"Why was your mobile off?" Samantha probed while wiping her face with a wet tissue.

"The pilots tell me it's safe whenever riding on a private jet, but I had made it a habit to turn off my phone while in the air." He leaned over and pinched Samantha's cheeks before saying, "Safety comes first."

"Why didn't you say you took a private jet instead?" She asked with a frown. "You had been all worried like crazy! You should not do that to me, Ethan! Remember, I am your first priority!"

A chuckle left Ethan's lips before he apologized, "I – I'm sorry, honey. I figured you were busy, and we agreed that I'd pick you up in the evening. I meant to call you when I land."

Ethan leaned over and pecked on Samantha's cheek and said, "I'm fine, honey. I'm fine. I'm sorry I caused you to worry."

"I'm just really upset, Ethan, but I'm." She took a big sniff and said, "I'm glad

you are safe. Don't ever get me worried this way again."

"I won't. I promise," swore Ethan before reaching for another embrace. He pecked on the side of her face and softly said, "I love you, Sam."

Samantha hugged back and whispered, I love you so much too, Ethan. I love you so much."

Since both Samantha and Ethan had work to finish that day, Edgar brought Samantha back to the hotel.

The couple shared a sweet kiss before parting, promising to make up with each other that evening.

It was right after Samantha closed the door to the car that Ethan smiled happily at the figure moving towards the hotel.

His smile granted Edgar to say, "She really loves you, Mr. Wright."

Ethan's smile widened. He nodded and acknowledged, "Yes, she does. She does." He put a hand on his chest and added, "I'm so relieved to know that she sincerely

does." 2

Later that evening, before Ethan prepared to leave the office, he received a call from Aiden, his employed hacker.

On the phone, Aiden reported, "Mr.
Wright, Connor and I have been working o
n tracking Catherine and Annie Davis
since the formal Divorce papers were
signed between Catherine and the
General. Over the past few days, she has
been making a phone call to a man on the
east coast. Specifically, in Jansu Island...
and it looks like they are headed there
too. They had recently booked train
tickets in that direction."

"Who is this man they are in contact with?" Ethan probed while closing his laptop bag.

"His name is Blake Taylor, a former military – rather the guy went on AWOL s o he was dishonorably dismissed from the service," revealed Aiden. "The strange thing is, Mr. Wright... the man went on AWOL around the same time when Sarah Davis was reportedly killed in that car accident."

Ethan took a deep breath. He instructed, "Work with our contacts on the east coast. Have some men follow those two and investigate deeper into this man... Blake Taylor."

Chapter 69: Elizabeth?

Friday, 8 AM.

Standing on a rocky cliff of Jansu island, a huge mansion made of bricks and closed grilled windows faced the sea.

The same estate stood miles away from the nearby, yet nearly deserted town within the island.

The mansion was surrounded by security, guarding its isolated estate against unexpected guests. It was utterly the most protected home on Jansu island.

Jansu island was known for its rough waves, often flooding the coasts. It resulted in many fishermen to lose their homes that several left the island to search anew. Those who remain lingered the peaks of the island, away from the seas.

It was essentially one of the most remote islands in the country and rarely were there boats going in and out of the place.

From inside the four-story mansion, a man was looking out his grilled windows,

holding up a phone in his hand. He had jet black hair, a well-built body, and tanned skin. He stood about five feet and five inches tall.

His arms had burned marks, suggesting he had been exposed to a fire years back.

The same man took a deep breath and said on the phone, "Catherine, make sure you are not followed. Otherwise, both you and I will go down for this. We need to be very careful."

"I won't be followed, and what for? Winfield already divorced me! He doesn't care about me. My daughter and I have nothing now! We have no choice but to seek your help!

We have nowhere else to go." Catherine answered on the other line. "I'll see you in three days."

"Catherine! Remember, she is Elizabeth now. Make no mistake," told the man. " And don't ever trigger old memories." 6

"Whatever, Blake," said Catherine before ending the call. "Don't worry, I'll be careful."

After keeping his mobile inside his pocket, Blake Taylor took a deep breath. H e closed his eyes and muttered, "I hope she does not bring trouble."

Turning around, he grabbed a bottle of medicines and exited his room, walking a few meters across from where he earlier was. He found himself standing in front o f a guarded room with two men standing o n each side.

He turned to one man and asked, "Is she done with her breakfast?"

"She should be, sir. It has been almost two hours since the maids brought in her meals," answered the security.

He nodded and knocked on the door before saying, "Elizabeth, I'm coming in."

"Um... Okay," a female voice answered.

Only after hearing a confirmation did Blake Taylor entered the room.

As soon as he came in, he scanned the room and saw the woman whom he called as Elizabeth. She was sitting in front of her small coffee table, drinking coffee.

The woman looked like she was in her fifties. She had striking blue eyes and long golden hair. Her figure was quite small and her skin was pale. 3

Like Blake, she had burn scars on her arms and a little on her right cheek. Yet, despite the marks on her face, she still looked beautiful.

The same woman forced a smile on her face and asked, "Yes, Blake?"

Blake glanced down at her plate and smiled. He said, "It's good that you finished your meals. You should... eat more, Elizabeth."

"I'm trying to. I just feel so lonely, you know... I just wish... I wish we'd go out somewhere," she expressed while directing her gaze at the window.

"We have been out," Blake pointed out as he sat across her.

"Ah, yes." Her smile reflected of sarcasm as she told, "In a nearly deserted town."

"Am I really your wife, Blake?" Elizabeth asked, looking earnestly into the man's

eyes.

"Yes, you are, Lizzy. I showed you our marriage certificate, right?" He reminded. "It's just that... you lost your memory during the time that our house burned down. All our photos were also burned altogether."

He reached for Elizabeth's hand and said, "I'm sorry that you don't remember me, nor your love for me, but for years, I have been patient. For as long as I have you, I a m happy."

Elizabeth's eyes flickered, and she gulped air down her throat before answering, "I really wish... we'd go out, Blake. Because t o be honest, I feel like I am more of a prisoner than your wife."

"The world is not safe. It's better here."
Blake sighed and reasoned, "When you were in a coma, I thought I lost you forever. I'm sorry, Lizzy, but I would like t o make sure that you are always safe.
Here in our home is where you are safest... I don't ever want to lose you again."

"You understand, right? Someone is after us, Lizzy, and that man is a very powerful man. He was the one who burned our house down. Currently, he is the country's general. We don't want him to find us," Blake explained further.

There was a moment of silence coming from Elizabeth. Her eyes reflected of something else, other than understanding. Despite the clear doubt in her expression, Blake let go of her hand and reached for the bottle of medicines and took out two capsules. He gave them to her and suggested, "Drink them."

For a second, Elizabeth's eyes were glued to the capsules, but eventually, she forced a smile and took them. She put it in her mouth and drank a small amount of water.

After seeing her swallow the medicine, Blake then announced, "We will have visitors in three days... and old friend where we used to live in our previous town."

That made Elizabeth lean back. She asked, "Really, that's the first."

"Well, there is a first for everything," Blake answered.

Blake looked around inside her room and stated, "I have things to do. I also have to prepare for our visitor's arrival. So I will leave you here to rest. In the afternoon we can take our usual walk by the cliffs."

Elizabeth nodded and answered, "Okay."

Blake did not linger any longer. He stood u p and left Elizabeth, doing whatever it was he needed to take care of.

Elizabeth, on the other hand, calmly watched as Blake left her room. When the doors closed behind her, she went straight to the bathroom and locked herself in. She went to the toilet bowl and spat out her capsules. She quickly flushed down the medicine and sat on the seat for seconds, pretending she was clearly using the lavatory.

She then came out and rested by the grilled windows of her home. She placed her hands on the caged views and looked around.

There was absolutely nothing. There was no house, no boats that stood afloat by the cliffs either. Even the seas within her line of sight had Blake's men roaming around the waters.

She closed her eyes and muttered, "How will I ever get out of here? How?"

A tear fell down her cheek as she added, "
It's been too long... It's been too long."

Elizabeth did not know for how long she cried, but she wound up making her way t o her bed, curling into a ball. She embraced the pillow tightly and said, "M y little Sami - my baby. I miss you so much... Are you doing well for yourself?"

Chapter 70: Introducing The Family

The time had finally come. It was the day of the First Diamond Hotel's grand opening.

The entire lobby of the hotel was filled with Christmas decors, reminding everyone of the nearing celebration.

A huge Christmas Tree stood at the centermost part of the hotel lobby where a sofa was placed in front of it, perfect for families to take a quick picture amidst the beautiful high ceilings of the property and grand chandelier by the entrance.

A band was playing Christmas songs in one corner as each of the hotel's valued guests arrived.

While Ethan and his parents were busy entertaining the arrival of the Wright Diamond Corporation board of directors, Samantha was claiming it in the kitchen.

"Five minutes to serve our sea urchin canapes, everyone. How are we doing?" Samantha called out.

"Ten pieces to go chef!" Answered one of her station chefs.

She smiled, looking at the scrambled eggs mixed with the creamy sea urchin, carefully placed on its spiked shell with a slice of toast on top. She said, "It looks beautiful."

"Done chef!" Announced her team.

"Okay, time to serve! Let's now plate our tomato and cheese salads," ordered Samantha.

The kitchen was busier than ever. All of them fully staffed with a few of her team rendering overtime. Samantha even temporarily employed part-time kitchen staff just for that event.

It had been a long day for Samantha. All the kitchen staff had been at the hotel, preparing for that day's dinner service since seven in the morning.

That was the day The First Diamond Hotel was about to prove itself to the entire city, its capacity to serve an elevencourse meal to more than three-hundred of Ethan's valued guests.

At six in the evening, the visitors began their gastronomical journey, and it ended at ten in the evening with an Apple Crumble Mille Feuille.

Everyone was still so overwhelmed with their meals with the host of the event finally called for the CEO.

All gave their applause, seeing the fine man, handsome yet overbearing, looking into everyone's eye without a smile.

He first shared about the company's mission and how they had come up with the idea of introducing a family-oriented hotel, offering condo units for long stays and short stays.

"Of course, aside from condo units, we also have the traditional suites and deluxe rooms for business travelers and couples, but what we really want The First Diamond Hotel to be remembered for is with the best fine dining experience that we can offer." Ethan raised his chin with pride before adding, "We want to have the best restaurants in the city where many of you, including tourists, would like to come back again and again!"

"Our goal is for the Pearl Diamond restaurant to be the city's best and recalled Michelin-star restaurant in the years to come! It will be a long journey ahead, but we are dedicated to our goals. And I hope that after your four-hour meal, we have proven our worthiness to you. Can I hear your agreement?" Urged Ethan.

Many gave their verbal praises, just delighting in the food that they ate. Not a single plate was wasted. Everyone in that room ate everything that was served in front of them. It was just too palatable to dismiss.

Only after hearing the compliments did Ethan manage a smirk on his face. He announced, "Well, then! Let me introduce to you the stars behind the food that you have enjoyed for the evening."

Not a moment too soon, drum rolls could be heard in the background, and the doors to the combined four and fivecarat conference rooms opened.

The chefs of the First Diamond Hotel walked in with pride and joy. They had

nothing but only smiles on their faces as the crowd roared with hail!

"It was the most delicious meal I have ever had!"

"Wonderful!"

"Succulent!"

"I literally cried as I ate!"

"What a beautiful chef!"

"Bravo!"

Applause could be heard left and right, making the executive chef of the group teary-eyed.

Samantha's team also joined in the applause, directed all their claps to their boss. The crowd instantly could tell that it was Samantha who was the head of the team.

Ethan, while on the stage, interrupted the acclaim and the praises, clearing his throat as he warned, "While I am liking the commendations to our dishes, please keep the compliments to the chef to yourselves."

it was because his words caused confusion that Ethan explained, "I am a very private man and so is my family, but to prove to you how much dedication I have put into this hotel, my wife is personally handling the kitchen of the First Diamond Hotel."

Pointing to Samantha, Ethan announced,
"Ladies and gentlemen, to the board
members of the Wright Diamond
Corporation, valued guests, I am pleased t
o introduce to you my lovely and
beautiful wife, the executive chef of the
hotel and the daughter of our honorable
General Winfield Davis." He paused
before resuming, "Samantha Davis
Wright."

The eyes of the guests gleamed as they scanned the area where the general sat, They saw as Winfield Davis proudly smiled in the direction of Samantha.

The guests shifted their gaze from the General to the executive chef, further deafening their ovation.

While Ethan called in Samantha to the stage, whispers could be heard of how

beautiful was the General's daughter and a skillful chef at that!

It was only after Samantha stood beside Ethan that the man further announced, "Yes, I am already married and I am a family man as well, but let this evening unchange my preference. My family and I still wish that our privacy be respected, so I hope that everyone will not take photos of us and keep this upcoming information to yourselves."

Ethan looked at Samantha and both of them smiled. He turned back to the crowd and told, "Me and Sam, we share two lovely children and they are Kenzie and Kyle Wright."

The cameras and the people's eyes shifted to the children, seated at the same table as the General. They had always wondered why there were children in the event. Apparently, it was because the two lovely and adorable kids belonged to the Wrights.

Yet again compliments were thrown left and right as the twins flashed their smiles in front of the moving cameras

and onto the big screen.

"Oh, the boy looks so much like Mr. Wright!"

"What a pretty little girl!"

"She looks like her mother!"

"Today is not just the grand opening of the First Diamond Hotel, but it is the time for me, Ethan Wright, to announce that the executive chef of the property is my wife. Let all the men in this room know... that she is already... married to me," Ethan closed, granting a laugh in the crowd.

Clearly, he wanted to let the people know that Samantha was his, and no one was allowed to take her from him.

It made Samantha turn bright red at his announcement, her hands became cold while holding Ethan's hand.

"Sam and I were married in secret, but we will soon have our ceremony this coming January and all of you are invited," Ethan added.

The night was bliss for Sam. It was clearly out there. She was Ethan's wife and her children were his.

She looked down at where her children were standing and seeing the smiles on their faces, including that of her father and her grandmother, she silently asked herself, 'Could this be any better?'

Chapter 71: Sarah Is Alive

After the event, Ethan and Amanda took the opportunity to introduce Samantha personally to the rest of his family, his uncle, and some of his cousins.

They were all welcoming of Samantha, especially after learning that she was the General's daughter.

Samantha could not deny it, being granted back as her father's daughter had its advantages. Ethan's relatives had no questions about her background, merely advocating her skills as a chef and her beautiful face.

While Winfield and Samantha still needed more time to heal all the wounds, she was at least happy that they were now trying.

Since their reconciliation, Winfield had visited their home once and even fetched the children on one occasion, having lunch at the First Diamond Hotel with her.

While Amanda further dragged Samantha to other tables, Ethan asked for private

time with the General.

It confused Winfield why there was a need to talk with Ethan at another table, away from his grandchildren, but he followed the man's suggestion, regardless.

From one corner, on an emptied table, Ethan sat down with the General and told, "General, I wanted to know... your relationship to one Blake Taylor."

Winfield had just sat down on the seat in front of Ethan. He leaned back, hearing the name, and answered, "Blake Taylor? He was dismissed from the military. Why?"

"Is he... close to you or to Catherine?" Ethan probed.

"No." Winfield's brows furrowed before adding, "Not that... I know of... but if you are curious about him, we... we used to be close."

"Blake, he - he was my competition in the military ranks. We were both assigned to the middle east together." He grimaced recalling how they returned with a piece o

f bad news and resumed, "Back then, we returned learning that his wife had cancer."

Winfield sighed and told, "Elizabeth Taylor only lived a few months after our return."

"He always told me how lucky I am that I still had Sarah." Winfield shook his head and said, "I don't even know why I am saying this, but anyway, he just disappeared out of nowhere at the same time when Sarah died. His family was old rich. He did not really need to be in the service, but it was a surprise to me that he abandoned his commitment to the army when he was one of my toughest competition."

"Hmmm," said Ethan. "Well, seems like Catherine knows him well. She is off to see him on the east coast. In Jansu Island.

"What?!" It shocked Winfield to hear this from Ethan.

"I have some men follow Catherine and Annie." Ethan turned to look for Connor

and he came in with a laptop.

Ethan carefully placed the laptop on the table and after opening his screen, he showed several pictures to the general and said, "It was late in the afternoon when they arrived today, but they settled in this mansion on the rockiest side of Jansu Island."

"I had my men ask around the small town and they all say that the house belongs t o... Blake and Elizabeth Taylor," added Ethan.

"The thing is, according to the locals, Blake's wife is... alive and well," said Ethan. "Strange, right?"

"No, Elizabeth died of cancer. I attended her burial," insisted the General. "I don't know who he has up there with him, but'i t surely is not Elizabeth."

There was a brief pause before Ethan looked around the nearly empty venue. H e loosened his tie and proposed, "General, you know that my mother had always been suspicious of Catherine, right?"

With a sigh, Winfield answered, "Yes, she had always suggested she had something to do with Sarah's death."

Looking straight into Ethan's eyes, he asked, "Is that why you still followed them around? You are just wasting your time and money - "

"If I can prove it, then it is not a waste of my money. I would do anything for my wife and for my mother," Ethan cut off the General's thoughts. "Besides, I am curious... about this Blake Taylor."

Ethan typed his fingers on the laptop before he showed it again to Winfield. He revealed, "These are bank transactions that my men have recovered over the past fourteen years, and here it shows that Catherine had sent Blake one million dollars. Why is that? And where did she get the money?"

That utterly made Winfield frown. He recalled how Catherine suddenly struggled financially before their marriage. It was apparently because she sent all her money to Blake, but why? These were the thoughts that lingered in

his mind.

While Winfield was in deep thought, Ethan had been studying closely the reaction of his father-in-law. Seeing the puzzled expression on the General's face, he knew he had no idea what was going o n.

"Anyway, General - "

"Call me father, Ethan," suggested Winfield. "Call me father."

Ethan's lips curved up. He blinked a few times before he answered, "Father... I have all the connections I need to get what I want, but I also know... you have easy access to the satellites."

"Just one-time big time. Help me get an aerial view of the home, scanning the entire estate. I'm curious to see what I can find out," he resumed.

A hiss left the General's lips. He shook his head and responded, "I don't know about that, Ethan – "

"Just say that you are investigating some AWOL servicemen," suggested Ethan. "

Just an entire day of satellite surveillance.
I'm sure, the higher-ups have no
questions against the General."

Seeing Winfield's reluctance, Ethan reminded, "Like I said, father. I don't need your help to get this done, but I could do it faster with your help."

"Okay... I'll see what I can do," answered Winfield before taking a deep breath.

Two days passed.

Winfield received a call from the office in charge of satellite surveillance. He was told that all videos have been sent to his network folder.

The general thought about forwarding it immediately to Ethan, but something in him urged him to open the files and watched the videos for himself.

For a good two-minutes, he saw nothing, but a guarded house. It puzzled him what Blake was keeping in his home, that it seemed to look like he was protecting something or someone so dearly.

He was about to stop watching when he noticed a woman walk out of the lanai area, facing the sea.

The same woman had a guard following her around, but what particularly struck Winfield was her golden hair and built. It felt utterly familiar to him.

Winfield leaned closer to his laptop, knitting his brows together. He could not get his eyes off the figure. He felt his heart racing and everything around him turned mute.

Suddenly, the woman looked up to the skies, allowing him to perceive her face.

It was the shock of his life! Winfield felt his hands trembling as his mouth fell off his face! With his voice shaking, he muttered, "Sa - Sarah?"

All the more, he could hear nothing but the drumming of his heart, and his eyes could not help but water. Everything inside him was telling him the woman was his wife!

Just as he was gawking, stunned at seeing a woman that seemed to be like his wife. Another woman came from behind, swiftly turning Sarah around and slapping her in the face!

While the images were small, Winfield could make out the figure, and he was 80 % sure the other woman was Catherine.

The next series of footages brought more security in aid of the woman whom he suspected as Sarah and another man who seemed to look like Blake Taylor.

Winfield gulped and stared blankly at his screen. He had so many questions in his mind, but one thing he knew; his questions would remain unanswered, not unless he would go to the island himself!

He did not know how long he sat on his seat that afternoon, but as soon as he came back to his senses, he called Ethan and reported, "Ethan, I think... Sarah is alive."

Chapter 72: The Important Operation

Samantha came home one afternoon after hearing from her aunt Diana that her father brought Matilda to their home.

Winfield called Samantha several times, but because of her work, she could not answer his calls. He only left her a message, telling her he was leaving for a few days.

Arriving at the mansion gardens,
Samantha found Matilda with her
caregiver, watering the plants with her
children and two maids.

"Mommy! Grandma Matilda is here!"
Announced Kenzie.

"Hi, Mommy! You are home early today?" Kyle probed.

With a smile, Samantha embraced her children and pecked on each of their cheeks. She told, "I came home early because grandma is here. And today, we have presents to wrap because it's almost Christmas!"

"Yey! I want to wrap Daddy's gift!" Kyle happily answered.

"And I'll wrap Mommy's and grandma D's and grandma Matilda's gifts!" Kenzie claimed. "You can wrap the other gifts, Kyle."

"Are you enjoying watering the plants?" Samantha asked.

"Yes, Mommy! We are almost finished here and then we can wrap the gifts!" Told Kenzie.

While the kids were busy helping the maids, Samantha approached Matilda, kissing her on the cheek. "Grandma, why so sudden? Although, I think it's great that you are staying with us -"

"Sam, listen to me." Matilda grabbed her hand and warned, "I think your father is going out on an operation. He had his most trusted soldiers go to the mansion the other day, and I heard some of them mention it was a secret mission."

"What? But how could he leave his post? He is already the general. Why would he g

o on an operation at his age?" Samantha probed back quickly. "And it's five days away from Christmas!"

"I don't know, Sam. He is not telling me anything," answered Matilda. "And I think he is going to leave before evening."

"No." Samantha frowned and gritted her teeth.

She immediately tried to call for her father, but there was no answer.

Turning to Matilda, she said, "Grandma, I am going to find Dad. Do you mind staying here with the kids while I go to the military camp?"

"Of course, Sam." With concern on her face, Matilda pleaded, "I hope you convince him not to go."

"I will try, grandma. I will try," said Samantha.

Ordering Edgar to drive her to the military camp, she maintained to call her father. Still, there was no answer. From the backseat of the car, she muttered, "Dad, where are you?"

Only then did Edgar say, "Mrs. Wright. Connor is actually out to help your father. From what I know... they are riding a helicopter out to the next military base."

"What?" Samantha asked. "Then we should head straight to the heliports."

In a secured office by the Fort Eagle Military Camp's heliports, General Winfield Davis gathered up all seven of his most trusted men.

They were all dressed in military combat attire, ready with their arms behind their backs.

Winfield hollered everyone and told, "
Listen up. This mission is personal. I call
upon you not as your officer, but as your
friend. I have already briefed you on what
we need to do."

He looked into the eyes of his men and asked, "So I want to make sure that you are all willing to come with me, knowing that this is not an official operation."

"Rest assured, you will be well

compensated by the Wrights," Connor, Ethan's childhood friend and security offered.

The words of Connor made the general glance at him before he also offered, "Of course, aside from that... I, as your general, owe you deeply."

"Sir, we will go. We will help rescue Mrs. Davis."

"We believe you, Sir."

"We will help you, General."

With a sigh, Winfield added, "Always remember, since I am not 100% sure that i t was, in fact, my wife. Although, I feel it was. When we reach the target area, we should move with caution, not killing anyone until we confirm she was, in fact, taken by force."

"We understand, Sir," answered his men.

"Then, let's prepare to leave. We should arrive at the next military camp in five hours. We will rest and depart again in the morning to our target location via water... And then, we will move at dawn t

o Jansu Island," told Winfield. "Men, I can't thank you enough. Should this mission be successful, you have my full gratitude."

Taking a deep breath, Winfield said, "Let's go."

Along with Connor, Winfield and his men made their way to the helipads where two helicopters await them.

Just as they were walking might high, they noticed a luxury car speeding its way in their direction.

Winfield knew immediately who it was that he halted his steps, waiting for his daughter to come out of the car.

After the vehicle paused meters away from the General, Samantha rushed to his father and probed, "Dad? Are you really going on a mission? Why? A few days before Christmas?"

It was because Winfield did not want to raise his daughter's hopes up that he and Ethan agreed not to let anyone know. Only he, Ethan, and Connor, including

his men, knew that he suspected Sarah to be alive.

"Sam, I can't tell you," answered Winfield. "This is a secret operation."

"But you are the general? Why would you personally go on a mission?" Inquired Samantha. She scanned the soldiers who were going with them and noticed how they were all packed with guns, from standard rifles to snipper ones.

"What's going on, Dad. You have to tell m e!" Samantha demanded.

Winfield held Samantha by both arms and told, "Sam, It's a very important mission that I need to go to. Something that I have to do myself. I can't afford any mistakes. I'm sorry, but I have to go."

Out of nowhere, tears streamed down Samantha's face, seeing how the propellers started. She said out loud, " Dad, I only have you left! Dad! Please! Don't go!"

Winfield felt a knife stabbing his chest, seeing the fear in his daughter's eyes. He was about to turn away, but looking at

how she cried, he caressed her face and told, "Sam."

"I promise, I will be back." He tried to kid around and bragged, "I have been through worst in the middle east - nonstop shootout. This is nothing - "

"Dad, you are already in your fifties. Are you kidding me? Now is different." Samantha insisted, trying to block her father's way. "And what does Connor have to do with this?"

"Sam, I really need to go, but I promise. I promise that I will be back. I just have to g o in this operation." He wiped the wetness of Samantha's face and told, "Seeing you cry for me hurts me considering what we have been through, but if this mission goes well." He smiled and resumed, "We will all be... a happy family."

"What - what do you mean?" Samantha sniffed her tears away as she probed, clutching her hands against his coat.

With a fainted smile, Winfield answered, "I will tell you when I return and Connor i

s here to guide me in some contacts Ethan has for our operation on the east coast."

Samantha could not hide the dismay on her face. Her husband apparently knew about her father's trip, but he did not tell her.

"Don't be upset with Ethan. I told him not to tell you." One last time before leaving, Winfield pinched on Samantha's cheek and promised, "I will be back, Sam. I swear I will be here for the children's birthday."

While Samantha knew her father was skilled, she was also aware it had been a long time since Winfield engaged in a battle. He was supposed to be the general. His key role was to make decisions and plan operations, not fight hand in hand.

Clearly, they were going somewhere where a shootout may happen, and it feared her.

As she watched the helicopters ascend to the skies, more tears flowed down her cheeks. She gasped repeatedly before saying, "Take care, Dad. Please take care."

Chapter 73: The Official Siege Order

4:00 AM at Jansu Island.

In the mansion, standing atop of a cliff of Jansu Island, men on guard secured the area, walking back and forth at the estate when out of nowhere, the power went off!

"What's going on?"

"What happened to the power?"

"Turn the emergency power on!"

The surrounding men asked each other while some checked on their power lines.

It took around ten minutes for the mansion's generator to kick-in, lighting only a portion of the lights outside the home.

"What just happened?"

"I don't know, but the town also has no power."

There were roughly eight guards outside the home. While some guards continue to converse, a few checked the perimeters, making sure there were no intrusions.

A man holding a gun across his chest specifically checked the seas and the cliff entrance. When he saw that his colleagues on a speedboat were still doing their rounds half a mile from the mansion, he felt reassured. He turned around and ordered everyone, "Back to your posts. Seems like an ordinary outage. Fuck this island. It just does not have a stable power supply!"

"Yeah! Tell me about it. Even the network is not working." Yelled another guard walking outside the mansion. "Herald says the cameras are not working too."

"Power will be back soon," answered one man.

The cliff was both the hardest and easiest access to the estate. Since the entire mansion was surrounded by high walls and wired barricades, the less secured area was the cliff entry, but while it had n o fences, climbing up to the cliffs would b e tasking.

Only skilled individuals with good stamina and training could make the climb. Moreover, Blake Taylor had men

going around the waters on a speedboat, checking any incomers from the sea.

Blake and the security were assured, no one could easily walk into the estate.

Below the mansion, the speedboat was going back and forth, maintaining a good distance from the ridges. Inside the roofed craft, two men were tied in a rope with their hands behind their backs.

Both were unconscious, clearly being sedated.

A man wearing a diving suit was taking the wheels while another one was guarding the sleeping opponents. They were soldiers of Winfield Davis.

"Delta One, this is Bravo One. We are in position," radioed their colleagues. "We are heading to the basement to cut down the power again."

"Alpha One is also in position. We are headed for the bedrooms," communicated Winfield.

"Charlie one is on standby, waiting for your orders, Alpha one," informed two

sniper soldiers, hiding in the bushes by the gardens of the property.

Winfield and his men made the hard climb from the cliffs, going up to the viewing area of the estate. It was the less visible access that they took the hard route to penetrate the mansion.

By the time they reached the estate access, Connor's contacts purposely shut down the power for the entire island, allowing them a few minutes to intrude without alerting the security system, as well as the guards. With their military skills, two groups were swiftly inside the mansion.

Most of the lights were turned off, and since they were only using the generator, power was limited. Moreover, Blake seemed to have put more focus on guarding the outside perimeter of the property.

With a cloth mask over his head and his face, Winfield proceeded with caution, taking slow steps up to the third level of the property. He was holding up a handgun, equipped with a silencer, ready

to shoot if it boils down to an encounter.

He and his colleague easily noticed two men on guard, standing by one room.

All the rest of the rooms were not guarded, except for the one a few meters away from them. They had already scanned the second-floor rooms, and this was the only one treated differently.

That gave Winfield the impression that Sarah must be inside.

Using hand gestures, Winfield and his man orchestrated a plan to distract the guards.

Both were taking a hiding from a huge vase and a column. Signaling with his fingers, Winfield counted down before he threw away one of the wall decors on the floor. Only then did he take hiding in another intersection.

"What was that?" Said one of the guards, looking past several corners of the hallway.

"You check it out," suggested the other guard.

"Fine!" One man proceeded to walk in the direction of the broken decor, only to hear another one to the left of the hallway.

The man saw a window open, and he muttered, "Maids forgot to close the window."

The person who remained on guard by the room watched as his co-worker disappeared to turn to the left, but after waiting for minutes, he frowned, realizing how the other guard had not returned.

He was left with no choice but to leave his post, going after his colleague. The second he took the turn, however, he saw his co-security down on the floor with an injection on his back.

Just when he was about to react, arms were wrapped around his neck, depriving him of air. He recognized the strength of whoever held him that he easily choked.

The next thing he felt was a needle striking his thighs and slowly, he lost consciousness in seconds. He was struck b

y a powerful sedative, given via injection b v Winfield himself.

As Winfield's soldier dragged the darted men, the General proceeded to the guarded room.

In every step he took, his heart raced, anxious and weary at the same time. He kept looking sideways, making sure that there were no other guards around.

In just two minutes, he stood by the earlier guarded room, and he gripped on the doorknob. He closed his eyes before he attempted to enter.

Using his army knife, he opened the locked door, entering the dimmed room where a sleeping woman faced the other side of the space.

Closing back the door, he made sure to be very quiet.

He took slow and heart-racing steps to see the woman's face, and when he confirmed his suspicion, Winfield nearly cried.

Taking several heavy breaths, he covered

his mouth with his hand, halting him from making a sound. He softly muttered, "Sarah."

Sarah had a burn on her face and while they marked her beauty, she was still the same woman in Winfield's eyes. There was no doubt about it, Winfield confirmed that it was his wife, Sarah.

He opened his masked and kneeled before the woman. He gawked at her for seconds before he awoke her. He quietly called her name, "Sarah, wake up."

A tear fell down his face as he repeated to call her name, "My wife, Sarah... wake up.
I'm taking you home."

Sarah Davis was fast asleep, but hearing that longed and familiar voice, she awoke and easily became startled. She gasped, seeing Winfield before her, putting a hand on her mouth.

"Shhhh... Do not scream. I'm taking you home, Sarah. I'm taking you home," Winfield restated in his low voice.

Seeing how Sarah became teary-eyed, Winfield let go of her mouth to hear.

Winfield. Is - is it really you?"

"Yes, it's me. It's me." He wrapped his arms around her as they both cried at the sight of each other. He repeated, "I'm taking you home, Sarah."

Sarah easily howled in tears, crashing into her husband's chest, and while she wanted to cry some more, the general kept reminding her, "Shhhh... not now. W e need to get out of here."

It took another few seconds to calm Sarah down and only then did Winfield made the official siege order to his men.

Putting a finger on his earphones,
Winfield ordered, "This is Alpha One. I
have confirmed that my wife had been
taken hostage in this mansion. Proceed
with an official order to siege this estate.
Do you copy?"

"Copy that, Alpha One, preparing to fire."

"Gladly."

One by one, his men on the ground answered.

Chapter 74: I Saved You

At 5AM in Jansu Island, the skies were still dark. The sun has yet to rise for another half an hour, yet the lights were out again.

"What the hell!" One guard exclaimed, noticing the generator was cut off. " What's wrong with the power this time?"

With Winfield's men turning off the power, commotion arose from outside the mansion.

Blake Taylor's head of security rushed down to the basement, hoping to find out what was the problem. He flashed his lights as he went down the stairs, only to be taken aback, seeing three of his men unconscious, lying down on the floor.

"Fuck - Ahhh!" The moment the head of security turned around, silenced shots went to his arms and thighs. He wound u p falling down the stairs, tumbling to the ground.

While groaning in pain, the man attempted to warn his co-security, "We -

we have intruders! We - "Ahhh!"

His words were cut off with the gurgling sound of his throat, as the man chocked from a soldier's arm, wrapped around his neck.

An injection stabbed his back, and he fell unconscious in seconds.

Simultaneously, outside the mansion, one man asked, "Did you hear that?

Wasn't that the boss?"

"I don't know, man - Ahhh! Fuck!"

"Ahhh!"

"We are under attack!"

"Take cover - Ahhh!"

More screams came from the guards around the mansion as more silenced guns fired in their direction. Four were immediately taken down, all were injured in the arms and legs, unable to move or shoot back.

It did not take long for the security to counter, firing in no specific direction. They did not know where the shots were

coming from, but they tried to keep cover.

Soon enough, shots also came from the second-floor rooms and it startled the guards. More of their fellow security easily fell down, leaving only three of them unharmed and well hidden in the garden, behind huge rocks.

Meanwhile, from inside the mansion,
Blake Taylor had walked out of his room,
with a gun in his hand. He was
immediately alarmed when the first
gunshots were fired and he easily
equipped himself, ready to strike.

"Blake! Blake! What's going on?" He met Catherine and Annie in the hallways, rushing to his room in fear.

"Stay in your room," instructed Blake. "
I'm going to check it out."

His first instinct was to go to Sarah. He feared for what may have happened to her, considering the tension around his home.

Turning to the next hallway, he was shocked not to see the guards standing

behind Sarah's door. He called, " Elizabeth? Lizzy?"

Opening the door, he found no one.

Fear easily filled his eyes. His heart raced, panicking. He screamed, "Lizzy! Liz! Where are you?!"

As the sun began to rise in Jansu island, Blake Taylor ignored the shots from below his mansion. He was focused on finding his supposed wife, Elizabeth, frantically searching every room in his home.

Finally, kicking the doors open in the last room on the second floor, he became enraged, calling out the name, " Elizabeth! Where are you - Ahhh!"

A punch went across his face, directly hitting Blake in the nose.

He wound up throwing his handgun to the floor as he fell down on his side.

To his shock, he found General Winfield Davis standing before him, filled with anger in the eyes. Blake's jaws dropped while feeling blood drip from his nose.

His mouth trembled as he spoke, "Wi – Winfield!"

"Fuck you, Blake!" Winfield cursed before throwing another punch into Blake's face. He sat on Blake's torso and relentlessly threw his fist against his wife's taker. "How dare you take Sarah!"

While trying to block and resist
Winfield's attack, in the corner of Blake's
eye, he saw Sarah hiding behind the
cabinet. He immediately called for her, "
Elizabeth - Ahh! Fuck! Lizzy, this is the
general who wants to kill us!"

As Blake managed to punch Winfield in the face, he looked in the direction of Sarah and ordered, "Shoot him! Shoot him, Lizzy!"

"Who the fuck are you calling, Lizzy? She is my wife, Blake! She is not Elizabeth!"

Another punch went to Blake's face,
further bleeding his skin.

Sarah, on the other hand, realizing how the gun had slid near to where she was, walked toward it and fearfully picked up the weapon.

"Shoot him, Elizabeth! Shoot him!"
Commanded Blake.

Only after hearing Blake repeat his order did Sarah gripped on the gun tightly with her hands and she yelled while pointing the gun at Blake, "I am not Elizabeth! I a m not Lizzy!"

Tears fell on her face as she resumed, "
You - you took my life away!" She began t
o pant as she told, "How dare you?! How
dare you?!"

Hearing Sarah scream weakened Blake. He no longer resisted the punches of Winfield, utterly in tears. It was as if he fell into a trance of denial. He softly muttered, "No... No."

Blake realized that he had lost Elizabeth now that Sarah knew who she was. It was enough to make him give up on his life. H e just lay there, allowing Winfield to turn him into a punching bag. He cried as he denied the truth, "No, Lizzy... No."

"Mrs. Davis, put down the gun. He deserves so much more than death," one of Winfield's soldiers came in to their aid,

offering to accept the weapon.

After giving up the weapon, Sarah cried even more. The wetness on her face covered everything up to her jaws. She screamed, "I hate him! I hate him so much!"

Seeing how his wife broke down, Winfield got up from controlling Blake and comforted his wife. His soldier took the job of guarding one weakened Blake Taylor.

Embracing Sarah tightly, Winfield cried with her and expressed, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Sarah." He pecked on her head and promised, "It's over now. We are going home... We are going home to Sam."

With jaws dropping, Sarah howled out all her pain and told, "Winfield, he took my life away! He took me away from Sami!"

While there were still guns being fired from outside, a helicopter could be heard hovering around the property, going round in circles repeatedly. A military boat also sailed nearby, settling by the cliffs, ready to take back Winfield's men.

From the helicopter, the soldiers onboard announced, "This is the military. We have you surrounded. Put your hands up in the air where we can see them! Put down your weapons and surrender! You are completely surrounded!"

Those who remained hidden outside the estate gardens acted to shoot back, but as a result, they gave away their location, and shots were fired from the sky. The rest of Blake's men were easily taken down by the chopper on top.

Along with his order for an official siege, Winfield had called for the nearest military base, requesting back-up so they can easily fly out of the location, fearing that Sarah may need medical attention.

Blake and his men were no match to the skilled servicemen, specifically requested by Winfield to come along with him on that mission.

Despite hearing the announcement from above, Sarah remained to cry in Winfield's arms, sitting down on the floor with him. She let it all out, repeatedly telling Blake of how he abducted her, "You took me away from m y family! You took advantage of my memory loss after my coma! You make m e sick!"

Sarah wound up pointing a finger at Blake and assumed, "For all I know you were the reason why I got into an accident!"

Blake was still lying flat on the floor, in pain of having lost Elizabeth forever. Tears continued to flow down his face, utterly depleted.

However, hearing the accusations of Sarah, he slowly shifted his gaze at her and told, "No... I saved you... It was Catherine's plan to have you killed. I just intercepted and took you for myself... In fact, you have me to thank for saving you.

Chapter 75: Make You Suffer!

Winfield sensed his world crumbled after hearing Blake's words.

The woman he married as his second wife was apparently responsible for Sarah's disappearance!

At that point, all he could think about was hate. He hated himself and the woman who destroyed his family. Deep inside, he wondered, 'How could I ever tell Sarah?'

His emotions were conflicted, unable to find the right words to explain himself. For now, all he could do was to ease her pain. He remained to embrace his wife against his chest as she let out all her tears.

Right after settling Sarah's emotions, he weakly said, "Sarah, I am sorry. I should - I should have seen through this. This is my fault."

Sarah did not answer.

After all the crying she did that morning, her heart suddenly turned numb. She could also say the same about her

husband. After all, she had long expressed how she did not like how Catherine was clearly attracted to Winfield.

However, right now, what was on her mind was her daughter. She wanted to see Samantha.

For seconds, she looked down at the floor before turning to Winfield. With a frail voice, she pleaded, "I want to see Sami. I want to see my daughter."

Winfield nodded and said, "We will get there... in two days. We just need to make a stop in the nearest military camp."

"Sarah, I need to take care of something and clear the passage before getting you out of here," said Winfield. "Stay with Hank for the meantime."

Referring to his most trusted lieutenant, Winfield ordered, "Hank, stay with my wife."

"Yes, Sir. Roger that," answered Hank.

Winfield grabbed Blake from the floor and placed cuffs on his wrists. Only then

did he rush outside the door, letting Blake walk forward before him.

When more of his men came up to the second level, they reported, "The surrounding area has been secured, General."

"Good, take this prisoner and secure him. I have two people I need to find," said Winfield before handing Blake over.

To another soldier, he instructed, "Please take my wife to the chopper and wait for me until I come back."

"Yes, sir!"

One soldier followed him around as he scanned all the rooms on the second floor. After only finding maids, hiding in some rooms, he proceeded to the third-floor area.

Winfield kicked open each door as he walked past it, expecting to find the main culprit.

Distance away, he noticed one door open and someone was peeping right through i

Catherine came out of the room, tearyeyed. She started walking towards Winfield and acted, "Winfield - you you are here to save us?"

"Blake, he - he took us in this mansion and it was here that I met Sarah! She's alive, Winfield, it's terrible - Ahhh!" Before she could resume her thoughts, a loud slap went across her face.

It made Annie also come out of the room and said, "Dad?"

Ignoring Annie, Winfield went straight to Catherine's neck, attempting to cut her air with his bare hands.

With eyes fuming in anger, Winfield told,
"You! I could not believe you are such a
witch! You had planned for Sarah to die!
You did all this and broke my family
apart!"

"Dad, no! No, please!" Annie cried, pleading to Winfield and trying to grab on his arms.

It granted for Winfield to glare at Annie and scream, "I am not your father! I never was!"

A loud gurgling sound could already be heard coming from Catherine. Her face was turning red from Winfield's hold as she was slowly laying down on the floor.

Her eyes were quivering, and her tongue was practically sticking out of her mouth!

Catherine would have died in Winfield's hands right then and there if not for the soldier behind the general, reminding him, "Sir, let her go, General! She best goes to prison than die!"

"Sir, let her go!" The soldier finally reached for Winfield's arms, allowing him to loosen his hold.

Catherine coughed as she gasped for air.
She maintained to cry while turning away to face her daughter. The next thing she heard was Winfield's words, "You will be put behind bars and your schemes will be exposed to the entire country. Your daughter will suffer the same consequences as you, having silenced herself with your crimes!"

"No! No, Winfield! Please, Annie has nothing to do with this!" Catherine tried t

"No! No, Winfield! Please, Annie has nothing to do with this!" Catherine tried t o reason.

"Dad, please! I am still your daughter! It was all mother! I can't be in prison - "

"But you must have known all along, and I will go through lengths to prove that!" Winfield countered, his hands were clenched into a fist, looking at the mother and daughter.

A clear disgust became painted on the general's face as he added, "Both of you represent the scars in my family's life that I wish to erase! And with every power in my hand, I will make it happen!"

Pointing his fingers at Annie and Catherine, Winfield screamed with his loudest voice, "Mark my word! I will make you suffer! I will make you experience hell as you rot behind bars!"

Ethan arrived home late in the evening of that same day. He went straight to the master bedroom, finding his wife

pretending to sleep and facing the other side of the room.

He sighed as he sat next to her and asked, "Sam, are you still mad at me?"

Samantha expressed her dismay two days back, after learning he was aware of her father's secret operation. She had been giving Ethan the cold shoulders since.

Ethan caressed her cheek and said, "
Honey, I am sorry. I did not mean to keep
things from you, but trust me when I say,
your father and I have reasons for not
telling you upfront."

Samantha remained to stay silent, and while she acted to sleep, Ethan knew she was still awake. After all, as he and Edgar were still pulling up the driveway of the mansion, he received a message from Kenzie, asking him where he was.

Yes, Kenzie told on her Mommy. Her innocent self suggested to Ethan that Samantha was looking for him.

"But I have good news for you." Ethan leaned over and pecked on her cheek to say, "Your father is safe and he called

earlier to inform me that he will be arriving tomorrow... and he has a surprise for you."

"It's a very nice surprise. You'll need to prepare several boxes of tissue," Ethan revealed.

Only after his words did Samantha finally flickered her eyes open and she asked, " Why would Dad not call me to tell me this?"

Ethan sighed and answered, "Because, it's supposed to be a surprise."

As Samantha turned to face her husband, Ethan smirked and added, "I helped your father get this surprise for you, by the way."

A scoff left Samantha's lips. She said, " Really? So you were partly the reason why Dad left?"

It made Ethan frown. He took a deep breath and told, "You will understand later on and you will like this surprise."

Sitting up on the bed, Samantha probed, " Why would I like it if I need to bring two boxes of tissue?"

Ethan pushed back a strand of her hair behind her ear. He smiled and said, "Yes, you will cry, but trust me, you will like the surprise."

Samantha's eyes narrowed. She asked, " You sure are confident I won't be upset anymore."

A hiss left Ethan's lips, and he announced, "Oh... you will love me more."

"Hah!" Samantha said in sarcasm. She raised, "You better be right, Mr. Wright, o r you are sleeping alone on Christmas Eve!

"On the contrary, I think you'll want to make love to me every night after learning of your surprise," Ethan answered confidently with a grin on his face.

Chapter 76: After So Many Years

From inside the military hospital, near the east coast, Winfield was wiping Sarah dry after she had taken a shower in the morning.

Winfield had Sarah's body and blood checked before they would leave for Braeton, wanting to be sure there was no serious problem with his wife, having been locked up for so many years.

Fortunately, despite the wrong Blake had done, he took care of Sarah well. She was healthy and apparently had regularly been checked by a visiting doctor.

As Winfield helped her put on a new dress, he said with his voice breaking in and out, "There. You - you look lovely."

Sarah was silent the whole time. She had been since she left Jansu Island, merely speaking when she needed something like food or water.

Looking up to Winfield, she probed with her wistful eyes, "Is it true that you married Catherine?"

The question resulted in Winfield swallowing down his own spew. His eyes fluttered as he answered, "Yes. Yes, I did, but we are divorced now." He paused before sadly admitting, "I – I learned too late of her true colors."

Without warning, he wrapped his arms around Sarah and cried, "I thought you were gone and I needed someone to help me with Sam. I'm sorry, Sarah. I am very sorry." Taking a deep breath, he added, "I want you to know... I always had you in m y mind. I've always loved you."

Sarah did not answer, but tears flowed down her cheek. Winfield knew he had distressed her. It wasn't enough that she had been locked up for so long; she had to face the truth of his betrayal.

"I know you won't forgive me that easily. I n fact, you might never will," Winfield resumed his thoughts while remaining to hold Sarah. "But I want you to know that I will try my best to make up for the lost years."

For a minute, he maintained to hold Sarah, comforting her as she cried.

He took a deep breath, savoring the scent of her hair before finally letting go. He said, "Let's prepare to leave, Sam will be waiting for us at the Fort Eagle Military Base."

He reached for his pocket and revealed, "
For now, you can stay with Sam and her
family. I know it will be hard for you to
stay with me. You can use my phone. I
bought you a new sim, and I will secure a
new phone for myself."

Winfield handed Sarah his mobile and explained, "I have many pictures of Sam there with her family. You can scan those while we ride on the chopper."

It took just half an hour for them to get o n the helicopter and as they were in the air, Sarah spoke to Winfield again, " What - what are the names of my grandchildren?"

"The girl is Kenzie. She looks like Sam when she was little," Winfield answered.

"Yes, she does," admitted Sarah.

"The boy is Kyle. He looks so much like his father," Winfield pointed out.

"Who is... Sami's husband? He looks familiar," Sarah probed while looking at Winfield.

With a smile, Winfield revealed, "His name is Ethan Wright. He is Amanda's son."

"Oh! This is Ethan?" It was the first time Sarah smiled since she left Jansu island. She became teary-eyed again as she said, "Exactly how I wanted it to be."

With a sigh, Winfield told, "They did not meet exactly how you wanted to be, however."

Once again, Winfield had to explain how Samantha wound up getting pregnant at a n early age, how he ended up throwing her out of the house and how their little Sami met Ethan again just recently.

Sarah wound up being silent again. It took nearly a minute before she spoke, " You... and your decisions."

Winfield fell mute. Her voice was not raised but her words had a clear meaning; she was disappointed of him.

He took a moment for himself before he answered, "I'm sorry. I - I was lost without you."

The rest of the ride was in utter silence. Neither of them spoke again.

On a Saturday evening, Samantha was waiting by the Fort Eagle Military Base's heliports together with her husband.

As they lingered inside the car, Samantha maintained to fold her arms across her chest, giving her husband a slight snob. She wanted to make sure Ethan knew she was still upset. Yet, despite her actions, Ethan merely chuckled at her.

Samantha could not understand the confidence coming from Ethan, but all she could do was wait. She kept checking her watch while she was at it, also worried for the kids.

Soon enough, Samantha noticed how there was another familiar luxury car that parked right next to them. She frowned, realizing it was her in-laws. " What are your parents doing here?"

"They also want to see your surprise," said Ethan with a smile.

His words all the more made Samantha suspicious, especially how he actually brought two boxes of facial tissue with him.

She scoffed, but before she could react, she could already hear the propellers from above the sky. There were two flying in from above.

Samantha eagerly exited the car, squinting her eyes as the air rushed against her angelic face.

To her left, she noticed how Amanda had also got out of the car, looking at her, teary-eyed.

"Mom?!" She asked with voiced raise.
The sound of the helicopter was so
thunderous, she had to scream, "What's
wrong?!"

Amanda shook her head, wiping the wetness of the corner of her eye. She yelled back, "Nothing!"

Bemused, Samantha just shifted her gaze at the landing helicopter. She concluded, the answer to her questions were about to be revealed.

Minutes passed, and Samantha finally saw her father come out in one piece. She sighed in relief, closing her eyes.

She immediately made that walk in Winfield's direction. She did notice, however, how her father was teary-eyed. He turned back to the chopper and offered his hand to a woman.

Samantha could not fathom why, but just the mere sight of the woman's hair, her neart raced. It would seem as though the beating of her heart was more deafening than the surroundings.

She halted her steps, analyzing who this woman was.

When Samantha saw the woman's face, she felt confused. The woman looked like her mother but has already aged.

She found herself gasping for air, powerless to breathe. She did not know why, but tears automatically ran down her face.

To her surprise, the woman cried like her. She slowly walked towards Samantha and said, "Sami." The woman could barely talk, but she resumed, "Samantha, it's m e, my sweetheart."

The woman had her hands up, asking for a hug. Her face was immersed in tears and her eyes were only glued to Samantha.

Samantha, on the other hand, sensed her jaws drop. She remained to cry without reason, but hearing the woman call her, she turned to her father, silently in question.

After seeing a nod from Winfield, Samantha shifted her gaze to the woman and asked, "Mo – Mom? Mom?"

Only after her recognition did, the woman sped her steps.

As soon as she reached Samantha, she wrapped her arms around her daughter

and said, "Samantha, it's me. My baby. It's me. I - I miss you so much."

While Samantha found herself in utter disbelief, Sarah repeatedly pecked on Samantha. From her head to the side of her face, she graced her daughter with loving kisses. "I miss you you, my daughter."

Sarah howled in tears as she added, "I thought of you... Every - every single day!

Samantha ended up shrieking the same way as her mother. She immediately hugged Sarah back and said, "Mom, It's – It's really you!" Her nose flare as more water run down her face while she expressed, "I can't believe it. I can't – Mom!"

"Sami, it's me. It's really me." Drenched i n her tears, Sarah frequently sniffed as she tightened her told on Samantha. She said, "I have finally found my way back... After so many years."

Gone was Samantha's poise. She broke down so badly, her face glowed in tears.

She finally understood why she needed two boxes of tissue that evening, something that wasn't even in her hands, right at that very moment.

The mother and daughter remained in the same state for minutes, not caring for the surrounding people.

After some time, Samantha pressed her cheeks against her mother's and asked, "Mom? Where have you been? We - we all thought you were gone?"

Pulling away from her daughter, Sarah answered, "I was held captive by someone. Your father rescued me from the place."

She caressed Samantha's face and answered, "I don't want to talk about this right now. I." Sarah cried again and said, "I just want to hold my baby."

With repeated nods, Samantha wept again and crashed into her mother's arms.

From behind them, Amanda could no longer take it. She had been crying, watching her daughter-in-law and best friend weep. She just had to join the cuddling and walked up to them, wrapping her arms around the two.

"Oh, God, Amanda," Sarah spoke, hugging her best friend back.

"Sarah, I miss you so much. Thank thank goodness, you are alive," remarked Amanda.

The three ladies took essentially another fifteen minutes more, just standing there in the middle of the heliports, crying and embracing each other.

Heartbeats later, they all settled their emotions and Sarah finally spoke, "Is that Ethan?"

"Yes, Mom. That's Ethan," answered Sam with a smile. "That's my son," added Amanda.

Chapter 77: Painful Memories

"Ethan, come here," Amanda called for her son. Only then was he introduced formally to Sarah. "This is my son, Ethan, Sam's husband."

Amanda chuckled and said, "Isn't it great?" She held Sarah's hand and told, " They found each other either way. Fate brought them together!"

It granted for Sarah to chuckle before answering, "I heard." She held Samantha's hand and said, "I am so glad i t was Ethan."

"Mrs. Davis, good evening," Greeted Ethan. He walked in with them and told, " We are so happy you have finally returned."

Teary-eyed, Sarah nodded and reached for Ethan's shoulder. She leaned over to him and embraced him before telling, "If i t weren't for your men, following Catherine and Annie, Winfield would not have found me... Thank you, Ethan."

Sarah touched his face and appreciated, " Such a handsome young man my godson

turned out to be... and now... my son-in-law."

Together with the general, their party left for Ethan and Samantha's home. It was during the car ride where Sarah revealed t o the couple how she was kept by Blake Taylor.

Blake had a complete medical record of Sarah, starting from when she remained i n a coma for ten months. She was placed under the care of a private hospital, fueled by Blake's money, in order to keep Sarah's confinement a secret.

"I woke up with a very vague memory," told Sarah. "At first, I had visions of myself with you, Sami - I mean, Sam."

Smiling at Samantha, Sarah corrected herself, "Your father tells me, you go by Sam now."

"It's fine, Mom. Either is fine," answered Samantha.

"Anyway, the doctors immediately prescribe me these medications and my visions went away in a month's time," told Sarah with a frown. "But I found it

strange. Because at least, without the medication, I seem to be somebody. With i t, I was totally nobody."

"Still, despite my doubt, I took the medication, thinking that it would do me good," revealed Sarah with a regretful expression. "During that time, I was made to believe that I was Elizabeth Taylor, Blake's wife."

"After taking the medication for more than a year, I started forgetting even my new memories, the one with Blake." She scoffed before adding, "I did not have many memories with Blake since I was battling my identity and I often stayed away from him. And he always had me locked up, saying that it was not safe for me to get away."

She closed her eyes, thinking about the painful memories, and she remained silent for seconds.

"Until such time that we moved to Jansu island. There was a time when a big storm had hit the city and no one could travel outside the island." Sarah's eyes narrowed, thinking about how she

realized the medication she was taking was not for the best. She told, "I had no medication for more than a month and in that very short amount of time, I dreamed of Sam again."

"I decided not to take the capsules he was giving me and see where it goes. Besides, back then, I concluded, if I was his wife, why was I being kept as a prisoner?"

Sarah added with a frown.

A tear fell down Sarah's face when she resumed her thoughts, "Little by little, I get more visions. Sometimes, voices in m y head of people calling me, Sarah."

As Sarah told of her story, it granted for Samantha to weep again, making use of the boxes of tissues Ethan had prepared for her. Both Samantha and Sarah had a box each for them to make use of.

"But as my memory came back to me."
Sarah paused, feeling heartbroken once
again. She gasped repeatedly before
resuming, "I was faced with another pain
in my chest. I felt the longing, knowing –
knowing you were out there, Sam."

"For years, I – I had you on my mind,
Sam. It – it was so hard – it was so hard,"
told Sarah while sniffing her tears away.
She sighed dramatically before
proceeding, "But there was nothing I
could do. I feared for my life. I feared for
what Blake would do if he ever finds out
that I got my memories back."

"At least, by having a blank memory, he could not demand anything from me, like affection - Oh, god, did he try so many times." Her lips trembled as she shared, "Sometimes, I acted to be sick just so he would leave me alone."

That part of Sarah's tale made Winfield clenched his hand into a fist. He sat next to his wife, listening to her tale. He took a deep breath, envisioning himself making a punching bag out of Blake.

He started recalling the times before Sarah disappeared. He recalled how Blake was always admiring Sarah for her actions, being quite similar to Elizabeth. Back then, he only saw it as Blake's longing for his wife.

He never imagined that Blake would take his appreciation for Sarah to such a degree; to the point where he would keep Sarah for himself.

If Blake only returned Sarah to her family, Winfield would not have remarried. If Blake reported the crimes of Catherine, the latter would have already been imprisoned years back.

With his voice breaking in and out, Winfield promised, "I will make sure he gets what he deserves, Sarah. Again, I am so sorry."

"Anything you need help with father, I can always lend a hand," told Ethan. He raised his chin at Winfield and revealed, " For starters, I have already determined who the Taylors are in business with. They will easily lose their investors in a week's time. We need to make sure we cut the source of his strength and that is his family's money."

"Thank you, Ethan. You are as efficient as always," acknowledged Winfield.

"I will do anything for Sam and her

family. Besides, we are... a family now," Ethan answered.

The words of Ethan made Sarah smile. She said, "You learned a lot from your mother. I am so proud of Amanda and Daniel for having raised you well, Ethan."

"Thank you, mother." Ethan smiled and admitted, "I could not ask for better parents than what I already have."

Arriving at the mansion was no less drama. It was Diana's turn to be blown away, seeing her sister alive and well.

The same could be said with Matilda Davis.

The number of tears that was shed that evening was immeasurable, but at the same time, everyone, especially Samantha and Winfield, was relieved that Sarah was already back in their lives.

Sarah was especially delighted, meeting her two beautiful grandchildren for the first time.

Later that evening, Samantha returned to the master bedroom.

She saw the smirk on his face that she knew what her husband was asking for. She smiled and said, "Ethan, I love you to death... but I want to sleep with Mom tonight."

Samantha saw how the smile on his face receded. She chuckled as she explained, "Dad, went back to the military camp." She took a deep breath and clarified, "Mom is still not accepting of the fact that he married Catherine. So it's going to take a while."

She walked to Ethan and sat on the bed. She pecked on his lips and told, "Mom, needs somebody right now. You understand, right?"

Ethan stole another kiss from his wife before telling, "I understand, Sam. Go ahead and stay with mother." He sighed and ordered, "Why don't you tell the kids to come and join me to sleep... I – am no longer used to sleeping alone."

Chuckling, Samantha embraced Ethan tight and said, "Thank you, Ethan. Thank you for everything. I love you so much and I thank God every day you came into my life."

"Tomorrow, morning though, since it's the day before Christmas, I expect you to stay with me for at least four hours," Ethan closed with tightening eyes.

Samantha's face burned while letting go o f her husband. She said, "Okay. Tomorrow."

Chapter 78: Four Hours

"Hmmm." Ethan's forehead creased, feeling a strange yet thrilling sensation in between his thighs. He thought he was dreaming, but after fluttering his eyes open, he saw a figure beneath the blanket below him.

"Aaaahh." A soft moan escaped his lips as he threw his head back. He felt lips surrounding his bare manhood and slender hands circling his girth.

He puffed his cheeks, reaching for the blanket. He uncovered himself and found his wife, already eating him.

His eyes narrowed, realizing how Samantha had already bathed. She was in her silk robe and her hair still wet from her shower.

A hiss left Ethan's lips as his handsome face turned frail. He was amused, watching Samantha looking up to him while her cheeks hollowed.

He looked around and realize that he was alone. He asked, "Where - where are the kids, honey?"

Letting go with a pop, Samantha palmed Ethan gently before answering, "They are with, mom."

Samantha quickly returned to sucking on his rod, further tightening the wrap around his erection. She herself moaned a s she savored his flavor.

Slurping her tongue around his shaft, Samantha delighted in the softness of Ethan's skin. She enjoyed bobbing against his member, and she knew her husband loved it too.

"Damn, Sam. That feels good," Ethan could not help but curse.

He raised himself up, appreciating how her lips beautifully caved around his erection.

The next thing he saw further increased his arousal as Samantha let go, licking on her own lips.

Ethan wound up narrowing his eyes as Samantha licked him, starting from his nuts and slowly going up to the head of his member.

"Aaaahh... Yeah." He inhaled deeply, seeing how Samantha was swirling her tongue around his mushroom tip, tasting it like candy.

"Sam, come to me." Ethan's eyes nearly closed as he requested, "I want to taste you too... Take off your robe, hon."

Ethan's suggestion made Samantha flush. The thought of them tasting each other at the same time utterly blew her mind, but while she was taken aback, the idea thoroughly gave her tingles in between her thighs.

She slowly removed her robe, showing off nothing but a sexy thong underwear.

Another hiss left Ethan's lips, seeing his wife's sexy body, and he thought she looked absolutely inviting in a black thong underwear.

He also eagerly removed his shirt and his pajamas and threw them down to the floor. Only then did he return to lying on his back, waiting for his wife to act next.

Flaunting her gorgeous two-round flesh t o Ethan, Samantha faced his angry rod. She gulped repeatedly, ashamed of getting exposed that way for her husband.

However, when she felt his fingers touch her peach beneath her thong, she let out a n erotic moan. All the more, when he held her bottom cheeks and reached for her clit. "Oh, god! Ethan - Aaah! Mmmmm."

She closed her eyes, savoring the feeling of his warm tongue lathering against her entrance. "Hon, I love it!"

While her husband pleased her down there, Samantha's eyes turned dreamy and there was nowhere else where she could release all the tension but the hard stick in front of her.

She aggressively reached for his manhood. For a second, she palmed his length before finally putting it inside her mouth.

Ethan's member was as hard as a rock. The thought of them eating each other was just too arousing.

He especially enjoyed tasting his wife's freshly bathed peach. He earnestly flickered his tongue against her clit while sometimes licking her from the tip of her rose, all the way to her hole. He merely slid her thong to the side, allowing him good access to her entrance.

"Sam - Fuck, you taste so good," expressed Ethan. He only took a breather before diving back into Samantha's pinkish rose. He especially liked the fact that she had clean-shaved her bottom lips.

With both of them holding such an erotic position, earnestly tasting each other, it did not take long for Samantha to arrive a taconclusion.

"Aaahh... Ethan, I'm - Aaahhh!" Her hips twitched, nearly clamping her legs. Yet, despite having orgasmed, Ethan remained to devour her.

Samantha's face turned tomato red, realizing how Ethan was sucking on her love juice. She tried to raise her hips, but Ethan would not let her.

Letting go of her desires, she wound up getting up and squirming her entrance against her husband's mouth.

As Ethan slid down and got up, Samantha remained to catch her breath. She was completely elated by what her husband had done.

Still drowned in euphoria, Samantha felt her body being adjusted in Ethan's strong arms. He turned her sideways, separating her legs in an alluring pose.

This time, Ethan played with himself, just watching his wife's sexy frame, wearing an utterly inviting thong.

"My wife is so hot," he remarked before biting his lips.

With knees apart, he moved closer, pulling up Samantha's thong up to one of her bottom cheek. He asked, "honey, you took a pill right?"

"Umm... Yeah, put it in... now," Samantha said shyly. Her insides were still pulsating, and she wanted nothing more than to feel being filled by Ethan.

A smirk became painted on Ethan's face. He held up his member and pointed it directly to her pinkish hole.

After raising her hips, he slowly pushed his manhood inside of her, sighing at the same time. "Yeah, you feel so good, Sam."

Practically sitting on her legs, Ethan moved his hips back and forth, lusting on how his manhood went in and out of Samantha's peach. For seconds, his eyes were glued at how her rose caved around his stick, giving him a healthy glow.

He spread her two-round flesh apart, giving him a better view, and said, "I want to keep making love to my wife."

Leaning forward, Ethan carried his weight, pounding his manhood against Samantha's entrance. He repeatedly gasped while creating that loud and smacking sound of their flesh.

Ethan frequently reached for Samantha's breasts as he pounced on her while sometimes pecking on her back and face.

Minutes into moving back and forth, he pleaded, "Kiss me, Sam. Kiss me."

With difficulty, Samantha further raised her torso to kiss on Ethan's lips. She relished on his manly flavor, thrusting her tongue out for him to eat.

Their hot make-out further encouraged Ethan to pump even faster and as they kissed, more erotic melodies filled the four corners of their room.

The slapping of their flesh became louder and louder!

Their bodies glowed in sweat!

Samantha could not help but cry in pleasure at each breather she took. As she felt herself bouncing, getting pushed forward into the headboard of their bed, she demanded, "Harder, Ethan... harder!"

"Oh, fuck." That was all Ethan could say. He meant to do it either way. He was just... waiting for the right moment.

Soon enough, Ethan was thrusting three times per second.

Samantha ended up faced down on the bed as Ethan sped his pumping.

"Oh, god, Ethan! Yes! Yes!" Samantha screamed, unable to hold the desires of her heart.

"I'm coming, Sam! I'm coming!"
Announced Ethan.

"Ahhh!" With Ethan's persistent pumping behind his wife, they both came together, roaring their satisfaction inside the master bedroom.

Ethan pushed against Samantha's entrance so forcefully that she ended up reaching the headboard, merely pushing herself away with her hands.

The man wound up pushing three more times before crashing into Samantha's body and wrapping his arms around her.

He flipped her over, easily finding her lips and relishing in another passionate kiss.

As they made out, Ethan failed not to fondle her breasts, giving them gentle caresses.

After letting go, Ethan said, "Another round?" His eyes narrowed and told, "
I'm still so hard. Four hours, remember?"

"Mmmmm." Samantha's eyes were still dreamy, having come for the second time that day. She gasped and said, "Why not."

Four Hours after.

"Hey, Mommy, Daddy, you did not join us for breakfast," told Kenzie during their lunch.

Samantha and Ethan walked into the dining table half an hour past eleven in the morning, both were incredibly hungry.

"Mommy, why are you walking weird," Kyle probed, seeing how Samantha was holding on to Ethan, limping.

"Ummm." Samantha flushed. She eyed for her mother's reaction, including her aunt and grandma Matilda.

"We were exercising, Kyle. Mommy got tired of our exercise," told Ethan before pulling up a chair for his wife.

"Ooh!" Both Kenzie and Kyle reacted.

"You should be careful, Mommy," said Kenzie.

Samantha's face burned as she answered, "Tell that to Daddy." 2

The grandparents in the room wound up laughing and Sarah could not help but remark, "I guess, I will see another grandchild soon. I'd love to take care of one."

Chapter 79: Best Christmas and Birthday

"Grandma, is grandpa Winfield coming tonight? It's Christmas, and it's our birthday! He should come here, right?" Kenzie asked Sarah while she was baking i n the kitchen.

It was already four in the afternoon and Kenzie wondered why her grandpa Winfield was not around when her grandma Sarah and Matilda were staying with them.

Since that morning, Sarah spent her time, making treats for their Christmas Eve dinner. Samantha only joined in after lunch, following her morning exercise with her husband. ²

Hearing Kenzie looking for Winfield, Sarah glanced at Samantha, and they both locked eyes for a second, deciding who would answer.

It was Samantha who turned to Kenzie and revealed, "I think grandpa will be here to give you your gifts, Kenzie. I'll call him to be sure that he comes over."

"Okay, Mommy." Kenzie swayed her body before asking, "Can I have two pieces of cookies, please? One for me and one for Kyle."

Sarah chuckled and took two newly baked cookies, putting them on a plate. She gave it to Kenzie and said, "Of course, sweetie! Here. Enjoy!"

"Thank you, grandma," said Kenzie with twinkling eyes.

For some time, Kenzie just stood there, holding her plate. She kept smiling at Sarah before proposing, "You are not in a fight with grandpa, are you, grandma?"

Yet again, Samantha and Sarah looked at each other. It made Sarah flicker her eyes before she answered, "No. No, sweetie."

Sarah leveled with Kenzie and smiled. She caressed her cheeks and said, " Grandpa and I are not in a fight."

"Then, can grandpa stay for Christmas Eve dinner too?" Kenzie asked with a beaming smile.

It made Sarah felt a lump in her throat. She forced a smile and said, "Of course, grandpa should."

After seeing Kenzie go, Samantha halted her work. She asked the maids to give them a moment and only then did she tell her mother, "Mom, I know it's painful and I know that Dad made so many mistakes."

Sarah gazed at Samantha, knowing where the conversation was going.

"For a long time, I was... angry with Dad,
" added Sam. "But after we made up, it
made me realize how far better it was to b
e acknowledged by him again. I just felt
like, I lost so many years with him that I
decided, there should be no more time for
anger and hate."

"I know it's not for me to determine, but I hope you'll consider it, Mom," Samantha closed with a smile.

Sarah became teary-eyed. She smiled at Samantha and said, "You have certainly grown young lady." She chuckled before admitting, "I just need more time, but of

course, we should invite your Dad. He can't be lonely on Christmas Eve."

"Thanks, Mom," said Samantha.

It was already past nine in the evening when Winfield came to the mansion and like Samantha told; he brought gifts for everyone, especially the kids.

Winfield particularly bought four gifts for each of the children!

"Wow! Can I open this now, grandpa? This is so many!" Kyle asked after receiving his gifts.

"And mine too?" Kenzie echoed, bouncing in her stance.

"No. No." Samantha interrupted, chuckling by the sofa with her children's eagerness. "All Christmas gifts will be opened at midnight." She widened her eyes before adding, "The same could be said with your birthday gifts."

The two kids wrinkled their noses in dismay. It was the first Christmas where

they received so many gifts and love from their own family, and they were just utterly excited.

Ethan, who was sitting next to Samantha, warned, "What do you say to your, Mommy, kids?"

With a heavy sigh, both said in unison, "Okay, Mommy."

Kenzie and Kyle weakly strode towards the Christmas tree, placing the gifts under the tree.

Walking out from the dining area,
Matilda called for Winfield, "Son, it's
good to see you. Please stay with us
tonight." Matilda turned to Samantha
and asked, "Is that alright, Sam?"

"Yes, Dad. Actually, I meant to invite you. You should stay with us for Christmas." Samantha turned to Ethan and seeing him nod, she added, "We have plenty of rooms."

"It would be nice for all of us to be a family this celebration, especially the Davises," suggested Ethan. "This would b e Samantha's first in a long time to be

with you and mother. Besides, father, you can't be lonely on Christmas."

Winfield smiled. His eyes somehow searched for his wife. After realizing how Sarah did not even come out to see him, he reluctantly answered, "Thank you for the invitation, but it's fine. I can join the military Christmas party and I won't be that lonely either way."

He checked his watch and said, "I'll just stay until eleven in the evening before leaving."

"Dad, please," Samantha pleaded. "I would really love it if you stay."

"Winfield, this the first time we have had Christmas together with Sam after six years. Please, stay," Matilda pleaded, finding her seat next to her son while aiding herself with a shaft.

"Stay with us, grandpa," Kenzie urged.

"Is grandpa going to leave? Why?" Kyle inquired, walking next to Winfield. His innocent self asked, "Do you still hate us?

The question made Winfield lean back. He did not expect that coming from Kyle.

Samantha had to explain, "Um. Sorry, Dad. It was a misconception, having not seen you for so long."

Winfield raised his finger and answered, " It's okay, Sam. I understand."

Turning to Kyle, Winfield explained, "
Kyle, no. I don't hate you. I love you and
Kenzie. Remember, I promised that I
would be here for you as your grandfather
moving forward. Grandpa just has some
other activities in the military that I need t
o take care of - "

"Winfield." Everyone turned to find Sarah, walking out with Diana. They had both come out from the kitchen, preparing for that evening's dinner.

Sarah strolled closer to the gathering, standing behind Samantha. She forced a smile and suggested, "You should stay... Let's be a family to Sam and the kids, something we both had not been able to do so for years."

Silence filled the space, and even the children seem to know what was going on. Everyone's eyes were shifting between Winfield and Sarah, waiting for the general's response.

"I'd - I'd hate to impose," Winfield answered, shaking his head.

Samantha automatically reached for Sarah's hand, giving her mother the cue.

Clearing her throat, Sarah said, "I'd like i t... if you stay. Prove to me that you... you are putting your family first."

Winfield took a deep breath. He smiled, nearly teary-eyed, and said, "I'd - I'd love to stay."

Heartbeats later.

The hours before Christmas eve were filled with joy and laughter as the family sang together, with a Karaoke prepared i n the living room.

Kenzie was the star of the night, singing plentiful Kpop songs. Samantha and

Ethan, on the other hand, shared a duet together.

When the clock struck twelve, the family came out to the garden where Edgar and Connor prepared a beautiful fireworks display.

They were all bedazzled at the glittering skies, and the twins were especially elated. They looked at each other with huge grins on their faces.

"Kyle, this is the best Christmas and Birthday ever! Happy birthday!" Greeted Kenzie

"Happy birthday too, Kenzie! I know. I a m so happy today too," answered Kyle while reaching to hold his sister's hand.

Standing behind the twins, Samantha became teary-eyed. While holding Ethan's hand, she leaned on his shoulders and revealed, "Ethan, I am so happy today."

Ethan turned to Samantha and wiped the wetness on her face. He pecked on her forehead and said, "Now, with me. Every day, you should be happy."

Chapter 80: Dream Wedding

"Held at the most iconic and historical cathedral, here in Braeton City. Today is probably the most eventful celebration of the year." An announcer stood outside the huge pillars of the grand cathedral, holding a microphone while reporting in front of the camera, live on television. She told, "We can only give you the preevent videos, but the empty halls in its vast decors are good enough to make you tell; this is one of the grandest weddings held in Braeton!"

The reporter grinned before announcing,
"Yes, that is right. Today, the Wrights
open up to the city, allowing us to give the
citizens of Braeton a live coverage before
the wedding." Walking a few steps to the
center of the wide stairs, standing behind
the great cathedral entrance, the reporter
added, "Today is the wedding of the great
Ethan Wright and his wife, Samantha
Davis Wright!"

Many intrigued individuals watched the live broadcast that day as Channel 6 News took the city inside the newly decorated

historical cathedral.

Entering the wooden antic doors, reaching nearly twenty feet high, everyone could see the stone pillars standing on the sides.

From the entrance, a gold carpet was already prepared for when the bride would walk into the ceremony area.

Standing every two meters on each side of the carpet, castle guards in uniform stood straight, expressionlessly, holding a sword, faced down, in their hands.

"Just entering the place, I am already getting the feel of the couple's theme," the reporter said to the camera. "Looking around, you can see the ushers – even the women in royal attire. Even the famous wedding planner in the city, Cassandra Smith, is in royal bruxel attire."

Nodding her head to the cameras, she confirmed, "Clearly, the couple has a castle-themed wedding going on and in the next hour... the king and queen of the city will soon be wed right in this very spot."

From inside the cathedral, the cameramen showed off the place's beautiful stone walls, high ceilings, and arched window frames.

Added pillars were placed to the sides, giving it that more castle effect theme inside the classic cathedral.

The same pillars were generously decorated with flowers on top. Vines flowed down from the gathering of peach roses and apricot carnations. Moreover, wisteria flowers of white and pink flowed down from the pillars together with the vines.

Looking above, the high ceilings were equipped with gigantic chandeliers, flowing six feet down of gleaming crystals.

As guests were starting to arrive, the reporter had to exit the cathedral. Ethan only agreed to media coverage before the wedding itself. Thus, the reporter closed that portion of the coverage, saying, "So beautiful, so heavenly and so royalty... It's every girl's dream wedding! Stay tuned for our coverage of the wedding

party venue! Coming up in just a few hours."

While the cathedral was being filled with visitors, and as the entourage prepare to enter, Samantha and Winfield were being driven by Edgar.

Minutes away, Winfield readily placed his daughter's hand around his arm and said, "You are already married. I'm not supposed to feel teary-eyed, but I feel like I am losing you again. I can't believe I'm really walking you down the aisle."

Samantha had been feeling nervous since putting on her gown. Hearing her father say such words made her cry. She answered, "I can't believe it, either, Dad. I feel like I'm in dreamland."

"Shhh. Careful with those tears."
Winfield helped wipe his daughter's
tears, going beneath her veil. "Your
makeup will get ruined."

After settling the emotions of his daughter, Winfield said, "You look so

beautiful, Sam. Ethan is lucky to have you.

Samantha chuckled before answering, "Thanks, Dad."

"I have already applied for early retirement, by the way. I wanted you to know that," revealed Winfield.

"Why, Dad?" Samantha asked with a frown. "Are you already tired?"

"No." With a sigh, Winfield revealed, "
Because of my relentless chasing of the
general post, I lost my family. What good i
s being a general if I can't spend time
with you and Sarah?"

"Now, more than ever, I need to be around for your mother," added Winfield.

Over the past two weeks since the Christmas celebration, Winfield had been visiting Sarah in Samantha's home.

While Matilda had returned to Winfield's home, back at the military base, Sarah remained to be in the couple's side, recuperating from the emotional trauma of having been locked up for so long and

trying to forget the pain of Winfield marrying another woman.

Samantha let out a wide smile. Her eyes glittered as she said, "I think... That's a great idea, Dad." She held her father's hand and added, "And I think... It's really great that you are on speaking terms now."

"It's time maybe to pursue, Mom again, Dad," suggested Samantha with a smirk.

"Mmmm. I have been trying, but I'm not i n a hurry. I still pray that your mother will return my affection one day," revealed Winfield.

Putting an arm around Samantha, Winfield said, "But enough about me." H e looked out the window and said, "We are here."

From several meters away, the entire cathedral surroundings were guarded by the military. Only visitors were allowed the fenced area, ensuring privacy for the couple's special day.

Outside the huge wooden door, the

wedding planner's team was ready to receive Samantha.

Letting out a sigh, Samantha said, "This i s it, Dad."

"This is it," answered Winfield.

"Congratulations again, Mrs. Wright," greeted Edgar.

From inside the cathedral, the entourage had begun to march down the aisle.

Kenzie being the lead flower girl, happily spread flower petals against the golden carpet. She smiled, looking at the front, seeing her Daddy, standing tall.

Kyle already had his turn, carrying the most important part of the wedding; the rings.

They were all marching down to an instrumental tune of 'A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes.'

When everyone else had taken their seats, the door closed slowly, turning off the lights from the backend of the Cathedral.

The music remained dreamy, where a string band remained to play the same tune repeatedly.

Everyone turned to the door, eager to see Samantha finally walk down the aisle with her father, General Winfield Davis.

Soon, smoke came out from well-hidden smoke machines and the royal guards raised their swords, giving Samantha that dreamy entrance she deserved.

At the very front, Ethan did not know why, but he was feeling tense altogether. He maintained to put his hand on his chest, waiting to see his wife.

As the door further opened, the light began to seep through. Finally, he could see Samantha's figure bowing down in her wedding dress, completely covered with a glittering veil.

Samantha had a ballroom wedding gown. Her skirt flowed like a balloon around her legs while her top hugged her torso perfectly.

She had a v-neck top, embedded with sparkling crystals all over and her sleeves were capped, just covering enough of her shoulders.

The skirt of her dress had a leaf-lace pattern and like her top, it was also embroidered with crystals generously.

Above her head, she wore a princess crown with real diamonds to add to her shine. Her hair was pulled back, with only a few strands falling off her delicate face.

In her hand, she held a beautiful white lily bouquet that had a tinge of peach flowers in between. 5

Soon, the instrumental music repeated, but this time, a famous singer sang along with the tune.

~"A dream is a wish your heart makes

When you're fast asleep

In dreams you will lose your heartaches

Whatever you wish for, you keep"~

Only after the lyrics came about, did Samantha started her long walk together with her father, holding her arm.

As the song progressed, Samantha only had eyes on Ethan, standing meters away from her. She smiled while feeling the corner of her eyes water.

Samantha thought Ethan looked incredibly handsome in his black royal suit.

Soon enough, she found herself standing close to Ethan just as the song came to a close.

~"No matter how your heart is grieving

If you keep on believing

The dream that you wish will come true."

~ 0

Samantha pursed her lips, looking at Ethan's athletic face, and muttered inwardly, 'Yes, dreams do come true.'

Chapter 81: Heavenly Vows

On one side of the cathedral, three violinists, one playing the cello, and a pianist gave life to the beautiful melody o f "A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes."

A famous singer stood in front of them, clothed in a peach royal dress, held up a microphone in her hand, singing the lyrics.

The wonderful combination of the instrumental tunes plus the vocals echoed throughout the halls of the cathedral, touching the hearts of everyone that came for Ethan and Samantha's wedding.

The music was loud, yet gave them a sense of dream, as if they could see through the passion in the couple's eyes.

All those who were standing on the sides, watching Samantha, had nothing but smiles on their faces. Some were in tears, touched by her grand entrance.

As the music roared against the high walls, Ethan's eyes gleamed, just watching Samantha walked down the

aisle with her father.

His lips curved into a smile, seeing past her veil. He could see Samantha's elegant face and he thought, his wife was so beautiful.

His heart could not help but race that he placed a hand on his chest.

Towards the end of the song, the music further roared, and it made Ethan looked back to his old self. He never dreamed of getting married. Heck, he never understood why women liked princess stories, to begin with.

Never did it cross his mind, but with Samantha, it felt so right and well deserved. He wanted to make his wife feel she was more than just a princess; she was his queen.

~"Have faith in your dreams and someday

Your rainbow will come smiling through

No matter how your heart is grieving

If you keep on believing

The dream that you wish will come true"~

Ethan took a deep breath, seeing how
Samantha was now greeting his parents
and kissing his mother's cheek. He
stretched his hand towards Samantha
and said, "My wife, you look like the most
beautiful queen in the world... and you are
mine."

There was no helping it, Ethan felt the emotions coming from Samantha.

Samantha wound up hugging Ethan, savoring his manly scent. She answered, " We've only just begun, but I am so happy.

"Sam, it's time." Sarah reminded, smiling at her from behind.

Samantha had to let go, sniffing her tears while looking around. She happily waved at her children, seated in the front row with her aunt Diana.

She blew them a kiss, and the twins kissed back, waving at her.

Only then did Samantha and Ethan finally take their royal seats in front of the priest.

The ceremony went by smoothly, with words of wisdom coming from the officiant. The entire time, Sam and Ethan held each other's hand.

"On how a couple would cross paths, it is not due to cupid, nor is it an accident," announced the officiant while smiling.

The preacher was a personal choice of Amanda, wanting it to be more personal.

The priest raised his hand to everyone and revealed, "Fate brought you together. The heavens had long planned your meeting. Even before you had planned this wedding, the heavens have already marked your calendar."

"And now that you are married, many more of God's plan will unravel. Be happy! Be excited! For many beautiful plans await a happy and committed couple. All you need to remember is to remain strong and faithful to your marriage vows."

"Sam and Ethan, I can see through the glow in your faces; the twinkling in your

eyes how much you love each other and the heavens will further bless you with wonderful memories to come as a married couple, but along the way, you will also be tested!"

"To overcome your trials, always look back to this day - to your vows and the love you have for each other. Let nothing stand in your way."

The officiant smiled in delight, watching the couple before he concluded, "Sam and Ethan, I can see your preparedness through the storm and all I can say is to wish you well. Congratulations on your wedding day."

While everyone clapped their hands, praising the wonderful preach the officiant shared, Samantha looked at Ethan and said, "It does feel like fate brought us together."

Ethan placed a hand on Samantha's back. He leaned over and answered, "Perhaps. I'm just glad I found you, Sam."

Heartbeats later, it was finally time for Samantha and Ethan to share their vows i

n front of the crowd.

Samantha started first, holding up a piece of paper in her hand.

With an usher, holding a microphone for her, she smiled before finally saying, " Ethan, my husband... You are... my knight in shining armor... You saved me in times of need and even when I did not know it was you."

A tear fell down her cheek that Samantha gasped. She forced a smile, looking into Ethan's dark brown eyes. She appreciated the intensity of his gaze before resuming, "You gave me the best family - two beautiful children whom I truly love and adore. You are a great father, loving and absolutely a good provider."

She chuckled at her latest words, and so did the crowd. There was no doubt about i t, Ethan was after all the richest man in the city.

"You filled my heart with so much joy and every previous pain and endeavors I have gone through was nothing compared to the overwhelming

pampering you gave me and our children.

"Samantha took a deep breath before
finally giving her promises, "As your
wife, I swear to love you forever and
support you in your dreams and
aspirations. I will be your comfort in
times of weariness. I will be the strength
behind your back, your passion igniter,
and together with our children, I will be
your home."

Sniffing her tears away, Samantha closed, "I, Samantha Davis, take thee, Ethan Wright, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part."

The mothers, Sarah and Amanda wept, following Samantha's vow. Even Matilda was teary-eyed looking from the front rows.

When it was Ethan's time to give his vow, the entire Cathedral suddenly went silent. Everyone was eager to know how the great Ethan Wright would express his love and promise to his wife.

With the microphone up to Ethan's face, he said, "Sam, as you know. I am a man of few words."

Samantha smiled. Somehow, she knew that was the start of his line.

"You and our children are my life and I swear on my own, I will love you, protect you and give you all the happiness that I could shower you with," Ethan resumed. "You make me the best version of myself, and I promise to support you during your weakest hours and during your shining moments."

"With your hand in mine, I can do anything. And I promise to hold your hand while we conquer this world together."

Taking a deep breath, Ethan closed, "I, Ethan Wright, take thee, Samantha Davis, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, forever richer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death do us part."

"I want to make it clear, that with a hardworking husband such as myself, we are never going poor," said Ethan with a smirk.

His last lines granted a laugh around the cathedral before he finally said, "I love you, Sam. Thank you for coming into my life."

For a man of a few words, Ethan sure made an impact.

The guests, especially his parents, were s o proud of his promise to Samantha.

Following their heavenly vows, the couple was finally ready to kiss each other in front of everyone.

With the officiant raising his hand, he announced, "I now pronounce you, husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Gently, Ethan raised Samantha's veil. He smiled, seeing the glow on his wife's face. He caressed her cheeks and looked down a t her succulent lips. He said, "lips for now, tomorrow... it's a honeymoon."

Samantha wound up chuckling as she received the kiss from Ethan. They relished on a quick, yet emotional kiss in front of the crowd.

The couple easily wrapped their arms around each other, looking intensely into their eyes. Samantha said, "I love you, Ethan Wright."

With narrowing eyes, Ethan teased, "Do you want to skip the reception and stay in our room?"

Chapter 82: A Whole New World

"Channel 6 is back to you live, now at the First Diamond Hotel where all of the restaurants are closed for today. Their entire kitchen staff is dedicating their time to serve the visitors of the Wrights for this very special occasion," announced the reporter as she took steps back, showing the two restaurants next to each other.

"The entire hotel is fully booked with friends and family, attending the wedding, and a few who got pretty lucky, booking their rooms in advance." the reporter winked at the camera and told, "They will get to see most of the prominent people in the wedding, especially the Wright Family."

The news lady walked back to the lobby where many of the soldiers stood guard around. She turned to face the very front of the space and pointed to the light reflected on the floor. She said, "See that? It's E and S. The couple had that custom made, reflecting the symbol of their names through the lights above right

when you enter the hotel's main entrance. " $\frac{1}{2}$

"And if you look up, you can see a huge framed photo of the couple with their kids, hanging in midair," added the reporter. Her eyes expressed adoration before she spoke, "Clearly, they are all beautiful... What a wonderful family!"

"Everywhere you see, you can feel that castle vibe. Every usher and even the hotel employees are all dressed for the occasion – as royal guards of aids," the reporter said while making her way to the lift. The entire time, the cameramen followed her around.

With a smile, she said, "Now, for the best part. Let's see the venue of the couple's reception!"

On the second floor, all three conference rooms were combined for the wedding party of Ethan and Samantha.

Like the cathedral, the doors were guarded by royal guards.

The biggest wooden door served as the

main entrance for the event opened up for the media as they take videos of the venue.

On the sides, the walls were surrounded by high backdrop decors, painted and giving the effect of castle walls.

Curtains flowed down from the ceiling, giving it that elegant look.

Pillars were placed now and then, standing tall in between rows. Peach and pink followers gathered at the top before vines and wisteria blooms draped down.

Looking up to the high ceilings, several crystal chandeliers hang from above, distancing between ten to fifteen meters apart. Around them were white and peach wisteria flowers hanging from the top.

"Wow!" Exclaimed the reporter. She took a deep breath while facing the camera and closed her eyes. "Everywhere you go, you can smell the flowers. That sweet delicious scent just fills your nostrils!"

Pointing to the main stage, she said, " Here, we have a huge LED screen,

showing pictures of the couple and some family pictures, including the kids. It's very clear how they love their children."

The LED screen essentially reached thirty –feet high, clearly showing off Samantha and Ethan's pre–nuptial pictures.

To the left was a ten-feet white cake, decorated with peach and pink edible roses, and dotted with golden pears.

To the right was the band, already setting up for the event.

Looking around the tables, the reporter announced, "And just look at the custommade silverware. They are all gold, including the outer plate."

Aside from the royal utensils, each table had a generous amount of standing flowers as its centerpieces as well as golden candlesticks.

Like the cathedral, the carpet where the couple is to walk is also in the color of gold.

The reporter acted teary-eyed as she remarked, "It's so beautiful. Citizens of

Braeton, I think... no one can beat the Wright couple on their wedding day! It's simply amazing!"

"Well, my job is done here! I wish I could show you more, but our exclusive is only limited to showing you the before-party videos. Still, we are happy to bring you the exclusive coverage of Ethan and Samantha Wright's wedding venues! Thank you for joining us!"

After the ceremony at the cathedral, the guests began to arrive at the First Diamond Hotel.

Instantly, wines and canapes were served while waiting for the program to begin.

Live music began to play and at the same time, the couple's prenuptial photos flashed on the LED screen in front of them.

Just like the castle theme, in the photos and videos, Samantha and Ethan, and the kids were all dressed in royal clothes.

Everyone could not help but express their

admiration, especially when the family was all gathered in one photo.

"They are such a beautiful family."

"Ethan and Samantha look good together.

"The boy really looks so much like Mr. Wright."

"The girl is just such a cutie!"

After an hour of munching on canapes and drinking wine, the host stood by the stage and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen. In a few minutes from now, our newly wedded couple will be walking down the aisle. Let's get ready and prepare to be amazed!"

"Let us all welcome, Mr. and Mrs. Wright with their children, Kenzie and Kyle!"

Gradually, the lights dimmed, and soon enough; the band began to play their instruments, playing the same Disney song, A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes.

Out of nowhere, a series of projected lights came out, lighting the crowd against the dimmed venue.

The lights were perceived as small fairies flying around the space.

Everyone wound up looking up and around the place, awed by the moving light.

Soon the set of lights moved to the front, focusing on the LED screen that reflected a pale white background.

A castle suddenly sprung out of the screen and the lights mimicked fireworks around it. Still, fairies remain to fly around the castle, giving that enchanting feeling while watching.

The audience was in awe and while they were gawking at the center; they did not notice how the music repeated its tune and the doors behind them opened.

Kenzie walked in, hand in hand with his brother, Kyle. She held a microphone in her hand and in her cute and small voice; she sang.

"A dream is a wish your heart makes

When you're fast asleep

In dreams you will lose your heartaches

Whatever you wish for, you keep

Have faith in your dreams and someday

Your rainbow will come smiling through

No matter how your heart is grieving

If you keep on believing

The dream that you wish will come true"

Kyle did not sing at all, but he supplied the lyrics for his sister, smiling now and then, and he reminded her.

All the more, the visitors became in astonishment at the togetherness of the twins.

They both walked in on royal clothes.

Kenzie with a princess crown and a ballroom dress while Kyle was in a royal fit.

A spotlight easily followed them as they

walked into the center of the aisle, and only then did the song came to a close.

In the next two seconds, the same projected lights came about again, springing out of nowhere. Around the dimmed walls, everyone could see clouds and skies with stars reflecting against the wisteria flowers, including the huge screen in front of them.

Smoke suddenly came out, especially focusing on the aisle.

The music quickly shifted to a new song. This time, professional singers on the front began to sing 'A Whole New World'.

~"I can show you the world

Shining, shimmering, splendid

Tell me, princess, now when did

You last let your heart decide?"~

From the door, ballerinas came out, thrusting out flower petals on the air.

Behind them were Samantha and Ethan, riding a huge wheeled carpet, covered with a man-made cloud beneath their

feet.

Awwws and ooohhss could be heard across the venue, amazed at the couple's party entrance. Their jaws dropped and their eyes glistened, watching the enchanting couple move past them.

As the song progressed, the dancers aided in carrying Kyle and Kenzie, together with their parents. Eventually, all four of them rode on a magic carpet ride up until the very front.

Upon reaching the frontmost part of the venue, the couple's ride was moved to face the crowd, and they both carried their children in their arms.

With Kenzie holding up a microphone to her mother, Samantha sang, "A whole new world.

That's where we'll be."

While Ethan did not like to sing, he had to. He remained expressionless and his tone was flat as he said the next line, "A thrilling chase."

Samantha sang with her husband with a smile and saw clearly how he glared at everyone in the room as if warning them never to tell he sang on his wedding day. 2 "For you and me."

Chapter 83: I See The Light

"Wow, check out the wedding venue of Ethan Wright and the General's daughter, Samantha!" Exclaimed one soldier who stood guard by the military prison facility, somewhere nearing the east coast.

"Check out the photo man." A hiss left the soldier's lips, and he said, "The general's daughter sure is beautiful. Mr. Wright is so lucky!"

"Yeah. I think it's no wonder why the General never revealed his real daughter. He probably did not want any of his men courting her," a staff sergeant remarked.

The commotion around the facility ignited interest from inside the cell where Annie and Catherine shared with two other temporarily on hold prisoners.

Annie especially peeped through the bars that stood her way, just to get a glimpse o f the broadcast they were watching.

The first thing that caught her eye was the images of Samantha and Ethan's

prenuptial videos flashed on TV. Her brows drew together as her jaws clenched.

Her hands gripped against the prison bars as she screamed in response to the soldier's words, "Haha! Samantha? Hidden by my Dad?! No! You see, she was forsaken! Thrown out of the house!"

An audible laugh escaped her lips before she added, "She got pregnant while in military school that's why she was disowned! You don't know anything!"

Annie continued to laugh, mocking Samantha in the face of the military, hoping to shame her former stepsister.

One staff sergeant walked into the holding area and sneered at Annie. He said, "Really? If the General was so ashamed at his own daughter, why did he have nearly half of the military forces in the Fort Eagle Camp, guard the entire wedding celebration?"

All the soldiers laughed at Annie before one said, "We all know how it all went down! Among the two of you, you are the real whore!"

"Hey did you see the news about the starlet Annie, sleeping with producers and directors?" said one other soldier.

"Yes, most likely, Clayton Brown dumped her! Haha!"

"Even we don't want to try you! You are a dirty woman!"

The next thing Annie heard was the laughter, roaring against the temporary holding space and it made her scream in both jealousy and anger, "No! You dare mock me! You dare! I'm telling you, Samantha is a slut! She is a slut!"

No matter how she screamed, sadly, the soldiers merely laughed at her predicament.

She relentlessly yelled until a slap went across her face!

Her mother, Catherine, gave her a piece of her hand. She yelled, "This is all your fault! You and your plans!"

"Ahhh!" Another slap went across Annie's face.

Catherine pointed a finger at Annie and screamed, "If you had not brought Samantha to Ethan, this would not have happened!" She pushed her daughter with her hand and pointed out, "You should have gotten into that room and became pregnant with Ethan Wright's children, not Sam!"

"Everything up to this point is all your fault!" Catherine added, glaring at her own daughter.

The mother and daughter had been in the same temporary holding facility, up until they were ready to be moved back to Braeton's prison. It was their first time spending Christmas in such a pathetic place.

"My fault! How is this my fault?! What brought us to prison? Huh, Mom? What?" Screamed Annie. "It was your schemes, trying to get Sarah killed, just because you were jealous of her status and you were madly in love with Dad!"

Annie still could not help but address Winfield as her father. After all, she grew up, calling him as her own.

Tears easily ran down her cheeks, realizing how much she had lost.

At least, being a Davis, she had a father.

While Catherine turned to sit back in her place, gritting her teeth, Annie wound up breaking down in tears, squatting down on the floor.

Meanwhile, in the men's prison cell, Blake Taylor perfectly heard the commotion outside. He scoffed, hearing the scolding of both Annie and Catherine.

He stretched in a small given bed for him to lie on and thought of his wife. Closing his eyes, he muttered, "Goodbye, Lizzy. Goodbye."

Back in the wedding of Ethan and Samantha, everyone was enjoying their meals, indulging in the specialties of the First Diamond Hotel's dishes.

The host came up to the stage and announced, "Valued guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, since the photos have already been taken. It is finally time to

witness our couple's first dance."

No, there wasn't going to be a real dance with synchronization. Ethan clearly told the wedding planner he would rather not. The best he could do was to sway with his wife to another Disney tune of I See the Light.

The crowd clapped their hands, seeing how Ethan and Samantha had their arms around each other.

The videographer's particularly focused on their faces, their smiles and the twinkling eyes of Samantha as they start to move to the song.

Samantha could not help but sing along with the lyrics, specifically relating to the words. Softly, she sang.

~"And at last I see the light

And it's like the fog has lifted

And at last I see the light

And it's like the sky is new

And it's warm and real and bright

And the world has somehow shifted

All at once everything looks different

Now that I see you"~

"Ethan, hon." Yet again, she could not help but feel teary-eyed. She said, "I'm so happy you came into my life. You gave me everything and like the lyrics to the song, with you, I see the light."

"Hmmm. Did the wedding planner suggest these Disney songs, or did you?" Ethan said, suddenly smiling at his wife's words.

Samantha laughed and revealed, "No. It was Kenzie's."

"Ahhhh," said Ethan before hissing.

"Come on, Ethan. It was either that or From This Moment by Shania Twain!" she giggled before telling, "I think the Disney songs were cute. Makes me feel young again."

While the couple moved to the song, Ethan tightened his hold against Samantha's waist and said, "I suppose,

what matters most is that you are happy, Sam."

She nodded, and a tear fell down her cheek. She told, "I am so happy, Ethan."
She embraced him tightly as they finished the song and stated, "I love you so much."

Savoring the scent of her hair. Ethan smiled, leaning to the side of her face. He told, "It makes me happy to hear that, Sam. And it's like what I said in our vows earlier. As long as I hold your hand, I can give you all the happiness in the world and conquer any endeavors."

Letting go of their embrace, he pecked on her lips and said, "I love you too, Sam."

It could not be helped. As the song closed, Ethan and Samantha shared a sweet kiss, granting the crowd to further be encouraged.

Amanda especially yelled, "Kiss! Kiss!" She ticked her knife against the glass repeatedly and said, "A five-minute kiss!

The rest of the crowd echoed with her, leaving Ethan and Samantha obliged to agree. Just as they were about to lean closer, Kenzie stood up from her seat and seat, "No! Adults have time limit to a kiss!

While everyone laughed, Ethan hissed and told his wife, "You have to talk to her about that."

Samantha was chuckling, covering her mouth. She said, "I totally forgot! She hasn't complained in a while."

Chapter 84: Kiss The Girl

~"I have often dreamed of a far off place

Where a hero's welcome would be waiting for me

Where the crowds would cheer, when they see my face

And a voice keeps saying this is where I'm meant to be"~

Beneath the spotlight, a man in his military uniform held his daughter's hand and waist.

The proud general Winfield danced with Samantha, slowly moving to another Disney tune of 'I Can Go The Distance.'

As Samantha looked at her father with a smile, resting her hand on his shoulder, she heard Winfield say, "You look so happy, Sam. I've never seen you happier in your life."

Samantha's eyes twinkled. Her smile widened before she admitted, "I am, Dad, but while I am happy, I'd wish you and Mom were okay."

"We are okay," answered Winfield with confidence. He turned to where Sarah was sitting and smiled at her. "She is... at least not avoiding me."

Seconds passed and as the song progressed, Samantha tightened her hold against her father, relaxing her head on his chest. She revealed, "Back in Monroe, I always wondered when we will embrace each other this way."

"I'm so glad we are back to the way it was, Dad," Samantha added, smiling at the crowd, looking in their direction. "It was just a few months ago that I thought this would never happen."

Like Samantha, Winfield held his daughter closer. He shut his eyes while pecking on her forehead. He caressed her golden hair and said, "Sam, I really am sorry for all my mistakes – "

"Dad, we are over this conversation and I accept your shortcomings, the same way you have accepted mine," Samantha interrupted her father's thoughts. "It's not yet too late, Dad, and you have been trying your best - you got Mom back."

Samantha glanced in her mother's direction and saw how Sarah was smiling back at them. She could tell how happy Sarah was about the development of her relationship with her father.

Looking up to Winfield, she said, "After our dance, Dad... you should ask to dance with Mom. Tell her about your plans."

"I plan to," Winfield answered. "Your mother looks so beautiful today."

"And you! You are so handsome in your uniform," encouraged Samantha. "Win her heart again, Dad."

Soon enough, the emcee announced how the dance floor was open for everyone to join in.

Ethan walked back in, seeing how the father and daughter danced had concluded. He took Samantha's hand and sailed along with the crowd.

The song from the Pocahontas movie played; 'If I Never New You.'

While a few of Ethan's relatives, join in the dance, Winfield walked straight to

Sarah, offering his hand. He asked, "Can I have this dance with my wife?"

Sarah wound up looking at her daughter, who only had eyes on her. She saw the encouraging nod coming from Samantha and she smiled.

She understood how Samantha had longed for her and Winfield to get along.

Turning to Winfield, she said, "Sure." 2

Slowly and carefully, Winfield and Sarah danced alongside the couple. They swayed until the end of the song, occasionally looking at each other.

"Nice to see you both dancing," remarked Amanda, dancing with her husband Daniel.

"Mom, Dad. You both look so good together," remarked Samantha, winking at her mother.

Sarah imposed a smile at the suggestion of her daughter, shifting her gaze back to Winfield.

"Remember how we met?" Winfield asked Sarah.

"How could I not," responded Sarah.
Their school was invited to a military
dance festival, and that was how she met
Winfield. Like that time, he asked her for
a dance and she fell madly in love with
him since.

"Sarah, I - I applied for an early retirement," told Winfield. "I wanted to spend more time with you and Sam, considering all the time that we have lost.

Winfield unwittingly pulled Sarah closer t o his torso and said, "If you allow me, I wanted to make up for everything and hope you'll come back to our home."

His eyes were glued to Sarah's blue eyes a s he resumed his thoughts, "I am still your husband and you are my wife. To have and to hold, till death do us part."

The reminder of their vows made Sarah scoff. She asked, "Are you pressuring me?"

"Not at all," Winfield briefly answered. " Just hoping that would make you decide."

They resumed to dance before Winfield

They resumed to dance before Winfield tried again. He softly said, "Sarah, please come back to me."

Sarah's brows knitted. She flickered her eyes before she told, "I was really hurt Winfield. All my life, I only loved you and then I find out you married the woman who had tried to kill me."

"Shhhh." Her words prompted Winfield to embrace her fully, allowing Sarah to rest her face on his chest. He said, "I will forever regret and hate that part of me, Sarah. I badly want to forget about that.... If you let me, we can move on from here."

"Sarah, I still love you. I don't want to talk about Catherine anymore. All I can promise is that she will be dealt with punished with every power I have left before my retirement," he added.

Sarah ended up crying, staining his uniform. She asked unwittingly, "Can everything go back to the way it was?"

"We won't know unless we try, Sarah." Winfield took the chance to press his face against the side of Sarah's face and said, "

Please, Sarah. Don't give up on me."

Sarah's fingers clenched against his back.
She closed her eyes, savoring the scent of her husband. She was suddenly reminded how she always liked a man in uniform.
Moreover, the manly whiff of her husband.

In each song that passed, she thoroughly thought about his request for minutes. She just stayed there, leaning on his chest, thinking deeply.

"Okay," Sarah finally answered. She gradually let go of Winfield's hold and looked up at him. "I'll go back to staying with you... after Sam and Ethan returns from their honeymoon."

Winfield let out a sigh of relief, closing his eyes while he was at it. He pursed his lips and answered, "Thank you, Sarah. Thank you so much."

Without warning, Winfield hugged Sarah again. He was holding her so tight that he could feel the drumming of heart. He repeated, "I promise you won't regret it. I'll make it up to you."

Next to them, Samantha smiled at how her parents embraced. She turned to Ethan, and they both nodded, knowing that Winfield and Sarah are slowly mending their wounds.

While couples were swaying their hips on the dance floor, the music shifted to little mermaid's 'Kiss The Girl.'

It brought giggles around the dance floor, but it was a perfect romantic song to ignite some romance.

~"There you see her

Sitting there across the way

She don't got a lot to say

But there's something about her

And you don't know why

But you're dying to try

You want to kiss the girl"~

Ethan and Samantha eagerly pecked, encouraging the other couples to follow.

Amanda and Daniel did not also hesitate t o share a kiss on the dance floor, making

Sarah feel completely awkward.

When Kyle and Kenzie joined in the dance, they pecked on each other's cheeks, giving a sibling kiss. Only then did Kyle turn to Winfield and Sarah. He asked, "Why does grandpa not kiss grandma?"

"It's just a kiss, grandma," Kenzie said with a smile.

The words of the children made Amanda and Samantha chuckle, but Sarah ended up flushing. She turned her attention back to Winfield, reluctantly looking back into his eyes.

The next thing she saw was her husband leaning forward and for no apparent reason, she froze.

As soon as Winfield's lips touched hers, Sarah felt chills down her spine. It had been too long since she felt her husband's kiss.

When Winfield pulled away, she took a deep breath and just crashed into her husband's chest. She did not know how to react to his kiss. She could not deny it felt good, but she was too ashamed to admit i

She then heard Kenzie say, "See, grandma. It wasn't so bad."

Kenzie smiled then added, "But there is a limit for adults to kiss."

Once again, those who heard Kenzie laughed, and the newly wedded couple shook their heads at their children.

Chapter 85: Honeymoon

"Mommy, are you going to leave us?"

Kenzie asked with pouting lips as they lay
on the bed that night.

It was the evening of Samantha and Ethan's wedding. They had the kids joined them in their hotel room that evening, especially since they were leaving for two weeks on their honeymoon.

Hearing Kenzie's lines, Samantha pouted her lips and answered, "It's only for two weeks, sweetheart."

"Yes, Kenzie, and we still have school," reminded Kyle. "We can't miss school."

"Your uncle Connor and grandma will be with you the whole time. Plus, you'll be busy with your extra class," told Ethan, who was lying on the other side of the bed.

It made Kenzie frown that she said, "But, I want to go on vacation too."

"We will go after the school year,"
promised Ethan. "Where do you want to g
o?"

"Really, Daddy?" Kenzie got up from the mattress with twinkling eyes. "I want to g o to the beach!"

"Okay, we will go to the beach on your school vacation. For now, let Mommy and Daddy have our time alone, okay?" Ethan requested.

"I'm fine with my computer school. I don't need to go to the beach," remarked Kyle. He was the main reason why Ethan decided against taking the kids out in between their studying. Kyle did not like to miss school.

"Kyle sometimes is boring!" Kenzie remarked. Her words granted her a little scolding from her mother.

"No, Kenzie," warned Samantha. "Kyle just has other interest."

"Well, I don't care if I am boring. I am very smart and I'll be the richest man in the city, just like Daddy!" Kyle claimed, crossing his arms against his chest.

The couple wound up laughing, but Ethan closed the conversation for the night, saying, "Remember, Kenzie, each one of u

s is unique. Respect the preference of others, especially your family members."

"Always love each other," reminded Samantha.

With a sigh, Kenzie said, "I'm sorry, Kyle.

"It's okay, Kenzie," answered Kyle, hugging his sister before saying, " Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Kyle." Kenzie looked up to Samantha and said, "Goodnight, Mommy, Daddy. I love you."

The little girl reached for Samantha's cheeks and kissed her mother goodnight. She did the same with her father.

Kyle also followed, pecking on his parent's cheeks and saying goodnight. "I love you, Mom, Dad and Kenzie."

"Goodnight, guys. I love you so much," Samantha responded, giving the children their goodnight kiss.

Ethan did the same, pecking on his children.

After settling down, Ethan studied his wife, cuddling with Kenzie on the opposite side of the bed. He also pulled Kyle closer together before he said, "Goodnight, hon. I love you."

A smile easily became painted on Samantha's face. She just had to get up for a second and reached for her husband's lips. Following a peck, she answered, "Goodnight, hon. I love you too."

Over 24 hours later.

After long hours of flying across the pacific ocean, Samantha and Ethan's private jet already landed in one of the Asian countries, famous for its mountain resorts; Bali.

After landing at the airport, a private luxury car drove them for another four hours before reaching their final destination.

It was exactly as Ethan told about the property. At one in the afternoon, they arrived at jungle resort, perfectly covered

in lush vegetation. The property covered more than two acres of land, yet offering less than fifty villas.

The resort assured not only luxury but privacy for all their guests.

Entering the receiving area, Samantha wound up taking a full turn, just appreciating the surrounding trees.

She could hear nothing but the swaying of greeneries, the air blowing against the leaves and monkeys swinging in between branches. Yet, despite being in the middle of a forest, the resort amenities remained chic.

The furnitures and the decors within the open-air reception area spoke of luxury.

"Wow." Her jaws dropped, appreciating the nature. "It's so beautiful here, Ethan."

Ethan smiled as a response. He placed a hand on Samantha's back before guiding her to a seat. He said, "You'll love our villa even more."

While Ethan was processing their check-in on one of the sofas, they indulged in

freshly prepared cucumber lemon juice and refreshed with a cold towel.

They had lunch at the main restaurant before finally making their way to their honeymoon suite.

As the resort was technically on a mountainside, they descended using a custom-made trolly going to their private villa.

When the couple arrived in front of their villa, Samantha took a step back. Her eyes scanned for another bungalow, but there was absolutely no other within her line of sight. She asked, "Ah, Ethan, what is this?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Wright, my name is Ram. I will be your personal butler for your entire stay." Pointing to the villa, the butler said, "This is your honeymoon suite. Let me take you inside."

With a frown on her face, Samantha remarked, "But... this is a whole house? It's a mansion!"

"Yes, honey. This is our honeymoon suite. Let's go," encouraged Ethan,

grabbing his wife by her hand.

Entering the villa, Samantha's eyes widened. They walked right into the living room that opened up to the jurigle.

Outside the sitting area was a huge private pool, sitting at the edge of the cliff. On top of the huge living room, outside was an equally enormous sun lounge terrace.

When she and Ethan followed the butler around, they were brought to the main bedroom. He said, "This is the bedroom. I t features a view of the forest and the large outdoor shower area."

Samantha's eyes were fixed on the bed decor. Rose petals were scattered around the bed and a bucket of wine and two glasses were ready on the side table. A box of truffles was placed on top of the scattered flowers.

Making her way to the bathroom, her eyes narrowed. Saying the shower area was large was an understatement. It was practically around two hundred square meters in area. It had both an indoor and

outdoor shower area, plus a huge jacuzzi tub that faced the cliffs.

Yet again, Samantha exclaimed, "Oh, my god! This is... this is just amazing!"

While Samantha was already used to the luxury Ethan provided her, the idea of seeing this chic accommodation in the middle of the forest was just too overwhelming.

When their butler was done, giving them the full tour of the villa, a map, and an orientation of the entire property, he left, reminding the couple that he was just a call away, should they need anything from him.

Seeing the doors closed behind them, Ethan turned to Samantha and said, " Let's take a bath first. After which, let's drink wine... Let's have one round of bed action before we rest from an exhausting journey."

Yet again, Samantha's jaws dropped. She flushed before objecting, "How about we rest first?"

"Honey, they had our bed romantically turned down." With a smirk on his face, h e suggested, "We can't disappoint the resort. We have to make use of it."

"How do I have such a horny husband?" Complained Samantha while putting both her hands on her waist.

Ethan grinned, walking closer to her. He answered, "It's okay... because I only have the hots for you." He pecked the side of her cheek and whispered to her ear, "A t least, I only want to make love to my wife and no one else."

Clearing his throat, he reminded, "
Remember, we are... on our honeymoon.
We are expected to act accordingly."

Chapter 86: Healthy Husband

Samantha's hot breath reflected against the glass wall of the shower area, right after feeling Ethan's hand cupping her breast.

She was faced against the glass as Ethan practically groped her.

The couple was still lathered in bath soap, but Ethan's hands were already restless.

"Ethan - Aaaah." A soft moan escaped Samantha's lips as soon as Ethan started tracing kisses on her neck. "I thought we are going to do it in bed?"

A sly grin became painted on Ethan's face. He reached for her peach and played with it with his finger before saying, "
Doesn't mean, we can't start here."

Turning his wife to face him, Ethan held Samantha's elegant face and remarked, " You are so beautiful and you are mine."

Samantha wound up smiling. She wrapped her arms around his neck and reached for his lips. They started with simple pecks, slowly making loud

smacking sounds from inside the shower area of their bathroom.

Sticking out his tongue, Ethan promptly intruded on Samantha's mouth while both his hands settled on his wife's bosoms.

Samantha, on the other hand, reached down and found his manhood. She stroked it repeatedly and gasped to say, " You are so hard."

Always with Ethan, after tasting his flavor and touching his member, Samantha easily would lose her senses.

After indulging in a hot kiss, Samantha urged her husband to lean against the other side of the wall. Filled with desire, she unwittingly began to kiss on her husband's chest.

She started caressing on his torso, also kissing the crook of his neck. She did not know how it happened, but she found herself going down on him.

"Oh, fuck," Ethan could not help but curse. He threw his head back, feeling every kiss coming from Samantha.

While the water continued to shower down on them, Samantha gently kissed and sucked on Ethan's manly chest. As she did, her hands were restlessly touching his abs and down on his stick.

When Samantha ate his manly nipples, Ethan puffed his cheeks. His brows drew together before he cleared the wet strands of hair from his wife's face.

A hiss left his lips, especially when Samantha started to go down his abdomen.

"Yeah - Ahhh! Yeah, Sam." Repeatedly, Ethan moaned as soon as he felt Samantha's mouth wrapped around his erection. He could not help but remark, " Honey, you are getting so good at this."

He watched with narrowing eyes as Samantha's face hallowed, eating his rod. His mouth remained parted, thrilled at the times when she would let the tip of his shaft take the shape from inside her cheeks.

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If that was not enough to stir him completely, Samantha did not stop when Ethan warned, "I'm coming, hon – Sam. I want to come in your ass."

Samantha wasn't sure why she did not want to stop, but when she had a taste of his pre-cum, she was brought back to her senses. She got up abruptly and turned around for Ethan.

As she bent over, flaunting her bottom cheeks, she sensed Ethan erupted his warm semen on her behind.

"Aaahhh! Fuck! Fuck! That was so good, Sam," remarked Ethan as he released himself on Samantha's perfectly shaped two-round flesh.

Turning back up to Ethan, Samantha covered her husband's lips again before saying, "Well, I guess you have already come."

Ethan smirked. He scoffed and told, "Oh, I'm not done with you yet. Oral does not count as a round."

"Aaahh! Ethan!" Samantha screamed while being carried into Ethan's arms. They came out of the bathroom still soaking wet.

Samantha was thrown to the bed of scattered rose petals, bouncing completely naked. She laughed and said, " I can't believe you!"

"Believe it, honey. Your husband is very healthy," teased Ethan while climbing up to the bed with her.

True enough, despite just having come, Ethan's member was still up as he got on top of Samantha. This time, it was his turn to kiss his wife all over her body.

After showering her with kisses all over her face, Ethan left kiss marks on Samantha's neck. Reaching her breasts, h e eagerly caressed them with one hand while sucking on one bosom.

Ethan's kisses made Samantha moan again and again. Her body unknowingly waved, feeling the pleasure of his touch.

The warmth of his tongue further ignited the desire inside of her that she easily

spread her legs as her husband reached her pelvic area.

"Oh, Ethan. Kiss me... Kiss me there," she pleaded. She always liked it when Ethan flickered his tongue against her clit.

Spreading her legs wider, Ethan hiss at the sight of Samantha's peach. Her bottom lips were fair and pinkish, just the way he always liked it.

Hearing Samantha asked for him to taste her, he dove right in, immediately smothering his mouth into her peach.

"Oh, god! Ethan - Ahhh!" Samantha's brows raised as she screamed. She did not expect the sudden crashing of her husband's mouth against her rose.

Her mouth hung open as she gasped frequently, watching Ethan eat her like she was cake! All the more, her body floundered with his expert fondling in between her thighs.

She felt every bit of his flicking tongue and the wetness coming from his warm mouth. With his relentless teasing, she came in less than a minute, raising her

thighs as her entire body mildly convulsed.

Samantha roared in desire, utterly lost in euphoria!

While she was still relishing the feeling of having orgasmed, she felt her body being turned to her stomach. She took heavy breaths, turning to Ethan.

She saw he was already on top of him, preparing to enter her from behind. She heard him order, "Lift your ass for me, Sam."

With dreamy eyes, she did as she was told. She felt him seize her bottom cheeks, giving them a good squeeze before he spread them apart.

Ethan first palmed himself, just watching Samantha's pink hole. He hissed before lining up to enter.

His brows furrowed as he slowly penetrated, letting out an audible moan. " Oh, you feel so good, Sam."

Samantha, while faced down on the bed, closed her eyes, sensing how she was

being filled by her husband. Her insides were still throbbing and here was Ethan's thick and long shaft, consuming every space of her rose.

Like Ethan, she also cried her desire, "More, Ethan... More!"

For seconds, Ethan delighted in the glow of his length, going in and out of his wife. He loved how her tightness surrounded him, but hearing her demand for more, he eagerly obliged.

He lay his weight down on Samantha's back, relishing the feel of her soft skin, and began to pump faster and harder.

Gasping and the smacking sound of their flesh easily resonated against their bedroom space.

Their cries of desire became deafening across the four corners of the room!

"Aaahhh! Ahhhh!" Ethan erupted inside his wife with a loud roar and a strong push. He squirmed on top of Samantha's back, reaching for her breast and kissing the back of her neck.

"Uhhh! Uhhh!" He pushed his hips two more times before he finally rolled to the other side of the bed.

Still elated from having orgasmed, Ethan lay down, catching his breath. He said, "I want to make love to you... in every corner of this villa."

Samantha was still recovering from their workout when he spoke. Her eyes widened and asked, turning around to face him, "What? Are you serious? This is a huge villa!"

Chapter 87: Treat You Well

Swimming to the edge of their private infinity pool, Samantha gasped, getting up from the surface of the water.

She took heavy breaths before leaning at the edge of the pool, appreciating her afternoon view. She smiled, hearing the water stream from the creek, several feet below their villa.

Despite nearing a splash behind her, she ignored the warning sign of her approaching husband and rested her chin on her arms.

When Ethan came up behind her, immediately embracing her on her waist, she said, "It's so quiet and peaceful here."

Samantha received a kiss on the cheek and on the neck, making her chuckle at Ethan's teases. She then heard him say, " Yes, it's a perfect place for a getaway."

On their second day of stay at the mountain resort, the couple woke up late and had brunch at eleven in the morning inside their villa.

"I booked a massage and spa treatment for you at three. Then we'll have dinner after," Ethan revealed before standing tall and resting his chin on Samantha's head.

"What about you?" She asked, turning to face him and wrapping her arms around him.

Ethan sneered and revealed, "I don't like to be touched."

Samantha raised a brow and asked, "
Huh? So you never had a massage all your
life?"

"Connor gives me a back and shoulder massage from time to time," he revealed. "I am just not comfortable, Sam."

Out of nowhere, he grinned and asked, "But if you'll give me a massage, I would definitely love that... coming from my wife."

Samantha flushed. Somehow, she felt like the massage service would end up somewhere else.

Just as Ethan said, her husband brought her to the spa. She was given several treatments, including a body scrub, a fullbody wax, especially down there, and a body massage.

She was refreshed and rejuvenated right after her treatment.

It was already six in the evening when Samantha was fetched by their personal butler, only to be brought to the river banks below the mountains where a candlelit dinner awaited her.

A small platform rested just by the side of the creek, just enough to accommodate a table for two and its surrounding decors.

Torches of light stood in the streams around them, and several series lights were found on the trees and shrubs nearby.

Standing next to the table, Ethan was clothed in a casual white long-sleeved shirt that hugged his gorgeous body.

Below he wore slim-fit jeans which all the more, added to his sexiness.

He was holding a peach rose bouquet for his wife, painting a sweet smile on his face.

While Samantha was equally dashing in the dress her husband left at the spa for her to wear, she just could not help but admire her husband's frame under normal clothes.

She whistled and remarked, "Honey, you look so handsome."

After giving Samantha her flowers and kissing on her lips, Ethan took a deep breath, savoring the scent of her skin. He remarked, "You smell like vanilla. A perfect dessert after meal – Urrg!"

His words granted a pinch from Samantha. She warned, "You are just unbelievable."

Still, Samantha was already getting used to her husband frequently teasing her that she let it pass.

They indulged in a romantic dinner, in the middle of the earthly melodies of the stream and moving branches above them.

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They indulged in a romantic dinner, in the middle of the earthly melodies of the stream and moving branches above them.

To set up the mood, a piece of sweet instrumental music was especially played in the background.

The preparation and the thought of having another special surprise touched Samantha's heart that she said right after being served with her steak, "Honey, thank you so much for all of this. This is so romantic."

While giving her husband an adoring smile, she remarked, "You are just so good at making me smile all the time."

Ethan was slicing his steak into several pieces. He smiled back at Samantha and reached for her plate. He switched their steaks and answered, "Sam, I'm doing everything to exceed – even over exceed your expectations of me because I am selfish."

He fixed his gaze on Samantha and added, "I want you to love no one else but me and our family. So I will always treat you well, dote on you and pamper you."

Hearing Ethan's speech made Samantha teary-eyed. She thought, 'How in the

world did I get so lucky?'

It was exactly because Samantha was so touched by everything Ethan had done for her that she badly wanted to return the favor.

Overnight, aside from getting love in bed, Samantha stayed up, exploring the best reward for her husband. It suddenly crept into her head how Ethan had not had any massage yet.

While she was not an expert at giving such treatment, she knew how to give a decent massage.

To get ideas of how to make it even more fascinating, Samantha researched romantic massages which led her to a naughty example.

Her lips twitched just thinking of how she would give Ethan a sensual massage, but she mumbled while staring at her phone, "Either way, Sam. You're going to get pounced on."

It was two days after that Samantha had everything set-up in their villa. Ethan

"No, Ethan. You need... to strip."

Samantha raised her chin and ordered, "

Take... everything off."

A hiss escaped Ethan's lips, and he spouted, "I already like this massage."

While Samantha was shaking her head, Ethan eagerly took off his clothes. He said, "This is going to be the best massage I will ever have."

"Pfft! You never had a massage before!" Retorted Samantha before chuckling at his words.

Like Ethan, she began to strip off her clothes, leaving only her bikini covering her slender body.

She poured a generous amount of oil on her hands and began spreading it on his fine back. She asked, "Ready, hon?"

"I was born ready," teased Ethan with a grin.

Chapter 88: The Massage

"Ouch! Sam!" Ethan complained after getting another smack in the hand.

He was constantly reaching for her thighs while Samantha was massaging his arms on the side of the bed. He heard her answer, "Let me finish first, Mr. Wright. Behave yourself!"

He sighed in dismay before returning to rest his face down on the spa bed. He suggested, "We can massage each other, together."

Samantha just ignored him. She began to put pressure on his neck before making her way to his shoulders, and only then did she hear Ethan moan in satisfaction, "Ahh. That feels good! Yeah, right there, honey."

"You need to spoil yourself once in a while, hon," reminded Samantha.

A hum escaped Ethan's lips before he shut his eyes, beginning to enjoy the treatment he was receiving from his wife. He said in response, "I'd love to be spoiled by my wife."

When it was finally time to put pressure on Ethan's back, Samantha climbed on his behind. 2

With only a towel covering Ethan's tworound flesh, she sat on his buttocks before stretching her hands to massage his back.

She used her weight to strengthen her caresses, allowing her to give a better kneading.

Again and again, Samantha's actions granted a satisfying moan, especially with the rub on his back.

While Ethan delighted in his treatment, Samantha could not help but appreciate the shape of her husband's sensual back. More than just giving Ethan his well-deserved massage, she absolutely fascinated in shaping his manly frame with her hands.

All the more, she relished at the glow of his skin, after being slathered with oil. She thought he was absolutely sexy!

She even ended up biting her lip, the

second her hands reached for his small waist. She muttered to herself, 'Damn this man!'

Sliding down to his legs, it was time to rub against Ethan's hot ass.

The second she removed the towel from his buttocks, she gasped, feeling her heart race.

Sure, many times, she had seen Ethan naked, but to actually touch it and rub against it, she felt utterly excited.

When she started massaging his behind, Samantha already had dreamy eyes. She felt nothing but muscles on his bottom cheeks that she silently exclaimed, 'Wow!'

She determined she was going to forever squeeze his butt from that moment on!

While she was admiring her husband's body, she heard Ethan spoke, "Am I... enjoying this or are you?"

Samantha wound up flushing, purposely inflicting pain against his flesh with her thumb. She commanded, "Let me do my work, Ethan."

After reacting from the pain of her sudden acupuncture, Ethan kept quiet since, smirking inwardly at his wife.

Following the butt massage, Ethan was completely naked faced down on the spa bed. Samantha easily shifted to his long and still sexy legs, giving the best of her efforts on each of her rubs.

When it was finally time for Ethan to lie o n his back, Samantha said, "Turn around, hon."

Ethan sighed. A mischievous grin reflected on his face before he declared, "Finally, the moment I have been waiting for."

Samantha could not help but laugh at Ethan's words, but when he turned around, she bit her lip, reacting to his angry rod. She silently muttered, 'Oh, my god!'

His manhood did not shy away, essentially standing up in salute!

She turned tomato red before climbing on top of him.

With hooded eyes, Samantha sat on his groin area and heard her husband hissed flamboyantly. Despite the clear lust in his eyes, she ignored his eagerness and added more oil to his torso.

She did not need to massage his front for the next step, she just had to add more slithering agent on his manly chest.

After seeing the glow on Ethan's body, Samantha smiled and warned, "Now, for the next part."

She bit her lip and lowered her chest against his own, gliding her body and sharing the grease spread on his torso.

"Ahhh. Now, this is more like it," Ethan remarked while holding on to Samantha's waist. His handsome face showed an even more playful smirk.

His hands easily reached behind her top, removing the string that held it together. He swiftly dropped her bra on the floor and delighted at the feel of her breasts onto his bare skin.

Repeatedly, Samantha rubbed her entire body against Ethan's, allowing that stirring friction to create more desire.

This was especially true when Ethan untied the strings that held her bikini together.

Eventually, like Ethan, Samantha was completely naked.

She sat up on his member, and with her nude peach; she ground on him without penetration. She let out an erotic sigh and said, "This is still... part of the massage."

"Aaaahhh. Yeah." Ethan squinted. His eyes were glued to how his member was buried beneath his wife's rose, with only the tip of his shaft, frequently peeping through. He expressed, "I love massages now."

Samantha did not stop there. She continued to ignite the flames of their passion, lying on her back on top of Ethan.

She continued to glide her bare body up and down against Ethan while he returned to massage her breasts.

For minutes, Ethan had been sighing and gasping with desire, feeling his erection reach its full potential.

He badly wanted to pounce on his wife, but held it together, wanting to see what else was in store for him.

Soon enough, Samantha returned to face his rod. She sat on his lap and palmed his manhood with her slender hands.

She was amazed at how hard he was that she announced, "It's time, hon."

"Oh, yeah." With a deep breath, Ethan finally braced himself.

He watched as Samantha slid back up, giving him one last grinding before putting his stick inside of her.

When Ethan entered his wife, he moaned loudly. He reached for a breast and unwittingly squeezed it tight. He heard Samantha say, "I'll take control, HON, okay? Let me... take care of you."

Up and down, Samantha bounced on her husband, also sensing his size fill her completely.

With the oil on him, plus the wetness inside of her, his member easily penetrated her again and again.

Ethan loved watching Samantha ride him earnestly. He especially relished at the sight of her breast bouncing along with her body.

He frequently held her waist while sometimes holding her two-round flesh, encouraging a faster movement.

From inside the sitting area of their villa, Ethan's and Samantha's bodies remained on top of each other, glowing in both oil and sweat. The slapping sounds of their love-making easily echoed throughout the space.

When Ethan was nearing climax, he pleaded badly, "Let me... take control. I'm coming, Sam."

"Please," he repeated after noticing Samantha did not budge.

Samantha rotated her hips around Ethan's manhood, first giving him the tease of his life, but knowing how he

It allowed Ethan to hold Samantha by the waist, wrapping his arms around her.

He began to push up and down, shoving his stick as hard as he could.

With all the teasing he received, it did not take long for him to release inside of her, wailing as he did!

He returned to kissing Samantha again and after settling his emotions, he said, " That was great, Sam... I supposed I'll get a massage now and then when we return home."

Samantha chuckled and pecked on his lips. She answered, "Anything for my honey."

Chapter 89: The Distant Relatives

"Choose whatever you like, Honey. I'm just going to take a call from Dad outside the boutique," Told Ethan while dropping by a Chanel Store in one of Asia's largest hubs.

After ten days of romantic stay in Bali, making love every day, the couple decided to fly to another country and experience shopping at its best.

Mesmerized by all the selection of bags, Samantha's eyes widened before she answered, "Okay, hon. Don't take too long."

Over the past months, it has always been Ethan's shopping agent who chose her clothes and bags. This was her very first time to choose one for herself.... in a very, very long time and a Chanel bag at that!

For seconds, she turned to where Ethan stood outside the shop.

Ethan found himself in a secluded area on the side of the boutique, taking a call from Daniel Wright, and was looking very

concerned.

Samantha frowned, recalling how Ethan had been getting serious calls over the past three days since they left, both from Daniel Wright and John Garcia.

Her husband told her that someone has been buying shares from the company and the previous shareholders refused to name the buyer. They have a new business partner and they knew not who i t was!

Samantha did not know the complications that it will bring, but Ethan told her, the Wrights always wanted to know who their business partners were.

With this in mind, an emergency meeting was in order upon Ethan's return to address the situation.

Drifting away from these thoughts, she sighed before shifting her gaze to the selection of bags and walked around, appreciating the options.

Having six bags coming from the same brand, Samantha walked past a few familiar ones, especially the same design

that was dangling in her arm.

While Samantha was appreciating one purse, a man came up behind her and remarked, "A lovely bag, fit for a beautiful lady. Can I buy this for you in exchange for... coffee?"

Samantha abruptly turned to find a tall man, seemingly in his late thirties, clean shaved and had caramel hair. He had green eyes and emitted a very arrogant aura.

The man smiled at her and offered, "In fact, I can... buy you two or three bags. How would you like that?"

Winking at Samantha, the man added, "I n exchange, you can simply have a day's date with me?"

A frown easily became painted on Samantha's face, utterly irritated. She answered, "It's not necessary. My husband will buy my bags. I'm sorry, but I am not free to date."

"Oh." The man leaned back, creasing his forehead. He asked, "You look young to b e married."

Only then did Samantha flash her wedding ring in front of the man and repeated, "I am very married."

"Any problem here?" Ethan came from behind them, making his domineering tone audible.

Upon seeing the man that came to speak with Samantha, however, he took a step back and spoke, "Steven. Strange to see you here."

Samantha turned to Ethan and back to the man before asking, "You know each other?"

Like Ethan, the man whom he called Steven was also taken aback. He smirked before asking, "This is... your wife, Ethan?

"Sam, this is Steven Wright. A distant cousin of mine who was not able to attend our wedding," revealed Ethan before he shifted his gaze to Steven.

"Ah!" Steven exclaimed before letting go of a remark, "No one told me... you have such a beautiful wife, Ethan. Had I known... I would have cancelled my

business meetings to attend your wedding."

Looking at Samantha up and down, Steven answered, "How lucky can you, get, Ethan?"

A scoff left Ethan's lips before he told, "
Please, Steven. You and I both know you
weren't attending, regardless. Your
family had been staying away from
Braeton for many years now."

Pointing a finger at Steven, Ethan warned, "Mind where you look. No one is allowed to stare at my wife."

Steven Wright wound up in laughter. He shook his head and answered, "Calm down, Ethan... I was just... admiring your wife... Actually, about that... we are coming back to Braeton in a few month's time."

The man took one last look of appreciation toward's Samantha before extending his hand. He said, "Well, fancy bumping into you here, Ethan and...?"

Ethan prevented Samantha from shaking the man's hand. He answered for his

wife, "Samantha. Her name is Samantha Wright."

With a playful grin, Steven acknowledged, "Ah, of course. She is a Wright - being your wife."

Directing his gaze back to Ethan, Steven suggested, "I'll see you in Braeton soon, Ethan. I look forward to seeing Uncle Daniel and Aunt Amanda."

As the man walked out of the store, Ethan's eyes were glued to Steven's back. Only after seeing him go did Samantha remarked, "Something does not seem right between you and that guy. Even if he is a Wright."

With a long sigh, Ethan answered his wife, "Steven and my uncle, Sawyer Wright have long distanced themselves from the family, Sam."

Looking at his wife, Ethan revealed, "It started when Steven's father, my uncle, was not chosen to be the CEO of the Wright Diamond Corporation. Instead, my father won the votes of the board members to be the next president of the

company."

"My uncle, was found out to have mismanaged the company funds and that all the more made the board of the directors decide that my father was more suitable to become the CEO, even if Dad was co-managing the company off shore, "Ethan added before further explaining, "Back then, I was studying abroad, so Dad was often travelling to Europe."

"However, with the decision to make Dad as the new CEO of the Wright Diamond Corporation, came objections coming from their side of the family. It was because, my uncle was adopted that they think there was a discrimination in the judgment made by the board members."

"Till this day, we feel they bear the resentment, having left the City and rarely attending any of our family gatherings," revealed Ethan.

"Oh. What a complication," Samantha remarked before sneering. "I hope his return isn't trouble, hon."

"We don't know for sure, Sam. But it's

safe to keep our distance from them,"
Ethan closed, directing her back to the bags in front of her.

Right before buying Samantha her choice of bags for that day, Ethan failed not to call Daniel Wright and warn his father of Steven and Sawyer's return to Braeton.

Riding in a luxurious car, Steven Wright took out his phone and called for his father.

Expressing a mischevious grin, he revealed, "Father, I just crossed paths with Ethan and his wife." He sighed before telling, "He has... a very pretty wife and one that I fancy."

"Steven, stick to the plan. We can't let this chance pass us," warned Sawyer Wright on the other line.

A chuckle left Steven's lips. He said, "Oh, I will, father. In fact, the plan will work best with his beautiful wife."

"Just make sure no one will find out about our intentions," reminded Steven's father. "I've waited for this chance for so long... It's finally time that we take back the company, it being rightfully ours."

Chapter 90: Injected

"Following the groundbreaking ceremony of The Wright Wonder World Theme Park, a collaboration between the Wrights and the Songs of Asia, stock prices at the Wright Diamond Corporation have risen by ten percent in the last two weeks." A reporter announced while standing behind the trade center of Braeton City.

"Clearly, there is no stopping the same corporation from increasing its value in the coming years," added the reporter before the TV screen paused.

Everyone in the main conference room of Ethan's company was watching the replayed news on a wide screen with their CEO, standing next to the monitor.

Following the end of the news coverage,
Ethan switched off the flat-screen TV
that was plastered on the wall. He turned t
o the board members and shareholders
from inside the room and said, "People,
which business is the best place to be on
board right now?"

"The Wright Diamond Corporation,"
Daniel Wright confidently answered,
sitting to the right where his son stood.

The rest of the board members echoed and only then did Ethan announce, " That's right! Your money is in the right place!"

"As shareholders of this company, I expect that you value your investment in this company and not just sell shares at a peak of a desirable offer," Ethan revealed. He sighed and told, "As you can see, we have two shareholders that are no longer with us today. They sold their valuable investment to a high bidder, and we know nothing about the new business partner."

Raising his hand, Ethan told, "I am not saying that you are not allowed to sell your shares, but considering how this company has increased your profits over the years, you at least owe it to us to consider selling us your shares and not to others, telling us of your plans to sell and letting us know of our new business partner."

"We need to protect our investments and we can't simply let anyone join in the company without knowing their intentions," warned Ethan.

"This meeting is to alert everyone of their upcoming actions. Again, why sell your shares when you have invested in the right company?" Ethan looked into everyone's eyes before telling, "Should you have any plans of letting go of this opportunity – to be part of our growth, please... please let us know. At least... give us that respect."

Murmurs and echoes suddenly sprung out of the room. Some expressed how they were approached to sell their shares but rejected the offer, while others said to have warned off others from doing so.

"We don't know who this interested individual is, buying company shares, but we will definitely not sell, Mr. Wright. We are happy where our money is," said one board member.

Some of Ethan's relatives expressed, "We are not planning on selling, Ethan, and strangely, we have not been approached."

It was clear to Ethan that whoever was buying shares of the company knew who to appeal. So far, none of the Wrights have sold any of their shares. It would seem to Ethan and Daniel that only those outside their family were being approached to sell their shares.

After getting an assessment of the situation, Ethan took a deep breath and stated, "Thank you for your commitment. I hope that you continue to put your trust in me and I swear under my name, I will make each and every one of you richer than you already are."

After Ethan's emergency meeting with the board members and all shareholders, there was no additional report of another sale.

Those who attended the gathering were true to their word, trusting in Ethan's goals for the company and their investments.

All Ethan and Daniel were waiting for, was for the new shareholder to join the next meeting and introduce himself or herself.

It was only a matter of time.

Two months passed.

Samantha was rushing outside the hotel lobby on a Friday night. It was already nine in the evening and she was in a hurry to get home.

She had her phone up to her ear, calling their family driver, "Edgar, I'm going to wait outside the lobby - "

"Mrs. Wright, I am still ten minutes away. Please stay inside the lobby and let the security call your attention when I arrive," told Edgar on the other line.

Fifteen minutes passed and Samantha still did not hear from Edgar. She wound u p getting impatient while settling at the lounges.

It was because Samantha was so eager to get home that she came out to the hotel driveway.

"Chef Sam, I heard there is an accident a block away. Edgar may be stuck in traffic.

Please go inside. We will call you when he arrives," warned one security who stood outside the entrance.

All in all, there were six guards keeping the front entrance. Four from outside and two, guarding from inside the lobby.

"Is that so?" Samantha asked. She sighed and answered, "Okay. I got it. Call me when Edgar is here."

Before she could enter back, however, Samantha looked at the busy intersection yards away. While the road was free near the hotel, she could see how cars were still stuck in the distant area.

While she was frowning, however, she noticed how a van turned from one alley and was speeding in the direction of the property.

"What the - " One security guard nearly cursed, seeing the vehicle carelessly going in zigzags, two hundred feet away. He turned to Samantha and urged, "Chef Sam, please go inside!"

While everyone's eyes were fixed in the opposite direction and just as Samantha

was about to turn back to the hotel, two men from behind her, wearing bonnets, reached for her arms.

No one saw them coming!

"Ahhh!" A scream left Samantha's lips as the two men dragged her away from the security personnel of the hotel.

One man easily wrapped her arm around Samantha's neck and waist, carrying her slender frame.

"Stay away! Stay away!" One man warned off the guards, pointing a handgun at them while moving backward.

What they did not expect, however, was that Samantha knew how to defend herself.

Seeing the van, still speeding in the direction of the hotel, Samantha perceived it was their escaped vehicle.

She focused on all her strength, knowing she had to act fast.

Thrusting her arm upward, she stabbed the man holding her tight with her elbow before biting against his hand.

As soon as her neck was free, she reached for two fingers from the man's hand on her waist and broke it with all her might!

"Ahhh! Fuck! Fucking bitch!" The man that held her wound up letting her go, groaning in pain and curling against his stomach.

While Samantha tried to flee, however, the other man who was holding the gun directed his attention at her. The man ordered her, "Stay put! I'll shoot you, I swear!"

"Put down the gun! Put it down!" Two security guards from the First Diamond Hotel also held their weapons at the abductors.

"Be careful, chef Sam might get hit!" Warned the other security.

Simultaneously, while all this was happening, two other security, noticing the speeding van, blocked the driveway and pointed the gun at the vehicle. They both warned, "Do not enter! Stay where you are!"

Samantha had her hands raised, taking deep breaths. She studied the man who was pointing a gun at her. Then she heard him yell to his colleague behind her, "

Give it to her! Give it!"

Without warning, more gunshots could be heard, coming from the van that earlier tried to enter the property driveway.

It created confusion and panic, especially from the security.

While the gunshots were in no specific direction, the security gauds divided their strengths. Three of them defended the driveway while the other three had their attention to the Samantha and adductors.

The instruction, coming from his colleague to grant the other man, the same who held Samantha earlier, to slowly reach inside his pocket, and took out a syringe.

This same man was standing behind
Samantha, still being watchful of the
security guards that were pointing a gun a
t them. He suddenly announced, "I give u
p!"

He raised his hand, acting to surrender, but the next thing he did was to throw his body, reaching for Samantha.

Despite a bullet going through his chest, the same man managed to stab Samantha in the back with the needle!

Samantha wound up, falling face down o n the pavement with her kidnapper, bleeding against her back.

Everything happened so fast, the security did not even notice how the man managed to inject Samantha.

While Samantha screamed in horror, the other man tried to flee.

With Samantha out of the way, shots were fired freely, in an attempt to stop the culprit. Like his accomplice, the other kidnapper also fell down, wounded.

Meanwhile, the van sped away, leaving their two fallen companions behind.

"Oh, my god!" Samantha tried to reach for her back, feeling nervous altogether. A s she crawled out of the man's body, she looked around on the ground and saw the syringe.

Her lips trembled as she asked, "What did he inject me with?"

She turned to the bleeding man and punched his chest several times and asked, "What did you inject me?!"

Chapter 91: The Secret Enemy

Walking into the hospital, Ethan was clenching his hand into a fist. A police officer walked with him and reported, "M r. Wright. The other kidnapper is dead. The other is having an operation. We will soon find out of their intentions."

"The plates to the black van... Sadly, they are fake," revealed the police. "It would seem as though, the accident, a block away from the hotel, was also part of their plan."

Ethan's eyes narrowed, hearing the statement coming from the police. His jaws tightened before asking, "Where is m y wife?"

"She is being checked right now."

Pointing to a guarded room, the police said, "That room at the end of the hallway."

Seeing Edgar by the door, Ethan glared at him and said, "I expected much from you, Edgar."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wright." Edgar could only apologize, blaming himself for being late.

That night, he had several bumps while driving in the direction of the hotel from the mansion. It was as if, circumstances were planted for him to be late in fetching Samantha.

Taking a deep breath, Ethan tightened his hand against the knob. When he opened the door, he saw his wife, sitting in a hospital bed, embracing herself with her arms.

Her father, Winfield Davis was already there. His hands were on his waist, standing in front of Samantha.

"Ethan," called Winfield. "What took you so long."

"Sorry father, I had to ease the children before leaving," Ethan answered.

Samantha turned around and seeing her husband she cried outright.

Her eyes were already puffed from the experience of nearly being taken. For the last half an hour, she had been talking to the police and the medical team of the hospital while being examined.

"Sam, honey. I'm sorry," Ethan said outright, hugging Samantha. He repeatedly pecked on her forehead and said, "I'm so sorry."

"Ethan, this attempt abduction was planned," told the General. "I have my men check their sources, even with the police."

"The only people I know of who would want to hurt Samantha badly are Annie and Catherine, but their sources of money and connections are depleted now. I don't think they have the capacity of planning this." Winfield shook his head before saying, "I will have to check with Blake Taylor's family though."

"Ethan, I'm worried. They injected me with something. I'm really worried," Samantha said with difficulty, catching her breath as she expressed her words.

"Shhhh." Ethan stroked Samantha's hair and said, "We are going to find out what i t was, okay. I had already spoken to the hospital director about the syringe. They are going to analyze the contents and get back to us with an answer soon."

"Everything will be alright, Sam.

Everything will be fine," Ethan added.

In the days following that incident, news spread across the city of the attempt to kidnap the new Mrs. Wright.

All the more, Ethan strengthened the security around his home, his children, and most especially Samantha's.

Winfield naturally offered his soldiers as a n added guard to Ethan and Samantha, not knowing who the enemy was.

Further investigation was done, coming from both Ethan's and Winfield's sides. Both their analysis suggested that it was not the doing of Blake's family nor Catherine's end. They were at a dead end, unable to find out who was their secret enemy. ²

Their only hope was the kidnapper, currently in a coma after his surgery.

Meanwhile, as they wait for the results of the laboratory, studying the syringe used t o inject Samantha, paranoia struck Samantha that she no longer accepted a hug or kiss from Ethan and her children.

She took two days off from the hotel, but upon her return, she reduced her interaction with her co-chefs and ensured to wear a mask every time.

Despite receiving the initial blood results, showing that her laboratories were normal, Samantha was feeling reluctant.

The real score would be knowing what was inside the syringe, and the laboratory requested for an entire week to determine the exact contents.

Finally, the week passed and Ethan received a call from the private laboratory handling the examination of the syringe's compositions.

It was from his office that he took the call, speaking to one Dr. Rakesh on the other line.

"What is the update, Dr. Rakesh?" Ethan asked while tightly holding his phone up t o his ear.

"Mr. Wright, the contents of the syringe are ovarian fluids from an infected woman with a disease which has been heard to have originated in Cambodia and

Vietnam. Particularly the towns that bordered the two countries," reported Dr. Rakesh. "It is said to be an autoimmune disease but nothing is certain for now."

Ethan gulped at the revelation. He massaged his temples and asked, "What are... the symptoms of this disease? What will happen to my wife? What is the cure?"

"Mr. Wright... the disease seems to develop only in women. It's not infectious by touch or exchange in saliva, but it supposedly develops in women with a poor immune system," answered the man on the phone. "It is a newly discovered disease that affects the woman's electrolytes and blood vessels, causing inflammation. The disease is called the Kannareth Disease. It was named after the doctor who first discovered it and was also a victim."

With a long sigh, Dr. Rakesh told, "Dr. Chan Kannareth died of the infection a year after developing it... Mr. Wright, as o f now, there is no known cure for the illness. There are reports of survivors, but

nothing is told about how they had remission."

"Mr. Wright, we don't know for sure if your wife will develop the disease, despite being exposed. We need to have her under more tests in the next few days and maybe weeks."

There was a moment of silence before Dr. Rakesh resumed, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wright. I don't know how this sample got here, but I only know of two pharmaceuticals who are in pursuit of finding a cure for this disease... The BNU pharmaceuticals and a new company in Asia, the Sawyer and Sons... They will most likely have more information bout this illness."

Ethan suddenly felt chills down his spine. His hand gripped against his mobile as his teeth gritted in anger. He repeated, " The – The Sawyer and Sons."

"Yes, Mr. Wright. They are fairly new as a company, but they managed to rise in Asia," revealed the man on the other line.

Ethan's insides were screaming in anger. I took all of him to find the words to say, "

Thank you, doctor. Please connect me to the people with the BNU Pharmaceuticals in the coming days. In the meantime, I will bring my wife to the laboratory for more tests tomorrow."

Inside the CEO's office, the temperature fell to a near ten degrees.

Ethan's insides were enraged. He swiped his desk clean with his hand, throwing away the papers on the desk, screaming while he was at it.

It was never like him to lose his cool, but inflicting pain on his pampered wife was far below the line. He took heavy breaths a s he called his father.

"Ethan, what's the news?" He heard Daniel Wright ask.

"Dad, uncle Sawyer, and Steven are behind this," told Ethan. "They just infected my wife with a disease their new company is currently studying!"

"Dad, they will pay for this! They will pay!
"Ethan announced while his entire body shuddered in anger.

Chapter 92: Her Life Is My Own

Arriving home for dinner that same night, the children met Ethan, rushing outside the dining area.

"Daddy, you are here!" Exclaimed the twins at the same time.

Despite the glee on their expressions, the gloom on Ethan's face was clear. He forced a smile, greeting the twins.

Clearing his throat, he asked, "How was school, Kyle? Kenzie?"

"Daddy, school was fine. We miss you," said Kenzie.

With a frown, Kyle added, "And Mom too. Daddy? Why is Mom not talking to us? She has not been joining us for dinner."

Ethan took a deep breath and looked up at Diana.

Like Ethan, Diana had been worried sick for Samantha since the incident at the hotel. No one had the heart to tell the children, so they knew not what their mother was going through.

"Kids, Mommy is not feeling well. Please excuse her. Know that she loves you so much," told Ethan. "Let's have dinner together."

It took everything from Ethan to pretend t o be contented with his meal, but his heart was heavy, thinking only about his wife.

Still, he made an effort to give the impression that everything was normal. He gave his children a bath and kissed them goodnight. Only after tucking them to bed did he go to see Samantha.

Samantha was lying sideways on the bed, wondering how her fairy tale had turned out to be a scary one.

One day, she was in dreamland, enjoying her life with her husband and children, and her career at its peak, but now, in a blink of an eye, she was afraid for her life.

She knew that day, the results of the investigation were out and the fact that her husband never reported anything to her, she assumed it was something

serious.

Even her mother, Sarah Davis, wanted to return to their mansion, just to be with her.

Samantha refused to see anyone else. She did not want to be comforted, not when she knew not what she had been injected with.

Hearing the creak on the door, she weakly sat up and turned to find Ethan. She blinked her eyes, asking, "Ethan, what did the laboratory find out? Why haven't you called me with the results?"

Ethan sighed heavily. He found himself sitting next to his wife and leaned over for a kiss.

When Samantha evaded his touch, Ethan gently wrapped his arm around her. He said, "Trust me, Sam. I will do anything in my power to find the solution to our problem."

Just by the tone of her husband's voice, Samantha wound up teary-eyed. She glanced up to Ethan and inquired, "Tell m e... what is going on? Ethan... I have the

right to know."

Without warning, Ethan embraced Samantha tight. Despite her objections, h e dared not to let her go.

He kissed on her forehead and answered,
"Sam, the syringed contained a fluid
sample of a woman that developed a
suspected autoimmune disease, but
really, everything is speculation for now...
There are people that I need to see
tomorrow to get more answers -"

"What kind of disease? Tell me!"
Samantha demanded, smacking her hand
against Ethan's chest. "Tell me, Ethan.
Tell me!"

Ethan accepted every punch and bangs from his wife as she wept in his chest. She repeatedly cried and expressed demand, but only after settling her emotions did Ethan finally speak, "Sam, it's said to develop in women, affecting electrolytes and blood vessels."

He shared with Samantha everything that Dr. Rakesh told him, specifically highlighting that it is not infectious. He

did not want her to fear being in his hold, his touch, especially feeling guilty for being around the children.

"We don't know yet if you will develop the disease and while there is no known cure, there were reports of survivors, Sam," Ethan made sure to highlight. Like his wife, he also became teary-eyed before revealing, "I will... do everything i n my capability to find out how the survivors had a remission from the condition."

"Sam, let's have faith and hope that you don't develop the disease, but just." He halted his words, feeling a lump in his throat, and said, "Just in case, I want you to know that I will not rest until we find the cure for this illness."

"I'm sorry, Sam. This - this is my fault. The fault of my family and you got in between," he revealed while closing his eyes and breathing against the side of her face.

Samantha was still processing everything that Ethan said. When he blamed himself, she frowned and let go of him. She asked,

"What do you mean, Ethan? How is this your fault?"

"I think, my uncle Sawyer is behind this," suggested Ethan. "I have come to learn that their new company was studying the same disease."

He cleared his throat and added, "It can't be a coincidence."

"Why - why would they do this?" Samantha asked, feeling her eyes water again.

"They must want something from me.
That's what I am going to find out,"
Ethan answered.

He reached for his wife's hand and kissed it repeatedly. He caressed her face and wiped the wetness on her cheeks before saying, "Promise me, Sam. Promise me. Try not to let this affect you... As your husband, trust me when I say, I will make things right."

Samantha's eyes easily watered again.

She crashed into Ethan's chest and told, "
Ethan, I'm so scared. I'm so scared."

"I've just found my happiness. I've just found you and my kids are happy! I - I met Mom and I have everything I have ever dreamed of!" Soaking her husband's shirt, she added, "I want to be with you longer, forever if possible - "

"And that will happen, Sam. That will happen. Let's have faith - trust in the heavens for the plans they have made for us." For the first time in his life, Ethan shed a tear. He felt the fear in his wife, and a part of him dreaded the same. "I love you, Sam, and I will do anything for you and our children."

It took more than an hour for Samantha t o fall asleep. She cried herself to rest in her husband's hold.

After settling her on the bed, Ethan stepped outside the room, calling Connor to his study.

He had Aiden in a conference call with him on the phone and from there, he gave his directive, "Aiden, hack into my uncle's company, specifically their study in the Kannareth Disease. They have moved to Braeton just last week, I will

moved to Braeton just last week, I will send you their address. Hack into their server and tap on their phones." ²

"Yes, Mr. Wright," Aiden, Ethan's hacker confirmed.

"I want to know their every plan, and if they were indeed responsible for hurting my wife," added Ethan.

Turning to Connor, Ethan's trusted childhood friend and security for his family, he warned, "Connor, if I don't get any results from BNU pharmaceuticals, please prepare to leave for Cambodia."

"I understand, Ethan." He looked down, feeling sorry for his friend, and said, "I'm sorry this happened to Sam."

"Aiden and Connor, I entrust you with my wife's life, said Ethan, flickering his eyes while taking a deep breath. "You know how much she means to me. Her life is like my own... Please... do not fail me."

Chapter 93: Ethan's Warning

"Mr. Wright, it's a pleasure to meet you," a lady in her late twenties extended her hand to Ethan after arriving at the research facility of BNU pharmaceuticals.

"I'm Dr. Shannon Perry, we spoke on the phone."

"Thank you for meeting me on such short notice," said Ethan after shaking her hand.

It was inside Shannon's office that Ethan, together with one soldier who followed him around where they spoke.

Taking a seat in front of Shannon, Ethan revealed, "Dr. Perry, I don't want to waste any of our time. Recently, a group of men tried to kidnap my wife. They failed, but they ended up injecting her with The Kannareth disease."

"Oh, my goodness!" The woman could not believe it. Her face showed a mix of disgust and fright. "Who would do such a thing?"

"That's what I am trying to find out, but I

have my suspicion," answered Ethan. He took a deep breath and leaned over at the table to say, "Dr. Perry, I traveled two hours on a private jet to see you so I can get answers for my wife. I love my wife dearly and while she is not manifesting any of the symptoms, I want to prepare for the worst."

The words of Ethan made Shannon take a deep breath. Repeatedly, she flittered her eyes before massaging the bridge of her nose. "I – I don't know what to say. The truth is, Mr. Wright. The company discontinued my research for the disease because there were only a few women who seemed to have the illness."

She shrugged before adding, "It was not a disease that would make a saleable drug!"

Leaning back on her seat, she said, "It has been six months now since I had not gone back to Cambodia - "

"I can fund your research - hire you, continue what you started," Ethan suggested.

"Wait, Mr. Wright." Shannon raised her

hand at Ethan and said, "I thought your wife had not developed the disease."

"No, but I want to be ready," Ethan told. "
I don't ever want to lose my wife."

Sighing heavily, Ethan made it clear, "You have to understand, my wife means the world to me."

For seconds, Shannon remained silent. Eventually, she nodded her head and said, "You must really love your wife."

"Of course," said Ethan. "Please help me, Dr. Perry. I specifically want to know what you know about those who survived the disease."

"Mr. Wright, I do not want you to rush into this, so for now, I'll give you everything I know about the disease. I'll even give you a copy of the research." Shannon also leaned forward to say, "It's really a mysterious disease that seems to mimic the Kasawaki disease. How it evolves remains unanswered, but what I know is that it develops in women ages twenty-five to thirty-five."

She paused with her mouth open, "In my file, there are two groups of people who had survived the disease. One group were random women who just lost their symptoms and we could not explain it – rather, we no longer had the time to go back and study their progress."

"The second group was rather strange." A hiss left Shannon's lips before saying, "
They claimed to have been healed by a quack doctor!"

She shook her head and revealed, "That! That, I was able to investigate on my last trip to Cambodia. The quack doctor gave the girls some strange drinks and... he had sex with them. They got their cure, but they also got pregnant with the quack doctor's baby!"

While Ethan was frowning at the tale of Shannon, he heard her say, "It was crazy."

"You did not get to find out what the quack doctor gave these women?" Ethan asked, referring to the drinks that were given to the victims.

"I was able to get a sample of the drink from one of the women. It was a mix of coconut milk and herbs which!" She raised a finger before adding, "We tried t o give to the other women with the same disease."

With a long sigh, she told, "It did not work. I meant to go back and ask again. Perhaps, the woman gave me the wrong drink, but then my funding got discontinued."

"Anyway, Mr. Wright, let me furnish you a copy of my research, and do let me know whatever are your plans. This disease really does spark an interest in m e, which is why I am very much willing to help," stated Shannon.

ak ak a

After another two hours of being up in the air, Ethan was back to Braeton.

He and Edgar, along with his military guard, drove off to a new residential building in the city where his uncle Sawyer and cousin Steven were said to have settled.

Ethan was easily invited to the penthouse where he found his uncle and cousin already waiting for him in the living room.

"Wow, a soldier for a bodyguard. Isn't that a little too much, Ethan," told Steven at the first sight of Ethan.

"My wife was nearly abducted. So we are taking extreme measures," answered Ethan. Introducing his companion, he said, "This here is lieutenant Grey. Former special forces."

"Well, Ethan. You don't need a bodyguard around us. We are your family," suggested Sawyer Wright, sitting on a couch.

"Are you?" Ethan asked before taking a seat without invitation.

"What's that supposed to mean, Ethan?" Sawyer asked with a frown.

"Let's cut to the chase." Ethan leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. He looked his uncle and cousin in the eye and said, "Aside from attempting to take

my wife, there was a group of men who injected Samantha with the Kannareth disease."

He studied the expressions of the two before adding, "Last I heard, your company is finding the cure for this disease."

With a frown, Ethan implied, "What a coincidence that my wife suddenly gets injected with the same disease that your company is currently studying. Don't you think? And it happened to have occurred a t the time when you have returned to Braeton!"

"What the fuck, Ethan! We had nothing t o do with that - "

Steven's words were cut off by Ethan's words when he said, "One abductor survived and has come out in a coma.

Soon he will speak. I will know what is the truth!"

"If you say you have nothing to do with this, then you will send me all your research about the disease. Have you found the cure?" He probed.

The father and son looked at each other before Steven finally spoke. He cleared his throat and said, "Actually, Ethan. We have not gone far, but if you'll fund our research." He raised his shoulders and suggested, "Say a hundred million dollars! We'll get to the bottom of it in no time - " 3

"Huh!" Ethan let out a sarcastic tone. He said, "Really now? Send me what you have so far and then... I'll decide if you are worth investing money to."

Ethan got up from his seat and warned, "I f I ever prove that you were involved, you are going to regret having returned to Braeton."

Before leaving, Ethan declared, "I have m y eye on you."

Seeing the door close behind them,
Sawyer hissed, drinking his scotch. He
turned to his son and scolded, "You and
your plans! Now how can we make this
right if we don't have enough money to
roll? You did not know that Ethan's wife
was the General's daughter?!"

"Let's wait, Dad" Steven smirked and said, "Soon, his wife will have the symptoms, and he'll come running back t o us... Because I - I have the cure."

Chapter 94: I Am The Cure

In just three days, Ethan and Winfield were able to produce pieces of evidence to incriminate Sawyer and Steven in the attempted kidnapping of Samantha.

Ethan's hacker, Aiden, was also able to find communications between the father and son, confirming their involvement in the scheme. While Aiden was not able to find information about the cure, they at least found enough to take the father and son into custody.

With Winfield's influence, they were put into a military prison for interrogation and will remain there until the general is satisfied with the answers they would give.

It was there where Steven revealed to Ethan the ultimate cure.

Sitting in front of a table, Steven was smirking despite being locked up. He had a bruise or two on his face, but he remained confident.

In front of Ethan, he announced, "You

will never find out what the cure is, Ethan. So all this?" Steven shrugged, looking around at the military guards. " All this is useless."

He pointed at Ethan and declared, "Your wife will need the cure very soon and you'll beg me for it!"

"Tell me the cure, and I might actually let you live. You can rot in prison!" Warned Ethan with his eyes tightening.

An audible laugh escaped Steven's lips. He roared his heart out, bold of his plans. When he was done mocking Ethan he said, "These are my conditions."

He leaned closer to the table and told, "I want you to drop all the charges. My father and I will walk free out of here.

Give me the shares my family deserves as the rightful controller of the Wright Diamond Corporation... and lastly, I want to sleep with your wife - "

"Fuck you!" Ethan punched Steven outright.

Winfield, who was observing from the other room through a one-way mirror,

also stormed in and gave Steven a good punching.

"How dare you?! Do you think this is a game?! Even if you get what you want, the law will come running after you!" Winfield screamed while punching with all his might. "You have no respect for my daughter! Men like you need to be behind bars!"

Despite the injury on Steven's face and the blood gushing out, he still managed t o shriek. He repeatedly gasped for air as h e said, "It's your call. Either your daughter dies or she lives."

"Only I know the cure... For I." Another series of laughter came out of Steven before he revealed, "I am the fucking cure!"

Despite the repeated interrogation between Steven and Sawyer, the father and son gave no clue to the cure that they hold in their hands.

Ethan was left with no choice but to send Connor to Cambodia with Dr. Perry, fearing that Samantha might really

develop the disease, given the confidence Steven expressed.

For now, they could only hope and pray that Samantha remained healthy.

A week passed.

"Sam, are you okay?" Diana asked, seeing Samantha looking very tired, resting on the sofa of their living room.

"Um. Yes, aunt. I'm. I'm just really tired," answered Samantha before leaning on the throw pillows.

"You are tired? Have you been to the hospital for your check-up lately?" Diana probed. "Because you just came from your off and extended it another day... You - you should have gotten enough rest."

Samantha yawned and said, "I don't know, aunt. I just feel so sleepy. I went to the hospital last week. The doctor said a weekly check should be fine."

Just as she was about to close her eyes, the children arrived from school with Edgar and her father.

Since Ethan sent Connor to Cambodia, Winfield had volunteered to fetch the kids from school, together with one military guard.

That day, however, Sarah also came, wanting to visit Samantha.

"Mommy! You are here!" Kenzie excitedly ran to her mother and gave her a hug.

"Hi Mommy," Kyle asked, also hugging her on the side of her waist.

Samantha had weakly sat up. She caressed the cheeks of her children and said, "I miss you so much, guys."

"Give me a kiss, Mommy!" Kenzie pleaded with twinkling eyes.

The request of the little girl made Samantha lean back. Since she had been injected with the disease, Samantha had avoided kisses.

While the doctors told her it was okay, she just could not take a risk.

"Um. Sweetheart, I am not feeling well."
She frantically turned to the sofa and
searched for her face mask. After putting i
t on she said, "When Mommy is better,
okay?"

"But when will you be better?" Kyle asked with a frown.

"Sam, you look pale. Everything fine?" Sarah asked, walking in with Winfield.

Samantha frowned, hearing her mother's suggestion. She said, "Do I? Well, I feel tired."

She got up and said, "Maybe I just need to."

She frowned, massaging her head. "

Maybe I just need to rest - "

"Oh, my god! Sam!" Screamed Sarah.

Without warning, Samantha's nose bled, and she fainted outright. She almost hit her head on the floor, if not for her children standing next to her and helping her to the sofa.

"Mommy! Mommy!" Screamed Kenzie.

"What's wrong with, Mommy?" Kyle probed with panic in his eyes.

"Sam!" Winfield promptly scooped her in his arms and turned to the door. "Let's bring her to the hospital. Sarah, you stay with the children."

"Winfield." Sarah stretched her hand to her husband in tears, worried for her daughter's sake. "Please hurry."

"Grandma, what - what happened to Mommy?" Kenzie's eyes were already in tears, seeing the clear alarm in the expressions of her grandparents.

"Shhhh... everything is fine. Your Mommy is just feeling unwell," Diana had to be the one to answer. "I'm sure your Mommy is strong."

Four hours passed.

Ethan and Winfield were sitting next to the hospital bed where Samantha was resting.

For several hours, Samantha went through tests while unconscious. She was given IV fluids and other medications to address her symptoms.

Ethan had to leave his company in the hands of her father. He feared his greatest fear had finally happened, and h e wanted to be with his wife when she would wake up.

A doctor came inside and reported, "Mr. Wright, General. Good evening."

"Samantha's electrolytes dropped all of a sudden." He checked the records and added, "Despite, having been here for a check six days ago."

He walked closer to Samantha and pointed out, "We also noticed the tips of her fingertips are slightly reddish, plus the fact that her nose bled. Her laboratories also suggest and inflammation. I hate to say this... but it would seem like she is slowly showing the symptoms of the Kannareth disease."

With a sigh, he told, "From here on, she'll need regular IV fluids and

medication, but." It's like what has already been told to you. "We can treat the symptoms but it will continue to progress... as far as the reports about this condition are concerned."

Looking into the eyes of Ethan and Winfield, the doctor said, "Rest assured, however, that we will give Mrs. Wright the best treatment possible to live longer."

After the doctor left them to ponder on their plans, the room remained silent for some time.

Both Winfield and Ethan looked at each other, utterly pained by the news.

Ethan felt a hand squeezing his chest, blaming himself for everything his wife was going through.

A minute passed, and he finally spoke, " Father, I – I will renegotiate with Steven and uncle Sawyer." His voice trembled as

he added, "I don't care if I lose my wealth
- my position in the company! I just need
my wife safe... I have to get this cure from
Steven."

"I can give them everything - every single cent... Just so they would give the cure," Ethan closed, feeling his eyes water. "I just have to."

Chapter 95: The Possibility

"I'll give you everything – my shares to the company, my wealth! Just give me the cure!" Ethan demanded, slamming his hands against the table.

Steven just laughed at him in his swollen and beat-up face. He sighed and leaned forward to say, "Ethan. Ethan. Didn't I give my conditions already?"

"We will not file charges against you as you have requested!" Ethan shot back at him with his eyes narrowing.

Still, Steven wound up laughing. He was a t it so hard that he thought he might choke. Clearing his throat, Steven reminded, "My requirements remain unchanged, Ethan. My last condition includes sleeping with your wife and I will make sure, I get her pregnant!" 6

"Ahh! Fuck you, Ethan!" Yet again, Steven received a punch from Ethan.

Ethan grabbed the collar of his shirt and said, "You are never going to touch my wife! That will never happen!"

"If you are not going to give me the cure, then I will invest all my money in BNU pharmaceuticals! It won't take long."
Ethan thrust Steven's body. He took heavy breaths before closing his statement, "I will use all my power and money to find the cure no matter what it takes!"

As he strode his way outside the interrogation room of the military's holding facility, Steven screamed, "You'll never find out, Ethan! Because I am the cure! Don't you get it! Haha!"

Ethan could only clench his hand into a fist, thinking about his suggestion. He thought, 'How the hell can a person be the cure?'

"What do you think he meant by... he is the cure," Samantha probed before turning to Ethan.

After two hours of trying to negotiate with Steven, Ethan wound up returning t o the hospital with no results.

When Samantha asked what conditions Steven required, Ethan reluctantly told her the truth.

"I don't know, Sam. I think he is just making an excuse to." He gulped, not wanting to even imagine the possibility.

Sitting on her hospital bed, Ethan caressed Samantha's face. He leaned over to kiss his wife, but Samantha turned away. She said, "Don't Ethan, I'm worried you might get this."

He lay next to Samantha and pecked on her cheek instead. He said, "I won't get it and... I'm not afraid."

Ethan let his wife rest on his arm and he embraced her tight. He swore, "I won't let this affect us. I'll use all my resources and fund Dr. Perry's research on this illness. We will get the answer that we need soon."

Samantha buried her face into Ethan's chest and revealed, "I would... I would rather die than stay in the same room as that man, Ethan."

A tear fell down her cheek when she told, "I'm glad you did not agree - sending me into another man's bed."

Pecking on her forehead, Ethan said, "I would never. If a small company like Sawyer and Sons can find the cure, I'm sure an experienced doctor like Dr. Perry could figure it out... We will get through this, Sam... We will."

Across the Pacific Ocean.

In a small town of Tuk Chhou in Cambodia, where many settlers live off o n farming and fishing, Connor and Dr. Shannon Perry finally arrived at the house of the first reported victim who had been cured of the Kannareth disease.

For the past few days, Connor and Dr. Perry had been traveling on land to reach their first destination.

They were both welcomed in a humble home, near the rice fields, and settled in a bamboo sitting area.

Along with them, a local had to guide their way, serving as their interpreter.

Dara, the first reported victim in their provincial hospital, came out of the bedroom, together with her one-year-old child.

"Good morning, Dara. Thank you for seeing us," greeted Shannon. "We have a few questions for you, regarding how your illness suddenly went away."

Connor then presented gifts from the city, along with an envelope full of cash to ensure her cooperation.

After the interpreter revealed their reason for coming, Dara smiled and happily accepted the gifts. She began to tell how she was diagnosed at the provincial hospital.

"She said, she was given medication at first and her symptoms went away. She went home to her family, and the illness manifested again after two weeks," said the interpreter.

"She went back to the hospital and received another round of treatment.

After coming home again to her husband and family, she never got sick again," added the interpreter.

With a frown, Connor asked, "That's it? When did this happen?"

Dara answered and the local guide said, " She said, this happened about two years ago. Before she got pregnant with her baby."

"Did you take anything else?" Shannon. "Vitamins, natural herbs?"

The interpreter told that Dara drank several herbs around the farm.

Dr. Perry quickly noted down the plants and considered taking some samples. However, as a last attempt to find out anything about her sudden remission, she asked, "Anything at all that changed in you before you suddenly got better?"

The local and Dara exchanged brief words before the interpreter said, "It's just that she got pregnant with her husband's child. She thinks that her god might have cured her, knowing that she had a baby o n the way."

Connor and Dr. Perry looked at each other, puzzled.

Shannon sighed and said, "I see... Well, thank you for the time."

In the next four hours, the two were off to another nearby town where the second reported woman to have been cured resided.

As they were inside the van, Dr. Perry studied the data once again with Connor.

From the provincial hospital, there were eighteen women who were diagnosed with the disease over the last two years. Only seven women were said to have miraculously recovered. Four of these women were those that went to the quack doctor, only to be sexually abused. They were a mix of married and single women.

The three other women that survived were all married.

Dr. Perry frowned, realizing how most women that did not survive were single.

While Shannon was in deep thought, they finally arrived at the home of the second

noted survivor.

She was a woman who married a British national and thus could communicate well in English to the doctor and Connor. Her name was Vesna.

They were invited to the family's garden area and sat in front of a table where coffee and snacks were prepared for them. Like the last, Dr. Perry and Connor provided gifts for Vesna's cooperation and soon the interview began.

"This happened just last year, right after my honeymoon! Can you imagine getting sick after a two-week of love-making in Europe! I was scared for my life! One day, I was living a dream and then I got sick!" Vesna revealed.

"I was admitted to the hospital for a week and received treatments and after that! I got cured!" Confirmed Vesna.

Yet again, Dr. Perry fell bemused. She asked, "That's it?"

"Yes, that's it! The treatment worked for me!" Told Vesna.

With Connor sighing heavily, Shannon suddenly asked out of nowhere, "You did not... get pregnant, right?"

Vesna suddenly laughed. She glanced at the doctor and asked, "How did you know? Well, of course, we came from our honeymoon so four weeks after I was discharged from the hospital, I found out I was five weeks pregnant!"

"Back then, I was ready to go to the hospital because I was vomiting, but in the end, I was pregnant. I thought I was sick again," Vesna said before laughing.

With a long sigh, Vesna told, "I was so relieved that the illness went away. I don't know how I could have managed with me being pregnant and being sick!"

Shannon fell mute for seconds, just thinking about the possibilities. Out of the blue, she muttered, "Well, you know... being pregnant, the changes in a woman's body, from hormones, antibodies to enzymes... can... help with health problems."

She chuckled, turning to Connor and she said, "There are women who claim to have been cured of their illnesses because of pregnancy. Just like... autoimmune diseases but really." Her brows furrowed before she added, "It has not been thoroughly... studied yet."

"Well, maybe you should, doctor!"
Suggested Vesna. "Because if it wasn't my
baby, maybe it was just a miracle!"

Chapter 96: The Solution

Two days passed.

"Mr. Wright, have you ever heard about claims of women being cured of their illnesses during their pregnancy?" Dr. Shannon Perry asked on the line, right after speaking with Ethan.

Ethan frowned. He turned to his sleeping wife late in the evening before responding to Shannon, "I must have heard about it somewhere, yes."

"Crohn's disease, rheumatoid arthritis, multiple sclerosis – these are just some illnesses that people claimed to have been cured after getting pregnant!" Shannon sighed before resuming her thoughts, "Last night, we finally met the third victim who survived the Kannareth disease and like the other two, she fell pregnant.

Then! All of a sudden, the symptoms for the Kannareth disease never came back!"

"Are you saying... that pregnancy is the cure?" Ethan awkwardly probed while putting his hand on his waist.

"Well, technically, there is no cure yet, but the pregnancy itself – the changes in a woman's body, the increase in hormones, and changes in the body's enzymes, everything may help fight the disease!" Announced Dr. Perry. " Pregnancy is the solution!"

"Remember those women who were supposedly cured after visiting the quack doctor? They also got pregnant!" Added Shannon. She went on and on, explaining the conditions the survivors were in before concluding, "Therefore, we can conclude that while there is no cure, getting your wife pregnant is our best bet of surviving!"

After a few seconds of silence, Ethan realized how Steven insisted on getting Samantha pregnant by him. He frowned a s he confirmed, "So I should work on getting my wife pregnant?"

"Exactly, Mr. Wright. Still, we need to monitor regularly her electrolytes, just to be on the safe side," answered Dr. Perry. " Let's keep Mrs. Wright healthy and hopefully, the pregnancy will help fight

Brushing her fingers through her hair, she asked, "Why do you ask?"

"Because according to Dr. Perry, the three women who were reported to have been cured of the Kannareth disease fell pregnant shortly after being diagnosed." Ethan shrugged and added, "They have not had any symptoms since. One of the women was diagnosed two years ago."

"Sam, it's. It's no wonder why Steven wanted to." He frowned and said, "you know."

He placed both his hands in Samantha's arms and suggested, "It's probably because he realized the same thing – how pregnancy can help fight the disease."

"Are - are you serious?" Samantha probed.

To further convince his wife, Ethan scanned through the emails Dr. Perry sent him.

There were only a few women who acquired the illness, but the information was enough to suggest Dr. Perry may be on to something.

By the end of their analysis, Samantha bit her lips. Her eyes scanned the room and moved to the door. She gulped and asked, "Honey, do you... Do you want to lock the doors?"

"It's evening." Ethan took a deep breath and recommended, "I can put on a NO DISTURB sign up the door and let you rest for at least an hour."

Samantha nodded and answered, "Yes, a n hour will do just fine."

After giving the nurse station a heads up, Ethan locked the door behind him.

While standing in front of his wife, lying in the hospital bed. Ethan sighed. He revealed, "Just the thought of it makes me excited."

For the first time in weeks, Samantha wound up chuckling. She ordered, "
Honey, turn off the lights. It feels weird to do it in the hospital."

In the middle of the night, from inside a hospital suite, two bodies were on top of each other. Their bodies were intertwined for more than an hour, only to rest after

successfully making two full rounds.

At the end of their second round, Ethan promptly put a pillow on Samantha's hips. He ordered, "Don't get up just yet."

He lay next to his wife, panting with her before telling, "I'll take a one-week leave. Surely, having sex for an entire week will undoubtedly get you pregnant."

Catching her breath, Samantha responded, "That really felt good, hon. I supposed I am also getting those happy hormones."

"Hmmm. Happy hormones are good." Declared Ethan. "How is your IV site?"

"Still intact," Samantha answered, checking her other hand.

The next day, when the doctor gave the discharge orders for Samantha, Ethan also shared the news coming from Cambodia to each and everyone in the family.

Both the Davises and Wrights were

Both the Davises and Wrights were stunned by the conclusion given by Dr. Perry, but ultimately, they supported the plans.

It was from Ethan's study, where he revealed to his parents and to his in-laws.

"I'll bring the kids to the military camp.
That way you won't have any disturbance,
" offered Sarah.

"I can have three days with the kids," suggested Amanda with a grin on her face.

"Well, I suppose, I could use a one-week vacation," told Diana. "I have been meaning to return to Monroe."

"You do your best, Ethan." Winfield chuckled out of nowhere before suggesting, "Maybe we will have another twin."

"Now that would be stunning," Daniel remarked.

Sitting next to Ethan, Samantha flushed. She pushed back a strand of her hair behind her ear and said, "Thanks Mom, Dad."

"Thank you, everyone, for your support," said Ethan.

Amanda placed a hand on Samantha's. She said, "Oh, we understand, Sam." She looked at her son and proposed, "You both need to work really, really hard."

Following their quick gathering, the children's clothes were packed, ready to leave for the military camp. As they made their way to the living room, the twins complained.

"Why are we leaving? Mommy?" Kyle asked, looking worried for his mother.

"Is there something wrong?" Kenzie probed.

"Sweetie, nothing is wrong. You and Kyle will spend four days with grandma Sarah and three days with me," Amanda told

while leveling with the kids. She smiled before announcing, "The truth is, Mommy and Daddy, need to concentrate t o make a baby sister or brother for both of you! Isn't it great?"

"Oh!" The twins said simultaneously.

"I want a girl," said Kenzie with twinkling eyes.

"No! A boy!" Claimed Kyle.

Chapter 97: Do It All Day

It was Ethan's turn to relax his wife.

Laying face down on the bed, completely naked, Samantha was receiving a good massage from her husband.

Rubbing against her shoulders, Ethan asked, "Here?"

"Yeah, there. That feels good," remarked Samantha. "Mmmmm."

Equally bare and legs spread apart, Ethan settled behind his wife. He was leaning forward, bringing down his hands to her back.

As he oiled her body, he failed not to miss reaching for a breast. He gave it a good kneading before resuming his massage.

His actions made Samantha chuckle. She said, "I don't know what to do with you, Ethan."

Hissing at his wife's wonderful figure, he squeezed her two-round flesh and said, "I can't help it. My wife is so sexy and I am so lucky to make love to her day and night.

Ethan's manhood was already up and upon repeatedly playing with his wife's bottom cheeks, it all the more showed eagerness.

He palmed himself, feeling his hardness before sandwiching his manhood in between her ass.

"Oh, god, Ethan, that's so." Samantha flushed, feeling his stick rubbing in between her two-round flesh. She instantly felt hot all over by his playful actions. "That's so hot."

Samantha wound up gasping repeatedly, sensing the hardness and hearing Ethan softly moan.

For nearly a minute, Ethan maintained to thrust his length to and fro through Samantha's behind.

After getting satisfied, stimulating his shaft, Ethan spread his wife's ass apart.

At the sight of her pinkish hole, he sighed, "Damn, honey. You are just so pretty... raise your ass for me, hon."

Samantha did as she was told. Only then did he point his mushroom tip into his wife's rose and slowly, he entered her.

An erotic sigh easily escaped Ethan's lips, feeling the tightness around his member.

With just a few pushes, he sensed the wetness engulfing him. "Yeah, Sam. You are already wet for me."

Holding her hips, Ethan maintained a steady pace, moving back and forth into Samantha's peach.

He delighted at the sight of his rod, glowing in her love juice, and he especially lusted on how her entrance perfectly wrapped around his manhood. He could not help but think; his wife was a perfect fit.

Picking up the pace, Ethan leaned over, nearly pressing his entire weight on top o f Samantha. His arms reached beneath her torso, catching a breast for him to massage.

Ethan pumped back and forth, thrusting his member earnestly while feeling his wife's back under him.

The idea of having Samantha's body rubbing against him while he made love to her utterly raised a whole level of ecstasy. As he shoved his stick back and forth, he maintained to hold a breast and kiss on her back and neck.

"Aahhh. Ethan, yeah! Mmmmm," like Ethan, Samantha was easily drowned in desire.

She especially loved how his erection was filling her completely. Moreover, the continuous and consistent penetration made her incredibly soaked!

After noticing how Ethan was pumping faster, she felt even more gratified. She noticed how her husband was holding on to her chest tightly and how her body was bouncing beneath him. She especially felt thrilled, sensing her husband's entire body rub against her back and legs.

The couple's cry of pleasure easily echoed throughout the room, along with the impatient smacking sound of their flesh.

Pushing relentlessly, Ethan moaned and grunted, "Aahhh! Aaaahh! Ughhhhh!"

He came inside his wife's womb, thrusting like there was no tomorrow. He wanted to aid his soldiers, to reach her very ends and ensure fertilization in no time.

Sensing goosebumps all over, Ethan squirmed on top of his wife, resting flat above her.

"Ugggh!" After one last push, he sat up, carefully jerking himself off and making sure he deposited every single drop in Samantha's rose.

Pulling out, he abruptly reached for a pillow and let Samantha's hips rest on the cushion. He suggested, "Let them swim for a bit and I'll just drink some water before we... carry on."

Catching her breath, Samantha nodded and answered, "Okay, hon."

After ten minutes of rest, the couple was a t it again. Samantha never got up from the bed, merely raising her torso to drink some water.

Already getting a boner, Ethan palmed himself while standing next to the bed. H e asked his wife, "Ready?"

Samantha smirked. She narrowed her eyes and answered, "I was born ready for you, hon."

Lying on her back this time, Samantha moved comfortably for her husband to do her with her legs spread.

Before they could begin, however, Ethan covered her lips abruptly.

"Ethan!" While Samantha tried to object, Ethan's strong hands held her face closer. He forced her mouth open and thrust his tongue inside.

To Ethan's point of view, they were already exchanging fluids. Kissing was just another way of doing the same.

Moreover, the doctors did confirm that the illness does not develop in men.

Ethan excitedly invaded Samantha's tongue.

With his flavor combined with hers, Samantha easily became intoxicated by

his taste. She wound up kissing back with the same intensity.

The sounds of their sweet kisses easily turned sloppy in each second that passed. Their hands became restless, touching each other's bodies.

Finding her husband's firm behind, Samantha took the chance to seize it with her hand. She spread her legs wider and easily wrapped her legs around his thighs.

Yet again, their bodies caressed onto each other. Their chests felt each other's skin a s their heads moved from side to side, engrossed in a heated make-out session.

When Ethan started going down on her, Samantha took a deep breath, throwing her head on the pillow. She clenched her hand against Ethan's hair as he sucked o n her bosom.

After appreciating the warmth of his mouth, covering her chest, she looked down to see her husband's hungrily eating on her breasts.

Ethan was holding up both her mounts, alternately playing with her buds and

sucking them. He continued doing the same until her pinkish nipples were completely hard. He smirked with his work before going back to peck on his wife's lips.

He returned to going down on her in no time, spreading kisses around her stomach before finally reaching her prize.

Ethan sighed in an erotic way. He licked his own lips before his fingers caressed her slit.

"Aaaah! Yes, Ethan," he heard Samantha moan in desire, following his touch.

Ethan steadily gave her that feather-light touch against her clit, further encouraging love juice to pour out of her.

Soon, Ethan fondled her with his tongue.

That flicking sensation of Ethan's tongue easily sent Samantha to another high.

She always loved the feel of being eaten in between her thighs.

"Aaaahh! Aaaahh!" Not a moment too soon, Samantha came, mildly convulsing at her husband's expert teasing.

She felt her heart racing as she was catching her breath.

While her eyes were still closed, relishing on having orgasmed, she felt the tip of her husband's shaft touch her entrance. She opened her eyes and saw; her husband was ready to enter her once more.

Following a loud moan, Samantha felt being filled once again.

She quickly bounced up and down against the sheets as her husband moved to and fro.

Like always, Ethan fixed his gaze on Samantha's entrance as he made love to her. He held her slender waist and kept her steady while focusing on his hip movement.

Yet again, the melodies of their passionfilled the four corners of the master bedroom. The two gorgeous bodies remained intertwined for minutes longer until Ethan finally came.

"Ugggh! Aaaahh!" Slamming his body on top of Samantha, Ethan thrust again and again, floundering his hips until he was sure he released all his semen.

He covered Samantha's lips and relished on a sweet kiss before rolling on the other side of the bed and putting another pillow on top of his wife's hips.

Resting next to Samantha. He said, "Let's relax for another ten minutes."

"Make it, an hour," Samantha suggested, feeling exhausted after two rounds.

"Sam, really. We need to do this all day. Keep up, will you," suggested Ethan as he closed his eyes to rest.

Chapter 98: Pregnancy Test

"Hey, hon. Let's eat! I'm so hungry," Samantha turned behind her, seeing her husband find her in the kitchen.

Ethan and Samantha had all the housemaids and other staff take a week off, leaving only their security to stay on guard at the gate.

Over the past two days, they mostly had food delivered or sometimes cooked for themselves.

After having made love several times the day before, Samantha was feeling hungry at three in the morning. She did not have the heart to wake her husband and thus; she left him sleeping in the wee hours.

Despite walking with difficulty, she made her way to the kitchen to whip up a very early breakfast.

Relieved to find his wife, Ethan wrapped his arms around her waist. He kissed her cheek and reminded her, "What did I say about not leaving me alone in bed?"

Getting another kiss, Samantha chuckled and turned to her husband. She snaked her arms around his neck and kissed on his thin lips. She said, "You looked so beautiful sleeping, I did not want to wake you."

"Hmmm." Ethan embraced Samantha tight and savored her scent. He told, "
Going through this and experience the fear of worrying about your health, it dismays me waking up alone in bed without you... Don't do that again, okay?"

Samantha returned the embrace and answered, "I'm sorry, hon. I won't do it again."

With simple toasts, portions of bacon, and eggs, the couple had breakfast together under the dim lights of their mansion kitchen.

While Samantha was washing the dishes, Ethan was at it again, groping his wife.

He was reaching beneath her robe, caressing her breasts and grounding his groin area against her behind.

Samantha could not help but giggle. She expressed, "Ethan, I'm still washing dishes!"

Ethan pecked on her cheek and pressed his lips against her ear. He revealed, "I've always wanted to make love to my wife on the kitchen countertop of our home."

The suggestion of Ethan made Samantha flush. She instantly felt chills down her spine, just thinking about the idea of getting pounced in the kitchen.

Before she could react, however, she felt his hands reached under her sleeping dress and robe, easily finding her entrance.

She noticed how Ethan kneeled down and raised her skirt. Her bottom cheeks easily felt Ethan's hot breath in seconds.

"Oh, god!" Samantha paused on her washing as soon as he bit on her ass. " Ethan!"

"Keep washing the dishes, honey," Ethan ordered.

Samantha felt awkward, but she did so anyway. She continued to clean up while her husband licked her from behind.

Moans could be heard, coming from Samantha as she finished up the dishes. She found it difficult to focus on the plates while feeling the tingling sensation in between her thighs.

Ethan merely moved her thong to the side, and he easily found her rose. For minutes, he ate her hungrily, sucking on her juice while flickering his tongue against her clit.

As soon as Samantha finished the dishes, she turned around and raise her legs. She wanted more direct teasing, and that was exactly what she got.

"Aaahh! Yeah, Ethan," sighs of desire left Samantha's lips, feeling the warmth of his tongue against her rose.

She felt so thrilled being naughty in their own kitchen that her desires were quickly fulfilled!

Samantha came in no time, soaking her underwear as her hips twitched.

Ethan quickly got up and carried his wife by the waist.

Raising her to rest on the kitchen countertop, he slid down her robe, leaving only her sexy silk sleeping dress t o cover her body.

Spreading her legs, Ethan took out his already angry shaft and first rubbed his tip against her clit. He merely pulled down his pajamas, ready for another action.

More moans left Samantha's lips, being fondled down there once more while her insides were still pulsating. She could not help but demand, "Ethan, please... put it in!"

After soaking the head of his member, Ethan hissed, and gradually, he entered her with delight.

"Oh, fuck!" It was Ethan's turn to wail, sensing the wetness around his rod.

For the first time since they were married, Ethan and Samantha blessed their kitchen with their lovemaking.

Their figures remained to act according t o their desires for minutes longer, with Ethan taking the lead.

To and fro, Ethan moved his hips. When he felt himself nearing climax, he swiftly carried Samantha's weight and searched for the dining table. He lay her on the surface of the luxurious wood and then resumed his pumping motion.

"Aaaah! Uggh! Aaah!" Arriving in a conclusion, Ethan thrust again and again before he lowered himself to cover Samantha's lips.

He remained to stay inside her for seconds longer before finally pulling out.

"Stay down, Sam. Keep the semen inside you... at all cost," reminded Ethan.

He grabbed her robe and only then did he carry his wife in his arms, bringing her to the bedroom that early morning.

A month passed and Samantha, fortunately, did not manifest the symptoms of the disease.

There was a time when her electrolytes seem to have gone down, but Samantha acted fast, drinking more energy drinks. She had no signs of bleeding, however, which the doctors thought was good.

Samantha was living her life like it was normal once more, following the return o f her children.

In the succeeding days, Ethan and she continued to make love once in a while, making sure she takes in all his semen every time.

Since they agreed to have the test a month after their first try, exactly on the 30th day, Ethan came home bringing two bags of various pregnancy tests.

He rested them on the bed and told his wife, "It's time to find out, hon."

Samantha gulped, seeing how many Ethan bought. Instead of being nervous, she found herself amused. She giggled

and said, "You did not have to buy every brand!"

Ethan just shrugged and answered, "I wanted to be sure."

She reached for two packs and suggested, "I'll try two."

She went in and out of the bathroom in minutes. She came back pursing her lips, with her hands behind her.

Samantha sighed and gave a long face. She said, "Ethan, I'm sorry to tell you this... but."

A frown reflected on Ethan's face. He got up, ready to act on their love-making once more when he was taken aback by the rest of Samantha's words. He heard her say, "This time around, you're going to have to go through all my struggles in carrying a child."

She flashed the pregnancy test and announced, "Because you are going to be a father again!"

Chapter 99: Pregnant Together

Walking back and forth inside the master bedroom, Ethan was incredibly eager to know the results. For a second, his eyes were glued on the two bags of pregnancy tests he bought.

He walked over to the bathroom and knocked on the door. He asked his wife, " Honey, are you sure two is enough?"

"Yes, honey! Two is enough!" Samantha said out loud behind the door.

Minutes passed, and Samantha finally came out of the bathroom. She had a gloom on her face and she hid the pregnancy test behind her back.

Ethan was unsure what was the holdup. Moreover, seeing the melancholy expression on his wife's face, he feared the results were not in their favor. He was already determined to return to making love to his wife.

"Ethan, I'm sorry to tell you this... but." Just by those few words coming from his wife, Ethan's heart sank.

To his surprise, however, Samantha said the opposite to what her expression was giving. "This time around, you are going t o have to go through all my struggles in carrying a child."

Samantha finally showed him the pregnancy test, reflecting the two red lines in each. She showed a wide grin on her face and resumed, "Because you are going to be a father again!"

For a second, Ethan froze. His heart raced, and he wound up gulping down his own spew. He cleared his throat and asked, "This is real, right? You are pregnant."

Samantha nodded and said, "I chose the best brands. I'm sure they are real."

"Yes!" Ethan immediately embraced Samantha, lifting her off her feet and spinning her around.

"Ethan! Ethan, put me down!" Exclaimed Samantha as she giggled at her husband's actions.

When he settled his excitement, Ethan felt his eyes water. He pecked on Samantha's forehead and said, "We are going to be okay. You are going to be okay."

Samantha equally felt wetness on the corner of her eyes and answered, "Ethan, with you by my side – your encouragement, love, and faith, I know I will be fine."

She looked up at him and reached for a kiss on the lips.

Closing her eyes and resting her forehead on his lips, she added, "I love you, hon. I love you so much."

"I love you too, Sam," Ethan answered. " Let's believe in the miracle of life. Our baby will help you fight this illness."

"Ethan, I believe," Samantha closed.

Immediately, the next day, the couple went to a doctor to have Samantha checked.

The doctor confirmed she was pregnant. However, much development is still needed. The pregnancy was assumed to b e still in its third week.

"Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. Wright.
You are indeed pregnant, but since it is
still too early, I recommend that Mrs.
Wright return to visit me after two weeks,
and from there, we can see the baby's
heartbeat," said the doctor after
facilitating an ultrasound. 2

"I'll give you vitamins to help the fetus' development and please, please, eat healthy for the sake of your forming baby, and as well, to ensure that the Kannareth disease does not manifest," added the doctor.

The gynecologist had to be made aware of Samantha's condition, especially for future preventive measures her infectious disease doctor may give her.

**

The Wright and Davis family celebrated the news of Samantha's pregnancy through a special dinner at the First

Diamond Hotel, booking the first-carat conference room, only for their use.

It was in that venue where Ethan announced to the children as they were having dinner. Smiling at his twins, Ethan told, looking at his children from across the table, "Kyle, Kenzie. I have splendid news for you."

"What is it, Daddy?" Kyle asked before he sipped on his juice.

"Your Mommy is expecting another baby, "told Ethan with a triumphant grin.

Kenzie's eyes lit up, hearing from her father. She turned to her mother and asked, "Mommy, where is the baby?"

Everyone at their table, including Sarah and Winfield, laughed. It was Sarah who shared, "The baby is inside your Mommy's tummy, Kenzie. It's still growing right now and it will take nine months for the baby to be ready to come out."

Sitting next to Samantha, Kenzie caressed Samantha's stomach and asked, "Can baby already hear me, Mommy?"

"Not yet, sweetheart." Samantha touched her belly before she stroked on Kenzie's hair. She told, "In six months maybe, the baby can hear you, but we won't see the baby until nine months."

"I hope it's a boy," Kyle remarked.

"I hope it's a girl!" Kenzie protested. "We can play dolls together!"

"It's a boy!" Declared Kyle.

"No, it's a girl!" Argued Kenzie.

The two went at it, back and forth, until Ethan finally put them in silence. He said, "If it's a boy, we'll have a girl the next. You don't have to argue."

"Or, Mommy will have twins again!"
Remarked Matilda. She had been adoring
the exchange between Kenzie and Kyle,
but her mind was earnestly wishing for
another set of twins.

"Well, it isn't a twin because there was only one amniotic sac during the ultrasound," revealed Samantha. She then told, "Kenzie and Kyle both had their own sac."

"Oh, Miss Sam. There are twins that share one sac. Although, that kind of twin pregnancy is a little high-risk," Matilda's caregiver cut in the conversation, eager to share her knowledge.

With the added information, Samantha saw the eagerness in Ethan's eyes. She swallowed air down her throat before she objected, "I – I don't know." She laughed and revealed, "I don't know if I can be ready to go through another twin pregnancy."

She continued to giggle and told, "It was really tough."

From the other table, Amanda heard the exchange. She turned her seat and told, holding on to Samantha's shoulder, "Well, Ethan will be with you, this time around, Sam. You do not need to worry about anything."

Ethan responded by reaching for his wife's hand. He gripped it tight and

swore, "Sam, I don't know how difficult it was, carrying Kenzie and Kyle, but I promise you this... I will make every stage of your pregnancy as comfortable as possible - I will give you everything you need - support you in your struggles."

He paused with a smile and added, "Just tell me what you need and what you want, I will make it happen... I swear, this time will be different... This time around, we... We are going to be pregnant together."

Samantha did not know why, but she chuckled at his words. She said, "Honey, you do not know what you are talking about, but remember those words because... I – I will abuse!"

"Abuse as you can. I am here for you to abuse," Ethan said with confidence.

Chapter 100: Steven's Offer

7:00 PM at the Fort Eagle Military Camp holding facility.

"What is this?" Steven Wright asked after the soldier handed him a formal letter.

The soldier in charge sneered at the sight of Steven. He responded, "There are two. It's for you and your father. This is a transfer notification."

"After more than a month of seeing your arrogant faces, you are finally going to a far worse prison than here – somewhere you and your father deserve!" Told the soldier before letting out a laugh.

"What the!" Steven grimaced, grabbing b y force the letter in the soldier's hand. He panted as he read the transfer notification and muttered, "No. No. No! This can't be!"

"What's going on, Steven?" Sawyer probed, seeing the panic in his son's eyes. He also grabbed the papers in Steven's hand and he frowned while reading it.

"How can this be? Why would the General order our transfer?" Steven asked the soldier, gripping against the prison bars. "Why would Ethan let us be moved? Why?!"

Sawyer also held against the steel bars and probed, "I demand to speak to Ethan Wright right this instant! This is not supposed to happen! Tell him! Tell him, w e will give him the cure for his wife's illness!"

The soldiers who stood watch at the holding cell just laughed at them.

One sergeant staff said, "Don't worry, M r. Wright will see you in your new prison. It's just a matter of time. For now, enjoy your new home! Haha!"

Despite the complaints and demands Steven and Sawyer threw at the soldiers, their words were merely ignored. They were mocked and given horrible descriptions of their new prison.

They were transferred to Braeton's Penitentiary that same night, just half an hour from the military camp.

It was there that Steven and Sawyer joined in other inmates inside their confinement cell and utterly displeased the father and son.

The two wound up arguing late in the evening, deciding on their next move, now that they were in a far worse condition than before.

Whispering to each other in the corner of their cell, Sawyer considered the possibility, "Ethan had not shown himself for a month. What are the chances that he already found out about the cure? He did say he will invest in BNU pharmaceuticals."

"Nonsense, Dad!" Steven looked at their other inmates before turning back to his father, "They would never consider it... I know BNU! They are too scientific! They will not find the connection."

"Besides, I bribed the quack doctor. He won't speak!" Steven said convincingly. H e said, "Don't worry, Dad. When Ethan sees us, we will renegotiate – "

"He better! This was your fault, to begin with! If you only accepted his last offer and not let your dick get in the way, we would have gotten Ethan's wealth!"

Sawyer could not help but scream.

"Dad, hey. Come on. Have you seen Ethan's wife? She is not a woman to pass on." He moved closer to his father and suggested, "We can even share Ethan's wife, huh, Dad - Ahhh!"

Sawyer gave his son a punch in the stomach! He pointed a finger at him and warned, "You and your unnecessary methods. If your plan fails, you know... w e will lose everything! Our shareholders are even panicking at the news that we were held as prisoners! It will only be a matter of time before they go against us too!"

"Don't worry, Dad. I'll – I'll fix this."
Frowning from the pain of being hurt by
his own father, he promised, "I'll make
things right."

Another month passed. Steven and Sawyer finally received a notice for a meeting with Ethan and their lawyers.

Panic had long engulfed them, not understanding how Ethan was no longer pleading for their help.

For the past two months, they received no word from Ethan's side, not even news from their own lawyers. It was as if they were abandoned by the people whom they have hired to aid them in their move to Braeton.

When the time came for them to see Ethan, Steven was ready to give in to Ethan's demands, no longer including Samantha in his condition.

In front of a round table, Ethan, Daniel Wright, and the lawyers representing both sides settled along with Steven and Sawyer.

It was there where Steven offered, "
Ethan, I'm sorry, I was being hardheaded with your offer. I have finally
agreed on your last offer." Despite the
healed cuts on his faces, he managed a

Hide all



★ Let me go, Mr. Hill

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confident smile. "I'll take all your wealth and I'll leave your wife out of it. In exchange, I will tell you how your wife can be cured of The Kannareth Disease."

"Let's prepare the documents so we can b e done with it," Sawyer swiftly suggested. "Shall we, Ethan, Daniel?"

Ethan and Daniel looked at each other before they both shook their heads.

A scoff left Daniel's lips before he told, "
The nerve coming from you both! And
you call yourselves a Wright? I wish I
could strip off the name off you,
considering you, Sawyer, are just
adopted!"

Angered by Daniel's words, Sawyer slammed his hand against the surface of the table and yelled back, "That's exactly how you got the CEO position over me, Daniel! Just because I was adopted - "

"No, Sawyer, you were not chosen because of your mismanagement, and your actions today prove how you are not capable to lead a company!" Daniel shot right back. He swiftly took out a

Hide all



Let me go, Mr. Hill

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A Letyme 80, Ms. Hill S Adeel zia: A BY 908 W 404 A 9 E889... this Amazing Novel tell me... then... document and shoved it in Sawyer's face.
"You and your son have been voted out by
the board of directors of your own
company!"

"What?!" Both Steven and Sawyer reacted, reaching for the document in Daniel's hand.

It was in fact a formal offer, stating the Sawyer and Son's board of director's decision and monetary offer to Steven and Sawyer. They were officially voted out of their own company due to the scandal they brought about against the Wrights.

"And as for the shares you have secretly bought in my company, we have done the same, voting you out as shareholders. All the proceeds to your shares will go to your abandoned wife and other son."

Ethan handed another document in front of them and said, "The government will not allow you to manage your own finances, considering the harm you both are capable of doing."

"But Ethan! This cannot be! Why are you doing this?!" Steven retorted and suggested, "We still need to cure your wife - "

"My wife is already pregnant and I am the father!" Ethan announced, slamming his hands against the table. He stood up and leaned over to Steven with a sneer. "I don't need a bastard like you to do what I am supposed to do!"

Seeing the shock and paled faces of Steven and Sawyer, Ethan leaned back and fixed his coat. It further gave him the confidence that pregnancy was really the answer to the disease, given how they froze in their stance. He asked, "What? You think I would not find out?"

"I am Ethan Wright! I have all the money to find out the truth!" He grabbed the settlement documents on both company shares and declared, "Steven and Uncle Sawyer, you both are going down! You have dug yourself a deeper hole this time around, one that you cannot get out of!"

"You don't know how much I am enjoying the sight of your frightened faces right now." Ethan took a deep breath and said, "Enjoy prison because you are going to be there for a very, very long time."

"No. No! Ahhh!" Steven's objections were halted by his own father's beating.

While Daniel and Ethan left the room, Sawyer was making a punching bag out of his own son. They could hear Sawyer scream, "This is your fault! This is all your fault!"

Getting on their luxury vehicle, Daniel said, "At least now, son... you can focus o n being there for Sam and being a father."

"Yes, Dad. I am looking forward to it," Ethan answered with a smile. "I mean, how hard can it be, right?"

Daniel laughed and said, "Oh, as a child, you were a handful. I can't imagine twins!

Chapter 101: Spoiled With Love

It was a sunny day in Braeton City.

The streets were full of vehicles, back to their busy lives on a Friday morning.

Ethan and Samantha were at the doctor's clinic, getting confirmation on the status of the pregnancy. It was more than a month ago that the doctor told them a second sac had developed.

Holding her husband's hand, Samantha took heavy breaths. As the doctor began the ultrasound, her eyes were glued to the monitor, wanting to confirm everything was true.

"Relax, honey. Everything will be okay," said Ethan.

The doctor chuckled and said, "Okay, here we go."

"Oh, my goodness," Samantha sighed, seeing that there were in fact two sacs. The other one already developed a fetus, and a heartbeat was evident.

She closed her eyes and sighed before asking, "Doctor, I don't understand what happened here?"

"Well, it's rare." The doctor pointed out to the first sac where a more developed baby is showing. She said, "This is the first fertilized egg which implanted in your uterus much earlier."

"It's possible that after the first fertilized egg was implanted in your uterus, you ovulated again and another egg which was fertilized." With a frown, the doctor resumed, "Another possibility is that Mrs. Wright happened to have released two eggs beforehand, and the other fertilized egg halted development and hang around the uterus, causing a delayed implantation."

The doctor paused before he explained, "
You see, when an egg becomes fertilized, i
t travels to the uterus lining for a few
days and implants. That is where the
embryo is being aided by the uterus to
grow and develop."

"So, it's final. We are having twins," confirmed Ethan.

"Yes, you have two babies, definitely," acknowledged the doctor. She turned to the screen and said, "The first one is three weeks older than the other. This means we need to take extra precautions in making sure that your wife delivers the latest possible for the younger baby to reach full term or at least 36 weeks."

The doctor suddenly chuckled, and she remarked, "May I say, Mr. Wright, your soldiers are very good swimmers for this to happen."

"Hmmm." Ethan felt proud.

In the evening of that same day, Samantha arrived home after eight in the evening. She made sure dinner service was ready before leaving the hotel.

Despite being pregnant and still under observation from the Kannareth disease, Samantha was still on top of things at the First Diamond Hotel kitchen. She returned to work immediately after her baby-making week with Ethan.

Thankfully, the illness had not manifested. There were only instances when her electrolytes would reach the low borderlines, but Samantha easily corrected it with more fluids and energy drinks.

More than just the positive symptoms, Ethan and Samantha firmly believed she was on the road to recovery, especially since they had two babies coming!

"Hi, Rosa, where are the kids? I heard Ethan's already here?" Samantha asked, entering the dining table with no food around, only to find one of the maids cleaning the space.

"Oh, good evening, Mrs. Wright. Your dinner is a special one." Rose pointed to her back, and she said, "They are out in the garden, waiting for you."

Smirking her way to the garden, Samantha was feeling excited as to what her family was preparing for her.

She noticed how their garden gazebo was full of lights and to her surprise, Amanda was also with her husband and children, a

s well as Diana."

"What's all this?" She asked, making her way in their direction. Her brows immediately furrowed, seeing several shopping bags all around the space.

Ethan first walked over to Samantha, giving her a kiss on the cheek before saying, "Honey, we wanted to assure you that in this pregnancy, we will be here for you, helping you through your struggles."

"That's why grandma Amanda took us shopping," revealed Kyle before kissing his mother.

Kenzie first pecked on her mother's cheek before showing her the contents of the bag in her hand. She said, "Look, Mommy, grandma said you would love this. I want to be the one to put cream on your tummy."

She was holding two containers of body butter.

"Oh, I love this. Even when I'm not pregnant," replied Samantha with a smile. She kissed on Kenzie's cheek again before accepting the gift. "Thank you,

sweetheart!"

"From, me, Mommy, I downloaded apps that can help you with some reminders. I'll put them on your phone later," told Kyle. "I bought a water reminder app, food reminder app, and an overall Mommy's help app that will remind you of your hospital visits, where you can upload your doctor's reminders and a lot more!"

"Oh! How exciting!" Samantha laughed a t the idea. "I can't wait to see that!"

"He was up all night, searching for the best app, Mommy," revealed Kenzie.

"We also bought several maternity clothes; from dresses to pants and shorts. Those oversize panties. " Amanda laughed before she added, "I bought a whole set of essential oils and! I promise to check on you frequently, visit more often now that you are expecting."

"The shopper agent said you may need this," Ethan reached for a huge pillow and frowned as he named, "A very... very long hotdog pillow."

Laughter came from the ladies before Amanda corrected her son, "Ethan, it's a maternity pillow. That! Was my savior when I carried you."

"I hired another assistant so I can have two days off with you," Ethan added.

"And we will go fetch whatever you need, Mommy. Just tell us!" Announced Kyle.

"If Ethan is not available to bring you to the doctor, I'll come with you," Amanda promised.

"And me too," offered Diana. "I was there for you the first time. I am happy to be there again."

"Us too! We want to see the baby!" Kenzie eagerly told.

Samantha was all teary-eyed by her family's offer. She took a deep breath before saying, "Thank you, everyone. I feel so comforted and ready for this pregnancy."

She placed a hand on her belly and said, "
These two will be full of love and will be
very pampered."

She turned to her husband and looked him in the eye. Embracing him on the side, she concluded, "I can already see it, Ethan. Our new babies are going to be spoiled with love... Just like how you have spoiled me, Kyle and Kenzie."

Kenzie laughed out of the blue before she asked, "So Mommy, they won't be secret kids anymore?"

"Hmmm." While Ethan squinted at his daughter's words, Samantha and Diana laughed boisterously.

"No, sweetie. Not anymore," Diana told.

"Yes, we already have Uncle Connor guarding us, Kenzie. Maybe Dad will get another one like Uncle Connor," Kyle suggested.

"Yes, we will do that, Kyle. No more secret kids. You, Kenzie, and your siblings should be known as a Wright and be proud as a Wright," Ethan said. "In fact, I have already prepared names for your siblings."

Samantha's eyes widened. She looked up t o her husband and confirmed, "Already? We don't even know the gender yet?"

"Oh, well. Since the doctor said my soldiers are good swimmers, I am betting on having another girl and boy twin," declared Ethan with a confident grin.

"Ah, Daddy. What's a soldier?" Kenzie asked while pouting her lips.

"Yeah, what do you mean, Dad?" Kyle echoed.

There was a second of silence before Ethan answered, "I bought donuts for you guys." 2

"Yey! We love creamy donuts," both the twins said at the same time.

Chapter 102: Nausea

"What's wrong, honey?" Ethan asked as he and Samantha were eating together at the hotel's buffet restaurant during lunch on a weekday.

He easily saw his wife frown, right in the middle of eating her tomato and cheese salad.

"Sam?" Ethan asked again. He noticed how Samantha swallowed with difficulty again and again.

Samantha still did not answer. Instead, she got up, covering her mouth, and acted to heave.

Without saying a word, Samantha rushed to the restaurant restroom and Ethan followed behind her hastily.

"Sam? Honey? Are you okay?" He called a s he walked briskly after her.

Ethan even dared to go inside the ladies' bathroom, excusing himself as he entered.

The next thing he saw was his wife, vomiting in the toilet bowl in one cubicle and that utterly crushed his chest.

"Oh, god, Sam. What happened?" He approached, caressing her back as she practically threw up her entire stomach contents.

When Samantha stood back up, she leaned against the cubicle divider, panting and her eyes watering.

Ethan was quick to take out his handkerchief and wipe on her face. His brows were drawn together, worried for his wife's sake. "Sam, tell me what's wrong? Please."

After catching her breath, Samantha finally answered with her voice shaking, "
I'm - I'm fine." She flushed down her puke and further wiped her mouth before explaining, "I'm probably at the peak of my hormones so I'm starting to feel weird."

"Weird?" Ethan asked while raising a brow.

Samantha first left the restroom with her husband and as they made their way back to their table, she explained, "Many women go through nausea and vomiting i n the first trimester of their pregnancy."

She forced a smile before looking up to Ethan's concerned face and added, "I was like this with Kenzie and Kyle."

Settling himself back in his seat, Ethan asked, "Is this frequent? How often will you feel sick?"

"Mmmm," I can't really tell Ethan. She shook her head and said, "I don't understand it, really."

With a heavy sigh, she revealed, "It depends on the food that I eat. There are general DOs and DONTs, but really, sometimes there is no telling what I can keep down."

It was because Samantha lost her appetite after having thrown up that Ethan became overly concerned. He did not end their lunch meeting until Samantha would get food inside her stomach.

The man practically asked the server to bring in all available food at the buffet for his wife to choose.

In the end, she settled for a newly whipped Italian carbonara with only eggs as its sauce.

Seeing his wife eat heartily, Ethan finally relaxed. He asked, "Is that comforting."

Samantha nodded and answered, "
Strangely comforting. It's warm, and it's encouraging my happy hormones."

In the next two days, Samantha could not count the number of times she ate the same dish. Even at home, Ethan requested the same kind of pasta for her.

One morning, Ethan eagerly prepared the carbonara for Samantha's breakfast. He happily came out from the kitchen and said, "Here you go, honey. Your favorite pasta."

Seeing the carbonara in front of her, Samantha forced a smile and looked at her little girl. She asked, "Kenzie, do you want pasta?"

"Sure, Mommy. That looks yummy!"
Kenzie eagerly reached across the table
and grabbed onto Samantha's plate. "
Kyle and I will share this."

"Um." Ethan scratched his head and asked, "You got tired of the pasta?"

With a frown, Samantha answered, "Um. Yesterday, hon. At the hotel, I threw up the pasta." she jerked mildly and told, "I'm not eating carbonara anymore."

"Okay, so. What do you want to eat?" Ethan probed. "I'll ask our cook to prepare something else."

Taking a deep sigh, Samantha answered,
"I - I honestly don't know."

After being presented with five various dishes, Samantha felt obliged to eat.

She had a complete grimace as she chewed down a fish stew, but her nose was complaining about the smell.

The entire time, Ethan felt pained, watching his wife struggled through her breakfast.

He suggested for their cook to prepare another dish, but Samantha refused. She was getting late for work and she did not have the time to be choosy.

Getting up to the stairs, Samantha repeatedly acted to heave. She just tried t o stop it by covering her mouth.

Entering the master bedroom, Samantha started taking heavy breaths. She leaned against the wall of their room, fanning her face.

"Relax, honey." Ethan swiftly grabbed Samantha's favorite lavender essential oil and allowed her to savor its scent. He massaged her back and said, "Relax, Sam. Relax."

Samantha's eyes began to water. She earnestly wanted to relax, but her gut was telling her something else. A tear fell down her face before she said, "I'm sorry, hon."

She threw up right then and there, standing on their wooden tiled floor with her breakfast and stomach acid on their feet.

Feeling completely sick, Samantha struggled to the bathroom, spitting every spew that was left in her mouth. She brushed her teeth repeatedly before making it to their bed.

She cried as she went under the sheets, curling into a ball.

After Ethan returned with a maid to clean up the mess, he stayed with Samantha in the bed and caressed her hair. He asked, " I'm sorry, honey. I'm sorry."

Samantha nodded, still weeping. She replied, "It's okay, hon. It's just the hard part during the first trimester." She forced a smile, looking at Ethan's face before adding, "I'll get through this."

As days went by, Samantha's morning sickness got worse. Oftentimes, she would end up reporting late for work.

In fact, one evening, there was no sleeping at all for the couple. Samantha was feeling so unwell overnight, that she could not get up from the bed, always wanting to puke once she tried.

Ethan decided to skip work the next morning and also announced the same for his wife.

He wiped Samantha with a wet towel and freshened her up while lying in bed. He played some soothing music and lay next t o her.

Caressing her back and face repeatedly, Ethan said, "Take a rest, Sam. Let's rest together and eat together when you wake up, okay."

Samantha nodded, feeling her eyes helplessly fall. She yawned and said, " Thank you, hon. Thank you for being here for me."

Ethan pulled her into a tighter embrace and told, "I'll make it up to you, this time, Sam. The best way I can. I may have to go to work on some of your worse days, but know that you are always in my thoughts."

With Ethan's scent next to her and his loving embrace, Samantha found a good rest early in the morning, waking up refreshed right before lunch.

She looked up, finding him asleep, and she smiled. She asked, "Hon, how can I ever repay you?"

Apparently, Ethan was awake. He cleared his throat and while maintaining his eyes closed, he asked, "Hon, I really want to... eat you."

Pouting her lips, she weakly answered, "O h."

Chapter 103: Fresh Fruits

"Honey, wake up. Hon," Samantha softly spoke while waking Ethan. She repeatedly yet gently shook his arm and said, "Hon, I'm hungry."

Baby one was turning 16 weeks old while baby two was already 13 weeks. Starvation started to kick in in the wee hours, and Samantha felt even more nauseated on an empty stomach.

Since Ethan did not like it when she disappeared out of nowhere, she had no choice but to disturb his sleep.

Humming as he awoke, Ethan massaged his temples before turning to his wife. His eyes remained hooded, recalling how they had slept past twelve, trying to settle Samantha's stomach.

In his bedroom voice, he echoed, "You are... hungry?"

"Yes, hon. I could go down the kitchen - "

"No, I'll get something for you. What do you think you can stomach?" Ethan weakly asked while trying to get up from

the bed.

That was a difficult question for Samantha. Truth be told, it was so burdensome to figure out what she could eat. It has been that way since her nausea began.

Taking a deep breath, she answered, "U m... I think there was still that stir-fried broccoli and beef left on the fridge, hon. I would like those really warm."

Ethan nodded and said, "Okay."

"And hon, please refill my water,"
Samantha reminded, pointing to her
tumbler by the bedside table. "Lukewarm,
please."

"Got it," answered Ethan.

"And bring an orange too," added Samantha. "It helps me with the nausea."

"Right. Orange," said Ethan.

"And, I want the freshest once. The freshest citrus orange," she instructed. "
They are heavier."

"The fresher oranges... are heavier. Got it,
"Ethan repeated with a brow raised.
Never had he had to decide which ones
are fresher for fruits, especially oranges.
Now was the time for him to learn.

Ethan did notice how sweet and slightly sour fruits really seemed to comfort
Samantha now, but she had to eat properly with the way she has been eating the same. Otherwise, her stomach acidity was another problem to overcome.

Considering how Ethan had been getting up during the wee hours to grab a snack o r meal for his wife, Ethan needed to improvise things. Otherwise, he would have lesser sleep every night while Samantha was pregnant.

The next evening. When Samantha came home from work. She noticed the giggles coming from her children as she joined them for dinner.

"Mommy is going to be super surprised," said Kenzie before chuckling.

"I'd like to sleep in Mommy's room now,
"Kyle remarked with glee.

Looking at Ethan, Samantha raised a brow and asked, "What's going on, hon?"

She decided to go straight to dinner with the kids that evening, not even changing and getting into their bedroom.

In response, Ethan just smirked and said, "It's a surprise, hon."

Following their family dinner, Samantha went to the master bedroom with her husband and two kids walking behind her. They were all eager to find her reaction.

Samantha pouted her lips as she wrapped her slender hands around the doorknob. She turned to her family and asked, "This must be quite a surprise?"

"Uhuh!" Answered Kyle.

"I love it, Mommy!" Kenzie added.

Finally opening the door, Samantha's jaws dropped. Her eyeballs practically popped out of her eyes when she saw a

food chiller inside the bedroom.

The food chiller had several meal options and freshly squeezed fruit juices for her t o choose from. Right next to it was a countertop with a microwave and utensils for her to use.

If that was shocking enough, she screamed, seeing a four-foot dwarf orange plant on the left side of their bed. "
Oh, my god! Ethan!"

Samantha wound up laughing so hard, her eyes watered and her stomach hurt. " I can't believe you!"

Kenzie walked in immediately, picking one small orange from the potted tree. She told her Mommy, "It's really sweet, Mom. Try it!"

"Give me some!" Kyle asked, following his sister.

"It's just a mandarin orange. The real oranges were much bigger, even when dwarfed," explained Ethan. "They have the same acidity, but much sweeter. I hope you'll like it."

Pointing to the plant, he said, "The maids will take them out every morning and bring it back here in the evening. They will forever be fresh... Just the way you like it."

"Oh, my goodness, Ethan. You are just impossible!" She raised her hands as she continued to laugh.

She walked over to the kids and had a taste for herself.

There was nothing else, but a smile plastered on her face as she ate pieces of the mandarin orange. "It's good. It's sweet and has the right kick of acidity."

Samantha took a second to appreciate the plant that bore the small oranges, and she sighed. She told the kids, "Your Daddy just does whatever he likes."

"For as long as it is within my grasp, I will do it," Ethan told before he head for the shower. "Enjoy your oranges while I take a bath."

Feeling so elated by her surprise, Samantha remained to giggle and smile

even after putting the children to sleep.

They were already ready to rest for the evening when she snacked on the mandarin oranges. She remarked, "It really feels good and smells good too."

"I'm glad you like it, hon," said Ethan while climbing onto the bed.

"And I am impressed by how you maximized the space of our room." Samantha chuckled, pointing to the food chiller.

"Hmmm. It's not good for you to keep going up and down the stairs. We could at least minimize it," Ethan replied before pecking on her cheeks. "Goodnight, Sam. I hope you have a better sleep tonight."

"Goodnight, hon. I love you," Samantha said.

"I love you too," Ethan answered with a smile.

At four in the morning, Samantha could not help but get up, feeling all hungry again. However, since she had several food options available from inside their room, she did not have to wake up her husband.

Despite her modest movements, however, Ethan managed to get up and helped her warm her food. He only returned to sleep when Samantha was already eating.

Feeling all happy with her very early snack and her mandarin orange, Samantha leaned back on the headboard, caressing her tummy. She had to admit; she was too full to sleep.

An idea suddenly crept into her head. She bit her lip before peeping under the blanket. When she confirmed her husband was already having his morning erection, Samantha thought to give Ethan a little reward.

After stripping down her sleeping dress, she rode on him completely naked.

Ethan could not be happier. Early that

Ethan could not be happier. Early that morning, he got rewarded for treating his wife right.

The following evening, Samantha came home late because of an event at the hotel.

When she barged into the master bedroom, she wound up exclaiming and giggling. "Oh, my god! Ethan! What are those?"

There were two added potted plants in the room. One bearing strawberries and the other had wild cherries.

Ethan was already on the bed, working on his laptop when Samantha arrived. He smiled in delight seeing the amused expression in her eyes. He cleared his throat and asked, "Do you like it? Fresh fruits only for my wife."

With a sly grin, he narrowed his eyes and immediately asked, "Do I get rewarded for it too?" 6

Chapter 104: The Reward

Samantha closed her eyes, moaning at the feel of Ethan's warm mouth, covering her breast.

She was lying naked on the bed, giving her husband's reward for pampering her.

She felt chills down her spine, feeling his tongue wet the peaks of her mounts. She sighed erotically and called his name, "Ethan."

As Ethan generously ate one breast, his other hand gently kneaded her other bosom and letting Samantha's nipples frequently get trapped in between his fingers.

After being satisfied with her pinkish bud's erection, Ethan shifted to the other breast, giving it a fair amount of loving.

Like Samantha, Ethan was completely bare, ready to make love to his wife.

He lingered seconds longer on her belly, repeatedly kissing it while feeling her belly bump. Since they were having twins, Samantha's pregnancy was already

obvious.

Ethan gave one last lovingly peck on her stomach and said, "Love you, Sam and I love our children."

Samantha still had her eyes closed. Hearing her husband express his love, she smiled and answered back, "I love you too, Ethan - Aaaah!"

The next thing Samantha felt was his tongue, soaking her peach. She sighed her desires, again and again, savoring the warmth of her entrance.

She spread her legs wider, loving every second of Ethan's touch.

Up and down, Ethan's tongue flickered against Samantha's clit. He often purely sucked on it while maintaining his fondling.

He could sense Samantha raising her hips and floundering at his teasing. He knew she was pleased and would end up arriving in climax soon.

Ethan loved the bareness of her peach, the softness of her skin, and especially

how it glowed in his fluid. He sometimes found himself just staring at her pink hole for a second before returning to tasting her.

He could not deny it. His wife was his obsession, and he meant to cherish her and keep her forever.

In between his thighs, his manhood was damn hard, eager to enter his wife.

Minutes into eating his wife, Ethan noticed how Samantha's hips were twitching and not a moment too soon, she came mildly convulsing.

"Oh, god. Ethan - Aaaaahh!" Samantha let out an erotic cry. Her body trembled out of excitement and she ended up kneading her own breasts!

Samantha's lips were still trembling, and she was gasping for air. Just as she was still drowned in pleasure, she felt Ethan touched the dampness of her entrance.

She then felt the tip of his rod, ready to enter her.

Ethan held her waist to keep her steady, and slowly, he entered her.

He watched as his entire length and girth gradually penetrated Samantha's beautiful rose and the more he glided in; he felt himself becoming larger by the second.

"Aaaahhh! Yeah," the moment he pushed his entire size inside of her, he moaned in gratification. "Sam, you just make me feel so good."

He threw his head back, savoring the feeling of being completely inside her. He practically squirmed his hips, wanting to feel her every side. "Aahh. fuck!"

Unfortunately for Ethan, he could not play it rough.

Since Samantha was pregnant, he had to be e gentle with her. The best part for him, however, was how he could put it all in without worrying.

Biting his lip, Ethan began his back-andforth movement. As he did, his eyes shifted to stare at his beautiful wife.

Samantha was giving him that frail and erotic expression. Her mouth was open, catching her breath, and she often touched her own breasts.

Ethan adored Samantha's display. He absolutely loved how her breast bounced a s he moved to and fro.

Halfway through their lovemaking, Ethan said, "Turn around for me, honey. I want t o do you from behind."

Samantha paused. She doubted for a second, but then she asked, "You need to be careful. You can't force me down nor get on top of me, Ethan."

"I Promise to treat you with care, hon." He smiled and swore, "I'll be gentle."

Samantha got up, but before turning over, she reached for her husband and kissed him on the lips.

Her hands touched his fine torso and reached for his behind. She announced, "I just love this."

"Hmmm." Ethan did the same, reaching for her ass and remarked, "I love these

too."

With a smirk, Samantha turned around seductively. She carried her weight with her elbows and knees, raising her ass for her husband to see.

Samantha closed her eyes, delighted at how Ethan kissed her bottom cheeks. She bit her lip when Ethan bit on each, but when he tasted her once more, she could not help but moan again.

She was eaten again for seconds before she noticed Ethan finally pointed his shaft into her rose.

When he entered her again, Samantha felt so satisfied.

Like always, she felt herself getting filled by his size.

Slowly, Ethan thrust his manhood in and out of Samantha, returning to his to and fro motion.

While Samantha let out desirable sighs, Ethan also hissed repeatedly at the sight o f his wife's beautiful burn.

Ethan often spread her two-round flesh, wanting to get a better view of his penetration.

He relished in her sexy back and slender waist, and he specifically liked the look o n his member, getting soaked in Samantha's love juice.

"My wife is just so hot," he remarked as h e moved his hips.

His words made Samantha flushed. She turned her head with difficulty and countered, "My husband is so hot too -Ahhh! Careful, Ethan."

Ethan gave a harder thrust once and twice before he returned to his gentle pace. His breathing faster and his brows were drawn together.

He held tighter against her waist and moved a little faster, still minding his pace.

He wailed continuously until he finally released inside of her, "Aaahh! Fuck!" He pushed and pushed until he was finally sure there was nothing left of his soldiers.

Bending over, Ethan reached for Samantha's breast and he kissed on her back. He said, "I love making love to you."

After a sweet lovemaking, the couple rested on their back. Ethan knew Samantha, in her state, could take another round. The best that they could do was cuddle in their naked bodies to sleep at night.

"Hon, your stamina amazes me. Despite being so busy, you still want to make love to me most nights," Samantha remarked while resting in his arms.

Ethan pulled up the blanket over them and pecked on her forehead. He smirked and said, "Because... I desire you and I'll never get tired even as we age, craving for my wife."

With glistening eyes, Samantha looked up to him and pecked on his cheeks. She said, "I just love you so much. Don't ever change, Ethan."

"I promise, I will always make love to you. It is my duty to fulfill your desires," Ethan said unwittingly.

"Even when our hair is grey?" Samantha probed while giggling.

"Even when our back already hurts, I'll find a way," Ethan answered with confidence.

Samantha wound up laughing so hard that her stomach ached. After catching her breath, she said, "I'll remember that."

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Chapter 105: Gender Reveal?

7:00 PM at the Wright Diamond Corporation.

"John, clear my schedule tomorrow afternoon." Ethan reflected a wide grin o n his face before he told, "I'm going with Sam for her check-up, and tomorrow, we find out the twin's gender."

"Oh, Mr. Wright. Someone looks very excited," teased John Garcia. It had been some time now that he could get away with these kinds of lines, especially if it had something to do with Samantha and the twins.

"Of course, John. I wasn't there for Kyle and Kenzie." He closed his laptop before resuming his thoughts, "I want to know exactly how it feels like. The last ultrasound she had, the babies were still s o small."

He got up, ready to leave and fetch his wife at the hotel before admitting, "It feels good to be a father, John. I have a reason to look forward to every day of my life. You should try it."

John could not be more proud of the changes in his boss. From a cold and snob CEO, Ethan easily changed into a happy and loving husband and father. He could not help but conclude how Samantha made his boss a better person.

He was especially happy how everyone in the company got an extra Christmas bonus because of Samantha. He, specifically, got more than the rest, having ensured the connection between his boss and Samantha.

"I'll definitely clear your schedule, Mr. Wright. There shall be no interference to the Gender reveal!" Declared John before opening the door for Ethan.

The next day, Ethan and Samantha arrived at the doctor's clinic an hour before their appointment.

Samantha was giggling while munching o n her mandarin orange before she said, " We are too early, hon. You are too excited.

Folding his arms across his chest, Ethan answered, "I'm always early for my appointments."

"Well, not with doctors. They sometimes have emergencies and other patients to attend to," reminded Samantha.

Ethan glared at the secretary and said, " Tell the doctor, Ethan Wright and his wife came early to see her."

The poor secretary, knowing the influence of Ethan, gulped air down her throat and responded, "I – I will, Mr. Wright."

The doctor arrived in twenty minutes and while she still had about half an hour before Samantha's appointment; she accommodated the prominent couple inside her clinic. They went straight to the ultrasound room to view the babies.

The second the doctor placed the probe o n Samantha's belly, Ethan asked, "Are they girls or boys."

Samantha wound up laughing and so did the doctor.

"What an excited husband and father, " remarked the doctor.

"Very much, doctor. You don't know how many times we have had the gender conversation," revealed Samantha.

"Give me a second to maneuver around." The doctor started with the older baby, first checking on the heartbeat before finding the gender.

Pointing in between the legs, the doctor said, "that right there, standing up means... the first baby is a boy."

Ethan could not be more proud. He responded, "Good."

When it was finally time to check on the second baby, the doctor took her time. She frowned repeatedly before saying, "
The baby is hiding himself or herself!"

She pointed to the screen and remarked, "the legs are crossed... Let's see."

"Oh, no. Looks like we won't know today,
"Samantha said, holding her obvious
bump. "Move, baby. Move."

paint their rooms - " 4

"Ethan, honey. I'm still in my fourth month of pregnancy." Samantha held his hand and told, "We have time. Don't worry too much."

In the evening of that same day, as Samantha and Ethan rested on their bed, they covered the possible gender of their second baby.

Ethan studied his wife while she was eating a piece of mandarin orange. He caressed her belly and suggested, "I think the second baby is a boy."

"Oh?" Samantha answered, raising her brow. "I think it's a girl."

She chuckled and added, "It would be nice if both Kyle and Kenzie get a playmate each."

"Let's have another ultrasound soon," Ethan suggested.

Samantha chuckled and asked, "Does it really matter what the gender is? Will you love one less if it's a girl?"

Ethan sneered and glanced at his wife. He said, "Of course not, hon. I just want to be prepared."

Grabbing his phone, Ethan showed to his wife, "Look here. The shopping agent already gave me options for both girls and boys. I already confirmed the orders for our first baby and everything will be ready soon... We just need to paint the room according to their gender."

Yet again, Samantha chuckled and suggested, "What if we paint the room white? Goes with both a girl and a boy."

"Honey, please. I am very particular with specifics," answered Ethan. "I can't wait for the next ultrasound."

Another month passed.

Ethan and Samantha returned to the doctor for another ultrasound.

With the second baby now in its 5th month, they were confident the gender will finally be revealed.

Before leaving for the clinic that day, Ethan gave his wife a mug of ice cream, hoping that the second baby would reveal itself.

Ethan showed the same eagerness that day, rushing the doctor in her work. The second the doctor placed the probe in Samantha's belly, he asked, "What is it, doctor?"

While Samantha shook her head, the doctor smiled and answered, "We will get there. Hold on."

The couple noticed how the second baby was moving around. The doctor kept moving the probe, frowning as she tried t o determine the gender.

"Okay, here we go." The doctor's eyes narrowed, focusing on the second baby. She declared, "The second baby is... a boy. "Yes!" Ethan exclaimed, turning his hand into a fist. (2)

However, just as he was delighted by the news, he heard the doctor say, "I think."

Both Samantha and Ethan turned to the doctor and echoed at the same time, "You think?"

"Or... it's a finger," the doctor said before sneering.

Chapter 106: Jealous Ethan

Sadly, the second baby's gender remained a mystery. Ethan would have to wait another month to find out.

It was because the baby did not give the doctor a clear chance to view its gender.

Following Samantha's 5th month pregnancy, she had been needing to sleep upright more often. She found it more appropriate and noticed how it prevented stomach reflux.

Aside from that, she was now often using her maternity pillow.

One night as the couple was fast asleep. Ethan instinctively brought his arm closer to him, expecting to embrace his wife. Sadly, Samantha was not in his arm that he awoke with a frown after the realization hit him.

Turning to Samantha, Ethan cleared his throat, sitting up on the bed. He moved closer and saw how his wife was beautifully sleeping and hugging the maternity pillow on her left side.

He leaned over and pecked on Samantha's cheek. He pressed his lips against her ear and asked, "Is the pillow huggable than me?"

It took seconds for Samantha to wake up from his probing. Ethan had to repeat his words when her eyes fluttered open. He asked again, "You are enjoying your companion. Is the pillow huggable than me?"

A hiss left his lips before admitting, " Honey, you are making me jealous now."

Samantha took some time to realize what her husband was saying. Only then did she chuckle and answer, "Ethan, hon. With my body changes, it's really more comfortable hugging a pillow and elevating my head with the same cushion."

She reached for his handsome face and explained, "I'm sorry. It's just that... the pillow is soft and... you are." She sneered before adding, "You are hard... Go back to sleep, honey. I'm tired."

Ethan could only sigh. In their entire marriage, he supposed it was the only time when Samantha complained about his well-defined body.

He asked, "So does that mean, you want me to grow belly fat?"

Samantha chuckled again and responded,
"No, honey. You are perfect the way you
are. It's just that... right now, I need more
comfort and I need the pillow to support
my belly."

She returned to face him again and said, "You understand, right?"

With another sigh, Ethan nodded and returned to sleeping on his side of the bed, feeling neglected. He utterly declared the pregnancy pillow was his rival.

If the pillow was merely enough to make Ethan jealous, in the next few days, Samantha had ordered in a lazy-boy sofa.

It was because her babies were pushing her stomach upward that she was occasionally experiencing acid reflux. She just could no longer sleep on the bed. She needed to have a more stable upright

position when sleeping at night.
Otherwise, there would be no sleeping at all.

On the day that the sofa was delivered to the mansion, Ethan arrived late home from work. When he entered the master bedroom, he found his wife already asleep on the reclined chair.

Ethan first bathed and returned to waking his wife. He caressed her cheeks and said, "Honey, I'm home now. Let's sleep on the bed."

When Samantha awoke, she smiled at her husband and pouted her lips at his request. She weakly revealed, "Ethan, hon. I've been feeling my stomach acid go up often, and even with the antacid, I feel uneasy at night." She sighed and added, "I'd feel much more comfortable sleeping here."

With her answer, Ethan practically leaned back in annoyance. First, it was the pillow and now, here came a new sofa.

His jaws dropped for seconds before he clarified, "You mean, I'm going to sleep

alone?"

Samantha, who was already tired, merely closed her eyes and softly answered, "You are not alone, honey. I'm here... just sleeping in the chair."

Ethan could not believe it. His wife was comforted by a mere pillow and a sizable sofa!

He muttered, "How can... a pillow and a sofa be better than me?"

Unfortunately, Samantha was already fast asleep and could not respond to his complaint.

That night, Ethan struggled to sleep. He was constantly checking on his wife, making sure she was comfortable in her sleep. Often, he would adjust her head, pull up the blanket that covered her, or just stare at her.

Ethan even joined Samantha in her early morning snacking. Only after fatigue kicked in did he finally closed his eyes to sleep.

The succeeding days were the same.

Samantha chose to sleep on the lazy-boy chair than rest with Ethan on the bed.

Never had the man felt so lonely since they were married!

On another occasion, while striving to sleep with the same jealous thoughts, Ethan muttered as he rested his head on his arms, "I have to find a way to get through this."

He counted and added, "Four more months to go. Just four months to go."

The next morning, Kenzie woke up in a different room. She got up abruptly, looking around.

She found her Mommy, still sleeping on a sofa, while her brother was still sound asleep next to her. She also found her Daddy cuddling with Kyle.

Bemused, she shook her Daddy and asked, "Daddy, Daddy! Why are we in your room?!"

Kyle wound up, waking up, hearing Kenzie's voice at six in the morning. He rubbed his eyes, adjusting to a different view. "We are in Daddy's and Mommy's room."

"Daddy?" Kenzie probed again.

"Kids, it's a Saturday, you don't have to wake up early," told Ethan, still completely exhausted. He hugged Kyle tighter and added, "Go back to sleep, son."

"But, Daddy. How did we get here?" Kyle probed.

"Kyle, Kenzie? What are you guys doing here?" This time, Samantha woke up, hearing the voices of her twins.

"We don't know, Mommy. I woke up and I am here," Kenzie said pouting her lips.

"I carried them here... Starting today. Kenzie and Kyle will sleep in the room with us," announced Ethan while maintaining to close his eyes.

"Really, Daddy? We are going to sleep with you?" Kyle probed, widening his

eyes open. Their Daddy rarely invited them to sleep in the master bedroom.

"Yes, really... until... your Mommy gives birth," revealed Ethan.

"Yey! I love sleeping with Daddy and Mommy!" Exclaimed Kenzie.

Samantha got up and walked over to Ethan's side. She asked, "Really, hon?"

"Really... I mean... you have your pillow and your sofa." Ethan opened his eyes and pointed to Samantha's new bed before adding, "I could at least have my kids with me on the same bed."

Samantha laughed out loud, nearly tearyeyed at his answer. She said, "Ethan, sometimes, you can be silly, but I love that part about you."

She pecked on his cheek and told, " Thanks for understanding, honey."

"Hmmm." Ethan shifted his position, embracing Samantha in the waist. He warned, "When this is all over, you are going to pay me back, big time."

Samantha laughed again and answered, "Honey, when I give birth." She sighed and explained, "There are... new challenges ahead. It's really best that I repay you while I am still pregnant."

Chapter 107: The Names

"I booked two hours of the doctor's time today. There should be no excuse for not being able to determine the second baby's gender," revealed Ethan.

Finally, the next month arrived, and yet again, Ethan cleared his schedule to join his wife on her next ultrasound.

He only had three months left to have the nursery painted. He badly needed to get the gender out of the way.

"Two hours?!" Samantha reacted while sipping on her milkshake. Ethan made sure she had enough sweets before the ultrasound.

"I'm prepared to spend all the time needed. If we don't get a clear gender by today, I am going to announce that the second baby is a boy," declared Ethan before crossing his legs.

Samantha just chuckled and shook her head. She hooked her arm around Ethan's and concluded, "It's a girl. I can feel it."

When Ethan and Samantha came inside the ultrasound room, the man settled in a seat next to his wife.

He was prepared to stay there for the entire two hours and wait until the doctor finally confirms the gender of the second baby.

The doctor had nothing, but all smiles as she puts gel on Samantha's belly. She quickly navigated, first checking on the babies' heartbeat. Only then did she proceed to determine the second baby's gender.

"Let's see. Don't be shy now, baby. Show yourself properly," the doctor said.

While Samantha was smiling, Ethan was caressing his chin. The man asked, "You don't need to rush, doctor. We have two full hours - "

"The second baby is a girl," announced the doctor, unintentionally cutting off Ethan. "It's very clear now."

"I told you so, honey!" Samantha exclaimed with eyes glistening.

Shocked that the doctor easily concluded the gender, Ethan raised his hands and asked, "That's it?"

"Yes, Mr. Wright. I can see clearly from her position here." The doctor pointed to the screen and said, "There is a clear crack in between her thighs so baby number two... is a girl."

Ethan raised his chin. He wondered, 'How is it that after booking an entire 2 hours of appointment with the doctor, she identifies the baby's gender in less than ten minutes!'

Clearing his throat, Ethan probed, "Are you sure, doctor?" Tilting his head, he added, "I mean, you still have around two hours to fully verify the gender."

Both Samantha and the doctor chuckled a t his words. Then the doctor said, "I am very sure. However, since you booked two hours with me, we can do a full anatomy scan, one which I intended to do, anyhow."

Still, despite doing a complete anatomy scan for both twins, Ethan and Samantha

did not consume the entire two hours in the ultrasound room. They spent the added minutes, covering the preparation needed to be done for when Samantha would give birth and after which, the couple left for their home, eager to share the news to Kyle and Kenzie.

That afternoon, the kids were working on their homework in the garden, together with Diana, Sarah, Matilda, and Winfield. The grandparents were there to visit the kids, wanting to spend time with them.

Soon Ethan and Samantha arrived, carrying two boxes of cake with them.

"Mommy! Daddy!" Kyle was the first to see them.

"We brought cake!" Samantha announced.

After greeting her parents, Samantha kissed her grandmother and sat next to the children. She told, "The cake will reveal the babies' gender."

After Ethan exchanged pleasantries with his in-laws, he opened the first box of cake and said, "So we already know that the first baby is a boy." He brought out a cake, dominantly colored in blue, and resumed his thoughts, "So, the cake is blue."

"I'm excited!" Exclaimed Kenzie. "I hope the second baby is a girl!"

"Oh, this is soo thrilling!" Sarah happily clapped her hands. Her eyes were equally twinkling of excitement.

Ethan handed the other box to Samantha. Both of them had a smile plastered on their faces.

"I think it's a girl," remarked Matilda.

"I think so too!" Diana suggested.

Winfield, on the other hand, had his eyes narrowed. He suggested, "Maybe it's a boy."

Samantha could only giggle as she slowly unboxed the cake. Even before she could take out the pastry, Kenzie jumped up, peeping on the box and scream, "It's a

girl! It's a girl! The cake is pink!"

"I knew it!" Matilda happily yelped. The rest of the girls in their gathering echoed the same eagerness.

They all had cake for their afternoon snacks together, enjoying both the sweets of their baby girl and boy.

As they ate, Sarah asked, "Have you already thought of the names?"

"Dad, he - he suggested a name for the boy. He requested it to be Kaleb. Of course, that is with your approval, Sam," Ethan answered.

"I want Kate. She is my best friend at school," told Kenzie.

Their party giggled and Samantha acknowledged, "Kaleb is a nice name. I'd like that, Ethan."

"I like it too," remarked Winfield. "I thought of James before, but Kaleb is also good."

For a second, Samantha was silent, thinking about the girl's name. She

pulled her daughter to sit on her lap and said, "I think... Kate is a beautiful name, but I wanted her to have grandma's name too."

Seeing the confused look on her mother, Samantha glanced at Sarah and told, " How about, Sarah Kate?"

"Oh, Sam. You don't have to," Sarah discouraged, brushing off the idea.

"But, I really want to, Mom. I've missed you for so long, I wanted more of you." She looked at everyone and explained, " I've always thought about it. Should Ethan and I have another girl, I'll name her Sarah too."

"Sarah Kate. It's a lovely name," told Ethan with a smile."Then let's name her that."

"Why does my sister gets two names? I only have one?" Kenzie crossed her arms with the idea, and it resulted in everyone laughing.

"It's okay, sweetie. You are still as pretty a s Mommy, regardless of how short your name is," Samantha had to comfort her

daughter.

"I like the names," remarked Kyle.

"Then, it's settled." Ethan said, "The new set of twin's names will be Kaleb James and Sarah Kate."

Following Ethan's suggestion, Winfield smiled, appreciating how the man acknowledged his name preference. He said, "Thank you, Ethan and Sam."

That evening, the family reported to Daniel and Amanda. They were on speaker with them while they were preparing to sleep.

"Grandma, the girl's name will be Sarah Kate - after grandma Sarah and my friend!" Kenzie reported.

"And the boy will be Kaleb James! It was what grandpa suggested!" Revealed Kyle.

"I suggested Kaleb," Daniel said on the other line.

"Yes, it was my Dad who suggested James, "revealed Samantha.

"Why... That's not fair? Where does my suggestion go?" Amanda immediately objected. She sighed heavily and demanded, "You need to have another child! Make sure to have Amanda on there too!"

While Ethan scoffed, Samantha chuckled and said, "Mom, let me give birth first, okay? Maybe we will have another girl. Who knows?"

Chapter 108: Bending and Water?

"This is my side," said Kenzie while applying body butter on one side of Samantha's belly.

Kyle was doing the same on the other side. He said, "And this side is mine. This i s where Kaleb is right, Mom?"

Samantha who was sitting up and leaning against the headboard nodded. She answered, "You guys got your sides right."

"Great!" Exclaimed Kyle.

"Woah! Was that Kate moving?" Kenzie probed after feeling a kick in Samantha's stomach. At eight months, the second baby at thirty-three weeks, her stomach was already very huge, given that she had twins. She badly needed more moistening, especially with her growing stomach.

Since her new set of twins turned seven months, the doctor advised her against going to work and just rest it out at home. Thus, Kyle and Kenzie often spent time with her.

"Yep, that was her," acknowledged Samantha, feeling a mild pain after her baby's movement.

"That was so cool!" Kenzie remarked happily. "We'll let them listen to music later so they are happier."

"Yup! I got that ready!" Announced Kyle while raising his iPod.

After completely putting body butter on their Mommy's tummy, Kenzie asked, " How come Daddy is late?"

"I already told you guys, Daddy went on a business trip and his flight is arriving late. He should be here late. In the meantime, it will just be us for a while," responded Samantha.

Kyle first placed large headphones on Samantha's belly and yawned. He said, "I can't – I can't wait for Daddy. I'm sleepy.

He rested on the bed without saying more, struggling to fight his heavy eyelids.

Soon Kenzie followed, and both kids were sound asleep in no time.

Settling herself on her lazy-boy chair, Samantha dozed off in no time but soon awoke after two hours.

Samantha went to the bathroom and came back, wanting to give Ethan a call.

She muttered as he dialed his number, "
Where are you, honey?"

Carelessly dozing off as he called him, Samantha wound up dropping her phone on the floor.

Everything seemed like a tragedy altogether!

Samantha's jaws dropped, and her brows drew together. She asked herself while looking at her belly, "How am I... going to pick this up?"

Like how she struggled to lie on the relined sofa, she thrived on getting up.

She bent over, looking past her belly, and found her phone at the foot of her lazy-boy chair. She shook her head and sighed, "Why is this happening to me?"

Since her stomach had grown big, bending was a big problem. She bit her lip before she tried to use her toes to reach for her mobile.

Just as she did, Ethan called her back. She wound up grunting, "Argghh! Get the damn phone!"

It took some time, but she managed to clip her device in between her toes while she supported her back with her hands. Now, her next challenge was how to lift the phone in her grasp.

Slowly, she dragged her device to the side of the bed where her children were sleeping and there she sat. She gradually lifted her mobile, using her feet, and soon enough, with sweat forming on her forehead, she finally held her phone.

She took a deep breath, ultimately being able to call Ethan again.

"Honey?" Samantha called back. "I'm sorry, I missed your call. I was." She frowned before telling, "I was busy, having an oversized belly."

"Sam, I've just landed in Braeton. I'll be home soon. I miss you already," said Ethan on the phone.

His words made Samantha smile. She answered, "I miss you too, hon. Be home quick."

She settled back in her lazy-boy chair, anxiously waiting for her husband.

Minutes passed, and she badly needed to take a leak.

Having two babies sitting on her bladder did not help at all! It had been for nearly two months that she was constantly visiting the restroom, needing to address the call of nature.

She sped her steps in the direction of the bathroom, but as soon as she acted to take off her underwear, a bit of wetness damped her panties before she finally took it all off.

With another sigh, she muttered as she let it all out, "I have to change again."

She washed up in the shower before going to the closet. She grabbed her underwear

and yet again, endeavored to put it on.

Just as Samantha was raising her leg up backward, she heard a knock on the door.

A wave of relief filled her heart, and her eyes watered, knowing it was her husband.

She walked to the door, carrying her undergarments with tears streaming down her face.

The second she opened the door, she hugged Ethan outright. She said, "Honey, I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Sam, honey. What's wrong?" Ethan asked while caressing her back. He did not see how his wife was holding her panties with her hand.

Samantha pulled away and revealed, "
Honey, I need you to put on my undies."
She showed him the undergarment and said, "It is so hard... bending down."

Ethan ended up chuckling. He pinched Samantha's cheek and said, "I like it when you depend on me."

"Oh, I depend on you with a lot of things now. Thank you very much," she answered while sniffing her tears away and pointing to her belly. "See this? It's blocking my view."

Ethan accepted her underwear and closed the door behind him.

It was from inside where he leaned over and helped her put it on. He said, "
Technically, you are turning me into a personal slave, but I do everything for you because I know... my honey will return the favor."

Samantha scoffed and said, "Oh, Ethan. What am I going to do with you? Taking advantage of my weak moments."

He kissed her belly and her lips as a response, smirking as he made his way to the bathroom to take a bath.

When Ethan returned from his warm bath, he meant to cover Samantha further with a blanket when he noticed water on the floor.

He frowned and removed the wool that covered her legs. "Sam, honey?"

Ethan saw her entire bottom completely wet, and Samantha was sound asleep. He massaged his chest before waking his wife completely, "Honey? Sam? Did you... pee?"

Humming herself to wake, Samantha looked at Ethan with a puzzled expression. Only after Ethan repeated his question did she look down at her legs.

"Oh, my god." Samantha sighed, realizing how wet was her bottom.

"How could I pee and not notice?"

Doubting everything, Samantha pulled u
p her sleeping dress and smelled her
gown.

Repeatedly, she sniffed on it, trying to decipher the liquid that had stained her sleeping dress.

She frowned and looked at her husband. After gulping air down her throat, Samantha stated, "Honey... I - I don't think... this is... urine."

"Ethan, twins are usually born earlier," Samantha revealed with her lips trembling.

Chapter 109: The Push

2:00 AM at a private hospital.

"Doctor, what's going on?" Ethan asked the hospital's resident' physician from inside a private room equipped for Samantha to give birth.

"Mr. Wright, your wife's water broke. She will have to deliver the babies soon," told the doctor.

Both of them spoke outside the room while Samantha and the babies were being monitored.

"But the second baby is not ready yet," Ethan expressed, utterly concerned for his child.

"Mr. Wright, sadly, there is no stopping this. It's because the first baby is already ready," the doctor told. "What we can assure you I that the babies will be given the best care and treatment."

"Your second baby may need a machine t o breathe while her lungs are still not yet fully developed. However, it depends. Base on your wife's records; she received

steroids treatment. The baby's lungs may have developed in advance." The doctor shrugged and said, "We can only tell when the babies are out."

Indeed, there was no helping it. Two hours after Samantha was admitted to the hospital, contractions kicked in.

Ethan saw for the first time the pain his wife had to go through, and it broke his heart completely.

Samantha was trying to hold back the anxiety, silently taking deep breaths, but her tears gave it away. Ethan knew his wife was in agony.

He sat next to Samantha and held her hand. He kissed her knuckles repeatedly and said, "Honey? Are you okay? Would you rather that you go for an operation?"

Samantha took a deep breath and tightened her hold on Ethan. She said, "N o, Ethan. I can do this. I don't want to be i n bed longer." Her lips trembled, and she slightly groaned, "Ah... Mm... I - I can do this."

When Samantha's doctor finally came, she was nearly ready to push.

All preparations were in order, including two pediatric bassinets, the name bands, and some supplies needed in case the second baby needs support to breathe.

After checking on Samantha, the doctor announced, "Okay, Sam. It's time to push. Push along with your contractions."

"Okay," answered Samantha. She took several breaths, feeling the contractions, and ultimately gave her first push. " Ahhhhh!!

Samantha's cry of pain continued throughout minutes more. Even Ethan held his breath each time his wife pushed.

"The head is almost out, Sam. You are doing good," said the doctor. "One or two more pushes!"

Following the doctor's announcement, Ethan eagerly peeped in between Samantha's legs.

While Ethan was excited to see his son, it shocked him to the core, seeing his wife's

peach tearing from delivering Kaleb!

He wound up, taking a step back and covering his mouth.

Ethan dove his head against Samantha's side and swore, "Honey, this will be the last... This will be the last."

Samantha did not understand where his words were coming from. She just continued to scream her pain as she pushed some more!

A loud cry echoed throughout the room. The first baby finally came out, and the nurses were quick to aid the doctor.

After one nurse opened Samantha's hospital gown, they rested Kaleb on her chest. The nurse announced, "Baby boy, Wright." 2

The nurses cleaned up Kaleb James while putting on his hospital name tag.

Seeing her healthy and crying baby boy, Samantha cried with glee and so did Ethan.

The nurses were quick to shift Kaleb in Ethan's arms while being wrapped in linens now.

It was Ethan's first to see life come out of his wife's. It was his first to carry a newborn in his arms, and it made him happy. He immediately recognized the warmth in his heart, recalling how overjoyed he was when he married Samantha.

While Ethan was immersed with happiness, however, Samantha was still in pain.

She realized she will need to push again with her second baby.

"Yes, Sam. It looks like the second baby is coming faster too," told her doctor. " Let's have a quick ultrasound to make sure everything is okay inside."

It did not take long for the doctor to confirm that the second baby is head down, ready to come out. She checked Samantha's entrance again and told, " Time to push again, Sam."

Ethan had to surrender Kaleb to the nurses. He returned to comforting his wife, knowing that Kate was about to come out.

Inside Ethan's head, he repeatedly prayed, 'Please be okay, Kate. Please be okay.'

Like earlier, he held Samantha's hand and closed his eyes.

"Ahhhh! Ahhhh!" Again and again, Samantha yelped her discomfort.

Minutes into pushing, the doctor announced, "The head is here!"

Soon Sarah Kate was out, but not like Kaleb, the second baby's cry was not as loud.

Samantha felt a great relief, finally done with delivering her babies.

While Kate was being cleaned in her chest and her airway, being cleared, a resident doctor came in and said, "We will need to give breathing support to baby girl Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Wright and we will keep her in the Neonatal ICU for

observations."

"What?" Samantha acted to get up, objecting to the doctor's words. "But but she cried."

"It was a weak cry," told the doctor. "In any case, it's just for observation. We will monitor her breathing. For now, please take a rest, Mrs. Wright."

Samantha did not know how it happened, but she woke up already late in the morning, tired from having delivered at dawn.

She turned to find her mother preparing food on the table.

On the other side of the room, she found her husband resting on the sofa

"Mom?" Samantha weakly asked, slowly getting up from the bed. "The babies."

With her calling, Ethan easily awoke and also approached along with Sarah.

"Ethan, how is Kate?" Samantha directed her question to Ethan.

Ethan first pecked on Samantha's forehead and said, "She is fine."

"I saw her earlier, Sam. They had to put her on nasal oxygen, but thank goodness, there was no need to put her on a ventilator," Sarah told. "She is doing really good, despite only being born at 33 weeks."

"The best doctor was chosen for premature babies, Sam. Rest assured, Kate will be fine," promised Ethan. "She will need to stay in the hospital much longer - maybe a month, but she is generally doing great."

Bemused, Samantha frowned and felt herself teary-eyed. She asked, "Why why would she stay in the hospital for a month?"

Samantha had experienced this with her first twins, but Kenzie and Kyle did not have to stay in the hospital for a month. The thought of being away from her daughter that long utterly concerned her.

"The doctor said her sucking reflex has not yet developed, and she remains to be

oxygen-dependent for now. Soon, she will be weaned off it and will be able to feed on you," told Ethan.

"Thus, she will need a professional's care, Sam." Sarah was sitting opposite to Ethan. She caressed Samantha's hand and said, "But even if you and Kaleb will be discharged from the hospital sooner than Kate, we can see her anytime."

"It will be hard, but Kate needs to stay for a while," added Sarah.

Exactly as Ethan and Sarah told, on the third day, Samantha was ready to leave, but Sarah Kate had to stay.

Samantha, at least, stayed with her daughter for the last two hours of her hospital stay, giving Kate her kangaroo care.

With Kate on her bare chest, Samantha shed a tear, caressing her daughter's head. She felt sad of how Kate was much smaller, but she understood it was because she was born too early.

Still, seeing the other premature babies in the Neonatal ICU, she felt Kate was in a better circumstance.

She immediately knew Kate will do fine.

Another tear fell down her cheek as she pecked on Kate's head. She said, "Baby, I'm sorry. Mommy has to leave you here t o be stronger." Sniffing her tears away, she added, "but I promise, I'll visit you every day."

Chapter 110: Sleepless Nights

"John, I'm taking a paternity leave for two weeks," Ethan told his assistant on the phone.

He heard John Garcia's awkward response, "Ah, boss. Your family owns the company, so you don't need to ask permission."

There was silence between them before Ethan said, "I know that, John. I am telling you so you can clear my schedule and do what you needed to do. As necessary, see me at home with important documents."

"In any case, Dad will stand in for me," Ethan added.

"Yes, Mr. Wright, and congratulations on your babies! May I just say, I am very very happy for you," said John.

Putting down the phone, Ethan turned to his little man, sleeping in the hospital crib. He smiled, took Kaleb in his arms, and said, "Mommy will have to keep visiting your sister for some time... So I guess, you'll spend more time with Daddy

for two weeks."

Soon, Samantha came in with Sarah, being brought with a wheelchair. Samantha said, "I'm ready to go home, Ethan."

During mornings, Samantha was often at the hospital. She would merely feed Kaleb once on her chest before leaving him in the care of her husband and aunt Diana.

Samantha was often accompanied by Sarah or Amanda, while looking after Kate in the NICU (Neonatal ICU).

At home, it was parental love that urged both Ethan and Samantha to keep Kaleb i n their room while he was still a newborn.

They just could not surrender him to a caregiver when he was still a few days old.

During the day, Diana aided them in watching over Kaleb, but at night and while Ethan was on leave, the couple took turns taking care of their son.

Still sound asleep, Samantha felt a sudden sensation on her breast that she awoke with a frown.

She saw Ethan with a sneer, holding Kaleb next to her. Her dress was already open and her chest was bare.

"Sorry, hon. We ran out of breast milk and thought, I could let him feed on you while you were still asleep," told Ethan while retreating Kaleb in his arms.

Samantha's eyes were still heavy after four days of sleepless nights. She struggled to get up and asked, "What – what time is it, Honey?"

"It's four in the morning," revealed Ethan.

"What? You let me sleep for 6 hours? Ethan?" Samantha could not help but object. "Give him to me."

"I wanted you to rest some more, honey. I was worried that you were not sleeping enough," admitted Ethan.

Kaleb was earlier, sucking on his hands, but after having not fed in minutes, he

cried.

Ethan wound up giving him up to his mother.

After Samantha let her son latch on to her breast, she said to her husband while turning her back on him, "It's the sad part of breastfeeding, hon." She forced a smile and added, "But it's okay. As our babies grow older, they will have longer feeding hours."

Realizing how Ethan had not responded, Samantha turned to find her husband, already fast asleep on the other side of the bed.

She shook her head, studying the dark circles around his eyes.

With a smile, she muttered, "Poor, Daddy.
" Samantha looked down at her feeding son and added, "This is his first time staying up all night, being a father... you should be proud of him."

After giving Kaleb his feed, Samantha rested him in his crib and returned to her sleep.

However, just after half an hour, Kaleb was crying out loud again, waking both his parents.

Seeing Samantha getting up, Ethan said, " No - no, honey. Let me check on him."

He walked on the other side of the bed and urged Samantha to lie back down. He pecked on her forehead and suggested, "G o back to sleep. You still have to see Kate i n the morning."

Proud of her husband's efforts,
Samantha probed, "Are you sure, hon?
You've been doing a lot of sacrifices lately.
" She ended up chuckling before
resuming her thoughts, "It's not fit for a
CEO."

Ethan scoffed and answered, "Just don't say this to my executives. Let's keep my fearful name intact."

Following a chuckle, Samantha yawned and said, "If you say so, honey."

Reaching Kaleb, Ethan noticed the familiar odor that he disliked.

He shook his head, hissing. He mumbled, "The most difficult part - cleaning dirt."

Ethan had never cleaned off dirt in his life, nor had he ever imagined doing so. However, since it was his son, he had to do it. After all, he repeatedly told his wife, he wanted to experience how it was to be a father.

He had to clean up Kaleb and change his diaper and clothes before finally attempting to put him to sleep.

After just minutes of being cradled in Ethan's arms, Kaleb rested again.

Ethan gently put him back to the crib and pecked on his son's head. He said, "Sleep tight, buddy."

Just when Ethan thought he could get some sleep, Kaleb cried again. He wound u p picking up his son and cradling him in his arms.

"Ssshhh. It's okay, buddy! Daddy is here,
"Ethan comforted Kaleb the best way he
could.

Again and again, Ethan had Kaleb in his arms and when he dozed off, he would put his little boy inside the crib. Yet, every time for the past half an hour, Kaleb would cry again.

Only then did Ethan realize how Kaleb wanted to be in his chest or wanted his scent. He sighed and said to himself, "Oh, bov."

At seven in the morning, Samantha woke up, seeing her husband asleep, half-naked.

She grimaced but first went to check on her son.

Samantha ended up smiling and covering her mouth with her hand. She saw how Kaleb was wrapped in Ethan's clothes instead of linens. The best part was how her son was wonderfully past asleep, thinking his Daddy was just next to him.

"Hey, little man." She picked up her son and said, "You must love Daddy so much.

It was just three weeks when Kate stayed a t the hospital. Fortunately, she only depended on oxygen for more than a week and had started to feed properly after another week.

With Kate needing more special treatment, Samantha insisted that like how Kaleb stayed within their room for three weeks, it was Kate's turn to care for by her parents.

To Samantha's surprise, however, Ethan proposed, "Well, we can have both twins stay with us for a while. Maybe we can wait until Kaleb is a month old to let him sleep in the nursery with a caregiver."

"Besides, you took care of Kenzie and Kyle both at the same time. I should be able to survive it too," added Ethan.

"Ethan, you don't know what you are talking about," Samantha said with a frown. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," Ethan answered confidently.

After the first night of taking care of Ethan and Kaleb together, the man was utterly lifeless in the morning.

While Samantha was feeding Kate, Ethan suggested, "Honey, let's have Kaleb stay with the caregiver now. I think... he may be old enough."

Samantha laughed her heart out and answered, "He is not old enough, but... we could use help at night, Ethan."

With a sigh of regret, Ethan said, "I guess... I'm not as strong as you when it comes to this, hon."

"No!" Samantha smiled and said, "you did great, hon. Considering that you have a full load of work to do in the day, you did marvelously and I'm so proud of you."

With a sigh of relief, Ethan answered, "
Thank - thank you, hon."

Ethan dozed off helplessly, not saying another word.

Chapter 111: Memorable Days

Six months passed.

Both Kaleb and Kate were growing up well. The twins were gaining weight fast a s well.

They were able to easily sit up with minimal support at six months, already able to play with their siblings, blabber, and giggle happily as they did.

"Crawl to me, Kate!" Kenzie called as she and Kyle were playing with their younger siblings from inside the nursery.

"And Kaleb, come to me!" Kyle encouraged.

The four of them were inside a fenced area of the nursery, with floor mats and with stuffed toys and other toys fit for their age.

Nearly every day, Kenzie and Kyle had made it a habit to play with their siblings i n the afternoon. Their Mommy usually joined them whenever Samantha would get off from work early.

Kate and Kaleb excitedly crawled in the direction of their siblings, racing as they giggled in thrill.

With Kaleb's stronger built, however, he managed to arrive first in Kyle's arms.

"Wow! Kaleb is so strong!" Remarked Kyle as he received his brother.

"Careful now, you two. Support your brother and sister as they sit down," they both could hear their grandma, Diana, give them instructions from behind.

Though both still also young, Kenzie and Kyle wanted to learn how to look after their siblings.

The couple allowed it for as long as they do not carry Kate and Kaleb as they stood. Nor were they allowed to look after their younger sister and brother alone.

When Samantha arrived, she immediately washed and joined in the play.

She immediately climbed into the fenced area and kissed Kaleb again and again. "My handsome boys."

After giving her baby boy some love, gave the same to Kyle before shifting her attention to her girls.

"My girls!" She grabbed Kate, hugging her tight in her arms.

Samantha gave several kisses to Kate's cheeks and tummy, making the little baby endlessly giggle.

"Mommy, she is so adorable, right?" Kenzie remarked while pinching on Kate's cheek.

Samantha gave one last kiss to Kate's tummy before she kissed on Kenzie's cheek and answered, "Yes, she reminds me of how cute you were when you were a baby."

Kenzie kissed Kate's cheeks and said, " Mommy, I really love Kate and Kaleb too."

"Hey! What about me?" An objection came from Kyle, realizing he was not mentioned by Kenzie.

Kenzie wound up rolling her eyes and announced, "Of course, I love you, silly!"

"Because you are brothers and sisters, you should always love each other."

Everyone turned to the door and found their Daddy.

"Daddy! You are here!" Exclaimed Kyle.

"Daddy is early again!" Kenzie happily said with her usual twinkling eyes.

"Yes! Daddy is home early because I miss my children every day," revealed Ethan before he himself climbed into the fenced area and settled where his boys are.

Like Samantha, Ethan gave his loving kisses to his children, especially giving repeated pecks on his little baby boy and girl.

"I love you, Kyle, Kaleb," Ethan said, following several rounds of pecks to his boys. He then moved to the ladies and added, "I absolutely love my girls too!"

"And of course, to my beautiful wife and mother of my lovely children. I love you, very much." Naturally, he did not miss giving special love to his wife, also kissing on Samantha's cheek and lips.

"I love you too, hon. I'm so happy you came home early," told Samantha with a smile. "You are the best husband ever."

"This is a photographic moment," remarked Diana, seeing how there was nothing but love before her eyes. She quickly took out her phone and randomly took a picture of the entire family as they all cuddled together.

"This will make a good, memorable photo. Gather up you guys. I'll take an official family picture," encouraged Diana before she officially counted, "On the count of three. One, two, three."

Five months passed again.

The very same pictures taken on when Kaleb and Kate were both six months old were now flashing on the screen in front of the crowd from inside the biggest ballroom of the First Diamond Hotel.

A year had passed since Kaleb and Kate were born and the entire family from both sides were gathered to celebrate the second twins' 1st birthday!

Ethan was told the first birthdays were the most eventful. Having missed Kenzie and Kyle's 1st birthday, he was on top of things for Kaleb's and Kate's very first celebration.

The celebration was held at the First Diamond Hotel's biggest ballroom, where all guests were seated in front of jungle-themed tables.

Propped trees and animals were placed on each side of the venue, including Kaleb and Kate, wearing their cute jungle toddler attire.

Soon enough, all the visitors were asked to settle on their seats for the entrance of the Wright family.

The lights were dimmed and in front of the crowd, the huge LED screen shifted to showing sunset on the safari. It did not take long for them to hear a familiar song from the Lion King Movie; A Circle of Life.

~"Nants ingonyama bagithi baba

Sithi uhm ingonyama

Nants ingonyama bagithi baba

Sithi uhhmm ingonyama

Ingonyama

Siyo Nqoba

Ingonyama"~

~"From the day we arrive on the planet

And, blinking, step into the sun

There's more to see than can ever be seen

More to do than can ever be done"~

The doors behind them finally opened and first came out were the men; Ethan and Kyle were walking side by side to Kaleb, riding a movable plastic tiger.

From one angle, one could clearly see how Ethan was pushing along the fake animal where Kaleb was riding on, but what mattered most was the smile coming from Kaleb's face, walking inside a room full of crowd, there to praise him.

Ethan and Kyle were dressed as hunters, while Kaleb was clothed as a small lion cub.

As the song progressed, the ladies now came into the picture.

Samantha entered in with her girls. Like the boys, she walked along with Kenzie and Kate riding a fake bear.

Both Samantha and Kenzie were in a leopard dress, while Kate wore an elephant outfit.

As the family went past the crowd, murmurs of praises could be heard about their presentation, further making Kate excited about her own party.

It was an entrance to remember that after reaching the front rows, everyone clapped their hands with glee, happy for the family and Kaleb and Kate's very first birthday.

While the family settled in their seats, Samantha clearly noticed the happiness i n her husband's face. She asked, "Honey, i s it your birthday or the kids? You look so happy."

Ethan gripped Samantha's hand and revealed, "I'm happy with how I am now part of the children's memorable days. I want more of this – their yearly birthdays and yours, of course – our girl's debut and our yearly anniversary."

Samantha genuinely smiled at her husband and said, "We have many years to cover. Don't worry, honey."

While Samantha thought Ethan was done being sentimental, she heard the man add, "Of course, let's not forget our 5th and 10th year anniversary that merits a honeymoon after."

Flushing her face, Samantha weakly answered, "Of course. It definitely should."

Chapter 112: Back To Health

"Doctor? How is it?" Ethan asked after the doctor came back in with the results o f Samantha's recent laboratories.

The doctor sat on his desk and reviewed the documents. After a while, he answered, "Everything is normal, and it has been for more than a year now."

With a smile on his face, the doctor added, "I suppose it's safe to say that the Kannareth disease will no longer manifest."

While Samantha was pregnant, she had monthly laboratories done, just to keep her health monitored.

Shortly after giving birth, they have switched to quarterly visits to the doctor, and thankfully, Samantha showed no signs of the Kannareth disease.

The doctor scoffed and declared, "So the pregnancy may have really helped!"

"We think so, doctor. In fact, BNU pharmaceuticals are already looking into this angle." Ethan leaned back in his seat

and told, "I have even funded their research so more women who are affected by this illness will find a solution, other than... getting pregnant."

"I am just relieved I am better and have been. Not only did I have two more great children, but I am back to health." With a heavy sigh, Samantha added, "Steven Wright certainly gave me the scare of my life. I hope he continues to rot in jail."

Ethan reached for Samantha's hand and swore, "Don't worry, hon. From where they are now, they wish they were practically dead." He raised his chin and added, "That is what they get for messing with my family and a daughter of the General."

While battling pregnancy and caring for the twins, Ethan and Daniel also had to g o back and forth to the courthouse, dealing with the case filed against Steven and Sawyer Wright.

Lawsuits were always a long process, but a t least both were convicted and stripped off of their wealth.

Following Braeton courthouse's decision, and along with Ethan and Winfield's connections, Steven and Sawyer were sent to the most isolated prison in the country; one fit for high profile criminals.

Seas away, on an island prison where convicted drug lords, murderers and sexual offenders were locked up, Steven Wright and his father were having a discussion over lunch.

Steven angrily placed his tray of food on the table and grumbled, "Again, its porridge. Can't we at least get some... some special treatment around here?"

His lips trembled before sneering, "Dad, you have to do something! You just have to!"

Sawyer slammed his hand against the table and retorted, "We don't have any money left! All of it is gone! Our very last cent – we used it to pay off good attorneys, but still – still! We are here behind bars!"

He reached for his son's collar and reminded him, "If you only followed our original plan and not mess with the General's daughter! We would not be in this hell hole!"

Sawyer pushed Steven back in his seat and commanded, "Stop complaining!"

"You two! Keep it down!" A correctional officer called their attention, pointing a gun at them for warning.

Above all, many inmates were staring at them, eavesdropping on their conversation.

Only then did Steven settle his emotions and forcing himself to eat his porridge. H e muttered as he did, "How come the drug lords have chicken? Fuck."

From behind them, a man suddenly spoke, catching the attention of the father and son. "It's because you offended the general. He will never allow you to receive any special treatments of some sort. Not that he is taking sides. He doesn't know others are eating chicken."

Sawyer and Steven looked behind them to find a man with jet-black hair, also eating the same porridge as them. They both heard him say, "Trust me on that, I a m suffering the same consequences as you."

"Who are you? And... how did you offend the general?" Probed Steven while raising his brow.

"I'm Blake Taylor. My family is old rich, yet despite our connections, the Wrights and the General managed to turn our business into bankruptcy." Blake finished his food before he suggested, "It doesn't matter who I am and what I did. The point is... we are all doomed."

Blake then pointed out to the drug lord, eating with a group of inmates five tables away, and suggested, "You can try your luck, gaining Ramon's favor over there. His friends get chicken and... a lot more."

After keeping his tray, Blake left Steven and Sawyer to ponder on his suggestions.

"Don't even think about it, son. Besides, w e are only sentenced for twenty years."

Sawyer held Steven's hand and reminded, "I may die, but you may still have a chance to live after getting out of here. You get me?"

"Steven, are you listening to me?" Sawyer asked again. "It's not worth it."

"I'll – I'll think about it," Steven answered.

Little did Sawyer know, Steven Wright could not get it out of his system; how he was suffering in penitentiary.

Since they were assigned in different prisons cell, Sawyer had no knowledge of Steven's plans.

The next day, following the inmates' evening meal, Steven found himself in the camp of one drug lord named Ramon.

Steven easily noticed how the prisoners who gathered themselves around Ramon were young, good-looking, and well built.
Still, he dismissed it, thinking that Ramon was just picky with the companions he chose.

He walked over to where Ramon was resting, in a private cell, solely for his own use.

Steven shook his head and muttered, "Fucking special treatment."

He was determined to get the same, even if he had to kiss a drug lord's ass.

Finally, entering Ramon's chambers, Steven said outright, "I want to be under your wing, Ramon. I want fucking chicken and I want dessert! Heck, if I could stay in a room like this, I'd do anything!"

Ramon, a man in his fifties, looked up to Steven and asked, "Do you know what you are saying, boy? Because if you don't, you still have time to turn your back."

"I am doomed and my father and I have n o money left! If I am going to be stuck here, I could at least do well for myself." Steven bowed his head in front of Ramon and pleaded, "Please make me one of your followers."

Ramon turned to one of the inmates and

before he ordered, "Leave us alone."

With them on their own, Ramon studied Steven, and he hissed. He asked, "Take off your clothes. I want to see you."

Bemused, Steven probed, "Why - why - "

"Do you want chicken or not? Again, I want to make sure you know what you are getting yourself into? How far would you go to have a decent meal and a warm bed a t night?" Ramon reminded him of the benefits and Steven wound up doing as he was ordered.

After stripping completely naked, Ramon urged Steven to approach the table where he was sitting in front of.

As soon as Steven did as instructed,
Ramon stood up behind him and ordered,
"Now, bend over." 4

Only then did Steven realize what he had gotten himself into. His body trembled as he clarified, "Ex - excuse me?"

"Fucking bend over! Now!" Ramon's voice was loud and domineering, leaving Steven frustrated.

Steven wound up doing exactly as Ramon said, knowing the fact that he entered Ramon's territory. He was left with no choice. He bent over while clenching his hand into a fist.

A month passed.

"Ethan, I have news for you," Winfield was on the phone, reporting to his son-in -law.

"Steven Wright found himself in trouble i n prison. He assaulted a drug lord named Ramon and put him in a wheelchair," revealed Winfield. "He is going to be charged with assault with a possible additional twenty years of imprisonment. Not to mention, his life is going to be in danger now that he went up against Ramon."

"Hmmm." Ethan took a deep breath and answered, "That's good news, father. I hope... his life will be miserable."

"Hmmm." Ethan took a deep breath and answered, "That's good news, father. I hope... his life will be miserable."

"I can assure you, Ethan. He is already beyond miserable," answered Winfield on the phone. "He is getting what he deserves for hurting my daughter."

Chapter 113: Start Anew

"Following my years of service, I officially announce my retirement. It has been a memorable and challenging years, serving my country, but the time has come for me to give my attention to my lovely wife, Sarah, and to my daughter," Announced Winfield Davis as he stood in front of a podium.

Flashes could be heard around the military stadium where many of the reporters were invited to witness the General's official statement as he stepped down being the head of the nation's armed forces.

Finally, after two years of requesting from the government, Winfield was granted the chance to retire early and spend the rest of his time with his family.

"And with my official retirement, I am proud to reveal the next general to follow i n my footsteps!" Added Winfield.

The crowd cheered and gave their applause to the newly appointed general, who happened to be one of Winfield's

trusted men.

In the front rows, Samantha, Ethan, and their entire family, including Amanda and Daniel, came for the event, wanting t o support Winfield in his humble decision.

Sarah and Matilda, who were also seated next to Samantha, were teary-eyed following Winfield's speech. They were both proud of what Winfield had achieved and at the same time, they were happy that they were finally going to spend more time with each other.

While the rest of the ceremony resumed and the crowd took their seats, Samantha took the chance to speak to her mother. She asked, "Mom, is it true that you are moving out of the military camp?"

Sarah turned to Matilda, regretful of their decision.

"It's okay, Sarah. I have decided with you both. Let us all start anew and we can also live closer to Samantha and the children, "told Matilda, urging Sarah to tell Samantha of their plans.

Shifting her gaze back to Samantha,
Sarah answered, "Well, I tried Sam. I
really did. For two years I tried my best to
get over it because I knew how the
mansion in the military camp mattered to
your grandma and to your father, but the
thought of Catherine having lived there I - I just could not be fully happy." 2

"I could see and feel your father's sincere regret every day of my life as he spares m e as much time as he could, taking every leave allocation he could while still in service. In fact, you know how he often brought me with him in his trips to other states, but whenever I come home to the same place, I – I just could not call it home anymore," revealed Sarah. "In fact, I was always more comfortable when we were traveling and when I stayed with you."

"So... we bought a new home - your father did. Winfield, he bought the penthouse at the First Diamond Hotel," Sarah finally revealed. "We will be moving there tomorrow."

"Oh!" A smile reflected in Samantha's

face and she said back, "That means I'll see you every day!"

Sarah's expression turned delightful before she answered, "Yes, and I can easily see the kids too. We would have wanted to live in the same neighborhood a s you, but there weren't any houses available."

"Oh, Mom. I am so happy and I also did not like my latest memory in the old Davis ' mansion, anyway. So let it be," said Samantha. "Besides, it looks like the Davises will slowly leave the military."

Only a few of Samantha's relatives were in the service. The ranks practically died down after she left the military school.

Leaving the military camp was bound to happen. That was how Samantha saw it.

The mother and daughter talked some more until the ceremony had finally ended.

On the stage, the entire Davis family, including that of Ethan's family, were gathered to have photos with the former General Winfield Davis.

In front of the guests and valued government officials, pictures were taken of the family where, included in the scene, were Samantha's children; Kenzie, Kyle, Kate, and Kaleb.

Several remarks were made of how the General's family, especially the achievements of his own daughter, was s o remarkable. That the same footage was featured on the afternoon news on TV.

From inside a woman's correctional facility, it was Annie and Catherine's turn to clean the day room.

Both had sweat on their foreheads, sweeping and mopping the place while in their prison uniform.

One of the inmates suddenly remarked, " Oh, look. General Winfield is retiring."

"Wow, is that his daughter? She is just so beautiful!" One other prisoner praised Samantha.

The general's wife is also beautiful."

"The entire family is a dream!"

"The children are so adorable!"

"Wait - wait. Didn't Catherine here claim to be the General's wife? Haha!" One inmate managed to notice Catherine observing the television behind them.

The group of inmates that were present mocked Catherine, comparing her wornout self to Sarah Davis.

"Dream on, Catherine. Look at the General's wife. She is far more beautiful than your rugged face!" Suggested one other prisoner.

"It's true! I used to be the General's wife!
"Catherine countered, screaming while
she was at it. "Stop mocking me!"

"Enough, Mom! It's hopeless," scolded Annie. "Let's just finish here and get some rest."

Annie was utterly stressed in prison. First of all, they were locked up in a highly secured facility. It was as if they were a great danger to society that her foster father had locked them up to where they

would suffer the most!

The worse part was how she shared a prison cell with the bully!

Following dinner, Annie returned to her chamber utterly lifeless. She looked around and everything was just ugly in her line of sight, even the woman who had several tattoos on her body, one with whom she shared the same space with.

Annie just ignored her inmate and proceeded to the bathroom. To her shock, however, the toilet was full of dirt that she wound up throwing up.

She came out coughing and nearly out of breath. She complained, "What the fuck?! Can't you ever clean up!"

Her co-inmate just sneered at Annie before answering, "Why would I? I have a personal maid." The woman stood up and glared at Annie before commanding, " Make sure, it is polished clean... Don't forget to wash the dishes too!"

For seconds, Annie just stared blankly at her co-prisoner. The next thing she knew, tears fell down her face.

She tried several times to request for another prison cell, but every time, she was denied. She understood how this was Winfield Davis' doing.

Annie wiped the tears on her face and questioned, "Why? Why is this happening to me?! Why?" 4

"Shut up, bitch, and clean! I'm going to get some sleep!"

Chapter 114: The Photoshoot

Another year passed.

"Winfield, do you take Sarah to be your wedded wife, to live together in marriage? Do you promise to love her, comfort her, honor and keep her for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and health, and forsaking all others, be faithful only to her, for as long as you both shall live?" The officiant asked.

Looking into his wife's eyes, Winfield Davis answered, "I do."

After the priest asked the same Sarah Davis, she smiled back at her husband and answered, "I do."

"May your love be eternal and undying. I n witness of your love and commitment, i t is now my pleasure to introduce you to those present here as husband and wife. I n honor of your entrance into holy matrimony, you may now kiss the bride," the officiant closed, encouraging Sarah and Winfield to face the crowd.

Smiles could be seen between Winfield and Sarah as they officially remarry after a year of moving to their new home.

Cheers and hoots could be heard, coming from their friends and family who came t o witness their second marriage.

"A five-minute kiss, Mom!" Encouraged Samantha, who sat at the front rows.

"Go for it, Sarah!" Hooted Amanda while giving a clap.

It did not take long for Sarah and Winfield to lock lips, sealing their renewed vows.

While the adults were encouraging Sarah and Winfield, the children had their eyes closed. Kate and Kaleb, on the other hand, were utterly oblivious.

The entire time, Samantha was tearyeyed for her parent's decision to have another wedding ceremony on their anniversary.

She felt so nostalgic, seeing her mother wearing a beautiful wedding gown, exchanging vows again.

Samantha felt, indeed, the love of her parents had finally been rekindled. It was a long process, but ultimately, they made it back into each other's love.

For the past year, Samantha and Ethan helped Sarah put up a cake shop from inside the First Diamond Hotel. Winfield, having retired, was Sarah's number one supporter, helping her manage the shop.

Sarah's number one customers were her own grandchildren.

Following their decision to live at the hotel, it became a daily routine for Kenzie and Kyle to stay with their grandparents after school, only to come home with Samantha at the end of the day or with Ethan.

Winfield and Sarah's newfound love was not the only thing that went well throughout the year.

The Wright Diamond Corporation's theme park in Braeton was a massive success! It became the most visited theme park resort on the entire coast. Profit was skyrocketing for the company, and Ethan

could not be more proud of his accomplishment.

In everything, Ethan attributed it all to have a wonderful family; a loving and supportive wife and parents, plus he claimed to be driven by the smiles of his children.

Like Ethan, Samantha also brought the First Diamond Hotel to new heights. While it was still under review in getting a Michelin Star rating, the property's restaurants had become popular for their mouth-watering dishes.

Ethan also opened a branch at the theme park, allowing tourists to have a taste of Samantha's dishes.

Samantha and Ethan ultimately decided that four kids were enough. They were happy and contented and thus, proper family planning was now in place.

The couple's only challenges, as of recently, were dealing with their new twin's tantrums and demands, as well as coping with their busy schedules.

Still, it was fortunate that Samantha technically worked for her husband. It was easier to leave work and find him, allowing them quality time in between.

Other than that, life had been blissful for Samantha and Ethan. They could not ask for anything more.

With all this in mind, Samantha could not control the tears that were flowing down her face. She delighted in watching the love from her parents and thinking about the blessings she had received.

Ethan put an arm around Samantha and asked, "Honey, are you okay? This is your parent's wedding, not ours."

Samantha chuckled and wiped the wetness on her face. She said, "Hon, I want us to have our vows renewed like this - "

"We will. I'm planning on it... in one of our future wedding anniversaries," said Ethan with a smile. "If only it were feasible, I'd marry you again and again, every year."

She wound up scoffing and told, "You are silly. It doesn't have to be every year.

Besides, we always celebrate our anniversary and I like the fact that you never forget."

"Oh, I won't ever forget, honey. You know how I like surprising you," Ethan proudly revealed. "Mark my word, on our 5th year anniversary, I will surprise you."

"Well, since you told me, I won't be surprised anymore," Samantha answered, rolling her eyes.

With a grin on his face, Ethan answered, " Oh, I doubt that."

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Another two years passed.

Ethan established The Second Diamond Hotel on another location in Braeton and i t was there where Samantha reported for work one day.

The Hotel's General Manager (GM)
approached her as she entered the hotel,
telling her, "Mrs. Wright, did Mr. Wright
tell you that both of you will be posing as

models for the hotel?"

Samantha frowned and said, "What? Me? A model?"

"Well, basically, the Wrights. Since the Diamond Hotels does technically belong t o the Wrights," revealed the hotel manager.

"Mr. Wright will be here soon to fit his suit before the photoshoot will begin, and you need to get changed," told the GM.

"He will be here? I thought he was busy?" Samantha asked, utterly bemused.

"Oh, he was, Mrs. Wright. The idea of having both of you model for the hotel was a last-minute suggestion by the board of directors. He probably did not have the time to tell you." The manager guided her to the lift and said, "Please, this way."

That day was their fifth wedding anniversary, and they had purposely celebrated it the night before because Ethan told her, he had an important appointment that day.

When Samantha arrived at the suite where she was expected to get prepped, she was stunned to see make-up artists and the same stylist that had worked on her in the past.

What was even more shocking was how she found an elegant, Sapphire embellished gown. She frowned as she muttered, "Wow, it - it looks like a wedding dress."

"Ah, No. Mrs. Wright. This is a regular, yet exquisite ballroom gown," told the general manager. "Please get changed soon, Mrs. Wright. The photoshoot will start in three hours."

Chapter 115: The Surprise Wedding

Many years had passed since Ethan and Samantha got married. Yet, Samantha's beauty remained remarkable at thirty-three. Her golden hair already grew down to her back, and she did not seem to have aged at all.

She had her hair somewhat straightened, with just enough waves to give life to her still angelic face.

It was thanks to Ethan's pampering that she always had time to take care of herself.

Getting her hair and make-up done in front of a vanity table, she received compliments left and right.

"Mrs. Wright, you are so beautiful. Your husband must really adore you."

"Mr. and Mrs. Wright are perfect for each other."

Samantha smiled as they fixed her up. She said, "I am... confident about that too. We are a great pair."

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Still, it was because she was wondering about the dress she was about to wear that she asked, "Although the dress has Sapphire gems on them, does it look to you as a wedding gown?"

"No, no. Mrs. Wright. This dress is personally produced by an Italian designer, famous for her gowns and dresses. It's not a wedding dress," said the stylist who was standing behind Samantha.

With everyone telling her that she was just going to wear an expensive gown, Samantha became fully convinced.

Over two hours passed. Her makeover was complete.

She turned into a beautiful queen with a crown over her head.

Looking at the mirror, she could not help but drop her jaws.

Her dress looked like a Cinderella gown, but it was embellished with sapphire crystals on top. Down to her feet, the skirt flowed like a balloon.

She wore a sapphire necklace and earrings that dangled down to her jawlines. She wore light makeup with a tinge of blue in her eyes.

Her hair was pulled back behind her head, and on top was a sapphire crown.

"Sapphire, what does it symbolize?" She asked herself.

"Ah, sapphire means purity, wisdom, and chastity. Any of which can represent The Second Diamond Hotel." The stylist interrupted her thoughts. "We best get going now, Mrs. Wright. The photoshoot is about to start."

"Wait, is my husband already here?"
Samantha asked, recalling how they were supposed to be together in this alleged shoot.

"Yes, I believe Mr. Wright is already in the ballroom where the first pictorial is going to be done. We opted to separate your changing rooms so there are no distractions," added the stylist.

Samantha walked out of her suite in her elegant dress.

She wore a sapphire necklace and earrings that dangled down to her jawlines. She wore light makeup with a tinge of blue in her eyes.

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Samantha walked out of her suite in her elegant dress.

With the assistance of the stylist and the hotel staff, she made her way to the ballroom that was said to be where the first photoshoot was going to be.

As soon as she arrived, she frowned.

Not only were there several hotel staff, standing by, holding the huge door, but they were also using the biggest convention room in the hotel. She pouted her lips before muttering, "Did we have to use this ballroom?"

For some odd reasons, Samantha suddenly felt her heart race!

Her hands became sweaty, and she found herself looking around, searching for clues that would address her inkling.

"Please step here, Mrs. Wright," said one hotel staff, whom she already knew.

"Can you tell me what's going on?"
Samantha asked. "Somehow, I don't feel
this is an ordinary photo shoot."

"Oh, it isn't Mrs. Wright, but if you'll get through the door, you'll know the special arrangement for this pictorial," said the

hotel staff.

With her heart drumming against her ribcage, she stopped by the door and as soon as the doors opened; she heard a song played so loud across the ballroom; it was so deafening.

~"Heart beats fast

Colors and promises

How to be brave?

How can I love when I'm afraid to fall?

But watching you stand alone

All of my doubt suddenly goes away somehow

One step closer"~

It was A Thousand Years by Christina Perri.

The venue was dark with blue lights, highlighting the entire place. Smoke filled the entrance, giving Samantha a vague view of the surroundings.

As Samantha stepped in, her mind began t o look back to her day and even the days

before.

'No wonder... No wonder Ethan was always on the phone.'

'No wonder we celebrated our anniversary yesterday.'

Tears rolled down her face, recalling how someone from the hotel had taken her measurements, insisting on making new chef uniforms when she already had so many!

Slowly, all the lights to the venue came o n, and it became clearer to Samantha how she was having a wedding anniversary without her knowledge.

A woman approached, giving her a bouquet to hold.

After gripping on the flowers, she looked up and saw her husband at the very front, putting a hand on his chest.

Only then did Samantha look around. She saw her parents next to Ethan, her children at the near front.

More tears flowed down her face, despite her effort of holding it back. She thought i

n silence, 'I am the only one who did not know.'

She suddenly recalled their conversation way back, during her parent's renewal of vows. It was then when Samantha realized how Ethan was right. Despite being with her husband for five years, still, he managed to surprise her.

As soon as Samantha reached Ethan, he helped wipe the wetness from her face. H e said, "I told you, I'd surprise you."

Ethan, while in his late thirties, still looked divine. It was one thing that Samantha appreciated about her husband; how he also took care of himself.

His handsome face reflected a smile before he took out a velvet box and opened it in front of Samantha and their guests that practically occupied the entire ballroom.

Taking out a sapphire ring, Ethan kneeled down in front of his wife and asked, "My lovely wife. I love you so much. Five years came and went so fast, I

feel like I could not get enough. I want to spend more years with you and our children. Will you marry me again today until my next surprise wedding?"

Ethan's proposal warranted a laugh from everyone, including his wife.

Sighs of admiration could be heard coming from the crowd, utterly romanticized by Ethan's actions.

"Of course, Ethan, my love. I will marry you again and again. That is how much I love you." When Samantha accepted the ring, she said, "Although, I doubt you will surprise me next, having experienced it now. I now know how you will probably surprise me next."

Ethan just smiled and put the ring on her finger. He leaned over and pecked on Samantha's cheek and swore, "Trust me, honey. I can still find a way to surprise you."

Before five hundred of their visitors, coming from family, friends, and coworkers, Ethan and Samantha renewed their vows from inside the biggest venue o

f The Second Diamond Hotel on their 5th year anniversary.

It was a blissful and inspiring event, influencing love and affection.

Right after the officiant urged Ethan to kiss his bride, Ethan teased, whispering i n Samantha's ears, "You know what follows a wedding, right? Guess where we are going for our honeymoon?"

Samantha flushed while they were being photographed. She muttered, "Hon. We practically have a honeymoon nearly every day."

"Oh, those are just regular days. A honeymoon is different," told Ethan with a nasty grin on his face.

Chapter 116: Family Is A Gift (THE END)

Months after Samantha and Ethan had their honeymoon, they were back to their busy lives.

With the second hotel in full operation, Samantha was now running five restaurants all in all. She now manned over two hundred chefs, requiring the promotion of two executive chefs.

Ethan, on the other hand, was on the road to making his first Diamond Hotel outside the city. Ultimately, he wanted to make a hotel chain, keeping the Diamond brand.

Kenzie and Kyle accelerated two years ahead, making them ready for high school after a year. While still young, both were fixated on their dreams and already had a map outlined for them to follow.

Kyle wanted to be a computer engineer while Kenzie wanted to be a model or an actress.

While the entertainment industry was not what Ethan dreamed for his child, he understood that he should not be in the way of his daughter's dream. He supported them by giving outside-of-school classes.

At an early age of eleven, Kenzie could already sing diva songs and could dance like a pro. She could already play the piano and guitar. Her list went on and on, anything in the field of music and entertainment.

Kyle, on the other hand, had tried his very first hacking and his very first hack was John Garcia's computer, followed by his Mommy's.

The young boy genius was already interested in creating mobile apps, designing a user interface through an xcode program.

During his free time, he learned various codes, practicing how to make his applications to perfection.

Ethan could already see it; he would need to venture into software development

soon enough with the skills of his son. He swore Kyle will take over his company when the right time would come.

With Kate and Kaleb at conversational age, life was humorous and adorable at the Wright mansion.

The two were both loquacious and entertaining, further encouraging visits from both sides of grandparents into their home, nearly every weekend.

As for our couple's love-life? They are still at it, hungry for each other practically every night.

Samantha resorted to injectable contraceptives, a safer way to keep at it, given her husband's stamina.

They remain to only have four children, and they meant to keep it that way.

On one fine evening, a day before Ethan's birthday, the family happily discussed the man's birthday party the following day.

It was during dinner that they all expressed their excitement, especially Kyle and Kenzie.

Ethan, likewise, was looking forward to celebrating his birthday with friends and family. They concluded the family dinner early, resting to bed at ten in the evening.

Little did Ethan know, Samantha only pretended to sleep. She was up, waiting for the hours to pass until it would officially be her husband's birthday.

At 11:50 PM, she turned to the other side of the bed and texted her son, Kyle, "Son, is everything ready?"

Kyle texted back, "Ready Mom!"

At exactly twelve midnight, Samantha carefully got up from the bed, making sure not to wake her husband.

She let her children enter their room, reminding them to keep quiet.

Kate and Kaleb were giggling as they climbed up next to their Daddy.

Kyle held the cake while Kenzie held the balloons.

As soon as Samantha took out the gifts from the closet, they all settled down and began to sing, "Happy birthday, Daddy! Happy birthday, Daddy! Happy birthday. Happy birthday, Daddy!"

As Ethan got up, a smirk became painted on his face. At the same time, he shook his head while he was at it. He announced, "My, my. Did I just got surprised?!"

Everyone in the family laughed before each of his babies greeted him.

"Happy birthday, Daddy! We love you!" Exclaimed Kenzie.

"Blow your candle first, Dad?" Kyle urged.

"Happy birthday Dad, thank you for everything you have given us – my computer room, my computer studies and even if you are busy, thank you for spending time with us," Kyle expressed after Ethan happily blew the candle.

"And me? Thank you for my music lessons, my dance lessons, my voice lessons, and for always being a great Dad! "Kenzie happily told.

Kate sat on Ethan's lap and kissed her father on the cheek. She handed him a card, made from a regular bond paper, and said, "This is my gift for you, Dad. Happy Birthday. I love you."

"Daddy, thank you for teaching me basketball! I love it!" Kaleb sat opposite side to Kate. He said, "Happy Birthday, Dad. I love you."

Ethan then turned to Samantha, knowing it was her turn. He saw how his wife was teary-eyed and he asked, "Shouldn't I be the one crying?"

Samantha wiped the tears on her face and said, "Hon, thank you for coming into our lives. I love you beyond words. Happy birthday."

Ethan wound up reaching for Samantha and embracing her.

As Kyle set the cake on the bedside table, he urged everyone for a hug, "Let's all embrace Daddy!"

They all relished into a hug, with Ethan giving each of his children a kiss before he also pecked on Samantha's forehead. He

told, "I love each and every one of you. Thank you for this wonderful surprise... This may very well be... the best birthday I had ever had."

"Dad, what would you like to wish for on your birthday?" Kenzie asked.

Ethan smiled and answered, "I wish to spend all my life with my family."
Repeating the kiss on their foreheads, the man added, "You. You. You. You and of course, you."

"All of you are the greatest gift the heavens have given me... Family is a gift," Ethan closed. "As you grow old, always remember that family comes first no matter what."

*** AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER
AFTER... THE END ***