

## Royal Contract 481

### [Chapter 481 - A Gentleman With Pure Intentions](#)

When Jacky heard his name, something in her head snapped. It was like she was reliving a past that she had tried hard to forget.

"Nope. Maybe he had decided to leave early. You know?" Jacky blurted out with a slight bitterness in her tone as she was reminded by the last time they were in this similar situation.

She thought she had burned those memories out of her system, but apparently, she only buried them in her mind. Now, it had resurfaced again, pointing out to her the pain he caused her that day.

She quickly smiled, realizing her reaction. She reprimanded her thoughts, reminding herself not to be bothered by the past. She quickly shoved the feelings away, not wanting anything that could ruin the beauty of the night.

"I believe that Marcus went outside with Ethan. I think he was giving him some advice on how to run his company while you two are gone." Lance corrected Jacky's assumption.

He could see her reaction when she heard his statement. He could not pinpoint her exact feelings, but it was somewhat in between confused and relieved.

But before he could dwell on that, his attention returned to his cousin and his bride. He would just have to ask her about it later when it was more convenient.

"I guess that should give me some break to deal with more important matters." Alex gave Dani a wide grin, already feeling relaxed, knowing that the company would be in safe hands. Now, he could only focus on his wife.

It was the same precise reason he was looking for him. He was planning to give him some final instructions about the company. But since his father-in-law had already stepped in, he did not have to.

He believed that he was hitting two birds with one stone. He was getting the honeymoon that he and his wife deserved. On the other hand, his father had an opportunity again to dip his hands on the cookie jar. Ethan would have a chance to work on his beloved company again.

"Will you excuse us? I think your Mom is trying to get our attention." Dani got a glimpse of Katherine waving at them.

She could see that she was excited about something as she talked to a group of people with her Mom. Whatever it was, they could not wait for them to finish their dance as she beckoned them to come over.

Once the married couple moved along, Lance turned his attention to the woman in his arms. He had finally found the chance to be alone with her again.

He observed that she had been quiet and appeared in deep thought. She might have fooled the happy couple whose heads were already in cloud nine, but not him.

"Are you ok?" He finally asked, unable to take her silence anymore as the music finally stopped and some couples moved away from the dance floor.

He could see right through her. She could smile all she liked, but her eyes gave her away. She was struggling with something, but she was bottling it inside.

He decided to pull her to the side and grabbed two champagne flutes from a passing server, handing one to her. If he would guess the reason behind it, he would quickly come up with one.

He believed that she tried to love him when they were still together. Maybe she did succeed somehow. But it would never be the same as what she felt for someone else.

"Of course. I just suddenly felt exhausted. Maybe the alcohol and the adrenaline rush had slowed down." She made her excuses as she chugged down the champagne as if it was water.

She had no idea why her brain suddenly wanted to go down memory lane when she had clearly shoved all those thoughts and feelings aside a long time ago.

She refused to believe that she was still affected by that man. He had done nothing but hurt her. She could not trust him. Besides, she could not have feelings for him still.

"Well, you can fool yourself, but you can't fool me." Lance grabbed another pair of alcoholic drinks and handed her another one. "I think I know when you are lying. Just for your info, I am here if you want to talk."

He raised his glass to her and followed her as they finished another drink. He would drink with her if that was what it would take to help her unleash her emotions.

He believed that bottling it up would do her no good. He would prefer she shared it with him, a person she could trust rather than let her feeling pester inside of her.

"You don't understand," Jacky had no idea what she was feeling. She could not understand it herself, so how could she share it with someone else.

She liked Lance a lot. He was the perfect gentleman, kind, sweet, funny, intelligent, a great kisser, wealthy, and every positive adjective she could think of, in addition to being a prince.

But she never felt the spark with him. She could genuinely tell that he liked her too, but he probably sensed that she was not totally committed to him. She was glad that they broke up and decided to be friends.

"Then, make me understand." Lance insisted, hoping that he could finally break her barrier. "Wait here, and don't go anywhere."

He immediately walked away from her, moving in another direction, leaving her temporarily to do something for her. But he quickened his steps, not wanting to leave her for too long.

She was vulnerable, and he did not want a predator going after easy prey. He grabbed a bottle of wine and two empty flutes from the bar and walked back to her location.

"Let us go." He pointed to the back exit. He believed it was time to leave the party behind. They all had done their duties. There was nothing more left to do since the occasion was almost over anyway.

The bride and the groom, in their euphoric state, would barely notice they were gone. While the rest of the crowd would not care at all.

"Where are you taking me?" She took his hand and let him lead the way, unaware that two watchful eyes were on her.

Lance guided her until they exited the massive ballroom and ended up in the labyrinth of hallways. She would get lost in this place even if she was sober, she thought as they walked in the long path.

He stopped in one closed double door and opened it for her, leading her to a colossal collection of books and arts that she thought only belonged to a museum.

"Sit down and let us have some fun." Lance pushed her gently down on the couch as he opened the bottle of wine. He poured them each a glass and sat right next to her.

He could not leave her in that party in such a state. If he did not offer her drink, she would probably get one herself. With her friend going away for her honeymoon, she would be alone to fend for herself.

He would choose to get her drunk than her ending up in someone's bed, unaware of what she was doing. At least with him, he could watch her and help her with her problem.

Others might think that his method was unconventional, but it was the only thing he could think of.. He was no knight, but he was a gentleman with pure intentions.

#### [Chapter 482 - Perfect Candidate For The Job](#)

He had lost interest in joining this celebration, not after his father questioned him about an earlier incident. He had no clue about the accusation his father was throwing at him.

From the tone of his father, it was a serious matter. When his association with Nick was mentioned, he became wary. He wondered if his business partner had anything to do with it.

"Act on your best behavior tonight. One more stunt from you, I will not hesitate to cut you off from my life." His father, or more or less King Edward, warned him. "Don't test me."

Those were his father's last words before they left the palace to show their support to the newlywed couple. Sometimes he wondered if his father would ever see him as his son, not someone who always had to compete for his attention.

He had grown up in a world where only the best was good enough. No matter how hard he had tried, he always ended up trailing behind Alex. Grew up always compared to him and ended up lacking.

"Dad, will you excuse me for a while? I just want to greet some of the guests." Prince Edward moved away from his father and started socializing with some guests.

He had been disinterested in joining this celebration, but he knew he had to show up. His father and the rest of the Council were expecting it from him.

This wedding was another slap on his face. Another addition to the long list that Alex had bested him. But he had not conceded yet. The fight was still on for the throne.

He mingled with some of his friends, allies, and associates, giving them a few minutes of his time before moving to the next. Talking to them was the last on his list, but they were a perfect alibi as he searched for someone in particular.

"Nice party." The man he had been waiting for suddenly showed up behind him with a wide smile. He was obviously enjoying himself, not a care in the world if the world was on fire.

He had arrived just a while ago. He had skipped attending the ceremony or the dinner, but he could see that no expense was spared to this wedding event.

Compared to what he planned to spend on his canceled wedding, this was far more extravagant. Then again, why would he spend so much to woo a spoiled princess during that time?

He admitted though she had changed considerably. He believed he would have loved this new version of her compared to the old one. But he was not giving up yet. He still had a few tricks up in his sleeve.

"Where have you been, Nick?" Edward was furious upon seeing his business partner arrive late to the occasion. "You had been ignoring my calls."

If he had not been feeling desperate at the moment, he would have his guards disposed of this man, but he still needed him. He was the only remaining ally he had to achieve his goal.

Even his own father was starting to turn against him, judging from their earlier encounter. He could still feel the rage oozing from his father when he asked him about the incident.

"I had to deal with some emergency," Nick answered him as if that was not that important. But he thought it was none of his business. "Don't worry. It had nothing that should concern you."

In this case, it was information that he was not willing to share with his business partner. He did not owe him any explanation of what he did in his time.

All the prince should care about was the money that continued to flow into his pocket. Regarding their other deal, he was still working on it.

"Were you involved in what happened earlier?" Edward confronted the man his father believed had something to do with this criminal act.

His father implied that Nick might be the mastermind behind it. His association with the man might implicate him in the case if that was the case.

He understood his father's concern because his involvement in a criminal activity might destroy all his chances of being his father's successor.

"Do you really want to know what I have been doing?" Nick asked with a wicked smile on his lips.

That would be implicating him in his deals. But was it wise to include him in his entire operation? In his opinion, it was not such a good idea.

After a moment of hesitation on Edward's part, Nick continued. "I don't think so." He smirked at him, guessing correctly that the prince was not up for the challenge.

He believed when pushed to a tight spot. This prince would save his hind end and feed him instead to the authorities. He just could not trust a man who had no control or power.

He might be a prince, but he was nothing more but a name. He might have wealth, but it did not mean he had authority. He remained a spoiled prince who believed that his position should command respect.

"I ask you if you have anything to do with the ambush earlier." He tried to lower his voice since he did not want nearby folks to hear their conversation. They were still in the presence of the other guests in the middle of the ballroom.

He had suspected that Nick had been involved in many underground activities, but he was not privy to that part of his life. Nick only shared what he wanted him to know, nothing more.

The arrangement suited him just fine. He only sought his help to get his throne, but he did not want his hands dirtied by getting involved in his criminal inclinations.

"Then, let me ease your mind by saying that I had nothing to do with that." Nick tapped his partner's shoulder as he convinced him of his innocence. "Let us get some drinks and be merry. After all, this is a celebration."

Nick walked towards the bar, with the prince following behind him, not minding the stare he gained in his wake. He eyed a beautiful woman sitting by the bar, alone.

His day had not been full of roses and rainbows.. He needed something to wind him down and release his tension, and he had a perfect candidate for the job.

#### [Chapter 483 - Prison And A Life Sentence](#)

She was finally looking outside of her window, flying to a destination she had no clue about. It was supposed to be another surprise. But she was too tired to bother finding out where it would be.

She turned her head on her other side to find Alex immobile and eyes closed. It would seem that he was more exhausted than she was. She could tell that he was already somewhere in dreamland.

She grabbed the drink he was drinking and placed it on the side along with hers. Then, she made herself more comfortable in her seat before turning to him.

"What are you hiding this time?" She whispered near his face as she kept her eyes focused on his.

She had detected earlier that he was distracted. It was a subtle sign that others might not notice as he continued to entertain the crowd and be as charming as ever, but she could tell.

Her instinct was rarely wrong when she sensed his slight worry. When she asked him about it, he shrugged it as wedding jitters. However, she still could not shove her intuition aside.

"I love you," Dani softly uttered, dropping her head on his shoulders before darkness claimed her. Just like her husband, she was barely holding on to consciousness when they boarded the plane.

She succumbed to her exhausted body and mind, allowing the humming of the engine turbines to lull her to sleep. The view outside was long forgotten as a new scene played in her mind.

"Dani, wake up." A man's voice was forcing its way into her brain.

The timber of his tone sounded very familiar as she recognized the man. She would probably remember that voice as long as she lived, bringing a shiver in her skin.

She could not understand why he would be waking her up. She was on her way to her honeymoon, a long way away from him. She was with her husband as far as she could remember.

"Hey, honey. We are here." He continued to speak, using that sweet tone she always loved when he was wooing or charming her. "Open your eyes. I want to show you where you will rule as my queen."

She suddenly felt the chill go through her body upon hearing his words. Then, she felt his lips touch hers as he tried to coerce her to respond.

Instead of feeling the excitement of the honeymoon phase, she felt the opposite, disgusted to feel his vile mouth on her lips. As she opened her eyes, she was shocked to see the man she despised sitting on the edge of her bed.

"Nick, what are you doing here?" She quickly bolted upright and slid away from him on the other side of the bed. "What are you up to now?"

She was confused. As far as she could remember, she was on the plane with Alex, on their way to their honeymoon. Why did she end up in her bed with Nick?

But it was not even her bed, she realized when she looked around the unfamiliar space as she avoided him. Then, she remembered his words. He referred to her as his queen.

"We are going to get married, and I am going to be your husband," Nick announced as he stood from the bed. "This place will be your castle. Together, we will rule the business empire that your father will leave to us."

He waved his hand to the massive room containing some of the things she had packed for the trip. She wondered how she wound up here and where Alex was.

She kept telling herself that nothing about this made sense. She was probably in a dream. She tried to squeeze her brain for more information, but she came up empty.

Soon after, she remembered seeing Nick on their way out of the ballroom. He even congratulated them on their marriage and wished them well before he proceeded on his way with a woman in his arms.

"I think nothing about this is real. I am just dreaming." She insisted, not wanting to believe anything that came out of his mouth.

He was a liar, a despicable man that she would never marry. Not in a million years, and even if he was the last man in this world. She believed he was lying to her now, and she would find the truth eventually when she woke up from this nightmare.

Then, she noticed that she was not wearing her clothes anymore underneath the sheets. Instead, she wore a flimsy nightdress she was planning to wear for Alex on their first night.

"Think what you want, but it will not change anything." He moved to the window. After a while, he smiled as if he was gazing at something amusing. "By the way, I love the gown. I can't wait to rip it off your body."

He did not bother to look at her. But the terror he inflicted by his offensive words and malicious smile was more than enough to immobilize her.

She wanted to run, but her legs felt like it was made of lead. Maybe it was just numbed due to the uncomfortable position. But whatever it was, she was feeling the sensation coming back again on her muscles.

"Damn you. I am not letting you touch me again." She shouted. With all her willpower, she stood up and bolted for the door.

She had to escape this place. It was not her home but a prison where he would lock her up, a hell on earth. She was getting out of here and looked for her husband somehow.

"I will not try to escape if you still wish to see Alex again. Alive." He added the last part with a certain flair, wanting the impact to be more compelling.

He smiled when he saw her stop from opening the door. Her hands were on the doorknob, but she did not continue turning the knob.

Instead, she pulled her hands back and stood her ground as she faced him once again. She could not run when there was a possibility that he had Alex in his possession.

But it did not mean that she was admitting defeat. She would find a way to make him pay.. If he hurt Alex, she would guarantee that prison and a life sentence would not be enough punishment for his crime.

#### [Chapter 484 - Finally Lose All Control](#)

She could run and try her luck to escape from his clutches. However, the odds were against her. She had no idea where he had taken her. She could be in the middle of nowhere.

Then, she still had no clue about Alex's condition. If she managed to escape and sought help, she would be putting Alex's life in jeopardy. She could not take that risk.

"Where is Alex?" She needed confirmation that Nick had him captive. She was not going to settle for his word.

For all she knew, Alex escaped and was trying to rescue her. All this charade was a ploy to make her believe that he had Alex so that she would willingly do his bidding.

She took a deep breath as she calmed herself down. It would seem that her choice had dwindled down into one for now. But she would come up with more when she had a better view of her situation.

If she would get through this, she needed a clear head. She could not afford to show any more weakness because he would unquestionably exploit it to his advantage.

"He is out there." But he did not elaborate more as he ran his hands through his hair

"I swear if you hurt him, I will make you pay." She threatened him, but he only laughed at her words. He was clearly unfazed by her outburst. However, she was serious. She was done with Nick and his evil schemes.

She could not deny that he was capable of heinous crimes. She would have put him to jail a long time ago, but she had no evidence that would stick enough to bring him to justice.

"Hush now, my dear. That is no way to talk to your future husband." He mocked her as he turned away from her to gaze at the commotion on the grounds down below.

"You are delusional if you think I will ever marry you." She spat out, full of hatred in her every word. "Over my dead body."

She could not believe his audacity to insinuate that he would be able to convince her to marry him. She was fuming with anger and hatred for the man that held her captive.

"Well, probably not your death, but let us say your present husband, soon to be ex." That should stop her ranting, he thought. He was done playing games with her. "Do you want to see his body?" He nodded his head outside the window.

Now, he believed it was time to talk business with her. He had to make her understand that he was serious. Pleasure would come later when everything was settled.

He knew her personality had drastically changed after they separated. He wondered if she also changed sexually. Based on the contour of her body, she was still desirable. But he contemplated if she had transformed into a total vixen in bed.

"Where is he?" She repeated her question earlier with a trembling voice and slightly shaking hand. She would be lying if she said that she did not fear, nor for her life, but for Alex.

She was suddenly afraid that this might not be a dream but some form of twisted reality created by Nick. She was terrified to find out that he had Alex's life in the palm of his hands.

But she squared her shoulders and swallowed her fear. At least, she tried hard to appear in control of her body and emotion as she looked Nick directly in his face, refusing to break eye contact when he turned to look at her.

"Come and look." Eventually, he beckoned her to come closer where he stood by the window.

He watched her move her feet in a forced stride towards him. Judging from her expression, following his directive was the last thing she wanted to do. But he was not giving her any other options.

"Come closer and look outside the window on your left." He instructed as he moved to make room for her.

She reluctantly stepped forward until she stood in front of him, looking out the window. She turned in the direction he instructed, unsure of what she would find.

She could feel him standing close behind her. She could feel her body cringing from his nearness. She wanted to shove her elbows on his ribs for him to move away. So, she could also inflict the same pain he was causing her. But she could not.

"What are you planning?" She asked in shallow breaths as she tried to hold the tears from falling down her cheeks. She fought hard to control herself from breaking down, from feeling defeated.



Seeing that Alex's life was at his mercy, she could honestly admit that she temporarily lost her composure. Her knees weakened, and her body was enveloped in cold sweats as fear gripped her heart.

Her gaze never lost sight of the person kneeling on the ground, wrist bound behind his back with two huge, burly men standing on either side. She could see that his body was heavily beaten, but his conviction remained unbroken.

"He would remain alive, that is, if you do everything I ask." He whispered in her ears, letting his breath glide down her skin.

She automatically flinched from his touch when he moved his fingers along her neck. Then, he swiped her hair on the other side of her shoulders, exposing her skin to his view.

"What exactly do you want?" She could not believe that she was so naive back then to believe every lie this man had ever told her. Then, she made the mistake of undermining his insanity when she finally realized he was not worth her time.

"What I always wanted? Your father's business." He said, reminding her of why he proposed to marry her before, in the first place.

He held her firmly by her shoulders, reminding him of who was in charge. At the same time, allowing her to absorb her new situation.

His excitement went through the roof when he felt her body mildly tremble, but she still refused to break down. He wondered what else he should do and what buttons to push to make her finally lose all control.

#### [Chapter 485 - A Death Sentence](#)

She would hand the company to him in a heartbeat just to save Alex. He could even burn it to the ground for all she cared, as long as it would give them their freedom back, hers and Alex.

"Then, give me the paperwork, and I will hand it to you in a silver platter." She challenged him, knowing that she now had the power to deal on behalf of his father.

Her father had already handed his share to Alex even before they married. On the other hand, Alex returned his entire shares to her, even those he bought as an investment before he took over as the CEO, as a wedding present.

The transfer was included in the prenup they both signed before the wedding. What good was the company to them if they were both dead anyway? For now, she needed leverage to keep them alive.

"Well, it is not that simple anymore." He rubbed the palms of his hands along her arms, wanting her to understand that the game had changed.

Actually, he liked this new woman in his arms right now. She had awakened an obsession in him to possess her once more. He believed he would be a fool to let her go again.

She had become a challenge that he needed to overcome.

Now that Cassie was out of the picture, he desired her even more. He was not even craving Cassie's body anymore.

"What do you mean?" She asked but already guessing that she might not like what he had in mind.

Her body was recoiling in disgust at the way his body was pressed against her back. She hated that his hands were even touching her skin. It made her skin crawl.

"Well, I think we will be a good team." Then, his lips slowly grazed the exposed skin on her neck.

He did like the fear she was emanating, then the way she was fighting hard to control it. It was like an aphrodisiac that drove him to lust for her even more.

He wanted to own her, to make her submit to his demands. But not how she used to do it when they were still engaged. This time, he liked that she was fighting against it. He would like the challenge of taming her to his will.

"Get off me." She shouted when she could not take his advances anymore. She used her elbow to jab on his ribs first, making enough space for her to move out of his hold.

Then, she stepped away from the window, backing away from him to create more distance between them. She quickly searched her brain for a way out of this situation.

At the moment, she was drawing a blank. Her brain was a jumbled mess. Between thinking of Alex's situation and her own, she felt that any false move would cause their lives.

But she could not just stand idly and do what he wanted. She had to form a solution that would save them both or, at the very least, Alex.

"Wow, you certainly changed." He was not mad at her action. On the other hand, he was more amused by her little stunt. Though he felt the blow of her elbow on his chest, it was not enough to alarm him.

It just confirmed his earlier assumption that she had been training herself in self-defense. It only made their situation more interesting for him. It also alerted him that he should up his game too when it came to her.

"I am warning you if you dare touch me again, I will send you to hell where you belong." She did not want to be intimidated by his vulgar ways. She would fight him in every way until she found a way to free her and Alex.

She believed that their families were probably aware that they were missing and more likely be looking for them by now. Help would be on the way soon enough.

"Oh! Don't be like that. I remember how much you love my lips on you." Reminding her of her old self. The young, naive girl, inexperienced in the ways of the world. "And, how much you were eager to please me."

He walked towards her, moving at a slow pace. It was as if he was stalking his prey. While she tried to back away, hoping to escape his grasp. She was about to run, but he was quicker.

He knew she had nowhere to go. She was trapped when her back hit the wall behind her. He continued to pursue her, planting his hands on either side of her head, pressing his body against hers. In the end, securing his position.

"Fortunately, I have learned my lesson never to trust scumbags like you." She hissed at him, but before she could push him away.

He grabbed her hands and pinned them on the wall above her head with one of his hands. With the other free hand, he held her chin with his fingers, gripping it tight to make a point that he was in control.

He watched her face, waiting for the fear to show up in her eyes. But all he saw was defiance. She was fighting him with everything she had, generating all her energy to spite him.

"Then, let me show you another lesson you will never forget." He did not give her another chance to reply as his lips claimed hers in a possessive way.

She tried to fight him, struggling to set her hands free, kicking with her feet to dislodge herself from his hold. But all her efforts were futile since he was stronger than her.

She had no idea of what else she should do. She could feel the fear creeping up on her. She wanted to control it, but it was starting to grip her heart.

She wondered what options she had.

If she kept fighting Nick, he could end Alex's life.

If she allowed him to win, she would be condemning herself to life in prison, just like a death sentence.

#### [Chapter 486 - Subsequent Encounter With The Devil](#)

"Let go." She continued to struggle to free herself. Hoping that she would come up with a way to end this nightmare. She refused to give in to his demands, not without a fight.

Besides, she could never guarantee that he would keep his word to free Alex once she agreed to all he wanted. It was more likely that he would double-cross them, even kill Alex and her afterward.

She could sacrifice herself, but not the life of the man she loved. She just had to think of something fast that she could use against him.

"Not so fast. I am not done with you." He said with his lips turning into a wicked smile.

Using his fingers on her chin, he forced her to open her lips and allowed his tongue to explore freely inside her mouth. Then, his hands released her face and began to glide down her body.

He could feel her struggling against his body which only encouraged him to continue. He pushed his body closer to her, feeling his need to possess her.

But before he could do more, she bit his tongue with all her might. When he temporarily loosened his hold on her, she found an opportunity to knee him right in his balls.

"I told you never to put your filthy mouth and hands on me." She felt a momentary victory as she saw him drop to the ground like a sack of potato, holding on to his manhood in excruciating pain.

She searched the surrounding area for a weapon she could use against him and found the place bare of any ornaments. It was as if the room was stripped off of all its decorations.

The only object she could find inside the room was the bed, a blanket, and some pillows. As if she could use those to beat Nick to unconsciousness.

"If you think you already won, remember I still have your husband." He said, thinking that she was about to bolt to the door. He attempted to stand up while recovering from the blow he had just received.

He could see that she was starting to think of ways to outsmart him, but she still had no choice but to obey him because he still had all the cards in his favor.

Suddenly, his words stopped her from her tracks. The adrenaline to beat him up was so exhilarating that she lost sight of her situation. She realized that she was still at his mercy since he held Alex captive.

"That is better, Dani." He finally stood straight, still clearly in a very uncomfortable position as he kept adjusting his pants. Based on her expression, he knew he was back in control.

"You have not won yet, Nick. I will find a way out of this. Alex will not let you win. Our families will find us." She rattled on, rejecting the notion that he would have the last laugh.

She was on guard, just in case he tried again to force himself on her. Until she figured out what to do with this situation, she had to defend herself against his advances, either physically, mentally, or sexually.

"For now, I will leave you be." He said as a knock on the door gave him an excuse to leave her in the meantime. "I suggest that you use this time to think more carefully. Well... actually, there is only one option anyway."

He fixed his clothes that went out of place in their struggle earlier. He grabbed his coat that he dropped on the side of the bed and walked out the door.

"I will consider my offer if I were you before I decide to change my mind." He casually said with a satisfied grin on his face before he locked the door behind him.

His words possessed a subtle threat that she should be wise to take heed. He might be amused by her at the moment, but he was not known to be a patient man.

He might have tolerated her before because of his motives, but their present situation was quite different. He was done playing the waiting game.

Then, she was alone in the room. She rushed to the window to check on Alex, but the grounds were empty. There was no sign of him or where they had taken him.

She sat on the edge of the bed and grabbed the blanket to cover herself with. All of a sudden, tears fell down like a waterfall down on her cheeks.

"Alex, I will find you." She mumbled in between her sobs as she wiped the tears that continued flowing towards the floor.

All the emotions she bottled up ever since discovering their ordeal burst out of her chest, demanding release. She could feel her fear, uncertainty, confusion, pain, anger, and other emotions sipping through her veins, sucking the life out of her.

Eventually, her mind conjured up different images of her nightmares coming true. She could feel her heart pounding out of her chest at the thought of the worse things that could be happening to Alex at the hands of Nick.

Nick could be torturing him now, just for the fun of it. Alex could be lying on some underground dungeon with blood oozing out of his body, immobile and almost lifeless.

"Please, Alex, stay strong for me." She whispered in the air, hoping that somehow her words would reach him and give him the strength to get through this. "I will find a way to get us out of here."

She knew she had to snap out of her despair because she could not depend on anyone to rescue them. Alex might be in a tighter situation than her, so it would be easier for her to come up with a plan.

She pulled a portion of the blanket and wiped her tear-stricken face with it. She had to get her composure back together and clear her mind.

She stood up from the bed with a new determination, coming up with some plans. First, she had to stop crying and focus on what she could do.

Shortly, the door unlocking alerted her of a presence outside the door. She quickly moved to the far corner, ready for another encounter with the devil.

"The boss wanted you to eat. So, don't let this go to waste." A bulky man who opened the door said.

He brought a plate of food in a tray inside her room. Then, he placed it on top of the bed. Another man, a bit leaner but still with a solid body, stood outside, probably guarding the door if she tried to escape.

"Thank you." She replied to them, hoping that she could win them over. But she seriously doubted that.

But if they thought that she was cooperating with them, they might lower their guards down even for just a bit. It would not help her situation if she kept antagonizing her captors.

She might be able to use them later for her plans. Not their cooperation, but she was counting on their gullibility. After all, more brawns fewer brains in her observation. She was hoping she could trick them later on.

"Don't thank us." The man outside spoke up. "You should thank the boss for being lenient with you. If he did not fancy you, you and your husband would be dead by now."

Then, the other man went out, closing the door behind her. She rushed to the door, leaning her head closer to the door frame. She could still hear some muffled voice, but it was too faint to understand them.

Finally, there was silence, and she was alone again. She tried the doorknob, but it would seem that it was locked outside. There was no way for her to open it.

"Eat up." She told herself instead as she returned to the bed and grabbed the food. "You will need all the energy to do this." She encouraged herself, pumping up her confidence again.

She had to keep herself nourished if she would devise a plan to escape. She needed enough strength to rescue Alex from Nick. Or until such time their families found them.

She was not delusional that her plans might work like a charm, but she had to try. She could not just sit and wait for some divine intervention to decide their fate.

She munched on her food, swallowing every bite, thinking of only one thing.. She would need all her strength until her subsequent encounter with the devil.

#### [Chapter 487 - Mild Panic Attack](#)

On the way back home, Ethan and Laura sat quietly, side by side, on the plane. The couple was lost in their thoughts, thinking of the fate of the two important people in their lives.

It was the break of dawn when they were informed of the situation. All the investigator could say was that the plane lost communication. They also did not reach their destination.

"I think it would be better if we join our forces in searching for them." Fred appealed to him when he learned that they were leaving.

He believed they could find their kids faster if they had one base to work on. The palace had many resources that they could use to search for them.

"I appreciate the offer, but we can always communicate in many ways. I can better function if I am home, but we can always share information and coordinate our plans." Ethan suggested, unable to comply with his offer.

Ethan decided to leave early despite his insistence that they should stay. He believed that he could work better if he was back in his territory with his men and resources.

After a while of being in the air, the silence was broken by the buzzing of his phone. He immediately answered the call, but it was not the call he was waiting for.

"Please cancel all my previous arrangements until further notice. I will not be accepting any calls or appointments." He instructed his secretary, not giving her any more details why.

He had to contain the situation before the press started sniffing on the incident. It would be mad chaos once the media was alerted of the missing newlyweds.

He wanted answers before anybody else found out about the accident. His mind was already formulating different scenarios that might have caused the aircraft's disappearance and its passengers.

Still, he thought it was not wise to jump to any conclusion. However, being prepared for any eventuality was better than being stunned by the outcome.

"What is the update?" Ethan asked his man, concerned that they still had no concrete news of what happened to the plane that flew his daughter and son-in-law to their honeymoon destination.

His team and the authorities had tracked the black box of the plane. But, he still had to receive the updates of the said mission. It appeared that the aircraft crashed near the island of their destination.

Still, the team had to investigate the actual situation. Until the plane was found, that would be the only time the team could assess the current condition of the passengers.

"We are still looking for it, Sir." The team leader reported to him, disgruntled that he had no better news to tell his boss.

They were the first to track the site. But the authorities were following them closely, so they had to hurry before they arrived and took over their investigation. By then, they would have no access to the plane.

A team of divers checked the surrounding area, assuming that the accident happened around the vicinity. At least that was where they located the ping of the flight data recorder came from.

"How can you not see a damn plane?" Ethan shouted, finally losing his temper.

He did not understand how his team could miss a large jet. It just did not make any sense unless the incident was not an accident. It could be the only explanation, but he needed confirmation.

He could handle losing the jet or even millions, but when it came to his daughter, he would go to war if he had to. Whoever was responsible for this would have to face his wrath.

"Rest assured, Sir, that we are working hard to figure this out." His man answered, understanding the sentiment of their employer. Then, ending the call.

"What?" Laura was on his side as soon as he dropped the phone on the table. "What did he say?" She repeated when Ethan did not answer right away.

She could not take even a second of waiting anymore for any news about her daughter. It felt like her heart was about to crack and explode from her agitation and worry.

"They still did not find them or the plane." He reluctantly told his wife. He wished he could tell her some good news, but there was nothing else he could do right now.

He held her hands on his as he tried to console her. He knew that this situation could not have been easy for her. He could only imagine the pain she was suffering, not knowing the condition of their daughter and her husband.

She suddenly felt all her strength being sucked out of her body upon hearing his words. It meant that their children were still missing. She could not bear to think of what they were going through at the moment.

"Come on. Why don't you rest for a while? I will take you to the room." Ethan immediately stood up from his seat, ready to assist her to the private room at the back of the plane.

He felt that she would be more comfortable resting on the bed while they waited for any news or until they landed. He could not bear to see her so fragile when she had always been the source of his strength.

"No, I don't want to leave your side. I want to stay here with you." Laura refused to move from her position.

She knew she would not be sleeping until she had heard that their children were ok. Well, she did not want to think of any other outcome.

She decided to look outside the window instead and pray for the safety of their children. She thought of the happy times she had spent with her daughter and the beautiful future she was about to create with her husband.

"Darling, please try to close your eyes and rest," Ethan said, a bit concerned with her sudden silence.

He had not seen her in this condition before. Even when he was sick and almost dying. She was emotional then, but now, she seemed to be lost.

He stared into her face, but he could not read what was going through her mind. He believed that this was far worse than anything they had encountered before.

"I just can't." She whispered, barely audible as if she was talking to herself than him.

Her ears could hear her husband, but her thoughts were far from his concern. She only wanted to hold her daughter, to tell her that everything would be alright.

But she could not reach her. She could not even see her in the vast ocean before her. It was all blue and a tinge of green with occasional white created by the rough waves. But no sign of a missing plane.

"Everything will be alright." He decided to pull Laura into his arms, giving her the solace he hoped he could provide. "I promise we will find them." He wished he could also find relief in his own words.

He turned his head to the window, gazing at the view outside. He never made promises lightly. He swore to find Dani and Alex, and he would make that happen even if he had to scout every nook and cranny of the world.

He just had no idea what to expect when he did find them. He could not promise Laura that he would find them alive. He was a man of facts, and at the moment, he had to consider every aspect of this situation.

"Ok." She automatically answered as if it was just instinct. But she hardly understood what he was saying to her.

She rested her head on his chest, allowing her husband to envelop her in his embrace. Her eyes continued to gaze into an empty space.

The sky was a clear blue with partial clouds sporadically spread around her, but the turmoil in her mind was like she was in the eye of the storm. It was calm until...

A scene played in her mind. A horror that she had tried to suppress. Now, it came in surges, rolling in her mind like a tidal wave. There was no stopping it.

Tears came down her cheeks, raining havoc in her silence. Eventually. "No, no, no..." She kept repeating, feeling like a hand was choking her, unable to breathe.



She could not withstand the fear that took hold of her, gripping her mind and heart, squeezing the life out of her. She struggled against it. She tried her utmost best to control her emotions, but she knew she was failing miserably.

"Laura, hey. Are you ok?" Ethan held her by the shoulder, checking her condition. "Laura, talk to me. What is going on?" Now, he was starting to be alarmed, seeing the pale face of her wife. However, she was barely responding to him as her breathing became labored.

In his assessment, his wife was, hopefully, not having a heart attack but only experiencing a mild panic attack.

#### [Chapter 488 - Another Chance For Love](#)

A continuous knock on her door roused her up from her restless sleep. For someone dozing all night, she felt like she had hardly slept at all.

Her eyes were aching from the pain of simply opening them. Her brain was barely functioning, slightly confused about her whereabouts and current situation.

"Go away!" She shouted, not wanting to move from her position. Now, she could feel her head aching just because of that loud banging at her door.

She grabbed the pillow at the side of her head and covered her entire head with it, hoping she could drown the noise out. At the same time, preventing the bright light from hurting her eyes, which caused her headache.

Unfortunately, the persistent knocking did not go away. Instead, it had become a loud raucous accompanied by someone shouting outside the door.

"Wait." She shouted, finally giving up, realizing that whoever was at the door had no plan of leaving her alone. Finally, the knocking stopped, probably upon hearing her voice.

She slammed the pillow on the bed, thinking that it was the one disturbing her peace. Then, with unwilling feet, she dragged herself towards the door.

Compared to her bedroom back home, this place was huge. Since her eyes were barely opened, she did not notice the rug directly on her path.

"Aaahhh..." She moaned in pain when she landed with a hard impact on her knees, bracing her hands to prevent her face from kissing the marble floor.

If her head was aching before, now her entire body was in excruciating pain. She rolled on her side, holding tight to her knees. However, she also felt a slight pain in her wrist when she tried to support her legs.

"Jacky, what is going on in there?" A man shouted outside her door. When she did not respond but continued to cry as if in agony. He shouted again. "Open the door, Jacky."

He felt he had no choice. He immediately tried the doorknob. It swiftly turned, and the door opened without hardship. He found Jacky on the floor, twisting in pain.

He quickly knelt down beside her, checking for any visible wound. Luckily, the only injury he could find was the bruising forming on her knees, which she was cradling in her arms.

"Ouch, don't touch me." She shouted when she felt his hands on the side of her knees. Then, she discovered that she was not alone anymore.

She became aware of his presence beside her. She slowly tried to move her legs, feeling the pain scaling down to a tolerable level. "What are you doing here, Marcus?" She asked as she attempted to sit down.

However, when she tried to lean on her right wrist, she found out it was worse than she initially thought as the pain intensified. "Oh, damn." She immediately used her elbow and left hand for support.

"Come on. Let me help you get back to bed. I can check if it is broken." He offered, offering his hands to her.

He was convinced he was the last person she wanted to see. In truth, when he went to fetch her, he was expecting that he would see Lance with her.

However, he was not surprised that he did not see him. He was probably with his family, dealing with the situation. But, it was the least of his concern right now. He was here for another reason.

"Fine." She finally said after contemplating her situation. She remembered that they had already called a truce.

Gently, he pulled her up, then wrapped his arms around her waist as he assisted her back to bed. He thought she would try to resist, but she must be in real pain as she limped in his arms.

Once on the bed, he grabbed the blanket and handed it to her. "Maybe you want to cover yourself up." He turned around, not wanting her to think he was taking advantage of her situation.

He could imagine her face losing its color upon realizing that she was only in her fancy underwear. Under normal conditions, he would not have trouble looking at her in just her sexy lingerie.

However, he did not need a reminder of what it was used to be. He could not keep adding salt to his injury. He had his chance, and she now belonged to someone else.

"Oh my!" She gushed at the sight of her, seeing her clothing, at least her lack of one. "I am sorry." She seized the blanket quickly, covering herself with it.

She did not know what she was thinking about answering the door in her underwear. Well, in her defense, she was not in her right mind when she woke up.

Clearly, she was still under the influence of alcohol, smelling the stench on her breathe. Then, the headache she was experiencing earlier added to her disorientation.

"No need to be sorry. But, you should not be drinking too much if you could not handle it." He suggested, sniffing the aftereffect of alcohol on her.

His unsolicited advice was out of his mouth before he could stop it. He suddenly internally reprimanded himself for snooping on someone else's business.

It was not his place anymore if she decided to get intoxicated. She was a grown woman who was capable of thinking for herself.

"It is none of your business what I do with my life." Jacky suddenly felt the need to defend herself from his judgemental tone.

He lost his right to tell her what to do when he dumped her. Besides, even when they were together, he never felt the need to command her what she could and could not do.

Her entire life, she had made decisions on her own, according to what would be best for her. She never allowed anybody to dictate her actions.

"I am sorry if I cross the line. I am just concerned. But I guess I also had no right to feel that." Marcus finally turned to look at her, wanting to see her reaction.

He could see that she was slightly taken aback by his words as her face mildly changed. However, it was quickly masked in a blank expression, covering what she might have felt.

However, he did not want to misinterpret that look by reading too much about it.. He might be setting himself up for another heartache by hoping that he could still have another chance for love.

#### [Chapter 489 - The One Tangled In The Net](#)

She felt she had overreacted once again to his perfectly seemingly legitimate concern. She had no idea why he could effortlessly push her buttons.

However, her mind insisted on why he still affected her so much, but she kept pushing it aside as irrelevant. She could not believe that she still had feelings for him. That was just not possible, in her opinion.

"Let us forget about it." She finally dismissed the issue, finding no point in prolonging the argument.

"What are you doing here anyway?" She moved towards the side table, finding her phone on the top.

She checked the time and was shocked to learn that it was almost noon. She had overslept for several hours. She probably missed her flight with Dani's parents, she concluded in her mind.

She also found the rest of her last night's clothing on the other side of the floor. She wondered how she got into her room and out of her clothes as she tried to recall her memories of last night.

She checked her phone for any messages but did not find any from Dani, which was quite unusual. Then again, she remembered that it was her honeymoon. Her friend might be too busy for her.

"Laura called me and asked me if I could accommodate you on my flight back home. They had to leave early and could not wait for you." He finally remembered his real reason for coming to see her.

In his justification, he was sidetracked by recent events. There was something more. Laura informed him not to mention the recent incident to her.

He agreed, knowing how emotional Jacky could be. He could recall a few times Dani was in trouble, and Jacky would be a wreck. What more if she learned of her friend's current condition.

"That is fine with me since I don't think I have any other choice." She responded in a very amicable tone. Well, beggars could not be choosy, she thought. As of now, he was the only way for her to go home.

She could not wait for Dani to come back for her. That would probably take a while. She could not ask Lance to fly her back home either. That would be a grave abuse of their friendship.

Speaking of her friend, she wondered what happened to him last night. Her memories were partially coming back to her now. "By the way, had you seen Lance?" She asked since he was the last person she was with before she passed out.

"Nope." He answered her truthfully. He did not see him, but he assumed he was with the Council at this moment. But she did not have to know that. "But I will need you to hurry and pack up your things. I need to leave soon."

He was not giving her time to snoop around the palace where anybody might have heard of something. But they were keeping everything in low profile as much as possible.

They were hoping the news of the couple's disappearance would remain a secret for now, just until they found a clear lead to the actual situation.

"How soon?" She asked since she was barely alive and still needed some sustenance. Her stomach was already making some silly sounds.

She also needed to say goodbye to Lance before she left. He had been such a gracious host and friend. It was the least she could do.

"I will pick you up in thirty minutes." He finally gave her a time frame, hoping that it would be just enough for her to take care of her stuff. He was not lying either about being in a hurry.

"Wait, that is too short. I still have to eat and..." But her complaint was cut short.

"You can eat on the plane on our way home." He interrupted her. "I am sorry, but I have a very tight schedule. If there was any other way." He did not continue his statement, knowing that she understood his current situation.

Well, she knew his present situation. At least the part that he would be taking over Alex's position and workload in the meantime.

He hoped that their friends' condition would be resolved soon. He had no idea how long he could keep this a secret from her. Besides, it would not be easy to run a company as the interim CEO. He was not prepared for it.

"Ok. I will hurry up. Now, can you please leave my room, so I can freshen up and pack up in peace?" Jacky walked towards the door, opening it for him, suggesting he should vacate the premises.

It was enough that he had seen her in her lingerie. She could not let him observe more of her clothes and undergarments as she packed up.

"Remember, I will be back in thirty minutes. Don't go wandering anywhere else." He reminded her before walking outside her door. "I will leave you behind if you are not ready by then."

He felt he needed to add the last part to make his point across with her still hangover state. He could not afford to be delayed. At the same time, he could not let her go snooping around the palace.

"I am not a child. Of course, I understand." She felt irritated that he was acting odd and treating her like an imbecile. She slammed the door behind him for simply feeling frustrated.

She quickly made a pit stop at the bathroom to take care of her hygiene. Then, she grabbed up all her things from the cabinet, drawers, and around the room, which was a lot. Dumping them all on the bed.

Where were the maids who helped her unpack when she needed them? She asked internally with deep breaths, struggling with her large luggage out of the closet.

At exactly thirty minutes, Marcus was outside her room waiting for her. Despite her uncharacteristic morning, she did manage to organize her things just in time.

Immediately, he escorted her out of her room into a waiting jet. As soon as they were boarded, the crew only made a few announcements, and then they were off the air.

She stood in front of his seat when the seatbelt sign was turned off. He had his eyes closed, but she knew he was awake, judging from his breathing.

"What is really going on?" She asked, curious about the way he was acting.

The way he raised his brow at her sudden question intrigued her more. She did learn a few things about him while they were together. That was a sign that he was stalling answering her.

"As I said to you, I am just preoccupied with work." He answered, unaware of her presence in front of him.

He was trying to avoid her, deciding to sit at the back. While she was in the front portion. He did not want unnecessary confrontation with her again since it would only lead to more trouble.

"You have been acting strange." She was not known to be intrusive for anything. She could smell if there was something fishy going on. "What are you hiding?"

She was baiting him to give up whatever he kept from her. Although she still had no idea what it was. This time, she tried to reel in the big fish.

Sudden air turbulence caused the plane to wobble, making the plane unstable for a second. However, this incident forced Jacky to lose balance, pushing her forward where she landed on top of him.

To stabilize her, Marcus, in instinct, took hold of her waist and held her tightly secured on his lap. This time, they ended up face to face with only a few inches separating their faces.

"This." He answered her question as he eliminated the small space between them. He covered her luscious lips with his, devouring her like a starving man.

He had wanted to do this to her, dreamed of it so many times. Now that she landed right in his arms, he could not let her go. Not until he had proven that she had completely moved on.

"What are you doing?" She asked breathlessly when he temporarily released her lips to gaze into her eyes. Shocked and caught off guard, unable to comprehend the sudden shift in their situation.

"I am doing what I should have done a long time ago." He replied before taking her lips once again, increasing their intensity to another level as if it was the last request of a dying man.

She could only moan in response, still dazed but thrilled with the onslaught of his lips against hers.. She was trying to catch him, but she ended up the one tangled in the net, unable to escape.

#### [Chapter 490 - New Reason To Live](#)

"Where is my wife? Where is Dani?" He had asked the man who came earlier to beat him up. Then, he asked again when they pushed him to the ground in front of an old manor.

However, no one answered him. They looked up to the upper portion of the house in one particular direction. He did not see anyone since the ray of the sun was obscuring his vision.

Whoever took them must be inside watching him at the moment, he thought. Then, after kneeling on the grass lawn for some time, they dragged him back to the shack where they were keeping him earlier.

"Who ordered you to do this?" He asked again, but he never did get a response from them. A few facial expressions but not a word. They were professional. He could tell.

With tied hands behind his back and legs knotted on his ankles, he could do nothing much but lay on his side on the floor. He was once again left on his own.

He realized that he had to conserve his remaining energy until such time that he had an opportunity to strike back, rescue his wife, and escape.

Darkness enveloped the room, except for the rays of the sun coming from the slits in the wooden panel wall. Judging from the shadows created by the dim lights, the structure of the building was more likely an old barn.

However, he could see that the large room was stripped of its tools. It seemed it had not been used for quite some time. There was nothing he could glimpse upon that he might be able to use to release himself from his bind.

"Damn!" He hissed, slightly grazing his arm on the roughness of the concrete floor when he tried to crawl like a worm to see what was on the other side of the wooden panel.

However, just like in the other room, all he saw was just an empty space. He wriggled himself up on the edge of a beam, trying to sit and lean on the slab of wood. He needed a more comfortable position.

"Much better." He mumbled to himself as he breathed in and out, trying to relax his body after his strenuous activity.

He tried to recall what happened to them. The last thing he remembered was boarding the plane with Dani. Then, taking off. He ordered a drink from the new flight attendant and enjoyed a short conversation with Dani.

That was the last of his memory. Then, it had to be the attendant who gave them their drink. She must have placed something to doze them to sleep.

Whoever planned this must have replaced the entire cabin crew without anyone noticing it. Those men must have been organizing this for some time, including the palace guards who ambushed the decoy car.

How could he have been careless? He should have known that the threat did not end with the wedding. He could only think of one man.

"Nick. If I find evidence that you are behind this, I will make you pay." He suddenly remembered the way he congratulated them that night. He seemed suspicious, but he ignored it. He should have heeded the warning.

Then, he wondered if his cousin had any involvement in this. After all, he had every motive to get rid of him. He always thought that he was after his crown.

"Where is Ben?" He voiced out, recalling that he flew with them. Since he woke up this morning, he had not seen him or Dani. He knew Dani was with the kidnappers somewhere in that big house.

What about one of his most trusted men. He did not want to think that he might have suffered the ultimate sacrifice of giving his life for them.

He knew Ben and Tim, and most of his men would do that for him and Dani. Right now, he could only hope for the best that he had survived and was on the run.

But he would not put his life or Dani's in the hope that Ben was alive. He had to figure out how to escape, or at least cope with this situation until help arrived. Their families must be looking for them at the moment.

"Wake up!" A kick on his already bruised ribs forced his eyes open. He could hardly move, feeling the nerve endings of his muscles protesting for prolonged lack of movement, in addition to the beating earlier.

He must have dozed off while contemplating a plan. The drugs must still be in his system, making him weaker. He focused his eyes on the man in front of him, trying to understand what he was saying.

"Hey, I am talking to you. Wake up." He tapped him on his cheeks until he nodded. "The boss wants to talk to you."

The man moved aside, giving the floor to another figure hidden in the shadows.

"Nick." He spoke up, knowing exactly who the man was. "Stop playing games. What do you want from us?" He finally asked, knowing that whatever would come out of that man's mouth would never be anything good.

He finally walked out of the dark corner and into the slit of light, illuminating his face. It was a typical scene in a crime movie where the villain was placed in the spotlight.

"Hi, Alex, or should I say, Prince Alexander Princeton Blackstone. That is indeed a mouthful." Nick sarcastically said as he stood in front of him. "Should I bow?" He bent down and nodded his head, making his men laugh at the evident mockery.

He was enjoying this moment of victory. He had been planning for this as his backup plan if his first mission failed. Luckily, it worked like a charm.

With the help of his allies, they were able to bring down the upcoming star. The newcomer who was making big waves in the business industry. He was now at his mercy.

"Let us cut to the bullshit and tell me where is Dani and what do you want?" He was not up for his games. He could not even feel the pain anymore as anger seeped through his veins.

He wanted his hands all over his throat, sucking all the air and the life out of him. He was no criminal, but he believed this man deserved to die for all he had done against Daniella.

But for now, he had to stay calm. If it was the business he wanted, he would arrange for the transfer immediately as long as he released Dani safely back to their families.

"Well, there are several things that I want. My lawyers are drawing the papers right now. I want you to sign them if you want Daniella to live." He told him as he leaned closer to Alex, looking directly into his eyes.

"I will sign anything as long as you release Dani," Alex swore to him, hoping that this man, for once, would keep his word. But he knew it was like waiting for the unicorns and finding the pot at the end of the rainbow. It was impossible to happen.

"No need to worry. Dani will be safe with me. As for you, you know I can't let you live. I already promised a friend that you would never be able to stand in his way." Nick seriously said as he moved away from him when he was about to attack him.

He could see the anger oozing out of his eyes and blazing in its intensity. He knew Alex was a damn good fighter, and he was no match. He had already experienced it first hand.

"Besides, by eliminating you, I can have Dani all to myself." Nick laughed boastfully, along with his men. It echoed through the walls of the old structure, creating an eerie sound.

If Alex was dead, he would not need the divorce papers. Dani would be free to marry anytime. But she did not need to know that for now.

"I swear. Once I get out of here, I will hunt you down and kill you myself." Alex struggled in his bound, trying to reach the man that was the cause of all their misery.

He would never stop until he paid for all of his sins. If he had known the extent of his evil plans, he would have acted sooner. But he thought Nick was all talk, a mistake that he would regret for the rest of his life.

But as long as he was alive, it would be his life mission to put him down, either lock him in jail for all eternity or put him finally out of their misery. But the latter seemed more appropriate.

"Promises. Promises..." Nick wiggled his fingers at him at a considerable distance. "Don't make promises you can't keep." He laughed again, louder this time as he moved away from him.

"I swear to you, Nick. I always make good with my promises.." He said with a determination, not of a desperate man but someone who had found a new reason to live.



