'm not always impressed with job title, social status, things you can buy, I'm always impressed by way someone treats others. I'm not easily triggered by wealth, maybe it's because i have more than enough..i mean you all know my father is an infamous safecracker so we're kinda wealthy" Marlene grinned.

"I want you to snap out of your oblivion Ally and get a good life" Marlene said and headed towards her seat.

Damien felt so proud of her that he hugged her before she sat down.

He was almost close to tears when she defended him.

She stood up for him and defended him when he couldn't do anything.

"How was it?" Marlene asked Damien, looking gleeful. Kindly Hi NovelsRepublic on +2348055889183 on WhatsApp to get added to our novels group and get PDF links

"Perfect! You should be an actress" He said and they both laughed.

"Thanks for standing up for me" Damien took her hand in his.

"It's the least i can do for you, you stood up for me the first day without even knowing me" Marlene said and Damien smiled.

"Turns out we both stood up for each other during

our weak moments" Damien said and Marlene nodded.

"Is your father really a wrestler?" Damien asked and Marlene laughed out loud.

Allysia picked at her fingers, almost in tears.

Marlene's word really got to her, she regretted doing what she did to Damien, she regretted being rude to Irene, she regretted every bad thing she did to the innocent lady.

How could she have been so unfair.

Shouldn't she be glad her brother is helping people? When did she turn this?

When did she turned into a monster!

Marlene's words repeated in her head and she finally let out her tears.

She looked over at Damien and really felt bad.

She so ashamed to even apologise to him.

She had went ahead to carry out her plans even after he apologized to her, twice.

She feels so remorseful that she wished she hadn't done that in the first place.

--snap out of your oblivion Ally and get a good life--  
Marlene's words rang in her ears.

She totally felt like a new person after Marlene spoke to her.

Her words opened another side of her that she didn't knew existed.

Marlene glanced at her..

"Did i say too much to her" She asked Damien who shook his head.

"You said enough to snap her out of her oblivion, you helped her Marl."

"Are you sure? But she's in tears" Marlene said worriedly.

She likes Allysia right from the first time but her behavior had put her off.

"No, she's being remorseful. " Damien glanced at Allysia too.

"We should be hoping for a better Allysia from now" Marl said and Damien nodded.

"I..i there's something i want to say" Allysia suddenly said loudly.

Everyone turned to her .

Her eyes were red and Damien felt sorry for her.

She seems like a very soft hearted person but with a harsh facade.

"You all know Harold Marshall as my brother.." Allysia started.

"Harold Marshall is her brother?" Marlene was surprised and Damien nodded.

"And she acts like this, he was very humble when

he came for dinner at the palace" Marlene said,not realising what she just said .

"Dinner? Palace?" Damien asked and Marl was lost for words for a moment.

"Yeah,i mean palace, my mum works there so i go with her most times" Marl lied.

"Ohh...your mum must be working as a cook,no wonder you bring delicious meals " Damien said and Marlene nodded, smiling faintly .

Damn!

She almost spilled her identity.

"Harold Marshall is not my brother, we're not related in any way" Allysia said and there was a loud uproar in the class.

"He accommodated my mum and i when my mum helped him find his lost puppy, i was still very little then and i grew up to know him as my brother,he told me to still call him brother even

after my mum told me we're not blood related, he's sponsoring my education just like he's sponsoring Damien's and so many other people's"

They all stared at Allysia in shock.

Damien was surprised also, he never thought Allysia would reveal this to them herself.

The students look of shock later turned to disgust and they stared at her just like they had always stared at Damien and Marlene.

"How dare you deceive everyone for years that you're Harold Marshall's sister!" A girl said aloud and everyone nodded in approval.

"You must be such a fool to have being deceived, does their last names correlate? Shouldn't you have figured it yourselves since all these years, i can't believe you all are dumb to that extent" Marlene said, shutting the girl up.

"Anyway..i said what i said, I'm not related to

Harold Marshall in any way, we were only accommodated" Allysia said and sat down.

"I'm done with this friendship! I was only with you cause i believed you were Harold Marshall's sister. Liar!" Jane yelled and Allysia was shocked to the bone.

J..jane was her best friend.

She placed her head on the desk,she couldn't cope with the dozens of eyes glaring at her like she's thrash.

It looked like everyone suddenly turned their back on her.

She couldn't cry anymore,she only wanted to scream in disbelief.

No this is not happening to her.

--You're happy to have people surround you, people are ready to worship you but watch them turn away when you have nothing--



"No!" She sighed.

She hoped Jane hadn't meant what she said.

"I feel so sorry for her cause most of her friends are going to desert her, i hope she'll be able to cope with the pain" Marlene said.

"I hope so too" Damien glanced at Allysia worriedly.

Her head was still on her desk.

"That's the reason i never wanted to have friends, it's so rare to see one that'll stick with you during a hard time. It's better off being alone" Marlene said.

"Good day class" Mrs Meg walked in.

Irene was in the living room when Allysia walked in.

Her eyes were red and she looked so sad.

Irene wondered what must have gone wrong.

Allysia never returned home looking this way, her

shoulders were slumped and not only does her eyes look sad, she looks scared too.

Irene was worried as she watched Allysia walked to the stairs, though she doesn't like it when Allysia glare at her, she prefers it to this her present look.

Irene headed to the kitchen immediately Allysia was out of sight.

She met Nola slicing cabbage.

"Nola, i think there's something wrong with Allysia" Irene said.

"She's back?" Nola asked.

"Yeah" Irene said and Nola knew something was indeed wrong.

Allysia comes to greet her first immediately she's back from school.

"Her eyes looked so red like she has been crying and she looked really sad, she didn't even glare at

me" Irene said.

Mrs Nola dropped the knife, rinsed her hands and headed for Allysia's room with Irene behind her.

Damien and Mrs Neave ate steaming pizza rolls as they watched a movie.

He just finished completing his home work.

He couldn't help but think about what happened in class today.

He wasn't even concentrating on the movie and Mrs Neave noticed it.

"What's wrong?" She asked.

"Something happened in the class today" He said drily.

"Do you want to talk about it?" She asked and he shook his head.

"Everything will be fine" She rubbed his back.

They heard a knock on the door and wondered who it was.

"I'll go get it" Damien said, he got up and headed to the door.

He pulled it open and saw a guy about his age at the door, with a basketball in hand .

"Hi, I'm Blaine" He smiled.

"I'm Damien"

"I'm your neighbor and i was just aware recently that there's a guy my age. I've been so bored all along" Blaine said.

"Ohh" Damien smiled, even though he has never seen him before.

He only goes to school and come back in.

"I want to go play basketball, will you come with me?" Blaine asked and Damien's face lit up.

"Of course, I'll be back, i want to inform my mum"

"Okay" Blaine said and waited.

Allysia changed into a lambswool sweater and pale green linen shorts after she finished freshening up.

She sat on her bed and stared blankly at the door.

Her mum had come but she had refused to open the door.

Her heart was not only broken but shattered.

Everyone avoided her till school was over and Jane and Paris hadn't even waited for her after school.

Chandler had told her he wasn't interested in her anymore and that she should go to hell.

Almost everyone had shut her out of their lives and it seems they were friends with her because they thought she was Harold's sister .

That was how Damien must have felt when people

didn't want to associate with him, she was even part of those people that mocked him.

She was part of those that didn't want to associate with him because he's poor.

Serves her right to feel the same pain he had felt.

'George' She thought and picked up her phone.

She placed a call across George, her boyfriend in Paris.

Ally...how are you?" He asked and Allysia knew he has been drinking.

Let's break up" She said curtly.

Wh..why? Did i offend you, I'm so sorry if i did Ally. I'm sorry, I love you so much"

You did nothing George but..i..I'm not Harold Marshall's sister as you thought, we're not related in any way. He only accommodated my mum and i.

Wh..what! Are you joking?"

I'm serious G.

Ohh..i guess we should really break up then.  
Have a nice life' George disconnected the call.

'Is that really how people are?' She thought and  
laughed at the sad reality of life.

How come everything changed in just less than a  
day.

She had been so happy to get to school this  
morning and tarnish Damien's image not knowing  
hers will be tarnished along.

And he hadn't even told the world Harold Marshall  
is not her brother even after she embarrassed him  
deeply.

Marlene was right and Allysia is so grateful she  
snapped her out of her oblivion.

She made her realise she has no friends after all.  
None at all.

How can she cope without Jane and Paris?

Not when Harold told her she'll be staying permanently in San Francisco.

This is a dream right?

"Can someone wake me up already!" She screamed in tears.



Allysia staggered into the dining room for dinner.

She was weak, she had cried so much that she couldn't even cry anymore.

She was too weak to cry.

She felt helpless.

Her hair looked disheveled and some of it stuck to her face, her eyes were red and swollen and her whole face was pale, like she would pass out anytime soon .

She looked like she was hit by a truck.



She felt miserable...she had never knew what betrayal felt like.

"Oh..my.. God!" They all rushed to her as they saw her.

She fell into Harold's arms immediately, her legs were shaking already.

"Call Doc Fern! " Harold almost yelled at Alex.

"I..i wa..nt water" She said and Mrs Nola was in tears as she quickly poured her water.

"What in the world went wrong!" Mrs Marshall panicked as they made Allysia drink the water.

"Everyone left me" Allysia said, after drinking water, she felt a bit better.

Her eyes ached terribly as another round of tears threatened to stream down her face.

"We're here for you Allysia" Irene said, trying to fight back her own tears.

Ivory was crying uncontrollably already, Allysia has never looked so horrible.

She looked pale and thin all of a sudden.

"Everyone left me" She repeated as Harold carried her to her room.

He really hoped whatever is wrong with her right now won't affect her mental health.

"Everyone left me"

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 65

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"Uhm" Doc Fern sighed.

He packed his things back into the box.

Everyone started at him expectantly. Allysia fell asleep minutes after she was injected.

"I sedated her.." Doc Fern said.

"I'm afraid she might be needing a psychiatrist once she wakes up" He added and they all stared at him in disbelief.

"And she might not...but seeing how she behaved not too long ago, it seems her brain is in shock,i don't know how much shock it is..that's the reason I'm not so clear about her visiting a psychiatrist or not once she wakes up.

If i hadn't sedated her, she would have gone on and on and that will be terrible. She's in a weak state of mind right now"

Mrs Nola stroked Allysia's hair, she hadn't even paid full attention to the doctor.

She was so worried about her daughter.

Everyone was.

"She'll be awake by tomorrow morning and I'll make sure I'm here before she wakes, so i would know if she'll need to be transferred to a psychiatrist immediately"

"You can sleep here, a room will be prepared for you" Harold said.

"I would have loved to but I'm on night shift, the hospital needs me. I'll be here first thing in the morning" Doc Fern carried his box.

"I'll book appointment with the psychiatrist tonight..." He said.

"Is it that serious?" Mrs Marshall panicked.

"We never could tell...if it doesn't turn out bad like I'm thinking then I'll cancel the appointment but if it does,and she doesn't see a psychiatrist immediately, it might go beyond what a psychiatrist can handle. We should hope she's in the right frame of mind by tomorrow." Doc Fern

said.

"What could have gone wrong in school?" Irene thought.

"I'll take my leave now Mr Harold"

"Alright Fern, thanks so much" Harold said.

"Ivory, you need to go to bed or you'll be late to school tomorrow" Harold said, minutes after Doc Fern left.

"No, I'll be sleeping with Ally" Ivory said and Harold sighed, knowing there's no point in arguing with her.

"Alright, go with Irene to get you ready for sleep" Harold said and Irene got to her feet.

She took Ivory's hand and they both left the room.

Irene wore Ivory her pyjamas after she showered and brushed.

She took her back to Ally's room after they were

done and Ivory laid down gently beside Allysia.

"What really happened?" Harold asked.

"No one knows. She returned from school looking sad and i told Mrs Nola about it. Allysia refused to open the door, she said she's fine until this night..." Irene said.

"Why didn't anyone told me that?" Harold asked.

"You know Allysia! I thought it was one of her silly mood swings,i never thought it to be this serious" Mrs Nola blew her nose into a handkerchief.

She had cried so hard.

"Something might have happened in school or on the way home" Mrs Marshall said.

"Harold, I'll call Damien to ask him,you should ask her bodyguards if anything happened on the way" Irene said.

"Isn't it too late to call Damien? He might be

asleep" Harold said.

"No" Irene glanced at the wall clock. "He'll be watching movie now"

"Okay, I'll go ask her bodyguards" Harold walked out of the room.

Irene also walked out after him.

She placed a call across Damien when she got into the living room.

Sister" Damien said, immediately he received the call.

He wondered what made her call by this hour and he wanted to tell her he already has a friend! A male friend!

He's so happy.

Damien, what happened to Allysia in school today?" Irene asked and Damien could sense the panic in her voice.

He sat up on the couch and lowered the volume of the movie he was watching.

What's wrong?" He asked.

Answer me asshole!" Irene said and he sighed.

Okay... Allysia told everyone in school that she wasn't Mr Harold sister like they thought, he only accommodated her and her Mum and you won't believe her friends, everyone cut ties with her immediately, she was mocked and avoided like a plague" Damien said sadly.

"That's terrible!" Irene exclaimed, getting the whole picture now.

She now understands why Allysia kept muttering 'everyone left me'

"Did something happen to her? How did you know something happened in school today?" Damien asked.

"Her eyes were so red and she looked so sad when



she came home" Irene said.

"What really prompted her to tell everyone that Harold isn't her brother?" Irene asked.

"I don't know honestly, i was surprised when she did so but i think Marlene's words pushed her to say that" Damien said.

"Really? What did Marlene said to her?"

"She only advised her openly " Damien said.

"Why?"

Damien groaned " You ask so much question!"

"Just answer me black ass!" Irene said and Damien laughed out loud.

"Why did Marlene advised her 'openly' ?" Irene asked.

"I think she got fed up of Allysia's behavior, she needed to put her in her place"

"Ohh" Irene sighed.

"Is Allysia fine?" Damien asked.

"She will be. Goodnight" Irene said.

"Good night Irene" Damien said and dropped his phone.

He couldn't tell her about Blaine cause he sensed something was wrong.

This is not the right time to do so.

"What did he say?" Harold asked, he was just returning from her bodyguards and they said nothing happened on the way home, she was just awfully quiet.

"Something indeed happened in school" Irene sighed and she told him all Damien had said.

"Woah!" Harold sighed, dropping on a couch.

"Allysia only has a hard cover, she's as weak as a feather, she has the softest heart and she tears up

quickly, she doesn't have the heart to deal with the betrayals,i doubt she has ever been betrayed" Harold said sadly.

"She must have felt so terrible" Irene sat down beside him.

She's feeling so sorry for Allysia.

"For someone like Allysia,it's just too much to take in. I can't believe her friends and everyone are all over her just because of me! That's so crazy. I'm glad Marlene made her see she has no friend after all" Harold said,so disappointed with how people usually turn out to be.

"It's just so rare to see someone in a high position have a true friend" Irene said .

"I so much prefer to be alone than have a friend, Ethan Weston was my friend,he was the only friend i made in the business world but he ended up betraying me" Harold smiled sadly.

"I don't keep friends too, i can't handle everything that comes with it, i guess I'm used to being alone" Irene said.

"I'm glad Ethan took Carrle away from me" Harold smiled.

"Uh? Why?" Irene was surprised.

"I wouldn't have met you" He said and Irene blushed.

"Let's go check on Ally" She took his hand.

"I hope she'll be fine by tomorrow, i won't want my sister to visit a psychiatrist" Harold said worriedly.

"She won't, she'll be fine" Irene assured.

"Thanks Irene" Harold said.

"For?" She asked as they climbed the stairs.

"For caring about Allysia without minding the way she has treated you" Harold said, he was deeply touched when he saw Irene cry for Allysia.

"I understand Allysia" Irene said.

They got back into Allysia's room and met Ivory fast asleep beside her.

Damien was glad to meet Marlene in class when he walked in.

He couldn't wait to tell her about his new friend.

Blaine.

He dropped his backpack in the locker and headed to his seat.

"Hey" He said to Marlene.

"You look happy" she noticed.

"I now have a male friend" He said,even before sitting down.

"Really?" Marlene smiled,she was happy for him.

"Yes, he's my neighbor. He came around yesterday to ask me to play basketball with him and while we

were at the field,he told me things about him,vice versa. We're going to the play station today after school" Damien said excitedly, finally sitting down.

"Wow! He isn't threatened by your looks?" Marlene asked.

"Not at all, maybe it's because he's quite good looking too"

"I'm so happy for you" Marlene smiled.

"But jealous too" She frowned.

"Com'on you still remain my best friend,i even told him about you" Dam said.

"Really?" Marlene smiled.

"Yeah, we were both glad to find each other,it seems he doesn't have so many friends also"

"Ohh..so you both clicked immediately" Marlene said.

"Yeah, he's a great person,fun to be with. I enjoyed

his company" Damien smiled.

"Enough" Marlene rolled her eyes and he laughed.

"Someone is jealous" He teased.

"Marl, you're more than a friend to me and i wouldn't even trade you for any male friend,not even Blaine" Damien said and he was surprised when Marlene pulled him into a hug.

"Thank you" She said.

"For?"

"Everything" Marlene said and he nodded even though he was confused.

The students seemed to mind their business this morning.

Haha... Marlene really taught them some lessons yesterday.

He brought out his laptop and glanced towards Allysia's seat.

She was not there.

"Allysia isn't in school yet?" He asked Marlene.

"No" Marlene answered.

"It's unlike her, she's known for coming to school early" Damien said.

"She might want to digest everything..it's too much to take in" Marlene said and Damien nodded.

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"I think she's not coming today" Damien said after the second teacher for the day left.

"Obviously" Marlene said.

"Thank goodness!" They all exclaimed after Doc Fern said Allysia won't have to see a psychiatrist.

She woke up by 11am and Doc Fern was around before then.

Allysia just pulled her Mum into a hug and cried.



They were all aware of what happened in school and they consoled her.

"I'm surprised she pulled through, she's strong"  
Doc Fern smiled.

He prescribed some medications for her and left.

"I'm glad you're fine now" Mrs Nola said.

"They all left me, i don't even have a friend anymore" Allysia said.

"You do" Irene said and Allysia turned to her.

She feels so ashamed to face Irene because of the way she had treated her.

"I don't have friends anymore" Allysia said and her tone was surprisingly cool towards Irene.

They were all surprised.

"Marlene and Damien are there for you, they will gladly be your friend" Irene said.

"They won't... I've been so bad to them. Irene I'm

sorry to have treated you wrongly all along,I'm so sorry,will you forgive me?" Allysia said, remorsefully and this time , everyone was more than surprised.

Mrs Nola smiled happily..

"I forgave you already Allysia, i totally do" Irene smiled.

"I've wanted to hug you for sooo long" Allysia said to Irene,her voice childlike as she stretched out her arms towards Irene.

"Wow" Irene was all smiles as she hugged Allysia.

"Oh..my. finally" Harold felt so happy and Mrs Marshall grinned.

"Why does it feel so weird, i miss your glare and all" Irene joked and they all laughed.

"I'm sorry i made everyone worried yesternight" Ally said.

"It's fine"

"I'm hungry mum" Allysia said.

"Yes, we all are" Mrs Marshall said.

They all skipped dinner.

"I'll go make something for everyone now" Mrs Nola said.

"I'll help you in the kitchen" Irene said.

"I'll take care of Ally" Mrs Marshall said.

"I'll drink my favorite wine in the living room" Harold said and they laughed.

"Irene sounded worried when she called yesternight" Damien said to Marlene.

It's lunch break and they were both eating in the class.

"Really?"

"Yes, she asked what happened to Allysia in school and i told her everything but i sensed there was something wrong with Allysia" Damien said .

"Oh..my, could that be the reason she's absent today?"

"I guess so. I'm going to call Irene tonight and find out" Damien said.

"You should" Marlene said.

Irene was in her workshop, working alone after they've all eaten.

Two of her bodyguards were sent to wait and pick Mr Marshall at the airport and one visited the restroom.

Irene is so happy about Allysia's change.

She's really a sweet girl.

"Hi" Allysia walked into Irene's workshop in a pink

short gown, white flip flops and her hair was styled in a ponytail.

She looked pretty good and her eyes looked better.

"Ally" Irene smiled.

"I was bored so i decided to watch you work, and i must commend you, you're so good at this" Allysia said and Irene smiled.

"Thank you"

"Wow! Are you done with this ones?" Allysia pointed to a set of newly made wears.

"Yes i am, I'm just gonna pack them and have them delivered" Irene said.

"They are beautiful, how do you pack them. I'm going to help you with it" Allysia dropped her phone and Irene was touched by her kind gesture.

"Thank you Ally" Irene said and quickly showed

her how the dresses are being packed.

Allysia got it almost immediately and they both started working.

\*

"This is so interesting" Allysia said enjoying what she's doing..

"It's fun when one starts" Irene said.

"And you should send your measurements to me" Irene added.

"Huh?" Allysia asked.

"You're just like my younger sister now, i need to make beautiful dresses for you" Irene said and Allysia screamed happily before flying into her arms.

\*

"Irene, do you think Damien and Marlene would want to be my friend? I have no friend anymore

and i know no one will speak to me in school again" Allysia said.

She was done packing the dresses,she watched Irene as cut and sew.

"Of course Ally, trust me they'll gladly forgive you and keep your company in school" Irene said.

"I'm going to apologise to them tomorrow"

"Good! Pass me the scissors please" Irene said and Allysia gladly handed it to her.

She was enjoying this new path she had chosen.

"I've been wanting to tell you this,you're so beautiful Irene and i love how you go all natural" Allysia said.

Irene smiled..."Thanks Ally"

"I apologise again for any inconvenience i might have caused you"

"Com'on Allysia. It's fine" Irene said.

"I can't believe that man is arriving in the night,he just keep getting on my nerves" Mrs Marshall sighed as she walked into Irene's workshop.

Allysia and Irene turned to her,they both knew she was talking about Mr Marshall.

They smiled.

"Ohh.. you're here Ally" Mrs Marshall sat on the chair.

"Yes godmother and Irene is going to make so many beautiful dresses for me" Allysia announced to Mrs Marshall happily.

"That's one of the things you enjoy, having a fashion designer close to you" Mrs Marshall smiled.

She had decided to make Irene her personal fashion designer but she's not ready to tell her yet.

"And Irene, the Marlene you're talking about,do you know her last name?" Mrs Marshall asked.



The name Marlene is quite rare in San Francisco and the only Marlene she knew was Marlene Louis, the princess of King city.

"No, Damien said she doesn't have a last name"  
Irene said.

"Oh..my.. God!" Mrs Marshall exclaimed, getting on her feet immediately.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 66

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"No, Damien said she doesn't have a last name"  
Irene said.

"Oh..my.. God!" Mrs Marshall exclaimed, getting on her feet immediately.

"What's wrong?" Allysia and Irene asked.

"Uh.. nothing. I mean,i just remembered something. I need to go" Mrs Marshall said and hurried out of Irene's workshop.

Royalties hide their last names in order to keep their identity but not many people know that..

Mrs Marshall is so sure the Marlene in Ally's school is the princess of King City or why else won't she have a last name.

Who doesn't have a last name!

"Harold" Mrs Marshall called as she walked into his room.

He was sitting on his bed, working on his laptop.

"Mum" He said, without raising up his head.

She sat on the bed beside him...

"I just made a discovery" Mrs Marshall said,she was still stunned.

"Really?' what's that?" Harold asked.

"Princess Marlene Louis of King City is the one in Allysia's class!" She said and Harold didn't act surprised.

"You knew?!" Mrs Marshall asked and he nodded.

"Wait..i hope you didn't tell anyone she's a princess?" Harold asked.

"Of course not, i know how much they love hiding their identities, i wouldn't do that" Mrs Marshall said.

"I was invited for dinner in the Royal Palace months ago and i met every member of the Royal family." Harold said.

"Oh.. my! You were invited to the palace?" Mrs Marshall was surprised.

"Yeah" Harold nodded.

"And you didn't say anything! You should have

uploaded pictures and make people know you visited the palace" Mrs Marshall said and Harold laughed.

"You know i don't do things like that. Though Prince Alexandre Louis and i took some pictures but i never uploaded it" Harold said.

"Really?" Mrs Marshall asked and Harold fetched his phone.

He unlocked it and showed her the pictures.

"OMG! Harold, you're an asshole! You know how much i really cherish royalties, I've been dying to get invited to the Royal Palace!" Mrs Marshall said as she scrolled through the pictures.

She was amazed and happy.

"You should help me get a chance to visit the palace for once Harold, i know you can do it" Mrs Marshall said.

Harold sighed. "There's a Royal ball coming up, if i

get invited. I'll take you along"

"Yes!" Mrs Marshall screamed.

"Mum!" Harold chided.

"I'm sorry,I'm just so excited" She squealed like a kid.

"I'm going to meet the queen and we'll take some pictures together,I'll get to tour that exquisite Palace,I'll get to speak to royalties and even make friends with queens. OMG!" Mrs Marshall said dreamily.

"Mum!" Harold groaned. "I'm not sure I'll be invited yet"

"Who wouldn't invite billionaire Harold Marshall,your invite is on the way son" Mrs Marshall grinned.

"I should go tell Irene to make me a beautiful dress" Mrs said, hurrying out of Harold's room.

She slammed the door out of excitement and Harold shook his head.

His dad should come take her away to Paris already.

Allysia and Irene helped Mrs Nola in the kitchen as she prepared different types of meals for Mr Marshall's arrival.

The house was being cleaned by the workers, everyone was doing one thing or the other to welcome him.

It was like a king was coming home.

Harold had said he's gonna take half of the bodyguards and workers in the house to the quarters, Mr Marshall doesn't like being surrounded by so many people.

He loves his privacy.

"I can't wait to see God father again" Allysia smiled.

"Me too" Mrs Nola said.

"He must be a nice person" Irene said.

"He's just like the older version of Harold,if not nicer" Mrs Nola said.

"Really?" Allysia asked.

"Yes, he's so nice,funny,down to earth,he's a disciplinary and doesn't condone any act of nonsense,so many workers would be fired during his stay here" Allysia said.

"Woah!" Irene exclaimed.

"And he can be pretty blunt too, he says things as they are" Mrs Nola supplied and everything they said got Irene nervous .

She really hope he's going to be nice to her.

She can't deal with another round of restlessness.

Mrs Marshall and Allysia were more than a handful.

"I have to go check on Ivory" Irene said and walked out of the kitchen.

Ivory was still asleep by the time Allysia got to her room and she covered her properly with her blanket before leaving..

She met Harold on her way back to the kitchen.

"Hey there, you look tired" He cupped her cheeks with his palms, she smiled.

"I'm not, i just feel... nervous about meeting Mr Marshall" She said.

"Ohh .. you're having Mr Marshall's fever" Harold laughed and led her to a couch in his private living room.

"Well...my dad doesn't bite, he's just a bit blunt. He's very nice and I'm sure he's gonna like you, do not worry about him being another version of Mum and Allysia" Harold said and Irene laughed.

"And Allysia said a lot of workers are gonna get



fired during his stay here" Irene said worriedly.

"Yes, Dad likes things done with total competence, he doesn't like errors and he's so quick in firing workers. Though i do tell him he doesn't have the right to fire my workers,i hope none of the would misbehave though" Harold said.

"Woah!" Irene sighed.

"Chill.." Harold assured.

"Ivory is awake, i need to go" Irene said after a hearing a bell sound.

"Hey,look at you" Mrs Neave said to Damien and Blaine as they walked into the house,damp with sweat.

Damien grinned as he walked to the couch.

He and Blaine had played football in the field after they were done in the play station.

"Hi, Mrs Neave" Blaine bowed in greetings.

"Blaine,how are you?" Mrs Neave asked.

"I'm fine ma'am" Blaine smiled.

"You both reek of sweat,go get freshened up. I just made soup" Mrs Neave said .

"Thank goodness! I was starving,I'm not gonna freshen up,i want mine now " Damien said and Mrs Neave made to give him a correctional knock but he quickly hid behind Blaine.

"Silly boy!" She said while Blaine laughed.

"Buddy, I'll go get freshened up" Blaine said.

"You'll be back right?" Damien asked.

"Yes, for the soup" Blaine smiled.

He wasn't a shy person,he doesn't pretend and Mrs Neave liked him for that .

"Okay" Damien said and hurried to his room after Blaine left.

"He's on his way already, i should go get dressed"  
Mrs Marshall giggled happily and headed to her room.

Irene helped Mrs Marshall set the table while Allysia and Ivory waited in the living room.

"How is it going?" Harold asked, stepping into the dining room.

"Everything is set" Mrs Nola smiled.

"I hope Mr Marshall room is prepared already?" Allysia asked.

"No, he sleeps in the same room with his wife" Harold said and Irene smiled.

"Grandpa!" They heard Ivory scream happily and they headed to the living room.

Irene nervously walked behind Mrs Nola and Harold.

They got to the living room and Irene was instantly aware of Mr Marshall's height.

Wow!

He's a huge man,tall and powerfully built,his presence was almost overpowering.

He was surprisingly looking young,he could pass for Harold's elder brother.

He had huge golden eyes, just like Harold's,his face was perfectly chiseled.

His black hair touched his shoulders and he looked like an Italian.

He was putting on a real tuxedo,that looked incredibly expensive.

Wow!

This man is more than good looking.

No wonder Mrs Marshall is totally enthralled by him.

Ivory was in his arms and he carried her like she weighs nothing, he was still kissing his granddaughter and didn't seem to notice anyone yet.

"Purity, how have you been?" He asked Ivory.

Ivory actually means purity.

"I've been fine grandpa, I missed you" Ivory said and giggled as he tickled her.

Harold smiled, seeing how nervous Irene looks.

Mr Marshall finally dropped Ivory and Allysia ran into his arms.

"Lily" He smiled as he kissed Ally's forehead.

"I hope you didn't cause trouble?" He asked Allysia and she shook her head.

"You did...I know you did" He pinched Allysia's nose.

"Ouch! God father" Allysia whined.

"Mrs Nola, come here" Mr Marshall gave her a hug

too.

"It's so nice to see you again" Mrs Nola smiled.

"I miss your meals so much and i can't wait to down it" Mr Marshall said and Nola grinned.

"Billionaire Harold Marshall" Mr Marshall smiled proudly, he was always proud of his son, Harold success had surpassed his and he's so glad he has a very hard working son.

"The real Marshall" Harold smiled as they hugged each other, he patted Harold's back affectionately.

Irene noticed, no bodyguard or worker was around.

"Dad, meet Ivory's nanny. Ire.."

"Irene Noris" Mr Marshall completed Harold's words and Harold wasn't surprised.

His mum might have told him about Irene.

"Hi.. Mr Marshall, it's so nice..to meet you" Irene said.

"Each of them told me how good you are, i hope you are as they said,do not disappoint me" Mr Marshall said.

"I won't Sir" Irene said.

"By the way,you look beautiful, i find you perfectly okay to be Harold's future wife" Mr Marshall said and Irene stared at him with her mouth wide opened.

"Dad, don't make her feel uncomfortable" Harold sighed.

"Come here, come give me a hug" Mr Marshall told Irene, he was impressed with her.

None of ivory's nanny has ever dressed so decently plus she looked calm, beautiful and natural.

Irene went to hug him even if she was so surprised. His perfume filled her nostrils and she smiled at Harold as she hugged his father.

He winked and smiled back at her.

"By the way, where's my wife?" Mr Marshall said.

"She's here" Mrs Marshall said walking into the living room, she left everyone stunned.

The dress Irene made for her looks so beautiful on her, it suits her like second skin and showed her enticing figure. The crystals glittered hard and clear.

Her hair was styled in a completely different way, that made her face more attractive, she had applied a little make up.

Mrs Marshall simply looked spectacular!

"Darling..come here" Mr Marshall who was speechless finally spoke up and Mrs Marshall almost knocked him over with her hug.

"Let's head to the dining, they'll join us " Harold said, knowing his parents had no shame whatsoever in showcasing their love.



"Simone did a great job with your dress, i love it"  
Mr Marshall said over dinner.

"Well.. Simone didn't make it. Irene did" Mrs  
Marshall smiled,she was glowing since her  
husband's return.

"Really! Oh..my! You're so talented." Mr Marshall  
said, one could tell he was deeply impressed with  
Irene. He liked her.

"Thank you" Irene smiled.

She was greatly enjoying his company,he had  
cracked jokes and made them laugh and he didn't  
seem to mind that she's eating with them.

"She's so good at what she does,she's just the best  
fashion designer I've ever come at" Mrs Marshall  
said.

"What's the name of your fashion store? I'll link  
you up with some of my friends and boom your

fashion store would go worldwide " Mr Marshall said and Irene was stunned as she answered him.

"D..Daire fashions"

"Wait! Travis Noris is your father?" Mr Marshall asked and his spoon dropped from his hand when she nodded.

"What!" He exclaimed.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 67

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"Wait! Travis Noris is your father?" Mr Marshall asked and his spoon dropped from his hand when she nodded.

"What!" He exclaimed.

Everyone looked at him anxiously wondering why he did that.

Irene was the most anxious, she knew her father wasn't a bad person but her heart couldn't help but beat fast in fear.

The expression on Mr Marshall's face was inexplicable.

"Come here darling" He said to Irene and she felt relieved alongside everyone else.

She went to him and he surprisingly hugged her tight.

"I'm so sorry about Travis's death, it was a year after his death that i was informed " Mr Marshall said and Irene looked confused.

Mr Marshall had known her father?

"How did you get to know him?" Harold asked.

"You know i was once based in San Francisco and i

have my paper company here. Mr Travis used to make wears for my employees and seeing how good he is,i started letting him make my wears, i even had to make him my personal fashion designer and he did not only become my personal designer but my friend" Mr Marshall smiled sadly.

"He's the most honest man i've ever seen, righteous, incorrupt,selfless. Despite being my friend,he never asked for any favour, he turned me down many times whenever i wanted to give him money. He's the reason i still have my paper company till date, he told me how my employees were planning on taking over the company and i quickly took action against them. I'll forever be grateful to him" Mr Marshall said.

Irene's eyes were filled with tears already and everyone else looked emotional.

"He stopped coming to the company all of a sudden, i called him, he never picked,i didn't even

know his home address by then. Suddenly, his number stopped connecting, I had new employees then and none of them knew so much about Travis, he's a very private man, he rarely divulges information about himself or his family, though he told me he had two children and he named his fashion store 'daire' after them. I visited my old employees one after the other and no one knew his home address, I learned he was dead a year later when one of my old employees told me he came across his wife" Mr Marshall was fighting back his tears as he spoke and Harold could see how much Irene's father meant to him.

This is one of the few times he'll see his father close to tears.

"I know I opened up an old wound in you, I'm sorry" Mr Marshall said to Irene and she nodded.

Mrs Nola had passed her a handkerchief to wipe her tears.

"I'm so sorry about your father's death Irene" everyone said in unison.

"Thank you" Irene sniffed.

"May Travis's gentle soul rest in perfect peace " Mr Marshall and they all chorused Amen.

A minute silence was observed for him before Mr Marshall continued.

"You don't know how happy i am to meet you, everything i wasn't able to do for Travis,I'm gladly do it for you. Daire fashions is gonna go worldwide like your father always wanted, you'll have the most prominent customers, i was told you have a little workshop in my son's garden. I'm gonna transform it into.."

"Dad,stop" Harold suddenly said.

"What? Why?" Mr Marshall asked.

Harold sighed..."I didn't plan to reveal this, this way but i have plans for Daire fashions already. I'm

going to handle it dad"

"We both can handle it" Mr Marshall said.

Irene was still stunned...she couldn't even process everything, she was still sad in remembrance of her father's death and tears won't stop streaming down her face.

"Can i le..ave? I need to,i need sometime to myself" Irene said.

"Yes you can leave, will you be fine?" Harold asked and she nodded.

"I'll take care of Ivory" Allysia said and Irene muttered thanks before walking to her room.

"Dad, we all know there'll be nothing left for me to do if you step in. " Harold said.

"I want to do something for Travis" Mr Marshall insisted .

"Me doing it, is the same as you doing it, I'm your

son and Irene is Mr Travis daughter,leave it for me to handle Dad,i have so many plans already, please" Harold said.

"Alright,there are other ways i can help too, I'll think of other things to do for them" Mr Marshall said.

"I feel sorry for her, she must have gone through a lot" Mrs Marshall said.

"A whole lot" Harold said, knowing where he had met Irene, she had to that impure work for her brother and mother to survive.

She even dropped out of school to give her brother a good education.

"You won't believe Irene is insisting on paying me back the money i spent on her stepmum's surgery" Harold said.

"Really?" Mr Marshall asked.

"Yes"



"Isn't she just like her father" Mr Marshall wondered.

"She is, Dad, now i know where she got that rare behavior from" Harold said.

"You aren't going to accept the money back from her, are you" Mr Marshall asked.

"I wasn't going to. I would never do that" Harold said.

"Good!" Mr Marshall sighed. He's so happy to have met Travis daughter and knowing she has the same behavior as her father made him happier.

"Purity is yawning already" He Marshall smiled at his granddaughter.

"Let's get you to bed Ivory" Allysia said and everyone kissed Ivory goodnight.

"I should go check on Irene also" Harold said and got to his feet.

\*

Irene stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel, she wrapped it around her body and walked to her room.

She just finished having her night shower after crying in remembrance of her father.

She felt a little better now and she proceeded to wear her pajamas.

She let her hair down her back after wearing her pajamas and then got under the blanket.

She heard a knock on the door and somehow knew it was Harold.

"Harold I'm fine" She said.

"Are you sure?" He asked outside her door.

"Yes, i need to sleep now" She said.

"Okay, goodnight"

"Good night" Irene said.

She wasn't even feeling sleepy, she only stared blankly into space and made the memories of her father occupy her head.

Tears started streaming down her face before she knew it.

--Irene, you need to be better than i am. I want you to be one of the most famous designers in the world, do not bother about how you're gonna do it. I'll teach you everything,all you need to do is just focus okay?-- Her father's words rang in her ears and she smiled.

The ringtone of her phone jolted her from her thought, she sat up and she checked the caller ID.

Damien.

She sighed and allowed it stop ringing before switching off her phone, there's no how she'll pick that he wouldn't sense that something is wrong with her.

She was finally starting to feel sleepy, she got out of the bed and walked into Ivory's room through the adjoining door, she was sleeping beautifully and Irene smiled as she saw her stir in her bed.

She covered her properly with her blanket and walked back to her room.

New day.

"I called Irene yesternight but she didn't pick, i guessed she was asleep" Damien said to Marlene after she asked what Irene said about Allysia.

"Ohh" Marlene said.

"If she doesn't come to school today, then something is definitely wrong" Damien said.

They were yet to see Allysia.

"She must have been so affected by what happened...i understand" Marlene said.

"Uh...She's here" Damien said and Marlene raised

up her head.

Allysia walked into the class and there was silence for a while before the students started murmuring and mocking her.

No one greeted her like they used to but she looked like she didn't care.

She dropped her backpack in her locker and headed to her seat.

Surprisingly she wasn't on make up and she still looked flawlessly beautiful.

Her hair was packed in a simple ponytail and she didn't even had that arrogant look anymore.

Her eyes met with Marlene's and Damien's as she sat down.

"Woah" Marlene said.

"I'm wowed too, this is the first time i'll be seeing her without make up" Damien said.

"And she looked so beautiful still" Marl said and Damien nodded.

"Didn't you see she's changed a little...there's something about her face that looked calm, did you noticed?" Damien asked.

"Of course i did, i hope she has really changed though..for better" Marlene said.

"I'm glad nothing seems wrong with her" Dam said.

"Me too" Marl said.

\*

"Damien,come with me, Mr Natalie wants to see you" Mrs Gina Said as she rounded up her class.

Damien got up and followed her.

Marlene started going through the subject all over again.

Mrs Gina has a way of explaining so fast.

She was halfway through it when she heard a

familiar voice.

Cooler though.

"Hi" Allysia said and Marlene slowly raised up her head.

Allysia was standing before her, and Marlene wasn't surprised.

"Hi" Allysia repeated.

"Hey" Marlene said.

"I know i should have waited till lunch break before doing this but..i just have to do it now that i have the courage to. I'm so sorry" Allysia said.

"For?" Marlene asked.

"Everything" Allysia said.

"I'm not pissed at you over anything, Damien is the one who deserves your apology" Marlene said.

"I know, I'm gonna apologise to him too but do you think he's going to forgive me?" Allysia asked

and Marlene smiled.

"Did you purposely waited for him to leave before coming?"

"Well..yes" Allysia admitted, she's so ashamed to face him.

"You think he might yell at you or something?" Marl asked and Allysia nodded.

"He won't, he forgave you already. He doesn't hold grudge. I'm glad you finally snapped out of your oblivion Ally" Marlene said.

"All thanks to you on that" Allysia said.

"All thanks to you too cause i feel no matter how much i speak to you,if you don't want to change,you wouldn't have. Change is a personal decision" Marlene said and Allysia thought she speaks so intelligently.

" I'm so happy i made you consider changing cause i couldn't even imagine you going that way



forever" Marlene sigh.

"I must have been such a bad girl" Allysia said.

"Yeah, you should be called bad girl Allysia"

Marlene joked and they chuckled.

"Thank you" Allysia said and Marlene nodded.

Damien walked into the class and was surprised to see them together, not only him was.

The whole class was.

They've been monitoring Allysia's every movement and they were so pained she didn't seem to mind them.

Irene had actually told her not to mind them at all.

"So.." Allysia cleared her throat and rubbed the back of her neck.

"Do you still want to be my friend?" She asked Marlene nervously.

She would understand if she says no though.

"I have to go" Allysia said when she saw Damien approaching and she had gotten to her seat before Marlene could stop her.

"Hey, what's going on?" Damien asked Marlene as he sat down.

"She came to apologise to me and she's worried you might yell at her or not forgive her if she comes to you" Marlene said.

"Ohh...is that why she walked to her seat when she saw me approaching?" Damien asked and Marlene nodded.

She noticed there was a different look in his eyes though, like he just discovered some piece of news he's not happy with.

"And she asked me if I'm still interested in being her friend" Marlene said.

"Are you?" Damien asked.

"Of course, she realised her mistakes already, she

has turn a new leaf plus she's so lonely. I wouldn't want to make her feel bad by turning her down" Marlene said.

"That's cool" Damien said.

"And it's time for me to also have a female friend, you have Blaine already" Marlene said and Damien laughed.

"You have to stop getting jealous Marl" He said.

"I'm not" Marlene said and Damien arched a brow in disbelief.

He looked cute and Marlene felt her inside flutter.

"Anyway, i still remain your best friend, remember that" Damien said and it was Marlene's turn to laugh.

"You're the one getting jealous here" She said.

"I'm not" Damien said and Marlene shook her head in disbelief.

"Did Mr Natalie discussed anything with you?"

Marlene asked and Damien hesitated for a while before speaking up.

"Marl, is there anything you aren't telling me about you?" He asked and Marlene felt instantly alarmed.

"W..what made you ask that? Did Mr Natalie told you anything?" Marl panicked inwardly.

"Not really...he only told me to protect you and i keep wondering why he said that" Damien said.

'fuck!'

"Could it be because of my phobia? He might be asking you to protect me from other students so they won't find out and...ahh" Marlene sighed. She hated lieing to him but she has no choice here.

She doesn't want anyone to know about her identity yet.

Damien's look showed he didn't believe her and she felt so bad for lieing to him.

"Anything it is, you should tell me soon, i might get pissed when i find out myself. We're friends and i told you everything about me already, it's not nice to hide things about you from me when you already know everything about me " Damien said and all Marlene could do was nod.

He was obviously starting to suspect.

"I even asked you severally why you don't have a last name but you refused to tell me" Damien said unhappily.

"I'm sorry, I'm going to tell you everything once I'm ready to" Marlene said and he nodded..

"Hey, smile" She said and the frown left his face but he didn't smile.

"Com'on" She whined and then started tickling him.

"Okay..St.op " He said in between laughter.

" I feel so ashamed to come to you Damien but i must apologize, I'm so sorry for everything,for the pains I've caused you,the embarrassment..the.." Allysia was saying.

She had finally summoned courage to approach him.

Students were leaving the class to the cafeteria already.

"You're forgiven Ally, for everything" Damien said.

"Really?" Allysia asked.

"Yes" Damien smiled.

"Thank you" Allysia smiled shyly.

"I apologized to Irene also and she forgave me,she promised to make beautiful dresses for me" Allysia added, her face full of smiles.

She loves dresses.

"Woah, lucky you" Damien smiled.

"And Mr Marshall is around, will you come over during weekend to see him?" Allysia asked.

"Wow, he's finally around. I'm not sure i can come over by weekend though" Damien said.

"I promise I'm not gonna throw things at you, you'll leave the house in one piece" Allysia said and they laughed.

"Okay, I'll try to come over then" Damien said.

"Alright" Allysia said and turn to Marlene,

"I..i asked you a question before leaving earlier" Allysia picked her fingers anxiously.

She has no friends anymore and coming to school and leaving without having anyone to talk to would be so terrible, not when she's used to having people around her.

"Yes Ally, We're friends" Marlene smiled.

"Oh..my! Thank you" Allysia was touched, she had

thought Marlene would refuse.

"Why thanking me? I'm the one happy here to have a beautiful and intelligent girl as a friend" Marlene said as she got to her feet.

She stretched out her arms for a hug.

Allysia's eyes glistened with tears and she tried to sniff back her tears before hugging Marlene.

Her tears dropped on Marlene's clothed back and Marlene felt it, tears rushed to her face too but she did a good job in stopping it.

Damien wondered how easily females cry.

It's just like they have a pool of water in their eyes, ready to pour out anytime.

They disengaged from the hug and Allysia cleaned her tears.

"Aren't you gonna ask me to be your friend too?" Damien asked.



"Hey! Stick to Blaine" Marlene said sternly and he laughed.

"Punch your phone number in here" Allysia handed her phone happily to Marlene and Marlene gladly punched her number.

"Yours too" She said to Damien and he did the same.

"I'm going to the cafeteria, you both are going to wait for me when school's over right?" Allysia asked.

"Of course, we'll talk some more and get to know one another" Damien said.

"Why don't you join us for lunch break, I'm afraid of how you're gonna be in the cafeteria" Marlene said.

"Ohh..yes, the students can be silly" Damien said.

"You mean..i can join you?" Allysia was awed. She also wasn't ready for what she's gonna face at the

cafeteria.

"Yes" Damien and Marlene said in unison.

"Thank you so much.. but, Mr Natalie" Allysia said worriedly.

"No problem, i told you to join us right? You don't have to be worried" Marlene said.

"Mr Natalie's daughter" Damien joked and Marlene rolled her eyes at him.

He laughed.

"Are you related to him?" Allysia asked Marl.

"No, but you'll know who i am to him soon"  
Marlene smiled.

Few minutes later, Marlene and Allysia were chatting like long lost friends.

"Arrgh!" Damien groaned.

"I'm gonna ask Blaine to start attending Ivy

Royals" He added and they laughed.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 68.

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"Ohh.. you're back?" Irene smiled as Allysia walked into her workshop.

"Yes i am" Allysia grinned.

She not even changed into her house wear yet.

She couldn't wait to tell Irene that Damien and Marlene had forgiven her and she was officially their friend now.

"You look happy" Irene sensed.

"I am! They forgave me" Ally said.

"I knew they would" Irene smiled, this shows Marlene is also someone who doesn't hold grudge.

"And not only that..." Allysia sprawled on the chair.

"What?" Irene turned to her curiously.

"I'm officially their friend!" She said excitedly.

"Woah! That's great, you guys will make great peers" Irene said.

"They even made me eat with them in the class, they stopped me from going to the cafeteria because i might be mocked. "

"Eat in the class? Isn't that prohibited?" Irene asked.

"It is but.. Marlene has a phobia of eating amongst so many people. She's allowed to eat in the class during lunch break, she made Damien join her and I'm included now too!"

"Ohh" Irene said.

"Yeah...School was much fun than i thought it'd be, i thought I'd be bored with no one to talk to but Marl and Damien kept my company and they are the funniest people on earth" Allysia laughed.

"Relatable" Irene smiled.

"I need to go freshen up...and you've delivered those dresses?" Allysia asked, seeing the dresses she packed wasn't there anymore.

"Yes i have and i got great feedbacks" Irene grinned, she's glad she's starting to create a name for herself.

"The feedbacks should be great, you're great yourself" Allysia said.

"Thank you" Irene said.

"Are you okay Irene?" Allysia asked, noticing how pale she looked.

"Yes i am" Irene said.

"Are you sure?" Allysia asked.

"Of course" Irene smiled.

"Okay then, I'm off, I'll be back." Allysia said.

"Okay" Irene watched her leave and smiled to herself.

It's unbelievable to think this is Allysia.

Woah...when people change, they're hardly recognizable.

She sighed and rested her head, she doesn't know why she has been feeling down.

Next Day

"It's Halloween!" Ivory giggled happily rushing down the stairs, looking so cute in her mouse costume with the pink ballet shoes and tutu. Someone had painted mouse whiskers on her face, she was grinning and bouncing as she made her way through the employees, she was carrying a

plastic Halloween pumpkin to be filled with miniatures candy bars.

Harold had been the first to drop a candy in it, then Irene.

Others were prepared, they dropped candy bars into her pumpkin as she passed them.

Her plastic Halloween pumpkin were almost full when she was done.

So many people had contributed to her candy stash and she was so happy.

"I can't wait to see others Halloween costumes" she said as they had breakfast.

"Im sure yours is gonna be one of the best " Irene said.

"Yes, I'm sure of that too" Mr Marshall said.

"I bet there's gonna be commotion in Ivory's school today" Allysia laughed.

"How?"

"The people with witch and vampire costumes"  
Allysia emphasised and they laughed.

"Im gonna go in a witch costume next year" Ivory  
said.

" You should go in a vampire costume with blood  
dripping from your mouth" Allysia said.

"Gross!" Ivory groaned and she laughed.

"I can't wait for Damien's candy bars, he promised  
to put a lot in my Halloween pumpkin" Ivory  
smiled.

"Really?" Allysia asked.

"Yeah"

"Well.. starting from today, we'll be going to pick  
Damien together " Allysia announced.

"Really?" Ivory asked.

"Yes, we're friends now" Allysia smiled.



"Woah" Harold, Mrs Marshall and Nola said in unison.

"I won't have to be going with you guys again then" Irene said, relieved.

"Yeah, you need to rest after all" Allysia said.

"That's your brother they are talking about right?" Mr Marshall asked and Irene nodded with a smile.

"He's coming over by weekend, you'll get to meet him" Allysia said.

"I can't wait, i heard he's a braniac " Mr Marshall said.

"He is, God father. I hate to admit it but i think he's more intelligent than i am,just with a little gap though" Allysia pressed her lips together.

"Really?" Mr Marshall was stunned and Allysia nodded.

For someone to be more intelligent than Lily,then it

means he's a real genius.

He's so impressed with Travis's children.

"Goodbye everyone" Allysia and Ivory waved.

"Bye" Others said in unison.

"Irene,are you okay?" Harold asked her quietly and she nodded.

"You're looking so pale" He touched her forehead but it wasn't burning up,her body temperature was normal.

"I'm fine" Irene insisted.

"You really need to rest, you've been working so hard. Don't be so hard on yourself please" Harold said worriedly.

"Okay, I'm going to rest" She said.

He kissed her forehead and she smiled.

"Don't worry about me, I'll be fine" She said and he nodded.

Allysia wondered if Mrs Neave is going to tell her to get out of her house.

She's so sure Damien would have told her what happened between them.

She sighed...even if he hadn't told her,who wouldn't ask seeing her son come back with a bruise forehead and broken nose .

"Ivory, is Mrs Neave...nice?" Allysia asked Ivory.

She was nervous,they were almost at Damien's house.

"She is, i like her, she makes nice sweaters for me"  
Ivory smiled.

"Ohh" Allysia said.

"You must be worried about the fight between you and Damien, i'm sure Mrs Neave isn't gonna hold it against you" Tom assured.

Tom and Alex were guarding them while Eric was driving.

"I hope so" Allysia sighed.

"We're there" Eric said, parking the car in front of a building.

Ivory smiled and grabbed her Halloween pumpkin, she alighted from the car and Allysia gingerly followed behind her.

"Help me open the gate Ally" Ivory said.

"They have no gatekeeper?" Allysia asked and Ivory shook her head.

"Ohh" She said and opened the gate, she allowed Ivory step in first before stepping in after her.

It was a big clean compound and Allysia wondered how many apartment were there.

Ivory walked to Damien's apartment like she has lived there all her life .

She got to the door and knocked.

Allysia stared at her feet and picked at her fingers.

Alex and Tom was standing at a reasonable distance, watching over them.

The door opened and she raised up her head, expecting to see Damien.

There stood a guy about Damien's age looking tall and cute, his full and thick eyebrows were noticeable, narrow straight nose, exotic high cheekbones and eyes, the color of liquid honey.

He had black curls that looked messy but attractive.

His skin is not only creamy but smooth.

Allysia didn't realise her heart had been beating crazily all the while until she heard his voice. So cool.

"Ivory, how are you?" He asked but his gaze was

focused on Allysia .

She had gotten a hold of herself and looked like she didn't care but her heart was beating crazily for this guy...damn!

"I'm fine Blaine" Ivory said.

Oh..my!

He's Blaine!!...Allysia realised.

Ivory stretched her Halloween pumpkin to Blaine and he dropped some candy bars in there like he had been waiting for her.

"Thank you" Ivory grinned.

"I'm off buddy" Blaine said.

"Alright, bye" Allysia heard Damien's voice.

Blaine stepped out, mesmerized by Allysia's beauty,he couldn't help but keep staring at her as he walked away.

He was almost tempted to say hi.

Allysia blushed hard, knowing he had been staring at her.

She's used to guys staring at her but why does this feels so special.

"Allysia is at the door" Ivory said to Damien as she walked in.

"Really? Why isn't she coming in?" He asked and headed to the door.

"My candy bars first" Ivory said and he smiled, he dropped so many candy bars in her Halloween pumpkin and it got full.

"Woah! Thank you" Ivory was happy.

"You look cute by the way...Mum wants to give you some too, she's in her room" Damien said to Ivory who nodded and hurried off to Mrs Neave room.

Damien opened the door and met Allysia standing there, seeing how red her cheeks was,he smiled.

"I guess you've met Blaine" He said and opened the door widely for her to come in.

"I think they might be good together" Marlene smiled.

Damien told her about how flushed Allysia had looked after meeting Blaine.

"I'm sure Blaine was twice as flushed as she was" Damien said.

They were waiting for the next teacher, they just finished their second subject of the day.

"Did you...set them up? You knew Allysia was coming?" Marl asked.

"No! I didn't even expected her to be there this morning, i was surprised when Ivory told me" Damien said.

"Then i guess it's fate..." Marlene smiled.



"Yes it is.." Damien said.

"We should wait for what Blaine is gonna say"  
Marlene said, expectantly.

"Yeah" Damien agreed, his face met with Allysia's  
and he winked at her.

She smiled at him and turned back to her laptop.

Mrs Neave had been nice to her, she hadn't even  
acted like she was aware of the fight that  
happened between her and Damien, she was so  
happy to see her this morning and she even  
offered to make a nice sweater for her.

Damien's family has a nice charm about them.

And is she seriously thinking about Blaine?

Arrgh.

"What did she say?" Marlene asked Damien as he  
approached her and Allysia.

It's lunch break and Paris had called Damien aside to tell him something.

Damien sighed and sat down...

"Was it about me?" Allysia asked and he shook his head.

"She likes me and want us to be in a relationship" Damien said.

"Ohh" Allysia wasn't surprised.

Marlene looked jealous..." What was your reply?"

"No, i don't have feelings for her and i told her that but she said she isn't gonna give up" Damien smiled.

Paris is so lucky he's changed or he'll gladly take advantage of her and dump her as soon as he's done with her.

"So shameless" Marlene hissed and Allysia thought she was acting like Damien's girlfriend.

"No she's not, she was brave enough to walk up to me. Not many girls can do that" Damien said.

"I know, but she's so shameless to say she isn't gonna give up even after you turned her down" Marlene said.

"Ohh...she doesn't wanna give up so easily on something she wants. And it's not like you're taken or are you?" Allysia asked.

"Uh..well" Damien rubbed his neck and stole a quick glance at Marlene who looked like she wanted to kill Paris.

"No, but soon" Damien said.

Ally felt she should tell him about Irene, she looks unwell to her.

But Irene might just need some rest...she shouldn't bother Damien over that..

Mr Marshall looked thoughtful as he sat in Harold's private living room.

He just learned that Irene's mother had died of cancer and Irene's grandmother had too.

He was so worried, he feared it might be hereditary, it might be passed to Irene too.

Irene should go for check up soon.

"Hey, what's bothering you?" Mrs Marshall walked into the living room.

She sat beside her husband and handed him a cup of juice.

"Just thinking about business and all" Mr Marshall lied.

He liked Irene so much and wouldn't want something to go wrong with her.

"Liar! But I'm gonna spare you, i know you'll tell me whatever is bothering you whenever you're

ready to" She said and Mr Marshall smiled softly at her.

"Thank you" He said.

"Stop acting cheesy" She rolled her eyes.

"Wait...i hope you're not gonna die soon? Are you?" She feigned awareness and he laughed.

He couldn't have asked for a better wife.

NOON.

"Hayden had scared everyone with his vampire costume, fake blood was dripping from his face and mouth and we all ended up running off the stage" Ivory narrated to Irene and Irene smiled faintly.

She was feeling so weak and she couldn't even explain why.

She's gonna rest after helping Ivory get changed and settle in her house wears.

She got to her feet after selecting Ivory wears for that afternoon.

"Irene,are you okay?" Ivory asked,she could notice how pale Irene had gone.

"I'm fi.." Irene was saying but she wasn't strong to hold it any longer.

She felt sick and dizzy,her hands trembled and she really tried to get a grip of herself before loosing balance.

She heard echoes of her name before darkness surrounded her like fog.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 69

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Harold rushed into the hospital and headed for Doc Fern's office.

He was called Irene went unconscious.

He opened the door and met his parents and Mrs Nola in there.

"How's she?" He asked Doc Fern immediately.

"She's asleep for now and the test result is yet to be out. She'll be fine" Doc Fern said and Harold sighed in relief.

"What really happened?" He asked.

"Ivory came to me to tell me Irene collapsed and i actually noticed she has been looking pale for days now" Mrs Marshall said.

"I told her she needed rest, she seems to be over working herself" Mrs Nola said but Mr Marshall was quiet.

There seems to be something going on in his mind.

He looked more worried than everyone else.

"Can i see her now?" Harold asked.

"No, until she's awake. Any disturbance now would affect her treatment" Doc Fern said.

"Doctor, could it be cancer?" Mr Marshall suddenly asked.

"Stanley! What the hell are you saying!" Mrs Marshall screamed at him. While Mrs Nola and Harold stared at him in surprise.

"I'm just worried" Mr Marshall said.

"That was an unfortunate choice of words" Mrs Marshall said.

"Irene's mother and grandmother died of cancer!" Mr Marshall revealed and there was deafening silence.

Harold almost grabbed the chair for support.

"W..whe..when? H..ow d..id you know that?" Mrs



Marshall stammered.

"I knew when Irene's grandmother died, Travis told me then that she died of cancer and i was checking into Irene's family when i saw her mother died of cancer too" Mr Marshall said.

"Oh..my..God!" Mrs Marshall exclaimed.

Mrs Nola covered her mouth with her palm.

Harold only stared into space, he knew her mother died of cancer but he didn't know of her grandmother.

"Could i..t be that the cancer is hereditary?" Mrs Marshall asked.

"I don't think Irene has cancer, she looked like she didn't have enough rest when she was brought in" Doc Fern said.

"What if she does?" Mrs Marshall asked.

"Then we should hope it's in the early stage so we

can quickly cure it" Doc Fern said.

"I'll give you any amount, I'll pay anything. Just make sure she's fine or I'm going to die with her!" Harold said and he looked like he meant everything he said.

Mrs Marshall panicked knowing Harold can do as he said.

"I still don't think it's cancer" Doc Fern was saying when the intercom buzzed.

He received the call..

"Why didn't you tell me immediately you found out?" Mrs Marshall queried, facing Mr Marshall.

"I found out not long ago" Mr Marshall said.

"Enough of this talk! She does not have cancer!!" Harold almost yelled at his parents .

He loosened the top button of his shirt and pulled the knot of his grey tie away from his collar.

He looks tired and worried.

He should have stayed with her and made sure she rests when he discovered how pale she was looking.

He should have made her come for check up.

"How's Ivory?" He asked Mrs Nola.

"Allysia is with her at home" Mrs Nola answered.

"I hope Allysia isn't gonna call Damien " Harold said.

"I told her not to" Mrs Nola said.

"There's a problem" Doc Fern said after dropping the call.

"Wh..at?" Harold asked with a shaky voice.

"The press are outside, i don't know how they knew Mr Harold is here"

"Fuck!" Mrs Marshall cursed, knowing there's no way they'll be able to go out there.

"You'll need to leave through the back door"

"There's a back door? Thank goodness!" They sighed.

"We should wait till the test result is out" Mrs Marshall said.

"It might not be out today, it's getting late . Besides,i told them to carry out various tests on her,so it's gonna take time" Doc Fern said.

"I would be with Irene, you all can leave. It's getting late and i won't want Ally and Ivory to be alone. Go home and assure them Irene would be fine" Harold said.

"Call us immediately the test result is out okay?" Mr Marshall said and Harold nodded .

He hated to admit it but he was damn scared for Irene.

"I'll lead you through the back door" Doc Fern stood up.

"Bye Harold" They said in unison.

"We'll be here tomorrow morning" Mrs Marshall said and all Harold could do was nod.

He blew out a breath immediately they left.

"Irene please be fine for me" He prayed silently.

Doc Fern walked back in few minutes later.

"They are gone?" Harold asked.

"Yeah,i watched them enter the car" Doc Fern said before sitting on his chair.

"Fernando, talk to me please. What do you think is wrong with her?" Harold asked.

"I didn't want to say this in front of your parents but i think she's pregnant" Doc Fern said and Harold stared at him like he was joking.

"I only think..I'm not sure but with my years of experience, my intuition might be right. " Doc Fern said.

"Pregnant?" Harold furrowed his brows, he's finding it hard to believe.

"No, we're not sure about that yet till the result is out so we're just gonna wait" Doc Fern said.

"But she'll be fine right?" Harold asked.

"Of course, she will be." Doc Fern said.

Harold settled on the couch in Doc Fern's office.

Irene doesn't look like she's pregnant.

Nothing had changed in her body.

What if she's indeed pregnant.

He's sure he's the last person she had sex with cause she resumed being ivory's nanny the next day and they had unprotected sex, she told him she was on pills and..he had released into her and..

What if he isn't the last person she slept with? He can't be so sure.

He groaned, his head almost bursting with different

thoughts.

"Is the test result seriously gonna be out tomorrow?" Harold asked.

"No, tonight. I didn't want your parents to stay behind, that was why I said that" Fern said.

"Ohh" Harold sighed.

He couldn't understand why he's so scared.

He so much hoped it wasn't cancer.

That's gonna shatter him!

"I'm going to attend to other patients" Doc Fern grabbed his coat.

"Alright and you should tell your nurses not to disturb me in here" Harold said.

"Okay" Doc Fern smiled.

"And, my bodyguards... they're in the reception. You should help me make them feel comfortable" Harold said and Doc Fern nodded.

## NEXT MORNING

"Don't you think i should tell Damien about Irene?" Allysia asked worriedly as they ate breakfast.

She was prepared to go to school with Ivory.

"I don't think it's necessary to do so, Irene's is fine, she only needs bedrest and i don't think you should bother Damien over that, you know how worried he can be over his sister" Mrs Nola said.

"I'm glad she's fine, she'll be back home today right?" Ivory asked and Mrs Nola nodded.

Mr and Mrs Marshall were quiet over breakfast.

They both dreaded calling Harold this morning,they don't want to confirm their fears of Irene having cancer and they are so worried he is yet to call.

"I'm sure he hasn't called because the test result is not out yet" Mr Marshall had assured Veronica in their room earlier that morning.



"What if it's out? But he doesn't want to call us?"

"He wouldn't do that, be rest assured" Mr Marshall said but he was damn scared himself.

"God mother are you okay?" Allysia asked noticing how lost Mrs Marshall looked over dinner.

"I'm fine, Ally" Mrs Marshall said.

"Is..is something wrong with Irene?" Allysia suspected.

"No, Irene's perfectly fine." Mrs Nola quickly said.

"Yeah" Mrs Marshall agreed.

They ate the rest of their breakfast in silence.

Allysia and Ivory left for school after bidding them bye.

"When are we leaving for the hospital? Harold is yet to call" Mrs Marshall said, greatly worried.

"If he doesn't call in the next one hour,then we'll leave for the hospital" Mr Marshall said.

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Damien was waiting outside his gate by the time Eric drove there.

He hopped into the car and greeted everyone with smiles.

"Ivory" He dragged her cheeks playfully and she smiled.

"How was your night?" He asked Allysia.

"Great. " She said and he noticed she looked troubled.

"How's Blaine?" Ivory asked and Ally's heart almost skipped a bit hearing his name.

She wished she had seen him this morning though.

"He left for school just now,we were standing outside together" Damien said and smiled, remembering how Blaine had wanted to see Allysia before leaving, but he was running late and had to

leave.

"Where's Alex?" Damien asked.

"He's in the hospital" Ivory said.

'damn!' Allysia swore.

"Hospital? Who's sick?" Damien asked worriedly.

"Him, Alex is the one sick" Allysia said and Ivory gave her a 'you're-a-badass' look.

"Ohh" Damien sighed.

"By the way,why do you look so troubled? Did you probably wanted to see Blaine this morning?" Damien teased.

"Fuck you" Allysia hit him and they laughed.

"Oh..my" Harold yawned loudly..

He realized he was in Doc Fern's office when his eyes got clear and everything came rushing back to him.

He had been waiting for the test result before he fell asleep

He stood up and the door opened just then.

Doc Fern walked in.

"You're awake. Good morning" Fern said.

"How's irene?" Harold asked.

"She's fine" Doc Fern smiled

"She's awake, waiting for you"

"Really?" Harold smiled, almost pushing Doc Fern out of the way.

"Hold on, you need to freshen up. Some toiletries have been provided for you in my personal bathroom" Doc Fern said.

"Ohh" Harold said, pulling his shirt already.

"How are my bodyguards? I hope they were comfortable" Harold said.

"Yes, i made sure they were. One of them left to

bring you some fresh wears, he'll be back soon"

"Ohh.. okay" Harold said, he hurried into the bathroom. He couldn't wait to see Irene.

He had even forgotten to ask for the test result.

She just collapsed..." Alex said to Ethan over the phone.

He was driving back to the hospital after picking Harold's wears.

Really? Are you sure you've not used the poison?" Ethan asked.

I didn't,i planned to put it in her drink after she's done caring for Ivory but she fainted.

Woah... how's she now?"

She's awake already and fine"

You have no idea what happened to her?" Ethan asked.

Not really but i overheard Mr Marshall say Irene's grandmother and mother died of cancer, it might be hereditary"

Wow! If she has cancer, we don't have to use the poison again" Ethan grinned.

Yeah but the test result is yet to be announced, i need to rush to the hospital so i won't miss it" Alex said.

Alright and do not forget to plant the tape recorder in his car" Ethan said.

I'm going to do that after dropping this call"

Bye.

Alex parked Harold's car and quickly planted a tape recorder in it.

He smiled before zooming off.

"Irene" Harold rushed to pull her into a hug

immediately he walked into her ward.

She smiled and hugged him back tightly.

"I told you to rest, why didn't you?" Harold asked.

"I'm fine now" Irene said.

"Are you sure?" Harold asked and she nodded.

The hospital wear didn't even made her look less beautiful.

He kissed her cheeks..."I was scared. Everyone was"

"I'm sorry i made everyone worried" Irene said.

"Did Doc Fern say anything is wrong with me? I just need bed rest right?" She asked and Harold's smile faded slowly.

He's yet to receive the test result but he really hoped it's not cancer.

"The result is not out yet.." Harold was saying when Doc Fern walked into the ward.

"The result is out" Doc Fern said and Harold's heart skipped a beat.

Alex stood by the door, stylishly placing his ear on the door.

"It's not cancer" Doc Fern said and Harold couldn't explain how relieved he felt.

"Thank goodness!" He almost screamed.

He hugged Irene tightly and she looked confused.

"Cancer?" She asked, confused.

"Err..you know your grandmother and mother died of cancer so.."

"You thought it might be hereditary?" Irene completed and Harold nodded.

"It's not, my grandmother and mum was just unlucky" Irene said.

"There's no trace of cancer in Irene's body system but we discovered something else" Doc Fern



smiled.

"What?" Harold asked.

"Irene is fourteen weeks pregnant" Doc Fern announced.

"You must be joking" Irene laughed.

"I'm not" Doc Fern said.

"Sorry to say but you must be crazy" Irene said, breathing heavily.

"Iren..." Harold was saying.

"That's not my test result! You must be mistaken!!"  
She screamed.

Doc Fern was a bit shaken by her behavior.

"Irene Noris, I'm not mistaken. This is your test result. You're fourteen weeks pregnant. Why are you being like this, you're not too young" Doc Fern said and Irene refused to believe him but..

Doc Fern is damn serious!

Fourteen weeks?

Exactly three months and two weeks.

"No! I take contraceptive pills after sex!" Irene yelled.

"Did you checked the expiry date of the pills the last time you used it?" Doc Fern asked.

"No, i didn't. I..i took an antibiotic for an ear infection, could it have cancelled out my pills?" Irene said and tears filled her eyes when realisation dawned on her.

"It did!" Doc Fern confirmed.

"No! There a mistake somewhere,i still see my menstrual period" Irene said desperately hoping she wasn't pregnant.

"That's completely normal, it happens." Doc Fern said and Irene knew that was true.

"My stomach...it's still damn flat. No baby is in

here!" Irene pulled the hospital gown, revealing her stomach.

Harold looked at it closely and noticed a very small bump.

"Irene look...a baby is in there" He smiled and Irene looked closely at it too.

How couldn't she have noticed...

"No, it was probably something i ate" She cried.

"I'm not pregnant Doc Fern, i never had morning sickness,i didn't even threw up for once, no symptoms at all. You need to do the test again" Irene said.

"The test was done twice and Irene, women have different symptoms, some doesn't even feel anything at all, your baby bump is yet to be obvious because the pregnancy is just three months and two weeks and i think you have a flat stomach right from the start. Even if your

pregnancy clocks nine months,the bump is gonna look like a five month's" Doc Fern explained.

"Wait...is that why..my breasts are fuller?" Irene asked.

"Exactly!" Doc Fern said.

"Oh..no" Irene cried, she's indeed pregnant.

"Irene,we had sex three months ago right?" Harold asked and she nodded.

"I'll leave now" Doc Fern walked out of the room.

"I..was the last person you had sex with right?" Harold asked and she nodded again.

"Irene we're having a baby!" Harold screamed in excitement and she was touched deeply.

Tears filled her eyes as she remembered she had sex with Ethan Weston a night before sleeping with Harold and she took an antibiotic for an ear infection before sleeping with Ethan's also.

That simply means the pills had been ineffective before her sex with Ethan and Harold.

Her heart almost shattered at the thought that Ethan might be responsible for the pregnancy.

"Irene, com'on I'm ready to accept the baby. I'll gladly accept it. I love you Irene and be rest assured, im going to marry you before you give birth" Harold smiled and kissed her fully on the lips.

"Harold..i don't want the baby" she bursted into tears.

"What! Why? Don't you love me? Ivory would be happy about it and my parents too. You know how much my dad likes you, I'm going to take care of everything sweetheart." Harold assured.

"No,it's not that" Irene wiped her tears.

"It's what? Wait...did you sleep with someone else before the night we were together?" Harold asked

and he sighed when Irene went quiet.

"I didn't sleep with anyone a month before i met you and.." Irene was saying.

"Then the baby is mine" Harold said.

"I slept with Ethan Weston the night before i..i slept with you and i used the antibiotics before sleeping with him also. I'm so sorry Harold" Irene bursted into fresh tears while Harold looked as though he has been struck by lightning.

\*\*

She's pregnant!?" Ethan asked.

Yes boss, three months and two weeks. I think Mr Harold had something with her exactly three months and two weeks ago..looks like he's responsible for the pregnancy .

Wow! Wait..did you just said three months and..." Ethan flipped the pages of his table calendar and there it is!

He had marked the date he slept with Irene because he wanted to taunt Harold with it and fuck! It's precisely three months and two weeks ago.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 70

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He had marked the date he slept with Irene because he wanted to taunt Harold with it and fuck! It's precisely three months and days.

Alex..you need to throw that damn poison away!  
She might be carrying my child!

Really?

Yes, i freaking had her the night before she

Harold did, It's my baby for sure." Ethan grinned.

Wow! I overheard she took an antibiotic for an ear infection and it cancelled out the pills.

Perfect! You need to throw that poison far away, and starting from now, don't even try to hurt her.

But Mr Harold had her too" Alex said.

I'm sure it's my baby, i know for sure" Ethan said.

Well..I can use the poison for Mr Harold then" Alex said.

No, i need to torment him. I finally got the chance to hurt him cause I'm so gonna fight for my baby" Ethan laughed.

He really loves the damn Irene and taking her away from him would hurt him badly. Good plan boss" Alex smiled.

I love that lady also, and i had my eyes on her



even before Harold. She's so beautiful and sweet that i told Madam Perse i wanted to have her again but the damn Harold was faster, now,i ain't giving any chance"

I'll fill you in later boss, i need to go now.

Alright Alex, thanks.

Ethan dropped the call, grinning broadly to himself.

"What's going on? I heard you saying the poison should be thrown far away" Carrle said, walking out of the bathroom in a robe.

A towel was tied round her wet her too.

"Don't tell me you're planning on sparing that slut"  
She said.

"There's a great news and this is gonna shatter Harold completely and make him yours"

"Really? I'm all ears" Carrle said eagerly.

"Irene is pregnant"

"What!" Carrle screamed. "Pregnant for who? How can you tell me Irene getting pregnant for Harold is a great news!"

"Chill Carrle, I'm not done yet. The pregnancy might be mine too" Ethan said.

"How? Is everyone going crazy?" Carrle paced the room.

"You know what she does before working as Ivory's nanny right? Well...i slept with her a night before Harold did and.."

"What are you saying? Sluts use pills. How could she be pregnant?" Carrle asked.

"I was told she took antibiotics for an ear infection after spending nights with your baby's father and i, so it cancelled out the pill"

"Fuck! The baby might not be yours, I'm yet to get pregnant since i got married to you Ethan" Carrle said.

"I know you use pills after our sex Carrle." Ethan smiled at Carrle's shocked expression.

"Tons of pregnancy has been terminated for me,I'm fertile" He boasted.

"I..i im sorry Ethan,I'm not just ready to get pregnant again" Carrle said wondering how she had been so dumb to allow Ethan find out.

"It's fine, I'm not bothered about that. I don't want a baby also,it's gonna spoil our fun" Ethan said.

"Exactly! We still gotta have so much fun but why do you want Irene's baby?" Carrle asked.

"To torment Harold,I'm not so interested in the baby but I'm gonna drag it out with him and probably if the baby turns out to be mine,he's gonna be shattered and you're gonna come in from there, with Irene gone from his life, it'll be so easy for you to go in"

"Oh..my! Thanks so much!" Carrle hugged Ethan

happily.

She positioned herself on his legs smiling happily.

"I really hope the baby turns out to be yours"  
Carrle said.

"I do too,i really hope so and if it doesn't there's  
always a way around everything" Ethan grinned  
and Carrle smiled knowingly.

"But,you don't know how old is the  
pregnancy,what if neither you nor Harold owns the  
baby, she's a slut,she sleeps with everyone that's  
ready to pay" Carrle scoffed.

"The pregnancy is three months and two weeks  
and that was so close to the time we had sex and i  
could remember before Madam Perse handed her  
to me, she made me know it's been a month she  
got laid and urged me to be gentle with her" Ethan  
explained.

"Ohh...the baby is either for you or Harold then."

Carrle smiled.

"It is mine. I even marked the damn date we had sex in my table calendar"

"Y..you marked it? Did you know she was gonna get pregnant? I don't seem to get what you're saying" Carrle said.

"How would i have known she would be pregnant. I wanted to have her one more time and Madam Perse informed me she started working for Harold Marshall already,she started working for him the next day after they spent a night together. I wanted to brag to Harold that i fucked his baby's nanny already! And i even fucked her before he did. I wanted to taunt him with it and that was why i jestingly marked the date. I've even long forgotten about it until after Alex told me how old the pregnancy is"

"Ohh! Thank goodness the date was marked"  
Carrle said.

"Of course, I've been so pissed not to be able to get on Harold's nerves, it seemed like nothing unnerved him and I'm so damn sure this is gonna unnerve him" Ethan laughed happily.

"You have to make sure to fight for the custody of the damn pregnancy so Harold can make her leave!" Carrle said.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group. .

"Trust me to do so, give me Harold contact ASAP, i need to make him know he shouldn't be so stupid thinking the baby is his alone " Ethan said.

"Irene..why? Why did you do this to me" Harold asked,close to tears.

He was speaking up after a long silence.

He looked like he just lost something so precious

to him, his eyes had turned gloomy and he looked so angry..

"I'm sorry, i..i didn't even know this is going to happen, i took pills to prevent myself, i...i" Irene was lost for words.

"You never told me you slept with him" Harold said, his voice calm and full of pain.

"I couldn't have told you that Harold, you're not on good terms with Ethan. I know you would get pissed" Irene said.

"Why does he keep going after things i cherish?" Harold laughed, a sad laughter that didn't reach his eyes.

"Why?" He asked again, raking his hands through his hair.

He quickly wiped the tear that rolled down his cheek.

His hands gripped the hospital bedspread.

"Harold,I'm sorry. This might be your baby"

"What if it isn't? You'll end up living in his house like Carrle had done and I'll be all alone with my daughter once more" Harold smiled sadly.

He was so hurt than he could express, he felt like his life was being taken away from him.

"I'm not living in his damn house! I hate him! He's not the father of my baby!" Irene yelled..

"Ethan is gonna know about this baby soon and come for you. Irene...my heart is broken. My happiness has always been cut short? I deserve to be happy too" Harold finally let out his tears and Irene heart felt like it was stabbed.

"I don't want this baby,if it's going to cause you so much pain,i don't want it. It's just three months,I'm going to terminate it" Irene said in tears.

"Don't you dare" Harold said, he wiped his tears.



"I love you Harold, i don't care about what people are going to say anymore, i want to be your wife, i'm carrying your baby, i'm not gonna do any goddamn test, you own the baby Harold, i'm going to kill Ethan if he dares approach me" Irene said, breathing heavily.

Irene seeing her words didn't even change his look.

"Let's terminate this baby Harold, i don't want it. We'll have another baby" She said and he shook his head before walking out of the ward.

Someone should just slap her away from this damn sleep.

\*\*

Send her home address to me right now" Ethan said to Alex who was standing outside Doc Fern office.

Irene and Harold were in there.

Okay boss" Alex said and quickly forwarded

Irene's home address to Ethan.

\*

"You're going to do a test called NIPP. Noninvasive test, it's the most accurate way to establish paternity during pregnancy, we're gonna take a blood sample from the alleged father and the mother to conduct a fetal cell analysis. A genetic profile compares the fetal cells present in the mother's bloodstream to the alleged father's and the results is always more than ninety-nine percent accurate and thankfully, it can be performed after the eighth week of pregnancy. Your pregnancy is fourteen weeks" Doc Fern explained to Harold and Irene.

She was ready to be discharged but Harold had insisted on hearing what Doc Fern has to say.

He wasn't even looking at her or talking to her.

"Okay, thank you Fern" Harold said and stood up

to leave.

Irene stood up after him.

"You need to limit the tears, any slightest thing can make you have miscarriage because it's still at an early stage" Doc Fern said to Irene and she didn't even respond before walking out with Harold.

Her eyes were twice the size it was and they looked so red .

Doc Fern shook his head sadly, he had initially thought Mr Harold owns the baby but it turns out partly wrong, Ethan Weston also, Mr Harold's sworn enemy. He has never seen Harold look that way.

He looked like he wanted to murder someone.

Mr and Mrs Marshall had come around but he had told them it's not cancer and had advised them to go home, Harold and Irene wasn't obviously ready to see anyone then.

He really hoped the baby turns out to be Mr Harold's.

This same Ethan had robbed him off his first wife! It won't be so funny if it happens again.

\*\*

"Catch a cab and go home" Harold threw dollar bills at his bodyguards.

Irene has never seen him do that but she isn't going to be surprised at anything he does at this moment.

His bodyguards were astonished too but they knew better than to argue with him.

He got into the driver seat of his car and Irene got in beside him .

They were both silent as he drove out of the hospital.

He was driving so rough and fast that Irene

panicked.

He didn't seem to know what he's doing,he just drove on, bumping into potholes he should have avoided.

He felt like screaming and destroy things,he wanted to cry till he could no longer cry anymore,he wanted to kill the son of a bitch.

"Harold, please slow down" Irene said, rubbing his back.

"Don't touch me Irene. Please" he said and she withdrew her hand looking so hurt.

"Harold,I'm going to terminate the pregnancy, can you just look act normally, Ethan can't have me! Like he had Carrle..you know that" Irene said.

He didn't seem to listen to her words,his expression didn't change a bit.

It only hardened.

It was starting to drizzle.

Irene was scared at the rate he was driving.

She started crying silently, she couldn't believe the monster she had turned him into.

Those eyes were monstrous, they could only belong to a monster, those were not Harold's loving eyes.

He slowed down when his phone started ringing.

He stared at the screen, it was an unknown number. Normally he doesn't pick unknown numbers but he needed everything to distract him from his thoughts now.

"Hello" Ethan said into the phone and Harold pulled over to a corner of the street.

He knows who it is.

"What do you want?" Harold asked through clenched teeth.

My baby" Ethan laughed.

Irene didn't know who it was but she could see Harold's hands tightening on the wheel, those hands gripped the wheel so hard that she could see his veins pop out.

He doesn't deserve this, he has gone through a lot to experience this shit all over again, she really felt sorry for him and she was really mad at herself.

She's going to terminate the pregnancy, she knows Harold dreads the thought of the baby not being his.

She isn't gonna make him go through that pain.

I must admit the night i spent with her was remarkable, she was incredibly good. Every part of her body was mesmerizing..like wow!" Ethan chuckled.

"Harold..the wheels" Irene said to him but he seemed like he was in another world.

He didn't say a word but he looked like he was listening keenly to whomever was on the phone.

I heard you had your share not long after that too, you must be so relaxed and excited at the thought that it's your baby. No, it's mine. I'm so sure of that. Though i hadn't meant to release into her but damn, her moans rendered me helpless"

You're not going to say anything?" Ethan laughed.

You should say something, i don't want to tell you this but i just have to, she informed me about the pregnancy herself, she told me you weren't in the ward at that moment and made me promise not to tell you. It's so sad no one wants to be with a weakling like you" Ethan taunted and Harold indeed went weak with what he just heard.

Well..we need to fix a date for the NIPP test. Which hospital do you suggest we go to and when is it going to be. I'm so eager to claim my wife and



my baby. And yes, I'm going to marry her. I'm done using Carrle" Ethan said and Harold disconnected the call.

He's going to do something he might regret if he keeps listening to Ethan.

"Irene get out of my car" He said slowly.

"Harold what are you saying?" Irene asked, her eyes ache terribly.

"Please, get out. I don't want to hurt you" He said, looking straight ahead, he hadn't even turned to look at her.

"Har..."

"Get out!" He yelled, slamming his hand on the wheel.

She unfastened her seatbelt and slowly opened the car door, hoping he'll tell her to stay back.

"Harold, it's raining" She said, her gaze was getting

blurry with tears.

He grabbed an umbrella from the backseat and handed it to her without a word.

She finally alighted from the car, not even bothering to use the damn umbrella. He slammed the door.

"Your luggage will be brought to your house" He said before driving off.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 71

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She watched his car till it was out of sight.

She stopped crying then and stared at the

umbrella.

She noticed he had added some dollar notes to it...to take a cab home of course.

He hadn't been so heartless after all.

At least he hadn't thrown the money at her.

She sneezed, the rain was getting to her.

She just hoped she found a cab soon, she couldn't even bring herself to use the umbrella.

Harold had left her hands trembling.

This was just a terrible nightmare and she's gonna keep up with it until someone wakes her up.

She hailed an oncoming cab to a stop.

She got in after mentioning her home address to the cabman.

She hadn't even noticed how her voice shook.

"Why didn't you use the umbrella with you? Instead of getting this drenched? The cabman asked her, she didn't respond and he noticed how far away her eyes looked.

He sighed, wondering what made her look this sad and scared.

She's drenched and she shivered.

"He left because he was so pissed, he doesn't want to hurt me right?" Irene asked no one in particular and the driver thought she was going crazy.

"U..uh? Miss?" He asked.

"Maybe I should have stayed there, he was going to drive back to pick me. Can you take me back to where you picked me?" Irene asked the cabman.

"It's raining pretty heavily and whoever dropped you there isn't coming back for you. I must say it's quite irresponsible of him to drop you off in the rain" The cabman said and Irene's eyes were filled with tears again.

"I understand if you don't have any money to pay me, you're probably stranded.." The cabman was saying.

"He left me some money, he's not so heartless. He's just pissed for now. He's going to come back for me" Irene wiped her tears.

The cabman nodded and sighed.

He couldn't believe she was defending someone who dropped her off in the rain.

Whoever the person is, he's so lucky to have her.

"We've arrived your house miss" The cabman told her.

"Really?" She said, she wasn't too familiar with the neighborhood and she was so lost in thought, she didn't even know when the cab came to a stop.

She dropped all the dollar bills Harold left for her and stepped out of the cab.

"You should take care Miss" The cabman shouted after her before driving away.

She walked into the gate, it was still raining pretty heavily, she didn't care to use the umbrella as she dragged her feet to the door.

She knocked on the door, hoping Mrs Nola or any bodyguard will be the one to open it for her but Mrs Neave stood there, looking at her stepdaughter in shock.

"Oh..my..goodness!" She exclaimed in shock.

"What happened?" She asked and Irene walked in.

She dropped the umbrella and headed for the couch, her legs were shaking and she was feeling so cold.

Mrs Neave quickly closed the door and hurried after her.

"What happened?" She asked.

"I'm fine" Irene said, dropping on the couch.

"You don't look fine! How come you're drenched when you have an umbrella with you? And you're supposed to be at your workplace" Mrs Neave said.

"I'm pregnant and fired" Irene laughed.

"What!" Mrs Neave exclaimed.

She knows for sure Harold is responsible for the pregnancy since things seems serious between him and Irene..but fired?

Ohh..He might not want her stressing herself.

"I understand all of it but how come you're looking so dejected? Your eyes are so red and swollen like you've cried a lot. Irene what's wrong?" Mrs Neave asked worriedly.

"Nothing is wrong mummy, it's just a terrible nightmare that i will wake up from soon" Irene smiled, feeling this can't be happening for real.

No. It can't.

"You need to pull off your wears,have a warm bath, I'll lit the fireplace for you" Mrs Neave said, she untied her apron and dropped it on the couch.

She had been making lunch before Irene



knocked.

"Pull my dresses? A warm bath? Hell no" Irene laughed and Mrs Neave wondered if she was drunk.

"I'm going to bed" Irene got on her feet.

"You can't go to bed in this wet clothes or you're gonna wake up with a fever" Mrs Neave said.

"No,I'm going to wake up in Harold's arms" Irene smiled, and walked to her room.

Mrs Neave toweled Irene's body dry after getting her to take a warm shower.

Irene was ready to go to bed in that wet clothing and Mrs Neave had stopped her and forced her to have a warm bath.

She smiled when she noticed the small tight bump,she's going to be a grandmother soon but she's so confused with everything here, Irene is not explaining anything.

Mrs Neave made her put on a thick sweater and blue baggy jeans with socks...she needed everything to feel warm.

"You shouldn't do this...this is just a dream"  
Irene ranted while Mrs Neave dried her hair.

Mrs Neave didn't respond, knowing Irene would be in a better condition when she wakes up.

She put her in bed and draped her blanket over her.

She lit the fireplace in Irene's room,watched her sleep before finally walking out of her room.

She was so worried, knowing something was wrong.

\*\*\*

"Hi Mum" Damien smiled, walking into the kitchen.

"Dam, how are you?" Mrs Neave asked.

"I'm fine, starving" He groaned.

"Lunch is ready, I'm just cleaning the kitchen" Mrs Neave said.

"Thank goodness, i should go freshen up" Damien said.

"Irene is around" Mrs Neave announced and Damien smiled but he wondered why Mrs Neave is looking unhappy.

"She came to say hi to us. She's in her room right?" He asked.

"She's pregnant" Mrs Neave said slowly.

"Huh?" Damien asked in surprise.

But he was happy, knowing Mr Harold is responsible, that'll make Irene finally become his.

"And...fired" Mrs Neave added.

"What!" Damien shouted.

Irene slept for hours and when she finally woke up, she dreaded opening her eyes.

She prayed everything had been a nightmare, she can't possibly be in her house.

Pregnant and fired?

No!

She sighed and her eyes finally flew open.

Tears rushed to her eyes, seeing this wasn't her room in Harold's mansion.

She could see Damien and Mrs Neave staring down at her and she knew everything she had thought to be a nightmare was real.

She was pregnant and she doesn't even know who the father is between Harold and that monster.

And Harold had dropped her off in the rain and driven off after saying her luggage will be brought to her house.

She's fired also!

"Why are you crying? Did someone hurt you?" Damien asked.

He was still in his school wears, he had refused to freshen up or eat after Mrs Neave told him Irene came home drenched and sad.

"..is there really a bump down there?" Irene asked,her voice was low as she pointed to her stomach.

Damien pulled up her sweater and nodded with a smile.

He hasn't seen anything more beautiful than this.

"A baby?" He asked in a voice almost close to whisper,he was intrigued and it took all his might not to cry.

"It's not a baby yet" Mrs Neave said.

"Whatever it is, this is beautiful" Damien said and quickly wiped a tear that dropped from his eyes.

Irene sat up and kissed his forehead.

"I love you Irene" He said, hugging her tight,he

loosened his grip,not wanting to hurt the tiny baby.

~Irene, we're having a baby!~ Harold's words rang in her head and his happy face when he had said that flashed in her eyes.

He had looked like he just discovered a huge box filled with gemstones until she told him about Ethan.

Damien looks so intrigued too,she wondered how he's going to feel when she tells him about Ethan.

~Irene...my heart is broken. My happiness has always been cut short? I deserve to be happy too~ Harold's words and sad face filled her mind and she bursted into tears.

He had looked so hurt and helpless.

"Why are you crying? I'm sure Mr Harold

doesn't want you to go through stress,that was why he made you stop your job" Damien said.

"Its not that..." Irene sniffed.

"It's what?" Damien asked, his heart was breaking at seeing his sister cry. He hates it so much.

"I don't know who is responsible for the pregnancy... between Harold and.." She paused.

"Ethan" She quickly added before resuming her tears.

"What the hell are you saying Irene!" Damien growled, getting to his feet.

Mrs Neave's was startled also,she knew Ethan Weston to be a bad person. Damien had told her every single thing about him and the saga



with Harold.

"Isn't Mr Harold the father of the baby? I saw you go into his room that night! Why the fuck are you mentioning that beast name? Are you drunk? What's going on?" Damien said in a rush, breathing fast.

He couldn't wait for Irene to say she had made a mistake in mentioning Ethan's name.

"We didn't do anything that night, we only had a drink. I haven't even had sex since i started working as Ivory's nanny and the last two men i slept with were Harold and Ethan" Irene had to explain.

Mrs Neave's mouth fell open.

"What? What did you just say?" Damien asked.

"It's so hard to repeat myself. You heard it Damien" Irene said .

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Damien yelled, banging Irene's dressing table and making the things on it fall off.

He had remembered vividly that Ethan indeed slept with Irene and he had even told her how lucky she was with wealthy men.

He had freaking told her that!

"The two men, they didn't use protection?" Mrs Neave asked and Irene shook her head.

"How could you allow that? You could have gotten infected with a disease or so!" Mrs Neave said.

"They do use protection! Everyone else had used protection except them. Madam Perse told me... Ethan isn't going to use it and she had made sure he's free of any disease whatsoever and... he was going to double the

money. Same with Harold, i needed the money then and i was on pills so..i didn't mind" Irene said, staring blankly into space.

She was so tired to continue crying.

Her head was aching and her eyes felt like it's gonna fall out soon.

Damien cried, knowing Irene had needed the money desperately then,to pay his school fees.

She hadn't minded because she wanted to pay his school fees.

He felt so bad, knowing he was the cause of this.

Irene would never have agreed to such if she hadn't needed to pay his fees.

This is just so heart wrenching,

"You used pills? Then you shouldn't be

pregnant" Mrs Neave said.

She was heartbroken too but she couldn't possibly cry before them when she's meant to console them.

"I used an antibiotics for an ear infection, it cancelled out the damn pills" Irene said.

"Damn!" Mrs Neave sighed, if she hadn't been in that position, Irene wouldn't have ventured into such job, they would have probably made a living together, Irene wouldn't have had to do everything alone.

She couldn't secure a better job because she is a school drop out, she had dropped out and allowed Damien continued with his education when things were tough.

And Irene had finally succumb to working for Mrs Perse when they almost died of hunger.

She has been through a lot to go through this again.

She had cared for them, not minding what she has to do to do it.

Mrs Neave wiped her tears, not able to hold it any longer.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't a good mother" She said to Irene in tears.

"I'm sorry I made you do that Irene, I'm sorry I put you into this condition, I'm so sorry" Damien cried.

"Hey! What the heck is wrong with the both of you? I don't regret working to care for you both. Mum, you cared for us when you could and Damien, I know you're going to care for me when you get older and have the capacity to. None of you caused this, do not feel bad. It's

meant to happen and I'll be terminating the pregnancy anyway" Irene said.

"What!" Mrs Neave exclaimed.

"Why? You shouldn't do that please" Damien said.

"Harold didn't take the news so well,he's so heartbroken. He was once broken by Ethan and it took so long for him to recover from it, going through this again is just too much for him, i can't bare to see him go through such pain again" Irene said.

"Irene, you are not terminating this pregnancy. Your life is at stake here! And whomever baby it is, deserves to live. " Mrs Neave said and Damien nodded in agreement. He hates Ethan so much but he isn't in support of Irene terminating the pregnancy.

"Harold is hurting so much" Irene said .

"What if the baby turns out to be his. You should consider that too." Mrs Neave said and Irene reasoned along with it.

Here, she's not so sure whose baby it is.

"What if it actually turns out to be Harold's?" She said and smiled for the first time.

"He was so happy when the doctor announced i was pregnant and he told me he's going to marry me" Irene blushed and Damien smiled, seeing her look so happy.

She's crazily in love with Harold,he wonder why she had refused to date him.

"Im not going to terminate it " Irene said.

"If it's Harold's" She added, looking so determined.

They knew it was better not to argue with her for now.

The thought of Harold being the father of her baby made her face brightened instantly.

"Did Mr Harold fire you?" Damien asked and Irene nodded.

"He left you in the rain?" He asked and Irene hesitated before nodding.

Damien fumed, brushing his hair back with his fingers angrily.

"He left me with an umbrella and dollars bills for cab, I'm to blame for not using the umbrella. I intentionally got drenched" Irene said.

"Whatever! It was so cruel of him to drop you off like that! he must have gone out of his mind, he's so lucky to have taken advantage of



my likeness for him,if it hadn't been for that,i won't spare him a bit" Damien said angrily.

"Wow, this is actually the first time you'll be sparing someone that tries to hurt me" Irene smiled.

"I like Mr Harold, he's just one of the most kind-hearted person i've met. I respect him a lot or i would never spare someone that dropped off my sister in the rain" Damien said.

"Harold isn't in the best of mood, you should understand he would never do this on a normal day" Irene said.

"I want you to be positive Irene,just have it in mind that Harold is responsible for it and you'll be fine" Mrs Neave said and Irene nodded.

"I'm sure he's going to come get you back to

his mansion once he's calm" Damien said.

"Yeah" Irene hoped so but the look that had been on Harold's face doesn't assure her that he's going to come back for her.

"Anyway, i need to introduce my friend to you"  
" Damien said.

"Ohh... does she stay around?" Irene asked, thinking it's another female friend.

"His name is Blaine" Damien smiled.

"OMG! Finally"

Two days later

Irene checked her phone for the ten thousandth time.

Nothing.

She had sent Harold tons of messages and thousands of call but he never responded.

She had wanted to go to his mansion but Mrs Neave had stopped her.

She was so sad and broken but the thought that Harold might be the father of the baby kept her going.

She can't even bare to look at her stomach whenever she's taking her bath.

Damien and his friend had kept her company during the weekend, and they had made her laughed during her sad moments but today is Monday,they had to go to school.

She's sitting with Mrs Neave in the living room and a movie was playing but Irene wasn't interested.

She missed Ivory so much.

She thought about her sweet moments with Harold and she was close to tears again.

She hope he's fine,she knows he's still gonna come around,she only needs to give him time to absorb everything.

"Mum, once it's time to make lunch,come get me in my room" Irene said, preparing to stand up.

"Sit Irene, i won't allow you go in there and start crying. You'll be here with me" Mrs Neave said.

"But i want to sleep" Irene said.

"Then sleep on the couch, you can place your head on my laps" Mrs Neave said and Irene groaned.

Irene and Mrs Neave were setting the table when Damien arrived from school.

He approached them in the dining room, breathing hard.

"Are you that hungry?" Irene asked.

"Mr Harold has been in coma for two days, he had accident not long after he dropped you off on Friday!" Damien said with a shaky voice.

Irene rushed into the hospital reception and she luckily saw Doc Fern.

"Doctor Fern! How's Harold?" She asked, panting.

"Slow down, you shouldn't do things like this. It might hurt the baby"

"How's Harold!" She half yelled.

"Ohh... Thankfully, Mr Harold got out of coma not quite long ago,just like a miracle" Doc Fern

smiled.

"Ahhh" She sighed in relief, resting her body on the counter.

She had been so terrified.

"Can i see him?" She asked.

"Uh..I'll have to inform him first. I'll be right back" Doc Fern said and Irene nodded.

She sat on a chair and patiently waited.

Doc Fern approached her few minutes later.

She got to her feet,ready to follow him into Harold's ward.

"I'm sorry...he doesn't want to see you" Doc Fern said and Irene stared at him in disbelief.

"He doesn't want to see me?" She confirmed in a shaky voice and Doc Fern nodded.

She swallowed hard and really tried holding her tears,coupled with another heartbreak.

"Okay..will he be fine?" She asked.

"Of course,he's recovering rapidly. Thanks for checking on him" Doc Fern said.

"Can i drop my number in case he wants to see me" Irene said hopefully and Doc Fern shook his head.

"He's going to call you if he wants to see you" Doc Fern said,he bid her bye and walked away.

She stood in the reception for a while before leaving.

Her eyes were filled with tears by the time she walked out.

"Oh..my.. God! Who's making the mother of my baby cry?" She heard and raised up her

head.

There stood Ethan with bodyguards around him like flies.

He stared softly at her stomach before turning to face her.

"How are you Irene?. It's so nice to meet you again" He grinned.

"Where's she?" Harold asked Alex .

He had told him to go call Irene back and now he's returning without her.

"I..i..i saw her getting into Ethan Weston car, they left already" Alex said, grinning inwardly.

"You're joking right?" Harold asked in disbelief or rather shock.

"No, Mr Harold,i saw them clearly" Alex said.



"Well..good for her" Harold said, looking unconcerned even though he was greatly bothered.

"Darn it! Harold if you lose that lady, i would never forgive you!" Mr Marshall yelled at him.

"If you didn't had that bandage on your head, i would have slapped some senses into you! Why the hell would you behave this way when it isn't even confirmed that the baby is that bastard's. I'm so disappointed in you" Mrs Marshall shouted at him.

"I want to be alone" Harold said.

"What?" Mr Marshall asked .

"Get out!" Harold yelled at them and they all marched out of his ward.

"That's not my son" Mrs Marshall cried and Mr Marshall sighed.

He couldn't believe this too.

Zeemah

Harold..i gat you

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 72

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Oh..my.. God! Who's making the mother of my baby cry?" She heard and raised up her head.

There stood Ethan with bodyguards around him like flies.

He stared softly at her stomach before turning to face her.

"How are you Irene?. It's so nice to meet you

again" He grinned.

"Who is the mother of your baby!" Irene yelled.

"I know about it already, you're carrying my baby" Ethan said and it took all Irene's might not to slap him.

"It's not yours motherfucker! It's Harold's!" Irene said through gritted teeth and Ethan laughed.

"We're both responsible for it for now but after the test, it'll be confirmed that it's mine."

"In your dream..i guess" Irene said angrily.

"Please,I'm going to do anything for you, whatever Harold did to make you love him,I'll do more than that. I don't only want the baby,i want you too" Ethan said and it was Irene's turn to laugh out loud.

"I don't know whatever stunt you're pulling but I'm not ready for it now and one doesn't have to do anything to earn other people's love. " Irene said and walked away.

She was still so distraught over what Harold had done.

He's obviously still pissed at her,he had refused to let her see him.

"I can drop you off at home" Ethan shouted after her but she ignored him and left.

"That's not my son" Mrs Marshall cried and Mr Marshall sighed.

He couldn't believe this too.

Harold had fully explained to them everything that had happened and they both felt so sorry

for Irene.

She had gone through a lot.

Mr Marshall wished he had met her sooner but Travis Natalie Noris was so discreet about his family.

"But..was prostitution the only option left?" Mrs Marshall wondered loudly.

"She has no certificate for a job, and I'm sure if she had managed to secure one,the earning would have been meager. It won't be enough to sustain them" Mr Marshall sighed.

Mrs Marshall shook her head in pity.

"I wonder how many people are out there going through hardship" She said sadly.

" I'm sure she would never have done that if they hadn't almost starved to death. She

dropped out to further her brother's education!  
And to see her stepmom get back on her feet!  
She's such a selfless charming lady. Harold  
mustn't lose her" Mr Marshall said.

"And she's so different from,her decency is  
something i so much admire, she's  
hardworking, loving,not manipulative,humble,  
beautiful. Believe me,i started loving her after  
noticing those traits and i thought she'd be  
very good for Harold" Mrs Marshall said.

"What are we going to do?" Mr Marshall asked.

"I don't know. There's nothing we can do than  
leave them to sort it out themselves" Mrs  
Marshall said.

"You can see how adamant Harold is, that boy  
is so stubborn"

"Just like you. You can't get him to do

anything during this moment until he's calm. Who wouldn't be pissed off at such. Ethan Weston hijacked Carrle from him. You know how many years it took for him to accept it and now this is happening. Everything centred around Ethan again! If only i can get to twist his neck" Mrs Marshall said angrily.

"He didn't hijacked Carrle, Carrle willingly and greedily left with him and i can vouch Irene won't do so. Even a blind can see the love between her and Harold" Mr Marshall said.

"I hope he'll be fine though,he looks pretty hurt" Mrs Marshall said worriedly.

"I thought you wanted to slap some senses into his head" Mr Marshall teased.

"I would never do that" Mrs Marshall said and they laughed.

"Call Tom to get Irene's luggage ready and take it to her house" Harold said to Alex who nodded and went to carry out the order.

His head ached terribly and it was starting to bleed again because of the way he had yelled.

"And to think i trusted her" Harold said angrily.

How dare she enter his car!

That simply means she had truly called Ethan to inform him of the pregnancy,he hadn't believed it when Ethan told him but now everything seems true.

He had thought she would never do that .

He thought Ethan was telling lies cause there's no way Irene would have his contact,not to talk of informing him about the pregnancy.



Ethan always have his way around things,he might have found out through another source but Irene's making it seems true!

Can he ever recover from the shock that Ethan might be responsible for the pregnancy?

He felt so bad for dropping her off in the rain but he couldn't help it, he couldn't hurt her cause he knew the way his hands were shaking while holding the wheel, he'll end up ramming the car into something.

Irene would have probably never have survived if she was in the car with him.

He wouldn't deny that he's pissed with her but he still wanted to see her badly and she had went off with him again!

What the fuck!

He's just so pissed right now.

Perhaps she knows the baby is not his.  
But could she have done such to him.  
Knowing what Ethan once made him go  
through but Alex couldn't have lied either.  
She had indeed gone into Ethan's car.  
Why did everything had to change overnight!  
This is so heart sickening.

"I can't believe you refused to eat just because  
he didn't allow you into his ward! What's  
wrong with you Irene!" Mrs Neave shouted.

"I'm not ready to eat yet. I'm okay" Irene said,  
hugging her knees to her chest.

"You were ready to eat before going to the  
hospital Rene"

"I'm not ready anymore, I'm just gonna throw up if i eat anything. Let me be!" Irene said and Mrs Neave sighed.

"She still doesn't want to eat?" Damien asked, walking out of his room.

"Yes"

"Irene, you can't make decisions for yourself alone anymore,you have to consider your baby, it's probably starving. I'm sure you won't want the baby to develop unhealthily.

Regardless of who owns the baby,it doesn't deserve to starve Please Irene" Damien said calmly and Irene stared into space.

"Mum, please can you dish out the meal, she's going to eat it" Damien said.

"Of course" Mrs Neave said and quickly went to.

"You need to stop thinking about Mr Harold,he didn't let you in because he's yet to absorb everything,it's too hard for him. You know what he once went through, you can't blame him,he's going to get back to you when he's calm. If you feel lonely here? I can skip school for some days and spend time with you"

"No, black ass. I don't need your company" Irene said and Damien laughed.

"Is my ass really black?" He asked with a playful frown.

"Very black" Irene widened her eyes dramatically and they laughed.

"You see Dam, I'm not so worried about him not allowing me into his ward, of course i understand him, I'm just worried about his health and i know Harold had probably

dropped me off because he knew his hands couldn't control the wheel for long anymore, he hadn't wanted me to get hurt, he still cared about me even when he was blinded with rage" Irene said, close to tears.

"I just wonder how he's feeling now, i want to see him, i want to know how much damage the accident had caused him. I want to see he's fine, i want to..." Irene paused with a sigh.

"I understand you Irene. Everything will be fine soon" Damien assured.

Mrs Neave served Irene her lunch and they watched her eat..

\*\*

They were watching a movie hours later when they heard a knock on the door.

"Come in" Damien said, thinking it was Blaine.

The door opened and Tom walked in.

Irene bursted into tears when she saw her luggage with him.

\*

"Daddy!" Ivory squealed happily jumping into Harold's arms.

He's just getting discharged after three days and he had insisted he wanted to go home.

The only person he had allowed into his ward during the past three days was his daughter.

He was so pissed at everyone else.

"Son, how are you?" Mrs Marshall asked.

"I'm fine" He said weakly.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes" Harold replied, Ivory was still in his arms

and she was massaging the plaster on his head and looking at him like a curious cat.

She knew he had accident and she do go check him in the hospital every day after school but he had bandage on his head then but now it's plaster .

"Where's the bandage." She asked in confusion.

"It was replaced with plaster" Harold said.

"Why?"

"It's of no use anymore"

"Are you still in pains?" Ivory asked sadly.

"No" He shook his head.

"You are looking sad,you don't even smile at me anymore" Ivory complained, burying her head in the crook of his neck.

"I'm sorry princess, I'm so sorry" Harold said.

He couldn't believe he had allowed the matter get to him to the extent of not smiling at his princess!

"I'm sorry" He kissed her cheeks and she nodded.

She grinned at him and he grinned back at her.

"Let's go to my room, I have to go freshen up"  
He said.

She played with his hair as they proceeded to his room.

Mrs Marshall sighed, knowing this is not the best moment to talk to her son.

He's still looking sad.

Harold met Ivory sobbing on his bed after he



walked out of the bathroom.

He felt so relieved, having freshened up.

"Oh my God! What's wrong?" He rushed to her.

"Irene...i..i miss her. Why did you make her leave? I want to see her, i want to talk to her"  
She cried .

"Damn!" Harold cursed.

"Just stop crying okay?" He said rubbing her hair.

"I want to talk to her" Ivory cried and Harold knew she won't stop crying anytime soon if he doesn't do something.

"Do you want me to call her for you, will you speak to her over the phone?" Harold asked and she nodded eagerly.

He sighed and reached for his phone.

It was badly cracked due to the accident,he's just so glad it's still working fine,there are some important files on it that he should have transferred to his laptop and once he does that, he's going to thrash it. He got a new one already.

He had seen the countless messages and calls from Irene and he was touched.

He almost felt bad but he didn't allow it get to him, he was still so pissed she had went off with Ethan.

He was still burning with rage.

He clicked on Irene's contact, his heart hasn't raced this fast for days now but just seeing her name..gosh.

He placed the phone on his ear and waited for her to pick up.

Harold" She said and his anger melted instantly.

He couldn't believe how his heart pounded with love for her,he couldn't speak for a moment,he only swallowed hard.

Damn!

He really miss her.

Are you fine? How are you feeling now? Are you okay? Do you want me to come?" She asked, getting on her feet already.

I didn't call to speak to you, Ivory wanted to hear from you" He said and quickly handed his phone to Ivory.

His heart raced fast and he felt like setting his eyes on her.

He couldn't believe hearing her voice toned

him down to this extent.

Why was he angry with her in the first place?

Not like it had been her fault, and why the hell is he acting like Ethan is the father of the baby already.

What if the baby is his?!

How could he have allowed Ethan get to him again! He had gotten away with Carrle and he's about to with Irene!

No, he's going to stop it.

He's going to fight for the baby and not just the baby alone but Irene.

He loves her so much to lose her to Ethan!

That son of a bitch.

What has he been thinking all this while! He couldn't believe he almost submitted to Ethan

again!

He hadn't fought for Carrle but that won't be the case with Irene.

No!

He can't live happily without her, he just can't.

He had known what he went through without her in his life, he didn't feel alive.

He suddenly feels so sorry for the way he had treated her, he really needs to apologise to her.

He watched as Ivory's face lit up as she spoke to Irene, Ivory never cried for any of her nanny, she never wanted any of her nanny back but damn! Irene's different.

He's not only going to fight for Irene for his sake alone but for Ivory's too.

She has been looking so dull for the past few

days now and seeing her look so happy now filled his heart with joy.

"Ivory, I'm going to get Irene back" Harold said to her after she disconnected the call.

"Thanks Daddy" She flew into his arms and he smiled.

And..ohh,he really needs to apologise to his parents also.

Next Day

Irene walked out of the pharmacy in her street.

She had went to get some medications for her Mum,who was down with fever.

She couldn't believe she had cried in the pharmacy, remembering Harold.

She had been so excited seeing his call yesterday but he only dashed her hope.

Though she was glad to have spoken to Ivory but she really misses Harold.

She's starting to get pissed at him though.

She sniffed and wiped her tears as she stepped out of the pharmacy.

"Get in the car, I'll take you home" She heard the voice, she would recognize even in her dream.

She looked up to see Harold, he was looking as handsome as ever even with the huge plaster on his forehead but she was so pissed at him! even though it took all her might not to hug him.

Her heart was reaching out to him and her body too.

But no!

She isn't going to give in to that.

He had put all the blame on her and even shunned her out of his life, he made her cry and feel bad.

She hissed and tried to walk away.

"Do you really want to walk down the street with your make up smeared all over your face?" He asked with a grin and she badly wanted to kiss him.

"Yes, if the alternative is getting a lift from you!" She said curtly, trying to walk away again and before she could guess his intention, he stooped and snatched her off her feet to carry her across the street.

"Let go of me" She yelled but he ignored her completely.

She started thumping him so hard with her



clenched fist.

"You're a violent little thing, aren't you? Fight all you want but don't hurt my baby" He said, stuffing her in the backseat of a waiting limo.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 73

---

"You're a violent little thing, aren't you? Fight all you want but don't hurt my baby" He said, stuffing her in the backseat of a waiting limo.

"Go out for a moment" Harold said to his driver.

Irene stopped fighting and stared at him in surprise..did he just say,his baby?

Finally he's ready to fight for it.

Her stomach churned in excitement and a big smile lit up her face.

"Did you just say your baby?" She asked to confirm.

"Yes, my baby. The father is yet to be known though but for now, it's mine and I'm going to fight for it" Harold said and Irene blinked back tears.

She knew he was going to come around.

She knew he was never going to abandon her.

She knew he was going to come back for her.

Harold loves her than to abandon her.

"Irene,I'm sorry. For everything" He said,

holding her hands .

She looked like a baby herself as she stared into his eyes.

"Come here" She said, hugging him tightly.

No doubt her broken heart mended already, it's starting to pound perfectly.

"I knew you were going to come back for me"  
She sobbed on his shoulders and he rubbed her back gently.

He kissed her hair " I can never abandon you, i was so broken then that i didn't even knew what i was doing"

"I understand you Harold, i know what Ethan once did to you,i know you're still yet to heal from Helena's death, everything is just so hard on you. Anyone would act the same way" Irene said, disengaging from the hug.

"Yeah and Irene,i hadn't meant to drop you off in the rain..." Harold was saying.

"You did that cause you didn't want me to get hurt with you, you knew your hands couldn't control the wheel for long anymore" Irene completed his statement and he stared at her in awe.

"H..how could you understand me this much? You've only spent months with me and you've known so much about me." Harold was touched deeply.

If he doesn't end up with Irene,he's just going to kill himself.

"Of course i know you're not that heartless." Irene smiled.

She's so happy he's right here with her.

She had thought he wasn't going to come back

anymore but here he is making her heart beat faster than normal.

"I know how quickly you get emotional, you must have cried a lot" Harold said and she nodded with a pout.

"I'm sorry" He said cupping her cheeks in his palms.

"I know you are. Who were you on the call with before parking the car? Who made you so angry? You almost broke the wheel" Irene said.

"It was Ethan, telling me how he slept with you and how he's coming to claim his baby" Harold said.

"Ohh" Irene said, understanding what has gotten Harold so worked up.

"But how did he found out so soon? How? We were just leaving the hospital when he called"

Irene wondered aloud.

"Ethan always have his way around things. I told you before we left the hospital that he's going to find out soon and come for the baby" Harold said.

"Yes you did but he can't always have his way around things that easily, are you saying he was in the hospital when Doc Fern announced to us that i was pregnant" Irene said.

"He said you told him, though i didn't believe cause i know there's no way you could have gotten his contact,not to talk of calling him to inform him of your pregnancy,I've not know you for so long but i don't think you're someone like that"

"What the fuck! That sly fox! I didn't tell him anything,i don't even have his fucking contact

and even if i do,there's no way I'm going to contact him. I can't believe he lied" Irene was pissed.

"That's expected of Ethan,you shouldn't be surprised" Harold said.

"I didn't tell him,he lied that i did, trying to cover the person who told him." Irene said.

"Exactly!" Harold said.

"Then someone who was around us at that moment informed him, there's no way he could have known" Irene said.

"Wait..i never thought of that, you might be right! " Harold said.

"A spy... Who were those around us the moment Doc Fern announced it to us?" Irene asked.

"No one, except my bodyguards who stood by the door and were only doing their duty, i even doubt they overheard us cause Doc Fern wasn't so loud" Harold said.

"Who are the bodyguards?" Irene asked.

"Hey! Stop being a detective" Harold teased and they smiled.

"Alex and Robbins" Harold said..

"Alex??" Irene asked, her mind giving her the answer already.

Could Alex be a spy?

Or was she thinking this way because she doesn't like him.

"Listen Irene, i know you do not like Alex but there's no way he would betray me,i trust him so much like i trust every of my bodyguards,



everyone of them has been loyal to me for years now" Harold said.

"You never can tell, Harold! You don't know what's going on inside them, you do not know what they are doing behind you, don't be so sure none of them can betray you, we live in a funny world" Irene said and Harold stared at her thoughtfully.

He truly shouldn't trust people so deeply but he can vouch for his bodyguards especially Alex..

"But i still think your dislike for Alex is clouding your judgement" Harold said.

"No..well, not really. Why did you say that?" She asked.

"Alex wasn't the only one at the door. Robbins was too"

"Okay well..they are both suspects but i don't know why Alex came to my mind first and trust me Harold,my intuitions are always right" Irene said.

"What if it's neither Alex nor Robbins. What if it's a nurse that agreed to always keep tab on us after Ethan probably promised to give her a whole lot of money. Ethan knows i don't use any hospital asides Fern's" Harold said.

"You might be right!. It could be that too, what are we going to do?" Irene sighed.

"I don't know cause we're not even sure about the suspect yet"

"We're going to check the hospital's CCTV footage!" Irene said.

"Hmm...good thought" Harold smiled,her smartness amazes him at times.

He hadn't even thought of that.

"And after checking the footage, we'd know at least someone who seems suspicious, we'll tell the detectives about it and investigation would begin" Irene said.

"Good but is that really necessary?" Harold asked.

"Yes! Harold, a spy can be dangerous, they mostly destroy things behind closed doors and whatever they are bent on destroying would have gone out of repair before the victim finds out. I don't want anyone hurting you, please" Irene said and Harold nodded.

"I'm going to meet with the security department of Fern's hospital" Harold said.

"How come you're looking more pretty, is it my baby? " Harold asked and she laughed.

For the first time, she was happy to be carrying a baby.

"I didn't expect you to look this handsome too . I thought the accident would have left some ugly scratches on your face" Irene scoffed playfully.

"I protected my face, i wouldn't want my baby to grow up to an ugly father" Harold said and if there was anything Irene wished for most, it's for the baby to turn out to be Harold's.

Seeing how happy he looks now with the thought of the baby being his, brought tears to her eyes.

"Com'on, you have to stop crying every now and then, you're hurting the baby" Harold dabbed her tears with his handkerchief and then kissed her lightly on the lips.

She beamed brightly.

"Damn! You're not trying to make my breath seize with your beauty,are you?" Harold groaned and she laughed.

She felt so at peace now.

Harold leaned forward to kiss her again and this time it was a long sizzling kiss.

They both stopped to catch their breath and they laughed seeing how flushed they both look.

"Geez! My mum's medications. I have to go" Irene said.

"Wait...you didn't even asked how i knew you were at the pharmacy." Harold said.

"I need to get this medication to my mum first" Irene said worriedly.

"Doc Fern is in your house now, taking care of your mum" Harold.

"What? How?" Irene asked.

"I went to your house and Mrs Neave answered the door, i noticed she was down with fever and she confirmed it even though, i called Doc Fern immediy" Harold said.

"I forwarded your home address to him and i made sure he arrived before coming to find you"

"Ohh" Irene said, relieved her Mum is getting treatment.

"Thank you Harold" She smiled.

"So, how did you know i was at the pharmacy?" Irene asked.

"Your mum told me, even though she seemed

angry with me" Harold smiled.

"Yeah she is" Irene sighed.

"I bet Damien must be angry with me too. He probably didn't come to me because i was at the hospital" Harold laughed.

"Damien was not so angry and that was because he likes you so much, he understands you and he had even advised me to be patient,that you're going to come around soon" Irene said.

"Really? Wow! " Harold smiled.

"You won his heart already" Irene chuckled.

"Obviously" Harold said.

"Irene, I'm sorry to have not let you into my ward when you came to check on me. I was still pissed " Harold said.

"It's fine, I knew you weren't ready to see me then" Irene said.

"I was still burning with rage then but i told Alex to come get you back but you already went out with Ethan" Harold hissed jealously.

"Went off with Ethan?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, Alex returned to me and said you went off with Ethan" Harold said.

"I met Ethan outside the hospital truly but i didn't went off with me, did you actually believed i entered his car?" Irene asked.

"You mean,you didn't?" Harold asked.

"I didn't! He only said some thrash about wanting his baby and i didn't even gave enough chance to have a long convo with me before walking away ".



"Uhhhh" Harold said slowly, wondering why Alex had told him a different thing.

"I seriously don't know what sort of game Alex is trying to play, I'm starting to think he's the suspect" Irene said.

"Com'on, i guess he was mistaken. You know how much Ethan womanizes,he might have made another lady get into his car after you left and Alex had thought it was you" Harold said.

"Oh... really?" Irene said thoughtfully.

"Yeah. I'm so relieved you hadn't gotten into his car with him though" He said.

She smiled even though she hadn't agreed to the excuse Harold gave.

Alex had lied!

But why??

"My parents are aware" Harold said and Irene's eyes widened.

"Of everything" He added.

"Huh?" Irene asked, panicky.

"Yeah and they took it better than i thought, they are still okay with me getting married to you" Harold said.

"What! Are you being serious?" Irene asked and Harold nodded with a smile.

"I was surprised also" He said.

"With your Mum too?" Irene asked.

"Yes!" Harold said.

"Oh..my.. God!" Irene screamed,she was stunned!

The Marshalls accepted her even with her dirty past!

She was beyond happy.

Harold laughed "Com'on,even if they hadn't accepted you,it wouldn't have stopped me from taking things further with you. They won't have any other choice than to respect my decision"

"But their approval really means a lot and I'm glad we got it already" Irene beamed, filled with happiness.

"Yeah right...so will you come back to the house please?" Harold asked.

"I would love to but i think the only reason Ethan hasn't made a drastic move is because he thinks I'm carrying his baby and also because he knows things went sour between

us. Ethan might hurt you if i go back with you Harold. You know how dangerous he is." Irene said and Harold sighed sadly.

"Why don't we do the test soon, it'll be safe to return to your house after the test, he won't want to hurt you then cause if the baby turns out to be his,he would definitely want you to be alive so he can taunt you with it" Irene said.

"You know him so much, Ethan loves to taunt people" Harold said.

"So..when are we doing the test?" He asked.

Ivy Royals

"I seriously don't know what's going on also" Allysia said to Damien during lunch break.

They've both been unhappy over what's going on between Harold and Irene, Marlene was unhappy too cause neither Allysia nor Damien

looks happy.

"She doesn't eat until we have to force her, she cries all the time" Damien said worriedly.

Marlene sighed. "Do you want me to place a call through her and make her happy for at least a moment?"

"No Marl, thank you" Damien said.

"He was discharged yesterday and im not sure he came out of his room" Allysia sighed.

"Believe me guys, this is normal." Marlene said.

She and Allysia was well aware of the whole story, Damien had told them, they were all unhappy.

"I don't want to get angry at Mr Harold for making my sister go through all this, but one thing i hate so much is seeing her cry, it breaks

my heart" Damien said pushing his lunch away.

Marlene rubbed his back. "Everything will be fine" She assured.

"Thank you" Damien said. He was so glad to have Marlene in his life.

She was always ready to comfort him and Allysia, she shared their sad moments with them like a good friend should.

His feelings for her didn't falter for once, it keeps increasing to his surprise and he had planned to ask her out before all this happened.

"Okay...the both of you have to eat, you won't want to look like broomsticks once they finally reconcile" Marlene said and they laughed.

\*\*\*      \*\*\*

Harold sat in his office, working.

He has not had a rest or eaten since morning.

He has to catch up on all the works that has been left behind for days.

His manager can do that but Harold loves doing things himself,he loves doing things to his own satisfaction.

And the great time he had spent with Irene yesterday,made him work happily.

The intercom buzzed and he picked it up.

Hey" He said.

Mr Harold, Ethan Weston is here to see you" His secretary said.

Ohh... really?" Harold asked,not surprised a bit.

But i told him there's no way he can,he

refused to leave but the securities are on their way to lead him out. I just wanted to inform you.

Let him in" Harold said.

Sir??

Let him in" Harold repeated.

Ohh...okay sir"

The call disconnected and the secretary turned to face Ethan and his multiple bodyguards.

"Uhh..He said you can come in" She said and Ethan gave her a one sided smile.

"I told you he won't dare refuse to let me in." Ethan grinned.

"You'll be led to his office" She said.

"I know my way" Ethan said and then walked



to the elevator with his bodyguards.

He was friends with Harold for years and even though hates to admit it, Harold had a hand in making him this successful today.

"Have you gotten that stuff ready?" Ethan whispered to one of his bodyguards.

"Yes boss" The bodyguard bowed and Ethan laughed as he got into the elevator.

Zeemah

Thanks for reading

Guys,i should have posted this chapter since morning o i took cough medicine and said lemme sleep small, i opened my eyes and it was four already!

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 74

---

"I'm sorry but you can't go in with your bodyguards!" Robbins said sternly to Ethan.

"Says who?" Ethan asked.

"It's not allowed, no one goes into my boss's office with bodyguards " Robbins said.

"Move out of the way" Ethan said menacingly.

"Ethan Weston, you really need to give yourself some respect. I'm sure your bodyguards do follow everything you tell them, you don't expect me to disobey my boss too.

Alex why aren't you saying anything?!"

Robbins asked, quite surprised by Alex sudden behavior.

They were both assigned to stay by Mr Harold's door.

"Your boss wouldn't dare tell me not to come in with my bodyguards. Move out of the way" Ethan said.

"I dare tell you Ethan Weston, not to come into my office with any bodyguard. If you insist, then you can take your leave" Harold said, appearing at the door.

"Ohh...i can see you gave your bodyguard the opportunity to stand before me and say thrash" Ethan said.

"You gave your bodyguards the freedom to glare at me too" Harold asked.

"Why do they look so malnourished? I bet Robbins can beat up the ten of them in just few minutes" Harold laughed.

Ethan looked annoyed "Are you mocking my bodyguards?"

"Of course not but you shouldn't eat all the meals alone, make them feed well and work out, you know they are the ones meant to protect you whenever you're in danger, they look so starved they could pass for gatekeepers and even my gatekeeper is not as malnourished as they are." Harold said, wearing a mockery smile.

Ethan saw his bodyguards stare at their feet and he was so angry they had allowed Harold's words get to them.

He gritted his teeth and glared hard at Harold who doesn't even seem affected by anything.

"And why do you have to go out with ten bodyguards? Are your bad deeds that much

that you need ten bodyguards to follow you wherever you go. You don't feel safe cause you've hurt so many people and you're afraid of being hurt too. I go out with just two bodyguards or none at all, don't you feel choked with all these people around you?" Harold asked.

"Keep shut! Fool" Ethan barked angrily.

"Okay sir" Harold laughed and Robbins laughed too.

Ethan had initially thought he'd be the one to make mockery of Harold but tables are turned already.

"Damn! Look at that one at the back. Is he eighteen?" Harold asked pointing to a bodyguard who looked so thin and frail.

"Damien is seventeen boss" Robbins reminded

Harold and they both bursted out laughing.

"Right! Damien is seventeen and he's even more built than this guy. He looks matured, i think he only needs some diet." Harold said feeling so sorry for him.

" Before they leave, make Anna write a cheque of \$200,000 and give it to him secretly" Harold whispered to Robbins who nodded.

"I'm so sorry guards, i didn't mean to mock you all" Harold apologized and they all stared in surprise.

"If you're still insisting on coming in with your bodyguards,then you may leave" Harold said, making to close the door.

"Fine, I'll come in alone" Ethan said through gritted teeth.

He was so mad his plan just got ruined.

Harold was seated comfortable on his seat when Ethan walked in.

"Sit" He offered.

"I don't need to" Ethan said.

"You can stand then. Why are you here?" Harold asked, he wouldn't allow Ethan threaten him and push him around like a bushbaby anymore.

"My baby" Ethan said and Harold bursted into a loud laughter.

"I'm not the one carrying the baby, does my stomach look that big?" Harold asked, touching his stomach dramatically.

"I'm not here to joke Harold!" Ethan yelled, banging the table.

He sent some files flying in the air and that

almost pissed Harold off but he remained calm. He picked his phone and placed a call across Robbins.

Send one of Ethan bodyguards in now.

Okay Mr Harold.

The door opened and a bodyguard walked in.

"Clean your boss's mess" Harold said to him pointing to the files on the floor" Harold said and the bodyguard didn't hesitate, he picked the files and arranged it neatly on Harold's table.

He so much wished he was working for Harold.

"Thank you,you can leave" Harold smiled and the bodyguard left.

Ethan eyes dimmed with anger " What did you



just do?"

"You were not blind, you saw it all and didn't stop me" Harold said.

"You do not have the right to order my bodyguard around" Ethan said.

"I did not, i only asked him to clean your mess. Isn't it part of their duty?" Harold asked.

"Whatever! The baby Irene is carrying is mine and i do not only want the baby but her too" Ethan grinned.

"Okay, have you told her?" Harold asked, looking so unmoved that it pissed Ethan off.

He had wanted to see Harold look threatened and scared but the fool is looking otherwise.

"What exactly do you want? Are you here to talk about a baby that's yet to be confirmed as

yours or you're here for another reason? I have so many work to do" Harold said.

"Like i once said,I'm done with Carrle and now I'm moving to Irene"

"You must be a dunderhead to think you can win Irene over that easily. Do you know her at all? Even if you offer her the whole wealth in the world,she is going to remain on her stand. I should give you a hint, you can't win Irene over with wealth, or material things" Harold smiled.

"What game are you trying to play Harold?" Ethan asked suspiciously.

"Game? I do not need to play any game, Irene's mine already but you are free to 'shoot your shot' though" Harold laughed.

"This was exactly how you claimed carrle was

yours then before i took her away from you"  
Ethan laughed.

"I know right but can't you see Irene's different from Carrle, are you that foolish?" Harold groaned.

"You're the foolish one here Harold. Whatever you say won't make me stop fighting for my baby and you know how bloody my fights can be , it'll be better for you to step down now"  
Ethan said.

"Oh..my.. God! I'm scared" Harold shivered dramatically before bursting into laughter.

"You should really desist from threatening people Ethan, you've been doing this for years now,i thought you'd be more matured by now. I'm so disappointed" Harold shook his head.

"Step down now Harold! Or you'll face the

consequences,you know how dangerous i am"  
Ethan said.

" You're dangerous right? Then,you shouldn't  
be so scared of a weakling like me...gosh"  
Harold said.

"Scared?" Ethan laughed. "I'm not scared, i  
just don't want to hurt you or people close to  
you"

"I couldn't fight for Carrle,but now i want to  
know how it feels to really fight for what you  
want. I'll be fighting for Irene and the baby and  
i should warn you to get ready,I'll not be so  
nice" Harold said and for the first time ever  
Ethan felt threatened.

"Okay, the battle line is drawn" Ethan said  
with all the courage he could muster.

"You're so good in doing things like this right?"

Harold asked.

"Of course, are you getting scared already?"

Ethan laughed.

"Scared? Hell no but don't be so relaxed thinking you're going to win this time cause I'm going to make you taste my venom"

Harold said, his eyes darkened to the deepest shade of Jade.

Ethan covered his fear with a scary laughter.

"Really? Then the best should throw the best pitch" Ethan said.

"And starting now, I'm gonna be pitching knives and spares" Harold smiled slowly and Ethan tightened his fist.

Damn!

Harold made him scared for the first time in

his life.

"If you have nothing more to say, you may leave. I was working before you came in here" Harold said.

"And if you dare hurt anyone close to me, I'll wipe off your entire family and make you lose the huts you call companies, you know with just a word from me to the press, you're ruined. The battle is between us, do not let it exceed to our close ones" Harold said.

Ethan gave him one last look before walking out of his office, Alex was surprised to see Ethan look that way as he walked away with his bodyguards.

What could Harold have said to him.

Robbins walked into Harold's office after he summoned him.

"Did you give the bodyguard the cheque?"  
Harold asked.

"Yes Mr Harold, he was so grateful" Robbins  
said.

"He's the worst looking of them all and i know  
he really needs the money" Harold said.

"I hope things went fine between you and  
Ethan Weston?" Robbins asked.

"Very fine! I'm so proud of myself, I've never  
felt this good" Harold smiled.

"I'm glad" Robbins smiled too.

"I'm starving already" Harold said.

"I'm going to order lunch right away sir"  
Robbins said and Harold nodded with a smile.

"OMG!" Irene laughed so hard at the movie she

was watching with her stepmum.

Mrs Neave stared at her and smiled.

Irene has been so happy since Harold came around.

She smiled and laughed at everything, she even ate to her full, claiming she doesn't want her baby to starve.

Damien was so happy too.

Harold's presence really lit up Irene.

She even looks more beautiful now, she had worn a bright coloured dress today and packed her hair in her favorite style.

How she quickly changed after seeing Harold didn't surprise Mrs Neave, she was once in love too.

Her only prayer now was for Harold to be the



one responsible for the pregnancy, then everything can continue being rosy.

And she's going to start knitting little wears for the baby.

Irene sniffed the bunch of flowers Harold has sent to her this morning, she smiled and continued watching the movie.

Mrs Neave chuckled softly knowing she can't even count the amount of time Irene had sniffed the flowers.

Her daughter is so in love..

"Should i make some pizza rolls for you?" Mrs Neave asked.

"No, you really need to rest so the medications can work and i just finished a bag of potato chips not long ago" Irene said.

"Oh.. okay" Mrs Neave smiled.

"Do you want something?" Irene asked.

"No, I'm okay" Mrs Neave said and Irene nodded before turning back to the movie.

"I should switch to another channel already, this movie is going to crack my ribs" Irene laughed hard and quickly grabbed the remote control.

Ivy Royals

"I'm so happy" Marlene grinned after Damien and Allysia told her the couple reconciled already.

"I still can't believe how Irene changed after Mr Harold came around, it was so surprising. She ate everything she could lay her hands on yesterday and we even had to stop her at some point" Damien said and they laughed.

"This is a great news!" Marlene said.

"Yes it is. I'm so happy" Allysia said.

"And Mr Harold even sent flowers to her before i left for school this morning" Damien said.

"Awwwn" Marlene and Allysia said in unison.

"Geez! Ladies do have common traits. That was what Irene said after receiving the flower and i almost thought she had turned into a cat" Damien said and Allysia and Marlene laughed hard.

"Damn! You're so funny" Allysia said.

"He is and he doesn't even know it" Marlene said, staring lovingly at Damien.

"What's stopping you both from dating already?" Allysia asked, resting her chins on her palms.

"Huh?" Marlene asked, blushing hard.

She quickly made her hair cover her cheeks and then stared at her fingers nervously.

Damn! Allysia shouldn't have brought this up now.

"Uhh..." Damien scratched his hair, stealing glances at Marlene.

"You don't have to say anything. Allysia was just joking. Right Allysia?" Marlene asked.

"No, I'm not" Allysia shrugged.

Ding!

"Oh..my, see how flushed you both look"  
Allysia laughed and Marlene glared at her playfully.

"Okay, Damien,how's Blaine? You've not talked about him recently" Allysia said and

Damien laughed.

"Stop pretending already, you like him"

Marlene said.

"I don't" Allysia denied.

"You do" Damien said, it was their turn to see Allysia's cheeks go red and they both laughed.

"I only asked cause i you haven't talked about him for days now" Allysia said.

"That's because of what happened. Blaine's fine and he asks of you too" Damien said.

"Really?" Allysia asked.

"Yes, will you come over by weekend?"

Damien asked.

"I will!" Allysia quickly said and realising she had said that too fast and eagerly.

"I will" She repeated very slowly and less

eagerly. It made Marlene and Damien burst into laughter.

"Marl, will you come over too?" Damien asked and the idea sounded great to Marlene, she'll get to meet Blaine and even Irene! But she doubt her father would allow her. He won't allow her step out of the palace.

"Maybe next time" Marlene said.

"Why?" Allysia and Damien asked in unison.

"I don't think my Dad will allow me" She said sadly.

"Why? He doesn't allow you visit friends?"

Allysia asked and Marl nodded.

"You said he knew about us,I'm sure he won't mind if you want to hang out with us" Damien said.

"It's not even that" Marlene said.

"It's what?" Damien asked.

"Okay! You know what? I'll try to cajole him into letting me come over, how about that?" Marlene asked with a smile.

"Great!"

They continued chatting and laughing as they ate.

Allysia was so glad to be part of them.

They were her best gift!

NEXT DAY...

Harold sat in his office at 'Harold's construction'

He was busy with his laptop that the cup of coffee before him had turned cold.

So much is needed to be done and he needs to finish it up.

His phone started ringing and he almost ignored it but he couldn't after staring at the screen.

It was Irene.

He smiled, he didn't even inform her of Ethan's visit.

Hey babe" He said.

Ha..rld" She said and he noticed how dull her voice sounded..

What's wrong?" He asked.

T..the baby,i..j..ust fell. Bl..ood. I'm bleeding!" She said in tears.

"Oh my God!" Harold nearly dropped his laptop on the floor..



He rushed out of his office and Robbins and Alex hurried after him.

Is Mrs Neave there?" Harold asked as he rushed to the parking lot.

She went to the grocery store. I don't want to lose my baby" Irene cried weakly.

Just hold in there for me okay. I'll be right there, stay on the call, do not disconnect" Harold said.

"Get the damn car ready!" Harold yelled at his driver.

Zeemah

Irene

And am i the only one that enjoyed the way Harold handled Ethan

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 75

---

Harold arrived at Irene's house in minutes and he almost fell as he rushed out of the car when his driver wasn't even fully parked.

He got into the house in a flash and Robbins thought Mr Harold could beat Usain Bolt at that moment.

I..I'm in my room. The first one on the left" Irene said.

Harold threw his phone at Robbins who caught it like he had been expecting it.

He headed to Irene's room and almost tore the door open.

He walked in and met her writhing in pain on the floor, with her white robe messed with blood.

Her eyes had gone red with tears and she was looking ashen.

"OMG!" He exclaimed, picking her up.

"I..i " She was saying.

"Don't say anything" Harold said, rushing out of the room with Irene in his hands.

Robbins and Alex were shocked to see her in that condition.

They hurried after Harold.

He helped her into his car and Robbins and Alex quickly got in too.

No one told the driver before he started driving at a full speed to Doc Fern's hospital.

Irene cried knowing she had once prayed for a miscarriage which would be the solution to their problems but suddenly she didn't want that to happen anymore.

"God is punishing me" She cried and Harold insisted she shouldn't say anything.

He was scared.

Doc Fern was waiting outside the hospital with some nurses before they got there, Harold had called him.

They quickly led her into the hospital and took her to the examining room.

Harold paced the hall, deeply worried.

He doesn't even care if the baby is his or not at this moment, the baby deserves to live.

Robbins quickly handed a face cap and

sunglass to him.

He sighed before taking it.

"I'll go get him a new shirt at home" Alex said to Robbins and made to walk out of the hospital.

"Alex" Harold called him back.

"Yes Mr Harold" Alex said.

"You don't have to go home,I'll send my driver to pick a new shirt for me" Harold said.

"Allow me go Mr Harold, the driver won't be so fast with it" Alex said, he needed to call Ethan to inform him of the recent happenings.

"Robbins,send my driver to go bring me a new shirt" Harold said, ignoring Alex's request.

"Okay Mr Harold" Robbins said.

Alex was bothered but he didn't show it.

Mr Harold has never refused him to do things for him.

Could it be that he's starting to suspect him?

Harold let out a deep sigh...he was scared.

He wants the baby and he would be so pained if they lose the baby but Irene's health comes first.

Robbins returned back into the hospital and handed Harold's phone to him.

Mrs Neave was calling.

He received the call and placed the phone on his ear.

I got home now and decided to check Irene in her room. All i saw was blood! Irene has been hurt and kidnapped by Ethan. Help me out!" Mrs Neave cried over the phone.

She wasn't kidnapped Mrs Neave, she was bleeding. I'm with her in the hospital now.

OMG! I'm on my way" Mrs Neave said.

Please bring along some fresh wears for her" Harold said.

Okay" Mrs Neave disconnected the call.

\*

Doc Fern examined her and he could see she was still bleeding but not so heavily.

"Let's get a sonogram done and see what's going on?" He said peeling off his gloves.

Irene kept crying.

"You need to stop crying Miss Irene, it might make the situation worst" Doc Fern said.

The nurses put her in a wheelchair and she was rolled down the hall.

"What's happening?" Harold asked, looking so worried as he followed them.

"We don't know yet, go back Mr Harold" Doc Fern said.

They took her in for a sonogram right away while Harold waited outside.

A technician ran the wand over Irene's belly,they could see the baby on the screen,it was moving and seemed peaceful.

Irene's heart melted at the sight, she has never seen anything look so beautiful, her heart went out to it and she bursted into tears again.

"There's a clot but just a small one" The technician said.

"This happens sometimes,it can cause bleeding, it'll probably resorb all by itself,the



baby may have bumped it" Doc Fern said, relieved it was not something serious.

"When i fell?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, you should cool off for a week or two and take things easy and give the clot a chance to dissolve,this won't hurt the baby" Doc fern said.

Irene gaze was fixed on the screen, staring at her baby.

She started sobbing "I thought I'd kill it because i didn't want it".

"How do you feel now?" Doc Fern asked.

"Scared. I'm not going to be losing it right?" She asked.

"No" Doc Fern smiled.

"Do you want Mr Harold to see it?" Doc Fern

asked.

Irene nodded and a nurse went to fetch Harold.

"I need to use the restroom" Alex said to Robbins after Mr Harold left with the nurse.

Robbins nodded, thinking something was suspicious about Alex but he shrugged off the thought.

Alex walked into the restroom, almost breathless.

He grabbed his phone and quickly called Ethan.

You need to come to Doc Fern hospital now, Irene's bleeding and she has been admitted"

Oh..my..God! I'm on my way" Ethan said and quickly told the driver to get the car ready before going in to change.

Alex tuck his phone back in his pocket,washed his face before stepping out.

They had switched the screen to the bigger,brighter screen in 3D before Harold came in so he could have a better look.

The baby was still moving when Harold walked in,he took one glance at the screen and tears rushed to his eyes.

"I love you so much" He said to Irene, leaning to kiss her.

"I love you too" She smiled and kissed him back tenderly.

"I was so scared" She said.

"Me too" Harold said and they both stared at the baby in silence and with joy in their heart.

Harold felt the baby was his but he doesn't

want to get so excited.

He rubbed Irene's hair, she wouldn't stop staring at the screen.

"Look at it's tiny legs" She laughed and Harold smiled.

"Do you want to know the sex?" Doc Fern asked and Irene shook her head.

"Until the test is done" She said, holding Harold's hands tightly.

"Are you fine? Do you still feel pains?" Harold asked.

"No, I'm fine now" She said.

"Yeah, she's fine. She can even leave for home today" Doc Fern said.

"Really?" Harold asked.

"Yes, it's nothing so serious" Doc Fern smiled.

"And she needs to take it easy for a week or two,I'm glad you both are back together but no make up sex,please" Doc Fern said and they laughed.

Mrs Neave was around already and she gave one of the nurses Irene's wears.

Irene got dressed after that and they were handed two copies of the photo of their babies.

Irene hugged it to her chest tightly and Harold stared at it tenderly.

They both seemed like blissful parents,not two people who were worried about the paternity of the baby.

"Can she leave now?" Harold asked.

"Yes and always remind her to take a rest "  
Doc Fern said.

"Thank you so much Doc Fern and the nurses"  
Irene said gratefully.

They walked out and Mrs Neave rushed to  
Irene.

"Are you okay?" She asked worriedly.

"Yes mum, I'm fine. The baby bumped the clot  
when i fell down" Irene smiled.

"Oh..my, I'm so sorry i wasn't there Irene, I'm  
not going to leave you alone at home starting  
from now" Mrs Neave said.

"No, you only need to be taking your phone  
with you wherever you go" Irene said.

"Thank you so much Mr Harold, thank you for  
always being there" Mrs Neave said and they  
noticed he didn't respond.

He wasn't even looking at them.

"Wh..what's Ethan doing here?" Harold asked and they both turned to where his look was fixed.

Ethan approached them with more than six bodyguards behind him.

What the fuck!

"What the hell are you doing here?" Irene asked harshly.

"Are you fine? i heard you were bleeding. I hope you're fine now? Is my baby fine too?" Ethan asked.

"It's not your baby!" Irene stated clearly.

"It's mine" Harold said coolly.

"You must be joking! The baby is mine!" Ethan yelled and they were starting to cause a scene when Ethan quickly summoned them to his

office.

He explained the NIPP test to Ethan after they got into his office.

Irene clung to Harold and that deeply pissed Ethan off.

Mrs Neave couldn't help but send glares his way.

He looks as mean as they had said.

"So,when do we start the test?" Doc Fern asked.

"We can start now" Harold said.

"Excuse me?" Ethan asked with a frown.

"You heard me right, i don't know if you'll be needing antibiotics for your ears" Harold said.



"You think I'll allow this poor thing to conduct the test? Hell no! He's not going to. I know you built this hospital for him and he would definitely want to turn the result in your favor, I'm not dumb!" Ethan said.

"Wow!" Irene hadn't known Harold built this hospital for Doc Fern, Harold never mentioned it.

But Mrs Neave was aware, Doc Fern told her himself during her treatment in India.

"You're not mistaken, Mr Harold built this hospital for me and if i turn the result of the test in his favor,he deserves it. He never for once bragged about gifting me this hospital,he pays for whatever treatment he gets despite owning the hospital, he's still the most kind-hearted man I've ever seen. Trust me i would

gladly turn the result to his favor but i would never do that, even Mr Harold would never allow that. I'm always free and fair with my patients regardless of whatever relation we have" Doc Fern said.

"Whatever! We're not conducting this test in your hospital. We'll do it in mine" Ethan said.

"You say?" Harold asked, arching his brow.

"You heard me right" Ethan said.

"You must be joking" Harold laughed.

"You refused the test to be conducted in my personal hospital and want it to be conducted in yours? You're a joker, man. I would never allow that!" Harold said.

"I would never allow it to be conducted here also" Ethan said.

"You better accept it!"

"I won't!"

"You better do!"

"I won't!"

They are starting to yell at each other.

"I'm going to recommend another hospital for you!" Doc Fern shouted amidst their yelling and they stopped.

"I'm not going to allow that also" Ethan said .

"You must be crazy" Harold said.

"You're mad!" Ethan replied hotly.

"Enough!" Irene yelled.

"I'm going to choose the hospital we're to conduct the test" She said.

"Which hospital are you choosing?" Ethan

asked.

"I don't know yet, I'm going to inform you once i decide. Let's leave Mum, Harold. Goodbye Doc Fern" Irene said and they all walked out of Doc Fern's office.

"You need to inform me immediately you choose a hospital" Ethan said to Irene.

"Of course" Irene said, and didn't even gave him the chance to speak any further before walking away.

Harold smiled, seeing the bodyguard he had gifted money secretly thank him.

He was glad to see him looking more happy.

They left the hospital and went home in Harold's car.

"Ethan said he had heard i was bleeding. It's

now confirmed that there's a spy" Irene said.

"Yes but I'm not worried about that for now, I'm worried about the result of the test"

Harold said.

"Com'on Harold. The baby might be yours"

Irene said.

"What if it's not" Harold said worriedly.

"We should do the test quickly then" Irene said.

"Do you have any hospital in mind?" Harold asked.

"Yeah. Start up hospital, It's a big hospital and I'm sure they'll be conducting NIPP test" Irene said.

Alex quickly texted the name of the hospital to Ethan.

Ethan smiled on receiving the text.

"Arrange a meeting with the head doctor at start up hospital" He said to one of his bodyguards.

"Okay boss"

The baby is his already,he's so sure of it.

And, it seems they already know there's a spy.

Do not worry about that, I'm going to handle it" Ethan texted back.

"You should tell him it's Ethan Weston" Ethan reminded the bodyguard who was to arrange a meeting with the head doctor of start up hospital.

"Okay boss"

He sighed, feeling so irritated they are back together despite everything he did to ruin their

relationship.

It's just so annoying!

"Contact Marie immediately" He said to another of his bodyguard.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 76

---

"Start up hospital?" Irene laughed when Harold asked when they were going.

They were inside the house already, the bodyguards and driver is outside while Mrs Neave is cleaning up Irene's room.

"Yeah, you said we will be conducting the test there right?" Harold asked.

"I'm not that dumb to say that in front of everyone especially when a spy has been confirmed. I'm not going to be using start up hospital, I'll meet with Doc Fern to recommend another hospital for me, an hospital where they play free and fair and won't accept any amount to change the result. Ethan is capable of anything" Irene said.

"Woah...you're full of surprises" Harold smiled and dragged her cheeks playfully.

She laughed "of course, although Robbins doesn't look like a spy and your driver looks pretty innocent too"

"What of Alex?" Harold asked, knowing the answer already.



"I don't know" Irene shrugged.

"You really don't like him, it's unlike you to dislike anyone" Harold said thoughtfully.

"I'm only suspicious of him, ever since i started working in your house, there's something about him that puts me off and I'm not the only one who feels that way. Tom also" Irene sighed.

"Really?"

"Yes and that was when i knew there was indeed something about him but i dont know what it is, he's so discreet. You need to be very careful around him. Please" Irene said and Harold smiled.

"Okay, I'll try to keep a close watch on him this time." He said.

Mrs Neave walked back into the living

room,done cleaning Irene's room.

"Mum, come take a look at the sonogram"

Irene smiled, passing the photo to Mrs Neave.

"Wow" Mrs Neave smiled, studying the photo.

She feels so proud to become a grandmother soon, she doesn't have a child of her own but she doesn't even think about it cause Irene and Damien are just like her children and now she's going to be a grandma to a little tiny baby.

"What's the sex?" Mrs Neave asked.

"I don't want it to be revealed yet until after the result of the test is out" Irene said.

"Good and that guy is really bad as painted. He looks so mean and cruel. You both need to be very careful " Mrs Neave said.

"We will be Mum" Irene said.

"And did i even told you that he came over to my office yesterday" Harold said.

"Really?"

"Yeah, He came to tell me to back off and i made him know I'm going to fight for what i want this time. It felt so good" Harold smiled and Irene pulled him into a warm embrace.

"Hey, what's that?" He grinned hugging her back.

"For wanting to fight for what you want without minding the consequences. I'm proud of you boy" Irene rubbed his hair and they laughed.

He kissed her lightly on the lips and then glanced at his watch.

"Ummm" He sighed.

"You are leaving?" Irene asked with a frown and he nodded.

"I was busy in the office" He said.

"I don't want you to leave soon, it's been so long we spent some time together"

"We did, few days ago"

"That was in the car"

"Ohh" Harold said.

"You can leave and I'm going to make sure i trip and fall again" Irene pouted.

"Geez...is that a threat" Harold groaned.

"Whatever you call it" She rolled her eyes.

"Okay...I'm staying" Harold said and started pulling his jacket.

He seemed more relaxed in the T-shirt that was brought for him by his driver.

Irene grinned and rested her head on his legs.

He glared at her playfully and she bursted into laughter.

"Shhh.. don't startle the baby" He whispered softly to her.

Irene nodded remembering how the baby was moving so peacefully.

"My heart...it felt as though it was going to burst with joy when i saw my baby" Irene said slowly to Harold.

"I felt that way too but i do not want to get overjoyed yet" Harold said.

"You own the baby,i don't want to think otherwise" Irene said firmly.

"What if the baby turns out to be Ethan's?" Harold asked.

"No!" Irene yelled.

"You need to start considering that possibility too so you won't be so disappointed at the end." Harold said.

"Having the thought that the baby is yours kept me moving during those difficult times and i won't stop having that thought. Let's think positively Harold" Irene said.

"I think i should start begging the baby to be mine" Harold said and Irene laughed.

Mrs Neave walked into the living room with a heaping plate of steaming pizza rolls, with sauce and cheese oozing out of the seams.

Harold was salivating already.

"Mum" Irene sat up. "You shouldn't have bothered yourself"

"You both need to eat, you've been through a lot today and I'm sure you're starving"

"Thanks Mrs Neave" Harold smiled.

"My pleasure, which drink do you prefer?" She asked.

"I'm fine with just water" Harold said.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes"

"He mostly drinks wine and im not sure we have his favorite" Irene said.

"Ohh" Mrs Neave said.

"I should get you water then and you, you don't need to tell me what you want. I know it's strawberry juice!" Mrs Neave said and Irene

chuckled.

"Really? You don't really like strawberry flavor" Harold said.

"I guess her baby likes it so much, she has been craving it for days now, she doesn't drink any other juice besides that now, I went to get some from the store this morning when we ran out of it" Mrs Neave said.

"Ohh" Harold sighed.

"Ivory also likes strawberry flavor so much" Harold said.

"I know, how's she? I hope she's fine, you need to bring her over during weekend so she can spend some time with me" Irene said.

"Could it be that Ivory sibling is the one on the way?" Harold wondered loudly.



"I'm sure it is" Irene smiled.

"Let's eat before it gets cold or we're not going to enjoy it" Irene said.

Mrs Neave invited Harold's workers in for some plates of steaming pizza rolls.

They ate at the dining while Harold and Irene had theirs in the living room, watching TV.

"I think I'm going to resume making Ivory and Allysia come with the driver to pick Damien, so you'll get to see her everyday" Harold said.

He had stopped them from coming with the driver.

"That'll be great and i miss Allysia also" Irene smiled.

"She kept telling me to bring you back because you promised her some dresses"

Harold said and Irene laughed.

"Yeah i did and i was almost done with it before... everything. Make her come over during weekend with Ivory"

"Okay,i will" Harold said.

"Mrs Neave is a great cook" Harold smiled, greatly enjoying the meal.

Damien returned from school and was so surprised to see Harold.

He hadn't even expected to see him there but damn! He was so happy .

He rushed to him for a hug.

"Papa, please I'm begging you" Marlene said to her dad.

She had come into his office after she finished freshening up.

She has been pleading with him to allow her go out with her friends on Saturday but he's not having any of it.

"I can't allow you do that Marlene,it's dangerous for you" Prince Alexandre Louis said.

"It's not! None of them knows I'm a princess! Not many people know i am"

"Someone might see you and recognize you"

"I'm going to wear my shades" Marlene said pleadingly and her Dad sighed,signifying he's not ready to allow her.

"You never allowed me go out with my friends, except to go on important functions for King City, I'm tired! I'm tired of cutting ribbons for

hospitals everytime. That's not fun, and you won't even allow me spend a day with my friends, have i ever asked for such favour? yet you're refusing it the first time i asked. I'm so pissed right now" Marlene got on her feet and made to leave.

"Hey, princess" Her father called and she stopped walking.

"You know i hate seeing you sad and you want to use that against me huh? Well..You can go out with your friend, have fun "

"Really?" Marlene's face lit up.

"Yes"

"Thank you Papa" she screamed jumping into his arms.

"Ahhh, you now weigh alot" He groaned.

"Thank you Papa" Marl said again, looking so happy.

"But on one condition" He said.

"What?"

"Two bodyguards are going to follow you"

"Dad!" Irene whined.

"I can't let you go out there alone Marlene, you need someone to protect you"

"Having the bodyguards follow us everywhere won't be fun and they'll definitely ask me why bodyguards are all over me" Marlene said.

"The bodyguards would only stay at a reasonable distance, they won't stop you guys from having fun, your friends won't even know anything, the bodyguards will only keep a close watch on you from distance"

"Okay Papa, thank you" Marlene smiled.

"Let's go have lunch"

"I will join you at the dinning,i need to go inform my friends first!" Marlene said bouncing happily to her room.

Her father smiled after her.

❁❁Saturday❁❁

"When are you really going to make my dresses" Allysia said to Irene who laughed.

They were seated in the living room some minutes after Ivory and Allysia arrived.

Ivory was clinging to Irene and hadn't let her go since they arrived.

"I promise I'm going to make your dresses soon and it'll be more beautiful cause i just gained new and unique ideas" Irene said.

"I can't wait" Allysia giggled.

"When are you coming back home?" Ivory asked.

"Soon." Irene smiled at her.

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes baby girl. I miss dressing you up and all" Irene said.

"I miss that too but it's going to happen again soon" Ivory smiled.

"Dad said i can spend the night with you and return home tomorrow"

"Oh..my..God! Really?" Irene asked.

"Yes, that took everyone by surprise. My brother rarely allow Ivory sleep out without him,he even takes her on business trips whenever he can. Well, i was not really

surprised though" Allysia said.

"I'm so excited! Why didn't you tell me immediately you arrived" Irene said hugging Ivory to her chest.

"You were chatting with Allysia" Ivory said .

"Ohh and is that the reason you brought this huge backpack ?" Irene bursted out laughing and Allysia joined her.

Ivory frowned at the both of them and they laughed harder.

"Laugh all you want" She scoffed playfully.

" I'm so glad I'll get to dress you up,comb your hair and style it again " Irene smiled.

"I brought my pajamas, hair comb,two dresses,flip flops,body lotion,hair cream and...a dozen of strawberry muffins" Ivory



grinned.

"Woah...I can see why you brought this huge backpack. Where are the muffins,let me store them in the fridge for you" Irene said.

Ivory opened her backpack and brought it out, it was in a small plastic container.

"Wow" Irene salivated.

"Can i have one please?" She asked.

"Of course but you don't really like strawberry flavor" ivory said.

"I crave it this days" Irene said, chewing the cake already.

"Why?" Irene asked.

"Huh?" Irene turned to her with a mouthful.

"I mean why do you suddenly crave strawberries..." Ivory said.

"Well...uhmm" Irene smiled.

"I'll help you take the cakes to the kitchen and I'm going to help Mrs Neave and Damien in the kitchen also" Allysia said.

"Ohh.. okay" Irene said.

"I want you to tell me the bedtime stories"  
Ivory said.

"Now?"

"Yes"

"Ivory..." Irene groaned.

"She still doesn't know Marlene is coming?"  
Allysia whispered to Damien who nodded.

They were watching Irene narrate bedtime stories to Ivory.

They heard a knock on the door.

"Is she here already?" Allysia asked.

"Nah, I'm sure it's Blaine" Damien said and Blaine walked in.

He was dressed simply in a white T-shirt and blue jeans, he couldn't hide his smile as he saw Allysia who had turned to the TV, blushing terribly.

Damien smiled.

Blaine said hi to Ivory and Irene and went to sit with Allysia and Damien.

"Hey buddy" He patted Damien's back.

"Blaine" Damien smiled.

Allysia almost melted on the couch, he was seating so close to her that she could feel his warmth.

She nearly cursed her cheeks for going so hot and red.

"Hi" Blaine said to her and her palms turned sweaty.

She swallowed hard before turning to face him and his eyes sent her to the moon and back.

"Hi" She said slowly.

"I'm Blaine" Blaine said stretching his hand forward for a handshake.

"Allysia" Allysia said accepting his handshake.

His palm was one of the warmest ever and she wanted to hold on to it forever.

"You look so beautiful" Blaine complimented.

"Thank you" Allysia found herself smiling and blushing hard.

I'm outside your house" Damien read

Marlene's text.

His face were suddenly lit with smiles.

"She's outside" He said to Allysia.

"Marlene?" Blaine asked and Damien nodded.

"I will go bring her" Allysia offered and she got to her feet before Damien could disagree.

"You want to do something outside?" Mrs Neave asked Allysia as she walked into the living room.

"Yes ma'am,I'll be right back" Allysia said before walking out of the door.

Blaine said hi to Mrs Neave and she responded before sitting.

"Ivory and i will be going into the room" Irene said.

"No..wait" Damien said.

"Why?" Irene asked.

"Wait till Allysia's back"

"Why?" Irene asked curiously.

"Just wait, she'll be back soon" Damien said.

"Okay" Irene sighed and sat back.

The door opened and everyone turned like they were ordered to.

Marlene stepped in, wearing a beautiful and simple scarlet gown with a thin necklace with an emerald pendant.

She wore black sandals that wrapped their leather straps up to her knees and a black plain bag hung on her shoulder.

Damien was stunned, he has never seen her in house wears and she looks so breathtaking in it.

Even if Irene had no idea who she was, the way Marlene had styled her hair into a bun with tendrils framing her face told Irene who it was.

Marlene.

"Oh..my..God. Marlene?" Irene asked, getting to her feet.

"Irene" Marlene smiled and they both screamed and jumped into each other's arms.

Mrs Neave recognized Marlene instantly but not as Marlene alone but Princess Marlene Louis of King City...

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 77

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They sat in Blaine's garden chatting and laughing after they all got to know themselves.

Irene and Ivory are taking a nap in the house while Mrs Neave watched the TV with different thoughts running through her mind.

She's not mistaken.

That's Princess Marlene of King City.

She has read articles about her several times and seen her pictures in several magazines, what drew her to Marlene was that she was obviously a humble princess who avoids the camera, she's the opposite of her brother.

It's so obvious they are not aware of Marlene's status yet.

She had felt so nervous to have a Royal around



her and she almost bowed to Marlene when she greeted her.

What a stunning girl with a beautiful smile, she's even more beautiful than she is in the papers.

She obviously do not want to reveal her identity to them yet and Mrs Neave is going to respect her decision even though she was kind of surprised. Most princesses do not hide their identity,they always want to be the center of attraction.

And the connection between Marlene and Irene was noticeable strong.

They had talked on and on like they've known each other for years and Mrs Neave was surprised to see they even style their hair in the same way.

Irene had helped Marlene style her hair perfectly and even taught her how to be so perfect in the style.

It was almost afternoon when they stopped talking.

Everyone had joined in the conversation and it was so lively and fun.

Marlene hadn't acted like the princess she was, no one would ever thought she was one with the way she blended in and offered to help severally.

She's really humble as the paper had described her.

Blaine had invited them to his garden after Irene and Ivory went to take a nap.

And they've been there over an hour now, Mrs Neave could hear their laughter.

"Irene's so beautiful" Marlene grinned.

Her blood was pumping in excitement, she finally met Irene! Who had looked flawlessly beautiful.

Irene was as playful as she was over the phone.

"I'm just so happy to meet her" Marlene smiled.

"I can't count the amount of times you've mentioned Irene, I'm sure she's as thrilled as you are also" Blaine said.

Allysia chewed the cookies Blaine's mum had made for them.

They had all went into Blaine's apartment to say hi to his Mum, his elder brother was not home though.

"Blaine, Damien talks so much about you, it's so nice to meet you once again" Marlene said.

"It's nice to meet you too, you're more beautiful than he had described you" Blaine said.

"Thank you" Marlene smiled.

"You're going to finish the cookies!" Damien said to Allysia.

"We'll get more from Mrs Marton" Allysia said, referring to Blaine's Mum.

"Really?" Damien asked.

"Yeah..my mum would gladly give us more" Blaine said.

"Marl, come let's get some flowers for our hair" Allysia took Marlene's hands.

"We'll be back" they said in unison before

walking away.

"Isn't he cute" Allysia said finally releasing the breath she had been holding as they walked farther from Blaine and Damien.

"He is! I never knew he was that good looking. No wonder he had no problem with being friends with Damien, they are both strikingly cute" Marlene smiled.

"I like him" Allysia admitted to Marlene.

"I know, it's so obvious" Marlene said.

"Really?"

"Yes and he likes you too, i caught him stealing loving glances at you severally" Marlene winked.

"OMG" Allysia beamed and marlene laughed.

"You're very attractive Allysia and i know

you're used to guys falling at your feet, I'm surprised to see you behave this way" Marlene said.

"Blaine is different! Im used to guys staring the heck out of me but his is just so special" Allysia said.

"Ohh..now i know" Marlene chuckled.

"What?" Allysia asked.

"Nevermind,let's pluck some flowers and return to them" Marlene grinned.

"Ohh.. okay"

Damien helped Marlene tuck some flowers in her hair.

"Be careful, i don't want my hair getting rough" Marlene said. Irene had made the style

on her and she doesn't want it to get rough anytime soon .

"I know right...the hair means a lot to you at the moment, you're probably not going to loosen it till next year" Damien teased and Marlene slapped him hard on the chest.

"Ouch!" He groaned, sitting back on the grass.

"I'll help you" Blaine said to Allysia as she struggled to make the flower lay perfectly on her hair.

"Thank you" She said, handing the flowers to him.

He gladly helped her with it and was done in seconds.

"You're so mean" Damien said to Marlene who stuck out her tongue at him, laughing.

"Tch" He rolled his eyes at her.

"Why don't we go out for a walk?" Blaine suggested.

"Good, let's take some pictures first" Damien said.

"We're making use of Marlene's phone, the camera is top notch" Allysia said.

They ended up in a restaurant after walking for some minutes.

Marlene was the only one who knew her bodyguards were following them. They even took a table in the restaurant but she didn't seem uncomfortable with them as she was having fun with her friends.

"Order anything, my treat" Marlene mimicked



the way they do in movies and they laughed.

They ordered meals already but it's yet to be brought to their table.

All eyes were on them but they didn't seem to mind.

Each of them were used to people staring at them.

A group of girls who look their age suddenly approached their table.

They introduced themselves to Damien and Blaine and wanted them to join their table.

"How ridiculous, you want them to join your table even after seeing they are here with us" Allysia said, trying to keep her tone calm..

Marlene seethe quietly as she tapped her fingers on her table..

She felt like dragging their hair and slamming them on the wall one after the other.

"Excuse me, I'm sure you two also begged for them to join your table" One of the girls said and Marlene and Allysia laughed.

"You did does not mean we did also. I'm not so dumb and shameless to ask a guy to join my table!" Marlene slammed.

"I think you all desperately need the meals you're here for, I've never seen a group of girls looking like pasta...ahh" Allysia shook her head and Marlene chuckled.

"What did you just say?" One of the girls asked menacingly.

"You heard me right" Allysia laughed.

"Please do not create a scene, return to your table" Blaine said.

"And they did not ask us to join their table, we asked them to accompany us here" Damien said.

"Whatever! Can you both share your contact please" One of them said referring to Blaine and Damien.

"No!" Marlene and Allysia said in unison.

"We were not asking you!"

"We answered for them. Now will you stop being like this and return to your table. I'm getting choked" Marlene said.

"Move out of the way girls, a scalded skin together with ugliness is the worst combination" Allysia smiled as the waiter brought their meals.

They left the restaurant hours later and they went to spend some time at the park.

They sighted a claw crane after leaving the park.

Blaine won a table bear for Allysia,he picked it at just one go.

"Don't worry Marl,I'm going to win a bigger one for you" Damien boasted as he continued to try his luck.

"You can do it Dam" Marlene encouraged him and they laughed.

"Ahhhh" Damien groaned after trying severally without success.

"You tried your best" Marlene rubbed his back.

"You shouldn't give up already buddy" Blaine said.

"I'm going to try one last time. Marlene have to have one too" Damien said, rubbing his palms together.

He started again and aimed for the big white teddy bear.

The claw picked it and it slowly started moving...

They all watched, hoping he doesn't lose it this time.

"I fucking did it" Damien shouted.

"Yaaaaay" They exclaimed excitedly with Marlene jumping high in the air .

Damien picked the teddy bear and handed it to her.

"Thank you" She said deeply touched.

She hugged him tightly to his surprise.

He smiled, glad he had won one Teddy bear for her, it's going to make this day unforgettable for her.

They walked out of the place and noticed it was starting to get dark.

"I wish it'll be day forever" Marlene sighed sadly as they walked home.

"I'm glad we got to take so many pictures before it got this dark. I'm going to upload them on my Instagram page" Allysia said.

"What's your Instagram handle?" Blaine asked and she told him.

They branched an Ice cream parlor to get ice cream and then continued their walk back home.

"One day, let's explore the world in a camping car" Blaine said and they all nodded and

cheered with their ice cream.

They passed a bar and Damien stopped.

"Let's spend some time at the bar before going home " He suddenly suggested.

"That's crazy" Allysia said.

"We're not eighteen yet" Marlene said.

"Let's go try our luck" Blaine winked.

"So embarrassing" Allysia groaned as they were kicked out of the bar.

They all laughed hard... Damien and Blaine looked eighteen but their ID cards gave them out.

They all ran out when the owner threatened to call the police.

"Geez! How did it get so dark this quickly"  
Marlene said, quite sadly.

She wished the day would continue, they are all having a great time.

"You're going to say bye to Irene before leaving right?" Damien asked.

"Of course" Marlene smiled.

"I had great fun today" Allysia said.

"Spending time with you girls was more fun than i imagined. " Blaine smiled.

"I feel so great" Damien said.

They all shared a warm hug and they know right their that a bond was formed.

One never to be broken.

Allysia and Marlene exchanged numbers with Blaine when they got home.



Marlene hugged Irene and ivory bye, she waved Mrs Neave bye too and went to say Bye to Mrs Marton too.

She would have loved to spend more time with Irene but it was dark already and she needs to leave, if not,her father wouldn't give her this golden opportunity ever again.

Blaine walked into his apartment and met his brother busy with a magazine.

That's Kelly's favorite thing,his room is stacked with magazines.

"Hey bro" Blaine said and Kelly smiled on seeing his brother.

"Mum said your friends came along and you went out with them"

"Yes" Blaine smiled.

"I hope you had fun?"

"Great fun" Blaine said happily. "Where's Mum?"

"In the kitchen" Kelly replied and Blaine stooped up to go help her.

Kelly watched him leave and sigh.

He had seen Marlene when she came to bid his mother far away and instantly recognized her to be Princess Marlene of King City but he doubted if Blaine knew it.

"I'm sorry Ivory" Irene laughed hard as Ivory hit her playfully.

She had eaten all the strawberry muffins for Ivory.

They were both in their pajamas ready to sleep when Ivory said she wanted some of her muffins and Irene confessed she had ate it all.

"How could you finish it all" Ivory cried.

"I'm sorry" Irene laughed harder.

"I promise Mum is going to make another one for you tomorrow" Irene said and that was when Ivory stopped hitting her.

"How did you finish it all without me knowing?" She curiously.

"I..i stole it and ate them in the kitchen" Irene confessed with a grin on her face.

"Ah..I'm going to tell Dad you stole my strawberry muffins" Ivory pouted, getting under the blanket.

"Please forgive me" Irene pleaded playfully.

"I'm going to forgive you whenever you stop laughing" Ivory said.

"I'm sorry Ivory" She said and really tried to stop her laughter this time but Ivory's face looks so funny to her and she bursted into laughter again.

Zeemah

This baby has turned Irene to a thief o

Are you sure it's not Ethan's baby like this

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 78

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"Dad, Irene stole my strawberry muffins" Ivory

whined to her Harold when he came to pick her the next day.

"Really?" He laughed.

"Why are you laughing too, she kept laughing also instead of apologising" Ivory frowned.

"It's just so funny that she could steal your muffins" Harold grinned.

"Why the sudden urge for strawberry flavor, Irene do prefer vanilla" Ivory wondered aloud.

"Well...did you ask her?" Harold asked.

"Yes but i guess she forgot to answer me. I'll go ask her again now" Ivory said, standing up to go meet Irene in the kitchen.

"No,she's busy with Mrs Neave. You can ask her when she's done" Harold said.

"Okay" Ivory said, sitting back on the couch

"So..Did you enjoy your time here?" Harold asked.

"Yes! Irene got to dress me up again after a long time and the bedtime stories were fascinating" Ivory grinned.

"I can't wait for her to come back to our house" Ivory added with a frown. "Why don't you ask her to come with us now"

"She's going to be back to the house soon.. probably this week" Harold said.

"Really?"

"Yes" Harold said, they really need to go for the test soon.

Probably tomorrow,so Irene will get to return to the house.

"Mr Harold" Damien smiled in greeting as he

walked into the living room.

He's just waking up from his nap.

"Hey, how you?" Harold smiled back at him.

"I'm good, i didn't even know you were here. You came to pick Ivory so soon" Damien said sitting on the couch.

"She needs to prepare for school tomorrow"

"Or you're missing her already" Damien teased and Harold laughed.

"How's Ally?" Damien asked.

"She's fine and she didn't come with me because she accompanied my mum to a jewelry store"

"Ohh"

"It was so obvious you guys had a great time yesterday,she came home looking all happy"

Harold smiled.

"We did and we're looking forward to having more great times together" Damien smiled.

"Now..tell me, is there a guy she likes?" Harold asked in a whisper.

"Yes,his name is Blaine,a friend and neighbor" Damien grinned.

"Wow, really?"

"Yes" Damien said.

"You should tell him to come over while I'm here, i would love to see him" Harold said.

"He's going to come in anytime soon, i chatted him up already and told him I'm awake" Damien said.

"What are you both whispering to each other?" Ivory asked.



"Strawberry muffins" Irene announced with a smile, walking into the living room with twelve strawberry cakes.

It was just brought out of the oven and it looked deliciously hot.

"Be careful,it's hot" Irene said placing it on the table.

"Did Mrs Neave made some pizza rolls?" Harold asked.

"Ohh..yes, she made it specially for you and it's ready also" Irene said.

"Ohh" Harold smiled.

Ivory and Damien took one strawberry muffin each and started blowing it.

"Should i help you put them in the freezer?" Irene asked already on the second

cupcake,she ate it without even blowing it.

"Take it easy" Harold said and she nodded, fanning her mouth with her palm.

It was so hurt that it burned her tongue.

Damien bursted out laughing..

"Black ass" Irene scoffed.

"Huh?" Ivory asked.

"It's nothing" Damien quickly said to her and Irene laughed.

"My ass isn't black!!" Damien yelled.

"Wow" Ivory glanced at her Dad who was starting to laugh.

"It is!" Irene rolled her eyes.

"Ahh" Damien sighed.

"Pizza rolls" Mrs Neave said walking into the

living room .

"For Harold alone" She added and Harold sat up, smiling.

"Thanks Mrs Neave" He said.

"I want one too" Irene whined, going to sit beside Harold.

"Go make yours" Mrs Neave said.

"The baby wants it badly" Irene pouted.

"Baby?" Ivory asked and Irene nearly gasped realising what she just said.

They wanted to tell ivory when they were sure the baby is Harold's.

A knock on the door broke the silence.

"Come in Blaine" Damien said and the door opened.

"Blaine" Ivory smiled, she seemed to have forgotten the question she asked.

Irene sighed in relief.

"Good afternoon everyone" Blaine smiled.

"Oh..my..God, Harold Marshall!" Blaine exclaimed.

Of course Damien had told him about their relationship with Harold Marshall and he even knew he was Ivory's father and Allysia's brother but he hadn't expected to see him this easily even though he had been looking forward to seeing the top one billionaire in San Francisco!!!

Oh..my..God.

"H..iii He..llo" Blaine stammered and Harold laughed.

"Com'on, it's fine. Be free" Harold smiled.

"I don't know what to say " Blaine grinned, he was so happy to see Harold and did he just talked to him.

"It's really nice to meet you. I admire you a lot Mr Harold" Blaine said.

"Thank you" Harold said.

"I'm Blaine, one of your biggest fans"

"Nice to meet you too" Harold stretched out his hand and Blaine stunningly took it.

Although Damien had told him how humble Harold was but he was still so stunned a billionaire could offer his hand to him.

God!

"Come sit here" Harold said to Blaine patting the space beside him.

He was impressed with Blaine and he could see why Allysia liked him.

He knew very well that it was rare for Allysia to be over a guy .

Blaine gladly sat beside him.

"Have some cakes Blaine, the pizza rolls is for my Dad" Ivory said and Harold laughed.

"Yes,you can only have some cakes" Harold said.

He was starting to eat his pizza rolls.

"Quit looking shocked like you just sighted a ghost" Damien teased Blaine.

"You looked thrice as shocked when you also saw Harold" Irene said to Damien.

"I know right" Damien laughed.

"So Blaine,which school do you attend?"

Harold asked beginning his question sessions just like he had done with Damien.

\*\*

By the time Harold was done with his questions,he was greatly impressed with everything about Blaine,he's intellectual and has a great plan for his future.

"I'm impressed" Harold said and Blaine smiled widely.

"Thank you Mr Harold and how's Allysia?" Blaine asked shyly.

"Ohh, she's fine. I guess you all had a great time yesterday" Harold said.

"Yes, it was fun" Blaine smiled.

"I wish my brother is home,he has been wanting to meet you too " Blaine said.

"Ohh...and he's not gonna be home anytime soon?" Harold asked.

Blaine shook his head.

"We're going to see some other time then, i come here often,this place is just like a second home" Harold said to Blaine and Mrs Neave and Damien felt so proud.

"Can i take a picture with you,so kelly is going to believe i really saw you and even... touched you" Blaine said.

"Of course" Harold said and they took pictures together, Damien also joined.

"What's Irene still doing in there?" Harold asked.

Irene's has been in her room for some minutes now.



"I'm so sure she's freshening up, the flour on her hair and body is enough to bake some cakes" Mrs Neave said.

Damien stood up and went to answer the knock on the door.

His eyes widened as he turned back to everyone.

"Mr Harold, you ordered these packs of strawberry juice!!!"

Harold walked into Irene's room while Damien and Blaine took the packs of juice to the store.

She was blow-drying her hair when he walked in, she smiled on seeing him.

He walked to her and leaned closer, he closed

his eyes as he inhaled her fresh scent.

He kissed her neck and went to sit on her bed, she turned the dressing table around to face him.

"What's up?" She asked, unplugging the hair dryer.

"We really need to go get the test done. I want you back in my house" Harold said.

"We'll be doing it tomorrow, Doc Fern recommended a hospital for me already. I was going to tell you before you leave. I booked an appointment for twelve pm"

"Ohh.." Harold smiled.

"I'm not going to inform Ethan till tomorrow, an hour to the doctor's appointment" Irene said.

"Why?"

"He won't have the time to try anything foolish"

"Even if he wants to, i doubt if he'll be able to. Doc Fern recommended the hospital for you,that simply means no act of corruption will be tolerated there"

"Yeah but I'm seriously not going to contact that sly fox till it's an hour to the appointment"

"As you wish, I'll come pick you up" Harold said.

"Your lips keeps wanting to make me kiss you." Irene smiled naughtily, walking to Harold on the bed.

She jumped on him..

"Be careful,the baby" Harold said before his

lips was seized in a kiss.

He smiled, kissing her back.

She was sitting on top him as he caressed her body and they were really about tossing their clothes off when the door opened.

They quickly jumped apart, Mrs Neave stood there and sighed.

She had knew something was going on when it was taking too long for them to come out.

"I'm sorry but i heard Doc Fern told you both no make up sex for two weeks" Mrs Neave said.

"I'm coming back here if i don't see you both in five seconds" She said walking out of the door and they both bursted into laughter.

Next day

"What's wrong with her?" Marlene asked

Damien.

Allysia hadn't talked to them since morning and now it's lunch break and she didn't even come to join them for lunch, she just sat in her seat.

"I think you should go talk to her" Damien said and Marlene nodded.

She stood up and walked to Allysia's desk.

"Hey what's up?" She asked and Allysia looked at her in a way she has never done, it's not a look of hate but hurt.

"What's wrong?" Marlene asked worriedly.

"I thought we were friends" Allysia said.

"Yes, we...are" Marlene said.

"And we're not supposed to keep things from each other right?"

"Ye..s" Marlene said slowly.

"Okay, Princess Marlene Louis of King City"  
Allysia said and Marlene went pale.



"Damn! I can't believe she's just contacting me  
an hour before the appointment" Ethan said  
as he hurriedly dress up.

"I can't even believe Alex had lied to you! He  
said it was start up hospital and you had even  
paid the head doctor a huge sum of money"  
Carrle said, pissed.

"I'm so gonna deal with him and the head  
doctor is going to be killed after i get my  
money back from him" Ethan said, selecting a  
pair of black shoes.

"Yeah, he might go to the press" Carrle said.

"Exactly! He was such a blabbermouth when i met him" Ethan said.

"I guess the result won't be out immediately,you can still get the chance to talk to the head doctor of ATC hospital before then" Carrle said.

"Yes, i have to go now" Ethan pecked her on both cheeks before hurrying out of the room.

## ATC

Ethan was led into the head doctor's office and his bodyguards stood by the door while he walked in.

Harold and Irene was seated already.

"Why are you just contacting me an hour before the appointment!" He almost yelled.

"Let's begin the test" Doctor Cyril said gently.

~●~●~

They all returned back to Doc Cyril's office after they were done with the test.

Harold was so nervous that his hands shook.

"The result will be out in a week" Doc Cyril said and he felt partly relieved.

"I guess i didn't get to introduce myself. I'm billionaire Ethan Weston" Ethan smiled at the doctor.

"Doctor Cyril" Cyril said,less interested in whatever relation Ethan was trying to form.

"Can we get to know ourselves better?" Ethan asked,with a smile that didn't even reach his face.

"I'm sorry,I'm not up for that. I appreciate you wanting to get to know me but that'll be after



the result is out. I'm not meant to maintain a close relation with you till then" Doc Cyril said and Ethan couldn't believe he was just shunned!

He looked at Cyril, gritting his teeth hard.

He's going to get back to him.

He turned to Harold and Irene.

"Do not plan to return to his house with my baby! I know of your plan" Ethan said to them.

"It's not confirmed its your baby yet!" Harold said.

"It is!" Ethan yelled.

"It's not!"

"It is!"

"Enough! Imagine what the gutter press would make of you both yelling at eachother in a

hospital environment. Till the result is out, she's allowed to stay with anyone she wants" Doc Cyril said.

"Well...she'll be staying with me" Harold said.

"I'll be staying with Ethan Weston" Irene said and there was silence.

Harold laughed, breaking the strained silence.

"You are joking right?" He smiled.

"No and I'm not mistaken either, I'll be staying with Ethan" Irene said, walking to Ethan whose face was almost bursted with a grin.

"Com'on, i know you're pranking me but let's go home. Ivory and everyone else is expecting you" Harold said, making to take her hand.

"Let go of me!" Irene jerked her hand away.

"I'm damn serious! I'm going with Ethan and

go ahead and think I'm joking until you see me get into his car!" Irene said and Harold held on to a chair for support, he looked as shocked as he felt.

Irene was damn serious, he could see it in her eyes.

"OMG!" Ethan laughed so hard.

"I've always knew no one wants to be with a dumbass like you" He added with a mockery laugh.

"Irene.. please" Harold said with a shaky voice.

"Do you how much you hurt me? I'm sure you don't even know the amount of pain you made me went through, you dropped me off in the rain like a homeless person and you were even so glad when i made excuses for you" Irene laughed. "You came back like nothing was

wrong after causing me so much pain,i bet you must have been so happy to see a dumb Irene welcome you with open arms, no! i had my plans. I don't care if you own the baby Harold or maybe i still love you, you'll have to go through the pain i went through. Have i ever told you I'm revengeful? I guess I've never" Irene laughed.

A pain sharper than a rapier seared through Harold's stomach at her words,it took every ounce of will power not to cry out at the agony it caused.

Her eyes had turned dark and gloomy,he had never seen her look this way.

This was another side he hadn't seen with her.

"I'm going with Ethan,just to cause you pain,not for any other reason. You must feel

what i felt. I can't just let it go and damn..my mum even fell sick because of you. I hate you so much!!" Irene screamed.

"It's okay, you're going to hurt our baby"  
Ethan held her.

"Let's leave here,i still need to get my things from home" Irene said.

Harold refused to believe all that was happening until the office door was slammed and he realized Irene was really gone..

With Ethan.

Just to make him feel the pain he had made her felt.

He deserves it.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 79

---

"Call my companies and inform them i won't be coming till whenever i feel like, they should manage the company as they would when I'm present" Harold said to Alex who quickly went to carry out his order.

He walked into the living room and met everyone waiting.

They look so disappointed not to see Irene with him, they were all aware Irene would be coming back home with him.

"Where's Irene?" Ivory asked.

"Is she still getting her luggage from the car?"

Mrs Marshall asked.

"Didn't she come with you?" Mr Marshall asked.

"She's not coming into this house anymore" Harold said, as calmly as he could.

He couldn't wait to get to his room and let out all the agony he was feeling right now.

He has never been this heartbroken, not even when he knew about Ethan probably owning the baby.

"What do you mean she's not coming into this house anymore?" Mr Marshall asked.

"She left with Ethan to his just to make me go through the pain i caused her" Harold smiled sadly.

"What are you saying?" Mrs Marshall was

shocked.

"Let me be! Everyone should just let me be!" Harold yelled loudly and they all saw the tears that dropped from his eyes before he walked away.

"She left him" Mrs Nola covered her mouth with her palm while Ivory bursted into tears.

"Oh..my, Ivory, your dad was only joking" Mrs Marshall quickly wiped her tears.

"He's not, he doesn't cry whenever he jokes" Ivory sobbed.

"What the hell is going on again! I thought they settled this" Mr Marshall sighed.

"Ethan is mum's husband" Ivory said as Mrs Marshall consoled her.

"What!"



"No..well, hundreds of people answer the name Ethan okay?" Mr Marshall said to Ivory and she nodded.

"Irene's still going to come around okay? Stop crying" Mrs Nola said to Ivory.

"Dad said she's not coming anymore. I don't want any other nanny" Ivory cried kicking her legs in the air.

"What in the world went wrong again!" Mr Marshall said.

"I think you should go meet Alex and Robbins for some information" Mrs Marshall said, knowing Harold is not going to say anything for now.

She has never seen her son looked that hurt.

He looked so sad and broken like his source of happiness was gone.

Irene had indeed left him for Ethan! She hated her so much now!

How could she cause her son so much pain after making him feel so happy that she forgave him.

She never knew Irene was this heartless .

\*

"What went wrong at the hospital?" Mr Marshall asked Robbins.

"Nothing, Mr Marshall" Robbins said.

"Will you stop pretending not to know anything and tell me the reason my son's looking so sad. Or you'll be fired!" Mr Marshall threatened sharply.

"I swear I'm not sure, Mr Marshall. We were not with them in the doctor's office,we only stood

by the door. I only noticed Irene left with Ethan Weston and Mr Harold came out looking so dejected" Robbins said.

"OMG! Could that means the baby belongs to Ethan!" Mr Marshall said to himself.

"No, Mr Marshall" Alex cut in and Mr Marshall turned to him.

"The result is going to be out in a week. Irene greedily left with Ethan Weston to cause Mr Harold pain, and she even told him she doesn't care if the baby is his" Alex said.

"I..i don't think Irene can do that" Mr Marshall said.

"She did just that Mr Marshall, im so disappointed and hurt she could do that to Mr Harold" Alex said, feigning sadness.

Mr Marshall walked back into the house and

confirmed to Mrs Marshall that Irene had indeed left Harold for Ethan.

"I can't believe this, Irene won't do that" Mrs Nola said.

"But she did just that" Mrs Marshall said, pissed.

Ivory was laying asleep in her arms, she had cried herself to sleep and they have to call Doc Fern before she wakes cause she's going to fall sick.

"Could it be that Ethan owns the baby" Mrs Marshall held her breath.

"No, the result is not going to be out until after a week." Mr Marshall said.

"God!" Mrs Marshall sighed.

"She wants to make Harold feel the pain he

made her felt. Revenge" Mr Marshall said, still shaken by the whole incident.

Could Irene really do that?

"I can't believe she's trying to revenge after acting all sweet, maybe Allysia was right about her all along" Mrs Marshall said.

"Harold indeed hurt her but she should understand the reason he acted that way, she knew about his history with Ethan, she knew about everything. Why would she do that!" Mr Marshall said.

"I think we should wait till Harold's ready to talk and hear fully from him" Mrs Nola said.

"Harold talked already, he isn't going to add to what he just said, i doubt if he's going to come out of his room anytime soon. All thanks to Irene, he's really hurt as she wants" Mrs

Marshall said in contempt.

"I can't even believe we were actually expecting that heartless thing!" She yelled, almost startling Ivory.

"Com'on Veronica, you don't have to yell. I'll go call Doc Fern now, he needs to be here before Ivory is awake " Mr Marshall said and walked upstairs to his room.

His heart ached as he heard Harold cry while walking past his room.

This is just so crazy!!

Ivy Royals

"Okay, Princess Marlene Louis of King City" Allysia said and Marlene went pale.

"Guys I'll be back" Damien said to them before walking out of the classroom, he

thought they were having girls talk and needed to excuse them plus the conversation seems to be pretty serious.

Allysia looked pretty upset, she had a fairly hot temper and even Marlene knew about it.

Marlene sighed, wiping the sweat off her forehead.

"Explain this" Allysia said, laying a magazine on the desk...

Marlene glanced across the page and there she saw it .

A photograph of herself,three months ago at a Royal wedding they had attended in England with her father and mother.

The caption simply read "Her Royal Highness Princess Marlene of King City with her father, reigning Prince Alexandre Louis and mother

Queen Anastasia"

Allysia had seen the magazine in her godmother's room yesterday, after they arrived from the jewelry store.

"I thought we were friends, it turns out I didn't even know who you were" Allysia said.

"Ally...I didn't mean to keep this from you guys" Marlene said, after a long silence.

She's feeling so bad Allysia found out this way.

"Does Damien know?" Allysia asked.

"He doesn't" Marlene said with tears in her eyes.

"What! I thought he knew" Allysia said.

"No, I'm so sorry you found out this way Allysia, I didn't mean to keep it from you guys. I just don't like my identity getting revealed,



everyone will start treating me differently! I hate that! I want to be treated like everyone else" Marlene wiped her tears and Allysia stood up to hug her.

She was glad everyone is out for lunch break.

"Look, i love you Allysia and you're someone I'd love to tell everything about me but i had no choice, do you think i want everyone here kissing my ass, waiting on me hand and foot, calling me your Royal Highness, preventing me from doing any worthwhile work. This is only where I'm normal and real,this is the only place people do not bow to me and believe me,i love it. Being in the palace, having people who are far older than me bow to me is just so miserable but there's nothing i can do, whether i want it or not. Please understand me Ally,i hadn't meant to keep this from you"

Marlene said and Allysia sighed.

"Sit" Allysia said and they both sat.

"Believe me, you're the first princess I've seen that hides her identity just because she wants to be treated like everyone else. I can't believe i once called your father an infamous safecracker. I'm so sorry Marl" Allysia apologized and Marlene nodded.

"You've really taught me not to judge people based on appearance. Marl, no one knows you're a princess,we all treated you badly and even when you had all the chance and power to punish us, you didn't do a thing. I'm so sorry" Allysia said.

"I should apologize for keeping things from my friend instead" Marl said.

"No, there's a reason you did that and i

understand. Now i know why Mr Natalie gladly allows you eat in the class claiming you have this so called phobia! " Allysia said and they both laughed.

"What are you going to do about Damien,are you going to tell him?"

"I have to but I'm not ready yet, it'll ruin everything once he knows"

"Why? Maybe he'll like the idea of being in love with a princess" Ally smiled.

"That's the point, my father would never support our relationship because I'm not to be intimate with anyone that's not of Royal birth." Marlene said sadly, she loves Damien so much and she could feel it that he loves her too.

"Wow!" Allysia looked startled.

Damien would be so heartbroken.

"Do you need your father's permission?"

Allysia asked.

"Of course and not only his permission but his members of parliament as well, there are twenty of them and a hundred members of the family court, i have to do as I'm told, i have to follow the damn tradition" Marlene said miserably.

"Wow! Being a princess is not as fun as it looks" Allysia said.

"I bet it isn't. Anyway, I'm sorry once again for keeping this from you"

"I'm sorry i got so mad, i just felt so hurt you hadn't told me" Allysia reached out a hand and touched Marlene's arm.

"I can't believe i never suspected. Though i've

always wondered why the daughter of an infamous safecracker is using such an expensive phone" Allysia teased and they both laughed.

"I guess it's all settled. I'm starving, let's eat" Damien said, walking into the class and smiling innocently at them.

Marlene felt her heart ache.

He deserves to know.

"What the hell are you doing Irene!" Mrs Neave yelled at Irene who was throwing her things into the suitcase.

"I'm going with Ethan Mum!" Irene repeated for the hundredth time.

"Are you going crazy? What are you saying!"

Have you been enchanted?" Mrs Neave asked, breathing heavily.

She couldn't believe this.

"I clearly know what I'm doing Mum, you know how much pain Harold caused me, he's going to get it back." Irene said, zipping the suitcase aggressively.

"That's lame, you knew the reason he did so. Harold would never hurt you" Mrs Neave said.

"He did! He even made you fall sick, I'm never going to forgive him for that, i can't let that go. I still love him but he has to feel the pain i felt" Irene said.

"Irene, Harold wasn't the one who made me sick, i was down with the flu because of cold" Mrs Neave said.

"No! You were down with fever because you

were so busy consoling me and didn't even have the time to rest" Irene said.

"That's not so"

"I don't care, you know I'm revengeful right" Irene said.

"I do but i thought you forgave Harold already"

"That easily? Hell no! I had my plans" Irene laughed.

"Irene please,you can't do this to him,you can't do this to us" Mrs Neave said.

"I can't be stopped Mum, i made up my mind already,it felt so great to see that pain in his eyes, i want him to feel more of it. I'm not going to Ethan's house for any other reason,i don't even love him one bit but Harold must get back the pain i felt" Irene said,

determinedly.

"Are you crazy! This devil of a guy is married!" Mrs Neave yelled.

"I know and i don't care about anything at the moment. Bye Mum, I'll be back in a week"  
Irene grabbed her suitcase.

"What am i going to tell Damien?" Mrs Neave asked in voice that shook slightly.

"The truth. Bye" Irene pecked her cheeks.

Mrs Neave watched her leave in disbelief, this can only be a dream.

Irene walked out of the door and one of Ethan's bodyguards was there,ready to help her with her luggage.

They both headed outside and Ethan willingly opened the car door for her.



"Thank you" She said with a smile, getting into the car.

Ethan got in beside her.

A bodyguard got in the front and the driver started driving .

Two more cars consisting of bodyguards followed them from behind.

"Irene, you don't know how happy i am to have you choose me over him, i didn't expect that" Ethan grinned broadly.

"Does that mean you've been admiring me secretly?" Ethan asked, licking his lips.

"No" Irene replied bluntly.

"Ohh" Ethan covered his disappointment with a smile.

"They why did you choose to come with me?"

Ethan asked.

"I only chose to come with you to hurt him. Nothing else" Irene said.

"Anyway, there's still some hope you'll get to love me during your stay in my house, I'm a very sweet person, I'll have the maids attend to your every need and have them refer to you as 'Queen Irene' " Ethan said.

"You don't have to do that " Irene smiled shyly.

"Why not? You're my queen and you're carrying my baby. I'd do anything for you"

"You're as sweet as you said" Irene said.

"I told you" Ethan said, his head feeling like it would burst soon.

He felt he's starting to win her heart.

"If only i knew you'd be coming with me, i

would have had the maids set up your room like a Queen's. I guess you'll have to sleep in my room tonight till the room's set up because i won't have you stay in that room, it doesn't befit the mother of my child" Ethan said.

"How's Carrle going to take this? I cant believe i hadn't even thought of her,i was only thinking of hurting Harold back" Irene sighed.

"Carrle is going to welcome you with open arms, she'll be so happy to have you in the house" Ethan said.

"Really?"

"Yes" Ethan smiled.

"Hell no! I'm not going to allow this, get out of this house in a minute" Carrle yelled at Irene who surveyed the living room.

It was a beautiful house, though not as exquisite as Harold's mansion.

She had been stunned when the maids rushed to collect her luggage and bow to her.

Harold never allows bowing.

"Carrle, you need to chill" Ethan whispered to her.

"She hates Harold already and she left him. This is your chance to get him"

"Really? She left him?" Carrle asked.

"Yes" Ethan said.

"Oh..my, you're welcome Irene" Carrle smiled sweetly.

"Huh?" Irene asked.

"I'm sorry to have behaved that way,i was upset by something before you came in, you're

highly welcome in here. Come with me,I'll show you to your room" Carrle said, grabbing her hand.

Irene was surprised.

"No, she'll be staying with me in my room tonight till her room is completely set up" Ethan said.

"Perfect! I should show her round the house then and introduce her to the staff" Carrle said, smiling.

"Would you like to eat first?" Ethan asked Irene who nodded.

"I would love to eat and freshen up first" Irene said.

"Alright,go freshen up while i tell the cooks to prepare a special delicacy for you" Carrle beamed.

"Okay"

Ethan took Irene's hand and led her towards the stairs to his room.

Every worker bowed as they walked passed them and Irene was greatly impressed.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 80.

---

"OMG! Stop hitting her please" Irene said, running to the rescue of a maid Carrle was seriously hitting.

She just finished freshening up, Ethan had led

her back to the living room.

She was so surprised to see him not stopping Carrle.

"You're fired!" Carrle said to the maid who pleaded in tears.

She had stopped hitting her but the lady's nose was bleeding and her eye was a bit swollen.

"You shouldn't hit her, you have no right to do that" Irene said.

"This is my house! And they are my workers,I'll do to them whatever pleases me" Carrle stated clearly.

Irene sighed..."I know right but what was her offense?"

"You won't believe she didn't bow to me when

i walked past her" Carrle fumed.

"Excuse me?" Irene was stunned.

"You're hitting her because she refused to bow? You hit and fire them when they refuse to bow?" Irene turned to Ethan who wasn't saying anything.

"Of course, they know they are meant to bow to their employers,not bowing is a sign of disrespect and a worker who disrespects his employer should be fired immediately. That is how things are done here" Carrle said.

"They are your workers,i know but i don't think hitting one's worker has been legalised,you have the right to fire them but not hit them" Irene said.

"This is not Harold's house where he doesn't have control over his workers,i know you're



used to that lifestyle but that's not how things are done over here, you'll be staying here now, you should get used to it" Carrle said.

"And you, you're fired!" Carrle said to the maid.

"Go pack your things!" She yelled.

"Ethan, won't you say something?" Irene asked.

"What do you want lovie?" Ethan asked with all sweetness.

He looked like he was ready to do anything for her.

"Please don't make Carrle fire her, this place might be her only source of income, please" Irene pleaded, knowing how tough the struggle is out there.

She has passed through that stage and she

doesn't hope for anyone to go through that hardship and she was so moved by the lady's tears.

"Please" Irene repeated and Ethan sighed, glancing at Carrle who glared at him.

"I think you should plead with her instead" Ethan said to Irene.

"Carrle please, do not fire her, she isn't gonna repeat that disrespectful act, will you?" Irene asked the maid who quickly shook her head.

"Fine" Carrle said.

"Thank you so much ma'am, thank you. I promise I won't repeat that. Thank you" The maid said happily.

"Just get out of my sight" Carrle rolled her eyes and the maid quickly stood up, bowed and left hurriedly.

"Come with me to the dining room, the table is set" Carrle said to Irene.

"Okay, thanks" Irene said, walking behind her and taking note of the environment.

They walked into the dining room and Irene was amazed at the amount of dishes arranged on the table.

It was almost overwhelming.

"Wow .. all this for me?" She asked.

"Yes, Ethan is more wealthy than you thought, even wealthier than Harold but he just doesn't like showing off" Carrle smiled and Ethan winked thankfully at her.

"Really?" Irene asked, glancing at Ethan who feigned shyness by staring at his feet.

"Yes, I know Harold can never afford to set his

dining table up like this, he eats like a miser" Carrle said.

"Ohh" Irene smiled inwardly.

"I would love you both to join me" Irene said.

"No,it's all for you" Carrle said.

"I can't possibly finish this,besides, I'd love some company while eating and didn't you say you're going to fill me in on the system of this house,we can do that over lunch" Irene said.

"That'll be great" Carrle said and they both sat with Irene for lunch.

\*

"Your cook is really good" Irene said with a nod, enjoying the meal.

"Well..there are thirteen of them" Carrle said.

"What!" Irene exclaimed, startling Ethan.

Carrle knew why she was surprised. Harold had only one cook.

"I'm sorry but aren't they too much to be in the kitchen?" Irene asked.

"I guess our kitchen will be the first place i should show you then,it's very wide and spacious" Carrle said.

"Its not about the size but the people,thirteen people in the kitchen?"

"Well..they do not get to be at the kitchen at the same time,there's the head cook who's there all the time but the rest of them alternate shifts,just three people are allowed to be with her for breakfast,three for lunch,three for mid lunch and three for dinner.

"Ohh... interesting" Irene smiled.

"I guess it isn't that way in Harold's house"  
Ethan said.

"Of course it isn't, he only has one cook whom he made to be preparing meals for everyone because he believes she owes him" Carrle snarled.

"That's not true!" Irene snapped.

"Mrs Nola voluntarily offered to be the cook and she had even turned down Harold's offer severally to bring in another cook. She loves cooking and feels she's the only one who can protect Harold from being poisoned also after the death of Helena. That was why she devoted her time to making the house meals, she even refuses anyone's help except mine" Irene explained.

"Ohh" Ethan said.

"Whatever" Carrle said, she couldn't believe Harold told Irene about Helena already, he must really trust her.

"You should know Helena" Irene said to Carrle, observing her deeply.

There was panic in her eyes but it quickly disappeared as soon as it appeared.

"Of course i know Helena, i liked her even though she was against my every move in that house! She almost stopped Harold from getting married to me" Carrle said with anger in her eyes.

"Ohh" Irene smiled.

They all continued their meal in silence and Ethan was almost lost staring at Irene who had worn pink shorts and white sweatshirt after freshening up, her hair was in a tight ponytail

which highlighted her beautiful face and she even had striking eyes.

He's attracted to her, he has never seen anyone look this beautiful without wearing make up, she was much more natural than the women he was accustomed to who always wear makeup, perform breast and butt enhancements...

He's so happy Harold lost this gem to him.

Carrle, noticing Ethan was almost drooling over Irene couldn't help but feel jealous. She feels so insecure about Irene's natural beauty.

Who wouldn't drool over her?

Well...she should be stuck here with Ethan while she makes a move on Harold.

"Okay, about the house system" Carrle broke the silence.



"Ohh..yeah" Irene said, she was still surprised about Carrle's sudden kindness to her.

Isn't it the same lady who had emptied a bowl of ice cream on her?

And why would a wife be so comfortable with her husband bringing in another lady.

She hopes Carrle doesn't have something tricky up her sleeves.

"I know you must be so used to Harold's house system that you'll find things here a bit awkward and i should make this clear, you have no right to change any of this house rules,you have to go with the flow"

"Ohh..okay but what if I'm not comfortable with it?" Irene asked.

"Then you'll have to avoid it but no changing of anything,i hate it when people don't do as i

want" Carrle said.

"Alright then" Irene said.

"Okay,so here, the workers are to bow to their employers and any of them who refused to do that will get punished and fired immediately..." Carrle started.

\*

Irene nodded with a deep sigh after Carrle was done.

"Once we're done eating,I'm going to show you round the house and introduce you to the workers" Carrle said.

"Alright" Irene said, sipping a pineapple juice which almost made her throw up.

"Can i have strawberry juice only and strawberry cake and whipped cream for

dessert" Irene said.

"Of course, anything you want" Ethan smiled and quickly ordered the cooks to bring in what Irene wants.

"Thank you" Irene smiled.

\*

"Wow, i must say this is one hell of a beautiful house" Irene said after Carrle was done taking her on a tour of the house and explaining some things to her.

She had introduced her to the workers as they toured the building.

"Thank you" Irene said.

"My pleasure" Carrle said,her escorts were standing few feet away. Irene had insisted she wanted no escort.

"Can i ask you something?" Irene asked.

"You already did" Carrle laughed and Irene smiled.

"You're free to ask anything" Carrle said.

"Why are you so cool about me being here. You do not like me,we both know that" Irene said.

"Of course i do not like you but I'm someone who stoops to any level to get what she wants" Carrle said with a one-sided grin.

"What do you mean?" Irene asked.

"Have a nice day Irene" Carrle said, walking away with her escorts.

"And are you sure you do not want bodyguards?" Carrle stopped to ask and Irene shook her head.

Irene watched her leave.

She was right.

Carrle wants something.

Just a week and she'll be out of this place.

Irene turned to see bodyguards in every corner of the house staring at her.

Woah...she couldn't even count the number of bodyguards Carrle had introduced her to.

They make the whole house stuffy and uncomfortable for her.

She walked towards the pool, not ready to go inside yet.

"Ma'am" Irene heard someone said behind her.

She turned and smiled on seeing the maid she had saved from been fired.

"Your eye must be hurting" Irene said pitifully seeing how swollen the eye is .

"As far as I'm still in this house, it can hurt as much as it wants, this place is my only source of income and getting fired isn't any better than being dead" The maid said and Irene shook her head sadly.

Irene glanced at her name tag and saw her name.

Christiana.

"Thank you so much ma'am,I'm so grateful, you saved my life with what you did"  
Christiana said.

"Saved your life? How?" Irene asked.

"Because leaving this place is as good as being dead, my daughter are probably going to starve to death." Christiana said.

"You have a daughter?" Irene asked and Christiana nodded.

She looked so young to have a child.

She looks so pretty with her striking blue eyes and glossy brown hair, her nose and mouth were in perfect shape but her fair skin looked so dry like it has weeks she applied body lotion.

"I'm twenty one, i had her when i was seventeen" Christiana said.

She doesn't know why she felt at ease with Irene.

She has never told anyone about her child, not even those she has been working with for months.

"Let's go sit over there and talk" Irene said.

"No, we're not allowed to do that" Christiana said.

"Ohh" Irene sighed.

"So she's four, what's her name?" Irene asked interestingly..

"Sabrina" Christiana smiled.

"Are you married?" Irene asked.

"No,I'm a single mother,her father's not dead, he just doesn't want the baby" Christiana smiled sadly.

"I'm so sorry about that" Irene patted her shoulder affectionately.

"I'm over that, it's been years" Christiana said.

"I'm glad you are, so Sabrina stays with your parents?" Irene asked.

"No,they made me leave the house after i told



them i was pregnant, they couldn't cope with the news"

"And they didn't come for you till now?" Irene asked.

"They didn't"

"For four years!" Irene was stunned.

"Yes" Christiana laughed but Irene could see the pain in her eyes.

"That's bad. Who do you stay with?"

"My friend, she runs a small restaurant and helps take care of my daughter while I'm here, i only get to see on my off days"

"Wow, that's so nice of her, she's a very good friend" Irene said.

"Yes she is" Christiana smiled.

"How long have you been working here?"

Irene asked.

"Four months" Christiana said.

"Is the pay enough to sustain you and your daughter?"

"Yes, more than enough, i get to pay her school fees, buy things for her, assist Gemma with the rent"

"Ohh..that's great" Irene smiled, glad Christiana is doing well for herself, she seems like a determined and hardworking lady.

"I need to leave now, Madam Carrle mustn't see me here. Thank you so much Madam Irene" Christiana said and Irene nodded with a smile.

She walked away after bowing to Irene.

"Make sure you take some pain reliever" Irene

said after her.

"Okay ma'am, thank you" Christiana smiled.

"How can you laugh over that!?" Mrs Neave asked Damien.

She just told him Irene left with Ethan and he's laughing.

"I'm serious, she left with Ethan, saying she wants to make Harold go through the pain he made her felt" Mrs Neave said.

"Irene can't do that. She just can't. I know my sister more than anybody else" Damien smiled.

"You need to see Irene, she was so serious. I don't think she's joking" Mrs Neave panicked.

"Irene surely have some plans, trust me. And didn't she said she'll be back in a week, exactly

when the result will be out? She definitely knows what she's doing, let's just be patient. I just hope whatever her plan is, she won't be hurt" Damien said.

"Ohh" Mrs Neave thought reasonably.

I don't know how you're going to do it, you need to set up a meeting with Doctor Cyril tomorrow.." Ethan said to Alex over the phone.

Boss..

I do not want to hear anything from you! You're still going to be punished for giving me wrong information! " Ethan said before disconnecting the call.

"He's going to do it.. right?" Carrle asked Ethan who was seated in her room.

"Of course, i should be preparing to meet the Doc tomorrow" Ethan smiled.

"Didn't you said he seems stubborn?"

"He's going to give in when i offer him a huge sum of money,trust me"

"I do" Carrle smiled. "Ethan, don't you think this Irene lady is up to something. We both know how much she loves Harold and she had even refused to leave him when you offered her a huge sum of money and now she's here, like..."

"I don't think she's up to anything and if she is, she'll be paying with her life. I think she's only after hurting Harold as he had hurt her. One of my bodyguards were at her door while she was talking to her Mum and he told me everything they said, she only wants to hurt

Harold.. nothing else" Ethan said.

"Anyway,I'm going to keep a close eye on her and make sure the bodyguards do so too"  
Carrle said.

"As you wish" Ethan shrugged.

"I can see you're starting to love her" Carrle said.

"Shouldn't i ? You'll also be going to Harold soon" Ethan said.

His phone started ringing and he stared at the screen.

Alex.

You have an appointment with Doctor Cyril tomorrow by 12pm at Oona restaurant" Alex said.

Alright" Ethan smiled.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 81

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"A..re we sleeping on the same bed?" Irene asked Ethan as she walked out of the bathroom in her pajamas.

It's night already.

"I...can sleep on the couch" Ethan said.

"No,it's fine. My room's gonna be ready tomorrow right?" She asked.

"Of course" Ethan said.

His room is nothing like Harold's, Ethan's

room is so flashy and colourful, the curtains, rug, furnitures, bedspread, the wall and every other thing in the room is blinked brightly.

She so much prefers Harold's room to this, his room is so cool, clean, cozy and it gives one an unbeatable sense of warmth.

She got on the bed beside Ethan and covered her body with the blanket.

There was silence for a moment.

"Is there any thing you want me to do for you Irene, I'll gladly do it" Ethan said.

"Really?" Irene asked slowly, turning on the bedside lamp.

"Yeah" Ethan said, he was totally smitten with her.



"Is that a promise?" Irene asked.

"Yes, I'll do anything for you Irene, anything for you to love me..just mention it" Ethan said.

"Okay...but i can't seem to think of anything i want now, perhaps i can use this whole night to think about it" Irene said.

"As you wish, my lady" Ethan smiled to himself.

"Goodnight Ethan" She said.

"Goodnight lovie" Ethan said.

Next Morning

Irene sat in the living room after breakfast, watching the documentaries that was being screened with Ethan.

Bodyguards were all over them and Irene felt so uncomfortable.

"Can you please make half of them stay

outside,I'm almost choked" Irene said to Ethan.

"Of course, Hardin make half of them stay outside, Irene's feeling choked,it's not good for our baby" Ethan said to the head of the bodyguards.

"Okay boss" Hardin bowed before carrying out the order.

Carrle walked into the living room,dressed in a short purple velvet gown which showed off her great figure,with an elegant dark fur hat,high-heeled black shoes and an alligator bag.

She looked beautiful.

"Where to?" Ethan asked.

"Tanya's fashion store, i need to get some new wears" She said.

"Ohh.. okay, say hi to her for me" Ethan said.

"Alright and i think you should tune in to news" Carrle said, pointing to the TV before walking off with her escorts.

"Hey, change the channel" Ethan said to one of his bodyguards who quickly did so..

Doctor Donovan, the head doctor of Start up hospital was found dead in his house, in the pool of his own blood.

"OMG!" Irene sat up in shock as she watched the pictures of the dead man.

He was stabbed severally on the chest.

"OMG" She said, breathing heavily.

She turned to look at Ethan whose face held no emotion, he sipped his wine and picked his phone.

Irene was surprised he didn't show any sign of shock or pity.

"Ethan, they found the head doctor of Start up hospital murdered in his house" Irene repeated.

Ethan shrugged "Yeah,i saw the news"

Fuck!

He had thought he was sitting with Carrle.

"OMG! Really?" Ethan feigned shock.

"This is so sad" He said pitifully, shaking his head .

Even the blind could tell he was faking it.

Irene sighed and turned back to the TV.

Could it be that Ethan has no emotion, he was not even moved by the news a bit.

His door was found broken and his furnitures destroyed.....

"You shouldn't watch this because of our baby" Ethan said.

"No,it's fine" Irene said.

"Are you sure?" He asked and she nodded.

"So,what do you think about Start up hospital?" Ethan asked.

"Think? What do you mean?" Irene asked.

"I mean...it's also a suitable hospital where we could have conducted the test" Ethan said..

"We did it ATC already" Irene said.

"Ohh..yeah!" Ethan smiled.

"And i hope you like your room?" He asked.

"I love it! Totally" Irene smiled and Ethan

couldn't hide his grin.

"I'm glad you do" He said.

"You're welcome into my room anytime though" He said and she nodded.

"I want to know more about your family" He said, sitting up and facing her.

"Okay.. i have a brother, he's Damien" Irene said, carefully watching his expression.

"Really? You have a brother?" Ethan asked like he knew nothing about Damien.

'yes! You fool! You had even invited him to your house to threaten him' Irene raged in her mind.

"Yes, i do and i guess you saw my Mum yesterday" Irene said.

"I did but it seems she doesn't like me, i hope

your brother is going to like me though" Ethan said.

'he hates you like shit!'

"He's going to" Irene smiled.

"I can't wait to meet him"

"How about your family?" Irene asked.

"They are somewhere in the countryside"  
Ethan said flatly.

"Countryside?" Irene asked.

"Yeah,they actually wanted to remain them, i urged them to come to San Francisco but they preferred the countryside"

"Ohh, so do you have siblings?" Irene asked.

"Yes, two younger sisters,one of them is married and the last is still in high school"

"Wow. What about your parents?" Irene asked.

Ethan was so happy... could she be asking about his family because she's starting to love him.

"They are both fine, in the countryside" He said.

"That's cool" Irene said.

Ethan glanced at his wrist watch.

"You going out?" Irene asked.

"Yes but not yet, to meet some business partners" Ethan said.

Well.. Doc Cyril is also a business partner, isn't he?

"Okay, you won't be staying long right? I enjoy your company" Irene said and Ethan's heart almost bursted.



"I promise i won't stay long, I'm going to leave immediately the business meeting is over!"  
Ethan said earnestly.

"Thank you" Irene smiled, resting her head on his shoulder and this time his heart tore open.  
He was so elated and didn't even waste time in caressing her hair.

"OMG! OMG!" His heart screamed.

She's starting to fall for him!

This is so unbelievable.

His sweetness paid off.

Damn!

Christiana placed some slices of strawberry cake on the table before Irene.

"Tiana, how are you?" Irene smiled and she could see Tiana hesitate in answering her.

"Ohh .. Ethan, it's fine if Tiana is free with me right?" Irene asked.

"Of course, you can make her your personal maid if you want" Ethan smiled, still caressing her hair.

"Really?"

"Of course" He said.

"A personal maid earn more than a non personal maid right?" Irene asked.

"Yes, thrice the pay of a non personal maid" Ethan said.

"Alright, she's my personal maid starting from now" Irene said.

"As you wish darling" Ethan said.

"Thank you so much ma'am!" Christiana screamed happily and Irene laughed.

"Hey! You're going to block my ears!" Ethan yelled at Christiana.

"I'm so sorry sir" Christiana bowed immediately.

"You don't have to yell, it's quite stressful" Irene said calmly to Ethan, looking into his eyes.

He almost melted.

"Okay, I'm going to stop yelling" He said.

"Good" Irene smiled.

"Go get your things from the workers quarters, you'll be staying in the house now, the small room beside Irene's" Ethan said.

"Thank you so much" Christiana said with tears in her eyes.

"It's okay, Tiana" Irene said.

"Thank you " Christiana said once more,  
bowed before going to get her things.

"I'll get going" Ethan said, walking into the  
living room,dressed up.

"You look good" Irene commented.

"Thank you" Ethan was flattered.

"You should take good care of her while I'm  
gone" Ethan said to Christiana,who nodded.

She was standing beside Irene which is part of  
her work now and she was so excited.

Ethan left with his bodyguards and Irene told  
Christiana to sit.

"Huh?" Tiana asked.

"Sit. Everyone of you should have your seat,  
rest and have fun" Irene said and the workers

hesitated.

"I'm not against it, the people against it are out and if you feel you don't want to have a little fun till they are back, then you can keep standing" Irene said and got to her feet.

The workers around dropped on the chair, sighing tiredly.

Irene smiled and made to walk to her room.

"You don't have to come with me Tiana" She said.

"I'm your personal maid now ma'am" Tiana said.

"I know, I'm going to call you when i need you. Have fun with others" Irene said.

"Thank you ma'am" Tiana smiled and Irene nodded.

\$\$\$

"You want me to manipulate the result? I'm sorry i can't do that" Doc Cyril said to Ethan.

"I have a huge reward for you if you accept to do that"

"I just can't, that's unethical" Cyril stated.

Ethan smiled and signalled his bodyguard to give him the brief case filled with money.

He placed it on the table before Cyril.

"A whole lot of money is in there, it's so much that i don't even know the amount and trust me,this money is going to go a long way in your life"

"Really?" Doc Cyril asked, unlocking the briefcase.

"Do not open it widely or you're gonna cause a

huge stir in here" Ethan said.

Doc Cyril peeped into the briefcase and gasped.

"OMG!" He exclaimed.

"That's it" Ethan smiled.

"But why do you want to do this?" Cyril asked.

"I need to. I'd be at loss if Harold ends up owning the baby" Ethan said.

"What if the baby turns out to be yours?" Cyril asked.

"Then you can still keep the money" Ethan said.

"Really?" Cyril looked intrigued.

"Yes" Ethan smiled.

"So,are you going to do it or not?" Ethan asked.

"I'll do it" Cyril said, without hesitating.

"Okay,so the baby is mine now, regardless of the result" Ethan said.

"Yes" Cyril confirmed.

"Make sure to keep to the deal or...you'll be killed" Ethan said to Cyril in a whisper and he gasped.

"You should know Doctor Donovan,the head doctor of Start up hospital" Ethan said.

"Y..yes, so sad he was murdered" Cyril said.

"Well.." Ethan scanned the surrounding "i killed him" He grinned as he stared at the shocked expression of Cyril.

"So,you should know better than to play games with me" Ethan said.

"Okay Sir" Cyril said in a shaky voice.



"Good bye" Ethan said and left as quickly as he had came.



"Will you fucking get out of that room! Ivory is sick and she's not allowing Doc Fern touch her!" Mrs Marshall yelled, banging Harold's door.

His door flagged open in seconds and he headed to his daughter's room.

He opened the door and met her on the phone, smiling.

Mr Marshall and Mrs Nola were seated on the bed beside her and Doc Fern stood in a corner, Tom was crouched by her side.

"Didn't you told me she was sick?" Harold asked his Mum who was looking surprised.

"She was, trust me. I don't know what's going on either" Mrs Marshall said, walking closer to them.

"Who's on the phone with her?" Harold asked Tom.

"I..i irene" Tom said and Harold looked so pissed.

He cursed under his breath and patiently waited for the damn call to be over.

Bye Irene,i promise I'm going to allow Doc Fern touch me.

Good girl! I'll be back soon okay?

Okay Irene,bye" Ivory smiled.

Bye" Irene said disconnecting the call.

"How could you allow her speak to Irene! Why the hell did you call her and made Ivory speak

to her "Are you crazy?" Harold yelled at Tom.

"I'm sorry Mr Harold, I didn't call Irene, she called and... requested to speak to Ivory. I'm so sorry" Tom said.

"She called?" Harold asked and Tom nodded.

"She called my daughter in that thing house, this is just fucking crazy" Harold laughed.

He was looking so terrible and he reeked of alcohol.

He had dark circles beneath his eyes and his eyes looked red and sad.

His hair was disheveled and he tried to make it look better by raking it with his fingers.

"Dad, Irene's going to be back" Ivory said happily, rushing to him.

'she's fucking deceiving you!'

"Okay" Harold said, putting on a smile for his daughter.

"I can't believe this...she was feeling unwell before i left to get Harold" Mrs Marshall said.

"We were also surprised to see her recover while talking to Irene" Mr Marshall said.

"Unbelievable" Mrs Marshall sighed.

"I guess there's no need to get her treated anymore, she's looking fine now" Doc Fern said.

"Tom, don't ever put my daughter on the phone with her ever again okay?" Harold said angrily.

"Okay,Mr Harold" Tom said.

"Harold,you really need to chill okay?" Mr

Marshall said.

"And why are you looking so terrible! Will you get your ass into your bathroom and have a clean bath, resume work and live like the man you are" Mrs Marshall said sternly.

"Look at you, looking like you lost three people in a day. She left you, fine, let her go. It's her loss, get yourself together and stop drinking and crying like a cry baby" Mr Marshall said.

"Ivory, tell your dad to go have his bath, he's stinking." Mrs Marshall said to ivory.

"Uhm...you're stinking dad, go have your bath" Ivory said, pushing her dad out of her room with her little hands.

Harold laughed.

Okay, I'm back" Tom said to Irene over the phone.

He was sitting in his room.

I hope Ivory's fine now?" Irene asked.

He had told her she was sick when she called to tell him she was fully settled into Ethan's house.

She's fine now" Tom said.

And how's Harold also?" She asked.

He'll be fine, though he seems not to take the news well, he looks shattered.

OMG! My baby" Irene said, blinking back tears.

She feels so sorry for him.

Do not worry about him for now, you need to fully concentrate on what you're in that

house for okay?

Okay" Irene said, keeping her emotions aside.

I hope you're in the toilet?" Tom asked.

Yes, why do you insist i stay in the toilet to interact with you,i can stay in the room,no one's going to hear me,besides they are both not home at the moment.

Ethan is a fucking dick! He might have installed a camera in your room.

Camera?" Irene asked.

Of course, you do not think he'll trust you that easily right?"

I was wondering too" Irene sighed.

Listen, do not panic. First, you need to check your room thoroughly, the four corners,

behind the curtain,the drawer,your closet,the bedside lamp,check every damn place and see if you'll find a camera. We need to be sure there's no camera before proceeding with our plan"

Okay,I'll be back" Irene said and disconnected the call.

She walked back into her room and started searching like Tom had said.

She searched for minutes and didn't find anything,she was about giving up when she decided to check her bedside lamp and there it was!

Damnit!

She dropped on the bed, pretending not to see it cause she definitely know they'll be watching her now.



"Where the hell is my bracelet" She sighed loudly, making whoever is watching her right now think she's searching for her bracelet.

'im in deep shit' she said inwardly.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 82

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'im in deep shit!!' she said inwardly.

She sighed and sat up on the fluffy bed.

She looked round the room, Ethan really did a great job in making it look spectacular, it was the most beautiful room she has ever seen.

And how he knew one of her best colours was scarlet was still surprising to her.

She rarely tell anyone.

She stood up knowing she needs to tell Tom there's a camera installed in her room.

She must have been so dumb to think Ethan would trust her easily.

He's a smart and sneaky man.

Though she knows his love for her is genuine, she could feel it but he hadn't allowed the love cloud his judgement.

He isn't a weak man who can be easily tamed.

She's not here to tame him though but to get what belongs to Harold.

Helena's necklace.

Harold might look happy on the outside but

she knows he feels incomplete without the necklace.

And he was always constantly thinking about it.

~if there's anything i wish for most,it's to get back Helena's necklace~ He had said to her.

And with all he had done for her and her family, helping him get back the necklace he so much cherished shouldn't be too much.

She loves him so much and would do anything to make him feel happy and complete.

While she's here for the necklace, she'll make sure to get all Ethan's bad deeds and also the spy who keeps supplying him information about them.

If she's successful with her plan then Ethan will be heading to prison in one week.

She's not sure it'll be easy though, now she got a steady camera on her.

She just got into the room this morning and she's glad she hasn't done anything suspicious.

Tom was so wise to suggest she makes call in the bathroom.

Damn!

What if he has a camera installed in the bathroom also.

She walked into the bathroom and looked around carefully, the search for another camera went on for minutes and she was glad she didn't find one.

She splashed water on her face and grabbed a towel which she wiped her face with.

She searched her pocket for her phone to call

Tom and realized she left in the room.

She stepped back into her room and screamed as she saw Ethan sitting on her bed.

"OMG! Did i startle you?" He asked gently.

"Ahh" Irene sighed in relief.

"You startled me" She said, walking closer to him.

She picked her phone beside him on the bed.

"You didn't ask about my business meeting"  
Ethan smiled and something suddenly came to Irene's mind.

She closed her eyes tightly and tried hard to remember the night her father had died.

She bursted into tears and Ethan quickly got to his feet.

"What's wrong?" He asked worriedly.

Irene continued crying and Ethan sat her down, he gazed down at her worriedly.

"What's wrong darling?" He asked and Irene sniffed.

"I can't believe you could do this" She said, wiping her tears with her palm.

"What?" Ethan asked, so scared she might have found out something unpleasant about him.

"How could you install a camera in my room, you claim to love me but you don't even trust me a bit and to think i was starting to love you" Irene said and sniffed as drops of tears fell from her eyes.

"OMG" Ethan sighed.

"I'm so sorry" He said, crouching before her.

He was so touched by her tears that his heart

ache, this is so unusual of him.

And did she just said she's starting to love him?

Gosh..his heart felt like bursting.

"Irene, I'm so sorry. Its not me actually. Carrle suggested it, trust me,i have no hand in this. I trust you Irene"

"Really?"

"I swear"

"Then why did you allow her do it?" Irene asked.

"Carrle is obstinate, she does whatever she wants, i couldn't have stopped her even if i wanted to but...how did you find out about the camera?" Ethan asked.

"I..i was searching for my bracelet when i sighted it by the bedside lamp"

"I hope the love you're starting to have for me hasn't diminished yet cause thought i didn't trust you?" Ethan asked hopefully.

"It almost did" Irene.

"Gosh!" Ethan sighed.

"But now I'm sure you trust me and have no hand in it" Irene said.

" I'm going to order them to remove it right now."

"Please do" Irene said.

" Hardin" Ethan called.

"Yes boss" Hardin opened the door and walked in.

He bowed.

"Disconnect the CCTV by the bedside lamp immediately" Ethan ordered.



"Okay boss" Hardin bowed before carrying out the order.

"Are you sure that's the only one in my room" Irene asked.

"Yeah,she installed just one" Ethan said.

Hardin was done disconnecting it in minutes,he walked out of the room and went to thrash it.

Irene felt relieved and a smile lit up her lips.

"Thanks Ethan, i hope Carrle wouldn't be mad at you"

"I don't care, it's my house and she should be fine with whatever i do in it. I'll do anything to make you happy Irene"

Irene almost felt bad using his feelings for her as an advantage but Ethan is a bad person

also,she shouldn't feel pity for him.

It's something he could have done also.

"How was your business meeting?" She asked.

"Great" he smiled .

"The transaction was successful" He added.

"What's happening here?" They heard Carrle shout.

Ethan got on his feet,so did Irene.

The door opened and Carrle walked in.

"That thing just told me she has become a personal maid to Irene, how did that happen? Hey, you can't just make decisions. You need to consult me first" Carrle yelled at Irene.

"Carrle,i gave her the go ahead,she asked me before doing it" Ethan said.

" I don't care, she'll need to consult me first before making any move in this house. This is my house" Carrle stated clearly.

"You have tons of personal maids,why can't i have one?" Irene asked.

"Really?" Carrle asked getting pissed off.

"Yeah" Irene said.

"Ethan,come to the room right now" Carrle said before walking out and banging the door..

"I'll be back Irene" Ethan said to Irene who nodded.

She walked into the bathroom immediately he left and placed a call across Tom.

Hey.

Tom,i found the camera like you said. By my bedside lamp!

I knew it! Damn.

But it's gone now" Irene smiled.

What? How? Did you disconnect it yourself.  
Damn, they are going to be suspicious.

I didn't. Ethan did.

What! How?

I actually performed some drama" Irene  
laughed.

Go ahead and fill me in" Tom said  
interestingly.

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Wow!" Tom laughed after Irene narrated  
the ordeal to him.

What a wise move. Now he's going to trust  
you cause he now knows how hurt you were  
knowing he doesn't trust you. You've gained

his trust now, things will be more easy.

Okay, so our first problem is solved, which is trust. What's next?" Irene asked.

Swinging into action" Tom said.

The first thing i want to do is get the necklace, do i have to go through Carrle's jewelry box?

Yes because we're not sure where it might be, if Carrle really took it, it should be in her jewelry box and if it isn't, you'll have to search Ethan's room also. Irene, you need to be very careful. If you're caught, Ethan might not spare you.

Okay" Irene sighed.

I just have to sneak into her room right?

Do not dare! You'll be caught. Carrle's as

smart as Ethan, she doesn't trust you a bit and believe me, she already has people watching you" Tom said.

What should I do then?" Irene asked.

You can politely ask her to show you her collection of jewelries, you'll say it in a way that really shows you admire every jewelry she puts on.

Okay" Irene smiled.

She had made no mistake in making Tom know of her plans, they had both sat together to plan it out, the day he brought her luggage to her house.

He was more interested in revealing Ethan's bad deeds though while she's interested in the necklace and the spy!

They had concluded not to inform Harold

cause he's never going to allow her do it.

Thank you Tom.

Com'on, i should thank you for sacrificing to bring Ethan to book. Not everyone can do that.

What about Cory?" She asked.

They had included Tom's friend also,who's a trustworthy police and detective just waiting for evidence to bring Ethan into book.

Ethan has almost all the cops wrapped around his finger but not Cory.

She had planted the tape recorder Cory had given her in Ethan's room, it's automatically connected to Cory's laptop,he's going to hear everything that's being discussed in the room and file the important details.

He's ever ready, just waiting for evidence.

Cool, but are you sure i can garner enough evidence in just six days. We have six days left Tom.

Of course you can, once you're done getting the necklace, we'll proceed with the next plan. We shouldn't rush or they'll suspect.

Okay. How's Harold?" She asked worriedly.

Hey, you need to stop asking about him and focus. You're going to get back to him after you're done. You're doing this for him, do not let him distract you okay?"

Okay Tom.

And i think i should wait till it's tomorrow before approaching Carrle, she's a bit pissed now.



And make sure to approach her when she's in a great mood.

Alright.

I gotta go.

Okay boss" Irene teased and they both laughed.

Bye detective Irene.

She smiled as she walked out of the bathroom.

She's not yet done with her education,if they succeed in this plan,then she's going to work towards becoming an undercover detective.

She had always loved looking into things.

She sat on the bed and invited Christiana in.

"Can i get a glass of strawberry juice please"

She said.

"Right away ma'am" Tiana bowed, happy to carry out Irene's order..

Irene smiled as she watched her leave.

She couldn't tell the reason she's drawn to her, maybe it's because her story is quite touching.

"Just shut up Ethan! How could you allow her have a personal maid without seeking my permission first! And i can't believe you dared disconnect the camera. Are you insane?"

Carrle raged.

"You really need to chill Carl! You should be happy she's feeling more at home, that means she's never going to return to Harold" Ethan said and Carrle's anger was abated.

"Okay, I'm fine with the personal maid shitty stuff, i have ten myself but how dare you

disconnect the camera,that lady is not to be trusted,we need to keep watching her" Carrle said.

"You can tell the bodyguards to do that but she was so hurt when she found out we were keeping a tab on her, she felt we didn't trust her and that made her uncomfortable, if we keep making her feel uncomfortable,she might return to him and you'll lose your chance!" Ethan said.

Carrle blinked reasonably. "I never thought of that"

"That's why you have me,who think from every angle" Ethan winked and she smiled.

"But seriously there's nothing suspicious about her, the camera was on her since morning and she didn't do anything

suspicious" Ethan said.

"Yeah but she might be waiting to fully settle in" Carrle said.

"I don't think so" Ethan said.

"Whatever" She rolled her eyes, dropping her bag on the bed.

"When do you think i can approach Harold?" She asked.

"Alex told me he's not going to be at any of his companies for days, he's still nursing the wound of Irene walking out of his life. I would have loved to visit him at the office and taunt him with it though" Ethan laughed.

"And i can't possibly go to his house. His parents and that little witch is there and they hate me" Carrle groaned.

"You're going there for Harold, not them. And aren't you going to be visiting your daughter soon? You should use that opportunity" Ethan said.

"Wow, you're such a great thinker." Carrle kissed him.

"I hope you made Doc Donovan drop the money before killing him?" Carrle asked in a whisper.

"Of course, I gave the same money to Doc Cyril and you won't believe the tough looking man melted at the sight of money" Ethan laughed hard.

"OMG! Really?" Carrle joined in the laughter.

"Yes, he agreed to do it without hesitating"

"Wow! We shouldn't trust people's looks after all" Carrle said.

"Trust me, he looked like someone who can't be moved by anything and to think he had even rejected the friendship i stretched to him" Ethan laughed.

"I'm sure he doesn't know he's going to die soon" Carrle said.

"Of course he doesn't know, once the result is out and the baby is confirmed mine, he'll be gone. I can't have anyone leaking my secrets to the media though he's not a blabbermouth like Donovan but i just have to do it" Ethan said.

"Of course, you need to check out the sexy wears i got from Tanya's store, I'm so sure Harold will be unable to resist me this time" Carrle grinned.

Zeemah

All hail detective Irene Noris

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 83

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Harold stayed at the office until nearly eight o'clock in the night, poring over files, answering emails, and filling things.

He realised he was avoiding going home.

He had deeply engrossed himself in his work just to forget Irene.

But could she really do that to him?

He's still finding it hard to believe even though it seems real.

Irene had left him...for Ethan.

Why?

Because of some stupid revenge?

He never knew her to be someone like that, could it be that she changed overnight.

He really missed her and his heart ache for her every seconds, he's trying to hate her for what she did to him but he just couldn't.

She kept coming to his head even while he was working.

How could she hurt him this much.

What he's feeling now is beyond heartbreak.

The two women he loved in his life had been robbed off him by the same man!

And he couldn't do anything than just sit and nurse his heartbreak.



Well...what could he have done?

Nothing, because the ladies chose to be with him.

They chose Ethan over him.

Do women like deceptive, tricky, evil, unfavorable and unpleasant men??

Cause he just doesn't seem to understand why Ethan keeps getting chosen.

She had said she doesn't even care if the baby was his.

That simply means, if the baby is even confirmed as his, she's still going to remain with Ethan.

And if the baby belongs to Ethan, he's going to lose her forever.

Why does he keep hoping she'll be back to him.

He had hoped Carrle will be back to him but she remained with Ethan for years.

He shut his laptop, grabbed his jacket and strode out of the door.

Alex and Robbins followed him immediately.

There were just few staff left in the company.

Robbins and Alex hadn't disturbed Harold cause they knew how troubled and heartbroken he is.

His driver got his car ready when he saw him approaching and the car door was opened for him, he got in and picked the laptop that's meant for the car alone.

He opened it and switched it on.

He needed something to divert his thoughts to, he can't just keep thinking of Irene when she's

in a man's house.

The same man that had taken his first wife from him.

Though he hadn't been this hurt during Carrle's own.

But he had put so much trust into Irene.

He doubt if he'll be able to go to the hospital when the result is ready.

Whatever the result is,he doesn't care.

"Mr Harold,your phone is ringing" Robbins tapped Harold who seems to have dwelled in his own thought.

"Ohh..fuck!" Harold swore, he hadn't even heard his phone ring.

Robbins passed it to him.

It was his Mum.

Where are you?" Her tiny stern voice filled his ear.

I'm not seventeen any longer Mum.

I know,i only want to be sure you're not somewhere drinking or thinking of committing suicide.

C'mon, i wouldn't do that.

I just want you to know that we your family would never leave you, any other person can but we'll always be here for you. I love you my baby boy" Mrs Marshall said and Harold was close to tears by the time she was done.

He couldn't speak,he only tried not to cry.

You know what? Just get married to me,I'm never gonna leave you,you don't have to propose,i said yes! already" Mrs Marshall said and Harold bursted out laughing.

Drops of tears fell from his eyes and he quickly wiped them off.

Thanks Mum. I love you so much.

I love you more son.

I'll be home soon.

Alright, Bye.

He dropped his phone and sighed softly.

His mum just lifted his spirit,he felt good.

He closed his laptop and passed it to Robbins.

"Mum" Harold hugged Mrs Marshall tightly as he walked into the living room.

She was waiting for him after putting Ivory to bed.

She kissed him on both cheeks and led him to

the dining room.

This is one of the few times his Mum dishes out a meal for him.

Almost all the workers were asleep.

Harold ate hungrily and he was almost done with the portion Mrs Marshall dished for him, she dished more for him.

She knew he probably sat in his office working and ate nothing all day.

"Please my bodyguards and driver need to eat too" Harold said and Mrs Marshall nodded...

She called on a maid to take their meal to them and watched Harold eat.

"How's Ivory?" He asked.

"She's asleep already and she waited to see

you home but i guess she couldn't wait any longer" Mrs Marshall said and Harold nodded.

"How's Allysia too?" He asked.

He doesn't see much of her these days.

"She said she's going to see you tomorrow morning"

"Okay"

"Do you want more?" Mrs Marshall asked and he shook his head.

"I'm fine" He said, lifting the glass cup of his favorite wine to his lips.

"How was work?" Mrs Neave asked.

"Great. I was able to cover the things I've missed, though my employees weren't expecting me that soon, you know i told Alex to inform my companies that i won't be

around for a while"

"Ohh...yeah" Mrs Marshall nodded.

Harold moved on to desert and she watched him interestingly.

She has always been proud to have such a good-looking and goal driven son.

She wonder which lady in her right sense would actually leave him for Ethan.

Harold's looks alone could make one drool,he's a top notch business man, hardworking,incredibly wealthy! Companies could kill to partner with Harold.

She couldn't even count the amount of classy women that had made friends with her because they wanted Harold for their daughters.



"Hmm...are you really serious about making me your husband?" Harold teased, seeing the admiration in his mother's eyes as she gazed at him.

"Of course, i already said yes on the phone" Mrs Marshall winked, waving her wedding ring in his face.

"My husband is going to kill you" She added with a smile and he laughed.

"I know right"

"You should go to bed Mum" Harold said.

"Once you're done" Mrs Marshall said.

"I bet Dad is waiting for you already" Harold said.

"He is, I'm glad some movies kept him busy or he would have come get me"

"Ohh...i was wondering why he hasn't come to get you"

"Arrrgh,I'm so full" Harold sighed.

"You tend to eat more when i serve you" Mrs Marshall noted proudly.

"Ohh...your husband wants you already"  
Harold said, seeing Mr Marshall's personal bodyguard approach the dining room.

"Hello Mr Harold" He greeted.

"Hi James" Harold said.

"Ma'am, Mr Marshall wa.."

"I'll be right there" Mrs Marshall cut him short.

"Alright ma'am" he turned and walked away.

"I'm also done eating" Harold stood up and stretched.

He hadn't even freshened up before having dinner.

They both walked up the stairs and he kissed his Mum goodnight when they got to the door of her room.

He walked into Ivory's room after that and gently stroke her hair, he covered her properly with her blanket and kissed her on her cheek.

He smiled as she stirred.

"Sleeping beauty,sweet dreams" He said before walking out of her room,he had tried not to glance at the adjoining door connecting Ivory's room to Irene's.

He doesn't want to think about her anymore, he wants to have a good night sleep and go to work tomorrow morning like nothing has happened.

He dropped his jacket on the couch in his room, pulled his shoes, loosened the buttons of his shirt before walking into the bathroom.

He fell straight into bed after freshening up and changing into his pajamas.



"She won't even pick our calls" Mrs Neave said to Damien as he ate his breakfast.

"She doesn't want to be distracted..i guess" Damien said,even though he longed to hear from his sister.

"Irene is just so stubborn, i hope she doesn't get hurt" Mrs Neave said worriedly.

Damien was worried also but he didn't voice it out.

He knew how dangerous Ethan is.

"She'll be fine, Mum" He assured her.

He downed a glass cup of water after eating and kissed her goodbye.

"Have a nice day" Mrs Neave said after him.

"You too Mum" Damien said before walking out of the door.

He met Blaine waiting outside the gate.

"Hey buddy" they greeted each other with smiles.

They both waited for the car that conveyed Damien to school with Ivory and Allysia. Blaine wanted to see Allysia before going to school, he does that every morning.

"You should come to our school instead of waiting to see Allysia every morning" Damien teased and Blaine punched him playfully.

"How's Irene?" Blaine asked.

"She's fine, though not around for now, she's dealing with some shitty stuff" Damien said.

"Does it involve Mr Harold?" Blaine asked.

"Of course"

Blaine smiled "silly couple fights"

"I hope that's what it is this time but it looks pretty serious" Damien said.

"Uh.." Blaine sighed.

"They would solve it out" Damien said.

"Their car is approaching" Blaine smiled.



Mrs Neave heard a knock on the door while cooking lunch, she quickly went to get it and she wasn't surprised to find Harold standing

there.

"I know she's not home but is she home?"

Harold asked and Mrs Neave sighed.

She invited him in.

"Irene left with Ethan, Harold" She said, sitting beside him on the couch.

"She told me, i know but did she really left me for him?" Harold smiled, shaking his head.

"I was shocked also" Mrs Neave said, she wanted to tell him that Irene might be planning something but what if she's not, she doesn't want to give the poor man false hope.

"Is Irene really revengeful?" He asked.

"Yes but she dropped the act long ago" Mrs Neave said.

"She picked it up again! I know i hurt her

but..she shouldn't have hurt me this much and i can't even get her out of my head" He breathed out.

"I'm so sorry about that Harold, i have a feeling Irene's coming back to you,she will" Mrs Neave said.

"I still do not want to believe she can do that to me" Harold said.

"Me neither,but I'll advise you wait till the result is out" Mrs Neave said and Harold shrugged.

He doesn't even care about the outcome of the result any longer.

"Do you want some pizza rolls?" She asked.

"Perhaps they'll.." Mrs Neave was saying when her phone started ringing.



She picked it from the table.

"It's Irene, she's the one calling" She said to Harold and he knew she wouldn't even speak to him.

But his heart ached to hear her soothing voice.

Mrs Neave placed the call on loudspeaker.

Hey Mum" She said and Harold's body system reacted shamelessly to her voice.

Irene, Harold's here" Mrs Neave said and silence followed from the other end before they both heard a disconnecting sound.

Damnit!

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 84

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Irene, Harold's here" Mrs Neave said and silence followed from the other end before they both heard a disconnecting sound.

Damnit!

"Uh" Mrs Neave sighed.

"She made up her mind already" Harold said sadly.

She clearly told him she hates him, why's he so hurt she disconnected the call.

He hadn't expected her to speak to him but he felt more hurt she didn't actually tried to.

He had wanted to think of everything as a joke but she just made him see the damn reality.

She's really gone.

And won't even talk to him.

"I'm so sorry Harold" Mrs Neave said with a sigh.

"I'm okay, i once faced rejection,this shouldn't be too hard to deal with" He said.

"Harold, you trust Irene not to do such a thing right?" Mrs Neave asked.

"Of course i do,but she did it anyway" Harold said.

"I just want you to have it in mind that she's coming back. No one knows what she's up to. Irene can't just behave that way,you should know her" Mrs Neave said and Harold nodded.

"She's gone,I'm going to accept that. I don't want to give myself false hope or I'll end up

getting more hurt" Harold said.

"I'll keep saying you should be patient till it's time to go for the result." Mrs Neave said.

"Mrs Neave,i know you're trying to comfort me but isn't it better to accept the reality than hoping for some sort of miracle. She hates me,there's no way she's coming back to me" Harold said curtly,he felt so hurt.

"She doesn't hate you Harold,trust me,she doesn't" Mrs Neave said.

"I'm sorry i made you sick Mrs Neave" Harold apologized..

"Gosh! You didn't, i caught the flu because of cold" Mrs Neave cleared.

"Really?" Harold sat up.

"Does Irene know that?" He asked, he knew

the main reason she was so pissed at him was because he made her Mum sick.

Perhaps if she knows Mrs Neave caught the flu because of cold, then she's going to come back to him.

"She does, i told her but it seemed her mind was made up" Mrs Neave said much to Harold's chagrin.

He sighed and brushed back his hair with his fingers.

She left with Ethan even after Mrs Neave told her that?

"I'm beginning to think there's a reason behind her actions" Harold said.

"Exactly!"

"And i think i know the reason" He said.

"What reason?" Mrs Neave asked eagerly.

"She hates me" Harold said and Mrs Neave groaned.

"I told you she doesn't" She said.

"She does, she told me that. She has every right to hate me though, she thinks dropping her off in the rain was very unkind of me but i..i was only trying to save her" Harold said.

Even if they had to go back to that day, he'd still choose dropping her off cause he wouldn't want her hurt alongside with him.

"She knows that too, she told me you were only trying to save her."

"Then why did she do that to me!" Harold half yelled.

"I can't even believe she had pretended to

forgive me all this while, she made me happy, only to make me sad again"

Mrs Neave patted his back comfortingly .

"Right now, I'm also short of words but I'll keep holding on to my intuition that she's going to come back to you and she's only there for a reason" Mrs Neave said.

"Don't be so devastated Harold,once the result is out and the baby turns out to be..."

"I don't even care about the result anymore, i only want her back" Harold said and Mrs Neave wondered why Irene would choose a monster over a man who truly loves her.

She knows that man is a monster but still left with him! Surely, there's a reason.

"Will you have some pizza rolls to warm you up?" She asked.

"I'm not going to take no for an answer" She quickly added, getting to her feet.

"Here" She passed the remote control to him.

"Switch through channels while i go get your pizza rolls ready" She said with a smile before walking away.

"Thank you, Mrs Neave" Harold said after her.



"I think tomorrow will be the best day! to go" Carrle said to Ethan.

"Yeah, that guy really pulls up surprises, who would think he'll resume work that quickly, he doesn't even love Irene enough. I'm glad the sweet lady left him" Ethan said.

They just got a call from Alex, telling them Harold resumed work already.



"Geez! Is he even going to allow me in? With the scene i caused the last time" Carrle sighed loudly, sitting on the bed.

She faced Ethan who was balanced on the couch

"Why don't you text him before going?"

"He's never going to allow me come and he might skip going to work if he knows I'll be coming" Carrle.

"Arrgh..does he hate you that much?" Ethan furrowed his brows.

"I guess he still can't get over me, maybe he fears falling in love with me all over again if he keeps seeing me" Carrle smiled.

"Indeed...so you're just going to arrive at the company before giving him a call"

"Yes"

"What if he doesn't allow you in?"

"I'm going to make up something that involves Ivory"

"I bet he's going to usher you in immediately"  
Ethan laughed.

"Of course" Carrle joined in the laughter.

"Make sure you wear your red lipstick when going, it makes you look so hot" Ethan winked.

"Really?" Carrle blushed.

"Yeah" Ethan said.

"Okay then, red lipstick, red purse, red earrings, silver necklace and white dress  
Gosh..i can't just imagine how hot I'll look tomorrow!" Carrle said excitedly.

A knock sounded on the door.

"Miss Irene is coming in" One of Ethan's bodyguards said before the door opened.

Ethan sat up and quickly wiped his brows, he plastered a smile on his face as Irene walked in.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on whatsapp to get added to our group.

"Oh..my, I'm sorry to have left you all alone in the living room,i was about coming to you, you must have missed me. Gosh, I'm so sorry"  
Ethan said.

"Uh...well, i came to..see Carrle" Irene smiled.

"Ohh..right" Ethan nodded, using a smile to hide his disappointment.

"You came to see me?" Carrle asked.

"Yeah"

"What do you want?" Carrle asked.

"Ohh..well, I've always admired the jewelries you put on,i check your pictures constantly and every piece of jewelry you put on looks so adorable,your jeweler is just so good" Irene said.

"Oh..my" Carrle grinned widely.

She loves being complimented..

And this is coming from Irene which shows sure she has been greatly admiring her,even while in Harold's house.

This is great.

"Thank you" Carrle beamed.

"I would really like to take a look at more of your jewelries,i love feeding my eyes with beautiful things. That's if you don't mind

though" Irene said.

"Of course i do not mind, come with me to my room" Carrle said excitedly, grabbed her hand and they both walked out of Ethan's room.

Ohh..

"Wow...this is beautiful" Irene complimented the jewelries, checking it out one after the other.

It was so much, and she was starting to get tired.

Her mouth and cheeks ached from the fake laughter she share with Carrle every now and then.

Carrle looked so enthusiastic about someone checking out her jewelries.

She kept telling her about how good her

jeweler is and the prices she mentioned for each of them shocked Irene.

Carrle really spends a lot on fashion!

There was so much necklace that looked like Helena's but Irene had seen Helena's necklace clearly when she visited her room with Harold. The necklace in Helena's portrait has an oval diamond as pendant and it really looked cool but the diamonds Irene had been seeing looked nowhere near cool.

Her back ached and she was glad she was almost done with it.

"I never knew there was someone who admired every piece of jewelry i own. That means there are tons of people out there who admires everything about me. Wow" Carrle blushed feeling heavenly..

"Of course" Irene smiled.

"Ahh" She let out a disappointing groan after picking up the last necklace which didn't turn out to be Helena's.

"Is anything wrong? Do you want some jewelries too? I can refer you to my jeweler" Carrle offered with a smile.

"No, yeah. I mean I'm going to tell you when I'm ready" Irene smiled and made to start putting the jewelries back in place.

"No..don't do that,it's meant for the maids" Carrle said, calling in her maids.

"I should arrange it back myself." Irene said.

"Why? Because you brought them out?" Carrle asked and Irene nodded.

"Well..things are not done like that here,most

especially my room" Carrle said, picked the jewelry box from Irene and passed it to the maids.

"Arrange them back and if any piece gets missing,one of you is getting missing with it" Carrle said.

They bowed and set to work.

"So, do you want to check out my closet also?" Carrle asked.

"Ahh..no, i'll do that another time" Irene got to her feet.

She stretched and sighed tiredly.

"Ohh..i guess the baby makes you tired easily, it must be a girl. I felt so tired during Ivory's too" Carrle said.

"Ohh" Irene said,she had almost forgotten this



was Ivory's Mum.

"Thanks for letting me see your jewelries"

Irene said on getting to the door.

"My pleasure" Carrle smiled.

"Perhaps you do have more jewelries somewhere that you might want to show me?" Irene asked.

"No, i store every piece of them in my jewelry box. Your love for jewelries is amusing and to think you don't wear more than those tiny earrings and bracelet" Carrle said.

"Well.. yeah, i..just love seeing people wear them,i admire it on people a lot"

"Then..why don't you put them on, you should thrash those earrings,they look so cheap but your bracelet..look beautiful and expensive though" Carrle noted.

Harold had bought the bracelet for her when he was out with Ivory on her birthday.

"Thank you" Irene smiled.

Irene walked out of Carrle's room, looking so thwarted.

"Is something wrong miss?" Christiana asked and she shook her head.

"I'm fine, Tiana" She said, wondering where the necklace could be.

What if it's not even anywhere in this house?!

Damn! That's the main reason she had come here.

She walked into her room and headed for the bathroom.

She splashed some water on her face and sighed.

"What to do?" She asked herself, staring at her reflection in the mirror.

Her cheeks looked chubby.

"Hey, please don't make me fat!" She said, rubbing her baby bump gently.

She smiled to herself, the thought that the baby might be Harold's made it so exciting.

He had visited her Mum and she really hoped her Mum had comforted him.

He must have been sad to see her disconnect the call.

She had badly wanted to speak to him but Harold is going to ruin her plans.

She can't wait to be done with this and get back to him.

"I'll be back soon Harold" She said to herself.

She grabbed a towel and wiped her face dry before walking back to her room.

Ethan's room is the next to search for the necklace but she can't possibly do that now or Carrle would get suspicious.

Irene stepped into her room and saw Christiana holding a glass cup of chilled strawberry juice.

"Uh..thank you but i don't remember asking for..that" she said.

"I thought this might help, you looked pretty upset" Christiana said.

"Ohh...thank you " Irene smiled, she gulped the juice and sighed, dropping the remaining on her bedside table.

"I'll be going to seeing to see Sabrina tomorrow ma'am"

"Ohh..really?" Irene smiled and Christiana nodded.

"Say hi to her for me and Gemma also"

"Okay ma'am" Tiana smiled.

"Anna will be making some cakes for me today,you should take some for them tomorrow" Irene said, gulping the remaining juice.

"Thank you so much ma'am, i.. can't place a finger on why you're so nice to me,you..you gave me an expensive body lotion and even made me earn more by making me your personal maid... I'm so thankful ma'am" Christiana said, sniffing back tears.

"Com'on, and I'm not comfortable with the 'ma'am" Irene sighed.

"There's no other way i can address you

ma'am, you're boss's wife"

"I'm not his wife!" Irene said sharply.

"Uh... you're fiancée then" Christiana said.

"None of that! I'm not even his girlfriend" Irene said.

"Really? What are you to him then?" Tiana asked, astonished.

"It's a bit complicated...so, I'd like you to call me Irene whenever we're alone"

"Ahh..." Tiana sighed.

"It shouldn't be so difficult to do, it seriously makes me feel uncomfortable. Don't worry about Carrle, she won't know anything about it, you'll only get to call me that when we're alone" Irene assured.

"Okay ma' Irene..." Christiana smiled.

She returned the glass cup while Irene walked into the bathroom to call Tom.

He had insisted they communicate in the bathroom even after the camera was removed.

"Ethan, you're going to get drunk" Carrle said to Ethan over dinner.

"Yeah, i want to. I'm excited" Ethan said tipsily.

"I'll be attending a dinner party soon, i won't get to watch over your drunk-self, it's better you stop drinking" Carrle said.

"Irene's here" Ethan smiled.

"Huh?" Irene asked.

"You're going to stay with him when he gets drunk"

"Why?" Irene asked.

"He tend to hurt himself,like smacking the bedside lamp on his head or cutting his body with a sharp object" Carrle said.

"What!" Irene exclaimed.

"Yeah" Carrle nodded.

"His bodyguards can watch over him right?" Irene asked.

" They have no 'feminine touch' to keep him calm" Carrle smiled.

"Ohh..i think you should stop drinking Ethan" Irene said and he didn't say anything.

He only threw back his head.

"He's drunk already,the wine is pretty strong" Carrle said..

"Ahhh" Irene groaned.

\*\*



Irene sighed as she sat on Ethan's couch and watched over him.

He was laying on the bed, drunk and ranting.

Carrle said she can leave after he sleeps off but he's yet to do so.

She's dressing up for the dinner party.

He suddenly sat up and pointed to her.

"Yo..u you you you" He sang, rubbing his palm on his face.

Irene sighed, she got on her feet.

She sat on his dressing chair which wasn't too far from his bed.

She wouldn't want him to get hurt under her care even though she hates being here right now watching over a drunk Ethan.

"Harold.. i hate him so much. I'm goi..ng to kill

him..kill h..im" Ethan grinned.

"Uh.." Irene surged to her feet,alarmed.

"Y.. you're going to kill him?" She asked,on getting closer to him.

Ethan nodded, swaying his hair back and forth and laughing.

"Why do you want to kill him?" Irene asked.

"I hate him" Ethan pressed his lips together.

"When do you want to kill him?" She asked and didn't even realised she was panicking.

"I'll kill him..." Ethan grabbed her cheeks and shook her head vigorously, her cheeks were red by the time he was done.

"I'm going to kill him after making him see it's my baby..we both hate him right? We'll both kill him right?" Ethan laughed.

"Y..yes" Irene said slowly,her heart pounding in fear.

Could he be spilling nonsense because he was drunk?

No!

He could be saying the truth also.

Most people tend to say their mind when drunk.

Her eyes widened as something came to her mind.

"Do you know where Helena's necklace is?"  
She asked.

"It's in my drawer! That cheap necklace"  
Ethan shouted and laughed.

Irene rushed to the drawer and pulled it open one after the other, searching for the necklace.

What if it's not here and he only said that because he was drun...

Irene nearly screamed seeing the necklace on the fourth drawer, laying there peacefully.

Her hands shook slightly as she picked it up.

"Carrle and Alex.." Ethan was saying and Irene froze.

Alex?

"What the hell are you saying Ethan?" Carrle yelled, bursting into the room.

She was fully dressed for the party and only came to say bye to them when she heard Ethan mention Alex.

Damn!

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 85

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"What the hell are you saying Ethan?" Carrle yelled, bursting into the room.

She was fully dressed for the party and only came to say bye to them when she heard Ethan mention Alex.

Damn!

She was so busy with the dinner party preparation that she totally forgot Ethan spills informations when drunk.

She glanced at Irene and saw how shocked she looked.

Of course, Ethan had mentioned Alex! And the

only Alex known is Harold's favorite bodyguard!

"Hey, the Alex Ethan mentioned is my younger brother okay?" Carrle quickly said to Irene who nodded numbly.

She had hid the necklace, she couldn't risk Carrle seeing it with her.

"And why are you bent over his drawer? What do you want there?" Carrle asked, walking closer to her.

"He..he wanted me to, i wanted to pick his body spray!" Irene said, sighting the spray laying on the floor.

She quickly picked it and rose to her feet.

"Ohh" Carrle said, looking at her suspiciously.

Damn! How could she have left her with Ethan

when he was drunk.

What got into her.

"What other thing did he say to you?" Carrle asked.

"Huh? Nothing..not a thing" Irene shook her head and it was so clear that Carrle didn't believe her.

"He's asleep now,you can leave" Carrle said and Irene turned to Ethan.

He was truly asleep.

"Okay..goodnight" Irene murmured.

"Don't come back to his room until it's morning okay?" Carrle said after her and she nodded.

She walked out of the room and headed to hers.

Christiana followed her gently.

"You can go to bed Tiana, goodnight" Irene said.

"Uh..you dropped this ma'am" Christiana said, stretching the necklace to her.

"Oh..my" Irene gasped and quickly grabbed the necklace from Christiana.

She shuddered, thinking what might have happened if it was Carrle or one of her bodyguards who found it.

How could she be so careless.

"Thanks Tiana" Irene said and Christiana nodded.

"You can still call on me if you need me,i won't be asleep yet" Christiana said.

"Okay and...can you please not tell.. anyone



about the necklace" Irene said.

"I would never do that, you have my words.  
Goodnight" Christiana said.

"Goodnight" Irene said.

She walked into her room and closed the door behind her before letting out a deep breath.

Alex.

She had almost thought it was Harold's bodyguard but Carrle has said it was her younger brother.

What other reason would Ethan have mentioned 'Alex' for though.

Did she hate Alex so much to the extent of thinking Alex might be acquainted with Ethan.

Good thing Carrle cleared the air .. The Alex Ethan had referred to was Carrle's

brother...yeah.

Ethan really wanted to kill Harold..she knew he was dangerous but never thought he would want to kill Harold who had once been his friend,she had thought he was speaking gibberish but for him to correctly know where Helena's necklace was at that moment,that simply means all he had been saying was right.

He truly wanted Harold dead.

She hoped Cory had heard that, Harold needs to be protected immediately.

She sighed as she sat on her bed.

Maybe, this is more serious than she had thought.

She folded the necklace in her palm,she got what she wanted already,this was the main reason she was here but she wasn't so happy

like she had thought she would be when she finally found the necklace.

She did not only find out about the necklace but also something Ethan wouldn't have said on a normal day.

And looks like he reveals some information when drunk.

Or she would never have known his plan for Harold.

She can't believe she's staying under the same roof with someone who wants the only man she has ever loved deeply dead.

She's into it now and can't pull out, all she needs to do is help Harold.

She should call Tom but he might be asleep, she would never want to disturb him.

She stared at the necklace in her palm and smiled.

Harold would be so happy to have it back. He would finally be able to visit Helena's room with no feeling of guilt.

"Uhhh" She thought of where to keep it safe. She doesn't trust Carrle also, she's capable of ransacking her room.

Okay..looks like the drawer has a lock.

She's just going to put it in the drawer,lock it and keep the key in the bathroom.

She sat on her dressing chair and dried her hair after getting into her pajamas.

She can't just wait for morning so she can give Tom a call and know what next to do.

They've achieved the first goal by getting the necklace, she can't believe it was so easy but then it had come with a price, the uneasiness of knowing Harold is not safe any longer.

Ethan always has his way around things.

She almost jumped when she heard her phone ring.

She got to her feet and walked to the bed, seeing the name on the screen, she quickly grabbed her phone and headed to the bathroom.

Tom" She said, almost breathlessly.

"Irene, I was waiting for your call.

"I thought you'd be asleep" She said.

"No, I can't be asleep without knowing how the search for the necklace went"

"I found it and i have it with me!"

"Great!" Tom smiled.

"There's a problem though" She sighed, sitting on the toilet seat.

"What?" Tom asked, sitting up.

"Okay...Alex had too much to drink and apparently,he got drunk, i was asked to watch over him cause he tend to hurt himself when drunk and while i was with him. He spilled some things"

"Ohh... he's the type that leaks informations when drunk. Go ahead, I'm all ears"

"He's planning to have Harold killed soon"

"What!" Tom sat up.

"Yes, once the result is out and it's confirmed it's Ethan's baby, Ethan is going to kill Harold"

Tom sighed, a bit relieved it's after the result is out.

He hope they would have gathered enough evidence to send Ethan to jail then before he can make a move on Harold.

"First, I'm glad it's after the result is out, we have five more days to garner enough evidence before then and hopefully, we would send him to jail before he can make a move on Mr Harold.

"Why don't you try to double the security around Harold?"

"Irene, even if we triple the security around Mr Harold, if Ethan wants to get to him, he will, easily. Ethan is smart. And are you sure he wasn't speaking gibberish because he was drunk?"

"I thought that too but then he correctly showed me where Helena's necklace was, it clearly means everything he had said was right.

"Ohh, I'm sure Cory would have filed what Ethan said about killing Harold soon.

"Tom, what if Ethan decides not to wait till the result is out anymore?" Irene asked, deeply worried.

"That's why you're going to join him in the plan.

"Huh? I don't seem to get you.

"Irene, you'll have to join Ethan in the plan to protect Harold till then. Surely, by tomorrow, he's going to know he spilled some things to you, you'll make him earn your trust and tell him you want to be included in the plan too, you'll remind him of how much you



hate Harold now and you're also ready to do anything to hurt him. With that said,he's going to trust you and fill you in on the plans he has for Mr Harold, you'll have to make him believe you're totally in, you'll even make some suggestions also..you'll get back to me and I'll pass the information to Cory,then we'll know how to protect Mr Harold that day"

"Woah.. Tom" Irene smiled, intrigued.

"Why are you a bodyguard? You should apply for secret service immediately" Irene said and Tom laughed.

"I'm just a good planner, that's all"

"Sure you are,i hope it goes as easy as you stated it"

"Nah, don't expect it to go that easily, it won't,he might not trust you so easily, you'll

have to apply all you can to convince him.

Ethan is a rogue"

"You seem to know so much about him" Irene said.

"Well...i once worked for him, before working for Mr Harold" Tom said.

"Really?! How come you never mentioned it?" Irene was surprised.

"There was no need to. Ethan has gotten so many people killed when i worked with him and I'm sure he hasn't stopped,i can't watch him keep killing helpless victims and that was the reason i want to reveal his deeds and make him pay for the lives he has taken, he do not only kill people but swindle them,he's a big time fraud and has caused a lot of people sadness,he doesn't deserve to be happy too"

Tom said and Irene sighed.

Her hatred for Ethan increased and she felt like pushing him to jail almost immediately.

"I knew he was dangerous but never thought he was this inhumane. I'm going to do all i can to fight for the helpless victims whose lives were wasted and didn't had anyone to fight for them. And for the ones he's planning to hurt,I'm going to make sure i stop him, and escort him to jail.

"Yes! That's the spirit!" Tom smiled.

"I'm glad i got the main thing i came here for though,all thanks to Ethan's drunken state"  
She laughed.

"I can't wait for tomorrow, i can't wait to be done with all this,i can't wait to leave here,i can't wait to whisk Ethan to jail and finally i

can't wait to be back in Harold's arms" Irene beamed.

"Mr Harold is so lucky to have you,not everyone can go through the risk you readily went into just to make their loved one happy, you're making a huge sacrifice for Mr Harold. I'm glad you came into our lives Irene,you changed everything for good" Tom said.

"I'm flattered" Irene grinned.

"I'm glad i have you all in my live also , everything changed for better the moment i stepped into that mansion. Merci Tom" Irene said and Tom laughed.

"You should go for French class after all these" He teased and she laughed.

"There's something else, though i do not think it's necessary.

"Com'on,you need to fill me in on every detail, whether it's necessary or not"

"After Ethan showed me where the necklace was...He mentioned Carrle and Alex before dozing off"

"Alex?" Tom asked.

"Well..i thought that too but Carrle said the Alex he mentioned was her brother" Irene said.

"Brother?" Tom wondered. "Although I've not been here for so long but i do not think Carrle has a brother named Alex"

"Really?"

"Yeah, but we can't be so sure. I'm going to ask Mrs Nola tomorrow and get back to you" Tom said.

"What if.. she doesn't have a brother named

Alex?" Irene said.

"Then there's definitely something she's trying to hide and we're gonna dig into that too"

Tom said.

"Okay, i should go to bed now so I'll wake up early and sound tomorrow" Irene said, surprisingly feeling excited about her new task.

"And remember,be very careful. Carrle has people watching you" Tom said.

"Okay Tom. Merci" Irene said again and Tom laughed.

She wanted to ask how Harold was doing but she decided not to, she doesn't need distractions.

"Mr Harold is fine" Tom said,as if sensing her thought.

She smiled.. "I'm glad he is"

"Bonne nuit Irene" Tom said and Irene groaned, his voice sounded terrible in French.

"You're the one who needs to go for French class" She teased and he disconnected the call, laughing to himself.

Irene smiled as she walked out of the bathroom.

She dropped her phone on her dressing table, she started jumping, counting as she did so.

She needed to energise herself for tomorrow..she said to herself.

She dropped in bed on the twentieth count and sighed deeply.

"Fabulous!" Ethan commented with a smile as

Carrle walked into his room, beautifully dressed.

It was 9:30am and he was just waking up, he's hungover and doesn't think he'll get out of bed anytime soon.

"If Harold should resist you today, then he's a bastard" Ethan said.

"He sure can't" Carrle smiled, spinning to make Ethan take a full look at her.

"Woah.. you're going to make me fall for you all over again" Ethan said and Carrle laughed.

"How was the dinner party?" Ethan asked.

"Great! Ethan, you really need to learn to curtail your huge mouth when drunk!" Carrle groaned.

"Wh..what happened? Did i spill anything?"



Alex asked, trying to remember but his memory was blank.

That damn alcohol was really strong.

"You mentioned Alex to Irene yesterday!" Carrle hissed.

"Oh my God!" Ethan sat up.

"And you were ready to spill more,if i hadn't walked in. But it's nothing to worry about. I told her,the Alex you mentioned was my brother and she believed it"

"Ohh" Ethan sighed in relief.

"I'm not going to take that drink anymore..fuck!" He swore.

"I've heard that over a thousand times, good thing i walked in on time" Carrle said, checking out herself in Ethan's mirror after

spending minutes in front of her own mirror.

"But what if she finds out you don't have a younger brother named Alex" Ethan said.

"She's never going to find out except she has ulterior motive and i have people keeping watch on her, if she makes any suspicious move,I'll look into it immediately" Carrle said.

"So far,she hasn't made any suspicious move. I think she's to be trusted" Ethan said.

"She's only been here for three days Ethan. I don't know what love is doing to you, when did you started trusting so easily,it took months before you finally trusted me, remember" Carrle said and Ethan sighed.

"Whatever..just don't let your guard down, we're not to trust any body okay?" Carrle said and Ethan nodded.

"I'll get going" She said.

He glanced at the time.."isn't it too early?"

"It is, but I'm counting on the morning god to make Harold trip for my charm. Now is the best time to go" Carrle winked.

"I should get going"

"Bye and i hope the morning god will make him yours back" Ethan said after her.

"Amen" She shouted and he smiled.

He was brought coffee few minutes later and Irene walked into his room as he sipped it.

"Ethan" She called smiling and once again,he was lost staring at her.

"What do you want to say about Ivory?" Harold asked Carrle with a straight face.

He had allowed her in because she mentioned Ivory.

"Well..there's nothing to say about her,i only said that to make you allow me in" Carrle smiled softly.

She was sitting opposite him and he was looking more handsome that she could hardly take her eyes off him.

Harold sighed. "First, i think you should be ashamed of yourself for taking advantage of your daughter's name,that's very good of you as a loving mother"

Carrle rolled her eyes and set her red purse on his table.

"I'm not here for that Harold...see,I'm a changed person. I miss you and... "

"And you want me back" Harold cut her short

and she nodded like her head was going to fall off her neck.

"Yes!" She grinned, glad she's getting somewhere, she never thought it'd be this easy.

Harold finally understood her!

"You want me back or you wanna seduce me back into your heart. Carrle, why on heart would you put on a dress that's almost making your boobs fall out..is it part of your seducing trick? I will never fall for it..this is just so low of you to think you can make a man want you by exposing your body. You don't have to do that, as a matter of fact, one doesn't have to do anything to earn the love of another, love is just a natural feeling, we love who our heart choose and once our heart picks a particular person, it'll be hard to love anyone else. My

heart chose Irene already and there's nothing i can do to it anymore" Harold said,much to Carrle's chagrin.

She was seething and her fingers cut into her palm as she tightened her fist.

"I don't know what on Earth Ethan did to you... Carrle,with the way you're dressed right now,no one is going to respect you. You own two top magazine companies in San Francisco, you're a mother,a wife, a successful business woman but your appearance doesn't look any of those,you look like a slut,I'm sorry for being blunt but you really need to know. Do not damage the reputation of your companies with your appearance,trust me,when the reputation of a company is damaged, it's so hard to put back in place. You're damn beautiful, you'd steal a man's breath without

even exposing any sensitive part of your body, i don't know when you turn this but this is very disappointing and shameful" Harold said and Carrle threw her purse in his face angrily.

The sharp edges of the purse tore his skin a bit and he felt blood drip from his forehead.

"Motherfucker!" Carrle screamed angrily and Alex and Robbins rushed in.

"Get the first aid box" Alex said to Robbins who quickly did so.

Harold sighed, his forehead sting painfully and the blood didn't even stop dripping.

"Go to hell! Son of a bitch, the lady you so fucking love is getting screwed every night by Ethan whom you shamelessly lost to. Loser!" Carrle spat, grabbed her purse and walked out of his office.

Robbins returned with the first aid box.

"Im so sorry Mr Harold, I'll make the security stop her and we'll have her arrested immediately" Robbins said.

"No, let her go" Harold said.

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Carrle walked angrily to her car with her escorts.

"Ma'am, you have a call"

"Throw the fucking phone away" She sighed.

"It's from Ben and i think he has some information about Irene"

Ben is one of the bodyguards she had put in charge of monitoring Irene.

She grabbed her phone from her escort and received the call..



Say whatever you wanna say!" She said into the phone.

I was checking the security footage of yesternight and you really need to see this. Irene is not to be trusted"

I'm on my way" Carrle dropped the call and told her driver to drive fast .

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 86

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He was brought coffee few minutes later and Irene walked into his room as he sipped it.

"Ethan" She called smiling and once again,he was lost staring at her.

She was putting on a pink satin gown and has her hair packed in her favorite style.

"Irene" He smiled, dropping his cup of coffee on his bedside table.

"How are you? I hope you're fine now?" She asked sweetly, walking closer to him.

"Yeah,even if i wasn't fine, seeing you now just boosted my energy" Ethan said and she smiled.

She sat beside him on the bed,took his hand and kissed it,Ethan felt on top of the world.

"Do you remember anything?" She asked.

"I don't,I'm trying to but my memory is blank"  
He groaned.

"Ohh...Thanks so much for the gift" Irene said with a smile.

"Gift?" Ethan wondered.

"Yeah, you gifted me a necklace and i really love it"

"A necklace? Ohh..that" Ethan laughed even though he didn't remember gifting her any necklace but seeing how happy she looked, he felt glad to have given her whatever necklace she was talking about.

His drunken state had made him earn more of her love.

"Thanks drunk-Ethan" He said inwardly.

"You told me to check your drawer for a necklace, that you got it for me. And i really loved it" Irene smiled.

"My drawer?" Ethan asked and gasped, realising that was Helena's necklace.

Damn!

Irene knew about Helena!

But she couldn't possibly know about the necklace.

"Did i..did i mention any name or say anything else" Ethan asked,close to panicking.

"No, you didn't mention any name. Does the necklace belong to someone?" Irene asked, feigning ignorance.

"Uh..no! I bought it for you" Ethan smiled,glad he hadn't mention Helena's name.

"I'm so touched you could buy such a beautiful necklace for me, i think my love for you has increased. This is the first time I'll ever love anyone so fast..ahh" Irene sighed.

Ethan's heart felt like it would burst with love anytime soon, he gripped her hand tightly and slowly stared into her eyes with his heart

pounding fast.

He leaned forward to kiss her and she quickly moved her lips, his kiss landed on her cheek.

"Uhm...i feel it's too soon for that,the kiss on the cheek was great too,we should just stick to that for now" Irene said.

"As you wish dearest" Ethan winked and Irene thought he looked like a frog .

"Well.. Carrle mustn't..like, you shouldn't make Carrle see the necklace" Ethan said.

"Why? Didn't you gifted me so i could wear it?" Irene asked.

"Yeah i did but..yunno, Carrle is a very jealous person,she's going to get mad seeing i bought that expensive necklace for you" Ethan said.

Sly fox!!!

You had called it a cheap necklace!

"Ohh..okay" Irene said.

"But it's just for a while, she'll be leaving soon"  
Ethan said in a whisper.

"Leaving soon? To where?" Irene asked with  
keen interest.

"She's going to tell you herself when it works  
out" Ethan smiled.

"Ohh" Irene nodded, wondering what Carrle  
was up to.

"Okay,well..you said something else  
yesternight that i was so happy about" Irene  
said.

"Really?" Ethan asked.

"Yeah, something about killing Harold after  
the result is out" Irene smiled.

"What! Did I say.. I didn't say that oh my.."  
Ethan sighed.

How could he leak that!

Damn! He would never take that damn alcohol again.

"Yes you did, don't be so bothered about me knowing cause I really love the plan" Irene said.

"What...Really?" Ethan asked in surprise.

He couldn't believe she's fine with the plan to kill Harold, she must really detest him now.

"Yeah, Harold really hurt me and I'll do anything to hurt him back. He fucking left me stranded in the rain and even made my mum fall sick. I really hate him now" Irene said and Ethan smiled.

"I hate him also and that's why I want him

gone" He said.

"So..now that we share the same feeling towards him, why don't you include me in the plan" Irene said.

"Huh?" Ethan asked, looking like he doesn't trust her enough.

"What?" Irene asked.

"You don't have to be included in the plan irene,I'm going to handle everything on my own" Ethan said.

"I thought you said you trusted me,this is just so heartbreaking" Irene said, looking like she would burst into tears anytime soon.

"No..Irene, i trust you, believe me" Ethan said.

"Then why can't you involve me,i want to be included also, please" Irene blinked at him like



a puppy and he almost fell for it.

Her eyes does unexplainable things to him.

He feels like he's trapped in them.

"Do you really hate him that much?" Ethan asked.

"Of course" Irene quickly said, "why else would i want to be included in the plan to get him killed"

Ethan looked like he was scanning her face.

"Oh..my..God, you still don't trust me. I should leave your house then" Irene sniffed, getting on her feet.

"No..no, wait" Ethan pulled her back gently.

"It's just so sad that the man I'm starting to love doesn't trust me, i should leave" Irene said.

"Look... Irene, i trust you but you don't have to be included in the plan, you want him dead also,you don't have to know how we're going to do it,trust me,I'll handle it perfectly" Ethan said.

"But i want to be included also, I've lived with Harold for some time, i know his weaknesses and strength, I'll even be of help to you, the things I've known about him would make the plan work out easily" Irene said convincingly.

'Right,she might be of help to them' Ethan thought.

But involving her in the plan means she's definitely gonna know about Alex and Marie, though he has no problem with her knowing them since she hates Harold now and even want him dead like they do but Carrle would

never allow that, Carrle would never want her included.

"I can see you still don't trust me enough to have me included, that simply means you do not love me. I should go back to Harold who truly loves and trust me" Irene said and got up. She jerked Ethan's hand away and started walking to the door.

"I'll have you included in the plan, i really trust you Irene,i swear. But Carrle..." Ethan trailed off.

"Carrle?" Irene asked, turning and walking back to him.

"Yeah, she's kinda included in the plan also, though she's not in support of me killing Harold cause she still wants him and believes she's going to get him but she said if she

refuses to get him this time, i should go ahead with the plan and I'm damn sure Harold won't want her back. Well..i can't be sure until she's back..."

"Until she's back?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, she went to Harold's office and I'm not sure he'll be able to resist her this time " Ethan said.

"Is that why she's dressed that way?" Irene asked, she can't deny the fact that she's panicking, what if Harold thought she was really gone and then accept Carrle back into his life.

No! He won't do that.

"Yes" Ethan said.

"So... if Harold doesn't want her back, she's going to give you the 'go ahead' to proceed

with your plan?" Irene asked.

"No, i don't need her go ahead, even if Harold accepts her back,I'm still going to kill him anyway" Ethan said.

"Ohh..great" Irene smiled.

"I'm not sure Carrle would want you involved in the plan, she doesn't trust you" Ethan said, he's ready to involve Irene but Carrle would never allow that.

"Then she doesn't have to know" Irene said.

"Huh? How?" Ethan asked.

"You're just gonna fill me in on the plan without her knowing,since she doesn't want me involved,that's what we're going to do" Irene said.

"You're right, she doesn't have to know" Ethan

nodded completely smitten.

"So...when do you plan on killing him and how are we going to do it?" Irene asked taking Ethan's palm in hers.

"After the result is out or i think we should even do it even before the result is out" Ethan said.

"No!" Irene nearly shouted.

"I mean no" She said more calmly.

"After the result is out would be better so if the baby turns out to be yours, you'll get to rub it in his face and even taunt him with it before we get him killed" Irene said ferociously.

Ethan smiled..looks like she's really in.

"That's what i planned from the onset. I find it intriguing that we share the same opinion"

"Yeah,so how are we going to go about it?"  
Irene asked.

"Poison. So it won't arouse suspicion" Ethan  
said.

"Ohh..great,but how are you gonna poison his  
meal, he rarely eat out" Irene said.

"Well.. you'll have to meet our two  
accomplices then, they are the ones that'll get  
the job done"

"Really? Will i be meeting them soon?" Irene  
asked.

"Yeah,I'll make them come over whenever  
Carrle's not home" Ethan said in a whisper.

"I can't wait" Irene smiled.

Ethan just hoped she wouldn't be shocked.

Well..she might be but she'll go with the flow

now that she's involved.

"Thanks so much for involving me Ethan"

Irene smiled, kissing his cheeks.

He grinned hard, glad he made her happy.

She's gonna be head over heels in love with him soon.

Should he just call Alex and Marie over now?

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Say whatever you wanna say!" She said into the phone.

I was checking the security footage of yesternight and you really need to see this. Irene is not to be trusted"

I'm on my way" Carrle dropped the call and told her driver to drive fast .





"Here it is, Madam Carrle" Ben showed her the footage.

Carrle saw Christiana giving something to Irene and Irene had looked around and quickly grabbed it from her hands like it was something not to be seen by anyone else.

"Zoom that part" Carrle said to Ben and he quickly did so.

The hallway was quite dark and she couldn't even see what Christiana and Irene was passing to each other.

Damn!

"And it looks like she told Christiana something, can't you find out what she told her?" Carrle asked.

"We can't ma'am, their voices weren't loud enough" Ben said and Carrle sighed.

"What could Christiana have given her?" She wondered aloud.

"Whatever Christiana had given her, it seems Irene owns it cause she had grabbed it from Tiana's hands"

"Check if she was holding anything before going into Ethan's room" Carrle said and Ben quickly did so.

The footage of Irene going into Ethan's room after he got drunk surfaced and her hands were dangling free when she walked into his room.

"I'm damn sure whatever she had took, it was from Ethan's room" Carrle said.

"Switch back to the moment she walked out of Ethan's room" Carrle said and Ben quickly did so.

Irene walked out of Ethan's room and Christiana walked behind her, Christiana suddenly stopped and picked something from the floor.

"Pause! Zoom that part" Carrle said.

"Damn!" She swore, they couldn't see what Tiana picked.

"I think it's time we replaced those lights in the hallway" Carrle said.

Whatever Christiana had picked seemed like Irene had dropped it.

There was nothing with her when she walked into Ethan's room.

She had definitely took something from Ethan's room.

Whatever it is, seems to arouse suspicion.

Was that why..she was bent over his drawer?

But she had indeed picked Ethan's body spray from the floor.

"Get Christiana for me" Carrle said.

"Christiana is off for today ma'am"

"Damn! Once she's back tomorrow,i want to see her in my room" Carrle said before walking out.

She was still so mad over what Harold had said to her.

And now! She's not going to care about what Ethan does to him. Ethan can kill him! to hell she cares.

But she really need to inform Ethan about the suspicious move Irene made yesternight.

She knew from the start that the lady is not to

be trusted.

She gave one of her escorts her purse to drop in her room and then headed straight to Ethan's.

He was standing in front of his mirror, brushing his wet hair.

Looks like he just finished having a bath.

She sat on his bed with a sigh and he turned.

"Huh, you're back" He said and seeing the look on her face, he knew it hadn't gone well.

"I guess he resisted this time again" He said.

"The motherfucker was lecturing me! I was so pissed that i threw my purse in his face" Carrle groaned.

"Really? Don't you think he might have turned homosexual?" Ethan asked, sitting and facing

her.

"No! It's all because he's still in love with Irene" Carrle said, breathing heavily.

"What! Well..good thing Irene doesn't love him anymore, i think he hasn't gotten over her yet,you know it took years for him to get over you"

"Whatever! I don't freaking want him back anymore, you can go ahead with the damn plan! " Carrle said.

"As you wish Carrle" Ethan bowed dramatically. "But how could someone resist you? Damn! He must be blind"

"Of course he is! And looks like Irene has started showing some suspicious move,i told you she can't be trusted" Carrle said.

"Huh?" Ethan asked.

"You need to see yesternight footage" Carrle said.

"Footage? Tell Ben to bring it to me immediately" Ethan said.

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Ethan watched the footage keenly and sighed.

"I think it was the necklace i gifted her" He said.

"Necklace?" Carrle asked.

"Uh..yeah,i noticed her love for jewelry..so i bought one for her" Ethan said.

"Ohh..." Carrle sighed. "But why had she grabbed it from Tiana and she looked around before doing so,like she doesn't want anybody else seeing it"

"She told me it was really beautiful and she

loved it but i never thought she loved it to the extent of not making Christiana hold it for long,it must be so precious to her" Ethan smiled.

"I'm still going to ask Christiana to be sure if it was really a necklace" Carrle said.

"I'm sure it is,what else could be that tiny" Ethan said and Carrle was a bit disappointed.

Looks like Irene doesn't have any ulterior motive.

She just want to hurt Harold like she had said.

"Looks like she doesn't have any ulterior motive" She said to Ethan.

"I told ya! We can trust her" He said.

"Hell no! I'm not trusting her yet until i confirm from Tiana" Carrle said.



"What if Tiana confirms it's a necklace" Ethan said.

"Then, maybe I'll start trusting her" Carrle shrugged.

"And then we can even involve her in our plans" Ethan said.

"What! Involve her in what?! Hell no, i hope you're not planning to do that. You must be so crazy if you're planning to do that" Carrle said.

"C'mon, I'm not planning to" Ethan said.

He knew Carrle would never consent to it.

"Good. So I'm planning to go to Mexico for few days,to just clear my head" Carrle said, Harold's words had indeed gotten to her.

"Oh..great" Ethan said, he'll get to invite Alex and Marie over when she's gone.

Irene walked out of the bathroom after speaking with Tom, she had told him everything she and Ethan discussed and they're both waiting for the accomplices Ethan is going to introduce to her.

Tom is yet to confirm from Mrs Nola if Carrle really have a brother named Alex and he's going to do that now and call her back immediately.

Her phone started ringing the moment she dropped it on the bed.

She quickly picked it up, thinking it was Tom but her heart raced on seeing the caller ID.

Harold.

This would be the first time he'll be contacting her since she left with Ethan.

She dropped on the chair with a sigh, still staring at his name on her phone and just like she was being controlled. She received the call.

Irene" His voice melted every damn part of her body.

Harold" She said and felt like crying. She really missed him.

His next question made her raise her brow though.

Irene, is Ethan really screwing you every night?" He asked.

What! Who told you that?" Irene asked.

He doesn't right?"

Hell no!" Irene said. "I won't even allow him kiss me"

She smiled when she heard him sigh in relief.

Jealous dick.

Wait..why did you pick my call? And you aren't even yelling at me" Harold said.

I'll be hanging up now then" Irene said.

Wait.. please, Irene I'm so sorry for every damn thing i did to you that day,for making your mum sick..

You didn't made her sick,she was down with the flu.

Y..you know that!? Does that mean you're pissed at me because i dropped you off in the rain? I'm so sor..

No, i know you did that to protect me.

You know that also, then why are you doing this to me?!" Harold asked and she could sense the pain in his voice.

Just wait Harold...be patient, it'll be over soon"

W..wh..what are you talking about?" He asked.

Bye" She said and quickly disconnected the call.

She smiled, speaking to him always delight her.

She just hope with the little she told him, he'll live with it and really be patient like she had said.

Harold is wise,he would have known she's up to something.

Her phone started ringing again and this time it was Tom.

Hey Tom" She said on getting into the bathroom.

I just confirmed from Mrs Nola. Carrle has no younger brother named Alex. Infact,she's the only child of her parents.

What!" Irene exclaimed.

Then who is Alex?" She asked slowly.

I think he's one of the accomplices Ethan is going to introduce you to soon" Tom said.

I can't wait.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 87

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I can't wait" Irene said.

I just hope it's not what's on my mind" Tom said.

Are you.. thinking what I'm thinking?" Irene asked.

About Alex..yes but then there are hundreds of Alex in the world"

Yeah..i can't wait though" Irene said.

Irene, after today, we just have four days left,you need to hasten Ethan to introduce you to the accomplices.

Yeah but he's being careful because of Carrle though. I pray she goes out tomorrow,then I'll make him invite them over.

Good and don't you think Ethan was about to reveal something important,that was why Carrle had lied about having a brother named Alex.

Exactly! Should i ask Ethan about it?

No, he's going to get suspicious,i still think we should wait till you finally meet the accomplices.

Okay then.

Alright, gotta go now.

Bye Tom.

Bye.

She walked back into her room..

Carrle had lied about having a brother named Alex.

Why?

Because she doesn't want the identity of the so called Alex revealed.

Who is he?



And what was Ethan about to say?

Damn!

Her head is spinning with unanswered questions.

This is just so hard.

Well..she should wait till she meet the accomplices like Tom had said.

Ivy Royals

Allysia smiled as Jane and Paris yelled at each other.

"You're a bitch!" Jane shouted.

"You are too! I regret ever making friends with you" Paris yelled and everyone watched them with keen interest.

"I'm surprised they haven't started pulling each other's hair yet" Marl laughed.

"Looks like they're going to do that soon"  
Damien smiled, he was holding her hand, he's fond of holding her these days and she likes when he does that.

They're both aware of each other's feelings and holding hands is the way they can express it for now.

"I wonder the reason they're yelling at each other though" Marlene said.

"Chandler asked me out first! How dare you go behind my back to date him" Jane screamed and started pulling Paris hair.

"Wow" Allysia smiled.

"They just answered your question" Damien said to Marlene.

"Isn't Chandler the dick that was head over heels with Allysia?" Marl asked and Damien

nodded.

"And that was because he thought Ally was Mr Harold's sibling" Damien corrected.

"Yeah, he's such a dick" Marl sighed and looked over at Allysia.

She looks like she was enjoying the drama between her two ex friends.

Damien glanced at her also and smiled.

"Im glad she stopped being friends with them" He said.

"And I'm glad she didn't even fall into Chandler's hands" Marlene said.

"He asked me out first!" Paris shouted and started pulling Jane hair also.

"I hate you!" Jane screamed.

They sent their laptops flying to the floor and

the class monitor quickly called the security.

They were both pulled away few minutes later with blood dripping from their nostrils.

"Wow!" Marlene sighed.

"That was fun to watch" She laughed.

"And to think the so called Chandler is even laughing" Damien said, irritated by Chandler's behavior.

"I told you he's a dick" Marl scoffed.

"He sure is" Damien said.

"Blaine is planning to ask Ally out" Damien said.

"Oh..my, really?" Marl smiled.

"Yeah,he said he can't hold it any longer. Even

the blind could tell they really love each other"  
Damien said.

"I'm so happy for Ally, Blaine's such a nice guy  
and i like the fact that he's bold enough to  
want to spill his feelings" Marl said.

"I wish I'm that bold too" Damien said.

"Huh?" Marlene asked.

"Nevermind" Damien said.

"Dam, there's something i want to tell you"  
Marlene said.

"Ohh...what's that?" Damien asked.

"It's not a big deal though,i just feel i shouldn't  
hide it any longer..I'm going to tell you soon,i  
don't think I'm ready to tell you now" Marlene  
said.

"I'm going to wait Marl till whenever you're

ready" Damien said and Marlene nodded.

"How's Irene?" She asked, smiling.

"She should be fine,she's not home at the moment" Damien said.

"She's at Mr Harold's then" Marl said.

"No,she's somewhere no one would ever thought she'll be but i know she's up to something and i hope she'll scale through it" Damien said.

"Uhh...i hope so too" Marlene said.

Harold walked into the living room,all smiles.

He had spoken to Irene and hearing her voice after some days lifted his spirit and she had told him to be patient which means something good is coming.

He knew she would never leave him for Ethan without a reason and he'll really be patient like she said.

"Oh my God, what happened to your forehead?" Mrs Marshall asked, getting to her feet.

Mr Marshall looked worried too.

"Ohh..this?" Harold asked, rubbing the small bandaid on his forehead.

"Carrle did it" He said.

"What! Has she gone crazy again!" Mrs Marshall yelled.

"I guess so" Harold said, looking thoughtful.

"I hope you got her arrested?" Mr Marshall asked.

"Nope! I guess she was really touched by my

advice that she threw her purse in my face"  
Harold laughed.

"Bitch!" Mrs Marshall swore at Carrle.

"But why are you smiling?" She asked  
suspiciously.

He has been in a rotten mood since Irene left..  
or..

"Is this about Irene? Did you contacted her?"  
Mrs Marshall asked.

Harold shook his butt in response and then  
laughed before walking to his room.

"It's about her, i guess he contacted her. I  
wonder what Irene did to him and Ivory to  
make them love her this much" Mrs Marshall  
sighed.

"You also can't deny the fact that Irene has a



natural charm, we both fell for her charm too"  
Mr Marshall said.

"Not anymore" Mrs Marshall frowned.

She can't forgive anyone who makes her son sad, though she really likes Irene but she's so pissed at her.

"I still don't think Irene would do that" Mr Marshall said.

"But she did! "

"She might have a reason though,she seems too nice to break Harold's heart"

"There you go again" Mrs Marshall groaned.

"Aren't you going to the spa anymore?" He asked.

"I will, I'm waiting for Ivory to be back,i need to take care of her before going" Mrs Marshall

said.

"Don't you think it's time we employ another nanny?" She asked.

"Ivory would never allow you to and i don't think it's necessary either"

"You're also thinking Irene will be back right?"

Mr Marshall nodded.

"Well...i hope so too" Mrs Marshall said and her husband smiled.

He knew she still likes Irene and want her back.

"I'll be leaving for Mexico tomorrow" Carrle said to Ethan and Irene focused her gaze on the TV.

"You'll be spending how many days ?" Ethan asked.

"Two or more" Carrle said.

Irene noticed Carrle looked upset, does that means meeting with Harold hadn't gone well?

Of course it hadn't, or she would have been excited and popping round the house by now.

"Are you going to Mexico for a business trip?"

Irene decided to ask.

"To clear my head" Carrle said.

"Did anything happen?"

"Nothing you should know of" Carrle said.

"Ohh..okay, I'm sorry if I'm intruding" Irene said.

"Yes you are!" Carrle yelled before getting up and walking to her room.

"I guess the meeting with Harold hadn't gone well?" She asked Ethan who nodded.

"He ended up telling her to dress more decently" Ethan said and Irene nearly laughed. Harold can be savage at times.

"And she slammed her purse in his face before leaving his office"

"What! Why would she do that!" Irene almost yelled, looking pissed but she quickly got herself together.

"Do you still care about him?" Ethan asked.

"Care? Hell no, im just surprised Carrle could do that, i thought she really loved him" Irene said.

"She would have shot him if she had a gun with her" Ethan said.

"Uh..he must have really provoked her" Irene said.

"Of course,she even gave me the go ahead to kill him,she doesn't care anymore" Ethan smiled.

"Ohh,she doesn't know yet that I'm involved right?" Irene asked in a whisper.

"She doesn't and she mustn't" Ethan said and Irene nodded.

"She's leaving for Mexico tomorrow,will you please invite our accomplices over so we can all discuss the plan" Irene said.

"Of course I'm going to invite them over tomorrow" Ethan said.

"I can't wait" Irene smiled.

"You seem so interested in all these" Ethan said.

"That should tell you how much i hate Harold

now, i want him gone,he disgusts me..damn"  
She rolled her eyes and Ethan drew her close  
with a smile.

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Irene got in bed,clad in her pajamas ready to  
sleep when her phone started ringing.

She picked it up and smiled.

Black ass" She grinned happily into the  
phone.

.....

Next morning

"I asked you to tell me what the hell you  
picked from the floor and gave to Irene,the  
last night you were here and you're saying you  
can't disclose that to me? Have you gone  
insane?" Carrle asked Christiana who have her

head bowed in front of her.

She was just returning and she couldn't even believe Carrle was waiting for her in the living room already.

"Will you speak up!" Carrle yelled at her.

"I..I'm sorry ma'am, i can't disclose that" Christiana said, she had promised Irene not to tell anyone and she's not going to!

After all Irene is her boss now and she should obey her by keeping to the promise.

"I'm not to disclose anything that transpired between my boss and i. I'm so sorry madam Carrle" Christiana said.

"This is crazy!" Carrle shouted, getting on her feet.

"Go pack your things and leave my house

now" She said to Christiana who quickly got on her knees, pleading.

"Tell me what you gave to her or leave my house" Carrle said, threateningly.

"I..i ca.. can't Madam Carrle, please" Christiana said,her eyes already laced with tears.

"She gave me the necklace Ethan gifted me. It fell off my hands and she picked it up for me" Irene said, walking into the living room.

"Why then is she refusing to say that? What's so hard in saying that?" Carrle asked,she was fully dressed,ready to leave for Mexico,her bag was packed already but she had waited for Christiana, she really needed to confirm if it was truly the necklace.

"She's only trying to respect me as her boss by not disclosing what happened between us. Get



up Tiana" Irene said and Tiana rose to her feet.

"I'm glad you got to confirm it was really the necklace i gifted Irene" Ethan said.

"Whatever" Carrle said, staring suspiciously at Christiana.

She still has some explanations to do.

She glanced at her wrist watch.

"I'll be leaving"

"Yeah, you shouldn't miss your flight" Ethan said.

"Do you want me to come with you to the airport?" Ethan asked.

"You don't have to" She said kissing Ethan on both cheeks.

"Bye" She said and Ethan followed her to the car while one of her escorts held her bag.

"How did she know about it?" Irene asked Christiana.

"There's a camera in the hallway" Christiana said.

"Really?" Irene gasped, she never knew.

"Yes.. you didn't know about it?"

"I didn't" Irene said.

"You should be very careful ma'am, camera is installed in almost every part of this house" Christiana said.

"Thanks Tiana" Irene said, a bit shaken.

"How's Sabrina and Gemma?" She asked.

"They are doing great, Gemma said to greet you" Christiana smiled.

"Ohh, you told her about me?" Irene asked with a smile and Christiana nodded.

"I should go freshen up so I'll get you your strawberry juice" Christiana smiled.

"Quickly do so" Irene smiled and Christiana walked away.

Irene was about to sit when a bodyguard approached her.

"Come to the garden now and don't make it obvious you're following me" He whispered and quickly walked away.

Irene blinked in confusion and wondered what was going on, she followed him anyway.

She met him waiting for her in the garden.

"Wh.. is anything wrong?" She asked.

"This is the only part of the house that there's no camera, please I'd advise you not to drink any of the strawberry juice you're served from

now, they're all poisoned. Carrle injected all the strawberry juice in the kitchen with a slow but efficient poison, it'll kill your cells slowly till you end up dieing,i shouldn't tell you this but Mr Harold has been very nice to me, he asked me to protect you and that's what I'm doing. Please be very careful, you're not safe here." The bodyguard said and left quickly.

Irene's legs shook and cold sweat broke out of her forehead.

Zeemah

Am i the only one who feels Carrle is not going to Mexico?

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 88

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Irene's legs shook and cold sweat broke out of her forehead.

She was shocked Carrle could attempt to kill her despite how nice she has been to her.

She.. would have died with her baby if this bodyguard hadn't come to her rescue.

She would have died with her baby if Harold hadn't once helped this bodyguard.

How can Carrle be so evil to poison her drinks.

She didn't remember doing anything to wrong her and even if she had, killing her should never be an option.

Should she just leave this place already?

She's not safe here like the bodyguard had

said and he won't be around to protect her all the time.

She already got the necklace..she should leave but she can't!

There are so many things she needs to find out.

She really needs to see Ethan brought to book and not only Ethan but Carrle also.

She just attempted murdering her and her baby and she's even involved in the plan to kill Harold.

Then she must know about Ethan's past deeds.

Who knows if Carrle is also involved in hurting and killing people with Ethan.

Irene sighed and started dragging her feet back into the house.

She's still shaken by the piece of information.

What if she had taken the juice like she used to.. No.

The bodyguard hadn't even given her the chance to thank him before leaving.

He saved her life.

His life is along the line if Carrle should find out what he did.

She really needs to be done with all these,so she can hand them over to the police.

It's wearing her out already.

"Hey" Ethan said suddenly and she almost jumped.

"What? Did i startle you?"

"Not really" Irene said.

"What's wrong? You are looking quite bothered" Ethan said.

"I'm fine" Irene said.

"You sure?" Ethan looked doubtful.

"I guess it's just morning sickness.. Carrle left already?" She asked.

"Yes, will you be fine to meet our accomplices today? I can invite them over tomorrow" Ethan said.

"Uh..I'll be very fine to meet them today,i am ready to." Irene smiled.

"Okay,i should call them then" Ethan said.

"Great!" Irene said.

"I should take a little rest before meeting them" She said, stopping in front of her door.

"As you wish" Ethan smiled and kissed her cheeks before walking away.

She walked into her room and closed the door



behind her.

What if Carrle have installed another camera in her room...she wouldn't have known.

She grabbed her phone from the table and walked into the bathroom.

She needs to call Tom.

She almost got poisoned...what if Carrle is to poison her meal or water next?

She's not safe here like the bodyguard had said!

Tom.

Irene what's up?

"Tom,i almost got poisoned"

"What!" Tom exclaimed. "How?"

"A bodyguard..told me Carrle injected every of

my juice with a slow but efficient poison that'll start by killing my cells and..

"Stop" Tom sighed.

"Irene,you're in great danger, you already got the necklace,i think you should pull out" Tom said.

He knows Harold would never forgive him if anything happens to Irene.

"No, I'm not pulling out,until we're done with all this" Irene said.

"What if the bodyguard had not told you that? You would have ended up gulping the juice and Mr Harold would never forgive me if anything happens to you"

"I'm thankful the bodyguard had come to my rescue but i can't pull out now,we started it,we should end it"

"It doesn't matter, just leave that house Irene. Please" Tom said.

"Tom, i can't leave just like that. Ethan will continue hurting people without anyone to bring him to book!"

"I'm sure Cory would have gathered enough evidence to bring him to book" Tom assured her.

"No, if i should leave, he'll succeed with his plan to kill Harold and I'll never forgive myself for it." Irene said.

"Cory is going to take actions before Ethan makes a move"

"We can't be so sure. And im so sure there are some secrets waiting to be revealed, I'm yet to meet the so called accomplices, I'm yet to know what Ethan's next move is, I'm yet to

know so many things. I really need to stay"  
Irene said and Tom sighed.

"Tom,I'll be fine and extra careful from now. I promise" Irene said.

"What if Carrle attempts to poison your meal next? She's gonna make another move..a stronger one once she notices you're not taking the juice any more" Tom said, worriedly.

"That's the reason we should finish up before she notices"

"Ire.."

"Trust me,I'll be fine Tom and extra careful. I'll make sure i see to everything I'll be eating in the house myself"

"I'm going to inform Cory about it immediately and that bodyguard, can you get him to contact me?" Tom asked.

"I'm not sure, he looks like he wouldn't like to get caught talking to me, so getting him to contact you will be a bit hard but I'll know how to go about it, I'll try"

"I really need to talk to him to keep protecting you, cause we can never tell Carrle's next move is and did the bodyguard told you the reason he revealed Carrle's evil act to you?"

"Harold asked him to protect me" Irene said.

"Really?"

"Yeah..i guess Harold once helped him so he couldn't refuse when Harold asked him to protect me" Irene said and smiled.

Harold had saved her.

"Woah..seems Mr Harold who knows nothing of the plan even helped us out. Well..his kindness did, it really pays to be kind" Tom

said, he has always respected Harold for his kind acts.

"Yes..if not for Harold,i can't even imagine what would have happened now" Irene sighed.

"Just try to get the bodyguard to contact me okay? Looks like we'll be needing his help also"

"Okay T, and you won't believe there's a camera in almost every part of the house, Carrle saw the moment Tiana handed the necklace to me and she confronted her this morning"

"Wow. Carrle is really watching you. It shows she doesn't trust you a bit"

"I know she doesn't trust me, Ethan told me that also but now that i know there's camera in almost every part of the house,I'll be very

cautious"

"You should be please, we can't afford getting caught before the result is out"

"She left for Mexico today though"

"Really?"

"Yeah, and I'm going to meet our accomplices today"

"Great! But i really want you to be careful Irene, please"

"I'll be careful trust me, gotta go now" Irene said, hearing the door of her room open.

"Bye"

She walked into her room and her heart skipped a beat when she saw Christiana holding a glass cup of strawberry juice in a tray.

No one could have tell that juice is poisoned.

"Here is your juice ma'am" Christiana smiled.

"Tiana, starting now..i won't be taking strawberry juice in this house anymore, go to the kitchen now,empty every strawberry juice you see in there into the sink" Irene said, knowing even if she avoids drinking it,any other person can consume it without knowing it's poisoned.

"Wh..why? What's going on ma'am?"  
Christiana asked.

"Just do as i said Tiana"

"Okay ma'am,I'll do so now" Christiana said and quickly went to carry out Irene's order.

She knew something must have happened for Irene to order her to do that.

The cooks watched her as she emptied the packs of juice into the sink.



"Christiana, what are you doing?" The head of the cooks asked.

"What my boss ordered me to do" Christiana said.

"How could she order you to do this, they spent money to purchase the juice and she ordered you to waste them?"

"There's a reason behind every action" Tiana said.

"I still do not see the reason someone would waste all these"

"You should go question her yourself, you'll get an answer"

"She has really gone proud since she was appointed as a personal maid" One of the cooks said and the others nodded in agreement.

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"Christiana, everything that has to do with what I'll be eating in this house, I'll be the one to handle it myself" Irene said.

"Ma'am did i do anything wrong? I'm so sorry if i wronged you" Christiana pleaded.

"You didn't do anything Tiana,im just being careful"

"Careful?" Christiana asked.

"Yeah..." Irene said not sure if she could tell Christiana that she was almost poisoned.

She seems like someone she can trust and she hadn't even broken her promise to her even when Carrle was at the verge of sacking her.

She had kept to her words! without minding the consequences.

Christiana seems like a trustworthy person.

"Tiana, those drinks I ordered you to dispose of were..." Irene paused with a sigh "poisoned"

"What!" Christiana screamed.

"Really?" She asked and Irene nodded.

"By Madam Carrle right?" Christiana asked in a whisper.

"How did you know?" Irene asked.

"She's obviously the only one capable of such evil act..what are you going to do now ma'am?" Christiana asked worriedly.

"That's why I want to be tending to whatever I'll be eating myself" Irene said.

"Ohh...Now I understand but do not bother ma'am, I'm going to handle everything smoothly. I'm a very good cook and starting

now,I'll be the one to prepare your meals,stay in the kitchen till it's done and serve it to you myself. Trust me,I'll be very careful and i won't allow anyone mess with it" Christiana said and Irene was touched.

"Thank you so much Christiana" She said.

"You shouldn't thank me, I'm only doing my job as your personal maid. But..how did you know madam Carrle had the packs of juice poisoned?" Christiana asked curiously.

"A..bodyguard told me"

"Really? Do you know his name? How does he look like?" Carrle asked, knowing the bodyguards are all loyal to Carrle.

"No but he has jet-black hair and deep blue eyes, he's tall and not so thin with a faint scar on his jaw " Irene described him.

"Ohh...that's Ryan" Christiana smiled and Irene noticed the faint blush on her cheeks .

"Uhh..You like him?" Irene asked.

"Huh?" Christiana blinked.

"You like him" Irene teased and laughed when Christiana turned away shyly.



Boss, i think that lady might not be who she made you believe she is. She loves Mr Harold so much to leave him,not to talk of wanting to be involved in the plan to hurt him.

She might have an ulterior motive, you should not trust her" Alex said to Ethan over the phone.

Alex, she hates Harold already! She hates him so much now. She doesn't have any

ulterior motive,I've watched her since she arrived and didn't notice any suspicious move from her,she only wants to get back at Harold for hurting her. I trust her"

"But boss,i still think...

"Just shut up and start coming over with Marie, you'll see for yourself when you get here"

Ethan said.

"Okay boss, we'll be there soon. Does Madam Carrle knows about this?" Alex asked.

"She knows nothing about this and you dare not say anything to her okay?"

"Okay boss,i still think we shouldn't trust Irene so easily" Alex insisted.

"Don't get on my nerves Alex..

"I'm sorry boss, we'll start coming over

immediately" Alex said and Ethan disconnected the call.

~

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"Irene,they are here" Ethan said, walking into Irene's room.

She was having a funny conversation with Christiana and eating the cookies Christiana had baked for her.

"Really? They are here" Irene said, getting on her feet.

"Yeah,you might be quite surprised though" Ethan warned .

"Ohh" Irene said and she couldn't place a finger on why her heart was beating fast as she followed Ethan to the living room.

She quickly clicked on the sound recorder app on her phone.

They got to the living room and Irene saw Marie and Alex.

"Ohh..Harold sent you here?" She asked, surprised Ethan had allowed them in.

"No, these are our accomplices,the ones who'll help our plan go smoothly, they've been working with me for so long. Alex and Marie..meet Irene" Ethan smiled and Irene felt like her soul left her body.

Her knees went weak and she collapsed on the cold floor with her phone flying out of her hand.

"OMG are you okay?" Ethan rushed to her.

Alex gaze moved to her phone that had slid to his feet.



He almost kicked the phone away from his feet but stopped when his eyes caught the screen.

Damn it!

"Boss, this goddamn lady planned to record our conversation!" Alex said, picking up the phone.

"What!" Ethan asked, moving away from Irene who was still shocked to the bone.

He grabbed the phone from Alex and on glancing at the screen, he turned to Irene angrily.

"I told you we couldn't trust her boss" Alex said.

"How dare you?" Ethan asked slowly, approaching Irene with a deadly glare.

The trust he had for her vanished immediately

and his eyes turned cold.

"I..i i.." Irene stammered with tears in her eyes.

She wasn't prepared for this, she had thought it's going to go well like every of her plan.

Now, she's exposed. She should have just left when Tom told her to.

"Get me my pistol and one of you should throw her in the back of my limo" Ethan said angrily.

"Please wait..." Christiana who has been standing behind the door walked into the living room.

"I did it.." She said.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 89

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"Get me my pistol and one of you should throw her in the back of my limo" Ethan said angrily.

"Please wait..." Christiana who has been standing behind the door walked into the living room.

"I did it.." She said and there was silence.

Everyone turned to her and Irene's mouth fell open.

Her eyes glistened with tears, knowing Christiana hadn't done anything, she was trying to save her.

"Mrs Irene told me how much she loved my

voice whenever i sing to her,i was about to record myself singing so she'll listen to it anytime I'm not around to sing to her because she told me how much she missed my songs while i was off for a day. We were about doing that before you came in to get her Mr Ethan and i guess she was so excited to meet the guests that she forgot to exit the app"

Christiana said, sounding so convincing that Irene almost believed her herself.

"Yes..yes,that's it" Irene quickly said, wiping her tears.

Ethan looked remorseful as he dropped to his knees before her.

Christiana picked Irene's phone.

"Irene..I'm sorry" Ethan said, touching her arm but she jerked his hand away.

"I can't believe you still do not trust me" She said, looking angry as she got to her feet.

"Irene, please I'm so sorry. I thought Alex was right when you didn't say anything to defend yourself . I thought you wanted to betray me" Ethan said, looking at her pleadingly.

Alex was shocked to see Ethan act like a dummy before Irene.

This lady is a witch! She has enchanted Ethan the way she did to Harold.

This is just unbelievable.

"I couldn't defend myself because i was still so shocked that our accomplices turned out to be Alex and Marie but you didn't even give me time to recover from the shock before ordering them to throw me in the back of your limo.

What were you going to do to me?" Irene

asked.

Her body still reeling from the shock that the accomplices turned out to be Alex and Marie.

Although she has always been suspicious of Alex from day one but she was still so shocked to find out he was the spy and not only him but Marie also.

Marie whom Mrs Nola detested.

They've both been working for Harold for years..how long have they been working for Ethan?

~There are hundreds of Alex in the world~  
Tom's words rang in her ears.

Of course there are hundreds and even thousands of Alex in the world, why did it turn out to be the one they knew, the one Harold trusted so much.

And Carrle had tried to hide his identity, that simply means she knows about it all.

She's aware of everything.

How could Carrle also do this to Harold.

Breaking his heart wasn't enough, they ended up planting spies in his house!

And now, they are planning to kill him when he didn't even wrong them in any way.

Why are people so cruel.

Ethan dismissed the bodyguards around them so they could have some privacy while they talk.

"If Christiana hadn't spoken up, what would you have done to me? Would you have killed me?" Irene asked.

"I thought you were going to betray me, I'm so

sorry Irene. Please" Ethan pleaded.

"You should know i will never betray you, i told you how much i hate Harold now"

"I know that also but who wouldn't have thought you were trying to record our conversation after seeing your phone screen, you would have thought the same if you were in my shoes. Just forgive me Irene, please" Ethan said.

"It's fine Ethan,i know you trusted me,your anger got the better part of you" Irene said.

"Exactly!" Ethan said.

He knew she would never betray him,he was only clouded with anger then.

"But if i had really done that, would you have killed me?" Irene asked and she almost shook in fear when Ethan nodded.



"I don't spare betrayals, i make them die a slow and painful death" He said.

"Of course" Irene hid her fears behind her smile.

Ethan would have killed her if Christiana hadn't lied!

She would have been tortured to death.

The thought alone made her shiver.

"Are you cold?" Ethan asked.

"A bit" She lied.

"Should i order them to turn on the heater"  
Ethan asked.

"No, it's fine. I'm fine" Irene said.

She glanced at Alex and Marie who were standing before her.

They both looked like they didn't care what she thought about them.

One should really be careful, these two people could have easily poisoned Harold and no one would ever suspect them.

"Looks like, you're still shocked to find out Alex and Marie are involved" Ethan said.

"Not anymore, i don't care the people involved, all i wanted was to meet them and I'm glad i have. Nice to meet you Alex, Marie" Irene said and they shook hands.

Irene's trying hard to look like she was fine with them but she's deeply bothered.

"There's no need for introduction, we know ourselves already" Marie said.

"Of course" Irene feigned a smile.

They all sat down and Ethan ordered the cooks to serve them drinks.

Irene didn't take a sip out of the drink she was served, she only looked at Alex and Marie keenly.

"So, you wanted to discuss the plan with them right?" Ethan asked Irene.

"Uh.. yeah. So how are you both gonna go about the poisoning, are you going to add it in his meal?" Irene asked.

"You don't have to know that, we've planned everything out with Mr Ethan" Alex said, not trusting Irene a bit.

"C'mon, we're colleagues now and Ethan introduced you guys to me so we could iron everything out smoothly" Irene said.

"I think it's unnecessary for you to know about

how we're gonna go about the plan, yeah, we are now colleagues but you shouldn't press us for details, you know we're going to be poisoning that weak ass, you don't have to know how we'll go about it" Marie said and Irene felt like dragging her hair for calling Harold a weak ass.

"And why are you finding it hard to discuss the details with me! Didn't you discuss it with Ethan and Carrle? What problem do you have with discussing it with me also" Irene half yelled.

"We do not trust you!" Alex retorted.

"Who cares if you trust me or not. Ethan trusts me and that's all that matters" Irene said.

"Will you both start giving her the details of the plan now! I told you she's trustworthy!

Don't get on my nerves" Ethan warned.

"We're sorry boss" Marie and Alex said in unison.

"Will you do the talking?" Marie asked Alex.

"You should" Alex said, lifting his drink to his lips.

He watched Irene closely.

"Whenever Mr Ethan gives us the go ahead to take down Harold, I'll poison his dinner and he's going to die in his sleep" Marie said and Irene hands shook around the glass cup.

She tried not to show her agitation as she stared at Marie.

"Why does it have to be dinner and not lunch or breakfast?" Irene asked.

"So no one would come to his rescue,

everyone would be asleep by the time he starts writhing in pain and he wouldn't even be able to call for help because of the effect the poison would have had on him" Marie said and Irene remembered what Harold told her about Helena's death.

Helena was poisoned overnight and no one had heard her call for help till the next morning when they decided to check on her and it was too late,she had given up by the time they got to the hospital.

Till now,they were yet to apprehend Helena's murderer, could that be the reason they want to use that method on Harold also so it'll be difficult for the cops to apprehend them.

The way they are planning to kill Harold sounds so similar to Helena's.

Could it be that they...

Could they have a hand in Helena's death?

No, Carrle had given birth to Ivory, the day Helena died, she probably have not met Ethan by then and they probably have not planted spies in Harold's house then.

"Okay..so, you're just going to poison his dinner once Ethan gives you the go ahead but how are you going to do that? Mrs Nola doesn't allow any of you into the kitchen not to talk of allowing you dish Harold's meal" Irene said.

"That foolish woman who always thought she's smart" Marie laughed.

"Im going to add the poison when no one has arrived the dining room , certainly Mrs Nola would go into the kitchen to bring more meals..

I'll quickly do it before she gets back in the dining room" Marie said.

"What if he does not end up eating the meal you poisoned and changes his mind to eat another?" Irene asked, wishing her phone was actually recording all this.

"Who said I'm going to poison his meal... no, I'm going for his favorite wine, it's always uncorked and he can't do without taking it" Marie said, sounding so confident that her plan is going to work out.

Looks like she really has everything planned out.

"Great, you really have everything planned out. I hope it works out" Irene said.

"It will" Marie said.

Irene noticed how keenly Alex was observing



her.

"But why don't we use pistol..that'll be faster than poison" Irene quickly suggested. She needed them to feel she was really in.

"It's going to raise suspicion and the cops would investigate it thoroughly,the bullet might turn out to be our Achilles heel" Marie said.

"Ohh...that's right. So let's stick to the poison then" Irene smiled.

"Let's toast to our plan" Ethan said and they all lifted their glass cups.

\*

"We should leave now,i won't want Mr Harold to notice our absence in the house" Alex said.

"Ohh..you should leave then" Ethan said and

Alex and Marie rose to their feet.

They bowed to Ethan.

"It was nice meeting you, Bye" Irene waved at them as they turned to leave.

"Woah,that was great. Great plan,great details" Irene smiled,turning to Ethan after they left.

"Yeah,i work with smart people" Ethan smiled.

"I can't just wait for the plan to be carried out" Irene said.

"We can carry out the plan before the result is out, i own the baby anyway" Ethan said.

"No,we shouldn't do that. Let's just wait till the result is out and looks like you're so sure you own the baby" Irene said.

"Of course,im sure i do" Ethan smiled.

Irene suddenly gasped.

"What?" Ethan asked.

"Is there a camera in the living room? Carrle is going to see everything" Irene panicked.

"Just chill..i ordered Ben to disconnect the camera in the living room before Alex and Marie arrived." Ethan said and Irene sighed in relief.

"I should go tell him to reconnect it and not say anything to Carrle." Ethan said.

"You should do that, i'll be in my room,i need to take a rest" Irene said and Ethan nodded.

She kissed him on his cheeks and he was all smiles when he left the living room.

Christiana jumped into the living room and pointed out Irene's phone to her.

She had dropped it behind a throw pillow on the couch Irene was sitting before leaving the sitting room.

She knew Irene needed to record whatever conversation they want to have and had stylishly dropped the phone there before Ethan dismissed them.

Irene picked her phone and almost screamed in excitement after she discovered the whole conversation was recorded, she stopped the recording and threw her arms in the air happily.

She jumped into Christina's arms happily, almost knocking her over.

"Be careful, your baby" Christiana laughed.

"Let's go to my room" Irene grabbed her hand and pulled her towards her room.

They walked in and she closed the door behind them.

"Christiana how else can i thank you?" Irene asked, deeply touched.

Christiana had saved her today! and not only that,she had made the recording a success!

That recording is a very concrete evidence.

"You can thank me by taking a lotttt of rest" Christiana said and Irene pulled her into a tight hug. "Thank you".

"It's fine ma'am" Christiana said.

"How did you quickly made that up? I almost believed it myself" Irene said and Christiana laughed.

"I also did not know how it came rushing into my mouth..all i thought of at that moment was

to save you because i definitely know what Mr Ethan is going to do to you" Christiana said.

"Thank you so much" Irene said and Christiana nodded.

"I know you have a reason for doing that,i know you have a reason for being in this house,i know of the calls you do make in the bathroom" Christiana said.

"You know of the calls i make in the bathroom" Irene asked

"Of course,I'm mostly in your room. I know you have a reason for doing all that but whatever the reason is, I'll always have your back, you've been very kind to me and this is the least i can do for you" Christiana said.

"Tiana,thank you" Irene hugged her again.

"Is there anything you'll like me to do for

you?" Christiana asked.

"Nothing..for now" Irene said.

"I should excuse you now,I'll be by the door.  
You should call me when you need me"

Christiana said and Irene nodded.

Christiana is just like an angel sent to her from above.

She didn't regret making her her personal maid.

Irene picked her phone and played the recording.

She laughed, Alex was foolish enough not to stop the recording when he discovered it, he had only shouted like a buffalo.

Irene smiled as she forwarded the recording to Tom after she finished listening to it.

Yes!

Another evidence to the list.

Okay, everything is really going as planned and after today, she has just three days left.

She can't wait.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 90

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Irene, wow" Tom sighed as she received the call.

"You've listened to it right?" She asked.

His call came in few minutes after she



forwarded the recording to him.

"Yes i have and i forwarded it to Cory immediately"

"Good" Irene smiled.

"Irene,you almost got caught and Ethan would have killed you if Christiana hadn't spoken up,my heart was in my throat when i listened to the recording. Damn" Tom breathed out.

"I never thought they'll find out about it,i planned to tuck my phone in my pocket but seeing Alex and Marie completely disorganized me,I was shocked and couldn't even control my shaky legs" Irene sighed.

"Why were you shocked? You've always suspected Alex"

"Yeah right but i think i had a bit of trust for him even with how suspicious i was of him,i

didn't really expect him to betray Harold with the way Harold trusted and loved him...and of course i could have handled him being the spy because I've always suspected him but Marie! Like, damn..i couldn't breath for some seconds when Ethan introduced them to me" Irene said,she still couldn't place a finger on why Harold has to be betrayed by them, he treats every of his workers like family.

"I'm surprised about Marie's involvement also, I've never suspected her even though she acts all bitchy around the house but Alex..i guess his involvement didn't take me by surprise..I've been having doubts about him being the spy after Mrs Nola confirmed Carrle does not have a brother named Alex,my mind went straight to him"

"Same here but i think i still wished he wasn't

the one,i can't even believe i trusted him a bit, of course i knew there was something unusual about him but,i just didn't think he'll...do that" Irene said,she sat on the toilet sit and toyed with the tissue paper.

"Irene,you shouldn't trust anyone and even if you hadn't expected Alex and Marie to be the spies,you should have put up an act rather than letting your emotions get the best part of you. Remember you told me,if you succeed at this plan, you'll think of becoming an undercover detective,as a detective you must be ready to take everything that comes at you boldly,with no emotion,even if you find yourself in a dire situation,you should raise your shoulders high and bravely scale through it. That's what strong people do,i know you're a very strong woman Irene, to have gotten

halfway with the plan even with the risks that came with it." Tom said and Irene smiled.

"But..we'll still work on your emotions,you tend to get emotional so easily and that might ruin our plan at some point" Tom noted.

"Okay T, I'll try to work on it" Irene said.

"But kudos to you for getting to record that damn conversation, that's enough evidence on its own"

"Well..it's not me. Christiana did,i didn't even know she slid my phone beside me on the couch."

"If you hadn't been there,we would never have gotten that piece of evidence. All thanks to you...and Christiana for helping us out"

"T,do you know she's aware of the calls i do make in the bathroom" Irene said.

"Really?"

"Yeah, though she doesn't know what it's all about but she said she'll always have my back and that almost made me tear up"

"Woah..im not so surprised about her knowing of the calls, she's your personal maid and get to be with you almost all the time,she would have noticed of course but i think she's a very wise and observant person. You should keep her close to you all the time,she might help us further in that damn house" Tom said and Irene laughed.

"I hope you've started tending to your meals yourself?" He asked.

"Christiana offered to help me, she'll be the one to make my meals and serve me,she promised to be extra careful and not allow

anyone mess with my meals" Irene smiled.

"Woah! That lady is terrific, what a great personal maid you have. I'm glad there's someone who can always keep your company and help you out in the house. I would love to meet her after all this is over" Tom said.

"Of course you will because i'll be taking her with me" Irene said.

"Ohh...seems you've really grown to like her"

"Yeah,I've gotten so fond of her" Irene said.

"About the poisoned packs of juice,can i have one of them so i can send it to the lab and if it's really confirmed that there's poison in there,it'll add to our list of evidences"

"Ow! What to do..." Irene sighed with a frown.

"What's wrong?" Tom asked.

"I ordered Christiana to empty them in the sink already,i was afraid anyone might just drink it without knowing it's poisoned"

"Ohh...that was a wise move from you. It's fine,we have a witness to confirm she indeed poisoned your juice. The bodyguard" Tom said.

"Ohh yeah" Irene said, relieved.

"Have you tried to make him contact me?"

"No, I'll have to approach him when he's not around Ethan"

"Okay and please be careful about it" Tom said.

"I will be,and please is there a way you can make Harold stop Alex from being his personal bodyguard, he might...hurt him without anyone knowing" Irene said worriedly.

"Mr Harold won't even listen to me,he trusts Alex so much. Alex can't possibly hurt Mr Harold because their plan is to poison him,. But I'll try to be watching him closely and make sure Mr Harold comes to no harm,trust me" Tom said.

"Thanks Tom and you won't even believe that bitch called Harold a weak ass" Irene groaned.

Tom laughed. "I heard that right, i know you wanted to pull her hair out of her scalp at that moment"

"Exactly" Irene laughed.

"I'm a bit worried about something though" Tom said.

"What's that?" Irene asked cautiously.

"Don't you think the cooks will inform Carrle about the packs of juice that was emptied?"



"And if she confronts me about it, I'm gonna pull her hair, punch out two of her front teeth, slam her head on the wall, hit her countlessly on the face...just joking but I really wish I can do all that" Irene sighed and Tom laughed.

"I'm just going to tell her the packs of juice exceeded their expiry date " Irene said.

"She will find out and if she realises you lied, she'll start suspecting you knew about the poisoned and that might endanger the bodyguard"

"Damn! What do you think I should do then?" Irene asked.

"I don't know and that's what I'm worried about but she'll be back in two days right?, I would have come up with a plan before then"

"Okay Tom, thanks so much for everything, im really grateful" Irene said.

"There you go again" Tom groaned.

"C'mon,this wouldn't have been possible without you"

"I gotta go now,call me immediately if anything comes up okay?"

"Okay Tom, Bye"

"Bye"

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group. .

Irene got to her feet, slid her phone in her pocket and walked to the sink,she turned on the faucet and splashed some water on her face.

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She met Christiana standing beside her bed as she walked into her room.

"Tiana" She smiled.

"Why are you not sitting?" She asked.

"I just got into your room,i want to ask if you want anything"

"I think I'll take water" Irene said.

"Okay ma'am" Christiana said, before walking out.

Irene sat on her couch and unlocked her phone.

She clicked on gallery and started scrolling through the pictures she took with Harold.

She does that everyday.

She knows she should stop because staring at his pictures keep making her yearn to see him.

"Such a cutie" She commented with a smile and laughed after viewing the one they both look funny in. Harold had stuck out his tongue and widened his eyes while she had curved her ten fingers and rolled her eyes at the camera,with her scattered hair,she looked like a maniac.

She laughed again before viewing other pictures.

"Is this not Harold Marshall?" She heard Christiana gasped behind her, almost startling her.

"Ah..you almost startled me,when did you come in?" Irene asked, turning to her but Christiana still looked stunned staring at the

picture of her and Harold .

Irene gently collected the water from her before she spills it.

"Yes,it's Harold" She said.

"Woah! Harold Marshall!" Christiana nearly screamed. "The wealthiest man in San Francisco,i really admire him for his humility and kindness,i once applied for the position of a maid in his house but obviously i got there late and another person was employed,i felt so sad because i needed to pay Sabrina's fees but Harold Marshall compensated me by sending one of his bodyguards to give me some cash for my effort,i didn't even get to see him to thank him properly" Christiana said and Irene smiled.

"You know him? Or you only got to take a

picture with him?" Christiana asked, looking intrigued.

"I'll be getting married to him soon" Irene smiled proudly and Christiana screamed this time.

"OMG! Really?!"

"Yes" Irene said.

"Then..what are you doing here?" Christiana asked.

"I'm here for a reason and I'll be leaving soon" Irene said.

"Please take me along with you ma'am, i promise to work very hard" Christiana pleaded, quickly getting on her knees before Irene.

"Get up, get up" Irene urged.

"I planned to take you along with me though"

Irene said.

"Huh?!" Christiana screamed in excitement before laying flat on the floor, her legs were in the air as she giggled happily.

"C'mon" Irene laughed.

"Thank you so much ma'am, i can't believe I'll finally get to work in Harold Marshall's mansion..oh my God and did you said you'll be getting married to him?" Christiana asked almost breathlessly.

"Yes, once i succeed in what I'm here for, I'll leave and take you with me" Irene said.

"You're here on a mission?" Tiana asked in a whisper and Irene nodded.

"Ohh.." Christiana sighed. "Whenever you need my help, I'll gladly help you out, if anything seems too difficult, just let me know,

we'll work it out together" Christiana said.

"Thanks Tiana" Irene said.

Christiana nodded, the excitement of working in Harold's mansion was all over her face.

She was looking like one of her wishes just came true.

Irene smiled as she sipped her water.

"I need to go talk with Ethan about something" Irene said, getting on her feet. She keeps having this feeling that he might know something about Helena's death.

And he had mentioned Alex and Carrle after he told her where the necklace was and the Alex had turned out to be Harold's bodyguard who has been working with him for years.

Something definitely seems odd.



"Okay ma'am,do you mind if i..if i scroll through your pictures?" Christiana asked shyly.

"Here" Irene handed her phone to her before walking out of her room.

~

"Oh..i see you're about taking a nap,i should go back then" Irene said after walking into Ethan's room and seeing he was about to sleep.

"No..no, you can come in Irene" Ethan said, sitting up on the bed.

She went to sit beside him.

"I want to talk to you about Alex and Marie,do you think they're capable enough to carry out the plan?" Irene asked.

"Of course they are, i can beat my chest to it"

"Have they been working for you for long?" Irene asked.

"Yeah, even before Carrle gave birth to Ivory and got married to me" Ethan said.

"What!" Irene exclaimed and quickly got a hold of herself.

"I mean wow..they must be good" Irene smiled.

"Of course they are or i wouldn't have trusted them with this"

"Well..how would you trust them with this when they've not carried out a similar plan?" Irene asked, trying to get him to reveal the oddness of this whole thing.

And she needed to clear her doubts too.

"They've carried out a similar plan to this and it was successful,so that's why I'm trusting

them with this also" Ethan said.

"Ohh..which operation was that? Was it poisoning also?" Irene asked, dreading to hear what she was thinking.

"I'm home" They both heard before the door opened.

Carrle walked in and glanced at Irene fiercely before turning to Ethan.

"Who asked Ben to disconnect the CCTV from 10:28am to 12:31pm?" She asked through clenched teeth and even the blind could tell she was furious.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

## Chapter 91

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"Who asked Ben to disconnect the CCTV from 10:28am to 12:31pm?" She asked through clenched teeth and even the blind could tell she was furious.

"Did Ben told you that?" Ethan asked, prepared to fire Ben immediately.

"He didn't, i saw it all from my laptop. The footage suddenly went blank from 10:28am to 12:31pm"

"And you concluded I'm behind it?" Ethan contradicted.

"I knew you were. Ben can never disconnect the CCTV without your consent" Carrle stated.

"Have you asked Ben what went wrong?"

Ethan asked.

"I do not need to!" Carrle dropped her bag.

"That's dumb! Why did you come straight to me? Am i in charge of the security footage?!"

Ethan half yelled and even Irene almost believed he knew nothing about it.

Wow.

"You do not have the right to come to me without confirming if I'm truly behind it and were you checking the house activities on your laptop? You asked Ben to connect the footage to your laptop? Why would you do that?"

Ethan asked.

"I needed to know what the hell is going on!"

"And what the hell is going on!" Ethan shouted.

"I can't believe you were spying on me" Ethan

said, looking disappointed.

"I wasn't spying on you Ethan, i was spying on Irene cause i do not trust her! Something seems off about you Irene!" Carrle said to Irene's face,who swallowed hard.

"I needed evidence so you could truly see she's not to be trusted.." Carrle was saying.

"I told you she's trustworthy!" Ethan slammed.

"My intuition is never wrong Ethan, there's something about her. You need to believe me, let's get her out of this house" Carrle said desperately and Irene tried her best to look normal.

"Why?" Ethan asked. "And did you find anything suspicious about her when you turned 'Ben' overnight?"

"I didn't but if the damn footage hadn't gone

blank, I'm so sure i would have "

"And aren't you supposed to be in Mexico?"

Ethan asked.

"I cancelled my flight"

"Because the footage went blank?"

"Well...yeah"

"Carrle,you cancelled your flight because you wanted to confront me about a blank footage? Unbelievable." Ethan furrowed his brow.

"Ethan,why do i feel you know about this"  
Carrle said.

"Then go confirm from Ben... you're seriously pissing me off right now Carrle" Ethan said.

"I..i should...excuse you" Irene said, slowly getting to her feet.

"No, wait" Ethan said.

"I should go confirm from Ben? Like you wouldn't have made up something for him to tell me" Carrle said.

"Whatever" Ethan scoffed. "And you know i can have you arrested for intruding in my home's privacy by connecting the CCTV to your laptop"

"Ohh..really" Carrle laughed. "Go ahead, i can see you're going out of your senses"

"Why are you so insecure about her ?"

"Im only trying to watch out for you Ethan, she's going to ruin you, i can feel it! You need to stop this fucking love and look into her, she also knows what I'm talking about" Carrle said, watching Irene closely for any slightest change in her expression but Irene's face remained the same even though she was panicking inwardly.



She had followed Tom's advise on maintaining a normal expression.

"I do not know what you're talking about"  
Irene said.

"You do!" Carrle yelled.

"I don't!" Irene yelled back.

"You do!"

"You've been monitoring my movement in this house like your life depends on it! And yet you haven't found anything suspicious about me, you're not trying to watch out for Ethan! You just hate me, that's it!" Irene said pointedly and Carrle was surprised at her outburst.

She turned to Ethan..."it's so clear you gave her the audacity to stand up to me. Wow"

"She's not a kid..she needs no permission to

stand up to you. You both should probably be the same age" Ethan cleared.

"Oh..my..goodness, if love makes one this dumb then i don't ever want to fall in love. Cause you've obviously turned dumb Ethan,so dumb that it's starting to irritate me" Carrle sighed angrily.

"Whatever" Ethan said looking unconcerned.

"Ethan! Whatever you did during that period the footage went blank,i promise you I'm gonna dig it out. Motherfucker!" Carrle picked her bag and angrily left the room.

"Good thing you stood up to her!" Ethan said to Irene.

"Really?" Irene smiled.

"Yeah, she's always telling me not to trust you when she didn't even find anything suspicious

about you,that simply means she hates you"  
Ethan said.

"Of course...she's still mad over Harold's rejection,i guess that's the reason she's being this way" Irene said.

"Exactly! Harold had told her he still loves you" Ethan said.

"What! He should better stop whatever love he has for me, im with you now" Irene smiled, holding his hand.

"Oh my, you're such a sweet lady Irene, i wonder why Carrle can't see that" Ethan said, drowning in Irene's love.

"Her hatred for me won't let her see it" Irene rolled her eyes.

"Who cares if she hates you, once the baby is confirmed mine, you'll become the lady of this

house and you can do to her whatever pleases you" Ethan said.

"Really?" Irene feigned amazement.

"Of course, and..you said we are going to kiss soon" Ethan said,not able to take his eyes off her lips.

"C'mon, not yet but i promise I'm going to give you a kiss once the baby is confirmed yours" Irene said.

"Really?"

"Yeah" Irene nodded.

"You can as well give me the kiss now cause the baby is mine" Ethan smiled confidently..

"Why are you so sure?" Irene asked.

"Uh..i just know the baby would turn out to be mine. Harold has a child already.." Ethan said.

'So lame' Irene commented inwardly.

"Well..until the doctor confirms it,then..i'll give you a kiss to seal and celebrate our union"  
Irene said sweetly, licking her bottom lip.

"Oh my" Ethan sighed dreamily.

"I can't wait!" He screamed.

'Lousy!'

"I'm starting to love you more and more cause you trust me even when Carrle is tryna make you not to. Keep trusting me okay? and you'll earn all of my 'loveeee' " Irene said.

"Okay,my first lady. I'll trust you till eternity"  
Ethan said.

'No, you'll trust me till you get locked up'

"Thank you for trusting me" Irene said.

"My utmost pleasure,dearest" Ethan said,

gripping her hand tightly and Irene thought he had gone crazy.

He stared into her eyes affectionately and Irene sighed, wondering why he looked nothing romantic but scary!!!.

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Carrle walked into the bathroom, peeled off her clothing and got into the bath tub that was bubbling with warm soapy water.

She was so pissed that her body shook.

She tapped her finger on the bath panel thoughtfully.

She had thought Irene was the only one hiding something, looks like Ethan is involved also.

She really needs to stop him before he spills their secrets to Irene cause he's helplessly in

love now.

But it's just so annoying to know there's no way to stop him from trusting Irene without providing evidence or Ethan won't listen to her.

She had suspected Irene wasn't really here because she now hated Harold.

She has her own apartment..why coming here just because she now hate Harold.

How could she even have believed that from the start,she was so occupied with seducing Harold that she hadn't thought straight!

She hated Irene for so many reasons.

First,she still has Harold's heart! And even Ethan's heart also! leaving her with nobody.

The only men in her life loves her!

Well.. she'll be dieing soon with the damned

baby of hers.

The damned baby that caused all these!

And then she'll have Harold and Ethan fighting for her love... that'll be so interesting.. Carrle smiled at the thought.

She had made a great decision poisoning the packs of juice, now she'll have Harold and Ethan to herself alone.

Irene would leave and they'll all forget about her after some months.

But she really needs to find a suspicious evidence about Irene real quick, so Ethan can would make her leave before she dies in this house.

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Carrle walked out of the bathroom in a white



robe with a towel tied around her wet hair.

Her five personal maids bowed as she sat on the dressing chair.

She removed the hair towel and Aimee, one of her maids plugged the hair dryer and started drying her hair immediately.

Ravin, another of her personal maid, attended to her nails while Susan, who's a fashionista prepared her outfit. She knows Carrle won't be going out, so she's to prepare a simple wear.

Emily and Jessie stood at a reasonable distance, ready to go on any errand.

Carrle stared at herself in the mirror as her hair was getting dried.

She looks equally beautiful, why are the men all over Irene?

Could it be because she wears no make up?

Do men love natural ladies these days?

"I won't be wearing makeup for now Susan"  
Carrle said.

"Yes Madam Carrle" Susan bowed.

They were surprised but didn't dare show it, they knew Carrle rarely do without make up, except when she's going to bed.

"Jessica, get Ben for me immediately" Carrle said.

"Okay Madam Carrle" Jessie bowed and walked out of the room.

Ravin proceeded to Carrle's toe nails and then brought out a set of nail polish when she was done.

"Which would you like ma'am?" Ravin asked.

"What's the color of the dress I'm putting on Susan?" Carrle asked.

"One-piece black stretch jumpsuit" Susan said.

"Okay,use the black glossy one" Carrle said to Ravin who bowed.

Aimee was braiding Carrle's hair when Jessica walked in with Ben.

"Good afternoon Madam Carrle" Ben bowed.

"What went wrong with the CCTV, it was blank for some hours" Carrle said.

"It w.." Ben was saying.

"Say nothing but the truth" Carrle said sternly.

"It was system error ma'am" Ben said and Carrle turned to him.

"System error? That has never happened" Carrle said, looking at him suspiciously.

"It has, ma'am, severally. You wouldn't know because today is actually the first time i connected it to your laptop, it happens when the system is fluctuating and it always take a while before it becomes stable" Ben said convincingly.

"So..you mean, whatever happened during the period the system was fluctuating would be wiped off?" Carrle asked.

"Yes ma'am"

"Is there no way it can be restored?" Carrle asked.

"No ma'am"

"That's bad" Carrle sighed.

"You can leave" She said to him.

"Okay Madam Carrle" He bowed and turned to

leave.

"If i find out what you told me is not true,I'm not going to spare you,trust me" Carrle said and Ben nodded.

"Anyway,get me one of Ethan's bodyguards on your way out" She said and watched him leave.

Looks like he's saying the truth but she's not fully convinced yet.

"Emily,get me a glass cup of water" Carrle sighed.

"Okay Madam Carrle" Emily bowed before rushing out of the room.

Ryan walked in and bowed before Carrle.

"Ryan .. how are you?" Carrle smiled.

"Fine ma'am" Ryan said, maintaining his calm expression.

"Okay, i want to ask you a question and I'll be glad if you tell me the truth" Carrle said.

Ryan panicked, thinking Carrle already knew about what he told Irene.

But if she knew,she wouldn't be smiling.

She would have probably ordered him to get killed immediately.

"What happened while i was gone?" Carrle asked.

"Huh?"

"I mean..what happened? Who came in? Who went out? Like..what the hell happened?"

Carrle asked with a sigh.

"Nothing unusual happened ma'am, no one came in,none went out" Ryan answered.

Carrle studied him to see if he was telling lies

but his expression remained the same.

She sighed frustratedly..maybe nothing had happened.

Maybe it was just system error like Ben had said.

"Are you sure?" She asked Ryan.

"Yes Madam Carrle" Ryan said.

"Alright,you can leave" She said, he bowed and turned to leave when Emily walked in with a glass cup of chilled water in a small tray.

She was breathing heavily as she approached Carrle and Carrle knew instantly that something was wrong.

"Will you stop breathing in my water! What's wrong?" Carrle asked.

"Madam Carrle, i just heard from one of the

cooks that Irene ordered Christiana to empty every pack of strawberry juice in the kitchen...into the sink!" Emily said.

"What!"

Irene walked into her room and wondered where Christiana was.

She picked her phone on the bed, where Christiana had dropped it and then unlocked it..

It displayed the pictures Christiana had been viewing.

Where was she then?

Ohh..she might be in her room, probably using the restroom.

Irene smiled as she sat on her couch.



You're such a good actor Irene, you gained Ethan's trust already. Totally.

She never thought it'll be this easy and fast.

Carrle seems to be the only hard nut now and she knows she's watching her every move so she can find something suspicious about her and then inform Ethan so he would stop whatever trust he has for her.

She should be very very cautious now so Carrle won't ruin their plan cause she seems so determined.

She wished Carrle hadn't walked in when Ethan was about telling her the similar plan Alex and Marie had helped him carry out successfully.

She can't ask him again today cause he'll really wonder why she desperately wants to

know and start getting suspicious like Carrle wanted.

There's still three days to go...

Ahhh...she's really craving strawberry juice.

"You need to start taking vanilla flavor, strawberry is out of the picture for now" Irene said to her baby.

"Okay mummy" She said to herself in a tiny voice and then laughed.

"Ma'am" Christiana called, walking in.

"Tiana" Irene turned to her.

"Madam Carrle requested to see me and i went to her, i wanted to inform you before going but i thought you might be having an important conversation with Mr Ethan and i wouldn't have wanted to interrupt " Christiana said.

"Okay..what did she call you for?" Irene asked curiously.

"Seems she was informed about the juice you ordered me to empty in the sink"

"Damn!" Irene sighed.

"But there's nothing to worry about,she asked me the reason you ordered me to do such and i said the only thing that came to my mind at that moment.." Christiana paused.

"What?" Irene asked anxiously.

"I told her you discovered the juices has passed their expiration date..." Christiana said.

"Wow!" Irene sighed, exactly what she had planned to say but Tom had said Carrle would find out.

Geez.

"I know that was a bit petty but that was the only thing i could say at that moment,if i didn't talk immediately,she would suspect you knew"

"Thank you Tiana,you did the right thing. Thank you so much" Irene said.

"And she asked of the empty packs so she could be sure the juices truly expired"

"And what did you tell her?" Irene asked.

"I told her i disposed of them...like i truly did but im afraid she might ask her workers to go dig it out and bring it to her"

"Gosh!" Irene sighed.

"What's this? What's going on?" Carrle asked after seeing Christiana serve Irene a different

meal for lunch.

"I was craving chicken casserole" Irene said.

"And why did Christiana serve it to you? Aren't there cooks to do that?" Carrle asked.

"Because she made it" Irene said.

"What! She wasn't employed as a cook! Why would she make your meals?" Carrle asked wondering what was going on.

First the packs of juice she had poisoned were emptied into the sink, and now Christiana made Irene's lunch and even served her.

"She's my personal maid, which means i can get her to do anything i want, i discovered she's a great cook and that's why I'll allow her to start making my meals and serving it" Irene said.

"Ohh" Carrle nodded, now sure something was indeed going on.

"Christiana wasn't employed as a cook so she's not allowed to make your meals, we have enough cooks already. This should be the last time you try to make a meal in my kitchen Tiana" Carrle said, authoritatively.

"You do not have power over her anymore Carrle, she's my personal maid now, she'll do whatever i order her to" Irene said.

"I employed her, and i stand by my words, she's not allowed to make a meal in my kitchen"

"She's allowed to..and it's not your kitchen, you do not own this house" Irene said.

"Whatever..She's not allowed to" Carrle yelled.

"Enough! This is my house Carrle and Irene

has the same right you have here. You allow your personal maids do whatever you want them to do, why don't you want Irene to do whatever she wants with her personal maid also." Ethan said and then turned to Christiana.

"Do whatever Irene wants okay?, she's your boss" Ethan said and Christiana bowed.

"Ohh... really" Carrle said, pushing back her chair.

She got to her feet.

"Trust me Ethan, the lady you trust so much will turn out to be your Achilles heel" She said and stared at Irene menacingly before walking out.

"We found the packs of juice ma'am" One of her bodyguards said and she stopped walking.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 92

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"We found the packs of juice ma'am" One of her bodyguards said and she stopped walking.

"Let me have it" she said and the bodyguard handed it to her.

She checked the expiration date immediately and was almost shocked to see the juice hadn't expired.

It still had a month to go.

What the hell!

She turned back and headed to the dining



room.

Irene and Ethan were already eating when she walked in and that made her even more furious.

Ethan hadn't even come after her after she left the dining room, he hadn't cared, he only cared about eating with Irene.

She slammed the empty pack of juice on the dining table furiously, startling Irene and Ethan.

"What's this Carrle?" Ethan asked.

"I'm not here for you who had turned a dummy overnight! Christiana, why did you lie to me about the juice exceeding their expiration date?" Carrle asked and Christiana looked at her, stunned and not knowing what to say.

"She didn't lie to you, i told her the juices expired and ordered her to empty them" Irene asked, building up all the excuse she can because obviously, Carrle had found the packs of juice and had seen they hadn't expired.

"Why the hell did you do that? Is there a sort of blindness that makes one sees packs of juice as expired when it still has a month to go?" Carrle asked.

'Bingo!'

Carrle watched her intensely knowing something was definitely off for Irene to empty the packs of juice and even lied that they had exceed their expiration date.

Could it be that she knows about the poiso..

No! Only one of her bodyguards know it and she could swear he was loyal to her.

"Well..the juice tasted sour and i believed it was expired,i didn't even bother checking the expiration date" Irene said.

"You wasted ten packs of juice because one of them tasted sour?" Carrle asked, wondering if the poison had made it taste that way.

Did she put a lot?

Well..that simply means Irene had taken it!

She had taken out of the juice before emptying it!

Great!

But she's meant to be taking it continuously, taking just a gulp might not work but it'll indeed take a toll on her body.

It might affect the baby...she so much wish it will but she still have to confirm from Nurse

Tasha who had given her the stuff.

"It truly tasted sour, you would have emptied it if you were me" Irene said.

"Just a pack tasted sour, you shouldn't have emptied the ten of them." Carrle said.

"The thing is..i do not crave strawberry juice anymore,the smell now almost make me puke" Irene sighed.

"Which juice do you prefer now?" Carrle asked.

"None" Irene said.

"Whatever your reason is,you shouldn't have wasted the ten packs,you didn't buy them"

"Neither did you. Ethan bought them,just for me and I'll do whatever i like with it. You're interrupting our lunch please" Irene said with a roll of eyes.

"Wow!" Carrle exclaimed. "You've really got guts, haven't you?"

Irene continued eating, ignoring her.

Carrle glanced at Ethan who had continued eating also, he hadn't even contributed in their exchange, he only watched them, looking coy.

God! What has Irene turned him to.

She left the dining room and walked to her room.

"Get me my lunch" She said to Emily who bowed before leaving.

She was starving and hadn't even had breakfast before leaving for Mexico.

Maybe she really needed to go cool her head and think.

And she can watch the house activities while she's there.

"My phone" She said and her phone was passed to her with a bow.

She placed a call across Tasha.

Hey Tash.

Madam Carrle" Tasha said.

"Well the damn girl emptied the packs of juice"

"What! Without taking anything?"

"Well..i guess she took a gulp and concluded it tasted sour"

"Did you added more than the portion i asked you to?" Tasha asked.

"I guess so" Carrle admitted slyly.

"You shouldn't have, it'll indeed taste sour"

"Ohh" Carrle sighed.

"But you said she took a gulp right?"

"Yeah,that was how she knew it tasted sour"

"Well..since you added more portion of the poison than i told you to in each pack and she took a gulp, the poison would definitely have a toll on her though it might not kill her like we wanted but trust me...it's going to damage some parts of her body" Tasha said quietly, looking around, she wouldn't want anyone to hear the conversation.

"Well the thing is..she's pregnant" Carrle said.

"Ohh..cool,the baby would pay for it then.  
How old is the pregnancy?"

"Three months and some weeks"

"The poison is gonna kill the baby for sure and even leave some damages in her system"

"Exactly what i wanted!" Carrle grinned.

"Thanks Tasha"

"Alright ma'am, gotta go now"

"Bye"

\*

"Carrle I'm sorry..." Ethan said as he walked into her room.

Her maids left the room immediately.

"What do you want?" Carrle asked with a mean tone.

She was sitting on her bed and surfing through the internet when he walked in.

"Are you here to remind me of how Irene and i



now have the same right in this house?" She asked.

"C'mon" Ethan said, sitting beside her on the bed.

"Don't come closer, you disgust me now" Carrle said flatly.

"Carrle...what problem do you have with Irene? Do you just dislike her or you're truly suspicious of her?" Ethan asked.

"Both and i don't dislike her,i hate her" Carrle clarified.

"Okay..i understand the fact that you hate her, you've hated her since she started working as your daughter's nanny but why are you suspicious of her even without having an evidence?" Ethan asked.

"Ethan,my intuition is always right and you

know that,i feel she's here for a reason,not just because she now hate Harold. She has an apartment,why come here instead... think deep like you used to Eth" Carrle said.

"Well..." Ethan sighed. "So far, we haven't noticed anything off about her, she's been here for four days Carl"

"I'm damn sure if we had successfully set up a CCTV in her room,we would have definitely found whatever i think she's hiding"

"I still do not think she's hiding anything"

"You're not thinking straight Eth,this is not you" Carrle said and Ethan sighed.

"This is me Carl..this is me! you don't expect me to make a move without finding anything suspicious about her, find something suspicious about her and see if i won't make a

move immediately"

"Really?" Carrle blinked.

She had thought he was blinded by love.

"Of course...i love Irene,you know that but if she dares betray me,she's gone. I won't allow my feelings for her cloud my judgement,you know i don't spare betrayals" Ethan said.

"Yeah" Carrle nodded...So,the reason Ethan's still being nice to Irene is because he hasn't found anything suspicious about her yet.

She really needs to double her effort in finding out what she suspected Irene is hiding, and once she shows Ethan the evidence, he'll get rid of her immediately. He truly does not spare betrayals, regardless of their relationship with him.

"And it seems you've really given her the

boldness to stand up to me. She now talks like she's the legal wife here and that's because of you!" Carrle said, crossly.

"Hey,i never told her to stand up to you,she did cause she wanted to. It's between the both of you, don't drag me in" Ethan said.

"And why were you taking her side? I told Christiana not to make meals for her in this house anymore but you went ahead to tell her otherwise, right in front of me,just to please Irene"

"Carrle, we need to make Irene feel comfortable in this house also. She wants her personal maid to continue making her meals, there's nothing wrong with that,it isn't going to affect you in any way"

"Whatever" Carrle rolled her eyes.

"Com'on,are you still pissed at me?" Ethan asked.

"Of course, you ridiculed me in her presence" Carrle frowned.

"Carl, I'm sorry" He said and she shrugged.

"Okay...how about we go shopping in Tanya's store later, i'll foot the bills" Ethan offered.

"Aww... really?" Carrle's eyes widened in excitement.

"Yeah"

"I love you Eth" She kissed him and he smiled, knowing she has forgiven him already.

He can't bear to see her pissed at him.

Carrle has been his partner in crime and he's not ready to lose her.

She's the mastermind of their plans and she

always make sure the plans go smoothly.

"Do you want Irene to come with us?" He teased.

"Hell no!" Carrle hissed and he laughed.

"Alright, go get ready then, so we'll be back before dinner" He said, knowing how long Carrle takes in shopping, she'll almost empty the entire store.

~

"Irene we'll be right back...we are visiting Tanya fashion store, do you want me to get anything for you?" Ethan asked.

He was dressed for the shopping and Carrle was impatiently waiting in the car.

"No" Irene said.

"Are you sure?" He asked.

"Yeah" She nodded and wished he won't be taking Ryan with him so she could get him to contact Tom.

He kissed her cheeks and waved her bye.

She waved back at him and watched him walk out of her room.

Mentioning Tanya's store reminded her of her own workshop in Harold's house.

She so much missed it,that place gives her comfort and inspiration.

Staring at the flowers in the garden makes her think of new beautiful designs.

Even if she has a big store one day,she's still going to make wears in that little workshop of hers.

Her customers were beginning to send in tons

of messages, ordering dresses and she always gave them the excuse that she's on a trip and will be back soon.

So many orders are waiting and she can't wait to get back home.

She missed Harold's house.

"Here's your fruit ma'am" Christiana said, walking in with a small bowl of sliced watermelon.

Irene's still so scared to take anything 'strawberry' in the house or she would have preferred strawberries to watermelon.

"Thanks Tiana" She said as Christiana dropped the bowl in front of her.

"Are you okay?" Christiana asked, noticing her sour mood.



"I'm fine..just worried about my business and other things"

"Ohh..worry less, everything will be back in place okay?" Christiana assured her and she nodded.

"And speaking of business...what type of business is it?" Christiana asked.

"I'm a fashion designer and i have my own workshop" Irene smiled.

"Wow..now i understand the reason there were pictures of multiple wears on your phone..did you made every one of them?" Christiana asked.

"Of course"

"Oh my God!" Christiana exclaimed. "You're that talented?!"

"Well..it's just something I'm good at" Irene said proudly.

"And to think you never for once boasted of being such a talented designer..Wow, you're a role model Irene" Christiana said, intrigued.

Irene smiled.

"You should know Tanya.." Christiana said.

"Yeah" Irene nodded.

"She boasts every time she's here and always made it clear that none of the workers here could afford her. I dislike her so much"

Christiana frowned and Irene laughed.

"And..judging from the pictures of wears i saw on your phone,you're far more talented than Tanya. Do you also have a store where you sell them?"

"Not yet, i only cut,sew,design and package in my workshop and then deliver it to each customer's location"

"Ohh, that's great, you seems like a hardworking person Irene,a very hardworking person" Christiana noted and Irene smiled.

She was starting to eat her fruit.

"I know you don't have a fashion store yet but you should have a name..." Tiana was saying.

"Ofcourse Daire fashions,you can check it up on the internet and order a dress and i promise you'll have it delivered to your doorstep" Irene joked and Christiana laughed.

"Daire fashions.. isn't that the brand that has been trending for some time now?I can't believe you do not own a store and your brand is trending already! Wow" Tiana exclaimed.

"I will...soon" Irene said, she has saved up some money for it and once she's done with all these, she'll start the preparation of her own store.

Her customers are growing every minute.

She'll forever be thankful to Harold who had brought her out of those weak shells and made people see what she can offer.

"Tiana, can you help me check if Ryan went out with Ethan and if he did not, tell him i want to see him" Irene said.

"Okay ma'am" Christiana grinned, blushing hard as she left the room.

Irene shook her head with a smile.

She pushed the watermelon away.

Damn..she's so craving strawberry.

Christiana walked in alone few minutes later and Irene was disappointed Ryan had left with Ethan.

She was wondering why Christiana was still blushing when Ryan walked in.

"Good afternoon ma'am" He said and Irene smiled.

\*\*\*

It was almost dinner time and Ethan and Carrle were yet to be back.

Irene sat in the room, buried in the novel she was reading.

Christiana was in the kitchen preparing Irene's dinner while the other cooks prepared Ethan's and Carrle's.

They sneered at her as she moved in the kitchen.

Ryan had agreed to contact Tom even though it took quite an effort to convince him.

Tom had called her few minutes ago and told her Ryan contacted him already and they spoke at length.

Ryan promised to protect her in the house and also watch Carrle's moves, he said he's doing it because of Harold and nobody else.

The door of Irene's room open, bringing her back to reality.

She raised up her head to see Christiana walked in with a pack of chilled strawberry juice and a glass cup.

Irene swallowed hard and felt like grabbing it from her hand,tearing it open and then gulp it

as fast as she could.

Her baby really loved this.

"Where did you see this? Didn't you empty the packs like i told you to?" Irene asked.

"Well..i did, i visited the grocery store to get some things before making dinner and got this for you after i noticed how much you're craving it,i stored it in the fridge while i made dinner and that's the reason it's so chilled" Christiana said.

"Oh..my, thanks so much Tiana,but you didn't tell me you'll be visiting the grocery store" Irene said.

"Well..it isn't so far,plus i wanted to surprise you with this" Christiana smiled.

"Ohh... thank you" Irene smiled.

Christiana nodded and helped her uncap the juice before pouring some into the glass cup.

Christiana smiled as she watched Irene lift it to her lips and then gulp it down her throat.

Yes!

"Thank you so much Christiana" Irene said pouring herself more juice.

Christiana nodded.. "I should go back to the kitchen"

"Alright" Irene said, embedded in the sweetness of the juice, she could even feel her baby dance and she laughed hard at the imagination.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM



Zeemah writes

## Chapter 93

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Christiana returned to the kitchen, all smiles.

She was glad to see the happy look on Irene's face when she gulped the juice.

She had noticed how Irene was secretly craving strawberry juice and she had went to the grocery store and specially bought one for her.

The satisfaction in her eyes after she gulped the juice made her so happy...

She'll do anything in her might to please Irene and make her happy.

Irene is just one of the nicest people she has ever met.

She makes her happy and it wouldn't be so bad to make her happy in return.

Her life had been at ease since Irene stepped into this house.

Life made more sense to her because Irene eased her burden and made her comfortable.

She rarely open up to people about herself and her child but she hadn't found it difficult to open up to Irene.

She sees Irene just like the older sister she never had.

"Thanks Eryn" Christiana said to one of the cooks she had pleaded with to help watch over Irene's meal while she went to serve her the juice.

Eryn nodded.. "it's so obvious you cherish Mrs Irene so much"

"Of course, she's one of the nicest people I've met, she doesn't even treat me like the maid I am, all thanks to her..my salary got increased, I can comfortably pay my daughter's fees and assist with the rent and still have some money with me.. Mrs Irene deserves to be cherished" Tiana said and Eryn smiled, wishing she was the one in Christiana's place, she so much wished to be close to Irene also.

"Will you stop the chit chat and get here to wash the dishes" The head cook said to Eryn in a firm tone and she quickly scurried over.



"Good morning everyone" Harold greeted as he walked into the dining room.

"Good morning" ...

"Good morning princess" He smiled and

pecked Ivory on both cheeks, she giggled and touched his hair fondly.

"Good morning Daddy, how was your night?" She asked.

"Great" He smiled.

"Good morning brother" Allysia said and he noticed her smile were different these days.

They were brighter and happier, she looks happy every time he sees her and he knew something was going on. He's going to ask her about it later.

"Good morning Ally, how was your night?"

"Serene" Allysia smiled.

"Obviously" Harold nodded .

He joined them as he took a seat and they all started eating breakfast.

\*

Allysia and Ivory left for school after breakfast while Harold also left for one of his companies.

His employees greeted him as he walked past them with his bodyguards. Alex and Rob.

Moira, his secretary placed a cup of coffee on his table and set a box of sugar cubes, alongside a carton of cream with a plastic spoon few minutes after he got settled in his largely furnished office.

"Thanks Moira" Harold said to her and she smiled before walking out of his office.

He prepared his coffee as he wanted and sipped it as he worked on his laptop,he doesn't have much to do today.

He would have preferred to stay home if Irene was still at his house.

Staying home without her is just like being bored to death and he'll keep thinking of her every second.

After today, it'll just be two days left for them to go to the hospital for the result.

He'll get to see her again...he's assured she had told him to be patient but his patience is wearing thin.

He missed her so much.

The house doesn't even feel the same without her.

He doubts if he'll let her go after he sets his eyes on her in two days time.

Irene hadn't left him for Ethan because he

dropped her off in the rain nor because her mum fell sick.

She is obviously doing this for a reason and he hope she'll be done soon and come back to him.

She had assured him to be patient, meaning she'll be coming back to him even if it's not soon but eventually and he has been patient like she'd said.

He had crossed paths with Ryan in ,one of Ethan's bodyguard that he had given some money to take care of himself.

He hadn't even remembered Ryan when he greeted him,it was Rob who reminded him.

He had went out with Rob and decided to stop by a jewelry store and get some for his mother and Mrs Nola.

Ryan had thanked him profusely for the money and Harold was even glad to see he had added some weight, he had put the money to good use.

He told him Carrle had sent him to her jeweler and that he needed to run along.

Harold wondered how Irene would be coping in Carrle's den and had told Ryan to please protect her.

He made Ryan know he's free to refuse, he shouldn't feel indebted to him because he had once given him cash, he should do whatever is proper but Ryan had agreed to protect Irene without hesitation and Harold was glad, knowing Irene will be safe.

The knock on his office door jolted him out of his thoughts.



He noticed his coffee had gone warm and the cream now floated on the top.

He drank it anyway.

The knock sounded again and he almost scolded himself for forgetting it was a knock that has jolted him from his thoughts.

Someone was by the door.

It should be Moira or Alex or Robbins.

He hadn't given anyone appointment today and even if someone wants to see him, Moira would have called him to inform him beforehand.

"Come in" He said.

It was Moira.

"Mr Harold, someone dropped this and left without waiting to see you" Moira said holding

an envelope with the words 'private and confidential' printed on it in bold letters.

"Ohh..drop it and did you said the person left without a word?" Harold asked.

"Yes Mr Harold,he only told me to make sure this gets to you" Moira said.

"Alright,you can leave" Harold said.

This isn't the first time he'll be receiving such.

He picked the envelope after Moira left and tore it open.

He opened the piece of paper in it and it reads;

If you sign B pharmaceuticals contract, you'll get a deposit of eight million dollars and a yearly pay of over ten million dollars for trademarks right.

Please consider.

A.

Harold smiled, knowing there's more to the contract than money, he would never sign it.

He crumbled the paper and rolled it into a ball before thrashing it in the thrash can, deposited at the edge of his office.

He has never involved himself in illegal deals and he would never do such.

He called Moira and asked her to come in.

"The envelope was from B pharmaceuticals again..they want me to sign their contract and offered a huge sum of money"

"Ohh.." Moira sighed, knowing it's not something unusual,it happens almost every time.

Harold might have been thinking of signing the contract but now that they secretly sent him that offer twice, he would never sign it, regardless of the money involved.

They only ruined their chance of partnering with him.

"This is the second time" Moira said.

"Yeah!" Harold said.

"I think they're not aware that if they really want to partner with you, they should do it the right and legal way" Moira said.

"Of course and please help me make research on the pharmaceutical, and get back to me, I want to know the reason they badly want me to sign the contract" Harold said.

"Okay Mr Harold" Moira said, she picked the tray she had served the coffee before walking

out of Harold's office.

Harold called Alex in and told him to go to the security department and check the CCTV for the man who came to drop the envelope.

"Okay Mr Harold" Alex said.

"And gather every information you can, about him" Harold said and Alex nodded before walking out of his office.

~

Name~~ Liam Perrine.

Age~~ 34

Height~~ 5'8

Address~~ 44 hope Street. San Francisco.

Job~~ Secret service agent.

"Ohh..he's only a secret service agent hired to

do as he's told" Harold said after going through the profile Alex bought him.

"Yes Mr Harold" Alex said.

"Alright,you can leave" Harold said and he noticed Alex hesitated.

"What?" He asked.

"I just wanted to ask how Irene is? Have you contacted her?" Alex asked,not feeling worried as he looked.

"Well no" Harold said,he knew how much Irene did not trust Alex, and he wouldn't want to tell him anything about her.

"Ohh..well you look like you've heard from her, you're looking happy these days" Alex smiled.

"Uh..you can leave now Alex,i still have to tend to some work" Harold said.

Alex nodded and quietly walked out of Harold's office, he had thought Harold had contacted Irene or what else would make him look less sad, has he gotten over her already?

He still doesn't trust Irene being part of them.

She seems so good-hearted to involve herself in the killing of Harold, the man she loves.

Even if she now hate him, he doubt if she'll ever want him dead.

He wishes Ethan would really think deep about involving Irene, well...he has already.

What did you just say?" Ethan shouted on the phone and Carrle and Irene stared at him.

They were watching a movie when he received a call and from the look of things, something is

wrong.

Irene continued staring at the TV even though her mind was not there.

It's just two days left and she's yet to get what she really wanted, she's yet to confirm if Ethan or Carrle is involved in Helena's death.

Carrle now stuck with Ethan, deliberately preventing her from having a private moment with him.

"I can't believe this" Ethan said as he dropped the call.

He was looking so angry.

"What's wrong?" Carrle asked.

"You won't believe the B pharmaceuticals contract i badly wanted and even spent money on was offered to Harold Marshall on a



platter of gold and the damned man rejected it" Ethan barked furiously.

"Really?.. Gosh!" Carrle sighed, this isn't the first time this would be happening.

Ethan spends a lot to be awarded a contract and they end up begging Harold for it which Harold mostly refuses.

That's actually one of the reasons Ethan detested him...he hated the fact that Harold easily got things he strives hard to get.

"I'm going to his office now!" Ethan rose to his feet.

"You mustn't create a scene there, don't make him see how desperate you are for the contract okay?" Carrle advised and he nodded.

Irene sat without saying a word and Carrle looked at her menacingly.

"Didn't you hear what just happened huh? Ethan lost a contract worth millions of dollars to Harold who ended up rejecting it and you couldn't utter a word of consolation" Carrle accused fiercely.

"I was about to..." Irene said.

"Indeed" Carrle rolled her eyes.

"Harold rejected the contract, there's still some hope it'll become yours. You don't have to...go to his office" Irene said to Ethan.

"I need to, before he gets swayed by the offer and accept the contract wholeheartedly"  
Ethan groaned and Irene sighed, knowing Harold wouldn't even go back on his words, he must have had a reason to reject the contract and what offer would make the wealthiest man in San Francisco sign the contract he had

rejected.

Ethan knows that also, he's just obsessed with jealousy.

"I should go get dressed" Ethan said.

"Put on the tux you got from Tanya's store yesterday" Carrle said and Ethan nodded with a smile.

He hurried to his room and came out fully dressed after some minutes.

"You look great" Irene smiled, knowing Ethan is about to go get spanked with Harold's savage words.

"Thanks Irene" Ethan smiled.

Seeing how dressed he is, one wouldn't believe he's about to go scavenge for a contract someone else had rejected and not just

someone but his raw enemy.

Woah.

"You should make him see you're not desperate for the contract..just make it clear to him that you only want it,he's a nice dummy,he might talk to them on your behalf and you'll be awarded the contract" Carrle said.

"Okay Carl,i should hurry along" Ethan said.

Harold was a bit surprised when he was informed Ethan was around and wanted to see him.

He knew he came to taunt him about Irene being in his house but Harold let him in anyway.

He sometimes wonder how petty Ethan can be at times.

"Good day" Ethan said as he walked into Harold's office.

Harold glanced up at him and smiled..he was determined not to allow Ethan mock him.

"I'm so glad you didn't made a fuss today about coming in with your battalion" Harold chuckled and Ethan glared at him.

"I'm not here to joke Harold" Ethan said.

"Okay,what do you want?" Harold asked.

"B pharmaceuticals contract..i heard it was awarded to you and you rejected it"

"Are you here to fight me over that?" Harold asked.

"I just have to let you know that i spent so

much to be awarded that contract"

"Ohh..and it didn't end up getting awarded to you.. that's pretty bad but do you actually have to spend money to be awarded contracts,why don't you let your works and reputation speak for you. You don't need that Ethan" Harold said.

"What i do not need right now is your stupid words of sermon!" Ethan said.

"Okay..so did you came all the way to tell me you spent a lot on a contract and it wasn't awarded to you in the end? And...looks like you're going to a party after leaving here" Harold said scanning Ethan's wear.

He was wearing an expensive looking tuxedo with great shoes and his hair was styled in a cool way.

He obviously didn't dress this way just to come to his office.

"Whatever...that contract,i want it" Ethan said.

"Then go pay more money" Harold taunted.

"Well..now that you've rejected it,I'm sure it'll be awarded to me"

"Then you should go wait till it's awarded to you, you shouldn't be here." Harold said.

"I wanted you to know of my intention,so you won't go back on your words to sign the contract"

"I can't do that, the offer sounded illegal and i would advise you not to also take the contract so it won't put you into deep shit" Harold advised, Ethan was his friend and he wouldn't allow the feud between them make him watch Ethan get himself involved in a deep shit.

"Save your advice for later, I'm taking the contract"

"That's your business..i guess you're done with what you're here for. You can leave"  
Harold said.

"Well..how does it feel to know Irene's in my place after you bragged about not losing her to me, she even came to me willingly..wow"  
Ethan mocked.

"Are you done?" Harold asked and Ethan was disappointed to see Harold wasn't a bit affected by what he just said.

"Have you gotten over her already? I guess you didn't really love her like you claimed. I knew how you wept for Carrle for months like she was dead" Ethan said and Harold laughed.

"Just so you know,i love Irene more than i



loved Carrle" Harold said.

"But you didn't seem a bit affected that she's gone" Ethan said.

"Do i have to look affected? Well..maybe it's because she contacted me" Harold smiled.

"What! She..did?" Ethan asked, trying to believe he had heard wrongly.

"Of course, while in your house" Harold grinned, enjoying the look of despair in Ethan's eyes without realizing what he just did.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 94

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"What! She..did?" Ethan asked, trying to believe he had heard wrongly.

"Of course, while in your house" Harold grinned, enjoying the look of despair in Ethan's eyes without realizing what he just did.

There was silence for some seconds and that was when Harold sensed he had said something wrong.

Perhaps, Irene doesn't want Ethan to know she contacted him and now he has spilled it just to prove he still has a stand in her life.

Damnit.. Irene might be so pissed.

When did he turn a blabbermouth?

"Well...she contacted me to remind me of how much she hates me now..i was so hurt" Harold

feigned a pained expression and Ethan smiled.

"I knew she would never contact you for any other reason, She hates you so much now,with passion and it's so great to tell you she's now in love with me" Ethan grinned.

"Wow, congratulation Ethan" Harold said.

"I wish you mean it" Ethan smirked.

"And i hope you know we'll be visiting the hospital in two days time for the result" Ethan said.

"Of course" Harold nodded.

"Well..i should warn you beforehand to be prepared for the worst news of your life" Ethan said.

"Why did you say that?" Harold said.

"Cause the baby is mine"

"Why don't we wait till the doctor confirms that" Harold said.

"Exactly! Till the doctor confirms it" Ethan laughed and Harold thought he had gone crazy.

"I can see you're done with what you came here for, can you kindly leave now,there's so much work to do" Harold said.

"I can't believe a billionaire like you is still alternating shifts in his companies and working hard like a pauper" Ethan groaned.

"You can get people to do this shits for you,you don't have to work everyday" He added.

Harold shrugged "I can't get people to do run my companies for me when im still so strong to and of course i have managers in each of my

companies and they do their works,that doesn't mean i should sit at home idly knowing how much my effort would contribute to the success of my companies. And you should know i like doing things myself..only then am i satisfied" Harold explained.

"Everything you stated is nothing but a silly excuse...You're just used to working hard like a nobody!"

"Wow..that's a huge compliment " Harold smiled.

"You should tend to things yourself if you really want to succeed" Harold added.

"As much as i hate to admit it you've succeeded already" Ethan scoffed.

"No,this is just the beginning" Harold said

much to Ethan chagrin.

Hearing the wealthiest man in San Francisco say 'this is just the beginning' pissed him off.

Does he want to take over the world!

He's glad he had made plans to clear him off this Earth!

So,there's nothing to worry about.

Harold is going to continue his hard work in hell...the thought alone brought a smile to Ethan's face.

"Are you done?" Harold asked.

"Of course and it's a pleasure to easily rob you of the two women you've ever loved" Ethan said with a smirk before strolling out of Harold's office.

"Dunderhead" Harold said under his breath.

He quickly picked his phone and texted Irene.

\*\*

Hi..i kinda spilled it to Ethan that you contacted me, i don't know what's going on but from the look on his face, i guess he's not so pleased to hear that.

Knowing he would get home and probably confront you about it, i gave him an excuse that you only contacted me to remind me of how much you now hate me.

I hope you're safe over there? And I'm being patient like you told me to. I miss you so much.

Harold.

Irene sighed and smiled after she was done reading the message.

Her heart was almost in her throat when she

read the part Harold told Ethan that she contacted him but then she felt relieved seeing the excuse Harold gave Ethan, who's so dumb to believe everything.

She's so glad Harold had messaged her to inform her beforehand or she would have given Ethan a different excuse and he would suspect something was off and try to dig into it.

Harold acts like he knows of her plans, could Tom have told him? No, Tom wouldn't do that without informing her first.

Harold might just be comforted by the fact that she had told him to be patient, he definitely knew she's coming back to him and she's glad he's being patient like she wants.

He's so understanding and terrific! and she wouldn't deny the fact that he's so lucky to



have his heart..she's damn lucky and she isn't gonna ditch him for anything in the world.

"Get the hell out of here!" Carrle yelled at one of the maids and that brought Irene back to reality.

She was still seated with Carrle in the living room who kept changing channels to offend her but she didn't mind at all cause she wasn't even focused on the TV.

Her mind and thoughts were far away.

Christiana stood beside her, she dared not sit because Carrle was there.

"Do you want water ?" Tiana asked and Irene nodded.

Tiana quickly left to get water for her.

The close relationship between Irene and

Christiana was noticeable and that pissed Carrle off, though she feels there's still a bit of hope to know what Irene does through Christiana.

She's so sure Christiana knows something they do not know about Irene and she's going to ask her about it later.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group. .

She watched Irene with great dislike as she gulped the water Christiana poured for her.

She's so angry that Irene who was nothing than a maid in Harold's mansion now order her own workers around, she's even about to take her place!

She would never allow that.

She so much regret she had made Irene feel welcome the first time she stepped her feet in here.

Shouldn't she have a miscarriage already?

Why is the poison taking so long to work!

They heard cars screech to halts and they knew Ethan was back.

Carrle sat upright, bracing herself.

She sipped a little from the wine in front of her and cleared her throat.

Ethan walked in with bodyguards as usual and he told everyone of them to leave..

"I hope you didn't make him see how desperate you are for the contract?" Carrle popped the first question.

"No, but obviously i made him take his hands

off the contract" Ethan smiled.

'indeed' Irene said inwardly.

"So...the contract is yours now?" Irene asked.

"Automatically" Ethan grinned.." Harold refused to sign it so..I'll be the next it'll be awarded to"

"Did you cared to know the reason Harold rejected the contract?" Irene asked.

"He claimed it seems illegal and he even dared advised me not to accept it so i won't get myself in a deep shit..he wants me to reject it cause he also did. What a joker" Ethan sighed.

"I would also advise you don't accept the contract.. Harold wouldn't have hesitated in signing it if it was legal" Irene said.

"Just shut up! What do you know about

contracts? You're just a school drop out and a nanny!" Carrle laughed mockingly.

"C'mon Carrle" Ethan scolded.

"I'm sorry about that Irene" Ethan turned to her.

"It's fine, I'm just a school drop out and a nanny like she said."

"I'll be going to my room" Irene stood up.

"Are you...upset over what Carrle said?" Ethan asked.

"Not at all..i just need a nap" Irene said.

"Alright,will you be fine?"

"Of course" Irene nodded.

"And Harold said you contacted him.." Ethan said.

"What!" Carrle exclaimed. "I told you she's not to be trusted!" She added, prepared to get on her feet.

"Yeah i did, to remind him of how much i now hate him and to erase his thoughts of me ever coming back to him."

"Lies! You're a liar" Carrle shouted.

"She's not, Harold said the same thing" Ethan smiled, Irene had proved trustworthy once again.

Carrle breathed heavily and glared hard at Irene.

"Can i go take my nap now?" Irene asked.

"Of course dearest" Ethan smiled.

Harold walked into his living room and Ivory

jumped on his body immediately.

"Hi Dad" She smiled and Harold picked her up.

"How are you princess?" He kissed her cheeks.

"Very fine" She said.

"Hey brother, how was work?" Allysia asked with a smile, walking into the living room.

"It was great" Harold smiled at her.

That bright smile is still plastered all over her face.

He dropped Ivory gently on the couch and turned to her.

"Come to my room later and tell me the reason you're looking so bright these days" He teased and Allysia laughed.

"I got some macaroons and cakes on the way, you both can have it" Harold said and

motioned Alex to give it to them.

Allysia and Ivory squealed over it while Harold smiled and walked to his room to freshen up.

\*\*

"Hey brother" Allysia walked into Harold's room while he was blow-drying his hair.

"Little Sis" Harold said, handing the dryer to her to help him continue with it.

She collected it and stood behind him and then continued from where he stopped.

Harold stared at her happy face in the mirror and smiled.

"What's with the glow on your face recently?" He asked.

"Well..." Allysia smiled shyly.

"Hmm...are you up to something nasty?"



Harold teased.

"No, well..you know Blaine,you met with him when you were at Damien's apartment" Allysia said.

"Ohh..yeah,the smart guy" Harold said.

"I'm dating him" Allysia said without hesitating.

"Uh..ohh" Harold nodded and smiled.

"Do you like him?" He asked.

"So much" Allysia's face was beaming with love.

"He's a good guy..from the little i know about him,he's smart,good looking and ambitious. Good for you" Harold winked and gave her thumb up.

Allysia grinned.

"But..i don't want you both doing things you're not meant to do okay?" Harold said, sounding a bit stern.

Allysia nodded.. "Trust me brother,i won't do such"

"I trust you Ally" Harold smiled.

"Geez! I still can't believe that's the reason you're glowing happily. You're a nasty girl, aren't you" Harold dragged her nose playfully and they both laughed.

Irene laughed hard at the joke Damien just cracked.

She was on a video call with him and Mrs Neave.

And Damien has been making her laugh all

along.

She really missed him and can't wait to see him again.

//When are you coming home?" Damien asked with a frown.

//Soon, Dam.

//That's what you keep saying, i don't like the fact that you're in that house,he's a dangerous man and you're not safe." Mrs Neave expressed worriedly.

"I'll be fine Mum and I'll be home soon" Irene assured them.

They sighed.

"Irene,you know i like Marl right?" Damien asked.

"Of course,I'm glad you finally admitted it"

Irene smiled.

"I'm waiting to make sure you're back safe in the house before...asking her out because i don't think I'll want to continue with the relationship if anything happens to you and she'll be hurt, i really like her Irene and it seems she likes me too,i don't want to wait anymore,i don't want to loose her to anyone" Damien said and both Irene and Mrs Neave could tell he was serious.

Irene felt bad to have being the one delaying him.

"Damien,im so sorry,i promise to be back home soon and safe. Trust me Dam..I'll be back home soon" Irene said.

"Okay Sis,i know you'll be back soon,I'm only worried about your safety in that house"

Damien said.

"I have people protecting me" Irene whispered, only to their ears.

"Really?" Mrs Neave and Damien asked in unison, and they looked relieved when Irene nodded.

"Now, I'm relieved" Damien sighed.

"Nevertheless, we want you back home soon" Mrs Neave said.

"Okay ma" Irene saluted and they laughed.

"Irene, you won't believe Damien keeps downing your strawberry juice everyday" Mrs Neave said.

"Geez! I'm so going to kill you!" Irene said and felt like dragging his ears from the screen.

Damien pouted and hid behind Mrs

Neave, who was laughing.

"Hey Irene" Irene heard and turned to see Ethan, standing behind her.

She's a bit pissed he hadn't knocked before coming in but she didn't question him about it anyway, it's his house.

"Hey" She said to him.

"Isn't that your Mum and brother? Can i speak to them?" Ethan smiled .

"Ohh.. yeah" Irene turned back to her phone and noticed they had disconnected the call.

\*

"I can't ever talk to that wench!" Mrs Neave hissed.

"Same here" Damien groaned.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

### Chapter 95

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"Ohh.. yeah" Irene turned back to her phone and noticed they had disconnected the call.

She turned to Ethan, embarrassed.

"I guess they thought you were here to see me for something important and they didn't want to interrupt" Irene quickly said.

"Ohh..i thought they disconnected it because they do not want to talk to me. How about we go to your house to say hi to them after leaving the hospital in two days time" Ethan suggested.

He really wanted Irene's family to love him like they love Harold.

"Okay" Irene smiled, knowing if her plan works out, Ethan would be going to jail right from the hospital.

Her only worry now was the baby, she really hopes it'll be Harold's.

"Do you want anything?" Irene asked.

"No, just wanna spend some time with you." Ethan sat beside her and made her rest her head on his shoulder.

"I know you're uncool about what Carrle said, I'm sorry about that" Ethan said.

"It's fine seriously. I've learned not to take Carrle's words to heart" Irene smiled.

"You're just so different from other women I've



spent time with. You're special" Ethan said and Irene smiled.

"You're actually the first man to trust me this much and make me feel so loved. I'm so glad to have made the right choice" Irene said, smoothing his hair.

Ethan's head felt like it'll spill into two with love.

Irene could see the effect her words and carress had on him and she knew this is the right time to ask him the about Helena's death.

"You were about telling me the similar plan Alex and Marie carried out for you that turned out to be a success before Carrle interrupted" Irene said.

"Ohh..that?" Ethan asked.

"Yeah" Irene smiled.

"You shouldn't bother yourself with that, just know they once carried out a similar plan for me that was successful" Ethan said.

"Com'on,are you trying to hide things from me again? Ain't i part of you guys anymore? Why is everyone treating me like an outcast" Irene said, raising her head from his shoulder.

She turned from him, pretending to be pissed while she quickly grabbed her phone and clicked on the recording app.

It started recording and she stealthily placed it back on the stool.

"Com'on, don't tell me you're pissed over that" Ethan said, making her face him.

She reluctantly did.

"Irene,you don't have to know about our past plans,you should just flow with the new ones"

Ethan said.

"Why don't i have to know? That's just because you don't trust me,i only want you to fill me in on the past incidence so i can trust Alex and Marie to be capable of this plan"

"They are, you're going to see for yourself when they're done with it" Ethan said.

"Is it so bad for me to know about that past incidence and you were even about telling me before Carrle walked in yesterday" Irene said.

"I wasn't going to tell you Irene,it's something..i shouldn't just reveal. Trust me,you don't have to know" Ethan said.

"Alright then! And to think i was starting to feel you're the only man who has ever trusted me and loved me. I was wrong after all!" Irene said crossly and made to get up from the couch.

Ethan quickly stopped her.

"Alright sit,I'm going to tell you" Ethan said and she almost jumped in the air in excitement but she couldn't make Ethan see how excited she feels or he's gonna get suspicious.

She reluctantly sat down beside him.

"The thing is,the first plan Alex and Marie carried out that was successful was t.." Ethan was saying when they heard a loud knock on the door.

"Just ignore it and continue what you were about to say" Irene said, trying not to sound as desperate as she felt.

The knock grew louder and Irene told Ethan to ignore it again.

"Its one of the maids..i guess" She said.

"Ohh.. okay, so the plan was carried out in..."

"Ethan! I need to talk to you now. Open this damn door, what the hell are you doing in there!" Carrle yelled.

Ethan sighed loudly.

"I'll be back Irene" He said as he got to his feet.

Irene nodded even though she was so pissed that Carrle had interrupted them again.

Ethan walked out of her room and she let out a loud groan.

She picked her phone and discarded the recording.

Just two days left!

And she's yet to know the truth behind Helena's death and so many other crimes Ethan has committed.

Damn it.

Is Carrle doing this intentionally!

"What the hell did you just performed there Carl!" Ethan yelled at Carrle after they got to her room.

He had dragged her all along.

"Hey, you're hurting me!" She said and he released his hold on her .

He dropped her hand and she winced.

"I'm sorry" He said.

"Whatever!" She hissed rubbing the part Ethan had held her.

"What do you want Carrle? Did you interrupted us on purpose?" Ethan asked.

"Yes and no"

"Explain that" Ethan said sitting impatiently on her bed.

"I know being alone with her would make you spill things you're not supposed to? You grow weak like a dead plant whenever you're with her" Carrle claimed.

"What does that mean? I know the things to say when I'm with her okay? Don't dare use that as an excuse to interrupt us again" Ethan warned.

"Well..I'll be leaving for Mexico tomorrow afternoon" Carrle announced to him.

"Really? Again?" Ethan asked.

"Yeah,that was what i wanted to tell you but that witch told you not to open the door and if i hadn't yelled,you wouldn't have opened the

door. What were you both doing in there huh?" Carrle asked.

"We were not doing anything! Okay." Ethan cleared.

"I won't be surprised if you were screwing her, she's a slut" Carrle said.

Ethan shook his head and sighed. "I can't believe you're being this way to her just because Harold rejected you. You were nice to her from the start"

"That was because i thought Harold would accept me back but finding out she's the reason he rejected me made he hate her. He still loves her" Carrle said.

"That's not her fault! channel your anger on Harold who deserves it, do not make life unbearable for Irene in here, to the extent



she'll want to leave. Please" Ethan said.

"And that's the reason, i'll be going to cool off my head in Mexico" Carrle said but she knows deep within herself that that's not the reason.

Irene knows she's being watched by her and Carrle knows Irene is watching her also, Irene's being careful not to make a suspicious move in her presence.

Perhaps if Irene sees she's in Mexico and believe she's not being watched, she'll be loosen up a bit and Carrle would know whatever she's hiding through the CCTV footage that'll be connected to her laptop.

Irene would feel she's not being watched anymore and then walk right into the trap she had set.

She so much wish she can set up a camera in

Irene's room,not just the living room and corridor.

But the damn girl is smart also, she'll discover the camera like she did the last time and show it to Ethan who would get pissed at her.

The living room and corridor should be okay for now.

She can't actually wait to see what Irene's hiding,so she can show it to Ethan who would kill her or kick her out immediately.

"Well..i hope you won't tell the pilot to stop the plane when the footage goes blank" Ethan joked and Carrle laughed.

"Com'on..I'm really going this time. Perhaps when I'm back,I'll get to love Irene" Carrle said.

"That'll be great" Ethan smiled.

"Well..about Irene contacting Harold, don't you think something sounds off about it" Carrle said.

"I don't think so, they both gave the same excuse" Ethan said.

"Their excuse seems quite dumb to me, who would contact someone just to remind them of how much they're hated" Carrle arched a brow .

"It happens and that was not the only reason Irene mentioned,she also wanted to make him erase the thoughts of ever having her back again. She's head over heels with me now" Ethan chuckled.

Well.. she'll be waiting in Mexico to hear the news that Irene finally has a miscarriage...

"For how long will you be gone?" Ethan asked.

"Two days" Carrle said.

"Will you be watching the house activities on your laptop again?"

"No" Carrle lied, telling Ethan means Irene would also know and that would ruin her plan.

"Are you sure?" Ethan asked suspiciously.

"Of course" Carrle said.

"Alright, will you be needing anything?"

"Nothing..for now" Carrle said.

"Okay, i should go now" Ethan said.

"Yeah, go meet the mother of your baby"

Carrle rolled her eyes.

"Uhm..is that jealousy I'm sensing?" Ethan teased.

Carrle shrugged as she sat on the bed.

She laid on her back and stared at the ceiling.

"Com'on Carl, you're still my first and you'll forever be." Ethan assured.

"Uh..that? I'm not worried about that,i know I'll still get to love Irene and we'll all live happily ever after" Carrle smiled.

"Good!" Ethan grinned.

'yeah,in your dreams' Carrle said inwardly.

"I love that" Ethan said.

"Yeah,you should go meet her now,she needs your company more than anybody else" Carrle said.

"Okay Carl,see you over dinner" Ethan smiled before walking out of her room.

Carrle called in her personal maids and ordered them to start packing the things she'll

be taking along with her to Mexico for two days.

She left the room, determined not to make Ethan and Irene have a time to themselves before she leaves for Mexico.

Emily and Jessie walked after her as she made her way to the living room, she stopped by Irene's door and concluded there was no one in there because she couldn't hear a sound.

She proceeded to the living room and didn't meet them there either.

She asked one of the bodyguards who told her they were in the garden.

She headed there fast.

Ethan was sipping his wine while Irene's glass cup of water was beside her.

Christiana and Ryan, one of Ethan's personal bodyguards stood at a distance.

The novel Irene was reading before Ethan came to join her laid on the grass.

She doesn't even know how to approach Ethan over telling her about the plan Alex and Marie once carried out cause it seems Carrle told him something already.

"Why are you looking worried?" Ethan asked.

"Am I?" Irene asked.

"Of course" Ethan said.

"Hello! I thought i should spend some time with you both before leaving for Mexico tomorrow" Carrle smiled, approaching them.

She caught the happy look on Irene's face even though it disappeared almost

immediately.

She's obviously glad to hear she'll be leaving for Mexico.

Carrle is so certain her plan is going to work this time.

☀ Next Morning ☀

Sunlight streamed into Irene's room, she's yet to open her eyes but she could feel the warmth of the sun on her skin.

She remained that way for some minutes before finally opening her eyes and sitting up.

There's only one day left...that was the only thought that crossed her mind as her eyes opened clearly.

One day left and she's not fully done with what she's here for.



She has been here for six days now and even though she has gathered some evidences, she needed more.

Her intuition keeps telling her Ethan knows about Helena's death but she's yet to confirm it.

Carrle keeps cutting in, she's glad she'll be off to Mexico this afternoon, she'll get to coax Ethan into spilling what she wants him to.

She stretched as she slipped her feet into her footwear.

She adjusted her pajamas and walked into the bathroom.

She was fully dressed by the time Christiana walked into her room.

"Good morning ma'am" Christiana smiled.

"Good morning Tiana" Irene said, she was seated on her dressing chair, styling her hair.

"Your breakfast is ready" Christiana said.

"Really?" Irene asked glancing at the wall clock.

It's actually time for breakfast...she had gotten up late.

"Thanks Christiana, I'll be at the dining room soon" Irene said and Christiana nodded.

"Have a nice trip darling" Ethan kissed Carrle on her forehead.

Irene didn't say a word, she only sat, impatiently waiting for Carrle to leave already so she can get Ethan to spill those things.

"I want you to see me off to the airport" Carrle said to Ethan.

'Fuck!' Irene cursed under her breath.

It's just feels like Carrle knows of her plans already.

"Alright..I'll be back soon, Irene" Ethan said.

"Okay" Irene said.

Carrle walked out of the living room with two of her personal maids and two bodyguards that'll be going with her to Mexico.

Ethan stepped out after her and Irene let out a deep sigh.

Well.. he'll be back soon,there's still a lot of time.

\*

Irene patiently waited for Ethan in the living

room.

She had thought it'll take him minutes but it's going to two hours and he's not home yet.

Carrle left by 4:30 and now it's 6:31!

She sighed as she picked her phone and placed a call across Ethan.

Hey Irene.." He said.

Hey, where are you?" She asked trying not to make him sense the desperation in her voice.

"I'm on my way home already, Carrle stopped by a lot of places to get things, thankfully, she's gone now" Ethan said.

"Ohh..i was worried" Irene said.

"I'm sorry to have made you worry" Ethan said, with a smile. She's worried just because

she didn't see him for two hours,that simply means she cares for him.

"It's fine" Irene said.

"I'll see you soon at home then"

"Alright bye"

Irene disconnected the call and dropped the phone beside her.

He'll be home soon, she felt relieved.

She wonder if Carrle is deliberately preventing her from spending some time alone with Ethan.

Well..whatever,she'll be away in Mexico and without interrupting her and Ethan.

~

Ethan was about passing the phone to one of his bodyguards when another call came in.

He glanced at the screen and almost screamed in excitement.

The call is from B pharmaceuticals!

\*\*

Ethan walked into the living room and Irene stood up.

She had planned to go with him to his room before coaxing him to tell her whatever he knew about Helena's death.

She noticed the excitement on his face as he approached her, he seemed to be in a hurry also.

"I just got a call from B pharmaceuticals, they want me to come now" Ethan smiled.

"You'll be awarded the contract?" Irene asked.

"Hopefully" Ethan said.

"So you'll be going there now?" Irene asked.

"Of course, I need to get dressed and run along. I can't miss this opportunity" Ethan said.

"When will you be back?" She asked.

"I might be late, don't wait up" He said and patted her shoulder gently before rushing to his room.

Irene slammed herself on the couch knowing she just missed the chance to get to know more about Helena's death again.

Ethan might be back late and he'll obviously be tired to say anything or even respond to her.

Well..he might not be tired when he's back,she's going to wait up.

She can't miss this again when tomorrow is the last day she'll be here.

"Ma'am, you need to be careful with your movements so you won't hurt the baby" Christiana said, she was alarmed when Irene slammed herself on the couch.

Irene obviously forget sometimes that she's pregnant.

"Thanks Tiana" She sighed.

Ethan returned late like he had said but Irene was still waiting up for him.

She was dressed in her pajamas already and had told Christiana to go to bed.

Most of the workers were asleep also.

"You waited up?" Ethan asked and Irene nodded.

He looked a bit tired



"Thank you, but you shouldn't have" Ethan was touched by Irene's care.

"It's fine, I just wanted to make sure you're home safely. Do you want me to dish out your dinner?" She asked, knowing the meal would probably clear his tiredness.

"No, I had something on the way. I should go to bed now" Ethan yawned and Irene felt sad her waiting was in vain.

There's still a day...she comforted herself with the thought.

"Were you awarded the contract?" She asked.

"Not yet but I was assured I'll be awarded the contract, I'll be going there tomorrow morning to sign some papers and the it'll be mine" Ethan smiled sleepily.

"You'll be leaving the house tomorrow also!"

Irene asked.

"Yeah"

Damn.

"Goodnight" He kissed her cheeks.

"Good night" She sighed.

\*\* Next Day \*\*

Ethan returned home drunk in the afternoon, in celebration of the B pharmaceuticals contract he had been awarded.

He smiled happily as Irene and some bodyguards helped him to his room.

They placed him on the bed and left, leaving Irene with him.

"I won it!" He laughed but Irene was less concerned.

She was sad she'll be leaving without really knowing if Ethan is involved in Helena's death cause obviously he's drunk and will be sober by night or tomorrow.

She had packed her luggage already and told Christiana to pack hers also because they'll be going for the test result tomorrow.

Well she had enough evidence against him already, that should be enough to put him in jail.

She was about leaving his room when she remembered he's known to leak informations when drunk.

She quickly turned back to him.

"Ethan, you wanted to tell me about how Alex and Marie is involved in Helena's death" She said bluntly without coating words.

"Ohh.. Helena's death? She's dead. Sh.. she's dead" Ethan said drunkenly.

"I know she's dead but were you involved in her death? Did you sent Alex and Marie to do it?" Irene asked.

"No" He shouted. "Alex and Carrle did it! I told them to do it and th..they did" Ethan laughed.

"Y..you mean.. Alex and Carrle poisoned Helena?" Irene asked in a shaky voice.

"Yes..they poisoned her dinner and she's rotting in hell now.." Ethan smiled, pulling the bed cover over his head.

He laughed under it, speaking gibberish.

It took a while for Irene to gain her momentum,she had suspected Ethan knew about it,she shouldn't be so surprised now.

Tom had told her to keep her emotions aside and that's what she's gonna do.

She slowly pulled the bed cover from Ethan's head.

"Why did you ordered them to poison her?"  
She asked him slowly.

"Helena..i hate her! Sh..she dared threaten to tell Harold about our affair,i started dating Carrle while she was pregnant with Ivory"  
Ethan said and made to drag Irene closer to him,she quickly shifted back.

Irene sighed, getting the whole picture now.

They had poisoned Helena because she threatened to reveal their affair.

She slowly walked to the door,staying with such a murderer almost want to make her puke.

She felt like hitting him over and over again for the crimes he had committed.

"H..hey. Don't you want to know about your fat..her's death?" Ethan's drunken words brought her legs to a halt.

She turned sharply.

Zeemah

'Ethan drunken state..i taink you oo       '

So We're gradually getting to the end of A  
NIGHT WITH HIM

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah writes

Chapter 96

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"H..hey. Don't you want to know about your fat..her's death?" Ethan's drunken words brought her legs to a halt.

She turned sharply.

"My..m..y my father? What did you do to my father?" Irene asked, breathing heavily.

They knew her father had died grieving over their mother's death,he couldn't get over her death and that raised his blood pressure.

Could Ethan be speaking out of drunkenness?

Or is there more to her father's death than they knew.

She dragged her suddenly heavy legs towards Ethan's bed.

"What did you do to my father?" She asked again, calmly this time.

"Mr Natalie is just one of the people i swindled and he fell into depression after realizing he was duped,he closed down his little fashion store,turned into a drunkard and died of depression" Ethan smiled...

His eyes were closing already and he didn't even see the drops of tears that fell from Irene's eyes.

She gripped the bed spread tightly and sobbed.

Ethan caused her father's death.

He made them live in poverty after his death and she had to do that impure job to make an income.

Ethan ruined her family.

She slowly sat on the floor,still sobbing.



She watched the sleeping Ethan with daggers in her eyes.

He was much more cruel than she had thought.

He isn't human,he's a monster. Someone who deprive pleasure in killing and hurting others is nothing but a monster!

She's going to see to it that he pay for all he has done.

She's so glad he had made the confession in his room, Cory had heard everything and would include it in the list of evidences.

Irene remained seated on the floor for minutes, grieving over her father's death.

She wiped her tears and rose to her feet.

He's dead already...he can't possibly come back to life.

She wondered the amount of people Ethan would have caused so much pain.

She can't be more glad to be brave enough to want to put an end to his bad deeds.

She hadn't even known that her father was involved in his swindling list.

'Well.. Ethan,your game is up' She said inwardly and sighed.

Knowing her father hadn't died from what they thought but from Ethan's cruelty hurt her so much.

Her father must have been in deep pain,he didn't open up to anyone,no one knew he was swindled,he handled the whole pain on his own. It must have been so tough on him.

Dealing with his wife's death and also battling with been defrauded..

Tears slipped out of Irene's eyes again,her heart was in so much pain.

Her father had probably got himself involved in a business with Ethan, hoping to make profit so they could live a better life.

She turned to Ethan and felt like hitting him without stopping.

Well.. she might get to do that tomorrow.

She can't wait to see him led away by the cops,she just can't wait...that was the only thing that consoled her at the moment.

Knowing he'll pay for his deeds made her happy.

She walked out of his room and quietly closed the door behind her.

"What's wrong?" Christiana asked her

worriedly as they walked towards Irene door.

Irene's eyes were red like she had cried and the expression on her face depicted sadness.

"I just want to be alone Tiana" Irene said.

Christiana nodded and stood by the door, she watched Irene walked into the room and gently closed the door behind her.

She hope she'll be fine.

~

Irene stood in front of the oval mirror in her bathroom.

She just splashed water on her face and she watched the droplets trickle down her face to her neck.

She smiled.

She's happy and sad at the same time.

She completed her mission here already, she got more information than she had even planned to, but she's sad on the new discovery about the cause of her father's death.

Ethan knew he caused her father's death yet he acts all nice around her, claimed to love her and even had the guts to want to meet her family.

Damien is gonna rip him off to pieces if he hears of this.

She'd better keep it to herself until Ethan is safely locked up.

But yes!

She's super proud of herself, she's happy but she's yet to feel fulfilled until she sees Ethan to jail.

Her only worry now is the baby being Ethan's.

Well..even if it turns out to be his,she has no choice than to keep it.

Her bump was starting to show,her baby was growing.

She can't wait to return into Harold's arms.

She miss him so much.

She walked back to her room, dabbing her wet face with a towel.

She sat on her bed with a sigh and then grabbed her phone.

I'll be home tomorrow" She texted Damien.

Really? We can't wait to receive you!"

Damien's reply came almost immediately and she smiled.

She should call Tom also.

Irene ordered the cooks to serve Ethan soup after he was awake,he looked tired and didn't remember anything as usual.

He asked if he said something while he was drunk and she said no.

He only blabbed about finally winning the contract.

"Aren't you hungover?" Irene asked,she was sitting on the couch in his room while he sat on his bed,shirtless.

She tried not to show her anger and anyone would have thought everything is normal by just looking at her face.

She looked completely normal that Ethan was convinced he hadn't exposed anything to her.

Tom had told her not to be fully relaxed until they see Ethan and his accomplices to jail.

He said she should be careful cause anything can sprout up within the few hours left.

She's not safe until Ethan and his accomplices are locked up and she won't deny that made her a bit scared.

The thought of Ethan finding out about why she's really in his house terrified her.

Tom said he would be waiting in the hospital tomorrow with Cory and other cops.

The evidences are filed already and Cory has been granted an arrest warrant.

Irene feels so happy all this is finally coming to an end.

But she can't be so sure yet cause there are still hours to go and anything can happen within that time.



"Not really, just a bit tired" Ethan groaned.

"You'll be fine once you take the soup" Irene assured and he nodded.

"And congratulations once again on the contract" She added with a smile.

"Thanks Irene, I'm so happy and to think we'll be visiting the hospital for the result tomorrow is making me happier cause I'm so sure the baby is mine" Ethan smiled.

Irene nodded and wondered why Ethan is so sure that the baby is his, she won't be surprised if he has pulled another stunt.

"Carrle will be returning tonight" he announced to her after checking his phone.

"She just messaged me now"

"Ohh.." Irene said..

"Don't you think it'll be better she comes with us to the hospital tomorrow?" Irene suggested, knowing it'll be easier for their arrest that way, Alex would also accompany Harold to the hospital.

And they'll get to arrest Marie later.

"You think so? Well..I'm going to tell her and if she feels up to it. Fine" Ethan said.

"By tomorrow night, Harold would be poisoned" He said in a whisper before laughing wickedly.

"Yeah,i can't wait" Irene joined in the laughter.

One of the cooks walked in and served him a bowl of hot soup.

Irene smiled as she watched him devour it, knowing that'll be probably be one of the last good meal he's gonna have.

\*\*

Carrle returned late in the night after they were done with their dinner.

She looked pissed and hadn't even responded to Irene's greetings.

She hadn't caught Irene by the camera doing anything suspicious and that made her mad.

She should have just installed a camera in Irene's room like she wanted to.

Well... Irene would still remain in this house, there's still more time to watch her.

And she's more pissed the baby is yet to get lost.

She was thrilled when Ethan informed her after she finished freshening up that she'll be going with them to the hospital.

Watching the pain on each of their faces when the doctor announce the baby in Irene dead would be a pleasure.

The two puppets waiting to be announced as the father of the dead baby would be so disappointed..haha!

\*

Carrle ordered Aimee to get Christiana after she was sure Irene has gone to bed.

Christiana walked into her room with Aimee and Carrle sat up on her bed.

"You all should go to bed" She said to her personal maids who were looking tired and sleepy.

They bowed and hurried to their rooms.

"Hi Madam Carrle" Christiana said.

"Hey, i want to ask you something now and i want nothing but the truth okay?" Carrle said and Christiana nodded, she was in her pajamas, ready to go to bed when Aimee came to get her.

She knows what all this is about.. Carrle want to ask her about Irene.

"I know you're now so close to that thing, i want you to tell me everything you know about her that we don't. Everything" Carrle said.

"I..i don't understand Madam Carrle" Christiana said, feigning ignorance.

"I mean, is there anything off you noticed about Irene, like is there something she's trying to hide from us?" Carrle asked.

"No Madam Carrle, since i started working as

her personal maid, I've not noticed any weird move from her, i don't think there's something she's trying to hide, she's always her normal self whenever we're together" Christiana said.

Carrle sighed "Are you sure?"

"Yes Madam Carrle"

"If i find out there's something you aren't telling me,I'm not going to spare you,trust me" Carrle threatened.

"I would never lie to you Madam Carrle, you'll forever remain my boss and I'll always be loyal to you. I can be watching her closely if you want" Christiana suggested and Carrle's eyes lit up.

"Exactly!" She smiled. "I like the fact that you're so smart. I want you to watch her closely and give me a detailed report on

whatever she does"

"Okay Madam Carrle" Christiana bowed.

"You're going to get a huge reward from me"  
Carrle said, impressed with Christiana.

"I'll try to do my best ma'am" Christiana  
smiled.

"Alright, you can go to bed now" Carrle said.

"Goodnight Madam Carrle"

"Goodnight Christiana" Carrle smiled.

Harold walked into the kitchen in the dead of  
the night.

He couldn't sleep, he kept tossing in bed.

He was so worried, scared and confused.

The thought that the baby might not be his

saddens him.

He's going to see Irene again tomorrow..he's glad but he's so confused and doesn't even know what to do.

Is she going to talk to him?

Will she finally leave with Ethan if the baby is confirmed Ethan's?

Will she come back to him?

Different thoughts ran through his mind at the same time that he felt exhausted.

His mind is unsettled.

He opened the fridge door and took out a carton of milk,he glanced round for a glass and concluded that was too much trouble,so instead he raised the carton to his lips.

The milk was so cold and refreshing.



He savoured the richness before wiping the smear from his upper lip with the back of his hand.

He sat on one of the chairs in the kitchen and gulped more of the milk.

Somehow, Irene's words reassure him, she had told him to be patient but he didn't know what to expect tomorrow, he assured himself that he should be able to handle anything that comes his way.

He's ready for it.

"Everything will be fine" Mrs Marshall said to him the next morning he was ready to leave for the hospital.

The appointment was scheduled for 9am and it's almost time, he had gotten up late and

hurriedly took his bath and dress up.

Ivory and Allysia were still sleeping,they get to sleep more on weekends.

Mr Marshall patted his back affectionately..

"Anything that happens,just take it as part of life okay?"

Harold nodded, he quickly gulped the coffee Mrs Nola prepared for him.

He thanked them and then headed out.

He's having a hunch things will turn out good but he can't rely on that.

It's just a hunch.

The test result will show the reality of the whole thing.

He somehow felt nervous to be seeing Irene again after a week and he's somehow mad

he'll be seeing her with Ethan.

Irene walked into the hospital with Carrle and Ethan accompanied by some bodyguards.

She darted her eyes everywhere for Tom as they moved to the doctor's office, she sighted him and Cory and two other unknown men at the far edge of the hospital reception.

Tom winked at her and she tried to hide her smile, she quickly removed her gaze not wanting Ethan to suspect anything.

The thought of seeing Harold again after a week made her a bit nervous and she couldn't believe she had taken extra time in getting dressed up.

She's putting on a short black leather skirt, a red sweater and thigh-high boots, her hair was

styled in her favorite style but with extra effort this time and it looked more beautiful.

As usual, her beautiful face glowed with no make up and even Carrle had to admit to herself that Irene looked more beautiful today.

Carrle wore a black satin gown that showed off her figure with black high-heeled shoes and an alligator bag.

'so bad she'll be going to detention dressed so beautifully' Irene thought inwardly.

Christiana had told her about the meeting she had with Carrle yesternight.

She admire Carrle's smartness, so bad.. it's too late already.

Ethan rocked one of his expensive tuxedo with great black shoes, a killer sunglasses and grey face cap, he was all smiles as they walked on.

They got to Doctor Cyril office and the bodyguards stayed behind while they walked in.

Irene grew more nervous, wondering if Harold was there already.

He wasn't.

Could he have decided not to come?.. She thought.

They exchanged greetings with Doc Cyril who smiled warmly at them.

Irene noticed the broad smile exchange between Cyril and Ethan and wondered what was going on.

They all sat and Ethan suggested they wait for Harold before getting the result.

Irene has never felt so anxious.

"How can he be so late on a day like this? This shows he doesn't even care about the baby" Ethan scoffed and they were surprised when Carrle requested the doctor to make a baby scan.

"Why?" Doc Cyril asked.

"Well..to know the baby's state" Carrle said, feigning a caring smile.

"We would do that once we're done here" Doc Cyril said.

"Great" Carrle said...it doesn't matter to her who owns the baby,the baby would be dead anyway.

They all raised their head when they heard the door open. Harold stepped in and Irene felt her heart stopped for a moment before it started beating again.

He's here and her feelings for him hasn't even wavered a bit.

Her whole body stood at alert and screamed his name.

He was simply dressed in a black sweatshirt and blue jeans, his hair was just brushed back and it seems he came here in a rush, yet he looked so painfully handsome.

He held his face cap and sunglasses in one hand.

"I'm sorry for keeping everyone waiting" He said humbly and Irene fell in love with him all over again.

Damn! She missed that voice, the humbleness that emanate from Harold's voice could make even a day old baby fall in love with him.

He stood tall and broad in front of Doc Cyril, backing her .

She wondered if he was avoiding meeting her eyes.

She caught Carrle almost drooling over his back view.

Who wouldn't? Harold is attractive in every way.

"It's fine Mr Harold, you can have your seat" Doc Cyril said to him and that was when he turned to her.

Their eyes met and it felt like tiny gymnasts were dancing in her stomach, her heart responded to the familiarity of his beautiful eyes.

She was so glad he looked at her the same way he always did, there's this sparkle in his whenever he gazes at her and it's still there.

Harold still loved her.



Anyone would notice how deep their love for each other was as they stared at each other without even flinching.

Ethan felt so jealous realising Irene has never looked at him that way.

Harold felt like hugging her to his chest.

His heart which seemed to have stopped working started racing at her sight.

He missed her so much and can't deny the magic her eyes were doing to his body.

Only her eyes are capable of making him feel this way.

She looked more beautiful than ever and he ached to hold her.

Ethan cleared his throat and draped his arm over Irene's shoulder to show Harold he own

her now.

He enjoyed the look on Harold's face as he sat down,he looked mad.

Harold turned to the doctor and refused staring at them,he doesn't trust himself enough not to hit Ethan seeing his arm over Irene's shoulder.

"The result of the test is ready" Doc Cyril said and Harold won't deny his heart started thumping fast.

Doctor Cyril made to hand them the copy of the result but Ethan stopped him.

"Why don't you just read it out to us, who owns the baby?" Ethan asked.

"Do you also want that Mr Harold?" Doc Cyril asked and Harold nodded numbly.

His stomach rumbled as he prepared himself for the news.

He has never felt this anxious.

"Okay, According to the result of the test,we discovered Mr Ethan Weston's blood matched with the baby's with a range of ninety nine percent which means..." Doc Cyril paused and sighed.

"Mr Ethan Weston owns the baby" Doctor Cyril said and Harold felt all the blood drain from his system.

Zeemah

A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah Writes

Chapter 97

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"Okay, According to the result of the test,we discovered Mr Ethan Weston's blood matched with the baby's with a range of ninety nine percent which means..." Doc Cyril paused and sighed.

"Mr Ethan Weston owns the baby" Doctor Cyril said and Harold felt all the blood drain from his system.

"Mr Harold" Harold heard someone call and jolt him.

His eyes opened clearly and he saw Doc Cyril stretching the result to him in an envelope.

"I hope you're fine, we've been calling you for some time now" Doc Cyril said and Harold sighed in relief, knowing he had been imagining.

He glanced back at Irene and saw how anxious she looked, her chest was heaving a bit fast and her forehead was covered with sweat.

Have the doctor announce the father of the baby while he was deep in thought?

Could it be that he had not been imagining?!

Did it happen for real?

Ethan is the father?

Cold sweat broke out of his forehead but then he looked at Ethan, he didn't have a smirk or say any mockery word and Harold knew the doctor hasn't announced it yet.

But he still felt so unsure that he had to ask the doctor.

"Have you..like..have you read out the result?"

"No, you might want to read it yourself, here is

it" Doc Cyril said and Harold refused to collect the envelope.

Doc Cyril sighed.

"Mr Ethan, you can have yours" Doc Cyril said, stretching another envelope with the same content to Ethan.

"Read it to our hearing" Ethan said.

"Mr Harold, do you want it that way also?" Doc Cyril asked and Harold gasped.

This was how it happened in his imagination.

Everyone waited for his answer but it looked like he wasn't going to say anything.

"Mr Harold" Doc Cyril said and Harold refused to say anything, afraid the imagination might turn to reality.

"Go ahead, he's too numb to speak" Ethan

smirked.

"Okay.." Doc Cyril said unsealing the envelope,he brought out a white sheet containing some printed words.

Harold wanted to stop him but he knew no matter how he delays hearing it,he's eventually going to.

He's here for this isn't he? And he has assured himself to accept whatever happens.

"According to the result of the NIPP test..." Doc Cyril started and Harold sighed deeply.

He tapped the table with his nervous fingers,forming a rhythm someone could dance to.

"And just so you know,this is coming straight from the lab,I've not even checked it myself so whatever is in here is nothing but the

confirmed truth, no form of manipulating results, i don't do such" Doc Cyril said and Carrle glanced at Ethan who believed Doc Cyril just had to say that.

"The test result in my hand reads;

According to the blood samples from each man, a genetic profile compared the fetal cell present in the mother's bloodstream to each of the blood sample and the result showed Mr Harold Marshall blood matched with the fetal cell in the mother's bloodstream with the range of 99 percent.

Mr Ethan Weston's matched with the range of 1% .

In conclusion, Mr Harold Marshall is the biological father of the baby.

~~This result is 99% accurate.



## ATC

Harold stared at Doctor Cyril in what seems like shock.

He was shocked,he shouldn't be but he was shocked.

He couldn't move,he only sat and stared,his heart threatening to burst with excitement.

His hands shook as he picked up the test result himself,he stared at it and Yes,he's the father.

Irene's deafening scream returned his strength and they both couldn't tell how they ended in each other's arms.

They didn't know how it happened,they only found each other in a tight embrace.

They had tears in their eyes but Harold stopped his from flowing.

Irene cried and he hugged her closely, wiping her tears.

"We're going to have a baby Irene" He whispered to her and kissed her hair.

She bursted into a loud cry, she had longed to hear 'we're going to have a baby' again from no one else but Harold and it happened!

Harold understood how emotional she was now, he held her without saying a word,he only carress her soft hair.

They both seems to be unaware of the people around them, Ethan recuperating from shock while Carrle didn't care, thinking the baby is dead anyway.

"Crying crystal" He teased and she smiled up at him,eyes glistening with tears.

He wiped her tears again and kissed her

forehead.

"I'm sorry..for causing you so much pain" She said in a voice barely more than a whisper.

"I.." She continued but Harold stopped her.

"I deserve an explanation but not now okay?" He said and she nodded.

He smiled as she touched his face with longing in her eyes.

She missed him as much as he missed her.

She's back,the baby is theirs. He can't be more happy and grateful.

He had prayed and his prayers was answered.

"Congratulations Mr Harold Marshall, you're a real man" Doc Cyril smiled, stretching his hand forward for a handshake.

Harold gladly accepted the handshake,

though he didn't let go of Irene.

"What the hell is going on here!" Ethan slammed Doc Cyril's table, sending files flying in the air.

"You're joking right?" He asked Doc Cyril breathing heavily.

"I'm not, this result is authentic, no manipulation" Doc Cyril smiled.

"Where the hell is my money!" Ethan yelled and Harold and Irene looked confused as they stared at him.

"Your money will be brought in now, Mr Ethan, it's just so funny to see that Mr Harold who hadn't even attempted to make me manipulate the result owns the baby, despite you paying me to manipulate the result..the baby didn't even turn out to be yours.." Doc

Cyril said and Irene and Harold gasped.

"One of my duties as a Doctor is to be candid with results and i stick to that. No matter how much you pay me,i would never do such.

You're a very corrupt man" Cyril said.

Ethan stared at him in shock knowing he had been fooled.

"Little wonder he was so sure about owning the baby, he'd tell me with confidence that the baby is his" Irene said and Harold laughed.

"I'm not surprised he can do such. It's Ethan. And to think he doesn't even own the baby in the first place" Harold smiled mockingly.

"W.. what are you doing with him?" Ethan asked Irene,his whole body shaking in anger.

"What does it look like? He's the one i love and i can never ditch him for anyone,not even the

most handsome and wealthiest man on Earth, i was only in your house to get some things done and gladly it was accomplished, thanks for being a dunce all the while, you really made my investigation easier" Irene said.

Ethan felt like collapsing with shock, he stared at Irene in disbelief. His shock grew to rage and he made to hit her.

"Damn it!" Harold scowled, grabbing Ethan's hand halfway and twisting it behind his back.

Ethan groaned in pain.

"How can you be so petty to want to hit a woman and not just any woman but my woman! While I'm here! You're so funny"

Harold twisted Ethan's hand tighter, making it more painful.

Ethan struggled to release himself from

Harold's tight and painful grip but he wasn't strong enough and when Harold finally released him, he staggered back and forth groaning in pain.

"I told you she's not to be trusted Ethan! She betrayed you" Carrle yelled and Ethan regretted not listening to her.

How can he be so blind to everything!

It was so obvious, so clear but he just doesn't know what clouded his sense of reasoning.

He'll make sure he doesn't spare Harold and Irene once he gets out of here.

"Betray?" Irene asked Carrle who glared at her menacingly.

"No, you can only use the word 'betray' for good people, just like you betrayed Harold who was so good to you. I didn't betray Ethan, I'm

only fighting for the innocent souls he has killed and hurt"

"Whatever! Doc Cyril, won't you be performing the baby scan?" Carrle asked and Irene laughed.

"The baby scan we'll be performing next is to know the sex of our baby" Irene said holding Harold's hand to her baby bump.

"Joker" Carrle laughed hard.

"I'm not the joker here, you are. Don't blame Ethan for been dumb, you're equally dumb. Anyway, i didn't take a sip out of the packs of juice you poisoned" Irene said, shocking Carrle to the bone.

"She tried to poison you?" Harold asked in disbelief.

"Of course, Ryan one of the bodyguards came



to my rescue and it was all thanks to you for telling him to protect me. Thank you so much Harold for making a move to protect me even when i was in another man's house" Irene stared lovingly at him.

"I knew you weren't safe in their den. They are both terrible people" Harold sighed, glad Irene is safe.

"Ryan!" Carrle screamed in anger.

"I'm so going to kill him and i won't spare you also" Carrle said, making to barge out of the doctor's office.

Irene pushed her back and she landed on the chair with a thud.

"Fool. Are you about to walk out just now? You think you're going to get spared after attempting to poison me. No silly, you'll pay

for it" Irene said.

"Where is my money!?" Ethan yelled at Doc Cyril who was seated, enjoying the drama in smiles.

"Bring in his money" Cyril said.

The door opened to reveal two cops, one of them holding a suitcase.

They didn't look like the two unknown men Irene had seen with Cory and Tom earlier.

"Mr Ethan Weston, you're hereby arrested for the attempt to manipulate a test result" One of them said, sticking out an arrest warrant.

Ethan laughed. "Really? Where's the proof that I gave him the money"

"Well..Mr Ethan, I'm pleased to inform you that all you said that day was recorded in the tape

recorder i had in my pocket" Cyril winked.

"Just like i had a tape recorder installed in your room" Irene said and Ethan felt his head swim in another round of shock.

His palm went wet and he started sweating.

"You all are going to pay for this!" He yelled after stabilising himself.

"I'll be out in no time,i know all of your bosses and I'll make sure you both get fired" Ethan threatened the two cops.

"Well..that's too late" The door opened to reveal Cory, Tom and the two men Irene saw earlier.

"What are you doing here Tom?" Harold asked.

"We're in this together. Tom and i " Irene smiled as she gave Tom a hug.

She hugged Cory also and shook the two men's hands saying thank you.

"We're going to explain later Mr Harold" Tom smiled, noticing Harold's confused look.

Cory turned to Doc Cyril. "You're lucky,i thought you would actually manipulate the result and i won't waste time in arresting you together with these criminals. But congratulations on escaping that. You even summoned cops to have him arrested..Wow, the society needs more of you" Cory shook Doc Cyril hand.

"Thank you" Doc Cyril smiled.

Cory turned to Ethan and smiled.

"Hello, I'm Cory. A CIA agent" he stretched out his hand for a handshake but Ethan just stared looking lost and angry.

"Well..I heard you earlier saying you know all of their bosses and you'll be out in no time, you just made a grave mistake in adding to the list of your offense,those bosses of theirs who has been working with you for a long time will also be arrested. And don't think you know my bosses,even if you do. They won't be able to help you out this time, the evidences i have with me is enough to have you prosecuted in the court of law" Cory said stretching his hand towards one of his colleagues who handed him two handcuffs.

Ethan shifted back, breathing heavily.

Carrle bursted into tears knowing there's nothing that can be done again.

Their game is up.

"Mr Ethan Weston, you're hereby arrested for

fraudulent acts, crime, corruption, theft, illegal deals, threatening and harming innocent people, planning the murder of Mr Harold Marshall with your accomplices" Cory said clamping the handcuff around Ethan's wrist.

"My..m..y murder?" Harold asked.

"Yeah, he's planning to poison you with his accomplices" Irene said.

"What!" Harold exclaimed.

"You shouldn't be surprised yet, wait till you see his other two accomplices" Irene said.

"Mrs Carrle Weston" Cory turned to Carrle who was hiding her hands behind her back.

"You're hereby arrested for being Mr Ethan's accomplice, for knowing about his dirty deals and refusing to report to the police, for the attempted murder of Irene Noris, for stealing

Helena's necklace and lastly for the murder of Helena, Harold's godmother" Cory said and Harold fell into a chair in shock.

Irene tended to him as Carrle was handcuffed .

"Com'on Harold,you need to brace up. I was shocked also. We should be glad Helena's murderer is finally arrested, Helena is finally going to rest in peace" Irene consoled Harold.

He nodded. "I'm only shocked Carrle could do that to Helena,i knew she and Helena doesn't get along but i never thought.." He sighed.

"She poisoned Helena because Helena threatened to reveal her secret affair with Ethan, they started having an affair while she was pregnant with Ivory" Irene said and Harold eyes were laced with tears.

"It must be so hard to take in, i know you feel

betrayed once again" Irene rubbed his hand gently.

He smiled sadly "Betrayed? No, I'm glad she had an affair with him or i wouldn't have met you,I'm just so pained Helena died because of that,her life was wasted just for nothing"

"And we'll make sure they pay for it" Cory assured.

"See what you caused!" Carrle screamed at Ethan in tears.

"I'm going to make you pay for this!" Ethan yelled at Harold and Irene as he was about to be led away with Carrle.

"Wait" Irene said.

"You know i told you I'm going to give you a kiss once we get the result and the baby turns out to be yours" Irene said, standing in front of



Ethan.

"Well..it's so sad the baby isn't yours so how about this instead" She said, slapping his ass.

It made a loud funny sound and everyone laughed except Ethan and Carrle who stared daggers at her.

They were finally led away.

Harold smiled and got on his feet.

Helena's murderer finally apprehended,it made his heart free and made him relieved.

He felt happy.

He thanked Doc Cyril and walked out of the office, holding Irene.

"Why are they arresting Alex?" Harold asked, seeing Cory handcuff Alex before leading him away with Carrle and Ethan.

"What's going on?! Alex didn't do anything wrong, they must have mistaken him for one of Ethan's bodyguards" Harold said, making to stop Cory but Irene pulled him back.

"Well..your 'innocent' Alex is one of Ethan's accomplices who had joined Carrle in successfully poisoning Helena to death, he has been a spy in your house for years and not only him but Marie" Irene said.

"What!"

Harold walked into his living room and was a bit surprised to see everyone sitting and waiting for him.

His parents, Mrs Nola, Allysia and Ivory.

They all stood up, looking expectant.

"How did it go?" They asked in unison and Harold smiled.

"I don't need to explain" He said and moved out of the way.

Irene stepped in and the scream of Allysia and Ivory was deafening.

They plopped into her almost knocking her off her feet.

Mrs Nola and Mr Marshall stared with smiles on their faces while Mrs Marshall struggled to hide her own smile also.

Two cops walked in and Harold asked Mrs Nola where Marie was.

"She should be in her quarters" Mrs Nola said, confused.

Harold told Rob to take the cops there and few

minutes later Marie was led out with handcuff clamped around her wrists, she was staring at her feet dejectedly.

"What's going on?" Mr Marshall finally asked.

"Well.. Marie has been a spy in my house for years,she's Ethan's accomplice, together with Alex" Harold said, shocking everyone.

"I knew there was something about her" Mrs Nola lunged at Marie, dragging her hair.

Marie screamed painfully and the cops had to pull her from Mrs Nola's grip.

She was finally led away.

"I..still don't understand a thing" Mrs Marshall said, looking confused and shocked at the same time.

"Irene is yet to fully explain to me also" Harold

said.

"Well..i suggest we should go to the dinning and eat while i explain. Little Ivory is starving" Irene said and they all got the message immediately.

Irene's carrying Harold's baby!

And she's back!

"Who would have thought Carrle would be that cruel" Mrs Marshall sighed after Irene finished narrating without leaving out any part. Tom was eating with them also..

Harold sighed..he couldn't believe Irene did all that for him.

He was so touched that he was near tears.

If anything had happened to her, he wouldn't

have forgiven himself.

She went through a huge risk just to make him happy, she knew her life was on the line but still went ahead.

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## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah Writes

### Chapter 98

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"Thank you so much Irene,i can't even imagine what would have happened to our only son if you had not made that plan" Mrs Marshall said as they walked Irene to the car.

She was about leaving,it's late already and Damien has been texting her.

"I don't like the fact that everyone keep thanking me for that, Harold has helped me too." Irene said.

"You risked your life for him. I wouldn't have asked for a better woman for my son" Mr Marshall gave Irene a side hug and she smiled.

Ivory was holding her hand, swinging it happily as they finally got to the limo Harold had told his driver to prepare.

"I believe we're going to meet you here when we get back from school tomorrow" Allysia said.

"Of course" Irene nodded.

"Don't worry,I'll get your dress ready in two days" She added and Allysia giggled happily.

"Seems we have to store the refrigerator with strawberry and strawberry juice" Mrs Nola said

and they laughed.

"I'll be ordering packs of them tomorrow"  
Harold said, grinning happily.

The light glowing in his eyes could not be compared to anyone else.

"We know you're going to take care of that Billionaire Harold Marshall" his father saluted and everyone laughed again.

"Okay..we need to allow her go now, Damien and Mrs Neave will be expecting her already"  
Harold said, opening the car door for Irene.

Irene hugged everyone one after the other and she was surprised when Mrs Marshall gave her a kiss on the cheek and then whispered in her ear "you're a rare gem and i hope you remain part of this family forever"

Irene was stunned,she felt honored hearing



that from Mrs Marshall.

Wow.

She waved them bye as she got into the limo with Harold.

He's going with her to ensure she gets home safe.

\*

"Did you hear Ivory call me Mum?" Irene asked Harold as the car was moving on a free road.

"Yeah i did" Harold smiled.

"I felt goosebumps but then i thought she might not really mean it"

"She does, i don't think Ivory would say something she doesn't mean" Harold said and there was silence.

"Irene, i just don't know how else to thank you

for saving my life while putting yours on the line, it's just so..." Harold sighed and Irene held his hand.

"Harold you seriously need to stop thanking me or i would start thanking you for all you've done for me too" Irene said.

"Okay, I'll stop" He chuckled.

"You look more beautiful today and i had it in mind back at the hospital that even if you do not want to return to me, I'll have to drag you along with me" Harold said and she laughed, throwing back her head.

Her laughter was one of the things he missed also.

"Do you know how happy i am right now? I've never felt so happy and fulfilled in a long time" Irene smiled as she placed her head on his

chest.

He stroke her hair wondering how his life would have turned out if he hadn't met her.

We surely meet people in life for a reason or the other and he didn't regret meeting Irene, he only wished the world would have more of someone like her..

She's a gem he doesn't want to lose and would never lose.

"Kiss me again" She whispered to him and he chuckled.

Her head was on his legs and she turned her face to him, pointing out her lips.

He laughed.

"Com'on" She pouted and he bent his head to engage their lips in another sizzling kiss.

"Irene" Damien screamed, running into her arms as he opened the door, not knowing what was in store for him.

"Ouch!" He frowned after getting a knock from Irene who made her face look stern as she walked in.

"What was that for?" Damien rubbed his forehead as he closed the door and walked after her.

"For taking my packs of strawberry juice like you own it! You deserve another knock" She said, turning to fulfill her words only to see him dashed past her into the kitchen where their Mum was cooking.

"I can't believe she welcomed me with a knock on the head!" He complained loudly to Mrs

Neave and she laughed.

"Damn it" Damien sighed after she finished her narration.

Though she had excluded the part Ethan was involved with their father.

"Irene, that was a dangerous mission" Mrs Neave said worriedly.

"Yes it was, though Mr Harold is worth it but what if something had happened to you" Damien said, knowing he would never be able to cope with it .

"Well..i guess i was lucky enough to come out unscathed" Irene smiled, chewing fries.

"When did you turn so brave? I'm proud of you" Mrs Neave said.

"Thanks mum" Irene smiled.

"You really made me proud by bringing the bad guys to book,high five sis" Damien said and they both raised their palms before making it click together.

"It's a shock to know there were two spies in Harold's house for years and they are even planning on killing him, despite how nice he has been to them" Mrs Neave shook her head and sighed.

"They are just ungrateful fellows, attracted to greed and heartlessness" Damien said.

"Exactly!" Irene nodded her head in agreement.

She yawned.."I really need to go to bed"

"Morning detective Irene" Damien teased as she walked into the dining room still dressed in her pajamas, she had only brushed her teeth.

Irene scoffed playfully at him and he grinned. He was fully dressed in his school uniform, and she knew he's going to grab his backpack immediately after breakfast and leave for school.

"Good morning Mum" Irene said loudly, so her Mrs Neave who was in the kitchen could hear her.

"Good morning Irene" Mrs Neave replied.

Irene sat across Damien and took a bite out of his toast.

"I'm glad you helped Mr Harold but don't ever do that again, I would never be able to cope if something had happened to you." Damien

said looking at her worriedly.

"I'm lucky not to have gotten hurt or killed and don't forget I'm detective Irene" She said with an air of pride that made him laugh.

"I love you sis" He said and Irene stood up to kiss his cheeks.

"I love you more Dam" She said.

"Am i missing something?" Mrs Neave asked with a smile as she walked into the living room.

"Mum" Irene went to hug her, burying her head in the crook of her neck.

"I can't believe you're acting like a baby while one is in you or...is the baby in you using your face by any chance" Mrs Neave gasped dramatically and they laughed.



Irene stepped out of the car Harold had sent to pick her from home.

He had told her he'll be staying home today just for her.

She had called Christiana who was on her way with their luggages and Ryan.

They will be here in no time.

"No, don't bother. I can lift it myself" Irene said to one of the maids who tried to help her with her luggage.

"Mr Harold said not to allow you carry anything,he's going to get pissed at me if i leave you to it ma'am" The maid said.

"Ohh" Irene said and allowed the maid carry her luggage into the house.

She walked after her in a pink short gown that

showed off her small tight bump.

She had made her hair fall down to her waist today without styling it.

She said hi to the workers as she walked past them, looking forward to seeing Harold again like it's been years they last saw each other.

He was waiting in the living room and he swooped her into his arms immediately she walked in.

They both giggled like kids that had just been bought candies.

"I can't believe I'm here,I've always wanted to work in Harold Marshall's mansion,it has been on my mind since the day i came for the interview" Christiana said, looking excited as she stood beside Irene in her workshop.

Irene smiled, glad to have resumed sewing.

She experimented the ideas that has been in her head and they came out fine.

She has lot of orders waiting but she started with Allysia's dress first.

Christiana watched her with enthusiasm.

Irene was so perfect in every thing,the way she traced and cut the fibres before putting them together amused Christiana.

So fast and efficient.

"I so much missed the sound of my scissors 'snip-snip" Irene chuckled.

"What do you want me to help you with?"  
Christiana asked.

"Nothing,for now" Irene smiled,there was still excitement written all over Christiana's face

and she had screamed when she shook Harold's hand, making everyone laughed.

She had helped Mrs Nola in cleaning the kitchen and also assisting in preparing meals.

They all loved her.

And Ryan also who was presently with Harold getting filled about his work.

"Christiana,sit...you've been standing since we walked in here" Irene said and Christiana shook her head.

"I think I'm still so excited to sit" She grinned.

"And i want to thank you so much, without you. I wouldn't be here and to think I'm even going to be earning much more,i was shocked when Mr Harold mentioned the amount of my salary. Thank you so much ma'am" Christiana said.

"It's fine" Irene said.

"I just wonder how Mr Ethan's employees would cope" Christiana sighed.

She had told Irene and Harold that the police came to search Ethan's building today and they told every worker to pack their things and evacuate the building because the owner might not be coming back anymore.

"You won't believe some of the workers took a lot of money from Mr Ethan's room and also some expensive jewelries from Carrle's room" Christiana said.

"Wow!" Irene sighed and shook her head sadly.

"Irene!" Tom excited voice pierced into her workshop even before he walked in.

"T, what's going on?" Irene asked.

"Mr Harold just gave me one of his mansions! Two cars and..i can't even mention the amount of money he gave me. He gifted them to me for my upcoming wedding and he even promised to sponsor the whole event..i..i don't know how to thank him" Tom said in tears.

Irene hugged him and she was moved to tears also.

Ivy Royals

"You said you had something to tell me" Marlene said to Damien as they ate their lunch.

"Yeah" Damien said,he could feel his heart pounding.

Irene's back home safe and now he's ready to make Marlene his girlfriend.

Allysia feigned a cough and stood up knowing what it is all about. Damien had told her about

it.

"I'll be back" She said as she walked out of the classroom.

"Marl" Damien started with a shy look.

He's surprised Marlene could make him feel this shy.

"I like you" He blurted out and Marlene stared at him with an expression he couldn't fathom.

If only he could place his hand on her chest and see how fast and hard her chest was pounding.

"Marlene,i have feelings for you, strong feelings that i've never even felt for anyone. Knowing you is part of what made me change my bad lifestyle, meeting you, getting to know you, being your friend, developing strong feelings for you has been nothing but a great

joy and peace to me,you fill up my heart  
Marlene,you make my heart pound without  
even making effort to,i look forward to seeing  
you everyday because you complete me, I'd do  
anything to see and hear you laugh,the sound  
of your laughter has a way of making one feel  
alive. The roll of your eyes always make me  
want to crack my ribs with laughter. You're  
simply one of the best things that has ever  
happened to me, I love you Marlene,i love you  
so much and I'm sorry to have taken this long  
to confess my feelings to you. Let's share  
laughter and tears together,let's soothe each  
other's pain,let's cry together and let's stay  
happy together. I want you to be my girlfriend  
Marlene" Damien said and he couldn't even  
believe the boldness that had possessed him  
until he was done.



Marlene's eyes were filled with tears by the time he was done.

"Damien" She sobbed, hugging him tightly.

He held her in his arms and inhaled her sweet scent.

"I love you so much, my heart beats for you too" She said and Damien sighed in what seems like relief.

She loves him also.

Yes!

"I'll gladly be your girlfriend Dam" She said and saw that he looked stunned before his lips broke into a smile.

"Marl, really?" He asked, searching her face to be sure.

"Of course, you didn't think it's a one sided

love right? I equally love you" She said and looking at him, she knew this was the right time to tell him about her.

She can't let him get too happy without revealing her true identity.

"I have something to tell you, I'm not sure you'll still want me to be your girlfriend after telling you this" She said as he wiped her tears.

He looked at her, puzzled.

"Go ahead, but I just want you to know there's nothing that'll make me leave you, forgiveness is one of the main keys in a relationship, if I don't forgive you then it means I do not love you, go ahead let's solve whatever it is together" Damien said reassuringly and Marlene felt so happy to have such a guy like him in her life.

He amazes her, his intelligent talks sometimes astonish her, Damien speaks so wisely.

"I'm a princess, princess Marlene Louis of King City" Marlene said and saw his eyes widen.

"Damien, I'm so sorry to have hidden this from you, I swear I didn't mean to. I'm just someone who doesn't like my true identity getting revealed because I want to be treated like a normal person, I'm tired of having people who are old enough to be my parents bow to me, I'm tired of having dozens of maids at my beck and call, I'm tired of being treated like a god, school is the only place I don't get all that and that's the reason I hid my surname, that's the reason Mr Natalie allows me eat in class. Damien I'm so sorry to have kept this from you for long, I was afraid you'll start treating me differently and I don't want that. I'm so sorry

Damien,i promise never to hide anything from you again" Marlene said, looking into his eyes pleadingly.

He stared at her,lost for words. He was surprised,she could see it in his face.

He didn't even look a bit angry.

"My girlfriend is a princess" He laughed, surprising Marlene who had expected questions like.. 'why did you keep it from me? Didn't you trust me enough to tell me? Why the hell did you do that?'

"You're not angry?" She asked.

"Angry? No,I'm excited to know that my girlfriend is a princess and i had loved her even when i was unaware of her Royal status. This is so thrilling" Damien smiled, pulling her close to him.

Marlene was stunned, she blinked rapidly, trying to see if her mind weren't playing tricks on her.

"Little wonder you look so beautiful" He chuckled and kissed her on the forehead.

"You still want me as your girlfriend?" She asked.

Damien laughed "of course, com'on babe, you had a good reason for concealing your identity, I'm intrigued there's still a princess who prefers a normal life. Though, I would have been a bit pissed if I had found out myself. And, don't bother about me treating you differently, I would treat you like I normally do except with more affection and romance because you're now my girlfriend" He said and she grinned, blushing hard.

"Thank you Damien,for being so understanding,i never expected you to take it without hard feeling, you're just full of surprises aren't you?" She teased, pushing his nose with a finger.

He laughed.

"Dam, do you know as a royalty,I'm not to have a relationship with someone who's not royal but to hell with that rule, Its going to end from me" Marlene rolled her eyes and Damien laughed.

"I can't believe that tradition still exists, well.. we're going to put an end to this together, we're in this together" Damien said, cupping her cheeks with his palms.

"How about you come over to the palace this weekend,I'm going to invite Blaine and Allysia

also" Marlene said.

"Really? I'm going to meet the King and Queen?"

"Yes" Marlene smiled.

"Wow,I'm getting nervous already. What if they order someone to throw me out for stealing the princess heart" Damien said and Marlene laughed.

"My father loves Harold Marshall so much and if he should know your sister is carrying his baby, he'll give us his blessings immediately" Marlene said.

"Woah...i think it'll be better if Mr Harold follows us instead,then your father is going to make us get married immediately" Damien said and they both laughed.

Their laugh quieted and they looked at each

other with eyes full of affection.

They willingly drowned in the fog of love clasped over them.

Both grateful to have found each other.

The sound of noises made their serene moment come to an abrupt end.

They saw students walking towards them with angry looks and eyes full of questions.

Well.. they've found out she eats in the class and they are not planning to take it lightly with her.

How dare you eat in the class!"

What audacity!"

You just broke one of the school rules"

You'll be punished!"



I'm going to inform Mr Natalie of this immediately!"

"Marl,i tried to stop them" Allysia sighed and Marlene nodded .

She and Damien were so engrossed that they didn't knew lunch break was over.

She saw Damien trying to stand up to address the students but she quickly stopped him.

She stood up instead.

"Well,i didn't mean to reveal this this way but has anyone ever wondered why my last name is concealed ?" She asked.

Because your father is an infamous safecracker of course, and you're so ashamed of his last name" One of the students said and the rest bursted into laughter, agreeing with her.

Marlene also joined them in laughing and Damien and Allysia knew the students were in for it.

"Well..that infamous safecracker is the reigning Prince of King City, automatically making me a princess. I'm princess Marlene Louis of King City" Marlene said boldly,she has never felt so proud announcing her Royal status.

The students gasped in shock and before Marlene could utter another word,they all bowed to her in great respect apologising like their lives depended on it for.

Zeemah

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## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah Writes

### Chapter 99 (SEMI-FINALE )

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A week later

It was a Saturday, the day Ethan and his accomplices would be given a deserving judgement.

Nurse Tasha who had given Carrle the slow poison has also been arrested, she was seated with them, handcuffed.

Harold's family were present excluding Ivory, Mrs Neave and Damien were present also.

Marlene and Blaine also made their appearance including Christiana, Ryan and

Cory.

Marl, Dam, Blaine and Ally had planned to go to the palace later in the day..

The press were outside, waiting,few of them allowed in the courtroom.

It was all over the news that Ethan has been arrested alongside his wife.

Ethan was seated with Alex, Marie,Carrle,tasha and his lawyer, he still wore an angry look and didn't look a bit remorseful.

He stared at Harold and Irene with fury.

Irene sat right beside Harold, holding his hand and laughing at something he said to her.

"I want you to come with me somewhere after we leave here" He said.

"Ohh.. okay,are we by any chance going to the

hotel?" Irene teased.

They haven't had anything together since she got back to the house, she has been busy attending to orders and by night, she'd be tired and Harold respected her enough to always allow her rest.

They already checked the sex of their baby and it's a boy! Mrs Neave has started knitting little blue sweaters and teddy bears for him already and Mrs Marshall shops almost everyday for the unborn baby that has just clocked four months and a week .

"Com'on" Harold laughed. "You want me so badly?" He teased and Irene rolled her eyes.

"Not a bit" she lied.

"Ohh..that sounds like a lie from someone who suggested we go to a hotel" Harold said.

"I didn't suggest it, i only..well,i only guessed"  
Irene sighed softly.

"How come hotel is the only thing that came  
to your mind? You want me! Liar" Harold  
laughed. "Badly" He added with a chuckle.

"Fuck you!" Irene hit him playfully on the  
shoulder and he laughed again.

"Hey, you both. We're in the courtroom" Mrs  
Marshall reprimanded them.

"I bet you won't want your asses whisked from  
here" Mrs Neave added.

"The judge is here" Allysia said quietly.

"All rise,this court is now in session" The bailiff  
said and everyone rose to their feet.

Mrs Chantelle Padgett who was the judge sat  
down and told everyone else to sit. She's a

woman known to be strict and righteous in her judgements.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we'll begin the first case, based on the order of incidents of the indictment, case number 2020GH1002. We'll open the case. Are the legal representatives of both parties ready?" She asked.

"Yes, your honor"

"You may begin" The judge said.

"Your honour" Charles, who was Ethan's attorney got to his feet.

"Mr Ethan Weston should be termed innocent because he wasn't in his right frame of mind when doing all the allegations leveled against him.."

"Objection your honour" Harold's attorney,

Simone interjected.

"Objection sustained. Both of the attorneys are allowed to go ahead to state their facts with evidences" The judge said.

"Mr Charles,those shouldn't be called allegations! because there are evidences that proved he really did it" Simone said.

"Mr Ethan isn't someone to do all you accused him of in a right frame of mind" Charles said.

"Can you please explain what you mean by that Mr Charles" The judge said.

"Your honour" Charles cleared his throat.

"Mr Ethan Weston is suffering from a psychological issue" Charles claimed.

"The proof?" The judge asked.

"Well.. Mr Ethan recently told me that. It was



too late to get the proof. Your honor, you have to believe him, no one in his right frame of mind would do that" Charles said.

"Until I see the medical record that says Mr Ethan truly suffers from a psychological issue, your claim is dismissed" Mrs Chantelle said.

"Mr Ethan Weston suffers from a psychological issue? Would you say the same for his accomplices? He pulled them all into his dirty game" Simone said.

"They joined him because they wanted to!" Charles said.

"Okay..so now, you just agreed that Mr Ethan actually did all he was accused of but wasn't in his right frame of mind when doing it" Simone smiled, rolling the sleeves of her shirt to her

elbow,she was looking smart and beautiful in her pink shirt and black pants,her blonde hair was in a ponytail and her lipgloss almost matched with the color of her shirt.

She's Harold's lawyer who had helped him win the divorce case between him and Carrle.

"I never said that,do not put words in my mouth" Charles said.

"You did mean that by saying they joined him because they wanted to, and didn't you say Mr Ethan did all that because of a psychological issue he's battling with? That answers the question already! Mr Ethan wasn't wrongly accused and if you insist..i have tons of evidences here" Simone said.

"Sure you do but your evidences won't count because Mr Ethan is not mentally okay"

Charles claimed.

"You haven't provided the evidence for that yet and you keep speaking for Mr Ethan alone, aren't you here for his accomplices also?"

Simone asked.

"Of course I'm here for them all but Mr Ethan is the accused here"

"You claim he's not mentally okay. What about his accomplices?" Simone asked.

"Well.." Charles trailed off.

"You see! You've been speaking for Mr Ethan alone!"

"I was starting with Mr Ethan, I'm going to proceed to them later on"

"Really? Will you be saying they are mentally derailed also?" Simone asked.

"Objection your honor" Charles shouted.

\*Objection sustained\*

"Mrs Simone, you have no right to talk to my clients that way" Charles said.

"I'm sorry for that Mr Charles, can we proceed?" Simone asked, she knew Charles wanted to use that to buy time so he could come up with fresh ideas but she isn't going to give him that chance.

"And mind you, Mr Ethan Weston is innocent until proven guilty!" Charles said.

"With the evidences i have with me, he's guilty" Simone said.

"Not until the judge confirms it and there is a reason behind Mr Ethan's act!"

"Whatever the reason is, what he did is illegal!"

Simone said.

"As I was saying my honor, would you please believe my client.."

"Without his medical records? It's your duty to provide that as evidence, you do not expect me to believe just words right?" Mrs Chantelle asked.

"Your honor, i made this discovery quite late and that's the reason I'm not able to get the medical record as a proof"

"The name of his hospital? His medical records will be sent to me in seconds" Mrs Chantelle said and Ethan wiped sweat from his forehead.

"That is the only way i can believe your claim" Mrs Chantelle said after seeing Charles hesitation.

He told her the name of the hospital and Mrs

Chantelle ordered one of the two lawyers in the court to contact the head doctor immediately.

"I shouldn't be doing this for you, you're a lawyer, you should gather your evidences before a trial but you're pardoned because your client opened up to you late."

"Thank you your honor"

"Is the psychological problem the only reason Mr Ethan committed those crimes levelled against him?" The judge asked.

"Yes your honor" Charles said wishing he had gathered more reasons but there's nothing he can do. Ethan had truthfully committed those crimes.

"What of his accomplices?" Mrs Chantelle asked.

"I hope you pardon them your honor" Charles bowed.

"You don't have any reason to justify their actions?" Mrs Chantelle asked in confirmation.

"Yes,your honor" Ethan said.

"Alright,Mrs Simone, will you please tender your evidences" Mrs Chantelle asked.

"Yes your honor" Simone picked the files on the table with a flash drive and a tape recorder.

The bailiff collected it from her, walked to the clerk and handed it to her,then it was passed to the judge.

"Mr Ethan Weston's medical records has been sent your honor" The lawyer said, passing the laptop to the judge.

"Court adjourned for ten minutes" Mrs

Chantelle said and stood up.

She needed time to go over the evidences and medical record.

\*\*

The judge walked in after ten minutes and everyone rose to their feet again.

She sat and ordered them to sit also.

"The witnesses should please come forward"  
The bailiff said.

Irene, Cory, Tom and Ryan got up and were led to the clerk by the bailiff.

They proceeded to the witness stand after they got sworn in.

"The lawyers may begin your questions for them" The judge said.

"Mrs Irene Noris, it's stated that you were in



Ethan's Weston's house for a week and you set up a tape recorder in his room,under whose legal authority did you do that?" Charles asked.

"Mr Cory Williams" Irene said.

"That is a great offense!" Cory slammed.

"You have no right to set up a tape recorder in my client's room with no legal authority"

Charles said.

"Mr Cory is a CIA agent" Simone said, shutting Charles up.

"Mr Cory..will you please explain?" Simone asked.

"I'm a Cory,a CIA agent who has been trying to bring Ethan to book for years, Irene is more familiar with him than i am so i knew it'd be more easy to get her to do it. As you know, we CIA agents are more like detectives and we'd

use anyone whom we know would be of great help to our investigation " Cory said.

"Mr Tom, you were involved in these illegally, what do you have to say about that?" Charles asked Tom.

"I'm just a law abiding citizen interested in seeing bad people pay for their deeds. As a good citizen, i should be able to help in bringing a criminal to book, besides i worked hand in hand with Mr Cory who is a CIA agent, so my actions is nothing illegal!" Tom slammed Charles.

"Mr Ryan, please confirm to the hearing of everyone that you truly saw Carrle Weston inject Mrs Irene packs of juice" Simone said.

"I was once a bodyguard in the residence of Mr Ethan Weston and one of my duties as a

bodyguard is to make sure everyone is safe, i was going round the house when i sighted Mrs Carrle in the kitchen injecting Mrs Irene packs of juice then i heard her on a call later confirming from someone if the poison would really kill Mrs Irene's cells" Ryan explained.

Tasha bowed her head in deep regret.

"Are the legal representatives of both sides done with questioning the witnesses?" The judge asked.

"Yes your honor"

"Well..i must commend you guys for a job well done. You can return to your seats" Mrs Chantelle said.

They all returned to their seats.

Harold held Irene's palm and smiled.

"I saw how nervous you were up there" He whispered to her and she nodded.

"Good job" He winked and she smiled.

"Mr Charles, the medical records indicated no form of psychological issue. Mr Ethan is very okay medically" Mrs Chantelle said.

"He 'thought' he might be suffering from it" Charles said.

"Well..turns out he isn't, he's medically okay so this claim of yours have been dismissed. It doesn't justify his actions" Mrs Chantelle said.

"Does the attorneys have anything else to say?" She asked.

"No, your honor" Simone and Charles said in unison.

"So say you both?" The judge asked in

confirmation.

"Yes,your honor" they said in unison.

"Having thoroughly gone through the evidences...Mr Ethan and his accomplices are found guilty for the allegations leveled against them" The judge said and Carrle and Marie bursted into tears while Alex tried hard not to cry.

Tasha bit her lower lip painfully,stifling her tears.

Ethan glared at the judge,like he would strangle her if he wasn't handcuffed.

"Here is my judgement.." The judge said and everywhere went silent.

The press focused the camera on her and some of them were prepared to scribble her words.

The atmosphere was tensed and only Carrle and Marie's sobs were heard.

"Mr Ethan Weston, you're hereby sentenced to life imprisonment for so many crimes committed, same goes to Mrs Carrle Weston and Alex Winters. Marie Baird, from the evidences, you didn't join in the killing of Mrs Helena but you joined in the plan to kill Mr Harold Marshall, for attempting to murder Mrs Irene Noris by pushing her into the pool, for being an illegal spy for years, for planning the murder of your employer, for wanting to hurt little Ivory Marshall, you're hereby sentenced to forty years imprisonment. Nurse Tasha, you breached the rules of your occupation, you're therefore banned to work in any hospital and you're sentenced to twenty five years imprisonment"

"All rise!"

"I really felt pity for them" Irene said, she was in the car with Harold. They were heading to where only him knows.

They were alone in the car and he's the one driving.

"Yeah, i also felt pity for them also but they are paying for what they did. Everyone should take responsibilities for their actions" Harold said.

"Of course" Irene sighed.

"But anyway, I'm happy.. we're finally free and Helena was vindicated" Irene said.

"Exactly" Harold smiled, touching Helena's necklace that hasn't been off his neck since he

found it back.

"Are you probably kidnapping me?" Irene teased, seeing Harold turn into another street.

"Yes i am" Harold said.

"And i wonder why none of them refuse to come with us in the car,do they know you're taking me somewhere?" Irene asked.

"Well.. you'll be seeing them soon" Harold smiled.

"Ohh..at home" Irene said.

"No" Harold said.

"Geez, you're scaring me" Irene said and he laughed.

\*

"Okay, we're there already. Will you please close your eyes" Harold said, halting the car.



"Huh?"

"It's a surprise" He said and she quickly closed her eyes.

He smiled as he stepped down from the car.

He opened the car door for her and held her hand as he led her into an open gate.

Hi us on plus two three four eight zero five five eight eight nine one eight three on watsapp to get added to our group.

There stood his parents, Ivory, Mrs Neave, Damien, Allysia, Marlene, Blaine, Tom, Mrs Nola Christiana, Ryan checking out the massive fashion store he built for Irene.

Irene didn't see them yet, her eyes were still closed.

He patted the engagement ring in his pocket

and grinned happily.

"Open your eyes" Harold said to her and she did.

She saw everyone and was a bit startled, they all stood staring at her with a knowing look in their faces.

Even Ivory who hadn't come to the court with them was there, grinning. Her hands behind her back.

Irene looked confused, she didn't seem to understand what was going on until she raised up her head slightly and there inscribed boldly on the top of the building.

## DAIRE FASHIONS

She seemed to be in shock for a while, her head swimming.

This is what she always imagine,this is what she always dream of.

It could just be an imagination or a dream right?

Yeah.

But even in her imaginations and dreams,her fashion store isn't always this big,it isn't always this beautiful. This is so big and beautiful that's it's almost stealing her breath away.

This fashion store is far bigger than Tanya's which is ranked the biggest in San Francisco but not anymore,this one in her imagination is far bigger and more beautiful than Tanya's.

She finally brought down her head and wondered why all these people are in her imagination.

She sniffed and realised her cheeks were wet.

She has been crying.

She doesn't cry in her imaginations or dream.

She turned to Harold and saw Ivory was now standing beside him, her hands were still in her back. It's unlike her to have her hands behind her back.

"Harold wh.. what's going on? Is this a dream?" Irene asked.

Harold shook his head "it's not a dream babe"

"It's an imagination then" She said.

"No, sweetheart. This fashion store is yours, it's a gift from me to you. Please accept it" Harold said.

"H..h Ha..rold, y..ou gave me this?" Irene asked, not able to control her tears.

They dropped from her eyes like raindrops.

"Yes"

"This is too much" She bursted out crying, finally realising this wasn't a dream nor imagination.

This is real!

"OMG..." She said, breathing pretty hard as she shifted back to examine the building properly.

Her breath, catching in her throat as she took in the splendour of the building.

The building stood tall and elegant, painted in her favorite colors, the structural design was just too perfect, she couldn't wait to get in and check it out.

"Harold" She said, wiping her tears as she

rushed to hug him.

She cried loudly on his chest.

"You're so full of surprises" She said in a baby voice hitting him playfully with tears in her eyes.

"Always acting like a baby when she's carrying one" Mrs Neave said and Marlene laughed.

"Thank you, thank you so much" she said and he nodded.

"And please let your 'thank you' stop there, your mum and Damien thanked me enough" He said and she laughed.

"I can't believe this...you just made my dream come through. Harold,thank you so much. I..i.. this is just too much,thank you" she said,tears building up in her eyes again.

"Com'on babe,i know you're a cry baby but its okay" He teased and she smiled.

"This must have cost you a lot." She said, glancing around. The building even has a big parking space.

"Are you saying that to a billionaire?" He asked,with one brow raised up, feigning a proud billionaire look.

Irene laughed, cleaning her tears.

"Thank you" She said again and Harold sighed.

"Okay I should stop saying thank you but thank you so much Harold" She said, blinking back tears.

"You deserve more than this babe" He kissed her forehead lovingly.

She looked up at him smiling happily.

"Damn! You're not gonna kill me with your beauty,are you?" He asked and she laughed.

"Finally" Damien said when Irene turned to face them.

"You all knew about this" She smiled brushing back her hair.

"We knew about this but we didn't know about that" Mr Marshall said pointing to Irene's back.

She turned and another surprise was awaiting her.

Harold was on his knees, holding the most beautiful silver ring she has ever seen,it has little shiny black crystals gathered in the middle.

Her palm covered her mouth in another shock when ivory also knelt before her holding a



golden crown, Irene realised that was what Ivory has been holding behind her.

She sniffed back tears and when Harold and Ivory popped their questions, her tears were uncontrollable.

"Meeting you has been nothing but a blessing to me, i don't ever want to lose a gem like you ,let's be together forever babe. I love you so much Irene, will you be my mine forever?"

"Irene, thank you for always caring for me, reading me bedtime stories, dressing me up and making me happy, thank you for not maltreating me like other nanny does. I want it to continue, will you please be my mother?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Irene's scream was deafening and Damien was scared she would burst her throat.

Harold beamed as he slid the ring into one of her fingers and she bent a little for Ivory to place the crown on her head.

She almost went crazy with happiness, she hugged Ivory tightly before jumping into Harold's arm.

She has never felt so happy.

"I'm engaged!" She screamed, rushing to everyone like they were not there when Harold proposed.

"And I'm officially Ivory's mother!"

They all congratulated her, hugging and kissing her cheek.

"You should study photography" Blaine teased Allysia and she laughed.

She had taken tons of pictures and made

several videos,she captured every moment,from the moment Irene and Harold had stepped into the gate.

"What's that on your mouth?" Blaine asked.

"What?" Allysia asked, wiping her mouth with her palm.

"It's still there...I'll help you get it off...uh" He said and quickly stole a kiss before walking away like he did nothing.

"Hey!" Allysia shouted, laughing as she ran after him.

Harold walked into his room and the sight that met his eyes almost took his breath away,there were fire and flames but they came from dozens of scented candles set all around the bedroom,thin ones.

He halted in the hallway, one hand pressed to his fast beating heart as he saw Irene walked out of the bathroom in a white lace half bra that gave her full breast a tempting cleavage and below was the sexiest white lace thong he'd ever seen.

She looked stunning and the fire made her skin glow, her round stomach even made her look more beautiful.

Her ring glistened brightly on her finger.

She smiled at him before walking over to the bed.

"You were right baby, i want you" She said.

"Come" She added in a sexy whisper that made him more hard.

He started pulling his clothes as he walked to her and by the time he got to the bed, the only

thing left on him was his briefs that showed how hard he had gotten.

Their moans filled the room minutes later and they both felt like they were out of the world.

Zeemah

## A NIGHT WITH HIM

Zeemah Writes

Chapter 100.

FINALE

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This chapter is dedicated to my fans who stood by me till the end. Thank you so much

And I'm sorry i didn't post yesterday,i needed a lot of time to put this last chapter together

so it'll have a perfect ending

Let's read

A Month Later

The day dawned blue and gold and sunny, it wasn't too hot or too cool, perfect atmosphere for her wedding today.

Irene was nervous, she couldn't even eat the sandwich Christiana had prepared for them, she was so excited.

Fleur, the hairdresser came at two o'clock to tend to her hair, Marlene's mother had recommended Fleur who was her personal hair stylist and makeup artist to Irene.

"Hey Fleur" Marlene said jovially as she walked into Irene's room with Allysia.

They both went to get the manicures and

pedicures done.

They wore matching outfits, strapless wine satin gowns, glistening with crystals. Irene had made it for them and she was glad to see them looking stunning in it, they had both decided to let down their hair to their waists and they wore the same color of shoes, cream. though it's of different designs.

"Please you really need to make her hair look different and stunning" Christiana said to Fleur who smiled.

"I will"

"Fleur is really competent, she makes my mum's hair all the time and she had even made my royal cousin's hair who wedded last year" Marlene smiled, she was sitting at the edge of Irene's bed, helping Ivory unwrap her

candy .

"Wow,I'm assured she'll do a good job then"  
Christiana said,she was the bridesmaid .

She was putting on a warm beige color dress that hugged her curves perfectly,her hair styled in a simple ponytail and she wore black heels,she looked beautiful.

"Mum's still gonna look beautiful without even styling her hair" Ivory said.

She was wearing a pretty purple gown Irene had made for her with white shoes and different colors of hair clips decorating her hair.

"Of course but she's the bride,she needs to look different and stunning" Allysia said and Ivory shrugged.

"Marlene,help Sabrina unwrap her candy"



Ivory said after seeing Sabrina struggle with the candy wrap.

"Your daughter is so cute" Marlene said to Christiana, who smiled.

She helped Rina unwrap her candy also and handed it to her.

"Thank you" Sabrina gave Marl a big toothless grin.

Fleur started with the make up after she was done with the hair.

It looked beautiful that it already highlighted Irene's face. Fleur is so competent like Marlene had said.

"I'm so excited" Marlene beamed.

"About the wedding or because you'll be seeing Damien soon?" Allysia teased and they

laughed.

Damien and Blaine were with Harold in his hotel.

Harold's parents, Mrs Neave, Mrs Nola and Blaine's Mum were at the wedding hall already putting things to order.

Marlene's parents and so many other dignitaries would be gracing the occasion, which means the security would be very tight.

"Now, your dress" Fleur said after she was done with the simple but eye-catching make up.

Irene got to her feet as her wedding dress was fetched, of course she had made the beautiful magnificent lace gown herself.

They all helped her wore the dress, Ivory stood on a chair to assist them and Sabrina was

more concerned with seeing the end of her candy.

They were careful not to mess her hair or make up as they wore her the wedding dress.

Fleur attached the long lace veil to Irene's perfectly styled hair and they all stood back to examine the beautiful bride.

Gasps trailed from their mouths.

The bride is coming in...

Irene stepped into the Hall with a twenty-foot train behind her and a cloud of veil covering her face.

Heads turned and gasps filled the whole hall.

She looked like a movie star.

She walked down the aisle in stately elegance

and she could see Harold catch his breath as she walked towards him. It was the most perfect moment of her life.

Tears filled her eyes, wishing her father had been here to walk her down the aisle. Knowing he's here with her and she just couldn't see him stopped the tears from rolling down her cheeks.

He's here and he's walking her down the aisle and her mother is also seated here.

She smiled back at Harold who was looking breathtaking in his white suit with gold glitters at every edge.

His hair had been obviously given special treatment, it looked darker, glossier and curlier.

His golden eyes looked striking, they matched with the gold glitters on his suit, Harold is the

most good looking groom she has ever seen.

She stood beside him and he quickly held her hand.

He had resisted himself from running to her and pulling her into his arms while she was walking down the aisle.

"Are we meant to hold hands?" She teased him in a whisper.

"I don't care, you don't know how hard I'm trying not to kiss you right now" He said and she almost laughed.

They were both facing their guests and Irene was a bit surprised to see so much people.

The male guests wore white tie and the women wore spectacular gowns.

Everyone looked great.

They all stared at the bride and groom adoringly.

Vogue was covering the wedding.

The press were outside begging to be allowed in, the security was so tight and the wedding was strictly by invite.

Damien and Blaine looked intrigued to see some superstars they had always watched on TV.

"I think I'm going to faint already" Blaine said.

"Me too" Damien laughed.

"I can't believe my brother is finally talking to his celebrity crush" Blaine smiled, gazing at Kelly who was in a deep conversation with Elena Scott, one of the youngest and most beautiful Hollywood actresses.

Kelly's room is stacked with her magazines.

And it doesn't look like Kelly is forcing the conversation, Elena is obviously enjoying his company also, she smiled and laughed at intervals.

Blaine felt so happy for his brother.

"I bet your brother isn't gonna sleep tonight"  
Damien said and they laughed.

Marlene shook her head disapprovingly seeing her brother flirt with different girls at once.

"That woman wants everyone to know she's the groom's mother" Harold said to Irene and she chuckled, watching Mrs Marshall welcome guests with her face lit up with smiles.

"Anyone would know she's the groom's mother" Irene smiled.

Mrs Marshall was wearing an expensive looking emerald green organza with high-heeled black shoes,her diamond earrings and necklace looked great on her.

Mr Marshall was looking great in his simple black suit, white tie and shiny black shoes.

Damien and Blaine were looking fly in their tuxedo, ignoring the ladies flirting with them from different directions.

Mrs Neave applied make up for the first time in years and it made her look so young and beautiful, she was putting on a pale blue satin gown,held by a tiny string of rhinestones to her neck, with sparkly white shoes,her eyes were filled with love for the couple.

Mrs Nola who had been the wedding planner looked quite stunning in a simple pink dress



with silver shoes, Allysia had helped her style her hair and also made her wear makeup.

Madam Perse was also seated among the guests, smiling happily.

She looked pretty but slightly overdressed, her make up was dramatic and sexy.

She had closed down her bar for today just for Irene's wedding, she was so excited when Irene invited her, knowing she's gonna meet a lot of dignitaries that might probably help her business grow.

Though Irene was planning to give her some money to refurbish her bar and guest house into a bigger and more modern one.

Madam Perse threw a wad of pink gum in her mouth and then grinned at Irene when she caught her eyes.

Ryan, Tom, Rob were standing not too far from Harold, as bodyguards and also as groomsmen. They looked great in their suits and white tie.

Tom was married already and his wife was sitting among the guests, Ryan's gaze was on Christiana likewise hers on him, they started dating recently, turns out Christiana wasn't the only one having feelings for him, he confessed to have liked her also and he hadn't even bulged or changed his mind after knowing she has a child, he embraced Sabrina into his world instead.

Ryan eyed Gemma, Christiana's friend who was also seated in the midst of guests, he had liked her at first glance, she looked elegant, gentle and calm, exactly his type. And her smile was soothing even though it hadn't been

directed to him but Sabrina.

"She's single" Ryan whispered to Rob.

"Huh?" Rob asked.

"Gemma" Ryan winked and Rob grinned.

Irene and Harold exchanged their vows and rings, they were declared husband and wife and then kissed passionately.

The hall was filled with the sound of cameras, until they reluctantly moved away from each other.

\*

Irene had her first dance with Harold at the reception and then with Damien and Harold's Dad.

After the dance, it was time to throw the bouquet, all single women lined up in orderly

fashion under Mrs Neave's direction, the men stepped aside and Harold watched his wife adoringly, waiting impatiently to take her away.

She stood on a little stool so she could throw the bouquet at them.

"If it lands on you, we're getting married right away" Damien whispered to Marlene who laughed.

Though she wasn't on the line with the women, Damien had just said that jokingly.

He crossed his arm over her shoulder and then pulled her closer to him, glaring at the guys who were staring at her, not only because she was beautiful but also because she was a princess.

He gave them the 'she's-mine!-i-dare-you-to-

come-close-to-her-and-have-your-balls-ripped-off' look and they all quickly turned away.

He smiled to himself satisfactorily.

Irene's toss was stronger and higher than expected as it sailed over dozens of women's heads who were struggling to catch it and then landed on Christiana's chest, who hadn't even made any effort to catch it, her gaze locked with Ryan's immediately and he smiled and winked at her.

Everyone cheered...the celebration continued.

Irene and Harold lingered for a while before finally leaving the party, everyone threw rose petals at them before they stepped into the Royal carriage waiting for them.

They waved at everyone before the carriage

pulled off.

They were headed straight to the airport, they had planned to spend their honeymoon in Hideout Bali in Indonesia.

"I've never seen a place look so beautiful" Irene said to Harold.

They were snuggled in each other's arms, naked. The blanket covering them, they just finished the third round of lovemaking in one night.

"I'm actually a genius in picking out beautiful places, no one does it better than me" Harold boasted..

"Did i just say this place is beautiful..urrgh! It's damn ugly" Irene scoffed playfully and they laughed.

"We're gonna go sightseeing tomorrow, there are a lot of beautiful places here that i would want us to visit" Harold said.

"I can't wait" Irene said, gleefully.

"We're finally married, in each other's arms, far away in one of the most beautiful places in the world, a place so serene that even our minds feel at peace. I'm so happy, i hadn't even been this happy when i made my first billion..today is the happiest day of my life" Harold said and Irene smiled.

"I've never felt this happy and fulfilled" She said.

"I've spent several nights with different men and nothing special happened, but just a NIGHT WITH YOU changed my life for good. I didn't even know you then but i felt strangely

connected to you. I hated my job then but now,i keep thinking would i have met you if i hadn't been working in Madam Perse's bar" Irene said.

"We would have met if we were destined to, I'm now convinced that things happen for a certain reason. I have a confession though" Harold grinned.

"Uhhh..why do i feel you've done something naughty that you need to be spanked for" Irene said and Harold laughed.

"Yunno you've always asked me why i wanted you as my daughter's nanny even after knowing the type of job you did" Harold said.

"Yeah" Irene nodded.

"I actually saw your journal peeping from your bag while you were washing up in the



bathroom the next morning after we spent the night together. I hadn't meant to read it but it kept beckoning me so i picked it and promised to just flip the pages but i ended up reading half of it and then i knew you hated that job,you were only doing it to take care of your family so i felt the need to help you" Harold explained.

"Wow!" Irene exclaimed.

"You're a crook" She added laughing.

He was laughing also. "I'm sorry to have invaded your privacy though"

"No,it's fine though i would have been pissed if you had told me then that you actually went through my journal but what to do now?

You're my husband so i can't possibly yell at you over that but you deserve some beatings

actually" Irene said and Harold laughed, she sat up and the blanket slipped away from her breasts and Harold quickly pulled her close before she could pick the blanket, she curled her arms around his neck, crushing her breasts against his hard chest.

A choking moan filled her throat as he kissed her neck down to her breasts.

"Cheers to more nights to come" He smiled as he made her lay on her back.

He got on top of her and made his hands explore every part of her body before thrusting into her.

Her moans grew louder and he covered her lips with his.

Irene gave herself in totally, enjoying the blissful moment.

She'll forever look forward to more nights with no one else but Harold Marshall because every NIGHT WITH HIM had made her feel so complete and she knows it'll continue to be that way.

A night which is termed the darkest moment of the day had actually turned out to be her own brightest moment.

Harold Marshall had turned her darkness into the brightest star she has ever seen.

\*In another's darkest moment lays the brightness of another\*

~Epilogue~

\*A year Later\*

Ivory sat in Irene's workshop, rocking little Ivan to sleep in her arms while Irene worked.

Her business was booming fast and she now has dozens of workers, though she still prefers sewing in her little workshop.

It gives her the comfort any other place can't.

She was sewing Christiana's wedding dress, the wedding is coming up in two weeks time and Christiana is out with Mrs Nola to get more things for the wedding.

Harold had gifted Ryan and Christiana a mansion, two cars and a huge sum of money for their wedding just like he had done for Tom and everyone had laughed when Rob said he can't wait to get married also, he's dating Gemma already and they are actually taking things slow and steady.

Today is their wedding anniversary and they had celebrated it before Harold left for work.

Yeah, her husband is still as hardworking as ever.

Their wedding is still ranked the most eventful wedding in San Francisco even after a year..

Their wedding pictures were the cover of top weddings magazines.

"I'll go drop him in his cot" Ivory whispered to Irene who smiled and nodded.

Ivan's eyes popped open the moment Ivory stood up and he bursted into tears.

Ivory groaned and Irene laughed.

Ivan Natalie Marshall is just six months old..so cute and chubby that people stopped to admire him everywhere they went .

He has striking golden eyes ,just like his father and he also took Harold's black hair, Ivan's

skin is the color of liquid honey just like that of his mother and when he smiles, his cheeks dimples.

He's an adorable baby.

And Ivory who's now a year older acts so much like the big sister she is, Ivan is always in her arms except when he's sleeping in his cot or when she leaves for school and once she gets back from school, she'll drop her backpack and go to him immediately, telling him about her day and she would laugh happily when Joel replies her with his baby chattering.

Ivory sat back on the chair and Ivan kept quiet.

His eyes started closing almost immediately.

"Seems he doesn't want to leave your workshop" Ivory smiled.

"Yeah" Irene nodded.

"Heyyo! Babe" Harold said, walking into Irene's workshop.

"Sweetheart" Irene stood up to hug him.

He had told her he'll be leaving work early to spend some time with her today.

He kissed her cheeks and then her lips, which lingered for a while.

He turned to his children and walked towards them.

"Little Ivan is asleep" He smiled crouching in front of them.

"Shhhh...no noise or he's gonna wake up" Ivory whispered to Harold who nodded, he kissed her forehead and gingerly stepped back.

"You look tired, I'm tired also. Let's go rest in the room" Harold took Irene's hand and pulled

her out of the workshop.

Ivory glanced at them suspiciously before turning her gaze back to Ivan.

"And when we get to the room, we must really rest" Irene teased Harold as they walked to their room.

"Yeah, a quite different rest" Harold grinned.

"Damn! You're so naughty" Irene laughed.

"I know right" He laughed.

"Where are those mischievous teens?" Harold asked.

"They went to the palace,they might be coming back tomorrow" Irene said.

"Little wonder the house is noiseless" Harold said and Irene chuckled.

Blaine, Allysia, Marlene and Damien had



graduated from high school a month ago and they all applied for the same college, they are expecting their admission letter which is most likely to be positive because they all graduated with good grades.

They are the teen models for her fashion store, their pictures were on the front page of Daire fashions pages and magazines, each of them rocking a piece from the store and it was really fetching Irene great sales, she can't be more grateful to have such good looking siblings.

They do switch from Harold's house to the palace and then to Damien and Blaine's house. Damien had told her Marlene's father knew he was dating Marlene and he seems to approve of it.

He still teases her by calling her detective Irene, she had stopped the thought of being a detective because she was too emotional and soft for it, she was only lucky with Ethan's case, besides she would like to spend time with her family.

Her fashion business is enough for her to handle.

Mr and Mrs Marshall returned to Paris already but they'll be here for Christiana and Ryan's wedding.

And Mrs Neave is now very close with Blaine's Mum who was so happy when Kelly told her he's now dating Elena Scott, she imagined their wedding to be as eventful as Harold's and Irene's.

Mrs Neave and Blaine's Mum keep each other's

company and discuss relevant things while Mrs Neave knit in the big store Irene had opened for her, she bought some knitting machines that'll make her mum's work easier but Mrs Neave loves to knit with her hands once in a while and she really makes great sales every day.

Harold gifted her a car even though the store is just few walks from the house, he thought she might want to go to the market and some other places.

\*

The door opened and Harold quickly pulled out of Irene.

Ivory stood by the door, staring at the both of them, Irene was glad a blanket was covering them.

"I thought you both wanted to rest" She said.

"Yes,we are" Harold said.

"Really? Do people rest on each other now?"  
Ivory asked curiously.

"Yeah but only couples do" Irene quickly  
said,her cheeks flushed.

"It's actually called intense couples rest"  
Harold said and Irene stifled a laughter.

"Intense couples rest?" Ivory raised her brow.  
"I've never heard that" She added.

"Are you both naked under the sheet?" She  
asked.

"What! No" Irene lied.

"But your clothes are on the floor.. scattered  
all over the place" Ivory said and Harold and  
Irene stared at her, speechless and a bit

embarrassed. Irene was still trying hard not to laugh.

"I..is Ivan asleep?" Harold asked to divert the topic.

"Yeah, i placed him in his cot already. Mum, Mrs Nola and Christiana is back and they said you should come check out the things they bought. That was why i came to get you but I'm going to tell them you both are having an intense couples rest" Ivory said.

"Please do" Harold said and Ivory nodded and gave them a last suspicious look before walking out of the room.

"Intense couples rest" Irene repeated and they both bursted out laughing and in few seconds,they were back to their intense couples rest.

They were glad they found each other and they both couldn't have asked for a better partner.

~A Night With Him~

Thanks for reading

Woah!

So we're finally done with a night with him.

Thank God oo and i should thank you guys once again,thank you so much to have stood by me till the end, even with my irregular posting,you guys were still patient with me. I really appreciate swrz, you guys are the real MVP

When i started writing a night with him,i never for once thought it would get to 100 chapters! I even told my sis that I'll just make it 60 chapters or less but then i kept writing and

writing and seeing this chapter 100 on my phone screen is still shocking your author o

Okay,I have few words for you guys from what i learnt in my novel and you guys can also share yours in the comment box

\*\*Be generous, if you have more than enough and you see some people lacking,kindly give you might never know where that single help would take you. And generosity is not in the size of the pocket alone but in the size of the heart, you don't have to be rich to be generous,just have a pure heart and help in the little ways you can.

\*\*Things happen for a reason. Anything that happens to one in this life is because of a certain reason,when things are not going the

way you want or hope, just be patient and prayerful because God might have a bigger and better plan for you.

\*\*Be honest, hardworking and humble. People are watching even if they don't walk up to you to tell you they admire you, you might be someone's role model without even knowing and humbleness does not have to do with you being rich or poor, either ways, be humble..it really makes one attain greater heights.

\*\*Females, we don't have to dress provocatively just to win a man's heart, love lies in the heart and not in appearance, no matter how much you reveal your body, if a man doesn't feel anything for you, then he doesn't, do you think Irene did anything to earn Harold's love? No, Harold loved her willingly even when he fully knows the impure



work she had once indulged herself in. Same goes to males, you don't always have to go extra miles to impress ladies just for love, if a lady doesn't love you, then that's it.

When it's time, the right person would come your way.

I will always say this "You don't have to do anything to earn anyone's love"

\*\*In another's darkest moment lays the brightness of another. In some people's tears, lays some's happiness. That's just the irony of life.

Whatever situation we find ourselves in, let's just be thankful.

\*\*And please let's also be prayerful, prayers pave ways, it makes one live an easier life.

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