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He chuckled, "I am not. I just think you look good in everything. Your club work clothes, your office clothes, and this!" He gestured to the sundress she was putting on and her hair was let down. Her makeup was wiped off already so she had just her bare face on and she had a mini sling bag across her shoulder.

"Whatever!" She said, making her way into the suite, in the direction of the visitor area.

"Nice place!" She mumbled, taking a seat on the couch..

Oscar approached the table beside them, opened the wine on it, poured it into two glass cups, and handed her one which she thanked him before accepting, then he grabbed the other one and sat beside her.

Bessie took a sip of her drink before she spoke. "You are really going back tomorrow?"

"Yes!"

"Why are you an as shole?"

"What do you mean?" He frowned at her.

"We had a plan, didn't we?"

"The last time I remember, you said you wouldn't team up with me to cause any revenge against your boss."

"As shole!" She nudged him on the arm.

"That's painful" He chuckled at her.

Bessie glared at him.

"That is not what I was referring to. You were supposed to make her yours. Where has that passion gone to?"

Oscar sighed, placing the glass cup he was holding on the table before them. He hadn't even taken a sip.

"I have discussed this severally tonight and I really do not want to talk about it again because it just makes me sad and also makes me feel less of myself."

"Yeah, I really want that. But I saw her today and she made it so glaring that she and Sophie do not want to have anything to do with me."

“Perhaps you should give her some time.”

Oscar frowned, “You are the second person saying so.”

Bessie shrugged.

“Pain is not easily forgotten. Time heals everything.”

“You may be right but I still don’t believe she wants me. I know what I saw in her eyes and I know what I heard. She is done with me.”

“Are you going to go back to America just like that?”

“Stop sounding like I am a coward.”

“You are.”

“No, I am not.”

“I have been humiliated? so much and I think the most noble thing to do is to let go. I just came to continue to wait here when she is not giving me any damn attention or giving me the opportunity to see my daughter.”

“I have got a life back home. I’ve got a company to run and many other things to attend to.”

“Vicky looks and seems really easy going. I had no idea she could be this strong-minded. She may have her reasons too for not wanting to get back with you.”

“She obviously does and that is why it makes no sense to keep being here.”

“I felt it was going to be rude to leave without at least seeing you once more, that was why I reached out to you.” “Even though I am really freaked out because it is really going to be hard keeping up with Ashton, especially now that you are out of the picture, I am genuinely sorry about everything. You really like her and it is sad that things had to end this way.”

“It is okay. I am over it. I don’t even wanna talk about her anymore because the subject has become way more sensitive.”

“And I don’t think she is into Ashton either.”

“How do you know that?”

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I give you my word on it. And you giving her a little scare sort of put her in her place. But don't be nasty to her again. I know how rude and vile you can be."

"Why do you still care about someone that dumped you?"

"That is harsh. I just told you the topic is a very sensitive one to me and you are still trolling me."

"You know I can't help but speak the truth."

"I mean it, Bessie. Just don't be nasty to her and channel your energy toward taming Ashton. He is the one pushing himself on her."

She glared at him.

"I also have a favor to ask of you." He whispered.

"I knew it!" She scoffed, "You rich people, suck!"

"Stop being a brat and hear what I have to say without being judgemental."

"Fine!" She glared at him. "I am listening."

"I want you to take care of her for me when I am not here."

"Take care of who?" She pretended as though she didn't know who he was referring to.

"Stop pulling my legs, you know who I am talking about."

Bessie chuckled in disbelief. "You must be kidding me. What do you take me for? A nanny? A detective? A guardian,"

"You said it just now that you do not want to talk about her because the subject is a very sensitive one so what the fuck are you saying?"

"You've got one hell of a temper."

"Your fault."

You know I respect you?"

"No, you don't. You are just trying to use me."

"Stop being a bully," Oscar assured.

"You are the one being a bully."

“I should have guessed right that you wanted to manipulate me instead of coming here.”
She pouted.

“Can you listen first to what I have to say?!”

She said nothing but glared at him as she took more sips of her wine.

“I am deeply sorry if my words came out the wrong way.”

“Of course, I don’t expect you to nanny her or turn yourself into a detective or spy because of me. I know you don’t like her because of Ashton, which is actually cool.”

“By wanting you to take care of her, I mean, just making sure that she is okay from afar. I am not going to be here but I still wish her well. You are the only one that I have as a friend here and I trust you.”

“Well, you Ashton.”

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not have to give that speech or trust me because I can literally kill her with my bare hands if I see her with

Oscar had no idea when a peal of sounding laughter escaped his lips.

“Oh, you think it is funny? Don’t be surprised when I text you that the love of your life is dead and that you should come and carry Sophie

“I wish I could ship you home with me.”

She nudged his arm again, “You fool, I am not some package that you ship!”

“I love you so much.”

“Ewwwww! Please stop!” Bessie put up a disgusting face, sipping her drink.

Oscar chuckled.

“I meant. I like you as a friend. We are nasty and we fit each other.”

“Yes, dummy! You only love my Boss who unfortunately doesn’t want you. Besides, you are not my type so get the hell off

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“Yeah, you are not my type either.”

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“Yes, because I can’t afford your dowry.”

Oscar smiled, shaking his head in disbelief. “I will remember to tell Fedora that I made a good friend in Australia even though I couldn’t come back with Vicky as she expected”

“Who is Fedora? Your Mistress?”

“My elder sister.”

“Ohhh! She sounds gentle by her name. You must be so much of a handful to her.”

*Not really! We fight sometimes but we are mostly cool.”

“I don’t trust you. You sound like a lot to deal with.”

“Not really.” He smiled.

“So can I trust you on it?”

“I am not promising anything but I will try my best. Generally, watch her from afar!”

“Thank you!”

“Don’t thank me. She is still my enemy.”

“So what time is your flight and what would you be doing for the whole Saturday?”

“I would probably stay in and sleep through. I’ve actually not had a proper sleep in days. The pilot should get here early Sunday.”

“Oh...” She nodded in realization. “Private jet. I forgot you are a big deal.

“How is life for you in America?”

“Busy! I’m always working and I go to the club for fun.”

Whenever you are free and you feel like taking a vacation, just let me know. I will host you. Feel free to come with your friends too.”

“Cool! I’ll keep that in mind.”

Oscar nodded. “I can’t wait to have you.”

“And before I forget, I have something for you.” Oscar rose to his feet, went over to the other side of the suite where the work desk was, picked up an envelope, and came back to where he was seated beside her.

Oscar handed her the envelope. She frowned, looking in between Oscar and the piece of paper.

“Don’t be a bully, accept this.”

Glaring at him. She took the envelope from him and opened it. It was a cheque in there and the moment she saw the figures on it, tears gathered up immediately in her eyes.

“The first night we met, you told me to hold your phone for a while and I saw the messages that popped in. The one from your sister about how she did not get enough money to help out with your Dad’s hospital Bills.”

“I know how private family issues can be but I am sorry that I saw this one. What awed me the most was the fact that you go through so much at home which is probably why you are working round the clock but you still maintain your positive energy and your cheerful self.”

“You are amazing and I am proud to know a strong woman like you. I hope the money sorts everything”

*Please don’t cry. You are going to look terrible I promise you.

“I hate you. I hate you so much.” She sniffed, wiping tears off the corner of her eyes with one finger while holding onto the cheque with the other hand.

Oscar laughed. “You are welcome.”

“You made me cry. F uck you!”

“Are you sure about that? Ashton is not going to like it, remember?”

She nudged his arm, making him chuckle.

“Thank you! Thank you so much. She looked at him with tear-filled eyes.

“My pleasure!”

“This is more than enough to pay for Dad’s surgery and even help us get a more spacious home and set us up. Thank you so much, Oscar! I really do not know what else to say but Thank you so much”

“My pleasure!”

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“Are you this nice to people or you are just giving me some sort of preferential treatment?”

Oscar shrugged. "I don't joke with my family and friends."

"This means so much to me. Thank you!"

"It's nothing. You deserve to be happy and I want you to be happy!"

"Are you hungry?"

"Yeah! What do you have?"

"This is a five-star suite, remember?"

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"Then I am going to eat everything on my plate. Come join me." She kept the cheque in her sling bag, rose to her feet, then made her way toward the dining table perfectly made for two. The food was already set.

Oscar chuckled, rising to his feet. "Don't you think you are getting too comfortable with me? You are not my wife, remember?"

"But I am your friend and I've got every right to feel at home."

Oscar shook his head in disbelief, with a smile on his face, making his way towards the dining table.

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