



12: My Allie gets what she wants.

Chapter Twelve- "My Allie gets what she wants".

Christian Kingston.

My hand swiveled the steering wheel, taking a sharp corner down the lane of the destination I have in mind. The car slowed down slightly upon approaching the gates leading to the mansion, which automatically opened once my car was close enough for the sensors.

I pressed the peddle, increasing the speed a bit as I drove past the gates up the driveway that leads to the mansion situated on the hill. Flowers lined either side of the pathway, beside which are pebble stones that cover the yard that stretched far and wide, yet again standing as a living reminder of the expanse of the mansion.

There's a small round about, where a fountain serves as the landmark, which I drove past, only stopping once I reached where the other cars were parked. My car came to a halt beside a red Lamborghini, one that screams the owner's name simply by its color.

A small sigh escaped my lips as I turned the car off, then extended my hand up to pick up the all wrapped up gift box resting on the passenger seat before I got out of the car, the doors locking behind me. Taking steps in the direction of the entrance, I reached it in no time, before pushing the front door open.

Walking down the long corridor that leads to the living room—the closer I get, the clearer the voices there become. The minute I stepped foot there, my gaze fell on the members of the family, all gathered together having the time of their lives.

"I'm not late, am I?" I inquired, my voice making the conversation cease, numerous eyes now on me.

"Christian!" My mom, Gloria Kingston rose from her spot on the couch beside my father, her lips slanted into a wide grin as she approached me. Once she was within arm's length, she wrapped her arms around me, pulling me into her warm embrace. "You're here."

"Hey, Mom." I leaned down to meet her short frame, one of my hands wrapping around her, since I can't do so with the other one as I have the small box in it. My own lips slanted into a smile, the happiness radiating off her contagious.

She pulled back slightly, one of her hands moving to rest on the side of my face, caressing it. "I'm glad you could make it." Even if she didn't say it, her smile spoke volumes on it.

She then took a hold of my arm, urging me further into the living room, before she went back to her earlier position upon seeing someone already making her way towards me as well, someone she knew she stands no chance against.

"Uncle Christ!" Alice, my niece wiggled out of her mother's arms and ran into mine—her lips slanted upwards into a wide grin.

I got down on my knees, my arms opening just in time she jumped into it, her small arms going around my neck as she clung onto me tightly. I chuckled lightly, standing up with her in my arms and then making my way further into the living room as well.

"And the groot nally makes an appearance..." Grace, Alice's mother and my younger sister stated dramatically, rolling her eyes in the process. She then pinned her dark orbs on me, her lips slanted into a slight frown. "...late as usual." She added, unwilling to let me get off the hook.

"Well, some of us have a company to run."

She hummed drily, unimpressed. "Why do I even bother with the workaholic?" She mumbled. "I'm sure you wouldn't be here if not for Alice."

"Why else would I be here? To stare at your ugly face?" I threw back, my eyes narrowed at her. "Oh please, I've been traumatized my whole life by it, spare me seeing you unless extremely necessary. Speaking of which, I wonder how Louis does it." I shifted my gaze to her husband, Louis.

He choked on the wine he was taking, his wide eyes staring between the two of us—no doubt planning on staying out of our everyday bickering until one of us—usually I, pulls him into it. "Uhm...what?" He moved his gaze from me, nervously to his wife who gave him a look that dared him to side with me.

"I still look better than you do." She rebuked, unwilling to back down. Like always. She pressed her lips, and moved her gaze from her husband to me, her eyes narrowed in slits. "And stop bringing my husband into this!"

I hummed this time around, "Well, let's ask little Allie then." I turned my head in the direction of the now four-year-old in my arms. "Allie, who's more beautiful, Uncle Chris," I offered her a wide smile, before making a face as I stated her other option. "...or mommy?"

Allie stared at me, then shifted her gaze to her mother that was staring at her with wide eyes, as if knowing what would the little girl's response would be. Allie then grinned sheepishly, her gaze meeting mine. "Uncle Chris is...like Prince."

I chuckled, darting my tongue out at Grace who rolled her eyes, hissing lightly under her breath, muttering something under the lines of, "He has brainwashed my kid, she loves him more than she loves me," Before sulking to her husband, whom like the good husband he is, pulled her into his arms and muttered soothing words to her.

Mom took that as her sign to step in. "You two should cut it out." She stated. "Don't you get tired of bickering always? You're not kids anymore."

"He is the one acting like a kid." Grace pointed a nger at me, pouting. She the slanted her gaze in the direction of our father. "Dad, can't you see, Christian is bullying me." She complained, being daddy's princess as always.

Our father gave me a pointed look, "Christian, stop bullying my daughter." And like always, he would take her side. "And stop turning her kid against her."

But, mom has my side always as well. So, she was quick to swat him. "Don't rebuke my son. They're both kids." The old man zipped his lips shut, knowing not to say anything against her because she'll never let him win, she has never. She then shifted her attention back on me, her hands urging me forward. "Come, my baby, settle down."

I offered her a small smile, my mood dampening slightly the moment my father joined the conversation—I'm sure mom knew it as well, which was another reason she jumped in before the air could become tense and awkward.

I found the couch beside Grace and Louis, then settled on it, with little Allie on my lap. Once seated, I handed the small box over to the little kid intent on playing with my neck tie. "Happy 4th birthday, my Allie." I handed the pretty pink box over to her.

Allie's eyes lit up almost instantly, her small hands letting of my tie and then reaching out to collect the box. "Thank you, Uncle Chris." She uttered in her cute, kid voice, her face breaking into a small grin. Her hands instantly worked on tearing the paper that was used to wrap the box.

Everyone's attention shifted to the see what gift the little girl would get. "What did Uncle Chris get you, Allie?" Grace asked, a smile now gracing her features, no doubt from seeing the happiness radiating off her daughter.

Just then, one of the workers of the house came with a tray, on which is about three glasses of different drinks on it. He came to stand beside me. "Wine, whiskey, or virgin mojito, Mr. Kingston?"

"I'll take the mojito, thank you." I extended my hand out, taking the drink off the tray before the worker turned off and exited—the others already having the drinks of their choice. Bringing it to my lips, I took a sip from it and watched as Allie completely unwrapped her gift, lifting the cover of the small box to reveal her gift.

Her lips slanted into a cute little frown, as she picked up the key, her brows knitting together. "What is this, Uncle Chris?" She inquired, her confusion palpable.

I smiled. "Your car keys." I used my other hand to pat down her hair that was pulled into two high ponytails. "You said you wanted a car, right?" I asked her a few days ago during our video calls, what she would want for her birthday, and she excitedly said a car.

What kind of Uncle would I be if I don't get my niece what she wants for her birthday? This is what I live to do, spoil the little kid. She's my niece for crying out loud.

Grace's eyes were wide as saucers, her mouth falling apart. "A toy car you weirdo," She scream-yelled, "She wanted a toy car!" She stared at me with eyes that screamed this is one of the craziest things I've done thus far. It isn't.

I shrugged. "Why get a toy car when she can get a real car? I asked genuinely, my lips slanting upwards into an amused smile, the face Grace is pulling enough to make my whole day. I love seeing that look on her face. Believe, there's something about annoying your little sister. The joy you derive from it is immeasurable. "Now, she has a Porsche to her name."

"Who gives a four-year-old a Porsche as a gift?" Grace was nearly about to scream at the top of her lungs now. "You'll spoil my daughter, Christian."

I took another sip of my drink, before responding. "I do." Christian Kingston does, that's who. "And if I spoil her, so what? She's my niece, who else would I spoil?"

Grace shook her head, whispering something under the lines of I'm a hopeless case under her breath, as she sink into her husband's arms who could only chuckle, no doubt amused by our interactions as always. Though, I could tell he's still surprised by my action as well, but he isn't being a drama Queen like his wife is.

Allie's excited scream came, though I doubt she fully understands the whole situation. "I have a car!" She jumped, her arms going around me again. "Thank you, Uncle Chrissy."

"You are welcome, my Allie." I chose to not say a word about how Chris turned to Chrissy. For her, I would accept being called anything—but only she's the exception.

Now, with Allie's happiness radiating off to everyone, and with her birthday on full swing only a few minutes later—we were all practically turned to pink princesses just without the tiara and dresses, singing the birthday song as her parents helped her cut her cake. Once done, she was showered by gifts from everyone—as the only grandchild in the family, she was bound to be showered by gifts all over, its' expected. She's a sweet little kid that everyone can't help but love. So, she gets all the love the Kingston family can offer.

After the cake was cut and we had all had dinner together, we were back to chilling together in the living room again, chatting about practically everything and nothing, just catching up on life. And it was all going good, until Mom's voice suddenly came, putting an end to my peaceful moment.

"Christian, don't think I've forgotten what we spoke about the other day." She suddenly started, her pointed gaze on me. "You promised to bring your girlfriend to me, and you came alone. What's her name again...yeah, Isabella, is it? The lady on the news."